

THE CANADIAN COURIER

Alex Fraser
67 Woodlawn Ave W
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NATIONAL SHADOWGRAPHS

Number Two

The Visionary



JO' ATKINSON'S STAR

The Newspaper that Started in a Strike



THE INVISIBLE BARRIER

By Marion McClure Stewart



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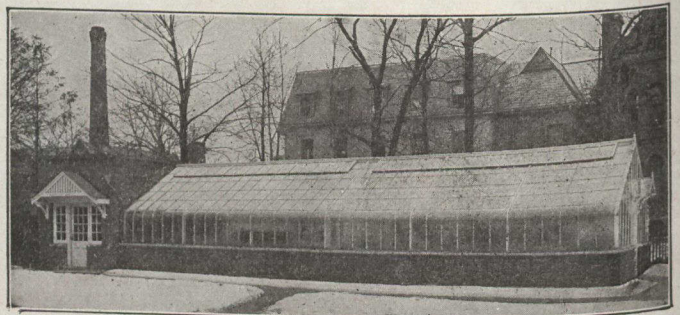
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



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July 29th, 1916

No. 9

ROMANCE OF ESTIMATING CROPS

Probably They Work on the Same Principle as the Weather Prophet

By CHARLES STOKES

THE Statistician pressed a button for his chief assistant. "Have you," he asked, "got this year's crop estimates finished?"

"I'm sorry, sir," the young man replied, "but I'm short nearly fifty per cent. Can't seem to get them anyhow—our local collectors of data just won't send them in, though I've written and wired."

"Bring me what you have," said the Great Man. The chief assistant went away straightway, limbered up his trusty adding machine, and in a few minutes laid the neat result before his boss.

"I will now," said the latter, "give you a little demonstration. If you wish to make any headway in this business you must always bear in mind—invariably bear in mind—that crop estimates must not be founded on guess work."

"Oh, yes, sir," the young man answered readily.

"Now, the crop in any country, province, county, township or quarter section is, to begin with, an unknown quantity. For convenience, we will call it x. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"The area cultivated and which produces the crop is also, more or less, unknown. We may, therefore, call it y. Y, you will easily see, will produce x. Do you see?"

"Yes, sir, I see."

"But the man who cultivates the land we will style, for simplicity, z. The number of men obviously varies. Let us call the number a. It is clear from this that z multiplied by a, or az, when applied to y, will produce x. Or, $y+az=x$."

"Quite true, sir."

"But here"—and he glowered triumphantly—"each farmer has his own individuality. We will call this individuality b. B may sometimes be minus and sometimes a plus, but I think we may safely assume that the average is b. So we can multiply one side of the equation by b—thus $(y+az) b=x$. Do you follow me?"

"Easily, sir—it is so simple."

"Yes—isn't it? Yet we have to reckon now with another element. The weather. Obviously, the weather has to be taken into consideration. Let us call the average weather c. We can now say, without the faintest fear of contradiction, that $(y+az) b=x+c$."

"True, sir."

"To solve this is child's play. We could," said the Statistician longingly, "use the binomial theorem and conic statics, as they do in some departments, but time is short. However, we may say that if $(y+az) b=x+c$, then must equal $(y+az) b=c$. Q.E.D. Or, another way, would be to say that by $abz-c=x$. Likewise, Q.E.D."

"I get you, sir," said his assistant enthusiastically, "but may I ask a question now?"

"As many as you like, my boy."

"What happens—as in the present case,—when we are ignorant of what either a, b or c or x, y or z represent?"

"In that case, we work by a formula. We take last year's figures, add them to the census, divide by 10,000, multiply by 3.762198, deduct the number of years since Confederation, and multiply again by the number of days in the month. In Leap Year, February, you remember, has 29 days. Add or strike off as many noughts at the end as seems reasonable, put a decimal point and two decimals, and there you are."

"But why 10,000—why 3.762198, sir?"

"Why not?"

"But the local returns we have received?"

"Did those districts vote for us?"

"Yes, sir—solid!"

"Why couldn't you say so at first? Work out their averages, immediately, and add 25 per cent., and estimate all the districts that voted against us at fifty per cent. lower, and the districts where we expect to get votes at about ten per cent. lower. Must show our supporters they're above the average, and demonstrate the advantages of good government. And be quick—the Minister wants that estimate this evening for a speech!"

Let us pause here for a moment. A local crop reporter is going his blithe rounds. He stops at a farm house, and asks for the owner. Directed to the barn, he at length runs his quarry to earth at the other end of a mile pasture, through three fences.

"What is your-acreage-and-estimated-crop-wheat-barley-oats-flax-give-all-other-crops!" cries the collector in a mouthful.

The farmer knows him not. "Don't want to buy nothin'," he says.

"You have a bum steer, friend. I am the local collector of crop statistics for the X Government. My card."

The farmer takes it. "Well, you've got me. See, I've got 200 acres of wheat—no, I mean 400—and 15 of barley—I should say 197—and an acre and a half of spuds. Guess the wheat will go 12 bushels to the acre, but in some parts it will be over 70. Mind ye, I'm only guessing. The barley, God only knows what will happen. Then the spuds will give about 1,000 bushels—"

"A thousand bushels—off an acre and a half!" cries the pleased amateur statistician.

"Who said an acre and a half?"

"You did. Look, I've got it wrote down."

"You've got it wrote wrong, then. I've got seven acres and two and a quarter roods in spuds."

OUR local statistician duly corrects the entries. Next place of call he is unable to convince the son of the soil that he isn't a collector from a machinery firm, and listens to a hard luck story of no money and poor crops. Wise in his generation, the statistician disguises himself with a false beard and moustache, and calls again the next day, telling the agriculturist he is from the States and wants to locate, and has been recommended to him. The simple farmer thereupon invents a crop beyond the dreams of an agricultural college professor.

Quite a lot of visitors does the farmer have. If it isn't one, it's the other, wanting to know what he's raised this year. Apart from collectors, salesmen, subscription agents, and neighbours, there is the secretary of the local Board of Trade, who is getting out a new booklet in a yellow and lilac cover. He gives the secretary his picture and a signed document: but discovering later that the said secretary has bought out the hardware store where he owes money, makes a special journey to town to steal the document. Quite prominent is the city newspaper man, bored to death and weary of walking through stubble, whom he entertains lavishly on buttermilk and sausages and who mentions him, his crops and how he came from Scotland twenty-seven years ago, in those articles on "The Crops This Year: by Our Expert."

Meantime, the Official Statistician is very busy at headquarters, collating, calculating, proving. His adding machines crash merrily—his blue prints become so criss-crossed that they begin to resemble

fly-screens. Every day, or week, or month, according to the Minister's vagaries, he issues a revised estimate, and sleeps soundly at night, too. Simultaneously, a very large number of men, women and children up and down the breadth of the land are engaged in estimating the crops, and a right pleasant time is had by all.

All of which is preliminary to some examples of crop statistics which the reader who has followed thus far may care to peruse and to see whether there is any truth in the contention that agricultural statistics are not worth the paper they are printed on.

The year 1915 was, of course, an extraordinary one, and a large number of prophecies made early in the game were later retracted. It may be noted in passing that the prophets are now fewer and a great deal more cautious than a few years ago, when the man who was not (in a cant phrase) "predicting a bumper crop" was almost as rare as hen's teeth. Probably they work now on the same principle as the weather prophet, who predicts nothing but bad weather, knowing that if the weather is bad he is justified and that if it is good his readers are too pleased to grumble. But consider, as an instance, the prairie wheat crop.

IN July, the wheat crop of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba was estimated by a big railway man at 245,000,000 bushels, which a month later increased to 250,000,000. Towards the end of August a prominent miller made his guess at 300,000,000, but the very next day a Winnipeg agricultural publication set it back to 212,000,000. Nothing daunted, a Winnipeg daily paper a week later brought it back again to the quarter-million mark, notwithstanding that the Secretary of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange said only 235,000,000. The Dominion Government, to make sure, announced on September 15 that the crop was 275,772,200 bushels—notice the minuteness with which the odd 200 bushels had been calculated.

One month later, Ottawa figured it out at 304,200,000 bushels. The agricultural publication referred to, not to be outdone, raised Ottawa some 38 million, and boldly proclaimed 342,000,000; to which estimate the Government would seem to have been converted, because in its final estimate, dated December 31st, the Dominion statistician fixed the wheat yield of 1915 in the three provinces at 342,948,000 bushels. No one minds this sky-rocketing, so long as it is on the right side.

Yet the returns collected independently by the three provincial governments, when collated, say that the wheat yield was 313,961,000 bushels. Merely a matter of some thirty million dollars! Which is correct? One would be inclined to say the Provincial Government's, as being nearer to the man who furnishes the figures; yet one provincial statistician's calculations are only two-thirds those of the railways, who had actually moved nearly all of what he called the total yield. (The sceptic can consult the Monetary Times Annual for confirmation of these figures).

We can take other examples in the West while we are there. The first column in the following table shows Ottawa's final estimates for the three provinces; the second the collated returns of the Departments of Agriculture of those provinces:—

	Dominion.	Provincial.
Oats, bushels	334,840,000	297,238,000
Barley, bushels	35,317,000	59,167,000
Flax, bushels	10,559,000	7,460,000
Potatoes, bushels	12,687,000	21,047,000

The significance of this comparison can be seen

LOOKS LIKE THE TOP O' THE WORLD



*Serviceberry creek pasture on Fort Pitt
15 miles N.E. M.*

But as noticed from the inscription it is a strangely beautiful ranch scene in the vicinity of Fort Pitt, on the Saskatchewan. This is a remarkable and enchanting country which, in 1885, was the scene of a famous episode in a mysterious little war—the Siege of Fort Pitt by the Indians under Big Bear.

from the light it sheds on "average yields per acre."

	Dominion.	Provincial.
Wheat	29.2	26.6
Oats	53.2	46.3
Barley	36.7	34.1
Flax	13.2	11.3

The potato crop is the only one that approximately agrees. Manitoba, according to Ottawa, raised 1,157,000 bushels of roots—an average yield of 269 bushels per acre; according to Winnipeg, it raised 3,116,181 bushels—an average yield of 179 bushels.

ONE would have imagined that agreement would have existed in one thing—the acreage cultivated, which is comparatively easy to compute. But Ottawa, for example, says there were 490,000 acres seeded to barley in Manitoba, while Winnipeg declares it to be 1,039,000. The interested reader has only to secure the publications of the Dominion Government statistical office and compare them with those issued by the Provincial Governments to obtain enough examples of such divergence to bore himself. Or take Ontario. The Ottawa statistician says On-

tario produced thirty million bushels of wheat, an average yield of 27.0 bushels per acre; but the Toronto statistician says 28 million bushels, an average yield of 28.9 bushels. Here are some further deadly parallels, with the "average yields" in brackets:

	Ottawa.	Toronto.
Barley, bushels	15,369,000 (34.2)	
Rye, bushels	1,551,000 (19.8)	
Potatoes, bushels	14,362,000 (92.6)	
Corn, bushels	13,860,000 (58.4)	
Sugar Beets, tons	141,000 (7.8)	
Barley, bushels		19,893,000 (36.0)
Rye, bushels		3,210,500 (18.5)
Potatoes, bushels		13,267,000 (76.0)
Corn, bushels		21,760,000 (70.0)
Sugar Beets, tons		216,000 (9.4)

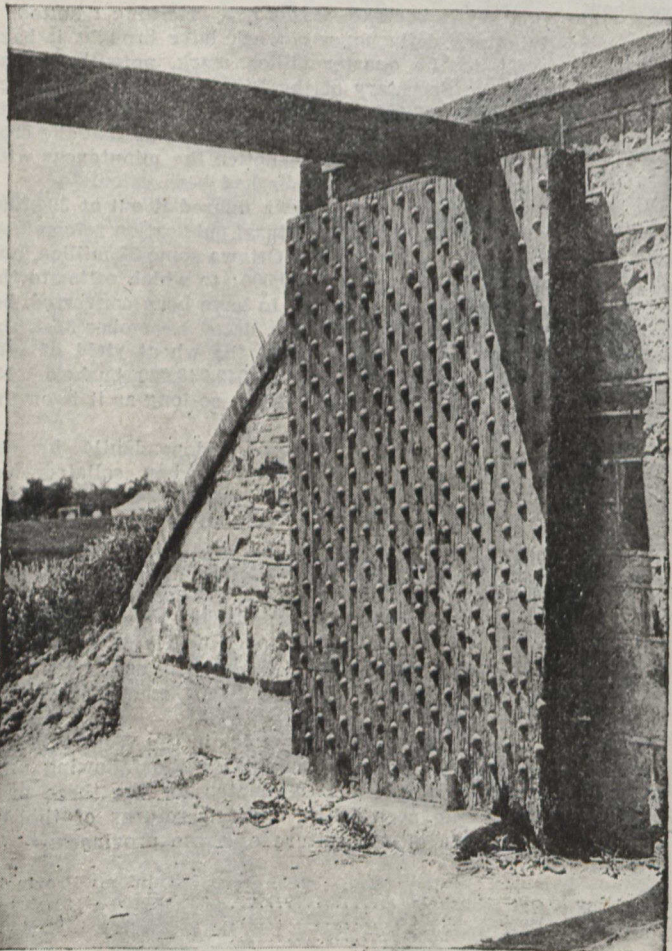
Or take live stock estimates as a last resource. Toronto gives the number of horses in the province as 124,000 less than Ottawa, but 600,000 more cattle, 297,000 more sheep and 300,000 more hogs. Winnipeg gives 228,000 more cattle than Ottawa, 26,000 more sheep, and 123,000 more hogs. Regina gives 176,000 more cattle than Ottawa, and 82,000 less hogs.

Edmonton figures 76,000 more horses, 282,000 more sheep, and 171,000 more hogs than Ottawa—no modest increase, that.

Now will some lady or gentleman in the back of the room kindly rise to ner or his feet and say how much Canada really produced?

Editor's Note:—We give it up. Mr. Stokes is a Calgary gentleman and therefore cannot be justly accused of exaggerating the peculiar irony of the crop situation. In fact we think he has put the case rather too mildly. Down East people are annually beset with the higher mathematics of this crop problem. The man in Montreal or Toronto who doesn't know a field of spring wheat from a field of oats talks about wheat and oats as though he had been born and brought up with wheat fields right at its back door and oatfields everywhere else. We don't mind the Westerner who becomes a bushel-millionaire by argument. That is his peculiar business. But we do not object to the super-knowledge of the young man in ice-cream togs who glibly tells us what is the matter with the wheat.

ENGINEERING IN CANADA THEN AND NOW



A hundred years ago when the Indians were rather more lively than they are to-day, this huge oak gate at Fort Mississauga at Niagara, was enough to keep the fort inhabitants safe. The Indians had no knowledge of any siege outfit more powerful than a battering-ram. Some of their descendants are now on the fighting lines in Europe, finding out about 42-c.m. guns and "Jack Johnsons."

And in a hundred years in that same part of the world modern engineering has produced the concrete and cement marvel of resistance to pressure shown in the photograph to the right; a wall of one of the locks in the new Welland Canal 80 feet thick, when finished to be 46 feet high—built to last for centuries. The wheat harvests of the West in 1920—perhaps earlier—will be sliding down between these walls with a 30-ft. draught in the canal that links Lake Erie to Lake Ontario by avoiding Niagara Falls.

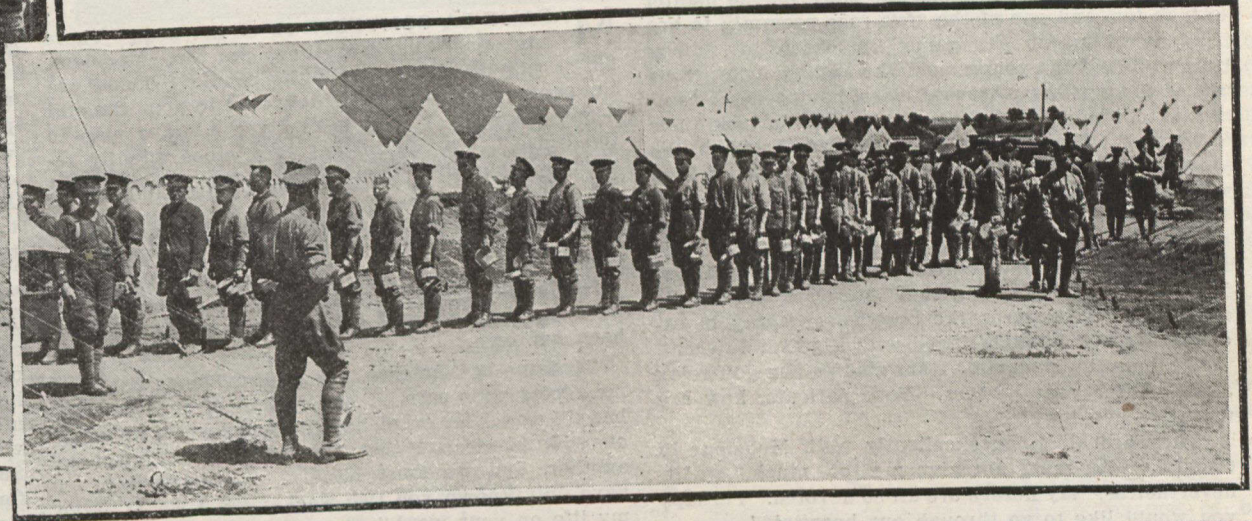


VALCARTIER STILL SHIPS FIGHTERS FOR FRANCE

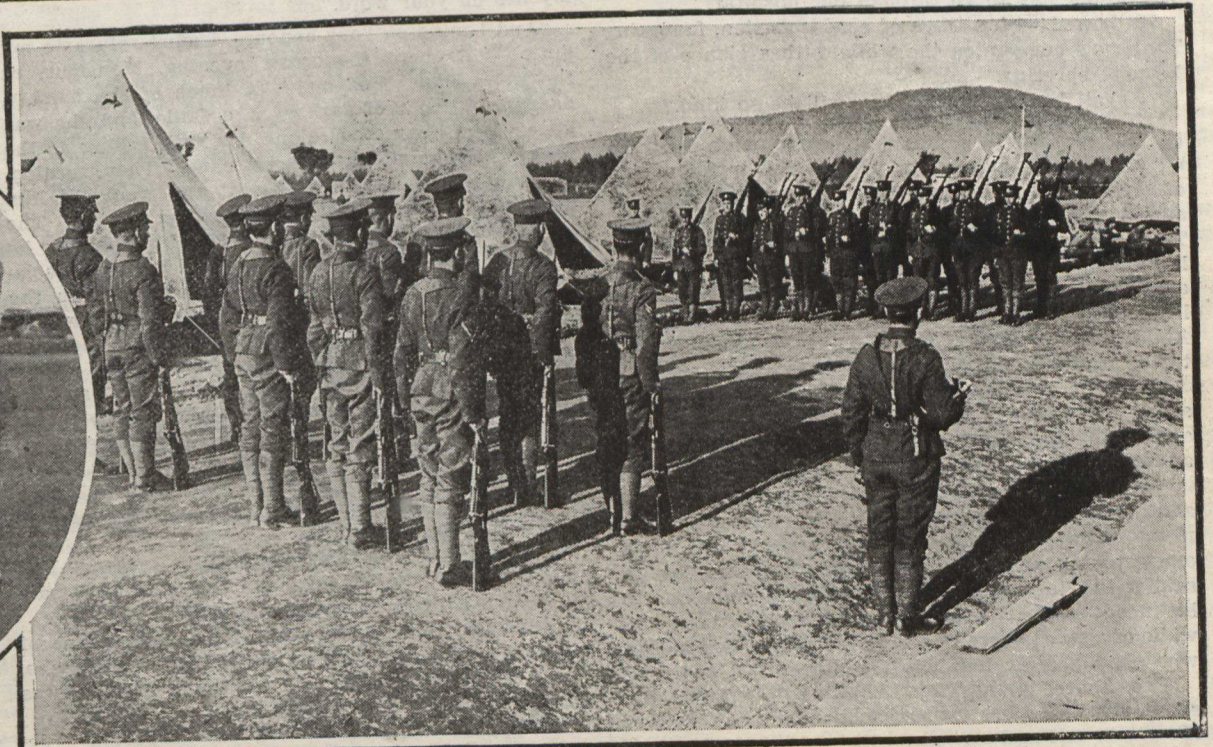
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The 148th (Montreal) Battalion returning from a day at the Valcartier Butts. . . C.A.S.C. men unloading a motor lorry.



The 117th (Eastern Townships) Battalion take musketry instruction. . . Dinner time for the 150th Battalion (French-Canadians).



The mascot of the 115th (St. John) Battalion is a black bear. Observe his hat.

Changing the Guard! The 199th, Irish Canadian Rangers stands at attention!

THE INVISIBLE BARRIER

A Romance of the War, Dealing With a Passport and a Love Affair

By MARION McCLURE STEWART

THOUGH apparently Madame la Comtesse was absorbed in playing Solitaire, a close observer might have noted the fact that her eyes met frequently and with a peculiar significance those of the young man who sat at the opposite end of the table. He likewise, while shifting his cards with a deft touch, was not slow to catch the passing glances that she bestowed upon him. Near them, seated at an adjacent table, two men in civilian dress and two girls in nurses' uniforms were engaged in playing Bridge in the light afforded by a solitary candle and an oil lamp that hung in a bracket on the wall. The room, singularly bare of furniture and ornaments, was redeemed from utter cheerlessness by a grate fire. The gilded French mirror and Louis Quinze clock which ticked on the mantel-piece, together with the tapestried wall that was adorned by two or three oil paintings in gilt frames, seemed to bear some faint resemblance, that was not without a suggestion of pathos, to its days of former splendour when it had been known as the salon of the house. Gaps in the walls, crumbling pieces of fallen plaster, and the shattered chandeliers were speaking souvenirs of the German bombardment which was, however, at an end, and the population of Lille had now settled down to its every-day life under the domination of German rule.

Suddenly Madame la Comtesse leaned slightly across the table and her lips formed a word that her companion endeavoured to catch. It was "To-night." Their eyes met for an instant, then he inclined his head and again bent over the cards. So absorbed, however, were the Bridge players in their game that there was no fear of critical inspection from that quarter. In the further end of the room another game of cards was in progress between men in tattered uniforms of greenish grey, whose battered and bandaged appearance proclaimed their recent convalescence. At this moment the clock on the mantel struck ten, and one of the girls rose promptly to her feet, breaking up the game. A chorus of adieu followed, and the young men who had the prosperous air of the wealthy merchant class, having made their bows to Madame la Comtesse forthwith took their departure. Hardly had they withdrawn, when the door opened to admit an officer, whose keen blue eyes and sweeping moustache, together with his haughty stride, betrayed his Teutonic origin. Instantly the soldiers, their game and wounds alike forgotten, stood to attention like wooden statues. The officer hardly noting their presence, meanwhile made his way towards the hostess, speaking in excellent French, though tinged with a guttural accent.

