

The Dwellers of the Plains

By
N. E. Nimmons

Contd. from page 18

splendid specimens now repose in our own museums. Mr. Charles H. Sternberg and his three sons have worked there under the direction of the Geological Survey of Canada, and have found many specimens, a large collection being sent to the Victoria Memorial Museum, and the most perfect skeleton of a Carnivore being sent to Ottawa. Mr. Sternberg described Dead Lodge as the richest cretaceous fossil field in the world. Beside trails over which for years the cowboys have been riding, the practised eye of the veteran fossil hunter discovered many hitherto unseen treasures.

It is difficult to imagine this picturesque canyon at one time composed of huge, low, swampy flats, through which swam these gigantic reptiles. Mr. Charles H. Sternberg, in his book, "Hunting Dinosaurs in Alberta," gives us a quaint pen picture of this former land which we now inhabit:

"A low country," he says, "but little above sea level, great flats near the sea covered with high swamp grass, rushes, and moss, through which meander sluggish streams, lagoons, and bayous, often widening out into lakes of considerable size, all receiving the high and low tides of the nearby ocean. On the rising land the giant redwoods cast their shadows across the silent streams. They grow in fairy circles with the parent tree in the centre often, or in case she has dropped out, a hollow circle is formed. Palms, sycamores, figs, magnolias, and many other trees that now adorn our forests thrived along the Cretaceous everglades. Such an environment was the home of the ancient dinosaurs."

Great celebrations take place at Steepleville annually, in this spot, which once quivered to the dainty gambolings of "Leaping Lizzie," whose place is now taken by the less cumbersome but more troublesome mosquito. Beneath the hot sun of July 1st crowds gather from any radius within forty miles to witness the sports and top off the day at a crowded dance in "Steve's Hall." Amid excessive heat the band perspires and works, and the merry couples perspire and collide with one another in the ill-ventilated hall, making merry till old Sol once more makes his appearance.

Easterners have just a little patronizing sympathy for the poor dwellers of the plains, but it is a wasted pity. It's a hard life, but it's a merry one. And it's free and glorious. Its greatness is the biggest thing God ever made and its bigness creeps into body and soul alike.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these the unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, for which the speech of England has no name—The Prairies."

The Fortunes of Charity

By H. Mortimer
Batten

Contd. from page 8

Then he drew out a handful of dry sand and gravel and he'd it in his palms for Perry's inspection, and Berry saw in the gravel thousands and thousands of yellow grains, and not only yellow grains, but little pips and nuggets of gold, similar to those which the Indian had handed over to him in the cabin. The whole blessed creek was paved with gold. Enough gold to build a city, and somewhere away back in the mountains there was the Mother lode from which it all came.

Hicks threw his hat into the air with a great shout, for he knew now that this find was thoroughly worth working. In a few months he and his Indian partner would be millionaires, and now he got to work and erected the corner posts of his claims, piling up pyramids of stones along the banks of the creek. The old Indian did not lend a hand in this. He said that he was tired, and certainly he looked it. He went to a sheltered place among the trees, lit a tiny fire, and propped himself up. Starlight, the dog, sat at his feet, and looked into his face, while Berry, forgetful of everything but his success, piled up his location marks

After an hour of steady toil, Berry, perspiring and happy, went back to the old Indian. He held out his hand to shake, but Tomahawk did not move. The old man was evidently sleeping and as it was near nightfall, Berry threw a blanket over him, made himself comfortable and went to sleep.

He awoke with the first glimmer of morning. The fire was out and his dog had cuddled close against him for warmth. On the other side of the fire old Tomahawk still sat bolt upright, his rifle in his hands, his head bowed forward, and somehow Berry knew what had happened.

The Indian was a very old man, you see, old and tired, and he had done his work in the world. Now he was sleeping the Long Sleep, from which no man, red or white, ever awakens.

It was six months later. Two men were walking down the main avenue of Aura City, when a young man passed on the other side of the road, to whom every one seemed to be doffing their hats, and taking no end of notice.

