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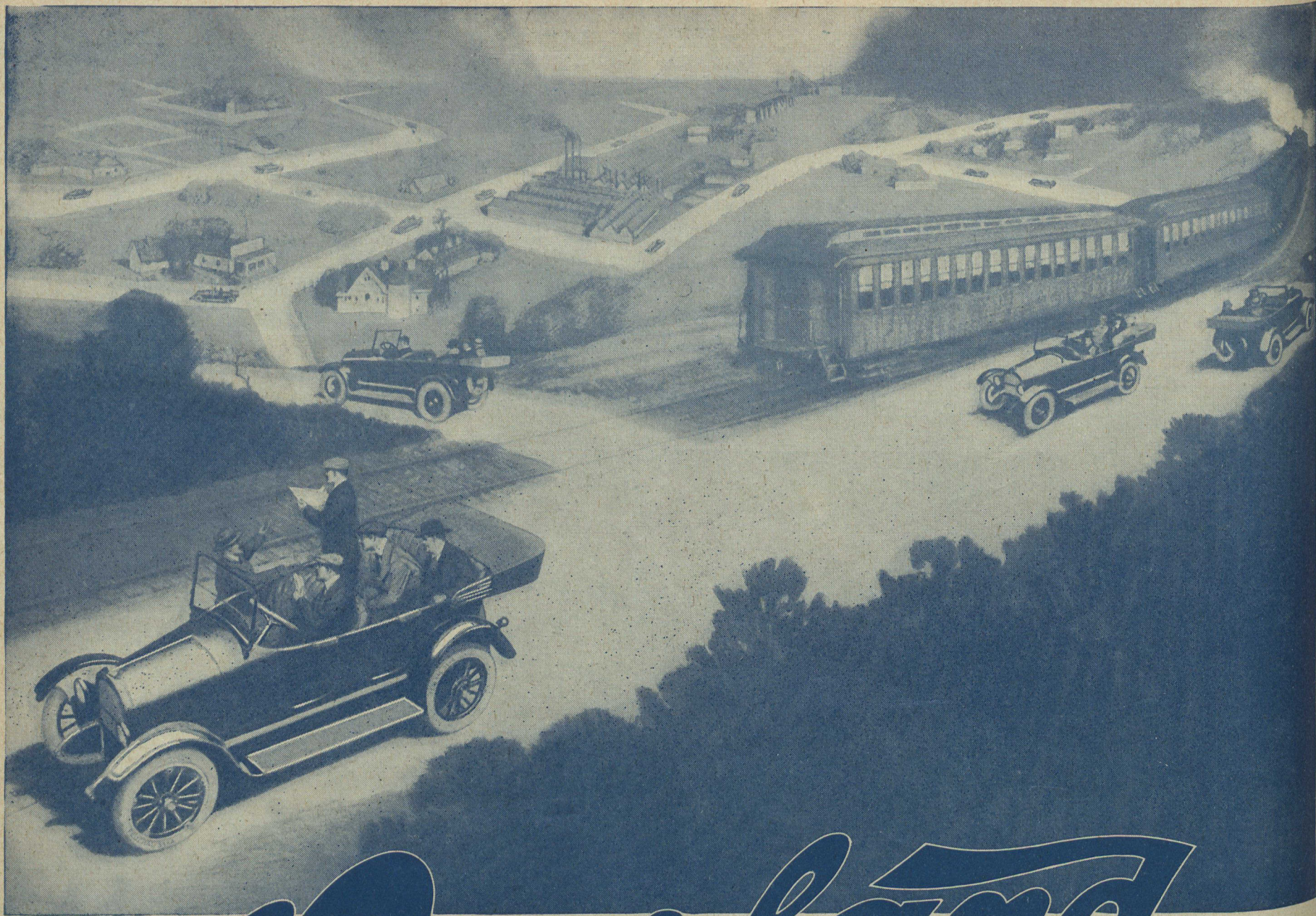
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**IN THIS NUMBER:**—*Three Stories: A Case of Equity* by Virgil Inglis Shepherd; *Invisibility Rays*, by Frank Wall; *A la Thoreau*, by H. A. Cody; two chapters of *Winds of the World; Dining in Gay Paree*, by Estelle M. Kerr; Four other pages devoted to Women, with two Pages of Women's War Work Pictures.





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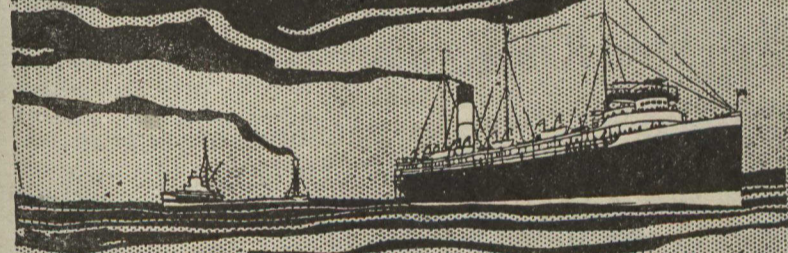
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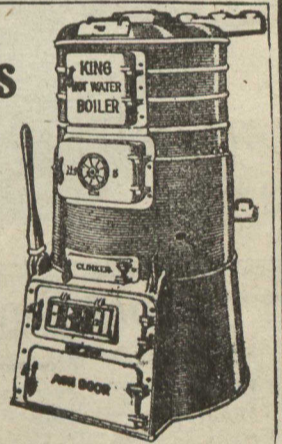
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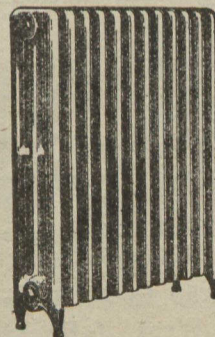


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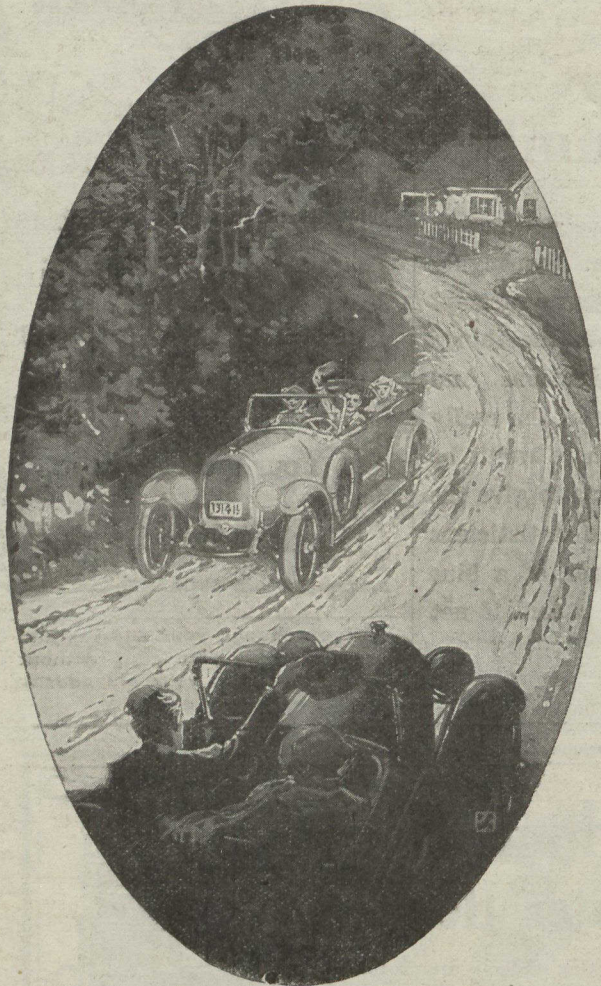
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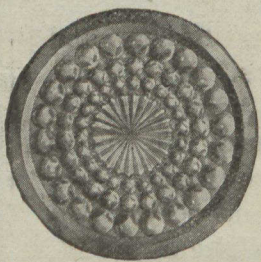
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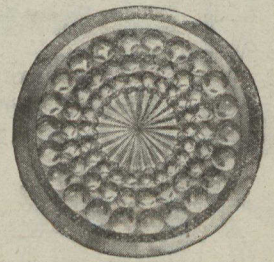
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## A CASE OF EQUITY

By VIRGIL INGLIS SHEPHERD

**T**HE typewriter clicked away in feverish monotony. The blonde with singular nonchalance piled sheet after sheet of the crisp typewritten copies of the testimony in the case of "People vs. Richard Travers," president of the Union Gas Company. When they were finished she turned. "Mr. Curtiss, they are done," she said.

The man addressed wheeled in his chair, jerked the black cigar from his mouth and took them. He followed every line and word with minute analytic scrutiny.

"Rogers," he said, handing the papers to his junior law partner, "I've got Travers nailed four points down this time." He relit his cigar and pulled away in grim confidence.

Rogers after careful reading nodded approvingly. "I see no possible means of his evading that," he said. "In my opinion the testimony is damning in its completeness."

The two lawyers bent to their separate tasks, examining some reports apropos of the case at issue, Curtiss singling out telling points in the testimony. Curtiss turned.

"Rogers."  
"Yes."  
"What time did you say those parties would be up?"

"They told me they would call this morning at ten. It's quarter of ten now," he said glancing at the clock.

Curtiss walked up and down the room, smoking impatiently. "I wish they would come. This case has almost unstrung me. I know we have Travers where he can't move, but I won't rest until I have squared accounts with him—Damn him! and yet—"

he paused. "Rogers," he said, "has it ever occurred to you that as consummate a rascal as Travers is, he has a family that must suffer his disgrace?"

"There are other families besides that of Travers," said Rogers.

Curtiss was all business again. Flicking the ash from his cigar he clucked his lips in vexation and turned to his desk when the door opened and the plaintiffs entered.

They were serious looking men of the "let well enough alone" type, who, when they are aroused by corruption affecting them as individuals become at once singularly persistent in their efforts for civic reform.

"Good morning, Mr. Curtiss. Mr. Rogers, you see we are punctual," gushed the spokesman—a fat-faced portly gentleman.

"Yes," said Curtiss. "Now, gentlemen, if you will kindly step into this side room, we will be with you in a moment."

The men filed in. The lawyers gathered their books and papers and followed. Curtiss closed the door after them.

The conference was going on in subdued tones in the ante-room when the blonde was again interrupted in her labors. A veiled woman had entered. She was something above medium height, tastefully gowned in blue silk which delicately traced the exquisite contours of her form.

The girl at the typewriter removed her gum in concealed admiration and pointed obviously to a chair.

The woman sat down, nervously fingering the tassels on her cape. "Is Mr. Curtiss in?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am, but he is busy with some men now in his private office. But I will tell him you are here," she added respectfully.

*HOW a Woman Caused a Lawyer to carry his Case to a Higher Court.*

"Thank you."  
"Shall I give any name?"  
"No, just tell him a lady would like to see him at his earliest convenience—and please ask him when that will be."  
"Very well."  
The girl opened the door of the ante-room. "Mr. Curtiss."  
"Yes," came from within, "what is it?"  
"A lady wishes to know when she may see you."



And this is the woman who did it.

"What is the name?"  
"She didn't give any."  
"Tell her to call to-morrow at two o'clock."  
The woman clutched the girl's sleeve. "I must see him to-day. Please ask him if he can oblige me."  
"Mr. Curtiss."  
"Yes," somewhat impatiently.  
"The lady says she must see you to-day."  
The lawyer rubbed his chin dubiously. "Very well, tell her we will be through here in an hour if she cares to wait."  
The girl closed the door and turned to the woman. "You heard what he said. Will you wait?"  
The stenographer fixed her belt, adjusted her

marcel wave and unearthed a magazine from the debris on Curtiss' desk? "Perhaps you would like to read a little while you are waiting?"

The woman took the magazine. "Thank you very much," she said.

The girl resumed her pounding on the typewriter, occasionally turning to cast an admiring glance in the direction of the woman.

The woman fingered the pages aimlessly. She was listening not for words but for the conference to cease when she was suddenly startled.

"You are quite certain then, Mr. Curtiss, that Travers can't wiggle out of this and incur upon us a needless expense?" one was saying.

"Yes, read that letter and judge for yourself whether or not the case has merit," came in clear-cut tones.

There were murmurings of approval.

An icy chill sent a shiver through the woman. The magazine was almost crushed in the shapely white fingers. The typewriter kept up its incessant clatter. The old-fashioned clock ticked ponderously from its station in the corner. The woman watched the long hand as though fascinated as it crawled slowly around to eleven o'clock. At last it tongued out the hour.

The men, followed by Rogers, were filing out through the main office. Rogers turned toward the woman.

"Mr. Curtiss will see you now," he said.

"Am I to go in there?"

"Yes," replied Rogers, following the men out.

The stenographer was fixing her hat preparatory to going out for the noon lunch.

The woman stood alone, trembling. She feared to face the lawyer.

**W**ITH a supreme effort she softly opened the door and walked in. The lawyer was standing by a window chewing the end of a cigar in a tense attitude of preoccupation. She only had a side view of him but it was not reassuring. A plain black business suit hung loosely upon an immense frame—the shoulders were too broad to be well proportioned—one wing of a black tie stood out in an aggressive tilt under a jaw that belongs to the fighter. A high broad forehead supported a shock of thick black hair slightly streaked with grey. She did not see the eyes until a subtle sense of her presence caused him to turn and she thought them grey and forbidding.

"You are Mr. Curtiss?" she asked with a brave effort at control.

"Yes, won't you be seated?" He motioned courteously to a chair.

"Thank you," she said, but remained standing.

The lawyer noticed that she was agitated. "To whom am I indebted for this visit?" he asked kindly.

The woman was studying a design on the cheap carpet with contained intensity.

"I am," she said slowly, "Miss Travers."

"Well?" There was a note of suspicion in the curt tone.

"I came to see you about this trial."

"Very well," with professional courtesy.

The meaning conveyed in his tone stung the woman, but she recovered herself.

"Mr. Curtiss," she began as firmly as she could,

"I am a woman and do not know the mysteries of your profession, but I would like to know if there isn't some possible way of settling this thing without



disgrace to our family."

"Yes," he answered coldly, "but not probable."

"What do you mean?"

"You are a woman," he said, "and in deference to your sex, I will say that I do not believe you would have come here, had you known the nature of a settlement and its terms proposed by your father."

"No, I don't know," she said in a low voice, "what was it?"

"Miss Travers, your father pretends to be confident that he will come off victorious in this trial but disliking what he was pleased to term 'the slight embarrassment incident to a trial, its publicity, and so forth,' he sat in that chair yesterday and informed me that if I would persuade my clients of the folly of further prosecution he would pay me a fee double that advanced by my retainers. I was not for sale and he left in a fury."

"O-h-h—I did not know that."

Then the woman was silent. When she had first entered the office her thoughts were as much for her father as any one, for she loved him. She had entertained a vague hope that the point involved was some business irregularity which might be rectified. But what she had just overheard, combined with this, caused a sickening fear to possess her. She sank into the chair, covering her face with her hands. She was not thinking of her father now, but of her sick mother and the little ones at home—the thought of whom had brought her to the office.

THE lawyer was somewhat annoyed by her attitude. "I am sorry," he said simply.

Vaguely encouraged by the tinge of kindness in his tone she looked up.

Curtiss was studying her intently but he did not see the tears through the veil.

"Tell me," she pleaded in a voice scarcely audible, "Is—the—charge—fraud?"

"Yes."

"And there is no way out?"

"No. I think not—and even if there was—"

"Then—"

"Miss Travers, I regret all this very much, but I must speak plainly. In the first place I am bound to my clients. In the second place, after a man has by his mere money power defeated every decent political venture I have made for ten years—and then presumes I am for sale, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that I should suddenly become a charitable institution in his behalf. I am afraid it will be useless as well as painful to you to prolong this interview."

Every word fell heavy on the woman's heart. She felt her mission hopeless.

"You—you are sure—that you have the proof?"

"That is hardly for me to say under the circumstances," replied Curtiss. "Hadn't we better leave the matter?"

"I was not listening to your conference in here—"

She had risen, her superb figure throbbing with passion—her bosom heaving. "That is not true!" she panted. "My father did not know I came here."

The man watched her uneasily.

"Mr. Curtiss," she went on in a milder tone, "I realize that you have been deeply wronged—and insulted, I can see why you would believe almost anything—but you are mistaken in thinking that I was sent here. When I came I didn't know the case was so serious, although I knew its effects would be. I thought I knew what I wanted to say—but I have failed—I—"

Even as she spoke the inevitable seemed to blind her. Objects in the room assumed a darker hue. She held her hand out in a little mute gesture of appeal. A pitiful cry escaped her. Clutching the sleeve of his coat she burst forth in a stream of incoherence.

"I don't want you to do anything—dishonorable—Don't be revengeful,"—she pleaded. "Tell me—couldn't you settle this thing—honorably and—avoid—the—disgrace—"

The lawyer was beginning to feel some sympathy, but to her his face was inscrutable.

Crushed by the obvious futility of what she had said, she laughed a little hysterically and lapsed into the pleading tone of a little child.

"Oh, I know—you don't understand—you don't know mamma is sick—that it would kill her. And my poor little brother and sister—Tell me you will do something—please—I—"

The man was plainly moved

"Try and calm yourself," he said gently.

But she didn't hear. Unconscious of her actions she gripped the lapels of his coat.

"Tell me—that—you—won't—please—"

And then it was all dark—she couldn't see the lawyer's face. Her limbs were giving under her. She sank to her knees.

Mistaking her attitude, Curtiss stooped to help her up. "Miss Travers, I will help you, but I cannot permit this."

But the form was limp. He bent closer. She had fainted.

Gathering her in his arms as though she were a child, he carried her over to a couch and laid her down carefully.

RUSHING into the main office he returned with some cold water. Gently removing the veil, he paused for a brief second, overwhelmed with a feeling of self-abasement. There were the unmistakable lines of suffering. The countenance was noble in its sorrow. It was the face of a beautiful woman.

He moistened the colorless lips and bathed the temples. Then rummaging behind some old law books he unearthed a flask of brandy.

Moving a chair close to the couch he sat down. Holding her wrist with one hand he applied the flask to her lips with the other.

was a plaintive note in the pleading tone—like a child lost in the night.

"Yes, but you must be quiet. It will be all right." He was fanning her with his broad felt hat.

The clock in the corner struck twelve. The woman roused herself suddenly and sat upright. An obvious silence followed. There was something about the man which Jeneatte Travers could not understand. Only a few minutes before she had feared him—the lawyer, but now she was conscious of a subtle feeling of safety that amounted almost to security. She was the first to break the silence. "I am ashamed of this weakness," she faltered.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of. I regret that I spoke so harshly." Then he resumed in a more matter of fact tone, "I will do my utmost to settle this affair quietly."

"What will you do?" she asked, her gaze bent to the floor.

"I shall go to your father this afternoon and try to convince him that—"

"But you know his temper," she said, a little frightened, "he might forget himself. You wouldn't stri—"

"Your father is a much older man than I am. I shall respect his age," he said, bowing.

She was moving toward the door. Turning, she paused, "Mr. Curtiss, I don't know—how to thank you—I—"

"Never mind that," replied Curtiss awkwardly.

Jeanette Travers extended her hand to the lawyer. Her whole womanly nature overwhelmed with gratitude, she looked into his eyes as though fascinated.

"You are—a—man," she said brokenly and was gone. Rogers entered the office. "What's the matter, Curtiss?" he said, "you look like you had lost your best friend."

"No," returned the other. "Sit down, Rogers, I would like to speak to you a moment on a very delicate matter."

"All right, I am listening."

"Well," said Curtiss, "that lady you met in the hallway was Miss Travers."

"Old Travers' daughter?"

"Yes."

"The devil you say—well, what about it?"

"I hardly know how to tell you, Rogers—You wouldn't understand, for you weren't here, but—"

"Go on."

"Well, Miss Travers, displaying the most pitiful ignorance of legal matters, the justification for this trial and all that, came here to plead for those that would suffer at home—at first I—"

"Fine sentiment," observed Rogers in a hard tone. "Good God, Curtiss, you don't mean to tell me that a mere woman's trick has blinded you to the best opportunity that has ever come your way?"

"Rogers!" There was a note of anger in the tone. "You know me better than that," said Curtiss pointedly.

"I beg your pardon—tell me about it—I don't understand, but I will try and follow you."

CURTISS without reservation related the interview to his partner just as it had happened—stumbling over the last part and omitting her last words.

Rogers drummed nervously on the desk. "I think I can see why it should have unnerved you—but Curtiss, I'll tell you, frankly, you have always mixed too damn much sentiment in your profession for your own good. I am afraid also that your forget that old Travers has had the thumbscrews on you for ten years. Besides, you are running the fifth time for District Attorney. You get my meaning, don't you?"

"Not quite, proceed."

"Don't you know that even assuming that a settlement could be effected, the transaction would look shady enough on the outside to destroy your chances for the office."

Curtiss was silent. He paled as the truth of the words dawned upon him. At last he spoke. There was a tense ring of finality in his tone.

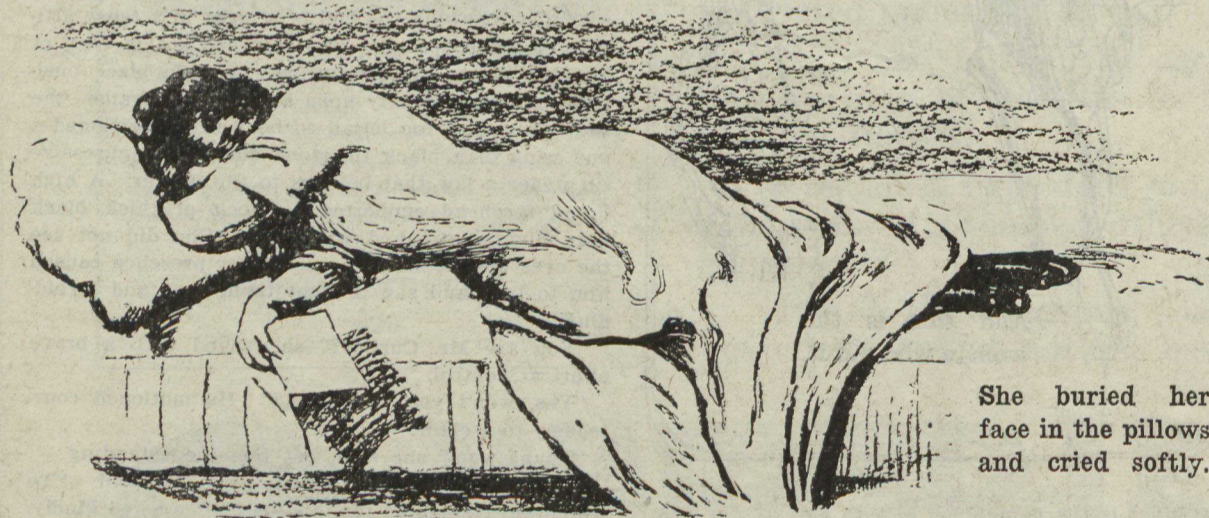
"Rogers," he said slowly, "I would see the best office in the land in hades before I would be haunted with the vision of such a sorrow as I witnessed a few moments ago—if I could help it."

