

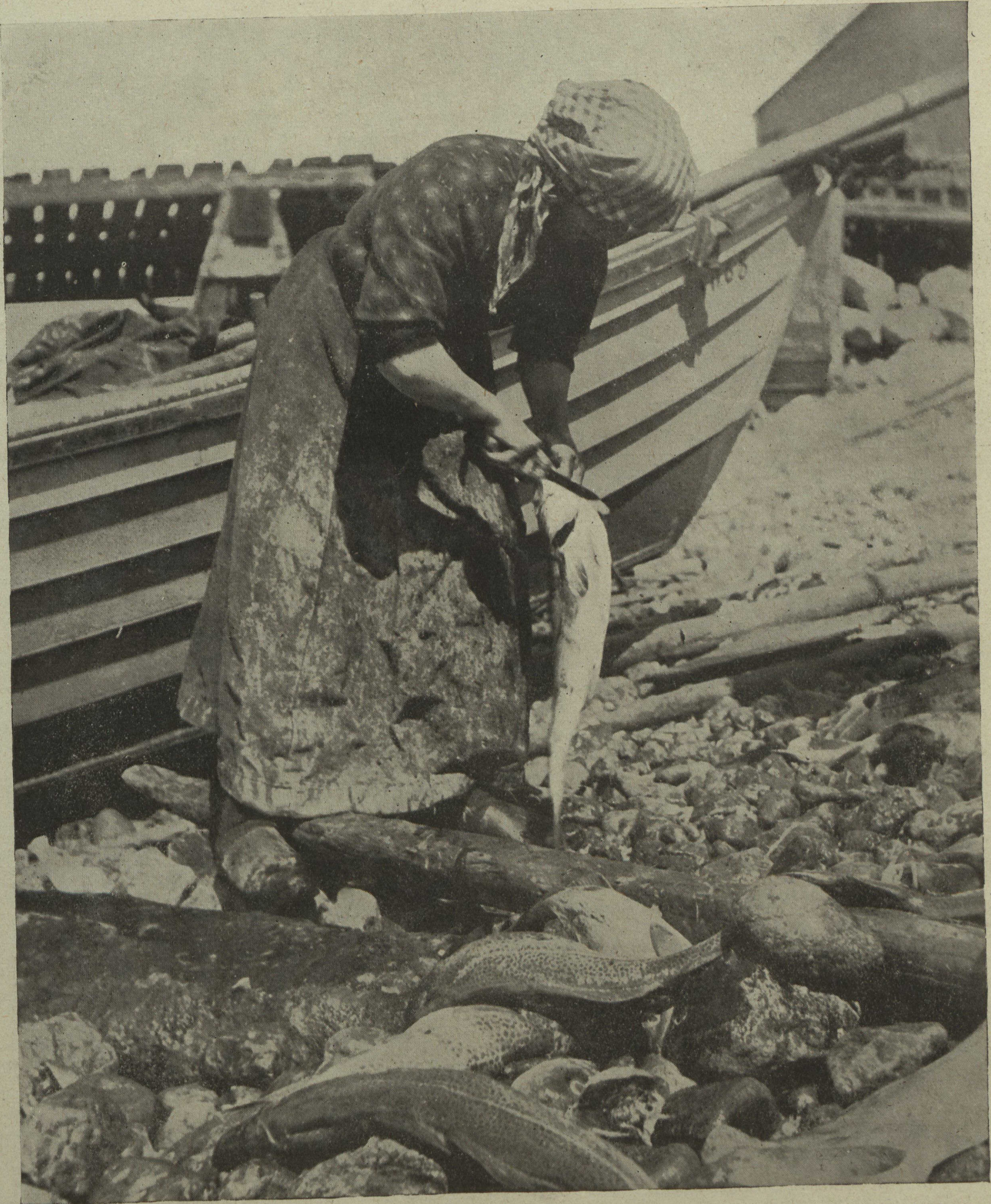
# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 15

FIVE CENTS

September 8, 1917

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Photograph by Edith S. Watson

More or Less About Sockeye Salmon

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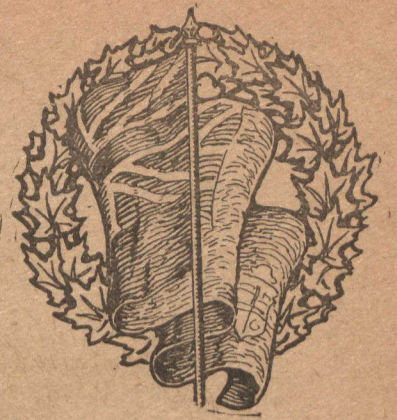
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# CANADIAN COURIER



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September 8, 1917

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

## THE BIG PRUSSIAN *on* THE PACIFIC

**G**USTAV CONSTANTIN ALVO VON ALVENSLEBEN, protege of the Kaiser and former lieutenant in the Prussian army, arrested and interned at Portland, Ore., on August 8, may lay claim to one of the most remarkable careers in the realms of international high finance.

The son of Count Werner Alvo von Alvensleben, former German Ambassador to the court of the Czar, and a leading Junker, Alvo was practically kicked out by his father and told to shift for himself after gambling away his allowance in a wild career at college.

Determined to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his parents and of the Kaiser, an intimate friend of the family, who expressed strong disapproval of his youthful conduct, Alvo struck out for America and recommenced life as a hobo in Puget Sound country. In 1904 he drifted to British Columbia and within seven years was reputed to be a millionaire, having financed a dozen large companies with upwards of \$10,000,000, supplied by wealthy friends of his family and the Kaiser. Before the war broke out he became bankrupt, his visit to Germany, made just previous to the European outbreak, having failed to stave off the climax of his business career, owing to all his investments being made in enemy countries, or countries that Germany was soon to be at war with. This being one of the most striking evidences that Germany had planned this war in advance.

Nearly all of his companies collapsed. These included the Alvensleben Canadian Finance and General Investment Company, Standard Fish and Fertilizer Co., Vancouver Timber and Trading Co., Piercite Powder Co., Indian River Park Company, German-Canadian Trust Company. Also with these went several other of the Pacific Coast's largest financial and industrial concerns, which he had involved, including the Bank of Vancouver, the Issaquah and Superior Coal Mining Company of Seattle, and the Dominion Trust Company, whose failure, following the alleged suicide of its managing director, W. R. Arnold, was one of the greatest scandals in the history of the Dominion of Canada.

**O**NLY a few months ago two private banks of Seattle closed their doors as a result of their connection with the Issaquah and Superior Coal Company, another of the projects of the gambler-financier. The final liquidation of his original real estate and financial company in Vancouver disclosed liabilities of over one and a half millions, with assets of about \$3,000, insufficient to satisfy even salary claims or liquidator's fees.

At the height of his career, 1912-13, his clients included such well-known Germans as the ex-chancellor, Dr. von Bethman-Hollweg, who at one time owned the north-west corner of Fourth Avenue and Bayswater Street, in Vancouver; von Mackensen, conqueror of Roumania; von Roon, descendant of the famous Prussian statesman who helped to wrest Alsace-Lorraine from France; Emma v. Mumm, the champagne queen; Ledebur, von Brockhausen-Mittelfelde; Bertha Krupp, and many others of equal prominence in Germany.

His greatest client of all, however, was Kaiser

**T**HIS inside story of the life of a man who turned British Columbia upside down was obtained by the writer in an exclusive interview with Alvo von Alvensleben's former confidential secretary, a man who for four years was most intimately associated with the Prussian financier, and was one of the few men who knew in detail the facts of the life of this remarkable modern buccaneer who wrecked the finances of one of Canada's richest Provinces.

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

Wilhelm, for whom he made investments in British Columbia timber totalling two and a half million dollars.

Alvensleben is a perfect type of super-man. He is six feet two in height, 38 years of age, lean and muscular, with slightly slooping shoulders, and a typical fire-eating Prussian. An autocrat one moment, a democrat the next, but only assuming the latter attitude when it best suited his purposes. Possessed of unlimited imagination, fluent tongue, ambitious, tireless, impulsively generous, yet withal stubborn and unreasonable, violent tempered and a slave to the gambler's instinct, remarkably clever at figures—but never a business man!

When he first landed in Seattle he was practically dead broke. An employment office extracted from him the usual \$2 fee—all he had—and sent him to a job in a lumber mill some distance from the city. Alvo tramped many miles to the mill only to be refused employment upon his ticket. He could scarcely speak any English, but he knew how to use his fists. Walking all the way back to Seattle he, on arrival, proceeded to beat up the employment agent in thorough and picturesque fashion. Afterward he secured temporary rough work at various mills along Puget Sound.

His first job in British Columbia was the white washing of a salmon cannery at the little village of Ladner, near the mouth of the Fraser River. His wardrobe included overalls and a dozen dress shirts, the later relics of his grander days—but he had no socks. From wielding the white-wash brush to hauling the nets was the next step, and it was not long before the Prussian Junker's son was engaged in partnership with a rough-neck sockeye fisherman making nightly trips out into the Gulf of Georgia, and doing his share in one of the hardest and most dangerous callings in the world, that of a deep-sea salmon fisher.

In two months, with the money obtained from his salmon fishing, he was enabled to purchase an ancient mare and a light waggon. Over night he blossomed out as a produce dealer, buying poultry and dairy products from the farmers in the vicinity of Ladner. These he brought to the city of Vancouver and sold them from house to house in opposition to the Chinamen. Business increased, and the staid old Vancouver Club, a hoary and most exclusive institution, to which only the most elect held membership, became his best customer.

But Alvo did not stay long in the business; but

went up by leaps and bounds. Real estate clerk, then curb broken, then large, independent dealer, were some of the upward steps, until two years after he had sold his last load of produce to the Vancouver Club, he was himself a member. One of his first acts there was to entertain a visiting German Baron to dinner. Noticing the waiter eyeing him in an unusual manner, Alvensleben, with a wink at his guest, suddenly startled the waiter by remarking: "Yes, by jingo, I'm the man who used to deliver chickens at the back door. Now go on serving dinner, and stop staring so damn impolite" The Baron was dumbfounded, but laughed heartily upon Alvensleben giving the story of his early struggles. Thus does royal blood graciously accept success!

When the real estate boom struck Vancouver, in 1905, Alvensleben was quick to see the opportunities in land. The old wild gambling spirit of his youthful days was still strong upon him. He was the man for the moment, reckless, willing to take chances, and a born mixer. He cabled relatives in Berlin, who had heard of his early successes, and induced them to invest large sums of money. His first investment yielded enormous and quick profit, and thus established his prestige in Germany, for he promptly repaid the investors with a thousand per cent. on their money. In the next three years he made several visits to Germany, brought men of royal blood to the Pacific Coast, and was given several audiences with the Kaiser, whose accredited representative he became. In all probability at a very conservative estimate, Alvensleben caused \$20,000,000 of German capital to be invested in British Columbia and Washington State.

**I**N 1908, after a very romantic courtship, he married Edith Mary Westcott, a popular Vancouver girl, daughter of one of the leading society matrons. Following the marriage the financier purchased the largest private estate in Vancouver's most select residential district, Point Grey, where he erected a magnificent home. His name, high foreign connections, and expenditure on entertainment that set a hitherto unknown high mark in the very British city of Vancouver, quickly brought him valuable social connections.

His business ventures broadened with astounding rapidity, but most of his purchases for himself and clients were made on "agreements," with the expectations of making big margins in the prevalent boom. A good salesman himself, he was also the easiest mark for wild cat schemes who ever came out of Europe, owing to his gambling mania. Soon his companies became loaded up with timber lands, bought at inflated prices, wild lands, doubtful mining leases, Alberta oil shares and other unproductive assets. Some of his wealthy clients wished their useless sons upon him, whom he was forced to maintain in his office at high salaries.

In 1912 the first trouble arose over dividends not being forthcoming from his investments. He was still strong in Berlin and went there and raised fresh capital with which he succeeded in placating some of his investors. Then he was attacked in a Vancouver German paper which charged him with unscrupulous methods in handling foreign capital.

Copies of this were mailed to Berlin to members of the Reichstag by the Vancouver editors, and the matter was brought up for discussion by that body. Alvo was game. He sued the local paper and secured judgment in a criminal action against the editors. But the fat was in the fire as far as his German clients were concerned.

**I**N the early part of 1914 the financier's creditors both in Europe and Canada were pressing him. He was tied up in such a mass of deals, counter deals and trades of property with Arnold and the Dominion Trust Company that an army of auditors has never as yet succeeded in untangling them. He owed over \$10,000 to one of Vancouver's chartered banks on some Victoria Island timber deals, which he had anticipated selling to the British Columbia Government for a park reserve. The Vancouver manager and a dozen of the staff were dismissed through their connection with this loan. The breaking out of war was the final straw, though it is doubtless that Alvensleben was notified in advance, as he was out of Canada on August 4th, 1914. Leaving Berlin two days before war broke out he went to New York. In an interview then given to a New

York paper he stated he could best serve his country and his clients by returning to the Pacific Coast. Perhaps the words were humorous irony on his part, as his arrest on August 9th, suspected of being implicated in a plot to steal the naval plans of the Puget Sound Navy Yard, of Bremerton, would lead one to suspect.

Since the outbreak of the war and until his arrest, on August 9th, Alvensleben has remained in Seattle and other American Pacific Coast cities, though wild rumours were afloat several times that he had visited Vancouver in disguise. After one of these reports appearing in the local papers, Alvensleben wrote a friend in Vancouver, saying: "You can tell the good people of Vancouver I have something better to do than visit their city in the disguise of a hindoo or any other of their numerous Allies.

Alvensleben's brother, Bodo, who was in charge of the Victoria Branch of the Alvensleben Canadian Finance and General Investment Company, left hurriedly a few days before the outbreak of war to join his unit. The wildest rumours were circulated as to the spying operations of the brothers. It was said that Bodo had been taken off a ship by a British man-of-war, and when searched had in his possession

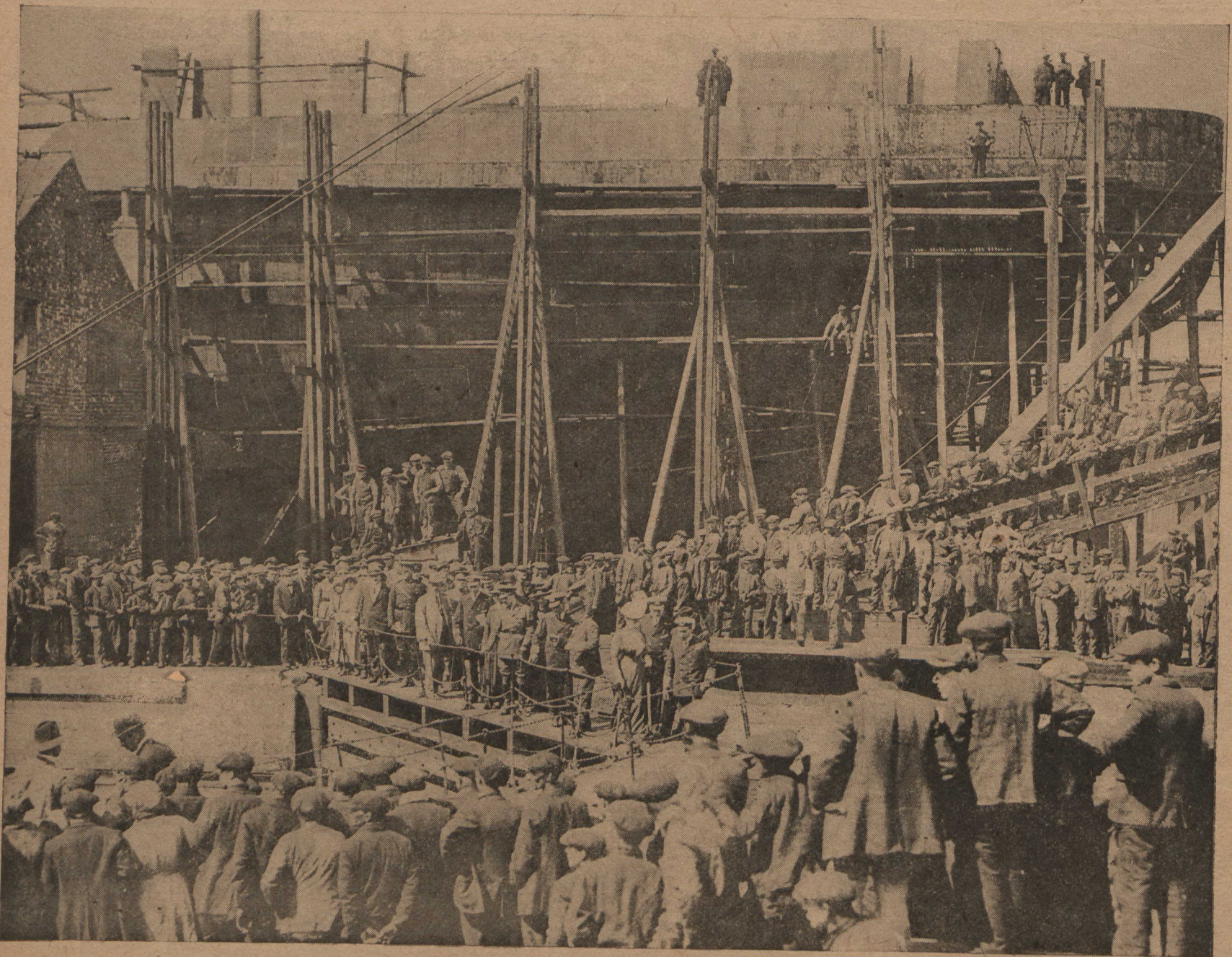
the plans of the Canadian navy yard at Esquimalt, and for this he was shot. Alvo denied the report, but whatever happened to his escaping brother, British censorship has never let out. Joachim von Alvensleben, an elder brother, well known from his various visits to Vancouver, was killed early in the war.

And now the third and most brilliant of the family has ended his most unique career by being arrested by United States Federal officers. From Portland he was taken to Seattle to be interned till the end of the war, and perhaps be even more severely dealt with should it be proven, as alleged, that he was a party to plots to obtain the naval plans of Bremerton, as well as forwarding German propaganda.

**I**N the years of his glory in British Columbia, Alvo von Alvensleben handled upwards of twenty million dollars, some of it the property of the most terrible crowned head of Europe and his ministers. His daring, gambler-financier, once salmon fisherman and poultry peddler, overturning of great corporations and wrecker of banks, has doubtless come to the end of his career; but of a man who has done so much, it is hard to say.

## THE WORKINGMAN AND THE KING

*In Celebration of Labor Day, September 3, 1917*



**L**ABOUR as much as Valour wins this war for the Allies. The way British labour buried its domestic troubles when they were as high as the smokestacks and took off its coat to win the war is one of the most inspiring events in democracy. The same patriotic sense should avail both Labour and Capital to work together for the country's good after the war is over.

# ARE WE EATING ENOUGH FISH?

Seasonable Articles

on Sockeye Salmon

**W**HERE the mother salmon spawns, there, will the young return in four years' time, overcoming all obstacles, or dying in the attempt. In this the human investigator is faced with one of the many, many mysteries of the world of life. And the salmon is one of the mysteries that has most interested men, because the salmon is valuable.

Every year, beginning in April and on into August, from out of the open and unknown reaches of the Pacific, come swarming millions of salmon of half a dozen varieties. Guided by some powerful force they head for the fresh water rivers disemboguing into the Pacific over a stretch a thousand miles long from Alaska down the Coast to below Vancouver. And those that win through the cordon of nets, fish traps, and reach the fresh waters of the rivers inland, no sooner lay their eggs than they give up their lives. The whole plan of this great fishes' life seems wrapped around increasing its species, though in the very action life becomes extinct in the parent fish.

Just now upon the Pacific Coast the salmon run is in full swing. Along the Skeena River, the Nass, and about Queen Charlotte Islands and on the reaches of the Fraser, the fishing fleets are

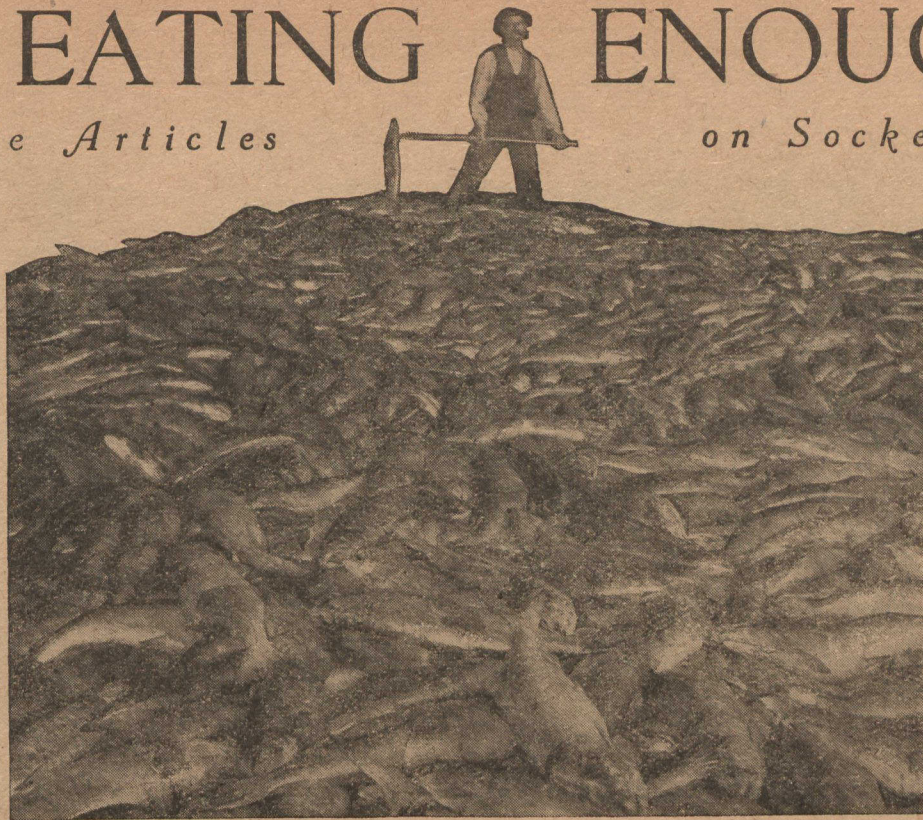
## Salmon Run is Now On

By Francis J. Dickie

busy gleaming this yearly harvest of the sea. It is a wonderful sight watching the salmon fleets put out. Coming over the great transcontinental railway of the Grand Trunk Pacific as the train nears the northern seaport city of Prince Rupert, cannery after cannery is passed. Mostly, though, it is not a regular stop, the long overland train comes to a stop, for these canneries house many hundreds of employees. And then there swarms out to gaze in curious wonder at the travellers a host of brown and yellow girls and boys, and old women and a few men. Coastal Indians of half a dozen tribes, Chinese, Japs, and now and then a Hindoo make up the crowds. For four months at least all these people work at high speed in various parts of the industry, though of late years modern machinery has taken the place of many workmen. The principal one of these is known as "The Iron Chinaman." It is a machine that does everything but think. To it are thrown the salmon fresh from the nets. It cuts off head and tail, cleans them and cuts them up in size for canning and passes them on the way to the waiting cans.

But vast and apparently inexhaustible as the salmon was thought to be, there has been in recent years a falling off in their numbers. Man has killed and killed, and without very careful legislation the salmon may go the way of the great auk and the buffalo. This is particularly true of the American waters, where the fishing was of such a nature that the salmon were allowed little chance to spawn by reason of the fish traps. This form of taking prevented any of the anxious parents from reaching the fresh water beds, where they lay their eggs. As a result, the salmon run has largely fallen off. In Canada, however, more care has been taken. The salmon are allowed one day a week in which no fishing is done. In addition to this many escape the nets.

