

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

SHALLOW critics are finding fault with Sir Edward Grey because he has a German-descended and German-married secretary, and has not succeeded in keeping Bulgaria from going to the Huns and Greece from getting on to the fence. According to these masters of form and ceremony, Sir Edward Grey should be able to speak fluently all the languages of all the countries with which he has any diplomatic dealings; that he should embody in his own person all the foreign ambassadors of Great Britain; and that when dealing with wild animals represented by such monarchs as Ferdinand and Constantine he should flirt with mauve handkerchiefs aromatized with attar of roses brought from Greece. But as long as Sir Edward Grey speaks the language of England and the British nation in this crisis, he has no need to be a school of languages.

SOME people pretend to see a connection between President Wilson's second marriage and his attitude on the woman suffrage question. That is an association of ideas of which no diplomat would be guilty. It is too obvious. We classify Woodrow Wilson as a diplomat. If he isn't, what kind of man is it that has permitted Mexico to fight for the past three years without being in a state of war? There is no necessary connection between the Presidential second marriage and votes for women. Mrs. Galt has not stampered the President into making any official utterance on that question. The real basic connection is between the marriage and the baseball, which the President and Mrs. Wilson to be were looking at so carefully when the camera man took that nicely posed snapshot which appeared in some of the Canadian papers last week. This suggests a lot of conflicting explanations. Some of them are classic; some very ordinary. One classic suggestion is, that whereas Mrs. Galt's remote historic ancestor was Pocahontas, she is endeavouring to remind the President that lacrosse is her national game, while the President observes in the baseball the great American national symbol. But that is so idyllic an idea that we pass it over hurriedly to intimate—in a quite popularizing way—that the President intends to knock that ball so far outfield in the next election that Mrs. Wilson will find her home plate at the White House for a second term. Oh dear! What's good for a laboured headache?

HOMER WATSON, the Canadian painter who lives at Doon, Ont., is the only artist yet given a direct commission to paint war pictures for the Government of Canada. He has painted three wall-covering canvases commemorating the camp at Valcartier. They are at present hanging stupendously in the Exhibition of the Canadian Art Club in Toronto. These are the first war pictures Homer Watson ever painted; and they are not war. The war painter of Canada, whoever he may be, is probably yet unborn. A. Y. Jackson, the Montreal painter, who has enlisted, may come back with splashes of real, red war. Homer Watson, the logging-bee expert, the painter of trees and sombre landscapes, has got as near war as he will ever get in painting the

camp at Valcartier. He is not a war painter. He is an aid to history. In all the three huge canvases there is nothing nearer war than soldiers on review, tents by the hundred and rifle butts three miles in length. Valcartier, no doubt; but it is now war. Homer Watson's trees and colour—with much more than Homer's usual light and brilliance; but the red lustre of Mars is nowhere to be seen. The peaceful

Russian Snow. For the sake of being in a Thanksgiving frame of mind, we hazard a conjecture that mud and snow will do a few things to the German armies so far from their base. Last winter the German armies occupied the rim of a comparatively small ellipse gridironed by their great railways of both Germany and Austria. Their machine was new and the nation was fresh. After a year's battering and the loss of millions of men, they have now a great army in Poland which must be fed with munitions and supplies over railways built for war purposes. That army is now pioneering in a new country. When the mud is gone, the frost may help them a while. But when the snow comes that army will do little of the floundering that Tolstoi depicted in *Master and Man*. According to the statement of a retired Russian officer who is probably one of those Germanized spy renegades, Russian officers themselves are unable to get ten miles from their base in a deep snow without getting so lost that a map is as good upside down as right side up. If the Germans do any better in Poland than the Russians themselves, they will probably surprise even the Kaiser.

PEOPLE in England are now testing out the truth of the old English proverb—"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Since the Zeppelin raids have become a national diversion, people find it better to retire early and get up at six o'clock. Government officials breakfast at six instead of at nine. The night-hawks who used to keep London gay long after midnight seek their couches at ten. Prominent six o'clock breakfasters include among those present, Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Hiram Maxim, and Sir Herbert Tree. These are all wise men and most of them wealthy. The author of *Sherlock Holmes* should be able to get a new batch of stories out of a London fog three hours before daylight. Sir Herbert Tree should be able to get some new ideas about stage lighting as he watches the "cold, grey dawn of the morning after" creeping over the city with some home-bound Zeppelin floating away over the North Sea. This six o'clock breakfast fad is a movement that should be studied by Mr. H. G. Wells, as a new development in sociology.

