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CANADIAN COURIER

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CANADIAN COURIER

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Published Every Other Week

Fiction and Politics

WE are going in for a strong policy of fiction. This issue concludes the startling three-part Canadian serial, The Hour by the Clock. Next will contain a powerful wait-for-the-next-instalment of "The Lost Naval Papers," by Copplestone, one of the most baffling and gripping British Secret Service stories ever written. Along with that we shall end "Winds of the World." And we are already proposing a list of strong three-part serials that keep nobody waiting longer than six weeks from start to finish.

In our next issue—or the following—we expect to begin a Canadian National programme that will bring responses from some of the powerful pens of the country. Canada's place in the Empire is the biggest ultimate, just as the returned soldier is the biggest immediate problem we have. The Canadian Courier will publish its own ideas for the sake of getting the opinions of other people. And every Canadian will want to read it.

For the Men Who Go Down

WHEN the "Mont Blanc" was drifting across Halifax harbor, abandoned by her crew and captain, the wind fanning the blaze on her decks into a fiery threat of the terrific blast that was inevitable with hundreds of tons of T. N. T. below her hatches, fourteen men-o'-war from the Niobe dashed into a steam pinnace and darted across the harbor in an heroic effort to board the death-ship and steer her away from the place to which she was heading. The pinnace scraped the side of the Mont Blanc just as the terrific explosion occurred.

No fragment of the fourteen has since been found.

They were Canadian men and boys who had gone down to deep-sea water from the Great Lakes to do their bit. Fourteen families mourn them. Some day the Nation may honor them. But until this war is won the gallant deeds of the men-of-war and the mercantile marine are mostly hidden in the official archives of the Admiralty. A monthly list of tonnage sunk is the only public tally of hundreds of gallant deeds—of courageous sacrifice and splendid service—given by men who go down these perilous days to the sea in ships.

Will the nation honor them? On page four of this issue of The Canadian Courier the question is pointed by the appeal of the Navy League of Canada.

Rightly or wrongly, the Government allows no pension to the merchant sailor, or to his dependents. Although they are the foundation upon which the army and navy wages warfare, they are an unofficial branch of the service, and as such receive no official recognition. A work in itself but poorly paid, the plight of the family can easily be imagined when submarine, mine, or gale claims the life of the bread-winner, and his dependents are left upon their resources.

During the past year the Navy Leagues of the Empire have accepted the privilege of looking after the merchant sailors' dependents, and as a result have been successful in relieving many cases of dire distress. The Navy League of Canada last year set aside and sent to England the sum of $120,000, which was expended in relief work of this nature. Owing to the great demands made upon the fund more money is urgently required, and as this work is kept alive wholly through voluntary aid, the people of Canada are asked to give the movement their hearty support. Ontario is asked to contribute $1,000,000, and Ontario has never yet failed to answer the cry of the distressed.

"He walked down Main Street with his face covered with coal dust." "Such ostentation!"—Buffalo Express.

Remember by Giving

The Allies' Best Friend
The Merchant Sailor

300,000 Men Brave the U-Boat for Us

¶ The men of the ***Merchant Marine*** have given loyal service--yes, and their lives--ungrudgingly and unflinchingly! They deserve the utmost we can do for them.

¶ The tragedy is that this splendid body of men is not recognized by governments, no provision is made for the relief of dependents--no separation allowance--no pension?

¶ It is left to public subscription to care for the widows and orphans. It is vital work our seamen are doing--for without the supplies and munitions carried by the ***Merchant Marine*** it would be impossible to keep our armies in the field.

No Government Allowance for their Dependents

¶ 300,000 seamen of the ***Merchant Marine*** "carry on" in spite of the U-boat and the floating mine. 15,000 have made their last voyage.

¶ One hundred and seventy-six merchant ships have been sunk since the war began, without leaving trace of ship, cargo or crew.

¶ All this in the Allies' cause--it is for ***us!*** Isn't it the very least we can do to take care of the widows and orphans, who otherwise will nurse their grief in poverty? Sooner or later governments may make provision for this vital service, but until this time comes we have an unquestionable duty.

Give! Give Liberally! ***$1,000,000 is Ontario's Objective***

ONTARIO HAS NEVER FAILED!

SAILORS' WEEK

September 1st to 7th inclusive

THE NAVY LEAGUE OF CANADA
Commodore Aemilius Jarvis, President (Ontario Division)
34 King St. West, Toronto

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE
Sir John Eaton, Chairman

CANADIAN COURIER

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The Skipper's Black Valise

CAPTAIN BLAKE, Rover of the Canadian Great Lakes, thought he was used to all kinds of storms. But there was one that he had never met—and this is the story of it.

By C. C. JENKINS

WHEN the Annie B. docked at Kingston, Ontario Captain John Blake left the wheel, walked to the cabin and calmly took from the wall the small framed picture of her who had been first lost to him—the one-time Annie Benton of the flesh after whom the powerful North Shore tug was named. He glanced apprehensively to the cabin door, pushed it shut and slipped the spring catch. Then he took from a cubby the old-fashioned black valise that had long been the mystery of his ship, no boat-hand had dared touch under pain of dismissal and none had ever seen him open. It was a great square affair of polished black leather with slender, fantastic flower shapes embossed upon it, a type of traveller's portmanteau obsolete for many years.

Captain John Blake inserted an ancient brass key into the lock of the valise. He opened the jaws just wide enough to slip the framed picture within, then grimly snapped it shut, and locked it without glancing inside. With well-assumed unconcern he picked up the valise, uncatched the door and walked without. As resolutely he descended the narrow, steel-plated stairway to the deck.

Dempsey, the engineer, himself trying to swallow a lump of lonesomeness, watched the Captain covertly. "Caution how cool the Old Man takes it," he remarked huskily to the cook standing on the engine-pit stairway beside him. "Not even a cussword out of him all morning, and I'd been lookin' for a real blow."

Captain Blake heard every word of it. His ears were unusually alert that morning. But he looked neither to right nor to left and he spoke to none as he passed on over the side to the dock. He had the brisk, abstracted air of a businessman. There was routine to be attended to in connection with the delivery of the tug to the representatives of her new owners. Also, he must pay his respects to the sea captain who would now take his place at the Annie B.'s wheel. He would not come back to see the Annie B. leave for her new salt water home. He could never trust himself to do that. He might do something soft and make a laughing-stock of himself, and even before strangers that would never do.

It was remarkable how he was now holding up, as his engineer had observed. Captain Blake did not himself quite understand the show of indifference he had been able to assume. Here he was calmly walking away for the last time from the ship he had sailed almost half of his lifetime without even glancing back. He reached to his vest pocket for a cigar.

"Woo-oo-oo-oo! Woo-oo-oo-oo! Woo-oo-oo-oo! Woof! Woof!"

The blast from the Annie B.'s siren—her farewell cry to her veteran master—brought taut every nerve in Captain Blake's being. He whirled in his tracks like a soldier called to attention. The Annie B.'s high, fighting, steelshod bow was toward him. Every clean line of her seemed to cry out to him as a child taking leave of a father. He felt like a calloused deserter—one who forsakes his truest friend without one kind word in parting. Dempsey, the engineer, with his whistle-cord had called the stern old man's bluff.

The thing that came into his mind as he stood there was a message from a sweetheart twenty-one years ago, a last farewell that had remained in John Blake's memory as fresh as springtime violets: "I'll be watching for you on that further shore, John—just as I have watched for your smoke over the lake these years—and you'll come to me, John, aboard the Annie B."

Captain John Blake remained rigid a moment, then the storm broke. Something within him that he had till now suppressed with main force of will seemed to burst under sheer pressure of aroused emotions. Ludicrous he probably appeared to passersby who did not understand; this tall, broad-shouldered old man with the slight stoop who stood holding the odd-looking black valise while great tears rained down his rugged, honest face. But those who may have scoffed at Captain Blake's silent farewell to his ship had not felt the lift and fall of a gallant craft beneath their feet for a quarter of a century, had not listened to the groan and cry of her timbers as she labored mightily through wild, North Shore tempests when the merciless Superior was at its worst. They had not known what it was to have been the heart, the soul and the will of the most noted storm-fighter on the inland seas.

Captain Blake had been taken unawares by that farewell blast. It had been merely a matter of determination for him to walk away from his ship for the last time with a show of his usual poise the while he kept duties and routine uppermost in his thoughts. It was a different thing to be brought suddenly face to face with the future—the years of idleness ahead—and to contemplate the wrenching from his hands forever of this great noble plaything of oak and steel. For him there could not be another ship. He had grown too old in the service on this one. From the wheelhouse the drone of no alien propeller would sound as the one-time music to him. Another's engines would but remind him of the purposeful throb of the Annie B.'s in those grand old days when they raced out into the teeth of howling twisters off Thunder Cape to succor ships in distress, her back decks awash and her great fighting bow flung high in brazen challenge to the mountainous rollers of the wrathful Superior. Man, man, how that ship could fight!

They had literally sold the tug from under his feet. Though himself a modest stockholder in the North Star Towing & Wrecking Company, Captain Blake had raised no word of protest when the directors had unanimously agreed on the Annie B.'s sale. War-time needs called her to take the place of failing shipping on the Atlantic coast. In his simple, clean manner of reasoning the Captain had accepted the situation as one inevitable and without resentment to human ruthlessness abroad and money greed at home.

Captain Blake swung on his heel and walked rapidly away. In those few moments had been born a distinct conviction that a part of him—a sort of intangible element of his being—was left behind on the ship. There was something of a mournful satisfaction in this persuasion he was not entirely a deserter; that though in the flesh he never more would guide her through calm or storm, something of his personality would cling about the Annie B. to her last cruise.

The crew of the Annie B. secured ready jobs to work their way back to the Upper Lakes, but the Captain went North by rail. With the departure of his tug he felt like one whose days of usefulness had ceased. His former poise and resolute air were gone; he no longer had aggressive excuse for existence, for encumbering the world. Already the old challenging spirit that had been wont to look the world in the face with an easy jest for the day's possibilities was dying within him. He found it difficult to smother irritation at the curious stare of strangers. The air of this fed-up, smug-looking, land-travelling public was so different from the free, man-to-man atmosphere of his former associations. Yet this was the new world to which he must try to adapt himself. It would be hard, hard going for a time, and he was mightily relieved when the long journey by rail was ended.

At home at least there would be no curious stares, no prying curiosity even with regard to the black valise which he brought with him. Captain Blake lived with a married sister whose house was on a terraced hill. He had a bright front room that overlooked the harbors and the lake beyond. From there he could watch on a clear day the activities of the little marine world below—the world from which he was now a detached part—and note the lazy-looking grain-carriers standing out to sea with their long black plumes and the little dock tugs and supply boats speeding in and out with all the exaggerated fuss and concern of their kind.

Captain John Blake spent as little time as possible mooning over the past and the fields of endeavor from which he was now an exile. He would not let the world see if he could help it that lonesomeness was eating the heart out of him. He busied himself with a war garden and otherwise sought to keep his mind engaged. But his friends noted that he was failing rapidly. He was getting up in years and the past years of toil and exposure when he had never spared himself began to take their inevitable toll. His one-time clear eye grew dim, his step less brisk and steady. His customary jest was not so ready and his visits to old haunts along the water-front grew less.

Thus summer wore on. Came a day when the evening papers were not left in their usual place for him. His sister first tactfully broke the news to him. The Annie B., so a brief despatch in the

marine columns told, had been lost off the Atlantic coast in a collision. Captain John Blake made little comment at the news, but that night he went out for a long walk, and it was far beyond his usual hour for retiring when he returned.

In early autumn he was forced to take to his bed and to remain there most of the time. Heart weakness the doctors diagnosed his trouble. From that time on Captain Blake kept the mysterious black valise on the floor beside his bed, safe from prying curiosity.

One wild November night, while a North Shore twister raged over the lake, Captain Blake awoke at a familiar sound. He sat up in bed listening intently. It came again—clear, distinct, unmistakable—the homing call of the old Annie B. He would know that siren cry among a thousand others. This time it came as a command joyfully obeyed by the old lake captain, and he sprang from his bed with almost the agility of the old days.

Captain John Blake groomed himself as one preparing to attend at a great social affair. Once again, for the moment, he was the John Blake of years ago, care-free, efficient, purposeful. While he shaved and encased himself in a stiff-bosomed white shirt he hummed softly, "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." He dressed with exacting care—but not in his everyday suit of blue serge. He smiled with satisfaction as he surveyed the results in the glass.

A wave of overpowering weakness suddenly swept over him. He staggered to a nearby chair faint and gasping. Captain John Blake closed his eyes and waited—waited for the third and last siren blast he knew would come.

The local newspapers next day contained appropriate obituary references to the late Captain John Blake, told briefly of his exploits and his exemplary life, and how he had been found dead in a chair in his room. But his relatives withheld as too sacred for sensational exploitation the fact that he was attired in an ancient wedding suit, beside him the black valise—open and empty.

THE DILLY-TANTY LAWYER

A CASE of Green Mountain Potatoes in New Brunswick. John Scott knew how to fight river-drivers, but when it came to getting even with the potato-skinners he found that a lawyer with ideals plus brains was his "only, only way."

By M. L. HAYWARD

FRASER MACKENZIE elevated his feet to the top of the desk in a most unprofessional manner, blew a nimbus of tobacco smoke in the general direction of the ceiling, and frankly admitted to himself that for the past three or four months the law business in old Loyalist City of St. John had been "bum, decidedly bum." He was also forced to admit at the same time that his lack of employment was entirely of his own making; for MacKenzie was known as the richest, laziest and most eccentric attorney at the New Brunswick bar, and was a constant source of amusement or fear to the more orthodox lawyers.

Possessing, as he did, an independent income plus an extremely independent mind, he had resolved at the very outset of his career that he would never take a case unless his client was actually "in the very right of the matter," not legally but morally, and, given such a case he stoutly maintained that he could obtain justice, no matter what the law books might say.

"Justice," he used to argue, "is not the bungling attempts of human and fallible legislators to express the abstract idea in statutes and legal enactments, but means that law whose 'seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world, all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power,' " and that in nine cases out of ten "justice" must be obtained not by applying the existing law, but by finding some loophole therein that the lawmakers themselves had never foreseen.

Holding, and rigidly living up to these views, and dubbed "the dilettante attorney," by his brother lawyers, it is not surprising to find him sitting idly at his desk, gazing out of the window with a little pucker of perplexity bisecting his boyish brow, and turning eagerly at the sound of an unfamiliar step in the outer office.

"Come in," invited MacKenzie.

A stout man of middle age, with a pair of keen blue eyes dominating a square weather-beaten face, entered the office and helped himself to a chair with the free and easy manner of the independent rural New Brunswicker.

"Be you the 'dillytanty lawyer' that they tell about?" he inquired, anxiously.

MacKenzie smiled cheerfully at the informal greeting, and swung round to face his unconventional client with a lively hope that here might be just such a case as he had been wishing for.

"I'm probably the man you're looking for," he laughed; "for a lot of people who are not even fair average dilettantes call me that. Who sent you here?"

"Young Harry Osborne," was the reply. "He's from up our way, you know, and has been working on the papers down here. They say he's a mighty bright newspaper man; but he never seemed to amount to much up home—didn't want to do anything but read books and go to school. Still I'd known him from a kid, so when I got in this here scrape, I looked him up. He didn't know turnips from corn on the farm; but I figured he was up to city ways better than me. He seemed mighty willing to help me, and as soon as he heard my story he sent me right off to you. 'MacKenzie's the chap to handle a case like that,' he says."

"Oh, yes. He has written up quite a few cases in which I was interested," remarked MacKenzie, "and is a very discriminating reporter."

"He's discriminating enough to want to marry my Elsa," admitted the other grudgingly.

"And you don't fancy the idea overly well?" suggested Mackenzie.

"That's right."

"But if he sends you to me and I help you out of this scrape you speak of, you would have a much better opinion of him?" persisted MacKenzie.

"That's right, too."

"Then I'll certainly do my best if your case suits me," Mackenzie assured him; "for Harry's an especial friend of mine."

"That's what he told me, the client went on, and he says, 'Go to MacKenzie at once; he's what the others call a dillytanty lawyer—just takes cases that suit him, for he's got money enough so's he don't have to practise, and won't touch a case unless he's sure that his man has justice on his side. If that is so he'll take hold of anything and win it too, for he's always up to some dodge that the ordinary fellows never think of."

" 'That's the man for me,' says I, 'for I've been administerin' some gilt edge justice in this here den of money changers, and MacKenzie's the boy to pull me out.' "

"HARRY has no doubt exaggerated my slight efforts," interjected MacKenzie; "but tell your story first, for I always prefer finance to flattery."

"My name's John Scott," was the reply; "I live up in Lecarnot County, in the heart of the potato belt, and I raise a few 'spuds' myself. We can raise a hundred barrels to the acre with a quarter of a ton of fertilizer; but the main trouble's always been to get a decent price and keep the brokers from robbing us. We growers got together last year, and I was one of the charter members of the Tri-County Co-operative Potato Growers' Marketing Company that started up to try and get a square deal for the farmers; but the brokers in the city here who make up the Potato Board put us out of business, and now things are worse than ever."

"I am familiar with that, and it's a disgraceful state of affairs," replied MacKenzie. "I'd give a few thousand dollars to get a chance to break up the potato ring that is preying on the farmers of your part of the Province."

"I may be able to give you a chance to get even with some of them," declared Scott.

"Go on."

"Well, after the 'Co-op.' was put 'on the hum'," Scot went on, "We farmers had to go back to the old system of consigning our potatoes to the brokers here and taking our chances, and all of them, of course, are members of the Potato Board."

"And when you did you got fleeced again," averred MacKenzie, lighting a new cigar.

"We sure did," agreed Scott. "This year seemed worse than ever, but we couldn't help ourselves, and I consigned mine to Palmer, McDonald & Ross who are supposed to be as square a firm as there is on the board."

"That's not saying much," declared MacKenzie grimly.

"So I found out later, but it was simply a case of picking the best of a bunch of thieves. Well, as I was saying, I knew about what good 'Green Mountain' potatoes was selling for, and figured that the returns would just clear the mortgage that I put on the year of the big drouth. I'd worked like a nigger for years, and it was certainly comforting to see a prospect of being square with the world once more. You can imagine how I felt when I found that they had sold my potatoes for about fifty cents under what I had counted on, and skinned me out of a cool $10,000."

"That's a common occurrence now," MacKenzie assured him, "and the brokers get together every night at the Dixie Club, where the one who has beaten his customers the least that day has to buy the drinks for the crowd."

"Naturally, I wasn't satisfied, and come here myself and after some trouble and some fairly sharp work on Osborne's part I found that they had sold my potatoes to the Maple Leaf Corporation."

"The 'Maple Leaf,' " exclaimed MacKenzie.

"Sure."

"That's only another name for the commission house you consigned to. That is, they sold your goods to themselves at the lowest possible price, and half of the quotations on the Board are fictitious ones to assist the brokers in skinning their customers."

"That's what I learned afterwards," replied Scott, "but I was lucky enough to find out that they hadn't really sold to the Maple Leaf yet, and I made them give me delivery of them. I was certainly lucky, for I sold them at the top price to a fellow loadin' a schooner for the Cuban market an' got my money right in my fist."

"Where do I come in, then?" queried MacKenzie.

"Well, after I'd got my money and got thinkin' how they tried to do me, I went down to their office and did a little business on my own hook."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, not much; but the more I thought about it the hotter I got under the collar, an' went down to their office and tackled them about it, and they just laughed at me. That pimply-faced McDonald advised me to get back to the farm where I belonged and not interfere with business people. I knew I couldn't get law or justice or anything else in the city here except a crooked deal—Osborne put me on to that—so I just decided to proceed myself and be my own court and jury."

"In what way?"

"You will probably notice that I'm fairly active lookin' for a man of fifty-six," explained Scott, "and I'm one of the pioneers, who's been in some tight places in my time. I've fought about every crowd of stream drivers that ever came down the river—Monquarters, Guimicers, and Nacawicers, and the winter I was forty-nine I killed three 'Injin devils' on Skin Creek, so I just cut loose then and there. I smashed that McDonald in the face and piled the desk on top of him. I booted Ross through a cloudy glass door marked 'Private.' I took the clerks and beat their heads together, and when a big policeman heard the 'rumpet' an' come in I clincked him and got a snake twist that I learned on the So'-West Miramichi an' flung him in on topa' Ross, and walked

out. Osborne told me to come right to you, and here I am."

"You're bound to be prosecuted."

"I know. Sure. But——"

"It's a matter of getting off as lightly as possible."

"That's what."

"Do you know the policeman's name?"

"One of the clerks stuck his head out from under a table and called him Dawson."

MacKenzie whirled round to the desk and called a number on the telephone, got the "Guardian" reporters' room, and demanded that Harry Osborne be put on the line.

"Hello, that you, Harry?"

"Good. Scott is here now and has told me his story. Get hold of Dawson at once. Have him go to the Police Office and swear out a warrant for Scott—John Scott—for committing a breach of the peace by assaulting McDonald, Ross, Dawson and the clerks, contrary to the by-laws of the city of St. John. Now, mind you word it like that—breach of the peace! Then send Dawson right up here to my office to arrest Scott. He'll be here all right. Hustle."

MacKenzie hung up the receiver.

"There'll be something doing shortly," he assured Scott cheerfully.

"What you say goes," agreed the latter; "but I never believe in telling trouble where to find you."

"Leave it to me."

Half an hour late Dawson with a battered and puzzled face, entered the office and arrested Scott for "breaking the peace contrary to the by-laws of the city."

"Want to handcuff me?" laughed Scott.

"Come on," growled Dawson, and departed with his prisoner accompanied by MacKenzie and Osborne, who met them on the stairs.

AT the police court McDonald, Ross and the clerks, who had been summoned as witnesses, were already there, and their evidence of the "breach" or rather destruction of the peace, together with Dawson's account of the closing scenes, was soon given.

