THE NEW POLITICS AT OTTAWA

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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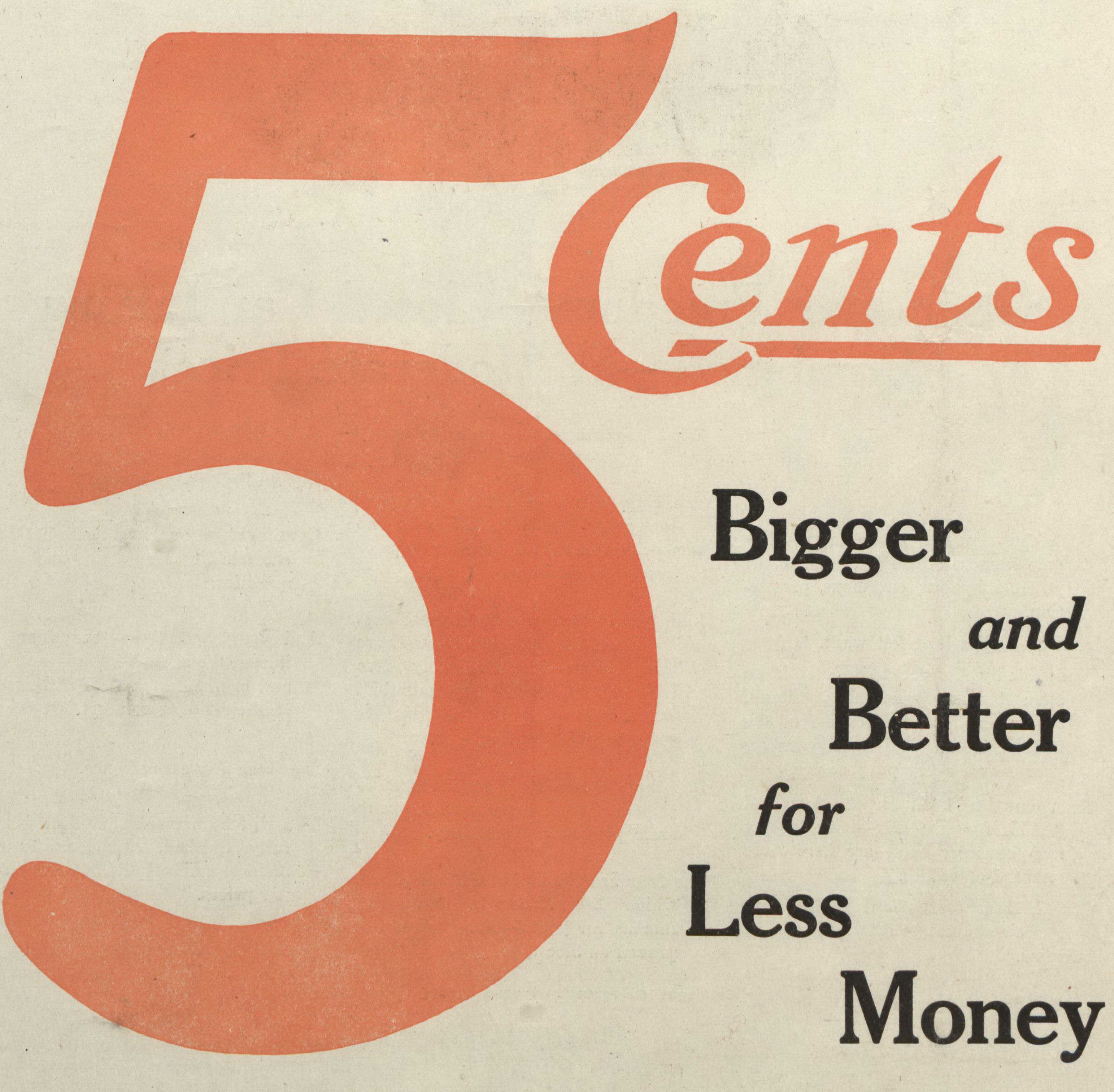

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ALDERMANIC AMBIGUITIES.

Ald. Sam McBride, who recently got a lot of publicity by reason of his violent tongue-lashings of other Toronto aldermen, and his bumping of a smaller alderman's head against the Council Chamber wall for having referred to him as "a wind-bag," started off this year with a good resolution to behave and avoid personalities. He really meant it, but it is not in his nature to be peaceful. He loves a scrap. He is the original type that would rather fight than eat. So it is not to be wondered at that he broke out into belligerent speech and action ere the year was out.

No member of Toronto City Council is as active as Ald. McBride—they call him "Silent Sam." Council meetings are held on alternate Mondays. The Board of Control reports are delivered to the members on the previous Friday night or Saturday morning. His friends say that Ald. Sam is almost glued to his telephone from the time he gets his report until Council meets, calling up the members and directing them how they should vote on the various matters that are to be dealt with. He would probably deny that "directs" them, but nevertheless that is what it amounts to when one talks to "Silent Sam." He also gets in touch with a multitude of other people whose interests are affected by Board of Control recommendations, and when he comes into Council the alderman is loaded down with a mass of data which keeps him talking ad infinitum.

At the last Council session he made over a score of speeches, long and short, with innumerable smaller efforts and interjections, points of order, etc. He has come to regard it as his right, say his critics, to speak after every other member has spoken, offering evidence in rebuttal as it were, and in this way he speaks as often and as long as the other 24 members of Council combined. No chairman can hold him. He himself is permanent chairman of the Committee of the Whole, but he is constantly jumping out of the chair to make a speech, and the man he asks to take his place very often gives him free rein. Rules of order are the veriest trifles to "Silent Sam." He rides rough-shod over and through them. They were made to be broken.

His manner of speaking is amusing at first and then tiring. He frequently repeats himself. He uses some odd phrases and words. "Tain't fair!" is one of his commonest exclamations. "Let us deal with this matter in a business way," is another McBride bromide. "Exorbient" is his version of "exorbitant." Once, when the City Council Manual was under discussion, he referred to it as the "ritual." He will take a fling with equal east at the baldhead or the business methods of an opponent. He spares nobody when he can hit. But when the session is over and they file out he greets his foe of a few minutes before with a smile and a slap on the back. At the last meeting he had a wordy battle with Controller Cameron. Next morning he met the Controller with a cheery smile and a "Hello, Bob—how are you?" Controller Cameron regarded him with cold and calculating eye for a moment and then in a sentence sized up the McBride character: "I don't know what to think of you—you're a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

And no doubt "Silent Sam" went straight out to make inquiry as to the antecedents of the Jekyll and Hyde person. We may expect to hear more of this anon.

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THE COURIER

Vol. XX. October 14th, 1916 No. 20

THE NEW POLITICS AT OTTAWA

By BRITTON B. COOKE

LET all those good cozy people who have looked with satisfaction upon the face of Canadian politics gaze now long, hard, and with their utmost tenderness. If there is to be any shedding of post-mortem encomiums or any tear dropping, let them get it over with now, once and for all. For the shining figure of Death is booked to cross the political stage at Ottawa some time around next Valentine's Day or Easter time with a sickle three thousand miles long and a mind bent on harvesting all the old political notions that have been cluttering up this country for the past few decades. Let those who have been counting on their tried and tested party loyalty and on the sum total of errands they have been running for pooh-bahs in the political comedy, to get them jobs some day—let 'em try to collect a little cash on account right away. For the political loyalty bank is approaching difficulties and likely to pay about two cents on the dollar to expectors of patronage. Let the stand-patters and the stick-in-the-muds and the Life-Long-Readers of the Manitoba Free Press or the Montreal Star fetch out their gas masks! Let the lazy folk who have taken their politics as a matter of habit and prejudice prepare their souls for sleepless nights! And, above all, let those holy people who dub Canadian politics "low," who abhor the sordid actualities of party politics, and who c-o-u-l-d contribute so much to Canadian public life if it were not for its "contaminating associations"—let all cranks and self-starters and reformers and reactionaries bring on their props and begin rehearsing for Prime Ministerships and Portfolios! For, in the matter of innovations, the next session of Parliament is going to be a twin-six with a forty-two centimetre bore. It promises surprises and counter-surprises, earthquakes, wars and rumours of war.

OTTAWA makes a sound like the proverbial stillness before a storm. There are all the features of the landscape in their usual places! Lo is Premier Borden jogging along to the East Block in his 'bus! Lo Sir Wilfrid rolling to his office-pro tem in the Victoria Museum in HIS 'bus! The same little grey landladies scrub the same front stoops of the same boarding houses. Same poor relations of ex-Governor-Generals and ex-Ministers snooping along outside the windows of the Sparks Street shops. Same diligent gang in the stuffy hole behind the C. P. R. telegraph office which serves the Press Gallery 'tween sessions. Same Bob Rogers! Same cunning look buttoned on behind his ears. Same Alex. Smith browsing solemnly around on same apparently aimless missions for the Grits. Same grafters who have quit the Russell House for the Chateau, and the lesser grafters who have quit the Grand Union for the Russell, and all the little pikers and big pikers who go to make a summer day. Here, you might say, lies indulgent Ottawa, unchanged. But it isn't. It's full o' bombs, and not just anti-Government bombs, but ones that will one day soon shake both parties, breaking old lines, upsetting old policies and making necessary a general re-alignment of political allegiances. Some time between next March and Christmas, 1917, there is likely to be an election. The Tories, with the cheerfulness of the desperate, say they will be beaten to a froth unless—and they keeping wrastling over that "unless" wherever they meet. The Liberals agree on this point, but without the cheerfulness! It is infinitely more comfortable for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be a cold moon lighting the shades of opposition than a resplendent sun shedding his glory over the Government benches, but responsible also for the general management of a colossal task under the eyes of a country with a cranky political conscience.

II.

If we observe on the faces of Conservative and Liberal politicians up here clouds of doubt and hesitation—if these men sometimes appear about as adequate for the work of running this country as a pail of water to slake the thirst of a bush fire, we should lay the blame at only one door: our own. We have betrayed the politicians. We have taught them that if they would only do thus and so, build railways, import immigrants, and co-operate with the Lord in the matter of good harvests—why, then, the country would issue them diplomas affirming their claim to be called statesmen, and giving them a gambler's chance for office. Now conditions have changed; our system of education for politicians has been shown to be a farce; and we find ourselves almost without leadership, certainly without greatly gifted leadership in either party. Nobody knows half so well as Ottawa knows how totally inadequate it is. There was once a time when the running of this country was a sort of pipe dream—with real opium in it. There was plenty of money coming in and millions available for any treasurer energetic enough to carry a tin pail to London. The one and only problem of a Government was how to get rid of the money. In this they showed, it must be said, a fair amount of industry. At least they tried. Did any one insist on having the question of Technical Education investigated—why here was ten thousand per year per man and travelling expenses to several worthies who would turn out a report as big as a house and as intelligible as the inside of a bait can. Did someone whisper Good Roads—and here were other millions of dollars to be scattered abroad as an old lady waters flowers. Was Agriculture to be helped—here were millions with which to duplicate and triplicate the efforts of the provincial departments of agriculture. Purpose, courage, persistence, co-ordination of effort, economy of resources—these qualities were not asked for nor offered. That was true of the Liberal Government of Reciprocity fame and true of the Borden Government that succeeded it. But the Borden Government was cruelly trapped. The most unfair, most unladylike war arose and required of the politicians qualities they had never before been called upon to study. They rose like one man to the occasion. They have been sweating ever since to meet new occasions. But they have failed and know they have failed. And the Liberals know it and know that they also would have failed. And the whole of Ottawa is in a funk.

IF you don't believe, come up and see. One of the best evidences of Ottawa's frame of mind is the way it talks about Sir Thomas White—and the way Sir Thomas talks about himself. Sir Thomas White has probably rendered more real brain service to this country in his few years of office than any one man who has held office as a Minister—I am not now speaking of Prime Ministers, whose functions are particular and peculiar—since Confederation. To Ottawa, Sir Thomas is little short of a miracle. The frame of mind on both sides of politics regarding Sir Thomas is not unlike that of the farmer who saw a two-humped camel for the first time. "Hell," said Ottawa, "they ain't no such animal!" Now it calls Sir Thomas White "great" —and even Sir Thomas admits it! Yet as a matter of fact there are a couple or three Sir Thomas White's in every big bank and in every reputable financial institution of any size in this country. In other words, two-humped camels are common in the business world. It's only when they stray into Ottawa politics that they are remarked.

The Borden Government—any Government that might take office in Ottawa at the present time—has to face a series of questions like a roomful of creditors in an assignee's office. Some of these demand immediate payment. Others may be stalled off. The immediate creditor is the army. It has been promised five hundred thousand men and hasn't got them. Does the Government propose to let the matter stand? Or to bring in a form of conscription? Or deny that it can ever raise the debt? The Government has gained a little time by appointing Sir Thomas Tait to inaugurate a sort of national registration scheme. He may be able to report before the war is over and he may not. He may show that conscription is necessary or he may not. And if he does show it and if he does report in time, it is still problematical whether the Borden Government has courage to carry out a scheme of conscription. Another matter is the High Cost of Living question, which the Government had hoped was put off, at least for a time, by the appointment of a Cost of Living Commission. That Commission has spent much, written much and proven nothing but its own futility. A third creditor is the railway question—and a commission has been appointed to solve that riddle, fortunately a good commission. But the most serious subjects are those which have to do with our preparations for peace! On this point Government and Opposition alike appear to be absolutely bankrupt of ideas. The proposed Business Man's Conference, so eloquently referred to by Sir George Foster, is in a state of confusion—of which more at some other time. Various departments are messing around with different aspects of the same questions, stumbling over one another's feet, duplicating and re-duplicating one another, and all as jealous of one another as a parcel of women feeding cakes to a new parson. Even in the matter of statistical information, one of the most necessary factors in the study of national questions, confusion, overlapping and incompleteness prevail, and though an able man has been assigned by the Government to remedy this situation, he is said to be hampered in the necessary construction of a skeleton system by the sensitiveness of the various departments. In short, Ottawa resembles nothing more than a conclave of four-year-olds making mud-pies in a tulip-bed. There is here neither purpose, nor direction, nor the will to learn. Above all, there is lack of co-ordination of effort. Borden is working like a navvy on questions that his weak ministers haven't nerve enough to decide for themselves. Foster is galavanting around with a Dominion's Royal Commission which is having a very fine time and achieving nowt, as the Yorkshires say. Senator Casgrain is mending political fences in Quebec. The two other French-Canadian Ministers are playing with their dolls. Martin Burrell is still sick and frightfully busy being a gentleman. Cochrane's sick, and Reid, now Minister of Customs, is trying to work his way into Cochrane's portfolio—Reid is a horse for work but uninspired. Roche couldn't tell a good idea from a bad one in a hatful. Meighen, busy running errands for all the other Ministers, has lost his perspective. Rogers is the professional Bad Man of the party, and doesn't pretend to statecraft. At the time of writing he is still chuckling over the herring he drew across the trail of the Manitoba Agricultural College. So it goes. And of the Liberals, two alone are worth setting up against Borden and White. They are Sir Wilfrid and George Graham. Even they aren't saying very much. It is queer the modesty that overtakes a man when there is a real possibility of his being called upon to show h-o-w a difficult job should be done.

THE next session of Parliament—the first over which the Duke of Devonshire will cast his vice-regal illumination—will be a political duelling match. It will be concerned more sincerely with politics than with the business of the State. The Liberals and the Conservatives will in all probability spend their time jockeying for a favourable position in view of the general election which is almost certain to be called at the end of that session. Between now and the summoning of the Commons there is likely to be a great deal of party reconstruction planned, if not indeed carried out. Further reconstruction may even take place during the session. The spirit of independence is stirring in the bosoms of even the hoariest partisans. The country is roused to the seriousness of its position and the dutiful service which it has a right to expect from its parliament. New issues are likely to arise that may detach Liberals from Liberalism and make them Tories, and turn life-long Tories into Radicals. Whether the parties, facing one another in the House, present a united front and maintain their fronts during the debates that follow, depends partly on the skill with

which the two leaders and their advisors now anticipate the issues likely to arise and adjust themselves and their organizations to meet these issues as they arise in the House. But one thing is almost certain: Borden will ask for an extension of the life of Parliament and will be forced to the country by the Liberals. Few of the weathercocks in Ottawa agree as to the probable time of a general election except to say that it will fall somewhere in the year 1917.

"Upon what issues will the Conservatives go to the country?" I asked a well-informed Conservative whose opinions are usually sound.

"Look 'em over for yourself," he said, smiling.

"Will they appeal on the grounds of a good record in office?"

"Yes, but they can't count much on it. Although all the war-contract scandals took place within the first five or six months of the war, and although Kemp, as the head of the Purchasing Commission, and Flavelle, as the head of the Munitions Board, are both doing splendid work—the country won't be slow to forget the old scandals, however trivial they may be in comparison to the total of our purchases. Sam Hughes will be another drag on the wheel though, mind you, Sam Hughes has done a lot of excellent work."

"But what positive plank will be put forward? The Loyalty cry?"

"Never. In the first place, it would be dangerous, and in the second place, Sam Hughes has spiked that gun by admitting, in Hansard, last session, that the majority of the senior officers in the first Canadian contingent were Liberals."

"How did he come to admit that?"

"That was the time he was accused of having favoured the Conservatives in making military appointments. To meet the charge he made a reply that effectually stops any effort to accuse the Liberals of sloth in the profession of war."

"What will you do about Quebec?"

"I think—I think you will see the Conservatives abandon it altogether. They might then try to hitch Laurier's name with Bourassa's name in such a way as to discredit Laurier's loyalty without appearing to attack the loyalty of the Liberal party. It might be effective, but I don't believe it will be attempted."

"What else, then?"

"Railways. I think—I may be wrong, of course—that this railway commission will bring in a report some time in the next few months. Sir George Paish is ill and can't act at present, but Drayton and the other man (Smith) can go ahead mapping out some sort of a scheme for solving the transportation problems of the country. Paish will then be called on to advise them on the financial end of the project and a definite report will be laid before the Government. Sizing up the personnel of that commission, I venture to think it will be a good report. I expect to see the Government take up the main points in the document, and announce a new railway policy with the promise that Drayton shall be made Minister of Railways to administer that policy."

"Their one trump?"

"Exactly."

And in all this, you say, where the "new politics?" In this:

Last session, when the Kyte charges were being flung across the House, the average spectator in the gallery, if he had ever heard charges made in the House before, yawned. It is nothing to hear men slanged in the Commons. Even Sir Thomas White, who was leading the Government at the time, thought it was only the usual sort of thing, and he rose languidly and was pulling the usual line of bluff that is always handed out on such occasions. He was treating the whole matter as a little thing that would come right as soon as the Liberals had a good night's sleep—when somebody tagged at Sir Thomas' coat-tails and whispered to him, it is said, "For God's sake, shut up." The Minister of Finance scented rats and nipped his speech off as close as he could, moving the adjournment at the same time. By all the rules of the game as it has been played in Ottawa, Sir Thomas had been right in his bluff. But the unexpected had happened. In the corridor outside the Chamber, Conservative members were holding hated discussions even while White was spreading the oil. Men who two years ago would have winked and laughed at the Kyte charges, were giving vent to their indignation, and though the usual party parasites, the boot-lickers who follow the party—whichever party—for what it gives them rather than for what it is, hung around trying to smooth the waters, they failed. They were confronted with conscientious politics.

It is this new kind of politics that will make the difference at the next session. Good fellowship and a dinner won't be enough to guarantee the allegiance of one M.P. to another. The power of the whips which has so often in the past been based on petty blandishments and appeals to the "one of the boys" instinct, will be missing. It will be sincere conviction that holds the groups together. That is the New Politics, and the New Politics means new chances for new men. Different standards of public conduct are already being forged. And in the next election they will be a challenge to the country to bring out its best men for Parliament. This changed mood may roughly be described as a sort of renewed "honesty." I don't mean only honesty in regard to material things, but intellectual honesty as well. There are many men who have held by their party affiliations without ever considering whether in the bottom of their hearts they were of Liberal or Conservative turn of mind. Men of this sort are likely to meet a testing time as, for instance, when an accidental Liberal is called upon to support some principle of real Liberalism in connection with the French-Canadians, or when a habitual Conservative is faced with some ultra-Conservative decision affecting, say, the constitutional relations of Canada to London. Hitherto it has been the general custom to evade "show-downs." It is much more comfortable to "stick with the crowd." But it will be much less possible in the next session of the House. That is part of the hope and part of the doubt of the New Politics,

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THE PRINCESS DEPARTS

An Appreciation of Her Character

By FEMINA

BLESSINGS brighten as they take their flight. The Princess Patricia is surrounded by an added radiance as we see her for the last time. From the beginning her presence was veiled in romance, the very fact of her being a princess dazzled us, for we have never quite outgrown the love for the heroines of our childhood's fairy tales, and they were always princesses and always beautiful. Now that we view them with a more critical eye, we perceive they were never anything else but beautiful, all the action in the plot was reserved for the fairy prince. But our princess is not only very lovely, but ever so many other things as well.

This beautifully-dressed regal woman will be much missed in Ottawa—and all over Canada.

The first time we saw her she was a trifle listless, feeling, perhaps, a stranger in her new Canadian home: the last time we saw her she looked radiant, and we venture to hope that, mingled with her joy at returning to the Old Land, she experiences a regret in leaving Canada. She never looked lovelier than when visiting a convalescent home in Toronto she talked with a group of men from her own regiment, the "Princess Pats," smiling gaily while the Duchess, who had been chatting with a man blinded in battle, turned aside to wipe her eyes. Another picture of the Princess which will linger long in the memory of those who saw her standing beneath a portrait of Queen Victoria, painted when she was about the same age as the Princess, and when some one drew her attention to the fact, she looked up at her grandmother's portrait and smiled.

Did you ever notice the Princess Patricia's clothes? They are always pleasing and graceful, but never obtrusive. One saw the woman first—the clothes were quite secondary—and if our eyes travelled from her lovely face they were apt to be arrested by the wonderful long rope of pearls she often wore. We saw her only on gala days, and it was difficult to decide whether she looked better in her garden frocks and big picture hats, in a yellow and gold evening gown or a simple costume at the race course dodging photographers—a feat made difficult by her great height. Those who saw her this summer on horseback in the Rocky Mountains, or disporting in the swimming pool at Banff, say that she is a "real sport," and is at her best out of doors. It thrills us to know she is healthy and human like ourselves, but we cling to the vision of the Princess looking as we feel all princesses should look, tall and stately, with a far-away look in her eyes.

An oil painting of the Princess painted in Canada by Miss Gertrude des Clayes, has been very much admired, but the appearance of the Princess Patricia will be perpetuated in Canada chiefly through the coloured reproduction of her miniature by Mr. Montagu Marks, which the small price asked places in the reach of all. Lady White recently announced that the funds of the Red Cross were enriched by $1,001.20 from the sale of the miniatures at the Toronto Exhibition alone.

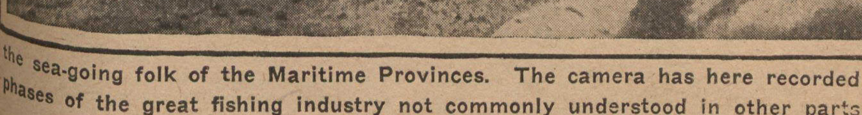
Not content with being a Princess and a sport, she is an artist as well. Her paintings have been shown at our prominent exhibitions, where they would have been welcomed had they been signed by an unknown name. One of them now hangs in the National Gallery at Ottawa, and another has been promised to the Art Museum of Toronto. A flower study, "Narcissus," which she donated to the Exhibition in aid of the Patriotic Fund, brought a higher price than any of the other canvases. The studies of flowers and still-life are particularly good, and she is too artistic to attempt a subject that is beyond her powers. The first works she exhibited in Canada included some interesting landscapes, painted while visiting her sister, the Crown Princess of Sweden.

Her love of art has another outlet. She is very fond of music as well, and has begun to cultivate her voice. "Imagine starting to sing at my age!" she said laughingly. To be sure, great singers usually begin when they are very young, but our Princess is so wonderful she may yet become a prima donna! And whatever she does in the future she may be sure of our interest and our love, for she has greatly endeared herself to many whose faces and names are strange to her, and we venture to hope that she will return our admiration by feeling in her old home an affection for things Canadian.

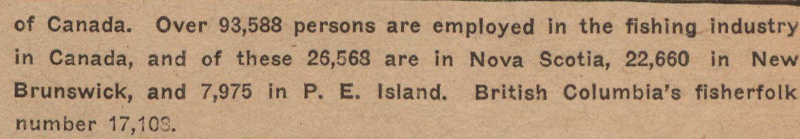
"Farmers" *of the* Sea *at* Work

Scenes among the People who Harvest Cod Instead of Wheat

THESE two sturdy Nova Scotian lads have just got ashore from their father's schooner before she cleared for the Grand Banks. The second picture shows a shipwright's man at work caulking the seams of a fisherman's craft with oakum. The two workers in the third picture are rubbing molten pitch on a new dory. The fourth picture shows how the catch is barrelled, and the fifth how the nets are mended in the odd moments ashore. These pictures were taken by a very skilful amateur photographer, Miss Edith S. Watson, during a recent visit among



the sea-going folk of the Maritime Provinces. The camera has here recorded phases of the great fishing industry not commonly understood in other parts



of Canada. Over 93,588 persons are employed in the fishing industry in Canada, and of these 26,568 are in Nova Scotia, 22,660 in New Brunswick, and 7,975 in P. E. Island. British Columbia's fisherfolk number 17,109.

THE PEACOCK SCREEN

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Illustration by John Newton Howitt

BECAUSE Yvette was beautiful, men flattered her, and because men flattered her, Yvette was beautiful. Her dark eyes had the exquisite daring of the woman who knows she pleases. The blood came readily into her smooth, pale cheek because admiring glances called it there; and her red flower of a mouth shaped itself easiest to smiling acceptance of broken hearts. It is a gracious look and difficult of attainment to the plainer sisters.

Yvette, withal, was not invincible.

Back in the earlier days of her reign there had been a man, and while the man went—as men do—the memory remained. I mention this merely to open the way to other facts. Yvette had, then, beauty, prestige—and a past, of a delicate hidden sort. It was but natural that thus endowed, she should come eventually to consider matrimony.

