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# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West

Devoted to COMMUNITY · SERVICE · FEARLESS · FAIR & FREE

Volume XV.

JANUARY 1920

No. 4

## FORWARD!

Backward glance we, glad and grateful for the good of yester  
year:  
Health and home, with joy in working, faithful friends and books  
that cheer :

Yet with ever eager outlook we this life's horizon scan,  
Sounding, forward, forward brothers, help the upward march of  
man !

Men, our kindred, died in millions to maintain fair Freedom's  
Right.

Facing foes and fiendish monsters to dethrone the lords of Might.

"Crown king 'Demos!'", is the cry now; "Hail the democratic  
reign!"

Still the selfish brute-force dares us, making profit out of pain.

Kneel we at the year's beginning; let us pray the Highest Power  
That the mantle of our heroes fall upon us at this hour :

Self-surrender, service willing, sacrifice unto the end.  
May we learn with all our strivings brotherhood like theirs to  
blend.

With the dawn of heavenly daylight let a Christlier race arise  
With the vision of God's purpose in their newly-wakened eyes.

—D. A. C.

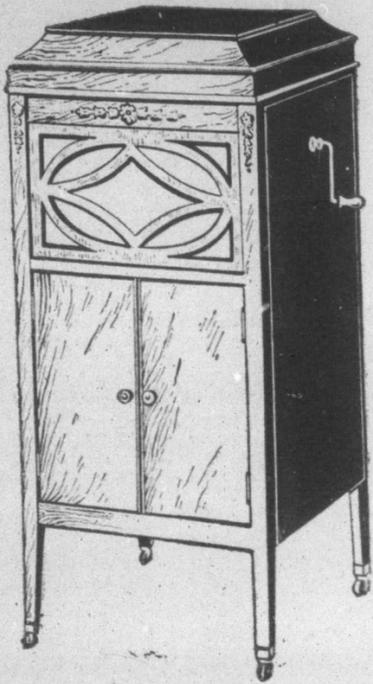
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but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction.

"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

Vol. XV.

JANUARY, 1920

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### BRITISH COLUMBIA PUBLIC MEN AND THE B. C. M.

[NOTE.—The management of the B. C. M. has invited representative public men in various circles to give us independent opinions concerning the work and field of service of this magazine, and we shall from time to time publish these, or excerpts from them.—Ed. B. C. M.]

#### I.—SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER

In addressing a reply to the editor, Sir Charles wrote:

"I read your issue of the British Columbia Monthly for October last, and, knowing you as I do, I am not surprised to find it intensely interesting and instructive."

"A journal of this character cannot fail to be of benefit to the community, and in my opinion, deserves every support. It certainly attracts attention in an alluring way to our resources, and keeps us advised at the same time of the world movements and problems. It gives us ideas of possible improvements in social conditions, so devoutly to be desired, and of what is really meant by the "Brotherhood of Man."

"This issue, I am sure, will appeal to those who can lift their thoughts above the office desk."

#### PRINTERS' (T)ERRORS

Like other workers associated with printing, we have more than once had occasion to refer to printers' errors, which at times might be spoken of as "terrors" to the writer or editor anxious to be accurate in detail.

The usual proof-reader of this magazine may claim to have proved himself (in press work and in proof-reading books, etc., of friends) about as near letter-perfect in checking as it is possible to be. But in the publishing business, as in other work, no matter how careful any one may be, he is usually dependent to some extent on the care exercised by others.

Not infrequently it happens that, if a publication is to be got through the press in a given time, the checking of some proofs must be left to others; and as a result some of the most annoying typographical errors are sometimes made (and passed) when a linotype operator is making a final correction.

It was in such a way that a mistake occurred in the December B.C.M. when the phrase "shirt-distance" was substituted for "short-distance" in regard to Mr. Robert Watson's running. It was not meant to suggest that the author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" and "The Girl of O. K. Valley" has done his "running" in anything but the regulation costume, or that the distances were measured by any other standard than that of and by feet.

(Continued on Page 16)

## The Failure of Japanese Imperialism in Korea

### Part II

(Written for the B.C.M. by a writer of education, experience and insight.)

ANOTHER example of this "race discrimination" is to be found in her system of official appointments. This is the natural outgrowth of her military policy, and depends upon the educational system for an excuse for its continuance. The ignorance and incapacity of the Korean officials of the former regime was made the excuse for the wholesale employment of Japanese in the higher official service. It was fondly hoped by Koreans that as the years went by and their stronger men acquired more experience and were educated under the Japanese administration, that the higher official positions would be thrown open to them. The opposite has been the policy and practice of the Japanese. In 1910 six out of thirteen provincial governors were Korean, now there are only three. At that time all district magistracies were held by Koreans, now at least one-seventh of the largest districts are governed by Japanese magistrates, and even in some places the village provostship has been transferred to Japanese hands. The number of judgeships that have gone to Koreans is very small, and all school principals are Japanese. The story is the same in every public department. But it is not only in the filling of offices that the discrimination appears, but also in the dignity and remuneration attaching thereto. The Japanese officials of same rank receive 40 p.c. higher salaries than the Koreans, and in addition allowances for colonial service. This may happen in the case of men who graduate from the same school. One need not labor the point that the Japanese regard themselves as the superior race. It appears no less among the educated than among the lower classes. The most dignified Korean official, if met by a Japanese stranger, would invariably be conscious of the other's sense of superiority, and in the same business office the overbearing manner of the Japanese to their Korean assistants is evident enough even to the passer-by.

Look at the administration from whatever point you will, the aim of the Japanese to make Korea a preserve for Japanese officialdom, and exploit her for the benefit of Japan and Japanese colonists, stands out as clear as the day. Visit the large harbors and you find that the land adjoining the docks is monopolized by the Japanese, and the Koreans denied building rights within the Japanese section. The crown lands that have been held in perpetual lease by generations of Korean farmers have been sold by the government almost exclusively to Japanese settlers. For this reason the immigration to Manchuria has been increasing year by year. The banking system of the peninsula has been greatly extended and improved, and is increasingly proving a boon to the natives. But it is surely unfortunate that, with the possible exception of the Kanjo Bank, all the managers and nine-tenths of the clerks are Japanese. It is this wholesale handicapping of the Korean youth that engenders the disaffection which has recently shown itself. This, coming as it does from a people who are so strongly urging their policy of "No Race Discrimination," is, to say the least, an aspersion on Japanese sincerity. Discrimination runs through their whole imperial policy, is applied even in their private business enterprises, and is perpetuated by their school system. For not only are Japanese and Korean children separated in their schools, but the standard of education is higher for the Japanese than it is for the Korean.

The origin of the present demonstration in favor of independence has to be sought, then, in the persevering national spirit, in the Korean's keen sense of humiliation, and in a due appreciation of the evils and deficiencies of the present administration. It has an immediate cause which will be noted

below, but the movement is by no means "a sporadic revival of patriotism, based upon false reports and instigated by a few individuals." There are three classes principally involved, but a fourth followed spontaneously and swept all Korea into the movement.

(A) The Japanese lay the chief blame upon a sect called "The Church of the Heavenly Way." Their creed is a simple one of two lines, which, however, may not be as colorless as it looks:

Who waits on God Shall wield God's might;  
Who ne'er forgets All things come right.

Forgets what? To the initiated this may hold more than a religious meaning. Be that as it may, it is worth noting that this sect has been in existence, under this name, since annexation. Its membership exceeds a million. On three gala days enormous crowds gather in the capital and throughout the country ostensibly to worship, but in reality to perpetuate the spirit of patriotism, and incidentally to provide the organization for a united effort when "The Day" should arrive. The sect is avowedly politico-religious and their prominence in the recent demonstrations is easily accounted for.

(B) The same cannot be said of the native Christian church. For many years the Korean Christians have been without hope in this world. So lacking has been their interest in political affairs that the chief tenet of their faith has been the second coming of Christ. The Japanese themselves have been severe in their criticism of the "other-worldliness" of the Christian community. It was a surprise, therefore, to the officials, and to the missionaries no less, when the church threw off its cloak of indifference and unanimously began to tackle the political problem of the country. The Japanese interpretation of this phenomena is a comment upon the official mind. They refuse to think that the Korean people could have conceived or carried through such a movement without the aid of the foreign missionaries. They have despised the ability of the Korean, and have made it their policy to crush all initiative. Hence their surprise and displeasure at its wonderful achievement. Hence, too, their mad rage against the Christians. Profession of faith is a heinous crime, and a proof that the believer is in league with the foreigner against Japan. The Korean is denied the credit of being able to think or act independently. The prominent part played by the Christians in the revolt is only proof that the more enlightened and more sensitive natures are to be found in the church. And who but a prig would deny that political wisdom might be expected even from a Christian.

(C) The third class involved consists of Koreans abroad. Students and business men in Japan, China, Russia and America cannot fail to be influenced by the present world movements. The problems of the Peace Conference are their problems. Most of them have left Korea as a protest against Japanese rule, and it is inevitable that their correspondence with friends in Korea should have nourished the patient but persistent anticipations of "The Day."

(D) The educated Koreans are to be found in one or other of the above classes, or in the Buddhist faith. Little mention has been made of the part played by Buddhists in the rising, but two of their leading priests signed the declaration of independence, and demonstrations took place in many of their monasteries. But it was not from the educated classes alone that the protest came. Despite the censorship of the Japanese press which left many places completely isolated, the country people spontaneously rose throughout the whole land. This can only be explained by the assumption that it needed only a rumor to rouse the national spirit from its seeming lethargy. Old men and ignorant peasants joined in the demonstration. Forbidden oracles and prophecies were brought from the recesses of the past and discussed. "Wai Wang Sam Nyun, Ka Jung Pal Nyun, a five hundred-year-old  
(Concluded on Page 16)

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# Germany Today---Living and Its Cost

By Edward Wm. Towler

A RECENT letter from an English resident in Germany gives an interesting sidelight on the cost of living in Germany today. It appears that at no period of the war was she in such dire straits for foods and commodities than she now is.

