

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"Home at last," he said with a smile; and, opening another door on the left, he led her unresistingly into a second room.

But here the girl seemed as if struck dumb with astonishment. She was evidently overwhelmed by the magnificence and luxury on which her eyes rested, and Leroy smiled in a amusement at her unspoken admiration.

"Come and warm yourself," he said kindly, drawing one of the divans nearer to the fire.

Lightly she dropped over the rose carpet, and stood with a sigh into the chair.

"Give me your hands. Don't hold them near the fire yet," he said, and began to gently chafe the poor blue fingers, for he knew the danger of too sudden heat. "That is better—they will soon get warm. And now we will have something to eat."

He crossed over to the bell; and in a few moments the door opened noiselessly.

"Let us have some supper, Nor-gate," said Leroy; and the dignified man-servant disappeared as silently as he had entered, while his master returned to the fire place, and stood looking down at the girl he had rescued.

As yet she had not spoken; but her eyes had been wandering over the many splendours of the room. Suddenly she lifted them to the handsome face above her, and said in a low, awe-struck whisper:

"Is this the king's palace? And are you a prince?"

Adrien Leroy smiled.

"By no means," he said. "Ah! here comes something you require. I know," he added, as the door opened, and Norgate entered, bearing a large silver tray.

Having set the chairs to table and placed the wine and glasses at hand, the man announced respectfully that supper was served. His master dismissed him, guessing that the girl would be less embarrassed if alone with him; and Norgate retired with a face as expressionless as if the entertaining of "street visits" was a mentally terming the young visitor—were of nightly occurrence.

Adrien placed a plate of cold chicken on a low table beside her.

"You are warm there," he said, as he poured her out a glass of wine.

The girl looked up into his face with a mute, questioning glance; then, taking courage from the kindly eyes, she picked up her knife and fork with long, thin, but well-shaped hands.

Leroy turned to the table, and by dint of helping himself from various dishes, under a pretence of making a hearty meal, he gave her confidence; and presently he saw that she had commenced to eat. Adrien rose from time to time, and waited on her with a delicacy and tenderness with which few of his friends would have credited him; till, with a sigh of content, she laid down the knife and fork.

"Are you better now?" he asked as he took her plate.

She looked up at him in speechless adoration, and her eyes filled with tears.

"How good you are to me," she said. "I never dreamt there could be such a beautiful place as this. Do you often bring people in out of the cold?"

His face became grave.

"No," he said evasively—"not as often as I should, I'm afraid. And now, suppose you tell me your name."

"Jessica," she replied simply.

"And have you no relatives—no friends to help you?" he continued.

She shook her head sadly.

"Only Martha and Johann," was the hopeless reply.

"You poor child! And what does friend Johann do for a living?"

Again she shook her head.

"I don't know. He gets drunk."

"An overfilled profession that," said Leroy, with a sigh. "And now, what are we to do with you, little Jessica?"

She looked up with frightened eyes.

"Oh," she cried breathlessly, "are you going to turn me out into the cold again? Must I go? Oh, I knew it was too good to last!"

In her terror she had started up; but Leroy put her back gently into the chair.

"No, little one, we won't turn you out to-night," he promised. "To-morrow, we will see what can be done to make your road softer in future."

She did not understand half his words; but as with an almost womanly tenderness he placed a silken cushion beneath her head, she nestled down, smiling into his eyes with the gratitude of a child that neither questions nor doubts. To her he appeared like a being from another world—a world of which she had scarcely dared to dream, and her eyes were eloquent.

Adrien Leroy stood for a little while watching her, till her gentle breathing showed him she had fallen asleep.

"A beautiful child," he said under his breath. "She will be a still more beautiful woman." He sighed. "Poor

little thing! Rich and poor, young and old, how soon the world's poison reaches us!" Then, throwing a tiger-skin over the slender body, he turned out the lights and left the room. Summoning Norgate, he gave instructions that his nocturnal visitor should not be disturbed in the morning by the housekeeper, but should be allowed to sleep on. Then he made his way to his own room, not long before the dawn broke.

