

London Advertiser

Published by
THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED,
London, Ontario.

MORNING. EVENING.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
PRIVATE BRANCH EXCHANGE

From 9 p.m. to 3:30 a.m., and holidays, call 76, Business Department; 78, Editors and Reporters; 1174, Composing Room; 75, Circulation Department.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES.
Toronto Office—F. W. Thompson, 100 King street west, Room 20.

UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVES
Charles H. Eddy Company.
New York—Fifth Avenue Building.
Chicago—People's Gas Building.
Boston—Old South Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
City—Delivered.
15 cents per week; \$3.90 for six months; 65 cents per month; \$7.50 for one year.

By Mail, Outside City—\$5 per year, \$2.75 for six months, or 50 cents per month for short-term subscriptions.
To the United States—\$6 per year, \$3.50 for six months, or 65 cents a month.

Foreign subscriptions, \$12.50 per year.
SUBSCRIBERS, PLEASE NOTE.
All subscriptions are payable in advance and at full price.

Insurance safety of your remittance by using postal note, money order or registered letter. Subscriptions are started only with current issue. Three days notice required to make change of address. Renewal promptly and sign your name plainly. Subscription remittances are not acknowledged unless requested. Receipt of remittance is shown by your label being changed inside of six days.

ADVERTISERS, NOTE.
Circulation audited by A. B. C.
Report furnished advertisers on request.

London, Ont., Monday, July 25.

PAYING THE PIPER.

The British taxpayer is certainly having his share in that process somewhat euphemistically termed "paying the piper," in connection with the late war. Besides the enormous sums he has already furnished, both during the war and since, he will this year be called upon to contribute over £900,000,000, or, approximately, four and a half billion dollars, to the national treasury. Of this tremendous total, £120,000,000 are required to take care of the war debt, the £11,600,000 for pensions, and £16,000,000 for the fulfilment of other obligations to war veterans.

It must not be forgotten that during the war the British taxpayer had more than his share of the war burdens and sacrifices. In addition to giving his sons and daughters for war service without a murmur, and submitting to the rationing of necessities of food down to the last ounce, he, whether rich or poor, put his hands deep down in his pockets when the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that millions of pounds sterling were required each week to keep the British fleet on the seas and the army in fighting form on the land.

The upkeep of the fleet has always been a big item on Britain's bill, and the British taxpayer's share in the job of helping Britannia to rule the waves has been of greater magnitude than what is generally realized. When it is remembered that the cost of one good battleship runs into millions, and that it takes in the neighborhood of a thousand of a crew to man her, it will be readily understood that big navies are expensive things. But it was the fleet that kept Great Britain free from invasion during the war; it was the fleet that protected her mercantile marine and enabled her population to be fed during the submarine blockade; it was the fleet which made it possible for millions of troops to be transported in safety, and it was the fleet which prevented the enemy's ships from sailing the sea and playing the mischief with the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic seaboard of America generally. So the British taxpayer knows all this, and foots the item bravely.

But, nevertheless, as in past years, he is hopeful that a time will arise when the terrible burden of huge armaments will be lightened. If the people of Great Britain were consulted on this matter, and the people of the United States and of Japan, and of all the nations who participated in the Great War, and are now suffering its aftermath, there is no doubt that every government would receive a mandate to go on with their disarmament scheme at full speed. It is to becoming more and more evident that if success is to be achieved in the matter of building fewer ships and maintaining fewer armed men, statesmen of all the nations concerned must concentrate on this issue, and let the future take care of other questions of lesser moment.

THE CASE OF THE FARMER.

Succeeding events give color to the view that the Agrarian or farmer movement is more than a surface ripple. It is being interpreted now as a distinctive current of strength and volume, but Liberal in its general tendency. By reason of his situation and habit the man of the farm is most strongly an individualist. But when his convictions once assemble and coalesce, he is less changeable than others. Fellow-feeling is promoted by community of interests, but the movement is far from being "class consciousness," as commonly understood. Its significance is really deeper. When the "National Policy" was projected for Canada the introductory resolution aptly conciliated the "agricultural interests." While it promoted town industrialism, Protection diverted population from the country and created conditions unfavorable to the development of rural life. The educational system accelerated the movement. Modern immigration has mostly filtered into the cities and larger towns.