To deal with this fish conservation problem on the Pacific Coast, a Federal fish commission began to work in Vancouver on July 10th. The board was made up of Mr. Sanford Evans, of Winnipeg, chairman; Fred T. James, of Toronto, expert in fishing matters, and Henry B. Thompson, of British Columbia. Before them came fishermen from the various



**W**HETHER we like fish or not, the Food Controller says we must eat it. One of his recent fish facts is that Manitoba lakes, in 1915-16, produced 48,000,000 pounds of fish. 9,000,000 lbs. of it was whitefish, sold by the fisherman at 5 cents a pound. He does not say how much the fishermen paid for their licenses to get this amount of whitefish worth at the nets or f.o.b. Winnipeg \$450,000, and at the fish stores nearly \$1,500,000. Nature gave Canada more fish according to population than any other country. We have two oceans and four great lakes—counting Great Bear—several lesser lakes, such as Winnipeg, Nipigon and Nipissing, and hundreds of small lakes along with scores upon scores of rivers. All at one time or another, and many of them still, swarming with fish. Most of the great lakes are pretty well fished out. The bulk of our population live where the fish are fewest. Hence, the problem, to get Canadian fish to the consumer at fair prices. The cost is all in the catch, the cure, the haulage—including refrigeration—and the marketing. Next year some of the lakes in the Nipigon class will be commercialized. But we must have more salt-water fish inland, says the Controller. The average distance of mid-Canada consumers, including Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, from Canadian Atlantic fish, is about 1,300 miles. But there is unlimited fish closer by several hundred miles—American fish. The distance is offset by the duty. If Canadians are to eat Canadian salt-water fish they must pay long-haul prices; if American fish—the duty. It seems we must nationalize our fish, while we internationalize our coal and our water-powers. Why?

stations, cannery men and all interested in the salmon and other fish industries. And an earnest endeavour is being made through their findings to better conditions in the fishing industries, so that not only will Canada be assured of this marvellous source of food for all time, but that the cannerymen, the fishermen and all others engaged upon this, one of the greatest of the Dominion's industries, may work in harmony and to the best results.

**B**UT there is romance as well as fact about the salmon. The Commissioner of Fisheries' report is a pretty dry document, but it contains one big salmon romance. It is the story of the fight against blindly aggressive civilization, against Indians and against nature herself, waged on behalf of the sockeye salmon by the Fisheries Department of B.C. J. McHugh, resident engineer, Fisheries Branch, is the narrator of the romance. Here it is:

In the winter of 1912-13 the Canadian Northern Railway blasted out a road-bed along the left side of the Fraser River Canyon, dumping into the river huge quantities of rock. Where the river was wide this did not materially affect the velocity or character of the flow, but at points at which the bed was already narrow it brought about serious changes,

Particularly at Hell's Gate, where huge vertical walls of rock jut out into the stream, leaving a very narrow passage.

Narrowing the Hell's Gate channel increased the velocity and changed the direction of the current. Result—the sockeye salmon could not make their way through Hell's Gate, and up to their spawning beds. To the B. C. fisheries this was serious.

The Fraser is the most important salmon river in Canada. The sockeye salmon spawn in the lakes, or in the tributaries of lakes, which form the head-waters of rivers flowing to the sea. The young fish descend to the sea, spend three, four or five—the very great majority four—years in the sea, and then as mature fish they descend the rivers to spawn. After spawning they die.

Now, a point of the very greatest moment, conclusively proven, is that

these fish return to the same river down which they ran to the sea. If their passage is barred they will not descend and try some other stream; they will remain massed below the obstruction until they die.

So it follows that if no salmon run up a certain stream to spawn during a certain year, then there will be no salmon run in that river four years hence, nor in any succeeding fourth year. And to make matters worse, 1913 was the year of the "big run" in the Fraser, it being a peculiarity of the Fraser that in the year following leap-year the run is always far larger than in the preceding three years.

As soon as it became apparent that the fish were being held back, the Department of Fisheries took immediate action and by extensive blasting operations, succeeded in removing enough of the rock debris to modify the current sufficiently to allow many of the fish to ascend. But it was determined that further work under the direction of Mr. McHugh should be undertaken during the period of low water in the Fraser—that is, in February and March. Mr. McHugh made a preliminary survey of the field of operations in December, with which he deals in the first part of his report, after which he goes on to say:

"On February 23rd, however, conditions at Hell's Gate were very seriously changed by a rock-slide which occurred about 10 p.m. Residents of Camp 16 on the C. P. R. at Hell's Gate had observed during the day a continual rain of small rock from the shattered cliffs immediately above the C. N. R. track on the opposite side of the river. The day had been very mild, with a slight rain falling, and it was assumed that possibly a few groups of disintegrated rock had detached themselves from the main cliff after being frozen there during the winter. Later on in the evening, however, the fall of rock became greater, and at about 10 p.m. a tremendous rumbling roar was heard as a huge portion of the cliffs detached itself and fell towards the river. The following morning I received a communication from the C. P. R. timekeeper at Camp 16 informing me that a slide had occurred at Hell's Gate, that the Fraser River looked like a creek, that the C. N. R. tunnel was completely blocked and probably fifty feet of it carried away."

He then tells of the conference of engineers called to consider the problem, of the decision to use both explosives and derricks in removing the rocks, of the arrival of the outfit to be used in the work and of the great difficulty and danger of the work which was much increased by the fact that similar work was being done on the C. N. R. track immediately above, and continues:

"Meanwhile a change was beginning to take place in the river. The weather at this period was very warm and in consequence the river began slowly advancing, sometimes as much as a foot per day. The river was steadily rising as the work proceeded, and the men were in many instances worked overtime and at top speed in

(Continued on page 6.)



## FORT NIAGARA, U. S. A.

By EDWARD W. REYNOLDS

FORT NIAGARA, Youngstown, N.Y., is to-day the home of 3,000 splendid men, training as officers, who will lead into the war the first United States citizen army of 500,000 men. They are the embodiment of youth, strength, intelligence and courage. They represent the more-than-ordinary types of manhood. Some say officers are born, not made; if this is so, these men belong to this type. They seem to have been picked from the colleges, the professions and the higher walks of life. The United States does not appear "so decadent" when such bodies of American manhood are gathered together. Easy and alert when under training. Eager to excel and lead their fellows in the military competitions, they assert their right to belong to the "officer class," and will emulate the exploits of the Canadians when they too undergo the ordeal of modern warfare.

Training at Fort Niagara is a steady grind. From 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., with but an hour's respite at noon, these men must work to capacity. They must first demonstrate the qualities of endurance. Each man is watched, ticketed and tabbed by his instructor. His daily progress is watched in very much the same manner as a doctor watches and notes the progress of his patients. These men are constantly under observation. Ability to pass examinations does not necessarily mean that they will be selected to join America's citizen army as officers. Off parade they must show gentlemanly qualities. On furlough they are under close observation. Under all conditions must they show that they can conduct themselves as officers are expected to. Personal habits have a big influence upon selection. Selections for commissions in the United States army are made with greater care and exactitude than in most other military organizations. There is no caste system; they will be selected to lead because they have shown that they possess the qualities of leadership, and can gain the confidence of the men whom they will lead.

Colonel S. W. Miller, in whom is vested the responsibility of training and selecting these men, is a hardy, thoroughly efficient product of American military life. He graduated from West Point in 1879, and from that date on, has served his country

in many parts. As a young officer he fought in the West against hostile Indians, and helped bring peace and prosperity by subduing insurrections in Montana. When war was declared between the United States and Spain, he was selected to go to the Philippines, where he served first as a commander of a battalion, then as Commander of Troops—Brigadier, and later Inspector General of Forces. His chief assistants are all men who have served their country on the battle line.

The syllabus of training on the American side of the Niagara River is very different to what took place at the Canadian camp. The men do not spend weeks learning the ceremonials, but get down to hard training from the drop of the hat. To the casual visitor from Canadian camps there may appear to be a lack of discipline; that an easy familiarity exists between the officers and men that does not induce good discipline, but this is not so. The men are subjected to a different form of military discipline, more is left to their individual initiative. They must either make good or go. One man competes with the other, and this friendly rivalry brings out the best that is in them. The American soldier or cadet may not handle his rifle with the soldierly despatch that characterizes the work of a British-trained fighter, but on the ranges he can acquit himself as a more-than-ordinary marksman. Their short rifles and long bayonets are deadly instruments, and their expert bayonet work demonstrated their efficiency in this form of hand-to-hand fighting.

In their physical drill practicability is the prime consideration. Their physical instructors—in this case the ubiquitous Y. M. C. A. expert—aim at developing their muscles, to "lift the men off the ground." These trainers do not aim at postural excellence, but strength and powers of endurance. The men cover ground rapidly, surmount obstacles with ease, and arrive at their destination ready and in a fit condition to meet a deadly foe. This will be their task in the battle line, and if an overdose of swinging of arms and bending of legs does not bring about the desired results, then it is cut down for the better forms of physical training. This is why jumping and running plays a big part in an American soldier's training. He must leap water-logged

ditches, go over barbed wire entanglements, climb muddy parapets and mount fences to fit himself for the task that is ahead of him.

Outside the hospital area of the camp at Fort Niagara there is an almost total absence of tents. The men, by companies, eat and sleep in long huts, with floors raised three or four feet from the ground. Designed in the interest of comfort and hygiene, these buildings add to the pleasures rather than the displeasures of camp life. There is no special mess for the officers, except those who live in the married quarters. The company officers sleep at one end of these long huts. These "officers' quarters" are separated from the men's by a low pine rail. They therefore work, eat and sleep with their men.

Very little ceremonial marks the camp life at Fort Niagara, the amount of time at the disposal of the officers and men is too limited; the latter have only a few weeks in which to prove their fitness. Only at sundown is a departure made from the training programme, when the colours are trooped, the ensign is dipped and the national anthem is played. In all, the scenes that are being enacted to-day at Niagara demonstrate that the spirit of Lincoln still lives, and that the Canadian army, with the allied forces, will receive the strong arm of fellowship from the men who themselves are steeped in democratic traditions. These men are training on historic ground to fight for historic principles; that "government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth."

### Are We Eating Enough Fish

(Continued from page 5.)

order not to lose their drill-holes by being covered with the rapidly advancing water. Heavy rumblings on the river-bed began to be heard. Each day it was evident from the sound that masses of rock were rolling down the bed of the river and it seemed possible that the lower portion of the slide was being undermined and that a collapse of the whole bank might occur at any moment."

Still, the work proceeded. Then, on July 3rd, the run of salmon started at Hell's Gate, and it was found that sufficient had been accomplished to allow the stronger fish to make the passage of the rapids, but many were not able to ascend, and these were aided by being transferred over the worst piece of water with dip-nets.

The run of salmon increased and they became very abundant below Hell's Gate. Now the Indians take a hand in the fight against the salmon.

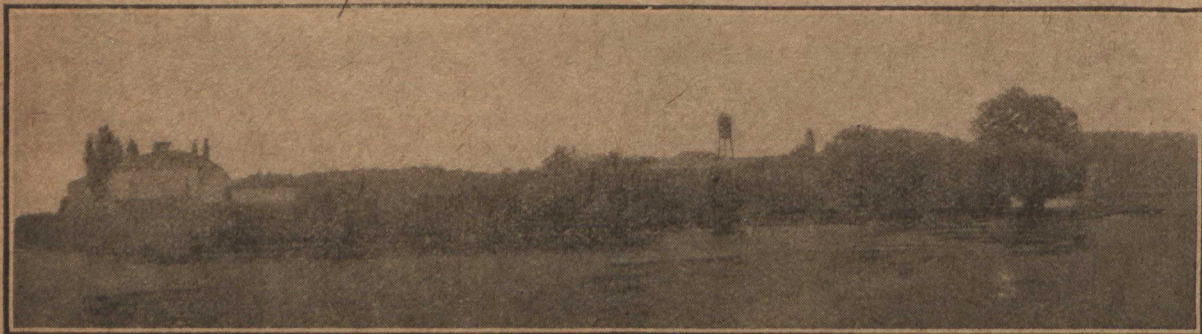
"The gathering of these fish below Hell's Gate and their scarcity above caused an influx of Indians from various parts of the canyon for fishing purposes. One band of Indians actually came down from the Nicola country with pack-ponies, evidently prepared for wholesale slaughter. It may be explained that from time immemorial Indians had caught and preserved fish on this portion of the canyon. Rights on certain fishing-rocks were handed down from father to son, through generations, and the privilege was jealously guarded. It was evident from the wholesale manner in which these Indians were preparing to take salmon that unless their operations were put under some control very few fish would pass through the gate.

This situation was taken strongly in hand by the Department, and certain temporary restrictions placed on the Indians. Special guardians were appointed to see that the new regulations were enforced. This curtailment of the liberties of the Indians was very strongly resented, it being probably the first time this ancestral privilege had been in any degree interfered with. However the new regulations were enforced despite strong and organized objection, and the Indians doubtless obtained all the fish they required."

No sooner had the Indian problem been settled than a fresh difficulty arose. During August the river fell rapidly and as it did so its flow was so changed that the salmon could not make the passage of Hell's Gate. In order that the fish could ascend it became necessary to construct a flume. The report proceeds:

"The total length of the flume was 350 feet. The construction of the upstream end of this temporary fishway presented but little difficulty being constructed on a rock-bank prepared for the purpose. The greatest difficulty arose when rounding the point of Hell's Gate. It was necessary here to excavate a shelf in the solid rock for the purpose of easing the grade and supporting that portion of the flume. The work was performed under the most difficult conditions, the drillers working in a constant deluge of ice-cold water thrown up by the river. Finally however, the ledge was completed and that portion of the flume constructed. A further lowering of the

(Concluded on page 13.)



# SIX VERY PECULIAR PEOPLE

## UNDER SIX FLAGS



**K**ING VAGIRADVUH OF SIAM has declared war upon Germany. His potent example has been followed by Liberia. Haiti was another of the wasp sovereignties—or was it a republic?—that decided to sit at the world's Peace Conference in 19—. It is gratifying to note that in drawing his sword and doffing his plumed hat against Germany, the King of Siam agrees with the rest of us that it is the business of Siam to "uphold the sanctity of international rights against nations showing contempt for the principles of humanity and respect for small states."

**W**HEN in Washington, dining perhaps at the Willard Hotel, you may chance to sit next a large, dusky gentleman who smokes very fat cigars and never looks worried about the war. That gentleman, pictured at the top of this page, is the Congressional delegate from Hawaii. He was intended by nature to be the Crown Prince of Hawaii. He is the son of

**R**USSIA has almost as many Fathers of Revolution as Canada has of Confederation. The benign-looking disciple of Count Tolstoy, Nicholas Tchaikowsky—some relation to the great Ignace, composer of the same name—is one of them. He is a Socialist, but has always been opposed to violence, and for years has preached the gospel of temperance to that element of the Russian people that wanted to tear down the banners of despotism.

Among the raft of good things written about the Russian Revolution, that of Lincoln Steffens, in August Everybody's, is one of the best. Steffens gives the real colour and swing of the thing as he saw it. I saw two processions meet, he says, on the bank of the Neva. One was of jolly Russians: men, women, girls and boys, soldiers and workers; the other of Tartars, Mongols and Chinamen, workers who did the dirty work of the city. These were shy, abashed, not sure. The two processions cheered each other; then, moved a bit, they halted to sing the revolutionary song together; and then, at a moment, I felt, the two or three races rushed together, and embraced and wept. A moment, and they recovered their dignity, and marched on their way. But the mongols were not shy any longer.

That dreaded day ended like a holiday in New York in a general retreat of the crowds homeward, with babies crying, mothers worn out, and even the fathers and brothers and the girls too tired to shout or sing. Next day there were



the late Queen Lilaokani, and his Congressional Record name is J. Kuhie Kalanianole. The reason his photo appears here is that 3,000 of his Hawaiian soldiers have asked to be sent to fight in France.

**F**INNEGANISM in China is on the increase. Emperor or President, "off agin, on agin, gone agin" is the regular excitement in that great country of countless millions. Here we have Li Yuan-Hung (left), who succeeded Yuan Shih-Kai as President, and his late Premier, Tuan Chi-Jui (right), whose dismissal from office has been followed by the revolt of his partisans.

**G**ENERAL CHRISTODENLOS, commander of the Greek armies, is now among the new generals who are fighting Germany. In the photograph herewith, accompanied by his aide, and both with their fingers on a nice blank sheet of paper supposed to be a war map, he furnishes a very encouraging pose for the camera.

street meetings; a few, but active. We heard the words "Miliukoff," "Peace," and a lot about "Secret Treaties." We remembered hearing those words on May first; on May fourth there was shooting on the Nevski.

It wasn't so terrible. There were mobs, and military motor trucks and armoured cars, full of armed workmen and wild girls and angry soldiers shot here and there like bullets, and there were clashes between contending crowds. There must have been thousands of meetings and hundreds of parades that day, with at least a million people deeply moved and partly armed; and there were but three "bloody incidents," and—seven killed and wounded. That was the news.

The Provisional Government was listening to a committee from the Council of Soldiers and Workmen, who were protesting against Miliukoff's foreign policy. Miliukoff resigned; not that day, however. The mob disturbed the councils of the government and caused alarm—for the Revolution. So the Soldiers and Workmen posted placards and asked the people not to hold meetings for a few days; to trust them, their leaders, to work it all out right. And the people obeyed their demand.

Kerensky took the portfolio of War in the ministry after Miliukoff resigned. No government can make the Russians fight. But the Russian leaders agreed that if there was any one among them who could make the Russians want to fight, it was Kerensky.

# SOLDIERS *and* SETTLEMENT

WE have not got very far yet with our plans for "After the War," except to spread a vague idea throughout the country that our obligations to our returning soldiers

and our desire to get more settlers on the land would some way or another fit into each other, so that our debts would be paid and the development of the country assured with no trouble at all. Unfortunately that is not the case, and the assumption is based on two fundamental errors. The first is our idea of the desire of the returning soldier to get onto the land, and the second, is the existence of convenient lands within the ownership of the government in which to put him. The facts are otherwise. The soldier does not want to go onto the land and we have not got it to give to him if he does.

First, about the soldier. There is a certain amount of proof that he does not want to go on the land in the fact that he did not do so. While the statement made above about government land still stands there was enough of it available before the war to test out the inclination of the men who have gone to the front. They might have homesteaded, but they did not. Do you think the war has changed the soldier in this respect? By this time probably some one you know has returned from the front, wounded. Does he seem more like a candidate for the farm than he did before? Judging from one's individual acquaintance it seems fair to say that the soldiers have been fighting for civilization and they will want all of it they can get after the war. If it is ambition you count on to take out to the country the young man of the city after the war is over, reflect that it is ambition that brings the young man from the country to the city. If you count on disgust with the trivialities of a position behind the counter or the work of a junior clerk to drive the ambitious out into the country, reflect that the literature of a whole continent has taught those young men that such is the way of success. There is a fair chance that most of the young men who come to the city from the country would do better if they stayed at home on the farm, but that would deprive them of the great thing the city has to offer—not success, but the chance of it. That is the solace of many weary hours, the reward of many efforts that are not otherwise much repaid.

Inclination of our own people to go onto our own land, was something, as a matter of fact, which we conspicuously failed to cultivate in the days before the war. We put our newcomers on the land, or a certain small percentage of them. Our own people, when they got really interested in the opportunities of the land were inclined more to speculate in farms than to settle down to work them. It is partly a social question. The western prairies are big, and the people settled on them are naturally a long way apart.

There may at first be more disposition to doubt the statement made as to the land available in Canada. One does not need to dogmatize. The maps and statements issued by the Department of the Interior are quite enough. From those maps and from those statements one unmistakable fact stands out. The open prairie homestead is gone. Years ago Canada looked at the vast sweep of the western prairies, illimitable it seemed. If people owned that for themselves, thought Canada, they would come and make their homes there. With arms widespread in a gesture of welcome Canada said, "Come and take." And they came and they took, and Canada now no longer owns the prairies. From Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, from the boundary north to Prince Albert, Battleford and Edmonton, there are no more open prairie farms to be had of the Dominion Government. The Department of the Interior publishes some maps of the western provinces that clearly illustrate this. Every separate township is shown, every separate square mile is recorded. The land the government still holds for homesteader is left white. The lands of which title have definitely passed from the crown have one colour, those reserved for school lands another, and the lands held under grazing lease, mostly in south-western Saskatchewan and in Southern Alberta, are

## Two Problems That Do Not Solve Each Other

By HENRY LANCE

shown in green. Now examine on the map the districts of the prairie provinces served by railways. A rough, irregular triangle, for the most part with broad base formed by a line drawn from Edmonton, south through Calgary to the International Boundary, its apex truncated by a line from Winnipeg south to the border. That triangle, for reasons connected with obscure problems of climate, and of isothermal lines is the district which the railways have found good, and where they have run their lines. And on the coloured map whose white squares show the homesteader where he may go and get lands for the occupation, how many white squares are there within that district? How many square miles of land in that territory upon which the government is to plant returned soldiers as homesteaders? Look again. Perhaps your first impression was wrong. Those lands we talked of so glibly must be there. But strain your eyes as you will you can't find them. There are no white squares. There is no land in that district for the homesteader. Control has passed from the Dominion Government for the whole area. The ambition of a people is close on realization. We have given away the land.

Look again at the map and you will see miles on miles of crown land shown in white, some of them all nicely surveyed, and north of the surveyed lands the whole reach north to the ocean, unsullied by either the tint of alienation or the surveyor's squares. Surely that is ours. Surely we have that for a heritage for the soldiers. Right enough, and some of it is fine agricultural land, some wonderfully fitted for grazing. But to begin with, it is not open prairie land. That may not be a fatal defect, but there are no railways. Of course more railways can be built, but that is not the immediate solution of this problem. Canada has marked off roughly, by her preliminary railway work in the west, a great area for development. Not much more has been done than to mark out the outlines, and the task before us is to fill in the outlines. We need to get millions more people within that great triangle. Some outlet we shall always want on the boundaries for those hardy spirits who can enjoy nothing else than pioneering. Most of the rest of us want to get away as rapidly as possible from pioneering conditions and are straining every nerve to that end.

The fact that the Dominion Government has lost control of that land does not mean that it is all occupied by actual farmers. Many millions of acres given as railway land grants or as concessions to colonization companies are still innocent of cultivation. Several millions are still held by the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Hudson's Bay Company, the two great landlords of the west, and blocks of varying sizes are in the hands of different companies. Some of these companies, by the way, were exceedingly active agents in inducing immigration from the United States before the war changed everything, and neither the country nor the purchaser needs to grudge them the profit they made out of handling the lands. They earned it by bringing to the west its most prosperous class of settlers, the American farmer changing his location.

THERE are other millions of acres in the hands of companies or of individuals who have no intention of doing anything towards either development or colonization. After a while they expect that the country will provide them a purchaser and with a fat profit, and all will be well. It is not only lands originally granted to railways and to colonization companies which is in this condition. Very many homesteaders, having once earned title to their quarter sections, have ceased to farm them, content with the ownership, for subsequent sale, or for immediate turnover, of their hundred and sixty acres.