He had befriended this young human thing as he would have rescued a wounded bird, and with as little thought for the consequences; yet the day was to come when he should look back on this action as one inspired, in very truth, by his guardian angel.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun had risen cold and bright when Adrien Leroy awoke, and his first question was for the child, Jessica. But here a surprise awaited him, for the bird had flown. Norgate and the housekeeper had found the room tenantless. For some inexplicable reasons of her own she must have stolen noiselessly out while the other occupants of the flat were still sleeping.

Adrien made no comment, but proceeded to undergo the labors of the toilet. A cold bath is an excellent tonic; and when Leroy entered the dining-room his calm face bore no traces of his comparatively sleepless night. He sat down to breakfast, waited on by the attentive Norgate, and turned over the heap of letters which lay beside his plate. During his leisure meal he opened them. They were principally invitations, though a few of them were bills—big sums, many of them, for horses, dinner-parties, supper-parties, jewellery, flowers—all the hundred-and-one trifles which were as necessary to a man in his position as light and air.

With a gesture of weariness, he pushed the pile from him, and throwing them carelessly into the drawer of a built cabinet, left them until such times as Jasper Vermont could attend to them.

"Where do I dine to-night?" he asked presently.

"At the Marquis of Heathcotes," said—at eight," replied Norgate who knew his master's engagements better than did the young man himself.

Leroy nodded absently.

"Order the new motor for four o'clock. I want to see how it goes."

"Yes, sir," The confidential servant coughed and looked slightly embarrassed. "I may mention, sir, that Perrier has sent in his account for the costumes made for the Fancy Dress Carnival at Prince's."

"Refer him to Mr. Vermont," was the calm reply.

"I have, sir, several times, but he wants to see you personally. It's a matter of discount."

"Send him to Mr. Vermont. I know nothing of his bill or his discount. Surely you know that, Norgate," Leroy interrupted impatiently.

The discreet Norgate retreated silently; and ten minutes later Leroy started for his morning canter in the Row. Here, meeting and chatting with his numerous friends, the morning passed quickly enough; and when Leroy returned to his chambers again, Norgate was putting the finishing touches to the table already set for lunch.

"Covers for four?" said his master, as he entered the room. "Who is coming?"

"Mr. Shelton, Lord Standon, and Mr. Paxhorn, sir."

"Ah, yes, to be sure," replied the host, who had completely forgotten the invitation. "I thought it was for to-morrow."

The loud hoot of a motor outside told him that his visitors were arriving; and in another moment the door was flung open, and Mortimer Shelton, followed by Lord Standon, entered the room.

"Well, Leroy, old man," exclaimed the former cheerily, as they shook hands, "you look as fresh as if you had awoke with the dawn!"

"Nothing new in that," said Lord Standon, laughing. "Nothing upsets Leroy."

"Except a bad dinner," murmured Algernon Paxhorn, the fourth member of the party, who had just entered the room. He was the latest literary lion, and a fast friend—in more senses than one—of Adrien and the members of his set.

With jest and laughter they took their places at the table.

"Well, how's the steepleshire going?" asked Leroy, turning to Shelton. "What do you think of my King Cole? Does he stand a chance?"

"A chance!" echoed all three.

"The odds are four to one on him, and few takers," announced Shelton.

Lord Standon set down his glass. "Ah, that was yesterday," he said. "It was there later, and the odds were being lifted. You can lay what you like on him, my dear fellow, and you will have no difficulty in finding takers."

"Oh!" commented Adrien, almost listlessly. "Something better in the field, I suppose? I thought the roan was not to be touched."

"And I also," said Mortimer Shel-

ton. "I can't understand it! The only new entry was a weedy chestnut, listed by a Yorkshireman in the afternoon. 'Holdfast' they call him."

"He'll require more hustling than holding," returned Paxhorn sarcastically.

Lord Standon finished his wine.

"I'll back the roan while there's a penny to borrow," he said with sublime confidence. "There's nothing can touch him."

"That's what Jasper said," remarked Leroy, "and he ought to know."

"Oh, yes, he's a good judge of a horse," grudgingly admitted Shelton, who frankly hated him; "and of men too—when it pays him."

Leroy's face darkened slightly.