"No evidence for the defence," MacKenzie announced.

"The defendant has been guilty of a most serious breach of the peace, contrary to the city by-law in such case made and provided, and I shall impose the maximum penalty that the law allows," stated the Police Magistrate. "The defendant will pay a fine of $200 and costs, and in default of payment will be imprisoned for the space of three months."

Scott pulled out a roll of bills that looked like a second growth maple and counted out the required amount.

"Cheap at that," he muttered, turning to his attorney. "Let's be going, I want to catch the 6.15 train on the Valley."

But just then Dawson the policeman approached Scott. "I arrest you on a warrant for assault on McDonald, Ross, myself and the four clerks," he announced truculently.

"Ah!" whispered the farmer. "Now's the trouble!" and he sighed.

"We're ready for the hearing at once," interposed the "dilly tanty" MacKenzie eagerly.

The case proceeded, and McDonald, Ross, Dawson and the four clerks gave evidence of the assault, practically repeating verbatim, of course, their former story, when the charge was mere breach of the peace. MacKenzie again stated that he had no defence to offer.

"The accused is committed for trial at the next court of criminal jurisdiction," said the magistrate, "bail for $5,000."

"I'll go for one," said MacKenzie.

"So'll I," interjected Osborne.

Bail was soon arranged and the accused walked out a free man until "the next court of criminal jurisdiction."

"What'll I do now?" queried Scott as they reached the street. "This is the kind of trouble I was afraid of."

"Go home and pay off that mortgage, and be back here the second Tuesday in January," ordered MacKenzie. "In the meantime, don't worry."

"You're the doctor," assented Scott as he hastened off to catch the 6.15 train on the Valley.

Christmas came and went in due course, and early in January Scott's case came to trial.

MacKenzie appeared for the accused, and Beckwith, the young and assertive Crown Attorney, conducted the prosecution.

The Grand Jury promptly found a "true bill"; the accused was arraigned; the indictment was read, but before Scott pleaded "not guilty" MacKenzie rose, entered a plea of "autrefois convict," and moved to dismiss the accused.

"State your grounds," ordered the court.

"I just cut loose then and there."

"There is," MacKenzie argued, "an ancient legal maxim to the effect that no one shall be punished twice for the same offence, which is frequently applied in criminal procedure, so that if a man has once been convicted for a crime he cannot be tried again for another crime involving the same state of facts. In this case the prisoner is charged with assaulting McDonald, and others; but I have here a certified record of the Police Court where Scott the accused was convicted and fined $200 for a breach of the peace, and the evidence on that trial shows that the breach of peace for which he was punished was committed by assaulting Mr. McDonald and the other complainants in this present case. That conviction was, therefore, for the same state of facts alleged in the present indictment, and this action must, therefore, be dismissed."

"There's nothing in that," interposed Beckwith patronizingly.

"Besides," MacKenzie went on, handing up a calf bound volume to the Judge, "you will find that in the case of the King vs. McIntyre, 21 Canadian Criminal Cases, 216, a prisoner was discharged under exactly the same circumstances as in this case."

The Judge glanced over the record of the Police Court, scanned the case which MacKenzie had handed up, and closed the book with an air of finality.

"Motion granted and accused discharged," he said.

"But the prisoner is evading punishment altogether," blustered Beckwith, who had just caught the drift of the proceedings.

"That was the fault of the complainant and the Magistrate," remarked the Judge quietly, "and I am not here to correct the errors of the lower courts, but merely to administer the law as it is."

"It may be out of place to quote fiction in court," remarked MacKenzie pleasantly, "although I have often heard the learned Crown Attorney do so; but I think Mr. Scott simply patterned after one Joe Dextry, and finding that his lawyer couldn't win out according to law, proceeded himself 'accordin' to justice.'"

"Call the next case," ordered the Judge testily.

Outside the courtroom, Scott turned to MacKenzie, pleased but puzzled.

"If that policeman Dawson hadn't laid that first complaint, I'd have been in the soup, wouldn't I?" he exclaimed.

"You certainly would," agreed MacKenzie, "and if Dawson hadn't been mighty thankful to Harry Osborne for saving his job last summer we never could have managed it."

"Well, it's certainly great," agreed Scott. "What's you bill?"

"Let's see. I think I told you that Harry was an especial friend of mine. Oh, you can send me a nicely engraved invitation to the wedding and we will call it square."

"What wedding?" asked Scott.

"Harry and your daughter Elsa that you spoke of."

"All right, what you say goes."

"BEASTLY CARELESS"

HERE is confirmation of a spy story that was told after the opening of the battle of Picardy related at first hand by First Lieut. Bernard Rhodes, of the 407th Telegraph Battalion, and former first baseman of the Princeton nine, who writes to the folk at home from "Somewhere in France" this letter, which is printed in the New York Evening Sun:

At the beginning of the present drive a British Major-General was directing movements of his division when a British staff car drove up and a "brass hat" got out. Reporting to the General, he said:

"Sir, the division on your right has been forced back and your flank is in the air. Orders are that your division will fall back to this place," indicating a point on the map some two miles in the rear.

The General had nothing to do but obey, and was on the point of issuing orders to effect the retirement when a Canadian Colonel standing near said to the staff officer:

"That's funny. I've been on duty some time with that division and I don't remember you."

The other chap allowed that was funny, that he had been there for some time; he knew all the units of the division, called their officers by their first names and generally had the dope. Still the Canuck was skeptical—he must have come from down near the New England border—and finally asked to see the officer's papers. Business of searching through pockets as for return check after intermission.

Then the chap thought he had jolly well come away in such a hurry he'd forgotten 'em; beastly careless. The Canuck thought he'd jolly well have to be searched, beastly careful. They found papers all right; only they were written in that language which defines "treaty" as a "scrap of paper."

Well, there was plenty of good first-class material at hand for a firing-squad. The chauffeur was a Hun, too, so they had a little party, and the only thing they didn't shoot up was the car; that was returned to duty after being fumigated. The division is still in the same place and so are the two Huns; each with several bullet-holes where the Iron Cross might have been.

Scruples and Drams

A CERTAIN gentleman belonging to a Presbyterian congregation was sent out by his pastor to solicit the members of his congregation, "maistly Scotch," in the matter of subscribing to the church revenues by means of the Duplex Envelopes. Quite a number refused to subscribe in this manner as they had "conscientious scruples." But the solicitor was very politely received, and in many cases asked if he would "no hae a dram." On his return the pastor questioned him on his success.

"Well," the gentleman replied, "I've come to the conclusion that the Scottish character is largely of an apothecary nature."

"Why! How's that?"

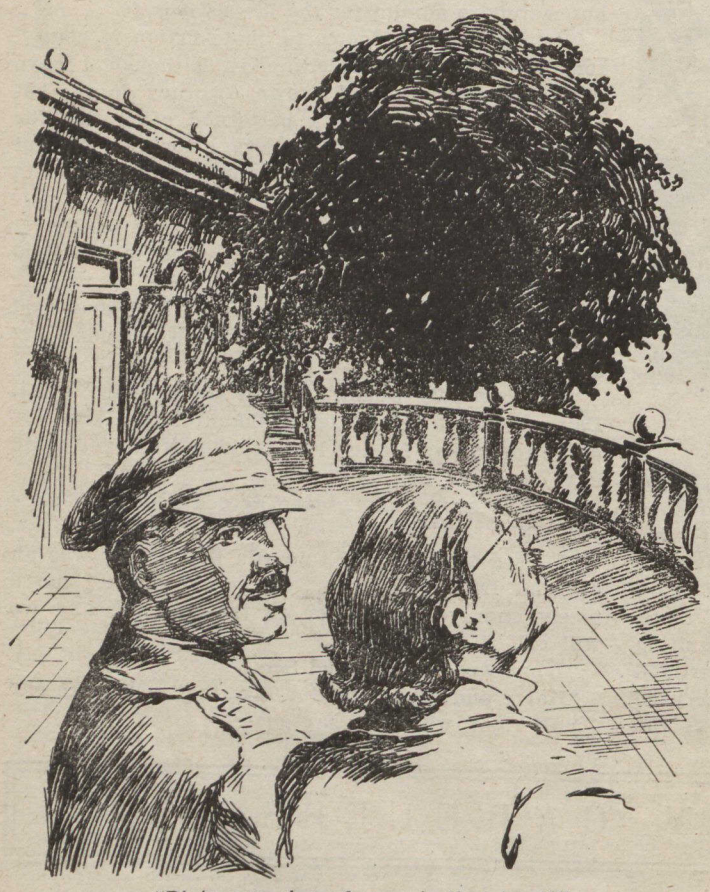
"It seems to be founded principally on scruples and drams."—From Donald A. Fraser.

Piper—"The varra pest music I ever heard whatever was dun at Jamie Maclaughlin's. There was fufteen o' u pipers in the wee back parlor, all playin' different chunes. I thocht I was floatin' in heeven!"

The HOUR by the CLOCK

Previous Chapters

CAPTAIN CLOCK, C.E.F., wounded prisoner in Germany, conceives the idea of getting better treatment by sending to his accomplice, the editor of the Rondeau Gazette in Alber a, coded letters complimentary to the Germans. Each letter is decoded by the editor into the writer's opinions of how the war will be won by the Allies from the air. He sets the originals all up in type and arranges them as a series of newspaper clips purporting to be a syndicate of pro-German letters from Capt. Clock, published across Canada. These bogus clippings are forwarded to Capt. Clock in Cologne, for his own use and credit with the German authorities. Completely guarded, and followed closely by Frau Bobel, who is acting under orders, Clock travels from city to city through Germany. Infuriated by shadow-men, he beats up a gang in the hotel.



"Pleigman—how far up is that boat?"

IX.

HANSLICK sent a surgeon to examine the arm of Captain Clock, which had unexpectedly become limber in the scrimmage.

"It is again rigid," reported the master of anatomy. "I have had two men trying to bend it. Impossible! There must have been a flow of nervous energy to the arm caused by the excitement. I can do nothing more."

"I think he is a strong-arm artist," punctuated Hanslick. "Some Houdini. No man could have so flailed six Germans as he did unless he had biceps and shoulders like a Jap wrestler. How are the men progressing whom he beat up?"

"All recovering, sir."

Dismissing the automaton, Hanslick sent for Frau Bobel, whose story was very little more encouraging.

"Better have him shot at once," he said. "He is—"

"Not so headlong, good Major," cooed the Frau. "Consider the goose that laid the golden egg. Captain Kluck's syndicate of letters with his photograph has already appeared in our newspapers. The renegade is known everywhere. Why kill him—inopportunely?"

Hanslick had a high scorn of woman's babble.

"Then you got from him no confession?"

"None. Poh! That man does not fear death more than any of his Canadian compatriots in battle.

"What do you recommend?"

"A measure of freedom. Let him hang in his own rope. He is not amenable to German treatment. I will guarantee to be his shadow. But he is to see me very seldom. All those democratic westerners are highly sentimental. They respond to the feminine."

OPINIONS as to how the War Will End may be as Various as Opinions About the Date. This Concluding Instalment of Captain Clock's Experiences as a Prisoner of War is One Hazard as to the Possible How.

By ROLAND JENNER

"The skunk! I wanted him shot."

Hanslick peered into her shrewd, sparkling eyes.

"What, Frau Bobel, is the uppermost idea in the Captain's nut"

"Airships. He almost wept when a cloud of Gothas sang across the city. He believes the war will be ended from the air. How—he does not say."

"Nor anybody else," grunted Hanslick. "The All-Lies are trying to match our supremacy in the air. But they have no alignment of programme as yet. They have thousands of aircraft scattered in scores of dromes well behind the lines. It is impossible to discover many in one place. They do not understand that every German city has a circo-suburb of aerodromes, all alert, powerful, searching with tremendous eyes into the night, beating the air with aerodynamics undreamed of in their crass calculations."

That ended the interview.

X.

CLOCK got a curt note from Hanslick: "Hereafter you will investigate on your own initiative, but keeping up the itinerary provided by me from the War Office. You will report daily. Your next objective is Berlin. Govern yourself accordingly."

Hanslick scrutinized Clock's next letter with a magnifying glass. It was unusually brief, but more cryptic and runic than any of the others.

"The swine!" he scowled. "Never improves by experience. He might as well have written with his left foot."

What it said was this:—"Amazing air defences are visible here. Struck with the war enthusiasm of the people. Food is abundant. Labor is not scarce. Found three barbers in one shop and four boot-blacks in another. Have been given the closest attention imaginable. All my wants anticipated. Unexpected visit yesterday from my former landlady in Cologne. Interesting woman—intensely patriotic. Glad to know of your promotion. Berlin my next objective. More anon."

The decodation of Clock's letter worked about this way:—"Lose no time in air propaganda. Germany must be shot through the Berlin brain. But every city in Germany must be expecting it. Advertise the show but don't say what it is. The effectiveness of the final knockout will depend upon the nervous expectancy produced. Germany is in a state of suppressed hysteria. Once get Berlin going and—"

Without deleting a word Hanslick sent the original letter along to Lt.-Col. Thom, Bureau de Publicité, Paris—where he hoped it would prove a good seed sown in promising soil.

He despatched Frau Bobel at once to Geneva. Her mission was to see that the Deutsche Bank there had to the credit of Lt.-Col. Thom a large sum of money to be drawn upon at his discretion, and that Thom was aware of the fact.

With a woman's capacity for news-gathering on the side, she was able to discover that events were moving with almost incredible speed on the war front, the latest phase of which was that perhaps before she could reach Berlin, airships of the enemy would be deep into Germany at a height unreachable by "Archies," for the purpose of delivering news bombs. Hanslick was incredulous.

"Air postmen will never reach Berlin," he assured her. "On your advice I have already recommended the authorities to confer upon Captain Kluck the Iron Cross for his services to the Fatherland. That should give him rope enough to hang him if he is a traitor. Any day I may decide to pull up the rope. When I do, Captain Kluck will not have the luxury of being shot in a courtyard. He will be hanged in British style in a public square. And you shall see him dangle."

"Berlin will bring him to book," she said warmly. "Traitors may work in Leipsic and Hamburg—never in Berlin. The brain of Germany is surcharged with all that kills treason to the Fatherland. It is the power-house of the German people. Its voltage is colossal. Once let the good Captain slip his insulation—and he is a dead man with the death of a thousand devils."

Hanslick had never seen Frau Bobel so like a scorpion.

"The female of the species," he muttered. "Well, we shall see."

XI.

CLOCK arrived at Berlin in the late summer. He had already credited Frau Bobel with his unexpected freedom from the spy-men. What was her game? Not mere benevolent regard.

At the Hotel Vaterland, overlooking the great Thiergarten, Clock was automatically registered and given a room on the top floor, with a long balcony opened on to by a tier of rooms. From here he got his first glimpse of the strangest city in the world. Up the Unter den Linden, that favorite paradeway of the Kaiser, and the Sieges Allee, crammed row on row with its gawky monuments of Prussianism, he could see the famous quadriga surmounting the Brandenburg Gate, the four-horse trophy which Napoleon once took to Paris, and which was now the plunging symbol of German Imperial might concentrated in the history Wilhelmstrasse beyond, leading up to the huge and gloomy War Offices, the building of the Great General Staff.

Clock took particular notice of the Vaterland balcony, which was in full view of a hundred thousand people any evening. At one end the top of a huge elm bosked over in a screen. That Frau Bobel was somewhere in the hotel he was quite sure. She wouldn't appear until—the opportunity. She herself would be judge of that. Now that he was no longer a marionette pulled by the wires he was in hourly danger of precipitating the fatal moment. He knew that. To give a liberated prisoner carte blanche under invisible control in a power-house like Berlin was like setting a man-of-war adrift in a mine field. A false remark might be a spark in a powder magazine. He was already known on the streets. Kluck in khaki. He had seen the headlines and the photograph of himself in the Zeitungs. He could make no move outside his room when he was not watched with the united gaze of hundreds upon hundreds of eyes. Tattered and patched as was his uniform, he was as well dressed as all but a select minority of official nabobs. The people dragged and scuffled along the pavements. They moved, not with the alacrity and bonhomie of even tired Paris or war-jaded London, but with the intermittent stimulus of a great mob galvanized into casual bursts of life, amused by nothing in the windows, no longer stimulated by even the statues on the Sieges Allee.

Berlin was a human island in an archipelago of misery. A city of women, children and old folk, officers and nabobs, editors, preachers and professors—a motley crew of propagandists driven to the verge of mass insanity by the recurrence of one set of fixed ideas. A marvellous machine overworked,

wearing out, but doing wearily from habit the things that once it did with swagger and swank.

Clock diagnosed it with the morbid interest of a man who feels that a single false step might spring a trap to destroy him. He knew what that rabble in a dynamo would do to him once he was known to be a spy. The knowledge fascinated him. He had but one great personal desire; to escape from Germany; another desire—to be alive in Berlin when the final crash of the judgment should smite a nation of organized iniquity never equalled by Babylon.

XII.

CLOCK kept no track of time. He had been but a day at the Vaterland when he was peremptorily ordered in an official motor to the War Office, where some gloomy General pinned on him an Iron Cross. He was bowled slowly back to the hotel through a great gazing crowd, with his new-born Iron Cross lying as glum as a dead bat on his threadbare khaki. When he stepped from the motor at the hotel he bowed to the crowd who gave a sort of communal grunt instead of a cheer.

There was a skinny-faced, spectacled man on the balcony, who edited some little semi-verboten Zeitung. Clock had heard him talk mildly against the powers. Herr Pleigman burst into a rage the moment he saw Clock on the balcony wearing the Iron Cross.

"I despise you," he whispered.

"Why don't you shout it out, man? Let them all hear you."

"I represent the mind of millions," insisted Pleigman. "But they don't know it. My little paper reaches only a few thousands, and it is edited by the censor."

"What's the good of it?"

"Property—not much. Not that. No, it is the strangling of ideas."

Clock leaned over the balcony, gazing at the crowd that was once more thickening up for the evening.

"Pleigman," he said, looking up at a single-seat airship that seemed to be very close. "How far up is that boat?"

"From here—two hundred feet only."

Pleigman asked himself why the Captain should be so interested in that particular airplane, except that, of course, the pilot was a wonderful maestro of the air.

"Do you—know him, Captain?"

"No, but I'd like to. Who?"

"Hopkirch. He is a flight commander with many decorations. He is a Bavarian, an ace of course, but not so famous in combat as in scouting, and long-flight solo work. He is said to have flown more miles and further from Berlin than any of our pilots. And he is famous like your what's his name——?"

"Bishop?" said Clock. "Go on."

"Famous as an air detective. In fact he partly belongs to the Secret Service. He can almost drive his machine into your backyard, count your chickens and get away without even touching a tree or a fence. I am told that low flying is more difficult than high."

"Seems to be his long suit," mused Clock, as he observed how the pilot nosed his plane at slow speed among the towers almost like a fish.

"Zoom!" gasped Pleigman, as the machine came so close to the balcony he could almost see the pilot's smile. "Now that was a close shave. No wonder he is feared by the enemy."

In her room opposite the elm-top screen at the end of the balcony Frau Bobel saw this peculiar antic and surmised its effect upon the Captain. She knew Commander Hopkirch and was not surprised when a few days later the assiduous Pleigman introduced him to Captain Clock. She would have given half her hope of earthly bliss to have been present at the meeting of these two adventurers:

"A miserable game this spy craft!" she protested to Hanslick.

He laughed. "Why don't you get the confidence of Hopkirch and make him spy upon Kluck?"

XIII.

FRAU BOBEL went to bed very much perturbed. She hated to be considered incapable. It was a warm night and she could not sleep. The balcony was temptingly cool. From the back of the elm top in front of her window—she could observe the precise segment of the balcony dominated by the windows of Captain Clock.

Sure enough—it was then past three a.m. and the vast prospect below was quiet except for the hoofs of military police and casual motors—she saw the Captain pacing to and fro, leaning over the rail, muttering about the infernal heat. A ceiling of impenetrable monotonous cloud acted as a breakwater against the play of the searchlights from the dromes The Captain had a knack of listening into the sky that was quite unusual; no doubt born of his life in the foot-hills with the Rockies so near.

The searchlights blazed fantastic trails into the heavy banks of the cloud and were flung back in shudderous auroras over the city. They seemed to be the ghosts of silence. What could a human ear detect above that cloud—different from the dreamy clack of the hoofs below?

Ah! The Captain has gone in. To bed?

Frau Bobel crept out from the tree-top.

Raining? Or was it some breeze in the trees? A curious sifting, shimmering rustle that was half silence. The cloud seemed to be whispering. One sometimes looks to see where rain begins. This was even more mysterious. Thistledown in a light breeze. Something like that. Nearer—she could make out the idle flutter of things slowly whirling down into the streets. She looked up again. Snowflakes on a still day. One came eddying close to the rail. She reached out and clutched it.

Paper? A queer wispy bit of white with a bit of a wire or metal weight coiled in its head.

Eagerly she tore it open. In the full light of her room she looked at this mystic messenger from the sultry cloud, printed in German:—

"Some night—soon—some part of Germany will be bombed by thousands of airships. This message is exclusive to Berlin, but will be repeated to other cities."

Frau Bobel's first impulse was to see somebody else

One came eddying close to the rail. She reached out and clutched it.

pick up these news bombs. She leaned over the balcony and saw some military police scampering after them, dismounting to get them—excited!

XIV.

THOUSANDS of these cloud bulletins had blown over the city. By sunrise there was a packed mass of curious people about the Unter den Linden. Berlin was as easy to summon to a crowd as Allahdom to prayer. There was wisdom or safety in a crowd. A million people supposed that the miracle of the air-bulletins could or would be explained at the Wilhelmstrasse. The Kaiser himself might appear. By daybreak the police had gathered in thousands of the papers, but the news spread like a wind runs, and all Berlin except the cemeteries and the cradles knew now that somehow or other adventurous aircraft of the enemy had taken advantage of some accident, had evaded the searchlights and done this piece of avant-courier advertising.

