



YEATS ON GHOSTS.

Lying Spirits-Hypnetizing Ghosts-Ghost Begging Clothes. A RE shosts great liars? This.

::- New Books :-:

PROGRESSIVISM-AND AFTER.

ERATURE SCIENCE EDUCATI

## EDITEDBY DONALD G.FRENCH

## London Literary Gossip

A Study of the Growth of State Socialism. By HAYDEN CHURCH LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP

Chesterton, Lost in Glasgow. HERE is one English author at

THERE is one English author at least who admits quite frank-ly that he is practically de-pendent on his admirable wife, and that is big G. K. Chesterton. Like most geniuses—and G. K. C., is pretty generally admitted to be one—Ches-terton is too much absorbed in the details of his creative work to bother much with mere business and social ones, and how many of his commis-sions would be executed and how many of his appointments kept if it were not for Mrs. C. goodness only knows. She acts as his "business conscience," and goes with him on almost every journey, performing such small but necessary duties as the getting of Endshaw or the still more convenient "A. B. C."

It is on record, however, that once when Chesterton had a journey to make, visitors arrived, and Mrs. Chesterton being called upon to play the part of hostess, was unable to accompany her husband. However, she started him off with the words, "Now, Gilbert, you know where you are to lecture and what your sub-ject is," and Chesterton went to the railway station. Arriving there, he banged down a sovereign at the booking office, and said. "A ticket." "Where for?" asked the astonished clerk.

friend. "Oh, yes, I am," protested Ches-nation, "I booked the engagement some months ago." "But you cannot be," maintained the friend, "for the place is being renovated and the painters are in." It slowly dawned upon Chester-ton that he was at the wrong place, and he, further to justify his claim to greatness, sent a telegram to his wife: "Am here. Where ought I to he?"

Baconian Expert Has Passed Away. P OOR old Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, who believed more Lawrence, who believed more implicitly, perhaps, than any one that ever lived that Bacon was Shakspere, died a few days ago at his big house in millionaire Carleton House Terrace, where he had Wil-liam Waldorf Astor as one neighbor and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour as

marriage of her father to a young and somewhat frivolous wife. The young wife dying shortly after the birth of a daughter, and the father following speedily, leaves Agatha in charge of the estate and of her step-sister Monica. She undertakes the rearing of Monica as her life-work. Monica runs away at an early age to A Study of the Growth of State Socialism. SAYS William English Wallins, the author of this book: "For a truly scientific per-spective of any movement we must try to place ourselves in advance of it. The child cannot understand the man. The man may understand the child." He goes on to say that the various schools of socialists of the world are of many different opinions on every funda-mental question but one. All who are really socialists concentrate their attention on the stage of society that is to follow the progressive or "state socialist" period into which all ad-vanced countries—the United States, Australia, Great. Britain, France, Italy, Germany—are now entering. Some of the topics dealt with in his discussion of the subject are: par-tial collectivism, the approaching re-volution—to state capitalism: labor as government property, equal op-portunity, transition to state so-cialism—extension of collectivism and democracy, class struggle within the workling classes state socialism. (Macmillan Company, publishers.) Monica runs away at an early age to marry a youth who goes to India. Agatha, herself, left alone is swept into a hurried marriage with a scrape-grace Irish lord. Then comes the difficulty of reconciling Eng-lish ideals with Irish laxity. Agatha's lish ideals with Irish laxity. Againa's son figures very importantly in the story, together with the daughter of Monica. The style is pretty much. Frank Danby's usual, with a shade more of restraint. ("Full Swing," by Frank Danby: Cassell & Co.) THE FORTUNATE YOUTH.