Large sums are now spent in agricultural education. Splendid experimental farms are in operation, and various agencies which have greatly helped in resisting the natural enemies of plants and animals, and in improving varieties of grain, live stock and cultural methods, but all to little purpose in restoring rural population or improving the economic outlook for the youth of the farm in particular. As the country grows older and cheap land disappears, farming will inevitably require more capital, more technical skill, and always considerable physical labor, with comparatively long hours. No occupation demands greater general intelligence. The returns should therefore be commensurate and very much greater.

During the enlightening years of the past, people on the land have come to regard the general outcome of legislation as inequitable, and the joint of war-time let loose powerful new currents. There have been also special and contributory grievances, such as under-grading and regrading, so that some intermediary reaps the benefit of products of good quality. The skirts of individual farmers may not always be clear, but men of undoubted integrity suffer from incorrect weighing in of milk and other products by concerns that want a big margin when they come to "weigh out."

Another disadvantage under which farmers labor is that so many products like grain, fruits and roots come to maturity with a rush at one season, and they have no control over the time of marketing. As a

rule, the distribution of products between the farm and the consumer is unscientific and haphazard. Profits that should legitimately go to the producer are eaten up in transport and rehandling, from which the consumer suffers like the man on the land. Last year Southern States growers got 7.5 cents for a melon; the railways, 12 cents for hauling it to one of the cities, where it cost the consumer a dollar—nearly 30 cents eaten up in marketing and risks! That is typical of cases that might be cited nearer home in regard to far more important crops than melons.

What is needed is more co-operation, with adequate storage, financial and transport facilities, so that hazards will be reduced to a minimum and products marketed when wanted and in good quality. Very largely the farmer is at the mercy of the weather, and cannot regulate his output and prices like a town industry. In equity he might reasonably expect special consideration, but what he asks for is fair play and opportunity compared with other enterprises. Railways, municipal housing projects, shipping and many industries are directly and indirectly in receipt of governmental encouragement, which ultimately becomes a charge against farm products, increasing their cost. Primarily, then, such facilities and such information, in respect to marketing and distribution of products, are required as will put the farmer on a fairly even footing with other industries. This is in the interests also of the towns and cities, which depend upon the country for their food and also for their renewals of vitality and blood.

If farming is not in a position to afford contentment and adequate returns financially to those engaged in it the occupation will languish, and all will suffer. Nothing is more certain, and history verifies the statement. What injures the farmer will finally hurt everybody else in the state. He may seem to be over-cautious at times, but he is not unreasonable when he understands a situation.

Writing to the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. B. M. Baruch, chairman of the late American War Industries Board, and an authority on co-operative buying, states that his contact with farmers has filled him with respect for their sanity, their patience and their balance in endeavoring to deal with their problems, not in a narrow class way, nor as monopolists, but as honest men, bent on bettering the common weal. "We can and must meet such men and such a cause half-way," he says. "Their business is our business—the nation's business." And that is just as true of Canada as of the United States. The Agrarian movement in the last analysis is a people's movement.

TIME AND THE TOWER.

Few people now think of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, but at the time of its erection it was considered a sort of a modern world's wonder and a triumph of engineering. Its graceful lines have been admired by millions of people and tourists from all over the world have been enraptured by the view commanded from its summit. The cost of this fine structure of steel was the comparatively small sum of \$8,000,000 francs and its total weight is 15,000,000 pounds. It is estimated that it consists of more than 15,000 separate pieces, and it is held together by no fewer than 2,500,000 rivets.

