THE CANADIAN COURIER

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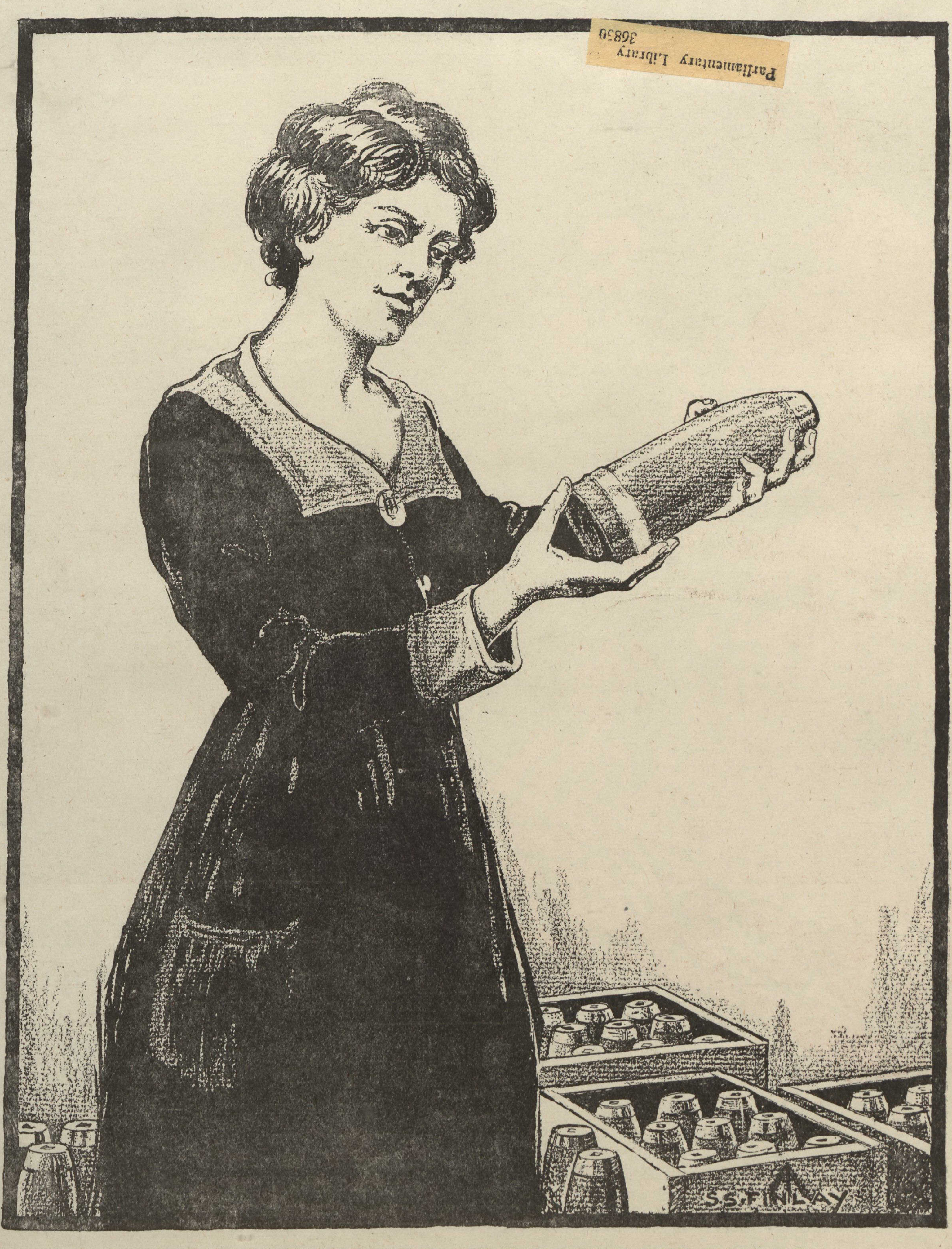

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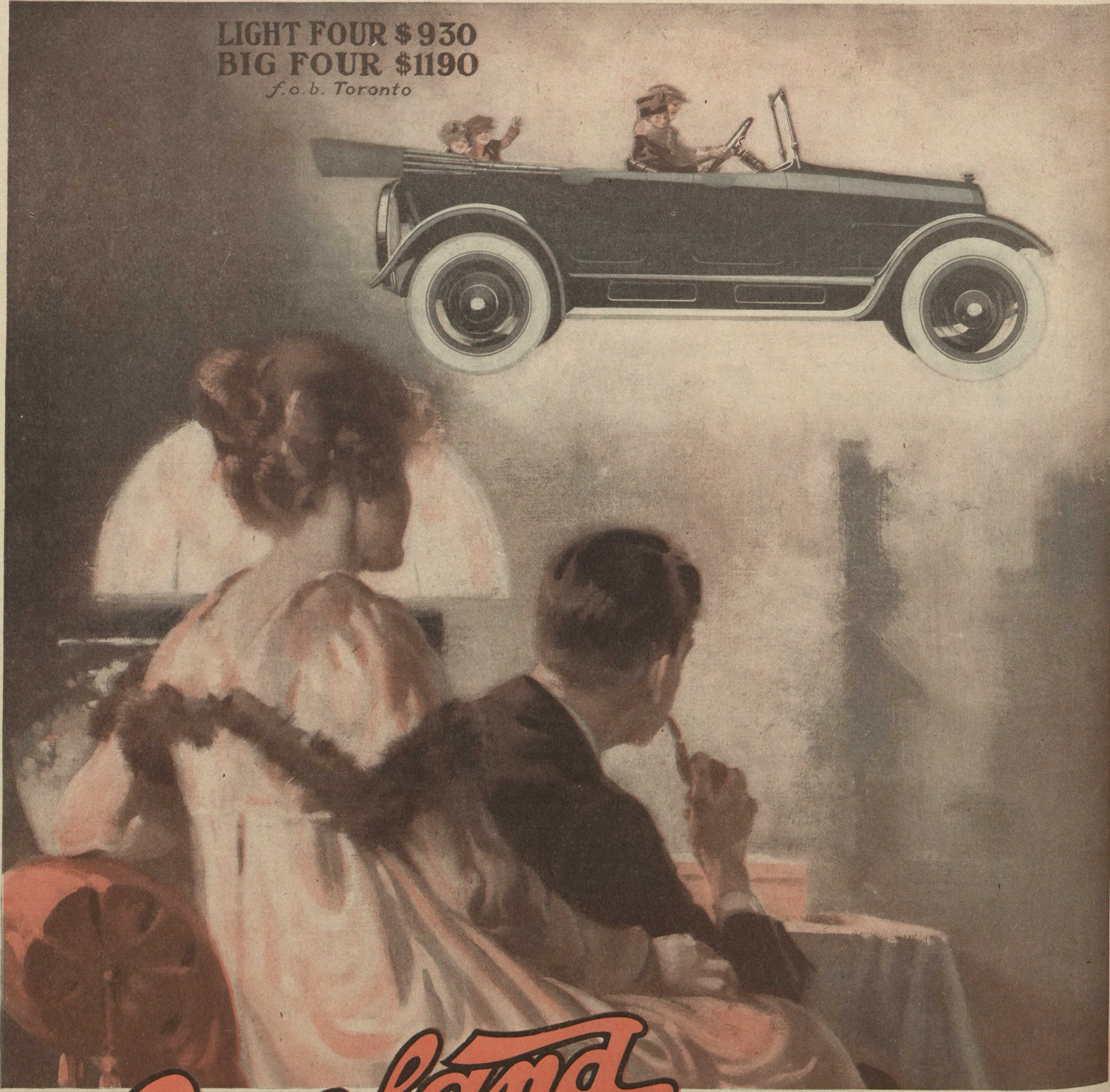

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THE CANADIAN COURIER

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CANADIAN COURIER

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NEVER in the history of Canada was there a place for a paper like the Canadian Courier as there is now. We spent several years making the Courier a medium for a great many kinds of things from all parts of Canada. No other paper in the country has ever tried to publish week by week such wide-angle stuff interesting to all parts of the country.

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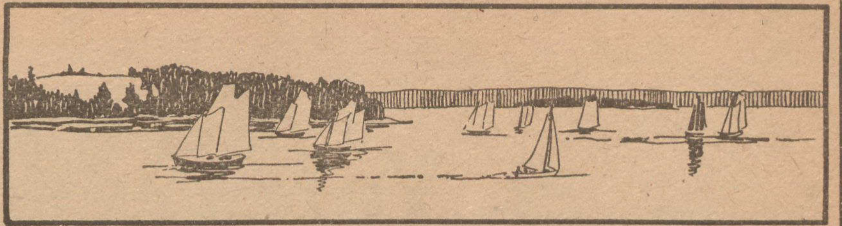
IT means also a largely increased corps of casual contributors. We are getting them. Twenty manuscripts come to this office for every one that is accepted. The nineteen others must be read to be sure we get the right one. There never can be too many manuscripts coming in. There never were so many people engaged in writing or trying to write as now. Unless we keep moving the production will get ahead of us. Unless we are careful we may print the wrong thing.

But we must have the manuscripts. And unless they are carefully read we may never know when we have let a good writer slip by us.

We don't want writers to slip by. We are here to corral copy. If we don't do it, so far as Canadian talent is concerned, who will? That makes this paper, not a fad, or a party organ, or the whim of a publisher, but a real national necessity.

YOU can't read all the magazines in the market. You never see one-tenth of even the best Canadian newspapers. You have no time to travel all over this huge country.

The Canadian Courier will do a lot of this for you. That's what we are here for. Fifty-two times a year we engage to put out the best five-cents' worth of Canadianized matter in this country. It's every Canadian's opportunity to get this product 52 times a year. Once having got it 52 times in succession, you won't be likely to drop it.



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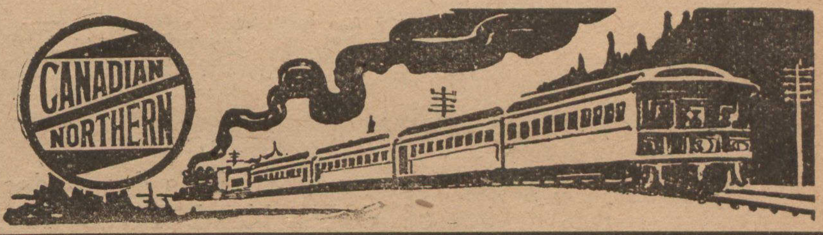

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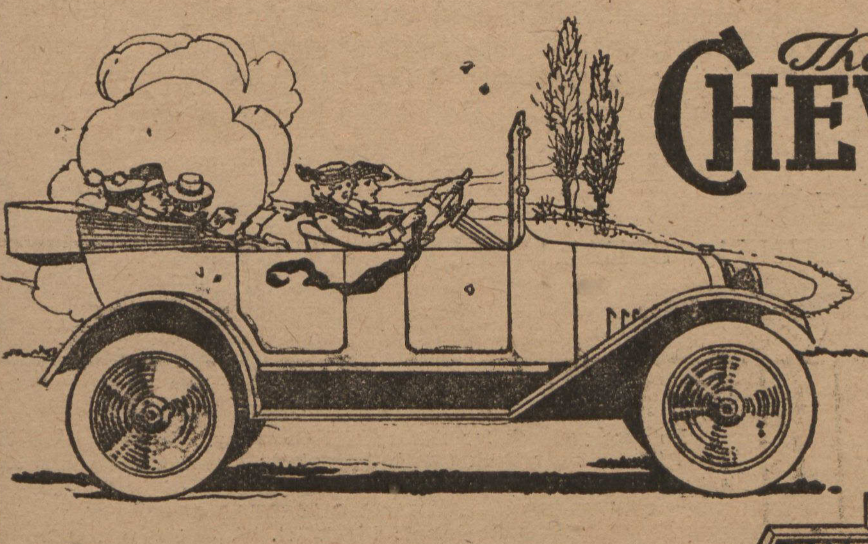

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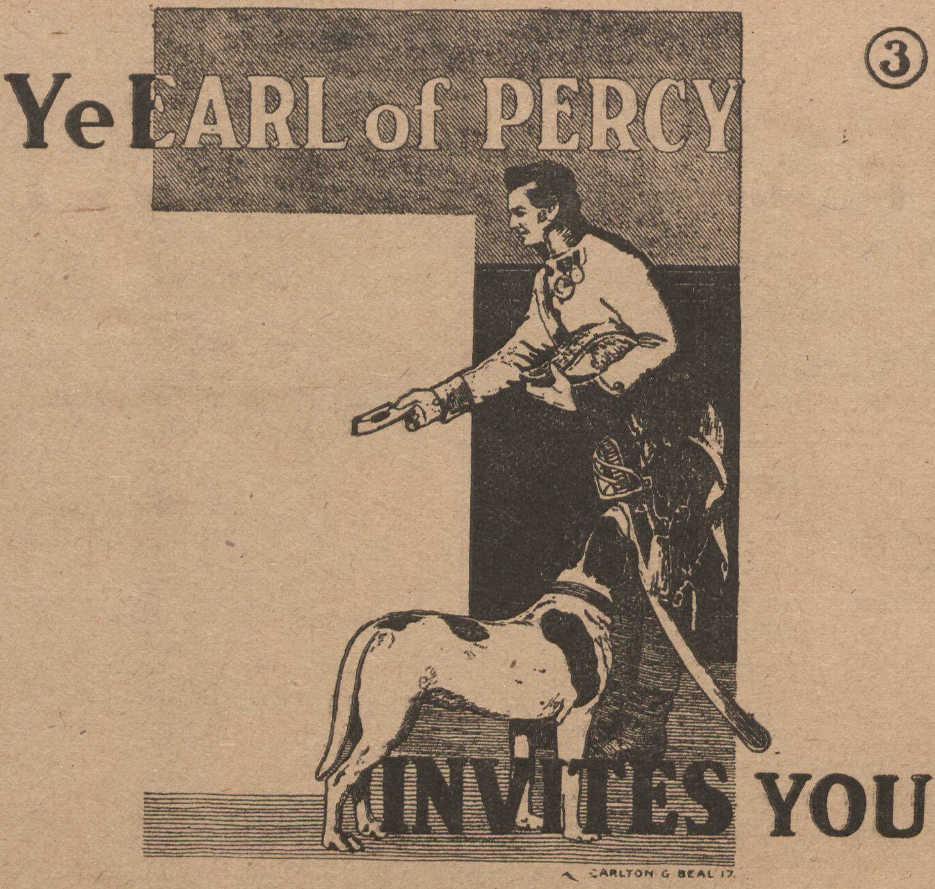

**EARL of Who?....What?....Never heard of him!....Invites Me?....Eh?
....What to? Dinner?....Or a Drink?....Or a Wedding?....**

NO!—to WAR!

You DON'T know him. He's dead—dead for centuries. He's only one of the countless heroes of YOUR blood, YOUR race, YOUR kith and kin—that you've forgotten! A Percy fought with William the Conqueror. A Percy backed the Black Prince at Crecy. A Percy was one of the guardians of Magna Charta—YOUR Magna Charta.

All down the centuries the DEAD are watching. . . . YOU sitting in the movie show! YOU driving your motor! YOU in shirt-sleeves by your kitchen stove! Not only the Percys, but the Grenvilles and Raleighs and Drakes and Cromwells, the Clives, the Bruces, the Gordons and Smiths, the Wolfes and D'Aulacs, Tecumsehs and Brocks! . . . Pitts and Foxes! Kings and King-makers! Athelstans and Rodericks! Macdonalds and Browns!

> "The Enemy resisting!—and YOU calmly adding figures on an invoice! . . . Brave friends of yours fighting for dear life—and YOU, smilingly, selling and buying goods! . . . Heroes shouting for support—and YOU, deaf, and whistling at your lathe!

MAN! MAN! Wake up! Don't let figures, goods and machinery cheat you out of the best things that are in you. Would anybody ever have struggled for liberty, fought with enemies within and without the State, and endured ridicule and persecution and Death—if the things they sought were to have been inherited by men with no fighting spirit left? Would they have sweated for Empire and suffered for liberty if they had supposed this generation would be indifferent to Empire and Liberty? And will you, remembering these things, sit still? Shout back your savage ANSWER—NO! Your sires WERE fighting men. The fire of their blood has NOT died out. Their spirit in you is NOT quenched. You, like your forgotten grandsires, can smile at danger and laugh in the face of Death. You ARE the Captain of your Soul! Take it in your own two fists. Cast off the numbing hands that hold you back. Rouse the hero that is in you. Let him out! Let him OUT! Let him FIGHT!

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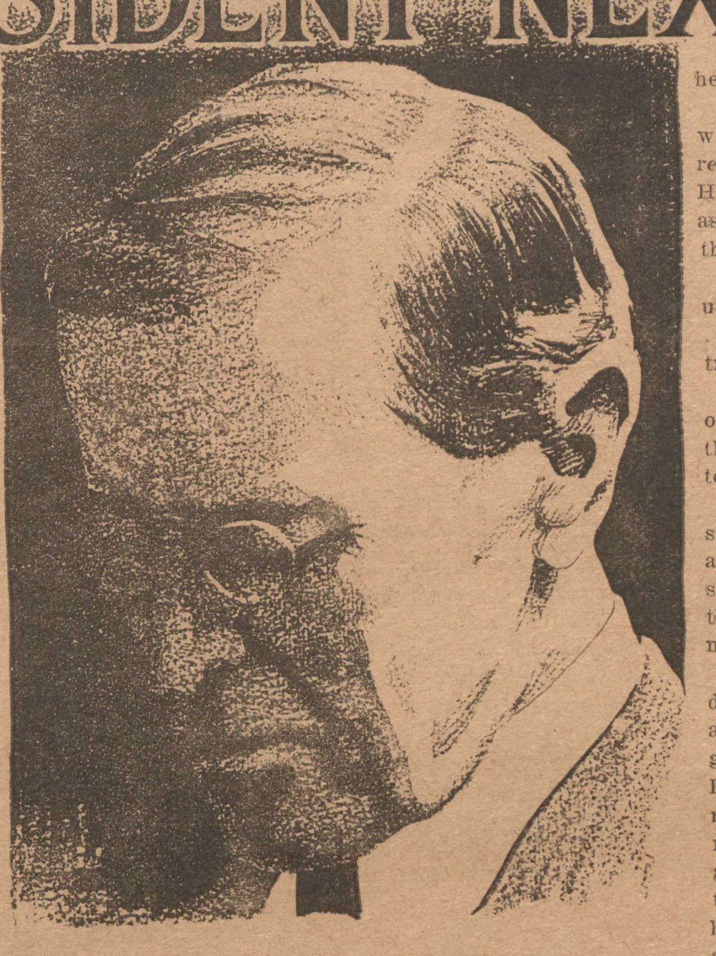
THE COURIER

Vol. XXI. March 10th, 1917 No. 15

THE PRESIDENT NEXT DOOR



A Study in the Fourth Dimension

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Drawing by T. W. McLean

AMONG the big-man characters of the present muddle known as the world, the head of the world's greatest republic, must be estimated in comparison with Kaisers, Kings, and Premiers. He may not like it—or he may. That makes no difference. The tenant of the White House, now more than ever in fifty years, must be in the world's judgment.

Just to get away from calling the President of the United States a super-anything, let us call him The Fourth Dimension. That puts Woodrow Wilson at once in a class by himself. I don't know what the fourth dimension is. Neither does the President. Anyway, it's not merely physical.

It's psychic. Try to calculate the cubic contents of a diamond, and you'll see how psychic it is. The diamond is a kind of fourth dimension. It has something more than length, breadth and height. And that is why this long-faced, earnest-looking mentality in the White House is such a baffling person; why his own party sometimes regards him as a sphinx; why Congress considers him its prize puzzle; and why the nation, the people, the polyglot commonwealth under one flag, hopeless of comprehending the man Woodrow Wilson, cheer like blazes for—The President.

In all other recent occupants of the White House there was none of this miracle business. Taft never needed an interpreter. Roosevelt was no more mysterious than a broncho. McKinley was a kindly, calculating big man, and a Methodist. Cleveland always made the people feel like saying "Good old Grover!" Back of these again came the uninspiring Harrison, the oratorical, somewhat heroic Garfield—and that leads us by a jump or two back to the greatest of them all, Abraham Lincoln.

Now we must go back to Lincoln to get the real perspective on Wilson; not because the two men are at all alike, but because 1865 is most like 1915. In 1865 a peculiar kind of man met the emergency in the United States. And to use an Americanism—he got away with it. In 1915 another peculiar sort of personality is face-up with a national emergency. Different? Yes, as much as Wilson is from Lincoln. Bigger? Nobody knows. It's a much bigger country, more complex, more disturbing, twice as many people, a conglomerate congress of all Europe under one flag. This man, Woodrow Wilson, has taken on the emergency of 1915 and after. Will he get away with it? Heaven only knows. There was real war in 1861-65. A nation came out of it. Europe and business has tried to snow that nation under. Maybe war is the only force that will bring the nation out again. If it does, Woodrow Wilson will go down to history arm-in-arm with Abe Lincoln. But Lincoln was a great, humorous, moral man-figure, big enough to inspire any free people.

WOODROW WILSON so far is the fourth dimension. Lincoln was humorous; Wilson is intellectual. Lincoln was Morality in action; Wilson is—Ethics in a state of unstable equilibrium. Lincoln was truly psychic. Wilson is psychological. Lincoln was a real message to humanity, plain as an old song. Wilson would be the voice of America, whatever it may be, heard al over the world.

Destiny has played pranks with Mr. Wilson. So it did with Napoleon and Caesar. Born a plain intellectual, schooled to the limit, passionate after books and historical lore, keen upon political analysis and the study of constitutions, learned in plain law, football coach when a young man, a college president with an appetite for belles lettres and all that sort of thing—how did he ever suspect that the mere accident of his being born in the United States would pluck him from the common rabble of pure-thoughters and place him upon the throne of the United States?

We may as well call it by a plain poker name. The man who, whatever his previous character and experience, is pitchforked by the gods into the greatest reward of personal ambition in this world, the Presidency of the world's greatest republic—which is not a democracy—must be regarded for one or two quadrenniums as a king. In fact he is more. Cartoonists and editors don't, as a rule, lampoon, their own kings. But the ancients used to take great liberties with some of the folk that were higher than kings, just to show that they liked them. These were gods.

It's a great national satisfaction for the people who spend money and time to elect a man to that eminence to remember that by some varied turn of the wheel any one of them might have been in his place. Hence the Democratic chairman of a leading State being in Washington at one time sent word through Secretary Tumulty that he would like to have a word with the man he had done so much to elect. President Wilson sent back a little handscript footnote to the typewritten memo, as he always does, asking the Chairman to wait till next day. The Chairman waited, called at the White House, found himself in the line-up along with the cork-leg veteran from Shiloh, was rewarded with a clammy handshake and a how-de-do and left the city wondering why he had wasted that 24 hours.

He spent so much of a big intellect trying to think himself into harmony with the will of the people that he had very little time for the intuition which, in some men, makes action the first essential of great statesmanship.

A new congressman, anxious to impress his out-west electors with the fact that the President really didn't dislike him, tried to see Mr. Wilson. He confessed that when his "folk back home" asked him how the President talked to him on the German question, he wanted to tell them.

"See Tumulty," said the friend. "He'll fix you up."

"Nothing doing," said the Congressman. "I've tried that game. Can't work it."

And the Congressman went back home without even seeing the great man, whose slap on the back would have made it fifty per cent. easier to win another election.

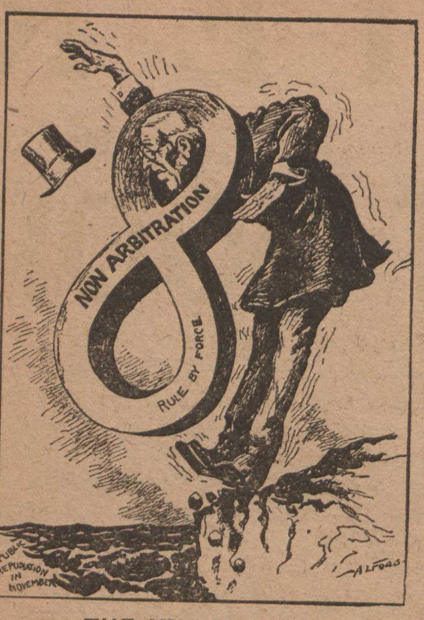
Which is playing the mystery game a little stronger than most Hindu gods ever do. They are at least on their pedestals for the people to see them, no matter whereabouts in the clouds their souls may be communing with the immortals.

Yet in Washington they tell you that the President is not an aloof man. Granting that he is a high intellectual and all that, perhaps the greatest scholar that ever occupied the White House, they remind you that he takes his own notes in shorthand, and when he has a little memorandum that he wants to present to Congress, he steps up to a little typewriter and types out the message or the insert with his own hand. No doubt that little typewriter feels about as aristocratic as the piano played by Paderewski.

AS a baseball fan he is second only to Taft, and as a devotee of Keith's Theatre the President has made vaudeville the latest thing out for the Washington 400. Moreover, we do not forget that he is happily married to a very charming second wife, who is the real life of all White House functions and takes a huge load of merely physical sociability off her husband's hands. A handshaking scrimmage leaves him as limp as a dishrag, her as fresh as a dewdrop daisy.

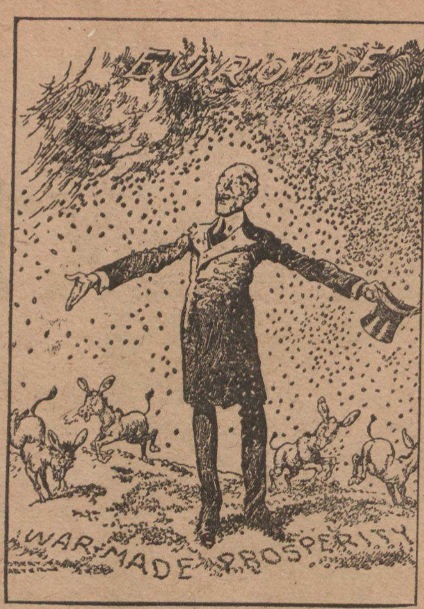
So Woodrow Wilson, pedestalite, mystery-man, cold intellectual, seems to be a very human sort of person. Besides, he changes his mind about some political matters about as often as a woman changes hers about a hat.

Wilson has been accused of many things. Canadians think he is the President of a united state of inaction; his notes to the belligerent powers proclaim him at once an idealist and a meddler; does not understand practical politics; fails to grasp the real logic of events; is misled by his own theories of government instead of being either educated or unduly influenced by advisers; has been the author of more impolitie and unwise phrases than any other President of our times; so the critics say. Then they call to witness his various stands on the Mexican situation; his action in regard to the railway strike last summer; his apparent playing into the hands of the labour unions as against the railway corporations; his subjection to Bryan because a section of the Democratic party demanded it; his opposition to Garrison Secretary of War on the preparedness issue; his subsequent pre-election shout for preparedness and his prediction that never again in a world war could the United States be neutral, in face of the fact that he took punctilious and pious care when war broke out to define American neutrality as no other President had ever done; his failure to protest to Germany against the invasion of Belgium; the memorable "shaking his fist first and finger afterwards," as Elihu Root put it, referring to Wilson's protests to Germany on the submarine outrages. All these and a hundred other



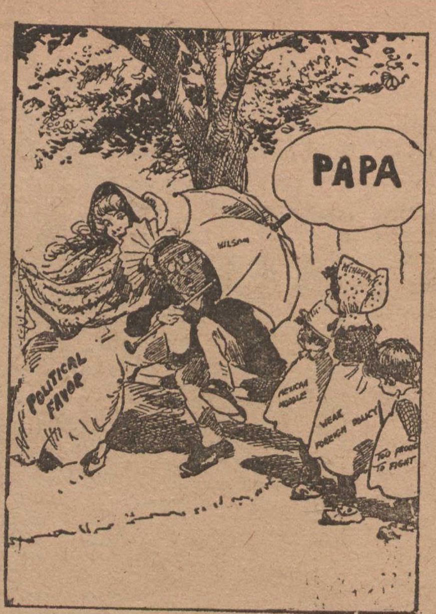
THE MILLSTONE.

—Alford in Baltimore Star.



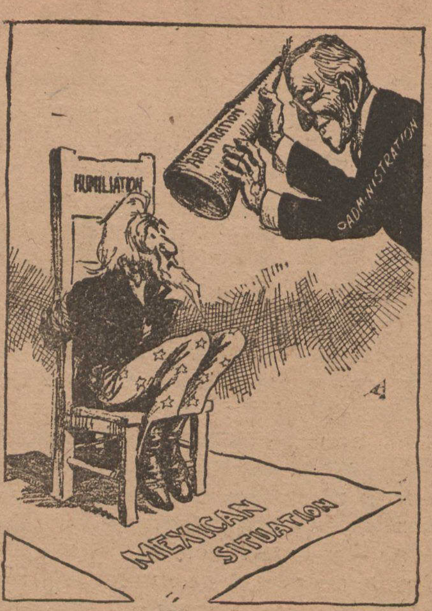
WE DID IT!

—Carter in New York Evening Sun.



THE EMBARRASSED PARENT.

—Brinkerhoff in New York Evening Mail.



DEGRADATION.

"Here's a nice cap for you, Uncle."

—May in Cleveland Leader.

things have been hurled at Mr. Wilson by his opponents and more or less believed in by people in Canada who had no reason for opposing him at all.

Now there may have been Presidents who could have been more severely criticized sometimes, even by Canadians. We had our historic fling at Taft over the adjunct speech, and at Roosevelt just because he was Roosevelt, and McKinley because he was a high-tariffite, and Cleveland because he sent that message about Venezuela. But there never was a time when the President of the United States was such a prolific source of criticism by virtue of his presidential acts or words as during the past three years, and there never was a President temperamentally such as easy mark for Canadian critics as Wilson. Most of us think we know more about him than about the Premier of Canada, or the far more picturesque Laurier. He has irritated Canada; exasperated England; amused Australia; enraged Germany; somewhat disillusioned France; disappointed Russia. His cabled voice may have had disturbing effects on Montenegro and Bessarabia. He has sent his messages clean through the neutral states of Europe and the republics of South America. Woodrow Wilson has become the world voice, as Roosevelt was the world's entertainer. Was there ever such a voice?

There must be a reason. In past ages greater men have sent their gospels round a much smaller world. Buddha; Confucius; Socrates; Luther: none of these ever penetrated to a thousand million people with a message. But the message of each has been handed on. Some of these men had to suffer martyrdom to teach the world. Presidents of the United States have been martyrs; Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.

But why should a President be shot in order to be a sacrifice? Why not be a living martyr? If the ethical message is big enough, why not suffer for it here and now, in isolation, in fear, in self-struggle?

These are ethical questions. America is teeming with ethics. And if Woodrow Wilson had been shot the day of his inauguration—Monday this week—most of the editors in America would have spent pages on the man's message to mankind.

In trying to get a line on this fourth-dimensioned President, this transcendentalist from Virginia and New Jersey, we recur to the words of The Nation, commenting on Wilson's peace note to the belligerents:

> Convinced that he had a message to give to a world hungry for it, believing that he had it in his power to make a voice from America penetrate to every hamlet of the belligerent countries, Mr. Wilson calmly ignored precedents, swept away conventions, and said the thing he had to say without a tremor. Either way it was splendid intrepidity. Yet all was done so quietly, so without pose or rant, that it is hard to realize the magnificent audacity it required in the President.

Truly this man is an ethical phenomenon in the White House. Again Life comes at the subject in a leader following the severance of relations with Germany:

> Let us stand by the President in his admirable attitude towards Germany. Let us stand behind him close and solid. . . . He should be backed up so that he will feel that he has a stone wall behind him. . . . He spoke for the American people. There could be but one answer and he made it. It was our answer. If it brings war it will be our war.

One of these might have been written of Roosevelt or of Taft. Not the other. The Nation's eulogy was inspired by the man Wilson, who never acts for the sake of action, but for the sake of achieving what he thinks to be the truth.