Vermont was his friend, and he resented a word spoken against him far more than he would have done one against himself.

"You misjudge him, Shelton," he said briefly.

"Possibly," retorted the other, unabashed. "What you find so fascinating in him I can't imagine. Still, my dear fellow, setting Vermont aside, there can be no two opinions respecting your chef. Sarteri is a possession I positively envy you."

There is not another chef in England that understands entries as he does."

"None," echoed Lord Standon. "Leroy will be famous for one thing, at least, if it's only for his cook."

The meal came to an end, and the table was cleared by the silent Norgate. Cards were produced, and the four were soon deep in the intricacies of bridge. They played high and recklessly; and after little more than an hour, Shelton and Leroy had lost over five hundred pounds.

"A close run, eh, Shelton?" laughed Leroy, as he took the notes from an open drawer. "Had they played the knaves we should have won. Time for another round?"

"Not I," replied his friend, with a regretful shake of his head. "I'm due at Lady's Martindale's."

"Picture galleries again?" laughed Leroy.

"Yes," Shelton confessed, "and with Miss Martindale, too."

The others laughed significantly.

"Say no more, Mortimer," begged Lord Standon, with mock grief. "Your days are numbered. Already I see myself enacting the part of chief mourner—I should say, best man—if you will allow me."

Shelton rose, laughing goodhumoredly.

"Thanks, I'll remember—when it comes to that!"

"You're incorrigible, Stan," said Leroy, as his guests were taking their leave. "You'd better settle down yourself first, and leave Shelton alone."

(To be continued.)

HEAR BOOMING OF GUNS.

Sussex Children Can Even Distinguish Calibre of Cannon.

P. D. Eyre writes to the London Mail from Framfield Vicarage, Uckfield, Sussex, England:

"For twenty months past the sound of the artillery at the front has been so familiar and commonplace here that even the little children in the parish school can identify the particular weapon that causes the explosions they hear. This is certainly quite easy when big guns, howitzers, naval 12-in., and so forth are firing. This phenomenon probably arises from a certain peculiarity of strata. There are, for example, villages near Eyr where no gunfire is heard."

Efficient Even in Cruelty.

The Russian, the Frenchman and the Englishman may have, in moments of frenzy, committed deeds of violence, but the madman is individual, not collective, says the Boston Advertiser. As Germany showed her amazing skill in organization, and the thorough efficiency which raised her to high rank among the Powers, so will this same efficiency, when directed in the course of the needless cruelties which war-madness directs, result in barbarity more completely depraved and more cunningly cruel than any other nation could ever fall into.

Curiosity Restrains Suicides.

The number of suicides in the city of Paris has decreased from 15 to 20 a week in ordinary times to only about two a week since the war began. It has been suggested that this decrease is due to curiosity, every one being so anxious to see what the outcome of the war will be that they refrain from taking their own lives, hoping for a French victory.

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The Farm

Fertilizers and Soil Fertility.

Fertilizers have a definite place in economic soil management. Their use is well established and the results that they produce are becoming generally understood in every section of this country. Fertilizers are plant foods in available and concentrated form, and contain ingredients commercially known as ammonia, phosphoric acid and potash. These are the three constituents of plant food most readily exhausted in the soil. Each has a definite work to perform in plant growth. Nitrogen or ammonia causes quick and vigorous growth of stalk or stem, phosphoric acid hastens ripening and helps fill the grain or fruit, while potash strengthens the straw or stalk and helps to plump or fill out the grain and fruit, writes Henry G. Bell in American Thresherman.

The use of a fertilizer containing all of the essential constituents of plant food gives best all-round results under average conditions. Various soils differ in their plant food needs, and observation of previous crop indications combined with a knowledge of how the soil has been treated in the past should be used as a basis for determining what proportion of the plant food ingredients is best for both soil and crop.

Low and decreasing yields, spindly growth of stalk, low quality products, small, pale, insipid fruit, poorly filled kernels of wheat and large areas of unproductive corn are among the crop indications of the need of fertilizers. If the tendency of the soil is to produce too much stalk growth, a fertilizer which carries a small amount of available nitrogen and a liberal amount of phosphoric acid and potash should be used. If stalks are strawy and poor and too weak to stand storms, then a complete fertilizer high in nitrogen and potash should be used. If the crops of previous seasons have not matured early enough, a fertilizer high in phosphoric acid should be chosen.

