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C. W. JEFFERYS

This Literary Englishman Thought the War Would End in 1915
See Page 15

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THE COURIER

Vol. XXI. January 6th, 1917 No. 6

MORE OPINIONS OF OTHER PEOPLE

Popular Discussion of Topics Recently Presented in the Canadian Courier

Pig Philosophy
By A. MacMECHAN
(Halifax)

Understanding the English
By HENRY RICKARDS
(Strathcona)

Who are Sons of Canada?
By T. A. FORSTER
(Toronto)

Failures—Admit 'Em
By STUART McCAWLEY
(Glace Bay, N.S.)

Where Did He Get His Law?
By NOVA SCOTIA

Our Ships Down East
By MONTREAL

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN finds himself roused to a point of satirical indignation by Monocle Man's criticism of his recent article, Declaring Our Independence. In terse, epigrammatic humour he writes as follows to the editor concerning the hedonistic philosophy of the Monocle Man. (Hedonism means the pursuit of pleasure and is a perfectly good professional word which MacMechan does not use).

PIG PHILOSOPHY.

IT was another "hard, high brow," one Professor Sauerteig, who put the Monocle Man's crude Epicureanism into more intelligible form. He imagined that if swine could only formulate their philosophy of life, the main propositions would be somewhat as follows:

1. The universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an immeasurable swine's trough, consisting of solid and liquid and of contrasts and minds; especially consisting of attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities.

2. Moral evil is unattainability of pig's waste; moral good attainability of ditto.

3. What is Paradise, or the State of Innocence? Paradise, called also State of Innocence, Age of Gold, and other names, was (according to pigs of weak judgment) unlimited attainability of pig's wash; perfect fulfilment of one's wishes, so that pig's imagination could not outrun reality; a fable and impossibility, as pigs of sense now see.

4. Define the whole duty of pigs. It is the mission of universal pighood to diminish the quantity of unattainable and increase that of attainable. All knowledge and desire and effort ought to be directed thither, and thither only. Pig science, pig enthusiasm and devotion have this one aim. It is the whole duty of pigs.

5. Pig poetry ought to consist of universal recognition of the excellence of pigs' wash and ground barley, and the felicity of pigs whose trough is in order, and who have had enough. Hrumph!

6. Who made the pig? Unknown. Perhaps the pork-butcher.

7. What is Justice? Your own share of the general swine's trough; not any portion of my share.

There are other propositions; but these are sufficient to put the Monocle Man's simple-hearted faith in "Goodtime" clearly before your readers. He has the courage of his convictions; and he proves unconsciously my point, that "our tacit ideal is to become a smug, greasy replica of the United States." My main contention that Canadians are generally satisfied to remain poor imitation Americans he does not attempt to argue. Apparently he cannot see the point. He should remove the piece of glass from his eye, and lose no time in consulting an oculist.

ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN.

UNDERSTANDING THE ENGLISH.

Strathcona P.O., Alta., Dec. 18, 1916.

The Editor "Canadian Courier":

I CONGRATULATE you on your Dec. 16 issue, it is an unusual collection of gems. I do not by any means fancy the Courier always—too provincial to suit me, but that is merely my opinion. Who is "A. B.," who wrote that truly remarkable article, "Nothing, As Usual"? Precious few Canadians understand the English and the situation in England as he does. I have long been telling my English friends that their gentlemanly methods in War and Diplomacy would have to go, before we could win this struggle. In a life and death struggle with a dangerous beast or madman, you use any weapon; not because you like to, but because you have to. May I suggest that the "Monocle Man," in his clever reply, missed the point: there is nothing evil in Pleasure if it be unselfish. On the contrary, it is the Alpha and Omega of Existence. But which kind is his end? Knowing so well as we do, the kind of happiness, from which, as he truly says, Americans refuse to be frightened away, I fear he is thinking

of the Selfish Kind which has ruined every civilization yet. He says we are fighting to get a good time—to be free; freedom throughout Europe before the war, meant freedom to starve—freedom to exploit—freedom to enslave. Will the Monocle Man kindly tell us where liberty ends and license begins. We started fighting for the maintenance of the old order, but no Britisher is fighting for that to-day; instead, he has thrown it to the discard, and is fighting that all may be free—that all may be happy—that the great idol "Self" may be broken.

Yours truly,

HENRY RICKARDS.

WHO ARE SONS OF CANADA?

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I HAVE been reading a book which you mention in your book reviews department lately, called "Sons of Canada." You said it was a good book, and I have no objection to that statement. I have read it and find it more interesting than most of the books I have come across for some time.

At the same time, I think someone ought to raise the point whether the men who are described by Mr. Augustus Bridle in "Sons of Canada" ARE sons of Canada. Take Strathcona. He was born in Scotland. He is a son of Scotland. Take Shaughnessy and Van Horne. Both of them came from the States. Of course I can understand calling the Duke of Connaught a "Son of Canada" in a certain sense of the word. That is how we feel toward him. And to a man in his position it is quite right we should show that that was our feeling. But here are at least three other men who weren't born in Canada. How can Mr. Bridle call them "Sons of Canada" then?

I think this point should have been taken up in your book review.

Yours truly,

T. A. FORSTER.

Toronto, Dec. 12, 1916.

SEVERAL FAILURES—ADMIT 'EM.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

GUNS, gas, gruesomeness, and all the machines of war, are the expression of timidity and fear; and built up by a mean philosophy that is scared to give, or take, a square deal. If Germany was not scared of the rest of Europe she would not have prepared for and launched the great war; if the rest of Europe was not scared of Germany and had laughed at her tommy-rot, goose-step theatricals, the common people would have relegated William Kaizer back to the farm.

It's fear, not fun, that has been preached and pounded into humanity.

"Love your neighbour as yourself" looks well in type; but it is not practised in pulpit, parish or prison.

Germany has been concentrating her preaching in the kindergarten, school, shop, church and army, on hate and egotism. A hate that is a Kultured envy. An egotism that is grounded on low-cunning.

We have been teaching, preaching, pounding into brain and blood fear. A fear of God, a fear of hell, a fear of looking foolish, a fear of doing, a fear of ourselves.

We won't have peace, decency and a laughing world until we get away from selfishness, mercenary politics and mercenary creeds; and back to the Sermon on the Mount.

Despotism has been a failure through jealousy. People ceased to admire Caesar when they became jealous of him.

Monarchy has been a failure from the fostering of favouritism—just plain jealousy.

Republican is becoming a failure because of its lack of stability in policy, its encouragement of grafting; and its tendency to breed bosses.

Socialism in Europe promised to avert the big war by a universal strike. It is great in theory, but lacks and combats the very essentials that would make it worth trying. It is against evolving improvements by bargain, and it is uncertain of itself.

Christ taught—"love your neighbour," simplicity of living, the encouragement of production, clean living and the square deal.

Cut out "interest," selfishness, lust and graft and follow the Man who was crucified for preaching the great gospel of unselfishness.

He did not get much encouragement when he was on this earth. The preachers and politicians were sniping for Him all the time. A few poor fishermen

stuck to Him for a while, but quit when He got in trouble. Only two women and a jail-bird had a kind word for Him when He was dying. He never asked for a collection. He was a carpenter, a teacher, a physican and a Man among men.

WHERE DID HE GET HIS LAW?

Editor, Canadian Courier:

THE story by Mr. Hayward in your issue of December 16th, on "Law and Love," may be all right so far as the "Love" is concerned—on that I offer no opinion—but I am afraid Mr. Hayward is a bit off on his "Law." He represents a Canadian court as entertaining a suit for damages to land out of the jurisdiction. Mr. Bradley's cause of action is thus stated by the novelist-lawyer. "It is agreed that Mr. Bradley owns land in Dakota, that he dammed up the surface water thereon and flooded and flooded the Adams land in Dakota in the same manner." If Mr. Hayward will look at the decision of the House of Lords in British South Africa, Co. v. Companhia de Mocambique, in 1893, Appeal Cases 602, he will see that British Courts have no jurisdiction to entertain a suit for damages to land out of the jurisdiction. I wonder where Mr. Hayward got his "Law." NOVA SCOTIA LAW STUDENT.

The Cat

Just Tomfoolery

By EDWARD CECIL JOSEPH

YOU will notice I do not call it my cat, thy cat, her or its cat; in fact, I do not decline cat at all, though I do decline to have anything to do with the animals as far as possible. The cat that I have in mind is of the species known to everybody—the unclaimed, unowned, unnamed backyard visitor, beloved of would-be humorists, and hated by men who declare that swearing is wicked. It is the original cat of whom the German composer wrote so felinely, "He's known to you all, He's known to you all, We have one hate, one caterwaul, etc." If this little account of my experiences is of any practical help to someone who may be idle enough to read it, it will have accomplished its mission in life. I shall avoid, as far as possible, inserting any funny stories which I have heard more than six times—unless they are true. I detest humorists anyway, so the reader is safe.

I first met the cat at midnight, the next meetings being at one, two and three o'clock a.m. We did not meet face to face, but mouth to ear, so to speak, though a considerable distance separated or rather joined us. I was in bed; the cat wasn't, but should have been. And the voice! It was one of those yellow-and-black voices which rise and fall like an excited stock market, with something to boot. And I booted it. Three of them, followed by two slippers and a jug of water, including the jug. After that I had peace for a little while, and the cat had the pieces.

The next time we met was the following morning. It was springtime, and I had contracted the uncomfortable habit of rising early to work in my garden before breakfast. My garden adjoins the backyards of my neighbours, and some of the latter take quite an interest in it, but no one took a greater interest in the garden than did the cat.

I had no sooner got outside the door than she came along on the run, purring like a mail-order automobile, and rubbing the mud off her back on to my foot as if she had known me since I was so high. I pushed her off, and she paid a visit to the other foot. I kicked her away, and heard the voice of my neighbour's five-year-old hopeful declare that I was a wicked man to kick the poor pussy. As I am an officer of the local S.P.C.A., I was obliged to explain that it was a sudden contraction of the ophthegrassic nerve which had caused the unceremonious upheaval of pussy, and that it should not occur again. Pussy agreed that it should not.

I dug a furrow and pushed her gently along it as I put each seed in place. She continued to be interested as I covered the seeds. Her interest did not cease here, as I discovered the next morning, when I found that she had dug them up to see if they were growing yet. I was quite peeved at this, and as there were no witnesses about, proceeded to throw stones at her. She dodged every one of them and then chased it as if it was a mouse. I turned the hose on her, and that got her for a while. She reached the top of the fence, though, just as Neighbour Jones poked his head over, and they shared the honours. Jones came back when he was dry and told me his opinion of my gardening efforts, and also of myself, my hose, fence, seeds and various other things, including MY cat. But this was going too far. To have my garden described as a "withering weedy wilderness" merely indicated envy; to have my garden-hose referred to as a "slimy slush splasher" exhibited alliteration as well as irritation, but to hear that unshaven, rusty-throated caterwallflower attributed to my possession was more than I could stand. I sat down.

From where I sat I could see the cat on a low roof above Jones' head, and I got the hose ready. "If I have performed your monthly ablutions for you before their allotted period, I beg your pardon," I said, "I regret it also if I have sprinkled your justly famous mud-baths, dignified by the name of grass plot, but neither of these crimes, heinous though they may be, justifies you in libelling me as the owner of that sweet, darling (or words to that effect) cat," and I got so excited that I turned on the tap, and hit the hereinbefore-mentioned animal square in the eye. She yelled, and dropped onto Jones' back, and the final claws in my argument was inserted by the cat herself. What Jones said added much to the picturesqueness of the English language, but the editor won't let me tell.

That cat stayed around all summer. Not as regards her figure—it was never round, but remained an attenuated flatoid, knobby in spots, with occasional Gothic arches. My wife actually encouraged the beast—she said it was nice to have an animal about the house while I was away at the office all day, and besides, it would be useful for catching rats. My wife is a sound sleeper—quite as much sound as sleep—and a little thing like a pussy-catenza does not disturb her.

One day I came home and found the thing in the house, all togged out with a blue baby-ribbon round her wish-bone, and the wheels in her head buzzing like a last year's flivver. The carburettor blocked, however, when she caught her tail in the rat-trap, and all that was left of her threw seven conniption fits, and performed the mad scene from "Pickwick."

(It is up to the reader here to make a vile pun about the tale of the cat ending here. Anyone of average intelligence can do it, or instructions will be sent free upon receipt of a nine-cent stamp to cover cost of packing and mailing.)

Time passed. It is a little habit that time has. Buzz-face adopted us, and to show her gratitude she one day deposited a worn-out mouse on the wife's favourite chair . . . .

Puss is an outcast again. Once more she makes the welkin ring, and the collection of old boots in my garden and my neighbour's backyards is growing, but there is hope.

The autumn days are here, and the other day Neighbour Simkins went across the fields to the little wood and brought back a bunny as a trophy. I have seen the stub-tailed cat making tracks towards that same wood. Simkins is a bit near-sighted, and there is a chance that same day there may be a cat-as-trophy.

"Lonely Soldier"

A True Story

By GERTRUDE ARNOLD

NORMAN CRAIK, Barrister, 45 years old, life prosperous and monotonous, bitterly rated the unkind Fate that prevented him from entering the Army, in the outbreak of the war.

"Delicate wife, with expensive tastes, two kiddies, and as short-sighted as a bat!" he soliloquized, "Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness." And he marched off and joined the National Guards.

Deputed to-night to stand guard at Charing Cross Station for the guidance of soldiers on furlough, and not familiar with London, Craik, a romanticist at heart, revelled in the possibilities his position brought him.

A train from Folkstone rumbled into the Station, doors flew open, and happy Tommies, wreathed in smiles, and with the mud of the trenches clinging like a decoration to their sheep-skin coats, and their long boots, tramped down the platform.

"Let's strike the canteen first, Bill!" shouted a Canadian, "I'm as hungry as a horse!"

"Bet yer life!" And the two disappeared into the land of coffee and sandwiches.

"Lor' love ye, Sal! Here ye are! An' ye brought the kiddie to see 'is Dad comin' 'ome! Bless yer!" Loud smacks evidenced the delight of Sal's lord and master.

Craik never tired of these home-coming scenes. They were the essence of life, primitive and unashamed.

"Say, Sir, can ye help a chap?" Craik turned quickly. From half a dozen boisterous, laughing Highlanders, streaming down the platform, the light of home-coming in their eyes, emerged one, worried and vexed, and even a little white about the lips.

As he went up to Craik, the others tramped on, shouting their parting shots as they went:

"So long, McLean! Ask me to the weddin'?"

"Dinna forget what I telt ye!"

"My love tae the bride!" and so on, and so on.

Craik looked up at the man, for he was big and brawny, as all Kilties should be.

"I'm here to help. What is it? Is she here? Is she here?" he kept repeating, gazing about him in a panic.

"Is who here, man?"

"The widow-woman! I winna marry her! I winna! Ye can just tell her that!"

"What on earth do you mean? Can't you tell me a straight story? What's up with you, man?"

Staring about the platform, and trying to hide his bulky form behind Craik, the story came by fits and starts:

"A lot o' us chaps were gettin' letters written tae 'lonely soldiers,' an' I've had a dizen frae somebody called Mary Malone. She telt me she was a widow-woman, an' sent me socks, an' a paircel at Christmas. I telt her I was comin' hame for a holiday, an' she said she would come down to the train, an' we could arrange it a' there. The ither chaps are sayin' she'll be wantin' to marry me, an' I winna! I winna!"

"Good heavens, man, the other chaps have just been making fun of you. Even if she did want to marry you, you'd have something to say to it, eh?"

"But she has a' my letters, an' she kens my name, an' my regiment."

"And what's in your letters?" Craik asked, scarcely able to refrain from laughing at the terrified Grant.

"Oh—weel—I couldna write a' these letters without somethin' sweet! An' what for no? I didna' think I would ever see her! She doesna live in London. She's just comin' in to meet the train, an' arrange it a'. Losh, sir, an' she a widdy!" finished the desperate man.

It was quite evident that the other men had been "rubbing it in," on the homeward stretch, that there was no hope at all for him. With the Boches, he might have a chance, but in the hands of a wily widow, who had decided they would "arrange it a'," he might as well give up first as last.

Craik straightened the muscles of his face, and was beginning to calm down the excited Kiltie, when suddenly up to them marched a woman of about 40. Determination was in her face, and her gait. Dressed in quite up-to-date fashion, she would have been quite passable-looking, had it not been that one of her eyes had a habit of wandering vaguely round the horizon in an indefinite sweep, while the other did double duty, with a stare warranted to penetrate a stone wall.

Unfamiliar with Craik's uniform, she thought he was one of the returning men.

"Either of you men Angus McLean?" she demanded, briskly.

Now, generally when crisis really appears, funk disappears, and we receive it standing. When danger approaches, can you find a Scotchman not ready to meet it.

For the briefest second McLean wilted like a crumpled thistle, and then, with confident air, placing his hand on Craik's arm, he announced deliberately:

"This is Mr. Angus McLean!" and disappeared in the crowd.

"Angus, dear Angus! At last!" began the lady, in a sentimental voice.

"Woman!" spluttered Craik. "Woman!" But the lady was in no wise put about.

"I have your dear letters, Angus; and I have a taxi all ready waiting for us," playful as a gamboling goat. "I thought we might be extravagant on our wedding day!"

"Wedding day! Good Lord! You're on the wrong track——"

"Now! Now! Angus," soothingly. "I know all about it! Terrible trenches, nerves gone all astray! But I'll take care of you. Never——"

"Madam!" interrupted Craik.

"My hero!" whispered the lady.

"Madam," almost bellowed Craik. "Will you allow me to speak? I'm not McLean. McLean disappeared when you arrived. I'm a respectable married man!"

Something in Craik's manner convinced the lady. She glanced round the station, comparatively empty now.

"Disappeared!" she repeated. "Disappeared, did he! Here, boy, give me an evening paper with a Personal Column in it! Nothing for it but to begin all over again. But next time. Next time, there will be no disappearing!"

CONSCRIPTION, WHY, WHAT, HOW

A Clear Presentation of the Problem about which so many People are Talking

By A MILITARY MAN

Editor's Note: The Ex-Minister of Militia has publicly advocated conscription. This article may interest those who think he is right.

CONSCRIPTION has not yet become effective in Canada, but every male inhabitant between the ages of 18 and 60 who is not enrolled in the active militia is, with a few exceptions, grouped into a reserve. The prescribing of a period of service for this reserve is legally within the discretion of the military authorities. Actually, however, the organization of this reserve, or conscription, in Canada is impossible without an election, without taking it to the people, and this is a situation fraught with serious consequences.

The order in which the male population may be called to the colours begins with the young unmarried (18-30) and progresses through the older unmarried (30-45) and the married (18-45) to the old, married or single (45-60). Now why have the men of Canada been arranged in this order? Because it was believed that comparatively few would ever have to make the supreme sacrifice, and it was decided that these should be the ones with the smallest family responsibilities. But is a nation justified in putting the family responsibilities of its citizens ahead of the ultimate best for its people? The statesman worthy the name is building for generations yet unborn, and just as truly as the civilization of a man may be gauged by the extent of his provision for the future, so may the wisdom of a national policy. We believe, and will try to show, that Canada has been committed to the adoption of a short-sighted policy in her conscription terms, and that this is true with regard to both the method of procedure and the things to which conscription is to be applied.

Indeed it is fortunate for Canada that she did not enforce conscription under the terms to which she was, and still is, committed at the opening of hostilities. That system, only the best, and unmarried first, robs the future of a virile element which it sorely needs and is fair neither to the individual, the family, or the race. For a nation to carry this principle to the extent of first conscripting all the members of this class up to the age of 45 is, in the event of a world war, criminally short-sighted. Moreover, it would have to do it in face of the fact that in no "compulsory-service" country is there this discrimination against the unmarried man.

Why do we hear the word conscription? Voluntary effort has been depended upon for more than two years. Those who are attracted by the love of travel and adventure, those who are out of work and need a job, those in whom patriotism is a compelling force, those who are moved to action by emotional appeals, and those who feel that it is their solemn duty to go have already enlisted. Who are left? Slackers, the physically unfit, those whose family responsibilities have seemed to them imperative, and those whom Science and Industry can not spare. But conscription can not take the physically unfit, and the latter classes overlap and include the army at home which is essential to the success of the army in the field. Conscription, as a last resort, is therefore aimed principally at slackers.

In England, a properly conducted census at the time conscription was decided upon would have reached so large a portion of this guilty class as to make any general conscription unnecessary, for the working of the voluntary system had so thoroughly combed the population that the administration of the general conscription law resulted in a confusion of exemptions and netted a scant three hundred thousand men. England, with a population of forty-five million, raised an army of something less than four million volunteers, the exact figures are difficult of access. Canada has secured nearly four hundred thousand from a population of less than eight million. England's percentage is about 7 or 8, Canada's about 5. Conditions in the two countries credit England with by far the larger proportion of unemployed and unproductive, and partly explain a discrepancy which might be assigned solely to the relative imminence of the struggle in which the empire is engaged. Our percentage is high enough, however, so that conscription here is practically a last resort and can therefore claim few of the advantages which make proper conscription advisable as a principle at the opening of hostilities. Then, if it is administered with the idea of deciding where the manhood of a nation is best employed, it has the value of making every individual a partner in the nation of which he owns a share. The supreme difficulty is the fact that peoples were not taken into active partnership before the war began.

But why, when conscription is mentioned, do we think of men only? Canada is now spending daily one or two hundred lives and a million of dollars. Lives and dollars, each essential as the other, but the lives are ours and the dollars those of a coming generation. Promises to let our children pay are buying bullets, but promises to let our children die wont stop them. We need the men right now. This is why we hear of conscripting men only. We borrow the money, but aren't we borrowing life as well?

Professor Kellog has said: "When a man of character and ability gives his life to his nation he gives more than himself. He gives the long line, the ever widening wedge of those who would be his descendants. In the long run those may have greater potential value than any political end they have helped to accomplish." Thus it has been estimated that Pasteur, through his discovery of methods of preventing and curing anthrax, silkworm disease, and chicken cholera, is adding annually to the wealth of France an amount equivalent to the entire indemnity paid by France to Germany after the war of 1870.

We must grant that we are borrowing from the future, borrowing money which the future may be able to repay, borrowing life blood which the future will not be able to replace. Why is it that a Government which handles its citizens with utter disregard of their individual fortunes, which feels free to demand the lives of whom it will, will not ease the financial burden it is shaping for the shoulders of the future by levying on the surplus of the present? Money seems to be as essential as blood; why borrow it, and use, destroy, and rob the future of the other?

A MAN gives his pocket book and the Government promises to give it back to him intact and pay him for the privilege of using its contents; a man gives himself and the Government sends him into the trenches at his own risk! Why does the Government furnish as the only outlet for the patriotism of its citizens the giving up of life? If this is the supreme sacrifice why not ask first for the sacrifice of lesser things?

A woman empties her stocking, and receives a bond, a promise to repay both principal and interest. She gives up her husband and the father of her children, and receives—what? Absurd interest, as we shall show, and probably no principal. For if he is killed she loses the principal, and if she marries again she loses the interest.

Then presently the fire burns down into ashes and the night comes and the dark. And where the grain once stood and the meadows smiled in the sun, the wolves shall hunt again in the gloom of the forest. And where the homestead was there will be graves. Such is the interpretation of war.

—Racey in Montreal Star.

What is the hard cold cash value of a man? We must confine ourselves to this; his sacrifice and hers, the heart aches, lonely vigils, must be left behind a kindly veil. A voluntarily gives $15,000 to the nation, B gives $60,000. The nation pays A the yearly sum of $750, five per cent., and contracts to return the $15,000 at a definite future date. To B it pays $3,000 yearly, also five per cent., and promises him the return of his $60,000. Mrs. C's husband volunteers, gives his life. He has been earning $750 a year and is therefore worth as much to his wife in cold cash as the money upon which A earns his $750 a year, or $15,000. The nation takes him, if there is nothing the matter with him, and pays her $240 a year, separation allowance at the rate of 1.6 per cent. Mrs. D's husband, a man with a yearly salary of $3,000 and therefore worth $60,000 to his wife, volunteers, and the nation pays her $240 a year, separation allowance at the rate of less than half of one per cent. Suppose the Government should announce that any man subscribing over $5,000 to a war loan would receive a "separation allowance" from his money of $240 a year, irrespective of the amount he gave; that B with his 60 thousand-dollar bonds would receive a "separation allowance" from his money at the rate of less than half of one per cent. a year. How many voluntary subscriptions do you think it would receive? Why was the subscription limit placed at $5,000? Primarily because every one of Canada's 375,000 volunteers who has ever earned more than a dollar a day is worth more than $5,000 to his family.

But the nation sends C and D, the men who volunteered, where the chances are in favour of their being killed, and if they are, increases the yearly sum payable to their wives from a separation allowance of $240 a year to a pension of $384 a year. This is a large increase, 75 per cent., but the men are now where they can not help their wives out of their own salaries, so that the nation they gave their lives for is really giving the bereaved families less than it did when the breadwinners were alive. Six months ago the conditions were deplorably worse. Then our Government was actually committed to a policy of cutting down the amount payable to the soldiers' widows from $240 a year to $226 or even $132, cuts of 5 and 45 per cent., respectively, all depending upon where the husbands happened to get killed, and this penalty was further increased by the fact that the man's salary was also stopped. These conditions are happily past but their very alteration proves that changes are not impossible.

Suppose the Government should announce that it would gamble with the monies it received from A and B, and that in case of the probable loss of the principal it would compensate them for the loss of their money by increasing the interest (under the present pension system B would still receive less than one per cent.), but would stop paying this if they died or married again. Can you imagine the result? But why shouldn't this be done? Dare we admit that conscription of wealth in the form of the following announcement:

> **The Government sees injustice in waste of life and inviolability of money, and will henceforth place equal premiums upon the money which it borrows and upon the lives it uses.**

would set in motion forces that would stop the war?

LET us look at it in two ways: If nations had to reimburse the families of their casualties, place the same premium on the lives used up as they are putting on the money spent, the additional outlay to date would be so many times the growing total as to make the nations stop. If nations were to cut the interest on their bonds and jeopardize their safety, place the same premium on the money spent as they are putting on the life they use, they would get no more voluntary money. We must admit the truth of this indictment. In either of the cases mentioned, or in a compromise between the two, wealth would have to be conscripted. If this can not be done, if pocket-books "must" be inviolate, violate them. If the principles at stake will not stand this test then let its operation free the manhood of the world from their supreme self-sacrifice.

The results aimed at by those who favour conscription can now be better secured by registration and selection, for, if the lack of visible means of support means vagrancy and is amenable to civil law in times of peace, surely the lack of persons to support

(Continued on page 28.)

UNCLE PAUL IN PETROGRAD

This Canadian Traveller Saw the Slavs at First Hand in Their Big Capital

By STEPHANIE STAY-AT-HOME

UNCLE PAUL returned from Petrograd a short while ago. He is a Canadian. Naturally he kept his eyes open in Russia and took notes of what he saw. Of course we all expected him to say Russia is a great country and the Russians wonderful people, and generally to talk as though he had just returned from a land where everything is vast, potential and mysterious. But he did no such thing. He just talked in a free-and-easy, somewhat critical style about the land and the people of the Czar, and that makes his impressions the more valuable because they are true; especially just now, when we are all wondering for the 'steenth time just what Russia is going to do ultimately to win the war after so much talk of Germanized bureaucrats—horrid things!—and armies without munitions, and the temptations of Germany to make her sign a separate peace. Which, of course, she will never do, because, as I notice in the New York Times despatch of a few days ago:

"A complete and emphatic rejection by Russia of Germany's offer can hardly have been necessary to convince America and other neutrals of the attitude which the Allies will take toward Germany's insincere and theatric peace proposal."

That sounds flatfootedly final enough, even for Uncle Paul, to whom we propounded, first of all, the monumental question,

"And how did you like Petrograd?"

"Well, frankly," he said, with provoking composure, "I was disappointed in the appearance of Petrograd, though without a doubt it will some day be the most beautiful city in the world. Just now it appears rough and unfinished. I thought it was pretty crude till I returned to Canada. There is a good deal of Petrograd which resembles Front and York Streets, in Toronto, for instance. But then you expect more from a continental city, you unconsciously compare it with Paris. And it is like Paris in its general outlay. The river Neva flows through the city much as the Seine does, but it's twice as large and very clear. In one place it branches, and the oldest part of the city is built in the islands. Of course the place is absolutely flat; it was nothing but a marsh when Peter the Great founded it in 1703, and most of the buildings are built on piles, like Amsterdam. They are of uniform height, about five stories. It cost hundreds of thousands of lives before the place could be made fit for habitation, and the death rate is still very high. The country around is thinly populated—lots of woods and marshes—so that the situation is bad as regards the rest of Russia; but it makes a splendid meeting-place for traders of all nationalities; and when the canals to connect it with Archangel are built, it will be still better for exports.

THE HUB OF SOCIETY.

