

# CANADIAN COURIER

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FIVE CENTS

January 5, 1918

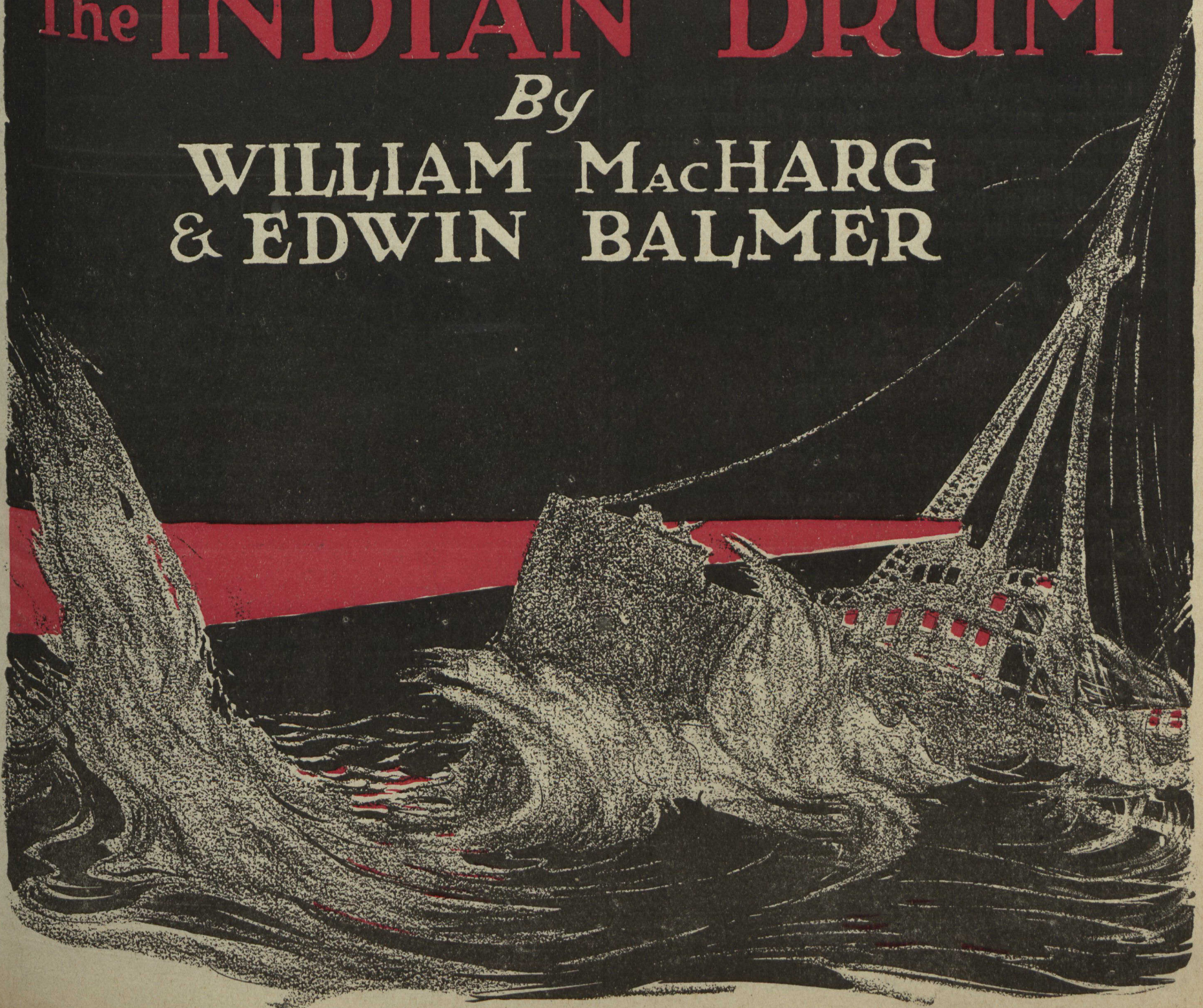
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By

WILLIAM MACHARG  
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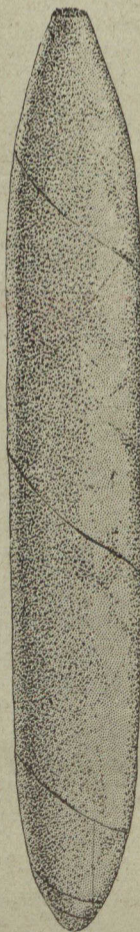
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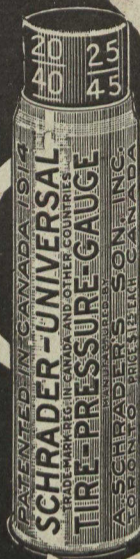
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# CANADIAN COURIER

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

*AS you are a consistent reader of the Canadian Courier, you will naturally read this page about ourselves. You can get the point of this article best by remembering what we said last week about the 50,000 people plan. But even without that you will be interested in the problem of how reaching this 50,000 subscribers on competitive terms by means of a paper like this, is scheduled to cost us \$15,000 a year more than the same paper would if printed in Buffalo or Detroit, Boston or Seattle.*

## More Factors in Our Problem

**K**EEPING more than 50,000 readers on our list is the contract we set out to solve last week—without increasing the cost to the subscriber. We told you about the contradiction in terms of lowering the price of the Canadian Courier when the price of everything, including our own raw material, was steadily going up. We told you of the no-tariff handicap whereby the U. S. publisher gets his raw material paper—his white stock—32 1-2 per cent. cheaper than we do. We made it quite clear that the production of a weekly paper in this country carrying illustrations in line and half-tone was very largely a matter of the cost of the white paper. And as this issue goes to press we are one week nearer to the day when the paper manufacturer will raise the price of the stock we are now using.

If this paper were printed in Buffalo or Detroit its cost of production would be considerably lower by reason of the lower cost of just about everything in the shape of material that goes into the paper. The cost of labor alone would be no less. But the paper—here is the phase of the handicap that strikes us with the most deliberate and decisive force! We can't evade it. The case must be stated in the language suitable to it—Dollars.

Now, if we could buy book paper in Canada as cheap as publishers can get it in Buffalo or Detroit, how much difference do you suppose it would make in a year's run of the Canadian Courier at our present circulation and size? This is the kind of question people often ask when they know very well you can't come within fifty per cent. of an accurate guess. Nevertheless, we like to ask it, because we think it is an interesting question for somebody to answer.

Nowadays we challenge the cost of everything. If the price to us is too much more than the cost, we suspect somebody of profiteering. Gentle reader, you cannot flatter us into that class. There is no danger. And if there should be, the fact that we take you into our confidence should make you rest easy.

Cost of paper stock to the publisher depends, of course, as any one knows, upon the quantity used.

That, again, comes out to two factors; the number of issues printed in a year and the size of the average issue in number and area of pages. First of all, notice that we print a large page about twice the size of a standard magazine. Hence more reading area per page. In the second place, we print 52 issues a year. In the third place we print about 1,500 pages a year. Each subscriber gets 1,500 pages. If you had all these pages in one volume it would be considerably thicker than any family Bible. Canadian monthlies run about 700 pages a year, of equal size to Canadian Courier pages. This alone makes the problem of white paper-cost more serious to us by a ratio of over 2 to 1.

But that is only the beginning. The factor we have not stated will at once occur to you! The number of people to whom we send 1,500 pages a year. It is now 50,000. When you multiply 50,000 into the other factor you will be prepared to know that the difference in cost of white paper—taking book paper as the medium—if we printed the Canadian Courier in the United States—would be

### FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.

To a multi-millionaire this would be a mere bagatelle. To hard-working publishers it is a case for a pencil and a pad of note paper. How are we to get this paper out on the stock we should like to use, without charging you more for the paper?

Obviously running back over the other cost factors you would say—the only way we could possibly do it would be to decrease the actual number of tons of paper used in a year. That could be done by any one of three ways,

- Fewer pages per issue;
- Smaller sized pages;
- Fewer copies printed per week.

The first we pass over, as you would; the second is as much out of the question; the third—

Well, we have already intimated that we intend to keep on our list more than 50,000 people; so that item settles itself.

Is there any other way? There is. What it is we shall tell you next week. For the present—so far so good.

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The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited  
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# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 6  
JANUARY 5, 1918

## THE INDIAN DRUM

by  
William MacHarg & Edwin Balmer  
Illustrated by T.W. McLean

*We guarantee that every member of the family will have a good reason for wanting the next instalment of this story---The Editor*

**N**EAR the northern end of Lake Michigan, where the bluff-bowed ore-carriers and the big, low-lying, wheat-laden steel freighters from Lake Superior push out from the Straits of Mackinac and dispute the right of way, in the island divided channel, with the white-and-gold, electric lighted, wireless equipped passenger steamers bound for Detroit and Buffalo, there is a copse of pine and hemlock back from the shingly beach. From this copse—dark, blue, primeval, silent at most times as when the Great Manitou ruled his inland waters—there comes at times of storm a sound like the booming of an old Indian drum. This drum beat, so the tradition says, whenever the lake took a life; and, as a sign perhaps that it is still the Manitou who rules the waters in spite of all the commerce of the cities, the drum still beats its roll for every ship lost on the lake, one beat for every life.

So—men say—they heard and counted the beatings of the drum to thirty-five upon the hour when, as afterward they learned, the great steel steamer Wenota sank with twenty-four of its crew and eleven passengers; so—men say—they heard the requiem of the five who went down with the schooner Grant; and of the seventeen lost with the Susan Hart; and so of a score of ships more. Once only, it is told, has the drum counted wrong.

At the height of the great storm of December, 1895, the drum beat the roll of a sinking ship. One, two, three—the hearers counted the drum beats, time and again, in their intermitted booming, to twenty-four. They waited, therefore, for report of a ship lost with twenty-four lives; no such news came. The new steel freighter Miwaki, on her maiden trip during the storm with twenty-five—not twenty-four—aboard never made her port; no news was ever heard from her; no wreckage ever was found. On this account, throughout the families whose fathers, brothers, and sons were the officers and crew of the Miwaka, there stirred for a time a desperate belief that one of the men on the Miwaka was saved; that somewhere, somehow, he was alive and might return. The day of the destruction of the Miwaka was fixed as December fifth by the time at which she passed the government lookout at the Straits; the hour was fixed as five o'clock in the morning only by the sounding of the drum.

The region, filled with Indian legend and with memories of wrecks, encourages such beliefs as this. To northward and to westward a half dozen warning lights—l'le-aux-Galets ("Skilligalee" the lake men call it), Waugaushance, Beaver, and Fox Islands—

gleam spectrally where the bone-white shingle outcrops above the water, or blur ghostlike in the haze; on the dark knolls topping the glistening sand bluffs to northward, Chippewas and Ottawas, a century and a half ago, quarreled over the prisoners after the massacre at Fort Mackinac; to southward, where other hills frown down upon Little Traverse Bay, the black-robed priests in their chapel chant the same masses their predecessors chanted to the Indians of that time. So, whatever may be the origin of that drum, its meaning is not questioned by the forlorn descendants of those Indians, who now make beadwork and sweet-grass baskets for their summer trade, or by the more credulous of the white fishermen and farmers; men whose word on any other subject would receive unquestioning credence will tell you they have heard the drum.

But at bottom, of course, this is only the absurdest of superstitions, which can affect in no way men who to-day ship ore in steel bottoms to the mills of Gary and carry gasoline-engine reaped and threshed wheat to the elevators of Chicago. It is recorded, therefore, only as a superstition which for twenty years has been connected with the loss of a great ship.

### THE MAN WHOM THE STORM HAUNTED

**S**TORM—the stinging, frozen sleet-slash of the February norther whistling down the floe-jammed length of the lake—was assaulting Chicago. Over the lake it was a white, whirling maelstrom, obscuring at mid-afternoon even the lighthouses at the harbor entrance; beyond that, the winter boats trying for the harbor mouth were bellowing blindly at bay before the jammed ice, and foghorns and sirens echoed loudly in the city in the lulls of the storm.

Battering against the fronts of the row of club buildings, fashionable hotels, and shops which face across the narrow strip of park to the lake front in downtown Chicago, the gale swirled and eddied the sleet till all the wide windows, warm within, were frosted. So heavy was this frost on the panes of the Fort Dearborn Club—one of the staidest of the downtown clubs for men—that the great log fires blazing on the open hearths added appreciable light as well as warmth to the rooms.

The few members present at this hour of the afternoon showed by their lazy attitudes and the desultoriness of their conversation the dulling of vitality which warmth and shelter bring on a day of cold and storm. On one, however, the storm had had a

contrary effect. With swift, uneven steps he paced now one room, now another; from time to time he stopped abruptly by a window, scraped from it with finger nail the frost, stared out for an instant through the little opening he had made, then resumed as abruptly his nervous pacing with a manner so uneasy and distraught that, since his arrival at the club an hour before, none even among those who knew him best had ventured to speak to him.

There are, in every great city, a few individuals who, from their fullness of experience in an epoch of the city's life come to epitomize that epoch in the general mind; when one thinks of a city or of a section of the country in more personal terms than its square miles, its towering buildings, and its censused millions, one must think of those individuals. Almost every great industry owns one and seldom more than one; that often enough is not, in a money sense, the predominant figure of his industry; others of his rivals or even of his partners may be actually more powerful than he; but he is the personality; he represents to the outsiders the romance and mystery of the secrets and early, naked adventures of the great achievement. Thus, to think of the great mercantile establishments of State Street is to think immediately of one man; another very vivid and picturesque personality stands for the stockyards; another rises from the wheat pit; one more from the banks; one from the steel works. The man who was pacing restlessly and alone the rooms of the Fort Dearborn Club on this stormy afternoon was the man who, to most people, bodied forth the life underlying all other commerce thereabouts but the least known, the life of the lakes.

The lakes, which mark unmistakably those who get their living from them, had put their marks on him. Though he was slight in frame with a spare, almost ascetic leanness, he had the wiry strength and endurance of the man whose youth had been passed upon the water. He was very close to sixty now, but his thick, straight hair was still jet black except for a slash of pure white above one temple; his brows were black above his deep blue eyes. Unforgettable eyes, they were; they gazed at one directly with surprising, disconcerting intrusion into one's thoughts; then, before amazement altered to resentment, one realized that, though he was still gazing, his eyes were vacant with speculation—a strange, lonely withdrawal into himself. His acquaintance, in explaining him to strangers, said he had lived too much by himself of late; he and

one man servant shared the great house which had been unchanged—and in which nothing appeared to have been worn out or have needed replacing—since his wife left him, suddenly and unaccountably, about twenty years before. At that time he had looked much the same as now; since then, the white slash upon his temple had grown a bit broader perhaps; his nose had become a trifle aquiline, his chin more sensitive, his well formed hands a little more slender. People said he looked more French, referring to his father, who was known to have been a skin-hunter north of Lake Superior in the 50's, but who later married an English girl at Mackinac and settled down to become a trader in the woods of the North Peninsula, where Benjamin Corvet was born.

