

# CANADIAN COURIER

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December 8, 1917

FIVE CENTS

MAY BE THE LAST ACT  
IN THE DRAMA OF WAR

( See Page 12 )



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# CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Coarler Press, Limited. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

## Reader Interest and Printer's Art

**P**EOPLE too often forget that printing is one of the arts; even the editor sometimes forgets this. The art of the printer is principally to make people read as easily as possible what other people write. In the attempt to make newspaper space valuable, the editor sometimes puts too much printed matter into it. When you look at the large number of people writing in a newspaper office, and another large number of people in the composing room transferring the written articles into type, you often wonder who are the people in the world that are supposed to read all those things prepared with so much labor and human interest. In all economic surveys ever made, nobody has yet attempted to discover what percentage of printed matter on the average is dead waste of printers' ink and white paper. The paper which succeeds in interesting its readers most is, on the whole, the paper that combines interest in what is printed with as much ease as possible for the people who are to read it.

In this issue of the Canadian Courier we have made a radical change in the printing art involved. Because we believe that there is no page in this issue that is not interesting to the average reader, we have printed most of it in larger type, to make easy reading. These are strenuous times. People everywhere are trying to avoid waste in every department of living. So far as can be observed, the printer and the publisher are about the last people in the world to practise what they are preaching to other people. If economy is necessary in food, clothing and luxuries, it is just as necessary in printing.

**I**N the second week of the twelfth year of this paper there are more than three times as many people reading it as there were a year ago. Because of the increased number of the readers and the extension of the interest in the paper as a consequence, it is very much more important now than it was a year ago for us to make our space valuable to you by reason of genuine reader interest. Two things only are necessary in this reader interest: the first thing is the interest itself; second is the certainty that people will discover this interest. We know that this paper is interesting, and we also know that at present a number of people have been prevented from finding this interest to the fullest extent by a certain difficulty in reading newspaper type. By the use of a larger type we expect increased interest in this paper. In times like these, when every custom and habit or practice in the world that does not help in giving strength to the work we are engaged in, is being discarded, we cannot afford to waste any of our efficiency by an unwise misuse of the printer's art.

With the appearance of this issue we expect to increase the readability of this paper by a very large percentage. In doing so, we are reminded of the irate subscriber to a country paper who went into the editor's sanctum one day and complained that the paper was too hard for him to read; and asked as a special favor that his copy of the paper be printed in larger type. Spectacles may be all right for some people, but we do not want to be responsible for the buying of more spectacles than people ought to have, just because they feel that they must read this paper.





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# THE BUSINESS SIDE OF YOUR VOTE ON DEC. 17th

BUSINESS MEN---Have you stopped to think what it means to you if Laurier and Bourassa win? The dishonor of a country is its ruination. If we quit the war---and that without any question at all is what would happen if the Laurier-Bourassa forces

are victorious---the other civilized nations of the world would look down upon us. Our foreign credit and international relations would suffer tremendously. We could not attract the new capital we need to develop our country.

## Capital Shies at Quitters

Capitalists do not lend money to quitters. To-day we are entirely dependent on the United States for necessary supplies of cotton, hard coal, tin plate---the base raw materials of the great canning industry---the largest proportion of our iron and steel brass and copper, and many other commodities. All these articles are to-day shipped from the United States under license from the Government of that coun-

try, and Canada gets the same treatment as the citizens of the United States because we are in the fight with them. What would happen if we quit? Common sense tells us we would lose the active sympathy and co-operation of our neighbors, and that surely would have disastrous effects upon our industries. Remember, the United States is now refusing to send supplies to Russia because she has quit the war.

## No War Orders

What about Great Britain? Would she be likely to continue sending us war orders for shells, or would she spend her money in the United States, which supports her in the war?

Munition making has practically kept the country from collapse, and the possibility of it being stopped while the war is on and ordinary business is disorganized should rightly be viewed with great alarm.

There can be no doubt that the credit of the country would suffer in proportion to the degradation of our honor, because the honor of a country has great bearing on its credit. No lender likes to lend money to a borrower who does not manfully see things through---and he never lends it to a quitter. As it is with individuals, so it is with nations. The country which maintains its honor at the highest point is the country that has the highest credit.

Think It Over---Think It Over Seriously

# Support Union Government

*Unionist Party Publicity Committee*





# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 2  
DECEMBER 8, 1917



## FORWARD!

At last the west front begins to look like real war. We read that tanks and cavalry were two big factors in the advance that broke the Hindenburg Line. Some of the cavalry were Canadians. The Fort Garry Horse were among the units engaged.

Lieut.-General Sir Julian Byng was the commander under whom—operating under supreme command of Sir Douglas Haig—the great part of the action was carried out that for the first time really broke through the Hindenburg Line. General Byng is known to Canada by his command of the Canadians before the appointment of Sir Arthur Currie. He will not deny that the Canadians began to do one of the greatest things in the war even before he took command, by their blocking of the Huns' road to Calais. He remembers also that they did just as great work in a shorter time when they did the lion's share in the capture of Vimy Ridge under his own command.



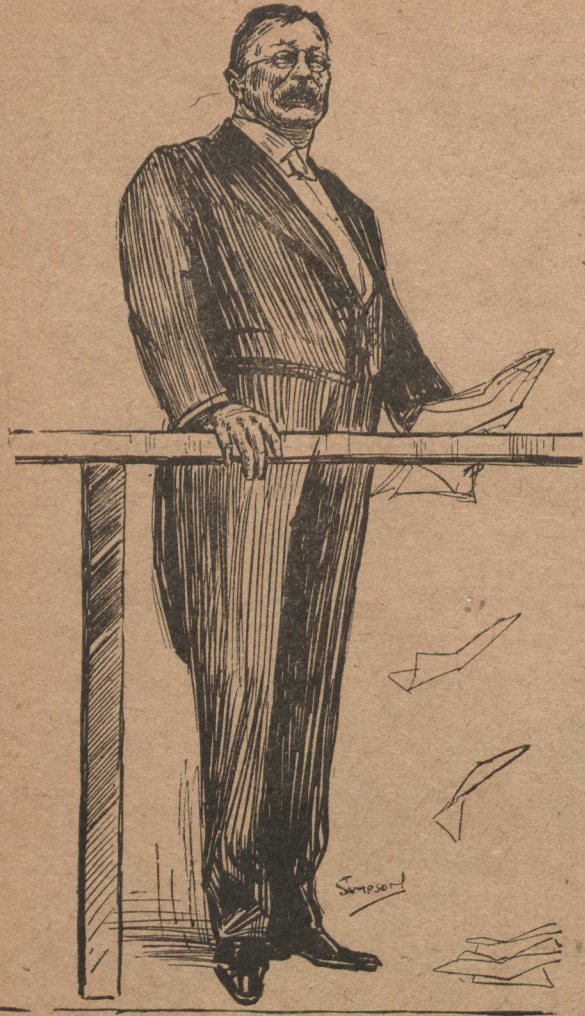
## VICTORY!

The general who commanded the Canadians at Vimy Ridge happens to be the man who on a wider field has since conducted one of the greatest offensives of the west front, in the actual breaking of the Hindenburg Line.

Gen. Byng and his cavalry and his 100 tanks pulverizing the entanglements of the Germans, rolling and galloping over the ground broken by the great guns behind, are the beginning of what all those on the side of the Allies hope will become real open fighting. Armies everywhere, peoples everywhere, are sick of the trenches. Much as Canada has done in the trench system, she will do far more in the open when the cavalry get under way. The Hindenburg Line was broken, not by the cavalry, but in the engagement when for the first time the cavalry and the tanks co-operated on a big scale with the infantry, the air-man and the big guns.



# Let Us All Be As Good Canadians



## TO CANADIANS:

I speak the literal truth when I say that what has been accomplished by you Canadians and by your brothers of the continents and islands which lie under the southern cross is without a parallel in history.

You have chosen to walk on the hard and glorious road of service and sacrifice and high achievement. You have made your bodies the servants of your souls' desire.

Nothing would have been easier than to say that you felt such horror of bloodshed as to be unwilling to send your sons to slaughter. But, thank Heaven, you men of the north, like the men and women of the continent far to the south, spurned the counsels of a mean and blind timidity. You realized that in any partnership, and above all, in the partnership of empire—as in the partnership of war—only the partner who bears his full share of the common burden is entitled to his full share of the common honor, of the right to self respect and to respect from others.

A CANADIAN city of 450,000 last week picked itself up and made a grand march on the Armories, to see and hear and get into the vibrations of—one American man. Whose name, of course, was Roosevelt. Who came technically to talk Victory Bonds, but could have got the people to stampede the hall if he had been announced to talk about the nebular hypothesis or the polar flea.

Teddy Roosevelt in Toronto might as well have been Teddy in Detroit, Buffalo or St. Louis. Ten thousand people got in; more than half as many didn't. And the effort to convince some people that they had no physical, moral or any other kind of right to hear Roosevelt made it quite clear that Toronto has the most orderly crowds, the best police force and the worst system of inside management of big things on the American continent. This does not refer to the plan of the hall or the handling of the crowds which was admirable, but to the system which planned the meeting. It had been somewhat pompously announced in the press that if ever there was a democratic meeting this was it. Such a crimp had been put on the ticket system that even the press-men were

At least 20,000 Canadians turned out to hear "Teddy" on his first public visit to Canada. No such crowd ever before assembled in this country to hear one man. Some of the reasons why they went and what half the crowd missed by not hearing him are given by one who came near being among those present—outside.

not allowed to take their wives to hear Roosevelt. Only a small section of the armories, about the relative size of a postage stamp on a Government envelope, would be chalked off for anybody but—The People. The people were exhorted by the newspapers to go, and they understood the reason. Roosevelt was going to talk about Victory Bonds. It was no picnic, no circus, but a plain exhortation to patriotism given by one whom everybody recognizes as a patriot. For the first time yet the general admission crowd who never have a chance to get inside tips were to rule a great meeting from start to finish. No nabob, no stand-patter, no Government House hanger-on would have any more rights at this Roosevelt congress than anybody else; except a necessary bodyguard on the platform.

It turned out that besides badges for the press and the platform, a large number of tickets in two colors had been printed and handed out to heaven knows how many hundreds of people who dawdled down to the Armories in street-cars and limousines at the usual hour they go to theatres. But the plain people also turned out. Some of them began to decorate the west end of the Armories before five o'clock. By 6.30, the hour publicly announced for the opening of the doors, the 10,000 seats were all occupied; only a few of the ticket-holders, surmising that time and not place was the essence of the contract, had got inside and the grand army of the rest began to mass up at the stage entrance; a crowd, as anyone could testify, big enough to have filled Massey Hall. Whoever had handed out tickets to the preferential class, those in charge of the seating failed to back them up; with the result that the plain people did get the innings and the ticket holders had to play rugby with the police. Prominent citizens, honorary colonels and real colonels and staff officers, newspapermen and returned soldiers in civies and in khaki, ladies and escorts, jostled for Hill 60. The bridegroom's awning came down and got kicked into the corners. The mounteds danced their horses on the toes and skirts of the crowd, and never did horses exhibit more reluctance to step on a citizen's corns or riders show more good-humored patience when the crowd obstinately refused to move back. As a New York newspaperman remarked, that kind of thing in New York would have meant horses charging the crowds, and a hurry-up call for ambulances.

THE editor of this paper had a badge. At 8.25, when he arrived, it was as useful as one of last year's tag-day flags. By repeatedly asserting the principle that the press has a right to get in to everything here below, whatever happens elsewhere, and by toeing in at every move the editor got three times up the steps to the door only to be swept back again. Finally he got in. If the ticket-holders who didn't get in are half as earnest about getting into heaven—

But that has nothing to do with a Roosevelt meeting. What was this wonderful inside

gathering? Was it different from any other meeting? How and why?

A wonderful crowd. The greatest ever under one roof in Toronto. The crowd sang songs from slips of paper accompanied by a piano and John Slatter's band. When the Government party came in the crowd sang God Save the King, and limped through one verse of The Star-Spangled Banner. They waved thousands of little stars and stripes and cheered as Teddy, in a dress suit, waved and bowed and all but shook hands with the crowd. The chair was taken by Sir Thomas White, who made the only speeches that were delivered. It was not a time for speeches. All the ordinary customs about speechmaking were forgotten. After four hours of patience that crowd were in no mood for speeches. They wanted—Roosevelt.

Most of us had seen him hundreds of times in photographs and read about him hundreds of times in newspapers. Here he was. No living Canadian, even Laurier, could step among a crowd of Canadians and be more instantly recognized. It might be the same in Sydney, Bombay or Capetown, in London or Paris or Rome. The people knew him. If he had used a sign language without saying a word he could have satisfied the crowd. There is something more than plain American about Teddy. He is universal. He has the same quality that King Edward had. Everybody knows him. He has genially butted into everybody's game and he has always been enough of an egotist to believe that he had a right to. And when he talks to a crowd he treats it just like one.

WHEN he started to talk the first disappointment came. Teddy's voice is not the size of the man. It carried but without much body. Sometimes he ended a passage in a sort of mammylike chuckle that contained a joke. Once you got used to the small voice of the big man you were conscious that the voice didn't really matter. It was no speech that the people came to hear. Forms of oratory would be no good for the prize ring. Here stood a man who had got a glass eye through a boxing bout with a trainer, who had shot all sorts of wild beasts in all parts of the southern and western world, who had defied Tammany when Police Commissioner of New York, who had been Secretary of the Navy, commander of the Rough Riders, cowboy, broncho-buster, Vice-President, President, Republican, writer, world traveler, rebel in his own party and forlorn leader of the Bull Moose, turned down by the President when he offered to raise a legion for France—a man who, after traveling through Egypt, had dared to stand up in the Guildhall and tell Englishmen how they were mismanaging the country; and since shortly after the war began, had equally dared to tell Americans how they were not living up to their responsibilities in the world. If such a man had tried to be a mere orator he would have failed.

So Roosevelt just talked and hammered the rail; talked as though he were in a large smoking car with 10,000 people in it all smoking. He talked a good deal like the late D. L. Moody, who blazed the trail for Billy Sunday. He mixed up common-sense, patriotism, historical perspective and slang. He made no attempt to create big moments or to build-up climaxes. He could get a climax any moment by a simple twist of the wrist. Somewhat slouchily he read part of his speech, but he did the audience the compliment of tossing the sheets on the floor like a horse slings foam from his bits. He had no wonderfully compacted discourse. He was telling experience;



# As Roosevelt Is An American

By THE EDITOR

talking about the Victory Loan and Liberty, about citizenship and war, despotism and the rights of man, the ethics of fighting and the rights of little nations—like Belgium.

Therefore, nobody troubled to remember that in 1914, writing in the Outlook, Roosevelt made it quite clear to himself as he saw matters at that time, that America had no call to interfere because Belgium had been invaded. Being a great man and a great American, Teddy has changed his mind. He changed it with the same noise that a motor-car changes gears. He was still Roosevelt; the man of the people who could make any audience of any color or tongue—interested. If the United States had gone to war when Roosevelt told them to the war might have been over now. When he got the fog out of his eyes and forgot that once he had been hail-fellow well met at all the courts of Europe, he saw that the world, including America, had a great big job to clean up and that America was one of the clean-up nations that ought to be into it.

When Roosevelt talked about the rights of man he had no need of a large flag. When he talked about democracy—I don't think he used the word once—he didn't need to foam into political history back to the Magna Charta. He just talked about it as though he had knocked off work to lean over your fence.

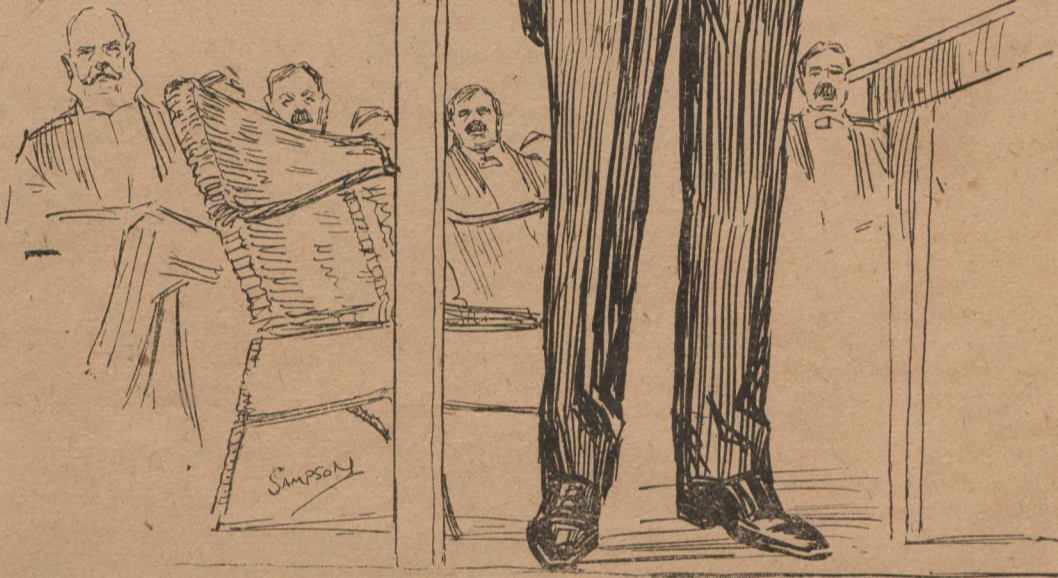
The man has absolutely no airs or studied mannerisms. One of the most tremendous egotists in the world, he is as plain as a bump on a log. He has the kind of ugly good-looking "mug" of a face that he knows people like. He knows people like to see his teeth. He knows they like to hear him talk about fighting like one who knows what it is. He knows they like to see him act like a broncho-buster even though for seven and a half years he was President of the world's greatest republic. He understands that people of all calibres or classes warm up to him as they do to the south wind, and that if he had a monocle or an accent or mere oratory they wouldn't do it.

So Roosevelt, with the plain, jug-handle to his name, himself as well-born a Knickerbocker as ever was, comes up here among those who have the knightly prefixes and the affixes correct to nine decimal places, and he just knows that most of them are putting over-checks on themselves by taking titles. Of course he has never spoken against titles. Oh, no, with all his bullfooted style Teddy has far too much tact. In fact, he may see some use in titles for some people.

Imagine—Sir Theodore Roosevelt! Or Lord Oysterbay!

No doubt he was quite sincere in praising this country for its part in the war. Months ago, in an American magazine, he wrote an article on that subject, then reprinted in this paper. He understood the Empire when he praised the overseas commonwealths. Whatever he may have written years ago on pan-Americanism, he understands now that Canada has a mind of its own and intends to hoe its own row in the world's cornfield. He knows that we are the making of a virile people and that his sarcasm about those who have all sorts of reasons for not sending armies to fight in Europe was not lost on us. We have always regretted that in his search for big game he did not try the sub-Arctic, and that when he was relieved of the Presidency he did not come up here and see what kind of half-continent it was that he hadn't been President of because for some reason we preferred the crown and the old flag. But he knew what he wanted,

**T**HANK heaven our people are awake, and have the same purpose as yours. We intend to see the fight through and see that it is fought to a finish.



**Y**OU may have heard the people who say, "Yes, certainly we will go to war, but not much. We will fight, but not excessively." It is with a nation as with an individual; never hit at all if you can possibly avoid it, but never hit soft. Nobody is grateful for being hit a little. If you hit a man, and only hit him a little, he is going to hurt you, and he isn't going to feel sentimental about it. Don't hit a man if you aren't forced to; if you do hit him put him to sleep.

and that perhaps the time would come when he could come up here and shake hands.

So he came. In getting within the zone of this man's prize-ring performance, a large number of people discovered new reasons for standing by the common, hard-headed, old-fashioned principles of humanity and citizenship. Teddy talked himself clean through all the fictions of classes and masses as a circus rider jumps through a paper hoop. He was on that platform as an undoubted American; but representing an Americanism not bounded by the 49th parallel and the Gulf of Mexico. As Roosevelt preaches and practises Americanism, it is something that belongs to the whole world.

And he does it because he knows his country. He has been all over it. He has gone in among all sorts of people in it. Not because he wanted a newspaper camera to take his picture in uncommon clothes—though he was very glad when it did; but because he had a real, instinctive one-ness with any sort of people he ever came across. They found fault with him for dining Booker T. Washington. Intellectually, Teddy may have blundered in entertaining the black man at the White House. Humanly he was as right as Lincoln.

We don't worship Roosevelt. Sometimes we imagine he has the P. T. Barnum perspective on a lot of the hero-worship that comes his way. But we hugely admire his great kamerad qualities of mind and heart and muscle. Teddy is a big, hard, humanizing fact. His exaggera-

tions and his caricatures are those of a man who sometimes has to be all things to all men for the sake of the work he can do in the world. He is a world artist and no mistake. He knows that nine-tenths of the world are plain people, and that if he has them the submerged tenth known as the snobs have to come along anyway or be left out in the cold. The fact that he has been everything the United States could make him and several things besides on his own hook does not spoil him for coming right in among the boys—anywhere. He could have a good, sensible time with the people of Siam or Montenegro. He sees into the common heart of things. He knows just enough camouflage to use it on the crowd. But above all things, Roosevelt is sincere and straightaway.