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Story of a Dream That Came True. HERE was never a dream

worth calling a dream that did not come true." Do you believe that? It is a won-derfully inspiring creed, and one that is fast gaining in popularity. Think-ers are telling us now-a-days that we may have anything we wish if only we wish for it hard enough and

we wish for it hard enough and long enough. It was the deep-rooted and life-long faith in this belief that led to all the good fortune of "the fortun-ate youth." The book is the story of a dream's fulfilment, not by luck or chance, but by the resistless pewer of concentrated purpose, and a con-tinued upward reaching to the high levels of an ideal. To read it is an inspiration, as well as a keen de-light. The readers of "The Beloved Vagabond," "Stella Maris," and a dozen or so other enjoyable books by the same author. will expect a treat in his latest work, and will not be disappointed.

by the same author, will expect a treat in his latest work, and will not be disappointed. Little Paul Kegworthy was a child of the slums. Not a common child, however. For one thing, he was singularly beautiful, and in addition was gifted with a love of learning, and was a reader of books. Other, wise he seemed particularly un-fortunate, for it was always upon him that his unnaturally harsh mo-ther and his cruel stepfather. Mr. But into this sordid life there fell one day the glory of the "Vision Splendid." It happened at a Sunday school treat, when a young lady, who smelt of all the perfumes of Araby, and the ragamufin with the beautiful face were mutually attract-ed to one another. She gave him a little cornelian heart, which he kept forever after as a talisman; and once he overheard her say of him that no one but a princess could be his mother, that his father was a prince, and he himself a fairy prince, who would one day come into his king-dom. Little Paul believed the marvelous May your dreams and mine. all . . .

Little Paul believed the marvelous story, and from that day forth, to find his royal parents and enter his rightful kingdom became the motive power of his life. It was a long way to climb from the gutter to a princely heritage, but half unconsciously the high ideal lifted him up and up. "The light that never was on land or sea" had fallen upon him, and never for a moment did he lose the glory of the Vision Splendid. Thru boyhood, youth and manhood he "fol-lowed the Gleam," which led him by a checkered pathway—not straight to his goal, it is true, but ever upward, starward. He found his true vocation at last, but in the very hour of his triumph destiny his true vocation at last, but in the very hour of his triumph destiny called upon the "fortunate youth" to suffer. The fairy tale ended, the dream shattered, stripped bare of the last shred of falsity and pride, he stood before the world--a man. It was then that his princess came to him, and the life-long dream bethat are worth calling dreams, like-wise come true! (Bell & Cockburn, publishers.)--L.

HERE ARE two classes of writers whose bocks appeal successfully to readers. The

first, with imaginative power and sympathetic insight, is able to in-

terpret and describe for us "how the other half lives," and to do so with such fidelity that we feel the truth of it. The second class, which has far fewer exponents, is comprised of those who have actually lived in the ordinary course of exence the experiences which are cited. Books which give these insonial records we call "human cuments," and it is thus that any recited experienced reader would designate "Children of the Dead End," by McGill (Musson Bock Co.), without even knowing anything of the antecedents of the narrator, for in its very simplicity, in its very spots of rawness, the actuality of the life of it pierces thru and "gets you" with a grip that nothing but

the "real thing" has the power to do. Winter in a glen in West Donegal, Ireland, is the opening atmosphere of the story, and the immediate background is the wide open hearth of a small Irish cabin which shelterof a small Irish cabin which shelter-ed a family, rich in numbers but poor in aught else. Poverty, re-ligion, and superstition seemed to whare about equally in the lives of the people of the glen. "Sometimes my mother would tell a story," re-cites Dermed Flynn, the narrator, "and it was always about the wee red-headed man who had a herd of mosts before him and a herd of red-headed man who had a herd of goats before him, and a herd of goats behind him, and a salmon tied to the laces of his brogues for supper," in fact, he was the Irish progenitor of the modern bogey-man, and a distant cousin to the Black Douglas, whose name inspired terror into the hearts of the child-ren of Northern England. From our introduction to the family we so on troduction to the family we go on to more superstitions and customs, a chapter of them after this ilk: "If my father met a red-haired woman when he was going to market, he would turn home. To meet a red-haired woman on the highway is very unlucky."