During his boyhood, men came to the peninsula to cut timber; young Corvet worked with them and began building ships. Thirty-five years ago, he had been only one of the hundreds with his fortune in the fate of a single bottom; but to-day in Cleveland, in Duluth, in Chicago, more than a score of great steamers under the names of various interdependent companies were owned or controlled by him and his two partners, Sherrill and young Spearman.

He was a quiet, gentle-mannered man. At times, however, he suffered from fits of intense irritability, and these of late had increased in frequency and violence. It had been noticed that these outbursts occurred generally at times of storm upon the lake, but the mere threat of financial loss through the destruction of one or even more of his ships was not now enough to cause them; it was believed that they were the result of some obscure physical reaction to the storm, and that this had grown upon him as he grew older.

To-day his irritability was so marked, his uneasiness so much greater than any one had seen it before, that the attendant whom Corvet had sent, a half hour earlier, to reserve his usual table for him in the grill—"the table by the second window"—had started away without daring to ask whether the table was to be set for one or more. Corvet himself had corrected the omission: "For two," he had shot after the man. Now, as his uneven footsteps carried him to the door of the grill, and he went in, the steward, who had started forward at sight of him, suddenly stopped, and the waiter assigned to his table stood nervously uncertain, not knowing whether to give his customary greeting or to efface himself as much as possible.

The tables, at this hour, were all unoccupied. Corvet crossed to the one he had reserved and sat down; he turned immediately to the window at his side and scraped on it a little clear opening through which he could see the storm outside. Ten minutes later he looked up sharply but did not rise, as the man he had been awaiting—Spearman, the younger of his two partners—came in.

Spearman's first words, audible through the big room, made plain that he was late to an appointment asked by Corvet; his acknowledgment of this took the form of an apology, but one which, in tone different from Spearman's usual bluff, hearty manner, seemed almost contemptuous. He seated himself, his big, powerful hands clasped on the table, his gray eyes studying Corvet closely. As Corvet, without acknowledging the apology, took the pad and began to write an order for both, Spearman interfered; he had already lunched; he would take only a cigar. The waiter took the order and went away.

WHEN he returned, the two men were obviously in bitter quarrel. Corvet's tone, low pitched but violent, sounded steadily in the room, though his words were inaudible. The waiter, as he set the food upon the table, felt relief that Corvet's outburst had fallen on other shoulders than his.

It had fallen, in fact, upon the shoulders best able to bear it. Spearman—still called, though he was slightly over forty now, "young" Spearman—was the power in the great ship-owning company of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman. Corvet had withdrawn, during recent years, almost entirely from active life; some said the sorrow and mortification of his wife's leaving him had made him choose more and more the seclusion of his library in the big lonely house on the North Shore, and had given Spearman the chance to rise; but those most intimately acquainted with the affairs of the great ship-owning firm maintained

that Spearman's rise had not been granted him, but had been forced by Spearman himself. In any case, Spearman was not the one to accept Corvet's irritation meekly.

For nearly an hour, the quarrel continued with intermitted truces of silence. The waiter, listening, as waiters always do, caught at times single sentences.

"You have had the idea for some time?" he heard from Corvet.

"We have had an understanding for more than a month."

"How definite?"

Spearman's answer was not audible, but it more intensely agitated Corvet; his lips set; a hand which held his fork clasped and unclasped nervously; he dropped his fork and, after that, made no pretense of eating.

THE waiter, following this, caught only single words. "Sherrill"—that, of course, was the other partner. "Constance"—that was Sherrill's daughter. The other names he heard were names of ships. But, as the quarrel went on, the manners of the two men changed; Spearman, who at first had been assailed by Corvet, now was assailing him. Corvet sat back in his seat, while Spearman pulled at his cigar and now and then took it from his lips and gestured with it between his fingers, as he jerked some ejaculation across the table.

Corvet leaned over to the frosted window, as he had done when alone, and looked out. Spearman shot a comment which made Corvet wince and draw back



The two men were obviously in a bitter quarrel.

from the window; then Spearman rose. He delayed, standing, to light another cigar deliberately and with studied slowness. Corvet looked up at him once and asked a question, to which Spearman replied with a snap of the burnt match down on the table; he turned abruptly and strode from the room. Corvet sat motionless.

The revulsion to self-control, sometimes even to apology, which ordinarily followed Corvet's bursts of irritation had not come to him; his agitation plainly had increased. He pushed from him his uneaten luncheon and got up slowly. He went out to the coat room, where the attendant handed him his coat and hat. He hung the coat upon his arm. The doorman, acquainted with him for many years, ventured to suggest a cab. Corvet, staring strangely at him, shook his head.

"At least, sir," the man urged, "put on your coat." Corvet ignored him.

He winced as he stepped out into the smarting, blinding swirl of sleet, but his shrinking was not physical; it was mental, the unconscious reaction to some thought the storm called up. The hour was barely four o'clock, but so dark was it with the storm that the shop windows were lit; motorcars, slipping and skidding up the broad boulevard, with headlights burning, kept their signals clattering constantly to warn other drivers blinded by the snow. The sleet-swept sidewalks were almost deserted; here or there, before a hotel or one of the shops, a limousine came to the curb, and the passengers dashed swiftly across the walk to shelter.

Corvet, still carrying his coat upon his arm, turned northward along Michigan Avenue, facing into the gale. The sleet beat upon his face and lodged in the folds of his clothing without his heeding it.

Suddenly he aroused. "One—two—three—four!" he counted the long, booming blasts of a steam whistle. A steamer out on that snow-shrouded lake was in distress. The sound ceased, and the gale bore in only the ordinary storm and fog signals. Corvet recognized the foghorn at the lighthouse at the end of the government pier; the light, he knew, was turning white, red, white, red, white behind the curtain of sleet; other steam vessels, not in distress, blew their blasts; the long four of the steamer calling for help cut in again.

Corvet stopped, drew up his shoulders, and stood staring out toward the lake, as the signal blasts of distress boomed and boomed again. Color came now into his pale cheeks for an instant. A siren swelled and shrieked, died away wailing, shrieked louder and stopped; the four blasts blew again, and the siren wailed in answer.

A door opened behind Corvet; warm air rushed out, laden with sweet, heavy odors—chocolate and candy; girls' laughter, exaggerated exclamations, laughter again came with it; and two girls holding their muffs before their faces passed by.

"See you to-night, dear."

"Yes; I'll be there—if he comes."

"Oh, he'll come!"

They ran to different limousines, scurried in, and the cars swept off.

CORVET turned about to the tearoom from which they had come; he could see, as the door opened again, a dozen tables with their white cloths, shining silver, and steaming little porcelain pots; twenty or thirty girls and young women were refreshing themselves, pleasantly, after shopping or fittings or a concert; a few young men were sipping chocolate with them. The blast of the distress signal, the scream of the siren, must have come to them when the door was opened; but, if they heard it at all, they gave it no attention; the clatter and laughter and sipping of chocolate and tea was interrupted only by those who reached quickly for a shopping list or some filmy possession threatened by the draft. They were as oblivious to the lake in front of their windows, to the ship struggling for life in the storm, as though the snow were a screen which shut them into a distant world.

To Corvet, a lake man for forty years, there was nothing strange in this. Twenty miles, from north to south, the city—its business blocks, its hotels and restaurants, its homes—faced the water and, except where the piers formed the harbor, all unprotected water, an open sea where in times of storm ships sank and grounded, men fought for their lives against the elements and, losing, drowned and died; and Corvet was well aware that likely enough none of those in that tearoom or in that whole building knew what four long blasts meant when they were blown as they were now, or what the siren meant that answered. But now, as he listened to the blasts

which seemed to have grown more desperate, this profoundly affected Corvet. He moved once to stop one of the couples coming from the tearoom. They hesitated, as he stared at them; then, when they had passed him, they glanced back. Corvet shook himself together and went on.

He continued to go north. He had not seemed, in the beginning, to have made conscious choice of this direction; but now he was following it purposely. He stopped once at a shop which sold men's things to make a telephone call. He asked for Miss Sherrill when the number answered; but he did not wish to speak to her, he said; he wanted merely to be sure she would be there if he stopped in to see her in half an hour. Then—north again. He crossed the bridge. Now, fifteen minutes later, he came in sight of the lake once more.

Great houses, the Sherrill house among them, here face the Drive, the bridle path, the strip of park, and the wide stone esplanade which edges the lake. Corvet crossed to this esplanade. It was an ice-bank now; hummocks of snow and ice higher than a man's head shut off view of the fies tossing and crashing as far out as the blizzard let one see; but, dislodged and shaken by the buffeting of the floe, they let the gray water swell up from underneath and wash around his feet as he went on. He did not stop at the Sherrill house or look toward it, but went on fully a quarter of a mile beyond it; then he came back, and with an oddly strained and queer expression and attitude, he stood staring out into the lake. He could not hear the distress signals now.

Suddenly he turned. Constance Sherrill, seeing him from a window of her home, had caught a cape about her and run out to him.

"Uncle Benny!" she hailed him with the affectionate name she had used with her father's partner since she was a baby. "Uncle Benny, aren't you coming in?"

"Yes," he said vaguely. "Yes, of course." He made no move but remained staring at her. "Connie!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Connie! Dear little Connie!"

"Why?" she asked him. "Uncle Benny, what's the matter?"

He seemed to catch himself together. "There was a ship out there in trouble," he said in a quite different tone. "They aren't blowing any more; are they all right?"

"It was one of the M and D boats—the Louisiana, they told me. She went by here blowing for help, and I called up the office to find out. A tug and one other of their line got out to her; she had started a cylinder head bucking the ice and was taking in a little water. Uncle Benny, you must put on your coat."

She brushed the sleet from his shoulders and collar, and held the coat for him; he put it on obediently.

"Has Spearman been here to-day?" he asked, not looking at her.

"To see father?"

"No; to see you."

"No."

He seized her wrist. "Don't see him, when he comes!" he commanded.

"Uncle Benny!"

"Don't see him!" Corvet repeated. "He's asked you to marry him, hasn't he?"

Connie could not refuse the answer. "Yes."

"And you?"

"Why—why, Uncle Benny, I haven't answered him yet."

"Then don't—don't; do you understand, Connie?" She hesitated, frightened for him. "I'll—I'll tell you before I see him, if you want me to, Uncle Benny," she granted.

"But if you shouldn't be able to tell me then, Connie; if you shouldn't—want to then?" The humility of his look perplexed her; if he had been any other man—any man except Uncle Benny—she

would have thought some shameful and terrifying threat hung over him; but he broke off sharply. "I must go home," he said uncertainly. "I must go home; then I'll come back. Connie, you won't give him an answer till I come back, will you?"

"No." He got her promise, half frightened, half bewildered; then he turned at once and went swiftly away from her.

She ran back to the door of her father's house. From there she saw him reach the corner and turn



"I'll tell you before I see him, if you want me to, Uncle Benny."

west to go to Astor Street. He was walking rapidly and did not hesitate.

The trite truism which relates the inability of human beings to know the future, has a counterpart not so often mentioned: We do not always know our own past until the future has made plain what has happened to us. Constance Sherrill, at the close of this, the most important day in her life, did not know at all that it had been important to her. All she felt was a perplexed, but indefinite uneasiness about Uncle Benny. How strangely he had acted! Her uneasiness increased when the afternoon and evening passed without his coming back to see her as he had promised, but she reflected he had not set any definite time when she was to expect him. During the night her anxiety grew still greater; and in the morning she called his house up on the telephone, but the call was unanswered. An hour later, she called again; still getting no result, she called her father at his office, and told him of her anxiety about Uncle Benny, but without repeating what Uncle Benny had said to her or the promise she had made to him. Her father made light of her fears; Uncle Benny, he reminded her, often acted queerly in bad weather. Only partly reassured, she called Uncle Benny's house several more times during the morning, but still got no reply; and after luncheon she called her father again, to tell him that she had resolved to get some one to go over to the house with her.

Her father, to her surprise, forbade this rather sharply; his voice, she realized, was agitated and excited, and she asked him the reason; but instead of answering her, he made her repeat to him her

conversation of the afternoon before with Uncle Benny, and now he questioned her closely about it. But when she, in her turn, tried to question him, he merely put her off and told her not to worry. Later, when she called him again, resolved to make him tell her what was the matter, he had left the office.

In the later afternoon, as dusk was drawing into dark, she stood at the window, watching the storm, which still continued, with some one of those delusive hopes which come during anxiety that, because it was the time of day at which she had seen Uncle Benny walking by the lake the day before, she might see him there again, when she saw her father's motor approaching. It was coming from the north, not from the south as it would have been if he was coming from his office or his club, and it had turned into the drive from the west. She knew, therefore, that he was coming from Uncle Benny's house, and, as the car swerved and wheeled in, she ran out into the hall to meet him.

HE came in without taking off hat or coat; she could see that he was perturbed, greatly agitated.

"What is it, father?" she demanded. "What has happened?"

"I do not know, my dear."

"It is something—something that has happened to Uncle Benny?"

"I am afraid so, dear—yes. But I do not know what it is that has happened, or I would tell you."

He put his arm about her and drew her into a room opening off the hall—his study. He made her repeat again to him the conversation she had had with Uncle Benny and tell him how he had acted: but she saw that what she told him did not help him. He seemed to consider it carefully, but in the end to discard or disregard it.

Then he drew her toward him.

"Tell me, little daughter. You have been a great deal with Uncle Benny and have talked with him; I want you to think carefully. Did you ever hear him speak of any one called Alan Conrad?"

She thought. "No, father."

"No reference ever made by him at all to either name—Alan or Conrad?"

"No, father."

"No reference either to any one living in Kansas, or to a town there called Blue Rapids?"

"No father. Who is Alan Conrad?"

"I do not know, dear. I never heard the name until to-day, and Henry Spearman had never heard it. But it appears to be intimately connected in some way with what was troubling Uncle Benny yesterday. He wrote a letter yesterday to Alan Conrad in Blue Rapids and mailed it himself; and afterward he tried to get it back, but it already had been taken up and was on its way. I have not been able to learn anything more about the letter than that. He seems to have been excited and troubled all day; he talked queerly to you, and he quarreled with Henry, but apparently not about anything of importance. And to-day that name, Alan Conrad, came to me in quite another way, in a way which makes it certain that it is closely connected with whatever has happened to Uncle Benny. You are quite sure you never heard him mention it, dear?"

"Quite sure, father."

HE released her and, still in his hat and coat, went swiftly up the stairs. She ran after him and found him standing before a highboy in his dressing room. He unlocked a drawer in the highboy, and from within the drawer he took a key. Then, still disregarding her, he hurried back down-stairs.

As she followed him, she caught up a wrap and pulled it around her. He had told the motor, she realized now, to wait; but as he reached the door, he turned and stopped her.

"I would rather you did not come with me, little daughter. I do not know at all what it is that has happened—I will let you know as soon as I find out."

The finality in his tone stopped her from argument.