Her mother—have I said that Yvette's mother was none other than Mrs. Jacques de la Fuente nee Duprez—her mother, perhaps, stated the case well.

"In a year you will be twenty-four," she said, the beautiful limpid French softening and sweetening the words. "That is, almost an old maid. It is time, Yvette, you thought—I, myself, was married at fifteen."

Yvette touched her rosy nails with a chamois-skin, and sighed. She was standing at the moment before her dressing table, and the candles set in tall sconces on either side of that artistic bit of furniture afforded a mellow radiance to the mirror's depths.

"At fifteen," repeated the mother, a trifle insistently, "I was married."

"But from the cradle—to the grave!" said Yvette, and fastened a single string of pearls about her long white throat.

"What is it you say?" asked Mrs. de la Fuente, somewhat sharply. She was not infrequently to be found some distance in the rear of her daughter.

"How you must have been bored!" said Yvette.

"In my trousseau," continued the lady, "I had, as you know, great quantities of real lace. The veil of my grandmother, alone——"

"Eh!" said Yvette, "it does not matter." She shrugged her slender shoulders. "I am quite willing to marry—but the man?"

Then Mrs. de la Fuente flung out a crafty feeler. "He has been most attentive," she murmured, "and there is no slightest fault to be found with his position, his name——"

"His money," thrust in Yvette, almost vulgarly. "Say it, mama! You mean Tony Whiting." She added with a little yawn, "I had thought of that, myself."

"He has perhaps spoken," said Mrs. de la Fuente, rather eagerly.

"No!" said Yvette. "No"—and finished superbly arrogant, "but he will speak to-night."

She drew on a pair of long white gloves, slipped into a long black velvet coat with a collar of fur, and extinguished the candles on the dressing table.

"What is it to-night?" she asked, languidly. "'Faust'? If you knew how tired I am of that opera with its tenor who is just a grocer's boy in doublet and hose, and its so mysterious devil and its so silly Marguerite. Mind the stair, mama!"

AND it came to pass, as they say in ancient chronicles, that Tony Whiting spoke that night. He had been wanting only the infinitesimal encouragement which Yvette allowed him during the "Jewel Song." The box was very dark, and he sat just behind her, where his eyes could rest without ostentation upon the little curl that touched her neck. It was in his sight, perhaps, the sweetest thing about her—that little wayward, kissing curl. Once she dropped her fan, and when he stooped for it, her fingers fumbled delicately over taking it back. It is just such things which derail the train of otherwise quite prudent events.

In any case, Whiting spoke, in a slow, careful whisper, while Marguerite upon the stage trilled brassily above some bits of coloured glass; she was a stout Marguerite, it may be hardly necessary to remark, with a vanishing waist line and three chins.

Tony Whiting's waist line was also being threatened, and the hair at his temples had yielded visibly to the persuasion of time, but he had still but one chin and that a good one.

"Yvette," he whispered—not even her mother heard him, though she had always an ear that way—"Yvette! You're very beautiful to-night."

Yvette just lowered her lashes. They were long and touched her cheek with a suggestion of shyness. A smile stirred the corner of her mouth. She did not speak. She knew how it went, that game.

"Suppose," said Whiting, very softly, "you put me out of my agony to-night—yes or no? Are you listening, Yvette?"

Yvette bent her head a very little to say that she was listening. The real old lace above her heart lifted and fell quite evenly. She did not flush.

"Will you?" said Whiting. At least in his throat the breath caught nervously. "Will you, Yvette?"

It was a queer question to ask while Marguerite bedizened her matronly self with ear-rings and necklaces. Whiting, perhaps, realized the queerness of it, for he leaned a little nearer and touched Yvette's scarf reverently with the tips of his fingers.

"It's been going on a long time—with me," he said. "Nothing new—as you know."

Yvette folded her hands in her lap. She looked at the stage—and she looked back over her shoulder into Whiting's eyes. If you had been reared with the end in view of some day entering upon a certain road, you would not, when that road unfolded itself before your feet, draw back. Neither did Yvette. She took her first step between its orderly hedges, naturally enough, without excitement.

"I know," she said, very softly in her turn.

"You will?" said Whiting, incredulous to the last adoring fibre of his being.

"Yes," said Yvette. She was not at all slow.

AND that was the great moment, come and gone, without any blare of trumpets, while Marguerite ogled herself before a mirror, and the devil loitered redly in the background coquetting with Dame Martha.

Mrs. de la Fuente received the news with radiance.

"Dear little one," she said, "I had hoped for it. He is most charming—in every way eligible—not a Creole, of course, but there are really many delightful people uptown. I am confident you will be happy. For the trousseau, of course, you will have Marie?"

"I had not thought of the trousseau," said Yvette.

"Ah youth! youth!" sighed Mrs. de la Fuente, sentimentally. "Colour of rose, and another colour—of the loved one's eyes."

"I had not thought of that, either," said Yvette.

When she stood once more before the mirror of her dressing table and lit the candles, she looked at herself with a vague interest. After a while she drew the back of one hand lightly across her lips. Whiting had kissed her in the discreet moment when Mrs. de la Fuente, mounting the stairs, had left them alone together.

The lips were softly crimson, much as usual, but Yvette, standing between the candles, stared at them curiously, somewhat as though she expected a scar.

She was not given to analysis of her emotions, Yvette. She only stared and sighed, and presently undressed herself, and went to bed with a queer little smile twisting one corner of her mouth. She did not sleep very much, it is true, but an engagement involves a certain amount of excitement not conducive of slumber, and Yvette had not expected to sleep.

Next day she was none the worse for wear, and went upon her way with considerable calm.

Also, when Whiting next kissed her, she neglected subsequently to erase it. She was nothing like so ardent as he, it is true, but then as she explained to him with a lovely indifference, ardour is not the woman's part.

"You care the most?" said Yvette. "Naturally. It should be like that."

"H'mph!" said Whiting. After those brief crucial moments at the opera, he had regained something of his usual poise—a delightfully humorous sophistication and untouched with cynicism. "I dare say—balance of power—eh?"

"There is an old French proverb," said Yvette, turning her winking solitaire about a cool white finger, "which says that there is always one who kisses and one who—how do you say?—one who presents the cheek. It is true, I suppose. And it should be the man who kisses. Otherwise he might grow tired."

"H'mph!" said Whiting, again. "There's something in that, of course—for flirtations—and episodes. This thing of ours goes a bit deeper—eh? I can't seem to see myself getting tired in case you—well, in case you ever decided to take the initiative. Mind being kissed, Yvette?"

"But that is absurd!" said Yvette, smiling.

"YES—of course," said Whiting. He stroked his clean-shaven chin, which was as yet but one chin, and looked at Yvette out of keen, clear, grey eyes. His own smile had a winning kindliness, but it came slow. "Of course," he repeated. "By nature you're a trifle cold, I fancy—that's all."

Yvette looked at him swiftly and looked away.

"Queer!" said Whiting, "your eyes, now—but you wouldn't have said you'd marry me unless you cared—Yvette?"

"Why should you suppose——" Yvette began.

"You're very beautiful," said Whiting, "and you're young. It's incredible that you shouldn't have stirred up a grand passion, somehow. I don't want to be insistent about it, but, my dear girl, don't for God's sake decide to marry me for any reason but the one I've mentioned! You'd do yourself injustice."

"You seem to think," said Yvette, "that it is impossible I should—care—for—you."

"Not impossible," said Whiting, quietly. "An exquisite miracle, if you like. Nothing's impossible. But I can't seem to believe in my own happiness—and I wish it might sometimes occur to you to touch me of your own accord." Then he asked a strange question. "Ever been anybody else, Yvette?"

And Yvette said what every woman says when she feels the wall at her back.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Any other man?" said Whiting, slowly. "At any stage of the game?"

Said Yvette: "I have known a great many men."

And said Whiting: "Yes, of course, that's what I was thinking. Any of 'em leave a scar?"

A scar, you will remember, was what Yvette had looked for on her lips. Not having found it, she probably felt justified now in smiling and shaking her head.

"Thank God!" said Whiting, rather suddenly.

Yvette turned pale.

Afterwards, when she remembered the conversation, she gave audience to a ghost by way of corollary; but nothing resulted, and the trousseau went forward triumphantly. Mrs. de la Fuente swam in satisfaction like a trout in a purling stream. She designed gowns and matched laces. She hobnobbed with dressmakers, and bullied seamstresses. The line of a hat was in her dreams by night, and the argot of the sewing room was on her tongue by day. All of this demanded money, and to obtain that money certain of Mrs. de la Fuente's diamonds found their way into the loan-shops. Yvette protested vainly.

"I do not wish, mama, that you should ruin yourself."

But Mrs. de la Fuente was obdurate.

"In my trousseau were two dozen of everything. Upon my petticoats even was real lace—and the veil of my grandmother—dear little one, will you have it draped back or falling before the face?"

WHEN Yvette had no definite desire to express upon this point, her mother reproached her tragically.

"Is it that you do not care? Unnatural child! I remember that I was mad with excitement for weeks before my wedding. I knew to a fold how I wished the veil to fall. I shed tears if a tuck too much was placed upon a skirt—and I had but fifteen years."

"Did you perhaps hide your doll beneath the steps of the altar?" inquired Yvette. Then she kissed her mother upon the cheek and smiled. She might have been the lovely elder sister of that other little girl in veil and orange blossoms.

"At least," said Mrs. de la Fuente, sighing before the hopelessness of Yvette's disinterest, "your papa approved. He found me wonderfully gowned. All men have eyes for chiffons upon a woman they love. Tonee will know if your veil is badly draped."

"And will he punish me, do you think?" asked Yvette. "Will he perhaps beat me, mama?"

She put on her hat while her mother was still scolding, wrapped herself in great soft black furs that accentuated the clearness of her colouring, and went out to motor with Whiting upon a wintry road. Those were not unhappy days.

Then the man came back. I believe there is a saying that this feat is not possible. Still, he came. His name was Douglas Hays, and Whiting brought him to call one Sunday afternoon.

YVETTE, coming into the drawing-room, halted a very little in her slow, gracious step. Her eyes when they first fell upon his face widened and darkened. Perhaps a slow flush burned across her cheek. But she gave her hand unhesitatingly. Yvette had race.

"Yvette," said Whiting, "may I present Mr. Hays? Miss de la Fuente, Mr. Hays."

And Yvette smiled.

"I think," she said, "that I remember Mr. Ha The year I came out—was it not?"

Mr. Hays smiled in his turn, but somewhat stiffly. His surprise wrote itself almost imperceptibly upon a lean, sunburned face. His eyes in that brown inscrutable setting were bright and blue like jewels, but the line of his mouth was hard.

"You've met before?" said Whiting, in pleasant inquiry.

"Quite some time ago," the other man admitted, equally upon the surface of things. "It's good of you to remember, me—Miss de la Fuente." Only to Yvette's conscious ear did the slight hesitation suggest that he stumbled over the formal appellation.

"I never forget names," said Yvette, indolently, and added as his eyes met hers, "but I have a dreadful memory—for faces. I am not sure I should have known——"

"Possibly I've changed," he suggested.

Whiting, from a corner of the davenport, put in an idle oar.

"Men of your type don't change a great deal, under, say fifty."

At which the two men crossed glances, courteously enough.

"Why, no," said Yvette, "you have not changed—as I remember you."

"Nor you," said Hays, almost significantly.

"Mr. Hays," said Whiting, in the ensuing pause, "is a stranger in a strange land, Yvette. Never been here but once before. I've asked him to see 'Aida' with us to-morrow night."

"That will be charming," said Yvette.

"It's very good of you," said Hays.

"You'll find the old Opera House interesting," said Whiting. He stood up slowly. "Think by any chance I'd find your mother in the library, Yvette? I've a message for her from my sister."

"All afternoon," said Yvette, calmly, "she has been in the library with a volume of de Maupassant. One fancies she will be there still, Tony."

And Tony went out with a nod and a smile. The curtains fell to behind him.

THEN the other man spoke. He leaned forward in his chair, elbows upon his knees, hands interlocked, and looked a little mockingly at his hostess.

"Hello, Yvette!" he said, as if he had not seen her before. The words were flippant, almost with a touch of impertinence.

Yvette looked back at him straightly. Nevertheless, an uncontrollable excitement stained her cheeks.

"You have not changed," she said, "in the least. You were always daring."

"Dear me, yes!" he agreed. "Why not? The ladies like it, God bless 'em!" Then, very suddenly, he dropped his smiling pose.

"I had no idea," he told her, "that it was you I was to see. Whiting mentioned no names. You believe me?"

"You know him well?" asked Yvette.

"I hadn't seen him in years until to-day. I knew him back East." He added curiously, "And you?"

"We are to be married," said Yvette.

"Oh!" said Hays. A little thereafter he smiled. "I congratulate him."

"Thank you," said Yvette.

Then the man looked into Yvette's eyes, and found them deep.

"Clean forgotten everything?" he suggested, coolly.

"What was there to forget?" she asked him.

"Never dig in the ashes?" he hinted.

"Ashes are cold and uninteresting," said Yvette.

She smiled, too. When he stared a little rudely, she smiled the sweeter.

"It is almost impossible," she apologized, "to remember everything, across four years. I dare say there are a great many things of which you are thinking, that I have forgotten. One meets so many men when one is a debutante——"

"I should like to stake my reputation, of which I am excessively jealous," said Hays, "that you have not forgotten. There are some things which one does not forget, and **die erste Liebe** is one of them."

"Were you that?"

"I," said he, "was that—however unworthily."

Yvette shrugged.

When she did not speak the lines of Hays' face changed swiftly. A compelling youth spoke from his eyes, and the whimsical, lifting corners of his mouth. It was the look Yvette remembered.

"I've never changed," he said. "Believe me, Yvette——"

And at that juncture, rather appropriately, Whiting came back into the room.

"I found your mother," he said, cheerfully, "and de Maupassant. Have you two revived your auld lang syne?"

Whiting's roses came next day upon the heels of Hays' less prodigal valley lilies.

"'In a year you will be twenty-four, almost an old maid,' said Mrs. de la Fuente."

Yvette wore the roses to the opera—and put the valley lilies in her room.

After the first act of "Aida," she questioned Whiting's pleasant hospitality abruptly.

"Tony—you know Mr. Hays well?"

Whiting shrugged. He drew his chair a little nearer, and lowered his voice.

"Fairly well, not infinitely. Likable chap, eh? Something of a gallant cavalier. Where did you know him?"

"He went about with the La Branches the winter I came out," said Yvette.

"Like him?" asked Whiting, carelessly. "By the way, I've asked him to a little dinner I'm having next week—for you."

"A dinner you're having for me?" said Yvette.

"Thought you'd like it—an old friend and all that," said Whiting. He sat back in his chair as the curtain rose.

Yvette heard very little of the music that night.

When she went home, she put the bowl of valley lilies downstairs in the library on the plea that their perfume was too heavy.

"It sickens me," she said, more or less truthfully.

Another thing she did was not so wise. She resurrected from a box in the depths of a clothes-closet a package of letters and read them through deliberately. The dawn came in at the window when she had finished. They were long letters, for the most part, and there were rather a number of them. The last one was enlightening.

"I accept your decision," it said, carefully, "but I can't help believing that this is not the end. Suppose we call it to-morrow's tangle, and trust to Fate to unravel it. You may be right. In any case, there is nothing more now for me to say. You have closed the subject."

"It was a very easy acceptance—of my decision," said Yvette to herself. "He never cared. If he had——"

Without finishing the sentence she went to bed, just as the streets were waking. She did not go to sleep at once, but then when she did she slept till noon, which somewhat recompensed her.

It is not one of the conditions for a successful betrothal that memories return.

Yvette was unhappy.

SHE endeavoured to be natural with Whiting, and succeeded in displaying to his keen grey eyes an undue effusiveness. She endeavoured to be natural with Hays, and by her resultant coldness convinced him easily that she was afraid of the old feeling. She endeavoured to be natural with her mother, who had memories of her own concerning Hays and her daughter and was therefore pacing the watch-tower, and succeeded only in arousing in the maternal breast a small simoon of anxiety.

In herself, Yvette was prey to a variety of emotions. Her nerves wore to fiddle-strings, and her nights were sleepless treadmills. She desired to be loyal to Whiting, but the lure of the first love called her insidiously. Also she said to herself—as does many another beloved one—that matrimony allows one no rain checks, and having purchased a ticket one must willy-nilly sit through the entire performance or go forth into outer darkness with no prospect of returning.

The thing faintly alarmed her—for the first time.

In contradistinction to each other she placed certain reluctant facts.

Whiting was nearing middle age. Hays was in the very prime of youth, daring, denied and dark—three potent D's.

Whiting loved her. Hays might or might not—a fact entirely in his favour by the very beauty of its uncertainty.

Whiting's hair was ebbing and his waist-coat obtained an almost imperceptible prominence. Hays was lithe as an Indian, and his hair thick as leaves at Vallombrosa.

Add to this: Whiting had money. Hays had not.

This last line is, of course, an inconsiderable factor. Another obscure line of reasoning is that she had given her word to Whiting; and once, a long four years ago, she had refused it to Hays, who had accepted that refusal, as his conduct had instigated it, without enormous regret.

Yvette, as I said, was unhappy.

She saw Hays often, and he made love to her so cleverly that only her wish which was perhaps the paternal progenitor of her thought could have been sure just what he was doing.

Also, she saw Whiting, seven days out of the week, and he made love to her less subtly, at the same time arranging ways by which the other man should have his opportunity.

"I'd like you to see something of Hays," said Whiting, on one occasion. "You don't dislike him, do you?"

"On the contrary," said Yvette; but just how much on the contrary she neglected, quite naturally, to add.

HAYS himself urged the question with rather more effect. Having come back, he desired to pick up the threads that his departure had broken. Yvette, more poised, more sought after, more delicately experienced in every way, appealed strongly to his appreciation. Possibly that appreciation acquired something of its fervency from the fact that Yvette was now behind the plate-glass window of another's prospective ownership. Men are like that. In any case, the appreciation was fervent, and its expression unmistakable. At first, for a little, he fenced, he experimented for the weak spot in her armour, and he fired from ambush. Then he came boldly into the open.

"You loved me once," he said. "You women don't forget."

"I cannot listen to you," Yvette rebuffed him uneasily.

"You could listen fast enough if you'd forgotten."

Which shot went home, and Yvette winced.

"You're afraid," he said, "that I can make you care again."

"I am afraid of nothing," said Yvette. But she would not look at him.

"Yvette," he said, with sudden passion, "it's like a flame consuming me, for all I thought myself so strong. I've forgotten all the other women I ever knew, and they've been more than two or three. You cared once—you've got to care again."

His hand shook while he said it, and it was true that Yvette had cared—once. There you have the markings of a very probable da capo, but time passed without a climax, and it came to be the night of the little dinner which Whiting was having for Yvette. He had it in his bachelor apartments, with Mrs. de la Fuente an imposing evidence of propriety at the head of the table.

In the centre of the table which was lit with rosy-shaded candles was a bank of pale orchids, and around the table—it was rather small—were Whiting, Yvette and Hays. I have said that Mrs. de la Fuente presided.

"But Tony," said Yvette, a little nervously perhaps, "are we your only guests?"

"Why, there's a camaraderie, I think, about these little dinners," said Whiting.

There was, however, small camaraderie about that little dinner. Mrs. de la Fuente alone talked determinedly and lightly on many subjects. Yvette ate little, and laughed a good deal. For the two men, Whiting was cheerfully silent, and Hays taciturn. The courses came and went, and eventually dinner was over. When the coffee cups were empty, Whiting led the way to his library.

"There's a fire," he said, "an open fire, which I find is always first aid to sociability."

About a quarter of an hour later he appealed to Mrs. de la Fuente.

"I have been hoping all day that you would play for us."

Mrs. de la Fuente rose with a pleased flutter.

"Ah, but I am old-fashioned," she protested, "I have not the music of to-day."

"I don't know your equal," said Whiting, "for 'Lucia' and 'Aida' and 'Trovatore'—all the real tunes."

He led her to the grand piano which occupied almost all of the room adjoining the library, and then came back to the fire.

"Celeste Aida" followed him, sighing upon the air.

"Well!" said Whiting, pleasantly conversational. He stood with his back to the fire, one hand in the pocket of his trousers, and looked from Yvette to Hays.

"Well, what, Tony?" said Yvette.

Hays crossed his legs, and looked at the fire.

"What have you decided?" asked Whiting.

"I!" said Yvette. She said it sharply, being startled.

"And Hays," said Whiting. He spoke quietly, beneath the music.

Then Hays looked at Yvette.

"What d'you mean?" he inquired, "I don't quite get you, my dear fellow. Is it a joke?"

"Shall I explain?" asked Whiting.

"If you please," said Yvette, her chin lifting proudly.

"I fancy," said Whiting, after a considering pause, "it won't be any too easy. Still, I've arranged this little dinner with a view to explanations, where two or three are gathered together, y'know— Yvette, have you ever found me unreasonable?"

"No," said Yvette.

"Or exacting?"

"No."

"Or unfair?"

"No—no!" She answered vehemently.

"Then you will answer a question if I ask it?"

"I will answer any question," said Yvette, "you choose to ask me."

"Thanks," said Whiting. He turned curtly to Hays. "Never knew me to be anything but square, did you?"

"So far as I know," said Hays, with the barest trace of a sneer.

"Then you will answer a question?"

"Concerning whom?"

"Concerning us three," said Whiting, quietly. He added, lifting his voice a trifle, "Ah, don't stop, Mrs. de la Fuente! Give us the immortal sextet."

"I will answer any question," said Hays to Yvette, "that you wish me to answer."

"Good!" said Whiting, cheerfully. "Now, then—here's the thing in a nutshell." He spoke swiftly, but rather low. "Do either or both of you wish me to release Yvette from her promise to marry me?"

The fire of seasoned logs crackled like thorns beneath a pot, and the immortal sextet flooded the room with melody. Otherwise ensued a silence.

"You're pretty frank, aren't you?" said Hays, at length.

Yvette said nothing, only looked.

"It would hardly escape me," said Whiting, still with the same pleasant quiet, "that is a triangle. Your firm sent you here, Hays, a couple of weeks ago. I had heard of you before you came. Gossip dies hard. I had heard that you were once extremely attentive to Miss de la Fuente. You're young, you're interesting, you have it on me every way but one. I wanted to be absolutely fair to the lady who had done me the honour to accept me, so I saw that she met you again—I saw that she met you rather frequently. I gave you every chance. I knew that old affairs sometimes rejuvenate themselves. You'll admit you've had fair play?"

He looked from Hays to Yvette, and back again. Yvette sat very still, all her delicate colour faded, her dark eyes fixed on Whiting's face.

And in the other room, Mrs. de la Fuente began on "Trovatore."

"A blind man couldn't help but see," said Whiting, coolly, "that there was something—am I in the way, Yvette? My dear, it's your happiness I'm considering."

"Do you ask me," said Hays, all at once, "if you are in the way—is that your question?"

"I do not," said Whiting, slowly, and for the first time the steel in his quiet eyes showed through, "because I am not considering you at all, unless it happens that she wants you."

Yvette locked her two hands tightly together in her lap, and kept silent. Doubtless **die erste Liebe** stirred in its grave, and doubtless the heart in her breast leaped with the old exultant urge of the skin-clad woman who beheld from an upper ledge two men belabouring each other upon her cave-step.

Woman is the one element the ages cannot altogether refine.

While she waited:

"Yvette!" said Hays, hoarsely. (And here is the hinge of the story—so far as it was in the man, he really loved her.)

But Whiting, without speaking, moved a peacock-embroidered screen a little forward to shield her face from the blaze.

Then Yvette drew a long breath. She lifted dark, glorious eyes to Whiting's waiting look, and her lip trembled.

She said:

"Do not be silly, Tony." That was all. Apparently, however, it was enough.

"Then that's settled," said Whiting, and he also drew a long breath. He had been under something of a strain.

"I fancy you'll forgive me if I leave early," said Hays. He went, with distinctly more dignity than might have been expected. He had come back, and he had not come back—which is an engaging paradox.

Then Whiting sat upon the arm of Yvette's big chair, a thing not every lover of forty years can do with grace, and laid his arm about Yvette's proud shoulders. It is pre-eminently the gesture of ownership.

"I was afraid, Yvette," he said, softly. "My dear, I was damnably afraid."

And Yvette—even as you and I—Yvette stood in the line of direct descent from Eve—"Ah, Tony," she said, "you might have had more—how do you say?—more faith in me!"

And what is stranger yet, she meant it.

THE CHARWOMAN'S CHANGE

By NORA JARVIS

"CHARWOMAN" or "Charlady"—which are we to call them?—surely it doesn't matter so long as you have one. But, ah! that's where the question comes—have you got one?

What a difference two years can make in the natural order of things and people. I remember that before the war (what a lot of things date from "before the war!") they were to be had for the asking—and now to anyone who is fortunate to have one they have become as priceless jewels.

Well, supposing Mrs. Penocle (they all have high faluting names like that for some unknown reason or other) does use up a whole bar of soap so quickly; does wear the scrubbing-brush out in no time, and is rather inclined to push the door back to the wall and wash by it instead of closing the door and washing behind it as Mrs. King (that Queen of "Charwomen" did) isn't it lovely when you go to bed on Monday night to think that Mrs. Penocle will be there on Tuesday?

Tuesday morning—what music there is in the knock on the kitchen door and with what a smile you greet her as she stands on the step—face rugged and scubbed until it is shining so much that you wonder why you do not see your reflection in it. You treat her with the respect which her position as the "only charwoman for miles round" demands and tell her—as you told her last week and will probably tell her next week—just where she can find the bucket, brooms, and are even going to point out where the tap is in your effort to please, when she boldly marches to it, having by now removed her hat and coat and hung her string bag on the hook. Yes, she always brings a string bag, and somehow or other you manage to find something to put in it and send home to the children—you must keep this treasure somehow!

When evening comes and you have closed the door behind her and taken a look round to see just how many little things she has missed, your thoughts return once more to Mrs. King. By this time you have placed her on a throne as a Queen (of Charwomen, of course!) a rank most befitting to the consort of a King. What matter if he was a road mender, was he not King? and so in the natural order of things she must be his Queen—and now she is set up as yours, too, and seems as far removed as a Queen usually is.