Hanslick in his headquarters at the War Office, represented the nearest guess as to the cause of the "accident." Frau Bobel was there.

"I am sure I opened the first one, Major," she told him, explaining how.

"Where was the Captain then?"

She told him, without opinions.

"How could it have happened, Major?"

"No conspiracy," he blurted. "The cloud was impenetrable by the searchlights. The spy-craft flew above it. They must have steered by compass, but at the height and being above the cloud—wait a bit."

He touched a buzzer.

"Call Commander Hopkirch from Drome X."

Hopkirch was a smooth, athletic young man, who, when he came in, looked rather disdainfully at the pursy figure of the Inspector, engaged in glaring at Captain Clock.

"My theory, Hopkirch," went on Hanslick, "is that the enemy pilots being well above the cloud saw Berlin as a mass of luminosity, the vapor acting as a curtain to the light. Is that likely?"

"Quite likely, sir—oh quite."

Hanslick ogled the Captain.

"Would this"—holding out a bulletin—" be the work of your accomplice in the Bureau de Publicité at Paris?"

"I don't know that. Very likely, though. It's right along his line. I daresay he acted under orders."

"What do we know of the enemy's ability for carrying out this threat?" asked Hanslick of Hopkirch.

"Nothing definite, sir. But they have thousands of machines, and they are not massed. The dromes are co-extensive with the front. Their union drome is somewhere in the air. Of course, no such aggregation has yet taken place. But there have been extensive manoeuvres on a large scale, and as you know large squadrons approximating to fleet-size have engaged our own fleets in actual battle, besides the great amount of damage inflicted on our troops, our depots and other objectives not far from the lines."

"There has been so far as you could suspect, no assistance rendered the enemy pilots from within our own force?"

"I would be ready to swear—none."

"Of course not! Im—pos-sib-le! Now, Captain Kluck, you have been fairly intimate with Commander Hopkirch."

"We have discussed air-war pretty freely."

Hanslick seemed to be chewing his tongue.

"Well. All I want to impress on both of you just now is that Berlin cannot be propagandized by the enemy. This city is enemy-proof, whether from armies, guns, air-bombs or bulletins. You know that. You are partners in propaganda. What I can't understand is, that honoring you, Captain, with the Iron Cross and your accomplice in Paris with a heavy credit at the Deutsche Bank in Geneva, has not been effective in undermining the ultimate great arm of all warfare, which is propaganda. You are given the Iron Cross—that you may know how Germany feels, as a great ship senses the slightest shudder of a storm which it is to conquer, the menace of any attempt to undermine the German mentality."

"I hope I shall yet understand—Germany," said Clock.

"You're doomed if you don't. Germany understands—everybody," snarled Hanslick.

XV.

AFTER they had gone Hanslick buzzed Frau Bobel in again.

"Keep—both corners of each eye—on the mutual affairs of Commander Hopkirch and Captain Kluck. Do not fail—so! There may be something between them."

"Air-men do not escape. When a man is miles in the air he still belongs to Germany."

Frau Bobel lost no time in trying to ferret from Commander Hopkirch what he thought about the Captain. With her customary astuteness she contrived to meet the Commander in a little beer-room at the hotel.

They chatted idly for awhile.

"What a pity a great air-man can never smoke cigarettes," she said. "It is so much easier to talk to a man when he is smoking. Airmen are—so superior."

He smiled. What was her game?

"You know—Pleigman, who is so often in company with Captain Clock?"

"Quite well. Enough maybe. Why?"

"You are so different from him. Yet you are like him. Both of you are somehow the symbol of what is trying to escape from the powers. He—poor thing, has no way out but in his pen; and he cannot even publish what he writes. You——"

"Air-men do not escape," he cut in. "When a man is miles in the air he still belongs to Germany."

"But when he is far into the foe's country——?"

"The foe is beneath him, not behind."

"You have been—over Paris and London?"

"I have never dropped bombs on those places. I am not a bomb-dropper. I am a scout."

"Ja, ja. And you can fly from Berlin to—say Hamburg or Heligoland—and back in a night, easily?"

"That would not be hard."

"You have—done it already?"

"More than once. Yes."

"And may do so again, perhaps?"

"One never knows what journey—or when."

"Ah!" she said in that confidingly sentimental way she had, when flirting with uncertainties. "I should think it would be a great test of one's patriotism to be an air-man. You air-men of all countries have such camaraderie. Different from soldiers or sailors, perhaps."

"Odd. So Captain Kluck has told me."

Now she had got him on the tack.

"I am sure nature intended the Captain to be an air-man," she said. "He has the air-man's daring and uplift. Did he ever strike you so?"

"He would have been—one of the best."

"You have talked to him about the air?"

"Oh, quite often. We have agreed upon some things. Of course he is theoretical and——"

The door suddenly opened. A head popped in.

"Excuse me," said the voice.

It was Major Hanslick. Frau Bobel rose.

"There is no excuse," she snapped. "If you have any business with Commander Hopkirch more important than mine—please transact it!"

She left the room.

XVI.

EDITOR PLEIGMAN—"representative of millions" as he said—was terribly upset by the bulletins from the air. Two nights later he sought out Clock at the hotel.

"I feel earthquakes coming," he said. "The hotel is trembling like a ship in a storm. The whole city is vibrating. It is the minds of the people acting upon the walls, upon the wires——"

"Take a seidlitz powder," advised Clock. "The best time to be hysterical is when something really happens. Suppose the Kaiser came down the Unter den Linden and everybody was to——"

"Sh! There are powers greater than Kaisers," he whispered.

"Oh, really? What are they?"

"Mass emotions," replied Pleigman, rubbing the place where his stomach had a right to be. "The volcanic element in a nation. Germany is suffering. The people as yet believe that it is because of the enemy. The bulletins from the air have translated their symptoms into fear. Hitherto Berlin has been suffering but not afraid. Fear only will break the spell of conformity to the powers. Whenever the people realize that the forces operating against Germany are infinitely greater than all the power in Berlin— whenever they realize that there is a psychology of a united world greater than the brain of Germany——"

"You'll be strung up," said Clock.

"That will no longer matter. I have been thinking for others. I understand the masses. They do not understand me. Man," he said, huskily, as he peered over into a gathering mass of moving old clothes among the leaves of the Thiergarten. "I should not like to be the wearer of an iron cross whenever the people are roused. Nein!"

Suddenly he noticed a thing about the Captain that he was sure had never happened before. The Captain was writing; not slowly as he had been in the habit of doing, but furiously—and his crooked stiff arm was lying normally on the paper.

"Herr Captain," inquired the editor, "what may you be writing?"

Clock turned sharply.

"Is there anything else you'd like just now better than to know what I'm writing?"

"Nothing, Herr Captain. Nothing."

"And if I leave this with you—at the psychological moment—sealed in an envelope, will you deliver it to Frau Bobel in this hotel with my compliments? You see the postmen may be out of business and—"

On this point Pleigman became violently argumentative. Postmen were the implicit servants of the State. How could they cease to operate unless an earthquake should happen?

"No armies can ever reach us; no naval guns can ever strike us; no air-fleets can even bomb us against such a concourse of aircraft as guards Berlin——"

"Remember the news bombs, Pleigman."

"Ja. But the authorities will never again permit so thick a cloud to gather over the city. There never had been known such a cloud over Berlin before."

"Well, if you don't want to deliver this I'll have to trust it to the mails."

"Read it to me," said the editor. "When I know what it is, I swear to be your servant. But you are not—leaving Germany? You cannot escape. You are not one to commit suicide. And unless you are a traitor, Germany will never put you to death."

"Pleigman," said the Captain slowly, as he lighted his pipe, "whenever the big show strikes in Berlin, when the hour really comes that you've been drooling about, to me, it won't matter very much to some people whether they get faced up with one thing or another. I'm taking no chances, spilling no secrets about myself. All I want is for the Secret Service of Berlin to know what's in these papers I'm writing here. And as you're the kind of contorting humanity that will wriggle through any emergency, I can trust you, if I can anybody, to get it over. Now then if it's a go—listen."

"Herr Captain," said Pleigman mournfully, "I have read you many of my writings which I never could publish. It will be only fair to you——"

"Not at all," snapped Clock. "You are to regard this as a damned great favor. Understand?"

"Read on, Herr Captain."

XVII.

Captain Clock Reads.

THE fateful summer arrives, when for the first time in history great armies, a great navy and the armada of the air are co-ordinated under supreme high command for the disruption of Germany. In this the hugest of all war dramas for the first time land, water and air are a unit. Such concentration was never before possible. Against overwhelmingly superior Allied armies the Boche has withdrawn to his own soil. There with men and gun odds against him he has dug in for home defence. The British grand fleet is still maintaining the blockade with no targets to aim at and with Heligoland and Kiel still inaccessible. The armada of the air opens the way and breaks the combined deadlock of sea and land forces. The air force takes the initiative. Therein lies the limitless new power that can be set loose. With the cloud armada as a main army in the centre, the land armies become the right wing, the navy the left. The brain directing the great drama is at the headquarters of the land army. The strength of this new co-ordination is in effect the irresistible force, because it works simultaneously upon all the great defensives of the enemy.

Acting on the offensive, we could pick our own time and place. Air battles merely delayed the time. On the appointed day code signals were flashed to the North Sea. Berlin—must be stabbed. The brain of the Beast must send its contortions clean over Germany.

Midnight, by a prearranged signal flashed all along the base line of aerodromes the grand fleet rises in sections and forms up as per rehearsal in the clouds. In fifteen minutes thousands of aircraft in squadrons, each flagshipped by a Handley-Page or a Caproni, are beginning the wedge-like drive across Germany, carrying bombs enough to rupture a city; forming a fantail that reaches for leagues, a veritable cloud of aeroplanes. The course of this armada is as inevitable as a storm, and much more mysterious.

That night the long line of the trenches, with its millions of inhabitants, was awake. All the land armies heard the sound of the wing-storm going over. Allied flares were shot all along the line. The Boches answered with flares. But no army can stop that armada of the air. From Konigsberg to Metz and on down to Vienna and beyond, the subjugated slaves of Mittel-Europa were expecting the invasion. Their war lords know what to expect, because they themselves had planned just such a super-invasion of France, but were "beaten to it" by the Allies.

In the homes of millions the awe-stricken conjecture was passed. Hunland was one vast unit of expectation; such a cumulative state of mind as breeds panic when the hour has struck as surely as an east wind brews the rain. The people all gabbled strangely, chattering like natives on some foreign island; seeming to believe that the city which had presumed to make over-laws bigger than civilization, thus doing away with crime, must, therefore, be immune from attack. London, Paris, Rome, Washington, Ottawa, Melbourne, were all cities of obsolete law, of discarded "humanite," of discredited liberty. Berlin only was the sole incarnation of the world's new force. So long as Berlin kept her head Germany was safe.

XVIII.

PLEIGMAN was so absorbed in what the Captain had read of his narrative that he was in a cold sweat.

"You are—a prophet!" he mumbled. "And a traitor? You are in my——"

"Stow that. You have no power—not yet—except to do as I want you. When that is done, strike for liberty and all the rest."

Clock reached out and grabbed the editor, hoisting him with one arm like a big doll.

"Mein Gott! What an arm!" squeaked Pleigman, feeling like a weak rat in the whiskers of a large tom-cat.

"Look here, tribune of the people, I've got to see Commander Hopkirch—within an hour. It's now eight. He must be out of here by nine. He's not far from your build. Go to the Kaiserhoch Hotel and ask to see him. Give him—wait—"

Clock scrawled a note.

"Give him this. I've directed him to use your coat, hat, wig and spectacles and to leave you in his room till he gets back. That's all. Now go. I'll have

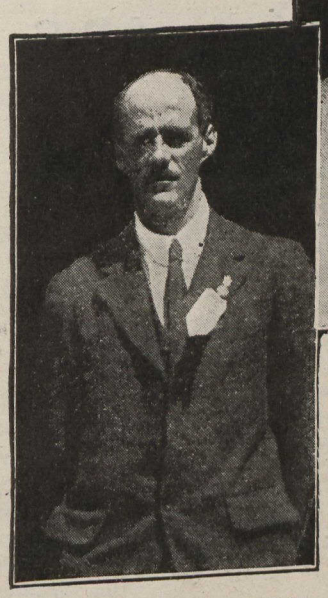
(Continued on page 13.)

"Ah! Three short greens—a red—and a green. His lights. Good!"

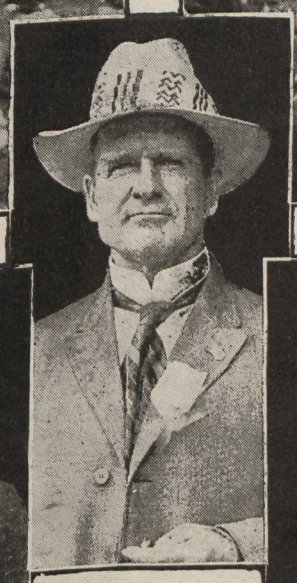
Democracy and Returned Soldiers

Sir Robert Borden delivers a Canadian speech to a Canadian Infantry Brigade—at the front.

A few of the thousands who waited to hear Mayor Church read the Riot Act from the steps of the Toronto City Hall—at the rear.



Frank Giolma, M.P.P. in B.C., the first returned soldier to be elected to a Canadian Parliament.



Major Hunter, veteran in civies, who for doing nothing except being a returned soldier is said to have been clubbed by the Toronto police in the recent riots.

Col. Purney, President of the G.W.V.A., who presided over the stormiest convention ever held in Canada.

By W. H. P. JARVIS

IT is the most natural thing in the world that those who have come through active service in the Great War should cultivate a spirit of cameraderie and that this should find expression in bonds of an association. But, there is a tendency on the part of a certain section of the public to look askance at the very human G. W. V. A. and to ask: "What will this force do with us?" Some things have been said and some things have happened that have startled the inert out of their complacency, and have made them sit up and take notice. Some people fear the G. W. V. A., and openly say so; others despise it; more assume an attitude of friendly tolerance and some espouse its cause. Some say it will run the country: others ask: "Why shouldn't the Veterans run the country?" Some, even the disaffected among their own members, have disparaged their comrades' respectability and called them "hoodlums."

On the other hand, hear what the Veteran says of himself as set forth in an article in the "Nation" (New York) written by J. A. Stevenson, editor of the "Veteran," official organ of the G. W. V. A.:

. . . "The men in the ranks are relentless, if fair-minded, critics of their superiors, and deficiencies of heart or head do not long escape detection. They have the keenest noses for cant or humbug, and are likely to display stern impatience towards the old type of party politician, who has composed the bulk of both Canadian parties since Confederation. They will assuredly penetrate his 'loyalty' orations and despise his shifty compromises."

It is no wonder that, over a period of military service, the mind of the soldier has grown away from its old processes, and entered new channels, and that words and actions that spring from this new mentality should prove startling to the stay-at-homes. There cannot be any reasonable ground for the belief that the Veteran we have with us is not a fair sample of the Veteran that is to be after the war is over. The soldier knows the full value of the service he has rendered the State: he has come in contact with the reality of war. And he may be pardoned if he is not overly tolerant to the claims to inviolability advanced by property when he realizes that property owes its very existence to him. The Veteran has shown a tendency to purify politics, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the man who went to war and eschewed profiteering is willing to forego the making of money by political graft. He can afford to be more honest than the other man because he is content with less, and he naturally feels an affection for the land for which he has suffered. The question is: will not antagonism call him to rise and assert both his might and his right? The right of life, liberty and the pursuit of dollars is no doubt established in the individual by the State against internal aggression, but when the aggression comes from without then the duty of every individual lies with the State.

The question as to whether the Veterans shall enter politics is the greatest issue in their councils to-day. As the Association stands it is non-political, but it is very much a question if it will remain so either in letter or in fact. And if my grasp of the instinct of the Veteran is correct it is not in the interest of the land that it should remain out of politics.

In the mind of the Veteran the alien question looms large. The idea that this agitation is merely the voice of a few who want jobs held by the alien is not right. The Veteran sees in the alien a very great problem, a question of many sides. He looks upon results achieved by the United States as a warning rather than a basis of policy and emulation. And undoubtedly the Veteran will call upon the people of Canada to aid him in keeping out indigestible peoples. There are steel

UNTIL we begin to understand the army, let us abandon any bluff at governing a nation. We do not believe, as some soldiers do, that democracy is in the discard, Parliament hopelessly inept and Cabinet Councils wilfully crooked. We believe that the Government in its anxiety over the army yet to go, and its concern for the men in the field, has lost track of the army coming back.

A hospital is not an orphanage. These men—thousands upon thousands, who will never march again—were fooled in the first place by recruiting speeches; stampeded by election promises; disillusioned when they got back, and found that a great part of the nation seemed less glad to see them come back than they had been to see them go when the bands played Tipperary. They have been in hell. They know that we don't quite understand that. They have been drilled, disciplined, cold, wet, weary and wounded. Their lives are broken up. They are not normal. They are fresh back from a life that is absolutely abnormal. We, moving about peacefully, working hard, living comfortably, some of us making money—and some of us not—seem to them to be careless of what they went "out there" for, what they suffered to keep for the nation, and how much we owe them. But the people are not; and the Government will not be careless. This is not a duty of compulsion, but one of natural national fellow-citizenship. The returned soldier is Canada's biggest problem. Until we get our national energy and wisdom behind that, we may as well mark time on everything else. The war is winning. The country is right side up. The returned soldier has not yet found his place. And he is still coming. Coming along. The G.W.V.A. is only a parliament of the army. But it is a fighting parliament. Will it organize? Undoubtedly. Soldiers have more in common than Grits or Tories. But we don't expect the returned soldiers to run the country because if our governmental machinery is on the scrap heap by the time the army gets back, the country won't be worth saving nationally, at all.

—The Editor.

works in the United States where the danger to life and limb is so great that, broadly speaking, nothing but aliens will work in them. And then, when an alien is killed, there is nothing said; no agitation for reform. The type of Scotch-Irish Canadian who built the C. P. R. and worked in the mines of British Columbia and Nova Scotia thirty years ago is not a large factor in the labor market of to-day. The Veteran is capable of seeing that if we are going to compete against the world in the manufacture of steel we must use such labor or either do without such manufactories or have them bonused. I believe the Veteran will say: "Let us not have the alien." He will say let us jog along our own slow way and put less premium on dollars.

Already the Veteran's eagle eye has noticed that many farms in old Ontario, in some of the best districts, are passing into the hands of aliens, Italians and others. This movement in the vicinity of Guelph has been quite pronounced. The Veteran says that the interest of our race lies in the prevention of this.

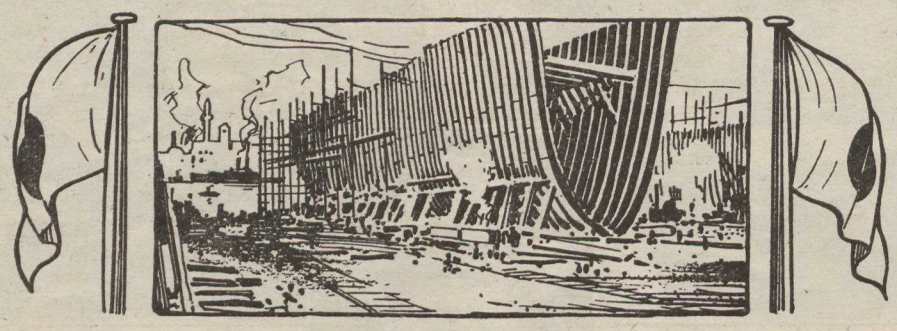
The travesty that has marked the war at home in the eyes of the Veteran is that, while he has gone to fight and make property good, those at home have prospered and most prominent in the picture is the friendly alien. In the case of the enemy alien, the German, the Austrian, the Turk and the Bulgar the Veteran takes into mind the fact that the Government of these people's fatherlands have torn up international law. Why, then, should we be bound by a law that these people have repudiated?

The Veteran may not be put aside on the ground that he is a socialist, a fanatic. To say he is is mere abuse. It is not enough to say that the debt that society owes the soldier is greater than money can liquidate. And it cannot be denied that if our Government were the reflection of the will of the people, which some would have us believe, the alien enemy would be conscripted and his property confiscated.

Considering its mixed potentials the G. W. V. A. has already made marvellous progress towards amalgamation. True, there are and have been dissentions that have alienated individuals, but these are no more than growing pains. The Association is growing in spite of opposition, ridicule, abuse and ulterior influences.

(Continued on page 23.)

What About *the* Resourceful Japs?



Another Study in the Problems of B.C.

By N. DeBERTRAND LUGRIN

A FEW years ago Lawrence Irving, son of Sir Henry, made his last trip through Canada playing in The Typhoon. This was a play which depicted the strange behind-the-stage doings of the Japanese in other countries; at a time when the German Menace seemed to be no bigger than the so-called Yellow Peril. Speaking to the editor of this paper in his dressing-room the actor said, "For the life of me I can't see why people in this country are not alive to the danger from that quarter of the world." Irving went down on the Empress of Ireland. Not long afterwards the Jap "bugaboo" was swallowed up in the German menace. Now after four years of war the writer of this article, resident in Victoria, B.C., outlines the restless ambitions but honorable doings of this England of the Orient. Japan is waiting. For what? To take her place among the great nations.—THE EDITOR.

THE Straits of Juan de Fuca have been aptly termed "Canada's Gateway to the Orient." At no time has the title been more applicable than it is to-day though the Orient just now typifies for us chiefly our neighbor and ally, Japan. As we write these words we can see coming into the harbor from quarantine, the stately N. Y. K. line the Kashima Maru. She will discharge fifteen hundred tons of cargo at this port, and then proceed to Vancouver to unload many hundreds more. She will also leave us one hundred and fifty of her passengers. The ship itself and every one of those travellers form virile links between Canada and the Orient. It is because every day or two sees one or more of Japan's merchant marine at the docks here that we on the Pacific Coast of Canada are kept very closely in touch with the Island Kingdom, her enormous neighbor China, and Russia; for it is well known that the problems of all three nations are bound up together; that, in fact, Japan holds the key to the Eastern question so far as the above-mentioned countries are concerned.