We are here reminded of a little story about Wilson that appears in an old fyle of the Canadian Courier. One Sabbath morning Dr. Wilson was holding forth to a group of art-colonists at Lyme, Conn., on the mentality of Christ. This was a congenial topic to the Doctor who had preached many a sermon in Princeton chapel, and he was a member of the art colony that summer because Mrs. Wilson took painting lessons from the American painter Dumont. It was almost church time. The Doctor had polished his own boots, as he always did. As he swept into his great subject the bohemians stood about him like a band of disciples. The very birds were unheeded that summer morning. The ideas that came from the Doctor's lips rolled like a song on his well-chosen words. It was a long time since those art men had heard an exposition like it—if ever. In the exposition of the Christ mind this man had them almost persuaded to be Christians. When suddenly a soft voice called from the balcony:

"Woodrow, dear, where did you put the boot polish?"

The president-to-be joined in the chorus of laughter and went to show Mrs. Wilson where the boot polish was.

A REGULAR member of that bohemian colony was a Canadian artist, Arthur Heming, for some time later a staff artist on the Canadian Courier. Heming has many recollections of the Doctor from Princeton who , when he came, by unanimous consent of the house, was given a seat at the foot of the table, since a mere professor, even though a scholar and a writer, was not a real member of an art colony. It seems Wilson was studiously quiet except when he had a doctrine to unfold or a story to tell. And he had a great repertoire of good apt stories. He dressed plainly, sometimes to the point of being overly democratic as to collars and ties, though he was punctiliously neat and clean. He took a lively interest in all the colony pranks of a Saturday evening; most obviously exhilarated when an artist impersonated a green-eyed dragon chasing the motors en route from Boston to New York; regular at church; fond of pictures, apt at conversations upon art, imbued with all known and necessary forms of culture—but never omitting his personal dignity and always fond of opinions which, as he confessed, a man should change as often as possible consistent with principles if he wished to be a progressive.

None of the artists foresaw in him even the Governor of New Jersey, much less the President. He seemed to have a number of English college friends and a deep sympathy for British institutions quite natural in a native of Virginia. Rarely, if ever, did he make even an allusion to German scholarship. Through the colony at Lyme the President bought several American pictures, of which he is now no little of a connoisseur. His wife and family made a particularly good impression on the artists. Mrs. Wilson was an unusual woman. He thought the world of her; never once was he known at that art colony to go boating or walking or riding with any lady except his wife and family. No, in spite of malicious pre-election yarns, the fourth dimension does not express itself that way.

His governorship of N. J. was an admitted success. The Skeeter State had its own intensified problems. And this is how Oswald Garrison Villard sketches the fourth dimension working on them (Mystery of Woodrow Wilson, N. Amer. Rev.):

> Within this council chamber men planned by day and by night to unbind a pinioned democracy, and always the Governor showed the way to rout special privilege, to check injustice, to right wrong, that the people should more and more come into their own.

A man with such an apocalyptic grip of democracy must be picked by Fate for higher things. It was time the Tories were turned out, anyway. Since Grover Cleveland—great man!—there had been no Democrat in the White House. The man that carried the torch of liberty into that place must be no common soul.

In 1912, as we all know, Woodrow Wilson entered the White House,

"Where like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms which never woodman trod"

he consummated the greatest ambition granted to mankind, an elective monarchy over the greatest one-flag congress of nations in the world.

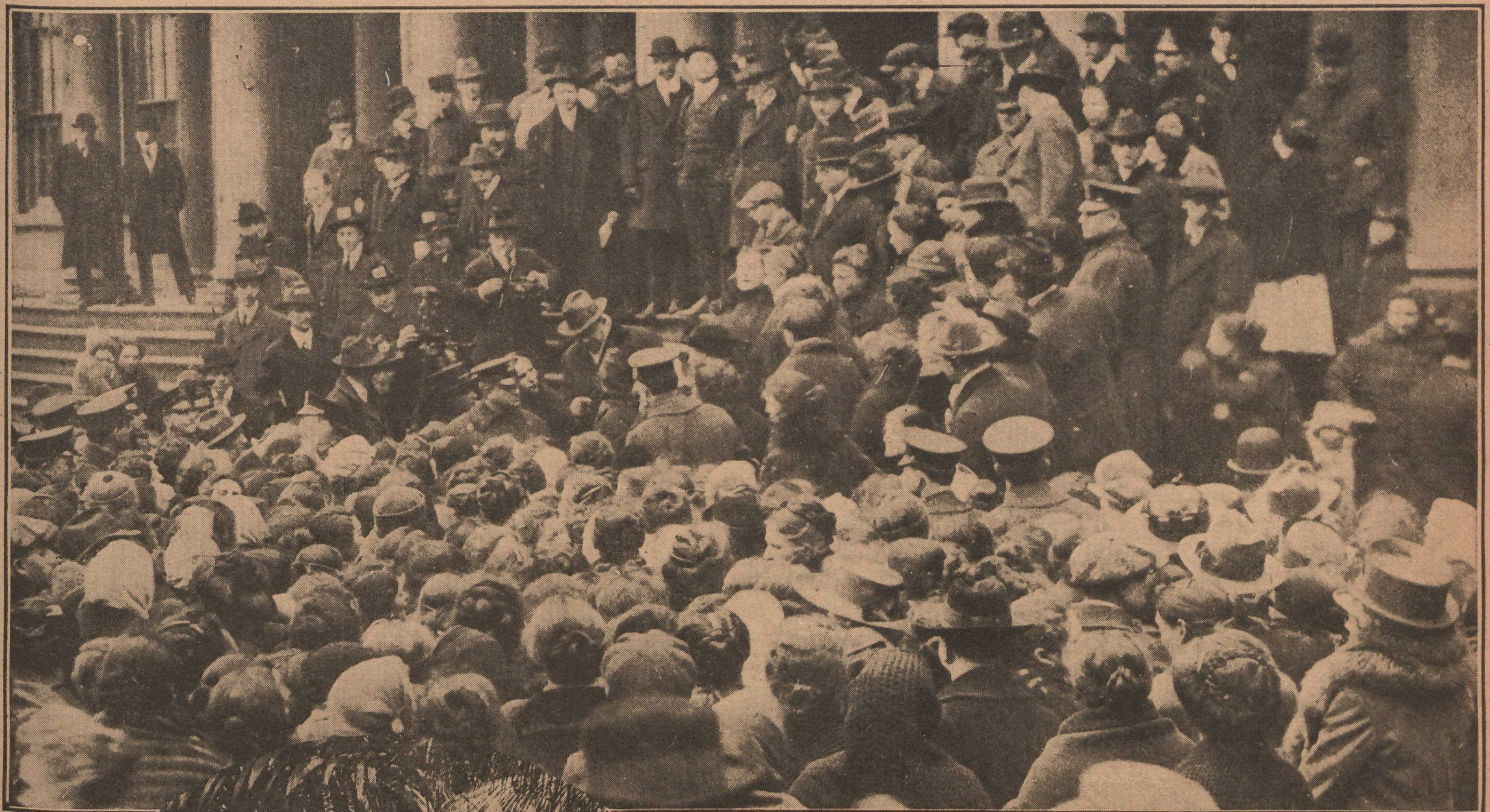
It is not our privilege to record the Wilson sensations of this period. With all respect to intellectual and moral personality, we believe that he regarded it as a high-priesthood and at the same time believed that the sublime hour of the great Republic had struck.

As a matter of detail he picked a Cabinet. As a matter of political necessity—Bryan. The Cabinet were mere heads of departments. Secretary of State excepted, there was a great gulf fixed between them and the White House. A Cabinet session was a directors' meeting. Mainly that. Afterwards the self-communion again. Golf. A game of baseball. Books. The study. Perhaps after all the S. S. had some good notions about the Prince of Peace. It might be a stiff contract to make him think W. W. was any 20th century approximation. But then, of course, the German Kaiser made a senior partner of Gott. So it would never do to give government that aspect.

There was to be to Woodrow Wilson a new earth. To Bryan a heaven upon earth. One had the doctrine of a world working in political harmony for the joint good of mankind, nothing if not ethical; looking to light, to freedom, to the progress of the

(Continued on page 11.)

THE COST OF HIGH LIVING



Food Riots in New York.

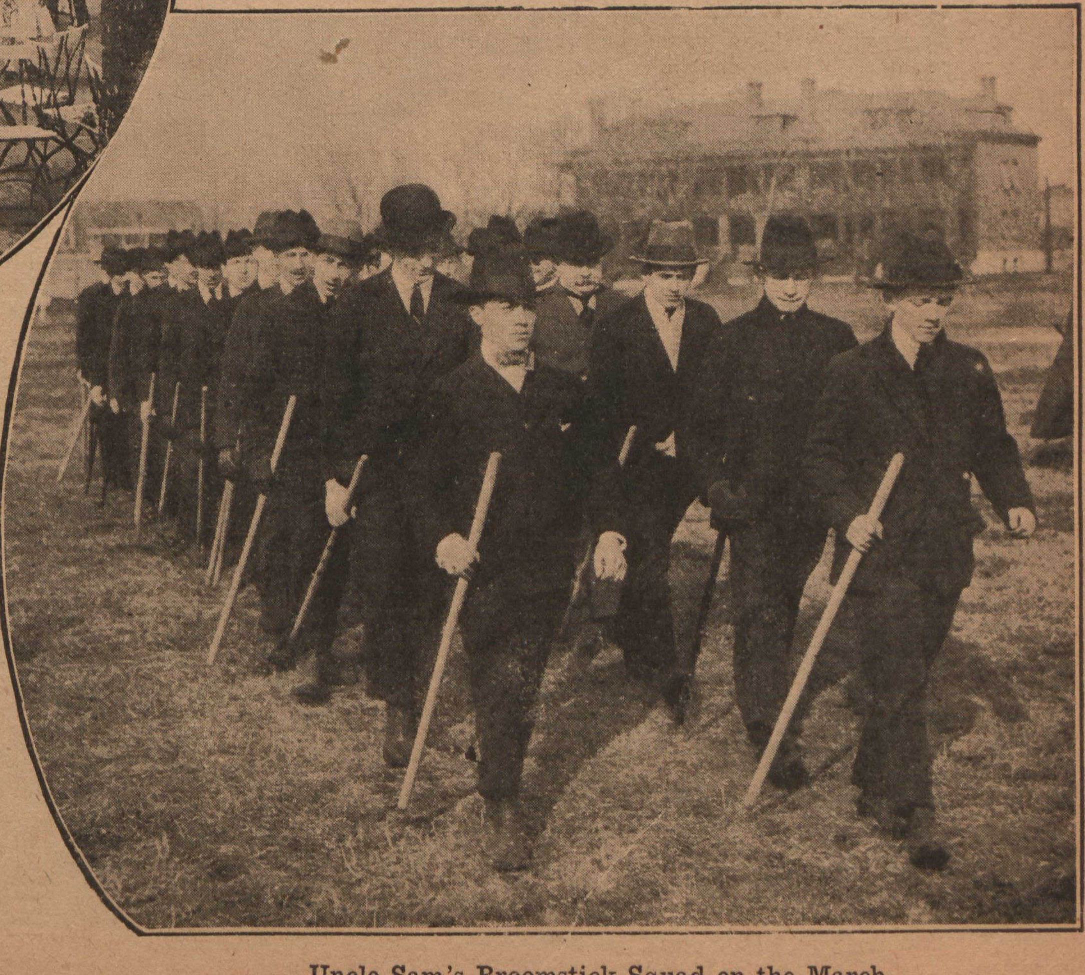
Plutocrat Kiddies' Maypole Dance at Palm Beach.

VARIETY is said to be the spice of life. Europe is not the only spicy country in the world. Harry George, great American, once wrote a book called Progress and Poverty. It was a study in what was then American life. But Harry George died twenty years ago, before there was any such carnival of millionaire pleasure as Palm Beach, Fla., any food riots in New York, or talk about war preparedness.

"Dancing around the Maypole, at the party of the Society Kiddies in the Cocoanut Grove at Palm Beach," reads the naive inscription on one photograph. The other one in contrast says, "Scene at New York City Hall, showing the food rioters, nearly all women, mounting the steps to see Mayor Mitchell. Thousands of women opened a crusade against high cost of living."

The people at Palm Beach never have food riots. Down in Cocoanut Grove food grows on the trees. Here is one of the ironies of progress and poverty. Why doesn't Mayor Mitchell, who is a very progressive man, ask the plutocrats at Palm Beach to come back to New York, where they can practise the cost of high living without raiding push-carts, and send the East Side women down to Palm Beach, where they can pick cocoanuts? Very likely the cocoanuts are going to waste, anyhow. The "Society Kiddies" don't eat them. The mothers of the East Side could do a good deal to reduce the high cost of existing if they had enough cocoanuts. There is milk in cocoanuts as well as meat. And the East Side women have more kiddies per parent.

And while the two extremes get together on the steps of the City Hall, the United States new army of preparedness is in the making at Governor's Island. The country may be at war any day, no matter what Palm Beach or the East Side thinks about it. So the volunteers at Governor's Island are drilling with broomsticks, because they haven't any guns.



Uncle Sam's Broomstick Squad on the March.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WILLOW TREE

A Story of Crime in which a Lawyer and a Newspaper Man, Expert in Criminal Psychology Worked on the Evidence

By WILLIAM M. CLEMENS

Shafer was an Anarchist.

"THE police call it suicide," remarked Rodney Blake, contemptuously. "They make me weary."

"You mean the willow tree case over in Newark," I asked.

"Yes, all the evening papers quote the police as saying there is no question as to the solution of the mystery. A plain, everyday suicide seems to be the consensus of opinion, although the manner of his death was in itself peculiar."

Blake puffed at his cigarette, and then continued: "Every difficult problem that confronts the police nowadays is put down to a suicide. It is an easy way out and it saves time, trouble and expense. There are too many shirks among the detectives. Mulberry Street sets a sort of pace for all the surrounding towns, and in Newark, Hoboken, New Haven—in fact, in all the Eastern cities, they ape New York not only in society circles, and in business and politics, but in crime and in the detection of crime.

Rodney Blake sank back into his Morris chair after this preachment and assumed one of his silent, thoughtful moods.

We had been discussing the case of a man found hanging to a willow tree, on the bank of the old canal in Newark. His hands were tied behind him and his feet were tied together with a stout rope. This condition of hands had caused Blake to combat the theory of suicide as advanced by the police.

Blake, by the way, was a student of crime, and of toxicology, and psychology as well. So was I for that matter, but my interest was wholly from the legal viewpoint. I was young in the law, had just begun practice with an old established firm in Nassau Street, while Blake was a reporter, whose daily newspaper work was the covering of Wall Street and the financial district for an evening paper. We were room-mates, Blake and I, and had been chums more or less for upwards of a year. I don't know how it came about, but we had drifted together, came in touch, as it were, like a pair of affinities; and, strangely enough, we had both taken up crime as a hobby. But, frankly, Blake had all the genius and was the real thing, while I was a mere looker-on, his follower as it were.

YOU would like Rodney Blake if you knew him as I know him. He's a good-natured, strong, wholesome young chap of twenty-four; comes from up about Utica somewhere, of good parents, fair education, and is an all round sensible, decent and companionable sort of man. His only bad habit, as far as I know, is his use of cigarettes. But, as Mark Twain says, the bad in every man comes out somehow, and Rodney sheds his in smoke.

Blake and I lived at the Union Square Hotel, in front rooms on the third floor, overlooking the square. It was a cosy, comfy place, and what with our books and a few choice pictures we were as content and self-centred as any two single men in all the big cityful.

But, as I was saying, the willow tree case presented some unusual features, and I agreed with Blake that a suicide with his hands and feet tied was more or less a fascinating proposition. I picked up an evening paper and read over the report on the case, and then aroused Blake from his reverie by remarking:

"Supposing you take up this case to a finish, Rodney. It will be your third. You solved the Dixon murder over in Brooklyn and the Hendricks jewel robbery in Seventy-second Street. Your methods proved successful in both cases, and you got the laugh on the police. Why not take up the willow tree mystery?"

"Wait a minute," said Blake, going to a closet and returning with a box of cigarettes. "I found an Armenian down in Washington Street to-day who makes a corking smoke. I'm going to buy them in thousand lots, and I'll christen them to-night. I name them now and here the Mollycoddle, because they are light and harmless."

HE struck a match, dropped back into his chair, took a pull or two, and then announced himself ready to discuss suicide, or murder, or mystery, or willow tree, or anything within our ken, as long as it came within the category of criminal investigation.

"Now let us take up this willow tree mystery, Bradford, in a purely scientific way. What are the known facts as we glean them from the newspapers?"

"A man named Henry Planz is found hanging to a willow tree, on the bank of the canal in Newark. His body is found at 6 a.m. by some workmen going along the towpath. Letters upon his person quickly establish his identity. His feet and hands are securely tied with hemp rope of the thickness of a clothesline. His derby hat is pushed down over his eyes. The pockets of his trousers are turned inside out. He is thirty-six years old, unmarried, lived in a boarding house, and was employed as superintendent in a brewery. That's about all."

"Except that he had been doctoring for heart trouble, was despondent, and had threatened to take his life," I suggested.

"Yes, and that accounts for the police conclusion of suicide," said Blake, with a smile of contempt. "Let us settle that point at the outset. Can a man climb into a tree, tie his feet together, fix a noose around his neck, pull his hat over his eyes, fasten his hands behind him and then swing off into eternity? There's a nice, short hypothetical question that would please an insanity expert on brainstorms."

"No marks of violence?" I asked.

"Not a scratch," said Blake. "But there was an odour of drugs as if he had been doped. Now, look here, Bradford; drop the suicide theory; it's simply nonsense."

"Then we have a murder."

"Exactly," replied Blake, thoughtfully, "and no ordinary murder at that."

"And the motive?"

"Not robbery, that is certain," replied my friend, positively. "The pockets are turned inside out, and his money and valuables gone, but that is a blind. Gents of the highway drug a man, filch his pockets and throw him into a corner, into the canal for instance. They don't go to all the trouble of binding his hands and feet and then hang him to a tree. No, the motive in this case was revenge. We get at these facts by reason, not presumption nor guesswork. They hung this man up for all the world to see—a regular Judge Lynch case. They punished him for a wrong; made him pay the penalty."

"You say they, Rodney?" I inquired.

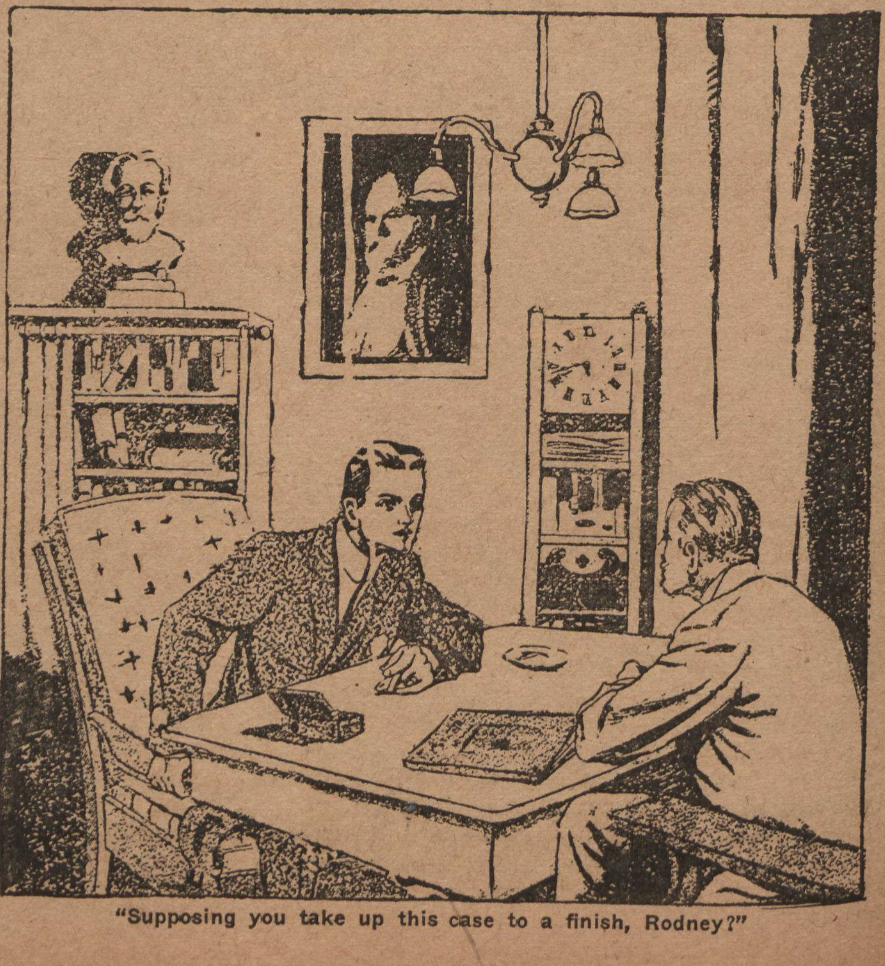
"They! Sure! There were three of the murderers, one in the tree and two to lift the body up. One man, or even two men, could never have done this. It was a three-man job."

"And was there a triple motive?"

"Possible, but not probable. Three men may have had the same motive, and each may have had a different motive, and all bent on revenge. And one man may have enlisted the aid of two friends. At all events, we have a murder in which three men are involved, with revenge as a motive. That much is accomplished. Suppose we make a trip to Newark to-morrow night and look over the ground?"

I nodded assent.

"Now, I'll smoke another Mollycoddle and turn



"Supposing you take up this case to a finish, Rodney?"

in, or, as Abe Lincoln said, 'shed my duds and skin under.' "

Night was our only leisure for criminal research. Rodney Blake's work was exacting, and from 9 to 5 o'clock he was a busy man down Wall Street way, with his stock reports, his tables of figures and his market predictions for the next day. Even my own work was exacting.

YOU see, Rodney Blake was only an amateur, as detectives go, a crime student, a seeker after scientific knowledge, who did not work for pay nor reward. As for myself, I was interested in the law of evidence, and that is why I liked to play the game with Blake. He as a genuine criminologist. He knew all about Lombroso and Ferrier and the foreign theorists and their books, and was strong on the psychological, mental suggestion, thought transference, and telepathy and all that sort of thing.

It was a curios fact that when Rodney Blake investigated the Dixon murder, over in Brooklyn, where he could only pursue his inquiries at night, he discovered that moonlight was really a mental help. On one of these dark nights, when the moon didn't shine, there was something uncanny, something unnatural and out of joint. Rodney didn't seem to have his wits about him. His intellectual side appeared to be dulled by the darkness, and he was positive in his declaration that some lunar influence helped him in his work as if the great silver orb gave out a stimulus to thought and feeling, if not to action.

It was, therefore, a fortunate circumstance that a new moon was shining at the very time Blake had decided to investigate the willow tree mystery.

At eleven o'clock on the following night Rodney Blake sat in a cafe in Market Street, Newark, making notes in his pocket memorandum. We had arrived at the willow tree early in the evening, had interviewed the friends of Henry Planz, had called at his boarding house; in fact we had carefully investigated every known phase of this remarkable crime.

"I want to call your attention to a peculiar thing, Gale Bradford," said Blake, laconically. "Now listen. Last night we studied this case from the facts as given in the newspapers. Now that we have been over the ground we find an entirely new set of facts. It very often happens so."

"That newspaper reports are unreliable," I interposed.

"Not exactly that," replied Blake. "You must remember that the newspaper is published to entertain the reader, not to instruct him; hence romance and imagination are a necessary part of good reporting. But in the detection of crime, and not in the reflection of it, we can use only the absolute truth, even to the smallest detail, in our endeavour to solve a mystery."

Blake handed me his note book.

"Here are my revised facts, obtained at first hand, upon which we must rely."

AND then I read the following notes, written in Rodney's small, schoolgirl chirography:

"1. Planz had no personal enemies; no serious love affair; lived at boarding house, 24 Essex Street, five blocks from canal where body was found; was last seen leaving Keystone saloon, Market Street, going in direction of home, shortly after midnight. Crime supposed taken place about one o'clock. Body found six hours later.

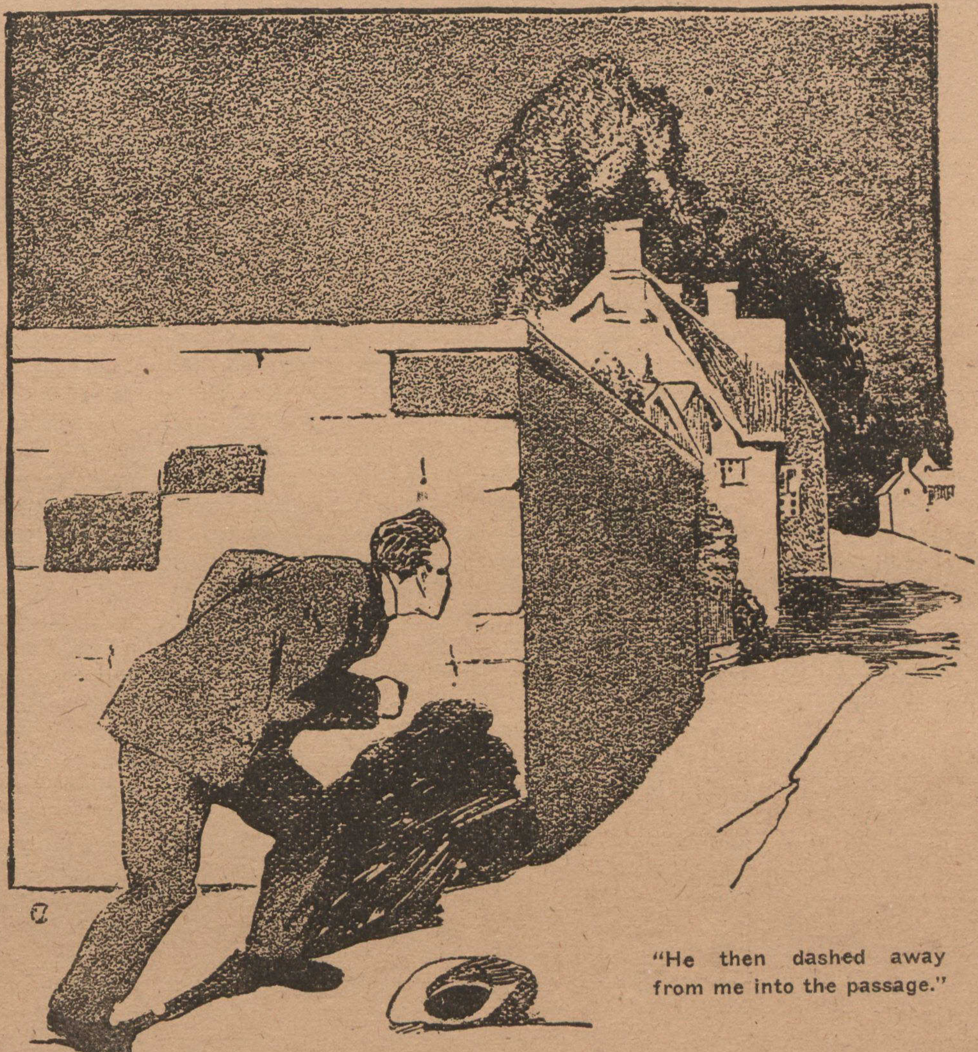
"2. Facts about crime itself: Evidence that body had been dragged on ground. At back of shoes, above the heel, were worn, smooth marks as if feet been dragging. White silk handkerchief bound across mouth. Features not discoloured, showing death had occurred before hanging. Hat with dent in crown found near tree; not on his head, as reported.

"3. Facts about rope: Various pieces of rope were new bale rope made of hemp. Rope wrapped about limb of tree only twice would not have remained secure if Planz, who weighed 180 pounds, had swung from limb. Hands tied with palms outward. Feet only loosely tied. Rope around neck not tight, did not press against windpipe; weight held by rope at back of neck.

"4. Facts about murderers: Two strange men seen in Keystone saloon when Planz was there at midnight. Three men seen in street car near scene of crime half an hour later."

"Then your theory of three men committing the murder holds good," said I, and gave the note book back to Blake.

"Theory nothing!" exclaimed my friend, rather petulantly. "I told you last night, Bradford, that this was not a suicide and that three men had killed Planz, and that revenge was the motive. These are facts, not theories. Theories are all right for the police and the coroners, but not for me. I want material, substantial fact, no matter how small or trivial."



"He then dashed away from me into the passage."

"Well, what is your next move?" I asked.

"Back to Union Square, a couple of Mollycoddles, and bed for mine," said Blake, with a sigh of fatigue. "To-morrow night, Gale, old man, we'll take up a new line of work."

And so we returned to our nest at the Union Square, and on the way I noticed how pale and tired Rodney looked, and how quiet and thoughtful he was. It was the same when he solved the Dixon murder. A few hours of energetic action seemed to exhaust him, as if he were under some abnormal mental strain.

The next evening we were again in Newark. Blake was in fine fettle, there was a full moon, and I was anxiously looking forward to the night's adventure.

"Where first?" I inquired, as we emerged from the Pennsylvania depot at the foot of Market Street.

"Naturally to 24 Essex Street, where Planz lived," said my companion, "but I guess we'll skip that. We know he was at the Keystone saloon at midnight. I'll begin work at the Keystone; but it is too early."

He looked at his watch.

"It is now 9.30," he said. "Suppose we drop in at Proctor's and kill an hour or two?"

So we did, and until eleven o'clock Rodney Blake sat hunched up in his chair at the theatre, never saying a word. Moving pictures didn't move him. Vaudeville jokes made no impression. Then we went to a nearby restaurant, ate a light supper, and at midnight entered the corner saloon, known as the Keystone Cafe. It was here that Henry Planz was last seen alive, only four nights previous.

We drank some beer, and at exactly 12.30 Blake nudged me, and we left the place.

"We will follow in the footsteps of Planz," he said, "at the same hour, under the same conditions. He started for Essex Street, so will we."

AROUND the corner into a narrow street, then another turn into a wider street that paralleled the canal, we walked slowly along.

"See those shade trees ahead of us?" remarked Blake, as if talking to himself. "It's dark there and the moonlight doesn't touch the sidewalk. Planz was afraid of that dark spot; he had a premonition. He crossed here to the other side of the street; so will we."

I noticed that Blake was very nervous. When he stopped to light a cigarette, I saw his hand was unsteady.

"It's a queer game, Bradford," he whispered almost uncannily. "You can't understand it. I am trying to use the mind of a dead man to guide me."

We went along in the moonlight, Blake puffing at his cigarette and looking intently at the sidewalk in front of him. Within a block of the willow tree we passed a lumber yard. My friend stopped suddenly, glanced up a narrow alley between the piles of lumber, then dashed away from me into the passage, where the moon cast no light. I followed quickly.

Blake was stopping now, twenty feet from the sidewalk, and was examining the ground. Suddenly he uttered a cry of delight.

"There, I knew it!" he exclaimed. "This is the scene of the murder. See, I've found a bit of the hemp rope and a crushed packet of cigarettes. They are Romos, the kind Planz always smoked."

Blake left the alley and went around the block straight toward the willow tree, I following mechanically.

"They seized him as he passed the lumber yard," my friend murmured, "chloroformed him, bound the handkerchief over his mouth; tied his hands and feet hurriedly, and started dragging him toward the canal."

Blake was talking as if he were telling a story.

"THEY came to the willow tree, breathing the spirit of revenge. No, the canal was too good for him. They would hang him up, a thing of contempt. They wanted folks to see him. God, Bradford, they do those things over in Austria. I see it now. The murderers were Austrians. Two men held the body up under the tree. The third man climbed up to the limb hanging over the sidewalk. He dropped a noose around the head, wrapped the rope around the limb just enough so that the weight would hold the rope and keep it from slipping. They were hanging a dead man, Bradford, and they left him there swinging in the moonlight."

Blake was trembling. He struck his fist lightly against his cheek, which was a nervous habit of his.

"They emptied his pockets, Bradford, to give the impression of robbery. They never thought of suicide. They tied his hands and feet so they could carry the body to the canal. The hanging of the corpse to the willow tree was an afterthought, an

(Continued on page 26.)

