

WHY SOME WOMEN LOVE WORTHLESS MEN

BY MARIE LEIGHTON.

When people boldly ask me why women love worthless men I get something of a shock. I ask myself three questions:

1. Unless there is something very wrong about the ways of women, how can anybody suppose for a moment that womanhood does waste its affections on the less deserving members of the opposite sex?
2. And is it true? Do we really love doubtful men?
3. And am I to suppose that they think women—including myself—love bad men better than good men as personal friends, or only that we love them better to talk about and to observe from a distance?

Of course, this last point makes a lot of difference. It takes any little sting out of the suggestion that I, for instance, have a natural yearning toward the wicked among men. When it comes to talking about saintly people, or writing about them, or watching their doings, one finds them rather uninteresting. Perfection leaves one with nothing to do.

If you were yourself a professional saint and moral reformer, like Patrick or Augustine, you would feel distinctly mortified, and even a little disgusted, if, on arriving in a strange country where you had imagined yourself to be needed, you found it full already of people living on herbs and wearing hair-shirts and grieving over their sins all day. In the same way, if you were burning with a desire to help the sick and suffering, you would hate to go to a place that you had thought was a hospital and find it full of hale and sound men.

Again, for the same reason, ever so many good and sweet women let good men pass by unnoticed. They admire the good men and would trust them completely, but they turn their active attention to the men with a few smudges from an erratic past left upon them. They even like to marry these shadowed men, because they want to wipe the smudges off.

The sweet woman doesn't like the smudges. Oh, dear, no! She often cries over them. But they make a job for her hand and her love to do, and she has the idea that nobody else could do it.

So we women bow the knee to it because we really do admire it immensely, and then we call out for a man whom the world calls worthless to come along and do something startling against the background of the white, in order that we may be kept from slipping into boredom and may feel that we have something to live for. Besides, bad men never preach to us.

These are the reasons why we have a weak spot in our hearts for what is called a worthless man. He isn't stagnant. He's an active force, all alive from the top of his head to the ends of his toes. He does things. What is more, he often has the pluck to take considerable risks in doing them; and when he's very bad, he wakes up our faculties in order to fight him and to counter his tricky moves. We sharpen the edge of our cleverness upon him. He does us a world of good by saving us from death, if there were no dangers about us, compelling us to be constantly on guard, we should all become limp-muscles, slow and placid.

So for our own selfish sakes, some of us take the worthless men as our hearts. It's not because we prefer evil to good. We never really do. That even those of us who are fond of bad men have a quite definite hatred for the badness in itself. But they are alive, they hop about, they charm us in spite of their wrongdoing, and they make us active in order that we may thwart them and cure them. The black tracing of their wickedness stand out grippingly against the shining white background of sainthood, and we start scurrying round to rub out the dirty lines. They are our driving force, giving us the energy to keep goodness always glowing. In fact there wouldn't be so much of the white light of goodness about us without them. We can imagine villains being in the world without saints, but we can't imagine saints being in the world without villains; because it is only by fighting against villainy that saints are made.

And these worthless men often look very nice and have captivating manners, and we women do love the picturesque. Yet we never actually lose our heads over even the neatest bad lots. We know they are bad and we don't call them angels. We see them exactly for what they are. This makes us all the prouder when they begin to improve under our scourgings.

Even the rashest woman of us all

know that there are scoundrels and scoundrels. There are some of them even in our capacity of reformers and cleansers-up. If we do fancy a few of them—"love" is too strong a word—we are only won over, as I have said, by our hunger for change and color in life. I don't call black a beautiful color in itself, and yet I glory in touches of it in pictures to show up pink and cherry-red and gold and primrose-yellow and other colors that really are beautiful. Well, it's the same thing that makes me smile upon the black sheep among men. I do it—and we all do it—for the sake of variety.

I can't help adding, though with a deep sigh, that bad men are not as charming as they used to be. They've lost their dark, rolling eyes and their elegant figures and their good manners and fascinating ways. They don't shave as smoothly as they did, or choose their neckties as well—not to speak of the way they tie them—or look as carefully after the cut of their clothes. They haven't got now the manners that made the old-time highwayman offer his arm to ladies with the most delicate politeness. Their voices, too, are losing their softness, and they don't know any longer how to smile with their eyes, to push their hair back from their brows with a woman-subduing gesture. In short, they are losing ground all round.

So, if by chance any worthless man should read this, let him take warning by these last remarks and make himself as charming as possible, lest his power, and that of the rest of his kind, over us women should become a thing of the past.

