

DIARY.

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CANADIAN COURIER

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HELP the HALIFAX BLIND

THE tragedy of the suddenly blind; of those who in the morning saw a great world and a beautiful city and suddenly found that the world and the city had passed forever from their sight is told with the strength of moderate language in the appeal recently sent out by Sir Frederick Fraser, head of the School for the Blind in Halifax.

In a letter to the editor of this paper, Sir Frederick expresses the wish that, through our many thousands of readers all over Canada, we should give publicity to his appeal. We do so herewith in the confident expectation that people all over Canada will respond to the call. The Halifax tragedy made a direct call upon the kindness of Canadians as nothing has ever done in the history of this country.

If every reader of the Canadian Courier would do no more than send an average of twenty-five cents in any sort of currency capable of being mailed to the address given on another page, the philanthropic efforts of Sir Frederick Fraser and his staff of workers would be immensely stimulated. Here is the call. Will you answer it?

To the Friends of the Blind in Canada:—

In view of the recent terrible explosion in Halifax, and the number of persons who have become totally or partially blind as a result of the same, the several organizations in Halifax for the care and training of the blind find themselves almost overwhelmed in meeting the new conditions which have arisen. Even before the disaster the resources of the Halifax School for the Blind, the Home Teaching Society for the Blind, the Maritime Association for the Blind, etc., etc., found it almost impossible with their limited resources to meet the demands upon them, but these demands have been suddenly increased by the necessity for providing shelter, care and training for upwards of two hundred men, women and children who lost their sight as a result of the recent disaster. Under these circumstances it is imperative that an appeal be made to all sympathetic and public spirited Canadians. The best and most effective way of making provision for these sightless people is to immediately increase the Blind Endowment Fund so that it may reach a total of \$500,000.00. The income arising from such an endowment fund will enable us to meet the problems of the blind in Halifax in a systematic and practical manner, and would bring to many a one now helpless and hopeless new opportunities to fit himself or herself for the battle of life. No greater need to help the blind has ever arisen in any part of the world and I believe that when the people of Canada fully appreciate the situation generous help will be forthcoming.

The Blind Endowment Fund is in the hands of three trustees, namely, the President of the Board of Managers of the School for the Blind, Halifax; the Treasurer of the School for the Blind, and The Eastern Trust Co., of Halifax.

A FEW TYPICAL CASES.

- A woman of 31, now totally blind, is a patient in one hospital while her little daughter nine years of age, totally blind, is a patient in another.
- A mother, 35 years old, totally blind, father has lost one eye and a child aged five is totally blind.
- A young wife of 18 whose husband is in the army is still in hospital, four months pregnant and frantic over practical blindness.
- A mother, 45 years of age, now totally blind, had five children of whom one is missing, one lost a leg, one is suffering from other serious injury, and one is totally blind. The father was probably killed as he has been missing since the explosion. The child of the married daughter is also totally blind and badly mutilated.
- A mother, of 39, totally blind, had a child of 10 totally blinded in the explosion, who has since died. A second child, aged 12, has lost one eye. The husband is in the trenches.

Contributions towards the Blind Endowment Fund may be sent to **SIR FREDERICK FRASER** School for the Blind, Halifax

IN a letter to Edward VanCleve, Superintendent of the New York Institute for Education of the Blind, Sir Frederick told the story of how the explosion affected the School for the Blind:

Our school had dispersed after Roll-Call and the teachers and pupils were all in their class-rooms or at their assigned duties. My wife was reading

(Concluded on page 11.)

YALE

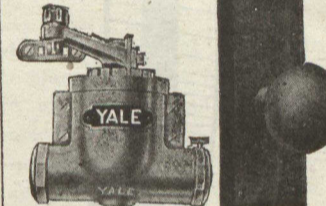
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When you buy a Yale product in Canada you buy a product *made* in Canada, by a Canadian institution for use by Canadians. And as evidence of their *origin* and *genuineness* every Yale product bears the trade-mark Yale plainly, where you can always *see* it. The quality and service and reputation of Yale products is attested by their wide and general use throughout Canada—in every kind of building, public and private.

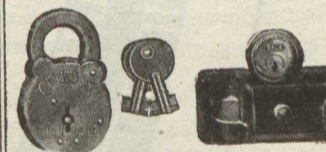
You, too, should buy Yale locks and hardware, if you want Yale quality and security and protection. Yale products made in Canada include padlocks, door closers, night latches, builders' hardware—and each and every one of them bears the trade-mark "Yale."

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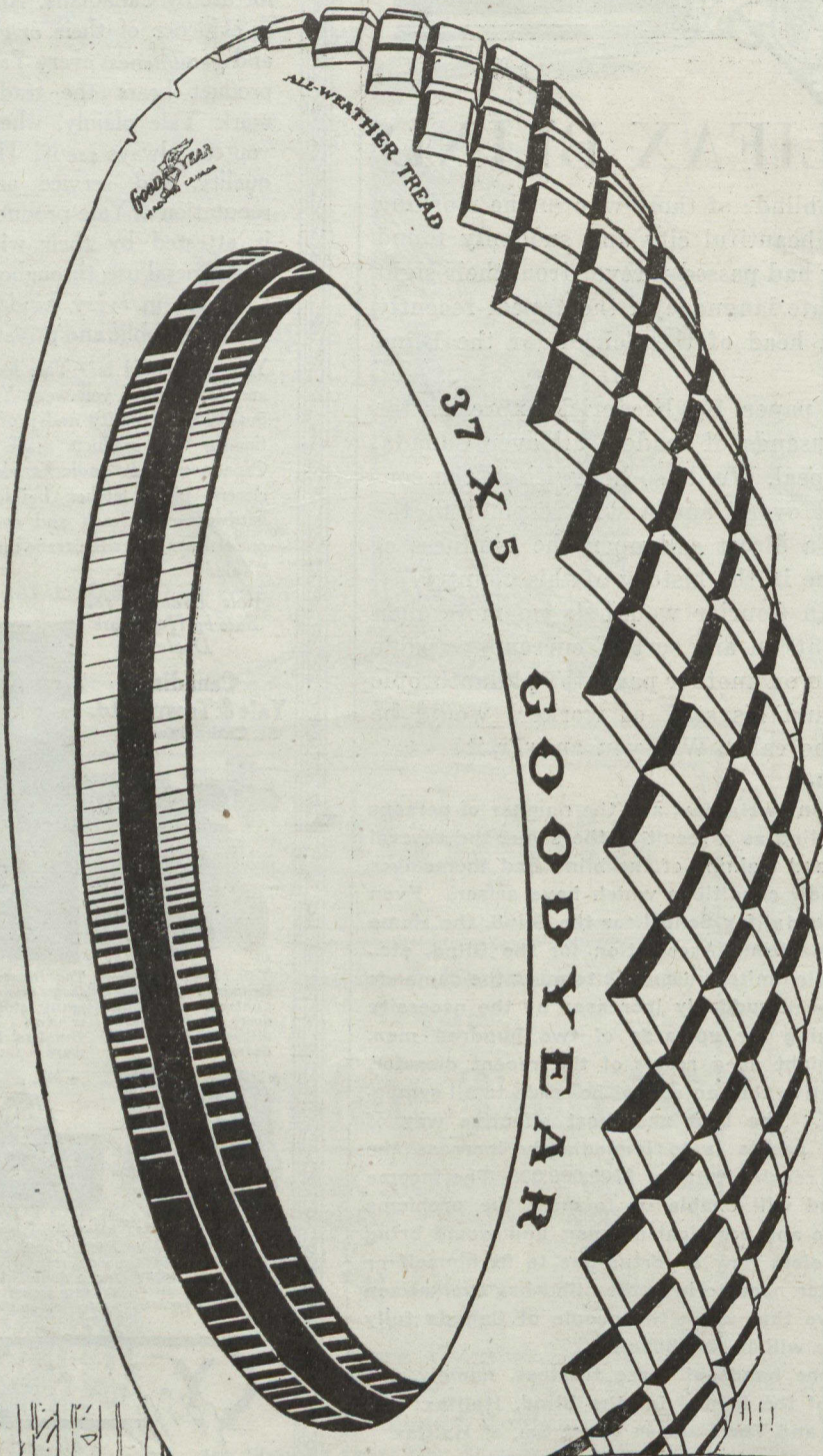


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On the rear wheels Goodyears resist skidding just as faithfully; give just as comfortable riding straight ahead.

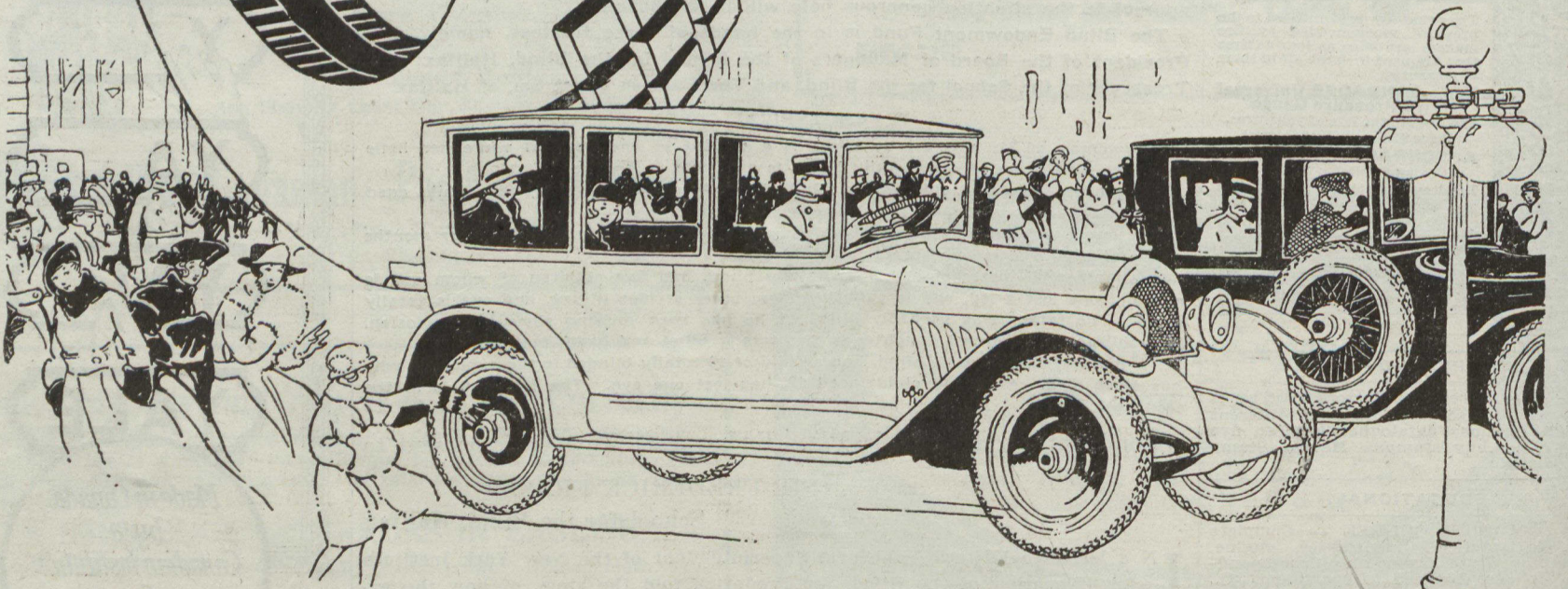
You would want Goodyear Tires for their greater goodness alone. They also offer you an actual saving in price—because they are made in Canada. The following table shows that Goodyears cost you less than good plain treads imported from the United States.

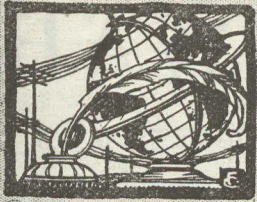
Size	Style	Cost of Goodyear Tires if Imported	Goodyear Made-in-Canada Prices	Saving to Canadian Motorists
30 x 3½	Plain	\$26.00	\$20.00	\$ 6.00
	All-Weather	30.42	23.00	7.42
32 x 3½	Plain	30.42	21.60	8.82
	All-Weather	35.55	25.90	9.65
34 x 4	Plain	44.46	34.80	9.66
	All-Weather	51.94	41.75	10.19
36 x 4½	Plain	62.62	48.60	14.02
	All-Weather	73.17	58.30	14.87
37 x 5	Plain	76.66	58.55	18.11
	All-Weather	89.70	73.20	16.50

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada Limited

GOOD YEAR

MADE IN CANADA





WHY

THE biggest city in Canada is the worst managed. According to the repeated and vociferous confession of its own journals, the revenues of our commercial metropolis have been mishandled until it is on the verge of bankruptcy. Bankruptcy is the word employed.

Why is this?

Simply because the city is too big. It has outgrown the capacity of the officials who attempt to manage it. They might deal with affairs involving hundreds or thousands of dollars. But millions are beyond them.

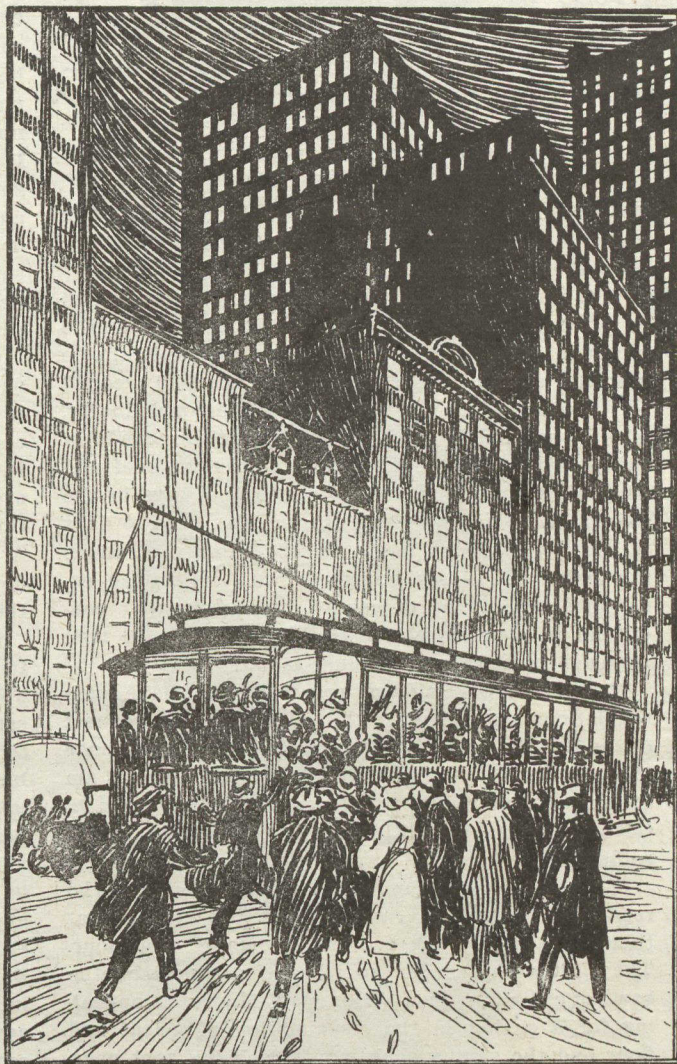
All the troubles of the world, says some one, begin with the multiplication table. The settler in a new country builds his house near a spring and so ensures his water supply. To get water for the village or town is somewhat harder; but not impossible. One pump per household is the rule and every man can still drink from the waters of his own well, a condition of beatitude. But when the town becomes a city, even on our Canadian ten thousand inhabitants classification, the cost of its water supply becomes the most serious of questions. When the city swells to the size of Toronto or Montreal, the problem of giving the people clean water to drink and to wash in involves the outlay of millions. So with the distribution of every necessity of life—food, fuel; so with transportation from point to point. The difficulties increase in direct ratio to the size of the community, the numbers to be supplied.

And yet every city in Canada wants to be big, much bigger than it is. It is afflicted with the disease called megalomania. The town of ten thousand wants to be a hundred thousand, and the city of a hundred thousand aims at a million. Simple souls organize what they call "booster clubs" to increase the population, with a "slogan" of a "bigger, brighter, busier" town. If you catch one of these megalomaniacs in a lucid interval, and ask him why he wants a bigger city, he will gasp "progress," "more business." Apparently he never reflects that if the city grows, more traders will press into it, competition will be keener, rents will go up with cost of living and overhead charges. The benefits of bigness are a delusion.

WILL anyone who remembers Toronto forty years ago deny that it was then a pleasanter city to live in than it is to-day? Bloor Street was the northern boundary then instead of being the equator. On a Saturday afternoon you could walk right out into the real country, where now there are railway lines and strange, exotic palaces. Most of your friends lived within easy distance of Queen's Park. Now Toronto is twice as big and twice as lonely. To see your friends, you must go a day's journey in a street car. Everything costs twice as much as it did forty years ago. And yet, I suppose the "boosters" won't be happy until Toronto has spread northward to Georgian Bay and taken in Hamilton and Kingston as suburbs. I wonder if they will be happy then. There is no limit to megalomania.

Once more I ask, "Why big?"

It reminds me of the argument that used to prevail



BIG?

people. The big city spells high rents (i.e., fat profits for the speculator and the landlord) and over-crowding and slums for the poor. Here is a chance for Canadian originality. Here is a chance for a Canadian city to make a name and fame for itself that will echo all round the world. For there is a limit to bigness. In spite of all the "boosters" in the world Toronto can never be as big as New York. The frog in the fable tried to puff himself up as big as the ox, but he burst in the effort. Suppose Toronto were the first city to attack the problem of the modern city, the housing of the working class. For the city is carried on by the people who labor with their hands. But for them, the business of the city would come to a standstill like a clock that has run down. Is it fanciful, is it Utopian, to hope that some Canadian city will lead in making it possible for the laboring man to have a decent shelter for himself, his wife and his children, a real home, not two rooms in a ramshackle tenement?

IS it too much to hope that his children will have some place to play in besides the street, that his wife will have some relief from her housework besides gossip with a neighbor, that he himself, now that the saloon is abolished, will have some place of recreation where he can meet his friends? Apart altogether from the demands of social justice, the solving of the housing problem would be "good business," the very best of good business. We boast of our progressiveness; but old communities like Glasgow and new communities like those of New Zealand have far outstripped us in this regard. And why should we stop at bettering city conditions for the working class? Why should not the city be made a possible place for the little clerk, the shop-girl, the family man on small salary? In each case, it takes one dollar out of every six, if not one out of every four, merely to provide shelter, a roof over one's head. It is too much. There is something wrong somewhere.

The modern city has come to stay. It cannot be abolished. Nay, more, it will continue to grow. But it is not a mere work of nature. It is a human contrivance, the work of human brains and human hands, designed for the benefit of man. We can remould it nearer to our heart's desire. Robert Balmer, after thirty years' absence from Toronto, was horrified to see the same old slums in the centre of the city that he had known as an undergraduate at Varsity. In the interval he had seen how much better a city can be managed in the case of Sydney, N.S.W. Adam Shortt, one of the wisest men in the country, has his ideas on the development of the city. Forestalling the land-sharks is part of his scheme and rapid transit another. In Belgium, thanks to rapid transit, the workman could have his own house and garden well removed from the foundry or the shop. Berlin owns 36,000 acres outside its present encircle, which were bought in the open market and are being held for rational development by the community, not to enable a few speculators to fatten on the needs of their fellow men.

(Concluded on page 25.)

BIGGER the town, on an average the harder it is to live in. This big-town craze struck this country, not once but many times. When is a man better off—in a city of half a million or a one of 100,000 population? The answer is suggested in this article.

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

in the school-yards of Ontario, "My father's bigger'n your father."

It is the talk of children.

The cities of Italy compete with one another, it is said, almost to the point of financial ruin. But they do not compete in respect to size of population. They boast which has the finest art gallery, the best museum.

Suppose Canadian cities began to compete not in mere size, but in sane matters that count.

Suppose they began to brag, not that they were becoming "monstrous tuberosities," but that they had the cleanest streets, the lowest death rate for children, the lightest taxes, the best appointed schools and playgrounds, the highest salaried teachers. If a single Canadian city specialized in the single matter of light taxation, it would have all the population it could possibly deal with eagerly flowing into it.

Suppose—it is an impossible, a ridiculous supposition—that a single Canadian city could justly boast that it had solved the problem of housing its working

EXPORT FIRST: SAVE AFTERWARD

CANADA is ready for drastic action on the part of the Food Controller. Producing more food for export according to population than any other country, we are capable of real self-denial.

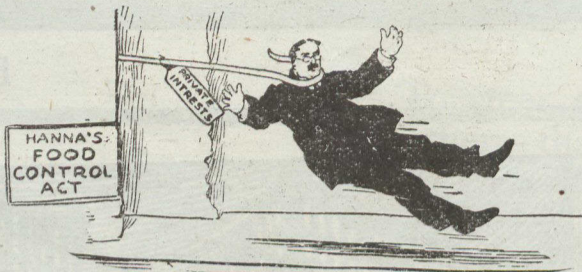
THERE is one official Food Controller in Canada. There are at least a million unofficial controllers—male and female—each of whom is quite persuaded of his ability to hold down that particular job with better results than those obtained so far by Hon. W. J. Hanna, or to be obtained by Mr. Thomson, his successor.

"I don't see the least advantage in this war bread they are advertising and that Mr. Hanna wants us to eat," remarked one woman to another in the course of a street-car conversation.

"Neither do I," was the reply. "Why, it is just as expensive as the white. It all goes to show how little sense Mr. Hanna has. I do believe our food costs us more now than before he was appointed."

Now, I am not qualified to discuss intelligently the question whether or not the various substitutes for white bread should, or should not, be sold for a less price. That is, after all, a side issue—important as it may be to each and all of us in these days of the shrinking and rapidly diminishing dollar. The trouble with most of the Food Controller's critics is that they are muddled in their thinking. First things first is a safe rule. To reduce the cost of living for us who remain at home is NOT the principal purpose for which a Food Controller was appointed. His main task must be accomplished first. We are facing world-wide scarcity of food; we are, in fact, in danger of world-wide famine. The Food Controller's task is so to regulate and direct consumption of food that there will be sufficient for all, so to divert consumption from one food to another that certain essential staples and highly concentrated foods such as wheat, beef and bacon may be saved for export.

Much noise has been abroad in the land about the burden of sixty cent bacon. Much of that noise has emanated from farmers who have no objection to \$2.21 wheat or 18 cents per pound live weight for hogs. But why should sixty cent bacon be a burden on home keeping Canadians? We need not eat it. Indeed, if we are alive to the real needs of to-day, we shall have seven baconless days a week. Bacon is scarce; it is a highly concentrated food that occupies comparatively little space in these days of scant shipping facilities; it is an absolutely essential food for the Canadian and Allied armies. Yet the idea of most of the amateur Food Controllers in Canada seems to be that the F. C. should reduce



By FRANK MAITLAND

the price of bacon for the Canadian consumer in order that we may, without undue strain upon our pocketbooks, eat more of it.

Why waste time with advice and persuasion, which so often go unheeded, when Government has the power of compulsion backed by the unmistakable mandate of the people? Or, if we are still wedded to voluntary effort and the fetish of personal liberty, why be so modest in the requests that are made of the public? Why restrict consumption of beef and bacon in restaurants and hotels to five days in the week? Why not restrict it to one day, or two days in the week? Why not make the same regulations applicable to private homes as well, with such exceptions as may be demanded by the peculiar conditions in some localities or by the needs of men engaged in strenuous manual labor?

If it is not advisable or practicable to make such regulations compulsory, why not make the request of the patriotic people of Canada? The request once made and reasons for it stated and explained, I am convinced that public opinion would quickly send to Coventry any thoughtless individuals who might selfishly disregard it.

It is a matter of common knowledge among all who read the newspapers and serious periodicals that there is an alarming scarcity of wheat and flour. The United States has no wheat for export on the basis of ordinary consumption. Mr. Hoover is appealing for a saving in the consumption of wheat and flour and the saving each month is being sent overseas. In Canada, we have a small surplus for export on the basis of ordinary consumption, and the Canadian Food Controller asks us to increase that surplus by reducing our consumption of bread and flour in all Canadian households. So far so good; but—

AND ONE CLEAR CALL FOR HIM

THIRTY-TWO years ago, on the 28th of July next, Alfred Richards stood in the old C. P. R. station, Montreal, and called out the first through train for Vancouver that ever ran in Canada. "All aboard for Hong Kong!" was his slogan. We are not told how many people got aboard. In those days Hong-Kong was about as far away from Montreal as heaven is now—from Toronto. Alfred Richards lived long enough to see Hong-Kong coming to Canada. For twenty years he was train announcer. A few days ago he went on a journey where no train could carry him. This is the picture of it.



This is a policy of saving first and shipping later. It is voluntary saving. Why not export first and save afterwards, thus making the saving compulsory?

Is it not possible to-day for the Canadian and American Governments to make an accurate estimate of the minimum requirements of wheat in both countries and either set aside for export, or export at once, the entire surplus? That estimate should be made on the assumption that liberal use will be made of all the various substitutes for white bread now recommended to us by the Food Controllers. If the wheat and flour were unobtainable, we should soon accommodate ourselves to the use of hoe cake and oatmeal products. Until such action is taken, or we are put on rations under a ticket system, the saving of wheat products in Canada and the United States will be very much of a farce. There is no sanction for law the equal of necessity.

Of course, such a policy would entail some hardship. But what of it? Some of us might realize then that this country is at war. One weakness of a democracy at war is the hesitation of government to demand real sacrifice of the people. Canadians are more ready for sacrifice and hardship than our Government and our Food Controller seem to realize. A drastic policy, involving real sacrifice and undoubted individual hardship would be welcomed by the great majority of patriotic Canadians.

For the task of greater production in 1918 on our farms the effective mobilization of all our man power and woman power is urgently and immediately necessary. Our farmers cannot be blamed if they hesitate to sow and plant an increased acreage until they have positive assurance of an adequate supply of labor for the plowing, the hoeing, the weeding, the harvesting and the threshing of the crop. In every village, town and city in Canada, committees should be at work enlisting the signed and pledged assistance of men, women, boys and girls for work on Canadian farms during the busy season of 1918. Boards of retired farmers could be usefully employed in passing upon the lists of these volunteers for agricultural service. No time need be wasted in appealing to the farmer for greater production because of the profits he can make at present high prices. He knows all about that and is apt to resent being reminded of his present day good fortune. But appeals can profitably be made to his patriotism.

In Western Canada there is a strong agitation for the conscription of aliens for work on Canadian farms at reasonable rates of wages. A blazing indignation was excited last year by the hold-up tactics of aliens from enemy countries who exacted double the ordinary wage—often more than that—from patriotic Canadian farmers whose sons were serving in Flanders for \$1.10 per day. A drastic and firm handling of this problem is confidently demanded of the Government by the people of Western Canada.

Vast areas of land in Western Canada, belonging to the Government, to the railway companies, and to private speculators are lying idle. Many thousands of Chinese laborers are crossing the continent each month on their way overseas. Could not our Government try the experiment of borrowing a few trainloads of these men and putting them to work under competent direction this spring on the task of breaking up some tens of thousands of acres of this idle land? It is probably inadvisable to sow wheat on new breaking in the prairie country. No immediate returns might be obtainable in 1918, but we have 1919 and succeeding years to look forward to, years of scarcity and probably years of war.

Canada is in the mood not only for sacrifice, but for daring innovation and courageous experiment. She has given her rulers an unmistakable mandate to spare no efforts but to mobilize all the resources of the Dominion for the winning of the war. She is probably more anxious to give than her rulers are to demand; she is ready for sacrifices which her rulers may fear to ask of her. No demand upon the patriotism of Canadians will be made in vain, if the reasons for the demand are properly explained.

CANADIAN ARTISTS to the FRONT

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WHEN the last gun has been backed off the last battlefield on the war map, and the last warplane has folded its wings, some lone figure with a sketching-easel will be looking over what's left. Art will end what war began. After more than three years of war that seemed to be killing art, the artist is now busy making War Records.

Canada will have four artists at the front—or near it—within a few weeks. Or rather four Canadian artists will be working on the pictures of war. They have been drafted and gazetted, with captain's rank, and will soon be in khaki. Two from Montreal—Messrs. Cullen and Simpson; two from Toronto, Beatty and Varley. Others may follow in the spring.

When they come back, what will they bring? To Ottawa, so far as is known—nothing definite. Ottawa is not sending these men. The Art Commission, which kept the National Museum supplied with pictures, had nothing to do with selecting, and will have nothing to do with financing these Canadian artists. The choice was made by a Canadian committee. The artists will be financed by Lord Beaverbrook, or by men organized for that purpose by him. They will be a small part of a large corps of artists engaged in preparing war records for Great Britain and the Empire. What becomes of their work when it is done; what part of it struggles back to Canada to find a place in Ottawa, will probably be decided by one who used to be a Canadian, but is now a Londoner—Lord Beaverbrook.

Theirs not to reason why. The four artists in the first draft will go where they are sent, do as they are told, come back when they are wanted, and the value of their work as war recorders for Canada must depend upon the individuality each man puts into his work.

No doubt the Committee has chosen these four men wisely. They are all non-studio painters; men of the out-of-doors; men to whom the field and the sky, the human figure and the battered wall are more than posings in a studio.

MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A., is famous in Canada as our foremost snow painter. He delights in zeros, blizzards, ice-cutters, blocked roads and houses buried in snow. And he lives in the best city in the world for just these inspiring subjects. He has never been spoiled by too much social distinctions in a city which mixes up art and money better than any other in Canada. He was born in St. John, Newfoundland, a colony which is more famous for pictures than for painters. He went to Montreal when he was a young man, at first in commercial pursuits, later studying sculpture under Hebert, afterwards to Paris for painting, since then much abroad whenever he had time and money for subjects and inspiration. But he has remained a Canadian; which is what some men don't do when they travel, especially when they practice art.

