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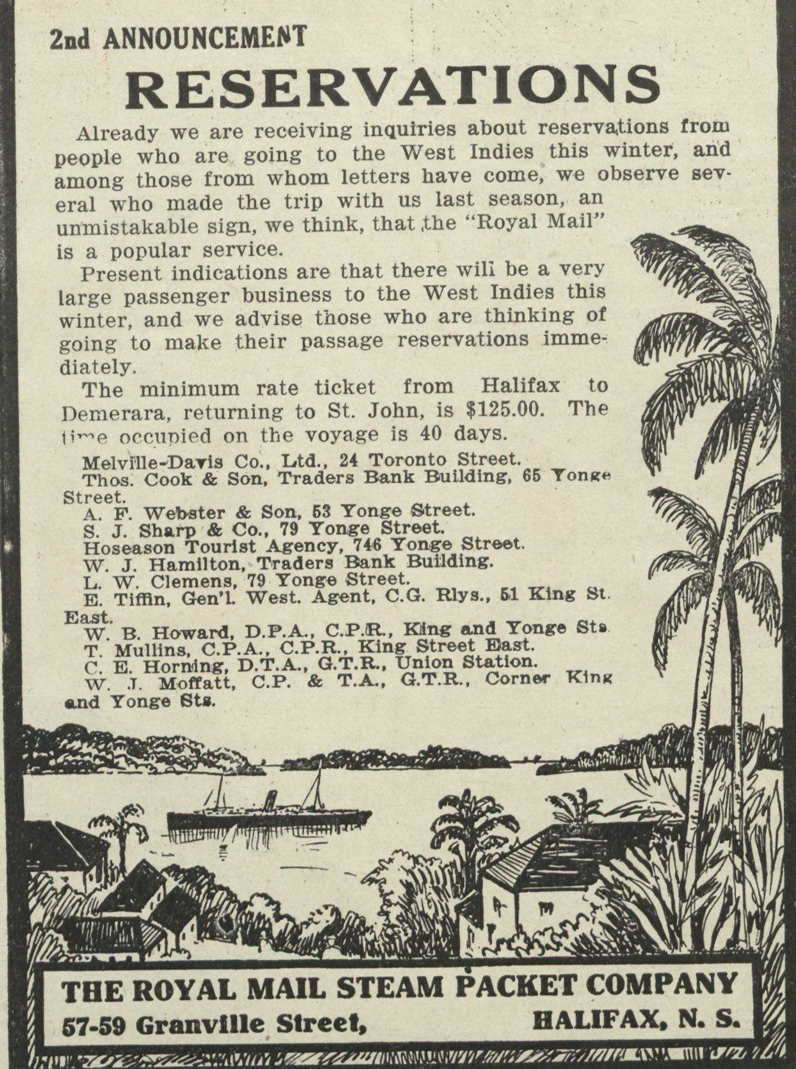

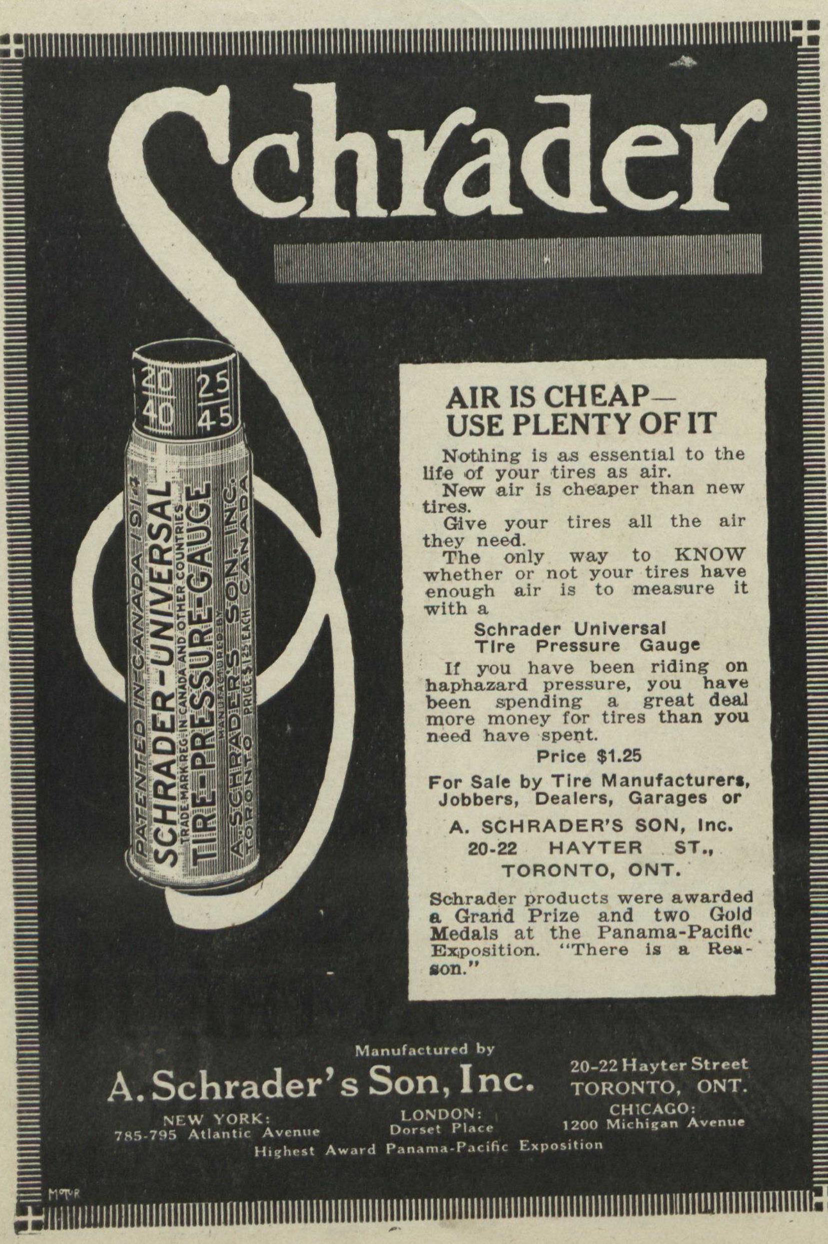

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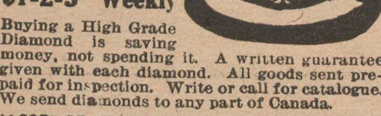

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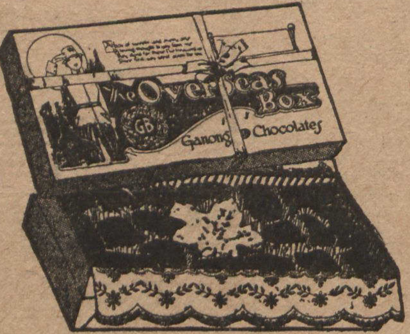

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THE COURIER

Vol. XX. November 25th, 1916 No. 26

The Unconquerable Pumpkin

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Illustrated by Tom G. Greene

P-R-O-D-I-G-I-O-U-S! Burnished by September suns until it shone like a brass knocker done by an English maid, this prize pumpkin of Jonathan Hynes swelled up inside its golden-red rind until it felt as though it might explode.

Then the corn was husked. The commonplace "punkins" were gaffled together into swaggering, creaking loads out from the corn-fodder shocks to the barnyard. Morning, noon and evening they were slung out and smashed among the swine and the kine and the poultry that picked up the seeds. For three weeks there was a fat feast on that farm. Then the golden swank faded out of the punkin pen. The last of the gourds was gone. Punkin-parings in the kitchen took some of the best. But the prize pumpkin of Jonathan Hynes went to the township fair, blinked in the sun at five hundred farmers, walked away with the first prize and was toted piously home in the family democrat to become for a week longer a vision in the eyes of all. He—it must have been a bull pumpkin—was for the few last days of a late Indian summer in mid-November set upon a dry plank in the midst of the punkin-pen, there to gaffle the last of the mellowing sunbeams before the knife slit his paunch from blossom node clean around to the stalk.

The full intention was to utilize every ounce of this prodigious pumpkin in the kitchen except the stringy parts inside and the burnished, blinking rind. The fat of it was to make several immediate pies. The seeds were to be gathered and kept in a small bag for next year's crop. From this last and best of his species Jonathan Hynes would Burbank his brood until he had a ten-acre field of mammoths in the sweet presently. As for the rind and the bowels of this pride of the west there would be one further episode of flutter and scramble and feast when they were flung to the swine, the kine and the poultry, with the old ram standing near and the old mare gazing at the show.

Certes, as Chaucer might have said in his Canterbury Tales, this spectacle of a lone pumpkin airing and sunning himself there in the pen, those Indian summer days caused no end of concern among the animals. It was the dehorned Durham cow who first feasted her eyes, but not her stomach, upon that prodigiosity. Fervently every sundown and as piously every morn she stretched her long, yearning gizzard over the top rail of the fence trying to see herself in the shine of that pumpkin. Her indiscreet attentions attracted the curiosity of the Tamworth sow who, having reared ten piglets to one calf raised by the dehorned Durham, reckoned she had a prior right to the last gorge into the gullet of that gourd. The screams of this Tamworth singing punkinodes drew the cynical regard of the South-down ram who, being also a ruminant, had a wild desire to sink his battery in the bowels of this butter-making beast that blinked so brazenly in the autumn sun. The ram's billygoat gutturals were a very low-down sort of chant compared to the baritone bawlings of the dehorned Durham and the high C bel cantos of the feminine Tamworth.

Punkinitis of the most violent kind infected even the old mare, who, though she had never tasted that kind of vegetable fruit, began to take a sympathetic interest in the great orange-coloured gourd. As for the hens and the old gander and the gobbler, they also fell into the habit of gathering on and about the fence that shut the barnyard people off from the great pumpkin. Never a hen so much as dared fly into the pen, because that would have been sacrilege when none of the other animals were permitted to enter the enclosure. Once the old gobbler let himself flop into the corral. Immediately there was a simultaneous cry from without.

"Tout ensemble," they shouted. "Keep out of there till we all get a chance."

Many were the dialogues among the animals.

"Be quiet," implored the Durham cow to the sow. "You should worry. You don't give family milk."

"Bah!" interpolated the ram. "Neither do I. But I can chew as good a cud as you and I'll bet I can butt a hole in that punkin faster than you can."

At which the elderly mare showed her teeth in a sort of grin and said, as she put back her ears to bite the beak of the gander, just because she had no intention of doing any such thing.

"Oh, you're all a pack of loonies. Two weeks ago you were so fed up on punkins you almost had vines growing in your hair. Now you're all crazy about a single punkin that you wouldn't have looked at twice a month ago. It's either a feast or a famine with the likes of you."

"Go to!" squealed the Tamworth. "You're fed up on oats. You couldn't appreciate a punkin, anyway."

"What a halabalow!" cried the gobbler. "What right has a swine to eat punkin when it has neither a crop nor a second stomach?"

"Ss!" hissed the gander. "I don't think you ever had the nerve to swallow a punkin-seed. I did once when I wasn't looking and——"

The hens cackled deviously, having each of them nearly choked on punkin-seeds when the punkin-carnival was on. It was a dietetic conference such as never had been known among those barnyarders, just such a discussion as is now going on among wise, economic people as to the need for preventing waste and the ability of the stomach to subsist without luxuries or bulging the garbage cans. Indeed, the philosophy of that barnyard at this time might have been put on record for the benefit of newspaper economists anxious to reduce the cost of living.

To the distended imaginations of the more cloven-hoofed part of the family there was a sort of cornucopia in that pumpkin. They had gazed at it so long that it became a thing of magic; as though any moment its sides might burst and from it emerge whole caravans of pumpkins and other succulent commodities too numerous to mention.

"Oh, great Gourd!" moaned the mooley cow. "How I dote on thee!"

And they all said it was a wise saying.

None the less the farmer paid no heed to his desirous flock. To him it was a joke that one pumpkin should so upset a community of animals. He failed to understand the mystic side of this. The several segments of this gourd, the uncountable number of seeds, its spheroid contour almost exactly like the world itself flattened at the poles, all made it mysterious. It was so by day and more by night. What made the occasion the more significant was that in this last luscious lap of Indian summer came a gorgeous full moon which trundled up from the deeps of the universe as much like a great punkin as a golden-bronze ball could be. And whenever the full moon came fair out into the middle ring of the heavenly circus behold more or less of these superstitious animals of Jonathan Hynes refuse to go to bunk or even the gobbler to roost, while they gazed now at the pumpkin, now at the moon and wondered how heaven had ever made two things so very much alike.

As might be expected, this mystery play came to a climax the night of the full moon.

"The durned gazabos!" ruminated the farmer when he observed that the gobbler and some of the hens

would not go to roost at the appointed time, and the old gander refused to insert his bill into the top feathers of his tail along with the she-geese at dusk. "Course it's the punkin that's doin' it," he admitted. "I'll yank that critter in to-morra."

Long before midnight the house-folks were abed as usual. As the moon mounted to the zenith the beasts of the barnyard slowly converged upon the fence that penned the sacred punkin. Inch by inch they all crept towards the corral like the wedding-march procession in Lohengrin, as though each and every one of them was afraid to get a hoof ahead of any other. Presently, when the last sound of wheels had left the front road and the whole settlement was as quiet as the moon, this whole menagerie of J. Hynes looked over and under and through the five-rail fence of the magnified pumpkin. Complete silence came over all. Once when the few hens, bewildered at being off the roost so late, did a little titivating on the top rail a united look from the cloven-hoof crowd caused them to squat in silence.

For the space of about seven minutes they all conjointedly gazed at the gourd, from whose fat sides the lustre of the moon was like the way a hand looks when you rub a match on it in the dark. Paderewski in his most hypnotic moments never produced a silence so marvelously profound. For seven minutes while the ram and the cow ceased chewing the cud these animals forgot the vexing cares of modern life and reverted to the historic silence of the jungle and the plains.

It was quite primeval. People get that way sometimes at plays and concerts and football games.

Pure legend would have stated here that the gourd itself perceiving the spell that was hypnotizing the animals, of its own accord began to roll from the plank, then mysteriously began to levitate itself into the air, up and up, followed by the marveling gaze of the devotees until it became a speck and lost itself in the plenary vastness of the moon.

But this is a tale, not a legend. By midnight pressure from above and below became too much for the fence, which gave way and suddenly let the animals in. The old mare, fleetest of all, reached the pumpkin first. She leaped over it and kicked as she went. At almost the same moment the ram charging full tilt butted the pumpkin and sent it parabolically after the mare, whose yielding rump broke the force of the blow and caused the gourd to rebound in the onward path of the dehorned cow who got the ball fair in the soft of her nose. Before she had time even to attempt a bite of the pumpkin she felt the impact of the old sow, who with a wild rush among the cow's legs managed to take a sidelong gouge at the pumpkin, which, of course, cavorted to one side and rolled in amongst the gander, the gobbler and the hens, creating fluster worse than any invasion of the hen roost by a fox.

The grand game was now open. Of course the old mare had no desire to bite the gourd. All she wanted was a chance to kick it—once—and let the cloven-hoofs and the poultry loose at the contents so that she might make the rounds while they gorged themselves and bite each one of them in turn.

This amiable desire was frustrated by an unexpected mixing up of motives. When the cow felt the disturbance of the swine at her feet she turned to deliver a grand charge at the offender. But the sow, having been carried past by her own momentum, was not there. In her place came the ram, who, perceiving the foul tactics of the Durham, came with a terrible onrush fair at the midst of the cow's forehead. The meeting of this irresistible force and immovable object caused an echo at the barn. It changed the whole course of the game. The ram backed away shaking his head. The cow was dazed. The sow making a second charge on the pumpkin was suddenly endowed with a broadside kick from the old mare, who immediately thereafter went to leap over the gobbler and the gander, but the hens rose in a cloud of feathers flying in the mare's face; which so diverted her from her course that she came into violent collision with the cow.

This unheralded set-to created a new line-up of forces. While the cow and the mare settled their animosities in a rather uneven contest, the ram managed to run foul of the sow, who, taking advantage of the fact that Billy had no room for a battering-ram charge, made a vicious assault upon the other's wool, then ducked and lifted the ram by sheer power of the neck till he found himself pawing at the moon. As soon as he got to his all fours, the ram cantered away to a corner of the corral to bide his time for a demoralizing bombardment of any beast that would stand still long enough for the purpose.

Meanwhile what of the pumpkin? In the melee it was trampled, butted, kicked, bitten and rolled hither and thither among the contending animals. It was hissed at by the gander, pecked at by the hens and the turkey gobbler, who, at one stage of the game, found it necessary to hoist his fantail and drop his wings in a pompous pretense of standing guard over the poor relic until the noise of the

(Concluded on page 25.)

CARRY ON GENERAL, CARRY ON

By THE EDITOR

MUCH more is involved in the resignation of Sir Sam Hughes from the Cabinet than the resignation of Sam Hughes.

Let us admit that Sam Hughes—for the moment we may discard the title—did not as Minister of Militia practise team play as he used to do in the days when he was a champion player of the good old national game of Canada, lacrosse. Sam Hughes knows that many a star has been dropped from a lacrosse team before the game because the manager knew he would play to the grandstand and spoil the team play of the game. Sam Hughes was not dropped from the Cabinet team until after the game was more than half over. There were good reasons. When he was picked as Minister of Militia he was known to be the only soldier of organizing war enthusiasm and political experience available for the office. There was need to reorganize our militia. A soldier was best qualified to do it. A mere politician might as well leave it alone. To a great extent some time before the war Col. Hughes did it. He was as near the simulation of a War Minister between 1911 and 1914 as it was possible for a Minister of Militia to be in a time of peace. He could scarcely have worked with more organizing enthusiasm if he had known that in 1914 a Canadian army would be landing in Europe.

Let us give him credit. The Government of Canada knew what kind of man he was before he was given the appointment and returned by his electorate as responsible Minister of Militia. In the three years between 1911 and 1914 the Government knew still better what sort of man Col. Hughes was. And when war broke upon the world they had no intention nor desire to replace Col. Hughes with any man who might be more of a constitutional Minister even if less of a soldier.

For the first few months of the war the cardinal defects of Col. Hughes as a Minister were both recognized and tolerated because the Government and the people knew, as they still know, his prime quality as a man of action and a soldier. The mistakes he made, the indiscretions he committed, his swaggering disregard of official rank, of red tape, sometimes even of his superiors in office, were all of them combined not sufficient to offset his proven value as a man who, in an emergency, was able to rise to a great occasion.

Let us be absolutely fair. Col. Hughes—Brigadier-General, Major-General, Sir Sam, according to the work he did in the first twelve months after the outbreak of war—did not create the response made by this country to the need of the Imperial Army. It was not due either to Col. Hughes' previous organization or his personal influence after the declaration of war that in October, 1914, Canada sent fifty per cent. more soldiers to England than Sir Ian Hamilton had estimated that we could do in the event of war. Col. Hughes was the capable, if somewhat precarious, instrument through which that response became so strenuously effective. And we may still doubt if at that time any other man in Canada could have organized our forces so well during the period when a sudden explosion in Europe was shaking up the War Offices of all the Allied countries. The unkillable energy and reckless daring of a man of action was necessary at that time to give England and the Empire an example of what Canada could do to pull herself together in an emergency. Col. Sam Hughes was that man.

It is quite clear that before the second year of the war the struggle was seen to be of such a character that it demanded the absolutely unanimous and concentrated energy of Cabinet, Parliament and people. The need for united, concerted action was so great that even the team play of a Coalition Cabinet might have been an advantage. It was so undeniably

Let General Hughes continue to serve his country.

imperative that the life of Parliament was extended for a year in order that the efforts of the nation might not be disrupted by a general election. The war struck so deeply at the roots of our national life that the Departments of Trade and Commerce, Railways and Finance were all made part of the machine dominated by the Department of Militia and Defence; and the activities of the Prime Minister were converted from being head of a party and leader of Government into a programme of concentrated action culminating in the Militia Department of Canada and the War Office in London.

Sir Sam Hughes knew this. He knew not only that we were unprepared for war, but how unprepared we were. Mobilization at Valcartier was our first big effort to catch up. That 33,000 men of the first contingent was—a Canadian army; of which we had no previous experience in any war outside of Canada. Not only were the men Canadians, but their uniforms, boots, kits, rifles, horses, tents, artillery, machine gun batteries and sections, army wagons, trumpets, cook-wagons, engineering outfits, munitions, and a hundred other accessories were to be Canadian, as far as possible made or produced in Canada. Troop trains and transport steamers were Canadian. The money that paid for all these was Canadian. The pay of officers and men was Canadian.

In remembering this we must admit that if ever the Canadian nation undertook a contract bigger than a transcontinental railway it was in undertaking to send an army, of what size no one could forsee, to England for actual war purposes. Experience we had none. Everything had to be created. As the war took hold of England so it made gradually necessary the mobilization of Canadian resources for war purposes. We had no national register, no universal training system, only the feeble beginnings of a shell industry, one rifle factory, and a census that was then four years old. The entire machine was not only Canadian, not only extemporaneous, not only a new experience—but it was absolutely voluntary.

Let it be candidly asked what we could have done in the first six months of war to organize this voluntary war machine without a Canadian man of action at the head of the Militia Department, daring enough to ignore red tape even to the point of becoming occasionally dangerous to the commonwealth? What chance was there that the great organism which began to draw upon the life of this country would not itself become absorbed in the vastly greater organism centreing in England and Europe? There was a chance. General Hughes, more than any other, was the one man who staked everything to get it.

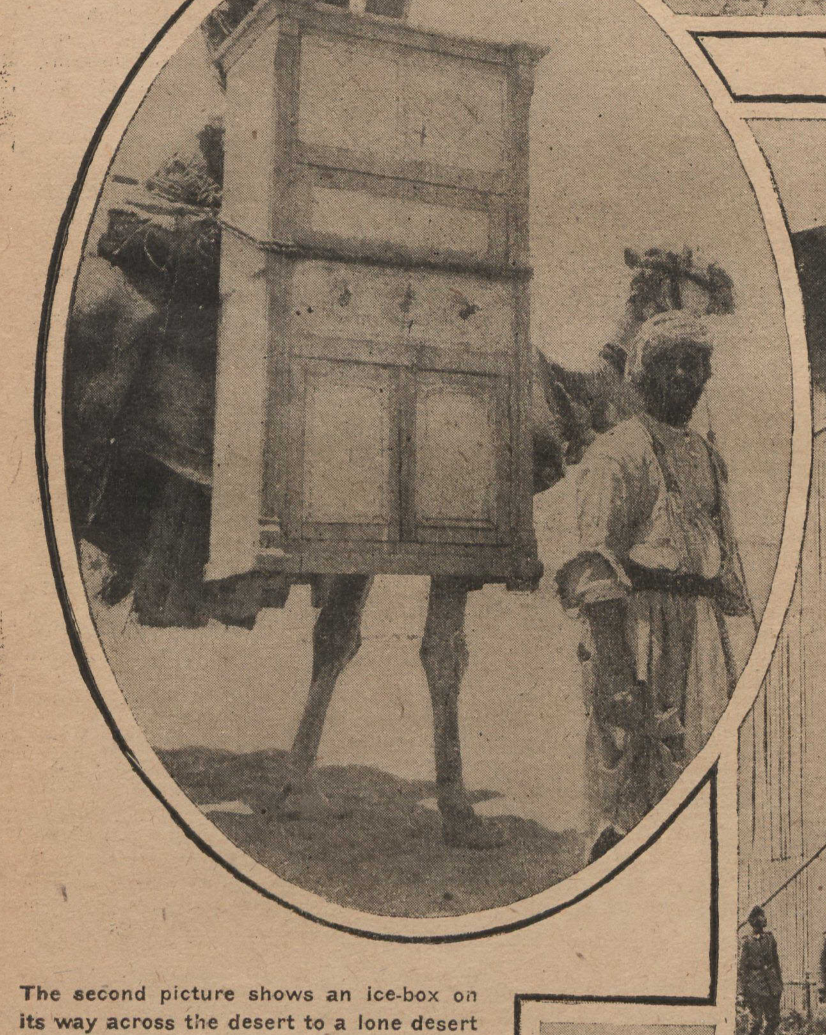
Sir Robert Borden, as head of the Government, was looked to by the King as being responsible for the Militia Department. The people of Canada expected that the Government would conduct the war as a constitutional business. The correspondence between the Premier and Sir Sam Hughes indicates that Cabinet team play for this purpose was not always possible. It is necessary to observe that, as the war grew away from the one-man stage, as it did in England, the Minister of Militia did not relinquish responsibilities which had outgrown him and which belonged to other men. Conditions changed. Gen. Hughes failed to change with them.