"Ah bonsoir, Madame. I am glad to see you relax a little after your labours. Your patients, how are they this evening?"

"They are all doing excellently well, Monsieur le Colonel. You must not give me too much credit, nevertheless. My nurses are all so devoted. Perhaps you would like to go through our hospital?"

He bowed with a tinge of condescension, favouring Madame's companion the while with a glance of the keenest scrutiny.

"I shall be delighted if you will be so kind."

SHE rose with a languid grace and led the way into a large room on the opposite side of the hall, in which two rows of beds met the eye, each holding a patient in various stages of progress. The presence of French, Belgian and German soldiers lying side by side, the objects of equal care and attention, was a sufficiently unique feature of the little hospital to have aroused a stranger's interest. Amid the beds several nurses hovered administering to the wants of the sufferers.

"Can you accommodate any more men, Madame?" asked the officer, abruptly, and while speaking his audacious blue eye took note of her slender grace and patrician bearing with unconcealed admiration.

"Not unless we get more beds, Monsieur, and add another ward to our hospital. We have about as many as we can handle now, as you see." Her quick eye catching an appealing glance flung her by a soldier in a nearby cot, she hastened to minister to his needs. She was disagreeably conscious meanwhile of a strict surveillance on the part of her visitor, who shortly after took his departure.

Two hours later, when Madame re-entered the salon, she found her former companion awaiting her. He stood, tall and straight with a soldierly bearing, the rays off the lamp falling on his fair hair, and revealing his clean-cut face half in shadow expectant and eager.

"You have a plan," he said, in an undertone.

Madame la Comtesse nodded slowly.

"There is great risk, of course, but what is accomplished without risk? It was unfortunate that you encountered M. le Colonel Von Gluck to-night. Nobody or nothing escapes his notice, and I saw him scrutinize you. Monsieur de Brisay, to-morrow night, you must escape from here."

"But the pass?" objected de Brisay.

"I have it. You may look it over." Her dark eyes shone, as she produced from her blouse a slip of paper. "See—I will translate—it describes one—Herr Hauptmann Karl Buchheim—six feet in height, chest measures 42 inches, eyes blue, hair fair (does the description not fit, monsieur?)—who has license to return to Boulogne on government affairs, by order of General Von Hindenburg, in His Majesty the Emperor's service. Hoch der Kaiser!" A cynical gleam of amusement flitted over her expressive face.

"Madame, you are a magician," exclaimed de Brisay. "How came you by this?"

"Hush, not so loud, mon ami. I will tell you. This pass belonged to a Secret Service officer, who died of a fever in the hospital only a few days ago. I found this pass in the pocket of his coat. I have also the uniform which you will wear, it having been thoroughly disinfected."

"Madame la Comtesse, I salute you," said de Brisay, looking into her eyes with laughing admiration as she stood before him. "You should have been a general yourself." Suddenly his manner changed, and a shade of anxiety crossed his face. "But you, Madame, are you not running too much risk? Will not the uniform be demanded—will you not be suspected?"

MADAME LA COMTESSE shook her head. "There are risks in everything we do, Monsieur, but is not the game worth the candle? There are the papers and plans to be delivered to your General—and yourself. I shall have given a brave man to the cause." For an instant they stood silently regarding each other, then he bent forward and kissed her hand.

"I shall endeavour to do you credit, Madame. How little you realize what a source of inspiration the noble ladies of France have been to us in this war."

"Suffering purifies and elevates, when borne bravely, Monsieur, and our country's sufferings have been our own."

"Madame la Comtesse, a kind Providence has sent me across your path. I had dreamt of such women, but till now I have not had the privilege of knowing one. It is strange that we recognize affinity in another, and we trust blindly, unquestionably. I have only known you two weeks; yet I would stake my life on your word."

"And I mine on your honour. I must return to my duties. Be here to-morrow evening, Monsieur, at the same hour. Bonsoir!" A touch of the hand, a dazzling glimpse of dark eyes, a smile, and she was gone. De Brisay stood alone, his gaze falling on the pass, which he still held in his hand. Then, turning, he reached for his hat and coat and went out into the night. A town clock was striking twelve. The silent streets seemed to echo his footsteps as he strode along, and he was oppressed by the desolation that met him on all sides. Large gaps in the rows of houses, crumbling walls, fallen masonry and debris marked the site of what had once been the principal buildings on the little French town. Here and there whole streets were demolished, and he was forced to make a detour rather than pick his way through the ruins. From the cafes alone emanated an appearance of life and good cheer. Few pedestrians were abroad at this hour, and de Brisay was conscious of starting when a hand touched him on the shoulder.

"Monsieur, Madame wishes you to return. You have been informed against and it is no longer safe for you to go back to your lodgings."

De Brisay, turning, recognized the honest face of Jacques, Madame la Comtesse's faithful servant, who, acting in the double role of cook and orderly, was indispensable to the hospital staff.

"How does Madame know I am suspected?" demanded de Brisay, hesitating.

"Because of inquiries which M. le Colonel Von Gluck has made of me," answered the man. "Monsieur does well to heed the warning if he values

his life and a later chance of escape."

At the door of the house the pair were met by Madame la Comtesse, who beckoned de Brisay into a small room adjoining the salon where a candle threw out a dismal light.

"It is more dangerous than I thought," she whispered. "Here is the uniform—I pray it fits. Don it quickly, Monsieur, and get you hence. We have dallied too long."

She turned to leave him.

"May I ask, what has transpired to so alarm you?" he inquired.

"My faithful Jacques has just warned me that M. le Colonel tried to bribe, then to threaten Jacques into giving him information about you—your nationality—your business here. Jacques swore he knew naught of you, but suspected you to be a peaceful French citizen."

She threw him a laughing glance as she left the room.

A few minutes later an officer in a greenish grey uniform and long coat emerged into the shadows of the hall. Near the door of the salon Madame la Comtesse was standing, but a mist blurred her vision as she put a letter into the outstretched hand of de Brisay, who took hers in a long, tight clasp.

"To be read, Monsieur le Capitaine, when you have passed beyond the lines. The pass should take you safely through without question. Have you sufficient money with you?"

He bowed gravely. "I have, Madame, thank you. Do you wish to place me still further in your debt?"

Silence fell between them for a moment. "Were it not for Noblesse Oblige, I should long to stay. Are you not driving me into exile too soon?" The keen blue eyes searched the depths of the brown ones tenderly.

"Adieu, mon ami! No, au revoir! That is better." Her voice trembled a little in its intensity. "We will meet again beyond the danger zone if God wills."

"Beyond the German lines when we have them beaten, please God. You will be doing your bit here, I there. Au revoir!" Again he bent over her hand with the gallantry of a French courtier, and she was conscious of a thrill of pride in his fine carriage. A minute later she listened from the salon window to the echo of his footsteps on the cobblestones of the street below.

AN hour passed; the hospital was quiet as Madame la Comtesse sat at her post in the shaded candle light. One by one she has sent the tired nurses off to their hard earned rest, while she kept her lonely vigil with the sick. For herself, on this night at least, no sleep was possible, as she conjured visions of the difficulties de Brisay might encounter. Suddenly Jacques spoke her name, and turning she found him regarding her from the door-way with a significant glance.

"Madame, Monsieur le Colonel wishes to see you. I told him that you were on duty, but he says his business is urgent."

"I will be with him presently," she made answer, a shadow crossing her face as a forboding of trouble seized her. She found Herr Oberst Von Gluck, cap in hand, standing in the hall, and ushered him into the salon.

"Monsieur le Colonel does not usually honour me at so late an hour," she said, her eye-brows arching a little significantly.

"Your pardon, Madame, if I disturb you." He bowed and smiled with a suaveness that was not lost upon her, though his tones were abrupt, as usual. "In fact, Madame, I come to warn you that in future it is best not to provide strangers with passes to enable them to get through our lines."

Her face paled beneath his fixed, cold scrutiny, but she gave no outward sign of discomposure.

"I am at loss, Monsieur, to catch your meaning."

"Perhaps, Madame, I can make it clearer. Will you deny that you assisted to effect the escape from this town of a young man, presumably a Frenchman known as Monsieur de Brisay, who, no doubt, persuaded you that he is English. Be more careful in regard to whom you trust in future." A sardonic smile crossed his face.

"Monsieur." She flung back her head with a gesture of defiance. "I deny nothing, and I affirm nothing, but I do question your right to come here at this hour and so accuse me. Has my conduct in the past been so questionable that you wish to suspect me of assisting citizens to escape from Lille?"

(Continued on page 17.)

JO' ATKINSON'S STAR

By
BRITTON B. COOKE

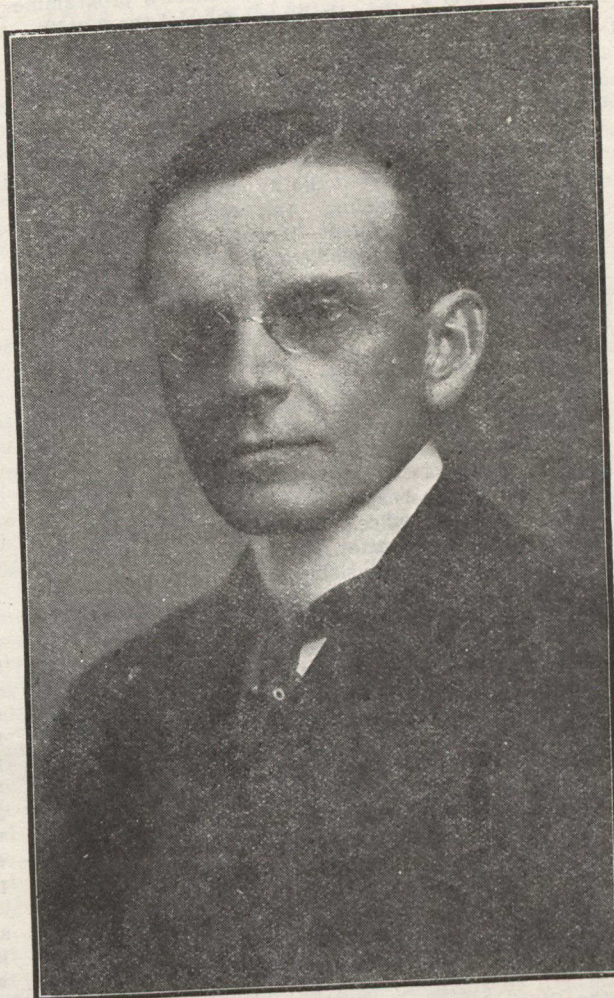
A Paper That Started in a Strike and Rose Through Adversity to Power

PALE, Joseph Atkinson,—high, lean, lightly-built Joseph E. Atkinson with the long legs and the thin voice—

Mild Jo' Atkinson, quiet-eyed and of subdued voice, with prim, lucid, sing-song manner of speech, with sensitive mouth, with a cardinal's hands, with the almost too-perfect simplicity of smile, the almost too-complete absence of pose, with wide jaws—

Three times I have tried to get it over. Thrice the horse balks at the fence. For if Atkinson drank, smoked, swaggered, swore, made bets or tirades, brandished big sticks or abused Governments and other evil-doers, the thing would be easier to write. If there were no Canadian papers with greater political prestige than Jo' Atkinson's Toronto Daily Star, if the thunderous echo of the London Daily Times did not so overwhelm—or try to overwhelm—the Star's quiet song. If Sir Hugh Graham didn't splash so loudly like a hungry sea-lion in his bath tub. If the Globe didn't tower so high on its heap of dusty traditions. If the Toronto Telegram didn't out-Mantell Othello—it would be easier to say that Atkinson is the most dangerous force in Canadian journalism to-day.

The horse is over the fence. I say dangerous, having regard only to the feelings of certain classes in the community. Others may see in him a society-righting force. Let the reader choose. Atkinson may not be immediately active. There is a ghost of a chance that some shrewd genius will plug with a knighthood this brewing geyser. But let the red-gowled politicians who to-day poo-poo the unobtrusive Atkinson behind the palms, and the round-bellied magnates who count the gentle Star as a mere newspaper,—beware. "Whispering" Jo' Atkinson, as the Telegram calls him, not without chagrin, has traversed less than half the parabola of his flight. So far he has loved Democracy and shown a steady faith in the right instincts of the common people of this country. Too long-headed to be a mere Hearst; too sincere, as yet at all events, to be a Northcliffe. Unless he is deflected from his course he promises to do effective execution one of these days. It will be the more effective because almost noiseless in approach. He is the big force not merely in Canadian journalism but in Canadian politics of the future. He is such a man: that from being one of the many fairly bright young newspaper editors in the country, he rose in seventeen years to be one of the few great newspaper proprietors of the country, master of a paper built, not by dead men, but by his own hands. He is the near-genius—he is much more to be reckoned with than a real genius—who met the Toronto Daily Star, then in its seventh year of a miserable existence, shambling along from relapse to relapse, without honour, without health or pride enough to cover its feet—and taking it gently by the hand raised it and himself to prosperity, honour, influence and the reasonable expectation of great things. Such a feat, in the Tory-witted city of Toronto, in the years 1899 to 1916, under the bellicose noses of J. Ross Robertson, Sir John Willison, the Globe, the Riordans, and wee Willie Maclean, was "some stunt."



And this is the man whose finger is on every stop, when nobody in the Star congregation sees the organist.

Led by a sturdy, puritanical bantam-cock of a foreman called Hocken—Horatio Hocken, since a famous Mayor of Toronto—with another printer, Henry Parr (now foreman of the Star) as his aide, the entire mechanical staff of the News walked out. It included the almost famous "Jimmy Simpson," labour leader, and one-time Controller in Toronto. Simpson was then an apprentice. It drew to its ranks, later, the city editor of the News, Colin C. Campbell, perhaps the ablest handler of reporters in Canada to-day (now with the Star), and Walter Harris, then chief clerk in the office of the News, now business manager of the Star. The strikers had been idle one week when Hocken conceived the idea of starting a rival evening paper, and came to an arrangement with W. F. Maclean (the famous "Billy" M.P.) to print the paper in the World office. Maclean consented under an agreement by which he held 51% of the stock of the new paper and the strikers 49%. The sheet was called the "Star," contained four pages and bore the legend, "The only paper printed by union labour in Toronto." The men agreed meantime to work for five weeks for nothing. They got their first stock of paper on credit and paid for it out of the revenue from the newsboys' sales.

On the third day of the Star's existence it sold 12,000 copies. Its unwilling parent, the News, was left on the hands of the newsdealers by an unsympathetic public. The News lost even an office boy (now a highly grammatical official of the Toronto Exhibition), who deserted to the Star, writing in inimitable brevity, "I have went," in a note to C. C. Campbell's successor on the city desk of the News. T. A. Gregg, a former night editor of the World, who died recently, became editor of the new paper at \$20 a week. Hocken was business manager, circulation manager and advertising manager, with Harris to help. Parr ran the mechanical department. Business looked good for the Star.

BUT in the fourth week the men still living on \$7 a week union pay grew uneasy. They had heard that the Riordans were trying to gain control of the Star. Panic seized them and they made quiet preparations to become independent. They borrowed money from friends and relatives and bought from Maclean an abandoned Bullock press. Having paid a tax-collector who seized the press next day, they arranged for its removal from Melinda street to a

shop south of Adelaide on the west side of Yonge. They bought a little type and then tried to buy out Maclean's 51% interest. He valued it at \$5,000 and was given notes for the amount. The Star moved, using the presses of the old Empire until it could get the Bullock press on its new foundations. Perhaps public interest in its career was waning, possibly its editing was not inspired, at all events its circulation declined. Hocken sold his interest to Gregg. Gregg nursed the paper along by a series of extreme measures, keeping it alive by many ruses and providing it, in short, a sort of hand-to-mouth existence. Respectable people now did not buy the Star. It was no longer even a joke. It had less standing than a modern 'Ender. It fell behind in wages and in the fall of 1893, one year after its beginning, it suspended. Gregg went off on a long voyage, and one, J. Crabbe, of St. Mary's, bought the body. Crabbe was said to have been closely allied to W. J. Gage, and Gage was supposed to have stock in the Star. At all events it resumed its staggering career. It paid wages but little else. Harris, Parr and Campbell stood by it, heroes on a sodden wreck. It was now a six column 8-page smudge of ink. It had nothing to recommend it save Crabbe's pertinacity, and even Crabbe was wearying when in 1899 Atkinson, then seventeen years younger and somewhat of an optimist, came to Toronto and opened genuine negotiations for the purchase of the Star. Nobody was much interested, scarcely even Mr. Crabbe. It is reasonable to suppose J. Ross Robertson actually shed a tear to see such a nice looking, alert young man as Atkinson soiling his hands on such an out-cast and battering his head against the wall which, however reluctantly, Mr. Robertson must feel impelled to represent.

JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, born in Newcastle, Ontario, was almost exactly thirty when he bought the Star and with \$75,000 borrowed capital set out to become a real publisher. Behind him lay Montreal, where he had edited successfully the Montreal Herald, under the management of J. S. Briery, from St. Thomas. Behind that again lay the Toronto Globe, on which Atkinson had worked for seven years. In the dim distance behind that again was the Port Hope Weekly Times, which had employed him in his callow days. Newspapermen who have worked with Atkinson as reporter and as editorial writer, say he was a hard-working, resourceful and clear-headed journalist. Sent out on a difficult assignment he brought tact and pertinacity to bear on every phase of the story, and what he wrote he wrote well. He was always cool, yet keen. Enthusiasm never out-rose his judgment. Eagerness never left his patience behind. He was quick to note appearances but slow to make judgment. His decisions were made with speed, yet after due deliberation. By seeing far ahead he was able—he is to-day able—to maintain an appearance of being unhurried, unworried, never off his guard. Atkinson is not easily surprised. He resents surprises and spends much time making sure that no situation can take him unaware. His lucid habits of thought and speech made him admirers who were not necessarily friends. His capacity for faithful service to his employers found a counterpart in his ability to inspire others with loyalty to him. He came to the Star a man of infinite tact, a respecter of other people's idiosyncrasies, tolerant and even sympathetic.

Very few successful businessmen have ever been able to handle with as little friction such a variety of temperaments as have from time to time been employed on the Star. Entering the musty rooms where Crabbe had presided, Atkinson created no friction. The skeleton of the old staff he retained: Parr, Simpson, Campbell, Harris. Later, from among his reporters, he picked a young University man, John R. Bone, a capable newspaperman and an excellent executive, and made him news editor, now managing editor. He took from the assistant editorship of Saturday Night the famous Jo' Clark to be editorial writer, and though he lost him from 1906 to 1909, when Clark returned as editor to Saturday Night, he still retains that humorous, human, direct and forceful pen on the editorial page. With Clark is the unmistakable John Lewis, formerly of the Globe and World, and afterwards the News under Sir John Willison, whose mellow style warms the mind with conviction unawares. The characteristic of both these chief aides to Atkin-

EVERY newspaperman knows the Star was born in a strike in the composing room of the Toronto Daily News in November, 1892. Not every newspaperman, seeing its present lusty complexion, knows what a crazy, rickety career the foundling had before Atkinson got it. The Toronto News in those days was a well-established, robust evening paper, owned by the Riordans of pulp and paper fame, the present owners of the Mail and Empire. It had perhaps 22,000 circulation. (The Telegram had about 25,000). No less a person than "Don" Sheppard had edited it (and supposedly owned it) until the Colonel of a French-Canadian regiment in Montreal (the 65th of 1885 fame) sued him for libel on his regiment, had the action tried in Montreal and made as his price for peace, the condition that Sheppard quit daily journalism. Thus the Riordans regained the paper which everyone said they had owned all along and Sheppard founded Saturday Night. In November, 1892, the Riordans announced that hereafter type-setting machinery would be used in the composing-room of the News and that printers would be paid "14 cents per thousand ems," instead of 30 cents per thousand as before. The printers retorted by demanding a minimum scale of \$14 a week. The International Union backed them. The strike was called, and thus the foundations laid for the building of the Star and, incidentally, for the unionizing of all the newspaper composing rooms in Toronto.

son is a capacity for suspending judgment, for waiting patiently, for attacking always good naturedly, for defending with sustained energy—and for amazing candour in defeat. There may never have been a better loser in any field of competition than the Toronto Daily Star.

But the Star was not made merely by the advent of Atkinson and his alleged \$75,000. In the evening paper field the Telegram was supreme. The only other field left open was that of opposition of the Tely. For a time, under the able guidance of that same Hocken who led the strikers from the News office, but who was later the chief editorial writer on that paper, the News gave the Telegram cause for alarm. It concentrated on local news and especially city hall news. It elected something like eleven out of thirteen mayors against the Telegram. Three years after Atkinson took the Star, and shortly before Willison left the Globe to take over the News, the Star was still in deep water, a large hole had been made in Atkinson's capital and the circulation was nothing to boast of. In 1900 the Star was selling something less than 10,000 copies a day, in 1901 a little more than 11,000. But from 1901 to 1902 it rose almost three thousand, and in 1903 was over 21,000. From that time to this day the Star's circulation has gone up "by leaps and bounds"—last year its average daily circulation was 104,886! But why that first jump of three thousand in a year? Some say it was because the News changed its policy, neglected local news, abandoned its old vigorous municipal writing and left the field open to the Star. This may be true, or it may be robbing the Star of credit for winning its way by sheer merit. Certainly Atkinson was making a strong bid for that element of independent-mindedness which flourishes in almost any extremely partizan city. The very strength of the Conservative Telegram lent force to his opposing slogan, "A newspaper, not an organ." And it was a newspaper. It made "service" its motto. It subdued its private views on small issues to the main business of digging up information for a news-hungry public. Even its strongest editorial opinions never kept honest news of the opposition's doings out of the Star. It would chronicle the defeat of its dearest project in good-natured, dispassionate seven-column headings if it thought it was NEWS! More than this: the Roman Catholic population observed that here was a paper quite willing to publish legitimate reports of Catholic matters. Similarly even the Hebrew population found that this was a paper in

which the troubles of the Jew were not held up to ridicule simply because Hebrews were the sufferers. The Star imported the Sporting Extra for the baseball fans. Later it brought out the "Noon Edition." What real value these editions may have is hard to say, but they were items in Atkinson's programme of "service." In time the Star achieved the dignity—and the losses, of a weekly edition, the Star Weekly. It sent special writers all over the country and to Europe to report special events. It founded a syndicate. It subscribed to the finest news services to be had. It started perennial Fresh Air Funds and Santa Claus Funds, raising thousands of dollars for poor children. Its swat the fly campaigns were once famous dog-day reading. And withal it studied the element of entertainment—it was the Star that stood sponsor for H. F. Gadsby and his "Gallery Clock." Possibly there is too much entertainment in the Star. There are those who would say they buy a newspaper to inform them, not to interrupt information in order to tickle the ears with fancy. Whatever the merit of that observation as an abstract in journalism, it is answered in at least one way by the Star's success.

