

LADY DERVISHES RISK DEATH OF COLD ON A HILLSIDE.

In these two pictures are to be observed the extremes of feminine activity in this country. On the one hand, sportive Canadian ladies doing what unkind people might say were anti-fat exercises, but what are more likely a modern revival of the dancing mania of the middle ages in a secluded field behind Montreal. On the other hand, two young women of Ontario who are taking a practical and sober interest in the welfare of our men on the firing line. No doubt these modern dancing ladies also knit, and no doubt the knitting couple have been known to dance—though not necessarily in the confiding, not to say candid manner indicated in the upper picture. There can be no question as to what those in the lower picture are doing. There has been much discussion as to the real cause of the ecstasy in the other one. Our photographer was unable to determine whether it was a toad in the grass or the prickly quality of stubble on the soles of tender feet, or sheer abundance of joy. He inclined to the former hypothesis. We remain neutral. One is reminded, in perusing the upper view, of the gentleman who, seeing his wife in her latest décolleté gown, with short skirt, enquired: "What are you dressed for now, dear? Opera? Or operation?"



Now Watch Our Diplomacy

By SIDNEY CORYN
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ALL other war moves become relatively insignificant in comparison with the entry of Roumania. At no other moment since the war began would this event have been attended with such gravities as now. When the balances are barely moving in their equilibrium it is the featherweight that counts, and Roumania is very much more than a featherweight even as an independent military power. She can put a finely equipped army of three-quarters of a million men into the field. She saved herself the exhaustion and depletion that overtook Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece in the recent Balkan wars. She has had a long season of preparation and she availed herself of it to the utmost. Her people are naturally warlike, and the rewards of victory are doubtless as large as the penalties of defeat. But the military power of Roumania is not the chief factor in the situation, although it is a large one. The first and most real import of Roumania's declaration is the attendant fact that the road is now open for the armies of Russia that have been assembling on the frontier for this purpose. Secondly, we have the fact that Bulgaria is now completely surrounded by enemy countries except for the narrow connection with Turkey. And, thirdly, we may consider the moral effect of Roumania's practical avowal that she believes the Allies must win and that her aid will hasten that end.

Let us not be too quick to assume that Roumania has been merely waiting in order to make sure that she shall choose the winning side. She was probably quite sure about that many months ago. Over and over again she has seemed to be on the point of drawing the sword, and there has been more than one glimpse of the actual steel. But it has been allowed to fall back into the scabbard, and while it was easy to laugh at her timidity and to sneer at her cupidity, there has been no lack of evidence that some unseen force was influencing her movements and that she was playing a game directed, perhaps—at least in part—from beyond her borders. Let us look for a moment at the situation, but with a full realization that we are groping in the dark and that probably there are not twenty men alive who know all the diplomatic facts. Nor are we likely to know them for half a century.

EVER since the military meeting at Paris it has been the obvious intention of the Allies to crush Austria-Hungary and to compel her to sue for a separate peace. This would remove Germany's chief ally, and it would extinguish Bulgaria and Turkey as a flaming match is extinguished in the ocean.

They would be instantly isolated, and the terms to be offered them would await their unconditional surrender. But even if Austria could not be induced to submit, there was still the possibility that Hungary might cut the painter, sever her connection with Austria, and make for herself whatever arrangements might be possible. But Hungary would not be likely to do this if Roumania should once intervene. Roumania would demand territorial advantages, in other words her price, and the price would have to be paid at the cost of Hungary. So long as there was any possibility that Hungary might sue for a separate peace it was obviously the part of wisdom to avoid the creation of a new creditor who must eventually be paid by Hungary herself. Nothing could be better calculated to drive Hungary to desperation than a new situation that would make her surrender of no avail. Now this may be the explanation of Roumania's delay. She may have been held back by the Allies in their desire to raise no obstacles to the hoped-for retirement of Hungary. That the delay has now come to an end may be due, on this theory, to one of two causes. Either the Allies may have decided to wait no longer, or they may have found some way to reward Roumania without menace to the interests of Hungary. One thing at least seems certain. The Hungarian people must be wondering why they are at war. Of all the belligerents they are the most inoffensive and unaggressive. Loyalty to a political partner is good, but it may be carried too far, and there are evidently Hungarian statesmen who think that it has already been carried too far. Every nation now at war sees certain definite benefits that must result from victory—except Hungary. There is no adjacent territory that Hungary covets. In point of fact she covets nothing. She has neither ambitions nor projects that could antagonize any one. No one has ever suggested any benefit to Hungary from the war except the dubious benefit of seeing Germany in occupation of Belgium, and Austria with more of those Slav peoples who have already worked her ruin. Hungary went to war from an honourable sentiment, but it was a sentiment toward her partner Austria, and not toward Germany. She may well think that she has now done her whole duty, and that she can do nothing more for Austria, but perhaps a good deal for herself.



THE situation is in the hands of Russia, and Russia is the master of all devious diplomacies. It looks as though there were a good deal more in the situation than the mere addition of a new belligerent. It is quite within the power of Russia to reward Roumania by giving up to her Besarabia, and so avoiding a new threat to Hungary. It is also within the power of Russia to offer something to Bulgaria that might call her out of the fray. She might persuade Roumania to cede the Dobruja to Bulgaria in return for Besarabia, which would be infinitely more valuable. Roumania filched the Dobruja, or part of it, from Bulgaria after the last Balkan war, and Bulgaria would much like to have it back. Russia could well afford to give up Besarabia in return for an agreement with Bulgaria and the possibility of tempting Hungary. Bulgaria may have been proof against such blandishments while the roseate dream of a participation in world conquest still persisted. But a change must have come over the spirit of that dream by this time. She has seen herself confronted with an army of nearly a million men in the south, and practically denied the help of her great allies. And now she finds that her whole northern frontier is menaced by a new and powerful enemy and that Russia has the command of a high road over that frontier. The King of Bulgaria is by no means a fool. He is only an extraordinarily cunning man, and of the kind of cunning that always over-reaches itself. He led his country to disaster during the Balkan wars, and no one knows better than he that he can not do that twice, and that a second fiasco will cost him his throne, and probably his life. How far Germany may be in practical control of Bulgaria it is hard to say, but at the risk of being tiresome it may be repeated once more that