As the house door and then the door of the limousine closed after him, she went back toward the window, slowly taking off the wrap. She saw the motor shoot swiftly out upon the drive, turn northward in the way that it had come, and then turn again, and disappear. She could only stand and watch for it to come back and listen for the 'phone; for the moment she found it difficult to think. Something had happened to Uncle Benny, something terrible, dreadful for those who loved him; that was plain, though only the fact and not its nature was known to her or to her father; and that something was connected—intimately connected, her father had said—with a name which no one who knew Uncle Benny, ever had heard before, with the name of Alan Conrad of Blue Rapids, Kansas. Who was this Alan Conrad, and what could his connection be with Uncle Benny so to precipitate disaster upon him?

## CHAPTER II.

### Who is Alan Conrad?

THE recipient of the letter which Benjamin Corvet had written and later so excitedly attempted to recover, was asking himself a question which was almost the same as the question which Constance Sherrill had asked. He was, the second morning later, waiting for the first of the two daily eastbound trains which stopped at the little Kansas town of Blue Rapids which he called home. As long as he could look back into his life, the question, who is this person they call Alan Conrad, and what am I to the man who writes from Chicago, had been the paramount enigma of existence for him. Since he was now twenty-three, as nearly as he had been able to approximate it, and as distinct recollection of isolated extraordinary events went back to the time when he was five, it was quite eighteen years since he had first noticed the question put to the people who had him in charge: "So this is little Alan Conrad. Who is he?"

Undoubtedly the question had been asked in his presence before; certainly it was asked many times afterwards; but it was since that day when, on his noticing the absence of a birthday of his own, they had told him he was five, that he connected the evasion of the answer with the difference between himself and the other children he saw, and particularly between himself and the boy and girl in the same house with him. When visitors came from somewhere far off, no one of them ever looked surprised at seeing the other children or asked about them. Always, when some one came, it was, "So this is little Jim!" and "This is Betty; she's more of a Welton every day!" Then, each time with that change in the voice and in the look of the eyes and in the feel of the arms about him—for though Alan could not feel how the arms hugged Jim and Betty, he knew that for him it was quite different—"So this is Alan Conrad," or, "So this is the child!" or, "This, I suppose, is the boy I've heard about!"

However, there was a quite definite, if puzzling, advantage at times in being Alan Conrad. Following the arrival of certain letters, which were distinguished from most others arriving at the house by having no ink writing on the envelope but just a sort of purple or black printing like newspapers, Alan invariably received a dollar to spend just as he liked. To be sure, unless "papa" took him to town, there was nothing for him to spend it upon; so, likely enough, it went into the square iron bank, of which the key was lost; but quite often he did spend it according to plans agreed upon among all his friends and, in memory of these occasions and in anticipation of the next, "Alan's dollar" became a community institution among the children.

But exhilarating and wonderful as it was to be able of one's self to take three friends to the circus, or to be the purveyor of twenty whole packages—not sticks—of gum, yet the dollar really made only more plain the boy's difference. The regularity and certainty of its arrival as Alan's share of some larger sum of money which came to "papa" in the letter, never served to make the event ordinary or accepted.

"Who gives it to you, Alan?" was a question more often asked, as time went on. The only answer Alan could give was, "It comes from Chicago." The post-mark on the envelope, Alan noticed, was always Chicago; that was all he ever could find out about his dollar. He was about ten years old when, for a reason as inexplicable as the dollar's coming, the

letters with the typewritten addresses and the enclosed money ceased.

Except for the loss of the dollar at the end of every second month—a loss much discussed by all the children and not accepted as permanent till more than two years had passed—Alan felt no immediate results from the cessation of the letters from Chicago; and when the first effects appeared, Jim and Betty felt them quite as much as he. Papa and mamma felt them, too, when the farm had to be given up, and the family moved to the town, and papa went to work in the woollen mill beside the river.

Papa and mamma, at first surprised and dismayed by the stopping of the letters, still clung to the hope of the familiar, typewritten addressed envelope appearing again; but when, after two years, no more money came, resentment which had been steadily growing against the person who had sent the money began to turn against Alan; and his "parents" told him all they knew about him.

In 1896 they had noticed an advertisement for persons to care for a child; they had answered it to the office of the newspaper which printed it. In response to their letter a man called upon them and, after seeing them and going around to see their friends, had made arrangements with them to take a boy of three, who was in good health and came of good people. He paid in advance board for a year and agreed to send a certain amount every two months after that time. The man brought the boy, whom he called Alan Conrad, and left him. For seven years the money agreed upon came; now it had ceased, and papa had no way of finding the man—the name given by him appeared to be fictitious, and he had left no address except "general delivery, Chicago"—Papa knew nothing more than that. He had advertised in the Chicago papers after the money stopped coming, and he had communicated with every one named Conrad in or near Chicago, but he had learned nothing. Thus, at the age of thirteen, Alan definitely knew that what he already had guessed—the fact that he belonged somewhere else than in the little brown house—was all that any one there could tell him; and the knowledge gave persistence to many internal questionings. Where did he belong? Who was he? Who was the man who had brought him here? Had the money ceased coming because the person who sent it was dead? In that case, connection of Alan with the place where he belonged was permanently broken. Or would some other communication from that source reach him some time—if not money, then something else? Would he be sent for some day? He did not resent "papa and mamma's" new attitude of benefactors toward him; instead, loving them both because he had no one else to love, he sympathized with it. They had struggled hard to keep the farm. They had ambitions for Jim; they were scrimping and sparing now so that Jim could go to college, and whatever was given to Alan was taken away from Jim and diminished by just that much his opportunity.

But when Alan asked papa to get him a job in the woollen mill at the other side of town where papa worked in some humble and indefinite capacity, the request was refused. Thus, externally at least, Alan's learning the little that was known about himself made no change in his way of living; he went, as did Jim, to the town school, which combined grammar and high schools under one roof; and, as he grew older, he clerked—as Jim also did—in one of the town stores during vacations and in the evenings; the only difference was this: that Jim's money, so earned, was his own, but Alan carried his home as part payment of those arrears which had mounted up against him since the letters ceased coming. At seventeen, having finished high school, he was clerking officially in Merrill's general store, when the next letter came.

It was addressed this time not to papa, but to Alan Conrad. He seized it, tore it open, and a bank draft for fifteen hundred dollars fell out. There was no letter with the enclosure, no word of communication; just the draft to the order of Alan Conrad. Alan wrote the Chicago bank by which the draft had been issued; their reply showed that the draft had been purchased with currency, so there was no record of the identity of the person who had sent it. More than that amount was due for arrears for the

seven years during which no money was sent, even when the total which Alan had earned was deducted. So Alan merely endorsed the draft over to "father"; and that fall Jim went to college. But, when Jim discovered that it not only was possible but planned at the university for a boy to work his way through, Alan went also.

Four wonderful years followed. The family of a professor of physics, with whom he was brought in contact by his work outside of college, liked him and "took him up." He lodged finally in their house and became one of them. In companionship with these educated people, ideas and manners came to him which he could not have acquired at home; athletics straightened and added bearing to his muscular, well-formed body; his pleasant, strong young face acquired self-reliance and self-control. Life became filled with possibilities for himself which it had never held before.

But on his day of graduation he had to put away the enterprise he had planned and the dreams he dreamed and, conscious that his debt to father and mother still remained unpaid, he had returned to care for them; for father's health had failed and Jim, who had opened a law office in Kansas City, could do nothing to help.

No more money had followed the draft from Chicago and there had been no communication of any kind; but the receipt of so considerable a sum had revived and intensified all Alan's speculations about himself. The vague expectation of his childhood that sometime, in some way, he would be "sent for" had grown during the last six years to a definite belief. And now—on the afternoon before—the summons had come.

THIS time, as he tore open the envelope, he saw that besides a cheque, there was writing within—an uneven and nervous-looking but plainly legible communication in longhand. The letter made no explanation. It told him, rather than asked him, to come to Chicago, gave minute instructions for the journey, and advised him to telegraph when he started. The cheque was for a hundred dollars to pay his expenses. Cheque and letter were signed by a name completely strange to him.

He was a distinctly attractive looking lad, as he stood now on the station platform of the little town, while the eastbound train rumbled in, and he fingered in his pocket the letter from Chicago.

As the train came to a stop, he pushed his suitcase up on to a car platform and stood on the bottom step, looking back at the little town standing away from its railroad station among brown, treeless hills, now scantily snow-covered—the town which was the only home he ever consciously had known. His eyes dampened and he choked, as he looked at it and at the people on the station platform—the station-master, the drayman, the man from the post office who would receive the mail bag, people who called him by his first name, as he called them by theirs. He did not doubt at all that he would see the town and them again. The question was what he would be when he did see them. They and it would not be changed, but he would. As the train started, he picked up the suitcase and carried it into the second day-coach.

Finding a seat, at once he took the letter from his pocket and for the dozenth time reread it. Was Corvet a relative? Was he the man who had sent the remittances when Alan was a little boy, and the one who later had sent the fifteen hundred dollars? Or was he merely a go-between, perhaps a lawyer? There was no letter-head to give aid in these speculations. The address to which Alan was to come was in Astor Street. He had never heard the name of the street before. Was it a business street, Corvet's address in some great office building, perhaps?

He tried by repeating both names over and over to himself to arouse any obscure, obliterated childhood memory he might have had of them; but the repetition brought no result. Memory, when he stretched it back to its furthest, showed him only the Kansas prairie.

Late that afternoon he reached Kansas City, designated in the letter as the point where he would change cars. That night saw him in his train—a transcontinental with berths nearly all made up and people sleeping behind the curtains. Alan undressed and got into his berth, but he lay awake most of the night, excited and expectant. The late February



dawn showed him the rolling lands of Iowa which changed, while he was at breakfast in the dining car, to the snow-covered fields and farms of northern Illinois. Toward noon, he could see, as the train rounded curves, that the horizon to the east had taken on a murky look. Vast, vague, the shadow—the emanation of hundreds of thousands of chimneys—thickened and grew more definite as the train sped on; suburban villages began supplanting country towns; stations became more pretentious. They passed factories; then hundreds of acres of little houses of the factory workers in long rows; swiftly the buildings became larger, closer together; he had a vision of miles upon miles of streets, and the train rolled slowly into a long trainshed and stopped.

Alan, following the porter with his suitcase from the car, stepped down among the crowds hurrying to and from the trains. He was not confused, he was only intensely excited. Acting in implicit accord with the instructions of the letter, which he knew by heart, he went to the uniformed attendant and engaged a taxicab—itsself no small experience; there would be no one at the station to meet him, the letter had said. He gave the Astor Street address and got into the cab. Leaning forward in his seat, looking to the right and then to the left as he was driven through the city, his first sensation was only disappointment.

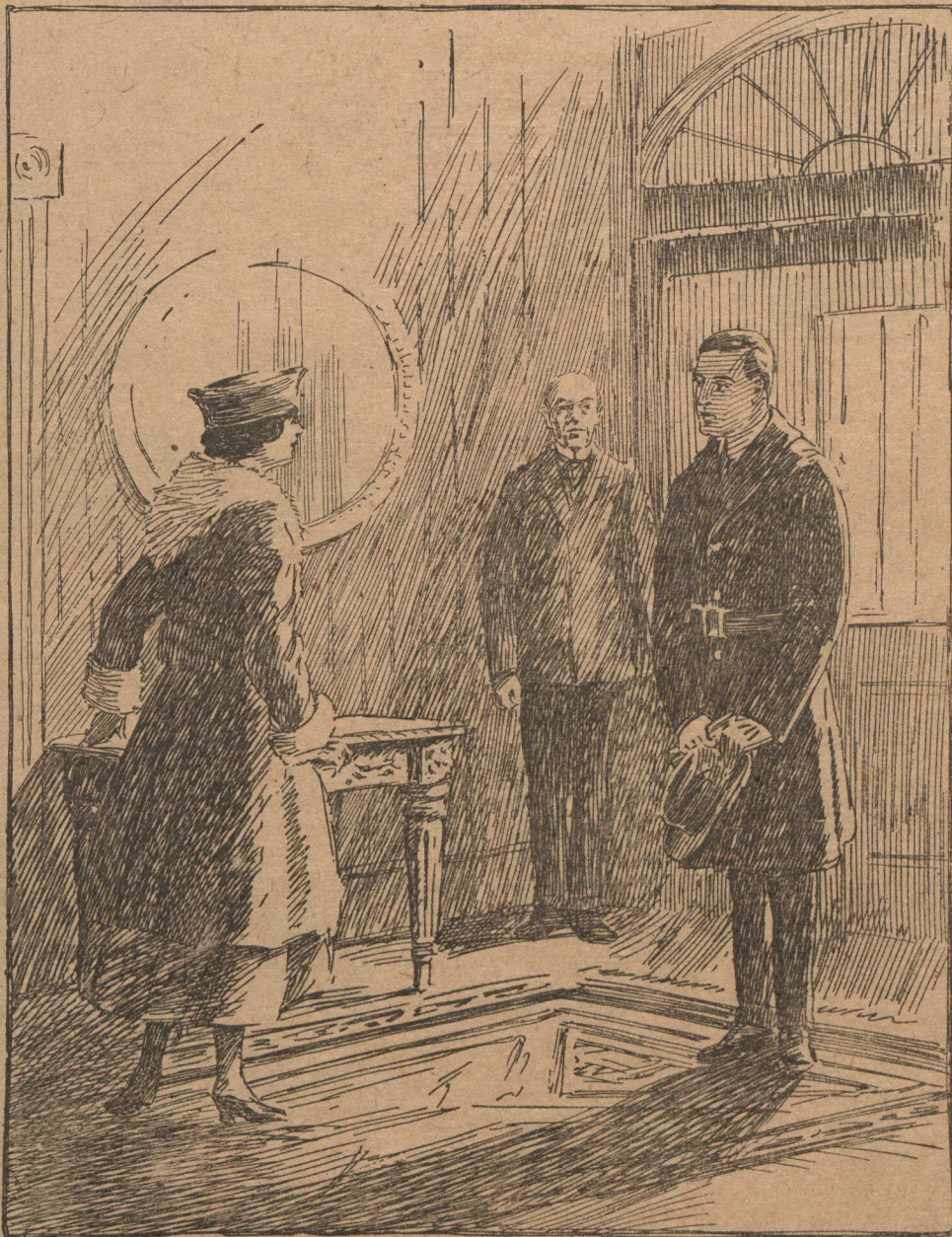
EXCEPT that it was larger, with more and bigger buildings and with more people upon its streets, Chicago apparently did not differ from Kansas City. If it was, in reality, the city of his birth, or if ever he had seen these streets before, they now aroused no memories in him.

It had begun to snow again. For a few blocks the taxicab drove north past more or less ordinary buildings, then turned east on a broad boulevard where tall tile and brick and stone structures towered till their roofs were hidden in the snowfall. The large, light flakes, falling lazily, were thick enough so that, when the taxicab swung to the north again, there seemed to Alan only a great vague void to his right. For the hundred yards which he could view clearly, the space appeared to be a park; now a huge granite building, guarded by stone lions, went by; then more park; but beyond—

A strange stir and tingle, quite distinct from the excitement of the arrival at the station, pricked in Alan's veins, and hastily he dropped the window to his right and gazed out again. The lake, as he had known since his geography days, lay to the east of Chicago; therefore that void out there beyond the park was the lake or, at least, the harbour. A different air seemed to come from it; sounds. . . . Suddenly it all was shut off; the taxicab, swerving a little, was dashing between business blocks; a row of buildings had risen again upon the right; they broke abruptly to show him a wooden-walled chasm in which flowed a river full of ice with a tug dropping its smokestack as it went below the bridge which the cab crossed; buildings on both sides again; then, to the right, a roaring, heaving, crashing expanse.