NOT interested in that, are you? Well, it must have been a pretty gay little place before the war. Peter saw to that. He was determined to make it the centre of social life from the start, and commanded the "proprietor of more than 500 souls" to build houses at Petrograd and stay there all winter. So that set the fashion. It is pretty dull just now. The theatres are poor (they are better in Moscow, which is a more interesting city from a tourist's point of view, being more distinctively Russian). The music was fine—what there was of it—but the Russian ballet flourishes better in New York. The chief dancer there, I have forgotten her name, seems to be a success, she lives in a beautiful palace on the Neva given to her by two Grand Dukes, who admire her greatly, though she is said to prefer a humble stage carpenter.

"Why isn't he at the war?"

"Well, perhaps he is; in that case she will have to make the best of the Grand Dukes, who are decidedly over the age-limit, and employ a female carpenter."

"Were the women there doing men's work?"

"They were acting as tram conductors, driving cabs, and that sort of thing. I got so used to that in London, that I hardly think of it as men's work. It looks rather silly to see them at it here, but I suppose the poorer class of Russian women did their share of work even before the war."

"Did they look nice?"

"Most of the Russian women I saw were as ugly as sin."

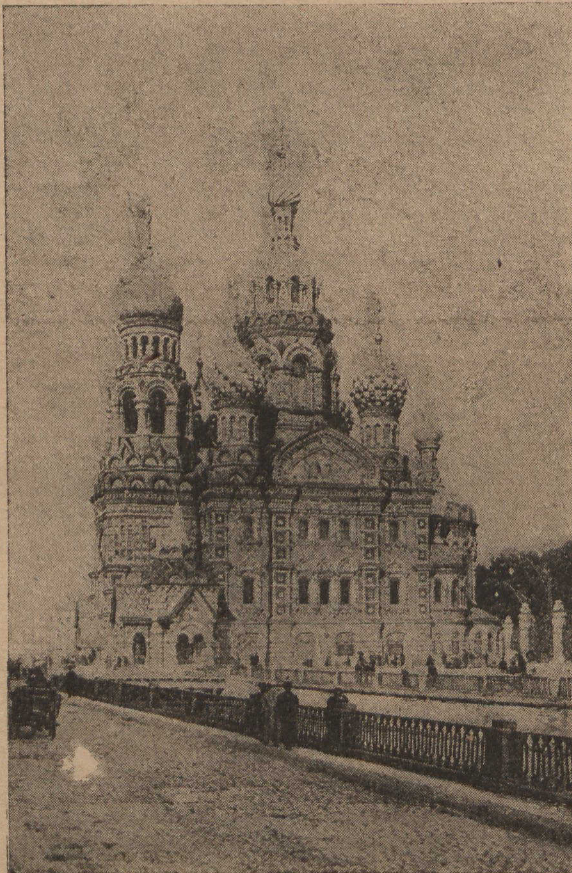
"But the Grand Duchesses are beautiful!"

"Or else they have good photographers. They certainly look handsome in their pictures. The Czarina and the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana have just gone in for nursing, as well as all the other high born Russian ladies. And the women who can afford it are all adopting wounded soldiers—jolly sporty of them, I call it. Some say that one of those girls will be the future Queen of England, but the Princess Iolanda of Italy seems more likely. Two other possible husbands for them are, Prince Carol of Roumania, and the Crown Prince of Serbia."

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL.

"DID you see any hospitals?" was the next question.

"Hospitals! Every other house in Petrograd has been turned into one. There are said to be a million wounded in the city. I went through the Anglo-Russian hospital, which is under the immediate patronage of the Czarina (who visits it frequently) and Queen Alexandra. It belongs to the Grand Duke



Church of the Resurrection in Petrograd.

Demetrius Pavlovitch, who still occupies rooms in a corner of the first floor. The palace faces Nevsky Prospect, and its long side overlooks a canal. It contains a most beautiful chapel, and Lady Sybil Grey, who was then in charge, took me over all the hospital. It is very large and well-equipped. Canadians, she told me, gave $50,000 towards it. I also saw Miss Cotton, of Toronto, daughter of General Cotton, who was also there, but since both her brothers were killed she went to England and is now nursing. Just before I left Petrograd, Lady Muriel Paget arrived to take charge, and Lady Sybil Grey went with the British Red Cross to the Russian front, where, as you know, she was wounded in the cheek, during hand-grenade practice."

"It must make everyone horribly depressed to have so many wounded about?"

"Not at all, they are most optimistic, and justly so. They claim to have six million men at the front, a million in training, and a million in reserve. They seem to be well equipped, too. Japan is one great arsenal working for Russia. That is one reason why exchange is so low. Russia's trade was largely with Germany. But they have a Russian proverb—'The German may be a good fellow, but it is better to hang him.' There is splendid opportunity for Canada to jump in and capture the trade.

"The Russian soldier is without doubt the finest soldier I have ever seen. His uniform, with its Russian blouse, is very smart, and the men are so young and strong, they make the English Tommy look insignificant. It is interesting to see the transformation from the peasant to the soldier. He arrives from Siberia slouching along, very hairy, a pack on his back. He has little or no education. (Even in the capital one-third of the people cannot read or write). In six months he is erect, alert, well-groomed. They are like animals: they can sleep anywhere, eat anything, and not being accustomed to luxuries, don't miss them. 'It is a poor soldier who does not aspire to be a general,' is a Russian saying, so I think they must all cherish that hope."

DRINK MADE DIFFICULT.

"DOES it cost an awful lot to live in Petrograd?" we asked.

"The hotel prices are about the same as New York, but the wines were very expensive."

"Wines"—we gasped.

"Yes, horribly. And Vodka is the most loathsome stuff I ever tasted—if they gave us the real thing, which I doubt."

"But they have prohibition!"

"Of course, foolish one; that was why they were expensive. Prohibition is always expensive. It sends the price away up. The big hotels and restaurants all have to pay such an enormous percentage to the police. Our first experience was at the Cafe de Paris. We ordered a bottle of wine. It tasted like the 'vin ordinaire' that is included in a two-franc-fifty dinner in Paris, and they charged 35 rubles. A ruble is worth only fifty cents now, but even so, we decided to remain tee-totalers during our stay in Russia, and we did so till our trunks arrived, then we had to celebrate!

"Yes, I spent two joyless weeks in Petrograd in my steamer clothes. Our luggage got lost somewhere in Sweden. . . ."

"Yes, we heard all about that."

"Well, I tell you it was no joke, so you can imagine our jubilation when it finally arrived. I said I would treat the crowd to a bottle of champagne, no matter what it cost; but they decided that one bottle would be pretty slim for four men, so voted for brandies and sodas instead. The brandy arrived in a pint ginger-ale bottle. It was one-third full, and the cost was 22 rubles!"

"What I want to know is, are the policemen in Petrograd women?"

"Now look here, this is not a gramophone record, but a human throat subject to all the weaknesses thereof."

And so our desire for further knowledge about Russia was crushed. But I am still pondering the question of policewomen. It should be a remunerative profession in Ontario just now!

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disrupted barricade,
When Spring comes round with rustling shade,
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—Alan Seeger, in the North American.
(Seeger was killed in battle at Belloy-en-Santer.)

PICTORIAL DIVERSIONS

Little Holiday Week Pleasantries of the Roundabout Camera.

THE semi-nude revellers in the top picture are Englishmen—having a "tub" in ice-cold water. The idea is that where so many fellows are having a tough time in the trenches, why should the old folks at home not be uncomfortable?

The young lady to the left has been cruelly treated. The engraver very unkindly removed all the snow from her picture. In the original she was standing in a snowdrift—dressed or undressed as she is here. Her name is Paula Stanley—English, too; and she takes icy-plunges every morning.

There was, until a few days ago, a Christmas tree 30 feet high on Broadway, lit up with 935 electric bulbs—all for the casual kiddies.

The soldier in the strange boat below had to carry a message across Lake Doiran. So he made a boat out of old boxes and oil cans.

And the young Frenchman pauses once again to be polite to—another one.

KING—OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

A New Serial Story

A Tale of Daring and Deep Intrigue in India During the Great War---and how a Captain Encountered the Famed Yasmini, in the Very Shadow of the Himalayas

By TALBOT MUNDY

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"WHO'D take all that stuff to Europe, where they make it?" he reflected. "And what 'u'd they use camel harness for in France?"

At his leisure—in his own way, that was devious and like a string of miracles —he filtered toward the telegraph office. The native who had followed him all this time drew closer, but he did not let himself be troubled by that.

He whispered proof of his identity to the telegraph clerk, who was a Royal Engineer, new to that job that morning, and a sealed telegram was handed to him at once. The "shadow" came very close indeed, presumably to try and read over his shoulder from behind, but he side-stepped into a corner and read the telegram with his back to the wall.

It was in English, no doubt to escape suspicion; and because it was war-time, and the censorship had closed on India like a throttling string, it was not in code. So the wording, all things considered, had to be ingenious, for the Mirza Ali, of the Fort, Bombay, to whom it was addressed, could scarcely be expected to read more than between the lines. The lines had to be there to read between.

"Cattle intended for slaughter," it ran, "despatched Bombay on Fourteen down. Meet train. Will be inspected en route, but should be dealt with carefully on arrival. Cattle inclined to stampede owing to bad scare received to North of Delhi. Take all precautions and notify Abdul." It was signed "Suliman."

"Good!" he chuckled. "Let's hope we get Abdul, too. I wonder who he is!"

Still uninterested in the man who shadowed him, he walked back to the office window and wrote two telegrams; one to Bombay, ordering the arrest of Ali Mirza of the Fort, with an urgent admonition to discover who his man Abdul might be, and to seize him as soon as found; the other to the station in the north, insisting on close confinement for Suliman.

"Don't let him out on any terms at all!" he wired.

That being all the urgent business, he turned leisurely to face his shadow, and the native met his eyes with the engaging frankness of an old friend, coming forward with outstretched hand. They did not shake hands, for King knew better than to fall into the first trap offered him. But the man made a signal with his fingers that is known to not more than a dozen men in all the world, and that changed the situation altogether.

"Walk with me," said King, and the man fell into stride beside him.

He was a Ranger—which is to say a Rajput who, or whose ancestors had turned Mohammedan. Like many Rajputs, he was not a big man, but he looked fit and wiry; his head scarcely came above the level of King's chin, although his turban distracted attention from the fact. The turban was of silk and unusually large.

The whitest of well-kept teeth, gleaming regularly under a little black waxed mustache, betrayed no trace of betel-nut or other nastiness, and neither his fine features nor his eyes suggested vice of the sort that often undermines the character of Rajput youth.

On second thoughts, and at the next opportunity to see them, King was not so sure that the eyes were brown, and he changed his opinion about their colour a dozen times within the hour. Once he would even have sworn they were green.

The man was well-to-do, for his turban was of costly silk, and he was clad in expensive Jodpur riding breeches and spurred black riding boots, all perfectly immaculate. The breeches, baggy above and tight below, suggested the clean lines of cat-like agility and strength.

THE upper part of his costume was semi-European. He was a regular Rangar dandy, of the type that can be seen playing polo almost any day at Mount Abu—that gets into mischief with a grace due to practice and heredity—but that does not manage its estates too well, as a rule, nor pay its debts in a hurry.

"My name is Rewa Gunga," he said, in a low voice, looking up sidewise at King a shade too guilelessly. Between Cape Comorin and the Northern Ice guile is normal, and its absence makes the wise suspicious.

"I am Captain King."

"I have a message for you."

"From whom?"

"From her!" said the Rangar, and without exactly knowing why, or being pleased with himself, King felt excited.

They were walking toward the station exit. King had a trunk check in his hand, but returned it to his pocket, not proposing just yet to let the Rangar overhear instructions regarding the trunk's destination; he was too good-looking and too overbrimming with personal charm to be trusted thus early in the game. Besides, there was that captured knife, that hinted at lies and treachery. Secret signs as well as loot have been stolen before now.

"I'd like to walk through the streets and see the crowd."

He smiled as he said that, knowing well that the average young Rajput of good birth would rather fight a tiger with cold steel than walk a mile or two. He drew fire at once.

"Why walk, King sahib? Are we animals? There is a carriage waiting—her carriage—and a coachman whose ears were born dead. We might be overheard in the street. Are you and I children, tossing stones into a pool to watch the rings widen!"

"Lead on, then," answered King.

Outside the station was a luxuriously modern victoria, with C springs and rubber tires, with horses that would have done credit to a viceroy. The Rangar motioned King to get in first, and the moment they were both seated the Rajput coachman set the horses to going like the wind. Rewa Gunga opened a jeweled cigarette case.

"Will you have one?" he asked, with the air of royalty entertaining a blood-equal.

KING accepted a cigarette for politeness' sake and took occasion to admire the man's slender wrist, that was doubtless hard and strong as woven steel, but was not much more than half the thickness of his own.

The Rajputs as a race are proud of their wrists and hands. Their swords are made with a hilt so small that none save a Rajput of the blood could possibly use one; yet there is no race in all warring India, nor any in the world, that bears a finer record for hard fighting and sheer derring-do. One of the questions that occurred to King that minute was why this well-bred youngster whose age he guessed at twenty-two or so had not turned his attention to the army.

"My height!"

The man had read his thoughts!

"Not quite tall enough. Besides—you are a soldier, are you not? And do you fight?"

He nodded toward a dozen water-buffaloes, that slouched along the street with wet goatskin mussuks slung on their blue flanks.

"They can fight," he said, smiling. "So can any other fool!" Then, after a minute of rather strained silence: "My message is from her."

"From Yasmini?"

"Who else?"

King accepted the rebuke with a little inclination of the head. He spoke as little as possible, because he was puzzled. He had become conscious of a puzzled look in the Rangar's eyes—of a subtle wonderment that might be intentional flattery (for Art and the East are one). Whenever the East is doubtful, and recognizes doubt, it is as dangerous as a hillside in the rains, and it only added to his problem if the Rangar found in him something inexplicable. The West can only get the better of the East when the East is too cock-sure.

"She has jolly well gone North!" said the Rangar, suddenly, and King shut his teeth with a snap. He sat bolt upright, and the Rangar allowed himself to look amused.

"When? Why?"

"She was too jolly well excited to wait, sahib! She is of the North, you know. She loves the North, and the men of the 'Hills'; and she knows them because she loves them. There came a tar (telegram) from Peshawur, from a general, to say King sahib comes to Delhi; but already she had completed all arrangements here. She was in a great stew, I can assure you. Finally she said, 'Why should I wait?' Nobody could answer her."

HE spoke English well enough. Few educated foreign gentlemen could have spoken it better, although there was the tendency to use slang that well-bred natives insist on picking up from British officers; and as he went on, here and there the native idiom crept through, translated. King said nothing, but listened and watched, puzzled more than he would have cared to admit by the look in the Rangar's eyes. It was not suspicion—nor respect. Yet there was a suggestion of both.

"At last she said, 'It is well; I will not wait! I know of this sahib. He is a man whose feet stand under him and he will not tread my growing flowers into garbage! He will be clever enough to pick up the end of the thread that I shall leave behind and follow it and me! He is a true hound, with a nose that reads the wind, or the general sahib never would have sent him!'—so she left me behind, sahib, to—to present to you the end of the thread of which she spoke."

King tossed away the stump of the cigarette and rolled his tongue round the butt of a fresh cheroot. The word "hound" is not necessarily a compliment in any of a thousand Eastern tongues and gains little by translation. It might have been a slip, but the East takes advantage of its own slips as well as of other peoples' unless watched.

The carriage swayed at high speed round three sharp corners in succession before the Rangar spoke again.

"She has often heard of you," he said then. That was not unlikely but not necessarily true, either. If it were true, it did not help to account for the puzzled look in the Rangar's eyes, that increased rather than diminished.

"I've heard of her," said King.

"Of course! Who has not? She has desired to meet you, sahib, ever since she was told you are the best man in your service."

King grunted, thinking of the knife beneath his shirt.

"She is very glad that you and she are on the same errand." He leaned forward for the sake of emphasis and laid a finger on King's hand. It was a delicate, dainty finger with an almond nail. "She is very glad. She is far more glad than you imagine, or than you would believe. King sahib, she is all bucked up about it! Listen—her web is wide! Her agents are here—there—everywhere, and she is obeyed as few kings have ever been! Those agents shall all be held answerable for your life, sahib—for she has said so! They are one and all your body-guard, from now forward!"

King inclined his head politely, but the weight of the knife inside his shirt did not encourage credulity. True, it might not be Yasmini's knife, and the Rangar's emphatic assurance might not be an unintentional admission that the man who had tried to use it was Yasmini's man. But when a man has formed the habit of deduction, he deduces as he goes along, and is prone to believe what his instinct tells him.

AGAIN, it was as if the Rangar read a part of his thoughts, if not all of them. It is not difficult to counter that trick, but to do it a man must be on his guard, or the East will know what he has thought and what he is going to think, as many have discovered when it was too late.

"Her men are able to protect anybody's life from any God's number of assassins, whatever may lead you to think the contrary. From now forward your life is in her men's keeping!"

"Very good of her, I'm sure," King murmured. He was thinking of the general's express order to apply for a "passport" that would take him into Khinjan Caves—mentally cursing the necessity for asking any kind of favour—and wondering whether to ask this man for it or wait until he should meet Yasmini. He had about made up his mind that to wait would be quite within a strict interpretation of his orders,

as well as infinitely more agreeable to himself, when the Rangar answered his thoughts again as if he had spoken them aloud.

"She left this with me, saying I am to give it to you! I am to say that wherever you wear it, between here and Afghanistan, your life shall be safe and you may come and go!"

King stared. The Rangar drew a bracelet from an inner pocket and held it out. It was a wonderful, barbaric thing of pure gold, big enough for a grown man's wrist, and old enough to have been hammered out in the very womb of time. It looked almost like ancient Greek, and it fastened with a hinge and clasp that looked as if they did not belong to it and might have been made by a not very skilful modern jeweler.

"Won't you wear it?" asked Rewa Gunga, watching him. "It will prove a true talisman! What was the name of the Johnny who had a lamb to rub? Aladdin? It will be better than what he had! He could only command a lot of bogies. This will give you authority over flesh and blood! Take it, sahib!"

So King put it on, letting it slip up his sleeve out of sight—with a sensation as the snap closed of putting handcuffs on himself. But the Rangar looked relieved.

"That is your passport, sahib! Show it to a Hillman whenever you suppose yourself in danger. The Raj might go to pieces, but while Yasmini lives——"

"Her friends will boast about her, I suppose!"

King finished the sentence for him because it is not considered good form for natives to hint at possible dissolution of the Anglo-Indian Government. Everybody knows that the British will not govern India forever, but the British—who know it best of all, and work to that end most fervently—are the only ones encouraged to talk about it.

For a few minutes after that Rewa Gunga held his peace, while the carriage swayed at breakneck speed through the swarming streets. They had to drive slower in the Chandni Chowk, for the ancient Street of the Silversmiths that is now the mart of Delhi was ablaze with crude colours, and was thronged with more people than ever since '57. There were a thousand signs worth studying by a man who could read them.

King, watching and saying nothing, reached the conclusion that Delhi was in hand—excited undoubtedly, more than a bit bewildered, watchful, but in hand. Without exactly knowing how he did it, he grew aware of a certain confidence that underlay the surface fuss. After that the sea of changing patterns and raised voices ceased to have any particular interest for him and he lay back against the cushions to pay stricter attention to his own immediate affairs.

He did not believe for a second the lame explanation Yasmini had left behind. She must have some good reason for wishing to be first up the Khyber, and he was very sorry indeed she had slipped away. It might be only jealousy, yet why should she be jealous? It might be fear—yet why should she be afraid?

It was the next remark of the Rangar's that set him entirely on his guard, and thenceforward whoever could have read his thoughts would have been more than human. Perhaps it is the most dominant characteristic of the British race that it will not defend itself until it must. He had known of that thought-reading trick ever since his ayah (native nurse) taught him to lisp Hindustanee; just as surely he knew that its impudent, repeated use was intended to sap his belief in himself. There is not much to choose between the native impudence that dares intrude on a man's thoughts, and the insolence that understands it, and is rather too proud to care.

"I'll bet you a hundred dibs," said the Rangar, "that she jolly well didn't fancy your being on the scene ahead of her! I'll bet you she decided to be there first and get control of the situation! Take me? You'd lose if you did! She's slippery, and quick, and like all women, she's jealous!"

The Rangar's eyes were on his, but King was not to be caught again. It is quite easy to think behind a fence, so to speak, if one gives attention to it.

"She will be busy presently fooling those Afridis," he continued, waving his cigarette. "She has fooled them always, to the limit of their bally bent. They all believe she is their best friend in the world—oh, dear, yes, you bet they do! And so she is—so she is—but not in the way they think! They believe she plots with them against the Raj! Poor silly devils! Yet Yasmini loves them! They want war—blood—loot! It is all they think about! They are seldom satisfied unless their wrists and elbows are bally well red with other people's gore! And while they are picturing the loot, and the slaughter of unbelievers—(as if they believed anything but foolishness themselves!)—Yasmini plays her own game, for amusement and power—a good game—a deep game! You have seen already how India has to ask her aid in the 'Hills'! She loves power, power, power—not for its name, for names are nothing, but to use it. She loves the feel of it! Fighting is not power! Blood-letting is foolishness. If there is any blood spilt it is none of her doing—unless——"

"Unless what?" asked King.

"Oh—sometimes there were fools who interfered. You can not blame her for that."

"You seem to be a champion of hers! How long have you known her?"

The Rangar eyed him sharply.

"A long time. She and I played together when we were children. I know her whole history—and that is something nobody else in the world knows but she herself. You see, I am favoured. It is because she knows me very well that she chose me to travel North with you, when you start to find her in the 'Hills'!"

King cleared his throat, and the Rangar nodded, looking into his eyes with the engaging confidence of a child who never has been refused anything, in or out of reason. King made no effort to look pleased, so the Rangar drew on his resources.

"I have a letter from her," he stated blandly.

From a pocket in the carriage cushions he brought out a silver tube, richly carved in the Kashmiri style and closed at either end with a tightly fitting silver cap. King accepted it and drew the cap from one end. A roll of scented paper fell on his lap, and a puff of hot wind combined with a lurch of the carriage springs came near to lose it for him; he snatched it just in time and unrolled it to find a letter written to himself in Urdu, in a beautiful flowing hand.

Urdu is perhaps the politest of written tongues and lends itself most readily to indirectness; but since he did not expect to read a catalogue of exact facts, he was not disappointed.

Translated, the letter ran:

"To Athelstan King sahib, by the hand of Rewa Gunga. Greeting. The bearer is my well-trusted servant, whom I have chosen to be the sahib's guide until Heaven shall be propitious and we meet. He is instructed in all that he need know concerning what is now in hand, and he will tell by word of mouth such things as ought not to be written. By all means let Rewa Gunga travel with you, for he is of royal blood, of the House of Ketchwaha and will not fail you. His honour and mine are one. Praying that the many gods of India may heap honours on your honour's head, providing each his proper attribute toward entire ability to succeed in all things, but especially in the present undertaking,

"I am Your Excellency's humble servant,

"YASMINI."

He had barely finished reading it when the coachman took a last corner at a gallop and drew the horses up on their haunches at a door in a high white wall. Rewa Gunga sprang out of the carriage before the horses were quite at a standstill.

"Here we are!" he said, and King, gathering up the

(Continued on page 28.)

IN disguise and under an assumed name, Mrs. F. Sheehy Skeffington escaped from Ireland without the knowledge of the British authorities. She is the widow of the Irish editor and poet, who was shot without trial in Dublin during the rebellion; and her friends are planning an extensive lecture campaign for her in the United States, when she will tell her side of the death of her husband.

MRS. L. D. HARRIS, the pioneer "Policewoman" of Vancouver, was appointed to the force four years ago, in response to the demands of women's organizations. She had much opposition to meet at first, but the condition of delinquent women and girls in the city jails has been much improved through her work.

LORD CURZON, former Viceroy of India, is to marry the Southern beauty, Mrs. Grace Elvina Duggan. She is now on her way to London from Buenos Ayres, where her first husband died about a year ago. Mrs. Duggan was born in Alabama; her future husband is now Lord Curzon, President of Premier Lloyd George's War Cabinet, and is an Irishman by birth.

IS THERE A RAILWAY MUDDLE?

Fifth of a Series of Articles on the Railway Situation in Canada

V—WHY THE RAILWAYS BUILT INTO BRITISH COLUMBIA

By C. PRICE-GREEN

WE have in Canada three transcontinental railways. The Canadian Pacific was completed from Montreal to Vancouver in the early eighties. The men who built that road had no choice but to build it across the mountains through the Province of British Columbia to a port on the Pacific. The primary purpose of the undertaking was to connect British Columbia with Eastern Canada, and thus carry out the terms of the Union. We may, therefore, take it for granted that no one now objects to our senior transcontinental having built into and across the Province of British Columbia. Much criticism, however, has been directed against similar, or what is sometimes rather unreasonably called "parallel" construction by the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern.

The advocates of what we might call "bobtailed transcontinentals" argue that neither the Grand Trunk Pacific, nor the Canadian Northern should have built through the unsettled regions of Ontario, or across the mountains. They say that these roads should have acquired running rights over the Canadian Pacific along the north shore of Lake Superior. Whether they will have the hardihood to suggest that all three roads should have crossed the mountains on the one right of way, we are unable to predict. We submit, however, that the junior transcontinentals had little choice but to build across the mountains, and we believe that the future will vindicate their extension to the Pacific Coast.

Fully fifteen years ago there rose a vehement and persistent demand for a transcontinental railway to compete with the Canadian Pacific. It was in response to this demand that the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada acquired a terminal site at Port Simpson, and declared its willingness to extend its system westward from North Bay across the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Those who recall the discussion in this country over the Alaskan Award will also remember that Canada's chief complaint arose from the fact that territory was ceded to the United States which so commanded Port Simpson as to make that place unavailable as the terminal port of a transcontinental railway.

In 1903-4 it was definitely settled that the Dominion Government and the Grand Trunk between them should construct a line of railway from Moncton, N.B., to a port on the Pacific Coast north of Vancouver. The new line was to open up a new country as far as possible, and to run westward from Winnipeg to Edmonton. Thence it was to cross the mountains by the Yellowhead Pass, and run through British Columbia to what is now the port of Prince Rupert. Many objections were taken to the bargain made by the Government with the Railway Company, but no one suggested that the new line should stop at the foothills of the Rockies, or go south from Edmonton to Calgary, and thence west over the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver. Many alternative plans were proposed, but none of them, as we remember, contemplated that the new line should not cross the mountains on its own right of way, and establish a new port for itself on the Pacific Coast.

THUS, the Grand Trunk Pacific, as the Western Division of the National Transcontinental, was constructed after its merits and demerits had been the subject of bitter controversy at two Dominion general elections. But the line, under more or less Government supervision, was built slowly, and even when completed did not satisfy the popular demand for a transcontinental railway to compete with the Canadian Pacific. The new Trunk line with branch lines and feeders yet to be constructed, did not furnish the desired competition. The two roads were everywhere far apart in the Province of British Columbia. On the Prairies a far greater percentage of the grain grown was gathered by the Canadian Northern, which, in 1911, was finding its way to Atlantic tide-water, but as yet had no access to the Pacific. A general demand for the construction of a third transcontinental was heard, especially in the West, where men were quicker to realize the tremendous results that might ensue from the opening of the Panama Canal. Parliament, in passing some legislation in 1911, respecting the Canadian Northern line between Montreal and Port Arthur, clearly indicated its desire that the road should extend without delay from sea to sea, and took occasion to solemnly declare:

"Whereas, having regard to the growth of population and the rapid development of the production and trade of that portion of Canada lying west of the Great Lakes, and to the rapidly expanding trade and commerce of Canada generally, it is in the interests of Canada as a whole that another line of railway—designed to assist in the direct and economic interchange of traffic between the Eastern and Western provinces of Canada, to open up and develop portions as yet without railway facilities, to promote the internal and foreign trade of Canada, to develop commerce through Canadian ports, and to afford the government system of railways in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, an interchange of through traffic—should be constructed from the Pacific Coast to the city of Montreal."

The third transcontinental, therefore, was not to be of the bobtailed variety; it was not to extend from the foothills of the Rockies to the city of Montreal, but "from the Pacific Coast to the city of Montreal."

Evidently a great railway system, with many branches and feeders, extending from the ports of the St. Lawrence, through the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, was bound in any event to enter British Columbia. But there were commanding reasons in 1911 and 1912 for the Canadian Northern pressing on to the sea.

At that time, it must be remembered, that the whole commercial world was awaiting with keen interest the opening of the Panama Canal. It seemed to mean, and we think it will eventually mean, that nearly one-half of the grain crop of Western Canada must find its way to Europe via the Pacific Coast.

We can all remember the grain blockades and grain embargoes that used to occur every year at the head of the lakes. The farmer, who could not sell his wheat before the close of navigation, was glad to take almost what he could get for it. Until the National Transcontinental and the Canadian Northern built their up-to-date lines from Winnipeg and Port Arthur East only ten per cent. of all the grain grown in the West found its way to tide-water by an all rail route.