It is universally recognized that Japan will gain more, has gained more by the present world war than any other country, and that having made a magnificent start, she must continue to grow until it is impossible to gauge her limits. Her role during the past four years has been a triple one. She has been munitioner to the Allies, purveyor to her own markets, and exporter to those countries which prior to the war depended largely upon Europe for their imports. Up to the present her naval and military losses have been practically nil. Having an unlimited supply of labor and practically no industrial unrest, her industries can go ahead unfalteringly. Her stock of gold has doubled during the last two years. Her total trade for 1917 passed the billion dollar mark, and this year must see a large increase. Her clearing houses in 1914 aggregated something above five million; last year they were over fifteen billion.

Japan is straining every nerve and sinew to develop her industries so that she may rank economically with the greatest of the nations when the war is over. The time has gone by when we could afford to smile at the progress she was making. Says Marquis Komura, "Japan is no longer eulogized and flattered as a plucky little nation, but is feared as an aggressive power. She has come to the parting of the ways." Up to the last couple of years she was a curious sort of hodge podge of eastern and western manners, styles and modes of thought. But to-day one finds in Japan less of emulation and more initiative. She has taken from us what she needed, and embodied it in her civilization, and rejected what she considered useless. She has found her own feet, so to speak, and, aware of her strength and her ability, is pursuing her own course quite unafraid of censure or comment. As straws show which way the wind blows we might mention the fact that although some years ago Japanese women were adopting European dress almost entirely, and disregarding their national costume, to-day they are reverting to their own picturesque and sensible kimonos.

As one Japanese writer puts it, "Other countries' disabilities are Japan's opportunities." This terse statement covers a significant situation. England and other European countries, the United States and Canada, have become, on account of war conditions, industrially paralyzed to a large extent. Japan reaps the benefit. Here are a few of the new industries which she has been rapidly building up during the last couple of years; iron and steel, zinc, aluminum and lead, metal products and all sorts of machinery; shipbuilding, electrical goods, textiles, oils, chemicals and paint.

Let us glance for a moment at some of the items in the cargoes that the Marus discharged at our own docks here in British Columbia. Here we find all sorts of silk and cotton goods and woollen materials. "We cannot compete with the best products of Lancashire," says one shipper, "but we offer a very good substitute," and that "substitute" is pretty well all we can afford to buy just now. Here are boxes of linen thread, bales of silk and wool goods, hemp rope and ramie fibre materials. There are cases of leather and leatherette goods, wicker furniture of all sorts, preserves, nuts, beans, tea, glass, paper in huge rolls and packages, and pasteboard boxes packed flat. There is also a limited supply of rice and sugar.

In regard to rice it may be mentioned that this commodity a few years ago, together with raw and manufactured silk, formed nearly the entire cargo of the few Japanese ships plying between Victoria and Yokohama, to-day we get very little of that cereal, and its cost is almost prohibitive. It is not that the production is less, but that the Japanese prefer to use their own rice for their own consumption. Time was when they were satisfied with the coarser Chinese rice which we did not buy, and which found favor in this part of the world only among the inhabitants of Chinatown. But the Japanese have decided that the best is none too good for themselves, so they keep what they need and send us what little is left, together with the Chinese product which has also leaped in price, and which, incidentally, we are glad to eat. This is perhaps another straw in the wind.

Now let us glance for a moment at what Japan has done in the way of ship-building. Travellers from that part of the world will speak of the strides they are making in this industry with almost bated breath. The speed with which they can build a vessel seems to them to be positively uncanny. "One day you will see the bare ribs of a monster craft on the ways," said one woman, "and over that skeleton will be swarming countless little figures, thick and busy as ants, and the next time you pass that way to your amazement the ship has been launched, bright with new paint, and gleaming glass and metal, and gay with bunting. It is like an Aladdin tale. You rub your eyes and cannot believe." In 1914 Japan's output in tonnage was 85,816. On the first of January of this year there were under construction in Japanese yards 1,330,000 tons of shipping. She expects to have an annual output from now on of over 250 ships.

That brings us to the question of what we are doing industrially, we Anglo-Saxons who possess the vast Pacific Coast of North America, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, and footholds in China. Are we planning to meet such a competitor as Japan on anything like equal terms after the war is over? The United States is working overtime to make good all losses and have something to boot. But Canada, with all her vast timber resources, billions of feet of which have been yet untapped, Canada with her incredibly rich iron and other mineral deposits, her splendid water power and transportation facilities by way of inland waterways and peaceful, navigable seas, how has she risen to meet the situation?

We are speaking now only of the Pacific Coast Province. Are we doing our utmost? As far as this last west goes, the great Province of British Columbia with its enormous potential wealth is lagging far behind in its accomplishment. The whole inland coasts of Vancouver Island should be a humming hive of ship-building activity. We are far away from sight and sound of war, and none better situated than we to help build up the merchant marine and the navy. If we fail to do our part—well, there is no doubt in the world about the commercial future of Japan just across the water from us. She holds now third position in tonnage built and fifth in tonnage owned among the nations of the world. She will rank higher still at the end of another year.

"The Pacific will be the storm-centre of the future," said a Prime Minister of New Zealand. That storm may be only a commercial, industrial storm, but whatever form it takes, we've got to take steps to

(Continued on page 17.)

THE HOUR *by the* CLOCK

(Continued from page 10.)

these papers ready when you return."

Frau Bobel heard nothing of this. From her perch at the transom of her own room she saw Pleigman go; in half an hour Pleigman coming back—awkwardly. She crept out to the balcony, along to the Captain's door. All she could hear was a low mumble of voices. But through the keyhole she could see Pleigman go to the door. She sped back to her own room and up to the transom. The fake Pleigman departed. From her covert in the elm-top she saw him lurch away up street.

But was it—Pleigman? If not—who?

Frau Bobel believed that she knew. But because she had come to detest Hanslick, because she had come to have an over-powering interest in these two adventurers, one of the air, the other of the earth, she swore to herself that she would not report her suspicions to the machine. Not yet.

Controlling her emotions she went to her telephone, got a connection with Aerodrome X, and gave the Secret Service code-sign for that day.

"May I speak to Commander Hopkirch?"

"The Commander is busy with his machine. He is leaving on scout duty in half an hour."

"Oh. When will he be back?"

"Not until morning. Can't say the hour. Better ring at daybreak—or later."

Frau Bobel put the receiver slowly on the hook. She wanted to scream. She kept silence. Things were happening of which she, supposed sleepless watcher of Captain Clock, was but vaguely aware. She knew now that the second Pleigman in the Captain's room was the Commander. Clock had sent for him on the eve of a long important flight. A word from her to Hanslick would have held back the Commander. Because she detested Hanslick and his machine she kept it to herself. What was the mission? What could it have to do with the Captain? The Commander's cool answers to her questions in the beer-room recurred to her furiously. She had then been on the very edge of a discovery. Here it was. Hopkirch and Clock were in some collusion. Was the Commander luring the Captain to his doom? And what had Pleigman to do with it? Was he in the confidence of the Captain?

The heat was stifling. She crept out to the elm-top. In the blur of the restless searchlights she could see vast masses of people moving below. The hotel was just a rock in a sea of people, who regardless of the hour or the heat would not go home. The streets were dark. Only in the flare of the searchlights could she see this almost terrifying mass of humanity, which in spite of the efforts of soldiers and police, trying to disperse them, ran together like mercury.

It was Berlin on the defensive; expectant, wondering; afraid; yet feeling secure under the play of the lights, knowing that the city which might be attacked from the air was protected by such an aggregate of aircraft, and anti-aircraft guns as never had been known in any city.

Even this was far less absorbing to Frau Bobel than the Captain, whose light shone across the balcony, and whose windows in spite of the heat were close shut. Pleigman was in there; the real one this time. He had been there for an hour or more.

Then she gazed down at the crowd again. So Pleigman was a traitor? Well, there was time enough for him. The Captain first. She had threatened the Captain that he was in her power; that she would shadow him everywhere; that she would appear only in the moment of supreme opportunity. He knew she was in the hotel. She knew that he had made no effort to locate her. He had ignored her. She was angry. She did not pause to ask herself why one moment she vowed to spring the trap and put an end to the Captain's double career; the next found herself unable to do it, because of—was it the man himself, or was it the strange, inevitable swing of some vast unbelievable event foreshadowed by those bulletins from the clouds?

Well, it was a long while—almost a dream—since she had so furtively begun to spy upon the Captain back at her little house in Cologne. How Germany had changed! Here she was in the heart and brain of it; with that swirling sea of people below, and above her and the elm-top the imperturbable stars.

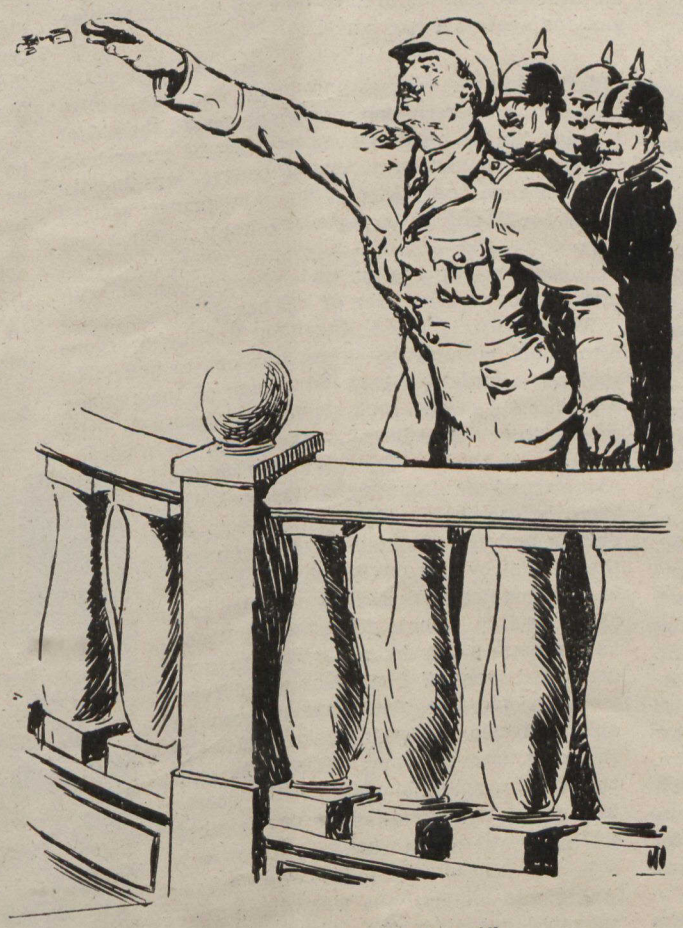
Frau Bobel felt uncontrollably sleepy.

Yet it was a strange time to be dreaming when the realisms of all things were hourly becoming so incredibly big and strange.

And it was not strange that Berlin, which for years had been the power which upheaved the world and ostensibly by the strength of the Allemachte Gott, should on that strange night, foreshadowed by Captain Clock, become the objective of tremendous voltages. The drama was proceeding even as Clock in his room wrote it down, up to the point where he could no longer trace it. Pleigman sleepless as an owl, sat at the door keeping his ears on the crowd below and his eyes on the Captain. The door was open by the Captain's order. The Captain was a strange man. The gates of hell might open at a word from him. Pleigman had ceased to figure him out. He merely complied with him, believing that almost any moment of miracle the man might be snatched from his sight to heaven knew what.

Pleigman was not aware that an astute female spy was well asleep in the tangled shadow of the elm-top. He could not have believed that anybody could sleep on such a night. Himself a child of Berlin, knowing every cranny of it as on a map, he nevertheless had always felt it as a city of cave-men and kobolds and supermen and terrible, uplifting inventions. Pleigman had never seen any other city. He had never wanted to. The yesterdays and to-morrows all came to a focus here. He believed Berlin was a city of power, not a mere community in commerce. It was the ante-room of God; the gathering place of the people by whom His will was make known.

Now were its wires and wireless spaces, its telegraphs, telephones and Marconis carrying the voltage of some turn in the great struggle, some unlooked-for change in events such as Captain Kluck had sketched out in his secret narrative. Pleigman said it was incredible; impossible. Yet—why was Berlin packed into the heart of itself down there as a hurricane drives the waves on shore? Why was the Captain so marvellously, compressedly calm as he finished his papers, sealed them up, wrote one letter to his friend, the editor, in Paris, entrusted all to Pleigman and stepped out to the balcony?



"Take back your Iron Cross!"

Some bell boomed out—three. The stars were a million. Every cluster known to the naked eye seemed to be a spangle of jewels. Yet if one of these terrible messages from the north or the west should jump the wires or the wireless lanes and short-circuit into that stupendous mass of flesh and nerves and brains down there, the stars might for a while be forgotten.

Clock was oddly silent. He did not know that Frau Bobel was in the shadow of the elm, though he might have guessed it. She was nothing to him. Far less than Pleigman—or another. The crowd failed to excite him. There was something else. He believed that the Wilhelmstrasse knew; that the War Office was full of people; that the Kaiser and his lords were in council somewhere—but that as long as they could they would keep the news from the people under the flare of the searchlights, until something should crack in Berlin itself and the warlords would crumple up like wet cardboard.

But there was something else. Pleigman saw him scan the star-dromes. Frau Bobel, awake now, crouched in the shadow of the tree. It seemed an age since she had gone to sleep. The sound of the crowd below to her had changed. How, she scarcely knew. Like the rising of a storm. The people were like clouds or a sea. The army at home, old and young and women—too lacking in fire and directive energy to become a mob, she thought; yet—heaven knew.

She tried to forget them; remembering the Captain and his abject satellite, Pleigman, who did everything the Captain did—peering up at the stars now, listening,—what did they expect? An aero-invasion?

The drone of the people below tapered off into a sound from the star lanes. She heard it. Clock sooner. She saw the Captain grab Pleigman by the arm, pointing to—an atom of sound somewhere? An airship. Whose? Obviously—Hopkirch's; back sooner than expected. No other machine could have so agitated the Captain.

Swiftly the atom became a small speck of noise almost vertically above—beyond the search flares. Clock had his glasses up.

"Raus!" he whispered to Pleigman, clutching at his tunic. "Ah! Three short greens—a red—and a green. His lights. Good! Pleigman—you had better crawl out to the crowd. Quick!"

It was all over in a minute. Frau Bobel heard every word. She saw the Captain stalk into his room followed by Pleigman.

Then somehow the flares faded. Dawn crept over the city; from a sky sweeping clean of stars, and not an airship anywhere. Its lack-lustre light fell weirdly upon the pied and chequered masses of bedraggled, sleepless humanity, much of it sunken in heaps on the walks, under the trees, in doorways, a mass of inertia.

XIX.

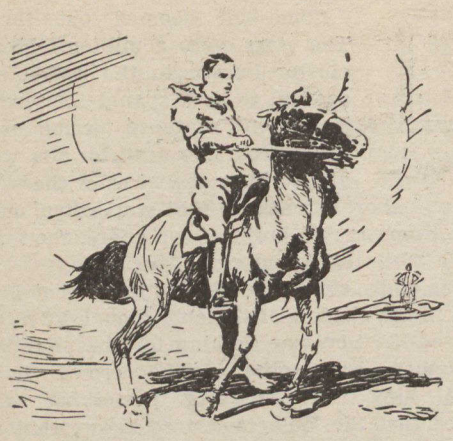
FRAU BOBEL left the balcony. She knew the Captain would not leave his room. She went to the telephone. The toss of a copper would have sent her to the Captain. In times of impending crisis one leans to the strong man, to the self-contained. Crisis was coming. Wings of it. The air was alive with it. Frau Bobel knew not what. But Commander Hopkirch closeted with the Captain before he took to the air, had signalled him by agreement on his return. The code meant—definitely something. What? Something of which the people were ignorant and the war lords were not. She could fancy the Major-domo glowering at his end of the line; hating to be called by a woman—who had done nothing to stop one man from his purpose.

So she told him calmly, collectedly, tersely—all she knew.

Then the sun was up. The hotel began to palpitate with traffic. Doors banged, windows whistled, feet pounding along the corridors, hushed and excited voices. The Captain was out again. She hated him; pitied him; loved him: it mattered not which most. Anyhow she had trapped him. He never could escape.

The crowd was waking like a vast menagerie.

(Continued on page 24.)



Flanneries

YOU have never had it. Gunner Percy had. And the story of how he came into notice on a bucking broncho in Toronto, and ended up with Flanneries and immortal action in Flanders, is one of the heroic comedies of the war.

By ERNEST G. BLACK

FLANNERIES is by no means a new complaint, but it has sprung into anything like prominence only since the war, as never before was there such an opportunity to study its symptoms, or such need to devise a remedy as there is to-day. In peace time it was given scant consideration, and was called by the somewhat unsympathetic and decidedly uneuphonious name of Malingering. The origin of the word is a matter of considerable mystery. The largest school of casuists in "Our Battery" maintains that it is a corruption of a term in common use in veterinary circles. This contention our veterinary sergeant absolutely refuses either to corroborate or refute, deeming it beneath his dignity, no doubt, to participate in philological controversies.

It may be said here, for the benefit of possessors and students of "The Physician in the Home," and other kindred works, that while the symptoms of Flanneries are almost identical with those of Crud —known as the Somme fever, or the Yellow fever—it is not to be confused with that dread and pernicious disease. Somme fever is to be found only among those who are afraid of their skins; the Flanneries affect all and sundry who have a disinclination for physical exertion.

The "skinners," which is the name to which artillery drivers answer in the war zone, appear to be most susceptible to Flanneries. Perhaps it is in the air of the horse lines. I should say, off-hand, that nine out of ten of the victims are drivers.

The most interesting specimen we had in "Our Battery" was Archibald Percival McCosh, R.R. Driver McCosh was the direct antithesis of all that his given name implies. He joined us at Exhibition Camp in Toronto in "civy" clothes, his peaked cap pulled down over one eye, and a dark stain, testifying eloquently to the succulence of the tobacco he favored, besmearing the corners of his mouth. The most exacting task our officers ever undertook was to teach Percy to wear his service cap straight. That task is not yet completed.

We called him Percy, partly because it was really his name, but mostly in appreciation of his many good points. The "R. R.", signifying Rough Rider, was an honor accorded him by the personnel of the battery, in admiration of his horsemanship.

Somewhere in this wide world there may be a horse that Percy could not ride, though I doubt it; for he rode the worst we had, and there was an impression in "Our Battery," not entirely unsupported by the facts, that all the equine iniquity in the entire universe, outside the Central Empires, was gathered together by the kind Canadian Government and assigned to us.

As long as there was war material Percy was happy and worked with zeal. When all the horses were broken to the saddle, or so nearly broken that the other drivers could handle them, the Flanneries set in. The unhappy victim withdrew himself expertly from all parades as soon as roll was called, and retired to the bunk-house, where he was found by the officers, on the one or two occasions on which he was discovered, in an agony with a sudden attack of cramps, sick headache, or some similar complaint.

The battery was young and enthusiastic. We decided to take drastic steps. At a special conclave of the gunners and drivers, it was decided to withdraw the degree of "R. R." we had conferred upon him, and to reduce him to the ranks as an ordinary, everyday, garden variety driver. A committee was selected to inform Percy of this drastic step. They performed their task with suitable ceremony, and the culprit seemed much affected.

Then Angel came to us from Remount. She was little, she was piebald, and she was bad—B-A-D. We first found it out when young Rose took her out on a "numnah" ride—that is the army name for mediaeval torture on a bare-back horse. Rosie rather fancied himself as a rider, and since the fall of McCosh, was aspiring to the title made vacant by the said fall. Angel put an end to his ambitions by wiping him off her back on the fence in front of the grandstand at Exhibition Camp.

The next day was Sunday, and I was on stable piquet. Stable piquet is bad enough at any time; but when you add the fact that it was Sunday, which is supposed to be our day off, and the last Sunday in our home town before going overseas at that, it is not to be wondered at that I was sore.

Then came our Captain and asked me to saddle a horse for him. His own horse was on the sick lines and I told him so. "Is there any other horse you would prefer sir?" I asked him, with all due deference, but with a fiendishly gleeful hope in my heart. The Captain, I knew, had spent all his time in the orderly room engaged with matters of detail and routine, and knew next to nothing of our horses.

"O, no," he said; "any horse that can move will do."

The Captain is really a very decent fellow, and I had nothing against him personally. But I was on piquet, and it was Sunday, and—well, you know just about how I felt. So I saddled Angel for him.

I led her out, and waited to see the fun. It came rather more quickly than I had anticipated. The moment Angel felt his weight settle, she reared and then bucked. The captain is a fair rider and stayed on, though without any conspicuous evidence of overpowering pleasure. Angel, finding her preliminary efforts a failure, "carried on," and finding the stable handy, proceeded to rub the Captain off on the corner of it. She set her feet and bumped her back in much the same way that a sow does in scratching its back against a post. I have seen a gunner, after his first two months at the front, go through similar motions against a gun wheel.

THE Captain was not hurt much, and was able to come overseas with us, limping with the aid of a cane. To his credit I must say that he never held it against me, although that, I believe, was mostly because I was only a poor, ignorant gunner, and as such, could not be expected to know much about horses.

Angel next day was put under Percy's charge, with instructions to break her or kill her.

When Percy saddled Angel on Monday everyone who could possibly get away was out to see. The cook-house orderlies took advantage of the temporary absence of the cook, to absent themselves from their duties, only to find on arriving at the cattle-judging ring in the east part of the grounds that the cook was there before them. The barrack-room orderlies and the "light duty" sick forsook their haunt by the stove; the officers were out in force, and the office orderlies too; all the stable piquets were there but one, and he was a Presbyterian with an overdeveloped sense of duty. The guard house was deserted, the guard having been unable to decide who was to stay and watch the one lone prisoner, taking him with them. The guard on duty on the quarter beat stood at one end of his course where he could watch the ring.