Omitting for the moment our duty to the soldiers, the essence of our problem at the present time is

to get farmers onto those lands now held idle in private ownership. Owing to the great plenty of land it can still be bought at prices enormously below its intrinsic value, at prices ranging from ten to thirty dollars an acre. It is probable that by the imposition of various taxes on wild lands the prices can be kept low enough to prevent the owners from exploiting to too great an extent the purchasers, and it is a fact that at present prices of grain and of land, the purchasers of farms have been able to pay for them out of the profits of a single crop. By a system of long term payments the burden of paying for land is very much lightened. There are now enough farmers on the prairies to make sure of a steady movement of others to the land, provided farming is continuously profitable and pleasant for them. So far as the profit is concerned war prices for wheat are keeping out of consideration just now such controversial questions as the tariff and a market in the United States. Of these we are likely to hear more later on. It would be to start a controversy to attempt to state the demands of the west on those matters, but at least it will pay the country to consider those matters from the standpoint of making farming profitable. The Dominion Government and the Provincial Governments are doing a good deal towards the profit of farming with educational campaigns and various forms of assistance and supervision of live stock and dairying industries, and results are to be expected in the reinvestment of war profits of farming in that industry. Lack of capital to engage in live stock is being remedied in many cases by the returns from wheat at present prices, and the movements to get cheaper money for farmers are expected to help. Such things as the improvement of schools and the extension of rural telephones are helping to make farming more pleasant. We have made a good start, but we need to do more until our increase in farming population is obtained from those drawn into the business instead of from people poured out on the prairies.

A GREAT deal of fuss has been made, and it must be feared, a certain amount of hypocrisy indulged in as to what we are going to do for the soldier to make a farmer of him. The situation was exposed to a certain extent, for those willing to see, by the rather absurd world tour of Sir Rider Haggard as an emissary of the Royal Colonial Institute, an entirely unofficial and voluntary organization, as most persons did not seem to know at the time of that trip. Sir Rider made the request, under no authority at all except that of the gentlemen connected with the organization in question, that whatever any government, Dominion or Provincial should do in the way of assisting its own soldiers on to the land, it should also do for any soldier of the Empire. The promise was usually given, and with great eagerness. If Sir Rider had any prospective farmers concealed about his person no one in this country wanted to see them get away. If we had all been a little franker we might have gone further, and might have said that whatever scheme was applied to make a successful farmer out of a former soldier would also be gladly applied to make a successful farmer, if possible, out of any other suitable immigrant or settler. It was settlers and farmers we were thinking of, not obligations to soldiers.

When it comes to obligations to our soldiers it must be recognized that we are dealing with a local problem. The obligation to pay an adequate pension to the men requiring it, is as distinct for the men of our own armies as is our obligation to pay them while serving the higher rate of pay we have established than that received by soldiers from other portions of the Empire. And just as distinctly for our own soldiers will be the recognition, if any, voted to those who are unwounded by our various governments. To say that you will extend equal treatment to all British soldiers is simply to say that you will not do anything special for our own men. A concession to every British soldier on the part of Canada is as impossible as for this country to give the Canadian rate of pay to the whole British army. We pay our men as our own, as our own we will pension those that need it. And if a grateful coun-



try has gifts to make, they will have to be made to our own as such. Whether or not Canada will have gifts to make, or be capable of making them is a question that is still open. Hard necessity may drive us to the conclusion that we cannot do much more for the unwounded soldier than endeavour to make this a country worthy of his efforts, and a good place for him to live and earn his living in.

In the interests of the soldier it must be insisted on that the returned man who does not want to be a

farmer has just as much right to recognition as the one who can be persuaded to go onto a farm. An attempt to force our returned men into the country by restricting gifts to those willing to go would be a proper subject for resentment. And in the interests of the country, which will include the interests of all the soldiers we may as well admit now that if any scheme is discovered which will induce men to go onto the land and will make successful farmers of them there, it will be applied to all suit-

able settlers. We have two problems. One is our duty to the men who have represented us on the battlefield. The other is the development of our agriculture. They do not solve each other.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS asked her class to explain the word "bachelor," and was very much amused when a little girl answered: "A bachelor is a very happy man." "Where did you learn that?" asked the mistress. "Father told me," she replied.

## THE HANDWRITING on THE WALL

THE struggle is now being waged with a greater fury and over a wider area than at any previous time, and we may be sure that the intensity of the effort is an indication of the resolve of the Allies to strike a decisive and final blow before the coming of the winter. This is by no means intended as a prediction of success, but that there is an intention to end the war before the advent of another season of bad weather we need not at all doubt. And it seems to be that the auguries are of the most favourable kind.

The weak point is, of course, to be found in Russia. Amongst those dense masses of ignorant and well meaning men it is impossible to discern any definite movement or any persistent intention. The declarations of their "leaders" have very little value. Demagogues, reactionaries, idealists and Germans are able to produce any desired response from their credulous hearers. Unreasoned sympathies and emotions are allowed to run riot, and a well uttered sentiment is instantly successful where facts and certainties are allowed to pass unnoticed. The danger from Russia does not lie in the defeat of her armies, or the invasion of her territory. These are insignificant in comparison with the abiding threat that Germany will be able to provision herself from Russian stores, and by means of a separate peace.

But with the exception of Russia there is nothing but the most encouraging news from all the battle fronts. Italy has struck a savage blow at the Austrian armies that parallel her own along the length of the Isonzo River and on the Julian front from Gorizia to the sea. The actual territory gained matters very little in comparison with the fact that the Austrian arms have once more been worsted, and that the conviction of failure has been deepened in the Austrian heart. At Verdun the French have won a considerable victory and have ousted their enemies from points of observation essential to their attacks, while at the same time they have weakened the assaults that have been brought so continuously against their positions on the Chemin des Dames and around Moronvilliers. At the northern end of the line the Canadians have tightened their grip upon Lens and have lengthened the encircling arms that are slowly and inexorably crushing the Germans from the city. Still farther north the Allies are steadily advancing to the east of Langemark and of Ypres, and are giving us daily proof of the fact that the Germans have so far lost their morale that their retirement in the face of attack has become habitual. It is true that the retirements are not extensive, but it can not be too much emphasized that the Germans have nearly reached the point, now close to their rear, where the withdrawal of the whole line must become compulsory. Every increasing bulge in the German lines indicates an area requiring a greater number of men for its defence, or else a constant thinning of the defensive force. Every such easterly bulge means that the subtending German lines are—so to speak—being left behind in the form of a salient, and therefore susceptible to attack on three sides. If Germany had a sufficient number of men to guard the lengthened line of the bulges, and to defend the salients, she might view the situation with more equanimity than she is showing. But she has not a sufficient number of men. We know that she is drawing troops in large numbers from Galicia where they are urgently needed, and that even with such reinforcements she is compelled to retire in the face of every new attack. Now it is evident that the lines north and south of the immediate battle area

*Indications are not missing of the resolve of the Allies to strike a decisive and final blow before the coming of winter*

By SIDNEY CORYN  
*Written Especially for the Canadian Courier*

can not maintain their positions indefinitely while the central lines are slowly retreating and giving up position after position. Without a precise knowledge of the topography of the country and of the strength of the forces engaged it is impossible to identify the exact spot where the lengthening line must either break or fall back in its entirety, but that spot is not very far to the rear. And if the moment of a general retreat is delayed too long the penalty is a piercing of the line and calamity.

THAT, I believe, is now the problem that the German commanders must face. I believe that they would have withdrawn the whole of their north and south line before now but for the threat to their moving flank supplied by the presence of the French army on the heights from Rheims to Moronvilliers. Place a rule on the north and south lines now occupied by the German forces from the North Sea to Laon, and then move the rule toward the Belgian frontier, and note the position that its southern end would occupy with regard to the French armies stretching from the neighbourhood of Laon to Moronvilliers and Verdun. Remember also that a retreating army must carry with it all its heavy artillery, all its hospital equipment, wounded, and baggage, and that therefore its movement is very slow and cumbersome. A pursuing army, on the other hand, can dispense with its heavy artillery, and it can leave all its wounded and hospital equipment at the rear. It needs only light artillery and machine guns, and moreover it can use its cavalry. In the event of a retreat of the German armies now stretching from the North Sea to Laon in the direction of the Belgian frontier, the French would be able to outflank or to sweep away the armies of the Crown Prince and bring a devastating attack on the moving right wing of the Germans. I believe that the German army in the north would have fallen back weeks ago if the Crown Prince had been able to dislodge the French forces from their positions in the south, and that this accounts for the persistent vigour of his attacks. But the Germans in the north will not be able to wait much longer for the Crown Prince to win his first victory. Whatever the danger to their southern flank they will be compelled to move if Sir Douglas Haig is able to continue his present successes. This accounts also for the fury of the German counter attacks in the north. To say that the disputed ground is no more than a matter of fractions of a mile is to show oneself unaware of the strategy of the situation. It is fractions of a mile that count. It is fractions of a mile that constitute those bulges or salients that, like an overblown soap bubble, may burst at any moment. And if one of them should burst, it would then be too late to think of retreat. The only thought then would be surrender.

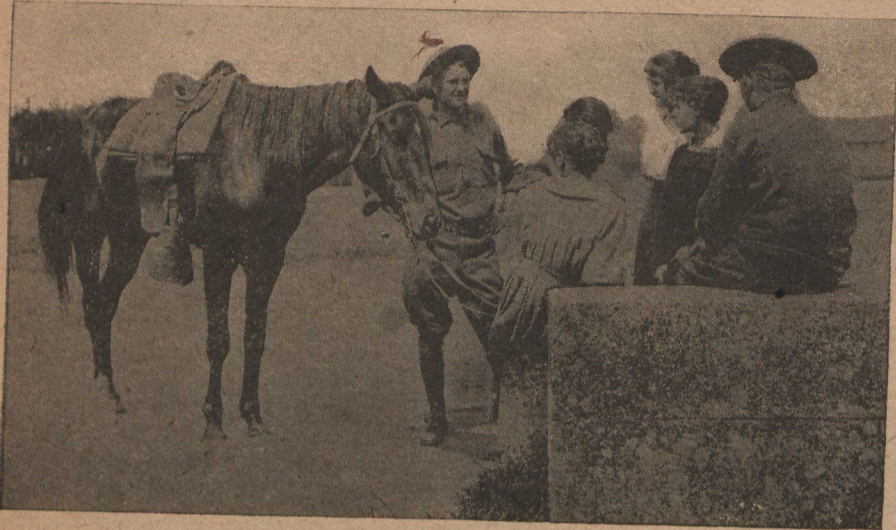
The air is full of chronological forecasts of peace, and they range all the way from three months to three years. There are even some gloomy prophets who foresee five years of struggle ahead of us, but

we may suppose that these have not a clear vision of the actual situation in Europe, upon which alone such predictions should be based. There is, of course, nothing more difficult than to view that situation in its entirety. It is not all of it visible. It is neither wholly military, nor wholly economic, nor wholly political. It is a combination of the three, and the exclusion of any one of them may, and indeed must, vitiate the result. Estimates of Germany's strength in the field may be accurate enough, but they are quite inadequate for purposes of prediction unless combined with a survey of economic and political conditions at home. The most militant of armies may be paralyzed by domestic discontent, and it is of small avail that German armies should be well fed and aggressive if the wives and children of the men are starving and mutinous. Nor can we accept at their apparent value the now frequent assurances that Germany can not be starved into submission. Putting on one side the fact that there are those whose knowledge is equally competent, and who assert that Germany can be starved into submission, and that the process is already well advanced, we may recognize that it is not wholly a question of starvation. It is a question of universal economic and industrial decay, of military railroads depreciating into uselessness and ruin, of business collapse, of an entire absence of man power to do the things that only men can do. It is a question of dire shortage, not necessarily of food, but of all those other things—cotton, wool, oil, and metals—without which war can not be waged or a populace exist. It is a question of the slow paralysis of the inner life of the nation, and of the hopelessness that corrodes the national spirit. Germany's armies may still be as powerful as they are represented to be. They may still be well fed and well clothed. Starvation as a decisive factor may not yet be in sight. But we are still far from completing the survey of a situation that for purposes of forecast must be viewed in its completeness. For example, we know little or nothing of the effects of the regulation of exports to neutral countries, except that Germany views that regulation with fury and threats. To assume that Germany will necessarily continue to fight so long as her armies possess the purely military power to do so is therefore to run the risk of error, and very grave error. If we were to eliminate the likelihood of military disaster as well as the likelihood of starvation we should still lack many of the elements needed for a positive forecast. We must still assess the results of a general and paralyzing shortage of commodities, of universal internal decay such as is sketched for us by competent Swiss observers, and especially by Mr. A. Curtis Roth, lately American vice-consul at Plauen in Saxony, and of the widespread distress that is producing, according to the same authority, a real threat of "a second peasants' war." And when we have duly weighed all these factors we may still assess, as best we can, the profound discouragement that must follow the disappearance of that expectation of victory that Germany has always counted as chief among her moral assets.

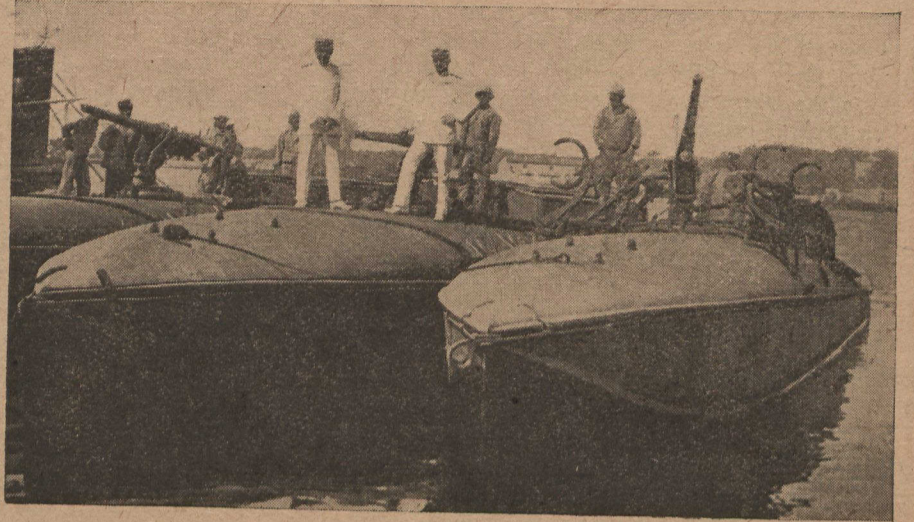
WHY should the German commanders continue a struggle that they know is foredoomed to failure merely because it is still within their military power to do so, since the resulting calamities are enlarged with every succeeding day? The assumption of such a knowledge on their part is not

(Concluded on page 25.)

# FIVE OF THE NATIONS AT WAR



This picture of an American soldier chatting in French with some charming maids of France reminds one of a scene from the "movies."

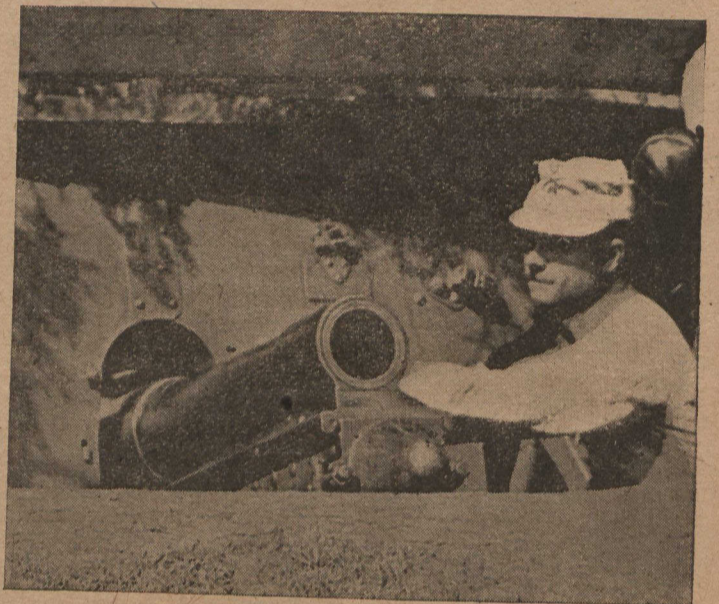


Pictures of submarine chasers are interesting and not very common. These craft belong to Italy.



This enterprising young lady is Miss Margaret Carson, daughter of Col. John M. Carson, of the Army Transport Service of New York. When the first contingent of American soldiers was about to sail, it was discovered that they were without tobacco. Miss Carson, on her own initiative, arranged for a shipment of tobacco for each transport and then started a fund for the payment of her obligation.

We are told that the Roumanian army has been reorganized and is now ready for a great offensive against the Germans. Probably this Roumanian soldier and his six-inch gun will have something to do with that offensive.



Here is proof of China's intention to enter the war with the latest fighting weapons. An army aeroplane equipped with a Hotchkiss gun.



The religious comfort of their prisoners is well looked after by the Italians. Austrians at an Italian prison camp attending open-air mass.



## EX-KINGS AND OTHERS

AN interesting photograph of Nicholas Romanoff, ex-Emperor of Russia, was taken last month. It shows him sitting on the stump of a tree—closely guarded—in the gardens of his prison palace of Tsark-Selo. Shortly after he was transferred to Siberia, a prisoner among his own people.

AS a contrast, here we have ex-King Constantine of Greece, also deposed, an exile, but exultant in his freedom. He is shown, with his wife, leaving the Palace Hotel at Lugano, Switzerland, in an automobile. He was on his way to the railroad station to take a train to Engadin, the famous summer and winter resort in the Grisons. It is reputed that Constantine has bought the magnificent Chateau Chartreuse in Switzerland.



THE striking and impressive picture at the top of this page is not an old painting of the Civil War, as it might well pass for. It portrays one of Uncle Sam's fighting units arriving at a Camp in the States to begin training for the fray. Here they will be marched and drilled until they are fit to take their place "somewhere in France."



THE group in the automobile are members of the Belgian Commission to the United States. They are making arrangements for the supplying of food and other necessities of life for the suffering Belgians. The Commission were given a great reception in New York City, being the guests of the City for one day. From left to right the group are: Frederic R. Coudert, N. T. Robinson, Baron Moncheur, head of the mission, and Mayor Mitchell, of New York City.

# IN RECONQUERED TERRITORY

WE are asked to economize in the midst of plenty, to spend little when we have a surplus of cash, to eat sparingly when food is in abundance, to gather and preserve even our low-grade fruits and vegetables when our cellars are already full! And this is difficult! We need a wider vision to see the result of our labours and our sacrifice. How easy it would be to deny ourselves food if we saw little children starving! How simple to do without new clothing if our neighbours were shivering with cold! And yet that is exactly what is happening, only so far away that it hardly seems real. Perhaps this letter from Miss Edith May, who has been serving with the French Wounded Emergency Fund ever since the outbreak of war, may help us to realize how much we have to be thankful for, and how terrible is the suffering "over there."

Miss May is one of the few women who have been allowed to visit the territory evacuated by the Germans in their retreat, and her descriptions of the destroyed towns is of most unusual interest. She writes:

I AM now on my way by motor with Captain and Mme. C. H. We came up by way of Senlis. It was through Senlis that the Germans advanced in the autumn of 1914 on Paris, and I had my first glimpse of barbed-wire entanglements before reaching here. But I could not grasp the fact that they meant war, for the land was plowed to the very edge of the trenches, and the wire might have been support for vines or raspberries! It was even harder to grasp the fact that a great fighting machine like the German army at the beginning of this war had come so near Paris, and had come no further. That is certainly the miracle of the war.

We rode into Senlis by its main street; the town looked as if a fire had swept it. Empty windows and roofless houses everywhere. Our hotel seemed the only house entire on the street; but this is not the result of recent war—it is two years and more old and already vines are creeping up and covering something of the desolation.

As we sat at luncheon a small motor convoy passed—motors painted mottled green, black, brown, so as to fade into the landscape, which they did most effectively. It was after leaving Senlis that I saw my first grave, a black cross and so a German, beside the road. That did say something to me. As we passed through the forest of Compiègne we saw hundreds of German prisoners cutting down the trees, sawing and piling the wood, for wood is as precious as gold to-day, when there is no coal. Later we came upon a hundred or so cavalry men dismounted and leading their horses. Their blue coats along the dark alleys of the forest were striking and picturesque.

Motor after motor, all military, dashed by, coming or going, for Compiègne is the headquarters of the Grand Quartier General. As I sit in this quiet hotel looking out on the Square and the Palace, all save one thing seems as usual, but that one thing makes all the difference. It is the constant roar of the great guns. The night is very quiet save for that never-ceasing, never-changing and continuous rumbling, like a great hand moving up and down

some instrument. When one thought what was happening out there, it seemed too pitiless and cruel for words.

YESTERDAY I did not know what war was like. I do to-day, for we have not only been to Noyon, but to Ham, only 16 kilometres from the firing-line. Enough of the old broken-up pavement, of corduroy stretches and mud was left to show us what it must have been before the dozen of steam-rollers now at work began to get it into shape. We passed through German and French trenches; first, second and third, on our way to Noyon. There were miles of trenches and of barbed-wire stretching away on either side, defences of every sort; sand-bags protecting some vulnerable corner of a village street; long lines of telephone communication; walls behind which men had stood and thrust their guns through the holes they had made; a lovely Chateau protected up to its third story with sand-bags; dug-outs like cave-men's dwellings; bridges destroyed; a railway whose rails had been twisted at every joining; wrecked iron beds; a bath-tub in an open field, everywhere ruin, ruin. And nothing more pitiful than the poor ruined trees. One little village from a distance looked untouched. Entering, we found every house a skeleton. At Ribecourt, the village was level with the street, and the great church had enough of towers, columns and tracery left to show how beautiful it had once been. Here we were barred by a guard who took our papers to his superior, housed from the rain by a shelter inside the ruined nave. The fighting here must have been intense; my one impression was one of overwhelming destruction.

But as we neared Noyon I gained another—that of indomitable energy. Everywhere were hundreds of workmen and engineers rebuilding bridges, re-making the locks of the canal (for in retreating the Germans tried to drown the town), driving piles, carting away debris. In the fields were thousands of prisoners filling in the trenches, taking down barbed-wire, undoing, by the irony of fate, work they themselves had done. It was like an army of ants working with might and main to restore the ruin caused by some giant heel.

We remained in Noyon only long enough to have our passport signed by the military authorities and extended to Ham. As I sat in the motor, I saw a long line of pale, worn, middle-aged women with baskets, waiting to obtain food from one of the Relief Funds that rushed to Noyon in the first days of its freedom. The majority of civilians have been sent into the interior; those who remain are fed in this way. Nowhere are there any young women!

It was on the way to Ham that we first saw the systematic destruction of the fruit trees. In the beginning we thought that they might have been felled because they obstructed the range of fire. But when we noticed everywhere great trees standing and only the fruit trees among them cut down, we realized that it was designed destruction. Somehow these trees

lying everywhere about the fields as they had been cut, affected one as if they had been living creatures.

The entrance to Ham was one vast chaos: bridges, canal, railway station, railway lines, the great Chateau where Napoleon was imprisoned, all blown up. Here again hundreds of workers and great activity. Everywhere our road, so-called, was indicated to us by stationed guards, and we obeyed directions to halt or to go on implicitly. We went to the little hotel, one of the houses unsacked and untouched, because the German officers had lodged there up to the last moment. An old woman of seventy-two met us. It was fortunate that we had brought our lunch, as she could give us nothing. "Yes," in answer to our question, she was the only one left to do the work. They had taken all the girls and her mistress—"une belle grosse dame."

"But I saw," I said, "two young girls standing outside as I came in." "There are a few young women left in the town," she said, "but they were left because they have very young babies. The army would find them only an impediment on its retreat."

What a problem for the future! The old woman talked a continuous stream as we sat and ate. Much of her patois I could not understand, but I gathered that the enemy had not left a mattress in the whole town, save in the hotel; that the little shops had been rifled, that almost all the furniture had been removed, that the linen and clothing of the inhabitants was seized, kitchen utensils, farm implements, stoves, all gone! What could not be taken away had been hacked and destroyed.

All this was confirmed by the young Englishwomen of the Women's Emergency Canteen Corps, whom we went to see after luncheon. They were sleeping on hastily improvised beds of boxes; one had a box spring too big to carry away, but no mattress. All their housekeeping was being done with odds and ends. They are a militarized corps, and take their orders from the General of the Third Army. Their leader, a young woman of about thirty, has been twice decorated, once with the Croix de Guerre. The decorations are, of course, a tribute to the whole valiant little corps, which has been first in that field to feed and help the evicted ones, to open the canteens for the soldiers, and to aid in every possible manner, anyone needing aid.

