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PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

SOME particularly sinister fate awaits those clever people who from Hook of Holland via Bremen, from Zurich via Cologne, or from Athens via Sofia, or by any, all and sundry of the neutral wire stations and viae mediae beyond, keep telling us strange stories that read like chapters in novels. We are slowly becoming wise to these romances of which any war should have an average of at least three a week. We no longer believe that the Grand Duke Nicholas told the Czar that he wanted certain generals whether his Majesty approved them or not, and thus made himself look like the Bismarck of Russia; that Kitchener and French had a falling-out at headquarters in France; that the Crown Prince has become insane; that Bernstorff really likes the job at Washington, and that Sir Sam Hughes has settled down to the quiet life. None of these genial canards allure us now. Long ago we were denied the joy of reading the war correspondent's colourful stories from somewhere near the front or overhead. Long ago we gave up knowing within six months of when the Allies would begin to crumple up the German lines on the west. It really doesn't matter. Somebody may know. If we are good we may be told by some eye-witness after it is all over in a general way how it was done. In the meantime we reserve the right to have no opinions whatever and to believe nothing that we cannot see.

that in no page of the Bible is there any reference to this. And the cynic rises to remind us that he knew all along that Christianity has caused more wars than all the heathen religions of the world rolled into one; so why should Palestine not be a military camp? And there is no man to tell him why—unless it be Mr. Bryan.

WITH nine nations at war, with a total war cost of about \$2,500,000,000,000 with 12,000,000 men under arms, with Belgium and Poland torn to pieces, with hundreds of towns and cities in

lery proceed to put the railway on wheels. Perhaps the Kaiser thinks this is an original idea. He is respectfully reminded that in 1893, when he was sowing wild oats in Berlin, there was a moving sidewalk at the World's Fair in Chicago.

EVEN asphyxiating gas and liquid fire have lost their novelty to the men in the trenches, says Lord Kitchener. Will those interesting Germans please try to keep this war from becoming monotonous.

THE SMILE INTERNATIONAL



British soldiers in France are not always fighting. They sometimes get out of the German shell zone into the line of French smiles, of which this marketplace gleam of feminine sunshine is a good example.

ruins, submarines liable to pop out anywhere along the British coast, Zeppelins dropping bombs about once a week in England, and several thousand airships operating from Flanders to the Dardanelles, there are times when you open the morning paper and when asked what's the news reply with a yawn, "Oh—nothing much. Only another Zepp. raid."

IN the literature of heroic myths and supernatural exploits from the days of Hercules down, is there anything more violently remarkable than the fact as recorded by a news headline last week that—"The Germans are astride the Petrograd railway?" The inference is obvious. There is no other way to get into Petrograd but to put the German armies astride the railway and under cover of artil-

SINCE the world at large went into the business of killing on a scale never before dreamed of, it is interesting to note that United States science has begun to solve the problem of dyeing. Most of the dyes used in this part of the world used to come from Germany and Austria. Just why, nobody ever stopped to explain. It was blandly admitted that Germans had put chemical science in a glass case to be used only when Germany wanted to sell it. German labor was cheap because the whole nation was an organized sweatshop. So there was no real reason why American scientists should create dye mixtures for American clothmakers to use. war has made it necessary. Dr. Thomas H. Norton, who is at present in New York investigating the dye stuffs problem for the Department of Commerce, announces that osage orange can be produced in the United States from a certain East Indian tree. With osage orange achieved, perhaps the rest of the spectrum and all its intermediates will come in. After the war Germany may keep her dyes. And she will need all the bright, cheerful colours she can get to give that benighted country a look of human hopefulness.

COUNT REVENTLOW, the perennial fabricator of dark and dreary naval lies in the Tages Zeitung, comes along with another bright Teutonic idea regarding London and the Zeppelin outrages. He says London is a fortress which it is the legal business of Germany to demolish if possible. He counsels Sir Percy Scott, who has been given the task of defending London, to advise the civilian inhabitants to leave the city if they want to escape German bombs. He must have been looking over the cartoons in London Opinion depicting the reports of Schmidt the Spy. Schmidt told about a long list of foolish things the English were doing to escape being annihilated by the Germans. One of the cartoons showed how the police were ordering the walls of London to be pulled down. That must have been where Reventlow the fat-headed egotist with the twilight brain got his idea about civilians leaving London. These German writers with the adipose wits must have something to amuse them that looks like reality.

ROSE COGHLAN, who plays the role of Madame Vinard, the concierge, in the Neilson-Terry production of Trilby, seen in Toronto last week, has been on the stage since 1869. She is a woman who is said to have more dramatic ability than all but two or three American actresses living. Yet she has never become popular, has never played in a grand succession of big roles, and has been compelled during part of her career to go into melodrama and vaudeville. The only reason assigned by her biographer for this peculiar comparative failure of an eminent actress is—that she has much more dramatic talent than she has personal magnetism. It is the dramatic actress with the winning personality that becomes a headliner. The woman with dramatic genius may drift into the cheap show and the undramatic. This rule may not always hold good. But it comes true in more things than in stage business—and most people know it.

MR. BRYAN, who used to lecture about the Prince of Peace, must be very downcast to learn that war is now the most remarkable activity in the land of the Prince of Peace. Palestine, the newspapers say, is now a military camp; soldiers manoeuvre in Jerusalem, at Golgotha and on the Mount of Olives, whose branch has been taken by the world as a symbol of peace; between Judea and Jericho a road is being built for armoured motor-cars. Champions of the higher criticism may observe