In the first place it must be stated that the mark, holds good in Germany as a standard mark, and European exchange rates do not cut it down in its own borders. Its purchasing power stands the same as in old pre-war days.

There can be no doubt that throughout many of the larger centres there runs a decided undercurrent of Russian Sovietism. My correspondent informs me that since the "Revolution", (the words are his) the working classes are practically masters of the situation. Notwithstanding the tremendous cost of everything, they can, through the high wages prevailing, afford to buy anything they require, except rationed foods. They go about clad in silks, satins, everything of the best; while the worst off are those who have medium fortunes.

## High Rates and Weekly Rations.

Today, one spool of sewing cotton costs a dollar of our money. In England it is 15 cents. A pair of children's boots costs \$45 and an adult's \$75. Dress stuffs \$18 to \$20 per yard. The government ration by card is as follows: 1 oz butter, 7 lbs. potatoes, 3 oz. meat, 4 lbs. of bread and 1 pint of milk for children under 4 years of age. All the foregoing is the ration for one week. Other vegetables and fruit are so dear as to be in reach only of the very richest. There is hardly a house with a fire as the city is without coal and when the letter was written freezing temperatures were being experienced. Owing to the coal shortage, no gas worth speaking of is being manufactured, therefore all gas ranges are cut off from supply from 8 a.m. until 4.30 p.m. Sometimes a small coke fire is allowed from 11 a.m. until 1 p.m. provided you are lucky enough to have the coke.

## The Housing Problem Solution?

Housing is so much of a problem that according to the size of your house people and families are billeted with you. This is a compulsory law and everyone has to abide by it. Many strange anomalies are seen thereby as the rich who had their exclusive mansions are now forced to give up so many rooms to whoever may demand. Some of them having been forced to provide accommodation for whole families of former servants.

## The Melting Pot of War.

During the war, every house was stripped clean of all copper, aluminum, gold, silver, pewter and leather. Every place was systematically searched and routed out, and woe betide he, or she, who hoped to save some cherished piece of jewelry or heirloom, by hiding it. Condemnation was the punishment. The price paid was so ridiculously small that the whole thing was simply a commandeering raid, carried through with true German disregard to feelings, and the things taken without a "thank you". Dinner services of old pewter and silver, almost priceless, went into the melting pot of war. Nothing was sacred, the "Deus ex Machine" of militarism demanded sacrifice and upon the altar of war the household gods were immolated.

## Is Germany Crushed?

It would seem that Germany is by no means the crushed country we are led to believe she is. Everywhere work is proceeding at a feverish pace. That there can be no unem-

ployed is proved by the enormous wages being paid and the tremendous prices that range for every day articles. The proof, therefore, is undoubted that labor is in such demand as never before. In pre-war days, the writer visited Germany often and then wages were far below the lowest wage scale then existing in England. In a factory that I visited, a foreman bossing some forty men or more was paid at the equivalent of \$6.00 per week for a 12 hours day, and for that sum had to put a certain amount of time in on Sunday morning.

## Shall Inviolate Germany Surprise the World?

Since the war, or rather the Revolution, the whole of the old system has been swept away and with the advent of the rule of the People a new regime is holding sway. They are being paid what they demand and the demand is evidently high. Notwithstanding all that, work is proceeding all over Germany at a high tension voltage—for what? She has not been war swept as was France and Belgium. Her factories, her industries, her mills, are inviolate. It would appear upon the face of things that Germany, who has no time for strikes or labor disputes, is making her supreme effort, even as France made hers when Bismarck staggered her with his war indemnity after the debacle of 1870-71. That debt was to place France under the heel of Germany for generations, yet it did nothing of the kind. France was herself again within a few short years. If history repeats itself, and we are taught that it does, then it is probable that the staggering war indemnity the Allies have laid upon Germany may not be so staggering after all. In an era when money has lost all attributes of old values, when today, countries, Dominions, Colonies, are asked to raise sums ranging from billions down to our own last Victory Loan of \$600,000,000, and do raise them; money appears, as I have said, to lose its value—or shall I say, our conception of its value. In Germany before the war, if you paid \$2.00 for a pair of shoes that was a fair price. Today that price is \$60 or \$70. Now if the money is raised to pay that price, and it is, is it not, probable that the staggering war indemnity we have laid Germany under, may not be so staggering after all, in the face of the new value money appears to have?

## Is Germany Playing a Wily Game?

We read in the Press of Spartacans, Bolsheviki and anarchistic riots taking place in many of the great centres of Germany. My correspondent is strangely silent upon that. Germany is too busy for strikes. She is too busy for incipient revolutions. It is a German "canard" given out for German political reasons and to give the Allies the impression she is a broken and divided nation, hopelessly split apart, so rent and torn with internal dissension that she can never be a composite whole again.

Germany is pursuing today tactics that will undoubtedly allow herself to be a stronger and more powerful and rehabilitated nation in far shorter time than we give her credit for. Her trade emissaries are already in England, and in France seeking raw materials, and a statement in the money market columns of the Press the other day said "France is openly dealing with Germany because she is getting a better rate of exchange for the franc than can be obtained in the States."

## What About Trading With the Enemy?

During the war how many fervid speeches were made in the English House of Commons, the French Chamber and other legislatures stating that never would we trade with Ger-

many again—even down to the merchant marine of England who have sworn not to carry German goods for ten years.

Even with Peace still unsigned, trading had already begun. Statesmen who before denounced, state openly we must trade because unless Germany can manufacture for the markets of the world, she cannot possibly pay her debts. Commonsense told us this; we knew it all along. It is ever the old story, Countries cannot be boycotted or tabooed in this age of industrialism, however much we may wish that to be done. However much it goes against our grain—and God knows it does—it would appear we are powerless. I doubt if any sober-thinking, intelligent man thought otherwise. In view of this it will be interesting to watch the stand that the merchant service take and the Seaman's Union.

#### May the Kaiser Get Back to Berlin?

What is to be the fate of the Kaiser? Is he going to be tried for his crime against the world? It does not look like it. He is dying a natural death, quickly in Amerongen, and one of these days you will see him back in Berlin. The Dutch Government state he is not a prisoner, but a guest and free to go or come, and that he will not be given up. Does it not strike one that the reason Germany spared Holland, never invading her borders once (she who had so ruthlessly broken every treaty) was just for this, that in the event of her losing the war, the Kaiser would have a safe refuge? It looks strangely like it.

In a current issue of a magazine, I read that in Berlin the electric signs of theatres and restaurants, clubs, establishments, etc., named after the Kaiser, have not taken down the glass bulbs that spell his name, they are only temporarily covered or blocked out by canvas cloth tacked over them. They are ready then for any emergency.

A plain statement of Germany today does not show her to us as a beaten or a crushed country whatever she may try to lead us to think. She has a debt to pay that no nation was ever loaded with in all history. It should be enough to keep the heel of the League of Nations on her neck for the next century; but will it? As Mr. Kipling would say "that is another story."

No one ever dreamed of the fabulous wealth hidden in the heart of Britain. The billions of dollars she poured forth was one of the most amazing tributes to her greatness that could possibly be given. The world was astonished. Canada, our own fair Dominion, that used in pre-war days to float her little ten and twenty million dollar loans in the mother country, found that all unknowingly she had a mine of undiscovered wealth here in her own home, and we produced two or three billions of dollars. South Africa, Australia, New Zealand found their feet the same way. From every corner money poured in an unending stream.

Taking this as a basis it is possible that Germany is not nearly as "broke" as we think she is.

#### Whatever Happens, Germany Needs Watching.

American correspondents tell us gaiety and pleasure rule in Leipsic, in Stuttgart, Wiemar, Berlin, and other centres, and that the people seem utterly oblivious of the precipice upon whose edge they are standing. Possibly the precipice exists only in the American mind, and not in the Germans. It may be that Germany is like unto Nero who fiddled when Rome burned and that she is dancing at her own funeral, so to speak, but I doubt it. I think there is either a "joker in the deck" or she will stage a "come-back" that will astonish the civilised world. In any event she must be watched, and watched narrowly. "The Day" for Germany was extinguished in the blackest of nights; but they are already looking for dawn, and Peace unsigned. Despite the fact that the League of Nations limited the standing Army to about 100,000, Hindenburg has today some 700,000 men under his standard in and around Berlin. Germany is like the god Janus, she has two faces, one for Allies and one for the German people; both will bear watching with the strictest vigilance.

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By ROBERT WATSON

Author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman." "The Girl of O. K. Valley." etc.

## SKETCH NO. III.—SAM'S FIRST HAIRCUT IN CANADA.

Mrs. Sands' little front bedroom was not long in taking on a flavour of Sam.

It is quite possible to tell a man's character from a glimpse into his bedroom. It is impossible to be mistaken in Sam's.

On a table at the side of his bed, a Bible sits on top of the "Auchtertory Gazette." Two pairs of number eleven boots and a pair of carpet slippers peep out from under his bed. On the wall, above the bureau, hangs a golden text, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well," handsewn on cloth by Sam's mother. On the opposite wall is an oak-framed picture of the Auchtertory Football Club in full uniform, with Sam in the background in a double-jersey, gloves, and wearing a cap—telling all who know anything of football that Sam used to be the gallant defender of the uprights.

In a brass frame, on the right-hand side of the bureau, is a photograph of Sam's mother and father in their Sunday best,—rugged, stern, but of kindly countenances. A twin frame to this occupies the left-hand side and holds a picture of a sweet-faced, young Scots lass, sitting stiffly and primly in a chair, holding a book for effect.