WAR WILL END WHERE IT BEGAN

Germany will be glad to let everything go in the West if she can keep control of the Danube. So the war issue gets back to the Balkans again

By SIDNEY CORYN

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WE have now passed the anniversary of the attack upon Verdun and we are still awaiting some indication of the areas that must bear the brunt of the new spring campaign. The delay is doubtless due to the weather, but we may none the less admire the secrecy that has covered whatever aggressive intentions may exist. But it is not likely that the uncertainty is shared by the rival commanders. It is only the telegraph lines and the mails that can be reduced to silence. There are not many secrets that can be kept intact within the war areas. The movements of large bodies of troops and of great guns can not be hidden from the ubiquitous aviator. At the same time it is possible to move both men and guns with great speed over the tangle of railroad lines that have done whatever is humanly possible to conquer both space and time. But at least there can be no large attack without many days of preliminary bombardment and there are no indications even of this. The only fighting at the present time is on the Ancre and the Somme, and there we see no more than the steady continuation of the British offensive that has already entered history under the name of the battle of the Somme and that was discontinued under stress of weather at the beginning of winter.

So far as this particular field is concerned it seems as though the British were advancing slowly and irresistibly, and this view is not negatived by the official German bulletins. On February 15th, which is the latest date when net territorial results were presented to us, the British had gained ground on the Ancre to an average depth of three-quarters of a mile over a front of 9,000 yards, and Major-General Maurice, chief director of military operations, is responsible for the statement that the German prisoners taken exceed in number the total British casualties from all causes. In the Somme section the gains were less notable, being an average of three-quarters of a mile in depth over a front of about 1,000 yards. General Maurice says that the German prisoners include boys of seventeen and men over sixty years of age and that they show marked evidence of a decline in morale, sometimes abandoning villages without an attempt to defend them. But it would probably be a serious mistake to draw any general conclusions from such facts as these. If Germany intends to withdraw from this area to some new fortified lines in the rear she would naturally use her least reliable men for such a purpose, that is to say, the very young and the very old. And we can hardly suppose that these advances that are now a matter of nearly daily record are being carried out in the face of the best resistance that Germany can offer. They seem rather to point to a withdrawal of the best troops for service elsewhere and to the slow relinquishment of territory in deference to a greater tactical advantage elsewhere.

AND we may find a key to the whole military situation in the fact that Germany's single hope of profit from the war is to be found in the Balkans, and that whatever she may do anywhere is directed to that end. Germany is now in control not only of the Danube, but of the whole length of the international railroad that runs through Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey, and into Asia Minor. She would make peace to-morrow, she would thankfully abandon Belgium and France and everything that she has won elsewhere in exchange for the liberty to maintain her hold upon the Danube and the railroad. There is probably no sacrifice that she would not make to that end. It is the one thing that she is now fighting for. She would probably even evacuate Serbia if only she could control the railroad strip that passes through Nish and on to Sofia. That she should be tenacious of her French and Belgian gains is not due to the slightest expectation that she can retain those gains. She knows that she can not, not an inch of them. Probably her statesmen have never at any time expected to. But they are, or may be, useful cards in the game, serviceable in a bargain, and the goal of that bargain is to be found in the east. If we could determine the military measures that would most conduce to assure Germany in the continued control of the Danube and the international railroad we should then know exactly what she will do, and where she will strike in the coming campaign.

We can not be sure that she will strike at all or that a land offensive forms any part of her plans. It is quite possible that she intends to stand on the defensive everywhere and to pin her faith to her submarines. We may dismiss as wholly imaginary the stories of a great new army to be hurled unexpectedly and in overwhelming force upon some unforeseen part of the line. There can not be any new army of trained and dependable troops. The lines are now much longer than they were a year ago. German troops have been sent in large numbers to take over the positions held by the Austrians before Brusiloff's great offensive. The situation in Roumania has become a liability instead of an asset. The lines are steadily being bent backward, and therefore lengthened, on the Ancre and the Somme. The deportation of the Belgians is evidence of a shortage of men. The Russian and British armies are now very much larger than they were a year ago and their pressure will be much more formidable. It seems hardly likely that Germany can do more than hold her own or that she can be in a position to attempt some new feat after the Verdun pattern. On the other hand, we must remember that Germany has always placed an extraordinary reliance upon the psychological results of tremendous and dramatic deeds. It is true that the psychological results have not always, nor indeed ever, followed the deeds, but none the less it is a tendency that must be remembered. There is nothing inherently impossible in a German raid upon Holland or Switzerland, and in this connection we have the fact of the sinking of the Dutch ships. A raid of this sort would be impossible if purely military considerations were allowed to rule, but then this has never seemed to be the case. An invasion of Switzerland, if successful, might open the way to a new attack upon Italy and also to an attack upon the right flank of the French armies. But it would have to overcome the fierce resistance of the Swiss and it would also open the same road to a counter attack by the French. And there is nothing despicable about either the Swiss army or the Swiss defences. Both are of the most formidable kind. And so far as Holland is concerned probably nothing would please the British more than the opportunity to send an army into the country.

LLOYD GEORGE'S tonnage speech indicates no crisis caused by submarines. The first month of intensified sub campaign has sprung no sensation. Tonnage difficulties began long ago, with the diversion of ships for military purposes. It was merely accentuated by the submarine revival which is fifty per cent. bluff according to German estimates. For the first two weeks of February, in spite of submarines, the daily average of ships arriving at and leaving British ports was 669. Submarines actually sunk only one ship in every 100.

It is necessary once more to be on our guard against the misleading headlines that accompany the reports of Lloyd George's speech before the House of Commons. There is no such corrective of false impressions as definite statistics, and although the statistics are not always as definite as might be wished they are none the less helpful in arriving at an understanding of the actual situation so far as the submarine warfare is concerned.

THE headlines are misleading because they attribute the crisis in the Allied shipping trade to the new submarine campaign. They invite the inference that the crisis was created by that campaign, and that we are now witnessing the realization of the forecasts with which that campaign was inaugurated. Now we may hold that view or not, just as we please and as our sympathies may dictate, but to attribute that view to Lloyd George is hardly sustained by anything to be found in his speech. Still less can it be sustained by the statistical facts, whether we seek those facts from Allied sources or from Teutonic sources.

Lloyd George sketched a grave situation, and inasmuch as he had to make an appeal to the nation for self-sacrifice he sketched it in heavy and sombre lines. About the gravity of the situation there can be no doubt, but he did not say that it was a new situation, or that there were any elements of novelty, submarine or otherwise, about it. On the contrary, he indicated that it was a culmination of difficulties that had been growing steadily larger in bulk rather than in kind, and that while the submarines were an important factor they were not a new factor nor the only factor. Great Britain, before the war, he said, had only barely enough tonnage for her trade. Any diminution of her tonnage meant, therefore, a restriction of supplies. At the end of 1916 her tonnage was 20,000,000, which is practically the same as she had before the war began. A large amount of this, an increasing amount, must be deducted for purely military purposes, and therefore a substantial restriction in consumption had made itself inevitable almost before the armies had come to grips. The German authorities place the tonnage reduction for military purposes at about 13,000,000, which would leave about 7,000,000 for ordinary purposes of supply. Even if we suppose that the German estimate is exaggerated, and it would naturally tend in that direction, we see at once that a severe shortage became inevitable from the withdrawal of ships for military ends. Now Lloyd George enumerated three causes for the present crisis. Prefacing his remarks by the remainder, already noticed, that Great Britain had only just enough ships for her purposes before the war, he said that there had been an enormous increase in the demand for tonnage, that 1,000,000 tons had been lent to France alone, and large amounts to Russia and Italy, and as a final cause for the pinch he spoke of the ships that had been sunk by submarines, a process that has been going on, of course, since the beginning of the war.

NOW we may believe what we wish about the new campaign, but before assuming that Lloyd George shares those beliefs, it would be well to ascertain what he actually said. And he made no reference to any sudden accentuation of the danger nor to any new element that had entered into the situation. The problem that he presented was one that began with the first diversion of shipping to military purposes. It has grown steadily larger with the allotments of ships to Allied countries and with the continuous tale of sunken vessels. Now at last it has attained the dimensions of a crisis. Lloyd

George's statement contained no statistics of shipping losses. It confined itself to the assertion, a grave assertion, that some way must be found to curtail those losses and that in the meantime there must be no importation of anything but necessities. But Lloyd George's statement must be read in conjunction with another statement, equally authoritative, that was issued by the British Embassy in Washington on February 20th, that is to say, only three days before the speech in the House of Commons.

THE embassy statement reviews the situation as it existed from February 1st to February 14th. During those two weeks a total of 4,777 vessels arrived in British ports, and 4,514 vessels sailed from British ports. The daily average of arrivals was 341 vessels, and the daily average of sailings was 322. It should be remembered, however, says the statement, that these totals do not include fishing vessels, coastwise and local coastwise traffic, nor craft of under 100 tons burden. Omitting these, we find that the submarine campaign has resulted in a loss of less than one ship for every 100 which arrived at or left British ports during the period mentioned. Now of course it is open to us to believe that the British authorities have mis-stated the facts. German officials assert that they have done so, and they name some few vessels which they claim to have sunk, but that can not be found in any shipping list. And of course it must often be impossible for a submarine to ascertain the name of its victims, and especially of those that sink quickly. All that can be done is to examine the statistics that are presented to us and to form our own judgment of their reliability. On February 24th, that is to say, four days from the end of the month, the total shipping destroyed by submarines during February, Allied as well as neutral, was about 308,000 tons, which hardly looks as though the German expectation of 1,000,000 tons a month could be attained, or even half that. And at least a certain amount of this shipping thus destroyed consisted of neutral vessels not even bound for British ports and whose loss leaves Great Britain unaffected. This was the case with some at least of the Dutch vessels sunk on February 23rd. They were laden with grain and bound for Dutch ports, and unless they were unintentionally sunk or sunk in ignorance of their nature and destination, we can only suppose that Germany must wish to pick a quarrel with Holland. The incident, if the first reports are correct, becomes still more inexplicable when we remember that supplies are constantly passing into Germany from Holland and that a part of this grain may have been intended for German consumption. But, however that may be, it still remains evident from the statistics that enormous numbers of vessels—the embassy statement says 99 per cent. of the total—are passing safely through the prohibited area and that no radical change in the situation has been produced by the "new" submarine campaign.

THE diary of a submarine trip that has just been published under the title of "The Adventures of the U-202," gives us a curious account of the dangers that must be encountered by the underwater craft. The author enumerates some of the more familiar expedients for their capture, and then he speaks of a device of nets and mines that he seems particularly to have dreaded. He gives no mechanical details, but it appears that any interference with the net has the effect of drawing a mine underneath the intruder and exploding it. His own boat was nearly caught in such a trap, but through some failure of the mechanism the mine exploded above him instead of beneath him. On another occasion he found on rising to the surface that he had been caught in a net without knowing it and had broken his way through it. His craft from stem to stern was covered with steel mesh made apparently of stout piano wire. He speaks also of the tell-tale cork floats which enable the vigilant gunboat or motor-boat to trace the underwater course of the submarine that is tranquilly unaware of the broad trail that it is leaving on the surface. The newer type of German submarine of the Deutschland pattern is said to be strong enough to break its way through the steel net, but this would avail it only in the case of the nets that are moored. The floating or cork-buoyed net would be just as dangerous to a large submarine as to a small one.

THE PRESIDENT NEXT DOOR

(Continued from page 6.)

heart and soul of the world. You find this ethicalism in every quoted word of Woodrow Wilson. When he became President he was imbued with a collegiate evangelism. A blase and unenlightened world was to be led into a new path; the United States, most of all the regenerate Democrat party, was to be the way out.

No moral reformer was ever more earnest.

To Bryan there was to be another way of getting heaven on earth. His method was not education of the masses and regulation of the classes, but peace among the nations. The world cannot live by war. America was to show other nations how a great democracy could see the rest of mankind groaning under war burdens and itself refuse to go to war. So he got a large number of small nations to sign documents in a sort of keep-the-peace league, whatever happens. Thus there would be no foreign complications: these would adjust themselves through the abolition of diplomacy. The world should have the sublime spectacle of a great free nation, utterly disdainful of mailed fist and shining armour. And the vast contemplation of this apocalyptic dream was quite sufficient to keep the Secretary of State from being worried about his ordinary duties. Through his window in the State Army and Navy building Bryan kept a watchful eye on the White House just across the lawn. Yes, Woodrow Wilson would make an apt apostle. With one such purpose in two first citizens of the United States there could be no trouble in working out the dream.

Of course there was the Mexican hornets' nest. But Mexico never could remain anarchist with a great nation next door, so all lighted up with inward reform and outward peace.

Meanwhile business declined. There must be a reason. It would never do to blame Democratism. And even if the seven-year slump was to follow a period of over-expansion why should not Democratism discover the mental cause and apply the cure? Hence the successive interviews with business and finance captains at the White house to discover if business depression was not after all "psychological," curable by the fourth dimension.

Secretary of State indites another manifesto to the Peace League of nations. After all there is something in having two great minds working on different angles of the same problem. Europe must be—

Bang! what was that? A whole wicked world at bloody war without even consulting the Secretary of State. Wilson must be counselled at once; neutrality proclaimed and defined. War must never come to the U. S. Bryan decreed that. What had war to do with the new world—and a new earth—anyway?

In justice to President Wilson it must be admitted that the great war came somewhat too soon. Under the shadow of the peace-tree Bryan, he had not yet made up his mind. There was, indeed, a great deal of mind to make up. The whole nation must be retraversed in the light of the new democracy—government of, for and by the people—somehow. But something was rotten in the state of Denmark. Hamlet must think again.

Since Lincoln's day no President had ever thought so hard, with so much to think about.

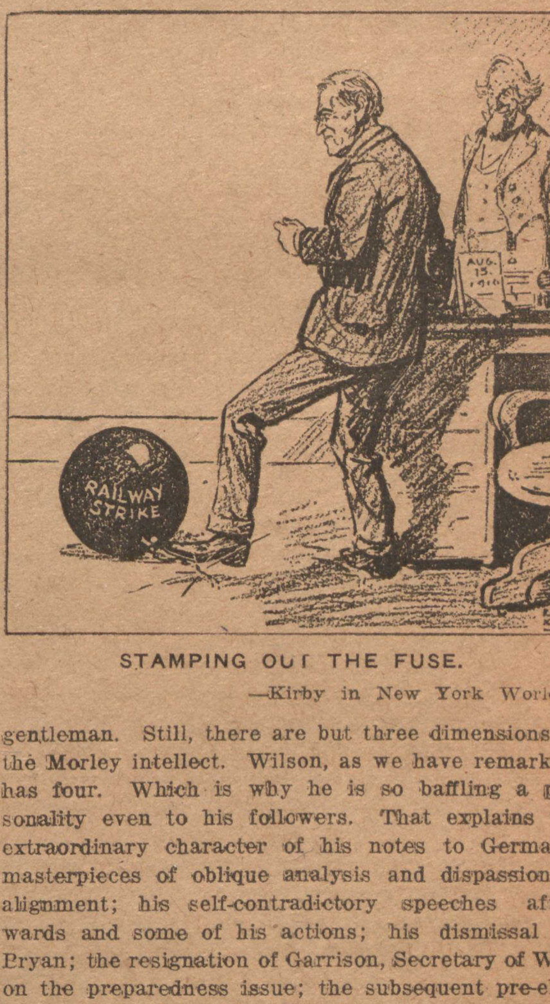
We can imagine the broad, benign face of the evangel Bryan in the President's study—come to talk over the crimson brutalities in Belgium. What, as the two first citizens of the world's greatest republic, would these two transcendentalists have to say to each other about this blow at civilization?

We shall never know. Perhaps the soul of the President, commander-in-chief of the United States army and navy, burned within him. He may have said flaming words. But—as a man only. As a President, with the weight of a vast ethical message to humanity, he must have agreed with the Pacifier, that it were better to turn the other cheek. Such mental reservation, such public self-effacement has not been common in our time. Contemplating the dispassionate frame of Woodrow Wilson at such a time we conveniently forget the Baltimore convention, the triumph of Wilson with Bryan in the saddle.

Soon afterwards came the Kaiser's birthday. Usual felicitations from the President. Matter of historic form. In majestic passivity the Secretary of State reviewed his doctrine of non-resistance and universal peace. The millennial dawn might not be far off. Woodrow Wilson stifled his private emotions and stoically determined to be—above all the President.

When, in New York, he gave utterance to that epoch-marking sentence, "There is such a thing as a country being too proud to fight"—what was it but the outward echo of the Pacifier in the Secretary's office? Woodrow Wilson never originated that. Neither did he mean that America would never fight. What did it matter what he meant? The phrase was everything. It rang round the world like Gen. Grant's "We'll fight it out on that line if it takes all summer" and Ambassador Gerard's "I'll stay here till hell freezes over."

Still there is a difference. The nationality of Grant's and Gerard's sayings could be told by a Hottentot. It would take an international alienist to decide that Wilson's speech was American. And it would take an ethnological Lombroso to prove that the author of it is either an American or anything else. Put him against Lord Morley, one with his crisp English accent, the other with his soft Southern, each with his keen-eyed culture and refining ethical process of thought—one might say that it is not so much English or American as the universal gentleman. Still, there are but three dimensions to the Morley intellect. Wilson, as we have remarked, has four. Which is why he is so baffling a personality even to his followers. That explains the extraordinary character of his notes to Germany, masterpieces of oblique analysis and dispassionate alignment; his self-contradictory speeches afterwards and some of his actions; his dismissal of Bryan; the resignation of Garrison, Secretary of War, on the preparedness issue; the subsequent pre-election speech of the President booming preparedness and his statement, "Never again in a world war can America be neutral."



STAMPING OUT THE FUSE.

—Kirby in New York World.

Oh, the Democratic party and the American nation thought they had a man of obvious dimensions such as Roosevelt and Taft. They discovered otherwise. Nobody ever could tell what Mr. Wilson might say next, what previous party doctrine he might upset, what self-counsel he might indulge in to the detriment of the party. But what was—party? To Woodrow Wilson the better of two optimisms. He was what we call a Liberal and therefore entitled to change his mind according to the way the ground listened—hearing the throb of unorganized, unethicalized millions. He has said:

"When I fail to change my mind with changing conditions of the world I shall have ceased to be in harmony with the world."

Note the almost cosmic character of that confession. Not merely the party, nor the country, nor the new world as such—from the great lakes south

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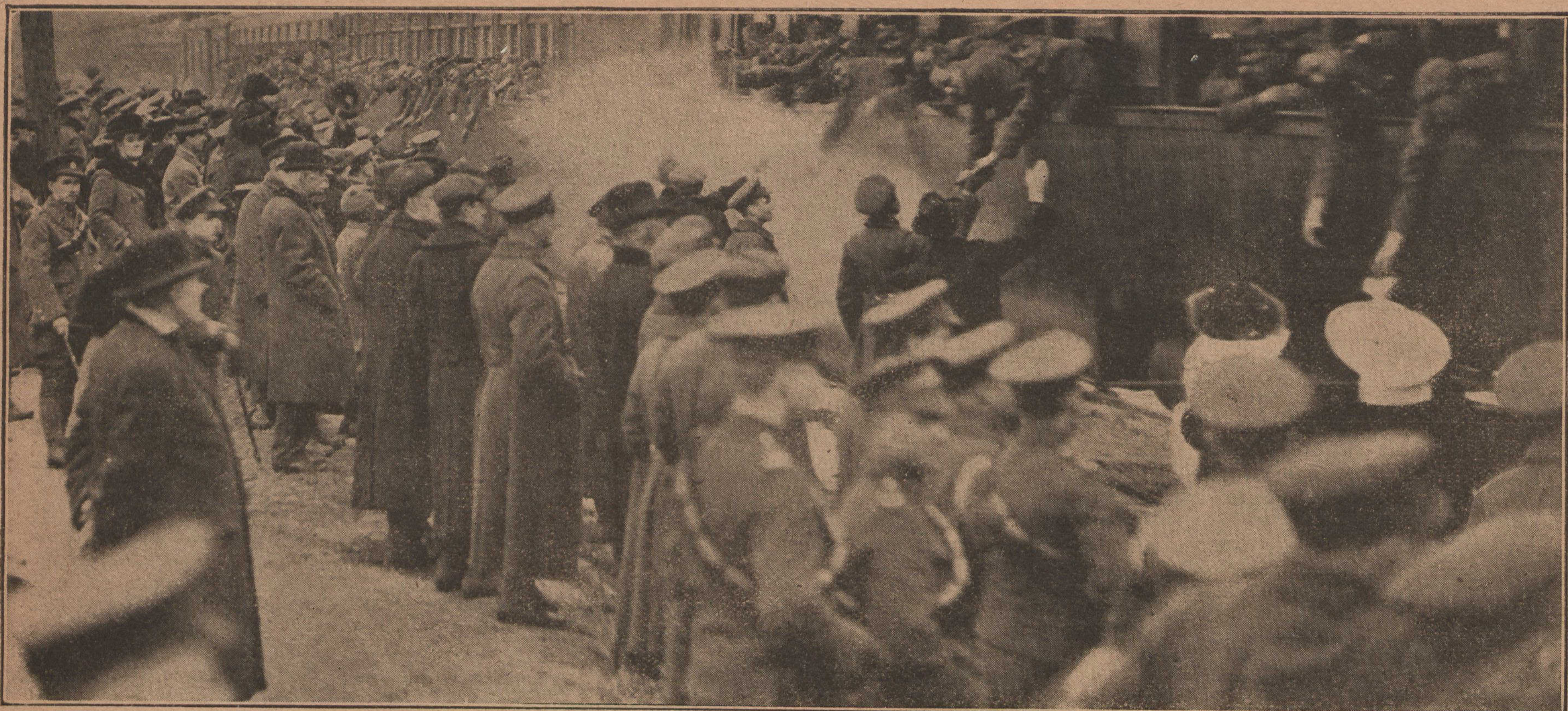
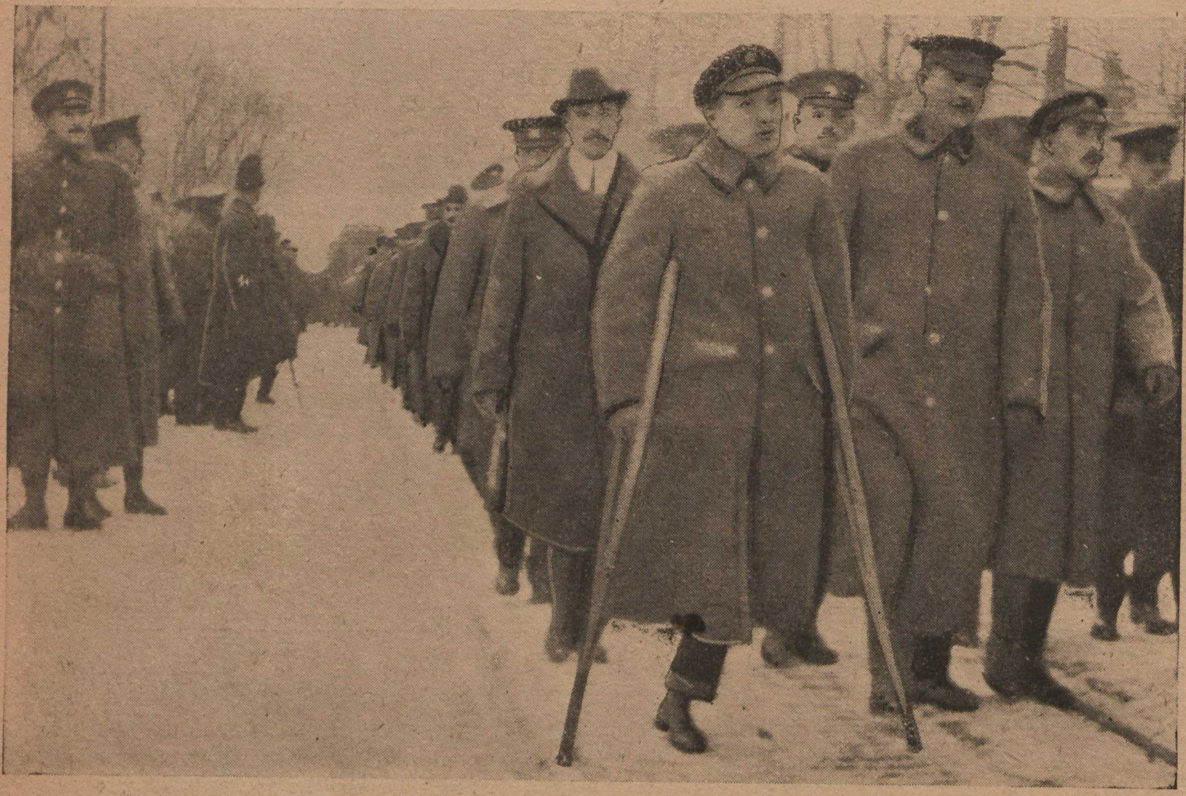
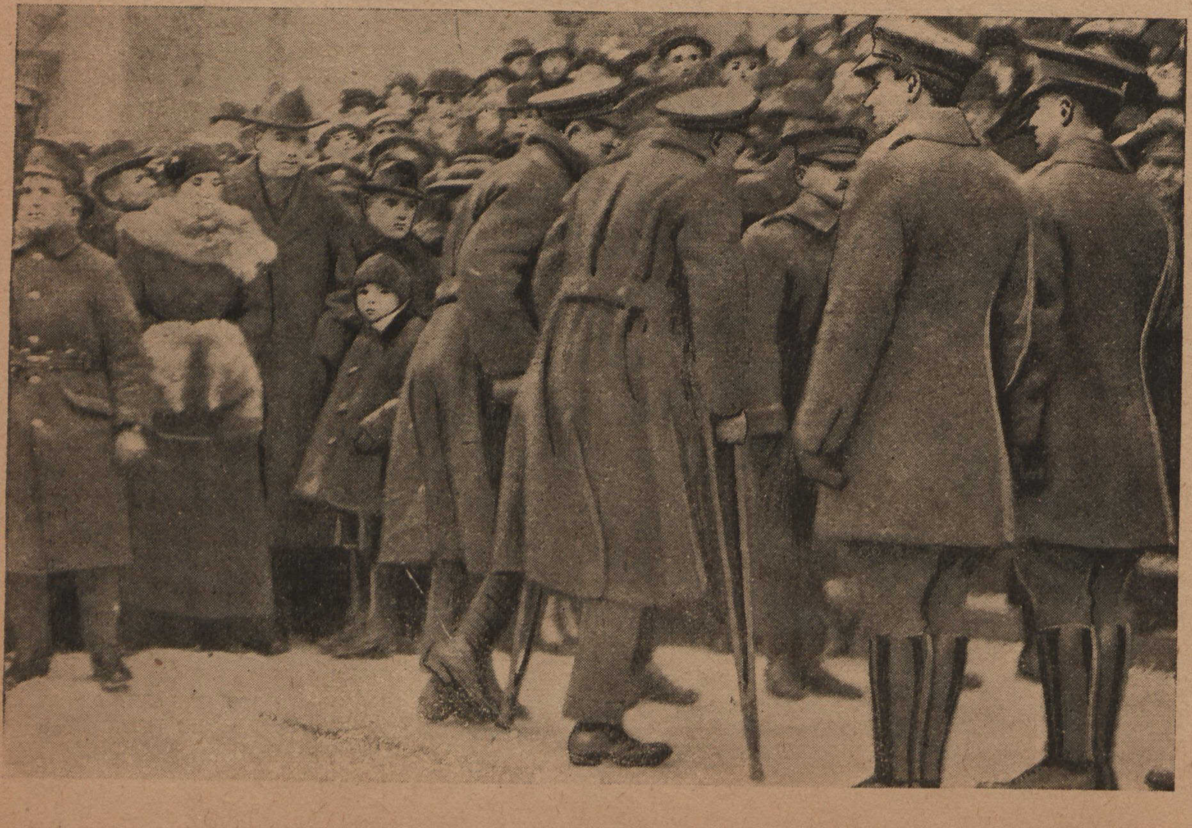






Canadian Soldiers Into the Last Phase of the Struggle

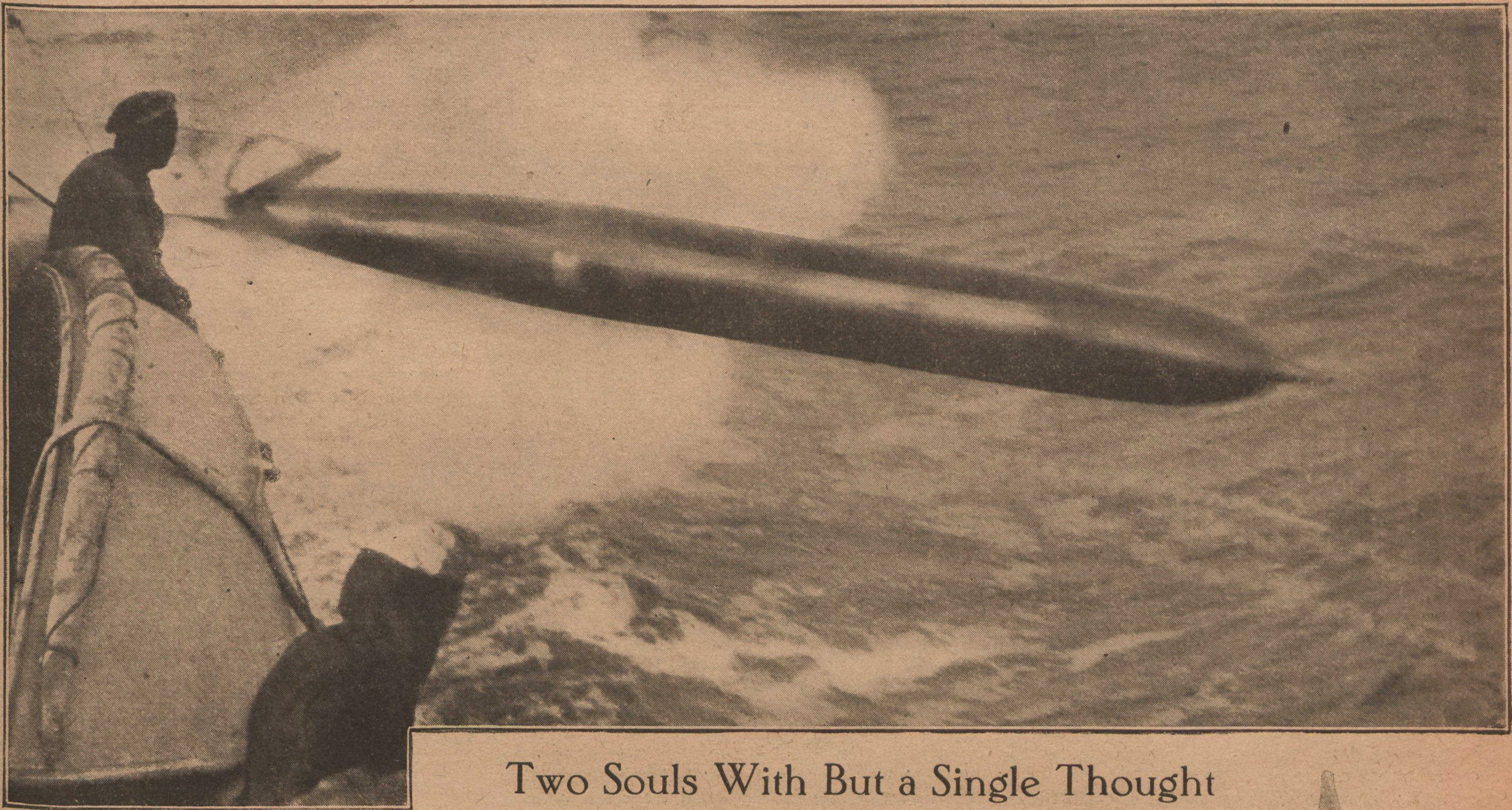
A FEW days ago the Canadian Buffs boarded a train in Toronto bound for somewhere in England, under the command of Lt.-Col. John A. Cooper, former editor of this paper. A little more than a year ago the first officers for that battalion were appointed in the room where this is being written. In that time Col. Cooper has succeeded in organizing one of the best battalions ever sent overseas from any country in the Empire. Several times the battalion was over strength and as often lowered by drafts for other units, notably artillery and engineers. It was one of the last battalions recruited under the old battalion system.

A second-wind campaign of recruiting is now under way in the city of Toronto. Enlistments for this are by drafts of 250 instead of by battalions. A draft of 250 is practically a quarter of a battalion. That draft can be sent overseas as soon as it is complete. The first 250 do not need to wait until the other three-fourths of a battalion have been enlisted. They do not need to drill their heads and feet off and cool their patriotic ardour in camp while half a unit is being licked into shape for camp in England. Under this system it will not cost at the maximum rate of $30,000 a battalion to raise the balance of Canada's army. The cost will be at a minimum. The efficiency and the esprit de corps of a draft will not be impaired by long delay in a home camp. Impatience for war will be rewarded. When the Buffs—photographed entraining above—heard that the date was actually set for pulling out, there was a cheer heard for a mile.