The first day you saw her—d'you remember how you laughed? A quaint little thing, wasn't she?

She was short—shorter than anyone you had ever seen—so short, in fact, that it seemed hardly necessary for her to get down on her knees to scrub the floor, she must be able to reach it without that! Always—always she wore the same brown skirt that had stretched while she shrunk, so that when she pinned it over at the back it made a tail and was so full it reminded you of a bustle. Her blouse had worn thin, but was so very clean. It always was, as were her aprons. But her face—a little thin face all brown and lined; a thin, pointed chin and a straight, thin nose, which seemed to be made for digging into dark corners, and her little bright eyes just looked straight down this straight, thin nose with a triumphant look at any little bit of dust she found in the corner. Her hair—that which is supposed to be a woman's crowning glory—was scratched back off her face and screwed into a little knob on top of her head through which three hairpins were pushed.

But, oh! she was quick and so good—at least you realize it now, and you think with a deep drawn sigh that a good friend, like good health, is never missed until gone. "A good friend!—friend indeed—a charwoman a good friend!" Well—you miss her, don't you? and after all she was a friend. You did not, of course, drink your afternoon cup of tea with her, but you always gave her a cup of your pot, and would have been disappointed had you not heard her always say, "Oh, pray! is it got that late?"

"Oh pray!" how that tickled your fancy and how strange it was that instead of feeling disposed to praying at the numerous requests she made during the day, you found it suddenly necessary to blow your nose or cough. What a joke it was that day you were making custard for lunch, and Mrs. King stood by the stove, arms folded, talking to you. You were stirring gently, taking such care that the spoon went all around the sides of the saucepan so as not to burn the custard, and made a remark to Mrs. King, when she exclaimed, "Oh pray! just fancy that now!" There was a puzzle for you. Were you to leave the custard to burn, and pray, or were you to keep on stirring and so make the custard a success? Of course, you could pray and put in a petition that the custard would not burn—but by the time you have decided you find the custard done; Mrs. King has begun to set her corner of the kitchen table and probably forgotten that she asked you to do so, and somehow you do not feel disposed to get down on the hard floor (which is still damp from being washed) and pray. And now Mrs. King has gone, and big, shiny faced Mrs. Penocle is in her stead—so matter of fact and so ordinary. There is nothing odd about either her make-up or expression—

No! Mrs. King did not die—you meet her occasionally carrying a silver-topped umbrella; wearing a new skirt—a whole suit in fact; a new hat—such a flower garden—a hat worthy of Mrs. King, and you realize that she is making money instead of answering to the name of "Charwoman," or even to that of "Charlady"—she is a "Munition Worker!"

GOOD TIMES AFTER THE WAR

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THERE are two common financial predictions that are made as to what will happen at the close of the war that, for the life of me, I cannot see the point to. One is that we will infallibly have hard times in Canada, with thousands of workingmen out of work; and the other is that embattled Europe will be bankrupt. The first prediction is an old friend. We never face anything new in this country that our quidnuncs and our experts do not promptly prophesy "hard times." When the war broke out, they beat the boom of the guns to their dismal announcement of the industrial and financial ruin of Canada. They scared most of us so successfully that we did have a few weeks of hard times. But that was pure panic. Just as soon as we got adjusted to the new conditions and looked facts in the face, we found that we had stumbled into—not hard times—but a complete cure for the hard times we had been suffering. Good times came with a rush. This country has not been so prosperous since the last big boom as it has been since we accepted war conditions and got down to work. Of course, if we had ignored the war and shut our eyes to what was going on, we might have had hard times. Any people can choose hard times by arranging a head-on collision with actual conditions.

NOW, after the war, we can have hard times if we insist on it. If we go on making shells when most governments will believe that they will never want shells again until invention has probably given them an entirely new gun, we will soon have unsaleable shells on our hands, our munition factories will close down, and our workmen will be on the street. But, if we are foolish enough to do this, we will deserve all we get—and more. But if we will look about us, we will see a world with half of its skilled workmen gone, with its stores of things exhausted, with people everywhere earning big money and wanting to spend it; and all we need do is to make the things which these people will want to buy, and which there will be far fewer workmen in Europe to make in competition with us, and we will have better times than ever.

WHAT will be the condition of the world after the war? It will be largely the condition of a town which has had a prolonged series of devastating fires, whose people have been too busy for a long time fighting the flames to attend to their ordinary wants, who have consequently consumed all their stores of supplies, and who now want to replace all these things. There will be a great new demand for things in that town. The days of surfeit will have passed. It will be a community hungry for the products of labour. Well, a demand usually creates a supply if there is the capital and labour to produce that supply. The whole world will, after the war, constitute one big demand. We in Canada will have a considerable amount of skilled labour to produce the supply. And any working community can get all needed capital, which is really little more than its own credit reduced to cash and fed out to it in small quantities. And all the world can buy for the same reasons. It, too, will have labour; and it, too, can get capital.

WHICH brings us to the bankruptcy of Europe. Why should it be bankrupt? What will bankrupt it? The war debts will be just so much bookkeeping, so far as the business of immediate industrial activity is concerned. I am not saying that the nations will not owe real money, or that they will not have to pay interest on their debts in real money. Of course, they will. But these debts will not reduce seriously the amount of available capital for industrial, commercial and merchantile operations. Britain will not take from her business the total sum of her public debt in gold or capital, and lock it up in her vaults She will, on the other hand, pour every available ounce of capital into business, so that her people will be the better able to meet the heavy interest charges. But what we mean by bank capital—which is what the business man borrows—is not properly capital at all. It is simply the bank's willingness to discount the business man's future credit and give him cash for it—not all at once—but in little driblets as he needs it. He then pays it to his employes, to his grocer, to his raw material men, to all and sundry; and it is back in the bank in the form of deposits within a week or two, ready to be paid out to him again to meet the next instalment of the discounting of his future credit.

THIS is a process which can go on indefinitely with little actual cash behind it, and which will not be affected at all by the appalling figures in which the various Governments will record their public debts. We shall see the industries of Europe swing back to the old tasks within a remarkably short time after the close of the war. This will enable the men who work in them or who drew dividends from them, and the men who make money by handling their products or feeding their workmen, to buy what they may need to make up for the frightful waste of war. It will also enable these people to roll in the luxuries they have long been compelled to abstain from, and which they will covet with unparalleled eagerness. But there will be far fewer skilled labourers in Europe to meet this new and even increased demand. One of the dreadful consequences of war is that the brightest and best have gone. We will have suffered greatly in this country, too; but by no means so heavily as the European peoples. So the workmen that we have left will find a much enhanced demand to meet, and higher wages and profits to be got in meeting it.

THIS is why I do not fear hard times in Canada or bankruptcy in Europe after the war. Just as soon as we catch our breath and adjust ourselves to the new condition, business will go ahead, full-speed. The financier, fuddling with his weighty books and long rows of figures, fondly fancies that he is very necessary to the world. But the financier, who is necessary, is the far less-known man who sits behind a counter, and it willing to weigh out gold to customers in exchange for credit. Even in a system where gold is the only currency, a very little gold will carry a vast amount of credit because it can be paid out again and again, as it is paid in. But, under a system of banking in which paper bills and paper cheques will do the work of gold, the little money-changer with his magically renewed pile of currency can keep a whole community moving. I confidently predict ten years of unprecedented prosperity, high wages and towering profits, after the war.

AUTUMN IN THE TOWNSHIPS

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

"The toppermost class nowadays have left off the use of wheels for the good of their constitutions, so they traipse and walk for many years up foreign hills, where you can see nothing but snow and fog. till there's no more left to walk up, and if they reach home alive, and ha'nt got too old and weared out, they walk and see a little of their own parishes."—Thomas Hardy.

JOHN BURROUGHS somewhere differentiates spring and fall as the inspiration and expiration of the seasons. But out of the passing of the latter is born the virile pageantry of winter. And the passing is in itself a spectacular pageantry.

There comes a morning, in mid-October, when the grass is powdered stiff with frost. Diaphanous mists rise from lake and river and marshlands. The air is an elixir. The smell of frozen things strong. From wooded ravines come curious, crackling, dripping sounds, like fire in underbrush or rain dropping from branches—the first leaves falling. Along the hills the maples are blazing into bonfires. Something in it all stirs the Romany blood in one. It is time to take to the open road.

For some occult reason the Plain road leaves no impression of itself. The farms along it are good farms, but perhaps, like some people, they are so intent upon making a living that they have no time in which to make anything of themselves. Their only outstanding feature is two huge, round, yellow mounds of hay, stacked in the intervale, and needing but portholes to complete their resemblance to the fort in Portland Harbour.

Across the creek, drowsing lakeward between its many banks, the hill rises steeply. Stopping, half way up to look back and down, the spruces in the clearing across the valley stand out like the green tents of an entraining camp. Presently you are seated on a rambling and ivied stone wall, from hidden crevices of which and from the undulating pasture around crickets sing. Now and again from below comes up a brief rumble—hillfolk crossing the creek bridge on their way to church. A few minutes, and between the crows' antiphonal chorus you hear the church bells of three villages pealing, pealing. As in a moving picture "fade-out" the hillside dissolves, and in its place is the interior of a country church. Villagers and hillfolk come in together. The clergyman emerges from the vestry. The congregation rises. Then, presto! it all fades back into the upland pasture, and how good beyond words it is to be there!

Over the brow of the hill, between hoary patches of everlasting and gay dwarf golden-rod and purple asters, comes a sheep. Another and yet another, walking sedately in their narrow tracks. As they pass by and out of sight down the opposite slope, they make one think of pictures of caravans crossing the desert. The church bells die away. It is very still. But the stillness is not "The silence that bludgeons you dumb" of winter. It is punctuated by the concerted melody of bees and chirp of crickets and uprising hum of multitudinous small live things. Through it all you walk. There is a stranger's field to be traversed, and then you are on your own land again. When one possesses the love of land in the ninth degree, this feeling of ownership, of treading your own acres for hour after hour is as poignant as that with which Ulysses declared his longing:

> To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,
> To smell far out the glebe of my own farm,
> To spring alive upon her precipices,
>
> . . . .
>
> And plunge into the midnight of her pines.

Oh, but it is beautiful! Across the lake—smooth in the bay, but behind the island giving the effect of ruffled blue plush or ice in spring time—the foothills encircle the valley about. Far below, more brown daubs in the painting, are the round mounds of intervale hay. The long tongue of the point is a gorgeous riot of colours, ensanguining the water. The dark cone tips of the spruces lend a tone to the brilliancy of the maples. Over it all is a mellow haze of autumn. Gazing, one thinks of Jules Guerin's paintings of oriental lands. The beauty of it overpowers. Like a sensuous perfume is almost too much.

A panorama always shows to advantage through a filter of something. When the landscape appears to have given all, you climb up a little and turn, and seen through the salmon-red setting of a well-fruited thorn-apple tree, it presents all the vividness of a fresh impression. Eating some of the thorn-apples recalls how poor George Gissing in the same way partook of blackberries on the roadside, and, going on, reflected half-incredulously that for once he had got something without having to pay for it.

As the afternoon lengthens, the ice effect passes out of the lake, leaving it molten sapphire. William Black, in writing of the constant distractions of light and shadow and form of moving water, said an artist had to cut and carve and stick these lightning flashes on canvas as it were slices of cream cheese on top of green sealing wax. The figure of speech recurs to you, watching the lake change. Again in a sugar orchard, where the ferns are frost touched to orange, pale yellow and a rich russet. Out of them rise the maple trunks, inky black, and all down the gorge the leaves are painted in gold and green and scarlet and brick red and umber, and their tops prick into the scalloping plum-blue mountains behind. Incidentally cows are edging up the hill, a bull among them. But bull or no bull, you are going to stay till the last minute, if you have to run for it.

The lake is white now, the evergreens a blot of ochre, the nearer woods carmine and pea-green. mixed. In the meadow, where you crossed over from the stone wall, a lilac haze is deeping on the serried ranks of stacked corn. A wind is rising. The sun has gone under. Suddenly you are cold. And as you go down, down into the warmth of the valley, the peaks across the lake appear to go down with you, till only the foothills remain.

UNCLAIMED TREASURES IN BANKS

By C. A. GOODFELLOW

ON September 25, 1819, Mr. J. Armor bustled into the bank in Montreal, and presented himself at the desk. He completed a transaction, and turning to the clerk, asked, "What is my balance?"

"Ten dollars, sir."

"Thank you," said Mr. J. Armor, and walked away.

In all of which is nothing out of the ordinary. But what is of interest in connection with this commonplace occurrence is that, after the lapse of nearly a century, that ten dollars still lies to the credit of J. Armor in the Bank of Montreal. Ninety-seven years have passed since the day on which Mr. Armor made this last transaction in his account, and still the money remains unclaimed by Armor or his heirs. Armor himself died without leaving any directions as to the disposal of his bank account, and his heirs, if they ever knew it, made no attempt to claim it. So the Bank of Montreal is ten dollars to the good as a result.

Many similar and equally or more interesting cases of credits remaining in Canadian banks unclaimed for a long period of years are to be found. The next oldest account on record in Canada, still untouched, is that of John Blair, for whom the Bank of Montreal has been holding $72 in its coffers ever since February 13, 1826. Lady Georgina Cathcart has had $54.72 to her credit in the Bank of Montreal from March 9, 1839, and her husband, Col. Hon. G. Cathcart, is entitled to a smaller sum, from a date six months previous to this.

One can easily conceive that personal records of small accounts such as these might readily be overlooked in those stirring days, but one wonders what fate befell the firm of Jas. Nairn & Co., who have never claimed $835.85 that has been held for them by the oldest bank in Canada since the year of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, four score years ago. That being the year of the outbreak of rebellion in Lower Canada, mayhap Nairn and his partners were among the unfortunate ones who lost their lives in the subsequent fighting, or were in the group who were obliged to fly the country. At all events, since 1837 the bank has never been called upon to make any transaction in this account or to pay over the sum to its rightful owners. It never will, at this late date.

In Toronto the oldest unclaimed balance is that of Thos. Stewart. Since October 11, 1840, his account has had $60 on the right side, and $268.35 has lain to the credit of T. S. Treadwell from the same day and month in 1851. Both of these men are doubtless dead and gone long since, and it is quite probable that here also the bank will never be required to part with these balances.

In these days when money is so difficult to obtain and so easy to part with, it may create no little wonder, not to say doubt, when the statement is made that in the chartered banks of Canada on the last day of 1915, there was nearly a million dollars in unclaimed balances in respect to which no transactions had taken place, or upon which no interest had been paid, for five years or upwards prior to that date. Yet such is the case. Many persons, since the inception of war, have had to make inroads upon the funds salted down against a rainy day, yet at the 31st of December, 1915, there remained to the credit of several thousand persons a total of $916,535.74, about which none of them had cared sufficiently even to have the interest accrued and credited for at least five years back.

SUCH being true, one is tempted to think that the above cited instances are cases of extraordinarily large amounts, and that most of the credits are for practically negligible amounts.

This is far from being true, however. Very much larger amounts than those already cited are to be noted. Since August 12, 1858, the Bank of Montreal has had $1,956.23 to the credit of Cornelius Donovan, whose relatives were last known to be living in St. Gabriel, Que., and scores of other cases are on record where the account exceeds one thousand dollars, and still has remained untouched for decades.

The largest unclaimed balance in Canada is in the Bank of Commerce at Vancouver. It is in the name of W. L. Blatchford, and has remained there for eight years—8,435 good dollars, and their owner not even calling once in a while to collect interest and to say, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

The Bank of Commerce has, or had, another Vancouver customer, John Cann, who, since 1902, has evinced not the slightest interest in $2,500 which he might have any day, just for the trouble of calling for it.

Who ever heard of a big business corporation either ignorant of money values or disdaining to seize on all it can, legally at least? Yet the Montreal Boulevard Co. holds what would seem to be the record in that line—having absolutely ignored the $3,443.15 to their credit in the Bank of Montreal since 1891, a quarter of a century.

Vancouver and other western and northern cities have long odds on the rest of Canada in the matter of large, unclaimed bank accounts. In addition to the cases referred to, there is another, perhaps more interesting, of W. Beck, whose account in the Bank of British North America at Victoria, B.C., on February 9, 1874, was $1,330.67. He has never to this day touched the account or communicated with the bank. Then, there is the case of A. Landry, who has had over $5,800 in a branch of the same bank at Dawson City for eight years, and has given no attention to the bank's notice sent to him regarding the large sum to his credit. These are only typical cases picked at random, and are by no means the only instances of large bank accounts amounting to several thousand dollars, the owners of which seem to have disappeared from the face of the earth, or this part of the earth, at least. Doubtless some of the men of whom the banks can secure no information were old timers, veterans of many a gold rush, who, depositing their gold in safe keeping, went forth to search for more of the precious metal, and met death in doing so. Their savings in the banks will probably never be claimed.

What becomes of a sum to which there is no claimant after a long period of years? It still remains with the bank in which it was originally deposited, and earns its keep and more for the institution, and in the end is a pure profit for the bank. Thus, three outstanding examples are the Bank of Montreal, which, at the end of 1915, had $111,000, the Bank of Commerce $103,000, and the Montreal City and District Savings Bank $128,000, which had been in their hands unclaimed for over five years. Nor do these amounts include any sums deposited for a fixed period, say, in trust, unless the sum had lain for five years beyond the expiration of that period.

The banks of Canada are required to make, within twenty days of the last day of each year, a return to the Minister of Finance, submitting a complete list of all balances, which have been unclaimed for a period of five years or more, and in the reports some curious cases are to be noted.

In the Cobourg branch of the Bank of Montreal there are eleven accounts bearing unclaimed balances, varying from $5 to $150, and a peculiar feature is that the last transaction in each account was on May 31, 1881, although the accounts are all in different names, and the persons had apparently no connection with each other.

In St. John, N.B., lived two women, Martha Baxter and Josephine Love, relatives, who had to their credit in a joint account in the Bank of Nova Scotia $2,111. Both of these women died in 1901, leaving no executors of their estate. As a result, the Bank of Nova Scotia still holds their two thousand dollars, which it will in all probability never be called upon to pay out again.

In 1865, in Montreal, Mr. X bought a bank draft for $1,030.26, making it payable to Mr. Y, but the latter never received the draft, or, if he did, he never cashed it. The Bank of British North America has no particulars of the name of either purchaser or payee, but still has the thousand dollars, which it was not required to pay out because of some chance happening. The same bank is ahead many hundreds of dollars by reason of similar misconnections between purchaser and payee, whose names are not on record. The case of oldest date is one of a draft for $123.36, purchased in Toronto in 1847. Here, also, the payment was never demanded by the one entitled to it.

It is a noteworthy fact that very few of these unclaimed balances are ever reclaimed after they have lain for more than six or eight years. The banks are required to send a notice only once to the creditor, at the end of the first five years, and it is quite infrequent that a balance is reclaimed if this notice remains unheeded for more than two years. Instances are quite numerous where creditors have been unaware or have forgotten that they have goodly sums available, and when the bank's notice was received they at once heeded it. A Toronto lady in January, 1916, was informed that she had $1,500 in the Bank of Commerce, which she at once called for.

Fewer cases are known where amounts that lie for more than five years are reclaimed, but one is on record of $3,364 being claimed by a Toronto man after a period of eight years.

That much money is claimed on notice being given is evidenced by the fact that in the year 1914 unclaimed balances in Canadian banks decreased from $934,771 to $861,518, although in 1915, a war year, odd as it may seem, the figures increased to $916,535. The strange fact about all this is that a very large proportion of the unclaimed balances had been lying idle for not more than ten years, a period so short, comparatively, that few of the creditors but would be still alive. From which one can only infer that there are several thousand persons who have an extraordinary contempt for the "filthy lucre" which the average man strives after zealously day in and day out.

Meanwhile, no doubt, the bank officials, the while they prepare their report for the Government, on unclaimed balances, fervently pray that each new notice may go astray.

The Song of the Thankful Time

By Miriam S. Clark.

This is a song of the Thankful-time,
Hear, little child in the light,
I am the fairy of growing things,
Plenty and gladness beneath my wings;
I sing while the fire is bright.
I'll sing you a song of the Thankful-time,
So listen, dear drowsy, and hear my rhyme!

I am the fairy of warmth and light,
I am the fairy of rain;
I am the spirit who watches true,
In fog or shadow or sun or dew
Till the meadows grow ripe again;
Singing forever in every chime,
My song of hope for the Thankful-time.

The trees in the orchard were red, little child,
The meadows were gold with the wheat,
All the long summer I watched them grow,
Bringing them gladness in ways I know
To make them most perfectly sweet.
Now they are yours, little child, little king,
With their sunshine, their goodness, their everything.

This was my part of the Thankful-time;
I sing it and go my way,
Dear little drowsy, before you sleep,
Here where the shadows are warm and deep
Look out to your stars and say:
"I am glad for home, I am glad for love,
I am glad for the wide, kind sky above,
I am glad for the plenty in any clime.
In my heart is the spirit of Thankful-time."

—Youth's Companion.

Scaraba the Dog

SCARABA, the dog, joined the 122nd Battalion at Huntsville, under the firm impression that the whole trek had been arranged for his benefit. If ever a mongrel had a sense of humour, Scaraba possessed one. Into every town and hamlet of Muskoka, Scaraba proudly led the 122nd Battalion, and although beaten in a hundred running fights (Scaraba was a philosopher, not a fighter) he never relinquished his place at the head of the procession.

Strictly against Major Tisdale's orders, he accompanied it to Camp Borden. Headquarters spotted him and suggested that we get rid of him by a certain hour and a certain date. Headquarters are so confoundedly explicit—they leave nothing to the imagination. Scaraba was sent under escort to the village of Angus, three miles away, and there gave him to one Langdon, who purveys ice cream for a livelihood.

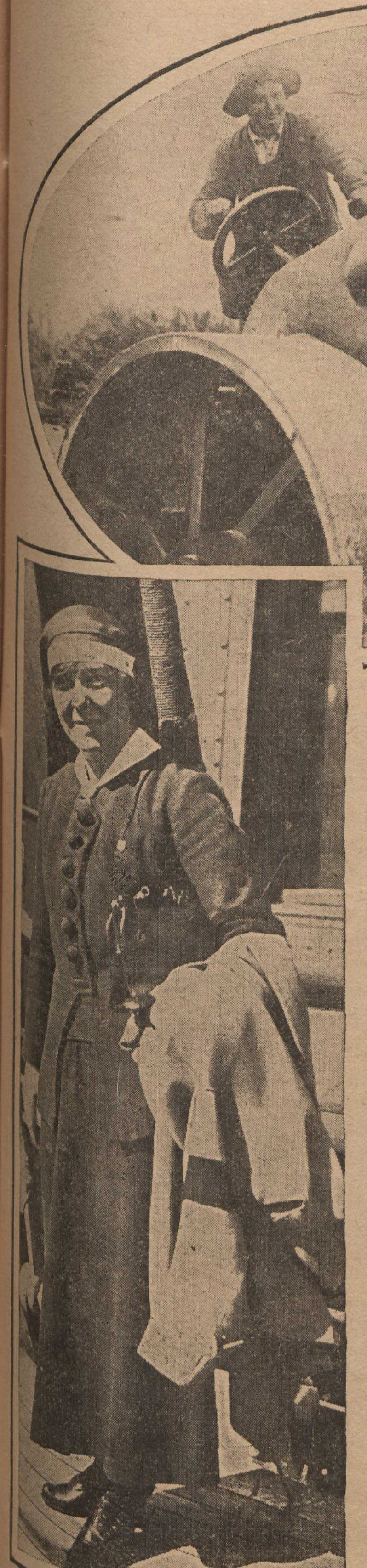
Three nights later the dog returned to the tent occupied by the signalling and machine gun officers. Scaraba always stayed with those two young gentlemen, apparently on account of a fellow feeling for the "underdogs."

He was chained to a tent peg. The next day Sir Sam Hughes reviewed us on the Ceremonial Area. Seized by a natural desire to be "among those present," Scaraba went—by the simple process of taking the tent peg with him. The last thing seen of him he was trotting contentedly at the heels of General Logie's horse as he had trotted for miles and miles on the Trek.

THE WORLD AND THE WOMAN

She No Longer Stoops to Folly but Begins to Run Civilization

By A MERE MAN



WOMEN have not yet been credited with steam roller tactics; but a hint of what may be expected when fair femininity gets into politics is furnished by the photograph above, taken on the main roads of North Cornwall. This woman is driving a steam roller. She has worked full days while road making has been in progress, and has driven the roller considerable distances from one town to another. At work she wears ordinary-blue overalls. Road-making and mending is a job that more directly interests women than most other things that men are in the habit of doing. And as driving a steam roller is not more difficult than operating a motor-car, there is no reason why women should not do it if they feel like taking on so unpoetic a job.

MISS JANE McCALLUM, of Montreal, lately arrived in New York on the S.S. Philadelphia. She has been working as a Red Cross nurse with the American Ambulance Association. The photograph shown on this page was taken just as she arrived in New York. There are some ultra-smart critics who contend that nursing is not a proper occupation for women because it is too exacting and exhaustive. Very well, then we shall have to let some of the men go nursing while the women take a few more male occupations.

OF course women are sometimes spiteful, as even the Bishop of London and the poet Watson know. But women's spite is not always without an element of humour. In the step-ladder picture on this page a few merry English women are seen in the perpetration of a huge joke. At one of the recent fairs in England—and that country, even in war time, has the mood to be merry—there was an imitation of the great wooden statue of Hindenburg that stands in the Sieges Allees in Berlin. All patriotic Germans who like to help their country are allowed to drive nails into this statue at so much per nail. These English girls are driving nails in the imitation statue of Hindenburg.

AND English women have even taken to the axe. It used to be said of a clumsy axe-man in the Canadian bush that he had to stand in a washtub in order to keep from chopping off his toes. This woman is starting to cut down a war-time tree in an English forest. As may be noticed it is a real tree and a big one. In true English fashion it is being cut close to make use of all the wood instead of leaving a stump. That makes more chopping for the same sized tree. But this woman with the real axe doesn't seem to mind the extra work. By the time this goes to press she probably will have the tree down.

