

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MAN., NOVEMBER, 1919

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Fashions and Patterns Timely Comment Editorial The Young Man
The Philosopher What the World is Saying, etc., in this Issue

The Why? of Another Victory Loan

WHEN, on the morning of November 11th, 1918, the guns were hushed and the glad tidings flashed across the world, there followed with the Nation's Prayer of Thanksgiving, one yearning query, which found echo in the faster-beating hearts of wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts.

THAT query was, "How soon will our boys be home?"

AND, from France and Flanders, from Italy and Egypt, from Palestine and from far-off Siberia, there came an answering echo, "How soon, how soon, may we go home?"

CANADA caught the spirit of these longings, and at once resolved to satisfy them.

IT was an appalling task. Shipping was tragically scarce. The composition of the Army of Occupation had not then been settled. And other parts of the Empire as well as Canada

were looking for the speedy return of their men.

THE problem was this. The half-million men that Canada had overseas had taken more than four years to transport to the field of battle.

TO bring them home in a few months was a gigantic undertaking---one to tax all Canada's ingenuity and resources.

CANADA solved the problem, but it meant crowding into a few short months, an expense for demobilization which it was impossible to foresee.

THEN, too, besides the sentimental aspect of the necessity for bringing the men home quickly, the economic side could not be overlooked.

THAT was, to transform efficiently and speedily the nation's army of fighters into a national army of workers.

NEED DIVIDES ITSELF IN TWO PARTS The answer to the question "Why does Canada need another Victory Loan?" divides itself into two parts.

- (a) To finish paying the expenses of demobilization, and the obligations we still owe to our soldiers.
- (b) To provide national working capital.

OBLIGATIONS TO SOLDIERS The obligations to soldiers include: That already incurred cost of bringing home troops from overseas. The payment of all soldiers still undemobilized. This includes more than 20,000 sick and wounded who are still in hospital, and who of course remain on the Army payroll till discharged. The upkeep of hospitals, and their medical and nursing staffs, until the need for them is ended. These three items alone will use up at least \$200,000,000 of the Victory Loan 1919.

GRATUITIES There is also the gratuity which has been authorized, and has been and is being paid to assist soldiers to tide over the period between discharge and their re-adjustment to civil life. For this purpose alone, \$61,000,000 must be provided out of the Victory Loan 1919, in addition to the \$59,000,000 already paid out of the proceeds of the Victory Loan 1918.

LAND SETTLEMENT Furthermore, soldiers who desire to become farmers may, under the Soldiers' Land Settlement Act, be loaned money by Canada with which to purchase land, stock and implements. The money so advanced will be paid back; meantime each loan is secured by a first mortgage. Up to August 15th, 29,495 soldiers had applied for land under the terms of this Act; and 22,281 applications had been investigated, and the qualifications of the applicant approved. For this purpose Canada this year requires \$24,000,000.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING For this work which, with the Vocational Training and Soldiers' Service Departments, embraces the major activities of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, an appropriation of \$57,000,000 is necessary. These national expenditures are war expenses. They will be accepted readily by every citizen who gives thought to the task which Canada faced following the Armistice, and to the success with which she has met it.

NATIONAL WORKING CAPITAL Canada needs national working capital, so that she may be able to sell on credit to Great Britain and our Allies the products of our farms, forests, fisheries, mines and factories. You may ask "Why sell to them if they can't pay cash?" The answer is, "Their orders are abso-

lutely essential to the continuance of our agricultural and industrial prosperity." The magnitude of these orders and the amount of employment thus created, will depend upon the success of the Victory Loan 1919.

THE "WHY" OF CREDIT LOANS Farmers and manufacturers (and that includes the workers on these orders) must be paid cash for their products. There-

fore, Canada must borrow money from her citizens to give credit, temporarily, to Great Britain and our Allies. Actually, no money will pass out of Canada. **If Canada does not give credit, other countries will; and they will get the trade, and have the employment that should be ours, to distribute amongst their workers.** And remember, we absolutely need these orders to maintain employment. If we don't finance them business will feel the depression, employment will not be as plentiful, and conditions everywhere will be adversely affected.

FOR TRANSPORTATION Money must also be available to carry on the nation's ship-building programme, and other transportation development work. For loans to Provincial Housing Commissions who are building moderate priced houses. These, then, are some of the things for which Canada needs national working capital. She is in the position of a great trading company, and her citizens who buy Victory Bonds are the shareholders.

Those who give thought to our outstanding obligations to soldiers, and to our need for national working capital, cannot fail to be impressed with the absolute necessity for the

VICTORY LOAN 1919

"Every Dollar Spent in Canada"

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A Chat With Our Readers

Home is the greatest institution on Earth. There never was a great nation that was not a nation of good homes. People yet talk of the home life of the Scottish people and of the stately homes of old England, and it is no empty lament which mourns the passing away of the old fireside with its joys and its fellowships. The first duty of Canadians is to restore the home to its honored place among the institutions of the land. Owing to the rush of business and encroachments of the newer civilization parental influence has declined and filial piety has lessened. This is the beginning of a decline in national power and national integrity.

In the good home every member has a duty to perform and each must be true to all and all to each. The father must know how to provide the necessaries of life, and the mother must be able to keep a good house and make it cheerful and pleasant for herself and her children. The children, too, must have some part to perform and they must do it gladly and with good will.

To do their work efficiently all require instruction, also, it is necessary that there be such equipment as makes it possible for life to move along smoothly and happily.

There is no equipment that is better to begin with than The Western Home Monthly, because it has a message for all, and also a message for each. The fathers read with pleasure the articles on farming, the wise words of the Philosopher, and benefit by the expressions on the editorial page. The mothers have two or three sections to themselves. The young men and young women have columns devoted to their special problems, that are perhaps the most inspiring and helpful published anywhere on the continent. The boys and girls have a page, and the little children are not neglected.

Is there any home in your neighborhood where there is need for a message of gladness every month? Is there any home in which the father is too penurious? or the mother too fretful? or the children disobedient? Or is everybody unhappy and discontented because there is nothing to read for profit or amusement? If there is anything like this you know what to do. Will you do it?

You don't get an opportunity every day to do something for others and for yourself at the same time.

Have you ever wondered why young people want to leave the farm home? Do you realize that The Western Home Monthly is the best investment you can possibly make if you want your children to stay with you after they reach adolescence? What is true of your family is true of your neighbor's, so you have a patriotic duty to perform. Keep all the young people happy in their homes. Then there will be no rush to the cities and no murmurings of discontent.



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PROFIT-SHARING

IN STRIKING contrast to the destructive policy of certain people, comes the statement of the president of one of the largest corporations in the United States—Sears, Roebuck & Co. of Chicago, in which he describes the result of profit-sharing as it applies to their establishment. The company has between 30,000 and 40,000 employees of both sexes, and though none can take advantage of profit-sharing until after three years' service, it is reported that over 92 per cent. of the workers hold stock in the company. Naturally there are no strikes and no lock-outs. Here is what the president says:—"We are very happy over the results of this profit-sharing, not only by reason of its obvious success, but because of the independent position which it gives to the employe. An employe earning \$25 a week would have accumulated after twenty years, on the basis of the last two and a half years' record, approximately \$20,000. An employe receiving \$50 a week would, at the end of twenty years, have about \$40,000 to his credit, and it is estimated that this is the minimum.

"Inasmuch as the fund is invested in the stock of the company and the fund has already acquired more than 20,000 shares out of the 750,000 shares outstanding of the common capital stock of the company, it is not unlikely that in the course of years a majority of the stock will belong to the employes, either to those who have withdrawn their earnings in the fund and have retained their shares which they receive when they withdraw, or to those who are still participants in the fund.

"A fair idea may be gained of the manner in which the plan works out in the case of an individual by taking an actual case of a member of the fund earning an average salary of \$20 weekly during the two and one-half years in which the fund has been in operation. Such an employe had to his credit Dec. 31, 1918, \$593.52, which was invested in 3 8-10 shares of the company's common capital stock, which, according to to-day's market value, would be worth about \$643. This employe contributed \$1 each week, or a total of \$130, and now has \$643 to his credit. In like manner, an employe who had deposited the maximum sum weekly permitted by the terms of the plan, namely, \$3 a week, or \$150 a year, and who since the plan has been in operation has deposited \$375 in the fund, found himself on Dec 31 last credited with almost eleven shares of the company's common stock, with a value of more than \$1,900.

"Employes, not including officers of the company, own outright 53,498 shares of the stock, in addition to the 20,000 shares now held by the profit-sharing fund, and 838 employes are buying on the monthly payment plan 5,731 shares, or a total of nearly 60,000 shares of the common stock. This makes a total of 30,000 shares of the common stock now held by employes.

OUR NEW WEALTH

IN MANY ways the Province of Manitoba is known to the world. She gave a name to the highest quality of wheat produced in the world—and because of that fact she was known by many as "the Land of Gold." Now she is on a fair way to deserve that title for another reason. The new mines in the unexplored territory will next year attract thousands. Cities will spring up where now the hunter sets his traps. The shack will succeed the teepee, the moccasin will give place to the hobnailed shoe. The great wilderness will begin to blossom as the rose. Nobody can conjecture what is in store for us. Should not the buried wealth be reserved almost wholly as a national bank? Let it be said that there is at least one of our natural resources which is not handed over for a song to private ownership and control.

SCHOOLS AND SALARIES

IT CAME as a shock to the people of Manitoba to learn that over two hundred schools were unable to get teachers, and that many of those in charge of schools had only permits or makeshift certificates. It was even more of a shock to learn that the reason for this was the unwillingness of school boards to pay as high salaries as are given to teachers in the other western provinces, or to young people engaged in other occupations. Yet it is a fact that the province which is wealthiest, man for man, is most niggardly in this matter. Is it not time we awakened? Can we afford to have our schools operated by people of low intelligence? Can we afford to have them closed altogether? The words of Mr. E. T. Bedford, president of the Corn Refining Co., are quite in order:—"If we do not take measures at once to improve the hard lot of these men in the present crisis, they will spread social discontent everywhere, and we shall hardly blame them. It was the same discontented intellectual class in Russia that created nihilism in that

Editorial

country, and if we allow our own intellectual workers to remain much longer dissatisfied, restless, anxious for their families, sore at heart through embarrassing poverty, there is no telling what atmosphere they will create in our country."

A gentleman who knows the situation in western Canada very aptly expresses himself in these words: "A really live girl is not likely to begin to teach school for \$60 a month and be obliged to take two months and a half holidays without being paid for them, even if teaching is only a means to an end with her and she expects to teach only two or three years.

"When a clerk or bookkeeper leaves the bank or office, and one less capable takes his place, it is a question that concerns only the employe and employer, more or less. But it is different when a capable teacher leaves the school or university and an inferior one takes his place; here everyone of us is concerned, for it involves the future citizenship of the country, and we must all eventually suffer the consequences.

"The average wage-earner is much better off now than the teacher or professor. He can spend or save more than he was able to do before. Thus we read of an Indiana blacksmith purchasing ten silk shirts at ten dollars each; whereas the intellectual workers, whose salaries are practically the same now as they were four or five years ago, are becoming poorer and poorer every day. Some of them are even obliged to dispose of certain valuables they had acquired in better days, and now they are in that uncertain condition that should anything happen to them or their family, they must either borrow or appeal to charity."

And so in this matter of educating the youth of the land, everybody is looking to the school boards, for everybody knows it is their move. It may be that school boards as we have them are a failure, and that the solution of the educational problem lies in increasing the area of the administrative unit. Why should we not have the municipal school board?

PAST AND PRESENT

THERE is an old story in circulation which may be made to suit anybody or any occasion. The last version of it is something like this:—"A renegade Grit, who for the time being, was a strong Tory, made an appeal to his hearers, urging them to use independence. "Any man," he said, "should be ashamed to belong to a party merely because his ancestors belonged to it." Finally, he made a personal appeal to a doubting listener. "What politics do you profess?" he asked. "Why, I am a good Grit," was the reply. "A good Grit? And why are you a good Grit?" pressed the speaker. "Because my father and grandfather were," said the listener. "Yes," said the speaker, "and if your father and grandfather were fools, what would you be?" "Oh," said the listener, "then of course, I'd be a good Tory."

Now, it is strange that in politics a majority of men inherit their political faith. In religion they do the same. For that matter, their opinions generally seem to be formed by other people—especially by their parents. This is only natural, and in one way it has a good side. It is a fine tribute to a father when a boy says: "His religion was good enough for me," and a poor tribute when he says: "I don't want religion like my father's."

Yet, if this policy of assuming the faith of ancestors, sometimes speaks well for the old people, it often says very little for the independence and sincerity of the younger generation. A man should espouse a cause from conviction and deliberate choice. He should not belong to a party—political or religious—merely by accident of birth or early environment. There is something wrong when in matters of conscience the dead rule the living? Was it not Lowell who said:—

"Each age must worship its own thought of God,
More or less earthly, clarifying still,
With subsidence continuous of the dregs;
Nor saint nor age could fix immutably
The fluent image of the unstable best,
Still changing in their very hands that wrought:
To-day's eternal truth, to-morrow proved
Frail as frost landscapes on a window pane.

Shall the soul live on other men's report
Herself a pleasing fable of herself?

I, that still pray at morning and at eve
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee,
Thrice in my life, perhaps, have truly prayed.

Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenchantment which is God."

All of which is, of course, a plea for sincerity, coupled with a plea for reverence of all that has been deemed sacred by others.

If parents, then, have by their example and backing, such wonderful power over the lives of their children, as to make them willing to conform throughout life to the customs of childhood, why should they not use their power in other fields? Why not consciously cultivate an attitude to truth and beauty, personal and civic righteousness? It is just as easy to create and keep aflame in the mind of the child a passion for poetry and art, or for justice, honesty and democracy, as it is to develop a zeal for things of the sanctuary and the committee-room.

The word passion has been used designedly. It is the rarest thing in this world, and yet without it nothing great can be accomplished. Lowell said prayers every day, but he prayed only thrice in the course of his life. It was at these three times he saw God. So a man who loves truth and justice to the point of sacrifice and self-abnegation will accomplish miracles where others fail.

What is true of parents is equally true of schools and nations as a whole. The greatest opportunity and need is that of developing a passion for national honor, national greatness. Unfortunately the ideal has not yet clearly shaped itself. We are struggling along towards a doubtful goal. Is it not time that we had a clear and worthy objective? We are not meant to follow blindly the leadership of our ancestors. We are expected to have ideals and to realize them as the result of infinite labor and boundless devotion. If we fail in this we shall perish, and our failure will be deserved.

It will not be difficult for a people to break away from old ideals and to adopt those more in keeping with modern requirements. During these last years change has been the order of the day. Social-industrial changes are quite as necessary and as easily made as those we see in other fields. We must not be retarded in our progress by "the weight of the dead hand." It is not necessary for us to retain in this land the social nor the religious distinctions of the Motherland. It is not necessary to keep up the system of national defence that was considered so necessary to European peace. It is not necessary to preserve capitalism nor unionism, as they have developed during the war. But it is necessary that we advance towards freedom, righteousness and brotherhood. These underlie material prosperity and enduring national prosperity. They are ours for the seeking.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

IT IS a good thing to be wise afterward if one cannot be wise beforehand. This is suggested by a speech from the editor of the Bulletin of the O.B.U., who at a recent meeting said: "Canadians were both an agricultural and an industrial people, while the Russians were principally a peasant agricultural people. Consequently Canadians must work out their problems in ways different to those adopted by Russians so that they would be able to take charge of industries in the 'great crisis' which he predicted will come soon."

Canadians certainly intend to solve this problem in their own way, and they are not disposed to follow Lenine and Trotsky who openly avow they are in it for all they can make out of it. Canada is going to be a country for Canadians, and not for any one class. It will offer reward to all who work and will not stint any man in his work. It will certainly not encourage laziness, and it will not put a premium on ignorance. Above all, it will not permit men with European ideals to fasten their systems on this new country. Things have indeed reached a crisis when men proclaim it a virtue to work six hours a day. Isn't it time that good-old Carlyle was heard again?

And so we are more concerned with getting in this land a good, hard-working, sober, earnest people than with anything else. Shorter hours, better salary, surely, but work, work, work, as the only way to emancipation. Work, and good work is the road to happiness and greatness. In idleness alone is there disintegration and despair.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. Work never, so Mammish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work well done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

An endless significance lies in work. A man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself ceases to be a jungle and a foul unwholesome desert thereby. . . . The blessed glow of labor in a man, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame.

And so let our slackers in industry awake. These are not days when men should be idle.



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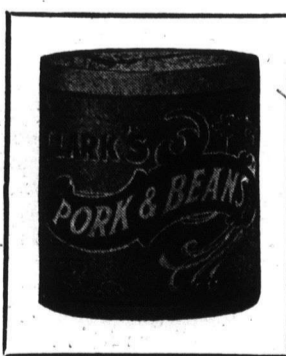
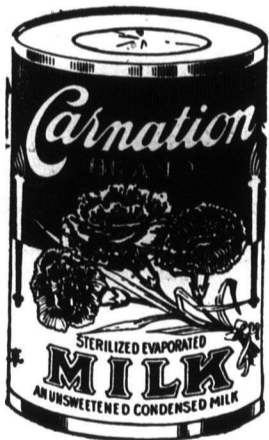
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"You here, mother?" said the fresh young voice reprovingly."

The Gold Gown

"Sheldon Marshall has asked her for the next cotillon."

By Grace Torrey

HETTY was looking uncommonly forlorn. Her hair, always too tightly drawn back from her wan little face, fringed it, now, in drab wisps. Her eyes, never of the strongest, were red behind their thick lenses. She had been up several nights lately with the twins. Grandmamma watched her with old eyes that saw everything. There was something especial, she was sure, on Hetty's mind. Waldo's insurance was paid. The twins' croup had rounded a turn. Howard was doing well in school.

"What is Elaine up to?" she asked, suddenly, twitching her knitted lavender cape about her shoulders. Hetty looked guilty at once.

"Elaine?" She was vague, grandmamma knew, because she was frightened. "Elaine is getting on beautifully. Her professors all say the kindest things. She has made herself the prettiest hat out of just nothing. She was asked to something at the Marshalls', and her hats were all impossible."

"The Marshalls ask her often," commented grandmamma. Hetty had started, blinked behind her glasses, turned red, considered, then abandoned her guns.

"Sheldon Marshall has asked her for the next cotillon."

"So that is what ails you," her mother considered. "Elaine is obliged to have a new frock!"

"She does so wonderfully with her poor little frocks," Hetty besought. "She is the cleverest girl! You know how stupid I am with my needle. But Elaine! Out of ten dollars she evolves Parisian marvels."

"Well, I suppose Sheldon is worth a ten-dollar miracle," commented grandmamma, acidly. Sheldon was a precise young person, bred at the university that she most disliked, and infused with the poison of his father's money. Grandmamma, who was democratic, and the widow of a famous professor of Greek at the university to which she believed all young men should be sent, thought him a youthful example of all that menaces our country.

"But Elaine says she just can't wear a patched-up thing to the cotillon with Sheldon. There is to be a dinner, and she will go in a carriage, and—well, she is right. She ought to have a proper gown."

"How does she propose to pay for it?" asked grandmamma pointedly.

"Oh, Waldo and I will manage!" Hetty tried for dignity, and failed; for unconcern, and failed; and ended with simple tragedy.

Grandmamma refused to be touched. Years ago, when she had yielded Hetty to Waldo, she had jested about giving her over to the wolf. She had been secretly proud of the spirited folly of

the young people, who had refused to let her money aid in keeping the wolf at bay. From pride, she had gone to impatience, rage, and exasperated anguish, as the infatuated two steadily refused her. Waldo knew a great deal about chemistry, and his university counted him its most eminent man. He could not, however, transmute bills, babies, and breakdowns into coin of the realm, and the salary of eminent university men takes into account none of these things.

Grandmamma saw the arrival of Elaine, who was a very sickly and costly babe, with misgivings. Waldo's trouble with his eyes, that took him to Paris for a year, dismayed her utterly. Howard, baby number two, and Hetty's ensuing six months at the hospital brought her to spoken protest. The arrival of the twins was the signal for war. If they chose to be poor, at least they need not be pitiful before her eyes. They would either take her money, or stop having babies and tragic happenings. But Waldo was calmly recalcitrant. And Hetty, mute, but with the distressed pucker between her eyes steadily deeper, held her mother's pocketbook at arm's length.

The two did stop having babies. They managed their incredible finances somehow. When grandmamma inquired how Waldo had fared in the annual university budget, she always learned that there had been a little, a hundred or two more, but that there had been dentistry all around, or the house to be painted, or assessments on some of Waldo's absurd investments, that licked up the little hundreds. Of late years, she had heard frequently of little expenditures for Elaine.

"You are making that girl into a luxury that nobody could afford. You are ruining her. You are destroying your own morals. I wash my hands of you," she cried, as she had cried innumerable times before. Hetty was used to being washed from her mother's hands.

There was certainly storm in the air as Elaine opened the door upon the two on this wet afternoon. For an instant after her rosy fairness looked in upon them, the room was so still that the drip from the gutter outside and the subsiding of the wood fire within seemed uproarious.

"You here, mother?" said the fresh young voice reprovingly. "Is my underskirt done?" Hetty trembled.

"I left Miss Bemis just finishing the ruffles."

"You have the dressmaker, already, have you?" grandmamma spoke sharply.

"Yes, grandmamma," answered Elaine. "I am really having a gown. It seems to me I deserve it. Here I am, twenty-one years old, and asked about, and

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The Gold Gown

Continued from Page 4

Grandmamma's sniff signified that Elaine's father had been shabby since before she was born, that her mother was a fright, and that she, Madame Bushnell, disapproved of everything and everybody in the vicinity.

"And a decent dressmaker to make it," pursued Elaine, sitting cavalierly on the edge of grandmamma's bed. "I just got after father myself, and told him he had to find the money somewhere. I can't disgrace the Marshalls, even if I do have to be a reproach to my eminent relatives."

She blew a kiss toward her wan mother, and looked so exquisitely pretty that grandmamma could have bitten her. Elaine was a rosy blond, slim, long, with wide brown eyes, and an air of delicate distinction that would set off very good frocks indeed.

"I'm having just what I want, too, grandmamma. Would you like to see it?" It appeared that Elaine could produce a parcel from below stairs if desired. Grandmamma vouchsafed that she supposed she would have to see it in the end, whether she approved of it or not.

Elaine explained the beauties of her material to a silent audience. Hetty blinked behind her glasses, and set her pale lips in an intensity of interest. Grandmamma folded her hands in her lap, and observed acutely. Elaine held up the golden shimmer of her silk, to catch the right light on its folds.

"You see," she showed vividly, "it has just the lights of my hair. And this net"—she flung out a mesh over the shining surface—"I shall embroider with gold thread. I have the pattern. And I have some new gold slippers, and yellow silk stockings, and mother will let me have her funny gold chain for my neck. I will have it very severely made—just wrinkled across, so." She held a sheaf of the radiant stuff across her bosom. "Then it will follow the lines of the figure right down. Oh-h-h!" She gave a heart-brimming, ecstatic sigh. "I never had just what I wanted before."

Grandmamma removed her glasses, and wiped them carefully. What was this poor, pretty granchild of hers but an embodiment of hunger? The lean, professorial life she had shared, the painful consideration of pennies she had witnessed all her life, had not drained her as it had drained anxious Hetty. She had been the beautiful, fungous growth on the whole situation, sending avid little rootlets down, she neither knew nor cared how far, into her shriveling host. All the caustic things grandmamma had perpetually on her tongue's end died within her at that long-drawn sigh.

Nor did she look at the blinking Hetty, with lean uncertain fingers on her white lips, to demand where Waldo meant to find the money for all this. She removed her glasses, wiped them and put them on, as Elaine, with the reverence of a high priestess, performed the rite of gathering up her sheaves. The old lady surveyed the process grimly before she said:

"You had better have Miss Bemis come down here to make it. Your mother has enough to bother her. And you had better stay until it is all over."

It did not modify her grimness that even Hetty showed a kind of joy at this. Nor did she unbend for Elaine, who rapturously acceded.

"Oh, dear grandmamma!" the girl cried. "How I shall love it! You know how I hate things at home. There are always pots to wash, and a twin to look after, and there's no room for anything. And I do so love a fire in my room!"

What seemed to grandmamma the unnaturalness of this outburst, was lost on both Elaine and Hetty.

"Poor child!" said the mother. "What a scramble it all is at home! I should think you would like it better here. You must be very sweet to grandmamma."

Elaine replied with impatience to the admonitions of her flat-bosomed little parent standing with appealing gaze, a nervous hand on the door knob. Hetty never seemed to her other than absurd.

Why couldn't she stand up straight, and do her hair better and get over that way of winking? Other girl's mothers did not permit themselves these habits.

"Of course I shall be sweet to grandmamma. I'm never horrid except at home. Send Miss Bemis right down. We can begin this afternoon. Oh!" as the door closed upon the obedient Hetty, "you've no idea what it means to me to know that the twins won't burst in at any moment!"

"Do the twins annoy you?" asked grandmamma, watchful from her corner. Elaine made a frantic gesture.

"Annoy me? Annoy me, grandmamma? Why, I positively hate the twins. They use my things. They paw me. They make noises when I am trying to sleep late in the morning. They come into my room when I want to be alone. Or, if I lock my door, they cry so that I can hear them even when mother calls them away downstairs. You know you can hear everything in our house. Now, here," the girl shut her eyes and pressed her little fingers over them. "Oh, I wish you would adopt me! It's so quiet here, and you always have a cook. Mother is going to send away Jane, just because I am having this dress. And Jane is the first decent cook we have ever had."

Grandmamma pressed her lips tightly. This was horrible frankness. Yet, she wondered, was not frankness Elaine's redeeming characteristic? At least, one felt sure that there could be little worse in the girl's nature, when so much that was shocking displayed itself on the surface. And grandmamma believed that at the root of what, in some of her rhetorical flights, she termed the upstart tree of Elaine's egotism, there must be a soil that could give some other growth nourishment, if only the right instincts could once be planted. Hetty and



"I can't marry a poor man. I can't endure it, grandmamma!"

Waldo had compelled, she believed, Elaine's egotism to take root and flourish.

To the doctrine that she had no right to interfere, even though its poisonous growth should mean destruction to her own child, grandmamma had tried to adhere at whatever cost of wrath or anguish. Yet, now, as Elaine bloomed, and Hetty faded, the heavy-hearted old woman felt herself preparing to lay aside all her principles. She was about, she admitted, to interfere. The days of Elaine's stay she meant to spend in planning how she might strike.

Those were absorbed, blissful days for that young lady. Her slender fingers flew as she made her mesh of net blossom into a golden fairyland. Miss Bemis, from the hauteur of the expensive seamstress, descended eventually to admiring pupilage. Miss Elaine's ideas, she confessed, were wonderful. However radical her innovations and however the seamstress shook her head in the beginning, the end was always Elaine's end, and the result triumphant.

"And so pretty herself," Miss Bemis assured grandmamma, "that she looks charming where another girl would be extinguished. And how she does love beautiful things!"

"She has a strong decorative instinct," grandmamma commented. To her, Elaine's decorative instinct was not a pretty quality. Grandmamma had a poor opinion of people who decked their bodies too thoughtfully. To her, they were not far from savages, and their preening she regarded as highly undeveloped. Yet, she watched appreciatively Elaine's unaffected happiness as

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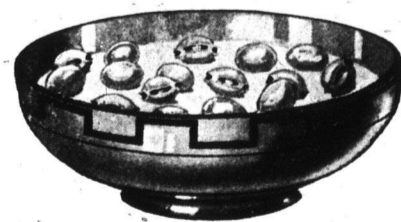
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The Matinee Idol

"Rosalie! Don't joke. It's serious. I get twenty a week now."

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

ROSALIE Duprez leaned against the balcony-rail of the shabby little rooming-house and mischievously tossed a red rose—the mate of the one that nestled in her dark, curly hair—down to Pierre Latupe, who stood below. He caught it deftly, and then hesitated a bit before fastening it on his coat. He repeated his question.

"Who gave you it, Rosalie?" "Are they not beauties, Pierre!" she countered. "I have half-a-dozen, each as large as a teacup."

The frowning Romeo frowned harder than ever. He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands in a characteristic gesture.

"Red roses like these cost five piastres a dozen," he remarked. "Some fool and his money must have kissed a long goodbye."

"Everybody doesn't squeeze the nickels till the king yells," said the girl, with or without malicious intent.

"But make haste and come down," Pierre pleaded.

"Are we going to the Jazzatorium?" asked Rosalie in a pretty, coaxing voice, as she descended the steps slowly, the better perhaps to display her dainty, silk-clad ankles.

"Let's go to the park. It's too nice to be inside anywhere to-day, Rosalie."

"You're not broke, Pierre!" chaffed the girl, taking his arm. "If you are, I'll stand for the tickets. I got my bonus to-day."

"It's not that. We could go to the lake if you like."

"Why not the Jazz?" "On a day like this? The Bond Dieu doesn't often send such a Saturday afternoon. Such air, such sunshine! And the bird-songs—"

"What are bird-songs when you can listen to that melting tenor who sings to charm the heart of a stone? Ah, what a voiced" and she sighed rapturously.

Pierre Latupe frowned again.

"That pig!" he growled.

"He's a gentleman and an artist!" retorted the girl. "An Italian aristocrat."

"He an Italian?" "I'll wager he never saw Italy!"

"Oh, be contrary then! But I tell you he's a great star not yet discovered. And his figure—"

"Too much stomach!"

"His handsome coal black hair—"

"Dyed."

"His smile—"

"Rosalie, don't be buffaloed. His words, his voice—they are not the soft, Southern quality. His consonants are harsh. An ear for music, no doubt, he has, but he's often out of key and falsetto in the high notes. He couldn't carry a tune in a valise! A fifth-rate vaudeville actor. That's what Signor Whatyoucallum is."

"Signor Bertini, Pierre. And—there's no Signora Bertini they say," Rosalie added softly.

She sprang away from him, pirouetted along the pavement for a few steps humming a gay air, and then challenged Pierre to a race as far as the corner. Breathlessly they came to a halt further down, and the pretty vivacious French girl laughed with the sheer joy of living. She was always happy on Saturday afternoon, that short and fleeting breathing-space in the long week. It was like an oasis in the great desert of toil to her and so many others. To-day, released from the factory at noon, she had snatched a scrappy lunch and hastened to her room to dress in her very finest, and now chic, alluring, scented faintly with violet, she was wearing a new frock made by herself, a cheap and simple costume, but enhanced by many deft touches, the sort that only a daughter of the French knows how to impart.

"Here we are!" she announced as they approached the corner where gaudy posters set forth the attractions within the vaudeville theater.

Pierre, shrewd with the shrewdness of his race, knew that to oppose a woman

was wrong tactics and got you nowhere. But he made one more feeble protest.

"You seem to have developed a sudden passion for music, Rosalie," he complained. "I can't understand it. The Lyceum further up has a much better bill to-day. Let's go there."

"But look! The Signor stars to-day in Her Shattered Heart. Oh, we mustn't miss it!"

She seized his arm and impatiently steered him over to the waiting line in the near-marble foyer. The patrons were swarming in a dense mass about the entrances and Pierre shrugged with a distaste at the very thought of the heat and suffocation inside the house. The front rows had all been taken and they found themselves quite near the dead-line known as row N.

"And a good thing, I'll say!" said Pierre. "Now we won't see the rake-up on the ballet like the last time."

But Rosalie pouted and kept craning her neck toward the stage.

"I can hardly wait," she whispered.

"He sings six times I see by the program. Isn't he generous?"

"He ought to be arrested. Generous? He's hogging the limelight."

"You mean the spotlight. Well, and who better I'd like to know? There's the orchestra tuning up."

"That orchestra ought to be deported. It's crazy with the heat."

"Bah! But you are in a bad humor to-day!"

"Well, anyhow, I'm not mashed on a punk actor," said Pierre.