#### . . .

The Corsican Outrage. ERMOD'S career at school was very short, and ended in what he calls the "Corsican outrage." It was a hot day, and the master was in bad temper. The lesson was pointer to Dermod he demanded, "Dermod Flynn, point out Corsica." Dermod declared his ignorance of the whereabouts of Corsion. "I'll teach you!" roared the master, and teach you!" roared the master, and he proceeded to do so by tweaking the boy's nose. The pointer was heavy, and it was in the boy's hand. "I raised the pointer and struck him across the face" says Dermod. The master dropped as if dead, and the boy rushed from the school. Dermod want to work at harvest at sivence went to work at harvest at sixpence a day, occupation which was much more to his liking than going to schoo Pathetic is the account of the death of little Dan, the youngest Too poor were they brother. afford a doctor. The expense of the funeral put the family into severe straits. The next spring, Dermod at twelve years of age, must go forth into the labor market and help earn money to pay the rent and assist the family. In company with several boys and girls, Dermod set out for the hiring market at Stra-bane, and there engaged himself to an Omagh farmer at five pounds for six months' service. His experience with the Orange family of Omagh was not pleasant for a west Donegal Roman Catholic, so when his time was up he sought a new master. Four pounds and fifteen shillings of his earnings he sent home to his parents to be given, he says, to the landlord and the priest. With the remaining fifteen shillings he replenished his scanty wardrobe, and hired for the winter term with a cattle-raiser named Sorley, who lived eight miles from Strabane, but Sorley was under a boycott, and Dermod's stay there was but short. He ran away and slept his first night out in a hayfield, wakto find a young woman look-at him. She rallied him ing at him. She rallied him for setting out young as a beggar, but upon hearing his story brought him home to her half-brother James Ma Crossan, who hired Dermod, and in whose family the youth received kind and considerate treatment. \* \* \* Potato-digging in Scotland. ever, yielded to the invita-tion of Jim Scanlon, one of his Donegal friends, to join a party go-ing to Scotland for the potato-dig-ging, so Dermod a second time, ran away from his master, and joined Scanlon's potato-digging gang at Derry pier. Among them was his schoolmate and childhood friend. Norah Ryan, and the childish friendship seemed to bid fair to ripen in. to a deeper attachment. The life of the potato-diggers was hard and sordid. All sorts and conditions of men and women were herded together in the gangs. The passion of gambling took hold of Dermod. and when the game was introduced in the gang by a stranger, Dermod in the gang by a stranger, Dermod iost all his hard-won earnings, and remained behind in Scotland when the rest returned to Glenmornan. Pitiful is the passage of his his-tory, telling of his wanderings, pen-miless, and in search of food or work. There is introduced Moleskin the paywy, a personage of some Joe, the navvy, a personage of some note, in the story, remarkable for his philosophy if not for his ethics. Hardly had Dermod and Joe got well introduced when a passing farmer failed them, and reported himself in search of a likely lad who could im to the farmer at a very reason-

The Little Hospital FEW AGENCIES for good in Canada or any other country excel the hospital—a thoroly modern and progressive institution which people believe in more every day, and the more they know about it, the more they believe in it. The more they believe in it. The past year has seen some good little hospitals started in Canadian towns and cities How do you start a hospital? How large a hospital do you need? Ask the hospital expert. For building hospitals hus come to be a separate branch of building, just as engineering is a separate branch of sani-tation, and the care of the gums a separate branch of dentistry. HE HOSPITAL expert said five years ago that in a city of 100,000, five beds were needed for every 1,000 of the population, but not so many, say only three or four beds per thousand of the popu-lation, in smaller cities and towns. The hospital expert has now "put his prices up" like every one else, and demands about one hospital bed to about 155 of the population, even in a town of say, 2,500 inhabitants. In a town of 2,500 or 3,000, how-ever, if it is a new hospital that is being built, a few years will elapse before people get used to the idea of a hospital of their own, and consequently not quite so many people will use it at first and not quite so many beds will be needed. S OMETHING will depend on what the town does. A in search of a fikely lad who could milk and look after cattle. With his usual shrewdness Moleskin Joe immediately assumed parental re-sponsibility for Dermod, and hired market town in a good agri-cultural country will not need as large a hospital as a town where rooms of patients who will occupy

BY PATRICK MEGILL able wage. The work was wearl-some, the surroundings dispiriting, and at the close of his term Der-mod took to the road again.