And with all this attention to the quality of his newspaper Atkinson still had time to become perhaps one of the best business managers in a Canadian newspaper office. No bank is more skilfully managed in the matter of expenditures. Atkinson spends lavishly, but insists on getting full return for his outlay. His cost system is rumoured to be a marvel of detail and simplicity. There was a time when it was a popular pastime of verandah wise-aces to prove that the Eatons owned the Star. Gossip held steadily to the story that Senator Cox, the Mulocks and Timothy Eaton controlled the paper. That may be true or partly true, but the controlling owner of the Star to-day is J. E. Atkinson.

BUT, says someone, this is a description of a "shop window," as Gardiner said of Northcliffe's papers—not a force in journalism and politics: the Star panders to Democracy, follows the crowd! There is room for thought here. Those good people who believe in centralizing the British Empire by noiseless propaganda among select men only, show a distrust of the public that could never be reconciled with the Star's implicit faith in the proletariat. And it isn't just the Star that believes in the right instincts of the public, but Atkinson himself. He is not a Hearst, nor a Northcliffe. He is not a sensation

monger. The writer has personal knowledge of stories all but suppressed in the Star's columns because they were merely morbid and unwholesome. But toward the sometimes naive curiosity and childish enthusiasms of the public at large Atkinson has an indulgent sympathy. He is not a bit of a snob. He admires what is homely, in the true sense of the word, and while he would be the last to tolerate tating mottoes or embroidery dogs on the walls of his house, he would be the last to sneer at these simplicities; rather he would, I suspect, regard them with a sort of mild pleasure as the sincere strivings of simple honest folk toward "Art." It would never trouble this man to be thought naive. He would much rather that than have to affect that disdain for the commonplace which so often marks the undiscerning. He is a bit of a sentimentalist, as shown by his explanation, when the writer asked him his view of the relation of newspaper to public, that the newspaper is the woman and the public the bow in Longfellow's lines: "As unto the bow the cord is. So unto the man is woman, Though she bends him she obeys him, Though she draws him yet she follows. . . ." In other words, his "public" is really only his studied and sympathetic interpretation of the public's best tendencies. He fought for Reciprocity, well-knowing it must fail in his constituency at least. He has supported the cause of the Roman Catholics at Ottawa—on special cases only—when his circulation manager was reporting wholesale cancellations, and his own friends were protesting to his face. As this article is written the Star, through Arthur Hawkes, is giving peculiarly valuable reports of the French-Canadian's attitude toward the war. The French-Canadian is even defended and men like Bourassa and Laverne explained and expounded—in Orange Toronto! This is not shop-window-ism, neither is it Quixotic dare-devil journalism. Atkinson, here again, reads what he would call the better side of the public's mind, sees deeper than its surface prejudices, and risks its present malice for its ultimate approval.

Things like these make one feel that Atkinson is a force, growing daily stronger, in Canadian public life. When he suggests that his paper is like a good wife to the public, he is perhaps more poetic than true. The real element of truth in the figure is that the paper, like the good wife, approaches its master armed always with sympathy, a readiness to understand and to promote his wishes. Atkinson's paper is gathering power by its moderation and good sense.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TRELIS

Involving a Wild Cucumber, a Morning-Glory, a Scarlet Runner and a Cobia

By A RANK AMATEUR

IT was only a lattice-work ten feet high and eight feet broad; but it was the scene of a tragedy, the struggle for existence based upon the survival of the fittest in its most acute form. The tragedy began in the fact that four climbing things wanted right of way over that trellis. There was the morning-glory, the cobia, the scarlet runner and the wild cucumber. Each of these had his own peculiar methods of getting what he wanted. The struggle began in a handicap, in favour of the cucumber. He was ready to start up as soon as the season commenced. The others had to be planted. The cucumber knew he was a pirate. For seven summers he had been rooted out. Seven springs he diligently bobbed up again. He was three feet up the trellis before the other things were out of the ground. He seemed to say:

"Well, what are you going to do about it? Here's a vacant trellis that has to be covered with something before the middle of July. Those morning glories and scarlet beans and cobias won't be doing much for a month. Why not let me go ahead as far as I can reach, and when the rest of 'em get going they can cover the rest? Eh?"

The rambunctious pale-green boulder was so cheerful about it that I let him go. And he went. For some weeks he had it all his own way. Mr. Cucumber was the only decoration on the trellis. He enjoyed the distinction. He seemed conscious of the fact. Plants are self-conscious that way.

Well the first to give any signs of catching up on the cucumber was the cobia. But he took a long while to lay out the ground he wanted to cover. He seemed fidgety about his undergrowth, wanting to be sure also that there were some perfectly adjusted poles on which he could fasten those queer little rope feet of his before he would consent to do anything but prowl round among the things below. However, I got him off to a good start and proceeded to bet on the cucumber, who, by this time, had scooted clean across the trellis staking out far more ground than he could possibly occupy. He was a subdivisionist.

The scarlet beans soon poked up through and were up only a few days before they started to make a feint at a little climbing. But the cucumber was so far ahead that the bean seemed to have very little show.

The morning glories were the slowest of all. Those demure little customers took a long while to get started doing anything. I had half a notion to yank them all out. There they stuck three inches above ground for days and days waiting till they got a nice convenient string to convolute around—and when they couldn't get it they twisted what tendrils they had under way round the geraniums and golden-glows. It took me half an hour one evening to untwist some of those foolish things that should have been two feet up the trellis on the track of that cucumber.

That was how the trellis stood when I went away on my holidays. In two weeks I forgot all about it. Even a garden, much as you hate to leave it, soon passes out of mind when you are spending money on steamship companies and summer hotels.

When I got back in the middle of August that trellis was a sight to behold. In my absence the four climbers had got into a terrible mix-up. Mr. Cucumber was splashed clean across the trellis as he had been when I went away, and he was putting out a fine lot of little pods for next year's seeds. But those despicable morning glories had him tangled up in a terrific snarl. The morning glory can do only one thing; but he is an expert, and he does it well. He had every reachable inch of that cucumber twisted into his ropes that were braided and plaited about the cucumber till the sap would have been choked clean out of him if he had been anything else. And the glories were blooming away serenely, cockeyed and beautiful, knowing that they had Mr. Cucumber just where they wanted him. They intended before the summer was over to hang out

their blue and white flags all over him and cover up his pods completely. But somehow the bright green of that cucumber stuck out all over the trellis. Even where he was half choked to death he hung on, knowing that his peculiar shade of pale green would never be hidden by any morning glories.

Scarlet runners, however, were soaring away gaily all over the vacant spots. They had the advantage of not requiring much room for their feet, and when they got them down they hung out great packs of broad leaves with scarlet flowers under them that seemed to be absolutely colour-sure they could never be hidden even by cucumbers and morning glories. And I almost began to bet on the scarlet bean. For by this time the trellis was jamful of one thing and another—

And what about the cobia? Here was a different story. Mr. Cobia had studied out the situation in his own way. He decided not to try the game of sprawling all over the other things. He just picked out one edge of the trellis up which he climbed at about two inches a day faster than any of the others were doing at that time. He didn't make much fuss. He knew very well that if the morning glories ever got the stranglehold on him he might as well give up. And I almost forgot what the cobia was doing till one day in early September I looked at the trellis and saw how the race had come out.

Mr. Cobia had climbed right up to the eaves and along the eave trough. From there he began his real business which from his way of working was the easiest thing out of doors. He just poured a cataract of leaves and blue bell-shaped blossoms down over morning glories, scarlet beans and cucumber. He covered them clean over, beginning at the top and working downwards. And by the first frost that called the tragedy to a halt, he had that trellis so completely covered with cobia that there seemed to be nothing else on it.

The cobia may be a foreign beast. But after this, on trellis tragedies I intend to bet on the cobia.

A NATIONAL SHADOWGRAPH

Number Two: The Visionizer

Who for Purposes of this Narrative is the Hon. Philometre Periscope

HON. PHILOMETRE PERISCOPE had addressed a meeting on a scorching Saturday afternoon, a political meeting. On Sunday morning, under the walnut trees, he addressed another. That was—I. Sunday afternoon on the broad piazza of his uncle's country house amid a maze of gardens he spoke to another meeting. That was—Me. Sunday night, beginning at 11.15 in the drawing room, he expounded his views to a third audience. That was—myself.

I have excellent reasons for remembering Hon. Philometre Periscope. Intellectually he is one of my most exhilarating friends, even though I should never meet him again. Temperamentally he is a profound ally. He has filched away the cobwebs from my sight. Things that formerly seemed to me vague and chaotic are now as clear as \$5.00 which I owe with only \$1.25 to pay it. I am eternally indebted to Hon. Philometre Periscope. How else could I have become so suddenly and vastly conscious of my own shortcomings and so informed of a thought-world that once lay beyond me? Before I met Hon. Periscope I was running on low steam pressure made from soft coal. Now I am direct-connected belt-drive with a dynamo that gets its power from Niagara. I am no longer a feeble, isolated unit of thought, seeing the rest of the thought-world go galloping by. I have become myself a dynamo of thinking. And to the Hon. Philometre Periscope I ascribe all the credit, from that one hot July day of three meetings amid the gardens and the hills.

Hon. Philometre had travelled much. He had dined with lords—without wining. He had seen the capitals of Europe and never became contaminated with even the least of their vices. He had investigated the Orient, Japan, China, India, free government, transportation, accredited agent to find out economic and sociological truths much needed at Ottawa. He had peered into the secrets of the Old World and brought them back dangling at his belt to the New. And he was still a Canadian, willing to consider elections, to be returned to Parliament and, if necessary, for the good of his country to be incorporated in a Cabinet.

Of course he is a Grit. No Tory ever could dance so divinely to the full orchestra of international thinking. Once upon a time he had been asked by a multi-rich corporation to take charge of a department in a magnified benevolence having to do with the welfare of most of mankind.

THANKS to one plutocrat obsessed with benevolence and very much in need of expert advice, thanks not less to the efforts of Hon. Philometre Periscope, a pentecostal alliance was consummated between the two forms of industry represented by capital and labour, and the Hon. Philometre had good reason to conclude that his experience in the gymnasium of Canadian politics had not by any means been wasted. At the age of 40 he had accomplished more than most politicians do at any age. And when I met him on his uncle's farm a few days ago, he felt almost belligerently happy.

Let me describe how this luminous shadowgraph looked; by means of which you may perhaps think you have identified him.

He had a crosswise wisp of hair like a low brush fence in front of the bald part of his head. His face was round, beardless and boylike. His figure was rather cupidesque. He habitually crossed his right leg V shape over his left and squinted his right eye while he was talking.

So that Hon. Philometre Periscope was quite unlike most visionizers of whom you have read. He had no spirituelle pallor in his face, no aureole or nimbus about his head, and no suggestion of any what the emotional novelists call "aura" about his personality. In fact you could have guessed his weight to a pound and a half, his age to a year and a quarter, and he never smoked either a cigar or a cigarette or a pipe, nor ever took a drink of anything stronger than ginger ale.

Here were great potentialities compressed, eager, resilient, irresistible. You knew it by his words. He talked—traversingly, synthetically, encyclopaedically.

His passion was political economy, which he had first conceived in a Canadian University, afterwards nursing it at Yale, again in a Canadian newspaper office, later in Parliament at Ottawa, and since that time in alliance with the consolidated benevolence

AND WHO IF HE GOES AS FAR IN THE PUBLIC-PROBLEM BUSINESS OF THIS COUNTRY AS HIS GREAT ABILITY AND UNWEARYING ENTHUSIASM ENTITLE HIM TO GO, WILL YET BE ONE OF THE RISING HOPES OF OUR NEW POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

previously alluded to in this article.

His name? Do not ask it. He is the visionizer. If you guess his identity there is no harm done. This description will not vilify him. It is but a record of hours spent in his company with much stimulating profit to one of us.

AT first Hon. Philometre indulged in nothing but genial platitudes. But he gave even these wearisome forms of conversation an injection of a peculiar mixture of sulphite and bromide. It was in what experts call "elan," "pep," "punch," "drive," that he succeeded in making these conventionalities interesting.

"The world is becoming one country," said he. "One great, international complexus of co-ordinated activities. Yes, indeed."

He gazed across a fat, aromatic clover-field of his uncle's at a drove of lean cattle in a baldheaded pasture. "I know it by the war. The war has proven the unity of the world. National boundaries are no longer the confines of peoples.

One of the lean cattle bawled. "The great humanizing forces of the world are all Pan-national and polyglot. They are."

The cattle gazed hungrily over the fence at the fat clover.

"Music belongs to the wor—ld!" (rolling vowel). "Painting is universal. Literature is common property of mankind. Capital flows everywhere to find investment, regardless of flags or tariffs or treaties. Labour is a world-asset to be lifted by the interplay of world forces and to go like capital into the ends of the earth, there to fructify and organize and elevate itself."

All the cattle bawled in hungry unison. "Science is based upon universal laws. Sociology is the key study to the welfare of all races. It is."

The cattle thrust their long weazands over the fence. "And the greatest problem before the world to-day is the co-relation of—not capital and labour. No! These are falsifying, misrepresentative terms. Capital and labour are one. They are summed up in—Industry. 'As the bow unto the cord is, so is man unto the woman,' sang the poet. So with Capital and Labour. There never could have been capital without labour, which working upon raw material produces wealth of which capital is only the consolidated symbol."

He paused, not for breath, which was universally copious, coming from a hundred hills amid which he sat on a broad piazza, himself feeling akin to the great god Pan when same was young; nor for ideas which came in galloping hordes over the hills as buffaloes used to come; but out of sheer sympathy for the audience, which was Me. He would give these bombarding ideas time to burst inside my brain pan, while I smoked, and held myself as steady as a boat in a gale; and he just gazed out over the dome of the hills in a vast contemplation of the marvelous co-unity of the whole blessed world.

"Keep in mind now," he continued, boldly, "that capital and labour are one by nature and derivation, and that their sum total by marriage is—Industry."

I fell back on the familiar form of the Greek myth by which demigods are related to common people by family trees that reach up to Jupiter and Zeus.

"Now then," he peregrinated, "if these two are contained in Industry, what is the other side of the shield? Do you—follow me?"

I could not call him Steve, because the name of the Hon. Philometre Periscope was not Stephen.

"I—receive you," said I feebly, but hopefully.

"Then you—get me," he added indulgently, smiling, as though to say, "Don't be afraid, little mortal, of myopia (near-sightedness). I'm not a demigod of large words."

"I want it to be perfectly plain," he subjoined amiably. "The co-relative to Industry typified by Capital and Labour is—Humanity."

This he clinched with a thumping lunge on both arms of his chair at once.

"Now," he asseverated, "industry exists for the

sake of humanity. Make that clear."

"Yea," I murmured to myself. "I will put that in a wet burdock leaf for the crown of my hat this hot day. It will be thus only the thickness of my hair from the skull against which my expansive brain is now pressing hard from the inception of ideas."

"So that capital exists for the sake of humanity, and—"

"So does labour?" ventured I schoolboyishly.

"Correct!" exploded he. "To five decimal places. And the new doctrine of the united, energizing world is that capital can no more afford to be unkind to humanity than labour can. Labour has no right to obstruct capital. Capital has no right to oppress labour. Humanity demands that each shall be respected by the other. Labour has as much right to organize as capital. Capital has as much right to co-ordinate its activities as labour. Eh?"

How could I possibly refute this? Hon. Philometre Periscope had me caught in a web of irresistible deduction. I was completely hypnotized. From the broad of that piazza I could see the nations of the world after the war marching into the grand united army of humanity. I could see the vanishing of all wars, the union of all peoples in the sublime task of conquering the earth for the good of mankind, the great derricks and traveling cranes and steam-shovels of earth toiling on the foundations of a new heaven that should not wait for the death of mortals to reveal itself to man. I could see churches and creeds unite to abolish irreligion, schools to banish ignorance, universal morals consolidate to put away booze and gambling and boodery—

But just at that moment the Hon. Philometre Periscope bounded from the piazza. He hurled himself across the garden and out into the billowing clover field adjacent. He shouted and waved his hands and whistled for the dog. He clapped his hands and shouted, "Sik 'em, boy! Put 'em out! Hoi, hoi!"

And then he began to throw stones and clods and all manner of missiles that banged into the fence, over which leaped all the neighbour's lean cattle that had broken into the clover-field.

"Con—found you!" I heard him say as he tried to repair the broken fence. "If you don't keep out of here I'll have you put in the pound."

Subsequently I learned that Hon. Philometre had taken it upon himself to "investigate" the economics of the farmer who owned the lean cattle. He discovered that the leanness of the cattle was caused by an hereditary taint of non-thrift in the farmer, was therefore incurable and a fit subject to be looked after by that all-wise agency known as the State.

But by that time three of the cattle had died.

HOWEVER, I shall never forget that it was the Hon. Philometre Periscope who first propounded to me the doctrine that Labour is not congenitally in conflict with Capital, and that it is only the organized cupidity of one and the organizing un-reason of the other that makes the struggle. In this doctrine, as he made it pellucidly clear, lies the hope of humanity which is bigger than either capital or labour because common to both. If he can carry this doctrine to a logical conclusion in his practise of Canadian politics, he should have no trouble in establishing himself as one of the bright particular stars of our new political economy. In the readjustment of our national affairs we shall relegate a lot of our present maxims to the junk-heap of exploded fallacies. To keep them from being reclaimed and put into commission by the old fogey element in our politics we shall need the unceasing vigilance of all such men as the visionizer. With a little more commonplace tact and a degree less of visionizing quality in his make up the hon. gentleman should have no difficulty in getting followers. He will, however, discover that the average follower will do his best to bedevil him with party shibboleths and slogans.

Hon. Philometre—be not discouraged by these people. Continue to make your economic ideas into a song; but if now and again a few of us who are more blase and less well-informed, find that we can't always get the swing of the metre, don't be down-cast. It will take the best part of your philosophy, well rid of the most impractical part of it, to keep the public affairs of this country along the broad road of a new national life.

JUST BY WAY OF OBSERVING, THAT—



MME FERNANDO ROCCHI RIABOUCHINSKY is about to go on the N. Y. stage. She attracted considerable attention because of her remarkable beauty when she went to New York City with her husband, who has been identified with the diplomatic service of his country. Lately she signed a contract with F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gost, and will make her debut in the role of "Beauty" in "Experience," when that play opens in Philadelphia late in August. The Italian Beauty, who speaks five languages, said, "I am going on the stage for several reasons—because I have always wanted to, because I wish to forget the past and make my own future, and because I believe that I have talent."



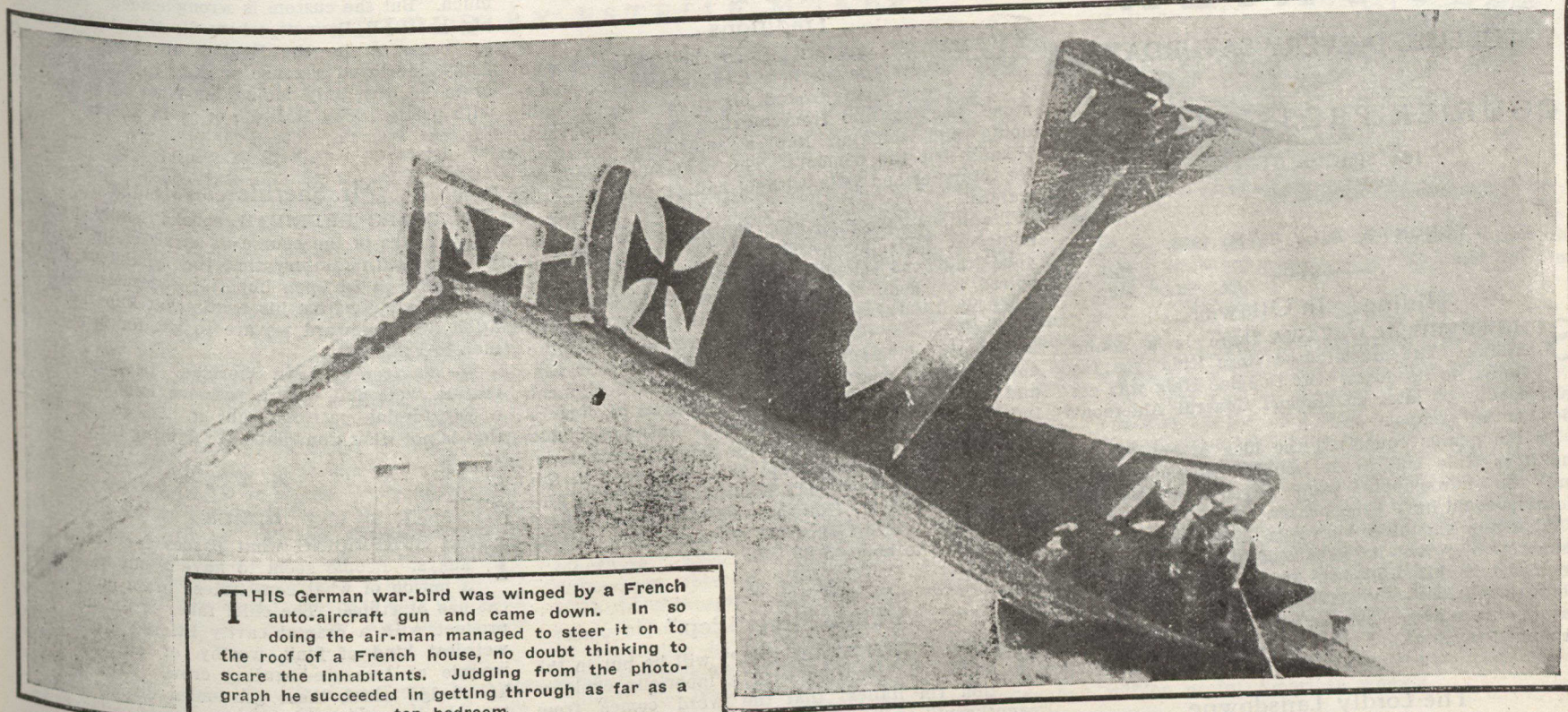
THE 195th City of Regina Battalion has for its Honorary Colonel the Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan. His Honour takes the deepest interest in his regiment, and when the request came to him for a photograph which the Battalion could take overseas, a visit was paid at once to the photographer's in full Windsor uniform. This uniform is seldom seen in these strenuous days of khaki. It is a long while now since the first gubernatorial display was held in Regina. And it is just thirty-five years now since the Marquis of Lorne buckboarded through Regina without State uniform, on his grand tour of the Territories where His Honour George William Brown, lawyer, is now one of the most public-spirited Lieutenant-Governors in Canada.