At last the curtain went up on Her Shattered Heart and a great volume of oh's attested to the beauty of the setting of the first act, a drawing-room scene with furniture rented from a nearby upholstery store. One could see a large price-ticket still hanging from the Morris chair. It was the usual type of melodrama, opening up with a monologue by a pert housemaid, who flicked dust, real or imaginary, from the furniture while she discoursed about her employer's affairs. The hero is wrongfully accused of murder in the second act, but cannot clear himself, for some obtuse reason, and so the lurid tale went on. Signor Bertini was the hero, of course. Rosalie's are not the only eyes that sparkle. Row upon row of adoring maidens gaze enraptured and half forget their bon-bons. Married women who have raised large families see in Bertini a soul-mate. What does he sing? Ah! He can sing almost everything that was ever set to music. Now it is an Italian love-song, then a Spanish serenade, again a French chanson, or an English lullaby. But chiefly he sings rag-time. Rosalie doesn't understand much of it, but she hears his liquid voice and thrills to the core of her being when he presses a hand upon his heart and trills on the highest register. He seems to be singing to her alone. That is sufficient. He has gay abandon, his arpeggios are like Caruso's, his staccato notes are like dainty trickles of water. Rosalie sighs happily and closes her eyes.

"A man his size ought to sing bass," growls Pierre.

Suddenly he sees the Signor's bold eyes searching the audience. Ciel! It is for Rosalie! Or can it be? No! Yes! He distributes a special smile or two, but reserves for Rosalie a kiss tossed lightly across the footlights.

Pain and anger grip Pierre.

"Rosalie! Do not notice him!" he whispers harshly.

He clutches her arm. She shakes off his hand.

"Don't be silly," she whispers back.

"I know him slightly."

The sun has retired behind a bank of clouds when the matinee lets out. There is a bit of chill in the air. Rosalie and Pierre are silent as they walk homeward. But at last the boy breaks the silence.

"Rosalie, when shall we get married?"

The girl returns to earth, dazedly.

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The Matinee Idol

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"Married!" she laughs, scornfully. "On what?"

"I am to get a raise next year," Pierre explains. I was trying to keep it for a surprise, but any time will do now to publish the banns, eh?"

"I never said I'd marry you."

"But—it is understood!" cried Pierre, taken aback.

"Not by me. Besides I—I have other chances yet."

"Rosalie! Don't joke. It's serious. I get twenty a week now. It will be twenty-five in January next. A little flat—"

"And I can take in washing I suppose!"

Pierre says no more. They part half in anger and the girl will not tell him when he may next call round. As he returns to his own cheap abode he meditates sadly, profoundly. He sees a little habitant village nestling half in the "boosh" by a big lake, many little white-washed cottages, hundreds of children, ten or twelve (conservative estimate) to a family. Oh, why did he and Rosalie ever leave Ville Madonne! He hated the big city. He loved the peace of the hills, the silence of the bush, the healthy life of the trapper. He hadn't wanted to leave, but had followed Rosalie to the city two years ago. Ah! The hearth-fire of the old home! The dog-sleds travelling across the snowy wastes! The genial welcome, winter or summer, of simple, kindly people! But Rosalie, eldest of fourteen children, hated the drudgery and monotony. The city beckoned irresistibly. She loved the whirl and bright lights, the clangour and the show. It intoxicated her. She loved her old home, too, but—a little life, Mon Dieu, a little taste of life! Rosalie was only 17.

It is three evenings later. In a de luxe cabaret we find Rosalie, prettier than before, in a dress of rose color. Across from her is seated—not faithful, humble Pierre, but the lion of the vaudeville house, Signor Bertini himself! He smiles to see her delight in her surroundings, the pretty air of gaucherie she cannot conceal. The smile is a bit patronizing, to be sure, but she doesn't realize it, and that look that comes and goes in his eyes, it frightens her just a little. Also, he keeps catching her hand, just in fun.

She gazes about in rapture at the gay dresses and the sparkle of silver and glass, the rich velvet draperies of the windows and the obsequious, soft-shod Japanese waiters.

"Wine, little one?"

"Wine?" echoes Rosalie, withdrawing her eyes from the scene about her.

"Wine, you say?"

"Sh! The real thing, little one. Very few others have it, but I have a locker downstairs. It has scarcely any kick, so don't fear. Pour her a glass, waiter."

"No, No! I—I only like red wine."

"But champagne, little one! Come! Here's to the blackest eyes in the city."

The waiter fills her glass and Bertini's from a napkin-wrapped bottle taken from an ice-pail nearby. He keeps a furtive eye on Bertini.

Rosalie laughs. She raises the slender goblet and leans forward to touch it against her companion's. But at that instant Fate or her patron saint, or just sheer accident causes the girl's goblet to slip, and the delicate glass crashed into fragments among the dishes and shining napery.

"No matter," says Bertini, soothingly, and he beckoned to the waiter. "Here! Fill the lady another goblet."

Rosalie, pale and shaking, refuses any now.

"No, no! It's a sign, an omen. I dare not. See, I will drink your health and mine in coffee, Signor."

He assents to this, but very glumly. "You are so cold to me, little one," he complains. "And when I saw you with those other girls at the stage-door I picked you out for a live one."

"When you spoke to me that time I shouldn't have answered," the girl said slowly. "It was wrong."

"But why did you come to the stage-door, then?"

"We wanted—I wanted to see a great actor close up."

"Well, here he is," and Bertini smiled complacently at the compliment. "And now shall we dance a little?"

The orchestra plays a soft, seductive waltz. A comic singer has just left the platform and a Salome dancer now glides about and up and down, the violins accompanying her weird motions with rich and slumbrously soft cadences. The diners laugh at Salome doing a waltz. It is humorous. But wait. She speeds

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In the cabbage patch.

The Making of a Champion

"You'd better look out," came a voice from Scrubby's direction, "Bruiser Young's here, and he's going to lick you."

By Gene MacLean

SCHOOL had been dismissed. A whooping horde of small boys and a decorous group of small girls poured from opposite doors of the old brick building and moved toward the gate.

It was a warm day in December, of the sort that comes sometimes to break the course of central Ohio winters. A breath from the south stirred the withered leaves upon the trees into factitious dancings, and filled the children with longings for marbles, jumping ropes, scrub ball and wood tag.

"You're it!" shrieked a little boy, slapping one of his seniors of the sixth-year grade upon the back. "You're it! Can't catch me!"

But the boys of the Sixth ignored his sally. They were solemnly converging at the gate. Outside the fence the girls were standing in a silent group, and gazing intently at a boy and girl who stood together on the sidewalk. The boy was shifting awkwardly from one leg to the other and making vain endeavors to gracefully dispose of his hands while he made bashful return to the laughing chatter of the girl. She was a dainty little creature, with long, curling braids

would enable him to enter the house puffing beneath the weight of a bucket of coal, and thereby evade explanations



The manœuvre demoralized the enemy

as to why he was late from school. The alley had been lately coated with gravel and he scuffed up a mass of sand and small stones as he neared the barn-door. "I better get out my sling-shot," he reflected. "I——"

He came to a dead stop before the door. Facing him, printed in scrawling characters, were the outrageous words: "Phillip and Queenie."



He saw a contingent of the foe rushing upon him, led by Bruiser Young —

and rosy cheeks that glowed brighter as she talked.

The small boy who had attempted to institute the game of tag, grasped the situation and burst into explosive demonstration of the fact.

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl," he chanted. "Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl!"

The children paid no attention to him, but watched the boy and girl move slowly away toward home. Two youngsters from the feminine cluster outside the gate even followed after, making verbal note of the fact that Lola, mounting the high curb across the street, touched Philip for a moment on the sleeve by way of assisting herself. This same pair viewed the parting at Lola's front steps, and saw the boy kicking confusedly at a tuft of belated grass as he said good-by, and writhing with embarrassment as he backed away. Later, when he came past, whistling shrilly they stood aside and delivered a singsong:

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl." The boy was secretly pleased. This recognition of his status was not ungratifying, for the chant they rendered had been true only since yesterday.

But he flung back a casual, "You're a liar!" as he continued his melody and his march.

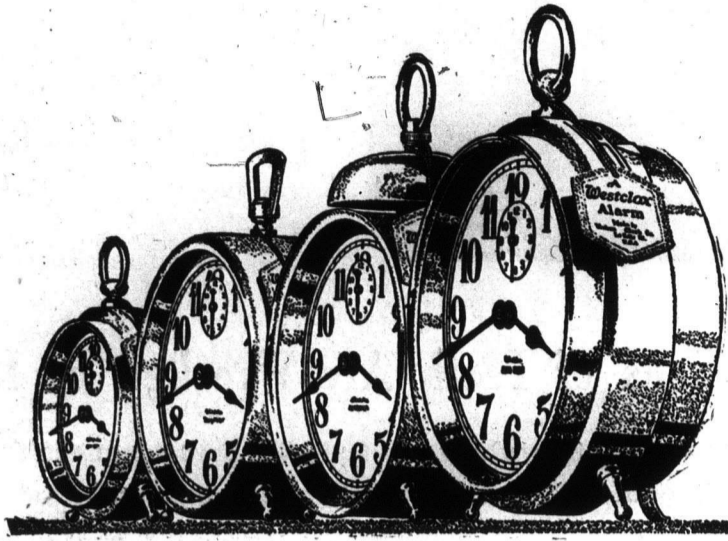
He executed an elaborate detour around the block in which he lived, and approached his home from the rear. This

He drew a long breath. It was not hard to trace the insult. Queenie Bowser, a little sloven who lived at the far edge of the town, was a butt for schoolyard quips and sallies, and was deemed utterly beneath the notice of the small aristocracy of Crayville. Some contemptible trifle, jealous of his new-found favor with Lola Cameron, had conceived this slander and plotted to make a mock and a byword of him in the Sixth. Bitterly he saw it all.

At this moment, Petey Martin, Philip's comrade in school, made a fortuitous appearance at the end of the alley. Philip picked up a stone and bounced it off Petey's head. He was sure the assault would not be wasted. He did not pause to inquire if the Martin boy was responsible for the legend on the barn. In his profound knowledge of Crayville methods he was aware that even if Petey had not actually written it, he would shortly become one of the jeering crowd that would exploit the jest.

He listened to Petey's howls of pain as the stricken youth fled up the street. When they had died away, he made preparations for the inevitable battle. Reinforcements for the enemy would shortly be on hand, he was quite sure, armed and with full knowledge of the hateful legend that Petey had found him reading on the barn door. Hastily

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The Making of a Champion

Continued from Page 8

He had not long to wait. Even as he was proceeding to add some lumps of coal to his store of missiles, Scrubby Willifer's head was cautiously thrust around the corner. A stone from the vigilant Philip whistled by.

"You better look out," came a voice from Scrubby's direction. "Bruiser Young's here, and he's going to lick you."

The redoubtable Bruiser verified this intelligence by showing himself at the entrance to the alley. He immediately retired in recognition of a volley from Philip, but the latter perceived that the Bruiser's coming meant serious trouble. The title of champion fighter of the sixth-year grade would not be lightly given up by William Young. He had won it in arduous battle, and Philip knew that the other boys would follow in the daring footsteps of the Bruiser for the mere honor of being on his side, if for nothing else.

"Philip and Que-e-e-nie!" called a tantalizing voice from the opposite direction.

A stone smote Philip in the back. He turned, and saw Petey Martin, Louie Born and three or four other boys dancing about and preparing to launch a fusillade upon him.

There was clearly a heavy force in movement. A shower of stones came over the low cowshed that opposed the barn, and rattled harmlessly above Philip's head. He delivered a missile at the group where Petey stood, and struck Louie Born beneath the eye. Philip was loudly jeering when a cinder struck him, knocking off his cap, a heavy stone flew past his ear and his left leg sharply contracted from the effect of a smart impact on his calf. He turned, and saw a con-

gathering the largest of the stones under his feet, he filled his pockets and built a heap of ammunition inside the door.

corner. Here he was safe from the stones, but in peril of invasion.

He gasped when Scrubby Willifer displayed an auburn poll at the top of the ladder.

"Get out!" cried Philip "You get out!" Fate, at this moment, made Scrubby a victim of his friends. A stone sailing through the open window from without hit him on the head and he dropped, howling.

"Philip, he's back there with more'n a million rocks," he wept, "and he hit me with one of 'em!"

This version of the injury impressed the crowd and Philip, huddled in his corner, heard the murmur of a council of war. Then the voice of the Bruiser arose.

"Hey, you!" called the Bruiser. "If you don't come down we'll come up and half kill you."

The beleaguered made no response. "We'll give you three minutes to come down," resumed the voice from below.

"If you don't come, we'll come up and bang your head off."

Plainly the situation was desperate. Philip did not know that the injuries of Petey, of Louie and of Scrubby, and the inglorious tumble of the Bruiser had filled the others with respect for his prowess. He did know that he was alone in the loft, with every boy's hand against him.

"You comin' down?" demanded the Bruiser.

"Ya, ya, 'fraid to come down," sang two or three voices.

Louie Born joined in the taunts. "Philip and Queenie," he sang, "Philip and Queenie! Philip'd like to go with a sheeny!"

A flow of wrath crimsoned the cheeks of the boy upstairs. "I'll fix you," he cried. "I—I'll show you!"

He clattered about, gathering the stones deposited there by the foe. "I'll bust somebody's head," he shrieked.



He had time only to leap inside the door and bang it shut before they arrived.

tingent of the foe rushing upon him, led by Bruiser Young.

He had time only to leap inside the door and bang it shut before they arrived. He thrust a splinter of wood through the staple, to secure the door, and climbed into the loft to reconnoiter. Up there a big window looked out upon the alley. Bundles of hay had once been tossed into the mow through this aperture, and it was large enough to afford room for battery practice on the enemy. Selecting a heavy lump of coal from his pocket, Philip leaned far out, poised to hurl the projectile at the besiegers.

But the alley was vacant! the barn door, loosening traitorously, had come open, and even now a clamor from the boys below announced their possession of his citadel.

Bruiser Young came clambering up the ladder.

"You get away from here!" screamed Philip. "You get away!"

He made a wild sweep at the champion's head. The Bruiser, dodging, lost his hold and tumbled to the floor below. And now, swiftly following after, came a new assault. The boys had discovered the open window, and going into the alley, commenced a bombardment through the portal. The stones thumped and rattled about the now thoroughly alarmed garrison of the loft, who promptly retreated into a sheltered

His eye fell upon the "punching bag," which he had once mistakenly constructed out of canvas and sawdust. It weighed nearly one hundred pounds. He seized upon this and dragged it toward the opening in the floor.

That fighter moved toward the door. The boys downstairs shifted uneasily.

"What's he doin'?" asked the Bruiser.

"I'll fix you," puffed Philip, as he arrived with his burden at the ladder.

"F any of you try to come up here—"



"You get away from here," screamed Philip.

He leaned over to get a view of the besiegers.

"I'll bust—Oof!"

He had lost his balance. Wildly scratching for a hold upon the flooring, the

Continued on Page 64

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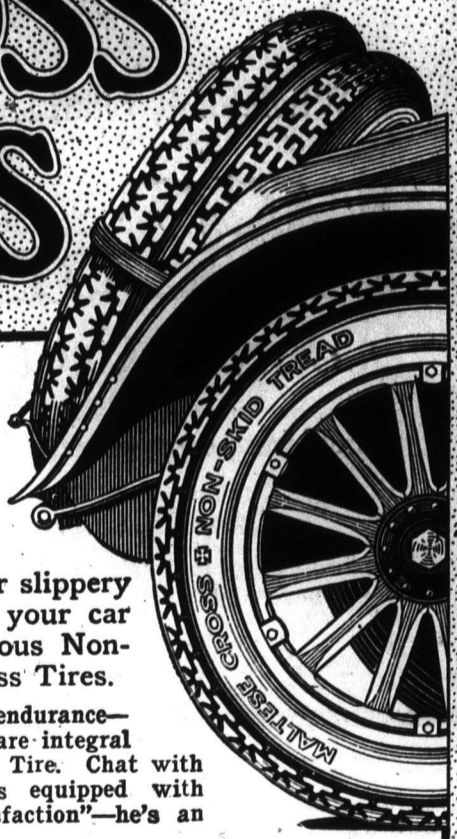
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Those Borrowing Borwicks

A good story about Borrowing Neighbours

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Miss S. G. Mosher.

YOUNG Mrs. Gibson was late for the meeting of the Red Cross Auxiliary, and when she did arrive there was a sparkle in her eyes, and a flush on her cheeks that spoke of inward agitation. "We were wondering if you were coming," Helen Farrar said. "Now we are all here but the Borwick girls."

"Those borrowing Borwicks," Mrs. Gibson exploded. "But for them I should have been here an hour ago."

Mrs. Connors tossed the angry speaker a bandage. "You can be sewing while you tell us your troubles," she said.

"It is a small thing, but exasperating. I was out in the back yard when Beatrice Borwick called from the kitchen door that she had just run in to borrow some bread, and was taking the loaf she found on the kitchen table. She was gone before I could say a word, and it happened to be all the bread I had in the house. My mother-in-law was coming to lunch, and I had to make biscuits. I wonder why Beatrice is not here."

"Perhaps she can't find her shoes, or her hat, or some other part of her attire," Louise Kenny suggested.

"She needn't stop to look for her own shoes—she can wear mine," Helen Farrar said. "She borrowed my skating boots three weeks ago. I never thought of them again until last evening, when the Nelsons stopped to get me to go with them. After spending ten minutes looking for the boots I remembered that Beatrice had them. Mr. Nelson said we could drive past the Borwick house and get them. There was nobody home but Beatrice. She said she was very sorry, but she had let Polly take my shoes to go skating. I walked home, getting angrier every step of the way."

"I should have gone to the lake and demanded them," Mrs. Gibson snapped.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Mary, any more than you would have followed Beatrice and demanded your bread back."

"They made ice cream last week," Louis Kenny took up the tale. "Perhaps you won't believe me, but they borrowed cream, sugar, freezer, salt and flavoring from us. I wonder where they got the ice."

"I let them have that," Mrs. Connors admitted. "They sent the little Burgess boy for it, and he borrowed our wheelbarrow to take the ice over in. He forgot to bring the wheelbarrow back, and Mr. Connors had to go for it yesterday."

"They've had our alarm clock for nearly a month," Mrs. Gibson resumed. "John says things about it nearly every morning, especially when we oversleep. He declares he is going to ask Will to bring it back."

"Will isn't much like his sisters. I never knew him to borrow anything."

"An uncomfortable time he must have of it in that hit-or-miss household," Mrs. Duncan remarked. "I've been rolling out my biscuits with the vinegar bottle for nearly two weeks now. Polly Borwick borrowed by rolling pin because theirs was mislaid."

"I move," said Mrs. Gibson, with determination, "that we all agree not to lend anything more to the Borwicks. They are as able to buy things as we are."

There was a chorus of assent, but Mrs. Connors murmured gently, "Lend to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

"Here are the Borwicks now," Louis broke in.

The two girls hurried in, flushed, breathless, and looking as if their clothes had been flung at their heads.

"We were almost ashamed to come so late," Polly explained breathlessly, "but I promised to leave my skirt pattern at Mrs. Brown's, and at the last moment I couldn't find it. We had to turn the house upside down before it turned up."

The talk passed to other things, but Mrs. Gibson's eyes still glowed. She con-

sidered that the borrowing nuisance was growing intolerable, and turned over various schemes for putting an end to it. At last she hit on a plan she thought would do. She outlined it to Louise Kenny as they walked home together.

"It's a perfect plan, Mary, if we get enough people to agree to it. You do have an original mind."

"We had better not say anything to Mrs. Connors; she is too soft-hearted," Mrs. Gibson said. "Everything depends on secrecy, and on doing the thing to a minute. Everyone interested had better meet at my house tomorrow afternoon, and we will plan things."

Two days later Mrs. Duncan, accompanied by one of her boys, drove up to the Borwick house in a market wagon. There was no one at home but Polly. Mrs. Duncan explained that she wanted to paint her kitchen table, and had come over to borrow theirs for a few days.

"There are so many of us that I simply must have a kitchen table, but I am sure you can get along very well without one," she said.

Polly assented cheerfully, and helped to put the table in the wagon. Her good nature almost caused Mrs. Duncan to relent.

A few minutes later Louise Kenny ran in. "Oh, Polly, could you lend us your dining-room chairs? Two of ours are broken, and we expect company to supper this evening."

Polly hesitated only a moment; she had that morning enamelled all the sitting room chairs, and they were drying in the attic. Both kitchen chairs were broken. But she reflected that they could sit on boxes if necessary.

"Why, of course," she said cheerfully. "Shall I help you to carry them over?"

"No, I'll send the boys. Can you lend us a pot as well?"

Polly fetched the pot, and it was not until later that she remembered that it was their only one, the others having worn out, and never been replaced by careless Beatrice. As there was beef-steak for dinner, she told herself it would not matter; she could bake the potatoes in the oven.

It seemed to Polly that all her acquaintances ran in to borrow something that afternoon. Towards three o'clock, however, there was a lull in the stream of borrowers, and she ran down to the post office with a letter, leaving the door unfastened after the trusting fashion of the community. She was hardly out of sight when a wagon drove up to the door. Helen Farrar, who was sitting beside the driver, descended and knocked. When no one responded, she opened the door and went in.

"Nobody is home," she told the driver a moment later, "but I know where everything is, and my friends won't mind, I know."

In a few moments the dining table was loaded into the wagon, followed by the Borwick's dinner set and silverware. Helen left a note on the sideboard, now the only article left in the dining-room.

Soon Beatrice came in. She was overtaken at the gate by Mrs. Gibson. "Oh, Beatrice," she exclaimed breathlessly, "do you happen to have more meat in the house than you need? John has just telephoned that he is bringing a friend home to dinner, and I don't know what to do. Men are so thoughtless."

"We have some nice steak, which you are welcome to," Beatrice said. "Here is a lemon pie, too, and do you need any bread?"

For a moment Mrs. Gibson felt ashamed of her plot in view of this neighborliness, but she told herself the girls needed a lesson. Besides, they owed her a loaf of bread. Beatrice helped her to carry the things over. On her way home she remembered that she had forgotten to order bread that day, and that

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Those Borrowing Borwicks

Continued from Page 10

boil some corned beef in place of the beefsteak. She was looking for the pot when Polly came in.

"I think you put things in a new place each time," she said, rather crossly. "Wherever is the big pot?"

"The big pot—the only pot—is now in Mrs. Kenny's kitchen. I lent it to Louise."

"Then what am I going to cook the corned beef in?"

"I thought there was steak for dinner."

"I lent the steak to Mrs. Gibson. Where is the kitchen table?"

"Mrs. Duncan borrowed it; she painted hers."

"Then I shall have to mix the biscuits on the dining-room table."

"Let me help you to bring the table out here; Louise borrowed all the chairs, so we may as well dine in the kitchen this evening."

"It seems to me this is borrowing day," Beatrice said, as she followed Polly to the dining-room.

There was a gasp of amazement when they saw the empty room. Beatrice darted to the letter on the sideboard. "Helen Farrar has borrowed the extension table and all our dishes and cutlery," she said. "She says they expect company and she knows we won't mind. Really, this is a little too much."

"I—I believe it is a plot," Polly said slowly. "Things don't happen like that, and you know, Beatrice, we are awful borrowers. Perhaps people are getting tired of it."

"I'm going to return every borrowed thing in the house this very day," the angry Beatrice said. But when the borrowed articles were piled in the dismantled dining-room both girls were appalled at their number and variety.

"The Gibson's clock—I promised to take that back next day; Mrs. Connor's ice-cream freezer; Mrs. Duncan's rolling pin; Mrs. Brown's napkins; Louise Kenny's skating boots—I've had them for a month; Alma Stevens' kitchen apron—I borrowed that in October when I was putting up pickles; Helen Farrar's scissors; Mrs. Connor's egg-beater; Eva Kenny's blouse pattern; Mary Brown's fountain pen; Edna Stevens' umbrella; and books—"

She was interrupted by the opening of the front door. Will Botwick came in, accompanied by two strange young men.

"You've heard me speak of the Pierson twins," he said. "I've brought them home to dinner. My sisters, boys. I told the boys I was sure at least of beefsteak and lemon pie. But what has happened to this room?" he asked, suddenly realizing that it seemed even more disordered than usual.

Beatrice looked as if she wanted to cry, but Polly giggled. "It's a joke," she said. "I'll tell you about it later. And there isn't steak and lemon pie for dinner. There is canned tomato soup and hot

biscuits. You will have to drink the soup from cups without handles, and I can't make the biscuits until Will brings down the stand from his room."

It was a very jolly, if somewhat picnicy meal. The girls had the only seats left, two rocking chairs, while the young men reclined on cushions on the floor.

"I'm afraid Will brought us out at an inconvenient time," Tom Pierson ventured, helping himself to his sixth biscuit. "He did not mention that you were housecleaning."

"I didn't know it myself," Will retorted.

"Neither did we," Polly laughed. "You see, this isn't housecleaning, but just a little practical joke on the part of our neighbors."

"I do not think it a very kind one," Will said, flushing.

"It may be only a coincidence that so many people borrowed things to-day," Beatrice said. "Let us talk of something more interesting."

Mrs. Gibson came over before breakfast next morning. "Can you ever forgive me" she cried. "John never mentioned until he was going away this morning that Will brought company home with him last night. If I had known, I should have asked you all over to my house. I feel very guilty, for I planned the whole thing. But we never intended it to go so far. You see—"

"It is all right," Beatrice exclaimed. "We deserved the lesson. Polly and I will be busy all day returning things we have borrowed in the past. I hope, though, that the neighbors will not keep our furniture and dishes as long as we have kept some of their things; it would be rather inconvenient."

"You are angels to take it like this," Mrs. Gibson said. "I shall see that everything is brought back to-day, you may be sure."

Influence of Good Deeds and Words

A traveller through a dusty road
Strew'd acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vow
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its bough;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood, a glory in its place,
A joy for evermore.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O font! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

—Charles Mackay.

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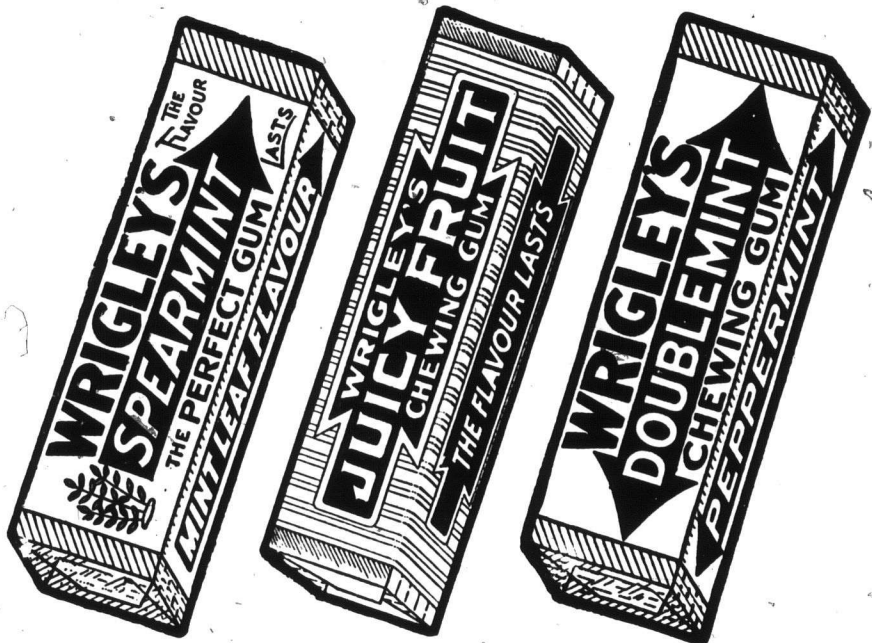
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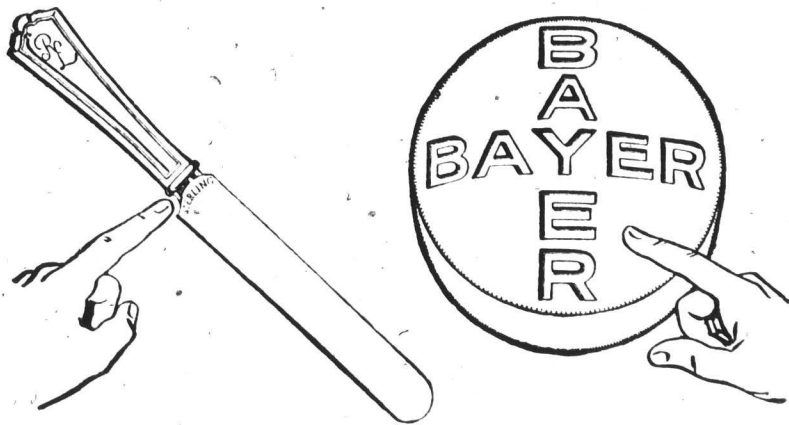
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A Good Name

"A Good Name is Rather to be Chosen than Great Riches"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Theodora Horton

YOU'D better come back along with me now," said Silas Guildford to his nephew as they left the cemetery. Mark said nothing; he walked beside his uncle unable to realize for the present at least anything that had happened around him. The overwhelming grief and loss seemed to have stunned him.

His father and mother had gone out a few evenings before in their car and there had been an accident. His father was picked up dead, and his mother had never regained consciousness, but had died in a few hours. How the next few days had passed he never knew. His father's brother, Silas Guildford, had taken control of everything, and had told him that there would be very little left when his father's business was wound up, and that he would give him a job in his store.

Mark had stared at him in a dazed manner and answered: "Father wished me to be a doctor."

"Fiddlesticks!" his uncle had answered. "I have no money to waste on such ideas. That was one of your mother's notions; she always did think herself a sight better than us folks, but as I told you there will be precious little coming to you, not enough to keep you in boots, but I dare say you can help a bit at the store and run errands for your keep."

To a studious boy of sixteen, who had been brought up to look forward to a professional career, it was no easy thing to give up all his ideas and hopes for a position of errand boy at a store, but it is a merciful thing that sudden and overwhelming trouble sometimes so stuns us that for the time we are unable to realize all that it means, and by the time that realization comes there comes gradually with it the strength to bear and endure. To Mark in the first agony of his sorrow it seemed of small importance what became of him. Who was there now to take any interest in his success or failure? Everything had been swept from him at one blow. He had spent the days before the funeral at a kindly neighbor's, and now he was to go to his new home. His uncle lived in a small neighboring town, and he had never been there since he was a little boy, too small to remember anything of the visit. The two families had nothing in common, and Mark's father, Dermot Guildford, had been a very different man from his brother Silas. He had married a doctor's daughter; and it had been her great wish that Mark should follow his grandfather's profession.

Silas Guildford did not talk much with his nephew during the journey home. He was not at all pleased with the prospect of having to provide for the boy, though if he had been honest enough to own it he knew Mark would be very useful to him in the store. Neither he nor his wife had wished to have the boy, and so Mark was not likely to receive a warm welcome at his new home.

Aunt Martha met them at the door. "So this is Mark, is it?" she said, looking him up and down. "Takes after his mother," she added with a sniff, as much as to say it was a regrettable misfortune. "Well, come on in, supper's waiting, and I've left Kate to mind the store."

Mark never knew how he got through that supper. For one thing he was thankful; his uncle and aunt took no notice of him whatever. At last it was over and his aunt told him to follow her up to his room. "You needn't come into the store this evening," said his Uncle; "but to-morrow you'll have to try and make yourself useful; I'm not going to keep you here for nothing."

Mark did not answer. He followed his aunt upstairs to a small attic at the top of the house. The sole articles of furniture were a low camp bed and a broken backed chair, and under the window was his suit case and the box of books he had packed before he left home.

"I don't know what you've got in that box," said his aunt, "but Kate and I could hardly get it upstairs."

"Oh, it's my books," said Mark. "I'm sorry you bothered to carry it up."

"Books, humph!" replied his aunt. "You won't want 'em here; there'll be plenty to keep you amused in the store."

Mark felt tired and dusty after his journey. He turned to his aunt who was just leaving the room. "Can I have a wash?" he asked.

"You'll find a basin and towel in the kitchen," she said. "I suppose you've been used to all sorts of fine things at home, but I'm not going to carry water up and downstairs for anybody."

Mark followed her downstairs and when he returned to his room he knelt down and began to unstrap his suit case. "I'm glad I've got a place to myself anyhow," he thought, "though it's not much to look at." The first thing he took out of his suit case was the Bible his mother had given him a few months before on his sixteenth birthday. His eyes filled with tears, the first tears he had shed that day as he opened it and turned to the fly leaf. There was the dear familiar writing: "To my son Mark from his loving mother" ran the inscription, and underneath she had written, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

"A good name." It was a well-known verse to Mark, but somehow it had never struck him as it did at this moment. Here he was alone, poor, and friendless, for he felt that he could not look upon his uncle and aunt with their cold, unsympathetic manner as friends, and yet he had one thing left—his good name. For his father's and his mother's sake he would strive to keep that, no matter what hard blows life should deal him. It was with this resolution that he lay down on the hard, little bed and, worn out with all the emotions of the day, he fell asleep, and for a time forgot his troubles.