And in knowing his own country in order to interpret it to other people he sets the rest of us a big, concrete example. A lot of Canadians would rather not know Canada. They prefer to study the great aggregation known as the Empire, which none of them ever will understand. Roosevelt knows that inside his own country—and inside Canada as well—are the forms of all the Empires that ever were. He knows that America, including Canada, contains the whole world; and that he who knows America knows the best of the world. Only he must know it intimately, humanly, from the ground up with the simplicity of a child.

And if there is one thing Roosevelt can teach Canada better than anything else—it's that.





# THE NEW EARTH

By

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

**T**HERE was something wrong about the new machinery in the "Little Loo" mine, and Alma's father, who was the foreman, having no one else to call upon for the errand, had sent her after Jessop. Jessop was an expert mechanic who had recently struck it rich on his lease in the "Left-Over," and thereafter worked intermittently and at the promptings of his humor, devoting instead much time to castle building, and selecting with peculiar fitness Spanish Alma as the mistress of his Castilian domains.

But he was not the only miner in this isolated mountain village whose dreams envired, enthroned, and crowned Alma. She sent their imaginations soaring until they saw in the most roseate clouds of heaven but humble footstools for her little feet; the gold of Ophir which they would presently wrest from these stern and savage mountains would be as dust for her hands to scatter to the winds. Was it name, place, state she asked? They should be plucked forthwith from a supine world and offered her as a nosegay. And in justice to Alma let it be said that her position in the lime-light, so to speak, as the central figure of all of these mental tableaux was not due to the usual mining-camp dearth of feminine dream material. On the contrary, and it is not drawing the long bow to assert that the tribute would still have been hers in those communities where man loiters, crushed and overwhelmed among furbelows and feathers, and only meets a brother for every ten sisters.

This may give some idea of how spoiled a child was Alma at twenty years; and now, when ordered by old Gallito to trudge up the long hill to Jessop's cabin and fetch him back with her, she had drawn down her silky black brows and pursed her scarlet lips in pouting protest.

"He will not come," she said to her father. "You know he will not work since money is pouring in to him from his lease in the 'Left-Over.' And look at the snow!"

The gnarled old Spaniard set his lean jaw and gazed at her from under his beetling brows.

His skin was like parchment. It clung to his bones and fell in heavy wrinkles in the hollows of his cheeks and about his mouth, but his dark eyes, fierce as a wild hawk's, were as brilliant and piercing as in youth.

"He will come if you ask him," he said, curtly. "There is no one else understands the new machinery. I'm supposed to, but I haven't got the hang of it yet. The work'll have to stop unless it's fixed soon. I'm responsible to my boss. You go."

And Alma had sulked and stamped and sworn under her breath many strange Spanish oaths she had picked up from lean, brown, scarred old pirates and picaroons, eronies of her father's, who had taken a hand in her upbringing; nevertheless, she obeyed Gallito's orders. She knew better than to refuse when he looked at her that way with his hawk's eyes; but it was with resentment and rebellion in her heart that she carefully folded and laid aside her wedding dress upon which she had meant to sew the whole of this Monday, threw over her shoulders a heavy, long cape, twisted a crimson scarf about her head, and started up the hill to Jessop's cabin.

Her progress was necessarily slow. Many ore waggons from the "Left-Over," a mile up the hill, had cut the snow into great ruts which made walking difficult, and where it was smoother, it was exceedingly slippery. But Alma was a tireless creature, supple as a whalebone, and used to climbing over the mountains at all seasons of the year and in all kinds of weather.

**I**T was late in March, but there was no suggestion of spring in the landscape. From the white, monotonous expanse of snow rose bleak, skeleton shapes of trees lifting bare, black boughs to the snow-sodden clouds, a forest of desolation varied only by the sad, dull greens of the wind-blown pines, stretching away and away until it became a blue shadow, as unsubstantial as smoke on the mountain horizon. And yet spring was in the air with all its soft intimations of bud and blossom and

joyous life. It brushed Alma's cheek like a caress, it touched her lips like a song.

When she had climbed as far as the "Left-Over" mine, she paused a few moments to rest, and circling the great ore dump, sat down on a little bench outside the engine house and drew a long breath. Two men who were unloading ore from the cars gliding along the shining steel tracks from the black depths of the tunnel house stopped a moment to give an eager greeting to the girl. She asked at once if Jessop were at the mine, explaining the difficulty at the "Little Loo," but they both assured her that he was not and had not been there for several days. He'd been laying off to fix up something about his cabin, they believed.

**A**LMA lifted both brows and shoulders and then quickly dropped them in foreign expression of disappointment and resignation. Luck, she said, was against her. Only last night she had run the cards and studied the coffee grounds. Nothing but evil presages. It was not a week since she had seen witch flames dancing on Bold Mountain. The cat had run away yesterday after a fit in which it had stared motionless, with its eyes as big as saucers and greener than any grass, at something which no one else could see; but the milk in its saucer in the corner had been drunk just the same. Oh, well, she could do no more than she had done. She had been to confession on Saturday, to mass yesterday. Left to herself she would have stayed indoors the whole day, sewing as a woman should, and saying prayers to lift the spell of evil from the house; but since her father had sent her out upon this errand, it was he that would suffer, not she. Her first duty was obedience, but if harm came to her—a bear or a mountain lion was not improbable—Francisco Gallito would certainly roast many a year in hell before having even a chance at purgatory.

Then with a heavy sigh and several foreboding shakes of the head, Alma wrapped her heavy cape more closely around her and started on, not forgetting, however, to thank the two men very prettily, that is, audibly; and to thank them still more prettily, inaudibly, with dark eyes shining through a fluttering mesh of long lashes and wonderful dimples all tangled up in an unbelievably adorable smile. Then, with a little movement of the hands as if saluting the inevitable, and with a little shrug of her straight shoulders as if casting off responsibility, she went on up the hill.

Above a quarter of a mile above the "Left-Over" she crossed a bridge which spanned a deep and narrow crevasse, a gash which cleft the great mountain to its foundation. Alma lingered a moment, and leaning on the railing looked down curiously into those mysterious depths. The white walls of the sharp, irregular declivity reflected many cold, prismatic lights; and down, far down where the eye could no longer distinguish shapes and outlines, there lay a shadow like steam from some vast, subterranean caldron, blue, dense, impenetrable.

At last she went on, but her step was laggard now, and a few feet on the other side of the bridge she paused frowningly to contemplate a narrow trail which turned from the road at a sharp right angle and led to Jessop's cabin. It was, Alma reflected as she turned into the path, almost like walking through the tunnel of a mine. The snow walls on either side of her were as high as her head. Occasionally the green fringes of a pine branch tapped her cheek sharply with their rusty needles. Then the tunnel widened to a little clearing, where stood a cabin of two or three rooms, not unpicturesque with the lichened bark of the trees on the rough-hewn logs. Her approach had evidently been noted from the window, for Jessop, big and brawny, red-haired, freckled, insouciant to recklessness, appeared in the hastily thrown open door.

"Alma!" he cried, exhibiting the liveliest



surprise. "What in the name of everything! I didn't expect to see you again till you were Mrs. Jack Tillotson. I hear the bans have been twice called. Sure you ain't the Spring walking over the snow? I've felt her coming for the last few days."

"The 'Little Loo,'" she said, hastily and wearily. "Something's wrong with that new machinery and pop's all in. He wants you to come down and fix it."

"All right," said Jessop, briefly, "but I guess there ain't any great hurry. You look pretty well in yourself."

She shook her head, but it was a perfunctory dissent.

"Come on in and sit by the stove awhile," he urged, stepping aside that she might enter. "I got to 'tend to some things here before I can go down, and you got to rest after such a climb. You want to dry your feet, too. Come on"—impatiently—"don't be a fool, I won't eat you."

"I ain't afraid of you, Bill. It would take even worse than you to scare me," she flashed back at him as she entered the cabin.

HE was right. She was too tired immediately to begin the long downhill walk, and to rest a few moments in the warm room was not only agreeable but necessary. So, entering, she sank into the chair Jessop pushed up for her beside the fire, and without even a glance at him, slowly drew off her mittens and began to unwind the scarf about her head.

Jessop fussed about the room a moment, poking the fire, rattling a cup and saucer, moving the coffeepot to the front of the stove. "That's on the boil now," he said, lifting the lid and peering into it. "You need it. Just wait till I get you out some crackers. By a stroke of good luck I stocked up yesterday. Went down to camp and bought out the store, enough to last a month or more."

Alma's lithe young body was soon rested. The steaming, strong coffee refreshed and restored her as she sat beside the fire. It was as if in throwing aside her heavy, dark cloak she had cast the dull chrysalis shell and emerged a butterfly; and this warm, rich, glowing effect of her was not the temporary and doubtful result of costume, but the more certain and lasting one of individuality. Her dress was of a soft crimson, and in her ears, swinging against her olive cheek, were great hoops of dull gold. Her black, shining hair was gathered in a knot on the nape of her neck. Her lips, scarlet as a pomegranate flower, were exquisitely cut, and the fainter, duskier pomegranate bloom on her oval cheeks faded into delicate stains like pale coffee beneath her long, narrow eyes.

Although accepting Jessop's hospitality, she made no effort to show the least appreciation of it and replied to his questions with either a negative shake or an affirmative nod of her head. Finally, her last sip of coffee taken, she rose to her feet and prepared to depart.

"You can sure make good coffee," she admitted, grudgingly.

"I can make other things, too," in light, quick, Irish boasting. "I can make money, and I can make love. You ought to know that."

SHE did not deign to answer, but threw him one swift glance of scorn and busied herself fastening her cape about her.

"Just wait till I give a last pokedown to the fire. There." He picked up his Mackinaw coat and fur cap. "Come." He paused in the doorway a moment, his reckless blue eyes looking deep into hers. "Lord! I'd sell my soul to the devil to keep you here forever!"

"What for should he buy what he already owns?" she mocked indifferently as she stepped out into the snow, and then fell back, gazing about her with a strange and startled expression. His eye reflected it as he, too, stared about him, with a look, not yet of alarm, but of wild, deep wonder. For the second that

they waited the earth, too, seemed to wait—a solemn, awe-filled moment of incalculable change—a tense moment, as if the unknown, mysterious forces of Nature were gathering themselves together for some mighty, unprecedented effort. The solid ground beneath their feet trembled, as though from a deep convulsion, the white peaks seemed bowing and bending in a strange dance; then, there was a roar as of many waters, the air darkened, and earth and sky were full of flying snow.

Alma had fallen on her knees, and was clinging blindly to the open door, her face blanched white, her lips muttering incoherent prayers; but Jessop leaned against the rough logs of his house and gazed with dazed and unbelieving eyes into this formless and whitely whirling world. He had looked upon a miracle. He had seen those immutable peaks, as stable as Time, bend and bow in their strange cosmic dance; for the change in the apparent position of one had created the illusory effect of a change in all. Gradually, as the air cleared, he saw that a new world lay about him. For a dozen yards before the cabin, his path, with its high white walls, was intact, but beyond that lay an incredibly smooth expanse of snow, one thin layer, it appeared, for the bare earth showed here and there in great patches. The road was obliterated, the vast, projecting rock ledges which had overshadowed it had disappeared. The great sweep of the avalanche had left not a tree standing. They had all been razed or else uprooted like the rocks, and carried on in that irresistible rush. The light poured baldly down upon a hillside bare and blank and utterly featureless. But down the road where the bridge had spanned the crevasse there rose a vast white mountain, effectually cutting them off from all communication with the outside world.

Nothing remained of familiar surroundings. This was a new earth. At last, Jessop roused himself from his stunned contemplation of it and bent his eyes upon Alma's cowering, muttering figure. He gazed at her a moment in unstimulated surprise, unbelievably, as if she must be a part of the vision, this miracle that he had seen; then, he leaned out from the sheltering wall and scanned with a measuring and speculative eye the white heap that rose from the crevasse and seemed almost to touch the lowering and sullen sky. Apparently satisfied, he gave one long whistle, and entering the cabin, began to build up the fires he had so carefully extinguished a short time before.

The crackling of the logs roused Alma, and she lifted her head, bent over the beads she had drawn from her pocket, and stared at him with wild eyes.

"Don't do that!" she cried, sharply. "Come!"—struggling to her feet—"we must go—go—get away from here! Dios! Are you mad? It is the end of the world. Come quickly!"

"Where?" asked Jessop, with one of his queer, sarcastic smiles, throwing another log

on the fire; for it was a peculiarity of his that his large living room held not only a small cooking stove, but a huge open fireplace.

"Home," she cried, wildly, "to the church. We can at least die blessedly. We must get to the church."

"How?" asked Jessop, still laconic. "Look at that!" He pointed to the new mountain which rose from the gully.

"Ugh!" She shrank back from the window blinking her eyes and crossing herself; then she peered out again fearfully yet curiously, in fascinated horror. "But it is all, all different," was her bewildered exclamation.

"Ha, ha, ho!" Jessop's laughter rang through the cabin, and it seemed to Alma as if that strange, white plain without were full of wild echoes of its merciless triumph. "Alma, listen."

She looked up to meet his eyes sparkling with a thousand twinkling reflections of his mad mood.

"My friend the devil took me at my word. He's a better judge of a good bargain than you are."

HER eyes swept him briefly with a sort of furtive fear; then, without a word, she fell to telling her beads again.

"Why, Alma"—a virile note of power, as if some long-dreamed-of mastery were his at last, swelled like a diapason through his voice—"every man that's lived the kind of life that I have knows that there comes times when, do what he will, he can't buck up against the combination against him; and there's other times when his luck's just like a big cornucopia without a bottom, pouring a steady stream of good things on him. In the main, life's a damn cruel mistress. She'll bind burdens on you that'd break a burro's back; she'll make you work till your fingers split open and

give you neither a fi'penny bit nor a thank ye; she'll break your heart and take all your money, the jade, and then give you the go-by. But there do come times, now and then, when she'll hang round your neck and be so soft and sweet that she makes up to you for every rotten trick she's ever played on you. Why, look at her now—the sweetheart! Look at my lease in the 'Left-Over'! Look how my ore's running! And"—he positively hugged himself at the thought—"I went down not a week ago and bought all these furnishings and fixings up!" He looked about him with pride. "George!

And to think I stocked up with provisions only yesterday! To think of it!"

"What do you mean?" Alma turned frowningly from her beads.

"That"—he pointed to the great wall between them and the camp—"that puts you in prison, right here, my girl." He spoke with deliberate and yet exultant triumph. "With me for your jailer!"

But it was only the supernatural that had power to terrify Alma, and now she threw her

(Continued on page 24.)



"There won't be any shooting around here until I say what I got to."



# NOT SO BAD AS IT'S PAINTED

*Southern Alberta Farmer Replies to Mr. W. K. Marsh to point out that Western Farmers are not Menaced by \$2.20 Wheat*

OUR issue of November 10th contained a letter from Wilbur K. Marsh, a farmer in Saskatchewan, alleging that the fixation of a maximum price on wheat was bad political economy because it restricted the selling power of a bushel and would therefore tend to curtail wheat production. On the same page we published an article by Prof. MacIver, one of his series on the Possibilities of Price Control, which stated emphatically that the fixation of a \$2.20 price on wheat was a good thing because it kept the Buying Power of the Dollar from going lower. Between these two points,

Selling Power of the Bushel,

Buying Power of the Dollar,

lies the truth of the wheat business. We have now received a letter from a farmer in Macleod, Alta., one of the oldest subscribers to the Canadian Courier, who occupies a position of influence in a public body, who disagrees absolutely and unequivocally with Mr. Marsh, and for his own personal reasons prefers not to have his name published. We give as much prominence to his letter as we gave to that of Mr. Marsh, because it deserves to be read on the other and more hopeful side of the problem: Editor, Canadian Courier:

Dear Sir,—

As a western farmer, I deplore your having permitted to be published the letter of one Wilbur K. Marsh, appearing in the issue of the Courier of Nov. 17th. If the Courier were read in the West only I should merely ignore the letter, as it certainly deserves no recognition. It is absolutely beneath the notice of Western farmers. But lest your Eastern readers, who undoubtedly greatly outnumber

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

us, should come to regard us as the mercenary misfits this aneroïd farmer's effusions would indicate, I am led to request a little of your space. A very little will suffice in which to proclaim to all Canadians that the letter referred to no more represents the attitude of Western farmers than one soldier who deserts on the eve of battle—if ever one of ours did—is typical of our gallant Canadian Army.

Not only does this letter imply grave disloyalty and seditious purpose upon our part, but it is as well, a most serious reflection upon our intelligence. Sad it is to know that one so little informed as this man evidently is should wish to proclaim his ignorance through the medium of our National weekly. Such men as he who are ambitious to appear in print ought by law to be confined to their local paper, thereby reaching only those to whom they are known personally. This is usually sufficient to guard against their being taken seriously.

Be it known to this man henceforth that the Government, through the Grain Commission, set the price on Canadian wheat at the request of the organized farmers. Also, be it known to him what every housewife in the land knows, that the price of flour was at once adjusted, and quite equitably adjusted, to the new wheat price by the millers themselves.

And yet, again, be it known to this man that the farmers generally in the West are so much bigger than he that they are content to allow minor questions of tariffs and machinery prices to rest in abeyance until they have seen through the one big problem before the world to-day.

It is unfortunately true that here and there

are evidences that not all the farmers have risen to the height their profession justly demands of them at this time. We see Non-Partizan League candidates in the field in opposition to Win-the-War Unionists, but the writer is confident that the support their candidates receive at the polls in December will prove so meagre as to quite vindicate the Western farmer in the eyes of all good Canadians. It will be found that he has only one great immediate object in view, and that he is content to await a more fitting time to demand his just rights in domestic affairs. The unfortunate thing is that the few who are so purely selfish may permanently injure the farmers' cause.

There is a lot in the Marsh letter so trivial, so childish, so picayune, that no one would think of trespassing upon your space or your readers' time by taking notice of it, but the closing paragraphs are so shamefully mercenary and contain such a malicious libel upon our profession that I must set down the following facts:

There is more land ready for crops at this moment than there ever was before at this season of the year in the history of the Prairie Provinces, and there is absolutely no intention, no thought in our minds other than to put all this land and all we can get ready between now and seed time in cereals to feed our armies and our peoples, and as to price, there isn't one farmer in a hundred who won't realize that he is mighty lucky if he gets nearly as much for his 1918 crop as the present one has brought him. Let but the elements prove propitious and you will see harvested in the West next year by far the biggest crop on record.

Southern Alberta Farmer.

## FOOD CONTROL and the RETAILER

LAST week I pointed out that the great "spread" in food prices takes place between the retailer and the consumer. This has been established beyond question by many investigations, such as that made by the U. S. Bureau of Labor statistics into the cost of marketing butter. Of the retail price of creamery butter in New York City in the cases investigated it was found that while the wholesaler took only one and a half per cent. and the jobber four per cent. the retailer required a margin of about fourteen per cent.—and butter is far from being the most costly food product for the retailer to handle. Some people who realize the size of the retailer's margin (not profit) and do not at the same time realize the cause of it—the necessary expensiveness of retailing—clamor for drastic action on the part of the Food Controller.

But when we leave the wholesale for the retail field we pass from a fairly well-mapped region to a veritable jungle of complications, and methods of price control applicable in the former case are no longer applicable here. To fix wholesale and intermediate margins is hard enough, but to fix retail prices is many times harder. There are such endless differences of cost as between different retailers, differences of rent, of wages, of transportation expenses, of service to customer, of turnover, and so on, even within a single locality, still more between localities. If retail prices are going to be fixed

### *Sixth of a Series of Articles on the Limits and Possibilities of Price and Food Control*

By PROF. R. M. MACIVER

at all it must then be by means of a great number of local boards—local price-tribunals, as it were, except that they must constantly be altering their decisions as conditions change. It is true that some system of this kind is actually in operation in Great Britain and other European countries. But I showed in an earlier article that price-fixing must be, under present British conditions, a more important part of food control than it should be in Canada. We scarcely realize how different is the food situation there and here. Again, it is easier to regulate retail prices in Great Britain than in Canada, since distances are shorter and costs more uniform from district to district. Even so, retail price-fixing in Great Britain is by no means smooth sailing. You may not observe it if you read the metropolitan papers, but read the local papers and you will find eloquent testimony on the subject. Here, for example, is an extract from a Scottish local weekly just come to hand, dated November 10th: "The extraordinary prices being paid in the open market for some time past for fat pigs have brought it home to Food Control Committees that retail selling cannot possibly

be within the limits prescribed by Lord Rhondda. Here was a pig of 178 lbs. bought in the open market. If sold over the counter at the controlled price the buyer had a dead loss of something over £3, without allowing for any shop rent, wages, etc., without which allowances no man can conduct business profitably. The Food Committees must naturally see into these things, and the problem is—What is to be done? What, indeed, but price revision, and then again price revision?