Rogers saw the futility of further argument. "Do you really think it possible to prevent it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How?"

"Briefly this: You know the proof in the case is absolute."



She buried her face in the pillows and cried softly.

but I heard you say something about—proof—a letter." Her body shook with a convulsive sob.

The man did not see her agitation. He only heard what she said. His face purpled with suspicion. He thought she had been acting a part.

"So your father sent you here to spy—to see what you could find out—how much more did you hear? But of course you wouldn't say. I am sorry—for you Miss Travers. I knew your father would stoop to most anything, but, Great God, I didn't think he would fall so low—as to—employ his women as his—tools! I—"

Finally the white eyelids trembled. He held her wrist tighter. "Miss Travers—Miss Travers," he was calling gently.

Gradually a faint color suffused her cheeks—the long black lashes parted perceptibly—the lips murmured, "Where—where am I?"

And then she saw. It was not the lawyer sitting there but the man. There was a tinge of mist in the grey eyes. She gazed long and searchingly into them.

"I understand," he said. His tone was tender as a woman's.

"Then—then you will—will do something?" There



"Yes, I know that, of course."

"Well," continued Curtiss, "I believe that by showing Travers the proof I can force him to settle damages without a trial."

"I know, but what kind of a story will you put up to your clients?"

"That is comparatively an easy matter. I am confident," observed Curtiss ironically, "that if they can get their money without having to pay the heavy costs of a trial, it will sufficiently soften any feeling of revenge which they may entertain."

"You are beyond me," laughed Rogers. "I can't say that I agree with your attitude. But I am willing to help you," he added sincerely.

Curtiss went to the telephone and asked Evans to call with his colleagues immediately.

They came. The spokesman for the plaintiffs nodded sagely in acquiescence to the lawyer's proposal. Whether they imagined there was an African in the fence or not they said nothing. Their material thoughts were concerned with the diminished lawyer's fee.

When they had gone Curtiss poured out a glass of brandy and swallowed it at a gulp. "I am going now to have it out with Travers," he said.

"Good luck to you, old man," Rogers called after him as he closed the door.

THE two men faced each other. The attitude of the lawyer was one of strained courtesy; of the other, scarcely concealed eagerness.

"You have thought better of my proposal," said Travers blandly. "Have a seat," he motioned courteously to a chair.

"I prefer to stand," said Curtiss pointedly. "I do not propose to mince matters with you, Mr. Travers. Let us get to business."

"What is your game?" asked the other coldly.

"No game about it. Our proof is so convincing that my clients and I have concluded that provided you make complete settlement of all outstanding claims we will withdraw proceedings."

"Um-m," mused Travers. He could attach no other meaning to such a proposal than lack of confidence. He chuckled to himself. Then to Curtiss:

"You are obscure, sir. Pray be more explicit."

"I assure you, sir," replied Curtiss with considerable asperity, "that I can make the matter clear to you."

"Well!"

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't have convincing proof of your guilt. My motive in desiring you to settle is because I wish to avoid incurring unnecessary expense on my clients. Is that clear, sir?"

"No," returned Travers with biting irony. "You will pardon me if I observe that I have only your word respecting the proof."

Curtiss controlled himself with difficulty. Moving closer to Travers' desk, he gripped the sides and looked the man full in the face.

Travers quailed slightly before the intensity of the other's gaze, but he only said:

"You are quite dramatic, sir; proceed."

The lawyer was losing his temper. "Then!" he hurled at the other, "if I show you the proof will you agree to settle?"

"But you have no proof."

"I have, and I repeat, sir, will you agree to settle if I show it to you?"

Travers began to realize that the lawyer was in earnest, but he said evenly, "Let me see your proof, as you call it."

"Do you agree to settle if I do?"

"Damn your impudence!" snarled Travers. "What the devil do you take me for? Do you think me so ignorant as to suppose that you would seek a settlement if you had evidence enough to justify your going ahead with this trial? This proof! Proof! It's a lie, sir!"

Curtiss felt an insane desire to throttle the man. "Your gray hairs stand you in good stead, sir," he said. "I give you one more chance. Do you or do you not agree to my proposal?"

"No!" Do not presume to intimidate me with a bluff.

"Very well." Curtiss was moving toward the door. "You will have sufficient cause to remember this interview."

Curtiss had held the proof intact for he knew that Travers himself was well versed in legal technicalities, and he feared that if he showed the proof, without Travers first agreeing to his proposal, Travers, being forearmed as to the nature of the evidence

brought against him, would have time before the trial to find a loophole in the evidence, large enough to make the outcome of the case doubtful. Moreover, it was the trial which he wished to avoid.

In his anger Curtiss had almost forgotten the cause of his coming, but as he opened the door to leave he paused. "Tell me—that you will do something." The strange words were as clear to him as though spoken. He closed the door and turned to Travers.

"You will have one more chance."

Travers laughed sarcastically. "Your generosity, sir, is exceeded only by your anxiety."

Curtiss paid no heed to the remark. "You are aware, are you not, that one of your partners has left the city?"

"Who? I do not catch your meaning."

"The name," said Curtiss, eyeing the other intently, "is E. H. Bear."

Travers shifted uneasily in his chair. "No, I did not know it."

Curtiss knew the man was telling the truth.

"Well, what has that got to do with this thing?" snarled Travers.

"Everything! Let me refresh your memory. You may doubtless recollect that Bear had a certain letter in his possession with your signature affixed to it. Something in the nature of an agreement or plan," he added, pointedly.

"I don't know what you mean," hissed Travers. He had paled visibly and was trembling.

"The plan," went on Curtiss, "was something like this: You were to raise the price of shares in your company and keep a gradual increase up to a certain point. That point would be when all shares were sold. Then there was to be a sudden slump when the shares were to remain at so low a figure that the buyers would be forced to sell. At that point your agents were to again buy up the shares—which they did."

"Proceed," said Travers, huskily.

"We suspected something of the sort—in fact were certain about your means, but we had no proof. However, we made it worth the while of your late secretary to give us any information if he had it to give. He said you had written a letter to Bear, who was then in Denver. We sent a man out there who made the case out pretty strong to Bear and finally persuaded him that if he would surrender the letter and appear in court to verify your signature, he would not be involved in the proceedings."

"What did he do?" gasped Travers, off his guard.

"He gave me the letter."

"The cur!"

"You will also recollect, Mr. Travers, that the letter was written and dated previous to the placing of the shares on sale. You are aware, sir, that fraudulent intent carried out constitutes fraud."

"Show me the letter," said Travers sharply.

"Will you agree to—"

"Yes." Travers' eyes gleamed cunningly. Unseen by Curtiss, he reached under the desk.

CURTISS drew the letter from his pocket and held it up before Travers, only to confront cold steel.

"Drop that letter!" hissed Travers, or I'll—"

Curtiss regarded the man coolly. "Were we out in the wilds," he said, steadily, "I should probably be obliged to comply with your request, but here you know very well, sir, that before the echo of a shot could die out, this room would be full of police. I advise you to put up your weapon."

Travers complied doggedly and sank back in his chair. "I accept your terms," he said sullenly.

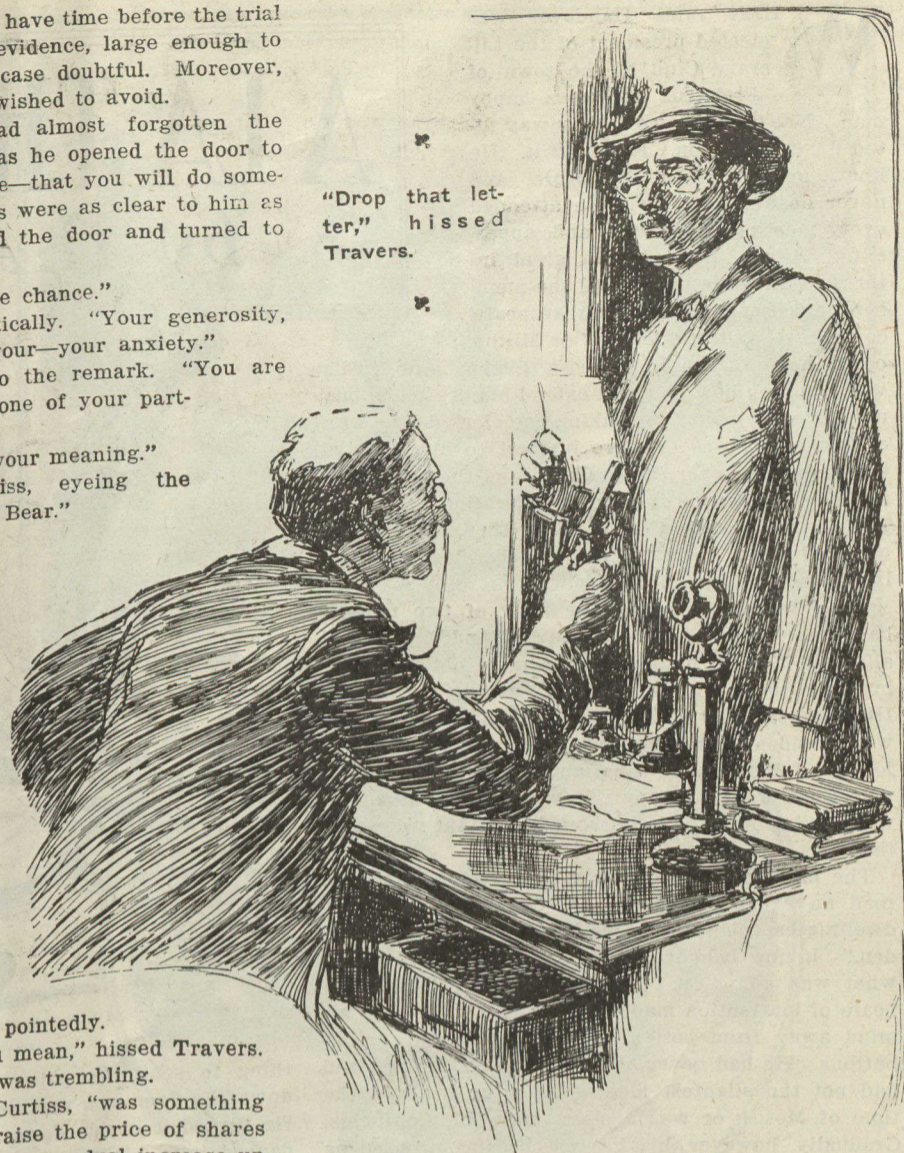
The lawyer then hastily drew up a paper in which he specified the various claims to be settled, ending at the bottom of the document with the sworn promise to meet them within thirty days.

"Sign your name there," Curtiss indicated the place.

Travers signed his name silently.

Curtiss returned the document to his pocket and turned to go.

"Wait," said Travers, "I don't yet understand why



"Drop that letter," hissed Travers.

you employ this means. You certainly have no love for me. I should think you would have preferred the notoriety—the heroic display of disgracing me in public. Perhaps, though," he added sarcastically, "there may be some sinister reason of which I am unaware. The unusualness of this—this interview has thrown me off my guard."

"Mr. Travers," replied Curtiss coldly, "I have already stated my reasons. You are at liberty to infer what you please. Good day, sir," and he was gone.

ON the cushioned carpet of the well-appointed sitting room—just off the elegant parlor of the Travers residence, a little boy and girl were building castles out of blocks.

"Sister! Sister!" hisped the girl. "Look! Charles is going to blow up the castle with his little cannon," and she danced about clapping her hands in ecstasy.

Jeanette Travers had not heard the childish prattle. Her thoughts were far away. She wondered fearfully what would be the outcome of the interview.

"Why don't you look?" shrieked the little miss, tugging at the skirts of her elder sister.

"Aw, she don't care about our fun," volunteered the hero of the cannon.

Jeanette turned from her gaze out the window. "Forgive me, Charles, I didn't know what you were doing."

But that worthy was deeply offended and gathering his playthings under his arms, he said: "Come, Helen," and the two went into another room.

Mrs. Travers, a woman whose kindness beamed through the deep lines of suffering, turned in her wheel chair. "What is the matter with you to-day, Jeanette? You look ill."

"I am not ill, mother."

"You are not worrying about the trial, are you, dear?"

"No," said Jeanette weakly.

"That's right, you shouldn't," went on the wife and mother. "It is indeed unfortunate, but if you knew your father as I have known him you would realize the absurdity of the charges brought against him."

"Yes, mother."

The door bell rang. Jeanette hurried to answer the summons. A messenger boy handed her an unstamped letter addressed to herself. Closing the door, she turned. "It's all (Continued on page 22.)



WHEN Silas Handover was elected president of the Literary Club of the town of Pretensia he was a happy man. Not that he was in any way fitted for the position. Far from it. He knew nothing about literature, and never desired to know. He attended every meeting of the club and, apparently, always listened with great interest. But, while the rest of the members discussed whether Shakespeare could have written "Trilby," or Milton could have composed "Mary's Little Lamb," Silas was planning how he could extend his dry-goods business, or save money by making one clerk do the work of two. This was of more interest to him than all the rhapsodies over Plato, Bacon and the rest of the notables who came up for consideration before the Pretensia Literary Club. Why, then, was he so gratified when he was unanimously elected to the important position of president?

Silas' family, including the baby of two months, had great social ambitions. Mrs. Handover, especially, had been struggling for years to obtain a footing upon the dizzy pedestal of Pretensia Social Life. Hitherto, she had failed. But now that her husband was president of the noted Literary Club, her cup of joy was full to overflowing, and that was the reason why Silas was so happy. It would assist him, too, with his business, so he reasoned, and that was something.

The night of the election, Miss Arabella Simpkins read an exhaustive paper on the Life of Thoreau, dwelling especially upon his best known work, "Walden." It now behooved Silas to be alert, and follow what was going on. This was a difficult task, as years of inattention made it hard for him to keep his mind away from cotton, silk, ribbons and collar-buttons. He had never heard of Thoreau before, and had not the slightest idea whether he lived in the time of Moses, or was a class mate of Confucius. Gradually, however, his interest became aroused as Miss Simpkins describes the life of the quaint philosopher in his little cabin by the beautiful Walden Lake. Then, in a thrilling voice, she read extracts from his works. One passage appealed to Silas as magnificent, and he listened with much attention.

"Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry, determined to make a day of it. Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner, situated in the meridian shallows. Weather this danger and you are safe, for the rest of the way is down hill. With unrelaxed nerves, with morning vigor, sail by it, looking another way, tied to the mast like Ulysses. If the engine whistles, let it whistle itself hoarse for its pains. If the bell rings, why should we run?"

Silas liked that, and the very next morning he bought a copy of "Walden" from a book-store down town. That day he studied by heart the piece which had so interested him, and when he returned home in the evening he repeated it to his wife and admiring family. The baby was particularly delighted, and showed his appreciation of his noted father by numerous gurgles of delight.

When the children were all in bed, Silas informed his wife that he was going to follow Thoreau's teaching to the letter. It would be necessary for him to do so, he believed, as president of the Pretensia Literary Club. "I am going to begin at once," he concluded. "I am going to live as Thoreau did, 'deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails.' I am going to rise early in the morning and eat my breakfast without any perturbation. My, that's a great piece, and if that old philosopher found it good, why should not I, the biggest merchant in Pretensia, and president of the Literary Club?"

Silas Handover went to bed that night with sweet visions of the morrow before his mind. He would put Thoreau's words into practice, and live one day as "deliberately as Nature."

Thinking thus, he fell asleep. He was awakened about two o'clock in the morning by a yell which rattled the windows and stopped his watch. In a few moments everything was in an uproar. The baby had the colic, and was contorted with agony. While Mrs. Handover was frantically searching for some-

# ALA THOREAU

by H. A. CODY



thing to sooth its pains, Silas tramped up and down the floor in a vain endeavor to stop its howls. He turned it upside down, he patted it on its back, danced it in his arms, and even whistled "Daddy's gone a-hunting." When he resigned his charge to Mrs. Handover, the perspiration was pouring down his face, and he collapsed into the nearest chair.

"Thoreau was a bachelor, was he not?" he asked as he looked enquiringly at his wife, who was endeavoring to force some liquid down the throat of the squirming creature in her arms.

"He was," she snapped. "Give me that shawl. Why do you ask such a foolish question at this time of the morning?"

After two hours of ceaseless efforts, the baby felt better and fell asleep in its mother's arms. But, try as he might, Silas could not sleep. He tossed restlessly until daybreak, when he arose, dressed, and made his way down to the kitchen. He would light the fire, and prepare a cup of coffee for himself. It was not necessary to disturb the rest of the household. He wished to begin the day as "deliberately as Nature." He was a thoughtful man, and had a great regard for the feelings of others. So now, as he moved about the kitchen, he was very careful not to make any noise. He dropped the coal-scuttle only twice upon the floor, upset three chairs, knocked down a half-dozen tin pans hanging on the wall, and slammed a door once. But he did it all "deliberately as Nature," so he told himself, so there was no harm in it.

SILAS lighted the fire, but the stove would not draw. Smoke issued out of every opening, and quickly filled the room. He searched for the cause, and at last came to the conclusion that the pipe was too far into the chimney. Mounting a step-ladder, he reached over and endeavored to draw out the pipe a few inches. But the thing stuck. Carefully balancing himself, he gave a hard, sudden jerk, and as he did so the offending pipe came out with a rush, and over went Silas, ladder, pipe, soot, and all, with a crash upon the floor.

Several screams were heard upstairs, and in a short time Mrs. Handover appeared, followed by the maid and several children.

"Silas, Silas!" she cried. "What are you trying to do?"

"Living as deliberately as Nature," was the somewhat muffled reply, for the smoke was very thick.

"You certainly look it," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Get up off the floor, and let us straighten things up."

It took some time to replace the stove-pipe, clear the

room of smoke, and clean up the dirt which had been made upon the floor. Silas said very little during this performance, and remained unusually quiet as he ate breakfast. He was partly through when the telephone rang. Mrs. Handover was about to answer it when her husband stopped her. "Let it ring, Martha," he said. "I am going to follow Thoreau for one day at least. Didn't he say, 'if bells ring, why should we run?'"

An amused smile overspread Mrs. Handover's face as she resumed her seat. The telephone rang twice more and then it stopped.

It was not long before the door-bell set up its wail. Silas would let no one answer it. He tried to eat "gently and without perturbation," but the incessant buzz of the bell was most trying. Then followed heavy thumps upon the back door, followed almost immediately by someone speaking in an excited voice. Silas heard the words "the store," and "thieves." He could stand no more, and rushed into the kitchen to find out what was the matter. Yes, the store had been broken into, so he was informed, and a considerable quantity of goods stolen. He had been called up on the phone but there was no reply.

In a few moments Silas left the house, and started down town. He tried to walk slowly. He wondered how Thoreau would have acted on such an occasion. But gradually his step quickened, until when the store hove in sight he was almost on the run. Then, in an instant, his foot slipped upon a banana skin, and down he went with a crash upon the hard sidewalk.

Silas knew nothing more until he opened his eyes, and found himself in his own house with his wife bending anxiously over him. He endeavored to rise, but sank back with a groan.

"What happened to me, Martha?" he asked. "Did I faint, or did a house fall on top of me?"

"No, dear, you slipped and fell on the sidewalk."

"What's that you say? I slipped? On what?"

"A banana skin, so I understand."

"Ah, that's a comfort," and Silas gave a sigh of relief. "I was afraid it was a nut-shell or a mosquito's wing."

Mrs. Handover started, and looked earnestly into her husband's face. Had the blow on his head affected his brain, she asked herself, that he should talk in such a strange manner? Silas saw the look, and understood its meaning.

"Don't be alarmed, Martha. My head's all right," he explained. "Thoreau said that we must 'not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing.' It was only a banana skin which did it, and so that isn't so bad. Ugh! My leg hurts me. Have you sent for the doctor?"

"Yes, but we can't get him."

"And why not, I'd like to know? Is he out of town?"

"No, he's at home. We phoned for him just as soon as you were brought in, but could get no answer. Then one of the clerks who helped to carry you home, went to his house, and could only get in at the back door, after he had banged for some time. The doctor was at his breakfast and could not be disturbed, so the clerk was told. It seems that the doctor, like yourself, was much impressed by Miss Simpkins' paper on Thoreau, and especially that piece which so much interested you, and, he, too, is going to 'spend one day as deliberately as Nature.'"

Silas choked back an expression which was ready to leap forth, while his face became very red owing to the exertion.

"Isn't there another doctor in town who will come?" he asked. "Must I suffer all day without getting any relief?"

"They are all away from home," Mrs. Handover replied. "We have tried everyone."

FURTHER conversation was impossible for the telephone and the door-bell began to ring, and kept on ringing all through the morning. There were calls from the various newspapers, asking for information about the robbery and the accident. Friends, and especially members of the Pretensia Literary Club, were anxious to hear how Mr. Handover was getting along, and all about the accident. Some came to the house, and stayed for a long time, talking about people they had known who had fallen and

(Continued on page 24.)







# EDITORIAL

## What is Prosperity?

**L**ABOR in its organized form is on strike in this country or, about to be. We have never before been confronted by such a variety of upheavals all traceable to a common root, all an outcrop of the war, most of them as natural as water running down hill. For the first time labor, as it is called for want of a better name, is demanding more, not of capital, so-called, but of conditions.

There has been much talk about prosperity. But what is it? High wages? Then we have it. Wages never were so high. Keen demand for labor? Labor never was at such a premium. The man or woman who can't get a job is either dead or in the hospital. Yet in the lap of so-called prosperity caused by universal demand for labor at comparatively higher prices than ever were known in our lifetimes, we have this outburst of protest from the ranks of labor. And at bottom it is not anarchic; has nothing, let us say, in common with Bolshevism in Russia. Neither is labor in Canada pacifist. The labor unions are out to win the war, and to stay with the war until it is won. Labor is patriotic.

## The Shrunken Dollar

**B**UT labor in Canada is out to improve conditions. During the past few weeks budget taxes and embargoes all in a heap have focussed the minds of people on the fact that a five-dollar bill is one of the fastest friends in the world. The expense dollar of 1913 is now just about 50 cents. That applies to all of us; those who have fixed as well as those who have fluid incomes.

Obversely some people's revenue dollar has become two dollars, in some cases nearly three.

There is plenty of money. But more money is needed. We are working on a new scale of values. Commodities are relatively scarce.