That was about the last battalion enthusiasm surviving a whole year that we are likely to see in Canada. The new system is less picturesque and a great deal more effective. A first step in that programme, so far as Toronto is concerned, was the parade of returned soldiers Sunday before last. About 1,400 of these heroes and veterans marched—stumping, hobbling as best some of them might—to St. Paul's Anglican Church. A little better than battalion strong, they had a thousand times any new battalion's experience. Look at them—crutching along. The crutch-man facing this way went one-legged a mile to that service. He knew—they all knew—what work they had left unfinished overseas. They had no desire to chuck it. The grimness and the glory of war got hold of these men. They marched as never men did here; fellows who a year or so ago went grandly thumping along to bugle and drum, hearts high as hope, proud of home and country and flag—now back among the folk at home, willing to take this route march to church just to help along the movement.

HELPING THE WORLD'S WORK

The Heavenly Twins of Berlin in Their Latest—Perhaps Last—Great Spasm



Two Souls With But a Single Thought

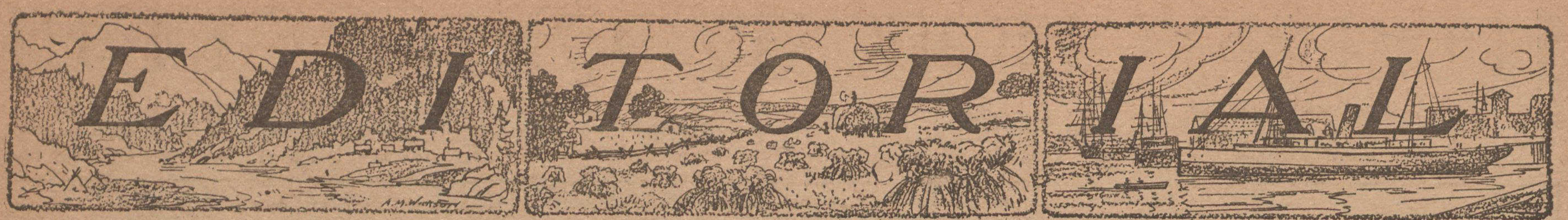
OUR photograph of that apt instrument of modern civilization, the submarine torpedo, just leaving its tube, is regarded as a remarkable picture. Very seldom does a camera enjoy so intimate a look at one of these gentle projectiles. The speed of the torpedo is not slow. Just what submarine, whether an E or a U, we are not told; neither what swaggering, unarmed merchant vessel it was aimed at. But it's the kind of thing that goes on every day now at the instigation of the bad-boy catapult crowd in Berlin. Five of these were let loose one day last week at a Dutch flotilla of 30,000 tons gross. And the 30,000 tons all went below.

The two ungovernable boys of Berlin most responsible just now for this method of helping along the world's work are Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Hindenburg is now the real apostle of "frightfulness.' He has superseded Zeppelin and Tirpitz, who were just amateurs. This man has a positive genius for doing the world's work by destruction. The unrestricted submarine campaign is his idea. And he believes in it as much as the sun believes in shining. You can trace this remarkable enthusiasm in the man's face. It positively radiates with passion for helping the world—to destruction.

In accepting this high and holy commission from the German Emperor, Hindenburg naturally feels that he is a marvelous instrument in the hands ,of God. Conflicting emotions surge through his soul. You can see them in his face—that super-canine look of profound passion for dead humanity. A soul like Hindenburg's is indubitable proof that animals and men are of one family. The animal whose beautiful soul dwells in the body of Hindenburg is the wolf. By translation into Hindenburg the wolf becomes omnipotent for destruction. As a mere hairy quadruped he was only a casual man-killer wanting a bloody meal. As a Hindenburg biped he becomes a universal destroyer to whom the rules of the game known as international law are as useful as kindergarten songs at an earthquake. He has all that remains of a mighty machine of slaughter, murder, et al. He has also the backing of a hungry people who, through Hindenburg, hate England to the point where they would like to see all her babies starved to death.

This is not a vicious trait in Hindenburg. It is part of his great war philosophy and has the merit of a virtue in the eyes of the German people. They all love Hindenburg just now. He looks as though he knew it. Thousands of them have driven nails in the wooden statue of Hindenburg in Berlin. They will be all the more in practice for driving nails into the real Hindenburg when the great war-lord's game is over.

His side-partner, Ludendorff, also looks like a man with a message to mankind. This man has supreme control over all civil affairs in Germany. You can tell by the twist on his mouth just about how much real civility is left in that country. They say he is a genius. It would be a sight to see Ludendorff leading a choir or giving an address to a Sunday-school.



We Are No Tired People

IT would take a hundred years' war to get some people limbered up to the point of being useful to their country. Canada has been at war for going on three years. A very considerable percentage of good capable Canadians are still working at about 65 per cent. pressure, as they were before the war; still looking for a soft snap with easy money, short hours and chances for recreation, summer-camping, and where to spend their money. Of course the number of these snap-hunters is very much reduced; in some places almost nil. The point is that there should not be any. This country is supposed to be throwing its entire energy into the business of getting through. The contract in Europe is bigger now than it ever was—for immediate energy.

To make 1917 win the war, whether war stops in 1917 or not, means to make every possible working human unit of either sex in this country a unit of war-winning. The lines of khaki scrunching over the streets and roads are not necessarily the chief workers. The more of them we send out the more work remains for the rest of us to do. Canada has come to the point where she simply has to hold up her end in efficiency. Making this country a nation is no business of a miracle, a vision, a poem or a great moral spasm. It is the united and glorified efforts of a whole community working in harmony at the highest possible pressure to do what lies at hand to be done, winning the war being in this case that thing.

In this business there is no room for fifty-per-centers. Every man and woman should be at a hundred per cent. And the hundred per cent. of to-day should be the 99 per cent. of to-morrow. We are a young people. We should therefore be creative. We should be growing individually. As a people we were never tired in our lives. We don't expect to be for at least a hundred years to come. If there is one part of the British Empire that is not tired it is—Canada. A country that has the antecedents of the logging bee, the barn-raising, the saw-log shover and the stump farmer has no business to be in the stage of gum-chewing, peanut-slinging and gawking at baseball.

This country is at war. If you don't believe it ask those one-legged men you see crutching down the street. There are photographs of these men on another page. Look at them. They know this country is at war. And if anybody can recognize the fifty per cent. slacker at home they are the people. Every time we look at or think about one of these returned warriors, we should buck ourselves up another one per cent. We should.

* * *

Our Returned Soldiers

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD is a clever war correspondent; one of the best. As a sizer-up of conditions he sometimes is a false alarm. In a very natty little American weekly of late he has been playing up several phases of the war. One of his latest is the idea that to be killed or get an arm or a leg or half a face shot away is not the worst thing about war. No, the worst thing, he says, is the frightful levelling that he beholds in an army of men. He looks at a living army, composed of potential individual units, and bewails the awful subordination that makes these men just cogs in a vast wheel of war. He pities these men because they have no initiative left; because they have to squelch self, sit tight, march here or halt there, shoot and crawl and wallow and wait, always obeying orders without knowing why—and so on. He even goes so far as to say that when these men get back to us all shot up or shell-shocked or whatever it may be, they are degenerated men. He talks about returned soldiers who were such savages that they shot people right and left and threw hand bombs among women and children. The editor of the paper says in a foot-note: "A big, pleasant-faced chap whom I know enlisted in this war two years ago. The other day came a letter from him. If I had not known his handwriting I could not have believed he wrote it. It was the letter of a bloodthirsty savage." Well, we don't happen to know this editor's friends; but we have met a number of returned soldiers who were in the trenches two years ago. We have not yet encountered the bloody savages. The men who come back here are no dreamers, no idealists to be sure; but they are men of experience, who know life better than we do, because they have been on speaking terms with death—and they are not savages.

* * *

Hitch Up Parliament

SOME weeks ago we pointed out the necessity for conserving Parliament. That was at a time when a number of people, whose opinions are well entitled to respect, were talking about substituting some form of efficient oligarchy for the men whom the people of this country elected to do the country's work in Parliament. We observe now that in England Parliament is becoming restless because the new War Council does not pay much attention to the elective body of 640 men chosen to do the country's work. They complain because the Premier rarely comes before the House. The Premier talks of going to the country in order to show that the people prefer to see Parliament remain an Imperial debating society while the small body of powerful experts carries on the war. We doubt very much if the country would repudiate Lloyd George. We also doubt if the people care to see Parliament become obsolete.

In our own country we have 235 men who should be the most efficient organization we have for winning the war. After the session is over these men will be back among their constituents. They will, we presume, know much more about the needs of the country than the average elector. Every man of them should have an individual mandate from Parliament to work among the people directing and helping to co-ordinate the efforts of every community to win the war. If these men can't do such work, who can? If there was ever a time to test out the real working value of membership in Parliament—now is the time.

* * *

Mary Andrews' Ghost Story

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS ought to be given a nice leatherette medal by the British Government. This imaginative author has the leading story in the current issue of McClure's, entitled, "The Return of K. of K.," illustrated by some precociously bad drawings of Montgomery Flagg. This much-heralded yarn is based upon the numerous gossipries of late about the possible survival of Kitchener from the wreck of the Hampshire. A lot of people have been talking vaguely about the possibility of the Sirdar being a prisoner in Germany. But, of course, nobody much believes that. Mary Andrews may not believe it herself. Her story is dated in 1977, being the account given by a General Cochrane of the way he saved England in 1917.

Cochrane is a godson of Kitchener, who was once in love with his mother. Some time in 1917, when the German submarines and warships had banged the vitals out of the British navy and German armies were about to land in England to make of it another Belgium, there was a mob hysteria in Trafalgar Square. Young Cochrane, then an officer of twenty, was among the people. Amid their desperate and despairing din his soul cried out for Kitchener, his godfather. Suddenly a taxi drove up and a great, grim figure got out. It was Kitchener. He quieted the mob and told Cochrane that a Cochrane must save England. Then he drove away into the hereafter.

Young Cochrane thought it all over and remembered that one of his great-grandfathers, a Dundonald, had once invented a terrible destroyer that was intended to annihilate Napoleon's fleet; a thing so terrible that it was suppressed and the documents concerning it fyled away. Young Cochrane had them dug up and the Dundonald destroyer "got busy" on the German fleet. Hence England was saved by the return of K. of K.

And this is the yarn that is lauded by the editor of McClure's as "a vivid, amazing tale." Well, let this pass into the category of amazing tales and there is no limit. We ourselves could grind out half a dozen quite as amazing; but McClure's would never print them. The only good thing about the yarn is that in great modesty Mary Andrews did not state that the terrible destroyer was invented by an American.

* * *

A Potato Plutocrat

SOMEWHERE not far from Guelph, Ont., there is a remarkable farmer whose daily movements should at once be recorded by a moving-picture camera for the whole of Canada to behold. This husbandman has in various frost-proof pits and subterranean places no less than seven hundred bags of potatoes. So he confessed to a traveller last week, who knows him well, and who told the story to the editor of this paper. A few days ago a fellow-farmer asked this Joseph of the potato pits to sell him ten bags of seed potatoes at his own price. The Joseph of the tubers refused him, saying that when the time came if he had any potatoes to spare his neighbor should have them at the price then prevailing. Till then he might go and feed his cattle some more wheat-straw. We are credibly informed that this farmer has no guards on his pits. We can only surmise that he stays up every night with a shotgun and a lantern. One of these days he will be so busy getting those seven hundred bags of potatoes out of the pits and hustling them off to market before rot and tumbling prices head him off that he won't have time to eat. He expects to get five dollars a bag for them. We hope he loses one thousand dollars on his expectations. In the meantime—no, we wouldn't confiscate his potatoes. All we require is the moving picture of this man to keep his memory and that of all like him before the people of this country.

* * *

Post-haste, Not Post-war

A LOT of us are worrying our premature heads off about how to save the country after the war is over. At various council tables of varying shapes we sit and solemnly invent measures which we like to discuss. We are a lot of wiselings who have sent an army abroad, and now with our surplus of brain-power and our breadth of outlook upon the world's problems sit back in front of the fire and work the ash-trays overtime while we tell one another how the country should solve the problems we are inventing. A number of these national saviours on a small scale are a certain kind of Imperialist. But blest if they all are! No, almost any fellow old enough to find a reason for not getting into khaki tries to ease his conscience just now by hatching up national problems, abusing the government, talking about supermen who should be in high places and how Ottawa should feel this morning about the future of Bombay. A lot of talk of this kind may be a grade better than playing bridge or moaning about the bars of yester-year. But a great deal of it is just plain wind-jamming that takes energy which should be devoted to some useful labour. Let us talk less and do more.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF POCKETS

By ESTELLE M. KERR

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Katie Fisher found it;
There was not a penny in it
But a ribbon round it.

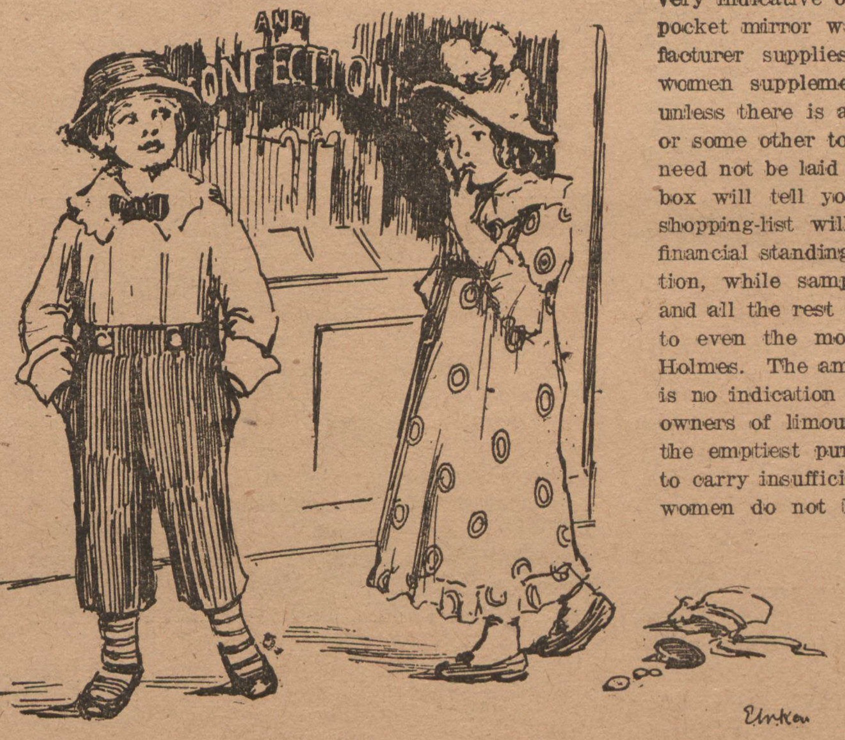
FROM a moral suasion point of view the old nursery rhyme has failed lamentably. Think how much more effective it would have been if Lucy's pocket had contained a whole shilling and if, instead of honest Katie Fisher, a bold bad man had picked it up and spent it on rum, then thrown the pocket into the gutter and beaten his little boy! Lucy's fame seems disproportionate to her deeds, or rather to her one misdeed, for no other incident in her history has come down to posterity. The story is weak in plot, consequently, though the rhyme has remained in our memories for we wouldn't like to say how long, it had no influence on our character and we continue to use the most ridiculous kinds of pockets or bags or purses, and to constantly lose them. Had Lucy suffered a real catastrophe, our youthful minds might have been impressed with the folly of the ever-changing feminine fashions with their more or less pocketless garments; it might have been the means of inaugurating a reformation in dress, including good, safe pockets which—provided we kept them free from holes and didn't stand on our heads or encounter master-pickpockets—would keep our pennies in comparative safety.

THE modest and graceful bearing of woman praised so frequently by poets, may be traced to her lack of pockets. Very young boys and girls look similar in their sexless garments but, with the first pair of pants with pockets, the boy begins to swagger and assert his superiority, while the growing girl spends years trying to think what to do with her hands and where to keep her money. Not only in cold weather, when she hasn't warm mits or a muff, does she long for pockets, there are many embarrassing moments, during events of a social nature, when pockets would overcome the difficulty of deciding just how to distribute two hands gracefully about her person. But it is perhaps due to this pocketless condition that the girl in the end becomes more graceful.

EVEN in early childhood it is difficult not to let our estimate of a person be influenced by the multitude of his possessions, and the boy need never be separated from his treasures. His pockets (containing a pen-knife, some marbles, a carved chestnut, the stump of a lead pencil, a piece of chewing gum, a slate-rag, and—possibly—a pocket handkerchief or even some money) give him the air of a landed proprietor, while the girl is only too painfully conscious that her few treasures, tied in the corner of a handkerchief, look pitifully meagre by comparison. This attitude of superiority persists in later years. Men are, for the most part, pleased to have us pocketless and voteless, though it makes us more dependent on them, and we are constantly borrowing pen-knives and lead-pencils or asking them what time it is. There are even wives who constantly leave their handkerchiefs under sofa cushions or between the leaves of a book, or—but it is extraordinary how many places they can be left—and then borrow their husband's.

BUT it is where money is concerned that we most lament our lack of good safe pockets. The purses we use as substitutes are far from satisfactory. Pick up any evening paper and look at the LOST column. Careless Lucys must spend, in the aggregate, a small fortune in advertising, and there are still greater numbers who do not advertise—either the value of their purses are too small, or they are pessimistic about the results. In our most popular journal about ten of them advertise each night. At Christmas time, owing to the unusual shopping activities, the number is much greater. There are also some honest Katie Fishers who advertise in the FOUND column or see that vagrant purses and pay-envelopes are returned to the proper offices provided by shops, railway companies and other large concerns, for that purpose. Many of the LOST notices contain the pitiful phrase, "working-girl's wages." Of course there are men who lose their little roll of bills, too, on a Saturday night, though these are less numerous in prohibition areas. Possibly they have no wives to mend the holes in their pockets, possibly they have fallen among thieves, but the advertisements point to the conclusion that two men carry money carelessly to ten women.

SMALL black leather bags are the most frequent delinquents. They are the most usual modern substitutes for the little silken pockets which our grandmother Lucy wore suspended from her girdle. Some of us, who delight in what we call "novelties," are carrying that style of bag now, and one of them (made of black velvet) is advertised in to-night's paper. There are also a couple of aristocratic bags of gold or silver mesh in the list, but the little black leather bag is carried by rich and poor alike. Every department store has a long counter devoted to nothing but bags and purses from 98 cents up—ever so far up. Then there are the leather goods specialty shops. I always look at the vast array with amazement. If every woman in town lost her bag the same day, I feel sure that they could all be replaced within a few hours, and what becomes of all the old bags is a constant mystery to me. Each year the styles are changed in the hope of forcing everyone to buy a new one, and they usually do. There is no use in getting a "guaranteed real seal" unless you actually prefer elegance and quality to the pleasure of carrying a bag that is exactly the same shape as your neighbour's: now oval, now square, now long and deep, now short and broad. We are forced to the conclusion that tens of thousands of these bags disappear yearly. Either they are burnt, or dropped into the lake or dumped on building lots where there is a sign: "Clean earth may be deposited here." Some of them may be resurrected during the Backyard Garden Thrift Campaign.



With his first pockets, the boy assumes the air of a landed proprietor.

FASHION, for the moment, favours pockets—ornamental ones decorated with a dab of wool embroidery, except in sports skirts, where they really serve as a receptacle for hands, handkerchiefs or golf balls. But money—oh, dear, no! They are most unsafe! I have in my possession a unique garment which actually boasts a good safe pocket. To be sure I wear it very rarely, but I put it on on a particularly disagreeable morning last spring. I was just starting out when the postman handed me an envelope. I opened it as I walked down the street and discovered, to my joy, that it did not contain a letter from my dearest friend, but a cheque from a publishing house. (Yes, dear reader, they pay me real money for this kind of thing!) I thrust it in my pocket and buttoned the flap and promptly forgot all about it—not the cheque, but the resting-place. There is something about a cheque that makes it linger in the memory. I had a distinct impression of throwing the envelope into the editorial waste basket and concluded that the cheque had vanished with it, so the janitor instituted a search, but in vain. Then I wrote to the aforesaid publishing house and asked for a duplicate cheque, which they promptly issued, and I, with still greater celerity, cashed. Months passed and just the other day I decided to give my old raincoat to the Red Cross waste collection, and there, safely buttoned into my pocket, lay the vanished cheque!

A LITTLE pocket now and then is unsatisfactory. It must have a permanent situation in one's wardrobe to prove beneficial, and so long as we continue to follow the fleeting fashions we shall devise new substitutes—and lose them. We shall also continue to carry very little money. The contents of the average little black leather bag is very indicative of character. The desire for the pocket mirror was universal, so now the manufacturer supplies it. The majority of young women supplement this with a powder box, so unless there is a stick of lipsal, a box of rouge, or some other toilet accessory, inordinate vanity need not be laid to the owner's charge. The pill-box will tell you the state of her health, the shopping-list will give you an insight into her financial standing, the memo pad into her occupation, while samples of dress goods, bills, keys and all the rest will betray her character utterly to even the most distant follower of Sherlock Holmes. The amount of money contained therein is no indication of wealth; on the contrary, the owners of limousines and charge accounts have the emptiest purses, but even the poor are apt to carry insufficient change. This is not because women do not have a great deal of money to spend. One-half the spending power of the nation is theirs, and though the greater part of this wealth simply passes through their hands in exchange for food and clothing, the savings of women are considerable.

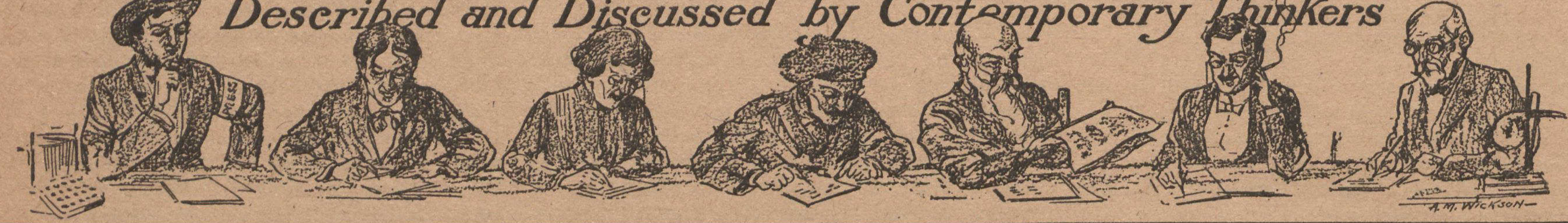
THINK of the 360,000 working women in Canada, with steadily increasing wages and constantly expanding fields of activity. The professional woman, the business woman, the woman of independent means, and the factory girl, are all to be seriously reckoned with as investors. But in financial dealings women are naturally timid. In the olden days conservative people kept their savings in a stocking or under the mattress. Now the savings bank answers this purpose and the mere buying of a war certificate seems formidable, yet nothing could be simpler. They may be bought at any Bank or Money Order Post Office, and $21.50 paid to-day will yield $25.00 at the end of three years. The women of Canada are asked to assist in financing the war by placing their savings at the disposal of the Government.

The connection between Lucy Locket and the War Loan is not obvious. Perhaps we are wrong in assuming that there would have been pennies in Lucy's pocket had she practised thrift, but from her one careless act in the matter of pocket-losing, we judge her to be no better or wiser than the rest of us, who have not realized that the very best thing for us to do is to

BUY A CERTIFICATE TO-DAY,
OR START TO SAVE FOR ONE.

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



POLITICAL IDEALS

And the Doctrine of Force Discussed by an American

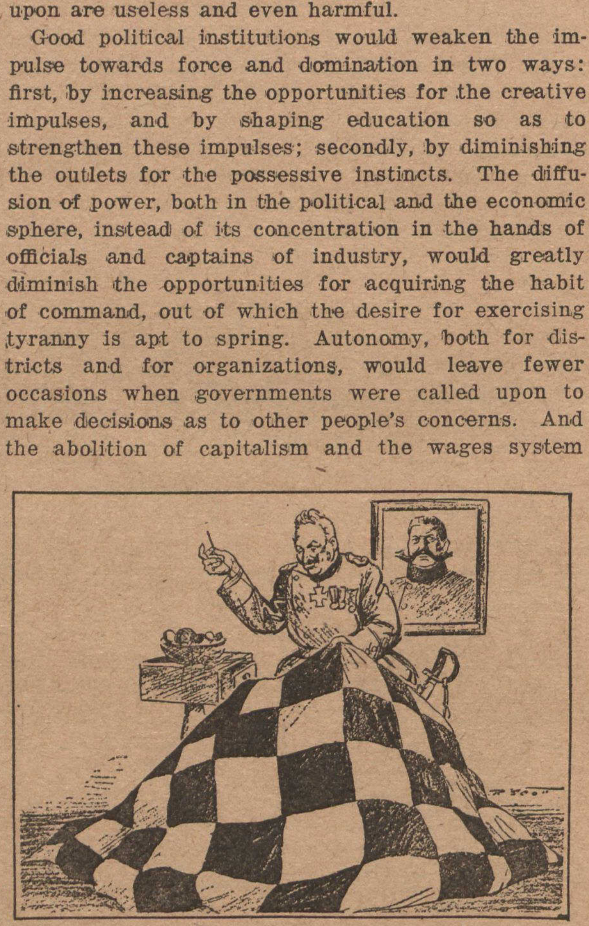
THERE is probably one purpose, and only one, writes Bertrand Russel in the North American Review, for which the use of force by a government is beneficent, and that is, to diminish the total amount of force used in the world. It is clear, for example, that the legal prohibition of murder diminishes the total amount of violence in the world. And no one would maintain that parents should have unlimited freedom to ill-treat their children. So long as some men wish to do violence to others, there cannot be complete liberty, for either the wish to do violence must be restrained, or the victims must be left to suffer. For this reason, although individuals and societies should have the utmost freedom as regards their own affairs, they ought not to have complete freedom as regards their dealings with others. To give freedom to the strong to oppress the weak is not the way to secure the greatest possible amount of freedom in the world. This is the basis of the Socialist revolt against the kind of freedom which used to be advocated by laissez-faire economists.

Democracy is a device—the best so far invented—for diminishing as much as possible the interference of governments with liberty. If a nation is divided into two sections which cannot both have their way, democracy theoretically insures that the majority shall have their way. But democracy is not at all an adequate device unless it is accompanied by a very great amount of devolution. Love of uniformity, or the mere pleasure of interfering, or dislike of differing tastes and temperaments, may often lead a majority to control a minority in matters which do not really concern the majority. We should none of us like to have the internal affairs of Great Britain settled by a Parliament of the World, if ever such a body came into existence. Nevertheless there are matters which such a body could settle much better than any existing instrument of government.

The theory of the legitimate use of force in human affairs, where a government exists, seems clear. Force should only be used against those who attempt to use force against others, or who will not respect the law in cases where a common decision is necessary and a minority are opposed to the action of the majority. These seem legitimate occasions for the use of force; and they should be legitimately occasions in international affairs if an international government existed. The problem of the legitimate occasions for the use of force in the absence of a government is a different one, with which we are not at present concerned.

Although a government must have the power to use force, and may on occasion use it legitimately, the aim of the reformers to have such institutions as will diminish the need for actual coercion will be found to have this effect. Most of us abstain, for instance, from theft, not because it is illegal, but because we feel no desire to steal. The more men learn to live creatively rather than possessively, the less their wishes will lead them to thwart others or to attempt violent interference with their liberty. Most of the conflicts of interests, which lead individuals or organizations into disputes, are purely imaginary, and would be seen to be so if men aimed more at the goods in which all can share, and less at those private possessions that are the source of strife. In proportion as men live creatively, they cease to wish to interfere with others by force. Very many matters in which, at present, common action is thought indispensable, might well be left to individual decision. It used to be thought absolutely necessary that all the inhabitants of a country should have the same religion, but we now know that there is no such necessity. In like manner it will be found, as men grow more tolerant in their instincts, that many uniformities now insisted upon are useless and even harmful.

Good political institutions would weaken the impulse towards force and domination in two ways: first, by increasing the opportunities for the creative impulses, and by shaping education so as to strengthen these impulses; secondly, by diminishing the outlets for the possessive instincts. The diffusion of power, both in the political and the economic sphere, instead of its concentration in the hands of officials and captains of industry, would greatly diminish the opportunities for acquiring the habit of command, out of which the desire for exercising tyranny is apt to spring. Autonomy, both for districts and for organizations, would leave fewer occasions when governments were called upon to make decisions as to other people's concerns. And the abolition of capitalism and the wages system would remove the chief incentive to fear and greed, those correlative passions by which all free life is choked and gagged.



CAN HE MAKE US FLY IT?

"Each mast should show a large flag, checkered white and red."—From Germany's U-Boat Note to America.

—Scott, in Cleveland Leader.

Few men seem to realize how many of the evils from which we suffer are wholly unnecessary, and could be abolished by a united effort within a few years. If a majority in every civilized country so desired, we could, within twenty years, abolish all abject poverty, quite half the illness in the world, the whole economic slavery which binds down nine-tenths of our population; we could fill the world with beauty and joy, and secure the reign of universal peace. It is only because men are apathetic that this is not achieved—only because imagination is sluggish, and what always has been is regarded as what always must be. With good-will, generosity, and a little intelligence all these things could be brought about.

GERMAN LITERATURE!

What It Is and Isn't is Worthy of Study

THE idea is ingrained in the public mind that the British universities are tarred wholesale with a pacifist and pro-German brush, declares Prof. M. A. Gerothwohl, in the Fortnightly. The sacrifices made on the battlefield by so many of our dons and students should suffice to disprove any such sweeping statement. There is ground for suspicion, but only in regard to a loud, but numerically feeble, academic set.

I know not, however, whether such intellectual aberrations on the part of professedly British universities were, all things considered, more astonishing than the insidious, if no whit less dominating, influence which German pedagogy had acquired, as it were, by infiltration during the past two decades at that acknowledged foyer of French enlightenment and wit—the Sorbonne. I need hardly remark that the triumph of Goettingen en Sorbonne in 1913, despite 1870, was an infinitely greater victory for Kultur than its capture of, say, Oxford or London; and that it might have proved a far more durable victory for the Reichsland than Essen's triumph at Maubeuge. It marked the zenith of Germany's policy of peaceful penetration to the very heart of the enemy specially written down for future subjection or destruction. But it is precisely the 17-inch howitzer that, by battering the ramparts of Maubeuge, which can and will be raised anew, shattered for once and for all time the Fortress of Kultur within the precincts of intellectual France.

The golden ages in every literature are those in which the national spirit has been at its highest, whereas literary decadence has invariably been heralded by the predominance of cosmopolitan ideals. Besides, neither in German creative literature nor in German literary criticism is there anything to warrant the Germanizing craze that prevailed three years ago in both French and British academic circles. German literature ranks almost lowest among the artistic literatures of Europe. Of supreme literary artists Germany numbers but two, Goethe and Heine (even though, for my part, I would gladly concede a third in the person of the Austrian poet-dramatist Grillparzer). And of these two and only supreme German literary artists each, at some period or other of his career, repudiated the Fatherland as his spiritual home. Goethe hailed in turn the ideal world of ancient Greece and the conception of Napoleon's world-empire as his liberators from the narrowness and greed of German particularism—that particularism of which Prussian Imperialism is nothing but the modern and felonious compound. It was in Paris that Henry Heine sought refuge from both the German "Schutzmann" and the German "Witz." Heine almost throughout, and Goethe in the major portion of his works, that portion, too, on which his claims to a foremost place among the immortals mainly rests—the lyrics, the later dramas, and Faust I.—are by no means typically German, but in the one case Greek rather, or Alexandrine, and in the other distinctly Parisian in sympathy and temperament. There are hardly any figures in literature that can compare with Goethe at his prime for serenity of feeling and symmetry of framework, nor with Heine at his best for the simple exquisiteness of form and feeling.