On the highest platform of the tower there lives M. Eiffel, its engineer. In his little apartment at this lofty elevation he looks down on the busy life of Paris like one of the gods of Olympus, and declares to visitors that he has, in breathing the pure atmosphere at this ethereal height, discovered the elixir of life. His present age goes a long way to prove this, for he is 89, and feels confident that he will live for many years more. He has equal confidence in the durability of the great work conceived in his brain, which he asserts will "last for ever," but he qualifies this statement with the reflection that "its only enemy is rust."

There is more in this last phrase than one is apt at first to realize. Thieves may not "break through and steal," the Eiffel Tower—Marshal Foch took care of this at the second battle of the Marne—but despite repeated coats of paint and preservatives of various kinds, rust will assuredly "corrupt." This is apparently the one circumstance that disturbs the placid mind of the veteran tower builder. He knows that it is not built of the same durable materials as the colossal creation of stone and vitrified clay that stood for untold ages on "Shinar's plain." He realizes that with all its intricate network of steel and its skilful construction it is a mere cobweb compared to the great pyramid of Cheops which rears itself as proudly today as it did thousands of years ago, long before Alexander of Macedon set out to conquer the world or Caesar's eagles flew.

"Its only enemy is rust," says the old man almost in the same breath as that in which he expresses belief that he himself will yet live for many years. But rust is a formidable enemy both to structures of steel and to those of flesh and blood, and its ravages are hard to stem. In both cases the progress of disintegration is slow, but, despite all the nostrums that can be applied, it is sure, and, apart from the how long such masterpieces of construction as not only the Eiffel Tower, but such great engineering works as the Forth Bridge, the Quebec Bridge, and the titanic steel cages which form the main structures of the skyscrapers of New York will stand. Time is the only test, and it is yet too early to judge what time may bring forth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Although the railwaymen are receiving small checks they are going on as usual.

Anything approaching frivolity at Port Stanley will now cease in view of the fact that a Goodman has come from St. Thomas to look after things.

The German Government has decreed that bath-tubs and coffins are luxuries, and they will accordingly be taxed. Herr Hobo has received the intelligence with indifference.

A captain of the Brantford fire department was robbed of his money and his watch while bathing. Time was apparently no object with the thief, however, for he returned the watch.

A war heroine in the shape of a Boston nurse fainted owing to a caterpillar dropping down the neck of her blouse. Apparently the Germans used the wrong kind of ammunition at Etaples.

Brandy is much in evidence in the Alps just now owing to an abundance of snakes. Not so very long ago snakes were much in evidence in this country owing to an abundance of brandy.

News comes from Ottawa that Government insurance is not popular. Similar news comes from all over the country. No company can be found willing to take the Meighen administration as a risk these days.

If it is true that the demand for an Irish republic has been dropped there is good hope that things will right themselves in the "distressed country." This chimera has been Ireland's nightmare for many months.

DAILY SHORT STORY

(Copyrighted by Public Ledger Service and The London Advertiser.)

VOICE THAT CALLED

"Oh, mamma, it will be dark coming home, and the river road is horrid—all those noises, and it's so long!" Joan Haynes looked at her mother beseechingly.

"But there is no one else to go, dear," Mrs. Haynes said. "Come, make haste, daughter. Mother can't spare you long."

The Hayneses had been but a few weeks in their country home, and to little Joan, coming from the lighted city streets, the darkness and the strange noises of the nights were terrible.

"Come, daughter," Mrs. Haynes said, as Joan still lingered. "You must go; mamma has no one else to send; papa cannot get home tonight. You'll forget all about the dark road when you get home and sit here in the twilight again. Kiss baby and run along after little Will's medicine. Poor Will, poor little Will," she said, under her breath.

It wasn't so bad, that river road, in the sunny spring afternoon, the river slipping along beside banks blue with violets, and the bushes on the meadow side beautiful in their spring finery. The long mile through the village was full of so many interesting things, new to the city child, that Joan came to the doctor's house in quite good spirits.

But the doctor was out, and when at last Joan left the office the soft dusk had fallen and lights were twinkling in the windows.