## A World That is Poorer

**W**E may as well recognize this fact. Taking 25,000,000 men from production and setting them at destruction of wealth and of each other and of a good deal of civilization, has at last begun to impoverish the world. The farm, ultimate basis of wealth and life, is impoverished. The land does not produce as it did. Because the land needs workers. Land deteriorates through lack of labor. In 1915 Canada had a tremendous crop. In the three seasons following, crops have gone down. England shows an increase of production because idle land has been tilled, largely by women workers. The United States shows no marked lessening of production, but that country is new in the war.

The actual material value of the world is less now than it was in 1915. What is left we are all trying to use to the best possible advantage, or should be.

It is an inexorable economic law, that the poorer the plant, the harder men must work to make it produce. Quite apart from the amount of available money—which is only a symbol of value anyway—every man and woman on earth should be working harder now to make life go than ever before in our times. The world was never so conditioned upon universal hard work. That applies to all of us; to the G. M. and the man in the shop and the man at the pitchfork. The world plant we have left after four years of world war represents less earning power than it has done in a generation. The wastage of war has begun to offset the inestimable advantages of labor-saving machinery. There is so much and no more left for civilization. We are all entitled to a just ration of what there is.

But, be it remembered, there is, or should be, no possible way for any man to accumulate wealth. The man in the head office has no right, and the man down in the works has no right, to any bigger margin of wealth, or any better scale of living, than he had before the war. The biggest thing actually left in the world in the way of wealth is the labor of all of us; our united efforts as a community.

## The Census and the Strike

**N**OW, then, under such conditions the strike—which means suspension of labor—is the last thing that ought to add to hardships of war. Going on strike pay settles nothing. There should be no fund that will sustain thousands of men in idleness even for a week. The world simply can't exist by idleness. We have an anti-loafing law in Canada. We have a card-index census of man-power just about complete, capable of putting all men by law at the labor most necessary for the country. On the heels of both these labor-recruiting measures we have a declaration that thousands of men may soon declare themselves idle. We have an army in the trenches at \$1.10 a day and found. And we have a theory that the nation of workers is an extension of the army of soldiers; that no man in a factory or an office, in any kind of clothes, from the \$60 tweed to the overalls, has any more right to stop work than the man in khaki going over the top. Is this a theory, or is it a condition?

Suppose that Government, which in these days is a junior command of the army, should say to all men who cease or slack work, whether they are \$10,000-a-year men or men on the union scale—"Take your choice of staying at work under conditions which we will improve as much as possible by adjustment, or of going by compulsion to the work at which we put you, and at wages determined by us." If the Government should enact this, it would be drastic, but would it be unjust? Is there one law of obligation for the man in khaki and another for the man in overalls or the man in tweeds? The Government might decide to make up the difference between the \$1.10 a day plus the separation allowance and the dues from the Patriotic Fund, and the amount necessary to sustain life under home conditions. And we should scarcely be able to accuse the Government of tyranny in so doing.

## The Community Pays

**W**E are not arguing for present conditions. Every man is entitled, not to all he can get by bulldozing or running amok, but to all that he needs to sustain life under economic conditions. If railwaymen and street-railwaymen, and telegraphers and machinists and street-cleaners and scavengers need more money for this purpose, then the community must pay it. And there is nothing to pay it but the community.

But a community partly idle, or crippled by lack of common service cannot pay. The only community that can pay what labor must have is a community of workers.

The strike is the best thing in the world to cripple the community. What we need is not strikes, but adjustment.

## Who is the Judge?

**W**ITH so many real troubles to get through with we should be keeping away from bogeys.

Rev. K. H. Palmer, Presbyterian minister in Guelph, is again sprinkling kerosene. He has given a sensational interview to the press in which he states that he could waken up the whole of Canada if he were to relate some of the confidences that have been reposed in him. He also says: "In the train on the way to Montreal the other day a high member of the bench said to me: 'Palmer, I am glad of the stand you have taken, and we are with you in the fight right to the finish.'"

We are not aware that Canada needs any such waking up as Mr. Palmer can give from his pulpit in the Lord's house. Mr. Palmer is not called in his high office to be a Savonarola. Like the rest of us, he is supposed to be busy working to get the country ahead under adverse conditions, not to be shouting in his pulpit to get a sensational response from his congregation and afterwards to see the whole thing blazoned in five columns of a newspaper. Who is this judge that made so inspiring a statement to Palmer on the train? Will he name the judge? And

of whom was the judge speaking when he said "we"? Did he refer to the other judges, or was he referring to co-religionists of Mr. Palmer? If to the judges, what means had the judge of knowing that the Bench would support Mr. Palmer? And if he knew this to be the case, how does a minister who is expected to reverence the law and the Bench explain the anomaly of the Bench prejudging a case before it comes to the courts? We have prided ourselves upon a judiciary that is above political persuasion. Are we to be told that Canadian judges are in league with any branch of the Church to prejudice a case before the machinery of justice can be brought to bear upon it?

We must conclude that Mr. Palmer is at least out of focus on this question. He is using his congregation as a stamping-ground.

## English or British?

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I am astonished at your attempt to bolster up your use of "England" for "Britain." I claim to be a good Scot, and I most decidedly would hesitate to use the term England for the whole of the British Isles. The very first article in the treaty of union between England and Scotland expressly stipulates that the two kingdoms were to take the name of Great Britain. I know you will set up the old argument that this term does not include Ireland, but it is more comprehensive than the term you used and try to defend. Prussia is the predominant partner in the German empire, but you don't call all Germany Prussia. You cannot make a part greater than the whole, and you cannot correctly call Scotland England.

Yours very truly,  
Windsor, Ont.

ANDREW BRAID.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Apropos of your remarks on "English or British," it sounds a trifle dogmatic to write that "no good Scot, Irishman or Welshman would hesitate to use the term England for the whole of the British Isles." The fact of the matter is, that most "good" and patriotic Scots, Irish and Welsh, prefer to use the term prescribed by law, and abhor the wholly improper sectional term England when applied to the whole. The writer cannot imagine any Manxman being flattered by being told that "the spirit of England on the Somme means the spirit of every man on that front from the whole of the British Isles, including the Isle of Man," but the spirit of Britain on the Somme could reasonably be held as including the spirit of every man from the British Isles, including the Isle of Man, the Isle of Skye and many other isles and continents spread over the seven seas. Judging from the writings of some journalists and the speeches of some statesmen, "A Friend's" definition of the predominant partner as "dominating partner," about hits the nail on the head.

SUBSCRIBER.

Vancouver, B. C.

## Domination Not Wanted

**T**HE two letters from Scotsmen quoted above are suggestive of a bigger topic. We do not argue that England is Britain. When we say "England" we do not ignore the Scotch or the Irish. We use the term in precisely the same way as we should say "English language" in preference to "British language." Anybody who would argue that England can eliminate Scotland or Ireland must be worse than a Little Englander. But as the language of Britain is English and the Government of Britain is in England, we assume that the term "England" may be applied loosely—certainly not legally or technically—to the entire brotherhood of races or nations, or whatever they may be called, from the top of Scotland to the middle of the English Channel. There never was a time when this island brotherhood of races was so significant as it now is to the world; not because of the dominance of England, but because of the genius of the British character, of which Scotch and Irish and Welsh are as vital as John Bull, and of which English is the language and England the political centre. We should as strenuously object to England dominating the British Isles as Germany ought to object to the dominance of Prussia—except that England is no kind of Prussia; or as we in Canada should object to the so-called domination of England in this country. We do not believe in "dominations." Some of our orators have been loosely talking about "Anglo-Saxon domination" of the world. This is childish. The world can be dominated by no race, or the world might as well quit fighting for liberty. What we want is not domination either in a nation, an Empire or any group of nations, but the enthronement of ideals of government and society, no matter from what country or how many countries we get them.





**H**ONESTLY, doesn't most of this scandalous talk about the Billing trial and the 47,000 make you feel positively ill? Oh, I know it's considerable of a joke because people laugh about it a good deal. And those who don't laugh shake their heads mournfully and say they don't know what England is coming to. They think England is going to the dogs because some German scandal-mongers conducted a scheme of blackmail, by means of a book written before the war which nobody can produce in court. They forget that Germans are not likely to pay more respect to the truth in a thing of this kind than they do in anything else; that the German mind is especially equipped for muckraking, as it is for espionage, which is much the same thing; and that anybody with an evil enough mind who had the time to get busy might write a miniature of just such a book about almost any community. This whole unclean business, coming on the heels of indecent revival of interest in that blackguard of English literature, the late unlamented but lamentable Oscar Wilde, is a miserable attempt to get as many people as possible on our side of the war to lose faith in the English people. But if we are sane they can't do it. Germany has long been openly known as headquarters for all the vices mentioned in the Black Book. England has caught a little of the infection. The unfortunate thing about it is that Wilde was not a German. But the downfall of the British Empire is not in the hands of the German scandal-mongers to predict by trying to vamp up things that look like the Decline and Fall of Rome or the rottenness of Corinth.

## MY WORK-BASKET

By CANDIDA

PEOPLE tell us that the old-time distinction between mistress and maid is vanishing. Democracy and high wages they say are putting the maid on a pedestal. The proof is in the maid's clothes. The maid will soon be better dressed than her mistress. All the maid saves from pleasure she can put into clothes; whereas it keeps the mistress busy trying to make ends meet in her household, and she buys clothes for herself with the remnant. Well, suppose we recognize a maid hereafter by the clothes she wears. Let her dress better than her mistress if she thinks she can afford it. If mistresses prefer to dress plainly and sensibly, letting the maid put on the frills, surely that is distinction enough.

**W**HEN I read slush about a woman like Geraldine Farrar and war work, I want to go away and weep. In the June Forum I notice this by Anne Emerson: "Geraldine Farrar has not only lent her presence to the bond sale—but her voice as well. This American songstress has been singing for bonds—literally, for on many occasions she offered to sing every time a large-sized bond was sold."

Well, we remember that three years ago when the nation that produced her and the great public who support her financially were not thinking of war with Germany, this versatile songstress openly said that all she was in art she owed to Germany, and she was therefore a pro-German. What has changed the gentle Geraldine?

## A HOLIDAY HUMORESQUE

By NAN MOULTON

**A**CANNY day on which to start for a holiday, the longest day of the year. Against your will you make it longer by rising at six to catch the inevitable early train. Once risen, you wonder at your sloth in sleeping always through the breezy blue and green of June after-dawns.

Cuddles of lambs in the meadows, cuddles of lambs in a sky of milky turquoise, a flame of new green adventuring swiftly over the fields, little friendly twists of road, swaying cowslips, the solace of great trees, and, obtrusively through your growing content, an unshaven Customs official bustling into your travelling bags, sniffing at your talcum powder, squinting at your tooth-paste, casting a prolonged look of suspicion at your solitaire deck. You twist a scornful lip at a man spending his days running stubby fingers through women's intimate possessions.

Your friends below the border had written you to tell the U. S. A. officials, when you went for a passport, that you were coming to their camp. So, to the man who sought your name and destination, you had said with assurance that you were going to Blank Lake to Mrs. This-and-That's camp—he knew them. Lake to Mrs. This-and-That's camp—looked at you of course? But the dark-eyed man looked at you wearily, albeit kindly, and suggested gently, but firmly, "Now, if you'll stop talking and just answer my questions, we'll get on faster." Bang went your tires of assurance, and shadowed was Mrs. This-and-That's place in the sun. You answered briefly and icily and found out later that it was the man further on who knew your friends and made straight your path after you had held up your right hand to the solemn verity of your stated age, height and color of eyes and hair.

Oh, well, in the patois of the elevator boy, "Fergit it!" Here were more trees and a bit of a brook and a cow a-gaze at a sidewalk's edge and a wedding-party at the station. On guard at the rear of the observation-car went the benign porter bristling like a badger. But the village cut-up, in horn-rimmed glasses, had swarmed up the back ahead of the grim brakeman's sentry-go and fastened a card, "Have pity on the newly-wed" impudently below the Stars and Stripes that every coach now wears since the country has entered the war. There were the usual paper-streamers and confetti, the dim-eyed old mother, a fair, composed girl-bride, and a curly young bridegroom with nice eyes and brow, but not enough chin.

"Come out, folks, and get acquainted," called the cut-up.

"They threw bricks at us when we'uz married,"

chuckled a sandy man reminiscently, peering from a car window over his wife's shoulder.

Finally the train pulled out, while the grave porter bore in to the bride, with spurning fingers and an air of distaste, the parting gift of the cut-up, a shining yellow, diminutive model of an infant's high chair, after which he reprovingly swept the aisles of stray confetti, and the brakeman sat down opposite the traveller and spoke morosely of weddings. Five from one station the day before had embittered his life.

"Yes, mom, they says to me out there, 'Guess brakemen don't ever git married.' H-m-m! They was a travellin' man once got rice in his eye on this train, cost the Comp'ny eight thousand dollars. Some-one's alwuz after the Comp'ny." (He spoke 'Comp'ny' with reverence.)

If he could make the laws, both man and girl should be at least twenty-five years of age before marrying. There had been two at Forest River married recently, "not as big as oysters." After one week the wife had told her husband, "Anybody'd go dead in this town," and departed for her father's house to avoid so untimely a demise. She had never come back. Too young, you see. Another man, a dentist, "a fine business, too, doin' well," and his young wife had told him, after two weeks, that she didn't care for him or his town, after which ultimately she, too, went back to Mother. All, all was vanity—vanity and youthfulness and hubbies on the all-alone stone. The brakeman had married when he was thirty-eight and his wife twenty-eight. She "ran the house and the two kids" and he "rustled the provisions and paid the bills." Peace, like a river, had entered their lives with matrimony. They never quarreled. The traveller felt like asking, as in H. M. S. Pinafore, "What! Never?" but the moral was being deduced—maturity before matrimony.

At Grand Forks the porter roused himself from his absorption in a green-leather, pocket-edition of "Hamlet," and came out onto the station platform, mourning the rice that was scattered about from other weddings here, a waste in war-times.

There was a dining-car conductor frae Glasca', an unusual combination, somehow, a wide-set, sandy man, who desired that Canada do sundry high-handed things to the too-free-spoken labor men and pacifists,

"bad actors" all. They were not serving the Big Potato on this line any longer, their first measure of war-thrift, but the Glesca' man presented the wayfarer with some very diverting souvenir-cards of the palmy days of the B. P. He knew the wayfarer's

friends, you see, and their seven dogs. By-and-bye we slid down a little hill over the tops of houses into a park held in a hairpin of water. Then came a perspective of long, straight, white lines of railway between vivid green. Every few minutes there seemed to be a new conductor demanding a sight of your ticket. A young construction engineer and his Swedish assistant rode between stations and talked culverts and grades. Amber cows drank from streams of milky jade. Came a dusty afternoon place, stiff with English poplars, a store near the railway advertising "Farm Lands—Shoes." Later a slough floated sleek-headed ducks and shiny water-birds. La Belle had lily-pads in the creek. Then the country dimpled down again to the Buffalo River.

There was suddenly an accelerated motion to the train. She kicked up her heels and plunged forward, her nose sniffing at a cool lake.

In your vision you began stringing the colors of your weeks-to-be, scarlet of tanager on a grey fence, jade and jet of deep woods, amethyst of evening lakes, iridescence of wet fish, flush of briar-roses, black-purple of storms, luminous ivory of old, low-hung moons, dragon's blood of sullen sunsets, and the quivering, seeking gleam of miles of fire-flies shot in living light through the ebony velvet of hot nights.

Then the sounds echoed, the soft complaining of doves in twilight trees, the plash of waves under the light of the presences of the night, the lost laugh of the burnished loon in dismal bays, the panic and pain of the screech-owl, the dip of paddles, the swaying of trees, rain on the lake, laughter of bathers, the shuffled note of young feet in the evening dance.

There were your friends at the station, gay beauty of girls, warmth of a woman's lips, banter of a humorous man, urgent voices of the seven dogs. Off we danced for a few forgetting weeks over the shining shallows of life.

Lest aught be missing from the compass of this single day, it ended with a wild midnight ride, racing an electrical storm, clouds scudding and piling, lightning in sinister jags, the car purring unafraid up velvet hills, the mild trees roused to unsuspected deviltry and one's own blood rioting, after a sedate year, in forgotten youthful daring.



# WHAT WOMEN DO

*WHO can find a virtuous woman?.....she seeketh wool and flax and worketh diligently with her hands.—Proverbs 31: 10-13.*

**A**LMOST the first woman in the British Empire to go into war-work with her own hands was the beautiful Princess Patricia. All the world knows her now, the mother of the Princess Pats, the great historic Canadian regiment that went to France in 1914 "on its own" and has been shot to pieces again and again, but never dies; the regiment, each of whose pioneers carried a badge worked by the hands of the Princess in Ottawa. She is here seen watching an Anglo-American baseball



**B**RITISH women are here seen as soldiers of the soil "marching for the dear old country." The average English girl, before the war, knew almost as much about the average job on an average English farm as any of the hay-rickers. But London contained swarms of women who had never seen land and not very much of the sky. When 500 land lasses marched from Trafalgar Square to Buckingham Palace to be inspected by the Queen they were out to seduce these city-sisters away from Piccadilly and the Strand to the fields that must increase their crops in 1918.

So when the submarines are finally defeated, the suffragettes of the soil will have done their part. And besides that 6,000,000 British women now have the vote. When these same women hold a harvest home this year they can sing a nice little newspaper hymn set to these words in a recent official statement sent to Ottawa:

"In the agricultural districts, home production has been increased nearly 300 per cent., thus releasing shipping and imported food-stuffs for our allies."

**N**OT many women know how to use that good old Canadian tool known as the draw-knife. These English girls, stripping the bark from trees for telegraph poles, seem to have learned that the safest way when using a draw-knife is not to sit on the tree.



game. The sailor man beside her, Admiral Sims, of the U. S. Navy, is also supposed to be watching the game. He also is a Canadian. Any sea-dog who could follow a land game with such a royal distraction in the box is too much of an admiral to be a human being.

**W**HEN Paderewski three years ago started his series of music and lecture programmes in aid of Polish Relief when Poland was first over-run by the Huns, he had no idea that in 1918 Mme. Paderewski, his wife, would ever be photographed in such a setting as this. Madame is here seen in the cen-



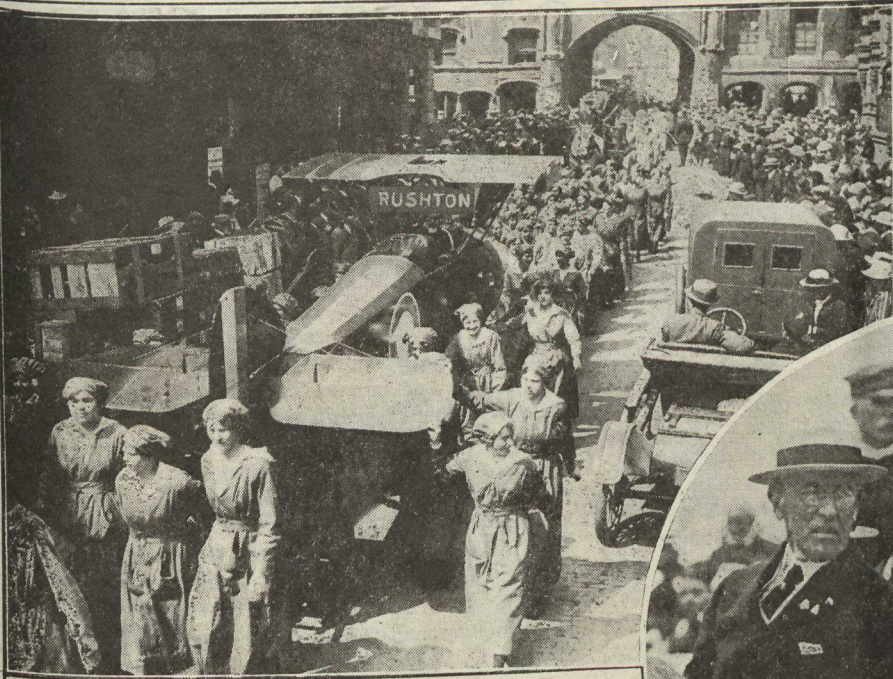
**W**OMEN working as skilled carpenters making "struts" for aeroplanes at an aeroplane school in Brixton, England. These women are given free instruction in an industry which will employ thousands of women after the war.

tre of a group of Polish nurses, members of the Polish White Cross, the first unit of Polish nurses to go overseas. Her beautiful estates in Poland are all in the possession of the Huns. But she is helping in the great war work as President of the Polish White Cross, and if there ever is a Polish Queen it ought to be Queen Helena (Paderewski).



# TO WIN THE WAR

*SOLOMON in all his domestic wisdom never foresaw that the women of the 20th Century, would be the final winners of Armageddon*

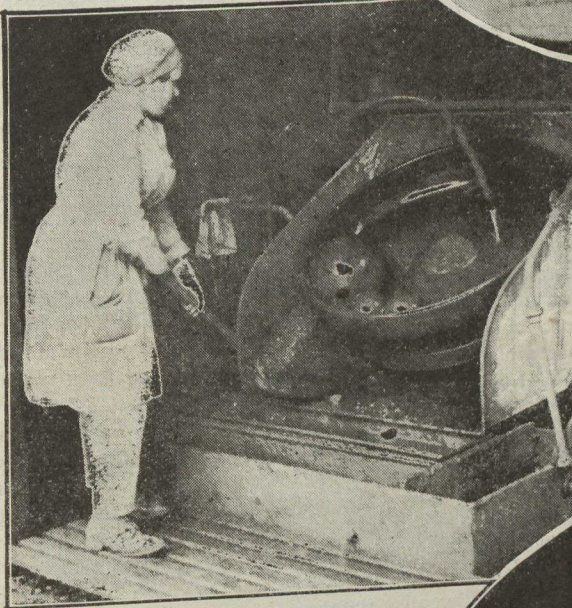


**A**EROPLANE makers parading the High Street of Lincoln, England. If a painter had done this we might take it for an old Biblical picture of some new kind of angel, here upon earth to lift men up on wings to higher things. But it happens to be—just war work for the sake of killing enough wicked people to get the world right again.



**M**RS. WILSON, here in the Presidential box at the Washington Monument grounds, is nearly always with the President when he is not on Executive duty. She is a war worker—eternally knitting, and sending out White House socks by hundreds to the boys at the front.

**A**ND in the ship-yards women are busy. Down in the heat, white-garbed women like this one are learning how to salvage the dump-heaps, extracting metal from old odds and ends of rubbish. And again you might think that she is only a new sort of super-cook busy as of old with her pots and pans—but different pans and pots.



**N**EVER was a Marguerite in any opera like this one—spinning wool from pet dogs into yarn for Red Cross work. Pomeranians, Airedales and poodles have been combed and clipped to make socks for soldiers.



**A**N American Red Cross travelling dispensary doing the home work of French doctors who are away in the field stations at the front. The old French-woman marvels at these doctor-women from overseas.



**F**LAX-LOADERS have a job as picturesque as it deserves to be when you think of the marvellous transformation of the blue-flowered flax into the dingy bundles that go to make ropes and aeroplane wings.