Resignation or a change of policy was inevitable. But that does not remove the necessity for using to the full the personality and the genius of Sir Sam Hughes in carrying on the war. A capable successor in office will be found. There will never be, until this war is won at least, any possible substitutes for General Hughes as an individual committed to the interests of his country. With all his faults, we must admit that Sam Hughes is a big, capable Canadian, to whom the interests of Canada are more important than the personal interests of General Hughes. Conservative opinions that condemn Hughes when yesterday they praised him, are dangerous to this country. We shall never make headway as a nation by jumping on a good man just because we happn to think he is down. And we shall make a big national mistake if we imagine that Sam Hughes is anywhere near down and out. He has yet the opportunity of showing this country that Sam Hughes, the Canadian, is a bigger fact than Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.B. Sam Hughes, the Canadian, said in Toronto the day before his resignation, that he intended to carry on a big work in the further recruiting of Canada's army. The best we can say to the General on behalf of the country is, "CARRY ON, GENERAL, CARRY ON."

FOUR OF WAR'S MYRIAD FACETS

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

HERE are grim humour, plain utility, pompous efficiency and plain human nature —all connected with the war, but as widely separated as night from day. The topmost picture shows a few carloads of plum-puddings kindly provided by the French Government for the German soldiers' Christmas. The only difference between these and other kinds of plum-puddings is in the degree of fatality that attaches to them. These "puddings" are officially known as French mortar bombs.



The second picture shows an ice-box on its way across the desert to a lone desert hospital in Mesopotamia. It will serve a most merciful purpose. A question was raised in the British House of Commons not long ago concerning the alleged "luxuries" being supplied to certain branches of the army service. It turned out that some busy civilian Member of Parliament had heard of these "ice-boxes in the desert." He was silenced by the question, "Have you an ice-box?" The third picture is a view of a Zeppelin being unwrapped preparatory to flight. Last, but perhaps most interesting, is this snapshot of wounded British soldiers interned in the Alps, in Switzerland. It was of these men Lord Northcliffe wrote that they never ceased to wonder at the marvels of the mountain scenery. One of the items that never fail to astonish the interned soldiers is the blood-red peak of the Jungfrau when the setting sun strikes it with his rays. No stranger collection of good fellows is anywhere to be found than in this group. It includes men of every rank of life—now levelled by misfortune.

WAITING FOR A WIFE

Story of a Woman Who Wouldn't, and a Man Who Went Away, and the Sequel

By LAURA L. HINCKLEY

IN a secluded corner of a ragged, neglected orchard, under the slow fall of pink-and-white apple-blossom petals, a young girl lay weeping passionately. Tangles of plum trees gone wild, thickets of dead blackberry canes and a dense grown willow hedge surrounded her covert. Her dress, though of cheap material and now abandoned to the young grass, was as daintily coloured as the apple blossoms. Her slender fingers, flung out above her head, writhed and clinched. Scent of apple and plum blossom sweetened the air around her, but the face half pillowed on her arm turned stubbornly earthward. Her attitude had the frantic abandon of a child's, but she cried like a woman, with slow, silent sobs.

The flowery plum branches parted softly and a young man's face looked through. His expression, meant to be arch and mirthful, changed to consternation as he stared at the unconscious weeper. He visibly considered distressfully whether to go unheard or stay; then he pushed through the tangle of plum shoots.

"Gracie!"

The girl gathered herself into a startled, defensive huddle, drawing her slim ankles under her skirts, her back turned toward him, her face hidden.

The young fellow sat down beside her determinedly. His blue overalls and gray flannel shirt defined well enough his muscular and vigorous frame, the shoulders slightly thickened. His slouch hat, pushed back, displayed his sunburnt face, anxious-eyed.

"What's the matter, Grace?"

"Nothing." Her voice broke like a snapped violin string.

"That sounds like nothing! Tell me, Grace, won't you? You oughta tell me anything—now we're engaged."

Silence.

Awkwardly he put one arm about her. She seemed to shrink into smaller compass to avoid his touch. He hesitated palpably, biting his lip. Then he chose the bolder course drawing her to him, bending his face to her soft braids.

The girl's action was as quick as a snake's strike. She thrust back his face with both hands, straining her own face, pale with repulsion, away from him. He released her, turning as pale as she.

In the silence she sat panting. He grew red and pale again before he spoke huskily.

"Look here, Grace, I got to understand this. You're crying because—because we are engaged?"

Unless her terror-quickened breathing were an answer, she made none.

"Then tell me—honest—I got a right to know—is it—is it some other fellow?"

"Oh, no, no!"

FOR the first time she looked at him, her eyes beneath their reddened lids wide with surprised denial. Eyes so blue, so innocent, so pitifully terrified that the young man's heart, remembering their usual vague, dreamy happiness, smote him bitterly. He asked his next question very quietly.

"Then, it's just—you don't like me?"

"But I do like you, Lewis. I like you better than any other boy. Only—I dont want to be married. I don't want to!"

The words carried a suppressed wail. Tears ran down her cheeks, her small mouth quivered, but she held herself motionless.

"Don't cry!" entreated Lewis wretchedly. "Don't!"

He could not bear to look at her tears. He did not dare to kiss them away. A chaos of misery enveloped him, paralyzing thought. He emerged from it presently, clutching his best hope.

"You mean you want to wait a while?"

"I don't want to be married!" she repeated. "Not yet!"

"Was that why you wouldn't let me—why you ran away last night?"

She nodded, and explained in little gasping sentences:

"I thought I wouldn't care when ma—I thought I'd just as soon. I'd rather marry you than anybody else. And so I said I would. And then— After that I got to thinking about it. And I don't want to! I don't want to be married at all!"

Lewis shifted his position to one directly in front of Grace.

"Look here," he demanded. "I want you to tell me just what your pa said about—about me."

"He didn't say anything."

"Well, your ma, then."

She was silent.

"Now, look here! I'm going to tell you the whole thing myself, all there is of it. If you've got it in your head you got to marry me whether you want to or not, why, it ain't so. Your pa promised he wouldn't say a word to you, and I didn't think he was the man to get around a promise. No, I ain't saying anything against him. Probably he thought he was all right.

"Well, it's like this. I've been workin' here for your pa pretty near two years now, and every day of that time, except maybe a little at the first, I been figuring how awfully lucky I'd be if I could get you to settle down on a little farm somewheres around here with me. I don't suppose you ever even seen how I felt?"

She shook her head.

"No, I suppose not. Any other girl would 'a' seen. It come kinda natural to take you around to the sociables and so on, being in the house that way, and you never thought anything of it. But didn't they josh you about me?"

"No. Vinnie did once, but I didn't like it, so she stopped."

"The old folks didn't see it, either. Well, now the other part of it. Your pa got kind of run behind on my wages. There wasn't any hurry, and I told him so. The crops was poor last year, as you know. But day before yesterday, when the frost got the corn, he came to me all worked up about the money he owed me. He said he didn't see any way but to let it go on the farm, and that broke him all up because the farm was all he'd have to leave you. So I out and told him if things went the way I wanted 'em to, everything I'd have would be yours. It surprised him but he took to the idea. He said he'd be in favour of us getting married right away. I told him not to let on a word to you till I'd seen you; and he said he wouldn't. You needn't think I'm going to turn your folks out of house and home, because I'm not that kind. Of course your pa and me can make some other arrangements—if you— You—you seemed willing last night."

His voice stopped, choked by a gust of angry pain.

"I ought to marry you," said Grace tremulously, "because you are so good to pa, and other men offered you more wages and you wouldn't leave us. I—I will, if you want me to."

Lewis seemed not to hear. He had wound a plum sprout around his hand and was trying to pull it up, tugging with tightened lips.

"I will marry you, Lewis, if you want me to."

The plum sprout came up with ten inches of root. Lewis stared at it vaguely as if wondering where it came from, threw it away, and turned to Grace with a pleasant smile.

"What you want is more time to get used to the idea in. That's right, aint it?"

"Yes. I will marry you if you want me to."

"Don't you dare say that again! I—there ain't anything else I want; but you can wait till you get good and ready. Maybe we better wait till fall."

He made the suggestion tentatively, but she seized it with the eagerness of one accepting reprieve from execution.

"Yes, yes! Till fall."

"All right. Don't you worry about the folks. I'll fix it with them. Now you ain't going to be afraid of me any more, are you?"

"No," she faltered, shrinking from the warmth in his eyes.

"Oh, you poor little thing!" he burst out. "What do you think I'm going to do to you? Have I ever been mean to you?"

SHE was hardly aware of the words, only of frightened withdrawal from the mingled passions that fought in them for outlet. Lewis put them away promptly; his two-year apprenticeship had not gone for nothing.

"Well, we'll wait till fall. That's a bargain. Shake hands on it."

Her hand met his readily, but when he would have held it longer than need be, flinched and drew back. When he let it go she seemed to feel herself released, for she got up, saying:

"I must go now. It's 'most supper time."

"Wait a minute! We're good friends, ain't we?" he entreated. "You like me as well as you did before?"

"Oh, Lewis," she cried wistfully, "I wish you were like you were before."

"Well, I will be," he promised. "Don't you feel bad."

He watched her slip away through the blackberry canes, slight and tender and fair, and his heart cried out for her.

"I got to be patient," he told himself, striding away across the field. "I got to be patient with her. She's just a little girl."

The engagement of Grace Elliston and Lewis Brant became understood in the neighbourhood, where a direct announcement would have been considered indelicate. Not so a direct question. Vinnie Holderman, who lived half a mile down the road and counted herself, as indeed she was, Grace's nearest girl friend, came up to talk it over.

"Well, I heard you and Lewis are going to get married."

"Not till fall," Grace fluttered. "Not for a long time."

"Well, fall's soon enough," retorted Vinnie. "Why, you ain't but seventeen." Vinnie was twenty, and somewhat of a belle among the "boys." "Lewis is a good, steady boy all right, and he cert'nly never looked at any girl around here but you. What are you going to get married in?"

"I don't know," faltered Grace nervously. "I don't have to think about that yet."

"Grace ain't very fond of sewing," interrupted her mother apologetically.

MRS. ELLISTON was a little old woman with bent shoulders and vague, pathetic eyes. Her hair was quite gray and her face deeply lined. Grace had been the sole and late-born child of a long-delayed union.

Later, when the girls were alone in Grace's bedroom, Vinnie complained:

"I don't think you're very friendly, Grace. I've told you things about lots of fellows, and you never said a word to me about Lewis."

"There isn't anything to say. I'm just going to marry him after a while."

"Is he goin' to give you a ring?"

Grace opened her lowest bureau drawer, drew out a large pasteboard box from the farthest corner, took from under a number of other things a smaller ornamental box incrusted with shells, relic of some childish Christmas. From the bottom of this she brought out a jeweller's velvet ring box, pressed the spring in the lid, and passed it to Vinnie.

"Land, ain't it sweet! Why don't you wear it?"

"Oh, I don't want to. It might get lost or something."

"Well, you're queer! You bet I'd wear it."

Grace silently restored her boxes to their original order.

She did not particularly mind having the ring in the drawer. The torture was to have it on her finger. She had been very quiet and pale the night Lewis put it there, and hidden it away before she slept. She was grateful to him for not asking where it was. In a dim way she saw that he tried to bring back her lost friend Lewis; to banish the hated suitor Lewis.

This partially restored Lewis came nearer to her confidence than any other. She could not speak of her revulsions. They seemed to her indelicate and morbid. She hated herself because she could not accept her obvious lot quietly without caring, as she supposed other people did. She had never read a novel or encountered any literary presentment of love, though she had an extensive acquaintance with Sunday-school fiction in which the heroines usually married. The idea of talking intimately with either of her parents did not enter her head. Even if she could have broken her life-long reserve, she had no reason to allege why she should not marry Lewis: and they had cogent reasons why she should.

There was not a phase of the situation Lewis had not pondered. The economic vantage he held by right of his manhood and young strength could not be eluded. He knew that his services were worth more than the wages the old man could not pay. He did not see how the old man could manage without him. The thing to do was plainly to wait. In the emotional game he seemed to hold all the cards, with no rival, a settled place in Grace's regard and incessant opportunity.

He set himself by gentleness and self-control to soothe and lull and win her. A task not without difficulty. He sat opposite her three times a day at one small table; he watched her at all her household tasks, admired her sewing, helped at her gardening; he spent all his evenings in her company, and slept under the same low roof. He was her confessed and accepted lover—and he might not

speak a word of love—he dared not touch her hand with the tip of his finger—if his eyes grew ardent he must avert them!

He knew, and felt the irony of it, that even to the old people's undemonstrative notions his decorous courtship seemed a little less than normal. In so small a household he was often left alone with her. Her fearlessness at these times was the reward of his self-government.

ONE clear August evening Grace sat on the porch steps reading aloud to Vinnie Holderman's little brother. Lewis was pottering about the morning-glory vines.

"'In this hall the princess saw a strange sight,' Grace read from the fairy book. 'Twelve pieces of cheese were nailed to the floor, and just out of reach of each a mouse was placed with its tail fastened to the floor so that it was unable to advance. These mice were pursued by twelve cats whose tails were likewise fastened to the floor. Behind each cat was a dog secured by its tail in the same manner and just out of reach. All of these wretched animals were starving.'"

A laugh interrupted the reader. She looked up inquiringly.

"Just wondering whether I was the dog or the cat or the rat," explained Lewis. "Never mind. Go on!"

Her eyebrows took an angle of disturbance. She noticed that Lewis was thinner than he had been, and also much better-looking. With an unconscious, cold, aesthetic eye she appraised the refining touches of some living chisel about his mouth and brow and nostril. It occurred to her for the first time that perhaps she ought to be sorry for Lewis. She was not sorry; he had caused her too much pain; but she thought if she were a better girl perhaps she might have been.

An evening some weeks later they chanced to be alone in the living room. Lewis pushed aside his paper and began in as matter-of-fact a tone as he could manage:

"Well, it's pretty near fall now. Hadn't we better set the day?"

He had not looked at her, but when her silence drew his gaze she was wringing her hands unconsciously, whitely wretched.

"We got to think about it, Grace," he urged, gently.

"Oh, Lewis, oh, Lewis," she whispered. "Can't we wait?"

She meant to pay her debt, but her dread cried out to the friend in him.

"What's the use of waiting? What'll folks think about us?"

He had touched unwittingly the argument that most moved her. She did not know, but she cared intensely what folks would think. Tears filled her eyes.

"There, there!" Lewis yielded. "Well—you say when."

"Oh, Lewis, can't we wait till spring?"

"Well, when is spring?"

"Oh, not till the flowers come."

HE assented. He had looked rather for a complete rupture than a favourable issue.

"Now I gave in to you about that don't you think you ought to—give me a kiss?"

She clinched her hands and put her face, strained and set, a little forward. With the same look she might have waited a red-hot branding iron on her lips.

The young man who loved her stared a moment.

"God!" he exclaimed, and went violently out of the house.

It was a windy March day that Lewis came into the kitchen, where Grace was at work with her mother, and when Mrs. Elliston had stepped into the pantry, held up before the girl a pale purple wind flower on its hairy stem. She glanced from the pallid blossom to his glittering eyes, and into her own came terror. She knew the token of her pledge.

She went into the best room. Lewis, following, found her in that chilly, fireless place, on the floor beside the sofa, sobbing with her head upon it.

"Look here, Grace! We've got to get this settled if you're ever going to marry me——"

"Oh, Lewis," she wept, "please wait! I don't want to—yet! Not now!"

"It's got to be now or never!" His lips formed the words, but he had no voice.

Her tears were anguish to him. He had come to force the issue, to end the situation at any cost. And it was like tearing the heart out of his breast.

He yielded at length to the tears of her desperation, to the sweat of his agony. He wrung her hands and let her go unkissed.

Four days later they brought him in, bloody and unconscious, from an accident with team and plowshare. In the dreadful hours she watched beside him and tried to stanch the blood, Grace made her resolve.

At last his eyes opened and smiled to see her. They were alone together. The doctor had gone, leaving assurance of his recovery. She bent to him.

"Lewis, I am willing to be married as soon as you get well."

"He Set the Lantern Down and Knelt Beside Her."

She let the one weak arm he might use draw her down till his lips rested on her hair.

Their wedding day was set for the late summer. Lewis had a slow recovery; and when he was himself again, the season's work must be overtaken. Grace rejected his suggestion to "just get married"; she seemed to crave all the bridal pomp and circumstance. She had been a tireless nurse; as he grew well, she absorbed herself in preparations. Her sewing machine whirred, her needle flew, late and early. She manifested an intense, uncharacteristic zeal for the wedding clothes, the wedding invitations, the wedding supper.

All weddings are home weddings in the Elliston's neighbourhood. The lower rooms of the little house were set in order and opened to receive the guests. One corner of the chilly best room, as warm now as summer could make it, was festooned with plumy asparagus and white phlox. Here the bride and bridegroom were to stand while they took the marriage vows.

This room overflowed with guests, some seated, many standing, others thronging the doorways, except for a narrow path between the stairway door and the bowery corner. Along this path the bridal party were to advance in the preferred order; first the minister, next the bride and groom, then the bridesmaid with the best man.

Mrs. Elliston was seated near the bridal corner. To her, as to many another in like case, the day had become a dream of confusion and haste, a mere tension of spirit to have it over and all the proprieties observed. Her mind divided itself between anxiety for the "lap supper" she was to serve after the ceremony and the fear that Vinnie had forgotten to pin Grace's dress behind. It was too late now to go and see, for all was ready. The stair door opened and the minister entered.

THE girl at the cottage organ, taking this for her signal, struck up the wedding march. She played on until some one touched her arm. The minister had closed the door and crossed the room to Mrs. Elliston. As the bewildered woman rose to follow him, they all heard in the sudden silence a hoarse cry from the room above.

Mrs. Elliston's eyes, as she entered that room, fell first on Lewis. He leaned upon the table with one hand, his wedding garments torn open at the throat, his head thrown back. Carl Schultz, the best man, laid a hand upon his arm. Vinnie in her bridesmaid's dress wrung her hands, talking volubly.

"She was all dressed. And she said something about getting something, flowers, I think it was. She said it kinda low, and I was fixing my hair, and she slipped down the back stairs. So I went on and got all ready, and she hadn't come back, and I waited and waited till I got scared. Then I went downstairs real soft, and went around to all the flower beds, and every place I thought she'd be, and she wasn't there. So I thought she'd got back without me seeing her, but she wasn't there! I was 'most crazy. Then Preacher knocked and asked if we wasn't 'most ready, for everybody was waitin'. So I told him, an' then I thought she might 'a' come in here. But she hadn't. Oh, what'll we do? What'll folks think?"

With his heavy tread and knotted face Mr. Elliston shuffled in at the door. Carl Schultz, embarrassed and sympathetic, patted the bridegroom's arm.

Lewis started.

"Where's them lanterns? We got to look around through the bushes. Come along, Carl!" He paused, looking at the minister. "Preacher, better tell the folks to go home."

Vinnie took one look into his face and began to cry. Mr. Elliston grasped his hand. "She's done you a dirty trick, Lewis. I wouldn't 'a' thought Grace would 'a' done it!"

But the mother cried: "Find her, Lewis! Find my girl!"

"All right, ma," he answered. He had called her so perhaps three times before.

He led the way down the stair. When the guests drove away, hushed, embarrassed, wildly curious, lanterns were winking through the shrubbery.

Lewis found her at last in the middle of the cornfield. She crouched in the path of diminishing light his lantern threw between the rows, a little white heap that shuddered and moaned. The tassels were above his head, the green stalks succeeding each other endlessly on either hand closed up their ranks with shadow, except where the lantern stabbed them with light. He set the lantern down and knelt beside her. The light fell on her hair, her huddled shoulders, her filmy white dress crushed against the crumbling black earth. And she preferred this bridal bed to the arms of her young lover!

HE went quite mad. He gathered her in his arms, straining her to his breast, hailing kisses upon her as if they had been blows. She lay as one unconscious or dead. He thought she was dead. He thought he had always loved a dead girl, or one not yet alive. At last he laid the sweet body down between the corn rows. He wondered the pallbearers did not come to take her away.

She stirred, moaning. Realization came dully back to him. He got up, seizing the lantern, saying, "Come on! Come back home." He did not offer to help her as she staggered to her feet, nor did he touch her again. Once on the way home he set down the

lantern. He put both arms before his face and groaned aloud twice. Then he picked up the lantern and went on.

Lewis Brant went to the Klondyke, at that time the lure of all men who sought fortune or forgetting. Scant measures of the former he found there, but enough of the latter to make life tolerable again. At long intervals a letter from Carl Schultz reached him. Those letters were formally and carefully written and related chiefly to Lewis's property interest in the farm. He had taken a mortgage on the farm in lieu of wages, and left instructions with Carl that the old people were never to be worried about the interest.

In the course of time Lewis drifted down the coast and through the West, prospering reasonably, as a man will who cares for nothing but his work. After a while he began to care about his prosperity. It was a promising investment opening up in the tenth year of his exile that recalled his claim upon the farm. He decided on a personal return to investigate the chances of immediate realization.

On a wet evening in spring he walked into Carl Schultz's dooryard. He knew that Carl had married Vinnie, and that he was paying for the place he lived on. Lewis felt like an entirely different person from the wretched exile of ten years before, but the outward change was not great. Vinnie knew him instantly.

She opened the door with a plump, staring baby on one arm. A round-eyed two-year-old clung to her skirt with one hand, the other grasping a tin cup in which a large marble rolled uncertainly.

"Well, Lewis Brant! Come in!" cried Vinnie. "Well, if you don't look natural!"

She put him in a rocking-chair by the kitchen window, set the baby on the floor and bustled about getting supper, talking all the while.

"My land! Won't Carl be tickled! My! He ain't far off. I guess he's somewheres round the barn with the boys. When'd you come? What you been doin' all these years? You ain't married yet?"

Carl came in from the barn with his two elder children. He greeted Lewis heartily, washed his face and hands at the sink, took the baby on his knee and kept the toddler out of Vinnie's way as she hurried back and forth.

(Continued on page 23.)

THE WAR FROM ALL ANGLES

The Allies are not Trying to Drive the Germans out of France by a Direct Push but by Strategy to Make their Position Untenable

By SIDNEY CORYN

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A CERTAIN monotony has now marked the progress of the war for many weeks, a monotony broken only by a few such events as the Italian capture of Gorizia and the surprising French success at Verdun. At all other parts of the field there is the same slow and steady pressure with local gains and losses, but without any visible prospect of critical actions. And yet we must suppose that critical actions are contemplated, and that the daily monotonies are actually steps toward their accomplishment. And behind the panorama that is within our sight there is a certain stealthy movement that suggests a groping for peace, a certain blind search for something that may be talked about rather than fought about, for something that shall at least make talk possible.

The explanation of the great Somme offensive that has been suggested from time to time in this column has aroused the resentment of certain critics, who prefer to believe that the Allies have set themselves an impossible task and that they have embarked on an effort that is foredoomed to failure. The Somme offensive, we are told, is an attempt to push the Germans out of France, and its success is to be measured by the extent of the German withdrawal as compared with the extent of the territory that is still held. This is the view that has been combatted from time to time in this column. The Allies are not trying to expel the Germans from France by means of a direct push, but by means of such strategical gains as shall make their position an untenable one. And a gain of even half a mile in the right place and at the right time might easily have this result.

Now this view may be an error, but if so it is one in which the German staff participates. Recent German newspapers publish an official report from the German army headquarters at Berlin in which the Allied aim is clearly recognized and in which no other aim is even considered. The aim, says the report, is to pierce the German lines, and not merely to push them back toward their own frontier. Speaking of the September movements, the report says: "By an undeniably increased pushing force he obtained an important gain in terrain and, resuming his bold intention of breaking through, the enemy directed all his efforts against the top of the triangle." A few lines further on we read: "The southern battle in the district of Biaches and Vermandovilliers, after the failure of the endeavor to break through on a big scale, resulted in a noticeable gain of terrain in the section of Berny and Chaulnes in consequence of powerful local thrusts." And again: "The enemy did not succeed in breaking through the German lines." No other aim is even suggested except toward the end of the report, where we find a mention of "the modest aim of detaining a sufficient number of German troops on the western front in order to impede a great German action in another war theatre. Nowhere is there a hint that the Allied aim was to push the Germans back, step by step, out of France. There may be those who are amused by rule-of-three comparisons between the area gained and the area to be gained, but the German staff is not among them.

The Allied aim is, of curse, correctly stated in the therman report. It is to pierce the line and so to to! ᵔe a sudden and precipitate retirement to avoid Lewicle. A subsidiary aim is to bulge the German of Graceard so as to compel a withdrawal from the "Look heon angle. If the latter aim should succme just what'lt would not necessarily be disastrous, "He didn't say withdrawal in good order and in "Well, your ma, attacks would be immensely diffi- She was silent. ᵛould assuredly follow the pierc- "Now, look here! I'n. There could be no real recovery from that. It may be taken almost as an axiom that whether a battle line is entrenched or in the open, it is already defeated if it has once been cut. Now a line may be cut as the result of a direct and concentrated attack upon a small area, or it may be cut by such a faulty disposition of its parts as to leave a gap of which the enemy may take advantage. Germany lost the battle of the Marne because she allowed the two flanks of her army to draw apart, and so created a gap in the centre through which Foch poured his forces. It was a blunder of such magnitude as to justify the Emperor's suggestion that the guilty general would do well to shoot himself. It is such a gap, either forced or accidental, that the Allies are hoping to create or to discover on the Somme. Sir William Robertson says that it can be created. He says that such is the Allied goal. Time will show. But it is evident that the distance of the armies from the frontier has no bearing or but a very slight one, upon the problem. If the feat can be done at all it can be done wherever the armies happen to find themselves.

