

The Free Press

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Wednesday, January 2, 1924.

Looking To 1924

The dawning of the year 1924 finds a world still troubled, disturbed and distracted. The millennium, which the closing of the Great War was supposed to usher in, is still in the distance. Europe is as far from economic peace as ever and every nation still suffers from the effects of the four years' cataclysm. However, in our enthusiasm over the end of the conflict possibly we built too high hopes. It took nearly a generation for the world to recover from the Napoleonic wars and it is not to be wondered at that rehabilitation from the effects of a war on a much vaster scale, involving nearly every civilized nation, should prove to be tediously slow.

Canada, as one of the countries which from the first threw her resources into the conflict without stint, is naturally still suffering from the catastrophe. However, Canada faces the future with courage and with confidence and 1924 should prove to be a year of progress and prosperity for the Dominion.

The reason for optimism on the part of Canadians is not far to seek. We have what the world needs. The nations must eat and Canada to-day is the greatest exporter of wheat. We have agricultural products in abundance. The timber resources of the world are diminishing and the Dominion has the largest virgin tracts of forest—a source of millions of revenue. Canada's mineral resources are merely scratched and in New Ontario alone, millions of dollars of new ore are ready for shipment. Canada, in her fisheries, has a source of revenue worth millions annually and so down the line. With such resources to supply the needs of the nations, it is impossible for anyone to have anything but a bullish optimism in regard to Canada.

Of all spots in Canada, none are more prosperous than Western Ontario and the City of London. Western Ontario can look forward to 1924 with hopefulness and Londoners have reason to be proud of the industrial stability of their city. In no city in Canada to-day is business on as strong or as sound a basis as London. The best criterion are the increased savings deposits of the citizens and the remarkable building record of 1923.

However, because Canada can look forward with confidence is no reason why we should ride recklessly ahead. For our population our debt is out of proportion and it is imperative that all governments, municipal, provincial and federal, should enforce policies of strict economy. We cannot continue to spend more than we are earning without striking breakers and this is what the Dominion Government has been doing. Drastic retrenchment and a reduction of our national debt are vital necessities. Until there is national economy and reduction in debt, there cannot be lowered taxation and a decline in the cost of living. The greatest need of the Dominion to-day is relief from the burden of taxation, which is oppressing business and keeping the cost of living higher in this country than across the line.

The New Sales Tax

Sales tax changes imposed in accordance with Hon. Mr. Fielding's budget at year were responsible for much disturbance of business, and some of the sales imports fell so far short of expectations that they were discontinued. Now we are to have a new plan of sales tax, with all the dislocation of business routine necessarily involved in further experimental change. Six per cent. is to be collected from manufacturer and producer, upon all goods and home products, subject to certain exemptions. That a new shake-up should have been deemed necessary is most unfortunate in itself. Mr. Fielding has been anxious, and properly so, of getting somewhere near a balanced budget, and in the past two years, as the Supreme Court has said, "scattered many new inventions" to this end. Many of these experiments have failed. The latest sales tax provisions were enacted. It is generally agreed, before Parliament had passed its work upon them. Unhappy case of hasty legislation is the view of Liberal critic, Hon. Henry Miles, of the Legislative Council, who in that member the other day said the new measure was not a matured product; many changes had already been made by rulings, and more were to be made.

Reason of the fact that it is an act of Parliament, the tax, it is

explained, must go into effect at the beginning of the year and stand until amended or ended by Parliament. But in an effort to clarify the measure and make it workable, officials of the finance and customs departments have already fitted into it regulations that are virtually amendments. It is further promised that appeals against the tax will be given due consideration and that defects will be made good as disclosed. "It would seem, therefore," says The *Guinon Herald*, "that the measure is largely experimental and subject to continual alteration. This will surely make for confusion and is an entirely unsatisfactory method of procedure. It would have been better to have postponed the enactment of the measure until such time as the House had given it further consideration."

While the six per cent. tax must be passed along to the ultimate consumer, like all other imposts of the kind, it is noteworthy that business organizations are distinctly apprehensive of the results of the new system. The attitude of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, recently reaffirmed, is that the method hitherto operative should remain in effect. Associated with the C. M. A. in the tax conference at Ottawa last January, which made the original pronouncement, were the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada, Canadian Wholesale Grocers' Association, Wholesale Hardware Association, Wholesale Dry Goods Association, Canadian Automobile Association.