The sound, Alan knew, had been coming to him as an undertone for many minutes; now it overwhelmed, swallowed all other sound. It was great, not loud; all sound which Alan had heard before, except the sighing of the wind over his prairies, came from one point; even the monstrous city murmur was centered in comparison with this. Alan could see only a few hundred yards out over the water as the taxicab ran along the lake drive, but what was before him was the surf of a sea; that constant, never diminishing, never increasing roar

came from far beyond the shore; the surge and rise and fall and surge again were of a sea in motion. Floes floated, tossed up, tumbled, broke, and rose again with the rush of the surf; spray flew up between the floes; geysers spurted high into the air as the pressure of the water, bearing up against the ice, burst between two great ice-cakes before the waves crackled them and tumbled them over. And all was without wind; over the lake, as over the land, the soft snowflakes lazily floated down, scarcely stirred by the slightest breeze; that roar was the voice of the water, that awful power its own.



Alan stepped into the hall face to face with the girl.

Alan choked and gasped for breath, his pulses pounding in his throat; he had snatched off his hat and, leaning out of the window sucked the lake air into his lungs. There had been nothing to make him expect this overwhelming crush of feeling. The lake—he had thought of it, of course, as a great body of water, an interesting sight for a prairie boy to see; that was all. No physical experience in all his memory had affected him like this; and it was without warning; the strange thing that had stirred within him as the car brought him to the drive down-town was strengthened now a thousandfold; it amazed, half frightened, half dizzied him. Now, as the motor suddenly swung around a corner and shut the sight of the lake from him, Alan sat back breathless.

"Astor Street," he read the marker on the corner a block from the lake, and he bent quickly forward to look, as the car swung to the right into Astor Street. It was—as in this neighborhood it must be—a residence street of handsome mansions built close together. The car swerved to the east curb about the middle of the block and came to a stop. The house before which it had halted was a large stone house of quiet, good design; it was some generation older, apparently, than the houses on each side of it which were brick and terra cotta of recent, fashionable architecture; Alan only glanced at them long enough to get that impression before he opened

the cab door and got out; but as the cab drove away, he stood beside his suitcase looking up at the old house which bore the number given in Benjamin Corvet's letter, then around at the other houses and back to that again.

The neighbourhood obviously precluded the probability of Corvet's being merely a lawyer—a go-between. He must be some relative; the question ever present in Alan's thought since the receipt of the letter, but held in abeyance, as to the possibility and nearness of Corvet's relation to him, took sharper and more exact form now than he had dared to let it take before. Was his relationship to Corvet, perhaps, the closest of all relationships? Was Corvet his . . . father? He checked the question within himself, for the time had passed for mere speculation upon it now. Alan was trembling excitedly; for—whatever Corvet might be—the enigma of Alan's existence was going to be answered when he had entered that house. He was going to know who he was. All the possibilities, the responsibilities, the attachments, the opportunities, perhaps, of that person whom he was—but whom, as yet, he did not know—were before him.

HE half expected the heavy, glassless door at the top of the stone steps to be opened by some one coming out to greet him, as he took up his suitcase; but the gray house, like the brighter mansions on both sides of it, remained impassive. If any one in that house had observed his coming, no sign was given. He went up the steps and, with fingers excitedly unsteady, he pushed the bell beside the door.

The door opened almost instantly—so quickly after the ring, indeed, that Alan, with leaping throb of his heart, knew that some one must have been awaiting him. But the door opened only halfway, and the man who stood within, gazing out at Alan questioningly, was obviously a servant.

"What is it?" he asked, as Alan stood looking at him and past him to the narrow section of darkened hall which was in sight.

Alan put his hand over the letter in his pocket. "I've come to see Mr. Corvet," he said—"Mr. Benjamin Corvet."

"What is your name?"

Alan gave his name; the man repeated it after him, in the manner of a trained servant, quite without inflection. Alan, not familiar with such tones, waited uncertainly. So far as he could tell, the name was entirely strange to the servant, awaking neither welcome nor opposition, but indifference. The man stepped back, but not in such a manner as to invite Alan in; on the contrary, he half closed the door as he stepped back, leaving it open only an inch or two; but it was enough so that Alan heard him say to some one within:

"He says he's him."

"Ask him in; I will speak to him." It was a girl's voice—this second one, a voice such as Alan never had heard before. It was low and soft but quite clear and distinct, with youthful, impulsive modulations and the manner of accent which Alan knew must go with the sort of people who lived in houses like those on this street.

The servant, obeying the voice, returned and opened wide the door.

"Will you come in, sir?"

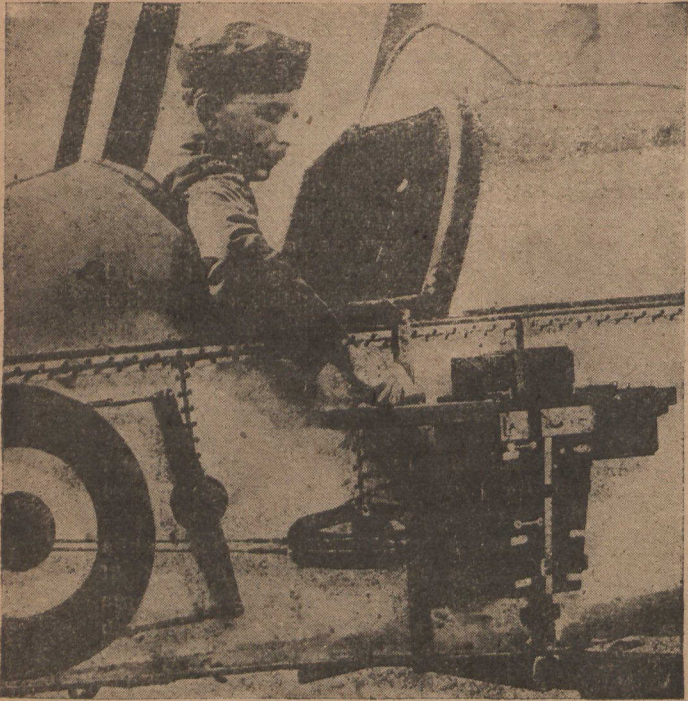
Alan put down his suitcase on the stone porch; the man made no move to pick it up and bring it in. Then Alan stepped into the hall face to face with the girl who had come from the big room on the right.

She was quite a young girl—not over twenty-one or twenty-two, Alan judged; like girls brought up in

(Continued on page 25.)

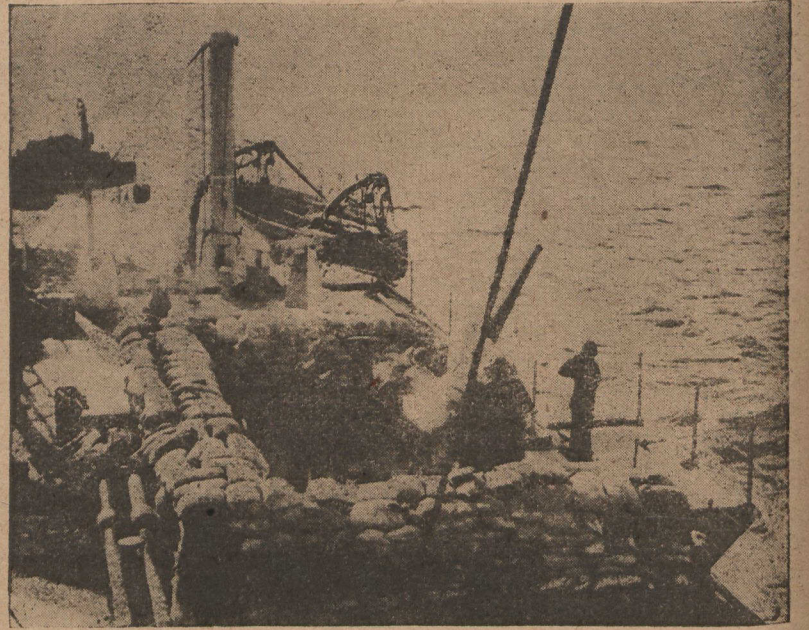
# REVERBERATIONS

*ON the whole this is about as noisy a page of pictures as you could find. There isn't a peaceful quiet spot in it anywhere, unless it's up around the camera on the airship. So New Year, 1918, starts off with a bang.*

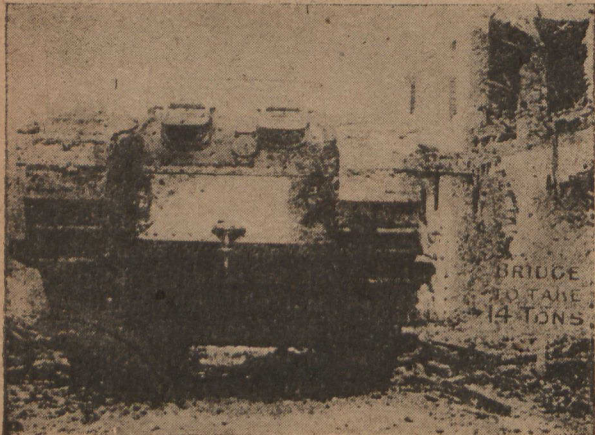


**A** SPIKED helmet does not always surmount a German. The motor-machine gun-men shown below have been out for scalps in a recent engagement. The scalps are the Boche helmets.

**A** CAMERA is as much a part of some aeroplanes as the engine is. A scouting war-plane needs two sets of eyes; one to steer by, the other to see what's going on—or not—below. The special kind of air-camera shown here is marvellously equipped for seeing below. It never requires a tripod, or the touch of a hand. It is fixed to the aeroplane, is always ready for action and is operated by either touching a button or pulling a string. The problem of focus never bothers the aero-camera-man. Everything is in focus that tells any story of what the enemy is doing. The war-plane photographer is not worried about art. He is auto-camouflage. "And things are not what they seem" is the motto hung invisibly upon the lens of every scouting camera in this war.



**S**AND-BAGS are used now on warships, not for ballast as may be supposed. This picture of a British Monitor in the Adriatic shows how useful these sand-bags really are. The ship's anti-aircraft guns are in action. The smoke of the guns still hangs about the vessel, which has been trying to get the range of the hostile aircraft before a bomb can be dropped on the decks.



**R**UMBLING across Uncle Sam's land from Warren, Ohio to the Atlantic seaboard comes a train of —what used to look like prairie schooners. They are war-trucks making the overland journey, photographed between Detroit and Lorain. This horseless caravan has struck every kind of bad going there is, but it keeps on coming, county by county, State by State; and the next time it forms up for a cross-country run this cavalcade of war-trucks will be in a country where the worst road in America will seem like a new motor highway. When those trucks strike Europe at a station called Tanktown they will begin to test out the great virtues of Uncle Sam's motor-engines.

**O**UR friend the tank is always good for a new studio picture. This boss of the road is never so much at home as when he has no road to go over. He is here seen shaking up what remains of a bombarded town.



**R**OADS at the front are the thing you go over to-day that this morning was either a blockade or a hole in the ground. The advance of an army no longer depends upon roads that somebody built in a time of peace. It depends upon getting over trenches and shell holes—bridges flung in an hour.



# MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Containing little stories of those who are cheerfully trying to help the world along—barring one, and he is a camoufleur. Then, there's Damascus, the home of the sword that was made before Siegfried came on the stage.



**H**IGH up among those who live by lying stands Von Kuehlmann, German Foreign Minister, who is the Kaiser's catspaw for arranging separate peace terms with Russia. This hypnotic from Berlin has recently been at Brest-Litovsk, the place where the Turk took the chair to preside over the Peace Conference whose cheerful outlines we read the day before Christmas. Of course Von Kuehlmann has a brain. And it is direct-connected up to Berlin, which is the great central cerebrum from which all Germany's actions are supposed to radiate. The terms with which Von Kuehlmann's Berlin-controlled brain has been loaded to explode by the time fuse ignited in the Wilhelmstrasse, are about as naively incredible as anything else that comes out of Germany. No, we fear that Mr. Von K's brain has the wrong load for the ideas of civilization.



**P**RINCE HENRY watches the great rugby struggle at Eton. Waterloo was said to have been won on the rugby fields of Eton. There are a few hundred Waterloos yet to win in Europe. The spirit of rugby is still the tone and temper of manly old England. War comes out in the last analysis to man-power. Even the Germans know that when they fetch back armies from the Russian front—where they don't play rugby.

**N**O necessity of waiting till the war is over to begin mending up the world. Miss Anne Morgan, head of the American Fund for French Wounded Reconstruction Unit, gives directions to a band of soldier workmen for the rebuilding of peasants' homes. This work is done under the French military authorities. Those who get back very little except the places where their homes used to be must be housed somehow as soon as possible.



**A**USTRALIA may roll up 175,000 majority against conscription, but the Anzacs marching behind the band will make some difference to the will of Australia. These Anzacs succeeded in prying loose a small town in the region of Ypres, and while the Hun shells continue to drop among the ruins the band plays as the boys keep marching on to the tune of—"The Girl I Left Behind Me," hoping that the Australian girl won't go back on the soldier when it comes to the vote.



**A**T the opening of 1918, when the old-fashioned ideas of New Year resolutions are being shot away in the great one resolution of all worth-while mankind—let us keep in mind the Queen of the Belgians. Queen Elizabeth is still the hero woman whose people and country first felt the foot of the German. What will 1918 bring to this Queen? Will the end of this year see her country rid of the Hun, her nation repaired, her people—no, there the prospect ends. Germany may recompense, but she can never restore Belgium. The land of Albert and Elizabeth is changed forever. Only the spirit of the people remains.



**D**AMASCUS was the home of the great sword. It is now the next objective on the line of British march in Palestine. Via Damascus, the forces of Gen. Allenby, still dominated by the memories of dead Gen. Maude, hope to get Aleppo astride the main line of the Bagdad railway. To get Aleppo will cut the Turks off from most of Asia Minor and all of Mesopotamia. So, more power to the British elbow that expects to wield the blade of Damascus!

# THREE CONVINCING CARTOONS



Shade of Voltaire: "You have the hat, but not the head."  
—Casare, in N. Y. Evening Post.



It's no joke to desert from a German ship.  
—Roger, in New York Herald.

RUSSIA'S VALLEY OF DECISION.



Brum and the Brink.  
—Low, in Sydney Bulletin.

## Do You Propose

YOU'RE going to do it, says Norbert Lusk, in Motion Picture Classic. You can't escape doing it. If you have not already done so, you will eventually try to write a photoplay. Everybody does—college professors, lawyers, actresses, sailors, soldiers, dressmakers, butchers, janitors—these are some of the vocations represented in the thousand-odd contributions submitted to a big film manufacturer every week. Indeed, the most pronounced stimulus given literary endeavor during the present day is not to be found in the vastly increased circulation of the newspapers, nor the easily published magazines, nor even in the facility with which the valedictorian writes a best-selling novel, but in the pervasive appeal of Motion Pictures.