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

CHILDREN OF

THE DEAD

Sir, Be Damned! ILITIS next place he held but a fortnight. The reason for it may be told in his own terse

tion published June 14th. Address all contributions: Literary Editor, Sunday World, Toronto, and mark envelope "Poetry Competition-A.E." may be told in his own tester forcible words: "Two men, a fat man and a fat-ter, came to the spot where I was working on the estate grounds. The fat man was the factor. "'Are you working here?' asked the fat man. Pure at heart we wander now:

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Yes sir, you mean,' said the fatter man.

"I mean yes,' I said. The man Fure at heart we wander now: looked overbearing, and he annoyed

And our quest does not allow "Tm the master of this place,' said the fatter man. 'You must ad-dress me as sir, when speaking to

We are, in our distant hope, One with all the great and wise: Comrade, do not turn or grope For some lesser light that dies. me.' "A fat man looks awfully ridicu-lous with his big stomach, his short breath, and short legs. An ugiy man may look dignified, but a fat man with a red face, who poses as a dig-nified being, is very funny to see. I never raise my hat to a man and I was not going to say sir to the blown bubble in front of me. "You had better say sir,' said the factor. This gentleman is your master.' We must rise or we must fall: Love can know no middle way; If the great life do not call, Then is sadness and decay.

master.

First prize goes to Miss Lilian "The word master is repellant to me

"Sir 'Sir be damned!' I snapped

"Sir 'Sir be damned!' I snapped out. " 'Pay him off this evening,' was all that gentleman said: and that evening I was on the road again." Next he works as platelayer on the railway, and later joins Moleskin Joe in a navvy gang at Knilochleven. The work in the gangs, the life in the camps, his own thoughts and grop-ings towards some understanding of the great economic machinery of the world, and the distressful search for Norah Ryan, the sweet innocent Norah Ryan, the sweet innocent Norah had been a member of the potato-digging gang, and had thus made his acquaintance. The pa-thos of this incident contrasts with the rough, rugged, even profane life the rough, rugged, even profane life of the navvy camp. The book on the whole is a wonderful combina-tion of the simple and true tender-ness of life with the coarse and brutal aspects of it.

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Leveridge, Carrying Place, Ont.; second prize, to Miss L.K. Hoffmann, Toronto. A great many excellent answers were received, but some contestants erred on the side of bre-vity, not giving a full enough ex-planation, while others used quota-tions from verious sources, instead tions from various sources, instead of giving their own words; again, a few couched the explanation in condensed and figurative language. Special mention is deserved by answers from Florence McNish, To-ronto; Anna E. Richardson, Pickering; and Katherine O'Neill, Toronto.

WARNING.

Comrade on the quest divine,

Turn not from the stars your brow That your eyes may rest on mine.

We have hopes beyond to-day;

. . .

Rest or dreams along the way.

Poetry

. . . First Prize Answer. THE leading thought of Watson's

poem, "Unrenowned." is this: "Among the unremembered dead "Among the unremembered dead are heroes as truly great as those whose names have been crowned with glory and honor; for every spiendid achievement in the world's history is due, not to one man's work alone, but also to the help of his forgotten fellow-toilers, who are thus co-workers with God." Luffin Leveridge.

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Competition A RE ghosts great liars? This question was raised by W. B. Yeats the famous Celtic poet. in an address to the London Spiritu-alistic Alfiance, this' week, and he answered it in the negative, mindful, no double, of the fact that the in-habitants of the spirit world have ever before them the example of the late George Washington. "Liars cannot be so much more numerous in the next world than in this world," said Yeates, who was referring to the innumerable cases of NO. 8-COMETITION ON "A.E." Give your explanation of the following poem "Warning," by "A! E." First prize a copy of "Collected Poems," by "A. E."; second prize, a volume of poems in the Golden Treasury Series. Answers received up to June 5th. Result of competi-

this world," said Yeates, who was referring to the innumerable cases of false information given thru medi-ums, all of which could not be due to lying spirits, he said. In ene case, he added, a character out of a novel made psychic raps at a table, and produced psychic effects extern-al to the medium.