Critics of the new tax, who are found among the ordinarily neutral press, fear that it will involve tremendous inconvenience and an unbelievable amount of bookkeeping to keep track of. With respect to the actual financial burden, St. Thomas *Times-Journal* says: "Every reason requires that the greatest precaution should be taken at the present critical period in order that the restoration of national prosperity may not be disturbed. There appears to be a widespread feeling that in imposing this new tax a blunder has been made, as it is feared that the present state of business cannot stand the excessive burden. A point is reached where people resent the high prices and refuse to buy anything more than is needed. The present distress in the whole sale trade is attributed largely to the proposed change in the sales tax regulation."

Newspapers of Canada are also hard hit. Brantford *Expositor* notes, by the tax on newsprint manufactured in Canada and sold to Canadian publishers, while there is none on that exported to the United States. The member for Brantford, who sits behind Mackenzie King, will do well to consider The *Expositor's* warning:

"What the Government needs to do is to scale down expenditure, and not spend its time searching for new means of taxation to the detriment of the business of the country."

Look North, Not South

Reams and reams are written in regard to immigration into Canada, but the still more important problem of the emigration out of the Dominion is almost neglected. What is the use of spending millions to bring settlers into Canada if our own homelost boys, educated at great expense in our public schools, collegiate institutions and universities, leave at a still greater rate? A Canadian-born boy, through his environment and knowledge of the country, as a rule, is worth more to the nation than 10 new immigrants. Yet this is the situation the Dominion faces to-day. While immigrants are pouring into the funnel, thousands more are slipping out of the bungee along the line to the States.

Canada does not keep figures of those leaving the country, but statistics as to settlers' effects coming in and going out are tabulated. According to official Ottawa figures in the 12 months ending November, \$10,400,000 worth of settlers' effects and \$18,600,000 worth of goods, \$5,646,000 worth came in. A comparison of the same 12 months of 1922 show an adverse balance against the Dominion, though of a much less serious nature. In 1922, \$7,561,000 worth of settlers' effects went out of Canada, as against \$6,215,000 imported. In 1921, \$6,662,000 worth was exported and against \$8,619,000 imported. These figures show that since 1921 the tide of immigration has been against us, and official American statistics go to show that this is correct.

This is a problem of even more vital importance to-day than that of immigration. How can it be faced? The answer is largely an economic question. Canadian boys cross the line largely because they can get better jobs, better salaries and higher wages, or think they can. The only way to hold young Canadians is to make this nation a better country in which to live, to develop our resources so as to give our Canadian boys an opportunity and to foster a strong national sentiment.

The present Ontario Government has the right idea in its proposals to develop New Ontario. Hon. Howard Ferguson has announced that this is the one department where he plans to spend money. Every dollar spent in New Ontario will in the end bring returns and will in addition open new opportunities for Canadians.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Who said: "A place in the bread line is much more important in Germany just now than a place in the sun."

The Canadian "Child in the House" has been having a royal time of it. Santa and all that goes with his procession of joys.

The new microphone may be a very small thing, but it also is a very large thing. Fancy listening to the sound of sound vibrations!

Who said: "It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be blessed with many friends?"

The preservation and upbuilding of the home is a matter of supreme importance both to the child and to the state. The Christmas spirit is a large factor in promoting the good work.

The London & Midland Railway has adopted a new advertising scheme. Fourteen Royal Academicians have been commissioned to paint poster designs of places and industries. That's doing it up royally!

Within a month Canada is to have the privilege of entertaining the premiers of two sister dominions. On Friday, Massey, of New Zealand, arrived and, late in January, Hughes, of Australia, will visit us. Neither will lack a hearty welcome!

The Third Column

A NEW YEAR'S PLEA.

Lord, let me stand to the thick of the fight;
Let me bear what I must without whining;
Grant me the wisdom to do what is right;
Though a thousand false beacons are shining.
Let me be true as the steel of a blade,
Make me bigger than skillful or clever;
Teach me to cling to my best, unafraid,
And harken to false promises, never.
Let me be brave when the burden is great,
Faithful when wounded by sorrow;
Teach me, when troubled, with patience to wait
The better and brighter to-morrow.
Share me from hatred and envy and shame,
Open my eyes to life's beauty;
Let not the glitter of fortune or fame
Destroy the fair splendor of duty.
Let me be true to myself to the end,
Let me stand to my task without whining;
Let me be right as a man, as a friend,
Though a thousand false beacons are shining.
—Edgar A. Guest.
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BEDTIME.