There are special cases where the fixing of retail prices may be expedient, but the general question remains: Would the result of establishing these price tribunals in Canada be worth the effort, when the immensely important thing is to turn our effort to production rather than price? With so many calls on national energy we must be careful to husband that precious thing, and I say without hesitation that **to expend that energy on this endless business of fixing retail prices, while the paramount need of further production remains unsatisfied, would itself be as striking a form of waste as any we condemn.**

Here is clearly a field where drastic coercive action by government is the least likely to succeed. Take any of the costs of food retailing which the Food Controller might attack by general edict, apart from actually fixing prices. There is waste in advertising. Shall he cut it

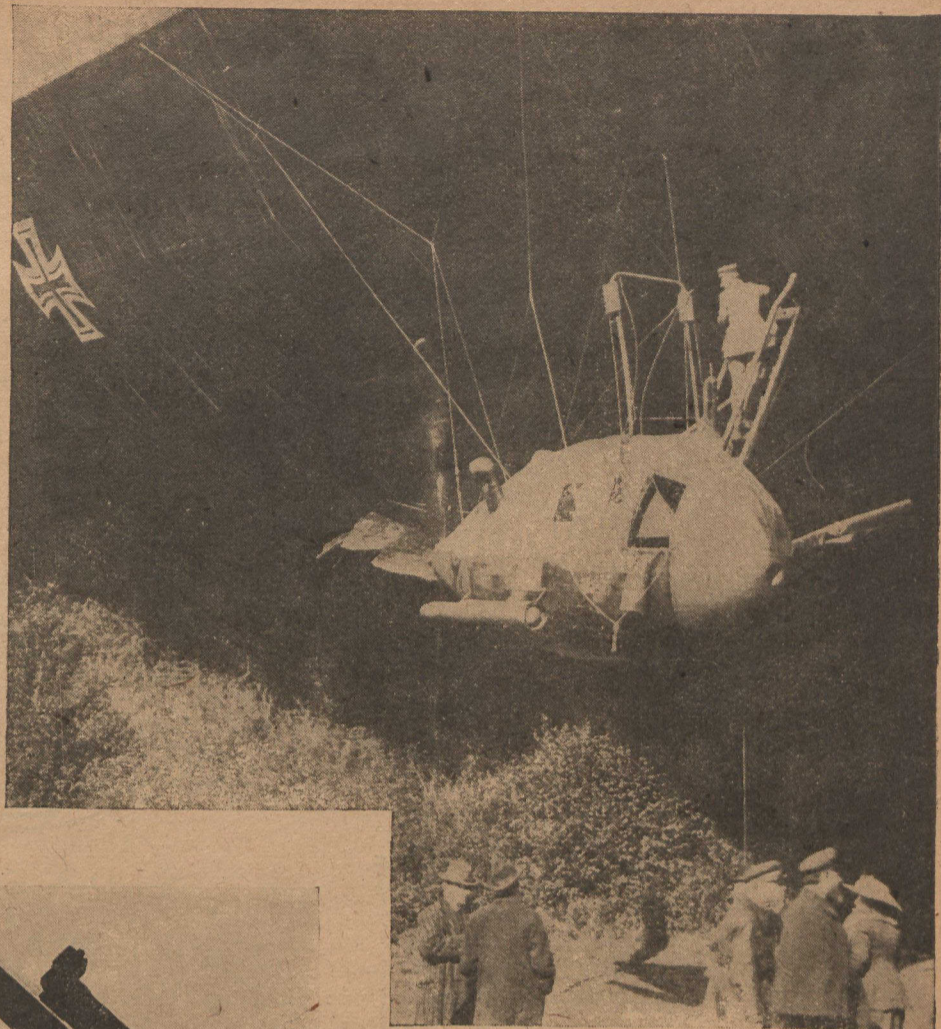
(Concluded on page 20.)



# AIR DRAMAS

## An Aerial Gondola and a Contrast

WHAT looks like a Dreadnought with its accompanying destroyer is really the section of a captured Zeppelin with its gondola. The Zeppelin is the L49 which took part in a recent air-raid over London. It was brought down on its return trip in France. The most interesting thing about the picture, aside from the huge dimensions of the Zeppelin itself is the gondola. The size of this can be estimated by the size of the man standing on it or the figure below. The gondola is as necessary to a Zeppelin as a torpedo tube is to a submarine. It is used for the same purpose. Swung below the parent air-craft, it contains the bombs which are loaded into the tube shown at the side, and from it either dropped or shot as the Zeppelin and its attachment go reeling through space. When such air mechanisms as this have in three years failed even to terrorize London or Paris, it is easy to see what human chance the Germans will have in fighting after the test gets down to the fighting qualities of the men engaged. The German army and the German nation are buoyed up by German inventions. And the inventions are failing.



## Air-Craft Silhouettes

ONE of the reasons why the Zeppelin is a failure is the growing effectiveness of British anti-aircraft guns as shown in this striking silhouette. This photograph was taken during a battle on the war front and shows the various actions involved in firing at aircraft. The gun is pointed direct at an enemy craft. The gunners are loading the gun as the men to the right pass up the shells and the officer to the left gives the order.



## More Babes in Toyland

AMONG the many results of German "valor" this procession of the Babes in Toyland to a place of safety in London is one of the most startling. A few years ago the world was buying toys for the world's children from Germany—"kind-hearted human Germany from which we get the kindergarten." These little younger than kindergarten tots are being conducted by their nurses to a place of safety from air-bombs. The place to which they are going is an underground cave which looks like a cross-section of a tunnel.



# May Be the Last Act in the Drama

**W**RITING within forty-eight hours of the great British victory in France, it is by no means easy to measure its actual extent nor to appreciate its full significance. Certainly these are not disclosed by the four-inch newspaper maps with which most of us have to content ourselves. The strategical values are shown only by a study of the whole battle line from the North Sea to Verdun.

The tendency of that battle line under the inexorable pressure of the Allied advance has been to straighten itself, that is to say, to bring itself more or less parallel with the Belgian frontier. At the beginning of the spring the line was nearly straight north and south from Nieuport to Noyon, within a few miles of Paris, and thence in an easterly direction to Verdun and Metz. Roughly speaking, it formed the two sides of a square, and the angle at Noyon, where the line turned east, was nearly a right angle. It had remained almost unchanged since the Battle of the Marne, when the two armies, each trying to outflank the other, had raced northward until stopped by the sea. It was the beginning of the "deadlock" that pro-German writers assured us could not be broken except through the advent of a German peace. Their solicitude was obviously due to the fear that it could, and would, be broken, a solicitude that we see now to have been well founded. None the less it deceived many.

The first important shifting of the lines took place at the beginning of the spring. The Battle of the Somme had forced the Germans from Bapaume and Peronne, and had wrested from them a considerable extent of territory. The battle, that had been stopped by the winter, was about to be resumed, when the Germans forestalled the inevitable and evacuated, not only the whole of the territory under immediate dispute, but the entire contents of the triangle Arras-Noyon-Craonne. The new Hindenburg Line was established from Arras—or rather to the north of Arras—to Craonne, thus substituting a nearly straight line for the rectangular formation that preceded it. The southern part of the north and south line was thus swung eastward toward the Belgian and Luxemburg frontiers.

In this way the Germans shortened their lines and economized their man power, but we need not stop to examine their ridiculous claims that they had embarrassed the Allied strategy, or that their retreat, that was in every sense compulsory, was a "retreat to victory." Once more we were told that the new line was impregnable, and that there was another deadlock that could be broken only by negotiations. The wish was father to the thought.

**M**UCH to the German surprise, the new Hindenburg Line was not attacked except at its extremities, that is to say, at the points where it was hinged to the old fortifications. Sir Douglas Haig made tremendous assaults around Arras, Oppy, Gavrelle and Fresnoy. At times it seemed as though he might break through, but the Germans patched up the breaches in their line, and effectually hardened their resistance. The French at the southern hinge had somewhat better luck. They took Craonne and threatened Laon, but the Crown Prince began his attacks on the Chemin des Dames, toward Rheims, and along the line to Verdun, and no critical gains were made by the French until their assault of a month ago, when they cleared the Chemin des Dames, forced the Germans across the Ailette, and advanced within easy range of Laon.

It now became probable that the Germans

**WHAT is taking place in Russia makes it obvious that the war must be mainly won on the west front. The breaking of the Hindenburg Line is not in itself sufficient. The fact that it can be broken and the Germans driven back does mean that the force accumulated on that front is constantly gaining in weight and intensity to a point when it becomes the irresistible force, no matter what Germany may do with Russia.**

By **SIDNEY CORYN**

were contemplating a further retreat from the Hindenburg Line toward the Belgian frontier, and that their attack upon the French line in the south was intended to facilitate such a move. The Hindenburg Line, in its retreat, would have to pass across the face of the French army on the Aisne heights, and it was therefore imperative that the French forces should be dislodged before such a move could be made.

**B**Y this time Sir Douglas Haig had transferred his attacks to Ypres, and had been so far successful as to create a great salient, and to render the necessity of a German retreat still more emergent. The Germans, indeed, were in a predicament. Their northern line, as well as the new Hindenburg Line, was swaying at both extremities under the British and French blows. A withdrawal was urgently demanded, but a withdrawal was rendered doubly difficult, first because of its military dangers, and secondly because of its effect upon German public opinion that was growing restive and inclined to be suspicious of another "retreat to victory."

This brings us to the last and the most remarkable battle of the war. At present we know only the bare facts, and it may be many days before its full results become apparent. The Hindenburg Line has been in a somnolent state since its establishment, with the exception of the attacks upon its two ends, near Arras and at Craonne. It was probably lightly held, and we may be sure that the Germans had confidently withdrawn some of its defenders for the purpose of the Italian offensive. None the less its fortifications were enormously strong, as defensive strength was measured before the advent of the tank. The British commander was able to mass an attacking force sufficient to cover over thirty miles of line, and he seems to have done this without arousing the slightest suspicion in the minds of the enemy.

A large number of tanks were also collected, and with an equal secrecy, a feat of modern war as remarkable as any that has been seen. There was no preliminary bombardment, and therefore no warning of the British intention. The tanks did everything that could be expected from prolonged artillery work, and even more. They passed through the wire entanglements as though they were not there. The infantry followed them, and attacked so unexpectedly that there was no formidable opposition until the rear lines had been reached.

The first reports said that the German lines had been penetrated to a depth of five miles. A day later we are told that this had been increased to six miles, and that Cambrai was under fire and was burning. Presumably the six miles' advance was not over the whole length of the line extending from Arras to St. Quentin. The advance would probably take a curved formation with the heaviest pressure in the centre, which would be opposite Cambrai. The success is timidly admitted by the German bulletin, which at the same time claims insignificant successes at the two extremities of the arc of advance, and the recapture of a village immediately to the west of Cambrai.

**I**T is likely that news of a still more stirring nature will be available before these lines are in print. I am strongly of opinion that the British success is much greater than has been disclosed by the conservative bulletins. The use of cavalry is significant, since cavalry would probably be used for a turning movement which would become possible only with the complete penetration of the German lines. If the lines have actually been pierced, then it would be difficult to exaggerate the peril of the German army. It must retreat over a front of a hundred miles, and it would be lucky to be able to retreat at all.

Such a movement would not be confined to the thirty odd miles of line under attack. It would probably involve the whole line from the North Sea to Laon, and this would uncover the flank of the Crown Prince, who must also fall back. The French would at once attack on the east and west line from Laon to Verdun, and the possible results to the Germans are hardly calculable. It is the most interesting and vital situation that has yet been seen. The Battle of the Marne was the first great act in the drama, and this may easily be the last.

The Italian situation has improved, but it is still too early to say that a retreat from the Piave positions will not be necessary. It is to be remembered that the chief danger to the Italians does not lie in the direct attacks on the Piave positions and in German efforts to cross the river, but in the Teuton attempt to move southward from the northern mountains to the rear of the Italian army. The area that actually contains the greatest danger is immediately south of the mountains between the rivers Piave and Brenta, and as far westward as Asiago. It is here that the Teutons are winning whatever success has come to their arms, and it is the bulletins that relate to this area that should be most carefully scanned. But it may be said again that a further Italian retreat is not an Italian defeat, and it may be said, also, that every day of delay is to the Italian advantage. French and British reinforcements are now in touch with the Italian forces, and the prospect is in every way brighter than it was a week ago. The German bulletins admit a preponderance of numbers in favor of the Italians, and they confess that the situation is a difficult one for them, which is suggestive of their old methods of preparing their people in advance for one more disappointment.

**I SAID** last week that even if Germany should decisively defeat the Italian armies it would have no grave military effect upon the Allied cause in general. The fact that she threw her army against Italy instead of against the French and the British is in itself an admission of despair of being able to resist her inevitable doom upon the western front. Would any intelligent person doubt the ultimate issue of the war if the German armies in the west were actually expelled from France and Belgium?



# EDITORIAL

## Were We War-Prepared? No!

"Laurier and the Canadian Courier were two souls with but a single thought in the days when the publication and the Premier took sweet counsel together in the neutralities of pacifism, in the fervor of their common hatred of dreadnoughts and their ignorant unbelief in the German peril."—Toronto Telegram.

**T**HE Courier frankly admits that before the war it preached the doctrine of pacifism, the gospel of "peace on earth, good-will towards men," and did not believe in the imminence of the German peril. Further, the Courier will admit that it did not emphasize the necessity of military preparedness as it would have done had it believed in the imminence of the German peril.

But the Telegram is wrong in saying that the Courier opposed the building of Dreadnoughts. Reference to the Courier files will show that this journal supported the Dreadnought policy of Sir Robert Borden, and supported the Canadian navy policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It deliberately straddled the policies of both governments, and strove for their fusion. It urged the Canadian navy in the days when the Telegram joined hands with M. Bourassa in opposing the building of cruisers and submarines, two complete naval units, for the protection of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of Canada, and the overseas commerce of the country. It fought for a navy, for ships that might have done what Australia's navy has done in the war. With all its might the Courier protested against the "tin pot" campaign of ridicule waged by M. Bourassa and the Toronto Telegram.

When Sir Robert Borden succeeded Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the administration of the country's affairs, the Courier continued to support naval preparedness; it could see no inconsistency in making the three proposed Dreadnoughts part of the Canadian navy—to be built in Great Britain, if necessary; to be loaned to the Imperial Government, if necessary; but, eventually, to come under the administration of the Canadian Government, administered and supported in exactly the same way as our land forces of to-day.

A pretty broad programme for a pacifist journal, disbelieving in the imminence of the German peril, eminently broader than that of the peril-believing Telegram, which in substance said: If we cannot give Dreadnoughts for Great Britain to man and maintain, we will do nothing at all.

But Sir Wilfrid and the Courier were not alone in their pacifism, in their disbelief of the German peril. Sir Robert and his Government disbelieved in its imminence; otherwise, the outbreak of war would not have found the shores of this country unprotected; otherwise, there would have been great modern guns built in this country and Canadian artillery-men trained in their use; otherwise there would have been stores of ammunitions for the army. There would have been trained infantry-men, instead of a half-disciplined, half-recruited, half-efficient militia. There would have been no panic in Toronto, no spending of money for antiquated arms to guard the city from invasion.

And Mr. Asquith and England were pacifists. They did not believe in the imminence of the German peril. Mr. Asquith and England were essentially unprepared for the war when it came, and it was England's very unpreparedness that guaranteed to the world she sought no war, had no designs for expansion, no designs for interference with the affairs of other nations. It was unpreparedness which won her the support of that great pacifist country,

the United States; her unpreparedness which won her the sympathy and the support of the best part of the world; and which will eventually win the war for the Allies, for the triumph of pacifism.

Cheerfully, the Courier admits its pacifism before the war, and cheerfully does it accord its support in placing all the resources of this country in opposition to the militarism of the German Empire.

Apparently alone, did the Telegram believe in militarism. No, not alone, for the Kaiser believed in it also!

## The Riddle of Russia

**S**O Russia has at last lapsed into Leninism, which we hope will make as much headway as it deserves. The greatest asset the Allies can have now in that part of the world is as much disunion as possible. A united Russia, under the banners of Lenine, would make it possible to convert Russia into an antagonist. German disruptions feed upon Leninism. If there is a real Russia, a nation that is not a mob, behind the red-rag forces that now seem to dominate the country, that part of it will make the Germanization of Russia impossible. The release of 1,000,000 German prisoners in Russia will do a good deal to buck up Germany's man-power. But that will be of small use against a much greater American army that can be landed on the west front by the time Germany's reclaimed army is available in action. We shall continue to hope that the spirit of Revolution, even in the shape of anarchy, caused by the curse of absolute monarchy, will continue to work and to act as a boomerang on the Kaiser. All we have to fear at present is what most we hoped for a while ago, a united Russia. If Germany is waiting to deal a separate peace with a duly authorized Russian government, let us hope that no such government will be possible till the war is over, and that anarchy will continue to prevail. In Russian anarchy lies the advantage of the Allies. A people who seem to be ripe for civil war should not be deprived of the luxury if civil war in Russia means an impossible barrier to German domination.

## No Party Capital in Disloyalty

**W**HAT Kitchener, Ont., seems to be suffering from is a minority of undenationalized Germans; unfortunately represented by a majority of the City Council in its disloyal refusal to apologize to the Premier of the country for the disturbance at the meeting called by Sir Robert Borden for the discussion of national issues. Attempts have been made to convert this into a political issue. Such efforts should be treated with the contempt they deserve. Whether on one side or another in this election, disloyalty cannot be regarded as party politics. It does not require a very sublime height of idealism to say that no supporter of either party in this country would or could have any part in such an exhibition of anti-Canadianism. The politician or the leader who would count rank disloyalty as an asset to his cause would not hesitate to accept German money for the campaign fund. When a respectable paper like the Toronto News insinuates that the Laurier campaign is backed by German money, there is no reason why less reputable newspapers should not say that the Laurier campaign is backed by the disloyalty of a minority of undenationalized Germans in the city of Kitchener. Sir Robert Borden, in his electoral campaign, is not the Sir Robert Borden who came out with his anti-reciprocity

campaign in 1911. Sir Robert Borden in 1917 is the head of a Union Party which he proposes to make into a Union Government by the consent and the will of the Canadian people. That Union Party stands or falls by the Military Service Act, which is law. The party which proposes to substitute what the Parliament of Canada have already discarded for the purpose of carrying on the war in Canada are doing so because they believe they are right. Every man, every party is entitled to its beliefs when those beliefs do not menace the loyalty of the country to itself, to the cause and the Empire. The eruption of minority-disloyalty at Kitchener should be deplored as deeply by the Liberal Party as by the Unionists. That disloyalty is a menace to Canada, no matter which party may be in power. It is a symptom of anarchy which has become too prevalent at various times in most of the countries engaged in the war on the side of the Allies. If any Unionist gloats over such a symptom as a proof that the Liberal Party is in league with the Kaiser, he is just as bad as any Liberal who would welcome such an exhibition because it means a certain menace in one quarter to the cause of Unionism, military service and law. For the sake of all the national decency we can preserve in the most serious election ever held in Canada, we hope that sensible opinion on either side will repudiate the small-minority disloyalty in Kitchener, Ont.

## Coal and Christianity

**C**OAL and Christianity are not, as a rule, in the same boat. Just now we seem to need a good deal of Christianity in our concern about coal. There is talk of confiscating citizen coal for the sake of people who haven't any. In some ways a very commendable idea. But as applied to communities where coal-confiscation is most urgent, there should be a better way out. Every big city has a large percentage of poor people and a large number of churches. It was said by the Founder of the Christian Church, "The poor ye have always with you." We understand this to mean that the church has a constant duty towards the poor.

Very well. The large number of churches in any city like Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, where the coal-less cellars of the poor are most abundant, contain thousands of tons of coal supposed to be used in the cause of practical Christianity. It takes more coal to heat a big church once a week than it takes to warm forty small homes for a week. In the name of Christianity, as applied to coal, why should not a number of congregations either worship in their church basements or combine their congregations and let the poor people have the extra coal? Why should not some of the money-losing hotels do likewise?

## A Terrible Book

**W**HEN you want to feel what war smells like, eats like—what in all its filth, fury and misery it actually is like, just pull down the bed light, fix up your pillow nicely, light your pipe and open anywhere you like that book by Henri Barbusse—"Under Fire." Remember, you are still a human being, and have the veneer of civilization; perhaps a telephone at your bed; and to-morrow you will growl if the porridge is scorched a bit or you didn't get a ticket to the opera.

We quite intended to quote one of the casual horrors so ably and savagely depicted in this book, but on second thought have decided to let the reader do so for himself. There are paeks and stacks of war books. Almost anybody is entitled to try his hand at another one. Nobody is likely to rival Henri Barbusse. Even Kipling, in his most realistic period, never got to the zolvesque limits of this peculiarly French thing. And no doubt it's all true.



PREVIOUS instalments show that Martin Hoag, office manager of Markhams, Ltd., has begun to get a glimpse of the life that for years he has been merely dreaming about. In getting away from the commonplace, so-called realities of routine, he found that his books, his shadow, his drunken fellow-man, the midnight woman with the baby, and the moving picture, all pulled him in the direction of what really—Is.

By  
THOMAS  
TOPLEY

Continued from  
Last Week

The other women in the case—one of them sacrificed to the system, the other made by it, are both symbols of the other life that men don't have to die in order to realize. One of them reveals to him the power of sex; the other the power of sacrifice. In this instalment of pictures illustrated by little chapters, Hoag has the choice of the system that will make him comfortable, or the shadow that will make him live.

# WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

*A Serial Story Told in as Many Pictures and as Few Words as Possible*



"To-morrow I will send you a story and a good one. Next thing to a scoop, Eh?"

## XVI.

MARKHAM came back to the office as a bull moose smashes through underbrush. Three weeks on the rocks with shoepacks and mack-inaw socks on the long trails after the engineers, camp grubstake in the highlands and bunking in a tent would have given him good humor enough for a year if he hadn't been so crazy about iron. Iron was his mania. He could almost eat it. Iron is good for the blood, they say. Markham's blood was up. In pursuit of iron he was like a tiger stalking an antelope. And he spouted his sudden mania in the office, where for a while he had no need of wiles or diplomacy as he damned the rugs and wished he were back on the moss and buzzed for Miss Munro.

He smiled at her, grabbing his chair hard. "Get me all the factory heads on the line as soon as possible. These reports don't please me. Meanwhile take a few letters."

He rattled off twenty which she took down in galloping short-hand. When the telephone interrupted she discreetly got to her own line and rang up all the managers, instructing each of them to get on his line as soon as it was open. He depended on her to be smooth. She knew how. For the present, to him she was a sexless machine, not expecting the common civility to which a woman is entitled, knowing that his humor would work off before the day was over and by evening he would be quite charmingly polite. There were times when working for Markham was the limit of any endurance; times again when it was possible to enjoy candy and flowers and books in the office. Helen Munro took the average. She preferred such a man to the steam roller who never varied his gait. This man was like nobody else she knew. In the morning he tortured his managers over the wire; in the afternoon he would have each of them on the carpet. Before noon three reporters came. Helen knew better than to admit any

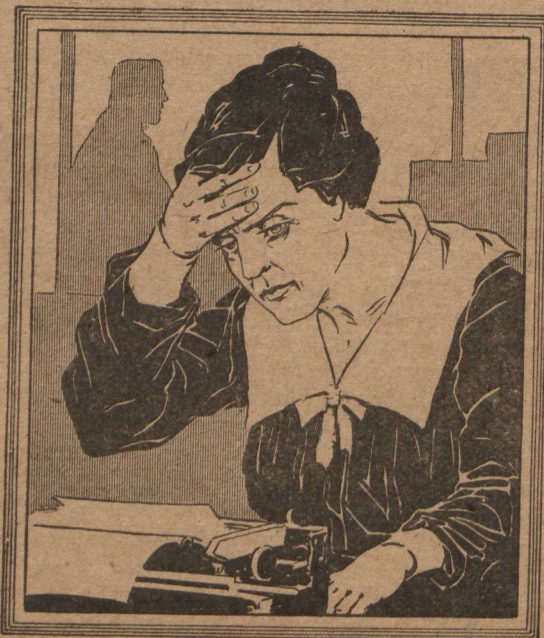
of them. They got as far as the counter just outside her office.

"Ah!" he said. "You want a story, So good of you. But I am sorry. You must wait. I have been hunting. But to-morrow—I will send you a story, and a good one. Next thing to—a scoop! Eh?"

And to each scribe he handed a cigar that looked like a small submarine torpedo.

## XVII.

TRYING to adjust herself to the new swing of things in the office, Elsie Carnovan lost her nerve. She knew that now, if ever, the system demanded of her one hundred per cent. efficiency. None of Mr. Hoag's benign assurances could prevent her from feeling the terrible exhilaration that radiates from one powerful personality in the head office, whose moving form she could now and then see faintly silhouetted through the crizzly glass. Elsie would have worked even desperately harder to please Mr. Markham, whom she could sometimes see in her sleep, like some gigantic dynamo in phantom form, but who had never even set eyes upon her to recognize her. She knew that in the great system dominated by him she was nothing but one of the cobwebs on a wheel, which more speed would fling off into the dust-heap. She was the least efficient girl in the shop. She knew it. Sometimes she felt that Mr. Markham, with his terrible grasp of things, knew it, too; then she smiled feebly at her own conceit and with dizzy head and frazzling nerves felt herself going into something very much like what some people call hysteria. She knew there was something wonderfully potentiaic about Mr. Markham; that he was about to make Markhams, Ltd., one of the biggest things in Canada; that to be able to register as a hundred per cent. efficient in her own little corner of such a works would come to mean something vastly more than merely hammering away at a machine anywhere else. And the more she bent herself



The more she felt that the thing was shaking her as the wind does a rag on a clothes line.

to get the throb and the thrill of the thing, the more she felt that the thing was shaking her as a wind does a rag on a clothes-line.

## XVIII.

HENRY MARKHAM understood publicity. He had made a long and shrewd study of newspapers. It was one of his common sayings, "It's what people think, not what they do, that concerns me." By which he meant that if people thought in his direction favorably enough he could get them to do about what he wanted. So he was very careful to keep all the newspapers oiled up—except the Clarion, which was the organ of the workers.

"Why the devil is it?" he asked Miss Munro, "that a paper that has no money is so hard to get into line?"

She knew that he understood why.

"Those stories are ready, sir," handing him a sheaf of typewritten sheets.

"Oh! Clarion gets one, too. Thanks!"

He looked at her through a web of smoke.

"You are—almost a genius," he laughed.

Smiling, she withdrew. In a few minutes he came and handed her back the MSS. with instructions to see that each paper got its story just as she had prepared it; he had made no changes.

"But of course the Clarion won't print a line of it," he said. "They don't need to. Those beggars pretty nearly guessed what was in the wind. I wonder how?"

On that point Miss Munro could not enlighten him. But he still believed that somebody in the office had let the news leak out to the Clarion. He did not suspect her; she knew that.

Thousands of people next day discovered that Henry Markham's three weeks' absence in the north had to do with a sensational discovery and utilization of iron ore deposits that were to work a miracle on the economies of that city, and in fact all that part of the country.

On the following day, while the street and the clubs were still clacking about the marvelous movements of this wizard of industrial finance, in each of the five papers a large advertisement blazoned forth to the world that for the first time in the history of mining here was a mine that would immediately affect the prosperity of countless thousands of people, not only now, but hereafter; that to bring this about Markhams, Ltd., proposed to become the business agent of the public; that naturally a scheme so vast as the Munro Mine and its affiliated concerns would take more money than Markhams, Ltd., had or could get from its own business; that Markhams were not bankers, but business developers; that a great amount of money was urgently and immediately needed if this bonanza was to develop into a boom; that said money might be got from financial institutions, but Markhams preferred to get it in small lots from the people, because the new iron and steel epic, with all its vast ramifications in industry, trade and finance would mean the ultimate good of thousands of homes and the public would naturally like to invest in



the enterprise as stock-holders, thus reaping the benefit of their own investments not merely in dividends, but in work and wages; that in asking for this money in return for stock Markhams, Ltd., were merely planting the people's money that the people might get the harvest.

The whole alluring argument was skilfully surprinted upon a huge map which, in bold outlines, showed the location of the Munro Mine, the proposed railway to ship-water, the new ore terminal, and the dotted lines of ship routes carrying down the ore. On the margin of the map were shrewd little sketches, showing miners, navvies, locomotives, dock-hands, ships and blast furnaces.

This advertisement got a swift popularity among hundreds of thousands of readers never achieved in so short a time by the most sensational "best seller" among popular novels.

But the Clarion refused to print it. And Henry Markham cursed the Clarion.



"Come across on this proposition and I'll make you the man psychologically behind one of the greatest businesses in Canada!"

## XIX.

## Iron and Psychology

HOAG'S first talk with Markham was after he had blinked uncomfortably at a string of ironmaster pictures—Germans most of them, except Carnegie—and two or three monarchs, one of whom must have been the Kaiser, in the big, main office. The boss read on. He had a habit of keeping certain people waiting when he wanted to impress them.

His manner was oddly quiet. He smoked almost reflectively as he turned and without glancing at Hoag gazed out of the window.

"Yes," he said, musingly, "I've been thinking, Mr. Hoag, that it's time you and I understood—each the other."

He accented the last words.

"You have outgrown the office. I knew you would. Miss Munro did. It's the way all worth-while people do who work for me—uh, with me I prefer to say, if you will excuse me. Eh?"

Hoag squirmed at this politeness. He had expected a raking over the coals about his unfitness to be any good whatever in a modern business system.

"A great business such as this is bound to become Mr. Hoag, makes itself—create opportunity. It is my first principle to have first of all the men. Give me the men and I'll find them the work. When the man gets next to the work he will develop it until that work needs other men. That is what I call—business creation. And it is all—a question of individuality—in—subordination—uh, I prefer to say co-ordination. Eh?"

Hoag understood that silence was the best answer.

"But you have not yet been co-ordinated, Mr. Hoag."

Markham bit off a fresh cigar. "Sorry you don't smoke. I can always talk better to a man if he smokes. Yah."

Hoag observed that the man's pin-wheel, bushy eyes had a sort of diamond lustre. Markham was talking in a low, somewhat guttural tone. His mask was on.

"You and I, Mr. Hoag, are—opposites. You never could do my work; it would kill you in a week. You have not begun to do yours; and if ever you do I shall never be able to do it in your place. And I am not flattering you."

Hoag gave a dry cough, and squirmed a bit.

Markham waved a hand at the ironmaster pictures.

"We are all hard men," he said, as he walked pompously along the row. "Iron is a hard business. This is the iron age."

He stalked, thumbs in his armllets.

"The nation that leads in iron will rule the world. England did. She has gone to third place. America is first. But unless this continent makes greater progress America will soon be in second place, and we shall all be led and therefore ruled by Germany."

In a corner bookshelf Markham had a row of books on iron and steel. He had read them all.

"But I am not to preach to you about iron, Mr. Hoag. You will never be an ironmaster. You have—other talents."

Hoag walked to the window.

"Yes," said Markham, after a pause. "I believe in psychology of the working class. Without that the iron trade is impossible. The business that goes to more than par with others is that which studies the psychology of the workers."

Hoag felt himself mumbling several commonplaces. He had never known Markham to be so confidential. And he guessed what was coming.

"Mr. Hoag"—the voice was a sort of guttural whisper—"you have the psychologic power to understand the common people. You have tremendous sympathies. You go about prying into personalities. An ordinary system would push you out because you would interfere. Markhams, Ltd., wants you—in; more in; altogether in; wants you to do for a great system and for money what you now do in a small way to please your benevolent instincts. Do you—get me?"

Markham stepped over the shadow of Hoag, who inadvertently stepped aside. He could almost count the purple dots in the man's rough but expensive tweeds.

"So, what I have to offer you is something which is in your power to create. As the head of Markhams, Ltd., I want to understand—sympathetically—the temperament of those in our shops and factories. In a short time those shops will be like a village that becomes a city. But we want to humanize them. We must find out what the men want, what they are thinking and saying among themselves—one to another. Markhams, Ltd., must what you call psychologize itself with those people. We must build iron and steel upon the minds of the people. And the man who does that will be more valuable to me than any head of department I have, because he will be at the head of the department of applied psychology."

Markham rubbed his hands. He was visibly excited; had, as he confessed, stolen some of his terms from university professors with whom he had taken dinner.

"Money, Mr. Hoag, will be no object. Come across on this proposition and I will guarantee to make you the man psychologi-

cally behind one of the greatest businesses in Canada. The university will send men to you to discover your methods. You will be written up in the magazines. But—you are always to bear in mind that the real secrets of your work belong to Markhams, Ltd. On no account will you—"

The telephone rang. The ante-room was half full of important people all waiting for the boss, at a signal from whose eyebrows Mr. Hoag slid his shadow out of the office.

## XX.

## A Sentimental Calculation

NO doubt Markham had lifted a curtain to Hoag. Clever man! No wonder he succeeded. Temptation. A vista. Mysterious Mr. Hoag, man behind at Markhams, strange but vital link between the world of factories and of colleges; chance to hobnob with professors, to write books.

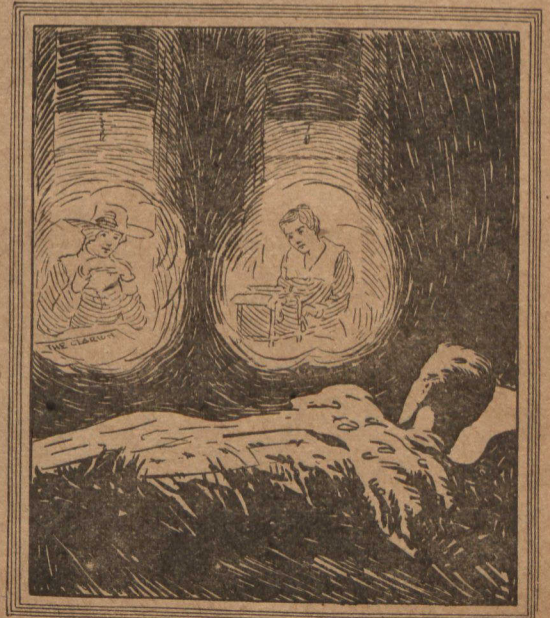
Any man half human would have warmed up to this.

Hoag assuredly did. He became quite excited. Much of a child. What lured him more than the obvious side of the scheme was the extremely personal side.

And here, as Hoag turned it over in his room at midnight among his nondescript rows of books, most of the lodgers asleep, he got a glimpse of himself quite startling. He felt his ears go hot with excitement. Most ordinary thing in the world. Take Markham up, co-ordinate himself, grow into a new, creative job with a fat salary—how then could Helen Munro consent to marry Henry Markham? Would she not prefer the manager of applied psychology? With all her craze for operas and fine clothes and limousines and some big castle going up on the Rosemount nouveaux riches hill, would she not foresee that she would some day weary of it all and prefer to link up with a phase of the work that was so much more human than being the wife of a great ironmaster?

It all came with a rush. Markham had swept him off his feet. He felt dizzy. The man had shown him a new world.

But would Markham give her up? With no doubt in the world that he could win the woman away from him, Hoag flattered himself yet further that Markham would even release Helen if to do so meant to further the interests of his business. He was not so deeply in love with her. She charmed him only as fifty other women might. He was blind to her real charm, to her essential magic, valuing most her ability and her feminine wiles. After all, as the wife of Martin Hoag, she might be more valuable to Markham than as Mrs. Markham.



In the grey blur of the two windows he saw the phantoms of two women.





His first glimpse of Markhams, Ltd., up under the hill just as the men were getting out.

Or perhaps some day she would be Lady Markham?

Such things did happen in Canada.

And the thought of that filled the foolish man with all sorts of purple desires; made him for the time being scheme and dicker with himself and with fate for the hand and the heart of a woman whom he might lure away from this thumping big ironmaster that never allowed another man to defeat his purposes. Helen would understand. All was fair in love. Why should Martin Hoag not be in love with a woman whom he had known before Markham ever paid her a salary? Why should he not prove to Markham that he was even more of an artist than he imagined?

Anyway, Helen Munro would be happy as Helen Hoag.

Yet, as he admitted, she would make a fine Lady Markham.

Hoag creaked himself to bed.

Anyway, as he was now and ordinarily would become if he failed to go in on Markham's terms, he was doomed to remain a nice, humanizing dub. Modern business would never use of him more than a mere fringe of his personality; leave him to vegetate among his books and his shadows and moon over the movies when he could make nothing out of them, floundering among vague ideas and presentments of one kind or another—when he might, by hooking up with Markham, redeem the beast in his business even if he had to rob him of a woman to do it; or even though he left him the woman—and himself became the devotee only of his new work among the labor people, the link between the factory and the college.

Ah! Now he began to understand. Markham's strange fear of the Clarion, which had refused to print his Markham Mine advertisement. What had that to do with the case?

Probably much. Hoag liked the Clarion. Markham feared it.

Markham was a strange man.

## XXI.

### A Spiritual Spy

HOAG got his first glimpse of Markhams, Ltd., up under the hill, just at 5.30 on a winter evening, when the men were getting out. He had never dreamed the place was so vast, thought he knew how many hundreds of men were employed. What might it be in future? Grimy-looking men, some of them like coal-heavers—but they all seemed to be kings to Hoag. Odd blotches of talk in the snow only piqued his curiosity. Some trouble shaping up. Men had leaders in close intimacy with the Clarion. Two of the men mentioned Clarion

as they went by. Up near the gate Hoag could hear the sharp voice of a newsie selling Clarions. He remembered Markham's fear of that sheet, the paper he could not buy. He lost himself in a sort of dream as he reflected—how Markham had tried to buy him. These were the men he was to go amongst as a sort of spiritual spy. Up the hill yonder stood acres of new homes, most of them peopled by families of Markhams, Ltd. No business in the country had such an organized community of workers. Markham himself had spent a fortune on Dukes' Acre. He had also built the Dukes' Acre church. Now he wanted Hoag to go in there as a spiritual worker, getting practical psychology; perhaps organizing some corps of social workers—all the machinery that would naturally arouse the employees' suspicions if done clumsily. He, Hoag, was to do it deftly, irresistibly. Again—it was a great temptation. He was to regulate all matters affecting the Markham Foundation for Workers—and he was to do it in the guise of a common workman, in the foundry, in the yard, in the machine shops, wearing overalls, getting grime on his face and calluses on his hands—being a thorough-paced hypocrite as well as a spy.

Hoag whistled to himself as a long snake of flatcars loaded with pig-iron creaked and coughed over the siding in among the foundry walls. The night shift was working. The village of Markhams, Ltd., soon to be a city, as the boss said, was all shot up with flares of fantastic light and shadow. Hoag turned and left it; went somewhat vaguely to the nearest hotel, where he got his supper and read the Clarion. Again, as the Clarion noted, some trouble was imminent at Markhams, coming so soon after the great publicity campaign for the Markham Mine.

When would this paper and the people who kept it up find out that the best interest of Markham lay in avoiding trouble? Why did they persist in taking Markham as a wolf?

The Clarion was evidently engineering a strike.

Hoag hated the whole idea of a strike.

Somebody should prevent strikes.

That was to have been his job.

At a salary equal to that of any manager; second only to the nominal salary of the boss himself.

## XXII.

### One Way of Looking at It

AS early as possible Hoag climbed the overhead bridge at the tracks and went to find the house where Elsie lived. Elsie was ill at home. The high speed of the office wheel had flung off the cobweb. This bridge was the way she had gone and come twice a day for months now; no wonder she had grown tired of it. The street was dark and narrow, but quite respectable; the house a mere section of a block marked off by a window above and below the dead image of twenty others in the row. But it was neatly kept and had the cheerfulness that comes of gentle breeding. Mrs. Carnovan, a peaked little woman, was up and about, mainly because Elsie was abed and one of them had to be doing the work.

"I'm sure it's more than good of you to call," she said. "I'll tell Elsie you're here. I know she'll want to see you."

Hoag was struck with the likeness of the two women; more than ever when he came to Elsie, propped up in pillows in her tidy little room.

"Oh, I think I shall soon be out," she said, quickly, with a flush as he sat beside the bed. "I must do something. Mother can't. No, not back to the office—please don't mention it. That place is too fast for

me now. I think I'll try millinery—or something."

Hoag rammed his hands into his pockets and gazed at the ceiling. He had no particular reason for coming, except to cheer the girl, whose nerves were completely unstrung.

"Elsie," he said, suddenly, as he caught her smiling at the way he looked. "I don't mind how crazy you think I am. You are going to be all right."

"Christian Science?" she tittered. "No thanks."

He lifted a finger.

"There's no name to it," he said. "People limit their beliefs when they give them names. But I want you to keep me in your mind. I shall need you."

She looked at him sceptically.

"Now, you mustn't talk in riddles, Mr. Hoag. You know well enough that you're not the one of us that needs anything—except yourself and your own way of getting along."

"Excuse me," he snapped. "I don't get along. I am a dismal failure."

"Oh!" Elsie was silent for a while.

"Does—Miss Munro—think so?"

He blinked both eyes somewhat irritably.

"I haven't consulted her."

Another hiatus in the talk.

"Still—she seemed very much concerned by the way—the way you acted on the screen that evening, Mr. Hoag."

He yawned. "I think you mean—mortified."

"Oh, well, it was a good show. I really think you ought to go into movie acting. I thought it was just bully the way you—"

He got up. "Now you're getting excited."

"All right. Tell me to calm down and I will. But—but look here, Mr. Hoag, you know very well that if she hadn't wanted to get me out of the office she could have found me a job I could do. But she wanted me out. I knew it. I knew the day she came and talked to me—that she was jealous. Oh, well—oh, well, I admire her. I think she's marvelous, the things she does and the way she keeps up to that terrible man, Mr. Markham, and the standing she has with all those fine people over on Rosemount Road. She's earned it. I couldn't. But I know that if I were Martin Hoag, with all his ability and kindness and personal interest in people, I'd never let a big bully of an iron-master—"

Hoag smiled and took her hand.