CHARLES W. SIMPSON is a brilliant painter. He has confined most of his work to Montreal and Quebec. He is one of the younger Anglo-Saxons who have found Canada's best color in Quebec. Sanity, combined with great vigor and a fresh sense of color, are his qualifications for the post of captain in the Canadian Artist Corps.

EVERY now and then some man with opportunities dangling all round him like straps in a Toronto street-car, makes you think—"Oh, if I only had," and so on—"what I would like to do." And once

in a while we come across a man, even in this man-shuffling time of war, who bridges the hiatus. Col. Vincent Massey, the new Secretary of the War Cabinet at Ottawa, was never physically fitted for anything like trench life. He was born in what Canadians call luxury. Grandson of the late Hart A. Massey, for personal reasons he preferred not to go into the big business that represents millions of investment, output and wages and a world-wide connection.

The college—at first Victoria, afterwards Oxford—lured him into academic pursuits. He has always hated any sort of notoriety. Years ago he protested quietly, but with tremendous sincerity, against the suggestion that he should be exploited in print for what he had begun to do for the University of Toronto. The wish was respected, even when the subject, with all its novelty of the unexpected, was most tempting to the man with the typewriter. Circumstances have changed the case. The character of Col. Massey illustrates a principle too valuable to be ignored.

Men of wealth are not so popular as they were before the war. Millions of people behind the front lines have a notion that the world can do better without wealth in the hands of a minority. Trotzies are shooting up everywhere like Canada thistles in a wheat-field. The idea of Bolsheviki with sabotage riding on the tail-board is likely to spread even in Canada, where it must be confessed



CAPTAINS OF ART.

Maurice Cullen, R.C.A.

Charles W. Simpson, A.R.C.A.

J. W. Beatty, R.C.A.

F. Horsman Varley, O.S.A.

J. W. BEATTY never needed war for excitement. He has mastered many colors in paint. There have been times when he saw red—most. And there never was a man who could get rid of his red as quickly whenever a big subject or a simple human situation or kindly sentiment demanded it. He was born with an overplus of enthusiasm which even the lassitudes of art have never overcome. His career as a painter began after he had passed through a considerable term as a decorator, a number of years as a member of the Toronto Fire Brigade, and some months as a private in the Royal Grenadiers out against Big Bear and Poundmaker in 1885. His adventure into paint has always been a big, romantic quest and a desire as deep as that of Ponce de Leon or Sir Galahad. Europe—including Paris, London, Laren, Madrid, two terms at that with his eyes and ears open—never drove out of his system the Canadian germ. The past ten years he has been a pioneer in the ranks of those that are willing to splash Canada on the canvas no matter when or where or for whom, or for nobody at all but themselves. He used to have a penchant for the Dutch. He has found that which beats the Dutch. Beatty's return to Europe will be a strange sensation. No artist ever carried back with him to a new country a livelier lot of images than he has done of the art centres of the world. Europe, in the glory of her cathedrals and cottages and old bridges and tumbledown streets was the theme of his earlier art. The new Europe of the town that used to be, but is not now, the heap of debris that used to be a village, will tax all Beatty's curious love of the land where the rampike stub above the brule in the rocks speaks of a forest primeval.

F. HORSMAN VARLEY is well known to all readers of the Courier. His covers and illustrations have already stamped him as a man upon whom a patch of earth and sky or a lump of a human figure gets a powerful grip. I don't think he is strong on scenery or that he cares much for what may be called a mere landscape. Observation of this north-of-Englander as he bangs about here in Canada suggests that he goes hard after the big, essential virilities. Above all things he admires strength and realism. Not what a thing seems to be, but what it is; not the glamor or the chiaroscuro—enough of it for his purpose, but no more—but the strong massing of forms and colors that leaves the impress of a recreated reality. Varley would have made a strong sculptor. He seems to demand mass and heft in his work. He has had a lot of experience that knocks the guff out of any man. He knows what it is to be a wayside man without enough to eat, a dock walloper, a companion of those who never see three meals straight ahead in a row, the knights of the empty pocket and the full soul. He believes in the splash of rain on the pelt, the bite of the hard wind, the glint of a naked, hot sun. No fear but he will get as good a stranglehold on the tremendous things that high explosives have left in France as any of the contingent. Augustus John, head of the Canadian corps, had better keep an eye on Varley.

Influence Better Than Power

Illustrated by the Career of Lieut.-Col. Vincent Massey

we had begun to make a little tin god of the nouveau riche without bothering to find out where he got his money. Col. Massey may be set down as the example of a man who early in life preferred to live by means of the good that he had inherited wealth could do, instead of by the power it represented. He saw the opportunity and he seized it: the road of service for the good of others. The world as Massey sees it is a place for a man to struggle—even against the power of money—that he may strengthen himself for greater service. He chose to be of service to the young man at college, which is everybody's democracy. As he will be sure to object to seeing any printed use made of his name coupled with any benefactions, no specific mention of what he has done is made here. As instructor in musketry, Col. Massey went about doing his work as quietly and effectively as only a man could who had made a deep study of the art of adapting himself to the needs of the case. As Secretary of the War Council he will be perhaps the most unobtrusive man in Ottawa. Any one who discovers him being way-laid by a camera or a man with a notebook had better put it down as one of those things that are dreamed about but never come true. Simple things are more in his line. He caught the Oxford spirit, but he remained a Canadian. He put a touch of old Oxford on Victoria College—but he knows as well as any man that Victoria is a thorough-paced Canadian college. Hence he refused to be carried away by mere Oxonian enthusiasm, which is a mighty hard thing to resist. And the reason he is talked about here is that he represents a principle of action in the use of wealth which is good for any country.

IN THE NAME OF PEAT

ANY years ago it was all right for Old King Cole to make merry, but the time has come when we must stop fiddling about with the fuel situation. A few thousand of us are down to the bare boards of empty bins, whilst the commissioners, controllers, et al, are singing lullabies in concert to a tune which has conservation as the major motif. But all the fiddling in the world will not alter the fact that, as far as the central provinces of Canada are concerned, we may no longer depend upon Pennsylvania to keep our home fires burning. As to conservation, it is a mighty fine principle if applied in time, but with the mercury cuddling down into the bottom of the bulb and no coal in sight either for conservation or consumption, it amounts to just so much chatter—and the coal-less households shiver just the same.

We have been getting about seventeen and a half millions of tons of coal a year from across the line—and using every pound of it. No preparation has been made to shield us against a shortage. The hardships of last winter and this show plainly enough that it is a day-to-day proposition; and a boy's size snow-storm is sufficient to prove our abject dependence upon clear tracks between the international boundary and the home-town yards for the daily dole of fuel. Go out amongst the poor who keep body and soul together by hauling a bag of coke or a bucket of coal from the yards each day for from five to six months of each year and you'll learn something of a desperate situation. Complacent burghers with a cellar full of anthracite and the thermostat set at 72 may smile in blissful ignorance, but when a few million men, living on the safe side of the international boundary and hundreds of miles nearer the source of supplies, are forced out of work because coal supplies are dwindling, it is high time the complacent crowd joined the chilly throngs and set about to find a remedy.

How can we do it? Simply by signing a declaration of independence! There is no actual reason for our utter reliance in the product of the Pennsylvania coal areas for fuel. In Ontario alone, on lands that have been owned by the Provincial Government for so long they have forgotten about them, there are billions of tons of fuel lying neglected. It isn't a question of sawing wood, but of digging, drying and delivering peat. Peat is the factor which the fuel commissioners have so far scorned. Peat should solve the problem. Let Peat do it. Ontario has been blessed with an abundance of it and so have Quebec, New Brunswick and Manitoba. As a fuel, peat is superior to coal in some respects and quite as good in all the essentials. One ton of peat gives as much heat as about two-thirds of a ton of the best hard coal—and peat burns without cinders or clinkers and leaves very little ash. It makes less soot than hard coal, is cleaner in every way, and is less liable to deteriorate.

AS to the exact quantities available, the government surveys have been rather negligent about tabulating the deposits; but what few peat areas have been delimited, mapped and investigated by the Dominion Mines branch indicate that, by way of a beginning, we may be sure of 28,638,000,000 tons of peat fuel to start with. Within a few miles of Toronto alone seven small bogs are known to contain the equivalent of over 26,500,000 tons of peat fuel.

Let those who would pooh-pooh the name of peat pause for a moment to consider the potential of close on to thirty billions of tons of fuel hoarded away—forgotten, in fact—right at our back doors. It means that right where it is needed most, in the Central Provinces, that provident old lady Dame

COME to think of it, a carload of black stones hauled a thousand miles at a greater cost than it takes to get the stones out of the earth, is a ridiculous way for humanity to get heat. Some day we shall stop shovelling coal because we shall have no further need to make thousands of our fellow beings into cave-men in order to keep warm. Till we get into closer connection with the sun's heat than digging up coal full of gas, we shall need to make use of all we can get that has calories in it. The name of that near-by combustible is Peat.

By REX CROASDELL

Nature has laid by for us sufficient fuel to fill our present needs for over 150 years, which is a much happier condition than faces even the United States, with all its coal mines—that is, if the Yankees stick to bituminous and anthracite.

Then why have we not tapped this reservoir of comfort? Simply because coal was in vogue and peat but a vague memory of a few who knew Ireland, Russia, Italy and a few other European countries where peat is in general use and coal difficult to get. Peat, as it is in the bog, isn't obvious enough as a fuel factor. In its natural state it is usually associated with about nine times its weight of water, and the wet stuff must be removed before the combustible material has much of a thermal value. Coal came to us in hopper-bottomed cars or jute bags, and, so long as the supply seemed regulated only by the demand, it was too handy, that was all.

A few desultory attempts were made to develop a peat fuel industry, and one plant actually got started

shavings will start up a peat fire in an ordinary cook-stove in a couple of minutes, and it need not be kept burning continuously, as is the general case with coal, since a new fire can be easily started when required.

The case for peat has not nearly been completed when its fuel values have been exposed. Scientists have been tumbling over each other lately to announce the fact that peat has a remarkably high content of nitrogen in a form readily made available as fertilizer—at a time when nitrates have been pushed up to a fabulous price at that. As Dr. Haanel told the amazed members of the Conservation Commission the most accessible of the peat bogs of Ontario alone would supply, as a by-product, a few million tons of ammonium sulphate. In Italy they develop large areas of peat for no other purpose than to recover the valuable nitrogen content—and we, with a falling wheat yield and a fuel famine glaring at us to boot, let the stuff lay fallow to father a crop of berries which nobody bothers about harvesting.



down in Prescott county. Machine peat was made there and shipped to Ottawa and Montréal, where it sold at \$3.25 per ton. The householders who used it found it an excellent fuel for cook stoves and fires, and they asked for more. But the war came along and for some reason or other the baby industry languished and finally lay down on the job. The trouble seemed to be that the natural peat cannot be dried out economically by artificial heat or machine pressure, and the natural method of spreading the stuff out to dry was so simple the scientific johnnies overlooked it. But, as Dr. Eugene Haanel pointed out to the Commission of Conservation, at Ottawa, a few weeks ago, the sun and wind, if let in on the job, will make machine peat without boosting up the pay-roll of the plant one penny.

The process used in Europe is, so far, the only practical one to be applied here. The peat is scooped

this commonplace, near-at-hand fuel that nature gave us when she denied the coal. If the United States puts its threatened embargo on all export coal not used for "war industries," we shall have a very immediate reason for talking in the name of Peat.

NEARLY twelve years the house had been to let, and the house agent was in despair. It was the old, old tale of its being haunted, and tenants simply wouldn't look at it.

At last the agent hit upon a brilliant idea. He equipped every room with elaborate gas-fittings, not only to make them look smart, but to frighten away the ghosts.

A week elapsed, and a rumor reached him that someone had been after the house. He hurried off to the house-keeper of the mansion.

"This is splendid!" he gasped breathlessly to the latter. "I hear that someone has taken the house."

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," replied the caretaker. "Someone's taken the gas-fittings and perhaps he'll come back for the house!"—Mail and Empire.

DR. HAANEL, in his most excellent address before the gentlemen in Ottawa, projected a fascinating vision of the industrial possibilities which have been left stuck in the mud of the thousands of square miles of peat bogs which overlay parts of our provinces. He gave details of the simple, but certain processes which should be applied to transform this wonderful heritage into actual wealth. If the government inters the information with the usual obsequies in a blue-backed brochure—and forgets, as usual, it stands indicted again of colossal indifference and of what, in these times, is nothing short of a criminal prodigality.

Perhaps the Hon. George Howard Ferguson will stir himself and show that Ontario at least is awake. A fuel famine certainly clutches the Central Provinces. The province has at its hands an almost illimitable fuel supply. Then in the name of Peat, and of the people, let the Province of Ontario—and all the provinces which have peat—get busy on the problem of exploiting

WOMEN IN THE WORLD'S WORK



THESE warriors are women. They are the famous Battalion of Death, real supporters of the Revolution and the spirit of Russia, more feared by the Germans on the east front than any man's battalion. These women are here shown keeping themselves in good spirits as well as in good camp technique by the art of the dance. A Ballet Russe may be more picturesque, but it was never so significant as the dancing of those heroic women of Russia on the eve of battle for their country.



HERE, as may be observed, is no German scene. The poor old blind lady is being helped from her house at Masnieres, partially wrecked by German shell fire and cluttered with debris. The British, on their way through re-occupying Masnieres village, stopped to remove from their homes all the aged and infirm.



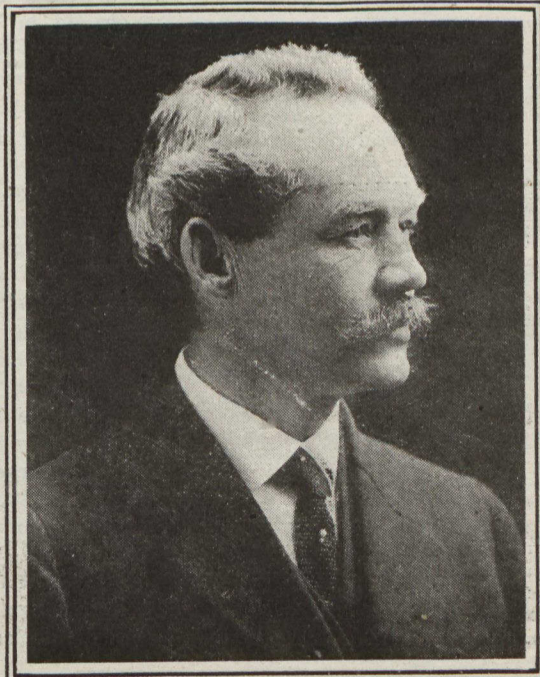
MISS ANTINETTE GREELY, of Washington, has found a useful niche for herself in getting rooms at moderate rental for Government clerks called to Washington for war work. No place in America knows so much about the art of charging three prices for one room as Washington. Miss Greely undertook to circularize Government employees in homes of their own asking for rooms at fair prices for new comers.

WHATEVER Mr. McAdoo's unfitnes for director-generalship of U. S. railways, he has under him as regional director of the operation of eastern lines, Mr. Alfred H. Smith, President of the New York Central. Mr. Smith's minority report on Canadian railways was the work of a man who knows—railways.

NO fine feathers are required to show how this Englishwoman has become of great war-service to her country. Miss M. Barrett now controls the motor service of the Gas Light and Coke Co. in London. She began with that firm as a typist.

OUR rugged near-Canadian, Dr. Grenfell, has recently been in Canada lecturing. In his best days, doing the biggest work of which he was capable, "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," as he was called by the late Norman Duncan, Canadian novelist, was among the world's heroes that serve and suffer and sacrifice. He is a hard, big human fact—physically, morally and mentally.

AND MEN ALSO



EDITORIAL

WE are hearing a good deal nowadays about the regrouping of human interests after the war. A vast deal of portentous twaddle is being unloaded upon the public.

Tirpitz, for instance, fumbles his whiskers and says the general alignment hereafter will be continental Europe against England and America. He assumes that Germany will completely corrupt and disintegrate Russia, without destroying her nationality, making Russia the vast eastern protectorate of the Kaiser. Italy will, of course, come to some reasonable terms with Austria and re-enter the old Alliance. France will be so thoroughly smashed and disheartened that she will never dare raise a national head again except by the expressed consent of swollen Germany. Belgium, of course, will be Germanized. The small neutrals and the Balkans will all be disposed of seriatim, and won't count for much anyway. With a huge central organization redrawing the map of Europe, what will it matter about the national aspirations of any country not big enough to back up its nationalism by heavy guns?

So this Rhine-oceros seems to think. Well, megalomania Teutonica is a marvelous thing. It has done a lot to get Germany where she now is on the war map. But its work is only beginning. This malady had to work itself out first on the rest of the world. It will take its last contortions out of the people that first created the germ inside Germany. We know now that it wasn't put there during the lifetime of anyone present. It is an ancient disease. Bismarck had no idea that even he was the boss of the laboratory when that germ was invented. But it was Bismarck who said after a long, studious time ambassadoring in Russia—that by all means Germany must keep that Russian door open. We know why. The door seems to be fairly well ajar now. But one of these days something will arise in Russia bigger than Trotzky, Lenine and Co.; greater than the game of Quitoff and Repudiation. There is a national spirit in Russia which Germany can't organize her own way. And if the Rhine-oceros were not so thick-headed around the eyes he would observe that any nation, no matter how small, has something at the core that it doesn't care to swap for anything else.

LOOKING over ourselves, what has Canada evolved nationally that is worth the while of seven or eight millions to fight in order to preserve? Suppose the ethnological expert should put us under his glass, what would he find that was truly Canadian which the people of this country should fight to the last furrow to defend against all others? Judging us by many of our present symptoms he might find a great deal that is not Canadian any more than it is some-part-of-European, or British, or American. Looking at most of our towns and cities which are supposed to be characteristic, he would not find that many of them could not be transplanted a thousand miles or so without making much difference in the looks. When we speak of something being really Canadian we must rule out a good deal that has been done since Confederation. Much of it is not Canadian except that it was done under the Government of Canada and by the laws of Canada. But laws do not make a country. Flags do not make a nation. A map is not a racial expression. Laws, flags and maps are being jumbled up just now in Europe as never they were even in the days of Napoleon.

Yet no doubt the furthest-north inhabitant, not counting the Eskimo, could discover something deeper down than a flag or a statute, something bigger than a map that he could think of as really and vitally Canadian, for which he would fight; something that he wants to see kept in the world after the present upheaval is over; something that the world needs as never before if it is to keep the spiritual side of life on even a par with the material. There is no province in Canada where such a life cannot be found. In some provinces it is more

Nationals Can't Be Crushed

What Have We of Our Own?

A Novelist on Suffrage

Big Men and Big Jobs

Stiff-Collar Ethics

Poets and Thermometers

A Letter to the Editor

Port Arthur, Ont., Jan. 12, 1918.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

In your recent article, "The World Its Own Doctor," there are a few more things that want saying in addition to what you have so well said. I agree with the spirit of the whole of what you have written, but after all how are we to heal ourselves?

"Are we all to become slaves of the State?" you ask. Autocracy and Militarism has not its home alone in Prussia, and it behoves us, as citizens of a free Dominion, which is part of a great and free Commonwealth, to see to it that the hideous negation of free life is not allowed to again secure a footing in Canada. I say "again secure" because, surely the municipal, political, and social history of Canada, for the past fifteen years, will give the lie to us if we assert that we were not fast becoming slaves to a State of municipal speculation, political graft and social vanity, where getting into debt was considered a virtue, supporting a political party to get a pull, was the cleverest thing in commercial life, and gambling in land was looked upon as a social distinction.

The war came. Germany thought we had got sufficiently entangled in these snares to become an easy prey to her diabolical ambition. Thank God Germany was wrong. We shall fight till we kill this evil that threatens us, but, as you rightly say, the war will not do all the great work that is to be done.

What remains? We have just returned to power a Union Government. You say: "Let us get together as never we have." Yes, let us; that is the first step. Then you go on: "And being assured of the Government's wisdom, based upon the will of the people, let us submit ourselves as partners with the Government in working out this great business of making the world a fit place to bring children into."

How can we be assured of the Government's wisdom, and how can the Government base its wisdom on the will of the people, if the people do not enlighten the Government as to what its will is?

The Government asked the people to return it to power to win the war. The will of the people, as expressed at the ballot box, was unmistakable. The people has said: "Go ahead with all speed and power and win the war." So far so good. What will the Government do to win the war? What do the people want the Government to do to win the war? You say the people must "wish the Government all wisdom, based on the will of the people," and advise the people then, "to submit as partners in working out this great business of making the world a fit place to bring children into." A noble object to have in view, but "submit" seems rather a bad word to use to a free people. Have we not submitted to being partners as spendthrifts, grafters and gamblers, in the past too readily. "Submit," yes! it's easy to submit, but submission begets the servile spirit and the servile spirit spells autocratic or bureaucratic government.

Rather, let us turn over a new leaf, or begin an entirely new book. Let us show our sincerity by scrapping the old party political machines. Let us establish, in every constituency, a people's party to stand at the back of and advise the people's representatives at Ottawa. Let every representative, in this way, know definitely what the will of the people is, so that his wisdom may be based upon it, and if he bases on it his own self-interests, or his own incompetence, foolishness, or vanity, then the people surely will have moral courage sufficient to correct the disease before it spreads to other members of the legislature.

The old system of party politics has been in vogue too long. The system almost caused our undoing, and yet, there are those, who think, that after the war is

won, we ought to go back to the old game once more. God pity us if we do!

If we are to make this old world—"a fit place to bring children into" our real work will only begin when peace comes, and there, Mr. Editor, I think you and I are at one. That, I take it, is the message to go to the heart of the people in your article. You want them to prepare themselves for that great day. I think, if I divine your spirit aright, not in this article alone, but in many others you have written, that is your object. You want your paper to become one of the instruments to accomplish that great purpose, if I interpret you aright. That is a noble aim and a worthy ambition and may you and I, and all of us, have the satisfaction of seeing it come to pass.

FREDERICK URRY.

vivid than in others. The Quebecker understands it a little better than anybody else, because he has not been invaded by un-Canadian influences like the rest of us. The westerner, if he looks back far enough can see western Canada as plain as a caravan of Red River cars creaking over the trail. The British Columbian can look back to the great days before even the C. P. R. came there. The Maritime provinces have a peculiar character and history that could belong to no other land or nation than Canada. Ontario has never become so sophisticated with un-Canadian ideas that even a member of the Toronto Club could not dig around and find within a block of his dinner table something absolutely Canadian that he would like any son of his to fight for.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD opppses women suffrage. She believes that women are too excitable to do politics any good, that they are too easily influenced by men and that the Labor party is working for suffrage because labor wants to line up women to enforce its demands on the country. She fears that with the normal feminine majority in population increased by the ravages of war, politics will soon be dominated by feminism. She declares that suffrage States are less well governed than others; that while British men by their sacrifice and sufferings at the front have earned the franchise, women workers in munitions, and in many forms of public service are not entitled to the vote because of what they have done for the very good reason that they are getting big wages for doing it, and are working for the interests of their husbands and sweethearts anyway. Women in other belligerent nations are not claiming the franchise because of anything they have done in the war; why should Englishwomen? Moreover, women should be given the vote right and left for all matters concerning local legislation, for the thousand and one things that have to do with public health, children, education, sweatshops, etc.; but not for conducting the affairs of a nation. The novelist's logic is unassailable. But votes for women is not a case for logic. It is a sentimental issue.

A BIG man for a big job. No job ever created by war conditions in this country ever called more imperatively for the biggest kind of man than the business of Food-Controlling. Time and again we have pointed out the almost gargantuan scope of this department of public service. Before Mr. Hanna was appointed we published an article describing what that kind of official has had to do in other countries. Mr. Hanna tackled it bravely. In Canada it was a different problem from that of any other country. We are over-producers—and we incline to become over-consumers. The business of balancing our consumption against our production was the first clear programme that Mr. Hanna chalked out.

And that job still remains. On another page a contributor makes it quite clear how the West might prefer to act on the contract of getting Canada's share of exportables exported. He intended the suggestion for the first controller. It applies equally to his successor. And Mr. H. B. Thomson as Canada has begun to know him is the big man for the big job. The little finger of Rehoboam may prove to be thicker than the loins of Jeroboam as in the days of the Israelites. Mr. Thomson may give us a contract in national service based on individual sacrifice far more drastic than anything that Mr. Hanna proposed. Well and good. The country is with him. Because H. B. Thomson is the big man for the job. He is physically big. He is an iron-thewed giant in physique, as big a man as Magrath, the Fuel Con-

order, and as hard as an iron casting. He comes to a hefty job with the certainty that if any man can personally wrestle with its difficulties, he can. And that counts. This is a job where it counts tremendously. The power to drive and to execute is necessary. The courage that carries conviction into action is needed. H. B. Thomson has it. He has a hand the size of a small ham. When that hand comes down—!

His appointment is a sound one for many reasons. He has the experience, not merely in some other kind of business, but in food control. He has served under Mr. Hanna. He knows how the department was organized, what it is capable of doing, what it may have failed to do.

He was in food service before that. He was a member of the Commission which recently investigated the salmon fisheries of the Pacific. He is a westerner. He knows the measure of the land which produces most according to its population.

H. B. Thomson has all the qualities of a big man for a big job if any one man could have them. He will never get a knighthood out of it. No man can make food control popular enough for a title. The present British Food Controller, Baron Rhondda, got his before he became Controller. H. B. Thomson will never need a title. He is already entitled to the biggest support Canada can give to a big man with a big job. And he will get it.

WE are within two months of seeding. Isn't it about time several thousand townspeople—with more or less negligible jobs—made up their minds to go on the land just as soon as the country needs them? If factories can be closed for the lack of fuel in the homes, why can't offices be closed on account of labor-scarcity where labor will soon be most needed? A nation under certain conditions is just so many hands and feet and lifting capacities. There are probably 100,000 men in Canada who can learn to put in and take off a crop, provided they have some experts on the land to show them how. Canada is only a shirt-sleeves away from the farm. We are a farming nation. Let us act from now on as though in the main we were also a nation of farmers. Organizing for a 1918 harvest will be too late in April. A lot of the organizing must begin with the people. Ministers of Agriculture are not Moseses. If we are to put in and take off a good crop in 1918 it's the people who must do it. And if the people don't meet the authorities at least half way, Government may conscript until the crack of doom and the crop won't be pro-

duced. A township is not a military camp. Farming by the people is no more difficult than fighting by the people, so long as the people are willing to do it. But a lot of us will need to get rid of our stiff-collar ethics if we are to be of any use to the nation except as consumers who have the cash.

HON. W. S. FIELDING has never been regarded as a Quebecophile, except that he loves Quebec as an integral and necessary part of Canada, as the rest of us do. But Mr. Fielding has a very sane and absolutely hopeful view of what may be called the Quebec situation, and he sets it forth at some length in an article of which the following is an extract:

What then can be done with the Quebec problem? The best thing is, so far as any formal action is concerned, to let it alone, wait until the present clouds roll by, and trust to the healing power of time to bring happier conditions as it has done in the past. In the meantime, since the problem is to be always with us, the English majority might well endeavor to make a more careful survey of the attitude of their fellow-citizens of French origin, to ascertain the causes of it, and be ready to do whatever is possible to bring about better relations. Questioning of the loyalty of the French are both mischievous and unwarranted in fact. There is no national flag other than the Union Jack to which they bow. They have a sentimental regard for the tri-color of France, but never as a rival to the British flag. They have no thought of union with any other nation. In almost everything that the English majority regard as the elements of good citizenship the French Canadians are admittedly their equal. If the Canadianism of the French is more intense and their Imperialism less evident, the fact should not be surprising. Let it be remembered that though they possess so many virtues in common with the majority, they are still French and not English.

SHUTTING down factories under orders is no new thing in Canada. In years gone by we have shut down scores of factories at once under General Hard Times. In other years, as prosperous as these, we have shut down factories at full blast under order of General Strike. There's nothing new in the principle. The novelty is all in the way we come at the thing. For a long while we have been so accustomed to industry at high pressure that a brief shut-down even for lack of fuel seems a sort of calamity. What used to trouble us in the hard times period was abundance of goods and low demand. What troubles us now is high demand and scarcity of almost everything but hard work. We are into a new era of political economy and the sooner we get rid of a lot of the old-time bogeys about our economics the better we shall be able to realize that a nation's factories shut down

in the midst of a peak load for a day or two is not a drop in the bucket compared to the widespread suspension of industry caused either by hard times or a big general strike.

WE beg to remark that two deceased English poets were in their day much misinformed as to the real character of climate. It was one Charles Kingsley who, having been a water baby in his youth, wrote, in a fit of blind enthusiasm worthy of a better cause,

"Welcome wild northeaster,
Shame it is to see,
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a breath to thee."

Charles never had real experience in northwesterners anyway. He never rose in his bedroom and saw an ode of breath in front of him like a small geyser in Iceland.

Again there was the Gulf-Stream-nurtured old dog Shakespeare who bade one of his characters say,
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou canst not bite

So nigh as benefits forgot."

William never stood on the corner of King and Yonge or Portage Avenue or Jasper Ave. or Notre Dame and felt that a coonskin coat down to his ankles was about the same relative texture as a night-gown of cheese-cloth.

PLACE: Burwash Hall, Toronto, refectory in peace times for hundreds of students in arts and theology from all over Canada.

Time: Luncheon with the faculty.

Scene: Hundreds of men in khaki at the tables. Royal Flying Corps men, Overseas Training Corps and Cadets.

Dialogue: "Oh it's three years now since this place was a barracks."

"Where do the men sleep?"

"Four in a room anywhere there's room."

"Any of the students in khaki down there?"

"Quite a number. But more—elsewhere. Gone. Overseas."

"Oh. Some of the faculty in khaki, too?"