THE existence of a certain mystery in connection with the Dobrudja operation has been disclosed by the most recent reports, and we may still look upon the Dobrudja as the most likely field for critical events. When Mackensen pushed northward through the Dobrudja, taking Constanza, and driving the Roumanians before him, he was reported as continuing his march northward and refraining from any attempt to cross the Danube to his west and so to invade Roumania proper. Indeed we were told that his advance northward from Constanza was so extraordinarily rapid as to prove the demoralization of his enemy, and there were even those who believed that he intended to cross the Danube to his north and to threaten Odessa—for we must remember that the Danube constitutes the northern frontier of the Dobrudja as well as the western. There seemed to be good reasons why Mackensen should not at that time attempt to cross the river to the west. In the first place the Constanza-Cernavoda bridge had been destroyed, which would mean at least delay, and in the second place it would be premature to do so in the absence of some reasonable prospect that he could join hands with Falkenhayn, who was endeavouring to invade Roumania from the west. That Mackensen did actually leave Constanza and the railroad behind him is certain. The reports to that effect were regular and definite, and they came from all sources. But it now seems that he also sent a force across the river, headed presumably for Bucharest, while he himself continued the pursuit of the retreating Roumanians. . We know nothing of the size of this force. We do not know how it was transported across the river. And we do not know why such an operation should have been kept secret, and by all the different belligerents, except on some general principle of reporting nothing that remained uncritical and undecided.

But now the veil is suddenly lifted, or partially so. We are told, or rather we are allowed to infer, that when Mackensen passed northward up the Dobrudja he sent a portion of his force across the Danube to the west for the purpose of invading Roumania in the direction of Bucharest. And we are told quite positively that this force now finds itself confronted with a Russian army that has succeeded in edging it toward the river and the marshes, and that has hopes of surrounding and capturing it. All this information is given in a quite casual way, and as though relating to a situation that was generally understood. But we are still told nothing as to the size of these forces, and we can hardly suppose that they are large, at least on the Teuton side. Mackensen's entire army is not a large one, while the apparent ease and speed with which he drove the Roumanians before him after taking Constanza is evidence that he could not have detached many men for the raid across the river. Probably it was a raid and nothing more, and undertaken in the hope of striking a swift and fatal blow against Bucharest, or perhaps of hindering what is now actually happening—the intervention of a new Russian force coming down the west bank of the river.

BUT in the meantime Mackensen himself has been meeting with bad luck—the worst of bad luck. It was evident that in driving the Roumanians northward up the Dobrudja he was forcing them toward their friends. They must have been growing steadily stronger as they met the Russians coming southward to meet them, while Mackensen must have been growing steadily weaker as he lengthened his line of communications. When last we heard definitely of Mackensen he was thirty miles north of Constanza. Then came reports that the Roumanian resistance was stiffening. A day later we were told that Mackensen's flanks, resting on the Danube to the west and the Black Sea to the east, were slowly giving ground alternately before Roumanian and Russian attacks. And now we learn that Mackensen is only twelve miles to the north of Constanza, that both Cernavoda and Constanza are in flames, and that Constanza is being bombarded by Russian warships. And immediately on the other side of the Danube, to the west of Constanza and Cernavoda, there is a battle in progress between the force left behind by Mackensen for the invasion of Roumania, and the Russian force that must have been sent from the north, through Roumania, to meet it. No wonder Mackensen should now be falling back with such speed. Even though he were not compelled to do so by the superior forces confronting him he would none the less realize the gravity of his position if the Russians should win the fight at Cernavoda and Dunareav and so be in a position to cross the Danube to his rear. It has been said more than once in this column during the last few weeks that Mackensen was likely to find himself in serious danger in the Dobrudja, and events have now justified that prediction. He committed himself to a march up a long neck of land with enemies to the west and north, and the sea to the east. His line of communications is of the most fragile kind and needing the strongest defence against Roumanian raids from the west. And now he finds that the line is threatened, not only by Roumanian raids, but by a Russian army which bids fair to succeed, not only against the small German force opposing it to the west of the Danube, but in crossing the Danube to his rear. Mackensen is a shrewd and capable commander and he is not likely to stay in a trap merely to see if the door will actually close behind him. It would be foolish to do more than indicate the possibilities, and the rapidity with which Mackensen is now retreating shows clearly enough what those possibilities are. He does not intend to find that there is a Russian army before him as well as behind him when he reaches Constanza. He means to be there first, and either prevent the crossing or be well on his way southward and past the danger point before it

occurs. Probably Mackensen is thinking more of his communications through Bulgaria and up the Dobrudja than of anything else upon earth.

Since Monday last we have a report originating in Rome to the effect that the above forecast has actually been accomplished. We are told that Russian and Roumanian forces have crossed the Danube to the south of Mackensen, that he is completely cut off and surrounded, and that his force is demoralized by defeat and disease. The crossing of the Danube is said to have been effected at two different points to the south of Cernavoda and Constanza, that is to say, right in the path of Mackensen as he comes southward. The report may be exaggerated and Mackensen may be able to cut his way through. But if the report is even approximately true it would be impossible to exaggerate the plight in which the German commander now finds himself.

We see now clearly enough that Russia does not intend to surrender the Dobrudja to the Teutons. Probably it was through a disregard of Russian advice that the Teutons ever reached the Dobrudja at all. Roumania could have barred that corridor if she had concentrated herself there instead of undertaking the wild-goose chase into Transylvania. She played directly into Teuton hands by doing so. If Roumania had kept that corridor open we should probably have seen a Russian army in Bulgaria before now. And we need not doubt that Russia intends that we shall yet see it. All her efforts upon this particular field are directed toward that end. She has now two armies on the Danube, one of them to the east of the river and engaged in pushing Mackensen backward and southward, and the other to the west of the river and trying to corner the German force opposing them as a preliminary to crossing. If Russia shall find it possible to clear her enemies out of the Dobrudja we shall then see an attack upon Bulgaria that she will not be able to resist. Indeed we may doubt if she will try to resist. Bulgaria is fighting Roumania. We may doubt if the masses of her people are even aware that they are fighting also Russia. There is a significant absence of references to Russia in the Bulgarian bulletins. We may therefore say that the centre of the European cyclone is still moving over the Dobrudja, and that the fate of a continent may be in the hands of the small numbers of men fighting there.

IS THERE A RAILWAY MUDDLE?

Third of a Series of Articles on the Railway Situation in Canada

III.—LAND GRANTS AND BOND GUARANTEES

By C. PRICE GREEN

FROM the days of Confederation it has been recognized that railways are so important to the State that the Dominion Government must encourage and assist in their construction. The Intercolonial was built as a public work. The Canadian Pacific, partly built by the Government, was completed by a private corporation, which received from the Government as a bonus among other things, $25,000,000 in cash and 25,000,000 acres of land. With these two roads completed, the scattered colonies of British North America were politically, as well as physically, united.

Then came the scarcely less important and even more difficult task of peopling the new country, developing its resources, and making it a great nation. This urgently required the opening to settlement of the vast territory between the head of the lakes and Rocky Mountains. To people those plains and make them productive had long been the dream and ambition of every Canadian statesman. Colonization roads had to be built to bring in the settlers and carry their crops to market. Not unnaturally, the Government for years endeavoured to secure railway construction by land subsidies. Little was known about our western prairies thirty-five or even twenty-five years ago, except that they were of vast extent, but unpopulated and unproductive. It was believed that colonization roads would bring in population and so develop the west as to make their lands of great value. The Government said in effect to the railway promoter and builder: "We will give you so many acres for every mile you build if you open up these prairies for settlement." For years there was a standing offer of 6,400 acres per mile to anyone who would build colonization railroads in Manitoba; double that acreage was offered for railway construction in the North-West Territory.

Nor was the offer so improvident as it may now appear. The supply of land in the North-West seeming inexhaustible and depending for its future upon railway development, the Government felt quite justified in giving a small part of it away liberally to any railway promoter who would largely enhance the value of what remained by opening up the country. The men who would build the roads could be trusted to help in the work of colonization. They would be interested in seeing the country fill up, for population would not only produce traffic for their railway, but it would enormously enhance the value of their land grants. In this connection it may be interesting to note that the Canadian Northern Railway system has expended over $3,000,000 in colonization work, or nearly 15 per cent. of all the cash subventions ever received by it from the public treasury.

BUT the prospect of acquiring vast holdings of prairie land in the North-West did not in the eighties or early nineties appeal to the capitalists of the old world or the new, and comparatively little construction resulted. A vast number of charters were granted and any number of companies were given the opportunity of securing millions of acres of land, but few roads were built. The land grants had to be earned within a limited time, and though extension after extension was granted, a great number of these finally lapsed. The Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway Company, for example, which had a charter to build northward through the Province of Manitoba to Hudson Bay with liberal land grants attached, spent sixteen years in unavailing efforts to realize upon their concession. Western railway charters with land grants were offered year after year to capitalists and investors in Eastern Canada, London, Paris, and New York. How some of these land grants were finally earned will appear later on. Until the close of the nineteenth century they had little or no commercial value.

And right here we may digress for a moment. Our primary purpose in these articles is to show that the "muddle" is not so much in the railway situation itself as in the minds of the people. The impression has become almost universal that hundreds of millions of acres of our national domain in the West have passed as land grants into the possession of railway corporations. Many people actually believe that the greater part of the three prairie provinces is tied up in this way and that charters still outstanding entitle hundreds of shadowy corporations to take possession of many million acres of land.

Now, as a matter of fact, no Dominion land grants have been made for twenty years. That method of state assistance to railway construction was abandoned long before the Grand Trunk Pacific or the Canadian Northern came into existence. There is no grant of Western land outstanding which can now be earned by railway construction. The account is practically closed. Outside of the twenty-five million acres which went to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company under its original contract with the Government between thirty and forty years ago, less than seven million acres all told have been alienated. The report of the Dominion Railway Statistician shows that the Dominion Government has given in land grants to railway corporations from Confederation to date, 31,876,000 acres, of which the Canadian Pacific received 26,710,000 acres.

With the Government's land grants to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the public is quite familiar. We are not called upon to defend those transactions, yet we doubt if anyone regrets the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. But how about those land grants which eventually came into the possession of the Canadian Northern Railway? Though no Dominion land subsidies were ever granted to Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, they did acquire by purchase some old railway charters with land grants, and it may not be uninteresting to see what became of them, especially as we may in so doing be able to glimpse a hitherto unwritten page of Canadian history.

In 1882, as we have seen, a charter with land grants attached was granted by the Dominion Parliament to the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway Company. The promoters of this company carried their charters to Eastern Canada, England, France and the United States in an endeavour to secure finance for the undertaking, and spent the best part of sixteen years in attempting to secure the co-operation of financiers. In 1896 they acknowledged that the assistance, coupled with resources at their command, were insufficient to build the railways, and disposed of the Company's charter, carrying with it the land grants to Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, who had two years previously acquired the charter of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, also possessed of land grants. In the same year they acquired by purchase the charter of the Manitoba and South-eastern Railway Company, also carrying land grants.

Under the ownership of these three charters, Mackenzie and Mann would have become, by the construction of the mileage contemplated, entitled to nine million acres of prairie land. The State had alienated 26,710,000 acres of land for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and public opinion approved of the transaction; and the grants to the companies, the charters of which had been secured by Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, had not brought about at the time any appreciable public protest, for the obvious reason that the lands at that date had no considerable market value. As further evidence of this fact, it is only necessary to recall that the grantees failed with the lands to attract financial backing for the construction of the railways.

BUT no sooner had the railways proven themselves a successful means of bringing colonization into the country, than public opinion began to revise its ideas as to the form of state assistance to railway construction. As the country filled up, lands naturally became more valuable, and there grew an increasingly insistent demand to conserve the public domain. The Government of the day encouraged Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann to divert their lines from the land grant sections towards Hudson Bay, into the grain sections of the Saskatchewan Valley; and, as a result, occupied with the construction of railways within the prairies, the owners and the holders allowed the time in which the lines carrying land subsidies were to be constructed, to elapse. The Government then refused to grant an extension of time for the construction of the mileage to be subsidized by land, and in this way, the Canadian Northern was deprived of 5,350,400 acres of land. The loss of the vast acreage was a serious blow to the Company, but viewing the matter from the standpoint of public interest, it was inevitable. The construction of the prairie lines was of more immediate importance than the lines which would have earned the land subsidies. The western country had already an outlet for its products through Fort William and Port Arthur, and the chain of fresh water lakes and rivers to the seaboard and the opening of an additional route to the sea was not then required. The Company was not unmindful of the fact that the five million acres of land lost to the railway were conserved to the State, and enabled it to continue and extend the system of free homesteads to settlers. The lost acreage, after all, became thus available, under homestead regulations to colonization and a rapid increase in production.

IT must be admitted that the Canadian Northern Railway shared in the work of development of Western Canada in the days when it was needed, when Western Canada had been for years practically stagnant. The railways in existence at the advent of the Canadian Northern were located in the southern portion of Manitoba and the then territories. The Canadian Northern Railway plunged into the comparatively unknown and unsettled country of the north, making for the Saskatchewan River, and subsequently traversed the Saskatchewan Valley, crossing the river eight times in a distance of one thousand miles. The company brought into the territory, tributary to its railways, settlers from the United Kingdom, the United States and Europe, and placed them on the land. By reason of the fertility of the soil, which was questioned at that date, it succeeded in building up a territory which was ultimately to be known in the expressive nomenclature of the company's immigration literature as "the breadbasket of the British Empire."

It is true that in addition to the federal land grants above noted that provincial grants were made from time to time, a number of them a great many years ago. These amounted to some 13,000,000 acres. British Columbia leads the list, having granted

8,119,221 acres, the lion's share of which went to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The Canadian Northern received no provincial land grants of any kind except 2,000,000 acres from the Ontario Government which it earned by constructing its transcontinental main line through the clay belt, and 749.540 acres from the Province of Quebec. These lands in Ontario and Quebec alike are wooded and subjected to certain restrictions, therefore they must be considered in a different light to the infinitely more valuable prairie lands of Western Canada. For example, the Province of Quebec adopted the policy many years ago of giving to grantees the option of accepting 52 cents per acre in cash, instead of the lands, and most of the grantees have preferred the cash.

So much for land grants. Another and better method of extending state aid to railway construction, viz., by guaranteeing the bonds of the company, came into vogue when the lands of the North-West Territory, thanks to colonization railway construction, began to be of commercial value. This form of assistance had been first used in Canada by the Manitoba Government in 1896, and had obtained acceptable recognition in financial centres. While not contributing moneys in subvention of the Company's undertaking, it enabled the Company to sell its securities on better terms than would have been otherwise possible. The policy was adopted by different governments, Dominion and Provincial, representing different political views, and inasmuch as the people at general elections, again and again supported governments who put forward railway assistance of this character as the main issue, it may be fairly stated that the new means of State aid to railways secured the endorsation of public opinion.

There had been a change in the public viewpoint of railway assistance, but it did not affect the principle of State aid to construction, but only had reference to the method of its application. The public, while protesting against land grants to railways, was still firmly of the opinion that the undeveloped resources of the country should be made accessible to the people.

The problem was huge, inasmuch as the territory to be developed extended over greater areas than were required in Europe to support the inhabitants of Empires; but undeterred by the immensity of the task, the work of extending railways into the territory which promised productiveness was resolutely continued and became the more feasible through the new imperialism which inspired the financiers of London to give a preference to the investment of their moneys to opening up the industrial resources within the overseas portions of the Empire.

In the three prairie provinces considerable mileage was constructed by companies whose bonds were guaranteed by the provincial governments. The roads have all done well, have never cost the provincial treasuries a dollar, and are great national assets. There was little need to lobby legislatures. The initiative was taken by the settlers who petitioned the governments and opened up communication with the railways. The West is not complaining of having too many railways, but of not having enough. The British Columbia situation is somewhat different from that in the prairie provinces, but it is proposed to deal with the Pacific Coast Province in a future article.

There have, of course, been large bond guarantees by the Dominion Government in the case of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern. The government that made the bargain with the Grand Trunk Pacific submitted it to the people at the general election of 1904, and in 1908 it was again the storm centre of political controversy. The guarantee of the Canadian Northern bonds to the amount of $[illegible]5,000,000, in 19[illegible], met with little opposition in Parliament and aroused little criticism from the public at large. There was perhaps some division of sentiment over the subsequent guarantee of bonds to the amount of $45,000,000 in 1914, but the whole transaction was explained, fully debated at length, and finally approved by Parliament.

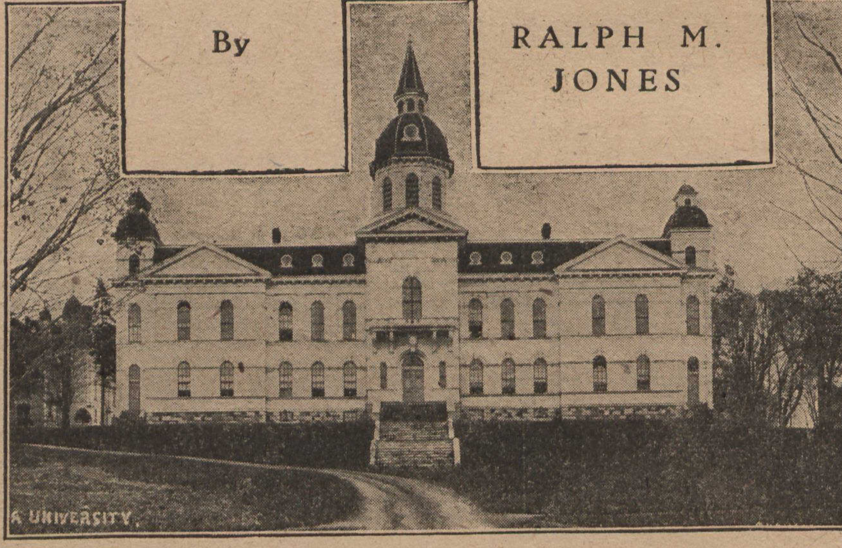
The point to be borne in mind is that the policy of guaranteeing the bonds of railway companies has been a policy submitted over and over again to the arbitrament of a general election and freely discussed from every angle during nearly 20 years. There has been nothing furtive, mysterious, or complicated about the carrying out of that policy, either

(Concluded on page 13.)

PRESIDENT, PARSON, CAPTAIN

George Cutten leaves the fields of scholarship and football for the great field of war

By RALPH M. JONES



HAD you been in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, during the months of May and June, you would have observed frequently on the sidewalks of the little town, a stalwart figure in Captain's khaki, conspicuous for size and bearing even in that community of uniformed men. Everyone addresses him respectfully. Not a few, mostly lads in khaki, stop to speak with him.

This man is "Fighting George Cutten," Captain D Company, in the 219th Overseas Highland Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

More generally, however, he is known throughout the province as the Reverend George Barton Cutten, D.D., LL.D., President of Acadia University. Acadia College is that little white building, a small replica of the Capitol at Washington, that perches like a sea-gull on the lovely green bluff that overlooks the Basin of Minas. This is the arts building. Back of it, not so picturesque, but newer and finer, are the other departments that make up the University.

Out of these classic halls have gone crowds of young men to fill the trenches in Flanders. And others are getting ready for the great renunciation. They are young men of brains and character than whom no nation breeds a better class, straight, stalwart, intelligent, determined. And in such numbers have they enlisted that the little College on the Hill is well nigh depleted of its male students, and has had to turn its energies and adapt its methods to the requirements of the gentler sex.

TO this fine record of patriotism, nothing has contributed more than the example of the President. Students were ashamed to remain in cloistered security after their President had volunteered. And no college in Canada, in proportion to its numbers, has done better.

Fighting George Cutten has captured the University by the indomitable patriotism of his own spirit.

It was my privilege to be in Wolfville during Commencement. I was profoundly impressed by the temper of the occasion. It was not academic; it was patriotic. But it was patriotic in a deep and spiritual way, that had nothing to do with noise and shouting. On Sunday I attended the Baccalaureate Service in the College Hall. All over the auditorium appeared the khaki. Boys, with tanned faces fresh from the drill-grounds, touched shoulders with the black-gowned girls. President Cutten, in khaki, preached the sermon. He is not a great orator. But no one could have listened unimpressed to a message that came straight out of his own heart, and that was tense and weighty with the spirit of the occasion. By his side on the rostrum, were frock-coats and uniforms in almost equal numbers. A military band provided music.

On Wednesday I witnessed the conferring of degrees. Many of the graduates were at the front. One or two had recently been wounded. President Cutten again appeared in khaki. The British regulations, indeed, will not permit the wearing of even a college gown over the King's uniform. A strangely impressive episode, and one that brought the tears to many eyes, was the reception by the mothers of absent students of the diplomas conferred upon their soldier-sons.

It was on this occasion, by the way, that President Cutten obtained his title.

He received it, informally, from the hands of a visitor from the United States, who having himself received, a moment before, the degree of Doctor of Literature, was moved thereby to a very happy impulse of retaliation. "By reason of my seniority," said he, "I confer on you, President Cutten, a title no less honourable than the one you have bestowed on me. You, sir, will go thundering down through the ages as Fighting George Cutten." . . . Whether or not the title has endured among Acadians I do not know. It has lived in my memory as a very fitting designation.

HOW HE FIGURES IN THE DIRECTORY

BORN in Amherst, Nova Scotia, April 11, 1874. Prepared for college at Amherst Academy. Graduated from Acadia in 1896; from Yale in 1897; Ph.D. from Yale in 1902; B.D. in 1903. Colgate University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1912; Acadia the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1915. Has published various books, several of considerable value: "The Case of John Kinsel," "The Christian Life in the Baptist Church," "Psychology of Alcoholism," "The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity," "Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing." (The two latter books from the press of the fastidious Scribners'.) He was pastor of the First Baptist Church, Corning, New York, 1904-1907; First Baptist Church, Columbus, Ohio, 1907-1910. Acadia called him to the presidency in 1910.

FIGHTING GEORGE CUTTEN has always been a fighter.

Coming to Acadia with very meagre resources, he soon made a name for himself, both in the class-room and on the grid-iron. I was only a boy at the time. I remember him in his football togs, bearded like a pard, mud-stained and dishevelled, such a figure as would appeal most readily to the imagination of a boy. It is safe to affirm that the athletic history of the Maritime Provinces contains the record of no more notable football-player than George B. Cutten during the four years of his life at Acadia. It is further said of him (I do not affirm this, but have never heard it contradicted) that, in the stern winter months, he would often dispense with the fire to which softer souls were addicted, and wrapped impressively in a fur coat, would conduct his studies in a temperature not far removed from zero!

When ambition took him to New Haven to further pursue academic life at Yale University, he became immediately known as a football player. Yale has had greater centres than Cutten; but there are not a few opposing colleges who remember with no small respect the burly, impenetrable figure of this sturdy Blue-nose. During this period he made a fine name for himself in more studious engagements, and supplied the pulpit of a little Baptist church in the vicinity of New Haven. It is said that his parishioners were often not a little shocked by the scars and bruises which "Parson Cutten" took with him, not seldom, into the sacred desk.

His appearance is most obviously that of a fighter. The face is leonine: hardly less so now than in the old days, though the beard is missing. Of goodly stature, he yet appears short by reason of his great

As the World Goes Round

breadth. He has the shoulders of a Titan. I should judge him to weigh close to 250 pounds. The tan of the drill-ground is on his face; and the military puttees bring out into plain relief the great muscles of his legs. Altogether, more pugilist than president. It is only when the Glengarry cap is off that the close-cropped grey hair, and thoughtful forehead, remind one of the gown and mortar-board out of which he so recently emerged. . . . A fine figure of a man is Fighting George Cutten, Captain.

We shall not be surprised to hear before very long that Fighting George Cutten and his Acadia boys have taken some German trenches! Their's is not the sort of spirit that can be easily quelled, nor the kind of courage that stops short of accomplishment. It is the spirit of the men who came originally from Scotland, grim, brawny men with great bones in their bodies and wiry muscles strung over them like bands of steel. But it is also the Canadian spirit, a product of the old world but sharpened and strengthened by exposure to the new problems and the unmeasured difficulties in the new world. These are the men who are making the Maritime Provinces the easterly epaulette on the shoulder of Canada.

Is There a Railway Muddle ?

(Concluded from page 12.)

at Ottawa, or at the various provincial capitals.