It was indeed a sight worth seeing. Angel was led into the ring where Percy mounted her after the gate had been closed. She reared and pawed the air; she bucked and kicked; she ran forward and stopped quickly, bucking at the same time; but Percy stuck to her as if nailed.

She tried to bite his foot, but he kicked her jaw until she gave it up. She tried her old trick with the fence. He was prepared. The sharp spurs and wicked curbed bit punished her cruelly, and she was soon a mass of blood, lather and froth. But she never reached the fence.

Then Angel played her right bower. She got down and rolled. As she got down, Percy got off, and as she got up, he was on her back again like a flash. The battle was won, though Angel fought on half-heartedly for some time longer. At last Percy could drive around the ring without any special disturbance, and the Major said the job was done, and "d——d well done, too."

That night there was another conclave of the gunners and drivers. Without a dissenting voice it was decided to reinstate Percy in his former degree; and moved that the rights and perquisites appertaining thereto should be perpetual and independent of the future conduct of the recipient thereof.

Of our training in England, little need be said, except that Percy suffered a great deal from the Flanneries. On our arrival in France his health improved. He had enlisted to fight and now was his chance, so he bucked up for the time.

Life at the horse lines, grooming horses, and cleaning harness, is far from exciting; and Percy soon suffered a relapse. About once in ten days he made a trip "up the lines" with rations or ammunition; and the rest of the time he waited and waited in the mud and slime of the horse lines, for the great day when the line should break, and the guns go forward with shrapnel bursting on every side; while the gunners hung on for dear life as they went bumpety-bump-bump over the hills in front, at which they had gazed often in hopeful speculation.

FOR a while he went to the bad completely. Every time he went to the village behind the lines he got into trouble. The M.P.'s (military police) got to know him, and they took him to the A.P.M.'s office (Assistant Provost Marshal) so often that the fact that his initials were the same as the big red letters on the sign in front of that dignitary's office was noted. To this day the M.P.'s greet him as "A.P.M."

After a month or two of this kind of life he had a stroke of good luck. An ill-fitting shoe galled his foot, and he continued to wear it in the hope of working up a big enough sore to parade sick. It succeeded better than he had hoped. His sock poisoned the sore, and by the time he got to the doctor, his foot and leg were in a shocking state.

The doctor at once sent him to the hospital where he had three weeks of ease and luxury such as he had never experienced in the army before. It was too good to last; also it was too good to be allowed to slip through his fingers without an effort.

The night before he was to return to his unit he stole a tablespoon from the kitchen. As he started to undress he slipped it under his pillow. Dressing and undressing were very complicated operations with Percy. Like all sufferers from Flenneries he had a horror of sewing on a button. His brass but-

Percy would go to the ruined gun pits and burn flares.

tons, which showed to the public gaze, were up to strength and well polished. Our officers saw to that.

His brass buttons, the badges of his noble calling were the only ones left on his uniform. The others were replaced by safety-pins and short wire nails. Such an arrangement makes dressing a work of art. (If any kind lady reader, seeing this and anxious to do something for the boys out here, sends a small packet of "bachelor buttons" addressed to Corporal A. P. McCosh, Canadian Field Artillery, France, I am sure the act will be very much appreciated).

Having finally got to bed Percy closed his eyes and feigned sleep. The time passed slowly, and it was only with great difficulty that he remained awake; but he did not consider it safe to act until well past midnight.

Then he sat up in bed. From under his pillow he secured the purloined spoon, and from the combination washstand, dresser and clothes-rack at the head of his bed he got two towels. One of these he tied very tightly just above his right knee, and the other, also very tightly, just below the knee. Then he pounded his knee-cap with the tablespoon for a long time.

AT last the knee began to swell, and the skin developed a red, angry rash. Apparently satisfied with his night's work, he untied the towels, replaced the instrument of self-torture, and lay down. Although in some pain, as may be imagined, he was soon asleep.

Morning came, and with it the doctor who was to make the final examination and sign the papers which would release him to the battery. Percy showed him the knee, now swollen to an enormous size. Before speaking the doctor made a thorough examination.

"How did this happen?" he asked at length.

"I slipped coming back from the mess-room yesterday," said Percy, who had all the details ready.

But the doctor had not spent months at a base hospital in France without learning anything. He had seen that thing before. He gave Percy a long lecture on "self-mutilation," courts-martial and firing squads, and wound up by marking the papers "Active," and sending him back to the battery as he was.

Percy was lame for a long time, but to the great amazement of all who knew him he did not parade sick. He had long heard the usual tales at the horse lines about the wonderful life we gunners were having up at the guns. The stories of little work, plentiful rations, palatial quarters, and our fine evenings around our dug-out fire with our gramophone grinding out tid-bits from the latest musical comedy, fascinated him. He had himself paraded to the major and asked to be allowed to learn gunnery.

Now, if there is anything our major understands, it is human nature. From the day back in Toronto, when he had seen Percy ride Angel, he had been convinced that there was something good in the boy, if he knew how to get at it. Here was a chance to try out his theory, he thought, and he gave his consent to the transfer.

That is how we came to have Percy with us up at the guns. At first we did not like it, but now we all agree that it was one of the best things that ever happened.

For a while there were no symptoms of Flanneries. It was a new life; there were many things to see and learn; and there was an average of about one-third of every day when Percy could lounge around poisoning himself with the villainous issue cigarettes, operating the gramophone or playing solitaire. This last was the craze of the moment, and I have seen no less than six games of solitaire in progress at one time.

About this time we moved to another part of the front. In our new position Percy found that there was more work than there had ever been at the horse lines. There were gun-pits and sleeping quarters to dig and strengthen; there was a dug-out to make for the major, one for the telephonist, another for the rest of the officers; and yet another to serve as officers' mess-room. As soon as we finished one we were started on another one.

We had just finished the officers' cook house and were starting on the mess cook house, when the hated Hun got after us. It seems the crest in front was not high enough to hide the flash of the guns sufficiently at night, and Fritz got our line and range to an inch.

After the first few shots it became clear that it was not a casual affair but a concentration, and the order to scatter was given. When a battery is not firing there is nothing to be gained by staying around a gun position which is being shelled. In fact, there is everything to lose, and the order to clear out has saved many lives which would otherwise have been lost to no purpose.

Percy and I were away for water at the time, but we got the details later. The boys said that they made the hundred yards to the communication trench on our right flank in times varying from eight and one-fifth seconds to nine and two-fifths. I am well aware that this is less than the world's record for one hundred yards on the track; but I have never doubted the boys' word in the matter.

It was clear we should have to move. If it had been an ordinary bombardment, such as we have often had, with a pit or two smashed, and perhaps one gun out of action, we should probably have stayed where we were, as we have on other occasions. But this had been an unusually accurate and heavy concentration, showing that Fritz was pretty sure of his ground. A new location for the battery was selected, nearer to the line, but with a better crest to hide the flashes.

We were all pretty sick of shovels and sand-bags by this time, and thoughts of having to build a complete new battery position were very distasteful. Percy went to bed with his old complaint, the trouble being sick headache, I think.

Looked frantically for something with which to defend himself.

To his bed of pain the word came that the major had asked for a volunteer to stay at the old position and delude the wily Hun. It was just the kind of thing to appeal to a person of Percy's temperament, and he applied for the job. It is my firm belief that if it were guaranteed that he would have no work to do except what would be incidental to feeding himself, he would bivouac in No Man's Land and stay there for the duration.

PERCY was sent to the old position at night with a fatigue party. A small, deep dug-out was made near the battery and he was installed with several days' rations. Every night that was without mist Percy would go to the ruined gun-pits and burn flares, which had been specially prepared, and make a glow above the crest like the flash of a gun. He was careful to synchronize his flares with the firing of some gun in the neighborhood.

After burning a few flares Percy would retire to his dug-out and await developments. Sometimes Fritz would respond immediately. At other times he would wait a while, perhaps a few hours or until the next day; and then, concentrating several batteries on the ruined position, sweep it with such a tornado of fire that Percy shivered with terror in his little retreat.

Orders had been given for him to count the shots; but Percy soon found that to count shots when batteries concentrate is almost impossible when one is so near the centre of the concentration. The regular observers made reports, however, and from that source it was computed that Percy drew seven hundred and twenty-three rounds from the German batteries in the time he was at the position.

For this piece of work Percy was mentioned in despatches, and received the D. C. M. and ten days' leave in England. At the end of his leave he returned to us "wearied but still unsated," his money all gone, but three new addresses on the last page of his pay book, which also harbored a lady's glove and one or two other articles of an intimate feminine nature. The pay book is the soldier's safety deposit for all treasured articles which can possibly be crammed into it. Testaments have stopped bullets; the average pay book would stop a shrapnel shell.

The first few days after leave are the hardest of a soldier's life. Especially is this true of leave to Blighty from the front. Percy came back with a fit of the blues which not even his distinction of being the first man in the battery to be decorated, could alleviate. When he saw how much work there was still to be done on the new position the blues developed into a grouch. Flanneries would most certainly have followed had it not been for the order to put in a forward gun.

A forward gun is much to the liking of an adventurous soul. It is generally in advance of the rest of the battery, has usually no cover but "camouflage" or screening, and is seldom fired except in very important operations. Its main object is "targets of opportunity," which may present themselves to direct fire in a big show. Once fired its exact position is disclosed and the course of wisdom is to move as soon as possible. As for work, there is practically nothing for the crew to do on a quiet front but exist. When a forward gun was talked of in our battery, Percy hoped our gun would be the one chosen, and when "A" subsection was chosen he was bitterly disappointed. He had himself paraded and asked to be allowed to go as one of the crew, which request, in view of his reputation for nerve, was granted.

THERE were six on the crew all told; five gunners and a sergeant. For a month or so everything went just as Percy had hoped. Not a shot was fired, and there were practically no fatigues. Then suddenly Fritz made one of his periodic attempts to reach Calais.

Movements near the gun had evidently been noted, for the night before the Strafe the clump of bushes sheltering it had been shelled pretty heavily. It was part of the usual policy of marking gun positions, but leaving the actual shelling until just before an infantry attack, so that the guns are out of action when needed most.

The bombardment was at night. When two or three shots had landed dangerously close, the crew decided to move; and manhandled the gun to a hedge about fifty yards away. It was heavy work wheeling the gun through the long grass of midsummer, while a steady stream of shells plunked into the spot where it had just recently been concealed. To make matters worse, two German machine guns opened fire in the hope of catching anyone leaving the shelled position, and raked the neighborhood with streams of lead.

It was a dark, moonless night, lit only by the chemical ghostliness of the arching star-shells. The whining and zipping of bullets, the howling of approaching shells, the roaring of the bursts, and the singing of the ragged splinters overhead merged into a great stimulating tumult of sound. To sit idly waiting in such a predicament is a nervous strain of the first order; but when there is work to do, one's nerves are set like a steel trap and one works with that nervous energy which is the joy of battle.

The gun was got quickly over the grassy stretch and was just being run into the shelter of the hedge when one of the machine guns poured its deadly stream, as water from a hose, along the full length of the hedge, killing the sergeant and wounding two of the gunners. Percy was kneeling with the still quivering sergeant in his arms, examining him for the extent of his wounds, when the stuttering chatter of the gossiping machine gun broke forth once more into its tale of terror and death. Again it swept the hedge, splintering the gun wheels in several places, and putting two more bullets with convulsing thuds into the form in Percy's arms, one of the bullets passing through the fleshy part of one of the supporting arms.

The gun was just in front of the support trenches,

and infantry stretcher-bearers took charge of the two wounded gunners. Percy had his arm dressed with a field dressing, but refused to go to the dressing-station until a relief should come from the battery. Being partially disabled, he assumed charge of the gun. One of the two remaining gunners he sent to the battery for reinforcements, as telephone connections had been broken. An infantry man went with him to satisfy the order that "runners" shall not go singly after nightfall. When the infantryman regained consciousness in the hospital two days later he explained the non-appearance of reinforcements.

In order to get the gun ready for action in its new position the ammunition had to be moved. Fritz had lightened the task by hitting and destroying one pile. The infantry officers let Percy have a few men to transfer the balance.

No gunners having appeared, Percy secured four infantrymen to fill in as a substitute crew in case the impending attack should materialize before the arrival of a relief. These he initiated into the mysteries of fuse-setting and loading while he detailed his one gunner to look after the range-drum and breech, leaving the actual laying to himself, as his right hand was still serviceable.

As he had had a midnight session of gun-drill, he arranged to have the infantry guard call him in case of an S. O. S., and turned in with his greenhorn crew.

The arrangement for the infantry guard to wake the gun crew was quite unnecessary, for Fritz staged a throbbing reveille of gun fire just at the peep o' dawn. Percy roused his men and they stood to the gun.

It was still dark enough to get the full beauty of the bombardment. From behind the first crest in the German lines, hosts of great triangular flashes of light reached up and probed the dull-grey sky momentarily, like sudden flashes from giant searchlights. Where the barrage played on our front line of trenches the gloom was pierced at regular intervals with the sparklike flash of bursting shrapnel. The vault above No Man's Land was filled with phosphorescent star-shells and blood-red rockets calling for our artillery. Percy did not appreciate the scene at the time, but the picture became registered subconsciously and came back to him with striking force after it was all over.

Presently the barrage lifted from the first line of trenches to the second line. A new sound became audible above the drum-beat of the barrage—it was the hectic rattle of machine gun and rifle fire. The Germans were over the top.

It was still too dark to distinguish the grey-clad infantry, so Percy let fly into No Man's Land at random, hoping for luck. This he kept up until the rifle fire subsided, and word came back that the first line had succumbed to the assault.

Following a comparative lull, the duration of which Percy could never intelligently estimate, the barrage lifted again and settled on the trench just behind the gun. Again the Germans were in the open, this time visible in the growing light, and time after time their serried ranks were shattered by perfect bursts of shrapnel, directed more by good luck than good management by the make-shift gun crew. But on they came, with thinning ranks, but relentlessly, unfalteringly, heroically. They reached and captured the second line of trenches.

Percy and his gun were then in No Man's Land. He had barely time to reflect on the gravity of his situation when the field grey appeared in the open again, charging, though greatly reduced in numbers, with the utmost determination. For they were then almost within reach of their first definite objective, which was the ridge along the brow of which ran the support trench, just behind Percy's gun. From this crest they could operate against the valley in which the bulk of the British artillery was located.

By ordering a zero fuse Percy fired shrapnel, which burst beautifully just in front of the gun, ploughing great furrows in the advancing masses. The attackers shied violently to right and left, leaving a gap in front of the gun. Into this gap jumped a German under officer, charging wildly at the gun. The crew loaded hurriedly and Percy pulled the firing lever, but too late, for the German was already too near, and the shell went past him before exploding.

Percy was looking frantically for something with which to defend himself, when the German burst through the bushes and rounded the side of the gun with poised bayonet. All seemed over, when the German fell, killed by a bullet from a trench behind.

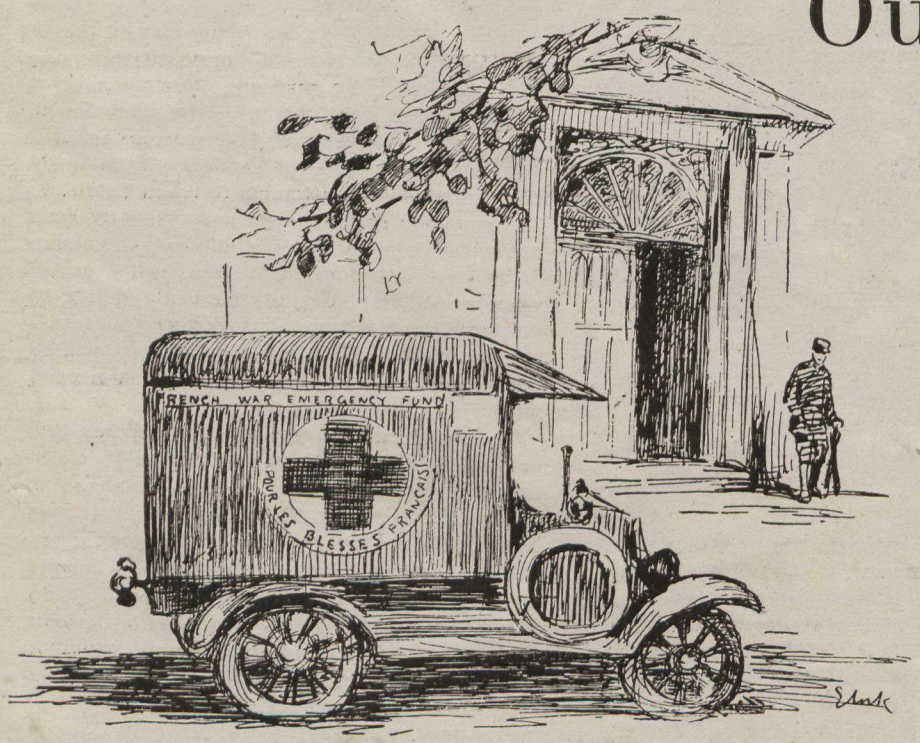
At practically the same moment the infantry behind the gun, on a front of about one hundred yards, rose from the trenches with a shout and charged the Germans. Shaken by the ordeal of charging into the mouth of a field gun, they turned and fled. The infantry halted at the hedge shielding the gun, and flinging a cordon around it and back to the trench, concealed themselves in the long grass and awaited developments.

The German retired to the second line trench to reorganize. Meanwhile some gunners appeared and Percy and his infantry gun crew were relieved. An hour later a counter-attack drove the enemy out of the captured trenches. That was the first thing Percy heard when he reached the dressing-station.

"Our Battery" has always maintained that for the Victoria Cross Percy won on that occasion, he has to thank the Flanneries more than anything else.

Outside the Hospital Gates

By ESTELLE M. KERR



Our little Ford waits outside the hospital doors.

Aix-la-Bains.

DINNER is over, and the waiters are removing fruit plates and bottles from the tables under the trees, while the guests retire to the far end of the garden. The whole atmosphere of the place breathes of luxury and indolence; and yet, a day or two ago, the languid young officers now lazily smoking cigarettes were probably in the trenches; and an hour or two ago, the fair-haired girl sipping a dainty cup of coffee beneath a potted palm, was washing china of a more generous mould in a Y. M. C. A. canteen; while I (looking tolerably respectable in this half-light) have spent the entire day performing necessary operations on the black and oily interior of a Ford.

It was aggravating, in such an attractive town, to spend my time in a garage with the mercury soaring to an alarming height; but now in the garden the trees are garnished with shining grapes, which shed a soft radiance on bare necks and sombre uniforms.

To-morrow I shall be motoring beside the emerald Lake Bourget—a luxury that millionaires in Aix cannot share — and later I may be lunching, hot and dusty, at a miserable little wayside tavern on eggs, black bread and sour wine. The life of a chauffeuse is full of contrasts!

WHETHER I dine in a palace or hovel; whether I sleep in the ducal suite or curled on the seat of my motor beneath the stars, affects not my happiness. But if the car begins to make strange noises and puffs and pants up the hills, the most beautiful scenery in France loses its charm! My every mood is merged in that of my little Ford.

The car is called "Percy" after his late driver; a name wholly unsuitable to the practical elderly appearance of both. But we really cannot call him O.8153 every time we speak to him, and there is such a strong family likeness between all the Ford vans belonging to the F. W. E. F. that we must give them names. Percy has rather more than his share of large red crosses. The one on top would make an excellent target, but our sleep has been untroubled by airplanes, and we have heard the guns only once, from very far away.

Sometimes the delegate I am driving on her tour of French Military Hospitals is tired and harassed from endless visits and troublesome reports; sometimes I am the one who suffers from long drives and mechanical difficulties; sometimes it is Percy who boils with rage at having to mount such long, steep hills. At such times we all worry lest some disaster overtake us on the road. We haven't perfect confidence in Percy, though he really is a deserving little fellow. And he had some hard work to do, climbing the Ballons d'Alsace, crawling up a mountain pass for eleven kilometres and then, still worse, descending the long precipitous road with all its hair-pin turnings. And before his engine had time to cool he was called upon to mount to a fortress hospital perched high on a hill, like the enchanted castle of a fairy tale. No wonder his brake gave way! Poor Percy! I sometimes feel his distress so keenly that I would willingly exchange this sublime scenery for the monotonous asphalt and red brick houses of a small Canadian town. But Vosges is lovely, Jura still more beautiful, and Savoie the loveliest of all! So it was really good of Percy to hold out until we got here.

He is remarkably agile, too. Only a skilled acrobat could have avoided killing some of the hens and chickens that would get in front of the car and race us. I hope I may never be called upon to eat such muscular birds! The cows, too, were extremely trying in the way they planted themselves in front of him; the attitude of the geese was almost suicidal, while the peasant carts, drawn by bullocks, formed a formidable obstacle on hills, for the drivers were always deaf to the sound of the horn.

WE have visited hospitals in old convents and monasteries—spacious, peaceful places with gardens and sunny courtyards—hospitals in handsome college buildings; in severely plain barracks with great square drill-yards; fortress hospitals on rocky heights, and sad hospitals in prisons. Then there were evacuation stations in canvas or wooden tents, concealed from the view of passing airmen by boughs of trees, or irregular camouflage bands of green and brown. An American hospital we have seen is designed to accommodate ten thousand beds, and the largest French one is situated in the colossal buildings of a former barracks which has even its stables fitted out with beds—which have never been needed, I am glad to say.