Each type of crop requires characteristic proportions of plant food for best results. A corn crop, for instance, is usually grown more for ears than for stalk. Ear corn or other grain takes up over 60 per cent. of the phosphoric acid required by the plant, hence the growing of any grain crop makes a heavy draft on this plant food which must be met by a generous supply of phosphoric acid. Hay crops are harvested for stalk, stem or leaf growth, and need much nitrogen. The supply in the soil must be supplemented if the productivity is to be maintained. Soil conditions that are essential to the best results from fertilizers may be obtained by rotation of crops, wherein legumes are grown periodically, plowing under green manure, applying strawy barn-manure and correcting the acidity of the soil by proper drainage and applications of lime when needed. Sandy soils are usually weak in nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash; clay soils are better supplied as shown by analysis, but often the elements are unavailable or slowly available, and require the assistance of available plant food if they are to produce large yields of high quality. A peaty soil is usually strong in nitrogen but exceedingly weak in phosphoric acid and potash.

The manufacturers of all kinds of merchandise first that with a factory of given capacity certain expenses are the same whether the factory is operated in full or only during part time. Those "overhead" expenses include rent, supervision, interest on money invested, taxes, repairs, etc. With a small production, the total overhead charges per unit is large. With greater production the same overhead charges cover a greater number of units and decrease in amount per unit. The same is true on the farm where the overhead expenses per bushel decrease as the yield increases until a limit much lower than ordinarily found is reached. The manufacturer believes in efficiency, because it enables him to produce his articles of merchandise at lower cost. The farmer who applies efficient methods to his farming operations and soil management is able to produce his crops at less per bushel and in greater quantity per acre. No matter the kind of farming, fertilizers have a place there and justify their proper usage by returning profits in better crops of early maturity and high quality, and by leaving the soil in better condition for succeeding crops.

Two fundamental facts about fertilizers that should be kept in mind when buying fertilizers—first, that each type of soil has a characteristic supply of the three essential constituents of plant food, and second, that each crop has special plant food requirements. This may be stated in another way, namely, that each soil has some characteristic weaknesses and each crop needs particular treatment for best results. Choose the fertilizer that appears to be best suited to make up for the soil deficiencies, and to provide for the special needs of the crop to which it is to be applied. No one can tell accurately just what analysis is most profitable to use on your soil for any definite crop. It must be settled by yourself on your own farm. The proper thing to do is to leave an unfertilized strip in the field, after having selected the analysis most likely to suit your conditions. Observe the growth of your crop carefully and at harvest time measure the difference in yield and note the differences in quality between the fertilized and the unfertilized areas. If any characteristic weakness shows up on the fertilized portion, change the analysis in accordance with the indications which you observe.

Compare the management of your soil to the management of your orchard, your dairy herd or any other part of your farming operations. An orchard may be kept alive and made to produce fruit without spraying, but all orchardists agree that spraying brings better profits. A dairy cow will produce milk when fed on shock corn, but she will make a far better record if fed on silage, clover, hay, cottonseed meal and some other concentrate in connection with corn. Likewise, you can grow a crop without fertilizer, but experience fertilizers will return increased yields of better quality and earlier maturity.

The basis of all profitable agriculture is fertility. The experience of farmers in general, proves that the judicious use of commercial fertilizers is the key to rational, business-like, profitable farming. The gigantic fields in producing food from the soil accomplished by the embattled nations of Europe became possible solely because they have learned to appreciate and understand the value of a valuable plant food. History again confirms the statement that available plant food, along with proper soil tillage, is fundamental, and brings the largest farm profits.

The Army Cutworm.

Ravages from cutworms never cease every year some of the commoner kinds devastate garden and field crops in various parts of Canada, and in occasional years little known species become enormously abundant, causing losses of importance equal to those effected by regularly occurring cutworms. Such was the case in 1915 when the Army Cutworm appeared in large numbers in Alberta, infesting a territory of about 3,000 square miles. No previous record of injury in grain fields was known in Western Canada.