LT.-COL. HERBERT A. BRUCE, M.D., L.Q.C.P., F.R.C.S., sailed last week for England, to go immediately to the front, where he will make a general inspection of all the Canadian war hospitals. Dr. Bruce, who gets his military rank from his connection with the Army Medical Corps, is one of the cleverest surgeons in Canada. Though a young man, he has studied and practised surgery in many parts of the world, as well as on shipboard. He is an author of repute on surgical subjects, as sharp as one of his own knives, quick as a panther, a man of nerve without nerves, and well qualified for the business of inspecting war hospitals. Dr. Bruce will not come back to Canada until the end of the war. He will come back a bigger practical scientist than he is now. Medical science has no abler practitioner in this country than Dr. Bruce.

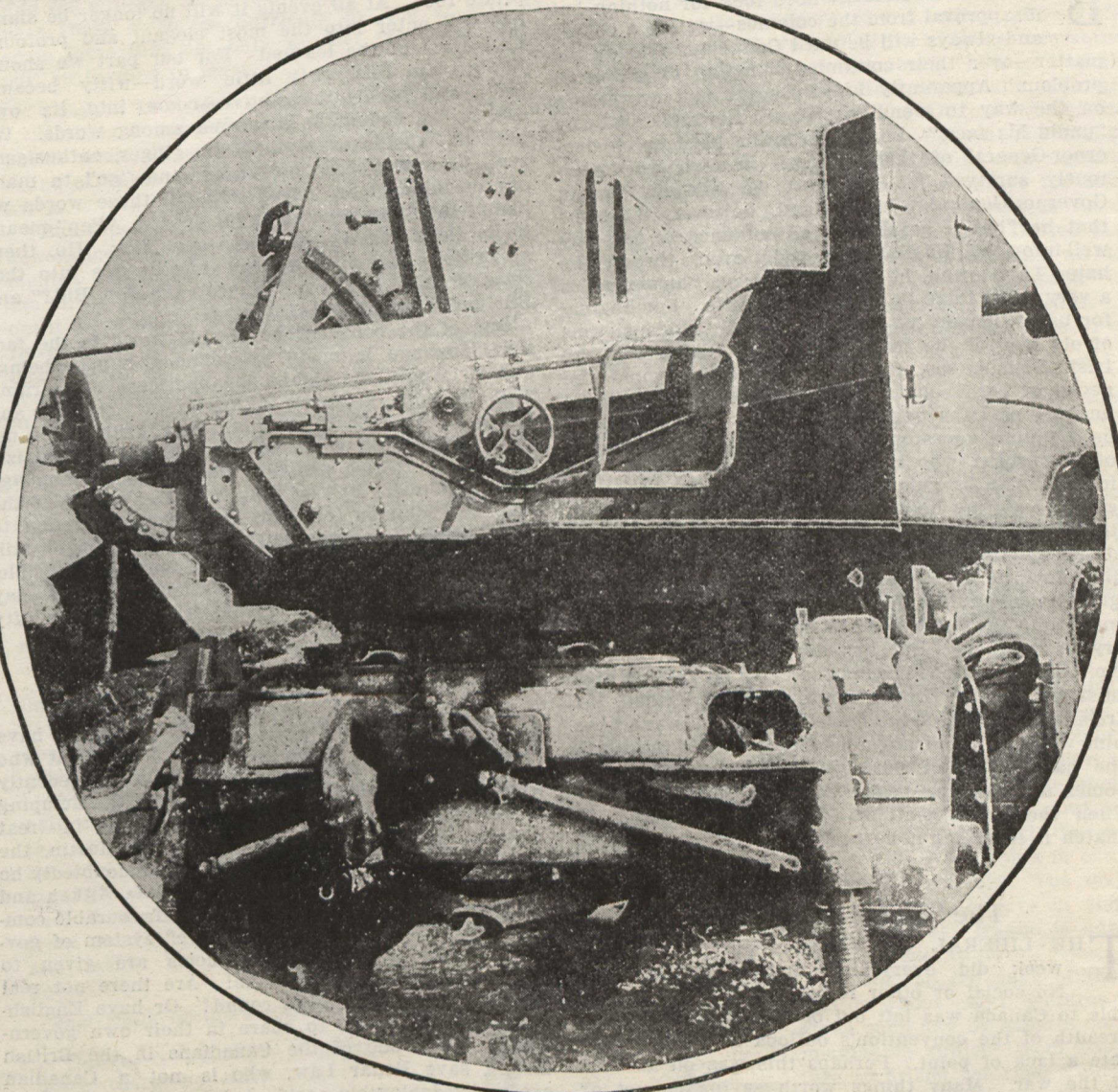


THE Most Reverend Archbishop Mathieu, on June 22, had bestowed upon him, at his cathedral, the Holy Rosary, in Regina, the Pallium, insignia of his new office, and mark of the succession from St. Peter, the first Pope and Bishop of Rome. The pallium is a narrow band of wool "three fingers wide," and the first bishop to receive the sacred symbol was the Bishop of Ostia, in the time of Pope Marcus. Archbishop Mathieu is a profound theologian, a sound scholar and a man of broad views. He is on record as believing that "the French-Canadian clergy will always be true to the British Crown as they have been in the past." A correspondent of the Toronto News stated last week that the clergy of Quebec are loyal to the Crown, but not to the Government of England. Archbishop Mathieu probably does not make this distinction.

THREE SUMMER SPECTACLES, 1916



THIS German war-bird was winged by a French auto-aircraft gun and came down. In so doing the air-man managed to steer it on to the roof of a French house, no doubt thinking to scare the inhabitants. Judging from the photograph he succeeded in getting through as far as a top bedroom.



THIS blue nose shark was killed July 8th, by Mr. E. F. Warner and Herbert Savage, of Field and Stream, at Beach Haven, N.J. It took thirty-five minutes to bring this shark near

NCESSITY for destroying aeroplanes which fly over the lines on spying tours has produced this monster French anti-aircraft gun. The gun is a mechanical perfection and rests in a movable turret which is mounted on a heavy motor truck. No such gun as this was known of when the war began. It is the product of swift necessity the mother of invention; a complicated marvel of destructivity, without which France would have been much more at the mercy of the German air-men than any other country in the world. German aviators will persist in flying over the French lines. The compliments of this monster is what they get for doing it.

The anti-aircraft gunners, by the way, have a different sort of life to that of their brethren who handle the regular field guns. The latter are placed in batteries in select positions and often do not move for weeks or even months at a time. But the anti-aircraft gun hunts by itself and moves freely within a considerable area. It frequents out-of-the-way corners of the terrain just behind the front, hiding between high hedges until a Fokker shows himself—then—the fun begins. If the position isn't a good one, the anti-aircraft guns trundles on to some better one. If there are no enemy 'planes busy over this section of the line the guns, naturally, lie idle, but two men are always vigilant, always on the lookout for this new kind of bird.

enough to the beach where Mr. Warner put three shots into him with a 38 Colt. As it was impossible to land him because of the undertow, Mr. Warner went out up to his waist, grabbed the shark by the tail, and hauled it ashore. The theory of the shark menace of 1916 is that this year there is a large scarcity of fish of all species and the sharks have not enough to feed on in deep water. Another is that on account of the war in Europe there are few ocean liners crossing and the sharks are coming nearer the shore. So far nobody has stated that these sharks are German submarines in disguise, or that the Deutschland is taking over a cargo of dead sharks for the German army. Anything at all might be welcomed.

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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Hiding! In Ottawa!

SOMEWHERE IN OTTAWA there is a genius, hiding. The much-touted Ross Rifle was fast fading to its doom. Sir Douglas Haig was certain sooner or later to support General Alderson's view of the weapon—so?

So the genius conceived the idea of suppressing the Ross Rifle before Sir Douglas sent his report, and the newspapers were advised accordingly. Nothing could have been neater.

What now should be known is this: Who was the genius? Why has he been tied up all this time? Could he be hired by the week or by the job to clear up various other administrative messes? If Barnum were alive—but no. Let Ottawa keep him. The need is great.

The Lordly Lansdowne

BRITISH STATESMEN need look for nothing but disapproval from the colonies—we are a colony and always will be until Canadians remedy the matter—over their continued bungling of the Irish problem. Apparently Lloyd George had everything on the way to mending when Lord Lansdowne "undid his face." Lord Lansdowne used to be Governor-General of this country. Though we fortuitously survived his departure he was not a bad Governor-General. In England, however, it seems that he "has a great deal of influence." Ask any well-informed Englishman, and, even though he hates Lansdowne, he will assure you Lansdowne is a very great force in British public life. Fortunately for us in Canada we are not so easily made victims of old men of the sea. The British Sinbad and the Irish Sinbad, too, for he is somehow 'round the necks of both countries, should speed the political undoing of Lansdowne and his ilk. Was it not an impecunious ancestor of Lansdowne's (Richard Earl of Pembroke) who mended his fortunes some time in 1100 A.D. by going to Ireland, marrying an Irish girl and getting hold of untold acres by be-devilling the simple Irish? This was no really glorious foundation for the heritage the present Lansdowne holds. But since he does hold it, he should consider it the greater demand for his loyalty to Ireland. It should make him the more keen to help the unhappy country to its feet. But has he ever served Ireland? No. He has galloped round the earth on various high missions for the British Empire. Mere Ireland, the Ireland that mended his ancestors' fortunes and gave him what he could never have got by his merits in the hard world of business—he ignores till she comes near getting peace, after all these centuries. Then the great gentleman extends his hand to snatch it from her if he can! A lordly spectacle!

The State of Liberalism

THE LIBERAL CONVENTION at Ottawa last week did everything and therefore little. No social or other reform in any way applicable to Canada was left out of the discussion. The breadth of the convention's outlook seemed to indicate a lack of point. Perhaps this was on account of the war. Many things worth saying cannot or should not be said until after the war. Mr. Bourassa has been getting into trouble—and he deserves it—for mentioning some of them now. But when the war is over and no question of our affection for our progenitors can be seriously raised, the Liberal party will have ample work to do to fight centralization of the Empire. We can depend upon it that the Conservatives will propose joining an Imperial Parliament, or something of the sort, and it will be the part of sound Liberalism to fight such a project—the most dangerous project a loyal subject could tamper with.

Meantime it is worthy of note that though the Conservatives seem weak in men the Liberals, too, seem weak. Were the opportunity to present itself to-morrow it is doubtful if the Liberals could take

full advantage of the Government's weaknesses. Save for Sir Wilfrid, it is woefully short of leadership.

Traditions

WHAT SO PATHETIC as the aristocrat who allows the glorious traditions of his ancestry to hang round his neck like a millstone, keeping him from moving like a free man, doing and thinking like a self-reliant creature. What?—but the democrat who abandons traditions for futurities and sails, without ballast, into unknown waters!

Traditions have their use. But of the two men, the democrat holds the greater hope of usefulness. For good traditions belong to whoever chooses to be inspired by them. British statesmanship has more truly inherited Greek political ideals than the Greeks themselves. May not any nameless wonderer take the inspiration of Napoleon? Or Livingstone? Or Lincoln? Or the central figure of the New Testament and make it, or make all of them his own by sincere imitation? The whole world is the heir to a noble act or an inspiring life. While the mere lineal descendant of greatness is apt to be absorbed in the thought of his own blood's nobility, stultified by the burden of his past! His whole view of life is warped by the fact that his ancestor did more than he has the courage to hope to do.

A Little More "Pep"

SOMEDAY THE WORD "PEP" will be put in the dullest dictionaries with a laborious explanation (in italics) that the word comes from "sauerkraut" or "ice-the-apple," or some other appropriate root. At all events it will no longer be slang, but will enter into the most elegant and profound discourses of the learned. For our part we should like to see this witty little word—witty because brief, and highly descriptive—come into its own earlier. It should be honoured among words. We used to have to say—gumption, ginger, enthusiasm, zeal, alertness, vim, quickness, and "go" to make our meaning clear. Even with all those words we hadn't really an equivalent for "pep!" "Pep" means lively intelligence—but who would say: "Ho, there sergeant! Put a little lively intelligence into that squad!" No. We say: "Where's the Pep, Bill?" and Bill understands at once.

One of the consolations of this world is the fact that language is made by common human beings and it is only the tight-laced pharisees of learning who, in time, preserve it, analyze it, classify and abuse it. One of these fine sunny centuries some calm scholar will write an essay on the "Pep-iatization of the British people." Thus is good language always ruined. But by that time the genius of the race, the common folk who, thank heaven, refuse to wear mental corsets, will have swept on to still greater etymological heights and found, if possible, a better than Pep! And the scholars of that day will call it—slang! And wrinkle their noses in lofty disdain.

Interlopers

LOUD CANADIAN APPLAUSE should have greeted the British member of parliament who inquired of the British Prime Minister recently whether Mr. Asquith could not prevent "the dumping of superfluous politicians from the colonies" in Great Britain. He referred especially to Joe Martin, the British Columbia will o' the wisp, but undoubtedly he had in mind Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Max Aitken and Mr. Donald Macmaster, also. It is unfavourable comment on a so-called "representative" system of government that British constituencies are given to absolute outsiders—Canadians! Are there not real Englishmen enough to go round? Or have Englishmen lost the desire to share in their own government? Not one of the Canadians in the British House, save Bonar Law, who is not a Canadian except by deplorable accident, has amounted to anything in that House. Joe Martin has made himself a sort of nuisance and Parker has confined himself to giving large-sounding interviews to resourceless newspapermen on vague Empire topics.

If Great Britain would gently intimate that hereafter Englishmen are to represent Englishmen it would increase our general respect for the British Government and remove the lurking suspicion in some people's minds, that the members of the House of Commons are, after all, mere dummies, and that British electors haven't wit enough to resent outsiders being foisted on them by the party machines.

Furthermore, a Canadian, no matter how much money he has made (he usually makes it in Canada) shows only a yellow streak when he quits Canada

for London. Canada made him. He should render whatever political service he can to Canada—nobody else. So far we don't seem to have lost much. But the custom is wrong-headed. Is it possible that R. B. Bennett, whom Sir Max Aitken invited to "come on in—the English are easy!" has suddenly developed a sense of duty to Canada FIRST, or is he, too, only biding his time to go and live with pretty Dicky McBride et al, in London?

Mr. Sheridan's Mistake

J. CLERC SHERIDAN speaks boldly when he says in the course of an article in the Nineteenth Century that the Dominions will expect, even insist upon Imperial Federation after the war. We infer from his words that Imperial Federation is the reward we are to get for sending our men to France.

We disagree with Mr. Sheridan. Let Imperial Federation wait and wait a precious long time. Only a few fuming patriots want it. As for rewards—that is not what Canadians are fighting for.

Brains

IT IS SURPRISING what passes for brains nowadays. People seem to have about as accurate a notion of what constitutes "brain power" as a cat has of ethics. The chief faker is the university product with a cranial cavity littered up with the weirdest kind of junk, worthy of an industrious magpie or treasure-hoarding crow. The intimate knowledge which these gentlemen display concerning the personal habits of the Greeks astounds the foolish and bedevils the unread. The facts of history and the facts of literature are their stock in trade of conversation. No wonder, when the average university graduate comes down town to earn his living he has a painful time of it. There is more real brain power in our warehouses, offices and factories than could defeat off-hand the combined wit of all the fourth year men in all our universities, plus most of the professors, lecturers and presidents. A good Jew ragman usually has a better developed sense of logic than a second year student. Go to our churches and hear the illogical and often incoherent twaddle that passes for inspired teaching. Set a university staff to buy a set of steam boilers for a heating plant and they will be outwitted in the simplest business arrangement.

The trouble is that too few people stop to think what a brain should be. It shouldn't be a storehouse of all the litter of the ages. It shouldn't be a public library card-index system. It shouldn't be the abiding place of cultured echoes—echoes of everything that sounds "polished" or erudite. The best kind of a brain has two qualities: the capacity to weigh, to value, to estimate properly as Plato observed (but in vain so far as modern teaching seems to go) and the capacity to beget ideas by the mating of facts and thoughts by the coupling of ideas. Ah! says the Professor of the Humanities, where is this model brain to get its facts except by profound reading and teaching? Not at all. The modern printer has learned to turn out such marvellous compendiums of information, so excellently indexed and cross-indexed, that he who runs may indeed read. Thus a graduate with a general knowledge of the trend of history and the broad meanings of certain problems, may rid the work-room of the mind of ninety per cent. of its old lumber, reserving the space, instead, as a good carpenter keeps his loft clear for the joining together of timbers, for thinking. Heaven send more thinkers and fewer carriers of lumber.

History and the Future

PATRIOTISM CAN'T BE taught by reference only to history. The young Canadian, especially, must be taught to look to the future even more than to the past. The past teaches us our mistakes and the mistakes of the other nations. The future teaches us our responsibilities.

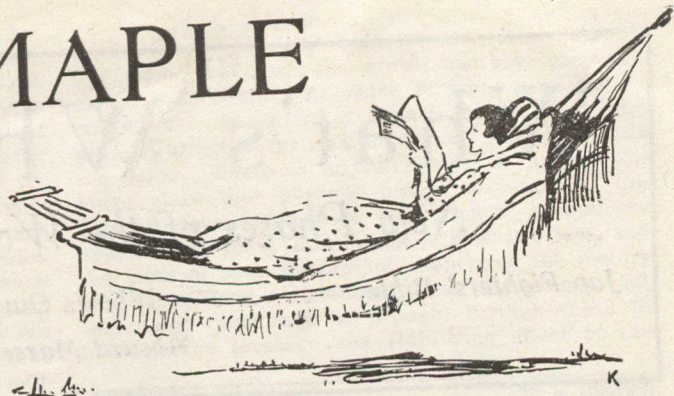
Some nations, like some men, are overburdened by their past. It might with some truth be observed that as a nation grows older and its traditions mount higher and higher, the nation pays less attention to its future and more to its past; spends more time being proud of itself than considering its future. Thus its past is sometimes a menace to its future, a greater menace the greater its glory.

Our past in Canada is glorious enough, but our future is overwhelming. The young Canadian should be schooled in the problems of our future and its immense possibilities. This is the great essential. We do not think of this sort of thing often enough. Let us look forward, not backward.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

EDITED BY ESTELLE M. KERR

MIDSUMMER MADNESS



It is hot. Oh, but it is hot! So hot that even filling this page is an effort. Formerly there has been the question of what we could leave out rather than what we could put in, for the burden of our song at the Sign-of-the-Maple has been, "What Women Are Doing." Now it would be much simpler to tell what they are not doing, but that is a task too difficult for a hot day. Then let us be personal for once and speak of what we, using the editorial plural, are not doing. This "we" is supposed to include the editor-in-chief (who is removing his waistcoat), the sub-editor (who is blinking at the light), and so on down to the smallest office boy who is holding his head under a tap in the basement. (That is what the rest of us would be doing if we hadn't studied Latin and didn't know the meaning of "infra dig.") Oh, it is a busy little office! So much for what we are doing—what we are not doing is far more important. We are not canoeing, or sailing or swimming, we are not even drinking lemonade and lying in hammocks (though that is our favourite outdoor sport.) There is only one thing that appeals to us more just now, and that is ice-boating.

BUT the chief thing that this particular member of the staff (the one we would call "I," were we less dignified) is not doing is this: We are not writing the uplifting, educational, patriotic and inspiring article which it was our intention to write. We are writing about the subject uppermost in our

poor fellow, but not from drowning. He died a natural death from D. T.'s or T. B.'s or M. D.'s—the last, I think.

NOW that is a simple story, one you could easily read while sipping lemonade or sailing or smoking a cigarette. The last activity is mentioned on the chance that there are a few men who sometimes, literarily speaking, invade the sacred precincts of the Sign-of-the-Maple. We hope they do, and for this reason never mention such subjects as winter underwear, in case they might be embarrassed. It would shock us all, indeed, to have such a subject introduced at this time of the year, when our thoughts dwell fondly on ice clinking in tall glasses.

WHEN in doubt as to what to write about, use scissors and paste-pot. Alas, the women's pages are teeming with activities, patriotic and otherwise. Even the "Household Hints" fails to rouse our interest, although various energetic methods of keeping cool (which involves spending most of one's time in the laundry) are chronicled. As a last resource we open an ancient envelope—marked "fillers," and read that in spite of the heat hundreds of Canadian women are making munitions in Canada and 700 millions (or is it thousands, in England). We pass these statistics hurriedly by and at last find some facts that not only we, but you, dear reader, will be thrilled to learn.

Despised Dust Makes Beautiful Half the World. "Nothing is so useless as dust, you say. The old burial ritual, 'Dust unto dust,' typifies the total absence of value considered to lie in the particles of earth.

"But this dust that you kick and regard as an annoyance is really indispensable as well as ornamental. It beautifies nature, since it, swimming in the air, is responsible for the blue of the sky. Without it there would be no beautiful sunsets or sunrises. Deserts and mountains would be colourless without it to break up the light rays in the atmosphere. Wallace, the naturalist, says: 'One-half the beauty in the world would vanish with the absence of dust.'"

What a comforting thought! If only the soldiers who marched without water-bottles at Camp Borden had known that this same dust that filled their throats, eyes and nostrils was really responsible for the bright blue sky, there would have been no riots. If motorists could only realize that we are indebted to dust for our beautiful sunsets, they would use more delicate language and cease to demand that roads be oiled. But to continue:

"So much for its picturesque qualities. Far more important is its characteristic of giving us diffused daylight. Without dust the sky would appear to be completely black and the stars on all sides of the sun would be shining brightly.

"The tiny particles flying in the air halt and shatter the solid light rays of the sun and spread them over a wide territory. There would be painful scorching light in the direct play of the sun and blackness everywhere else. In the front yard there would be glaring sun and inside the house midnight blackness."

Just think of the electric light bill!

"Our lives would be totally different were there no dust. We should have by necessity grown into different beings, far removed from any likeness to our present form."

We should all be fishes most likely, and that is a cheering thought for 90 deg. in the shade. So cheering that we will raise ourselves, cease to write this mid-summer madness and,



minds: Heat. We admit that we should be telling you about the lovely new hospital for the mentally deficient at Whitby, about the wonderful work the Women's Emergency Corps are doing.

We might even write about the Orangemen's parade and take some comfort in the fact that we did not have to wear a frock coat, a silk hat and various decorations in velvet and gold and march in it, and about tag days, for though we are all dreadfully tired of helping or declining to help in them, they still made money. On July 14th the women of Toronto raised \$25,000 for the Secours National, and the French Patriotic Society were very successful in Victoria.