# WHY DON'T WOMEN MODERNIZE?

**P**ERHAPS it is not so much what we are going to do in regard to the domestic labor problem, as what that problem is going to do with us. To put it tersely, if inelegantly, "we are up against it." Time was, five, ten, fifteen years ago, when every other home in Victoria and Vancouver had its servant or servants.

Those were halcyon days for the leisure-loving, and although we hope we have risen to the demands of the present, we sigh a little when we remember other times. For it was then that the mechanical little men in their white clothes and their noiseless slippers, with their pigtailed wigs about their heads, served us with implicit obedience, producing the most delicious cookery, and delivering it to us in form and style most pleasing to the eye. True, butter was butter then, and eggs were laid to be eaten. Sugar—well, no really self-respecting Chinese cook would give you a cake without an inch or so of icing or a pudding without a sauce. And how they lorded it over the kitchen and over us, coldly proud and confident of their ability to look after things infinitely better than we could tell them! And we used to pay them fifteen dollars a month, or at the most twenty, and they would do the family washing as well as the cooking and housecleaning.

To-day a Chinese cook in a private house in any city in British Columbia is a rara avis. There are a few, to be sure, and they command from forty to sixty dollars a month, and refuse to wash clothes or clean the house, which must be done by outside labor. Is it, then, that there are fewer Chinese here than there used to be? On the contrary. But we will explain to you just why Chinese domestic labor is not procurable, and will mention two or three specific cases that have come under our own supervision. Fifteen years ago we paid a cook fifteen dollars a month to do all the duties of the kitchen, in a large house with a family varying from eleven to sixteen; he was with us for five years, and then went into the market gardening. To-day he owns two farms, and has a store in town, with two teams; he also supports a wife and family in China. Another case is that of a Chinaman who left domestic labor to go into a laundry business. He employs twenty men to-day, and has built an up-to-date laundry house that cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$10,000. On one of the principal business streets of a certain western city, where a by-law once forbade the intrusion of Chinese shops, one can count to-day seven stores all run by Orientals. They are not directly down town, but are just beyond the high rent district, and incidentally where they will first attract the shopper who walks to make his purchases. A few years ago the only Chinaman owning a motor car in Victoria, was the Consul, Lee Mong Kow; to-day one has lost count of the automobiles which have become the possession of Chinamen and in which they ride about in placid opulence. It is common knowledge that the market gardening of B. C. is in the hands of the Chinese, and Orientals entirely control the fish business on the Fraser River.

Until last week the proprietor of a neat little

*John Chinaman, former expert extraordinary in the household, has left us in the lurch. What are we going to do about the Domestic Servant?*

## One of the Problems in B. C.

By N. De BERTRAND LUGRIN

grocery shop about half-way down town invariably gave one a pleasant nod from behind his counter as he passed. He was an old-timer, a landmark, one associated him with all sorts of pleasant memories. To-day a smart Chinaman in a white coat and wearing his hair cut in the most approved fashion, beams at one from the old-timer's niche. The latter "couldn't make it pay," and the Oriental bought him out. The man who comes to work by the day charges thirty cents an hour, and he begins his day at six and ends it at nine. He lives in a chop suey house and it costs him twenty-five cents a day to live. He has a wife and children in China.

We make no comment on the above, but perhaps these new facts will help to make it understood in the east of Canada why we women who look back with a little regret to days when living was not the complicated affair it is now, nevertheless do not wish to tolerate for the moment the suggestion that Orientals be admitted to Canada in order to take over domestic labor or the labor on the farms. The importation of Chinese labor is therefore an aspect of the domestic servant problem that we do not consider at all.

**B**UT, if it's difficult to procure Chinese help in the house, it is practically impossible to obtain women for domestic service. What, then, are we doing about it? Well, the most of us are getting through our housework unaided except by such assistance as can be rendered by small boy and girl hands after school hours, and occasional labor by "day Chinamen" or women who hire out at twenty-five or thirty cents an hour. It's arduous; but the necessity has brought about what will certainly prove a blessing in the long run. It has taught us to live far more simply, to eat plainer foods, to put aside a lot of silly entertaining, like afternoon teas, where women used to congregate simply to sip drinks, and talk about nothings, and it has banished utterly from our daily curriculum the plan for "killing time." We find that the day is not half long enough for the thousand and one duties that confront us.

Some of us, we don't say all of us, because it takes women a long time to "put off the old and on with the new," are seeking out and adopting new methods for simplifying and systematizing domestic labor. Isn't it absurd that so many of us should be using the same old brooms that our grandmothers used, and the same old wash-boards and tubs. We hug the kitchen ranges, and cook on them and heat our irons over them, and incidentally burn up our complexions and produce ineradicable wrinkles from leaning above them, and stoking them. Men are far more advanced and sensible. Look at the farmers. The farmer's wife out West here draws her water

from a well, and carries it into the house to do her housework, her cooking and her washing. Living away from town she is obliged to make her own bread, and do her baking, nor does one find her using a bread-mixing machine or any other labor-saving device. And most heartbreaking of all—apart from the lack of water and

sanitary arrangements—is the fact that she must have lamps, and lanterns in order to "carry on" after dark. But her husband employs all the most up-to-date machinery in his part of the business. He drives around to do his ploughing in the most modern of ploughs; he uses a horse cultivator, which saves him miles of walking, and his threshing machine does the work of ten men. He even has an automatic milking arrangement. It is probably not entirely his fault that his wife, like himself, does not adopt more modern methods of doing her work. Woman is, at heart, very conservative, and the less education she has, the more conservative one will find her.

Even the man in town is far more progressive in systematizing his business than is his wife in her home. He travels to town in a motor car, goes up to his office in a lift; uses a telephone, long distance or otherwise for a large percentage of his work; has an adding machine and cataloguing conveniences; employs only specialized labor, and gets the worth of his money, and finishes his work at six o'clock, and then forgets about it until the next morning.

The crux of the whole situation seems to be this, that woman has got to take an entirely different view of things to-day than she did five or ten years ago. What we need is a man's courage to face issues squarely, a man's power of analysis so that we dare not shirk detail, a man's progressiveness and forethought, and a man's disregard for conventionalism when we believe that conventionalism spells deterioration and dessication. All of these qualities we must bring to bear upon the solving of our different problems, among which the domestic servant problem looms larger than we like.

**T**HE time has come when we cannot in justice to the confidence which has been placed in us as voters, live a life of drudgery. Very well, then, the first step is to systematize and simplify household work. The next step is to see how far we can harness modern invention to do our work for us, and the next to make up our minds to employ only specialized outside aid. Such a course may mean a little more outlay in the beginning, but in the end it will bring results which will more than repay. Some of us already are working out individual schemes, and we find that we have at least three or four hours a day which we can devote to the study of economic and political conditions, a few minutes of French or some other language, a bit of music with the children, an invigorating drive or walk, or some other change of routine which is a complete relaxation from manual labor. This is not too good to be true. It is merely the result of cutting out wasted effort in a home as you would in a factory or an office.

**O**N this subject I am afraid many mothers differ from me. I consider that the social training is as necessary to the modern boy or young man as either his intellectual or religious training, as it bears directly on both. A young man should not be a "wet blanket" on the hands of his hostess, but should be such a help that she will say, "That is the kind of young man I like to ask to my house."

There are such a number of things provided for the amusement of the young people that if they are only taught at home how to use them they can only be for their good. If they are not taught at home they will always find lots of people in the outside world ready to teach them the improper use. Dancing has been since the world began, and will continue to the end. There are such beautiful, graceful dances, good to develop certain muscles, that

could never be exercised in any other way. Let your boy learn those dances and the poetry of motion, then he will not be so anxious to learn the vulgar ones taught by another class of people. Vulgar dancing is most harmful and should be avoided just as we teach them not to tell vulgar stories, or sing vulgar songs. Card playing has given solace and amusement to millions of people through many gen-

erations, and will still be played when we are gone. There is no more harm in the pieces of paste board with hearts and diamonds on them than in the cards with authors. If there is any harm made of playing cards it is in the people themselves who have never been taught the right way to play. The boy who will gamble at cards will do the same with marbles. The only thing to do is to teach your boys how to play cards and to play them at home, for if not they will go outside and play with all kinds of people in all kinds of places, and then the harm is learnt. There is nothing more innocent than to see a father and mother sitting down with their boys in the evening for a game of cards, nor is there a better way to keep them off the street. The fact that cards are forbidden at home lends an extra charm; stolen fruit, etc. Parents

(Continued on page 25.)

## Social Training and Athletics

For the Modern Boy

A Modern Mother's Ideas of Modern Methods

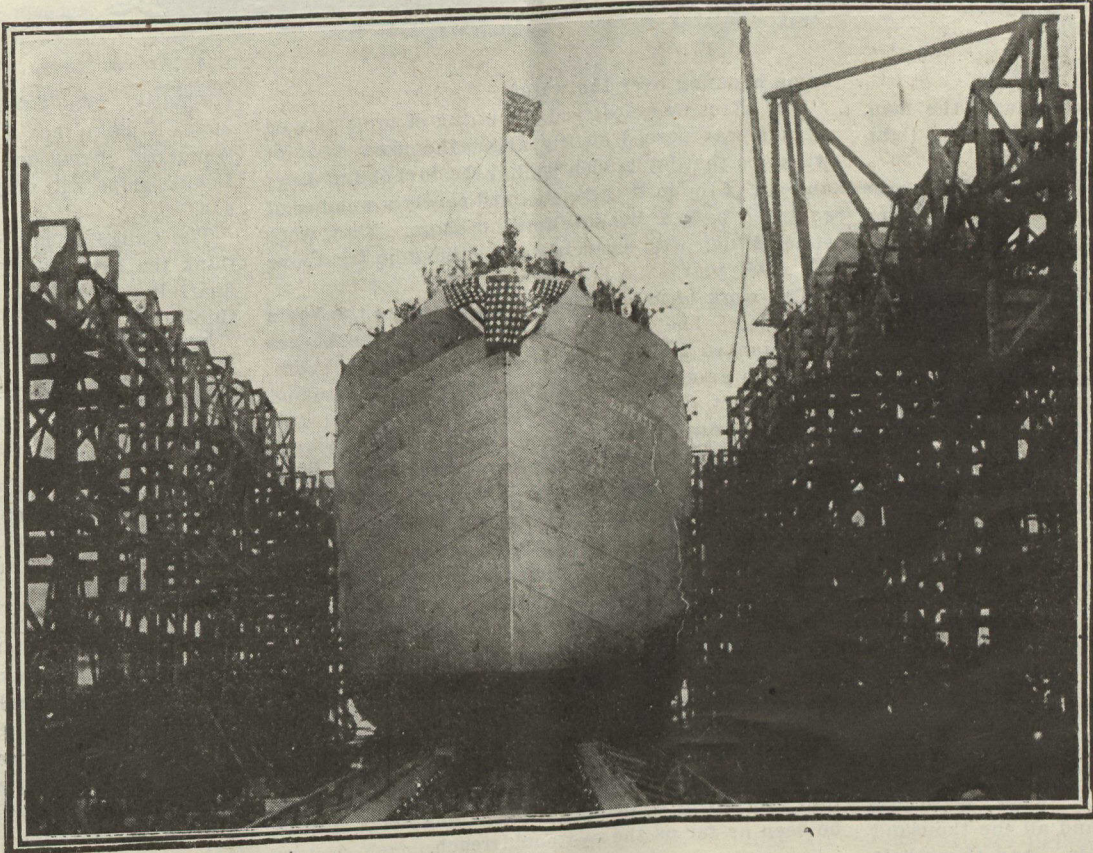
By LUCY S. KELLY

(Continued from the Women's Section in our issue of June 22nd.)





**NURSING** Sister Margaret Lowe, from Binscarth, Man., died of wounds received in a Hun raid on the Canadian General Hospital. The procession of nursing sisters following her to the grave was one of the most dramatic pictures ever seen off stage.



**CHARLES M. SCHWAB**, Chairman of the U. S. Emergency Fleet Shipping Board, set out on the 4th of July to make a splash in two oceans, one gulf and two great lakes, with his 450,000 tons of new war-service ships built in U. S. shipyards. And he did it. The days of dallying are over in the shipyards of Uncle Sam. They were doomed to be over when "Smiling Charley" Schwab and "Hurry-up" Hurley got into teamwork on the job. In the June Forum Schwab said: "I took this job because the President and the Shipping Board insisted that I take it; not because I wanted it. I don't mean to say that I didn't want to serve my country in any capacity. My wife was even astonished at the way I went into this. A few mornings after I took hold she remarked, 'The old war-horse must smell gunpowder; I never saw him so fussed up over anything before.' We are going to build the ships. Don't ask me how many we are going to build this year or next; I am

## WARM WEATHER SNAPS

going to let results do the boasting and leave prophecy alone. Instead of trying to figure out what our maximum output will be at any particular time, just wait, and before you realize it the sky may be the limit."

The splash that carried Schwab's promises into performance took place on four littorals; the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific and the Great Lakes.



**WHEN** Baron Rhondda died a few days ago he could say that he had done his bit in abolishing this kind of picture in the streets of British cities. Before Rhondda took hold of the Food Directorship bread and meat queues were a daily occurrence. Rhondda realized that the queue was an iniquity because it gave a few people the advantage at the expense of the many. He organized the food-card system, so that on a basis of so many cards to a family each could be sure of its ration.



**DORIS BEAUMONT**, English, is the Grace Darling of the post office. Every morning she is up at five o'clock into her boat and over at the Staines post office for the mail-bag which she rows seven miles up and down the Thames, delivering letters to the houseboats.



**THE** man with the canoe is not camping for fun. He is on the trail of sheelite and molybdenite, a new deposit recently discovered on Falcon Lake, about 90 miles from Winnipeg. Sheelite belongs to the tungsten group, and is found in company with molybdenite and the potash. Molybdenite is useful for hardening steel, and it is said to be the free use of this mineral in the early part of the war that gave Germany the lead in artillery. It was Captain George Hall, an old prospector, and W. J. Gordon, a returned soldier, who discovered this new mineral field on Falcon Lake. All those who intend taking a holiday in a canoe are invited to go and do likewise.



**OUR** young Canadian officer thinks he is baiting the hook for the miller's daughter to go fishing. Oh, yes, she is fishing. But the fish she will land, unless he is careful, will be a nice large war-fish about the size of the man who is putting the worm on the hook.



GERVASE CRANE, the wireless operator on Sable Island, was standing by the shore close to the lighthouse. "He hears something," said one of the lighthouse men doubtfully.

"But there ain't a sail in sight."

"There don't seem to be."

Crane turned slowly in their direction, and they saw that his face was ghastly. He began to wave to them and all the time he kept looking over his shoulder at the water.

"There's something wrong," said one of the men, and with one accord they plunged out of the lighthouse to help him.

He ran to meet them. "There's voices coming over the sea," he said. "Voices and the clanking of chains over by the Eastern Bar."

The only vessel in sight was the San Cristobal, the derelict that had come ashore twenty years ago. She lay on the sandpit with her stern half submerged, and the tattered rags that had once been sails, flapping in the breeze. Except for this the surface of the sea was unbroken: it was a sheer waste of water, thundering restlessly under a canopy of sunshine.

The lighthouse men pushed out the boat that lay high and dry on the beach, tumbling in it as it floated. Crane stayed behind. They rowed about the San Cristobal and then held up their oars for a moment. "There's nothing there," said one contemptuously.

But even as he spoke, his body stiffened into a sudden horror. His companions, turning towards him, were struck instantly by the same rigidity, their eyes staring wildly. One man moistened his lips furtively with his tongue.

All about them amid the empty waters they heard the sound of stealthy whispering. They heard the creaking of chains and cordage and all the thousand and one noises of life aboard ship. And then their boat, drifting idly forward, struck against some unseen obstacle and was instantly seized by human hands and pulled forward.

Then a rope ladder seemed to fall out of the sky. Down it there clambered half a dozen sailors in uniform who overpowered the islanders at once and herded them up the ladder.

The prisoners mounted slowly, with their nerves utterly broken. They climbed through a mist of invisibility, and it led them to the deck of a huge battleship where the sun blazed on their white faces again. All around them they could see the artificial mist lying about the sides of the ship.

There were hundreds of soldiers and sailors about the deck, and on the lower deck, where the lighthouse men were presently taken, there were hundreds more. They crowded so thickly there was scarcely any free way, but the prisoners were pushed through and fetched up before a pair of folding doors with the flag of Germany emblazoned on either side.

They were taken through these doors into a long saloon, where a number of naval officers, evidently of high rank, were seated round a table. The leader listened to the story of their capture in grim silence. "See," he said suddenly, "one of you must go back and tell your wireless man to send a message from the Northern Station. I will write it. But remember, it must go from the Northern Station."

"Can't be done," growled one of the men. "The wireless is only at the main station in the south-east of the island."

"And no other part has communication with the mainland? The nearest coast is Nova Scotia, seventy miles away?"


The men maintained a stubborn silence.

"Fools!" he cried harshly. "You have told me all I needed to know." He made a gesture to one of his officers. "You will land with two boats. Use the Invisibility Rays until you have control of the wireless. If they try to send a message, shoot them down. Send me a signal of three volleys when your task is completed."

The Captain saluted and was gone. The Admiral stared sullenly at the prisoners, drumming his fingers on the table. Then he sprang to his feet and hurried on deck, arriving there just as the signal

# The Invisibility Rays

## by Frank Wall



came booming over the water.

The effect was electrical. A string of pre-arranged signals was passed swiftly about the great fleet of warships that lay hidden behind the Invisibility Rays and out of the mist there steamed slowly a number of captured barges, heading for the shore. They were stacked high with sacks of coal, bulged up far above the deck gear.

The work of unloading began as soon as the boats grounded. The coal was removed from the barges and stacked in an empty building near the shore, and then another three volleys were fired as a signal to the fleet.

The Admiral turned to his staff. "That is well done," he said. "The enemy have always spoiled our plans to get a coaling-station, but now we have one. First we take the coal and now we take the station. And now we go to destroy their shipping."

Soon afterwards the Armada sailed away, taking a northerly course. The Admiral intended to prowl about the entrance to the Gulf where he might intercept the shipping passing to and fro from Canada. Their departure was made behind the strange veil of invisibility that had shrouded their arrival, and from which the Germans hoped to achieve tremendous results. The men who stood on guard on the island heard the boom of a gun, and then saw the sea cut into long strips of foam, but there was not a ship to be seen as far as the eye could reach.

### II.

WHEN the fleet had gone, the German Captain turned back to his work with a sigh. He would have very much preferred to have been treading the good deck of his own ship rather than be marooned on this Desert of Sahara, but he accepted his lot with true Teutonic calmness.

The lighthouse men had already been disarmed and those whose turn it was for duty had been sent to their respective posts. The wireless operator was also permitted to return to his room, but the Captain went with him, and two German soldiers stood on guard at the door.

Captain Von Freundelin spoke excellent English, and the Canadian operator was apparently disposed to accept the fortune of war, so it was not long before the two became quite friendly. The German had all the scientific curiosity of his race and showed a particular interest in the installation, which he already understood to a great extent.

"Ach, mein freund!" he cried: "You are better than the Englishmen we took off a boat just before your five men ran into our flagship. I think he also was from your island. He was insolent. He would not answer what we asked him."

"What became of him?"

The German kicked and beat an imaginary enemy until he had him standing against the wall, then stalked to the other end of the room and signalled to a firing party to shoot the prisoner. "What else could we do?" he said laughingly.

The Canadian stared at him in silence.

"You are wiser, eh? You will show me how to operate this wireless. You will not throw away your life?"

"No!" said the Canadian with a sudden grit of his teeth. "That man was a fool. He threw away his life for nothing. If he could not help there was no need for him to die."

"Ach! That is the right spirit!" cried the German. "SSO— Now, you show me this. How do you send the messages?"

The explanation was long and detailed, but the German plodded laboriously after his guide, asking numerous questions which were willingly answered.

The operator caught the German fleet almost at once and got a reply to his message, which he read out with a strange smile twisting his thin lips.

"They come back!" cried the Captain. "Ach! I will tell you why they come, mein freund. There is a British fleet in the Gulf, and our Admiral, I think he will come here and wait until they have gone away."

"They will be here after sunset."

"Jawohl!" he laughed discordantly. "The British will wonder where they have gone, if even they have seen them at all. It is a wonderful invention, these Invisibility Rays. Your British ships will only waste coal if they try to pursue."

The Canadian put out a trembling hand. "Do you think the British will be here after that?" he asked hoarsely. "Are they close behind your fleet, do you think?"

"Gott in Himmel!" snarled the German. "The British have lost them in the Invisibility Rays. They will be seeking them between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, while our Admiral is creeping down the Atlantic."

"You are sure of that?"

The German laughed offensively.

"You have nothing to do with the British fleet, mein freund. It cannot help you. If you try any treachery I will have you shot like a dog."

"Bah! I tell you I am glad they are not coming. We understand each other, you and I, but what would a British Admiral say if he knew I had shown you the secret of our wireless?"

The German shrugged his shoulders. "What are you doing now?" he said suddenly.

The Canadian was working furiously at his instrument. He swung round for a moment and cried out that he had forgotten to warn the German Admiral of the current of the St. Lawrence.

"What of it? What is the danger?"

"It would drive the whole fleet on the sandbanks. It is the most dangerous current of the world. We have hundreds of wrecks through it."

The German was biting his lips, stirring clumsily about his companion. "You must find them again," he cried wildly. "Tell them where to steer. If you save them you shall be rich as long as you live."

The Canadian scarcely seemed to hear him. He had fallen back in his chair, his hands trembling helplessly as he pointed to his instrument.

"It isn't too late!" screamed the German.

"They will not answer. They are afraid our messages might reach the British Fleet in the Gulf." But even as he spoke, he uttered a hoarse cry of delight. "I have them! Oh, I have them!" And then at last he got his message through and turned his white face to his companion, nodding mutely.

"Ach Himmel! You do well! You have saved ten thousand lives!"

The Canadian gave a sudden lurch in his chair, and fell to the floor, unconscious.

### III.

"It is going to be a stormy night," said the German restlessly. "I do not like those black clouds."

"There is no harm in the clouds."

"No. It is my nerves that are troubled. I am restless. I don't know what is the matter with me."

"Ach! It is you!" he cried suddenly. "Your face is like the face of a dead man. It is you who frighten me."

The Canadian stared at his companion, his thoughts evidently far away. "I am not well after that fainting fit," he muttered.

"It is not that. Your eyes are blazing, and your face is gray. You have become an old man."

"It is weakness," said the other doggedly. "My heart is not strong."

The German turned impatiently towards the window. The wind had risen with the sunset and was whipping the sea into a restless fury. Everywhere there were long lines of tossing foam as though the waters were being ploughed up for the storm. Overhead an army of black clouds deployed across a

(Continued on page 23.)