The much maligned movies have at last had a real evil proven against them: the belief of the incompetent that he can write a photoplay. This is the delusion cast by the spell of the screen and fostered by those who profit financially by the aspirant's efforts. Else why would the most ludicrously impossible submissions be made by people who attach a little slip to their work, proclaiming that the writer is a pupil of a "college" of photoplay writing?

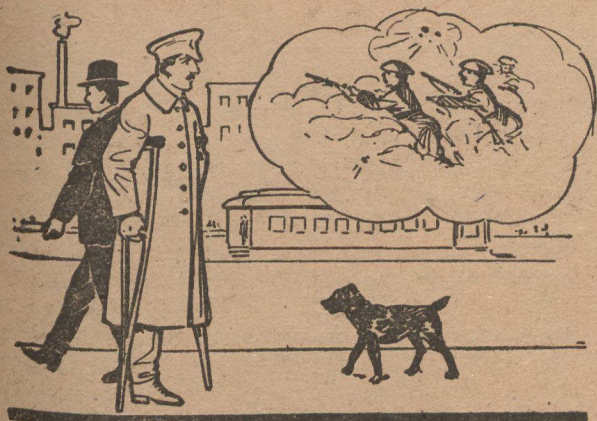
There are but three classes of photoplay scripts: one in which possibilities can be seen by the trained eye; another which, through the writer's ignorance, is an oasis of comic relief to the tired reader; and the last, and most plentiful of all, the endless succession of trash.

## to Write a Movie?

But the unconsciously amusing stories are few enough to be remembered. None embodies so perfectly the point of view assumed by the unformed feminine mind as the story of the bride with the stuffed ankles. It had to do with a coquette who wished to test her husband's love even while their honeymoon was beginning. The bride owned faultless ankles, and wound them with many bandages, causing knots and ridges to mar the surface of her hose. She recked not well, however, on her loved one's aesthetic soul, or on the amount of stuffing in her stockings. For when playful zephyrs revealed his wife's supposed imperfections, and when, instead of symmetrical ankles, the husband saw bumpy cylinders, he thrust her from him, jumped from the lake steamer and swam ashore. His love of beauty had been so betrayed that he entered a monastery and eluded his wife's search forever after.

In view of this morceau you will not wonder why barely one story in a hundred is retained for editorial examination. A good scenario is not a thing of chance, but a thing of pearl in its intricate perfection. Nowadays, the creative ability required to conceive a plot, both logical and original, must be of a high order, and the technical skill necessary to develop the plot to the utmost of its power and appeal ranks with that of the important dramatist and novelist. Indeed, the novelist can do things with a story which no careful photoplay-wright dares attempt.

# ACCORDING TO HOW YOU FEEL



## The Return

We see him now in crowded street,  
Avoid our pitying glance;  
Our eyes seek his—they do not meet—  
His thoughts are still in France.

A crutch assists his crippled way,  
His limbs have felt the lance;  
And tho' he's home from war's dread sway,  
His soul's away in France.

The trolley'd cars and traffic's din  
Do not disturb his trance;  
They merge in mind to sounds so grim  
That once he heard in France.

The ceaseless sound of tramping feet  
That pass him, but enhance  
His dream of marching, marching feet  
Still speeding on in France.

And now midst fashion's fancy hues  
Comes Khaki's quiet advance;  
His eyes their far off look now lose—  
Though nearer drawn to France.

A war-wrecked comrade slowly comes;  
They join—in happy chance  
To talk of war, the fate of chums,  
Ah, yes! they're still in France.

H. L. JONES.



## The Ballad of the Battery Boys

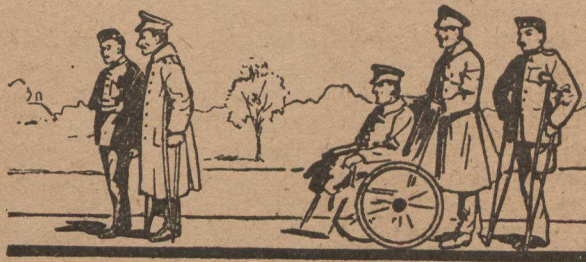
They camped across the road from me,  
And through the sultry weather  
It made the heat less hot to see  
The Battery march together.  
"Fall in! Tion! Quick march—Forward—  
HALT!"  
Altho' the Sun was grilling,  
They never faltered in their work,  
Or funk'd their daily drilling.  
O they have marched away to War  
To fight for me—and others!  
But they have left my heart as sore  
As tho' I were their mothers.

I used to watch the numna ride  
At practice very early,  
They always passed the garden side  
Just when the dawn was pearly.  
Once, like ghost riders—through a mist—  
I heard their horses going:  
While black against a blood-red sun  
Each rider's head was showing.  
O they have ridden off to France  
To fight the Nation's Battle,  
And other hearts than mine will dance  
To hear their bridles rattle!

SOME people like to take poetry in homoeopathic doses. Others prefer to forget everything else once in a while and take it in large instalments. For those who prefer a combination of both we submit these six or eight short poems culled from about nine times as many sent to the editor. They are all made in Canada. The war is responsible for most of them. Some people say the war has produced a new era in poetry. Whether or no, it has surely increased the number of poets.

Day after day, the limbered guns  
Went jolting past my gateway.  
Green riders grew to seasoned ones,  
Raw drivers learned the straightway.  
In spite of all the dust and noise,  
I miss their daily daring.  
How glad I'd be to hear once more  
That Junior Sub. a-swearing!  
O they have gone to face the Hell  
Where firing never ceases.  
But the guns that never fired a shell  
Have shot my heart to pieces!

KATHLEEN K. BOWKER.



## Returned Soldiers

Sometimes, when looking at the crippled lads—  
The happy hobblers, the cheerful limpers, the ready  
wheelers of helpless comrades,  
Tossed back to homeland streets from fields of  
France;  
Or maybe standing close to one—shoulder to shoulder  
with his empty sleeve—  
My mind can only follow where they prompt it.

They give me the ends of thoughts,  
That stretch forth from the ordered rank of the  
maples here—  
Where the aureoled hose is sprinkling the lawn,  
And the baby sleeps in his shaded cart—  
To coasts and over seas;  
Until they come to the mutilated land of trenches,

Of bloodshed, and clash of deviled forces that blast  
and destroy;  
Where other ruddy lads are being crippled as were  
these.  
And then the spangled shade of the maples,  
And the silvery flow of the hose on the sparkling  
grass,  
And the cool, trustful sleep of the child.  
Seem like Heaven itself.

They are gone to the Celestial city beyond us,  
They must be well-known on the golden streets they  
throng by now,  
They and their brothers of all nations.

I wonder how the old inhabitants regard them.  
I think kind eyes beam on them everywhere in  
praise and welcome,  
I think their wounds and losses shine on them in  
glories and achievements.

And the heaven-folk look back with a tear to the  
sore-stricken land of trenches and bloodshed.  
But they turn again with a smile, knowing full well  
the worth of the outcome.

J. E. H. MacDONALD.



## Returned

Yessir, I bid her "Good-bye" and I turned my back.  
At break o' day I took my way down the narrow  
track.

Somehow I knew we could not fail  
And I whistled along the trail.

She was alone in the cabin, not that she cared:  
Where the forest yields to stump, strewn fields, she  
wasn't scared.

It was the same as any day  
Only for me—going away.

But when they sent me home again to take my  
chance

Half afraid, I wished I'd stayed and died in France.

You see, the girl I'd left behind  
Hadn't married someone blind.

She scarcely spoke when first she met me,  
'Cause of trying to stop crying so's not to fret me.

Then all of a sudden she turned  
And the touch of her fairly burned.  
She kissed me right between the eyes.  
Heaven's not only in the skies.

EVE GRAHAM DOUBBLE.



## The Reserves

Back of the beating "Jack Johnson,"  
By which such havoc is wrought;  
Back of the battle's clamor,  
The seeker may find the Thought—  
The Thought, that because it was master  
Of iron and steam and steel,  
Sought to bring world-wide disaster,  
And grind Peace beneath its heel.  
His soldiers must fight and suffer,  
And labor until they fall—  
For back of them stands the Kaiser  
Who thought to be lord of all!  
And with every bomb and sabre,  
Every poisonous fume that curled  
He gambled the blood of his people  
That he might rule the world!

Back of that "scrap of paper"  
Swift British bullets sing;  
Back of the trust of Belgium  
True British swords all swing;  
And back of them, Mother Britain,  
Surrounded by loyal sons,  
And the British bull dog, waiting  
To close jaws upon the Huns.  
Back of the roar of shrapnel,  
Back of the bayonet's thrust,  
A people in unity toiling  
For a cause that is right and just;  
And there is an eye that scans them,  
That watches, but does not brag,  
'Tis the Lion of Britain, guarding  
Her Honor, and her Flag!

JANE C. B. METCALFE.

(Concluded on page 21.)

# RECALLING *the* BATTLE of JUTLAND

THE great sea-fight of May 31, 1916, is one of the mysteries of the war. For one thing, it was too vast to be grasped by any one mind in its entirety, its details and its relations, for it was fought by hundreds of ships of all classes over thousands of square leagues of sea. One of the mysteries is the "design" the German fleet confesses it had in mind when it came out of its entrenchments in the Kiel Canal. Some opine that it "designed" to cover the escape of three formidable raiders into the Atlantic, and that the design was defeated by a battle-cruiser which sank them all before she herself came to grief. Another mystery is the escape of the Germans in the night, for Jellicoe's aim was a Nelson victory, nothing less than the annihilation of the hostile force in a second Trafalgar. It escaped into port; and for twenty-four hours, the Empire mourned a British defeat. But suppose our fleet had been driven into harbor, as Monk and Rupert were driven in the Second Dutch war, or as the Channel Fleet was forced to take cover at the close of the Revolutionary War.

Except the admirals and their staffs, no man could see more of the great battle than his own immediate job. Take the case of the Marine Officer. He was asleep in his cabin on the fateful afternoon of the thirty-first of May, after long watching. When he awoke about four o'clock, he went into the ward-room for a cup of tea to clear his heavy head. "Quarters" was sounded in the usual way and he rushed to his station in the forward turret. Nobody was aware of anything unusual, it was part of the daily routine, until the order came to load with lyddite. There was no "England expects," and that sort of thing, but soon everyone realized the long awaited battle with the Huns had begun.

The turret of a battle-ship is what its name implies, a round tower, or tube of steel, built up from the very keelson to the upper deck. The visible portion is the round, low house, from which protrude the twenty-foot tubes of the fifteen-inch guns. The whole revolves smoothly, and the guns can be trained in a wide segment of a circle ahead or on either beam. Such is the perfection of the modern machinery that no more men are needed to serve one of these monsters than worked a thirty-two pounder in the days of Nelson. Two sight-setters to each gun; six marines to pull levers and turn wheels, a bandsman to pass orders and the Marine Officer boy in command, a dozen men in all, were sufficient to handle the twin guns that can each hurl a top-weight for twelve miles with the accuracy of a target rifle. Man-made machinery does the work of countless men. It hoists the ammunition from far below the waterline, loads and rams home the charge, trains the gun, fires it and takes the recoil. There is very little noise in the turret. All the force of the explosion spends itself outwards upon the air. Inside, all one hears is a faint "woof." The aiming is directed from the fire-control, a steel perch high up on the military mast, where the observing officer peers through his binoculars at flying smudges on the skyline that are hostile battleships. He swings giddily with the roll of the ship; the enemy shells burst alongside throwing up columns of water mast-high, drenching and blinding him; but no discomfort or danger must hinder him from his accurate reading of his instruments and his calculations.

So the great battle was fought in a hundred ships. In the turret, all the gun-crews knew was loading and firing, as the telephone orders came through. Now they know that as part of the Fifth Battle Squadron, they were "hard at it with von Hepper." What was happening in the other steel-walled pens even of their own ship was unknown to them. They could feel

SIR JOHN JELlicoe as Viscount goes to the House of Lords and out of the Admiralty. The great naval machine will go on without him under Rear-Admiral Wemyss — pronounced Weems. When thinking over how easily a war machine shuffles off some men and pushes up others, remember the Battle of Jutland, the one big sea battle in which Jellicoe was actively concerned. There was a day's work in the Jutland fight—but Sir John Jellicoe's part in it was less than somebody else's. Maritime's reminiscence of Jutland, got from one who was in that fight, is a good side-light on the work of the navy as it was under Sir John Jellicoe.

## By MARITIME

the whole mighty fabric vibrating from stem to stern, as the carefully nursed engines drove her faster than she had ever gone before; and they accommodated themselves unconsciously to the long graceful roll from side to side. Once she rolled to one side and did not recover, but remained tilted over at an angle of five degrees. Two shots in close succession had struck her between wind and water, making a hole you could drive a cart through and flooding four or five compartments; but so strongly is a modern battleship built that this injury did not prevent her keeping her place in the line.

Another lucky shot struck the midmost gun of her secondary six-inch starboard battery. It blew the crew to atoms, only a few blood-flecks on the steel showed where living men had been, a second before. In each gun emplacement were heaped up charges of cordite; they must be ready, if the guns are to be fired with swiftness required in modern battle. The bursting shell fired the cordite. It flared up like the flame of alcohol and ran along the whole battery from emplacement to emplacement. The Hun observing officer must have thought the ship was on fire. In a moment all the gun-crews were "casualties," dead or severely burned in the dreadful flame. One quick-witted sailor saw the flash running down the ship's side, threw himself on the deck, wrapped himself in a mat, and so escaped. The flame ran down the ammunition hoist to the magazine; but "nothing was uncorked," or this particular ship would have shared the fate of the "Queen Mary." Swiftly the wounded were carried below to a clean, sanitary, well-appointed sick-bay, where every expedient of modern medical science was available for the relief of the sufferers. What a contrast to the horrors of the old cockpit! New crews were at once improvised from the port battery; for there are no reserves to be ordered up in a battleship. The human parts of the naval machinery would seem to be interchangeable, for the new crews "carried on," each man doing two men's work, and doing it well. The guns were undamaged, and ten minutes after the disabling of a hundred men the starboard guns repelled a German torpedo-boat attack. The faint smudges on the horizon were so bombarded that they swerved from their appointed path, and the British battleship sped on, none the worse for their deadly menace.

Soon the gun-crews in the turret had troubles of their own. Down below the protective steel deck, there had been hot work in the stokehold and the engine-room; and the ship raced as she had not on her trials. The desired result was obtained of "a knot to veer and haul on, in the old way"; but it also brought a disadvantage. The tremendous vibration put some of the gear out of commission. In the turret

the loading-tray went wrong and the guns had to be loaded by hand. It was pully-hauling on a wire "whip," and swaying up two thousand pounds of metal by sheer man power. With the roll of the ship, the huge, unwieldy thing depending from its crane would come against the side of the turret with a tremendous clang. There had to be swift ducking, dodging and crouching down, if men were to escape being crushed to pulp. It was like the loose caronade in the Claymore. Once the shell was in the breech, the hydraulic rammer pushed it home. Handling the explosive was a simpler matter. The five hundred pounds of cordite in two packages of equal weight was easy to deal with. The loading gear went wrong after the first hour of action, and from that time on there was no harder worked gang of men in the ship. They peeled to it, as in Nelson's day; and they labored with those shells till every muscle ached and the sweat dripped from them; they worked to the actual point of sheer exhaustion.