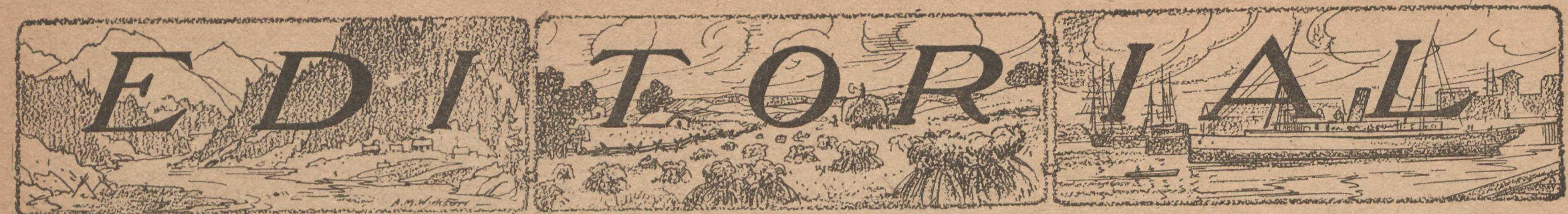
Those who object to what has been done usually complicate their arguments by asserting that we have too many railways in Canada; that they have been too expensively constructed, and that they have in part been constructed through non-productive territory. More than once the reckless charge has been made that the entire cost of our two junior transcontinental railways fell upon the country either directly or through commitments in the way of suretyship. The truth is that the Dominion Government only guaranteed the bonds of the Grand Trunk Pacific to the amount of $13,000 a mile in respect to the prairie section, although that mileage cost about three times that amount. As to the mountain section, the Government guaranteed bonds to the extent of 75 per cent. of the entire cost. A very considerable part of the money expended on both sections was raised upon the credit of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. As to the Canadian Northern, it undoubtedly raised large sums on Dominion and Provincial guarantees. It put into the road, however, at least $200,000,000, which no Government in Canada ever obligated itself to pay.

Canada, in the nature of things, had to either construct railways or aid private corporations to construct them. Imperial, national, military, and economic necessities made this imperative. The railway business, upon which 20 per cent. of our people depend for their daily bread, has received, it is true, the fostering care of the Government, but has it been assisted to any greater extent than many other lines of business less essential to the commonwealth?

CANADIAN soldiers are pretty good workers on the farms behind the lines, and when it comes to "doing their bit" in a peaceful way are usually on the spot with such things as potato forks. But it happened that these three French damsels were digging in the same field, so the soldiers quit work for the sake of practising their French vocabularies. Carry on, men—carry on.

One of the Australian heavy batteries in action on the west front. These were a few of the guns in that unheard-of, but not unheard, concert of 6,000 guns at once on both sides in the battle of the Somme.

In the picture below a number of Canadians got their final instructions just before going into the trenches. They are probably new men. Under such conditions what the officer says to-day he may live to see contradicted to-morrow; but in the meantime he gets as much attention as though he had just heard from headquarters that the entire German army was everywhere in full retreat.



RECRUITING nets are being woven that no capable man of military age may escape voluntary enlistment in any area where such nets exist. These nets are not to be made and operated by the Government. They are the work of the military districts and the officers commanding the same, by and with the consent of the Militia Department. Can one one tell us the ethical difference between this and conscription? If a man is to be practically forced to enlist because not to do so will subject him to no end of solicitation, had he not better be compelled to enlist because the law of the land says that he must? Everybody knows scores of men who could be and are not doing service for the country except by holding some job. Holding a job may or may not be of national service. It depends upon the job. When it comes to separating a man from his job, which is to be regarded as an authentic judge—the militia or the government? If the government should institute a national register, doing it as speedily as possible by any machinery available under the census department, would it not make the military dragnet absolutely unnecessary? The need exists. There are thousands of men, even in the areas where recruiting has been active and efficient, who are not doing the work that makes them most effective to the nation. There are thousands of men rejected for active service in the field who are capable of clerical service or work in the Army Service Corps. There are thousands incapable of going to the front who might be helping to make munitions. There are thousands more who might be engaged in helping to make the land more productive and in saving the wealth that comes from the land. Many western farmers are said to be still unable to thresh their grain because of a lack of labour. There are men going about with snow shovels who might be doing national service. There are men in police uniform who might better be in khaki. There are ablebodied citizens capable of acting as police. There are people doing perfunctory service who should be working at high pressure in business. If we are anxious to get the energy of this nation concentrated upon the work of winning the war we shall act as though we believed that every man may be a soldier whether at home or abroad. By all means let us prefer the national register to the military dragnet or conscription, and let the Government employ the soldiers to help organize the register. Canada does not want conscription. And the military dragnet is a poor substitute for a commonsense inventory of our national resources in a time of war.

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WAR is teaching us all economic virtues which were neglected in times of peace. We are only beginning to estimate the value of thrift. When commodities are scarce and prices high we begin to experiment how to get along without so much of them and without any at all that may be classed as luxuries. The business of saving in order to prevent waste is now the common luxury of everybody. We are merely getting more value of what we spend. In times of so-called prosperity it is the wasted material, time, talent and energy that keeps hard times always in the near background. In times of stringency, especially in a time of war, it is the prevention of waste that keeps the community efficient. The man or woman who will not learn to prevent waste in good times must learn to do so in the pinch of necessity. He can learn no better lesson. The great pity is that people have to wait for a war in order to do what should have been taught them by experience from their youth up. Now that the nation is learning to economize by force of necessity, it is to be expected that it will continue to do so after the war as a national characteristic. When the losses and gains, the triumphs and sorrows of the great calamity are estimated, if they ever can be, we shall reckon this lesson of national thrift as one of the most valuable to this or to any other country. It may be less grandiloquent than some of the other issues alluded to by high-minded writers and orators. We are much mistaken if we do not find it much the most useful of all the lessons of the war.

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BURNING war loan bonds is the latest form of self-sacrificing patriotism and appears to have been devised by a number of Englishmen as a way in which to mitigate the national debt which the war piles higher every day. The scheme is picturesque and sound, and there are men and women in Canada who may yet see their way clear to following the example by destroying or returning to the Minister of Finance for destruction, Canadian war loan bonds.

Of course it is a matter for each man to decide for himself. But there is this to be said further: lending money to the Canadian Government at five per cent. or five and a half per cent. per annum is not very heroic. It is—honestly—not to be mentioned in the same breath with the heroism of some charwoman who, having but one child and no hope for more to comfort her uncertain old age, gives that one to almost certain death. She draws no interest. She clips no coupons. The only legacy she can leave when she dies is the memory of a plain duty, calmly done. In twenty years she will have nothing and be nothing. In twenty years, the owner of a war loan bond will have doubled his money.

Far be it from us to chide the buyers of war loan bonds. They too have their inner problems. But this is worth pondering: that the poor after the war shall be only the poorer for its passing; and the rich richer. The burning of war loan bonds would help keep rich and poor a little nearer together in the future recollection of their present common sufferings.

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A COALITION Government for Canada has been urged lately in some quarters, not entirely without reason. It has even been suggested by an influential Liberal newspaper that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, if he should be returned to power in the next election, might invite the Conservatives to aid him in forming such a government. This would be one of the most unusual campaign slogans ever known in this or any other democracy. There are said to be many good reasons why coalition should have been accomplished before this; reasons why even now the Government of Canada should now invite the Liberal Opposition to form such a bi-party government. We are not now discussing those reasons which are considered by their advocates quite fundamental enough not to be disposed of in any one article. We are, however, considerably exercised over the difference between any coalition asked for by the present Government and a coalition issue created into a platform for an election. An executive amalgamation now would be a tolerably sure way of making a general election impossible until the war is over. We assume that it would be entered into for the purpose of better prosecuting the war as the work of a united nation, and that until the accomplishment of this work no appeal to the country to divide on political lines would be tolerated by either party. A coalition stipulated as a national device for a victorious Liberal party would of course entail a general election in order to make it possible. Between the coalition that averts and the coalition that brings on an election we do not know that the people of Canada are as yet called upon to decide.

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WHAT is the position of a country that is exporting so much of its foodstuff as to make the cost of living almost unbearable to its own people? That is practically the position of Canada to-day. We are so busy sending our wheat, flour, bacon, butter and eggs to foreign buyers that we haven't the usual quantities left at home, and we are forced to pay our own people the export price or get none. Someone is getting rich under these circumstances. It is to be hoped that the farmer is getting some of the benefit of the increased prices, but it is to be feared that the export houses, shipping concerns and other middlemen are the real beneficiaries. In other words, the money which the reluctant city dweller has to part with for his grocer and butcher-shop bills, is not just being redistributed equally over the whole country. It is not going toward the general prosperity, reacting favourably on the very man who spends it. It is only too likely that money is making a few men wealthy. The proposed action of the Government should be directed toward uncovering this point and correcting it if it is proven to be true.

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AMUSEMENTS seem to be having a hard time in Toronto of late. The daily newspapers put up the price of casual advertising more than sixty per cent., an advance which they claim should have been gradually made long ago. Certain amusement houses, including one of the leading theatres, refused at first to pay the increase. Result—no advertising in most of the Toronto papers for so eminent an actor as Sir Beerbohm Tree. But Mr. Tree was not willing to run the risk of missing capacity houses by a lack of sufficient advertising. It began to look as if the general public would not be informed of the presence of Sir Beerbohm, Edith Wynne Matthison, Lyn Harding and a huge company of players doing Henry VIII. There would be no criticism of the play in any of the papers not carrying the advertising of the house in which Henry VIII. was to be staged. There was no moral objection to Henry VIII. because he had so many wives and beheaded one or two of them. It was merely a difficulty between the box office of the theatre and the box offices of the newspapers. In this case it appears the newspapers won out. The actor was not known here except by a great reputation. He was not willing to risk it. At least so it would appear. And we do not blame him. To bring so eminent an actor for a first visit to any Canadian city is too big an undertaking, too important to the general public, not to be supported by the press.

FOLLOW THE FASHION

Fashion's latest decree in headgear is the gas mask. Munition work is altogether the style in Toronto

By ESTELLE M. KERR

WHEN Paris says, "Frocks are Fuller" we hasten to add another width to our skirts. When she says, "The waltz is out of date," we learn the latest dance steps. If the smartest women in Paris, the first ladies of the London aristocracy, or the most popular theatrical stars, establish a new mode of hair-dressing, we spend hours before our mirrors and hope the result will prove becoming. Still, it is a long time before the latest styles penetrate to the rural districts of Canada. Even in the cities many of our women are considered conservative—slow to adopt new ideas. But it is not often that our prettiest and wealthiest young ladies are nearly two years behind the fashion. Yet that has been the lamentable truth, for only now can it be truthfully said that service is fashionable in Canada—as it has been for years in France and England—and that the girl who is doing nothing is out of the fashion and she is judged to be lacking in intelligence.

At last our young lady of leisure has become sensitive on the subject and protests loudly about her desire to serve her country. I met one of her species at a bridge tea the other day, in aid of the —th Battalion, and the sight of so many stalwart young forms in khaki stirred her to unusual enthusiasm.

"I'm simply crazy to go to England!" she said, "Mrs. Blank, who has just returned, tells me there is great demand for girls over there. I'm quite seriously considering going across to help in a tea-room at Folkestone."

"Surely there is work to be done here!" I said.

"No there isn't! I applied at a munition factory but find they have far more workers than they need."

"But that's not the only kind of work. Why don't you take some clerical position?"

"Oh, I couldn't be down town all day. I have quite a lot of housework to do!"

"You think munition work would tire you less?"

"Oh, they work in shifts, you know," she replied, vaguely. "And, besides, Father likes me to be with him in the evenings, when I don't go out. Of course if I go to England he'll just have to board—we must all make a sacrifice in war time! Of course I don't need to get paid. If I worked at munitions I would give all my earnings to the Red Cross."

"Then why not work directly for the Red Cross—make hospital supplies—help in the waste collection. There is work to be done at the Patriotic League, too, boxes to be packed for overseas. Why don't you take a partial course in nursing and help in a convalescent home? Then there are soldiers' wives to be visited. One woman told me that in her Battalion auxiliary there were over 200 casualties in the last few weeks, and that she herself had made eighty . . ."

"Oh I hate calling and sewing," she interrupted. "And, besides, it doesn't seem like real war work. . . . Oh, do tell me who is that stunning-looking Highlander who has just come in. Why, he's a Colonel! Isn't he young-looking? But he shouldn't wear a plaid necktie, should he? It looks awfully cute, but I'm sure it's not according to regulations. I'm going to talk to our hostess and perhaps she'll introduce me. Do let's have another talk on war-work some time—I'm simply thrilled with the thought, especially in England, where it's really worth while. Besides, ever so many girls in my set have taken it as seriously, or gone away, or married soldiers, and it's terribly hard to get anyone to play golf."

Her mind was firmly fixed on the idea that the most direct kind of war work was the carrying of cups of tea to appreciative officers in training or on leave. Not a very useful type of girl, but her education has begun. She who formerly looked down on factory girls, has entertained thoughts of becoming one.

The Latest Craze

MUNITIONS are "all the rage" just now. Next summer Land Service will be the most popular occupation for society women, but just now munition-making is the favourite pursuit. It is by no means a pleasant pastime. The 10-hour day, adopted by some factories, is gradually being reduced to eight and even six-hour shifts. As the demand for workers increases, the standards of youth, health and strength will be lowered. Some factories now employ girls under 25 years of age. Others place the limit at 30.

Our mothers discarded cameo brooches for "sunbursts" and pearl crescents; we very recently replaced our diamond and platinum bar pins with regimental insignias and Red Cross life membership pins. But have you seen the very latest and quite the most popular decoration? It is the munition worker's badge. And the fond mother is equally proud of her son at the front and her daughter in munitions.

"Ethel went to the factory all by herself and got a job on the night shift. She didn't even ask our permission, but kindly informed us that she'd be home about 2 a.m.!"

How's that for an only child just out of her teens, whose favourite occupation up to this time has been driving her own car!

WHICH of our large Canadian cities, think you, can claim the most fashionable woman? This was a disputed point in the days when it was fashionable to wear new clothes of a recent cut. Some contended that the French element gave to Montrealers a certain style, but now our standards have altered and we can say unhesitatingly that Toronto possesses the most fashionable women, for out of the 6,000 women munition workers in Canada, Toronto boasts 4,000, and one munition plant which now employs 400 women will increase to 2,000 by Christmas time. And it boasts a fine rest-room with palms in it, a check-room and a canteen.

"I would not have believed that we could in eight weeks so readily adapt female labour to the production of munitions of war!" is the testimony of Mr. Mark H. Irish, M.P.P.

Toronto women need no appeal to stir them to greater effort, for Miss Wiseman, supervisor of women munition workers for the Imperial Munitions Board, says that enough women have already come forward to fill the demand until next March. The first class of women munition inspectors conducted by Miss Wiseman, has graduated, and its members have been despatched to out of town work. A second class is now at work at the Technical School.

"You've got to be a society girl to get into a munition plant," is a remark sometimes heard, but it is by no means true. It would be much better if women of the leisure class would take up the work, as they will be thrown out of employment after the war, but the fact remains that there has been a wholesale desertion of factory girls, stenographers, and domestic servants. The women of leisure who are disappointed are reminded that there is need for voluntary helpers in the canteens, and all women are advised to fit themselves for skilled work.

Carrying cups of tea to appreciative officers is a very agreeable form of war work.

The latest thing in headgear.

National Service

EDUCATING women to realize the fact that their services would be needed by their country has been the work of the Women's Emergency Corps, which has been incorporated now into the Woman's Board of the National Service Committee. The Corps was first formed to assist the Men's Recruiting League, and has done valuable work in sending representative women to speak throughout the country to aid recruiting and to persuade women of leisure to register their willingness to replace men who are at the front. In Toronto alone, 1,500 women have registered, and there are branches of this organization throughout Canada. They are in no sense employment agencies, but their statistics show that women will be ready to do their share when the call comes.

One of the most eloquent and successful of the recruiting speakers is Mrs. H. B. Parsons, who, in the meetings in rural districts, made a special appeal to the farmers.

"Produce," said Mrs. Parsons, at one of these gatherings, "I am tired of hearing it said that the farmers must produce to feed the soldiers. One would think that all there was to a soldier was his stomach." She pointed out the fact that the young farmer's energies and his time were required elsewhere in the country's service, than in staying at home having a good time, selling his produce at a big price, while others fought and bled to defend him and his property. "Do you know," she asked, "that Canada is already called 'Kaiserland' by the Germans? How do you like the word 'Kaiserland,'" she asked? "Does it sound nice to you?" She asked every woman and girl to take a man's place where possible in order to free him for military service. She advised the mothers to get their sons into khaki as the only way to make men of them, told the wives that the only place where their husbands could defend them and their homes was at the front, and asked the girls to influence their lovers to enlist. That every woman has influence, whether married or single, over some man of her family or acquaintance was another thought suggested. If every woman would rightly use this influence we should see a rush to the colours. She advised the women who were knitting—and where are there women who are not—to see to it that their socks were for the right man and to send them overseas with feet in them.

THE Women's Emergency Corps was not formed to meet an imaginary situation. The supply of male labour is exhausted, and women must do the work ordinarily done by men. The example of England is before us, where every woman is now mobilized for war work. After supplying at least four million men for the army, and millions more for war work, a sufficient number of non-producers have become producers to keep the staple industries running.

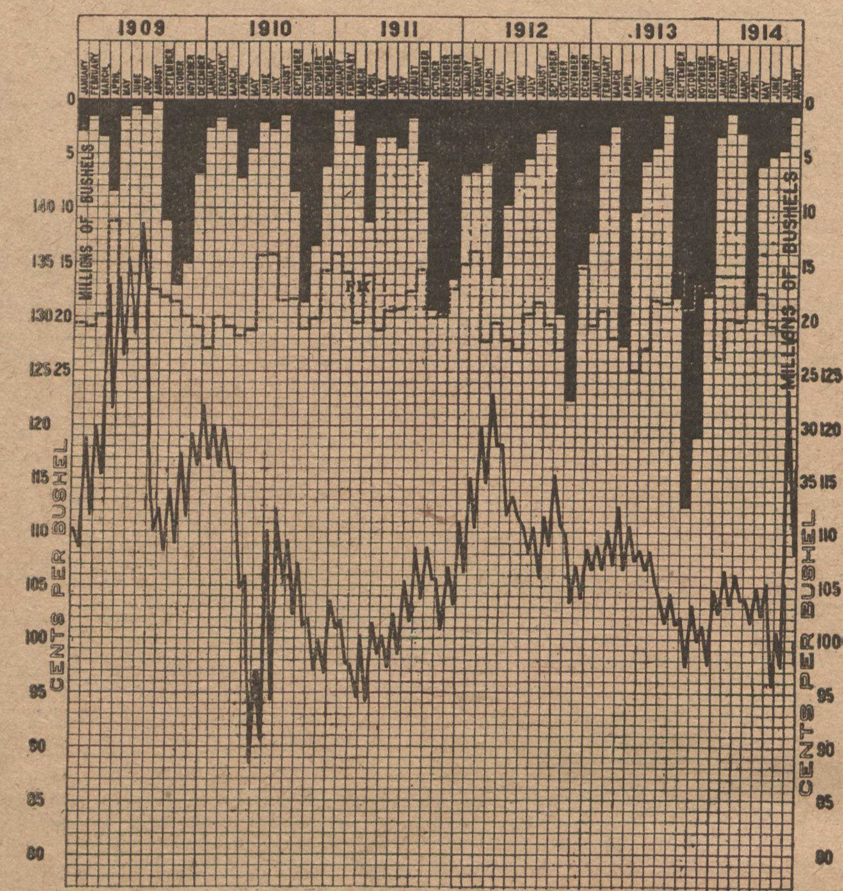
So Follow the Fashion! "Better be out of the world than out of the fashion!" If the men cling to their mufti, and the women to their old-time frills and femininity, we shall be out of the world nationally, with "Kaiserland" written across our place on the map.

TRAILING THE LOAF'S COST

Who Gets the Extra Money — Is it the Farmer, the Miller, or the Baker?

By BRITTON B. COOKE

MONTHLY QUANTITIES OF WHEAT SHIPPED FROM FORT WILLIAM AND PORT ARTHUR IN RELATION TO PRICES AT LIVERPOOL.



In this chart the black and grey masses at the top represent the amounts of Canadian wheat shipped to Liverpool month by month. The black figures on the sides indicate millions of bushels. The zig-zag line represents the fluctuating price per bushel. Note how the price falls when Canada "dumps" her wheat on the market. The dotted line indicates the amount bought by the wheat consuming countries from all sources, month by month.

THERE came finally to an end, on your kitchen table to-day, an epic. Personally I care nothing about the epic part of it—though one might sentimentalize over its far-off beginnings a year ago in some man-deserted, pan-haunted stretch of prairie with the night and the day doing twelve-hour shifts over its beginnings. One might dwell on the quaintness of its adventure in the sheet iron castle in whose bowels dwelt an elevator-tender who wrote poetry on the blank edges of way-bills. One might speak of the C. P. R. chariots in which it rode to Fort William or Port Arthur and the sweating ogres who shovelled the epic into the ringing iron bellies of rusty galleons—but tush! Whoever prepared breakfast at your house this morning—or was it lunch?—or dinner—merely seized the loaf in the left hand and with a knife in the right—sliced it! Its golden heel lies, even now, mutilated and in rigour mortis in your pantry, whence it shall pass off in a few days with all the pomp and circumstance of a bread-pudding. Caramel sauce for a winding sheet—black-berry jam for a pall. If I am wrong in these details of the obsequies, housewives please correct them as they read. The point is: there goes the loaf! Voila! The end of the epic.

Compared to a loaf of bread, Ulysses was a mere night-watchman. The loaf has risen in the world. Where once we held it cheap we hold it dear. To you whose tire-bill alone is a hundred times your bread bill this fact may not matter. Or if you use only one loaf, or two a day, because the family "fills" on griddle cakes or hot rolls or tea biscuits—no matter! There are a surprising number of people in this country who lose all sense of humour when they speak of bread. It is the one material with which these people caulk the planking of the family ship. If they can't have butter, they may have "dripping," but if they can't have bread—they can't work and can't send their children to school. It is the foundation item of diet. And its daily cost to the people of Canada has gone up $116,666.66 per day! $41,583,330.90 in a year!

BY diligence you may discover how many people share the nine cents you pay for your loaf. Let me make a list of them.

The farmer who grew the wheat.

The interior elevator who hoisted the wheat into its bins preparatory to loading on the cars.

The railway that carried the wheat to Port Arthur or Fort William.

The Grain Commission agent, who represented the farmer in the sale of the wheat on the Winnipeg grain exchange.

The government inspector, who graded the wheat at Winnipeg as it passed through on the train.

The terminal elevator at Fort William or Port Arthur, who raised the grain out of the cars and stored it preparatory to piping it into the lake carriers.

The lake Shippers Clearance Association.

The insurance company that insured the cargo of the lake carrier.

The Government Inspector at Fort William or Port Arthur.

The owners of the lake carrier.

The elevator at Montreal, at Toronto, or whatever other point the freighter discharged her cargo.

The miller who bought the wheat.

The railway that carried the flour from the miller to the point where the bread was made.

The baker.

His bakers.

His waggon-drivers!

You will observe that this is a comparatively simplified route. I have assumed that the wheat comes all the way from Fort William or Port Arthur to the lower-Ontario port by boat, and that it has been milled at some average inland Ontario mill. The list represents the people to whom separate fees were presented, except in the case of the baker, his bakers and the drivers. I list them separately for a reason.

Take now one bushel of wheat (equivalent to about forty 24-ounce loaves). Follow it from the farmer to your own table under the rate of costs prevalent between 1910 and 1914:

The farmer	$ .66
Interior elevator	.0075
Railway charge for hauling (from 8 cents to 18 cents per bushel, according to the distance) average, say	.13
Winnipeg Commission Agent's Fee	.01
Inspection at Winnipeg (40 cents per 100 bushels)	.0004
Elevator at Fort William or Port Arthur	.0075
Elevator "perquisite" for shrinkage	.01
Lake Shipper's Clearance Association fee	.001
Lake insurance	.005
Fort William inspection	.0004
Lake freight charge (ranging from 1 to 7 cents per bushel) average	.04
Receiving elevator	.0075
Total to this point	$ .8793

In the first half of the wheat's journey, only one item of expense has advanced in cost. This is the price paid to the farmer.

Now take the second part.

The miller requires between four and five bushels of wheat to make one barrel of flour weighing 196 pounds. In the years 1910-1914, when his average cost per bushel was about eighty-eight cents, he paid $3.96 for the raw material in a barrel of flour. In those days the average selling price of a barrel of flour to the baker was about $4.50 or five dollars.