That they are allowed to follow behind the advancing army is a proof that their work is appreciated. I wish I could tell you some of the work they have done, and some of the stories they told! They took us down to the Chateau given them by the military authorities for a Foyer and Canteen. Though it lay in a hollow and was of no strategic importance, it had not escaped wanton destruction. Of course there was not a window-pane or chimney, and of course the Park was all plowed up and ruined. That was natural. But the intentional damage was

(Continued on page 21.)



# WILLOW-FARMING

By ALLEGRA CRONK

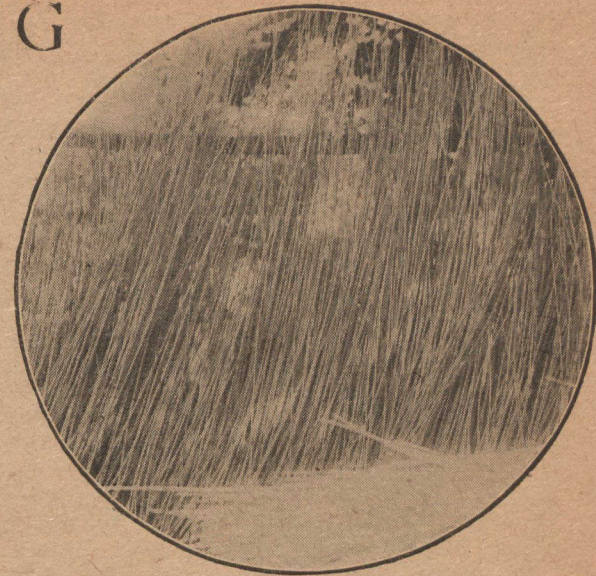
*"Who goes down thru the slim green willows,  
Soon, so soon?"*

Who, indeed, but the willow-farmer, though that wasn't what Marjorie Pickthall meant when she wrote her Spring poem.

then the willows are planted early in the summer in regular rows and equally spaced. The plants used are the stub ends of branches cut about sixteen inches long, one foot being shoved into the ground and two buds left above. They are hoed the first year and require no further attention in regard to fertilizing and tillage for all time to come.

After two years' growth the first crop is ready to harvest. Then it is that the willow-farmer goes out "thru the slim green willows, soon, so soon," for he must cut his willows in March, before any growth has started. The long wands are tied into bundles and placed upright in a pool of water. Here they remain until roots start to sprout out and buds to appear.

The sap running freely along the wands loosens the bark and the willow is ready for the next process, that of peeling. (The reason for imbedding the bunches in water is to hold back the growth, as the peeling requires many weeks if the crop is large.) Each wand is pulled through an iron instru-



After the crop is cut.



A crop of Willows.

**D** ID you ever stop to wonder as you sat in your comfortable willow chair just where the materials came from of which it is composed? No, when we are satisfied we ask no questions; it is only when we are dissatisfied that our mind queries the why and the wherefore. However, when someone draws our attention to a subject then we promptly grow curious and desire to know all the secrets about it.

Willow-farming is practically a new industry in this part of the country, and those who have gone into it are enthusiastic about its possibilities.

Within twenty-five miles of Toronto there are several small willow farms — intentionally small, for it doesn't take very many acres of willows to ensure a large crop, the right conditions of soil producing as high as four tons to the acre.

The first thing needful is a piece of low ground, a swale preferred or land inundated by spring freshets and therefore considered useless by the agriculturist. It is first freed from twitch grass,

ment called a "break," which shreds the bark and makes it easy to strip off by hand.

The long, white switches stand in the sun all day and are then piled loosely in the barn and left to dry for about a month. When thoroughly dry they will have lost about three-quarters of their original weight.

Now they are ready for shipment to the manufacturer, who pays from 7c. to 7½c. per lb. (according to slimmness of willow), and transforms them into the retail product of chairs, tables, baby-carriages, baskets, etc.

Willow-farming possesses several strong attractions—it utilizes land that is otherwise waste, it requires no replanting or cultivating, and its crop is always sure and marketable.

Its disadvantages are the necessity of much hand labour, which the grower must do himself or lose a large percentage of the profits, and the fact that this is not a steady business, for the harvesting of the willows requires only the Spring months.



Willow Wands ready for marketing.

## An Aviator Hero



**C**ANADA'S best aviator is Captain Billy Bishop, M.C., D.S.O., V.C. He is only 23 years of age, and is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bishop, of Owen Sound. After leaving the Collegiate Institute in that town he attended the Royal Military College in Kingston.

The feat for which this plucky aviator won the coveted and seldom-awarded Victoria Cross is described in a London despatch as follows:

London, Aug. 12.—The intrepidity of Captain William Bishop, a Canadian and a member of the Royal Flying Corps, in attacking a German airdrome single-handed, has been rewarded by the bestowal upon him of the Victoria Cross, the most prized of the British valour medals. The official Gazette gives the following resume of the action which brought Captain Bishop the Victoria Cross:

"Captain Bishop flew first to an enemy airdrome. Finding no enemy machine about, he flew to another airdrome three miles distant and about twelve miles inside the German lines. Seven machines, some with their engines running, were on the ground. He attacked these from a height of 50 feet, killing one of the mechanics.

"One of the machines got off the ground, but Capt. Bishop, at a height of sixty feet, fired fifteen rounds into it at close range and it crashed to the ground. A second machine got off the ground, into which he fired thirty rounds at 150 yards. It fell into a tree. Two more machines rose from the airdrome, one of which he engaged at a height of 1,000 feet, sending it crashing to the ground. He then emptied a whole drum of cartridges into the fourth hostile machine and flew back to his station.

"Four hostile scouts were 1,000 feet above him for a mile during his return journey, but they would not attack. His machine was badly shot about by machine gun fire from the ground."

## Are We Eating Enough Fish

(Concluded from page 6.)

water made it necessary to add another 12-foot section to the down-stream end. There it was absolutely impossible to continue the excavated ledge. The top of the cliff here was at this period 50 feet above the level of the water and the water below showed no sounding at 70 feet. The only possible support for this section of the flume, therefore, was an arrangement of timbers bolted on to the rock wall and during the work on this section the men had to be roped and were bodily in the water most of the time. The spiking of boards had to be done in the intervals between the repeated surges of the river and I cannot speak too highly of the men who did the work."

Many fish made the entrance to this flume successfully, but many more failed to do so on account of the strong eddy at the mouth of the flume, and men with dip-nets were employed to lift the fish into the flume. In this manner 16,500 Sockeye and 850 Chinook salmon were passed up the flume.

During this work one man was killed instantly by a falling rock and four others were seriously injured in spite of the very greatest precautions against accidents.

After the run of salmon was over and when the river was once again low, more blasting and excavation was done with such effect that the Engineer concludes his report with the words: "In my opinion there is absolutely no doubt of the Sockeye being able to ascend the river."

# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

SO far only the political and military aspects of the Russian revolution have been the prevailing interests of the moment with the great mass of the Russian peoples themselves and sole subjects for the Western reviewers of the Russian situation. But the quest for a solution of the problem seems now to be nearing an examination of the moral and religious issues involved. Sir Paul Vinogradoff, writing in "Land and Water," goes as far as to say that only out of the heat of the spiritual trials of the present critical period will come the force which is to weld the various elements of the Nation into a happy whole.

Russia has always offered wide scope for ethical and religious movements. It is one of the most characteristic national traits that, in spite of all personal sins and failings, there is a deep-rooted consciousness of moral responsibility among the uneducated as well as educated people in Russia. "This practical idealism, if one may use the expression," says Sir Paul Vinogradoff, "does not allow any one to escape from the troublesome inquiry into the

## Religious Aspect of Russian Revolution

aims and reasons of human existence. Some cling to the mystic traditions of the Church, others seek satisfaction in social work, others, again, devote their lives to a struggle against injustice and oppression. Even the worst, those who give way to the temptations of cupidity or sensuality, often display sudden revulsions of feeling. Tolstoy's Nehludoff is as typical a representative of Russian psychology as Dostojevsky's Raskolnikoff.

"We may be sure that before long Russian society will turn with intense interest to the problems of life's inward significance. The religious impulses have never been entirely thrown into the background in the thoughts of the people. A profound fermentation has got hold of the immense masses in the domain of religion, and the process is likely to be the more momentous because the established Church is unable to satisfy the spiritual cravings of the nation. Now that the links between the State and the Orthodox confession have been broken, the conditions of religious life have to be resettled on a new basis."

Sir Paul, in reviewing the struggle between the Slavophiles and the Westerners—a struggle which, he says, is still going on in spite of the fact that the original formulae of the contending parties have been worn out and cast aside, says: "A most important aspect of that struggle was concerned with the different attitudes of the two groups in regard to religion."

He quotes a significant passage from a letter written by a prominent Slavophile, Y. Samarin, to a great leader of Westerners, A. Herzen:

"If there is no spiritual freedom in the sense of a free determination, there can be no talk of civil or of political liberty—if man is not able to emancipate himself from the yoke of material necessity—every form of external constraint, every kind of despotism, every triumph of the strong over the weak may be justified."

NOW that the United States Shipping Board is getting away from controversy and a little closer to construction of those thousand ships a year, the question crops up, "where are the sailormen to man them?" The United States fell out of the league of maritime nations fifty years ago and the great-grand sons of Salem skippers have forgotten the deep-sea traditions of clipper days. But Edward Hungerford says, in Everybody's Magazine, that both officers and men for a brand-new big merchant marine will be ready when the ships slide from the slips.

He puts his faith in Henry Howard, who has been appointed Recruiting Director for the



## Religion, Art and War's effect on three Continents, with something about political projects in Asia, and Lord Northcliffe on a British-American Federation

United States Shipping Board. Howard's plan is to take the raw material for the first big batch of officers from the New England sailormen. He has set out to prove that a capable navigating officer can be made out of any keen-minded young man in from six to eight weeks.

Mr. Howard feels that with the close application the men are bound to give to the special course laid out for them, they can be graduated and receive their first papers in thirty days, thus making room in the classrooms for the other applicants, who are already beginning to press against the door. "As a matter of fact," says Mr. Hungerford, "the very earliest classes have already been graduated. The men are not paid while they are in the schools. But as soon as they get their papers they are entered as extra junior officers on coastwise or South American ships. Here they get their first real breath of the salt sea, the navigating practice that must succeed the theoretical study of the science. They stand the watches with the officers of their grade."

It is a fundamental of the Howard plan for the training of ship's officers that there shall be schools at various convenient points along the seaboard. He began with a class at Harvard.

An enlarged vernier scale, taken from the sextant, upon the blackboard; a few simple text-books, and periodical excursions out upon the harbour to use the real instruments of navigation, form the physical effects of the school. Yet within a few days, rather than weeks, the first class had located itself in the outer harbour—finding the latitude and the longitude

of the craft on which it rode by means of the proper instruments, and so accurately that all of the reckonings were within a radius of three miles of the exact point. "Which is good navigation," adds Mr. Hungerford.

Mr. Hudson is now opening other schools along the coast to the south—at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Crisfield, Atlantic City, Cape May, Norfolk and Charleston. The programme is to be extended in its workings to the Pacific Coast and inland to the Great Lakes, where the schools at Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo, Duluth and the Soo will pick up their students as the ice forms and the big carriers tie up for the winter.

As to the men other than watch officers and engineers, Mr. Hungerford went to Andrew Furuseth, head of the Seaman's Unions of America, who has undertaken to secure them. Furuseth told Mr. Hungerford:

"By the time the new vessels are ready we shall be ready. That will be autumn, and the fishing season up the west coast will be practically over. The fishermen will be coming back from Behring Sea—several thousand of them. Also the season upon the Great Lakes will be ending, and several thousand more men from the lake-carriers, who have been used either to idling through the winter months or else taking trifling jobs to fill in, will be ready for service upon salt water."

WHEN the Toronto Kilties marched up Bunker Hill, a few weeks ago, and no junker protests were provoked by the skirl of their pipes or the sight of British troops in uniform parading Boston Common, Lord Northcliffe was very

much surprised. "It was one of the most astonishing events of our time," he says, in Maclean's Magazine, and then proceeds to expound a theory that a British-American Federation, continuing after

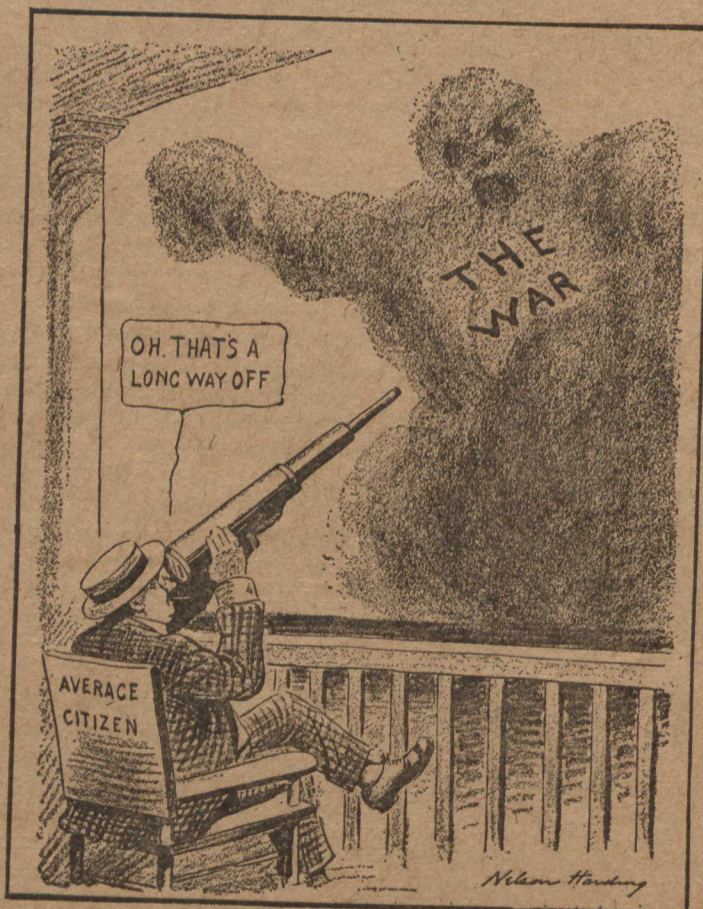
## British- American Federation ?

the war ends, may spring out of the war-wrought change in the international relations of the British Empire and the United States.

The English-speaking races in the New World and the Old are united for the first time in history. "It is not sentiment which unites them, though I am sure they feel more kindness and respect towards one another now than they have done in the past. They are joined together by the cement of Necessity. Each needs the other in the struggle against the antiquated, but still powerful Absolutist idea which menaces the freedom of all who do not, like Turkey and Bulgaria, bow down and cravenly obey it."

And in all likelihood, according to Lord Northcliffe's views, the absolutist system of Government will continue in Germany even after this war. He does not believe this war will end war. "One may, one must hope, that it may be so, but I doubt if anybody who has studied history to good purpose and who is under no illusion as to the nature of man having been revolutionized in the last generation or two can feel very sanguine about it," he says. "But so long as the country to which Professor Munsterberg belonged continues to disbelieve utterly in any ideals but the ruffian and the bully and the thief it is useless to reckon upon wars coming to an end. The Germans will continue to disturb the world, unless the world determines to fall upon them with all its force as soon as they become troublesome."

"If the world should decide to do that," he says, in conclusion, "the chief part in the League of Repression would fall to the British Empire and the United States. Their power united could accomplish the aim of the League. Whether there would be further advantages in an alliance



Looking through the wrong end.

—Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.

between them, in a Federation of the English-speaking peoples, I shall not attempt to decide here. All that I see clearly at present is that, if Prussian Absolutism remains intact after the war, the two peoples will be forced to come together for mutual protection against it. Such an alliance could prevent Prussia and her dupes from becoming again dangerous. If this should not be prevented, neither the United States nor the British Empire could be for a moment secure."

THE eyes of Asia are turning towards peace—they believe the time has come to make their post-war preparations—and the propagandists there are busy in the lands. Japan, China, Persia, India, and the other places in the Sun of the Orient have been mightily shifted about and now they are making ready to settle down into their newly ordered spheres. That at least is the idea promulgated by Lajpat Rai, who writes of "Asia after the War," in the Outlook.

According to him the Russian revolution settled many of the perplexities which beforetime bothered the prophet of post-war conditions as far as Asia is concerned. For instance, it strengthened the hands of Japanese politicians who are opposed to a policy of aggression and annexation in China. "With the fear of Russia eliminated," he says, "Japan can have no further justification for active and extended interference in China." The Russian revolution has removed the incubus from Persia, he says, and adds that if Europe will now only let Persia alone to work out her own political salvation she will put her house in order and develop her government along democratic lines.

Japan gets the big end of the pot, according to Lajpat Rai's vision of the division of the war bounties. "She has made huge profits, and her army and navy are intact," he points out. He believes that the merchant marine which Japan is building up unhampered by the havoc of German U-boats will easily rank first among the marines of the world. "With all her rivals weakened by this war, with Russia a republic, with the fear of foreign aggression almost removed, the Japanese reformer will be able to press his demands for internal improvements," he says.

"China requires time for consolidation and reconstruction, and if the foreign Powers of the world will leave her alone, neither forcing her to take sides in the war nor compelling her to concentrate all her energies on the mere preservation of her national life, she probably will report good progress towards rehabilitation. Every time there is trouble in China it can be directly traced to foreign interference. China is not in a condition to take sides. She ought to be left to herself and allowed a breathing space to rebuild herself.

"Coming to India," he says, "we find that the war has affected the country immensely. The movement for the democratization of the government has advanced with rapid strides. All racial, social, religious, and caste differences have

been sunk, and the demand for an autonomous form of government has been put forward with a unanimity and force which has compelled attention."

K. DAVIS, who came out of Germany with Ambassador Gerard, compares the American food problem with that of Germany, in Everybody's Magazine. There is no need, in Mr. Davis's opinion, of adopting the stringent food policy of Berlin, but Americans might emulate to advantage the German habits that prevent waste. "We not only habitually provide more food than is needed," he writes, "but we habitually eat more than is necessary—more, in fact, than is good for most of us.

"The enforced reduction of rations in Germany

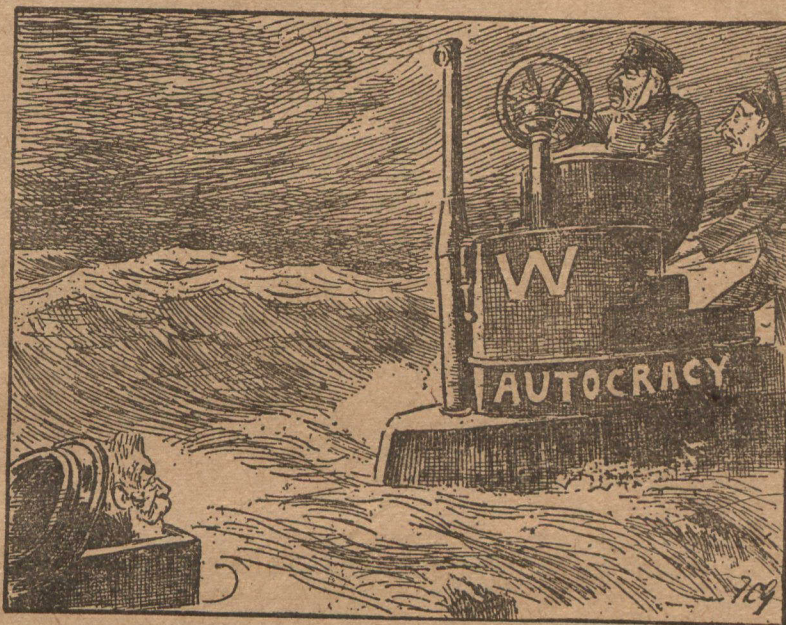
certainly worked improvement in health for many thousands of Germans for a long time," he says, and speaking from personal observations, he adds that "the characteristic 'German paunch' has largely disappeared now, and along with it have gone many of the diseases of the digestive organs that used to be so common.

"The experts of the Department of Agriculture have calculated that the waste of food in the United States by careless preparation, oversupply, and in such ways, amounts to more than \$700,000,000 annually. That is, it is almost as much per year as the entire national debt was before the war.

"It is in the families of moderate means and of wealth that the food waste is so great," says Mr. Davis. "The expert report is that it results in large measure from bad preparation and bad cooking, from improper care and handling, from serving too many courses and an over-abundant supply of the different courses, as well as from failing to make use of food not consumed at meals."

All of which was written for the careful consideration of readers in the United States, but the

#### SUBMARINE TACTICS.



The Hohenzollern Dynasty is feeling insecure.

Kaiser: "I think we'd better submerge, Willie?"  
Willie: "All right, father! We needn't go down very far, and then we can slip up again when the weather's cleared a bit!"  
—Westminster Gazette, London.

moral of the thing is none the less of a lesson on this side of the line.

IN all the discussions as to the war's effect upon this and that, perhaps the greatest amount of sentimental twaddle has been spent on deliberations as to the relationship between war and art. There have even been efforts at comparisons, and many meddlesome sentimentalists have held solemn debates as to which of the two should be considered the most important.

These "false comparisons," as he calls them, have provoked Charles Marriott to hold forth on the subject in Land and Water. "The two things are not comparable," he says. "Art is a constant activity of the human mind, and war is an emergency.

"The deeper effect of war upon art is not to be learnt from its direct expression in painting," he declares. "Leaving out the question of opportunity, it does not follow that the artist most strongly moved by the war will paint war pictures. Rather the contrary. Military and aggressively patriotic poetry is generally written by sentimental civilians. When the fighting man writes poetry, he writes about green fields. Exactly the same thing happens in painting; and if we could follow the deeper reactions of the human spirit, we should find, probably, that the pictures of the last three years most truly 'inspired' by the war were flower studies and pastoral landscapes."

In Mr. Marriott's opinion the morbid desire to compare art and war really proceeds from sentimentality; the same sort of sentimentality that prompts people to neglect flowers instead of growing potatoes. Cracking up war by crying down the amenities of life may be a satisfying emotional exercise, but it does not cut much ice from a military point of view. "The

war will not be won by not painting and not looking at pictures or by neglecting flowers; it will be won by fighting and by growing potatoes," he says.

"Soldiers and artists, the only really practical people in the world, feel this in their bones; and in the intervals of hard fighting they turn to flowers and pictures quite shamelessly. All the soldier-

#### "War and Art Incomparable" says Marriott

artists who have spoken to me on the subject, and they included three at least who have died for their country, regarded the war as a tiresome interruption. An interruption but an imperative call. Therefore, they joined up at the earliest possible moment: to help to get it over. But, and this seems to be an important distinction, they recognized that the interruption was mechanical only. Their creative and critical activity they carried with them into the fighting line. The truth is that nothing, not even a world war, can stop art. It can only check production. The artist is incurably an artist; while he breathes he observes and creates. He will note the colour of the very explosion that cripples him, or turn a phrase in a bayonet charge."

The moral, as Mr. Marriott sees it, is that war, while claiming the artist as a man, must leave him free as artist or prejudice his value.

"It may be," says Mr. Marriott, in his conclusion, "that the total effect of the war upon art will be only to make it more truly artistic, leaving subject and motive unaltered. Art is more true to life and more persistent than war. Kings and Kaisers can make and end war; but not all the Kings and Kaisers can make or end art or control that free exercise of the human spirit which makes art at once an expression and a criticism of life."

"IT is a ghostly drive across the freed country which the Germans had held since the Battle of the Marne," writes Lawrence Jerrold, in the Contemporary Review. Some towns still stand, like oases in the desert. The rest is silence and death. Lassigny knew war and is no more, and after Lassigny comes the country of the Boche crimes.