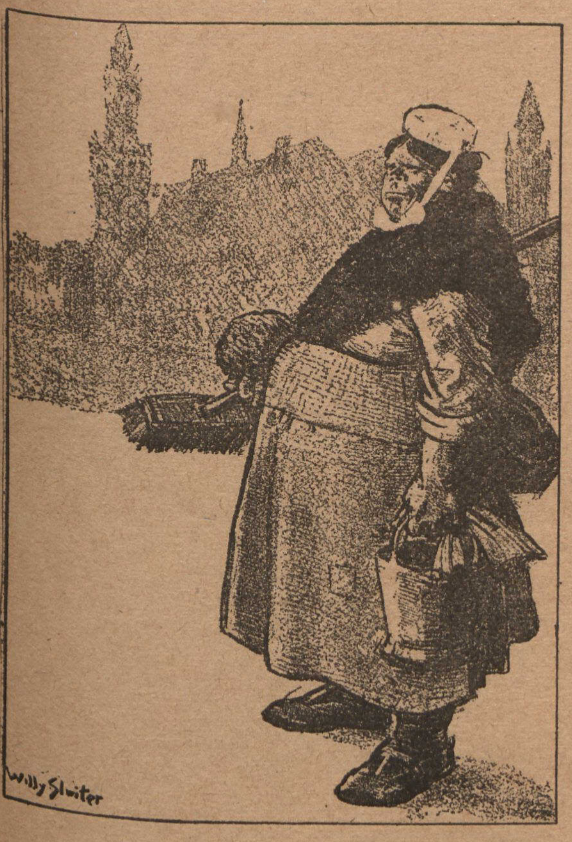
All of which is tantamount to reaffirming that there is no sufficient intrinsic virtue in German creative literature or in German literary teaching to explain and justify our pre-war panderings to the German seats of learning. I need hardly add that in particular the perverted handling of linguistic study and literary research, which I have endeavoured to expose, does not apply to the German language and literature alone, but to the instruction given by Germans in every language and literature, whether ancient or modern. Artistic form and composition are ignored throughout. The Teutonic scholars are, I know, very apt to jeer, and it may be not unrightly, at the flights of English classical scholars in Greek and Latin verse and prose. It is, of course, open to question whether in this country too much importance has not attached to acrobatics of this kind. Yet, as a training in the concise and precise use of words, these acrobatics have proved of the greatest value to some of the purest writers of classical and modern English. They have given grace and flexibility to the national idiom, whereas the deluge of textual emendations of fifth-rate authors, which seems to be the chief concern of German professors and their seminar students, serves no strictly literary purpose, as a rule, adds little but waste paper to the archives of human knowledge. No, if British methods of classical teaching require alteration, which is probable, we might profitably take a cue or two from France, where the ancient tongues are studied in a less rigid grammatical shape than over here, as the most perfect instruments of training in both logical thought and verbal felicity.

If I were a German critic I should not fail to dwell on the pure coincidence that two of the greatest names, or hailed as such, in modern German philosophy are those of Kant, a Scot by descent, and of Chamberlain, an unfrocked Briton.

WOMEN AFTER WAR

The Vigorous Views of W. L. George Command Attention

AS to women, says W. L. George, writing in the English Review on his customary topic, there is one view which deserves to be added to the casualty list; it is this: "Nobody will get married. There will not be enough men to go round." Well, there never were enough men to go round: according to the last census of England and Wales, there were only 17,445,608 males against 18,624,884 females. An insoluble problem in a non-Moslem land! But, in spite of these figures, I assert that the problem did not lie there. Observing that any man, however old, however repulsive, will easily find a mate, if only because he holds the purse, while many unattractive women can never marry at all, there are quite enough men to go round. The census bears this out, for it reveals 3,471,672 unmarried men over nineteen. Many of these married after the census was taken, but that does not affect the calculation, because others sprang up to fill in **England and Wales and ranks of misogyny. There were close on three and a half millions eligible but unmarried men; there were nearly three for every superfluous woman!**



TO THE PEACE PALACE.

It will soon be time to get it ready for use.

—Willy Sluiter, in De Nieuwe Amsterdammer, Amsterdam.

An optimistic cartoon from Holland.

The reason for this is that women marry when they can and men when they must. There are good reasons for this, and one of them is that women have been taught to cherish their virtue, while men seldom grow old enough to blush for theirs. Chastity is not for a bachelor. Also, marriage is expensive, complicated, the enemy of freedom, and many men hold that woman is the one "who halves our joys and doubles our expenses."

The war will not improve this state of things; it will make it worse, but not very much worse. An estimate of casualties is impossible at present, because the casualties are so published as to make calculations very difficult. But, taking the figures up to the end of 1915, and adding such information as has come to hand; adding also a fair average on the basis of peace at the end of 1917 and of an army of five millions, the British dead and permanently incapacitated should amount to between 800,000 and 1,200,000. A number of these are married, but must come in all the same, because widows have seldom been discouraged by past experience, and in this particular case very few will be over forty. Still, taking the figures at the worst, at 1,200,000, making a total deficit of male population of about 2,400,000, we still have that permanent residuum of 3,471,672 men who do not, cannot, or will not, marry, a class which can absorb all the superfluous women, wipe out all the casualties, and still have a million in hand with which to stifle the bitter cry of British maidenhood. Besides, in thirty years or so the men who have lost limbs and the women who have lost hope will be dead. We shall forget them before that, as the men lost their prestige and the women lose their looks. It is a passing effect; little by little those who are left stranded by the tide of war will become as the seaweed that dries in the sun and life will regain its course. This is brutal, but it is true.

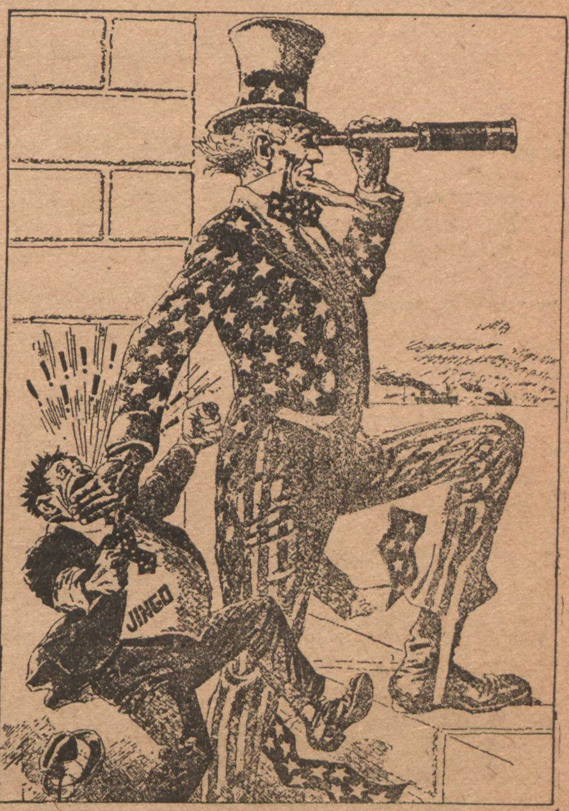
It is suggested that the women who cannot turn to men will turn to work. I think they will, partly because the pensions paid to widows and mothers will probably be small and make it necessary for them to earn something, but very much more because the tendency to work is a growing one in modern women. The wage-earning woman came in in the 'forties with the factory system, and every year she has increased in numbers; during the war her ranks have known an enormous influx; but the educated girl who in the 'eighties and 'nineties wanted to be a nurse, a secretary, a school-teacher has long been mobbing the employment bureau. That will go on, and the war has nothing whatever to do with it; woman works because she must live and because men are not willing to keep her; she also has to work because she is tired of being kept, and is glad to exchange the slavery of the home for the slavery of employment. It is a good, brave tendency and the war will strengthen it; this will be one of the war's few valuable legacies.

As for the great mass of girl labour, it is too flighty, too disinclined to look upon work as anything but the prelude to marriage to bother about raising the conditions of a trade which it intends to abandon. As for the sweated, the box-makers to whom the Wages Board allots 2¾d. an hour, they have time to think only of finding enough to eat.

It is not that women are incapable of sticking together; in occasional sharp strikes (which are pitiful because so ragged, so unorganized) they show a splendid capacity for this. But in the end they do not stand together as well as men, and one reason, I expect, is their individualistic training, the ancient tradition that each woman's job is to catch a man. Work is just a painful necessity which enables them to live or to buy fripperies; it is not a career. With men, it is always more or less a career, and so men have had to organize the trades or professions so important in their lives. They have had to sacrifice some of their individuality, while women remain anarchists; women are still more capable of self-sacrifice than of co-operation. Men being infinitely more law-abiding are infinitely more effective in conflict; to force they oppose force, while women oppose spasm. Even during the war this has been marked: I do not know of a single case where female munition workers have formed a union; at any rate, there have been no organized strikes. A union which never runs a strike is a sword of lead.

It follows that at the end of the war a mob of female labour will seek employment at any price, undercutting itself and undercutting men; the home habit will have been broken and the determination to earn wages will eventually tend to lower wages. There will be alleviations, such as the posts left open by the dead; there will be the gaps caused by male emigration; there is also the fact that many women have been handling good wages: unable to continue doing so, many will become prostitutes. But all this in figures such as those with which we deal does not amount to anything; we still have to count with a great mass of incoherent, greedy labour.

I do not think any clear aims can be drawn from women by war, for sane thinking is not brought about by fighting, and still less will it be brought out by reading about fighting. Broadly, men may emerge from this war rough as football players and women as hysterical as the people who look on at the match. This does not mean that women workers will not have learnt self-reliance: certainly every well-paid woman worker tends to become the "clear-eyed, weather-beaten, etc.," but that is not an effect of war. I agree that the female omnibus conductor has more opportunity than a shorthand-writer of becoming weather-beaten and possibly clear-eyed. Only, that is an effect of work, not an effect of war; work is work, and I know from personal experience that there is nothing warlike in a shell factory. Shells at rest are neither more nor less murderous in suggestion than sardine tins. The woman who, before the war, earned her living, grew self-reliant enough. She was merely a little more sweated than she has recently been. It will be suggested that the greater number of self-reliant women is bound to affect modern conditions, but the fact remains that before the war there were already millions of self-reliant women, and yet, with all their advertised qualities, they seemed to do very little but undercut each other and meekly tolerate the reduction of piece-rates. The self-reliance of women contains little fellowship, it is only reliance on self. If, therefore, the quality of self-reliance indeed becomes more prominent among women, it is likely to prove their undoing; it will produce millions of additional egotists, millions of women with a strongly developed sense of their individual worth, their individual desires.

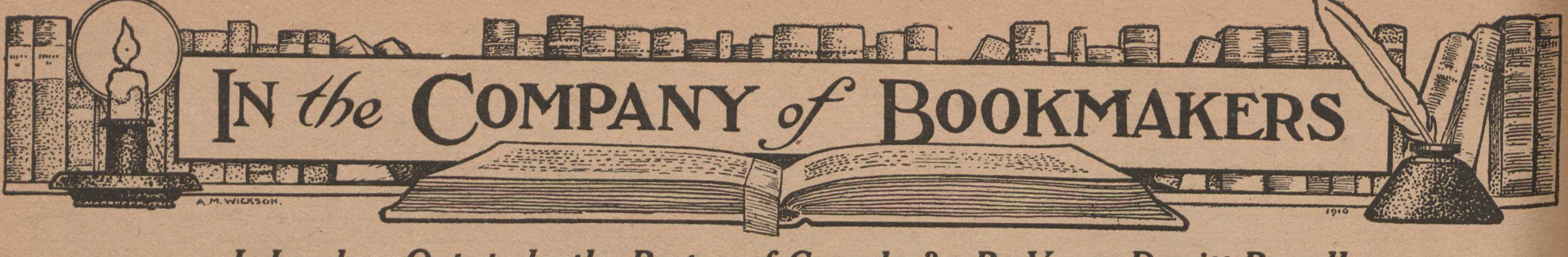


Uncle Sam: "Don't get excited!"

—Murphy, in Chicago Examiner.

MCCLURE'S for March contains the philosophy of Muldoon, the remarkable old physical-culturist, trainer of boxing-men and wrestlers and regenerator of tired business men. Muldoon makes a dead set on smoking—especially cigarettes. Any pupil or patient of his must uncompromisingly cut out cigarettes. Having got the smoke habit regulated, Muldoon proceeds to build up the nervous system.

Munsey's for March contains a novel by Alan Sullivan, Canadian writer, whose work frequently appears in Canadian magazines.



IN the COMPANY of BOOKMAKERS

Is London, Ont. to be the Boston of Canada? By Verne Dewitt Powell

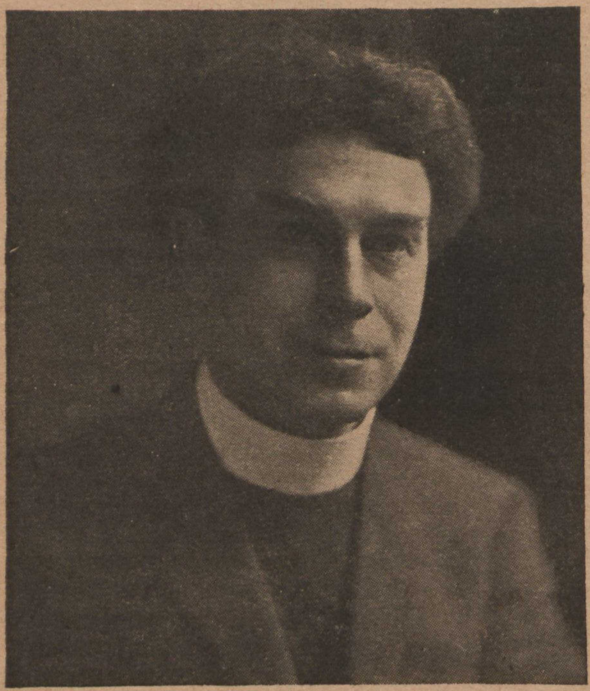
Why Did Stringer Go Back on the Muses?

The Editor Has a Moment With a Poet. Have You a Poet in Your Town?

Why Have We No Canadian Masefield?

Preacher-Poet Heralds New Literary School

IN London, Ont., they will tell you with a good deal of pride that Arthur Stringer and Harvey O'Higgins once worked on the reportorial staffs of the local newspapers. Here have also resided in their younger days many other writers, actors, musicians, composers and painters now famous, and priding itself on its reputation as an intellectual centre, the town is a famous stamping-ground for John Cowper Powys, Earle Barnes, and others of the type.


If the activities of the Rev. Robert W. Norwood carry out some of his admirers' expectations, London, Ont., will be the Boston of Canada.

Now, in "London in the woods," as it used to be poetically called to distinguish it from its mighty namesake over the sea, there is a remarkable renascence of literary and intellectual activity, the central figure of which is an Anglican rector who came from Quebec in 1912 to take charge of Cronyn Memorial Church. The author of three volumes of verse already published, two shortly forthcoming volumes and a number of plays, Rev. Robert W. Norwood has gathered about him a following of authors, magazine writers, teachers and others whose local activities have been referred to by newspaper writers as "building a new Olympus," the remarkable progress of the coterie promising to make London the "Boston of the Northland."

A newly organized "London Literary Club" announces as its sphere of usefulness the according of modern verse-wrters the full recognition of their merits unshadowed by the homage that conventional literary critics lavish on the dead poets of the past. The president of the organization, Dr. E. E. Braithwaite, is also president of the Western University of London, Ont., and the interests and activities of the club and university are being closely connected up. Miss May Wilson, a novelist who has chosen as an especial field the characteristic of rural Ontario life, is vice-president, and Rev. Mr. Norwood, the poet-preacher, is an active member of the advisory committee, and a dozen other writers with from one to six volumes of verse or fiction as monuments to their industry are members. Among the London writers interested are Rev. A. P. McKibbon (Mack Cloie), Mrs. (Rev.) D. C. MacGregor (Marion Keith), Peter McArthur, a former New York journalist, now the "sage of Ekfrid," where, like Horace of old, he has a kind of Sabine farm; Dr. H. A. McCallum, dean of the medical department of the local university and noted for his advocacy of mental healing, bread diet, nutrition treatment and other doctrines not usually held to by leaders of allopathic medicine; Miss Grace Blackburn (Fanfan), reputed to be the greatest Canadian dramatic critic and also a writer of vers libre, and a score of lesser Olympians who some day hope to spur their spirited Pegasus to the mountain top.

Born at Christ Church rectory, New Ross, Nova Scotia, March 27, 1874, Mr. Norwood was educated at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, and King's College, Windsor, N.S., where his professor of literature was the Canadian poet, Charles G. D. Roberts. He is a son of Rev. Joseph W. Norwood. Already he has published "Paul to Timothy," "His Lady of the Sonnets" and "The Witch of Endor," favourably received last year by the critics. He has now ready for publication "The Modernist" and "Rahab," two additional volumes of verse. A number of his plays, something of the Maeterlinck "Blue Bird" type, have been produced by a local dramatic company with favourable receptions, among them two charming child-fairy plays, "Curly Locks" and "Jumbo."

An exponent of "New Thought" and the "New Theology," Rev. Mr. Norwood, soon after coming to London, leaped into fame as an insurgent minister, and although his denomination is regarded as the most conservative in Canada, he throngs his church twice on every Sunday with an overflow audience of theosophists, New Thoughtists, Vedantists, Bahaists and other latter day non-conformists.

His lectures on "The New Movement" and "The New Thought" in Canadian poetry have attracted wide attention, and his reference to the "Spoon River Anthology" as one of the "worst abominations" ever printed, threw the local admirers of Edgar Lee Masters into a veritable panic. "The unity of all life," "the brotherhood of man," cosmic consciousness and other ideals and dogmas of New Thought psychology and transcendental idealism are shown to abound in the writing of Canadian poets like Dr. Albert D. Watson, a Toronto physician; Helena Coleman, Albert Stafford, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Lloyd Roberts, Bliss Carman and the other maritimers. Dr. Watson is heralded as the greatest of the new Canadian writers, but to an 18-year-old London girl, Miss Hilda Hooke, Mr. Norwood awards an unrestricted field of laurels and styles her "the greatest of them all."

An enthusiastic admirer of the late Rupert Brooke, Mr. Norwood finds in many of the Canadian poets still living in Canada, unlike Carman, Stringer, and C. G. D. Roberts, who have hied them away to the United States, equals of the distinguished English writer who died of wounds at the Dardanelles. "Canada is great in poets, artists, painters and musicians, because her people at heart are poets," he declares.

Some day, when Mr. Norwood has concluded with the new Canadian school, he will perhaps extend his field of criticism and pass judgment upon the New Thought poets of the United States, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edwin Markham, William Rose Bent, Herbert Kaufman, Robert Loveman, Nixon Waterman, and the rest.

Singularly conducive to nourishing the new New Thought school is the soil of London, for here Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, friend of Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel, wrote his "Cosmic Consciousness," which has ever since been to New Thought what Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health" is to Christian Science.

Why Did Stringer Go Back on the Muses?

PROBABLY the majority of people who read Arthur Stringer's novels and short stories never knew that he was originally a poet. But he was. Had he remained in poetry for a livelihood he would have been dead now. Yet he wrote some very auspicious poetry. In fact, it's only about a year since his latest volume of verse came out, headed Open Water. He had previously published a book of resounding poems called, I think, Hesperus. And it was in reference to this earlier, more Homeric, and by no means cynical volume of verse that his old author friend, Arthur MacFarlane, wrote such a glowing eulogy of Stringer's affairs with the Muses. MacFarlane detected in Stringer the promise and potency of great poetics.

Well, of course, no man with an Ontario summer farm and a New York establishment both on his hands could afford to be stigmatized as a mere poet. Stringer was busy grinding out ten-cent-a-word short stories, movie yarns and exciting, saffron-sheathed novels to waste more than the thin edge of his leisure making poems. As a prose-producer—but is it prose?—Stringer has made a wide reputation and a good bit of money. He has absented himself from the springs of Helicon and has gone without the

The Indian-Canadian poet, Pauline Johnson, whose death anniversary is Tuesday next.

green boys. He has given up, very likely for good, his once-holy communion with the immortals. In fact, his Open Water book of verse indicates that he had got tired of the juvenile, high-sounding Homeric stuff and wanted his verses to do savage, intense things without any reference to music. Those poems just showed what years of criminal story-writing can do to a man's affairs with the Muses. I don't mean to say that Stringer's story-writing has made him a criminal. But he has created a lot of criminal characters, none of which in the least resembles himself. Had he stuck to poetry, he could have stayed away from the criminals. But I imagine he prefers the crooks. A man who has the Homeric sense of poetry in himself is sure to get weary of trying to decorate New York with it. That city of gamblers and skyscrapers, harlots and philanthropists, is enough to play hob with any man's love of pure poetry. Once you strike New York on a citizen you bid farewell to the simplicities of corn-cob land. No poet ever lived in New York who wrote great poems about that city. The thing can't be done. It would be easier in Chicago. Bliss Carman went from the Maritime Provinces to New York and remained a poet. But he had to declare himself a bankrupt and he didn't write poems about New York. Of course Carman is the kind of poet that couldn't possibly be lured away from poetry. Stringer is different. After he got rid of his first book, Silver Poppy, with the little verses at the heads of the chapters, he began to shuffle off the immortal coil of poetry. He may have been quietly sorry many a time. But even an author must live, it seems. Stringer preferred criminal stories and a good income to vast poems and a garret. Already in his early years of New York, when that city was much more like Montreal or Toronto than it is now, he had put in some apprenticeship at hand-cooked bachelor meals along with MacFarlane and Harvey O'Higgins. He had tried his hand at newspaper work—flimsy and religious editor—after leaving the Montreal Herald. Office work didn't suit him. Poetry deserted him. He became a literary New Yorker, one of the large army of five-cent-a-worders—and upwards—who do their best to balance Wall Street and ran a rival show to the Metropolitan Opera. Had he remained in a garret it would have been the attic of a skyscraper; and that particular way of getting up in the clouds does not cause a man to write poetry.

The only reason we can give for preferring to see Stringer remain a poet is, that thereby he might have remained a Canadian. Poetry is the kind of thing that in its purest form carries a man perennially back to his boyhood. If a man hasn't felt the desire to be a poet before he begins to shave, he will probably never get it. Having once got the desire he may travel into the middle of nowhere and never escape the magic of the scene where first he learned to feel the thrill of nature craving for to make him a harp. If the first call of the great world of nature comes to a man in a Canadian slashing with frog-pools and burning log heaps all around him, he may go and spend his days, and his money in riotous living in New York—which is about as far from simple nature as any place we know about—but he will never forget that log slashing. And if he tries to write poetry that isn't just flubdub gathered from the street, he will be a Canadian no matter where he may be, even in the peaks of the Himalayas, or in the canyons of New York.

Wanted--A Canadian Masefield

IF Canada were a dummy nation instead of a real one, there would be a lot of things improved. You could uncover it on your dining-room table at night and look it over—and stick a new railroad line in such-and-such a direction, and cut a canal or two wherever you liked, and if you got mad at the United States you could make a wall of plasticine and nip off all communications by a mere pinch of finger and thumb. A great many improvements in population might be made, too—Cabinets and Prime Ministers carved to order and moved or removed at will—and poets! We should have a Canadian Masefield and a Canadian Tennyson off-hand, and a Canadian John Galsworthy, who would NOT write pot-boilers for American magazines, but would live on air and write plays and odes.

Happily this isn't a dummy nation. Fortunately it is not the kind of thing we can spoil by hands. We have, I admit, a "Canadian Kipling"—in whose room and stead I would a great deal rather have Robert W. Service—himself and nobody else. But our equipment with replicas stops about there—so far as I can recall at the moment—and thank Heaven for it! A Canadian Masefield!—sighs somebody who has just finished reading Jomply! Rubbish! It will be a long time before we have any poets approaching Masefield, or if, by accident, they are born here, they will be driven by cruel starvation to earn their salt, like Bliss Carman, in New York, or London. Poets we have—some of them indigenous like the late poet Sabine, of Toronto, and some of them borrowed-blossoms, like Norwood, of London (q.v.). If they live in Canada it is by the grace of God or their own two fists, and not because Canada loves poetry. Canada has, or hopes it has, as much taste for good verse as any nation, but, like the youngster who would have fallen in love with the ribbon clerk, had he had time—Canada is too busy. Such poetry as we have, and can expect for a long time to come, is incidental, accidental—sung, as it were, on snatched breaths between the more prosaic business of carrying hods and washing dishes.

No Masefield in Canada—yet.

Rises now some irate person in the audience and throws me a verse of Lampman, or Bliss Carman, or one of Scott's or Campbell's or Stringer's or Service. Or—horrible dictu—sends me a copy of a recent Anthology of Canadian verse, or quotes dear old Doc. Logan, who discovers a new renaissance in Canadian poetry with every leap-year. Rubbish! These things prove nothing but the "incidental and accidental" part of my main thesis, and the anthologies and perennial (hardy) renaissances indicate only that somebody had nothing better to do than diddle this stuff together with some smug "culture" for binding paste. Father Dollard ebulates in the editorial page of the Globe, and the editor of the anthology above referred to—name mislaid—burbles like a he-hen about some new poetess he's found in London. Of course there are poets and poetesses in the country, and of course it's a decent and charitable thing to drag them out of their privacy like crocuses before they are ready to burst the mould. We are so unpoetic that we positively hew our poets out of themselves, making them self conscious and perhaps self-satisfied long before their time. Lampman is forgotten already, save by a precious few lamp-tenders. Not two thousand Canadians know there is such a man as Wilfrid Campbell. Canada as a nation is too busy and too practical for poetry. Our standards are, and must be for a long time, outside standards. Our poets in the long run must measure up against British and American poets. In so far as their work is true art and universal—well and good. In so far as it expresses some local edition of Canadian thought or feeeling—ditto. But just as it is too early to look for a homogeneous Canadian social fabric. So also is it foolish to look for real Canadian poets and poetry—as yet.

The Poet and the Editor

LOOK through the Ottawa Blue books from beginning to end and you will find no record of the output of poetry in Canada. Everything else is listed—somewhere or other—even to the annual yield of babies in the various provinces. It is possible to find with very little trouble, the record number of barrel staves, saw logs, or patent medicines, and yet the yield of poetry—perhaps the largest crop in the country outside of wheat and oats—hasn't even a column to itself in exports.

You, reader, may not believe there is this large yield of poetry in Canada. You may even go so far as to look me straight in the eye and say you yourself have never written any, never toyed with rhymes nor thought how sick you might make Tennyson look if you ever made up your mind to take poetry seriously and give up the hardware business. Be that as it may; your modesty and untruth be upon your own head. If you are not an embryo poet, and if you don't know the enormousness—so to speak—of the output, you have obviously never worked in a newspaper office, or graced an editorial chair. Judging by what the post office delivers to this desk every day in the year, except Sundays and Holidays, there is a poet in every city, town, village and hamlet in Canada.

We once received in this office a very good piece of verse from a new poet. We examined it carefully to make sure it hadn't been picked in the Golden Treasury of Verse—whence a good many of our would-be singers take more than inspiration—and we sent the MS over to the printers to be set up by our foreman, who is also a poet and composes right on his "stick." Weeks passed, but with no opportunity of fitting the poem into the paper. It was spoken of in the editorial rooms frequently. The tenderness, softly glowing beauty and quiet music of the composition had impressed everyone, and we speculated as to the kind of a person who had written the thing. The writing, a bit tremulous and old-fashioned, might have been committed by either sex.

But one day, before we had used the poem, a member of the staff was stranded 'tween trains in this town, and to while away the time he sought "B. T. Dothert" (that is not the real name). It seemed to him worth while looking up the person who had written the poem—and it wast B. T. Dothert was the livery stable keeper in that town. There was no other Dothert, and no other B. T. After the first shock had passed our representative approached the livery stable keeper and stated his name and business.

"W-we rather like that little poem of yours," he said, "and I thought I'd take the opportunity of calling on you and——"

"Poem!" retorted the poet, in his best git-to-blazes-out-of-this-Dan tone. "Don't know anything about any—any poem."

"Aren't you B. T. Dothert?"

"That's my name."

"Didn't you send a poem on autumn to the Canadian Courier about three months ago?"

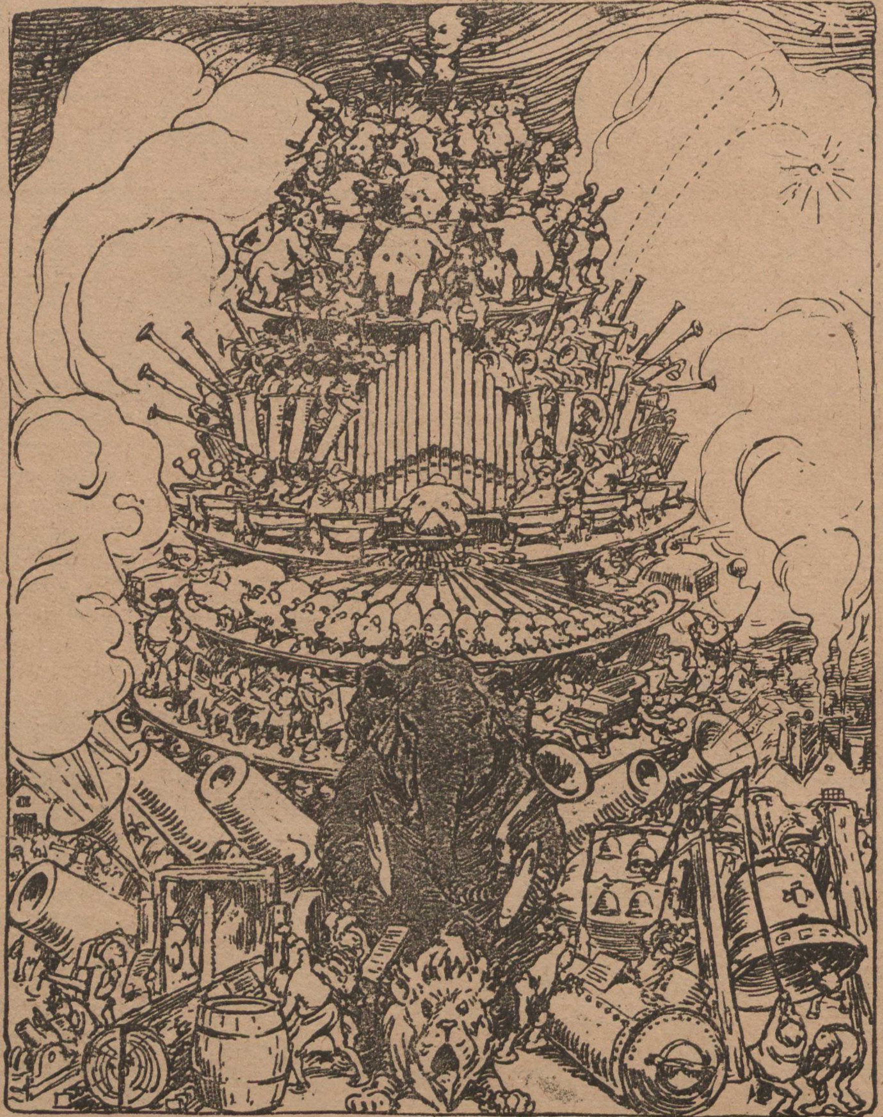
"Me—say—" But he saw skepticism in the eye of our representative and softened. Glancing back into the stable to make sure no one was listening, he whispered: "Say, maybe I DID write a little thing 'bout Autumn—but don't talk about it round here."

"B-but why not?"

"Well—well if y' do," returned B. T. Dothert, with a snarl in his tone once more, "I'll have to say you're crazy, that's all. Why, man! If I was t' admit that I'd written poetry there wouldn't be the life of a dog left for me in this town. It'd ruin my business—besides——" he looked contrite, "I don't do it often."

A NEWSPAPER-MAN'S ORCHESTRA

Story of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the hobby of Joseph Pulitzer, Founder of the New York World



AN ELEKTRASALOMECALPENSINFONIC.

How a cartoonist in Jugend, a well-known German comic, hit off Richard Strauss' orchestration years before the war. Note the siege guns and the explosions. Oh gentle Germany!