Great Victory for the British Tanks

Marvellous Possibilities of These Monsters Discovered.

With the British Army in France, July 19.—Details are now available concerning the work of the large fleet of tanks which participated in Thursday's battle. The tanks rendered valuable assistance to the attacking infantry. Officers say that this was one of the most economical assaults ever undertaken on the British front owing to the fact that the tanks saved casualties among the infantry by mopping up machine gun posts and strong lines in advance. In numerous instances whole machine-gun crews with their rapid rifles were literally ground into the earth by tanks, which swept over the enemy posts like steam rollers.

One group of tanks alone destroyed or captured more than thirty machine guns and brought about the surrender of at least two hundred Germans. In addition, many Germans were slain by these great engines.

Other tanks were doing similar work. Taken as a whole the British infantry surrendered or hoisted on the approach of these monsters, the appearance of which in itself is terrifying.

The German machine gunners, however, fought to the last in many instances. Numerous times the Australian and American infantry communicated with the tank crews and gave them the direction from which the hostile machine gun fire was coming. In every case the tank was able to deal with the rapid fires, and thus allow the infantry to advance. One tank, which was two hundred yards in front of the Allied infantry, destroyed a nest of six machine guns, by running over it after the tank crews refused to surrender.

Another tank crew slew the crews of three rapid fires, but a fourth machine-gun continued firing at a distance of five or six yards. This gun, in turn, was run over and destroyed, together with its crew.

At one point a tank moved against a mound which seemed a likely place for a machine gun. No sign of the enemy was to be seen at first, but after the tank had circled the mound once, about forty Germans came out of a camouflaged trench and ran toward the Allied infantry to surrender.

During the consolidation of the new lines the tanks patrolled the front for nearly half an hour for protection. On one sector, when snipers in a cornfield were making things uncomfortable for the men at work on the defences, a tank advanced across No Man's Land and fired several shells into the corn. With the explosions many of the enemy jumped up in various parts of the field, and all were killed by the fire from the tank.

Several officers have said since the battle that the prospects for victory

Two Brothers Won Decorations

MAJOR W. F. HYDE AND LIEUT. A DYDE HAVE RECEIVED MILITARY CROSSES

Kingston, July 19.—The many friends in the city of Major W. Farrell Hyde, who enlisted early in the war with an artillery division of the British forces, will be glad to hear that his gallantry in action and his splendid services have been rewarded by a Military Cross. The pleasing news of this decoration has just reached Kingston friends of this popular officer.

This is the second decoration won by members of the Hyde family. A brother of Major Hyde having been decorated with a Military Cross a short time ago. The brother is Lt. Alexander Hyde, who enlisted with the Canadian division. Both officers are nephews of Mr. W. H. Hyde of this city, and sons of Principal Hyde, formerly of this city.

Sues Ottawa Doctor for Loss of an Eye

DR. A. E. MAHOOD DEFENDANT IN \$10,000 ACTION.

Ottawa, July 19.—A writ has been issued by John Lanco, of Renfrew, against Dr. A. E. Mahood, specialist, 150 Metcalfe street, for \$10,000 damages for the alleged loss of the plaintiff's eye.

Dr. Mahood stated last night that he was not aware that the writ had been issued, but that he remembered having treated a John Lanco, of Renfrew, whose eye had been penetrated by a piece of steel.

The doctor said that he had used a "big magnet" in attempting to remove the piece of steel, but that he had not been able to get results. Besides having been injured by the piece of steel, the eye was covered by a severe catarrh, and the doctor "needed" the optic. Dr. Mahood said the eye was in a very serious condition, and that he had very little hope of saving it from the first. Later it had to be removed. It was intimated that the affection in the eye, caused by the catarrh, was such that the operation was imperative in order to save the man's sight.

The "Eastern" Front

Is there to be an eastern front again? This is a vital question and recent happenings encourage the belief that Germany may find herself fighting again in the east to retain what she seized by force and intrigue.

The recent penetration of Italian forces into Albania, with the reported capture yesterday of Berat, is of far greater significance to the Allied cause than appears at first sight. It is a blow aimed at the very backbone of pan-Germanism, almost at its centre, and if it succeeds it will change the whole aspect of affairs in Central Europe, breaking into the dream that was fast becoming a realization, of German dominion from Hamburg to the Persian boundary down through Austria-Hungary to Serbia, Bulgaria and Turkey, all at present vassals of Germany.