"Some, yes. No reason why not."

"But tell me—who are these youths of sixteen filing in; that little corporal's guard in civies at the corner table—seventeen in all? Who are they?"

"My dear sir—you are now looking at all that is left of the male student corps of Victoria College."

And there are twenty colleges in Canada that might be the scene of such a playlet.

HELP THE HALIFAX BLIND

(Concluded from page 3.)

distant from the scene of the accident, which was the northern end of our harbor.

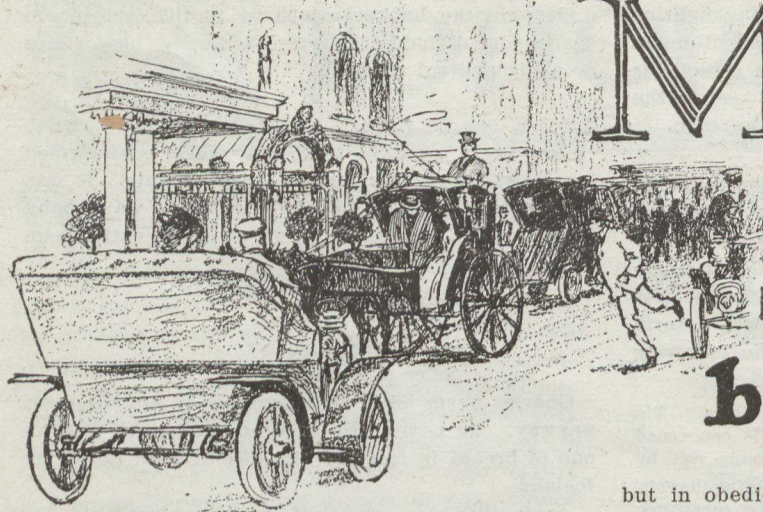


the morning paper to me when suddenly it seemed that all our buildings were collapsing about our heads. We naturally supposed it was a German shell or bomb, and believed with what thought was left us that others would follow. With a promptitude that surprised me, and would indicate long and systematic drilling that staff and pupils, headed, by the way, by our own cut and bleeding and much frightened little boy, gathered in the basement, where all waited for some explanation of the terrible happening. Our little Fred had often heard us discussing the raids on London, and being frightened when off alone in his nursery by the flash of the explosion he fortunately turned and ran, thus saving his life or at least his eyes, for a second later the large window by which he had been standing was shattered into thousands of pieces, and the sashes blown across the room. Fortunately the cuts he received were slight. Our staff and pupils were likewise fortunate, only a few minor scratches having been experienced. One teacher had an artery cut in her neck! This record, in the face of 800 panes of glass having been instantaneously shattered to atoms and window cases and doors blown in, passes understanding. You can well understand that our escape is due entirely to our being two miles

The explosion shattered doors and windows in my solidly-built summer home ten miles away, and was felt at a distance of 200 miles from Halifax. The only way that I can describe the effect of the explosion is to say that it caused a blizzard of splintered glass, and this, accompanied by flying shrapnel, probably accounts for many deaths as well as for the loss of eyesight. I am having a careful investigation made with respect to the latter and hope that the estimate of 250 who have lost their sight may prove excessive, but I fear not.

Our own plans for the future are still in embryo. The school will be disbanded for at least one month, if not longer, but the problem of how to make both ends meet, serious as it was under war conditions, is made doubly serious by the expenses resultant from the explosion and the caring for the sick and homeless. To add to this we have to face a new problem, as to how we can best serve those who have become blind as a result of the terrible disaster. I feel, however, that this matter is in God's hands and that with His help something effective will be done.

The last instalment of What Happened to Hoag, intended for this issue, will appear in our next.



MELLISH'S SUSPICION

by Frederic Taber Cooper

EXCEPTING for Mellish and the two women waiting ahead of him at the ticket window, the lobby of the theatre was deserted. It lacked only twenty minutes to three, when he glanced once more impatiently at his watch. Behind the drawn curtains of the auditorium, ripples of laughter, scattering volleys of applause, told that the usual Saturday matinee audience was getting its usual enjoyment out of the latest popular play, still running to full houses when other theatres had already begun to close for the summer. The man in the box office was at the telephone, the irritating deliberation of his answers being plainly audible from without. He had nothing left for to-night nearer than the nineteenth row. No, nor for next Tuesday either. Wednesday, the house was practically sold out; two large theatre parties. Thursday? He might do better for Thursday. Hold the wire.

It seemed to Mellish hardly worth his while to wait. He knew from experience that it was unwise to offer Nora tickets for the nineteenth row; she would rather never see the play at all. The women ahead of him evidently shared his discouragement. The younger one was bewailing the necessity of exchanging her tickets for some evening next week, in place of to-night. Such good tickets, too! It was so like Harry to forget and make an appointment with a business friend. "My dear, during business hours Harry doesn't remember that I exist!"

Mellish sighed involuntarily, and careworn lines revealed themselves on his thin face. He wished that he shared the ability of this unknown Harry, the ability of the average unimaginative, tranquil husband, to shut domestic cares behind him when he stepped out over his threshold in the morning. He wished that just for one busy, harassed day, he might forget that there was such a person as Nora in existence. He knew that it would be better for his peace of mind, better for his business interests, if Nora's face did not hover so often between him and the letters he wrote, the sales he made, the contracts that demanded undivided thought—Nora, with her small, red, mutinous mouth, her aureole of hair like spun copper, her childlike appeal, her wide, gray eyes, avidious of admiration. He wondered vaguely whether other men, outwardly happily married, had their joy cankered by gnawing suspicions, intangible doubts, insidious as microbes, that found a lodgment in the brain, and thrived and bred a fever of unrest.

THE wife of the absent-minded Harry, having at last won attention from the box office, and accepted, under protest, an exchange for the third row in the balcony, made way for Mellish. With the spasmodic brusqueness of natural timidity he demanded the tickets she had just surrendered, and somewhat to his surprise, obtained them. They were splendid seats, nine rows from the stage, on the middle aisle; the sort of seats that Nora always expected him to get. It was characteristic of Nora always to expect the best of everything, and usually to end by getting it. Equally characteristic was her pretty imperiousness, which for a time had almost blinded him to her inborn selfishness.

From the theatre, Mellish turned down Madison Avenue to Twenty-sixth Street, and thence westward along the northern boundary of Madison Square, not because it was a shorter way to his home,

but in obedience to a sudden, unreasoning impulse to pass the restaurant where his wife had told him she would be lunching. At this late hour it was quite possible that he had missed her; yet Nora was one who loved to linger over a lunch table, forgetful of the flight of time. There was still a chance that he might catch a glimpse of her through the windows on the Fifth Avenue side, or even have the luck to meet her just coming out, in all the pride of her new raiment. He knew already how extremely well it became her. It had come home from the dressmaker's only the night before, and had put her in a gracious mood for the whole evening. She had even donned it for his private benefit, and had mocked him gaily because he kept forgetting that the right name of all that gorgeousness was a lizard green moire. How she loved the pleasant, luxuriant things of life; dainty viands, lavish clothes, the glitter of many gaslights, the adulation of the passing glance! She was not made for domesticity, she was too exotic—that was the initial fault, the source of his unrest. She craved the stimulus of perpetual excitement; the showy, outside life of theatre, restaurant, hotel; the champagne atmosphere of the modern caravansary. It was in a public restaurant that he had first met her, five years ago—a dinner at Sherry's, where he had first listened to those mutinous red lips, first been dazzled by the coppery glint of her hair, first looked into those wide, gray eyes, and answered their appeal for flattery. She was little more than a child in years—he had realized that at the time—just a tall, slim thing, with a face that robbed him of his sleep. He could smile now, grimly, remembering how he had fought against the piquant spell of her precocity, her nascent grace of womanhood. It was not normal, he had told himself, for a young girl in the butterfly days of life to care seriously for a shy, reserved man like himself, already verging upon forty and settling down to staid bachelor habits. But Nora's family had smiled approval upon the junior member of the established house of Marvin & Mellish, and cleverly manoeuvred to make his courtship easy. He had not been blind to their diplomacy. He had simply allowed himself to be cajoled, deluded, hypnotized into the belief that, through some modern miracle, some special dispensation, Nora really loved him. Even now, after five years, there were fleeting hours, halcyon days, when such a belief ceased to seem absurd. Yet, almost from the first, the discrepancy in age had rankled in him, begetting vague suspicions, morbid doubts, symptoms of which he was slow to guess the meaning. Then, one day he realized, with a wave of self-contempt, that he was jealous—he, Mellish, in his sober middle age, jealous of callow youths, with the bloom of undergraduate conceit fresh upon them, the jargon of football in their speech; jealous of every compliment murmured in her ear; jealous of every stranger's flattering glance. That was the burden that he carried secretly, the incubus of an undefined, unjustified jealousy. At times more definite images, ugly thoughts with ugly names, had threatened to crystallize. But he had never quite put them into words, even beneath his breath, never narrowed down his fears to a specific accusation. Above all, he had sought to hide his burden from Nora herself, as one hides a physical deformity.

Before the solid, unpretentious building on the corner, a landmark of fashion and conviviality to an earlier generation, Mellish paused uncertainly, peering blindly, with near-sighted eyes, wonder-

ing whether somewhere behind that broad expanse of spotless window Nora was still there; wondering, indeed, if she had been there at all. He realized that the thought was an epitome of his chronic frame of mind. Between what Nora said she was going to do, and what Nora afterwards did, he felt that there was no fixed ratio. How many times he had sought to meet her, as he was now doing, 'risking the chance of being inopportune, merely for the sake of seeing her an hour sooner! How many times he had found to his chagrin that the day's plans, gaily rehearsed across the breakfast table, had been discarded for others which took her among scenes and people quite foreign to those among whom he had all day pictured her—equally foreign, the demon of suspicion whispered, to those of whom she afterwards told him in the evening. And always there was a reason for her change of plans, so plausible that it seemed to put him in the wrong for having expected to find her where she had told him she was to be.

WITH characteristic self-consciousness, Mellish found himself uncomfortably conspicuous, waiting on the corner of the avenue. Yet he could not make up his mind to enter. Instead, he turned westward again, and loitered slowly along the upper side of the cross street, straining his near-sighted eyes each time the wide portals of the restaurant emitted any of its guests, in couples or in groups. He was not sure whom he expected to see, but he knew that he vaguely dreaded their appearance. What was the use of keeping up the pretense with himself? He doubted the truth of what Nora had said—that was the unvarnished, ugly fact. Mrs. Faversham was giving a small luncheon party, Nora had said. Well, in his inmost heart he was by no means sure whether he was expecting to see Mrs. Faversham and the women of her set. He questioned whether Nora would have mentioned this luncheon at all, if he had not in a measure surprised it from her. She had been in the hall, telephoning, when he quietly let himself into the apartment the night before, just before dinner. She had stood beyond the bend in the hall, that threw him partly into shadow. But the full light of the electric shone upon her, emphasizing every change of expression on her mobile face. He had felt a singular clutch at his heart, as he stood there, unseen, and watched her. Nora always had one manner for women and another manner for men. It was only when she talked with men that her gray eyes widened, only when she talked with men that her red lips curved into mutinous pouts. How often he had watched, with feigned indifference, that same scintillating play of her features as she laughed up in the face of some other man, Jack Elting, Ted Voorhis, Windon Hinckley—always just Jack and Ted and Windon. on Nora's lips, never by any accident the formality of a surname. How long she had been there in the hall, talking, wasting her graces on the unseeing telephone, he could only guess. The conversation was about to close. She was saying, with a curious little laugh, "That is all just between us two, of course," adding "to-morrow, then, at one-thirty," and had named the restaurant as she hung up the receiver. Then, suddenly, she gave a queer, little, startled cry, "Paul, dear, how you frightened me, creeping in upon me like that, as though you were stalking game!" and then, with nervous haste, she explained that Mrs. Faversham had planned a little luncheon of six, to meet a cousin she was expecting

from Buffalo. "I thought you were talking with a man!" he had blurted out, surprised for once into blunt frankness. And then a still queerer look had come over her face, almost a frightened look, he told himself; but she answered quite naturally, "And so I was, my dear. How clever of you! Mrs. Faversham is a perfect coward about using a telephone, so he is giving the instructions for her. He was just saying something very nice about you, but I told him I didn't mean to pass it on!" Faversham! The thing seemed unconvincing. Pompous little Faversham, with his shiny forehead, his thin saffron hair, his nervous stammer! She never would have squandered pouts and smiles on him, even over a telephone. Nora's unembellished manner, her manner for women, would always be good enough for any Faversham. Yet somehow, for the moment it had not struck him that her non-committal form of speech might with equal readiness have designated Mrs. Faversham's husband, or her self-complaisant younger brother, Windon Hinckley.

THE warm, bright, summer afternoon was passing, and still Mellish lingered, staring ineffectually at the doorway, through which he had already ceased to expect her to appear. Suddenly a bevy of women came out together, two, four, yes, six of them. He could not see their faces from across the street. Mrs. Faversham might be there or she might not; but the lizard green moire was unmistakable, even his poor eyes showed that. He made a reckless plunge in front of a delivery waggon, and narrowly shunned an automobile, because his thoughts, like his gaze, were fastened on that group of women across the way, half hidden behind a hansom cab. Nora had told the truth after all, he thought, with a gladness that was almost pain. But as the automobile moved out of his path, he saw her, to his amazement, step into the waiting hansom. A man sprang in after her, a slender man, of medium height, whose face he could not see. The other women had dispersed, melted, vanished in thin air—it scarcely mattered where, if they were not, after all, Mrs. Faversham's luncheon party. He arrived beside the cab; he caught a sidewise glimpse of the coppery hair, the soft, watery shimmer of the green moire; one more step and he could have reached out his hand and touched her arm. The driver swung his long, flexible lash, that snapped like a spiteful cracker within an inch of Mellish's ear. The horse, a yellow roan, with gaunt, ungainly legs, started nervously, scrambling for a foothold on the slippery asphalt, then lurched suddenly forward and swept the woman and her companion from his astounded gaze, around the corner and down Fifth Avenue.

At any other time, had the question been laid impartially before him, Mr. Mellish would have held that a man who tried to follow on foot a rapidly retreating hansom cab through the crowded maze of New York streets, during the busy rush of Saturday afternoon, was in a serious condition, bordering upon lunacy. In the present crisis he did not pause to consider, but simply gathered himself together and sprinted nimbly down the avenue, forgetting for once to be self-conscious, his long, thin legs flashing like the long, thin spokes of a rapidly turning wheel; his glasses threatening to slip from the bridge of his long, thin nose; his near-sighted eyes straining helplessly after the yellow roan, that flitted like a thing of evil, in and out through the endless stream of landaus, motor cars, omnibuses and business wagons. At Twenty-fifth Street the mounted police, stationed there to regulate traffic, waved the south-bound stream of vehicles westward towards Broadway, through the tag-end of a city block that forms the base of the Worth Monument triangle. As they swung in single file, first right, then left again, an electric car for a moment blocked the procession. Like a man chasing a runaway hat, which the wind rolls teasingly just in front of him, Mellish saw, in this temporary lull, a chance to grasp his quarry, although how this was to be done—whether he meant to fling himself into the hansom, like an avenging Nemesis, or to seize the horse by the reins, at the

risk of being dragged in the dust; or simply to verify his suspicions with a glimpse of her companion's face—he had for the moment no idea.

Fate willed it that, in taking the curve, in oblivion of the rights of fellow pedestrians, he should come into collision with a street vender of flowers, a Greek lad with a trayful of spring violets. The damage was inconsiderable, a few bunches flung to the ground, and one of them trodden underfoot; but the occurrence had as sobering effect upon Mr. Mellish; it wakened him to a consciousness of the ridiculous figure he was cutting. He could not run amuck this way, through the Broadway crowd, risking strangers' necks as well as his own. His breath, that already came in hard, dry sobs, was a further admonition. He thrust a dollar bill into the hand of the easily pacified Greek, his eyes all the time intent upon the hansom with the yellow roan, that



The woman interposed, "Jim, can't you see the man is sick? He is going to fall!"

still waited in line not fifty feet ahead of him, with a huge red motor-car impatiently chug-chugging just behind it. Then, all at once, the blockade opened up, the waiting file shot ahead and swung south again, past the Albemarle, the Hoffman House, past the venerable portals of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, onward into the maelstrom of traffic that sweeps around the angle of the Flatiron Building.

MELLISH'S first lucid thought was to spring into one of the many vacant hansoms that waited along the curb and bid him follow the yellow roan, which this time threatened seriously to elude him. He waved to one spasmodically, with his long arm. Then as it promptly responded, he waved it away again. He realized suddenly that he could not bring himself to take a stranger, even an unknown cab driver whom he might never see again, so far into his confidence as to bid him follow that other hansom. No, he could not expose his jealousy to a cab driver; already he pictured the ironical curiosity in the fellow's eyes. Instead, he swung himself on to a Broadway open car, that for two blocks shot southward with such speed that he gained once more rapidly upon the fugitives, when at Twenty-third Street he suddenly lost sight of them altogether. He rose from the seat he had just taken in a bewildered state of helpless indecision. But the car had started once more before he could decide to get off; and the next minute, as it slowed down for passengers at

Twenty-second Street, there came the yellow roan, at full tilt, straight across from Fifth Avenue, as though intent upon running down the car he was in, and him with it. With sudden comprehension he remembered that the police regulations would naturally have obliged it to make the circuit of the Flatiron Building; that was why it had vanished from sight at Twenty-third Street. Now at least he would have a good view of her companion, the man who so insolently appropriated his wife in broad daylight. But three stout women, crowding past him at the critical moment, blocked his view as the cab swung in once more ahead of the car. He had caught only another fugitive glimpse of the green moire, the glint of copper below the green ostrich plume, and still more vaguely a smooth-shaven, black-haired, youngish man beside her. Impotently he cursed his weak, near-sighted eyes, that left him in

doubt who the scoundrel was, who brazenly rode there beside Nora, for all Broadway to see. Was it someone whom he knew? Someone who had clasped his hand, partaken of his salt, enjoyed his hospitality a score of times? Among the men who came habitually to her evenings at home, or freely dropped in for dinner or for tea, there were half a dozen of medium height, smooth-shaven and with darkish hair. It might be any one of these. The names seemed to repeat themselves trippingly in his ear, in rhythm with the hum of the car-wheels—Jack Elting, Ted Voorhis, Windon Hinckley—Windon Hinckley? The image of Mrs. Faversham's brother persisted in recurring to his mind, crowding to the front, elbowing out of the way the other vaguer phantoms of his uncertainty.

NEVER before, in all these months of unspoken jealousy, had his suspicions focussed definitely upon any one man. Windon Hinckley! With his foppish dress, his dilettante manner, the indefinable stamp of dissipation in his boyish face and keen, bold eyes. He had never even tried to like Hinckley. It had jarred upon his sense of fitness to see Nora, with her innate fineness, suffer contact with a nature that he stigmatized as vicious. Yet this antipathy was so intangible that he had never put it into words. He had simply left the house, on more than one flimsy excuse, had gone out into the winter night, rather than listen to Windon's light, frothy talk, rather than hear his high-pitched laugh, that seemed to penetrate the furthest corner of the apartment, rather than see Nora's gray eyes widen mockingly, in feigned rebuke of his flippant audacities. That was the way he had guarded his home, by taking his hat and going out into the winter night! No wonder that Windon's laughter had seemed to fill the apartment. So blind a husband was a rare diversion! And, after all, how was it that he had never been definitely afraid of Windon before? Now that his mind was receptive of something definite, a hundred damnatory trifles rose up out of the past, cumulative and convincing.

At Union Square the cab turned east once more. Mellish sprang recklessly from his car, without waiting for it to slow up, and broke into a run once more, as though the devil were spurring him. A hundred flower vendors with trampled violets could not have stayed him now, under the impulsion of his new certainty. Cutting diagonally across the square, he gained somewhat on the cab, which was fading into the vista of Fifteenth Street when he finally reached the corner. Luck once more played into his hands, in the shape of an open trench where a gas main was being repaired. The cab must wait while a dump cart was backed out of the way. Ten doors further on it drew up in front of a four-storey brick dwelling in whose fallen fortunes could be read the history of a slow transition through successive grades of indigent gentility. It had lately been converted into a second-rate bachelor apartment, of the sort that exercised no censorship over the quality or sex of its tenant's visitors. The vestibule, with the gleaming brass of its speaking-tubes and letter boxes, was the one touch of newness in the whole shabby exterior.

Mellish, reeling dizzily in pursuit, his forces almost spent, was not a hundred feet away when the hansom

stopped. From the ambush of a grocer's waggon he saw the couple descend, saw the driver touch his hat in acknowledgment of his fare, saw her glance apprehensively up and down the street, before gathering up the folds of her green skirt, and slipping furtively through the doorway. As the man vanished after her, Mellish awoke to a consciousness that he was about to lose them. The street door had closed again before he could reach it. In his haste to gain admission he impetuously pushed every one of the eight new brass bells in rapid succession. The automatic latch sounded a responsive staccato, the knob yielded to his hand, and he sprang into the inner hall, stumbling over a scrub-woman's pail, standing just within the dim vestibule. From somewhere above him there floated down through the gloom of the narrow stairs the sound of voices and a woman's laughter.

Up through the darkness, the closeness, the stale odor of cooked food, Mellish sprang two steps at a time. The physical strain had told upon his strength; the throbbing beat of his heart rang in his ears, shutting out other sounds, deadening thought itself. As in a dream he was conscious of softly opening doors, and curious heads thrust out as he passed successive landings. That was the consequence of his reckless pressure on all those new brass bells. Half way up the third flight he was just in time to see the trail of the green moire vanish through the doorway of the front apartment. Some how he managed to cover the remaining distance and thrust his foot forward, just as the door closed, to keep it from latching. At the same time he knocked with wrathful vigor. He heard her startled exclamation as the door was flung open by a man who certainly was not Windon Hinckley, a man whom he had never seen before. "Well, my friend, what do you want?" the man asked sharply. "I want my wife!" Mellish gasped hoarsely, and flung himself into the room. As he did so she turned and faced him, a woman with coppery hair and a lizard green dress—but not Nora, thank Heaven, not Nora! He voiced the thought wonderingly, incredulously: "You are not Nora!" It took a minute or two for the truth to sink in. He had followed the wrong couple through a mile of New York streets, he had tracked them to their lair, he had violently broken in upon them, and all that he could think to say in explanation was just these four enigmatic words, "You are not Nora!" He felt their ludicrous inadequacy, as he uttered them. "Mercy, how he scared me!" said the woman, "I felt sure that it was Sam!"

Mellish suddenly felt strangely shaken, strangely faint and weak. Every thing seemed to have grown curiously black, blacker even than the stairs he had just come up, two steps at a time. That was it, he told himself, the stairs and the heat and the excitement. He heard the man's voice saying, brusquely, as if from some remote distance, "Well, now that you know it isn't Nora, don't you think you had

better be going?" And the woman interposed hastily, "Jim, can't you see the man is sick? He is going to fall!" Mellish tried to get to the door, tried to frame some words of apology, excuse, protest, all in one. Instead, he collapsed weakly into a chair. It was a new morris chair, with gaudy plush cushions. His last conscious sensation was the stuffy smell of new upholstery.

As the haze cleared from his eyes, the woman was holding a thick tumbler containing brandy to his lips—the woman who had felt sure that he was Sam, the woman whose hair was so like Nora's, and whose eyes and mouth were so different. As she leaned over him, he noted the cold, bold violet of her eyes, the irregularity of her teeth, one of them badly blackened. In the immensity of his relief he felt his heart expand towards this clandestine couple who had been so afraid that he was Sam, and who now so plainly wished him to be gone. It really would have been awkward for them to have a stranger seriously ill or dying on their hands. Police, reporters, coroner's jury—such were the fears that he read in the attentions they forced upon him. No wonder they chafed his hands and spilled the brandy down his collar, in their haste to see him on his feet again! Yet he was not in the least haste to be gone. It was such a comfort to lie there feebly, with eyes half closed, and gaze around the room. The dingy wall-paper, the tawdry hangings, the cheap newness of the Third Avenue furniture, all bore in upon him the realization that such people and such surroundings did not form a part of his world, of Nora's world—that it was impossible to make Nora fit into any of the ridiculous pictures that his sick fancies had conjured up. Dainty, fastidious Nora, who always demanded the best of everything and usually got it—why, her very selfishness would have been proof armor against a rendezvous like this. He almost laughed aloud, as he grasped the full absurdity of his fears. He owed these two a big debt of gratitude for having cured him, once for all, of his chronic jealousy. With sudden energy he gathered his long, thin limbs together and rose to his feet. As he backed himself out into the dingy hall, with a final apology, he felt an honest amusement at the visible relief of this man and woman, the irregularity of whose lives had so nearly touched him.

It was past their dinner hour when Mellish at last reached home. Nora, radiant in her new lizard green, opened the door in person, greeting him effusively, too absorbed in herself to notice the disorder of his appearance. Windon was here, she told him, and would stay to dinner. Windon? Well, what of it? In the joyous confidence of his new cure, Mellish felt that he could afford to be cordial even to Windon Hinckley. Besides, he thought, as he made a hasty toilet, it was at most only for an hour; Nora would have to excuse herself as soon as coffee was served, if she was going to the theatre with

him to-night.

The dainty dinner scored the success that Nora's dinners always scored when they were not dining alone. Nora herself was, as usual, nervously voluble. "How did Mrs. Faversham's luncheon go off? Why, there had not been any luncheon. She hoped he had not been foolish enough to try to meet her. Mrs. Faversham had telephoned that it was postponed; her cousin had not come from Buffalo, after all." Then, turning suddenly to Hinckley, "Tell me, Windon, about that mysterious cousin of yours, Cousin Nelly, isn't it? Your sister says that you were desperately in love with her once. What is she like? Is she half as nice as I am?"

As he looked across the dinner table at Nora, dimpling under Hinckley's flattery, suddenly Mellish's elation fell. They had shut him out, those two young congenial spirits; they had forgotten he was there. The old familiar spasm gripped his heart. He realized that he was not cured after all; the wonder was he had not realized it sooner. His bizarre blunder in following the wrong couple all through a summer afternoon was no proof of Nora's innocence. To-night, like every other night, he was powerless to read the truth of a single word that fell from those red, mutinous lips, a single glance shot from those wide, gray eyes, a single thought behind that serene white brow, with its wonderful crown of shimmering copper. Once more he bowed his shoulders under the incubus of his unreasoning jealousy. Long after dinner was over he continued to sit in the dining-room; his coffee growing cold before him; his cigar slowly turning to ashes where it smoldered in his saucer. The clock on the mantel-shelf struck nine, when at last he roused himself and drew from his pocket the theatre tickets that Nora had forgotten to ask about—the splendid aisle seats that he had equally forgotten to show to her. At intervals Hinckley's boyish, penetrating laugh echoed down the length of the hall. Thoughtfully Mellish tore the tickets across the middle, dropped them in his saucer with the ashes, lit a fresh cigar, and pausing at the parlor door long enough to frame his usual flimsy excuse, put on his hat and passed out into the summer night.

Britain vs. Germany

Editor Canadian Courier:

Mr. Moore's article in a recent Courier, while ably argued out, is nevertheless grossly misleading, and his comparisons are, to say the least, "oderous." Germany not only forbid the use of French, or any language but German in the schools of conquered territory, but forbid their use anywhere in public. Now, compare this with the British practice. In all her colonies and the Dominions the citizens may use any language they choose. Though with the exception of South Africa and our Dominion the official language is the English. In the Dominion Parliament French and English are equally used, and recorded in Hansard. If Mr. Moore will consult the much damned "Instruction 17" of the Ontario Act he will see that both French and English tuition is provided for. And as this is an overwhelmingly English-speaking Province, it is made obligatory that the children in the French settlements should be taught to speak and write English as well as French. The course provides for the study of French literature, history and composition. This is hardly to be characterized as German kultur. In Quebec Province the official language is French, and provision is made for English schools for the English minority there. From the above I think we have no reason to lament a failure of British justice and freedom, or a hypocritical attitude towards Germany.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST.

TWO Tommies were strolling idly along the street when they chanced to gaze into an attractive shop window.

Being soldiers, they both had an eye for a pretty girl, and there within the shop was a real winner. "Sandy," whispered Mike, "shure, she's just the fairest colleen my eyes hiv iver rested on. It's mysilf that'll go in and buy something, an' perhaps she will have a smile for me."

His companion came from "ayont the Tweed," as his answer proved.

"I'll gang wi' ye," he said. "But, hoot, mon, ye neednae spend a bawbee. A' ye hev tae dae is tae ask her fur change o' a shillin'."—Tit-Bits.

A STAGE PICTURE IN REAL LIFE



HE came back from the trenches—the only son; back to Winnipeg. Mother and father and all the rest meet him at the station. Here they are in the street. They're so glad to see him, they don't say a word. It's all in the looks. And looks are often deceiving. If a stage manager had charge of this group he would have father bustling up along side the lad, nudging him into fits of laughter, mother crying for joy and the girls hanging on to the outskirts, uncertain whether to laugh or cry or a little of both. Human nature stages happiness—as it really is; too deep down sometimes for theatrical expression.



THE MENACE OF THE MOVIES

At Two Leading Toronto Film Houses in the Same Week

ONE SHEWED

A Maniac Murdering a Human Gorilla as Revenge for the Death By Mania of an Outraged Sister.



A Young Woman Untrue to Her Wedded Husband Because of Awakened Memories of the Man She Married First.

THE OTHER

BEFORE this first examination of the movie menace goes any further, let it be clearly understood that we believe in fair play on the stage. As long as nine out of ten grand operas are built upon illegitimate love, movies have an equal right to portray the underworld. But there is a difference. Opera seduces only those who have the price. Movies, in so far as they are a menace, get in their deadly work on millions who are thrown back on vaudeville which is all right and burlesque which is usually rotten. This indictment of the movie is made because this paper circulates in a territory containing thousands of movie houses attracting nightly hundreds of thousands.

