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WATFORD, FEBRUARY 15, 1918

The Mad Kaiser

The belief that the Kaiser is either mad or on the verge of madness will be confirmed by the accounts which Mr. Carl Ackerman gives a young German moving picture operator's experience with the depraved monarch.

One week, it appears, he was ordered to Belgium to follow and photograph His Majesty. At Ostend, the famous Belgian summer resort, the Kaiser was walking along the beach with Admiral von Schroeder, who is in command of the German defences there. The movie operator followed him.

The soldier had been following the Kaiser for several days, so His Majesty recognized him, and ordered him to put up his camera and prepare to make a special film. When the camera was ready His Majesty danced a jig, waved the baton he was carrying and then his helmet, smiled, and shouted greetings to the camera man—then went on along the beach.

When the photographer reached Berlin and showed the film to the censors of the General Staff, they were shocked by the action of the Kaiser at Ostend. They ordered it to be cut out of the film because they did not think it advisable to show the German people how much their Emperor was "enjoying the war."

Killing Sheep Industry

Tilbury East and many of the townships of Western Ontario have recently been heavy losers from the depredations of dogs. Tilbury alone has had 75 sheep killed, costing the municipality \$839—more than all the dogs in the township are worth. The dog tax for the township is \$429, leaving \$410 to come from the general fund for loss of sheep. Gosfield South was also a heavy loser, something like \$108 being paid to one man for loss of his flock, and there are other claims to come in.

As we have stated before in these columns, farmers each year for many years have been decreasing their flocks, principally because of the ravages of dogs. The present high price and the scarcity of wool should be strong incentives to go into the business of sheep raising extensively, but as long as anybody can keep a dog by paying \$1 a year the sheep industry will be dormant. If the tax were raised to \$5 on dogs, and the farmer paid full value for any sheep destroyed or damaged, as at present, there should be some encouragement for sheep growers. Sheep are the easiest kept and are the most valuable animals from several standpoints that a farmer can have. They will live and thrive where other animals will starve, and as a means of increasing land fertility they are unrivalled.—Kingsville Reporter.

The French government has opened a school where women are given professional training with a view of placing them in positions vacated by the men who have been called away to war.

Miss Elizabeth L. Du Val Baltimore, who recently sailed on her first trip as junior operator, has the distinction of being the first woman wireless operator to assume duty on the seas.

Loyalty Shown in Folksongs

NOW that the question of Italy's unredeemed provinces has become acute, it is interesting to find out how the population of these provinces feels about the subject, whether the descendants of bona fide Italians who have been for several generations under Austrian rule really wish to be incorporated with the kingdom of Italy, or whether they would rather remain as they are.

This is not an easy question to solve, as there is little indication of the true state of the people's feelings in the various regions. They have little means of self-expression.

But one means of expression they surely have an outlet for their pent-up feelings, and that is in their folksongs. These are the reflections of moments of strong collective or individual emotion, and in them the very heart of the nation is laid bare. They have a stronger claim to credibility than the folk tale which they probably preceded, since poetry is less liable to change, and addition than prose, as its form is set by the first man who assembles the ideas into verse.

No regions have been more productive of folksongs of a political significance than the so-called "unredeemed" provinces of Italy. Some of these are little more than doggerel, but in the soft Italian dialects they sound less crude than our abrupt Anglo-Saxon. My translations are literal. Listen to the "Hymn to Italy," written by "Quirico Filopanti," of Bagnarola di Budrio, some time after 1868. As a concession to Austria the second stanza was banned throughout Italy, but needless to say this had no effect.

Float upon the capitol
And on the snowy Alps;
O, divine tri-color,
The banner of our love.

Trieste, the pearl of oceans,
For thee thy sons are fighting;
The valor of their fathers
Is born again for thee.

Shades of all our martyrs,
Your holy blood is waiting,
Waiting for the vengeance
We swear that you shall have.

Italy, our mother,
Brighter days are coming;
All thy sons are fighting
To win thee liberty.

The people of the Dalmatian centres, originally Venetian colonies, of Trieste and the lower Tyrol, have never ceased regarding themselves as Italians, to look on Italy as their motherland.

The words were sung as a marching song:

From the hills of Trentino
To the lakes of Salvo,
Once more has the anguish
Of the people's voice sounded.