In the region of Albania, among the lesser Balkan states, Hun strategists had been preparing the way for years before they brought on the present conflict. They have strengthened all that territory with fortifications and railroads and military highways. Since the war they have fastened a great part of it with barbed wire defenses and subterranean passages for defense.

Since Germany became certain of Bulgarian and Turkish allegiance her strategists have established gun factories all along the line. From the Hungarian border to the Dardanelles they have prepared for the eventual day.

But even now Germany has not the men to spare to defend that territory and she must depend to a great extent upon armies that so far have had little heart in the war and who have shown no great ability as fighters.

If the Italian drive on the other side of the Adriatic continues, we will hear one of these days of activities further south, and the long dormant Allied armies around Salonika will be in co-operation and Bulgaria must show her hand.

Once the American Expeditionary Force is a factor on the western front, able to transfer the Allied armies on the west to an offensive, or

at least, make certain against further Hun encroachment in that quarter, the Balkan front will be a positive theatre in the great struggle.

In the opinion of many military strategists, the shortest and surest road to Berlin is by way of Russia. Based on Pacific ports, an Allied army made up of Japanese, Chinese, Russian, English, French and American units, could make steady and certain progress through Siberia from the east to west, following mainly the line of the present Siberian railroad, which, with the aid of Russian, Chinese and Korean labor could be changed into a double-track system, thus adding one hundred per cent. or more to its value as a means of military and civic transport.

This would mean much to the opponents of disorder in Russia, who now have no place to rally, no guidance upon which to dress their lines. The Slaviks are doing well in their scattered opposition, but the very great need of a balance wheel, and the assurance of needed supplies of food, large guns and ammunition is apparent.

Germany has no gold mines at home or in her colonies—even if these were restored—and her desire to control the gold mines of Siberia is logically strong. That vast country of rich, black soil is also famed for its platinum and wheat—two articles of great value to a country shut out from the sea and from exchanges.

She is endeavoring to control Siberia by using the foolish Bolsheviks and the thousands of trained Hun soldiers located in that country as prisoners of war. Japan and China are more than willing to assume at once the bulk of this task. A campaign of this kind in Russia in connection with the one now started in the Balkans, might easily shorten the war. Leaving Russia open to exploitation by Germany places peace some distance in the future and involves the sacrifice of thousands of men.

The reported decision of the Murmanok Soviet to identify itself with the Allies in resisting German invasion is a promise of returning sanity in Russia. They had been taking instructions from the Lenin-Trotsky itinerants, but when these pointed toward submission to German demands, they rebelled. Other Soviets throughout Russia may be led to follow their example.

The assassination of the German ambassador at Moscow, followed by disorder and fighting in the streets, indicates that in interior Russia the limit of non-resistance has been reached, and that sentiment grows bolder for a policy of aggression against the Kaiser's policy of abseorption. It is reported that the Kaiser has ordered his Foreign Minister (secretary) to break off negotiations with Bolshevik envoys in Berlin. Hence the Moscow incident may do great service in clarifying the preposterous situation that has existed ever since the signing of the Brest-Litovsk treaty.

Campmeeting Tabernacle

Nearly Complete at Oak Lake—It Will Accommodate 1,200 People

The Laymen's Oak Lake Campmeeting Association's project is peedling along successfully. Already the large frame tabernacle, which is to accommodate 1200 people, is two-thirds finished and plans are being made for the dedication of the building on Sunday, July 28th.

No tents will be used this year as it is intended to make the campmeeting an annual affair.

The building will be sixty by eighty feet in size, will be well ventilated and will be provided with plank seats for the worshippers.

Mr. George T. Woodley, vice-president, stated that it was an inspiring sight to see laymen and ministers the other day engaged in the building of the camp meeting church.

Mr. Mettlejohn, the well-known merchant of Stirling and a Presbyterian has donated an acetylene gas plant in perfect condition to the Camp-meeting Association. This system is valued at two hundred dollars.

Evangelist G. M. Sharp is the president. He will conduct the camp meeting services and will be assisted by ministers of the district and from outside points.

It is said that even in Western Canada the success of the Oak Lake project is being watched with much interest.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Shils and family wish to thank all the friends who so kindly sent flowers to her daughter, Kate, during her recent illness and death.