No Committee of Forty has inspired this protest against the menace of the movies. The slight sketch herewith is a suggestion in pen and ink of the culminating scene in *When a Man Sees Red*. It shows the human gorilla who had outraged a girl in San Francisco literally broken to pieces alive by the brother of the girl who is a raving maniac among the South Sea Islanders. That finale was the result of hundreds of visual impressions, most of which were connected with scenes of violence, lust, drunkenness, intrigue, and brutality.

Before I retrace the story of this masterpiece, remember that in the same row of seats there happened to be a five-year-old girl.

Larry, the hero, a young seaman of Frisco, is expected home any day now by his aged mother and young sister. On shipboard he is a great favorite, but addicted to the Bible given him by his sister and containing her portrait. Somehow or other the young sister finds herself suddenly in a cabaret, invited to drink and smoke by a lewd young tough and surrounded by painted ladies of vice, squanderers of wealth and common drunks. She is frightened and leaves the table. Her partner goes after her. He is intercepted by a burly hard-looking skipper who snatches the girl from him and under pretence of taking her home orders a taxi. Scenes in the taxi. The gorilla tries to embrace the girl. She resists him. There is a struggle.

(The five-year-old child in the same row of seats suddenly got behind the chair-backs and wept aloud).

The gorilla drags the unconscious girl from the taxi. The next seen of her she lies on the street-side. Up comes a limousine; occupants, the "Painted Lady" just out of the cabaret and a drunken millionaire. They pick her up and take her home. She comes to her mother a raving maniac, and dies.

Larry comes on shore, happy as a lark. Swinging up from the docks with his pack he stops at a flower-stall to buy an armful of white carnations for his mother and sister. He arrives—to learn the news.

Sutton, the gorilla, prepares to sail again in the Albatross. He has trouble getting a crew because of his horrible brutality. Larry, anxious to go to sea again to forget everything, signs on as first mate to Sutton. The two men become enemies at sea. Larry is too popular and too fond of his Bible, which the captain flings to the deck and orders him to stop reading. Larry knocks him down.

Meanwhile a yacht sails away from Frisco to the South Seas in the wake of the Albatross, on board a crew of drunken pleasure-seekers, including the Painted Lady and the dissolute-millionaire.

The Albatross and the yacht land at the same island, Lania. At a cabaret here not far from the black islanders, Larry meets the Painted Lady and

By Theatricus



Scene in *When a Man Sees Red*, starring Wm. Farnum.

—Drawn by One Who Saw It.

through a flirtation engineered by herself falls in love with her. She declares she cannot marry him because she is a fallen woman. She sails away, apparently not having told him that she knows who is the betrayer and murderer of his sister. The Albatross sails, leaving behind Sutton's baboon "underdog," who knows the secret, and Larry, who has left the ship. A terrible storm strikes. The Albatross makes for shelter. The yacht is beached on the rocks. Dissolute young millionaire in his underclothes and Painted Lady are marooned on a rock. Signals of distress. A boat from the Albatross comes to the rescue. Millionaire vanishes somewhere. Painted Lady is taken on deck to the cabin of the gorilla. Scene. Knife encounter. Sutton

MOVIES in their best form are a revelation, capable of glorifying nature, enlarging the vision of art and enlightening humanity. In their worst form they are a revival of the worst melodrama we ever had; infinitely multiplied in variety and speed, exaggerated in size and intensified by powerful lighting effects. Where a melodrama had but five complete changes of scene in one play the movie has five hundred. With no voices to engage the ear the eye is left free to concentrate on the screen. The attention of an audience at a movie is greater than at any but the most powerful plays done by the greatest of actors. A gripping movie is a succession of climaxes leading up to other climaxes. The brain and the eye and the nerves get no chance to rest. The result is a terrific stimulus to the nerves followed by a reaction. There are no stage limitations. The movie has little or nothing to do with the stage. The most colossal stage spectacle ever produced could never equal the prodigious scenic investiture of even the commonest film. The movie has become a menace because its power is subject to no human check and because real censorship of movies has never yet been invented. The redemption of the movies will never come about until the production of films is taken away from inartistic scene butchers, social scavengers and experts in burlesque.

makes a horrible threat, which he executes when he orders a boat and himself rows the lady to shore.

Here on an island Larry has been living for weeks among the natives, still brooding over his sister and mother, he has become a maniac. Here, also, Sutton, with his captive, discovers a pow-wow of dusky islanders, to whom he offers the Painted Lady to the highest bidder, body and soul and all. He drags her by the hair and shakes her as a dog does a rat. Just as the scene is at its most horrible height, Larry comes rushing over the sand. He has learned from the underdog of Sutton that the murderer of his sister is the beast who is maltreating the woman.

Then follows the worse than brute fight between the maniac and the gorilla; with the result that the maniac crushes the life out of his enemy and lets him fall on the sand and rises with his clothes almost torn from him, leering, panting, devilish.

(Five-year-old on the seat beside me claps her hands and crows in exultation. She has got the story.)

ROSE of the World, featuring Elsie Ferguson, is a far less repulsive and much gentler story. In its own way it is quite as immoral.

Rosamond, girl wife of an English officer in India, confesses in bed to her husband that she does not understand the meaning of love. He passionately vows that he will teach her and rides away with his regiment up to the hills, where the hill tribes are making war. His regiment is besieged in a fortress. He writes to his young wife. His letters are fyled away, with no awakening of love in her. The siege gets worse. The gallant garrison, starving and thirsty, are cut to pieces and hurled over the cliffs. Those escaping confirm the news of Capt. English's death. Rosamond marries again; this time to an elderly officer who becomes Lieutenant-Governor of Northern India. He is a nice old husband but she does not love him. Living with him only makes her gradually conscious that she really does love—the man whom she first married. Brooding over his loss she is entreated by a surviving officer, junior to English, to permit him to write her first husband's life from his memoirs in her possession. She consents. Arrives at the palace a native secretary to the Governor. Rosamond is advised by her doctor to return to England. She goes and visits the old home of her first husband. Here she sees all the reliques of him, some of the clothes he wore, the room he slept in, his portrait in oil on the wall. Everything conspires to bring him back to her. Her recurring love is almost hysterical. Meanwhile her husband arrives from India accompanied by his native secretary. Rosamond at first refuses to see him; finally consents to come down; is taken violently ill at the table and retires upstairs to have a seance with the portrait of her first husband. The Governor comes up. She commands him to take his "horrible hands" away and asks him what right he has to be there at all. He leaves her. She has a violent seance with the portrait; implores her native attendant, who has some black magic of the hills to invoke by incantations the spirit of her first husband. The witch holds an orgy over a pot. In the steam and the smoke and the turmoil—you guess the denouement: the native secretary of the Governor dashes off his whiskers and his turban and rushes to the scene. His portrait is seen to move from the wall. It is—himself! The Governor can do nothing. Love has conquered marriage.

ADVERTISING for A MISTRESS

AMELIA engages to be on hand Friday morning in three different places. Amelia's crowd control because they are organized.

PEOPLE who ordinarily employ domestic help will agree that the problem never was so urgent as it is now. Keeping house never was quite such a tax on ability, patience and energy. The time to face the problem honestly is now, if we are ever to get it on the road to settlement.

Little things happening like this are typical of a lot of people's experiences:

Answering an advertisement for domestic help—general—a maid applied; liked the house, had no objection to the children, was satisfied with the wages and not anxious for more poetic license than any average maid might expect.

"I'll come Friday," she said, sweetly.

"I can depend on you, Amelia?"

"Oh, certainly, I always keep my word."

"But you understand—I have been fooled so often by girls who promise to come."

"Oh, yes, but you can trust me."

"I have refused other maids, better ones sometimes, because I had already engaged one who promised to come—and didn't."

"Oh, that's not square at all. You can depend on me. Friday morning—yes. Good-day!"

Amelia might as well have said good-night. For she never came. From casual evidence collected afterwards, it was found that Amelia had engaged to four mistresses in one day. She had taken what seemed to her the best of the lot. The other three all waited for Amelia to turn up—on Friday!

The obvious way to get even with Amelia and her tribe would be to engage every girl who comes—and take the one who turns up. But of course this would be bad ethics. It is not recommended here.

Why was Amelia thus able to deceive three mistresses in a day? Because she had the whip-hand, and she knew it. Because Amelia was really advertising for a mistress, making the lady pay the cost of the ad, and turning her down when she found someone who suited her better.

If mistresses are to overcome this problem, they must begin to organize. Amelia and her tribe are organized. They have esprit de corps and all the passwords. Mistresses go at haphazards. Where is the remedy?

Let us see. A glance at history shows us that domestic help was once supplied by slaves. Housework was probably classified as fit only for the lower orders of beings. This will continue to be the case until we raise the standard of proper training of the workers, by treating them with the consideration given any other class of workers.

The economic situation is out of joint to-day because of world-wide conditions. The high wages paid for unskilled labor in munitions and other manufactures of war needs, have turned many girls from their kitchen-ward course.

IT is useless to tell them how much more they would have at the end of the month of doing housework. They readily counter with the reply that they want to be out more, and they want to wear good clothes, and company to work with; and it is worth more than the difference in money to work with people who do not look down on one. And they always add the irrefutable statement that it is so much pleasanter to have regular hours and to know that you will not have to be called as early as 5 a.m., if you happen to work in one of those antedeluvian homes where washing is still done in the house. This bone of contention has, in the majority of homes, been removed to the laundry unless the mistress does it herself, as many do. So that when the autocrat of the kitchen table inquires with lofty mien, "Of course you do not expect your help to do laundry work," the prospective mistress eagerly pleads "not guilty."

The mistress is to blame—not because she is offering to a girl who is seldom well trained the complicated system inevitable in a one-maid household, but because, viewing the situation from the

By ELIZABETH BECKER

standpoint of a broader experience, she should do all possible to make conditions such that the maid can do her work properly and in reasonable time.

SHE IS TO BLAME if she allows members of the family to impose upon her demanding extra service.

SHE IS TO BLAME if she does not give her a warm and comfortable room in which she may sew or read when her work is finished.

SHE IS TO BLAME if she does not safeguard her morally in her home as she would her own daughter, and she is to blame if she does not endeavor to extend these safeguards of self protection about her when she goes out for her necessary recreation.

Many a girl well qualified by practical experience in her own home would prefer housework to factory or store, but for the danger of getting into a home where immoral men of the family think a domestic their lawful prey. Strange to say, there are not lacking people otherwise good, who condemn instead of commend a girl for defending herself at the point of the revolver in such desperate straits. There is the problem of the immoral maid, who can do untold harm in a household, but the mistress is the one in command of the situation, and it is her first duty to make fair conditions. "Systematize your work as I do my business, and finish at a certain hour," is often the well-meant advice of the master of the house, but unfortunately the home is a continuous performance and the raising of a family a dealing with the infinite and eternal that cannot be shut down when mere time says "six o'clock." It needs a day and a night shift with plenty of spare women available, and yet one woman is often supposed to do it all and be ready "to smile at eventide."

Where the helper is of equal social standing with the family and is treated as such, as was the case when the country was newer and as is still the case in some communities, the problem is reduced to its lowest terms. However, all women are not like the mother who had seven sons, and each of them married to a one-time maid of their mother's. She evidently understood the law of proportionality, and chose only such maids as she felt were suitable or could be trained to be suitable for her sons. No doubt she had plenty of applicants! Women are to blame that they have not risen to the occasion and with their united wisdom evolved some scheme of supplying well trained domestics as well as beginners who may continue their training under a mistress.

Let women unite on getting domestic science taught in the lower grades of the public schools, so that every girl who has to leave school early may have the advantage of proper teaching of simple cookery. It seems looking a long way ahead to meet the urgent need of to-day, but if we had commenced it even ten short years ago,

we should now be reaping the result. Our present system makes this training available only for those who have the advantage of longer training. Not only would this aid the mistresses, but it is of inestimable value to the working girl when she leaves factory or store for a home of her own after years of boarding.

Few of those household treasures the Swedes, Finns, Danes and Norwegians, are to be had now. Only those of longer Canadian residence but shorter training. Women endeavor to simplify their house-keeping, but the complexity of life about us cannot be entirely counteracted by removing the doilies and the service plates.

Recently a distraught housekeeper, now to the last shred of strength and patience, advertised for a general, weeks without receiving one reply. She changed the ad. to "Companion Helper." They came in by the dozen. Maids young and green, maids old and shrivelled, maids shy and maids brazen, maids that hadn't gumption enough to button their boots, and maids that showed signs of managing everything in sight, and woe betide a baby that dared to cry; maids that looked with intent to kill, if they were not employed, and pathetic, broken down old women, who tried to spruce up and step lively in the hope of being employed.

THE wages asked are all the way from \$20 per month for ignorance, utter and unabashed, to experienced help at \$35. Some would consider the position only if there was no washing. No cooking and not too much company. Evidently only housemaids' duties are ideal. Others demanded every Sunday afternoon and evening off.

To some women, the Companion Helper offers at least a partial solution. It certainly serves as a striking illustration of the trend of the times. Many refined, well educated women, who have been un-

(Concluded on page 34.)

HOW MARTHA GRAY

NEVER be it believed, would Martha Gray have done her share of the world's work in and about the log house of the third homestead, if she had not been an artist. It was the spirit of what she did and the form it took—crude as the form might be—that carried her over mountains of toil. It made possible her idea of the family. It was behind all her belief in the school, the church and the neighborhood. To her the house on the gentle slope-up from the lane above the big lake was to become a centre of influence. Yet she never talked of doing good. She only did it. She had nothing to do with movements. Church-women never could organize her into action. She never sent crusty notes to the school teacher. She had no theories of heaven or hell to discuss with the minister. But no teacher and no minister ever came away from under Martha Gray's roof who did not feel that he had been inspired to work harder himself for the good of others.

How can I better illustrate this spiritual character of a woman whose hands were always thick and hard with toil, than by telling the short story of the little organ that became a sort of visible soul to the whole family? In the strange art sense of Martha Gray, her striving after pictures on the rag mats, colors in the rag carpets and gaieties in her patchwork quilts; in her passion for clothing and feeding a family of eight besides herself and Jon; in her capacity for six days work a week from five a.m. until nine or ten at night; in her zeal for the children's knowledge, industry and self-help; in her particular care for all the things to her hand, the spindle and the loom, the scissors and the needle and thread, the paring knife and the pickle jar, the cheese-bags and the soft-soap kettle; the knitting and the darning and the patching; the kettles and the pots and the pans; the fur caps and the straw hats she made; the bonnets and the shawls and the mitts—in all these there was the intense love of use and beauty that found sometimes its most perfect expression in the music of the home.

Music was as necessary there as the pork-barrel. Hymns haunted Martha when she had no voice to sing. An old song—Scotch, perhaps—or some nubby old, English thing caged up in the memory of Jon, had the power to lift her away from the sense of drudgery.

And without this much of Martha's work must have drudged her into a drab and weary thing. Her toils were not in themselves all beautiful. Disorder and dirt lay in wait to clutter up her hands and her feet. There were times when no artist would have found her a subject of charm. Times when her clothes and her flesh and the crude, sticky and cumbersome things with which she worked made her into a sort of woman of the caves.

But that log house, afterwards weather-boarded, plastered and enlarged,

JOSEPH'S COAT of MANY COLORS

JOSEPH'S coat of many colors has always been a mystery. Where did Jacob get the dyes? We are not told. But we infer that the sons of Jacob were not dependent on any foreign nation—like Germany—for the colors that went into Joseph's coat. The art of dyeing is evidently about as old as the race.

Subtract dyes from civilization, and what a drab thing it is! Even the Indians made dyes—mostly vermilion—an essential part of their regime; and they didn't pretend to be civilized at all. In all our development we have evolved nothing more wonderfully than the colors of civilization. Where the red men had but two or three primal colors, we have about three hundred variations on the rainbow. Women's clothing has long since outdone the flowers. Fashions have depended even more upon the dye-makers than upon the wearers. When war broke out, the world was in a blaze of colors—and we know now how abjectly dependent the world used to be upon Germany and Austria for much of its dyestuffs.

Among other nations, Canada is being hit, and hit hard, by the conditions which have developed in regard to dyes since the outbreak of the war. This is becoming more and more evident. One of the main reasons is traceable to England. Shortly after the outbreak of war the English manufacturing firm that first produced aniline dyes commercially threw up the sponge, and went into the production of fertilizers instead. But for that, Canada, and for that matter all other countries, would not be passing through the unsatisfactory conditions they are to-day.

It is only after years of dye-decadence that the most of us have been learning the importance of dyes. Most of us knew something of the dyeing operations which were carried on in the homes of the country. But few of us took the time to consider the place they occupied in industrial life. Some people never know there is a moon until an eclipse comes along. We know how important dyes are in

civilization because the world is slowly losing its color. And the colors we get are by no means as fast as they used to be. They cost more, but they don't last long. Sometimes they don't come anywhere near matching anything. If you are unconvinced of the degeneracy that has crept over the dye industry, just send a piece of goods to your local dyer with a sample of the color you want, and see if he comes anywhere near it. You may send a sample of burnt orange and not get a navy blue. But you are as like as not—after several telephone calls—to get something like a second cousin to a faded-out fawn.

So we are beginning to wake up to the fact that dyes count for a great deal in connection with practically every textile industry in the country. If there was no dyeing, there would be no color; and humanity, like the angels, would have to parade the streets in white; at any rate until its garments became soiled by the dust, smoke and grime of city life.

The principal difficulty dyers and textile manufacturers are experiencing is not in connection with the enhanced cost of dyes. The worst trouble is in regard to color-variety. In fact about the only kinds that can be said to be in anything like adequate supply are blacks. Fancy dyes are about as scarce as diamonds in a junk-heap. Even the colors possible to get other than blacks are not dependable. Textile manufacturers no longer guarantee permanence in the color of the goods they produce. The wholesaler, the retailer, the tailor, and the consumer have either got to take what they can get or go without it. And as the tweeds, worsteds and dress goods made under normal conditions have been practically all cleaned up, those wanting new garments have no other alternative but to take what they can get and be thankful.

Still another new development is in regard to what is termed merchant dyeing. When dyes were in adequate supply and moderate in price it was the practice of wholesale and retail houses to have piece goods that had been long enough in stock to get out of fashion dyed over in order to comply with the new conditions obtaining. This practice is now almost to the vanishing point on account of the heavily increased cost.

In Great Britain, due in part to the dye situation, as well as to scarcity of wool, textile manufacturers are being compelled to manufacture to a standard. Possibly manufacturers in Canada may ultimately be compelled to follow suit. Even as it is, men and women in Canada are, through force of circumstances, gradually being compelled to narrow the variety of the color of the garments they wear. Exclusive colors are going the same road as the Dodo—at least for a while.

IT is true that before the war Canada did not get all her aniline dyes direct from Germany. But over forty-three per cent. came direct from that country. And if that which we got from other countries had been earmarked we would have found that most of it had its origin in the land of the Huns.

Here is a little table

NOW that the peacock lustre is gradually fading out of civilization, we begin to wake up to the importance of dyes. Nature which invented the soap bubble, intended women at least to wear colors. If the war keeps up long enough we shall all be dressing in black and white.

By W. L. EDMONDS

which enables one, at a glance, to ascertain the extent of Canada's import trade in aniline dyes during the peace time of 1913 and the war time of 1917 and the variation which has taken place in it during the period covered by the figures given:

Imports of Aniline Dyes in 1913 and 1917.		
From—	1917 in lbs.	1913 in lbs.
Great Britain	626,744	439,673
France		46,267
Germany		1,141,792
Switzerland	20,117	114,863
United States	1,131,296	665,560
Other Countries	33	2,265
Total	1,778,190	2,411,420

FROM the above it will be seen that the United States has about taken the place of Germany as a source of supply for aniline dyes, and in proportion to the total imports from all countries, even a greater place than the latter formerly occupied, being 63 per cent. of the whole. But while the United States has been able to supply us with a quantity so much larger than four years ago, she has been unable to supply us with the variety in either color or quality.

The trouble with the quality of the American dyes is that the color imparted to the article dyed is not as fast as that which was obtained from the German. Probably, however, this will be corrected in time, as the Americans are making a laudable effort to establish an aniline dye-making industry that will make them independent of Germany in the future. Down in Tennessee, for example, a town with a population of seven thousand has been created within the last three years as the result of the establishing of such an industry at that point.

In Canada we have so far done nothing in the way of establishing an industry for the making of aniline dyes, although every textile mill has a dyeing department in connection with its plant.

While during the four years the imports in aniline dyes from the United States have increased by about 70 per cent., and those from Great Britain by 42 per cent., yet the grand total from all countries was smaller last year than in 1913 by 633,230 pounds, a decrease of over 26 per cent., notwithstanding that the needs of the country have in the meantime increased.

But one of the most striking features in connection with the import trade in aniline dyes is the relative change in values. In 1913, for instance, when the quantity imported was 2,411,420 pounds, the import value was estimated at \$555,075. Last year, however, when the quantity was but 1,778,190 pounds, the value was \$1,847,878, an increase of \$1,292,823. In other words, while there was a decrease in the quantity of 26 per cent. there was a gain of 233 per cent. in the value.

Comparing the average import cost for the two periods, it will be found that whereas in 1913 it was about 23c, last year it ran to over a dollar per pound. But even this increase of over 333 per cent. does not fully represent the augmented prices which the dyeing establishments have to pay to-day for the dyes they use. The average, according to one of the leading authorities in the Dominion, is now approximately five dollars a pound compared with one dollar per pound in ante-bellum days.

FOOLED JONATHAN

SHE wanted an organ. Jonathan thought the melodeon would do till the mortgage was paid. Deadlock. The way out of it led through a quince orchard, in her dealings with which Martha showed that she had both determination and ingenuity

By THE EDITOR

was to gather about it the light of the unseen. It was to express to Martha herself the consummation of her love of country, of home, of God and of work. It was her own corner of Canada in the making.

The Grays had a spindle-leg melodeon. Martha yearned for an organ. The girls were to have lessons. Nothing but the best available would do. A piano she had never even heard. Her soul would be satisfied with a little organ which she had seen; a thing not much higher than the melodeon; none of those grandiose, musical sideboards that dominated so many farm parlors in later years, but a simple, compact combination of reeds, bellows and stops which would cost, as she found out, \$300.

"Hout, wummon!" protested Jon whenever she mentioned it. "That's for none but grand folks in brick houses wi' cornices at the gables and spruce edges round about. The melodeon'll do till we're done—I think so."

The cost was the only obstacle, as Martha knew. But all they could get in exchange for the melodeon would be \$20. Mortgage interest and taxes were never done. The organ would cost as much as summer fields and winter logs could fetch in a year.

"Ay, ay," he argued more diplomatically, fuzzling his chin. "But we be in need of wot's more use to uz than a horgan. It's a sewin' machine you want more, I tell you."

With which Martha disagreed. She could, as she said, do the needle work by hand as always she had done. She drove hard for the organ, backed sentimentally by all the family.

As Martha had a great desire, so she had a knack to meet it. Jon was harder to move than a green elm stump. But if Jon was stubborn, Martha was determined. He was without guile. Martha, honest as the day—was yet a woman. Wherefore she added to her determination a certain cunning. Having no idea how she would ever get him to hoard money to pay down on the organ, she nevertheless believed a way would open up.

Which came about this way: concerning a scraggy squad of quince trees

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HOW MARTHA GRAY FOOLED JONATHAN

(Continued from page 17)

betwixt house and garden, much scorned by Jon, who would root them out only that he was too busy. He was tearing mad when he said it, because he had waited all summer to nibble one of those quinces and when he did it,

"Drat the 'ard, sour thing," he said, spitting it out. "Wife wummon! Never any gude them'll be. The pigs won't eat them. Wot sow won't eat, man shouldn't—I tell you!"

MARTHA knew as little about quinces as Jon did. But she had a better sense of smell and more skill with fruit. Such a lovely crop to look at never grew to be idle. Jon was prejudiced. Some day he should find out. Time. Years, maybe. Nevertheless.

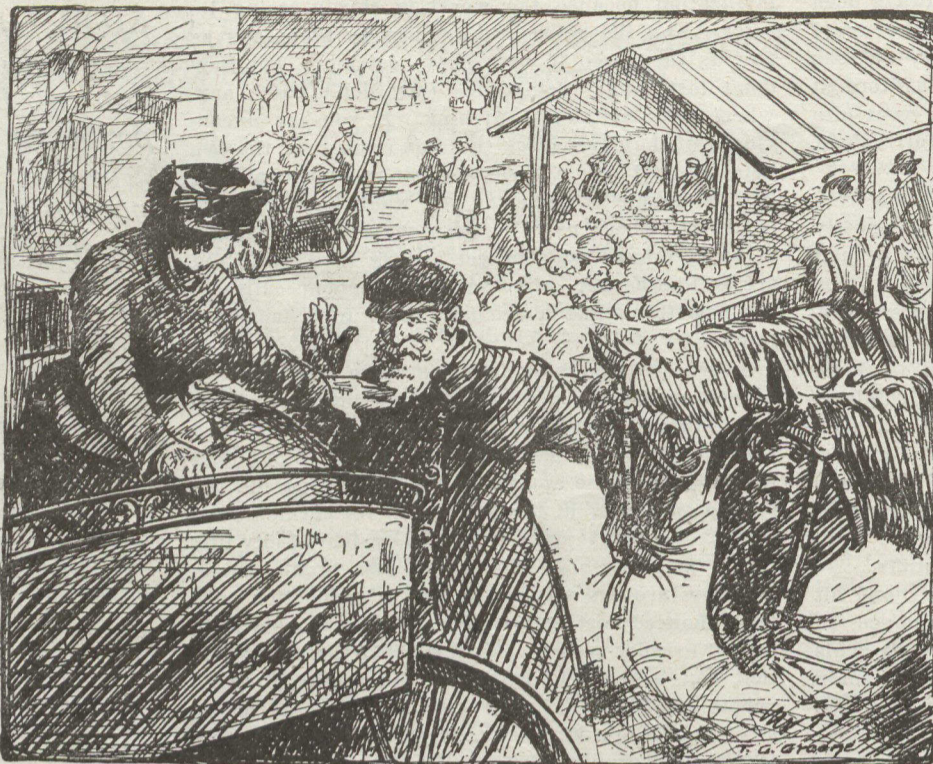
After experiments Martha discovered that she could make from quinces not only preserves—which she never showed Jon—but a certain amber-colored jelly more delicious than currant, grape or crab. The very first year she secretly filled all her available small jars with quince "jell," as she called it. Jon never so much as saw one of them. He observed that the quinces were all picked. Where they had gone to he knew not. Martha had crannies in her root-house that held all manner of things.

Very first market-day after the job was done, Martha went along as usual; always, as usual, helping to load the democrat evening before so as to let them off by two in the morning in the October starlight for the twenty-mile drive to get the stand next the main street of the county town. Surreptitiously by the flicker of the lantern Martha managed to smuggle in among the quarters of lamb, bags of potatoes, cabbages and muskmelons—a patchwork quilt cunningly loaded and padded with these twenty jars of quince jelly. For a wonder, Jon never detected the ruse. They went under the seat on Martha's side, and she skilfully played the loose ends of the buffalo robe about it, all the way in, hour by hour, mile on mile towards the daybreak which crept over the caravans of the gravel road just as they caught sight of the spires of the county town. And the sun lifted itself only when Jon, shouting to the boom of the market bell, backed his team to the curb two stands down from the main street, because some of the French farmers from the nearby claims had beaten him to the front line.

One day at market to Jon and Martha was very much like all the rest. This was different. Martha had a charge to conceal. While Jon manoeuvred with the horses she contrived to conceal her bundle up by the dashboard, before she laid out her tempting little tail-board shop which, with its various colors, was a very charming picture; and she well knew how a bit of color and artistic arrangement helped to interest the critical housewife with her basket. If she could but have crowned the show with those rows of amber-colored quince jars she would have had a much better picture. But Jon must not find out.

By noon, having breakfast before two, they ate their basket lunch and drank cold tea sitting by the curbside among the marketers. The load was selling better than usual. By half-past three, please God, as Jon said, it might be all gone, and they could start early for home. Not so Martha, who still kept in hiding her jars of jelly, waiting for a chance. Always when the load was done Jon and Martha took a turn up the main street to some store. This day Martha had a headache. She would stay with the load. But she entreated Jon to get for her at a store far up street something which she knew would take him best part of an hour, and he said so; but she was quite determined. So off he went.

And with a pair of baskets loaded with her jelly jars off went Martha also, swiftly across the bridge of the creek in among a pack of well-to-do houses she could see from the market. The sight of this



While Jon manoeuvred with the horses, Martha contrived to conceal her bundle up by the dash-board.

black-bonneted, trudging woman with the neat, faded black dress and the two baskets was something new on that street, where all the housewives did their own carrying.

Oh, the hurry she had to get back before Jon, minus all her jars at fifteen cents each, charging five for the jar so that she might buy others for the rest of the quinces. But by the help of good luck and swift heels she made it. She had not a jar of jelly left. And when Jon came trudging back to the team here she was busy packing up.

Week by week Martha carried on this secret campaign with the quinces till she had them all converted to jelly and the jars off to market, away on into the driving east winds of November, the rains and the mud. Every Saturday she contrived some way to get Jon off her hands for half an hour so that she might deliver the jars which she had contracted by custom the week before. Narrowly many a time she avoided some housewife at the waggon asking her after the jelly; though if possible she slipped one over when Jon wasn't looking.