# DINING in GAY PAREE

By ESTELLE M. KERR

Paris, June 7, 1918.

THE Big Gun sends her alarming shells to Paris at intervals all day long; every fine night we expect to be awakened by the sirens that announce an air-raid. The daily communique says that the enemy are less than forty miles away. Refugees from behind the front lines come pouring in and out of Paris, and—worst of all—the wounded are arriving in masses. Yet the life of the Parisians seems to be normal. Buying and selling, work and play, go on much the same as usual; and in cases where these have been crowded out by the press of war-work or preparations for evacuation, there is one activity which proceeds with zest, and even with a certain amount of gaiety. And that is—dining.

It is midsummer weather, and from the fashionable restaurants in the Bois de Boulogne to the humblest taverns in Montmartre, Parisians are dining out of doors. Every house that boasts the tiniest of gardens has its table on a gravelled spot. Every villa has its rose-embowered terrace for the out-of-doors feast; while nearly every restaurant has its tables on the side-walks. Sometimes a meagre row of shrubs screens the diners, but usually the menus may be inspected by everyone who passes. No one seems to care! Fat bourgeois tuck their napkins comfortably under their chins as if they were in their own little dining-room; trim soldiers "en permission" openly make love to the lady beside them. The box hedge, used as a hat-rack, has the bizarre appearance of a Christmas tree, but the legitimate hat-rack has been forgotten.

YOU mustn't dine too early, and you mustn't sup too late. Before 6.30 and after 9.30 it is forbidden. So many things are forbidden that it is difficult to remember them all; but if you have your bread-ticket and a lump of sugar in your pocket, the restaurant-keeper will remember the rest. If you have forgotten your ticket, bread is seldom refused, and you can always sweeten your coffee from an unattractive-looking bottle of saccharine dissolved in water. You will find that three successive days are meatless, that no milk may be served after nine o'clock, no butter at any time, and no soft or cream cheeses. In the more expensive restaurants all cheese is forbidden, and the courses for dinner are limited. A poster, hung in a prominent position, informs you of the details. The butcher shops remain closed Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; but at the dairy round the corner one can usually get milk, sometimes cream, and always the most delectable cheeses. You can still dine out of doors in the shady boulevards, or, better still, in the park, where the birds form the only orchestra to be heard just now in all Paris!

Here one escapes the ten per cent. luxury tax which makes a substantial addition to the bills in some expensive restaurants. By frequenting humble places one can get for five francs an excellent table d'hôte luncheon nicely served. But if your dainty appetite prefers an egg and a leaf or two of lettuce, the waiter, with an undisguised contempt for anyone who does not drink wine, will charge you for bread, water and table linen; and the prices a la carte are so much larger that by the time the tax is added, the bill looks as if it accounted for a square meal.

I have eaten meat on meatless days. I have consumed forbidden sugar, milk, butter and cream cheese, seated beneath a poster on which the laws governing food control were printed in bold type. These articles never appear on the menu-cards, but the waiter is quick to take a hint. As the placard informs you that the consumer is punish-

*BIRDS are now the only dinner orchestra in Paris—though meal-time music is about as usual in London. But still—sotto voce—there are a few comestibles délicieux that can be had. Paris is not all stoical. Mon dieu! no!*

able as well as the vendor, your host is fairly safe in assuming that you will not tell the authorities. But the word spreads from one to another, and people appear to be extraordinarily lacking conscience in the matter of food.

The English and American residents of Paris are also knowing. One enterprising American woman keeps her restaurant thronged with English-speaking soldiers, nurses and war-workers of various sorts, who are there to consume vast quantities of expensive ice-cream—made of real cream, too! Another has a tea-room where milk and sugar are served with tea, and it is rumored that food is eaten on the premises at the unlawful hour of five! At an English tea-room I was given the address of a place where pure white bread may be bought for 60 cents a loaf! Some of the bakers, as well as the hotel-keepers, are very negligent in demanding your bread-tickets. If they are equally lenient with all it does not matter; but I sometimes wonder if at the bake-shops frequented by the really poor, the pitiful 300 grammes a day is not doled out. Although this is ample as an accessory to three meals a day, it seems hardly sufficient in itself to sustain life. Anyone engaged in hard labor is entitled to an extra 100 grammes or one cent's worth extra of bread per day.

PARIS has every reason to be content with the quality, if not the quantity of her bread just now. Some time ago no bread could be bought until it was 24 hours old. Later it was impossible to get rolls, and in some parts of France this is still the case. But Paris won't go long without her luxuries; and though only plain rolls may be bought, they are so dainty and crisp when they have just come out of



Birds are as sweet an orchestra as any other to Louise, who lunches in the Park and thinks—about the guns, maybe.

the oven that we do not sigh for the fancy rolls we used to eat in Paris in the good old days. We willingly pay three cents apiece at one bake-shop for rolls that are lighter and whiter than the rest.

Bakers' shops display tiny sacks of flour holding half a pound or a pound each, but you must produce a bread ticket for every 100 grammes. Rice flour and other cereals may be bought without tickets, so that in the homes of the wealthy, cakes and puddings may still be served.

Doubtless cake can be obtained by knocking at certain back doors, but I have seen none for many months. There are certain days when stale and unattractive biscuits, that have survived the prohibition, may be bought for exorbitant prices. And no one with a sweet tooth and plenty of money need lack for delicacies in that line, so cunning have confectioners become in making fruit pastes, stuffed dates, prunes and combinations of nuts and honey. The choicest morsels are wrapped in silver paper at six cents apiece, and are the size of an ordinary chocolate cream. Three days a week sweet chocolate may be bought in limited quantities, and jam also, though it is growing scarce, and the outlook for next winter is not hopeful. For with only half a pound of sugar per person a month, how can one save much?

Home cooking has its disadvantages, one of which is fuel. Few private homes can use a coal or wood fire, and gas is not only expensive but very limited. The water in houses provided with baths is turned on only three days a week, while the price of laundry work keeps on soaring. Added to your weekly bill is a ten per cent. luxury tax. Cleanliness in France is indeed a luxury! However, after attempting to do it yourself in cold water with most expensive soap, you may cease to grumble at your laundress' weekly bill. It is best to live in a khaki uniform, and face your laundress "like a man!" For they are lenient with the sterner sex. They charge 40 cents for the simplest crepe de chine blouse, and only 15 cents for a man's heavy flannel shirt!

As far as a busy war-worker living in  
(Continued on page 24.)



So with that unkillable French savoir faire, the restaurateurs move their tables to the sidewalks.



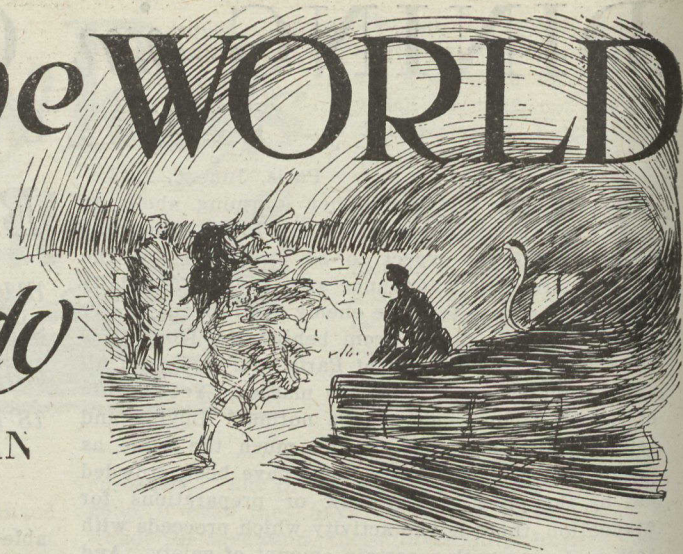
# The WINDS of the WORLD

## PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

RANJOOR SINGH, major of a Sikh squadron, goes to visit Yasmini, the extraordinary woman who learned all the secrets of India from the winds of the world. There he meets three Germans one of whom offers him, in the name of Germany, the freedom of the earth if only the Sikhs would fail England when the time came. Ranjoor Singh refuses his answer until that time should come. Colonel Kirby, of the Sikh squadron is told that his best native officer has called on Yasmini; but refuses to believe that he is anything but a loyal officer. As an act of revenge for the contempt shown him in Yasmini's house, an Afridi murders one of the troopers in Ranjoor Singh's squadron. He is taken up as a witness, and Ranjoor Singh tries to bribe the truth from him. He escapes, and is followed into a house by Ranjoor Singh. When Colonel Kirby and one of his officers find that he has disappeared, and trace him here, they find to their horror that the house has been burned to the ground, leaving only the walls standing. The Colonel continues his search by going to Yasmini's house. Here the two British officers are forced by the mischievous Yasmini to beg on their knees for the missing man, before she will give them any information.

by  
*Talbot Mundy*

Illustrated by T. W. McLEAN



being his property, gave it into my hand."  
"When?" Both men demanded to know that in one voice.  
"Sahibs, having no means of telling time, how can I guess?"

"How long ago? About how long ago?"  
"Being elderly person of advancing years and much adipose tissue, I am not able to observe more than one thing at a time. And yet many things have been forced on my attention. I do not know how long ago."

"Since I saw you outside the barrack gate?" demanded Warrington.

"Oh, yes. Oh, certainly. By all means!"

"Less than two hours ago, then, sir!" said Warrington, looking at his watch.

"Then he isn't burned to death!" said Kirby, with more satisfaction than he had expressed before.

"Oh, no, sir! Positivelee not, sahib! The risaldar-major is all vitalitee!"

"Where did he give you the ring?"

"Into the palm of my hand, sahib."

"Where—in what place—in what street—at whose house?"

at all in finding him. When you have given the ring to him he will ask you questions, and you will say Ranjoor Singh said, "All will presently be made clear"; and should you forget the message, babuji, or should you fail to find him soon, there are those who will fail to find him soon, there are those who will make it their urgent business, babuji, to open that belly of thine and see what is in it! So, my God, gentlemen! I am verree timid man! I have given the ring and the message, but how will they know that I have given it? I did not think of that! Moreover, I am unrewarded—I have no emolument—as yet!"

"How will who know?" demanded Warrington.

"They, sahib."

"Who are they?" asked Kirby.

"The men who will investigate the inside of my belly, sahib. Oh, a belly is so sensitive! I am afraid!"

"Did he tell you who 'they' were?"

"No, sahib. Had he done so, I would at once have sought police protection. Not knowing names of individuals, what was use of going to police, who would laugh at me? I went to Yasmini, who understands all things. She laughed, too; but she told me where is Colonel Kirby sahib."

COLONEL KIRBY became possessed of a bright idea, his first since Yasmini had thrown her spell over him.

"Could you find the way," he asked, "from here to wherever it was that Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh gave you that ring?"

The babu thrust his head out of the carriage window and gazed into the dark for several minutes.

"Conceivablee yes, sahib."

"Then tell the driver where to turn!"

"I could direct with more discernment from box-seat," said the babu, with a hand on the door.

"No, you don't!" commanded Warrington. "Let go that handle! What I want to know is why were you so afraid at Yasmini's?"

"I, sahib?"

"Yes, you! I saw your face in a mirror, and you were scared nearly to death. Of what?"

"Who is not afraid of Yasmini? Were the sahibs not also afraid?"

"Of what besides Yasmini were

you afraid? Of what in particular?"

"Of her cobras, sahib!"

"What of them?" demanded Warrington, with a reminiscent shudder.

"Certain of her women showed them to me."

"Why?"

"To further convince me, sahib, had that been necessary. Oh, but I was already quite convinced. Bravely is not my vade mecum!"

"Confound the man! To convince you of what?"

"That if I tell too much one of those snakes will shortlee be my bedmate. Ah! To think of it causes me to perspire with sweat. Sahibs, that is a—"

"You shall go to jail if you don't tell me what I

"THAT'S the man whose face was in the mirror!" said Warrington suddenly, reaching out to seize the babu's collar.

"He's the man who wanted to be regimental clerk. He's the man who was offering to eat a German a day! . . . No—stand still, and I won't hurt you!"

"Bring him out into the fresh air!" ordered Kirby.

The illimitable sky did not seem big enough just then; four walls could not hold him. Kirby, colonel of light cavalry, and considered by many the soundest man in his profession, was in revolt against himself; and his collar was a beastly mess.

"Hurry out of this hole, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed.

So Warrington applied a little science to the babu, and that gentleman went out through a narrow door backward at a speed and at an angle that were new to him—so new that he could not express his sensations in the form of speech. The door shut behind them with a slam, and where they looked for it they could see no more than a mark in the wall about fifty yards from the bigger door by which they had originally entered.

"There's the carriage waiting, sir!" said Warrington, and with a glance toward it to reassure himself, Kirby opened his mouth wide and filled his lungs three times with the fresh, rain-sweetened air.

There were splashes of rain falling, and he stood with bared head, face upward, as if the rain would wash Yasmini's musk from him. It was nearly pitch-dark, but Warrington could just see that the risaldar on the box seat raised his whip to them in token of recognition.

"Now, then! Speak, my friend! What were you doing in there?" demanded Warrington.

"No, not here!" said Kirby. "We might be recognized. Bring him into the shay."

The babu uttered no complaint, but allowed himself to be pushed along at a trot ahead of the adjutant, and bundled head-foremost through the carriage door.

"Drive slowly!" ordered Kirby, clambering in last; and the risaldar sent the horses forward at a steady trot.

"Now!" said Warrington.

"H-r-rump!" said Kirby.

"My God, gentlemen!" said the babu. "Sahibs, I am innocent of all complicittee in this or any other eventualitee. I am married man, having family responsibility and other handicaps. Therefore—"

"Where did you get this ring," demanded Kirby.

"That? Oh, that!" said the babu. "That is verree simplee told. That is simple little matter. There is nothing untoward in that connection. Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh, who is legal owner of ring, same

"At nobody's house, sahib. It was in the dark, and the dark is very big."

"Did he give it you at Yasmini's?"

"Oh, no, sahib! Positivelee not!"

"Where is he now?"

"Sahib, how should I know, who am but elderly person of no metaphysical attainments, only failed B.A.?"

"What did he say when he gave it to you?"

"Sahib, he threatened me!"

"Confound you, what did he say?"

"He said, 'Babuji, present this ring to Colonel Kirby sahib. You will find him, babuji, where you will find him, but in any case you will lose no time



"—Knocking him down again, and departed for the temple shadows, screaming."



want to know!" said Kirby, threateningly.

"Ah, sahib, I was jail clerk once—dismissed for minor offences but cumulative in effect. Being familiar with inside of jail, am able to make choice."

"Get on the box-seat with him!" commanded Kirby. "Let him show the driver where to turn. But watch him! Keep hold of him!"

So again the babu was propelled on an involuntary course, and Warrington proceeded to pinch certain of his fat parts to encourage him to mount the box with greater speed; but his helplessness became so obvious that Warrington turned friend and shoved him up at last, keeping hold of his loin-cloth when he wedged his own muscular anatomy into the small space left.

"To the right," said the babu, pointing. And the risaldar drove to the right.

"To the left," said the babu, and Warrington made note of the fact that they were not so very far away from the House-of-the-Eight-Half-brothers.

Soon the babu began to scratch his stomach.

"What's the matter?" demanded Warrington.

"They said they would cut my belly open, sahib. A belly is so sensitive!"

Warrington laughed sympathetically; for the fear was genuine and candidly expressed. The babu continued scratching.

"To the right," he said after a while, and the risaldar drove to the right, toward where a Hindu temple cast deep shadows, and a row of trees stood sentry in spasmodic moonlight. In front of the temple, seated on a mat, was a wandering fakir of the none-too-holy type. By his side was a flat covered basket.

"Look, sahib!" said the babu; and Warrington looked.

"My belly crawls!"

"What's the matter, man?"

"He is a fakir. There are snakes in that basket—cobras, sahib! Ow-ow-ow!"

WARRINGTON, swaying precariously over the edge, held tight by the loin-cloth, depending on it as a yacht in a tideway would to three hundred pounds of iron.

"Oh, cobras are so verree dreadful creatures!" wailed the babu, caressing his waist again. "Look, sahib! Look! Oh, look! Between devil and oversea what should a man do? Ow!"

The carriage lurched at a mud-puddle. The babu's weight lurched with it, and Warrington's centre of gravity shifted. The babu seemed to shrug himself away from the snakes, but the effect was to shove Warrington the odd half-inch it needed to put him overside. He clung to the loin-cloth and pulled hard to haul himself back again, and the loin-cloth came away.

"Halt!" yelled Warrington; and the risaldar reined in.

But the horses took fright and plunged forward, though the risaldar swore afterward that the babu did nothing to them; he supposed it must have been the fakir squatting in the shadows that scared them.

And whatever it may have been—snakes or not—that had scared the babu, it had scared all his helplessness away. Naked from shirt to socks, he rolled like a big ball backward over the carriage top, fell to earth behind the carriage, bumped into Warrington, who was struggling to his feet, knocking him down again, and departed for the temple shadows, screaming. The temple door slammed just as Warrington started after him.

By that time the risaldar had got the horses stopped, and Colonel Kirby realized what had happened.

"Come back, Warrington!" he ordered peremptorily.

Warrington obeyed, but without enthusiasm.

"I can run faster than that fat brute, sir!" he said. "And I saw him go into the temple. We won't find Ranjoor Singh now in a month of Sundays!"

He was trying to wipe the mud from himself with the aid of the loin-cloth.

"Anyhow, I've got the most important part of his costume," he said vindictively. "Gad, I'd like to get him on the run now through the public street!"

"Come along in!" commanded Kirby, opening the door. "There has been trouble enough already without a charge of temple breaking. Tell the risaldar to drive back to quarters. I'm going to get this musk out of my hair before dawn!"

Warrington sniffed as he climbed in. The outer night had given him at least a standard by which to judge things.

"I'd give something to listen to the first man who smells the inside of this shay!" he said cheerily.

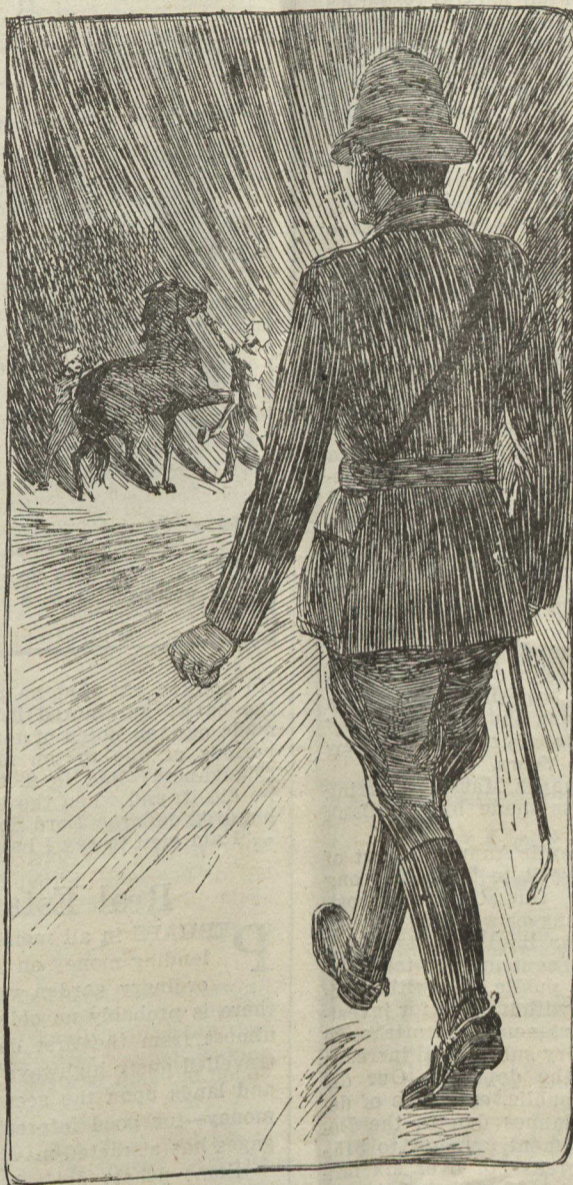
"D'you suppose we can blame it on the babu, sir?"

"We can try!" said Kirby. "Is that his loin-cloth you've got still?"

"Didn't propose to leave it in the road for him to come and find, sir! His present shame is about the only consolation prize we get out of the evening's sport. I wish it smelt of musk—but it doesn't; it smells of babu—straight babu, undiluted. Hello—what's this?"

HE began to untwist a corner of the cloth, holding it up to get a better view of it in the dim light that entered through the window. He produced a piece of paper that had to be untwisted, too.

"Got a match, sir?"



"—two men labored, and a big horse fiercely resented their unseasonable attentions—"

Kirby struck one.

"It's addressed to 'Colonel Kirby sahib!' Bet you it's from Ranjoor Singh! Now—d'you suppose that heathen meant to hold on to that until he could get his price for it?"

"Dunno," said Kirby with indifference, opening the note as fast as trembling fingers could unfold it. He would not have admitted what his fingers told so plainly—the extent of his regard for Ranjoor Singh.

The note was short, and Kirby read it aloud, since it was not marked private, and there was nothing in it that even the babu might not have read:

"To Colonel Kirby sahib, from his obedient servant, Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh—Leave of absence being out of question after declaration of war, will Colonel Kirby sahib please put in Order of the Day that Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh is assigned to special duty, or words to same effect?"

"Is that all?" asked Warrington.

"That's all," said Kirby.

"Suppose it's a forgery?"

"The ring rather proves it isn't, and I've another way of knowing."

"Oh!"

"Yes," said Kirby.

They sat in silence in the swaying shay until the smell of musk and the sense of being mystified be-

came too much for Warrington, and he began to hum to himself. Humming brought about a return to his usual wide-awakefulness, and he began to notice things.

"Shay rides like a gun," he said suddenly.

Kirby grunted.

"All the weight's behind and——" He put his head out of the window to investigate, but Kirby ordered him to sit still.

"Want to be recognized?" he demanded. "Keep your head inside, you young ass!"

So Warrington sat back against the cushions until the guard at the barrack gate turned out to present arms to the risaldar's raised whip. As if he understood the requirements of the occasion without being told, the risaldar sent the horses up the drive at a hard gallop. It was rather more than half-way up the drive that Warrington spoke again.

"Feel that, sir?" he asked.

"I ordered that place to be seen to yesterday!" growled Kirby.

"Why wasn't it done?"

"It was, sir."

"Why did we bump there, then?"

"Why aren't we running like a gun any longer?" wondered Warrington. "Felt to me as if we'd dropped a load."

"Well, here we are, thank God! What do you mean to do?"

"Rounds," said Warrington.

"Very well."

Kirby dived through his door, while Warrington went behind the shay to have a good look for causes. He could find none, although a black leather apron, usually rolled up behind in order to be strapped over baggage when required, was missing.