"There, my girl, you've said enough absurd things to make you feel better for a while. I'm coming to see you often. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

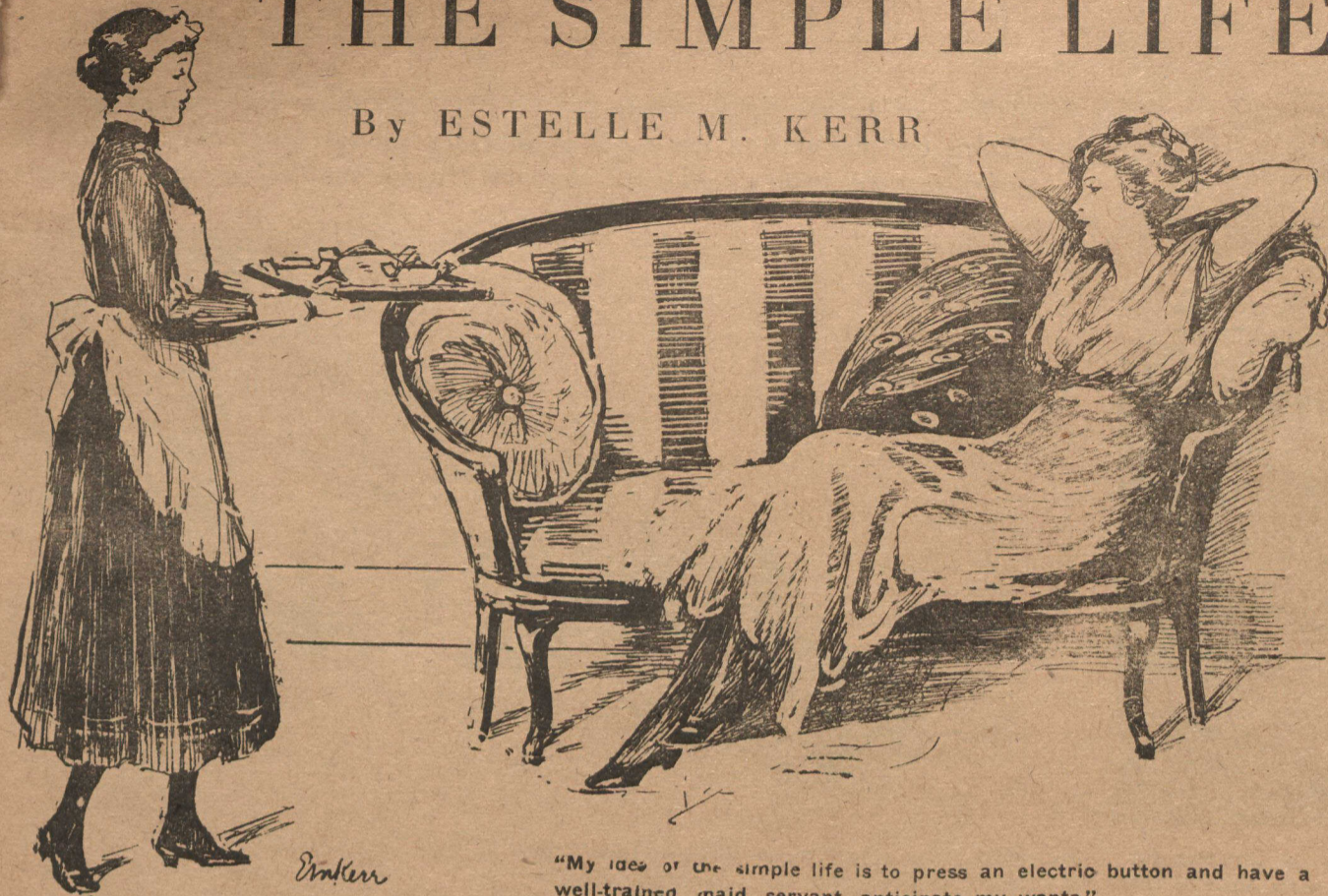


"If I were Martin Hoag I'd never let a big bully of an iron master—"



# THE SIMPLE LIFE

By ESTELLE M. KERR



"My idea of the simple life is to press an electric button and have a well-trained maid servant anticipate my wants."

"LIFE is too complicated!" said the Busy Woman, as she sank into an easy chair and loosened her furs.

"Yours certainly is," said the Languid One. "Have you instituted any new organization for the uplift of humanity?"

"No, just the same old round, only a trifle worse. Take to-day for a sample: After I had done my housekeeping, as well as I could with the telephone ringing every minute that I wasn't using it myself, I went out and finished the door-to-door canvassing I had undertaken to register the women's Federal vote. It was rather depressing. Some of them began to cry when I asked if they had relatives in the army, and I had to wait and hear their tales of woe, others had to be persuaded that it was their duty to vote—and that took time! Then I had to send off my overseas parcels (I was up till one o'clock last night packing them)! After that I took some things I had been knitting to the Brittany Hospitals Bazaar, which opens to-morrow (do try to come!) and when I got there everything was so upset that I stayed to help with the decorations. It was nearly two o'clock when I got home for lunch and I found that one of the pipes had burst in the laundry and it was hours before they could get a plumber. Then the housemaid gave notice. She isn't much good, but you know how hard it is to get anyone just now! An important letter I was expecting failed to arrive, though I knew it was posted last night. Of course I was late for the meeting at the Secours National, and after it was over I came straight here, though I had promised to go to a Red Cross tea my Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire are giving this afternoon. Tonight I really must put in an appearance at a musical in aid of the Belgian refugees (I am one of the patronesses), and I am going to a supper party afterwards to meet the celebrated artist. Do you wonder that I sigh for a life of rural simplicity?"

"Not a bit! But I can just imagine how you would hate it, after one week," said the Languid One. "One week of drawing your own water, would make you content with the vagaries of the plumber and sympathetic towards his bills. One week of doing your own

housework would make you submit amiably to the ministrations of the least efficient of cook-generals. One week of walking to the village post-office would make you overlook the shortcomings of our young war-time postmen. One week of loneliness, or of the enforced company of your country neighbors, would make you fly gladly back to your committee meetings, bazaars, teas and concerts!

"My idea of the simple life is to press an electric button and have a well-trained maid servant anticipate my wants. And, since the present desire is for tea, let us put it into practice! . . . Now, see how simple it is!" she added, as a maid entered with the teatray. "Two lumps? Oh, I had forgotten! Of course you wouldn't be so unpatriotic!"

"If your idea of simplicity is the absence of all physical effort, why not remain in bed altogether?" said the Busy Woman. "You could dispense with clothes as completely as the most aggravated 'back to nature' apostle. You might even, in time, be able to dispense with food also."

"Now, don't be sarcastic," said the Languid One. "You and I could never live simply—we are too well educated, too highly civilized. Take the simple task of dusting this room. I know how to do it just as well as the little maid who brought in the tea, but it takes me twice as long, because I can't help thinking all the time. It is a very bad habit. Jane performs the task like a machine. If she replaces a picture upside down, she is quite unaware of it. Now, when I dust that mantle shelf, it becomes a problem in decoration. I carefully consider the arrangement of space. I can't pile cushions on the sofa without using my knowledge of color harmonies. To me, Jane's life seems beautifully simple. She works all day, seldom thinks, and goes to a moving picture show on her Thursdays out."

"Then you think that simplicity exists in other people's lives, but never in our own?" said the Busy Woman.

The Languid One yawned. "Perhaps there are a few very old and very wise men who have achieved simplicity and know it. There are also children and fools, but these do not know. However, wise or stupid, there is only

one thing that any of us have to do."

"And what is that?"

"Why, the next thing, of course."

"Well, the next thing for me to do is to go home," said the Busy Woman.

"And do try to get a little rest. Jane will show you to the door."

And Jane in the hallway murmured,

"Talk about leading the simple life and they can't even open a door for themselves!"

PATRIOTIC appeals usually contain an effort towards simplicity. The man or woman who has enlisted for service in the army, finds that there is no further need to plan and scheme and worry about what is the best thing to do and what the best means of doing it, he must simply obey orders. The appeal to our pockets for donations to war charities or for victory bonds, robs us of surplus cash with which we might further complicate our lives, for each new possession brings with it an added care. Simplicity in

dress, food, manner of living will tend to make the individual happier, and to simplify our efforts so that they will be expended along one line, will make our work more efficient. There are so many excellent societies for patriotic work and each is glad to welcome a new worker. But think twice before you join. Don't spend half your precious energy running from one to another, trying to attend all the meetings, to help at all the money-making schemes.

Christmas comes, making new demands on our busy lives, but the most important feature of our Christmas giving—the overseas mail—has been attended to long ago. And how eagerly the letters and parcels from home are welcomed at the front only the man who has been there can know. A soldier in the trenches is considered wealthy not for the numbers of dollars in his pocket, but the number of letters he receives, so we hope there will be no poor men on Christmas Day "over there." A Canadian officer, in speaking of his Christmas dinner last year, said: "With careful carving we made the 140 Christmas puddings sent us serve the mess. This particular mess is composed of six officers. Each got some twenty-three puddings. Who says we do not look after our fighting men?" Each new year of war brings with it a stronger appeal for a simple Christmas. Even the children feel it and are glad to share their gifts with little Pierre and Jean in far-off France or Belgium. It isn't the children's fault that Christmas has appealed more to their greedy little stomachs than to their sensitive imaginations. The Child whose birthday we are about to celebrate was born in a manger, then why should our children be deluged with elaborate toys and rich food when other little hands are empty and cold at this Christmas time, when all is joy and good-cheer?

Let us eliminate the trash and the trivial and make our Christmas this year a spiritual rather than a material one, and do not let us relapse into the old-time Christmas orgie of giving and getting, eating and drinking till the Christmas bells again ring peace and goodwill to all mankind.

"The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men."



# If the Huns Get Venice

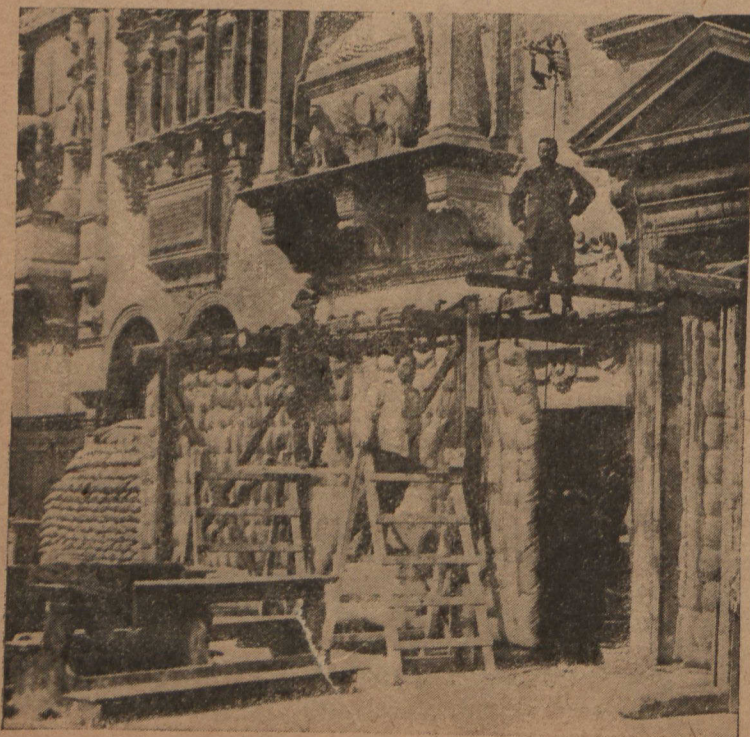
*Which, of course they won't, but in any case these Pictures of Shylock's Home and all around there will be of great interest just now. All but one were dug up from an obscure issue of the National Geographic Magazine.*



USUALLY Canadians don't have to go to the Alps for distinctive mountain scenery, any more than to the Himalayas. Our own Rockies are the equal of both these celebrated mountain systems. But this picture of the Grivola, in the Italian Alps, is different from anything we have. A lot of Italy's greatest fighting was done in scenery very much like this.



WE read about Sunny Italy and the love of the Latin races for warm weather, oranges and grand opera. But in this picture of Italian soldiers fighting in the Alps we are reminded rather of an expedition to discover the North Pole. A race that fought inside Austria under conditions like this—do you imagine how it will fight to get the Hun invader out?



HERE they are, as good an edition of Stalky & Co. as ever talked Latin; a line-up of mountaineer boys, immature banditti, or condottieni, or whatever they may be—and fine-looking little rascals at that.



WHAT happened in Paris and Antwerp is now going on in Venice; removing as many of the art treasures as possible to safe places and protecting art buildings with sand-bags. Venice is cramful of art treasures.

AND if there's a violent contrast any worse than a wolf in sheep's clothes, it would be any average Hun officer gliding along one of the streets of Venice in a gondola. The Englishman has a knack of fitting into almost any landscape. But the spiked helmet in a gondola with a guitar in the bow would be an outrage to manners, customs and art. The best place for any Germans, wanting to capture Venice, would be at the bottom of the canals.



# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

## THE SACRED STONES OF VENICE

**T**HE threat of a Teuton conqueror crushing the sacred stones of Venice and wreaking barbaric vengeance upon the inanimate witnesses to the glory of her past has kept the world a-tremble for many days for fear the valor of the army at the Piave would not suffice to protect the Bride of the Adriatic. It was as though the shades of Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese shuddered at the approach of the ravaging Hun. The German high command issued promises of protection, but the world could not believe that the Hun that fired Louvaine and ruined Rheims Cathedral would hesitate to desecrate this sacred shrine of art.

There is no other city just like Venice—there never will be. Her destruction would be the greatest calamity of the war. Even Rome herself has hardly a better right to demand exemption. And yet it was sentiment and not strategy which provoked the fear which set the whole civilized world quaking for the future of this city of the past. With the first thrust of the Teuton offensive in the Julian Alps the fear began. Hosts of workmen were marshalled to move the priceless art treasures that have lured millions of lovers of the beautiful to this Mecca of loveliness. Even the famous Colleoni statue, which is regarded as the finest equestrian statue in Europe and which Ruskin called the most glorious piece of sculpture in the world, was lowered from its massive pedestal fronting the Church of SS. Giovanni Paolo and taken thence for present sanctuary to the Museum of the Baths of Diocletian in Rome. The Four Horses of St. Marks, sole existing specimen of an ancient quadriga, were also lowered and transported from the path of the plundering Huns. It was the fifth journey these wonderful bronzes have been ventured upon. Constantine sent them from Rome to Constantinople, whence the Doga Dandolo brought them to Venice in 1204. Napoleon had them carried to Paris in 1797 and they were not restored to Venice till 1815. Now they are in Rome again close to the site of the triumphal arch of Nero, which they once adorned.

But what all authorities consider to be the greatest treasure of all—the Piazza of St. Mark—is left without defence except for the rough walls of bricks, cement, sand-bags and beams with which Venice,

since the war began, has reinforced her airy arches and delicate triforea. This specimen of architecture is probably the unique treasure of Venice. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. One authority says that its interior is the most precious thing in Italy, some of the marvelous mosaics being by Tintoretto, and some going back to the twelfth century. St. Mark's is probably the best-known church in the world, and its destruction would mean to Italians what the destruction of Westminster Abbey would mean to the British Empire, while to art lovers the loss would be even more appalling.

Almost as famous is the Ducal Palace, with its curious inversion of the usual values in its lacework foundation below its solid upper walls, one of the sights of the city that millions have journeyed to see and admire. Besides these two priceless specimens of architecture are a dozen churches considered among the treasures of the world, and palaces almost without number, but each a witness to the art that has made the name "Venetian" something before which critics uncover.

"May God keep the stones of Venice," prayed the poet Gabrielle d'Annunzio, over two years ago. Even then he was fearful lest " . . . the stupid Austrian ferocity should ruin one of St. Mark's domes, a wing of the procuratie, a lodge of the Ducal Palace, a nave of SS. John and Paul's Church, the choir of the Frari, or the gentle miracle of the Ca' d'Oro. . . ."

As to the city itself, the old supremacy of Venice has passed forever, yet her history remains among the wonder stories. The Venetian republic, an oligarchy in fact, was one of the great powers of the world. After the fourth crusade she held Constantinople and dominated the East. Italia Irredenta, for which the battle is waging now, was hers; so were the Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung. She made her Mediterranean rivals her vassals. In the fifteenth century she was the leading maritime State. She might have carried the constant struggle with the Turk to success had not the hardy explorers of Portugal altered the map by discovering the sea route to India by the Cape of Good Hope. But for this it may be doubted if even the incompetence and corruption which overtook her government could have destroyed her.

### The Vote and the Home—

**W**ITH many thousands of women voting in Canada on December 17, the problem of what to think and how to act about this responsibility becomes of popular interest. In a recent issue of *The Outlook*, Dr. Lyman Abbott, writing of the newly granted woman suffrage in New York State, says that acceptance of woman suffrage as settled means, first of all, the abolition of the sex question from politics. For that, devout thanks. To set class against class or sect against sect or race against race is bad enough; to set sex against sex would be intolerable. That danger for New York State has passed. "Form a Women's party!" said one of the advocates of woman suffrage the day after election. "No, indeed. We are Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists, Independents, everything, and it is absurd to say that just because we are women we will herd together in one political pen." This co-operation with their brothers in different political organizations for the accomplishment of different political ends is as right as it is inevitable.

Wherever woman suffrage is asked for and granted there is laid upon the women a duty of doing something more than drop a ballot in a box. It lays on them the duty of new lines of study, discussion, and thought. A million and three-quarters of uninformed and indifferent voters added to the polling lists of New York State would be a calamity. The addition of a million and three-quarters of thoughtful, intelligent, and conscientious voters would be of inestimable value. Indifference may be

cured by enthusiasm, but ignorance cannot be cured except by study and reflection. We all know what place is paved with good intentions. This political revolution calls for changes in our school curriculum, changes in the contents of our women's papers, and especially changes in drawing-room and afternoon tea discussions. It is sometimes said that men pay too little attention to politics. I am inclined to think that they pay relatively too much. In the club, the smoking-cars, the after-dinner conversations, the topics discussed by men are almost exclusively business and politics. It is rare, except in a professional gathering, that one hears a scientific discovery or a philosophical problem, or a new book, a new picture, a new symphony, or even a new play, made the theme of discussion. The amount of political illumination furnished by these informal caucuses is very considerable. If women are to render the service to the State which I am sure they can and hope they will render, the political problems of the city, the State, and the Nation must take the place of the neighborhood gossip which, if we may trust the popular stories, have contributed the chief topic for purely feminine social gatherings.

But we have a right to hope from woman suffrage something more than a mere increase in the number of voters. The most potent argument for woman suffrage is the contention that on certain subjects women are natural experts, and that on those subjects the State needs the benefit of their active and efficient co-operation. Temperament and age-long habit have peculiarly fitted women to be builders of homes and trainers of little children, and there is no

other work in the world so important for the physical comfort and the moral and spiritual welfare of humanity. But within the last half-century the building of homes and the training of children have become so interwoven with the government of the State as not to be separable from it. A warm advocate of woman suffrage put this duty of the new voters in a pregnant sentence the day following the election. She said: "While women are of all political faiths just like men, they are, a large proportion of them, keenly interested in making the State a cleaner, juster, better place for children to grow up in, for workingwomen to earn their living in, for men and women to make homes in."

Will the women voters adopt the principles advocated by some radical feminists and lose their interest in their homes because of their interest in the State? That is a fear I have never entertained. Political revolution will not, and cannot, destroy the spirit of wifehood and motherhood.

### —Those French Socialists

**W**HEN the post-mortem on the Painleve premiership is concluded it is likely that much of the evidence will indicate that one of the most mischievous factors contributing to the fall of his ministry was the opposition of the French Socialists under the leadership of Albert Thomas. For many weeks previous to the sudden ship-wreck of Painleve and his cabinet the voices of many political prophets were raised to warn the ex-Premier



that the "Stockholm Shoals" called for ticklish navigating and not a few declared that Painleve's policy gave little promise of safe piloting through the political eddies which had been stirred up by Ribot's earlier refusal to grant passports for Stockholm to the French labor representatives.

The hopeful outlook in the military situation served to stay the storm for a while, and the Paris Temps was optimistic right up to the last that the Socialists would, because of the victorious note in the communiqués, defer their demands until spring at least. Painleve, as an advanced Radical, maintained close relations with the Socialists, but he was vigorously opposed to any idea of a conference in Stockholm this year at least. He was firmly committed to the theory that the imperial German government will not hold out until next spring and believed that a Stockholm conference would merely complicate a simple situation. He is said to have asked for a delay of some weeks, that is, until next January, for the vindication of his prophecy that the end is in sight.

But the Socialist groups were determined to force a way for the election of their leader, Albert Thomas, to the post of premier before the May elections. They live in dread, as the Humanite confesses, of a bourgeois peace. It is a part of their creed that the war will have been fought in vain if it leaves a bourgeoisie in being. In the Figaro, the Socialists are even accused of conniving at a peace that will leave Alsace-Lorraine to Germany. M. Ribot roused them to anger with his declarations on that subject—declarations which, so they declared, would "prolong the agony." Their refusal to work longer with him was the first instance since the war began of Socialists going out of a coalition. "Peace must come quickly and on terms dictated by Socialist and Labor forces of all countries," is, in substance, the legend on their banner. Under the brilliant leadership of Albert Thomas they have manoeuvred to a position of tremendous tactical advantage in the French chamber, and the sudden overthrowing of Painleve would indicate that it was an easy matter for them to precipitate a crisis in the French ministry.