The problem of controlling this cutworm pest was, therefore, a new one and the outbreak was immediately investigated by Mr. E. H. Strickland, the field officer in charge of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory at Lethbridge, Alta. As a result of this investigation the Entomological Branch of the Department of Agriculture has issued Bulletin No. 18, entitled "The Army Cutworm," which has been prepared by Mr. Strickland.

This bulletin comprising 31 pages describes the insect in its various stages, the habits of the cutworms as well as the habits of the adult moths which deposit the eggs from which the cutworms hatch, the natural enemies of the insect, and, from the farmer's standpoint, the most effective methods of control. These latter consist of clean summer fallow, poisoned baits, trap furrows, etc.

The bulletin has 15 illustrations, showing the insect in its different stages, as well as some of its parasites and the measures to be adopted to control it. This cutworm differs from the Army Worm. Farmers living in Alberta and Saskatchewan should become familiar with the remedies for the Army Cutworm in the event of its again increasing in injurious numbers. Copies of the bulletin may be had free of charge on application to the Chief of the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. This officer distributes all publications of the Department. Farmers, however, desiring to send specimens of injurious insects for determination, etc., should direct the same to the Dominion Entomologist, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Pedigree and Guarantee.

An animal is like a machine. To make a good machine requires that each part be of good material and just the right weight and strength. The good animal must have its parts developed in the right proportion to make the type desired. The adaptability of a machine and the proportion of its parts can be largely determined by looking at it. However, the make of the machine is the guarantee as to its possessing or lacking quality. Likewise in the animal a good deal can be determined as to its type by looking at it. Its real quality, however, cannot be determined in this way. To get at this it becomes necessary to go further back. The quality was put into the animal by its parents, its grand parents, its great grand par-

ents, etc. This makes it important to know that all these parents had qualities that would contribute to the making of a good animal of the type wanted. A pedigree is a scheme for keeping track of the parents of an animal. It is a guarantee of what is back of the animal, of what has contributed to its make up. It is this fact that makes the pure bred animal valuable.—North Dakota Experiment Station.

CHINA'S COURIERS.

Mail is carried at Average Speed of 90 Miles Per Day.

Travelers who return from the remote interior of vast countries where telegraphs and railways are practically unknown will tell you of the astounding swiftness with which news travels, despite the seeming absence of facilities, says London Answers.

Away in the wilds of the Tibetan border, or in the Mongolian deserts, two months' journey from civilization and hundreds of miles from the nearest telegraph wire, the traveler will perchance hear of some momentous event in the outside world within an incredibly short while of its happening. How is it done?

There is really no mystery about it. This rapid transmission of news is due to human, not superhuman, agency. It is the work of natives employed in courier services of higher organization than we have ever dreamed.

China, that spacious land where distance is measured by days, not miles, affords the best example. For, although the means of communication by rail and telegraph have greatly developed there of late, the bulk of the interior is still virgin to these inventions of the "foreign devil," and China still maintains what has been from time immemorial the most wonderful courier service in the world.

It is now mainly controlled by the Chinese Post-Office, and the mileage of the corner lines has recently reached the stupendous figures of 136,000, or about five and a half times the circumference of the globe. By road, river, and track, radiating from the capital of Peking, or other important centres, legions of couriers are speeding, without ceasing by night and by day, to almost every corner of the 5,000,000 square miles of country which form the Chinese Empire.

The couriers are all stalwart men, especially chosen for their physique, powers of endurance, and knowledge of routes. They work in relays, eat as they go along, and are supposed not to stop until they have handed the mail-bag to the next relay. An average speed of ninety miles a day is often maintained.

BIRDS IN THE TRENCHES.

They Care Little or Nothing for the Noise of War.