The average baker turns out 270 pounds of bread from a barrel, or 180 24-ounce loaves. This includes approximately one dollar's worth of yeast, sugar, shortening and malt extract. At five cents a loaf his gross return on one barrel of flour (180 loaves) was $9. Now, therefore, under the old condition of the grain and flour trade, the miller had the difference between $3.96 cost and, say, five dollars selling price to pay wages, depreciation of his plant, and interest on the investment. And the baker had the difference between $5 cost and $9 selling price to pay his bakers, his drivers and other employees, to say nothing to the small quantities of other materials that are required in the making of bread. The baker, with bread at five cents, had four dollars margin.

NOW that flour is between $9.70 and $10.40 per barrel, his gross return on a barrel at the rate of nine cents a loaf is $16.20. His margin is up from $4 to $6. But he will tell you that his bread-waggon drivers and bakers are earning more money. This has to be considered. One driver can deliver 3,000 loaves of bread (wholesale and retail) in a week. This quantity could be turned out in a small shop by a staff of two men. Give the driver eighteen dollars a week and the two bakers forty dollars between them. Call the rent twelve and a half dollars per week and the fuel bill five. Count the flour for three thousand loaves at $169, and the yeast, malt-extract, sugar and shortening at one dollar per barrel, or $16.66. The total cost of the 3,000 loaves was therefore about $262, or 8 2-3 cents per loaf of 24 ounces. Profit, one-third of a cent per loaf! For a small shop it is probably not enough, for I have taken the rent item and the fuel and wage items at fairly low figures.

But for the big bakery?

There, by the aid of machinery, one man does almost the work of two. But the owners will tell you he must be a better paid man. The wear and tear on machinery is greater. The capital that must earn its interest is greater.

After all, taking your own business and comparing it to baking, is the baker making a sensational profit?

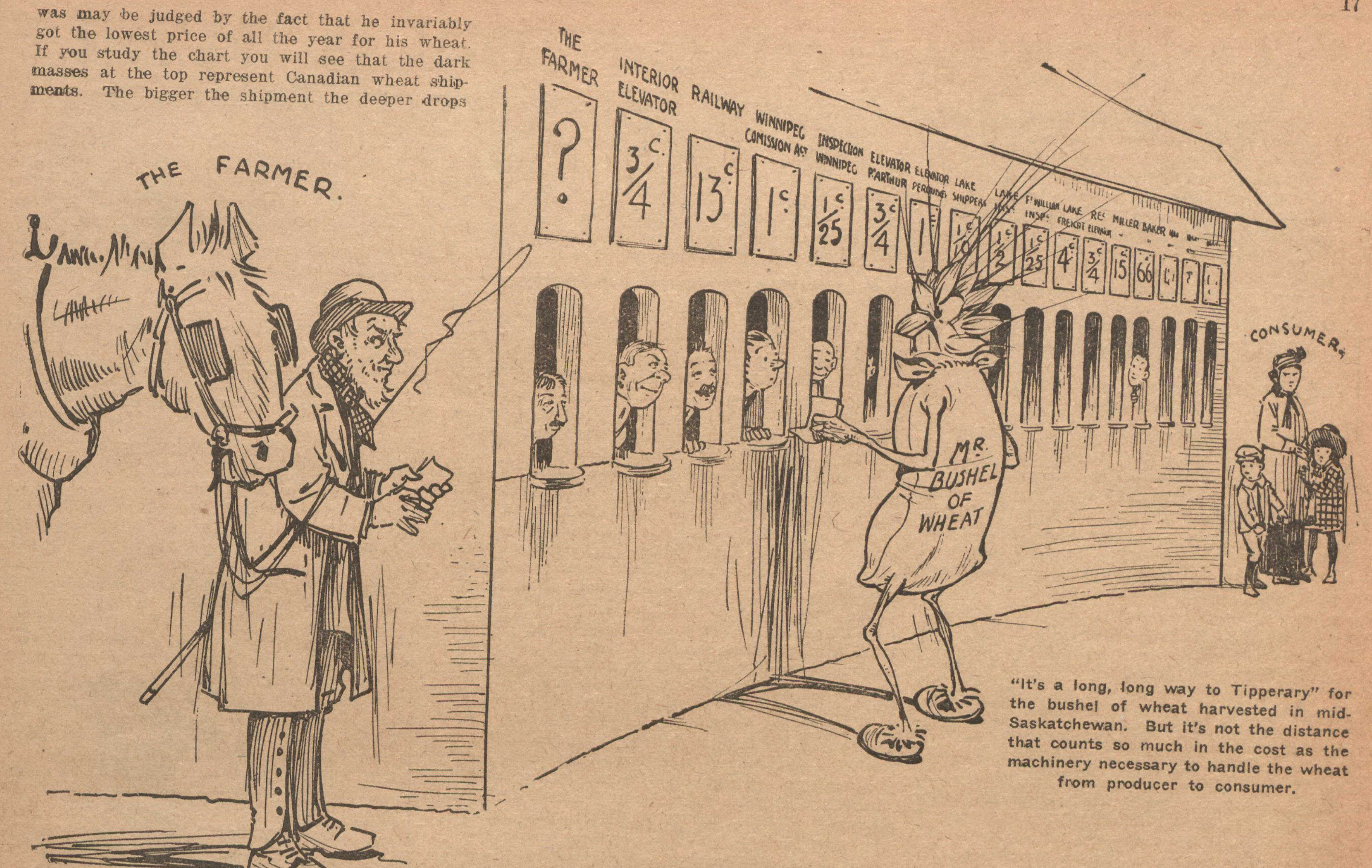
As for the millers, their ratio between cost and selling price seems to have remained about the same. Any increase in the ratio is explained, no doubt, by the increased cost of labour. One of the great milling concerns in this country is said now to be turning out flour at a net profit to itself of ten cents per barrel.

In the long list of bread-makers one man remains unaccounted for—the Canadian farmer. That modest figure of a man stands unseen and unheard behind the high cost of living! Potatoes two-twenty-five and two-fifty a bag. Beans over five dollars a bushel! Wheat two dollars a bushel! The millers will tell you—"There is the man who's to blame!" The bakers echo it. And the farmer—admits it and is glad to admit it. These are glorious times for the farmer! He is a new man and a wise one.

IN the year 1910 to 1914 inclusive the average profit of the average Canadian farmer on his wheat was 87 cents an acre. This figure has been demonstrated so often that it is scarcely worth while proving again. Government figures show that it costs twelve dollars to prepare the soil, sow the seed and reap the harvest from one acre of wheat. They show that the average yield per acre of wheat was 19.51 bushels in the period '10-'14, and that the average price per bushel received by the farmer was 66 cents. If you work it out with pencil and paper you will see that his profit was therefore 87 cents per acre, or $87 per annum on one hundred acres. Such a profit was modest, to say the least. Those were the days of the five cent loaf of bread—and the poor farmer. If a wheat farmer did grow rich in those days it was either by land speculation or because he happened to have an exceptionally high yield of wheat—one of the "peaks" that kept the general average from falling even lower than it did. If the farmer in Canada is growing rich to-day—it is for an entirely different reason.

In the chart which is reproduced on this page it is very clearly seen the reason why the Canadian farmer used to make so little on his wheat. That chart represents his old habits. He was always in a hurry to market his wheat. The goal of his ambition seemed to be to have such a wonderful system of transportation that he could practically throw the whole of his wheat into the Old Country market within a very few days. How successful he

was may be judged by the fact that he invariably got the lowest price of all the year for his wheat. If you study the chart you will see that the dark masses at the top represent Canadian wheat shipments. The bigger the shipment the deeper drops



"It's a long, long way to Tipperary" for the bushel of wheat harvested in mid-Saskatchewan. But it's not the distance that counts so much in the cost as the machinery necessary to handle the wheat from producer to consumer.

the black shadow in the chart. Note the zig-zag lines which indicate the Liverpool prices of wheat. They rise in the 'tween seasons. They fall at the time of the Canadian wheat shipments. Yet the western farmer was clamouring for easier means of getting his wheat to market.

In the chart there is to be observed, too, a dotted line running through the dark masses at the top. That dotted line represents the purchase of wheat by the world's consuming countries. Compared to the line representing our wheat shipments the line of world purchases is very even, for the world is always steadily consuming wheat. It pays a high price for wheat in July and August. It pays low prices when the wheat producers of the world are foolish enough to "dump" their wheat on the market.

Australians often sell their wheat "on consignment" while it is still in mid-ocean on its long journey to Liverpool. That is to say, they charter a vessel and send it to Liverpool subject to instructions by wireless or by cable to some intermediate port on the way. While it is pounding its way across the seas its owners are watching the wheat market. Perhaps they sell the ship-full to a speculator. He sells it to-morrow and that buyer sells it day after to-morrow.

But later on in the same season two ships carrying Australian wheat arrived in Liverpool without having been sold. Here were all these bushels available on the market at once—and the price "broke." Now, if two s' 'ploads would do that to the world wheat price, what effect was the dumping of the whole Canadian wheat crop—or as much of it as could be got across the ocean in October and November—to have on prices? The depressed lines of the chart answer that question.

War, of course, has had a great deal to do with putting wheat prices up. But from the Canadian point of view, the most interesting factor is the "hold your wheat" movement among the Canadian farmers. Mr. Sanford Evans, Chairman of the Georgian Bay Canal Commission, worked out the chart referred to in the course of his study of the canal problem. He told his fellow westerners and gave strength to the "hold your wheat" campaign. The result is that the Canadian wheat farmer is NOT dumping his wheat. He is feeding it out slowly and evenly. He is getting top prices. And we city people are paying top prices for our bread.

And now you ask the inevitable question: Who is to blame?

At first blush it looks as though the baker is the easiest man to attack. Why not—we say—get a civic ordnance passed compelling him to do so-and-so. And yet if the housewife buys her own flour and makes her own bread, how much can she save on the baker's price? Is it worth it when the added trouble is taken into consideration? These are days when servants barely condescend to do plain cooking except at high prices. They won't help with the bread.

The miller? You think of his huge capital and the long list of shareholders who demand their little percentage every quarter, and you resent them. Yet you know you can't abolish the big mills, for in the end they grind the wheat cheaper and better than the little millers could do it.

Then you face the farmer. There is no question that the farmer is getting by far the greater part of the increased cost of bread—or if he isn't the man who last year bought and held that farmer's wheat is getting it, which amounts to the same thing so far as the bread-consumer is concerned. World prices for wheat are up and the farmer claims his added profit as inexorably—as you or I would claim, the right to an increase in wages.

Of course there is one comforting point. It is the fact that the more the farmer gets for his wheat the more he can buy from us city people and the quicker he will pay whatever obligations he may be under to eastern manufacturers and shippers. That eases the money market and tends to make greater the demand for your service and mine. That, in turn, tends to increase our wages. But it is a long, round-about road, and the compensating advantages often seem to stop just short of the people who need them most.

"I tell you what it amounts to," said a big, surly mechanic, who had done some thinking in his day. "There ought to be public ownership of farms! That's what there ought to be! Expropriate 'em, same as you would a power company or a street railway!"

"Or a bakery?"

"Eh? Yes. Sure. Oh, the deuce! I'd expropriate everything and have the government run 'em!"

Of course you know the answer to that. We all want to have public ownership of a concern that seems to be charging us too much for what we need. So with the modern farm. We overlook the fact that the farmer is only now getting his innings. Should we agitate against him? Or accept the high price of bread (and wheat) and be "good sports"?

Two Kinds of Poetry

HOW poets differ in their way of getting things over to the average man is well illustrated in contrast by the following extracts from two recent books of poems, one by an image-maker, the other by a soldier.

Consider this: "Mid-day," by "H. D.";

"The light beats upon me.
I am startled—
A split leaf crackles on the paved floor—
I am anguished—defeated.

"A slight wind shakes the seed-pods.
My thoughts are spent
As the black seeds.
My thoughts tear me.
I dread their fever—
I am scattered in its whirl.
I am scattered like the hot shrivelled seed.

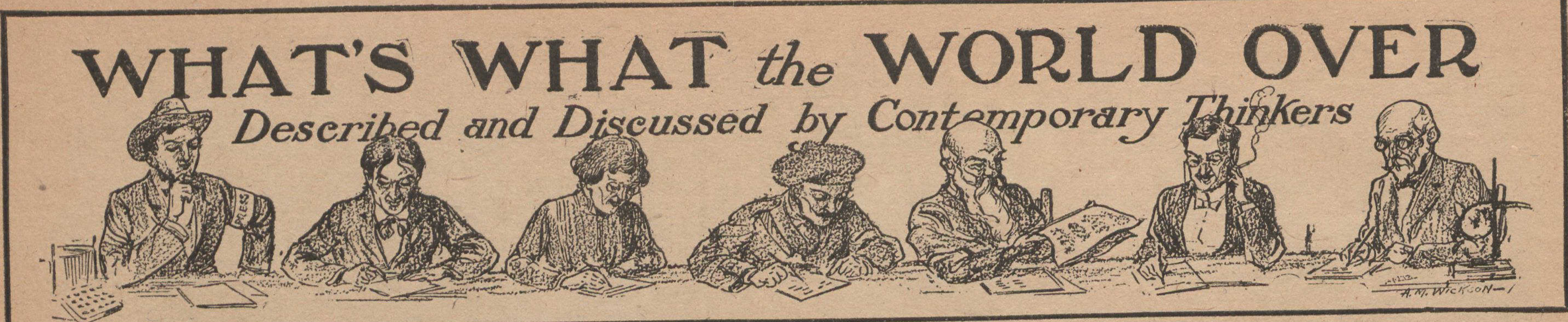
"The shrivelled seeds
Are spilt on the path,
The grass bends with dust.
The grape slips
Under its crackled leaf:
Yet far beyond the spent seed-pods,
And the blackened stalks of mint,
The poplar is bright on the hill,
The poplar spreads out,
Deep rooted among trees.

"O poplar, you are great
Among the hill-stones,
While I perish on the path
Among the crevices of the rocks."

Good impressionistic description of an autumn noon, is it not? But the description is all incidental to the main theme which is—"I"—a self-pitying "I." From that turn to this: (Stand-to!)

"I'd just crawled into me dug-out,
And pulled me coat over me 'ead,
When the corpor-al
He begins to bawl,
And these were the words he said:
"'Stand-to—
Show a leg!—Get a move on, YOU!—
Ye's can't lie and snore,
Till the end o' the war—
Stand-to!—STAND-TO!—STAND-TO!'"

It isn't necessary to quote the rest, though it is equally refreshing in metre. The point is this: which frame of mind will the world prize most when the war is over? The imagist's or the soldier's.



GREEK INTERVIEWS

Talks with the King and with Venizelos now Made Public

At a critical moment of Greek history I had the rare privilege of being formally received by King Constantine, says Count Ferri-Pisani, a member of a noble French family of Italian descent, who has been acting since the beginning of the world war as correspondent for La Depeche, of Toulouse, France, and, a few hours later, of securing an interview with Venizelos.

It was in January, 1916, after the retreat of the Allies' Eastern Army to Saloniki. The Teutons and Bulgars, after the battle of the Cerna, had abandoned their pursuit on the Greek frontier. There, with their army ranged opposite the weak Greek outposts, they seemed to be awaiting reinforcements, or perhaps orders from Berlin, or perhaps an invitation from Athens.

Greece, from the plains of Macedonia to the mountains of the Peloponnesus, was in the throes of anxiety. It was an anxiety that almost made one forget the more distant drama of the vanquished Serbians, struggling, with empty stomachs and cartridge belts, through the snows of Albania.

I had just come direct from the headquarters of General Sarrail. I had not been in Athens two hours—in Athens, which had become a city of fear—before a distinguished man inquired for me at my hotel.

"Do you desire an audience with his Majesty?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"His Majesty will receive you to-morrow at 10. The King wishes to do away with all misunderstandings and speak straight out, by means of the press, to the public of the allied countries in general, and France in particular."

ANOTHER NEUTRAL TORPEDOED.

—Drawn by Alfred Leete, in the Sketch.

At 9.55 next day I crossed the threshold of the villa where Constantine had lived as Crown Prince and where he has been waiting for several years while the old palace of King George is being restored. I was at once ushered into the room where his Majesty does his work.

The King was standing, leaning against the fireplace, where, in spite of the sultriness of the day, a big wood fire was burning. He was wearing the brown uniform of a Greek Colonel of infantry. With a shivering gesture, he again and again stretched feverish hands toward the blaze. The chamberlain who had conducted me to his presence immediately retired, closing the door behind him.

For what seemed a long while I waited, as etiquette demanded, for the King to speak first. His Majesty seemed not to notice my presence. He gazed fixedly on the big picture that decorated the other end of the room; which, by a strange irony, showed Marie Antoinette, the foreign Queen who proved so fatal to her husband's tenure of his crown.

"Ah, here you are," said the King at last, awaking from his reverie. "You came to me for a statement? I will give it with pleasure. You come at the right moment. I wish public opinion in France to be enlightened. You know that the censorship of the Allies has forbidden the publication of interviews granted by me to your colleagues? Nothing whatever of these has been printed in London or Paris, not even their titles! It is incredible! Yet I have done nothing to France or England. The best proof of this is that I do not believe in the final victory of Germany. But the Greeks wish to remain neutral; they certainly have a right to do that!"

The King spoke jerkily, seeking less for words than ideas. But these seemed to come to him in rapid succession. Now and then he would interrupt himself to place his hand on his side; he was evidently suffering from the wound which has never healed since his last illness. Occasionally, also, his forehead, unusually pale and bald, was reddened by a rush of blood.

I noticed that his Majesty never said "my people" or "my subjects." He always spoke of "the Greeks," as if he were talking of a foreign nation. I was expecting a statement, but all I heard was a succession of confused recriminations.

"I know," he went on, "that there is a desire to sow discord in the royal family. Hopes have been held out to one of my brothers that he might possess the crown of Greece. It is planned to starve out the Greeks by a blockade. Yet the Greeks have no interest in going to war on either side. What has become of the rights of little neutral nations?"

The King was talking in colloquial French.

"I am ill, seriously ill," he said. "What they want is my death, is it? I tell you once more: I no longer believe that Germany will be victorious, but there are promises——"

The King stopped short on that word. To what promises was his Majesty alluding? Was there in truth a word of honour given to the Kaiser, as between sovereign and sovereign? I believe so. But in that case, how reconcile these promises with that other word of honour, given earlier to the Serbs, made still more binding by the signature on a treaty of defensive alliance?

It seemed to me that to the King's way of thinking only "the Greeks" were bound by the Greco-Serbian treaty—only "the Greeks" and Venizelos, who had made the treaty in question.

The King, who until that moment had remained calm, suddenly grew animated at the thought of his former President of the Council.

"So foreigners are mixing in the internal affairs of the Greeks?" he exclaimed. "So foreigners wish to force upon me their principal agent?—a republican, a revolutionist! In spite of that I surely have the right to select whatever Minister I wish, haven't I? Moreover, the Allies have sent a Socialist General to command at Saloniki! I want no anarchy among the Greeks!"

The King had strode forward toward his desk and was pounding upon it with his fists. Then he kicked at a chair and overturned it. One could feel the strange personal hatred of the monarch for his former Minister. Rather than recall Venizelos, the candidate of the Allies, to power, it was easy to see that he was ready to lose his popularity, all Macedonia, even his crown.

But must I add, on the other hand, that when the King spoke the words: "Neither should I allow the Greeks to side with Germany" there was in the tone a convincing ring of sincerity. I believe to this day that Constantine, were he placed in the reverse situation, would have resisted the pleas of the Kaiser with as much stubbornness as he now resists those of the Allies.

THE LOVERS.

"The conquered loves the conqueror."—Max Harden.

—Norman Lindsay, in Sydney Bulletin.

Ten months after that interview I still find no other explanation for the whole policy of Constantine than the formidable hatred of a sick sovereign for his old colleague. All this no longer comes within the scope of politics or reasons of state. It is a matter of psychology; possibly even a simple matter of pathology. In his Majesty's most casual words there was all the rancour of a despotic sovereign whose despotism has been brought up too hard against a Constitution protected by a republican France and a liberal England.

"If the allied Governments," he continued, "forbid once again the publication of what I say I shall state my case to American public opinion! At all events, eliminate nothing of what I have told you. Report every word of it—do you understand me?—every single word!"

The interview was over.

On the same day, a few hours later, I was received by Venizelos. The former Minister, then a mere private citizen—for he had even refused a short time before to present himself as a candidate for the post of Deputy in the new Legislature—received me at the house of a friend whose hospitality he was enjoying. At that time, when his adversaries were threatening him daily with death, no visitor reached Venizelos until he had passed the vigilant Cretan guards and submitted to a cross-examination by the ex-President of the Council's private secretary.

Once these formalities had been complied with, I was conducted to a room that was strangely bare, of a simplicity suggesting ancient times.

With a clear eye and a glance made even more piercing by spectacles, Venizelos came toward me and stretched out his hand. The handshake of Venizelos is the most magnificent handshake I know

—the frankest, the warmest. All those who are acquainted with him will agree with me.

"I am glad to see a Frenchman come to visit me in these hours of sorrow," said Venizelos.

These words of the ex-Minister were in allusion to something unknown to the great bulk of the public. In January, 1916, the diplomats of the Allies, realizing the hatred felt by Constantine for Venizelos, were seeking to get into the good graces of the King by breaking almost openly with Venizelos. For some weeks the allied plenipotentiaries in Athens had ceased their dealings with the ex-Minister, which until then had been of close intimacy. This attitude coincided with the visit of General Sarrail to the Greek capital. He came to offer to the King of Greece the honorary command over the Allies' international army of the East. This project fell through and, realizing this, the allied diplomats, in June, 1916, resumed their pleasant relations with Venizelos. But in January the former Minister felt himself alone, almost abandoned by the Allies, which explains his pleasure at receiving on that day a visit from a Frenchman.

"Your Excellency," said I, "do you not think it advisable to make a statement to guide public opinion?"

"What can I say?" he answered. "My unhappy country, by not going to the aid of Serbia, as she had promised, has stored up dark hours for her future. What mistakes have been committed by the King's entourage! Yet, nevertheless, the Allies will triumph! Even before the battle of the Marne I felt no doubt of the final victory of the Allies. The Greeks will lose their only chance to create a greater Greece. I have no hope except in an awakening of the Hellenic conscience when our foes, the Bulgars, tread our sacred soil. But before that hour comes I can make no revolution against the King—no, I cannot!"

Venizelos spoke the word "King" with profound respect. And the only personal trinket which the former President of the Council had taken with him to the home of the friend who had sheltered him was a photograph showing himself and Constantine arm in arm on one of the battlefields of the war against the Turks.

The former Minister looked at that picture of the past and murmured:

"If there is no awakening of the Hellenic conscience I shall depart, I shall leave Europe, I shall go to live in America."

In January, 1916, Venizelos thought seriously of leaving for the United States. He would have taken up some every-day means of livelihood, for he who was dictator of Crete and later master for years in Balkan politics gave up office even poorer than when he entered it.

DELIVERED.

—Cassel, in New York Evening World.

It was but natural that I should tell Venizelos about my interview with the King.

"Did his Majesty mention my name?" he asked me, almost with anguish in his voice.

An inner struggle far down in the soul between the ardently royalist subject of the past and the chief of the inevitable revolution of the future—that was the dominating impression of Venizelos which I derived from my interview.

"The foreigner is at our doors," he told me. "The Bulgarian foe is on our threshold. I do not wish to add to the external troubles of my native country the complications of civil war. I am still an ardent royalist, and I do not wish, except at the last extremity, to separate the cause of Greece from that of the Greek crown!"

Venizelos has acted in accordance with what he said that day. It was only when reduced to the last extremity, nine months later, that he raised the standard of revolution—and did not even the first manifesto of his revolutionary Government testify to his last, lingering hope that it would be legitimized?

THE FEAR OF DEATH

A Soldier-Writer Gives His Views on an Intricate Question

ONE of the most interesting contributors to the London Spectator, one who signed himself "A Student in Arms," has recently been killed. Writing of the fear of death in war, he said: I am not a psychologist, and I have not seen many people die in their beds; but I think that it is established that very few people are afraid of a natural death when it comes to the test. Often they are so weak that they are incapable of emotion. Sometimes they are in such physical pain that death seems a welcome deliverer. But a violent death such as death in battle is obviously a different matter. It comes to a man when he is in the full possession of his health and vigour, and when every physical instinct is urging him to self-preservation. If a man feared death in such circumstances one could not be surprised, and yet in the present war hundreds of thousands of men have gone to meet practically certain destruction without giving a sign of terror. The fact is that at the moment of a charge men are in an absolutely abnormal condition. I do not know how to describe their condition in scientific terms; but there is a sensation of tense excitement combined with a sort of uncanny calm. Their emotions seem to be numbed. Noises, sights, and sensations which would ordinarily produce intense pity, horror, or dread have no effect on them at all, and yet never was their mind clearer, their sight, hearing, etc., more acute. They notice all sorts of little details which would ordinarily pass them by, but which now thrust themselves on their attention with absurd definiteness—absurd because so utterly incongruous and meaningless. Or they suddenly remember with extraordinary clearness some trivial incident of their past life, hitherto unremembered, and not a bit worth remembering! But with the issue before them, with victory or death or the prospect of eternity, their minds blankly refuse to come to grips. No; it is not at the moment of a charge that men fear death. As in the case of those who die in bed, Nature has an anaesthetic ready for the emergency. It is before an attack that a man is more liable to fear—before his blood is hot, and while he still has leisure to think. The trouble may begin a day or two in advance, when he is first told of the attack which is likely to mean death to himself and so many of his chums. This part is comparatively easy. It is fairly easy to be philosophic if one has plenty of time. One indulges in regrets about the home one may never see again. One is rather sorry for oneself; but such self-pity is not wholly unpleasant. One feels mildly heroic, which is not wholly disagreeable, either. Very few men are afraid of death in the abstract. Very few men believe in Hell, or are tortured by their consciences. They are doubtful about their death, hesitating between a belief in eternal oblivion, and a belief in a new life under the same management as the present; and neither prospect fills them with terror. If only one's "people" would be sensible, one would not mind.