The London News declares that the Paris situation is only a reflection of a general condition and that Albert Thomas and his tactics typify, in action, the ambition of the British labor party as well as the aims of French Socialist groups. The opposition to the scheme of the Swedish Branting, begun by Ribot and carried on by Painleve, springs from a source much deeper than to mere military expediency, put forward as an excuse for a "postponement" by Painleve, according to the London News.

"It lies," says this paper, "not in any difference of opinion between the ruling classes and the mass of the nation about particular terms of peace, but in the fundamental objection of the ruling classes to the mass of the nation having any hand at all in the drafting of peace terms. The theory that international affairs ought to be and are the monopoly of an exclusive caste is still held by the exclusive caste. The Cecils, typical members of the caste, have recently voiced it, Lord Robert Cecil with an honesty born of medieval zeal, and Mr. Balfour, with an honesty born of the most profound and candid cynicism. Mr. Balfour, an extremely dangerous enemy of democracy, can stand up before the representatives of the people and calmly sneer at their pretensions to guide the ship of State, and so low are the representatives of the people fallen that not one per cent. of them dares to make an effective protest.

It is natural that in such an anti-democratic atmosphere as now prevails any comprehensive scheme for the participation of the people in the molding of peace terms should be scotched, so far as it can be scotched, by the representatives of privilege and the

foes of popular freedom.

The London Post has carefully investigated the subject and it assures Thomas and Painleve that British labor is not on the side of an international peace conference of the Socialist kind:

"That is why we insist on the fact that the mind and will of this country at any rate are not to be reflected by any conference that is purely or mainly Socialist. When 'the organized proletariat' speaks we shall listen; but we do not expect to hear that voice in the accents of the Independent Labor Party."

### —Your Bath-Tub Favorite

"WHAT do you whistle in your bath-tub when you are in a reminiscent mood?" asks Carl Van Vechten, in the Theatre Magazine, by way of putting an impudent point to a paragraph or two about "the good old days" of comic opera. "Is it," he goes on, "The Typical Tune of Zanzibar, or Baby, Baby, Dance My Darling Baby, or Starlight, Star-bright, or Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, or A Simple Little String, Sister Mary Jane's Top Note, or A Wandering Minstrel I, or See How It Sparkles, or the Lullaby from 'Ermine,' which Pauline Hall used to sing as if she herself were asleep, or A Pretty Girl, A Summer Night, or the Policeman's Chorus from 'The Pirates of Penzance,' or The Soldiers in the Park, or My Angeline, or the Letter Song from 'The Chocolate Soldier,' or I'm Little Buttercup, or the Gobble Song from 'The Mascot,' or the Anna Song from 'Manon,' or the march from Fatinizza, or I'm All the Way from Gay Paree, or Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh, or In the North Sea Lived a Whale, or Jusqu-la, or The Harmless Little Girlie With the Downcast Eyes, or They All Follow Me, or The Amorous Goldfish, or Don't Be Cross, or Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart, or Good-bye, Flo, or La Legende de la Mere Angot, or My Alamo Love?"

Just before quoting this long list of reminders, Carl 'fesses up to a hid-away-in-lavender longing of days gone by when his heart's desire was Della Fox and his whole ambition was to have Della order her visiting cards inscribed Mrs. C. Van Vechten. Then he lets loose another list of queries aimed especially to loosen up a few recollections of middle-aged codgers. Says he:

"You will admit, I think, at first glance, the superior literary quality of these lines; you will perceive at once to what immeasurably higher class of art they belong than the lyrics that librettists hand out to us to-day.

Wall Street broker, poet, green grocer, banker, lawyer, whatever you are, confess the facts to yourself: you were once as I. You have suffered the same feelings that I suffered. Perhaps with you it was not Della Fox. . . . Who then? Did saucy Marie Jansen awaken your admiration? Was pert Lulu Glaser the object of your secret but persistent attention? How many times did you go to see Marie Tempest in "The Fencing Master," or Alice Nielsen in "The Serenade?" Was Virginia Earle in "The Circus Girl" the idol of your youth, or was it Mabel Barrison in "The Babes in Toyland?" Theresa Vaughn in "1492," May Yobe in "The Lady Slavey," Hilda Hollins in "The Magic Kiss," or Nancy McIntosh in "His Excellency?" Madge Lessing in "Jack and the Beanstalk," Edna May in "The Belle of New York," Phyllis Rankin in "The Rounders," or Gertrude Quinlan in "King Dodo?"

### Food Control and the Retailer

(Concluded from page 10.)

out? But advertising enables the large store to sell stocks of certain goods quickly and certainly, and so to sell them at a lower cost. There is waste in the delivery service. Shall

he issue an edict against it? It would save two or three cents in the dollar if goods automatically came to the door of the purchaser, but since the purchaser must otherwise go to the goods, at much cost of time, carfare, and convenience, the loss might well be greater than the saving. There is an excess of retail stores. Shall one be taken by the Food Controller and another left? And do we realize that the advantage of the larger store consists by no means wholly in economy of buying and selling, but partly in variety of goods and quality of service which the small store cannot provide, because it costs too much?

I am not defending the existing retail system. I am seeking merely to show that its improvement can hardly come from coercive government action, and that it cannot come quickly. I believe there are many improvements possible. Some have been tried elsewhere, with success. In London, Eng., for example, a big dairy union (The United Dairies, Ltd.) has just been inaugurated, which promises to prevent much of the duplication of service involved in milk-delivery. A more fundamental method is the co-operative store. It has met with remarkable success in various countries, but the history of the co-operative store in Canada (you will find it in a bulletin recently published by the Department of Economics at Queen's University) has up to now been mostly a record of failure.

Sometimes to stimulate voluntary effort is the best action a government can take. It is a way which has been adopted with distinct success in respect of household economy. When the need is brought home directly and concretely to every household the response is wonderful. Special appeals may similarly be made to the retailers, particularizing the forms of waste that occur in retail selling, and suggesting definite ways of avoiding these.

The time when the line is threatened at some point is not the time to reorganize the whole army system, but to send all available forces to that point. The food line is now threatened. The supply of the Allies is in jeopardy. It is the time for immediate reinforcement, by saving and production. Let us concentrate our efforts on accomplishable ends, and not on those schemes of reorganization, whatever their promise, which cannot be realized to-day, and which, even if realized, would not solve our first and foremost problem, the increase of the exportable food surplus.

### JUST TO READ ALOUD

MRS. HIGGINS was an incurable grumbler. She grumbled at everything and every one. But at last the vicar thought he had found something about which she could make no complaint—the old lady's crop of potatoes was certainly the finest for miles around. "Ah, for once you must be well pleased," he said, with a beaming smile, as he met her in the village street. "Every one's saying how splendid your potatoes are this year." The old lady glared at him as she answered: "They're not so poor. But where's the bad ones for the pigs?"

SOON after a certain judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island had been appointed he went down into one of the southern counties to sit for a week. He was well satisfied with himself. "Mary," he said to the Irish waitress at the hotel where he was stopping, "you've been in this country how long?" "Two years, sir," she said. "Do you like it?" "Sure, it's well enough," answered Mary. "But, Mary," the judge continued, "you have many privileges in this country which you'd not have had in Ireland. Now at home you would never be in a room with a Justice of the Supreme Court and chatting familiar with him." "But sure, sir," said Mary, quite in earnest, "you'd never be a judge at home."



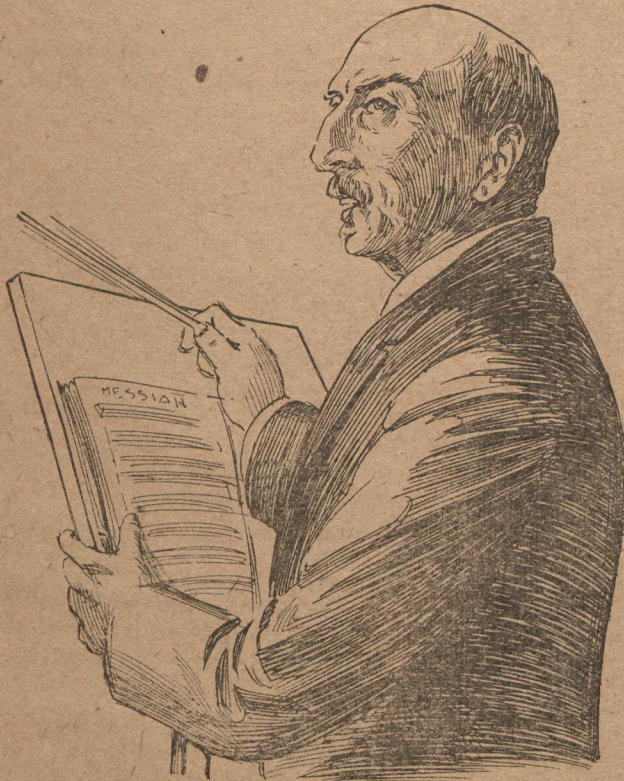
# TORRINGTON AS HE WAS

*ALL we shall ever do to create a National Music in Canada was begun in an organized way—so far as English Canada is concerned—by the Englishman who spent nearly 60 years of musical effort in the country*

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

**F**OR the best part of sixty years one man worked as hard as he knew how to help create a national music in Canada. His name was Torrington. His funeral service, a few days ago, was attended by musicians of all ranks, camps and calibres, all of whom believed that Torrington, in his day, had done work that no man not of his temperament could have done. First in Montreal, in 1856; some years later for a short time in Boston; in 1873 to Toronto.

You may wander into almost any town big enough for a water-tank on the prairie, up in the mountains or out on the Coast and find somebody doing something in music



that he first learned how from Torrington. There are children whose grandmothers learned to sing or to play from him. His career dates back to the juvenile days of great singers who died or quit the stage long ago. He was an established musician in Montreal when Albani first began to sing. He came out from England almost in his teens and went teaching in Montreal at about half a dollar a lesson, playing a church organ, tuning pianos, playing first violin in an orchestra and conducting a British regimental band. There are old organs by the score in middle Canada that Torrington opened or played upon in recital. A few years ago, out West, he played at the wedding of his own grand-daughter. He was a friend of Pat Gilmore away back in the pre-Civil War days, when Gilmore was up in Montreal selling band instruments. He was organizing people into singing communities in the days when Lowell Mason was spreading the music gospel in New England. In his never-discouraged John Bull style he was carrying on in this country the plain, undecorated one-two-three, down-beat work of the old masters in England. Canada was a raw, unmusical land, here and there a singing society, a few organs, very few pianos, an occasional orchestra. Torrington was the energetic Englishman who went about doing good as sturdily as any Labrador missionary or governor of a British island in the last of the seven seas. When Gilmore undertook to organize a colossal Peace Jubilee, in Boston, after the Civil War, he got Torrington to help him as one of the sectional conductors of twenty thousand singers and 1,000 instruments. Torrington had a genius for getting acquainted with strange organs; and it was his experimental recital with a big organ down in Boston that got him the post of organist in the King's Chapel, where he remained four or five years and at the same time played violin in a company that gave operas.

In 1873 he came back to Canada; this time to Toronto, and took the organ and choir in the Metropolitan Church, then just dedicated after the lecture tour of Morley Punshon. The organ he had then soon gave way to one which he got built by Warren, his old Montreal friend, who nearly forty years later built, under Torrington's

direction, the great organ that now fills the big church.

Time and again has the story been told of Torrington's first choral concerts in Toronto. The first he ever gave, I think, was in the hall over the old Public Library on Church St., where he was compelled to hit the doorkeeper a poke in the ribs to get past the door to the conductor's desk, because the doorkeeper didn't know him.

In a short time he had the nucleus of the old Philharmonic, with a local orchestra giving oratorios, in old Shaftesbury Hall, next to what is now Eaton's, on Queen St. It was the Philharmonic plus almost twice as many more singers with an orchestra drafted from Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo that gave the great Festival of 1886 in the old Caledonia Rink, where the present Arena Gardens now are. That festival was one of Torrington's dreams. The idea of converting the rink into an auditorium came to him by accident. The accident cost \$3,000 to carry out, involving the erection of a pipe organ behind the choir gallery for Frederic Archer to play; a chorus of 700, a full symphony orchestra and a corps of soloists.

For several years thereafter Torrington gave his Philharmonic programmes in the Horticultural Pavilion, an imitation Crystal Palace of wood and glass in the Allan Gardens. He had already established the College of Music in the same year of the great Festival.

It was in the Metropolitan Choir that I first came under Torrington. The recollection of those days is that of a festival time in our musical history. Torrington was always making it possible for a large number of people to have a good time with good music. His rehearsals were comedies, tragedies, plain drama and joyful hard work for thousands of people as the years came and went with that red-faced stocky John Bull of an inspired conductor rapping out the tempo down there on the platform or taking up his fiddle to give some section the run of a difficult passage in oratorio. He was as much at home with a band or an orchestra as with a choir and an organ. Life to him was one long piece of music. He wanted to get people to like good music and he did it. One of his greatest works in that way was the juvenile orchestra which he trained at the College for years and up till a very few years ago, getting young folks of all descriptions, no matter how poor or how ill-clad some of them might be, to learn the sublimities of the great masters even in a crude way.

The opening of Massey Hall, in 1894, was the last big epoch in Torrington's career. It was partly on his advice that Hart A. Massey built the hall, one of the objects of it being to provide a bigger and better auditorium for such concerts as Torrington has built up in Toronto. That festival lasted two days and nights. "F. H.," as the boys called him, was then in his prime. He was successful. Gone were the days when he had to go down in his own pocket to keep his orchestra instruments from being seized for Philharmonic debts. His college was at its zenith. His church choir was still famous. He still had twenty years of work ahead. Those years are scarcely as yet musical history. All the rest is. And the sixty years since the year when, as a young Englishman, he came to Montreal, are the story of one man's effort to create in some form or other a national music in Canada.

How he sacrificed himself for that work Mrs. Torrington best knows. She labored with him during much of the best part of his work and helped him when he grew feeble, too feeble even to recognize some of his old friends.

In all Torrington's bluff, John Bull enthusiasm and his sometimes irascible domination of other people there was a golden thread of great human kindness. How delicate and how true this always was could best be told by the lady who at his funeral service sang so beautifully the old man's own setting to Abide With Me. Eileen Millet owes most of what she is as a singer to Torrington, whom like many and many another of his pupils she loved almost as a grandfather. Twenty years ago, in the summer of the great Diamond Jubilee, I recall one of Eileen Millet's first solos, when as a little girl with a marvellously sweet voice she stood up on a Sunday afternoon by the organ in the Metropolitan Church and sang Cowen's Better Land. And if any encore had been possible at the funeral service of F. H. Torrington it should have been that song—the child's eternal question which the spirit of the old musician might have answered as the woman sang.

## You'll Give War Books, of Course

This year books on the War will be given largely for Christmas remembrances. They are easily selected and eagerly read. Here are five of the best and newest published this fall.

### Militarism

By Dr. Karl Liebknecht

This was written for Germans by a German—"The only man in the Central Empires who had the courage to speak out"—and for this he was imprisoned. The book is creating a wonderful stir in England and the United States and will be read with extreme interest. .... \$1.00

### All In It Kl Carries On

By Major Ian Hay

Following up the same author's, "THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND," Major Hay writes in romance form actually of the war as only he can do it. .... \$1.50

### Over the Top

By Arthur Guy Empey

Stories of actual war experiences telling most practically of the lives our boys are leading in the trenches and on the field. Supremely graphic and occasionally startling this book has, during the past few weeks, become the best seller in America, \$1.50

### The Shell

By A. C. Stewart

Look for a reproduction of an 18-pounder shrapnel done in actual colors on paper boards. This is "The Shell." Splendid material by a Canadian writer appropriate to its subject. The novelty of the book makes it a most acceptable gift. .... 75c

### A Green Tent in Flanders

By Maud Mortimer

Extraordinarily vivid impressions of hospital life. A most appealing book reminiscent of "The Hilltop on the Marne." .... \$1.25

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# Music Not Made by Hands

SLIDE back the mahogany panels, says *Munsey's Magazine* for Christmas, insert the perforated paper roll, and press the button; or crank up the motor, if your phonograph has no self-starter attached; or form four abreast and clear throats for action. Which you do is no matter so long as music results, the music that every one can make and an increasing number enjoy—music not made by hands.

In the presence of this kind of music the trained musician suffers something of the awkwardness of the bashful youth who does not know what to do with his hands. No such embarrassment afflicts the amateur; he feels instinctively that they were made to mark time with. His forefinger goes like a pendulum and his right foot descends with infallible strokes. He is his own conductor, and can be as dramatic in the role as he pleases. The professional musician knows not these joys, but must saw away at the strings without conscious pose, the while a mysterious imp—call him a metronome—hops and skips among the beats and accents.

The player-piano is really one of the most notable inventions of the age, albeit there are some who will add "and the most infernal." But even those who do not enjoy Mr. Tobani's "Hearts and Flowers," as rendered by the young man in the flat above, can have nothing but respect for a mechanism which has saved thousands of expensive instruments from the scrap-heap. For that was whither most pianos were bound before playing devices were marketed. Now the oldest and longest-idle uprights and grands can have cabinet

players hitched to them and be made to yield as large a dividend of melody as the owners demand and the rusty strings allow.

The true musical artist neither feels nor affects contempt for the piano automatically played, or the phonograph. He knows that the roll of perforated paper can sound chords which the fingers of Paderewski cannot compass; that the earliest appreciation of musical timbres and orchestral coloring may be derived from half a dozen black disks.

In music, as in every other art, the first requisite to the development of a sound and cultivated taste is frequent contact with the work of artists. A person of sufficiently acute mind, hearing music and more music and more music of all kinds, could conceivably end by deducing for himself every principle on which music is based. A person of merely average intelligence who will use it as he listens will, if opportunity to hear music comes often, arrive eventually at a fair understanding of what constitutes good music. More than that, he will have some inkling why it is good, and will appreciate what he hears at somewhat near its actual worth.

The case for vocal music is even stronger. We shall have an unusual lot of it this winter, and the reference is not to concert platforms, but to chorus-singing in the home, in the church, in the camp. The chorus is a community enterprise hitherto underdeveloped in America, but less likely to suffer neglect in the future. Interest in choral singing has been powerfully stimulated by the plans of Major-General Franklin Bell and others to make the American soldier a singing

soldier because, as General Bell declares, a singing soldier makes a fighting soldier. Choral singing is capable of developing more enthusiasm than any other form of the musical art. It can progress to the heights of Parnassus, and it carries the singer with it.

The secret does not lie in the artistic knowledge and appreciation acquired, but in the kindling of generous emotions, their liberation or "motor discharge" as psychologists would say; above all in the creation of that contagious fellowship and general good-will which are vital to the success of an army and richly profitable to the life of each single human soul.

## NEW BOOKS

### An American Diplomat

"MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY." By James W. Gerard.

THE pompous pilots of international diplomacy have long been peeved by the direct quality which has been the outstanding characteristic of American ambassadors abroad; and a monocolored myrmidon of one of the foreign offices once tagged the whole Yankee tribe as "shirt-sleeve diplomats" by way of ridding himself of a little pique and ridiculing the Yankees a whole lot. Instead of trying to live the epithet down the Americans apparently tried to live up to it. At least James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to Germany, certainly did live up to it during the four years he occupied the American embassy in Berlin. His book, "My Four Years in Germany," is chock full of records of incidents of the "shirt-sleeve" style of getting things done—many of them, in fact, suggest shirt-sleeves rolled up from flexed fore-arms and cuffs tucked away from fists full of fight.

Outside of the records of official transactions and a remarkably interesting and illuminating account of his negotiations with the Wilhelmstrasse dealing with the submarine outrages, there is much more in the book which tells, in an entertaining manner, of many things which came under Mr. Gerard's observation during his stay in Berlin and his travels about Germany. He shows a keen insight in the chapter on the psychology and causes which prepared the nation for war. McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, \$2.00 net.

### "Human" Stories

"THE NEXT OF KIN." By Nellie L. McClung.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. McClung's latest book is naturally full of the tragedy of war, and how it affects those whom she knows best, the women and children of Canada, yet it is relieved by a nice sense of humor and the thread of suffrage argument which runs boldly through it. The book comprises sixteen tales, for the most part what are popularly known as "human" stories; these tell of cheerful sacrifice or of proud courage under the burden of sorrow. But even in the most tragic tale the reader cannot help but feel a strong sense of cheer, a note of optimism, which even more than the human quality of the stories should give this book a large vogue.—Thomas Allen, \$1.25.

### A Yegg-Man Santa Claus

"A REVERSIBLE SANTA CLAUS." By Meredith Nicholson.

HOW the calloused conscience of a yegg man was softened by the simple confidence of a child he had accidentally kidnapped when he stole a roadster to hasten his retirement from "the scene" of his Christmas Eve crime, is the rather hackneyed theme which Meredith Nicholson has threaded through "A Reversible Santa Claus." Mr. Nicholson pushes the poor fellow into many adventures before he allows him to take up poultry farming and a lawful life.