"I wish folks would put lights in the front windows and not in two little bits of ones, way back, where they don't show in the road," Joan whispered as she neared the old Emory place, the dark house before she began that dreaded half-mile.

She stopped, leaning against the tumble-down old fence. Some wild creature stirred in the bushes, and to her terror she started. Joan dropped in the wet grass and clapped her hands over her ears.

"I can't, I can't, I shall die, I never can," she moaned, and, reaching there, for the first time, she felt the terror of the lonely river road which stretched between her and home.

The package of medicine slipped from her lap, and as she stooped to recover it, clear and plaintive to her, the spring wind came the call of the night bird, "Whippoorwill, 'Whippoorwill," he called, over and over again.

Startled, Joan lifted her head and listened. Then, again, she sprang up. "Oh, poor Will, poor little Will! I must hurry," she called, and clutching the package she ran gasping.

She stopped, breathing hard before the lighted window. Her mother sat in her low rocker before the open fire with little Will in her lap, and Hall in his little chair beside her, waiting till "Dan" should come to put him to bed.

She opened the door and ran through the entry, and standing in the doorway, laughed and laughed, a clear ringing childish laugh. Joan had a pretty laugh, the only pretty thing in her, except her hair and feet," her brother said.

"Why, Joan?" her astonished mother cried.

"Oh, mamma, I can laugh just as hard as ever! I thought I never could again, down there by Emory's fence."

Mother always understood. "Perhaps you wouldn't have laughed happily again if you had been a coward when you knew mamma needed you. Come now, dear, put Hall to bed, then hold baby while mamma gets supper."

Fifteen years fly swiftly, when one is happy, and they had been very happy years for the little girl in the house on the river road, very happy until the last. That last year the father and mother had followed the youngest to California, the other boys were in Africa; and again it is evening and spring, and Joan is alone in the cool dusk against the fence of the old Emory house. "I can't," she said, "I can't go on with it. I can never bear it."

Tonight it was not the lonely road with its mysterious noises and shrouding darkness and strange terror bound her. None of these things, but the flushed, disheveled man whom she had looked in the pretty sitting-room she had planned with such high hopes.

"I can never bear it, all the rest of my life with him, then hold baby while mamma gets supper."

A whirl of wings in the tree beyond the fence, and clear and lonely the whippoorwill's cry rang out. "It doesn't take a second for the mind to traverse years or miles, and back across the years a frightened child heard that became a blur, the rough scales rasping and breathing into the sweet home and breathless again she heard her mother's voice. "Perhaps you wouldn't have laughed happily again if you had been a coward when you knew mamma needed you."

Again she took up the package of medicine and went home along the river road, went home to win the victory for herself and the boy's young father.

One warm evening the baby, now a "big boy," was playing on the piazza. "Listen, papa," he said, "Mamma's laughing. It sounds pretty, doesn't it?"

His father dropped the paper and sat listening until the sound of laughter from the house died away.

"Your mother has the prettiest laugh in the world, son," he said, and resumed his reading.

POETRY

LULLABY

[Harper's Magazine.]
If, my dear, you seek to slumber,
Count of stars an infinite number;
If you still continue wakeful,
Count the drops that make a lakeful;

Then, if vigilance yet above you,
Hover, count the times I love you;
And if slumber still rebel you,
Count the times I do not tell you.

THE PINE TREE.

Strong in [Virginia] Vase for that
cast aside
All things outward about the branches
bare

It lifts a plume of green—its buoyant
wear
Antennae slim, the myriad needles
bide

The aether's stir till an electric tide
Sweeps and hark! it the great secret of
the air.

And then, the tidings with the earth
to share,
The pine sends out its fragrant message
wide.

Down to the russet ground on which I
lie
The message is relayed—strength is
lost;

Though axe may fell the tree, the
storm-bent mast
Shall still withstand the sea-born
angry blast

As when its sap withstood the forest's
east's frost—
What callant endures the winter's
What callant endures the winter's

JUNGE HUNTERS' MOST DEADLY FOE

A Thrilling Encounter With a Bushmaster in a South American Forest.