An English soldier sends the Field some interesting facts in regard to the behavior of birds in the war zone. He says: "I have been in the trenches barely three months, but quite long enough to convince me that birds care little or nothing for the noise of war, although, of course, it must interfere with them to a certain degree. I happen to be in a very pretty part of the country, which favors observation; nevertheless it is a very active part of the line. Often when doing my tour of duty in the trenches at night I have heard the nightingale near by, and the cuckoo by day, while in 'no man's land' the kestrel habitually hovers, and we are reminded that dawn is approaching by a lark that soars to the heavens and pours forth his song. Even a cloud clearing the moon made him do this. In the trenches we also hear owls and the whistle of birds on migration overhead. In a small thin copse running from our front line into no man's land magpies may be seen busy at their nests, and this same copse is a favorite shelling ground of the enemy. As I sit now in the dug-out linnet is perched on the ground, singing outside the door. My first swallow of the year was seen shimmering in no man's land amidst flying lead. Four or five common partridges were shot from the trenches with a rifle, and being neatly shot, went to swell our daily menu. All this occurs amongst shells, trench mortars, grenades, rifle fire, and all the other horrors of war. Their disregard of all these seems astounding. Not only birds but insects, too, the trenches hold—butterflies and moths of various species; and often the eye is gladdened by the pretty vision of a rare or common swallow poised on the front-line parapet, lightening the subaltern's dreary round or tour on duty."

As a last hope he visited the docks himself and addressed the men.

"You fools!" he said with his head addressed. "Can't you see that you're playing the enemy's game? The stuff is wanted for the nation. Shift it at once!"

The men continued to refuse. Hughes continued to command. And at the eleventh hour Hughes won.

They Needed it Most.

A regiment was drawn up for church parade in the barrack square, but the church was being repaired, and it was found that it could only hold half of them. "Sergeant-Major," ordered the colonel, "tell all the men who don't want to go to church to fall out!" A large number quickly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, sergeant-major," said the colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out, and march the others to church—they need it most!"

Temperament has much to do with it. Napoleon and Wellington had pulses remarkable for their slowness, about 50 to the minute.

PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA

ABOUT THE UPS AND DOWNS OF "BILLY" HUGHES.

This Wonderful Man Was Born in North Wales of Poor Parents.

A man of middle height, of frail build, with very long legs and arms, a straight mouth, the lean chin and cheeks of the student. The figure is aesthetic, emaciated; it is the form of a man wasted by dyspepsia.

All day long he is chewing, not the cud of reflection, but various preparations for persuading his food not to quarrel with his interior. Yet he is as tough as whipcord, the endurance of a camel, and the pluck of a prizefighter, says London Answers.

That is an Australian view of the man who is the man of the moment throughout the British Empire—the Rh. Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth—and it is quoted in Mr. Douglas Sladen's excellent little book, "Hughes of Australia."

Watching the Ships.

Fifty-two years ago this wonderful man was born in North Wales of poor parents. In 1874 he went to London to the Burdett-Coutts School at Westminster. Ten years later he landed in Australia. Ten years later, again, he was a member of the New South Wales Parliament, and twenty years later he was in the Cabinet of the Federal Parliament of Australia.

As a pupil-teacher at the Burdett-Coutts School he attracted the notice of Matthew Arnold, who inspired in him a taste for the best literature, to which probably his wonderfully moving oratory may be traced. During these years his chief recreation was to stand on London Bridge and watch the shipping.

It is curious to note on what small chances our fates depend. Tiring of the life of a teacher—he had a class of ninety boys—he arranged to emigrate with another fellow to Mexico. On the way home, after a visit to a shipping office, Hughes espied a boomerang in an old curiosity shop. It caught his fancy, and he bought it.

All Through a Boomerang.

His friend the Mexican enthusiast offered to show him how to throw it. He knew as much about boomerangs as Hughes did, and, in throwing it, cut Hughes' eye very badly. After the quarrel that ensued they parted for ever. The boomerang had done it—Hughes decided for Australia.

At the age of nineteen, therefore, he took all his savings, amounting to ten pounds, and shipped to Australia; and there, until he was nearly forty, his life was one continual hardship and battle.

He has known what it means to go without food for two days. He has known the life of the worker from the very bottom. That is why he is perhaps the ideal of a Labor leader. He can never forget what he himself has suffered at the hands of exploiters, yet at the same time he has the clear, swift brain which enables him to see the other side also.