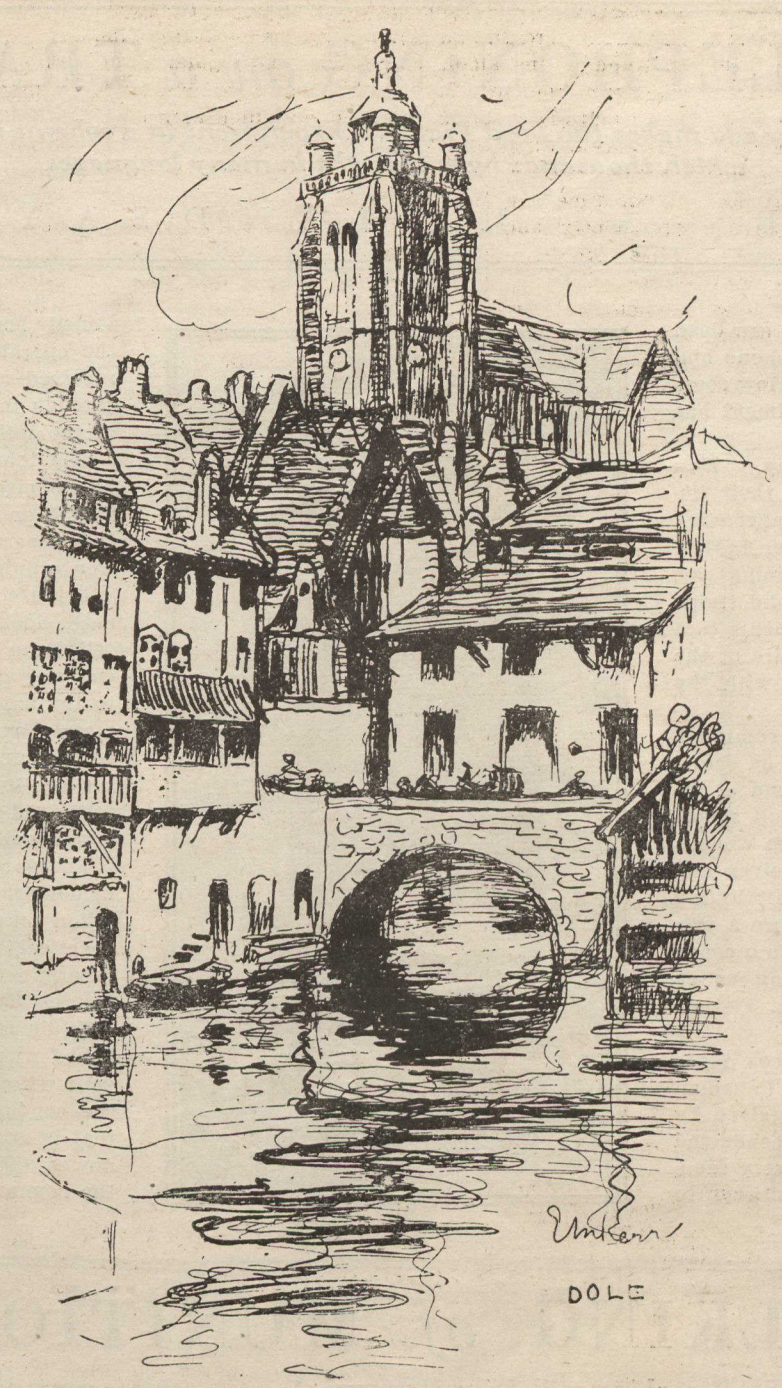
So many things help to make a hospital good, bad or indifferent that the casual observer may get an

erroneous impression. But nothing escapes the keen eye of the delegate, who knows what equipment each should have, what the medical authorities would supply, and in what way our society would best supplement the comforts. It is gratifying to see what excellent institutions have been made of the most unpromising buildings. Many were lacking in the simplest of sanitary arrangements, and had no running water above the main floor. In some hospitals you still see the convalescents carrying jugs of water up two flights of stone stairs.

In the early days of the war, when the burden of the wounded was greater than France could bear, our society was able to help in supplying essentials; now the gifts we offer come under the head of comforts. Sterilizing outfits are sometimes asked for; oilcloth coverings, surgical instruments, linen, clothing, rubber gloves. Sometimes it is the delegate who notices that the men have no extra pillows or rests for their backs; that there is not a little table between each bed, nor a proper kind of tray for meals. Compared with the up-to-date American hospital at Dijon, the best we have seen appears rudimentary; but the delegate, noting the great improvement that takes place every six months, is well satisfied.

AUXONNE was the first hospital we visited, and there I remained on guard till the kind Mother Superior sent for me to come to the red-tiled kitchen for gooseberry wine and cookies. The nuns in their enormous stiff white head-dresses looked very picturesque as they stood in the arcades of the old convent, while wounded soldiers basked in the sunshine of the courtyard.

The next hospital, at Dole, was even more attractive. Its windows overlooked a canal, which reflected an arched bridge and old tiled houses piled high above one another till they were crowned by the tall tower of the Cathedral. There were other hospitals at Dole, but none so fine. The one for tubercular patients was rather dreary, but the delegate was pleased to see the improvements that had been made since she visited it on a bleak day last September. Whitewash and bright curtains had changed the aspect of the wards, and the screens we had sent divided them and made it possible to spare the sufferers from the sight of a comrade in his death agony. The head nurse showed us their one bath—a dilapidated tin affair—and asked if it would be possible for us to extend a pipe and install a simple shower bath.



From the windows of the hospital Jeanne d'Arc at Dole.

FIVE hospitals were our record for that day, and we arrived at Besancon in time for dinner. As we approached it the town looked very alluring in its valley. The high hills that surround it are topped with old Roman fortifications, and the town contains many architectural relics, while the surrounding country is almost unbelievably pretty. No wonder it was formerly a popular resort for the wealthy in search of rest, health or diversion! The Casino, with its gaily painted murals and elaborate chandeliers, is now a hospital. So is the monastery on the hill, and there the black-robed Fathers at the gate were interested in me when they heard I came from Canada—perhaps I knew their brothers in Montreal?

The next hospital was built on the hut system and here, in a private room, I found one lonely American officer. There were 50 British, he told me, at the St. Jacques, across the river, so we tried to find them. But, after crossing acres of courtyards and climbing miles of stair cases in the hope of seeing them, we were told that they were all out. It seemed as if some malign power was trying to separate them from their compatriots, for one lonely Australian nurse in that vast hospital had not been allowed to look after them, in spite of her entreaties and those of the men.

We spent an afternoon with the medical officer in charge of this district, and visited his depot where supplies are purchased, linen washed and mended, shoes repaired, and printing and lithographing done for all the hospitals in this extensive region. This co-operation results in a tremendous economy and the director is justly proud of his work. On this occasion I rose from the ranks of chauffeuse, and was ceremoniously escorted in an omnibus by individuals with quantities of gold braid on their caps and sleeves, and medals dangling on their breasts. It is not always thus, however. Once, when we remained at the hospital for lunch, the head nurse drew the delegate aside and asked her if I was allowed to eat at the same table as herself. Hotel porters sometimes eye me doubtfully—should they offer to carry my bags for me, or not? Sometimes we take advantage of this attitude to endeavor to secure separate rooms instead of the one large one they always want to give us.

A heavy downpour of rain prevented us from devoting our one spare hour to the sights of Besancon, so it will always remain for me a place of mystery and enchantment. The narrow streets, flanked with old stone buildings, stirred my imagination.

AT six o'clock each morning I rise to get the car ready for our departure at nine, and so on our third morning we started for Vesont—a dull place in comparison. Our visit there was much appreciated for its hospitals are poor. One, in an old barracks, had no running water above the ground floor, and another had a particularly sad aspect, as the building was formerly a prison and the dreary courtyard seemed to echo with the steps of those who were perpetually confined within its narrow limits.

Lure, our next resting place, was also uninteresting, but there it was a pleasure to meet some of our workers who are running a canteen in a wing of the hospital. There were French, Russians and Italians amongst the patients, and those we talked to spoke very gratefully of the kind lady and charming girl who looked after them. "This is the only distraction we have," they said feelingly, and, indeed, the great barracks made a dreary hospital.

We hoped for better conditions at Plombieres and Luxeuil, for these are watering places like Aix, only on a smaller scale. The buildings are fine, having been formerly hotels; but the doctors and nurses had many requests to make, and told us that the wealthy Parisians who are staying there did not interest themselves in the hospitals at all. They seemed interested in tennis, however, and it cheered us to see a lot of pretty girls in white skirts and light-colored jerseys. They made us forget the war and the misery of it all. It was so gay in the hotel where we lunched luxuriously. Our dusty uniforms were the one blot on the landscape.

Aix is luxurious in the same way, but here, with hundreds of American soldiers on leave, and a good sprinkling of uniforms of other nationalities, one never forgets the war for a moment. The Casino is now the headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. The wounded sit in the lovely gardens of what were formerly the most expensive hotels under the luminous grapes that dangle from the branches.

What About the Resourceful Japs?

(Continued from page 12.)

weather it, if we want to hold a place.

There is another aspect of the question which for obvious reasons we only mention in passing. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance expires in 1921, and the decision concerning it must be made in 1920, just two years from now. History is being made so fast that we are obliged to change our outlook many times in the course of a few months, but the thought of the expiration of that Alliance remains at the back of our minds as one phase of a larger problem, the relation of Japan to the Anglo-Saxon nations.

The mental attitude of Japan toward the war has been undecided up to the present. She has done her part dutifully by Great Britain because she was in honor bound to do so, and the splendid spirit of chivalry—Burshido—which had its birth in the ancient order of the Sunurai, binds the educated Japanese to keep his promise just as much as the unwritten law of "noblesse oblige" of the Anglo-Saxon. But when the time limit of the Alliance has expired, it remains to be seen what course Japan will pursue. Said G. Shibwata:

"The average Japanese has been unable to differentiate up to now between the motives of the two great parties engaged in the present conflict, but has felt that the contest has been actuated by imperialistic policies, though he has condemned German methods and sincerely hoped for Allied victory. He is only just beginning to realize that the struggle is for the triumph of democracy, and the entry of the United States into the war has largely helped to bring about that realization. The reason they have not fallen in line of thought with the Allies is due largely to the fact that they resent the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon toward them, his policy of exclusion. They desire to be accorded equal treatment with other nations and races, for they are a proud people."

As I write these last words I can see coming in through the "Gateway to the Orient" the steamship which carries Prince Arthur of Connaught on his way home from Japan. Just what effect the diplomatic visit of the soldier-statesman may have upon our Ally remains to be seen, but it is bound to be beneficial and bring about a better and clearer understanding between the two parties of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

TELEPHONING *on a* TRAIN

Canada makes the First Practical Experiment in a scheme of which thousands have thought in many languages

By A. H. LINDSAY

WHEN you've finally got aboard, stacked your luggage and fumbled up your ticket for the conductor—did you ever suddenly realize there was something you intended to say and didn't, and that it's too important to leave till you can send a wire, any anyway it would be too long for a telegram if you could? If so, you may yet be able before you are dead to get out of the trouble by going to the telephone and talking right to the office at 45 miles an hour. How soon, is not for prophecy yet. But the initial experiment has been tried on a Canadian railway.

Always something new on a restless railway. Men still comparatively young have not to stretch their imaginations far to recall the differences in railroading to-day, and a score of years ago. They have seen the development of the modern sleeping car, the dining car, cafe cars, library cars, observation cars, the solid trains of steel construction, and the various improvements that have been the outcome of an ever growing desire of the people to journey from one point to another with the greatest speed and the acme of comfort.

Wireless telegraphy enables ships at sea to communicate with each other and with wireless stations on shore. Now it is established that it is possible to send or receive telephone messages on trains going at full speed, and apparently it is not a far step to the future when a passenger will be able to take down the receiver and converse with his office or with his residence. By letting the imagination run a little ahead we can picture a passenger on a fast express calling up a passenger in a coach ahead, or someone in a distant city and conversing just as freely as if the phone connections were between stationary points.

All this is foreshadowed by a test which took place recently of a train telephone system on the Canadian Government railways. The demonstration was given by the inventor Mr. W. W. MacFarlane, and was conducted in the presence of several railway officials. Every facility was given by the Canadian Government railways to assist Mr. MacFarlane in his interesting demonstration. The location chosen was a two mile stretch of double track between Moncton, N.B., and the suburban station of Humphreys. A special train consisting of a locomotive and combination car equipped with telephones was run back and forth several times while conversation was maintained between the telegraph office at Moncton and the operators on the train, specimen train orders being received and acknowledged. The circuit was also put through the Moncton city exchange to the general offices of the railway with satisfactory results.

The telephone installation consists of a metallic telephone circuit connected with the telegraph office, and strung on the pole line the entire length of the division to be operated, with drops at both ends of each block section running through conduits and connected to the rails which are bonded throughout and insulated at the end of each block. The connection between the wheels and the telephone in the cars or locomotive is established by a copper rod extending between the two trucks and bolted to the axle housings. Midway the rod is run through a metal box or cylinder which has exterior binding posts from which the wires are taken up through the floor of the car to the telephone instrument. In this cylinder is contained the "mystery" of the invention. The accompanying illustration shows how this connection is made.

These tests were of course only initial ones. Other demonstrations of more complete character are likely to follow on other lines and the value of this invention as a practical railway proposition may then be more fully determined. Meanwhile, it can be looked upon as a highly interesting experiment.

So, in a little while, when experimentation has established proper procedure, you'll be able, for a toll, to tell your wife what it was you were just about to say when the conductor called "All Aboard!" The only prospect that is at all perplexing, is as to the length of time the device will add to the fond adieux of a certain class of the community.

TALKING *of* MUNITIONS

Shell-making will be a National Asset in this country long after the war is over

By J. McALLAN GARDINER

OF what value is the munitions business, essentially a war industry, to the Dominion of Canada as a permanent asset? This important question has been carefully considered by those who look into the future and study post-war problems. But to the layman—to the general public—the question has seemingly been a more or less unimportant one, and has too often been dismissed with the oft-repeated remark, "No war—no war industries."

This view, however, is not taken by the scientific experts of Canada. The other day, I ventured to remark to one of the Dominion's leading analytical scientists that with peace would come the cessation of many industries made necessary by the demands of war, and in the course of my conversation with him, I specifically mentioned the munitions industry.

"Do you mean by that that you consider the munitions business is merely a temporary industry, as far as Canada is concerned?" he asked.

"That seems to be the prevailing impression," I replied.

"Then the prevailing impression is entirely wrong in my opinion," was his answer. "For I believe that the munitions business will prove to be one of the greatest assets Canada has ever had."

I gave this expert's answer careful consideration, and with a view to learning more on the subject, I interviewed several of the leading engineers and chemists in Ottawa and Montreal. And, to my surprise, the consensus of opinion was exactly the same. These men of technical training were convinced that the munitions business was a permanent asset, and a valuable one. In this article, I endeavor to give the sum-total of their remarks and the reasons they advanced to prove their contention.

In the first place, to consider the munitions business in the light of a permanent asset, it must be divided into two parts—first, its value resulting from the standardization of products, and second, its value resulting from the standardization of skill.

From the standardization of products point of view, it is a well-known fact that no component part of munitions, however insignificant, has been made or accepted on the old principle of "good enough." Every part has been supplied to drawing and specification, with rigid and expert examination, analysis and test before acceptance. I think that I am safe in saying that there is no industry in Canada which has been occupied in the manufacture of munitions but that has passed through a process of refinement which will leave it in a better condition when it returns to domestic pursuits after the war. A review of the great industries of the Dominion will show that there are very few which have not been actively contributing to the output of munitions. Industries such as the iron and steel, the metals and metal products, refractory materials and fuel, lumber and timber, leather, textiles, paper, chemicals and other minor industries have called into being processes and plant which could be adapted for munitions, and have also added new processes, new equipment and new skill where these were required.

In addition to the employment and adaptation of existing industries for munitions manufacture, entirely new industries have been brought into activity. The manufacture of munitions has given an abiding impetus to the mining and subsequent operations in the production of coal, iron, copper, nickel, zinc, molybdenum, antimony, aluminum and other metals.

The chemical industries have been accelerated by utilizing the waste product of the coke ovens for the manufacture of high explosives. These waste products after the war will be turned, by ingenuity and skill, into valuable domestic products.

The electro-chemical industries, such as the refining of copper, zinc and lead have been initiated and will remain as a commercial asset. The electro-thermic processes for the production of ferro-alloys, such as ferro-silicon, ferro-manganese, ferro-molybdenum, aluminum, magnesium and other metals, have produced standardized products. All these things are being carefully studied by Canada's technical experts, all of whom are preparing for the after-the-war period.

The training has been a costly one, and in some cases, it has been a bitter one, but it has all been done ungrudgingly and with great patience, and the result is Canada's gain—that the standardization of Canadian products to-day is greater than ever before.

. . . . . .

The second point to be considered is the value of the munitions business as a permanent asset to Canada from the standardization of skill viewpoint. The widespread knowledge of the thousands of new processes, involving a scientific study of metals, the flow of material, and their physical, chemical and metallurgical values, has been such that one can hardly imagine it would have been possible for the universities and technical schools of Canada to have provided such instruction in the course of many years which has been crowded into practically a few months. Every workshop has been a school of training in standardizing its skill. Every factory in which steel is made and forged is now partly or fully equipped with the means for measuring temperatures and intelligently discovering the value of the material which is being used. In every workshop in the different provinces of Canada where shrapnel shells are being made, a scientific treatment of steel is known. There is hardly a town of any importance in which the use of precision instruments and gauges for the measurement of shells and their com-

ponent parts does not exist, and will continue to exist for use in pacific industries.

To assess the value of this skill to Canadian industry is a difficult matter—difficult even to great engineers. Over 250,000 workers have become skilled in the art of such processes, and the manipulation of such tools and gauges. It is even more surprising to know that thousands of women have become equally as skilled in this work. Never in the history of the world has there been such an incentive to acquire such skill for a purpose the like of which our civilization need not be ashamed—a purpose that has resulted in an asset which will be of great value in the peaceful commercial industries for the expansion of this great Dominion, after the great conflict ceases.

The mental processes which have been silently at work developing character while the hands of the workers have been acquiring precision in the use of tools and gauges, are factors in the life of the individual worker which cannot be overlooked. Canada has shown a rare capacity, during this great war, which is comparable in some measure with the vastness of its territory.

But there is another side which is even more important. In this connection I heard an interesting little story from a shell inspector, which merely proves the "moral fibre" referred to by the munitions engineer. One morning, not very long ago, a Canadian mother, while working in one of the big munitions factories, received a telegram which was delivered to her by the foreman. Those of her fellow-workers who were nearest to her ceased their work while she opened the telegram, knowing that telegrams in war time generally portend news, either bad or good, from the front. The woman read the telegram, and then let it flutter to the floor. Her face turned white, and for a moment, her confreres thought she was about to collapse. One worker stooped and picked up the telegram. It conveyed the news to that mother that her only son had been killed in action. Gentle words of sympathy were poured out from every side, but the mother heeded them not. Instead, she set her face resolutely after the first shock had passed away, and worked with almost supernatural strength. The shell inspector assures me that on that day, the mother produced more shells than on any previous day—spurred on by the news of her son's death, and by the thought that she was aiding in the destruction of the Huns who were responsibe for the great tragedy in her life.

Les Deux Belands

—and an idea of what the two, merged into one, may find to do.

THE Hon. Dr. Beland posed for one of these pictures—the other catches a glimpse of him as he feels when he talks to his own. Evidently, there are two Belands—one weighted with the weariness of four years of the Hun's ungraciousness; the other gladdened by the graceful gift of welcome which met him when he mixed again with his people. Both Belands belong to Canada, and it is the blessed good fortune of the people of this Dominion that in the man himself the two will merge to make an even more forceful personality than belonged to the P. M. G. of the old regime.

The Beland which was shaped in a German prison camp is, for the times just ahead of us, a necessary complement to the Beland of the front benches back of 1911. He knows, from an almost too close observation, the falsity of the phrase that might is right. By comparison he must be aware of the force of tolerance and the spirit that leads to true Democracy. He is a disciple of the new National religion—something high enough above creed and politics to work out Canada's salvation.

The other Beland, the one that went away and came back again, has the natural eloquence and other living attributes of the born leader. He grew while he was away. He is too big to be put behind a bench and the light he should carry would only be hidden under a portfolio. Provincial boundaries are too narrow to limit the scope of his achievement if he puts out all his effort.

So, again, the two Belands belong to Canada. And, if the promise of his first addresses when he came back to his own forecast anything, the two Belands will be given to Canada, and by the grace of all good things Canada will be greatly benefitted by the gift.

Roosevelt and the Aliens

Editor, Canadian Courier:—

The other day at the Republican State Convention at Saratoga, N. Y., Theodore Roosevelt fiercely attacked and denounced the pro-German and disloyal alien enemies. I can heartily endorse every word he thus uttered; and then he made the following equally patriotic remarks concerning loyal American citizens of German birth or descent, which might well be applied to Canadian citizens of that same class, if we substitute Canada for America and Britishism for Americanism:

"This is one side of Americanism. The other equally important side is to insist that every man who shows himself to be 100 per cent. American, whole-hearted and single-minded in his loyalty to this country, no matter what his birth-place, national origin or creed, be treated as on a full and exact equality with every other good American. The bulk of American citizens in whole or in part of German blood (and I am myself in part of German blood) are absolutely loyal. They have furnished as large and as gallant a proportion of the fighting men of our Army and Navy as any other element; and, of course, it is the fighting men who meet and furnish the highest test of sound American citizenship at this time. Moreover, in civil life they furnish their full proportion of the leaders in the movement to insist upon a unified, an unqualified and an undivided American loyalty to our country. These men are fit to fill every civil and military position in this country from the very highest down. It is not only an outrage, but it is deeply unpatriotic and un-American to discriminate against them in any shape or way. We are all Americans together, and we must neither permit any divided allegiance in our citizenship nor any attempt to divide our citizenship along lines of old-world nationality, nor any attempt to discriminate between or against good Americans because of their national origin."