WM. BEEBE'S NARRATIVE

Strategy Necessary to Capture Venomous Snake Eight and a Half Feet Long.

New York, July 24.—William Beebe, director of the Tropical Zoological station, which the New York Zoological Society maintains in British Guiana, and who has recently returned with a vast collection of things zoological, which he and his assistants brought to the climate and conditions at the station, has a story to tell of a thrilling encounter with a bushmaster, a venomous snake eight and a half feet long.

"You'll see more snakes on the Pail-sades than you will see down at our station. Why, I didn't see but ten in eight months," says Mr. Beebe. "I have told about the capture of a bushmaster at the station which is a venomous snake of the Amazonian region, which is known as the 'Bushmaster' because of its habit of lying in wait for its prey, and which will kill the native Indians with its venomous bite."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

"Already the light was falling and we left Jeremiah to guard the serpent while we hurried for gun, snake pole and canvas bag. As we arrived at the top of the hill, we saw a bushmaster, a veritable Red Indian yell and saw our Akawai hunter dancing excitedly about."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

"Already the light was falling and we left Jeremiah to guard the serpent while we hurried for gun, snake pole and canvas bag. As we arrived at the top of the hill, we saw a bushmaster, a veritable Red Indian yell and saw our Akawai hunter dancing excitedly about."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

"Already the light was falling and we left Jeremiah to guard the serpent while we hurried for gun, snake pole and canvas bag. As we arrived at the top of the hill, we saw a bushmaster, a veritable Red Indian yell and saw our Akawai hunter dancing excitedly about."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

"Already the light was falling and we left Jeremiah to guard the serpent while we hurried for gun, snake pole and canvas bag. As we arrived at the top of the hill, we saw a bushmaster, a veritable Red Indian yell and saw our Akawai hunter dancing excitedly about."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

"Already the light was falling and we left Jeremiah to guard the serpent while we hurried for gun, snake pole and canvas bag. As we arrived at the top of the hill, we saw a bushmaster, a veritable Red Indian yell and saw our Akawai hunter dancing excitedly about."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

"Already the light was falling and we left Jeremiah to guard the serpent while we hurried for gun, snake pole and canvas bag. As we arrived at the top of the hill, we saw a bushmaster, a veritable Red Indian yell and saw our Akawai hunter dancing excitedly about."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

"Already the light was falling and we left Jeremiah to guard the serpent while we hurried for gun, snake pole and canvas bag. As we arrived at the top of the hill, we saw a bushmaster, a veritable Red Indian yell and saw our Akawai hunter dancing excitedly about."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

"Already the light was falling and we left Jeremiah to guard the serpent while we hurried for gun, snake pole and canvas bag. As we arrived at the top of the hill, we saw a bushmaster, a veritable Red Indian yell and saw our Akawai hunter dancing excitedly about."

"We were on our way to replace a couple of nesting birds in the jungle, and we left a hunter, had, contrary to orders, brought into camp, he says in telling the story. 'This snake was a bushmaster, and it was a head leading the way when we heard his voice call patteringly, yards long. Big as a snake, he moved,' he called."

"The call to arms in a sleeping camp creates somewhat of a commotion, and the bushmaster aroused a great deal of interest. What the name implies, what the elephant is to the jungle, this snake is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before he will strike. He is a very cunning creature, and he is the first bushmaster of the rainy season."

the snake. He turned pale and leaned against a tree when I told him what he had done. I had no cord and was a long way from home, so I cut a light reed and tied a slight blow on the neck of the snake so that he was quite harmless. It is astonishing how slight a blow will disarm a snake. The whole chain of vertebrae which forms almost the entire skeleton, I realized then why it is that for all their deadliness these serpents recognize discretion as their best policy in their meeting with creatures of large size.

The Guiana station of the zoo is of great importance, and biologists and scientific investigators from British Guiana and universities, as well as from those of America, make valuable studies there, and it already has an international reputation.

helping sons to set up small farms, but always on the condition that a guarantee be given that the mother will be taken along and cared for in her old age.

