

tunities to wrongdoing will be better of a brake of some definite kind on the executive car. In a crisis time there may be coalitions, because all other matters than the one causing the crisis drop into the background. But in regard to these other matters it is not only likely but necessary that men should resume thought and action when the critical hour as to the main question is passed. And this will inevitably lead to differences in opinion, for most ordinary questions have two sides. Parties may be more or less transient in name, for often the names have lost significance. But party in some form under ordinary circumstances will probably always be found in a free state. No man, however, should give up his right of private judgment and submit to be unchangeably tagged with a party label. But independence within the party will avert that calamity.

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SCHOOL DEBATES

It is a good thing to find teachers in our schools placing emphasis on

the value of cultivating the gift of public speech. Scholastic instruction may pack the mind with facts, but oratory, in the best sense of that word, will release the facts into the open field of active life for the good of the world. And the excellent system which the teachers suggest to the judges for marking the merits of contestants will indicate to the young debaters that fluent utterance must be bulwarked by logical argument if they are to succeed. Both these qualities are important and neither should be despised.

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THE LEGISLATURE

Everything is running under full pressure at Victoria, where the legislators are in session. The people expect them all to be alive to the seriousness of their duties and are not disturbed even though there is a sharp clash-at-arms now and again. But the people will have more confidence in the legislature if discussions are kept on a high level without unwise recrimination or unnecessary personalities.

The Trail to Happiness

By Milo Milton

TRAVERS McMANN had shaved that morning. It was an experience the memory of which still dwelt with him. But he was younger now; the heavy beard-growth was gone; he was already in the humor of a man who, having successfully undergone a serious and critical operation, makes fresh overtures to happy and pulsating life. Cold water and a dull razor—he abhorred these; but just then, standing in the doorway of his little shack and looking westward to Judgment Mountain, he

realized that through their agency he had advanced many miles along the road to happiness.

For it was happiness that McMann sought. He had searched long for it. Often he had followed closely on its trail. In lonesome lands, in remote ports, in wilderness places, in east and west and north and south, where men seldom go, went McMann, always looking for but never finding this one thing he wanted. Yet he found other things, both good and bad. He found hunger and thirst,