Ghosts may be hypnotized by the medium, or by practically any one. Yeats declared. A Countess of Sligo, he mentioned, dismissed her stable boy because, seeing his late master, the earl, walking near the house, he had the chost to mean and haunt told the ghost to go away and haunt a lighthouse. The countess the boy for telling the spirit to haunt such an inclement spot, because a ghost had to go wherever it was told.

Telepathy, Yeats went on, was of Telepathy, feats went on, was of no importance in four-fifths of the facts, once the investigator accepted materialization. Ghosts assumed "dream-shapes." according to the desires within them. An old man in the west of Ireland. told him of a ghost which had informed him that it was miserable because it was stark naked. The ghost suggested that the man should give a suit in the spirit's name to a beggin in the streets. The man did so, and when ANSWERS TO NO. 5-"UNRENOWN-ED" (Watson). the ghost again appeared it was wearing the self-same clothes. Hayden Church

> G. K. Chesterton is reported as emulating Maeterlinck by undertaking to keep bees. G. Bernard Shaw is tenting ca/the rugged Yorkshire is tenting ch the rugged forkahire coast, wearing sandals, and being mistaken by the natives for an Arab. Sheik. Rudyard Kipling is blossom-ing out as a platform speaker, hav-ing taken part in a by-election in the neighborhood of Burwash, and more recently lecturing before the Royal Geographical Society on "Some Aspects of Travel." He is ex-pected to take a hand in the Instar ected to take a hand in the Ulste

League meetings.

Her French. Mrs. Putton-Ayres had picked up a few French phrases which she worked into her talk on every pos-sible occasion. Entering the butcher's shop one day she inquired if he had

any "bon-vivant." "Boned what, ma'am," asked the puzzled butcher. "Bon-vivant," she repeated.

clerk. "Free Trade Hall," replied Chesterton. "Gh, Glasgow, then?" said the-clerk, and Glibert, assenting, re-ceived a ticket for fist station. Stepping into the street at Glas-gow, he was halled by a friend: "Hullo, Chesterton, what are you doing here?" "Oh, I'm lecturing at the Free Trade Hall." terton

h. no, you're not," said the

erson, daughter of the half-demented

Outdoor Story of the great Last West. Quiffe frankly this story locates itself in the coun-try of British Columbia and Westorn Alberta along the line of the new Grand Trunk Paeide Railway - We are introduced first locatione trailer of the woods, accompanied by his dog as sole com-panion. Then we fall in with a cou-ple of members of another party, and lady who is making her way out from the gold country. The nar-rative concerns itself largely with adventures of the trail, and fiver, descriptions of the trail, and fiver, descriptions of the wild. There's a slight spice of love-making for those who require that flavor in their history diet. "Two in the Widder-ness," by Stanley Washburn; Copp. Clark Co.

(Macmillan Company, publishers.)

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TWO IN THE WILDERNESS.

Outdoor Story of the Great Last West.

ONCE TO EVERY MAN.

Pale of Rural and Village Life of the New England Hills.

the New England Hills. DENNY BOLTON inherits from his father a stone jug of whiskey and a farm buried under a mortgage. He struggles away in a single-handed uphill fight to clear the farm of its encumbrance, living almost an alien in the com-munity, and a favorite topic for gos-sip in the village circle. Dryad And-