E D I T O R I A L

LATIN labels on our trees do no good. Winter approaches and once more in the parks the shrubs and trees let down their leaves and reveal the ghastly labels that passionate botanists have wired to their branches. Thus a good honest sugar maple is found masquerading as "Acer Saccharinum"—a pretension as far removed from the real character of that useful tree as knighthood from a workingman. Thus also the White Oak is paraded as Quercus Alba. That sort of thing may have been all very well for the Latins, and no doubt if Julius Caesar were resurrected and was being given the freedom of one of our cities it would be an act of courtesy to label our trees in his own language. But as it is only the botanists know or care, or some Latin scholar who wears his knowledge as a dog would wear a fifth leg. The real people to be considered in this matter are the children. It would interest thousands of 'em to know that this tree was a red oak and that one a white oak. But Latin labels frighten off all but the pedantic. Instead of spreading learning they hamper its expansion. Some day the dead languages will be left only to those who need it in their reasearches. Some day the people who now stick them on our trees will take more interest in English. They may even learn to write it. It isn't a bad language.

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TACTICS are not necessarily opinions. When a writer is dealing with the tactics of armies he is likely to say things once in a while that do not seem on the surface to be wholesale compliment to either side. Sidney Coryn, an Englishman who has studied the war closely, and whose article was printed in last week's issue of the Courier, gave an opinion that Germany was feeding back territory to the Allies at a cost and slowly withdrawing men from the western front to stem the tide in the East. He may be wrong, but that is his opinion. He did not quote the cost that Germany is paying. Neither did he deny that whatever Germany now does she is compelled to do and no longer chooses to do. If Germany is weakening her armies in the west, so much the better; we shall sooner be able to break through. But whether she weakens her armies there or strengthens them will make no difference to the ultimate result. We shall break through—some time. All the cumulative evidence of our weight of men and munitions points that way. But before we do there will be plenty of time for tactics that do not of themselves constitute ultimate opinions on the trend of the war. When a neutral expert devotes nine-tenths of his writing to prove that the Allies are winning, he is entitled to reserve the other tenth of his opinions for the consideration of tactics. And that is the part which makes the bulk of his pro-Allied opinions so valuable.

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SURELY the action which the Government promised the Labour men to take with regard to the High Cost of Living will not take the form of another Commission. On the last High Cost of Living Commission there is said to have been a straight division between those members who believed in Free Trade and those who believed in Tariff Protection, with the result that the Free Traders blamed the tariff—but were not allowed to say so owing to the superior numbers of Protectionists associated with them. That commission was worthless, and so will any other one be unless it is authorized to do more than report on the mere generalities of the situation.

One element which deserves recognition in the study of the problem is the High Cost of Labour post hoc or proptre hoc. A ridiculous proportion of the people who compiain of the High Cost of living are themselves part of the cause. In other words, they are middlemen. It is not unlikely that if the activities of our population were analyzed even in our present war conditions, it would be found that between the farmer-producer and the factory-producer there is an army of middle-men as great, possibly greater than the combined numbers of farmers and factory-workers. We are over-burdened with gentlefolk who toil not, neither do they spin. They make polite livings by acting as intermediary-handlers of traffic, or middle-men between middlemen, or the servants of middle-men. The Government may—though it is difficult to see just where they are going to get the courage to do it—take steps to check the charges of the middle-men. They may inquire, for example, why milk which is bought in the Ottawa valley for five cents a quart retails to Toronto householders at ten cents a quart. They may be able to drive that price down, and the prices of other necessaries of life in like manner. But no lasting good will have been accomplished until steps are taken to encourage more producers—of both kinds. That would increase the supply and moderate the demand. That is the real basis of the H. C. of L.

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SOME people's intense optimism is apt to become pessimism at short notice. This applies peculiarly to war, which has produced a state of nerves never before known in the world. Consider the man who nudges you at lunch and says in a sub rosa tone that he has it on good authority from a man who has lately travelled through all the Allied and neutral countries with his eyes wide open and his ears to the ground—that there will not be a shot fired after November. That man is an unreasoning optimist, who this time next week may be one of the most doleful Jeremiadists in town. He is fed up on the mere gossip of the war, as a poor old body is tantalized by symptoms and patent medicines. He alleges solemnly that his informant tells him Germany has no wool. Ergo—any one can see the consequence. Germany cannot possibly fight without wool. Why? The informant does not say. And the informant is both right and wrong. Germany has wool. Germany has so much wool that she is fighting like the devil in the last ditch. And the moment Germany loses the last of her wool she will be next thing to a finish in the fighting. The moment fate plucks away all the wool that the war lords have pulled over Germany's eyes, that country will see daylight so painfully plain that she will be like the blind man suddenly glaring at the face of noon. We have no objection to the optimist. We are all privileged to be one of the class. But the best way to look for the best is to blink at nothing. If this war should take an unprecedented notion to be done before Christmas, the British nation will be forced to quit before she has finished her work, which is a thing she has never done. Canada will be sending men home before many of them have had a chance to strike a blow in the great victory; and that is something a true Canadian, no matter where he was born, does not relish. The man who whispers that the war may be over with November will buck like a broncho and become a pessimist the moment he reads something in an Allied newspaper that does not sound like Hurrah, boys!

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THIS passage from a translation of Nietzsche, written, of course, long before the war, is interesting: "It seems forbidden by public opinion in Germany to refer to the evil and dangerous consequences of the late war. A great victory is a great danger. The greatest error at present is the belief that this fortunate war has been won by German culture. An iron military discipline, natural courage and endurance, the superiority of the leaders, the unity and obedience of their followers—in short, factors which have nothing to do with culture, helped to obtain the victory. . . . At present both the public and the private life of Germany shows every sign of the utmost want of culture; the modern German lives in a chaotic muddle of all styles, and is still, as ever, lacking in original productive culture."

This passage by the mad philosopher would need little change were it being uttered as a comment on present-day Germany. The reference to Victory is alone the only thing out of place.

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SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD and his bluff ways is indeed welcome back in Canada. The only thing to be regretted is the fact that he comes no longer as a Canadian. The newspapers may say so and Sir Hamar may say so in his speeches, but the truth of the matter is that Sir Hamar required a larger field for his activities than Canada, and has become a Londoner. Somehow this is a disturbing thought. Here we are with tremendous problems to solve. Here is a country needing all the brains and all the devotion her people can muster. Yet a man like Greenwood—really a brilliant man—is drawn to London. Says somebody: "He can do service for Canada as well there as here." Wrong. The man who serves Canada loves Canada. And the man who loves Canada leaves her only when he must, and to him no higher honours and no better fellowship is to be had than the honours and the fellowship of his own countrymen.

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WHOEVER invented the proverb that it's cheaper to move than to pay rent, should also invent another one—It's more uncomfortable to move than to go to war, as long as you don't have to fight.. Moving is—war. That's near enough to the Sherman definition. One of the greatest tragedies of modern moving is summed up in the screw driver. The artist who designed 20th century curtains did a fine stroke for the screw-makers. The window contrivance of personal knowledge contained no fewer than forty-eight screws in six various sizes, all of them nearly invisible to the naked eye, half of them inaccessible, and most of them too small for any screw-driver of a man's size. Why does a man fall heir to the screw-driver at moving time? It's one of his prerogatives. And there is a deep need of a magnetized screw-driver that will never hit any other part of the screw except the groove and never budge from the groove till the screw is out. Otherwise the most obvious puzzlement of modern moving is—china. Packing china is an art. And it requires an artist. No ordinary man should ever attempt it. Unless a man is willing to put one whole newspaper round each dinky little cup or saucer or whatever it may be, he is not fit to be even an assistant at the game of packing china. These two irrelevant details disposed of, the rest of the moving business is merely a case of absolute dislocation, when you have no home, no immediate use for your friends, no regard for the cat and no concern about anything except to get water, gas, electricity, coal, telephone, milkman, etc.—all steered away from where you have been and connected up to where you are going. In which respect moving is—what war is said to be.

WAR-TIME HEROINES

By ESTELLE M. KERR

OCTOBER the third was set apart for the consideration of the life and death of Edith Cavell in the public and high schools of Ontario. It is proposed to erect a statue to the martyred nurse, and all the school children were invited to contribute something, no matter how little. On the same day a band of earnest workers set forth to canvass all Toronto for subscriptions for the Edith Cavell Memorial Nurses' Home in connection with the Western Hospital, and the sum of $25,000 was raised, so the name of this heroic woman will be perpetuated both by an artistic memorial, and by one that shall be of great permanent value to the profession to which she belonged. Edith Cavell was a woman imbued with the spirit of true patriotism, who did noble work for her country outside the lines of duty. But it is through her tragic death rather than her heroic deeds that she has gained undying fame. In the remote corners of the Empire she has stimulated recruiting amongst men, roused women to patriotic labour, and caused money to pour into coffers for patriotic purposes.

WAR has produced many heroines whose worth can be judged neither by the record of their deeds or by the medals they have received. In France to-day it is said that every woman is a heroine and every other man a hero. Some of the heroines are actresses as well, singers, women of letters, society leaders, physicians, nuns. But there are many others of whom it is said: "She is just a woman." Few women are permitted to play a great part in war—Joan of Arc is without a parallel in history,—but in France it is more common to find women publicly recognized for their heroic deeds. Since Napoleon founded the Cross of the Legion of Honour a score or more women have been decorated for personal bravery in warfare. He himself decorated at least seven, the chief of whom was "Sister Martha," who was honoured for her devotion to the sick and wounded, in the care of whom she risked her life constantly.

Miss Edith May, Inspector of the French Wounded Emergency Hospitals.

SELDOM do we find instances of British women being decorated for valour on the battlefield, for the simple reason that opportunity for deeds which would earn for them the Victoria Cross are very few, and it is only since June of this year that the Military Medal may be, on the special recommendation of the commander-in-chief in the field, awarded to women, whether British subjects or foreign persons, who have shown bravery and devotion under fire.

Chasseurs Alpins, or "Blue Devils," just back from Verdun for a week. Each has medals for bravery. The photo is taken by Miss May, on a pass 7,000 feet high, which she has to cross to reach her district.

A GERMAN woman warrior is leading a force of 100 to 200 native troops in East Africa against the Allies without the assistance of any other European. She is known as Bibi Sacharini, a name which has been given her by the natives who say she is the widow of a commandant, and grief-stricken over the death of her husband she has sworn to be avenged. She is described as a big woman with flaxen hair, who rides astride, armed to the teeth, is a splendid marksman and has wonderful control over her native followers.

AMONG the names which will be made immortal by the present war is that of Mira Michaelovna Ivanova. This spirited woman was serving as a nurse under her brother, who was regimental surgeon. She was tending the wounded in the thick of battle, amid an increasing hail of rifle and machine gun bullets. Her brother and the regimental officers urged her to seek shelter but in vain. At last all the officers of the company to which she was attached had fallen and the men were losing heart and giving way. Quickly realizing the critical nature of the moment, the heroic nurse rallied round her the remnants of the company, and, charging at their head, captured the enemy's trench. Unhappily, she was struck by a bullet, and died shortly afterwards.

DEEDS like that make our hearts burn with admiration, sometimes mixed with envy that such opportunities for service do not fall to our lot. Yet there is work for each of us to do, and everyone has a sphere of influence, how great we never know. Here is an attempt to sketch the work that one woman belonging to a neutral nation, has been able to accomplish for the cause of the Allies.

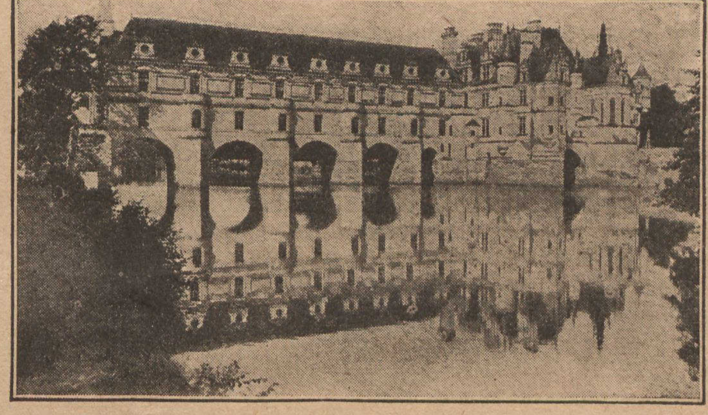
MISS EDITH MAY, a graduate of Wellesley College, conducted a successful travelling school for girls on the continent. When war broke out she volunteered to do hospital work for the Allies, and became officially connected as hospital inspector with the French Wounded Emergency Fund Society, a Government organization, which has its headquarters at 44 Lowndes Square, London, England. Her first route was to Brittany, where she found the hospitals for the most part in a desperate condition. Moved by pity she wrote home a most vivid description of the great need and suffering, and copies of this letter were circulated amongst her friends, and many were fired with a desire to help. Branches of the Society were formed, bazaars and concerts were organized to help the Brittany hospitals, and money flowed into the treasury. Extracts from her letters were published in "The Outlook" under the title of "War Letters of an American Woman," and as a direct result of the appeal they contained, the fund received over $1,500. Through her personal appeal to friends Miss May received an equal amount. One of these friends lives in Toronto, and she, too, received a most interesting letter telling in vivid language of their great need. Extracts were published in the local papers, and Canadians showed their ready sympathy in most practical ways. "The Brittany Tea Rooms" was a direct result, and there a considerable sum was raised for the fund. Working parties organized and Churches in both town and country undertook to supply the Fund with hospital dressings. Some of the workers took copies of the letter to summer resorts, and through its appeal other bands were organized, and those who worked at the seashore promised to form a branch in their home town. And so as a result of a few letters the interest has spread throughout the Western continent. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

AND so there comes from Miss May a personal letter to her friend in Toronto who allows us to publish it in part:

Grenoble, France.

When I say that I have written 134 letters in this last month, you will know that I have been busy! But I have been busier than ever in another way, because my little English chauffeuse was called back to England in June, and no other has been sent me. Having tried to visit hospitals by train and having wasted an infinite amount of time and patience, I finally passed the examination to drive a motor myself and received my "brevet" from the French Government. This enabled me to be much more independent, since chauffeurs in France are not now to be had for the money. But it has been lonely and rather hard work.

My new region is very large, far larger than Brittany as regards the numbers of hospitals. The territory, too, is difficult to visit while being at the same time wonderfully picturesque. But often I have to retrace my route by scores of kilometres because impassible mountains are in my way, and it is up the far valleys that one finds the little towns and struggling hospitals. The larger places, unless they be manufacturing towns, with poor populations, can always take care of their own hospitals. But, with some exceptions, few of the hospitals in Brittany have equalled in poverty those I have found in my new region. Brittany is, in a sense, easy of access from England, and even from America. This region, in its highest parts, is not. Then, too, the men from Verdun come directly here in a few hours to the large hospitals, and are evacuated into the smaller. At Annecy we felt the rumble of the great guns at the front! Its nearness makes every hospital full, every convent, and school house, and empty hall, every disused factory with bare lofts, and factories still running, whose machinery on the ground floor shakes the beds above! The summertime and the lovely gardens have hidden the bleakness and bareness I saw in Brittany, but the hot weather has accentuated the lack of water, in many cases, and the flies.



The Chateau of Clemenceaux, now a Red Cross Hos

In many villages I have been the first visitor since the war. You can imagine how happy it has made me to discover and help something all my own! But you can't begin to imagine the warmth of the welcome I have had everywhere, the charming little attentions, the sincere and almost embarrassing gratitude. It is unforgettable. So many kind people have continued to write me that I have found my French correspondence quite beyond me, but it has been a glowing tribute to French warmth of heart. My going about alone has given me some wonderfully interesting experiences and conversations with people of all classes. I have never before known any French people of the "Provinces," and I find them wonderfully serious, sympathetic and universally intelligent. I have, with some of the money sent me from America, more or less "adopted" certain little ambulances, and the letters I have received from the ordinary and everyday "Poilu," in return for some slight gift, have been a constant source of surprise to me. Their way of expressing themselves has been so intelligent and even so delicate. To me it is quite remarkable. But then the whole French nation has proved itself to be so remarkably other than what all the world thought, that I realize we knew only the veneer, and much of that was imported, not French! I am so glad that France has come into her own again, her heroism deserves it. My whole winter has been one series of revelations. . I have never before known what heroism means, I think, nor self-sacrifice.

But Canada is wonderful, too, so generous, so self-sacrificing. She has been a model before all the world. How often I hope that this may be the last war of the world, and that the courage and heroism of the future may be turned into other channels. But not until Belgium has come into her own again, and Poland, and all the Allies! The worst is over, thank God, and now we almost look victory in the face! There were moments before Verdun when I could hardly read the papers and yet could not keep from buying them.

I think you are a marvel to have raised so much money. Thank you for naming the cake after me! Someone wanted to dedicate a poem against the Kaiser to me recently! I am becoming famous. Do write me again, letters encourage so much!

Gratefully yours, EDITH MAY.

(Continued on page 26.)

DOES MAUD ALLAN INTERPRET

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

SIX or seven years ago when Maud Allan first danced Chopin's Funeral March, London was ten degrees shocked and profoundly entertained. A Canadian artist who knew very little about music was quite rhapsodic about the colour and motion effect in this weird symphonic feminine cousin of the Danse Macabre. Maud Allan gave it again in Toronto last week. It seemed somehow—shopworn; something that had been served up to jaded musical palates, and was now touted about as a good enough revelation for Canadian audiences—even though the danseuse is herself a Canadian. Besides, it was not the highest esthetic perception to pantomime a funeral march—just now. Dancing, anyhow, it was not and never was, nor any approximation to it except to in rhythm. It was an allegorical pantomime created by the dancer from a piece of music which was never intended by Chopin in his Sonata in B flat minor to portray anything but the somewhat florid demise of a young artist who had burned himself out in Paris. Maud Allan's invention of the shuddering figure that crept on the verge of the unseen and the radiant one that in a red light looked away smiling into the immortals was purely arbitrary—and to some extent legitimate. But it was obvious and not highly subtle.

She did the Spring Song with a real touch of magic. One touch of innate subtlety Maud has—in her marvellous intimacy of rhythm. She makes a musical figure become human; a melody become incarnate; a rhythmic poem take unto itself lineaments—and that is traditional, all to be found in the evolution of the symphony. Of course all interpretative dancers play close to rhythm even if they may neglect a melodic figure. Maud Allan seems to have a remarkable sense of both. And she has no end of quiet restraint, as shown in her embodiment of that somewhat stupid valse of Brahms. She has abandon; most noticeable in the Moment Musical of Schubert, which she did without romping too much. Her knees went up with true roguish heyday, and her ample and quite red feet came down with a merry tromp—till all of a bit she titivated across the stage with the precise agility of a robin on a lawn. And, of course, the danseuses all more or less do such things or they cannot be classed as symphonic, interpretative, or whatever they choose to have themselves called when they are not doing ballet. One of Maud Allan's finest bits was the Chopin Valse, which she conveyed with witching delicacy of suggestion. Indeed, she is a real Chopinite, and it would be a great thing if teachers of Chopin could have some semblance of Maud Allan in their studios to give life and vital reality to the metronomic abandon that too often obtrudes itself at Chopin recitals.

One is, of course, inevitably tempted to make comparisons between danseuses. It is impossible to avoid mentioning Isadore Duncan and Pavlowa, largely because of the differences. Duncan is a more classic dancer and may be considered more broadly an interpreter. Pavlova is more fantastic, more of a sylph, more of the essence of pure impalpability. Maud Allan is an inventor. She is a compromise between the type of Duncan and that of Pavlowa.

A: d this Canadian danseuse is worth seeing. She is a real artist. But she is scarcely a great interpreter, and she does not succeed in seducing the spectator clean away from the physical idea. Neither does she pander to any obvious suggestion of the merely—sexual. For which be thankful.

THE TROUBLES OF OTHER PEOPLE

Grant Hall Gives the Good Parson a Tight Race for Settling Them

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ONE day this summer a long-geared sharp-edged man, looking the incarnation of Innocents Abroad, combined with Roughing It, went into a Vancouver store to buy a pair of boots. He saw a pair that suited his fancy and asked the price.

"Seven fifty, sir," was the reply.

"Oh!" He turned them over very carefully. "I have bought boots just like these in Montreal for $4.50. Why do you want to charge me $7.50?"

The salesman said something immediately about freight rates—always willing to blame it on the railway.

"I see," said the customer. "Now I'm going to buy these boots at your price. But I should like to use your telephone."

"Certainly sir."

The long-jointed man with the genial look called up the freight offices at Vancouver.

"Give me the freight manager," he said. "Grant Hall speaking. Tell me the freight charges on a case of boots from Montreal to Vancouver. I see. Thanks!"

He did a little figuring.

"I find," he said, with a grin at the salesman as he took the boots, "that the freight charges on this pair of $7.50 boots from Montreal amounts to just about two cents. I just thought you'd like to know. Good day!"

We do not learn that Grant Hall, general manager of C. P. R. western lines, made his boots discovery the beginning of a clean-up crusade against the middlemen on behalf of other people. But at least he had proved that in this particular boost to the cost of getting along in the world the railroad men were not to blame. Which is something.

Nobody but a man that can't be fooled by appearances and bamboozled by bluff would have taken so simple and direct a method of discovering how a boot dealer was trying to gouge him by between two and three dollars. Grant Hall always had his mental camera up at the short range, jamming it in anywhere at a moment's notice, seldom waiting more than a second to make up his mind whether he wanted any particular snapshot impression or not. He is what Carlyle would have called a realist. He is not misled by the way things look or the way clever people are able to talk about them.

One might reckon this genial dynamo as a kind of human gospel of efficiency based upon sagacious hard work. He began life by using his muscles, with no more self-direction than a coal heaver needs. He found out that a mechanical brain is more use in the world than a merely muscular body. Later in life he discovered that the ability to deal with the complex machine known as railway labour and the mechanism of a system was a greater asset than either the muscle or mechanics—because he built that ability on the other two.

A hunger for hard work and plenty of it has made of Grant Hall the kind of man that delights to untangle the problems of other hard-working people. To hear so smug and conventional a name one supposes that the original is a clean-cut, smooth-set, keen-eyed person with a nice pack of cigars in a wooden box and obvious officiality written all over him. Far from such. The name is a misnomer. Men with but one syllable in each name are not as a rule famous or even notorious. Most of the men who have made history take notice of them have been fairly long on syllables. Grant Hall is one of the rare exceptions. As a matter of fact, there have been some famous people called Grant and a few well-known men by the name of Hall. The two together have never, so far as we know, happened in this country.

And the name is the least important thing about the general manager of C. P. R. western lines. You might call him Nehemiah Orpington and make no difference to the man himself—though one never could call him Algernon. The direct unfrilled name suggests the man himself who, for purposes of practical business, punching his way through life, would as lief be called X or 9. There is in all the big systems of this country no man who knows better how to put six feet of grizzly bear physique and a brain as quick as chain lightning at the service of any emergency or plain, everyday tangle needing his brain and body than Grant Hall. And there never was a time in the making or the operating of the C. P. R. when the kind of brain Grant Hall has was quite so useful as at present. Running railways in war time is pretty nearly a form of war without the authority of the State. Grant Hall knows how many hundreds of men in all branches of the service he has lost between Winnipeg and the western sea. He knows what it feels like to have the work of three men done by two when neither of the two is as good as any one of the three used to be. And he knows that in times like these, when the pull upon labour for soldiering has become the greatest economic problem of all except the high cost of living, it becomes necessary for a man in his position to load up with responsibilities that in normal times might have been divided up with other people.

I have been trying to remember if there was anything at all in Grant Hall's office except a desk, a rug, a telephone and a long-geared, plain-looking man who seemed to be taking things easy without loafing. There may have been some photographs on the walls. But there was nothing to suggest that life in business consists in talking smoothly, smoking good cigars and rustling important-looking papers. Oh, yes, there was one article that I well remember now. It lay on the edge of the desk and stared at me with a blank black look all the while I talked to the western G. M. And it looked as though it had been stuffed into Grant Hall's hip pocket ten times a day for twenty years. No, it wasn't a six-shooter. It was something that I have never seen in any of the large managerial offices of the C. P. R. in Montreal. When the conversation was over—and not a word of it about Grant Hall—I absently grabbed the article and put it in my own pocket. When I got outside I put it in my mouth. It was Grant Hall's pipe; and he had been so busy arranging in ten seconds time for a trouble meeting of telegraphers next day at ten o'clock that he didn't notice that I had taken it.

That pipe has helped to ravel out a great many problems. The wonder is it was not bitten in two long ago. No man could smoke a pipe like that and be a smooth connoisseur in cigars or oil paintings or grand opera or Piccadillian clothes. The pipe looked much like the man; no particular style; just a plain working article guaranteed to deliver the maximum of satisfaction with a minimum of friction. I don't suppose it was ever blocked up. That pipe knows better than to balk. It was got to be a 100 per cent. efficient smoke-producer; and the man that uses it works on that basis of efficiency as far as humanly may be all the time.

I don't suppose there ever was a minute when Grant Hall consciously reflected that he was any sort of extraordinary man. For all I know he may not be. It is the glorification of the commonplace workaday business of getting things done with the greatest amount of consideration for everybody else on the job that has made Grant Hall one of the most typically successful Canadians of the present day. He never had any ambition to be a general manager. I doubt if there was ever a day when he aspired to be anybody but a day's worker in the biggest terms he could figure out. He has been a railway man ever since he left school in the vicinity of Montreal, where he was born. Telegrapher? Never. Clerk? Not at all. Tariff department or immigration or legislation? None of these things. No, nor he never was a brakeman nor a conductor.

One thing only in all its ramifications and potentialities Grant Hall has known ever since he put his herculean hulk at the business of railroading. That is—Mechanics; including motive power. He never had much or anything to do with building railroads. Other men could figure on grades and hauls and mile costs and the strategic value of lines here or there. It was always Grant Hall's passionate business to work on the motive power end of the system. To him a railroad has always been a thing to operate; a thing of wheels and boilers and engines and cars and drawbar pull. I reckon that Grant Hall knows a locomotive as a doctor knows anatomy. He was tutored in the Grand Trunk shops at Point St. Charles. He went from shop to shop in Montreal, Moncton, McAdam, Winnipeg and Vancouver, as foreman, master mechanic, superintendent, always plugging away at one big job of getting men to make and mend and equip the rolling stock and the motive power of any road he happened to be working on—and he has been on most of them. No self-respecting donkey engine, no supercilious Mogul panting for high grades in the Rockies ever could look at the master mechanic, now general manager, and admit

that it wasn't a good donkey engine or an A1 Mogul, oil-burner or otherwise. If it was anything less than a hundred per cent. of energy at the coupling pin it would be ashamed to look Grant Hall in the face. And if any modern oil-burner locomotive cannot show cause why it is a better engine than the coal-eater of the same grade, Grant Hall is the man to know the reason why.