THIS was to be a secret. Martha knew how to keep it, knew how to wait year by year, hoarding up her stealthy cash against the great day, watching the quince-trees bloom white, the nubbins come on and the fruit thicken up while Jon left the quince grove alone, never seeming to know where the pesky sour things went to, when not one of the children

THE EVOLUTION OF MIRANDA

MIRANDA came to us after the manner of an infant left in a basket on the doorstep. She was like Moses found by Pharaoh's daughter in the bulrushes. She was at the railway station after a four days' journey from a bleak, sea-washed country in the far east; she had followed all the instructions given her by the shipper, faithfully to the letter—and here she was more than a thousand miles from home with a big city clattering overhead and underfoot, thousands of people within two blocks of her, a whirligig of travel in her brain and the general demeanor of a young owl caught at mid-day blinking in amazement.

We pitied Miranda. She was so far from home. So silent. So thick through. So ill-clad and picturesque. So altogether looking like a misfit in a cruelly busy world.

Well, time would tell. Miranda said nothing, but went to work. Her first difficulty was over the stairways and doors.

"Oh?" she said, "be I to go in be the back door, sure enough?"

"Yes, Miranda, maids are always supposed to go in at the back door. The front door is for the mistress." She laughed—baboonishly.

"And them stairs now?" she wanted to know. "I don't go up them front ones that's carpeted?"

told him—but the two girls knew, and also why mother was deceiving him so.

It was the only concealment between these two. It lasted four years, at the end of which time Martha Gray had accumulated a secret \$54.

Last Saturday evening of the market season, after getting home, Martha gave the children some work to stay up. Perhaps they knew why. Jon looked over the laggard group.

"Now, then, to bed all on you!" he said. "Church in the mornin'."

BUT they went not. Instead, Martha rose and went to a secret place in the bottom of a bureau drawer. She fetched back a tin box, which she set on the kitchen table and slowly unlocked while the family leaned over the table under the scowling front of Jonathan. With a smile she spilled the box loose—ten-cent pieces, quarters, fives, coppers.

"O—o—oh!" screamed the family. Jonathan shouted—"Woman Martha! Wot's all this, then?"

"Oh—it's just them despised quinces. It's the very pieces I've got for them—"

"Yes, but 'ow, then? You've not sold 'm."

So she told him about the jelly, when the look on his face was something like his namesake of old must have had on the Isle of Patmos.

"That's cash payment on the new organ," she said. "And we'll make the quince trees pay for it."

To describe the reverent conventicle that ushered in the new organ is not the scope of this article. It came many miles on a grand sort of waggon. It was carried as gingerly as though it had been a new baby into the barish front room with its rag carpet, new-plastered walls and box stove. It was set up between windows and at once became the heart of the room; the spot where most of all the lamp stood—because seldom anybody went to the parlor unless to hear the beautiful sweet tones of that organ.

The voice of that little box of reeds and bellows became the finest sound in the whole community. Neighbors flocked in to hear it. All the Sabbaths and some of the evenings were made beautiful and gracious and almost divine by the hymns and songs and polkas and grand marches done on that organ from two or three books. Hundreds of dollars in cost were all forgotten time and again as Martha and Jon listened. The deep drudgery of the morrow folded itself up and went to rest while somebody played the organ and one held the lamp, and all gathered about like a village choir.

What it cost would last for years. What it said would live forever. The magic of that little organ made the farm home seem like a gate of heaven.

(To be continued.)

"Only when you clean them, Miranda; and of course you can always use the front door when you go out for the milk. Now you understand."

So she did. But it was such a strange world, this city place. Miranda came from a land where they had no back stairs and where one door was as good as another; a land of no cellars, no coal, no gas, and no electric lights. She had been brought up on wood and coal-oil. And it was a very grave problem with her mistress what would become of such a primitive creature in so giddy a whirl as a modern city, with its manifold temptations.

Miranda's first diversion was going to a lecture in a nearby church. She came home in a state of excitement to say that she had met a woman in the very same seat whom she had known down below at home. In ten days she had met, casually, at least six of her fellow-natives. Which would be very nice for Miranda, quoth her mistress, not wanting her to be alone.

Much in need of clothes, Miranda consented to let her mistress conduct her downtown to a department store. Never can she forget the wide-eyed hysteria of the girl who in the terrible clatter and the crowd almost ran away.

"Oh, indeed, I'll never go down there any more!" she

(Concluded on page 31.)

The RECRUIT EMBARKS

PREPARATIONS for a voyage overseas in war-time may seem simple—till you try it. A chauffeur who is to don uniforms soon after she arrives at the other side of the water has no need of fine raiment, but all purchases must be made judiciously, selected with regard to their weight and durability. Crepe de Chine must make way for flannel, fine kid for the heaviest of leather, chiffon for wool. Even the process of elimination takes time; and though I find a place for everything that is necessary, I now realize that a fresh elimination must take place in London, where space must be cleared for my chauffeur outfit. The heavy, knee-high rubber boots are the most unaccommodating things to pack; and farewell gifts, such as a Tommy's cooker and a large electric torch, refuse to be shoved into a corner at the last moment; they demand a definite number of cubic inches. And then, when the final adjustments are made, I find that I have packed most of those things that are needful for the two days' journey to St. John and left unpacked those that are quite superfluous in a sleeping-car!

A NUMBER of my friends gathered to wish me "bon voyage," and when the train whisked me past the last waving figure, I found that I had collected a new assortment of luggage—flowers, candy, dried fruits, books and magazines. It was like Christmas morning! The last two packages I opened contained articles that formed a sharp contrast to one another. In one was a dainty net boudoir cap, ornamented with pink silk roses, in the other a heavy pair of brown woolen stockings. The boudoir cap represents the luxuries I am leaving behind; the woolen stockings stand for the stern necessities to which I must limit myself overseas. That thought gave the flowers, sweets and other luxuries an added charm, and the boudoir cap will serve its turn during the voyage. I shall probably put it on each morning when the steward knocks at my door and says: "You're bath is ready, Madam!"

"THAT was quite a send-off you had, Miss!" said the conductor, and when he inspected my ticket he added, "Well, you're going overseas—I don't blame them! Not a very propitious time to be crossing, though, I should say!"

In the seclusion of my sleeping compartment I did not have much chance to observe my fellow-passengers, but after leaving Montreal I was most interested in the numerous officers who gathered in the dining-car. The majority of them were returning after sick leave and no two of them wear the same badges. There is an aviator in khaki with his crossed tunic and embroidered wings, a naval aviator in blue, an officer of the naval reserve, a bombing officer with a red badge on his sleeve, a chaplain with a black shoulder strap, a dental surgeon, a veterinary surgeon. The men inside the uniforms differed still more: several spoke with the unmistakable voices of English gentlemen; another was English, too, but of a different class—he referred to the radiator as "the eater," and I overheard him telling someone that his wife had six brothers, three brothers-in-law and himself, all in khaki. The majority were Canadians, looking very fit after their holiday. There was the western youth, whose father owns a salmon-canning factory in British Columbia; the son of the grain merchant in Alberta, the rancher in Manitoba, the railway magnate in Montreal—all travelling to the old port of St. John.

One of my friends came with me to the boat and, as I had never before been in St. John, I was fascinated by the steep, snowy streets, the funny low sleighs and the general dinginess of the buildings; but most of all I liked the wide river and the shipping in the harbor. It was evidently low-tide when we drove down a steep incline to the ferry clung. In the centre of the river two grey ships were anchored, painted grotesquely with wide stripes

of black, circles of green squares of dark red, triangles of blue running this way and that, with no apparent motive or plan.

"Why, it only makes them more conspicuous!" was our first thought, and then we discovered that right before us lay a number of ocean liners that we had not noticed, for, owing to the camouflage, they seemed to disappear into the background. I tried to draw one of the ships, with its deceptive painting, and found this very difficult, for the great bands of color running up the side, across a life-boat, and finishing at a tangent on a smoke-stack, made it difficult to delineate the true form. My opinion is that the camouflage artists have used too much black paint, that blues, greens and grays would be less conspicuous when seen at a distance, even at night, but when the ships put out to sea with their convoy of converted cruisers we shall be better able to observe the effect.

Our own ship is uniformly gray, but the six or eight ocean liners in the harbor have all been branded by the camouflage. All were busy loading cargoes of beef, bacon, canned goods, lumber, etc., but the departure of many of them is delayed owing to the shortage of coal, while others are waiting for their cargoes to arrive by rail. The seagulls circling overhead, looked like distant airplanes till they dove greedily for the refuse from the boats. We made a tour of the big boat and admired the charming drawing-room, the cosy library and my own comfortable state-room, then, having deposited my hand-luggage, we crossed the river once more and discovered an attractive little tea-room opposite a church with a tall steeple which Time had painted a lovely soft green. After tea followed more violets and roses, another good-bye and I felt deserted and lonely.

IT was quite dark when I returned to the docks and my ticket was carefully inspected by a sentry before I was allowed to pass. The gang-plank, formerly on a level with the dock, was now a steep hill to climb, as the tide had risen about thirty feet. The electric lights were dim, the boat chilly, and I had a melancholy dinner in the great dining-room at an almost empty table. After dinner a few of the passengers straggled into the drawing-room and some attempted to be sociable. The chaplain invited those present to join him in—no, not a hymn—a game of "500"! but was unable to get a quartette. Now, I am writing while the chaplain's daughter, seated at the piano, is entertaining the young aviator from the West with a group of melancholy songs: "Just a wearyin' for you," "Somewhere a voice is calling," and other well-known melodies. The young aviator listens with wrapt attention and between each song he assures her: (1) That he does not know one tune from another. (2) That he likes that one. (3) That he never heard it before. And in each intermission she assures him that she has



lots more in her trunk. Already she has sung at least a dozen. The lights are lowered and the music ceases, but this is only a signal for conversation to begin. They seat themselves symmetrically opposite each other at a writing table and knees crossed, chin in hand, talk far into the night.

Thursday.

THIS morning they are at it again, only this time it is in the library. All night long the winches rumbled, pulleys squeaked, men shouted as they

loaded the cargo. They are still at it and no one knows when we shall sail. We may remain here a week, yet the officers warn us against going on shore, for the boat, they say, may sail at any moment. The stewards and my pretty little blonde stewardess are very kind and attentive, and already I feel that the boat is quite homelike. I have been placed at a table over which the ship's doctor presides—a handsome and dignified elderly man, another doctor who has fought in France and cared for the wounded in Macedonia, sits beside me. He entered the army in August, 1914, and is now returning overseas after his first leave. He says he feels so fit, having breathed good Canadian zero ozone once more, that he feels ready to go into the trenches once more. The man in civies at my other side says, pessimistically, that the benefit of a leave soon wears off—his did!

HAVING had such difficulty in obtaining my passport, I am naturally curious to know how the other woman passengers got theirs. As far as I can discover, there are no nurses on board, but there are a number of women with young children—some are crossing with their soldier husbands; one pretty young thing is taking with her the bonniest of babies to a father he has never seen. My room-mate says hers is a case of sickness and death—she must return to England to settle the affairs of her mother, recently dead.

"But won't you have trouble in getting a return passage?" I ask, and she says, no, for she is a farmer, doing a man's work these days with her husband and son. The red-cheeked blonde is probably going to marry a soldier, the girl with glasses is probably a war-worker of some sort, but the women are few and there are only 100 passengers altogether, besides those who travel in the steerage. We are still waiting for them to arrive before we proceed to Halifax. In any case I must be on the safe side and make sure of posting this in Canada.

Not Post-Cured

A COLORED man entered the general store and complained to the merchant that a ham he had purchased had proved not to be good.

"The ham is all right, Joe," insisted the merchant.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the other. "Dat ham's sure bad."

"How can that be," continued the proprietor, "when it was cured only last week?"

"Maybe it's done had a relapse."—Everybody's.



Mahler's Mighty Symphony and Jazz

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

BOSTON devotes most of a huge page in the Saturday Transcript to what the head-lines call Mahler's Manifold and Mighty Symphony of Life, Death and Resurrection; or in other words, Man, Mind, Moods and Medium fused into Music at White Heat. This is by way of announcing that the Mahler work would be given on the following Tuesday by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It seems the super-orchestra was used for the occasion. In addition to the usual string body, which must be as large as possible and must possess double-basses with the deep C-string, Mahler demands four flutes, all of which have to play piccolo at one time and another; four oboes, two of which exchange with English horns; two small E-flat clarinets; three ordinary clarinets; a bass clarinet; four bassoons, two of which have to keep a double-bassoon warm between them; six horns in the orchestra and four behind the stage; six trumpets in the orchestra and four behind the stage, two of whom, however, may save money to their employer by a willing use of shoe-leather; four trombones; a tuba of the deepest-dyed bass-ness; two sets of kettledrums, with as many drummers; bass drum; cymbals; high tam-tam; deep tam-tam; triangle; military drum, if possible reinforced by several others; little bells; three large bells; ruthe (a bundle of light rods swished over a drum-head); bass drum, kettle-drum, and triangle behind the stage; and organ.

Lucky Boston—to be all there after it was done.

Strauss is not the only super-dynamic modern composer. Such an orchestra was devised by a man who knew what he wanted; "a personality in life," says the writer, "unbelievably dynamic. I saw him in Rome in the spring of 1910, when he was conducting a few symphony concerts. The orchestra was far from adequate to Mahler's exacting standards of interpretation; but under his vigorous and compelling leadership it played several degrees better than its real best. By the second concert, however, under the provocation of remarks which they could not relish—I believe Mahler celebrated a particularly bad rehearsal by calling them a lot of bootblacks—they plucked up enough courage to conspire against him, and brought a number to grief."

What of the symphony? Prodigious as may be imagined. Reviewers have wrangled over it, as to whether his treatment of the symbolism of resurrection should be regarded as Catholic, Protestant, Judaic, early Pagan, neo-Darwinian, materialistic, spiritualistic, pantheistic, nihilistic, ideal, literal, hyperbolic, diabolic, satiric, lyric, angelic or commercially strategic.

Mahler is dead now. He was a Bohemian Jew who spent most of his musical life in Vienna, and in later years became conductor of the Philharmonic in New York, where he died in 1911 from an extensive combination of diseases caused by such things as his second symphony.

NOW, what in the name of ragtime and razoo is Jazz music? A long spiel from the New York Sun on this subject says in the headline, **JAZZ MUSIC A WEIRD MEDLEY.**

Whatever it is, New York seems to have it. No fear. Spanish dancers are not necessarily the latest.

Jazz music, wherever it was, in a rathskeller or up on a roof garden or at Carnegie Hall—no, not there, neither at the Metropolitan—seems to have sent the Sun man, F. T. Vreeland, off into a day-dream. Here is what he succeeds in getting out of his system, and this brief extract will give an average Canadian reader a foretaste of what may be coming over here some day if we keep on opening imitation cabarets:

The young man with a face that seems to have grown florid from blowing his cornet to the point of apoplexy looks around at his handful of fellow players commandingly and begins thumping earnestly with his fashionably shod foot and instantly the whole pack is in full cry. The musical riot that breaks forth from clarinet, trombone, cornet, piano, drum and variants of tin pan instruments resembles nothing so much as a chorus of hunting hounds on the scent, with an occasional explosion in the sub-way thrown in for good measure.

It is all done in correct time—there is no fault to be found with the rhythm of it. Even though the cornetist is constantly throwing in flourishes of his own and every once in a while the trombonist gets excited about something and takes it out on the instrument, their tapping feet never miss step. The notes may blat and collide with a jar, but their pulses blend perfectly. In fact, they frequently inject beats of their own between the main thumps just to make it harder for themselves, yet they're always on time to the dot when the moment arrives for the emphatic crash of notes.

On the dancing floor of the restaurant the couples gyrate with every sign of satisfaction, though there is no evidence that they have cotton in their ears. They

smile happily as they dip and sway, holding each other after the most approved jiu-jitsu principles. Fox trots and one-steps are the dances they are supposed to be executing, but fired by the liberties that the players take with the old masters of ragtime the dancers improvise squiggings and shruggings of their own that are not in the original one-step text books. Some of them seem to progress backward simply by a method of wriggling the ankles.

Now the clarinet is yelping like a dog that hasn't fetcherized a bone sufficiently. This inspires the cornetist to frenzy and he hands a tin box on the end of the horn. The ensuing noise is something like the buzzing rattle of a machine gun, only not so musical.

Not to be outdone, the trombonist inserts the end of the instrument into a large tin can, producing similar sawmill sounds. The violinists saw away in a paroxysm, throwing their bows in the air and catching them; the pianist beats the baby grand into insensibility; the drummer vents his spleen on the cymbals, throws his sticks into the air, and celebrates his feat of catching them on the wing by welting the kettle drum and the bass drum simultaneously, and the selection expires in a grand final cataclysm.

At the Concert

RESERVE is a good thing in music—sometimes. Many soloists and a number of choruses and orchestras we have heard go right to pieces the moment they throw off their reserve. Abandon is not possible to all artists. A chorus often does wonders on soft music and shows terrible weakness on a fortissimo. Only the greatest organizations in the world can cover the entire range of expression equally well.

This is by way of intimating that the National Chorus concert recently given in Toronto with Margaret Keyes as soloist was one of the most evenly delightful pro-

grammes of the sort ever put on in that connection. For quality of tone the chorus hold its own, which is a good deal. Thanks to a bad seat near the tenor end the writer heard mostly tenor and soprano with a muffled background of bass and contralto. But the quality was always fine. The unaccompanied work was suave and gracious. There was of course no orchestra, and that hampered the choir's range of work. The unaccom-

panied numbers were of a great variety, sentimental, descriptive, and heroic and patriotic. There were no thrills anywhere. The chorus spoke in well-modulated terms to music. It was an essentially polite performance, replete with all sorts of fine musical suggestions. It is merely a matter of taste, perhaps, that one should now and then prefer a cold creep at the roots of the hair. Dr. Ham prefers not to indulge it. He knows what he is after; a sane, cool-headed interpretation of as much British stuff as possible, devoid of hysterics or big moments. Of such a programme he is a master.

His augmented choir of boys spent half an hour very agreeably on the cantata *The Walrus and the Carpenter*; a tuneful, agreeable thing that never rose above the level of pleasantness and peace. Dr. Ham is an authority on boys' voices. He gets effects that are quite characteristic; far different from those obtained by Father Finn as described in a former issue. The boys sang with a natural tone and with fine uniformity. But here again they never lifted anybody.

Miss Margaret Keyes gave a very finished performance. She is described as a contralto. Evidently she is a mezzo. When she first sang with the National Chorus about ten years ago, then a pupil of Dr. Ham, she was a mezzo soprano. Time has deepened her voice and experience has given her a matured sense of artistry that never offends. She is a Canadian singer who has done and is still doing her share to uphold Canada's prestige abroad as a land of potential music.

ERNEST SEITZ gave his second recital for this season a few days ago. His programme was a skilful presentation of some of the best styles in which he is becoming a master. Two years ago he

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The Concert Gown's Conge

OF all singers who had reason to appear in short skirts Trilby was the chief. Here she is, or as she was when impersonated two seasons ago by Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who reappeared in Canada week before last in a new English play "Maggie." She was the finest Trilby ever known, because she can sing. Trilby had as much reason to be proud of her feet as a danseuse. Yet she persisted in a long train capable of concealing a hundred feet. The concert-stage train is long out of date now. Some of our soloists now are coming out in street-length skirts. And some of them, alas! have no Trilbies to exhibit. Such is art.



PLAYS

Tokio Insists on Clean Wholesome Movies

CECIL DE MILLE, the motion-picture producer, says Current Opinion, recently came out of his projecting-room with the expression in his eyes that must have been in the eyes of Columbus when he first saw the new land.

"Come in here," said De Mille to his associates. "I want you to see something. I don't understand it; it is new and strange, but it is the greatest thing I ever saw." And what they saw in the projecting-room was the Japanese actor, Sessue Hayakawa, in a then unfinished film play entitled "The Cheat." It was the spectacle of an actor who could register great emotional effects without moving a muscle of his face.

Questioned on the subject, Hayakawa gave a characteristically oblique answer, intimating that the Billy Sunday revival-meetings are an indication of the weakness of western civilizations. He said that the vociferous evangelist seemed very strange and grotesque to a Japanese of the Samurai class, adding:

"We are all trained from childhood never to betray emotion with our faces. Mr. Sunday certainly has a great power over his audiences, but he waves his arms and jumps up on his pulpit and screams out slang phrases. We had an actor in Japan named Danjuro who could sway an audience more powerfully than Sunday. He didn't fling his arms about. He didn't move a muscle. He stood in the centre of the stage absolutely motionless, his face absolutely without expression."

Hayakawa, on the screen, obtains his most pronounced effects by this same repressed method. He refutes the theory that motion pictures can never tell a great story because there are no words; that subtle, psychological effects cannot be shown simply by gestures. On the contrary:

"Words are the crude things. It is words that cannot tell a subtle story."

"But gestures?" I expostulated. "Can you tell the story of a man's soul struggle by wriggling your hands?"

"I do not wriggle my hands," said Hayakawa, with dignity. "Neither do I make gestures. If I want to show on the screen that I hate a man I do not shake my fists at him. I think down in my heart how I hate him and try not to move a muscle of my face; just as I would in life."

"How does the audience get it?"

"That is one of the matters difficult of explanation," said Hayakawa. "But the audience gets it, nevertheless. It gets the story with finer shades of meaning than words could possibly tell them. Words would, in fact, take away from the meaning and confuse it."

The ancient drama of Japan, we are reminded, is all of tragic character and tells of death. Comedies were almost unknown in Japan until in comparatively recent time. It is true that Shakespeare is popular, but his popularity is based on his tragedies and not on his comedies. The favorite native Japanese plays are still full of sorrow and tears, which makes it all the more surprising to this typically stoic Japanese actor that among the American screen players the most popular in Japan is Charley Chaplin. A great vogue for Chaplin has come through the school-children of Japan.

In this connection, we read that Japan has developed a code of movie ethics in the way of censorship rules that is in many respects an improvement on anything that our official censors have thus far invoked. For example, Tokio bans the sex triangle from its movie menu. It requires love scenes to be "temperate and restrained." Divorce, domestic infelicity and belligerency between husband and wife must either be altogether avoided or kept discreetly in the background. Under no circumstances can such things be featured or their unsavory details be exploited, regardless of the "moral lesson" ostensibly aimed at. Murder, burglary, arson, crime of nearly every sort, treason or disloyalty to country, are to be kept off the screen as far as possible. Children are not permitted to witness pictures in which "wanton destruction of property" is depicted. Finally Tokio will permit no picture that exposes to ridicule persons in authority, such as teachers or policemen

—a rule that hits at the very capstone of American film "comedy." There are many things for us to learn from the Japanese in film making.

Why Close the Theatres?

AMONG the schemes proposed to save coal has been that to close theatres and vaudeville and motion-picture houses three days a week.

It is interesting to us who in Canada are consider-



If you had eyes like this gentleman you would naturally apply for a job in a movie show. Mr. Chichenin—that's his name—qualifies for the screen. He is the man whom Trotzky nominated as Russian Ambassador in London before the post was offered to Mr. Litvinoff. He was in an English internment camp when he was offered the post. Oh, he surely qualifies for the screen.

ing this move, to read of the effect of such a rule in New York City. Because of its 118 places of such entertainment, the rule would be specially noticeable here, says the Outlook. These places burn some \$2,500 worth of coal a day; were they closed in cold weather, they would still have to burn much fuel to prevent the freezing of their sprinkler systems.

Added to this would be the attendant loss to the Government, of taxes on admission, which would much exceed any saving on coal. So far from saving something to the Government, therefore, the scheme would work the other way and the saving of coal would be negligible.

But this is not all. The thousands of employees, not to mention some hundreds of actors and actresses, would be reduced to part pay on half-time employment. But most important yet is the recognition of the theatre as a distinct means of stimulating a cheery, soldierly spirit. London and Paris have long since understood this, and the theatres in those cities are open and crowded. In every city there are large numbers of soldiers and sailors on leave.

Florence Easton's Elizabeth

FLORENCE EASTON'S work in the role of Elizabeth in Lizst's opera of that name at the Metropolitan seems to have ranked among the big interpretations of the season. In nearly two columns'

description of the work the New York Evening Post devotes the major part of its report of the artists to the admirable doings of this Canadian singer who made her opera debut here some years ago with the Savage Opera in English. The writer says:

The audience was in its attitude like the large assemblages that have so often worshipped at the shrine of "Pasifal." Very few left before the impressive final scene; there was much applause for the spectacle, the music, the singers; and all of it was fully deserved. Florence Easton made the part of Elizabeth one of the most emotional and fascinating impersonations ever witnessed at the Metropolitan—quite as good as Fremstad's Kundry in its way. Her airs are mostly pathetic, but with the aid of tonal modulation and varied facial expression she imparted to them surprising variety and a deep appeal to the feelings. Her diction, too, was remarkably distinct. Several times during the evening the writer heard the remark that for the first time at the Metropolitan a work was being sung in understandable English.

Begin in the Chorus

ELSIE FERGUSON, who appears in "Rose of the World," has this bit of advice for the amateur who would a-filming go:

"The time has passed when inexperienced people will be able to attain a position of importance in films. Real artists have come into the industry, and the cost of production has become so great that directors can no longer take the time to train their people in the art of acting. I would emphatically urge that beginners start their career on the stage, if they would attain real artistic success. I would advise them to get positions in the chorus. The other girls around them will act as a support during their first days. Thus they get used to stage ways and study the art so that when the opportunity comes to play a little part they will be equipped for success."

Miss Ferguson began in the chorus.

Back to Happiness

LAURETTE TAYLOR comes back to her own in "Happiness." That doesn't mean that she lacks versatility or can only play the Peg line of parts. So far, though, she has been at her best in the display of the gamine humor and pathos which won her greatest recognition in "Peg o' My Heart." In "Happiness" she returns to this phase with apparent satisfaction to herself and to the quick appreciation of her great personal following.

Some expert dramatists have confessed that they wrote their plays backwards; that is, they found their climaxes and then wrote up to them. Mr. Manners is evidently not of this school, for in his plays the finish seems to gain from him the least consideration. The main thing is achieved when it provides even a plausible setting in which the star may shine, and this "Happiness" does. The first act was the original sketch supplying the title, and the key without which the rest of the piece means little. In the added material we have the exposition of what had only been told at first, shown best by author and artist in the touching and delightful air of motherly protection thrown by the child about the mother.

Lovers of Peg will find much of her brought to life again in "Happiness," and in the earlier episodes might bring themselves to believe that this is Peg before she went to England.



LEO DITRICH-STEIN, who used to be such a success in The Concertmaster, is now doing an equally picturesque role in "The King" at the Cohan Theatre, New York. Eyeglass and cigarette and Persian lamb cuffs are included in the wardrobe. The tilt of the cap over the monocle is a cool bit of subterfuge that goes well with the gloves in the under-hand.

Quebec From Two Angles

Glimpse of French and English in Quebec by an Observant Visitor.

Truth About Canadians

Perry Robinson says our troops are not singled out for special headline eminence.

QUEBEC is never stale as a subject for the descriptive writer. One of the best efforts along this line recently is that of a writer on the editorial page of the Christian Science Monitor, who, in two issues, gives two distinct pictures of life in that Province. In his first he describes French Quebec; in the second the English section in Quebec City.

New France! The change from the Maritime Provinces or Ontario comes suddenly. In a moment, as it were, one is surrounded by French Canada, by French faces, French farms, French songs and language. In all America, there is no more picturesque and old-world region of the white man than this Habitant Country beloved of the poet, Drummond, and occupied by peasants who form the only important offshoot of the French people to be found. The section has an isolated, quaint, almost medieval civilization, in which gay French chansons echoing from peasant cottages, home-fashioned hay carts and furniture, lofty wayside "calvaries," tumble-down little Norman houses with sloping roofs and dormer windows, like those of France 300 years ago, scarlet sashes and bright, knitted hoods, high, two-wheeled carts or caleches, and low-running sleighs or burleaux, speak eloquently of a day long past. So, too, speak the leisurely, old-world courtesy and the simple gayety and contentment of light-hearted "Pierre and his people," amid whom hospitality reigns supreme and smiles are universal.

The villages are long and straggling. They often begin with one saint and end with another, as though the parishes, having caught up with each other, had decided to make common cause. Pass out of the long, winding funnel of the irregular main street, past the open-air clay ovens, where peasant women daily bake bread, with a crowd of children tugging at their skirts, pass the litter of lumber mills, and a high cliff or slope, crowned by a lordly monastic establishment, invariably comes to view. Noble and majestic in its aloofness, it casts its long shadow across some hut into which a habitant and his numerous family have burrowed. Enter this hut, and you will doubtless find that the main room is doing service as parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. In the corner, a clumsy staircase leads up to a loft that is a shakedown for members of the family and a storehouse for lumber. It is the old France, the France before the revolution.

All along the shores of the St. Lawrence, once the only highway, lies the true heart of the Habitant Country. Here are the historic farms, measuring their precious river frontage by feet and their depth by miles, their houses ranged, in colonial days, in rows that their occupants might the better fend off the attacks of the American Indian.

"Jean Courteau" clings with an almost desperate love to the picturesque riparian villages of the St. Lawrence, stretching all the way from the "gates" of the Habitant Country at Riviere du Loup, beyond the core of Drummond's adopted Habitant world at Trois Rivieres to that outer western edge at



Bord a Plouffe, which hugs the banks of the beautiful Riviere des Prairies.

Quebec's life is English as well as French, but one would have to dwell for some time in the city before being fully conscious of this fact. For that life is segregated, secluded and almost as precarious as the hold of the attacking British under Wolfe, until that "one perfect volley" gave them a permanent footing. It is a curious circumstance that the "colony" has clung to the old battlefield ever since. The English quarter is almost wholly amid the gardened villas of the upper plains.