But as the hour approaches when the attack is due to be launched the strain becomes more tense. The men are probably cooped up in a very small space. Movement is very restricted. Matches must not be struck. Voices must be hushed to a whisper. Shells bursting and machine guns rattling bring home the grim reality of the affair. It is then, more than at any other time in an attack, that a man has to "face the spectres of the mind," and lay them if he can. Few men care for those hours of waiting. But of all the hours of dismay that come to a soldier there are really few more trying to the nerves than when he is sitting in a trench under heavy fire from high-explosive shells or bombs from trench mortars. You can watch these bombs lobbed up into the air. You see them slowly wobble down to earth, there to explode with a terrific detonation that sets every nerve in your body a-jangling. You can do nothing. You cannot retaliate in any way. You simply have to sit tight and hope for the best. Some men joke and smile; but their mirth is forced. Some feign stoical indifference, and sit with a paper and a pipe; but as a rule their pipes are out and their reading a pretence. There are few men, indeed, whose hearts are not beating faster, and whose nerves are not on edge. But you can't call this "the fear of death"; it is a purely physical reaction to danger and detonation. It is not fear of death as death. It is not fear of hurt as hurt. It is an infinitely intensified dislike of suspense and uncertainty, sudden noise and shock. It belongs wholly to the physical organism, and the only cure that I know is to make an act of personal dissociation from the behaviour of one's flesh. Closely allied to the sensation of nameless dread caused by high explosives is that caused by gas. No one can carry out a relief in the trenches without a certain anxiety and dread if he knows that the enemy has gas cylinders in position and that the wind is in the east. But this, again, is not exactly the fear of death; but much more a physical reaction to uncertainty and suspense combined with the threat of physical suffering.

A REPUBLICAN BALLAD.

—Cory, in Chicago Journal.

Personally, I believe that very few men indeed fear death. The vast majority experience a more or less violent physical shrinking from the pain of death and wounds, especially when they are obliged to be physically inactive, and when they have nothing else to think about. This kind of dread is, in the case of a good many men, intensified by darkness and suspense, and by the deafening noise and shock that accompany the detonation of high explosives. But it cannot properly be called the fear of death, and it is a purely physical reaction which can be, and nearly always is, controlled by the mind. Last of all there is the repulsion and loathing for the whole business of war, with its bloody ruthlessness, its fiendish ingenuity, and its insensate cruelty, that comes to a man after a battle, when the tortured and dismembered dead lie strewn about the trench, and the wounded groan from No-Man's-Land. But neither is that the fear of death. It is a repulsion which breeds hot anger more often than cold fear, reckless hatred of life more often than abject clinging to it.

The cases where any sort of fear, even for a moment obtains the mastery of a man are very rare. Sometimes in the case of a boy, whose nerves are more sensitive than a man's, and whose habit of self-control is less formed, a sudden shock will upset his mental balance. Sometimes a very egotistical man will succumb to danger long drawn out. The same applies to men who are very introspective. I have seen a man of obviously low intelligence break down on the eve of an attack. The anticipation of danger makes many men "windy," especially officers who are responsible for other lives than their own. But

even where men are afraid it is generally not death that they fear. Their fear is a physical and instinctive shrinking from hurt, shock, and the unknown, which instinct obtains the mastery only through surprise, or through the exhaustion of the mind and will, or through a man being excessively self-centred. It is not the fear of death rationally considered; but an irrational physical instinct which all men possess, but which almost all can control.

OUR "SHAM" FLEET

Germans Believe England Has Built Fake Dreadnoughts

THE following is from an article by a British spy, who signs himself J. M. de Beaufort, in the Quarterly Review: The day after my arrival in Kiel, I was invited (my "guest" had obtained the invitation for me) to see some of the German warships in action—in Kiel Bay. My naval friend and another officer called for me at my hotel in a huge grey car with Germany's coat-of-arms painted all over it. The car was a German "Mercedes" and certainly built for speed. An orderly was seated next to the driver and frequently blew a long horn of a peculiar but not unpleasant sound. Whenever the man sounded his "Ta-ri-ta-ta," man, woman, child and beast, within half a mile, ran for cover. Through the suburb of Gaarden we flew, then north through the People's Park, past the Imperial Wharf, and through Elterbeck and Wellingdorf. At the Howaldts Dock Yards we were ferried across the Schwentine, and then turned north-west again to reach the shore-road. Just north of the Naval Artillery depot (ammunition magazines) we stopped, and our guide invited us to leave the car and follow him to a promontory for a view of the harbour.

It was indeed well worth while. The sight was superb. In front of us, to left, to right, wherever our eyes travelled, we saw nothing but warships, of all types and ages. On closer inspection I noticed, first, four distinct lines of them, anchored near large black and white buoys. The naval officer explained to me the different anchorages. The four rows of buoys are designated respectively A, B, C and D, the letters being followed by numbers, beginning with zero (nearest to Kiel) and running up to 17. One of the features of any map of these positions would be the corrections since the war began. The names of the ships were printed in fat black type,

READY.

The big knife is out. Its edge will soon be tried on Chinese soil.

—Osaka Puck.

but I noticed at once a fair sprinkling of red lines and dates. These indicate the ships that have been lost, and the dates on which the losses occurred. It is a sad but somehow comforting spectacle.

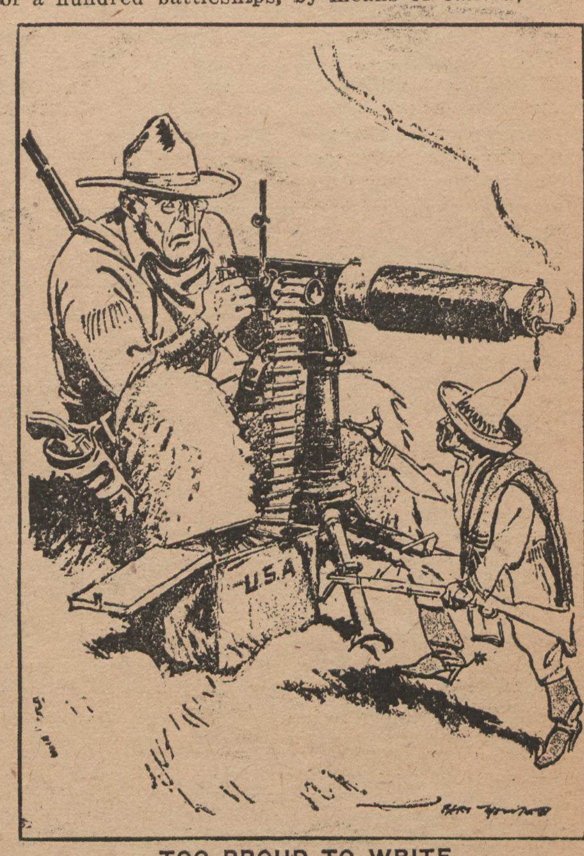
Less than a third of a mile in front of us, at A 11, lay the "Kaiser," one of Germany's finest 25,000-ton battleships, capable of delivering a broadside of ten 12-inch guns. When with the fleet, the Kaiser lives on her. About a thousand feet in front of her, towards the mouth of the harbour, at A 12, the "Kaiserin" was anchored. Through our glasses we could follow the lines north and south. A 10 was empty, while at A 9 the Kaiser's Yacht, "Hohenzollern" was riding. Next to her at A 8 lay the "Friedrich der Grosse," the flagship of the fleet. Although belonging to the Kaiser class, she was placed well back in harbour, separated from the other ships. A 7 was empty, and the British fleet knows why. Once it had been the safe slumbering place of the "Blucher." Buoy A 6 should have been occupied by the "Deutschland," but she was "draussen" ("outside"), we were told. "Where? in the North Sea or the Baltic?" I could not resist asking. Our guide did not know. Probably she was gallivanting round the North Sea, looking for the British that never came, aching for a scrap—like her late neighbour at A 7. Still further down, at No. 1, was another ominous vacancy, viz., at the "Mainz" buoy. The more one looked at those lines through one's glasses, the more vacancies one observed. Our guide knew the names of all the missing ships. What a host of memories were called up when he sadly pointed towards Buoy B 5, once the "Emden" anchorage; to Buoy A 16, where the "Scharnhorst" used to lie; to Buoy A 17, the former home of the "Gneisenau."

Besides these four rows, there are two others—an alphabetical line, indicated by letters only; and a numerical line, indicated by numbers only. In the alphabetical row where also one or two blanks which never would be filled again by their original owners, viz., at Buoy "F," which was the old home of the little "Hela," torpedoed in August, 1914, and at "K," the anchorage of the "Koln," sunk in the same month. The "D" column had a vacancy at No. 3, where the fast cruiser "Madgeburg" will never sleep again. It was quite an imposing spectacle, but I must admit having been bloodthirsty enough to wish for a few more vacancies in the lines. There were too many battleships left; and, as I gazed at them so peacefully and safely at anchor there, I thought how the sight would warm the heart of any British submarine commander. What a place for torpedoes! But the bottle-neck of Kiel Bay, only three-quarters of a mile wide, giving entrance to the real harbour, is too well guarded.

I regret to say that my naval vocabulary is inadequate to describe the manoeuvres those ships were put through, though they did not seem to be very complicated. They consisted largely of moving in line ahead, and then suddenly swinging to port or starboard. A figure, which we should call in Army parlance the "echelon" formation, was also executed several times. The final manoeuvre was a surprise attack by torpedo-boats. Two flotillas (22 boats) which had been in the fire-lee of the "Friedrich" class, suddenly dashed out from behind them and advanced to within about 3,000 yards of their presumed adversaries, from which distance they were supposed to fire their torpedoes. Then, as fast as they had come, they swung round and returned to shelter behind their own ships. Several of the German naval officers, whom I met, claimed that the German torpedo-boat had reached a very high degree of efficiency. I must admit that I admired what I saw of their work that day and also on subsequent occasions. Though some of their evolutions might be described as "playing to the gallery," every manoeuvre was carried out quick and clean. Cutting through a line of battleships going at full speed in line ahead calls for a brain as quick as lightning and the greatest skill. Whether exercises of this kind would ever be required in an actual sea-fight, is perhaps problematical; but they looked well.

But the information I received was by no means confined to German naval affairs. I learned more about the British Navy during those few months in Germany than I have in England in ten years. For instance, when we were talking about submarines one evening, a German naval officer gave me an elaborate account of the British boats, describing all the different classes, from the oldest to the newest, in great detail. If his statements were correct, they prove that a good deal of British naval information still finds its way to Germany, for I understand that the boats of the "F" class, and those of the "Nautilus" and the "Swordfish" types, have only recently been commissioned. I learned also of a new "crime" committed by "Perfide Albion," which deserves to be recorded. It is not enough that England will persist in keeping ahead of Germany by always going one better, whenever that peace-loving country lays down a new battleship; she must now aggravate the Fatherland still more by building "Sham Dreadnoughts." "Sham Dreadnoughts" (I exclaimed)? "What do you mean? Oh, you are thinking of the resurrected 'Lion.' You mean 'ghost' Dreadnoughts?" No, they did not mean anything of the kind. They meant what they said. "Sham Dreadnoughts." No other words could describe them.

Just as Potemkin conjured up flourishing villages before the astonished eyes of his imperial mistress, by means of canvas and pasteboard, so the British Admiralty (I was informed) has created a new fleet of a hundred battleships, by means of canvas, wood



TOO PROUD TO WRITE.

Mexico (to President Wilson): "Hang it all, Woodrow! Play the game—that isn't a typewriter."

—Bert Thomas, in London Opinion.

and paint. At the beginning of the war England bought up a hundred old passenger and freight steamers. The holds were filled with stones and cement, the crossbeams strengthened, and the hulls painted a dark grey, just like the real thing. The addition of a wooden superstructure and turrets armed with heavy-calibre guns—of wood—gave them a realistic, "man-of-war" like appearance. A friend of my informants, who were German naval officers, had had an opportunity to visit one of the shipyards where some of these sea-terrors were being converted. He saw one ex-passenger steamer that was equipped with wooden nine-inch guns, and it looked really terrible. While admiring these monsters, a painter, who with his brush and pail was adding the finishing touches to one of the turrets, slipped and fell. He landed on one of the nine-inch guns and smashed it to pieces. They are much puzzled in German naval circles what possible object the British Admiralty can have in view with this colossal sham fleet. They could understand that a real "man-of-war" should disguise herself as an innocent merchantman, as for instance, the "Sydney" did when she surprised the "poor Emden," but to mask ordinary liners as battleships—well, that beat them.

"Hitherto (they said) the British have had their hands full in hiding their real battleships from German attacks. Perhaps that may be the very service these fake "Dreadnoughts" are to perform. Perhaps they are intended to attract our submarines and cruisers. Thus the German battleships, which are so anxiously and eagerly scouring the seas, would be drawn away from the real British "Dreadnoughts." Those sham fighting ships would constitute a sort of lightning conductor for the real fleet. Or, again, some other use might be made of these stone and cement-filled battleships. Perhaps they are to serve for blocking important harbours and channels, as was done during the Spanish-American War, when the harbour of Santiago de Cuba was thus closed. Perhaps they are to advance against Kiel? through Danish waters? Well, be that as it may. The real English Dreadnoughts have not been able to frighten the German fleet; and our sailors are still less likely to recoil from wooden guns. The British, with their stage battleships, will not delude the watchful administrators of the German Navy!"

Editor's Note: These articles in the Quarterly have been of great interest, not only to the casual reader, but to officialdom in England as well. Needless to say the signature is a false one, and that the "spy" in question has made other and fuller reports to the British War Office and the Admiralty long ere writing these public notes.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

Thibaud Thrills Toronto . Russian Symphony Still Improving . Choral Music by the Masses

Jacques Thibaud and the Russians.

IMITATION may be sincere flattery. Repetition may be a good thing. But why in the name of mummified mischief were the two chief numbers on the Russian Symphony Orchestra's programme in Massey Hall last week identical with two on a similar programme given by Damrosch season before last? The two we refer to are the Manfred Symphony of Tchaikowsky and the symphonie Espagnole of Lolo. Together these occupied about an hour and a quarter, or more than two-thirds of the programme. So far as the orchestra was concerned they were done last week by a band much inferior to the Damrosch players. In the matter of soloists there was also a difference. Which way we are not saying as yet. The Damrosch people had Mischa Elman. The Russian Symphony had Jacques Thibaud.

Of course Canada is in a state of orchestral famine just now, and a hungry tramp will gnaw a crust. Last year we had nothing in Canada but the Russians. By the time they got back this season our tongues were hanging out. When the rather loose-jointed band from New York struck up God Save the King and the Russian National Anthem about 3,000 people got a thrill. We dimly recollected that there were 1st violins to the left and that the battery was over on the north-east corner of the map. Otherwise we took it as read, shut our eyes and settled back to enjoy about 45 minutes of Manfred. Judging from the rather past-impressions of the performance of this work Tchaikowsky could have crowded all that's worth remembering of it into about 20 minutes. It contains a heap of description. From all we know of Manfred he was a stormy person. The music takes full advantage of him. About fifty per cent. more of Beethoven would have made this symphony a real work of art. It lacks content. That's a mystic sort of high-brow word, but it has the meaning. Some artists use a much less polite name of one syllable. But the Manfred is not real art. It is high-class artifice, eloquent here and there with beautiful episodes in the best of form, colourful as a pageant in sections, abounding with many suggestions of barbarism in rhythm—but for long acting passages, empty, empty. Yet it tasted so good that we all sat back and imbibed this two and a half per cent. as though it had been "jolly good ale and old." And we called it

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

"Fine! Ripping! Let's have another!"

Of the players let us admit that they were in better form than when they somewhat nervously appeared here last winter. Now and then Mr. Altschiler got some really big episodes out of them. If the woodwinds were sometimes in various pitches and the horns stuttered a bit and the violinists exhibited several distinct methods of bowing, it was not for the likes of us to be critical. No, if they had played with their toes we should have been content. It was all so new—just to hear an orchestra in a country that only supports local orchestras when we are able to import players and goes clear out of that line of goods when the embargo is on. Protection may work all right in other industries. Free trade seems to be the only system for orchestras.

The balance of their programme—all Russian—was rather more in the scope of the orchestra's palette; an Indian song of Rimsky-Korsakoff, a Scherzo of Scriabine, very sprightly and colourful, and the stirring Rachmaninoff Prelude in G Minor of pianistic memory. The last number was the Death Scene from the opera Boris Gudonoff of Moussorgsky and proved to be a splendid dramatic treatment of old Slav chants, presumably of the church Russian.

We are glad the Russian Symphony people came. Otherwise we should all have been in the soup kitchen before the end of the season. And we are conscious that at certain intervals in the programme they really rose to a fine height of dynamic expression.

As for Jacques Thibaud, he is one of the most glorified masters of tone ever heard in this country. So far as we can remember he is the only great French violinist that ever went on circuit here. It was the first appearance in his American circuit for this season, and he was naturally anxious to produce a good impression. He did. I see they are expecting him in Montreal next month. If our French-Canadian friends don't turn out to hear him en masse they will be sorry. He is a wonderful player. Thibaud is not merely a virtuoso. He is a master of tone poetry. His tone is not of the robustious bridge-cracking variety, but it surely has the silken softness of the zephyr and the eternal sweetness of the cherubim. As a master of phraseology commend us to Thibaud. In this respect he suggests Ysaye, the great phrase-builder, though he is less intellectual, is never profound and never plays to the grandstand. In the matter of mere technique he is all he requires to be. More of it would make him less of a poetizing songster. He is an apostle of pure and perfect art, gifted with a divine clarity of utterance, a strong and resilient quality of bowing, absolute certainty of intonation, and a rigid lack of swooning airs and caprices—none of those semi-sexual confessions that so often parade as popular music on the violin. Thibaud has all the graces and suavity of the Frenchman with none of the Frenchman's mere politesse, and no tricks whatever. In his manly vigour he suggests Kreisler, though he is less virile. In his brilliancy he simulates Elman on a smaller scale. He has an almost inconceivably small tone for so great an artist. But with so small a tone did any artist in these parts ever express so much.

* * *

Music By the Masses.

WHY should the Germans produce most of the community music in the United States? is a question suggested by the New York Evening Post, whose editor reviews what is being done in that city to produce community music. He observes that for some years now there has been an effort to break away from the European national idea of music for the masses in New York, thanks to the pioneer efforts of Arthur Farwell in conjunction with the Commissioner and with Walter Damrosch, H. H. Flagler and other men. He says:

That a Community Chorus could attract to Central Park what city officials pronounce the largest crowd ever there for a single event is surprising. New York has been supposed to be too unappreciative or too self-conscious to care for choral singing. Even as our neighbourhood associations and similar bodies have cultivated various of the community activities so marked in smaller centres, music has been neglected. The beauty of the night and other favourable circumstances do not rob Conductor Barnhart and his associates of any credit for inducing 60,000 people to sing popular selections as well as to listen to a long classical programme. The feat, following the successful concerts of the Civic Orchestral Society, will awaken in some much the same hope.

The spectacle of 60,000 people in a mass singing together as a huge choral society is novel enough to make even sensational New York take notice. And it gets away from the Liederkranz, the Maennergesangverein, the Maennerchor and the Liedertafel—or even the Eistedfodd of the Welsh. The Italians don't as a rule, even in New York, go in much for choral singing. But the choral society movement on a popular basis is fast getting bigger than the Carnegie Hall or Massey Hall idea of a couple of hundred people in evening dress "under the distinguished patronage of," etc. The chorus in Central Park was under the patronage of the police. Pittsburg seems to head American cities for numbers of choral societies and its other musical activities entitle it to a high place in the nationalizing of music in the United States. The writer mentions at least eight choral organizations in the City of Smoke. Minneapolis is strong on municipal music and has a first-class orchestra. Cincinnati, as every one knows, has the greatest biennial May Festival in America and a good local orchestra. And there are fifty cities in the United States where mass music has become a great popular feature. We are a long way behind this in Canada. It's a curious thing that although Canada through its Mendelssohn Choir gave the United States a stimulus in the high art of choral music, such as it never got anywhere else, our own efforts to nationalize

(Continued on page 24.)

This is what might be called a Diminuetto. The lady with the fiddle is Mrs. Tom Thumb (that was) and Count Magri, her present husband. The music was played at their home in Middleboro, Mass., in celebration of the Countess Magri's 75th birthday. In all that time she has never grown more than three feet, three inches high.

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And getting investment advice from people who HAVE had experience isn't always easy, or wise. The average man, if he knows of a "good thing" doesn't want to let everybody in on it. That is one thing that makes these full page ads of Bonanza Oil Mines, etc., look so foolish. Why, if they are so good, is it necessary to take a full page in the daily papers to get capital to back them. Why will otherwise sane men and women actually believe that the promoters of such schemes are really only thinking of the interests of the small investor? The man who has investment advice worth taking is the kind of man who shrinks from the responsibility of telling you what stock or what bond to buy or not to buy. The man who is willing to advise you—in detail—for nothing, is usually an excitable person who has, or thinks he has, a special recipe for making a fortune. I met one of those men two years ago who had mortgaged all he had and borrowed all he could, to invest in the flax industry in Canada. Well, the flax industry has possibilities and good ones no doubt—for the right people—but that man is only making 3 per cent. on his money after all, where he had expected to clear up "seventy thousand dollars in the first year!" That man was once advising people very solemnly to invest in flax.

The things a financial writer can do is to give general investment advice. One of the first generalities should be —beware of patents. There is, perhaps nothing more alluring to the small investor than the chance to invest his all in a patent. Heaven help him! The fact that a patent will really work, that it will do the things that are claimed for it, is never any criterion of its worth as an investment. The fact that such-and-such a railway company or some other great corporation has written a polite letter saying how interested it is in the matter—means nothing. The fact that the inventor has a friend who has a brother who heard a man say that if he had ten thousand dollars he would buy up those patents and keep anybody else from having even so much as a look in—means nothing. A certain doctor the other day was shown a working model of a device that was "absolutely certain" to prevent train wrecks. It was "absolutely impossible" for anything to happen to a train when this device was used on that road. It was simple and cheap and a demonstration had been held on one of the great big trains that runs between Chicago and Montreal. One of the Sunday papers had a double page spread with sensational drawings showing how the patent worked, telling the life story of the humble but honest inventor, and how now he was being offered millions for his device. Well—the doctor invested and lost all his savings. Was the inventor dishonest? No. Was the invention no good? No. Is it in use on the railways of the world—or any railway? No. Why? Because it would be too much trouble to equip all the trains. Because directors won't spend money until they MUST. Because the government can't force the railway to use a protective device merely because it is a good one. And because—in short—the promoting company hadn't the push and the pull to put across the deal.

The best thing to do with a patent is to steal it. I don't seriously advise readers of this page to do it. Theft is wrong and, after all, inventors have some rights and should be respected. But it takes a mighty clever patent lawyer and a mighty shrewd patentee to take out a patent that can't be pirated in some way or other. One of the famous air-brakes—the first—brought its real inventor nothing. He died in the poor-house and the firm whose name is now on the brake, pirated his ideas and made millions. Perhaps the real inventor had not quite perfected a certain detail. The pirating concern straightened that point out and made a practical success of the thing. Can you deny that it deserves credit. But can you fancy yourself as one of the men who originally backed the patentee? Lawsuits are proverbially unprofitable. Lawsuits usually gain the patentee nothing.

Beware of patents, especially when patentees are enthusiasts—they have to be to keep alive. And enthusiasm is catching. When you feel enthusiastic about an investment—don't.

Can the Americans Lend Money?

NEW YORK is swarming with Canadian financial brokers. I met on 42nd street last week a Toronto man who told me he had been in New York for more than six months, had an office there and three other branch offices in the United States. What for? Gathering in American money for investment in Canadian enterprises. Not all the money coming into Canada is confined to the big companies that are listed on the stock and bond lists.