Col. Roosevelt, be it remembered, has six children, four sons and two daughters; all his sons are on service at the front. They have won special distinction for bravery. Two of them have been wounded and one has paid the supreme sacrifice, word of which was received the day prior to the Colonel's address. Moreover, the wife of one of these young sons is on active service as a Red Cross nurse in France, as is also the younger of Roosevelt's daughters, together with her husband who serves as Surgeon-Major and has been wounded recently. The only one of his children still on this side of the Atlantic is engaged in war work in the U. S. A.

H. V. RIETHDORF.

"Hawk-eye" Andy McKeever

A FEW weeks ago Listowel got lit up in a hurry. A wire came to town warning the crowd that "Andy" McKeever was coming to stay a spell with his home-folks. Bunting blazed out along Main Street, and the brass band hurried down to the depot to blare a welcome to "Andy," known otherwise as "Hawk-Eye" around the hangars of the R. A. F. most places in France; and as Captain Andrew McKeever, D.S.O., M.C., in the War Office records.

As the Flying Corps fellows say it, Andy is a two-seated fighter—"the best in France," writes one of his fellow flyers. King George met Andy first a few minutes after he had shaken hands with Billy Bishop. Both the boys were at Buckingham Palace to get what was coming to them in the way of ribbons and initials for "conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in aerial combat." One of Andy's stunts was tackling nine hostile planes single-handed six miles back of the enemy lines. There were seven scouts and two two-seaters when Andy mixed up in Fritz's circus. He destroyed one of the two-seaters, then turned and shot down two of the five scouts that had dived on his tail. The two other scouts took a flyer at the fray. Andy destroyed one of them and ducked down to within 20 feet of the ground manoeuvring for a hit at the other. He made the six miles back to home in a machine too badly damaged to lift him more than a foot or two above the wire entanglements. The King gave him the D. S. O. for that.

Another time Andy attacked eight Huns single-handed. He destroyed one and drove five others down out of control. The King gave him the M.C. for that. Then he engaged nine enemy scouts in a bunch. He destroyed two, drove down one out of control and dispersed the rest. For that, and for winning out in two other shows when the least odds against him were 5 to 1, they added a bar to his M. C. So far he has downed 35 enemy planes, and hasn't even been scratched himself.

THE WINDS *of the* WORLD

CHAPTER XII.

By TALBOT MUNDY

BLACK smoke still billowed upward from the gutted House-of-the-Eight-Half-brothers, and although there were few stars visible, a watery moon looked out from between dark cloudracks and showed up the smoke above the Delhi roofs. Yasmini picked the right simile as usual. It looked as if the biggest genie ever dreamed of must be hurrying out of a fisherman's vase.

"And who is the fisherman?" she laughed, for she is fond of that sort of question that sets those near her thinking and disguises the trend of her own thoughts as utterly as if she had not any.

"The genie might be the spirit of war!" ventured a Baluchi, forgetting the one God of his Koran in a sententious effort to please Yasmini.

She flashed a glance at him.

"Or it might be the god of the Rekis," she suggested; and everybody chuckled, because Baluchis do not relish reference to their lax religious practise any more than they like to be called "desert people." This man was a Rind Baluch of the Marri Hills, and proud of it; but pride is not always an asset at Yasmini's.

They—and the police would have dearly loved to know exactly who "they" were—stood clustered in Yasmini's great, deep window that overlooks her garden—the garden that can not be guessed at from the street. There was not one of them who could have explained how they came to assemble all on that side of the room; the movement had seemed to evolve out of the infinite calculation that everybody takes for granted, and Moslems particularly, since there seems nothing else to do about it.

It did not occur to anybody to credit Yasmini with the arrangement, or with the suddenly aroused interest in smoke against the after-midnight sky. Yet, when another man entered whose disguise was a joke to any practised eye—and all in the room were practised—it looked to the newcomer almost as if his reception had been ready staged.

He was dressed as a Mohammedan gentleman. But his feet, when he stood still, made nearly a right angle to each other, and his shoulders had none of the grace that goes with good native breeding; they were proud enough, but the pride had been drilled in and cultivated. It sat square. And if a native gentleman had walked through the streets as this man walked, all the small boys of the bazaars would have followed him to learn what nation his might be.

Yasmini seemed delighted with him. She ran toward him, curtsied to him, and called him bahadur. She made two maids bring a chair for him, and made them set it near the middle of the window whence he could see the smoke, pushing the men away on either side until he had a clear view.

But he knew enough of the native mind, at all events, to look at the smoke and not remark on it. It was so obvious that he was meant to talk about the smoke, or to ask about it, that even a German Orientalist understanding the East through German eyes had tact enough to look in silence, and, so to speak, "force trumps."

And that again, of course, was exactly what Yasmini wanted. Moreover, she surprised him by not leading trumps.

"They are here," she said, with a sidewise glance at the more than thirty men who crowded near the window.

The German—and he made no pretense any longer of being anything but German—sat sidewise with both hands on his knees to get a better view of them. He scanned each face carefully, and each man entertained a feeling that he had been analyzed and ticketed and stood aside.

"I have seen all these before," he said. "They are men of the North, and good enough fighters, I have no doubt. But they are not what I asked for. How many of these are trained soldiers? Which of these could swing the allegiance of a single native regiment. It is time now for proofs and deeds. The hour of talk is gone. Bring me a soldier!"

"These also say it is all talk, sahib—words, words, words! They say they will wait until the fleet that has been spoken of comes to bombard the coast. For the present theer are none to rally round."

"Yet you hinted at soldiers!" said the German. "You hinted at a regiment ready to revolt!"

"Aye, sahib! I have repeated what these say. When the soldier comes there shall be other talk! See yonder smoke, bahadur?"

NOW, then, it was time to notice things, and the German gazed over the garden and Delhi walls and roofs at what looked very much more important than it really was. It looked as if at least a street must be on fire.

"He made that holocaust, did the soldier!"

Yasmini's manner was of blended awe and admiration.

"He was suspected of disloyalty. He entered that house to make arrangements for the mutiny of a whole regiment of Sikhs, who are not willing to be sent to fight across the sea. He was followed to the house, and so, since he would not be taken, he burned all the houses. Such a man is he who comes presently. Did the sahib hear the mob roar when the flames burst out at evening? No? A pity! There were many soldiers in the mob, and many thousand discontented people!"

She went close to the window, to be between the German and the light, and let him see her silhouetted in an attitude of hope awakening. She gazed at the billowing smoke as if the hope of India were embodied in it.

"It was thus in 'fifty-seven," she said darkly. "Men began with burnings!"

Brown eyes, behind the German, exchanged glances, for the East is chary of words when it does not understand. The German nodded, for he had studied history and was sure he understood.

"Sahib hai!" said a sudden woman's voice, and Yasmini started as if taken by surprise. There were those in the room who knew that when taken by surprise she never started; but they were not German.

"He is here!" she whispered; and the German showed that he felt a crisis had arrived. He settled down to meet it like a soldier and a man.

"Salaam!" purred Yasmini in her silveriest voice, as Ranjoor Singh strode down the middle of the room with the dignity the West may some day learn.

"See!" whispered Yasmini. "He trusts nobody. He brings his own guard with him!"

By the door at which he had entered stood a trooper of D Squadron, Outram's Own, no longer in uniform, but dressed as a Sikh servant. The man's arms were folded on his breast. The rigidity, straight stature, and attitude appealed to the German as the sight of sea did to the ancient Greeks.

"Salaam!" said Ranjoor Singh.

The German noticed that his eyes glowed, but the rest of him was all calm dignity.

"We have met before," said the German, rising. "You are the Sikh with whom I spoke the other night—the Sikh officer—the squadron leader!"

"Ja!" said Ranjoor Singh; and the one word startled the German so that he caught his breath.

"Sie sprechen Deutsch?"

"Ja wohl!"

The German muttered something half under his breath that may have been meant for a compliment to Ranjoor Singh, but the risaldar-major missed it, for he had stepped up to the nearest of the Northern gentlemen and confronted him. There was a great show of looking in each other's eyes and muttering under the breath some word and counter-word. Each made a sign with his right hand, then with his left, that the German could not see, and then Ranjoor Singh stepped sidewise to the next man.

Man by man, slowly and with care, he looked each man present in the eyes and tested him for the password, while Yasmini watched admiringly.

"Any who do not know the word will die to-night!" she whispered; and the German nodded, because it was evident that the Northerners were quite afraid. He approved of that kind of discipline.

"These are all true men—patriots," said Ranjoor Singh, walking back to him. "Now say what you have to say."

"Jetzt——" began the German.

"Speak Hindustani that they all may understand," said Ranjoor Singh; and the others gathered closer.

"My friend, I am told——"

But Yasmini broke in, bursting between Ranjoor Singh and the German.

"Nay, let the sahibs go alone into the other room. Neither will speak his mind freely before company—is it not so? Into the other room, sahibs, while we wait here!"

RANJOOR SINGH bowed, and the German clicked his heels together. Ranjoor Singh made a sign, but the German yielded precedence; so Ranjoor Singh strode ahead, and the German followed him, wishing to high Heaven he could learn to walk with such consummate grace. As they disappeared through the jingling bead-curtain, the Sikh trooper followed them, and took his stand again with folded arms by the door-post. The German saw him, and smiled; he approved of that.

Then Yasmini gathered her thirty curious Northerners together around her and proceeded to entertain them while the plot grew nearer to its climax in another room. She led them back to the divans by the inner wall. She set them to smoking while she sang a song to them. She parried their questions with dark hints and innuendoes that left them more mystified than ever; yet no man would admit he could not understand.

And then she danced to them. She danced for an hour, to the wild minor music that her women made, and she seemed to gather strength and lightness as the night wore on. Near dawn the German and Ranjoor Singh came out together, to find her yet dancing, and she ceased only to pull the German aside and speak to him.

"Does he really speak German?" she whispered.

"He? He has read Nietzsche and von Bernhardi in the German!"

"Who are they?"

"They are difficult to read—philosophers."

"Has he satisfied you?"

"He has promised that he will."

"Then go before I send the rest away!"

So the German tried to look like a Mohammedan again, and went below to a waiting landau. Before he was half-way down the stairs Yasmini's hands gripped tight on Ranjoor Singh's forearms and she had him backed into a corner.

"Ranjoor Singh, thou art no buffalo! I was wrong! Thou are a great man, Ranjoor Singh!"

She received no answer.

"What hast thou promised him?"

"To show him a mutinous regiment of Sikhs."

"And what has he promised?"

"To show me what we seek."

She nodded.

"Good!" she said.

"So now I promise thee something," said Ranjoor Singh sternly. "To-morrow—to-day—I shall eat black shame on thy account, for this is thy doing. Later I will go to France. Later again, I will come back and——"

"And love me as they all do!" laughed Yasmini, pushing him away.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEYOND question Yasmini is a craftsman of amazing skill, and her genius—as does all true genius—extends to the almost infinite consideration of small details. The medium in which she works—human weakness—affords her unlimited opportunity—and she owns the trick, that most great artists win, of not letting her general plan be known before the climax. Neither friend nor enemy is ever quite sure which is which until she solves the problem to the enemy's confusion.

But Yasmini could have failed in this case through overmuch finesse. She was not used to Germans, and could not realize until too late that her compliance with this man's every demand only served to make him more peremptory and more one-sided in his point of view. From a mere agent, offering the almost unimaginable in return for mere promises, he had grown already into a dictator, demanding action as a prelude to reward. He had even threatened to cause her, Yasmini, to be reported to the police unless she served his purpose better!

If she had obeyed the general and had picked a trooper for the business in hand, it is likely that Yasmini would have had to write a failure to her account. She had come perilously near

to obedience on this occasion, and it had been nothing less than luck that put Ranjoor Singh into her hands, luck being the pet name of India's kindest god. Ranjoor Singh was needed in the instant when he came to bring the German back to earth and a due sense of proportion.

The Sikh had a rage in his heart that the German mistook for zeal and native ferocity; his manners became so brusk under the stress of it that they might almost have been Prussian, and, met with its own reflection, that kind of insolence grows limp.

Having agreed to lie, Ranjoor Singh lied with such audacity and so much skill that it would have needed Yasmini to dare disbelieve him.

The German sat in state near Yasmini's great window and received, one after another, liars by the dozen from the hills where lies are current coin. Some of them had listened to his lectures, and some had learned of them at second hand; every man of them had received his cue from Yasmini. There was too much unanimity among them; they wanted too little and agreed too readily to what the German had to say; he was growing almost suspicious toward half-past ten, when Ranjoor Singh came in.

There was no trooper behind him this time, for the man had been sent to watch for the regiment's departure, and to pounce then on Bagh, the charger, and take him away to safety. After the charger had been groomed and fed and hidden, the trooper was to do what might be done toward securing the risaldar-majoor's kit; but on no account was the kit to have precedence.

"Groom him until he shines! Guard him until I call for him! Keep him exercised!" was the three-fold order that sang hrtough the trooper's head

NOW it was the German's turn to be astonished. Ranjoor Singh strode in, dressed as a Sikh farmer, and frowned down Yasmini's instant desire to poke fun at him. The German rose to salute him, and the Sikh acknowledged the salute with a nod.

"Come!" he said curtly, and the German followed him out through the door to the stair-head where so many mirrors were. There Ranjoor Singh made quite a little play of making sure they were not overheard, while the German studied his own Mohammedan disguise from twenty different angles.

"Too much finery!" growled Ranjoor Singh. "I will attend to that. First, listen! Other than your talk, I have had no proof at all of you!"

"I am a——"

"You are a spy! All the spies I ever met were liars from the ground up! I am a patriot. I am working to save my country from a yoke that is unbearable, and I must deal in subterfuge and treachery if I would win. But you are merely one who sows trouble. You are like the little jackal—the dirty little jackal—who starts a fight between two tigers so that he may fill his mean belly! Don't speak—listen!"

The German's jaw had dropped, but not because words rushed to his lips. He seemed at a loss for them.

"You made me an offer, and I accepted it," continued Ranjoor Singh. "I accepted it on behalf of India. I shall show you in about an hour from now a native regiment—one of the very best native regiments, so mutinous that its officers must lead it out of Delhi to a camp where it will be less likely to corrupt others."

The German nodded. He had asked no more.

"Then, if you fail to fulfill your part," said Ranjoor Singh grimly, "I shall lock you in the cellar of this house, where Yasmini keeps her cobras!"

"Vorwarts!" laughed the German, for there was conviction in every word the Sikh had said. "I will show you how a German keeps his bargain!"

"A German?" growled Ranjoor Singh. "A German—Germany is nothing to me! If Germany can pick the bones I leave, what do I care? One does not bargain with a spy, either; one pays his price, and throws him to the cobras if he fail! Come!"

The question of precedence no longer seemed to trouble Ranjoor Singh; he turned his back without apology, and as the German followed him downstairs there came a giggle from behind the curtains.

"Were we overheard?" he asked.

But Ranjoor Singh did not seem to care any more, and did not answer him.

OUTSIDE the door was a bullock-cart, of the kind in which women make long journeys, with a painted, covered superstructure. The German followed Ranjoor Singh into it, and without any need for orders the Sikh driver began to twist the bullocks' tails and send them along at the pace all India loves. Then Ranjoor Singh began to pay attention to the German's dress, pulling off his expensive turban and replacing that and his clothes with cheaper, dirtier ones.

"Why?" asked the German.

"I will show you why," said Ranjoor Singh.

Then they sat back, each against a side of the cart, squatting native style.

"This regiment that I will show you is mine," said Ranjoor Singh. "I command a squadron of it—or, rather, did, until I became suspected. Every man in the regiment is mine, and will follow me at a word. When I give the word they will kill their Engish officers."

He leaned his head out of the opening to spit; there seemed something in his mouth that tasted nasty.

"Why did they mutiny?" asked the German.

"Ordered to France!" said Ranjoor Singh, with lowered eyes.

"It is strange," said the German, after a while. "For years I have tried to get in touch with native officers. Here and there I have found a Sepoy who would talk with me, but you are the first officer." He was brown-studying, talking almost to himself. He did not see the curse in the risaldar-major's eyes.

"I have found plenty of merchants who would promise to finance revolt, and plenty of hillmen who would promise anything. But all said, 'We will do what the army does!' And I could not find in all this time, among all those people, anybody to whom I

(Continued on page 24.)

SAVINGS & INVESTMENTS

A NAME THAT STUCK

By INVESTICUS

OF all the thousands of men's names that eventually get into so-called big business, very few wriggle through on to the Stock Exchange. Most men's names are obliterated in the name of the business. Men's names are thick on store signs, and they gradually thin out and out the higher up you get in the scale of capital invested. There are a few notable exceptions to this even in Canada, and many in the United States. Wm. Davies, for instance, has survived into the multi-millions; and in the U. S. Swift, Armour, Cudahy and all that crowd—now being gone after by experts for trying to hog the market. Most of our big concerns in Canada get some other name as they grow up.

Russell is one of those that refuse to let go. When you read on the stock page of a newspaper that Russell has gone up or down a point for the day—usually up—remember that there might be an odd trader on the floor who doesn't even know who is this man Russell, anyhow?

"Why—man, that's President of the Canadian National, opened last week. You know, head of the Russell Motor Co.—manufacturing munitions, bicycles, skates—all that stuff. Used to make the Russell car, which the firm brought out years ago, and finally sold to the Willys-Overland crowd, along with the right to use the Knight engine."

A few words like that sometimes sketch a good deal into a man's career; and usually leaves a very accurate idea as to the man himself. It's a good many years since this boy-looking man "Tommie" Russell began to shoulder his way into the industrial life of this country. He was born on a farm and graduated from Toronto University, of which he is now one of the Board of Governors. He went straight into the manufacturing end of things; at first Secretary of the C. M. A., but shortly plunging—timidly at first—into what used to be known as the Canada Cycle Co., in the good old days, when bicycles were the big thing against horses. When the motor industry came on deck Canada Cycle naturally turned into the motor car. This reads simple enough. But just as it took courage and capital to make a go of Canada Cycle, so it took more courage and far more capital to make a bigger go of the Russell Motor Car. People had very little use for the Russell car at first—even those who thought all the world of the man Russell. The car had to make its own way. Which it did. How it finally weathered through, and after years of fierce competition from American-made cars, sold out to the Willys-Overland, is no story for hot weather, and a merely money-talk page. But it was a hard struggle; when, as usual, Russell won out—in his own determined, stick-to-the-wheel style.

A break-up of that sort might have swept some men off the map. But Russell has a genius for saving what he has built up. He had been too many years motoring six miles to West Toronto in severe storms before other men's breakfasts, carrying his own lunch and sticking on the job till all but the night watchman were gone home, to give over when the Overland crowd wanted this motor. He still had the other end of the business, and that persists as flourishing as ever. He went strong into munitions from the start, became a shell pioneer and made good. He has since organized the American Small Arms Co., taking over the old Ross Rifle Works in Quebec with many contracts for the manufacture of small arms for the American army till the end of the war. Just for a few days round about now Russell will be most talked of as the President of the Canadian National Exhibition.

Canada's Victory Loan Unique Amongst All Allied Loans

PRACTICALLY unparalleled in the history of war loans, modern and ancient, is the advance in the price of Canada's Victory Loan during the past few months of wartime. Many past loans, and notably the British Consolidated Funds, of Consols, have received the hearty support of nations at war; but never before have loans of belligerents issued at a discount achieved the pinnacle of par while hostilities were still in progress. Unique amongst the warring nations is this achievement; and it speaks well for Canada's wholeheartedness in the war. For it is largely because of the very real and widespread national demand for war bonds that the Victory Loan Committee has raised the price at which they may be bought to one hundred cents on the dollar.

But the splendid part which the bond houses have played should not be overlooked; for, without the whole-souled co-operation of these corporations, it is feared that a declining market would have ensued despite the inherent

sterling qualities of the loan itself. Bond dealers throughout Canada have untiringly labored to teach and explain the salient points of virtue about these bonds; and their labors have borne fruit in the national appreciation of this splendid investment, with the result that the demand for the loan has quickly increased.

And little wonder! When the loan itself is closely examined, its splendid virtues are clear-cut and outstanding. From the standpoint of safety no investment is more safe; from the standpoint of yield, few more attractive issues have been made with the same terminology of maturity, and from the standpoint of convertibility into cash to meet business or domestic needs, no investment is better. For when have we had the free and ready re-sale and absorption of millions of dollars of bonds in a few months' time with the price going steadily upward?

THE NEW ISSUE TAX FREE.

There is considerable talk at the present time of the next Victory Loan, pro and con, anent making it a tax-free issue; but at this time of writing it seems fairly certain that the big loan to be placed in the fall will be absolutely free of taxation, as have been the previous Canadian War Loans. Considerable pressure has been brought to bear upon the Minister of Finance to have the New Victory Loan taxed; but Sir Thomas White has firmly put his foot down and said that this premier Canadian loan shall not be taxed. At this time of writing there seems no doubt but that the loan, when it goes to the people in October, will be free of all kinds of taxes.

CAUTION THE KEYNOTE OF CAREFUL INVESTMENT.

Perhaps more than ever it is necessary to urge caution in the selection of securities just at this time. So much money has been won in speculation in "war babies" that many investors are eager to have their fling at this sport fit only for financial kings who can afford to play at big stakes and lose large sums of money. But it is usually the large fry who do not lose; and particularly is it true in frenzied finance that "the big fish eat the little fish." Where there is an occasional big gain for the little fellow who, dazzled by prospect of big profits, dabbles in some variety of "war baby," there are many heart-breaking losses; and the shoemaker does well to "stick to his last" and leave the chances of big speculative gains to the professional trader. The ordinary investor should "stick closer than a brother" to some reputable brokerage house: and where he has not the time or the means to personally investigate, he should "go it blind" on the advice of his bondhouse as to the best form of safe investment for him.

In all ordinary financial transactions, the personal equation is the big thing. In Government and most municipal issues, safety of principal is usually absolutely assured. Where the investor departs from such issues and buys corporate bonds, it is well for him to know somewhat of the character of the people who manage his company's affairs, and well assure himself the enterprise is needful and the capital sufficient.