The last drapery of the day has now fallen to its place.
The chamber is very still, wrapped and tied by the strings of sleep. Even the winds outside have laid themselves to sleep. Not a rustle is heard through the open window from the fallen leaves below. Merely the trickle of the spring time with the running minutes of the night.
Millions of eyes are already tightened by the darkness and fondled into peace by the invisible fingers of the Great Watcher.

We are happily tired, for we hoped and thought and worked for a good day. One of the white-haired days of December, silvered by a beautiful sun and a special dying day that sleep to wake into a new and happy New Year.

No matter what has beset the day with petty irritations and worries, let time somehow wipe them out, and so we reach for a leading hand to guide us through a night of rest and renewal of spirit.

We know we have thought and said many things that we now regret. In our hour of sleep, the dying embers of an open fire, melting into the darkness, soften the light of a room.

"What the Government needs to do is to scale down expenditure, and not spend its time searching for new means of taxation to the detriment of the business of the country."

Old Mrs. Tumbull comes along, to gossip for an hour; her wind is good, her head is wrong, her disposition sour. She gathers up the evil news through-out the house or more, dire chronicles of ill. It seems that Jimson beats his wife, though vainly he pretends to lead a clean and godly life, with noble aims and ends. The Widow Beeswax lost some hens, and there are clues to show that Bunkster burglarized her pens and laid her chickens low. The Gold Brick store was lately burned and an insurance dick has whispered that the owner turned a little arson trick. So Mrs. Tumbull's logs ahead with tales of crime and vice; and all the caustic things she's said with me cut little ice. I gravely watch her shivered jaws, and think of Macbeth's crown and miter, sundry hems and haws in noncommittal tones. I know that when she goes away she'll not me like the rest; she'll claim I stole a neighbor's hay or robbed a rooster's nest. I cannot make the gossip quit, she'll slander till she's hoarse; but she can't lead me to admit that I endorse her course.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms. Titled nicely up in his aged arms, and hymns as many, a very nice thing. That the people in heaven all round might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh. As he saw that the river ran broad and high, And looked rather surprised, as one by one, The psalms and hymns in the waves went down.

After him with M.S.S. Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness; But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do, The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far wide Away they went down the swollen tide. While the saintly author passed through alone Without his manuscript, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking two saints by name Down to the street, together came. But as they stopped at the river's brink, I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend, How you attained to life's great end?" "Thus, with a few drops on my brow—" "But I've been dipped as you'll see now."

And I really think it will hardly do, As I'm "dole communion" to cross with you, You're bound I know, to the realms of bliss, But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightaway plunging with all his might, Away to the left, his friend to the right. Apart they went from this world of sin, But at last together they entered in.

And now when the river was rolling on, A Presbyterian church went down. Of women there seemed an innumerable throng, But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree, The old or the new way, which of the two. Nor never for a moment paused to think That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a constant murmuring, long and loud, Came ever up from the moving crowd. "You're in the old way, and I'm in the new, That is the false, and this is the true."

Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new, That is the false, and this is the true." No firm or crooked or book's had they; Nor groins of silk, or suits of gray. No creeds to guide them, no M.S.S., For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

NATURE'S POET.
The poet of nature is one who, from the elements of beauty, of power and of passion in his own breast, sympathizes with whatever is beautiful, and grand, and impassioned in nature, in its simple majesty, in its immediate appeal to the senses, to the thoughts and hearts of all men; so that the poet of nature may be said to hold communion with the very soul of nature, to be identified with, and to foreknow, to record, the feelings of all men, at all times and places.

Give a man a horse he can ride, Give a man a boat he can sail; Give him rank and wealth, his strength On sea nor shore can fail.
Give a man a pipe he can smoke, Give him a book he can read, And his home is bright with a calm delight, Though the room be poor indeed.
Give a man a girl he can love, As I O my love love thee, And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate.
At home, on land, or sea.
—James Thompson.

GETTING TIRED OF HIS OLD HAT



No Sects In Heaven

Editor Free Press: That the problems involved in church union are not new is evidenced by the following poem written in 1861. I thought it might be of interest to your readers at the present time.
ONE INTERESTED.

Talking of sects till late on a eve,
Of various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly glowing stream.
And a churchman down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name;
Good Father, stop, when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side.
But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.
"I am bound for Heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my book of common prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I shall feel quite lost without 'my gown.'"
Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "The Church" or not.
Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of somber hue was made,
"My coat and hat must all be of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And slowly, solemnly, waded in;
And his broad brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried a way his hat,
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And he gazed to the farther shore,
His coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went silently sailing away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms
Titled nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very nice thing,
That the people in heaven all round might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
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WRITERS AND BOOKS

The Church Calendar, 1924. Price 25 cents. "The Book of Roberts," comprising certain small incidents, as recalled of them and here set down for the first time, with a foreword by Basil King, an intimate of these Haunts, by Lloyd Roberts, pp. 147. Price \$1.50. "The Rover," by Joseph Conrad; pp. 317. Price \$2.00. Toronto, the Ryerson Press.