The increasing opportunities for Canada are perhaps best described by quoting the concluding paragraphs of an article by George E. Roberts, of the National City Bank, New York, in the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science:

We have ample capital to allow of our making extensive investments abroad. Our own capital equipment is greater per head than that of any other country, and naturally there are larger profits to be made in building up the equipment of others than in increasing our own. The chief obstacle to our making investments abroad is the lack of experience in foreign operations. We are not accustomed to distant investments. Even at home our investments are chiefly local.

Land with the improvements upon it has furnished the principal outlet for savings. The average investor in this country likes to be able to walk around and survey his investment occasionally. Considering the wealth of the country, the distribution of stocks and bonds among the people is not what it should be. Our financial fabric would be safer if bank deposits were less and the investments held by the banks were held by the people direct, but this statement must be qualified by adding, provided the people are qualified to select sound securities. An enormous amount of capital is lost annually in wildcat and blue sky schemes, because people are impatient of small returns and unable to discriminate among the investments offered. The popularity of land investments frequently causes inflated prices, with losses resulting. This country's ability to absorb securities would be enormous if the great body of the people was educated to that class of investments, and acquired the habit of buying them and saving for them.

Our ability to increase our foreign trade depends largely upon our willingness to assist our would-be foreign customers in their development. If we will build railways in South America, or China, and take stocks or bonds in payment, we can have all of that kind of work we want to do for years to come, and have the subsequent orders for locomotives, cars, and other equipment and supplies. But the contractors and manufacturers cannot take these securities in payment for their work. They must have money to pay for the labour and other costs. The American investor must do for our manufacturers what British and German investors have done for the manufacturers of those countries; they must accustom themselves to foreign enterprises and make a world's market for securities.

It goes without saying that this cannot be done in a day, or a year. Nobody would advise the American investor to rush out, fired by a patriotic impulse, and buy the first foreign bond that is offered. The business must be handled with exceeding care, and only upon personal knowledge or through experienced and responsible agencies. There is not the slightest danger that the business will grow so fast as to restrict necessary American investments. There is no probability that our foreign investments will increase fast enough to take up even ten per cent of our increasing capital accumulations. Argentina has been growing faster than all of the rest of South America, and total capital investments in Argentine railways since 1900 have averaged only $48,000,000 per year. If Mexico was a safe field for investment, capital would flow over the border like a flood, and its movement would give such a stimulus there and here, and the two countries would react upon each other so rapidly, that we would never miss what we sent.

What the U.S. Got From the Allies

The following table shows what the Americans have had in the shape of war orders from the Allies. The sensational development since the war began is worth thinking about:

Articles Exported.	Twelve months ending June 1914.	1915. (Value.)	1916.
Horses	$3,388,819	$64,046,534	$73,531,146
Mules	690,974	12,726,143	22,945,312
Horse Shoes	98,835*	2,001,258*	2,135,079*
Aeroplanes and parts of	226,149	1,541,446	7,002,005
Automobiles and parts of (not including engines and tires)	33,198,806	68,107,818	120,000,866
Automobile tires	3,505,267	4,963,270	17,936,227
Railway cars, carriages, motor cycles, bicycles, wheelbarrows and hand trucks	51,676,222	85,108,341	167,742,608
Explosives	6,272,197	41,476,188	467,081,928
Barbed wire	4,039,590*	7,416,389*	23,909,209*
Boots and shoes	17,867,234	24,696,795	47,134,810
Harness and Saddles	786,455	17,460,519	7,529,720
Firearms	3,442,297*	9,474,947*	18,065,485*
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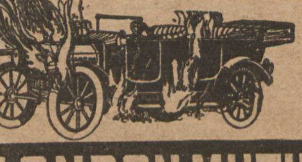

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WAITING FOR A WIFE

(Continued from page 9.)

The older boys hung behind their father's chair at first. Presently one of them snatched playfully at Lewis's coat; he held out his hand; before supper was ready they were both leaning against his knees and climbing his chair, heedless of parental reproof.

When supper was over and the children all in bed, Lewis sat in the kitchen with Carl and Vinnie, talking over old times and old friends; but no one mentioned the name of Elliston. It was Lewis who spoke it first:

"And how are the Ellistons?"

Carl and Vinnie exchanged a glance. Carl answered.

"Well, the old folks, they're still on the old place. Sam Brackett, he works the farm now, all 'cept a little garden patch the old man's got. I guess they just about make ends meet. The old man's gittin' pretty well along now."

A silence. Vinnie broke it nervously:

"Well, she ain't much better'n he is. Last time I seen her out to the Missionary Society her hands shook so's she couldn't hardly sew—we was piecin' a quilt. I d' know but she's gittin' kind o' paralyzed."

Silence again. Lewis set his teeth:

"And Grace?"

Carl and Vinnie exchanged another glance. Lewis told himself that the throbbing alarm of his heart came of their conscious looks.

"Grace teaches," said Carl. "Fact is, Grace boards here."

"SHE ain't here now," cut in Vinnie. "This is Saturday, an' she always goes home over Sunday. Carl, he let her have the school; he's director."

"Well, it ain't no more'n right," argued Carl. "Grace ain't got much government, but the kids is all small. And she certainly does need it."

Lewis tried to look impassive; he could not have framed another question for his life. Perhaps Vinnie divined his desire.

"Grace ain't changed much," she volunteered. "She's just about the same—always kinda quiet and keeps to herself. Fond o' the kids, though. But she don't have nothin' to do with the fellahs. Grace always was queer about th—" Vinnie stopped openmouthed, horrified at her "break."

"Shut up!" growled Carl. He rose. "Well, if you feel like goin' to bed, Lewis, I'll show you where your room is."

Lewis paced the room upstairs until he remembered that they would hear him and wonder; then he stood still. Well, what was it to him? He was not the heart-broken boy who slunk away with his grief ten years ago. What was there, here or anywhere, to threaten his hard-won peace? "I've had mine!" said Lewis to himself. "I've had mine!"

"Fond of the kids!" He felt again about his knees and shoulders the warm, restless little bodies of Carl's children. Sharply he shook off the clinging little ghosts—not altogether Carl's children, but others, unborn. "Seems like this room's full o' spooks," he muttered, pulling at his suitcase straps. He flung out his belongings recklessly, then, repenting the disorder he had made in the neat room, he decided to put some of them away, and pulled out the top bureau drawer. It held a tumbled collection of pale ribbons, little half-worn gloves and veils, small, cheap, dainty, feminine things.

Lewis stared a moment; then it came to him; they had put him in her room! If he could have left the room and the house without the knowledge of his hosts he would have gone on the instant. He bent his face in his hands with a stifled groan. As he turned to shut the drawer with unsteady hands, he saw the outline of a photograph partly hidden under some airy trifle. With one finger he brushed the laces away from the pictured face. It was his own. He remembered the day he gave it to her, the day he had it taken in the young hope of his early betrothal. It did not look to him like himself. He pitied the frank young fellow there with a quite impersonal compassion. Then memories of that youth's love and hope began to stir; he shut the drawer quickly—but too late. The ghost of his own youth came out and joined the other ghosts in the room.

"Funny she's got that yet!" he thought. "She can't hate me as much as she used to, or she wouldn't have it lyin' round."

"I've got to quit thinkin'!" he told himself. A well-worn volume of poems lay on the table. He caught it up, though the faculty that would not stop thinking told him it must be one she loved and often read. It came open of itself at a blurred and smeary page. Four lines, bracketed with a pencil-mark, later erased, opposite a little blister in the margin, claimed his eye.

How could I know I should love thee today,
Whom that day I held not dear!
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee a-near!

A full minute Lewis stood reading over the words. Then he dropped the book, stumbled over to the bed and fell on his knees beside it, hiding his face in his arms. He was not praying, only fighting the fiery strife of his spirit. And that was pure, intolerable pain. Some hand was tearing at his old wounds and he must not let them open. All he had felt before in this room was mere uneasiness and apprehension; this was the agony of rending flesh.

He rose presently with pale, tight lips, having pressed the wounds together. As he pulled down the bedclothes, something long and white, coiled under the pillow, fell along his arm. He flung it violently into the middle of the floor. It lay there, very still and white and fragile and helpless, like that other white, fragile thing in the cornfield. "You'll not get your teeth in me again!" Lewis gasped at it, and set his own teeth. He put out the light and lay down on the side of the bed farthest from the white thing on the floor. Rage shook him at the years of his useless suffering, at the pain of this new probing. The stained page of the book thrust itself before his eyes in the dark. "You're lying!" he whispered to it. "You can't love anything! Don't I know!"

All his past was unchained upon him and lived itself over as poignantly as in the passing. He rebelled fiercely at the blind cruelty of Nature which ripens one for another's torment. Afterwards came intolerable pity—pity for himself, for the white thing on the floor. It seemed to be shedding tears, helpless, humble tears. He wrestled against it for a long time, but at last he went softly around the bed, picked up the white thing gently and laid it across a chair. He slept not at all.

IN the morning, he declined proposals of church and after breakfast set off afoot. The ground was still wet from the last night's rain, but every tree and bush was drying and freshening in the sunny, spring air.

When he came in sight of the old place, Lewis did not go around to the house. Instead he followed the willow hedge, much taller now, but still uncared for he noted, back to an opening he knew of. He passed through the little gap and came up behind the house through the thicket of plum trees, gnarlier and thornier than they used to be, but as wild as ever, making the air sensuous with bloom and perfume. And spying through their branches, he saw her under the apple tree.

She was sitting on an old waggon seat paintless and with rusted springs; she was bareheaded and wore a black dress, and rested her chin pensively in one hand. Lewis went through between the trees. She stood up, but took no step. At first

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she blushed, a sudden rose all over her face, then turned very pale, and the hand she gave him trembled exceedingly. She said nothing articulate.

"Might as well sit down again," suggested Lewis, and sat down beside her on the old spring seat.

She was taller, he thought, and thinner; her face was thinner, too, and had lost the old delicate bloom; there were fine lines on her forehead and faint shadows under her eyes; the little mouth had learned a sad droop.

Neither spoke at first. Grace opened her lips once or twice but no word came. At length Lewis inquired casually:

"You pretty well, Grace, and the old folks pretty well, now?"

"Yes," she said.

"You're surprised some to see me, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"It's been a long while ago. We're both pretty different people now, I expect."

"Yes."

"I've done pretty well, though, since I've been gone. Had reasonable good luck most of the time. I'm thinking of getting married."

She went very white under it. Lewis saw the hands in her lap clinch till the nails turned white. But she found her voice.

"I hope you will be very happy, Lewis."

He nodded. "Well, I hope so. I'm goin' to have a woman I can manage this time. I'm goin' to be boss. My wife'll black my boots if I say so."

A frightened, incredulous glance fluttered up at him.

"Maybe I'll lick her," added Lewis. "I'm pretty mean, Grace. I never knew how mean I was till just lately. I suppose you seen it all along, though?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Well, I guess I must be goin'. Good-by, Grace."

He looked at her keenly as their hands met. Hers was very cold and her face seemed frozen.

"Probably you'll never see me again," he remarked. "I won' likely get back this way again!"

She made no sign. He walked away some paces, turned— She stood bowed and swaying, her face hidden in her hands.

Without a word he took her in his arms. He kissed the small, frantic fingers, pulled them away, kissed her cheeks and eyes and lips, over and over. She clung to him, gasping, sobbing, yielding her lips submissively, then hiding on his breast, a bird storm-driven to shelter.

At last she panted, clinging round his neck.

"What did you—talk that way for, Lewis?"

"I don't know," Lewis answered, "I don't know, Gracie," and kissed her again.

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Music and Plays

(Continued from page 21.)

mass music in singing societies are far behind that country. Probably our West has done more in this direction than any other part of the country. We may yet look to the prairies to pull us out of that tired feeling in choral music. Years ago there was far more enterprise of this kind than there is now in eastern Canada. Twenty years ago such places as Windsor, Chatham, London, St. Thomas, Guelph, Brantford, Chatham, Peterboro, and a dozen others had flourishing choral societies. Now we are cut down to Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brantford, and a few others. It is time to imitate the United States a bit more in a direction that will help us to nationalize our mass music.

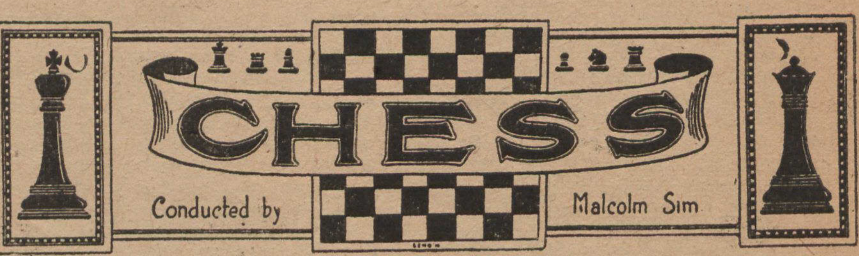
* * *

According to Mr. John J. Allen, a well-known musician in Winnipeg, the war will do a great deal for music in Canada. Mr. Allen was recently interviewed by the Winnipeg Telegram, in which he declares that one of Belgium's long-established methods will be eagerly copied after the war.

Scarcely anywhere in the world, he says, are so many obstacles placed in the way of the musically-inclined child as in Canada and the States. Absolutely the only incentives, a child's wish, or a parent's desire, may both be thwarted by lack of money.

In Belgium, however, the way is opened by the state. After learning the ordinary rudiments of music, the child can then enter the State University free of charge. He must pass each year's examinations, or else free instruction ceases. Teachers in these conservatories are of the very ablest.

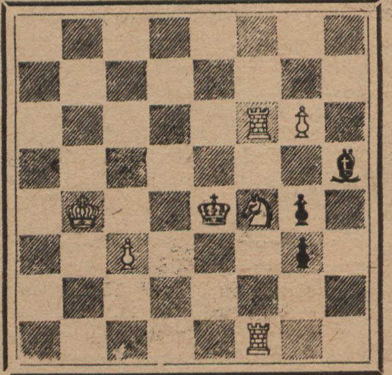
As a return for this gratuitous instruction, the student must give a certain amount himself; in this way, there is provided an automatically continuous free education in music.



Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 96, by H. W. Bettmann. Specially contributed to the "Courier."

Black.—Four Pieces.



White.—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Problem No. 97, by A. J. Fink.

Pittsburgh "Gaz.-Times," 29th Oct., 1916.

("Pickaninny" plus "Pickabish.")

White: K at KB7; Q at Q8; Rs at QR5 and QKt6; Bs at Q2 and KKt8; Kts at QB6 and K8; P at K6.

Black: K at QB5; Q at QKtsq; R at QKt2; Bs at QBsq and QB2; Ps at QKt6, Q2, Q6, KKt3 and KKt7.

White mates in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 92, by J. Scheel.

1. Q—B7, KxP; 2. R—Q5 mate.
1. ...., QxP; 2. QxP mate.
1. ...., B—B4; 2. R—Kt6 mate!
1. ...., B—Kt3; 2. R—Q5 mate!
1. ...., threat; 2. Q—B7 mate.

Problem No. 93, by J. Juchli.

1. Q—B2, P—Kt6; 2. Q—K4ch, KxQ; 3. Kt—B3 mate.
1. ......, KxKt; 2. Q—B5ch, K—K2; 3. B—Q6 mate.
1. ...., Kt—Kt4; 2. B—Q6, KtxKt; 3. P—K4 mate.
1. ...., B—Kt3; 2. Kt—Q4, BxKt; 3. Kt—B7 mate.

Plachutta Theme.

The following four-mover, by H. Rubesamen, illustrates, in the main variation, Plachutta effects by interferences of the Black Queen on Kt3 and B4 in company with a White promotion duet. The preliminary decoy to prevent the defence of the King's Bishop Pawn by 2......, Q—R2 should be fully understood.

White: K at KRsq; Q at QKtsq; R at KB4; Kts at K3 and KBsq; Ps at Q7 and K4.—Black: K at KR6; Q at QR3; Rs at QB6 and Q6; B at QR4; Kt at QBsq; Ps at QKt2, Q3, Q4, Q7, KB6 and KB7. Mate in four.

1. Q—Kt5, QxQ; 2. Kt—Qsq, Q—Kt3; 3. P—Q8=Q, etc. If 2...... Q—B4; 3. PxKt=Q, etc. If 1......, Kt—K2; 2. P=Q, BxQ; 3. Q—Q7, etc. The threat is 2. PxKt or P—Q8=Q(ch).

Correct solutions of Problems No. 88, 89, 90 and 91 received from W. J. Faulkner, of No. 88 from J. R. Ballantyne, and of No. 86 from R. G. Hunter.

In solution to No. 90 the first variation should conclude 2. PxBP mate. Mr. Ballantyne sends a cook 1. Kt—Q2.

Owing to lack of solvers who also send in solutions we have decided to discontinue the cumulative competition connected therewith. A slight reduction will be made in the number of problems we submit, and a bigger feature will be made of end-game stratagems. Solutions to problems, however, will still be both appreciated and acknowledged. We are sending books to Messrs. Faulkner, Hunter and Ballantyne in consideration of their interest.

To Correspondents.

(J. R. B.) In No. 89, if 1. Q—Kt8, B—Q4; 2. No mate. No. 90 you cook. No. 91 seems O.K. (R. G. H.) In No. 90, if 1. R—Ksq, P—B5; 2. No mate. Stationery with crest much appreciated. (W. J. F.) Many thanks for the many problems sent. Might I ask for solutions to your two-er and three-er. (J. J. Hurley.) In No. 92, if 1. R—Q5 dis.ch. the Black Pawn can interpose.

COPENHAGEN TOURNAMENT.

Irregular Opening.

White. Krause.	Black. Nyholm.
1. P—Q4	1. Kt—KB3
2. P—QB4	2. P—Q3
3. Kt—QB3	3. QKt—Q2
4. B—Kt5	4. P—B3
5. Kt—B3	5. Q—R4
6. Q—B2	6. P—KKt3
7. P—K3	7. B—Kt2
8. B—Q3	8. Castles
9. P—KR4	9. P—K4
10. Castles QR	10. P—Kt4 (a)
11. P—R5	11. PxBP (b)
12. BxBP	12. P—K5
13. PxP	13. P—Q4 (c)
14. Kt—K5 (d)	14. KtxKt
15. PxKt	15. Kt—Kt5 (e)
16. RxQP (f)	16. PxR
17. KtxQP	17. P—KR3 (g)
18. QxP (h)	18. BxP (i)
19. PxBPch	19. K—Kt2 (j)
20. BxPch	20. KxP (k)
21. Q—R7ch	Resigns (l)

(a) Black proposes to meet blow with blow, which usually is the right program. In this instance, however, R—Ksq would have been the sounder procedure.

(b) It is Black's plan to shut off the hostile pieces by establishing a chain of Pawns in the centre, but he does not reckon with the truly masterful play of White. It would be dangerous for Black to capture the Rook's Pawn, as the following variation will show: 11......, KtxP; 12. RxKt, PxR; 13. BxPch, K—Rsq; 14. R—Rsq, R—Ksq; 15. RxP, with the threat of Q—B5, to be followed by B—Kt6ch. If 11......, PxP, then 12. Kt—K4, threatening 13. KtxKt ch, to be followed by BxPch and RxP.

(c) Were Black to continue with 13......, PxKt, White could develop an overwhelming attack thus: 14. PxBPch, K—Rsq (if 14......, RxP; then 15. Bx Rch, KxB; 16. PxP, leaving Black with a hopeless position), 15. Kt—K4, and the pressure upon the Pawn at R2 is irresistible, for, if then 15......, Q—KB4; 16. B—Q3. After 13......, PxKt; 14. PxBPch, K—Rsq, White could not very well adopt the tempting continuation 15. RxPch, for the reason that, after 15......, KtxR; 16. R—Rsq, Black would counter with 16......, Kt—B3; 17. BxKt, B—B4; 18. BxBch, KxB; 19. P—K4, PxP; 20. R—Ktsq, B—R6, etc.

(d) All this is play of the highest order. If Black now plays PxB White replies with PxBPch, forcing RxP, because the retreat of the King to Rsq is out of the question, on account of Kt—Kt6 mate.

(e) Should Black capture the Bishop now, then would follow 16. PxKt, QxB; 17. PxB, KxP; 18. RxPch, etc.

(f) Very subtle play. If Black refuses to accept the sacrifice and plays Q—Kt5, then White would continue with 17. Px BPch, K—Rsq; 18. QxP, P—KR3; 19. R—Q6.

(g) The threat was Kt—K7ch and RxP, mate.

(h) Threatening PxPch. If Black should play 18......, KtxP; then would follow 19. Kt—K7ch, K—Rsq; 20. RxPch, BxR; 21. B—B6ch, B—Kt2; 22. Q—R4 mate.

(i) In order to free the square at Kt2.

(j) If 19......, RxP, then 20. Q—Kt6ch. If 19......, KxP, then 20. Kt—B4ch.

(k) If 20......, KtxB, then 21. QxBch, etc.

(l) White has given evidence of remarkable ability, and the conduct of the entire game reflects great credit for his powers of combination.

(Notes from the New York "Evening Post.")

Toronto Championship.

The tournament for the Toronto City Championship for 1917 will commence this season in December. A strong entry is expected. Entries close Nov. 27. Fee, $1. Sec., W. H. Ferguson, 10 Orde St., Toronto. College 3860.

The Unconquerable Pumpkin

(Concluded from page 6.)

scrimmage should rouse Jonathan Hynes to put them all to rout. Well for that gourd he had been so stoutly built and so marvellously crammed with ballast, and his shape so nearly a sphere that to pin him down to a conclusion was as hard as for a boy to bite an apple on a string. He was scratched and skinned and gashed and very sadly mauled. Some of his seeds were dislodged on the inside. Once the cow in one of her frantic set-tos with the old mare mismanaged to sit upon that pumpkin, but so much on the bias that the gourd rolled and let the bovine down; whereupon the old mare leaped clean over the cow and in letting fly her heels as she did so fetched the ram a terrible blow in the midst of his head, which for the moment caused the ram to think that all the stars were falling at once.

By this time the original object of the scrimmage was forgotten. In their blind rage at one another the beasts lost sight of the pumpkin, which finally rolled away into a corner and lay there unobserved. A cloud crept over the moon. In the darkness the animals failed to recognize one another. They kicked and butted and bit indiscriminately. No longer bent upon exterminating the pumpkin they set themselves to destroying each as many as possible of the others.

The old mare suddenly discovering that the old sow had located the gourd in the corner of the corral and was beginning to feel as though she would yet gouge a square meal from a round hole turned tail to the pig, began to kick wildly and blindly at the corner. In so doing she missed the pig and battered the fence. But the pig, supposing that she must have been struck, set up a terrified squealing such as caused the dogs to bark for half a mile around.

The racket was so frightful that the old gobbler, finding it impossible to make himself heard, made an ugly rush at the gander who uttered one piercing squawk. The gander made such a commiserating tumult that the hens cackled, the cow bawled, the mare whinnied aloud, the gobbler gobbled and the ram delivered himself of an unheard-of guttural. The united chorus was something never before heard on the farm of Jonathan Hynes. It was followed by a dead silence. In the dark the baffled animals looked, sneaked away to the strawstack, the barnyard and the roost.

After that the wind changed. When Jonathan Hynes rose next morning to do his chores he found two inches of snow; in the corner of the corral the prize pumpkin, its many wounds covered with snow, but never a seed spilled nor so much as a hole in its ribs.

Health of a Piano

A WELL-KNOWN Toronto pianist rang up The Canadian Courier not long ago and said:

"Tell me the name of the piano that lasts a lifetime that you spoke of in your article on pianos this week."

The name was not given.

"I don't find that a piano lasts me more than a few years," he went on. "But, of course, I'll admit that my pianos have considerably harder work than the average."

The question of the life of a piano is a good deal like Metchnickoff's theory about the life of a man. Some men are dead before they die, so far as their being of much use to the world is concerned. Some pianos are dead before they are put on the scrap heap for all the music they are capable of producing. But the fact remains that a good piano will last a lifetime if given a chance. The life of a piano depends on its maker and its keeper. The best piano ever made will have a short life if it gets bad treatment. And a very mediocre piano may be made to last a long while if it is treated well.

It is a mistake to imagine that work kills a good piano. Work never kills a man, so long as he works under fair conditions. Work can never kill a piano so long as reasonable care is taken to keep it in tune, to prevent direct draughts or extremes of heat and cold, or equally bad if not worse extremes of dryness and moisture. No article of furniture is so susceptible to atmospheric conditions as a piano, because the piano is not a mere article of furniture. The case may not suffer. But the case is only the clothes. It's the mechanism that counts. And the mechanism of a piano is peculiarly sensitive, because it is so nicely balanced in construction to get the flexible response demanded by the player. The house-care of the piano is one of the things absolutely needed to keep the instrument in a responsive condition. Given good care, sufficient tuning—at least once a year—and no sideboard duties for the piano, one may reasonably expect a good piano to last a lifetime, if children are not permitted to hammer it as though it were a drum or a tin pan.

In this matter the co-operation of the customer with the builder is a main consideration. A good piano will last only a fraction of its own natural lifetime if it is abused. A mediocre piano will keep in condition a long while if the owners are as careful of it as they would be of any article of furniture much less susceptible to injury.