For want of better information we have called this young lady "Maggie." Sam accepts the name and does not try to enlighten us as to the correct one.

In a row, on an improvised shelf, are a dozen books for boys; R. M. Ballantyne, G. A. Henty, the Lives of Livingstone and Chalmers, a Bible Concordance and a Nuttall's Standard Dictionary. In the fly-leaf of most of them is a label bearing the name of the Auchtertory United Free Church Sabbath School, and the words, "Presented to Samuel MacPhail for Regular Attendance and General Excellence." Not a year is missed from the time Sam was five years old till the year he left Auchtertory.

A huge bottle of ink, a blotting pad and a pile of note-paper and envelopes complete the visible adornments of Sam's bedroom.

On the second Saturday evening after Sam's arrival, we had him down town to see the sights.

We liked having him with us; it was such fun watching his surprise at anything new or strange that struck him.

He would stand and gape, and turn around at every Chinaman who passed him, following each Oriental with his eyes, as if "John" were a Barnum freak.

"Dod! but they're the queer-lookin', slippery-lookin', half-starved cratur's," he would remark.

However, it was not long ere he got used to them, they were so numerous.

Sam very strongly resented having to pay "twopence-ha'penny," as he styled it, for a tramcar ride.

"Man," he would protest, "it's awfu' dear. In Glesca you can get as muckle for a ha'penny. In Auchtertory—you just walk.

"Why are a' these men sittin' in the shop windows like a when wax figures?" he asked, stopping up in front of a large hotel.

"Come on," cried Jim, impatiently. "You're just like a country bumpkin. These folks aren't on exhibition. That is an hotel. These people are staying there. They sit in the windows to rest and, at the same time, to enjoy the sights of the passers-by."

"They're no' a bit bashfu'," pawkily remarked Sam.

"Jim," he asked suddenly, "do you think I'm needin' my hair cut?"

"You bet your life you are," answered Jim. "Your hair is creeping in a mouse tail down the back of your neck and over your collar. Come on in here. We'll wait for you."

We led the way into one of the most up-to-date barber-shops in the city; one of those places with appliances and contrivances that remind one of a dentist's parlour or the sub-station of an electric railway. It had great mirrors everywhere that made one wonder whether he were himself or merely his reflection.

On the American Continent the most trivial service seems to be converted into an art to which a thousand fringes are added; fringes that are most pleasant, but altogether unnecessary; until one almost requires to have an anaesthetic and to undergo a surgical operation in order to have his hair combed.

As we went into the shop, a dozen white-uniformed individuals sprang to attention in a line, one at each chair.

Sam started back nervously, but we kept pushing him forward.

With a grin, a Goliath of a nigger jerked Sam's hat out of his hand. Sam's eye followed that hat until he saw it safely hanging on a peg. He looked at us in desperation; then, seeing no hope, he flung himself into the nearest chair.

"Shave sir?" asked a business-like barber. Sam hadn't a hair on his upper lip.

"No! I would like my hair cut," replied Sam.

"Yes, sir! Medium, sir?" he asked, flourishing a cotton cover around and tucking it under Sam's chin.

"As short as you can," said Sam.

"Lawn-mower, sir?"

"Whit?"

"Shall I use the machine on the edges, sir?"

"Please yourself. It's you that's doin' the job," came the answer.

There was silence for a little while, then the barber spoke again.

"Do you shave the neck, sir?"

"Do I what?"

"That is—Canadian style, sir—neck shave. Maybe you prefer English style, sir?" he put in politely, guessing Sam was a new-arrival.

"Just gie me a plain, Scotch haircut, and nae nonsense," answered Sam, a bit testily.

Then, as if to increase Sam's troubles, the nigger returned to the scene, loaded up with a bunch of gear. He peered at Sam's feet, then into his eyes.

"Shine, sah? Shine yo' shoes?"

Taking silence for consent, he had almost started in, when Sam seemed to wake up.

"Do ye take me for an invalid," he exclaimed. "I've blacked my ain boots since I was five and I'm no' goin' to have them blacked by a black boot-black noo. Forby—I cleaned them just before I came oot o' the hoose."

"Yes, sah! Yes, sah! No offense, sah!" grinned the coon, departing.

"Would you care to have a shampoo, sir?" asked the barber, renewing the attack.

"What does it cost?" asked Sam.

"Fifty cents extra, sir!"

"Never mind it," said Sam decisively, leaning back limply in the chair.

"A lot of dandruff in your scalp, sir! Maybe you would

care to have an olive-oil treatment. Then the new Mange Cure is invaluable. Really, sir—you ought to try it."

"I'll think about it when I ha'e the mange," came the curt reply.

The barber was getting to the end, but he was game to the last.

"Wouldn't you like a face-massage, sir?"

"Is that that operation wi' the bilin'-hot cloots?" asked Sam, with some interest.

"Yes, sir!" said the barber, without having the slightest idea what Sam really meant.

"What does it cost?"

"Electric—one dollar: hand-massage—fifty cents, sir!"

"Och, never mind them! I'll just gie my face an extra lick o' soap and hot water the morn's mornin'."

"Hair brushed wet or dry, sir?"

Sam sighed as if he were going through the "third degree."

"What do you wet it wi'?"

"Bay Rum, Herpicide, Oil—anything you like, sir."

"Oh! gie it a touch o' hair-oil and be done wi' it."

The barber finished his work and handed Sam a check.

Sam looked at it. Then he glared at it.

"Forty-five cents!" he cried. "Up there on that ticket it says one-and-fivepence-ha'penny, I mean, thirty-five cents. And it's plenty tae hair-cut a whole regiment o' sodgers."

"Ten cents extra for the oil, sir!" politely informed the barber, without so much as the vestige of a smile.

Sam looked at him fiercely, and, for a moment, we thought there was going to be a stand-up fight: but he swallowed his wrath, paid the cashier and made for his hat. But the big nigger got there before him and commenced to dust his head-gear with great gusto. Then he commenced whisking Sam's coat-collar and belaboring Sam's back, slapping his own knee loudly for effect at every stroke of the whisk.

Sam struggled to get away from him, but the black fellow followed him right to the door, taking advantage of every movement of Sam's and getting in his way, whisking and slapping obsequiously.

At last the worm turned.

"Look here, ye black deevil! Keep your broom to yersel'. Do ye take me for a curlin' rink?"

When we got outside, Sam mopped the perspiration from his face.

"Man," he said, "that's the first and the last for me. I would raither go through a wringer than stand that again. Next time I need my hair cut I'll get Mrs. Sands to do the job.

"And, to think o' it—he beat me after a'. What do you think? ten cents—whole five-pence, for two-three drops o' hair-oil. It's sheer highway robbery. A man would ha'e to earn big wages out here."

(No. IV. in next issue.)

## The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

Point Grey has called to its School Board a competent educator in the person of Mr. G. E. McKee, Principal of Mount Pleasant Public School, Vancouver. Congratulations! Point Gray.

In direct contrast to the foregoing is the position in Vancouver City. Four vacancies on the school Board were to be filled. Six candidates were nominated. Two of the six candidates were fairly competent. The other four might have been held qualified as being somewhat interested in Education. Apart from that they would be neither any good nor any harm. Added to this, one of them allegedly had "An axe to grind," while another educationally speaking was a joke.

Mr. Fisher, one of the fairly qualified candidates, was defeated.

Judged by these results one might paraphrase a famous statement in referring to the Vancouver City electors regarding their Educational interest by saying "there were some forty-nine thousand, mostly lacking the brains to be fools."

Vancouver from an Educational standpoint needs a supply of fools.

Alfred de Cassagnac believed in the motor power of steam. He was a fool and they put him in the mad house. Today in an age of steam and electricity we reverence the fool.

An eminent engineer declared the practicability of iron steamships. He was a fool. "Iron was heavier than water and must therefore needs sink." Today evidences of his folly in the shape of iron steamships, cover all our navigable waters.

Vancouver needs fools of this kind. She needs fools who will refuse to house her school children in hideous barn-like structures which destroy instead of cultivate a sense of beauty. Fools who believe that a touch of nature in a tree-decked play ground, decorated in some rude fashion after nature plans, is an important part of any really educational institution. Fools on the School Board who will co-operate with fools among the teachers to equip the child life of the City, and give it a real chance to live. Fools who will be deaf alike to the cries of the incensed ratepayer compelled by the demands on his pocketbook, to understand that, like every other good thing, a real education costs money, and to the faddists, whose chief result is either to add some highly ornate and useless feature to the undesirable chaos already existing, or to interject some useful plan or idea into conditions which rob it of all use and benefit.

Have we such fools in our midst? Failing that, have we some of whom it might be said "we would that thou wert not quite, but altogether fools?"

### QUOTATIONS FOR THE JUNIORS

Young man keep thy record clean.

The man is all.

His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world "This was a man."

"To thine own self be true..... thou cans't not then be false to any man."

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## Educational Men and Matters

### THE TEACHER AND THE SCHOOL

By Thomas Allardyce Brough

NOW that the titanic struggle which broke upon the world in 1914 has been succeeded by a seeming peace, those who have eyes to see are conscious of the fact that one age in human development has come to a close, and that another order of things is due us, to be realized through evolution if we are wise, but through revolution if we are unwise.

In this age of reconstruction, of evolution, as we trust it may prove, the wise man sees in the teacher and the school an influence second perhaps to no other in power and beneficence. Therefore I make no apology for touching on one of the questions of greatest interest in connection with our primary and secondary schools, the question, namely, of the man teacher and the woman teacher.

In the early days of the public school in Canada the teachers were almost exclusively men. Those were the days of physical force in education, and it was felt that it took a man to handle the big boys and often mature men who were to be found in the schools in the winter months. There was a lurking suspicion, too, in some quarters, that the average woman's endowment in brain-power was limited.