The visitor with introductions to the leading "English" families soon finds himself whisked off to the Little England on the heights. Outside of the host's house will run a fence, probably guarded, in approved English fashion, by a quaint English lodge. A path, spread with imported brown English gravel, will wind amid the trees and flowers to the front door of an Elizabethan brick mansion, a gardener will be mowing trim lawns, or tending his precious charges in a conservatory, and an English servant maid, in unmistakable "cap," will probably open the door.

There is a sense of being thrown amid one great family in this West End of Quebec. Hospitality and entertainment are the key-notes to the lives of these people, whose family names are often met with in Canadian history. But it would be hard to find a drone among them, in spite of their leisurely habits. The masculine ranks include lawyers and lumbermen, tradesmen and military men. None of them so busy that they cannot, of an afternoon, stroll into the picturesque little Garrison Club, hard by the gate that leads to the battlefield of Wolfe and Montcalm. In the club, with its trim bowling green that reminds one more of the Old Country than anything else in Quebec, one meets every one, who is "worth knowing," among the English-speaking inhabitants of the French city. Now it is the pensioned colonel, in golf breeches and florid of face, who has fought in every part of the Empire, then the retired bishop from some far-away western see with a quaint French-Indian name. Over there sits the breezy editor of a duodecimo Quebec newspaper supported by its limited English-speaking subscribers, while by the huge English billiard table bend a monocolled "younger son," a garrison officer, and a trig solicitor in comfortable tweeds. The lounging room

has its habitues buried in capacious morris chairs and reading the Fortnightly or Punch, while an English servant serves them with the familiar "five-o'clock" on individual trays. Yes, this little unpretentious club is a corner of England that one cannot duplicate elsewhere on the whole American Continent.

But once a year winter comes to dispel the illusion.

The Need of Niagara
How war has minimized the value of scenery for the sake of power.

The King-Pin Socialist
Brantling of Sweden, is the hope of all Stockholm Conferences, Why?

The whole English quarter puts on a change for the worse. The fences of the estates are pulled up, that they may not be a trap for the inevitable snowdrifts, the great houses are closed, and the hostesses, if not the hosts, flit off by the earliest steamer to the comparative warmth and the exhilaration of shopping and festivities in the great British capital. Then Quebec comes to her own again. She is once more wholly French.

PEOPLE often ask—Do Canadians really perform such wonderful feats of valor at the front, or do the Canadian headlines exaggerate to please our national vanity? The same question is, no doubt, asked in Australia concerning the Anzacs. But it seems that over in England they are

asking the same question, not about British troops, but about overseas troops. H. Perry Robinson, of the London Times, writing in the Nineteenth Century Review, explodes the notion that all correspondents are in conspiracy to glorify Canadians and Australians at the expense of the soldiers from the British Isles. Following an exposition of some of the restrictions placed upon the correspondents by the censor, in which he explains that the mentioning of units of British troops by names in dispatches might enable the enemy to locate a particular Division in the line, he says:

The Australians and Canadians always fight in units of a Corps, the former sometimes having two Corps in the line together. An attack may be delivered on a frontage of three Corps, of which, perhaps, the centre Corps is Australian and those on either side are composed of troops from the British Isles, each Corps having two Divisions in the line. The Australian two Divisions—comprising twenty-four battalions—are all Australian; while on each side of them are two Divisions made up of twenty-four battalions drawn from as many different regiments. Supposing six hundred men of each battalion in all Divisions to go into action, there will be engaged six hundred only of Devons, or Cheshires, or Black Watch, but there will be nearly fifteen thousand Australians.

It will be readily understood, in the first place, that the concealment of the presence of a Corps of Australians in the line is very difficult. The battalion of Devons, of Cheshires, of Black Watch, may easily be unknown to the German, or the identity of that particular Division. But he is never long in ignorance when an Australian or Canadian Corps has "taken over." These latter, then, can generally be spoken of with certainty of no harm being done. One cannot assume the same of the individual battalion of Home troops.

THE POTSDAM PIPER.



"What the Hindenburg will happen when I have to stop?"
—Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather, Bystander, London.

THE MINISTERIAL PORTFOLIO.



Shopkeeper: "Here is a fine portfolio. It is guaranteed to last for years."
New Russian Minister: "Oh! But I only want one to last for a few days."
—From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd.

Moreover, it is evident that six hundred men, however gallant, cannot play as large a part in any fight as can fifteen thousand. Not only can the Australians be mentioned freely, but, being twenty-four times as numerous, they ought to be mentioned twenty-four times as often as any individual battalion on their left or right. We can only speak of the Corps to right or left being composed of "English troops" or of "Scottish, Irish, and Welsh units." We are aware that that pleases nobody. But shall we, then, mention all the forty-eight battalions seriatim and make the enemy a present of our whole battle order? Three or four battalions of the forty-eight—one, perhaps, from each Division—can generally be named with safety, and that is what we commonly do. In each section of the battlefield some one battalion has usually signalized itself beyond all others, either by the accident of having the most difficult positions to carry or by some especially brilliant piece of work. We strive to tell the story of that achievement so as to do the least injustice to the forty other battalions, the gallantry of which must go unsung.

SO long as we insist on having tourists instead of turbines at Niagara Falls we are sacrificing something like sixty million horse-power for the sake of a scenic asset. The hydro-electric engineers estimate that the tilt in the topography between lakes Erie and Ontario makes it physically possible to develop a maximum of 6,500,000 horse-power at the Falls, but international treaties, expressing a public desire that the cascade be preserved as a natural wonder, restricts development to a little over 500,000 horse-power. In dodging these dictums the engineers who were determined to develop a larger percentage of the potential power than the legislative limitations would allow have gone downstream. The latest proposal of the kind is set out in print by Robert G. Skerret, in the Scientific American, and is called the Thomson-Porter Cataract project.

Briefly, the fundamental feature of the project, says Mr. Skerret, is a massive dam arising from the rocky bed of the Niagara River and blocking the gorge from bank to bank at a point a little more than 4½ miles below the famous Cataract and something like 2½ miles south of Lewiston, N.Y., and Queenston, Ontario. By means of this dam the water level would be raised high enough above the present surface of the river to provide an effective head of 90 feet. The local result would be to lower the visible rise of the flanking cliffs by something like one-third, but the new level would merge exactly with the existing water surface at the Falls, and would therefore, in no wise change the scenic conditions there. The existing rapids would, necessarily, be submerged, but the scheme contemplates substitute rapids below the dam that would be equally tumultuous and probably more spectacular.

The hydro-electric installation, that would be made practicable by the building of the proposed dam, would develop quite 2,000,000 horse-power, and one-half of this would be for the United States and the other half for the Dominion of Canada. Assuming a horse-power to call on an average for the consumption of 10 tons of coal a year, the energy so obtained would be equivalent to the conserving of 20,000,000 tons of fuel annually! But apart from that, it would insure an enormous amount of power which would not fall the industrial consumer should miners strike or transportation conditions hamper the prompt or continuous delivery of coal. The state of our railways to-day emphasizes this point.

Influenced by the ensemble of titanic might and the seemingly irresistible sweep of the waters at Niagara Falls and immediately below them, it is no wonder that most people are staggered at the mere suggestion of damming the river. The task might be well nigh impossible of accomplishment but for nature's helping hand. At Foster's Flats, the previously abrupt drop of the wall of the river on the Canadian side is radically altered by a long slope which reaches far out into the water course and narrows the river to a pronounced degree, giving it a maximum depth of 35 feet.

Here it is that Dr. Thomson would rear his dam, and he states positively that it is his opinion as an

engineer that because of the physical conditions mentioned it would be entirely feasible to build more than 50 per cent. of his dam on dry land before interfering at all with the flow of the river. According to his figures, it would cost substantially \$100,000,000, and take three years to rear the dam and to build and equip the associate hydro-electric plants for the development of 2,000,000 horse-power.

WHEN people ask why the Social Democrats are so eager to stage their star performance at Stockholm, the knowing ones point to the name of Hjalmar Branting, who, as "the strong man," is the head-liner on the bill. Branting is the leader of the Social Democrats amongst the Scandinavians and he has a way of prevailing over opposition and pushing his reforms into practice in spite of the radical wing of his own party on the one hand, and the pro-German party on the other. Le Correspondant (Paris), in an appreciative sketch of Branting, after telling of his parentage and education—he was a class-mate at college with the present King—and specialized in mathematics and astronomy at Upsala University—says:

He completely abandoned a scientific career and made his debut in journalism. After a few random articles he became the editor of Tiden (The Times), a small radical journal with socialist tendencies. Thenceforward politics entirely absorbed him. The success he obtained as the director of Tiden was relative. Personally he became more and more socialist—one of the most advanced in Sweden. He soon quitted the Tiden to undertake the control of the Social-Demokraten, the journal founded by Palin, the tailor who founded the Socialist Party in Sweden.

The elections held last September were marked by great bitterness between the conservatives and the social democrats, the latter making use of the Luxemburg documents in the Argentine affair. On September 16 they made a great public demonstration in Stockholm.

Branting and seven other of the most prominent members of the party delivered addresses marked by great violence, affirming in a long resolution adopted with enthusiasm and published later throughout the country, that they were fighting for the objects which, from the beginning of its existence, had been those of the International Social Democracy, against war and militarism, for peace and justice, against secret diplomacy. This manifesto violently attacked Germany and was, in fact, not only a social manifestation, but one in favor of the Allies.

Finally, after long negotiations, a mixed ministry was formed, having as its head a Liberal and composed of seven Liberals and four Social Democrats, including Branting as Minister of Finance.

The closing paragraph gives this portrait of the new minister's physical personality:

Vigorous, with broad and slightly stooping shoulders, with an eye which is piercing and often hard when he is stirred, endowed with a powerful voice which carries clear and vibrant to the last rows of the crowds in big meetings, he is an orator. He speaks almost entirely without notes, and, gifted with an extraordinary memory and strong lungs, enabling him to answer heckling without fatigue, he replies to all his opponents. One of the ministers of the last conservative cabinet called him "an opportunist revolutionary." The phrase is neat and sufficiently exact.

CAMOUFLAGE

Nothing Could Be Safer

A PASSENGER on the Great Kentucky Central Railway said to the conductor:

"Do you use the block system here?"

"No; we ain't got no use for the block system, stranger."

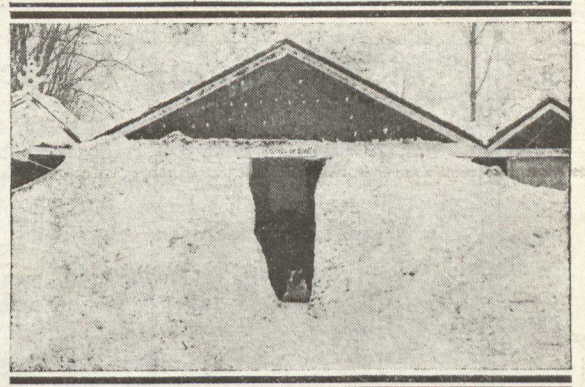
"Oh, I suppose, then, you use electric or pneumatic signaling?"

"No; no use for them, nuther."

"Then you have train dispatchers and run your trains by telegraph?"

"Nope."

"But when you stop between stations you at least go



THE civilized Eskimo who lives in this Balmy Beach igloo has made a tactical mistake. The Eskimo always builds the igloo round himself and digs himself out. This man dug himself in. Note the dog who is put there to keep any more snowflakes from intruding.

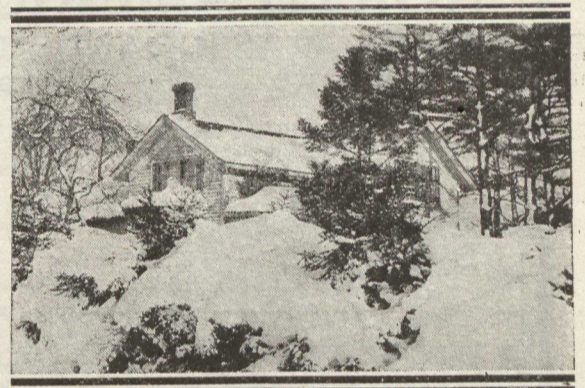
back a hundred yards and flag the rear?"

"Nope, stranger; nope."

"Then," said the passenger, angrily, "all I've got to say is that this road is run in a criminally reckless manner."

The conductor frowned, and taking out a plug of tobacco snapped off a chew viciously.

"Stranger," he said, "if you don't like this line, say so, and I'll stop the train and you can git off and walk. I'm the president of the line and the sole owner. This is the Great Kentucky Central, and, stranger, don't you forgit it. She's seven miles and a half long. She runs from Paint Rock to Nola Chucky. This is the only train that travels on the Great Kentucky Central, and what you hear snortin' ahead is our only engine. We ain't never had a collision. We ain't never had an accident. What's more, we never will. Now, are you satisfied, stranger, or shall I pull the string and let you git out and walk?"



ONCE upon a time, they say, robins nested in those pines and song sparrows clambered through the spruce hedge. But the man who lives in the house sometimes talks in his sleep.

Two—Not of a Kind

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., January 25th, 1918.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Reading your exceptionally good stories under caption "Camouflage" reminds me of a very funny experience of mine about two weeks ago. For gilding purposes I had occasion to order by phone some chloroform from our druggist, who also handles the Victrola; he also had our order for a new record entitled, "A Little Bit of Heaven." He noticed me passing his store one afternoon, whereupon he came to the door and announced:

"Call in on your way back, there's a bottle of chloroform and a little bit of Heaven waiting for you!"

Wishing the "Courier" and its publishers a prosperous 1918, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. F. MOORE.



WAR has taught us all to be thrifty. The owners of these nice cars thought it would be bad economy to build garages in wartime. So they left the cars outside. When last seen they were snowed in.

Dodging Difficulties

Men are sometimes heard to say that the questions raised by planning the disposal of their estates are so difficult that they hesitate to attack them. Expressed or not, some such feeling as this is usually responsible for the many failures to make wills.

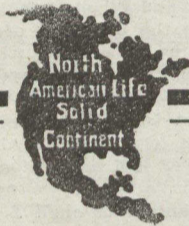
In speaking or feeling thus, men do not seem to realize that by their refusal to make wills they are really passing on to their friends or families the problems which they themselves hesitate to try to solve.

Every man can plan for his family and property better than anyone else can do it. Have your lawyer draw your will. The modern executor is a trust company. We are happy to be consulted.

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Cash Income	3,138,817.40
Assets	17,268,471.46
Net Surplus	2,774,854.38
Profits Paid Policyholders	248,857.65
Total Payments to Policyholders	1,574,291.23

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FINANCIAL

By INVESTICUS

IN times like these financial straws are supposed to show how the wind is blowing, perhaps a little more definitely than in ordinary commercial periods. This country, like many others, but also in a way peculiar to itself, is passing through an inverted financial and economic development. The ordinary conditions no longer prevail. No country in the world has swung so far in its economics since the war as Canada has done. As everyone knows—and thousands regretfully—when the war threw the monkey-wrench into the world's threshing-machine, Canada was sailing along at a tremendous clip on the high seas. We had all the canvas out and the wind was going strong.

Nothing had more to do with this sensational economic voyage than what is called real estate. Land values were the accepted index to our prosperity. Whenever any man wanted to tell you how prosperous any friend of his had become, he just traced the history of one little corner lot as a sample, showing how that bit of land had chased itself into a realty value ten times or twenty times what it was in the days of so-and-so—not so very long ago. Lands were boosted up regardless of their location or their producing power. Land under the 1910 regime did not have to produce

ANYTHING BUT MONEY.

It made no difference whose the money was or where it came from. Population, posterity and prosperity were to unite in proving the speculative value of any piece of land within striking distance of a railway or a trolley-line, or a mine, or any jerkwater town big enough to hold a water-tank.

All this was natural enough under the circumstances. And it was all changed as in the twinkling of an eye by the war. It had already begun to change before the war. The first sign of the times was the sneak back into real life of hundreds of real estate experts who could no longer get other people's money for any sort of promised land. These men were not accredited financial concerns. They were not operating under government charters.

One of the most remarkable symptoms was that none of the accredited financial and loan companies closed their doors. Evidently the land business of the country as represented by these concerns was in no condition of panic. And after three years of war we are now confronted with the first failure of any reputable, good-sized banking concern—which occurred on February 1st, when the Dominion Permanent Loan Company closed its doors to all creditors and assigned to G. T. Clarkson, of Toronto. The extent of the failure will not be known definitely until the assignee's statement of the financial affairs of the company is made public, but from present indications the readily realizable assets will cover only a small percentage of the liabilities. The greater proportion of the funds of the company are tied up in the Spokane and B. C. railroad, which operates a bi-weekly service on a short line in the State of Washington, and which has been a legacy of financial trouble to the present directors of the Dominion Permanent from the days of the Stratton regime. The railway is little more than a project produced in the boom days of twenty years ago, and when the present directors inspected the thirty-five miles of single track and scanty equipment, last September, they realized that as an asset it was an overload on the books of the Dominion Permanent and immediately began negotiations to rid themselves of the incubus of its ownership. Their failure to achieve this and the maturing of a short term debenture issue on February 1st forced them to declare the company as insolvent.

Officials of the company declare that the mandate of President Wilson declaring all U. S. railroads under Federal control and administration brought their negotiations for a sale of the railroad property to an abrupt end. The line runs from Danville on the International boundary to the town of Republic, Washington, and as an independent road it is overwhelmed by the competition of the Great Northern Railway. Certain charter privileges and a right-of-way for an extension south from Republic to Spokane were highly valued by the Dominion Permanent under the Stratton administration, and together with the track and equipment represent an investment approximating \$3,000,000 of the company's funds. The prospects for a liquidation of this asset are as indefinite as the duration of the war, as the present Federal railway policy of the United States acts as a practical injunction on transfer of ownership.

Other assets of the company are represented in mortgages against lands in Western Canada and the real estate holdings and a forced realization of these would result in a further considerable reduction in the value of assets. The directors, however, have expressed assurance that granted a lengthy period of liquidation a substantial payment will ultimately be made against the liabilities of the company.

The last financial statement of the company showed assets, as standing on December 31st, 1916 (including the S. and B. C. securities) of \$4,476,386, giving an apparent surplus over liabilities of \$1,852,251. The same statement sets liabilities to the public as: Deposits and accrued interest, \$224,073; debentures and accrued interest, \$2,399,248, and sundry accounts of \$813.

The failure of the company affects the slender financial resources of hundreds of the small investor class throughout Ontario who hold the bulk of the debentures issued by the company and form the majority of the depositors. Shares in the capital stock of the company, of which \$1,410,700 has been issued, are also held largely by pensioners, widows and retired farmers in the West.

The company, which is capitalized at \$10,000,000, was incorporated in 1890 as the Dominion Building and Loan Association. Eight years later the scope of its activities broadened, and it became the Dominion Permanent Loan Company, with the Hon. J. R. Stratton as president up to 1915.

CORNER ON COLOR BROKEN!

American Enterprise, Industrial Science and Will Power determined to break Germany's Monopoly in Dyes.

SINCE ever the war began no one industry has encroached on the news columns in America and Canada so heavily as the dye industry. The first industry to be affected was dyeing. Germany had a world monopoly. America set out to break the monopoly by finding substitutes for German formulae. The attempt was at first partially successful. But only partially. Germany's color laboratories had dyed the world. The rest of civilization must take over the business of dyeing—in the terms laid down in German formulae, or leave it alone.

Nevertheless, American enterprise and ingenuity stuck to the task. A short time ago a startling item appeared in the newspapers. German dye formulae had been discovered by English agents in Switzerland and carried to England. But whether true or not—if true it means an absolute break of the German monopoly in dyes—American enthusiasm, science and industrial will-power have gone ahead on the problem of developing the dye industry on its own basis as a native American industry.

Being more than casually interested in the dye problem, the Canadian Courier wrote recently to the publicity representative of perhaps the most highly organized dyeing industry in America. The main question asked was—How far has America begun to be independent of Germany in making dyes; what measures have been actually taken and the processes nailed down by experience to prevent Germany from ever again being able to dye this continent?

The direct answer is as follows:

It is almost impossible to tell just what has been accomplished because the labor situation in this country has seriously interfered with the physical development of any new industry. It can be said as a fact, however, that the American dye industry is on such a firm basis that it would be impossible for Germany to ever recover the lead which she had before the war. From a laboratory standpoint, virtually nothing remains to be done. The dye industry has passed the experimental stage, and it has been demonstrated beyond question that everything which the Germans accomplished is possible on this side of the ocean.

The war accentuated the dependence of the United States upon Germany for dye stuffs. We took advantage of this opportunity and are now constructing an enormous plant near Wilmington, Delaware, to manufacture the dyes which our chemists have produced in the laboratories. It is expected that before the winter is over we will be the only American producers, on a commercial scale, of synthetic indigo, which is the real back-bone of the dye industry. Shortly thereafter many of the other important dyestuffs will be manufactured in turn until in a short time we will take a commanding place in this industry.

There is a vast amount of technical information available on this dye question, but I take it that you would find that information a burden to your columns. What I have written above can be accepted, not as advertising, but as the deliberate official announcement of a company whose achievements in the world put it in such a position that when it announces that it has solved a problem this statement can be taken as a fact not to be questioned.

I hope this material may be of some use in your columns, and if it is not you may find it interesting as general information.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES K. WESTON,
Publicity Manager.

Now, this particular firm has been one of the world's greatest munition producers, bar none. How it made the bridge from public service in the form of explosives to a much more permanent public service in the shape of dyes is contained in the slogan,

From Munitions to Dyestuffs.

The facts of this interesting transition are contained in the firm's own public presentation of the case, which is as follows:

FROM munitions to dyestuffs has become a national slogan of prosperity. The entry of the greatest of all munition plants into the dyestuff field is intensely interesting because it assures a new economic era, not because of the mere fact that one large company has decided to take a step which is the most natural one in the world.

The end of the war will put a stop to the manufacture of military explosives; but long before this time comes the new industry will have been so firmly established that it will be a profit rather than a hardship to make use of the scrap-heap for discarded plants.

For a long time the explosives manufacturers have been preparing for this step, and the preparations are now complete. The development of this company during recent years in the explosive and in the several other branches of the chemical industry brings it now to the logical result of undertaking, in a broad and comprehensive way, the manufacture of synthetic dyestuff and kindred products.

It is only a matter of evolution. The explosives manufacturer starts first with all of the necessary raw materials which are products of this country; he is not dependent on Europe. In the case of this company a very large and carefully selected chemical and engineering organization has been devoting its energies to the dyestuff situation. This organization is second to none in magnitude and scientific attainment. Unequaled plant and laboratory facilities are already in existence and there has been established an adequate commercial organization.

With these physical requirements already met little remains to be done, and big consumers have looked forward to this little as certain.

The explosives and coal tar industry are closely allied. Both require inter-

Editor's Note: The name of the American dye firm alluded to in this article is withheld from publication so as to remove any suggestion of advertising. The emphasis is thereby placed upon the facts. The name will be furnished to anybody who wants to know it.

mediates which the company already manufactures in a large way. Both are highly scientific and thoroughly developed. Development of actual output will necessarily be progressive, but it is promised that the progress shall be rapid.

A recent announcement by the company telling the world of its proposed entry into the dyestuff industry contained this very striking paragraph:

Back of all this is the compelling force of the country's need; if as the result of the combined efforts of all, the United States can in time become self-contained, we are quite certain that we voice the sentiment of the consuming industries in predicting that the effort will not have been made in vain.

This "compelling force of the country's need" has been in evidence in every household since imports from Germany were cut off at the beginning of war. The American consumer has suffered to an extent which has drawn sharply to the attention of even the smallest the need for a well-established home industry.

At the beginning of the war American dye plants made noble efforts to jump into the breach, but as success was not marked there was even danger that "American dyes" would become a byword and a reproach for all times. Activity was stimulated, however, until at present the world is looking forward with assured hope that in the very near future the word "American" as a prefix to dyes will mark them as the best it has ever known.

Why Big?

(Concluded from page 5.)

What Canada needs is a radical party that will insist on social reforms. There is no hope in the present parties. Liberal and Conservative are merely convenient terms for Ins and Outs. They are only labels, indicating no essential difference in policy. In the lean years we are so soon to face, there will be a bitter cry against high rents, high taxation and high cost of living; and a remedy must be found, for the burden will be intolerable.

Stage Technique

ACCORDING to John Corbin, writing in the New York Sunday Times, the American public has of late developed a strong interest in the technique of the drama. Technique in relation to genuinely dramatic art is a thing subtle and baffling in the extreme; yet now no less a dramatist than Hartley Manners himself is in revolt against the "play of 'situation'." He says: It has become a tradition to write up to a big situation and down from it.... To me character drawing is all-important. In the development of character in the real joy of play-writing."

But in real life how is character "developed" if not in situations? For a thousand days we crawl about the earth acting like the others. Then comes a day that is the thousand and first. Circumstances conspire to place us where we can be only ourselves. We range ourselves, if need be, against the world, and in doing it we uncover our very souls.

To illustrate the superiority of the technique of situations, we shall have to go no further afield than Mr. Manners' own play of "Peg." I do not praise the story for novelty, or the play for any exceptional skill in its technical structure. But the method is right. Situations are deployed in climax; and the result is one of the great character creations of our stage.

"INVESTMENTS"

A Much Misused Term

Many who should be, and think they are laying up money for their old age, are misled into so-called "investments" where their hard-earned money is jeopardized, and frequently lost, though it is of the utmost importance to them and to those who may be dependent upon them that its absolute safety should be beyond peradventure.

To those who should invest safely and with caution, not speculate, the bonds of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation can be confidently recommended. This Corporation is most conservative in the investment of the funds entrusted to it. For more than sixty years it has held a leading position among Canada's financial institutions and its bonds are a

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As they reached the restaurant and passed between the rows of tables, women looked up at him; oblivious, apparently, to their gaze, he chose a table a little removed from the others, where servants hurried to take his order, recognizing one whose time was of importance. She glanced across at him, when she had settled herself, and the first little trivialities of their being together were over.

"I took a visitor down to your office this morning," she said.

"Yes," he answered.

Constance was aware that it was only formally that she had taken Alan Conrad down to confer with her father; since Henry was there, she knew her father would not act without his agreement, and that whatever disposition had been made regarding Alan had been made by him. She wondered what that disposition had been.

"Did you like him, Henry?"

"Like him?" She would have thought that the reply was merely inattentive; but Henry was never merely that.

"I hoped you would."

He did not answer at once. The waitress brought their order, and he served her; then, as the waitress moved away, he looked across at Constance with a long scrutiny.

"You hoped I would!" he repeated, with his slow smile. "Why?"

"He seemed to be in a difficult position and to be bearing himself well; and mother was horrid to him."

"How was she horrid?"

"About the one thing which, least of all, could be called his fault—about his relationship to—Mr. Corvet. But he stood up to her!"

The lids drew down a little upon Spearman's eyes as he gazed at her.

"You've seen a good deal of him, yesterday and to-day, your father tells me," he observed.

"Yes." As she ate, she talked, telling him about her first meeting with Alan and about their conversation of the morning and the queer awakening in him of those half memories which seemed to connect him in some way with the lakes. She felt herself flushing now and then with feeling, and once she surprised herself by finding her eyes wet when she had finished telling Henry about showing Alan the picture of his father. Henry listened intently, eating slowly. When she stopped, he appeared to be considering something.

"That's all he told you about himself?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"And all you told him?"

"He asked me some things about the lakes and about the Miwaka, which was lost so long ago—he said he'd found some reference to that and wanted to know whether it was a ship. I told him about it and about the Drum which made people think

CONCERNING the mysterious fate of old Ben Corvet, head of Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman, great lakes shippers in Chicago. Corvet suddenly disappears. Alan Conrad, from Kansas, has the contract of making the discovery. Previously unknown to himself, he is the son of Corvet. Conrad searches his father's house and discovers an intruder who is trying to find something and thinks Conrad is the ghost of somebody who is connected with the Miwaka? What was the Miwaka? Conrad gropes for a clue until Sherrill reveals how Corvet left his property to himself. In a stormy interview with Spearman, Conrad gets still more of the clue to the mystery of the Miwaka.

that the crew were not all lost."

"About the Drum! What made you speak of that?" The irritation in his tone startled her and she looked quickly up at him. "I mean," he offered, "why did you drag in a crazy superstition like that? You don't believe in the Drum, Connie!"

"It would be so interesting if some one really had been saved and if the Drum had told the truth, that sometimes I think I'd like to believe in it. Wouldn't you, Henry?"

"No," he said abruptly. "No!" Then quickly:

"It's plain enough you like him," he remarked.

She reflected seriously. "Yes, I do; though I hadn't thought of it just that way, because I was thinking most about the position he was in and about—Mr. Corvet. But I do like him."