Dad's Xmas Surprise

The Williams
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Gentlemen:—

Send me at once your book of Williams Designs, and tell me about your special Christmas easy payment plan. I am considering the purchase of a piano.

Name ....

Address ....

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

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CHAPTER XIX.

Pursuit.

HARRIET SANTOINE, still clad only in the heavy robe over her nightdress and in slippers, went from her father's bedroom swiftly down into the study again; what she was going to do there she did not definitely know. She heard, as she descended the stairs, the steward in the hall outside the study calling up the police stations of the neighbouring villages and giving news of what had happened and instructions to watch the roads; but as she reached the foot of the stairs, a servant closed the study doors. The great, curtained room in its terrifying disorder was brightly lighted, empty, absolutely still. She had given directions that, except for the removal of Blatchford's body, all must be left as it was in the room till the arrival of the police. She stood an instant with hands pressed against her breast, staring down at the spots upon the floor.

These were three of these spots now—one where Blatchford's body had lain. They were soaking brownly into the rugs but standing still red and thick upon the polished floor. Was one of them Eaton's?

Something within her told her that it was, and the fierce desire to go to him, to help him, was all she felt just now. It was Donald Avery's and her father's accusation of Eaton that had made her feel like this. She had been feeling, the moment before Donald had spoken, that Philip Eaton had played upon her that evening in making her take him to his confederate in the ravine in order to plan and consummate something here. Above her grief and horror at the killing of her cousin and the danger to her father, had risen the anguish of her guilt with Eaton, the agony of her betrayal. But their accusation that Eaton had killed Wallace Blatchford, seeing him, knowing him—in the light—had swept all that away; all there was of her seemed to have risen in denial of that. Before her eyes, half shut, she saw again the body of her cousin Wallace lying in its blood on the floor, with her father kneeling beside it, his blind eyes raised in helplessness to the light; but she saw now another body too—Eaton's—not here—lying somewhere in the bare, wind-swept woods, shot down by those pursuing him.

She looked at the face of the clock and then down to the pendulum to see whether it had stopped; but the pendulum was swinging. The hands stood at half past one o'clock; now she recalled that, in her first wild gaze about the room when she rushed in with the others, she had seen the hands showing a minute or so short of twenty minutes past one. Not quite a quarter of an hour had passed since the alarm! The pursuit could not have moved far away. She reopened the window through which the pursuers had passed and stepped out onto the dark lawn. She stood drawing her robe about her against the chill night air, dazed, stunned. The house behind her, the stables, the chauffeurs' quarters above the garages, the gardeners' cottages, all blazed now with light, but she saw no one about. The menservants—except the steward—had joined the pursuit; she heard them to the south beating the naked woods and shrubbery and calling to each other. A half mile down the beach she heard shouts and a shot; she saw dimly through the night in that direction a boat without lights moving swiftly out upon the lake.

Her hands clenched and pressed against her breast; she stood straining at the sounds of the man-hunt. It had turned west, it seemed; it was coming back her way, but to the west of the house. She staggered a little and could not stand; she stepped away from the house in the direction of the pursuit; following the way it seemed to be going, she crossed the lawn toward the garage. A light suddenly shone out there, and she went on.

The wide door at the car driveway was open, and some one was within working over a car. His back was toward her, and he was bent over the engine, but, at the glance, she knew him and recoiled, gasping. It was Eaton. He turned at the same instant and saw her.

"Oh; it's you!" he cried to her.

Her heart, which almost had ceased to beat, raced her pulses again. At the sound she had made on the driveway, he had turned to her as a haunted thing, cornered, desperate, certain that whoever came must be against him. His cry to her had recognized her as the only one who could come and not be against him; it had hailed her with relief as bringing him help. He could not have cried out so at that instant at sight of her if he had been guilty of what they had accused. Now she saw too, as he faced her, blood flowing over his face; blood soaked a shoulder of his coat, and his left arm dangling at his side; but now, as he threw back his head and straightened in his relief at finding it was she who had surprised him, she saw in him an exultation and excitement she had never seen before—something which her presence alone could not have caused. To-night, she sensed vaguely, something had happened to him which had changed his attitude toward her and everything else.

"Yes; it's I!" she cried quickly and rushed to him. "It's I! It's I!" wildly she reassured him. "You're hurt!" She touched his shoulder. "You're hurt! I knew you were!"

HE pushed her back with his right hand and held her away from him.

"Did they hurt your father?"

"Hurt Father? No."

"But Mr. Blatchford—"

"Dead," she answered dully.

"They killed him, then!"

"Yes; they—" She iterated. He was telling her now—unnecessarily—that he had had nothing to do with it; it was the others who had done that.

He released her and wiped the blood from his eyes with the heel of his hand. "The poor old man," he said, "—the poor old man!"

She drew toward him in the realization that he could find sympathy for others even in such a time as this.

"Where's the key?" he demanded of her. He stared over her again but without surprise even in his eyes, at her state; if she was there at all at that time, that was the only way she could have come.

"The key?"

"The key for the battery and magneto—the key you start the car with."

She ran to a shelf and brought it to him; he used it and pressed the starting lever. The engine started and he sprang to the seat. His left arm still hanging useless at his side; he tried to throw in the gears with his right hand; but the mechanism of the car was strange to him. She leaped up beside him.

"Move over!" she commanded. "It's this way!"

He slipped to the side and she took the driving seat, threw in the gears expertly, and the car shot from the garage. She switched on the electric headlights as they dashed down the driveway and threw a bright white glare upon the roadway a hundred yards ahead to the gates. Beyond the gates the public pike ran north and south.

"Which way?" she demanded of him, slowing the car.

"Stop!" he cried to her. "Stop and get out! You mustn't do this!"

"You could not pass alone," she said. "Father's men would close the gates upon you."

"The men? There are no men there now—they went to the beach—before! They must have heard something there! It was their being there that turned him—the others back. They tried for the lake and were turned back and got away in a machine; I followed —back up here!"

Harriet Santoine glanced at the face of the man beside her. She could see his features only vaguely; she could see no expression; only the position of his head. But now she knew that she was not helping him to run away; he was no longer hunted—at least he was not only hunted; he was hunting others too. As the car rolled down upon the gates and he strained forward in the seat beside her, she knew that what he was feeling was a wild eagerness in this pursuit.

"Right or left—quick!" she demanded of him. "I'll take one or the other."

"Right," he shot out; but already, remembering the direction of the pursuit, she had chosen the road to the right and raced on. He caught the driving wheel with his good hand and tried to take it from her; she resisted and warned him:

"I'm going to drive this car; if you try to take it, it'll throw us both into the ditch."

"If we catch up with them, they'll shoot; give me the car," he begged.

"We'll catch up with them first."

"Then you'll do what I say?"

"Yes," she made the bargain.

"There are their tracks!" he pointed for her.

The road was soft with the rains that precede spring, and she saw in the bright flare of the headlights, where some heavy car, fast driven, had gouged deep into the earth at the roadside; she noted the pattern of the tires.

"How do you know those are their tracks?" she asked him.

"I told you, I followed them to where they got their machine."

"Who are they?"

"The men who shot Mr. Blatchford."

"Who are they?" she put to him directly again.

He waited, and she knew that he was not going to answer her directly. She was running the car now at very high speed; the tiny electric light above the speedometer showed they were running at forty-five miles an hour and the strip was still turning to higher figures.

Suddenly he caught her arm. The road had forked, and he pointed to the left; she swung the car that way, again seeing as they made the turn, the tire-tracks they were following. She was not able now to watch these tracks; she could watch only the road and car; but she was aware that the way they were following had led them into and out of private grounds. Plainly the men they were following knew the neighborhood well and had chosen this road in advance as avoiding the more public roads which might be watched. She noted they were turning always to the left; now she understood that they were making a great circle to west and north and returning toward, but well west of, her father's house; thus she knew that those they were following had made this circuit to confuse pursuit and that their objective was the great city of the south.

THEY were racing now over a road which bisected a forested section still held as acreage; old, rickety wooden bridges spanned the ravines. One of these appeared in the radiance of the headlight a hundred yards ahead; the next instant the car was dashing upon it. Harriet could feel the shake and tremble of the loosely nailed boards as the driving wheels struck; there was a crash as some strut, below, gave way; the old bridge bent but recoiled; the car bounded across it, the rear wheels skidding in the moist earth as they swung off the boards.

Harriet felt Eaton grab her arm.

"You mustn't do that again!"

"Why?"

"You mustn't do that again!" he repeated the order; it was too obvious to tell her it was not safe.

She laughed. Less than five minutes before, as she stood outside the room where her father's cousin had just been murdered, it had seemed she could never laugh again. The car raced up a little hill and now again was descending; the headlights showed another bridge over a ravine.

"Slow! Stop!" her companion commanded.

She paid no attention and raced the car on; he put his hand on the wheel and with his foot tried to push hers from the accelerator; but she fought him; the car swayed and all but ran away as they approached the bridge.

"Harriet!" he pleaded with her.

She steered the car on, recklessly, her heart thumping with more than the thrill of the chase. "They're the men who tried to kill you, aren't they?" she rejoined. The speed at which they were going did not permit her to look about; she had to keep her eyes on the road at that moment when she knew within herself and was telling the man beside her that she from that moment must be at one with him. For already she had said it; as she risked herself in the pursuit, she thought of the men they were after not chiefly as those who had killed her cousin but as those who had threatened Eaton. "What do I care what happens to me, if we catch them?" she cried.

"Harriet!" he repeated her name again.

"Philip!"

She felt him shrink and change as she called the name. It had been clear to her, of course, that, since she had known him, the name he had been using was not his own. Often she had wondered what his name was; now she had to know. "What should I call you?" she demanded of him.

"My name," he said, "is Hugh."

"Hugh!" she called it.

"Yes."

"HUGH—" She waited for the rest; but he told no more. "Hugh!" she whispered to herself again his name now. "Hugh!"

Her eyes, which had watched the road for the guiding of the car, had followed his gesture from time to time pointing out the tracks made by the machine they were pursuing. These tracks still ran on ahead; as she gazed down the road, a red glow beyond the bare trees was lighting the sky. A glance at Hugh told that he also had seen it.

"A fire?" she referred to him.

"Looks like it."

They said no more as they rushed on; but the red glow was spreading, and yellow flames soon were in sight shooting higher and higher; these were clouded off for an instant only to appear flaring higher again, and the breeze brought the smell of seasoned wood burning.

"It's right across the road!" Hugh announced as they neared it.

"It's the bridge over the next ravine," Harriet said. Her foot already was bearing upon the brake, and the power was shut off; the car coasted on slowly. For both could see now that the wooden span was blazing from end to end; it was old wood, swift to burn and going like tinder. There was no possible chance for the car to cross it. The girl brought the machine to a stop fifty feet from the edge of the ravine; the fire was so hot that the gasoline tank would not be safe nearer. She gazed down at the tire-marks on the road.

"They crossed with their machine," she said to Hugh.

"And fired the bridge behind. They must have poured gasoline over it and lighted it at both ends."

She sat with one hand still straining at the driving wheel, the other playing with the gear lever.

"There's no other way across that ravine, I suppose," Hugh questioned her.

"The other road's back more than a mile, and two miles about." She

threw in the reverse and started to turn. Hugh shook his head. "That's no use."

"No," she agreed, and stopped the car again. Hugh stepped down on the ground. A man appeared on the other side of the ravine. He stood and stared at the burning span and, seeing the machine on the other side, he scrambled down the slope of the ravine. Eaton met him as he came up to the road again. The man was one of the artisans—a carpenter or jack-of-all-work—who had little cottages, with patches for garden, through the undivided acreage beyond the big estates. He had hastily and only partly dressed; he stared at Eaton's hurt with astonishment which increased as he gazed at the girl in the driving seat of the car. He did not recognize her except as one of the class to whom he owed employment; he pulled off his cap and stared back to Eaton with wonder.

"What's happened, sir? What's the matter?"

EATON did not answer, but Harriet now recognized the man. "Mr. Blatchford was shot to-night at Father's house, Dibley," she said.

"Miss Santoine!" Dibley cried.

"We think the men went this way," she continued.

"Did you see any one pass?" Eaton challenged the man.

"In a motor, sir?"

"Yes; down this road in a motor."

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Just now, sir."

"Just now?"

"Not five minutes ago. Just before I saw the bridge on fire here."

"How was that?"

"I live there just beyond, near the road. I heard my pump going."

"Your pump?"

"Yes, sir. I've a pump in my front yard. There's no water piped through here, sir."

"Of course. Go on, Dibley."

"I looked out and saw a machine stopped out in the road. One man was pumping water into a bucket for another."

"Then what did you do?"

"Nothing, sir. I just watched them. Motor people often stop at my pump for water."

"I see. Go on."

"That's all about them, sir. I thought nothing about it—they wouldn't wake me to ask for water; they'd just take it. Then I saw the fire over there—"

"No; go back," Eaton interrupted. "First how many men were there in the car?"

"How many? Three, sir."

Eaton started. "Only three; you're sure?"

"Yes, sir; I could see them plain. There was the two at the pump; one more stayed in the car."

Eaton seized the man in his intentness. "You're sure there weren't any more, Dibley? Think; be sure! There weren't three more or even one more person hidden in the tonneau of the car?"

"The tonneau, sir?"

"The back seats, I mean."

"No, sir; I could see into the car. It was almost right below me, sir. My house has a room above; that's where I was sleeping."

"Then did you watch the men with the water?"

"Watch them, sir?"

"What they did with it; you're sure they didn't take it to the rear seat to give it to some one there. You see, we think one of the men was hurt," Eaton explained.

"No, sir. I'd noticed if they did that."

"Then did they put it into the radiator—here in front where motorists use water?"

Dibley stared. "No, sir; I didn't think of it then, but they didn't. They didn't put it into the car. They took it in their bucket with them. It was one of those folding buckets motor people have."

Eaton gazed at the man. "Only three, you are sure!" he repeated. "And none of them seemed to be hurt!"

"No, sir."

"Then they went off in the other direction from the bridge?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't notice the bridge burning till after they went. So I came down here."

Eaton let the man go. Dibley looked again at the girl and moved away a little. She turned to Eaton.

"What does that mean?" she called to him. "How many should there have been in the machine? What did they want with the water?"

"Six!" Eaton told her. "There should have been six in the machine, and one, at least, badly hurt!"

Dibley stood dully apart, staring at one and then at the other and next to the flaming bridge. He looked down the road. "There's another car coming," he announced. "Two cars!"

The double glare from the headlights of a motor shone through the tree-trunks as the car topped and came swiftly down a rise three quarters of a mile away and around the last turn back on the road; another pair of blinding lights followed. There was no doubt that this must be the pursuit from Santoine's house. Eaton stood beside Harriet, who had stayed in the driving-seat of the car.

"You know Dibley well, Harriet?" he asked.

"He's worked on our place. He's dependable," she answered.

Eaton put his hand over hers which still clung to the driving wheel. "I'm going just beside the road here," he said to her, quietly. "I'm armed, of course. If those are your people, you'd better go back with them. I'm sure they are; but I'll wait and see."

SHE caught at his hand. "No; no!" she cried. "You must get as far away as you can before they come! I'm going back to meet and hold them." She threw the car into the reverse, backed and turned it and brought it again, on the road. He came beside her again, putting out his hand; she seized it. Her hands for an instant clung to it, his to hers.

"You must go—quick!" she urged; "but how am I to know what becomes of you—where you are? Shall I hear from you—shall I ever see you?"

"No news will be good news," he said, "until—"

"Until what?"

"Until—" And again that unknown something which a thousand times—it seemed to her—had checked his word and action toward her made him pause; but nothing could completely bar them from one another now. "Until they catch and destroy me, or—until I come to you as—as you have never known me yet!"

An instant more she clung to him. The double head-lights flared into sight again upon the road, much nearer now and coming fast. She released him; he plunged into the bushes beside the road, and the damp, bare twigs lashed against one another at his passage; then she shot her car forward. But she had made only a few hundred yards when the first of the two cars met her. It turned to its right to pass, she turned the same way; the approaching car twisted to the left, she swung hers to oppose it. The two cars did not strike; they stopped, radiator to radiator, with rear wheels locked. The second car drew up behind the first. The glare of her headlights showed her both were full of armed men. Their headlights, revealing her to them, hushed suddenly their angry ejaculations. She recognized Avery in the first car; he leaped out and ran up to her.

"Harriet! In God's name, what are you doing here?"

She sat unmoved in her seat, gazing at him. Men leaping from the cars, ran past her down the road toward the ravine and the burning bridge. She longed to look once more in the direction in which Eaton had disappeared, but she did not. Avery reached up and over the side of the car and caught her arm, repeating his demand for an explanation. She could see, turning in her seat, the men who had run past surrounding Dibley on the road and questioning him. Avery, gaining no satisfaction from her, let go her arm; his hand dropped to the back of the seat and he drew it up quickly.

"Harriet, there's blood here!"

(Continued on page 30.)

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The Blind Man's Eyes

(Continued from page 27.)

She did not reply. He stared at her and seemed to comprehend.

He shouted to the men around Dibley and ran toward them. They called in answer to his shout, and she could see Dibley pointing out to them the way Eaton had gone. The men, scattering themselves at intervals along the edge of the wood and, under Avery's direction, posting others in each direction to watch the road, began to beat through the bushes after Eaton. She sat watching; she put her cold hands to her face; then, recalling how just now Eaton's hand had clung to hers, she pressed them to her lips. Avery came running back to her.

"You drove him out here, Harriet!" he charged. "Dibley says so."

"Him? Who?" she asked coolly.

"Eaton. Dibley did not know him, but describes him. It can have been no one else. He was hurt!" The triumph in the ejaculation made her recoil. "He was hurt and could not drive, and you drove him out"—his tone changed suddenly—"like this!"

For the first time since she had left the garage she was suddenly conscious that she was in her night-dress with only a robe and slippers. She drew the robe quickly about her, shrinking and staring at him. In all the miles she had driven that night with Eaton at her side, she never a moment had shrunk from her companion or thought how she was dressed. It was not the exaltation and excitement of what she was doing that had prevented her; it went deeper than that; it was the attitude of her companion toward her. But Avery had thought of it, and made her think of it, at once, even in the excitement under which he was labouring.

He left her again, running after the men into the woods. She sat in the car, listening to the sounds of the hunt. She could see, back of her, in the light of the burning bridge, one of the armed men standing to watch the road; ahead of her, but almost indistinguishable in the darkness, was another. The noise of the hunt had moved further into the woods; she had no immediate fear that they would find Eaton; her present anxiety was over his condition from his hurts and what might happen if he encountered those he had been pursuing. In that neighbourhood, with its woods and bushes and ravines to furnish cover, the darkness made discovery of him by Avery and his men impossible if Eaton wished to hide himself. Avery appeared to have realized this; for now the voices in the woods ceased and the men began to straggle back toward the cars. A party was sent on foot across the ravine, evidently to guard the road beyond. The rest began to clamber into the cars. She backed her car away from the one in front of it and started home.

She had gone only a short distance when the cars again passed her, travelling at high speed. She began then to pass individual men left by those in the cars to watch the road. At the first large house she saw one of the cars again, standing empty. She passed it without stopping. A mile farther, a little group of men carrying guns stopped her, recognized her and let her pass. They had been called out, they told her, by Mr. Avery over the telephone to watch the roads for Eaton; they had Eaton's description; members of the local police were to take charge of them and direct them. She comprehended that Avery was surrounding the vacant acreage where Eaton had taken refuge to be certain that Eaton did not get away until daylight came and a search for him was possible.

Lights gleamed at her across the broad lawns of he houses near her father's great house as she approached it; at the sound of her car, people came to the windows and looked out. She understood that news of the murder at Basil Santoine's had aroused the neighbours and brought them from their beds.

As she left her motor on the drive beside the house—for to-night no one came from the garages to take it—the little clock upon its dash marked half past two.

CHAPTER XX

Waiting.

HARRIET went into the house and toward her own rooms; a maid met and stopped her on the stairs.

"Mr. Santoin sent word that he wishes to see you as soon as you came in, Miss Santoine."

Harriet went on toward her father's room, without stopping at her own—wet with the drive through the damp night and shivering now with its chill. Her father's voice answered her knock with a summons to come in. As she obeyed, pushing the doors open, he dismissed the nurse; the girl, passing Harriet as she went out, returned Harriet's questioning look with a reassuring nod; Basil Santoine had endured the shock and excitement of the night better than could have been expected; he was quite himself.

As Harriet went toward the bed, her father's blind eyes turned toward her; he put out his hand and touched her, seeming startled to find her still in the robe she had worn an hour before and to feel that the robe was wet.

"Where have you been, Daughter?" he asked.

She hesitated, drawing the robe out of his hand. "I—I have been driving Mr. Eaton in a motor," she said.

"Helping him to escape?" A spasm crossed the blind man's face.

"He said not; he—he was following the men who shot Cousin Wallace."

The blind man lay for an instant still. "Tell me," he commanded finally.

She told him, beginning with her discovery of Eaton in the garage and ending with his leaving her and with Donald Avery's finding her in the motor; and now she held back one word only—his name which he had told her, Hugh. Her father listened intently; when she had finished, he made no move, no comment, no reproach. She had seated herself on the chair beside his bed; she looked away, then back to him.

"That is not all," she said; and she told him of her expedition with Eaton to the ravine before the attack in the house.

Again she waited.

"You and Mr. Eaton appear to have become rather well acquainted, Harriet," he said. "Has he told you nothing about himself which you have not told me? You have seen nothing concerning him, which you have not told?"

Her mind went quickly back to the polo game; she felt a flush, which his blind eyes could not see, dyeing her cheeks and forehead.

"No," she answered. She was aware that he did not accept the denial, that he knew she was concealing something.

"Nothing?" he asked her again.

She put her hands to her face; then she drew them quickly away. "Nothing," she said steadily.

The blind man waited for a moment: he put out his hand and pressed the bell which called the steward. Neither spoke until the steward had come.

"Fairley," Santoine said then, quietly, "Miss Santoine and I have just agreed that for the present all reports regarding the pursuit of the men who entered the study last night are to be made direct to me, not through Miss Santoine or Mr. Avery."

"Very well, sir."

She sat still after the steward had gone; she thought for an instant her

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father had forgotten her presence; then he moved slightly.

"That is all, dear," he said quietly.

She got up and left him, and went to her own rooms; she did not pretend to herself that she could rest. She bathed and dressed and went downstairs. The library had windows facing to the west; she went in there and stood looking out. Somewhere to the west was Eaton, alone, wounded; she knew she need not think of him yet as actively hunted, only watched; with daylight the hunt would begin. Would he be able to avoid the watchers and escape before the actual hunt for him began?

She went out into the hall to the telephone. She could not get the use of the 'phone at once; the steward was posted there; the calls upon the 'phone were continual—from neighbours who, awakened to learn the news of Blatchford's death and the hunt for his murderer, called to offer what help they could, and from the newspapers, which somehow had been notified. The telephones in the bedrooms all were on this wire. There was a private telephone in the library; somehow she could not bring herself to enter that room, closed and to be left with everything in its disorder until the arrival of the police. The only other telephone was in her father's bedroom.

She took advantage of a momentary interruption in the calls to call up the local police station. Hearing her name, the man at the other end became deferential at once; he told her what was being done, confirming what she already knew; the roads were being watched, and men had been posted at all near-by railway stations and at the stopping points of the interurban line to prevent Eaton from escaping that way. The man spoke only of Eaton; he showed the conviction—gathered, she felt sure, by telephone conversation with Donald Avery—that Eaton was the murderer.

"He ain't likely to get away, Miss Santoine," he assured her. "He's got no shoes, I understand, and he has one or maybe two shots through him."

She shrunk back and nearly dropped the 'phone at the vision which his words called up; yet there was nothing new to her in that vision—it was continually before her eyes; it was the only thing of which she could think.

"YOU'LL call me as soon as you know anything more," she requested; "will you call me every hour?"

She hung up, on receiving assurance of this.

A servant brought a written paper. She took it before she recognized that it was not for her but for the steward. It was a short statement of the obvious physical circumstances of the murder, evidently dictated by her father and intended for the newspapers. She gave it to Fairley, who began reading it over the telephone to the newspapers. She wandered again to the west windows. She was not consciously listening to the telephone conversation in the hall; yet enough reached her to make her know that reporters were rushing from the city by train and automobile. The last city editions of the morning papers would have at least the fact of the murder; there would be later extras; the afternoon papers would have it all. There was a long list of relatives and friends to whom it was due that telegraphic announcement of Wallace Blatchford's death reached them before they read it as a sensation publicly printed. Recollection of these people at least gave her something to do.

She went up to her own room, listed the names and prepared the telegrams for them; she came down again and gave the telegrams to Fairley to transmit by telephone. As she descended the stairs the great clock in the lower hall struck once; it was a quarter past three.

(To be Continued.)

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