

V. A. D. NURSES WHO CARE FOR THE BLIND SOLDIERS AT PEARSON HALL, TORONTO



From left to right—Sister M. Price, Sister E. Thorne, Matron Mrs. A. D. Burton, Mrs. J. Walker, Miss D. Clarke, Miss S. F. Brown.

THINGS ONE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE DONE

"Saturday Night's Thoughts," in the Boston Transcript, is a study of the life of a man in common life. No age, no month, indeed, is barren of them. One of the wayside mercies for the student of his own times in the record of the daily newspaper is the discovery of heroes as he goes along. They are better worth collecting than postage stamps or porcelain, for they enrich the heart. Our human life, thank God, is not all folly and lies, domestic quarrels paraded for the demoralization of the public, political and industrial disturbances, the lingering echoes of battle and the outbreak of the private war of strikes and riots. There is courage in the hearts of the people, and an ideal which will not in emergency stop short of giving life for others. Among all the benefactions which Andrew Carnegie provided out of his good will and money I am not sure but the hero medals may have the most lasting popular remembrance. They go to all classes; but most of them to men who are doing the hard and little noticed work of the world. If these men can be heroes, why may not be a hero in a million unexpected places, why may not peace have her ideals and exultations also? May it not, after all, be a part of the regular day's work to live and think so as to be ready for emergency and opportunity when they spring upon us? I am not thinking, you will note, entirely of courage in battle, in danger, in emergency; but also of service rendered in the thoughts and words. How many a boy's imagination has been kindled by the story of the discoverer. Next to the Bible "Robinson Crusoe" has been the "best seller" of the world. How many a reader has been thrilled by the last lines of that famous sonnet of Keats: He stared at the Pacific—and all his men Looked at each other with a wild surmise— Silent upon a peak in Darien.

It is for this that we read poetry and fiction, yes, and history, too, that we may identify ourselves in imagination with "Ulysses" bound to the mast among his stevedores to hear the shrens sing, or Hannibal crossing the snowy passes of the Alps, or Socrates drinking the hemlock at the order of his judges, or Angelo when he drew that picture of the "roasting of Man" or Washington at Valley Forge or Yorktown, or our own Army clearing the woods of the Argonne Forest, to make a way for the freedom of the world. The point at which all deeds of valor meet, if they are to hold our admiration, is the point of thought or help for others. There must be some element of service. We soon tire even of the best life spent in the following of pure selfishness. So even Napoleon wears us at last. At this point many a quiet, all unstudied deed or word, takes on the color of heroism and makes us feel a stir of brotherhood, yes, even a wish that we might do as well when our own opportunity offers. There is no heroism, for example, in saving money for a cause, though it may be difficult if wages

HEAD OF "LOVE MILL" ONCE CLERGYMAN AT SOUTH OZONE PARK

is our own Christian faith equal to the strain of that test so clearly met by one whom we call a "heathen" warrior of the East. The warrior never has been that warrior than his conqueror in that day of the testing of his loyalty to his own ideal of worth.

Assistant District Attorney Kilroe Declares Albertus Also Sought His Wife Through Circular Letter.

(New York Tribune.) The District Attorney's office continued to delve yesterday into the mysteries of the inner circles of the Neva Esperanza or New Hope Society, Inc., which shut down the Mason Avenue and 127th Street marriage hall last Wednesday on Assistant District Attorney Kilroe's official ukase. John Albertus, president of the society and director of the editorial policies of "The Matrimonial News and Cards Advertiser," official organ of the Hoppers, which has never suppressed, formerly was a Lutheran minister. The Rev. Wilhelm Mortensen, superintendent of the Inner Mysteries and Rescue Work Society, telephoned Mr. Kilroe yesterday and gave him some information about Albertus, who has disappeared.

Albertus, who offered his clients wives with formidable bank balances, as well as personal charm, formerly was rector of a Lutheran church in South Ozone Park, Long Island, Dr. Mortensen said, according to Mr. Kilroe, but ceased being a clergyman of the Lutheran church in October, 1918. Albertus was admitted to the ministry in 1908 and once had a pastorate in Fort Wayne, Ind. He is also said to have been a Greek teacher in a western high school at one time. Mr. Kilroe gave out the text of a mimeographed form letter which he said Albertus had sent out to women all over the country, over his own signature. The document began "My Dear Lady Friends," and then Albertus, most enumerated the qualities of mind and spirit and pocketbook that made him a good matrimonial catch. He admitted he was a society man, and that he preferred "quite home life, boots, automobile and motor boat rides" to the "400 and their balls." He insisted that although he was forty years old, he did not feel a day "over 25."

Teaching English

(Written for the Christian Science Monitor.) There is no more popular subject for a textbook than that of English composition. Anyone who is connected with the English department of an eight-year institution is accustomed at frequent intervals to find on his desk either a new textbook or a fresh compilation of "essays" for use in English composition courses. Another "D'Israeli" should raise to write "The Curiosities of Theories of English Composition." He would have had the honor of being drawn, but indeed as would be compelled to rewrite such a book weekly, so rapidly do the manuals multiply. Probably the good reasons for writing and publishing all these textbooks. Many English-minded persons must believe that English composition can be taught; they believe that even if it cannot be taught, it is worth the effort to try. This statement, with all its sweeping implications, will of course be challenged, particularly by the vast host who are publishing textbooks. Nevertheless the actual facts bear out its truth. The average freshman must read them, faces a volume which would test the philosophy of an ancient stoic. And yet most instructors not only enjoy teaching composition—a truth, no man who studied it would deny—but with such a Sisyphus-like task—but they put into it an amount of enthusiasm which is proof against all discouragement. In any other subject similar devotion and enthusiasm would scarcely be rewarded. English composition alone remains a stone wall against which we batter our heads in vain. The textbooks are not solving the problem; the earnest labor of enthusiastic young instructors is achieving little or nothing. Freshmen therefore remain in their courses, and it is therefore necessary to ask if there is anything wrong with our methods of teaching?