Suddenly there came a tremendous burst of sound as if a hundred Thor's hammers had smitten the turret at once. The Marine Officer thought the gun-shield had gone; he looked to see, but it was still intact. Soon he realized what had happened. A German shell eleven inches in diameter, travelling with inconceivable velocity from an enemy ship ten or twelve miles on the beam had struck the dome of the turret. It had not exploded—a common fault of German shell that day—else there would have been no story for the Marine Officer to tell.

The impact was terrific. It drove particles of steel like rifle bullets from the roof of the dome into the deck, just missing one man and another. Outside it drove fine dust into the face of the observing officer in his little steel cupola; but the brass flap was down and no harm was done beyond making him look like a sweep. It smashed down that dome of special four-inch steel as you smash in a tin can with your fist. From being a dome, it became a bath-tub; but it kept out the shell. If the dome had been of the ordinary make, the projectile would have wrecked the turret. The energy was converted into heat, according to physical law, and sent the temperature up ten degrees. The smash on the top also cracked open the walls of the turret and let in the light.

The English are a much abused race, but they know how to build ships. A handbreadth's thickness of special process steel was sufficient that day to save two big guns and the lives of the crew that fought them.

From time to time, "Still" was sounded throughout the great ship. All noise, all movement ceases on the instant; the men stand like statues, till the signal comes to "carry on." After all the turmoil and uproar, and all the back-breaking work, the sudden peace in the very heart of the desperate battle was eerie. It was more impressive than the awful tumult. The Marine Officer will never forget in one such period of calm, the colors of the sunset showing through the cracked sides of the turret, as the tall ship sped swiftly on.

When he did get a chance to come out of the turret, he looked about for the wreckage. He expected to see the superstructure shot away, according to the books, and the decks cumbered with twisted masses of top-hammer, but there was hardly a sign anywhere of the fiery furnace she had passed through. She had her list to starboard, her hundred dead and wounded, her smashed-in cupola of the forward turret. She was hit eight times altogether; but the damage was unimportant. In the night she passed a destroyer red-hot from stem to stern like a live coal, and other strange sights, but when his relief came, he dropped on the deck and slept as if on a feather bed.

# ART IN WAR-TIME



By ESTELLE M. KERR

WARFARE appeals to artists rather less than to any other class of men, and there has been a good deal of controversy as to whether great creative artists should be allowed by their country to endanger their lives, but surely those whose life work lies in the cultivation of beauty can be more easily spared than any other class of men! Happy is the artist who can serve his country and at the same time make use of his especial talents.

Most of the fighting nations have appointed artists to paint pictures of things of interest in the war zone. J. Boucher is the "painter to the army" appointed by the French Government. He has painted popular portraits of the chief personages on the side of the Allies, and in his military landscapes he succeeds in reflecting the natural atmosphere of warlike scenes and seizing the spirit of the figures which animate them. Numerous other well-known French painters have obtained permission to sketch in the war zone, and the result will be a realism never seen in the "Chambre de Batailles" at Versailles.

England, too, has permitted some of her best men to invade the war zone in the interests of Art. William Orpen, who has been serving in the Army Service Corps since the beginning of the war, went to the front last summer to collect material for official war paintings. Orpen's pictures are sure to be quite distinct from the ordinary productions of this type, for everything that bears his name is distinguished for both originality of outlook and technical skill. Some of the American States have their own war artists, and James Montgomery Flagg, the illustrator, has been appointed by Governor Whitman official military artist of the State for the duration of the war.

Canada is represented by A. Y. Jackson, one of our most eminent landscape painters, and by Ernest Fosberry, who is best known by his etchings. Mr. Jackson has served overseas as a private for some years, and is now an honorary lieutenant attached to the Canadian War Records Office. Both he and Capt. Fosberry have been wounded, and the latter has recently been in Canada on leave. We are glad that these appointments have been given to men whose bravery and loyalty has already been proven. Mr. Jackson's first commission was a portrait of a winner of a Victoria Cross, which is said to be most successful. He will probably do even better in open air studies, as he is accustomed to working under adverse conditions, some of his snow scenes being painted out of doors when the mercury was below zero. Shortly before the war he was sketching in the Rocky Mountains and carried his painting kit to great heights, bringing back a large collection of unusual scenes painted in such a way that the subjects lost none of their grandeur though represented on tiny sketching panels.

POSITIONS such as these can be assigned to few artists, but there remains the camouflage. The use of colour for deceiving the eye has been found of great service at the front to disguise the landscape and conceal positions from the enemy in trenches or airplanes. Some

people object to allowing the best artists to give their time to that, and one of them said:

"Think of Everett Warner, the best marine painter in America, painting the sides of battleships in New York harbour. Why, any old painter could do that!"

No they couldn't! Only a man with consummate knowledge of the shifting colour of light on water could paint a battleship so as to render it almost invisible. Besides, Mr. Warner is probably happy in serving his country. If he remains in the camouflage he will be comparatively safe and will, at the close of the war, return to his work with new inspiration.

Sculptors, too, are utilized in the camouflage. One is said to have made a successful representation of a dead horse which, painted in natural colors, successfully concealed snipers and formed an excellent point of observation until the enemy, realizing that the horse was taking a surprisingly long time to disintegrate, shelled the work of art and demolished it with its inmates.

## Canadian Art Notes

AT the time of the Halifax disaster considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of Mr. Arthur Lismer, director of the Art School, as he was due to arrive at the station from his home in New Bedford, ten miles away, at the time the explosion occurred. By great good fortune that morning he missed his train, and so he and his family escaped injury, though the windows and doors of his home were shattered. The Art Gallery was rather badly damaged. One dividing wall collapsed, and the pictures were flung about everywhere. In addition to the permanent collection there were on view an exhibition of lithographs from the National Gallery in Ottawa, and one of small pictures by members of the Ontario Society of Artists. Considerable damage was done to the frames, most of the glass was broken, and a few of the pictures pierced by the broken glass. The disaster will no doubt be a great setback to art in Halifax for the time being, and no more exhibitions will be held this season. Mr. Lismer hopes to reopen the school after Christmas, but at present it is full of coffins and things are utterly disorganized, and everyone is busy doing what they can for the twenty thousand homeless and the appalling number of those blinded by broken glass, especially among the children. In view of the terrible death roll, a total destruction of art treasures would be but a small thing, but it is gratifying to learn that the majority of the pictures have escaped, almost miraculously, without a scratch.

PRECIOUS goods are done up in small parcels when a Meissonier is sold, but Canadian artists seem to have acquired the habit of valuing a painting according to its size. A purchaser who paid \$35 for a little sketch last year was asked \$45 for a similar work of art by the same artist this year.

"Have paintings gone up in price like everything else?" he asked.

"No," replied the artist, "but this one is two inches longer than the one you bought last year."

The "Little Picture Show" signifies "saleable picture show." They are very annoying to artists who prefer to work on a large scale and are obliged to cut their paintings down or have them re-framed in narrow mouldings in order to reduce them to the prescribed size limit. Two exhibitions of this sort are now being held in Toronto. The Ontario Society of Artists has a pleasing collection of small paintings in the Grange gallery of the Art Museum of Toronto, and the Heliconian Club is holding an exhibition of small pictures by its members. In addition to this there have been countless exhibitions and sales in private studios with a view to disposing of small pictures at the Christmas season.

BOTH the military service department of the Y. M. C. A. and the Canadian Red Cross benefitted by the purchase of an oil painting by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes, formerly Miss Armstrong, of Kingston, Ont., which was bought for the National Gallery of Canada. The sum of eighty guineas, which was paid for the picture, was divided at the request of Mr. Forbes, between these two worthy organizations.

THIRTY-FOUR works by selected modern artists were recently shown in the Montross Gallery, New York, and the critic of "American Art Notes" gives the palm to the Canadian painter, Horatio Walker. He says:

"The clou of the display, and which deservedly holds the place of honour on the north wall of the large gallery is Horatio Walker's dramatic life size 'Man felling a Tree' which in vigour of treatment, superb action, virile brushwork and truthful colour, is truly an American Millet. This sturdy woodsman stands erect, with axe poised to strike another furrow in the half cleft tree trunk. He seems to move and the muscles of his brawny arms are plainly discernible through the rough woollen stuff of his red shirt. He works with alert vigour on a frosty morning, the ground around him strewn with fresh fallen brown autumn leaves. The picture is an epic of toil and will, if possible, enhance the artist's fame.

"Two other oils by Walker, a panel 'Dewy Morning,' fresh and clear in color and atmosphere, a 'Winter Pastoral,' rich in colour, quality and a delightful simply painted watercolour, 'The Milkmaid,' are also notable."

AT an exhibition in Paris held by the American Art Association for the relief of necessitous French artists and the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, a very representative collection of paintings donated by celebrated artists were offered for sale. In (Concluded on page 24.)

# WAR FACTS FOR NEW YEAR'S, 1918

**T**HE situation in Russia, the British reverse at Cambrai and the renewal of attacks upon Italy, have combined to produce something that is much like an attack of nerves. To these causes may be added Lloyd George's impressive speech and the utterances of Colonel Repington and other British military experts. Finally we have the chorus of threats from German newspapers and the vague reports of great movements of German troops behind the western front. The German myth still lies heavily upon our minds, and we are still disposed to accept German prowess at a German valuation.

The most potent cause of the general discouragement is undoubtedly the British reverse at Cambrai. That it was a reverse need not be questioned. But neither need it be exaggerated. The British lost at least one-half of the advantage that they gained by their first rush. They were forced back about two miles from their advanced positions in front of Cambrai; they lost Cambrai Bourlon Woods; and they were no longer able to overlook the city and its railroad lines. They lost also about one hundred guns and 6,000 prisoners, and they incurred the moral results of a definite check and a real disappointment. None the less a considerable part of the vaunted Hindenburg Line is now in British hands and is likely to stay there and the German losses were certainly far greater than those of their opponents. Before speaking too glibly of a British reverse it is just as well to understand precisely of what that reverse consists. It means that the British failed to hold all that they had gained. It does not mean that they are less well placed than they were before the attack was brought. They are much better placed but their gains are not so great as at first there was reason to believe. If a feeling of despondency is justified by such an event as this we may wonder if the Germans are subject to similar depression from similar causes. Certainly they would be pleased enough to cancel the successes on both sides and to restore the lines to their original positions, as witness their desperate and unavailing efforts to do so. And what must have been their feelings when they were driven by the French across the Ailette after a resistance that cost them tens of thousands of lives, and when they were driven from the Messines Ridge after three disastrous battles? Since the beginning of the summer the Germans have met with some half a dozen reverses in the western field immeasurably greater than the reverse that they have just inflicted upon the British. It looks almost as though we had been spoiled by successes.

So far as the Italian field is concerned, it is true that the German attacks have been renewed and at a time when we were led to believe that they were over because of a stiffening of the Italian resistance and also because of the arrival of the snows. Now there can be little doubt that the Austrian armies in the Trentino have been reinforced from the Russian front and it is quite certain that the winter season in the Trentino is unusually late. The snows that should have begun three weeks or a month ago are only now showing themselves, and the Teutons have evidently taken advantage of these facts to make another effort to score a victory. But the gains so far recorded to their credit do not constitute a victory. They can hardly be said to presage a victory, nor will they do so unless they are substantially increased. Nothing short of the power to advance southward down the Valley of the Brenta will spell a Teuton victory, and to do this they must capture practically all of the mountain peaks that lie to the east and west of the Brenta Pass.

**T**HE only practicable route for an invading army is by way of the Valley of the Brenta, which passes through the mountains about ten miles to the west of the Piave River. It is the highroad between the Austrian Trentino and northern Italy. In fact there are highroads on both banks of the Brenta River, and there is also a railroad. But the Teuton army can not pass southward through the

**G**ETTING down to common sense, fact-optimism, let us get rid of all the war-bogeys as a New Year procedure. Admit that the British suffered a partial reverse at Cambrai after their great success—all that it means is the British did not carry out the bulldog maxim, "All we have we hold." The British army is better placed than it was before the advance in that region. As to Germans outnumbering the Allies on the west front, let us take the facts of the case. To double her army on the west front is an awful job for the demoralizing German railways. Getting millions of men across Germany with all the heavy guns—think of it? Is Germany not more likely to make an attack on the weak side at Saloniki? She can't break through to Calais. Why butt her last reserves against that stone wall? Italy is holding. German newspapers are canarding as usual.

By SIDNEY CORYN

Brenta Valley as long as the valley is dominated by the Italian artillery that has been posted with incredible skill and audacity upon the mountain peaks to the east and the west. These peaks must be wrested from the Italians before an invasion of the Italian plains from the Trentino and through the Valley of the Brenta becomes possible, and it is for the possession of these mountains that the present battles are being waged. A Teuton success here does not necessarily mean that the Teuton armies have made an actual advance toward the Italian plains. It means at most that they have swept away some of the Italian artillery barriers to their descent of the Brenta Valley. But they can not even begin their advance down the Brenta Valley so long as it is covered by the Italian guns from the mountains to the east or to the west. It is erroneous to imagine the Teuton armies as pushing their way steadily forward to the Italian plains with the defensive armies falling back before them. The Teutons have taken the town of Cismon, which is on the Brenta River, but they can hardly be said to have begun their advance through the Brenta Pass proper to the south of Cismon. Before they can do this they must dispose of the Italian artillery to the east and to the west. If we should hear that the Teutons are within reach of Bassano we may then consider that they have won the battle of the Piave. But the Italians will retreat to the Adige River before them, and if they are able to do this in safety they may still deny a decisive triumph to the Teuton armies. In the meantime we are told that the expected snows are falling in the Trentino, and if this does not imply an actual paralysis of the Teuton efforts it certainly does imply that their blows must lose most of their force, and that they will be in a position of great embarrassment. It is undeniably true that the Teutons may yet succeed in descending the Valley of the Brenta. This will be determined by the fortune of war, but it is certainly not determined yet. And we need not lament as though it had been.

As has been said before, and as is disclosed by a glance at the map, the Italians are defending a formation that may be compared roughly with the two sides of a square. There is first the line of the Piave from the Adriatic to Nervesa, where the Piave enters the mountain territory; and there is the line of the Trentino from Nervesa to Asiago. The second portion is much the more important of the two. If the Italians should lose the mountain lines they must instantly abandon their Piave positions, which would then be outflanked. For this reason the Teuton attacks on the line of the Piave are probably intended more to divert Italian forces from the Trentino than anything else. The Piave, while by no means an ideal defensive position, has none the less the military advantages always associated with a river, and it may be said that these advantages will largely increase as winter helps to swell the volume of water. During the summer the stream of the Piave is di-

vided by sandbanks, but these disappear after rainfalls, and the passage of the river becomes much more difficult. The first Teuton efforts to cross the Piave were checked with heavy losses, and since then it is the Trentino line that has been called on to bear the brunt of the attacks. Now it may be said that nothing has happened on the Italian field during the last two weeks to justify a despondent view of the situation. There must always be anxiety where battles are actually in progress, but at the moment of writing the balance of probable advantage is decidedly with the Italians, and it seems to be increasing.