There is a touch or two of delightful humor which brightens the narrative; a dash of mystery to give it something of a Christmas tale taste; and almost enough "humin feelins" as the burglar himself terms them, to make the story worth while.—Houghton Mifflin Co., \$1.00.

### Valcartier to Blighty

"CRUMPS." By Louis Keene.

FROM Valcartier to Blighty by way of Ypres is the road reviewed by Louis Keene in "Crumps" and the narrative of incidents which befel by the way is colored with a vividness of description in the text, and a striking quality of the sketches—done by Captain Keene himself out there amongst the crash of the "Crumps" and the bursting of "big Berthas."

In a prefatory note Major General Leonard Woods of the U.S.A. forces, says: "Captain Keene has made an interesting contribution to the literature of the present war in his account of service, which covers the experience of a young officer in the making"—Thomas Allen, \$1.25 net.

### "Spooky"

"A KING IN BABYLON." By Burton E. Stevenson.

IF Dickens' fat boy had about one half the knack of tucking thrills into a tale as Burton E. Stevenson displays in "A King in Babylon" his ambitions as a shiver manipulator would have reached to a skin prickling pinnacle. Every device warranted to jiggle the spinal column and curdle the corpuscles has been used and a few new pieces of what might be called a literary jiu-jitsu are introduced to add a few extra and sudden psychic jolts by way of good measure. The scenery shuttles between a modern movie "location" and the tomb of an Egyptian gentleman who was a close relative of the lady who found Moses when she went for her swimming lesson. There are ghosts who play peek-o-boo around the sand-dunes in the desert and stiffen the back hairs of the camera man every time he takes his pipe and pique out from "camp" for an evening stroll. Of course, re-incarnation reinforces the theme of the tale and is the main thread in the thrilling fabric of the whole piece. The desert, with its multitude of mystic possibilities—the spell of starlit sands; and weird whisperings around the edge of the oasis; the ululating whine of a queer ritual wafting over from an Arab encampment; and so on and so forth—all these have been very cleverly sketched into the background.—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, \$1.50 net.



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Beethoven says: "Where the piano is there is the happiest home." Very few of us fully realize yet the actual value of a musical education to the child. Music is the food of the soul, and should be nourished during childhood. It will help them to grow up better, broader and more sympathetic men and women.

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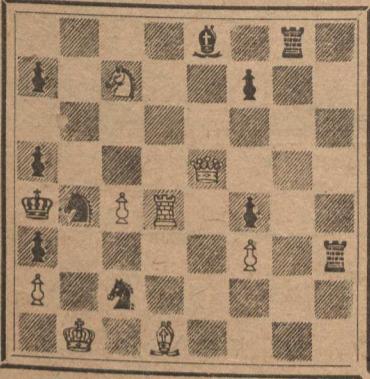
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# CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

PROBLEM NO. 165, by D. Przepiorka.  
First Prize, Revue Suisse de'Echecs.  
(Assorted Tourney.)  
Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.  
White to play and mate in three.

**SOLUTIONS.**  
Problem No. 163, by N. C. C. Lose.  
1. B-K5, RxB; 2. KtxB, R moves; 3. R, Kt, or PxR, R-Kt8 mate.  
1..... BxB; 2. KtxR, B moves; 3. R, Kt or PxR, R-Kt8 mate.  
1..... B-B6; 2. BxB, RxQ; 3. BxR, R-Kt8 mate.  
1..... threat; 2. BxB, threat; 3. BxRch, PxR mate.

**CHESS IN TORONTO.**  
The following beautiful game was played in the first round of the Toronto Chess Club Gambit Tournament, between Malcolm Sim, President of the T.C.C., and J. S. Morrison, the Canadian champion:

**Kieseritzky Gambit.**

|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| White.         | Black.          |
| M. Sim.        | J. S. Morrison. |
| 1. P-K4        | 1. P-K4         |
| 2. P-KB4       | 2. PXP          |
| 3. Kt-KB3      | 3. P-KKt4       |
| 4. P-KR4       | 4. P-Kt5        |
| 5. Kt-K5       | 5. P-Q4 (a)     |
| 6. PXP (b)     | 6. Q-K2         |
| 7. Q-K2        | 7. B-Kt2 (c)    |
| 8. P-Q4        | 8. P-KB3 (d)    |
| 9. Kt-Q3       | 9. P-B6         |
| 10. PXP        | 10. PXP         |
| 11. QxQch      | 11. KtxQ        |
| 12. Kt-B3      | 12. B-Kt5 (e)   |
| 13. B-B4       | 13. Kt-Kt3 (f)  |
| 14. BxP        | 14. K-Q2 (g)    |
| 15. B-Kt3      | 15. R-Ksqch     |
| 16. K-B2       | 16. Kt-R3 (h)   |
| 17. Kt-B5ch    | 17. KtxKt (i)   |
| 18. B-Kt5ch    | 18. K-Qsq       |
| 19. BxR        | 19. P-B4        |
| 20. PxKt!      | 20. B-Q5ch      |
| 21. K-Bsq      | 21. KxB         |
| 22. Kt-Kt5 (j) | 22. P-B5        |
| 23. B-B2 (k)   | 23. BxB (l)     |
| 24. KxB        | 24. K-Q2        |
| 25. P-R5 (m)   | 25. Kt-K4 (n)   |
| 26. R-R4 (o)   | 26. B-B4        |
| 27. Kt-Q4      | 27. R-KKtsq (p) |
| 28. KtxP (q)   | 28. Kt-Kt5ch    |
| 29. RxKt!      | 29. BxR         |
| 30. Kt-K5ch    | 30. K-K2 (r)    |
| 31. R-KKtsq    | 31. R-Kt4       |
| 32. P-Q6ch!    | 32. K-B3 (s)    |
| 33. KtxBch!    | 33. K-K3        |
| 34. P-Q7!      | 34. R-Q4 (t)    |
| 35. R-Ksqch    | 35. K-P2 (u)    |
| 36. P-B4!!     | 36. R-Q5 (v)    |
| 37. R-K4       | 37. R-Q7ch      |
| 38. K-Ksq      | Resigns.        |

(a) E. Morphy's move. A strong and important defence.  
(b) More frequently adopted is 6. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 7. BxP, KtxP, also in L. K's favor.  
(c) The book continuation is 7..... Kt-KB3; 8. P-Q4, Kt-R4, etc.  
(d) It would probably have been better to abandon the advanced Bishop's Pawn and continue 8..... Kt-KB3; 9. BxP, KtxP.  
(e) This move has its attendant drawbacks. The prospects from abandoning the Pawn is not encouraging, however.  
(f) Of course if 13..... Kt-R3, then 14. Kt-B2, threatening the Bishop and also BxKt. Consequently he abandons the Bishop's Pawn in the hope of recovery on the King's side.  
(g) If 14..... Castles, then 15. P-R5, R-Ksqch; 16. K-B2, Kt-K2; 17. P-R6, B-Bsq; 18. R-KKtsq, P-B4; 19. Kt-K5, BxP; 20. KtxB, PxKt; 21. RxPch with an embarrassing attack. The position will repay examination.  
(h) This is a mistake, but nothing seems satisfactory.  
(i) If 17..... K-K2, then 18. KtxP. If 17..... R-Bsq, then 18. KtxKt, PxKt; 19. BxPch.  
(j) Played primarily to entice P-B5, blocking the embarrassing entry of the Black Knight.  
(k) If 23. BxP, then 23..... BxBP.  
(l) If 23..... BxKtP, then 24. R-QKtsq, B-K4; 25. R-Ksq, threatening both 26. P-R5 and 26. Kt-B7ch.  
(m) This initiates a very interesting attack and incidentally prevents Black immediately consolidating by P-KR4.  
(n) If 25..... Kt-K2, then equally 26. R-R4.  
(o) Threatening R-Ksq, winning a piece.  
(p) If 27..... R-KBsq, then 28. RXP, R-Kt5, R-Q4, R-B2, R-Kt3, R-Kt4.

sq wins. If 27....., B-K5, then 28. R-Ksq wins a piece.  
(q) Far better than accepting the proffered Bishop.  
(r) 30....., K-Bsq, as afterwards suggested by Morrison, was comparatively better, but White would still miss.  
(s) If 32....., K-K3, then 33. P-Q7, R-Ktsq; 34. KtxB, etc. If 32....., K-Ksq, then 33. P-Q7ch, K-K2; 34. P-Q8 (Q). Now White captures the Bishop with a check.

(t) If 34....., KxP, then 35. Kt-B6ch. If 34....., R-KKtsq, then 35. R-Ksqch, obliterating the Rook!  
(u) If 35....., K-B4, then 36. R-K5ch.  
(v) If 36....., R-Q7ch; then 37. R-K2, R-Q8; 38. R-K4, followed by 39. K-K2. It will be noticed that Black cannot move his King to permit the capture of the advanced Pawn. A truly remarkable position, that could vie with a Rinck end-game.

## The Waste of British Gold

NOW that 300,000 Canadians have become depositors in the huge National Bank represented by the Victory Loan, it is interesting to note what an able critic has to say in a very reputable magazine about the financial policy of England. In this country as a rule one doesn't pretend that our financial wisdom or experience is much guide to the British. We are borrowers; the British are lenders. Only since the war have we gone into the loan business—as a people—although the banks have been lending Canadian money on call in New York for a long while.

But according to Mr. Oswald Stoll, it appears that once in a while Canadian Finance does something worth imitating abroad. Mr. Stoll makes a point of the fact—which we have not seen mentioned in print—that the Royal Bank of Canada has recently got control of the Merchants' National Bank of New York. The point he makes about this comes out in his argument. He writes an open letter to Lord Milner in which he asks:

In relation to British war finance of the past three years, have you calculated how much of the, approximately, five thousand millions of pounds expended by England on the war has been really spent for the good of the country?

Has not a sum little short of two thousand millions of pounds been thrown away chiefly in a false rise of prices, in addition to a true rise?—the true rise being due to relatively meagre supplies of commodities in connection with an insatiable demand; the false rise to the deliberate and needless depreciation of our legal tender currency, once our pride, by the substitution of paper for gold as its base?

There is always a reasonable limit to the height to which prices of commodities will rise under pressure of insistent demand in conditions of limited supply; but there is no limit to which prices inflated by an increasingly depreciated currency will not expand until the uneconomic balloon bursts.

Did we not find means to augment the waste represented by this inflation by selling valuable securities, the product of age-long effort, at exceptionally low prices, thus buying dear and selling cheap; by utilizing the proceeds of these sales at face value only, when, if the sacrifice had to be made, it could have been made for gold, or gold certificates, which, in America, could have been legally made the basis of five times its face value in credit in a bank acquired by ourselves, in the same way as the Royal Bank of Canada has recently acquired the control of the Merchants' National Bank of New York—a policy which the Germans had pursued long before the outbreak of war, not only in America, but in our midst; by paying heavy interest and commissions on the credit we might so have commanded free of charge; and by doing the same upon the credit amounting to £1,000,000,000

which we could have obtained also free and without loss of any kind (not even of the gold which would have remained in our bank reserve) upon the £200,000,000 of solid gold metal which months ago we had sent to the United States?

More gold, no doubt, has gone since then. For lack of it the depreciation of our legal tender currency has steadily increased.

### BANK OF MONTREAL'S REPORT.

THE Bank of Montreal in its annual statement recently issued, makes a remarkably strong showing. The report, which is for the year ending October 31, 1917, following the 100th anniversary of the Bank, breaks all records, and is one that should create a good deal of confidence in Canada's financial position during these trying times.

The assets are in excess of \$400,000,000 (the first time such a figure has been reached in Canadian Banking.) Liquid assets are equivalent to over 75% of liabilities to public.

That the Bank has benefited from the maintenance of such a strong position is evident from the savings accounts, which reach a total of \$246,000,000, an increase of almost \$36,000,000 for the year.

The extent to which the Bank of Montreal is endeavoring to meet the needs of the Government is reflected by an increase in the value of Dominion and Provincial Government Securities from less than \$500,000 a year ago, to more than \$28,500,000. There has been an increase of seven million dollars in deposits in Central Gold Reserve, this account now standing at \$14,500,000.

The profit and loss account shows that earnings allow a considerable margin over the dividend and bonus requirements. They are substantially above those of the previous year. The net profits for the twelve months amounted to \$2,477,969.09, equivalent to 15.49% on the paid-up capital. Added to the balance of profit and loss, they brought the total amount available for distribution up to \$3,892,393. Of this amount, dividends and bonus required \$1,920,000; war tax on bank note circulation, \$160,000; subscriptions to patriotic fund, \$73,500 (of which paid \$47,500); reserve for bank premises, \$100,000, leaving a balance to be carried forward into the new year of \$1,664,893, as compared with \$1,414,423 at the end of the previous year.

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## THE NEW EARTH

(Continued from page 9.)

head back and faced him with blazing, furious eyes. "It's a lie!" she cried. "You think I'd stay here with you, Bill Jessop? Why, I'd rather throw myself in that snow mountain down there. There's some way to get home. I know that."

"Well, you know the mountains as well as I do," he said with a sort of sardonic indifference. "You think of it." He began to whistle through his teeth softly as he filled his pipe, carefully prodding the tobacco down with his thumb; then, seating himself comfortably in his chair, he lazily struck a match.

He seemed to be pondering something deeply, occasionally squinting an eye at the ceiling in abstruse calculation.

"It'll give us about ten undisturbed days," he said, speaking with the pipe between his teeth, his eyes following the smoke wreaths as they curled above the blazing logs on the hearth.

"We're in for a big thaw, but it'll take time to melt down that mountain out there. They won't worry about us down in camp, for they know that you came here. They know that I'm stocked up. So they know that we're either comfortably dead in that snow out there, or comfortably alive here. Anyway, they'll be busy digging out the 'Left-Over' boys for the next few days. It'll be about a fortnight, Alma."

"A fortnight! Here with you?" she cried aghast. "Never! I'll kill you. I'll kill myself first."

JESSOP whistled softly his one monotonous tune. "You won't feel that way long." His eyes were full of audacious laughter. "You'll come to me before those two weeks are up, and you'll put your arms around my neck, the same as life's doing now—just as soft and sweet—and you'll beg me to keep you here always."

"Dios!" Alma had tottered back at his unlicensed utterances, and stood with her arms stretched stiffly against the wall, her mouth open, staring at him in horrified incredulity. Then her hot blood flushed her cheek, her eyes narrowed and glittered, and like a cat she sprang at him and slapped him across his insolently smiling face. "Take that, dog!" she cried, "son of an ape!" She flung Spanish oaths at him with such force and heat that he told her they spluttered when they fell upon the cold of his frightened ears.

But the maddening smile still lingered on his lips as he bent to pick up the pipe her blow had sent flying to the floor. And still smiling, he stood for a moment caressing the white dents her fingers had left on his hard red cheeks. Then carefully refilling his pipe he drew a table toward him, and sat for the rest of the day softly whistling and playing one game of solitaire after another.

Alma, for her part, retired to the darkest part of the cabin. Her attitude resembled that of a panther huddled sullenly in the back of its cage, feigning sleep yet warily watchful, listless yet tense, and ready at any moment for a spring. Jessop made two or three remarks, but they were ignored. She preferred silence and indulged her preference.

And even when the long shadows

had crept up from the valley and night had definitely closed down, she showed no evidences of a change of mood; true, something of the listlessness vanished, but the tenseness and the watchfulness increased. She did not offer to help Jessop, who, with the skill of one who long had "batched" alone in his cabin, was moving about preparing a savory supper. But when he had laid the cloth, placed the food upon the table, and, with a triumphant flourish, added the final touch, a gaudy lamp with a shade of brilliant and flaring color, she so far forgot herself as to lean forward with parted lips and eyes full of a wondering, almost awed admiration.

AS Jessop had announced, he had recently refurnished his cabin. In so doing he had permitted himself the joy of a prodigal expenditure and had achieved results commensurate with his newly acquired and ever increasing wealth, but strikingly incongruous to a miner's cabin in so remote and isolated a spot. The uneven floors were covered with silken rugs of glaringly vivid hues, and the rough walls were adorned with crude, highly colored pictures in resplendent gift frames. Tables and easy chairs abounded, all of the most expensive and inappropriate description, and he had even let his fancy revel in sofa pillows, table covers and ornaments which it were criminal to describe.

When, at last, he announced supper by simply stating briefly, "The biscuits are done," Alma, who through the long hours of the afternoon had darkly contemplated starvation, hastily renounced the thought at the tempting sight and odor of the supper set before her, and sullenly, reluctantly, with the worst possible grace, accepted the chair Jessop offered, and ate avidly but in silence and with eyes resolutely downcast.

During the progress of the meal, Jessop had surveyed her more than once with a speculative and somewhat quizzical glance, but had made no attempt to draw her into conversation, and at its conclusion, he deftly cleared away all traces of the supper, washing the dishes without requesting or even seeming to expect her assistance. Then lighting his pipe, he ensconced himself in an easy chair, and devoted his attention to a pile of newspapers several days old. Long ago his isolated life had taught him the lesson, so difficult to one of his Irish blood, of silence, a lesson which Alma had yet to learn. Her enforced speechlessness had grown almost unendurable to her, and now and again she rose and moved restlessly about the room as a panther might pace its cage, yet never relaxing her furtive watchfulness of Jessop, who sat low in his great armchair, his long legs stretched out to the fire of logs upon the hearth, wreaths of smoke from his pipe curling about his head, still absorbed in his papers, and, as far as outward appearance went, most unforgivably indifferent to Alma.

At last he rose and knocking the ashes from his pipe stood lazily contemplating his prisoner, who had retired to her distant corner and sat there in contemptuous disdain, the effect of which was somewhat marred by her appearance of watchfulness, which had increased a thousandfold.

With a humorous twist of the lip,

Jessop turned and took from a nail on the wall a large key. This he threw upon the table near him, where it fell with a rattling clang. "I got two rooms to this cabin," he said. "This one's yours, the other's mine. There's the key of it, you can lock the door after I go in. I know you'd never trust me to do it." A smile sardonically mocking played for a moment about his lips.

Without even a glance at him, she extended her hand quickly and took up the key, neither did she respond to his teasing yet rather wistful "good night," and he had scarcely entered the adjoining room before the sound of a hastily turned key clicked in the lock.

But Alma was not used to inaction and had she attempted to maintain her attitude of the passive prisoner who scorned to assist her jailer in the necessary household tasks, it might have gone hard with her; but fortunately for her, during the next two or three days she found a channel for her energies. Daughter of the mountains as she was, she knew of various trails lying in different directions, and she was sure that one or two of these, if fully explored on snowshoes, would enable her to make the camp. Jessop, in spite of her voluble protestations, insisted on accompanying her, and together they two traversed many profitless miles alone in those white, monotonous wastes, whose stillness was only broken by the harsh cries of the coyotes and the howls of the mountain lion.

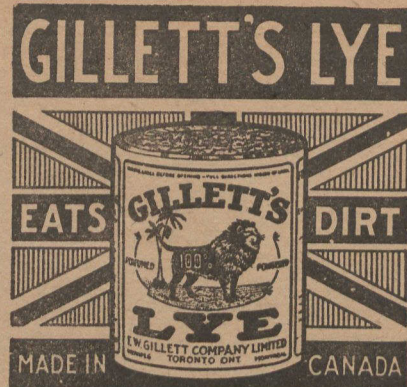
Reluctantly, bitterly, but still finally, Alma was at last forced to admit the truth of Jessop's earlier prognostications. They were pocketed in a nest of deep ravines, and the encircling mountains, stern bastions barring her way to home and happiness, soon convinced her that nothing remained for her to do but to await the great spring thaw, necessarily near at hand.

BUT Alma was neither capable of protracted silences nor of an unvarying pose of stoical indifference. The very effort involved in keeping up the outward appearance of these fictitious inward states produced an almost feverish reaction, dynamic in its effects, and one evening when the lamplight, falling through its garish shade, dispersed the soft shadows of evening and lighted as with a torch the harsh but vivid dissonances of this crudely gorgeous cabin, she, with her feminine love of luxury, her inherent susceptibility to color, could no longer resist the influences of her environment.

Alma was a child of the South, given to swift and sudden changes of temperament. She had sulked for days, had now and again given way to tears and bitter rebellion, until the pendulum had swung to its limit in the other direction. Her natural love of life and of gayety asserted itself; she must laugh, she must talk. Her spirits were as effervescent as champagne.

It was with no thought of entertaining Jessop that she allowed herself this gay truce in their warfare, and chose, for the moment, to disregard him in his official capacity—the enemy. She had, for the time, and with easy mental facility, relegated him to the same position as the chairs and tables. He served as audience, or, eclipsed by her more complete negation, background.

To do her justice, it was for herself



"What's that roaring noise over there?" "The bawl game."—Boston Transcript.

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that she sparkled and shimmered before the fire, cracking nuts and eating them with infinite zest, until at last, the better to depict some little comedy of the camp, she acted out the pantomime with unapproachable grace and drollery. It was with the final snap of her long brown fingers in unison with the tap of her heels that Jessop detached himself from the background, and proved once and for all to Alma the futility of her insolent relegation.