The fields are green again, wondrously green, for the green is of rye crops planted by the Boches themselves, and growing in and out of the barb-wire of their second and third lines of retreat. Presumably they had no time to destroy their own rye crops; one cannot believe that they did not know how. No method of destruction is foreign to them. The rye alone stands alive. For miles one drives past dead orchards where every fruit tree has been sawn off a foot from the ground. Often, too, the fine, slender poplars which make avenues of so many French country roads have been sawn off likewise. The enemy did little damage to the roads, which would have been fair in war. He killed the trees that gave fruit, even the trees that gave only shade. The little, silly, pretentious hut which was Eitel Fritz's observatory stands in an orchard where every fruit tree has been sawn down.

But the fields are green, and the poplar roots are even beginning already to shoot up sprouts. Where the Germans destroyed men's handicraft is the real, hopeless, black ruin. It will take years even to disentangle and clean up the ruins the Boches have made, let alone to rebuild. They are, indeed, masters in destroying. No such job was ever so thoroughly and quickly done.

At Suzoy, the church is half blown up; but the village school is at school-work again now. Boys, whom the Boches drilled at the plough in the fields under French shell-fire, are now learning French again under a French school-mistress who, speaking German, was interpreter to the Germans during the occupation. Her father was Mayor. He was ordered by the Kommandatur to post up a notice warning all men and women who were lazy that they would receive a number of lashes from the whip propor-

#### Asia After the War

tionate to their stubbornness. Two days later the Kommandatur thought better of the notice, it might produce eventually a bad impression. The Mayor was ordered to tear down all the notices and restore every copy to the Kommandatur. But (at the risk of his life) he kept one copy, which is now in the archives of the War Office in Paris.

At Noyon, when the Germans marched in, the Kommandatur went straight to the cathedral and said to the sacristan's wife: "Kindly deliver up the tenth-century Bible of Noyon Cathedral." They knew all about it. But the sacristan's wife "had never heard" of that Bible. For two years and a half the Kommandatur looked for that Bible, and never found it. The sacristan's wife showed it me. It is a rare illuminated Gospel with some unique decorations. She had every night hid it in a different corner of her house. She would have been shot if it had been found. It is back now in the vestry of Noyon Cathedral. The plain, little woman tells you her story baldly.

"TO explain the picture bride, we must first of all explain marriage customs in Japan," says K. K. Kawa Kami, in the Atlantic Monthly. In Japan, when a child, whether boy or girl, reaches a marriageable age, it is the duty of the parents to find a suitable partner for him or her. Custom, however, rules that the conduct of the affair must be entrusted to a go-between, usually some discreet married friend. Finding a desirable person, the go-between arranges a meeting of the prospective bride and groom, usually chaperoned by their parents.

But before this interview takes place, the parents on either side spare no pains in inquiring into the character, social standing, family relations, genealogy, health, education, and what not, of

the young man and woman. If, as the result of this investigation, the young man and woman express themselves in favour of the consummation of a marriage, the parents and go-between proceed to make final arrangements for the wedding. If, on the contrary, their opinion is unfavourable, the matter is dropped.

When a Japanese living in America desires to marry, he writes to his parents, asking them to find a suitable woman for his bride. The parents, following the usual customs and rules, fix on an eligible person. If the prospective groom were in Japan, the customary meeting with the prospective bride would follow. But when he lives in this country, the meeting can not be had. So he sends his photograph to the woman and receives her photograph in exchange. If this "interview" by photographs proves satisfactory of both parties, the nuptial knot is tied at a ceremonial dinner, from which the groom is naturally absent, but which is attended by the parents and relatives on either side. This done, the parents register the marriage with the proper authorities.

In the light of Japanese law, therefore, the so-called "picture-bride" has already been legitimately married before her departure for America, where she is to join the groom, and no further proceedings are necessary in order that they may call themselves man and wife under American law. But to conform to the American custom and requirements of marriage, the couple, on the arrival of the bride, go through the procedure required in this country.

At a time when foreign opinion seems to be shuttling between hope and fear as to the status of Russian troops in the line-up on the Eastern front, it may be well to listen a while to the words of a Russian officer who tells, in the North American Review, why the idea got abroad that the Russian troops appeared to have had enough of war and refused to obey its commanders in the first days of confusion following the great upheaval of last March.

When the Revolution broke out, says the Russian officer, there were only three military figures who stood prominently before the public. Those were General Russky, General Alexieff and General Brusil-

off. It is no secret that General Russky almost compelled by force Nicolas II to abdicate, during the latter's stay at Pskoff, and that he showed far less consideration for the fallen monarch than did the commissioners sent by the Duma to request him to lay aside his crown and dignity. As for General Alexieff, it was principally at his instigation that the Tzar was taken a prisoner, and he pushed matters so far as to persuade the former sovereign to repair to the headquarters at Mohilew, instead of returning immediately after his abdication to Tzarskoie Selo. These facts became known in the army, and they profoundly disgusted the troops, who through the Soldiers Committee claimed a new commander-in-chief in whom they could have confidence and who would not turn traitor to his word or to his oath. This last fact has never been known abroad, and it explains why such apparent anarchy reigned for a time in the Russian army, and why the latter appeared in the eyes of outsiders and of people who knew nothing of the internal crisis to be undisciplined and rebellious. But in reality things were very different. The soldiers never for one single moment thought of acting against the orders of the Government or of abandoning their Allies as they have been accused abroad of doing. They required simply one thing, and that was to be led to battle by commanders whom they could trust, and who were not compromised by any suspicious action in the past. They refused to accept the leadership of either Russky or Alexieff, Kerensky alone judged the situation rightly. "That he did so proves how completely he had mastered the difficult question of the psychology of the Russian nation, and of the Russian soldiers, and it explains partly the prestige which he enjoys among the latter," says the writer. "Without Kerensky, it is not likely that Brusiloff would ever have been entrusted with the supreme command, and it is doubtful whether any other general would have been able to obtain the great successes which have most undoubtedly accompanied the new offensive that began so recently.

"Such is, from the military point of view, the secret history of the crisis which Russia has been called upon to pass, after the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty," he writes in conclusion. "It accounts for the many hesitations and uncertainties which have so much perplexed public opinion in other countries, and it is to be hoped that now that confidence has been again restored between the Russian troops and their leaders, we shall see these troops go on with their victorious progresses in the near future. This offensive may be stopped, not through any inability on our side to pursue it, but through purely local and climatic conditions.

"Whatever happens, the Russian soldier means to fight until a final victory, and perhaps no troops in

the world are more convinced than ours, that it would be a dishonour to hesitate or to stop in the present circumstances."

## JUST TO READ ALOUD

SHE was pretty and he was handsome and they were very devoted to each other as they sat and held hands and watched the Reds play at the Cincinnati ball park.

"There's Hal Chase on first," observed the youth. "He's a bird. And there's Toney, the pitcher. He'll be our best man before long——"

The sweet young thing gasped. "We-ell, I guess he'll be all right—but, Arthur, this is so sudden!"—Everybody's Magazine.

"I'VE come to kill a printer," said the little man. "Any printer in particular?" asked the foreman, obligingly.

"Oh, anyone will do. I would prefer a small one, but I've got to make some sort of a show at a fight or leave home since your paper called my wife's tea party a 'swill affair.'"

THE bride received her husband with even more than usual affection. "Charlie, dear, I have done you a great injustice," she cooed. "How's that?" "I thought you were deceiving me and I asked every one of your men friends if you knew how to play poker. They all said that you didn't."

"AS I was crossing the bridge the other day," said an Irishman, "I met Pat O'Brien." "O'Brien," says I, "how are you?" "Pretty well, thank you, Brady," says he. "Brady," says I, "that's not my name." "Faith," says he, "and mine's not O'Brien." With that we agin looked at each other, and sure enough it was naythur of us."

TWO young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" shouts Pat.

"The Germans," replies Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"

"NOW, boss, I's ready to go anywhere dey wants to send me," said a dusky citizen in a Southern city on Registration Day, after performing his patriotic duty. "Boss, jes' anywhere! But I ask jes' one thing and dat is, don't put me in NO cavalry."

"Why do you draw the line on the cavalry?" asked the registrar.

"It's jes' like dis. When I's told to retreat, I don't want to be bothered with NO hoss."

THE visitor rang his bell furiously three times.

After some delay a genial chambermaid appeared. "This towel is disgraceful!" exclaimed the traveller, brandishing the offending article, and then suddenly remembering to dry his hands on his handkerchief. The chambermaid picked up the towel with an air of pained surprise. "Shure, yer honour," she retorted with spirit, "sivinty-five gintlemen have wiped their hands on this towel, and ye are the first to complain."

AN Irishman coming out of ether in the ward after an operation exclaimed audibly: "Thank God! That is over!" "Don't be so sure," said the man in the next bed, "they left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again." And the patient on the other side said: "Why they had to open me, too, to find one of their instruments." Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck his head in the door and yelled: "Has anybody seen my hat?" Poor Patrick fainted.

### Picture-Brides of Japan



Convinced at last.

—Sykes, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger.



# Rimrock Jones

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Desert Trail"

## SYNOPSIS.

RIMROCK JONES, prospector, discovers the Tecolote copper mine in Arizona. The mine is rich in ore, but Rimrock is "broke." He gets \$10 from Lockhart, a local banker. With it he plays Faro and wins thousands. Another throw and he loses all. While searching for "Apex" McBain, his chief enemy, he meets Mary Fortune, McBain's typist. To her he explains how McBain euchred him out of the mine that put Gunsight on the map. She lends him \$400 on the security of an un-named share in the Tecolote. Rimrock comes back later with a bag of gold ore on which he gets \$2,000 loan from Lockhart. The ore was borrowed from a Mexican; whereby Rimrock begins to get even with a man who had previously robbed him. Rimrock goes down to New York and floats a company. He comes back, repays Lockhart, and tries to pay Mary Fortune her \$400. Mary insists on the "share" he had promised her. She names one per cent. Rimrock is trapped. That one per cent. throws the casting vote to Mary. The New York man has 49; Rimrock 51. It takes Rimrock's 50 and Mary's 1 to control the mine.

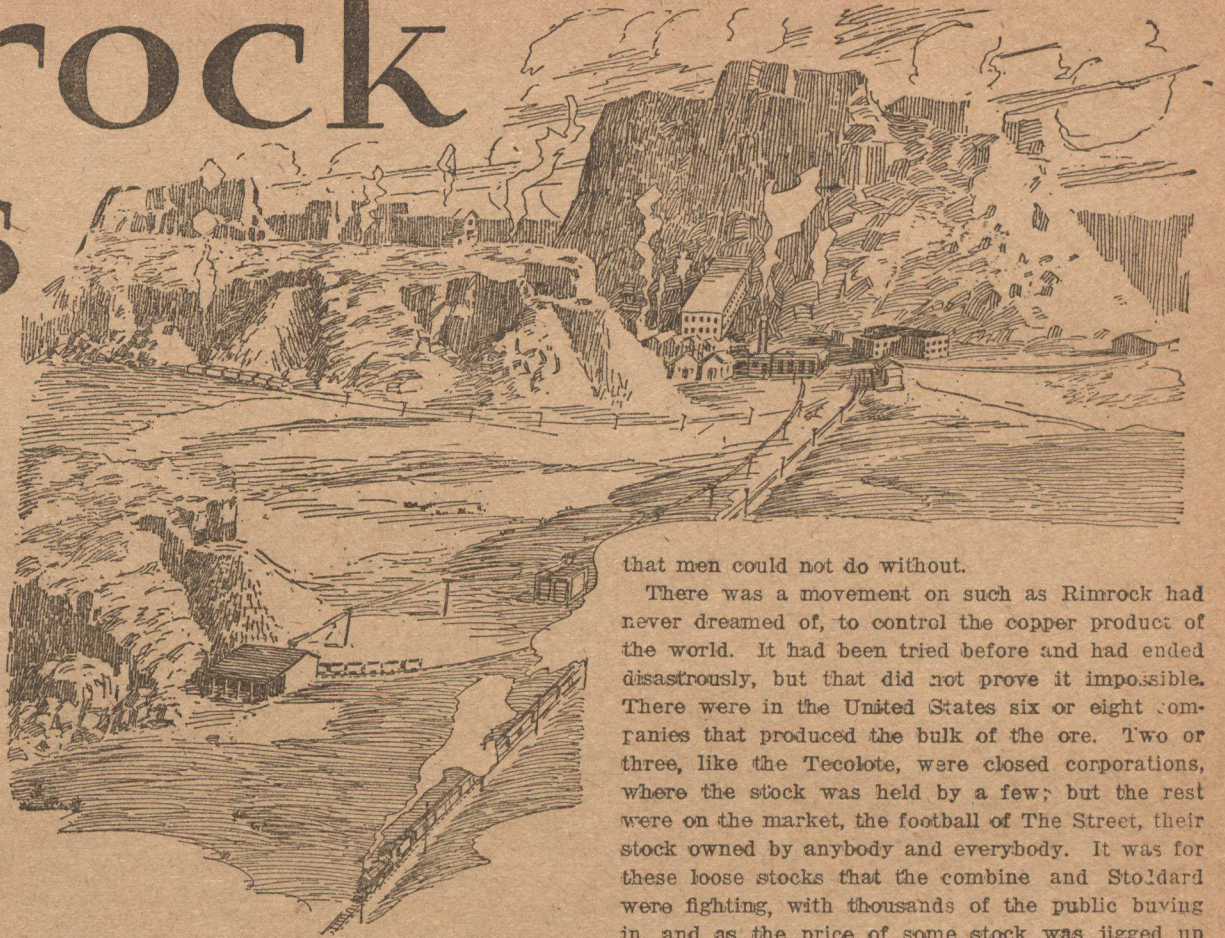
In a motor-ride to the Tecolote Rimrock proposes marriage to Mary Fortune. She postpones her decision. Surveyors arrive to line the railroad from Gunsight to Tecolote. "Apex" McBain and his gang undertake to jump Rimrock's claim. Rimrock arrives on the scene single-handed with his gun. In the scrimmage to get the claim jumpers off his property, he shoots McBain. Rimrock is placed under arrest on a charge of murder. He goes to jail. Unable to get bail, he also refuses to engage a lawyer, preferring to conduct his own case on a man-justice basis. Meanwhile Mary is made Secretary of the Company. Gunsight property booms. Jepson, manager for the New York interests, arrives. Mary visits Rimrock in jail and urges him to secure counsel. He refuses. A hotel, with the company's offices, is built. Rimrock's trial comes on. He is acquitted, and returns to Gunsight. Rimrock plays Faro again and when he quits he owns the place. He presents it to Old Hassalyamp Hicks, a saloon-keeper, who has befriended him in the olden days. Mrs. Hardesty, the "Tiger Lady," arrives in Gunsight. She is a friend of the New York interests. Rimrock meets her and takes her up to the hotel balcony, forgetting his appointment with Mary there. Mary sees them and slips away unseen. She later informs Rimrock that she is going to New York to have a long-deferred operation performed. He intuitively perceives that she is jealous. Mary leaves for the East, and Rimrock is in a fix. Somebody should stay and oversee Jepson, and Rimrock has promised Mrs. Hardesty to return to New York. She suggests that Rimrock follow Mary, and explain, which he decides to do.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### New York.

RIMROCK JONES' return to New York was as dramatic and spectacular as his first visit had been pretentious and prodigal. With two thousand dollars and a big black hat he had passed for a Western millionaire; now, still wearing the hat but loaded down with real money, he returned and was hailed as a Croesus. There are always some people in public life whose least act is heralded to the world; whereas others, much more distinguished but less given to publicity, accomplish miracles and are hardly known. And then there are still others who, fed up with flattery and featured in a hundred ways, are all unwittingly the victims of a publicity bureau whose aim is their ultimate undoing.

A real Western cowboy with a pistol under his coat, a prospector turned multi-millionaire in a year, such a man—especially if he wears a sombrero and gives five-dollar tips to the bell-hops—is sure to break into the prints. But it was a strange coincidence,



## ILLUSTRATED BY T. W. McLEAN

when Rimrock jumped out of his taxicab and headed for the Waldorf entrance, to find a battery of camera men all lined up to snap him and a squad of reporters inside. No sooner had Rimrock been shot through the storm door into the gorgeous splendours of Peacock Alley than they assailed him en masse—much as the bell-boys had just done to gain his grip and the five-dollar tip.

THAT went down first—the five-dollar tip—and his Western remarks on the climate. Then his naive hospitality in inviting them all to the bar where they could talk the matter over at their ease, and his equally cordial agreement to make it tea when he was reminded that some reporters were women—it all went down and came out the same evening, at which Rimrock Jones was dazed. If he had telegraphed ahead, or let anyone know that he planned to return to New York, it would not have been surprising to find the reporters waiting, for he was, of course, a great man; but this was a quick trip, made on the spur of the moment, and he hadn't told a soul. Yet in circumstances like these, with a roomful of newspapers and your name played up big on the front page, it is hardly human nature to enquire too closely or wonder what is going on. Still, there was something up, for even coincidence can explain things only so far. Leaving out the fact that Mrs. Hardesty might have sent on the telegram herself, and that Whitney H. Stoddard might have motives of his own in inviting his newspapers to act; it did not stand to reason that the first man Rimrock ran into should have had such a sweet inside tip. Yet that was what the gay Buckbee told him—and circumstances proved he was right. The money that Rimrock put up that night, after talking it over in the cafe, that money was doubled within the next three days, and the stock still continued to advance. It was invested on a margin in Navajoa Copper, a minor holding of the great Hackmeister combine that Stoddard had set out to break.

Stoddard was selling short, so Buckbee explained, throwing great blocks of stock on a market that refused to break; and when the rush came and Navajoa started up Rimrock was there with the rest of his roll. It was a game that he took to—any form of gambling—and besides, he was bucking Stoddard! And then, there was Buckbee. He knew more in a minute than some brokers know in a lifetime; and he had promised to keep him advised. Of course it was a gamble, a man might lose, but it beat any game Rimrock had played. And copper was going up. Copper, the metal that stood behind it all, and

that men could not do without.

There was a movement on such as Rimrock had never dreamed of, to control the copper product of the world. It had been tried before and had ended disastrously, but that did not prove it impossible. There were in the United States six or eight companies that produced the bulk of the ore. Two or three, like the Tecolote, were closed corporations, where the stock was held by a few; but the rest were on the market, the football of The Street, their stock owned by anybody and everybody. It was for these loose stocks that the combine and Stoddard were fighting, with thousands of the public buying in, and as the price of some stock was jiggled up and down it was the public that cast the die.

If the people were convinced that a certain stock was good and refused to be shaken down, the price of that stock went up. But if the people, through what they had read, decided that the stock was bad; then there was a panic that nothing could stop and the big interests snapped up the spoils. So much Rimrock learned from Buckbee, and Mrs. Hardesty told him the rest. It was her judgment, really, that he came to rely upon; though Buckbee was right, in the main. He told the facts, but she went behind them and showed who was pulling the strings.

It was from her that he had learned of the mighty press agencies—which at the moment were making much of his coup—and how shrewd financiers like the Hackmeisters or Stoddard used them constantly to influence the market. If it became known, for instance, that Rimrock Jones was plunging on Navajoa and that within three days he had doubled his money and was still holding out for a rise; that was big news for Hackmeister and his papers made the most of it. But if Navajoa went down and some broker's clerk lost his holdings and committed embezzlement, or if a mining engineer made an adverse report, or the company passed a dividend, then Stoddard's press agents would make the most of each item—if he wished the stock to go down. Otherwise it would not be mentioned. It was by following out such subtleties and closely studying the tape, that brokers like Buckbee guessed out each move in advance and were able to earn their commissions.

BUT all this information did not come to Rimrock for nothing—there was a price which had to be paid. For reasons of her own the dashing Mrs. Hardesty appeared frequently in the Waldorf lobby, and when Rimrock came in with any of his friends he was expected to introduce them. And Rimrock's friends in that swarming hotel were as numerous as they were in Gunsight. He expected no less, wherever he went, than the friendship of every man; and if any held back, for any reason, he marked him as quickly for an enemy. He was as open-hearted and free in those marble corridors and in the velvet-hung club and cafe as the old Rimrock had been on the streets of Gunsight when he spoke to every Mexican.

It was his day of triumph, this return to the Waldorf where before he had been but a pretender, and it did his heart good to share his victory with the one woman who could understand. She knew all his ways now, his swift impulsive hatreds and his equally impulsive affections; and she knew, as a woman, just when to oppose him and when to lead him on. She knew him, one might say, almost too well for her

success; for Rimrock was swayed more by his heart than his head, and at times she seemed a little cold. There was a hard, worldly look that came over her at times, a sly, calculating look that chilled him when he might have told everything he knew. Yet it may easily be that he told her enough, and more than she needed to know.

IN some curious way that Rimrock could never fathom, Mrs. Hardesty was interested in stocks. She never explained it, but her visits to the Waldorf had something to do with trades. Whether she bought or sold, gathered tips or purveyed them or simply guarded her own investments was a mystery that he never solved; but she knew many people and, in some way not specified, she profited by their acquaintance. She was an elusive woman, like another that he knew; but at times she startled him, too. Those times were mostly on the rare occasions when she invited him to supper at her rooms. These were at the St. Cyngia, not far from the Waldorf, a full suite with two servants to attend.

On his first formal call Rimrock had been taken aback by the wealth and luxury displayed. There were rare French tapestries and soft Persian rugs that seemed to merge into the furniture of the rooms and at his very first dinner she had poured out the wine until even his strong head began to swim. It was a new world to him and a new kind of woman—with the intellect and, yes, the moral standards of a man. She was dainty and feminine, and with a dark type of beauty that went to his head worse than wine, but with it all she had a stockbroker's information and smoked and drank like a man. But then, as she said, all the women smoked now; and as far as he could judge, it was so. The women they saw in the gay, all-night restaurants, or after the theatre in cabarets, all beautifully gowned and apparently with their husbands, drank and smoked the same as the men.

But the thing that startled Rimrock and made him uneasy was the way she had when they were alone. After the dinner was over, in her luxurious apartments, when the servant had left them alone, as they sat together across the table and smoked the scented cigarettes that she loved, he could feel a spell, a sort of enchantment, in every soft sweep of her eyes. At other times her long, slender arms seemed thin, in a way, and unrounded; but then her whole form took on the slim grace of a dancer and that strange light came into her eyes. It, too, was a light such as comes to dancers' eyes, as they take on some languid pose; but it had this difference—it was addressed to him, and her words belied her eyes. The eyes spoke of love, but, leaning across the table, the tiger lady talked of stocks.

It was on the occasion of his first winning on copper, when he had sold out his Navajoa at a big profit; and, after the celebration that he had provided, she had invited him to supper. The cigarettes were smoked and, with champagne still singing in his ears, Rimrock followed her to the dimly lighted reception-room. They sat by the fire, her slim arms gleaming and dark shadows falling beneath her hair; and as Rimrock watched her, his heart in his throat, she glanced up from her musing to smile.

"WHAT a child you are, after all!" she observed, and Rimrock raised his head.

"Yes, sure," he said, "I'm a regular baby. It's a wonder someone hasn't noticed and took me in off the street."

"Yes, it is," she said, with a twist of the lips, "the Street's no place for you. Some of those big bears will get you, sure. But here's what I was thinking. You come back to New York to watch Whitney Stoddard and be where you could do him the most harm. That's childish in itself, because there's no reason in the world why both of you shouldn't be friends. But never mind that—men will fight, I suppose—it's only a question of weapons."

"Well, what do we care?" answered Rimrock, with a ready smile, "I thought maybe you might adopt me."

"No, indeed," she replied, "you'd run away. I've seen boys like you before. But to think that you'd come back here to get the lifeblood of Stoddard and then go to buying Navajoa! Why not? Why, you might as well be a mosquito for all the harm you will do. A grown man like you—Rimrock Jones, the copper king—fighting Stoddard through Navajoa!"