From Navvy to Author. <sup>4</sup>HE author of this book is a young Irishman named Pat-rich MacGill, who, at 19, as a

rich MacGill, who, at 19, as a result of his experiences as a la-borer, published a volume with the title, "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook," of which 8000 copies were sold. himself aiding in its sale by hawking the volumes up and down the railroad at spare moments. The venture led to his being invited to join the staff of The London Daily Express, whither he went three years ago. But Fleet street was not to ago. But Fleet street was not to his liking. So he left it and busied his liking. So he left it and busied himself with the writing of a semi-autobiographical novel called "Chil-dren of the Dead End." The book met with instant success. Inside of two weeks 10,000 copies were sold, while the leading London papers gave it lengthy reviews and high praise. The author declares that it is auto-biographical only in parts, and de-pies the reality at least as far as nies the reality, at least as far as he himself is concerned, of the love

he nimsen is concerned, of the love story, but says that many of the characters are true portraits of his fellow-workers. Mr. MacGill is en-ly twenty-four years of age, and since he was twelve years old has been doing a man's work--potato-diager ditchor drainer and railway digger, ditcher, drainer, and railway hand.

In this century, says William J. Locke in "The Fortunate Youth," the thirties, forties and fifties don't exist. You're either twenty or sixty.

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Second Prize Answer. THE poem "Unrenowned," is a tribute to the silent heroes of the past, and reminds us that no great enterprise has ever been accomplished by a single individual without the aid of brave followers

### Latest Books.

who were content in the knowledge that they had done their part well, altho the world did not applaud them. L. K. Hoffmann

Mexico: The Wonderland of the South; by W. E. Carson. A survey of the country, its people, its re-

of the country, its people, its re-sources, eities, scenery and political condition, (Macmillan Co.). The Wayfarers' Library: reprints of lighter modern literature. Volume just issued; Mark Twain's "Jump-ing Frog"; Conrad's "Twixt Land and Sea"; Arnold Bennett's "Grand Babylon Hotel"; "Chaplain of the Fleet," by Besant and Rice; and two volumes of essays, one by G. W. Russell, and one by G. K. Chesterton.

"The fellow wasn't far wrong who said it takes all sorts to make a world. There are some as likes electric lights and some as likes stars. Gimme the stars."--Bill, in Locke's "Fortunate Youth."

factory inspector and the head wor.

ker of the social service department will report on it immediately."

. . .

Lilian Leveridge. "That's the French for good liver, you know." H & Martin Star

Sir Edwin could find no printable language bad enough to describe Shakspere, the man, but he did his

language bad enough to describe Shakspere, the man, but he did his ebest by stigmatizing him as the "drunken, illiterate clown of Strat-ford-on-Avon." Not so very long ago, the present writer spent a whole morning with Shr Edwin and, in spite of the madness of many of his idoas, could not help being impressed with his great learning. If anyone ever was an expert on Elizabethan litera-ture it was he, and everything he read convinced him more firmly that Francis Bacon was the author of practically the whole of it. "Mow many thousands of pounds he spent on trying to convince the world that Bacon was Shakspere no-body but himself knew, but he told me that his wonderful collection of Eaconia alone had cost him over \$350,000. A copy of his book, "Ba-con is Shakspere," (whose publica-tion, in 1910, the baronet believed had been foreseen by Bacon), had, he said, been presented to every lib-rary of any importance in the world, including those of Japan, and he added that once, when he had wan-ted to buy a certain book, he sent out over 3000 advertisements for it. Thelly locating it in Italy. "Melis drew of Mr. Pondereve in his novel, "Tone-Bungay," for he had the same trick of uitering a trium-phant "S-S-S-S!" at the end of a sentence which he fancied had driv-

By Dr. Helen MacMurchy

erson, daughter of the half-demented stone-carver, is his neighbor and friend. Further than friendship he has not dared to go, because of pov-erty. The Sunday newspaper brings to the village the success of a form-er schoolmate of Denny's as a prize-fighter. Denny, who had never held an exalted opinion of the fighting powers of Jed Conway as a youth-raises a loan on his farm and sets out to enter the prize-ring, where he startles the trainers by his punch and his capacity to take punishment. Finally, of course, there is a rural love idyll. The book is good in spots, but the plot is rather light frame-work for the story. "Once To Every Man." by Larry Evans; Mc-Leod & Allen." . . .