"Didn't see who took that apron, did you?" he asked the risaldar; but the risaldar had not known that it was gone.

"All right, then, and thank you!" said Warrington, walking off into the darkness bareheaded, to help the smell evaporate from his hair; and the shay rumbled away to its appointed place, with the babu's loin-cloth inside it on the front seat.

It need surprise nobody that Colonel Kirby found time first to go to his bathroom. His regiment was as ready for active service at any minute as a fire-engine should be—in that particular, India's speed is as three to Prussia's one. The moment orders to march should come, he would parade it in full marching order and lead it away. But there were no orders yet; he had merely had warning.

SO he sent for dog-soap and a brush, and proceeded to scour his head. After twenty minutes of it, and ten changes of water, when he felt that he dared face his own servant without blushing, he made that wondering Sikh take turns at shampooing him until he could endure the friction no longer.

"What does my head smell of now?" he demanded.

"Musk, sahib!"

"Not of dog-soap?"

"No, sahib!"

"Bring that carbolic disinfectant here!"

The servant obeyed, and Kirby mixed a lotion that would outsmell most things. He laved his head in it generously, and washed it off sparingly.

"Bring me brown paper?" he demanded then; and again the wide-eyed Sikh obeyed.

Kirby rolled the paper into torches, and giving the servant one, proceeded to fumigate the room and his own person until not even a bloodhound could have tracked him back to Yasmini's, and the reek of musk had been temporarily, at least, subdued into quiescence.

"Go and ask Major Bramble to come and see me," said Kirby then.

Bramble came in sniffing, and Kirby cursed him through tight lips with words that were no less fervent for lack of being heard.

"Hallo! Burning love-letters? The whole mess is doin' the same thing. Haven't had time to burn mine yet—was busy sorting things over when you called. Look here!"

He opened the front of his mess jacket and produced a little lace handkerchief, a glove and a powder-puff.

"Smell 'em!" he said. "Patchouli! Shame to burn 'em, what? S'pose I must, though."

"Anything happen while I was gone?" asked Kirby.

(Continued on page 26.)



# HOME BANK CLOSES MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR

**M. J. Haney, President, Makes Strong Plea for a United Canada.  
General Manager Mason Draws Attention to Marked  
Progress Made by Bank During the Past Two Years.**

Steady progress and expansion is reported by the Home Bank of Canada in its statement for the fiscal year, ending May 31st.

Under conservative and energetic direction the Home Bank has been forging ahead and improving its financial position.

Right along the management has carried out a number of thrift campaigns and these have resulted in a very considerable increase in the number of savings accounts at the various branches.

With its larger resources the Bank, in turn, has been able to handle a larger amount of general business throughout the country.

One of the outstanding features of the report is the gain of almost \$3,000,000 in total deposits. During the Victory Loan Campaign the Bank lent every assistance to its customers and depositors, with the result that there were withdrawals by depositors for investment in Victory Bonds of close to \$2,000,000. If this campaign had not developed the increase in deposits for the twelve months' period would have been close to \$5,000,000.

The marked gains made by the Home Bank during the past few years must be regarded as the best indication of the further strides it is likely to make with its organization strengthened in different parts of the country.

The total assets have increased almost \$3,000,000 and now stand at \$23,675,773 compared with \$20,745,829 a year ago. Of this amount liquid assets amount to \$11,073,182. Holdings of Dominion Notes amount to \$3,129,010, Canadian municipal and British, foreign and colonial public securities amount to \$2,727,332 as compared with \$1,214,450 last year.

The success of the thrift campaigns carried out by the Bank has steadily resulted in gains in savings deposits, these now standing at \$11,539,486 up from \$10,243,553, while deposits not bearing interest now stand at \$4,143,264 up from \$2,396,865.

The annual meeting of the Bank was held at the Head Office, and brought together a large number of shareholders.

Mr. M. J. Haney, the President, in a short address to shareholders, drew attention to the more important problems that Canada had to solve. He made a strong plea for a united Canada, and showed that this should result from absolute co-ordination between the farmer, the financier and the manufacturer.

General Manager Mason, referring to the affairs of the Bank, stated that the actual cash position was the strongest the Bank had ever occupied. A most satisfactory development was the steady increase in deposits, and the increase in them during the past three years had amount-

ed to as much as 64 per cent.

Mr. Haney, discussing Canada's problems, said in part:

"A great responsibility rests upon our industrial organization for the development of our natural resources of forest and mine. Activities in this direction must do more than meet present necessities. Not only must the demands for home consumption be filled, but plans should now be laid for the period of re-construction that will follow, in every country, the close of this destructive war. It is now that our manufacturers should be preparing for business after the war—to increase our trade with other countries, and stabilize our trade balance by manufacturing the highest products from our abundant natural resources. The success of our three Transcontinental Railways in Canada depends on the rapid development of our national resources by the most practical and vigorous methods.

"Our slogan should be first a UNITED CANADA—the fullest development of all our natural resources with absolute co-ordination between the financier, the farmer, the fisherman, the miner, the lumberman, the manufacturer, and the transportation system, to provide the necessary Capital, Labor, Energy and Management for War requirements, to the extent of our ability, and place this country in a position to meet its obligations during and after the war." **Progress Made During Past Few Years.**

General Manager Mason, referring to the progress made by the Bank said:—

"The Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bank shows it to be in a strong liquid position. Our actual cash position is the strongest we have ever occupied, and our liquid assets represent 52.10 per cent. of our total liabilities to the public. Notwithstanding the heavy withdrawals for investment in Government and attractive securities, a very substantial increase is shown in the deposits. Our deposits by the public, exclusive of deposits and balances due to the Dominion Government, amount to \$15,680,000 an increase of over six million dollars, or 64.12 per cent. in the past three years. The net earnings for the year were larger than last year, being about 10.18 per cent. of the Paid-Up Capital and Rest.

#### Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors and Officials were elected as follows: Brig-Gen., The Hon. James Mason, Hon. President, Toronto; M. J. Haney, C. E., President, Toronto; R. P. Gough, Vice-President, Toronto; H. T. Daly, Toronto; John Kennedy, Swan River, Man.; A. Claude Macdonnell, M.P., Toronto; C. A. Barnard, K.C., Montreal; J. Ambrose O'Brien, Ottawa; S. Casey Wood, Toronto; General Manager, J. Cooper Mason.

## DOMINION TEXTILE CO'Y LIMITED NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

A dividend of one and three quarter per cent (1¾) on the Preferred Stock of the DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED, has been declared for the quarter ending 30TH JUNE, 1918, payable July 15th, to shareholders of record JUNE 29TH, 1918.

By order of the Board,

JAS. H. WEBB,

Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, 10th June, 1918.

# SAVINGS & INVESTMENTS

## WHAT TO DO WITH MONEY?

By INVESTICUS

SHAUGHNESSY'S \$100



He was once hard up and borrowed from a bank.

M. R. A. C. BEDFORD, chairman of the Standard Oil Co., of New Jersey, thinks that Liberty—and therefore Victory—Loans are educating people to habits of thrift and the wise use of capital. In this connection he tells this story of how Lord Shaughnessy borrowed his first hundred dollars—and what he did with it. This is Bedford's story—never before, so far as I know, published in Canada—as it appears in the June issue of World's Work:

When the Right Hon. Lord Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and one of the foremost executives on the American Continent, was just plain Tom Shaughnessy—a young Irish stripling out of Milwaukee—he experienced the difficulty in managing his weekly budget common to most young men starting out in life on an inelastic salary. He found saving burdensome and seemingly impossible, but the resource which has distinguished the great railroad builder in many achievements during his business career was present in the young Irish lad. One day he applied to a friend, the cashier of a Minneapolis bank, for a loan of a hundred dollars. The cashier demurred until Shaughnessy explained his plan. He pointed out that he did not intend to withdraw the hundred dollars from the bank; he wanted it placed to his credit. At his suggestion the cashier made out ten notes of ten dollars each, payable by Shaughnessy at successive periods of one to ten months. There was thus a definite obligation which Shaughnessy had to meet every month, and by dint of saving and scraping he did it, and when the last installment was paid he was the possessor of one hundred dollars. Lord Shaughnessy, in telling his story, remarked in conclusion—"I am glad to say I have that hundred dollars yet."

## Real Estate Mortgages are Attractive

PERHAPS in all monetary investment there is no one method of profitably lending money on securities so well known and so well patronized as the ordinary garden variety of real estate mortgage. In point of antiquity there is probably no older form of security than a bond based upon land; for almost from the first day "when Adam delved and Eva span," people have travelled dusty highways and cut through smiling meadowlands to view houses and lands upon the security of which they were prepared to lend them good money—for good interest. And the good yield always obtainable from mortgages has attracted many people unfamiliar with the ordinary ways of finance.

Some people don't believe in mortgages. But that doesn't prevent mortgages being as a rule a rattling good investment. Henry George, the apostle of Single Tax, declared in a Canadian lecture years ago that he had never believed in interest. Yet if he had put a dollar in the bank that day it would have been about \$2.75 now, whether he liked it or not. It's not the idea of actually getting hold of a piece of land that constitutes the value of a mortgage investment. There may be many mortgages on the same property depending upon the property and the number of mortgages. But as a rule it is the ultimate security of the investment that counts in a mortgage. A man's deed to a piece of land is backed by the law which is the creation of government. Fire, or flood, or cyclones, can't take it away. Nothing but an earthquake or a volcano or a conquering army could destroy its value.

But in spite of these simple characteristics real estate mortgages often prove a burden to those whose ordinary occupation is not along financial or legal ways; and the expense and trouble of collections, renewals and even foreclosures, proves the real estate mortgage a most unsuitable investment for the ordinary mortal who has not the time nor knowledge to sit down and work out the intricacies of oftentimes perplexing and gyrations of realty mortgages.

### A MORTGAGE BY PROXY.

For the ordinary individual there is, fortunately, a much simpler form of investment nowadays; an investment which has all the strength of the complicated realty mortgage upon actual land holdings, and yet very simple in operation. A child can safely place his funds in such a security knowing that his earnings will return to him intact in a definite period, together with good interest compounded or paid over at regular intervals. This particular class of security is the mortgage corporation bond.

The mortgage corporation bond or debenture is a special debenture issued by reputable Canadian mortgage loan corporations. These bonds are issued usually for short terms and from two to five years' duration, the shorter term bearing at the present time about five per cent. interest, while the three and five-year bonds yield half of one per cent. more. Interest starts from the day funds are deposited with the corporation and debentures issued, and is payable

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usually at half-yearly periods at any branch of some one or more chartered banks.

The security behind these debentures is usually of the best as the land holdings or realty mortgages held by the company are part of the security behind such bonds. In addition to this, there is the share capital and reserves of the company, which constitute an added guarantee of the safety of funds invested.

**SOUND SECURITY.**

Usually a debenture issued by a mortgage loan corporation is a security of the most gilt-edged sort. The Dominion Government permits deposit of many such debentures by insurance companies and other institutions as part of their Government guarantee deposit; and this in itself shows the high opinion in which such bonds are held by the State, whose business it is to continually safeguard the interests of the people.

Of course, in investing in mortgage company debentures, ordinary care should be taken to select a corporation in which the bondholder will have full confidence. Practically all such companies are good; but the test of strength is in their longevity of usefulness and also the amount of reserves and capital they have acquired compared with the amount of money on mortgage. For large reserves and capital give an additional earnest of payment, and surplus over and above value of property on mortgage.

No individual can hope to appraise property for mortgage as accurately as the professional can do it. Practically all mortgage loan companies loan only up to fifty per cent. of appraised value; so it can be taken for granted that the mortgage company itself will make a better bargain and get stronger security on a mortgage than the individual can hope to get. And when the additional resources of the mortgage corporation are placed behind the investor in such debentures, it is easily seen that his money is much safer than if he took out his own mortgage on a small piece of the land upon which the mortgage company has its lien.

**THE INVESTMENT FOR EVERYBODY.**

This placing of money on mortgage by proxy has the endorsement of some of the keenest financiers. In former years Canadian mortgage loan companies sold many millions of dollars of debentures to the canny Scot in his native heather. To such a man this form of bond based upon sound Canadian real estate particularly appealed; for while his first hold was upon valuable land, he also knew his money was doubly secured through the other tangible assets of the mortgage corporation. To the canny Scot the difference in interest between the amount the company received on mortgage and the amount he received represented only a moderate collection charge, less, in fact, than his experience with mortgages taught him he would pay on personal undertakings.

**Troubles of Too Much Money**

HOW often you hear people say, "Oh, I don't care a rap for money in itself, but I'd like to have a whack at spending some for other people. You can do—so much good with money!"

Then along comes Eleanor Porter, and in her book, "Oh, Money, Money," tells us how Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, a multi-millionaire, who didn't know what to do with his money, decided he would give a few hundred thousand to the Blaisdell crowd, obscure relations of his down in Hillerton. The differing ideas of different people when confronted with sudden wealth are well illustrated in the following extract:

Mrs. Hattie said, that for her part, she should like to leave their share all in the bank; then she'd have it to spend whenever she wanted it. She yielded to the shocked protestations of the others, however, and finally consented that her husband should invest a large part of it in the bonds he so wanted, leaving a generous sum in the bank in her own name. She was assured that the bonds were just as good as money, anyway.

Mrs. Jane, when she understood the matter, was for investing every cent of theirs where it would draw the largest interest possible. Mrs. Jane had never before known very much about interest, and she was fascinated with its delightful possibilities.

Flora said that for her part she wished she didn't have to say what to do with it. She was scared of her life of it, anyway, and she was just sure she would lose it, whatever she did with it; and she 'most wished she didn't have it, only it would be nice to buy things with it.

Miss Flora had never had a check-book before, but she tried very hard to learn how to use it, and to show herself not too stupid. She was glad there were such a lot of checks in the book, but she didn't believe she'd ever spend them all—such a lot of money! She had had a savings-bank book, to be sure, but she had not been able to put anything in the bank for a long time, and she had been worrying a good deal lately for fear she would have to draw some out, business had been so dull. They told her that she could have all the money she wanted by just filling out one of the little slips in her check-book the way they had told her to do it, and taking it to Mr. Chalmers' bank. There were other things, too, that they had told her—too many for her to remember—something about interest, and things called coupons that must be cut off the bonds at certain times. She tried to remember it all; and, meanwhile, Mr. Chalmers had rented her a nice tin box (that pulled out like a drawer) in the safety-deposit vault under the bank, where she could keep her bonds and all her other papers—that Mr. Chalmers told her she must keep very carefully.

Gentle reader, when you find yourself in this predicament, just drop a line to Investicus telling him what you did with the money.



She: "So you're not going away this summer. Why? Going on a farm I suppose?"  
He: "No, I've been looking at the new railway rates."

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Those who go away for a period of travel or recreation, or who, through ill-health or the pressure of other business, wish to be relieved from responsibility, will find it convenient to place their financial affairs in the hands of an experienced and trustworthy agent. We offer our services in that capacity. We collect dividends, purchase or dispose of securities under instructions, and render statements of all transactions. Dividends and other collections remitted promptly.

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In sums of \$100 and upwards. For terms to suit convenience of investor. Interest paid half-yearly. Interest computed from the date on which money is received.

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They are a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British, Canadian and United States Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE MILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS.

We shall be glad to mail a specimen debenture, copy of annual report, and any further information desired to anyone sending us their address.

**Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation**

Established 1855.  
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**Canadian Car & Foundry Co Limited, Montreal**

June 1st, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Three and One-half Per Cent. upon the accrued dividends on the preference stock of the Company has been declared, payable on July 15th, 1918, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 15th, 1918. The transfer books of the Company will not be closed. Shareholders will confer a favor upon the management by advising The Royal Trust Company, Montreal, Transfer Agents for the stock, of any change in address. By Order of the Board. F. A. SKELTON, Vice-President & Treasurer.



## National Directory

of  
Standard Products

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**"RADIO" BATTERIES**  
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Custom Made or Ready Made  
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\$10 to \$40 - All Sizes - All Good  
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The Final Artistic Touch—the Harmony of Elegance which means comfort and knowledge that your decorations are handsome and dignified make "KNIGHT" ELECTRIC FIXTURES the choice of the discriminating builder.  
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Artistic and well-designed lighting fixtures add much to a home. Send for our catalogue.  
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**FOUND AT LAST!!** Only Reliable Canadian-Made FORD STARTER  
WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS. THE PEERLESS NON-BREAKABLE  
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Do it Electrically with this Hair Dryer  
IT COSTS \$18.00  
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**Is Your Hair Grey?** Remarkable new discovery by which the Natural Color Can be Restored  
Write to the Vlixir Co., (Dept. C.C.), Carlisle, Ont., for a free copy of the book.

## HEATERS (Electric).

Take the chill out of the air with this Electric Heater  
This Model is \$7.50  
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## HEATING PADS (Electric).

An Electric Heating Pad is Indispensable in the Sick Room. \$8.00 each with attachments  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited, TORONTO

## A CASE OF EQUITY

(Continued from page 7.)

right, John," she said kindly to the belated footman, "I answered it myself."

Fearful as to the possible contents of the missive, she hurried upstairs to the privacy of her own room where she broke the seal. There was nothing romantic about the appearance of the note written on legal paper with the letterhead of "Curtiss and Rogers" at the top. The brief note was written in a bold masculine hand. It read:

Miss Travers:

The interview resulted favorably. Your father agreed to settle all outstanding claims. There will be no trial or publicity.

Respectfully,

Stephen A. Curtiss.

Certainly she knew her father well enough to know that the interview had been more terrible than the brief note indicated. Perhaps it was a lingering weakness of the morning. The ways of woman are unintelligible, but she kissed the note. The mental strain of the day was over. The relaxation had come. She threw herself on the bed and buried her face in the pillows and cried softly. "I suppose he can never know how grateful I am."

That night Curtiss sat in his office smoking until a late hour. He had considered himself a confirmed bachelor. He had looked upon marriage as a luxury for the rich. He was painfully conscious of an undefinable longing for something which had not been a part of his professional life. The sweet vision of the woman of the morning, the noble features, the compelling sorrow, kept recurring to him.

In the morning Curtiss and Rogers busied themselves making plans for the coming political campaign.

When the postman brought the morning mail both men began reading their letters. Suddenly Curtiss paused, aware of a delicately pervading perfume. The cause was a little missive with the Travers' monogram seal upon it.

Curtiss went into his private office to read the note, strangely conscious of a desire to be alone. The note read:

Dear Mr. Curtiss:

I can only thank you for what you have done. Mother is failing steadily and I fear the end is not far off. Had this trial gone on she could not survive what I am forced to believe would have been the outcome of it.

From this you may see why I find words inadequate to express my deep gratitude for your kindness.

Gratefully yours,

Jeanette Travers.

At first the note produced a profound effect upon Curtiss, not so much for the note itself, but she had written it. But in a few days he was able to see things more clearly. Naturally, he judged, she was grateful for what he had done, but the vague hope that she might be made to feel more than gratitude was absurd. She belonged to a world of which he was not a part. He was angry with himself that in five days one almost helpless woman could so sway his thought and feelings.

Almost two months had elapsed since the affair in the office. It was a week before election. Rogers and the stenographer had gone out for dinner. The cold November wind was shrieking between the buildings. Little cinders of frozen snow beat against the window. It was twilight in the office.

Curtiss sat musing, watching the sparks as they showered from the stove over onto the grate. Hearing a light footfall in the hallway, he pressed a button, flooding the room with light when he heard a quick nervous tap at the door. He opened it and admitted—Jeannette Travers.

Curtiss hardly recognized her. She was certainly not the image of his dreams. She was smothered in furs. What little of her face revealed itself was flushed crimson from the cold.

They shook hands and Curtiss offered her his chair by the fire. During a series of meaningless comments on the chilliness of the atmosphere, the visitor removed her fur hat to brush the snow from it and exposed a mass of black silken hair. Little rebel wisps charged from contact with the fur waved and darted at will over the glorious wealth of the whole.

None of this was lost to the lawyer. Taking her hat he laid it carefully upon his desk and waited for her to speak.

She rose and faced him. "I suppose, Mr. Curtiss, that you think me thoughtless and thankless?"

"Really, I don't understand you. I am sure I have entertained no such thoughts."

"I suppose," she went on nervously, "that as a dutiful daughter, I should be silent now, but I can't be. I see that those opposed to you in this coming election are making a great deal out of this trial not coming off. Papa is against you, too. I thought that when your clients got all they were seeking they would come like men to your defence, but they haven't."

Curtiss smiled to himself at her ignorance of the ways of men.

"I repeat," she continued, "I suppose I should be silent now, but loyalty even to my father ends when such injustice as this goes on. You saved our family from disgrace and yet in the face of all these reflections against you, my father's attitude and all, you say nothing in defence of yourself. I came to tell you that I shall tell papa the whole thing and make it public if necessary. Much as I dislike appearing disloyal to my family, I would do almost anything rather than see you suffer this injustice."

The lawyer gazed long and steadily into her eyes as though he would read her most hidden thoughts.

"Why do you look at me that way?" she said. She had mistaken the intensity of his gaze for anger or doubt.

"Miss Travers," he said, "I have grown indifferent as to the outcome of this election."

"Why? How? I don't understand." "I have no right to tell you, we belong to—such different stations in life."

Something in his tone caused the blood to mount to her neck. Her cheeks burned. She bent her gaze on the rough carpet and appeared to be studying the crude design minutely. "Go on," she breathed.

"Since that day when you came here—only one thought—one memory has controlled me. It was the image of you in your blind loyalty—pleading for those you loved to a crusty old lawyer. The memory of you as you lay there, so noble in your sorrow—so unconsciously beautiful, has haunted me day and night. I must have—loved—you—then," he said huskily.

She looked up smiling through her tears. There was no sign of coquetry.

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Turn down the electric light! Use Hyllo Lamps and save current without being in total darkness. Send for price list.  
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The "Mazda" is the most Economical and the most Brilliant Electric Lamp "Made in Canada"  
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LUBRICANTS, LARD CUTTING COMPOUNDS,  
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This Convenient and Inexpensive Electrical Cooking Outfit for Small Apartments, costs only \$11.75  
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"ENGLISH" PAINT  
70% WHITE LEAD 30% PURE ZINC 100% PURE PAINT

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# National Directory of Standard Products



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THIS HANDY LITTLE ELECTRIC  
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It was the surrender of a complete woman. The blood-red lips twitched a little at the corners.

Curtiss drank her in, scarcely believing what he saw. Claspings both her hands in his, in a rough sort of tenderness, he said brokenly: "Can it be—that—you—care, too?"

"Yes, Stephen," she said with quiet intensity.

Drawing her close, he cried—"Jeannette," and then kissed her passionately. When she had released herself she stood trembling and blushing confusedly. It was her first shiver of passion. She bent her gaze to the fire.

The man laid one hand upon her shoulder and gently stroked her hair with the other.

"Stephen," she whispered.