The New Calendar is the best yet. The cover has an excellent Oriental picture of a motherhood, true to life, as it may be seen in any Palestine city of to-day. It is done in mellow colors, too, for only the red-orange which shows through the fingers of the old girl, has any outstanding hue. The months have special subjects, with notes and readings appropriate for each day. The superannuated fund page (January) has the pictures of nine ministers who have 50 years or more of service to their credit. February is home mission month, with flame Stephenian cut of Young Canadians in the making. Just one more example. Let it be April, with excellent pictures of five Canadian hymn writers, Dr. Dean Bullock, Dr. Robert Murray, Dr. E. H. Dewar and Canon Frederick George Scott, and with most admirable and interesting hymn notes, which are more than a return of value for the cost of the whole.

"The Book of Roberts" is one of the most charming little books of the kind I know. It is written with delightful naivete. The printing, paper and binding are in the Rymess standard, and a compliment enough. Lloyd Roberts, son of C. G. D. Roberts, has pictured his old home at King's College, Windsor, N. S., in such affectionate fashion and with such skill of phrase and figure as to compel us to fall in love with the quaint, almost old-world beauty of the scenes of his boyhood. He is our guide about the college, through the woods, into the recesses of his own and his grandfather's homes. He adds boyish impressions of college professors and students whom he had abundant opportunity to observe. He reveals in the seasons and the times of his happy and untrammelled youth. His excursion to New York, in company with his father and "Uncle" Bliss Carmen, is full of quiet mirth. Can any son offer any more splendid tribute to his home, to his childhood happiness and to his early environment? Life for such a one—and may we all who have sons have some gladness—is not just a flight and a long-cherished memory which is a delicate but perpetual ache on the soul's altar. Not a single blasphemy, not an unkindly memory—witness Granny and Nan—but the blessing of childhood carried over into the making of the man.

"Love keeps bright each little toy
Once cuddled by a golden boy."

Just an extract about the veranda from "Low Eaves."
"Four months of the year the wide cement veranda becomes the chief room in the house. Here, where the windows move freely, fragrant with wild flower and poplar balsam, is the heart of the dining-rooms, the most inspiring of studies, the sweetest of bedrooms. How the wide river tosses the sunshine into your eyes, how the blue, low-lying ranges lure your imagination 'over the hills and far away'; how the stupendous sunsets sweep the sky from east to west, and, doubling themselves in the water, shake us with their barbaric and reckless splendor! And when the cool rains and purples of dusk bring out the close-strung stars, with the Great Bear at your right, Venus to your left and the Northern Lights jangling softly along the horizon, then the veranda is a wonderful spot indeed."

Joseph Conrad has written a story of the days of Nelson and of the blockade of Tobago, which promises glimmers of the horrors of civil war and of the exploits of men and ships. The scene is set in a little cove adjacent to Tobago, though there are short excursions into the city itself. Peyrol, called the Rover, an old French pirate, returns to port, turns over his prize to the naval authorities and settles near the shore. He continues to be a man of mystery, who has kept his wealth in a sort of canvas shirt. The home consists of Katharine, Seveola, the sea-captain's master, and Arlette, of good family who has been snatched from the common butchery by Seveola. Later a naval lieutenant, Real, the latter has a daring scheme of going out to sea with false dispatches which the British are to capture, and by which they are to be so deceived as to let the French fleet escape. Incidentally we have a peep at some of the inefficiency of French naval officers. There is abundant conversation, which is almost always veiled in mystery. No one seems to understand any one else. Arlette, besides herself by reason of her harrowing experiences she has passed through, come to love Real. He fights against it, but at last love conquers. The Rover has rebuilt a tartan, and himself and his faithful servant take the dispatches to sea, perishes, but the British get the dispatches. The jealous quarrels of Seveola, Arlette and a prisoner aboard ship, also perishes. In addition the author adds the story of a British sailor who was sent on a scouting expedition, was wounded and captured by Peyrol, and who escaped to his own ship again.