## FULL SWING.

Novel of English Domestic Life-A GATHA WANSTEAD was the A GATHA WANSTEAD was the daughter of an English squire. Just as she comes home expecting to take her place as mistress of the estate. she has her plans shattered by the

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en home whatever point he was at-tempting to make. And out would come his check-book without a sec-ond's delay, whenever it was a case of "spreading the light," as he termed it, by means of pamphlet or whatnot

termed it, by means of pamphiet or whatnot. I had come avowedly to scoff but could not help being a bit impressed with the way in which, he pulled down volume after volume of Eliza-bethan literature and showed how their text and illustrations contained what appeared like direct reference to Bacon. It did seem too much for mere coincidence, too, when, after declaring that 53, (not 23!) was a key-number chosen by Bacon. he showed on each page 53 of the first follo of Shakspere such phrases as. "Hang-hog is Latten for Bacon I warrant you," and "I have a gam-mon of bacon." Again, on what the baronet declared was the "invisible" page 53-- i. e., counting from the back-one found three lines com-mencing with the words "Pompey." "in" and "got," initials which, of course, spell PIG as plain as plain can be. At least it was quite cur-tous.

. Columbus a Jew? Have you heard that Columbus was a Jew? This startling news comes from Spain, so you may have had it thence already, but one cannot take the risk of letting so gigantic and generally upsetting a discovery go unreported. The man who made it was, it seems, the late Spanish hiz-torian, Celso Garcia de la Riega, who "proved" in the last book he wrote before he died, that Christopher Celseber mer het a Genese nor Columbus was not a Genoese, nor even a good Catholic, but a Spanish Jew, born at Pantevedra, in Galicia. Senor de la Riega tells us that the discoverer of America, knowing that as a Jew he would stand little chance at the court of the "most Catholic king," Ferdinand, and his equally Catholic wife, Isabel, transferred his abode to Genoa, and was baptized

All the friends of Columbus were Solomon's Temple.

NERVOUS SYSTEM OF PLANTS. D<sup>o</sup> plants have a nervous sys-tem? The abswer to this question, like that to so many others, depends on the actual meaning of the terms in the question. Prof. J. C. Bose of the Presidency

Prof. J. C. Bose of the Presidency College, Calcuita, answers it affirm-atively but he is careful to form his own definition of the phrase, "ner-vous system." A nerve, he says, is something that is capable of trans-mitting "excitation from one point to another, more or less distant, by means of certain conducting fibres." so as to bring a living organism into intimate relation with its environ-ment. He insists that a nerve need not end in a brain but may merely lead to a contractile muscle which upon the application of a stimulus will respond by twitching. He goes on to describe the familiar experiment of dissecting out the solatic nerve of a frog and by a blow or an electric shock causing the

sciatic nerve of a frog and by a blow or an electric shock causing the muscles to twitch and the legs to kick. The case of the frog, he de-clares, is analogous to that of the sensitive plant known as the mi-mosa, a plant to be found in the con-servatory of most botanical gardens, and which lowers its leaves if touched by anything. The touch, or stimulus, he says, gives rise to a wave of disturbance which travels to the mobile tissue which controls

a wave of disturbance which travels to the mobile tissue which controls the leaves. This impulse travels over a conducting fiber, similar to the nerve in the leg of the frog. Scientists usually hold that the effect of such stimulation in plants is in no way connected with nerves but that it is purely mechanical Prof. Bose, however, by electrical experiments with the plants and by anesthetizing them with sulphate of copper and cyanide of potassium, claims to have demonstrated that the phenomenon would be impossible without some tissue in the plant whose functions are similar to those of the nerves in animals.