GREAT newspaper proprietors—in Canada at least—do not express any preference for one musical composer over another. It is doubtful if there are five newspaper owners in Canada who know whether the sleeping-car man, the baseball player or the composer of Lohengrin was the greatest Wagner. It appears, however, according to Henry T. Finck of the New York Evening Post, that Joseph Pulitzer, founder of the New York World, in bequeathing $150,000 to the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York expressed a wish that as much attention as possible should be devoted to Beethoven, Wagner and Liszt. Note the Teutonic flavor. Pulitzer was of German extraction, if not birth. But his paper is no pro-German.

Mr. Finck reviews in The Nation the 75th anniversary of the Philharmonic Society, and in so doing traces in a very interesting way the story of the great works and the great conductors on which the Society was built. He also pays a fresh compliment to the Mendelssohn Choir in speaking of the work done at the Jubilee by Dr. Wolle's Choir from Bethlehem, Pa.:

When the Philharmonic Society gave its first season of concerts, seventy-five years ago, he says, it played to audiences aggregating about 900 persons. Last season 146 concerts were given by the same association in New York and in other cities, and these were heard by more than 290,000 persons. Accordingly the Philharmonic devoted last Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to four jubilee concerts which included some interesting features. The first of these concerts had what is now known as a "Pulitzer programme"; that is to say, a programme made up of pieces by Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt, the three favourite composers of the late Joseph Pulitzer. The very first concert given by this Society, in 1842, began with Beethoven's fifth symphony. The first of its great conductors, Carl Bergmann, was a devoted missionary for Wagner. When some one told him that the people didn't like Wagner's music, he answered: "Den dey must hear him till dey do." He also did a great labour of love for Liszt, beginning with "Les Preludes," in 1859. "It was he," says Mr. Krehbiel, in his history of this association, "who first brought his orchestral compositions to performance by the Society, and gave them many repetitions, so that they have come to be especially characteristic of the Philharmonic's repertory."

At the first of the jubilee concerts Liszt was represented by his "Faust" symphony, Beethoven by his third "Leonore" overture and his song, "Nature's Praise of God," arranged for male chorus and sung by the Mendelssohn Glee Club (which also cooperated in the "Faust"); and Wagner by his pompous but empty "Centennial March," which was written for Theodore Thomas's use at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. Wagner himself "sized up" this march well when he declared that the best thing about it was the $5,000 he got for it. To Theodore Thomas he justified his demand for so large a sum by referring to the $100,000 Verdi had received for his "Requiem."

By way of calling attention to the fact that the Philharmonic has been hospitable to French composers and also to Americans, the second of the jubilee programmes was devoted to the second symphony of Saint-Saens, Paul Dukas's "L'Apprenti Sorcier," MacDowell's "Indian Suite," in which the red man's music is made so admirably to serve the white man's purpose, and the Symphonic Fantasie of one of the younger American composers, Henry Hadley. The third programme included the fifth of Beethoven's symphonies, with which the Philharmonic had made its debut in 1842. It was preceded by one of the most interesting performances ever heard in New York—the singing of several of Bach's chorals and four parts of his great B minor Mass by Dr. Wolle's superb Bach Choir brought here from Bethlehem, Pa., through the generosity of Charles M. Schwab. It was probably the first time this unique choir had been heard outside of Bethlehem; it was certainly the first time in New York that lovers of choral music had heard such thrilling choir singing, except when the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto came here a few years ago.

Josef Stransky has technically improved the Philharmonic till it is second to no orchestra in the world. He conducts with authority and with emotional eloquence, and in point of variety, contrast, and comprehensiveness his programmes leave little to be desired.

Many distinguished men have helped him to build up the Philharmonic to its present eminence. Rubinstein, who was surprised by the excellence of American orchestras, once conducted his "Ocean Symphony" at a Philharmonic concert. Richard Strauss, the most prominent composer of our time, was one of the "guest conductors" heard by Philharmonic audiences. Others of these "guests" were Colonne, Wood, Kogel, Herbert, Weingartner, Mengelberg, Fiedler, Kunwald, Steinbach, all of them world-famed. Neuendorf, as well as Leopold and Walter Damrosch, held the post only a year each, Paur remained four years; but the three greatest of the Philharmonic conductors of the past were Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, and Gustav Mahler. When Mahler came the Society was already in a position to reward him properly for his work. But with Seidl and Thomas the hard work they did for the elevation of musical taste through the Philharmonic was largely a labour of love. In 1880 Thomas's share of the profits was $1,500. There were times, too, when, as he once wrote, he had enough work every twenty-four hours "to kill the average man." Stransky might say that of himself to-day, but he gets nearly twenty times as much for it as Thomas did at that date. The price of conductors went up long before the war.

Borouski Appreciates.

FELIX Borouski writes concerning the resignation of Dr. Vogt from the baton of the Mendelssohn Choir:

"So remarkable have been its accomplishments that thousands of people in American as well as Canadian cities who have flattered themselves that they knew what choral singing meant, discovered, after they had made the acquaintance of Dr. Vogt's choristers, that, for the first time, they had learnt much about its art that they never had known before.

"The Mendelssohn Choir came to Chicago in 1909, and it presented some concerts in Orchestra Hall, in conjunction with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. What was sung at that time and the marvelous perfection of the singing is doubtless well remembered by music lovers in this community. It was realized that that perfection was not due to any phenomenal quality in Canadian voices, but to the skill in training and in organization of the man who had founded the choir and who had made it what it was."

A Sense of Justice.

"That parrot I bought uses violent language."

"Lady," replied the dealer, "I won't deny that he does swear some. But you must give him credit for the fact that he doesn't drink nor gamble."—Washington Star.

Music Hath Charms

A correspondent, disagreeing with what a magazine writer said about Fritz Kreisler's views on music and war as related in the Canadian Courier, sends the following odd storiette to illustrate her own ideas on this subject.

THE great hall was filled to overflowing with an expectant throng, largely of Teutonic mould, eagerly awaiting the appearance of the wonderful violinist.

How happy and carefree they looked with no thought, save of repugnance, to the awful war against humanity, being waged by their one-time country. And what a marvellously clever country it was, but to those who had been born there, and who had suffered the tortures inflicted by the military, there always came at the murder of the Marne a shudder with a feeling of loathing, such as comes to an individual who has been driven from home by the actions of a cruel and unscrupulous parent. Were that home attacked, how the individual would fly to protect it, but not to assist in still more awful deeds of violence and aggression emanating therefrom.

The curtains parted. The beloved musician stood before them, and the hall shook with applause. The sounds are hushed and there steals to them the still small notes of an exquisite largo bringing a rapturous calm. An andante follows, seeming to lift one to different realms, and then finally they are swept into an allegro, such as they had never thought of. The ovation carries the whole audience

(Concluded on page 24.)

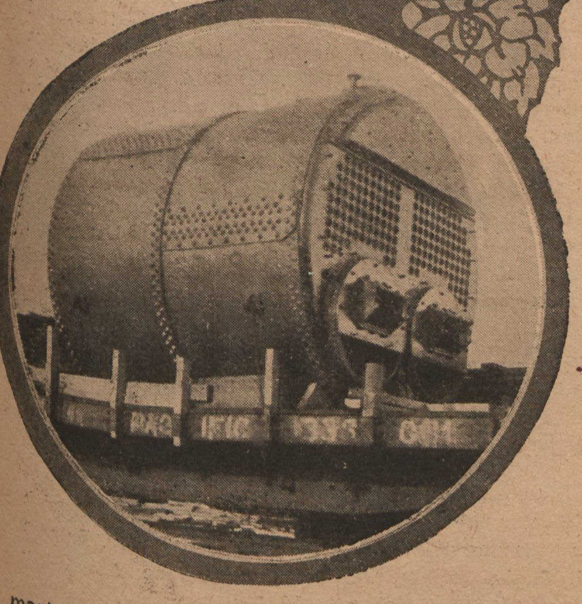
OFFSETTING THE SUBMARINES

Canadian Shipbuilders are Helping to Mend up the Loss of 400,000 Tons Shipping in the Month of February

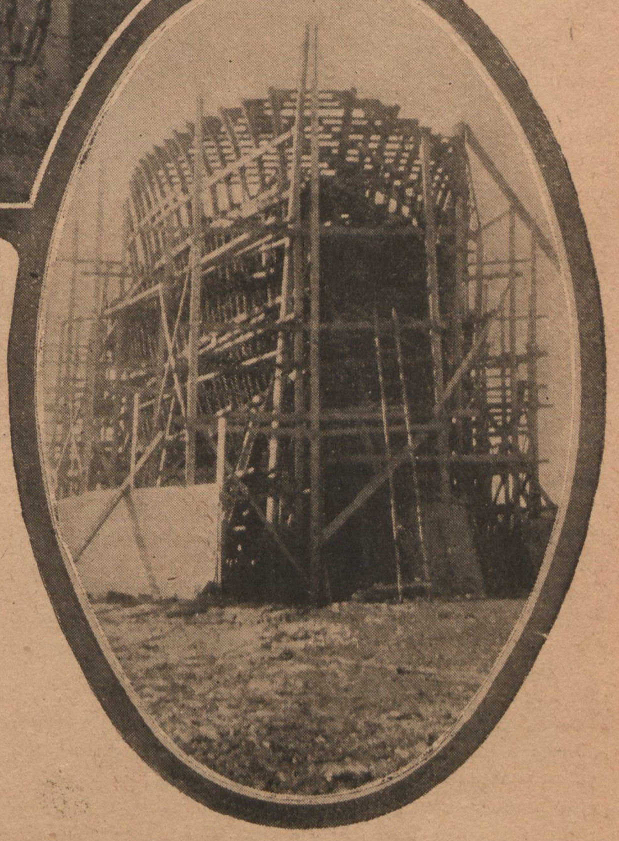
But Canadian Shipbuilders need and expect more assistance from the Government for the building of small-sized wooden vessels so Maritime opinion says

Ship Iron Workers in the Blacksmith Section of the Liverpool Coal and Supply Co., N.S.

Of 22 ships now being built in Canadian shipyards, 20 are said to be building for Norwegian crews to sail from Norwegian ports



A marine tube boiler en route from a Toronto firm to be installed in a steel steamer built by the Nova Scotia Steel Co., at New Glasgow, N.S.



Skeleton of a Hull built by the Nova Scotia Steel Co. at New Glasgow, N.S.

CANADIAN shipbuilding is always a bone of contention. Just at present it is an exceedingly live issue in various parts of Canada, on the Pacific, on the great lakes, at Montreal, in the Maritime Provinces. From letters, editorials, copies of resolutions, speeches by M.P.s and photographs recently sent to the Canadian Courier, the shipbuilding industries of Canada seem to be of particular interest in the east. This is natural. At present the shipping of several continents is diverted to Halifax as a port of call for neutral ships during the submarine war. German subs have sank more shipping in the month of February than could ordinarily be built in Canadian shipyards in several years. None of this happens to have been Canadian shipping. But Canadian vessels have been sunk by submarines. More of them may be sunk. Canada, according to her population, has as vital an interest in the shipping crisis of the world as any other nation. We are naturally a shipbuilding country. We built ships long before ever we got prairie farms or had a National Policy to protect Canadian industries. We built ships long before we had a Canadian Parliament. There was a time when the ships of this country were relatively more important than any other enterprise.

That was in the days of wood. Now in the age of iron and steel the shipbuilding industry has been largely transformed. But Canada is as well equipped in raw materials for modern shipbuilding as she was for the building of wooden hulls. And with unlimited iron and steel, with unsurpassed harbours, dockage and shipyard facilities, the building of wooden ships is as important to Canada to-day—or should be—as it was in the days of old.

How important it is considered by Maritimers to develop our shipbuilding industries in a time of world-destruction of ships by submarines is intimated by a speech delivered in the Canadian House of Commons on Jan. 19, 1917, by Sir Donald Nicholson, M.P. for Queen's, P.E.I. The member for Queen's said:

> The merchant marine of Canada, from holding fourth place in the world—some contend third place—has greatly degenerated, and to-day I am well informed that the Scandinavian flag has supplanted the flag of the British in regard to the merchant marine on the seven seas.
>
> In the Canadian Railway and Marine World for October, 1916, appears a long article entitled, "The Dominion Government Asked to Start Ocean Shipbuilding." The Quebec Board of Trade in their action affirmed that they thought it would be wise for the Government to take their initiative and build six or more commercial steamships of eight or ten thousand tonnage each, say two at Montreal, two at Quebec and two in the Maritime Provinces, on the basis of the cost of labour and material, plus a reasonable percentage for the builder. By doing this, they would introduce an element of competition and at the same time establish a basis of cost to guide them in the legislation necessary to establish this most important industry.
>
> I could easily refer to statistics, which show that the United States shipyards had at that time on the stocks three hundred and sixty-eight steel steamships, aggregating more than one million tons, and that there are more than twice that number of ships carrying the Stars and Stripes than there were before the war. If they can do this, with wages for shipwrights as high as seventy-five cents an hour, surely we can do much better with the more moderate scale of wages prevailing in Canada.
>
> Shipbuilding is bonused in Norway, Russia, British Columbia, England, Newfoundland, and the United States, and I suppose in all the great nations. So for the good of Canada, its future and its continued prosperity, I trust the matter will be seriously considered by the House.

The Prince Edward Island Patriot comes at the problem editorially—as it often does. In its issue of Feb. 15 the Patriot says:

> At present there are at least six Norwegian ships in course of construction at Montreal, and it is doubtful if there is one Canadian steamer of any size. There are now twenty-two ships being built in Canada, twenty for the Norwegians and two for the United States. A mercantile marine could be and should be built in Canadian yards, for if we can build them for other countries we can build them for ourselves.
>
> Again, we note that during the past year two different groups of capitalists have been investigating conditions in Halifax for the purpose of building another drydock and shipbuilding plant there. "It is understood," says a Halifax despatch to the Star, "that these two groups expected to get the usual drydock subsidy from the Dominion Government, and to construct a shipbuilding plant in addition to the drydock.
>
> Now, is it possible that, while other parts of Canada are becoming alive to the situation that now presents itself in favour of shipbuilding, no movement, either private or public, has yet been made in the Province of Prince Edward Island on this matter? Surely it is the duty of the local Government and the Federal representatives to interest themselves in this matter, and to bring before the Dominion Government the necessity of encouraging in a substantial manner the establishment of a shipbuilding plant and the building of ships in this province.

Again we note that at the annual meeting of the Alberton and West Prince Board of Trade on Jan. 17, 1917, a drastic unanimous resolution was passed in favor of bonusing Canadian-built wooden ships.

The resolution's preamble stated that for 1915 only 246 vessels, aggregating 18,832 tons, were built in Canada; that the Canadian Government would offer no encouragement to Canadian-built vessels of less than 3,000 tons; that the said Government used its influence with the Imperial Government to allow Norway to build ships in Canada, and permitted all material for the building of such Norwegian ships to enter Canada duty free up to 99 per cent.; that all our large shipyards with subsidiary and subsidized drydocks are filled with Norwegian ships being built under long contracts to replace Norway's merchant marine destroyed by war, and that the building of such foreign-sailed ships, even when owned and operated by English firms, lessens Canada's aid to the Empire in providing ships and seapower. The resolution is as follows:

Believing that the time has fully arrived when Canada's Government should immediately bonus the wooden shipbuilding industry of this province for at least $20.00 a ton for a period of fifteen or twenty years, similar to the subsidy of $20.00 granted by the colony of Newfoundland, bonds for said subsidy or loans to our shipbuilders, and to be issued for five or ten years, or until after the war.

Whereas, there is an abundance of good material for vessel building in our own province, which would make employment for our own people in winter, also for our returned soldiers, and so revive an important industry, which has been lost to us for some years.

Whereas, by the building of 300-ton coasting schooners, along with smaller crafts for local trade, this winter, we could and would be aiding the Empire in her life struggle; . . . that lumber, pit props, fish and other products are badly needed in the Motherland and by our Allies, as well as return cargoes and other material for our own people's use; that vessels of the tonnage above mentioned would very materially aid.

Whereas, we move, that an Advisory Board be appointed, without further delay, for the Province of Prince Edward Island, for our own coastwise shipping, shipbuilders and seamen, similar to the Fisheries Board.

Resolved that copies of this resolution be sent to M.P.'s and Senators from Prince Edward Island at Ottawa, also Sir R. L. Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir George E. Foster, Robert Rogers, etc.

JAMES E. BIRCH, Secretary.

Opinions of Other People

Canada is Part of the New World

By Doowle Senoj

*

United States and Ourselves

By A. W. Martin

THE CANADIAN COURIER
To the Editor Courier

The $3,000,000 Joke

By J. D. McLeod, Secretary Kindersley Board of Trade

*

Editor's Note:—Correspondents for this department will do the editor a favour if they restrict their letters to a maximum of 600 words. Two opinions of 300 words each are better than one of 600.

CANADA PART OF THE NEW WORLD.

Winnipeg, February 12, 1917.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I read my Courier this week with probably more than usual interest, chiefly on account of your article, "Canada Not in the New World."

At once a spirit of indignation seemed to rise within me—you know the feeling—they call it patriotism. I was indignant because of Mr. Wilson's absolute disregard for Canada, in his somewhat amusing discourse on the final peace, which he has fond hopes will be left to the Great Republic and probably the President of Mexico, to design. But my feelings soon changed; and in spite of the fact that they tell us that first thoughts are best, I am inclined to believe that my second survey is, to a finer degree, correct—that the President's disregard for the presence in the New World of that sister state of the world's greatest Empire, who is playing such a dominant part in the great theatre of war at this vital moment of the stupendous world drama, was nothing new, but merely a recreation, or more correctly, a new translation of that sublime disregard by Uncle Sam of the fact that Canada does and will play a pre-eminent part in the affairs of the nations.

Ever since the days of 1783, when the thirteen colonies threw off the so-called "yoke of tyranny" and introduced to the nations of the world the great "United States," the peoples of that portion of America have regarded the Canadians with a sort of cynical disdain savoured with a decided sympathy. They look upon Canada as a barren waste of prairie and of forest that is of little use to any one and of little value for anything—and, sir, what surprises me most is the ignorance, for I can call it nothing else, of its people concerning what lies beyond the somewhat narrow borders of the forty-eight states.

I was talking the other day in New York with a resident of Nebraska. He seemed to be a well-educated, well-informed man, and from his conversation I judged that he had done a fair amount of moving around the republic.

"Oh, you're from Canada," he exclaimed. "I know a chap up there. He used to work for me down on my fruit farm in Florida. If I remember rightly his name is Barnes. Ever run across him?"

I at once saw only another example of what I have believed for a long time, and what I have endeavoured to point out to you in the foregoing.

This is not an unusual occurrence. It is happening every day, and now when the first man of the republic, the President himself, forgets our presence in the New World, it seems improbable that conditions are likely to improve.

In their execution of this tradition, for it is not alone an idea of this generation, they disregard to an entirety the extent to which they depend on Canada for an almost incalculable amount of the things that go to make their republic as complete as they would have us believe it is.

From where comes the millions of bushels of "Number One Hard" that they find it necessary to import each year? From Canada.

From where those tons of nickel and other metals, to say nothing of timber and pulp wood, that Uncle Sam requires? From nowhere else but Canada; and so I could go on, but your space is valuable, as is my time, and I do not care to remind you of the things of which are already aware.

The United States has stood aloof while the Old World has been undergoing the most vital "repairs," both from the physical and the political standpoint, and now when she, along with the other casual observers, has come to the conclusion that the climax is about to be reached, begins to talk about how Mr. Wilson, along with the South American Republics, will divide Europe and any other spoils of the great war that happen to appear to be without an owner when the smoke has cleared away.

I am in hearty accord with the theory that no peace will be lasting unless the New World has a hand in the moulding of it; but where I cannot agree with Mr. Wilson is in the statement that the United States and her co-republics are to be the representatives for America in the Peace Conference. Not United States, not Brazil, not Bolivia, but Canada will be the first member for America in the Parliament for Peace.

If Uncle Sam calls out his war-dogs; if he places the Star-Spangled Banner beside the Union Jack and her allied flags and bids his bravest sons go forth to fight for that peace that he has wasted so much time talking about, then he, too, can raise his voice at that Peace Council and have his say in the moulding of that peace.

That, in importance and consequently in pre-eminence, Canada, in the eyes of the world, has been steadily increasing since the advent of the war, is evident, and with almost five hundred thousand stalwart lads under arms and a body of statesmen en route for the great War Council, Canada as a dominion seems to be fading, and a great, throbbing, striving nation, fighting for the existence of right and justice, and those national liberties that it has taken the peoples of the world thousands of years to gain, seems to be taking her place, and every day brings a new challenge to Uncle Sam, asking him if he has changed his mind as to what lies beyond the northern extremity of his country.

Yours,

DOOWLE SENOJ.

UNITED STATES AND OURSELVES.

Port Arthur, Feb. 14, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I am a reader and admirer of your paper, but wish to take exception to statement made by Mr. Britton B. Cooke in his article, "Will Mexico Aid Bernstorff," issue of February 10, 1917.

Towards the end of the article he says: "She does not realize—nor do many Americans—that Canada has more armed men and more munitions than the United States, and that if we knew where to keep the prisoners we should get we could probably spend a most amusing half-day capturing New York."

While there is no question about Canada having more men in training than the United States has, I think you will find that there are more military rifles and more artillery in the U. S. Arsenal than in all of Canada, also more men within ten hours' ride of New York who have had military training, than there are in Canada. The European war has demonstrated that one man intrenched can hold back three attempting to advance, and before Mr. Cooke and his army were within 10 miles of New York, there would be a well intrenched force of twice his number to receive them. Just at present Canada may have more munitions (in the making for guns in Europe), but this would be useless without the guns. I wonder if Mr. Cooke has stopped to consider where the material and machinery to make this ammunition, etc., came from and how long could Canadian railroads and industries run if an embargo was placed on exports from the U.S.A.

While Mr. Cooke's article was good and timely, the above statement places Canada in the role of a boy with his first pair of long trousers. If Mr. Cooke really wants to demonstrate that he could capture New York, I suggest that he forget about the prisoners and the rest of level headed Canadians and go down to New York in a Pullman, tap the Mayor on the shoulder and say: "I am Mr. Cooke from Canada, I have come to capture your city."

Yours truly,

A. W. MARTIN.

THE $3,000,000 JOKE.

The Board of Trade,
Kindersley, Sask.,
February 7, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier.

Dear Sir,—In reading your issue of last week I was particularly struck by two statements which I noticed—first, your remarks as to live questions affecting large territories, such as the B. C. ship matter, not being brought to your attention, and again, in your editorial section, several references to the duty of the farmer in 1917 in the way of production.

I can bring to your attention a question which I think is quite as important as any in Canada, and as large too, and furthermore, it affects directly the matter of "production and economy," which we hear so much about now-a-days; the matter I have in mind is the car shortage in the Goose Lake district in Saskatchewan and Alberta, along the lines of the C. N. R. between Rosetown and Calgary.

I do not know what the actual production of grain was in this district for the year 1915, but as shipments from the town of Kindersley exceeded one million bushels, I am sure I am within the mark when I place the total production at 15,000,000 bushels. Although the 1916 crop was damaged to a certain extent by frost and rust, it was nevertheless a very heavy crop, and will certainly total 10,000,000 bushels.

In 1915 we thought we were experiencing a car shortage, when from 50 to 75 per cent. of the grain was still in farmers' bins, or in storage in country elevators, at December 31, 1915. Conditions were far from ideal, but nevertheless the bulk of the crop was shipped before the mid-summer rains put an end to further hauling. Of course there are a number of large farmers who hold quantities varying from 5,000 to 50,000 bushels of the 1915 crop still on their farms unsold. The 1915 crop was of uniformly high grade, and consequently kept well, even with the approach of warm spring weather, but nevertheless thousands of bushels rotted on the ground, simply because of the lack of car facilities and elevator capacity for it.

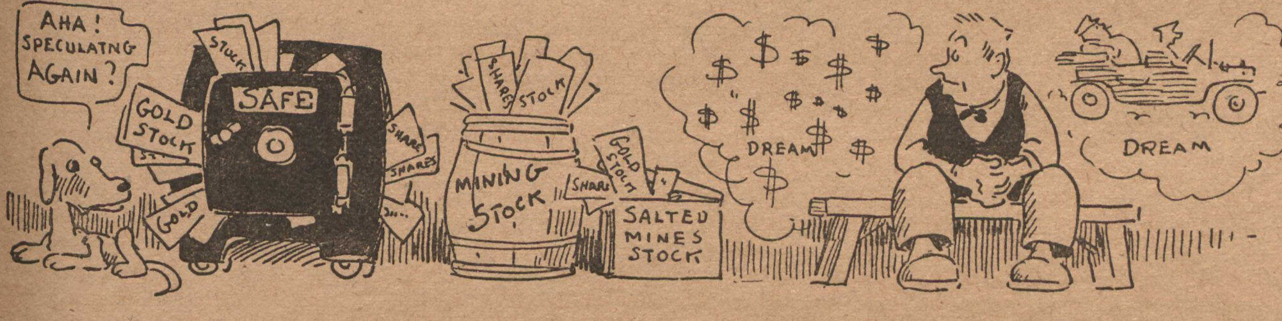
Let us compare the foregoing with the condition in regard to the 1916 crop: On December 31st, 1916, from 75 to 90 per cent. and in some districts, even 95 per cent. more of the grain remained in farmers' bins unsold, and shipments since the first of the year have been absolutely negligible. Warm weather is approaching, and as a great deal of the grain is low grade, it must be gotten into terminal elevators for hospital treatment, or it will rot. There remains less than two months in which to accomplish what probably cannot, and most assuredly will not be done,—to get this low grade grain shipped and properly treated. Thousands, even millions of bushels of grain are insufficiently protected from the weather and yet another feature affects the situation; the heavy summer and fall rains have made hundreds of miles of country roads axle deep in mud and they continued in this condition until the frost came. With the coming of spring, these roads will be absolutely impassable for a month or six weeks, in fact until about the time our June rains are due to commence.

The net result of the situation will be that in the entire Goose Lake territory, probably two and one-half million bushels of grain that could otherwise be saved to be of use to the Empire, will rot. The result in dollars and cents will be a loss of not less than $3,000,000.

The solution of the problem would be the allotting of at least 3,000 cars to this territory until the grain is gotten out of it.

We are told by our friends in Eastern Saskatchewan and in Winnipeg, that the condition of affairs in the

(Continued on page 25.)



MONEY TO WINDWARD

By INVESTICUS

THIS page, please note, is not written for rich folk or for the gallant brotherhood of stock-market players who already know—at some cost to themselves—more about money and its vagaries and the stock market, and ITS vagaries than makes pleasant recollection. This page is addressed to plain folk who are trying to get as far from the hand-to-mouth way of living as possible and who are none the worse for an occasional tip from the more experienced. The business of Investicus is to glean such tips and pass them on.

Here is one:

Five hundred dollars is always a danger mark in the career of the person who is saving money. The temptations with ONE hundred are numerous, with two hundred they are more numerous—but with five hundred, queerly enough, they are worse than twice as bad as three hundred. For five hundred dollars is usually the sun which tempt's the thrifty to buy a house. There ARE times when and places where you can get houses for even smaller initial payments, but they fall in the risky class. Five hundred is usually the minimum and therefore the first point of attack on the pocket of the thrifty man or woman.

There was once a time when four or five per cent. was just about all that your money could earn without risk. In those days it usually paid to buy a house on whatever payment you could make, and pay the balance at about the same rate as you paid your rent. In time, you had your house paid for and the only charges against it were taxes, wear and tear and depreciation. The argument in favour of buying instead of renting was indeed very strong.

But this situation—for the man or woman with his or her FIRST five hundred dollars saved up—has changed. While property is in some cities being sold at a marked reduction in price, it follows, that where there is a fall in price there is usually also a fall in the rent rate. The inexperienced investor may find therefore that it is quite as cheap to pay rent as to buy—that is, having regard always to the same house in either transaction. You may think that, say, forty dollars per month on a five thousand dollar house is a pretty good rate of interest. It works out at nine and three-fifths per cent. per annum. But out of that must come interest and principle on mortgages, taxes and insurance and depreciation. It IS cheaper to buy than to rent in actual cold figures, and yet, with your initial five hundred dollars well-invested in some good stock or bond the chances are that your net return on your money is just as high or perhaps higher than if that money were tied up in a house, and in the meantime, though you are paying rent, you are NOT that saddest of all things in the business world, a man who is always at the edge of nothing—property poor.

Put your first five hundred dollars into a mortgage, or better still, into a mortgage corporation debenture, or buy a government war loan bond. This is a form of security that will net you decent return, will pay as regularly as the clock—more regularly than some clocks—and may easily be liquidated in case of need. When you buy a house—that is, make your first payment—with the only money you possess in the world, you are like a sailor skirting a lea shore. If a gale blows up you will find it driving you toward that lea shore and it may strain you to keep off, or wreck you. But if you keep your money in a stock or bond—something that does not commit you to future payments or penalty of loss—it is like having the shore to windward of your vessel. If the wind increases to dangerous strength, or if you are under strain at home—sickness or sudden necessity of some sort—the money to WINDWARD is your protection.

Poor people—like Investicus—do well to keep their first five hundred free for emergency. It can be made to earn and what it earns can be set against the house rent. If you rent wisely and modestly, and if you invest the five hundred wisely, you should come out just as well financially—and much better in the matter of mental quietude.

Married Women

May open Savings Accounts with this Corporation and retain control. A great many ladies are availing themselves of the convenience and facilities our Savings Department affords, and obtaining the advantage of the unexcelled security furnished by this Corporation, combined with the attractive rate of interest allowed, viz.:—

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Music Hath Charms

(Concluded from page 20.)

and the violinist together and there is a gasp as the notes of that great Hymn of their Fatherland is swept into the souls of those aliens. They see themselves as children in their happy home, and there is no applause now. Only a paling of countenance; a stiffening of muscles, as that almost human cry wails under the fingers of the skilful musician. How well he knows how to reach the hearts of these people; and the music fell on good ground.

The concert is finished, but the people seem loath to leave the hall, and large numbers of them file slowly out with grim set faces.

Several heads of big affairs, voicing the feelings of their underlings, gather together to discuss ways and means.

There is a great ship ready for loading at the quay of one corporation. In fact loading of non-contraband has already begun. With so much opportunity and money it is very easy to readjust the cargo. Guns and ammunition they have in plenty and it is such an easy matter to get it aboard without suspicion. Is not the inspector in their pay, and so on all the way up. But the men to go with the guns.

Ah! the ship will be cleared as a cargo boat with a few carefully selected passengers. How easy to touch at the shore of some unfrequented part and in the darkness take aboard hundreds of men, who will come to the place of embarkation in small groups. They will be landed at the pre-arranged neutral country where it will be easy to ship them down to within easy distance of transport to their country. Once the scheme is found feasible, thousands more can follow by the same route. . . .

All things happened as if by clockwork and we now find the ship well out to sea with her inspired patriots—inspired by the music of their fatherland. . . . But they had reckoned without those pirates of the sea. They knew their countrymen did not sink ships without warning and then not unless they were armed. . . . A periscope appeared. . . . they had been sighted by a submarine . . . they carried the Stars and Stripes. It was known, however, that a British transport was on the way across. Feeling secure, however, that their wireless would save them from any misunderstanding whether it was a British or German sub, they approached. The methodical Germans on the sub, however were taking no chances. This ship might be British under false colours— . . . They torpedoed the ship. No preparations had been taken aboard the ship for lowering boats, as they had not believed, in spite of the facts presented them. They believed the German everywhere treated friend and enemy alike, with courtesy and humanity.

Her work well accomplished, the submarine rose and shelled the unfortunates on the ship so that none might escape.

As these brave men sank beneath the waves they saw things in a different light. Why had they not believed the stories of the dastardly work of their one-time country — the very powers which had treated them so brutally as young men, and from which they had escaped by coming to America, instead of growing less, had become more cruel.

Two half demented men were picked up, mangled and unconscious, and were taken to the American shores. Their story was not believed, but when they finally came to their home city and were recognized, in their hearts these people believed.

If you search among the troops of the Allies you will now find many German faces; where they came from no one knows, but the fiercest in the attacks against the German lines are German faces. Are they those who believed and who are now anxious to fight for the Freedom of America and her Institutions, even if her own, of time British born, citizens are not?

EVELYN BUCHER.