"Now then, you good-for-nothing lout, hurry up, there." His uncle's voice sounded loud and angry at the top of the cellar stairs. It was just a week since the day of the funeral, and what a week it had been! Mark had honestly done his best though the work had been most ungenial and tiring. Not a moment's rest did he get through each long day, and this perhaps was a good thing for him, for he had little time to brood over his troubles. But hard as he might work, appreciation and thanks there were none. He was now busy filling sacks of potatoes, and he smiled grimly to himself in the dimly-lit cellar. "Good-for-nothing lout," he murmured; "one could hardly call that a good name."

It seems I have lost what I thought was my one possession." It was like that all the time; hard words and fault finding. "The boy's not worth his salt," his uncle said to his aunt many times a day, and it was some time before Mark found out that he was taking the place of an assistant who had left a few days before he had arrived. His uncle had told him that he could pay him nothing until he was worth it; he should have his keep and must be thankful for that, and so not even to his wife would Mr. Guildford own that the boy was of any use.

Mark had been at his new occupation for about three weeks when, to his intense surprise, his uncle handed him a letter, addressed in a handwriting that reminded him of his mother's. "For me?" he asked, so surprised that he seemed unable to open it. "Looks like it," said his uncle gruffly. "Mark Guildford, that's your name, isn't it?" Mark cut open the letter and read:

Glenorme Ranch,

Vancouver Island, B.C.

Dear Mark: I think you will have heard your mother speak of her little sister Bessie. I am that sister, your Aunt Bessie. It is a long time since I heard from your mother, and I was

—Continued on Page 13

A Good Name

Continued from Page 12

shocked beyond measure to see in the paper an account of the sad accident by which you have lost both father and mother. I wrote at once to the minister of your town to hear what had become of you. He tells me that he thinks that there will not be very much coming to you after your father's business is settled, and that you have a position in your Uncle Silas' store, so perhaps the offer I am about to make to you will come too late.

Your uncle and I have a cattle ranch here, and we would give you a most loving welcome to our home, for your mother's sake, if you would care to come. We have, alas, no children of our own, and if you decide to come you would take the place of a son in our home. Your uncle would be glad of your help on the ranch, or if you find that you do not care for the work we would do our best to get you into something more congenial. Your uncle joins me in this invitation for he knew your mother in the old days, and your father also.

In case you should decide to come I enclose a money order to pay expenses, etc. I do not know exactly how you are left in regard to means, and if you should prefer to remain where you are you must accept it as a little gift from your uncle and aunt. We are much hoping that you will feel that you like to come to us, and if that is the case do not wait to write about it, but come as soon as your uncle can spare you.

Ever Your Loving Aunt Bessie.

Mark could hardly believe his eyes as he read this letter. He had to struggle to keep back the tears at the loving tone of it. At last he laid the letter down and rested his head in his hands. His uncle and aunt stared at him across the breakfast table, and at last his uncle spoke: "Well, what's up now?"

"You can read it, Uncle Silas," said Mark, raising his head and passing the letter to his uncle. His uncle read it in silence and, passing it to his wife, went on with his breakfast. When Aunt Martha had finished it she passed it back to Mark with the words: "Well, I suppose you'll be off to your fine friends?"

"Yes, I shall certainly go," said Mark. "I am no good to you here, and there is no prospect of my getting on."

"You're a nice one," remarked his uncle, after all I have taught you in the store to go off like this just when you are beginning to be useful. But I didn't expect any gratitude."

"I am grateful to you and Aunt Martha for taking me in," said Mark quietly. "But this is the first I have heard of my being any use to you."

"Well, anyhow, you must wait a week or two until I get a new assistant," his uncle remarked.

"As you have so often told me that I am of no use at all, I will not burden you another minute," said Mark, rising from the table. "I shall go to-day."

Mark enjoyed every bit of that long journey. After the hateful drudgery at the store, it was a delightful holiday, and his aunt's liberality made it possible for him to travel with every comfort.

The loving welcome he received in his new home almost overwhelmed him. He delighted in noticing some of Aunt Bessie's little ways that reminded him of his mother. His uncle treated him as a welcome guest, and was pleased to find him interested in the ranch and the work connected with it.

"You will find me an awful duffer, uncle," he said, when the day after his arrival they were talking things over. "You will be calling me a good-for-nothing lout like Uncle Silas did. I am quite unused to country life and have never been on horseback in my life."

"No fear of that my boy," said his uncle kindly. "I had never ridden a horse either when I was your age, but I feel as much at home on one now as I do in my armchair. I only wonder if you will like the life. What did you intend to do if your father had lived?"

"Father and mother—more especially mother—wanted me to be a doctor like grandfather, and I should have liked it, too, but I expect I shall get into this line and enjoy it."

Continued on Page 63

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Retrospection

Written for The Western Home Monthly by T. C. C. Beamish

UP ON THE MARNE.—Dawn. Slowly the torn and outraged bosom of France is bared to the breaking day; coldly the wintry sun reveals her once fair face; harshly it gleams upon her piteously wan and desolate brow, and lights the hushed awfulness of her bloody couch—then, from the black shadows of the fleeing night, there steps into the glimmering Dawn, with swift and dreaded strides—Vengeance! a fierce exultation in his remorseless, chilling eyes. Stay! His time is not yet; his course, even, is arrested by the drear silence. A dead silence! Dead yet pregnant with the shaping thoughts and living presence of countless armed men, motionless and watchful, tensely alert for the Sign.

A silence, dead, yet alive with the awful power of death, as the hot, still heart of the desert in the summer, as the stealthy fumes of gas, insidiously killing; not the soothing calm of the deep forest glades or the majestic silence of the summer seas; no, not this—but an utter absence of sound, a horrid void, a vacuity, loathsome in its intensity, chilling in its expectancy, numbing in its force.

Back of those lines of watching men—the Guns! waiting, waiting; cold, cruel and implacable, with Death flitting phantolike along their serried ranks, kissing with snarling lips their willing mouths—grisly, avid kisses, ghastly welcoming kisses.

The essence of death—in the air, below, o'er all-pre-eminent, all pervading in that fateful hour; and the foul savor of it on the lips—in the nostrils! and fore the drugged eye—contorted heaps of blackened, riven corpses; snarls of rusted wire; shell-holes, their lips hoarfrosted, significant as the gaping, pursed mouths of lepers; here, a limb—there, a head, a boy's perhaps; who knows? A handsome, jolly boy—a mother's idol—once! and now! Only a blackened head, a hideous travesty of "God, made man"; a slimy, greeny-black, it is! Ah!

That! a tiny hole in a sandbag a trickle of dirt.

That! a gasp, a trickle of blood, twitching hands—a life! death! Silence again—nerve tautening.

Crash! Zoom! Crr-rash! The silence rushes into oblivion. The great guns are roaring for their prey, the mines burst in fury from the affrighted earth, spewing forth their carressed vomit—the pride of youth, the loved of anxious homes; the shrapnel bursts and sprays its dreaded hail of lead and bursting steel, its horrid cantination marking its

envenomed flight to its living targets below! From the remorseless, sullen sky speed, like thunderbolts of hate, the aerial bombs—nerve shattering in their suddenness and inconspicuousness; innumerable machine guns chatter; Ah! the writhing, screaming boys—the fiercely groaning men; the harsh cries of triumph, the snarls of hate, and the deep sobs of despair.

A frantic, smothering vortex of sound; a raving, racking, cataclysmic uproar, annihilating every sense save a gnawing, despairing, craving for a moment's respite—just a second to draw a free breath to adjust the faculties. How it presses, presses the very soul into a mad stupor; how it bears down and thuds—thuds, into the very fibre of the brain! Only a second's respite! No! A shell explodes in a heap of the dead out there in No Man's Land—one rises to his feet! His arms wave, how angularly! Is he beckoning?—Hah! He's down again.

One glimpse of madman's brain, seething and twisting, is revealed—the soul recoils in horror.

See! The arc of heaven shrinks and closes inwards and downwards, re-echoing a hundredfold the savage tumult. Then, in that hour, when the Queen of Hell, gnashing and clawing the attendant furies in her travail, brings forth her accursed child, Chaos, shrieking to life; God, with a face full of sorrow and pain, turns to the wall—the sky—and dies! And the pall of death envelops all; and the mouth of Hell yawns wide—ravenously.

* * *

Four Years! Five!

A shadow deep and awful blots from our sickened eyes the light of hope.

It lifts; by Vengeance' side Justice appears; in her left hand she gently holds the broken, bleeding heart of Womanhood; her scales are at her feet, no need for them now; with fier right she points at the Lust of Awfulness, Germania—Vengeance strides forward and strikes!

* * *

Peace Day; happy throngs crowd the streets; flags are flying; strangers laugh and are friends; and as I look upon them all my heart leaps, and those years seem like a bad and mocking dream of mediaeval ignorance and lust.

One lesson it, at least, has taught us—the power of comradeship and Right; and what infinite possibilities the future holds for all in these young and virgin lands, who have conned the lesson aright, and who will not allow themselves to be led astray by the isms of fractious and vicious sects.

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Hedges of Box

By Martha Haskell Clark

Hedges of box, lined green and dim against a twilight sea,
Where breath of rose and lavender comes drifting, ocean-blent.

Mid all the fragrant garden-bloom there sweeter steals to me
Along the shadowed garden path your pungent-brooding scent.

Within your guarding arms tonight old footsteps softly pace,
Old voices wake your quiet aisles and echo to and fro,
And neath your close-clipped archways pass the laughing, wilful face.

Of one who loved your small green leaves so many years ago.

The little, wistful dreams I thought had wandered with the years.

They met me at the wicket-gate amid the shadows dim,
They tore my fresh-awakened heart twixt tenderness and tears.

Beside the chiselled dial-stone and by the fountain's brim.

Oh memory-fragrant box that broods in silence cool and green,
The little pan is crumbling now, and wreathed with lichens gray.

Yet fairer with each passing year, with mounting walls serene,
You stand in living guard upon a vanished Yesterday.

The Wizard of The West

Written for The Western Home Monthly by C. W. Higgins

SOMEONE is tired, worn and harassed with the transient cares of a business or professional life. Someone feels the need of something which somehow cannot be expressed in cold and unsympathetic language. Someone is compelled to acknowledge at last that the incessant strain of the "Trivial round, the common task," is at last telling its inevitable tale of an enfeebled physical condition and, unable to recuperate with the same old-time alacrity, threatens to collapse altogether. Someone is compelled to acknowledge that the "accumulation of days" spent on the tip-toe of financial or commercial excitement, days spent in the pursuit of the "fitting ephemeral" are rapidly telling, if they have not already told their eloquent and unmistakable tale. Someone is determined at last to fly from scenes of excitement wherein the heart and mind

constitution and, to-day, they are physical as well as mental wrecks.

When artificiality fails, Nature steps in, and nowhere in the whole world is Nature so prodigally generous to her creatures as right here in Western Canada. Artificiality impairs and pulls-down the human edifice; Nature repairs and re-builds it. The big city with its teeming throng of self-seekers warps the character and distorts the mental vision, but Nature, in Canada's Western Wonderland, straightens out the tangled skein and returns the human derelicts, strengthened in mind, body — yes, and estate.

The Canadian National Railways—we do not propose to enlarge upon the creature-comfort provided by this most enterprising and highly popular system, as all this will be delightfully revealed to the intending traveller—has the proud and unique distinction of burrowing its way through some of the most forbidding fastnesses and gorgeous valley-lands that the mind of man can conceive. As the girdle of steel passes westward from the almost unending prairie-lands of the productive West, change after change takes place, revelation after revelation. It is here that Nature is at her best. It is here that Nature dispenses her miraculous cures, without the aid of either quack or professional physician. Nature is her own physician, and has the happiest knack of accomplishing the most phenomenal results, in the most pleasing and desirable manner possible.

The silent bush, through which the Indian or blazed trail turns; the tranquil tree-fringed lake teeming with fish that would gladden the heart of the sportive angler; the serenity and impressiveness, the glory and the beauty of it all, the fascination of the campfire at night, are some of the features connected with this gorgeous land which, hard to portray in print, nevertheless, in reality, possess such an overpowering influence on the mind and body as to send the sojourner back fortified in mind and body and equipped with renewed strength for the demands of the city.

Dwellers on this continent, especially those who acknowledge Canada to be



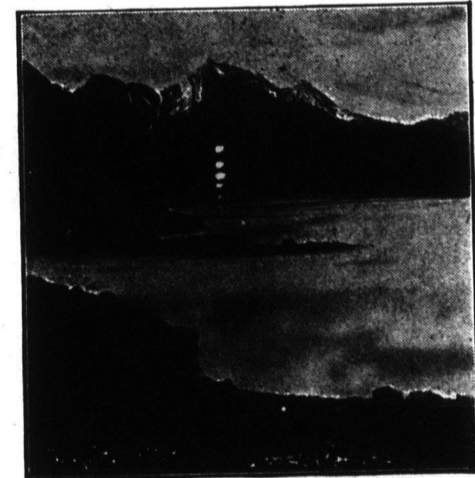
Sarcee Squaws

are under incessant strain, and indulge in a much-needed holiday; a complete abstinence from all the cares, anxieties and excitements of life. City life and its endless worries, its relentless demands and its inevitable exactions has played ducks and drakes with that which used to be considered, and rightly so, an iron constitution; with nerves of steel and a mind possessed with all the characteristics of judgment and lucidity. But city life can never hope to repair the ravages of her cruel artificiality.

When artificiality fails, Nature steps in. When the contaminations of the crowded city are endeavoring to prove that the span of man's life is two score and ten, instead of three score and ten, Nature is to be found urgently becoming with a pleading hand to her havens of rest, refuge and recuperation, where she whispers strange tales of four and even five score years as man's allotted time.

The hardest thing of which to convince a man is the truth. The veriest romance he will embrace and hold fast like the simplest child; but the truth he seems to want to disbelieve. So constantly are we reminded of this fact that we have endeavored to solve the reason. We think that man has a natural repugnance to the truth because it shows him up in his true colors, without flattery, without commendation. Truth is the basis of everything worth while, and so long as we shut our eyes to truth, its virtues and its blessings, so long will we deprive ourselves of the best that the world has to offer.

The race of life is getting faster and more arduous every day. Commerce and finance are exacting greater toll every hour, and the toll taken is human lives, human constitutions and human energy. Human wrecks are to be found to-day as never before. We are told, in some of the big cities of this continent, that a man is old at forty and worthy of little else than a back seat at fifty. In a measure, there is a lot of truth in the assertion, for we have seen men enfeebled in mind and broken in body at an age when they should be at their very best. The greed for gold, the lust of ambition, the desire to excel and surpass their fellows have undermined an iron



Mediang Lake

their home, are indeed fortunate beyond words in the possession of such a rendezvous as this illimitable stretch of incomparable land, with the "Wizard of the West" ever in attendance. This Western Wizard has the happiest knack of diagnosing the ailments of humanity, and with one touch of his magic wand, effecting the most magical cures.

There is no life, no holiday, no recreation, so delightful as that which is possessed of a romany flavor. The freedom, the laxity from restraint, and the unconventionality of life in this Western Wonderland, bound, circumvented and influenced by the majesty of the towering mountains, will perform more effective and permanent cures on jaded humanity than all the physic ever dispensed.

Who can ever forget, or ever desire to forget, the incomparable delights of a

Continued on Page 16



BABY HUTT.

"Owes his life to Virol."

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The Wizard of The West

Continued from Page 15

few weeks spent in this wonderland; wherein the restraint and trammels of society are non-existent; where each succeeding day reveals some fresh charm scenery and environment; wherein a profusion of natural attractions abound as will for countless ages inspire and impress posterity. The ear is not the only entrance to the soul, and inspiration is drawn momentarily and unconsciously from the pine-laden air, the unsullied beauties of Nature, undisturbed by the hand of man, the vast solitudes and the unmistakable evidence of antiquity which pervades and stalks both mountain and valley.

Someone knew nothing about this Western Wonderland or the Wizard of the West. Someone from force of habit—and a mighty bad habit, too—was convinced that it was the correct thing to ignore the pretensions of their own country. Someone was convinced that the fashionable way was the best and that the intrinsic merits of a country should be gauged by that country's remoteness. So, reasoning in this ridiculous and illogical manner, someone audaciously concluded that Western Canada was not remote enough to possess the attractions they deemed so necessary for their self-gratification—and glorification. It did not represent sufficient mileage nor so much ostentation and, what was more convincing with them: "A prophet could not have honor in his own country."

Someone was accustomed to paying his tribute together with the additional price, for the attractions presented by far less favored climes. Someone has contracted ennui in its worse and most insidious form, and was despondent, worn-out and demoralized. Individually, these ailments are to be feared, but combined, they are to be dreaded with the utmost apprehension.

Canada's Western Wonderland was suggested and, strange to relate, there was something in the sound of the words that appealed to him. He might have been "caught napping," but there was something in the simplicity of the suggestion with which he was quite unfamiliar, something in the sound of the words that drew his tired-out soul as far as the shimmering lakes of this West Country, just as the far-off glassy river draws the thirsty deer. Someone packed his grip, a deep sigh was the legacy he vouchsafed to leave behind him, and he went. Two weeks elapsed, but never a word arrived; another and another slipped into the mysterious river of years, and word came that he was returning.

The friend who met him on his arrival had some difficulty in recognizing him: he looked like his own youngest son. "What have you been doing?" asked the friend. "Visiting that Wizard of yours, and I wish I hadn't," he replied, "for I shall always be wanting to go back again," concluded the rejuvenated one somewhat ungratefully. And this is true, for the price of a journey into this delightful country is not always covered by railway fares and hotel bills. To these, the delighted visitor must be prepared to add a little heartache, a little longing paid down on the counter of life

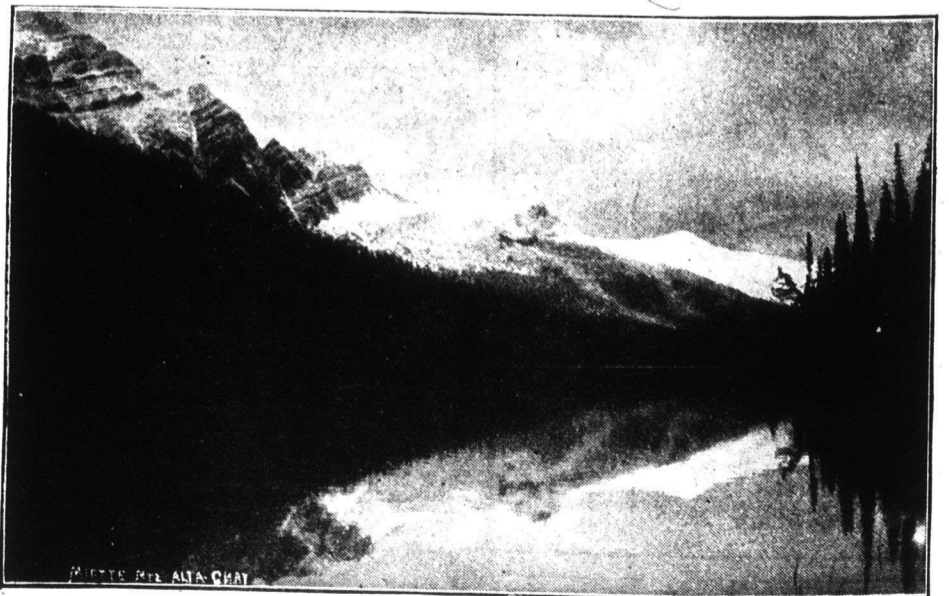
for long months and perhaps years afterwards, when his visit has become but a happy memory of the past. And there are no spots in America's wide domains that hold the heart so strongly; no beauties in the whole continent that haunt and return and call again, like this wonderful Western Wonderland, this Paradise of the West.

It would be interesting to learn just exactly what proportion of the visitors to this charming country come from other lands, and the distance they have to travel in order to glory in the attractions she offers. For it must be reluctantly admitted that the greatest tributes paid to this enchanting West Country are paid by those who travel furthest. Against this, it would be interesting, even if it might be sadly disappointing, to learn exactly how many of those who have the unquestionable privilege of calling themselves shareholders in the scenic charms and the infinity of other attractions of this glorious playground, know anything whatever about it, and why it is left to strangers in far too many cases to popularize and worship at Canada's shrines of beauty.

If the scenic attractions of a country must be deemed one of that country's financial assets, who can attempt to compute the wealth of that vast stretch of mammoth mountains and impressive valley-lands; of foaming rivers and placid lakes through which the Canadian National Railways passes on its way to the Pacific Coast? Yet one is compelled to leave this alluring land impressed that Canadians—the owners and inheritors of it all—do not believe one half of that which is told and written about it.

Night-time in this Western Wonderland appealed to the writer with unusual force and impressiveness. The day had been a glorious one, the sun had shone brilliantly all day, and the air had just that bracing touch that whets one's appetite and speaks of health and vigor. The lingering afternoon sun had at last touched the mountain tops and the golden glory of twilight presaged a clear and star-lit night. Trembling on the verge of one particular white-capped giant, and diffusing the whole with a blend of violet, orange and crimson, the god of day silently and reluctantly dropped over the seeming chasm beyond. Sombre, secretive shadows began to stalk the valley land, and the giant crevasses of the shadowy mountains deepened and darkened in the waning light. The first star rose radiant in the East, and speedily his understudies and myrmidons peeped through the purple vault beyond. Silence and mystery seemed to have suddenly overspread the valley, and the outlines of the sturdy fir trees assumed the most ghostly forms. Turning toward the glowing camp-fire to throw another log into the brilliant blaze, darkness seemed to have suddenly enveloped the entire world, and the mountains, distant before, seemed to have crept closer and closer as though desirous of imparting some of their secrets of ages or partaking in the sociability of our little camp. The cry of an owl in the bush hard by, contributed an air of weirdness to the impressiveness of the scene, and recalled many a long-forgotten memory of childhood's days, when, in some obscure picture-book, we had witnessed just such

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Miette Mountains, Alberta, Canadian National Railways

Spuds and Experience

"It's in the hands of capable men," corrected Trevor. "There's no crookedness; it's a misfortune."

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Elizabeth C. Hazelton

SEEMS to me this is the clearinghouse for all the kicks and rumors of the—what shall I call it?—the Potatoe Syndicate, eh," remarked Herbert Trevor, the Controller's clerk. Toying with a paper cutter, he smilingly contemplated the man who stood, papers in hand, on the opposite side of his desk.

"As long as you keep that 'second and last call' in plain sight you must expect us to relieve our feelings," rejoined John Burgis, who side-stepped towards the glass partition to peep through an opening in the curtain, then slipped into Comptroller Leighton's office with his per diem sheets.

Dipping his pen into the inkwell, Trevor shook the surplus ink on the dark felt floor covering, but evinced no inclination to resume his grapple with "Cost of Living" statistics. Instead, he gazed steadily through the glass panelled door at the men, girls and desks in the main office beyond. He saw none of them, however.

For months Trevor had been so absorbed in the study of "back to the land" literature, and the choice of a homestead location, that nothing else seemed to him important. Although he had never planted a seed nor a bulb, yet he was determined that the following spring he would start on a homestead with his family and the fifteen hundred dollars he had saved. In fact, already he had mentioned his plans to Comptroller Leighton, with whom he was on a somewhat friendly footing, having been the Comptroller's office boy long before he became his clerk. Comptroller Leighton had recommended him to stay with the company, and supported the advice by information that a substantial raise was scheduled for him in the spring, and that promotion and further salary increase would develop in time. All that had looked quite ordinary to Trevor compared with the prospect of independence on a homestead, still he was careful never to mention to his wife anything the Comptroller had said. Nobody took seriously Trevor's homestead idea. Comptroller Leighton expected he would forget it; his wife, Edith Trevor, hoped he would, and his office comrades—especially "Farmer Durant" (so-called because he owned and cultivated three lots)—were sure he would. Reference to that "second and last call" had set Trevor thinking. He glanced at the calendar. October 10th! Yes, it was time to think about potatoes. He recalled the meeting of the office employees' association on the evening of May 23rd. Of course, the quarterly meeting of the association should have been held early in April, according to the by-laws. But those meetings never had been called regularly nor attended largely; the subsidiary clubs seemed to capture the interest. It had been a bumper meeting. Lots of the girls there, too. The general manager had urged them to combat the high cost of living by raising potatoes. Not only had he recognized the scarcity of suitable land near the city, but had offered the association free use of the corporation's land—six acres beside the race track and two acres adjoining the suburban freight sheds. Further, he had guaranteed delivery of the potatoes at a nominal rate.

Once more Trevor's pen dipped into the inkwell, and again the ink dashed on to the floor. How convincing had been the blackboard figures by which shareholders were assured of two sacks of potatoes for each share.

Trevor's meditations halted, for into his office came a woman. As the accredited representative of Clifford Seymour Orphanage, she sailed into the Comptroller's sanctum and out again. She bore away a donation from the Comptroller and a promise from the Comptroller's clerk. The promise was an impulse arising from thoughts of two

kiddies at home, and was almost regretted when the "cost of living" statistics obtruded themselves.

Return to reverie was easy for Trevor. What a scramble there had been for the six hundred potatoe shares at one dollar! Gripping his pen, the young man pressed each hand on the edge of the desk and

stiffened his back. He was more than fortunate to have secured six shares. Edith had commended his foresight. The assessment notice caught his eye. He drew it from under the leather corner of his desk blotter, and re-read the last call for fifty cents per share on his six shares, due on October 15th.

Trevor replaced the notice contentedly. Some of the boys were bringing in disquieting reports. Nothing but rumors. So, with a final dip and a final shake, he concentrated on the "cost of living" problem as applied to employees of a transportation company.

"The shareholders are dubious about the potatoe situation," advised Ned Palmer, strolling into Trevor's room one

morning to get stamps for the Superintendent's office.

"Don't worry, it'll be all right, bound to," Trevor checked off an imaginary list. "See—there's elimination of wholesalers' profits, retailers' profits, taxes, overhead expenses—and—" He leaned back, and between bites at his penholder he expressed himself confidently, "we're bound, simply bound, to come out the way—"

Fred Nowell, who was waiting to show the Comptroller some drafted earnings and expenses, piped up "I hope so," whereupon Palmer twitted him of being a big shareholder.

"Worse luck! I bought six shares, then Jim Wright wanted to sell me his

Continued on Page 18

Ganong's ^{GB} Chocolates

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make sure that the "sweets" are "DELECTO" Chocolates. These are the finest of all G.B. Chocolates—a delectable assortment of rich chocolate coated Creams, Nuts, Fruits, Hard Centers, Nugatines and Marshmallows.

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Makers for 50 years of Fine Chocolates

Spuds and Experience

Continued from Page 17

five shares, I jumped at the chance—and now—” Nowell shot a glance into the Comptroller's room then resumed, even more seriously, “I've been thinking, our potatoes won't be graded like those in the store,” with an emphatic movement of earnings and expenses, “some of our potatoes will be so small we'll have to throw them out to the chickens—if we have any to—”

Palmer folded his stamp sheets leisurely while he spoke of gross mismanagement. Nowell declared that the syndicate was a hold-up. Burgis, working outside among per diem sheets, perceived the group, and hurried in to add his condemnation.

“It's in the hands of capable men,” corrected Trevor. “There's no crookedness; it's a misfortune.”

“Gross miscalculation,” drawled Palmer.

“Look here,” cried Nowell, stepping close to Trevor's desk and tapping it with his index finger, “in the first place, when the committee handed to the purchasing department the requisition for potato seed, prices had gone up—then the purchasing department referred it back,” speaking rapidly and raising his voice, “by the time the order was placed—”

“Prices had gone up again, of course,” chipped in Durant (disburser of the company's finances seven hours daily, and city farmer the rest of the time), who managed to slide invoices to the Comptroller while other men were waiting to see him.

A vote of censure on the potato syndicate was suggested by Palmer. Information was volunteered by Burgis that the contract had been left to a Chink who had subtlety, to which Palmer submitted that the Chink was working in legitimate style.

“Some of the boys went out and hoed. By the way, Trevor,” and Nowell stared at him accusingly, “I never saw you out there hoeing.” He paused, then resumed, “Don't you remember at the meeting it was said that we'd have to go out Saturday afternoons in the summer and hoe—you remember?” glancing around, “said what good exercise—”

“I didn't know till after,” argued Trevor. Disdainfully, Nowell scanned the slender hands and manicured fingernails of the Comptroller's clerk.

Then a grumble came from Nowell because he had not seen any of the committee out hoeing. It was explained, however, that they all belonged to the tennis and rowing clubs.

Suddenly, Burgis, who lived near the race track, recollected his wife had been buying potatoes every week from a Chink, who told her that he dug them off a patch near the race track.

That reminded Palmer of something. One of the boys, not a shareholder, had seen someone digging spuds close to the race track one Saturday and mentioned it when he heard Palmer talking about potatoes. Upon being questioned, he said: “Come to think of it, the man looked like a Chink.”

October almost gone! Trevor was getting interested in the potato crop on account of Mrs. Trevor's frequent inquiries.

Pat Scolly, of the Audit department, had been asked to call upon a certain widow living in the vicinity of the race track. She was reputed to be holding a stock of potatoes, an abnormal stock considering that never before had she been known to have a stock of anything. Just as Trevor was wondering if Scolly had seen her, Scolly passed the door. Trevor beckoned to him.

“What about the widow and the potatoes?” eagerly, “Did you call on her?”

“Yes, I saw thirty or forty sacks of potatoes in her one-room shack.” Intuition guided Nowell into the room in time to hear the last words. “Of course, I wasn't ungallant enough to count them.”

Nowell demanded to know where she got the potatoes. Scolly shrugged his shoulders, saying, there was not a potato patch near except theirs.

“Of course, we wouldn't mind her taking a few sacks,” commented Nowell, “but thirty or forty—that's—”

Meanwhile Palmer entered, and showing his hands into his pockets, found a leaning place against a file cabinet.

In view of the widow's circumstances, Scolly hinted that it might be considered unchivalrous to bother the old girl. His attitude toward the poor and simple widow was endorsed by Palmer, but not by Nowell, who objected that when they went into the potato business they did not know it was a philanthropic scheme. “I hope she'll choke if she eats any of my potatoes,” Nowell concluded viciously. Looking enquiringly from one to the other, Trevor intimated that he understood the committee had given a Chink ten sacks of potatoes to watch the patch. This was confirmed by Scolly, who believed that the quantity bargained for was twenty sacks.

Nowell forced a laugh and admitted that he had planned to sell potatoes to some of the employees not fortunate enough to be shareholders. Scolly advised that his wife had offered potatoes to all her neighbors. Palmer merely hoped that they were not trying to take away the land, in case the head office should hear of it.

“By the way, I looked in at our city freight sheds,” said Scolly, dipping into his pocket. “I counted two hundred, no—” consulting a memorandum book, “two hundred and five sacks from the race track. They say sixty or seventy sacks coming in from the other patch.”

“Well, it's all experience,” remarked Trevor, “we only get what's coming to us, including experience.”



Beauty spot near Arden, Manitoba

Burgis tossed a sheet on to Trevor's desk a few days later. “Say, Herb,” he cried, “what do you know about that?”

Aloud Trevor read a note dated November 6th, advising that the committee had decided to refund the money to those who had made the first payment only on their potato shares. Trevor stared at Burgis, who asked him if he had made his last payment, and he nodded affirmatively.

“Gee! I'm glad I didn't. Several of the boys got a refund, and,” with a chuckle, “now we're going to buy Bellevue potatoes at a dollar seventy-five cents a sack delivered.” With this, Burgis threw a beaming glance at the Comptroller's clerk and pranced out.

To the mailing boy waiting for stamps, Trevor observed good naturedly, “Well, if we're not making money, we're getting experience.”

Hands in pockets, Palmer sauntered into the room. “First of November. Ought to be getting our potatoes pretty soon, eh, Herb?”

Trevor replied that he would be glad to see his. Palmer thought they ought to be good, they had been in the earth long enough.

Comptroller Leighton passed through. Closely following him was Nowell, who stopped at Trevor's desk to whisper, “Quarterly meeting of the association was to have been held next Saturday, but it's postponed until the potatoes are delivered. Social club going to give a dance instead.”

Asked by Trevor if any official information had been given out at the recent committee meeting, Nowell frowned and said that in reply to a question as to how many potatoes there should be, the chairman had stated frankly he was not prepared with figures.