It has spread from the mountains,
It has traversed the rivers,
From the coast of Dalmatia
And from Trent has it echoed.

Let the shackles be broken;
Revenge, cry the people,
Every heart is impatient
Now the hour is approaching.

The song continues with quickened rhythm to mark the change in feeling:

They have flown with their great wings extended
Over Trento and even Trieste,
To announce the glad news to our brothers
Who have waited in anguish so long.

From the Alps to the indigo waters,
Where Lissa as sentinel stands;
Let us surfeit our souls with that vengeance,
All Italy waits to exult.

Strong words, for in spite of the forget of the Italian poet Mameli, "son of the anger of one who is dead," the "unredeemed" cherish their hate; it has crystallized into a song, and although it sometimes seems to have disappeared, fresh provocation will revive the sentiment and the song.

In 1882 Guglielmo Oberdan, a student at Trieste, headed a revolt against Austrian tyranny. The boy was hanged. All Trieste sang the "Hymn of Oberdan." Here are two verses:

Armed with bombs as was Orsino,
The dagger clutched in the hand,
Death to the Austrian sovereign,
And our desire is liberty.
Death to Franz,
Hail Oberdan!

We would crush 'neath our feet and forever
The hated Austrian chain.
Death to the tyrannous Hapsburgs;
And our desire is liberty.
Death to Franz,
Hail Oberdan!

At Goritz the struggle was chiefly against the invasion of the Slavs, who poured into the district. How the Italians hated and despised this mixed breed, with their "Znal," or uncouth, rustic dialect! In 1894 "Marameo" was first sung in derision by the carnival crowds in Goritz:

Playa is the noble source
From which our Goritz sprung.
Goritz (please believe me)
Is Slavic at the heart.
Slav! In Trieste.

The Pines, too, are Slavs,
And Dante and Petrarch
Were both born at Tolmir.
Marameo, simpletons,
Go back to Salcano,
Is our blessed Goritz
Italians live, you know.
Romulus and Remus
(Believe me, nearest child)
Were the venerable ancestors
Of my lord of Kabergol.
The king upon the Capitol
The purest Znal speaks,
While the greatest saints in heaven
Bless the land with fruit and joy.

Will Italy ever redeem her desired territories? Will her people ever be united? Many miles of trenches still divide them. But hope lies hard. And as time goes on other songs are added to this number.

From a Royal Flying Man.

On off evenings I am arrayed (like the W. K. Horse Show (in what they call our "walking-out" uniform—everything, from Sam Browne belt to leather-faced, very tight riding breeches of Bedford cord, supposedly, and a cocky little cap over one ear. I still insist that my style of beauty fits the fatigue uniform best, but there are others who are flatteringly enough to induce me to go out on the streets in the thing.

Here's somewhat the way I look, and what's more, that's the way I feel I look.

We spend most of our time doing parade—which is a technical term meaning we are kept tab on every hour of the day. They are very strict, and you must "sit" an officer always. On inspection, the other morning, a chap in one of the flights was found without his overcoat.

"Where's your overcoat?" snaps the officer.

"I haven't got one," murmurs the chap.

"Haven't got one WHAT?" pointedly from the officer.

"One overcoat," answers the chap meekly.

What the officer says after that isn't the kind of thing you can set down cold in a letter, even if you dared. But, anyway, I know now that Gilbert and Sullivan got that line in "Pinafore" out of the official navy jest book.

It was our sergeant-major, a great old Scotsman, who hauled up a man for not being properly dressed on parade. "—," says he (I never knew what the blanks in Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's captions meant till I met the British sergeant and heard him speak). "—," says he, "ye wadna be properly drrrrrrressed, mon, if ye only had to wear a fig leaf."

It's great stuff!—New York Evening Post.

Tanks vs. Pill-Boxes.

The distinguished head of a house at Oxford has sent me the following couplet, writes a correspondent of The London Times, which I think you may like to publish:

Tanks v. Pill-boxes,
Victrix per campos Cisterna vagatur,
et ecce!
Viventes pilulas capsula capta vomit.

And this he has done into English as follows:

The Tank triumphant wanders o'er the fields
And living pills the captured capsule yields.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,
Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public.

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