But milder manners gradually prevailed; moral suasion began to dispute the preeminence with physical force, and here and there the woman teacher proved her capacity both to teach and to govern a school. The fiction of woman's mental incapacity also faded slowly away when about forty years ago the universities opened their doors to women students, who not only showed themselves capable of passing examinations and taking degrees, but frequently, also, won standing amongst the prize-winners and medallists.

From that day to this there has been a steady increase in the percentage of women teachers in our schools, a corresponding decrease, of course, in the percentage of men teachers, until one sometimes fears that at no distant date the man teacher will be as rare as the dodo. At present in Vancouver, in our public and high schools, there are, in round numbers, three women teachers for every teacher of the other sex.

The claim I am about to make may appear ungallant, and I may be classed as a poor sport, when I say that the victory won by the women has not been the result of a contest altogether even. Many boards of trustees have considered appointments mainly from the point of view of dollars and cents, and have selected women teachers on the score of "cheapness," to save the pockets of the ratepayers. But these days are passing. "Equal pay for equal work" is the slogan of the new voter.

The claim is just, if we can but measure the work. A moment's reflection, however, will serve to convince us that we cannot measure the work of any class of teachers, men or women, and appraise its value in money. The teacher's best work cannot be paid for in this medium of exchange: the bulls and the bears of the stock-market cannot make or break the influence that may inspire the boy or girl throughout life. In short, if we are to discuss the question of the man teacher and the woman teacher on its merits, the element of salary must in the meantime be left entirely out of consideration. We must first endeavor to decide what is best for the child and for the state, irrespective of cost. When we reach a decision on this the financial side of the case will come up for settlement.

That women have proved their abundant fitness for the work of teaching must be admitted by the most skeptical.

In fact they have been so successful that one may be pardoned for asking in all seriousness whether the field should not as soon as possible be abandoned to them. And if teaching is not a man's job, the sooner he is out of it the better for himself and the schools. Sentiment should not be permitted to weigh with or in a matter so momentous.

Happily Nature stands ready to help us in our difficulty. She has in her wisdom seen fit to give the child a father and a mother. The home was the first school, and the father and mother the earliest teachers. But as specialization developed with the progress of civilization, special schools became necessary to teach children what their parents could not so well teach them at home, and to train them with others as members of larger social organizations. In these schools the teachers are in loco parentum, and at the same time special officers of the state. And it is at once evident that unless there are both men teachers and women teachers in our schools neither parents nor state are adequately represented. Each class of teacher, also, should be assigned the work it is best fitted to do. It is not a question of the superiority of one over the other: the good of the child and its value to the state is,—first, last and always,—the one matter to be considered.

With this principle in mind it will be found as a rule that the mother instinct makes women the more suitable teachers for young children. The child's nature in early years responds more readily to her influence. But as it develops it responds more and more to the influence of the man teacher, and when the scale is turned it is better that its school training should be mainly, though not exclusively, in his hands. From the age of six to ten the average child is not likely to suffer much in being left to the care of women teachers. But from this age I am convinced that its best interest as an individual and as a future citizen will be most fully served if it is brought more and more under the influence of men of character and intelligence. I think I am on safe ground when I set forth the claim that on a city staff men teachers and women teachers should be found in about equal numbers.

If education were merely the preparation of pupils for examinations, written and oral, the solution of the problem would not be half so difficult. The best teacher would then be without doubt the teacher who year after year could pass the highest percentage of candidates. Such a person is usually a good teacher, but not always the best. Though it is not the case that the boy who is a dullard in class, and persistently fails in examinations, is likely to be a brilliant success in life, as some would almost persuade us, whilst the brilliant pupil goes down to defeat in later years, it is nevertheless true that examinations measure a pupil's power only partially, and this helps to account for the great contrast sometimes seen between a boy's standing in school and his achievement in after years. Character, common sense, persistence, adaptability and enthusiasm, even without skill in absorbing book learning and in passing examinations, cannot fail in the end to command success, and the constant aim of the really good teacher is to fix and develop these.

Furthermore, every thoughtful observer recognizes that much of what is best in the training of the boy and girl of to-day comes not by way of the class-room at all, but through games and athletic competitions. And here the interested man teacher is invaluable. He leads and trains the boys, and it is a noteworthy fact that the training of the girls in these activities also commonly falls to his lot. Games and sports afford the readiest opportunity for calling forth and

(Continued on page 8)

## Women Lawyers of British Columbia

By Edith M. Cuppage.

The study and practice of law has proved an attractive new field for the woman prepared to pit her mental powers against her brethren, since by an amendment to the Legal Professions Act in 1912 it has been possible for women to be called to the bar of the Province.

Miss Mabel Penery French was the pioneer lady-lawyer in British Columbia, and Mr. W. J. Bowser—now Leader of the Opposition at Victoria but then Attorney-General in the McBride administration—is the officer of the Crown to whom the credit lies for widening the gate into the legal profession.

Like the Attorney-General of that day, a native of New

Brunswick, Miss French had the honor of fighting a winning fight for the entry of women to the legal profession in her native province before coming to Vancouver. Although relinquishing her position at the Vancouver bar to engage in educational and commercial work in the United States, Miss French's place has since been filled by other ambitious girls of our own province, so that the provincial bar now boasts four qualified lady practitioners and a number of girl students who have not yet completed their examinations.

Of British Columbia's four women barristers, three of them, Miss Edith Paterson, Miss Gladys Kitchen, and Miss Leone Lalonde practice in Vancouver, while Miss Muriel Ringland is taking advantage of a wide connection in Victoria.

### THE TEACHER AND THE SCHOOL

(Continued from page 7.)

developing many of the qualities of mind and heart that best become the boy and girl, and that are most certain to ensure success in life. And in this sphere the co-operation of the pupil with the teacher is usually hearty, and often enthusiastic, while in the class-room it may be but indifferent.

If the school, then, is an extension and a complement of the home, a little world of citizens in the making, a miniature of the greater world which the pupils must later enter and for which they should be prepared, it is essential, I think, to the efficiency which this age demands, that our boys and girls there receive their training from both men and women, and from these in about equal numbers.

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MISS RINGLAND

and of British Columbia.

For a year or so after her return to this province Miss Paterson was associated with the legal firm of McNeill, Bird and MacDonald, and made several successful appearances as counsel in court as well as daily appearances as a solicitor in chamber applications in the Supreme Court. Her grasp of legal principles and directness of logic, even more than her sense of humor and pleasing address won for her at once a place of genuine fraternal esteem from her brother lawyers.



MISS PATERSON

Three years ago, Miss Paterson entered Sir Charles Hibbert's Tupper's firm, and until her recent departure to engage in legal practice on her own account, was continually employed under that leading King's counsel in the preparation of commercial law cases, examinations for discovery and arguments on legal questions in judge's chambers.

Miss Gladys Kitchen, who is associated with the office of Mr. A. H. MacNeill, K.C., believes that women will make successful solicitors provided they are willing to work hard, and acquire grey hairs in the pursuit of wisdom. She believes, however that woman's place is in the office and that in the court room she will be a novelty for some years to come. This

clever grey-eyed girl, who is the daughter of Mr. Willard Kitchen, the well-known Eastern railroad contractor, comes from Fredericton, New Brunswick. Her "career" really began in the Fredericton High School where she captured the Lieutenant-Governor's medal for general proficiency. She earned another distinction by heading the provincial examination list on matriculation into the University of New Brunswick, and incidentally a scholarship. She came to Vancouver after graduating in 1913, and took a well earned holiday travelling in Europe with the interesting experience of being in London when war broke out.

When her school friends would discuss their ambitions, Gladys Kitchen always said she would be a lawyer. In 1915 she began her course, and was called to the bar in 1918, the third lady lawyer in the province.

Do women lawyers have hobbies? Oh yes, they are quite feminine in their tastes, and Miss Kitchen generally carries in her leisure hours an adorable bit of brown fluff which on close inspection proves to be a chocolate pomeranian.

Vancouver can claim Miss Leone Lalonde as a townswoman for she has



MISS KITCHEN

lived here since infancy, though born in Quebec. She is conversant with probate work and conveyancing, but believes that a woman can be successful in general practice. On the subject of women in the court room Miss Lalonde says that the novelty is already over, judges and barristers alike having become quite accustomed to the innovation. Miss Lalonde and her sisters barristers are unanimous in agreeing that the attitude of the judges towards the women lawyers is eminently fair and unprejudiced.



MISS LALONDE

Miss Lalonde has received her legal training in the law firm headed by Mr. S. S. Taylor, K.C. Among her attainments, she can claim to be a proficient French scholar, and her services as an interpreter have been commandeered on several occasions in the courts when judges have been struggling to understand foreign witnesses.

To Miss Muriel Ringland of Victoria must be given the credit of experience in municipal law which many barristers might envy. Entering the city hall in the capital in 1910 as a stenographer, she rapidly became interested in municipal affairs. She was articled to Mr. F. A. McDiarmid, city solicitor in June 1914, and called to the bar on July 8, 1919. Those who know her work pay high tribute to her ability as a specialist in municipal law. She is now engaged in general practice, having opened her own office in Victoria. Born in Montreal with French blood in her veins, Miss Ringland is brimful of temperament and patriotism. She is a genuine home

lover and prefers to maintain her families ties to seeking a wider field in her profession.

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## The Lucerne of the Canadian Rockies

By Elizabeth C. Hazelton

"SO we're going to Lucerne, are we, Violet?" The speaker, Dr. Heathcote, pioneer physician as well as pioneer homesteader of a settlement on the eastern edge of Central Alberta, was about to celebrate retirement from practice by taking his first holiday since he landed in Canada fifteen years ago. Choice of location he left to Violet Tremaine who, having recently completed homestead obligations unfulfilled at the time of her husband's death and secured tenants for her farm, had just moved to the Heathcote home. She was going to take the place of the daughter hoped for but never received and the daughter-in-law living too far East to be neighborly.