Oh, we aren't lacking in topics! The only one that pleases us in the least is the Fresh Air Fund—and we haven't sufficient energy to hunt up statistics. Suppose we did, why, if the heat continues you would be too hot to read it, or anything else that is truly informative. Much better to wait for some salubrious day when we feel a passion for the welfare of humanity. And you a thirst for knowledge instead of—well, how should we know?

THE main thing is to write something that is easy to write and easier still to read, that can, in fact, be read while you are canoeing or sailing or doing any of the nice things that we would like to be doing. You could hardly read it while you are swimming, and yet I knew a man who did. On very hot days in Muskoka he used to take three air cushions, a book and a pipe and lie on top of the water. We asked him why he didn't read on land, and he said the book was too dry. He's dead now,

in the dim seclusion of our homes, follow the example of the youngest office boy and turn on the cold water tap.

Clubwomen's Work

WHAT is your conception of a typical club man, and what of a representative club woman? We conceive of the club man as one who pursues the line of least resistance and the club woman as one who "kicks against the pricks." The great difference lies not in sex, but in the purpose of clubs. The man's club is primarily for sociability, sport, or refreshment, the woman's for concerted activity. There has been a recent increase in clubs for women, run more or less on the same lines as those of men, but these remain chiefly lunching clubs, and were not represented at the National Federation of Women's Clubs, in New York, where twenty thousand women delegates represented two and a half million useful American women.

THE work accomplished by these women is the domestic drudgery of the nation. The Federation of the Northern and Western States are actively engaged in teaching foreign-born children and their parents the American standards of life, sanitation and domestic economics; the Dakota women have concentrated upon efforts to lighten the drudgery of farmers' wives; the Wisconsin club specialize upon the health of children, free clinics for babies, and eugenics. Illinois has more women in its club than there are soldiers in the regular United States army; ten thousand of these are giving all their time to social service. Twenty thousand clubwomen in Texas are working for good roads. The ambition of the clubwomen in the South is to wipe out illiteracy by 1920.

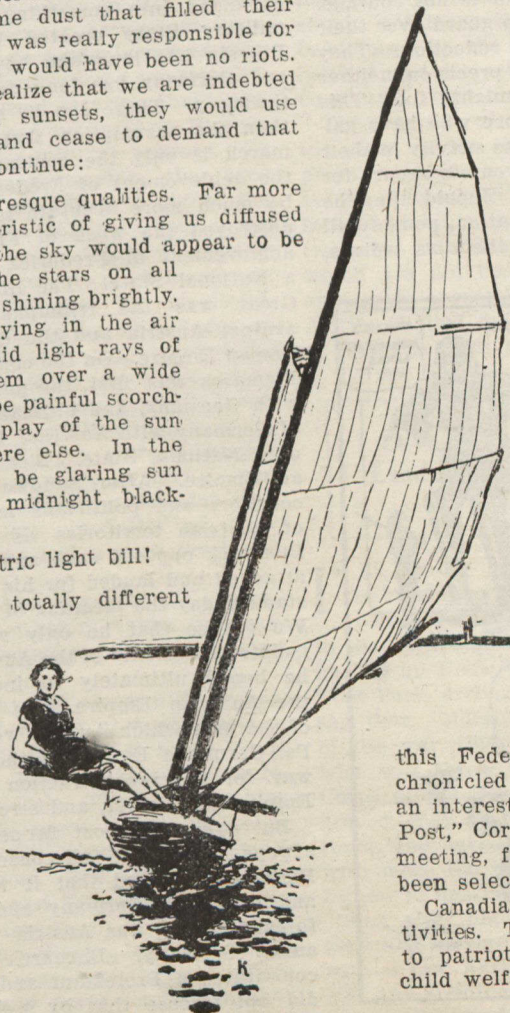
IN addition to these activities there were reports from the department for vocational training for girls. There was not a single report from a Browning Club, no one, it seems, has been studying the origin of Shakespeare's plays. Poetry, art, music and classical literature were ignored, for these women devote themselves to the real business of life. Neither was church work chronicled. The women told of how many babies had been saved by the introduction of clinics and rural nurses; what had been done in connection with the conservation of forests—every line, from canning pears to the development of rural drama leagues; but no one woman reported what the women of her state were doing in churches or Sabbath schools. The majority of clubwomen believe in suffrage, but no suffrage league is admitted to this Federation.

During the ten days of the Federation about eight lectures were given each day by experts on every imaginable subject from baby culture to prison reforms, from peace to preparedness, from the conservation of forests to the canning of pears. Very little notice was taken of the real work accomplished by

this Federation in the daily papers, which chronicled chiefly its social functions, but in an interesting article in "The Saturday Evening Post," Corra Harris tells of the real value of the meeting, from which the above information has been selected.

Canadian women are engaged in the same activities. The greater part of their time is given to patriotic work, but domestic economy and child welfare must never be superseded.

(Continued on page 21.)



What's What the World Over

New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals

Jap Fighters' Bible *Who is Our Enemy?* *Noguchi on Yeats* *Big 'Planes are Bad*
. *Absurd Marseilles* *How Petain Danced*

JAP FIGHTERS' BIBLE

The Mikado's Sermon to all his Fighting Men, Translated

THE philosophy of warriors is much the same with any race—except the Germans. The Emperor of Nippon, according to a writer in the Nineteenth Century, sends his men to war with the following splendid admonitions:

First:—Those serving in either branch must consider loyalty their principal duty. Without patriotism they are no better than puppets. However well drilled and systematically organized, troops destitute of loyalty must resemble mere disorderly mobs in the time of active operations. You must remember that the development or decadence of your organization is synonymous with the rise or fall of your country's fortune.

Secondly:—Both land and sea forces must observe the etiquette of discipline. The Commander-in-Chief and the lowest soldier have their functions one towards the other. And all the military relations are not simply those of command on the one hand and obedience on the other; but among men of the same grade there are distinctions of age and youth, long service and new. Recruits should respect the older soldiers, and all inferiors should obey their superiors as they would Ourselves. And this respect should be extended to officers and men of older service, even though belonging to another corps. For their part, superiors should not be haughty and overbearing.

Thirdly:—Military men should hold valour in the highest esteem. From remote ages heroism has been adored in Our domains; and, therefore, every subject in Our nation should be staunch. Still more should those whose duty it is to be always ready for battle, constantly remember that they should be valiant. But of valour there are two degrees. Aggressive and boisterous behaviour is not courage. Hence those who serve should keep guard over their temper, and always act with due reflection. They should invariably do their duty with precision, neither despising a weak nor dreading a mighty foe. This is to be really intrepid. Hence those who have gallantry in true reverence will cultivate suavity in their intercourse with others, and endeavour to secure for themselves affection and respect. Should they be rough and violent on trifling provocation, people will come to dislike them and regard them as wolves.

Fourthly:—Military men should be inspired by mutual integrity and fidelity. This principle is applicable to the whole community, but more stringently to soldiers, who are impotent among their fellows without it. We may explain "integrity" as the performance of one's word, and "fidelity" as assiduity in the discharge of one's duty. To be thus just and faithful one must consider, from the very commencement, all one's actions and one's ability to do what one has promised. If one thoughtlessly pledges his word to anything which he is not certain he can perform with integrity and fidelity, he is liable to expose himself to great trouble. Subsequent repentance will be of no avail. Therefore it is well to deliberate beforehand; and, if one finds success unattainable, to relinquish the project soon.

Fifthly:—Soldiers should be frugal. Otherwise they are liable to become effeminate, selfish, luxurious, and lastly greedy and mean-minded. Virtue and valour must then fade, and come to be despised, which would be a great calamity. Should such an abuse once obtain, it will spread like a canker, and corrupt even the chivalrous. Dreading such a result, We, some time ago, framed the "Regulations for dismissal"; and being still anxious We address you a caution which We warn you not heedlessly to disregard.

WHO IS OUR ENEMY ?

The noted Belgian, Charles Sarolea, says it is Austria!

CHARLES SAROLEA, the well-known Belgian intellectual now in England, declares, in Everyman, that we make a mistake in believing Prussia is our principal enemy. He names, instead, Austria. There is, he writes, one very plain and obvious proof that we are not fighting only Prussian Militarism, namely this—that Prussia has long since ceased to exist, and has long since expanded into something very different from the military State created by Frederick the Great. Prussia has long ago been merged into Germany, and Germany has long ago been merged into Pan-Germany. There can be no greater historical error than the assumption that the achievement of Bismarck is only the continuation and completion of the achievement of Frederick the Great. It would be much more accurate to say that Bismarck has destroyed the work of Frederick the Great. The achievement of Frederick was the constitution of a National State. The life work of Frederick the Great was the triumphant struggle of Prussia against Austria and the destruction of the Holy Roman Empire. On the contrary, the achievement of Bismarck was, first, the union and fusion of Prussia with Germany, and ultimately the union and fusion of Germany with Austria. Frederick was the builder of a National State. Bismarck was the builder of an Empire. After Sadowa short-sighted Prussian courtiers and politicians advocated the annexation of Austrian territories as the spoils of victory. Bismarck opposed such annexation, and was in turn attacked and lauded for his moderation. We understand to-day the meaning of this strange moderation. We realize that he only refused to annex a few isolated fragments of the Austrian dominions because he hoped ultimately to incorporate the whole of the Austrian Empire. He had a prophetic vision of the part which Austria would have to play in the Pan-Germanic Empire of the future. He paved the way for the reconstruction of the Holy Roman Empire on a wider, and stronger, basis.

But even the most far-seeing statesmen do not always foresee the full consequences of their policy. Bismarck believed that it was Prussia which was annexing both Germany and Austria. He did not foresee that it was Austria which would eventually annex Germany. Bismarck believed that he had constituted a Protestant and National Empire. He did not foresee that by welding together Prussia, Southern Germany and Austria he was reconstructing the Holy Roman Empire. Bismarck proclaimed

that Prussian interests in the Balkans were not worth the bones of one Pomeranian Grenadier. He did not foresee that by endorsing the occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina and by initiating the Oriental policy of Austria he was deflecting the whole course of Prussian and German history. He did not realize that from the moment he diverted Austrian ambitions in an Eastern and Southern direction, the aims of Prussia and Germany would have to be fatally subordinated to the aims of Austria.

Arising out of the first misconception as to the significance of the Bismarckian Empire there is a second error, no less fatal, namely, that Austria is only a secondary factor in German policy, a passive



Emperor William—"I know that's Francis Joseph. I recognize the boots."
—Shields, Toronto Telegram.

Ally, a "loyal secundant." The error has been sedulously encouraged by the Germans themselves, to mislead European opinion, to make Europe underestimate the Austrian peril. In the alliance between Austria and Germany it is no doubt true that in a sense Germany is the stronger partner, but it is equally true that the stronger partner is driven on by the weaker partner. Since the Congress of Berlin it is Austria and not Germany which has determined the foreign policy of the Dual Alliance. It is Austrian interests which have controlled Prussian interests, and not Prussian interests which have controlled Austrian interests. It was the obvious interest of Prussia, as Bismarck clearly saw, to remain on good terms with Russia. It was the Austrian interest to break with Russia and to impose Austrian and Hungarian ascendancy in Eastern and Southern Europe. And, therefore, it is entirely to misread the meaning of this War to call it a Prussian or even a German War. It is primarily an Austrian and a Magyar War. Prussia has ever been hostile to Pan-Germanic dreams. Austria has ever been a Pan-Germanic Power. It is Vienna which has dragged Berlin into this catastrophe. At the beginning of the War the German statesmen proclaimed that they knew nothing of the Austrian ultimatum. These protests were obviously a lie, but the lie contained an essential truth. The Serbian quarrel was mainly an Austrian quarrel, and but for this quarrel, but for the Oriental ambitions of Austria, this War could never have taken place.

What has prevented European statesmen from realizing this vital fact is not merely their misconception of Austrian policy, but their ignorance of the solid foundations of Austrian power. They have



Then and Now—German Self-deception!
—Tribune, New York.

under-rated the Austrian peril, because they have under-rated Austrian strength. In the partnership between Germany and Austria they have always considered Austria as a kind of sleeping partner. Now it is quite true that both in a military and in an economic sense Germany is much more formidable than Austria, but in her foreign policy and in diplomacy Austria has always proved much more dangerous and much more aggressive than her northern Ally. Germany has been the willing accomplice of Austria, but she has been only an accomplice. And all the vast military and economic resources of the Vaterland have been placed at the disposal of the Austrian tradition, of the Austrian bureaucracy, and of the Austrian Holy Roman Empire.

better, I found out that my friend's father was Thomas Brock, who later made the Queen Victoria memorial by Buckingham Palace. You see what a serious thing it is to become a bad artist; and what a still more serious thing it is to have a bad artist for your father!"

Now we were joined by Ezra Pound and his young friend sculptor, who looked delightfully barbarous, as if they had left but a moment before their hidden shelter covered by ivy vines. I confess I felt almost ashamed when I looked upon my stupid formality in a stiff extent of shirt front, which was perfectly out of place in the company of poets whose songs echo down the road of wind. Presently we found ourselves in Yeats's studio (now leaving the electricity and ice cream of the modern hotel restaurant) where an old-fashioned little fireplace dimly threw a light on the floor rugs. Here Ezra, a present day faun in appearance, with his uncombed hair where pigeons might like to be nesting, sat on a couch; I was glad that he knew well the place where he fitted perfectly. There the sculptor, Gaudier Brzeska, who had run away, he said, from army service in France and taken upon his hand the reformation of the dull English mind, artistically, sat in a little chair, casting his youthful shadow on the dark wall where pictures and sketches in oil or water colour or what not congregated in pleasing confusion. The candle lights silently flickered, lighting Yeats's face athwart the table to make it half a ghost whose elegy sailed across the sea of the infinite.

NOGUCHI ON YEATS

The Japanese Poet Naively Interviews His Irish Contemporary

THE literary efforts of the Japanese writer, Yone V Noguchi, are not unknown to Canadian lovers of the quaint and exotic. But Noguchi's account of an interview with W. B. Yeats, the famous Irish poet, is a piece of his ware that may easily be overlooked, except by readers of *The Bookman*, from which often-delightful periodical the present fragment is taken. Noguchi's style in English has not been tampered with by the editors of *The Bookman*. It is worthy of study. My bell, he begins, was soon answered by a slow, old-fashioned footstep descending the stairs; when the entrance door was opened, the dimly lighted narrow hall revealed a rather heavy figure, somehow stooped like a dream; our shaking of hands seemed to confirm a friendship of thirty years' standing. He was Yeats in whose song of the "phantom beauty in a mist of tears," I was glad to believe, I found at last my own Japanese song; while walking with him toward a certain grill-room near by, I could not think I was with a real person, but with an ageless Celtic ghost who cries, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, for "the passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact." This ghost (now sitting face to face with the ghost, a little linen-covered table between us, he a silent star of Keats's sonnet with eternal lids apart) was spectacled, his hair already turned grey, being combed sideways, quite a familiar figure from his picture, who knew well to make the sadness of song dance like a wave of the sea; I loved at once Yeats's melancholy but pleasing face. And he had such proud, innocent eyes, shaking perfectly clear of the nets of right and wrong. I forgot his age (he might be a thousand years old, like his beloved old faery) seeing his slightly blushing cheeks. "Many of us are only taught," Yeats began, somehow in his own way of monologuing, "what are art and beauty since our childhood. I used to play with a little sailing boat on a pond when I was a boy;

BIG 'PLANES ARE BAD

Expert Explains Limitations of Flying Machines

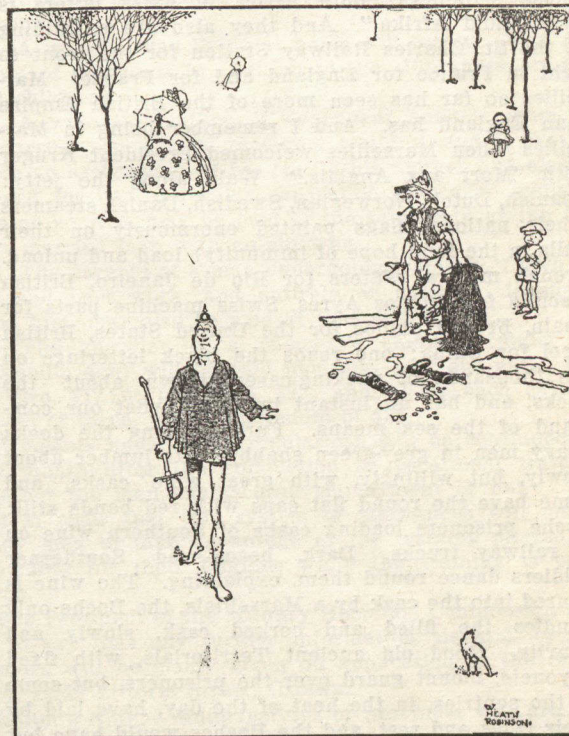
WHEN Curtiss built the "America" for an intended flight across the Atlantic, he was compelled, writes Carl Dienstbach, in *Popular Science Monthly*, to design a big machine. The radius of action could be extended only by providing for much fuel. Fuel became the most important freight of the bigger machine. Increase of size will not in itself materially increase the radius of action.

For the reason given, the size of the "Americas" and "Super-Americas" is not only such that the radius of action is practically extended across the Atlantic, but a somewhat greater load can be carried. The Allies' lack of fast dirigibles made them eager bidders for the "Americas." But the difficulties encountered in increasing the aeroplane's size must not be lightly dismissed. Accidents now teach their lessons quickly. The first, a very dramatic one, happened in this country when on May 11 last, a "Super-America" for passenger service between Washington and Newport suddenly turned over into the Potomac, after performing some somersaults, wrecking itself, killing two and injuring three passengers. Similar accidents had occurred in Europe, but they were hushed up for military reasons. So rigid and strong was the large machine that axes could not break through in the effort to get at the victims below the floating wreckage. Yet, a big machine is weaker for its weight than a smaller machine. Very large sailing vessels must be square-rigged, and many small sails must be employed. Aeroplane dreadnoughts ought to be multiplanes on the same principle. This becomes imperative if the fact is considered that aeroplanes were for many years nothing better than death-traps, ready to break in midair and that it was exceedingly difficult to strengthen even the smaller types without making them too heavy. Landing on hard ground is particularly difficult. It means literally a collision with the earth. Huge flying boats are better off, their landing places are abundant and always level and wondrously soft.

But, after the recent accident one feels like asking: Isn't the "America" a somewhat mistaken construction? May success be expected merely by enlarging a successful small model?

A mammoth steamer may get along with proportionately the same size of rudder as a smaller one because it matters little if it takes it many times longer to complete a turn. But in balancing an aeroplane, there is no time to lose. The huge machine is treacherous because its great inertia makes it apparently stable. But once it yields a little, it tries obstinately to yield more. The necessarily wide distribution of weights around the center of gravity aggravates this inherent tendency. In the light of these considerations the idea of using biplane-ailerons on the first huge land aeroplane recently tried in this country seems interesting, a frank confession that stronger controls are needed, although an excess of head resistance at the wing tips, and objectionable

leverage are the price paid for this improvement. The frame that holds the wheels has been strengthened by shortening it, which is made possible by raising the propellers and motors (to clear the ground) although the total length of framing remains the same. There is an advantage in having the lower plane thus laterally brace the length at the point it does. Otherwise the wheels themselves appear weak for a total weight of over two tons, and the mass of open framework supporting the motors has undue head resistance; it has the excuse that the motors may thus be brought further ahead to increase the leverage and stabilizing effect of the



The Hun Virtuoso—A kind-hearted Prussian Officer gives his clothes to a needy Belgian peasant!

—Heath Robinson, in "Today."

tail. The weak elevator contrasts strangely with the powerful ailerons and the double vertical rudder.

To find out what really happened to the wrecked "Super-America," we must read the testimony of the tugboat captain who happened to see the accident at close range. The flyers were given no time for observations. Eye-witnesses tell of a propeller working loose and an "explosion" that scattered small fragments before the plunge came. The mere loss of a propeller and the racing of an engine should not jeopardize stability. Probably the pilot, bewildered by the injury to the power plant and handicapped by relatively weak controls, failed to counteract some air disturbance.

The machine also was only one hundred feet up, too close to the water for righting a small monoplane, let alone a dreadnought. The "somersaults" before reaching the water testify to an "America's" lack of stability resulting from lack of leverage between the stabilizing planes and the principal weights which are not concentrated enough and not large enough in proportion to the amount of momentum. All long-hulled flying-boats suffer from such a lack of leverage, with no practical solution in sight.

ABSURD MARSEILLES

Leads a Queer Happy-go-lucky Life in War Time

IN all Europe so much and so little of war is not to be seen as in Marseilles. This is, at all events,

Lawrence Jerrold's humorous view as he puts it in the *Contemporary Review*. "What a war you are having up there," they said in Bordeaux, when the Tout Paris arrived. Marseilles to-day does not even say that. Marseilles openly enjoys what she sees of the war. Why should she not, if she can, and who will throw the first stone? The 15th Army Corps of the South funked and broke and was disgraced, then pulled itself together and was slaughtered, and saved its name. Marseilles makes more with more fun out of the war than any other town I know in fighting Christendom. Why shouldn't she?

Just after nightfall the crowd in the Cannebiere, generally moving and chattering in several tongues—with a few Arab, Hindoo, English, silences—stands still and solidifies on each side of the road. A new noise: the gurgle and squeak of the bagpipes, and the rumble of an enormous drum, beaten by a drum-



Uncle Sam (listening to Commercial Conference)—Eh! What's that? An Allied economic offensive after the war? (Goes off and does some deep thinking.)