"So do I," Spearman said with a

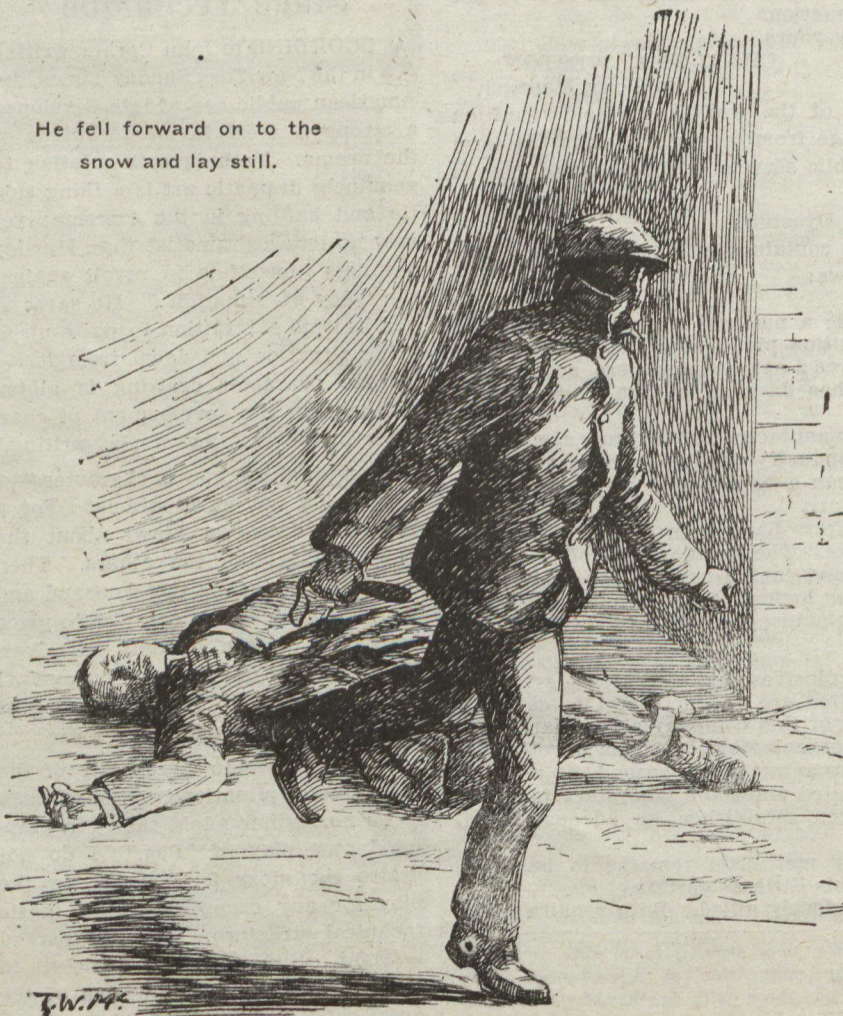
seeming heartiness that pleased her.

He broke a piece of bread upon the tablecloth and his big, well-shaped fingers began to roll it into little balls. "At least I should like him, Connie, if I had the sort of privilege you have to think whether I liked or disliked him. I've had to consider him from another point of view—whether I could trust him or must distrust him."

"Distrust?" Constance bent toward him impulsively in her surprise. "Distrust him? In relation to what? Why?"

"In relation to Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman, Connie—the company that involves your interests and your father's and mine and the interests of many other people—small stockholders who have no influence in its management, and whose interests I have to look after for them. A good many of them, you know, are our own men—our old skippers and mates and fami-

He fell forward on to the snow and lay still.



lies of men who have died in our service and who left their savings in stock in our ships."

"I don't understand, Henry."

"I've had to think of Conrad this morning in the same way as I've had to think of Ben Corvet of recent years—as a threat against the interests of those people."

HER color rose, and her pulse quickened. Henry never had talked to her, except in the merest commonplaces, about his relations with Uncle Benny; it was a matter in which, she had recognized, they had been opposed; and since the quarrels between the old friend whom she had loved from childhood and him, who wished to become now more than a mere friend to her, had grown more violent, she had purposely avoided mentioning Uncle Benny to Henry, and he, quite as consciously, had avoided mentioning Mr. Corvet to her.

"I've known for a good many years," Spearman said reluctantly, "that Ben Corvet's brain was seriously affected. He recognized that himself even earlier, and admitted it to himself when he took me off my ship to take charge of the company. I might have gone with other people then, or it wouldn't have been very long before I could have started in as a ship owner myself; but, in view of his condition, Ben made me promises that offered me most. Afterwards his malady progressed so that he couldn't know himself to be untrustworthy; his judgment was impaired, and he planned and would have tried to carry out many things which would have been disastrous for the company. I had to fight him—for the company's sake and for my own sake and that of the others, whose interests were at stake. Your father came to see that what I was doing was for the company's good and has learned to trust me. But you—you couldn't see that quite so directly, of course, and you thought I didn't—like Ben, that there was some lack in me which made me fail to appreciate him."

"No; not that," Constance denied quickly. "Not that, Henry."

"What was it then, Connie? You thought me ungrateful to him? I realized that I owed a great deal to him; but the only way I could pay that debt was to do exactly what I did—oppose him and seem to push into his place and be an ingrate; for, because I did that, Ben's been a respected and honored man in this town all these last years, which he couldn't have remained if I'd let him have his way, or if I told others why I had to do what I did. I didn't care what others thought about me; but I did care what you thought; yet if you couldn't see what I was up against because of your affection for him, why—that was all right too."

"No, it wasn't all right," she denied almost fiercely, the flush flooding her cheeks; a throbbing was in her throat which, for an instant, stopped her. "You should have told me, Henry; or—I should have been able to see."

"I couldn't tell you—dear," he said the last word very distinctly, but so low that she could scarcely hear. "I couldn't tell you now—if Ben hadn't gone away as he has and this other fellow come. I couldn't tell you when you wanted to keep caring so much for

your Uncle Benny, and he was trying to hurt me with you."

HE bent toward him, her lips parted, but now she did not speak. She never had really known Henry until this moment, she felt; she had thought of him always as strong, almost brutal, fighting down fiercely, mercilessly, his opponents and welcoming contest for the joy of overwhelming others by his own decisive strength and power. And she had been almost ready to marry that man for his strength and dominance from those qualities; and now she knew that he was merciful too—indeed, more than merciful. In the very contest where she had thought of him as most selfish and regardless of another, she had most completely misapprehended.

"I ought to have seen!" she rebuked herself to him. "Surely, I should have seen that was it!" Her hand, in the reproach of her feeling, reached toward him across the table; he caught it and held it in his large, strong hand which, in its touch, was very tender too. She had never allowed any such demonstration as this before; but now she let her hand remain in his.

"How could you see?" he defended her. "He never showed to you the side he showed to me and—in these last years, anyway—never to me the side he showed to you. But after what has happened this week, you can understand now; and you can see why I have to distrust the young fellow who's come to claim Ben Corvet's place."

"Claim!" Constance repeated; she drew her hand quietly away from his now. "Why, Henry, I did not know he claimed anything; he didn't even know when he came here—"

"He seems, like Ben Corvet," Henry said slowly, "to have the characteristic of showing one side to you, another to me, Connie. With you, of course, he claimed nothing; but at the office—Your father showed him this morning the instruments of transfer that Ben seems to have left conveying to him all Ben had—his other properties and his interest in Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman. I very naturally objected to the execution of those transfers, without considerable examination, in view of Corvet's mental condition and of the fact that they put the controlling stock of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman in the hands of a youth no one ever had heard of—and one who, by his own story, never had seen a ship until yesterday. And when I didn't dismiss my business with a dozen men this morning to take him into the company, he claimed occasion to see me alone to threaten me."

"Threaten you, Henry? How? With what?"

"I couldn't quite make out myself, but that was his tone; he demanded an 'explanation' of exactly what, he didn't make clear. He has been given by Ben, apparently, the technical control of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman. His idea, if I oppose him, evidently is to turn me out and take the management himself."

Constance leaned back, confused. "He—Alan Conrad?" she questioned. "He can't have done that, Henry! Oh, he can't have meant that!"

"Maybe he didn't; I said I couldn't make out what he did mean," Spearman said. "Things have come upon him with rather a rush, of course;

and you couldn't expect a country boy to get so many things straight. He's acting, I suppose, only in the way one might expect a boy to act who had been brought up in poverty on a Kansas prairie and was suddenly handed the possible possession of a good many millions of dollars. It's better to believe that he's only lost his head. I haven't had opportunity to tell your father these things yet; but I wanted you to understand why Conrad will hardly consider me a friend."

"I'll understand you now, Henry," she promised.

He gazed at her and started to speak; then, as though postponing it on account of the place, he glanced around and took out his watch.

"You must go back?" she asked. "No; I'm not going back to the office this afternoon, Connie; but I must call up your father."

He excused himself and went into the nearest telephone booth.

CHAPTER IX.

Violence.

AT half-past three, Alan left the office. Sherrill had told him an hour earlier that Spearman had telephoned he would not be able to get back for a conference that afternoon; and Alan was certain now that in Spearman's absence Sherrill would do nothing further with respect to his affairs.

He halted on the ground floor of the office building and bought copies of each of the afternoon papers. A line completely across the pink page of one announced "Millionaire Ship Owner Missing!" The other three papers, printed at the same hour, did not display the story prominently; and even the one which did failed to make it the most conspicuous sensation. A line of larger and blacker type told of a change in the battle line on the west front and, where the margin might have been, was the bulletin of some sensation in a local divorce suit. Alan was some time in finding the small print which went with the millionaire ship owner heading; and when he found it, he discovered that most of the space was devoted to the description of Corvet's share in the development of shipping on the lakes and the peculiarity of his past life instead of any definite announcement concerning his fate.

The other papers printed almost identical items under small head-type at the bottom of their first pages; these items stated that Benjamin Corvet, the senior but inactive partner of the great shipping firm of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman, whose "disappearance" had been made the subject of sensational rumor, "is believed by his partner, Mr. Henry Spearman, to have simply gone away for a rest," and that no anxiety was felt concerning him. Alan found no mention of himself nor any of the circumstances connected with Corvet's disappearance of which Sherrill had told him.

Alan threw the papers away. There was a car line two block west, Sherrill had said, which would take him within a short distance of the house on Astor Street; but that neighborhood of fashion where the Sherrills—and now Alan himself—lived was less than a half hour's walk from the downtown district and, in the present turmoil of his thoughts, he wanted to be moving.

SPEARMAN, he reflected as he walked north along the avenue, plainly had dictated the paragraphs he just had read in the papers. Sherrill, Alan knew, had desired to keep the circumstances regarding Corvet from becoming public; and without Sherrill's agreement concealment would have been impossible, but it was Spearman who had checked the suspicions of outsiders and determined what they must believe; and, by so doing, he had made it impossible for Alan to enroll aid from the newspapers or the police. Alan did not know whether he might have found it expedient to seek publicity; but now he had not a single proof of anything he could tell. For Sherrill, naturally, had retained the papers Corvet had left. Alan could not hope to obtain credence from Sherrill and, without Sherrill's aid, he could not obtain credence from any one else.

Was there, then, no one whom Alan could tell of his encounter with Spearman in Corvet's house, with probability of receiving belief? Alan had not been thinking directly of Constance Sherrill, as he walked swiftly north to the Drive; but she was, in a way, present in all his thoughts. She had shown interest in him, or at least in the position he was in, and sympathy; he had even begun to tell her about these things when he had spoken to her of some event in Cor-

vet's house which had given him the name "Miwaka," and he had asked her if it was a ship. And there could be no possible consequent peril to her in telling her; the peril, if there was any, would be only to himself.

His step quickened. As he approached the Sherrill house, he saw standing at the curb an open roadster with a liveried chauffeur; he had seen that roadster, he recognized with a little start, in front of the office building that morning when Constance had taken him down-town. He turned into the walk and rang the bell.

The servant who opened the door knew him and seemed to accept his right of entry to the house, for he drew back for Alan to enter. Alan went into the hall and waited for the servant to follow. "Is Miss Sherrill in?" he asked.

"I'll see, sir." The man disappeared. Alan, waiting, did not hear Constance's voice in reply to the announcement of the servant, but Spearman's vigorous tones. The servant returned. "Miss Sherrill will see you in a minute, sir."

Through the wide doorway to the drawing-room, Alan could see the smaller, portiered entrance to the room beyond—Sherrill's study. The curtains parted, and Constance and Spearman came into this inner doorway; they stood an instant there in talk. As Constance started away,

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Spearman suddenly drew her back to him and kissed her. Alan's shoulders spontaneously jerked back, and his hands clenched; he did not look away and, as she approached, she became aware that he had seen.

She came to him, very quiet and very flushed; then she was quite pale as she asked him, "You wanted me?"

He was white as she, and could not speak at once. "You told me last night, Miss Sherrill," he said, "that the last thing that Mr. Corvet did—the last that you know of—was to warn you against one of your friends. Who was that?"

SHE flushed uneasily. "You mustn't attach any importance to that; I didn't mean you to. There was no reason for what Mr. Corvet said, except in Mr. Corvet's own mind. He had a quite unreasonable animosity—"

"Against Mr. Spearman, you mean."

She did not answer.

"His animosity was against Mr. Spearman, Miss Sherrill, wasn't it? That is the only animosity of Mr. Corvet's that any one has told me about."

"Yes."

"It was against Mr. Spearman that he warned you, then?"

"Yes."

"Thank you." He turned and, not waiting for the man, let himself out. He should have known it when he had seen that Spearman, after announcing himself as unable to get back to the office, was with Constance.

He went swiftly around the block to his own house and let himself in at the front door with his key. The house was warm; a shaded lamp on the table in the larger library was lighted, a fire was burning in the open grate, and the rooms had been swept and dusted. The Indian came into the hall to take his coat and hat.

"Dinner is at seven," Wassaquam announced. "You want some change about that?"

"No; seven is all right."

Alan went up-stairs to the room next to Corvet's which he had appropriated for his own use the night before, and found it now prepared for his occupancy. His suitcase, unpacked, had been put away in the closet; the clothing it had contained had been put in the dresser drawers, and the toilet articles arranged upon the top of the dresser and in the cabinet of the little connecting bath. So clearly, Wassaquam had accepted him as an occupant of the house, though upon what status Alan could not guess. He had spoken of Wassaquam to Constance as his servant; but Wassaquam was not that; he was Corvet's servant—faithful and devoted to Corvet. Constance had said—and Alan could not think of Wassaquam as the sort of servant that "went with the house." The Indian's manner toward himself had been noncommittal, even stolid.

When Alan came down again to the first floor, Wassaquam was nowhere about, but he heard sounds in the service rooms on the basement floor. He went part way down the service stairs and saw the Indian in the kitchen, preparing dinner. Wassaquam had not heard his approach, and Alan stood an instant watching the Indian's tall, thin figure and the quick movements of his disproportionately small, well-shaped hands, almost like a woman's; then he scuffed his foot

upon the stair, and Wassaquam turned swiftly about.

"Anybody been here to-day, Judah?" Alan asked.

"No, Alan. I called tradesmen; they came. There were young men from the newspapers."

"They came here, did they? Then why did you say no one came?"

"I did not let them in."

"What did you tell them?"

"Nothing."

"Why not?"

"Henry telephoned I was to tell them nothing."

"You mean Henry Spearman?"

"Yes."

"Do you take orders from him, Judah?"

"I took that order, Alan."

Alan hesitated. "You've been here in the house all day?"

"Yes, Alan."

Alan went back to the first floor and into the smaller library. The room was dark with the early winter dusk, and he switched on the light; then he knelt and pulled out one of the drawers he had seen Spearman searching through the night before, and carefully examined the papers in it one by one, but found them only ordinary papers. He pulled the drawer completely out and sounded the wall behind it and the partitions on both sides but they appeared solid. He put the drawer back in and went on to examine the next one, and, after that, the others. The clocks in the house had been wound, for presently the clock in the library struck six, and another in the hall chimed slowly. An hour later, when the clocks chimed again, Alan looked up and saw Wassaquam's small black eyes, deep set in their large eye sockets, fixed on him intently through the door. How long the Indian had been there, Alan could not guess; he had not heard his step.

"What are you looking for, Alan?" the Indian asked.

Alan reflected a moment. "Mr. Sherrill thought that Mr. Corvet might have left a record of some sort here for me, Judah. Do you know of anything like that?"

"No. That is what you are looking for?"

"Yes. Do you know of any place where Mr. Corvet would have been likely to put away anything like that?"

"Ben put papers in all these drawers; he put them up-stairs, too—where you have seen."

"Nowhere else, Judah?"

"If he put things anywhere else, Alan, I have not seen. Dinner is served, Alan."

ALAN went to the first floor lavatory and washed the dust from his hands and face; then he went into the dining-room. A place had been set at the dining table around the corner from the place where, as the worn rug showed, the lonely occupant of the house had been accustomed to sit. Benjamin Corvet's armchair, with its worn leather back, had been left against the wall; so had another unworn armchair which Alan understood must have been Mrs. Corvet's; and an armless chair had been set for Alan between their places. Wassaquam, having served the dinner, took his place behind Alan's chair, ready to pass him what he needed; but the Indian's silent, watchful pres-

ence there behind him where he could not see his face, disturbed Alan, and he twisted himself about to look at him.

"Would you mind, Judah," he inquired, "if I asked you to stand over there instead of where you are?"

THE Indian, without answering, moved around to the other side of the table, where he stood facing Alan.

"You're a Chippewa, aren't you, Judah?" Alan asked.

"Yes."

"Your people live at the other end of the lake, don't they?"

"Yes, Alan."

"Have you ever heard of the Indian Drum they talk about up there, that they say sounds when a ship goes down on the lake?"

The Indian's eyes sparkled excitedly. "Yes," he said.

"Do you believe in it?"

"Not just believe; I know. That is old Indian country up there, Alan—L'arbre Croche—Cross Village—Middle Village. A big town of Ottawas was there in old days; Pottawatomes too, and Chippewas. Indians now are all Christians, Catholics, and Methodists who hold camp meetings and speak beautifully. But some things of the old days are left. The Drum is like that. Everybody knows that it sounds for those who die on the lake."

"How do they know, Judah? How do you yourself know?"

"I have heard it. It sounded for my father."

"How was that?"

"Like this. My father sold some bullocks to a man on Beaver Island. The man kept store on Beaver Island, Alan. No Indian liked him. He would not hand anything to an Indian or wrap anything in paper for an Indian. Say it was like this: An Indian comes in to buy salt pork. First the man would get the money. Then, Alan, he would take his hook and pull the pork up out of the barrel and throw it on the dirty floor for the Indian to pick up. He said Indians must take their food off of the floor—like dogs."

"My father had to take the bullocks to the man, across to Beaver Island. He had a Mackinaw boat, very little, with a sail made brown by boiling it with tan bark, so that it would not wear out. At first the Indians did not know who the bullocks were for, so they helped him. He tied the legs of the bullocks, the front legs and the back legs, then all four legs together, and the Indians helped him put them in the boat. When they found out the bullocks were for the man on Beaver Island, the Indians would not help him any longer. He had to take them across alone. Besides, it was bad weather, the beginning of a storm."

"He went away, and my mother went to pick berries—I was small then. Pretty soon I saw my mother coming back. She had no berries, and her hair was hanging down, and she was wailing. She took me in her arms and said my father was dead. Other Indians came around and asked her how she knew, and she said she had heard the Drum. The Indians went out to listen."

"Did you go?"

"Yes; I went."

"How old were you, Judah?"

"Five years."

"That was the time you heard it?"

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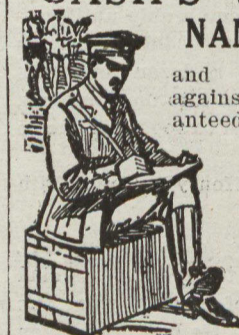
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"Yes; it would beat once, then there would be silence; then it would beat again. It frightened us to hear it. The Indians would scream and beat their bodies with their hands when the sound came. We listened until night; there was a storm all the time growing greater in the dark, but no rain. The Drum would beat once; then nothing; then it would beat again once—never two or more times. So we knew it was for my father. It is supposed the feet of the bullocks came untied, and the bullocks tipped the boat over. They found near the island the body of one of the bullocks floating in the water, and its feet were untied. My father's body was on the beach near there."

"Did you ever hear of a ship called the Miwaka, Judah?"

"That was long ago," the Indian answered.

"They say that the Drum beat wrong when the Miwaka went down—that it was one beat short of the right number."

"That was long ago," Wassaquam merely repeated.

"Did Mr. Corvet ever speak to you about the Miwaka?"

"No; he asked me once if I had ever heard the Drum. I told him."

WASSAQUAM removed the dinner and brought Alan a dessert. He returned to stand in the place across the table that Alan had assigned to him, and stood looking down at Alan, steadily and thoughtfully.

"Do I look like any one you ever saw before, Judah?" Alan inquired of him.

"No."

"Is that what you were thinking?"

"That is what I was thinking. Will coffee be served in the library, Alan?"

Alan crossed to the library and seated himself in the chair where his father had been accustomed to sit. Wassaquam brought him the single small cup of coffee, lit the spirit lamp on the smoking stand, and moved that over; then he went away. When he had finished his coffee, Alan went into the smaller connecting room and recommenced his examination of the drawers under the bookshelves. He could hear the Indian moving about his tasks, and twice Wassaquam came to the door of the room and looked in on him; but he did not offer to say anything, and Alan did not speak to him. At ten o'clock, Alan stopped his search and went back to the chair in the library. He dozed; for he awoke with a start and a feeling that some one had been bending over him, and gazed up into Wassaquam's face. The Indian had been scrutinizing him with intent, anxious inquiry. He moved away, but Alan called him back.

"When Mr. Corvet disappeared, Judah, you went to look for him up at Manistique, where he was born—at least Mr. Sherrill said that was where you went. Why did you think you might find him there?" Alan asked.

"In the end, I think, a man maybe goes back to the place where he began. That's all, Alan."

"In the end! What do you mean by that? What do you think has become of Mr. Corvet?"

"I think now—Ben's dead."

"What makes you think that?"

"Nothing makes me think; I think it myself."

"I see. You mean you have no rea-

son more than others for thinking it; but that is what you believe."

"Yes." Wassaquam went away, and Alan heard him on the back stairs, ascending to his room.

WHEN Alan went up to his own room, after making the rounds to see that the house was locked, a droning chant came to him from the third floor. He paused in the hall and listened, then went on up to the floor above. A flickering light came to him through the half-open door of a room at the front of the house; he went a little way toward it and looked in. Two thick candles were burning before a crucifix, below which the Indian knelt, prayer book in hand and rocking to and fro as he droned his supplications.

A word or two came to Alan, but without them Wassaquam's occupation was plain; he was praying for the repose of the dead—the Catholic chant taught to him, as it had been taught undoubtedly to his fathers, by the French Jesuits of the lakes. The intoned chant for Corvet's soul, by the man who had heard the Drum, followed and still came to Alan, as he returned to the second floor.

He had not been able to determine, during the evening, Wassaquam's attitude toward him. Having no one else to trust, Alan had been obliged to put a certain amount of trust in the Indian; so as he had explained to Wassaquam that morning that the desk and the drawers in the little room off Corvet's had been forced, and had warned him to see that no one, who had not proper business there, entered the house. Wassaquam had appeared to accept this order; but now Wassaquam had implied that it was not because of Alan's order that he had refused reporters admission to the house. The developments of the day had tremendously altered things in one respect; for Alan, the night before, had not thought of the intruder into the house as one who could claim an ordinary right of entrance there; but now he knew him to be the one who—except for Sherrill—might most naturally come to the house; one, too, for whom Wassaquam appeared to grant a certain right of direction of affairs there. So, at this thought, Alan moved angrily; the house was his—Alan's. He had noted particularly, when Sherrill had showed him the list of properties whose transfer to him Corvet had left at Sherrill's discretion, that the house was not among them; and he had understood that this was because Corvet had left Sherrill no discretion as to the house. Corvet's direct, unconditional gift of the house by deed to Alan had been one of Sherrill's reasons for believing that if Corvet had left anything which could explain his disappearance, it would be found in the house.

Unless Spearman had visited the house during the day and had obtained what he had been searching for the night before—and Alan believed he had not done that—it was still in the house. Alan's hands clenched; he would not give Spearman such a chance as that again; and he himself would continue his search of the house—exhaustively, room by room, article of furniture by article of furniture.

Alan started and went quickly to the open door of his room, as he heard voices now somewhere within

the house. One of the voices he recognized as Wassaquam's; the other indistinct, thick, accusing—was unknown to him; it certainly was not Spearman's. He had not heard Wassaquam go down-stairs, and he had not heard the doorbell, so he ran first to the third floor; but the room where he had seen Wassaquam was empty. He descended again swiftly to the first floor, and found Wassaquam standing in the front hall, alone.

"Who was here, Judah?" Alan demanded.

"A man," the Indian answered stolidly. "He was drunk; I put him out."

"What did he come for?"

"He came to see Ben. I put him out; he is gone, Alan."

Alan flung open the front door and looked out, but he saw no one.

"What did he want of Mr. Corvet, Judah?"

"I do not know. I told him Ben was not here; he was angry, but he went away."

"Has he ever come here before?"

"Yes; he comes twice"

"He has been here twice?"

"More than that; every year he comes twice, Alan. Once he came oftener."

"How long has he been doing that?"

"Since I can remember."

"Is he a friend of Mr. Corvet?"

"No friend—no!"

"But Mr. Corvet saw him when he came here?"

"Always, Alan."

"And you don't know at all what he came about?"

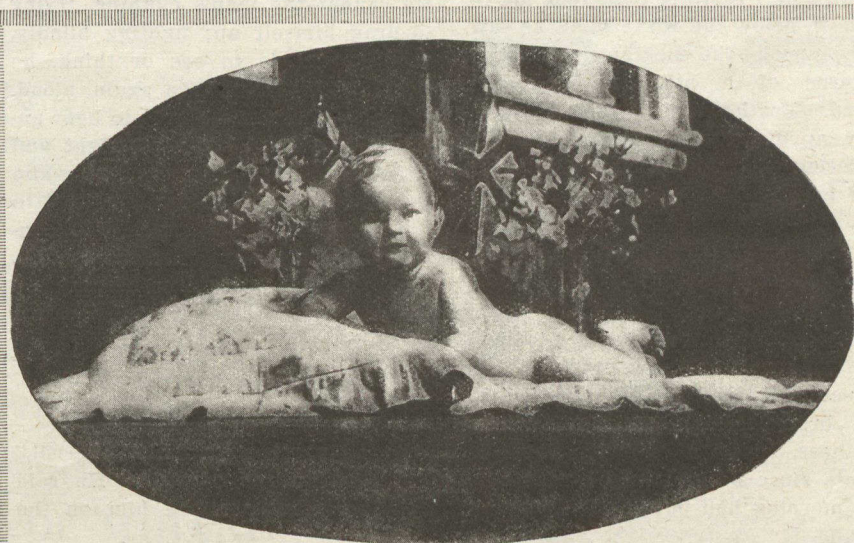
"How should I know? No; I do not."

Alan got his coat and hat. The sudden disappearance of the man might mean only that he had hurried away, but it might mean too that he was still lurking near the house. Alan had decided to make the circuit of the house and determine that. But as he came out on to the porch, a figure more than a block away to the south strode with uncertain step out into the light of a street lamp, halted and faced about, and shook his fist back at the house. Alan dragged the Indian out on to the porch.

"Is that the man, Judah?" he demanded.

"Yes, Alan."

Alan ran down the steps and at full speed after the man. The other had turned west at the corner where Alan had seen him; but even though Alan slipped as he tried to run upon the



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snowy walks, he must be gaining fast upon him. He saw him again, when he had reached the corner where the man had turned, traveling westward with that quick uncertain step toward Clark Street; at that corner the man turned south. But when Alan reached the corner, he was nowhere in sight. To the south, Clark Street reached away, garish with electric signs and with a half dozen saloons to every block. That the man was drunk made it probable he had turned into one of these places. Alan went into every one of them for fully a half mile and looked about, but he found no one even resembling the man he had been following. He retraced his steps for several blocks, still looking; then he gave it up and returned eastward toward the Drive.

THE street leading to this was less well lighted; dark entry ways and alleys opened on it; but the night was clear. The stars, with the shining sword of Orion almost overhead, gleamed with midwinter brightness, and to the west the crescent of the moon was hanging and throwing faint shadows over the snow. Alan could see at the end of the street, beyond the yellow glow of the distant boulevard lights, the smooth, chill surface of the lake. A white light rode above it; now, below the white light, he saw a red speck—the masthead and port lanterns of a steamer northward bound. Farther out a second white glow appeared from behind the obscuration of the buildings and below it a green speck—a starboard light. The information he had gained that day enabled him to recognize in these lights two steamers passing one another at the harbor mouth.

"Red to red," Alan murmured to himself. "Green to green—Red to red, perfect safety, go ahead!" he repeated.

It brought him, with marvelous vividness, back to Constance Sherrill. Events since he had talked with her that morning had put them far apart

once more; but, in another way, they were being drawn closer together. For he knew now that she was caught as well as he in the mesh of consequences of acts not their own. Benjamin Corvet, in the anguish of the last hours before fear of those consequences had driven him away, had given her a warning against Spearman so wild that it defeated itself; for Alan merely to repeat that warning, with no more than he yet knew, would be equally futile. But into the contest between Spearman and himself—that contest, he was beginning to feel, which must threaten destruction either to Spearman or to him—she had entered. Her happiness, her future, were at stake; her fate, he was certain now, depended upon discovery of those events tied tight in the mystery of Alan's own identity which Spearman knew, and the threat of which at moments appalled him. Alan winced as there came before him in the darkness of the street the vision of Constance in Spearman's arms and of the kiss that he had seen that afternoon.

He staggered, slipped, fell suddenly forward upon his knees under a stunning, crushing blow upon his head from behind. Thought, consciousness almost lost, he struggled, twisting himself about to grasp at his assailant. He caught the man's clothing, trying to drag himself up; fighting blindly, dazedly, unable to see or think, he shouted aloud and then again, aloud. He seemed in the distance to hear answering cries; but the weight and strength of the other was bearing him down again to his knees; he tried to slip aside from it, to rise. Then another blow, crushing and sickening, descended on his head; even hearing left him and, unconscious, he fell forward on to the snow and lay still.

CHAPTER X.

A Walk Beside the Lake.

"THE name seems like Sherrill," the interne agreed. "He said it before when we had him on the

table up-stairs; and he has said it now twice distinctly—Sherrill."

"His name, do you think?"

"I shouldn't say so; he seems trying to speak to someone named Sherrill."

The nurse waited a few minutes. "Yes; that's how it seems to me, sir. He said something that sounded like 'Connie' a while ago, and once he said 'Jim.' There are only four Sherrills in the telephone book, two of them in Evanston and one way out in Minnoota."

"The other?"

"They're only about six blocks from where he was picked up; but they're on the Drive—the Lawrence Sherrills."