"Where is this Lucerne?" queried the Doctor's wife, tucking into a satin bag the crochet yoke she could have finished in another fifteen minutes. If her eyesight was unusually keen considering her three-score years, she could not trust it in the shadows of the May evening. "I believe there's a Lucerne in Quebec, but we're not going all that distance," she added almost apprehensively.

"Lucerne is in the Canadian Rockies."

Nodding confidently to his wife, Dr. Heathcote observed blithely "The name Lucerne caught her." An expressive smile and an affirmative nod constituted Mrs. Heathcote's answer, while the doctor leaned back in his chair, stretched his legs, and hung on to his briarwood as though it were the best thing on earth.

Violet smiled too, without, however, offering further explanation. The subject was dropped, and soon they were all absorbed in the discussion of home matters needing adjustment previous to departure the first day of June.

Acquainted with her from her birth, Dr. Heathcote knew a few things about Violet that some people did not know. One of them was that in the middle of a crying spell such as he had always maintained she would have outgrown early had she been blessed with brothers and sisters, she had hung over her father and for the hundredth time sobbed her lament that her name was Mary Jane—not Mary, not Jane, but Mary Jane. She had stopped short at her surname, for in the innocence of her eight years she doubted not but some day she would have a chance to change that. John Longcake, a tradesman, because his father and his grandfather had done business in the same shop before him, and a resident of a southwest suburb of London because his wife, the daughter of a professional man, turned up her nose at the draper shop on Walworth Road and the living rooms above it—had drawn his child to him and gently inquired what name she would have chosen, whereupon she had snuggled her head on his shoulder, dried her tears on his cheek, and breathed into his ear "Violet." With a new name she had gone to a new school. Who beside herself, however, had estimated the fullness of her new life?

Half a dozen years later, Dr. Heathcote, along with her father, mother and aunt, had watched a trembling candidate kneel before the Bishop of London and had seen her quiver at the touch of the prelate's hand on her head. Before the ceremony he had popped in at the confirmation class and heard his god-daughter mumble, with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks, her response to the question, "What is your name?" Yet, who except herself heard her spirit cry "Violet" or saw her soul enshrine itself in the ray that was hers?

Another thing Dr. Heathcote knew was that two years prior to transplanting his family from London to Canada, a bride-to-be upon attaining her majority had slid out of her Clapham home one morning and been married by special license a month ahead of the date set for her wedding, in order to prevent a certain rector singing out, "I publish the banns of marriage between Gerald Massey Tremaine, bachelor, and

Mary Jane Longcake, spinster," for the first, let alone the second and the third, time of asking.

Albeit, there were things that Dr. Heathcote did not know. Only two people had ever known that before Violet and Gerald acknowledged an introduction in a Clapham sitting-room, their eyes had met and their hearts had communed amidst the vibrations of the National Gallery. To Mrs. Heathcote, a long suffering mother had confided that Violet wasted hours staring at landscape paintings and that the National Gallery had given the girl a hankering after a box of paints and a mania for making "daubs." Only Violet knew that the same aspiration which by fits and starts had moved Gerald, steadily possessed her.

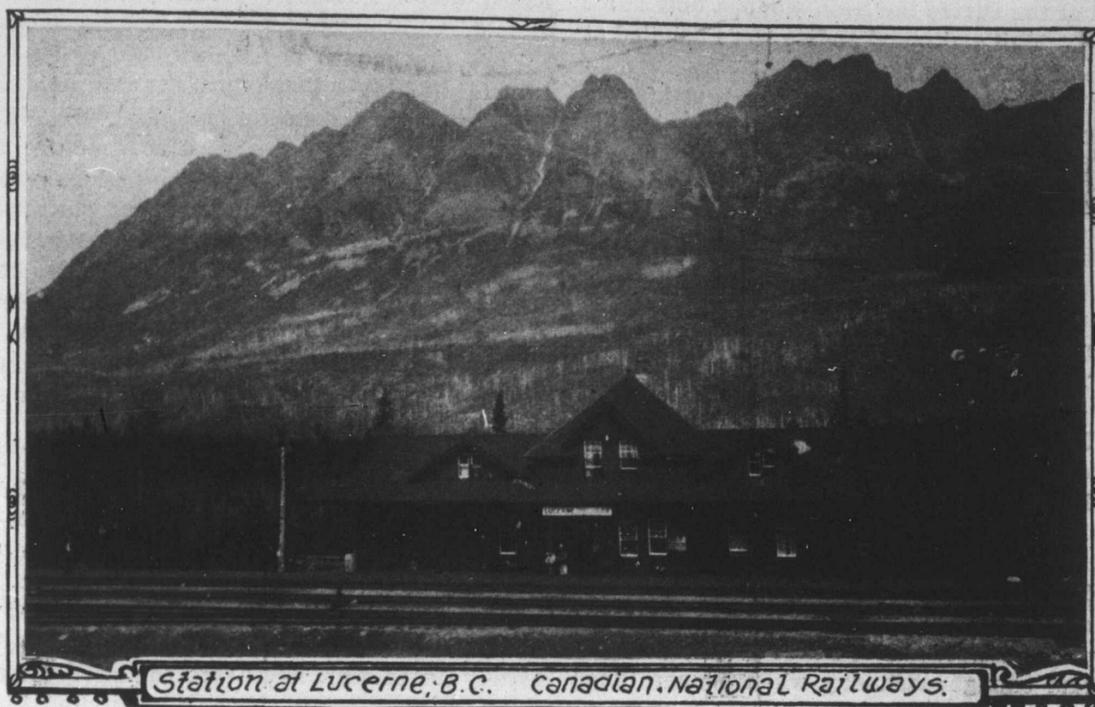
Not until Gerald had passed to the region unseen, yet always near, did Mrs. Heathcote learn that his widow was legally Mary Jane. The smile with which Mrs. Heathcote met her husband's observation "The name Lucerne caught her," arose from knowledge that acquaintances of the Longcake and Tremaine families had never hesitated to express the opinion that Violet married Gerald for the sake of his name.

Within a few days, Dr. Heathcote, his wife and Violet were being whisked toward a new world. That they were bound for Lucerne was all the Heathcote's knew; that they would leave the train at the second station in British Columbia (now the first station, Yellowhead station having been recently destroyed by fire) five miles west of the Summit of Yellowhead Pass was all that Violet knew. Notwithstanding her anxiety to reduce their baggage to the essentials of a camp kit, she had included a kit that had lain for years hidden though forgotten, a box of paints, paint brushes and easel.

Late in the evening they reached Edmonton. There Violet sought information concerning Lucerne. She might have been asking about another planet the way people looked at her. After an hour's wait, westward passengers were ushered into another Grand Trunk Pacific train, one that penetrated British Columbia as far as Fort George some two hundred and thirty-six miles northwest of Yellowhead Summit. That they were allotted a section in a coach named "Lucerne" struck the Heathcotes as a coincidence. To Violet the circumstance was like a shade in the picture she was going to paint.

Upon awakening next morning, their breath was fairly taken away. Ahead, to the north and south towered piles of irregular glistening peaks. Taller and taller, bolder and bolder became the heights until the train was in the midst of them. Alongside the track flowed the Athabasca River, going as fast as the train, only it was going the other way, toward the Arctic Ocean. From north and south came creeks to swell the Athabasca; now and again the river expanded into a lake. Before they were well into Jasper National Park, the doctor and his wife had exhausted their vocabularies and Violet had lost her hearing as well as her speech.

At Jasper (Park headquarters), which was reached about half-past seven, the train stopped forty-five minutes. Up and down the platform the Heathcotes promenaded, keeping close to the train fearful lest it might start up. Meanwhile, Violet made inquiries about Lucerne. She gathered that the Canadian Northern Railway (building through Yellowhead Pass, around and beside the western slope of the Rockies down to Kamloops thence to Vancouver) had chosen Lucerne as a divisional point; that ground was being broken for a townsite; that a man and his wife had opened a restaurant; and that Mack the squatter living on the point jutting out into the lake below the Grand Trunk Pacific station, had put up tents for a party whose stay had been cut short. Anyway, it was only twenty-two miles from Lucerne back to Jasper, where there were first-class accommodations. At that junc-



This picture, the use of which we owe to the courtesy of Canadian National Railway officials, illustrates the district mentioned in the story "The Lucerne of Canadian Rockies."

ture Violet broke off inquiries. She intended to stay at Lucerne and nowhere else.

Those trains that began the year before the war to travel the easiest grade of the Canadian Rockies yet crossed by a railroad, included no observation cars, much less guides to indicate and dilate upon the features of the route. Trainmen passing through occasionally volunteered scraps of information, particularly to a woman seated in the Heathcote section with her eyes full of questions. The porter constantly drawled out bits of news. He warned the passengers when they were approaching the Summit thirty-seven hundred and twenty feet above sea level, and apprised them the moment that they left Alberta and entered British Columbia. It was from him that they learned they were in Mount Robson Park, British Columbia's reserve extending westward forty miles through the Pass and including Mount Robson, the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies. On the north side of the grim narrow passage containing the Divide, the porter pointed to the remnant of Yellowhead construction camp, and sang out "Yellowhead station" as the train rumbled past a new building. He told them what was on the south side—the Canadian Northern Railway, its track not yet ballasted, its trestles not yet filled in with ties, and its mileage posts not yet final. Nor did he omit the straggling tote road and the meandering stream, unperceived in the tangle of brush and the jungle of live and dead timber, between the two railroads.

Two miles beyond Yellowhead station the train turned slightly northward and rolled out of the gloomy passageway into an enchanting valley.