From that angle of railroading Grant Hall is a master. For all I know he may be of equal efficiency on tariffs, telegraphs and legislation. But those are things a man may learn after he has left college. The man who knows the heat units and the drawbar pull of a locomotive up to the top notch of practical business in profits for shareholders and wages for the workers without gouging the public, has got to begin at the sophomore stage with the machinery and come right on up through along the oil-can and wiper route till he can dream the works of a locomotive and see in his sleep the thousands of men who build them, mend them, operate them, knowing to a dot what every man is or should be doing in any part of a shop or on any jerkwater line in the division.

HOW much pure science he may have absorbed as he went along I don't know. But he has found it necessary to keep full steam ahead with the times. There were never any leisure moments in his career. The driving rods were at full plunge and the cylinders working with their full pressure of steam at the gauge. As general manager of western lines Grant Hall has less time for the pure mechanics of railroading. He is dealing now with a machine that is more complicated than any locomotive. He knows now the value of the mental side of railroading. And that is saying more than you could sum up in any theoretical psychology.

Men who have spent their lives at machinery and with men who work at machinery do not often become diplomats. Grant Hall as an ambassador from any government might not be a success. As a manager of men who are parts of a great machine he is a Mogul. He has learned the remarkable importance of considering the case of the other man. Two-thirds of Grant Hall's time is spent in adjusting difficulties in almost any branch of the service. Any day except Sunday or statutory holiday that doesn't fetch down the line its necessary number of complications is to him a day off. He eats up troubles. As a student of other men's difficulties he is a virtuoso of high rank. And in the disentanglement of other folks he uses the same sort of technical skill applied to mind that he used to apply to machinery when brute force seldom or never accomplished anything. Grant Hall is built on the principle of taking any bull by the horns. But he knows very well that in dealing with men there are times when it is as well to try other tactics.

Men of his stamp without his peculiar human qualities are likely to run into three troubles while they are trying to get rid of two. Grant Hall knows how to look at the other side of the hill, how to appreciate the other man's grievance if it is real, and how to study its fallacies if it is only a trumped-up affair. He never goes booting it over other men's corns. If the lion has a sliver in its paw the sliver must be investigated. If one branch of the service finds or feels itself put upon by any other or by the men who sit in nice offices, Grant Hall understands that it is his business to get the road clear and to keep it open as long as possible. As a simple demonstration of his enlightened common sense in matters like this take the concise anecdote of a man who knows Grant Hall day in and day out, and who tells of him this:

"A certain yardmaster on the western lines had asked to have some men reinstated in the company's service. They had been discharged for infractions of the rules at different times. Mr. Hall said that they could not be reinstated. Time passed, and when an assistant yardmaster was discharged for drunkenness in the same town, the switchmen went on strike to force his reinstatement. The trainmaster had to clear the yard during a wheat rush, and he was in a quandary what to do. He thought of the discharged employees. They were all experienced men. He called them and said: 'Now remember, I am going against the orders of the general manager, but I am going to put you to work, and take chances on making him see my way.' They went to work, and the yard was kept clear. Afterwards a full report was made by the trainmaster to his superintendent, and in the course of time it reached Mr. Hall. At the bottom of the report the superintendent had written: 'What shall I do with a man who disobeys orders to the extent of putting men to work after the general manager had refused to do so?' Without hesitating a moment, Mr. Hall wrote after the query, 'Promote him the first chance you get.'"

A man who could make a reply like that knows the other side of the question and has a fine sense of humour. Grant Hall knows how to smile in the face of other men's difficulties. He knows how to inspire confidence because he is in difficulties himself most of his time, and the men who deal with him know that he is making an honest and sagacious effort to adjust things in the best interests of everybody.

And he knows how to keep silence when blab would be fatal. At the time when Mr. George Bury was taken from Winnipeg to the head offices a friend of Grant Hall said to him:

"Oh—I hear there are to be some important changes among the officials on this end. Is that so?"

The idea was to get Grant Hall to elucidate the whole matter—entre nous, sub rosa, etc. He knew that. But he was not in a position just then to tell his friend anything that might get whispered about, so he made the immortally simple and quite satisfactory reply, "Yes." There the matter dropped. It was not the master mechanic who said it, but a man who had learned that when people get talking about that peculiar form of public utility known as a railway there are times to answer in monosyllables.

Work to Grant Hall is a positive joy. And he does it with all the paraphernalia removed. When he squares up to a day's work he is like a racing machine stripped down to the chassis. There is no Pullman car de luxe about this man, who often walks from his fashionably located home in Crescentwood three miles to his office at a time when a lot of other men are shaving. Why he lives in Crescentwood is a matter for himself to explain. There is something in being neighbour to men who measure their importance by the number of $100,000 mansions in three blocks. I don't know what sort of house Grant Hall lives in. I can fancy him being enormously at home in a tepee or a miner's shack. He is entitled to a private car whenever he wants it. But he travels more miles without than with it. He has been known to pull out for New York in a day coach—not, however, paying his fare.

One can't easily fail to imagine Grant Hall challenging any man of a gang to a wrestle. He looks and acts like a man who, in his strong-arm machine-shop days, might have been counted a bad man to go up against. He would have made a ripping prize-fighter. His physical vitality gives him an immense leverage when dealing with men to whom the strong arm is a fine background to a nimble brain. He knows how to ram home his conciliatory arguments with a reserve force that makes it hard to resist him. When that fails—he still has his chuckle. Any man who can conduct a contentious and otherwise bad-blooded dispute with a merry optimism such as his has much the same advantage dealing with refractory opponents as a single mounted policeman used to have in a camp of Indians. He has the kind of personality that men instinctively respect. He is one of them. Like the true parson, he knows their problems. If not he will find out in short order. He knows the value of a quick decision with the strength of mind necessary to stand by it. His no is nay and his yes yea—and he doesn't always know till he's half way between his office and the meeting, which it may happen to be.

IT is his business to act on the defensive—though he comes from the ranks of what is called labour. At his big-salaried job, with his costly home in Crescentwood, he works harder than he ever did in a machine shop or a locomotive gang, paying rent at $20 a month. And he is probably a happier man. It's pure guff for a man who has come up through to pretend that he doesn't like it better, even though his work is harder. That type of man is indispensable to any great system. Schwab is the most famous of that kind. But Schwab has become a magnate, which Grant Hall is not likely to do. Yet there are but two men in the head office who have any lead on him for the next Presidency of the system. Both their names begin with B, and one of them is a young man with a legal mind.

This prospect, whatever it amounts to, is not bothering Grant Hall. He will die happy if he never rises higher than at present—so long as he can continue to tramp down days' works.

No doubt he has his bad moments. Railway disputes are not usually settled by a mere snap judgment and a smile. They require previous and well-digested knowledge—of the problems themselves and of human nature back of them. It is to be hoped that the head office will never call this vice-president

(Concluded on page 25.)

Direct as a Trip Hammer this man of force, without pomp or pedantry, makes it his joyful business to adjust difficulties.

DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

MUSIC AND PLAYS

THE San Carlo Opera Company performed in Toronto last week. The operas were, on the whole, well done, but afforded no striking sensations. It is getting to be a fact that to make grand opera succeed as it deserves some better scheme must be found to educate people up to the value of it. The minority who continue going to operas become blase. The majority who stay away are quite willing to keep on doing so and to let the opera "fans" have their innings. This is not fair to opera, to opera producers, or to the stars and the general members of the companies. Good opera is too fine to be treated as a fad. It should be a pastime for the people. The only way to make it so is to make it popular by demonstrating what it amounts to as a popular entertainment.

This is not to say that the San Carlo are not a good average company. It means that they brought to the production of opera nothing that has not been done here before, and in many cases done better. An interesting local feature was the appearance of Madeline Carreno, who in private life is Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, of Toronto. Mdme. Carreno has a glorious voice, but has not yet come to her own in opera—though she spent one season with the Century Opera Company and took a minor role in the ballet in Canada last year with the Boston company. She undoubtedly has a future—and it may not be far off.

* * *

Coming Seitz Programmes.

ERNEST SEITZ is getting ready for a series of piano recitals which promise to be as different from the average recital of that kind as Seitz usually manages to achieve. Since his settling in Toronto as a teacher and a virtuoso, Mr. Seitz has gone into the work of perfecting his medium very seriously. He had a big medium when he left the Lhévinne studio in Berlin two years ago. It is much bigger today. He has been working. And with the initiative he has work was the one big necessity. He has always been a worker, and he has a clear, authoritative message to deliver. The forthcoming series will show an advance even on his work of last season, some of which was better than his big Canadian recital debut in Massey Hall.

For his first recital, on the 18th of October at the Toronto Conservatory, he has chosen a splendid programme, commencing with the ever popular Moonlight Sonata, followed by a group of Chopin, including the F Minor Fantaisie and several Preludes and Studos. A more modern group, consisting of short compositions of Grieg, Debussy, Scott and Liadoff, and closing with the "A" flat Sonette of Liest and the same master's legend, St. Francois de Paule walking on the waves.

No lover of good music should miss this opportunity of hearing one of the finest artists of the day, whose annual recitals are outstanding features recorded in our local musical achievements. Tickets are obtainable at Toronto Conservatory of Music, where plan will be open Monday, Oct. 9, or through W. E. Emson, personal representative, 26 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

* * *

Larsen in a Series.

RUDOLF LARSEN, violinist virtuoso at the Toronto Conservatory, will also give a series of recitals this season, commencing with October 20. Mr. Larsen is now entering his fourth season in Toronto since he left the tuition of Auer in Petrograd. His style is becoming definitely known—though he is still in the making, dependent upon his own enthusiastic and forceful programme of development.

* * *

Straussism Gets a Whack.

MUSIC, says Sherlock Bronson Gass, in the October issue of the Atlantic Monthly, has out-topped the other arts in a certain kind of insidious extravagance. Architecture, when it strays too far, is brought back to sanity by its alliance to vulgar usefulness. Sculpture may go a little mad, but it is still responsible to something outside itself. Painting may have periods when it out-Hamlets Hamlet—is indeed passing through a period when the wind is far from south. But it too has an external check, an anchor in reality, and is safe to come back eternally in its lucid intervals. Music, however, is free, is responsible to nothing. It is a closed circle, not accountable even to that most irresponsible of sciences, æsthetics.

The emotions are the old emotions, the spirit the old spirit, dulled perhaps to old noises and eager for new stimulants, but with no new powers and no new scope. There is nothing outside the voices of the criers themselves to make us believe that we have ampler spirits than the old Greeks, for all their simple music; or that Beethoven was of a poorer spirit than Humperdinck.

Change and decay! We like the new sounds, or we do not; and our emotions respond to what we like. Music is simply a pleasure in sounds. But music has the strongest hold on our mystic credulity, for it lays the surest hands on our intangible feelings. And it is at the door of the musical shop that I should like to make a few protests, not against music, but rather in its defence against the excesses of its criers in the market-place.

It is on the word of the criers that music has been taken with solemnity into the body of that curious thing called culture. And the particular note that recurs in cultural circles is that music has something to impart, some content—"message" is the word that will be recognized both by those who talk of culture, and by those who shudder at it. At all events, this content is a part of the serious regard in which music is held. It is reasonable, therefore, to inquire into the nature of those impartations—to search for "messages" among the musical, in programmes, and in those thumbed octavos that attest the seriousness of the cult. But a wide perusal ends in mystification.

"Wagner first set the fevers of the flesh to music. . . . . In the music of Strauss the Germans have discovered the fevers of the soul. And that is indeed what Strauss has tried to interpret."

So writes another crier in the market-place. Whether music can do such things is another question. But if it does is there not some room for doubt as to its health, even its sanity?

"And such an exposition," comments a crier of the composer's orchestration of his "snarling, sorry crew of critics," "it is safe to say has never been heard since saurians roared in the steaming marshes of the young planet, or when prehistoric man met in multitudinous and shrieking combat."

"The conception is breath-catching," writes a crier of his hero, "for it is the chant of the Ego, the tableau of Strauss's soul exposed as objectively as Walt Whitman's when he sang of his Me."

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Ernest Seitz, who is to serve up a choice menu of great piano music this season.

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tive exposure cannot be understood by listening to the music, but "it may be child's play to the next generation."

"This kind of music," writes another, "adds to our knowledge of men and of the world as much as does a play of Ibsen or a novel of Tolstoi."

"Why cannot music express philosophy?" Strauss himself asks. "If one wishes to approach the world-riddle perhaps it can be done with the aid of music."

The great tactical mistake of the criers is that they are not content with their radiant nebulæ; they insist on defining. And their definitions are not far remote from soul-curdling melodrama, disordered dream-stuff, chaos, and old night. And as for the explicit content of music, its thought, it is significant that no composer has orchestrated a definite statement of the musical valiance in this direction, to lay the natural doubts of the common sense. The criers themselves are forced to use speech to put its claims—to say what music means—to say that it means anything.

All this, however, is still beside the point. There lingers yet the mystic faith that in those subtle leapings of the heart that respond to the discourse of sounds something momentous must be meant, "something that slips by language and escapes." We are in a region of susceptibilities. To feel deep emotion—emotion that in normal life springs from touching and deep meaning in experience or thought—to feel such emotion is the conviction that something is meant. In the market-place are persuasive voices crying that something is meant. And the culture of the polite world, with its chagrins for those who give signs that they do not belong, has added the sanction of its social tyranny.

* * *

Drama Articles de Luxe.

THE October number of The Theatre just to hand, contains the greatest amount of good reading and the best variety of pictorialized articles on dramatic subjects we have ever seen in any one issue of any paper. The main part of the contents are as follows:

A full page portrait of Violet Heming, now playing leading role in "The Flame."

An article by Arthur Hornblow, called "Prosperity versus Art."

"The Stage Child and the Law," by Bert Lindsay.

A page of scenes from "The Guilty Man," with Irene Fenwick.

Personal Renimiscences by Robert Mantell.

Picture of Martha Hedman, at her summer home.

"The Author at Rehearsal," by Perriton Maxwell.

A page of stage-world actualities.

"The Great American Play," by Charlotte Wells.

A full-page portrait of Cyril Maude's new leading lady, Muriel Martin Harvey.

"Players in Business," by Ada Patterson.

BOOK NOTES

GILBERT CANNAN the English playwright adds lustre to his name by his new novel "Three Pretty Men." It is an excellent piece of character study and analysis. One passage, describing the marriage of temperamental "Jamie," with Catherine we quote almost in full. It is a curious study of a type of marriage.

"So be was married. Catherine was delivered over to him by her step-father, with the priest as intermediary. It was extraordinarily like a commercial transaction, with amazing complications to transfer the goods from the producer to the consumer, and the middleman taking more profit than his services seemed to entitle him to. Jamie thought of that in the middle of the service and the whole affair which till then had been depressing and vulgar became splendid farce. Here was the business with which plays and novels were usually rounded off actually happening to himself and the fun was only just beginning. Were he and Catherine going to live happily ever after? He hoped so, but he had his doubts. He did not at all agree with the tone of the marriage service which was as blunt and cynical as a bill of lading. Catherine was heavily veiled and orange-blossomed and so dressed as to look as little like a woman as possible. He disliked the phrase "wedded wife" which sounded heavy and ominous. Certainly he was in a difficult and fastidious mood, but he knew what he felt and he disliked his feelings being interfered with by inappropriate and ponderous sounds. In Scotland he could have had the matter over in a few moments by the holding out of his hand and the clear expression of his intention to live with the woman as his wife. These English were so pompous. They could do, say and think nothing without insisting on its importance, for no other reason than that it was they who were doing, saying and thinking it. They had always been devastating to his feelings, and here in the face of one of the most cherished of their institutions he began to understand why. It was simply that they had no notion of adjusting the means to an end, and became so entangled in the means they employed that they lost sight of the end altogether. He did not yet desire Catherine as a wife. That might be, and again it might not. He had thought the matter over carefully. Marriage was to him a sacrament. He was quite clear about that. It meant the coming of the bridegroom to the bride, with all its mortal consequences, the fruition or the death of love. To these people marriage was only a contract, and, as the contract was indissoluble, it was a means so bungled that it had become an end. That was why novels and plays were rounded off with it, because the English were so entangled in their means that they could look no further. They were entangled in marriage just as they were entangled in commerce and in Empire. What on earth had happened to them, thought Jamie, as he walked, hurt and bewildered, from the altar steps to the vestry—what has happened to them since Shakespeare had rounded off the Midsummer-Night's Dream with a marriage wherein were united labour, intellect and fairyland? The marriages of Theseus and Hippolyte and of the Grecian lovers had helped him greatly in his approach to his own marriage. It should be a blessing of the sense, a kindling of the spirit, a mutual surrender and a new creation. And these people had made it as ugly as it could well be. They had tricked out his bride until she looked like a figure off her own wedding cake; they were stolid in their demeanour and on the whole unhappy; the whole ceremony was gloomy and full of warnings and forebodings. Almost everything possible was done to rob him of his delight in Catherine. Why mention worldly goods? All that had been arranged by the lawyers, if there were any worldly goods. Why talk of sickness at such a time? Why drag in death? And why obedience? He had certainly no intention of commanding Catherine to do anything, and if she did not obey him he would have no remedy since there was no amending the contract.

MISTRESS AND MAID

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Bishops College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Lower Canada College, Montreal.

Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Correspondence Schools, Toronto.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.

Loretto Abbey College and Academy, Toronto.

Moulton College, Toronto.

Mount Allison Ladies' College and University, Sackville, N.B.

St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

UNIVERSITIES.

Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

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WHO'LL OWN SALONICA

"Like a Pearl on a Summer Sea" it Sits, the Desire of All Nations

SALONICA, according to Alicia Little, in The Fortnightly Review, has never talked much about its dervishes. But besides the dancing dervishes so often written about it has also howling dervishes, though it would be more polite to call them singing dervishes. During our visit we saw fourteen of them with a leader, swaying from side to side and singing not unmusically, till at last they began to jump, if one can call it so, for they never rose off their feet. They were then panting, and from time to time uttered a howl like that of a hoarse dog. This went on for over an hour. One especially exerted himself, raising himself on his feet and bowing from side to side with what appeared like frantic energy. He wore a fez and seemed quite exhausted. But directly the performance was over he came and talked with us quite quietly, showing no sign whatever of agitation beyond that his eyes were somewhat staring. He wanted a Sister of Charity, who was with us, to prescribe for him, because he could not sleep at nights. She felt his pulse and found it quite normal; nor was he even perspiring, though from the extraordinary activity he had shown, one would have expected him to be streaming. And, to crown all, he was being educated at the German college. The other dervishes, when they ceased whirling and howling, looked particularly worthy and discreet members of society. They gave us excellent Turkish coffee both before and after howling, and were quietly courteous, apparently neither flattered nor displeased that people of another race and creed should come and look on at their religious exercises.

Salonica, however, shines in its cemeteries rather than in hospitals. There are many cemeteries for different nationalities, different creeds, but it is the Turkish cemeteries that are the most picturesque, a rose-bush denoting a woman's grave, a sword or fez a man's, with the solemn cypresses over all, such a soothing dark green by day, looking burnished in the evening sunshine. Whatever the Turk touches, however negligently, he seems to adorn. The streets, full of latticed windows projecting at different angles, so that in each case she-behind-the-screen may enjoy the view in its fulness, are bewitching not only from the charm of suggestion, but from their pleasing lights and shades. Pavilions, each with a fountain in the middle, looking upon gardens where the luxuriance of the growth is more evident than the repressing hand of the gardener, at once invite to idle away an afternoon or revel in a romance. Then the lemonade and water sellers, the water always safe to drink when sold by a Turk, are both a lovely and refreshing sight. I have seen Turkish transports arrive, the men letting down buckets and arrangements of string to draw up lemonade and water bottles; nothing more heating. And as the setting sun touches up outlines with a warm rose colour or splashes great warm colour tones, and the evening breeze curls the little crisp waves in the very blue bay, one looks across at Mount Olympus and wonders why "the gods all left it long ago," yet is thankful that at least now Salonica is in itself a museum, as one takes a seat behind the White Tower at the eastern end of its crescent, and, gazing out over "the many-twinkling smile of ocean," meditates on many things.

Kaiser (to Franz-Josef): "Don't you dare to come into my boat. Don't you see it's leaking?"

—Vsemirny Joumor, Petrograd.

Like a fair pearl on a summer sea sits Salonica, and the nations all desire her. How would it be if the race that most contributed to her wealth and prosperity were considered thereby to have established a title to the place and the Jewish people established as lords in a free city? For the Greeks have thrown away Salonica. It surely cannot be theirs any more. If only the trees had been encouraged to grow that King George of Greece so enthusiastically planted, they would not only be keeping his memory green, but would be making of Salonica a scene of enchantment that might even rival with Constantinople, that other beautiful apple of discord. Is any nation yet sufficiently enlightened, sufficiently Christian to be trusted with either of these grand sites, the one suggesting Paradise, the other recalling the old dwelling of the gods?

A WELL BELOVED POET

James Whitcomb Riley's Death Stirs American Writers

HE was the best-known, the most instantly recognized figure in our capital, declares Meredith Nicholson, of James Whitcomb Riley, in an article in The Atlantic Monthly dealing with the Indianapolis poet. This was true, indeed, of the entire commonwealth that he sang into fame. He was below medium height, neatly and compactly built; fair and of ruddy complexion. He had been a tow-headed boy, and while his hair thinned in later years, any white that crept into it was scarcely perceptible. A broad flexible mouth and a big nose were the distinguishing features of a remarkably mobile face. He was very near-sighted, and the rubber-rimmed glasses he invariably wore served to obscure his noticeably large blue eyes. He was a compound of Pennsylvania Dutch and Irish, but the Celt in him was dominant; there were fairies in his blood.

In his days of health he carried himself alertly and gave an impression of smartness. He was meticulous in the care of his person; there was no slouch about him, no Byronic affectation. He was always curious as to the origin of any garment or piece of haberdashery displayed by his intimates, but strangely secretive as to the source of his own supplies. He affected obscure tailors, probably because they were likelier to pay heed to his idiosyncrasies than more fashionable ones. He once deplored to me the lack of attention bestowed upon the waistcoat by sartorial artists. This was a garment he held of the highest importance in man's adornment. Hopkinson Smith, he averred, was the only man he had ever seen who displayed a satisfactory taste and was capable of realizing the finest effects in this particular.

He inspired affection by reason of his gentleness and inherent kindliness and sweetness. The idea that he was a convivial person, delighting in "boon" companions and prolonged sessions at table, has no basis in fact. He was a domestic, even a cloistral being; he disliked noise and large companies; he hated familiarity, and would quote approvingly what Lowell said somewhere about the annoyance of being clapped on the back. Riley's best friends never laid hand on him; I have seen strangers or new acquaintance do so to their discomfiture.

No background of poverty or early hardship can be provided for this "poet of the people." His father was a lawyer, an orator well known in Central Indiana, and Riley's boyhood was spent in comfortable circumstances. The curtailment of his schooling was not enforced by necessity, but was due to his impatience of restraint and inability to adjust his own interests to the prevailing curriculum. He spent some time in his father's office at Greenfield, reading general literature, not law, and experimenting with verse. He served an apprenticeship as a house-painter, and acquired the art of "Marbling" and "graining"—long-abandoned embellishments of domestic decoration. Then, with four other young men, he began touring Indiana, painting signs, and, from all accounts, adding greatly to the gayety of life in the communities visited. To advertise their presence, Riley would recite in the market-place, or join with his comrades in giving a musical entertainment. Or, pretending to be a blind painter, he would laboriously climb up on a scaffolding and before the amazed spectators execute a sign in his best style. There was a time when he seemed anxious to forget his early experiences as a wandering sign-painter and entertainer with a patent-medicine van, but more recently he spoke of them quite frankly.

THE TASK OF SISYPHUS.

Helping Mexico.

—Herald, New York.

He had a natural talent for drawing; in fact, at one time or another he dabbled in most of the arts. He discoursed to me at length on one occasion of musical instruments, about all of which he seemed to have much curious lore. He had been able to play more or less successfully upon the violin, the banjo, the guitar, and (his humour bubbling) the snare and bass-drum! "There's nothing," he said, "so much fun as thumping a bass-drum," an instrument on which he had performed in the Greenfield band. "To throw your legs over the tail of a band waggon and thump away—there's nothing like it!" As usual when the reminiscent mood was upon him, he broadened the field of the discussion to include strange characters he had known among rural musicians, and these were of endless variety. He had known a man who was passionately fond of the bass-drum and who played solos upon it—"Sacred music!" Sometimes the neighbours would borrow the drum, and he pictured the man's chagrin when, after a hard day's work, he came home and found his favourite instrument gone.

Riley acquired various mechanical devices for creating music and devoted himself to them with childish delight. In one of his gay moods he would instruct a visitor in the art of pumping his player-piano, and, having inserted a favourite "roll," would

dance about the room snapping his fingers in time to the music.

Riley's reading was marked by the casualness that was part of his nature. He liked small books that fitted comfortably into the hand, and he brought to the mere opening of a volume and the cutting of leaves a deliberation eloquent of all respect for the contents. Always a man of surprises, in nothing was he more surprising than in the wide range of his reading. It was never safe to assume that he was unacquainted with some book which might appear to be foreign to his tastes. His literary judgments were sound, though his prejudices (always amusing and frequently unaccountable) occasionally led him astray.

It is always a matter of speculation as to just what effect a college training would have upon men of Riley's type, who, missing the inscribed portals, nevertheless find their way into the house of literature. I give my opinion for what is may be worth, that he would have been injured rather than benefited by an ampler education. It was human nature that chiefly concerned him, and it was his fortune to know profoundly those definite phases of life that were susceptible of interpretation in the art of which he was sufficiently the master. Of the general trend of society and social movements he was as unconscious as if he lived on another planet. I rather think that he profited by his ignorance of such things, which left him to the peaceful contemplation of the simple phenomena of life that had early attracted him. Nothing seriously disturbed his inveterate provincial habit of thought.