"Don't you know who he is?" said one of the two. "Why, it's Derry Hicks, owner of the great Tomahawk Mines, away up Malamute River. Made his fortune through what I considered an act of foolish charity. I tell you, I missed the fortune myself by a hair's breadth. I was bar-tender at the hotel then, and an old Indian came in and tried to interest me in a gold field he said he had found. I thought he was a fraud, and threw the coffee in his face, and I never saw him again. That was the Indian who showed Berry Hicks where the gold lay. Yes, hang it, I lost a fortune!"

Editorial

Contd. from page 3

quarter, but he does mind living in a country infested with thieves. Common theft is trifling compared with dishonest practice of this kind.

Canada appointed a Board of Commerce to regulate trade. It is incompetent or it has purposely "laid down on the job." The only thing to do to save Canada from ruin is for tricksters and thieves of all kinds to be punished to the limit. It is true for nations as for individuals that "Honesty is the best policy."

There are two men whose pictures should appear in the gallery of patriotic Canadian citizens—the non-English workman who put in his bill for three dollars and that shopkeeper who said "the price is one dollar and a quarter." One wonders what percentage of profit they made. He also wonders what gallery should hold the pictures of the other two.

There is one consolation in all this. The sin of greed is practised by the few rather than the many. Business men in Canada are as a class honorable. Were it otherwise we might despair. It is to protect the many that we demand stern measures with the few. Let us build for eternity. "God give us men."

REAL SPORT

The great interest taken in the games for the world's championship in baseball is an indication that the people all over the republic are given to the game. It is good to find people participating in healthy sport. There are, however, some things about professional sport that are demeaning. First of all, it will be regretted that some of the players in last year's contest yielded to the temptation placed before them by the gamblers. They sold the game. There is no guessing how far the practice of buying and selling games has been carried on. Let us hope that the recent revelations will put a stop to much of it. Should ever British or Canadian sport descend to such practice let us hope that it will fail to receive encouragement from the people. The game of cricket would be killed should any member of the team in a great final game be found guilty of selling out. It is good that such is the case. As for Canada we trust that sport will be kept as clean as it is in the Motherland. If professionalism tends to degrade then let us cast it aside and encourage amateur sport alone. There is something about amateur sport which makes it particularly worthy of en-

couragement. It ensures that the people will be interested in it as performers as well as spectators. It is free from the great evil of gambling. It is participated in by one's own friends rather than by strangers. Even a spectator lives in the game because of his personal relation to the players.

It is pleasing to note the growing popularity in Western Canada of games such as tennis, golf, hockey and football. It will be well if we can get all the people associated in good healthy play.

Probably the marked revival of play in Canada accounts for the fact that this year in spite of newspaper headlines and slang-filled columns describing the games, our people have ceased to show any marked interest in the big contest at Cleveland. It is a good sign.

LOOKING AHEAD

The man who succeeds is he who has formed the habit of looking ahead. Some time ago there was an "overall craze." As a result of it one or two firms went into the business of manufacture to the limit. Now they are left with a stock on hand sufficient for years to come. They misjudged the constancy of the American public. This is only a trifling incident, but it is typical of what is going on all the time, in business and in national affairs.

A few years ago the Winnipeg Street Railway entered into a contract with the city. It was at that time a one-sided contract all in favor of the company. Yet time has turned the tables, not in favor of the city, but against the company. Had any one predicted the automobile there would never have been a contract of the kind made. The company never reckoned on this. It has no doubt more reckoning still to do. There are hundreds of other companies in like predicament because of change in living conditions, and it is difficult indeed to see the solution of many problems.

One of the greatest problems of all is that which now faces manufacturing concerns and those who work in them. The price of raw commodities and the price of labor have so increased that manufactured goods are selling at two, three and four times the pre-war prices. As a result factories in Japan are opening to enter into competition with those here. In a year or two some of the factories of the United States will have to close down, and then what will the workmen do? Is it not time that people looked a little distance ahead? What is true of America will be true of Canada. Are workmen here ready to see the factories close down? A man is stupid in the extreme who closes his ears so that he may not hear the mutterings of the coming storm. It is surely clear that the problem of production and consumption is more than a local and national problem. We have to adjust our local differences so as to compete with the world. Is it not time for us to come together and arrive at a mode of peaceful living?