"Well, why not?" defended Rimrock. "Didn't I put a crimp in him? Didn't I double my money on the deal?"

"Yes, but why Navajoa? Why not Tecolote? If you must fight, why not use a real club?"

Rimrock thought a while, for the spell was passing and his mind had switched from her charms.

"How'm I going to use Tecolote?" he blurted out at last. "It's tied up, until I can find that girl!"

"Not necessarily," she replied. "We who live by the Street learn to use our enemies as well as our friends. You will never whip Stoddard as long as you stand off and refuse to sit in on the game. Isn't his vote as good as your friend, the typist's? Then use it to put Tecolote on the market. You know what I mean—to vote Tecolote commons and get the stakes on the board. Then while this scramble is on and he's fighting the Hackmeisters, buy Tecolote and get your control."

"Fine and dandy!" mocked Rimrock. "You're right, I'm a sucker; and it's a shame to take my money. But I don't want any Tecolote Commons."

"Why not?" she challenged, laughing gayly at his vehemence. "Are you afraid to play the game?"

"Not so you'd notice it," answered Rimrock, grimly, "but I never play the other fellow's game. The Tecolote game is going to be played in Arizona, where my friends can see fair play. But look at Navajoa, how balled up that company is with its stocks all scattered around. Until it comes in for transfer nobody knows who's got it. They may be sold clear out and never know it. No, I may look easy, but I've been dog-bit once and I've got the leg to show for it. To issue that stock we'd have to call in the lawyers and go through some reorganization scheme; and by the time we got through,

with Miss Fortune gone, I'd find myself badly left. There'll be no lawyers for me, and no common stock. I know another way to win."

He paused and as she failed to ask what it was, he grunted and lit another cigarette.

"I wonder," she began after a thoughtful pause, "if Stoddard doesn't know where she is."

She had guessed it as surely as if he had stated his plan—he still hoped to find Mary Fortune. And then? Well, his plan was a little nebulous right there; but Mary held the necessary stock. If he could get control, in any way whatsoever, of that one per cent. of the stock, he could laugh at Stoddard and take his dividends to carry on his fight in coppers. He had neglected her before, but this time it would be different; she could have anything she asked. And his detectives were hunting for her everywhere.

"Don't know," he answered, after a dogged silence. "Why? what makes you think he does?"

She laughed.

"You don't know Mr. Stoddard as well as I do. He's a very successful man. Very thorough. If he set out to find Mary Fortune he'd be almost sure to do it."

"Hm," said Rimrock. "I'd better watch him, then. I'll call up about that to-morrow. Just have a man there to watch the door—she might be going in or out."

"What a sleuth you are!" she answered, gravely, and then she broke down and laughed. "Well, well," she said, "'tis a battle of wits, but love may find a way. Do you believe in love?" she went on, abruptly, as Rimrock showed signs of pique. "I just wanted to know. You great, big Western men seem more fitted, somehow, for the part of copper kings. But tell me honestly, I feel so trifling to-night, do you believe in the great love for one woman? Or do you hold with these drawing-room philosophers that man is by nature polygamous? Never mind my feelings—just tell me."

SHE coiled up lazily in her soft plush great-chair and regarded him with languid eyes, and Rimrock never suspected that the words he had spoken would go straight to Stoddard that night. He forgot his rejection of a get-together plan and his final refusal of common stocks; all he saw was this woman with her half-veiled glances and the firelight as it played on her arms. He had confessed his hope of still finding Mary and of winning her back to his side; but as he gazed at the tiger lady, sprawling so negligently before him, his fickle thoughts wandered to her. He denounced the theory of these latter-day philosophers that man is essentially a brute and, still watching her furtively, he expressed the conviction that he could love the One Woman forever.

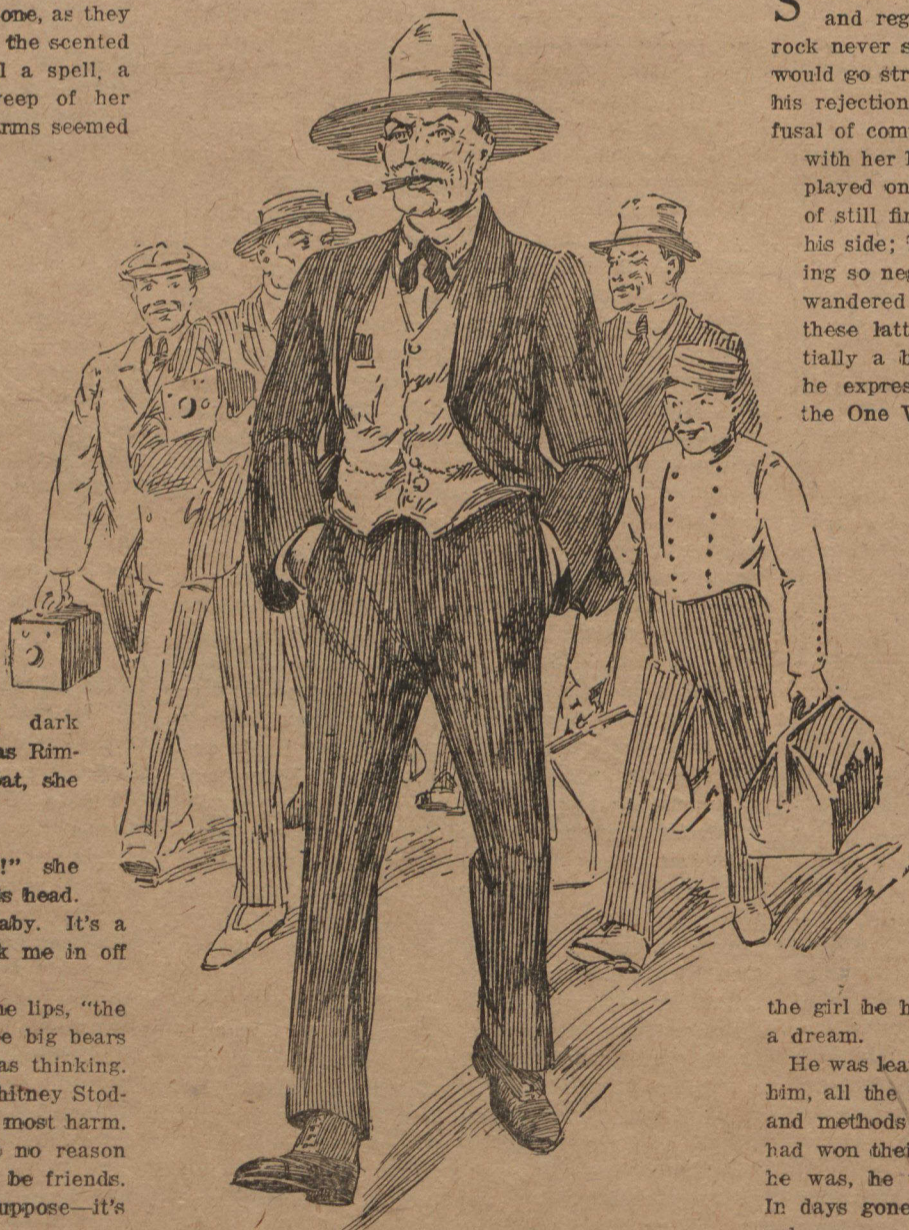
## CHAPTER XIX.

### Where All Men Meet.

WHEN Rimrock had caught the first train for New York he had thought it was to seek out Mary Fortune—to kneel at her feet and tell her humbly that he knew he had done her a wrong—but as the months went by and his detectives reported no progress he forgot his early resolve. The rush and excitement of that great gambling game that goes on in the Stock Exchange, the plunges on copper and the rushes for cover, all the give-and-take of the great chase; it picked him up as a great flowing stream floats a leaf and hurries it along, and Gunsight and Tecolote and

the girl he had known there seemed far away, like a dream.

He was learning the game from the gamblers about him, all the ins and outs of The Street; the names and methods of all the great leaders and how they had won their success; and also, bold gambler that he was, he was starting on a career of his own. In days gone by, at roulette or faro, or in frontier poker games, he had learned to play with big chances against him and, compared to them, Wall Street was safe. The money that he staked was less than



Then his naive hospitality in inviting them all to the bar.

six months' earnings of his share of the Tecolote Mine; and from the brief notes of L. W., who was acting as his agent, there was more of it piling up. So he played it carelessly, like the plunger he was, and fortune—and Mrs. Hardesty—smiled.

He won, on the Street; and, though the stakes were not specified, he seemed to be winning with her. It was a question with him whether a woman of her kind ever thought of such a thing as marriage. She had money of her own, and all that money could buy; and her freedom, whatever that was. In this new world about him all the terms of life seemed changed and transposed and vague, and he never quite knew what she meant. Every word that she said when they discussed life and love seemed capable of a double intent, and whether by freedom she meant to yield or to escape something he had never made out. All he knew was that at times she seemed to beckon him on and at others to fend him away. She was fickle as fortune which, as he plunged and covered, sometimes smiled and again wore a frown.

**B**UT it was sparkling and stimulating as the champagne he now drank, this new life with its win and lose, and he played his stakes with the stoical repose of a savage, the delighted abandon of a boy. His broker was always Buckbee, that gay, laughing Beau Brummel who had given him his first start in the world. It was Buckbee who had met him when he first came to the Waldorf with his assays and his samples of ore and, after much telephoning and importuning and haggling, had arranged for his interview with Stoddard. That interview had resulted in Rimrock's first clash with Stoddard, and he had hated him ever since; for a man who would demand a controlling interest in a mine for simply lending his name was certainly one who was fully capable of grabbing the rest if he could. So Rimrock had fought him; but for Buckbee, the broker, he had nothing but the best of good will.

To be sure Buckbee worked for Stoddard—that was plainly made evident at the time they had made the first deal—but he was open-hearted and honest and generous with his tips, and Rimrock found they were good. Buckbee even went further, he arranged credit for Rimrock at one of the biggest banks and when in his plunges he was caught short of funds the bank made him loans on his note. They took no chances, for he was rated at millions as half owner of the Tecolote Mine, but it helped out mightily as he extended his operations and found his margins threatened. But all this buying and selling of stocks, the establishment of his credit and the trying out of his strength, it was all preliminary to that great contest to come when he would come out into the open against Stoddard.

Whitney Stoddard was a man rated high up in the millions, but he was fallible like the rest. His wealth, compared to Rimrock's was as a hundred dollars to one, but it was spread out a hundred times as far; and with his next dividend, which was due in December, Rimrock would have nearly a million in cash. To Stoddard, at the same time, there would come

nearly the same amount of money, but it would be gone within a few days. There were obligations to be met, as Rimrock well knew, that would absorb his great profits and more. The Tecolote Mine, before it began to pay, had cost several million dollars in dead work. That money had been borrowed, and while Rimrock took in velvet, Stoddard was obligated to pay his debts.

Several months went by and, patient Indian that he was, Rimrock still followed on Stoddard's trail. He looked up his connections with the Transcontinental railroad and there he made his first strike. Although he moulded the policies of that great corporation and seemed endowed with unlimited power his actual holdings in the stock of the company were almost ridiculously small. Yet he took advantage of his dominating position and the influence it gave him with the directors to make such coups as he had made with the Tecolote, building the branch line which had given value to his mine. As a business proposition it was a good investment for the Company, but who was it that reaped the big profits? By the investment of less than three million dollars—which

he had borrowed as he went along—Whitney Stoddard had acquired practically a half interest in a property which he valued at a hundred millions. And now he was bucking the Hackmeisters!

The thought of this man, who had come up from nothing, and was even yet barely on his feet, deliberately attempting to break the great copper combine was hardly credible to Rimrock. He marvelled now at the presumption of Stoddard in offering him fifty millions for his half and the control of the mine. From what he could gather Stoddard had never possessed fifty millions, nor did he possess them then. He was trading on his name and travelling on a shoe-string; quite the common thing in New York. But Rimrock knew as well as he knew anything that a man like Stoddard was dangerous. As sure as the time came, by some hook or crook, he would beat him out of his mine. The thing to do was to beat him to it—to raid his newly acquired Navajoa stocks and then pinch him until he let go of Tecolote. But it must be done secretly, not a word to anybody, not even to Buckbee or Mrs. Hardesty.

(Continued on page 26.)

## CANADA in WAR PAINT

By CAPT. RALPH W. BELL

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**W**E aren't happy; our clothes don't fit, and we ain't got no friends! Rations are not up yet—confound the Transport Officer—it's raining like the dickens, as dark as pitch, and we've only got one bit of candle. Some one has pinched a jar of rum, that idiot batman of mine can't find a brazier, and young John has lost his raincoat. In fact it's a rotten war.

We had lobster for lunch; it has never let us forget we had it! The Johnny we "took over" from said there were 7698 million bombs in the Battalion grenade store, and there are only 6051. The Adjutant has just sent a "please explain," which shows what you get for believing a fellow.

The little round fat chap has left his gum boots (thigh) "Somewhere in France," and fell into the trench tramway trying to wear an odd six on the right foot, and an odd nine on the left. George has busted the D string of the mandoline, and A. P. has lost the only pack of cards we had to play poker with.

It's simply rotten war!

John has a working party out of sixty "other ranks" and says they are spread in two's and three's over a divisional frontage. He has made two trips to locate them, and meditates a third. His language is positively hair-raising. If he falls into any more shell-holes no one will let him in the dug-out.

Those confounded brigade machine gunners are firing every other second just in front of the dug-out. Heaven knows what they are firing at, or where, but how a man could be expected to sleep through the noise only a siege artillery man could tell you.

George went out on a "reconnaissance" recently. George is great on doing reconnaissances and drawing maps. This time the reconnaissance did him, and the only map he's yet

produced is mud tracings on his person. Incidentally he says that all the communication trenches are impassable, and that no one but a cat could go over the top and keep on his feet for more than thirty seconds. (N.B.—George fell into the main support line and had to be pulled out by some



It will be fun to hear what John says when he comes home.

of John's working-party.) George says that if the Germans come over it's all up. Cheerful sort of beggar, George. My new smoke-helmet—the one you wear round your neck all the time, even in your dreams—is lost again. This is the third time in the course of six hours. The gas N.C.O. has calculated that with the wind at its present velocity we should be gassed in one and three-quarter seconds, not counting the recurring decimal.

John has just told a story about a bayonet. It would be funny at any other time. Now, it simply sticks! The cook has just come in to say our rations have been left behind by mistake. Troubles never come singly. May heaven protect the man who is responsible if we get him! John has told another story, about an Engineer. It can't be true, for he says this chap was out in No Man's Land digging a trench. No one ever knew a Canadian Engineer do anything but tell the infantry how to work. It's a rotten story, anyhow.

Just look at this dug-out; a bottle of rum on the table—empty. The odd steel helmet, some dirty old newspapers, and a cup or two (empty!) and a pile of strifes from the Adjutant six inches thick. My bed has a hole in it as big as a "Johnson 'ole," and there are rats. Also the place is inhabited by what the men call "crumbs." Poetic version of a painful fact.

John says this is the d—est outfit he has ever been in. John is right. My gumboots were worn by the Lance-Corporal in No. 2 platoon, and they are wet, beastly wet. Also my batman has forgotten to put any extra socks in my kit-bag. Also he's lost my German rifle—the third I've bought for twenty francs and lost.

This is a deuce of a war!

The mail has just arrived. George got five, the little round fat fellow nine, A. P. two, and John and me shake hands with a duck's-egg. Still the second mentioned has his troubles. One of his many innamoratas has written to him in French. He knows French just about as well as he knows how to sing! Nuff said!

John has "partid" to his triple-starred working-party. The men have not got any letters either. You should hear them! The most expert "curser" of the Billingsgate fishmarket would turn heliotrope with envy. George is feeling badly too. He lent his flash-light to dish out rations with. That is to say, to illuminate what the best writers of nondescript fiction call the "Cimmerian gloom!"

A. P. has had letters from his wife. Lucky dog! She takes up four pages telling him how she adores him.

This is a beastly rotten war.

Fritz is a rotter too. My dug-out is two hundred yards north by northeast. Every time I have to make the trip he never fails to keep the Cimmerian gloom strictly "Cim." And the bath-mats are broken in two places, and I've found both of them every time.

Another strafe from the Adjutant. May jackals defile his grave, but he'll never have one in France, anyhow. "Please render an account to Orderly Room of the number of men in your unit who are qualified plumbers."

We haven't any.

If we had we should have mended the hole in the roof, which leaks on John's bed. It has only just begun to leak. It will be fun to hear what John says when he comes back. Only he may be speechless.

The little round fat fellow is still reading letters, and A. P. is hunting in his nether garments. "Kinder scratteerin' round!" So far the bag numbers five killed and two badly winged, but still on the run.

Somebody has turned out the guard. Yells of fire. After due inspection proves to be the C.O.'s tunic. It was

a new one! May his batman preserve himself in one piece.

More yells of "Guard turn out!" Support my tottering footsteps! Our—that is to say my dug-out is on fire. . . . Confusion. . . . Calm. . . . I have no dug-out, no anything. . . . This is, pardonnez-moi, a Hell of a war!

## Adjutants

**I**F Fate cherishes an especial grievance against you, you will be made an Adjutant.

One of those bright beautiful mornings, when all the world is young and, generally speaking, festive, the sword of Damocles will descend upon you, and you will be called to the Presence, and told you are to be Adjutant. You will, perhaps, be rather inclined to think yourself a deuce of a fellow on that account. You will acquire a pair of spurs, and expect to be treated with respect. You will, in fact, feel that you are a person of some importance, quite the latest model in good little soldiers. You may—and this is the most cruel irony of all—be complimented on your appointment by your brother officers.

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the preacher!

As soon as you become the "voice of the C.O.," you lose every friend you ever possessed. You are just about as popular as the proverbial skunk at a garden party. It takes only two days to find this out.

The evening of the second day you decide to have a drink, Orderly Room or no Orderly Room. You make this rash decision, and you tell the Orderly-Room Sergeant—only heaven knows when he sleeps—that you are going out.

"I will be back in half an hour," you say.

Then you go forth to seek for George—George, your pal, your intimate, your bosom friend. You find George in your old Coy. headquarters, and a pity of self-pity sweeps over you as you cross the threshold and see the other fellows there: George, Henry, John, and the rest.

"Come and have a—" you begin cheerily. Suddenly, in the frosty silence you hear a cool, passionless voice remark,

"Good evening, Sir!"

It is George, the man you loved and trusted, whom you looked on as a friend and brother.

"George, come and have a—" again the words stick in your throat.

George answers, in tones from which all amity, peace, and goodwill towards men have vanished:

"Thanks very much, sir"—oh baleful little word—"but I've just started a game of poker."

Dimly light dawns in your little brain; you realize the full extent of your disabilities, and you know that all is over. You are the Adjutant—the voice of the C.O.!

Sadly, with the last glimmer of Adjutant pride and pomp cast from out your soul, you return to Orderly Room, drinkless, friendless, and alone.

"The Staff Captain has been ringing you up, sir. He wants to know if the summary of evidence . . ." and so on. In frenzied desperation you seize the telephone. Incidentally you call the Staff Captain away from his dinner. What he says, no self-respecting man—not even an Adjutant—could reveal without laying bare the most lacer-

ated portions of his innermost feelings.

You go to bed, a sadder and a wiser man, wondering if you could go back to the Company, even as the most junior sub., were you to make an impassioned appeal to the C.O.

About 1 a.m. some one comes in and awakens you.

"Message from Brigade, sir."

With an uncontrite heart you read it: "Forward to this office immediately a complete nominal roll of all men of your unit who have served continuously for nine months without leave." That takes two hours, and necessitates the awakening of all unit commanders, as the last Adjutant kept no record. In psychic waves you feel curses raining on you through the still night. Having made an application—in writing—to the C.O., to be returned to duty, you go to bed.

At 3.30 a.m. you are awakened again. "Movement order from Brigade, sir!"

This time you say nothing. All power of speech is lost. The entire regiment curses you, while by the light of a guttering candle you write a movement order, "operation order number"—what the deuce is the number anyhow. The Colonel is—shall we say—indisposed as to temper, and the companies get half an hour to fall in, ready to march off. One Company loses the way, and does not arrive at the starting-point.

"Did you specify the starting-point quite clearly, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you say it was?"

"One hundred yards south of the N' in Candin, sir."

"There are two 'N's' in Candin, Mr. Jones; two 'N's'! How can you expect a company commander to know which 'N'? Gross carelessness. Gross carelessness. Go and find the Company, please."

"Yessir."

You find the Company only just out of billets, after scouring the miserable country around the wrong 'N' for fifteen minutes, and falling off your horse into one of those infernal ditches.

The battalion moves off half an hour later, and the C.O. has lots to say about it. He also remarks that his late Adjutant was "a good horse-man"—a bitter reflection!

There is absolutely no hope for an Adjutant. If he is a good man at the "job" everybody hates him. If he is feeble the C.O. hates him. The Brigade staff hate him on principle. If he kow-tows to them they trample on him with both feet, if he does not they set snares for him, and keep him up all night. He is expected to know everything: K. R. and O. backwards and forwards, divisional drill, and the training of a section. Routine for the cure of housemaid's knee in mules, and the whole compendium of Military Law. He is never off duty, and even his soul is not his own. He is, in fact, The Adjutant.

Sometimes people try to be nice to him. They mean well. They will come into the Orderly Room and say: "Oh, Mr. Jones, can you tell me where the 119th Reserve Battery of the 83rd Reserve Stokes Gun Coy. is situated?" Of course, Adjutants know everything.

And when you admit ignorance they look at you with pained surprise, and go to Brigade.

"I asked the Adjutant of the—th Battalion, but he did not seem to know."

Adjutants die young.

## Soft Jobs

**T**HIS war has produced a new type of military man—so called—to wit: the seeker after soft jobs. He flourishes in large numbers in training areas; he grows luxuriantly around headquarters staffs, and a certain kind of hybrid—a combination of a slacker and a soldier—is to be found a few miles to the rear of the firing line in France and Flanders. There are some of him in every rank, from the top of the tree to the bottom. If he is a natural-born soft-jobber he never leaves his training area—not even on a Cook's tour. Should the



A Combination of Slacker and Soldier.

virus be latent, he will develop an attack, acute or mild, after one tour in the trenches, or when one of our own batteries has fired a salvo close by him.

If he is affected by very mild germs he may stand a month or two in the firing line in some sector where fighting troops are sent for a rest and reorganization. Broadly speaking, therefore, he belongs to one of three classes, of which the second class is perhaps the worst.

There are some men who join the army without the least intention of ever keeping less than the breadth of the English Channel between themselves and fighting territory. Not for them the "glorious" battle-fields, not for them the sweat and toil and purgatory of fighting for their country. Nothing at all for them in fact, save a ribbon and a barless medal, good quarters, perfect safety, staff pay, week-end leave, with a few extra days thrown in as a reward for their valuable services, and—a soft job!

They are the militaresques of our armies. The men who try hard to be soldiers, and who only succeed in being soldier-like beings erect upon two legs, with all the outward semblance of a soldier. Yet even their lives are

not safe. They run grave risks by day and by night in the service of their country.

Zeppelins!

There is an air of bustle and excitement around the officers' quarters in the training camp to-day. Batmen—hoary-haired veterans with six ribbons, whom no M.O. could be induced to pass for active service, even by tears—rush madly hither and thither, parleying in odd moments of Lady-smith, Kabul to Kandahar, and "swod-dies." Head-quarters look grave, tense, strained.

In the ante-room to the mess stand soda syphons and much "B. & W." There are gathered there most of the officers of two regiments—base battalions, with permanent training staffs. In the five seats of honour recline nonchalantly two majors, one captain, and two subalterns. (O.C. Lewis gun school, O.C. nothing in particular, Assistant O.C. Lewis gun school, Deputy Assistant Adjutant.) They are smoking large, fat cigars, and consuming many drinks. Are they not the heroes of the hour? When the sun rises well into the heavens to-morrow they will set forth on a desperate journey.