The interne whistled softly and looked more interestedly at his patient's features. He glanced at his watch, which showed the hour of the morning to be half-past four. "You'd better make a note of it," he said. "He's not a Chicagoan; his clothes were made somewhere in Kansas. He'll be conscious some time during the day; there's only a slight fracture, and—Perhaps you'd better call the Sherrill house, anyway. If he's not known there, no harm done; and if he's one of their friends and he should . . ."

The nurse nodded and moved off.

Thus it was that at a quarter to five Constance Sherrill was awakened by the knocking of one of the servants at her father's door. Her father went down-stairs to the telephone instrument where he might reply without disturbing Mrs. Sherrill. Constance, kimona over her shoulders, stood at the top of the stairs and waited. It became plain to her at once that whatever had happened had been to Alan Conrad.

"Yes. . . . Yes. . . . You are giving him every possible care? . . . At once."

She ran part way down the stairs and met her father as he came up. He told her of the situation briefly.

"He was attacked on the street late last night; he was unconscious when they found him and took him to the hospital, and has been unconscious ever since. They say it was an ordinary street attack for robbery. I shall go at once, of course; but you can do nothing. He would not know you if you came; and of course he is in competent hands. No; no one can say yet how seriously he is injured."

She waited in the hall while her father dressed, after calling the garage on the house telephone for him and ordering the motor. When he had gone, she returned anxiously to her own rooms; he had promised to call her after reaching the hospital and as soon as he had learned the particulars of Alan's condition. It was ridiculous, of course, to attach any responsibility to her father or herself for what had happened to Alan—a street attack such as might have happened to any one—yet she felt that they were in part responsible. Alan Conrad had come to Chicago, not by their direction, but by Benjamin Corvet's; but Uncle Benny being gone, they had received him into their own house; but they had not thought to warn him of the dangers of the city and, afterward, they had let him go to live alone in the house in Astor Street with no better adviser than Wassaquam. Now, and perhaps because they had not warned him, he had met injury and, it

might be, more than mere injury; he might be dying.

She walked anxiously up and down her room, clutching her kimona about her; it would be some time yet before she could hear from her father. She went to the telephone on the stand beside her bed and called Henry Spearman at his apartments. His servant answered; and, after an interval, Henry's voice came to her. She told him all that she knew of what had occurred.

"Do you want me to go over to the hospital?" he asked at once.

"No; father has gone. There is nothing any one can do. I'll call you again as soon as I hear from father."

He seemed to appreciate from her tone the anxiety she felt; for he set himself to soothe and encourage her. She listened, answered, and then hung up the receiver, anxious not to interfere with the expected call from her father. She moved about the room again, oppressed by the long wait, until the 'phone rang, and she sprang to it; it was her father calling from the hospital. Alan had had a few moments' consciousness, but Sherrill had not been allowed to see him; now, by the report of the nurse, Alan was sleeping, and both nurse and internes assured Sherrill that, this being the case, there was no reason for anxiety concerning him; but Sherrill would wait at the hospital a little longer to make sure. Constance's breath caught as she answered him, and her eyes filled with tears of relief. She called Henry again, and he evidently had been waiting, for he answered at once; he listened without comment to her repetition of her father's report.

"All right," he said, when she had finished. "I'm coming over, Connie."

"Now?"

"Yes; right away."

"You must give me time to dress!"

His assumption of right to come to her at this early hour recalled to her forcibly the closer relation which Henry now assumed as existing between them; indeed, as more than existing, as progressing. And had not she admitted that relation by telephoning to him during her anxiety? She had not thought how that must appear to him; she had not thought about it at all; she had just done it.

SHE had been one of those who think of betrothal in terms of question and answer, of a moment when decision is formulated and spoken; she had supposed that, by withholding reply to Henry's question put even before Uncle Benny went away, she was thereby maintaining the same relation between Henry and herself. But now she was discovering that this was not so; she was realizing that Henry had not required formal answer to him because he considered that such answer had become superfluous; her yes, if she accepted him now, would not establish a new bond, it would merely acknowledge what was already understood. She had accepted that—had she not—when, in the rush of her feeling, she had thrust her hand into his the day before; she had accepted it, even more undeniably, when he had seized her and kissed her.

Not that she had sought or even consciously permitted, that; it had, indeed, surprised her. While they were alone together, and he was telling her things about himself, somewhat as he

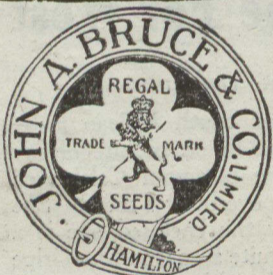
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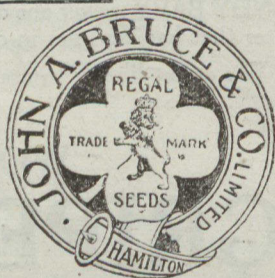


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had at the table at Field's, Alan Conrad was announced, and she had risen to go. Henry had tried to detain her; then, as he looked down at her, hot impulse had seemed to conquer him; he caught her, irresistibly; amazed, bewildered, she looked up at him, and he bent and kissed her. The power of his arms about her—she could feel them yet, sometimes—half frightened, half enthralled her. But his lips against her cheek—she had turned her lips away so that his pressed her cheek! She had been quite unable to know how she had felt then, because at that instant she had realized that she was seen. So she had disengaged herself as quickly as possible and, after Alan was gone, she had fled to her room without going back to Henry at all.

How could she have expected Henry to have interpreted that flight from him as disapproval when she had not meant it as that; when, indeed, she did not know herself what was stirring in her that instinct to go away alone? She had not by that disowned the new relation which he had accepted as established between them. And did she wish to disown it now? What had happened had come sooner and with less of her will active in it than she had expected; but she knew it was only what she had expected to come. The pride she had felt in being with him was, she realized, only anticipatory of the pride she would experience as his wife. When she considered the feeling of her family and her friends, she knew that, though some would go through the formal deploring that Henry had not better birth, all would be satisfied and more than satisfied; they would even boast about Henry a little, and entertain him in her honor, and show him off. There was no one now that poor Uncle Benny was gone—who would seriously deplore it at all.

CONSTANCE had recognized no relic of uneasiness from Uncle Benny's last appeal to her; she understood that thoroughly. Or, at least, she had understood that; now was there a change in the circumstances of that understanding, because of what had happened to Alan, that she found herself re-defining to herself her relation with Henry? No; it had nothing to do with Henry, of course; it referred only to Benjamin Corvet. Uncle Benny had "gone away" from his house on Astor Street, leaving his place there to his son, Alan Conrad. Something which had disturbed and excited Alan had happened to him on the first night he had passed in that house; and now, it appeared, he had been prevented from passing a second night there. What had prevented him had been an attempted robbery upon the street, her father had said. But suppose it had been something else than robbery.

She could not formulate more definitely this thought, but it persisted; she could not deny it entirely and shake it off.

To Alan Conrad, in the late afternoon of that day, this same thought was coming far more definitely and far more persistently. He had been awake and sane since shortly after noonday. The pain of a head which ached throbbingly and of a body bruised and sore was beginning to give place to a feeling merely of lassitude—a languor which revisited incoherence

upon him when he tried to think. He shifted himself upon his bed and called the nurse.

"How long am I likely to have to stay here?" he asked her.

"The doctors think not less than two weeks, Mr. Conrad."

HE realized, as he again lay silent, that he must put out of his head now all expectation of ever finding in Corvet's house any such record as he had been looking for. If there had been a record, it unquestionably would be gone before he could get about again to seek it; and he could not guard against its being taken from the house; for, if he had been hopeless of receiving credence for any accusation he might make against Spearman while he was in health, how much more hopeless was it now, when everything he would say could be put to the credit of his injury and to his delirium! He could not even give orders for the safeguarding of the house and its contents—his own property—with assurance that they would be carried out.

The police and hospital attendants, he had learned, had no suspicion of anything but that he had been the victim of one of the footpads who, during that month, had been attacking and robbing nightly. Sherrill, who had visited him about two o'clock, had showed that he suspected no other possibility. Alan could not prove otherwise; he had not seen his assailant's face; it was most probable that if he had seen it, he would not have recognized it. But the man who had assailed him had meant to kill; he had not been any ordinary robber. That purpose, blindly recognized and fought against by Alan in their struggle, had been unmistakable. Only the chance presence of passers-by, who had heard Alan's shouts and responded to

them, had prevented the execution of his purpose, and had driven the man to swift flight for his own safety.

Alan had believed, in his struggle with Spearman in Corvet's library, that Spearman might have killed rather than have been discovered there. Were there others to whom Alan's presence had become a threat so serious that they would proceed even to the length of calculated murder? He could not know that. The only safe plan was to assume that persons, in number unknown, had definite, vital interest in his "removal" by violence or otherwise, and that, among them, he must reckon Henry Spearman; and he must fight them alone. For Sherrill's liking for him, even Constance Sherrill's interest and sympathy were nullified in practical intent by their admiration for and their complete confidence in Spearman. It did not matter that Alan might believe that, in fighting Spearman, he was fighting not only for himself but for her; he knew now certainly that he must count her as Spearman's; her! Things swam before him again dizzily as he thought of her; and he sank back and closed his eyes.

(To be continued.)

NERVOUS EMPLOYER: "Thomas, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."

Office Boy: "I ain't working, sir; I'm only whistling."

HE—Of course, women should vote. They deserve suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner.

She—Of course their minds are cleaner, but how do you know that?

He—Because they change them so much oftener.—Puck.

THE EVOLUTION OF MIRANDA

(Concluded from page 18.)

said when she got back. "I'd be kidnaped entirely, m'm."

So thoroughly scared she seemed to be that Miranda did not for many weeks venture down town again. She gradually accustomed herself to the busy shop-rooms of the west end where the shops ran only in two directions. She went to church, Sundays and evenings, and at home sang Moody and Sankey hymns. Her religion was of the emotional sort.

"I've been brought up perfect," she said. "I sang in the choir back 'ome, m'm."

She promised to join the choir. This was very auspicious. Choirs, prayer-meetings, and sewing-circles would soon make her a citizen. She had an amazing appetite for them all. She even hobbled with the Salvation Army, although technically she belonged to the English Church.

And when she was not out to one or other of those spiritual and social means of grace, Miranda was by no means lonesome. Within a month she had developed a powerful interest in the butcher's delivery boy. He brought her candy along with the meat-orders; and the cat in Miranda's kitchen was fed meat good enough for a king.

The butcher boy was soon supplanted by a series of soldier admirers, some of whom seemed to hail from Miranda's part of the world and some of whom she picked up with at church meetings—so she said.

One by one they trailed away, the butcher boy grew weary, and Miranda became the sole object of passionate intention to a young man who came four evenings a week and threatened seriously to interfere with her attendance upon other means of grace. The affair between this lonesome maritime girl and

the young city lad became fast and furious. Miranda's kitchen became a rendezvous. It was no longer a mere place to sing the Glory Song and to make her floors spotless in the evening after littering them all day. It became a seance. Miranda was the centre attraction. A curious little knot of folks came there, night after night, both sexes. Miranda was the animated centre of interest for them all. No longer was she silent and glum and lonesome. She became a young witch of great interest. Often she went trooping out with her entourage to the shops, and came back at any hour between 10 o'clock and midnight. Sometimes she came alone, a clatter of swift feet on the side pavement, a grand rush into the kitchen and a breathless, "Oh, m'm, I was chased-home by a man, I was. Oh, I'm that frightened!"

Poor Miranda! She could not foresee what her sequel would be. The day came when she was missing from the kitchen without extra clothes or notice of leave. The evening came when she did not return. The telephone rang. Inquiries for Miranda. So many friends wanting to talk to her in the evening. Strange! None of them knew she had left.

And before her mistress could begin to understand it all—Miranda herself and her young man appeared at the back-door. He had found her. She went to bed. In the morning she was up as usual. At breakfast time there was no breakfast. Miranda had flown, taking her good clothes with her.

And the last we heard of her she was chief waitress in a negro restaurant with the young man as assistant. Miranda had developed. She had burst her shell. And her mistress is now looking for another maid—but not for an experimental founding like Miranda.

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The Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Canada
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The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

Report of the Proceedings of the Thirty-Sixth Annual General Meeting

(being for the year ended 31st December, 1917)

The Thirty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation was held in the Board Room of the Corporation's Head Office, corner of Bay and Melinda Streets, Toronto, on Wednesday, February 6th, 1918. The President, the Hon. Featherston Osler, took the chair and Mr. W. G. Watson, Assistant General Manager, acted as Secretary of the meeting. Mr. A. D. Langmuir, General Manager, submitted and commented upon the financial statements showing the operations of the Corporation for the year ended 31st December, 1917.

The report to the Shareholders was then read, as follows:—
We have pleasure in submitting the Thirty-Sixth Annual Report of the Corporation, together with the statements of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss for the year ended the 31st of December, 1917.

The net profits for the year, after payment of salaries, advertising, fees and all expenses of management at the Head Office and Branches, and providing for all ascertained or anticipated losses, amount to \$300,886.11, to which sum must be added \$98,557.00, the amount brought forward from the preceding year, making a total of \$399,443.11, which your Directors have dealt with as follows:—

To payment of four quarterly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum	\$150,000.00
To amounts subscribed as follows:—	
Canadian Patriotic Fund	\$10,000.00
British Red Cross Society	1,000.00
Y.M.C.A. Military Fund	1,000.00
	12,000.00
To amount provided for 1917 Federal Income Tax (payable in 1918)	11,000.00
To amount written off Head Office Building	25,000.00
To amount transferred to Reserve Fund (increasing this Fund to \$1,950,000.00)	100,000.00
To balance carried forward	101,443.11
	<u>\$399,443.11</u>

The Assets and Liabilities Statement shows that the total assets in the hands of the Corporation amount to \$83,286,782.69, an increase of \$6,106,269.07 over the preceding year.

The Board of Directors have on your behalf made subscriptions to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, The British Red Cross Society, and the Y.M.C.A. Military Fund, confirmation of which will be asked for at the Annual Meeting.

It is with regret your Directors have to report the death during the year of Sir Wm. Mortimer Clark, K.C., and Mr. W. R. Brock, two valued members of the Board. The vacancies on the Board have been filled by the appointment of Mr. E. T. Malone, K.C., and Mr. H. H. Williams. All of which is respectfully submitted.

A. D. LANGMUIR,
General Manager.
Toronto, January 22nd, 1918.

FEATHERSTON OSLER,
President.

PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT for year ended 31st December, 1917

By Balance brought forward from 31st December, 1916	\$ 98,557.00	APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS—	
By Commissions received for Administering Estates, acting as Trustee, Agent, etc.; Interest on Capital and Reserve; Profits on Guaranteed Funds; Net Rents from Office Buildings, Safe Deposit Vaults, etc.	\$621,447.89	To Quarterly Dividends, Nos. 83, 84, 85 and 86, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum	\$150,000.00
To Management expenses, including Directors' and Auditors' fees, salaries, advertising, rents, taxes, etc.	320,561.78	To amounts subscribed as follows:—	
Net Profits for Year	<u>\$300,886.11</u>	Canadian Patriotic Fund	\$ 10,000.00
		British Red Cross Society	1,000.00
		Y.M.C.A. Military Fund	1,000.00
			12,000.00
		To Amount provided for 1917 Federal Income Tax (payable in 1918)	11,000.00
		To Amount written off Head Office Building	25,000.00
		To Amount transferred to Reserve Fund	100,000.00
		To Balance carried forward	101,443.11
			<u>\$399,443.11</u>

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES STATEMENT for the year ended 31st December, 1917

CAPITAL ACCOUNT—	ASSETS.	CAPITAL ACCOUNT—	LIABILITIES.
Mortgages on Real Estate	\$2,006,165.22	Capital Stock	\$1,500,000.00
Government and Municipal Debentures	365,632.65	Reserve Fund	1,950,000.00
Stocks and Bonds	60,000.00	Dividend No. 86, due January 2nd, 1918	37,500.00
Loans on Debentures, Stocks and Bonds	103,775.00	Interest in Reserve	27,500.00
Loans on Corporation's Guaranteed Mortgage Account	200,000.00	Appropriation for Federal Income Tax (payable in 1918)	9,185.15
Real Estate—		Profit and Loss	101,443.11
Office Premises and Safe Deposit Vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	750,000.00		<u>\$3,625,628.26</u>
Accrued Rents re Offices and Vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	5,469.53	GUARANTEED ACCOUNT—	
Sundry Assets	231.86	Guaranteed Funds for Investment	\$8,939,785.76
Cash on hand and in Banks	134,354.00		<u>8,939,785.76</u>
	<u>\$3,625,628.26</u>	ESTATES, TRUSTS AND AGENCIES—	
GUARANTEED ACCOUNT—		Trust Funds for Investment or Distribution	24,263,928.17
Mortgages on Real Estate	7,408,774.18		
Government and Municipal Debentures	1,218,323.82	Inventory Value of Original Assets of Estates and Agencies under Administration by the Corporation	<u>46,457,440.50</u>
Loans on Debentures, Stocks and Bonds	179,210.68		<u>70,721,368.67</u>
Cash on hand and in Banks	133,477.08		<u>\$83,286,782.69</u>
	<u>8,939,785.76</u>		
ESTATES, TRUSTS AND AGENCIES—			
Mortgages on Real Estate	14,131,724.28		
Government and Municipal Debentures	6,699,889.47		
Loan Company Debentures	5,500.00		
Stocks and Bonds	1,154,592.98		
Loans on Debentures, Stocks and Bonds	1,142,525.33		
Sundry Assets	5,143.59		
Cash on hand and in Banks	1,124,552.47		
	<u>\$24,263,928.17</u>		
Original Assets, including Real Estate, Mortgages, Debentures, Stocks and Bonds, etc., at Inventory Value	46,457,440.50		
	<u>70,721,368.67</u>		
	<u>\$83,286,782.69</u>		

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We, the undersigned, beg to report that we have made a full examination of the books, accounts and vouchers of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation to 31st December, 1917, and find same to be correct and properly set forth in the above statements of Profit and Loss and Assets and Liabilities.

We have examined, and find in order, all the mortgages, debentures, bonds and scrip of the Corporation, as well as those negotiated for the Supreme Court of Ontario, and Trusts, Estates and Agencies in the Corporation's hands, and we have checked same with the mortgage and debenture ledgers and registers.

The Trust investments and funds are kept separate from the Corporation's own securities and funds, and all securities are so earmarked in the books of the Corporation as to show the particular Estate, Trust or Guaranteed Account to which they belong.

The Banker's Balances, after deducting outstanding cheques, agree with the books of the Corporation.

All our requirements as Auditors have been complied with.

We have also examined the reports of the Auditors of the Winnipeg, Ottawa, Saskatoon and Vancouver Branches, and find that they agree with the Head Office books.

Toronto, January 21st, 1918.

R. F. SPENCE, F.C.A. "Can." }
GEO. MACBETH, } Auditors.

The report was unanimously adopted.
The following Shareholders were elected for the following year: Hamilton Cassels, K.C., LL.D.; Hon. Senator W. C. Edwards; A. Wellington Francis; Brig. Gen. Sir John M. Gibson, K.C.M.G., LL.D.; Arthur C. Hardy; John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D.; R. W. Leonard; Thomas Long; Hon. Peter MacLaren; J. Bruce MacDonald; Sir Daniel H. MacMillan, K.C.M.G.; E. T. Malone, K.C.; W. D. Matthews; Lieut. Col. John F. Michie; Sir Edmund Osler, M.P.; Hon. Featherston Osler, K.C.; J. G. Scott, K.C.; Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., LL.D.; E. C. Whitney; H. H. Williams.

At the Concert

(Concluded from page 20.)

demonstrated his capacity for playing Bach, which he again illustrated by his masterful handling of the Organ Prelude and Fugue in A Minor. Seitz has a basic affinity for Bach, and a different style in his interpretation from many other Bach players; notably different from the poetics of Grainger or the dynamics of Ham-bourg. As a Chopin exponent he excels in all the technical necessities, in the rhythmic nuances, in tone-color of individual passages, in faultless phraseology and fine energetic restraint. This sonata in B minor was the sonata which he played at his inaugural recital two years ago in Massey Hall. Since that performance he has noticeably broadened his style and augmented his mastery of poetic idioms. He did it with insight and authority. What he lacked in part of the sonata at least was to a great extent what Chopin composed it for—atmosphere. Without that, some of the passages in the Largo are rather insignificant. His first group of short pieces were agreeable novelties by Schutt, Lindoff, Arensky and Liszt. Seitz excels in individual tone-pictures such as these, and he made the most of the peculiar idioms and tone-coloring in each. In the final group, Nocturne by Chopin, Gavotte by Niemann, a Moskowski Barcarolle and Rubenstein's Etude on False Notes he displayed some of his best and most enduring qualities. The old Biblical injunction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth," was beautifully disregarded. Seitz's right and left are a perfect *bonne entente*. There were many passages in which runs for the right hand would have made many a player yearn for a back-action glissando. Seitz seems to delight in hitting every note as it comes up. No matter how small, he hits it. Not one of them is missed. The left hand is kept studiously in control so that the right-hand run has a chance to hang itself in the picture-gallery of the ear like a string of diamonds against a dark background. There were many proofs on this compact programme that Seitz in becoming a pedagogue has not neglected his career as a virtuoso.

SOME sorts of organ music are for all the world like getting a nice aesthetic hair-cut at the barber's. No instrument is better qualified than the organ to lull one to a sort of blissful half sleep and suddenly to lift you by the bang of the tubas into a desire to rush off to a fire. Contrasts like these are advisable only in the case of an artist occupying the console. In his recent recital at the Convocation Hall, one of the regular series, Mr. Richard Tattersall gave such a programme. His two modern French things were responsible for almost putting me to sleep even when I could hear every murmur of the invisible mirages. His treatment of the Prelude and Fugue was eminently satisfactory. This Bach number is becoming familiar. Is it as big as its devotees insist? The Scherzo from the Widor Symphony was a fine inspirational bit of work.

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VICTORY SHELLS Illustrations are Quarter Full Size

Shells are highly finished in Nickel Plate with Copper Band. Nose of Shell is of solid Brass and all other parts of solid Brass Lacquered.

These miniature shells are half the size of a standard 18 pound shell.

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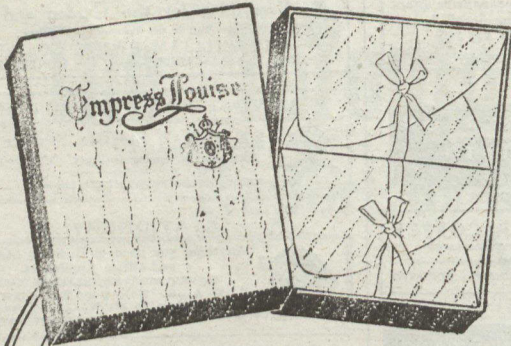
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ADVERTISING FOR A MISTRESS

(Concluded from page 16.)

expectedly thrown upon their own resources and have no special training except their experience in home-making, apply for these positions. They usually ask lower wages than the professionals and could not be treated on the isolation plan. Especially where there are children there is the great advantage of having about them helpers of refined manner and speech. While this raises the standard of household help it is only temporary, but it points to certain significant aspects of employment.

The eagerness with which educated women seize upon these positions when at all above the level of the menial, proves the dearth of openings for this large class of Canadian women. There are a hundred positions for the illiterate and at good wages to one for the educated woman, unless she has specialized in some line. As the war continues and after it is over this will be increasingly true.

We cannot look to the captains of industry or to the industrial classes to adjust these matters, but to the women themselves working in conjunction with the leading educational bodies. The most practical form of first aid is for the women to specialize in all departments of homemaking, and for the employers and employed to rid their minds of the absurd old bogey of prejudice that grades a house worker as of a lower order than those employed in the commercial or industrial world. In the British Isles the educated women have been facing this problem for years and now in different parts of our Western Provinces many of them have taken up small farms and are raising fruit, bees, poultry, and are making a success of their venture in independence.

War and Life Insurance

WAR and business conditions generally have turned the minds of people more to the subject of Life Insurance than ever before, according to Mr. W. Kerr George, Vice-President of the North American Life Assurance Company.

This remark was made in the course of his address at the 37th annual meeting of the company on the 31st of January, and from the satisfactory report submitted it would seem that this statement was well founded.

Mr. L. Goldman, the President, referred to the company's assets, now amounting to \$17,268,471.46. After liabilities have been provided for, there is a net surplus of \$2,774,854.38.

Policies issued and revived during the year amounted to \$12,535,832, a sum considerably in excess of any previous year's business. The total assurance now in force amounts to \$65,213,623, a net increase during the past year of \$5,528,511.

During 1917 over one and a half millions, or, in exact figures, \$1,574,291.23, was paid to Policyholders. Of this amount \$248,857.65 represented dividends, and at the same time the company announces that the much larger sum of \$310,967.66 has been apportioned for dividends in 1918. During the past ten years this company has paid the sum of \$1,882,467.04 as dividends or surplus to their Policyholders, while during that same period the total amount paid to Policyholders was \$11,448,465.06.

Then Fido Wept

A YOUNG lady with a pet dog on an electric car asked the conductor to stop at a certain point. When he did so, she went to the platform and there stood gesticulating, with the dog in her arm. "Hurry up, miss, hurry up! You want to get out here, don't you?" "Oh, dear, no, thank you. I only wished to show Fido where her mother lives."—Christian Register



Make the Most of Travel

THE passenger to the Pacific Coast is to-day offered a choice of routes that renders it unnecessary to re-trace his steps and opens up a wealth of new scenery and outdoor sport.

Do not fail to visit Jasper and Mount Robson Parks with their wonderful mountains, gorges, glaciers and cataracts.

Here the protection given to game has increased the quantity and reduced the fear of man

Mountain sheep and goat, the most wary of animals, are seen feeding on the hills, and coming down to the railroad in view of passing trains.

For further particulars see our booklet "The Canadian Northern Rockies," or apply to General Passenger Department, Montreal, Quebec.; Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

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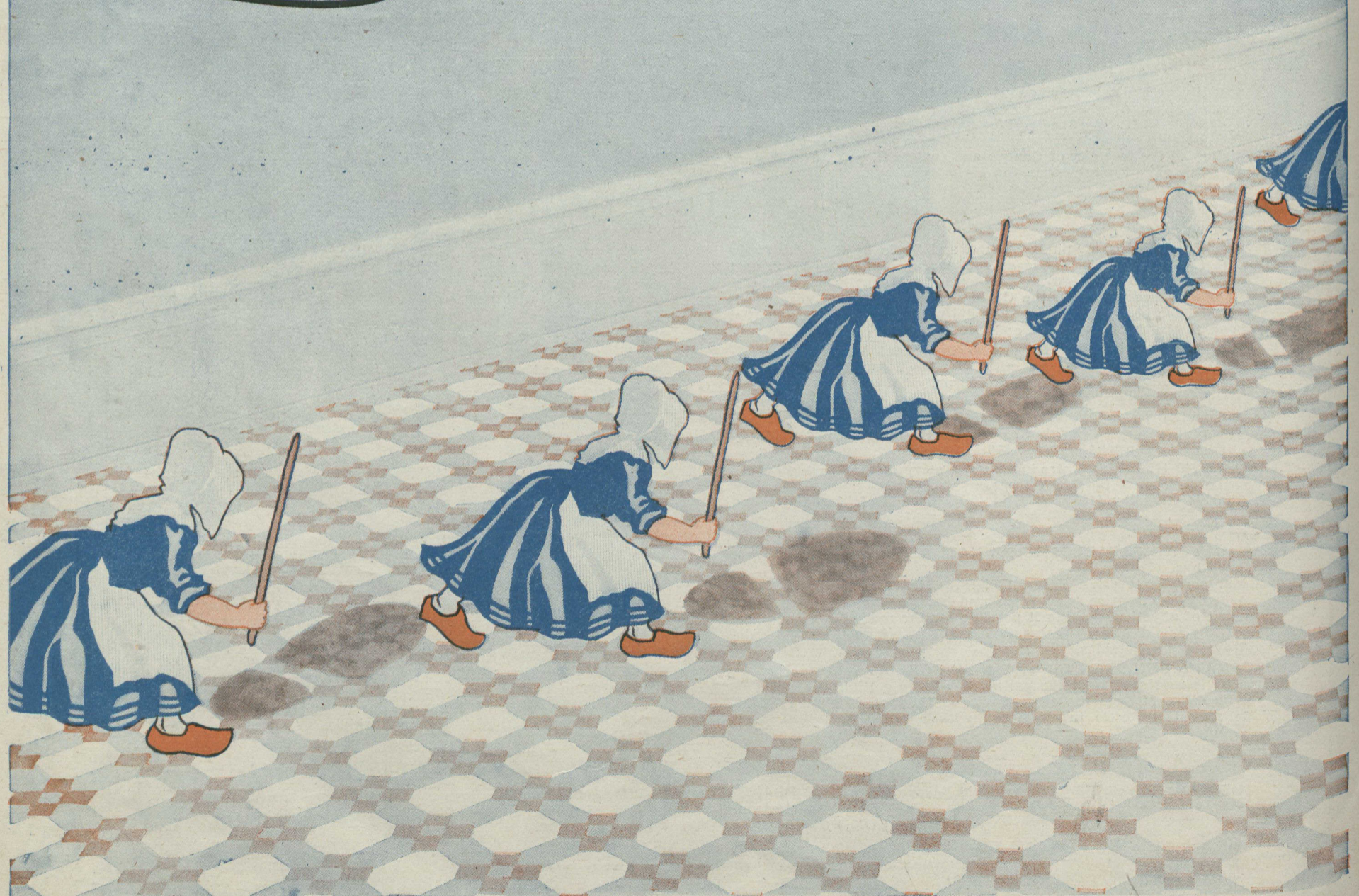
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