These new lines, with their favourable grades, manifested their ability to haul grain East all-rail at costs which were not prohibitive. But, unfortunately, the Great Lakes are not alone vulnerable to the effects of frost; the ports of the St. Lawrence are closed during the five months when the grain should be moving in largest volume, and St. John, N.B., the nearest Canadian winter port, is 483 miles further on. Taking Saskatoon as the centre of the grain growing prairies, this means an average haul of 2,400 miles before grain can be landed at the Canadian Atlantic seaboard. From North Battleford to Vancouver is substantially the same distance as from North Battleford to Port Arthur, and taking into account the shipping charges from Port Arthur to the Atlantic seaboard it is reasonable to expect that for all the vast country lying between Battleford and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains the Panama Canal route will be the natural highway to British and European markets. From Saskatoon, which we have assumed to be the centre of the wheat belt, to Vancouver, the distance is 1,287 miles shorter than the overland route to St. John, N.B., the nearest of all-year-open ports on the Canadian Atlantic seacoast.

A grain gathering road in Western Canada had, therefore, no choice in 1911 and 1912 but to find a port on the Pacific. All the American Transcontinentals were spending gigantic sums in replacement, and reconstruction work across the mountains. They were double tracking, tunnelling, and reducing as far as they could their grades and curvatures, and enlarging their terminals on the Coast. Our own Canadian Pacific about that time commenced its famous Rogers Pass Tunnel in an endeavour to facilitate, as far as possible, access to the Pacific. It is true that up to date not much traffic has passed through the Canal. This is due to a variety of causes, among which the war is predominant, but the success of the Canal as a grain route is assured. 303,124 tons of grain were carried through the Canal in the first year of its operation. The Dominion Government has opened a million bushel elevator at Vancouver, and we learn from the daily press that the Canadian Pacific is about to erect huge elevators at the same port which will cost in the neighbourhood of $15,000,000.

At the present time it is said that there is a project on foot for the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways to spend fifty million dollars in building a thirty-mile tunnel through the Mountains to obtain access to the Pacific Coast on a favourable grade. This enormous expenditure by the American Roads is considered quite warranted, though it would result in their obtaining a grade three-tenths of one per cent. less favourable than that prevailing on the Canadian Northern for Westbound traffic.

WE can best realize how important a port on the Pacific was to Canadian transcontinental railways, in view of the opening of the new short-cut route to Europe, when we recall that under normal conditions eighty per cent. of the exports of the Dominion consist of raw materials, and more than one-half of the raw materials are grain, and particularly the kind of grain grown in the prairie provinces. The traffic of the Canadian Northern at that time contained, and for that matter still contains, a larger percentage of commodities destined for export trade than any of the other railways. It was, therefore, inexorably driven to find an outlet as soon as possible on the Pacific Coast.

Of course the ships that carry grain from the western coast of North America to continental Europe will return laden with goods for import, and in normal times carry immigrants to the United States and Canada. Before the war steamship companies were selling tickets from Berlin to San Francisco for thirty-five dollars, and they hoped to land 200,000 immigrants on the Pacific Coast during 1915. These hopes and expectations have been temporarily blighted, but few will dispute that after the war as many European immigrants will come to America through Pacific ports as will come through Atlantic ports. There is also likely to be many vessels in the near future plying in the coastal trade between Atlantic and Pacific ports via the Panama Canal. Their activities may considerably diminish the revenues of the transcontinental railways from through traffic, but they will create an ever increasing demand for transportation facilities from cities on the Pacific Coast to points in the interior.

We have dwelt at some length upon the great economic changes that are bound to flow from the opening of the Panama Canal. But had that Canal never been completed all three transcontinental roads would have found plenty of traffic in the ever increasing Oriental trade, and in the development of the almost boundless resources of British Columbia. About these resources we will have a word to say, but in the meantime it may be well enough to consider and briefly discuss some popular misapprehensions respecting the railway situation in British Columbia.

UNTIL the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific there was little railway development, even on the mainland of British Columbia, except in the southern part. The Grand Trunk Pacific was built to Prince Rupert more than 500 miles north of Vancouver, and opened up a portion of the Province which up to that time had no railway service whatever. The Canadian Northern opened up still other territory not served by either the Canadian Pacific or the Grand Trunk Pacific. We are constantly being told that in British Columbia the Canadian Northern runs side by side for miles with the Grand Trunk Pacific and then for even a longer distance parallels the Canadian Pacific. As a matter of fact, it only parallels the Grand Trunk Pacific in that Province for a distance of fifty miles. Then it makes its way as a pioneer railway with no competitors through the valleys of the Albreda and North Thompson. The Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern are on opposite sides of the valleys of the Main Thompson and the Fraser, and it will not be denied that the construction of the Canadian Northern opened to settlement many fertile districts in those valleys that had been practically inaccessible for lack of railway facilities.

It may be argued with some force that the Grand Trunk Pacific made a mistake in locating its port so far north as Prince Rupert, but we must remember that when its line was located little thought was

given to the importance of the Panama Canal. Quite possibly, however, before long the Grand Trunk Pacific will be able to reach Vancouver over the Pacific and Great Eastern. The Canadian Northern mountain section was projected at a time when the attention of the railway world was fastened upon the new Isthmian waterway hastening to completion. Naturally that road, therefore, chose Vancouver as its port rather than Prince Rupert. At the same time the builders of the C. N. R. quite wisely avoided the route adopted by the senior transcontinental with its almost prohibitive maximum grade of 2.2 per cent.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was built before the importance of grade reduction was fully appreciated, and is handicapped by heavy grades which naturally affect the cost of haul, more especially on low rate traffic. The Grand Trunk Pacific, which has more favourable grades than the Canadian Pacific, is handicapped by distance. Traffic originating at Edmonton, and destined for Europe via the Panama Canal has further to go to reach Prince Rupert than to reach Vancouver, and at Prince Rupert it is over 500 miles further away from the Canal.

The Canadian Northern, being the last to be built, was able to profit by the experiences of its competitors. The Company set out to build in the Rockies after the value of favourable grades had been determined, and took full advantage of its opportunities. With the exception of 60 miles in the Albreda Pass (affected by seven-tenths of one per cent. compensating grade eastbound) the Canadian Northern traverses the Rocky Mountains with a maximum of five-tenths of one per cent.

The advocates of bobtailed transcontinentals have no objection, apparently, to any other province of the Dominion except British Columbia being served by all three of our great railway systems, and one might, therefore, infer that they underestimate the vast resources, and the almost limitless possibilities of our province on the Pacific Coast. We feel justified, therefore, in saying a word about these resources and the traffic which is being produced in the Province of British Columbia.

According to the standards of the Prairie Provinces, the arable lands of British Columbia are limited. But along the line of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific alike, are a number of districts, while in themselves comparatively small in the aggregate, under intensive cultivation will produce a very substantial traffic. The advantages of intensive cultivation rather than extensive cultivation, to the railways, may be best illustrated by some comparison made from official records between the acreage crop production of British Columbia, and the adjoining Province of Alberta. The average yield of fall wheat in Alberta for the period of 1910-14 was 20.64 bushels per acre; and in British Columbia was 30.35 bushels per acre. The average yield of oats in Alberta was 41.09 bushels per acre, while in British Columbia it was 54.13. In Alberta, potatoes yielded 165.80 bushels to the acre, and in British Columbia 209.32 bushels to the acre. The Alberta average of alfalfa was 2.62 tons to the acre, while in British Columbia it was 4.13, or an increase of nearly sixty per cent. This comparison might be continued through the entire range of field products.

It is, of course, in vegetables and fruits, of which Alberta is not a producer, that intensive cultivation gives the best result to the carrier. Under average methods, as practised in British Columbia, it is estimated that intensive cultivation will support thirty families to the square mile, as compared with three or four under the extensive methods which prevail in the Prairie Provinces. But probably enough has been said to show that a railway has other standards than acreage, by which to measure the traffic yield from agricultural land.

But agriculture is not the main industry in British Columbia. That Province has many strings to its bow. We all know that its fisheries are famous throughout the world. Halibut is shipped in large quantities from Vancouver and Prince Rupert to Eastern Canada and the principal cities of the United States. From the latter port these shipments amounted to no less than 7,577,500 lbs. for the three months ending Sept. 30th, 1916. The shipments of halibut from Vancouver for the same period amounted to 2,815,000 lbs. But Vancouver far outstrips Prince Rupert as a shipping point for the salmon packing industry. There are large canneries on the Skeena River and at other points in territory tributary to the Grand Trunk Pacific, but the centre of the industry is on the Fraser River. Some idea of how the salmon packing industry has grown in British Columbia may be gathered from the fact that when the industry was originated, in 1875, the pack was only 10,000 cases of forty-eight pounds each, and in 1915, although that was considered an "off" year, the salmon pack, it is stated, amounted to 1,133,381 cases.

The mineral wealth of British Columbia is proverbial. Gold, silver, lead, zinc, coal, iron, clay and shale are found in great profusion. But none of the native products of the Province bulk in size and value with those of the forest. Following the main line of the Canadian Northern, we have the following figures of timber resources supplied by the Provincial Government:

	From Coast Mills and Territory to Kamloops, Feet	From Kamloops to Yellowhead Pass, Feet.	Totals, Feet.
Douglas Fir ...	10,000,000,000	1,500,000,000	11,000,000,000
Red Cedar	6,000,000,000	1,750,000,000	7,750,000,000
Hemlock........	7,000,000,000	500,000,000	7,500,000,000
Spruce	1,000,000,000	1,200,000,000	2,200,000,000
Balsam Fir ...	400,000,000	600,000,000	1,000,000,000
White Pine ...	10,000,000	50,000,000	60,000,000
West Mt. Pine.	100,000,000	150,000,000	250,000,000
Ledgepole Pine.	20,000,000	100,000,000	120,000,000
Totals	24,530,000,000	8,850,000,000	30,380,000,000

Cedar, which has proved to be the most serviceable wood for the installation of telephone and telegraph lines, and for fence posts, abounds in British Columbia, and is found in vast quantities both on the mainland and on Vancouver Island. Up to date, however, about 80 per cent. of the lumber business is located on the Fraser River, and the traffic it produces is divided between the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern. But we must not forget there are many rich timber limits along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Grain Growers' Grain Company of Canada is about to begin manufacturing lumber upon a large scale at a point near Port George on the G. T. P.

British Columbia is usually reckoned the richest province in Canada, and one of the richest countries in the world. With the opening of the Panama Canal her development will be hastened, and no one can estimate the population that British Columbia will some day support, or the wealth she is bound to pour into the coffers of the world. The historian of the future will smile when he learns that in 1916 men were seriously debating whether three railways should have been built into a country so soon destined to have a population of many millions of people.

MORE RECIPROCITY NEEDED

By FRANK CARREL

Proprietor and Editor, Quebec Telegraph

WE have always believed that a better feeling would be brought about between the French Province of Quebec and the English provinces of the Dominion, but particularly Ontario, by our business and professional men—not politicians.

This conviction is strengthened by the good work that has emanated from the visit of the Ontario Entente Cordiale delegation to our province, and will be further increased by the visit of the Province of Quebec delegates to Ontario in January next.

The commingling of representatives of both provinces, without any political influence, is the only sure method of killing a pernicious movement on the part of politicians to raise enmity between the two races for party ends.

There is no doubt that Bourassaism and Nationalism went too far in the Province of Quebec. It made the farmer think that he was being made a slave of British domination; it engendered a dangerous excitement among students and the youth of the cities, all of which ultimately threw odium upon the French-Canadian race of this province, for the reason that they have not the press, nor the channels to refute or stem the gross misrepresentations which were placed upon acts and speech. The leaders of this movement were no doubt out for personal popularity and aggrandizement. The sacrifice of the French-Canadian race to them meant nothing. Bourassaism and Nationalism meant only the payment of homage and tithe to Bourassa. Fortunately, it did not take the French-Canadians long to see through the game, but considerable harm was already done, and it is now taking time to repair the injury.

This will only be brought about by a strong effort on the part of the French-Canadians to break down the false impression which has gone abroad, even into the United States, where it has been circulated by the pro-Germans, that the French-Canadian race of Canada was on the verge of rebelling against taking part in this war.

We know that for years previous to the war Canada permitted German missionaries to sow the seeds of discontent among the French-Canadians. These agents of the Kaiser would not dare to go into any of the other provinces of the Dominion to carry on their nefarious work, but they were allowed to do it in this province. They were permitted, under the very shadow of the British flag, to tell the French-Canadians, who could not call either Great Britain or France their native land, that they would be better off under the German flag than that of Britain. In the village hotel or store the German traveller, educated and speaking fluent French, told wonderful tales of how prosperous the Province of Quebec would be under Teutonic rule, and what the Germans would do for the French-Canadians if they possessed this country. These commercial travellers were probably German professors.

These were the men who sowed the seeds for years in the Province of Quebec, and particularly among the French-Canadians, and taught them to hate England and the English. Then came Bourassaism and Nationalism, which did much the same thing. Then followed the war, and the English-Canadians now ask why the French-Canadians have not responded to the call of duty as they have, which inference the French-Canadians do not admit, as they possibly object to being condemned, ex-parte, or on hearsay evidence.

There are many causes why the French-Canadians have not responded to the call in equally as large numbers as the English-Canadians, and we have no hesitation in saying that the French-Canadians should not be ashamed to make these causes public.

We could enumerate many of them, which are probably well known to our own people here, but they should be put forward throughout the entire provinces of the Dominion, not in a retaliatory way, but in a manner that will appeal to the fair mind of the English-speaking Canadians.

We believe that this will be done through the coalition of the members of the Entente Cordiale of the two provinces, but we would like to suggest that other organizations follow in the wake of the present Entente Cordiale Committee.

Why not organize exchange visits of the French-Canadian university students with those of Ontario? We are sure that a most pleasant visit could be made in either Toronto or Quebec.

But, above all, Canadians must bear in mind that the agitators of this province and the agitators of Ontario, the men who are trying to make reputations and gain popularity, finding fault and piffling over little things, omitting the greater issues, do not represent the views of the large majority of the French or English-Canadians.

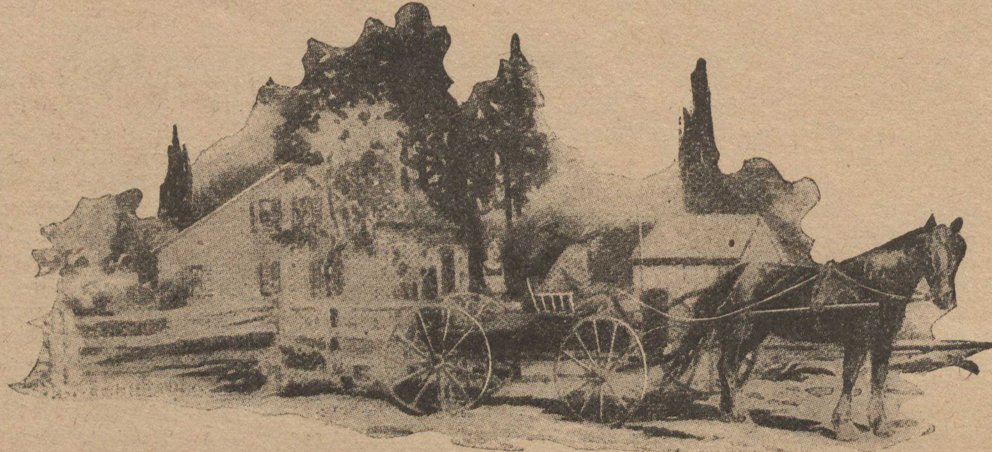
Let the politician who would separate the two races for the profit of his party be branded with pro-German views, and let not the true Canadian patriot forget that at this stage of the war crisis we must stand united for a common cause, not only against militarism and barbarism, but those who retard recruiting by piffling over statistics of how many British and foreign or English and French-Canadians have gone to the front. Let us only think that the casualty lists include all Canadians, no matter where they come from, and greater will be the honour and victory to the largest number of men at the front, whether from England, France, Russia, Quebec or Ontario.

Nor let us forget the cardinal colours in painting the picture of the quiet, law-abiding and peaceful French-Canadian farmers, descendants of the first colonizers of Canada, the pioneers of our lumber industry, the hewers of our virgin forests, the pathfinders of civilization and religion in Canada, and the first navigators of our great lakes and rivers, all of which has meant so much to the British Empire. Shall we forget all these great things that have helped to build and make Canada what it is, because a few politicians, both in this province and in the Dominion, have done their best to produce enmity between the two races, or shall these two races join together with a feeling of just satisfaction that such politicians have met with their true deserts in the complete failure of their selfish motives?

Every nerve and fibre of every Canadian, no matter of what nationality, will be required when this war is over to hold the trade which we now have, and that which we will want to possess, if Canada is to keep prosperity within her border and take her proper place in the British Empire.

THEODOSIA'S SUN-DOG

By
WILLIAM
CHESTER
ESTERBROOK



"Theodosia Came to the Fence to Meet Us."

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HOWARD
HEATH

EVERY Tuesday morning for thirty-two years Oliver M. McVeagh had brought a big white envelope to our little country post office, had sealed and stamped it with emphatic slaps, had poked it through the mailing slit with an emphatic poke, and had turned to those who happened there with an emphatic smile that would have puzzled a stranger, but that never failed to reassure us for whom it was intended.

For we were known to the world only through Oliver M. McVeagh. Without him we would have been what we were in the long ago—when our children were as our grand-children are now and Oliver had not yet "contributed to the press"—an unsung rural neighbourhood of six square miles, plodding our uneventful way from planting to garnering and from garnering around to planting again.

When the world contemplates a community through a single glass, it is well (for the community) that the glass be an excellent one. Oliver was our glass. Never had he focused us wrong. Never had he permitted the hand political, the hand religious, or the hand scandalous to turn him till we were blurred. The world saw us as we were, and since we were properly proud of ourselves, it pleased us to be seen just that way.

I wonder, now, that we withheld so long from him his merited meed of hard-won appreciation. I wonder that we used to jog our horses up a bit when we drove townward past his farm, hoping to escape his column of "Eden" items in the forthcoming Daleville Sun; that we tried to conceal our betrothals from him, the minutiae of our weddings and funerals, the proud bashfulness of our births, and the destination of our long-planned trips.

I wonder, I say, that we ever tried to conceal such things from him, seeing that he always found them out anyway and that somehow or other they never looked so ill in print as we thought they would. Indeed, we got to liking them there, and all because we had learned, at last, to trust ourselves to Oliver M. McVeagh.

Every Tuesday morning in thirty-two years, I have said, found him at the post office with his Eden budget. Perhaps that is putting it too strong, and we are chary of exaggeration in Eden. He did lose out once, when his brother, in a distant state, was dying. I was at his house when the message came and he asked me to wait till he could get ready, so I sat there in his barren, bachelor's parlour while he packed his old-fashioned slick valise and donned his sabbaticals.

"I must stop a minute at Theodosia Parkman's," he said, as we climbed into the buck-board his hired man had brought around.

HE was accustomed to refer to Miss Parkman as "my literary competitor." When I told her about it once she got hopping mad.

"Competitor, indeed!" she sniffed. "Ol McVeagh my competitor! Why, he never wrote a line in his life that was good enough to publish outside the Daleville Sun!" I wish there were some way of indicating in print a modicum of the contempt with which she garnished the Daleville Sun.

I must confess there were people in Eden who put Theodosia in a class clear above Oliver's. She wrote poetry, exclusively, she claimed with fine pride, and it found semi-occasional lodgment in that type of publication which abjures swear words and the names of intoxicating drinks. We know a thing or two in Eden! We know, for instance, that real poetry is as far above ordinary reporting as heaven is above earth. But what we never did settle to everybody's satisfaction was whether the sort of poetry Theodosia wrote was above the sort of reporting Oliver did.

Theodosia was in her garden when we drove up and she came to the fence to meet us. She was a tall, lean woman with superb black eyes and a rather severe face. I can remember when she was called the prettiest girl in Dubois County. Oliver cramped the buckboard to bring it closer and then turned in his seat, draping his long legs over the end.

"Theodosia," he said, "I've got a mighty sick brother back East and I'm hurrying to see him before it's too late. I thought I'd stop and ask if you'd mind gathering a little bunch of news for the Sun? Needn't go to any trouble, you know. Just take whatever comes your way."

SHE was quick in her expression of sympathy for him; she never failed anyone as to that. Indeed, there were folk right in Eden who were cynical enough to declare she would have written better poetry had she been less sympathetic. Even Oliver, who rarely criticised her, once told me he wished to heaven Theodosia would quit drying her eyes long enough to look at her feet—meaning, of course, her poetical ones.

In the first half minute she spent condoling him, I thought I detected a lurking hesitancy to grant the favour he asked. She gave me the impression of sparring for time. Still, I knew there had never been anything evasive about Theodosia Parkman. When she fought, she fought in the open, and when she poked fun at anything she poked it the same way. But she was just as proud as the rest of us, and she must have recalled how often she had ridiculed Oliver's reportorial task. If there was any hesitancy, however, it soon passed.

"I'll do the best I can," she said, "only I must do it in my own way, Oliver."

"That's just what I want you to do, Theodosia," he declared, how heartily I did not at the instant appreciate. "Give yourself full swing. I may have to be gone two weeks. Be sure to send the items in Tuesday morning. You'll have two days to get the first batch off, and I'll give you for a starter what I've got together since the last issue."

He tore a few leaves from his notebook and reached them across the fence to her. "I guess you can make them out," he said. "I'd have had them in better shape if I'd known somebody else was going to use them."

"I'm sure I'll have no trouble at all with them," said she, with a critical glance at the untidy scrawl.

After we had left her, with profound thanks on Oliver's part, I remarked that it took a good deal of courage to ask Theodosia to do a thing she had always given us to understand was quite beneath her talent. Oliver regarded me with a quizzical grin.

"She's been itching for years to show me how to do these Eden items," he said. "Now she's got the chance, we'll see what she makes of it."

He had arranged with me to drive his rig home after his departure from the station, and I was about to pass Theodosia's lane an hour later when she arose from the porch, where she had evidently been awaiting my return, and beckoned me.

"If you're not in a hurry, let the horse stand and come in," she called, and I went up and took a seat on the porch beside her. She had the notebook leaves which Oliver had given her, and her black eyes were dancing.

"I want you to read these items over with me," she chuckled, and we read down the first page:

Ten pound boy at Joe Faber's. Mother and son doing well. Congratulations, Joe.

Davy Hillet is building a five-room cottage with all the conveniences, on his forty opposite Rodney's schoolhouse. Rumour saith he's trebled his visits to a certain farm-house on Wheatly Ridge. Tired of baching, eh, Davy?

Sol Rogers has a bran-new driven well in his dairy yard now. Sol says people were beginning to object to the taste of the old well in his milk.

And so on, down to the bottom of the page. A simple, bucolic narration of the little things that make up life in Eden, told in the vernacular of our community. We had seen it every week for years and we had accustomed ourselves to whatever was wrong or inane or crude about it. At all events, we argued, it lacked the one thing we detested above everything else in Eden—affectation. And that was something!

But I had never realised what a terrible affliction we had endured in Oliver M. McVeagh till that morning on Theodosia's porch. I had not known that country correspondents, if they were like Oliver, had so much to answer for. It was really quite dreadful from Theodosia's point of view. Till then, too, I had never appreciated how silly we had all been to concoct romances—as we had been doing for years—between Oliver and Theodosia, based on their "literary affinity." Indeed, by the time Theodosia had finished her comment on Oliver's items I had quite concluded that "literary" and "affinity" were words clear beyond Cupid's power of hyphenation.

"For twenty years Ol McVeagh has been making Eden ridiculous by this sort of thing," cried she, shaking the poor, mussed leaves challengingly beneath my nose. "Oh, I know how he pooh-poos what it pleases him to call 'cloud-writing.' He's eternally harping on simple facts. But because a thing's simple is no reason it should be left naked! The trouble is that he hasn't any imagination, nor any vocabulary. He's lamentably short on verbal raiment, consequently his poor facts are forced to go strutting around in tights! I think I can promise that you'll see a change in the Eden items for the next two weeks. You may not get so much news, but you'll get what's vastly more important, a certain literary flavour, a delicacy and an imaginative element that will appeal to anyone with an imagination! And I'll see to it that my facts have verbal skirts that will decently cover their knees."

NATURALLY there was no lack of curiosity when we got our next week's Sun. We expected a certain tang of precocity, knowing Theodosia as we did, but we were scarcely prepared for what appeared under our familiar caption:

EDEN.

In the "wee sma' hours" of last Wednesday night there came, straight from elfin-land, a man-child—

". . . little goddikin,
No bigger than a skittlepin,"

who took up his abode in the hospitable home of Mr. Joseph Langdon Faber and Mrs. Eugenia Dale Faber, where he was rapturously received.

O thou, Sweet Child! To be beguiled
By thy infantile mirth,
Is joy supreme to those, I ween,
Who gave thee mortal birth.

Up in the old clover-field opposite Rodney's schoolhouse, where the bees hum and the birds sing and the bloom nods and the sun dapples the meadows, there is heard, these bright summer days, the sound of a solitary hammer.

For Davy Hillet is building a house up there. Handsome Davy Hillet, whom everybody in Eden knows and

loves. Perhaps Davy doesn't call it a house—he'll call it after a while when he's as old as some of the rest of us are now. But let him call it the nest he knows it's going to be. And let it prove not only a nest, but a castle for young love's dreams as well. Speed and strength, say we, to his honest arm, and fulfillment of his sturdy wish.

It isn't necessary to quote her on Sol Rogers's well and other Eden subjects of interest. In the main she made use of the two styles of writing shown above—one intended to be highly poetical, the other that nudgingly intimate style adopted by so many ultra-modern publications. Oliver's list consisted, usually, of some thirty paragraphs, gleaned goodness knows how, for he farmed just as ardently as the rest of us. There were only six of Theodosia's. Naturally, her method of treating them precluded their being very numerous. At the bottom of the column was an editor's note announcing that other items had been omitted for lack of space.

WHAT Eden thought of it was easily learned on Friday morning when the Sun reached us. Old man Farady read the items twice—once without glasses and once with them, to make sure, and leaned over to Daniel Maceman his neighbour.

"What about this here man-child business?" he asked, contemptuously. "What do you understand by a man-child, Dan'el?"

"Jist a plain he-baby," replied Daniel promptly.

"Why the dickens didn't she say so then?" demanded Farady.

"If Theodosia Parkman had the runnin' of them items all the time we'd soon have poetry names for dogs and cats and houses and sich like," vouchsafed another neighbour, savagely.

Just then Davy Hillet came in for his paper.

"Hello, Handsome Davy!" called Maceman; "how's its little bird's nest this morning?"

Some one read the item aloud to Davy, and, circumspect lad that he was, he dropped a comment which I am not at liberty to set down here.

Oliver was gone two weeks and we were anxious to see Theodosia's second budget, but, alas, it never appeared. On that second Thursday, for the first and only time, the name of our beloved Eden was absent from the columns of the Daleville Sun. It was a long time before I learned why. Then, one day, Oliver showed me a battered old letter from Gilsey, the editor, dated about the time of Oliver's return from the East. "Tell that old blue-stocking to whom you delegated your job that I'm neither running a heart-to-heart journal nor compiling an anthology of pink-tea poems," he wrote.

That was the reason Theodosia's second effusion was never printed. It was a terrible blow for her. After that her most ardent partisan could be immediately squelched by the mere intimation of her inability to "correspond" for the Sun. I'm satisfied that Oliver told no one but me. Nevertheless, Eden learned, possibly through Gilsey himself, that the second budget had been ignominiously turned down.

"'What do you understand by a man-child, Dan'el?'"

Some years later Oliver published his "History of Eden Township," a huge blue and gold volume with multitudinous woodcuts of Eden places and faces, sold by subscription only. Theodosia's picture was among the others and the author had fairly outdone himself in a short biographical sketch of her, to which was appended a goodly array of her best verses.

The competitive spirit always soared high in Eden, and it soared just as willingly for our literary output as it did for our more prosaic crops. Oliver's adherents chuckled anew while Theodosia's were plunged still deeper in despair. Theodosia herself, I'm inclined to believe, regarded that portion of the history devoted to her as but a sop thrown to her very natural feeling of envy over her "competitor's" advancement in what the Sun called "the literary world."

"Oliver tells me he has done remarkably well with his book," I said to her one day, nodding to the big volume on her library table. "He thinks he stands to make as much as six hundred dollars on it."

"Indeed! I'm so glad. Gorgeous book, isn't it? So rich in blue and gilt."

It always amused me immensely the way Theodosia could let go a fling like that. "It will take just one more thing to make Eden's pride complete," said I.

"What's that?" she demanded, curiously.

"Your book."

"My book?"

"Yes; you'll have to write one, now that Oliver has had his published."

"Every Tuesday morning at the Post Office with his Eden Budget."

I shall never forget the mingled pleasure and envy and wishfulness that came into her sweetly severe face. I didn't know till then what a pesky thing the literary microbe must be.

"Oh, my book," she laughed, deprecatingly, although one had only to look at her black eyes to see that her book had been a dream insistent. "My book will have to be of different stuff from Oliver's. I can't compile. It will have to be straight out of my heart. I suppose I'm foolish, but do you know I actually feel I couldn't take money for a book like Oliver's. It's too much like making capital out of other people's affairs."

"What about Bancroft and Boswell?"

"Oh, of course I'm silly. But my book will have to come out of my own heart, just the same. And that's the reason it likely will never be published."

"Because it's like you?"