They are going on a Cook's tour of two weeks' duration to the trenches! (So that they can have the medal!) In the morning, with bad headaches, they depart. In Boulogne they spend twelve hours of riotous life ("Let us eat and drink," says the O.C. nothing in particular, "for to-morrow, dont-cher-know!") They arrive in due course at Battalion battle H.Q. The majors have the best time, as they stay with the C.O., drink his Scotch, and do the bombing officer and the M.G.O. out of a bed.

The rest of them are right up among the companies, where they are an infernal nuisance. About 11 "pip emma" Fritz starts fire-works, and finishes up with a bombing attack on the left flank. The O.C. nothing in particular stops at B.H.Q. The O.C. Lewis gun school mistakes the first general head-quarters line (one kilometre in rear) for the front line, and goes back with shell-shock, having been in the centre of a barrage caused by one 5.9 two hundred yards north. The Assistant Assistant gets into the main bomb store in the front line, and stops there, and the Assistant O. C. Lewis gun school remains in Coy. H.Q. and looks after the batmen. The Deputy Assistant Adjutant gets out into the trench, finds some bombers doing nothing, gets hold of a couple of bombs, makes for the worst noise, and carries on as a soldier should.

After the show the O.C. nothing in particular tells the Colonel all his theories on counter-attack, and goes sick in the morning for the remaining period of his tour; the other twain stand easy, and the Deputy Assistant Adjutant makes an application for transfer to the Battalion. Incidentally he is recommended for the military cross.

When the four previously mentioned return to England they all of them apply for better soft jobs, on the strength of recent experiences at the front. The one man who threw up his soft job to become junior subaltern in a fighting regiment is killed in the next "show" before his recommendation for a decoration has been finally approved.

Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.

## Actions

"MESSAGE from Head-quarters, sir." The runner was breathing hard, and his eyes were strained and tense-looking. He had not shaved for days. Fritz's "thousand guns on the Somme," that the papers talk of so glibly, were turning up for business.

Major Ogilvie took the message, read it, and handed it on to me. "Zero hour will be at 6.30 p.m. aaa. Our artillery will bombard from 5.30 to 6.20 p.m., slow continuous, and from 6.20 to 6.29 p.m. hurricane fire aaa. You will give all possible assistance, by means of rifle and machine-gun fire to Ultramarine, and arrange to re-inforce, if necessary, in case of heavy counter-attack aaa. Ultramarine will indicate that objective has been gained by firing two red rockets simultaneously aaa. Please render situation reports every half hour to B.H.Q., a.21.d.1.4½.aaa."

We looked at each other and smiled a little grimly. To be on the flank of an attack is rather worse than to attack, for it means sitting tight while Fritz pounds the life out of you.

"You stop here," said Ogilvie, "in this glory-hole of ours, while I go up and see Niven. He will have to put his men in those forward saps. If you get any messages, deal with them, and make sure that Townley keeps those bombers of his on both sides of the road. They must stop there, as long as there are any of them left, or the Hun might try to turn our flank. So long."

He set out towards the north, leaving me in "AK" Coy.'s "head-quarters." The latter consisted of a little niche, three feet wide, ran back a foot, and was four feet high, cut in the parapet of the front line. The runner, Thomson, one of our own company, was curled up in a little cubby-hole at my feet, and had fallen asleep.

It was lonely in that trench, although there were invisible men, not thirty feet away, on both sides of me.

The time was 5.25 p.m.

Our guns were still silent. Fritz was warming up more and more. He was shelling our right most persistently, putting "the odd shell" around head-quarters.

Punctually to the minute our artillery started in. Salvos of heavies, way back, shrapnel all along the front line and supports.

A wickedly pretty sight along a thousands yard front: Fritz began to get irritated, finally to be alarmed. Up went his red lights, one after the other, as he called on his guns, called, and kept on calling. They answered the call. Above us the air hissed unceasingly as shells passed and exploded in rear. He was putting a barrage on our supports and communication trenches. Then he opened up all along our trench. High explosive shrapnel, and those thunder-cracking "woolly-bears!" I wondered where Ogilvie was, if he was all right, and I huddled in close to the damp crumbling earth.

It was 5.50 p.m.

"Per-loph-uff." An acrid smell of burnt powder, a peculiar, weird feeling that my head was bursting, and a dreadful realization that I was pinned in up to my neck, and could not stir. A small shell, bursting on graze, had lit in the parapet, just above my head, exploded, and buried me up to the neck, and the runner also. He

called out, but the din was too great for me to hear what he said. I struggled until my hands were free, and then with the energy of pure fear tore at the shattered sand-bags that weighed me down. Finally I was free to bend over to Thomson.

"Are you hurt?"

"No, sir, but I can't move. I thought you were dead."

I clawed him out with feverish haste. The air reeked with smoke, and the shelling was hellish. Without any cessation shells burst in front of, above, and behind the trench; one could feel their hot breath on one's cheek, and once I heard above the din a cry of agony.

"Get out of here," I yelled, and we crawled along the crumbling trench to the right.

"Hrrumph!" A five-nine landed just beyond us. I stopped a second. "Stretcher-bearer!" came weakly from a dim niche at my side. Huddled there was one of my boys. He was wounded in the foot, the leg, the chest, and very badly in the arm. It took five minutes to put on a tourniquet, and while it was being done a scout lying by my side was killed. He cried out once, turned, shivered, and died. I remember wondering how his soul could go up to Heaven through that awful concentration of fire and stinging smoke.

It was 6.15 p.m.

There were many wounded, many dead, one of those wonderfully brave men, a stretcher-bearer, told me, when he came crawling along, with blood-stained hands, and his little red-cross case. None of the wounded could be moved then, it was impossible. I got a message, and read it by the light of the star shells: "Please report at once if enemy are shelling your area heavily aaa." The answer was terse: "Yes aaa."

Suddenly there was a lull. One of those inexplicable, almost terrifying lulls that are almost more awesome than the noise preceding them. I heard a voice ten yards away, coming from a vague, shadowy figure lying on the ground:

"Are you all right, 'P.'?" It was Ogilvie.

"Yes. Are you?"

We crawled together, and held a hurried conversation at the top of our voices, for the bombardment had now started in with violent intensity from our side, as well as from Fritz's.

"We'll have to move to the sap, with Niven . . . bring . . . runners . . . you . . . make . . . dash for it."

"How . . . 'bout Townley?"

"S'all right."

Then we pulled ourselves together and went for it, stumbling along the trench, over heaped-up mounds of earth, past still forms that would never move again. On, on, running literally for our lives. At last we reached the saps. Two platoons were out there, crowded in a little trench a foot and a half wide, nowhere more than four feet deep. Some shrapnel burst above it, but it was the old front line, thirty yards in rear, on which the Germans were concentrating a fire in which no man could live long.

The runners, Major Ogilvie, Niven, and myself, and that amazing Sergeant-Major of ours, who would crack a joke with Charon, were all together in a few yards of trench.

Our fire ceased suddenly. It was

zero hour. In defiance of danger Ogilvie stood up, perfectly erect, and watched what was going on. Our guns opened again, they had lifted to the enemy supports and lines of communication.

"They're over!" we cried all together.

Machine-guns were rattling in a crescendo of sound that was like the noise of a rapid stream above the roar of a water-wheel. The enemy sent up rocket upon rocket—three's, four's, green and red. Niven, as plucky a boy as ever lived, watched eagerly. Then a perfect hail of shells began to fall. One could almost see our old trench change its form as one glanced at it. It was almost as light as day. Major Ogilvie was writing reports. One after another he sent out the runners to headquarters, those runners every one of whom deserves the Victoria Cross.

ALL at once two red rockets burst away forward, on the right, falling slowly, slowly to earth.

Ultramarine had attained the objective.

It was then 6.42 p.m.

Curious, most curious, to see the strain pass momentarily from men's faces. Two runners took the message down. It proved to be the earliest news received at H.Q. that the objective was reached.

But the bombardment did not cease, did not slacken. It developed more and more furiously. Niven, one of the very best—the boy was killed a few weeks after—lay with his body tucked close to the side of the trench. I lay with my head very close to his, so that we could talk. Major Ogilvie's legs were curled up with mine. Every now and then he sent in a report.

My conversation with Niven was curious. "Have another cigarette?" "Thanks, Bertie." "Fritz is real mad to-night." "He's got a reason!" "Thank the Lord it isn't raining." "Yes." Pause. "Did you get any letters from home?" "Two. . . Good thing they can't see us now!" "Jolly good thing!" "Whee-ou, that was close!" "So's that," as a large lump of earth fell on his steel hat. Pause. "I must get a new pair of breeches." "When?" "Oh, to go on leave with." "So must I?" We relapsed into silence, and from sheer fatigue both of us fell asleep for twenty minutes.

I was awakened by Ogilvie, who kicked me gently. "I have had no report from Townley or Johnson for nearly two hours"—it was past eleven. "I want you to go up to the right and see if you can establish communication with them. Can you make it?" "I'll try, sir."

The trench was almost empty, for the men had been put in advance of it, for the most part. In places it was higher than the level of the ground, where great shells had hurled parapet on parados, leaving a gaping crater on one side or the other. Fear, a real personal, loathly fear, ran at my side. Just as I reached the trench an eight-five exploded on the spot I had crossed a second before. The force of the explosion threw me on my face, and earth rained down on me. I knelt, crouching, by the parapet, my breath coming in long gasps. "Lord, have mercy on my soul." I rushed a few yards madly, up, down, over; another pause, while the shells pounded the earth, and great splinters droned. I dared not move, and I

dared not stay. Every shadow of the trenches loomed over me like the menacing memory of some past unforgettable misdeed. Looking down I saw a blood-stained bandage in a pool of blood at my side, and I could smell that indescribable, foetid smell of blood, bandages, and death. As I went round a traverse, speeding like a hunted hare, I stumbled over a man. He groaned deeply as I fell on him. It was one of my best N.C.O.'s, mortally wounded. An eternity passed before I could find his water-bottle. His face was a yellow mask, his teeth chattered against the lip of the water-bottle, his lips were swollen and dreadful. He lay gasping. "Can I do anything for you, old man?" With a tremendous effort he raised his head a little, and opened wide his glazing eyes. "Write . . . sir . . . to my . . . mother." Then, his head on my arm, he died.

On, on, on, the sweat streaming from me, the fear of death at my heart. I prayed as I had never prayed before.

At last I found Johnson. He gave me his report, and that of Townley, whom he had seen a few moments before. I went back, another awful trip, but met Major Ogilvie half-way.

After nine and three-quarter hours, during which they threw all the ammunition they possessed at us, the German gunners "let up." And Ogilvie and I went to sleep, along the trench, too weary to care what might happen next, to wake at dawn, stiff with cold, chilled to the bone, to face another day of "glorious war!"

## Reconquered Territory

(Continued from page 12.)

revealed when we entered and saw every panel of every door, all the wainscotting and all the frescoed walls hacked with axes!

Soldiers were tacking unbleached muslin across the windows and doors; and here to-morrow is to open a Canteen for at least 3,000 men, most of whom have four days' repose at the back of the firing-line. Five young women carry on the whole thing—cooking, washing, cleaning, surveying. There is a reading-room and writing-room, with tobacco provided; there are games and entertainments, coffee, chocolate with biscuits, given at two cents a bowl. And most of the funds are given by the young women themselves. This is but one of the canteens. The Corps has others in other destroyed villages.

To-night we visited a group of German dugouts. They were solidly built with walls of stone or of huge logs six feet thick; corrugated iron line many of them. Many had fire-places, cemented floors, panelled walls (panels taken from a neighbouring house), fly-screens in the one little window, small gardens planted with shrubs—they had been built for permanency, but there was every sign of a hasty leave-taking. Garments were still hanging up to dry, cups and bottles with German labels stood on the tables; it was too unreal.

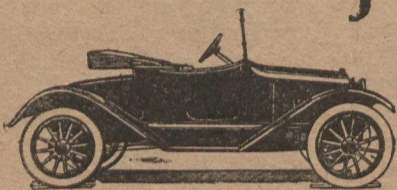
When we reached Noyon and Ham, and began to visit the hospitals, I did not feel so helpless. Here was something that I knew about, and could perhaps help. I will not go into details; it would be too painful. All the men were gravely wounded; in one ward, all were condemned. In the great Evacuation Tent Hospital the

The New

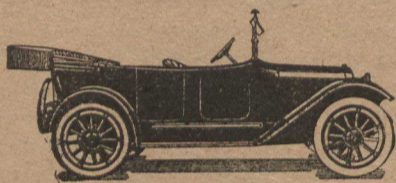
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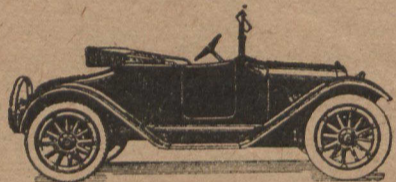
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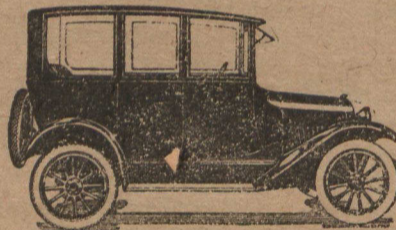
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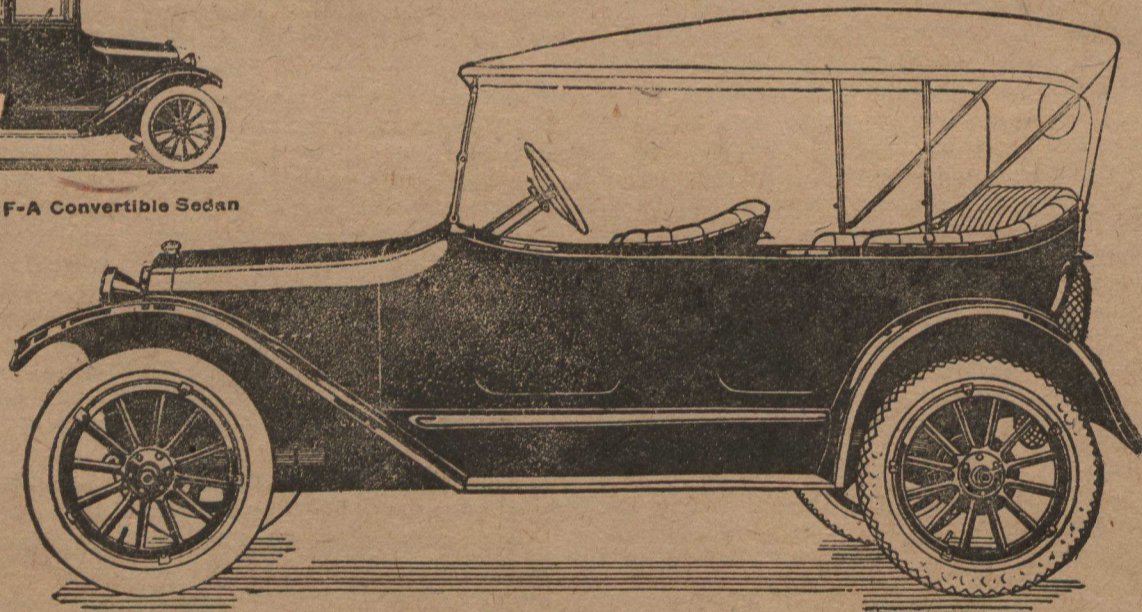
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floors were down-trodden earth; a few days before they had been mud. Here they asked for linoleum mats to place beside the beds. Milk was impossible to get, there were no cows; condensed was almost as hard to find. Could they have that, and a few pillows and blankets, medicaments and fortificants? They would be so grateful.

Some one asked me on my return whether I had enjoyed my trip! One

does not enjoy destruction and pain. But I did have the feeling when it was all over that we should be able to bring to hundreds of sufferers some of the necessities that they needed. This in the midst of so much distress and want is not much, but it brings some satisfaction.

There was something vital, something heroic, in the atmosphere of all that region. Mme. C. H. asked me if

I had not felt it. I had. It was not there, amidst all that ruin, but here in Paris, where life is normal, that I experienced a real depression, as if I had lost something I could not get again. But it is a feeling that I have often had when I have gone out from the presence of the wounded and suffering. I can only think that near them, one is near to the soul of things, stripped of all artificialities.

I shop to-morrow and the next day for the Civilians, mostly women and children, in the devastated region, and return with the things later in the week to Noyon and Ham.

Any sum, however small, sent to me in care of Messrs. Morgan, Harjes, Paris, will be promptly acknowledged, and greatly appreciated, and will be spent as the donor desires.

(Signed) EDITH MAY,

# FINANCIAL

## Western Industry

SIR JOHN AIRD, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and a recognized authority on conditions in the Canadian West, believes that affairs in the prairie provinces are at present in splendid shape and that the great western half of the Dominion has never been so well able to take care of its obligations as at the present time. In an interview with the Financial News Bureau, he said in part: "Never before in the history of the country has business been on such a sound, solid basis as is the case in the Canadian west at the present time. During the past two years the west has been particularly prosperous and more than half a billion dollars has flowed into the country in return for its products of grain, cattle, lumber and coal. Artificial inflation of values was cleared away during the depression of 1913 and 1914, and the prosperity of the two succeeding years has put the west on its feet. Long-standing accounts have been liquidated during the past two years, and interest and principal payments on all classes of obligations are being promptly and successfully met.

"It is true that grain is the big crop upon which the west chiefly relies for the greater part of its income; but the importance of its other crops should not be overlooked. Every year many millions of dollars are received for cattle, lumber and coal; and the aggregate returns from these sources constitute no small sum. The importance of the cattle-raising industry can be seen from the fact that the largest packing houses on the North American continent have established huge plants in the west; and the allies' demand for meat stuffs of all classes enables the western cattleman to dispose of his herds on a most profitable basis. The coal output of the west has considerably increased during the past few years, and there is a good market for the present output at profitable prices. Lumber is playing no unimportant part in the development of the country, and conditions in this industry are the best in three years. At the outbreak of war the scarcity of tonnage made serious inroads into the lumber export trade, but this has now been largely made up by the development of domestic business and the advance in prices, which are now 30 to 50 per cent. higher.

"The West is not essentially a manufacturing country, but nevertheless, we have some big industries already established there. One of the largest saddlery-manufacturing companies in the British Empire, the Great West Saddlery Company, Limited, has its main factories in Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, with distributing centres throughout the West. Some of the largest wholesale jobbing houses in Canada are located in the West; and the volume of business transacted in the western capitals is very large.

"There are just as sound business men in the Canadian west as in eastern Canada; and the pity is that the east and the west do not know each

other better. Winnipeg has many millionaires; and successful progressive business men are to be found throughout the Canadian west. It is to be hoped that the east and the west will come to know each other better, and appreciate each others' strong points before many years have passed. Both east and west are necessary to the building up of a great nation, which can only result from the harmonious working of all its integral parts."

## Newsy Notes

Word comes from Winnipeg that hydroplanes will shortly be utilized in the development of the now practically inaccessible deposits of gold and copper in Northern Manitoba. Such is the confident assertion of American capitalists and prospectors passing through this city to and from The Pas.

Mining men argue that hydroplanes of one-half ton capacity can transport prospectors and miners, as well as supplies, while to obtain such facilities in any other way would require years and millions of capital. Rocks, muskeg and forest make entry impossible, excepting at cost beyond reason, to what are known to be the richest of the gold and copper fields. These same men contend that there are stores of free-milling ore which could be carried out even by the expensive hydroplane route and yet yield fabulous profits.

Announcement comes from London that there are rumours to the effect that the government is considering the advisability of taking action towards the prevention of speculation in silver.

In New York, it is not thought that the government can readily take any action in the matter. Silver is going up, it is claimed, because the British Government as well as the governments of the United States and other countries are anxious to obtain a sufficient quantity, mainly for coinage purposes.

That being the case, it is claimed there is every justification for higher prices. In fact, it is predicted that so far from the price of silver going down, it will steadily rise to \$1. It has gone a long way towards that price already, being now 88%—or but little more than 10 points to go.

There is every prospect at the present time that this will be the best year yet experienced by the Canada Iron Foundries. This company, as yet, may not have become as well known as its predecessor, the Canada Iron Corporation, which went into liquidation about August, 1913.

The company is now doing little in the munitions business, but is turning out a large number of car wheels and other general castings and foundry business, and is showing larger earnings than a year ago. Shareholders are feeling quite encouraged over the prospects.

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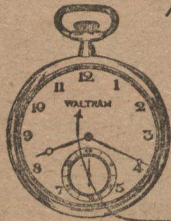
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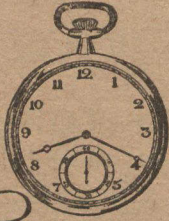
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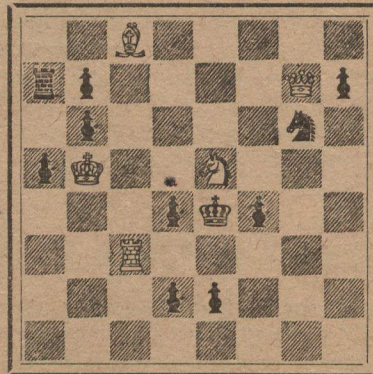
# CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Solutions to problems and other correspondence relative to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

**PROBLEM NO. 152**, by T. C. Henriksen. First and Second Prize (ex aequo), "De Mausbook" Tourney.

Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Five Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

### SOLUTIONS.

**Problem No. 150**, by J. A. Ros.

1. B-Kt3, Kt-Q6; 2. Q-B3ch! KxQ; 3. Kt-K4 mate.

1. .... Q-Q6; 2. Q-B5ch! KxQ; 3. Kt-Q7 mate.

1. .... else; 2. Kt according ch.

### CHAMELEON ECHOES IN SELF-MATES.

Chameleon echoes in self-mate compositions are a rarity indeed. The first genuine invention of the mates we have had the pleasure to drop across is the following four-mover by W. Pauly. The play is necessarily forceful, but nevertheless the task of controlling the Black pieces must have been a difficult one indeed.

Deutsches Wochenschach, 1908.

White: K at QB3; Q at QB8; Rs at K8 and KB6; Bs at Q sq and Q8; Kts at K2 and KB5; Ps at QKt6, QB7, KKt2 and KKt3. Black: K at KKt5; R at QKt7; Bs at QR3 and KR sq; Ps at QKt2, KB3 and KR3. Self-mate in four. (1. QKt-B4 ch, R-K7; 2. R-Kt8ch, B-Kt2; 3. R-QKt5ch, P-B4ch; 4. K-Q3, BxR mate. If 1. .... B-K7, then 2. R-KKt5 ch, KxR; 3. BxPch, BxBeh; 4. R-K5ch, BxR mate.)

Correct solution of problem No. 148 was received from J. R. Ballantyne, Toronto.

### CANADIAN CHESS IN THE '60'S.

We have been fortunate enough to find another Canadian game of 50 years ago in the same volume of the Berliner Schachzeitung as the one published last issue. This was played by correspondence between Mr. T. Henderson, of St. Liboire, and Mr. G. Jackson, of Egmondville, in January, 1868. It is a specimen of an obsolete variation of the Philidor's defence, but a very interesting affair.