“Talking about those spuds?” queried Durant, bursting in with a bunch of invoices and stepping up to the peephole. “Why didn't they ask somebody who knew something about farming?” demanded Durant unexpectedly, for he seldom had time to join in the potato conferences. “I could have told them that that land should have been worked six months before it was planted,” he continued. “The two acre patch was sour, anyway,” striding to the Comptroller's door, then stopping short.

“The six acres is in the midst of a well known Chink neighborhood,” resumed Durant. “Another thing, the potatoes are being turned up—turned up with a plow instead of being dug—” flourishing “Rush” invoices, “think of it—turned up with a plow—that's only done when there's shortage of labor. Worse yet,” with a wise look, “the potatoes are being put right in the sacks, not laid on the ground to dry—they'll all rot if you don't spread”.

Nowell interrupted to tell how the boys in the payroll department had gone to a farm at Trentville on Saturday and dug potatoes for two hours, had the sacks tagged and loaded before five o'clock, and the company charged a minimum freight of thirty-five cents or fifteen cents a sack. Straightway, Durant reported that the Purchasing department had bought for

three sacks,” tittered Nowell, and, exploding into laughter, “his wife got after the man—”

Scolly finished the sentence. “She asked the fellow who took them in how many potatoes he was getting for his shares, and he said ‘Thank God, madam, I haven't any shares.’”

It seemed impossible to settle down to the afternoon's work before comparing notes about the latest potato deliveries.

Palmer poked his head into Trevor's room, and indicating a two-pound package of rice bought for Mrs. Trevor, inquired, “Are those your potatoes, Herb?” Upon seeing that Nowell and Burgis were there, he came inside, and reported that he had received two sacks of potato tops and dirt for his six shares.

Immediately, Nowell told how he had dumped into the garbage can the only sack of so-called potatoes that had yet been left at his house. He intimated that he did not care if they never left any more.

For the seventh time Burgis repeated a rumour that Scolly was afraid to go home since the potatoes had been delivered. Trevor phoned to the city freight yards, and inquired when his potatoes would be delivered. Needham advised that his men could not reach the “T” deliveries till the next day.

“It's a gamble,” declared Trevor, stretching his legs underneath the desk. “If potatoes were selling for four dollars a sack, you fellows would be tickled to death. But,” he added, with a glow of enthusiasm, “we're getting experience.”

Next morning, Trevor left home early. “To see about the potatoes,” he explained to his wife. At the company's freight yards, he interviewed Needham, who had charge of the potato deliveries; thence he hurried to Smith's market.

Mrs. Trevor was more animated than usual when she welcomed her husband that evening.

“The potatoes have just come, Herb,” she exclaimed delightedly. “Six sacks—they're just fine—big and smooth. Come and look!”

After dinner, Trevor repeated to his wife a conversation he had had with Comptroller Leighton before leaving the office. As a result, the couple spent the evening planning for the future.

The following morning Palmer wandered into Trevor's office from force of habit. “Got your potatoes, Herb?” he asked.

“His potatoes!” blurted out Nowell, who followed close on Palmer's heels. “Say, Scolly was down to the freight yards—came across a couple of sacks labeled ‘Clifford Seymore Orphanage,’ and,” slowly and emphatically, “he found they were Trevor's potatoes.”

“Well, Herb, how about the potato situation?” inquired Durant, bustling out from the Comptroller's office.

Mechanically, Trevor's pen dipped into the inkwell, and mechanically the superfluity of ink splattered on the floor. Leaning back, Trevor smilingly surveyed the men, and answered, “Oh, it's cured me—anyway for a while—of back to the land.”

Bubbling over, Durant could wait no longer. “I've just asked for the rest of my holidays—I'm going to move on to my new place,” he announced with unmistakable pride, “I've traded my lots for two acres on the interurban line.” “Well, you must admit we're all getting experience,” contended the Comptroller's clerk still smiling.

SHE WAS SHOPPING

A lady had been sitting in a furniture shop for nearly two hours inspecting the stock of linoleums, says the Chicago Journal. Roll after roll the perspiring assistant brought out, but still she seemed dissatisfied. From her dress she judged her to be a person of wealth, and thought it likely that she would have a good order to give. When at last he had shown her the last roll, he paused in despair.

“I'm very sorry, madam,” he said apologetically, “but if you could wait I could get some more pieces from the factory. Can you call again?”

The prospective customer gathered her belongings together and rose from the chair.

“Yes, do,” she said, with a gracious smile, “and ask them to send you some with very small designs, suitable for putting in the bottom of a canary's cage.”

the company's camps selected potatoes wholesale at twenty-four dollars a ton delivered.

“Could have got them for a dollar a sack delivered if they'd bought of the farmers,” snapped Nowell.

Trevor stopped any quibbling by his quiet remark, “We're getting experience.”

On the morning of November seventh interest in the potato situation was feverish. In alphabetical order, delivery of the potatoes had begun.

Trevor took from the Comptroller's stenographer a typewritten statement headed “Cost of living” while he asked if she had got her potatoes.

“Potatoes! she exclaimed scornfully, “We got two sacks for five shares. Sacks tied in the middle, the bottoms filled with dirt. One of the sacks gave way when the man was taking it in the back yard.” Reaching the door, she turned and cried, “Rotten—absolutely rotten.”

At noon Trevor waited for a car. Across the street, in front of Smith's market, stood a bulletin board. Ponderingly, Trevor followed the words, which seemed needlessly conspicuous, “Choice Bellevue Potatoes, \$1.75 a sack, delivered.”

Outside the Comptroller's office stood a group of men returned from lunch.

“Needham's men won't deliver any more potatoes, they're getting so much abuse from the women,” snickered Burgis, slapping his knee.

Trevor stuck his hands behind his back and looked thoughtful.

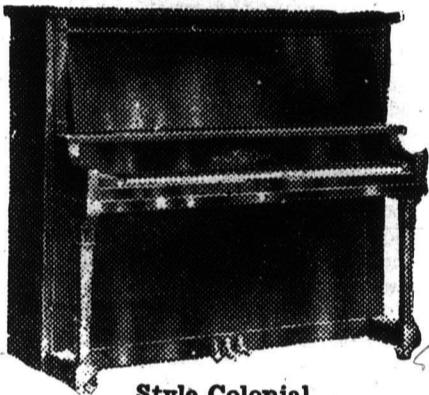
“One of the boys who had eight shares—they delivered him a sack and a half for

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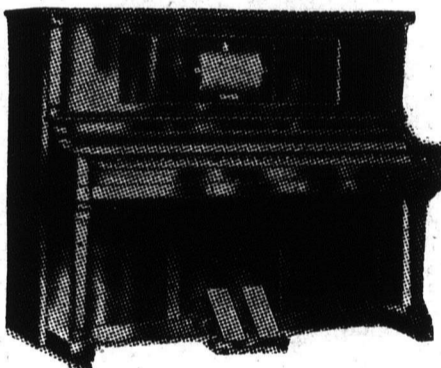
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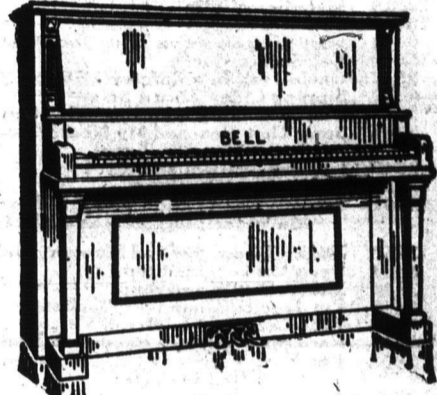
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3845	Uncle Josh In a Cafeteria—Rural Story	Cal Stewart
3846	Sipping Cider Thru a Straw	Collins & Harlan
3847	You're Making a Miser of Me—Soprano	Rachael Grant
3848	Song That Reached My Heart "Home, Sweet Home"—Tenor	Lewis James
3849	Kilauea—Hawaiian Patrol	Conway's Band
3850	The Vamp—One-Step	Green Bros. Orchestra
3851	Twenty Third Psalm and "He Leadeth Me"—Scripture Lesson with Hymn	Rev. W. H. Morgan, D. D. and Calvary Choir
3852	Today, Tomorrow and Forever—Baritone	Edward Allen
3853	Peter Gink—One-Step	Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
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3856	Auld Lang Syne—Mixed Voices	Old Home Singers
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OVERTUNES FROM OVERSEAS

The Afghans have a penchant for musical instruments, and the wealthier classes import some costly makes, though occasionally their manner of using them is somewhat startling. An Afghan nobleman sent for a grand piano, and had all the lower part cut off, as he found it most convenient to play it squatting on the floor.

Birmingham, England, is to have a symphony orchestra composed entirely of English musicians, and if possible, every one born in Birmingham. Still further, if possible, each one is to be a graduate of that city's great Institute of Music. The orchestra is to have not only private support but the support of the corporation of Birmingham, and it is expected within five years to be on a self-supporting basis.

ADVOCATES ORCHESTRAL MUSIC IN CHURCH SERVICE

English Writer Points Out New Field of Usefulness for Army Musicians

Reviewing the great strides that band and orchestral music has taken during the war, how the number of players has increased, and how these war activities should be turned into the right channels now, Ulric Daubeny presents in the London Musical Times a strong argument for the Church's use of bands and orchestras for the praise part of the services. "In these enlightened times," he says, "it seems unlikely that any widespread objection could be offered to such use of bands and orchestras. Any doubts on the ground of religious authority would soon be dispelled by reference to the Bible or any history of the early Church.

"For instance, the Mosaic Codes are rich in reference to music in connection with religious observance, and it remains an article of Christian faith that the Jewish religious ceremonies were influenced by divine direction, and not merely instituted at the personal caprice of the priests. To offer but a single example, 2 Chron. V. 12 describes 'The Levites which were the singers . . . being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them a hundred and twenty priests sounded with trumpets.'

"To turn to comparatively modern times, even in that excessively strait-laced period which followed upon the Reformation, we read of 'cornetts and sackbuts' being used in Worcester Cathedral on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit in 1575, while in the time of James I the same instruments were included among the choir of Westminster Abbey.

"Purcell included trumpet parts in his famous Te Deum, and Boyce, in 1755,

Continued on Page 21



Jerusalem, from Bethelshem Road, looking toward Jaffa Gate. The view shows a street scene at one of the busy corners. The Tower of David on Mt. Zion is at the right. New Jaffa Gate or "Breach in the Wall," made in 1898 for the Kaiser to pass through is seen between the incongruous new German clock tower and David's Tower. To the left of the clock tower was the original Jaffa Gate which was walled up.

Music and the Home

Continued from Page 20

added to this work parts for oboes, bassoons and drums. Handel's Chandos Anthems, in addition to the organ, demanded for their performance strings, oboes, flutes, bassoons, and often trumpets.

"Surely all this is but carrying out the exhortation of the Psalmist: 'Sing unto the Lord with the Harp: with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.'"

The inclusion of orchestral instruments in church choirs, Mr. Daubeny concludes, would thus accord with the fullest and most worthy precedent. He points out that any such revival could not be regarded wholly in the light of an experiment, for in the instances where it was tried before the war nothing but success resulted.

erous and diverse combinations of instruments possible. There is no organization exactly like it, for all combinations of instruments are open to it, and it is equipped to cover all.

The small number of players and the variety of instruments in this group makes possible the performance of what one might call miniatures in musical art, having all the beauties of orchestral music together with the additional fineness and accuracy of development unobtainable from larger groups. In bringing before the public masses of new musical literature, the New York Chamber Music Society fulfills an educational function outside its purely musical purpose.

THOUSAND ARTISTS VOLUNTEER IN FREE CONCERT SERIES

Enterprise of New York Globe Brings Music to the Masses and Increases Concert Audiences

A splendid record of public service through music and of material aid to the spread of the art itself, is that of Charles D. Isaacson, noted equally as editor of the New York Globe's "Family Music Page" and as manager for his paper of a unique series of first class free concerts in schools, camps and factories. The close of the third season of the work has just been celebrated by a gala concert, the 800th since the establishment of the series.

Nearly a thousand musicians have contributed their services to these concerts without remuneration, their assistance making the whole undertaking possible. The list includes artists of the first rank, artists of the second rank, and artists of no rank at all but of proven ability.

Among the well-known names that have appeared on the programs are Rosa Raisa, Rimini, Florence Macbeth, Paul Althouse, and Mischa Elman. Had the artists been paid at their regular engagement rates, the expense of the concerts together with rent of halls, printing, etc., would have been over a million dollars.

Asked to explain why this great body of gifted people have given so liberally of their time and strength to promote the movement, Mr. Isaacson pointed out that the artists appreciated the importance of getting the highest type of music to the masses of the people and of cutting away all expense barriers, so that it would be impossible for the world and his wife to refuse to come. As musicians, they realize what music can do to advance individual and social well-being. They also know that once the desire is awakened and the taste cultivated, a life-long loyalty to music is the inevitable result. In this way the ranks of the regular concert-goers are augmented, the artists build up those precious "followings," and the whole cause of music is advanced.

The chief center of the Globe free concerts is in one of New York's largest High School Auditoriums. Admission is open to members of the Globe Music Club, which requires no dues and which numbers at present some 13,000 signed adherents. Not only do the members have the privilege of the Globe concerts, but their identification cards are honored at many of the paid concerts at Carnegie Hall and other places.

The Globe's enterprise is a significant commentary on the place of music as a factor in the present-day life. A newspaper working at high pressure and with endless calls upon its time and attention, can afford to give space only to matters indisputably in the public eye. When it not only devotes a weekly page to music in its democratic aspect, but goes out of the beaten track of its work to engage in activities of the kind described, it means there is something tremendously important about music and that the paper wants to spread a realization of the fact.

The far-reaching effect of the Globe Special Music Page and Music Club activities and the deep impress these have made on the general public will undoubtedly lead to the undertaking of similar work probably on a somewhat smaller scale by papers in many other cities.

Photo Contest

To encourage rural photography and enable us to present to our readers some of the countless beauty spots of the West, we offer the following prizes for the best Western views submitted us.

- 1st photo prize - \$10.00
- 2nd " " - 8.00
- 3rd " " - 6.00

Photos must reach us before Nov. 15th. All will be returned except those retained for publication, and they will be paid for at our usual rate. The Western Home Monthly has for years been the best illustrated magazine in the West, and all who enter this competition will be helping to make the great Western Provinces better known.

In sending in photos for this contest, kindly write name and address of sender, together with title, on back of same. Address

PHOTO CONTEST EDITOR
The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, CANADA

MINIATURES IN MUSICAL ART PROMISED

New York Chamber Music Society Covers Unique Field in Ensemble Music

The coming musical concert will witness the fifth series of concerts to be given by the New York Chamber Music Society. Practically alone in this rather neglected but highly interesting field, the organization is winning a constantly growing coterie of enthusiastic listeners.

This chamber music society stands today as the culmination of an ideal conceived by Miss Carolyn Beebe, who as the pianist of the ensemble, directs its activities. Realizing the untapped beauties in the field of chamber music, she has built up an organization of soloists qualified to give them to the public. In the harmonious unity of this group of players, there is readily discernible the individuality of each artist's expression. And that is, after all, the secret of the beauty of chamber music—the revelation of the special design each instrument is weaving, compatible with the larger, bolder design of the whole.

The ensemble, including as it does violins, viola, cello, double bass, clarinet, flute, oboe, bassoon, and French horn, is well equipped to give programs of great variety and interest, because of the num-

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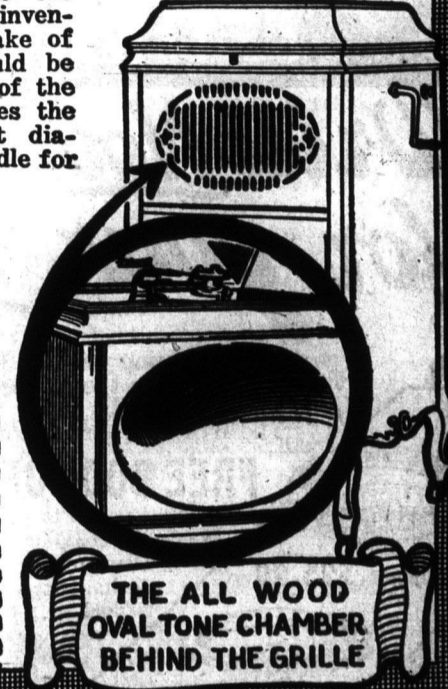
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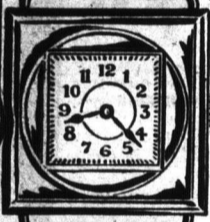
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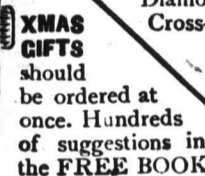
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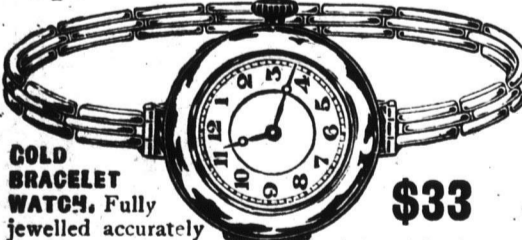
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Side Lights on the Foreign Farmer

Written for The Western Home Monthly by D. B. Bogle

Continued from October

IHAD been to town one day this spring and was returning home as evening was drawing on, pretty tired and feeling the cold wind. Half a mile from home, as I passed Mike's place, I saw him hurrying down to meet me. "Anything new in town?" he said, as he came at earshot, in a quite excited way.

"No," I said, "I did not hear a single thing that could be called news to-day." "No battles, or riots or murders?" he asked.

"Not that I heard of. Why?" "Well there is something new here," he said. "A naked man came here out of the bush. He says he is being pursued as a spy by returned soldiers, and if they catch him they'll kill him."

"He's crazy," I replied. "That's what I think," said Mike. "Spells. But we wonder something might have happened. Sometimes I think he might have done something and got away and hid his prison clothes, and be putting this on. I take him in. I lose half a day, I cannot leave him with my wife and children."

I must here explain. There was some sort of riot in Winnipeg last winter, and it happened that a most substantial citizen of the nearest foreign town had been set upon and beaten and robbed of his money, fortunately only some \$28. He had been bundled off to the hospital, and it had been quite some time before he was even listened to. Eventually he managed to communicate by long distance, and ask for money, of which he had abundance. Naturally he was asked what had happened. He just reached the word "riot" when the phone was shut off. Nor was he permitted to communicate with his home again. This was very stupid, because what he was not allowed to say made a story a thousand times worse than anything he could have invented. For 50 miles around terror and anxiety spread. Many were secretly preparing to pack up and go. "O" said one of them to me, "Do you never feel a longing for your own country, a place where you will not feel a stranger?"

I turned my horse into Mike's yard, and said I would have a look at the wanderer.

"He was huddled in the bed under blankets and robes. A very strained and anxious looking individual he looked indeed. He spoke cultivated English. His story was a highly remarkable one and slightly incoherent. What I made out of it was this. He was a school teacher, and had been in Winnipeg at the teachers' convention. He had been on the train returning with his friend, Mr. B—ski, also a school teacher, and they were talking over their schools when he saw a man, who had been listening from behind, point him out to a lot of returned soldiers in the car as a spy. His tone was anguished with horror at

the thought of his being taken for a spy. If his condition had not been so tragical I would have burst out laughing. He then heard much loud talking, "many cross words," and the breath of the soldiers was heavy with whisky. How potent is truth. Here was a small fragment of objective reality. He saw that he was going to be killed so he unobtrusively got off the train, leaving some \$60 worth of purchases behind him. He took refuge with a farmer some distance from the line and worked with him a day or two, but a stranger came and pointed out to the farmer that he was a dangerous spy and must be killed. Quite naturally he left that locality at once.

He boarded another train, and there were the returned soldiers again, seeking his life. He shammed sick, and went out on the car platform, but the conductor drove him in, so he finally barricaded himself in the lavatory and journeyed with returned soldiers banging at the door at intervals—seeking his blood of course.

When the train began to slow down for the town, where he personally knew the mayor and some well-known citizens, he slung his boots round his neck and escaped through the lavatory window. How he performed this acrobatic feat I know not. I never tried to leave a train by that route. I should not have thought it possible.

I asked him why, if he knew the mayor and other responsible citizens, he did not go to them for protection. He said he was doing so, but as he neared the depot, he saw it was crowded with returned soldiers, so he took to his heels and ran.

Some trip he had made, 15 miles across the roughest kind of bush, and across three rivers. At the first river he came to the returned soldiers were very close behind him, so he stripped off his clothes and swam for it. Having crossed he kept on going. He first appeared in this Adamic simplicity of costume to a farmer's wife, whom he scared into fits. She gave him, however, an old pair of overalls and a chunk of bread. He was in dire need of both, especially the overalls. This, of course, I discovered afterwards. The wanderings of this Ukrainian Odysseus ceased at Mike's farm where he now was.

Mike and I went outside, and walked over towards his brother, who was bringing in the horses.

"Mike," I said, "The man is bugs." "I think so, spells, yet sometimes he might be putting it on," he said.

"This is no case for us," I went on. "We cannot take the responsibility. We must hand him over to King George."

"What do you mean, King George? I would not want to see him go to prison," he said.

"He won't go to prison," I said. "Don't you know that that is what we first

Continued on Page 23



Being buried is expensive business in China. Photo shows a Chinese funeral in the of the big cities of China. Huge figures all dolled up in fancy Oriental regalia head the cortege.

Sidelights on the Foreign Farmer

Continued from Page 22

paid for." Mike thought I was joking, but I was merely putting into ordinary talk an absolutely fundamental principle of the English constitutional law by which the king holds his crown.

"We'll have some supper," said Mike. My way of putting things puzzles Mike sometimes. In any case the idea of the king as a protector is new to one whose experience of kings has been governed by Hapsburgs and Romanoffs. It is an idea that has never worked very well anywhere. It is very different from the modern notion that the poor and ignorant and miserable have no protector at all, but by virtue of a sacred principle called democracy, are able to protect themselves.

We had supper of boiled eggs and tea and bread, and the guest crawled out and ate a little, and crawled back again in silence. He reminded one of a hungry and frightened dog.

After supper Mike's brother put a horse in his buggy, and he and I drove four miles to the nearest telephone, Mike lending me a heavy wolf-skin coat, for which I was very thankful. It had become very sharp. When the folks there were routed out of bed there was much more routing out to be done over the phone. Finally I got in touch with the provincial police. The word I got was, "I'll be there as soon as I can get a car; been looking for him all afternoon."

"All right," I said, "I'll wait for you here."

Then I sent Mike's brother home and settled down to wait. They made some tea and it helped a little, but what I really needed was a couple of pieces of bent straw inserted between my upper and lower eyelids. It seemed an interminable time before the purring of the car broke the stillness of the night. At length, however, the policeman arrived, and I bundled into the car with apologies to the good people I had disturbed.

The policeman immediately confided to me that he suspected the wanderer of being a man who had broken jail at Prince Albert I think it was, and whose description he had.

He then sprung on me a description which would fit anybody who hadn't a hare lip or a club foot, and asked me if his hair was cropped. I replied that I had not noticed his hair and that this was proof enough that it was not cropped. Being excessively tired, and having besides a deep-rooted hatred of these police prepossessions which are the root of half the miscarriages of justice that occur, I continued, "Look here! If he is your man you will know it in a second and you can get him. He's all in. But you will use not a little, but a whole lot of tact, because if he's what I think he is, and you don't, you'll drive out all the wits he has left forever, and have a singularly uncomfortable memory in your official career."

I don't remember my exact words. These are pretty close. I am trying to give my tone of voice in words.

The journey only took about a minute and a half. After overcoming a momentary confusion about east, west, north and south, I gave them the right turning and we drew up in Mike's yard.

The policeman was a large, impressive person, with a rich fruity voice, a returned soldier. So was the chauffeur a returned soldier. Fate had laid its icy hand on the poor lunatic.

"Oh!" he said, covering in the bed, "I know you've come to get me. There is a hole for me."

"We have not come to get you. You have not done anything wrong. We've come to help you home. How are you feeling?"

No articulate answer.
"Had the flu?"
"Yes, very bad, last winter."
"That's the whole trouble. You want to be home, with your wife taking care of you."

elected a king for When a man is in distress and has nobody to turn to he is a king's man. That is the king's job to look after him, that is what he is

My opinion of this policeman was steadily rising. It rose still further when I found he had brought an extra overcoat with him.

The story had all to be gone over again substantially the same as I already had it but less incoherent. The man's terror was gone. We finally bundled him into the car and drove round to my place where I found him some old footwear. The car sung off into the night, and before its tune had died away I was under the blankets and asleep myself.

As I discovered afterwards the wanderer had slept all the way to town, what was left of the night when they got there, and most of the next day. When he woke up he was quite rational. His story was verified in every particular except, of course, as to the spy and returned soldier pursuers part of it, which was pure delusion. His clothes were recovered and restored to him, and, for fear the train might excite him again, he was taken home in a motor car.

Whether he got his money back or not I do not know. When he stripped on the river bank he had \$290 in bills on him. This he hid separately in the bush. He told Mike about this money, and Mike told me. He never mentioned it to me nor to the police. I advised Mike to forget about it, that he would go back and get it himself, and it was best nobody should know.

Next day I said to Mike: "That policeman was all right. He acted pretty near human, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Mike, "very different from Russian police."

"How?" said I.

"Oh," he answered, "they would have pulled him out rough and thrown him about."

"Our police have more sense," I said, and added to myself, "sometimes."

"About these spells, Mike," I said. "What are spells?"

He had used the word as if it expressed in English something with which he was familiar. I couldn't get anything out of him. He had not sufficient command of English to explain. What I wished to discover was whether the phenomenon was common among his people. I called the man's condition waking nightmare. He was exhibiting the phenomena of nightmare exactly only he was awake, and his observation and memory of what was actually around him was quite accurate. If a state of this kind was common enough in South Eastern Europe to be referred to by a specialized term, and especially if epidemics of it occurred in times of public unrest and disturbance, it would throw some light upon the curious historical enigma of demoniac possession. The poor creature was undoubtedly possessed with devils, and the moment the actual, real policeman (than whom anything less apostolic could hardly be imagined, though to accuse him of evoking Beelzebub would be equally stupid) came in contact with him, the devils disappeared. Actual touch with the authority of the law dispelled the delusion he was under, and he knew nothing but overmastering physical fatigue. There is one speculation for the curious. Another is whether different races show typically different forms of hysteria. Upon observation of one case no theory can be established, and so far as I am concerned, I sincerely trust that, at whatever detriment to science, it will never fall to my lot to come into similar observational contact with another.

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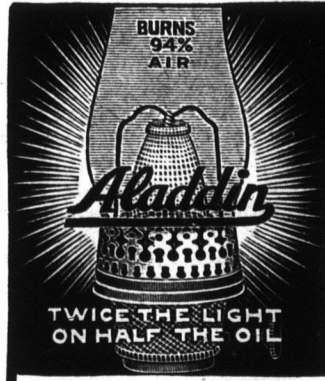
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A Right Which Needs No Pickling

Personal liberty doesn't require to be preserved in alcohol.—St. John Telegraph.

It Wasn't O.K.

The Omsk Government began with o and ended with k, but it wasn't.—Saskatoon Star.

The Ax-wielding ex-Kaiser

At this writing the Wood-chopper of Amerongen is still at the wrong end of the axe.—Toronto Telegram.

And Still Our National Debt Grows

Canada's national debt increased \$65,000,000 last month. This is a leap, but not forward.—Financial Chronicle.

Long Overdue

The campaign against extravagant expenditure is long overdue in Canada.—Brantford Expositor.

A Thing Unheard Of

It is never recorded against reckless drivers or disorderly persons that they were "under the influence of prohibition."—Peterboro Review.

Full Reparation is Impossible

It will take Bulgaria thirty-seven years to pay for the wounds inflicted when she stabbed Serbia in the back.—London Daily Mail.

A Question

The former German Crown Prince has asked for a warmer place of abode than Wieringen. Does anyone know of one that he deserves?—Duluth Herald.

The Bolshevik Ink-Slingers

A school in Moscow is to give a six weeks' training course for Bolshevik journalists. The opinion has been general that they needed no training.—Buffalo Courier.

For Political Purposes

The fear that the Germans have been cruelly treated is being expressed by a number of gentlemen who have an interest in the elections to be held a year from this fall.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

As to Cork Examining

The "Cork Examiner" was suppressed for a few days recently. The cork examiners in this part of the country have not been able to do it openly for quite a spell.—Calgary Herald.

The Bar is Barred

Two years' experience of the absence of the saloon in this province proves one thing beyond peradventure. That is that there is no considerable body of people who want the saloon back again.—Vancouver World.

Blaming it on the Press

A Western pork king blames the general unrest in the country on the Press. Apparently he thinks the public would not have discovered the high cost of living if the Press hadn't given away the secret.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Who, Indeed?

Commander Read, a famous United States aviator, says it will soon be possible to drive an airplane at a speed of 1,000 miles an hour. But who wants to travel that fast?—Regina Leader.

What They Lacked

Prince von Bulow says the German statesman "lacked political art." Perhaps that was one trouble but a more serious one was their lack of political honesty.—Victoria Colonist.

Potash

The discovery of large deposits of potash on Vancouver Island is announced by Premier Oliver. If it turns out as expected, Canada, instead of Germany, may supply the world with potash.—Edmonton Bulletin.

But the Heir Apparent Wasn't Thrown

The Prince of Wales rode a bucking broncho in Saskatoon. If the horse had bucked him off, there were twenty thousand people present, ready to come to the aid of the thrown.—Turner's Weekly.

Quality Better Than Size

Toronto's population is within a few hundred of 500,000. A decade ago it was only 350,000, a quarter century ago, 168,000; a half century ago, 50,000. Nevertheless, "How much better is Toronto?" is a more important question than "How much bigger is Toronto?"—Toronto Star.

They Need Watching

The Turks are closely watching the sittings of the Allied commission, says a Constantinople report, and it may be taken for granted that, on the other hand, the Allied agents are watching the Turks.—Regina Post.

Tragedies of the Hunting Season

Application of the Saskatchewan Game Act, under which a man has been fined \$500 for accidentally killing another while hunting, should make for a reduction in the number of such tragedies in at least one province. The knowledge that such a penalty hangs, over them, should make even the wildest-eyed of the huntsmen look twice before opening fire at fluttering leaves or moving branches.—Montreal Gazette.

"Porkless Cans and Punk Beans"

"Cans of pork and beans were not up to the standard, inasmuch as they contained no pork, while sometimes the beans were rotten." That's what Mr. D. D. McKenzie says about some of the supplies sent the soldiers at the front. Porkless cans and punk beans would surely not be up to standard, usually. But the standard of alleged profiteering concerns may not have been very high.—Moose Jaw Times.

To Keep Out Undesirables

From the point of view of the Russian Bolshevik the United States is the land of opportunity in more senses than one. The fact that Trotsky found an asylum here appeals to their imagination. It probably accounts for the swarming of these enemies of society in ports of Europe and Asia to await revocation of the war passport requirement, which, unless continued by supplementary legislation, would be announced soon after ratification of the peace treaty. A proposal to keep the gates shut against these "undesirables" has been made.—New York Times.

Germany and the Bolsheviks

Germany is always ready to change sides, to repudiate a pledge, and to betray a friend; but amid all her infidelities she is constant to the purpose of her unalterable ambition. If Germany cannot actually rule Russia, and possess the vast potential riches of the Slav dominions, Germany intends to rule the rulers of Russia, whoever they may be. Therefore it was first of all necessary to weaken Russia; and as no solvent more effectually destroys the national fibre than the vitrol of anarchy, so Germany inspired, encouraged and bribed Bolshevik leaders in Russia.—London Morning Post.

A Society Event

Elstow witnessed a real reception last week; not a party or a tea or a social gathering, but a real honest-to-goodness reception, given to introduce Elstow to a newcomer in their midst. Only some of the ladies of the village were invited, others obviously being left out. It is inferred from this that Elstow consists of the few who were present, the others evidently being beneath consideration. Thus, Bill, we have the mournful spectacle of a little village being split into two factions or social sets—the creme de la creme and the skim milk. Fortunately for Elstow there is no snobbery among the men, and the husbands of the cream and the skim milk continue to fraternize in the lodge-room, the pool room and other rooms.—Allan (Sask.) Tribune.