"That's Yellowhead Lake," announced the porter, whereupon Violet pressed her face against the window on the south side of the train.

"That's Seven Sisters," Violet changed quickly to the opposite side of the car, whence she could run her eyes along the saw-toothed ridge guarding the north.

"And that's Mount Fitzwilliam," concluded the porter. Back to her own seat went Violet to view the peak protecting the south. Involuntarily, she compared what she saw—the Lucerne of Canadian Rockies—with what she had heard so much about—the Swiss Lucerne. It all flashed across her memory, although it had happened before she was nineteen. The young representative of a St. Gall embroidery factory who had advertised for room and partial board in a private family where he could learn English, had furnished to her mother through an interpreter such a minute history of his

family and himself, even to admitting the existence of a fiancée in Switzerland, that he had been granted the privilege of the inner circle without much probation. What lovely bunches of violets Rudolf Bridel used to bring her from the city. The National Gallery, the Crystal Palace, the parks, the Sunday morning service at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Sunday vespers at Westminster Abbey—everything had pleased him. How good-naturedly had he joined in the laughter at his efforts to speak English. True, she had tired of hearing about Elise. Yet, on no occasion had she wearied of hearing about the place where Elise lived—Lucerne.

In spite of her forty-one years, a flush mounted to Violet's cheeks at the recollection of the first kiss (except under the mistletoe) pressed upon her lips by a young man. In turn, she had been enraptured and infuriated at his audacity. Above all, however, projected the earnestness of the imperfectly articulated words "You are an artist" whispered by Rudolf, his head bent over a little painting, a fragment of Victoria Embankment, signed "Violet" in one corner. Never would she forget those words. Never would she forget that he who delighted to eulogize Alpine grandeur had made room in his trunk for her shyly proffered gift when preparing to return to the embroidery factory and to Elise.

With peering eyes and stretched neck, Violet reflected that whereas no massive stone lion guarded the peace nor witnessed to the past of the Canadian Lucerne, there were the bear, beaver, marten and lynx, piqued no doubt at the railroad for having transformed Mile 5 of the trapping days into Lucerne of the tourist days. Still, knowing that the law of evolution works in the animal kingdom as well as in the human kingdom, she recognized the screeching iron destroyer of solitude the medium through which the animals gained additional retreats. The Swiss lake, she decided, could absorb the Canadian lake half a dozen times; the width looked less disproportionate. No pastures, orchards, nor gardens decorated the slopes hiding Mount Fitzwilliam's base and leading up to the Seven Sisters; and probably never would—an altitude of 3,642 feet above sea level being less favorable for cultivation than an altitude of 1,434 feet. Instead, Violet saw spruce, jackpine and fir, with patches of windfalls, and so gradual were the slopes that the train passed through not one tunnel, neither was there a tunnel on the Canadian Northern side intimated the porter.

At the station between the lake and the ridge rising 7,182 feet back of the building, the Heathcote party left the train.

For forty miles west of the Divide the train stopped only twice without being flagged. Mail and merchandise were handled at both places, and one of them was Lucerne.

Fortunately, Mack took kindly to the doctor and his women folk. Everything he had he placed at their disposal—his tents, his garden patch, and his boat. Appreciative of liberal disbursements of tobacco, Mack kept the doctor filled up with yarns about the old trapping days, the fire that had depleted animal and plant life in the Pass before his time, and the Grand Trunk construction period just closed. He never forgot to report to the women whenever a bear had, in the half-light of morning or evening, been detected surveying the townsite progress from the head of the wide clearing flanked by three or four crude structures. That he knew a picturesque spot as well as fine fur, Dr. Heathcote often admitted. Thereupon he always rehearsed how persistently he had held the piece of land staked years before the British Columbia government thought of turning the western half of Yellowhead Pass into a National Park.

The restaurant at the townsite made a real camp meal acceptable merely for the sake of variety. Women were as scarce at Lucerne as were wolverines, hence the restaurant keeper's wife was glad enough each day when supper time came. There was a whole week toward the end of July, however, when neither the restaurant meals nor the woman who cooked them tempted Mrs. Heathcote, much less Violet. A desire to test their camp cookery and the doctor's axe agility seized the women at the Point when told by the woman at the townsite that she had glimpsed, the previous evening, a big black bear outside the back door digging amongst the bones and scraps of an overturned garbage can, and that she could not furnish the usual slice of blueberry pie nor the customary lake trout because her husband had been occupied most of the day fixing the improvised shelter that had been tipped over and ransacked.

That was the laziest and the busiest summer Violet had ever known. While the doctor went from cover to cover of every available magazine and Mrs. Heathcote crotched one yoke after another, Violet pulled every stroke that carried them up and down and across the lake. Not one word of print did she read. The open book of nature was too soul-stirring. Idle, yet busy, she sat for hours at a stretch looking not at but into the mountains, the trees and the ripples. Lake Lucerne she called the water, for did not Yellowhead Pass and Yellowhead Mountain sufficiently perpetuate the memory of the Hudson's Bay yellow-haired representative of almost a century ago? To her the lake would always be Lake Lucerne, and she built that thought form so positively and continuously that she believed the same thing would happen as had happened in regard to her own name. At any rate, if eventually the map did not thus record the four-mile sheet of water, people would think of it as Lake Lucerne.

Strolling on a July morning along the tote road skirting the base of the Seven Sisters, Violet peered amongst the wild flowers hoping to find her favorite—the flower Rudolf had brought her as long as it could be procured from Covent Garden. Not one could she find. She did discover a few bluebells. Months afterward they lay flat on a card marked "Lucerne, Canadian Rockies."

Facing the lake and Mount Fitzwilliam, Violet wondered if the mood of the Canadian lake was not more variable than that of the Swiss lake. Even so, it mirrored as sharply its surroundings. Never in its history had as many people crossed the Canadian lake as had crossed the Swiss lake in one year, and never would so many people live around it, she was sure. For eighty odd years steamers had plied the Swiss waters; a motor boat was the largest craft launched on the Canadian Lake Lucerne. Presently, she caught herself speculating as to whether it had been on the waters of a Swiss lake or on the slope of a Swiss mountain that Rudolf had given Elise the first kiss. What did it matter to her, she

asked herself? Rudolf probably had Elise. She still had Gerald.

The first month passed without Violet bringing to light a kit of which she thought daily. At length she produced it. Then she told the doctor and his wife, while avoiding their eyes, that she was going to paint a picture, but would show it to no one till it was finished. They were not inquisitive. Therefore, unmolested Violet spent daily a number of hours studying and a few hours expressing her vision of Lucerne.

August was drawing to a close and the holiday almost over. Never before had Violet gone away and left her painting outdoors. But it was finished. Into it she had put her very self and she must leave others to judge of her work. Not yet, however, might anyone see it, so she threw over it an old silk scarf the same tint as her ray.

To the head of the lake Violet rowed as if in a dream, resting only once and that was to watch the train halt at the station. Returning, she stopped again because the doctor heard a rumble and noticed a handcar speeding toward Yellowhead as fast as section men could pump it.

"I've something to show you," announced Violet when they landed on the Point. The same moment that she lifted the delicately tinted scarf and heard the exclamation "What a lovely picture," Mack came along. She invited him to look, saying that it was the first time the finished picture had been uncovered.

"No, it ain't," corrected Mack. "There was a man here awhile ago—come from Jasper—got off the train at Yellowhead to see the Divide, he said. The section crew brought him down and waited for him. He said something about the war and being a long ways from home. Anyhow, he's leavin' Jasper tomorrow—said he couldn't think of goin' home without seein' Lucerne. He took that thing off—asked who painted the picture. Says he, 'I'd like to have that.'"

For several years the painting hung in the dining room of the Heathcote home. Meantime, its ownership changed. A stranger writing from Toronto desired Violet to set a price on the picture painted by her at Lucerne. She did so, but thought no more about it. In the course of time another communication reached her from Toronto. There was a cheque and a note suggesting that she hold the picture because it was too precious to send during the war to the writer's customer overseas.

Again Violet was at Lucerne. The picture painted there five years earlier was on the way to Switzerland in response to a direct request from him who had once said to Violet "You are an artist." With increased power she was painting another picture of the Lucerne of Canadian Rockies.

(Copyright, Canada, 1920, by Elizabeth C. Hazelton.)

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

## Courtesy to the Caller

When you answer the telephone, you are courteous in your answer. If you are answering a business telephone, however, it would be more courteous if instead of saying "Hello," you announced the name of the firm or department. One greets another on the street with "Hello", but then one sees the other and there is no need to announce the person speaking. On the telephone it is different. You anticipate what a person wants to know when you reply to a call, "This is Hoe & Company, Mr. Blank speaking."

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## The McCraes of Guelph

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M. A.

### The Poet's Mother

The passing the other day at her home in Guelph, Ontario, of Mrs. David McCrae, mother of Colonel John McCrae, the famous poet who wrote "In Flanders Fields" gives rise to many thoughts. It was my privilege to know the family in their own home. And I have amongst my prized possessions a very beautiful letter sent to me by Mrs. McCrae, on behalf of herself and her husband, in far too kind appreciation of something I had written in a Toronto paper regarding their famous son. The letter, in faultless English, reveals a talent which no doubt came out in fuller splendour in her author-son, but at the same time it breathes the exquisite reticence which is characteristic of a certain type of Scottish mind and which almost disclaims merit in one's own folk. Mrs. McCrae was herself a gifted woman. She had splendid conversational powers and possessed a faculty for public address which made her one of the most effective speakers on the missionary and patriotic platform in Canada. Doubtless the loss of her son told heavily upon her, and here again is an example of the toll the war exacted from the older people who were in perpetual strain and suspense at home.