**N**OW it is quite possible that Germany is meditating some new and powerful blow in the west in the hope of winning a victory that shall serve as the basis for a peace plea. It is possible, but there is much to sustain a contrary opinion. It is far more likely that she will strike at Saloniki on the German principle of aiming always at the weakest point. It is possible that she has actually four million men now on the western front, as has been stated, but if this is the case she must have begun their transfer a long time ago and before a Russian armistice had been debated. To make such a transfer would be a most formidable task even with the railroads in the best condition, and we know that they are very far from this. It means not only the transfer of the men, but of innumerable guns and of incalculable stores. But there are circumstances that may cause us to doubt the reality of this blow, or at least that it will take the form of an attack upon the established lines. It is certainly suspicious that the whole of the German press with one accord should break out into a chorus of defiant warnings, and the German press prints nothing of a military nature without direct orders. It is not the custom of army commanders vociferously to announce their plans to their enemies. That the German press is thus announcing an overwhelming attack upon the western front at a time when the weather makes an attack difficult and a defence easy seems at least to suggest that no such attack is intended, and that if any move at all is contemplated it will not be of the kind foreshadowed. Germany is hardly likely to repeat her Verdun experiment. She could not regard a drive against Calais with any great cheerfulness, in view of the fact that her last attempt was disastrously beaten, and at a time when her proportionate strength was far greater than it is now. She has just abandoned her positions against the Chemin des Dames and allowed the French to occupy them, enormously to the advantage of the French. There is still the Champagne district, and here there might be a reasonable chance of a German success, although we may dismiss the talk of French depletion and weakness as wholly in defiance of the evidence. But even if we assume that Germany is about to strike against the western line there is still no cause for despondency. Her supposed numerical superiority is not an unprecedented condition. She has been in a numerical superiority many times before, and none the less she has been soundly beaten—on the road to Calais, for example, where her armies were far larger than the British. But whatever she may do will not be an evidence of her confidence, but of her desperation. Nor do I believe that her wildest dreams extend beyond the hope of winning something, somewhere, that shall be efficacious in saving her face in her inevitable peace effort. That peace effort would probably already have been made if she had succeeded in crushing Italy. It was with that in view that she tried to crush Italy. She seems to have failed in Italy, and therefore something must be done elsewhere. In all the essentials of the struggle she is already beaten. She has lost all her colonies, and she has lost the Bagdad Railroad. India and Egypt are beyond her reach, and she is at the end of her reserves. America has taken the field against her, and if necessary could hold that field alone and indefinitely. What victory is within her sight?



# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

HOW far along the road to democracy has Germany progressed? asks D. Thomas Curt in Munsey's. The prominence given by our newspapers to Liebknecht and a few kindred spirits who are violently at odds with their government, and would try to right a wrong even to the material detriment of their own country, has led to a false idea that the Social Democratic party in Germany is an instrument to bring about a peace acceptable to the Allies. Such is not the case.

There are three hundred and ninety-seven deputies in the Reichstag. Of these only eighteen—less than five per cent.—are openly arrayed against the government. They constitute the minority group of the Social Democrats, and it is their speeches, together with an occasional outbreak of criticism from the majority group of the party, that make such pleasant reading for us.

From the revolutionary point of view, the Germans might be divided into three classes. To the first belong the leaders, the half-deified army officers and professors, and the great men of business. The second class contains the mass of the people. The third contains the eighteen more or less revolutionary extremists in the Reichstag and a small minority of the population, certainly not more than one-fifth, though the number is slowly increasing.

This last class has already endeavored to make its protests heard and felt, but a police system armed with revolver, sword, and machine gun, with espionage and "preventive arrest," has rendered all such attempts futile. It is obvious that there can be no hope of a revolution until the third class wins the support of the second class; but the latter despises the former and seeks to curry favour with the first class, from which it derives its ready-made ideas.

Should Germany not come to revolution because of pressure either from within or without, her evolution into democracy will probably be along the following lines:

First, reform of the three-class system of voting in Prussia.

Second, redistribution of the Reichstag districts, which, as constituted in 1871, sacrifice the populous industrial cities, with their large Social Democratic vote, to the reactionary agricultural districts.

Third, ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag.

The gist of the matter is that if the Allies remain firm on the principle laid down by President Wilson in his reply to the Pope—not to make peace with a government which is not of the German people—then the article giving the emperor sole power to conclude peace is knocked in the head. That means that the alteration of the imperial constitution will effectively begin; and if Germany is to be a democracy it must be so altered that even Bismarck would not recognize it.

## Boche, for Instance—

WAR is rich in new speech—so rich that in France, learned members of the French Academy have already begun to recognize, collect, and try to analyze some of the new language that has sprung spontaneously from the lips of poilus and Tommies in the past three years.

Some of this new speech is clear to us stay-at-homes, says a writer in Everybody's. Of others we can appreciate the flavor only when their origin is explained. "Boche," for instance, is an abbreviation of "caboché," a hobnail, with a hard, rough, and square head. It was applied long ago, because of corresponding mental qualities, to the Germans as well as to all resembling them.

## German Socialists and Peace

### New Language at the Front

### Y.M.C.A. in Siberia

### City Brings Down Coal

### Submarines and Castor Oil

### The Future of Poland



CUTE Frenchwomen knew that if Santa Claus was to come last year they had to get up and clean the chimneys of Paris, or by heck! he never would do it.

Tommy's great word is "Blighty." "Blighty" to him means England, home, and all that's worth living for. When he has a wound serious enough to send him home, he calls it a "blighty one." The "Blighty" of the French soldier is Paris, which he affectionately and lovingly calls by a sort of pet name—"Panam."

Tommy is perhaps likely to think most of "Blighty" when the "big stuff" comes over. The "big stuff" means the various kinds of large German shells. The high explosive ones are "crumps," the big ones that give out a lot of black smoke, "Jack Johnsons" or "coal-

boxes." The poilus generally call the "big stuff" "marmites" or "stew-pots."

Life, however, is not all one "hick-boo"—as the men in the air-service and elsewhere call a rumpus, bombardment, or attack. It may even be considered "ushy"—"pretty soft," as we say—or comfortable, when you can "cadge," borrow, a "fag," that is, a cigarette, or "have a doss," sleep, in your "funk-hole" or dugout. To top off the comforts, you occasionally get a letter from "Lonely Stab," the girl who writes and sends parcels to Tommy. Companionship of any kind is more welcome than that of the "cooties," despite the affection apparently conveyed in this name given to the trench vermin.

The French soldier slang shows an even higher spirit of banter and playfulness. Poilu, that one word of national reverence, means simply brave, strong. The French soldier is also called "un bleu" from the light, gay, affectionate blue of his uniform.

Next to "Boche" the deepest term of reproach in French is to call another "un embusque," which means, literally, a soldier or civilian who has "ambushed" himself or taken some post free from hardship or danger. It is much more severe than our "slacker." All who are down there fighting for France are "les copains"—literally, the sharers of bread.

The American poilu is not going over unprovided with a lingo. He calls himself, by the way, a "doughboy" or "crusher," which is fairly American-sounding. Cavalrymen he calls "bow-legs"; a soldier who shares his shelter is his "bunkie"; the company barber is "butcher"; a soldier who works for an officer is a "dog robber"; the commanding officer is alluded to as "K. O."

It's all in the game—the game of "Kan the Kaiser"—which is the only American equivalent thus far of any of the French war slogans like "Ils ne passeront pas," or "On les aura," "We'll get them," "They shall not pass."

## —Y. M. C. A. in Siberia

AFTER a year and a half as Y. M. C. A. Secretary in Siberian prison camps, Mr. George P. Conger returned to the United States, and tells of his experiences in a very readable article in Current History.

There have been as many as 50,000 prisoners in the district, he says. The proportion of Austrians to Germans is roughly four to one; there are fewer Turks than Germans. At first these prisoners, more than six thousand miles from the front, were allowed some liberty. At one camp, charmingly located on an arm of the Pacific, the prisoner officers had the privilege of sea-bathing; at other places they were allowed to come into the towns to make purchases. But the neighboring Chinese frontier was too alluring, and some of the men, who knew how easy it is to walk in a day or two from one European country to another, decided to try walking from one Asiatic country to another. They reckoned without the vast distances and the cold, and some starved or froze to death out in the wilderness. They reckoned also without the Russian Cossacks, and many of the escaping prisoners were recaptured. I have heard that some escaping prisoners were even eaten by the huge Amur tigers, which are larger, and if anything, fiercer, than those of Bengal. Altogether only a small proportion of prisoners ever reached China and the shelter of those German organizations which have since figured among the causes of China's entry into the war.

The effect of the attempts to escape was what might have been expected. The Russians built huge wooden stockades around the bar-

racks and confined the remaining prisoners inside. In every camp the musicians are organized into orchestras, which play almost every night in many tea rooms and restaurants in the towns. Siberia has never heard such music since the war began. These orchestras are capable of everything from ragtime to symphony concerts.

A well-known sculptor from Central Europe has since his imprisonment executed some remarkably lifelike heads of the now gradually disappearing Siberian aborigines; these will in future years form some of the treasures of one of the local museums. Some of the prison camps have studios for the painters who have been taken in the war; one camp had in its studio eleven Academicians from Vienna and Budapest.

The tradition of the old convict camps leads many persons to ask particularly about prisoners working in Siberia. The general answer is that the prisoners who have been obliged to work in Siberia are for the most part those who would naturally expect to be working if they were at home or in their own armies. I have heard tales of hardship and cruelty, coming from remote and inaccessible work-camps; but there are two sides to all those stories, and from what I know of the Russians I am just as ready to believe that in the small, scattered camps there is even more kindness and freedom than is afforded the prisoners in the larger centres.

### City Brings Down Coal—

**T**HERE may be something in the air which makes it possible to do things differently in Denver, but it is a fact that Denver people are getting all the coal they need from the municipal coal bin at a price more than \$2.00 per ton below the retail market price. This is how the glorious thing came about:

Last August local coal dealers advised Denver citizens to expect an advance in coal prices, because of labor scarcity and poor transportation facilities. Immediately thereafter, upon the Mayor's suggestion, the city council passed a sweeping ordinance authorizing him to utilize all powers of the city necessary to relieve widespread and general distress caused by increased cost of living.

Mayor Speer ordered an investigation by the municipal industrial bureau, the only department of its kind in America. Mr. George A. Levy, formerly chief of efficiency standards in Pittsburgh, was sent into the lignite coal fields and closed contracts for three mines.

The operators had threatened an advance in the price of lignite to \$7.50 or \$8 a ton, but the city's action effectually stopped this talk. At first the dealers showed fight, but, quickly realizing the futility and the danger of combating the municipality, they changed tactics and volunteered to supply 50,000 tons at the city's contract price, in the event the municipal supply proved inadequate.

On September 15 the city opened its office in City Hall, selling selected lump to citizens at \$4.15 a ton, delivered in the bin, the retail price of the dealers on the same coal being \$6 and \$6.50 a ton.

Production from the city's mines opened at 600 tons a day, but soon advanced to 1,000 tons, a very important factor in the total coal consumption of Denver. In addition, the city supplies city buildings and institutions with run-of-mine and slack at a cost of \$1 per ton below that previously paid to dealers. This means a saving to the taxpayer of \$17,000 or \$18,000 a year.

Purely an emergency feature is the sale of sacked coal to the very poor or the man caught unawares by a cold snap. Citizens may buy 50 or 100 pounds of coal at 10 and 20 cents, respectively, either at the municipal lodging or bath house. This coal is sold at less than cost

and the purchaser must remove it. To secure sacked coal of the same grade from the retailer he must pay at the rate of \$10 a ton.

### The Future of Poland

**T**O Americans the one most authoritative and significant pronouncement in answer to the question, What is to come to Poland out of the present war? is that of the President of the United States.

"I take it for granted," said Mr. Wilson in his address to Congress on January 22, 1917, "if I may venture upon a single example, that statesmen everywhere are agreed that there should be a united, independent, and autonomous Poland."

Upon none of the questions to be settled at the end of the war has the President been quite so specific of utterance, says Willis J. Abbot in *Munsey's*. Yet up to the moment when he spoke the opinion of statesmen had not been quite so unanimous as he seemed to think. A considerable school of publicists had urged that Poland should be made autonomous but not independent. They held that the suzerainty should be granted to Russia, whose statesmen should control the foreign relations of the new state. They pointed to the turbulent record of Poland under her own kings as a reason why she should not be left to her own devices.

Since that time the Russians have risen and overthrown their Czar and the bureaucracy. They have not yet convinced the world that they are competent of working out their own destiny, and while that doubt exists it would be folly to entrust them with authority over a new state.

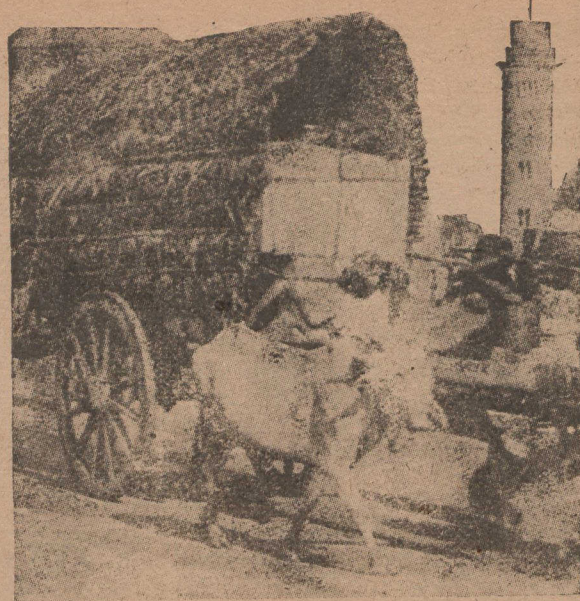
Poland, indeed, after her twelve hundred years of turmoil and anarchy under her elective kings, was tried in the fires of persecution, and the dross of the nation was burned out. What remains is a passionate sense of nationality. What men's fathers and brothers have died for, the great cause for which men have suffered persecution, for that they will still fight, and the goal once won, they will defend it with their lives.

The Poles have been fitted by adversity for self-government. The ridiculous fustian of their ancient class of nobles has been sloughed off. It was the chief obstacle to an orderly and efficient government in the days of the Polish kings, and it is gone.

But what as to complete independence, as urged by the President, whose views are echoed by the more representative Poles?

If Europe is to be merely the old Europe, temporarily pacified, but armed to the teeth and steadily arming with a view to new wars, the position of an independent Poland would be precarious. In the territory which would constitute her kingdom are about twenty million people—say two million bayonets; but she would be hedged about by those intensely military and aggressive nations, Russia, Germany and Austria. She would be forced into the race for armament, into imperiling alliances. Unless we radically change the European theory, independent Poland would be merely a temptation to a new war.