Wonders of Natural History

Why go into the far north for fiction about timber wolves, when so much better material abounds nearer home? Instead of telling the love story of a Rocky Mountain grizzly, or recording the emotional sensations of a sentimental rabbit, why should not our fiction writers turn to the exciting adventures of our railroad hounds, timber tigers, profiteer panthers, and analyze the emotions of the ratepaying rabbits as they dodge furtively through life pleased if they escape being devoured and arrive, at last, solvent at the cemetery? There is a great field here for the novelist, and why it should so long have been neglected we cannot see, except that so many of us have been writing newspaper articles instead of books.—Toronto World.

Would be a Backward Step

It is nothing less than shocking, at this time, and in the present state of affairs in the United States, to hear talk about reopening the saloons. With liquor shops for the most part closed, and with Congress and executive officials arranging for the enforcement of constitutional national prohibition, to begin next January, as well as of war-time prohibition, now in effect, the people have turned to other pressing problems. When one thinks of the questions before the nation which ought to be decided right, and decided without a moment's needless delay, a proposition to revive the saloon, with all that it stands for, socially, economically, and politically, seems about the last one that should be entertained.—People's Capital.

The Senate and the Liquor Interests

The Senate appears to be the hope of the Canadian liquor interests. But the Senate does not desire to have its life prematurely ended in a fight to the finish against public opinion.—Toronto Globe.

Aviators with British Brides

A fourth of the nine hundred Canadian airmen who returned recently from overseas brought with them British brides. Did the young ladies think that men with wings must of necessity make angelic husbands?—Vancouver Province.

Or the Monday Nearest Nov. 11

There is a very general opinion that the day on which the great war ended—Armistice day, November 11th—should hereafter be chosen as Thanksgiving Day in Canada. Thanksgiving Day in early October comes too soon after Labor Day.—Halifax Herald.

Typically Teutonic

What is most comical about the present revelations of the former German army and navy chiefs is that with one consent they are paying tributes to the prowess of the enemies for whom they used to express nothing but condescending contempt.—New York Herald.

Boston's Baked Beans for King Albert

Boston served baked beans to King Albert. A king's dish. But we read that they were served in a golden pot, which is a humiliation to all who know that beans are not beans unless baked and served in an earthenware pot with codfish balls on the side.—Kansas City Star.

Smuts the Statesman

"The things uniting are far greater than those dividing us" is just the kind of thing General Smuts would say in his appeal for co-operation between Dutch and British in South Africa. He himself says and does the right thing with marvellous consistency.—London Times.

Whale Steak and Bone

Whale steak is being advertised in Canada, but the promoters are not making the best of their case. They should point out that the bones, instead of being thrown away, can be made into corsets.—Minneapolis Journal.

Prospecting Now for a Peerage

A "sourdough" of long Klondyke experience has gone to Ireland to claim an earldom. One must need the brawn and perpetual optimism of a prospector to undertake to fill any office or position in Ireland at the present time.—Edmonton Journal.

Almost Looks Like It

A bull was sold in the United States the other day for sixty-five thousand dollars. It must be from the hide of gentlemen like this that the boots are being made these expensive days.—Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon.

Turning Bars into Coffins

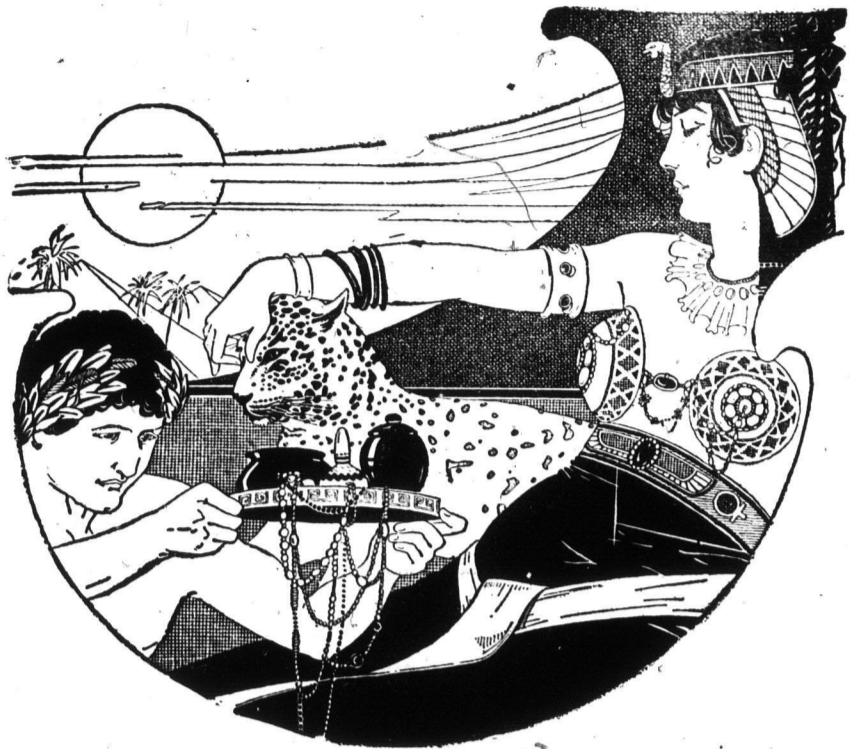
In California, old mahogany bar-fittings and brass ornaments are being sold to casket makers, who are making coffins out of the wood and handles out of the brass. It has long been the contention of prohibitionists that the contents of bar-rooms filled coffins, so it is, perhaps, appropriate that the present use be made of the furnishings.—Calgary Albertan.

The Riders of the Plains

There was not only tradition but romance weaved round the letters R. N. W. M. P. There was the romance of achievements which brought a halo round the force with which they were associated. These were achievements which built up traditions which were inherited by those who followed as wearers of the scarlet, and, in the endeavor to live up to the same, made the name of the Royal North West Mounted Police an illustrious one.—Lethbridge Herald.

Income Tax Returns

How many millionaires in Canada? In the whole country only 40 persons paid income tax on incomes of over \$100,000 during the last year. In the Dominion only 47,000 paid income tax at all. Surely such figures, on their face, demonstrate that something is wrong. Is it possible that prevarication is more widespread than patriotism?—Ottawa Citizen.



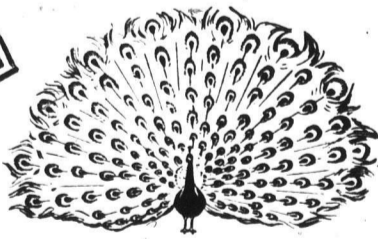
AND he came bearing gifts."

Marc Antony, Caesar, Dante, Abelard, Henry of Navarre, Francois Villon, Louis XVI. and Napoleon, all laid gifts upon the altar of some woman's esteem.

Sweetmeats have always been a "Gift for Queens." In ancient times men bore "sweet spices and fruits" to their ladies.

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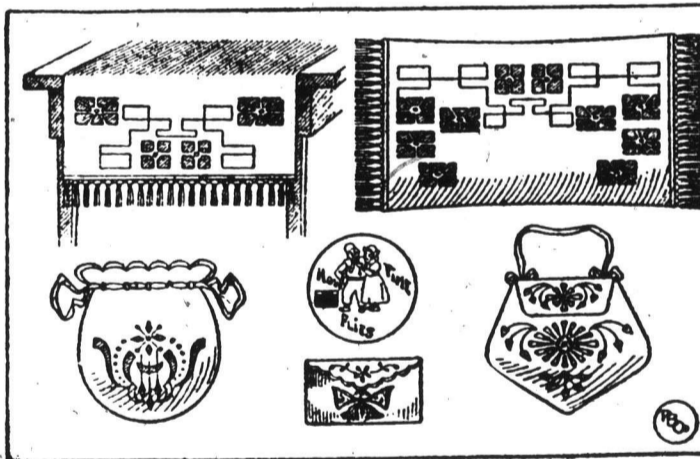
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QU'IMPORTE?

The French have an exclamation, "Qu'importe?" which, translated freely, means "What does it matter?" In English, we might be inclined to say "What does it signify?" while the man on the street would probably say "What's the use?"

Just now, in the period of reconstruction, so many schemes are advanced, so many plans are launched, that, with a tinge of impatience, many of us may be inclined to utter with the French, "Qu'importe?" But, before we falter in our after the war efforts, it would be well to examine the true function of the many projects which almost daily are presented for our inspection.

To guide us in this critical examination, I do not know of a better classification than Spencer's arrangement of the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life. It is as follows:

- 1.—Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation.
- 2.—Those activities which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation.
- 3.—Those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring.
- 4.—Those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations.
- 5.—Those miscellaneous activities which fill up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

Whether we agree that this is a complete statement of the case or not, we cannot fail to notice that in each of the items of Herbert Spencer's list, the prominent word is "activities." Therefore, whatever your part in the great work of nation building, you will at least be active.

A Suggestion

I wrote, in the preceding lines, of the numerous plans presented for our inspection. Well, here is one more—not perhaps a plan, but merely a suggestion. Young men should do some thinking, not overmuch, but enough to enable them to play more efficiently their part in the duties of the day. So, whatever of your attention the sundry items on this page may merit, will you study critically, at least one of the paragraphs each month?

The plan should work simply as follows:— Each month under the heading "Study Paragraph" I will print a series of statements in the nature of assertions and I want you to indicate your agreement or disagreement with these statements by pacing against them one of four symbols—Yes, No, a Check Mark, or a Question Mark. Try this, therefore, on the paragraph that follows.

STUDY PARAGRAPH

The following is from a recent bulletin of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Examine each statement. If you agree with it, write Yes, or a check mark after it; if you disagree with it, write No after it; if you are doubtful concerning it, place a question mark (?) after the statement.

What business teaches:

- How to meet people in business.
- How to attend efficiently to one's daily tasks.
- How to bring system and order into the home.
- That good business habits are good living habits.
- That good morals and good manners are as important as good merchandise.
- That business grows with the development of its workers.
- That business is closed to the worker who is not at his post.
- That increased usefulness is the key to increased earning power.
- That results are the final argument for advancement.
- That success comes with live interest and constant effort.
- That complete living consists of occupation, education and recreation; the three bring happiness.

What is Education?

A writer, by name W. H. Smith, says that if the average man or woman one meets in the street should be stopped and asked "Whom do you consider an educated person?" the answer would be practically this:

"An educated person is one who has a large and extended acquaintance with, and memory knowledge of books."

This, of course, is a very narrow definition indeed, and the writer proceeds to answer his own question by saying that "All persons are educated who have so developed the powers and abilities that are within them, individually, that they can each do well the things they undertake to do."

Another quotation—I cannot give its source—says that "Education is the acquirement of the ability to meet the emergency when it arises."

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

Herbert Spencer writes:—"To compare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge."

An old Irishman says:—"Don't you know that any man is an educated man when he's on to his job?"

W. C. Bagley says:—"Education, like civilization, is an artificial process—a compromise between the brutal and the human, a readjustment from primitive to social conditions."

C. A. Herrick writes:—"Sound education must produce men; in doing so, it may give to them a preparation for professional, industrial, or commercial careers."

A Winnipeg newspaper writes:—"It is true that the only cure for discontent is more education directed along constructive lines."

From the writings of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, I quote:—"These five characteristics, then, I offer as evidence of an education:—

- "1.—Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue.
- "2.—Refinement and gentle manners, which are the expressions of fixed habits of thought and action.
- "3.—The power and habit of reflection.
- "4.—The power of growth.
- "5.—Efficiency, or power to do."

Then, too, we might mention the farmer who said that once a farmer could get along without an education, but that now he needed a first-class education in order to determine which of the experiments recommended by agricultural experts would do him the least harm!

So you may take your choice.

IDEALS

Our old friend, the dictionary, informs us that an ideal is "an imaginary model of perfection; a standard of perfection or beauty," and, it is characteristic of civilized man that he is striving constantly to realize an ideal, individually and by nations. The young man who lacks an ideal is like a ship without a compass—he may get to port or he may drift. But, the quest for the ideal should not take the form of dreaming, for then we are in danger of losing the substance for the shadow.

Of ideals, Goldsmith writes:—

Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.

It is good to have an ideal, but perhaps it is even better to idealize that which is real. Many men and women are not happy in their daily work, not because they are not fitted for it, but because they have failed to perceive its possibilities.

This condition, to some extent, is responsible for many a dispute between employer and employee. The employer who sees his business as a whole should, whenever possible, take his employees into his confidence and so instruct and inspire them that they, too, may see something of the purpose and fruition of their work.

THE INTERLOCKING DIRECTORATE

In the United States there is a man who occupies a position as director on the boards of over one hundred companies, and he has a miniature counterpart in Canada in those men who occupy similar positions in connection with half a dozen incorporated companies or more. Directors may meet once, twice, or a dozen times a year and in most cases they are credited with a fee for their attendance.

The question is—Is it in the best interests of the country that a comparatively small number of men should have almost a monopoly of such important positions, or would it be better if the positions of the directors were distributed among a larger number?

Remember this. Duty never requires a man to be in two places at once, so what is the position of the ultra-busy director who finds that he has two or three board meetings coming on the same afternoon, and sometimes in cities widely separated?

The same is true of committees. There are men of my own acquaintance in Winnipeg who act upon at least twenty committees and they are frequently telephoning to one committee with apologies because they have to attend the meeting of another committee. This lends an air of great importance, but it is not efficient, and perhaps it is not quite just. Give the other man a chance.

THE COMMUNITY

Many a man nowadays who, figuratively speaking, would like to wander at his pleasure, is held up by an intangible policeman who says that "You must respect the rights of the community," and so he is apt to exclaim what is this community which is so constantly asserting itself, and which denies my right to do as I please? And, to this question, one might give a score of answers but a simple one is that "a community is a society of people having common rights and privileges."

If, after this, you should wish to study certain of the aspects of community life, you would find yourself confronted by such problems as:

- Better community health.
- A more attractive countryside or city.
- Better opportunities for education.
- Better recreational facilities.
- The difficulty of working for one's self in the old sense.
- The dependence of man on man.
- The need of capital in industry.
- The uses and abuses of organizations of capitalists and laborers.
- An analysis of the service rendered to the community by certain vocations.

THE GREAT WEST

The West is still the promised land. Winnipeg from the date of incorporation is not yet fifty years old, and agriculturally the West is practically as young as Winnipeg. You cannot develop half a continent in half a century and so there is a great work yet to be done. A young man cannot get on in the West, the trouble is not with his environment, but with himself.

I remember a man in business who complained so frequently concerning conditions in Manitoba, that his grumblings reached the ear of his superior officer. His work, therefore, was watched, and in due time a report went to his employer "that Mr. D. should remember that it was himself who was on trial and not the Province of Manitoba." This is a good thing to remember—Western Canada is all right; it is the workers who are on trial and, of course, the term "workers" is used in its broadest sense.

LEGAL MAXIMS

It is but natural that in their close scrutiny of contentious matters, extending over many, many years lawyers should have developed a certain fundamental set of maxims or rules that have a general application to many of the affairs of life.

Among some of the most frequently quoted of these maxims are those that follow, and they are well worth a little consideration by the young man who is about to shoulder some of the responsibilities of life:—

- Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
- The proof lies on him who affirms.
- The acts of one partner bind all the rest.
- The intention of the parties is the soul of the instrument.
- Let the purchaser beware. (Caveat emptor.)
- What I cannot do in person, I cannot do through the agency of another.
- A contract made with a minor is void in law.
- Time runs against the slothful, and those who neglect their rights.
- Principals are held responsible for the acts of their agents.
- A person ought not to be judge in his own cause.

EXCUSES

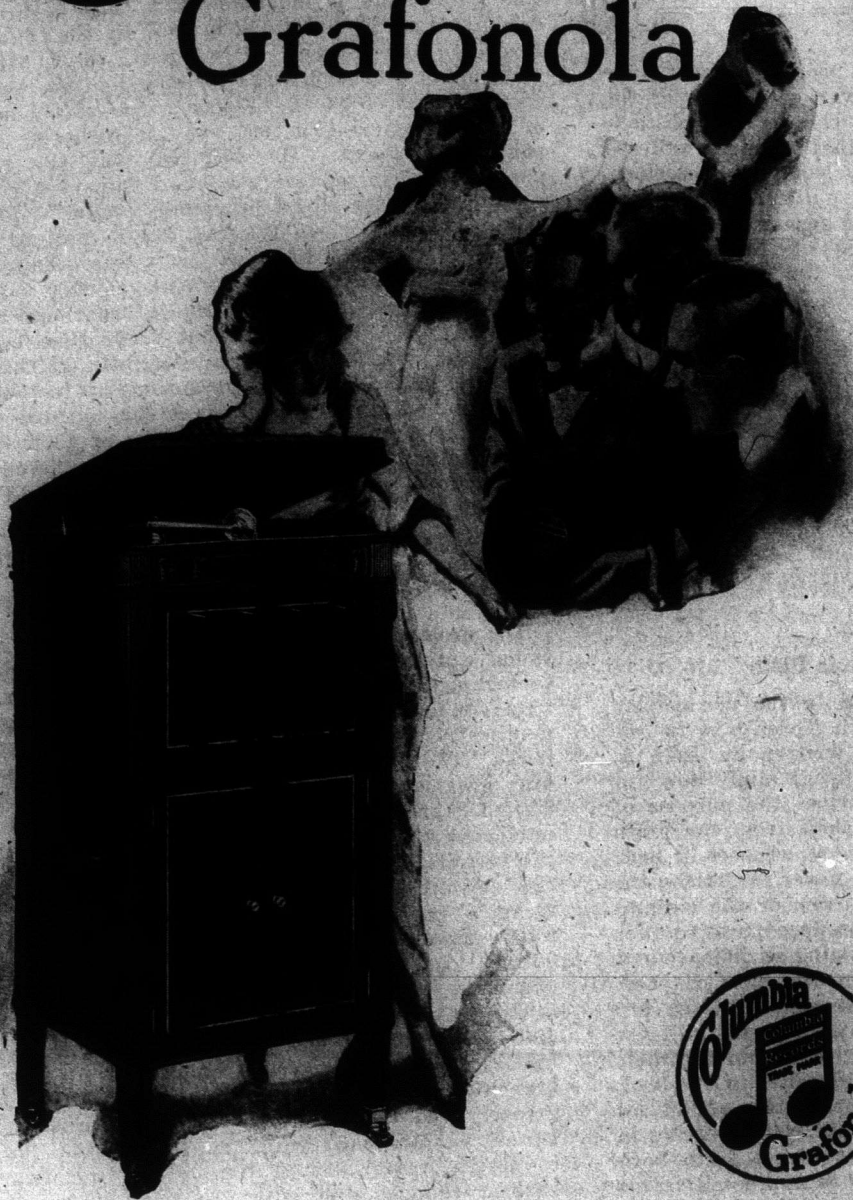
As a rule, excuses are not satisfactory. The habit of making excuses begins early in life, but excuses can never be a substitute for performances. Students of mine are occasionally quite affronted when I tell them that, "I don't want excuses, I want the work."

Rightly or wrongly, I base this attitude on an experience I once had with an executive traffic official of a great Canadian railway company. This gentleman wrote to the general freight of a western division urging that a supply of empty cars be sent eastward without delay. The agent wrote saying that he would be unable to send the cars for an indefinite length of time because of strike conditions in his division. The reply of his superior officer was, "I do not want excuses, I want the cars." There is, perhaps, an element of the extreme in such an attitude but sometimes some such method seems to be the only way of developing the state of mind that "will tackle the job that cannot be done and—do it."

A REMINDER

Correspondents are taking advantage of the Service Bureau for readers of this page. One of our readers has written concerning the value of correspondence schools, and this matter will be discussed fully in an early issue. Send your inquiry now.

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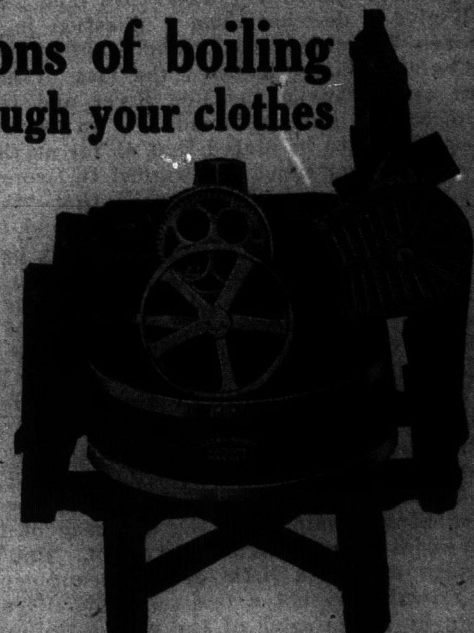
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Viscount Grey at Washington

The direct, frank and unaffected manner in which Viscount Grey talked to the newspaper representatives on arriving in the United States to take up his duties as ambassador appears both to have surprised them and to have greatly impressed them. The New York World said that a man, so unassuming would not be taken on the street for one whose utterances in 1914 had made world history. Disclaiming any intention of proposing treaties or alliances, he declared that without a good understanding between the British Empire and the United States international progress would be impossible, and even international security doubtful, he added significantly: "There are some things that do not exist in common between any two other countries—a common language is one of them—which make strongly for friendship between the American and British peoples. On the other hand, there are some things which cut across this happy tendency and make for misunderstanding, arising partly out of old, historical memories, and partly out of British political problems which do, as a matter of fact, excite a special interest in America." His reference was, of course, to the Irish question. It is a fortunate advantage at this time that the British ambassador at Washington should be one of the greatest Englishmen of modern times, a man whose nobility of character and flawless record as Foreign Minister all the world respects, and a true and proved democrat.

"Only a Small Potato, or Cabbage"

A subscriber of The Western Home Monthly, who writes from Saskatoon asks that The Philosopher shall give a decision upon a question in Canadian history. The question is: "Which one of the Fathers of Confederation originated the idea of having the great area between the Red River and the Pacific Ocean become part of Canada?" In answer to this question it is to be stated that so far as the records show, the honor must be awarded to George Brown, who as early as 1847 advocated that "the North-West" be opened up for settlement, and that with that end in view means of transportation be provided between the Canada of that time, which extended no farther westward than Ontario, and the Western Canada of the future, and that first of all, the Hudson's Bay Company's charter rights to exclusive trade in the whole region between the Red River and the Rockies be disposed of by purchase. He declared that "it is the duty of the legislature and executive of Canada to open negotiations with the Imperial Government for the incorporation of the said territory as Canadian soil." In his newspaper, the Toronto Globe, Brown maintained the advocacy of that idea until at last it was carried into action. But for years the idea met with little or no encouragement. It was ridiculed by not a few. In the life of George Brown by Lewis some of the expressions of ridicule are quoted. For example, the Niagara Mail said in January, 1857, in an editorial on "the talk of annexing the frozen regions of the Hudson's Bay Territory to Canada, said: "Lord have mercy on us! Canada has already a stiff reputation for cold in the world, but it is unfeeling in the Globe to want to make it deserve that reproach." And the Montreal Transcript said: "The fertile spots in that territory are small and separated by immense distances. The Red River region is an oasis in the midst of a desert, a vast treeless prairie on which scarcely a shrub is to be seen. The climate is unfavorable to the growth of grain. The summer though warm enough, is too short in duration, so that even the few fertile spots can with difficulty mature only a small potato, or cabbage." To the present generation it may well seem incredible that such words were written in regard to the vast expanse of fertile soil that stretches away westward from the valley of the Red River across the continent to the foothills of the Rockies and northward to the valley of the Peace River—a vast expanse on which, under the wide-arching heavens, is being written in these years the Epic of the Plough.

An Indirect Admission

At last the world has from an authoritative source an admission, indirect but unmistakable in its meaning, that Germany "made war" in 1914. In his recently published memoirs, von Bethmann-Hollweg, who was Imperial Chancellor when the war began, says that Austria's decision to crush Serbia was necessary for Austria's safety, and that Germany stood by Austria in that decision "for reasons of self-preservation and the realization of German national aims." The ex-Chancellor makes a great deal, of course, out of the German pretense of Russian mobilization to strike at Germany. But his admission in regard to the decision at Berlin respecting Austria's arbitrary action towards Serbia does away with the elaborate German arguments which have heretofore been advanced in massed formation, so to speak, in the attempt to make it appear that Germany was the innocent victim of aggression, not the aggressor. But the ex-Chancellor does not appear to realize this; he holds that the attitude of Russia cleared Germany

The Philosopher

of all blame. That the German people will ever come to believe that it was not a war in defence of the Fatherland is hard to believe. The greatest obstacle to their believing it is the fact that Germany suffered defeat in the war. If Germany had been victorious, the German people would not care a straw about how the war was brought about. As general von Bissing, the German military governor of Belgium, said arrogantly to Brand Whitlock, the United States ambassador in Belgium, who asked him how Germany would face the indictment of history for her violation of Belgium, "We will write the history of this war!" The German people have never troubled themselves in the least over the German treachery, perfidy and falsification by which under Bismarck's crafty management the war against France was prepared for and suddenly begun in 1870. That war has always been regarded in Germany as the chief glory of the Fatherland. This must be borne in mind in considering the endless "explanations" and attempted justifications, military and diplomatic, which are now coming out of Germany.

The Way of Advance is Plain

Some attention is being given in the newspapers to a book recently published in Toronto with the title "Before the Bar." It is written by John A. Stevenson, formerly of Winnipeg, and now of Ottawa, who in his preface describes the purpose of the book as being "to sift the chaff from the grain and examine the evidence adduced in support of both sides of the prohibition question, never forgetting the environment from whence they came or the circumstances under which they were produced, and to offer its readers an opportunity of forming an independent and satisfactory judgment." In alternate chapters are set forth the arguments and considerations pro and con. Though there are many pages in the book which serious-minded readers will condemn for their flippancy, it is undeniable that the writer of the book has made an effort towards the assumption of judicial fairness. Plainly he had to do that, after stating in his preface that his purpose was to set forth both sides of the case. As he chooses to express it in his preface: "Neither the windy meanderings of the ruby-nosed tippler or the anaemic ipse dixits of poverty-stricken rural clerics whose congregations pay them salaries too scant ever to leave them the price of a glass of beer, should be accepted as evidence in the case." Surely this is not the tone in which the gravest moral question which presents itself in the whole range of problems of public policy should be discussed. But there is to be said in regard to this book, "Before the Bar," which The Philosopher has read through carefully from cover to cover, that the case for restriction of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is so overwhelming that even a partial statement of it cannot fail to carry weight. Mr. Stevenson might have made his book still more interesting by developing more fully the historic aspect of the question. Viewed over long periods, the tendency of public thinking in regard to intoxicating liquors is so unmistakable that there cannot be to any fair and candid mind a question as to whether restriction is not in accord with the advance of intelligence and morality and recognition of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Seventy years ago in a pamphlet circulated in Great Britain by the Canada Company for the encouragement of emigration to the Canada of that time, the cheapness of whiskey in Canada was dwelt on. It was sold at a shilling a gallon; the pamphlet described it as "a cheap and wholesome beverage, its cheapness and abundance, causing it to be used in somewhat the same way as the small beer of Old England." The Philosopher in his youth heard elderly people in Ontario tell of how it used to be a common practice to order a jug of it from the grocer along with the other groceries.

The Telephone

In March, 1916, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who was born in Edinburgh, was presented with a medal of honor for distinguished public service, by the New York Civic Forum. On that occasion, the poet, Edwin Markham, wrote of the telephone that it

Dispels the distances, shrinks up the spaces,
Brings back the voices and the vanished faces,
Holds men together though the feet may roam,
Makes of each land a little friendly home!
The wires are everywhere,
The tingling nerves of the air,
Be-netting cities, speaking for all hearts,
From floor to floor their whispered lightning darts,
Looping the prairies, leaping hills and lakes,
Over the world their whispered lightning shakes.
They stitch the farms and link the battle-line:
They tread the Alps and down the Congo twine;
They throb among the pyramids, and speak
Where Fujiyama lifts her perfect peak.

Predictions Disposed of by Progress

To a correspondent in Minneapolis, who is one of The Western Home Monthly's oldest subscribers, The Philosopher is indebted for a copy of the once-celebrated report published in 1857 by the Ohio State Board of Agriculture. That report, which attracted widespread attention, was written by the Secretary of the Board, John H. Klippart, who was a member of many learned societies, and an authority on the subject of wheat. He declared that the tide of population then moving westward "must soon return eastward to the wheat-producing region." He was confident that wheat-growing could not be made successful west of Ohio; just as it was declared confidently in later years that wheat-growing could not be made successful north of the international boundary, and in still later years that it could not be made successful north of Winnipeg. And still, as the years have gone on, the wheat has sprung up in the wake of the indomitable conquerors of the soil ever pressing on, as it sprang up in the wake of their fathers who moved westward adventurously. And now wheat crops are produced some two thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg.

After-war Education

The declaration by one of Canada's leading educational authorities that there is a decided stimulus to technical education as a result of the war, particularly in the field of mechanical engineering, is a manifestation of the tendency of history to repeat itself. The decade following the Civil War saw the first great growth of engineering education in the United States. The records of enrollment in all the universities this year are beyond the highest of all the records before the war. It is to be hoped that the encouraging reports are not confined only to technical pursuits as these have in the past been far too commonly understood. The study of agricultural science is a branch of Canadian national education which should rank foremost. Agriculture is Canada's basic industry, the main source of Canadian production of wealth. It presents great possibilities, and is not exceeded in interest by any other branch of technical education. Of no class has Canada greater need than of scientifically educated agriculturists. Canadian educationists cannot do the country a greater service than by devoting their most earnest thought and effort to ways and means of impressing this fundamentally important truth upon the minds of the rising generation. Agricultural education is the sure road to individual prosperity and national well-being.

Town-planning the Holy City

As a matter of course, a new era has begun in Jerusalem. The beginning of that new era was the entry of the British troops under General Allenby on December 11, 1917, when the Union Jack was raised over the Holy City, in place of the Star and Crescent of the Unspeakable Turk, who so long had held the Holy Land under his sway. William Hohenzollern had made all his plans for a triumphal entry into Jerusalem as Emperor of Europe; but his plans came to naught. General Allenby entered Jerusalem on foot by the Jaffa Gate, without any of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war"; and there are many who regard his entry as the fulfilling of the prophecy that "he who shall exalt Jerusalem among the cities of the earth will come to her unmounted, humbling himself before God." Order and peace are now established in Jerusalem and throughout all the Holy Land on a solid foundation. Soon after the occupation the need for some control over the building operations both within and without the walls of Jerusalem impressed itself on the minds of the British authorities. They foresaw that there would be building activity with the coming of settled conditions; and their interest fixed itself on the adequate preservation of the old, in connection with the congruous development of the new. Repair work on old buildings had been suspended in many cases for ages; they realized that all such work must be done without incongruity. A complete town-planning scheme has been prepared for the Holy City, with reverent regard to the sacred places and the ancient traditions, but with regard also to the health, education and well-being of the inhabitants. Professor Patrick Geddes, of St. Andrew's University, Scotland town-planner of the ancient city of Delhi, in India, and W. H. McLean, Engineer-in-chief to the Municipal Council of Alexandria, who was associated with General Kitchener in devising the town-planning project which has been carried out at Khartoum, and who has done similar work in the interior of Egypt and at Alexandria, are in charge of the work for Jerusalem. If the German dream of world-dominion had been realized, Jerusalem would have become a vassal city of the Hun, instead of the Turk. From that the Holy City has been saved. The only conquest made of it has been the conquest of the forces of civilization and freedom and true progress and the betterment of the conditions of human life.

A Human Interest Story

—The young widow suddenly made homeless and poor by a disastrous accident—

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Charles Michael Williams

THE story was a good one, as even the managing editor said, written as only Blake knew how; builded of little, common, everyday words, but in such fashion that the pathos and tragedy of the whole thing—the young widow suddenly made husbandless and poor by a disastrous accident, and now half starving with the child whose every other Thanksgiving day had been so happy—went straight to one's heart, and made a score of readers of the "Daily Star" reach for their pocketbooks.

Blake was the best writer on the paper, although not so good a news-gatherer as some other men on the staff. He was rarely sent out of the office except on special occasions where descriptive writing was wanted. His special task was to shape other men's work into the form demanded by the Star, which was a bit "yellow" in its tone, but a readable, well written paper with a decided preference for "human interest stories"—records of a great city's daily tragedies, comedies, love affairs, not to forget its scandals.

Blake's real ideals clustered about certain other work—which he filed and polished and groaned over in loving, honest labor—at his table in his up town boarding house, and there were whispers of a Book among his fellows. He never talked about it himself. He was a silent man, well liked by the other reporters because he had always money to lend a chap, and would lend it, too, having no expensive habits himself except for books; and he gave that up when he started work on his own.