"Because people don't care very much for me, I think," she said, sadly.

I MADE all manner of fun of her for that remark, but it didn't seem to do much good, she was so terribly discouraged. Theodosia's life had not been a particularly happy one. Ever since her brother's death, many years before, she had lived practically alone in the old-fashioned farmhouse he had left her, where, in spite of a most erratic management, she made a living from the few acres that had remained after his debts were paid. She had retained an old serving woman who had long been with the Parkmans, while the farmwork was done by a labourer, who divided his time between his own scant fields and hers, with results that were not always remunerative for her. We had tried, unsuccessfully, but times without number, to get her to change the management of her affairs. "Lemuel suits me exactly," she always retorted. "He mayn't know much about farming, but he understands me, which is more to the point."

One drizzly, cold evening in November I saw her driving the stock in from the fields—Lemuel's chore—and hurrying past a few mornings later, what was my astonishment to see her actually splitting wood in the yard back of the house—another of Lemuel's jobs, of course. I called that person to his door a quarter of a mile farther on. "I saw Miss Parkman splitting wood a minute ago. What's the matter with you?" I demanded.

He grinned slowly. "Nothin' the matter of me," said he; "Miss Parkman's set on doin' her own chorin' this winter. Goin' to 'conomize."

Determined to know what was behind it all, I stopped at Theodosia's on my return and was received where I had never before been received—in the kitchen.

"We've been too busy to start a fire any place else," she explained. "The kitchen won't hurt you for twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes!" I echoed.

"Yes; that's all the time I can spare this morning." And this was Theodosia, who usually stuck to a visitor like a plaster!

"I'll go the minute you tell me what this stock-driving in the rain and his wood-splitting in the cold mean," said I.

THEODOSIA put out her hands for my inspection. She had always been frankly proud of those hands. Now a ribbon of muslin was wrapped about a thumb, a middle finger was in a stall, and the firm whiteness of her skin was marked by sundry scratches.

"Well," said I, "out with it."

"It's 'The Sun-Dog,'" said she, laughing.

I looked at her vaguely. Then I recalled that "The Sun-Dog" was her single poem worth while, one of those exquisite little things mediocrity attains in spite of itself.

"What about it?" I asked.

"I'm going to have it published — along with some others," she began, a hand lifted to stop my incipient applause. "I'm going to do it myself. I've hawked it around from publisher to publisher, and it's no use. They won't take it on their own responsibility. In a thousand years I wouldn't find any one willing to do it. So I'm going to pay for it right out of my own pocket. I'll need six hundred dollars for the first edition, and it's going to take two years of scraping and saving to get the money. Is it plain now? If it is, run along home like a good boy, and let me get back to work."

"Theodosia," I cried, "there are a dozen of us right here in sight who would be tickled to death to loan—" The look in her eyes stopped me. I might have known better than to have suggested such a thing, she was that proud and independent.

"My cake must be paid for when I'm ready to eat it," she said, soberly.

As I hurried away, I couldn't help noticing the big basket by the range, its bottom velvety brown and black with fluffy, newly-hatched chickens; nor the big pile of carpet-rags the old serving woman was sewing in the corner. Chickens and carpet-rags were not the only things Theodosia had neglected. She was the sort of woman who spends hours in her flower garden and buys all her vegetables.

"How comes 'The Sun-Dog'?" I called to her from the road some weeks later.

"Not very fast," she called back, and I thought I detected a quiver in her voice. "I don't seem to be able to learn the incubator. Half my last hatch died."

"Poems?" I asked.

A smile lit her severe face. "I begin to think it would have been better had I let the poems die and turned my attention to chickens."

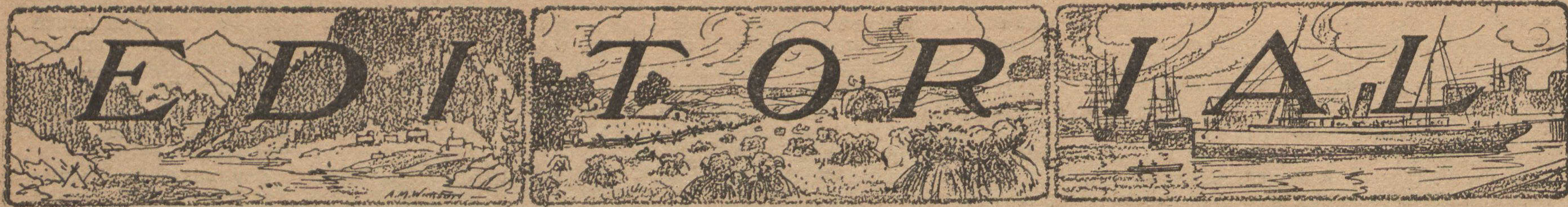
"Nonsense. Cheer up. Oliver says——"

"I don't give a rap what Oliver says!" And she refused to waste any more time on me.

From my own house I could see her quite plainly, at times, tramping across the snowy fields to bring the horses in, or making repeated trips to the chicken-house, or milking the new cow—she had hitherto bought all her milk and butter—or doing the hundred other things about a farm that it is a man's business to do.

One morning in February I had occasion to go very early to the station. It was bitter cold, so cold that a great sun-dog showed in the eastern sky, al-

(Concluded on page 27.)



National Service is Not Voting

SINCE the Government has declined to make signing of the national service cards compulsory, let us hope that the voluntary system will be given a fighting chance. We believe in the voluntary system. But in the case of the national service cards it may already have been carried too far. Voluntarism may defeat the Government's aim by failing to give the information needed. Unless the information is measurably complete it is of no value. National service, taking this phase of a national register, is different from an election. A government may be elected by not only a minority of those who vote, but by a ten per cent minority of those whose business it is to elect Governments. Voting is voluntary. We may make the mistake of inferring that national service cards are as voluntary as the ballot. In that case the Government may easily conclude that as the people would not exercise the voluntary system to the extent of providing this a part of the national register, wholesale compulsion in the form of a conscription measure is the only sequel? We hope not. But had the Government made the national service cards compulsory there would have been no argument to abandon the voluntary system because it had failed to work. One of the best ways to avoid an excuse for conscription out and out is to make the national service cards—do their work.

No Conscription

NATIONAL service is better war service—than conscription. Let Canada do her work. The needs and obligations of Canada in the Empire are great enough to put Canada's weight effectively into the struggle without compulsion. We have only just begun to organize ourselves. Let us continue to do it of our own free will. Canada needs more producers. Conscription may get immediately more soldiers. It will not drill and arm them more quickly. It may do more to swell the reserves. It will do less for production by keeping out of this country the natural immigrants it will get as producers.

Right About Face

POLITICIANS have changed their minds, and private citizens their political convictions over night. It remains for Sir Sam Hughes to execute the most amazing "volte face" ever known in Canada. The day before he resigned from the Cabinet Sir Sam said to the 194th Battalion at Exhibition Camp, Toronto, that Canada would never resort to conscription. Speaking at Lindsay a few days ago he declared that conscription is inevitable. This may be a mark of genius. But it looks very much as if Sir Sam reckoned that with his retirement from the Militia Department the spirit of volunteerism had died. Now that he has quit being Minister of Militia nothing but compulsion is left. We admire the genius of Sam Hughes. Once again we must deprecate his tongue.

America's War Mind

WE must abandon all attempts to understand American war psychology, for the very good reason that the average American does not understand it himself. To expect this understanding would be absurd. America is—neutral. We are belligerents. The difference is simple; but it contains everything. When you are belligerent you do not criticize your acts of war. You just go ahead and make war. It is only when you are a neutral that you have time to make fine distinctions. American editors and publicists have had a long while to think about this war. The American people have done more thinking than any other nation. It was all they had to do. They did it well. Nothing is so final as the neutral editor's dispassionate summing up of the case. Its very lack of passion, its Olympian detachment of intellect gives it a calm, cold compulsion over the minds of other people. Thus we have the New York Tribune:

> Whatever effect British propaganda might have had two years ago, or one year ago, it will have none now. The mass of Americans believe that the present war is exactly what Mr. Wilson has stated—namely, "a piece of collective madness." They are quite as much in the dark as he professes to be as to the issues of the war and the purposes of the nations engaged. They do not, and they never are going to accept the British view that the war is a war for civilization, and that the first essential to peace is the crushing defeat of Germany.

Yet the Tribune admits that it believes the English and French view of the Germans at war is the right view. And the Tribune understands normal American sentiment better than the casual man on the street. America is not moved to righteous indignation. She is mentally sick of war. She is tired giving decisions; of being looked to as the one great tribunal left. The referee habit has given America the cynical attitude of the judge who lacks the passion of the prisoner.

The New York editor refuses to traverse the moral grounds of the war. To him the war is now a huge preventer of world happiness and prosperity. All about him are piled the walls of wealth, bursting with gold and food and business. Millions rush and scream on the streets in search of more work, more food, more business, more pleasure. And it is a one-sided game. The New Yorker does not pretend to see where it is leading. He only knows that the sooner the war is done the sooner the normal exchange of business. The idle ships of the belligerents will begin again to swing into New York harbour. Wall Street will once more take the mark and the franc and the pound sterling into equal partnership with the dollar. The United States of America will retake her place in the world's work when all the world is working. She will no longer be the Judas Iscariot of civilization, wondering what to do with the money.

It is not fair to the United States to accuse her of lack of sympathy with the Allies or with the enemy. For a nation compelled to be neutral the Americans have shown amazing interest. But they are getting weary of it. They are not in the main work of the world. Europe, which needs the goods made by the United States, is pinching herself in a war. Consumption is lessened. America is not free. She is overloaded with gold and uneconomic prosperity. She has problems at home which are hard to neglect when the world is at war. Only the free movement of the world across America can keep that country from being pestered with its tremendous domestic problems. Only the peace activity of the world can give the greatest self-contained country in the world scope for the expression of her peculiar genius.

Uncle Sam is getting nervous. He yawns at the ringside not knowing when he will be asked to pull off his overcoat and put on the gloves; and he is not in training. If Germany forces Uncle Sam into war, it will not be to fight the United States, but to have a freer hand in submarine-fighting England. With England blockaded, Germany would gain more than by strangling Roumania, or deporting Belgians. Uncle Sam is not anxious to be party to this frightful phase of the war. He has nothing to fight about—so he says. Therefore, why should he fight! The other nations started the war. Let them finish it. Because the world is sick of war; and on this side of the Atlantic, as far north as parallel 49, people are not deeply concerned—for the present—with downing Prussianism. The past must not be dug up for causes. The future must not be searched for effects. This historical sense of the English "gets Uncle's goat." So he puts his hand to his mouth and yawns again as he reads this passionately moral paragraph from Garvin in the London Observer:

> Successful intervention is an art which requires supreme address. The first business of an intending mediator is to make a good atmosphere and to create confidence in his skill and understanding. To say the right thing is as much in these cases. To avoid the wrong thing is much more. The President's peace prelude strikes discords which jar the Allies from head to foot. The President's words seem to present Germany with a gratuitous certificate of moral equality. They seem by inference to condone the rape of Belgium, to accept it as an act of self-defence to put victim and violators on the same footing. It is a view which the conscience of mankind will repudiate as long as the world endures.

The Sandwich Habit

THIRTEEN men paraded Toronto streets last week all carrying sandwich boards. With melancholy spiritless shuffle, valued at thirty cents an hour, they trailed round block after block; apparently all ablebodied citizens capable of carrying rifles and kits, or doing useful civilian jobs. All the sandwich board carried was a reason why the people should elect Foster controller. If Foster is elected by the time this goes to print, he may reflect that for some days at least he kept thirteen men from being of any mortal use to this country by either going to war or helping to produce what the country most needs. There are sandwich men in Canada who do not carry poster-boards.

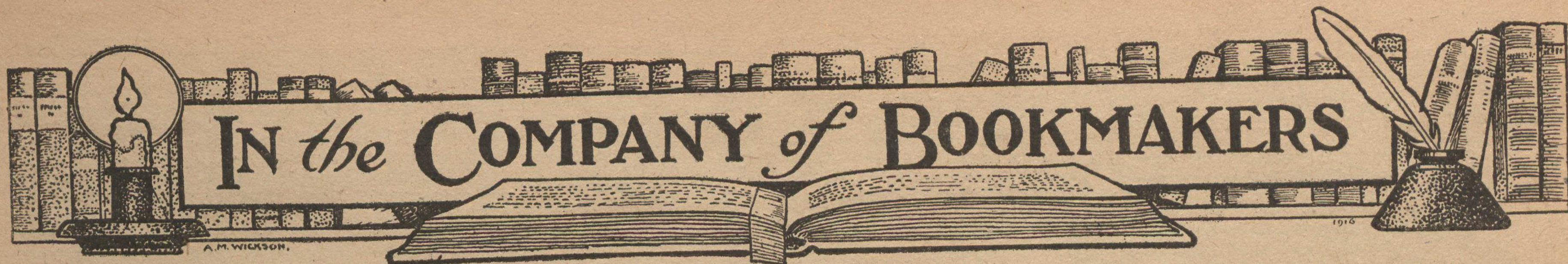
Our Imported Labour

JUST as an example of the kind of problem of which there are going to be scores after this war, take the question of imported African negroes working behind the lines and on the docks in France. The Republic has been compelled to import this labour in order that the minor tasks in connection with prosecuting the war may be attended to. Black men have taken the place of the common porter, the stevedore and the engine stoker. They have relieved many white men for fighting work. They have proved satisfactory workers in almost every way. And yet, when the war is over and it comes to returning these men to their native countries is it going to be easy just to land them on African soil and say "stay there." Toronto is said to have at least one whole factory equipped with Chinamen. This is another branch of the same sort of problem.

Not for Export—G.B.S.

PERHAPS it is just as well that the British Govment should "persuade" Mr. Bernard Shaw not to come to this side of the Atlantic on his proposed lecture tour. Shaw is an egotist and a humorist, and his egotistical humour sometimes makes him seem like an anti-Britisher, because no situation to him is tragic enough to eliminate what he calls humour. His mania for preserving his own independence of thought and speech might easily be misunderstood by such strictly literal people as the Americans. They would be sure to miss the humour, or the whimsical exaggeration and make newspaper headings from his subtlest phrases. It is just as well that the gifted playwright be kept at home where his humour, if any bubbles over, may divert home people from a few of their present worries.

THE article in last week's issue on A Man and a Movement contained the statement that Mr. C. A. Dunning is Minister of Agriculture in Saskatchewan. This should have been—Provincial Secretary.



Once-a-Month Selection of a Few Top-Liners. Current Literary Topics Tersely Treated

By THE EDITOR

The Author of Britling Sees It Through.

Britling didn't See it Through—(English)

Gerald Stanley Lee Supplies Wells' Missing Link—(American)

Letters of a Sunny Subaltern—(Canadian)

Paperknife's Views on Canadian Story-Writers Arouse a Chorus of Protests

HAVE YOU READ
Britling Sees It Through?
By H. G. Wells.

AS a novel—an ambitious failure.
As a story—as loose as a load of hay.
As philosophy—a moonlight walk in the woods.
As character drawing—mainly mediocre.
As an expression of the war psychology of England seen through the spectacles of one Britling—Immense!

Having expressed these opinions about a book which almost every other person you meet nowadays has read or is going to borrow from somebody, let us get down to what there is about the book that makes it worth devoting a page and a half to in the Canadian Courier's Literary Quarter Section.

First of all—Who and What is Britling? The artist who made the picture on the cover this week has given us his impression of what Britling looked and felt like at midnight writing his long, humanizing letter to old Herr Heinrich, father of his sons' tutor, killed in the Carpathians. He found it a puzzling job. Wells delineated the anatomical outlines and mental peculiarities of Britling, but didn't make Britling express himself. This is the first picture of Britling ever made. Some while ago an American weekly published the story—with no attempt to give its readers a picture of this blustering John Bull of a journalizing philosopher. Since then the book has come out. It is now somewhere round the First Hundred Thousand in the United States. Just invading Canada. Without Britling the book would be a sucked egg. And this Britling is a strange man; in spite of the cumbersome yarn out of which he splutters and peers at us for all the world like a good family hen laying an egg in a strawstack.

Some say Britling is—Wells. So he may be. Wells has always been a semi-subjective writer who never could cut himself loose enough from his own experiences to create a male character that can't be traced somehow in part or in whole to the author. Most of his sociological and scientific and pseudo-political stuff gets back to—Wells. Trace back your own acquaintance with this boundless Belloc of modern quasi-fiction, and see if——

Britling is pretty much the average middle-class Englishman in a high key; John Bull cut away from Punch and mid-Victorianism into war time.

Well, then, has England any real Britlings? Or was Wells overdoing the character just to make a big seller? When he says that Britling saw it through—did he really stop several mileposts before he got to the end? In the light of recent German and American phenomena, shall we need a sequel to Britling? If so Wells will need to revise his own opinions of the Germans and the war. That compassionate letter to old Heinrich does not fit in very well with recent German symptoms. Does Wells, after all, know Germany any better than he knows the United States? And if Britling was going to see it through why didn't he swap his fountain pen for a rifle?

Very likely Wells shared Britling's hope that the war would be over before anything else had a chance to happen that would change his outlook.

But things are happening.

At the same time, any one who would truly understand the kind of country that expects to finish this war as the biggest of all her world jobs, had better read Britling as far as he has gone. Because it will throw a deal of light on what now is and what is to become.

Wells must have begun to collect material for this book just as soon as the war began. He must have fyled away a bushel of clippings. Tabloiding them. Diligently co-ordinating England.

Let us tell you a little story to illustrate how Wells works. Those who have read the "New Machiavelli" will recall the story of the political dinner which was interrupted by the announcement that the upper stories of the house were on fire. The diners did not stir, but finished their dinner and their speeches with the water from the fire-hose dribbling through the ceiling into their plates.

Gilbert Cannan, author of Mendel and Three Pretty Men, is also a conscientious objector.

This episode, it appears, really took place. Wells and Bennett both heard of it, and both recorded it in their note-books. Bennett was telling a friend how he meant to make use of the story in a new book he was writing—when another friend drifted in with a copy of the "New Machiavelli" in his hands and told them that the episode was already immortalized in Wells' book.

To quote Mr. Direck, in Britling, Wells "beat him to it."

First it is important, in the light of what has happened since Wells wrote the last chapter of his book, to get a picture of Britling. Here it is—as Mr. Direck saw him first.

His moustache, his hair, his eyebrows bristled; his flaming freckled face seemed about to bristle too. His little hazel eyes came out with a "ping" and looked at Mr. Direck. Mr. Britling was one of a large but still remarkable class of people who seem at the mere approach of photography to change their hair, their clothes, their moral natures. No photographer had ever caught a hint of his essential Britlingness and bristlingness. Only the camera could ever induce Mr. Britling to brush his hair.

Since 100,000 copies of Britling are being sold in America, we must conclude that the book has something in it to interest Americans. And it has. Quite apart from the war—Mr. Britling's affairs with other women—and Direck.

And who is Direck?

The lamest shadowgraph of an American character ever set down in black and white. Direck is nothing but a wooden man labelled American. What Wells does know about Britling is equalled only by what he does not know about Direck.

"My word," says Mr. Direck, somewhere, "this is some war."

A FEW BRITLINGISMS.

No longer did he ask why am I such a fool, but why are we all such fools? He became Man on the automobile of civilization, crushing his thousands daily in his headlong and yet aimless career. . . .

❦ ❦ ❦

That was a trick of Mr. Britling's mind. It had this tendency to spread outward from himself to generalized issues. Many minds are like that nowadays. He was not so completely individualized as people are supposed to be individualized—in our law, in our stories, in our moral judgments. He had a vicarious factor. He could slip from concentrated reproaches to the liveliest remorse for himself as The Automobilist in General, or for himself as England, or for himself as Man.

❦ ❦ ❦

Because things had gone easily and rapidly with him he had developed indolence into a philosophy. Here he was just over forty, and explaining to the world, explaining all through the week-end to this American—until even God could endure it no longer and the smash stopped him—how excellent was the

backwardness of Essex and English go-as-you-please, and how through good temper it made in some mysterious way for all that was desirable. A fat English doctrine. Punch has preached it for forty years.

* * *

The roundabouts were very busy and windily melodious, and the shooting gallery kept popping and jingling as people shot and broke bottles, and the voices of the young men and women inviting the crowd to try their luck at this and that rang loud and clear. Teddy and Letty and Cissie and Hugh were developing a quite disconcerting skill at the dart-throwing, and were bent upon compiling a complete tea-set for the Teddy cottage out of their winnings. There was a score of automobiles and a number of traps and gigs about the entrance to the portion of the park that had been railed off for the festival, the small Britling boys had met some nursery visitors from Claverings House and were busy displaying skill and calm upon the roundabout ostriches, and less than four hundred miles away with a front that reached from Nancy to Liege more than a million and a quarter of grey-clad men, the greatest and best-equipped host the world had ever seen, were pouring westward to take Paris, grip and paralyze France, seize the Channel ports, invade England, and make the German Empire the master-state of the earth.

* * *

The conflict of interests at Mr. Britling's desk became unendurable. He felt he must settle the personal question first. He wandered out upon the lawn and smoked cigarettes.

His first conception of a great convergent movement of the nations to make a world peace and an end to militant Germany was being obscured by this second, entirely incompatible, vision of a world confused and disorganized. Mrs. Fabers in great multitudes hoarding provisions, riotous crowds attacking shops, moratorium, shut banks and waiting queues. Was it possible for the whole system to break down through a shock to its confidence? Without any sense of incongruity the dignified pacification of the planet had given place in his mind to these more intimate possibilities. He heard a rustle behind him, and turned to face his wife.

"Do you think," she asked, "that there is any chance of a shortage of food?"

"If all the Mrs. Fabers in the world run and grab——"

"Then every one must grab. I haven't much in the way of stores in the house."

"H'm," said Mr. Britling, and reflected. . . . "I don't think we must buy stores now."

"But if we are short."

"It's the chances of war," said Mr. Britling.

* * *

As Mr. Britling had sat at his desk that morning and surveyed the stupendous vistas of possibility that war was opening, the catastrophe had taken on a more and more beneficial quality. "I suppose that it is only through such crises as these that the world can reconstruct itself," he said. And, on the whole that afternoon he was disposed to hope that the great military machine would not smash itself too easily. "We want the nations to feel the need of one another," he said. "Too brief a campaign might lead to a squabble for plunder. The Englishman has to learn his dependence on the Irishman, the Russian has to be taught the value of education and the friendship of the Pole. . . . Europe will now have to look to Asia, and recognize that Indians and Chinamen are also 'white.' . . . But these lessons require time and stresses if they are to be learnt properly. ."

* * *

One remarkable aspect of the English attitude towards the war was the disposition to treat it as a monstrous joke. It is a disposition traceable in a vast proportion of the British literature of the time. In spite of violence, cruelty, injustice, and the vast destruction and still vaster dangers of the struggles, that disposition held. The English mind refused flatly to see anything magnificent or terrible in the German attack, or to regard the German Emperor or the Crown Prince as anything more than figures of fun. From first to last their conception of the enemy was an overstrenuous, foolish man, red with effort, with protruding eyes and a forced frightfulness of demeanour. That he might be tremendously lethal did not in the least obscure the fact that he was essentially ridiculous. And if as the war went on the joke grew grimmer, still it remained a joke. The German might make a desert of the world; that could not alter the British conviction that he was making a fool of himself.

* * *

He had always hated conflict and destruction, and felt that war between civilized states was the quintessential expression of human failure, it was a stupidity that stopped progress and all the free variation of humanity, a thousand times he had declared it impossible, but even now with his country fighting he was still far from realizing that this was a thing that could possibly touch him more than intellectually. He did not really believe with his eyes and finger-tips and backbone that murder, destruction, and agony on a scale monstrous beyond precedent was going on in the same world as that which slumbered outside the black ivy and silver shining window-sill that framed his peaceful view.

* * *

Mr. Britling dwelt upon this idea of the specialized character of the British army and navy and government. It seemed to him to be the clue to everything that was jarring in the London spectacle. The army had been a thing aloof, for a special end. It had developed all the characteristics of a caste. It had very high standards along the lines of its specialization, but it was inadaptable and conservative. Its exclusiveness was not as much a deliberate culture as a consequence of its detached function. It touched the ordinary social body chiefly through three other specialized bodies, the court, the church, and the stage. Apart from that it saw the great unofficial civilian world as something vague, something unsympathetic, something possibly antagonistic, which it comforted itself by snubbing when it dared and tricking when it could, something that projected members of Parliament towards it and was stingy about money.

Certain things had to be forced upon Mr. Britling because they jarred so greatly with his habits of mind that he would never have accepted them if he could have avoided doing so.

* * *

Notably he would not recognize at first the extreme bitterness of this war. He would not believe that the attack upon Britain and Western Europe generally expressed the concentrated emotion of a whole nation. He thought that the Allies were in conflict with a system and not with a national will. He fought against the persuasion that the whole mass of a great civilized nation could be inspired by a genuine and sustained hatred.

* * *

Each month the war grew bitterer and more cruel. Early in 1915 the Germans began their submarine war, and for a time Mr. Britling's concern was chiefly for the sailors and passengers of the ships destroyed. He noted with horror the increasing indisposition of the German submarines to give any notice to their victims; he did not understand the grim reasons that were turning every submarine attack into a desperate challenge of death. For the Germans under the seas had pitted themselves against a sea power far more resourceful, more steadfast and skilful, sterner and more silent, than their own. It was not for many months that Mr. Britling learnt the realities of the submarine blockade.

* * *

Finally Britling writes a long letter to old Heinrich, father of the Britling tutor killed in the Carpathians, as his own son Hugh was killed on the west front. It is England speaking to Germany—when we may gamble our last dollar that no German will ever write such a letter to an Englishman.

What have we been fighting for? What are we fighting for? Do you know? Does any one know? Why am I spending what is left of my substance and you what is left of yours to keep on this war against each other? What have we to gain from hurting one another still further? Why should we be puppets any longer in the hands of crowned fools and witless diplomatists? Even if we were dumb and acquiescent before, does not the blood of our sons now cry out to us that this foolery should cease? We have let these people send our sons to death.

It is you and I who must stop these wars, these massacres of boys.

America's We

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

NOW just to fetch up the other side of the picture, let us point you to a book that is scarcely, if at all, known in this country.

WE (pronounced Oui) by Gerald Stanley Lee.

This is essentially what Wells missed when he tried to portray Direck the American. WE is the most American clever thing that has come to our table in many a moon. It expresses the American outlook on the world at large in a free-and-easy, but direct, advertising manner that makes Mr. Wells with all his picturesque trenchancy feel like a great masquerade. In this odd but masterful nook of little essays Lee tells us with all the lucid epigram talkativeness of a good "ad" ($2.00 a line), what he thinks of Carnegie and Ford and Rockefeller and advertising and magazines and national spirit and war and a score of other correlated things. Read this after you have finished Britling and see if you don't think it is the Simon pure American just as Britling is the essential conglomerate modern Englishman.

A Few We-Isms

On Books

BOOKS do things. They are even to-day before our eyes the supreme concentration, the supreme materialization in this world, of human power. The material things they do can even be weighed off in the eyes of a world in dollars and cents. England is spending ten million dollars a day—every day now—indefinitely in fighting three books: one book by an obscure German named Bernhardi, another book by a philosopher named Nietsche, and another book by a professor named Treitschke.

We—But Not Us

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL fences off one million women and says, "These are ours. You can't get at them except you ask us. What do you want to say to them?" The SATURDAY EVENING POST skims off two million men from the top of the country and says: "These are ours. You cannot get at them except you ask us. What do you want to say to them?" Mr. Robert Collier takes a few hundred thousand more. Mr. Hearst has huge cities listening. They also say: "These people are ours."

Authors come and look over at them wistfully. "If you say what we want, in just the way we want it said," they are told, "you may be paid ten cents a word."

Very few authors slip away sadly. They elbow in and say anything.

Every author, like every business man, soon comes to see how it is. There is just so much territory of attention, or area of possible listening, in this country in a year, and the publishers and editors stake it off between themselves. Each has his own corner plot of the spiritual real estate of the United States. It is the most profoundly real real estate there is.

Fordize Germany

AS a substitute for the four hundred million dollars we are going to spend on an army and navy, against the world, I would have the United States with a part of its four hundred million dollars buy a million Ford cars and send them out as an advertisement of what Americans are like to defend us against the world. Suppose it is Germany we are afraid of—we will swamp Frankfort-on-the-Main with Ford cars, every one with a sign on it saying: "Another car like this can be had for twelve hundred marks ($300). If a half million cars are sold by the end of the year you will get two hundred marks back. It will cost you one thousand marks ($250). The workmen who make this car are earning a third more wages a day because they feel like working and enjoy working a third harder a day. Henry Ford's workmen and Henry Ford together are getting ready to present a car in which the labouring man shall go to his work."

Who will want to fight us? Who are the labouring men in that nation that can be got to fight a Henry Ford America?

One On Detroit

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent. of all cars in America are made in Detroit. When I get into my Detroit car and roll down the street, on the average the first three cars I meet are from Detroit, Michigan. "Detroit does all these," I think. When I meet the fourth one, I look at the fourth one and think, "It takes all the cities of the United States put together to do this one."