The plot is not intricate, the narrative simple, and rather void of thrill, though the scenes could be made thrilling enough. The book is called in an understanding characters who keep up such curious movements and conversations. Yet the book is sweet and free from any of the objections common to fiction. It is worth writing, too, not only for the history it contains, but for the story of love, passion, and love, did restore Arlette back to normalcy, and did reveal wealth and depths of womanhood nearly blasted. It also shows how men of blood fall in the end. We come to love old Peyrol, too, for who does not delight in peering into the shadow of life and trying to fathom its mystery?

Electric wires fixed in wards of the London Hospital will record the heartbeats of patients on a drum in the research department in another part of the building. This will make it unnecessary to disturb patients.

The Jubilee diamond, shown at the Paris Exposition, weighed 23 carats.

The cheerful Cherub.

To plan my future rigidly
Might make my mind too blind to see
That disappointment means perhaps
That life has better things for me.

A THOUGHT.
He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse.—Prov. XXVIII, 27.

The miser, poor fool, not only starves his body, but also his own soul.—Theodor Parker.

Fascinating Career of President of New State

THE ELDERSHIP IN THE UNITED CHURCH.

By Neil Campbell.

Editor Free Press: It was in the summer of the long ago, before war had dimmed our sky and blurred our vision with tears. Nineteen-eleven had come and gone with broad discussions and brotherly agreements in the matter of church union. The basis had been completed as long ago as 1908 and, but recently the people had said with decisive mind and vote in the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian bodies: "We do like and trust you and we wish for organic union." In one of the country charges of Southern Ontario—well down in the peninsula—an ordination service for elders was being held.

When you look at the men who had been chosen by their fellow members for the dignity and the honor of eldership in the Presbyterian Church in Canada just then committed to union. One of those being ordained was the son of an elder who had recently died and the congregation gave honor to the son because they loved his father, who had served as an elder for many years. He was young, but he was earnest and lovable, and his wife had been a young girl who loved to come to "Sunny church," where the elder terms that being interpreted meant "Sunday school and church."

Another being set apart for ordination was a Presbyterian, a product of the near-by public school, a lover of children and center of intelligent development of the farmer movement in those faraway days. There had been been by connection and were yet in faith and practice Methodists, leader and superintendent in a former Methodist circuit in the neighborhood. For you must know that Presbyterians and Methodists had by tacit understanding drawn together. The Presbyterian minister encouraged his families five miles away attend nearby Methodist services in a friendly, well-served charge, while Methodists near the Presbyterian church were urged to attend the by the Methodist pastors.

In the early days of union we trusted one another. The fifth man had been confirmed in the Anglican church, had been a member of the Anglican church, and the family of six or seven had attended regularly the Methodist service in the public school nearby. These services had passed and the whole family came to the Presbyterian church. There they are, five men, good of life and good to look upon, staunch Canadians, fathers of families every one. They were constantly called to the fore by their fellow members to accept an eldership in a Presbyterian congregation. Will you listen? A minister is speaking:

"We welcome you to this trust lovingly and without constraint. True, we are ordaining you to the eldership of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. And in view of the oncoming day of trust and confidence amongst our denominations we are not asking you in any large measure to forsake the churches in which you have been nourished, for with you we look forward to the day when the United Church of Canada may welcome in her embrace your faith and your belief."

And they knelt before their minister, who they already loved, and received the full ordination as elders in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. King John King Henry VII—how fell fighting against the Black Prince at Crecy, and if his honor of whose chivalrous courage his conqueror is said to have taken for his own motto and the crest of every Prince of Wales has borne since that day.

Czechs presently developed a strain of opposition to German orthodoxy. Huss and Jerome, of Prague, Jerome studied at Oxford adopted many of the doctrines of Wycliffe. Here was a second, with English, who maintained this time with immense movements in the world's thought. The Hussites repulsed all their enemies—even the thousand English archers whom Bohemia had called to aid. By weakening the Hapsburgs they contributed to the overwhelming victory of Sultan Suleyman at Mohacs, and that victory in turn led to the loss of the Czechs. King Louis perished on that disastrous day, and Ferdinand, of Hapsburg, was elected in his stead. He handed down to posterity as an hereditary possession in his house, and so it remained until the war.

"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."
The noble rose in the "Thirty Years' War" and offered the crown to the Elector Palatine as the champion of their rights. The King of France, with him came to Prague his fair young wife, Elizabeth, of England, the brilliant and beautiful daughter of James I., Queen of England. The King of France, with him came to Prague his fair young wife, Elizabeth, of England, the brilliant and beautiful daughter of James I., Queen of England.