Death Was Due to Natural Causes

Kingston, July 19.—That Stanley Drapeau, the man who was found dead in a cell in the County Jail yesterday morning, came to his death through natural causes, that no blame could be attached to any of the officials in charge, and that a strict medical examination should be made of every prisoner before being admitted to jail, were in brief, the findings of the coroner's jury which investigated all the circumstances of the death last night.

A Fool on His Way

A Winnipeg school teacher named Bailey en route for New Zealand on a prohibition campaign tour, told a coast audience that in Winnipeg schools the hymn Rung Britannia was taught and sung, much to his disgust, as it was incalculating a spirit that was bad for the youngsters. Recently another man named Bailey was sent to jail in Toronto for an offence hardly more serious. Official note should be made of this man's utterance and the cable used to New Zealand to ensure him the sort of welcome he deserves.—Calgary Herald.

Retire 28 Teachers

Toronto, July 18.—Twenty-eight more public school teachers were added to the superannuation list by the Superannuation Commission, which met at the Parliament Buildings today. This brings the total number of teachers receiving superannuation allowances, ranging between \$365 and \$1,000 up to fifty-six. Dr. Colquhoun, deputy minister of education, presided at the meeting. There were also present Dr. Putnam, of Ottawa, chief inspector of public schools, and Principal Gray, of Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto.

Sen. James Mason Died at Toronto

Toronto, July 18.—Brigadier-General Senator James Mason died at 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Brigadier-General Mason was honorary director of the Home Bank of Canada, in whose service he had been from a youth, first with the Toronto Savings Bank, which afterwards became the Home Savings Co. and later the Home Bank. He rose in his employment to the principal office, and was also on the directorate of many other financial institutions.

Lady Injured When Car Ran off Road

MRS. D. R. STREET, OTTAWA, INJURED IN MOTOR ACCIDENT IN TOWNSHIP OF KILLEY

Mrs. D. R. Street, wife of Lieut. Col. D. R. Street, of Ottawa, now of Kingston, was severely injured Sunday evening when the steering gear of the touring car which her husband was driving because disorganised near Bellamy's Mills, in the Township of Kitley. The road at this point is narrow and the car, travelling at a fair rate of speed, became unmanageable and crashed into a ledge of rocks by the roadside. Mrs. Street was thrown out and besides being cut about the face and arms, suffered, it is believed, other injuries. Lt.-Col. Street and his two sons, who were the other occupants of the car, escaped with a shaking up. The car itself was badly damaged.

Dr. Gray, Smiths Falls, was summoned and after an examination of the injuries received by Mrs. Street advised her removal to the General Hospital, Smiths Falls, where she is now a patient.—Kingston Whig

Two Years for Bigamist

Toronto, July 19.—While his lawful wife lay, seriously ill, in a Toronto hospital, and two little children cried for bread at home, Buckley T. O'Brien, a returned soldier who, because of his own misdeeds, never got to France, went north to Sudbury, met, married and ruined another girl of 17.

"Bigamy is becoming too common," remarked Magistrate Denton in the Toronto police court yesterday. "We must do something to stop it." He therefore sent O'Brien to penitentiary for two years. A further charge of non-support was marked "Remanded for sentence."

Four-Thousand-Year-Old Sequoias

Thousands of tourists gaze at the "big trees" of the Sierra with unseeing eyes, and then, content that they have seen all there is to see and know all there is to know, return home.

Alas! If the forester only knew as much as they!

The poet, as he watches the last dying glow of a California sunset enhance the already inconceivably rich coloring of an ancient sequoia, murmurs to himself "despenser shadows," "forest della" and "patriarchs of the forest." Artists vie with each other in their efforts to paint them and think of the colors—reds, browns, purples and greens, and feel the soft, elusive haze which their brushes cannot reproduce.

Scientists, with their minds intent on prehistoric geologic history, topography, and the dynamic changes in earth's crust and climate which destroyed great forests of big trees, only to leave a few relics of past ages for man to wonder at, gaze with admiration on their beauty and vitality. All in their turn pay homage to the largest, oldest and grandest tree that nature ever produced.

And the forester, perhaps a poet and a scientist at heart, works among them. Sunrises and sunsets he has seen of which the artist has only dreamed. He has heard the soft murmur of breezes mid their tops, high up in the clear blue California sky, and again the crash and roar of the storm king, which with inexorable fury strives, as he has driven thousands of times before, to uproot and cast them to earth. He has marvelled at their power of resistance, and with awe and wonderment has seen one of them give up the fight on a calm and peaceful afternoon and crash to earth while trees merely nodded their heads as if in recognition of the passing of one of their lifelong associates. Thus the forester sees them, and, seeing them thus, bends his energy the more to protecting and insuring their future.