—Racey, Montreal Star.

and I had a playmate toward whom I always felt a certain condescension, because my father (he was an artist, by the way) sometimes spoke slightly of that boy's father. Of course, I did not know the exact reason for it. When I grew older and knew

mer on foot who tries to look like a mounted Life-guard, and by force and quickness with his fists and sticks really carries it off. Scottish troops march past with a great swing and, though tired, a grin on most faces. Arms swing in the march, and the hand of the two outward ranks catch Marseilles girls' hands on the edge of the crowd at rhythmical intervals as the men go by. They landed by transport from somewhere at the front this morning, they entrain for somewhere else on the Allies' one front to-night. They are Scots—from South Africa. Some speak still broad Glasgow, others speak Cape Town, others only South African Dutch—khaki-kilted Highlanders who are Boers and speak only Boer, and on whose shoulders South Africa in brass letters is spelt "Zuid Afrika." And they also are entraining at the St. Charles Railway Station for the front to fight in France for England and for France. Marseilles so far has seen more of the British Empire than England has. And I remember being in Marseilles when Marseilles welcomed President Kruger with "Mort aux Anglais." Walk along the jetty: Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish steamers (their national flags painted enormously on their hulls in the fond hope of immunity) load and unload. French mineral waters for Rio de Janeiro, British biscuits for Buenos Ayres, Swiss machine parts for Spain, French pianos for the United States, British steel for China: one reads the black letterings on the thousands of packing-cases strewn about the docks, and has an instant image of what our command of the sea means. Further along the docks heavy men in grey-green shabby suits lumber about slowly, but willingly, with great wine casks, and some have the round flat caps with red bands still: Boche prisoners loading casks of Southern wine on to railway trucks. Dark, beady-eyed Southerner soldiers dance round them, explaining. The wine is poured into the cask by a Marseillais, the Boche only handles the filled and corked cask, slowly and heavily. Good old ancient Territorials, with fixed bayonets, mount guard over the prisoners, but some of the sentries, in the heat of the day, have laid by their rifles and rest, and the Boches would have but to put a hand out to seize their warders' weapons if they had a mind to, which is the very last thing they would have. Besides, here and there, slightly cleaner feldgrau and red band cap show a feldwebel, full of authority and glad to marshal his men about in the wine cask loading operations, under the happy-go-lucky instructions from the Marseillais Territorials. The same Boche prisoners "happened" to be at work on Wharf D at the moment the first Russian troops arrived, and were by a favour put in a good place to see the landing of the Russians, welcomed by French generals and authorities, and by English, Scottish, New Zealand, South African Tommies, whose one idea was, which of the generals is



Where Victory Left the Germans.

—Carter, of the New York Evening Sun, recalls the beginning of the Teutonic end.

General "Jofer," for of course he must be there. The dramatic effect, for that matter, was entirely lost upon the Boche prisoners, who had obviously no imagination beyond their noses, and just looked on, pleased sightseers. I am not sure they did not even cheer, and feel certain the letters they were expected to write home merely spoke of the nice half-holiday they had had.

The 5 franc Marseilles lunch of old now costs 10. A bouillabaisse runs to I don't know how much.

Beautiful British officers (large Highlanders are especially liked) and spacious Russians rule the restaurants. Russian officers sit down, make the sign of the cross, and instantly begin on champagne.

There is nothing in belligerent Europe like Marseilles. Military police? Civilian police? Spies? Prostitutes? Te, we let live, says Marseilles. There is no hampering, indeed, of any kind. I could, but cannot, give statistics the chief of the Police of Morals gave me. The military and political police seemed to me to be easy-going. A French officer, a friend of mine, went to an hotel near the station, and then had to leave, finding the hotel was forbidden to French officers and men, because "the personnel was suspect." I went to the hotel to see a Parisian journalist staying there, and found it was the headquarters of the R. N. staff at Marseilles. If there are not ten thousand German spies in Marseilles, it is their own fault. There is no machinery that I could find for stopping, or tracking, or even detecting them. Every landing of troops in Marseilles is undoubtedly known to the enemy long before the censor has passed the news for the London or Paris press. Happy-go-lucky Marseilles. Happy Allies. We had much rather be like that and as we are, than German-organized.

HOW PETAIN DANCED Saviour of Verdun Fagged Out the Orchestra —Loves Babies

A REALLY "close-up" view of General Petain, the hero of Verdun, is given in almost thrilling vividness in the Fortnightly Review. The author, in this case, is Charles Dawbarn.

Before the great attack by the Germans on the fortress, he (Petain) was unknown except to those in close touch with the Army, writes Mr. Dawbarn. In a few weeks he has become world-famous. His rapid promotion was due to the perspicacity of de Castelnau, who had the general direction of the line from Soissons to Verdun. This position is now assumed by Petain in virtue of his splendid performance in the gigantic battle—a promotion deserved in every way. The Second-in-Command observed the vast German preparations, the accumulation of guns and massing of infantry, and, with the assent of the General-in-Chief, set Petain to work to build a dyke against the onrush of devastating waters. With characteristic energy, the General, who had sprung so suddenly into view, threw himself into the stupendous task. Urgency was necessary, for it was a question almost of days. Divisions were hurried up to reinforce the thin line of 12,000 men that garrisoned the twenty miles specially aimed at by the Germans; heavy artillery was got together, sometimes improvised from forts and ships of the Navy, and an immense accumulation of machine and field guns. Fortunately, bad weather delayed the German advance, and, profiting by the momentary respite, Petain increased the fortifications so that when the battle opened a week later the French were able to resist the first awful thrust of the German battalions. None the less, the German big guns showed superiority of range, and were less heavy for their size and more easily moved than the French. This defect in the defence was partially compensated by moving back the French line and also by the extreme mobility of the 75's, which were used as if they were machine guns and, at other times, hidden with a baffling ingenuity.

The new commander of armies has the supreme gift of inspiring the enthusiasm of his men. They are ready to die for him, to go anywhere at his bidding. His magnetism was as strongly exercised upon the students of the Ecole de Guerre, where, in a memorable series, he lectured on infantry action. He was still Colonel, mature and a little disappointed, and even contemplating retirement, when the War broke out. But contact with realities revealed his worth, and his ascension from the Great Retreat to the prodigious battle of Verdun was a record in rapidity. Placed in temporary charge of the 4th Brigade of Infantry, he received, three days subsequently, the command of the 5th Division, and his temporary rank of General of Division was confirmed a fortnight later. On October 25th, 1914, he was given the 33rd Army Corps, which covered itself with glory at Carency, Notre Dame de Lorette, and Ablain. Officially a divisionnaire on April 30th, 1915, Petain became Chief of the Second Army, with which he led in the great offensive in Champagne. He pierced the German lines with such speed and fierceness that the plan of attack was rather compromised; his success was embarrassing to the General Staff, which had counted on a slower movement; in any case, the action, notwithstanding its

success, did not come to a full development.

Though courteous to a fault, he has a soldier's dislike of subtle, tortuous phrases, and his whole tendency is to speak his mind. The result, however justly phrased, was not always palatable to authority, and indeed an unflinching regard for truth is rarely a recommendation for advancement. His energy is legendary, and the effect of it is heightened by the appearance of youth conveyed by the pink and white



Locked Up Again: Louis Raemaeker's view of the British sailor guarding the world against the escape of the Vulture from his cage.

—London Daily Mail.

complexion and slim figure. As a young man, he is reported to have danced all night, without stopping, at a ball at Marseilles. In the morning, tired stewards begged him to desist out of pity for the musicians! Again at Arras, where he commanded a regiment, he is said to have been requested by his landlord to depart because his skipping in the morning annoyed the occupants of the flat below. Thereupon, says the chronicler, he removed to a house set in a garden where he could skip to his heart's content. The story, however apocryphal, expresses none the less the man. He has kept himself fit by physical exercise. This is part of his system. He considers that physical qualities should go hand-in-hand with the mental equipment of a General. Since the food of his charger is measured, why should not the rider submit to a similar regime? He himself takes only a strictly regulated quantity of solid and liquid at his meals. There is no leader in the French Army who has so persistently imposed a rigid system upon himself, and none who shows greater activity at his age. In the Champagne offensive he ran three miles at the head of his troops over heavy ground.

He leaves nothing to chance, organizing and controlling everything. At the height of the bombardment round Verdun he surprised his officers by paying them personal visits in the most exposed positions. During part of the battle he passed along the lines in an armoured car, which served temporarily as his office and sleeping quarters. At another stage in the gigantic conflict he spent five days and nights continuously at his desk wrestling with details. He drives like the wind over any road, and even racing motorists hold him in respect. He is reputed to have used up a dozen chauffeurs in as many weeks. One said pathetically that he did not mind taking his chance of being killed in the trenches, but to drive the General was positively to ask for death. Petain believes in being where danger is, that he may encourage his troops. As Colonel, he shared in all the discomforts of the march, and when it rained, he stood out on the parade ground without an overcoat that he might give an example of endurance. If he has a deep and clear sense of his responsibilities, he is no taciturn figure in private life, but enjoys social pleasures to the full. Though unmarried, he adores children, and a friend tells me that he saw him, when commanding the 33rd Regiment of Infantry, romping delightfully with children on his back.

TRAINING FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS

Extract from Report of the Military Hospitals Commission, Chairman, Sir James Lougheed

WE Canadians are absolutely unanimous about one thing in this war,—that justice and reparation must be secured for those who have suffered through volunteering to fight for us. These men, coming back shattered and torn, must have reparation, and from us.

From the beginning of the war, it was recognized that a man offering his body to defend our cause should have compensation for any injury his body might suffer in the carrying out of that task. A scale of pensions was adopted both for disabled soldiers and for their dependents, in proportion to the degree of disability. A revised scale, involving a large increase of expenditure, is already in force.

But a pension alone will not restore the injured man to his place as an active and useful member of the community; there will be many men with injuries which handicap them in any occupation.

Such men must not be condemned to perpetual uselessness. By what is called "functional" and "vocational" re-education, the men can recover some of their strength and fit themselves for a new occupation, if the old proves unsuitable.

The Parliamentary Committee decided that the cost of this training should be paid by the Dominion Government; and the Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes Commission, with Sir James Lougheed at its head, has already given a great deal of consideration to the matter.

Before a general scheme of vocational training could be put into operation, the Commission had to prepare a scale of maintenance for the men undergoing training, and their dependents. Here is the scale which is now established:—

1. A single man, with pension, living in, receives free maintenance; that is, board, lodging and washing.
2. A single man, with pension, living out,—60c a day.
3. A married man, with pension, living in,—free maintenance and \$8 a month, with the following additions:—
For wife having no children, \$35 a month, less her husband's pension.

For wife and one child, if child is under five, \$38; from five to ten years, \$39.50; from 10 to maximum age, \$42.50; less, in every case, the amount of husband's pension and children's allowances under the pension regulations.

For wife and two children, from \$41 to \$47 a month (less pension and allowances) according to age of children.

For wife and three children,—\$44 to \$50 (less pension and allowances), according to ages.

For wife and four children,—\$47 to \$53 (less pension and allowances), according to ages.

For wife and five children,—\$50 to \$55 (less pension and allowances) according to ages.

For wife and six children,—\$53 to \$55 (less pension and allowances), according to ages.

A wife with seven or more children under the maximum age may be given the maximum allowance of \$55, less pension and allowances.

All these allowances for wife and children will be paid direct to the wife, unless otherwise thought fit by the commission.

4. A married man living at home will receive 60c a day. (This, of course, is in addition to the allowances for wife and children).

5. A widowed mother, if dependent entirely upon the unmarried son who is receiving training, and if the son made an assignment of his pay to his mother and also arranged for her to receive separation allowance while he was on service, may be paid at the same rate as the wife of a married man with no children.

6. The parents of a man undergoing training, if both are old and past work, and entirely or partially dependent upon him, may also be paid at that rate.

7. The guardian of a widower's children (under the maximum age) will be paid monthly:—for one child, \$10; for two, \$17.50; for three, \$22; and \$3 for each child in excess of three, with a maximum of \$35.

Payments under these regulations will be continued for one month after the completion of vocational training, whether the man has secured employment or not.

It is clear that this system of allowances will enable many men to take advantage of the training offered, by providing for their families while the training is being given.

The President of the Military Hospitals Commission asks us to say that any further information desired by our readers will be gladly given on application to the Secretary, at 22 Vittoria Street, Ottawa.

Editor's Note:—Municipalities or provinces who are considering schemes for dealing with the returned soldier problem might do well to study the programme outlined by the Hospitals Commission. In this, as in many other war-benevolence activities, it may happen that in "a multitude of counsellors" there is not wisdom. Centralized management and co-ordinated activity with the co-operation of provincial and civic governments should produce the best results. Otherwise there is liable to be overlapping and waste.

The Invisible Barrier

(Continued from page 6.)

Surely I have earned the right to some consideration from your countrymen."

His manner softened a little. "Madame, you have been most devoted and unceasing in your labours in establishing and maintaining this little hospital, and believe me we are not ungrateful. For that reason, I am here to-night." He moved a step nearer her. "Think you I could not take other measures, did it please me?"

Her eyes flashed. "Of what do you suspect me, Monsieur?"

"This man whom I saw in your presence this evening," pursued Von Gluck, "is well known to me. Do you think he could have stayed here so long otherwise and not been under suspicion? He no doubt told you that he is English." A gleam of something came into the steel blue eyes. "If so, he lied to you. You are clever, Madame, but not clever enough to fathom the intelligence of our Secret Service. Would you be surprised if I told you that hitherto your loyalty has been questioned, and that this man was sent here to trap you, to win your confidence." He paused as if to measure the effect of this disclosure.

Her eyes glistened strangely, and her face turned a shade whiter. She did not speak for a minute, then her tone held an assumed lightness. "What, then, Monsieur? What secrets have I of so great importance to disclose to one of your Secret Service men?"

"Ah, Madame, I see you still doubt what I say. You believe in him, and distrust me, your friend who am endeavouring to warn you. Behold, then, the proofs of his treachery. Can you deny that you wrote this letter, and that there is only one source

through which I could obtain it." He drew out from his breast pocket a letter which he opened and proceeded to read aloud—

"To be read when you are beyond the danger zone. Though you have never asked me, I know you have wondered if my husband is alive or dead, and how I came to be living here alone. Though the world here believes him to have been killed in the war, such is not the case. Monsieur le Comte is not dead. He is an officer in the French Aviation Corps, and noted for his gallant service. My story is a sad one; yet something compels me to lay it bare to you. He was years my senior. I never loved him, but as a mere girl was forced into marriage. He was unkind to me, and we separated—I can tell you no more. I have never known love, and this work of nursing the suffering in this terrible war has brought me the first contentment I have ever known. Le Bon Dieu guard you safely, and that some day we may meet again beyond the lines, mon ami, is the prayer of Julie De Lisle."

Von Gluck folded the letter, and presented it with a bow to Madame la Comtesse, who stood before him still and white, with a fixed expression.

"Well, Madame, what have you to say?"

She did not answer and her glance seemed to him strangely indifferent. "Madame." He touched her on the arm. "There is a way to save yourself. If you will trust me I will save you."

She shrank from his touch. Suddenly he seized her arms while she struggled in his clasp.

"How dare you—oh, how dare you?" With difficulty she restrained from screaming.

"A man dares anything when he loves. Think you I have not noted your graces, your charms. Ach Himmel, you are divine. You have endeavoured to betray my country. I will make you pay for it in the kisses you will give me."

Her breath came in gasps.

"How dare you insult me so. Loose my arm, Monsieur." A low cry was forced from her lips as his hold tightened. An eternity seemed to pass; then a shot rang out disturbing the quiet of the night, and Von Gluck dropped like a log at her side. Some one flung open a window, and there rose on the air the sound of rifle fire and the galloping of horses' hoofs. "Vive la France!" The cry seemed to emanate from many throats. Were the French endeavouring to retake Lille? A blue mist clouded her vision in which all things swam confusedly. She felt herself swaying and knew no more.

"Madame!" A voice called her back as if from the dead. She felt herself enfolded in strong arms, and saw a face bending over her. She shuddered as if at the remembrance of something, but a familiar note in the voice reassured her.

"Do not fear, Madame, you are safe." The tones reached her as if from a great distance, then she seemed to sink away again into space. When she regained consciousness, she was lying on a couch. It was Jacques who bent over her.

"Vive la France," she said, faintly. "Have the French come?"

"Yes, Madame, there has been a fight, and our troops have behaved gallantly; but the numbers are against us. I fear they will be driven back."

Suddenly she became conscious of the presence of another and rose slowly to her feet to confront de Brisay, who stood before her. She gave a little cry. "Monsieur. You did not escape?"

(Concluded on page 19.)

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MUSIC AND PLAYS

Rhineland Ravings

In the Key of B Minor

ONCE more the irrepressible German comes at the music problem. Now that war is seen to be no longer a monopoly of the Teuton tribes, the music-booster on the Rhine turn with bombastic sentimentality to art. Whatever happens to the beloved Vaterland itself, or to the armies, or the Kaiser, or the mercantile marine, or Germany's trade after the war, these apostles of music-culture dream that they can at least save German music as a great heritage for the race. Judging from the tone of F. A. Giessler's article in *Die Musik*, of Berlin, it would seem that he is sorry Wagner and Beethoven and Bach were ever permitted to become world figures in music. Mr. Giessler believes in nationalizing music up to the hilt, and he thus writes:

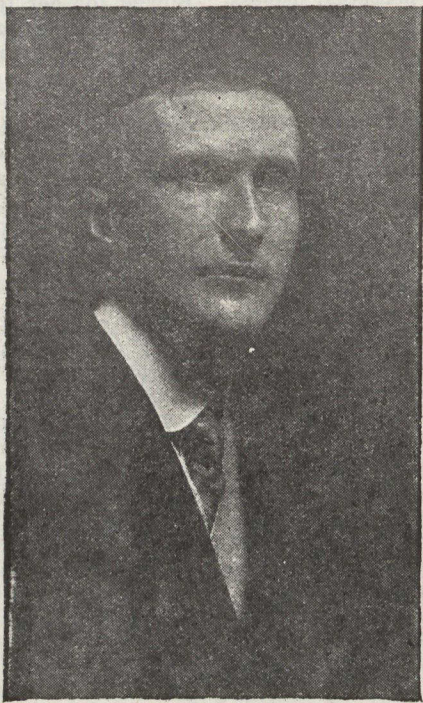
"Everywhere where we German 'barbarians' set our foot in the enemy's land, music, the sorceress among the sister arts, has followed our grey-clad soldiers. In the cathedrals of conquered France and Belgium solemn even-songs resound; in the Theatre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, grand concerts are given, and in hundreds of enemy towns and villages our own soldiers and the civil population listen fascinated to the music of our military bands. Thus it is shown conclusively that we cultivate the soul-stirring art not only at home in spite of the strain and stress of war, but even on the very battle-fields. And we have therefore the right to hope that the tempests of the war will, among others, cleanse also our musical life. And, Richard Wagner, so thoroughly hated by the French as the national composer par excellence of the German people, be our guide and model! German, consciously German, be our future music, in theory and practise!

"But those, no doubt, shoot beyond the target who wish to surround our art by a Chinese wall, keeping off foreign art altogether. Certainly, we Germans are so rich that we can rather do without the music of the French, English, and Russians than they without ours. We will, however, not be childish enough to impoverish ourselves wilfully.

"Let us be frank with ourselves. Until now foreign art did not so much profit us as use us, and we were its humble caterers and servants. Our best composers could tell us a story or two about this item. Foreigners were received with open arms by our publishers, theatres, and concert managements, while our own artists had to take a back seat. Grieg, Saint-Saens, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Debussy, and many others were spoiled by us even when their work was out of har-

mony with our national feelings.

"German composers, henceforth present yourselves before the world as German artists, be proud of this title, do not bow any more before the stranger; they ought to bow before you! And you, German lovers of music, do not have a fit of enthusiasm when a foreign star after singing in three or four foreign languages condescends to sing a Lied in German! Do not tolerate it any longer that our concert-managers lay before you a



Harvey O'Higgins, Canadian author, whose new play, *Lazarus*, was so favourably received in Chicago.

menu four-fifths composed of foreign dishes. From now on, foreign artists anxious to obtain our favours and hard-earned money will, first, have to prove that they understand and are in sympathy with our national sentiments, that they understand our language—if not, may they stay home! Must we not blush even today in thinking of the triumphal tour of an Yvette Guilbert in German lands!

"Our composers will in the future do well to choose German subjects. German history and legend are an inexhaustible fountain for this purpose. Further, while before the war we were degenerate enough to smile at a union of ethics and esthetics, the seriousness of the world's present plight will,

let us hope, teach us a lesson on this score also.

"Our stupid operettas, with their sexual pepper and senseless libretti, in which we indulged all too much, will have to give way to a rejuvenation of the good old German *Singspiel* (musical comedy).

"But of what we must fight shy, more than of anything else, is the influence of the English and American melodies, which dominated up to the war not only our operettas, but also our *Lieder*, our dances, even our marches. These humdrum tunes, so thoroughly un-German, had become as fashionable with us as the English tailor-made suits and American neckties and shoes.

"Why should we not seriously think of a musical protective tariff and lay the foundation for a real musical education of our people? But let us not become pedants by trying to change the musical terminology. Schumann tried it, Brahms followed in his tracks. Let us stick to our familiar *andante*, *adagio*, *allegro*, etc.; these terms can simply not be replaced by absolutely identical German expressions. Neither will we replace the beautiful Italian language, so rich in its vocalization, in our singing-lessons. It is, however, reasonable to ask of our publishers not to indulge any longer in French title-pages in their compositions. German is good enough for us."

And Then Some.—"Father," said Professor Rococco Lititz's little boy, "you told me that you would always answer my questions."

"Yes, Denrod, what is it?" asked the professor, who believed that a child's natural curiosity should never be thwarted.

"What is the difference between a roost and a perch?" asked Denrod.

"A roost is a pole upon which chickens sit at night," replied the professor, "while a perch is what chickens perch on."

"And can chickens roost on a perch and perch on a roost?"

"Why ye-yes," said Professor Lititz, laying down his book on the supercalculus of transhiperated atomites.

"But if chickens perched on a roost, that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it, papa, dear? And if just after some chickens had perched on a roost and made it a roost, then the roost would be a perch and the perch would be a roost and some of the chickens would be roosters and the others would be perchers, and—"

"Denrod, go to bed. You don't feel well," commanded the father. And Denrod, being a dutiful child, obeyed.

It's Been Tried.—Prof. Frederick Lewis asserts that world peace can come only through international marriage. Greece affords us an example on a small scale of how it works out.

Spelling It.—Britain stands for the freedom of the seas; but Woody Wilson seems to spell it "seize."



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

HOW TO BEGIN EXPORTING.

THE history of British commerce is very largely a record of merchant trade, says a writer in the London Times, dealing with the above topic. The merchant adventurer carried merchandise of all kinds to the world's markets and made connections in those countries where he traded. He took out goods which he believed he could sell at a profit in the markets which he knew, but of which the general mass of the population was in entire ignorance. As time went on, he obtained agents to represent him in these various markets. The agents made it their business to increase the number of customers for their employer's merchandise, and huge merchant businesses were built up, partly by the organizing ability of the merchant and partly by the efforts made by his representatives abroad to extend sales. The manufacturer had no part nor lot in this business, he knew nothing of foreign markets, and esteemed himself fortunate when the merchant bought goods from him for the purpose of exporting them to his agents abroad. This state of affairs has existed to a very large extent down to the present time.

The advantages of the system are that the manufacturer can devote himself exclusively to his own proper business, which is manufacturing. His work is done when he has made the goods and delivered them to the ship; he looks to the merchant for payment, and he has no further interest in the transaction. The merchant's business is to arrange for the shipment of the goods across the sea, their distribution and sale, and the collection of payment. A great deal of work is necessary in carrying out these operations, and the merchant has need of a special organization in order to enable him to do so successfully. He has to finance the transaction, and to do this must have recourse to foreign bills of exchange, the negotiation of which he thoroughly understands. He has to consider the rates of exchange, the standing of his customer, and the cost of getting the goods through the custom house on the other side.