It is also intended to make the gifts in the name of the fallen sons, the same as was done by a Belgian countess last Christmas, when her gifts to the women on her estate all bore cards inscribed "From Paul," or whatever the missing boy's name was. Mme. Bernhardt expects to visit America herself before next spring and will probably give a series of matinees to aid the fund.

Miss Morgan's Relief Work.
Fifty farmers in cantons which are being aided by Miss Anne Morgan's relief committee are today owners of agricultural machinery which will enable them to regain pre-war prosperity as a result of a contest which has been carried on during the past year under the inspiration of Miss Morgan and Mrs. A. Murray Dike.

The prize-winners were selected from more than 150 entries in two agricultural competitions, and revealed many striking incidents of perseverance under difficulties. The first prize was won by Albert De Lan and his wife, peasants of Allemand, on the Aisne. Although their fields were considered useless by the government they returned to the farm, lived in a dugout for two winters, and with only the rudest implements succeeded in getting almost a normal crop this year. De Lan is 85, his wife ten years younger.

Cash prizes, amounting to 4,000 francs, were also distributed to 4,000 farmers, the first prize going to an aged couple who had served for 40 years in the same farm, and after the war worked a year without wages because their mistress was unable to pay them. The committee has organized 23 agricultural syndicates in the Aisne district, with 40 tractors at their disposal, and it is reported that more than 25,000 acres ravaged by war are now under cultivation.

Paris, July 24.—Philanthropists since the war have worked nearly every conceivable field, but it was remained for Sarah Bernhardt to take the initiative in an appeal for what is to develop into the most extensive organization of its kind. "Reconnaissance aux vieux, aux orphelins, aux veuves et réfugiés, all have received assistance from the charitable public, but so far, the Divine Sarah has no one has thought of helping the poor mothers who have lost a son who might have kept the family from poverty."

Opens Account in New York.
She has just sent a personal letter to thousands of Americans asking their help, and has opened a receiving account in her name with the Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

No only is the letter signed by Sarah Bernhardt, but it bears Carpentier's tribute to the heroism of French mothers and the admission that "never having feared anything the only thing that great war was to find my mother, whom I often thought I would never see again."

Immediate donations are to be made to needy mothers in the Rhineland district, after which those of Verdun, Lens and other sections of the devastated district will be cared for. The relief will take a practical character, the charter provided for the granting of dowries to marriageable daughters or for sums for

helping sons to set up small farms, but always on the condition that a guarantee be given that the mother will be taken along and cared for in her old age.

It is also intended to make the gifts in the name of the fallen sons, the same as was done by a Belgian countess last Christmas, when her gifts to the women on her estate all bore cards inscribed "From Paul," or whatever the missing boy's name was. Mme. Bernhardt expects to visit America herself before next spring and will probably give a series of matinees to aid the fund.

Miss Morgan's Relief Work.
Fifty farmers in cantons which are being aided by Miss Anne Morgan's relief committee are today owners of agricultural machinery which will enable them to regain pre-war prosperity as a result of a contest which has been carried on during the past year under the inspiration of Miss Morgan and Mrs. A. Murray Dike.

The prize-winners were selected from more than 150 entries in two agricultural competitions, and revealed many striking incidents of perseverance under difficulties. The first prize was won by Albert De Lan and his wife, peasants of Allemand, on the Aisne. Although their fields were considered useless by the government they returned to the farm, lived in a dugout for two winters, and with only the rudest implements succeeded in getting almost a normal crop this year. De Lan is 85, his wife ten years younger.

Cash prizes, amounting to 4,000 francs, were also distributed to 4,000 farmers, the first prize going to an aged couple who had served for 40 years in the same farm, and after the war worked a year without wages because their mistress was unable to pay them. The committee has organized 23 agricultural syndicates in the Aisne district, with 40 tractors at their disposal, and it is reported that more than 25,000 acres ravaged by war are now under cultivation.