To do this he studies their past and their present. Geologists tell him that ages ago whole forests of sequoias abounded on the northern hemisphere. Fossil remains in Greenland, Spitzbergen and the United States prove this.

Before the glacial periods—when there were no doubt several such ice ages—great forests of luxuriant vegetation were in existence. Today, only the sequoia and the bald cypress of the Southern States (taxodium) remain of this almost extinct vegetation.

All the more interesting is the fact that the two sequoias, the coast red-wood and the big-tree, are found only in California and within so limited a range.

We know that the glacial action in California was restricted to the crests of the Sierras and that the ice bodies moved, but here and there, under some protecting ridge, a sequoia, or perhaps only the seeds of sequoias, were left, and as the ice melted these formed the nuclei of the present groves.

The forester is, of course, interested in the size and age of these trees. The General Sherman, a tree in the Giant Forest, is twenty-eight feet in diameter and two hundred and eighty feet high. It is no doubt between four thousand and five thousand years old, although ring counts on the stumps of trees felled in logging operations have so far only yielded a tree of 3,250 years old.

Popular lecturers, in solemn tones, are apt to tell us, "scientists agree that the 'big-trees' are 10,000 years old." This may or may not be the case. The foresters, however, after finding trees 3,200 years old, are willing to concede there may be trees which took root between 4,000 and 5,000 years ago.

During logging operations in the Converse Basin of Fresno County, a clear holed symmetrical big-tree was being cut, and, much to the astonishment of the sawyers, black sawdust appeared at several different intervals. When the tree finally succumbed to their efforts it was found that at different times it had burned through the bark and charred the wood. But the tree with infinite patience had each time enclosed the wound with new growth, and left the trunk perfect as far as outward appearance was concerned, except the one fire scar.

The tree in question was 2,171 years old. It began its existence 271 B.C. At the beginning of the Christian era it was already about twelve feet in circumference. When 516 years of age (A.D. 245) a burning occurred three feet wide on the trunk. It took 105 years to heal this wound. Then for 1,196 years it grew without injury. When 1,712 years old (A.D. 1441) two fire scars were made, the healing process taking 139 years. Again 217 years of growth followed without injury, un-

Sending no More Soldiers North

Have all on Land Government Can Care For

Toronto, July 18.—No more returned soldiers are to be sent to northern Ontario to take up land this year, according to Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

Under the plan which the Government is following all the soldiers have been placed on land that it is possible to provide for property this summer.

During the spring and early summer about 100 returned soldiers were located in the North. The men are all working on their own land now, and according to reports, are meeting with very fair success.

Issue 63,000,000 Books

SEVEN HUNDRED TONS OF PAPER IN ENGLISH RATIONING CERTIFICATES

At a factory in a rural district of England the ration books are being prepared. About 3,000 people are engaged on the task including women and girls and discharged soldiers.

"Nearly 63,000,000 of the books will be issued," said an official of the Ministry. "Besides those for each individual there are books for supplementary rations. About 700 tons of paper will be necessary."

The book, with its colored pages, has already been described. Each is numbered so that it can be easily traced, and the process of photographing with special ink will make forgery extremely difficult.

On one occasion the compositors "carried on" during an air raid when shrapnel was dropping through the glass roof of the factory. The Ministry greatly appreciates the work of the printers in enabling the books to be got out in time.

7,000 Children Daily

DECREASE IN THE NUMBER OF BIRTHS RESULTING FROM WAR

London, July 16.—The war has caused the belligerent countries of Europe the loss of not less than 13,500,000 potential lives because of the decrease in the number of births resulting from the war, says Sir Bernard Mallet, registrar-general of Great Britain. This country he asserts, has lost in these potential lives 650,000 children. He believes that other belligerent countries have suffered in this respect more than has Great Britain. Sir Bernard estimated that every day of the war means a loss of 7,000.

Why Wet Injures Jelly

In very wet weather you will find it difficult to make jellies that have the delightful quivering quality so desired; syrups will not thicken as they should, and preserves almost refuse to cook down. The evaporation is lessened, but that is only one explanation of your troubles. The others have to do with amount of dextrin, and the amount of pectin in the fruits.

TODAY'S CASUALTIES

Died—
F. G. Bristol, Allandale.
Wounded—
G. G. Clarke, Campbellford.