From the shadow he hurled himself into that zone of glowing firelight where she sparkled and fluttered. A white flame passed over his face and lighted his eyes with that burning, incandescent glow that only those cold, blue eyes can show. Primeval, all preliminary bowing and scraping in the minuet of wooing ignored, he saw his heart's desire, and seized it, lifting this flower of Spain in his mighty arms, crushing her against his breast until she, dazed for the moment, lay captured and captive, a tropical blossom adorning the frieze coat of the Celt.

But her second of surprised, involuntary nonresistance served her well. He looked into her eyes and forgot his vigilance; and, with a twist, Alma had slipped through his arms and was across the room, catching from the table she had set for breakfast a knife. Its cold blue glitter she concealed in a fold of her dress, her arm held at length for a long lunge, her head thrown back, a smile on her white lips, her eyes daring him.

JESSOP took no dares. It was a part of his creed. He was across the room in a step. The steel flashed straight at him, no deflection of purpose there. At the same moment he caught her arm with a peculiar upward twist, and the knife whirled through the air over his head to clatter to the floor half a dozen feet behind him.

He dropped her wrist and stepped aside, punctiliously observing the rules of the game. She was free to pick up her sword and have at him again.

But Alma made no move to seize it. "There are other knives," she whispered bravely through her stiff lips, "and I will kill you sure if you ever try to lay a finger on me again." Then tacitly discarding the game at which she was predestined to lose, she instinctively drew from its scabbard her one invincible weapon—she covered her face with her hands and wept. "Oh, you are a devil," she moaned, "and you make me one. I would have killed you, I would. I am like that."

And Jessop was on his knees before her. "Alma!" he cried. "Forgive me. Why, you're as safe here as in your father's cabin. You see I ain't got used to having you around yet and I kind o' forget myself. It won't happen again. Why, Alma, you can keep me locked up there in the other room if you want to, and just pass my food through the door now and then when you feel like it."

But this circumstance did not serve as a thunder cloud clearing the air. Jessop had never been a favorite with Alma, and she ascribed the horrid accident of the avalanche, which kept her a prisoner in his cabin, to the malign powers of evil arrayed against her and with which she vaguely suspected him of being in collusion. Also she resented bitterly the time which must elapse before she would be free,

her delayed marriage, her unfinished wedding dress, and she fancied that her heart, her vain and fickle heart, pined and ached at the separation from her handsome, blonde Swede.

But in spite of the electrical atmosphere within the cabin, without, the slow procession of the passing days was infinitely dreary. The spring thaw which was to melt the mountain of snow in the ravine, was no longer presaged, but at hand. The rain fell for hours each day, the air was soft to mildness; but the dull and weeping skies, the heavy air, oppressed Alma's spirit and made her now sad and listless, and now irritable and restless.

One day, when she was more silent than usual, Jessop thought she looked pale and feared for her health. She had scarcely touched food, he remembered.

"What's the matter, Alma?" he asked. "Ain't you feeling well?" And Alma, crouching beside the low-burning fire, her eyes somberly, unseemingly upon it, had bent her head upon her knees and sobbed.

"It's my wedding day," she said, and wept afresh.

Jessop made no comment, merely puffed at his pipe.

Presently she brightened. "But we will set a new wedding day," she announced confidently, "as soon as I am out of this."

"Not now," said Jessop calmly, with another long draw on his pipe.

"What are you saying?" she cried, aflame in a moment. "Who's going to stop us? Not you. Bah!" She snapped disdainful fingers at him. "Jack's as big as you are, and if I tell him to he'll break every bone in your body."

"To the devil with Jack," said Jessop equably. "He's all right. I've nothing against him. What I mean is that he won't want you after you've been living up here with me for two weeks."

THE ringing scornful insolence of her laughter! "He'd know that I was safer from you than ever after looking at your ugly face for a fortnight."

Jessop grinned across his solitaire board at her. "Safe or not safe, you mind me. He nor any other man won't want you after you've been here all this time with me."

"Wouldn't you, if things had happened this way with me, and it was one of the other boys?" she flashed.

"Oh, Lord, yes," he said carelessly, "I'd be glad to get you any kind of a way. I ain't making conditions."

"Bah!" Alma tapped her foot and preened herself, looking down at him from heights of scorn. "Everyone knows how you've been running after me for two years. They know, too, that I wouldn't even look at you. None can blame me for this. It is an accident sent by your friend, the devil."

"Do you think that's going to make any difference?" he asked. "I'm telling you straight, Alma, when I tell you that there ain't a thing for you to do but marry me."

"You!"—her hands on either side of her round waist, her eyes looking down at him through her long black lashes in sparkling rage—"I've chosen a good man. Do you think that I would marry a devil like you?"

He prodded tobacco in his pipe with his thumb, apparently absorbed in the process.

"I been a hard liver," he said, "but

I wouldn't hardly call myself a lost soul."

"Well, I would. A drunkard, too!"

"Never was," he answered coolly. "Got drunk when I wanted to. Never touch it again if you ask me not to, real pretty."

"Sss—s!" She curled her lip in

scorn. "A gambler!"

"Got to have some fun, and then I'm lucky at cards."

"But not at love," she fltered.

"Oh, I don't know. But I'll never look at another petticoat if you'll have me. Promise you that. Is it a bargain?"

# Bank of Montreal

## Annual Statement

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ended 31st October, 1917.

|  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st October, 1916 .....   | \$1,414,423.99        |
| Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1917, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts ..... | 2,477,969.09          |
|  | <u>\$3,892,393.08</u> |
| Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st March, 1917 .....   | \$400,000.00          |
| Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st June, 1917 .....  | 400,000.00            |
| Bonus—1 per cent. paid 1st June, 1917 .....  | 160,000.00            |
| Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st Sept., 1917 .....   | 400,000.00            |
| Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. payable 1st Dec., 1917 .....   | 400,000.00            |
| Bonus—1 per cent. payable 1st Dec., 1917 .....   | 160,000.00            |
|  | <u>\$1,920,000.00</u> |
| War Tax on Bank Note Circulation to 31st October, 1917 ..  | 160,000.00            |
| Subscriptions to Patriotic Funds, \$73,500—of which paid ..  | 47,500.00             |
| Reservation for Bank Premises .....  | 100,000.00            |
|  | <u>2,227,500.00</u>   |

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward .....

Note—Market price of Bank of Montreal Stock, 31st October, 1917, 210% ex. div.

### GENERAL STATEMENT—31st OCTOBER, 1917.

| Liabilities.   |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| Capital Stock .....  | \$16,000,000.00         |
| Reserve .....  | \$16,000,000.00         |
| Balance of Profits carried forward .....   | 1,664,893.08            |
|  | <u>\$17,664,893.08</u>  |
| Unclaimed Dividends .....  | 3,640.50                |
| Quarterly Dividend, payable 1st December, 1917 ..  | \$400,000.00            |
| Bonus of 1 p.c., payable 1st December, 1917 .....  | 160,000.00              |
|  | <u>560,000.00</u>       |
|  | <u>\$18,228,533.58</u>  |
|  | <u>\$34,228,533.58</u>  |
| Notes of the Bank in circulation .....   | \$29,308,086.00         |
| Balance due to Dominion Government .....   | 13,638,962.36           |
| Deposits not bearing interest .....  | 71,114,641.55           |
| Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement .....                             | 246,041,786.81          |
| Deposits made by and Balances due to other Banks in Canada .....   | 4,147,482.91            |
| Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada .....                              | 496,621.23              |
| Bills payable .....  | 1,024,346.75            |
|  | <u>365,771,927.66</u>   |
| Acceptances under Letters of Credit .....  | 3,335,499.58            |
| Liabilities not included in the foregoing .....  | 644,275.82              |
|  | <u>\$403,980,236.64</u> |
| Assets.  |                         |
| Gold and Silver coin current .....   | \$20,592,891.86         |
| Dominion Notes .....   | 30,760,233.25           |
| Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves .....   | 14,500,000.00           |
| Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada .....                              | \$ 16,629,089.91        |
| Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) ..  | 100,610,214.54          |
| Loans in Great Britain and United States .....   | 117,239,304.45          |
| Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value .....                               | 28,573,322.12           |
| Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value .....                              | 12,571,625.43           |
| Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian ..... | 33,455,254.64           |
| Notes of other Banks .....   | 1,494,676.00            |
| Cheques on other Banks .....   | 17,111,090.06           |
|  | <u>\$276,298,397.81</u> |
| Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) ..   | 97,607,404.98           |
| Loans to Cities, Towns, Municipalities and School Districts ..   | 11,415,383.61           |
| Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) ..                            | 10,045,811.81           |
| Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for .....   | 371,629.30              |
|  | <u>119,440,229.70</u>   |
| Bank Premises at not more than cost (less amounts written off) ..  | 4,000,000.00            |
| Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit (as per contra) ..  | 3,335,499.58            |
| Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund ..  | 790,000.00              |
| Other assets not included in the foregoing .....   | 116,109.55              |
|  | <u>\$403,980,236.64</u> |

VINCENT MEREDITH, President. FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR, General Manager.

To the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal:—  
We have checked the Cash and verified the Securities of the Bank at the Chief Office and at several of the principal Branches at various times during the year, as well as on 31st October, 1917, and we found them to be in accord with the books of the Bank. We have obtained all information and explanations required, and all transactions that have come under our notice have, in our opinion, been within the powers of the Bank. We have compared the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Accounts at the Chief office of the Bank, and with the certified Returns received from its Branches, and we certify that in our opinion it exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information, the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Bank.

J. MAXTONE GRAHAM, } Auditors.  
JAMES HUTCHISON, }  
GEORGE CREAK. }  
Chartered Accountants

Montreal, 20th November, 1917.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

Royal Naval College of Canada.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,  
Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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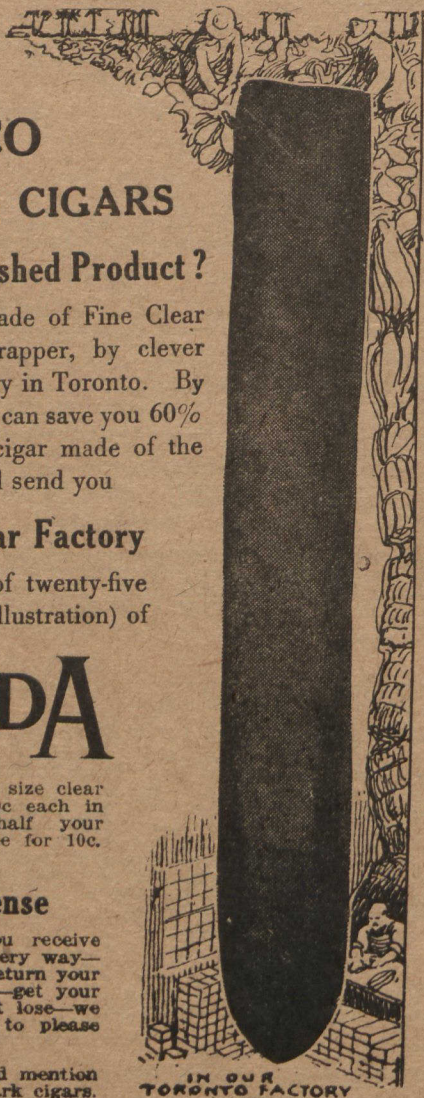
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Smoke four "AGRADAS" when you receive them—if they don't please you in every way—send back the balance and we will return your money without a word. Don't wait—get your order in the mail to-day. You can't lose—we stand all the expense if they fail to please you.

Remit by money order or cheque and mention whether you like light, medium or dark cigars.

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"Listen!" Alma leaned forward and pounded in one open palm with the other hand clinched in a fist. "If Jack went back on me; if my father would drive me out into the mountains to die and be eaten of coyotes; if you were the last, the very last man in the world, I would not marry you. I would go into a convent first!"

"You! In a convent!" He took his pipe from his mouth and the walls echoed his laughter.

THIS was almost the last conversation between them, for Alma relapsed into one of her silent moods, and Jessop spent much time down by the mountain of snow, watching its almost magical vanishing.

"They'll be swinging some sort of an old plank across the ravine to-day, Alma," he said at breakfast, a morning or two later. "Let's go down and look on."

But Alma shrank. "I won't come," she said sullenly. "There will be a crowd. The whole camp will be there to stare at me. Pop and Jack can come and find me."

Jessop tapped the table a moment or two in silence. "Better go, Alma," he said at last. "It'll look better for you, the more anxious you are to get shut of me and this."

But Alma only glowered in dark obstinacy. "How silly you are! How could they think I would not be anxious to leave? But I will not be stared at." Then she would say no more, but spent all morning alternately gazing from the window and running the cards, while Jessop devoted himself to cleaning and loading a brace of pistols.

About noon Alma, gazing for the hundredth time from the window, gave a little cry, "Jack and pop!" and rushed to the door, leaving it open behind her. Like a bird she flew over the threshold and would have thrown herself into her father's arms, but he caught her wrists and pushed her back a step or two, anything but gently.

"Why wasn't you down at the bridge?" he asked sternly. The old man had changed in this fortnight. There were anxious puckers about his eyes, which were at once brighter and more sunken than ever. His parchment skin looked livid and lifeless, and his mouth had tightened until it was drawn in and pinched.

"Why wasn't you down at the gully waiting for us?" he asked again, "hiding up here in that cabin like you'd as lief stay there as not! What do you suppose the camp thinks of you now?"

"Yes, Alma, why wasn't you at the bridge?" echoed the great, blonde, handsome Swede beside him. His tone was appealing, puzzled, hurt.

Alma looked at him a moment in frowning, puzzled incomprehension; from Tillotson to her father she glanced and then back again. Then, as the meaning of their attitude flashed over her, she fell back a pace or two from them, swaying a little, her face grown white as the truth of Jessop's hateful prophecies surged over her in waves of bitterness. "Dios!" she muttered with stiff lips, a sob rising in her throat. The loyalty she had never doubted, had leaned against as if it were an oak, was but a broken reed.

One moment she despaired hopelessly, a brief moment. Then she tossed high her head in hot resentment. Her mouth was set in a thin,

scarlet line of obstinacy, her eyes burned, but their expression was unreadable. With a slow movement of her body, expressing infinite scorn, she swung away from her father and lover, and with her eyes upon the far horizon superbly ignored them.

"Oh, Alma, my Alma, don't act this way," pleaded her lover, his voice broken with emotion. "Why wasn't you at the gully? Wouldn't he let you?" He pointed a finger at Jessop, who stood a little apart watching the scene with folded arms, his pipe thrust between his teeth. "Oh, Alma"—his voice wavered and trembled—"why don't you answer your pop? Ain't you just as good as when you come?"

But Alma's seven or seventeen devils were all in full possession of her now. Petted, spoiled child that she was, she could not bear to be thus treated, chidden and questioned, where she had expected a rapturous welcome, and one of the seven devils, a newly acquired one, the demon of silence, stood her in good stead. She rightly divined that this attitude of non-explanation would prove far more maddening to her inquisitors than the vials of her wrath poured freely upon them.

But although her father's silence was as grim and unbroken as her own, Tillotson continued to plead, "Oh, Alma, ain't you the same? Just tell us, ain't you the same?" Until at last, driven to fury by his bleat, she dropped her pose of insolent indifference and proud defiance, and whirling suddenly about, scorched him with her glance.

"How can I be the same when I been living up her two weeks with Bill Jessop?" she flashed.

Tillotson sprang toward Jessop, but Gallito's hand had shot out and caught him by the arm with a grip of steel, holding him back, and the Swede threw his hands over his face and sobbed and trembled all over his big frame.

"Good Lord, Alma!" Jessop strode angrily forward, his face white, heavy creases between his brows. "What the devil you queerin' yourself this way for?"

Her father looked at him, a slow and bitter smile about his lips, then he gave a little nod of acrid comprehension. Tillotson dropped his hands from his face, his gray eyes blazed through his tears, and again he made as if to spring at Jessop and again the old man held him with those long, lean, bloodless fingers from which age had taken nothing of their grip.

"You keep out of this, Bill Jessop," he said in a low, cold, deadly voice. "This is between the girl and us. I'll settle with you later. Alma, you answer the question that was asked you. Are you the same as when you left, or not?"

A wailing wind swept down from the peaks and blew a great cloud of snow, fine as dust, through the heavy damp air. The mocking cry of coyotes at an almost incredible distance sounded near at hand in these white, waste solitudes; a bird flew from one tree to another, and the sound of a breaking twig was like a pistol shot.

MOMENTS passed, and still Alma had not obeyed that parental command. It was not repeated, which was characteristic of Gallito. He merely waited until at last Alma lifted her eyes, eyes so like his own, and unwaveringly met his gaze.



"Am I the same? No, I ain't," she said clearly.

Jessop made a step toward her with protesting, out-thrown hand as if to stop her. Then, evidently thinking better of it, he stood negligently with folded arms. His eyebrows were still raised in unconquerable amazement, but a faint smile of mingled resignation, amusement and admiration played about his lips. The ways of Alma were past even his Celtic comprehension.

Gallito had dropped his hand from Tillotson's arm. The time for emotion as well as for further interrogation was gone. All three men recognized that. This was the moment for action. Still in his slow, cold voice, he said to Tillotson, with not another glance at Alma, "This is mine; but you'll probably get a shot at him," and reached back to his hip pocket.

"Look here, Gallito," cried Jessop, still with his arms folded, "I ain't afraid of either you or Tillotson. I don't care a darn how soon you begin to shoot. I ain't even got my gun with me, but I been cleaning and loading it all morning, and if you two don't put air through me out here, I'm going back to the cabin and finish the job myself; 'cause I won't stay here without her. For some reason—God knows what—she's stringin' you both. I've asked her to marry me more than once since she came here, but she wouldn't hear of it."

The Spaniard, unheeding him, lifted the pistol and took steady aim.

"Put up that gun, pop." Alma's voice was lifted in imperious command as she stepped lightly between Jessop and himself. "There won't be any shooting around here until I say what I got to. Ain't men the fools?" Hands on her hips, the color back in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, her mercurial spirits apparently restored, she swung her skirts and surveyed Tillotson and her father, a half humorous mockery in her slanting gaze. "You prancing up here trying to show off, and ready to smirch my good name in the camp by shooting holes in Bill Jessop! A nice trick! And you, pop, to go bringing that suspicious lump of dough with you!" A contemptuous tilt of her elbow toward Tillotson. "And letting him ask me such questions! Do you think I'd take it from either of you? My Lord! I don't see how the pair of you's ever going to hold up your heads again." And now her glance softened, her head lifted higher yet, her voice rang out exultantly. "Bill Jessop would never ask me whether I was good or bad and no man that's got any sense would dare to. 'Are you the same?'" mimicking their voices. "No, I ain't. I told you the truth when I said that. Nothing's the same. Look around you. This is a new earth and I'm new, too. For now I can go down"—her voice had sunk almost to a whisper and her lashes lay on her flushing cheek—"I don't want to."

Jessop was beside her in two strides. "Alma," he cried, "what in the name of all the saints are you saying? Alma!"

She lifted her radiant face to his, and leaned toward him with all the allurements, the softness and sweetness of the South in her voice and eyes. "I want to stay here now," she murmured; "I love you, Bill."

And this time, the flower of Spain unresistingly, joyously, adorned the coat of Irish frieze.



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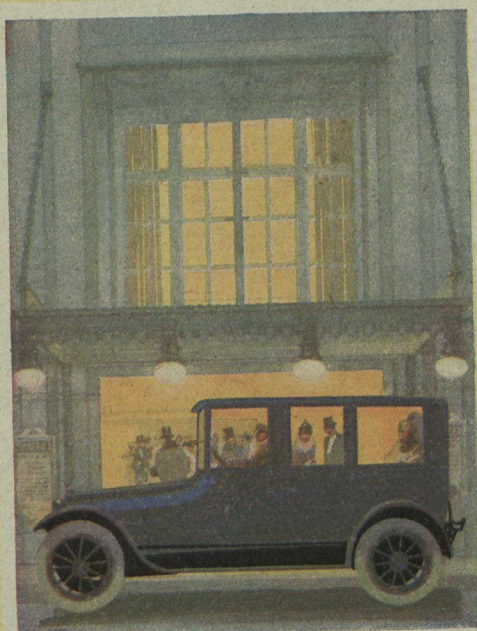


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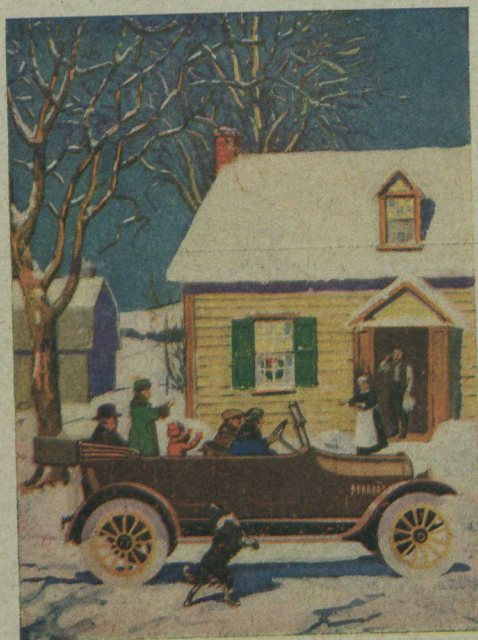


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