One puts in quite a little time nowadays on the road, whizzing past cars. One spends three-fourths of one's time whizzing past Detroit, Michigan. That flash of whistle and whir, swift shadow—that voice as of many winds, of boundless little echoes one just passed, now half a mile back down the road in a kind of business-like halo of dust (three chances out of four) was Detroit, Michigan!

Short Story Protests

THE following letters have been received in reply to an article by Paperknife on the subject of Our Short Story Writers, in a recent issue of the Courier. Following the three letters we append Paperknife's reply:

A Westerner's View

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I was very interested in reading your short item in the present Courier regarding the Canadian short story. In the words of the prophet, you're dam right, but I think you ought to have gone farther. Granting that circulation does and ought to govern the rates paid to writers, a great many Canadian publications do not even pay the rates that their circulation authorizes. I say "many," because there are some exceptions, such as Maclean's and the Courier; but they are few.

All this agitation on the part of Canadian publishers to get American magazines excluded, or placed under a tariff, can, in my opinion, be traced to the fact that Canadian publishers do not even take the trouble to get out good magazines. While it is a herculean job to try to compete with some of the imported publications, nevertheless the fact remains that the majority of home publishers seem to look at the editorial contents as merely a pretext to get ads, whereas no publication is really stronger than its editorial pages. They can afford to pay for fairly good stuff, but they won't; and they have only themselves to blame that Canadians prefer the live American magazines to the wishy-washy concoctions of articles clipped from Kitchener, Ont., or third-year's serial rights of Garvice or some other inferior author.

I want the above to be understood as excepting the

Courier. I think that lately it has become one of the best little rags that I see, and I see a good many from all over. You get the kick into it all right—and I say this not as an occasional contributor, but in real appreciation. . . . Charles W. Stokes.

A Writer's Opinion

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir:—The article about Canadian short-story writers in a recent Courier (contributed, I presume, by Mr. Britton B. Cooke), interested me very much. I wish he would give us some more information along the same line. I have often wondered why I could always sell my Canadian tales so much more easily across the line than here in my native land.

I have sold probably one hundred short stories in the course of eight or nine years and received just about three times the amount for them in the United States than I could have here, but I would much prefer to take less and have my stuff appear in Canadian publications. Consulting with a number of friends who are also in the magazine game, I find that their experiences are similar to my own. As one of them says: "If I lay my scenes in some indefinite area anywhere between the north and south Poles, I can sell to any Canadian paper, but as surely as I try the patriotic dodge and work in prairie or foothill stuff my story here in Canada becomes a white elephant on my hands."

Aren't you sorry for us poor story writers? We cannot all move to New York, you see!

I'm sorry to see so many stories appearing in the Courier, which have for a setting New York City or London, England, especially when we Canadian writers are sitting up nights cooking up plots and studying Canadian "atmosphere," all to no avail apparently.

From 1913 to 1915, Mr. Cooper, who was then editor of your paper, accepted seven short stories of mine, the settings of which were all, I believe, laid in Canada. I don't think the circulation fell off any on that account though, but what in the world has happened to the good old Courier since those days?

Don't you think it is rather absurd to say that our land is split up into so many sections that what appeals to one cannot appeal to all, or words to that effect? Have not the United States also these same conditions—they have their Pacific-Coasters, their Middle-Westerners, their Southerners and their New Yorkers, yet they have room for Irvin Cobb and Corra Harris, who are Southern, as well as for Harry Leon Wilson and Kathleen Norris, who hail from California.

Will you kindly ask Paperknife to further elucidate this problem soon? Selling Canadian stories here, seems to me to be somewhat like climbing a greased pole.

I am going to write a story soon and lay all the scenes in Berlin, Germany (of which I know next to nothing), and I will wager you a pair of kid gloves that I'll sell that yarn right off the bat, while a sister tale which shall be all about pine trees and rolling prairie and the Maple Leaf Forever will go begging around the various Toronto magazine offices, until I am obliged to try little old New York as a final resort.

But I am not going to quit writing Canadian stories —not if I land in the poor house as a result of my pig-headedness, or patriotism, call it what you will.

Yours very truly,

AUTHOR,
Melville, Sask.

Unappreciative Canadian Editors

Dear Paperknife:—Your article in the "Courier" of the issue of Dec. 9th, on "Our Short Story Writers," attracted my attention.

That young American editor's remarks, "Why don't you publish Canadian Short Stories?" has been the question we have all asked for years, and "Why Canadian Short Story Writers have failed to get into Canadian magazines?"

We would prefer writing for Canadian magazines, but we meet with so many discouragements. Our stories are returned, "respectfully declined." One time out of ten our stories are retained, and after considerable time has elapsed the editor acknowledges its receipt and the writer is informed that when it is published a cheque will be forwarded.

The writer received a letter to-day from the Literary Editor of one of the largest pictorial magazines in New York City. The manuscript was sent on the 16th October. We concluded to write to find out the cause of delay, and this is the reply: "Article will appear in one of the Spring numbers." In the meantime the writer may be starving.

Why should a short story writer be thus imposed upon? In the commercial world an article is paid for when purchased, not after it has been used. It is the pay that the writer needs.

I know a Canadian writer who was bold enough to compete for a prize offered in a magazine published in the United States on agriculture and horticulture, the article to be illustrated. The Canadian, though living in this great North Land, captured the second prize. We believe the Canadian writer is quite capable of competing successfully with any of the writers of the United States and on any subject.

We would like to see the Canadian Courier and other Canadian magazines ask for the kind of stories they would prefer. Offer some good prizes, and find out by this method who your Canadian writers are and encourage them to write for Canadian periodicals.

We believe that there are numerous Canadian writers, and if encouraged they could write on any subject. Let the writers know that you wish some first class literary productions and pay for them and they will cease sending "Ontario back-woods stories, Toronto business episodes, Nova Scotia yarns, moose-hunting in New Brunswick, salmon fishing or goat shooting in British Columbia." We do not believe that statement that we have not achieved in Canada a Canadian consciousness. A consciousness is the knowledge of sensations and mental operations, or of what passes in one's mind; the act of the mind which makes known an internal object.

I would infer that you leave the impression that Canadian Short Story Writers do not possess the faculty or power of knowing one's own thoughts, or of being capable of strong mental operations.

Is this true of all the profession in Canada? Is the Short Story Writer the only individual in Canada deficient in consciousness? Has the Canadian teacher, preacher or physician failed too to achieve a Canadian consciousness? We are firm in the belief that there are no failures. We fear that our Canadian Short Story Writers have not been properly recognized or appreciated by our Canadian Editors. Why should we be compelled to find a market for these productions in the United States? The United States editors appear to appreciate Canadian productions.

It appears to us that the following statement is without foundation, "Our ability or no ability to produce short stories in Canada has a good deal to do with our natural state of mind. The Short Story is a direct expression of a highly concentrated mental development."

Is it true that Canadians do not attain that "highly concentrated mental development" necessary to the production of Short Stories? Canadians appear to possess a "highly concentrated mental development" along other lines of mental achievement. Canada has great orators, educators, artists, engineers, inventors, in fact, Canadians appear to excel in all professions and are able to stand shoulder to shoulder in mental development and attainment with any of the highly civilized nations. Why are the Canadian Short Story Writers the only deficient ones?

We appreciate the following admission, "Yet, strange to say, some of the best American Short Story Writers are Canadians." Did the Canadian writer have to go to the United States in order to become "one of the best"? He was evidently a good Short Story Writer before he left Canada. It was the United States editors who discovered him and helped to make him "one of the best."

In your article you have answered their question. Here is the secret: "The greatest market in the world for Short Stories to-day is in the American Market." The correct expression would be: "In the Markets of the United States."

No one will sell wheat in Toronto for $1.00 per bushel, and the buyer takes it because it is an accommodation to do so, but you prefer to sell in New York for $2.00 per bushel, and a score of dealers are after you for it.

There is no use to attempt to achieve in Canada a Canadian consciousness or strive for a more highly concentrated mental development. The writers of Canada possess these attainments, and it is recognition and a market which they desire for their product.—R. A. Burriss, Port Arthur, Ont.

THE LATE RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Not since the days of Joaquin Miller with his sombrero and white corduroy jacket, says the New York Times, has the world known a figure more colourful than this cavalier of the pen. A complete edition of Richard Harding Davis's novels and stories has just been brought out in 12 volumes by Charles Scribner's Sons; illustrated by frontispiece drawings from Gibson, Appleton Clark, Christy, Morgan and others.

And in Reply - - -

Editor, Courier: Sir,—To "Author" and to Mr. Burriss, who differ with my conclusions in the short article on Our Short Story Writers, I can only repeat my main statement, i.e., that a group of eight million people can only with great difficulty compete in the production of short stories when they are faced, as Canada is faced, with two older and stronger groups using the same language and having very little in the intellectual way to distinguish them from the Canadian group. If there were a separate Canadian language, as distinct from other languages as Russian is from Chinese, or Japanese from French, the situation might be very different. Granted a language of its own and some sort of permanent area of its own, almost any group of human beings (except mere aborigines) might be expected to produce literature of its own.

But we Canadians are handicapped in two ways. First, the demand for Canadian short stories is cut down by the fact that the larger English-speaking groups (the United States and Great Britain), have a larger population, a larger magazine-reading public, a larger leisure class (and therefore a larger class of persons with the time and inclination to study, to criticize, and to attempt to write short stories), and larger and richer publications. These publications, circulating freely in Canada, tend to satisfy the Canadian demand for fiction before the Canadian supply is developed. In fact, the productions of the United States and England have taught Canadians to expect the highest class of short-story writing, to the great disadvantage of young Canadian writers who, if they were writing in a Canadian language for Canadians only, and if they were not being continually contrasted with English and American writers, would in time become the props of a national literature. The second point I had in mind is the fact that Canadian PRODUCTION of short stories is bound to be small because we are still pioneers and our chief energies must be directed toward practical everyday problems. We have not any large number of leisured people and we cannot claim that life here is reflected as intensely as in the larger centres of England and the United States. There have been, and there will continue to be good Canadian short stories. More will be produced from year to year.

In the American market there are big rewards and intense competition. Until we have those conditions here we cannot hope for a steady output of good Canadian stories. Of course I am not saying the American short story is good literature—that is another question. I am speaking of the short story as a commercial article. B. B. C.

"Billy" is a Good Canadian

ONE of the happy effects of the war is that upon the mentality of the lads who are for the first time able to visit the old world and to look back on Canada in contrast, and another happy effect is the possibility of good Canadian books cropping up out of the experiences of these men.

We have had occasion to review in these columns "A Sunny Subaltern—Billy's Letters from Flanders." Since then, by special inquiry we have learned that they are REAL letters, not manufactured, and that Billy is a real young Canadian lieutenant now recovering from serious wounds in London. Not only are we glad to know that Billy is a real Canadian and

getting better, but we quote at length from various parts of Billy's letters to his Mother. We feel that every Canadian ought to read this little book. It is one of the most delightful things ever produced by a Canuck. It is not literature—thank Heaven—but good interesting human writing. It makes one feel that one would like to know Billy—at all events if one could see him always as he reveals himself to his mother—and that one would like to know his mother. Please Heaven they will never reveal themselves.

The following excerpt is taken very much at random just to show the frank impressions of a young Canadian lieutenant in his first visit to the Old World. The reader should remember that the book consists of the letters Billy wrote home:

I went through my first heavy bombardment at really close range. They dumped "Crumps," Coal Boxes, Shrapnel and Whizz-bangs to the number of about three hundred all around us for two hours and then attacked. Just as night overshadowed daylight and objects began to grow indistinct, one of my sentries reported a party out in the front. Suddenly from our right, rapid fire and machine guns opened up, and so I gave the order "fifteen rounds rapid." Keyed up and ready were the boys, and we gave them a few hundred capsules of steel. Squeals, grunts, and moans, then the reverberating roar of machine guns, and rifle fire ceased. So our first real attack was repulsed. Further on, our line suffered more heavily but I guess we were fairly lucky. All the night they kept at us with bombs, rifle grenades and trench mortars, to which we replied in kind vigorously, but they learned their lesson from that taut tense ten minutes. No more attacks.

That is, I suppose, a pretty tame story of a bombardment, an attack, its repulsion, but words fail me. The confines of expression are not competent to tell you much more. I've refrained from writing, hoping that in the interim some inspiration would come that would adequately convey to you a picture. I tried to dissect my emotions so that you might visualize, partially at least, what a day and a night —twenty-four hours in a front line trench mean; but I have failed dismally.

To begin with, the nervous strain is great, and when one has his heart broken in addition, it's hard to limn for another, the lines etched on your soul, the impressions registered in your memory.

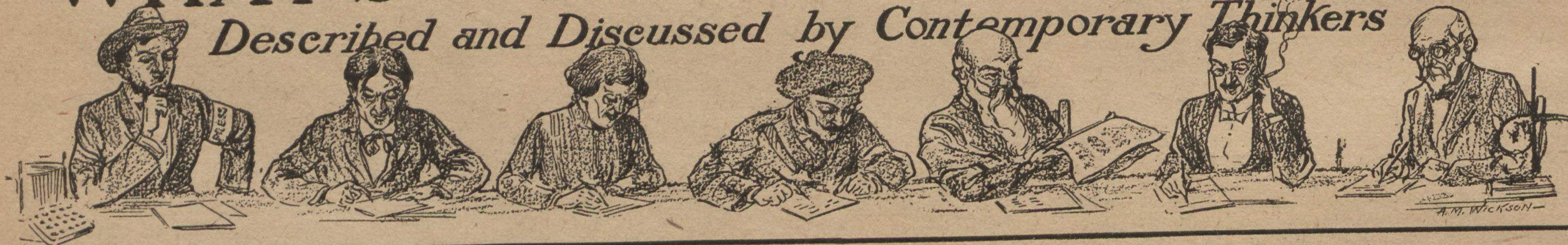
My heart was broken, dear, because before this bombardment at all I lost eighteen men of my own platoon; eighteen of the best and truest fellows I've ever known; saw five of them die—one in my arms—all hit by these devils of Huns—hit by snipers who use explosive bullets— a bullet that tears a hole as large as a tomato can, and if it strikes anything hard bursts into three pieces, each the size of a quarter, that maims and wounds—a bullet that if it hits the head tears off the top.

God! I wonder if you could even imagine the primordial lust of battle that courses through one's brain, the desire to kill that permeates the muscle, the exhilaration that comes when you know you've actually hit one of your enemies.

I can candidly say there was no fear in me.

For months, in fact long ere we left old Canada, the fear I had that dominated my waking moments was not will I be afraid, but will I be able to control my fear. I was always afraid I would be afraid. Well, after the bombardment ceased I wasn't, and even during that two hours of mental torture I wasn't afraid, just nervous. But when I knew they were actually coming, ah! what exhilaration, what primeval bloody thoughts I had! A valiant desire came amid the fight to do all the damage I could, and I rushed from bay to bay of the sector of trench I commanded, exhorting my men to be steady and cursing them if they weren't, here grabbing an extra rifle and blazing its magazine full at the indistinct forms, or there firing one shot from my revolver. No fear, no thought of self; just the hope that we'd beat them off; just the thought constantly of what was best to do, how best to preserve every life in my charge—every life in my charge that was preserving my life. So you see, analyzed and tested down, the ancient self-preservation rule holds good.

But the aftermath—the vacuum at the stomach—the palpitating heart—the deep breaths you needed, that, if you did not take, it seemed as if you'd choke, the feeling you must sit down—the desire for a drink —the insatiable way in which you ate up cigarette after cigarette in long deep inhales—the hope they would not start bombarding again—the cheery voice you forced as you walked along a bath mat and jokingly curbed your own desire to shout by praising the men and belitting "the show"; all these when your emotions that had bubbled to the boiling point again simmered down.



LAUDS BLACK LIST

Writer in American Review Shows What an Excellent Weapon It Is

FEW acts of the British Government during this war have been more widely misunderstood and, as a consequence, less favourably received in the United States than its publication last July of the so-called "blacklist," declares Sydney Brooks, in the North American Review. It staggered some of the warmest among the many warm supporters of the Allied cause in America. The pro-Germans fell upon it with a whoop of joy. The press all but unanimously denounced it. Legitimate apprehensions and fantastic misapprehensions at once gathered around it. "Quite the most tactless, foolish and unnecessary act of the British Government during the war," wrote one of the sanest of the New York journals. "Morally, of course," declared the New York Times, "the thing is indefensible." The "man in the street" became obsessed with the idea that the "blacklist" was the first clear sign of a British plot to "dominate the commerce of the world." I do not, indeed, know how any subject, least of all one of such transparent simplicity and directness, could have lent itself to greater distortions.

Even the State Department proved to be not immune from the prevailing hallucinations. On July 26, Mr. Polk, as Acting Secretary of State, addressed a note to the British Government that will scarcely, I think, rank among the happiest efforts of American diplomacy. It spoke of "The most painful surprise" with which the blacklist had been received by the people and Government of the United States; of the "harsh and even disastrous effects" it might have upon American trade and neutral rights; and of the limitless possibilities "of serious and incalculable interruption" to neutral commerce that were latent in it.

Yet the facts are quite simple. The British Government has forbidden all British subjects in the United Kingdom to trade with certain specified firms and individuals in the United States. In doing so it is acting, of course, absolutely within its rights. That, I believe, has not been and cannot be disputed by anyone. It is one of the clearest and most fundamental prerogatives of a sovereign State to control in whatever way it pleases the trading relations of its own subjects. No issue of international law can possibly arise in this connection, any more than it can arise when a Government forbids its subjects to import certain commodities, as the British Government has constantly done during the war. There is a blacklist in Japan, readily concurred in and loyally supported by the Japanese Government. That disposes completely of the notion that Americans and American commerce have been singled out for special discrimination. United States citizens stand in this respect precisely on the same footing as the nationals of all other neutral lands.

When the British Government comes across a firm of this (pro-German) character and occupied in these activities, what does it do? It says to its own subjects: 'This firm is in effect an enemy firm. It is working all day long in Germany's interests. To that we have no objection. It is acting within its rights. We have neither the wish nor the intention to interfere with its operations except when they transgress our rights as a belligerent under international law. But we are not going to allow you, who are British subjects and under our jurisdiction, to furnish this firm with business facilities and to swell its business profits when we know that those facilities and those profits are being used to help the enemy and damage us. We therefore forbid you to have any dealings with it. It may ship goods wherever it likes, but it shall not do so in British bottoms. It may finance Germany to its heart's content, but not through British banks. It may carry on its business transactions and communications with Germany and with neutral countries to the full limit of its capacity, but not by the

The Sole Survivor of a Wrecked Zeppelin Propelling Himself Home.
—Drawn by W. Heath Robinson.

"Chuck us out that bag o' bombs, mate; it's under your 'ead."
—Bruce Bairnsfather.

help of British cables. It may use its profits in any ways that its ingenuity may suggest to aid the enemy, but it shall do so without the assistance of British traders. We put it on a blacklist and we forbid you to have any dealings with it."

Is there in this anything unreasonable, anything arbitrary, anything that trenches on neutral rights, anything that interferes with genuinely neutral commerce?

It is, of course, possible that mistakes have been made in the compilation of the blacklist. How many Americans, I wonder, have any idea of the amount of information that is at the disposal of the British Government in all these matters? How many even realize that all cable communications between not only Germany and her Allies but between all the adjacent neutral countries on the one hand and the outer world of Asia, the United States and South America on the other, are in British possession or the possession of Britain's Allies? It is only and specifically as "an act of grace" on the part of the British Government that any cablegram can pass between Europe and the United States, or indeed between Europe and the rest of the world. I need hardly say that every cablegram is read by the British censors, that all wireless messages are similarly laid before them, and that the examination of the mail-bags supplies the last link in the chain of evidence. One may be pretty sure, therefore, that when the Government concludes that a given firm should be placed on the blacklist it has some substantial reasons for its decision and a very complete dossier with which to support them.

In the blacklist the British Government has devised a weapon so far preferable to either the French and German or to the old British and American practice, that it must always, I should think, find a place in the recognized armoury of the leading Powers.

SOUTH AFRICA'S SHARE

What the Union Has Done For the War—Some Problems

SOUTH AFRICA, writes a contributor to the Round Table, is perhaps fortunate in being able to help in the war, not only by sending white troops to the trenches, but also by providing coloured and native labour corps to work in the harbours of France. Already a coloured labour contingent, 1,000 strong, has been despatched to France for this purpose, and now 10,000 Kaffirs are to be recruited and organized as a military force under European officers, and despatched to France for the same purpose. Since the outbreak of the war the contribution of the natives towards the campaigns in Africa has not by any means been a small one. In the German West campaign 40,000 were employed in building military railways and other works. There are over 10,000 natives from the Union at the present time in German East. In addition to these a coloured battalion has for some months been a combatant unit in German East, and this battalion has recently been increased by the addition of two companies.

As regards recruiting South Africa has found her way into a cul-de-sac. She has placed about 60,000 men in the field during the course of the war. This, considering her population, is a very creditable performance, and may be said to bear comparison with the other Dominions. But she has now got to that stage or stratum of her population which, for various reasons, cannot, or will not, go unless compelled. This stratum exists in every community. The Recruiting Committee are struggling valiantly with the situation, but it is hard and discouraging work.

The only real solution of the problem is the introduction of conscription, but this is not possible in a country where a large section of the population is either coldly neutral or openly hostile to the Allied cause. The next alternative is moral suasion. But the use of this miserable and humiliating substitute for National Service has been strongly discouraged by the Prime Minister, as it played admirably into the hands of the Nationalist opposition. Then, again, the old question of the pay of the European contingent is continually cropping up and acting as a deterrent. It is to be hoped, however, that the call for reinforcements for German East may soon cease. At the time of writing all recruiting has been concentrated on the European Brigade. The fact is the Union has really got more units in the field than she can properly keep up to strength on the voluntary system of recruiting. This, however, can be remedied when General Smuts has completed the conquest of the last of the German colonies. We shall then be able to reorganize our material and concentrate it all upon providing a South African Division for service in Europe and keeping that division up to strength.

THE HUN AND DUMPING

More Light on the Trade Methods that Threatened the World

FURTHER light on German trade methods is shown in an article in the World's Work by Maurice Millioud. He says: German ironmasters sell their girders and channel iron for 130 marks per ton in Germany, for 120 to 125 in Switzerland; in England, South America, and the East, for 103 to 110 marks; in Italy they throw it away at 75 marks and make a loss of from 10 to 20 marks per ton, for the cost price may be reckoned at 85 to 95 marks per ton. That is dumping. The rival manufacturer is ruined outright, unless he comes to a working agreement and accepts all conditions.

It is pointed out to me that dumping is in vogue to some extent at least all over the world. That is true, but in order, at times of crisis, to find a market, at whatever loss, so as to keep one's factory at work, and one's workmen on the pay sheet. Dumping of that nature is intermittent and depends upon circumstances: it comes to an end as the market rights itself, and consequently is not practised in order to bring ruin to competitors.

It is one thing to dump for the purpose of clearing one's own excessive stock, and quite another to do it systematically, with the object of killing out competitors in other countries and seizing their markets. The German practice is that of over-production with a view to dumping. The distinction between the two forms of dumping is an essential one.

Dumping is not just an incident of trade—an exceptional occurrence. It is a weapon used in respect to all countries when commercial conquest is intended; it applies to the iron trade, chemical trade, electrical, and to trade of all kinds.

The Germans had established several factories for turning out formic acid. This acid seems destined to take the place of acetic acid, which is much used in the chemical trades. Three years ago a Frenchman proceeded to set up a works to make formic acid. Immediately the price fell from 225 francs to 80 francs per 100 kilogrammes, and the Frenchman was driven out of the market. Yet of the three or four German manufacturers two were forced to close down, which shows that they were selling at a loss.

Consider the case of Italy, for it is there that the

Clarence (to the blacksmith, who is paring the hoofs of the Shetland)—"Oh, I say! We don't want our pony made any smaller!"

—The Sketch.

method is most in evidence. Why? Because the Italians in the North are building up an iron industry. Their smelters aim at freedom of trade. The competition which they have to face is a real drama—indeed, at times it amounts to a veritable tragedy.

It would take too long to narrate here the most notable episodes in the conflict, and to describe the fluctuations that have taken place.

The Germans sell bar iron at 130 marks per ton in Germany and 95 marks in Italy; many other manufactured articles, such as iron wire, steel springs, cold-rolled iron and sheets, etc., are sold in Italy at a price 15 or 20 francs below the market price in Germany.

Austrian makers of sheet iron sacrifice 7, 10, or even 12 francs per quintal.

In the case of steel rails the price has been low-

THE TEMPTER IN THE PICKELHAUBE.

Kaiser (to Poland): "I will give you all that lies before you."
Poland: "But what of that which lies beyond?"
Kaiser: "Oh, that is mine. You can't expect any of that."

—From Mucha, Moscow.

ered to 40 francs below that at which the Germans have kept it elsewhere.

Competition must be crushed for ever.

If Switzerland enjoys a favourable position as regards the price at which she can buy iron from Germany, it is because it is the gateway to Italy.

In spite of all, the Italian ironmasters are determined to exist and do exist, but what spirit is theirs! What a deadly struggle they are engaged in all the while!

The Central-Verbund of Dusseldorf controls the iron market of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, and Belgium. Italy and England, as might be expected, have escaped its tolls.

Consider what it means to control the iron market and to be the arbiter of prices! It means control to a large extent of all engineering construction, control of the output of a vast number of manufactured articles, of machinery of all kinds, of shipping and railroads and many other industries.

RUBBER INDUSTRY

The Record of a Great Trade in War Material Since its Earliest Days

THE first discoverer of the properties of rubber, writes L. E. Elliott, F.R.G.S., in the Pan-American Magazine, was not a wise, educated chemist, but some brown-skinned, naked native of the South American tropics, who, one day, cutting into the bark of a forest tree by accident or design with his primitive stone hatchet, saw the thick white milk running from the wound, watched it coagulate in the sun, and found that it hardened to a spongy substance of strange qualities.

The native Indian never found out how to elaborate rubber to any extent, but he did know it was liquid-proof. He used it as an application to wounds, coating the sore spot with the fresh milk. He knew, too, that it was resilient, for when Hernando Cortes conquered Mexico he found the Aztec playing a game of skill in which a bouncing rubber ball was used.

Neither the Spanish conquerors of Central and South America nor the Portuguese conquerors of Brazil had for three centuries any inkling of the future utility and the vast natural supplies of rubber existing in certain regions.

The first modern note which shows the interest of a traveller in Amazonian rubber is found in the writings of the French scientist, La Condamine, who visited Peru and Brazil in the year 1743, and was interested in finding the native "Indians" using the sub-

(Concluded on page 26.)

GETTING A JOB IN MUNITIONS

By ESTELLE M. KERR

IT was in a tea-room one day at noon, The Brown Inn or The Blue Tea-pot or The Green something-or-other—one of those places where the waitresses wear very large caps and serve you very small helpings. I endeavoured to catch the eye of one of them, although previous experience had taught me that this was impossible until all the men who came in ten minutes after me, had been served. Then I tried to amuse myself by watching the people. At the next table a rather drab-looking girl was seated with her back to the light. Presently another girl entered, with rosy cheeks shining above a mass of furs and parcels. She glanced around for an empty table, then started towards mine, but, perceiving my neighbour, she altered her course.

"Why, Elizabeth, you quitter!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were working at munitions!"

"Stopped last pay-day, my dear. I was busy—with other things. . . ."

"I thought you were too patriotic for that, but it must be horribly strenuous so near Christmas time. I've been shopping till I'm nearly dead. May I lunch with you?"

"Do sit down," said Elizabeth. "I'm meeting a friend here, but I arrived ahead of time, so we can talk until he comes."

"At which instant I shall tactfully retire," said the new-comer. "But do tell me about your work. I'm seriously thinking of taking it up myself."

"I was thrilled by it! Of course it was strenuous, but we worked in six-hour shifts—quite long enough to go without eating. Some of the girls smuggle in sandwiches, but that is strictly against orders. You may eat at the canteens up to the minute your work begins, and commence the minute it is over. You may also chew gum. The machines never stop—or they're not supposed to—they do get out of order and then we sit around while they repair them."

"Yes, I heard that something they were repairing fell on a worker and broke her leg."

"Accidents happen everywhere, and they have a hospital with a trained nurse, but she hasn't much to do. I was on a lathe and the steel filings would fly in my face. I had to wear goggles, and used to get grimy as a blacksmith. Of course if you're careless. . . ."

"Wasn't it dreadful about those girls who had their fingers cut off?" said the Rosy One. "Why, haven't you heard? There were two sisters—twins, and one was working at her machine and she turned to speak to the forewoman without taking her hand away, and her finger got cut off, and the next day her sister was showing someone how it happened and hers was cut off, too—in the very same place!"

"Horrible! How did you hear about it? From your kid sister, I suppose—she's out there, isn't she?"

"No. Babe only stood it for two days after waiting a week to get a place. She sat there six days—getting paid at the rate of ten cents an hour for waiting, just in case a vacancy occurred. They had a nice big room with comfortable chairs and tables, and they could knit and patronize the canteen. There were thirty-five of them then, and during all that time only one woman got taken on. Then someone asked Babe how old she was, and told her that eighteen was too young for factory work, and how would she like to be a messenger? Babe was delighted and all the other girls said: 'Oh you lucky thing!'