A Study in Contrasts

SELDOM has a more brilliant audience been gathered in Massey Hall than that which greeted the two artists brought to Toronto by the Women's Musical Club, on Tuesday, Feb. 20th. Both artists are young and lovely women appearing in Canada for the first time after winning triumphs in New York, but there the resemblance ceases. A blaze of footlights heralded the approach of Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera. The audience was dazzled by the beautiful young prima donna with all the appropriate airs and graces, clad sumptuously in cloth of silver embroidered with crystal, while her voice, a soprano of remarkably pure tone, held them captive from the start. She scored a veritable triumph in Charpentier's "Depuis le Jour" and her lighter numbers were rendered with great charm.

In marked contrast came Guiomar Novaes, the young Brazilian pianist, looking like a simple school-girl in her plain afternoon gown of black velvet, with lowered lights and dignified demeanor that seemed to scorn to draw attention to any attraction but her art. Her first number, Schumann's "Carnival," was received with appreciation, but it was not until after her rendering of the Liszt Tenth Rhapsody that the audience gave her the acclamation that it accorded from the start to Anna Case. Her two encores displayed her technical ability to great advantage, especially the pianissimo passages in "Les Vagues," by Moszkowski. Altogether she promises to have a wonderful future and the enthusiasm shown for the art of this little black-haired girl of twenty-one, educated by the Brazilian government, has been rarely accorded to a pianist appearing for the first time in a Canadian city.

The repeated encores which were accorded to both artists seemed to emanate from the genuine appreciation of music lovers rather than the greed which is sometimes laid to the charge of Toronto audiences.

What St. Louis thinks of The NEW EDISON

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN HOME SETTLED BY DIAMOND DISC

Edison Machine 'Re-Creates' Voice Beside It at Victoria Theater Concert.

BY HOMER MOORE.

When Mark Silverstone announces an Edison Diamond Disc concert in the Victoria Theater it is a foregone conclusion that the "Standing Room Only" sign will be displayed. From orchestra pit to roof the multitude filled every nook and corner, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the attendance. It is a wonderful thing—even in this age of scientific wonders—to see and hear an instrument "recreating"—as Mr. Silverstone calls it—a human voice that is right there beside it, now singing with it and now listening to it, thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality—almost a dual personality. The problem "to hear ourselves as others hear us" has been solved even if we can't as yet "see ourselves as others see us."—

The vocal soloist last evening was the beautiful Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was richer than ever before. Her style has broadened and matured and become more musicianly. There is a heart in it that goes to the heart and self-poise and sensitiveness that prophesies a brilliant musical future for this young artist. Miss Case sang the well-known air from Charpentier's "Louise," "A Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs, "The Old Folks at Home" being among the number.

Arthur Walsh, the violinist, played the Schubert "Ave Maria" with the Diamond Disc, and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. Besides these selections, he accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "Recreator" blending into one beautiful tonal picture.

The voice of Thomas Chalmers displayed the merits of that good old tune, "Answers," by Alfred G. Robyn, who used to so completely belong to St. Louis that St. Louis nearly, if not quite, belonged to him.

Mr. Silverstone is, by these concerts, contributing very largely to the advancement of musical taste and interest in this city. Doubtless many went to the performance last night out of curiosity, but that element soon gave place to genuine enjoyment of the program. The problem of music in the home is solved when the singing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artist herself.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

2500 Endeavor to Distinguish Natural Voice From Phonograph.

A musical event of unique interest was that at the Victoria Theater Saturday evening, when Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared before 2500 music lovers in a tone test of Thomas A. Edison's wonderful phonographic invention.

After an opening address by Mr. Mark Silverstone, who arranged the test, Miss Case stood beside the new Edison phonograph and sang several numbers with the instrument, records of which had previously been made from her voice.

So perfectly did the instrument blend with her voice that the audience could not distinguish except by her lips when Miss Case ceased singing. During rendition of the Song of India, the house was darkened and until the lights were turned on no one knew Miss Case had left the stage.

Besides a rare musical treat, the test convinced many skeptics of the triumph of Mr. Edison's genius in re-creating the human voice in all its naturalness.

THE ST. LOUIS STAR

SILVERSTONE TONE TEST SHOWS EDISON SUCCESS

Again Mark Silverstone's tone test has come and gone and thousands of St. Louis music lovers have voted him their thanks, for indeed he has done much for the uplift of music.

That Thomas A. Edison successfully accomplished the marvelous task of recreating the natural tone of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict of a big audience, Saturday night. The vocal soloist Saturday evening was Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was at its best, and as she progressed it became richer and broader. Miss Case sang the well known aria from Charpentier's "Louise." A song of India by Run'sky-Korsakow and a number of folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful tone.

Silverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skeptical listeners go away convinced that the new Edison does recreate and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

Daily Globe-Democrat.

2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the marvelous task of re-creating the natural tone and timbre of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict last night of 2500 music lovers who gathered at the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration skeptical of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had proved equal to the severe test.

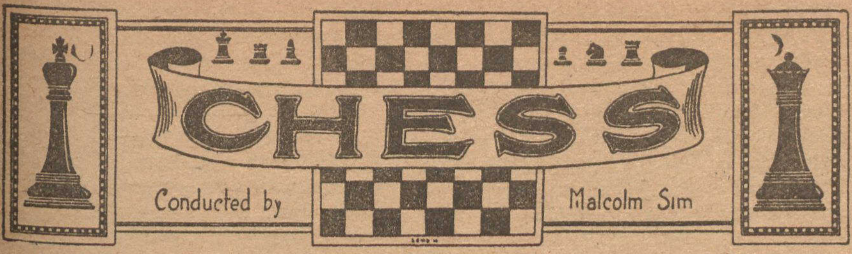
Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She sang a few bars, and the instrument blended perfectly with her silvery voice. She ceased, and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality as when the star accompanied it. None in the audience was able to distinguish when Miss Case ceased singing, except by observing that her lips did not move. The unison between the tones of her voice and the reproduction on the instrument was so remarkable that trained ears could not detect the slightest difference.

The NEW EDISON makes your home the world's greatest stage

Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, photographed on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in St. Louis on Oct. 21, 1916, while singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

There is a licensed dealer in your vicinity. Watch for his announcement. May we send you the brochure "MUSIC'S RE-CREATION"?

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 7623, ORANGF, N. J.



CHESS

Conducted by Malcolm Sim

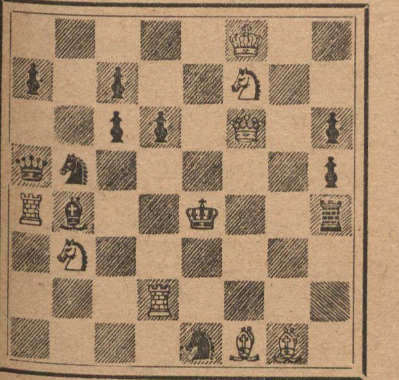
Solutions to problems and other chess correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 120, by Dr. J. J. O'Keefe and W. J. Smith (Australia).

First Prize, Good Companions' Solving Tourney, Feb. 22, 1917.

(A fine deceit.)

Black.—Twelve Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 121, by Karel Traxler.

Llata Praha, 1906.

White: K at KKt8; Q at Q7; R at K8; B at Ksq; Kt at K5.

Black: K at K5; Kt at QB8; Ps at QKt2; QKt5, QB4, QB6, Q6, K6 and KKt6.

Whites mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 117, by W. Hunsdorfer.

Black's Pawn position shows a necessity of a minimum of 5 captures, e.g., QRP is at his QKt5, one capture; KBP was promoted at his K8 and was captured by White's Pawn at QB5, one capture; KRP was promoted also at Black's K8 and was captured by the White Pawn at K5, 3 captures; making 5 captures in all. White has lost just 5 pieces. Black, who moved last, could not have then moved a Pawn. Therefore he could not have made a capture on that move. White's last move then, must have been made with one of his existing pieces. The White Pawn at K3 could not have arrived there by capture, as the two pieces Black is minus were captured by the White Pawns on QB5 and K5. This Pawn, therefore, must have moved some time previous, as the Black Pawns that promoted must have made captures on White's K2. Therefore White could only have moved his King for last move, from R4.

At first sight it looks as though the problem had a remarkable cook by 1. PxKtP e. p. ch. The move is remarkable, indeed, but only as a try, for the retrogression 1....., P from QKt2 to Kt4; 2. K from R4 to R5, P from Q2 to Q4 d. ch, bottles up Black's QBsq so that his QB can never return thither. The true retrogression reads, 1. ....., P from Q2 to Q4; 2. K from R4 to R5, P from QKt3 to Kt4 ch (not from QKt2 again bottling Black's QBsq); 3. K from R3 to R4, P from QKt4 to Kt5 ch. The solution would be, 1. PxQP e. p. ch.

Problem No. 118, by G. Guidelli.

1. R—B2, Kt—K2 dis. ch; 2. BxR mate.
1. ...., Kt—K4 dis. ch; 2. B—Kt6 mate.
1. ...., KKt else dis. ch; 2. P—B7 mate.
1. ...., threat; 2. Q—QRsq mate.

JANOWSKI V. SHOWALTER.

(Fifth game of the match.)

Notes, abridged, from New York "Evening Post" via the "American Chess Bulletin."

Queen's Gambit Declined.

White. Janowski.	Black. Showalter.
1. P—Q4	1. P—Q4
2. P—QB4	2. P—K3
3. Kt—KB3	3. P—QB4
4. P—K3	4. Kt—QB3
5. B—Q3	5. Kt—B3
6. Castles	6. B—Q3
7. P—QKt3	7. Castles
8. B—Kt2	8. BPxP
9. KPxP	9. Kt—QKt5 (a)
10. B—K2	10. Kt—K5
11. Kt—B3	11. P—B4 (b)
12. P—QR3	12. Kt—QB3
13. PxP	13. KtxKt (c)
14. BxKt	14. PxP
15. Kt—K5	15. B—K3 (d)
16. P—B4	16. R—Bsq
17. B—Kt2	17. Q—Kt3
18. K—Rsq (e)	18. Kt—R4
19. R—B3	19. R—QB2
20. P—QKt4	20. KR—Bsq (f)
21. R—K3	21. BxKt (g)
22. RxB	22. Kt—B5
23. BxKt	23. RxB
24. P—R3	24. P—Kt3 (h)
25. R—Bsq	25. RxR
26. BxR	26. R—B5 (i)
27. B—K3	27. K—B2
28. Q—Ksq	28. Q—Qsq
29. B—B2	29. Q—QBsq
30. B—K3	30. P—KR4 (j)
31. K—R2	31. Q—Q2
32. B—B2	32. P—QKt4
33. Q—K3	33. Q—B3
34. Q—KKt3	34. R—B7
35. B—Ksq (k)	35. Q—Kt3
36. Q—Kt5	36. K—Kt2 (l)
37. Q—K7ch	37. B—B2
38. B—R4	38. R—Q7 (m)
39. B—Kt5	39. Q—Ktsq
40. Q—B6ch	Resigns.

(a) Although this piece is sure to be driven back, the move is made to prepare for the entrance of the other Knight at K5.

(b) The Black Knight appears to be very strongly posted, but does not maintain its hold on K5 for long.

(c) If now 13. ....., PxP, then White can reply advantageously, 14. KtxP, for if 14. ....., BxPch; 15. KxB, QxKt, then 16. B—B4 pinning the Black Queen.

(d) Black refrains from capturing the Knight, although he does so later on, feeling that, at this stage, the Queen's Pawn would remain too weak.

(e) Black threatened to win a Pawn by first capturing the Knight.

(f) Black gains a "tempo," not being obliged to immediately attend to the safety of the Knight. Superficially, with the Rooks controlling the open file, Black would appear to have the preferable position, but, as will be seen, White experiences no difficulty in demonstrating equality. For one thing Black's Queen has little mobility.

(g) Necessary before playing Kt—B5, for otherwise he would lose a clear piece.

(h) Creating another "hole." 24. ....., R—B7 seems to be called for here, but White could still continue with 25. R—Bsq, for if 25. ....., RxB in reply, then 26. RxRch, BxR; 27. R—K8ch, recovering the piece with an excellent position.

(i) Black is drawn off by the Queen's Pawn, a mere will-o'-the-wisp, from what should be the main purpose of his game, namely, defensive play.

(j) This move brings about a precarious situation for Black. Q—Qsq was in order here.

(k) White has been gradually improving his position by means of an orderly and well-thought-out series of moves.

(l) This is the irony of fate, for, with the Queen's Pawn left to his mercy, he dare not take it, as he must try to prevent B—R4 or the entry of the White Queen at R6, either of which moves would prove fatal.

(m) This is entirely out of place. His only chance was to retire R—Bsq, when might follow 39. RxQP, R—Ksq; 40. Q—Q7, Q—K3; 41. QxQ, BxQ, and White would win another Pawn, leaving Black with Bishops of opposite colour, something to fight for, to be sure, but with very little hope.

Opinions

(Concluded from page 23.)

Goose Lake district is a joke. If it is a joke, it is a truly Saskatchewan kind, a Three Million Dollar Joke.

In the face of conditions such as these, what encouragement has the farmer to produce yet more grain in 1917, when part of his 1915 crop remains unsold, most of his 1916 crop is likely to rot while he looks on helpless. What is the use of crying for production, which means on the part of the farmer an outlay of several hundreds of dollars for seed, some thousands for wages for hired help, together with his own labour and the use of his teams and machinery for a year, if at the end of the year his crop is rendered worthless by the lack of shipping facilities and elevator capacity?

The Grain Commission has no jurisdiction over the matter; the Railway Commission appears to be equally powerless, while the Canadian Northern Railway Company manifestly has not the cars to provide nor the terminal facilities for the grain if they had the cars.

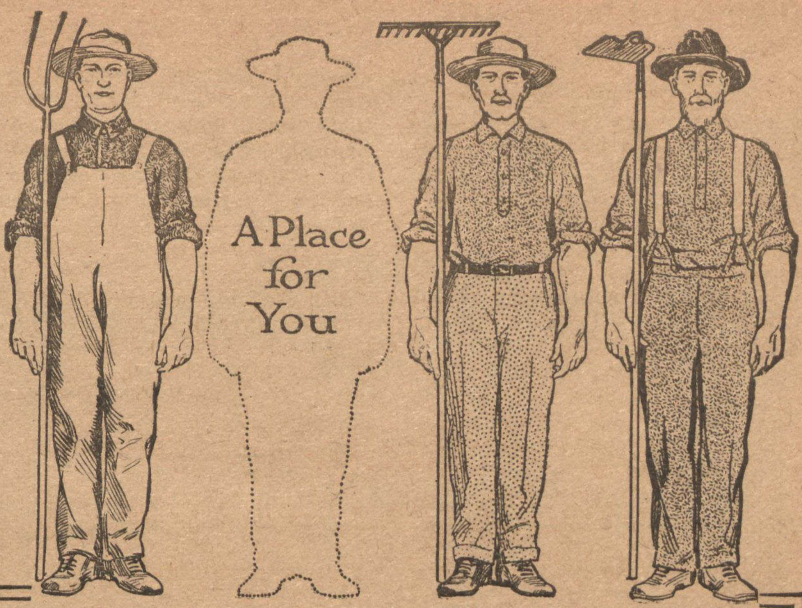
Think of it!

"Patriotism and Production," and then "Production and Economy," and then "The Three Million Dollar Joke."

If you would like real facts and figures to back up every statement I have made I can supply them, for I have most of them on file in my office.

Yours truly,

J. D. McLEOD, Secretary.



Recruits Wanted for Production

Just as surely as lack of food is strangling Germany day by day, so plenty of food is winning the victory for the allies. The French armies, for instance, were never better fed than now, for France cannot forget the awful lesson of 1870—the failure of her food supply. To this she attributed the loss of that war.

To feed the French soldiers around Verdun, more than 25,500,000 pounds of food a week were required. This gives a faint idea of the colossal task of feeding an army. Canada and Britain have a huge army of fighting heroes on the line; every man MUST have plenty of food, in spite of a world shortage. Upon Canada's food production all principally rely.

The Farmers of Ontario Urgently Need Help

The Department of Agriculture appeals to men and boys to enlist in the farm help campaign. The Department appeals to men unfit for military service, or who find it impossible to enlist in the army. Do your "bit" by helping to increase production of foodstuffs. This is your hour of opportunity.

The farmers of Ontario need the help of retired farmers, of men following no occupation (retired), of business men who can spare a portion of their time. We appeal to all who can so arrange their ordinary affairs to plan to help some farmer friend, particularly in seed time and harvest.

Confer with your county District Representative of the Department of Agriculture, or write, "Farm Help Campaign," care Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Parliament Buildings Toronto

30

Electric Service

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The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

"At Your Service"

12 Adelaide Street East Telephone Adelaide 404

The President Next Door

(Concluded from page 11.)

to Cape Horn—but the whole known world. What but a mentality of the fourth dimension ever could have said that?

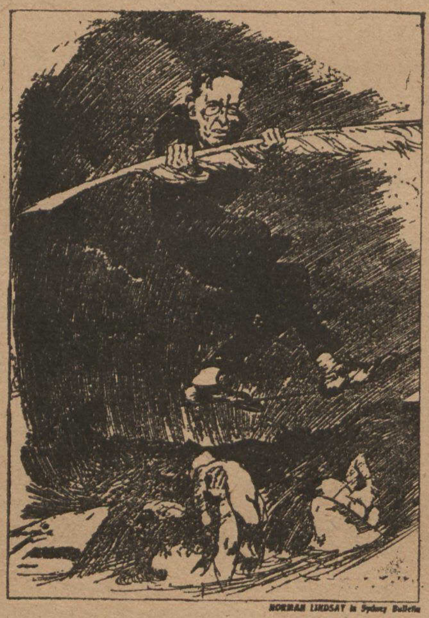
We are reminded of One who said 2,000 years ago, "I am the Light of the World."

Observe also the intellectual preferences of the man. In a desire to sound the world in war-time, when the Cabinet's collective wisdom is as vain as that of Senator Stone's Committee on Foreign Relations, to whom does he turn? Not to the Pacifier. No, first to himself, in solitude; then to that mystifying crony Col. House from Texas, whom he sent on a personal investigation of all the belligerent countries. Roosevelt dining Brooker T. Washington was absolutely obvious compared to this. In passing we note also that the day before the President announced to Congress that he had severed diplomatic relations with Germany, Col. House was at the White House.

Well, Hamlet had his Horatio.

Concerning the railway legislation last summer, a most unprecedented piece of pure action for a man of speculative character, we are told by critics that for days he had conferred with the Brotherhoods and ignored the corporate interests. They said it was pre-election. But what President of three dimensions ever used a special session of Congress to help him into a second term?

Subsequently—since his re-election he said, "Mere bigness of business is not a crime. Efficiency is the only check that may be put upon natural growth. Nor is it right to look with antagonism upon wealth when that wealth has been actually earned by business energy and sagacity."


NORMAN LINDSAY in Sydney Bulletin

CAN HE REMAIN ON THE TIGHT-ROPE?

A cartoon published when the submarine crisis became acute last June.
—Norman Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin.

Up here in Canada we would call this self-contradiction something like plain politics. In Mr. Wilson it is far different. In him most things are different. Also ordinarily incomprehensible. But as Tennyson said:

> "Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

One increasing purpose has been running for some time through the devious web of Mr. Wilson's public career. The thread is two-ply. One way it ties him to keep the United States out of war: that way for some time, ambition—to have been the world's mediator and gone down to history somewhat on a par with Lincoln who knew two Americas and made of them one nation. The other ply of the thread spun by the Fates in the Wilson web draws him to discover, to interpret, to embody the aspirations of the American people: that way to play a wider game than Lincoln—because the Civil War fused two peoples into one, whereas the peace for which Wilson yearned and which may yet lead him into war has to do with most of the nations upon earth encamped under one flag.

So—Woodrow Wilson may have need of his fourth dimension.

Editor's Note:—In the second article of this series last week entitled Champ Clark's Bible Class, it was stated that Congressman Charlie Nicholls, of Detroit, was born in Canada. This is an error. Nicholls was born in Michigan, but came to Canada when he was a small boy and worked on Toronto newspapers before he went into newspaper work in Detroit.

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A. 74

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916

Musical Masons.

THE Masons of Toronto are organizing a choir of from 150 to 200 voices, each man being a Mason. Believing that the necessity for funds for helping returned heroes from the front is very urgent, the Masonic Order wants still further to help; and purpose giving a Grand Concert, perhaps two, in Massey Hall in April. From the conductor down, it will be a "labour of love." Some of the best professional soloists will be in the chorus, just to help perfect a grand organization. Besides "doing their bit" for our soldiers, music lovers of Toronto can look forward to a musical feast which does not come often, as the heart of every man will be in his voice. At the first practice, Wednesday of last week, 80 were present on a very short notice and indications point to 125 this week.

The Mystery of the Willow Tree

(Continued from page 9.)

inspiration born of hatred and revenge."

We stood in silence for a moment.

"Come, let us go back to New York," said Blake, languidly. "I think we can round up the rest of this case in another night. We have proved the crime and the motive. To identify the murderers of Henry Planz is our next undertaking. It looks difficult just now, Bradford, but we'll find a way. Anyhow, we'll sleep over it."

On the homeward journey and again in our rooms I endeavoured to chat with Blake in the old familiar way, but he was as unsociable as a tarantula, and, drawing the cloak of silence about him, he gave me to understand that he preferred to think rather than to talk. Knowing Rodney's moods as I did, I left him severely alone and went off to bed, while he sat in his big chair smoking like a chimney pot.

WHEN I departed for the office the next morning Blake was still asleep. All that day my mind was full of him and of the strange crime of the willow tree. A weird and fascinating case surely, and I longed for the close of my day's work that I might join my friend in another adventure of the night. I had dinner downtown, and at seven o'clock I turned the key to our Union Square abode.

Blake was stretched out at full length on the couch by the window, the inevitable cigarette between his thin, white lips. His eyes were half closed, but he soon opened them wide and stared at me.

"I say, Bradford, I've played a low-down trick on you, and I humbly apologize," Blake said softly.

"What is the matter?" I asked, rather astonished at his subdued manner.

"I'm not going out to-night, old man. There's nothing more to do in the Plaza case. I've finished it!

"I never went near Wall Street today," he said, languidly. "Just 'phoned the office I was laid up with the grippe, and suggested that Haskins do my stunt. You see, that Willow Tree case got on my nerves to such an extent that I simply couldn't resist it. I couldn't rest easy waiting for to-night. So off I went to Newark before noon and got busy."

I sat down rather disgusted with Rodney, but deeply interested, of course, and then, lighting a pipe, I listened complacently to his story.

"About two months ago," related

Blake, "our unfortunate Henry Planz was made superintendent of the Fredericksburg Brewery. He was promoted from a minor position, the old superintendent leaving on short notice to accept a better place in Philadelphia. They have had a good deal of trouble with the foreign workers over in Newark, and Planz had no more than got nicely fixed in his new position than discord arose in the cooper shop. There was a big, husky labour leader there named Shafer, who was a boss cooper from Chicago. Four weeks ago Shafer and two of his friends ran afoul of Planz—a shop rule had been broken—or something or other. At all events, Planz discharged Shafer and the two others without warning. He afterward said all three were anarchists and trouble makers, and he was glad to get rid of such a trio of firebrands."

Blake stopped long enough to light a fresh Mollycoddle, and continued:

"Well, they had some hot words, and threats were made, but nothing happened, and Shafer and his pals left town. When I learned all this, I took a hurried inventory of anarchistic conditions in Newark, and soon discovered that Shafer, who is an Austrian, by the way, was a very dangerous quantity. Then, in tracing him, I found he had gone to Yonkers.

"Late this afternoon I reached the office of the Yonkers Brewing Company, and learned that Shafer was at work in the cooperage. Well, the foreman of the cooper shop was very obliging; showed me over the place and brought out his time-books. You know these coopers work by the piece, earn so much per keg or barrel, and their day's work is carefully noted in the foreman's book."

"And Shafer"——I broke in, rather impatiently.

"I'm getting to him," continued Blake. "Shafer began work there three weeks ago. He is a good workman, averages four dollars and a fraction each day. On November 8, he earned $4.60, on the 9th $4.35, on the 10th $4.45; he was not at work on the 11th. But, my dear Bradford, on the 12th he earned just $3.60, and the next day $3.40, and yesterday only $3.25. Something is the matter with Shafer."

"And Planz died on the 11th," I suggested.

"You see what I am driving at?" said Blake. "Since that day Shafer is not up to his task, physically or mentally. But that is not all. Shafer boards at a cheap hotel, where he pays twenty-five cents for his lodging and each of his meals, an even seven dollars a week. He paid his week's board yesterday, and the landlord, who is very honest, cut the bill to $6.25 because Shafer was away one day, and missed several meals. Oh, don't look surprised, Bradford. He missed dinner and supper on the eleventh and also breakfast on the twelfth. Because why? Because he was in Newark that day and night on business and so were two of his pals who went from Yonkers with him."

"It certainly begins to look like Shafer," I ventured.

"Wait! I'm not finished yet," exclaimed Blake. "In the cooper shop I found a big coil of hemp rope, and I brought away a sample of it. Here, look at this."

He laid the bit of rope on the table. Then from his pocket he brought forth another sample of rope.

"Remember the piece of rope I found in the lumber yard last night? There it is! Just compare the strands, the texture, the feel and the colour of it. Both pieces are off the same coil of rope."

"Fine!" said I. "You've got your man, Rodney."

"Well, perhaps," said Blake, with a smile. "But there is one thing more. Shafer and his two followers, named Kreig and Gluck, have bought steerage passage for Bremen on the ship that leaves from Hoboken next Saturday. Getting nervous, you see, and going to leave the country."

"And the arrest!" I exclaimed.

"Will be made to-night," said Blake, quietly. "I called up Newark police headquarters about twenty minutes before you came in and told the chief the whole story. His men are now on their way to Yonkers to make the pinch. Gee, but I am tired, Bradford, after such a string of talk. Just pour me out a bit of Scotch, that's a good fellow."

I handed him the drink and he fell back on the couch and closed his eyes. A moment later he asked, dreamily:

"What day is this, Bradford?"

"The sixteenth of November," I answered.

"And Planz was killed on the eleventh! I thought so!" mused my companion.

"Thought what?" I inquired.

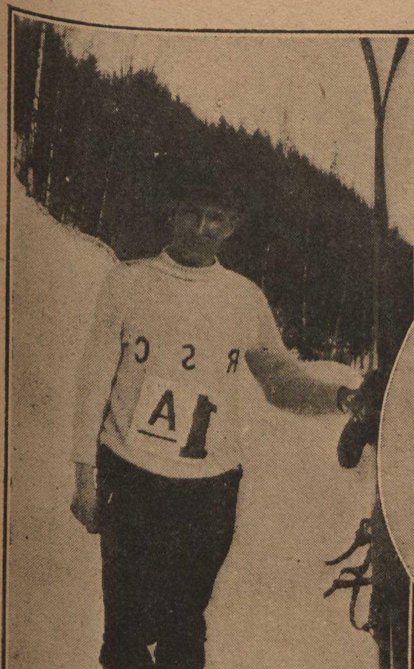
"Oh, nothing much," said Rodney Blake, looking very serious. "You know that Shafer is an Austrian and an anarchist and came from Chicago?"

"Yes!"

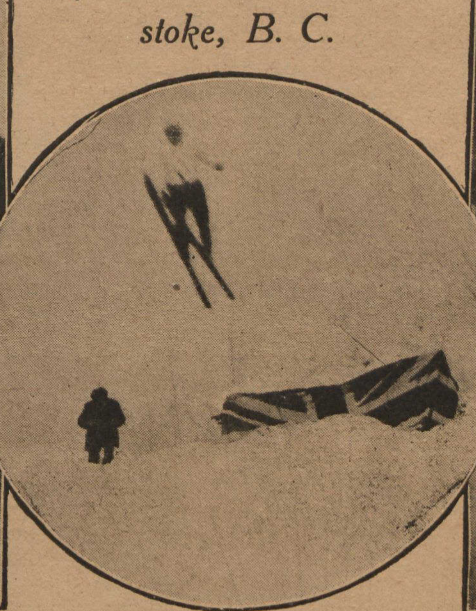
"November eleventh is the anniversary of the Haymarket riots, and November eleventh, Bradford, is a sacred day with the Reds."

THOSE THAT FLY WITH THEIR FEET

A Few Facts About the Ski Carnival in Revelstoke, B. C.



Nels Nelsen, of the Revelstoke Ski Club. Champion jumper of Canada, of British Columbia, and champion long distance racer of B.C.



When Nelsen made this jump he fell at 160 feet—a performance which any ski-enthusiast will recognize as remarkable.

Ragner Omtvedt, champion jumper of the world, came near being put off his pedestal by Nels Nelsen, the Canadian jumper.

AT the Ski Carnival in Revelstoke, B.C., Feb. 6 and 7, Nels Nelsen, champion jumper of Canada, made a new record of 147 ft., or 11 ft. better than his championship jump of last year. He also won the championship of B. C., with a jump of 137 ft. He jumped 160 ft. and fell. Nelsen showed R. Omtvedt, the world's champion, that his title was in danger. Omtvedt jumped 157 ft. and fell. He stood at about 140 ft. He sailed through the air like an aeroplane, and then, as if struck by a shell, dropped down to the run with a thud. Nelsen and Omtvedt must have been at a height of more than 45 ft. above the run, as can be seen in pictures 3 and 4. Omtvedt says that the jump is the steepest in the world, and that the jumper is higher up in the air. O. Maland, of Camrose, Alta., made some very fine jumps.

The 143 Bantams were represented in the Carnival by Pte. T. Maley, who did some very nice jumping.

The long distance race for the Championship of B. C. was won by Nels Nelsen also, when he nosed out the title-holder, D. Eivensen, of Camrose, by 20 seconds, by a great spurt in the last few hundred yards. The two champions passed and repassed each other three times during the 7-mile run.

The boys' jumping, under 14, was very close. Some of the boys stood at 60 ft. There were over 100 entries in the carnival.

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KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

By TALBOT MUNDY

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

KING asked the same question of the Orakzai Pathan; but the Pathan would have none of his questions, he was busy listening for whispers from the crowd, watching with both eyes, and he shoved King aside.

The crowd was very far from being satisfied. An angry murmur had begun to fill the cavern as a hive is filled with the song of bees at swarming time. But even so, surmise what one might, it was not easy to persuade the eye that Yasmini's careless smile and easy poise were assumed. If she recognized indignation and feared it, she disguised her fear amazingly.

King saw her whisper to a guard. The fellow nodded and passed his shield to another man. He began to make his way in no great hurry toward the edge of the arena. She whispered again and standing forward with their trumpets seven of the guards blew a blast that split across the cavern like the trump of doom; and as its hundred thousand echoes died in the roof, the hum of voices died, too, and the very sound of breathing. The gurgling of water became as if the river flowed in solitude

Leisurely then, languidly, she raised both arms until she looked like an angel poised for flight. The little jewels stitched to her gauzy dress twinkled like fire-flies as she moved. The crowd gasped sharply. She had it by the heartstrings.

She called, and four guards got under one shield, bowing their heads and resting the great rim on their shoulders. They carried it beneath her and stood still. With a low delicious laugh, sweet and true, she sprang on it, and the shield scarcely trembled; she seemed lighter than the silk her dress was woven from!

They carried her so, looking as if she and the shield were carved of a piece, and by a master such as has not often been. And in the midst of the arena before they had ceased moving she began to sing, with her head thrown back and bosom swelling like a bird's.

The East would ever rather draw its own conclusions from a hint let fall than be puzzled by what the West believes are facts. And parables are not good evidence in courts of law, which is always a consideration. So her song took the form of a parable.

And to say that she took hold of them and played rhapsodies of her own making on their heart-strings would be to undervalue what she did. They were dumb while she sang, but they rose at her. Not a force in the world could have kept them down, for she was deftly touching cords that stirred other forces—subtle, mysterious, mesmeric, which the old East understands—which Muhammad the Prophet understood when he harnessed evil in the shafts with men and wrote rules for their driving in a book. They rose in silence and stood tense.

While she sang, the guard to whom she had whispered forced a way through the ranks of the standing crowd, and came behind Ismail. He tweaked the Afridi's ear to draw attention, for like all the others—like King, too—Ismail was listening with dropped jaw and watching with burning eyes. For a minute they whispered, so low that King did not hear what they said; and then the guard forced his way back by the shortest route to the arena, knocking down half a dozen men and gaining safety beyond the lamps before his victims could draw knife and follow him.