Above all, this is not a time to hurry into dubious investments. In a short time the new Victory Loan will be along; and only if the household savings are carefully hoarded in the next few months, can we hope for a real success for the Big War Loan.

PROVINCIAL ISSUES MUCH IN FOREFRONT.

Bonds of Canada's Provinces are attracting a good deal of attention these days, and a good deal can be said in their favor. For one thing they have been offered at very attractive prices, which net interest yields only formerly obtained from corporation bonds or realty mortgages. They are, of course, absolutely sound as regards principal and interest, and afford an excellent opportunity to follow the sage advice of assorting one's investments. While they do not offer quite the same ready convertibility as Victory Loan bonds, there is an excellent selling market, as most institutions have not been able to get all they want and are in the market to pick up those offered for re-sale. Provincial bonds have been steadily growing in favor these last few months; and it can be said for them that they afford a safe and sound investment for anyone who wishes to put his money into good long-term issues.

Democracy and Returned Soldiers

(Continued from page 12.)

The good works of the G. W. V. A. performed in its special province, among the wives and dependants of the men overseas have come into little public notice. They are, in fact, enormous. During the last winter the distress arising from the shortage of coal was alleviated for many absent soldiers' homes by the different branches of the G. W. V. A. Every soldier's wife has now learned to go to the secretary of the branch within her district with her troubles. Numberless such have had their delinquent assigned pay hunted up and other such matters straightened out. Again, returned men have been helped to employment.

The G. W. V. A. will become one of the great political forces in Canada. If its numbers grow to four hundred thousand in a unified body it will constitute a force to be reckoned with especially if, as is more than probable, they gain as allies the grateful and trusting sympathy and support of our citizens.

I do not think that in commending the Veteran to the consideration of all good citizens that I can do better than quote the fine lines which Mr. Stevenson uses to end his excellent article:

" . . . . The finer spirits among the Veterans are firmly imbued with the idea that the only monument worthy of their dead comrades is a cleaner and more efficient system of government, a more intelligent and public-spirited attitude towards public affairs, a new type of representative in Parliament and, above all, a gradual reorganization of Canadian society for mutual service and happiness rather than for individual aggrandizement and profiteering dividends."

The Hour by The Clock

(Continued from page 13.)

Shouts and tumult and babies crying—hungry, miserable infants, offspring of desperate and patient women. How much longer could the news be kept from the mass? What sign could they have to unite them against or for the powers ruling Berlin?

Poor Pleigman was swallowed in the crowd. But from his suffocating cranny of the stale masses of flesh and clothes he could see a riband of white—the balcony of the hotel; upon it one lone figure—the Captain whose papers he had sworn to deliver to Frau Bobel.

A group of men on the balcony, blue-grey; he in the dull khaki, with its dot of an iron cross, in the midst of them. Slowly the eyes of all were turned to that balcony; a hundred thousand eyes and more; eyes that could make out the glint of that khaki, knowing who it was——

"Kluck!" Pleigman heard them say; they had seen his face in the newspapers; seen him on the street; him with his Iron Cross. He saw the flick of a swift rope up there; heard the drone of a biplane somewhere; a woman scream on the balcony—Frau Bobel with her arms out as for a moment the little gang of blue-greys fell back from the rope.

But Captain Clock, removing the iron cross, paid no heed to the woman. He looked at the hangman.

He leaned over the rail and peered down at the crowd and his big slow voice megaphoned over a hundred thousand people and more.

"You'll kindly postpone that little affair of the rope, gentlemen. British justice always gives a gallows victim the right to one statement of his case before he swings. The first man who touches me before I'm done—goes below."

"People of Germany—the Kiel Canal is a mass of tumbled masonry. The German navy is a long lump of twisted steel, Heligoland that never should have been Germany's at all is a dead rock in the midst of exploded mines and junk-heaps of Krupp guns. The Armada of the air with one of my own countrymen, Billy Bishop, in the advance guard, has done it. The Irresistible."

Their faces seemed ineffably stupid. The message began to travel over the crowd as pebble rings in a pool.

"Be glad you all are not smithereens," he went on. "God knows if ever Babylon and Sodom and that bunch of immoral places deserved the scourge of the sky, this city of the Ultimate Beast did. But ten just men would have saved Tyre and Sidon, and I guess there are that many in Berlin."

He spoke in a great silence.

"Listen! Hamburg and Bremen have ten hours' notice to evacuate or be shelled to the shore line by the British navy. All the air-navies in Germany can't stop that. Our Armada of the air is too close. God knows where. But it's near enough for business. Tell your Kaiser in his crumbling Potsdam—tell him and old Tirpitz that the Baltic is no longer a German lake; that the circus with which he said he would broom his way into England by a grand concourse of air and water has travelled the other way. Take back your Iron Cross!" He flung it into the crowd. "Think yourselves lucky that the humanity of your enemies keeps them from crucifying all the Hohenzollerns on wooden crosses just like it. But you'll never have a chance to hang me—or crucify me as your brute soldiers did one Canadian on the west front——"

He looked up. His words seemed to melt into the blue. A sudden shadow swept over the faces below. They looked up at the sound. It was an airship, heralded by a scream from Frau Bobel on the balcony. Flying low and at slow speed, it seemed almost to collide with the balcony, and it trailed a rope that like a miracle struck paralysis into the gang of hangmen. On the end of the rope was a weight that stretched it. A rubber rope reinforced with elastic! The man in khaki hurled himself from the rail, and to a great unbelieving grunt of the crowd, turning to escape his fall, he caught the rope trail of the long sky-line. His flung weight stretched the rope as the machine zoomed clean up. Hand over hand as the biplane swung away he went up——

"I knew it," mumbled Pleigman. "I knew they never would hang him. If he dies, it is the death of a hero, not of a traitor. My captain!"

Somewhere in its mad career over the brainstricken city, from behind a cloud where no eye of a crowd could behold it, there went up the bullets that sped to the mark. Commander Hopkirch's machine came toppling down, pilot, rope, man below and all.

When by whatever sanity was left in Berlin the police at length discovered the mangled remains of the Commander and the Captain, they found beside the wreck the body of Frau Bobel—in her hand the clutched papers delivered to her by Pleigman.

THE END.

The Winds of the World

(Continued from page 21.)

dared show what we—Germany—can do to help. I have seen from the first it was only with the aid of the army that we could accomplish anything, yet the army has been unapproachable. How is it that you have seemed so loyal, all of you, until the minute of war?"

Ranjoo Singh spat again through the opening with thoroughness and great deliberation. Then he proceeded to give proof that, as Yasmini had said, he was really not a buffalo at all. A fool would have taken chances with any one of a dozen other explanations. Ranjoor Singh, with an expression that faintly suggested Colonel Kirby, picked the right, convincing one.

"The English are not bad people," he said simply. "They have left India better than they found it. They have been unselfish. They have treated us soldiers fairly and honorably. We would not have revolted had the opportunity not come, but we have long been waiting for the opportunity.

"We are not madmen—we are soldiers. We know the value of mere words. We have kept our plans secret from the merchants and the hillmen, knowing well that they would all follow our lead. If you think that you, or Germany, have persuaded us, you are mistaken. You could not persuade me, or any other true soldier, if you tried for fifty years!

"It is because we had decided on revolt already that I was willing to listen to your offer of material assistance. We understand that Germany expects to gain advantage from our revolt, but we cannot help that; that is incidental. As soldiers, we accept what aid we can get from anywhere!"

"So?" said the German.

"Ja!" said Ranjoor Singh. "And that is why, if you fail me, I shall give you to Yasmini's cobras!"

"You will admit," said the German, "when I have shown you, that Germany's foresight has been long and shrewd. Your great chance of success, my friend, like Germany's in this war, depends on a sudden, swift, tremendous success at first; the rest will follow as a logical corrollary. It is the means of securing that first success that we have been making ready for you for two years and more."

"You should have credit for great secrecy," admitted Ranjoor Singh. "Until a little while ago I had heard nothing of any German plans."

"Russia got the blame for what little was guessed at!" laughed the German.

"Oh!" said Ranjoor Singh.

A LITTLE before midday they reached the Ajmere Gate, and the lumbering cart passed under it. At the farther side the driver stopped his oxen without orders, and Ranjoor Singh stepped out, looking quickly up and down the road. There were people about, but none whom he chose to favor with a second glance.

Close by the gate, almost under the shadow of it, and so drab and dirty as to be almost unnoticeable, there was a little cotton-tented booth, with a stock of lemonade and sweetmeats, that did interest him. He looked three times at it, and at the third look a Mohammedan wriggled out of it and walked away without a word.

"Come!" commanded Ranjoor Singh, and the German got out of the cart, looking not so very much unlike the poor Mohammedan who had gone away.

"Get in there!" The German slipped into the real owner's place. So far as appearances went, he was a very passable sweetmeat and lemonade seller, and Ranjoor Singh proved competent to guard against contingencies.

He picked a long stick out of the gutter and took his stand near by, frowning as he saw a carriage he suspected to be Yasmini's drive under the gate and come to a stand at the roadside, fifty or sixty yards away.

"If the officers should recognize me," he growled to the German, though seeming not to talk to him at all, "I should be arrested at once, and shot later. But the men will recognize me, and you shall see what you shall see!"

Three small boys came with a coin to spend, but Ranjoor Singh drove them away with his long stick; they argued shrilly from a distance, and one threw a stone at him, but finally they decided he was some new sort of plain-clothes "constabeel," and went away.

One after another, several natives came to make small purchases, but, not being boys any longer, a gruff word was enough to send them running. And then came the clatter of hoofs of the advance-guard, and the German looked up to see a fire in Ranjoor Singh's eyes that a caged tiger could not have outdone.

All this while the bullock-cart in which they had come remained in the middle of the road, its driver dozing dreamily on his seat and the bullocks perfectly content to chew the cud. At the sound of the hoofs behind him, the driver suddenly awoke and began to belabor and kick his animals; he seemed oblivious of another cart that came toward him, and of a third that hurried after him from underneath the gate.

In less than sixty seconds all three carts were neatly interlocked, and their respective drivers were engaged in a war of words that beggared Babel.

The advance-guard halted and added words to the torrent. Colonel Kirby caught up the advance-guard and halted, too.

"Does he look like a man who commands a loyal regiment?" asked Ranjoor Singh; and the German studied the bowed head and thoughtful angle of a man who at that minute was regretting his good friend the risaldar-major.

"You will note that he looks chastened!"

The German nodded.

In his own good time Ranjoor Singh ran out and helped with that long stick of his to straighten out the mess; then in thirty seconds the wheels were unlocked again and the carts moving in a hurry to the roadside. The advance-guard moved on, and Kirby followed. Then, troop by troop, the whole of Outram's Own rode by, and the German began to wonder. It seemed to him that the rest of the officers were not demure enough, although he admitted to himself that the enigmatic Eastern faces in the ranks might mean anything at all. He noted that there was almost no talking, and he took that for a good sign for Germany.

D Squadron came last of all, and convinced him. They rode regretfully, as men who missed their squadron leader, and who, in spite of a message from him, would have better loved to see him riding on their flank.

But Ranjoor Singh stepped out into the road, and the right-end man of the front four recognized him. Not a word was said that the German could hear, but he could see the recognition run from rank to rank and troop to troop, until the squadron knew to a man; he saw them glance at Ranjoor Singh, and from him to one another, and ride on with a new stiffening and a new air of "now we'll see what comes of it!"

It was as evident, to his practised eye, that they were glad to have seen Ranjoor Singh, and looked forward to seeing him again very shortly, as that they were in a mood for trouble, and he decided to believe the whole of what the Sikh had said on the strength of the obvious truth of part of it.

"Watch now the supply train!" growled Ranjoor Singh, as the wagons began to rumble by.

The German had no means of knowing that the greater part of the regiment's war provisions had gone away by train from a Delhi station. The wagons that followed the regiment on the march were a generous allowance for a regiment going into camp, but not more than that. The spies whose duty it was to watch the railway sidings reported to somebody else and not to him.

Ranjoor Singh beckoned him after a while, and they came out into the road, to stand between two of the bullock-wagons and gaze after the regiment. The shuttered carriage that Ranjoor Singh had suspected to be Yasmini's passed them again, and the man beside the driver said something to Ranjoor Singh in an undertone, but the German did not hear it; he was watching the colonel and another officer walking together beside the road in the distance. The shuttered carriage passed on, but stopped in the shadow of the gate.

(Concluded in next issue.)

SOIREES MUSICALE

FROM September twenty-sixth on, for a week at least, the Hambourgs are to give a series of Soirees Musicale. There will be one every night for the week, held in the Louis XIV. room at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto.

As it is desired to accomplish an atmosphere of intimacy, the programme will consist of chamber music and small songs; the artists being Jan Hambourg, who has returned to town just in time for the event; Boris Hambourg, the well-known 'cellist; and as as a piece de resistance, Alberta Garcia Guerrero, of South America, a pianist who is making his Canadian debut on this occasion.

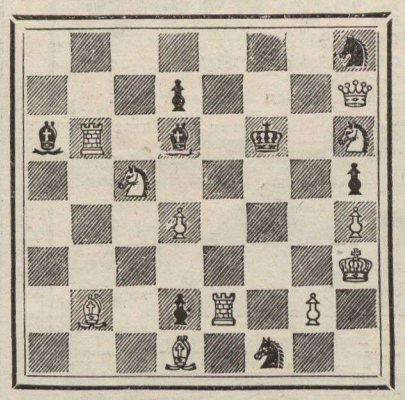
Signor Carboni will be in charge of the vocal end of the affair; and the singers are Miss Winifred Parker, Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, Mrs. Mabel Manly Pickard, and Mrs. F. Thenton-Box. The Canadian trio will also perform, the names being those of Miss Ruth Thom, J. R. Hallman, John Detweiler. Mr. Gerald Moore will be accompanist.

CHESS

Conducted by Malcolm Sim

PROBLEM NO. 192, by H. Rohr.
Second Prize, "Chess Monthly," 1891.
(A gem.)

Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in three.

Problem No. 193, by H. W. Sherrard.
(From "777 Miniatures in three.")

White: K at KKt6; Rs at QR3 and QR6; Kts at QB5 and K4. Black: K at Q5. White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS

Problem No. 190, by P. H. Williams.

1. R—K3! and mates accordingly. The construction of this two-er is remarkably fine.

Problem No. 191, by Dr. E. Palkoska.

1. Kt—B6, KxKt (B6); 2. Kt—K4, K—Q4; 3. Q—Kt7, mate.
1. ....., KxKt (Q6); 2. B—B8ch, K—Q4; 3. Q—KRsq, mate.
1. ....., threat; 2. Kt—K7ch, KxKt; 3. Q—Kt4, mate.

The three mating positions echo one another, the last being chameleon to the other two.

CHESS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The annual tournament for the Canadian North-West championship attracted ten competitors this year, and ended in a clean sweep for Mr. Pam Barry, of Winnipeg, who finished third in the 1917 congress, ex aequo with R. J. Spencer, in a field of fifteen players. The following game, contested in the tournament, we obtained in a round-about way from the British Chess Magazine. The notes are our own.

Sicilian Defence.

White. P. Barry.	Black. R. J. Spencer.
1. P—K4	1. P—QB4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. P—Q4	3. PxP
4. KtxP	4. P—Q3
5. Kt—QB3	5. P—KKt3
6. P—KKt3 (a)	6. B—Kt2
7. B—K3	7. B—Q2
8. B—Kt2	8. Kt—B3
9. Q—Q2	9. Kt—KKt5 (b)
10. KtxKt	10. PxKt (c)
11. B—Q4	11. BxB (d)
12. QxB	12. Castles.
13. P—KR3	13. Kt—K4
14. P—Kt3 (e)	14. Q—Bsq
15. P—B4	15. P—QB4 (f)
16. Q—Q2	16. Kt—B3
17. P—KKt4	17. P—B5 (g)
18. Castles (KR)	18. Kt—Kt5?
19. P—R3	19. Q—B4ch

20. K—Rsq
21. P—Kt4
22. Kt—Q5 (i)
23. P—B3 (j)
24. P—B5
25. QxB
26. KtPxP (k)
27. Q—Q2
28. R—B4
29. P—B6 (l)
30. QR—KBsq
31. RxP
32. Q—Q4!
33. R—Qsq
34. P—K5
35. PxP
36. R (Qsq)—KBsq
37. QxR
38. Q—Kt5ch
39. RxP
40. Q—R6.

20. Kt—R3 (h)
21. Q—Bsq
22. R—Ksq
23. B—B3
24. BxKt
25. PxP?
26. Q—B2
27. QR—Qsq
28. K—Rsq
29. R—KKtsq
30. PxP (m)
31. R—Kt2 (n)
32. K—Ktsq
33. R—Kt3
34. Kt—Ktsq (o)
35. Q—Bsq
36. RxR (p)
37. Kt—Q2 (q)
38. K—Rsq
39. R—Ktsq
Resigns (r)

(a) This development is unusual and is more effective against P—K3, than when Black also adopts the King's Fianchetto.

(b) This is rather a "Will o' the wisp." A developing move would be more in order.

(c) BxKt seems preferable.

(d) P—K4 would block in the King's Bishop, and also leave the Queen's Pawn inherently weak.

(e) To prevent Kt—B5 later.

(f) Otherwise the Knight has no retreat.

(g) We do not see the object of this advance. Far better would have been 17. Kt—Q5.

(h) The "cruise" of Black's ill-starred Knight finally winds up on a bleak and distant shore. The alternative 20.., Kt—B3, would be answered by 21. P—Kt4, Q—Kt3; 22. Kt—Q5, Q—Qsq (if Q—Ktsq; 23. P—Kt5!) 23. Q—B3.

(i) 22. P—K5 would be adequately met by 22. ..., B—B3.

(j) He might have deferred this in favor of 23. QR—Qsq, threatening 24. Kt xPch, etc.

(k) 26. RxP would be more forcible. As a matter of fact, we have failed to evolve a plausible line to meet it. If 26. ..., P—K3, then 27. R—Kt5ch, K—Rsq; 28. Q xQP, Q—Qsq; 29. Q—B4, P—B3 (If 29. ..., R—KBsq, then 30. R—QR5, Kt—B2! 31 R—QB5); 30. R—KR5, R—QKtsq (not 30. ..., R—QBsq; 31. P—K5, threatening 32. B—Kt7 and also PxP); 31. Q—R6, Q—K2 (R—Kt2?); 32. R—KBsq, R—KBsq; 33. R—QR5, R—Kt3; 34. P—Kt5, Kt—Ktsq; 35. RxRP, and wins. If Black tries, instead, 26. ..., R—KBsq, then follows 27. QR—KBsq, Q—Ksq; 28. Q—Kt7, Q—Bsq; 29. QxKP, with a winning attack. An interesting position.

(l) Threatening R—R4 and Q—R6

(m) This exchange is, of course, suicidal. After 30. ..., P—K3, there is no outstanding reason why Black should lose.

(n) If 31. ..., KR—Bsq, then 32. Q—B4, R—Q2; 33. Q—R6, R—KKtsq (otherwise QR—B4 and then to R4); 34. P—K5, and wins.

(o) If 34. ..., RxR, then 35. PxR, K—Rsq; 36. R—Ksq, etc.

(p) 36...., R—Q2 would permit 37. RxR, RPxR; 38. B—Q5. Alternative defences of the King's Bishop's Pawn would be followed by 37. QxRP.

(q) If 37. ..., Q—Q2, then 38. R—KKtsq.

(r) A game with some interesting features, but we would rate the defence well below Mr. Spencer's usual ability. We have heard good opinions of his chess.

CHESS PAGEANT IN TORONTO.

A Living Chess Pageant was staged on the green in Scarboro' Beach Park, Toronto, Wednesday evening, August 14th, under the promotion of Mr. H. H. DeMers, who officiated in the costume of a jester. The pieces were first presented to the audience from the acrobatic platform. Paul Morphy's "immortal" game against the Duke of Brunswick was played through, musical effects being provided by the Q. O. R. band, in charge of Major Barrow. Sam Lloyd's problem, the "Kilkenny cat" was also set up.

From a spectacular standpoint the affair was very successful, the costuming being excellent. A board half as large again, would have reduced the mystification to those scientifically interested. Mr. DeMers deserves credit, however, over a difficult task, which he handled all alone.

A match, on ten boards, for the Scarboro' Shield, between players representing the East and West End of Toronto, subsequently took place. The result was rather one-sided, the East, captained by Mr. W. Cawkell, winning by seven and one-half points to twe and one-half. Mr. Sim (East) defeated Mr. Rosen at top board. The event will be an annual one.

END GAME NO. 37.

By W. and M. Platoff.

White: K at KB2; B at QR3; Ps at K5 and KR6. Black: K at KR7; R at KKt8; B at Ksq. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. P—R7, R—Kt7ch; 2. K—Ksq (a), R—Kt8ch; 3. K—Q2, R—Kt7ch; 4. K—Bsq, R—Kt8ch; 5. K—Kt2, R—Kt7ch; 6. K—Rsq, R—Kt8ch; 7. B—Bsq! RxBch; 8. K—Kt2, R—QKt8ch (b); 9. K—B3 (c), R—QB8ch; 10. K—Kt4 (d), R—QKt8ch; 11. K—R5, R—QR8ch (e), 12. K—Kt6, R—QKt8ch; 13. K—B7, R—QB8ch; 14. K—Q8, and wins. (f).

(a) If the King goes to the third rank, then R—Kt6ch and R—KR6. Neither may the King go to a white square, allowing Black to clear the eighth rank. (b) If 8..., R—B7ch; 9. K—Ktsq. (c) If 9. K—R3, then 9..., R—R8ch forces the King back to Kt2. (d) If 10. K—Q4, then 10..., R—Q8ch; 11. K—B5 (if 11. K—B3 or K3, R—Q6ch), R—B8ch, and the King must go to the fourth rank, Kt4 being the only square to make progress. (e) The King's Pawn refutes 11..., R—Kt4 ch. (f) One of the most astonishing endings we have ever seen.

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