"They took her down to an inner office in the basement, where a lot of clerks were smoking in their shirt sleeves and there was just one other girl—a dirty little thing who used to work at Wilbur's biscuit factory and chewed gum all the time. All Babe had to do was to run messages and take papers up to other offices, but what she really couldn't stand was the dirty little girl from Wilbur's, who was always pulling her gum in and out."

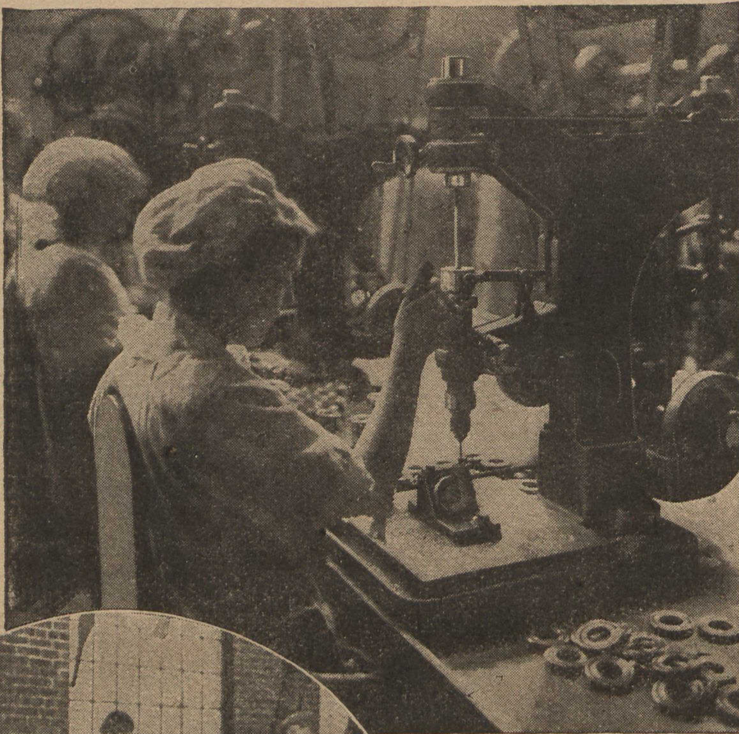
"What were the men like?"

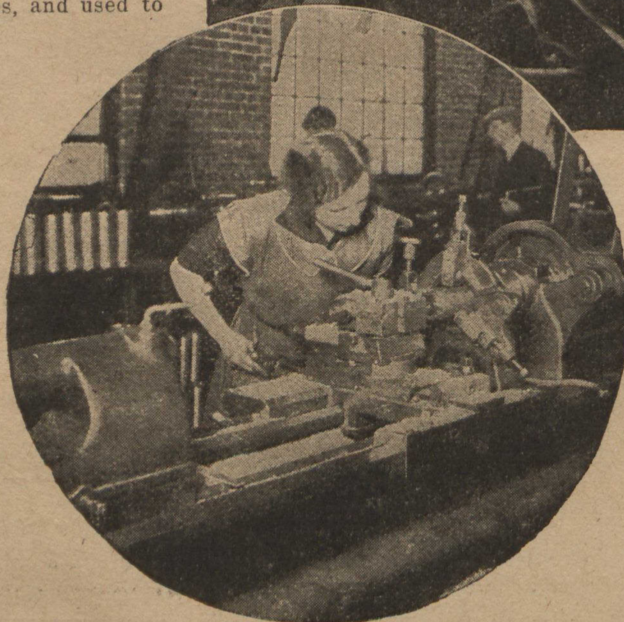
"I asked Babe that and she said she didn't know, that she never so much as looked in their direction. . . . Must have been popular! The dirty little girl from Wilbur's was more sociable; when one of the men told her to get some more paper she slapped his face and said:

"'Oh, g'wan, get it yourself and see how you like it!' And she said to Babe, 'Gee, there's lots of swell girls coming out here now. You'd like it if you only stuck it out a little longer!'

"Now Babe goes about with an injured air: she feels that her country does not appreciate her. 'See what I get for telling the truth,' she says. 'If I'd only said I was 20 I'd been on a machine by this time making record outputs of shells!' They always seem to be trying to beat the record. Don't you think it's bad for them to work so hard?"

"Oh, you can't do much damage in six hours, but in the factories, where they work in 8, 10 and even 12-hour shifts lots of the girls break down. There's Mollie P.—one of the most athletic girls I know, champion swimmer and tennis player, works for purely patriotic reasons and gives her money to the Red Cross. She's down with nervous pros. now. Of course, worrying about her fiance at the front may have something to do with it, but twelve hours a day and the noise helps! Lots of girls have left other places to come to our factory. There are 700 women employed there now, and they expect to have 1,000 soon, with a building all to themselves! The employees are not all women, however, some of the men look perfectly eligible—of course they may have flat feet. . . . They have to have a number of skilled mechanics."





IN A CANADIAN MUNITION FACTORY.

Drilling Shell Fuses.

Turning brass socket on 18-pounder Shrapnel.

"One of my friends lost her chauffeur—a perfectly healthy young man—because he was offered more money at a factory. Then someone tried to interest her in the War Workers' Welfare and get her to serve in a canteen one night a week.

"'And why, pray, should I give up my sleep?' she said, 'in order that Blake can get his coffee for three cents instead of five! If they can afford to pay him more than I did (he gets seven a day, I believe) surely they can pay waitresses to serve him!'"

"Their pay is very good, nearly all the girls make $15 a week with a bonus of $3 a week if they are neither late nor absent. Most of them have to work on Sunday. The machine workers get a premium for all the shells over a certain number that they turn out, and this sometimes amounts to a good deal. One girl who broke the record earned $41 in one week, but that means pretty strenuous work!"

"I see you're wearing your munition badge."

"Yes. I'm very proud of it—only wish I could have stuck at it till I got a six months' service bar attached to it."

"Well, why didn't you? If you were as thrilled with it as you pretend to be, I shouldn't think you would give it up at the approach of Christmas."

"Oh, it wasn't Christmas, it was the approach of—here comes my friend now—don't go. I want you to meet him!"

A tall young man in khaki hurried towards them.

"So that is why!"

"Yes, we are to be married before he goes back to the front—that's why. But do take up munitions, you really ought to—and besides, you'll like it. . . ."

At that moment a mob-capped queen deigned to notice me and took my order.

※ ※ ※

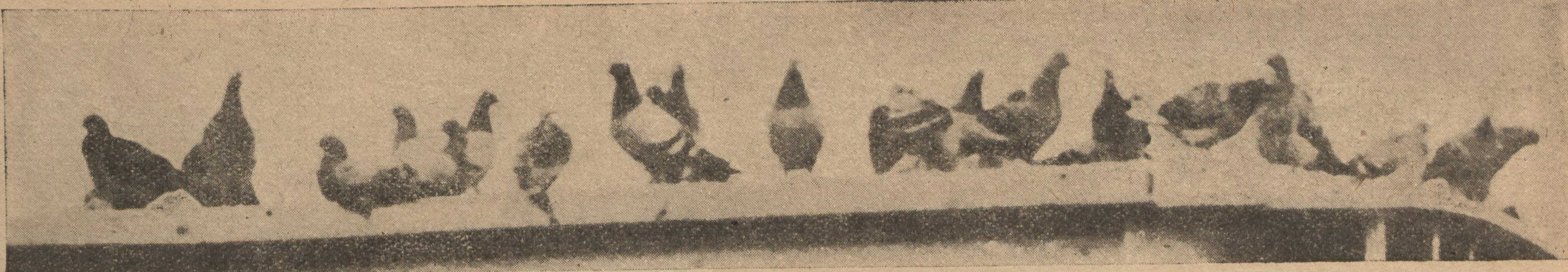
WHEREVER one goes, munition-making is the great topic of conversation. Just as every one has a personal interest in some man at the front, people in every walk in life are coming to have a personal interest in some woman in munitions.

Practically all the women are inexperienced, but they quickly learn to fill or file or shape, or cut, or turn or do whatever their own particular job may be—they don't let you have a machine at first. In the little details where delicacy and accuracy are needed, women workers have been found to be better than men. One woman at a factory in St. Catherines equalled in eight hours the best record made in ten hours by a man on the same operation; during the day she handled 1,200 shells, with an aggregate weight of a ton and a half.

Miss Wiseman, who is attached to the Munitions Board, has organized classes at the Technical School, Toronto, for training educated women to become inspectors in munition plants. Graduates have to sign for six months' service and be willing to go to whatever part of the country they may be sent.

It has been stated that preference is given to society girls, but munition factories are business concerns who naturally give the preference to the best workers, and women of education are quick to learn and more capable to command, and soon rise to responsible positions. In recruiting women for munition work, an effort is made to reach women of leisure, who will not suffer by being thrown out of employment after the war, rather than those already employed in useful occupations—stenographers, domestic servants, clerks, and girls from other factories. What's to become of our country if the women of the upper classes won't do their share of the work? But amongst the munition workers in Canada there is a good sprinkling of officers' sisters and daughters and wives at our factory, daughters of knights, judges, good old families and wealthy new ones. At present there are many names on the waiting lists of the most popular firms, and many others have been registered through the Emergency Corps, but the time will come when every good worker will be needed and the women of Canada must be ready to serve.

The world is being gradually made over by women. It is no longer necessary to talk of the new woman. There is really no such person. When women rise to the opportunities of the country they belong to they are rising to their own. The real woman of all time is the woman who spends more of herself for the good of others, and in the gratification she gets from such good-doing gets a reward of an exaltedly selfish character. Making munitions is good pay; it's a novelty in experience; because it is this it's a new democracy among the women themselves. It's more; because to all these combined it's an opportunity to do good to the bigger thing than self which is ourselves in the commonwealth.


These doves, photographed on the front, are ready for messages of peace any day.

PEACE DOVES MUCH PERPLEXED

Roumania really weakens Germany. Political advantages in Peace Programme offset by Military Disadvantages; also by the fact that "the temper of the Allies is too obvious to suppose that there will be any toleration or even discussion of a peace that is to be founded on the basis of a draw."

By SIDNEY CORYN

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A CORRESPONDENT who professes to be interested only in the military aspect of the war writes a courteous protest against the assertion that the Central Powers have gained no strategic advantage from the conquest of Roumania. On the contrary, he says, they have cut the projected Allied line that was intended to connect the Russians in the north with the forces at Saloniki. Moreover, they have now put themselves in a position to move southward into Macedonia and to bar the road to Sarrail should he be intending to move onward from Monastir.

Now all that is true enough, but it in no way invalidates the contention that it assails. It was not said that the Teutons had gained no military advantages, but rather that they were outweighed by the disadvantages. The contention that was made in this column may be summarized by the suggestion that it would have been better for Germany, in spite of her victories, had Roumania remained neutral, and that German difficulties are now actually greater than they were before Roumania declared war. To make the contention still clearer it may be said that if Germany could now restore the status quo before the Roumanian intervention it would be much to her advantage to do so. Roumania now takes her place with Serbia and Montenegro, and just as these principalities—however important from a political point of view—have added immensely to Germany's military difficulties, so Roumania is likely to do the same. If Roumania's long and straggling frontier was easy to attack it will be just as difficult to defend. A considerable German army must now be locked up in Roumania, not only to watch the remains of the Roumanian forces, but also to guard the country against Russian aggression. So long as Roumania was neutral her territory was barred alike to Teutons and to the Allies. It now becomes a road connecting Russia with Bulgaria, and that road will be occupied by the strongest armies. Russian forces from Bessarabia will be a constant menace, while the whole Roumanian coast line is open to Russian attack from the water. If Germany had large reserves of men upon which to call, the situation would be a quite different one. But we know that she has not. She is obviously unable to hold her lines in the west, as witness the repeated French victories around Verdun She can only barely hold her lines against the Russians in the north. How, then, can she be advantaged from the military point of view by a victory that brings with it a new field of war and the constant occupation of new armies?

BUT from the political point of view the story is quite different, and here, of course, is the key to the whole situation. Germany conquered Roumania, not that she might go on fighting, but that she might stop fighting. She was not looking for military advantages at all. She was looking for peace. She wanted to be in actual possession of the territory that it was essential to her to retain, in order that she might gracefully relinquish the territory that she knew she would be unable to retain. She did not believe that she would be called upon to face the purely military disadvantages of her Roumanian conquest. She expected to be able to point to the total of her territorial gains, and then, as the price of peace, to hand back the western portion of them. It was quite easy to foresee that she would propose peace as soon as she had conquered Roumania or was certain to do so, and it was so stated definitely in this column over a week before the event. Without in any way impugning her sincerity it was quite obviously the only thing that she could do, just as it was obviously the psychological moment at which to do it. She had won a political advantage at the cost of a military disadvantage. The political advantage was immediate, while the military disadvantage was prospective, and she sought to preserve the one and to avoid the other. She would not have proposed peace if her military position had been so much improved by her Roumanian successes. She waited for high-water mark, and until the military genius of her commanders had given her all that it could possibly be expected to give her. She tried to interpose between the action and the reaction, so as to retain the fruits of action and to escape the consequent reaction. It was the sagacious course to follow, but at the same time we may usefully remember that peace proposals do not usually emanate from a conviction of ultimate victory, but rather from the prevision of failure.

THERE can not be much doubt of its nature. It will be an unequivocal and categorical rejection, and it will be accompanied with a definite counter statement of the Allied demands. The claim of Germany to be the victor will be met with an equally definite denial of that claim, and the denial is not likely to lose any of its force from the current news of French victories at Verdun. There will not be the slightest admission of failure, nor the least abatement of confidence in ultimate Allied victory, nor the smallest expression of disinclination to continue the struggle. And it may be said here that it is at least unfortunate that the representative men of the warring countries were not persuaded into silence during the interval between the receipt of the proposals and the reply. Perhaps it is inevitable that there should be expressions of determination from the leaders of the various European countries, and for the most part those expressions have been free from arrogance. But it certainly can not tend to lubricate the wheels of debate that free circulation and publicity should be given to such haughtily insolent defiances as those emanating, for example, from General von Hindenburg and from others still higher, or that peace proposals should be accompanied with whirling threats of what will happen in case of their rejection, threats that are repeated and emphasized with the passing of the days. Even if such overbearing menaces are the natural expressions of human feeling, even if they are demanded by the exigencies of a domestic situation or the encouragement of armies, they can at least be excluded from general publicity. What could we expect from a conciliatory meeting between two individuals that was preceded by grossly offensive shoutings and trumpetings of ultimate vengeance? That such a stricture is not unjustified, that it finds responsible utterances in Germany, is shown by the article contributed recently by Dr. Dernburg to the Berliner Tageblatt. Dr. Dernburg says: "With the utmost conviction I declare that the German nation wants with all its power to avoid such terrible happenings as the present world-war, and it wants all means to be brought into action which can help in this matter. We have never cut a good figure at The Hague Conference, not, perhaps, because we were not in the right, but because we shouted our own opinions of the proposals made there with such brutal coolness that the other side, which consisted of the leading men of the other nations of the world, was deeply offended. That was certainly nothing to boast about, and certainly not diplomacy."

But the question that we are all asking ourselves is whether these overtures can have any useful result. It is true that at the moment we do not know precisely what the overtures are except that they include the restoration of the status quo in the west and the submission to discussion of the whole Balkan problem. But there seems to be a wider chasm even than these, and these are wide enough in all conscience. The speech of the chancellor is based on the postulate, announced, one might say, vociferously, that Germany is the victor and that the Allies must accede to that fact. It is because Germany is the victor, so we are told, that these proposals have been made, and attention to them would therefore involve an admission of that claim. We are told of Germany's "gigantic advantages" and of the ease and willingness with which she can prosecute the struggle. Now the temper of the Reichstag may have demanded that these assertions be made. But was it the part of diplomatic wisdom to proclaim them to the world? Was it the kind of thing that would strike with a conciliatory or ingratiating sound upon the ears of Germany's enemies? Was it not likely to close the door with a bang before it had been fairly opened?

For what are the facts? The most obvious fact is that every one of the Allied nations is now inaugurating new plans for the prosecution of the war and that not a syllable of discouragement has been whispered anywhere on the outer circle of Europe. England has just appointed a practical dictator and she has named the one man who of all others is the most effective and the most resolute. France has reconstructed her cabinet and appointed as commander-in-chief of her armies the soldier to whom she ascribes her victories at Verdun. The Russian Duma has not only insisted upon a pro-Slav reconstruction of the ministry, but has placed itself upon record both before and since the peace proposals as insisting in the name of the Russian people upon a vigorous continuation of the war. It is an undisputed fact that neither England nor Russia has yet reached a maximum strength. How, then, can it be expected that either should enter a peace conclave with a tacit admission of defeat? Would it not have been wiser, more diplomatic, if the chancellor had been less declamatory, a little less wounding, or if those portions of his speech that must necessarily be considered as an affront had been veiled by the omnipotent censor? It must be regarded as a lamentable result of such indiscretions that public opinion in France and England is said to have perceptibly hardened since these proposals were made, and that whatever peace sentiment may have been aroused during the first few hours has nearly wholly disappeared as the setting and form of the chancellor's speech has been better appreciated.

The Allies will, of course, make their counter proposals, however hopeless such a procedure may

(Concluded on page 27.)

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO - - - - - ONTARIO

EDITOR'S TALK

HUMILITY becometh an editor. In the presence of the advertising expert, who sells space, more humility. In comparison with the man who makes copy—salaams.

Who is the man that sets the pace for space value? Not the editor who pays ten—or less—cents a word for a story or an article.

We quote 10 because that is the high average in the 99,000,000 market in the land of many magazines. In Canada the cipher may be placed before the 1—except in special cases. Because our market is one-twelfth the size of the one over the way. Everything else about in proportion. Facts not only speak louder than words; they govern the price of words.

Neither is it the highly paid author who makes space valuable.

No, it is the writer of ad. copy, whose business it is to prepare words that cost the payer of space anywhere from 14 cents to $1.75 a line; or maximum about 35 cents a word.

He it is before whom editor and author are humble. And of him a shrewd American writer makes

A BOOST
FOR AD. WRITERS.

On this subject,
Gerald Stanley Lee,
In His Book,
WE,
says:

AS time went on, I gradually discovered that from the point of view of a humanist or of a man who liked to sit by and watch our common human nature in this world, working away on itself, the advertising pages not only had more meat in them than the rest of the magazine, but they had more style. Men who were trying to make their words really do things were forced to use better words, apparently, or more fit for their purpose—or the words wouldn't do them. And even when the men who wrote the advertising pages did not make their words do things, they tried to. I was drawn to them because they took words seriously. They seemed to have discovered what words were for. They knew what style was, and if they had any in them, it seemed to me, they were on the right road and were going to get it.

I noticed that some of the advertisements were written by men who had a great deal of style—a sense of fitness of words for their purpose. Others had comparatively little.

I noticed that some of the advertisements were written by good men. Others were written by bad ones.

I discovered that the advertisements by the good men were the ones that had style. They did what they were meant to do. They made me believe them.

I discovered that the advertisements by the bad men did not have style. They could not make their words do with me what they tried to do with me. They did not make me believe them.

I then discovered that advertising was a great profession, because great success or permanent efficiency in it depended and was bound to depend upon the greatest gift in human nature—the gift of being transparent—of just being good inside, of being radiantly and contagiously good.

A man has to have such a genius for being sincere that even on paper one can hear his voice. One sees him when he is not there. One hears him when he is still.

Another reason I have found myself often liking the ad-authors better than I do the average run of regular-line authors that all our advertising magazines have to have of course is that the ad-authors seem to me to be more independent. They are not merely trying to be polite to me and to everybody, slaving away all the while the way the regular authors do to make me and everybody like them and bow low to them. They are more serious, and they make me feel they are really trying to do something serious with me. However, they may go on fooling in that innocent-looking way about my pocketbook, I know that there is something they really care to make happen and that they propose to make this something happen to me.

JOCULARITIES

He—"They say, dear, that people who live together get in time to look exactly alike."

She—"Then you must consider my refusal final."

* * *

"My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?"

"Why, lady," responded our hero, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."

* * *

"My wife is certainly hard to please!"

"She must have changed a heap since she married you?"

"She certainly has; but how did you know—er—think you're funny, don't you!"

* * *

"Managers say that grand opera stars are more tractable in vaudeville."

"Well, even a grand opera star can see the incongruity of being jealous of a performing chimpanzee or a trained seal."

* * *

"Are you going to the exposition?"

"Nope; can't afford it."

"But your wife bought an entire new outfit to wear at the exposition."

"That's why we can't afford it."

* * *

"I'm going to ask her to be queen of my home," said the enamoured youth.

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WATCH THIS WILDCAT

By INVESTICUS

IT is a mistake to think wild-catting is at an end simply because peace is at an end. The crooked company promoter is as ubiquitous as the poor that are referred to in the Scriptures. War is no obstacle to him. Thrift campaigns leave him unharmed, and he seems able to raise money in considerable quantities where other more legitimate concerns might have no hope whatever.

Various letters have been received by the editor of this column inquiring about a certain American company operating from a Chicago address. Those who have written in are apparently people of means, or who have saved a little cash, which they are tempted to "invest" with this Chicago concern. Although at the time of writing it has not been possible to obtain the information which we require about this Chicago company before dealing with it under its own name, certain features of the letter which it has been sending to our readers ought to be called attention to. In other words, the letter in question is, to our way of thinking, an excellent example of the crook company letter.

One of our correspondents works in Detroit and lives in Windsor. Let us call him John Smith for the time being. He encloses the letter he received from the Chicago company. On the surface it looks like a personal letter. It is addressed to John Smith, Detroit, Michigan, and it starts out "Dear Mr. Smith." As a matter of fact it is only after close scrutiny of the letter that an expert could tell you the letter is merely a circular, probably printed by the tens of thousands. The only "personal" thing about it being the fact that "John Smith, Detroit, Michigan—Dear Mr. Smith" has been specially added on a typewriter whose ribbon matches the ink used by the man who printed the circular.

That, of course, is legitimate enough. It makes John Smith think he is getting something worth reading—whereas if he got a plain circular he would probably throw it in the waste-basket at once. The letterhead, by the way, is very plain and dignified—just such as a big financial house on Broadway or in Montreal might use. It describes the firm as "Underwriters, Brokers and Bankers"—but then, the give-away touch follows: "Experts in inside investments." That is the first place where the wildcatter shows his cloven hoof. A real firm of bankers, underwriters and brokers does not need to hold out such gaudy phrases, nor make such shameless bids for the attention of the poor simpleton whom it hopes to "rope." Mr. John Smith, if he had been a little more experienced in the ways of the world, would never have read three lines further than that "inside investments" line. That is the ear-mark of the crooked promoter.

But now take the proposition made in the letter.

"We are enclosing herewith," says the dignified letter, "a copy of our publication entitled 'Ground Floor Opportunities'" (again the crook's phrase). "Within the next few days we will place on the market treasury shares of Fabulous Motors Inc. (we have varied the name slightly) at \$4.50 per share, par value \$10 per share. The shares will be marketed by extensive advertising, and the market thus created will be nation-wide. We will continue such vigorous advertising over a period of several months, and expect that the shares will be selling at par or more by the time the financing is, etc."

Do you catch the crookedness of that?

Note, there isn't a word yet about what the Fabulous Motors Company is going to make its profits out of. The one and only appeal of the letter is to get you to buy a worthless stock in the hope that you can unload it at a higher price on somebody else. But wait—

"Prior to selling the shares as above described (says the cheerful little letter) we offer a limited (note the 'limited') allotment of shares at \$3.50 per share. The price will be nearly two hundred per cent. higher when it reaches par—the price that we expect the shares to command by the time we conclude the selling. Application will be made at that time to list the shares on the New York Curb (not the New York Exchange remember), and we are confident that those who are accepting allotments right now at \$3.50 per share will find a broad market for them at prices several times higher than the present price . . ."

The letter now goes on to say that the Fabulous Motors concern is certain to be as successful in the handling of motor trucks as the Ford Motor Company has been in the making of inexpensive pleasure and business cars. Then there is a lot of perfectly true "dope" on the profits that have been made by Ford and others, and the usefulness of the motor truck, etc. But the thing our readers must bear in mind if this letter reaches them is the fact that none of these statements proves that the Fabulous Trucks Company is going to make money.

At the foot of the letter, after the signature of the "president," comes a return coupon, which the trusting are invited to fill out and mail (with their money) to this cheerful concern in Chicago.

If any other readers of the Courier have received one of these letters and are in doubt what to do about it after reading it with a critical eye—write to the editor of this column and further information about the actual standing of the company will be supplied as soon as the facts can be obtained in Chicago. In the meantime, leave it alone. If your cupidity tempts you to buy at \$3.50 in the hope of selling at \$4.50 or at ten dollars—just ask yourself these questions:

Why, if this is such a wonderful opportunity, do the promoters have to seek money so far away from home? And why must they float the stock at such a low figure?

Then ask yourself this:

What reason have you to suppose that after these "experts on inside investments" have sold you—they need to keep boosting the stock so as to give you your profit. Their one interest in the matter is to sell you and all the other yous that can be flimflammed into the deal. After that—you may whistle for your profits.

ROYAL BANK REPORT

WHILE the extent of the marked gains reported by the Royal Bank came as a distinct surprise to the street, it is only when one makes comparisons with a few years back that it becomes possible to gauge the phenomenal strides that the Royal has enjoyed. A glance at some of the earlier statements shows that the increase which the bank made last year in assets of 55 millions was alone more than the total assets reported a decade ago, when the total was \$45,351,498. At that time the deposits stood at 20 millions, while this year they exceed 140 millions, and current loans have grown from around 26 millions to 124 millions.

The upbuilding of the Royal Bank has always been regarded as the life-work of Mr. Edson L. Pease, as he has guided it from very small beginnings to its present strong position. It is doubtful whether back at the commencement of 1900 Mr. Pease could even have hoped that the business of the bank would have assumed a position of such strength and proportions as it has at the end of 1916.

An analysis of the statement shows that for the first time in the history of the bank reported total assets are in excess of a quarter of a billion, the increase for the past twelve months being \$55,000,000, total assets amounting to \$253,261,427, compared with \$198,299,123 at the end of last year, and \$179,404,054 at the end of 1914.

WILL N.Y. KEEP GOLD CONTROL

IT has to be admitted that Wall Street is for the time being ahead of Lombard Street in respect to certain things. It is not now so universally true as it used to be before the war that shipments from Brazil to New York, or New York to Australia, or Samoa to Denmark are financed through London. London, which was once the great free gold port of the world, the city where the gold reserves, even of Germany and Turkey, were largely stored, has had for the time being to yield its supremacy in this respect to New York. New York has so much gold that it doesn't know what to do with it. American banks are actually nervous because they fear the over-supply of gold in the United States will cause an over-inflation of credit, and perhaps bring on some sort of a great national crisis. But for the present, at all events, this condition makes New York the centre of international finance. New York cannot be denied the title "The Gold Port of the World."

But will she keep that title when the war is over? The writer of this article, when in England some time ago, had the privilege of a long conversation with Sir George Paish, the famous economist, and the man who was to have served on our railway investigation board, had not illness prevented. This very question of London's gold supremacy was brought up.

"Will New York become the world's clearing house?" I asked.

"It is already approaching that position," said Sir George.

"But will she keep it?"

"No."

Sir George went on to point out that there are very many reasons besides financial reasons why London should be the gold port of the world after the war again. In the first place the centre of international finance should be in the centre of the world's shipping interests. That is London. Moreover, the centre of international finance must be in the hands of a nation that can do something at least toward guaranteeing the freedom of the seas for the cargoes of all nations. While England is at war she cannot expect to have time or the necessary machinery for playing the role of world banker. But when the war is over the gold supply will commence to return to London.

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MUSIC AND PLAYS

A FEW nights ago the second composition of Lekeu, the marvellous young Belgian (deceased), ever given in Canada was done to a select audience of half a dozen music lovers by Mr. Vigneto, of the Hambourg Conservatory, and Mr. Ulysu Bachler, pianist. This was a sonata for violin and piano, a luxurious and colourful work replete with passion and form and remarkable rhythm. The few who were privileged to hear it realized what European music lost in this Chatterton of music, pupil of Cesar Franch.

Belgian music, of course, has been demoralized by the war. One of King Albert's violinists, now in New York, has much to say on this head:

There have been many stories from Belgium, he says, of the things that were, and now Edouard Deru, a prominent musician of that country, has arrived here to tell still another—how the whole musical life of his land was swept away by the advent of war. Belgium is unique in that respect, he points out, for while the musicians of France, England, Germany, and Austria suffer because they cannot ply their calling as they did before the war, there are still some concerts and some audiences, but Belgium is the only sovereign nation whose musicians are exiled or without hearers as a whole, the places where they once held forth now occupied by alien invaders.

The masters of the famous Belgian school of violinists are scattered; the Theatre de la Monnaie, one of the principal operatic institutions of Europe, is untenanted save by Germans; and there is no more occupation in the whole of Belgium for teachers, orchestral players, or the givers of concerts.