### The Poet's Letters

It is interesting to know that Colonel John McCrae wrote home regularly throughout his life time, and that the tremendous stress of his work in war-time did not prevent the flow of his correspondence with his mother. His war letters commenced from South Africa, where he went as a combatant with the artillery. For he came of a race that, if necessity arises, can fight as well as pray. His father, Colonel David McCrae, albeit he is an elder of the kirk and a right good elder too, can fight for a principle with tremendous zeal either in a church court or on the field. McCrae, the elder, was a well-known artillery commander in the Canadian militia, and though along to three score and ten, raised and trained a field battery and took it overseas in the late war. So John McCrae, with his father's training around him and the tales of Highland gallantry part of his early education, took to the soldier life naturally enough. All his letters to his mother from the various battle fronts are delightfully spontaneous and natural. There is no indication that these were written, as some were, with the public in view. They were never intended for publication as some letters evidently were. But they are classic in their language and splendid in their descriptive power. He writes much of animals and flowers amid the carnage of war. His horse "Bonfire" and his dog "Bonneau" crop up here and there all along the line of his correspondence. For he loves the animals and the flowers. His great poem glorifies the spot in Flanders "where poppies grow between the crosses." His poetic power came out often in the apparent prose of his letters. In one letter he is telling his mother about shells and describing the difference between them. Once he writes, "The large shrapnel—air-burst—have a double explosion, as if a giant shook a wet sail for two flaps." One can hardly imagine a more vivid way of putting it. Verily the more we read them the more we realize how much we are under abiding obligation to the poet's mother for preserving his sweetly humorous, nobly pathetic and splendidly illuminating letters.

### The Poet's Habits

Perhaps I should call this paragraph "the poet's creed," but probably it is safe to say that a man's life habits are the outcome of his creed. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," is the word of the greatest Book. John McCrae was

brought up carefully in a somewhat strict but affectionate home. His father and mother both saw to that. And he never forsook the path he began to tread early in life. His biographer says: "He was an indefatigable church-goer." Once when a boy he wrote from Edinburgh, "On Sabbath went to service four times." And, referring to McCrae, there is a letter extant from a chaplain in which "a certain mild wonder is expressed at the regularity in attendance of an officer of field rank." On Easter Sunday, 1915, McCrae wrote: "We had a church parade this morning, the first service since our arrival in France. Truly, if the dead rise not we are of all men most miserable." On the funeral service of a friend he wrote: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God—what a great summary that is." On many occasions he officiated in the absence of the chaplains. And at the memorial service in Montreal, where McCrae had been one of the most famous and well-beloved medical men, Professor McNaughton very beautifully said: "He never lost the simple faith of his childhood. He was so sure about the main things, the vast things, the indispensable things, of which all formulated faiths are but a more or less stammering expression, that he was content with the rough embodiment in which his ancestors had loved to bring those great realities to bear as beneficent and propulsive forces upon their own and their children's minds and consciences." To his students once John McCrae quoted the legend from a picture to him "the most suggestive picture in the world": "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have,"—a splendid declaration of faith. And his services to the end attest its reality. To my mind his grave in Boulogne is one of the citidals of the nation.

### The Poet's Father

I knew Colonel David McCrae first of all in the family, meeting him at some General Assembly and travelling with him at the week-end to spend Sunday at the homestead and take the services in the home church. David McCrae was and is an alert, clear-eyed man with florid complexion, which also was part of his famous son's equipment. It is interesting to read Sir Andrew McPhail's account of his meeting with McCrae, the elder. It was on the Thames on one June evening. And McPhail says: 'A man of middle age was standing by. He wore the flashings of a Lieutenant-Colonel and for his badges the Artillery Grenades. He seemed a friendly man; and under the influence of the moment, which he also surely felt, I spoke to him.

"'A fine river,'—that was a safe remark.

"'But I know a finer.'

"'Abana and Pharpar?' I put the stranger to the test.

"'No,' he said. 'The St. Lawrence is not of Damascus.' He had answered to the sign, and he looked at my patches. 'I have a son in France myself, he said. 'His name is McCrae.'

"'Not John McCrae?'

"'John McCrae is my son.' Then I saw the resemblance."

David McCrae, strong and clear in his own faith, has been through the heavy casualties of war. He has another son, a very brilliant physician and a collaborator with Sir William Osler in medical publications. He has also a married daughter living in the West. But they are both away from home and our sympathies go out to him in his great losses, within a few months, first of the singer of the immortal "In Flanders Fields," and now of the noble woman who was his true helpmate throughout the years.

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## Concerning Girls

By Daisy Walker

### THE GIRL AND HER HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'

What a beautiful place is the Garden of Home! There the flowers of Love bloom; there sweet girlhood grows and winsome womanhood develops. How thoughtfully Ruskin describes this garden in his "Sesame and Lilies":

"The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless."

Therefore womanhood means home. Yet to-day in so many cases home is only a place to eat and sleep in—not a sacred place, nor a place of rest: not a place of mutual understanding and sweet sympathy where all joys are doubled and sorrows halved, as each weary day ends and the rush and noise of the outside world are left behind as the door closes. On the making of such a home, each girl can do so much, more even than she dreams.

It has also been said that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of someone who loves them. Likewise, the girl herself can only grow beautiful and lovable in a Garden of Home, surrounded by love and sympathy.

What a work, then, for our girls to-day as they receive and give and receive in the giving! There are empty places to fill and lonely hearts to cheer and comfort, and no one can do this quite so tactfully and kindly as a noble, pure, earnest and loving girl. By love and thoughtfulness she may lighten the load of sorrow and brighten the weary and monotonous hours filled only with the common duties of the common day.

Girls! In our days of pleasure and happy joys, do we think of those at home? Is it playing fair to forget or neglect them? They may not murmur nor complain (they seldom do), but the ache is there.

"Oh, but home's a bit of heaven,  
When there's love and kindness there;  
There's no place else can equal it,  
Nor anything compare,—  
A place to rest when weary,  
Where heart-ache finds relief;  
Ah, but home's a bit of heaven,  
When there's love and kindness there."

### PICTURES IN THE HOME

In a certain Western city, in a home well known to the writer, the parents, prosperous and wealthy, had purchased many beautiful and expensive pictures. The gem of the collection was hung in her little boy's room, who was just over three years of age. A friend was being shown the pictures one day, and having seen and admired them all, she said: "But why do you hide that exquisite picture in a boy's room?" "Oh," said the mother, "I purposely placed it there so that my little lad might look upon that beautiful picture as the last image in his mind as he went to sleep and the first thing in the morning to greet him as he awakens." That mother understood and she was right.

Girls—what pictures have you in your room? You unconsciously become like that which you look upon and think about. We girls also generally have the privilege of influencing the choice of pictures in the home as a whole. The

## THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

pictures form part of the nutrition for the flowers in the Garden of the Home,—a nutrition so greatly needed in this age when the materialistic claims such a place. The thoughts of the good and great are not only preserved in books; they are made incarnate with paint and brush and canvas. Copies can be procured at very reasonable prices and when suitably framed form a constant inspiration, calling us to the good and beautiful. The "good" and "beautiful" are very closely related, so much so that the Greeks formed the two words into one.

Examine the pictures in your room, girls,—and then take another look at those in your whole home.

Learn to love; when you have learned that you will have learned to live.



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## Concerning Boys

By Herbert Fiddes

### SAVED BY A MATCH

How often do we hear boys say, "Oh chucks, I'm only a kid. I can't do anything." Are you one of them—pal of mine? Well, just listen for a few minutes, while we consider the situation. What value do you place on a match? Not very much, eh? Well, a number of years ago a certain gentleman and his family were yachting on the Clyde. It was a beautiful day and they enjoyed their trip immensely. So much so that darkness fell upon them before they realized the hour of the day, and were without lights. Just to add to their helpless position, the wind fell and there was a great calm. They could do nothing but wait. After some hours out of the darkness appeared two lights—a red and a green. It was a mighty liner starting on her trip across the Atlantic. The Leviathan was coming straight towards them. The occupants of the small yacht shouted in fear, for it was imminent that they would be run down, and crushed like matchwood. Still the great towering vessel came on. Their shouts were not heard and death stared them in the face. Suddenly the owner of the yacht remembered he had a match in his pocket. He struck it and held it up. It was seen just when all seemed lost, and the mighty vessel steered aside, and their lives were saved.

That gentleman today is Principal of one of the largest and most influential educational institutions in Canada. Saved by a match. Don't depreciate your worth and powers, boys. If you were meant to be a Gladstone, you would have been given his ability. If you were intended for General Foch, you'd be General Foch, but you are intended to be YOURSELF, and you must play your own part, however humble it may be. You may not lead nations, but you may help a needy friend. You may not appear in the limelight, but you may, by your cheery smile, bring joy to a weary heart. Don't say "I'm only a boy"—but say "I AM a boy," and do your BEST.

I am but ONE,  
But I AM one;  
I can't do EVERYTHING,  
But I CAN do SOMETHING.  
And what I can DO,  
I OUGHT to do,  
And what I OUGHT to do,  
God helping me,  
I WILL DO.

### VALUE OF NOW

"Aw, tomorrow will do." "Never leave to tomorrow what you can do to-day," is a good motto. Good resolutions and good intentions too often are left till tomorrow. "NOW," you have; in a few seconds it will have sped into eternity. Tomorrow is not yours to mortgage. Boys—what are you making of NOW?

### PARENTS AND THE TEEN-AGE BOY

No problem is so urgent today in boy life as that of the teen-age boy—the lad who is passing from boyhood to manhood. In Canada the problem is being faced more squarely than in many countries, but even here the duties of parents are often shelved on to the shoulders of others, or ignored altogether. Mr. Parent—are you playing the game with your boy? That boy who is unconsciously experiencing new life, and new conditions? Have you told him the things he ought to know, so that he may be prepared to meet the temptations of the world, or are you depending upon his gaining knowledge through the school of chance acquaintance?