THE distinguished and well-beloved bishop of a certain South American State is so absent-minded that his family is always apprehensive for his welfare when he is away from them.

Not long ago, while making a journey by rail, the bishop was unable to find his ticket when the conductor asked for it.

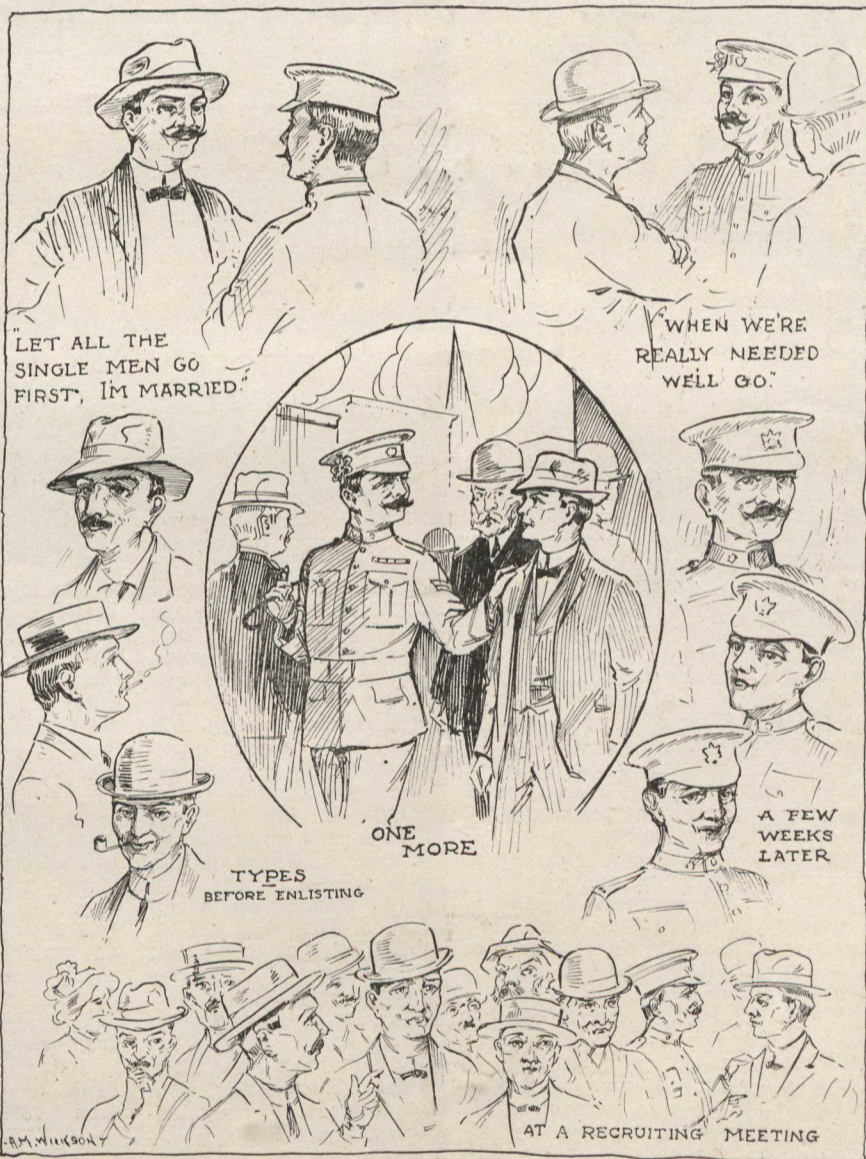
"Never mind, bishop," said the conductor, who knew him well, "I'll get it on my second round."

However, when the conductor passed through the car again, the ticket was still missing.

"Oh, well, bishop, it will be all right if you never find it!" the conductor assured him.

"No, it won't, my friend," contradicted the bishop. "I've got to find that ticket. I want to know where I'm going."

MAKING CANADA'S ARMY



Already 60,000 are in France, 35,000 in England and Bermuda, 10,000 on guard duty in Canada, and 45,000 in the training camps. And still they come.

painter from Doon, Ont., cheerfully undertook to paint what he was asked to do. In doing so he got as far away from the original Watson as he could or dared, and let it go at that. Watson has added nothing new to his repertoire as a painter by these mobilization pictures. He has himself been mobilized.

BULGARIA may have gone to the Huns and Greece may have taken a perch on the fence. But there are two allies on the eastern front yet to come into line. They are Polish Mud and