It puzzled those that knew him to know why he who really seemed made for joviality—with his open, good humored face that always seemed ready to break into the smile that so rarely illuminated it—was so serious and at times so somber. Blake never gave answer to the question, he never told about—ah, how could he tell about that love romance of his in the South, among the pines of his native North Carolina, of the girl whom he had loved, and who, he had thought, loved him, but who disappeared, so far as he was concerned, into wedlock with another man that time when he lay in the unconsciousness of fever in Cuba with his regiment? No, he could never tell of that. Now he was writing "human interest" stories for the "Daily Star", and stories and verses which the magazine editors returned to him—because, said they, of the uncheerfulness of their tone. Lost love does not sing in the key of laughter.

Blake had been at his desk but a little while when a messenger boy staggered into the office carrying a turkey nearly as big as himself, with a card dangling from one of its claws inscribed: "For Mrs. Mitchell, care of the 'Daily Star'" and bearing the name of its donor, who evidently wished to see a printed mention of his generosity. Four others followed it in rapid succession. The city editor swore irritably at first as the legendary birds of Thanksgiving cheer, accompanied soon by other things—little dresses, a pair of shoes, a hat with a gigantic red plume, and the like—were heaped in more or less picturesque profusion upon his desk; but, as might be expected, an idea soon struck him for turning the situation to advantage for the "Daily Star".

He called Blake over to his desk. "Get a cab," he told him, "and take this truck over to that woman and her kid. I'll send a photographer with you. Get a good story from the widow and the little girl, with pictures of 'em, and of the tenement. It'll make a good second day story, and we'll play it up

for tomorrow. You know what we want."

"All right, sir," said Blake, but he looked a bit embarrassed. He telephoned for the cab and then called up Brock, the man who had brought in the "tip" for the story. Brock was a police headquarters man.

"Brock," he said, "I owe you five dollars on that widow woman story of yours."

"Mighty glad to hear it!" Brock called back cheerily.

"But see here," Blake continued. "The story is straight goods, isn't it? I played it up pretty stiff, you know, and now I have to cart a lot of turkeys over to the woman and her little Elsie."

Brock's laughter buzzed in Blake's ear.

"Why, there is no little blue eyed, golden haired Elsie. At least, I don't know of any."

"Do you mean the story is a fake?" Blake demanded.

"Oh," said Brock cheerfully, "I guess not—not altogether. A cop told me about the woman and when I tried to tell you about it over the 'phone last night either I or you got things mixed up. The old negro woman, the aunty who lives with the woman—they are from the sunny South, you know—is Elsie, Aunt Elsie, and the baby is a boy. The woman did lose her husband in a train wreck; but say, that was over a year ago, not two weeks ago. It's all straight enough about the widow taking in sewing, but not washing—oh, weren't you pathetic about the tub! But I guess it's all right. The widow ought to be glad to get the turkeys and things, and shouldn't have any kick coming."

"Well, but who is going to stand for the story if she does kick—if she gets a lawyer to kick up a libel suit for her?"

"Blessed if I know," said Brock. "You certainly did write an awful sob about her and little Elsie—poor little Elsie!" Brock chuckled. "Send over that five, will you? I need it."

"Humph!" said Blake, and went for his overcoat.

Just then a stout and flurried old negro woman was bundled out of the elevator into the editorial reception room volubly inquiring for "de editor." She was followed by a tall young woman dressed in black and veiled. An office boy came forward.

"We want to see de editor man, you boy," said the first in an angry grumble. "We want to know why such doggone mean lies are printed about folks in de papers. You done march right off and tell dat editor—"

Her companion interposed. "Take my card to the editor, please," she said to the boy, after writing a line on the card, and that young man at once obeyed, anxious to go somewhere to grin in safety.

The editor read below the neatly written card "Mrs. R. H. Mitchell," the words: "in reference to a false article in this morning's paper."

"Phew!" he whistled in annoyance. He called Blake and handed him the card.

"It's up to you, I guess," he said drily. "Please see this lady. She seems to be your poor widow. See what she has to say—if it is the preface to a libel suit, for instance."

Blake walked slowly to the reception room. His appetite for interviews with angry females was very slight. Besides, a possible libel suit looming ahead—that bugbear of newspaper men! He entered the room softly, closing the door behind him—for which he was very glad afterwards.

Continued on Page 48

How to Develop Ability as a Public Speaker

DURING the coming winter, you may desire to express an opinion at a church gathering, your local farm club, in lodge or at some other public meeting. Will you hesitate for want of confidence? Have there not been many occasions when you wished you could dare speak in public? It's not too late to make the attempt and by a little spare time study you can gain the necessary confidence.

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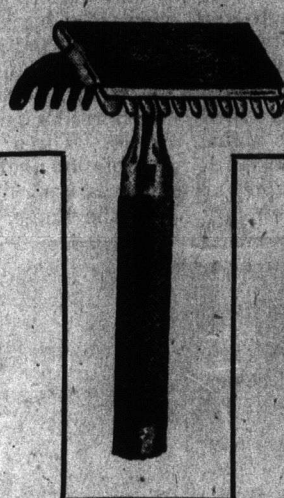
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Delights of the Western Cow-Boy

*"He rides the earth with hoof of might,
His is the song the eagle sings;
Strong as the eagle his delight,
For like his rope, his heart hath wings."*

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Max. McD.

WITH the passing of the western cow-boy, a type becomes extinct. He was not all that writers of fiction and romance would have him. Not always was he picturesque in hairy schapps and wide sombrero; chivalrous in all his deeds; courteous in all his actions. He was not always vicious and dissipated, ever ready to shoot up a town or to stake his last cent on the high card. He was ever ready and rough, with some of the graces of an angel, and many of the attributes of a devil. He could run a brand on a steer or steal a maverick with a clean conscience, and the next moment give his last dollar to the "sky pilot."

Owen Winster has appended to one of Remington's cow-boy pictures this couplet:

*"He rides the earth with hoof of might,
His is the song the eagle sings;
Strong as the eagle his delight,
For like his rope, his heart hath wings."*

The cow-boy stood in a class by himself always. Whatever may have been his winter ways and recklessness, when the snow melted from the hills and the green grass began to start, he buckled on his belt to a hard summer's work. The range was systematically ridden and the round-up began. The "chuck wagon" was loaded with a "grub stake" and followed after the punchers as they cleaned up miles of country for branding. In Southern Alberta the spring round-up is a beef round-up as well, for the mild winters and abundant pastures make beef on the range, while the stall-feds in eastern Canada are munching their corn and roots.

Round-up is Year's Climax

Beef driving to the railway is, however, the climax of the cow-boy year. This, of course, comes in the fall, and while interesting, is physically wearing. Many of the steers are wild and a whole beef herd has been stampeded by the fright of one animal, surprised by a bird flying suddenly from a bush. From six to ten miles a day is a good drive. Before dark the cattle will have satisfied the desire for grass and water. They are then bunched and night-herded. The men are grouped in shifts, each to spend half the night, slowly riding round and round the herd. Corraling the saddle horses each morning is an interesting part of cow-boy

experience on the round-up. A corral is made of ropes tied to the wagons, and into this the horses are driven. Each "buckaroo" picks out his string of four or five, one or two of which are usually broncos fresh from the bunch-grass. The well-known Remington picture "The Chuck Wagon" illustrates what often happens when the bronc is saddled at the round-up camp.

Col. Roosevelt Once a Cow-boy

The late Col. Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States, knew a good deal about cow-boys. He had lived their life on the western plains and wrote much from his personal knowledge and experience. Of the cow-boy he says:—

"Cow-boys resemble each other much more and much less than is the case with their employers or ranch-men. A town in the cattle country where it is thronged with men from the neighborhood round about it, presents a picturesque sight. Here are assembled men, who ply the various industries known only to frontier existence, who lead lonely lives, except when occasion causes their visit to the camp. All the various classes—loungers, hunters, teamsters, stage-drivers, trappers, shepherds, sutlers, and men drawn from all classes, plainsmen and mountaineers are here to be found. Most prominent of all is the cow-boy. Singly or in twos or threes, they gallop the wild little horses down the street, their lithe, supple figures erect, or swaying slightly as they sit loosely in the saddle; their stirrups are so long that their knees are scarcely bent and their bridles not taut enough to keep chains from clinking."

Bright-hued Handkerchief a Delight to Cow-boy

As picturesque as is the get-up of the cow-boy, there is not an article entering into his outfit that has not a practical and essential application to the comfort of the man of the plains. His extravagance would seem to be shown in the number and variety of big silk handkerchiefs which he wears knotted around his neck. And yet the handkerchief is an important part of his outfit, covering his mouth and nose when riding the range behind a herd of cattle. Three thousand cattle make a terrible lot of dust, and the alkali dust of the western ranges is not pleasant to get into the lungs. He likes a fancy saddle,

an ornate bridle, good pistols and fine spurs, but the handkerchief is his chief delight, its bit of color cheering his eyes and making him forget the miles of waste land, and the endless procession of grazing range. The heavy leather cuffs are usually most ornamental, but their decorative effect is only incidental, for when the cow-puncher throws his rope to lasso a cow, if his arm should be bare, and that whirling line should run over it, the flesh would be cut to the bone.

The sombrero is another of the plainsman's pet articles of apparel. It is extremely picturesque and it lends the man a romantic air. But he doesn't wear it for these reasons. He uses the big brimmed hat because it is the only sensible thing for him to wear. The broad brim keeps the sun out of his face on his long rides and shelters him from rain when he runs into stormy weather. The hat is held on by the "g" string. That's what it is called. Without it the hat would be off the head as much as on it, and once under the hoofs of the herd there, wouldn't be even a ribbon left of it.

The high heels on his boots are essential to his comfort, as without them his feet would be constantly slipping through the stirrups. There is the little whip which the boy has tied to his left wrist. It isn't meant to be used on the horses. It's for the steers and is called a bull-whip. In a herd there will be one or two ring-leaders in mischief that will start a stampede on slight provocation. One end of the whip is loaded, and when the rider sees trouble brewing he spots the bad steer and riding up to him whacks him over the head with the butt end of the whip. Frequently it is sufficient to fell the beast, and then the cowpuncher is off his horse in a jiffy, ties the animal's feet and so stops the mischief.

But the picturesque cow-boy is now a thing of the past. He has dropped the lariat to guide the plow. The "puncher" of romance and story is no more. With the passing of the cattle industry has gone the cow-boy.

WANTED

Fire Escape Agent: "If you will put up our fire escapes I will guarantee that you can get the audience out of the theatre in three minutes."

Theatrical Manager: "Don't want it. If you have a device that will get an audience into the theatre I'll buy it."

POET'S REVENGE

First Poet: "I am going to have my revenge upon the editor."

Second Poet: "How?"

First Poet (in a hoarse whisper): "I've sent him a poem, and I've poisoned the gum on the return envelope."

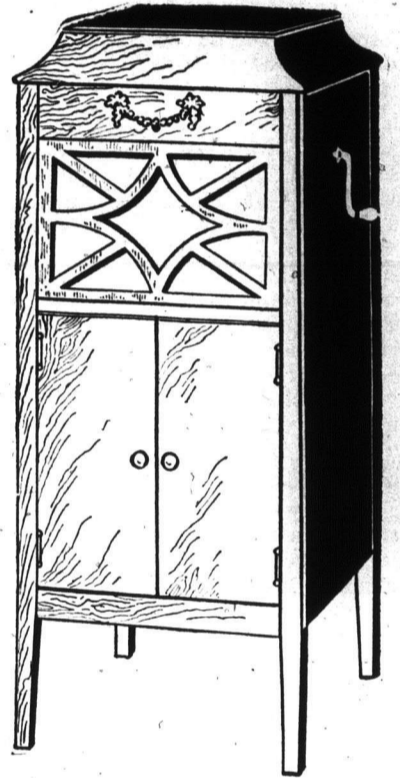


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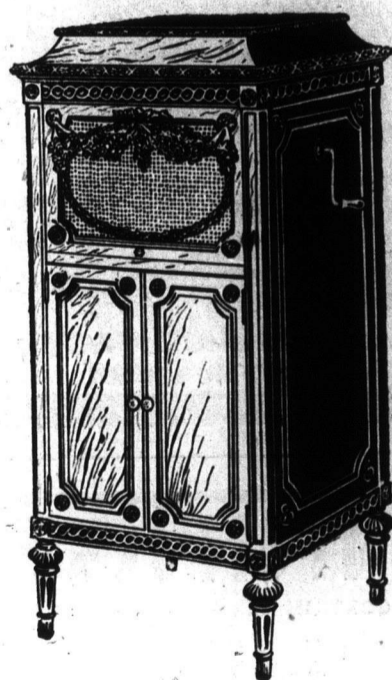
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"He asked her for a little while the next day, to tell her—to ask her—"

The Gold Gown

Continued from Page 5

the gold gown reached its completion. Elaine, after some days of undisputed self-consideration, bloomed into a very flower of sweetness. She did not, in her new softness, have a word for Bob and Jacky, the annoying twins. She showed the vaguest interest in her mother's visits of admiring inspection. She did not speak once of Waldo. Grandmamma looked savagely at her, reflecting that if tall, stooped-shouldered Waldo, or little drab Hetty, or grandmamma herself, should all dissolve out of existence, only leaving Elaine with gold gowns enough, and a fire in her room, the girl would feel, not bereavement, but a sense of life beautifully amplified.

When Elaine leaned over the back of the old lady's chair, to put a soft cheek against the wrinkled pallor of her face, grandmamma steeled her heart. The girl was caressing ease, quiet, freedom from the twins, the luxury of a cook, not the rheumatic old woman apparent to her physical touch. Then Elaine sat down and sang all the songs that grandmamma most liked. She had a fresh voice, very little trained, but with Elaine's unvarying good taste, imitative of the best the girl had heard. Instinctively, her doing of anything was nice. Her pretty person was not merely adorned, it was carefully exquisite. Her playing was intelligent, her singing knew its own limitations, and tried after only what it could compass. In the leaping uncertainty of grandmamma's fire, she looked a delicate and charming spirit, all graceful lines and pretty gestures, the fit source of the melody swelling from her throat.

Grandmamma looked into the leaping flame, and sighed. It is not easy, at seventy, to be uncertain. Perhaps there was a parallel, she was thinking, between Elaine's nature, and some other balanced solutions of which Waldo had told her. Perhaps like sea water, holding in balance ingredients each in itself individually poisonous but as combined a harmless medium in which countless forms might live and thrive, so Elaine's combination of egotism, vanity, cruel forgetfulness of others, but formed a balanced whole in which her own personality might safely swim. Perhaps grandmamma's contemplated assault upon this balance of Elaine's nature might so change the relation of its elements as to destroy the girl. Perhaps Elaine, if she lived at all, must live as she was, in her own medium.

As grandmamma speculated, the telephone called the girl from her singing. There was a brief conference at the receiver, while grandmamma pursued her worried thoughts. When Elaine came in, all her brightness had fallen from her. She was angular, moved abruptly about, stirred the furniture around the room, gave an annoyed twitch to this picture and that rug. Finally, she dropped at grandmamma's feet and laid her fair head on the old lady's knee.

"O dear!" she said. It was the vexed, unhappy voice of five days back.

"What is it?" asked grandmamma. "I've just told Tod Sloane I couldn't see him. I know perfectly what he wants. I've seen it coming for ages. And I can't do it. I can't marry a poor man. I can't endure it, grandmamma! I suppose the cotillon and Sheldon and all, have—excited him."

She worked her fingers nervously, and rearranged the various bracelets that she wore in the belief that they set off her round white arms. Grandmamma caught in her breath. Now was the time for her mortal blow, for her readjusting of the balanced solution. Then she spoke, slowly.

"No, you can't marry a poor man. You would lose all the things that make life seem worth while to you. I let your mother do it. I thought it was right. But you mustn't do it."

She heard herself say these final words with a kind of despair.

"Did mother have any other chances?" she asked, with almost scornful disbelief in little, drab Hetty.

"Why yes," the old woman wondered. "Doesn't every girl? Waldo had less money than any of the others, but I thought she loved him, and I thought happiness lay that way. Yet I don't know." She shook her unhappy old head. Then her lips set, and she went on.

"It doesn't lie that way for you. You must have what you want—in her heart, she finished, "or wreck everyone else." But she did not speak the words.

They parted early for the night. Grandmamma was tired and sad. She was surprised at her own worklikeness, yet after all she had done what she could to save a little, sinking Hetty, and to insure the girl's contentment. Contentment, she told herself bitterly, was really the highest gift life had to offer. To be warmed, fed, and decorated, this was the essence of living, especially for a creature like Elaine. She spent an unhappy, wakeful night.

Elaine slept dreamlessly. The gold gown was finished and lay in metallic splendor over a chair at her bedside. The next night would see her in it at the cotillon, like a slim, wavering shaft of sunlight, playing in and out among the dancers. She would be with Sheldon Marshall, a dark foil for her brightness. They would look extremely well together. She fell asleep, her eyes seeing to the last the enchanting shimmer of her gown.

She left, in a carriage, the next night, Hetty in a breathless ecstasy in her wake. Bob and Jacky had begged so hard that Elaine had consented to let them see her, if they stood outside the door and did not put so much as one of their messy fingers within. She swept from their sight, and the snap of the carriage door cut her from their vision.

Elaine, in the Marshall's carriage, had no thoughts for the family. She sat languorously back against the tufted cushions with the reflection that a very

Continued on Page 33



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Herewith will be found the picture of a Log Hut in the Woods. At first glance all you see is a man, a woman and a dog. If you look closely the faces of 8 other persons will be found. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Five Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.) Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring



the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity.

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

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Read "Fennings' Every Mother's Book." It contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, etc. A Free Copy will be sent Post Free on application to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight, Eng.

The Gold Gown

Continued from Page 33

gown, was just a commodity, some thing to be had by the highest bidder. No one had ever dared to say such things to her. She thought of adoring Petty, of grave, gentle-voiced Waldo, the large-eyed twins, surveying her from around the doorpost. They all thought she was perfect. Grandmamma, of course, had always had her sarcasms. But, then, grandmamma was old and rheumatic, and Elaine had always disregarded her as quite out of the sphere of rational consideration. Then there was the prince, and his mother. These people, lovely people, quite of the big world's best, as Elaine viewed it, admired her. What did this rude boy mean? He had taken her from her

pedestal as princess and put her rudely down, underfoot, with the vulgar. She had a price that he couldn't—of course he meant wouldn't—pay. Wrath, vanity, insult, grief, all shook her slim body, in a spasm of distress.

If Tod Sloane could call himself unhappy, what had he not made her? She had thought she cherished no illusions. She had not pretended to herself that she loved Sheldon Marshall. She had been rather proud of her frankness with herself, and of her openness of mind to the practical aspects of living. But she had not meant this. She had not meant to be discarded by Tod Sloane. She had meant that her world should consist then, as now, of admirers. Only, she had meant, then, to dress the part of the Admired as it should be dressed, and to sit perhaps a little higher above her

court. Always, in the humble circle about the throne, she had seen Tod Sloane. She had not meant that he should go away, and go away, thus. She had conceived of his anger, but not of his scorn. In the dark, she pressed her hands over her mouth to keep herself from crying out loud, she twisted the counterpane, and beat her palms together. After long hours she fell asleep, her golden draperies crushed beneath her.

It was as the sun broke through the vines over her window that a vision, or perhaps only her first waking thought, hovered at her dreaming eyelids. Vision of sleep or waking, as it may have been, it seemed to her that Love, on wing through the quiet room, had stooped and kissed her. Full, warm, and sweet, the kiss lay on her lips and invaded her being, arousing her. She lay, face up-

ward, the half smile of her dream fading as she fully awoke. Love had stooped, from every human being she had ever known! All her adornings, all her displays of plumage, had been to ensnare that admiring gaze from the whole world that should tell her she sat enthroned in all hearts. On what low terms had she accepted homage! She had dressed her charming body that the world might fall at her feet. The morning cold struck on her bare arms, outside her cloak, and her wakened eyes saw the morning sun gleaming on her gown.

The girl sprang from her bed, and began tearing at hooks and buttons. Hateful, hateful gold gown! She slipped free of it, and flung it on a chair. Then she stretched her white arms high, and laughed. She was free. Love had kissed her, and she was free to give herself to him on the highest terms he might exact. Love had kissed her. And his face, as her dreaming eyes beheld it, had not been the face of the prince.

She sought in the closet, and drew out a certain blue gown that she had made herself, one of the detested economies of a detested life. She slipped into it now, and brushed her hair schoolgirl fashion, with a hand that trembled in its haste. She was going out, away, to see—of all people—Hetty! Hetty, she knew, would understand. Out of the quiet room she slipped, with a last backward look at the gleaming thing on the chair.

"Think of that in an engineering camp," she laughed. Then, as she passed her door, "Poor grandmamma," she whispered.

It was hours later that grandmamma opened the girl's door, quietly, only to find the room deserted. She stepped stilly about, setting its disorder to rights. The gold gown across a chair gave her pause. She examined it critically, grimly. It was very lovely, quite worth the price of Jane, or any other cook. It was almost worth the price of freedom as it lay. The old lady fingered it distastefully. She was very unhappy. Then, across her distress there struck, fresh and full of song, a girl's laugh from the garden.

"I'm glad she can laugh," said grandmamma. "I can't."

She was thinking, as she went to the window, that the gold gown represented alike the price of Elaine's laugh and of her own sorrow. Then she looked out through the vines. Elaine, in a little blue thing, stood under a flowering peach, her gaze turned up, to meet the gaze of the Love that had kissed her in her dream. Grandmamma, amazed, surveyed the tableau long enough to see that Love had the aspect of a tall young fellow with light hair and burning blue eyes.

Then, quietly, but with a little tumultuous joy singing in her heart, grandmamma went out of the room. The gold gown shimmered on a chair, a snare for all the morning sun. But, grandmamma, quite oblivious, went away, shutting the door upon its unregarded splendors.

IT WASN'T THE "FLU"

A sign which was productive of much discussion was read by the patrons of a small laundry establishment in a Massachusetts town. It was printed in large letters, on a piece of brown paper, and pinned to the door of the shop. It ran thus: "Closed on account of sickness till next Monday, or possibly Wednesday. I am not expected to live. Shall be unable to deliver goods for at least a week, in any case."

CAUGHT OFF GUARD

"Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?"
 "Nothing but a post-card, ma'am."
 "Who is it from, Mary?"
 "And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl, with an injured air.
 "Perhaps not. But anyone who sends me a message on a post-card is either stupid or impertinent."
 "You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl boldly; "but that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother."

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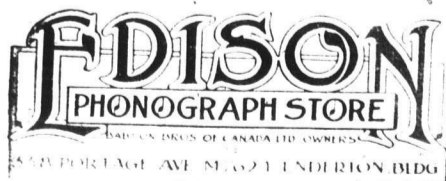
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Thanksgiving

"You're a better man to-day than ever your daddy was; and, sonny boy, I'll milk that cow or bust."

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Harry W. Laughy

CHAPTER I.

A COYOTE'S cry rang through the far flung stillness, where the prairie lay bathed in the light of the soaring moon. Swinging along down the deep worn trail, a four-horse team and a heavy grain tank jogged ahead through a cloud of dust, and the man on the seat, with his foot on the brake, hummed a tune as he bumped along. Winding away through the mystic light the trail topped a rise ahead, and the light that he had seen where the trail disappeared, he knew was the light of home.

A few years ago, poor and in broken health, he mapped out with a cayuse team, the trail that he followed along to-night. The time seemed short as he slipped back in fancy through the departed years, to the day when he landed from a settler's train at a station fifty miles away, and followed a string of land seekers out across the prairie to the homestead that had been filed for him by an eastern neighbor, to furnish him a home where he could die in peace. Eastern doctors had done their best, then shipped him to Alberta and washed their hands of him. It all came back to him to-night—that first night out upon the trail: the songs the coyotes sang; the leaping firelight dancing on the shelter by his bed, where the gentle hands of his watchful wife draped sheets and coverlets to guard him from the wind. He smiled to-night to think of it, and of her watchful care, and how he woke next morning with the sunlight pouring down upon his face, and the warmth of health renewing in his veins. Prairie roses, drenched with their bath of dew, were laid upon the box beside his breakfast, and the strong black coffee, boiled on the camp fire by the wagon tongue was the sweetest draught he had drank for many years.

Then came the homestead, a sloping slab of green beside a creek, bathed in the golden glory of the sunset, and the days that followed rambled through his mind a changing scene of oxen hatling logs, of horses hauling sods, and laughing neighbors vying with each other to make the time pass quickly as they built the prairie home. A rude sod hut and a pole corral, it stood upon the knoll above the creek, and then the neighbors left them to themselves. Day after day he lay beneath an awning made of gunny sacks and watched the sunlight dancing on the plains. Day after day the wife who watched his fight for life picked prairie flowers to strew around his bed, and watched for any change that might mean health.

In the meantime, Billie, the mainstay of the family, had taken the cayuse team and gone to work for Houcher, a nearby rancher. Before going, he had hauled them up some wood and sunk a box in a boiling spring beside the creek. Then one morning the rancher appeared with a heavy plow team and turned a strip of breaking around the cabin: this was to serve as a fire guard, and as he plowed, the business-like little Billie, a lad who had just turned sixteen years, followed the team and dropped potatoes along the freshly turned furrows. The rancher fetched the potatoes, for he said he had seed to burn, and this patch of spuds in the fire guard constituted their first year's crop.

Lying at rest beneath the canopy of gunny sacks, he watched the small shoots show above the ground: watched the effect of each summer shower as they grew to tiny trees; and then one day he watched a tiny vandal dig up a plant and gnaw away the seed. Rage burned in his heart against the rodent, and from that day the gopher's doom was sealed. His lusty yell brought his wife around the house and sent the gopher scuttling to its hole, and wifely anxiety was quickly changed to mirth at his tale for the ribbed potato.

That very afternoon she was compelled to walk two miles to the nearest neighbor and borrow a rifle to be used against the miscreants, and from that day forward he had a studied aim in life; he lay from early morning until latest dusk, the little .22 gun at his side, or pecked away at the ever-appearing gophers. Soon, when they failed to appear as fast as usual, he would venture around the house, and within

a week was cruising around the fire guard, his conquests marked by the spat of the tiny rifle. From shooting gophers it was but a step to the creek bank, where he yelled like a Cree when he landed a three-pound jackfish. New potatoes and jackfish, and he got them both himself. The table was spread beneath the awning to celebrate the event, and the feast was a spread well worthy of the gods.

CHAPTER II.

About a week after the catching of the first jackfish they were sitting on the bench outside the door one evening, he and mother, when the team of ponies appeared, coming down the trail.

"Here comes Billie, Dad!" mother exclaimed, the first to see the team. "Good, by heck; have we any jackfish?"

A ready laugh came willing to her lips, as she replied: "You crazy man, your mind is a pool of jackfish. You've got the pantry overstocked already. But what is that he has behind the wagon?" "A saddle horse, by all that's holy." Dad replied: "I'll bet a button he's come home to do that dising," for the ranchers had each one sent a team to do a day of breaking, and a little field for next year's crop had been opened beside the creek.

"No, Dad, it isn't a saddle horse," mother said, after a moment, as she watched him drawing nearer. "And what is that behind him in the wagon?"

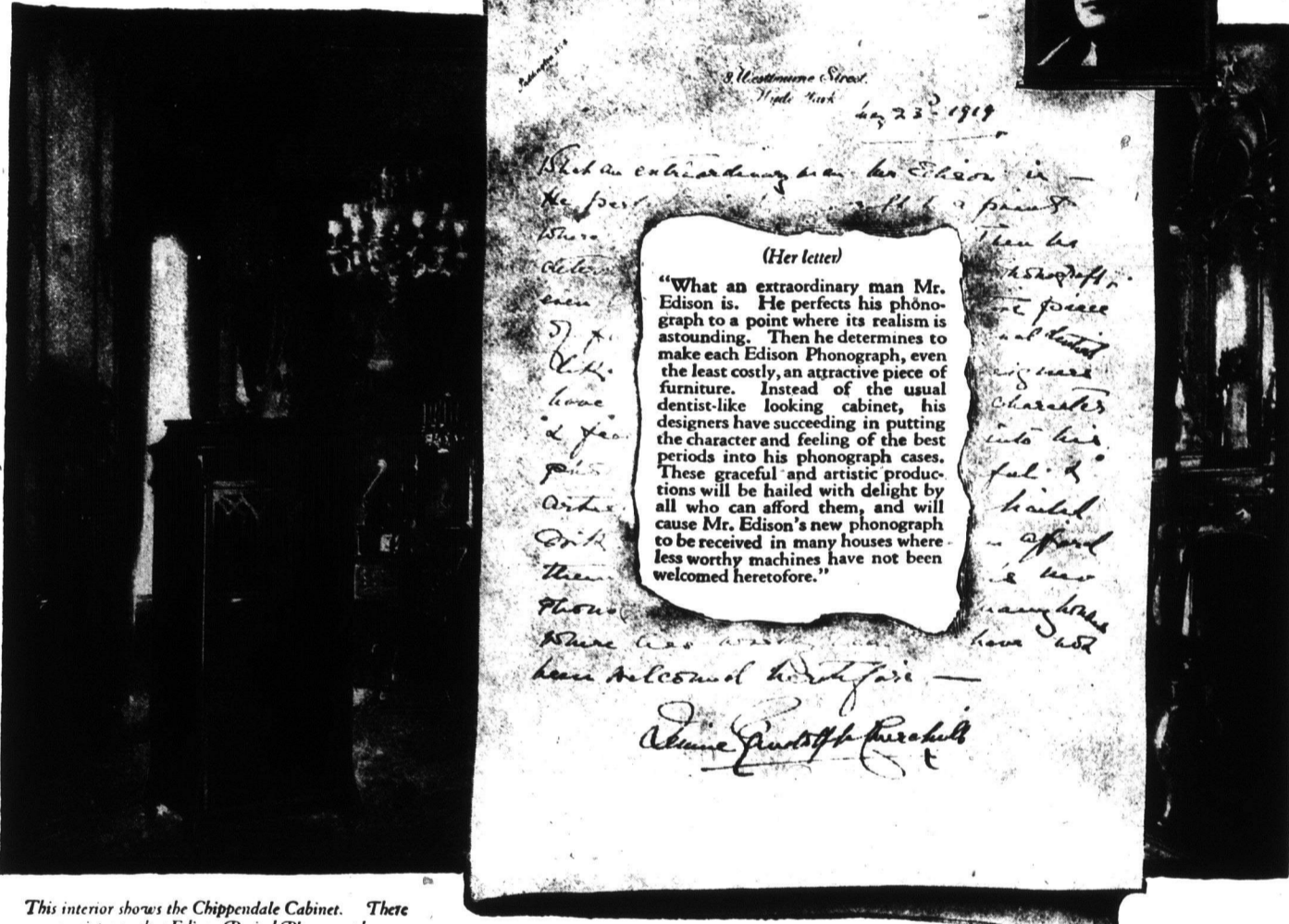
"Oh, leave it to him: a piano as like as not. But, say, mother, that's a cow he's got behind."

No more was said until the laughing boy drew up before the cabin, but there

Continued on Page 36

A Letter from Lady Randolph Churchill

Lady Randolph Churchill is the mother of Winston Churchill, Secretary for War in the British Government, and the sister-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough.



This interior shows the Chippendale Cabinet. There are sixteen other Edison Period Phonographs.