### Philidor's Defence.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| White.        | Black.         |
| T. Henderson. | G. Jackson.    |
| 1. P-K4       | 1. P-K4        |
| 2. Kt-KB3     | 2. P-Q3        |
| 3. P-Q4       | 3. P-KB4 (a)   |
| 4. QPxP       | 4. BPxP        |
| 5. Kt-Kt5     | 5. P-Q4        |
| 6. P-K6       | 6. Kt-KR3 (b)  |
| 7. Kt-QB3     | 7. P-B3        |
| 8. P-B3 (c)   | 8. B-B4        |
| 9. Pxp (d)    | 9. Castles (e) |
| 10. Pxp       | 10. B-B7ch     |
| 11. K-K2      | 11. P-QKt3 (f) |
| 12. Q-Q3 (g)  | 12. B-R3       |
| 13. Kt-Kt5    | 13. P-Kt3 (h)  |
| 14. Pxp       | 14. KtxP       |
| 15. QxQ       | 15. QRxQ (i)   |
| 16. Kt-KB3    | 16. Kt-KKt5    |
| 17. P-B4      | 17. KR-Ksq     |
| 18. B-Q2      | 18. RxP ch     |
| 19. K-Qsq     | 19. B-K6       |
| 20. K-B2      | 20. BxB        |
| 21. KtxB      | 21. BxKt       |
| 22. PxB       | 22. Kt-Q5 ch   |
| 23. K-B3      | 23. R-K6 ch    |
| 24. B-Q3 (j)  | 24. Kt-B7      |

### NOTES BY CHESS EDITOR.

(a) 3. .... Kt-KB3; 4. Kt-B3, QKt-Q2, the "Hamham" variation is the soundest defence. The counter-attack 3. .... P-KB4 is quite unsound.

(b) If 6. .... B-B4, then 7. Kt-QB3, Q-B3; 8. B-Kt5 ch, P-B3; 9. Castles, BxKP; 10. B-QB4, P-K6; 11. QKt-K4, with advantage. Bird recommended 6. .... Kt-KB3 7. Kt-B7, Q-K2; 8. KtxR, BxP, in his "Chess Novelities," without any upheaval of the conclusions arrived at.

(c) The usual and conclusive line is 8. KKtKP, PxKt; 9. Q-R5 ch, P-Kt3; 10. Q-K5, R-Kt sq; 11. B-KKt5, Q-Q3 (if 11. .... B-Kt2, then 12. P-K7, Q-Kt3; 13. Castles, etc., wins); 12. R-Q sq and wins. If 8. .... BxP, then 9. BxKt, PxB; 10. Q-R5 ch, K-Q2; 11. Castles, Q-K2; 12. B-B4 also wins.

(d) Otherwise Black plays P-K6 followed by P-Q5, if and when necessary.

(e) If now 9. .... P-Q5, then 10. KtxRP, with 11. Q-R5ch to follow.

(f) The game now enters an interesting stage. The text-move threatens 12. .... B-R3ch, with disaster to his opponent.

(g) This is a tempting move but inferior. Comparatively better would have been 12. Kt-B3 and to give, black the opportunity of a draw with 12. .... Kt-Kt5; 13. B-Kt5, B-R3ch; 14. K-Q2, QxBch; 15. KtQx, B-K6ch; 16. K-Ksq, B-B7 perpetual check. If, instead, 13. Kt-K4 then 13. .... B-R3ch; 14. K-Q2, QxPch; 15. P-Q3, B-K6ch; 16. K-B3! and the white king is too exposed for safety.

(h) An interesting alternative would be 13. .... BxKt; 14. P-B4, Kt-B4. If 15. KxB, then 15. .... Kt-K6 dis ch, etc. If 15. PxB, then 15. .... Kt-Q5 ch; 16. K-Q sq, R-B4, etc.

(i) Black with all his pieces developed has obviously a won game, but the concluding moves are instructive.

(j) If 24. K-B4, then 24. .... Kt-K4ch; 25. K-Kt4, Kt-B7ch. A well-played game by Black, apart from his choice of opening. A game that does not argue well for the 8. P-B3 attack, in the Philidor.

### END-GAME NO. 26.

By S. Rosenthal.

White: K at K3; B at QB2; Ps at QKt2, QB4, Q5, KB4, KKt3 and KR5. Black: K at KB3; B at Q2; Ps at QKt5, QB4, KB4, KKt3 and KKt5. White to play and win.

### Solution.

1. P-R6, K-B2; 2. B-K4! PxB (a); 3. P-R7! (b), K-Kt2; 4. KxP, KxP; 5. K-K5, K-Kt2; 6. K-Q6, B-B4; 7. KxP and wins.

(a) If 2. .... K-Kt sq, then 3. P-Q6, K-R2; 4. B-K47, KxP; 5. B-R6, K-Kt2; 6. B-Kt5 and wins!

(b) If 3. KxP, then 3. .... K-B3; 4. P-Q6, B-B3 ch, and Black wins. Or 4. P-Kt3, B-B4 ch and Black wins. A very subtle and instructive end-game.

# MUSIC

### Musical Season Opens.

**T**HE Toronto Conservatory of Music was opened for the season on Saturday, September 1st. From present indications there is every likelihood of the Conservatory enjoying the same remarkable success which marked its activities last season, which was in every way the most brilliant in the history of this well established and influential institution. The Conservatory's splendid development, without State aid or endowments of any kind, furnishes one of the most significant achievements in the educational history of Canada. In the fine character of its equipment and buildings, and in its strong faculties, the Conservatory offers facilities for study comparing favourably with the great schools of Europe and rendering it no longer necessary for professional students to go abroad in order to complete their musical studies.

### Popular Pianist Returns.

**E**RNEST SEITZ, who recently returned from the West, where he conducted the mid-summer local examinations for the Toronto Conservatory of Music, resumed his duties at the Toronto Conservatory of Music on September first. There is every indication, from the large number of applications already made for Piano instruction under his guidance, that the coming season will be an exceedingly busy one for him.

It is most interesting to those of us who recall Mr. Seitz's brilliant student achievements under Dr. Vogt to note the splendid development which has placed him in the foremost rank as a virtuoso. Following eight years of study at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, where he graduated with great distinction in 1910, Mr. Seitz continued his artistic work in Europe, where he had the advantage of courses of study with some of the most celebrated masters, the climax of his work being reached in four years of close contract with Josef Lhevinne.

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Letters to the Editor

BOY AND DANDELIONS.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Reading your little story, "Hodge and The Hay Stack," reminded me of an original idea of a boy I knew which may be of interest to the many youths now required for picking the vegetables and fruit.

At the time of the Boer War, being a little lad of about nine or ten years, his father, seeing one morning a goodly crop of dandelions on the lawn, gave him a knife and told him to cut some out.

On his father's return in the evening he was surprised to find every dandelion gone and praised the little fellow, remarking he had not expected him to work so hard.

The little chap replied: "Well, Dad, I played the dandelions were the Boers and the knife the British, and of course the British had to win."

This boy offered his services the day war was declared. He has been mentioned in despatches, honoured with the D.S.O., and twice promoted on the field.

Yours sincerely,  
A SUBSCRIBER.

A WARM LETTER.

Montreal, Aug. 14, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:—

Do you know that Canadians are wise to the fact that the most of our papers are run the same way the newspapers of Germany are handled and that there is a Canadian high up, who is keeping tab on them, and what they print. Your paper now, I wish to notify you, is lined up with the Northcliff press agency.

In regards to the Winnipeg convention and what is going on in Canada and what the people think, your paper either know and deliberately lie or you are like the man who did not know whether Christ was crucified or died of the measles.

If you think the people of Canada are going to bow down before a few old country returned soldiers, you have not your ear to the ground at all. As soon as this Prussian Northcliff law about newspapers is put in force, Northcliffe is going to run a series of articles in his papers here on how to run Canada. No one can answer him.

You knew a lot about the Winnipeg convention; it is too bad that these trained butchers of England's did not start something in Winnipeg. Mark my word if they ever do you are going to see a prairie fire that will sweep over Canada from coast to coast.

At no time or place in the world's history has any party been able to run a country to suit themselves against the wishes of the majority of the people. Since the earliest times of which there is a record it has ended in disaster for that particular man or party and often disaster for the whole nation.

What is the use—a fool will return to his follie like a dog to his vomit.

The higher the dam is built in Canada against popular feeling, the longer it is maintained the greater the flood will be when it breaks.

The hands of the clock cannot be turned back by this Imperialism, this is a new world not made for old country men of any nation with their rule idea of blood and iron.

Conscription, I beg to state, is not the issue that is facing Canada to-day but the question is whether Canadians have the right to run our own affairs within our own borders.

Any paper and any man who tries to tell the people otherwise is deliberately leading the people on a false trail.

If we have not the right which we were supposed to have since 1837, we have not a country worth fighting for.

England's spies, paid agitators since the war started have been going up and down Canada shaking their fists in the people's faces telling them they would have conscription. They were well posted and well backed, as the present proves. Therefore, no matter how many men went from Canada there was going to be

conscription. Canadians were going to be made bow down to Imperialism.

An old man over seventy, with knarled hands like bird's claws, working day by day—an old countryman starts abusing the old man for sticking up for Canada, said everything mean he could think off, even tried to have the old man fired because he was not patriotic. For six weeks this went on; at last the old man said, what are you doing for the old country. Well, he was sticking up for the old country. The old Canadian said I have and my wife has worked hard all our lives; we never took any pleasure so that our two boys might get a better education than we had so that they might have a better start than we had, so that they would take care of us when we were old. They are over in France fighting for Canada, helping to defend England and all I am getting from such as you is abuse for it. You do not even want to allow me the privilege of standing up for Canada. You never stopped to think; you never stopped to ask; you were so anxious to abuse and down everything Canadian, you could not contain yourself.

There is the whole thing in a nut shell. I pray to God in Heaven that it does not end in a red roaring hell in Canada, but His will be done. Amen.

—A SCOTCH-ENGLISH CANADIAN FOR FIVE GENERATIONS.

The Handwriting on the Wall

(Concluded from page 9.)

an unduly large one. It is the avowed conviction of all the neutral military experts who are at all audible. It is the conviction of all the American experts, and it was their conviction before America entered the war. We may suppose that not even national pride has so blinded the eyes of the German military commanders that they are unable to read so large and so legible a handwriting on the wall. There are, of course, reasons why they may be impelled to pursue the war even against the freezing winds of despair. They may naturally dread the results of the national wrath, the resentment of those whom they have misled by their frantic promises. They may fear revolution, or at least dis- possession. But such Nemesis as this must grow worse by delay. Their own



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recognition of defeat must slowly filter through to the less informed and the more credulous of the people. The expectation of victory can not be maintained forever, and indeed it is obviously disappearing already. The German government is not likely to persist in its bellicose attitude up to the point where the German public is forced from the recognition of failure to the recognition of actual defeat. We may reasonably expect that it will capitulate before the danger of holding on becomes greater than the danger of letting go. And there are signs that this point has been nearly reached.

Until a few weeks ago we might have credited the German commanders with a sincere reliance upon the submarines. Indeed nothing is more noteworthy than their frank, if tacit, admissions that nothing can be hoped for from their armies. Even General Ludendorff has nothing more encouraging to say than that the submarine will ultimately be successful. In his latest pronouncement he does not even refer to the land forces. But it is hard to believe that the U-boats are now regarded as a weapon that can end the war. Germany's naval experts are hastening to disavow any such expectation. Captain Persius warns the German public not to be too sanguine in this respect, and there are evident efforts to dull the blow that a realization of the submarine failure must inflict. Last week's returns showed only fourteen vessels sunk,

and now the hours of daylight are lessening, and with them the U-boat's opportunities. It is now barely conceivable that the U-boats can inflict any decisive injuries upon Great Britain or France in time to intervene between Germany and the military crisis that is confronting her. Estimates of what the U-boats will be able to accomplish in the course of the next year are little better than frivolities, and often vicious frivolities. The war upon the land is fast overtaking the war under the water, and will soon leave it far behind. It is not the submarines upon which the great issue will depend, but the armies.

We may therefore believe that the German commanders have not now the least expectation that they can win the war. They have no other hope than that they may do something—presumably in the east—that shall aid their diplomacy in saving something from the impending wreck. Germany has always made peace proposals after a success. She has always a fatal readiness to believe that she can instil consternation and despair into the minds of her enemies, and so induce them to cry quits. But I do not believe that she will continue the war when even this hope has passed away. The Junkers may be willing to fight to the last ditch because there is nothing but the ditch ahead of them, either in war or peace. But the decision may not rest with the Junkers.

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## RIMROCK JONES

(Continued from page 19.)

They were friends of Stoddard's as well as his—it was safest to work alone.

SO, while outwardly the same good-hearted plunger, Rimrock began his campaign of revenge. It opened with a series of secret orders to outside brokers that he knew and soon, by selling Navajoa short, he had hammered the asking price down. Then he bought it in, a little at a time, until the market began to rise; and then, vindictively, he slaughtered it again and gathered in more at the bottom. Not for nothing had he listened to Mrs. Hardesty and Buckbee and learned how the market riggers worked, but neither to her nor to Buckbee did he so much as hint of his purpose. His day would come when the Tecolote dividend was voted, when he got his million dollar check; and the only thing that could keep him from a notable revenge was some slip-up in connection with the dividend.

In the continued absence of Mary Fortune, with her third and decisive vote, it would be necessary for Rimrock to agree with Stoddard, to the extent of dividing their profits. Not a great ways to go, even for men who were sworn enemies, and Stoddard certainly needed the money. He needed it badly, much worse than Rimrock, and would need it from time to time; yet until Rimrock actually got his hands on the money it was essential to conceal his plans. For a shrewd man like Stoddard, if he got an inkling of his purpose, was perfectly capable of tying up their profits and of stopping his credit at the bank. It was dangerous ground and Rimrock trod it warily, buying Navajoa in the most roundabout ways; yet month after month increased his holdings until his credit at the bank was stretched. If they asked for collateral he could turn over his Navajoa, although that would tip off his hand; but his note was still good and he went in deeper as the date of the annual meeting drew near.

There came a time when Buckbee asked shrewd questions and Mrs. Hardesty took him playfully to task; but he carried it off by wise nods and smiles and the statement that he knew something good. He was learning the game and, to cover up his tracks, he joined the mad whirl of social life. In place of his black sombrero and the high-heeled boots that had given him his entree in New York he appeared one evening in a top hat and dress suit, with diamonds glittering down the front of his shirt. It was a new plunge for him, but Buckbee supplied the tailor and Mrs. Hardesty launched his debut.

SHE had almost adopted him, this baffling, "free" woman, and yet she still had her reserves. She went with him everywhere, but the recherche suppers were almost a thing of the past. It was opera now, and the gayest restaurants, and dinners where they met distinguished guests; but at the entrance of the St. Cyngia, when the graven-faced doorman opened the door to let her pass, she had acquired a way of giving Rimrock her hand without asking if he wouldn't come in. She played him

warily, for his nature was impetuous and might easily lead him too far; but the time came at last when she found him recalcitrant and insurgent against her will.

It was at the opera where, amid jewelled women and men in immaculate attire, they had sat through a long and rather tedious evening during which Mrs. Hardesty had swept the boxes with her lorgnette. Something that she saw there had made her nervous and once in the cloak-room she delayed. Rimrock waited impatiently and when at last she joined him he forced his way aggressively into the slow-moving crowd and they were swept on down the broad, marble stairs. Once a part of that throng, there was no escaping its surge, and yet, as they drifted with the rest, two great columns of humanity flowing together like twin brooks that join in a river below, she clutched his arm and started back; but the crowd swept her inexorably on. Then Rimrock caught her glance—it was flashing across the foyer to the stream on the other side. He followed it instinctively and there, tripping gracefully down the stairway as he had seen her once before at Gunsight, was Mary Fortune, his girl!

Yes, his girl! Rimrock knew it instantly, the girl he had always loved. The One Woman he could love forever if fate would but give him the chance. He started forward, but a hand restrained him; it was Mrs. Hardesty at his side.

"Where are you going?" she asked and the slim, jewelled fingers closed down on his hand like a vise.

"Let me go!" muttered Rimrock, as he struggled against her; but she jerked him back to her side.

"Don't you dare to humiliate me!" she hissed into his ear, "don't you dare to leave me—for her!"

"It's Mary!" mumbled Rimrock without taking his eyes from her and Mrs. Hardesty tightened her grasp.

"If you do—I'll kill you!" she added dangerously; but Rimrock gave no heed. He had forgotten all about her; forgotten she was there, the dead weight that was holding him back; all he saw was Mary, more radiant than ever, moving towards him down the stairs. She was dressed in soft white and her glorious brown hair, that had before been crushed down beneath its clasp, was fluffed out now in all its beauty; and she talked and laughed as she came. At her side was an elderly, distinguished gentleman who listened with an indulgent smile—and then they were engulfed in the crowd. The mass of humanity that had swept them down the stairway closed in and swallowed them up.

She was gone—but she was there—right there through the crowd—and Rimrock started towards her. Mrs. Hardesty followed, dragged on by main strength, and then resolutely she set her feet. The outraged escorts of jostled ladies formed a solid phalanx against him and Rimrock wheeled impatiently.

"Let go of my arm!" he commanded savagely and then he met her eyes. If he had doubted before the nature of the tiger woman he could read it now at a glance. She was choking with anger and her thin, even teeth were bared as she hissed out her breath; and then she spoke, very quietly:

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"If you are a gentleman," she said in his ear, "you will not fail to escort me home. Otherwise—"

She stopped, but the roll of her eyes conveyed a threat that went beyond words. She was a tigress, after all, a woman of dark passions and uncontrolled anger, a woman who beneath her languid grace had the strength and the courage to strike. And now as she faced him the mill-race of people surged against them and carried them on. They moved with the crowd, there was no escape, and she lashed him with bitter words. He listened, unchastened, his head held high, his eyes still seeking for Mary; and as they plunged into the opposing currents of the street, he met her, face to face.

THE distinguished man was talking now and Mary was listening to what he said; yet her eyes, that were accustomed to read from the lips, were now free to look about. A swift, unbidden gladness leapt up into them at first as she recognized Rimrock in the crowd; and then, quick as lightning, she saw the other woman and the glad look went out of her eyes. They flared up suddenly with the old anger and resentment and as quickly took on a distant stare. Then they turned to her escort and as Rimrock was shoved past them he heard her answer him pleasantly. It was just a word, only a fraction of a word, and then Mrs. Hardesty broke in. What she said fell again upon unheeding ears, but Rimrock knew it was harsh. Harsh and threatening and yet with an undertone of passion that thrilled him against his will.

He found himself in a gliding auto, with the street lights twinkling past, and there he came out of his dream. "What's the matter with you?" he asked at last as he discovered her still weeping quietly, and she burst into hysterical tears.

"What's the matter!" she echoed, "why, can't you see? I'm in love with you—that's what's the matter! Oh, I hate that woman! She's a cruel thing—didn't you see the way she looked at me? But I'll pay her back, I'll get even with her yet! Ah, my God, how I hate the sight of her!"

She fell to weeping and Rimrock, silenced, drew away and left her alone. Then the automobile stopped and through the glass they could see the imposing entrance of the St. Cyn-gia. The chauffeur reached back and threw open the door and Rimrock leapt quickly out, but Mrs. Hardesty did not follow. She sat in the half-darkness, composing her hair and working swiftly to cover the traces of tears; and when she stepped out she was calm.

"Excuse me," she whispered as he led her towards the door, "I didn't mean what I said. But I do love you, Rimrock, in spite of myself, and—won't you come in for a moment?"

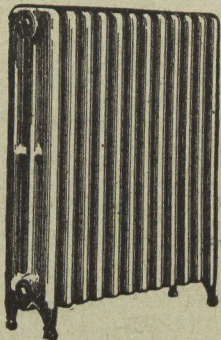
They stood at the entrance and the Sphinxlike doorman opened the door to let them pass. Outside it was cold and from the portals there came forth a breath of warm air, but for the first time Rimrock held back.

"No, thank you very much," he said, bowing formally, and turned quickly back towards the car. She watched him a moment, then drew her cloak about her and hurried in swiftly through the door.

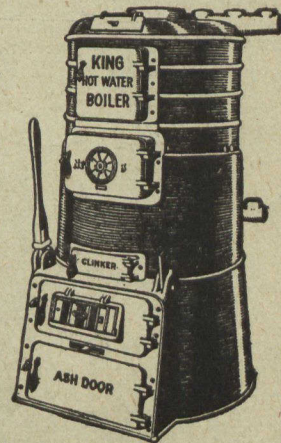
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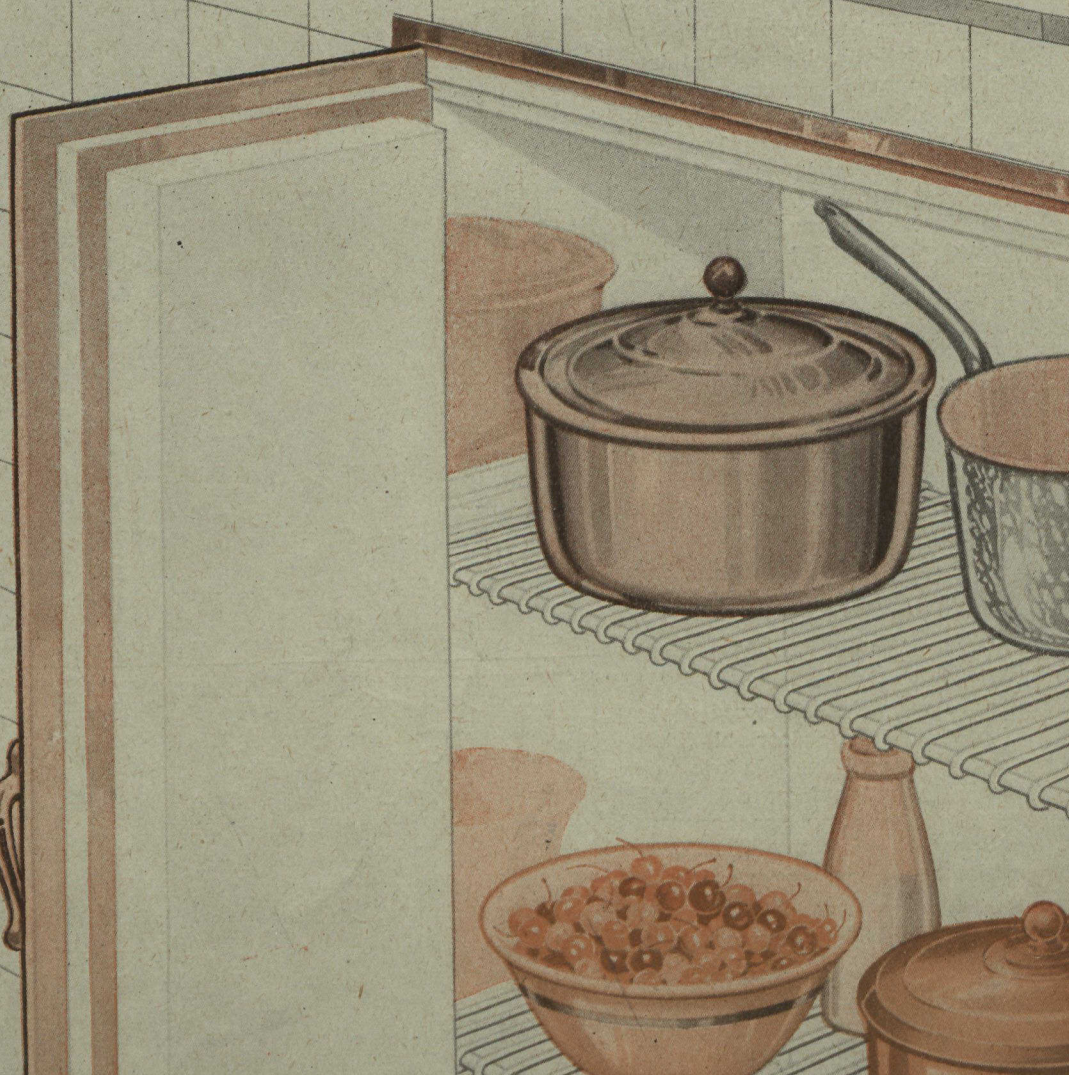
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