Chicago is to have a new isola-tion hospital, in which patients recovering from infectious diseases may be inclosed in air-tight glass compartments. These will be sur-rounded by corridors so that friends may come and see convalescents and talk with them by means of tele-phones, without danger of infection.

them and be able to pay from \$25.00 to \$50.00 a week for them should be arranged for. Three or more other rooms that accommodate two or three beds each will complete the wards required. Small wards are now the rule wherever, they can be made available. It is conceded, even in large continental hospitals, that the smaller wards are more desir-able. manufactures flourish. Mines and manufactures flourish. Mines and mills mean accidents more's the pity. Industrial activity and com-mercial enterprise mean too often factories and offices where anaemia and ill-health are developed. It will not be so always. Hospitals should be health-centres. Perhaps some day we shall read a hospital bulletin something like this: "An-other accident case was admitted other accident case was admitted today from the factory. As this is the third ac-cident case this month from the same factory, the superintendent has asked for an investigation. The

Now, as to the cost. A two-story building with a good basement, in which the living rooms are not placed, will be needed. It should be of fireproof construc-tion. No other style of building is really satisfactory. About \$2000 per bed will give us this and about \$300 per bed should be added for equip-ment and furnishing. Hospitals have been built for \$1000 per bed-but not when the building was fire-proof. Hospital buildings should be fireproof. That is, a 12-bed hospital for about \$30,000. It can be built more cheaply but not so satisfactor-ily. F, HOWEVER, our town of 3,moi ily.

PATRICK MCGILL. Author of "The Children of the Dead End."

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S CMETHING will depend on the real power of the hospital and that is the power to heal possessed by the doctors who work there. Twenty-five years ago or so two unknown young men began to work in a little town in Minnesota called Rochester. No one had ever heard of Rochester, Minn. Every-body knew of Rochester, N.Y. But now in the medical world Rochester means Minnesota. It means moremeans Minnesota. It means more-it means Mayo. Because they could heal, the world has made a path to the door of their hospital-St. Mary's Hospital.

a perating room is another essential. Two good private rooms, comparing favorably with the bed-

can give eight to the blind. The blind from the townships will be led there by their friends to receive their sight. There may be a doctor who has made himself a specialist—and a much needed one—in obstetrics. When the Angel of Life and the An-rel of Decth come to receiver to the When the Angel of Life and the An-gel of Death come together to the hospital door and the doctor and the nurse lay hold of the One and bar out the Other-when two lives are safe that the husband and father would have been sad to lose-then the town will be not slow to see that the hospital is the safest place for the care of the mother and the baby. There are hospitals which have a record of 6000 such cases and not one death of a mother!

HERE are other hospitals to which the victims of railway

accidents have been brought because this happened to be the nearest hospital. Everybody helped

to do all that would be done and the hospital was kind not only to the patients but to their friends. They will remember that hospital. A superintendent in a Canadian hospital received one Sunday morn-ing a boy of 19 years who had accidentally shot himself. Little could be done for him (his life ended with be done for him (his life ended with the day) but the superintendent never rested till she had got into communication with his parents and broken the news to them herself as gently as she could. When they came they asked her something about the "rules of the hospital." "We have no rules," replied the sup-erintendent, "to prevent you being with your son. This hospital is your own house today." Small wonder that the hospital of which this woman was superintendent stood high in the esteem of the com-munity. People do not forget things

there.

Jews. The most intimate of them, the court physician, Abraham Men-dez de Castro, assisted him in his efforts to gain the interest of the Spanish sovereigns, and gave him as a talisman an ancient Mezuzah-a charm against the evil eye--which had once hung from a doorpost of

# Now, as to the cost. A two-

There will perhaps be in this little Canadian town of 3000 a doctor who munity. People do not forget things like these.

F. HOWEVER, our town of 3,-000 people is not a manu-facturing town, and if the water and drainage are good, then the hospital will not need to have more than about 10 to 15 beds. But when planning for a hospital re-member that hospitals have to grow. That is one of the differences be-tween a hospital and a private house. Plan the hospital for about 25 beds and build part of it only. See the economy of this. You need a kitchen, dining-room, store-room, office, reception room only a little larger for a 25-bed hospital than for a 15-bed hospital. Remember that when you plan and build, and then when you plan and build, and then build only one wing at first, leaving the other part of your plan to be completed later on. \* \* \* HOSPITAL is not a hospital without a laboratory. An

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