He did his writing at night, a fact which accounted for the spacious leisure in which his days were enveloped. He usually had a poem pretty thoroughly fixed in his mind before he sought paper, but the actual writing was often a laborious process; and it was his habit, while a poem was in preparation, to carry the manuscript in his pocket for convenience of reference. The elisions required by dialect and his own notions of punctuation—here he was a law unto himself—brought him into frequent collision with the lords of the proof desks, but no one, I think, ever successfully debated with him any point of folk-speech. I once ventured to suggest that his use of the phrase "durin' the army," as a rustic veteran's way of referring to the Civil War, was not general, but probably peculiar to the individual he had heard use it. He stoutly defended his phrase and was ready at once with witnesses in support of it as a familiar usage of Indiana veterans.

His manuscripts and letters were works of art, so careful was he of his handwriting—a small, clear script as legible as engraving, and with quaint effects of capitalization. In his younger days he had indulged in a large correspondence, chiefly with other writers. His letters were marked by the good-will and cordiality, the racy humour and the self-mockery of his familiar talk; a collection of them would be a valuable addition to epistolary literature.

Riley always seemed a little bewildered by his success, and it was far from his nature to trade upon it. He was at pains to escape from any company where he found himself the centre of attraction. He resented being "shown off" (to use his own phrase) like "a white mouse with pink eyes." He cited as proof that he was never intended for a social career the unhappy frustration of his attempt to escort his first sweetheart to a party. Dressed with the greatest care, he knocked at the beloved's door. Her father eyed him critically and demanded, "What you want, Jimmy?"

"Come to take Bessie to the party."

"Humph! Bessie ain't goin' to no party; Bessie's got the measles!"

THE PERMISSIONAIRE'S RETURN.

"Well, you saw your wife. Did you tell her about our battles?"

"No chance. She wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise."

—Louis Morin, in La Baionette, Paris.

MEXICO'S SICKNESS

Is Not a Land Problem but a Problem of Races says Wilfley

WHILE many people say and believe that the "land problem" is at the bottom of Mexico's troubles, Lebbeus R. Wilfley, in the North American Review, denies it almost altogether. He says it is serious in only one state—Morelos. There can be no general land question in Mexico, for two reasons: First, because the Indian does not want land, and second, if he did want it, it exists in great abundance for all. Only about fifteen million people, the majority of whom are Indians, live in Mexico, which is a country of over 800,000 square miles, or 500,000,000 acres. The fact that the Indians do not want land has been demonstrated many times and in various ways. It was demonstrated conclusively on a national scale by Benito Juarez, the great author of the Reform Laws of 1857-59 and the hero of the Mexican people. This was done in the following manner: Under the Spanish regime the Indians dwelt in villages (as they do now) and were given the free enjoyment and use in common of all lands adjacent to the villages. The village proper was a rectangular plot of ground twelve hundred yards square, with a church in the centre. This was called the Fundo Legal. Surrounding this was a body of ground called Egidos, where the villagers raised their crops. Beyond this were the Communal Lands, which corresponded to the town common of English and New England towns. Here the Indians grazed and watered their cattle and gathered their wood and charcoal.

When the liberal party triumphed under the leadership of Benito Juarez, the Government not only nationalized all the property of the Church dedicated to the use of public worship, education, etc., but it confiscated many valuable haciendas in various parts of the Republic owned by the Clergy. These haciendas were sold to the friends of the liberal party. At the same time, this Reform Law of 1859 provided that the public lands surrounding the villages should be divided among the Indians and that the head of each family should receive title to his quota in his own name. This was done. The theory was that the Indian should no longer be treated as a child and a ward of the nation, but as a responsible citizen. On the same theory and at the same time, the Mexican Constitution, which is modelled after the United States Constitution, was given to the Mexican people. The net result of this law of reform was that the Indian lost his lands.

It happened in this way: The neighbouring haciendado immediately began acquiring title to the small Indian farms around the villages. In those states where the rich lands were scarce, as was the case in Morelos, this process was carried on until the big land owners had acquired all the lands up to the edge of the towns, leaving the Indians with only their shacks in the villages. This was easily done. The new purchasers of the confiscated haciendas were mainly Spaniards. The Spaniard always wielded a powerful influence with the officials of both the Government and of the church.

Since this nation-wide experiment of Benito Juarez, a number of experiments have been made by governors of different states, and always with the same results. On two occasions, for example, the governors of the State of Zacatecas divided large tracts of lands among the peons. They held them for a few years only. In too many cases the land was mortgaged and sold to get money with which to dissipate.

No, the Indian does not want land. What he wants is permanent employment at a reasonable wage. He wants to live in comfort without the anxiety and labour which are incident to the successful management of landed estates. This trait of the Indian character is well illustrated by the fact that a great majority of the race prefer to dwell on the table-lands which occupy the central part of the Republic, where the climate is cool, the land poor and dear, and water scarce, rather than to live in the low lands along the coast, where the climate is hot, the soil rich and cheap, and water plentiful. The trait of the Indian character which causes him to do this is the key to the proper understanding of the land problem in Mexico.

President Diaz estimated that in ninety per cent. of the Mexican population Indian blood predominated, and that considerably over fifty per cent. of the population was of pure Indian blood. In this fact we have the A B C of a correct understanding of the Mexican situation; and the X Y Z of it lies in the knowledge of the fact that the Mexican Indian

THE FUTURE.

"Marne, Jutland, Erzeroum, Volhynie, Trentin, Bukovine . . ."

"The game is finished?"

"No . . . there is worse to follow."

Francis Joseph (aside): "The devil! And William calls that succeeding! ! !" .

—Le Rire, Paris.

is similar to the North American Indian with whom we are familiar, except in two respects. The North American Indian was a nomad, and a warrior; while the Mexican Indian is attached to his village, and is a pacific individual. Otherwise they have the same characteristics: they are treacherous, revengeful, cruel, lazy, opposed to modern civilization, lacking in initiative, in the power of forecast, in self-restraint, and are devoid of interest in the general welfare of the community. With ten per cent. of the population Caucasian and ninety per cent. Indian, how is it possible for a constitution and a body of laws to be evolved and adopted by the two races which would be applicable to both? The proposition is an absurdity. The preponderance of Indian blood in the population of the country constitutes the great fundamental problem which embraces and overshadows all others in Mexico. It is the basis of all revolutions, for the reason that revolutions such as usually occur in Mexico could not take place except in a community where the masses of the people are in ignorance. It makes real democracy in Mexico impossible, and it gives rise to all of those problems which are now vexing that unfortunate country, and the solution of which is fraught with so much difficulty.

"IMPERIAL DILEMMA"

A Statement of the Problem of the Empire by the Round Table

THE following article, explaining the Round Table Society and the problem that brought it into being, is taken from the Round Table Quarterly, and as a statement of the case may be taken as fair and accurate, even though many persons—including the editorial board of the Courier—firmly reject the idea of Centralization of Empire, to which a majority of Round Tablers appear to lean. The article begins: Seven years ago there was begun a private "enquiry into the nature of citizenship in the British Empire, and into the mutual relations of the several communities thereof." The first volume of the results of this enquiry has recently been published under the title of The Commonwealth of Nations. It would seem to be desirable, therefore, to give some account of the method by which this book has been prepared, for it is largely because of that method that we wish to commend it to those who are interested in the political problems of the British Empire.

The enquiry has been an attempt to apply the

methods of scientific study to politics. It arose in South Africa, as the outcome of the accomplishment of South African Union. The South African had found himself driven to grapple with the problem of Union, because so long as he was a citizen of the Transvaal or Cape Colony only, he found himself impotent to deal with the common affairs of South Africa, by the wise and unwise handling of which he was himself vitally affected. No sooner, however, had he created a South African Parliament and become a true South African citizen, than he found himself in a precisely similar difficulty so far as Imperial affairs were concerned. Events, then recent, had proved to him clearly enough that Imperial policy, as being concerned with peace and war, was a matter vitally affecting himself. Yet he had no sort of effective voice in determining that policy, nor did the Imperial constitution as then existing appear to offer any hope of his ever acquiring a voice in determining it. Moreover, a further question was manifest to those who had had experience of the inexorable logic of war. They were citizens of South Africa. They were also citizens of the Empire. If the claims of the two came into conflict how were they to be reconciled, and, if they could not be reconciled, which had first call on their allegiance? In view of the recent "Uitlander" experience, these questions seemed to them not academic in their nature, but of urgent practical importance. To "wait and see" was to give a blank cheque upon their lives and resources to the British Ministry—an indefinite liability, the reality and magnitude of which was certain to be disclosed by the next war. And it might also mean the sudden forcing upon them of a choice between allegiance to South Africa and to the Empire—through the pursuit, for instance, of a policy by the British Government which either ignored South African interests, or was misunderstood in South Africa because there was no effective constitutional link between the two. It was clear that these problems, in a form equally or even more acute, faced the people of all the other Dominions. It was in order to throw light on these problems, and to ascertain whether they were insoluble, and if not, what were the conditions of their solution, that an organized enquiry was set on foot.

The basis of the enquiry was that its members were agreed upon one thing only—namely, that there was an Imperial problem, and that it was a primary duty of such responsible citizens as could find the time for serious study to endeavour to state the problem and the conditions of its solution, and to make them available for their fellow-countrymen. For that reason the groups of students which came to be known by the name of this Review, and which by degrees spread over the British Isles, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, and Egypt, have never been propagandist associations. They have never had an Imperial policy. Their sole purpose has been to conduct an investigation of the Imperial problem on a scale commensurate with its complexity, based upon knowledge of the peculiar conditions and needs of every part of the Empire and representative of all sections of opinion within it. Accordingly they have, wherever possible, included within each group members belonging to all local parties, and holding all shades of Imperialist and anti-Imperialist opinion. There has been no secrecy about their proceedings, but neither has publicity been sought. The primary object of enquiry has been to bring to bear upon the greatest of all our political problems the methods of scientific investigation characteristic of a Royal Commission, for the benefit, first, of the members of the groups themselves, and, after them, of the public at large.

THE LONE BALKAN FOX.

A wily fox one day lost his tail in a German promise trap. He immediately endeavoured to induce the other Balkan foxes to cut off their tails. "No," replied the others, "you may take the consequences of your own foolishness, but we will not part with our tails to keep you company in your misery. The Allies and victory for ours." And so they left him to bewail his loss.

—(After Aesop) in the Montreal Star.

At an early stage of the enquiry it became evident that the first necessity was to decide what citizenship, or, in other words, what membership of a State, implied. It was impossible to decide whether citizenship of the Empire was different from citizenship of the United Kingdom, or of Canada, or of Australia, and if so in what respects, and how the two were to be reconciled, until the nature of a State and of the obligations which citizenship imposes upon the individual had been determined.

The State is the primary and fundamental form of association among men, that association which includes and makes possible every other form of association, whether it be a limited liability company, a trades union, or a municipal or county government. The essential nature of citizenship is described in The Commonwealth of Nations as follows: "The quickening principle of a State is a sense of devotion, an adequate recognition somewhere in the minds of its subjects that their own interests are subordinate to those of the State. The bond which unites them and constitutes them collectively as a State is, to use the words of Lincoln, in the nature of dedication. Its validity, like that of the marriage tie, is at root not contractual but sacramental. Its foundation is not self-interest, but rather some sense of obligation, however conceived, which is strong enough to overmaster self-interest." It is obligation, not privilege, duties, and not rights, which lie at the root of citizenship, and which, in consequence, are the foundations upon which every healthy and progressive State must build its communal life. This obligation, however, is not owed to a monarch or to an abstraction labelled "the State," as is the Prussian view. It is owed to the whole body of one's fellow-citizens, organized as a community in obedience to law.

The State is the word we use to denote this fundamental form of human association, that which is based upon the irrevocable dedication of the members to one another for the practical conduct of social life. The common view that the State has the right to dispose of the life and property of its citizens obscures somewhat the essential truth that it is not the rights of the community over the individual, but the unlimited duty owed by the citizen to his fellows, which is the foundation of citizenship. Citizenship is at bottom recognition of the fact that men have to live in society, and that the primary duty of the individual to his neighbours is to obey those laws which they together drew up for the guidance of the communal life, and which secure to the individual his rights, prescribe his duties, and protect all the members of the State from injustice and wrong, until he can persuade his fellow-citizens to amend them. There may be times when the citizen feels bound to resist an unjust law, or the wrongful exercise of the authority of the State, by the government of the day. But circumstances can never arise which release him from his obligations to his fellow-citizens themselves, or entitle him to put personal or sectional interests before the welfare of the whole, or which justify him in repudiating his obligation to comply with the general body of laws which represent the agreement of the community as to the conditions under which they can best and most fairly conduct their common life. This ultimate truth is not so apparent to-day as it ought to be, because, the world being still divided into separate sovereign States, citizens can migrate from one State to another. But, even so, the individual can get rid of his obligation to obey the laws of one State only by undertaking a similar obligation in another. The "cityless" man, or the "Stateless" man is an outlaw. The inescapable obligation of citizenship will only become plain when all mankind is united in one world State.

From this examination of the nature of citizenship and of the State it follows that no one can be a citizen of two States at the same time. For if the laws of two sovereign communities require an individual to act in conflicting ways, he has to choose between the two. He has to repudiate allegiance to one State or the other, because he cannot obey the laws of both. This fact, owing to the huge migration from Europe in recent years, has not always been clearly understood. But, if there were any doubt on the subject, it has been dispelled by the recent internment as enemy aliens in all belligerent countries of thousands of people who, though long residents in these countries, had never formally repudiated their old allegiance and taken on in its place the obligations of citizenship in their new homes by a formal act of naturalization. The war, indeed, has abundantly demonstrated the searching and inexorable nature of the obligations of citizenship.

It has also brought out the fundamental importance of the question which lay at the root of The Round Table enquiry. If the primary duty of the individual is to obey the laws of the sovereign community to which he belongs, it is of paramount importance that he should know which State it is to which he actually belongs. In the case of the British citizen, is it to the British Empire, or to his national community within it, that his primary allegiance is owed? In other words, is the Empire one State or is it an association of States? If the laws and commands of the Imperial Legislature and of the Canadian, Australian, and other national Legislatures conflict, which is he to obey?

AMERICA'S ARMY AND NAVY.

American Parents: "Why is everybody laughing at our children?"

—Life, New York.

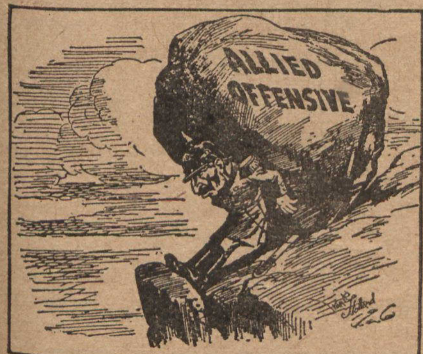
It is quite clear that in constitutional theory and in fact the Empire to-day is one State. It is one State because, when it is declared to be at war by the Imperial Government, all its citizens are at war; because the national constitutions of the several parts are derived from the sovereign Imperial Parliament, which, in theory, has the power to revoke or amend them at will; and because, if any self-governing community determined to pursue in regard to foreign nations in some matter of vital importance a course which was inconsistent with the deliberate policy of the Imperial Cabinet or the laws of the Imperial Parliament, it would find that it could do so only by severing its connection with the British Empire—a severance which would be announced either by its own Government or by the Imperial Government as the only method by which the latter could repudiate responsibility for the consequences of its conduct. If, therefore, a conflict arose between the Imperial Government and the Government of any self-governing part, the duty of the citizen to-day would clearly be to obey the Imperial rather than the national command. From the constitutional point of view there is not the slightest doubt that that is the position to-day. To put it in its most familiar form, every British subject's allegiance is to the King.

Yet it is obvious that constitutional theory, if it were brought to the test, would not wholly coincide with practical fact.

It is not difficult to see what the root of the trouble is. It consists in the fact that the British Commonwealth to-day is not a true commonwealth, it is an English Empire, or rather an Empire governed by the United Kingdom. Its common affairs are controlled solely by the people of the British Isles, and the Cabinet and Parliament through which they control them is the same Cabinet and Parliament which is responsible for the Dominion affairs of the United Kingdom. The peoples of the Dominion, on the other hand, have liabilities from Imperial policy, but they have a share neither in the control over nor in the responsibility for that policy. The Imperial con-

stitution, therefore, offends against those canons of the Commonwealth already set forth. The sense of common obligation has grown weak, because the first principle of liberty, the sharing of power and responsibility in common, has been infringed. The remedy cannot be permanently found in any mechanism for enabling five separate communities to adjust their common policy and determine their several liabilities by co-operative means, for, apart from the practical impossibility of conducting a true government by the co-operation of five governments, no such arrangement solves the fundamental difficulty that the Imperial Foreign Secretary and his associates must be responsible to one Parliament and the electorate which chooses it. They cannot be responsible to five. Hence, when the five fail to agree, the Imperial Ministers will inevitably adopt the policy acceptable to Britain, and the rest will once more be faced with the intolerable alternatives of compliance or secession.

It is indeed obvious that events are bound, sooner or later, to drive the peoples of the Empire into one of two solutions: either a formal separation involving the dissolution of the Empire and the destruction of British citizenship, or a federal reconstruction which will clearly delimit the federal and the national spheres, and reaffirm the unity of the British Commonwealth as a single State by creating for federal purposes a Legislature and Cabinet representative of all its self-governing citizens. Such a constitution would separate entirely the domestic affairs of the United Kingdom from the affairs of the Empire, by entrusting the former to a Dominion Legislature of the British Isles. It would resolve the original difficulty in which the Transvaaler, newly become a South African citizen, found himself, by defining clearly when the Englishman, the Canadian, and the Australian was to obey the national laws and when the Imperial laws. And if it followed the principle of the American and Australian constitutions, not only would Imperial affairs



THE OPTIMIST.

"Never mind; I'll push it back presently!"

—Reynold's Newspaper, London.

be conducted by a truly Imperial Parliament, but the sovereign power of the Empire would be transferred from the Imperial Parliament to the people, by providing that no alteration could be made in the spheres of the national and the Imperial Parliaments without a reference in some way or other to the people of the Empire themselves.

JAPS IN THE WAR

What Our Heroic Little Ally Has Done to Defeat Central Empires

THE fact is recalled by Robert Machray, in the Nineteenth Century, that in the earlier stages of the war the view was sometimes expressed in England that Japan should be invited to send large forces to Europe to support us in fighting the Central Powers. The matter got no farther, but the Japanese were extremely puzzled how such a thing could be mooted while there were hundreds of thousands of young men in the United Kingdom who were not in our Army, and apparently had no intention of enlisting. With their devotion to the code, or creed, of Bushido, they found it difficult to comprehend such an extraordinary state of affairs. Official Japan, through Baron Ishii, the Foreign Minister, in an interview granted last November to a French journalist at Tokio, said that Japan would send a very strong army to Europe if it appeared to be desirable, but that such an eventuality had not hitherto been discussed by her. It has been suggested in Germany and elsewhere that Japan had an ulterior object in adhering to and in fighting alongside the Entente Powers—namely, to be in a position, as it is sometimes phrased, to "squeeze China." It was the high and honourable view of Japan that she really had no option, and it may be pointed out that her entering upon the War was nothing but the logical consequence of her policy for the ten or twelve years which preceded the breaking out of the conflict. That policy, first of all, embraced the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which was initiated in 1902, and had its terms enlarged and revised in 1905 and 1911. The principal objects of this Alliance were the maintenance of peace and of the status quo in India and the Far East, with specific reference to the preservation of the independence and territorial integrity of China. It was also provided that if Great Britain or Japan should be involved anywhere in a war arising from unprovoked attack or aggressive action by any Power or Powers, the other party should at once come to the military assistance of its ally. Next, that policy included Ententes with Russia and France which, in 1907, were embodied in Agreements or Conventions. A growing rapprochement between Russia and Japan found expression, three years later, in a further compact, which, as we saw in July of the present year, was to be extended into an Agreement that is tantamount to a formal alliance. Japan thus was in close relations not only with Great Britain but with the other two Powers originally forming the combination; she was, in fact, it may truthfully be asserted, a member of the Entente Group.

When Great Britain joined in the conflict Germany instantly began belligerent action against British ships in the Chinese and Japanese waters by searching merchant vessels. Only a remnant of the German Asiatic Fleet had been left at Tsingtao, and the rest of it was quite prepared to attack Australia and the islands in the Southern Seas. Early in August the British Government asked Japan for assistance under the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and on the 15th of the month Japan sent what was in effect an ultimatum, demanding from Germany the withdrawal of all her warships from the China and Japan Seas, and the delivery in a month's time to her of the leased territory of Kiaochao, with a view to restoring it to China afterwards. A reply was requested within a week, and as it was not received Japan declared war on the 23rd of August, 1914.

Japan, loyal to the Alliance, did not hesitate, but ranged herself by the side of the Allies, and it is especially noticeable that the Emperor placed no limits to the help Japan was to give, as he ordered his whole Army and Navy to carry on war against Germany with "all their strength."

It so happened that Japan, when she declared war on Germany, had in her treasury a surplus of ten millions sterling, which she had acquired by the most rigid economies spread over three years, including the involuntary retirement of three thousand functionaries in all grades. Financially, Japan is not a Great Power, though she is destined to become one, and these ten millions, so hardly come by, were a tremendous sum to her, but she devoted them ungrudgingly to the War, and never asked her wealthy Allies for money.

Of the operations which resulted in the capture of Tsingtao and the occupation of the district of Kiaochao, nothing need be said here. Japan

Laocoon, a XXth Century Ancient Statuary.

—Lukomorye, Petrograd.

looked to the complete extirpation of the German canker in the Far East, and Tsingtao was a step, though a most important one, in that direction. The moral effect of the success was very great in China and throughout Eastern Asia, and was of the utmost advantage to the cause of the Entente. Besides taking from Germany her naval base in the Far East in the shape of Tsingtao, the Japanese performed a great service to the Allies by immobilizing by the siege the ships of the enemy in the harbour which otherwise might easily have raided and wrought serious damage on such centres as Hongkong and Singapore. Japan's fleet was active in the Indian and Pacific Oceans protecting the commerce of the Allies, and making things generally unpleasant for the Germans. In October, 1914, Japan seized the Marshall Islands, one of which, Jaluit, was a German naval base, as well as the Ladrones and the Carolines in the Western Pacific. She is at present administering the Caroline and Marshall Islands, with the exception of Namu.

There was an impression that her activities in the struggle would practically cease with her land conquests, but the truth is that her fleet has never been idle. In the first year of the conflict Japanese warships protected the coasts of Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia at a time when German cruisers were in the Pacific. The Legislature of British Columbia has publicly acknowledged the service which Japan performed on behalf of that province of Canada. It has not yet transpired how much the Japanese navy did in hunting down the Emden, or in bringing von Spee's ships to book in the battle of the Falkland Islands, but one day no doubt we shall all learn to what extent it co-operated with the British in these affairs. Troops from Australia and New Zealand have been convoyed to Suez with the assistance of Japanese cruisers not once but continually.

(Concluded on page 25.)

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

CANADA AS A PAPER COUNTRY.

THE United States is frankly dependent on Canada for a large part of its supply of paper material. This fact has been emphasized by the shortage of pulp and paper available in the eastern markets. In these circumstances Canada need never worry over possible United States legislation against Canadian wood pulp and paper. Rather this country should take all possible measures for the conservation of our forests. Also it is desirable that the material should be exported in finished condition. It is better to export wood pulp than pulpwood, and paper than pulp. There is little export of pulpwood from this province, and the pulp industry here is mostly a paper industry. That is not the position throughout Eastern Canada. In the fiscal year 1915 Canada exported to the United States $6,817,511 worth of pulpwood, $4,806,822 of chemical pulp, and $4,459,539 of mechanical pulp, a total value of more than $16,000,000. The exports of printing paper were valued at $14,091,662. This shows that less than half the paper material, judged by value, went out of this country as a finished product. If we had the figures for this province by themselves the proportion would be quite [illegible]. Practically the whole of th[illegible] cally prepared pulp exported [illegible] to the United States, but Gr[illegible] took a third of the mechanic[illegible] or one-sixth of the whole. Of t[illegible] 000 worth of paper ex[illegible] $12,000,000 went to t[illegible], $750,000 to Australia, [illegible] Zealand, $370,000 to South [illegible] $180,000 to Great Brit[illegible]—[illegible] Advertiser.

CANADIAN MINING.

CANADA, being the third largest silver-producing country in the world, is vitally interested in the advances in the price of white metal, and mining companies who stored their silver during the early days of the war, are now busy extracting the white metal and taking the fullest possible advantage of the enhanced values. Both belligerent and neutral nations are anxious to hoard their gold, and, paper money being at a heavy discount, silver is the only means of exchange available. The output in the Province of Quebec alone increased from 48,762 ounces in 1914 to 93,602 ounces in 1915. The 1915 copper production of British Columbia is said to have been the greatest in the history of the province, exceeding that of 1912—the previous record year—by about 6,500,000 pounds. Copper forms 49.7 per cent. of the total mining production of the province. The copper-bearing pyrite mines in the Province of Quebec were unusually active in 1915, there being a great demand for ores both for the manufacture of sulphuric acid and for copper contents. The shipments were the highest ever made, and reached a total of 142,769 tons. Valuable deposits of copper were discovered a year ago in the north-western corner of Manitoba, and development began on a considerable scale last autumn. The entire copper ridge is about twenty-five miles wide; but so far, operations have been conducted only at each end of it. Gold has been discovered both here and in the neighbourhood of Rice Lake, one hundred miles north-west of Winnipeg. Coal mining is becoming an increasingly important industry in New Brunswick—the output last year, according to the Government Report, showing an increase of about 12½ per cent. The most prolific coal section in the province is at Grand Lake. In Saskatchewan, the output of coal last year increased by nearly 40,000 tons. The demand for fuel by the factories engaged on munition work kept the mines working at top pressure. The coal wealth of Alberta has been described as being almost illimitable. The lignite coal deposits of the province are enormous, and exist in practically every district, while the coal is found close to the surface, and is therefore easily obtained. The amount of bituminous coal in this province is also very great, and this is the principal exporting variety. The chief supplies are mined in the Livingstone range of mountains south-west of Calgary, and in the Brazeau district. The production of magnesite has been greatly stimulated by the war. Formerly Austria was the source of the world's supply of this material for refractory purposes. Chromite mining has also benefitted by the present industrial conditions. Shipments of asbestos were considerably greater last year than in 1914. The zinc and lead mines of Quebec are being developed systematically and with very satisfactory results, the output for 1915 being valued at over 300 per cent. more than that of 1914.—From the "United Empire."