Remember, "A little knowledge (or learning) is a DANGEROUS thing"—and many a lad to-day has reason to carry bitter regrets at the false modesty of his parents, who neglected to send him into the world fully prepared, and many a lad to-day faces the world handicapped, and with bitter thoughts, the harvest of ignorance, because he was not told the truth. Mr. Parent, it is YOUR DUTY to explain the mysteries of life to your boy, and if you neglect that duty he may have reason to curse you instead of bless you. HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR BOY? You cannot? Well, why not place in his hands one of those splendid books which are written by Canada's best men, for the very purpose?

### OUR DEBT TO THE WORLD

Boys, did you ever think how much we owe to the world? We came into it tiny little babies, were carried around, and taught to speak, and walk and play, until to-day we are big and strong. Have you given the world anything in exchange? Are you taking everything OUT of the world and putting NOTHING in? Whether we wish to do so or not, we are influencing others and the world generally. We are influencing them for GOOD or EVIL. Either people are better because of our presence or worse. Does your account with the world balance? How much have you drawn, and how much have you deposited? Remember—

"The smallest barque on life's tumultuous ocean  
Will leave a track behind for evermore;  
The lightest wave of influence, once in motion,  
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.  
We should be wary, then, who go before  
A myriad yet to be, and we should take  
Our bearings carefully, when breakers roar  
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake  
May wreck unnumbered barques that follow in our wake."

### CRITICISMS—ANONYMOUS AND OTHERWISE

Some days ago a subscriber 'phoned to the editor of this magazine regarding certain paragraphs which appeared on this page. Criticism is welcomed, and cordially invited, but usually publicity can be given only where the people concerned support their comments by their names. Names will not be published, if not desired.

Constructive criticism is healthy and acceptable and the writer of these notes does not expect everyone to agree with him, and has the highest respect for the opinions of others, but most cordially dislikes "anonymous" critics.

We are endeavoring to teach the boyhood of the nation to be frank, and if an opinion is worth anything at all, there is no need to hesitate about giving it. On the contrary, the personality of the individual may add considerably to the value of the criticism. There is no man more open to criticism than the man who criticizes freely, but is afraid to give his name; and there is no man more welcome than the man who has an opinion and is not ashamed of it.

We do not pretend to be infallible, and are ever willing to learn. Although adopting one method of Boys' Work, we most sincerely support all organizations which have for their object the upbuilding of a strong, healthy, worthy manhood.

If you have a suggestion worth while, let us hear from you. Don't be selfish, but pass it on to others—BUT PLEASE GIVE YOUR NAME. If modesty forbids you coming before the public gaze, we will respect your wishes and consider the matter confidential.

(At the same time, in passing this criticism, it may be in place for the editor of this magazine to thank those readers, not a few, who have written or spoken appreciatively and encouragingly of the work of this section.—Ed. B.C.M.)

## THE FAILURE OF JAPANESE IMPERIALISM IN KOREA

(Continued from Page 2)

prophecy, is now interpreted as meaning "A Japanese king for three years (referring to the protectorate 1907-1910), "Eight years rule by 'Ka'in'" (Ka'in being the name of the present reigning emperor, and this the eighth year of his reign). Such like oracles are the common possession of the peasant class, and the bible of the old men. Omens and portents are eagerly sought. During these days the hills around Seoul have resounded to shouts of "Mansai" by an unseen host. Strange manoeuvres of Japanese and old Korean flags have been reported and taken as good omens. We may laugh at the superstition; but we are forced to note the fact that a nation-wide revolution could be evoked on such slim evidence. The merest semblance of an opportunity was eagerly grasped which might bring relief from their oppressive rulers.

The immediate reason for the revolt is the idea that Korea may share in the application of the principle of national self-determination. Koreans feel that at last the world is going to be offered another opportunity to revive just national ideals. Times have changed since Japan took over Korea. They feel that it is no longer either justifiable or possible to maintain the peace of the East by a form of government that crushes every legitimate aspiration of a people of twenty million souls. It was in the hope that the world might learn the true state of affairs in Korea—in the hope that even the statesmen gathered in Paris might learn it—that the present movement was launched.

The Revolution was organized by a committee of thirty-three leaders who issued a manifesto calling upon Koreans everywhere to unite, stating their aims, and counselling peaceful methods. The three main clauses read as follows:

- (1) What we as a nation desire is justice, human rights, a fair chance to live, and scope for legitimate ideals.
- (2) We pledge ourselves to the last man and the last hour to see that a fair statement of our people's mind is given to the world.
- (3) Let us look to our conduct that we do all things orderly, molesting no one, and respecting property.

In pursuance of this policy the Korean demonstrators have instituted a passive revolution. With empty hands, save for the carrying of a small Korean flag, with nothing but shouts of "Mansai!" "Long Live Korea!" the movement has been remarkable for its freedom from violence on the part of the Koreans. They possess no arms and would have been at the mercy of the Japanese military had they resorted to force. The marvel is that they were able to endure to the end and refuse to retaliate against the brutal methods which the administration has taken to subdue the disturbances. The Japanese soldiery were let loose in many places and played havoc among the most innocent. Churches have been wrecked and men hurried to jail on the merest pretext. The usual brutal methods of police investigation have been adopted, and men have come out of police stations so bruised and battered as to be unfit for work for days. A strike or two in the capital, the refusal of the storekeepers to open their doors, the closing of schools, and frequent demonstrations in favor of Independence—that has been the extent of the revolt. But it has continued over a month, thousands are in jail, and thousands more are carrying on the work which their organizers began. There seems to be no disposition to give up until some promise of reform is given. The Japanese have unfortunately made up their minds to suppress the revolt by force and intimidation. It remains to be seen who will win out.

The question of the fitness of the Korean people to govern themselves has been much to the fore. Fears have been expressed that if Japan left Korea alone today the result would

be anarchy and Bolshevism. That there would be factions no one will deny—is there any country in this old world where there are not? But that Koreans would go to extremes no one who knows their peace-loving character will grant. It is manifestly unfair to saddle upon new Korea the faults of a former autocratic regime. Times have changed. Koreans of good standing and ability have received their education in Japan and America. They have received American ideals through American missionaries. The Japanese system has not tended to produce big men, but despite it capable men are to be found. The government of a church differs greatly from the administration of a country, but the fundamental faculty is the same. If the ability shown by the Korean Christians in their church courts is any criterion one might even hope for their successful administration of national affairs. The very efficiency and courage which they have shown in the present revolt is no mean proof of their ability, and the unanimity with which all classes throughout the entire land followed the lead of their committees show a remarkable power of organization and a wonderful willingness to be led. The Koreans are divided in their political aims. Some desire a form of self-government under the suzerainty of Japan, along the lines of Britain's self-governing dominions. Others maintain that as Korea and Japan are two distinct races with a different national spirit, absolute autonomy alone will provide the necessary opportunity for national progress. Koreans feel confident that they could make as good a showing as Japan. Korean students in Japan, of whom there are eight hundred this year, claim that they more than hold their own with Japanese students, despite the handicap of the Japanese language. Be that as it may, one thing stands clear: things can never go along as they did before the revolt. Whatever may result, the Korean must be given a greater opportunity to develop along their own national lines. Their national history must be held inviolate, their national language respected. Military rule with its system of gendarmerie must go, and the common rights of man be secured for all. The educational system must give the Korean youth the best possible chance to make good, and the offer of promotion to higher offices must prove the incentive. Ultimately there should be no office in the state which a Korean boy may not one day aspire to. Whether this will mean that Japan must withdraw from the peninsula or not, one cannot predict. It remains to be seen whether Japan, in the present instance, will respond to the reasonable and restrained protest of this people in the spirit of the times. There are not wanting signs that Japan is mustering courage to defy the enemy within her own gates. The world, and little Korea, will await the outcome. In the meantime we content ourselves with knowing that imperial military rule in Korea stands condemned, and that instead of the two nations being perfectly united they are further apart today than ever.

## PRINTERS' (T) ERRORS

(Continued from Page 1)

Similarly, of course, the plural noun with the singular verb in the "Concerning Girls" page was a slip of the typesetter.

From all of which our readers will gather that it cannot be too strongly impressed on the linotype operators that they should check doubly the lines in which they make corrections.

It should be added that our December issue was passed through the press under somewhat testing conditions, owing to certain important changes having to be made on short notice. We are confident that, under normal conditions, the present printing office will ultimately give this magazine a service second to none.

Forgiveness is thy debt even as thou hopest it to be thy reward.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection.

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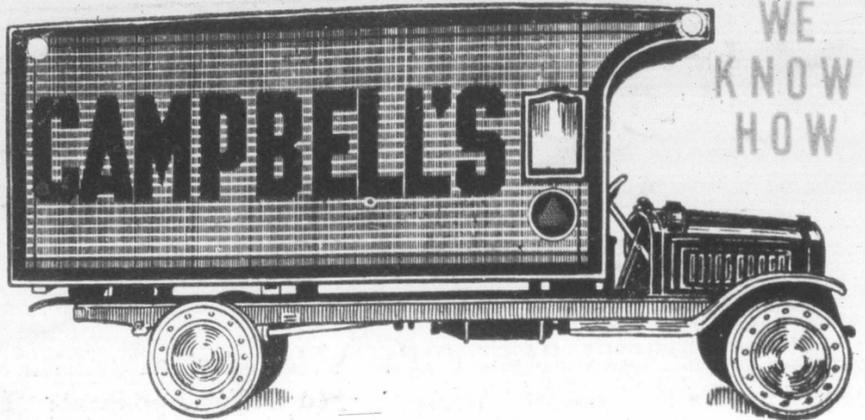
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