Edouard Deru is the Court Violinist to the King and Queen of Belgium, and he clings proudly to the title even in exile in America. He is a prominent violinist, an associate of Eugene Ysaye, with whom he appeared in public and whose classes he used to conduct during Ysaye's absence. After a few months of the war he managed to get to England. He stayed there some time and recently he came to America, and is established with his wife in a French boarding house not far from Times Square. His purpose here is to give concerts for the relief of Belgian musicians under arrangements with a committee established in Brussels.

The principal Belgian artists, exiled from their own country, are spread through many lands. Most have found a refuge in England, and a few are in Switzerland, while others are in still other places.

Eugene Ysaye is in London with his family. He has played many concerts everywhere in England with de Pachman. His three sons are at the front doing their duty. They sometimes come to London to see their parents when they get a short leave.

Ernest Van Dyck, who was living near Antwerp when the war broke out, is conducting a singing class at the Conservatoire at Paris. Cesar Thomson is with his family in Italy. His son has been wounded at the front, and his son-in-law, who was an Italian officer, was killed. A. De Greef, the principal piano teacher of the Conservatory of Brussels, is also in London.

* * *

Dunsany's N. Y. Vogue.

LORD DUNSANY, the brilliant author of The Lost Silk Hat, The Glittering Gate, and a shoal of other modern diamonds of little drama, is becoming a vogue in New York. A couple of years ago The Glittering Gate was given its first Canadian performance in Toronto, at an art club, a little two-man piece of exceptional blending of brilliancy, wit and humorous mysticism. The Lost Silk Hat is due to go on at the same club in a couple of weeks. Says the New York Times of this clever dramatist:

Speaking of Dunsany (as one does from time to time between references to "Pierrot the Prodigal"), he has quite come into his own this season. After waiting five years and more for so much as a hearing for any one of his pieces in the commercial theatres of New York, he has suddenly seen four produced on Broadway within a single month, and a fifth promised for production before the end of the winter. Every one is talking about Dunsany now, and nearly every one is writing about him.

SYBIL CARMEN IN THE ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC

RUTH CHATTERTON AS THE CINDERELLA COOK IN COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN AT COHAN THEATRE

* * *

Mediaevalism in Opera.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, the new Italian produced at the Metropolitan week before last, and outlined in these pages last week, seems to be an odd mixture of mediaevalism and modernity. Says a critic:

Conjecture balks and is baffled in trying to represent the feelings of good opera-goers of those times confronted with what the successors of Auber and Thomas, Rossini and Donizetti have brought into opera. "Francesca da Rimini" would occasion not the least of this bewilderment.

In his quest for characteristic colour and the suggestion of mediaeval atmosphere, Zandonai has introduced some instruments into certain scenes of "Francesca da Rimini" that purport to be mediaeval. These are a lute, a viola pomposa, a piffero. They serve their purpose admirably and give a new and unfamiliar touch in the passages where they are employed, in little orchestras and in a trio on the stage.

The verities of history are not exactly preserved in the form in which at least two of these instruments are presented in "Francesca." The lute used is entirely strung with wire or wire-wound strings, and the effect is something like that of a larger and more sonorous mandolin. The mandolin of to-day is, indeed, the descendant, and the only living one, of the lute, the most popular and widely used instrument of the seventeenth century and earlier. But the strings of the lute were entirely of catgut until toward the end of the seventeenth century, when silver-spun strings were introduced, but only for the bass. The true lute had a very tender and sensitive tone, delicately coloured, and would have been quite too soft and lacking in penetration for use on the stage and with the overpowering sonorities of other instruments. The wire-strung lute is exactly what Zandonai desired for his effect, which carries, is distinctive and suggests just what he wanted.

* * *

GATTI-CASAZZA, manager of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, has written his second article for the New York Times Magazine in nine years. Gatti is too busy managing singers, actors and orchestras to write more than once in five years. When he does he must have something to say. And this time he talks about a very old opera which he revived for Gotham last week. In telling the story

(Continued on page 27.)

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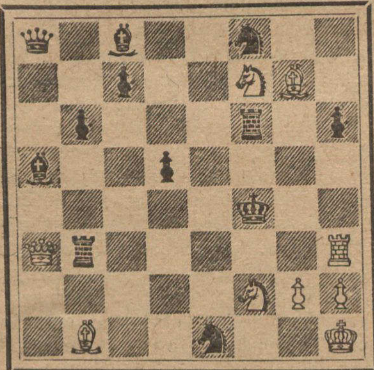
Solutions to problems and other correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 107, by Brian Harley.
("Somewhere in France.")
Pittsburgh Gaz-Times, 17 Dec., 1916.
(Task.)

Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 105, by T. R. Dawson.

Upon examination the solver will readily discover that Black, having moved last, could have moved none other than the Pawn at KKt4. It, however, becomes imperative to prove that the Pawn was previously located on KKt2 to justify the assertion that White has at his command the key-move 1. PxPe.p. The Pawn could not have arrived at KKt4 by a capture from KB3 due to the fact that White has only lost two pieces which must have departed by capture from the Black Pawn at QKt6. The strategic beauty of the conception unfolds itself with the attempt to refute the previous location of the Pawn on KKt3. Previous to Black's P—KKt4 he was in check from the Bishop, which check obviously could only have been given by discovery by moving the White Rook to Q7. The Rook could not have made a capture on Q7, as the six pieces Black is minus must have departed in producing the White Pawn position. Therefore White was in check from the Black Bishop previous to the move of the Rook, which check could obviously have only been by a discovery, and that by the Black King moving from KKt4. On that square the Black King was in check from the White Queen, which check could obviously only have occurred by discovery, and that by the White Bishop moving from B5 to R7. Had the Black Pawn been on KKt3 this Bishop could not have reached KR7! Therefore the Black Pawn must have been on KKt2 Q.E.D. The board was inadvertently set at a quarter turn.

Problem No. 104, by T. R. Dawson.

1. P—B4. If 1......, Kt PxP; 2. P—Q8 (Q); 3. Q—K8; 4. Q—R4; 5. Q—B2; 6Q—Bsq. BxQ. If 1......, QPxP; 2. P—Q8 (R); 3. R—Q5; 4. R—KB5; 5. R—Bsq; 6. R—Bsq; BxR. If 1......, QPxPe.p.; 2. P—Q8 (B); 3. B—K7; 4. B—B5; 5. B—K3; 6. B—Bsq. BxB. If 1......, KtPxP e.p.; 2. P—Q8(Kt); 3. Kt—B6; 4. Kt—Kt4; 5. Kt—Q3; 6. Kt—Bsq, BxKt.

Errata.

Our column of Dec. 30 was unavoidably published without proof correction. In the game Tarrasch v. Mieses, the annotations, where not indicated, occur at White's 5th, Black's 8th, White's 14th, Black's 15th, White's 16th, White's 24th Black's 26th and Black's 32nd moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

The editor of the chess and checkers column in "The Western Mail" (West Australia) has a lively pen. This is how he annotated an off-hand game played at Perth in the last cold weather season (our summer) between Messrs. J. Sayers, the West Australia champion, and A. Orloff, jun., "the lunch-hour lightning player":—

The scene is Boan Bros.' tea-rooms, time 3 p.m., when chessy intellects begin to warm in the influence of the afternoon sun and the dreamy music of the select orchestra.

The young-lightning player has his eagle eye on the numerous entrances. "Ha, there comes the champion. Hi, there, Mr. Sayers, time for a game? Afternoon tea, band, etc. Sit down. What'll you have? Black—No, I mean tea or coffee? I will take White then.

Having taken the champion by storm, so to speak, the Y.L.P. begins, and the surrounding bystanders, spectators, critics, confirmed pessimists, and future champions settle themselves comfortably in various attitudes from boredom to grudging interest.

1. P—Q4	1. P—Q4
2. P—QB4	2. P—K3
3. Kt—QB3	3. Kt—KB3
4. B—Kt5	4. B—K2
5. Kt—B3	5 P—QB4 (a)
6. P—K3 (b)	6. Kt—QB3 (c)
7. PxQP	7. KPxP
8. B—Kt5	8. Castles.
9. Castles (d)	9. PxP
10. PxP	10. Q—Q3
11. BxQKt	11. PxB
12. Kt—K5 (e)	12. B—Kt2 (f)
13. R—Ksq	13. Kt—K5 (g)
14. KtxKt	14. PxKt
15. BxB	15. QxB
16. RxP (h)	16 P—B3?
17. Q—Kt3 (i)	17. K—Rsq
18. Kt—Kt6 (j)	18. PxKt (k)
19. R—R4 mate (l)	

(a) "Huh, why don't he take the Pawn?" insists a watcher. "Why not take the Knight, you mean," suggests another. The champion looks up with a frown, and the commentators subside.

(b) "We play the book, you see," remarks the Y.L.P. "Do we?" says the champion, replying.

(c) And the game continues.

(d) "I imitate him, you see," chuckles the Y.L.P. "Now watch."

(e) "There to stay," interjects a future Dr. Lasker—no, pardon, Capablanca—among the now passably interested crowd of business men neglecting their duties for chess—no; that is to say, having an afternoon cup o' tea.

(f) The champion must have been too interested in studying the spectators at this stage, as there were numerous better moves, B—K3, for example. "Ha, an idea, now look outski," exclaims the Y.L.P.

(g) The orchestra was playing "Somewhere a voice is calling," and the champion responds by sending his Knight on a fruitless expedition.

(h) One of the spectators (?) awakes with a start at the signs of excitement among his fellow critics, while the tea-room girls give up trying to sweep the cigar ash from under the table—as well try and move the Sphinx as one of those chess-players.

(i) "Checkski," announces the Y.L.P., while his mortal enemy on the left-hand side at the back ejaculates meaningly, "Yes, yes."

(j) "Check again," triumphantly calls the would-be Morphy, the while his opponent blinks and stares as if——

(k) "I've nothing else," he remarks.

(l) Now, who said I couldn't play chess!" cries Senor Orloffski, Y.L.P. "Would anyone like a game? No! Have some more tea? Nobody will have a game? All right, then, I've had enoughski for to-day. Eh? Good-day, Mr. Sayers."

"About six moves ago," remarks one of the callous critics, "I think Black could have——" —But let us leave them to it.

(From the "British Chess Magazine.")

Toronto Chess League.

The following results have not previously been recorded:

DIVISION "A."

Dec. 12—Toronto 3½, Parliament 1½.
Dec. 13—Beach 3½, Varsity 1½.

DIVISION "B."

Dec. 14—Beach 4½, Toronto ½.
Dec. 16—West End Y.M.C.A. 3, Parliament 2.

A Smile or Two

A COLONEL in the French army who had a great eye for neatness, but not much of an ear for music, took occasion one day to compliment his bandmaster on the appearance of his men. "Their uniforms are neat," said the colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one improvement that I must insist upon." "What is it, colonel?" "You must train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—one, two, one, two!"

OF A SAVING DISPOSITION.

IT was an ingenious husband who sent his wife shopping in a taxi the other day. A friend who happened to see him say good-bye to her from the curb remarked on his apparent extravagance.

"It's economy, really," said the husband. "Whenever she's in a store she'll be worried to death because the taxi is eating up money all the time, so she won't stay long enough to spend half as much as she would if she went on foot or in a street car."

The newly-elected mayor of a small town was fond of show, and so he did his best to be inducted into office in weather favourable to gay processions.

A NEW EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

—Rehse, in New York World.

At his suggestion this notice was put into the local papers three days before his installation: "On the occasion of the installation of the new mayor the fire brigade will be reviewed in the afternoon if it rains in the morning, and in the morning if it rains in the afternoon."

A family in an eastern city includes several children, but only one—the eldest—is a boy. The little lad longed for a brother. Recently the house was rather upset. A nurse who had appeared on the scene came to the little boy.

"What do you think you've got?" she asked him.

"A baby brother!" fairly gasped the boy.

"No, dearie, it's a baby sister," replied the nurse.

"Aw!" groaned the youngster, "am I goin' always to have to sift those ashes?"

Only Details Lacking.

"Is that airship finished yet?" queried an advocate on preparedness.

"No-o, not exactly."

"How far along are your preparations?"

"We have the air."

Often Enough.

"How often does your road kill a man?" asked a facetious travelling salesman of a Central Branch conductor the other day.

"Just once," replied the conductor sourly.

Proficient.

Visitor—"I suppose, Willie, that you can spell all the short words?"

Willie (who hears much talk about automobiles)—"Yes, I can spell words of four cylinders."

It was several days after arriving home from the front that the soldier with two broken ribs was sitting up and smoking a cigar when the doctor came in.

"Well, how are you feeling naw?" asked the latter.

"I've had a stitch in my side all day," replied the wounded soldier.

"That's all right," said the doctor. "It shows that the bones are knitting."

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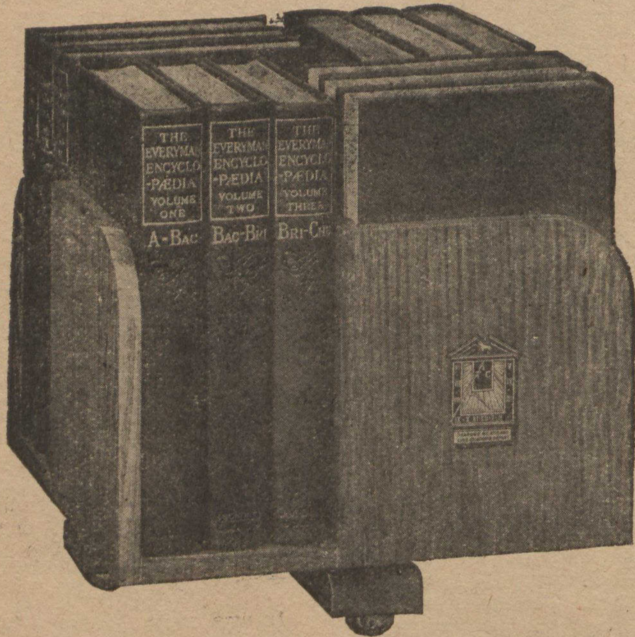

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What's What the World Over

(Concluded from page 13.)

stance. La Condamine spelled the local name as "caoutchouc," and sent specimens to Paris, but it was not until 1770, when Priestly found that the gum would erase pencil marks from paper, that any commercial use was found for it in Europe; small supplies at this time came from the East Indies.

In the year 1823 Charles McIntosh discovered that rubber was soluble in benzine. This meant that for the first time rubber could be "worked," that it could be thinned, spread out in sheets, rendered amenable to industrial processes. He applied the idea to waterproof coats, immortalizing his name.

In 1832 the North American firm of Chaffee & Haskins founded the Roxbury India Rubber Company for the manufacture of water-resisting objects, and thus modestly commenced that North American industry in rubber goods which has since grown to such enormous proportions. A little later Goodwin, connected with the Roxbury firm, found out that sulphur mixed with the rubber solution made it capable of resisting great extremes of heat and cold; this process was given the name of "vulcanization" and did much to promote the industrial use of rubber. From that time crude rubber took its place on world markets and the passage of time has year by year brought it into use in a greater variety; new uses for the resilient gum are constantly being discovered.

The Amazon valley began to send regular exports of crude rubber abroad, but as its commercial use increased other sources also contributed supplies. Tropical latitudes produce scores of different trees yielding a milk which coagulates into a gummy mass, and while the famous hevea brasiliensis was the foundation of the commercial rubber business, and still retains its place as the producer of the best rubber, it has never been the sole source of supply. Before the Eastern plantation rubber came upon the scene there were several world regions producing rubber commercially. India produced rubber from the ficus elastica; the West African wild rubber districts sent about 15,000 tons to market annually about 1910-14; Mexico discovered some years ago that she had a fortune in the guayule shrub growing wild in enormous areas, and a distinct industry was built up in this variety; she also furnishes a small quantity of rubber from the tree castilloa elastica. The same tree is likewise grown profitably in Central America in small plantations, and is wild in Brazil, yielding the rubber exported thence commercially as "caucho."

BRAZIL is very rich in gum-yielding trees, and exports rubber from the mangabeira and manicoba trees, but it is from different kinds of the hevea that the rubber industry of the world, and the fame and fortune of the Amazon, has been built up.

There are seventeen different kinds of hevea upon the Amazon, and it is here alone that the tree is found in wild state; the chief gum-producing kinds are the hevea brasiliensis, hevea guayanensis, and hevea spruceana.

The hevea brasiliensis, the "mainstay of the Amazon," grows in three varieties, differing remarkably in commercial importance as regards the gum yielded. These are known locally as "black," "red," and "white," in the same order in esteem. The black (preta) hevea brasiliensis is almost never found on the islands of the Amazon delta near the sea, but thrives along the upper Amazon, the upper tributaries, and across the Bolivian border; it is this tree which yields the "hard fine Para," or "upriver fine," the best rubber of all rubbers, highest in commercial estimation on account of its splendid resiliency, and practically inexhaustible in supply.

Rubber from the "white" hevea is known as fraca (weak), and sells at 20 per cent. less than the gum of the black tree; it is good rubber, but less resilient.

Rubber from the "red" tree remains moist and does not coagulate freely—a bad fault in the preparation of rubber for the market.

Discovery of the varying properties of gum from the different trees has been a gradual matter following the development of commercial rubber extraction upon the Amazon; methods of coagulation are probably as old as the aboriginal use of the gum. That in vogue upon the Amazon has certainly not varied for a century and a half.

The milk, caught in mud, leaf or modern tin cups below gashes made with a sharp instrument in the bark, is collected into one big jar or bucket and taken to the smoking hut of the seringueiro. Here he has brought a pile of hard, oily nuts, generally the urycury (cousin of the babassu of Maranhao and the attalea cohune of Central America), to which he sets fire, starting it with a handful of charcoal. A tin cone with a small opening at the top is nowadays generally placed over the nut fire in order to direct the volume of heavy acrid smoke into a convenient compass.

THE worker then takes a stick of wood, dips it into the rubber latex and holds it over the smoke. It coagulates in a few seconds. Other films of milk are coagulated on to the first layer, by dipping or by pouring milk over the paddle from a bowl made of a half-gourd, until the day's collection of latex has all been coagulated. The yield of successive days is coagulated over the first layers until a big round "pelle" has been formed. It speedily turns black on the outside, and these great masses of rubber, varying considerably in size, but often weighing fifty or sixty kilos, are familiar features on the waterfronts of Manaos and Para, on pavements outside warehouses, in river boats and small canoes. Before shipping, the rubber dealers cut open each pelle to determine the quality of rubber contained in it. Frequently some extremely foreign bodies are found concealed, some perhaps having found their way in by accident, and others probably introduced by the seringueiro in order to make his rubber weigh more: in this way hatchet heads, stones, lumps of hardwood and nails have found a temporary resting-place between the layers of goma.

These are cast out, layers of inferior rubber are torn from the better grade, and when the sorting process is complete the grades are boxed and shipped. This system may be seen in the waterside warehouses of Para and Manaos, and is always going on inside the private warehouses of rubber merchants in those cities; the "bag of mystery" system of the pelle lends itself to the possibility of a certain amount of fraud both on the part of the collector, who may introduce inferior gums of many kinds, and of the dealer who may classify arbitrarily.

But the seringueiro has learned how to make a ball of rubber and no other methods are in sight upon the Amazon as yet; the dealer in the rubber cities knows how to handle and ship it; the rubber manufacturers of Europe and the United States are accustomed to dealing with it. Custom is a big factor in the preservation of the pelle, but it has newer defenders also in the consumers of rubber who declare that the quality of the elastic gum is best maintained by Amazonian methods.

Theodosia's Sun-Dog

(Concluded from page 13.)

most as fine a one, I thought, as Theodosia had painted in her poem. As my wheels creaked past her place she came out, muffled to the ears. She had resurrected from some forgotten corner an old great-coat of her brother's. She had a hatchet in her hand and I knew she was going to chop the ice out of the watering trough. It startled me—Theodosia Parkman chopping ice out of a watering trough or anything else on a morning like that!

"Take cheer," I called, waving my whip toward the sun-dog; "it's propitious."

But things did not go very well with Theodosia. The real sun-dog had not helped matters much after all. "I'm afraid I've waited too long to turn my hand to money making," she once admitted, sadly. She had confided her plans to no one in Eden but her old servant and myself. She could not keep her sudden rigid economy from her neighbors, but she concealed its purpose.

When I saw that she was determined to slave the winter away, I divulged the whole business to Oliver, in the vague hope that he might suggest some way out for her. We were sitting in his little old parlor at the time. It was sleeting—an abominable day.

"So that's the reason she's working her fingers off, eh?" he said, and, knocking his pipe empty against the hearth, he got up and strode to the window, where he stood looking out, hands jammed into his pockets.

"I'd never have told you but I thought you might suggest some plan to help her, without her knowing it. Of course it will have to be done that way."

Till a late hour that night we turned over plan after plan, only to discard each in its turn. "Let's sleep over it," I finally suggested, and departed.

The next morning I was laid up with rheumatism and had to forego my usual drive to the station. I was very much surprised when one of the neighbors brought me word that Oliver had been called to Chicago. He was home again in three days, and went directly to Theodosia. She it was who called to me on my way over to see him, and through her I got the first version of his trip.

"Oliver had some urgent business to attend to in Chicago," she explained, "and while there he happened across an old schoolmate who is a publisher and persuaded him to give me a hearing. I sent Lemuel to the station to post 'The Sun-Dog' only a moment ago."

It was wonderful to see how hope had rejuvenated her. I offered my congratulations, and chuckled, after I got away, over Oliver's "urgent business." The acceptance of the book came surprisingly soon—had I known more about such things then I should have thought suspiciously soon. I called on Theodosia at the very first opportunity, and as I drove up the lane I saw that the chicken-house door was open and that Lemuel was loading the incubator onto his own wagon.

Theodosia did not wait for me to knock. "Come right in," she cried, opening to me. It was a rather warm day for March, but she had a blinking red log in the fireplace.

"What extravagance," said I.

"Not now," she laughed, happily. "Of course you know about the book?" She was radiantly happy. Never had I seen her half so pretty. "Isn't it perfectly glorious?" she asked, with all her charming frankness.

"It's fine, Theodosia," said I, squeezing her hand again.

"Oliver says he's sure the publisher can sell five hundred copies right here in Eden," said she. It was surprising how often she Olivered this and Olivered that during my brief stay.

"It's a great thing for Theodosia," said that gentleman to me some days later. "Anybody can compile a book and get it published if he is willing to pay the price. But to have a book taken outright on its merits, the publisher assuming the risk, that's quite a different affair, I can tell you."

The book was to come out in June, an ideal time, Theodosia declared, from a poet's point of view. A few weeks before the date set for its appearance I got a letter from Oliver, who had been called to our state capital in a business emergency. He requested me to search his desk for a very important document which I was to mail immediately to him. "You'll likely have to read every drawer through before you find it," he wrote.

It was while searching for the letter in question that I came upon another that was vastly more important to me. It bore the name of a Chicago publisher and read:

My Dear Oliver:

Your friend's "Sun-Dog and Other Poems" will be ready on date specified. We shall do what we can for her, which is not much as you know. It will be well for her, if she wants to get rid of the edition, to sell as many copies as possible among her friends.

You will find receipt inclosed for six hundred dollars, payment in full as per arrangement between us. Will make settlements with her as per contract, and will return to you whatever may accrue to us up to the amount you have advanced. I fear, however, it will be many a year, magnanimous soul, before you get your money back.

There followed some schoolboy reminiscence and the publisher's signature. Dear old Oliver! I could have hugged him!

When he came back I told him about having learned his secret. For a minute he was more annoyed than I had ever seen him.

"We can keep it from her," said I, reassuringly.

He gave me one of those quizzical side glances of his and a smile lit his usually sombre face. "It isn't going to be very easy for me to keep secrets from her after the middle of June," he remarked, quietly.

"Oliver!" I shouted.

"There, leave me a piece of my hand," he laughed.

We were driving past Theodosia's lane. It was dusk and the odor of early summer was in the air. Theodosia had lighted her lamp. The blind was up and we could see her shadow on the wall opposite the fireplace.

"You'll be literary partners then, I suppose," said I.

"Better than that," said he, quietly, "much better than that."

Peace Doves Much Perplexed

(Concluded from page 21.)

be. They can not afford to take a stand of irreconcilability. But those proposals will not deviate in principle from those already stated upon more than one occasion by Mr. Asquith. They will include the indemnification of Belgium and a guarantee of lasting peace by the destruction of Prussian militarism. It is impossible to suppose that there will be any recession from this, and it is equally impossible to suppose that there can be even a parley on the basis of a victorious Germany. We may deplore such rigidity, but it is useless to shrink from a patent fact. The temper of the Allies is too obvious to suppose that there will be any toleration or even discussion of a peace that is to be founded on the basis of a draw. However firmly we may believe that a conclusive military issue is now impossible we may as well realize that the Allies do not share in that belief. On the contrary, they hold that such an issue is not only possible, but certain. How, then, can they be expected to approach a peace meeting from the standpoint of final failure?

It is so fatally easy to speak of this country or that as being "sick of the war," and restrained from peace only by a few bellicose statesmen. It is a myth, pure and simple, so far as the Allies are concerned. It is one of the things that we like to say, irrespective of its truth. It is because there are so many points upon which the people of the warring countries have irrevocably set their hearts that the prospects of peace seem now so dim. An indemnity to Belgium is one of them, and it is equally impossible either that the Allies would waive that indemnity or that Germany would pay it. A still more tremendous problem is Alsace-Lorraine. Obviously, this holds no place in a status quo and yet it may be said to be almost the one thing for which France is fighting. To surrender Alsace-Lorraine might easily be the end of the Hohenzollern dynasty. To retain those provinces would mean that France, if necessary, would continue the war alone. The Allies will certainly not regard the independence of either Serbia or Roumania as a debateable question. And Russia will not regard the possession of Constantinople as debateable. When Germany suggests that the whole Balkan situation be reserved for discussion she is asking the Allies to abandon a position that to a large extent they have already declared to be fixed and immovable. In other words, she is asking them to regard themselves as vanquished, and as compelled by force of arms to recede from a position from which they have declared that they will never recede. And it is just here that we find the fatal obstacle to any peace movement such as that shadowed forth by Germany. The Allies will entertain no proposals whatever that are based upon a theory of German victory. On the contrary, the destruction of Prussian militarism stands in the forefront of their demands, and if this has any meaning at all, it means the defeat of Germany. They insist that the victory is actually theirs and that only time is needed to demonstrate that fact to the world. At the moment there seems to be no common ground that can be used as a point of departure.

Music and Plays

(Continued from page 24.)

he gives a lot of interesting reminiscences about old-time artists and operas:

In Milan, at the Teatro della Cannobbiana—now the Teatro Lirico—in the Spring of 1832, the customary season of opera was almost due. In those times the impresario, as you may know, not only engaged his company of singers, but also the composer, who was generally required to provide a new opera for the opening night. This year, to the great surprise and disappointment of the impresario, the composer, of whose name there is no record, either failed to appear or sent word that he could not furnish the opera promised.

It happened that Gaetano Donizetti was then in Milan and to him it was that the impresario in desperation betook himself for a remedy.

"See here, Maestro," said the poor fellow, "only fourteen days remain before the opening of the season and you alone can save me! I do not ask a new opera from you—that would be impossible—but at least something rearranged, something made over, a melange of some sort."

"You are joking," replied Donizetti. "I could not and would not rearrange my own stuff or anybody else's. I'd rather make you a new opera in two weeks. Listen: if Romani is in town, as far as I am con-

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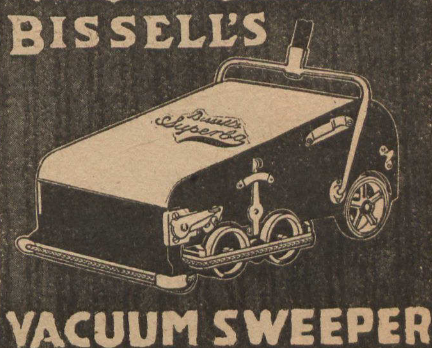

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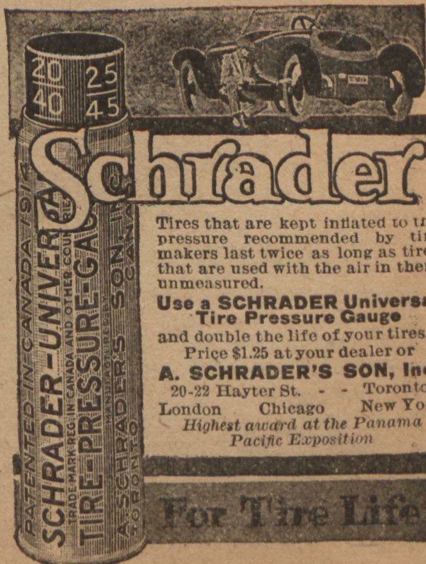

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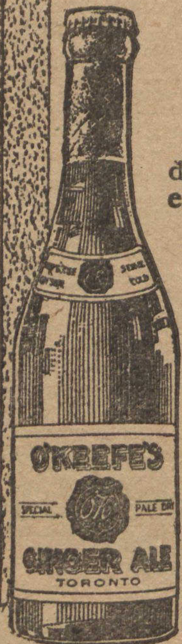

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Signora Branca, widow of Felice Romani (the famous librettist, author of "Norma" and "La Sonnambula," and who was so dear a friend of Bellini), tells in her memoirs how Donizetti, in fact, came to Romani and informed him of the proposition, adding:

"I give you a week to get the libretto ready. Let's see which of us has the greater courage. To be sure, friend Romani, we have a German soprano, (Heinefelder), a tenor who stutters (Genero), a buffo who has a voice like a goat (Frezzolini), and a baritone who isn't much (Dabadie). However, we must do ourselves credit."