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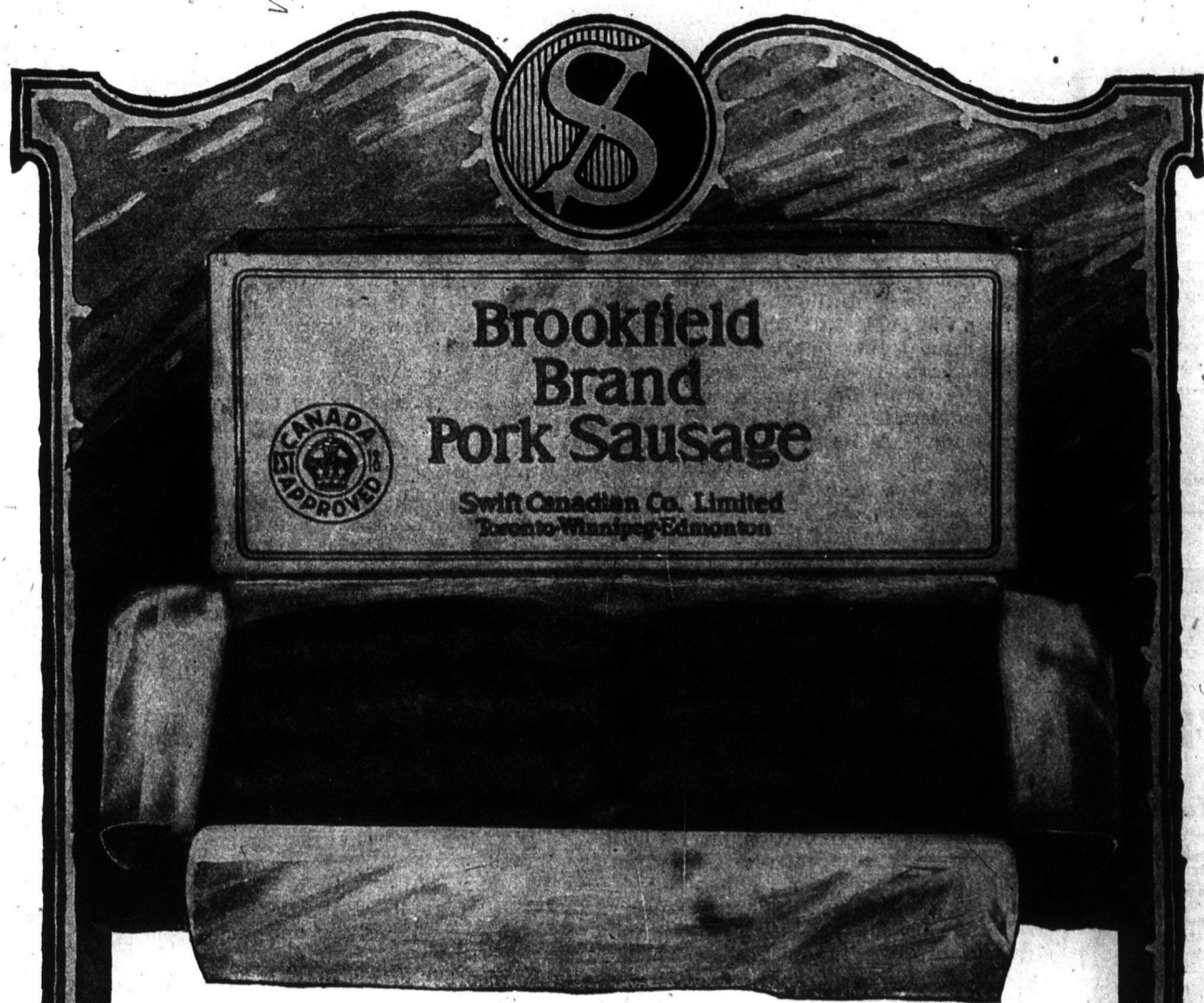
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Thanks-giving

Continued on Page 38

silence of the infant west clothed a land that was wrapped in dreams. "This is a very different world, boy, to the one we found here a few years ago." She nestled close beside him as she spoke.

"Yes, dear; a different world," he answered. "We have a great deal to be thankful for to-night. Think of what God has done for us in the few years that have passed. There's where the neighbors built us the first sod shack when I wasn't able to even lift a hand. There's where the old corral stood, where Billie Boy fetched home his cow and calf. We were very poor then, dear, and there didn't seem a ray of light ahead; but now we have all the heart of man could wish for. Yes, this should surely be Thanksgiving Day. Even the boy who should be with us now," he drew her close and kissed her as he spoke, "is safe where pain and sorrow never come. He took him while he still was at his best; and when we go, a little while from now, we'll find him waiting there until we come, our hero son, your little baby boy."

Clasped in each other's arms, they neither heard the step upon the grass; they did not see the tall, straight form come swinging down the lane. The newcomer paused beside them before he spoke, then, "Spooning, you two old rascals," he exclaimed, and both were folded in a pair of arms that were clothed in well-worn khaki.

No pen could paint the joy of that reunion. After a moment they started toward the house, mother clinging fast to Billie Boy, and Dad frisking around the two for all the world like a friendly puppy.

"But how did you escape, son?" he wanted to know. "I didn't escape, dad," Billie answered. "They took me home, where I stayed till the war was over; though you know it wasn't very long at that. You see, when they blowed that bluff of mine out of existence, I had the thing going all our way; but when I woke up after the dust settled, a couple of saurkrauters were rolling me into a dug out behind the lines. They had got away and packed me with them. I didn't have a scratch on me, but was feeling kind of dopy, so simply crawled inside and went to sleep. I was pretty well all in, anyway, and for the next couple of days I just slept whenever they would let me. They kept me going all the time, however; and by the time I got thoroughly awake again, I was away back into German territory. They never put me in a prison camp at all, but sent me back up on to a farm with a couple of old people; and say, talk about the misery of a prison camp—on that farm, I had the time of all my life. There was a fat old man; a fat old woman; a couple of girls, and me. My memory eluded me for the first little while, and I couldn't quite remember who I was, but the old lady wanted to adopt me, anyway, so it didn't make much difference either way. They were just as kind to me as you could be here at home, and when my kit bag comes, I will show you a dozen things which they made for me when they started me back to Canada. I was going to wire you from some place along the road, and then I thought, oh hang it, what's the use of sending them bad news? They think I'm up in Heaven, as it is, so I'll just dangle along home. But don't ever think that I left Germany as a prisoner of war. Every button, and every patch was fixed upon my clothes. Old mother Dutchy seen to that, and old Dutchy dad seen to it that I had money in my pocket, and they every one kissed me, girls and all, the day I took the train to start for home."

"The good old God has sure been good to us," dad said. "Now, let us go and eat our Thanksgiving turkey."

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.

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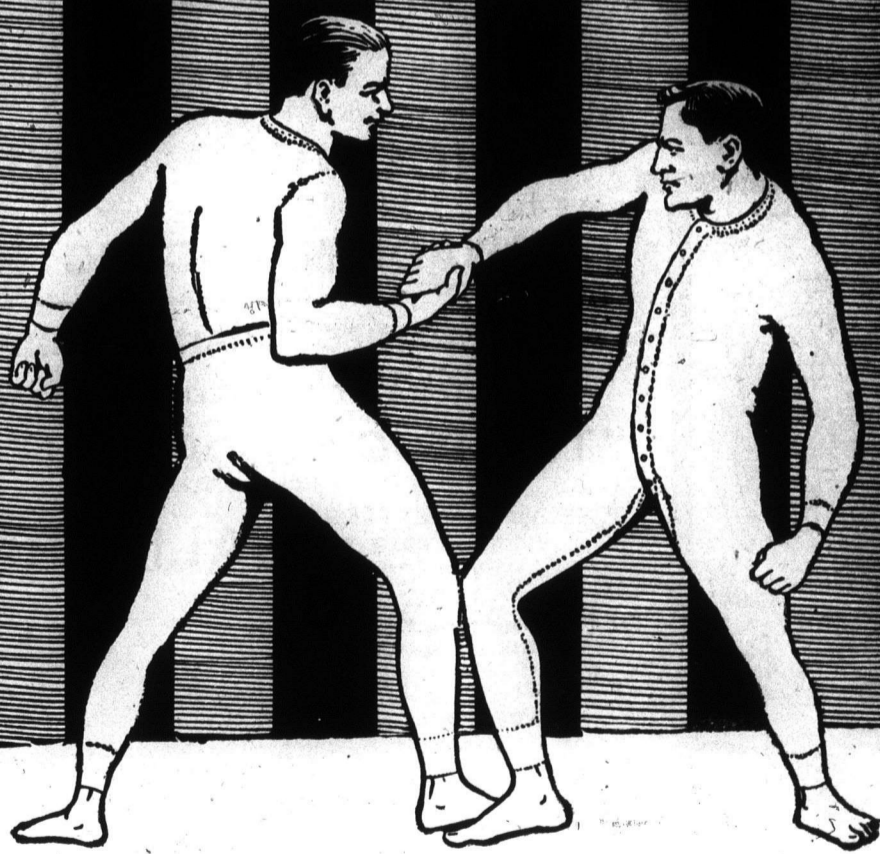
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"Stands Strenuous Wear"

Behind the Surveyed Area

"They say the first three nights are the worst."

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mortimer Batten

THE man knelt in the stern of the birchbark, plying his paddle with strong, sidelong-sweeping strokes. The nose of the frail craft was high out of water, so that she rode perilously poised on one end, yet light as a thistle seed she rose and fell, seeming for a moment to disappear bodily into the smother of foam, then gracefully sweeping up again with dripping keel to the crest of a wave.

At the man's knees lay a large, rough-haired dog with pointed ears—peacefully sleeping in spite of the din of angry waters that shook the very air. She never so much as moved, save for the occasional twitching of an ear to dislodge a mosquito, for Jess had infinite faith in her master's canoemanship. Logan himself was not lacking in self-confidence, but now he began to realize that he was guilty of a slight misjudgment. At first the thought came to him as vaguely disturbing, then as the speed of the canoe increased and the thunder of waters grew in volume, a cold chill began to break out on his forehead.

Logan had shot this rapid a hundred times before, and often with a heavily loaded canoe, but never before in the half light. When he had crossed the lake five minutes ago the waters lay around

him in a sea of crimson fire, and he had thought the light good enough. It had never seemed to occur to him that here, in the canyon depths, the shadows lay within shadows, for he fancied he knew every race and boulder. Now, without the light, he began to realize that his memory was not quite so good as he had calculated. Here a shadow suddenly proved at the last moment to be a jagged tooth of rock, protruding like a vicious reptile, from the swirling depths, and Logan swung round his canoe to miss it by the merest inch. Then he found himself travelling broadside, got under way again, and fancied he saw another rock straight in the centre of what he imagined to be the fair way. "Wish to blazes I hadn't risked it!" he muttered thickly, as the rock turned out to be a shadow. "Somehow the whole ding-dong bed of the creek seems to be different, but there's no landing now till I get beyond the canyon."

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, there was a grinding crash, and to his horror Logan saw a black tooth of rock force its way through the frail structure of the birchbark below the waterline. She swung round and tore herself free, while Jess looked up, saw what had happened, and glanced reproachfully at her master.

Logan clutched the freeboard, staring with haunted eyes, and in five seconds

the canoe filled and he and Jess were in the smother of foam. Instinctively Logan clung to the gunwale, but instantly his grip was torn away, and he struck out for dear life, fighting with the current.

Not so Jess. She possessed an animal's instinct to swim with the tide, and rising to the surface, shaking her head, she promptly struck out down stream, then remembered her master. She turned with an anxious whine, coming towards him, and Logan, who throughout his life had possessed a strong aversion to cold water, clutched her tail in a frenzied grip.

Logan was no swimmer; he could just keep afloat and that was all, but the few additional ounces of support saw him through. Straight down stream Jess took him, straining every muscle as she had strained so often at the remorseless sled harness in winter, so that in less than no time Logan felt hard, slippery rock beneath his feet, and was scrambling ashore.

He knew the place well enough. It consisted of a rocky island in the very middle of the river—a huge stony bank washed up by the opposed tides, a fortress surrounded by an impregnable moat. Probably no human foot had ever landed here before—here in the midst of the canyon, with the unscalable canyon walls a hundred yards distant on either side.

Jess shook the water from her coat and frisked round her master—proud of her achievement, pleased to be on solid ground once more, but Logan was grave.

"No need to fall over yourself, old girl," he muttered. "We ain't out of the wood yet, and goodness knows how long we shall be stuck on this yer island."

The night chills were setting in, and

Logan was cold. He drew a corked bottle, containing matches, from his pocket, raked together a small pile of driftwood, and lit it. Then he shed all his garments and hung them up to dry. He had positively nothing with him save his clothes.

Robed only in his moccasins, a gaunt, grotesque figure, Logan fell to exploring the island. He walked this way and that, staring out over the tumult of waters, but only to find, as already he knew, that there was no way out. For even the most skilled of swimmers to have attempted to gain the canyon walls across either of those mad cataracts would have been deliberate suicide, and even if the bank were gained one would be no better off there than here. Jess, too, prospected the outlook, gazing from one point then another, and as she gazed her tail drooped and she looked at her master for enlightenment.

It was getting dark, and Logan returned to his fire, piling on more wood for his teeth were chattering. "Seems to me," he muttered aloud, "that either we stay right here with no grub, hoping that someone will come along and bury us in due course, or that we try to swim ashore and get drowned. It don't make much difference either way, but I reckon we won't risk swimming, because it's just on the boards an Injun may happen along during the next few weeks."

That night Jess and Logan, side by side, slept the deep untroubled sleep of pure weariness, but when Logan awoke at daybreak, stiff and cold, he realized that he wanted his breakfast. "I reckon it's real hard luck," he told his dog. "And our cabin just across the bluff there with a new side of bacon

Continued on Page 41



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EMPRESS HOTEL,
VICTORIA, B.C.



Behind the Surveyed Area

Continued from Page 40

hanging up and plenty of coffee. Coffee — coffee! I could drink a gallon of it fairly boiling!"

That day they had nothing to do but again prospect the island. They prospected it from end to end and from stem to stern. At midday the heat became intense, a trying contrast to the night of chill, and Logan began to feel exceedingly hollow amidship. He tightened his belt a notch, and noticed that his hand was shaking as he did it. When dusk came he again lit a fire, using the driftwood sparingly now, for there was not much of it.

As he sat by the fire the man's idle gaze was caught again and again by a white stone lying among the shingle near. It irritated him, and at length it made him angry. It looked like a skull and cross bones. Finally he got up with an oath, and threw the wretched stone into the creek. He saw it sink down, down, zig-zagging as it went, visible to a depth of twenty feet in the dead, clear water as it caught the last remaining light, and Logan turned away with a shudder.

"If only I'd got a telephone," he muttered aloud, "it wouldn't be so bad." He paused and pondered. "Why ain't I got a telephone?" he demanded savagely, then pulled himself together with a jerk. He had been only two days without a meal so far. That was nothing, but doubtless the sun—the sun was strong and the nights bitterly cold. Doubtless the sun had something to do with it, but now he must sleep.

He slept till midnight, then awoke, wide awake, thinking of everything in the world at the same time. He sat gazing across the water, till the moving, changing, shifting shadows took on disquieting shapes, which seemed to be coming ashore towards him. Yes—they were always trying—trying to land, those writhing, struggling, clutching arms, and it was only a matter of time—!

Again Logan pulled himself together with a jerk. He tried to view the situation philosophically. "They say the first three nights are the worst," he told himself. "After that it becomes easier."

He looked about him. Something was missing — what was it? The fire was there, the rocks were there — O, the white stone, of course! It took a terrific effort of mind to arrive at this, then came a sense of puzzled bewilderment. He had thrown the white stone into the water, he had watched it sink, and now something else was missing. Why, it was Jess!

Logan jumped up and called to her. How strange his voice sounded in this region of echoes. He called again, then began to giggle. He giggled like a school-girl, and thought it hugely funny. "Jess, you blamed old coyote, where are you?"

Out of the darkness Jess came, appearing from nowhere in particular, fawning up to his feet as though half ashamed of herself. They looked into each other's eyes. "You poor old varmint!" muttered Logan. "I know you're blamed hungry, but so am I. We'll have to make the best of it, old girl, till someone comes along."

They lay down together, but in a minute Jess was up again. Logan watched her. She stole away with sidelong glances, as though searching for something. She searched every hollow, and once she raked a little couch in the gravel, turned round in it, lay down in it, then looked sorrowfully at her master.

Logan understood. He was not a coarse man at heart, but his thoughts habitually found utterance in coarse words. "Hell!" he said aloud. He muttered it sadly and soulfully. "Hell!" he repeated. "You poor—poor old varmint!"

Logan took a smouldering faggot from his fire, and walking to the other end of the island he made another fire of the precious driftwood near to a sheltering boulder. Then he took off his jacket and laid it under the boulder, told Jess to lie on it where she could be alone and went back to shiver by his own fire.

When morning came Logan strolled over to the boulder. He stood looking down, while Jess looked up into his eyes.

"Poor little critters!" he muttered. "What a world they've come into!"

For there, in the coat, lay four blind and squirming puppies.

II.

The sled dog's love for her master had hitherto been undivided. She had regarded him as an idol, a god—worshipped him as man himself turns to an idol higher than his understanding. That love was not dead, but into her soul that night had come a greater, mightier love, a love that was part of herself, a portion of her very being, an all absorbing, passionate devotion for those four squirming atoms of life.

Logan went back to his fire and pondered whether it was up to him to drown the puppies in order to give their mother a chance. His mind was a little clearer to-day, but—goodness, how hungry he was! It was an effort to think about anything but that hunger of his, but in the end he came to the decision—"Well, I guess, it's her show. They ain't my puppies; they're hers."

Logan spent most of that day drinking water. It seemed at first to satisfy his pangs of hunger, but ere long he reached that stage when it seemed there was not enough water in his body to warm the water he had drunk. He gave it up as a bad job, and sat staring out over the besieging flood. Once a big white-tail deer came to the canyon edge and looked at them, its antlers silhouetted against the sky. It was gone

in a moment, and thereafter Logan was troubled in his mind. Had he really seen that deer, or had he only dreamt or thought he had seen it. He told himself that it made no difference anyway—that it didn't matter. Yet somehow it did matter. He couldn't decide whether he had seen it or not, and presently he lay on his back in a frenzy of indecision and tore his hair. And as he tore, Jess trotted up to him and showered her kisses on his face.

At sundown the man and his dog sat face to face looking into each other's eyes. What thoughts were theirs no man can prove, yet it would seem that each knew what was in the mind of the other. Presently the man's eyes took on a new expression. It was not a nice expression. One hand crept down till his fingers closed on a stone at his feet. Small as the stone was, its weight surprised him, and as he tried to raise it Jess backed quietly away. Her mane rose on end, and there was a suspicion of white fangs under her lips. She trotted back to her puppies and stood over them, glowering wild-eyed at the man.

Logan uttered a short, dry laugh. Why had his thoughts played that trick with him? It might come to such a

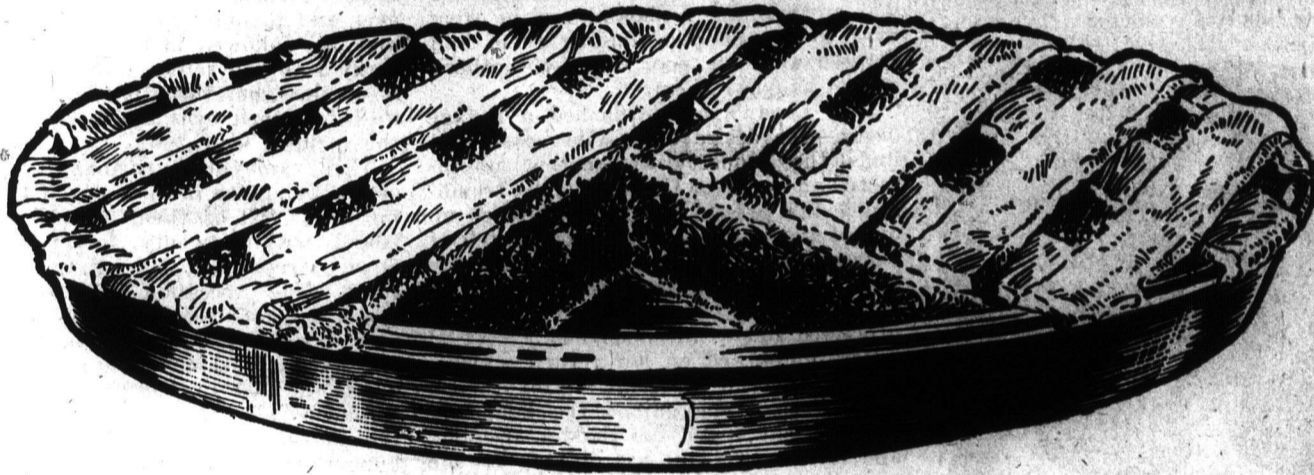
thing in the end, but not yet—not yet, thank God!

When darkness came Jess stood staring over the troubled waters. She too was hungry—hungry with a mad craving for food, hungry with a hunger borne of motherhood, and four squirming puppies to support. She trotted over to where the man lay—sneaked up like a coyote, viewing him from four different points of the compass alternatively, and again her lips drew back in a silent snarl.

She went to her puppies, and caught up the first of them in her jaws. The others she tried to bury under some leaves, for her mind was now made up. With the selected puppy in her jaws she walked to the furthest point, and began to wade in. The current caught her and whirled her off. For a hundred yards she struggled and fought, at times flung round like a pinwheel, so that she eternally lost the point for which she was aiming. At length she gained a boulder, and lay there panting, licking the puppy she had carried, though the tiny body was already still and cold. Rested a little she set out again, still with her load, the load that pulled her head under water and constantly threatened to drown her. Scarcely had

Continued on Page 48

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Behind the Surveyed Area

Continued from Page 43

before, when suddenly Jess raised her head. She looked not at her opponent, but past him and beyond, away up the canyon whence the caribou had come. She uttered a howl of wild anticipation, then fell upon her master, no longer her foe, showering her kisses upon his face. And Logan, following the direction of her gaze, staggered to his feet with a

cry of joy, then flung his arms about his dog. A thousand ages drifted by, he stood face to face with the world once more—the civilized world, the world of sunshine and the music of human laughter.

For there, round a bend in the creek, came a birchbark canoe, and behind it another, many canoes and many Indians, following in the wake of the migrating caribou.

RAINDROPS

By Oscar C. Williams

O ghostly little raindrops
Upon my pane,
A-pattering out your message
From night and rain,
O dripping little raindrops,
To think that you

Will in the dawn-haired morning
Be golden dew.

O pattering little phantoms
Upon my brain

A-pattering out your message
From time and pain,

O will you patter always?
Or will you, too,

Turn in some dawn-haired morning
To golden dew?

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AUTUMN

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Western Verse

The Land of Far Away

'Tis o'er the hills where fades the sun,
The Land of Far Away;
And there the merry elfins are
That gambol night and day,
Without a single thought of care
To mingle with their play.

'Tis there they snip the old moons up
To make them into stars,
And scatter them across the sky,
From Jupiter to Mars.
To shine, and glow, like fairy lamps
On fairy motor cars.

'Tis there that dreams are conjured up;
And cunning magic brings
The power to speed to wondrous climes;
As we are borne on wings.
Away to Topsy Turvey, on
The other side of things.

There everything is upside down,
And very strange and queer;
Enough to frighten anyone;
And yet we do not fear.
'Tis just as natural out there
As things we look on here.

Now some folks say 'tis all a dream;
This Land of Far Away
Ah well! I only hope those folk
Will wiser grow some day.
I've seen it, and I know it's there
That's all that I can say.

C. Lewis Rotherham.

The Little Name

'Twas just a little foolish name that called
from out the Spring,
But, oh, it bound my straying feet, and
stilled their wandering;
The wide spring skies above me, dear, the
long white road before,
Yet sweeter breathed the jasmine stars
above a cottage door.

The little name it led me there and then
it stole away,
Amid the swaying lilac-bloom that brushed
the lintel gray;
But little recked I of its loss, the while,
'twixt dusk and gleam,
We watched the home-flames flicker on
the hearth-stone of a dream.

I love the other home-sweet names that
share my chimney-breast,
That smile amid the taper-glow, and stroke
my heart to rest.
For "wife" is sweet as lilac breath of
unforgotten Mays,
And "Wife" is dear as each shy dream that
lit our yesterdays.

And sure at Heaven's gate itself can sound
no sweeter song
Than "Mother, mother, mother!" that is
mine the whole day long.
And yet, and yet, amid the dusk when I
am quite alone
I wait for little wandered feet to cross my
lintel-stone.

I wait a little foolish name that called
from out the Spring,
That bound my wilful-straying feet, and
stilled their wandering;
The sweet spring skies above me, dear, the
moon-white road before,
And jasmine stars that beckoned me
above a cottage door.

Your Treasure

Only a little golden head,
Two wondering eyes of blue,
Two little chubby dimpled hands,
That softly cling to you.

A pair of tiny restless feet
Pattering up and down,
Two rosy lips with smile so sweet
Charming away each frown.

Only a merry baby voice,
Lispings soft words of love,
A little heart that beats for you
Pure as the skies above.

No other gifts your life could bless,
Or bring you half the joy,
As this great treasure you possess,
Your bonny baby boy!

Isobel Wilson.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

FROM AN OBSERVER'S NOTE BOOK

We in Winnipeg who are interested in educational affairs, and most of us are, lived in an atmosphere of intense mental activity during the recent conference. An emphatic impression to the observer was the earnest attention and continued attendance of outsiders. They were hungry for the best that able experts among educational workers could give—and they were not disappointed. The great throbbing, vitalizing force generated at this wonderful conference will probably permeate every corner of Canada. We hope a fine vision of usefulness in the teaching profession shall inspire more of our girls to join the noble patriotic work. President Finley, of New York University said that any place where a good teacher works is a sacred place. It is true.

Alberta has taken the lead in giving opportunity of service as teachers to those who are willing to teach, but have no funds to use for the necessary training. Their policy is to loan government money to students wishing to train for the teaching profession. At present 175 teachers are being trained in the Alberta Normal School on government money. The loans are repayable over a period of two years after graduation. This policy will no doubt supply them with many excellent teachers. I know personally of ambitious teachers who wanted more training, but found it difficult to save enough to complete their course. In my own experience I taught a year, attended school the next year, and continued so until I completed my course. Much valuable time is lost under such handicap. Alberta will not be short of teachers under such splendid attention. The idea of the conference was to unite the educational forces of Canada in a movement towards cultivating a citizenship of honest, clean-minded character. A national education with a soul for the nation's good is the surest preparation for a strong nation. It cannot be accomplished unless there is complete co-operation and freedom from personal ambition and political intrigue. We trust the movement shall be free of all this—else our children may rise up and curse us.

The Saskatoon Phoenix published recently the syllabus of moral and civic instruction for elementary schools prepared by the Moral Educational League of Great Britain. I wish there was space to copy it. The value and beauty of an ideal standard of character is outlined completely for every year of the child's school life. For example: Standard IV. (10-11 years). 1, Manners; 2, Humanity; 3, honor; 4, justice; 5, truthfulness; 6, prudence; 7, courage; 8, work. Under each of these are important subdivisions. Text books for the use of teachers have been prepared in England for moral and outline of such training along systematic lines. Premier Martin, of Saskatchewan, in his remarks felt that most of the addresses were "idealistic." He said that the conference would do a great good if they would settle some of the practical civic training. They contain a complete difficulties which confront every provincial department of education in Canada. Premier Martin added that "problems in connection with the rural schools were not being properly appreciated. People in the city were too apt while sitting in their warm homes and offices to overlook these problems and say that those in rural parts must live up to the laws observed in the great centres of population." At the close of the conference when the National Educational Council was created the only woman appointed to represent the educational interests of Manitoba was one who has had no experience with rural schools here, and has never lived in the country. There were very able women among the delegates who have done splendid work in country schools. They have lived many years in rural parts of the Province of Manitoba and have sane, sincere executive ability. I wonder—do representatives always really represent? Is such a representative fair to the province?

Peter Wright was there, and he said things that make us all think. In clos-

ing, he made a wonderful plea for the children of the poor, asserting their right to an equal start in life and the play and joy of childhood. The women speakers won the respect and admiration of everyone. Mrs. George H. Smith, Educational Secretary of the I.O.D.E., explained their

work with the foreign-born children. She said: "We are teaching them to be with us as one in viewpoint through feeling and impulse." The I.O.D.E. chapters for some time have been doing a magnificent work among the foreign schools. It has meant a great deal to those cour-

ageous teachers to know the moral support of such a splendid organization was back of them. One of the best of them told me that their support encouraged her many times when she was ready to give up. They are now planning to

Continued on Page 46



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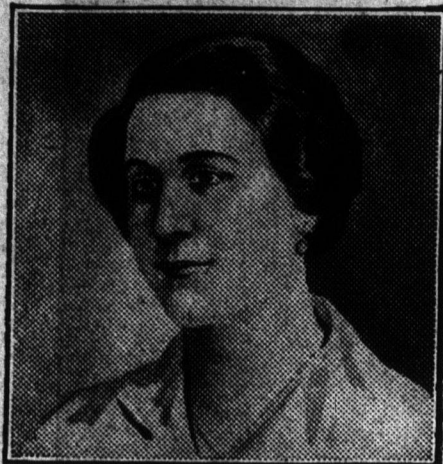
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from Page 45

launch a fund for the purpose of perpetuating the ideals for which our soldiers fought. Their war memorial will consist of educational work—and, by the way, I wonder if these I.O.D.E. women who are doing so much definite educational work in our schools are represented on the New National Educational Council? The features of the war memorial described by Mrs. Smith are as follows:

"Teaching of patriotism with one viewpoint.

"Illustrated lectures in the schools on the history and geography of the Empire, both still pictures and motion pictures being used.

"Every non-English school in Canada to be supplied within the next five years with one of the I.O.D.E. British historical libraries, so that the children might learn of the British ideals, traditions and institutions of which we were all so proud.

"Government funds to be supplemented in order to provide for children of deceased soldiers having a secondary education.

"Creation of a national fund for giving to deceased soldiers' children who have gone through the secondary course a university education or its equivalent in music or art.

"Travelling scholarships of probably \$1,200 to graduates of the universities of Canada in history in order to give them a chance to continue their studies in Great Britain, these to be won in competitions held in each of the provinces. When the winners of the nine scholarships have been in Britain for one year, they will be asked to compete for a scholarship of greater value, which will enable them to remain in Britain for a second year. For an endowment fund to ensure the granting of these scholarships in the future, \$500,000 is being collected.

"The establishment in Canada of a lecture foundation for the study and teaching of imperial history, some outstanding man being brought to Canada once a year to discuss current questions of vital interest to the Empire.

"Reproductions of the famous paintings picturing Canada's part in the war to be given to 1,000 schools in Canada, 100 schools in Manitoba to receive them."

Dr. J. T. M. Anderson emphasized, in a very convincing address, that every child born in this Dominion should be given the chance to develop along the lines of one hundred per cent Canadianism. At times the atmosphere was cleared by charges of good old fashioned common sense as, for example, when Mr. Ira. Stratton said: "The real menace lay not in the so-called foreigners, but in the stand-off indifferent attitude of many Canadians." I feel as though some of the talk about citizenship in this conference is a sham," he said. "Many of you people in this congress have not put those immigrant children on an equality with your own as yet. They are waiting out there in the bush. If you want to interpret the best Canadian life to them you will have to live right in their midst. If you would knock the patent laws to smithereens and give us motion pictures and talking machines at reasonable prices we could use these modern appliances to educate the new Canadians and the others as well." W. Sissler declared that if the teachers in the school were to teach honesty and the ideals of citizenship, it was up to the politicians and business men to see that they set a good example. And Peter Wright referred to the congress as a "gasometer" where people

NOV					DEC					JAN					FEB					
SUN	2	9	16	23	SUN	7	14	21	28	SUN	4	11	18	25	SUN	1	8	15	22	29
MON	3	10	17	24	MON	8	15	22	29	MON	5	12	19	26	MON	2	9	16	23	
TUE	4	11	18	25	TUE	9	16	23	30	TUE	6	13	20	27	TUE	3	10	17	24	
WED	5	12	19	26	WED	10	17	24	31	WED	7	14	21	28	WED	4	11	18	25	
THU	6	13	20	27	THU	11	18	25	THU	8	15	22	29	THU	5	12	19	26		
FRI	7	14	21	28	FRI	12	19	26	FRI	9	16	23	30	FRI	6	13	20	27		
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could let off gas and advertise themselves.

The conference is ended, and we shall wait anxiously for a great educational propaganda. We are all a part of the great educational system. Let us see that the soul of sincerity shines through every phase of it. You cannot kill sincerity. The Rotarian Clubs of Canada wait anxiously for a great educational They have the true idea of the meaning of education—"Not self but service."

THE VALLEY WAY

The valley may be very deep,
And even at the noon-day light,
It may not catch the warmth and cheer
And splendor of the glad sunlight.