"Yes?"

"You remember that awful day up here?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you said you understood—I think you could have taken me in your arms then. You looked so like an overgrown boy—and yet so manly. I am glad now that you didn't. It wouldn't have been like you. In my dreams I have seen you sitting there and I have grown to love you just from that memory. But I never dared hope for this. I thought you would only remember me as a silly, weak woman that you in your—your bigness pitied. Stephen—I am so glad." She looked up at him.

Curtiss' face had suddenly paled. Almost forcing her into a chair he paced the floor nervously.

"What is the matter?" she asked, a little frightened.

"I shall never forgive myself," he said, bitterly.

"Forgive what? I don't understand."  
"This. Oh, if you hadn't come I could have remained silent—but now I forget station—society—everything! It can't be! You are used to things which I haven't got to give."

Rising, she laid her hands on his shoulders and looked him steadily in the eyes. "I don't want money. I want you."

"You don't know what you are saying," he said gently. "It would be all right for a while, but in the struggle much of my time would be spent away from you. Your friends would shun you for taking this step—and then—"

"Stop," she cried passionately, putting her hand over his mouth. "You have no right to say such things—and they hurt me."

The tears were streaming down her cheeks. Throwing her arms around

his neck she pulled him down to her. "My friends will come wherever I am. All I know is that I love you—I will go anywhere with you—I would like to work here in the office with you—just you—Stephen—Stephen!"

"Forgive me," he said brokenly.

"What was that?"

It was a violent knocking at the door. Curtiss opened it. Richard Travers strode into the room, his heavy face contorted with rage. "I was on my way home," he said sharply, glaring from one to the other, "when Harte told me that you were up here?" he demanded sternly. "Isn't it enough that this man has tried to ruin me but that you should be seen here? Have you no—no decency or did some puking sentiment make you think that this man had done me a favor?" He rapped his cane violently upon the floor.

Curtiss eyed the man quietly.

The woman who had stood trembling while her father had spoken, now faced him with a spirit that surprised that individual.

"I am ashamed of you," she said, stamping her little foot. "After a man has saved you from disgrace, you must heap insult upon him." Then hurling the words feverishly, one upon the other, she told all, including her love for Curtiss.

When she had finished Travers was perspiring profusely. Sinking into a chair he mopped his face.

There was a tense silence in the room.

Finally the old man got up and walked awkwardly toward Curtiss. "I didn't know such men as you lived," he said—"I should like to take your hand, sir."

Jeannette hung with breathless anxiety upon her lover's reply and gave a little cry of joy as Curtiss took the hand of her father.

"I think we understand each other better now, Mr. Travers," he said.

"Yes—and I believe it is needless to add that there will be no opposition to your campaign."

Then Travers went over and kissed his daughter gently upon the forehead and was gone.

They heard his cane clicking down the stairway.

Curtiss swelled out his chest in mock seriousness. "I think," he said, rolling the words out with much unction, "that I will constitute myself a court of equity."

"Can't I be part of the court?" she asked sweetly.

## THE INVISIBILITY RAYS

(Continued from page 16.)

leadens sky. The German shivered and pulled the curtain across the window. "I will look no more," he said. "Let us talk, my friend, until we hear the signal gun."

The Canadian sat with his chin cupped between his fore-finger and his thumb. He looked up moodily as the other spoke.

"I am worse than you," he said with a strange smile. "There is some wild strain stirring in my blood tonight. I have gone back a thousand years since we entered this room. The abyssmal man has taken possession of me, body and soul."

"Let us listen for the signal," repeated the German uneasily.

The Canadian laughed in his face. "I have been listening for that signal for years," he said drearily. "I shall listen for it as long as I live, and when

my own time comes I shall hear the Wreckers' Signal as I go forward into Eternity."

He covered his ears with an irrepressible shudder that shook him from head to foot but almost immediately his hands fell limply to his sides, as though the expected sound fascinated him. And then he sprang to the window and tore the curtain away.

"The storm is rising!" he cried wildly. "It will drive your fleet before it like straw before the wind. If the current catches them, there is not a man of all your ten thousand will see his home again."

The German stumbled heavily to his feet. His dry lips twisted horribly, but he could not speak.

And then the very air seemed to split in a scream that burst through the narrow window. It rose and fell

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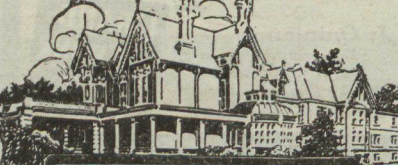
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again and again and again and then was snapped off.

The Canadian pointed solemnly to the window. "That was the signal," he said. "It is the death-knell of your ten thousand men. I gave your Admiral the wrong course and, he has driven his ships on to the sandbanks. No boats could reach them."

"They are all dead," said the German dully. The fury that had blazed for an instant in his eyes was already

gone, like a fire that has burned itself to death. His face was contorted as though some elemental force were forcing him to say something more. When at last he spoke, his voice was thin and cracked like the voice of a very old man.

"You did right," he said, and then fell again to silence, plucking at his coat. "Before God!" he screamed hoarsely, "the men who started this war shall answer for their crime!"

## A LA THOREAU

(Concluded from page 8.)

hurt themselves. The detective came as well. It was important that he should see Mr. Handover in connection with the robbery. Last of all came the doctor. He was very calm, cool and collected. It was quite evident that he was carrying out his plan of spending "one day as deliberately as Nature."

It was well on in the afternoon, and Silas was weary after his sleepless night, and the pain and excitement of the day. He was lying in bed, with his wife sitting by his side. He had just fallen into a gentle doze when the maid entered with a letter. Silas awoke, and insisted that his wife should read its contents. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Handover:

"For your own good, as well as that of your customers, it is right that you should be informed of the state of affairs at your store. It is impossible to get waited upon there to-day. I went myself to make several purchases, but not a clerk would wait upon me. Other customers were treated in the same way. The clerks were all there, sitting down and reading. They paid no attention to us at all. It seems that they all belong to the

Pretensia Literary Club, and have all decided to follow Thoreau's advice about living one day 'as deliberately as Nature.' This is surely a strange state of affairs for the leading store in the town, and, as I learn you have met with an accident, it seems only right that you should know of what is going on.

"Yours very truly,

"A Well Wisher."

Silas remained silent for some time when his wife had finished. He was thinking hard, and his thoughts were by no means pleasant.

"Martha," he at length remarked. "I want you to go out of the room, shut the door, and stuff cotton wool in the key-hole. But, no, you had better take the children and go out for a walk."

"You're not going to do anything rash, are you, Silas?" his wife anxiously inquired. "You're not going to kill yourself?"

"No, not a bit of it. I'm only going to live 'as deliberately as Nature,' see? So please do as I desire, and don't ask any more questions. And, say," he added, "bring the dictionary; I might need it."

## DINING IN GAY PAREE

(Continued from page 7.)

a fashionable quarter can judge, there is little sign of suffering. Wages are high, and the only queues one sees are for coal oil and the cheap Government tobacco. The cost of living varies according to the quarter you inhabit, and many housekeepers send their maids to do the marketing at Les Halles, even if it is half an hour or more away. They like to buy from the little push-carts in the streets, and can usually get a lower price than the mistress who goes shopping in all her fine clothes.

So much talk of food has made me hungry, Paris is dining out and so must I. The Prussians have been here before; they may come again. We hope not; but just now we are hungry, so where shall we dine?

The restaurants near here are expensive. If I go to my favorite resort, and eat on the sidewalks in the Latin quarter I may have to walk home, for this is a fine night for the Gothas; and the underground does not run during an air-raid. The same thing may happen to me if I take a tram to the country, so I shall probably end by going to Coudray's as usual. It is in a little side street, and if you see a motor at the door, that is because a chauffeur is dining there. The diners at Coudray's don't have motors of their own! M. Coudray, his fat paunch covered with a grey apron, will beam on me from behind the bar as he polishes the glasses. Emmeline will run and get my table-napkin (that saves me a penny) and bring me bread and water. I can have a cloth on the table if I pay extra, but the table is quite clean. The Russian countess is the only one

of us who has this luxury every night. She nearly always comes in her riding breeches and high boots, as she is riding remounts for the army. Sometimes a short-haired English girl, who smokes cigars after dinner, sits with her; and near them is a manicurist and a little shop-keeper from around the corner. A number of ladies from the American Red Cross occupy one corner, and the chauffeurs and their friends play dominoes with M. Coudrey after their meal. When I have finished, he will bring a little slate to my table, and ask me what I have had. No wine. M. Coudrey smiles more in pity than in contempt. Water is good (in limited quantities) for external use, he thinks. Bread, ten centimes; soup, twenty-five; omelette, one franc twenty-five; potatoes, fifty; cheese, forty; total, 2.80 francs. So, after leaving a tip for Emmeline my dinner has cost me seventy cents.

When in France I eat as the French do. Each vegetable is a separate course; cream cheese is eaten with jam or fresh strawberries; mayonnaise dressing is served with cold meat; hot meat is served with salad. Puddings and pies are unknown. I like their leisurely manner of eating and, marvel greatly at the absence of quick-lunch counters for working people at the noon hour.

As far as I can see the Frenchman eats well and comfortably, and takes his wine at every meal. If he cannot have both food and drink, he does without food. Red wine or white wine, there is a bottle on every table when Paris, raided and bombarded, tranquilly dines out.

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SOCIAL TRAINING AND ATHLETICS

(Concluded from page 14.)

as a rule are too busy or selfish in these days to try by entertaining their boys more at home in the evenings to keep them in. It is easier to let somebody else entertain them. Most boys will smoke, so the duty of a mother is to try and impress on them the great truth that smoking is most injurious to their health, and a very expensive and untidy habit. But if this warning is not heeded, as it very seldom is, do not drive them to smoke on the street corners, even if their smoking in the home will injure your curtains, or is perhaps disagreeable to you. Remember the forming of your boy's character comes first, and if they are not allowed to smoke at home they will seek more agreeable company, and then the mother will wonder why her boys are always going out. I have had lots of young men come to my house Sunday after Sunday to smoke and read with my boys because they were not allowed to smoke at home. Home could be made much more attractive for the modern boy if mothers would exert themselves a little more.

Never close your bedroom door on your boys night or day, as that is the room where most of the confidences are exchanged between mother and son, big or little. Never lose your boy's confidence. If your door is open you always know how and when your boy comes in. Always have a cheery Good-night, even if they are later than you approve of, as scolding only hardens them and there are often good reasons for their being late. I asked my boy of 18, who was working hard and was self-supporting, why he was so late. His answer was that the part of the city in which we lived was so quiet and dark nearly everybody was in bed at ten, while down in the city all was life and brightness, and it was fun just to watch all the gaily dressed people coming from the theatres, going to suppers, etc. I decided to see for myself what my boy saw, so I stayed down town one night late, and I am afraid he had my sympathy ever after, for when boys have been shut in offices all day, no reasonable mother can expect them to come home and go to bed at ten night after night. I have had my three big sons in my room when I was in bed telling where they had been and what they had seen, laughing, joking and enjoying it all over again until I have had to march them off to bed. Coming in late one night one of my boys took his boots off down stairs, thinking he would disturb me less, but to his surprise I called out, "Keep on your boots, I will hear you come in anyway and would rather hear you tramping up in your boots than sneaking up in your socks."

Alcoholic drinking should not, of course, be encouraged. The great thing is to remember that "Home is the harbor from whence the craft starts out to face the troubles of life's tempestuous seas." Therefore, make home the great harbor of equipment.

A modern mother must be interested in sport, and if not naturally she should make a study of the different sports her boys are interested in, so that she may be able to talk over the games in an intelligent manner. I have always been most interested in sports, and thought I knew a good deal about them, but one day a small boy of mine came in much excited from a game of football, and I asked him what position he had been in, and he said "outside wing." I asked him by

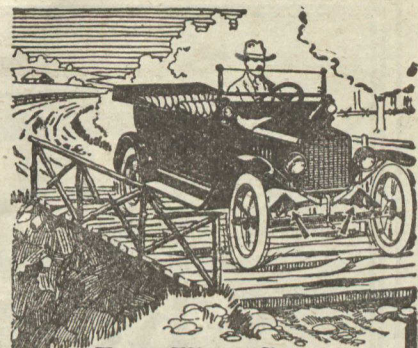
way of showing my knowledge, "Did you manage to heel the ball out all right?" But the look of disgust with which he said, "You don't heel the ball out when you are on the outside wing." I felt certainly crushed, and forthwith made a more careful study of the game. My eldest boy was captain of a champion league team, and often on Saturday when he was late coming home from the office and had had no lunch I would have hot bovril and biscuits ready, and would be pouring the bovril down his throat while he was getting into his suit. I myself love to watch a game of football. Of course, there is a certain amount of danger in connection with all those games, and a mother has many an anxious time, but when one comes to think of it there is not any more danger on the football field than there is on our down town thoroughfares. My boys all have their scars, of which they are very proud, but only one had a serious accident.

All my boys are taught to swim at a very early age, and are all good swimmers. They row, paddle, sail, and thoroughly understand a gasoline engine, having had a launch of their own for years. They always enter all the competitions at the different regattas and usually come home with their share of prizes. I can remember years ago my heart swelling with pride when I saw my small boy win the tub race at one of the summer resorts. Encourage joking and repartee at all times, it keeps the spirits up, and the dust out of their brains—competition in all things is to be encouraged, whether it is of muscle or brain. Answering the different newspaper tests, one of my boys won half a dozen of Conan Doyle's works by answering an advertisement for soap. What he wrote sounds very simple, but it did the work:

To-morrow is our wash day,  
But we are full of hope,  
To have a very easy time  
By using Gilt-edge soap.

Have your boys join the scouts. It is a grand thing. They get so much good fresh air with their long tramps in the country, besides all the things they have to do to earn the different badges so much prized. I always think of it as a grown-up kindergarten, for instead of making paper mats, baskets, etc., they have shooting and cooking tests, and also learn about bees, flowers, animals, and other things too numerous to mention. One of my boys wrote stories for the "Scout Magazine," which were accepted, and for which he was paid. One year in our home was very exciting. I belonged to the Curling Club and each boy to a different hockey team, so one can imagine the interest we each took in the others' wins and losses. There is one thing a boy must be taught, and that is to be a good sport. He must learn to take his losses in good part and just to do his very best and not to be disagreeable when he does not win.

And the outcome of this has been that when the first call from their country came to do their "bit," one boy answered at once, and has greatly distinguished himself, and when the second call came two more were ready to take their places, as all their training had led to the one end—namely, "to do your duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call you."



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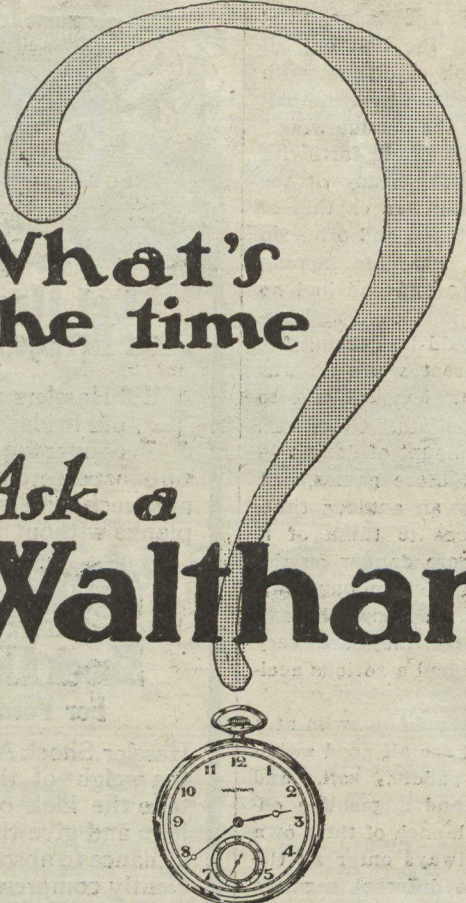
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## THE WINDS of the WORLD

(Continued from page 19.)

"Yes. Most extraordinary thing. You know that a few hours ago D Squadron were all sitting about in groups looking miserable? We set it down to their trooper being murdered, and another man being missing. Well, just about the time you and Warrington drove off in the mess shay, they all bucked up and began grinning! Wouldn't say a word. Just grinned and became the perkier squadron of the lot!

"Now they're all sleeping like two-year-olds. Reason? Not a word of reason! I saw young Warrington just now on his way to their quarters with a lantern, and if he can find any of 'em awake perhaps he can get the truth out of 'em, for they'll talk to him when they won't to anybody else. By the way, Warrington can't have come in with you, did he?"

Kirby ignored the question.

"Did you tell Warrington to go and ask them?" he demanded.

"Yes. Passed him in the dark, but did not recognize him by the smell. No—no! Got as near him as I could, and then leaned up against the scent to have a word with him! Musk! Never smelt anything like it in my life! Talk about girls! He must be in love with half India, and native at that! Brazen-faced young monkey! I asked him where he got the disinfectant, and he told me he fell into a mud-puddle!"

"Perhaps he did," said Kirby. "Was there mud on him?"

"Couldn't see. Didn't dare get so near him! Don't you think he ought to be spoken to? I mean, the eve of war's the eve of war and all that kind of thing, but—"

"I wish you'd let me see the Orders of the Day," Kirby interrupted. "I want to make an addition to them."

"I'll send an orderly."

"Wish you would."

FIVE minutes later Kirby sat at his private desk, while Brammle puffed at a cigar by the window. Kirby, after a lot of thinking, wrote: "Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh (D Squadron) assigned to special duty." He handed the orders back to Brammle, and the major eyed the addition with subdued amazement.

"What'll D Squadron say?" he asked.

"Remains to be seen," said Kirby.

Outside in the muggy blackness that shuts down on India in the rains, Warrington walked alone, swinging a lantern and chuckling to himself as he reflected what D Squadron would be likely to invent as a reason for the smell that walked with him. For he meant to wake D Squadron and learn things.

But all at once it occurred to him that he had left the babu's loin-cloth on the inside front seat of the shay; and, because if that were seen it would have given excuse for a thousand tales too many and too imaginative, he hurried in search of it, taking a short cut to where by that time the shay should be. On his way, close to his destination, he stumbled over something soft that tripped him. He stooped, swung the lantern forward, and picked up—the missing leather apron from behind the shay.

The footpath on which he stood was about a yard wide; the shay could not possibly have come along it. And it certainly had been behind the shay when they left the barracks. Moreover, close examination proved it to be the

identical apron beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Warrington began to hum to himself. And then he ceased from humming. Then he set the lantern down and stepped away from it sideways until its light no longer shone on him. He listened, as a dog does, with intelligence and skill. Then, suddenly, he sprang and lit on a bulky mass that yielded—gasped—spluttered—did everything but yell.

"So you rode on the luggage-rack behind the carriage, did you, babuji?" he smiled. "And curled under the apron to look like luggage when we passed the guard, eh?"

"But, my God, sahib!" said a plaintive voice. "Should I walk through Delhi naked? You, who wear pants, you laugh at me, but I assure you sahib—"

"Hush!" ordered Warrington; and the babu seemed very glad to hush.

"There was a note in a corner of that cloth of yours!"

"And the sahib found it? Oh, then I am relieved. I am preserved from pangs of mutual regret!"

"Why didn't you give that note to Colonel Kirby sahib, when you had the chance? Eh?" asked Warrington, keeping firm hold of him.

"Sahib! Your honor! Not being yet remunerated on account of ring and verbal message duly delivered, commercial precedent was all on my side that I should retain further article of value pending settlement. Now, I ask you—"

"Where was Ranjoor Singh when he gave you that ring and message?" demanded Warrington sternly, increasing his grip on the babu's fat arm.

"Sahib, when I have received payment for first service rendered, my disposition may be changed. I am as yet in condition of forma pauperis."

Still holding him tight, Warrington produced twenty rupees in paper money.

"Can you see those, babuji? See them? Then earn them!"

"Oh, my God, sahib, I have positivelee earned a lakh of rupees this night already!"

"Where was Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh when he—"

FOOTSTEPS were approaching—undoubtedly a guard on his way to investigate. The babu seemed to sense Warrington's impatience.

"Sahib," he said, "I am very meek person, having family of wife and children all dependent. Is that rupees twenty? I would graciously accept same, and positivelee hold my tongue!"

The steps came nearer.

"I was on my way to D Squadron quarters, sahib, to narrate story and pass begging bowl. Total price of story rupees twenty. Or else the sahib may deliver me to guard, and guard shall be regaled free gratis with full account of evening's amusement? Yes?"

The steps came nearer yet. Recognizing an officer, the men halted a few paces away.

"Sahib, for the sum of rupees twenty I could hold tongue for twenty years, unless in meantime deceased, in which case—"

"Take 'em!" ordered Warrington; and the babu's fingers shut tight on the money.

"Guard!" ordered Warrington. "Put





## Two things to do today--

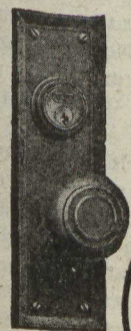
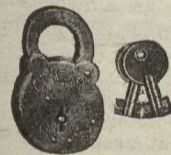
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this babu out into the street!"

"Good night, sahib!" said the babu. "Kindlee present my serious respects to the colonel sahib. Salaam, sahib!"

But Warrington had gone into the darkness.

### CHAPTER VIII.

**S**O in a darkness that grew blacker every minute, Warrington swung his lantern and found his way towards D Squadron's quarters. He felt rather pleased with himself. From his own point of view he would have rather enjoyed to have a story anent himself and Yasmini go the round of barracks—with modifications, of course, and the kneeling part left out—but he realized that it would not do at all to have Colonel Kirby's name involved in anything of the sort, and he rather flattered himself on his tact in bribing the babu or being blackmailed by him.

"Got to admit that babu's quite a huntsman!" he told himself, beginning to hum. "One day, if the war doesn't account for me, I'll come back and take a fall out of that babu. Hallo—what's that? Who in thunder—who's waking up the horses at this unearthly hour? Sick horse, I suppose. Why don't they get him out and let the others sleep?"

He began to hurry. A light in stables close to midnight was not to be accounted for on any other supposition than an accident or serious emergency, and if there were either it was his affair as adjutant to know all the facts at once.

"What's going on in there?" he shouted in a voice of authority while he was yet twenty yards away.

But there was no answer. He could hear a horse plunge, but nothing more.

"Um-m-m! Horse cast himself!" he straightway decided.

But there was no cast horse, as he was aware the moment he had looked down both long lines of sleepy brutes that whickered their protest against interrupted sleep. At the far end he could see that two men labored, and a big horse fiercely resented their unseasonable attentions to himself. He walked down the length of the stable, and presently recognized Bagh, Ranjoor Singh's charger.

"What are you grooming him for at this hour?" he demanded.

"It is an order, sahib."

"Whose order?"

"Ranjoor Singh sahib's order."

"The deuce it is! When did the order come?"