A short time ago three men came to Moose Jaw to work on a farm. They came to educate the farm workers, they said. Their doctrine was simple in the extreme. "Go to a man and engage at eight dollars. As soon as you are settled demand nine, and then ten dollars, and never stop demanding. If you do not get what you ask for lie down on the job. Do half work. Your policy is to make it impossible for a man on a farm to engage hired labor." Now, follow this through to a logical conclusion in farming and in everything else. Are we not justified in looking a little ahead?

The finest country in the whole world is Western Canada, but its prospects can be ruined by restless unreasonable men, who have no patriotism and no love for honest work. What we require is such an understanding among men as will encourage new enterprises to be undertaken, and such labor conditions as will make men sing at their work. The solution is not in this never-ending squabbling. It gets us nowhere.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

For the lonely pioneer one has all sympathy and respect. He sacrifices friends, denies himself social privileges, endures privations and faces the rugged dangers of the wilderness, in order to lay the foundations of fortune for his family.

and make possible the extension of Empire. Among the great worries of the pioneer stands this first of all, that he finds it impossible to provide for his children the education they should receive. Few parents have the time or the ability to train their own children, and least of all have the pioneer and his wife any leisure hours to devote systematically to this important work. Yet the country can provide notable illustrations of those who, despite their limitations, have succeeded wonderfully in developing the minds and characters of their children. Some of the loveliest characters in the whole of Western Canada are to be found in the shacks and primitive dwellings of the plains.

On the other hand there are cases in which the pioneers have settled down to the neglect of their children. They have given all thought to the securing of property and the improvement of buildings. They have forgotten that they are human, and they have accepted the doctrine that the life of man consists in the abundance of things that he hath.

In one district there are found four families. They have no dealings one with another, they have no concerted action for the good of the children, there is no religious service, no means of communicating with the outside world, none of that broader culture which comes about only through association with people. The children are growing up physically into strong men and women but they are dwarfed mentally and starved socially. They yield no allegiance to the God who created them and into whose likeness they should be developing day by day. Without knowledge, without feeling, without ideals and standards, without social culture, they are despite the wealth which may be bequeathed to them, the poorest of the poor.

This is not an isolated case. There are hundreds of such districts in Canada. The problem for the parents is to know what to do under the circumstances. The solution is not so very difficult for those who are willing to act.

To begin with there must be a recognition that in all things affecting life the verb to be is infinitely more important than the verb to have. Parents who value earthly possessions above the souls of their children are hopelessly wrong. There is nothing so valuable for any child as the development of his personality. Those who think otherwise commit the unpardonable sin.

Parents who are in earnest will out of their earnings always put aside something to provide the means of culture for their children. They will buy first of all books—the poor man's university. Then they will get tools for work, musical instruments for playing, and will seek to set up in the home such forms of entertainment as will arouse initiative, develop spontaneity, and keep alive the feeling of brotherhood. Above all, they will share their time with their children. It is not necessary to keep seven milk cows, if caring for them deprives the children of all association with the parents. It is not necessary to buy another quarter section if it means the starvation of the intellects and finer sensibilities of the growing boys and girls. Those who will not place the education of their children above every other consideration do not deserve to have them. Carelessness in this respect is criminal. What shall it profit children if they are bequeathed untold riches and yet lose their very souls?

A Neat Reply

In "My Varied Life," Mr. F. C. Phillips tells an amusing story of the English judge, the late Sir George Honynman, who wrote a wretched hand. On one occasion Sir George sent a note to a friend among the lawyers seated at the barristers' table.

Not being able to make head or tail of it, the friend scribbled something absolutely undecipherable upon a half sheet of note paper and passed it up to the judge. Sir George looked somewhat annoyed when he glanced at it, and when the court rose he spoke to his friend, and said, "What do you mean by this? I asked you to come and dine with me to-night."

"Yes," said the barrister, "and I replied that I should be extremely glad to do so."