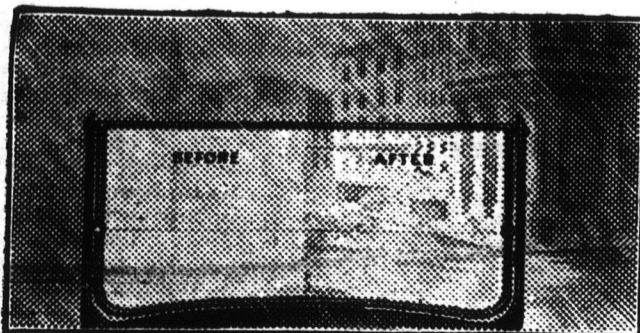
But courage! For a short, sharp climb,
Will leave the shadows far below;
And soon the grandeur of the view,
Will bring unto your heart a glow.

The valley may be very wide,
With nothing more to greet the eye,
Than dreary slopes across the miles,
And wastes of weeds, as you go by.

But courage! Though the road is long,
And though the way before seems bleak,
Its glory you shall yet behold
When you have reached the heights
you seek.

The valley may be very small,
And glad the way from height to height;
But know that on the further side
A deeper vale will greet your sight.

For up and down our way must go,
Until our spirits leave the clay;
We cannot dwell on splendid heights,
Nor in the valley—can we stay.



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To begin work in their home territory selling new invention—Clear Vision Cloth—to automobile owners, motormen, locomotive engineers. This wonderful chemically treated cloth by one rub over rain or snow blurred auto windshield, street car or locomotive window gives glass chemical insulation—rain, snow and sleet run off like water from a ducks back—one rub good 24 hours. Can't smear. Works like magic. Greatest safety first accessory ever invented. Guaranteed one year. Tremendous seller. Every automobile owner, motorman and engineer buys at sight. No argument required, you simply demonstrate and take orders. Profits mount up quickly at 200%. Selling price of only \$1.50 clinches sale. Agents getting rich. John Sims sold 36 Saturday afternoon in small town—his profit—\$36.00. Jarvis sold 109 first week. You can do as well. Business furnishes the capital. Experience not required. Failure impossible, success assured. Big selling season now on. Investigate. Write today for free details—worth a fortune.

Canadian Auto Accessories Company Limited
503 Plaza Building, Ottawa, Ont.

About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

STRAW AND ITS USES

TO a certain extent, the manner in which straw is handled after it leaves the blower of the mill, will determine its ultimate value to the farmer.

In the first place the storage and general care of it should be as carefully planned as time and weather will permit. The ideal way of saving straw that will permit of its being used to the last straw in good condition is to blow it into the barn, but, of course, in the West where a great many of the barns are comparatively small and the fields large, it will not be generally practicable. As straw is not adapted to turning water, even a small supply under cover will at times be found to be a boon in cases of emergency when fresh dry straw is required. The thorough tramping of straw when it is being stacked outside the barn will help considerably in enabling it to turn water. It has been found a good plan to sprinkle salt in a straw stack during the course of its building; this makes it a more acceptable form of roughage.

A judicious use of hay and grain will help considerably in the feeding of straw as a winter ration and will serve as an acceptable break in the routine of feeding for horses. In the case of horses working in the winter months straw alone is insufficient and must be balanced up with a good grain ration and an occasional boiled feed.

The day of the burning straw pile is past, as the development of mixed farming in the West claims a share of the straw from the grain fields as a necessary link of its system. The straw stack that was once looked upon as a heap of trash is now a provision for the future as it returns to the land from which it came, in the form of manure. Straw is the handy "filler" for stock, playing the part of the household loaf on the table, and similarly it may be embellished and made more palatable in many ways. As it has now become an article of commercial value, it is as well to have the stacks that are left in the field, strategically arranged in order that they be as accessible as possible, for there are many of us in this country who will always retain vivid recollection of hauling home straw from distant stacks in bad weather over poor trails.

Straw as Feed for Cows

Buckwheat straw is considered of some value owing to the nitrogen it contains though it is considered more suited for sheep than for cows.

Flax straw should be fed with care and should not be fed unless it has been cut and dried before the frost came. Its stringy covering on the stems makes it rather difficult to digest.

Wheat straw is low in nutritive value though it should not be passed over as it will fill in as a roughage in the absence of more palatable kinds.

Barley straw is a little higher in feeding value than wheat straw. The best way to use it is finely cut and mixed with ensilage.

Oat straw is a good filler and is considered the best of all straws for cattle. When mixed with other roughage or grain it adds a good deal of mineral matter to the ration.

Pea straw is valuable as a cattle feed, when clean. However, it is usually considerably broken up and dusty, which reduces its feeding value. It is a first rate feed for sheep.

Chicken Feeds

The use of alfalfa has come to stay in a good many departments of the farm. Now it has got well established and tried out by numerous progressive farmers who have proven it a very desirable hay crop, we can turn our attention to the feeding capabilities that lie within it. In the poultry yard it is giving excellent results. It is recommended that alfalfa meal be used to the extent of ten per cent in a dry mash. Fine cropped alfalfa, which is very different to alfalfa meal, and which can be made with an ordinary cutter, is becoming popular and the best form in which to use it is to steep it in boiling water. In such form

it is very acceptable to the poultry on cold days. As alfalfa contains a high percentage of protein, its value in the poultry plant will be appreciated.

The laying hen is very susceptible to variation of feed and it is a wise policy to cater to this desire. Lime is also a necessity and may be presented in the form of ground oyster shell placed in a box or hopper.

During the month of November the pullets should be fed on an increased scale for egg production. Mixed grain morning and evening is the progressive step. Do not omit to bury this in deep litter so that there will be considerable work on the part of the pullets before they gain their reward in the shape of the kernels of grain.

Standard re-cleaned screenings is a feed with a standard set by the government which makes the buying of it mean that the purchaser is getting a feed of recognized value. There is a large percentage of broken wheat in it and then next in order comes wild buckwheat.

Barley gives satisfactory results in feeding for fattening as it contains a little higher content in protein than wheat. It gives almost as good results

as wheat and is usually much cheaper.

The use of sprouted oats is rapidly gaining popularity. Especially is this the case where the feeding of breeding stock is concerned. The birds are very fond of it and it keeps them in first class condition.

To successfully sprout grains, heat and moisture are necessary and the following method is one that is recommended:

"Pour into a pail a quart and half to two quarts of oats for each hundred hens and pour over them water as hot as the hand can bear, allow them to stand for about twelve hours, then drain and leave for about twelve hours, after which, spread them out not more than an inch deep on a warm basement floor or a wire bottomed tray, and water freely twice a day with warm water until ready for use, which will be when the sprouts are two or three inches long. They will have formed a solid mat which may be removed from the tray entire and torn into pieces to suit the flock, or the green may be clipped, leaving the roots to produce another crop."

When fowls are shut in, they soon miss the grubs and insects which they pick up when running free, and in order to make up for this deficiency, some animal foods should be supplied.

Fresh meat is keenly relished by the fowl and when a head can be secured economically it gives them a great treat

to pick it. The use of fresh meat is, of course, not an easy ration to continue with at the present prohibitive prices.

Beef scrap is another excellent feed to compensate for the loss of animal food found on the range. It is advisable not to feed this and other, meat preparations too heavily as such a course is liable to cause digestive troubles. Authorities advise that before purchasing meat preparations, a sample should be obtained, then pour a little boiling water over it; the smell that follows will be a good indication of its fitness for feeding purposes.

Milk is essentially a valuable form of food and may be given in a fountain as a drink or mixed in a mash, while buttermilk is not only a very desirable food itself but has the effect of stimulating the digestion and keeping the birds in a healthy condition. Care must be taken to see that one standard is adhered to right along; feed sour milk all the time or sweet milk all the time; do not switch from one to the other as the latter method is apt to cause a set back in the health of the hens. Milk produces good results either with the laying hens or with the fowl in the fattening crate. Milk-fed chickens are a much sought after commodity of diet.

Charcoal is coming more into vogue and the fowls will eat considerable quan-

Continued on Page 50



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About the Farm

Continued from Page 49

ties of it. It is sometimes fed in a powdered form mixed in the mash, but the method that is considered more correct is to place the charcoal in a hopper where the fowls can have easy access to it and where they may help themselves at will. It is valuable in maintaining a good state of health in the poultry plant.

The Cow Barn as a Profit Centre

As the cow is the greatest producer of the farm, the cow barn should of necessity be an important place on the farm and one where every possible aid to the cows' benefit is embodied. This building when built is likely to be your neighbour for some considerable time and it is as well to consider whether it is to be a

cow "storage" or a real home for your cows. Before the actual building is undertaken, one of the chief points should be the consideration of location and its accessibility to and from other travelled points of the barnyard.

It has been found by good authorities on the subject that the plan of having the cows and the feed in the same building is to be recommended, that is, having the feed above and the cows below, provided that there be a tight ceiling below the joists. The plan of having the barn contain the cows and feed gives a good centralization of labor, giving increased handiness and time saving.

About six hundred cubic feet of air space is the requirement of each animal and it is best to arrange the cows on the same principle as is done in the arrange-

ment of the building in its relation to the barnyard, viz., convenience and accessibility. The above plan can best be attained by having the cows in two rows the length of the stable with their heads toward the outer walls. A passage of five feet in width at the head of the cows is necessary for the convenience of trucks in the head feed system. In regard to the passage behind the cows, about seven feet is the required width for the cows to pass in and out in safety and for the cleaning out of the manure and old bedding.

An important point in a good cow barn is the arrangement of tying the cows. It is advisable to tie them in such a way as to permit them to be as free in the head as possible but at the same time prevent them from moving or

"hooking" to either side. The best solution is a good swing stanchion. This allows them to lie down and rise with ease and prevents any swinging to the sides. The effect of light, especially sunlight, has the greatest benefit on the general health of the cows, and arrangements should be made to allow as much light as possible to enter the barn consistent with the upkeep of temperature and also taking into consideration the strength of the walls to accommodate the requisite number of windows. From five to seven square feet of glass per animal is considered the correct arrangement. Double windows are a great advantage for winter, as they keep the inner windows free from a good deal of frost and prevent the icing over that occurs where single windows are in vogue and ensure a better supply of daylight.

Winter Blooms

Where so little labor is involved for so much benefit, the growing of bulbs in the home during the winter months is most decidedly a worth-while proposition. The winter days are short and we are subject to times of semi-gloom in contrast to the sunlight and the general call of the outdoors, consequently the presence of blooms in the house makes a considerable compensation for the loss of the flowers that we admired until the frost ended their beauty.

No household ornamentation can really compete with flowers in the home and the few bulbs that are purchased and brought to bloom will produce an air of cheerfulness during the winter months that will ensure the growing of them being an annual undertaking on the part of those who make even a fair success of the first attempt.

Bulbs may be planted in lots of four in each six-inch pot. The pot should be clean and have a layer of pebbles in the bottom, then some soil composed of black loam mixed with about 50 p.c. of sand should be added. Place the bulbs in so that the tops are about level with the rim of the pot when the soil has been packed carefully around each bulb. Place the pots in a dark and cool corner of the cellar. They should be kept moist and the temperature of their storage should be kept at about forty degrees.

After about two months they will have produced sufficient growth to be brought up to the light of the rooms and it is a good plan to place them in a position where they will not get full light at the start, then, after a week, they may be moved into full light and should be regularly watered.

The following varieties are a good selection:

Early Tulips—

Joost von Vondel (white). Large and of fine form.
Pottbakker, White (white).
La Reine (white). Occasionally turning pink.
Cottage Maid (pink and white).
Proserpine (carmine).

Late Tulips (Double)—

Couronne d'or (deep yellow).
Murillo (fine pink).
Madame de Graaf (white). Perianth pure white, trumpet nearly white.
Empress (bicolor). Perianth pure white, trumpet rich yellow.
Victoria (bicolor). Perianth creamy white, trumpet rich yellow.
Golden Spur (yellow). The earliest variety for forcing.
Princeps (yellow). Trumpet a deeper yellow.
Emperor (yellow). Perianth yellow, with trumpet a deeper yellow.
Sir Watkin (bicolor). Perianth primrose, large yellow cup.
Double Van Sion (yellow). Double golden yellow.

Hyacinths—

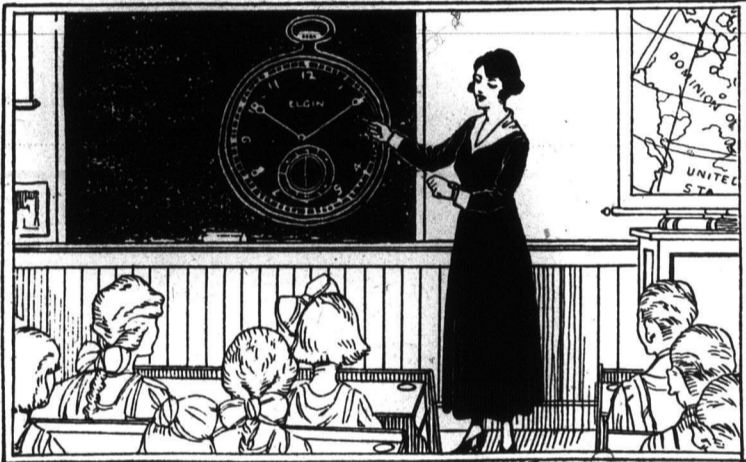
La Grandesse (snow white).
Madame Van de Hoop (white, late flowering).
Gigantea (blush pink).
Enchantress (clear light blue).

The Coming Season

"The King is dead, long live the King" was the cry of the royal herald in olden times, for in this manner he announced the death of the king and gave greetings at the same time to his successor. In such a way may the farmers of this country announce the end of this season

Continued on Page 51

Elgin— "The Spirit of Achievement"



The Teacher



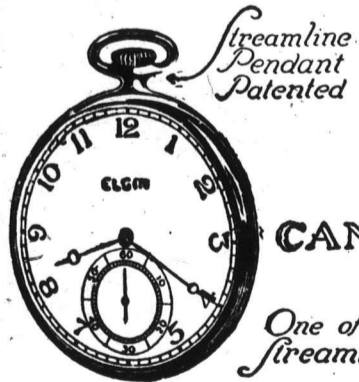
WHAT more important lesson can be taught your child than the value of Time? Efficiency in later years—achievement in world affairs—in home-making and the well rounded life—all have their foundations laid in the knowledge of the value of the minute—planned to the tick of an Elgin.

The Elgin is indeed the very spirit of achievement. The child who learns these lessons which the Elgin so clearly teaches has laid the corner stone of future success.

The Teacher, appreciating the value of Time, sets the day's schedule of lessons by the Elgin. This impresses on the class the necessity of ordering all work, all activity, with regularity.

Make the Elgin the register of the minutes and hours of your daily schedule and you will complete each day's work with a consciousness of achievement.

There is a Jeweler in your vicinity who is equipped to help you safeguard your Time.



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Toronto

One of the famous Streamline models

The Grand Buffalo Hunt

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charlotte Gordon

CHANGING conditions, changing standards, life in the building and progressing, has developed an element in our National life which is a vital factor in the up-building of Canada. In the onward rush of events, history is being made, backed by the most-cherished traditions. This great historical drama developing, is ever the result of mental progress from which is evolved different phases of life. The spirit of the Canadian prairies of the early days is not the spirit of to-day. The broad free life of the Indians who hunted in all the glory of savage life when the buffalo roamed in countless thousands and was their chief means of substance, has gone; the day of the cowboy with his gaudy shirt, flashy silk handkerchief, wide sombreros, riding-boots and jingling spurs, is past. Civilizing influences have driven from us the warm-hearted frontiersman. Now the plough is at work among the buffalo bones and the spring anemone. A condition of life and a race typical of the west, which is fast passing, has a fascination, as it gradually becomes a matter

always occurred towards the end of the summer when all was excitement and din of preparation while old men rehearsed past triumphs and young men boasted of coming glories. Scouts reported where the buffalo were feeding. Then in semi-military array, the long cavalcade, numbering several hundreds set out—the women and children in capacious carts while the men were mounted on "buffalo runners", excited, fiery racers. The men were most admirably dressed for the occasion in picturesque garments. Their little saddles were made of deer-skin and the far-famed saddle-cloth, extending beyond the saddle at every side, was beautifully ornamented with bead or silk-thread work by the wife or sweetheart. Their highly decorated whips hung by a loop over their wrists. When the great hunting party were fairly under way, a council was held at a great camp fire and all the officials of the trip were named and installed with office. The roll call of one great party of which records were kept, numbered sixteen hundred people. The camps were formed in a circle and occupied as much ground as a modern city, including carts, horses and dogs. It was a camp typical of these prairies and possibly the only one of its kind in the world. A leader was appointed, ten of the most trusted men were elected as captains and each had ten soldiers under his order, to aid in carrying out the rigorous laws which governed the whole party, each member being considered under the military law. Implicit obedience was demanded of all. The guide who had charge of the camp flag was chief of the expedition while it was hoisted. The hoisting of the flag in the morning was the signal for raising camp and when taken down the party encamped. No hunter was permitted to return home or go shooting on his own account. No one was allowed to run buffalo or fire a gun without the general order. The hunting was done on horseback and it was a wondrous spectacle to see the hundreds of stalwart men on the well-trained horses. By sight or scent, they detected the presence of the buffalo and were eager for the fray. They carried their carbines in one hand and dashed in among the



A crooked steer, Calgary Stampede

of history. The native races may become extinct but, living in our history, the nomenclature of our country will reveal the trails of the Red men to whom a certain poverty came with the disappearance of the buffalo. These noble animals roamed in countless herds on the western prairies. The records of Captain John Palliser in 1857, give accounts of the whole region, as far as eye could see being covered with buffalo, in bands, varying from hundreds to thousands. So vast were the herds that serious apprehensions were entertained for the horses of the explorers as "the grass was eaten to the earth as if the place had been destroyed by locusts." The records of Alexander McKenzie, an agent of the North-West Fur Company, relate meeting herds in the valleys of the Rockies and in the northern portions of British Columbia. They furnished the settler and the Indian with the principal part of their food. Every Indian village and Hudson Bay fort swarmed with dogs as the buffalo meat was so abundant they could be fed cheaply. They were hunted and slaughtered so incessantly by the Indian, the Metis and the White man as they were driven back and westward to the shadows of the Rockies. Each year the hunter had to go farther westward to find his game as the waves of Anglo-Saxon civilization made itself felt on these broad plains until the last of those valuable animals were ruthlessly slaughtered. In 1873, Governor Morris of Manitoba reported that American traders had shipped out of Canada no less than fifty thousand dollars worth of furs. "A very serious view of the matter," said Governor Morris, "apart from the demoralization of the Indians, is in precipitation of the great difficulties we will encounter with the Crees and Blackfeet when the buffalo are extinct and at present rate of extermination, that event may be looked for in five or six years." Governor Morris' prophecy proved quite correct.

In the days of the vast herds, the great animal event of the various settlements was the grand buffalo hunt. It



Jack Fretz on Fox, Calgary Stampede

herds in wild excitement with deafening yells. Their custom was to load and fire at a gallop. After the animals were skinned, the work of the women began. The meat was dried and thousands of pounds of pemmican was prepared. The far-famed pemmican was for many years the staple food of the hardy Indian or half-breed voyager and the tripmen of the North-West. There was supposed to be more nourishment in it than in any other kind of food. The method of preparation was a lengthy one and consisted of pounding the dried buffalo meat very fine and much time was given to this part. Large bags, with capacity of one to three bushels were made by the women, out of the fresh buffalo hides. Into these the pounded meat was tightly packed and melted tallow permeated the whole mass. It was then skilfully sewn up with sinew and was ready for use. If well prepared, it kept for years. Frequently the hunters returned from these expeditions with nine hundred pounds of buffalo meat per cart.

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Get your name on our list TODAY—for all the Funsten free service—3-in-one Book, Trappers' Guide, Game Laws and Supply Catalog, Weekly Market Reports and Free Shipping Tags. This is going to be a big fur season—get posted now on prices, market conditions and kinds of furs wanted. Write us today!

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We buy thousands of skunk, fox, mink, wolf, coyote, beaver, otter, muskrat and other furs from Canadian Shippers yearly. The wise ones know St. Louis is the world's fur headquarters and ship where they get

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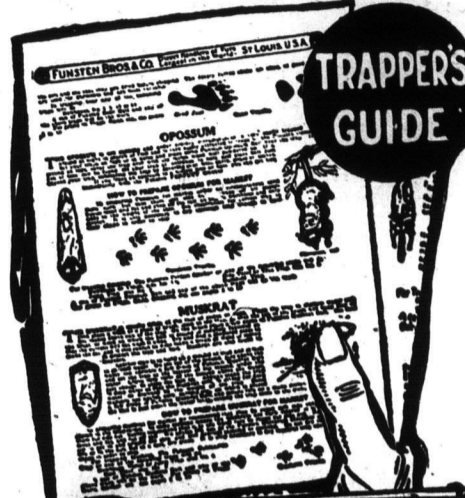
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Irresistible! Draws animals great distances to your traps. Earns its cost with first pelt taken. Bottle makes more than 100 sets. Different bait for every kind of animal. Bargains in Trappers' Supplies See our catalog for money-saving prices on baits, traps, smoke guns, etc. Make your outfit complete now. Biggest season of all is coming. Funsten will pay you highest prices for your pelts. Deal with the "World's Largest Fur House." Write today.

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Big "3-in-1" Book free. Pictures of animals in colors by Charles Livingston Bull, America's greatest animal artist. Successful trapping methods, how to prepare and ship furs, etc. Catalogs trapping supplies and gives game laws. Also get on our list for free Market Reports and Shipping Tags.

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Address.....

How Are You Off for Knives, Forks and Spoons?

Send in four new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly and we will forward, post paid, a generous assortment of Community Par Plate Silverware.

Correspondence

Continued from Page 61

Come On, You Bachelors!

Dear Editor:—I have been a very interested reader of your magazine for about five years now, and have not missed an issue during that time. I always turn to the Correspondence page first, though I must say the Editorial and all other reading is just first class, and I only wish it came twice a month. Unlike most of the correspondents, I am from the city. I have never lived in the country and therefore cannot say whether I would like it or not. But while I am in the city with all its amusements, I find it very lonesome, sometimes. I am at present boarding and as the evenings seem to hang heavily on

my hands especially in the winter time, I would be glad to hear from some of the bachelors who write to and read this page. I will answer all letters. If I see this in print I will write a nice long letter to your page later. Trusting I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, I am, with all good wishes.—City Girl.

Ranches are Scarce

Dear Editor:—I wrote some time ago and was very glad to see my letter in print, so thought I might try to call again. There are some very interesting letters and many good subjects for discussion in the last two issues. Since I last wrote my two soldier brothers have returned home with their English brides. They are very jolly and sweet girls. They

are right from the city of London, but seem to enjoy this fresh country air. My brothers intend living elsewhere, so I suppose we won't have them for long. The hills and plains are very dry and gloomy looking. The grain and hay crops were a failure this year on account of dry weather. Lots of our old time ranches are selling out all their stock on account of feed being so scarce. I liked this country much better when we first came out here, as it was wild and free from all fences while herds of cattle and horses swarmed the prairie like flies. Now the land is all fenced in for miles around and settled by the farmers. Ranching is an old word of days gone by. Why don't the old time bachelors hurry up and write. They must have drifted further north into the wilderness

altogether. Was interested in the letters from "Rancher," "Sea Breeze" and "A Soph." I think The Western Home Monthly is getting to be better than ever. The stories are great, and like most of the members I am a lover of reading. With best wishes.—Light of the Morning.

Favors Early Marriages

Dear Editor:—Here comes a young farmer from the middle west asking permission to join the Correspondence Page. I get your magazine regularly and enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence page. I agree with "Not a Crank" in the first part of his letter, but think that he will be badly criticized by at least a good percentage of the fair sex. Now, "Not a Crank" what is your idea about a young man marrying a girl of eighteen or nineteen? Should she get a spanking until she is twenty, or should she not be permitted to get married at all? I have witnessed several cases similar to the one above and see that the majority of them make splendid wives, where on the other hand a life of misery would have been led by the young man as well as by the girl. I would suggest, "Love and Marriage" and think that at least some of the girls, boys and "baches" would like it also. My



"I Am So Afraid it is My Heart"

VERY many people live in constant dread of heart trouble when the heart is in no way diseased.

There is perhaps no organ in the human system which is worked so hard and yet the heart seldom goes wrong so long as it is supplied with plenty of rich, red blood.

In fact the heart repairs its own waste and plods on, lifting tons of blood each year and pumping it through the body.

But the heart's action is the result of the contraction and expansion of muscles and these muscles are operated by the nervous system. When the blood gets thin and watery and the nervous system is starved the action of the heart, just like that of the stomach, bowels and other organs, is slowed down.

As a result, you are easily tired out, experience shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and general bodily weakness.

The quickest and most rational way to

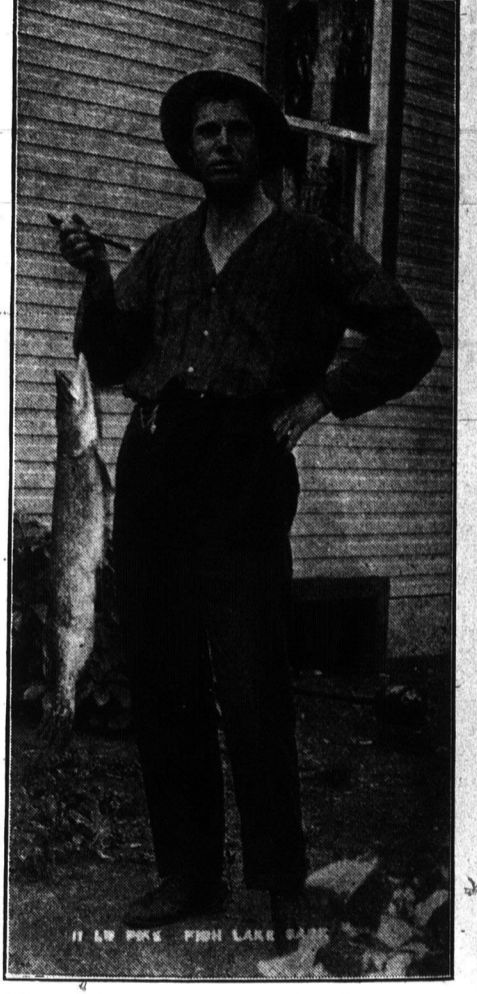
overcome this condition is by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to enrich the blood and build up the exhausted nerves.

With the nerves in a run-down condition you are sure to get downhearted and discouraged and to imagine that all sorts of dreadful things are likely to happen to you.

But when you have been using the Nerve Food for a week or two you will begin to see the silver lining to the cloud and to realize that you are on the way to health, courage and happiness.

Mrs. Nellie Dertinger, Simcoe, Ont., writes: "I was a great sufferer with my nerves and with pains about the heart. I could not sleep at nights and though I tried several doctors could not get much relief. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and I am happy to say the results have been a surprise. My health has been built up wonderfully. I have no more pains about the heart, my nerves are steady and I sleep and rest well."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box.



"The adult kind" you like to get on your line: eleven-pound pike hooked from Fish Lake, Moose Mountain Park, Sask., by James E. May.

letter is getting long, so I will conclude with best wishes to the Editor and readers. If anyone cares to write, my address is with the Editor.—Fly-by-Night.

Someone Else Fond of B.C.

Dear Editor:—I have enjoyed reading the letters in the Correspondence Page very much, but have never written before. In the September issue I noticed two letters from British Columbia and as I am very much interested in that beautiful province, I thought I would write in the hopes that I might get some correspondents from there. I spent a month in Victoria this summer and I think it is an ideal spot. The flowers and parks are beautiful and it is a fine place for motoring, sight-seeing and canoeing. At present I am teaching a summer school in Sask., and find it rather lonesome as I am not used to such a quiet life and miss the beauties of nature of which I am very fond. My home is in southern Ontario and if anyone is interested in that province I could tell them quite a lot about it as I have travelled considerably. I would like to hear from "A Soph," Chilliwack, B.C., if he would write first, and any other one that cares

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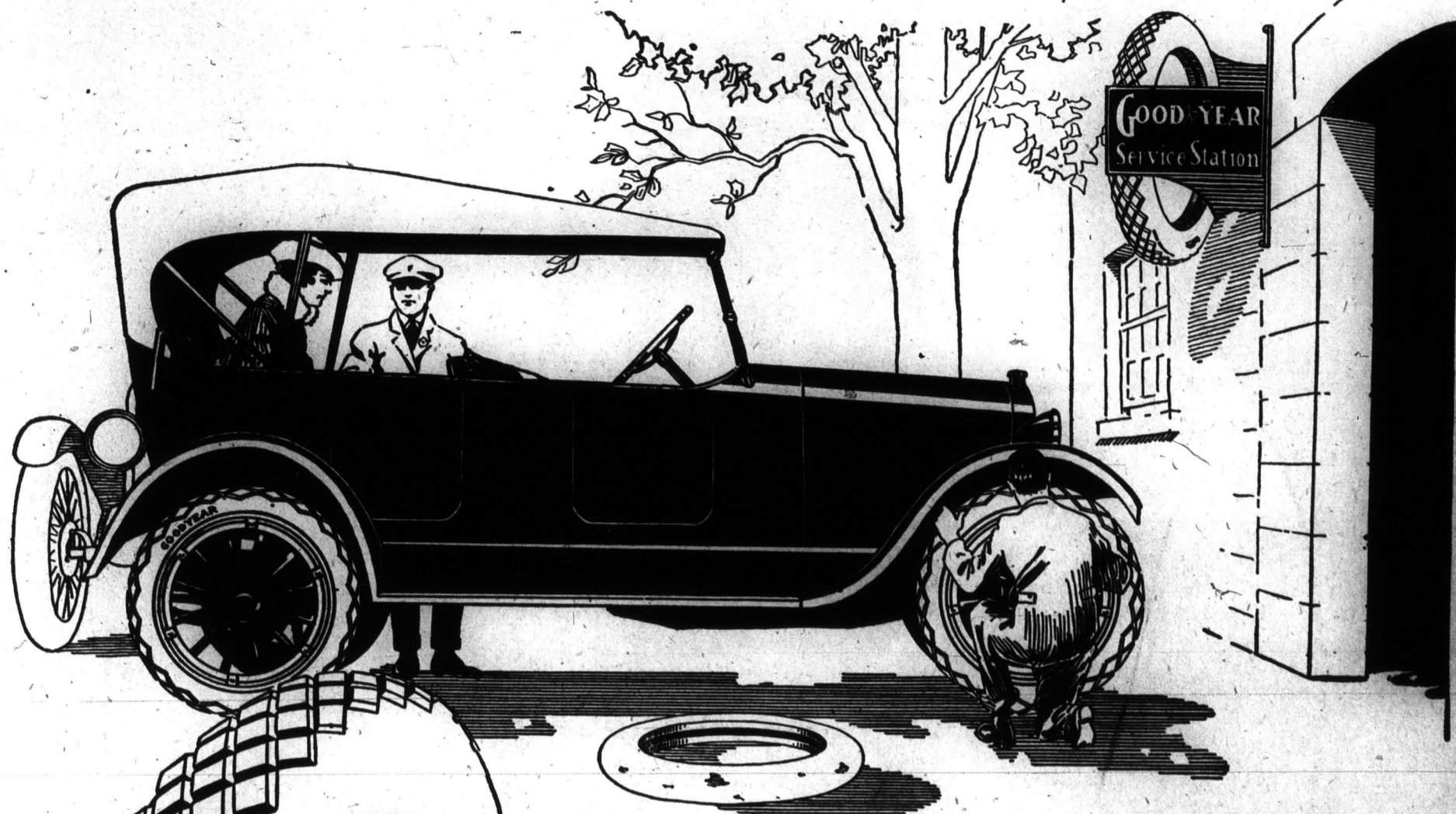
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Know the Tire You Buy

You can't tell the value of a tire by its looks. The unused tire is a riddle. Its sleek and unscarred surface tells no story. Its real value is hidden.

Nor can you tell the value of a tire by its price. The price may be too low. It may not allow of building a good tire. The price may be too high. It may be far above the value you will get.

But there is one reasonably safe indication of a tire's value available to everyone.

That is the service that tire is rendering in general use.

On this basis, we believe you will come to Goodyear Tires.

More Goodyear Tires are used than any other brand. They have received, and are receiving, the most severe test a tire can be given.

If you will talk to men who drive cars, you will find a strong majority for Goodyear Tires. A majority based on this very test of actual experience.

It will probably surprise you how many hard-headed men of your acquaintance are buying Goodyear Tires for the value which is in them.

Ask the Goodyear Service Station Dealer to tell you the experience of the men to whom he sells tires.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA



PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"

Best liked by those
who like the best.