"But now."

"Who brought it?"

"A babu, with a leather apron."

Warrington walked away ten paces in order to get command of himself, and pinch himself, and make quite sure he was awake.

"A fat babu?" he asked, walking back again.

"Very fat," said one of the troopers, continuing to brush the resentful charger.

"So he delivered his message first, and then went to hunt for his loin-cloth!" mused Warrington. "And he had enough intuition, and guts enough, to look for it first in the shay! I'm beginning to admire that man!" Aloud he asked the trooper: "What was the wording of the risaldar-major sahib's message?"

"Let Bagh be well groomed and held ready against all contingencies!" said the trooper.

"Then take him outside!" ordered Warrington. "Groom him where you

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won't disturb the other horses! How often have you got to be told that a horse needs sleep as much as a man? The squadron won't be fit to march a mile if you keep 'em awake all night! Lead him out quietly, now! Whoa, you brute! Now—take him out and keep him out—put him in the end stall in my stable when you've finished him—d'you hear?"

He flattered himself again. With all these mysterious messages and orders coming in from nowhere, he told himself it would be good to know at all times where Ranjoor Singh's charger was, as well as a service to Ranjoor Singh to stable the brute comfortably. He told himself that was a very smart move, and one for which Ranjoor Singh would some day thank him, provided, of course, that—

"Provided what?" he wondered half aloud. "Seems to me as if Ranjoor Singh has got himself into some kind of a scrape, and hopes to get out of it by the back-door route and no questions asked! Well, let's hope he gets out! Let's hope there'll be no court-martial nastiness! Let's hope—oh, damn just hoping! Ranjoor Singh's a better man than I am. Here's believing in him! Here's to him, thick and thin! Forward—walk—march!"

He turned out the guard, and the particular troop sergeant with whom he wished to speak not being on duty, he ordered him sent for. Ten minutes later the sergeant came, still yawning, from his cot.

"Come over here, Arjan Singh," he called, thinking fast and furiously as he led the way.

If he made one false move or aroused one suspicion in the man's mind, he was likely to learn less than nothing; but if he did not appear to know at least something, he would probably learn nothing either.

As he turned, at a distance from the guard-room light, to face the sergeant, though not to meet his eyes too keenly, the fact that would not keep out of his brain was that the fat babu had been out in the road, offering to eat Germans, a little while before he and the colonel had started out that evening. And, according to what Brammle had told him when they met near the colonel's quarters, it was very shortly after that that the squadron came out of its gloom.

"What was the first message that the babu brought this evening?" he asked, still being very careful not to look into the sergeant's eyes. He spoke as comrade to comrade—servant of the "Salt" to servant of the "Salt."

"Which babu, sahib?" asked Arjan Singh, unblinking.

NOW, in all probability, this man—since he had been asleep—knew nothing about the message to groom Bagh. To have answered, "The babu who spoke about the charger," might have been a serious mistake.

"Arjan Singh, look me in the eyes!" he ordered, and the Sikh obeyed. He was taller than Warrington, and looked down on him.

"Are you a true friend of the risaldar-major?"

"May I die, sahib, if I am not!"

"And I? What of me? Am I his friend or his enemy?"

The sergeant hesitated.

"Can I read men's hearts?" he asked.

"Yes!" said Warrington. "And so can I. That is why I had you called from your sleep. I sent for you to learn the truth. What was the message given by the fat babu to one of

the guard by the outer gate this evening, and delivered by him or by some other man to D Squadron?"

"Sahib, it was not a written message."

"Repeat it to me."

"Sahib, it was verbal. I cannot remember it."

"Arjan Singh, you lie! Did I ever lie to you? Did I ever threaten you and not carry out my threats—promise you and not keep my promise? I am a soldier! Are you a cur?"

"God forbid, sahib! I—"

"Arjan Singh! Repeat that message to me word for word, please, not as a favor, nor as obeying an order, but as a friend of Ranjoor Singh to a friend of Ranjoor Singh!"

"The message was to the squadron, not to me, sahib."

"Are you not of the squadron?"

"Make it an order, sahib!"

"Certainly not—nor a favor either!"

"Sahib, I—"

"Nor will I threaten you! I guarantee you absolute immunity if you refuse to repeat it. My word on it! I am Ranjoor Singh's friend, and I ask of his friend!"

"The babu said: 'Says Ranjoor Singh, "Let the squadron be on its best behavior! Let the squadron know that surely before the blood runs he will be there to lead it, wherever it is! Meanwhile, let the squadron be worthy of its salt and of its officers!"'"

"Was that all?" asked Warrington.

"All, sahib. May my tongue rot if I lie!"

"Thank you, Arjan Singh. That's all. You needn't mention our conversation. Good night."

"Fooled," chuckled Warrington.

"She's fooled us to the limit of our special bent, and I take it that's stiff-neckedness!"

HE hurried away toward Colonel Kirby's quarters, swinging his lantern and humming to himself.

"And this isn't the Arabian Nights!" he told himself. "It's Delhi—Twentieth Century A. D.! Gad! Wouldn't the whole confounded army rock with laughter!"

Then he stopped chuckling, to hurry faster, for a giant horn had rooted chunks out of the blackness by the barrack gate, and now what sounded like a racing car was tearing up the drive. The head-lights dazzled him, but he ran and reached the colonel's porch breathless. He was admitted at once, and found the colonel and Brammle together, facing an aide-de-camp. In the colonel's hand was a medium-sized, sealed envelope.

"Shall I repeat it, sir?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Yes, if you think it necessary," answered Kirby.

"The sealed orders are not to be opened until out at sea. You are expected to parade at dawn the day after to-morrow, and there will be somebody from headquarters to act as guide for the occasion. In fact, you will be guided at each point until it is time to open your orders. No explanations will be given about anything until later on. That's all. Good night, sir—and good luck!"

The aide-de-camp held out his hand, and Colonel Kirby shook it a trifle perfunctorily; he was not much given to display of sentiment. The aide-de-camp saluted, and a minute later the giant car spurned the gravel out from under its rear wheels as it started off to warn another regiment.

"So we've got our route!" said Kirby.



"And, thank God, we take our own horses!" said Bramble fervently.

"Bet you a thousand the other end's Marseilles!" said Warrington. "We're it luck. They'd have mounted us on bus-horses if we hadn't brought our own; we'd have had to ring a bell to start and stop a squadron. Who wouldn't be light cavalry?"

Kirby put the sealed letter in an inside pocket.

"I'm going to sleep," said Bramble, yawning. "Night, sir!"

"Night!" said Kirby; but Warrington stayed on. He went and stood near the window, and when Kirby had seen Bramble to the door, he joined him there.

"What now, Warrington?"

"Caught 'em grooming Ranjoor Singh's charger in the dark!"

"Why?"

"Said it was an order from Ranjoor Singh!"

"I'm getting tired of this. I don't know what to make of it."

"That isn't nearly the worst, sir. Listen to this! Long before Yasmini promised us—before we—knew to save his life and honor—Ranjoor Singh had sent a message to his squadron guaranteeing to be with 'em before the blood runs! Specific guarantee, and no conditions!"

"Then——"

"Exactly, sir!"

"She fooled us, eh?"

"D'you suppose she's for or against the government, sir?"

"I don't know. Thank God we've got our marching orders! Go and wash your head! And, Warrington—hold your tongue!"

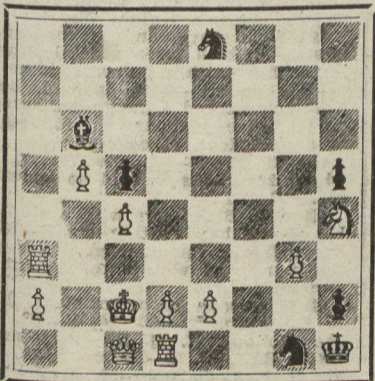
Warrington held up his right hand.

"So help me, sir!" he grinned. "But will she hold hers?"

(To be continued.)



PROBLEM NO. 188, by F. Kohnlein. Akad. Monatsheft, 1908. (Annihilation theme.) Black.—Seven Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in three. Problem No. 189, by Karel Traxler. Second Prize, Cesky spolek sachovni, 1900. (Theme: Chameleon Echo.)

White: K at KK18; Q at Ksq; Bs at QB5 and KK14; Kt at Q7; Ps at QR3, KB2 and KB4. Black: K at K5; B at QB2; Ps at QK15, Q6, K7, KK12 and KR3. White mates in three. A FINE SUI-MATE.

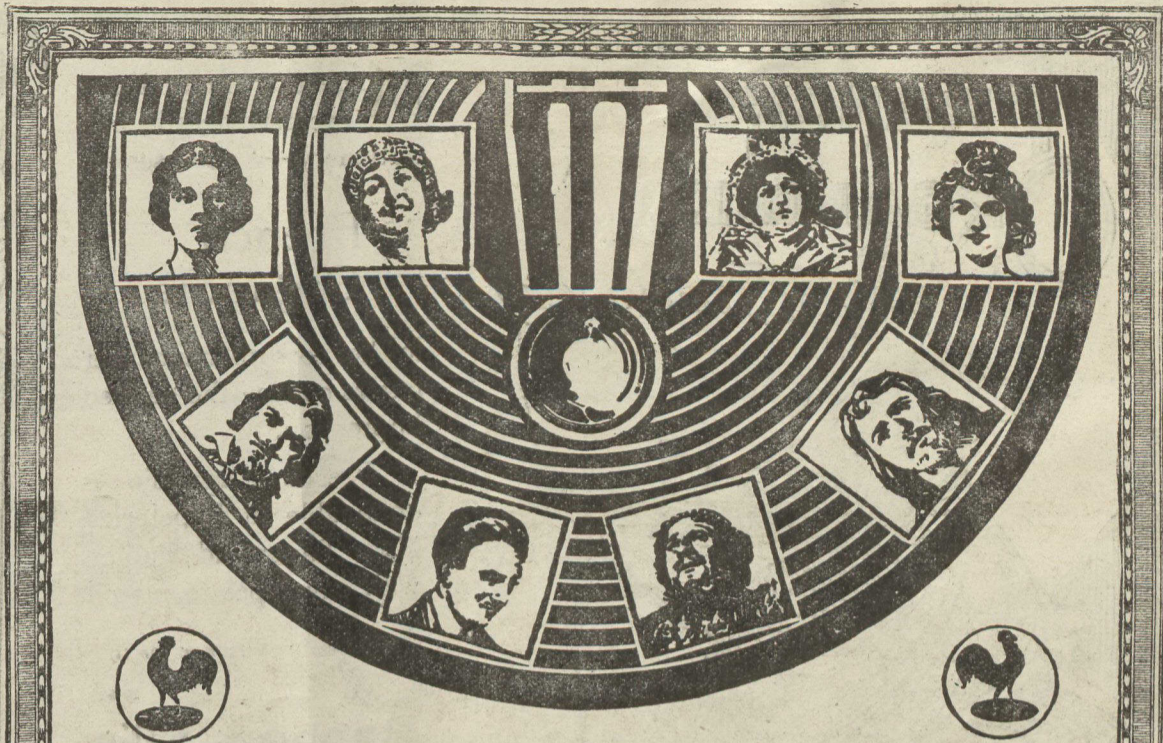
The following is a remarkable fine echo self-mate in no less than eight moves. It captured first prize in the "Sunny South" tourney, 1890-91.

By C. L. Fitch.

White: K at Q4; Q at KR2; Rs at QK13 and QK14; B at QR5; Kts at KB7 and KR6; Ps at QR6, QK12 and KB5. Black: K at KB6; Kt at QB6; Ps at QR2, QK14, KB3 and KR2. Self-mate in eight. 1. K-Q3! Kt-Q4; 2. K-Q2ch, Kt-K6; 3. R-Q4; 4. R (K13)-Q3; 5. Kt-Kt5ch; 6. K-Ksq; 7. B-Q2; 8. Q-B2ch, PxQ, mate. If 2... Kt-B6, then 3. K-B3q; 4. Kt-K5; 5. Q-Kt2, P-K5; 6. B-B7; 7. Q-KB2; 8. Q-Q2ch, PxQ, mate. Black's moves, where omitted are all forced.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 186, by J. J. de Rietveld. 1. Kt-Q2! BxKt; 2. RxB, any; 3. QxP, mate.



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1. ...., BxR; 2. BxP, P-R7; 3. Kt-Kt3, mate.

1. ...., PxR (or KxR, or P-R7); 2. QxKtP, any; 3. Q-R7, mate.

Problem No. 187, by H. W. Barry.  
Key move. 1. R-Q3.

#### CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following entertaining game was played some time ago in a contest of the defunct Canadian Correspondence Chess Bureau, between Mr. R. A. Hart, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and Mr. Ernest J. Farmer, of Toronto. Mr. Farmer, the winner, besides being a chess player of repute, ranks high as a professional pianist.

#### Evans Gambit.

White.	Black.
R. A. Hart.	E. J. Farmer.
1. P-K4	1. P-K4
2. Kt-B3	2. Kt-QB3
3. B-B4	3. B-B4
4. P-QKt4	4. BxKtP
5. P-B3	5. B-R4 (a)
6. P-Q4	6. P-Q3
7. Q-Kt3 (b)	7. Q-Q2
8. PxP	8. Pxp (c)
9. B-R3	9. B-Kt3
10. Q-R4 (d)	10. Q-Kt5
11. Castles.	11. B-Q2
12. QKt-Q2	12. Kt-R3 (e)
13. Q-B2	13. Castles QR
14. B-K2 (f)	14. Q-Kt3
15. Kt-B4	15. P-B3
16. KtxBeh	16. RpxKt
17. P-B4 (g)	17. B-R6
18. Kt-Ksq	18. Kt-Q5
19. Q-Q3	19. KtxBeh
20. QxKt	20. R-Q5
21. P-B3	21. B-K3
22. R-B2 (h)	22. Bxp
23. Q-K3	23. Kt-B2 (i)
24. B-Kt2	24. R-Q2 (j)
25. R-QBsq	25. B-R3
26. Qxp	26. K-Ktsq
27. Q-R5	27. Kt-Kt4 (k)
28. KR-B2 (l)	28. Kt-K3
29. B-Rsq (m)	29. KR-Qsq
30. R-Ktsq	30. R-Q8 (n)
31. R (B2)-Kt2	31. RxR
32. RxR	32. K-R2
33. Kt-B2	33. Kt-B5
34. P-Kt3	34. P-Kt3
35. Q-Ksq (o)	35. B-K7
36. Q-B3	36. K-Kt2
37. Kt-Kt4	37. P-QB4
38. Kt-B2 (p)	38. R-Q6
39. Q-Kt2 (q)	

#### NOTES BY CHESS EDITOR.

(a) This defence, in conjunction with P-Q3 and B-Kt3 (Lasker's variation), has stripped the gilt from the beautiful Evan's Gambit. Black gets a safe game with a pawn ahead.

(b) If 7. Q-R4, then 7... Pxp. Usual is 7. Castles, B-Kt3! following which 8. Pxp, Pxp; 9. QxQeh, KtxQ; 10. KtxP, results to Black's advantage, due primarily to the unfavorable position of the white pawns.

(c) If 8... KtxP, then 9. KtxKt, PxKt; 10. Bxpch, QxB; 11. Q-Kt5ch, etc.

(d) This appears a waste of time. (e) If 12... Kt-Q5, then 13. Bxpch, starts undesirable complications. Black's choice of castling on the Queen side is, however, decidedly hazardous. KkKt-K2 and Castles (KR) was good enough.

(f) A good move, making room for Kt-B4, threatening the King's Pawn. Consequently he cannot avoid the doubling on the Queen's Knight file.

(g) This move, on the contrary, is a mistake, which loses a vital Pawn, and leaves him with a hopeless game. With B-Kt4 and P-QR4, instead, he could have commenced a dangerous assault upon the adverse monarch. K-Rsq would be a precedent, of course.

(h) If 22. P-B5, then 22... B-B5; whilst 22. R-Bsq would be answered by 22... Q-B2

(i) Now Black errs with a similar loss. He should have withdrawn B-R3. The surrender of the doubled pawn narrows the margin of victory to a point of excitement!

(j) If, to save the pawn, 24... QR-Qsq; 25. R-QBsq, Kt-Q3, 26. B-R3, P-Kt4, then follows 27. Q-R7 (threatening 28. BxKt, RxB; 29. Q-R8ch. Or 28... PxB; 29. R-Kt2, Q-Qsq; 30. RxBch), KR-Ksq; 28. BxKt, PxB; 29. R-Kt2, R-Q2 (If 29... K-Q2, then 30. RxB, PxB; 31. RxBch, K-K3; 32. RxB, Q-R4; 33. P-Kt4, and wins); 30. RxB, etc.

(k) The threat of Kt-R6ch gains a tempo, the adverse Rook having to move twice to arrive at QKt2.

(l) K-Rsq might have turned out an improvement.

(m) B-R3 looks the natural move.

(n) Mr. Farmer is just in time to break the dangerous attack.

(o) He cannot play Q-B3 at once on account of the fork.

(p) If 38. K-B2, then 38... Q-R4; 29. K-Ktsq (if 29. PxKt, then 29... QxRPch; K-Ksq! 30. B-Kt4, and wins), Kt-R6ch; 30. K-Kt2, Bxpch; 31. K-Bsq! Bxp, and wins. If, instead, 38. Q-Kt3, then 38... R-Q7 (PxKt is obviously bad); 39. Kt-Q5, Kt-R6ch; 40. K-Rsq, BxPch; 41. QxB, RxB; 42. RxBch (if 42. K-Kt2, then 42... R-Q7ch! 43. KxKt, Q-R3ch and RxBch, wins. Or 43. K-Rsq, QxKP! wins), KxR; 43. Q-Kt3ch, K-B2; 44. QxR, QxKPch, and wins. The slow process, 38. P-QR4, would be answered by 38. B-Q6!

(q) Black here announced mate in nine, but this is one in excess of the possibility, e.g., 39... Kt-R6ch; 40. K-Kt2, Bxpch; 41. K-Bsq, B-Kt7ch; 42. KxB, QxKPch; 43. KxKt! Q-B4ch; 44. K-Kt2, R-Q7ch; 45. K-Rsq, Q-B6ch; 46. K-Ktsq, Q-Kt7, mate. A game of memorable interest at the final stage.

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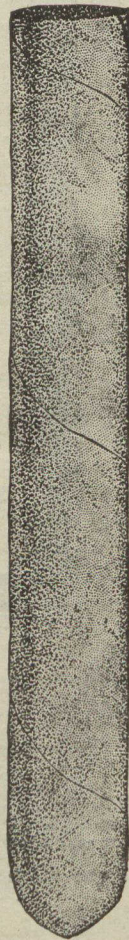
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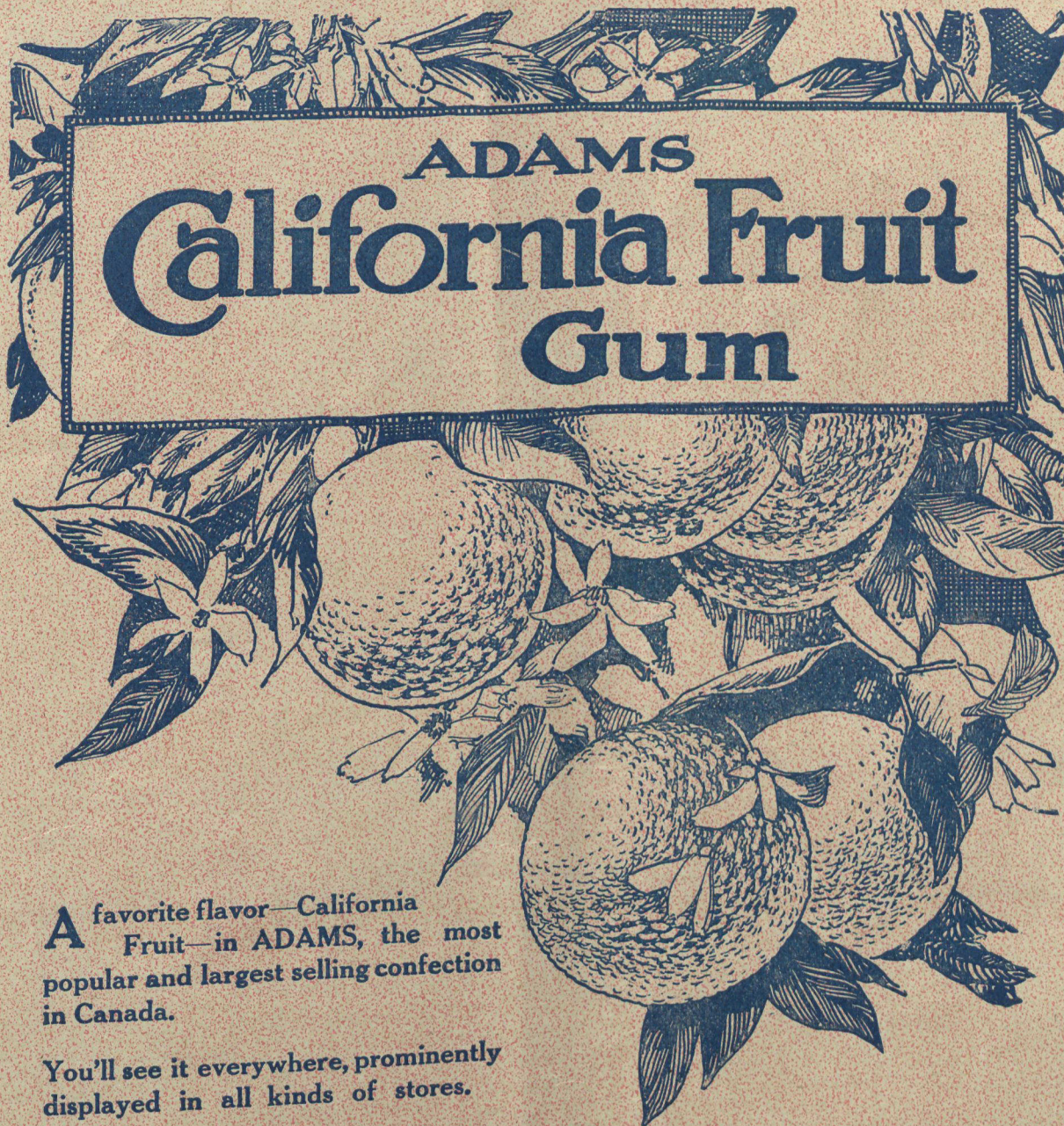
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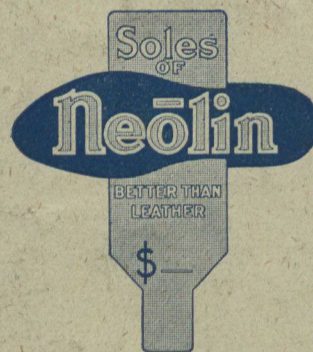
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