It is because the merchant undertakes all these matters, which are generally regarded as being outside the province of the manufacturers, that so many of the

latter are content to leave the whole of their foreign business in their hands. The merchant, in short, absolutely controls the trade, and in many cases sells goods under his own mark so that the goodwill in the business belongs to him, and he can leave a manufacturer whenever he pleases and supply his requirements from another, perhaps not even in the same country.

In the alternative course, the manufacturer who wishes to control his own business, and to be the real proprietor of the goodwill in it, must make arrangements to do direct trade. If he is the maker of goods which can be branded his problem is very much simplified. His first business in that case is to register his trade mark in the country in which he wishes to sell goods, and this is not by any means so simple a matter as it might appear. The only satisfactory plan is to get the best advice possible before taking any steps whatever. The mark once registered, the next question is that of making it known to the consumers and getting retailers to hold stock; the manufacturer must advertise his goods effectively, and have agents who will see that they are distributed.

In this work manufacturers' agents find their role. They undertake, for a consideration, to carry out the whole of this work, and very often it is found advantageous, especially for small firms, to utilize their services, which are not, of course, open to the objection that has been urged against the merchant system, because in pushing the sale of branded goods they are increasing the value of a goodwill which belongs to the manufacturer.

There is not the slightest doubt, that, wherever it is possible for a manufacturer to brand his goods and to register his trade mark, this is the best policy for him to adopt. Even the merchant will in such cases find himself compelled to give the manufacturer orders because he himself has received indents (foreign orders) from his customers which have specified his brand, and the merchant in such cases must either supply what is ordered or run the risk of offending the customer. A manufacturer who brands and advertises abroad is in the happy position of knowing that, no matter what happens, he controls his own goodwill, and no matter through what channel the business comes, eventually the order comes to him.

The Invisible Barrier

(Concluded from page 17.)

"Thank God I was in time to rid you of that villain." He clasped her hand in his.

"He is not dead?"

He shook his head.

"No, but I imagine he will not be in fighting trim for some time. You must leave here—you are no longer safe—"

He paused, feeling her searching gaze penetrating his own. Suddenly she laid her hand on his arm.

"Monsieur, why have you returned?"

His eyes met hers with a look so frank and open that her doubts were put to shame.

"Because I have proved myself after all unfit to compete with the Teuton in wiliness; for while I was having a glass of wine at a cabaret, your letter must have been stolen from the pocket of my coat. I re- turned to you to question you as to its import, whether it involved you in any way. I could curse myself for my stupidity. Feeling heated I had flung my coat over the back of my chair."

"But the pass?" she questioned, breathlessly.

"Still safe, thank God. They did not discover its hiding place."

"Ah. He had no proof then. It was only supposition, as I thought. He sought to persuade me, that you were not what you seemed."

He seized her hand eagerly.

"But you trusted me?"

Her glance fell before his.

"Yes—then for one minute I

doubted—the world seemed to turn dark."

"You doubted me?" His voice held a suggestion of reproach. "Yet after all you did not even know my name. You knew me as de Brisay, instead of Carlton—Neville Carlton, of the XVIIth Lancers at your service." He made her a little bow, with a touch of boyish bravado in his smile; then his manner changed suddenly. "Madame, you must leave here. Now is the time to-night, while the fight is still on—we will fly together."

In her eyes was a great yearning, but she put her hands on his shoulders and searched his face tenderly.

"Would you have me desert my post?"

"My dearest, I love you." He caught her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers. "Can you not do greater things for France beyond the lines?"

"While other women daily risk their lives by staying at their posts, shall I do less? Do I not owe something mon ami, to the wounded soldiers—French soldiers who will be brought in here to-morrow?"

"Madame, I salute you." He drew himself up. "You are even more magnificent than I thought you. But I am selfish—I want one little word for myself—when we meet again. Is it asking too much?"

As his gaze met hers full of tenderness, with a look that asked for forgiveness, she put the letter in his hand.

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"We might say that we are heartily in sympathy with the opinion expressed in your letter regarding the education of the Canadian people to the reading of their own journals. We find every day that this not only applies to journals but to ALL LINES OF MERCHANDISE. However, we trust that the Canadian people will wake up soon to the fact that just as good things can be produced in their own country as in other countries. We are only too glad to do what we can to further purely Canadian interests and you may count on our co-operation."

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Canadian Woman's Press Club

(Continued from page 13.)

UNDER the direction of Mr. C. W. Stokes, of the Publicity Department of the C. P. R., the members of the Calgary Club made a trip to Lake Louise, where they were the guests of the Railway Company. Riding, climbing, walking, boating, and all the beauties of this matchless mountain resort, were enjoyed to the full by the visitors.

Mrs. Juan Blewett, like many other literary workers, is devoting her talents as a writer and as a speaker to the cause of the Empire. She has written a series of articles for Everywoman's World, on An Economist in

War Times, also on What the Wife Does to Help in War Times. She has written six war poems which will appear in the new book of verse which is to be published by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, this autumn. One of her stories is entitled, The Littlest Refugee, and all these creations from her fertile brain and facile pen, with the forty-seven lectures delivered since August, 1914, have been freely offered by her in aid of patriotic work.

Mrs. J. F. Price, Editor of the Woman's Page of the Western Standard, and President of the Calgary Club, has

moved to Edmonton, where her husband is Sporting and Dramatic Editor of The Bulletin. The Club presented Mrs. Price with a brooch of gold set with a diamond and pearls.

Miss E. Cora Hind, the Commercial Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, and Miss Katherine Stinson, the renowned aviatrix, were recently the guests of the Edmonton Press Club, at a luncheon in the Macdonald Hotel. Miss Stinson, who is only twenty years of age, has trained fifty Canadian soldiers in her school of aviation in Texas.

The latest members of the Dominion Press Club are Mrs. Arthur J. Cherry, "La Cerise," of the Toronto Star Weekly; Mrs. I. Carley, of the Daily

Times-Journal, Fort William; Mrs. Helen A. Brigham, of the North Battleford Optimist; and Mrs. Emma L. Dunn, of the Canada Law Book Co., Toronto.

Mrs. F. S. Ruttan (Dorothy Dale), of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, is doing special literary work in England.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck), President of the C. W. P. C., has been appointed a magistrate for the city of Edmonton, and Judge of the Juvenile Court, having special jurisdiction over the cases of women and girls.

The election of officers for the Ottawa Women's Press Club resulted as follows: President, Mrs. M. E. Edwards Cole, 587 McLaren Street; vice-



GROUP TAKEN AT MACDONALD HOTEL, EDMONTON, JULY.

Centre (left to right): Miss Katherine Stinson, American aviator, who trained 60 Canadians for Overseas Service; Miss E. Cora Hind, Commercial Editor of Winnipeg Free Press.

Back row (left to right): Mrs. J. F. Price, Western Standard, Calgary; Miss Edna Kells, Edmonton Journal; Mrs. George B. O'Connor; Miss Maud McKenney, Edmonton Bulletin; Mrs. Ambrose Dickins, Dominion Secretary; Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Dominion President, and Mrs. J. W. Stark.

president, Miss E. J. McManus, 568 Somerset Street; secretary, Miss M. M. Murphy, the Evening Journal; treasurer, Mrs. E. C. Connell, 522 Gladstone Avenue.

The activities of the Club are to be entirely journalistic. The last meeting was held on the second Saturday in June, and took the form of a luncheon.

* * *

Miss Margaret Bell Saunders is now in London writing for the English and Canadian periodicals and assisting Mrs. Agar Adamson at the headquarters of the Belgian Canal Boat Association.

Club, who has been in England in order to be near her husband, Lieut.-Col. F. Minden Cole, has been seriously injured in an automobile accident.

* * *

Miss Margaret Bell Saunders is now in London writing for the English and Canadian periodicals and assisting Mrs. Agar Adamson at the headquarters of the Belgian Canal Boat Association.

President he would make for the United States.

* * *

Too Far.—The mother had reached for the boy and her slipper at the same time. Action was imminent.

"Please, mother, don't proceed to the extremities," pleaded the over-educated imp.

WAR NOTES.

So frequent have the flag days become that most of us would now gladly waive them.

Britain now has women boot-blacks for war time. At last is the sex at our feet.

Many captured German soldiers are found to be wearing amulets. The only charms they possess, of course.

Austrian official statements admit that the Russians have had "some" success. To properly read this, put a heavy accent on the "some."

We expect almost any day now to hear of some of our ultra-patriots refusing to take a Turkish bath on the ground that it is trading with the enemy.

Wonder how that new German Food Dictator is getting along with the Prussian Diet?

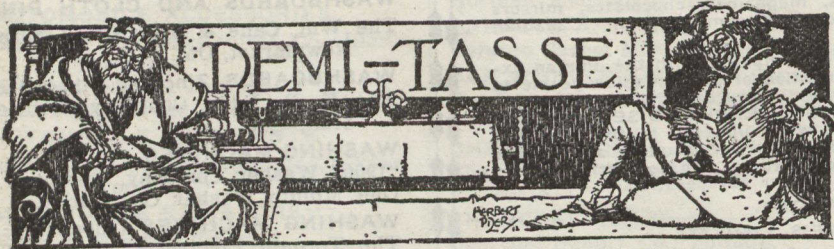
Many women are now working farms in Britain and Canada. This condition of affairs is no doubt due to the lack of husband men at home.

In Stageland.

Little kicks to skyward,
Little prances gay
Never mean much talent
But—they bring the pay.

* * *

The Difference.—The main difference between charity and philanthropy is that the latter can afford to have a press agent.



Courierettes.

GERMANY now proposes to use barley to make bread instead of beer. War is teaching wisdom to the Huns.

Those people who are so keen to re-organize the British Empire would do well to help save it first.

We read that the hayseel type of farmer is a thing of the past. In other words the type has gone to seed.

Prohibition in Scotland is said by the authorities to be impracticable. It needed no prophetic gifts to come to that conclusion.

San Francisco is to double its size by taking in adjacent towns. It may be bigger, but will it be better?

London, Ont., has been complaining of a scarcity of water. Is it not thankful that this is not September?

Britain's new license laws seem to provide for stronger restrictions and weaker whiskey.

In Germany absolute proof that clothing is needed must be given before purchase. At that rate some of the girls in Canadian cities should find it easy to get new outfits.

Woodrow Wilson pulled a surprise on Mexico by using a machine gun instead of his favourite trusty typewriter.

Here's a professor who has been explaining why women talk more than men. It isn't a reason we want—it's an antidote.

A German widow got 9 months in jail for proposing to a Russian prisoner. We must commend the Huns for protecting their prisoners.

Politicians and editors deplore the imminent shortage of pulp. Why not let them use their heads?

M. Venizelos, the Greek statesman, is said to be able to write with both hands at the same time. What a fine

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

The Girl:

I have lately graduated from the Cram-'em Jam-'em College,
My head is filled with various varieties of knowledge;
I have swallowed all the wisdom of the ages that are past,
I have studied all the oracles of custom, creed and caste,
I am versed in all the sciences, I know them like a book.

The Man:

But tell me, pretty maiden, can you cook?

The Girl:

On matters geographical my knowledge is so wide,
That I can tell the influence of moonlight on the tide;
From Greenland's coral mountains to India's icy strand
I know the names of rocks and rills in every foreign land,
I know the ancient empires, old Carthage, Greece and Rome,

The Man:

But tell me, pretty maiden, can you make a happy home?

The Girl:

Old Euclid's propositions, I have mastered one and all,
Triangles, squares, lines, bases, definitions great and small,
The gnarled and knotted problems of Arithmetic I solve,
By the use of Algebraic terms and all that they involve;
Of rules on mathematics there are none I do not know

The Man:

But tell me, pretty maiden, are you sure that you can sew?

The Girl:

The secrets of astronomy have been revealed to me,
The shining constellations now possess no mystery,
For I can tell you easily the names of every star,
And I also can inform you just how far away they are;
All knowledge that I haven't got I'm sure is simply bosh,

The Man:

But tell me, pretty maiden, did you ever learn to wash?

The Girl:

I am learned in all the classics of the centuries of yore,
The world's great master-pieces I can quote them by the score—
Anacreon, Plato, Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Voltaire,
I know them all from first to last; I can tell you when and where,
And my knowledge firmly rooted, I am sure will never shake—

The Man:

But tell me, are your biscuits like those Mother used to make?

The Girl:

I'm also an athletic girl, I've muscle like a man,
I've a scarlet coat for golfing and my cheeks and boots are tan;
In basket ball and tennis I was champion at school,
And beside the ping-pong table I am always quick and cool,
I'm at home when in the saddle; I can fence and I can box,

The Man:

But tell me, pretty maiden, can you mend a fellow's socks?

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CHESS

Conducted by Malcolm Sim

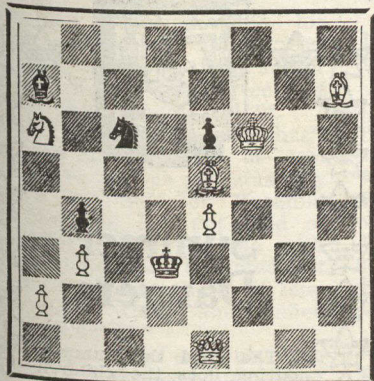
Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 61, by Frank Janet, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

(After M. Sim.)

Specially contributed to The Courier.

Black—Five Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 62, by Karel Traxler.

Aftonbladet, 1901.

White: K at KBsq; Q at KKT4; R at QKt4; B at KR3; P at Q4.
Black: K at Q4; Kt at K8; Ps at Q2, Q3, K2 and KB7.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 56, by A. Ellerman.

1. K—B3, KxR; 2. K—K4 mate.
1., K—Q4; 2. K—B4 mate.
1., BxR 2. Q—B5 mate.
1., threat; 2. Q—Q4 mate.

Problem No. 57, by F. F. Togstad.

1. K—Kt4, R—Kt5ch; 2. B—B4dis.ch, K any; 3. QxKBP or Kt5 mate.
1., RxKt; 2. Q—Kt5ch, K—K3; 3. PxR=Kkt mate.
1., BxKt7; 2. Q—Kt5ch, KxKt; 3. QxBP mate.
1., KxKt; 2. Q—B4ch, K—Q2; 3. Q—B6 mate.
1., B—Kt5q; 2. KtxPch, K—Ksq; 3. Q—Kt5 mate.
1., threat; 2. Q—Kt5ch; KxKt; 3. Q—B6 mate.

PROMOTION TASK.

The following task-problem is the first accurate achievement of four distinct variations from the promotion of a single Black Pawn on one square.

By O. Wurzburg.

Norwich Mercury, 8 April, 1913.

White: K at KKTsq; Q at QR4; Bs at QKt4 and Q3; Kts at Qsq and KB2; Ps at QKt6, QB6 and Q7.

Black: K at K8; Q at QR8; R at QKt8; B at QB8; Ps at QR7, QKt6, QKt7, QB7, Q7, K7 and KB6. Mate in four.

1. B—Kt5, KPxKt=Q; 2. Q—R8, Q—K7; 3. Q—K8, etc. 1., KPxKt=R; 2. K—R2, KxKt; 3. B—B5ch, etc. 1., KPxKt=B; 2. QxKtP, B—K7; 3. QxBP, etc. 1., KPxKt=Kt; 2. Kt—Q3ch, K—K7; 3. Kt—K5ch, etc.

Solver's Ladder.

Second Week.

	No. 54.	No. 55.	Total.
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	32
J. R. Ballantyne	2	3	26
R. G. Hunter	0	0	24
R. A. Leduc	2	0	19
P. W. Pearson	2	3	10
J. Kay	2	3	10

Comments.

No. 54. Rather easy, but theme is good. Faulkner.

CHESS AMONG THE ENEMY.

It is only natural that games played in Germany just now should but rarely find their way within the precincts of the British Empire. The following pretty game, however, from the British Chess Magazine Annual, which publication in turn culls it from the "Tidskrift for Schack" (Stockholm), deserves quotation. It was played not long ago in Munich. The notes except (a) and (c) are our own.

Four Knights' Game.

White.	Black.
Prof. Thoma.	Dr. Tarrasch.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. B—B4	3. Kt—B3
4. Kt—B3	4. B—B4
5. Castles	5. P—Q3
6. P—KR3	6. P—KR3 (a)
7. P—Q3	7. P—Kt4!
8. Kt—R2	8. P—Kt5
9. PxP	9. R—Kt5sq

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 10. B—K3 | 10. KtxKtP |
| 11. BxB | 11. PxB |
| 12. Q—B3 | 12. Q—K2 |
| 13. Kt—Q5 | 13. KtxKt |
| 14. KxKt (b) | 14. Q—R5ch |
| 15. K—Ktsq | 15. Kt—Q5 |
| 16. Q—R5! | 16. B—R6! (c) |
| 17. KtxPch | 17. K—Q2 |
| 18. QxPch | 18. K—B3 |
| 19. Q—Q5ch | 19. KxKt |
| 20. QxKPch | 20. K—Kt3 |
| 21. Q—Q6ch | 21. Kt—B3 |
| 22. BxR | 22. RxB |
| 23. P—Kt3 | 23. Q—R4 |
| 24. P—KB3 (d) | 24. R—Kt3 |
| 25. Q—B4 | 25. BxR (e) |
| 26. RxB | 26. Q—R6 |
| 27. P—Kt4 | 27. Kt—Q5 |
| 28. R—B2 (f) | 28. KtxPch |
| 29. RxKt | 29. RxPch |
| 30. K—B2 | 30. RxQ |

(a) This manoeuvre is bad for White, but good for Black, because the latter does not intend to castle.

(b) If 14. KtxQ, then 14., KtxQch; 15. K—Rsq, KxKt; 16. PxKt, Kt—Q5; 17. R—Kt5sq, B—R6, with a winning attack.

(c) Of course, if 16., QxQ, then 17. Kt—B6ch, etc. But Black turns the tables with his sixteenth move, for if 17. QxQ, then 17., Kt—B6ch and mates next move.

(d) If 24. Q—B4, then 24., Kt—Q5 admits of no reply.

(e) Not 25., Kt—Q5; 26. R—B2.

(f) If 28. Q—B7, then 28., R—Kt4; 29. Q—B6ch, K—Kt4 and Black threatens to win the Queen by Q—Kt6ch; Q—R5ch and RxPch. If, to meet this, White plays 30. Q—B8! then follows 30., P—KR4; 31. Q—R6 (if 31. Q—K8ch, K—R3!); Q—Kt6ch; 32. K—Rsq, Kt—K7 threatening mate at R6. An interesting position.

If 29. QxKt, then of course 29., RxPch also wins the Queen. A fine game by Dr. Tarrasch.

END-GAME NO. 12.

Author unknown.

White: K at KKT6; R at K2; Kt at KKT5. Black: K at KKTsq; R at KB8. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. R—K3! R—B7!; 2. R—Ksq! R—B5 (a); 3. R—QRsq, R—B7 (b); 4. Kt—K4 (c), R—Kt7ch; 5. K—B6 (d), K—Rsq (e); 6. R—R3 (f), R—Kt8!; 7. R—R2, R—Kt5; 8. Kt—Kt5! R—B5ch; 9. K—Kt6, K—Kt5sq; 10. Kt—K6, R—Kt5ch; 11. K—B6, K—Rsq!; 12. K—B7, R—KR5; 13. K—Kt6, R—Kt5ch; 14. Kt—Kt5 (g).

(a) Having forced the Black Rook thus, White can move his Rook from the King's file without fear of the escape by K—Bsq. Black could not have moved his King, nor the Rook from the Bishop's file, without being mated quickly; and if 1., R—Bsq; 2. Kt—R7, R—Rsq; 3. R—K7 with 4. Kt—B6ch and mate in view.

(b) The only move on the board.

(c) This shows the necessity of White's third move. Black must now check, as White threatens mate in three by 1. R—R8ch.

(d) White now threatens 6. R—R8ch; 7. Kt—Kt5ch, etc.

(e) In order to make room for the R at Ktsq. If 5., K—R2; 6. Kt—Kt5ch wins at once.

(f) White now forces the R to Kt5, by which he gains time shortly, as will be seen.

Had Black played 9., R—Bsq, then would have followed 10. Kt—B7ch; 11. Kt—R6ch; 12. R—R7.

(g) A fine and valuable study, where quiet, combinative strategy is paramount.

Definitions.

- Good—we.
- Bad—they.
- Right—what we do.
- Wrong—what they do.
- Salary—our wages.
- Wages—their salary.
- Reputation—that which we are unable to live up to.
- Income—that which we are unable to live down to.

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THE LADY OF THE TOWER

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CHAPTER XVI.

Wilson Polgleaze "Comes Again."

CONSTERNATION prevailed at St. Runan's Tower. No sooner had Marigold Craze sought the protection of its young mistress than the other refugee whom the two ladies were sheltering mysteriously vanished. The hour and the manner of his going could not be ascertained, but the fact that he was missing was clearly established on the evening of the day after Marigold's arrival.

He did not put in an appearance at breakfast, but little importance was attached to that. The boy was in the habit of absenting himself from meals, subsisting on stray viands which he had saved, and camping out in one of the outbuildings or shutting himself up in his turret room. Mrs. Pengarvan, firm in her belief that Billy was a sort of mascot, who would prove to be their salvation, had worried about these absences at first, but as he always turned up with a grin in an hour or two she had become reconciled to his impish ways. She knew that he was terrified of his grim father, and that he would not be likely to go beyond the grounds.

This time, however, by the time dusk fell he had not turned up, and a search was instituted inside and outside the house. He was nowhere to be found, and at a hasty conference it was decided that he must either have left voluntarily, for some utterly inexplicable reason, or that he had fallen over the precipice on to the rocks below. Timothy Pascoe, despatched by Hilda with a lantern, quickly returned with the news that there was no trace of the lad on the beach, and the anxious women had to be content with the surmise that he had gone away of his own accord.

Marigold was greatly distressed, and would not be comforted till on the following morning Pascoe had made cautious inquiries in the cove, and had satisfied himself that Billy had not fallen into the clutches of Nathan Craze. The messenger brought back the intelligence, gleaned among the neighbours, that the fisherman had not been at home for two nights. He was supposed to be scouring the country in search of his daughter, who had not been seen in the cove for two days.

"Their tongues are fair wagging," Timothy concluded his report. "Lucky there ain't many of 'em to wag. Mrs. Penolva says Nathan has been acting like a mazed man this week past, though that's nothing new to them ones down along."

Hilda did her best to comfort Marigold with assurances of her own safety, and with the confident prediction that nothing serious could have happened to a boy of her brother's resource, but his unaccountable absence lay heavy on all the dwellers in the lonely house till on the third day something happened which gave the brave Lady of the Tower a burden more terrible than all these mutterings of the storm which had lurked on the horizon so long.