THE INDUSTRIAL INVASION OF CANADA.

THERE can be little doubt that when the nations now at war declare peace and begin their economic rivalry, certain neutrals, ourselves among them, are going to have more to contemplate of than rifling of mail bags. It did not need the recent threat of this in the London Times to convince us that we are to "get ours." It is but natural that in the economic war to come those nations which have stood together in battle should extend a preferential tariff for each others' products.

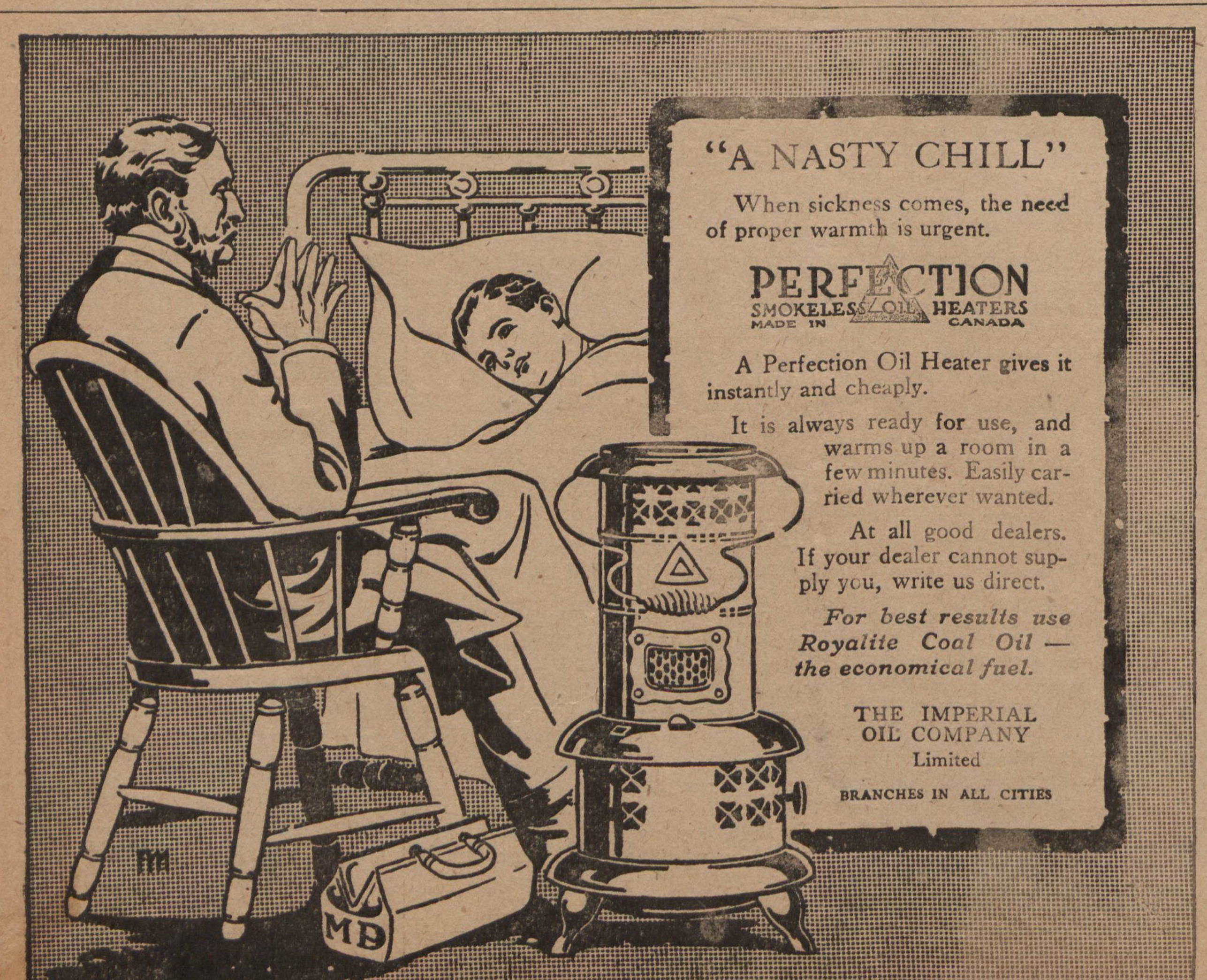
Canada, as one of these countries, will be so favoured and we shall be left out in the cold. In this case such United States concerns as may have plants in Canada, incorporated as Canadian companies, at the time the new tariff goes into operation, should benefit thereby. Business of this sort is already being done there on a huge scale. Several automobile companies have taken out Canadian incorporation papers, and in one instance United States capital has purchased a Canadian motor concern. Some of our heaviest agricultural companies are working there as separate Canadian corporations. The United States Steel Company has one manufacturing plant there now and is planning a second. The Standard Oil Company is working Canadian territory through a subsidiary company, and more than one Chicago packing firm enjoys trade through separate incorporation.

In addition to these and similar extensions of United States industries, capital from this country is making itself felt in mines and other commercial enterprises in the Dominion. There will be more Canadian branches of United States concerns before the war ends.

Neither nation need regret this. We can easily spare the capital to build up Canada's interests, as we have already done in the loans made to the Dominion, its provinces and municipalities, or in the farmers we have let go across the border to break the soil of the great Northwest. Canada views with complacency this industrial invasion, for she realizes that she needs the invested capital it represents as well as the opportunity for employment it offers.—Chicago Tribune.

WHERE?

The old Paisley shawl of grandmother's time is coming into style again, it seems. Well, the modern woman can stand a little more raiment, and the Paisley shawl is sufficiently capacious to cover a lot of her. But the problem is—where will she wear it? There's hardly room between her low neck and her high shoe-top.



This thrifty body puts another five-cent piece into the home savings bank, so that when the next war loan is put on the market he will be able to subscribe.

Troubles of Other People

(Concluded from page 17.)

to Montreal. To be sure he knows the town, for he was born and bred there. But Montreal has grown away from men of his type. He suits the west better; not merely Winnipeg, but the whole man's country out to beyond the Rockies. And there is a certain atmosphere in the head offices which would make Grant Hall considerably like a grizzly bear in a billiard room. He has that fresh, untamable vigour that much of the West is losing all too rapidly. To the casual observer he seems unsophisticated. Beware. Grant Hall is no chicken. He was not born to be plucked of his pin feathers by any smooth artist, just because he has enough good nature to last him all day in a scrimmage.

Not long ago a deputation of farmers came to him with a grievance. They had studied this thing and borne with it for a long while. They were C. P. R. parishioners who had grown up with that system and naturally looked to it somewhat as the red men used to come to the fur post factor to talk about the white father. These men came to Hall with a cut and dried case against—somebody; perhaps it was the railway, and if so out with it.

"Well, what is it?" asked the G. M.

"Potatoes," said the spokesman.

"And what about them? Price too low in the field and too high in the city store?"

"That's what it is," they agreed. "It's a devil of a difference and we thought you might be able to explain it."

Again the railwayman was suspected of knowing more than was good for some other people. Seeing that Hall was such an outspoken, unreserved sort of man, they would like to see what he did know.

"Well, I'll look into the thing and let you know—this afternoon at three o'clock," he said.

Immediately he rang up his grocer.

"You supply me with potatoes. What are you charging me now—just for instance?"

The price was quoted.

"Thanks. That's all I want to know."

He found out in a jiffy what was the freight rate on potatoes from Souris, or wherever it was, to Winnipeg. When he met the farmers that afternoon he subtracted the price paid to the farmer plus the freight charges on a bushel from the price which he himself was paying for potatoes as a consumer.

"Now, somebody between the end of the railway haul and the pocket of the general manager is getting that difference of fifty per cent. And it isn't the railway. That's clear."

"Yeh, that's clear enough. Taint the railway this time."

"There's a nigger in the woodpile—and his name is Middleman," said Hall, in whatever language he chose to find convenient. He knew quite well that the farmers were not anxious to see him pay less for potatoes, and that what would please them would be to see the difference cadged by the middleman go to the producer. But if he told them so it was served up in a joke.

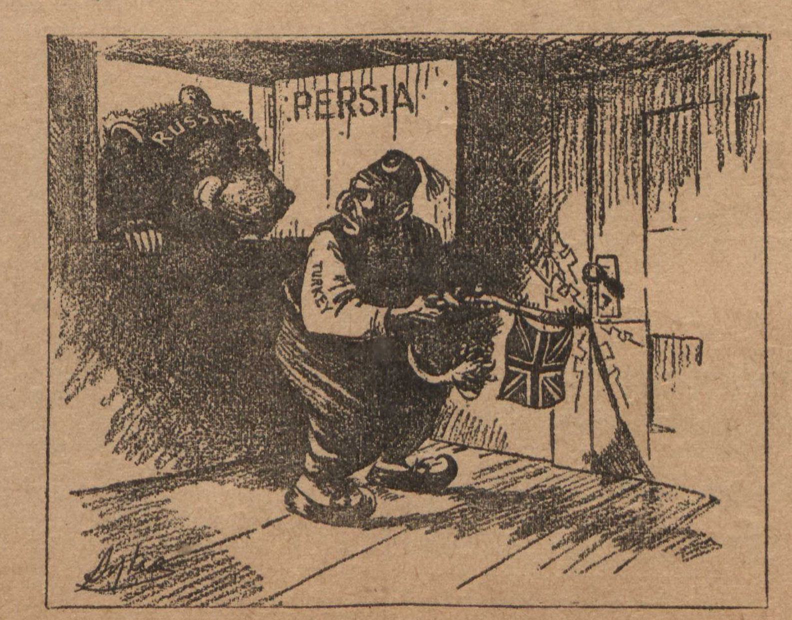
In a primitive, practical way, Hall is an economist. And with his knowledge of transportation and production costs it might be a fine thing for any university to engage a man of his calibre to lecture on some phase of political economy. I have an idea he would make a superb Minister of Labour.

However, Grant Hall has no desire to be anything but a railwayman. He seems to have no bent for politics or civic honours. One of his few hobbies is kindness to animals. That one desire to see brute beasts given a fair show, from cats up to horses, is one of his strongest characteristics. And that may help to explain the kindly glimmer that so often plays over his days' works. I don't know what animals he prefers—I imagine horses and dogs. But it makes no difference. The principle of kindness is the thing.

What's What

(Continued from page 23.)

Though financially Japan, as already remarked, is a modest Power, she yet has helped the common cause to a considerable extent with regard to the finance of the Allies. In January of last year the general position of trade and commerce in that country was not particularly bright, but as, of course, Japan has made a good deal of money from munitions and out of her shipping, it has vastly improved. In October the receipts derived by the Japanese Government from munitions were sufficient to render unnecessary the issue of Exchequer bonds, and the national gold reserve has increased rapidly. Japan has not been financed by the other Allies, and when we hear, as we sometimes do, that Great Britain is financing all her Allies an exception must be made in the case of Japan, for she has not had a loan from us or, for that matter, from anybody else. On the contrary, she has subscribed to the loans issued by the other Allies, or taken action which is equivalent to the same thing. Thus Japan had twelve millions in gold deposited in New York, and she virtually has transferred it to Great Britain by taking British Treasury bonds in London against that amount. To help to finance Russia, Japanese bankers have bought five million pounds worth of Russian bonds, and have arranged to take in the near future an equal amount. With regard to France, the Japanese Budget for the current year sets aside five millions sterling for the redemption of Japanese railway bonds, which had been placed in Paris before the War. When the comparative poverty of the Japanese people is recalled, it must be admitted that even in the field of finance Japan is doing what she can. Of the sixty millions to which her gold reserve has grown, she keeps by far the larger part in London, and this is at once an assistance for us in our own finance, and at the same time a distinguished proof of her confidence. In Japan, as in other countries, the War has had a prejudicial effect on some industries, and there will be a period or reorganization and reconstruction when the conflict is at an end, but preparation is being made for it, and on the whole she will be in a strong position financially. For one thing, unless circumstances change profoundly, she will have reduced her debt.



The Sick Man—"I—er—oh—I was just—just looking at this beautiful tail, Mr. Bear. No offence, I hope!"—Westminster Gazette.

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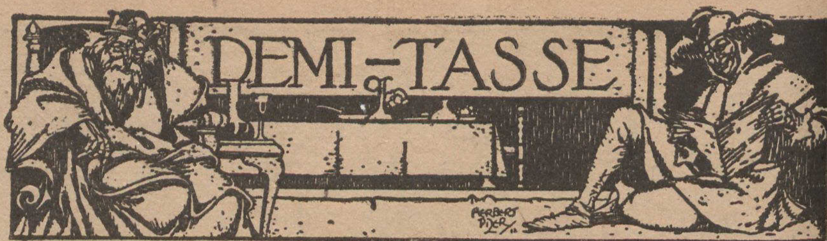


COURIERETTES.

THE Ontario toper can't take any "interest" in two and a half per cent.

Austrians felt so safe that they opened beer gardens in their trenches. Then the Allies got the "bead" on them.

The mother of an Australian champion boxer won't let him enlist. She must be some fighter.

German prisoners in Britain are making pipes in their spare time. For their pipe-dreams of victory?

Men are fined in England for carrying matches in munition plants. It is not a "light" offence.

They are talking now of having all bread made in the round loaf form. To prevent a bread corner?

It isn't so much the moaning of the bar in Ontario that you hear now, but the moaning of the thirsty throats that once were wet.

Lloyd George cannot be reading the Hearst papers. He says Britain has only begun to fight.

And somehow there's a strange silence now among those Americans who were jesting and singing some time ago to the effect that "everybody fights but the British."

'Tis now said that Hon. G. P. Graham may run in a Toronto constituency. Mark the word "run."

How about giving the Ontario "uplifters" a chance to help in the third attempt to raise the Quebec bridge span?

It rather gives one a pain in these war days to see pictures of King Manuel playing tennis. He might better be repaying Britain for her kindness to him.

Uncle Sam spent $100,000,000 on the hunt for Villa and then didn't get him. But look at the nice moving pictures they took on the trip!

Butter is $3 a pound in Germany and now the Huns find they can't get Greece.

CONDITIONS REVERSED.

We read of a Bishop in Britain who could not make some distant calls because of lack of gasoline. This seems to be reversing the Scriptural phrase, for in this case the flesh was willing but the spirit was weak.

IN THE SAME BOAT.

Newspaper heading says: "Hughes finds Wilson wanting." Sure. Wanting the same thing that Hughes wants.

BY WAY OF ASSURANCE.

Of course the average wife trusts her husband—but nevertheless when the opportunity offers she cant resist the temptation to go through his pockets.

War Time Heroines

(Concluded from page 15.)

The cake referred to is one of the many ingenuous ways Canadian girls have of raising money for patriotic purposes. Recipes for the Edith May cake (a truly delectable production) are sold for 25 cents each, and a girl who boasts of no "parlour tricks" is able to turn her very practical talent to good account. This letter was not written for publication, needless to say, yet we feel sure that Miss May will not object to our using it if it can be the means of making the needs of her work more widely known in Canada.

IN another letter Miss May describes in vivid contrast two of the hospitals she visited. One in the famous Chateau Clemenceaux, where queens and courtiers once made merry:

You can't imagine how strange it seemed to see that long hall of Catherine de Medeci's built over the river, now turned into a ward for one hundred and seventy men! There are two operating-rooms, too, beautifully equipped and the X-ray room is the green tapestry room with the portrait of Catherine looking down from the wonderful mantelpiece. Monsieur Meunier, the present owner, has spent thousands in the equipment, and not a plank nor a nail, but has been so placed that when it is withdrawn or taken down it will leave no trace of having been there. I think the views from the wards and the operating room would almost make me well.

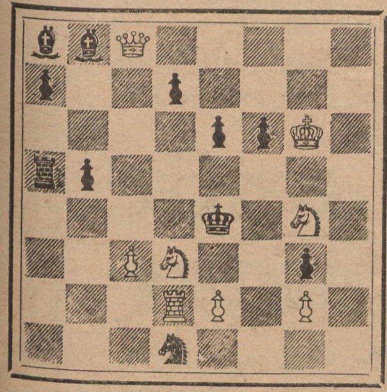
In vivid contrast to this she describes another hospital:

It was an abandoned factory of the most primitive sort, most of the staircases are open like ladders; the ground-floor is still a sort of lumber and storage place; ceilings are upheld by rough, unpainted posts; the floors are uneven, worn away, and without a vestige of polish or surface. I saw no electricity or lighting anywhere save in the little operating-room. The only water is a tap in the lower entry. In one place, to close up an open loft, the directeur had begged of a theater in a neighbouring town a drop-curtain upon which were painted a castle and moat and a wonderful cascade. He was very proud of this piece of ingenuity—and I was proud, not only of his ingenuity, but of his courage everywhere. He said he had been discouraged when he first saw the building, but that he had begged and borrowed, and they had cleaned and painted, and that now it was really very homelike. The walls in one corridor were covered with life-size figures of soldiers cannon, scenes from trench life. One of their wounded had been a real artist, and had tried to do his part to render the place gayer during his days of convalescence. . . But, oh, it was a pathetic place! And all the more so because they were so bent on pointing out what they did have, and in showing how happy their men were. That tumble-down old place was full of smiling faces! For an instant I forgot it all. And then I felt as if I must do something for them, and I was so glad to feel that I could. I don't believe you can begin to realize what it meant to have some money in the face of such desperate needs. It is the very greatest happiness I have ever known. So then we went back to the little operating-room and sat down on three-legged stools and there we planned like children! I am going to put in running water for them, and linoleum on the operating floor, and give some tables and chairs to the wards (they have practically none); and the fund is to be asked for clothing and pillows (they have none), and some instruments. Somehow, when I came in to-night and found a letter waiting to welcome me from the medecin-chef, thanking me and my compatriots so genuinely and sincerely for what we were to do, I felt as uplifted as if I were walking on air. I wish every one who has helped me to give these things could know it. . .

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

PROBLEM NO. 86, by Frank Janet.
Mount Vernon, N.Y.
(Specially composed for the Courier.)
A. "Pickabish."

Black.—Eleven pieces.



White.—Eight pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 87, by V. Cisar.

Morning Post, 1899.

White: K at KKt8; Q at QB8; R at Q5; Kt at K7; Ps at K4, KKt2, KR2 and KR4. Black: K at KB5; Bs at KKt2 and KR4; Kts at Qsq and KRsq; Ps at QKt4, QKt6; K6, K7, KB3 and KKt3.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 81, by A. J. Fink.

1. Kt—Kt3! KKt—Q5; 2. R—QB5 mate.
1. ...., Kt—K4; 2. Kt—K7 mate.
1. ...., Kt—Kt4; 2. R—KB5 mate.
1. ...., KKt else; 2. QxR mate.
1. ...., R—K4; 2. Q—B6 mate.
1. ...., threat; 2. Q—K4 mate.

One of the most puzzling two-ers we have ever come across. The Knight must go to Kt3 to prevent the defence 1. ......, Q—Kt5.

Problem No. 82, by J. Scheel.

1. Kt (K3)—Q5, K—B4; 2. Q—B3ch, K moves; 3. Q—B3 or 7 mate.
1. ......, K—B5; 2. QxQPch, K—B4; 3. Kt—K4 mate.
1. ......, K—K4; 2. Kt—Q7ch! KxKt; 3. QxQP mate.
1. ......, RxP; 2. Q—K3ch! K—B5; 3. PxP mate.
1. ......, B—Q3; 2. QxQPch K—K4; 3. Q—K4 mate.
1. ......, threat; 2. Q—R4ch, K moves; 3. Q—Kt4 or B4 mate.

BLACK PAWN PROMOTION.

The following Black Pawn promotion task is relative to the one published in our commentary July 29. We are indebted to Mr. Faulkner for this specimen, which he prefers to the pioneer composition by O. Wurzburg.

By J. Keeble.

White: K at Q5; Q at Q8; R at KBsq; Bs at QKt3 and QBsq; Kts at K2 and KKt2; Ps at QR3, QB4, Q7 and KB4. Black: K at Q8; Rs at QR8 and QB7; B at QKt8; Kt at K8; Ps at QR7, QB4, Q7, K6, KB7 and KKt5. Mate in four.

1. Q—R5, PxB=Q; 2. P=Q, Q—Q7ch; 3. KxP! etc. 1. ......, PxB=R; 2. Kt—Ktsq! P—K7; 3. Kt—K4! etc. 1. ......, PxB=B; 2. Q—B3, B—Q7; 3. Q—Kt2, etc. 1. ......, PxB=Kt; 2. Kt—B3ch, K—Q2; 3. Kt—R4 dis. ch, etc.

Canadian Correspondence League.

Mr. C. F. Davie, of Victoria, B.C., has succeeded in getting the Canadian branch of the Chess Amateur Correspondence League on a working basis and has issued a set of rules, together with a comprehensive prospectus of the activities planned. The following tournaments are to be held throughout the year:

(a) TRI-MONTHLY. Each tournament is composed of six players, who compete for first and second places. First prize, silver medal; second prize, silver medal. Entrance fee, $1.00. Dates of commencement: 1st January, April, July and October.

(b) SEMI-ANNUAL MAJOR TOURNAMENT (special gold and silver medals). Each tournament is composed of three preliminary sections of four players each, the winners of which play off in the final section for first, second and third places. First prize, gold medal; second and third prizes, silver medals. Entrance fee, $2.00. Date of commencement: 1st April and October.

(c) ANNUAL CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP. The arrangement of this tournament will depend upon the number of entries. First prize, silver cup; second prize, gold medal; third prize, silver medal. Date of commencement: 1st January.

Fuller particulars can be obtained from Mr. C. F. Davie, P. O. Drawer 783, Victoria, B.C., to whom entrance fees should be sent.

The following is an interesting correspondence game won by Mr. Davie, who is a councillor at law:

Falkbeer Counter Gambit.

White.	Black.
Major H. E. Stickle.	C. F. Davie.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. P—KB4	2. P—Q4
3. Kt—KB3	3. B—KKt5 (a)
4. PxQP (b)	4. P—K5
5. Q—K2	5. P—KB4 (c)
6. Q—Kt5ch	6. P—B3
7. PxP	7. PxP
8. Q—K5ch	8. Q—K2
9. P—KR3	9. BxKt
10. PxB	10. Kt—Q2 (d)
11. QxKBP	11. PxP dis. ch
12. K—B2	12. Q—R5ch (e)
13. KxP	13. B—B4
14. Q—K4ch	14. Kt—K2
15. P—Q4	15. Castles (f)
16. PxB	16. Kt—KB4
17. B—B4ch	17. K—Rsq
18. B—K3	18. Kt—Kt6
19. B—B2	19. QR—Ksq
20. Q—Q4 (g)	20. RxPch (h)
21. QxR	21. Kt—K4ch (i)
22. QxKt	22. RxQ
23. BxKt	23. Q—K5ch
24. K—B2	24. R—B4ch
25. K—Ktsq	25. R—Kt4
Resigns.	

(a) Favoured by Marshall.
(b) Black evaded the counter-gambit by 3, Kt—KB3, but he now decides to accept it.
(c) Q—K2 was possibly better.
(d) To get rid of the Pawn, so as to open the files on the King is Black's only chance.
(e) If White will only take another Pawn, something must happen.
(f) There is no time to retreat the Bishop; the heavy artillery must be brought up at once, if advantage is to be taken of the Pawn sacrifices.
(g) If 20. BxKt, then 20. ......, Q—R4ch and the White Queen is lost.
(h) Some more material must go.
(i) And still more if the day is to be saved.

(Score and notes from "The Chess Correspondent.")

END-GAME NO. 17.

By W. and M. Platoff.

White: K at QKt7; R at KR4; Kt at QR2; P at KKt6. Black: K at QKt4; R at QB7; B at K2. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. P—Kt 7, R—KKt7; 2. Kt—B3ch, K—B4!; 3. Kt—K4ch, K—Q4 (a); 4. Kt—Kt5, RxKt; 5. R—R5, RxR; 6. P=Qch, K—B4 (b); 7. Q—B8ch, K—Q4 (c); 8. Q—Q7ch, B—Q3; 9. Q—B7ch, and wins.
(a) If 3. ......, K—B4, then 4. R—R5ch and 5. Kt—Kt5.
(b) If 6. ......, K—K4 then 7. Q—B7. If 6. ......, K else, then 7. Q—Kt4 or 6 ch.
(c) If 7. ......, K—Kt4, then 8. Q—K8ch. If 7. ......, K—Q3, then 8. Q—B6ch and 9. Q—Kt5ch. If 7. ......, K else, then 8. Q—Kt4ch.

A Smile or Two

BETWEEN THE LINES.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., told a war-story at a smoker at the officers' training-camp in Plattsburg.

"Two brothers, Russians," he said, "were captured in the Carpathians and sent to a prison-camp in Germany.