This is a difficult subject to discuss, because each textbook, as it appears, is accompanied by a "method" containing that the method itself set forth is a new one, differing in all respects from its predecessors. As the results, however, as far as freshman themes are concerned, remain the same, it is fair to conclude that the right method has

Betty Wales Dresses advertisement featuring a portrait of Betty Wales and a woman in a dress. Text includes "Just the Right Dress" and "THE CONSCIOUS delight of feeling correctly attired is only one of the pleasures of wearing a Betty Wales Dress."

not yet been found. Perhaps it never will be—a gloomy thought. But are we wise to lay so much stress, in our colleges, on the teaching of composition during the first two years of the course? It is unnecessary to mention that in order to write, man must have something to say. Even if we rehash Huxley, Arnold, Spencer and Ruskin, for the freshman, in frequent classroom discussions, are we really giving him anything to say? Do we make a sufficient distinction between esthetic and practical problems in our methods of instruction? Is it to be expected that the immature underclassman can be as easily taught to write as the junior or senior who has begun to think for himself? In short, when the next textbook on composition appears, it should be particularly stress upon the problem from the teacher's point of view. Composition should not be regarded as an elementary subject, fit only for freshman and sophomore years. If it is anything, it should be concerned with the more mature thought of the undergraduate. Let the preliminary years be taken up with simple illustrations of the art of thinking. Such mental five-finger exercises are at present much needed. The relation of the various subjects of a college course to one another should be made clear to the freshman. When he performs laboratory experiments or solves problems in mathematics, he should know what thought-processes he is pursuing, and why. Then when he reaches junior or senior year he will have a position to be taught to write. His education will have led him to think, and one has attained this most desirable goal, it will be an easier matter to let him learn first to put his ideas together according to a coherent plan. Daily themes and general essays should not, therefore, be mixed, at first, with this drill in logical expression. The latter drill is a practical equipment which no man in after life may do without. And it is on this practical attainment that we should focus our efforts in teaching elementary composition—efforts which may be better made when the student himself has had more experience with college work than is possible in freshman year. Finally there will still be time in the senior year, to take the time of natural literary ability and give men of natural talent to write "literary" essays.

Magee's advertisement for a bargain on kids' clothes. Text includes "A Bargain for the Kiddies" and "Cosy, warm, woolen togues For \$1.00—Friday and Saturday. They're worth \$1.50." Also mentions "A silk plush hat bargain for women—black tricorne style hats For \$19.50—formerly \$25."

are small and the saving girl many needs in a world where she is quite alone. I am thinking of a girl out in Colorado, a member of a church in a new community which needed money to pay off a mortgage on its property. The people were poor and the debt was large. Everyone must do something. She related her desire to the common need by self-denial. She subscribed what to her was the enormous sum of \$20, and as she did so whispered to her chum, "There goes my muff!" It is a simple tale, but it marks the difference between service and self-service plainly. And it is just that point that the fellowship of heroic souls of all our human life begins.

We do not always recognize this heroic quality in our women, with their often quiet lives, because it inheres so largely in their character as women that we are tempted to accept it as a matter of course. With the women we know and love best there is no surprise, because we know it could not be otherwise. I read long since some extracts from a book of a woman's travels in the Middle East. The one that pleased me best was the story of the Bedouin chief who gave the author, Miss Gertrude Bell, his favorite horse to hold while he went forward to reconnoitre some suspicious strangers. "In the day of raids," he said, "I do not trust my mare to my own brother, lest he should see the fear and fear and ride away. But to you I give her because I know that the heart of the English is strong." Would it not thrill us to think that we in our own person and we as a nation might deserve like testimony to courage and to character? And yet as a result of the life and work of the men and women who have represented us in these same regions of the world, who stayed and served and nursed and taught through the war and massacre and starvation, the Armenians—yes, even the Turks and Syrians—trust us and want us as their helpers in the bringing back of peace and security to their impoverished lands.

There are tales of individual devotion that stir the heart. Mr. Richard Kearton, the famous English naturalist, tells of a Masai boy when his own soldier brother was ill in Africa, "ran seven miles through a country infested by man-eating lions to obtain the milk on which the invalid's life depended." It was in love of Christ and in the love of men which Christ teaches, that those missionaries in Asia of whom I have been speaking held to their work. But we are not to think that deeds of love and service which stir our hearts to thoughts of emulation are a monopoly of Christians. That dark-skinned boy who for love of Mr. Cherry Kearton ran fourteen miles among the lions tells a braver story. It was a Samaritan, a member, who took pity on the man who fell among the thieves on the road to Jericho. Christianity does not create it; it evokes and enlarges and directs the natural courage and devotion of the human heart. And it is able to make its appeal on the example and character of its unflinching and courageous Lord. No man ever learned to be a coward in the companionship of Christ. We do wrong to picture Him as He is shown in

OXO advertisement for meat cubes. Text includes "Now Meat is so expensive—OXO Cubes should be more used than ever!" and "Think what OXO Cubes can save you in the course of a year!" Also includes recipes for OXO Hot Pot, OXO Succotash, and OXO Meatballs.