Mr. Wilson Polgleaze fulfilled the threat that he "would come again and speak with his own voice."

The noisy hooter of his brand new car announced his arrival just as the ladies had finished their frugal lunch. Mrs. Pengarvan was for refusing him admission, but Hilda took a contrary view. So long as she was mistress of the Tower she clung desperately to the hope that something might occur to prevent Trehawke's impending foreclosure—some flaw in the title deeds, or possibly a dispute between the solicitor and his client—which should defer the evil day when she should be driven from the last vestige of her ancient patrimony. It would be better to see the visitor, she insisted, and learn his business.

By HEADON HILL

So Martha Pascoe was bidden to show him into the faded drawing-room, and Hilda and Mrs. Pengarvan went in together. From the young man's manner as they entered it was evident that he did not come in amity. War was to be declared at last, and Hilda hailed the signs of it with relief. Anything, almost, would be better than the suspense and the veiled threats of the last few weeks. If it was to be a fight to a finish let the battle be joined at once.

Wilson did not offer to shake hands. "I, I say," he began rudely, "my call was for Miss Carlyon. I didn't reckon on having to tackle the two of you."

"Then you had better go, sir," Hilda eyed him with disdain. "This, I presume, is a business interview. Mrs. Pengarvan is fully acquainted with all my affairs. As I should consult her on any proposals you may wish to make before coming to a decision on them it will save time if she is present. In any case I decline to receive you alone."

Polgleaze shot a venomous glance at the proud young speaker. "Oh, all right," he said after a moment's pause. "After all I've got the whip hand of the old cat as well as the kitten. Let her stay and face the music, though I can promise you she won't like the tune. I am not whining and beating about the bush to-day, Miss Hilda Carlyon. You used the word proposal. It's a very good word. It is what I am here for, in your beggarly house, that'll be sold over your head, maybe, before many weeks are over. Will you marry me and save the old ruin? It shan't be a ruin any longer if you'll be Mrs. Wilson Polgleaze. I'll rebuild the Tower. Damme, and I'll take the name of Carlyon if you like. Then it'll all be as you were."

HILDA took a step towards the bell. She would have summoned Timothy Pascoe to throw her insulter out of doors, but Mrs. Pengarvan's restraining arm prevented her.

"Better hear his alternative, dear," the elder woman pleaded. "He is sure to have one. Curs of that breed don't bark except over stolen bones. Let us see what bone he has stolen and how."

Polgleaze laughed boisterously. "I made no error in having you stay, old lady," he declared. "I ought to have known you'd be on my side, though you do show a chap the rough side of your tongue." Then he turned to Hilda. "She calls it an alternative," he said. "That is a bit of a jaw-breaker, but I guess I know what she means—that you will be up against something nasty if I don't get my way. Here it is. Take it or leave it. If you don't agree I'll chuck the fat in the fire, and a fine old blaze there'll be. Lance Pengarvan killed my father. I've got evidence to prove it. I came out to make this bargain the night the 'Lodestar' sailed, only I didn't expect to find him at the Tower. And then he knocked me out before I could have my say."

Though both devoted women had for weeks been vaguely conscious of the peril overshadowing their absent loved one, and though in a way this direct accusation came as a relief, they could only stare speechlessly at the repellent, dissolute face of their persecutor.

"It's your own fault that I acted like this," he continued. "I courted you fair and square, as a gentleman should, but you treated me like dirt—you can't deny it. Now which is it to be? Let Lance Pengarvan hang, or stay at St. Runan's as Mrs. Wilson Polgleaze?"

White to the lips through the tan

of her weather-beaten face, Mrs. Pengarvan stepped forward.

"You seem to forget," she said in a voice that for all her effort at control shook a little, "that, assuming your vile charge to be true, you would be an accessory to my son's crime by having concealed your knowledge."

Polgleaze closed one of his blood-shot eyes with an assumption of cunning. "Who said anything about knowledge?" he retorted. "I only said that I had evidence to prove that Lance killed my old dad, and I can also prove that I gave Superintendent Grylls a straight tip, which, if he wasn't a thick-skulled fool, would have enabled him to get the evidence for himself. I don't say that I couldn't have made it plainer if I had wanted him to act at once, or that I didn't rely on his being as blind as a daylight owl. But I told him so at to make myself as safe as a church—don't you make any mistake. All I've got to do is to poke him up again, and tell him another little point that I'd forgotten at our first interview, and it'll be a sure thing for Master Lance at the next Bodmin Assizes."

The mother and sweetheart of the threatened man glanced at each other. They had grown calmer during the fit of vain-glorious boasting, and the same inspiration had come to them simultaneously. At a nod from Hilda, Mrs. Pengarvan put it into words.

"Granted that you can dodge one felony," she said, "how do you propose to escape the consequences of the other?"

"Which one?" demanded Polgleaze with an impudent leer.

"Marrying Miss Carlyon when you were married last January to a girl whom we know very well, and who is still alive," Mrs. Pengarvan replied with a sinking at her heart. For the scoundrel's manner told her that the shaft had missed its mark.

"So that is to be the game, my gentle ladies," he sneered. "You think you've got a pull over me because of some lying story that jade, Marigold Craze, has stuffed you with. Well, I give you warning, if you try to defeat justice by bringing that against me you'll burn your fingers worse than ever. There'll be a conspiracy charge for St. Runan's Tower to meet, as well as one of murder. I never married Marigold, nor ever meant to, and she knows it as well as I do."

"But you pretended to marry her by a mock ceremony," Hilda threw herself into the breach, staking her last card on gaining an admission that should give her some power over this man. She reckoned without appreciating the lengths to which perjury, backed by an equally unscrupulous accomplice, could carry such as he.

"My dear girl, I don't want to be rude to the lady who is going to be my wife, but if you really believe that story it is high time I took you in hand," was the outrageous answer. "You mustn't allow yourself to be imposed on by the attempt of a light-of-love wench to whitewash herself. There isn't a word of truth in what Marigold Craze says, and I'll defy her to prove it. You wouldn't have listened to such piffle if you hadn't wanted a chance to blacken me. I'll meet your accusations fair and square all along the line directly you're fool enough to make them. They won't count for much after Lance Pengarvan has been locked up for murder, as he will be within an hour of his reaching port. And he'll be home quicker than you are reckoning on."

THE Lady of the Tower drew herself up, and at the same time moved a little away, as from a reptile she would have spurned.

"Go!" she insisted. "Not another word, but go—before I call my servant to do things to you which I shall regret."

But when the motor-car had snorted its clumsy way out of the drive, Hilda



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lung herself on Mrs. Pengarvan's broad bosom in a passion of tears. And Lance's mother knew that if the sacrifice was necessary the proud girl was prepared to make it for the man she loved.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rogues in Council.

MR. SIMON TREHAWKE ordered his starveling clerk to dust a chair for his principal client, who had just been ushered into the mouldy office.

"And if anyone calls say I'm not in," he added.

Wilson Polgleaze hardly waited till they were alone. "I have been to The Tower and sprung my terms on her ladyship," he began. "She tried a bluff—two bluffs, in fact—but I can see I've fair got her on toast. She'll have me rather than let Lance Pengarvan swing."

The crippled attorney eyed his visitor with calculating shrewdness. "You are a little anxious about one or both of those bluffs—want to consult me about it?" he suggested slyly.

"Well, yes, you old wizard—that's about the size of it. One of 'em doesn't count, so long as you stand by me. They've got hold of Marigold Craze, or Marigold has got hold of them, and they threatened me with that little marriage scene we acted last January. I simply laughed at 'em, denied the whole thing, and defied them to get evidence."

"A sound position to take up," the lawyer rubbed his skinny hands. "And the other, and as I assume, more serious bluff? I frankly confess I do not like the term in connection with such a very charming young lady."

"Cut all that out, you old ghoul," rejoined Wilson rudely. "I want you to advise me—not to pull my leg. It has to do with the dad's death, and—well—I'm on rather ticklish ground there."

"Ah!" And Mr. Trehawke's exclamation was little more than a sigh. Whether it was the brevity or the tone of it was not clear, but it stung the client into sudden fury.

"What the h—ll do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing; nothing at all. Except that I am interested to learn how that sad event into a weapon of defence against you. I should have thought that her relations with Captain Pengarvan would have induced reticence on that painful subject."

Wilson Polgleaze regarded his legal adviser with a scowling scrutiny, and absolving him of hidden meanings allowed himself to be pacified. "So it ought to have, but women are all fools," he assented. "It wasn't Miss Carlyon, but Mrs. Pengarvan, who raised that point. She said that I should be accessory to the—er—the murder, because I hadn't produced my evidence sooner. I turned it off all right, but it seemed a nasty one. I don't want to stand in the dock alongside Lance Pengarvan—if it comes to having him run in."

Trehawke laughed as genially as it was possible to him. "Like dancing on hot bricks, isn't it?" he said. "I can advise you better when I know exactly how you stand with Grylls. The Superintendent isn't quite the semi-paternal pantaloons he poses for. He's got a bit up his sleeve."

"I readied him to the rights—the very next day," Wilson replied eagerly. "I told him about my finding Pengarvan at The Tower, engaged in making a contraband shipment, when he ought to have been miles away at sea—enough, I should have thought, to give him a straight clue. With a little sense he ought to see that Pengarvan had plenty of motive to kill dad, if the old man had got wind of the game he was up to. Dad probably had. He line Grylls should take is that when Pengarvan called at the office before sailing, dad taxed him with it and sacked him. Then Master Lance did him in, see?"

"A plausible theory," Trehawke admitted, stroking his ill-shaven chin. "But you have sailed perilously near the wind, sir, in keeping it back from the Super. However, it's not too late to rectify the omission. My advice is to go to Grylls, and tell him that this

has just occurred to you. That ought to put you right in case it's necessary to proceed to extremities with Captain Pengarvan."

"It won't come to that," chuckled Polgleaze. "Miss Hilda will climb down sure enough, but I wanted to be on the safe side. It wouldn't suit me, or you either, to be cross-examined by some young spark in wig and gown over the mud that would be raked up."

"An unpleasant process," the attorney assented dryly. "More so for you than for me, I expect, seeing how you've been in the public eye, while I have always hid my light under a bushel. But see here, sir, we mustn't forget the weak spot in your armour. From what you told me the other day, I understand that you had a cable saying 'The Lodestar' had been searched at sea and no arms found on her. That does away with the motive you attribute to Pengarvan."

"He must have chucked them overboard when the Guyacan gunboat tackled him," said Polgleaze.

"Very probably, but where's your proof of his having done so? No, as it stands, I doubt if Grylls would move in the matter. Can't you find a paper in your father's handwriting which would be evidence that he had discovered Pengarvan's game? You needn't show it to Grylls yet. Fill him up with your theory as aforesaid, and keep the documentary evidence in case it's wanted."

Wilson Polgleaze regarded his legal adviser with a cunning and admiring grin. "My Jeminy, Simon," he chuckled, "but you're a sharp old file. Yes, I think I can find that paper. My dad's fist wasn't a hard one to copy, and I've got a sort of hereditary turn for holding the pen the same way. Thanks, Trehawke, you've given me just the tips I wanted."

"There's one thing more," the lawyer arrested his client's eager departure. "There wouldn't be any harm in showing that little paper to the Ladies at The Tower quite soon. You want to marry the girl, and we both want to keep the late lamented Mr. Polgleaze's death out of the courts."

"I see what you mean. It will just crush the last resistance out of her." With which Wilson Polgleaze rushed out of the shabby office for the nearest of his many "houses of call." He had put in a good morning's work, and he needed a drink badly. Somehow in these days of his prosperity he needed a good many more than formerly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Trouble.

THE day after the visit of Wilson Polgleaze to St. Ruman's Tower, the ladies received confirmation of one of the statements in the form of a letter from Lance. It had been written from Santa Barbara a week after the arrival of "The Lodestar," and it announced the failure of the secret enterprise, owing to the suspected treachery of Wilson Polgleaze, and mentioned the recall of the steamer before the completion of her voyage to other ports. There was no allusion in it to the murder of Jacob Polgleaze or to the death in battle of Antonio Diaz, of which at the time of writing Lance had not been informed.

The dominant note of the letter was burning indignation against Wilson Polgleaze, penned with all the young sailor's wealth of denunciation, and with many expressions such as "getting square on the cur."

The outstanding feature of the communication, which the writer's mother and sweetheart read with mingled joy and dismay, was that as the mail steamer did not leave Santa Barbara for another ten days, and had many West Indian ports to call at, he would be home about a week after the receipt of his letter. His orders were to sail direct for Falmouth as soon as he had discharged his cargo, and, allowing for the slower speed of "The Lodestar," he thought he had calculated his arrival correctly.

"We shall need all our courage, dear," said Mrs. Pengarvan as she folded up the letter when Hilda had read it. "But every line of that, and every line that's left out of it, proclaims my boy's innocence of what that crawling toad insinuated."

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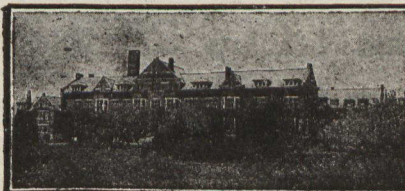
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"Of course!" Hilda declared. "How could anything written by Lance proclaim anything else? It is strange, though, that he does not even mention the death of old Mr. Polgleaze. One would have thought that the news would have been cabled to the agents at Santa Barbara."

"Probably an underhand trick of Wilson's, so as to take my son unaware if he dares to bring that absurd charge against him," Mrs. Pengarvan shrewdly explained the omission.

Four days passed slowly at the wind-swept house on the headland, the two ladies nerving themselves bravely for the ordeal that was nearing them with every pulse of "The Lodestar's" screw. In those dark hours Marigold Craze, to whom they gave their fullest confidence, was of the greatest comfort to them, though sorely distressed by the uncertainty about Billy. Timothy Pascoe, the silent and reliable, had been down to the cove every day, but only to return without news of the boy. The one fact he was able to establish was that Nathan Craze had abandoned the search for his daughter and was again morosely tending his lobster-pots.

On the fifth day from the receipt of Lance's letter, Hilda took to spending most of her time at the big mulioned window of the dining-room, through which had been hoisted the arm chests now reposing at the bottom of the sea. Lance had written that he was to be expected a week after the arrival of his letter, but there was a chance that the plucky old tramp steamer would beat her own plodding records on this homeward voyage, and Hilda had a half morbid longing to catch a first glimpse of the white-ringed funnel that would herald her lover's return. She had watched for it and seen it many times, always hitherto with a glad hope of happy meeting. That hope was present still, but to it was joined a sickly fear.

She was sitting at the window, focusing her glasses on every vessel that passed up channel, when Martha Pascoe brought her a letter bearing the Falmouth post-mark. St. Runan's Tower was like a beleaguered fortress, all its denizens having knowledge of the trouble that menaced its commander. The good creature would have voiced her sympathy, but something in her young mistress' face checked the outburst, and Martha stole silently out of the room.

THE letter was from Wilson Polgleaze, dated the previous day. After stating that the writer did not intend to subject himself to further insult by presenting himself at The Tower till he was sent for, it proceeded in the following atrocious terms:—

"And you will send for me fast enough when you have read this letter, and the copy of another which I append overleaf. The original was found yesterday by the charwoman who was clearing out my late father's office, and being in the poor old man's handwriting it confirms the evidence imparted to Superintendent Grylls some weeks ago. After seeing this fresh proof of motive he would have no option but to arrest Pengarvan directly he reaches port, but I am withholding it from him to the last moment, so as to give you a chance to change your mind. This I will tell you straight—that if I haven't heard from you when 'The Lodestar' is signalled off the harbour I shall take the original of the appended copy to the police station, and the Captain will be arrested when he steps ashore."

Hilda raised her dry, indignant eyes, and unconsciously swept the expanse of sea as if in apprehension that the white-ringed funnel had hove in sight. Nothing met her gaze but a fleet of trawlers and a smudge of smoke on the horizon. Bracing herself for the ordeal, she turned the leaf and read the alleged copy, which ran:—

"Sir,—This is to give you formal notice that you are hereby summarily dismissed from the employment of Polgleaze and Son. You will proceed on board your ship, and hand over the command to the mate. Having done so, you can return to the office, when a cheque will be handed to you for your services to date. If you feel yourself aggrieved you have your legal

remedy, and as I wish to put no unfair obstacle in your way I hereby state my reason for your dismissal. It has come to my knowledge that you intend to use my ship 'The Lodestar,' for defrauding the firm and contravening the neutrality laws by carrying a contraband cargo to be picked up off St. Runan's Cove.

"Yours faithfully,
"Jacob Polgleaze."

Hilda did weep from that blow. She flung the letter aside as though brushing off some poisonous insect that had stung her. Without for a moment losing faith in Lance's innocence she realized that he was in very real danger now, and she took up the loathsome thing and read it through again. The hateful words told only too plainly that her lover was in the mesh of some combination of maleficent circumstances from which somehow he must be saved.

Her first impulse was to run with the letter to Mrs. Pengarvan, but she checked it and sat down again. It would be beyond the wit of that good motherly woman to devise any way out of the difficulty which she could not think of herself, and the only one which occurred to her would certainly not win Mrs. Pengarvan's approval, even for the sake of saving Lance. No, in future she would be denied the consolation of sharing her trouble with her old friend. She would have to go on to the bitter end, bearing her cross alone.

This last blow came near to crushing her. The terrible significance of the dead man's letter as a weapon against her lover was patent enough. The world would say—especially would the police say—that Lance on being handed his formal dismissal by Jacob Polgleaze had struck the old man down. She did not for an instant believe that he had done so, but she could not see how it was to be disproved. And, shuddering, she remembered that often in the annals of crime the innocent had suffered for the guilty.

So with dull eyes she sat and brooded, and then suddenly her unseeing gaze over the heaving waters became fixed and concentrated. The smudge of smoke on the horizon had, during her distraction, come much nearer. It was almost opposite the window now, and she could see the hull of the steamer that gave it birth. With a catch in her breath she snatched up the binoculars. Yes, it was "The Lodestar," toiling up channel for her home port, and bearing her young commander to the grip of his enemy.

With a long sigh she put down the glasses, and went over to her writing-table. Finding a telegraph form and addressing it to Wilson Polgleaze, she wrote quickly:—

"Must see you at once. Will accede to your terms in exchange for the original of your father's letter. Bring it with you."

"And I will shoot myself on the day I keep my compact," she murmured as she rang for Timothy to take the message to the post-office two miles away.

CHAPTER XIX.

What the Mail-Driver Found.

FOR the first time in her life Hilda was ill at ease with Mrs. Pengarvan when they met at luncheon. For the first time in her life she had a secret from the kindly woman who had been a second mother to her, who was the mother of the man she loved.

Up to a certain point they talked freely enough—of the passing of "The Lodestar," and of the dark menace that hung over "The Lodestar's" captain. But of the graver peril fore-shadowed by the infamous letter of Wilson Polgleaze, and of the desperate step she had taken to prevent it, Hilda dropped no hint. Devoted as was the staunch Cornish lady to her son, she would have had no counter-ance for the girl's grim scheme for saving him.

But, apart from that added load to Hilda's burden, there was plenty to discuss in this sad advent of one whose previous home-comings had been so many bright milestones on the long road of uneventful existence at

the eyrie on the cliff. Would Wilson Polgleaze carry out the threats which to the elder woman were still vague and more or less unreal, though to Hilda so terribly magnified by that morning's message from the old ship-owner's grave? Would Lance reach home that night? Or would something hinder him? The two poor souls tried to talk, as they so often had before, after seeing "The Lodestar" go by, about the duties that might keep their boy from them till the morrow. But each knew what was in the mind of the other, or thought she did. And at any rate Hilda knew.

The afternoon was a nightmare of suspense for both of them. Mrs. Pengarvan had only one calculation to make—how soon would Lance arrive at St. Runan's Tower if nothing occurred at Falmouth to stop him. Hilda had a more complex sum to do and it was concerned rather with the arrival of Wilson Polgleaze with the incriminating letter than with the exact time at which Lance would reach them. Would her persecutor have received her telegram in time to draw him off before the steamer was signalled? And if so, what was the earliest moment when the hated screech of his motor car could be heard in the drive?

WITH a man of his erratic habits it was impossible to form any correct estimate of time or distance. He might have been out when her telegram was delivered, foregathering with his cronies in one of his haunts; or he might have had early news of the approach of the steamer and put his threat into operation before the receipt of her summons. But, supposing there was no untoward hitch, she could not see how he could reach The Tower till four o'clock in the afternoon at the soonest.

But that hour passed, and there was no sign of the visitor, whom Hilda, while loathing him so bitterly, so greatly desired to see. And four more hours had dragged by, each one adding to her dread that the worst had happened, and that her telegram had either been disregarded or had miscarried, when far off the hum of a motor sounded on the still evening air. It had been dark for some time, and Hilda and Mrs. Pengarvan were sitting in the hall, where Marigold Craze had been invited to join them. Pale as a ghost, Hilda went to the front door, the other two following her movements anxiously.

"Surely it isn't that wretch from Falmouth," said Mrs. Pengarvan, who knew nothing of Hilda's invitation to Wilson Polgleaze.

"Listen, dear!" breathed the girl at the door, and a hush fell on the raftered chamber, broken only by the rapidly nearing throb of the petrol-driven engine. With straining ears the three women heard it breast the shoulder of the hill, and turn in at the entrance gates.

"It isn't a car at all; I think it's a motor-cycle," said Hilda with a startled sob. "Oh, what can it mean—a messenger to say that Lance has been arrested?"

But it was Lance himself who, fifty seconds later, dismounted at the door and took his mother and sweetheart by turns to his arms. Though it was the first time he had ever kissed her openly Hilda yielded to his embrace as a matter of course. For a while the two women hung round him lovingly, making much of him with incoherent laughter and tears. Then he shook himself free.

"I suppose you know there's trouble," he said, and stopped short, seeing Marigold standing shyly in the background.

"Yes, my son, we know, and Marigold is sharing it with us," Mrs. Pengarvan reassured him. "You can speak before her, and we will tell you our part afterwards. Did anything happen when you reached port?"

(To be continued.)

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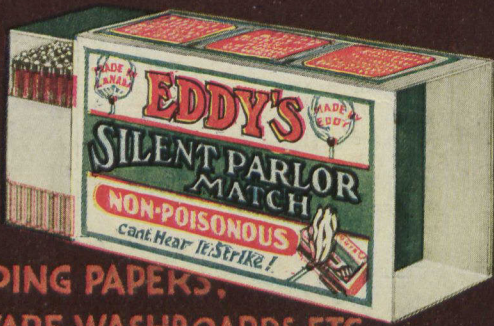
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