Yasmini's song went on, verse after verse, telling never one fact, yet hinting unutterable things in a language that was made for hint and metaphor and parable and innuendo. What tongue did not hint at was conveyed by subtle gesture and a smile and flashing eyes. It was perfectly evident that she knew more than King—more than the general at Peshawur—more than the viceroy at Simla—probably more than the British government—concerning what was about to happen in Islam. The others might guess. She knew. It was just as evident that she would not tell. The whole of her song, and it took her twenty minutes by the count of King's pulse, to sing it, was a warning to wait and a promise of amazing things to come.

SHE sang of a wolf-pack gathering from the valleys in the snow—a very hungry wolf-pack. Then of a stalled ox, grown fat from being cared for. Of the "Heart of the Hills" that awoke in the womb of the Hills, and that listened and watched.

"Now, is she the 'Heart of the Hills'?" King wondered. The rumours men had heard and told again in India, about the "Heart of the Hills" in Khinjan seemed to have foundation.

He thought of the strange knife, wrapped in a handkerchief under his shirt, with its bronze blade and gold hilt in the shape of a woman dancing. The woman dancing was astonishingly like Yasmini, standing on the shield!

She sang about the owners of the stalled ox, who were busy at bay, defending themselves and their ox from another wolf-pack in another direction "far beyond."

She urged them to wait a little while. The ox was big enough and fat enough to nourish all the wolves in the world for many seasons. Let them wait, then, until another, greater wolf-pack joined them, that they might go hunting all together, overwhelm its present owners and devour the ox! So urged the "Heart of the Hills," speaking to the mountain wolves, according to Yasmini's song.

"The little cubs in the burrows know.
Are ye grown wolves, who hurry so?"

She paused, for effect; but they gave tongue then because they could not help it, and the cavern shook to their terrific worship.

"Allah! Allah!"

They summoned God to come and see the height and depth and weight of their allegiance to her! And because for their thunder there was no more chance of being heard, she dropped from the shield like a blossom. No sound of falling could have been heard in all that din, but one could see she made no sound. The shield-bearers ran back to the bridge and stood below it, eyes agape.

Rewa Gunga spoke truth in Delhi when he assured King he should some day wonder at Yasmini's dancing.

She became joy and bravery and youth! She danced a story for them of the things they knew. She was the dawn light, touching the distant peaks. She was the wind that follows it, sweeping among the junipers and kissing each as she came. She was laughter, as the little children laugh when the cattle are loosed from the byres at last to feed in the valleys. She was the scent of spring uprising. She was blossom. She was fruit! Very daughter of the sparkle of warm sun on snow, she was the "Heart of the Hills" herself!

Never was such dancing! Never such an audience! Never such mad applause! She danced until the great rough guards had to run round the arena with clubbed butts and beat back trespassers who would have mobbed her. And every movement—every gracious wonder-curve and step with which she told her tale was as purely Greek as the handle on King's knife and the figures on the lamp-bowls and as the bracelets on her arm. Greek!

And she half-modern-Russian, ex-girl-wife of a semi-civilized Hill-rajah! Who taught her? There is nothing new, even in Khinjan, in the "Hills"!

And when the crowd defeated the arena guards at last and burst through the swinging butts to seize her and fling her high and worship her with mad barbaric rite, she ran toward the shield. The four men raised it shoulder-high again. She went to it like a leaf in the wind—sprang on it as if wings had lifted her, scarce touching it with naked toes—and leapt to the bridge with a laugh.

She went over the bridge on tiptoes, like nothing else under heaven but Yasmini at her bewitchingest. And without pausing on the far side she danced up the hewn stone stairs, dived into the dark hole and was gone!

"Come!" yelled Ismail in King's ear. He could have heard nothing less, for the cavern was like to burst apart from the tumult.

"Whither?" the Afridi shouted in disgust. "Does the wind ask whither? Come like the wind and see! They will remember next that they have a bone to pick with thee! Come away!"

That seemed good enough advice. He followed as fast as Ismail could shoulder a way out between the frantic Hillmen, deafened, stupefied, numbed, almost cowed by the ovation they were giving the "Heart of their Hills."

CHAPTER XII.

AS they disappeared after a scramble through the mouth of the tunnel they had entered by, a roar went up behind them like the birth of earthquakes. Looking back over his shoulder King saw Yasmini come back into the hole's mouth, to stand framed in it and bow acknowledgment. She looked so ravishing in contrast to the huge grim wall, and the black river, and the darkness at her back, that Khinjan's thousands tried to storm the bridge and drag her down to them. The guards were hard put to it, with their backs to the bridge end, for two or three minutes.

But Ismail would not let him wait and watch from there. He dragged him down the tunnel and pushed him up on to a ledge where they could both see without being seen, through a fissure in the rock.

For the space of five minutes Yasmini stood in the great hole, smiling and watching the struggle below. Then she went, and the guards began to get the best of it, because the crowd's enthusiasm waned when they could see her no more. Then suddenly the guards began to loose random volleys at the roof and brought down hundredweights of splintered stalactite.

Within a minute there were a hundred men busy sweeping up the splinters. In another minute twenty Zakka Khels had begun a sword dance, yelling like the damned. A hundred joined them. In three minutes more the whole arena was a dinning whirlpool, and the river's voice was drowned in shouting and the stamping of naked feet on stone.

"Come!" urged Ismail, and led the way.

King's last impression was of earth's womb on fire and of hellions brewing wrath. The stalactites and the hurrying river multiplied the dancing lights into a million, and the great roof hurled the din down again to make confusion with the new din coming up.

ISMAIL went like a rat down a run, and King failed to overtake him until he found him in the cave of the slippers kicking to right and left at random.

"Choose a good pair!" he growled. "Let late-comers fight for what is left! Nay, I have thine! Choose thou the next best!"

The statement being one of fact, and that no time or place for a quarrel with the only friend in sight, King picked out the best slippers he could see. The instant he had them on Ismail was off again, running like the wind.

They had no torch. They left the little tunnel lamps behind. It became so dark that King had to follow by ear, and so it happened that he missed seeing where the tunnel forked. He imagined they were running back toward the ledge under the waterfall; yet, when Ismail called a halt at last, panting, groped behind a great rock for a lamp and lit the wick with a common safety match, they were in a cave he had never seen before.

"Where are we?" King asked.

"Where none dare seek us."

Ismail held the lamp high, shielding its wick with a hollowed palm and peering about him as if in doubt, his ragged beard looking like smoke in the wind; for a wind blew down all the passages in Khinjan.

King examined the lamp. It was bronze and almost as surely ancient Greek as it surely was not Indian. There were figures graven on the bowl representing a woman dancing, who looked not unlike Yasmini; but before he had time to look very closely Ismail blew the lamp out and was off again, like a shadow shot into its mother night.

Confused by the sudden darkness King crashed into a rock as he tried to follow. Ismail turned back and gave him the end of a cotton girdle that he unwound from his waist, then he plunged ahead again into Cimmerian blackness, down a passage so narrow that they could touch a wall with either hand.

Once he shouted back to duck, and they passed under a low roof where water dripped on them, and the rock underfoot was the bed of a shallow stream. After that the track began to rise, and the grade grew so steep that even Ismail, the furious, had to slacken pace.

They began to climb up titanic stairways all in the dark, feeling their way through fissures in a mountain's framework, up zigzag ledges, and over great broken lumps of rock from one cave to another; until at last in one great cave Ismail stopped and relit the lamp. Hunting about with its aid he found an imported "hurricane" lantern and lit that, leaving the bronze lamp in its place.

Soon after that they lost sight of walls to their left for a time, although there were no stars, nor any light to suggest the outer world—nothing but wind. The wind blew a hurricane.

Their path now was a very narrow ledge formed by a crack that ran diagonally down the face of a black cliff on their right. They hugged the stone because of a sense of fathomless space above—below—on every side but one. The rock wall was the one thing tangible, and the footing the crack in it afforded was the gift of God.

The moaning wind rose to a shriek at intervals and made their clothes flutter like ghosts' shrouds, and in spite of it King's shirt was drenched with sweat, and his fingers ached from clinging as if they were on fire.

CRAWLING against the wind along a ledge at the top, they came to a chasm, crossed by a foot-wide causeway. The wind howled and moaned in it, and the futile lantern rays only suggested unimaginable things—death the least of them.

"Art thou afraid?" asked Ismail, holding the lantern to King's face.

"Kuch dar nahin hai!" he answered. "There is no such thing as fear!"

It was a bold answer, and Ismail laughed, knowing well that neither of them believed a word of it at that moment. Only, each thought better of the other, that the one should have cared to ask, and that the other should be willing to give the lie to a fear that crawled and could be felt. Too many men are willing to admit they are afraid. Too many would rather condemn and despise than ask and laugh. But it is on the edges of eternity that men find each other out, and sympathize.

Ismail went down on his hands and knees, lifting the lantern along a foot at a time in front of him and carrying it in his teeth by the bail the last part of the way. It seemed like an hour before he stood up, nearly a hundred yards away on the far side, and yelled for King to follow.

The wind snatched the yells away, but the waving lantern beckoned him, and King knelt down in the dark. It happened that he laid his hand on a loose stone, the size of his head, near the edge. He shoved it over and listened.

He listened for a minute but did not hear it strike anything, and the shudder, that he could not repress, came from the middle of his backbone and spread outward through each fibre of his being. If he had delayed another second his courage would have failed; he began at once to crawl to where Ismail stood swinging the light.

There was room on the ledge for his knees and no more. Toes and fingers were overside. He sat down as on horseback, and transferred both slippers to his pockets, and then went forward again with bare feet, waiting whenever the wind snatched at him with redoubled fury, to lean against it and grip the rock with numb fingers. Ismail swung the lamp, for reasons best known to himself, and half-way over King sat astride the ridge again to shout to him to hold it still. But Ismail did not understand him.

"Khinjan gràves are deep!" he howled back. "Fear and the shadow of death are one!"

He swung the lamp even more violently, as if it were a charm that could exorcise fear and bring a man over safely. The shadows danced until his brain reeled, and King swore he would thrash the fool as soon as he could reach him. He lay belly-downward on the rock and crawled like an insect the remainder of the way.

And as if aware of his intention Ismail started to hurry on while there was yet a yard or two to crawl, and anger not being a load worth carrying, nor revenge a thing permitted to interfere with the sirkar's business, King let both die.

Hunted by the wind, they ran round a bold shoulder of cliff into another black-dark tunnel. There the wind died, swallowed in a hundred fissures, but the track grew worse and steeper until they had to cling with both hands and climb and now and then Ismail set the lantern on a ledge and lowered his girdle to help King up. Sometimes he stood on King's shoulder in order to reach a higher level. They climbed for an hour and dropped at last panting, on a ledge, after squeezing themselves under the corner of a boulder.

The lantern light shone on a tiny trickle of cold water, and there Ismail drank deep, like a bull, before signing to King to imitate him.

"A thirsty throat and a crazy head are one!" he counseled. "A man needs wit and a wet tongue who would talk with her!"

"Where is she?" asked King, when he had finished drinking.

"Go and look!"

Ismail gave him a sudden shove, that sent him feet first forward over the edge. He fell a distance rather greater than his own height, to another ledge and stood there looking up. He could see Ismail's red-rimmed eyes blinking down at him in the lantern light, but suddenly the Afridi blew the lamp out, and then the darkness became solid. Thought itself left off less than a yard away.

Ismail!" he whispered. But Ismail did not answer him.

He faced about, leaning against the rock, with the flat of both hands pressed tight against it for the sake of its company; and almost at once he saw a little bright red light glowing in the distance. It might have been a hundred yards, and it might have been a mile away below him; it was perfectly impossible to judge, for the darkness was not measurable.

"Flowers turn to the light!" droned Ismail's voice above sententiously, and turning, he thought he could see red eyes peering over the rock. He jumped, and made a grab for the flowbeard that surely must be below them, but he missed.

"Little fish swim to the light!" droned Ismail. "Moths fly to the light! Who is a man that he should know less than they?"

HE turned and stared at the light. Dimly, very vaguely, he could make out that a causeway led downward from almost where he stood. He was convinced that should he try to climb back Ismail would merely reach out a hand and shove him down again, and there was no sense in being put to that indignity. He decided to go forward, for there was even less sense in standing still.

"Come with me! Come along, Ismail!" he called.

"Allah! Hear him! Nay, nay, nay! Who was it said a little while ago, 'There is no such thing as fear!' I am afraid, but thou and I are two men! Go thou alone!"

Reason is a man's only dependable faculty. Reason told him that at a word from Yasmini he would have been flung into "Earth's Drink" hours ago. Therefore, added reason, why should she forego that spectacular opportunity when his death would have amused Kkinjan's thousands, only to kill him now in the dark alone? He had treated a few dozen sick men, but surely she had not been afraid to offend them. Had she not dared forbid the sick coming to him altogether? "Forward!" says Cocker, in at least a dozen places. "Go forward and find out! Better a bed in hell than a seat on the horns of a dilemma! Forward!"

There was no sound now anywhere. He stretched a leg downward and felt a rock two or three feet lower down, and the sound of his slipper sole touching it, being the only noise, made the short hair rise on the back of his neck. Then he took himself, so to speak, by the hand and went forward and downward, for action is the only curb imagination knows.

He forgot to count his pulse and judge how long it took him to descend that causeway in the dark. It was not so very rough, nor so very dangerous, but of course he only knew that fact afterward. He had to grope his way inch by inch, trusting to sense of touch and the British army's everlasting luck, with an eye all the while on a red light that was something like the glow through hell's keyhole.

When he reached bottom, after perhaps twenty minutes, and stood at last on comparatively level rock, his legs were trembling from tension, and he had to sit down while he stretched them out and rested. The light still looked a quarter of a mile away, although that was guesswork. It made scarcely more impression on the surrounding darkness than one coal glowing in a cellar. The silence began to make his head ache.

HE got up and started, but just as he did that he thought he heard a footstep. He suspected Ismail might be following after all.

"Ismail!" he called, trying to peer through the dark. But all the darkness had its home here. He could not even see his own hand stretched out. His own voice made him jump; after a second's pause it bègan to crack and rattle from wall to wall and from roof to floor, until at last the echoing word became one again and died with a hiss somewhere in the bowels of the world—Mbisssss!—like the sound of hot iron being plunged into a blacksmith's trough with a little after-murmur of complaining water.

But then he was sure he heard a footstep! He faced about; and now there were two red lights where there had been only one. They seemed rather nearer, perhaps because there were two of them.

"Hullo, King sahib!" said a voice he recognized; and he choked. He felt that if he had coughed his heart would have lain on the floor!

"Are you afraid, King sahib?" said the Rangar Rewa Gunga's voice, and he took a step forward to be closer to his questioner. He found himself beside a rock, looking up at the Rangar's turban, that peered over the top of it. He could dimly make out the Rangar's dark eyes.

"I would be afraid if I were you!"

Rewa Gunga flashed a little electric torch into his eyes, but after a few seconds he shifted it so that both their faces could be seen, although the Rangar's only very faintly.

"I have come to warn you!"

"Very good of you, I'm sure!" said King.

"If she knew I were here, she would jolly well have my liver nailed to a wall! I come to advise you to go back!"

"Have they taken Ali Masjid Fort?" King asked him.

"Never mind, sahib, but listen! I have brought her bracelet! I stole it! She stole it from you, and I stole it back! Take it! Put it on and wear it! Use it as a passport out of Kkinjan Caves—for no man dare touch you while you wear it—and as a passport down the Khyber into India! Go back to India and stay there! Take it and go! Quick! Take it!"

"No, thanks!" said King.

The Rangar laughed mirthlessly, shifting the light a little as King stepped aside to get a better view of him. He held the torch more cunningly than a Spanish lady holds a fan.

"All Englishmen are fools—most of them stiffnecked fools," he asserted. "Bah! Do you think I do not know? Do you think anything is hidden from her? I know—and she knows—that you think you have a surprise in store for her! You think you will go to her,

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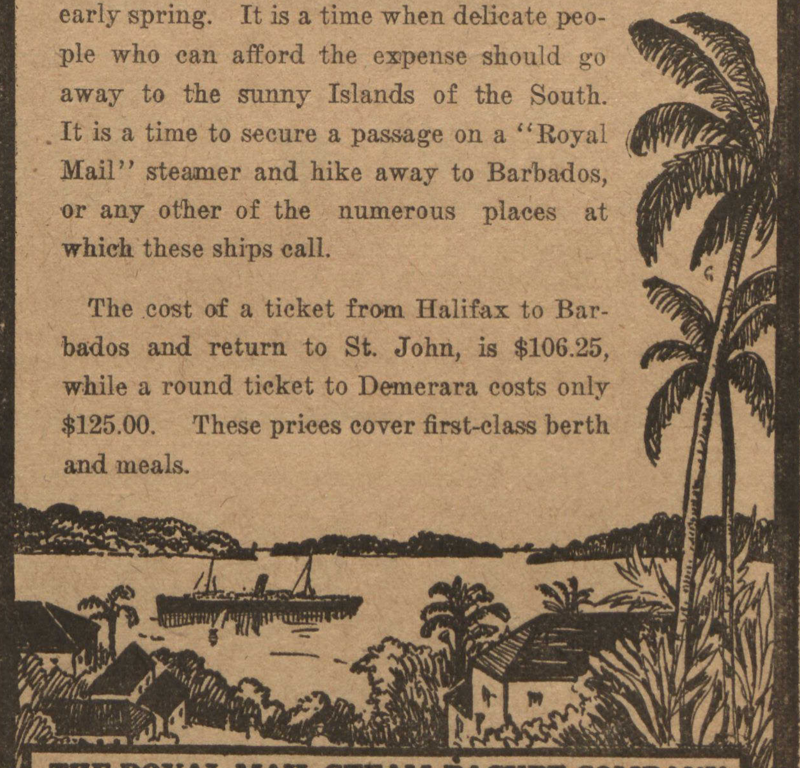

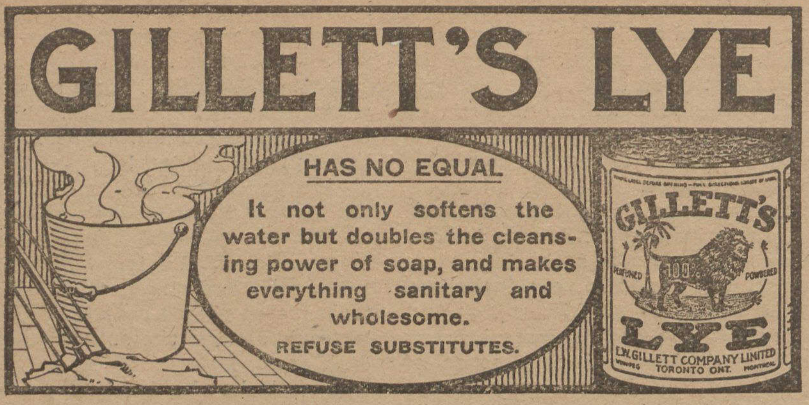
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and she will say, 'King sahib, why did you throw that head into the river, and put me in danger from my men?' And you will say, will you not, 'Princess, that was my brother's head'? Was that not what you intended? Is it not true? Does she not know it? She knows more than you know, King sahib! Because you showed me certain little courtesies, I have come to warn you to run away!"

"Do you suppose she knows you are here?" King asked, and the Rangar laughed.

"If she knows so much, and is able to read my mind from a distance, where does she suppose you are?" King insisted.

The Rangar laughed again, leaning his chin on both fists and switching out the light.

"Perhaps she sent me to warn you!"

"Well," said King, "my brother commanded at Ali Masjid Fort. There are things I must ask her. How did she know that head was my brother's? What part had she in taking it from his shoulders? What did she mean by that song of hers?"

The Ranger chuckled softly.

"There are no fools in the world like Englishmen! Listen! You are being offered life and liberty! Here is the key to both!"

He made the gold bracelet ring on the rock by way of explanation.

"Take the key and go!"

"No!" said King.

"Very well, sahib! Hear the other side of it! Beyond those two red lights there is a curtain. This side of that curtain you are Athelstan King of the Khyber Rifles, or Kurram Khan, or whatever you care to call yourself. Beyond it, you are what she calls you! Choose!"

King did not answer, so he continued after a pause.

"You shall pass behind that curtain, if you insist. Beyond it you shall know what she knows about Ali Masjid and your brother's head! You shall know all that she knows! There shall be no secrets between you and her! She shall translate the meaning of her song to you! But you shall never come out again King of the Khyber Rifles, or Kurram Khan! If you ever come out again, it shall be as you never dreamed, bearing arms you never saw yet, and you shall cut with your own hand the ties that bind you to England! Choose!"

"I chose long ago," said King.

"Are the gentle English never serious?" the Rangar asked. "Will you not understand that if you pass that curtain you shall know all things that Yasmini knows, but that you shall cease to be yourself? Cease—to—be—yourself? Is my meaning clear?"

"Not in the least," said King, "but I hope mine is!"

"You will go forward?"

"Yes," said King.

Rewa Gunga made no answer to that, although King waited for an answer. For about a minute there was no sound at all, except the beating of King's heart. Then he moved, to try and see the Rangar's turban above the rock. He could not see it. He found a niche in the rock, set his foot in it and mounted three or four feet, until his head was level with the top. The Rangar was gone!

He listened for two or three minutes, but the silence began to make his head ache again; so he stooped to feel the floor with his hand before deciding to go forward. There was no mistaking the finish given by the tread of countless feet. He was on a highway, and there are not often pitfalls where so many feet have been.

FOR all that he went forward as a certain Agag once did, and it was many minutes before he could see a curtain glowing blood-red in the light behind the two lamps, at the top of a flight of ten stone steps. It was peculiar to him and to his service that he counted the steps before going nearer.

When he went quite close he saw carpet down the middle of the steps, so ancient that the stone showed through in places; all the pattern, supposing it ever had any, was worn or faded away. Carpet and steps glowed red too. His own face, and the hands he held in front of him were red-hot-poker color. Yet outside the little ellipse of light the darkness looked like a thing to lean against, and the silence was so intense that he could hear the arteries singing by his ears.

He saw the curtains move slightly, apparently in a little puff of wind that made the lamps waver. He was very nearly sure he heard a footfall beyond the curtains and a tinkle—as of a tiny silver bell, or a jewel striking against another one.

He kicked his slippers off, because there are no conditions under which bad manners ever are good policy. Vide history and Cocker's famous code. Then he walked up the steps without treading on the carpet, because living scorpions have been known to be placed under carpets on purpose on occasion. And at the top, being a Secret Service man, he stopped to examine the lamps.

They were bronze, cast, polished and graved. All round the circumference of each bowl were figures in half-relief, representing a woman dancing. She was the woman of the knife-hilt, and of the lamps in the arena! She looked like Yasmini! Only she could not be Yasmini because these lamps were so ancient and so rare that he had never seen any in the least like them, although he had visited most of the museums of the East.

BOTH lamps were aloke. He crossed to make sure and tok each in his hands in turn. But no two figures of the dance were alike on either. It was the same woman dancing, but the artist had chosen twenty different poses with which to immortalize his skill, and hers. Both lamps burned sweet oil with a wick, and each had a chimney of horn, not at all unlike a modern lamp-chimney. The horn was stained red.

As he set the second lamp down he became aware of a subtle interesting smell, and memory took him back at once to Yasmini's room in the Chandni Chowk in Delhi where he had smelled it first. It was the peculiar scent he had been told was Yasmini's own—a blend of scents, like a chord of music, in which musk did not predominate.

He took three strides and touched the curtains, discovering now for the first time that there were two of them, divided down the middle. They were about eight feet high, and each three feet wide, of leather, and though they looked old as the "Hills" themselves the leather was supple as good cloth. They had once been decorated with figures in gold leaf, but only a little patch of yellow here and there remained to hint at faded glories.

He decided to remember his manners again, and at least to make opportunity for an invitation.

"Kurram Khan hai!" he announced, forgetting the echo. But the echo was the only answer. It cackled at him, cracking back and forth down the cavern to die with a groan in illimitable darkness.

"Kurram-urram-urram-urram-urram-ah-hai! Urram-urram-urram-urram-ah-hai! Urram-urram-urram—ah-hh-ouch-ah!"

There was no sound beyond the curtains. No answer. Only he thought the strange scent grew stronger. He decided to go forward. With his heart in his mouth he parted the curtains with both hands, startled by the sharp jangle of metal rings on a rod.

So he stood, with arms outstretched, staring—staring—staring—with eyes skilled swiftly to take in details, but with a brain that tried to explain—formed a hundred wild suggestions—and then reeled. He was face to face with the unexplainable—the riddle of Khinjan Caves.

(To be continued.)

Starting Early.

Friend—"What is your baby going to be when he grows up?"

Financier—"A blackmailer, I'm afraid."

Friend—"Impossible! What makes you think so?"

Financier—"We have to give him something every little while to keep him quiet."—Tit-Bits.

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STORIETTES

SOMETHING happened to the steering gear and his machine dashed across a crowded sidewalk and into a jeweler's store window. It cost him heavily to settle everything, and after that he didn't drive his car. Last week he hired an expert chauffeur to tool him down town. Soon some trouble developed. He hailed the driver:

"What's the matter?"

"Steering gear gone wrong, sir! What shall I do?"

"Drive into the cheapest thing you see!"

* * *

Cook's Tour.

Butler—"Madam, the new cook has come and she wants to know where she will keep her motor."—Life.

* * *

Not Attracted.

"Some day you'll be rich enough to retire from business."

"Give up my nice, pleasant office and stay home?" rejoined Mr. Growcher. "I should say not."—Washington Star.

* * *

Too Tender-hearted.

"I understand that your daughter is going to take music lessons."

"Not exactly," replied Farmer Corntossel. "We haven't the heart to tell her that her voice sounds terrible, so we're goin' to hire a regular teacher to do it."—Washington Star.

* * *

Recovery Paid.

In times of peace Smith might have been an author who had drifted into some useful occupation, such as that of a blacksmith, but just now he is cook to the Blankshire officers' mess. Smith sent Murphy into the village to bring home some chickens ordered for the mess.

"Murphy," said Smith, the next day, "when you fetch me chickens again, see that they are fastened up properly. That lot you fetched yesterday all got loose, and though I scoured the village I only managed to secure ten of them."

"'Sh!" said Murphy. "I only brought six."—Tit-Bits.

* * *

The lady of many portable possessions was moving from town to the seashore for the summer. A cab had been thought big enough to convey her and her property to the station, and the cabman sat there, passing from one stage of disgust to another still deeper, while his vehicle, inside and out, was piled high with a miscellaneous assortment of cherished belongings. At last the task of loading came to an end.

"Is that all?" inquired the cabman with polite incredulity.

"Yes," was the reply.

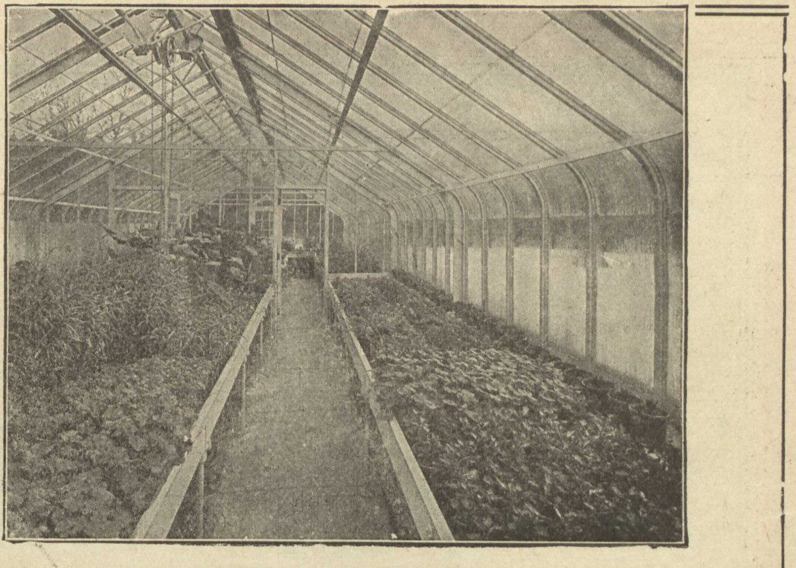
The cabman looked surprised. "Seems a pity," he ejaculated, "to leave the doorstep."

* * *

At a monthly dinner of a local club, held in a downtown hotel one day this week, a group of diners were quietly criticizing the effort of a post-prandial orator who had just consumed about half an hour of the ten minutes allotted him for a talk. The private conversation was productive of an epigram which passed rapidly around the table. "Say what you want to about Jones," asserted one of the group; "I maintain that he is a brilliant talker?"

"What do you mean brilliant talker?"

"Well, sir, he can express less in more words than anybody I ever heard."



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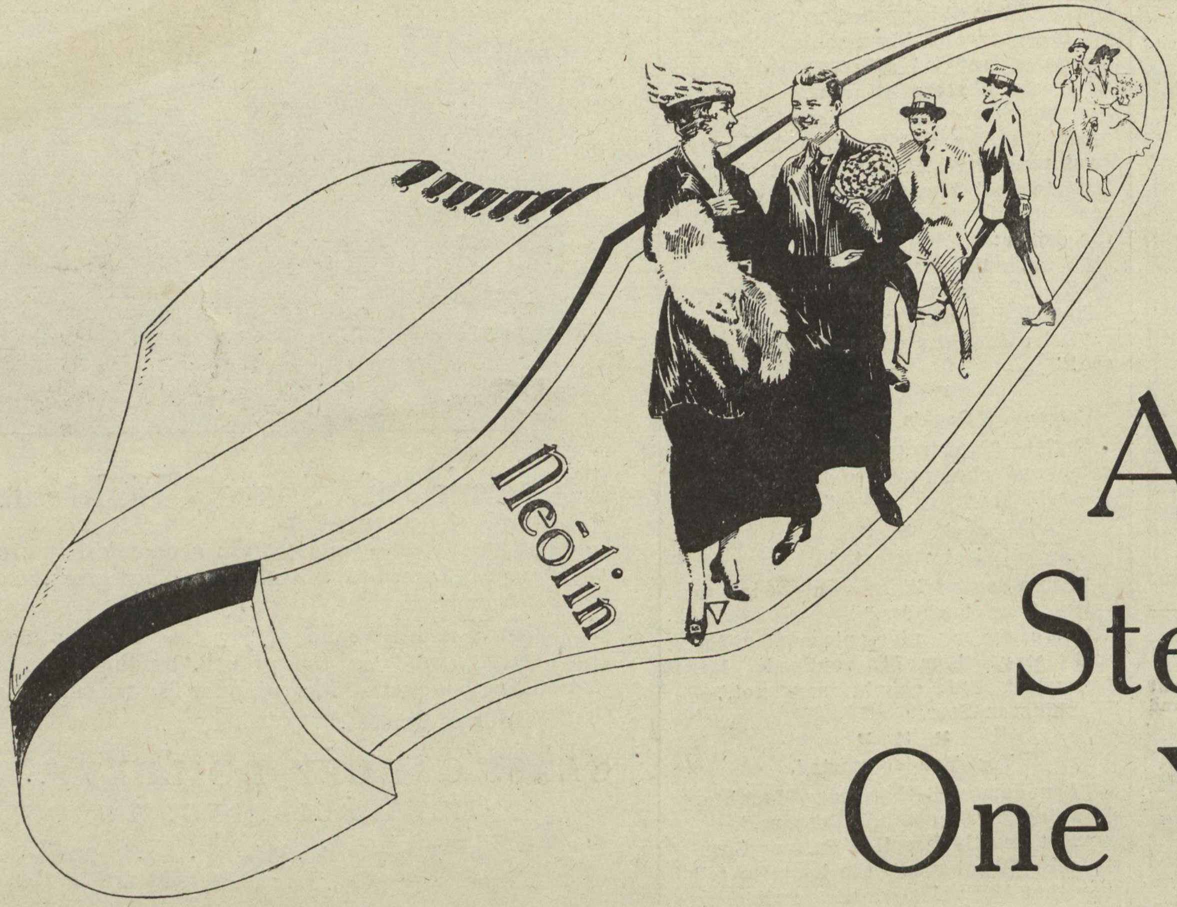

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