At last "L'Elisir d'Amore" was completed and the impresario was able to present it on May 12, 1832, fourteen days after the order had been given to write it—truly a miracle, which makes me who recount it almost melt with envy!

January, 1901, was an hour of mourning for Art. In that month died at Milan, Giuseppe Verdi, not only one of the greatest composers recorded in history, but also with whose departure —say what you may—closed the golden age of real opera makers.

During this painful period I had to do some hard thinking as to how to repair a serious failure which had upset the orderly progress of our season. "Le Maschere," a comedy in three acts, music by Mascagni, produced simultaneously in seven different opera houses, came to grief irreparably at the Scala in spite of a most admirable execution. The longer I thought the further away seemed a convenient and practical substitute. Something out of the common must be had—something, indeed, that would hold its own in the same field in which the last battle had been fought—in a word, something of a comic nature.

On one of these evenings, while the Scala was closed, I went in company with Arturoo Toscanini to the neighbouring Cafe Cova. We both were preoccupied and from time to time one or the other remarked: "Ah! if we could only prepare such an opera —or such another; if there were some way of mounting an old opera buffa," and then we would lapse with silence for a while. "Suppose," said I, presently, "we try to put together 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' an opera always fresh, although forgotten."

So "L'Elisir d'Amore" was decided upon.

For the role of Adina I engaged Regina Pinkert, a most excellent and gracious artist. As for Nemorine, I spoke of the part the same evening at the opera house between the acts of "La Boheme" to Enrico Caruso.

"I know only the romanza 'Una furtiva lagrima,'" said Caruso; "but if it is necessary to sing the opera, I will begin to-morrow to study it and you can rely upon me."

The great artist was always most obliging and ever ready to render cheerful service in any and all circumstances.

Dulcamara in the person of Federico Carbonetti arrived duly from the provinces, where he had been passing a wretched existence and presented himself to me in the heart of Winter without an overcoat and carrying a little canvas valise tied up with a piece of string.

"They say," said he to me, "they say that I am growing old! It is a calumny! Growing old, indeed! I defy all the youngsters to travel around Italy as I do—in the cold weather and without an overcoat!"

Then he hurried off to the rehearsal, where Toscanini had a fine job to induce him to sing his part without adding top notes not in the score.

"Let me do that F sharp, Maestro," begged Carbonetti. "Believe me, it is a fine note! Won't you hear it?"

Toscanini laughed—grimly. He prepared the opera with scrupulous care and unapproachable good taste, but he was not satisfied and showed his discontent openly. As a matter of fact, he was justified. The voice of Dulcamara irritated him.

"My dear Gatti," said he, "I fear we have made an unfortunate decision. However, may God send us good fortune!"

Conscription, Why, What, How

(Concluded from page 5.)

and an unproductive life in times like these means more and should be amenable to martial law.

As we have already shown, however, there is one thing which should be conscripted, not last but first, and this is money, wealth.

But, you say, it is too late to conscript wealth justly, the war is over two years old, and while conscription of men at this time will fall only on those who have stayed at home, conscription of wealth will fall on all. Well, those who have already subscribed to the war loans haven't lost anything but the temporary use of their money, and they are being well paid even for that inconvenience. And conscription of wealth at this stage in the world war will not, or should not, involve the exchange of bonds for gold, not at all; the title to the money should pass to the State forever. The Province of Ontario is not exchanging bonds for the income war tax which it is collecting, and the Dominion Government is not exchanging bonds for the stamp war taxes which it is collecting.

But, you say again, the people who have already subscribed to the war loans should not be allowed to get off free. Of course not, and the Government can reach these by the gradual repudiation of its war debts. Impossible? Why do we instinctively hold up our hands and say impossible, that it would be the last blow to the forces upon which the countries must depend for their rehabiliment? Why is money such a fetish? War debts include money, but is that all? Have we not shown that our Government is paying absurd interest on her vital war debt and is going to discontinue this and wipe out the principal of each individual debt when the beneficiaries die or marry again?

SUPPOSE the Government should decide to reduce the interest on its bonds to 2 per cent. It could put the 3 per cent. saved each year into a sinking fund and pay back the entire principal, however large, in a generation. Five per cent. on too large a sum might be too large a yearly drain, since the principal it represents will have been spent, be non-existent, but the method outlined is capable of varied application.

The actual repudiation of our war debts, whether this be done at 3, or 5, or 10 per cent. a year, is a way of retrieving our mistake in not long since conscripting wealth, and the patriotism of the early subscribers can be recognized in the length of time which is allowed before repudiation becomes complete. Since this will stop the flow of voluntary money, however, the Government will have to follow some such precedent as the one already established by the Ontario Government and levy a tax on incomes, corporate as well as individual, sufficient for the future prosecution of the war. The shoulders of the present must bear the burden which we aim to fasten on the future. But the time is now, not after peace is declared.

We are dealing with results, not causes, for we are confronted by a condition, not a theory. Nations are at war. **The science spirit that insists on the ferreting of facts and a knowledge of the truth was not sufficiently widespread.** When the open mind of any people does its own thinking the nation which they govern will never wage an unjust struggle. And their sense of justice and injustice will be keen. When the major peoples of the earth achieve this independence and impartiality in the search for truth they will still police minorities but wars will cease.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

(Continued from page 9.)

letter and the silver tube, noticed that the street curved here so that no other door and no window overlooked this one.

He followed the Rangar, and he was no sooner into the shadow of the door than the coachman lashed the horses and the carriage swung out of view.

"This way," said the Rangar over his shoulder. "Come!"

CHAPTER III.

IT was a musty smelling entrance, so dark that to see was scarcely possible after the hot glare outside. Dimly King made out Rewa Gunga mounting stairs to the left and followed him. The stairs wound backward and forward on themselves four times, growing scarcely any lighter as they ascended, until, when he guessed himself two stories at least above the road level, there was a sudden blaze of reflected light and he blinked at more mirrors than he could count. They had been swung on hinges suddenly to throw the light full in his face.

There were curtains reflected in each mirror, and little glowing lamps, so cunningly arranged that it was not possible to guess which were real and which were not. Rewa Gunga offered no explanation, but stood watching with quiet amusement. He seemed to expect King to take a chance and go forward, but if he did he reckoned without his guest. King stood still.

Then suddenly, as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people, a little nut-brown maid parted the middle pair of curtains and said 'Salaam!" smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelain. All the other curtains parted too, so that the whereabouts of the door might still have been in doubt had she not spoken and so distinguished herself from her reflections. King looked scarcely interested and not at all disturbed.

Balked of his amusement, Rewa Gunga hurried past him, thrusting the little maid aside, and led the way. King followed him into a long room, whose walls were hung with richer silks than any he remembered to have seen. In a great wide window to one side some twenty women began at once to make flute music. Silken punkahs swung from chains, wafting back and forth a cloud of sandalwood smoke that veiled the whole scene in mysterious, scented mist. Through

the open window came the splash of a fountain and the chattering of birds, and the branch of a feathery tree drooped near by. It seemed that the long white wall below was that of Yasmini's garden.

"Be welcome!" laughed Rewa Gunga; "I am to do the honours, since she is not here. Be seated, sahib."

King chose a divan at the room's farthest end, near tall curtains that led into rooms beyond. He turned his back toward the reason for his choice. On a little ivory-inlaid ebony table about ten feet away lay a knife, that was almost the exact duplicate of the one inside his shirt. Bronze knives of ancient date, with golden handles carved to represent a woman dancing, are rare. The ability to seem not to notice incriminating evidence is rarer still—rarest of all when under the eyes of a native of India, for cats and hawks are dullards by comparison to them. But King saw the knife, yet did not seem to see it.

There was nothing there calculated to set an Englishman at ease. In spite of the Rangar's casual manner, Yasmini's reception room felt like the antechamber to another world, where mystery is atmosphere and ordinary air to breathe is not at all. He could sense hushed expectancy on every side—could feel the eyes of many women fixed on him—and began to draw on his guard as a fighting man draws on armour. There and then he deliberately set himself to resist mesmerism, which is the East's chief weapon.

Rewa Gunga, perfectly at home, sprawled leisurely along a cushioned couch with a grace that the West has not learned yet; but King did not make the mistake of trusting him any better for his easy manners, and his eyes sought swiftly for some unrhythmic, unplanned thing on which to rest, that he might save himself by a sort of mental leverage.

Glancing along the wall that faced the big window, he noticed for the first time a huge Afridi, who sat on a stool and leaned back against the silken hangings with arms folded.

"Who is that man?" he asked.

"He? Oh, he is a savage—just a big savage," said Rewa Gunga, looking vaguely annoyed.

"Why is he here?"

He did not dare let go of this chance side-issue. He knew that Rewa Gunga wished him to talk of Yasmini and to ask questions about her, and that if he succumbed to that temptation all his self-control would be cunningly sapped away from him until his secrets, and his very senses, belonged to some one else.

"What is he doing here?" he insisted.

"He? Oh, he does nothing. He waits," purred the Rangar. "He is to be your body-servant on your journey to the North. He is nothing—nobody at all!—except that he is to be trusted utterly because he loves Yasmini. He is Obedience! A big obedient fool! Let him be!"

"No," said King. "If he's to be my man I'll speak to him!"

HE felt himself winning. Already the spell of the room was lifting, and he no longer felt the cloud of sandalwood smoke like a veil across his brain.

"Won't you tell him to come to me?"

Rewa Gunga laughed, resting his silk turban against the wall hangings and clasping both hands about his knee. It was as a man might laugh who has been touched in a bout with foils.

"Oh!—Ismail!" he called, with a voice like a bell, that made King stare.

The Afridi seemed to come out of a deep sleep and looked bewildered, rubbing his eyes and feeling whether his turban was on straight. He combed his beard with nervous fingers as he gazed about him and caught Rewa Gunga's eye. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Come!" ordered Rewa Gunga.

The man obeyed.

"Did you see?" Rewa Gunga chuckled. "He rose from his place like a buffalo, rump first and then shoulder after shoulder! Such men are safe! Such men have no guile beyond what will help them to obey! Such men think too slowly to invent deceit for its own sake!"

The Afridi came and towered above them, standing with gnarled hands knotted into clubs.

"What is thy name?" King asked him.

"Ismail!" he boomed.

"Thou art to be my servant?"

"Aye! So said she. I am her man. I obey!"

"When did she say so?" King asked him blandly, asking unexpected questions being half the art of Secret Service, although the other half is harder to achieve.

THE Hillman stroked his beard and stood considering the question. One could imagine the click of slow machinery revolving in his mind, although King entertained a shrewd suspicion that he was not so stupid as he chose to seem. His eyes were too hawk-bright to be a stupid man's.

"Before she went away," he answered at last.

"When did she go away?"

He thought again, then "Yesterday," he said.

"Why did you wait before you answered?"

The Afridi's eyes furtively sought Rewa Gunga's and found no aid there. Watching the Rangar less furtively, but even less obviously, King was aware that his eyes were nearly closed, as if they were not interested. The fingers that clasped his knee drummed on it indifferently, seeing which King allowed himself to smile.

"Never mind," he told Ismail. "It is no matter. It is ever well to think twice before speaking once, for thus mistakes die stillborn. Only the monkey-folk thrive on quick answers—is it not so? Thou art a man of many inches—of thew and sinew—Hey, but thou art a man! If the heart within those great ribs of thine is true as thine arms are strong I shall be fortunate to have thee for a servant!"

"Aye!" said the Afridi. "But what are words? She has said I am thy servant, and to hear her is to obey!"

"Then from now thou art my servant?"

"Nay, but from yesterday when she gave the order!"

"Good!" said King.

"Aye, good for thee! May Allah do more to me if I fail!"

"Then, take me a telegram!" said King.

He began to write at once on a half-sheet of paper that he tore from a letter he had in his pocket, setting down a row of figures at the top and transposing into cypher as he went along.

"Yasmini has gone North. Is there any reason at your end why I should not follow her at once?"

He addressed it in plain English to his friend the general at Peshawar, taking great care lest the Rangar read it through those sleepy, half-closed eyes of his. Then he tore the cypher from the top, struck a match and burned the strip of paper and handed the code telegram to Ismail, directing him carefully to a government office where the cypher signature would be recognized and the telegram given precedence.

Ismail stalked off with it, striding like Moses down from Sinai—hook-nose—hawk-eye—flowing beard — dignity and all, and King settled down to guard himself against the next attempt on his sovereign self-command.

Now he chose to notice the knife on the ebony table as if he had not seen it before. He got up and reached for it and brought it back, turning it over and over in his hand.

"A strange knife," he said.

"Yes,—from Khinjan," said Rewa Gunga, and King eyed him as one wolf eyes another.

"What makes you say it is from Khinjan?"

"She brought it from Khinjan Caves herself! There is another knife that matches it, but that is not here. That bracelet you now wear, sahib, is from Khinjan Caves too! She has the secret of the Caves!"

"I have heard that the 'Heart of the Hills' is there," King answered. "Is the 'Heart of the Hills' a treasure house?"

Rewa Gunga laughed.

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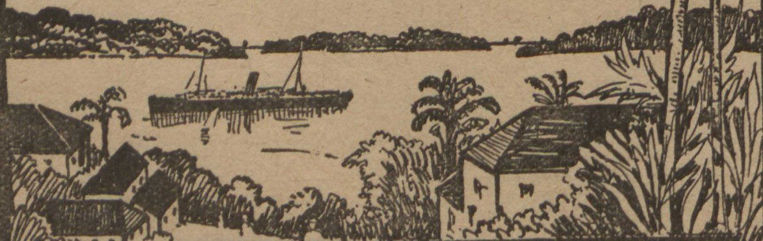

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"Ask her, sahib! Perhaps she will tell you! Perhaps she will let you see! Who knows? She is a woman of resource and unexpectedness—Let her women dance for you a while."

King nodded. Then he got up and laid the knife back on the little table. A minute or so later he noticed that at a sign from Rewa Gunga a woman left the great window place and spirited the knife away.

"May I have a sheet of paper?" he asked, for he knew that another fight for his self-command was due.

Rewa Gunga gave an order, and a maid brought him scented paper on a silver tray. He drew out his own fountain pen then and made ready.

In spite of the great silken punkah that swung rhythmically across the full breadth of the room the heat was so great that the pen slipped round and round between his fingers. Yet he contrived to write, and since his one object was to give his brain employment, he wrote down a list of the names he had memorized in the train on the journey from Peshawur, not thinking of a use for the list until he had finished. Then, though, a real use occurred to him.

While he began to write more than a dozen dancing women swept into the room from behind the silk hangings in a concerted movement that was all lithe slumberous grace. Wood-wind music called to them from the great deep window as snakes are summoned from their holes, and as cobras answer the charmer's call the women glided to the centre and stood poised beneath the punkah.

THEY began to chant, still dreamily; with the chant the dance began, in and out, round and round, lazily, ever so lazily, wreathed in buoyant gossamer that was scarcely more solid than the sandalwood smoke they wafted into rings.

King watched them and listened to their chant until he began to recognize the strain on the eye-muscles that precedes the mesmeric spell. Then he wrote and read what he had written and wrote again. And after that, for the sake of mental exercise, he switched his thoughts into another channel altogether. He reverted to Delhi railway station.

"The Turks can spy as well as anybody. They know those men are going to Kerachi to be ready for them. Therefore, having cut his eye-teeth B. C. several hundred, the Unspeakable Turk will take care not to misbehave UNTIL he's ready. And I suppose our government, being ours and we being us, will let him do it! All of which will take time. And that again means no trouble in the 'Hills'—probably—until the Turks really do feel ready to begin. They'll preach a holy war just ahead of the date. The tribes will keep quiet because an army at Kerachi might be meant for their benefit. Oh, yes, I'm quite sure they were entraining for Kerachi in readiness to move on Basra. Trucks ready for camels—and camel drivers—and food for camels—and Eresby, who's just come from taking a special camel course. Not a doubt of it!—And then, Corrigan — Elwright — Doby — Gould —all on the platform in a bunch, and all down on the Army List as Turkish interpreters! Not a doubt left!"

"What have you written?" asked a quiet voice at his ear; and he turned to look straight in the eyes of Rewa Gunga, who had leaned forward to read over his shoulder. Just for one second he hovered on the brink of quick defeat. Having escaped the Scylla of the dancing women, Charybdis waited for him in the shape of eyes that were pools of hot mystery. It was the sound of his own voice that brought him back to the world again and saved his will for him unbound.

"Read it, won't you?" he laughed. "If you know, take this pen and mark the names of whichever of those men are still in Delhi."

Rewa Gunga took pen and paper and set a mark against some thirty of the names, for King had a manner that disarmed refusal.

"Where are the others?" he asked him, after a glance at it.

"In jail, or else over the border."

"Already?"

The Rangar nodded. "Trust Yasmini! She saw to that jolly well before she left Delhi! She would have stayed had there been anything more to do!"

King began to watch the dance again, for it did not feel safe to look too long into the Rangar's eyes. It was not wise just then to look too long at anything, or to think too long on any one subject.

"Ismail is slow about returning," said the Rangar.

"I wrote at the foot of the tar," said King, "that they are to detain him there until the answer comes."

The Rangar's eyes blazed for a second and then grew cold again (as King did not fail to observe). He knew as well as the Rangar that not many men would have kept their will so unfettered in that room as to be able to give independent orders. He recognized resignation, temporary at least, in the Rangar's attitude of leaning back again to watch from under lowered eyelids. It was like being watched by a cat.

All this while the women danced on, in time to wailing flute-music, until, it seemed from nowhere, a lovelier woman than any of them appeared in their midst, sitting cross-legged with a flat basket at her knees. She sat with arms raised and swayed from the waist as if in a delirium. Her arms moved in narrowing circles, higher and higher above the basket lid, and the lid began to rise. Nobody touched it, nor was there any string, but as it rose it swayed with sickening monotony.

It was minutes before the bodies of two great king-cobras could be made out, moving against the woman's spangled dress. The basket lid was resting on their heads, and as the music and the chanting rose to a wild, weird shriek the lid rose too, until suddenly the woman snatched the lid away and the snakes were revealed, with hoods raised, hissing the cobra's hate-song that is prelude to the poison-death.

They struck at the woman, one after the other, and she leaped out of their range, swift and as supple as they. Instantly then she joined in the dance, with the snakes striking right and left at her. Left and right she swayed to avoid them, far more gracefully than a matador avoids the bull and courting a deadlier peril than he—poisonous, two to his one. As she danced she whirled both arms above her head and cried as the were-wolves are said to do on stormy nights.

SOME unseen hand drew a blind over the window; an eerie green-and-golden light began to play from one end of the room, throwing the dancers into half-relief and deepening the mystery.

Sweet strange scents were wafted in from under the silken hangings. The room grew cooler by unguessed means. Every sense was treacherously wooed. And ever, in the middle of the moving light among the languorous dancers, the snakes pursued the woman!

"Do you do this often?" wondered King, in a calm aside to Rewa Gunga, turning half toward him and taking his eyes off the dance without any very great effort.

Rewa Gunga clapped his hands and the dance ceased. The woman spirited her snakes away. The blind was drawn upward and in a moment all was normal again with the punkah swinging slowly overhead, except that the seductive smell remained, that was like the early-moving breath of all the different flowers of India.

"If she were here," said the Rangar, a little grimly—with a trace of disappointment in his tone—"you would not snatch your eyes away like that! You would have been jolly well transfixed, my friend! These—she—that woman—they are but clumsy amateurs! If she were here, to dance with her snakes for you, you would have been jolly well dancing with her, if she had wished it! Perhaps you shall see her dance some day! Ah—here is Ismail," he added in an altered tone of voice. He seemed relieved at sight of the Afridi.

(To be continued.)

Many people are sending their Couriers to the boys at the front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

Simple Storiettes

As she stood outside the little country inn two great tears shone in her innocent eyes, tears so large that the passing cyclist saw them. Beauty in distress caused him to dismount and ask if he could be of any assistance. "I'm afraid not, thank you!" replied the damsel, sorrowfully, as she pointed to an automatic chocolate machine attached to the wall of the inn. "I've just put a penny in that thing and nothing has come out." "That's soon remedied!" said the young man, confidently. He slipped a coin into the slot, and then another. After the sixth he muttered angrily, raised his cap, and pedaled wildly away. As he disappeared a female face peeped round the door. "Any luck?" asked the owner thereof. "Oh, yes, ma!" replied the simple damsel, gayly. "That's the tenth. I've netted 50 cents since dinner time."

Perfectly Natural.

Man—"Hey, there, how came you up in my apple tree?"

Boy—"Please, Mister, I just fell out of a flying machine."

An American tourist had been boasting again in the village inn. "Talking of scare-crows," he said with a drawl, "why, my father once put one up and it frightened the crows so much that not one entered the field again for a year." He looked triumphantly around his audience. Surely that had settled those country bumpkins. But he was to meet his match. "That's nothing," retorted one farmer. "A neighbour o' mine once put a scarecrow into his potato patch, and it terrified the birds so much that one rascal of a crow who had stolen some potatoes came next day and put them back."—The Argonaut.

Hard Lines.

There is in the employ of a Brooklyn woman an Irish cook who has managed to break nearly every variety of article that the household contains. The mistress's patience reached its limit recently when she discovered that the cook had broken the thermometer that hung in the dining room.

"Well, well," sighed the lady of the house, in a resigned way, "you've managed to break even the thermometer, haven't you?"

Whereupon, in a tone equally resigned, the cook said:

"Yis, Mum; and now we'll have to take the weather just as it comes, won't we?"

Playbills.

The Actor Man (modestly)—"As a matter of fact, I could show you letters from—er—ladies in—er—almost every place in which I have appeared."

The Sport (with conviction)—"Landladies, I suppose?"—Tid-Bits.

Shrewd Bobby.

"Here's a nickel, dear, for doing that errand for me."

"Make it five pennies, please, auntie."

"Why, child, the amount is the same."

"Yes, but a nickel comes in too handy when mamma wants to go and telephone somebody."—Boston Transcript.

A Flying Start.

As a result of lectures administered to him by both his father and the young woman of his choice, a certain young man decided to turn over a new leaf and show some interest in business.

"Well, Molly," said he to the girl one evening, "I am really going into business in earnest. Made a beginning already to-day."

"Good!" exclaimed Molly. "And what was the nature of your start?"

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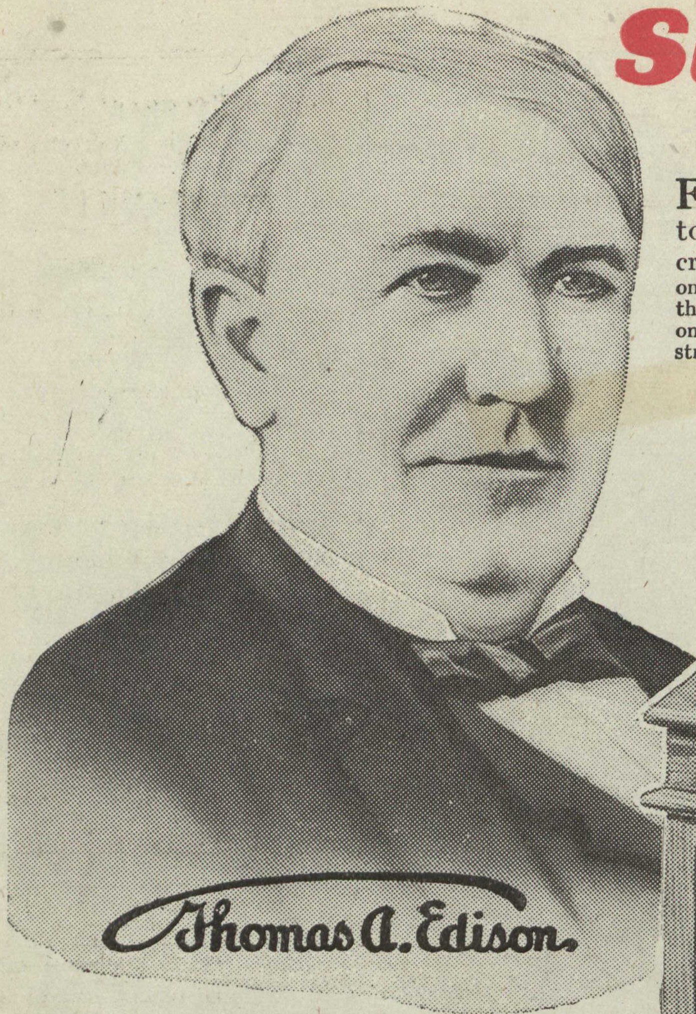

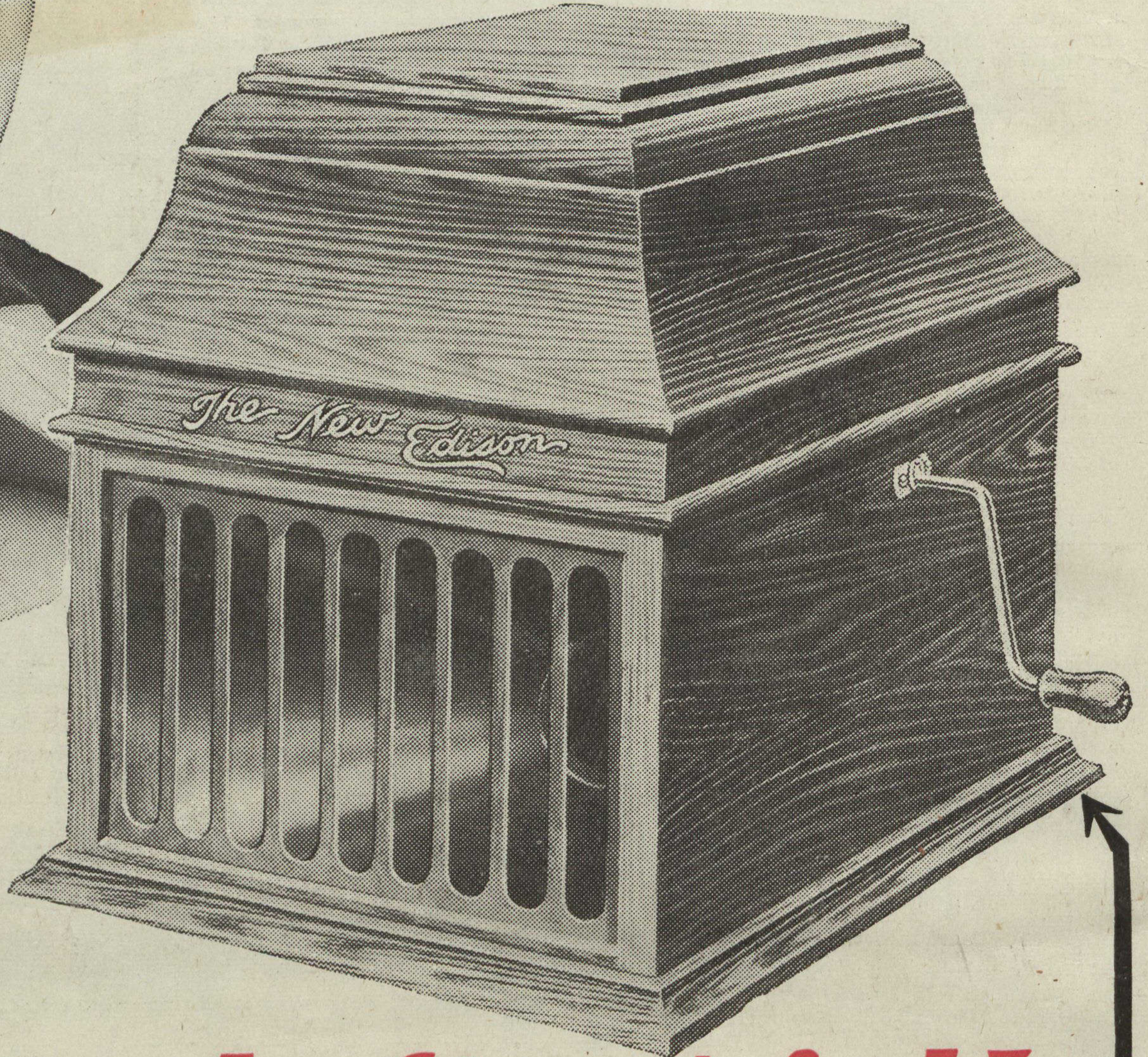

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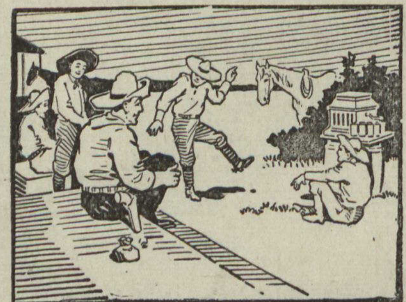

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