Nothing gives more real pain to the square inch than a severe burn from any source or a scald from hot water, steam or any boiling liquid.

In severe cases of burns, the physician should be called in. The pain may not be as great, but the nerves are sometimes burned out or destroyed and treatment must be immediate to save life. The injury to the tissues is practically the same in both burns and scalds. In most cases the burning from hot liquids is not as deep as from the dry burn, although it may be so deep as to require amputation.

In the surface or superficial burns, the skin is reddened, inflamed or blistered. In the more severe or deeper burns the skin is a sort of pale yellowish-white, and in some extreme cases almost black.

In the first treatment of an ordinary or rather severe burn the lessening or neutralizing of the shock of the burn is most important. Many persons imagine that they have been injured much more severely than is usually the case.

A hot bath is good for this condition. A temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit being about right. If a bath is not possible or practical hot blankets or hot water bottles may afford the desired relief. Administer some mild stimulant or warm drink and try to induce quietness and normal heart action.

Be careful that no clothing touches the burn. Cover the parts burned with soft linen, using boracic acid ointment or soft bandages saturated with boracic acid solution. Lastly wrap in paraffine paper or raw cotton to exclude the air.

If the burn is a slight one and no blisters have formed, dust with flour or baking soda and wrap loosely to exclude all air. If blisters have formed pierce at the edge with a sterilized needle, holding it a moment in a flame for the purpose.

London metropolitan water board has charge of the distribution of water to 1,000,000 persons. It is carried through 600 miles of pipes.

First Head of Czechoslovakia Has Had Brilliant Career—Story of the Republic of Which He Is Now the Chief Ruler.

The first president of the new republic of Czechoslovakia was recently the honored guest of the British nation. Thomas Masaryk enjoys the singular felicity of seeing a great deal, conceived in early youth, steadfastly cherished and pursued through life, and asserted, arms in hand, with heroic valor and consummate statesmanship on the threshold of old age, come to full fruition at years already past the span commonly allotted to mankind. Born in 1860, the year of Olmutz, at the high flood of Hapsburg triumph and reaction, he has lived to behold his people's rise from the deathlike stupor which had lain upon them for 400 years, cast off their rulers and take their place anew among the free nations of the world. He has not merely seen this resurrection; he has been the voice at which the Czech peoples have arisen. From early manhood he upheld their cause. As a publicist and as a professor, by voice and by pen, he taught the young men of his race to recall the past and to turn their backs to their eyes as its ultimate goal the freedom it enjoys to-day. For the chief part of his life he cannot have hoped himself to witness that consummation. Unshaken, unswayed, undeterred, he wrought for it, as he sat in the Austrian Reichsrath and as he lectured in a state university.

REALIZATION OF DREAMS

An English writer on European topics says the war suddenly opened a possibility for the realization of all that he had dreamed. He grasped it with the insight of a statesman and worked for it with the will of a conqueror. Until those hopes against hope were crowned by the arduous rise of the new state amid the applause and admiration of Europe. Fleeting from Austria in the first months of the war, his unremitting labors for the cause of his people extended over both hemispheres. Paris, London—where lectures were founded for the cause of the new state—Moscow, Kiev, and several cities of the United States were among the scenes of his indefatigable toil. He gave valuable information and valuable counsel to the allies, with judgment and a tact which ensured attention and respect. He advised, exhorted, organized, and directed his own countrymen. He was the one who owed the aid of that fine old fighting school in Italy and France, and to him the world owed the splendid spectacle of the great Czech march across Siberia from the plains of Central Russia to the waters of the Pacific.

HISTORY OF NATION

The history of the nation which Masaryk called to life, and which, fortune aiding, so wonderfully assured to his leadership, owed the aid of that fine old fighting school in Italy and France, and to him the world owed the splendid spectacle of the great Czech march across Siberia from the plains of Central Russia to the waters of the Pacific.

Czechs presently developed a strain of opposition to German orthodoxy. Huss and Jerome, of Prague, Jerome studied at Oxford adopted many of the doctrines of Wycliffe. Here was a second, with English, who maintained this time with immense movements in the world's thought. The Hussites repulsed all their enemies—even the thousand English archers whom Bohemia had called to aid. By weakening the Hapsburgs they contributed to the overwhelming victory of Sultan Suleyman at Mohacs, and that victory in turn led to the loss of the Czechs. King Louis perished on that disastrous day, and Ferdinand, of Hapsburg, was elected in his stead. He handed down to posterity as an hereditary possession in his house, and so it remained until the war.

"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."
The noble rose in the "Thirty Years' War"