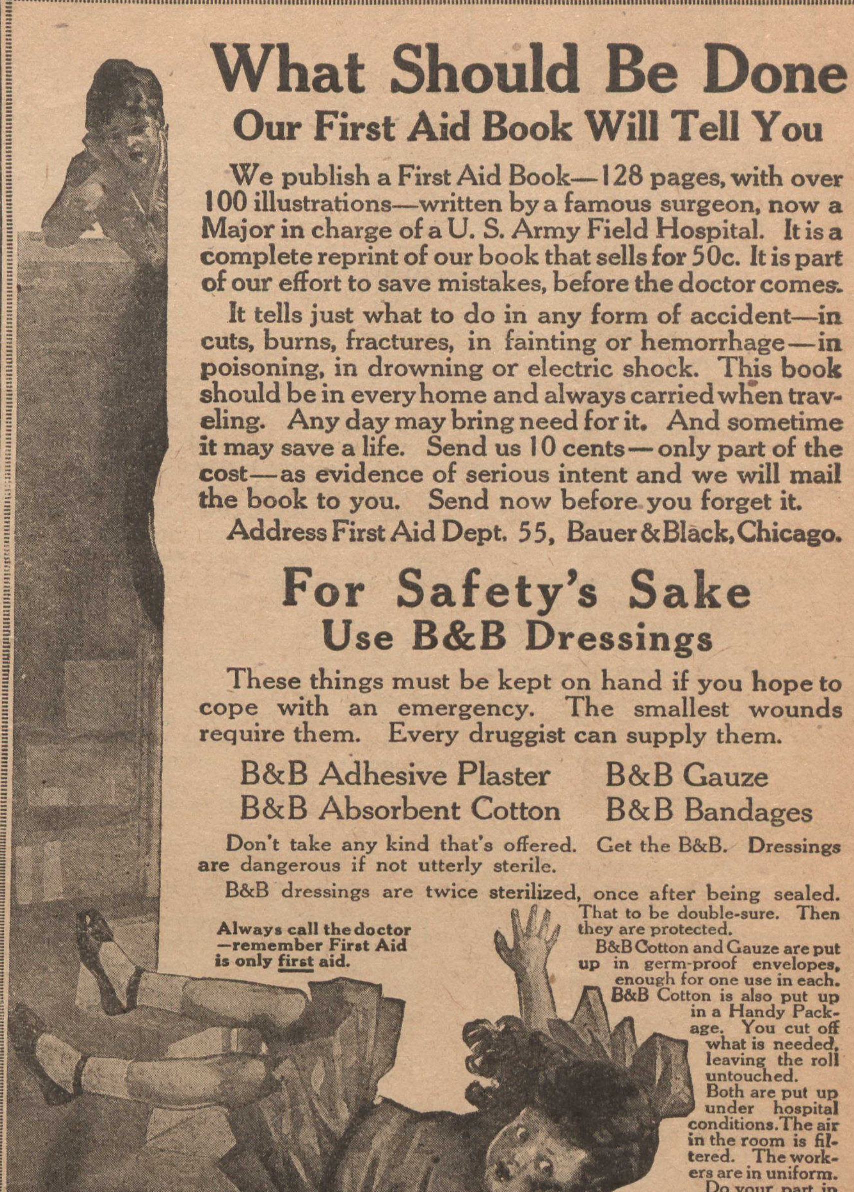
"Their mother heard nothing from them for a long while, and the poor woman was nearly distracted. Then, at last she got a letter, a letter from the eldest brother, Piotr.

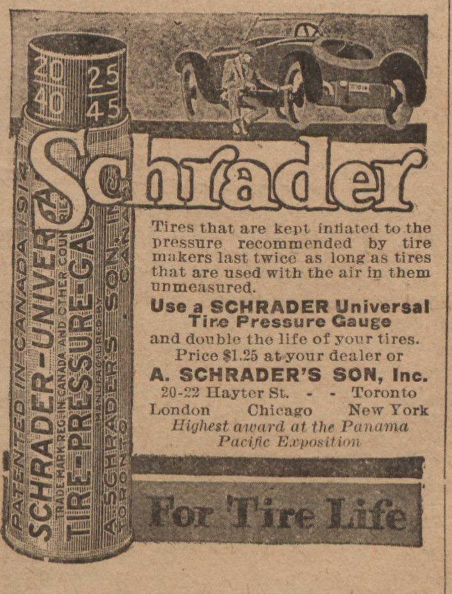
"'Dear mother,' he wrote, 'here I am in the lovely German prison-camp. I have a beautiful room, with use of bath. The bed is comfortable, clean sheets every week. Good food and plenty of it. Beer to drink and cigars to smoke. I am very happy.

'Piotr.'

"'P. S.—Brother Ivan was shot this morning for complaining.'"

Some Mix Up.—Poor old Uncle Sam has quite a political menagerie on his hands in this campaign, with a hysterical elephant, a dying bull moose, and a "too proud to fight" donkey.





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THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

EATON received back his purse and bill-fold. He put them in his pocket without examining their contents. The porter appeared with his overcoat and hat. Eaton put them on and stepped out of the car. The conductor escorted him to a limousine car. "This is the gentleman," Connery said to the chauffeur to whom Harriet Santoine had spoken. The man opened the door of the limousine; another man, whom Eaton had not before seen, was seated in the car; Eaton stepped in. Connery extended his hand—"Good-by, sir."

"Good-by."

The motor-car drove down a wide, winding road with tall, spreading trees on both sides. Lights shone, at intervals, from windows of what must be large and handsome homes. The man in the car with Eaton, whose duty plainly was only that of a guard, did not speak to Eaton nor Eaton to him. The motor passed other limousines occasionally; then, though the road was still wide and smooth and still bounded by great trees, it was lonelier; no houses appeared for half a mile; then lights glowed directly ahead; the car ran under the portecochere of a great stone country mansion; a servant sprang to the door of the limousine and opened it; another man seized Eaton's hand-baggage from beside the chauffeur. Eaton entered a large, beamed and paneled hallway with an immense fireplace with logs burning in it; there was a wide stairway which the servant, who had appointed himself Eaton's guide, ascended. Eaton followed him and found another great hall upstairs. The servant led him to one of the doors opening off this and into a large room, fitted for a man's occupancy, with dark furniture, cases containing books on hunting, sports and adventure, and smoking things; off this was a dressing room with the bath next; beyond was a bedroom.

"These are to be your rooms, sir," the servant said. A valet appeared and unpacked Eaton's travelling bag.

"Anything else, sir?" The man, who had finished unpacking his clothes and laying them out, approached respectfully. "I've drawn your bath tepid, sir; is that correct?"

"Quite," Eaton said. "There's nothing else."

"Very good. Good night, sir. If there's anything else, the second button beside the bed will bring me, sir."

When the man had withdrawn noiselessly and closed the door, Eaton stood staring about the rooms dazedly; then he went over and tried the door. It opened; it was not locked. He turned about and went into the dressing room and began taking off his clothes; he stepped into the bathroom and felt the tepid bath. In a moment he was in the bath; fifteen minutes later he was in bed with the window open beside him, letting in the crisp, cool breeze. But he had not the slightest idea of sleep; he had undressed, bathed, and gone to bed to convince himself that what he was doing was real, that he was not acting in a dream.

He got up and went to the window and looked out, but the night was cloudy and dark, and he could see nothing except some lighted windows. As he watched, the light was switched out. Eaton went back to bed, but amazement would not let him sleep.

He was in Santoine's house; he knew it could be no other than Santoine's house. It was to get into Santoine's house that he had come from Asia; he had thought and planned and schemed all through the long voyage on the steamer how it was to be done. He would have been willing to cross the Continent on foot to accomplish it; no labour that he could imagine would have seemed too great to him if this had been its end; and here it had been done without effort on his part, naturally, inevitably! Chance and circumstance had done it! And as he realized this, his mind was full of what he had to do in Santoine's house. For many days he had not thought about that; it had seemed impossible that he could have any opportunity to act for himself. And the return to his thoughts of possibility of carrying out his original plan brought before him thoughts of his friends—those friends who, through his exile, had been faithful to him, but whose identity or existence he had been obliged to deny, when questioned, to protect them as well as himself.

As he lay on his bed in the dark, he stared upward to the ceiling, wide awake, thinking of those friends whose devotion to him might be justified at last; and he went over again and tested and reviewed the plan he had formed. But it never had presumed a position for him—even if it was the position of a semi-prisoner—inside Santoine's house. And he required more information of the structure of the house than he as yet had, to correct his plan further. But he could not, without too great risk of losing everything, discover more that night; he turned over and set himself to go to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ally in the House.

THE first gray of dawn roused Eaton, and drawing on trousers and coat over his pajamas, he seated himself by the open window to see the house by daylight. The glow, growing in the east, showed him first that the house stood on the shore of the lake; the light came to him across water, and from the lake had come the crisp, fresh-smelling breeze that had blown into his windows through the night. As it grew lighter, he could see the house; it was an immense structure of smooth grey stone. Eaton was in its central part, his windows looking to the south. To the north of him was a wing he could not see—tne wing which had contained the porte-cochere under which the motor-car had stopped the night before; and the upper part of this wing, he had been able to tell, contained the servants' quarters. To the south, in front of him, was another wing composed, apparently in part at least, of family bedrooms.

Between the house and the lake was a terrace, part flagged, part gravel, part lawn not yet green but with green shoots showing among the last year's grass. A stone parapet walled in this terrace along the top of the bluff which pitched precipitously down to the lake fifty feet below, and the narrow beach of sand and shingle. As Eaton watched, one of the two nurses who had been on the train came to a window of the farthest room on the second floor of the south wing and stood looking out; that, then, must be Santoine's room; and Eaton drew back from his window as he noted this.

The sun had risen, and its beams, reflected up from the lake, danced on his ceiling. Eaton, chilled by the sharp air off the water—and knowing now the locality where he must be—pulled off his coat and trousers and jumped back into bed. The motor driveway which stretches north from Chicago far into Wisconsin leaves between it and the lake a broad wooded strip for spacious grounds and dwellings; Santoine's house was one of these.

Eaton felt that its location was well suited for his plans; and he realized, too, that circumstances had given him time for anything he might wish to do; for the night's stop at Minneapolis and Santoine's unexpected taking him into his own charge must have made Eaton's disappearance complete; for the present he was lost to "them" who had been "following" him, and to his friends alike. His task, then, was to let his friends know where he was without letting "them" learn it; and thinking of how this was to be done, he fell asleep again.

At nine he awoke with a start; then recollecting everything, he jumped up and shut his windows. There was a respectful, apologetic knock at the door; evidently a servant had been waiting in the hall for some sound within the room.

"May I come in, sir?"

"Come in."

The man who had attended him the evening before entered.

"Your bath, sir; hot or cold in the morning, sir?"

"Hot," Eaton answered.

"Of course, sir; I'd forgotten you'd just come from the Orient, sir. Do you wish anything first, sir?"

"Anything?"

"Anything to drink, sir?"

"Oh, no."

The man again prepared the bath. When Eaton returned to his dressing-room, he found the servant awaiting him with shaving mug, razor and apron. The man shaved him and trimmed his hair.

"I shall tell them to bring breakfast up, sir; or will you go down?" the man asked then.

Eaton considered. The manners of servants are modeled on the feelings of their masters, and the man's deference told plainly that, although Eaton might be a prisoner he was not to be treated openly as such.

"I think I can go down," Eaton replied, when the man had finished dressing him. He found the hall and the rooms below bright and open, but unoccupied; a servant showed him to a blue Delft breakfast room to the east, where a fire was burning in an old-fashioned Dutch fire-place. A cloth was spread on the table, but no places were set; a number of covered dishes, steaming above electric discs, were on the sideboard. The servant in attendance there took covers off these dishes as Eaton approached; he chose his breakfast and sat down, the man laying one place for him. This manner of serving gave Eaton no hint as to how many others were in the house or might be expected to breakfast. He had half finished his bacon and greens before any one else appeared.

This was a tall, carefully dressed man of more than fifty, with handsome, well-bred features—plainly a man of position and wealth but without experience in affairs, and without power. He was dark, dark haired and wore a moustache which, like his hair, was beginning to gray. As he appeared in the hall without hat or overcoat, Eaton understood that he lived in the house; he came directly into the breakfast room and evidently had not breakfasted. He observed Eaton and gave him the impersonal nod of a man meeting another whom he may have met but has forgotten.

"Good morning, Stiles," he greeted the servant.

"Good morning, sir," the man returned.

THE newcomer sat down at the table opposite Eaton, and the servant, without inquiring his tastes, brought pineapple, rolls and coffee.

"I am Wallace Blatchford," the stranger volunteered as Eaton looked up. He gave the name in a manner which seemed to assume that he now must be recalled; Eaton therefore feigned recognition as he gave him his name in return.

"Basil Santoine is better this morning," Blatchford announced.

"I understand he was very comfortable last evening," Eaton said. "I have not seen either Miss Santoine or Mr. Avery this morning."

"I saw Basil Santoine the last thing last night," the other boasted. "He was very tired; but when he was home, of course, he wished me to be beside him for a time."

"Of course," Eaton replied, as the other halted. There was a humility in the boast of this man's friendship

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for Santoine which stirred sympathy, almost pity.

"I believe with the doctors that Basil Santoine is to be spared," the tall man continued. "The nation is to be congratulated. He is certainly one of the most useful men in America. The President—much as he is to be admired for unusual qualities—cannot compare in service. Suppose the President were assassinated; instantly the Vice-President would take his place; the visible government of the country would go on; there would be no chaos, scarcely any confusion. But suppose Basil Santoine had died—particularly at this juncture!"

Eaton finished his breakfast, but remained at the table while Blatchford, who scarcely touched his food, continued to boast, in his queer humility, of the blind man and of the blind man's friendship for him. He checked himself only when Harriet Santoine appeared in the doorway. He and Eaton at once were on their feet.

"My dear! He wants to see me now?" the tall man almost pleaded. "He wants me to be with him this morning?"

"Of course, Cousin Wallace," the girl said, gently, almost with compassion.

"You will excuse me then, sir," Blatchford said hastily to Eaton and hurried off. The girl gazed after him, and when she turned the next instant to Eaton her eyes were wet.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning, Miss Santoine. You are coming to breakfast?"

"Oh, no; I've had my breakfast; I was going out to see that things outside the house have been going on well since we have been away."

"May I go with you while you do that?" Eaton tried to ask casually. Important to him as was the plan of the house, it was scarcely less essential for him to know the grounds.

She hesitated.

"I understand it's my duty at present to stay wherever I may be put; but I'd hardly run away from you while inside your own grounds."

This did not seem to be the question troubling her. "Very well," she said, at last. The renewed friendliness—or the reservation of judgment of him—which she had let him see again after the interview with her father in the car the morning before, was not absent; it seemed only covered over with responsibilities which came upon her now that she was at home. She was abstracted as they passed through the hall and a man brought Eaton's overcoat and hat and a maid her coat. Harriet led the way out to the terrace. The day was crisp, but the breeze had lost the chill it had had earlier in the morning; the lake was free from ice; only along the little projecting breakwaters which guarded the bluff against the washing of the waves, some ice still clung, and this was rapidly melting. A graveled path led them around the south end of the house.

"Your father is still better this morning?" Eaton asked.

"What did you say?" she asked.

He repeated his question. Was her constraint, he wondered, due to her feeling, somehow, that for the first time in their short acquaintance he was consciously "using" her, if only for the purpose of gaining an immediate view of the grounds? He felt that; but he told himself he was not doing the sort of thing he had refused to do when, on the train, he had avoided her invitation to present him to her father. Circumstances now were entirely different. And as he shook off the reproach to himself, she also came from her abstraction.

"Yes; Father's improving steadily and—Dr. Sinclair says—much more rapidly than it would have been right to expect. Dr. Sinclair is going to remain only to-day; then he is to turn Father over to the village doctor, who is very good. We will keep the same nurses at present."

"Mr. Blatchford told me that might be the arrangement."

"Oh, you had some talk with Mr. Blatchford, then?"

"We introduced ourselves."

HARRIET was silent for a moment, evidently expecting some comment from him; when he offered none, she said, "Father would not like you to accept the estimate of him which Mr. Blatchford must have given you."

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't Mr. Blatchford argue with you that Father must be the greatest man living?"

"He certainly expressed great admiration for your father," Eaton said. "He is your cousin?"

"I call him that; he's Father cousin. They were very close friends when they were boys, though Cousin Wallace is a few years older. They entered preparation school together and were together all through college and ever since. I suppose Cousin Wallace told you that it was he—— Those are the garages and stables over there to the north, Mr. Eaton. This road leads to them. And over there are the toolhouses and gardeners' quarters; you can only just see them through the trees."

She had interrupted herself suddenly, as though she realized that his attention had not been upon what she was saying but given to the plan of the grounds. He recalled himself quickly.

"Yes; what was it you were saying about Mr. Blatchford?"

She glanced at him keenly, then coloured and went on. "I was saying that Father and he went through college together. They both were looked upon as young men of very unusual promise—Mr. Blatchford especially; I suppose because Father, being younger, had not shown so plainly what he might become. Then Father was blinded—he was just sixteen; and—and Cousin Wallace never fulfilled the promise he had given."

"I don't quite see the connection," Eaton offered.

"OH, I thought Cousin Wallace must have told you; he tells almost every one as soon as he meets them. It was he who blinded Father. It was a hunting accident, and Father was made totally blind. Father always said it wasn't Cousin Wallace's fault; but Mr. Blatchford was almost beside himself because he believed he had ruined Father's life. But Father went on and did all that he has done, while it stopped poor Cousin Wallace. It's queer how things work out! Cousin Wallace thought it was Father's, but it was his own life that he destroyed. He's happy only when Father wants him with him; and to himself—and to most people—he's only the man that blinded Basil Santoine."

"I think I shall understand him now," Eaton said quietly.

"I like the way you said that. . . . Here, Mr. Eaton, is the best place to see the grounds."

Their path had topped a little rise; they stopped; and Eaton, as she pointed out the different objects, watched carefully and printed the particulars and the general arrangement of the surroundings on his memory.

As he looked about, he could see that further ahead the path they were on paralleled a private drive which two hundred yards away entered what must be the public pike; for he could see motor-cars passing along it. He noted the direction of this and of the other paths, so that he could follow them in the dark, if necessary. The grounds were broken by ravines at right angles to the shore, which were crossed by little bridges; other bridges carried the public pike across them, for he could hear them rumble as the motor-cars crossed them; a man could travel along the bottom of one of those ravines for quite a distance without being seen. To north and south outside of the cared-for grounds there were clumps of rank, wild-growing thicket. To the east, the great house which the trees could not hide stood out against the lake and beyond and below it was the beach; but a man could not travel along the beach by daylight without being visible for miles from the top of the bluff, and even at night, one traveling along the beach would be easily intercepted.

Could Harriet Santoine divine these thoughts in his mind? He turned to her as he felt her watching him; but if she had been observing him as he looked about, she was not regarding him now. He followed her direction and saw at a little distance a powerful, strapping man, half-concealed—though he did not seem to be hiding—behind some bushes. The man might have passed for an undergardener; but he was not working; and once before during their walk Eaton had seen another man, powerfully built as this one, who had looked keenly at him and then away quickly. Harriet flushed slightly as she saw that Eaton observed the man; Eaton understood then that the man was a guard, one of several, probably, who had been put about the house to keep watch of him.

Had Harriet Santoine understood his interest in the grounds as preparatory to a plan to escape, and had she therefore taken him out to show him the guards who would prevent him? He did not speak of the men, and neither did she; with her, he went on, silently, to the gardeners' cottages, where she gave directions concerning the spring work being done on the grounds. Then they went back to the house, exchanging—for the first time between them—ordinary inanities.

She left him in the hall, saying she was going to visit her father; but part way up the stairs, she paused.

"You'll find books in the library of every conceivable sort, Mr. Eaton," she called down to him.

"Thank you," he answered; and he went into the library, but he did not look for a book. Left alone, he stood listening.

As her footsteps on the stairs died away, no other sound came to him. The lower part of the house seemed deserted. He went out again into the hall and looked about quickly and waited and listened; then he stepped swiftly and silently to a closet where, earlier, he had noticed a telephone. He shut himself in and took up the receiver of the instrument. As he placed it to his ear, he heard the almost imperceptible sound of another receiver on the line being lifted; then the girl at the suburban central said, "Number, please."

Eaton held the receiver to his ear without making reply. The other person on the line—evidently it was an extension in the house—also remained silent. The girl at central repeated the request; neither Eaton nor the other person replied. Eaton hung up the receiver and stepped from the closet. He encountered Donald Avery in the hall.

"You have been telephoning?" Avery asked.

"No."

"Oh; you could not get your number?"

"I did not ask for it."

Eaton gazed coolly at Avery, knowing now that Avery had been at the other telephone on the line or had had report from the person who had been prepared to overhear.

"So you have had yourself appointed my—warden?"

Avery took a case from his pocket and lighted a cigar without offering Eaton one. Eaton glanced past him; Harriet Santoine was descending the stair. Avery turned and saw her, and again taking out his cigar-case, now offered it to Eaton, who ignored it.

"I found Father asleep," Harriet said to Eaton.

"May I see you alone for a moment?" he asked.

"Of course," she said; and as Avery made no motion, she turned toward the door of the large room in the further end of the south wing. Eaton started to follow.

"Where are you taking him, Harriet?" Avery demanded of her sharply.

SHE had seemed to Eaton to have been herself about to reconsider her action; but Avery decided her.

"In here," she replied; and proceeded to open the door which exposed another door just within, which she opened and closed after she had entered and Eaton had followed her in. Her manner was like that of half an hour before, when she showed him the grounds beyond the house. And Eaton, feeling his muscles tighten, strove to control himself and examine the room with only casual curiosity. It would well excuse any one's interest.

It was very large, perhaps forty feet long and certainly thirty in width. There was a huge stone fire-place on the west wall where the wing connected with the main part of the house; and all about the other wall, and particularly to the east, were high and wide windows; and through those to the south, the sunlight now was flooding in. Bookcases were built between the windows up to the ceiling, and bookcases covered the west wall on both sides of the fireplace. And every case was filled with books; upon a table at one side lay a pile of volumes evidently recently received and awaiting reading and classification. There was a great rack where periodicals of every description—popular, financial, foreign and American—were kept; and there were great presses preserving current newspapers.

At the center of the room was a large table-desk with a chair and a lounge beside it; there were two other lounges in the room, one at the south in the sun and another at the end toward the lake. There were two smaller table-desks on the north side of the room, subordinate to the large desk. There were two "business phonograph" machines with cabinets for records; there was a telephone on the large desk and others on the two smaller tables. A safe, with a combination lock, was built into a wall. The most extraordinary feature of the room was a steep, winding staircase, in the corner beyond the fireplace, evidently connecting with the room above.

THE room in which they were was so plainly Basil Santoine's workroom that the girl did not comment upon that; but as Eaton glanced at the stairs, she volunteered:

"They go to Father's room; that has the same space above."

"I see. This is a rather surprising room."

"You mean the windows?" she asked. "That surprises most people—so very much light. Father can't see even sunlight, but he says he feels it. He likes light, anyway; and it is true that he can tell, without his eyes, whether the day is bright or cloudy, and whether the light is turned on at night. The rooms in this wing, too, are nearly sound-proof. There is not much noise from outside here, of course, except the waves; but there are noises from other parts of the house. Noise does not irritate Father, but his hearing has become very acute because of his blindness, and noises sometimes distract him when he is working. . . . Now, what was it you wished to say to me, Mr. Eaton?"

Eaton, with a start, recollected himself. His gaining a view of that room was of so much more importance than what he had to say that, for a moment, he had forgotten. Then:

"I wanted to ask you exactly what my position here is to be."

"Oh," she said. "I thought that was plain to you from what Father said."

"You mean that I am to be kept here?"

"Yes."

"Indefinitely?"

"Until—as Father indicated to you on the train—he has satisfied himself as to the source of the attack upon him."

"I understand. In the meantime, I am not to be allowed to communicate at all with any one outside?"

"That might depend upon the circumstances."

He gazed at the telephone instrument on the desk. "Miss Santoine, a moment ago I tried to telephone, when I——" He described the incident to her. The colour on her cheeks heightened. "Some one was appointed to listen on the wire?" he challenged.

"Yes." She hesitated, and then she added, in the manner in which she had directed him to the guard outside the house: "And besides, I believe there are—or will be—the new phono-

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graphic devices on every line, which record both sides of a conversation. Subject to that, you may use the telephone."

"Thank you," said Eaton, grimly. "I suppose if I were to write a letter, it would be taken from me and opened and read."

She coloured ruddier and made no comment.

"And if I wished to go to the city, I would be prevented or followed?"

"Prevented, for the present," she replied.

"Thank you."

"That is all?"

The interview had become more difficult for her; he saw that she was anxious to have it over.

"Just one moment more, Miss Santoine. Suppose I resist this?"

"Yes?"

"Your father is having me held here in what I might describe as a free sort of confinement, but still in confinement, without any legal charge against me. Suppose I refuse to submit to that—suppose I demand right to consult, to communicate with some one in order, let us say, to defend myself against the charge of having attacked your father. What then?"

"I can only answer as before, Mr. Eaton."

"That I will be prevented?"

"For the present. I don't know all that Father has ordered done about you; but he is awaiting the result of several investigations. The telegrams you received doubtless are being traced to their sources; other inquiries are being made. As you have only lately come back to America, they may extend far and take some time."

"Thank you," he acknowledged. He went to the door, opened it and went out; he closed it after him and left her alone.

HARRIET stood an instant vacantly staring after him; then she went to the door and fastened it with a catch. She came back to the great table-desk—her blind father's desk—and seated herself in the great chair, his chair, and buried her face in her hands. She had seemed—and she knew that she had seemed—quite composed as she talked to Eaton; now she was not composed. Her face was burning hot; her hands, against her cheeks, were cold; tremors of feeling shook her as she thought of the man who just had left her. Why, she asked herself, was she not able to make herself treat this man in the way that her mind told her she should have treated him? That he might be the one who had dealt the blow intended to kill her father—her being could not and would not accept that. Yet, the only reason she had to deny it was her feeling.

That Eaton must have been involved in the attack or, at least, must have known and now knew something about it which he was keeping from them, seemed certain. Yet she did not, she could not, abominate and hate this man. Instead, she found herself impelled, against all natural reason, more and more to trust him. Moreover, was it fair to her father for her to do this? Since childhood, since babyhood, even, no one had ever meant anything to her in comparison with her father. Her mother had died when she was young; she had never had, in her play as a child, the careless abandon of other children, because in spite of play she had been thinking of her father; the greatest joy of childhood she could remember was walking hand in hand with her father and telling him the things she saw; it had been their "game"; and as she grew older and it had ceased to be merely a game—as she had grown more and more useful to the blind man, and he had learned more fully to use and trust her—she had found it only more interesting, a greater pleasure. She had never had any other ambition—and she had no other now—except to serve her father; her joy was to be his eyes; her triumph had been when she had found that, though he searched the world and paid fortunes to find others to "see" for him, no one could serve him as she could; she had never thought of herself apart from him.

(To be continued.)

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