

S T O R I

E T T E S



Little Illustrated Epics Peculiar to the 24th of May as Understood in Canada, where that Exuberant Holiday got most of the Great Joy it ever had



DAD SAYS:

TWENTY-FOURTH o' May—corn's got to be all in. 'Twill if rain holds off. Been wonderin' if why we have such a peck o' rain sometimes is on account o' them bombardments in Europe. Donno. Anyhow I'm dang glad to be jammin' corn in as fur as I be from where they plant nothin' but dead men nowadays. And I'd like to be able to write the boy yunder—tellin' him that we got this corn in 'cordin' to custom by the old 24th; and that his dad an' mam are keepin' up their end in supplyin' the food so long as we can do anything. By gum! it's a pretty stiff contract this year without a hired man and no Billy. Used to think it was bad enough when I had Billy and no hired man. Consarn it! I had a good case o' lumbago and rheumatiz all worked up to put me on the retired list from now on. Here I be whackin' away at hard labour agin as though I was a convict.

BILLY SAYS:

EVERY man to his job. Gee, I'd like to chuck a heap o' these high-jinkers down in front o' dad in the cornfield. See him jump seven feet and holler for kingdom come. Tinkerin' bombs don't bother me much. I always was a handy boy round the old place. Had to be. Dad never sent me to any Tech. or Ag. College. I just naturally had to take things up just about where he left off. These here bombs though are things I never had any idea about on the farm. Nearest I ever saw to this kind o' thing was lawn bowls in a net. No, 'tain't the same. Tech-nic's altogether different. This neck o' the woods ain't any tennis court or bowling green. It's—sometimes hell. But at Vimy! By gosh! I must write to the old folks and tell'm about that. I chucked a few o' these pets in that scrap. There—that's another hand-ball ready for biz. Next?

MAW SAYS:

WE'RE economizin' this year. Matter of fact—we loaned our barrel churn to a woman that's just moved in down the road and don't know how to run any other kind. This old pelter, dad dug it out o' the back shed and toggled it up, made a new dash, and here I be peckin' away like I used to in the good old days when we started to keep house. Takes longer. I don't mind. Our house ain't so busy as 'twas before the gals got married and Billy went away to the war. Laws! I must write Billy an' tell 'im I'm makin' 50-cent butter with the old dash churn that he used to spend so much time on after school. How he did hate that churnin'!

One good thing about Billy goin' away—it's made his father buck up. I ain't heard much complaint about that lumbago and rheumatiz since he had to knuckle down and take over the heft o' the work agin.

HONOURING THE BRAVE OF ANY NATION

BISMARCK said it was the English who tried to teach Germany long ago the ideas of humanity and civilization. If Bismarck could see this picture, taken in England not long ago, he would smile an iron smile and say there was no use in Germany trying to teach England anything about "kultur." Here is a funeral of German sailors who raided defenceless towns and were killed in action by the British gun. The British buried these German sailors with full military honours. Their mission in life was damnable; their death heroic. Britain forgets the damnable mission in the heroism of the sacrifice. Britain pays her respects to brave men of any race the world over. And if this were a brave men's war instead of a tussle of underground machinery and of submarines it would have been won by the Allies before now. The Ger-



mans know it. "We fight from a sense of duty," said a captured German officer after the Battle of Vimy. "But you Canadians seem to fight because you like it." British troops do not exactly hanker to kill people; but they dearly love a scrap in the open and they know how to honour brave men even if they are German sailors that shell defenceless communities. Traditions must be kept up. The British have set themselves a good example by avoiding mere reprisals in kind so far as possible even when the devices of the Germans might have out-witted the devil himself. When German sailors bury British tars with full regard to the noble traditions of honourable warfare—it will be time for some enterprising camera-man to get a photograph of the event. The copies might be rare enough to fetch a good price.