But given the boon of a league of nations to enforce peace—which President Wilson has also endorsed, in company with many of the most eminent statesmen of Europe—and the wholly independent and autonomous Poland becomes practicable and almost necessary. Its creation will remove from the three neighboring nations a racial problem which has endangered their domestic order for more than a century. It will end an era of cruel persecution that cries to heaven for vengeance. It will give to a brilliant, emotional, industrious people a chance to work out their own destiny. It will create a new state in Europe that may speedily rival its elders. It will undo a century of oppression and render justice to an undeservedly downtrodden nation.



A FAST FREIGHT IN CEYLON.

*Nux vomica* is another important drug that comes from the far-away regions of the earth, and reaches western nations only by the long hauls that high ocean-freight rates largely preclude in these days of submarine warfare. It consists of the dried ripe seeds of a small tree which grows in India, Hindustan, Java, Sumatra, Malabar, Ceylon, and North Australia.

### —Submarines and Castor Oil

**A**T first sight it may be hard to see any intimacy in the relations between the castor oil bottle on the bath-room shelf and submarines, slinking about the seven seas, but John Foote, M.D., writing in the *National Geographic Magazine*, connects the two with a war bond and explains, incidentally, how the price of hair tonic at the corner drug store may fluctuate with the tide of battle on the battered fields of Flanders. He says: It is not generally known that most of the castor bean from which castor oil is pressed comes to the United States from India. Indeed, our annual importation in normal times is nearly a million bushels. The Orient has always produced this "delicacy" of our childhood days, and it is interesting to remember that the Ebers papyrus, an Egyptian medical manuscript, written when Moses was a young man,



BREAKING CLOVES FROM STEMS: ZANZIBAR. The clove, as we know it, is the partially developed bud of a tree which grows to a height of about 15 feet. These buds are produced in great profusion in clusters. These clusters are gathered and dried, turning from red to brown.

speaks of the medicinal virtues of the castor plant.

To-day importers are viewing with apprehension (and children with joy) the castor-oil situation. Not only is production lessened, but the difficulties of sea transportation from India are increasing with the lack of ships. In

fact, earth, heaven, and ocean seem to conspire against castor oil; submarines are ambitious to send it to the bottom of the sea, while aeroplanes use it as a lubricant in large quantities.

However, the castor plant will grow rapidly almost everywhere; it is frequently seen cultivated in our gardens. The machinery for crushing is also available; so if a shortage really becomes inevitable, the Department of Agriculture will be able to incubate another infant industry.

The war bore heavily on bald-headed and nervous people. Practically all hair tonics nowadays contain resorcin—a coal-tar product we have always allowed Germany to make for us, and another cousin to carbolic acid. From \$2 to \$32 rose the price of a pound of resorcin, putting a sudden damper on the enthusiasts of intensive scalp culture. And the bald found it costly to be nervous over this advance, since

bromide of potassium, long used to calm excited nerves, advanced from 50 cents to several dollars, and at one time it touched \$12 a pound! These excessively high prices were speculative phenomena, and did not hold at the maximum level, though bromides are still \$1.20 a pound and resorcin \$24 a pound.

Aspirin is a compound of salicylic acid almost universally used for all kinds of aches and pains, and until recently the patent on the drug was held by a German firm. Shortly after the outbreak of the war it began to rise spasmodically until, under its unpatented title, it caromed from 32 cents a pound to \$1.25 a pound. For be it known, aspirin, of a lineage slightly different from the German article, sometimes travelled incognito as acetylsalicylic acid, and was identical in everything save name and price.

Camphor, which is important not only in

medicine but in the arts and manufactures, was an example of efficient production and control of output. After the Japanese-Chinese War, Japan obtained control of the Formosa camphor industry. Although the Formosa forests are practically inexhaustible, forestry measures were instituted for replanting and care of trees; 2,000 police were furnished to protect workers and large refining plants were built. Workers were paid a fixed sum. The distribution of the entire product was let by contract and the right of sale awarded an English firm, the latter contracting to conduct the sale of camphor in New York, London, Hamburg, and Hongkong, and to accept from Japan a definite amount of camphor each year. The closing of the port of Hamburg has not, however, demoralized the trade. In July, 1914, American refined camphor sold at 44½ cents per pound in barrel lots. In 1916 it went up to 90 cents.

## SELECTIVE DRAFT *for* IMMIGRANTS

By OBSERVER

CANADA is one of the few countries to which the land-hungry and liberty-denied ones of the earth can direct their attention after the war. What the United States offered during the nineteenth century, Canada will offer during the twentieth. The war has shown conclusively the existence of a bond that is not limited by any fixed geographical line. National standards have been modified, and in some senses entirely absorbed in principles that are in no wise impeded in operation by the posts set up by engineers to divide one country from its neighbors. Among these principles, the most important to-day are Democracy and Co-operation. Canada has proved the right to be considered among the world's great democracies, and, in an Imperial sense, has demonstrated a wonderful capacity for co-operation. There seems to be little doubt that these two—Democracy and Co-operation—will inspire the advance of the nations within the coming years. Canada, then, for all such people, should be one of the few havens, and it may be that the policy of the Dominion in regard to immigration should be determined along the lines indicated by those principles.

The Hon. James Calder, first occupant of the newly-created post of Colonization and Immigration in the Federal cabinet, has a man's job to handle. His most productive years have been devoted to the development of Saskatchewan, where immigration has been the chief factor of a constantly-increasing agricultural production. But that is a Western Canada view. In the East, immigration may also be a factor in greater production, but it is of manufactures, not of the fruits of the soil. The Minister of Colonization and Immigration will have to enlarge a provincial into a national vision. As his experience has been gathered in Canada West, where men of all races have been put amicably to work, he should be admirably equipped where democracy, co-operation, and agricultural production are concerned. The other—manufacturing production—should easily "be added unto him."

In previous years the bosses on railway construction were constantly clamoring for labor. Within the immediate future the only apparent big demand in railway work will be for labor to man sections throughout the transcontinental lines. Newcomers, then, will have to look for employment within the two branches of production—natural resources and their manufactures.

THERE are certain not-to-be-ignored aspects of the immigration problem. Newcomers must fit into the broad scheme of democracy and co-operation, or they would probably have the effect of retarding the growth of Canada to national consciousness; they must possess qualifications to engage profitably to

themselves, and to their employers, in agricultural or manufacturing work. Canada's capacity to absorb is limited by the capacity of the country's machinery of production to digest immigration.

And so, in the person of the Hon. James Calder there is vested a wonderful opportunity. From him should emanate the plans that will fill with producers the vacant lands embraced within the steel arms of the railways in Canada. To him the wage-earners in the great industrial and commercial centres should look for the limiting of industrial labor to the capacity of the machinery to absorb it. To him the whole country looks for the leadership that will provide new population from other lands as rapidly as the nation can receive and absorb it into the broad stream of national life.

SHOULD it be in Mr. Calder's calculations to approach the problem along these lines, it would seem that the Great Controller directing the development of the peoples of the earth is shaping the tools to his hand.

With the rise of real co-operation and real democracy, the States on the North American continent have developed functions undreamed of before. One that stands alone as a herald of a new order of things is "The Selective Draft." So far it has been applied to the destinies of men for the purposes of war. There is no valid reason why it should not be applied to the destinies of men for the purposes of peace. Indeed, there would appear to be no real reason why the immigrants to Canada in the future should not be made to measure up to the Selective Draft idea, and show cause that they will be good citizens before they are permitted to style themselves Canadians. What difference does it make if it takes a little longer to fill the country with people, so long as those we have "fit" into the scheme of things? Our prospective millionaires can well afford to wait a little while for their money!

As Canadians we have been brought up on the impression that the supply of lands at the gift of the Government to be used as bait for immigrants, was inexhaustible. When Sir Rider Haggard, and the Dominions Royal Commission on the Natural Resources, Trade, and Legislation of Certain Portions of His Majesty's Dominion, of which Sir Geo. Foster was a member, were investigating the Canadian field, he made the rather startling discovery that in homesteads in open country reasonably well served by railways, we are coming "to the bottom of the pocket." In his report to the British Parliament, he points out that there are in Canada, south of the 54th parallel, 145,575 homesteads of 160 acres, of which 78,765 are more than 20 miles from a railway line. Above the 54th parallel and south of the northern

boundary of the wheat belt, there is a total available area equivalent to 573,974 homesteads, of which 517,956, 90.3 are more than 20 miles from a railway.

As we have to consider the needs of our soldiers, and the possibility of a rush from outsiders when the war is over, surely a common-sense application of the principle of the selective draft to the land question would not be an extraordinary development?

The soldier settlement problem is, of course, to be considered as distinct from the general immigrant policy. The indications are that returned men agreeing to take up farming shall have an opportunity to get their land in a selected district organized close to existing railway facilities. In itself that is the selective draft idea even if it be termed sound common sense. There is not among the immigrants the esprit de corps of fighting men, but it might be an excellent thing to choose for them the territory where development is most urgently desired. In the recent discussions regarding the Canadian Northern, it was emphasized repeatedly that the settlement of producers along its lines in the west would round out a splendid and a prosperous transportation machine. If our homestead bounty is so nearly exhausted, is it not time to take a little thought as to who shall be given the 160-acre free plots remaining, and to where their energies should be applied in the national welfare?

It is recognized, of course, that many immigrants to Canada are not at all dependent upon government bounty. Once they are admitted as potential citizens of Canada, the Government, apparently, loses all authority over them so long as they obey the general laws of the country. However, for those desiring to purchase land and engage in pursuits of agriculture, it should not be difficult to make conditions along certain lines much more favorable than along other lines not considered as in the best interests of the country at the time. In the industrial centres in eastern provinces, a system of registration could probably be perfected which would serve the same general purpose of development in manufacturing as in agriculture.

We will have to admit several million strangers within the next quarter of a century. Each gets a tacit license from the Federal Government to roam the country at will. Each is a potential moulder of the policies of the nation through the ballot. The state can, and ought, to select from the applicants from all the world outside those upon whom it feels the mantle of Canadian citizenship should fall. We have to be careful—witness the war time Elections Act—and the job of getting into this country ought to be made somewhat of the privilege it really is. Opportunity waits upon the doorstep of the Department of Immigration and Colonization for the Dominion.

# MUSICAL CAMOUFLEURS WE ARE

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

**M**USICAL camouflageurs are of several varieties, all of which abound in any Canadian town big enough to have an opera house. They fall into two primary divisions, professional and amateur. The second of these is by far the less dangerous to society.

The professional music-camoufleur is the person who wants you to believe that he could be led blindfolded into a concert hall and tell at a glance whether it was the Boston Symphony or the Chicago Orchestra playing; whether it was Ysaye or Heifetz; Paderewski or Hoffman—and so on. This kind of confidence-man would convince you that he has been following the musical game so long that he knows these performers musically. When he despairs of being able to meet them socially at the homes of the new-rich, he consoles himself that he has learned to know them very much better. He can tell you all the subtle differences in playing or singing presented by any number of world artists. And so far as words are concerned, so he can. Because words never carry much but illusions when it comes to dealing with music. And anybody is capable of illusions.

But the real test to this camoufleur's conscience comes when he is asked to judge without words. Just put him next to a good record-machine and see if he can tell Maud Powell from Mischa Elman. Of course if he knows it is a toss-up between the two, he may make a shrewd guess and land on the right one. Or if the piece is one he has heard played by either of them he may be able to tell you without guessing. Almost anybody remembers how Mischa Elman plays the Schubert Ave Maria. But it would take an expert in musical camouflage to remember how Ysaye does a Beethoven concerto.

In this respect one is often led to wish that a test case could be carried out between a professional musician who knows all the great artists and the owner of a good record-machine who has never personally heard one of them, but has the records of most of them. Put the owner of the records up against the professional who never listens to "canned" music, and see which of them would flounder



**T**HE lady in the long gown is an expert musical camoufleur. She can moon about Debussy when she knows it isn't Bach; she can rave about Beethoven when she couldn't tell on a wager whether she was listening to either Mozart on one hand—early Beethoven you know—or Chopin on the other; for after all Beethoven is very like a lot of other composers. Aha! she also can tell you by looking at the man on the platform whether it's Ysaye or Heifetz.

most if suddenly confronted with a new piece by an artist whose name he did not know.

As a cold matter of fact, it takes a very keen and critical ear to detect the difference between any two great artists on the same instrument. Of course anybody in reason could distinguish Godowsky from Percy Grainger. And anybody without reason knows that Galli Curci isn't very much like Clara Butt. These are obvious. But when anybody sets out to assure you with a cocksure wink of the other eye that he knows precisely the difference between any two great artists on the same instrument, just make absolutely sure that he could swear on his reputation as a musician that he could be dead sure it was Pablo Casals doing a turn on his top strings and not Fritz Kreisler doing a bit on the middle register.

We are all musically wise the moment we know by the programme who is on the bill. The name of the performer clearly attached to the name of the piece and the composer leaves no room for speculation. At once, with no time wasted on appreciating either the piece or the composer we turn ourselves loose on the player—and heaven help him!

To be honest with ourselves about this genial, uplifting muddle we call music, we ought to judge everything detached. Imagine, however, the burning looks on some of our professionals' faces if they were asked to a programme by a pianist, of pieces whose names were not announced, by composers left to be guessed at. Of course in nine cases out of ten a professional of the piano could tell you that Bach did not compose a Debussy sonata. But there are times and places where he might get sadly mixed up as to places and times.

There's no use in any of us pretending we know an artist by the way he sounds when we don't even feel sure what any artist is doing for an encore or even the name of the composer whose piece it is. But, give some professional camoufleur enough rope—especially the lady in the long opera gown—and they will hang themselves black in the face over fine distinctions that don't exist and people not concerned in the performance whatever.

## ANOTHER R. N. W. M. P. THRILLER

**A**MERICAN playwrights still insist that the Canadian Northwest is a wild and woolly place where big revolvers and little brunettes mixed up with flannel shirts and whiskey flasks make a fine medley to "key up" their melodramas. They Northwest Mounted Police must stamp in to every scene and stride around doing dare-devil stunts while fuzzy-whiskered factors from the Hudson Bay post remind the audience that the biggest part of Canada is populated by fur-bearing animals, and that the inhabitants bark at nights. But Broadway likes that kind of stuff and Belasco knows his people. He also knows his players. Which may be why the most enormous success in New York this season is "Tiger Rose," by Willard Mack, with Leonore Ulric as the Tiger and the Rose.

"Tiger Rose" transports us to Wutchi Wum on the Loon River, Alberta, to a picturesque world of hunters, of trappers, and of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. We are taken into the living-room of the house of the "Factor" there, a Scotchman named Hector MacCollins. It is here that the Hudson Bay trappers are paid off for their pelts. The first act opens at daybreak of a bright June morning. We are introduced in rapid succession to MacCollins, the Factor, his Indian servants, and then to the heroine, Rose Bocion, a French-Canadian orphan, 18 years old, wild, profane, sinuous, an atheist because her father was one, living with an inherited contempt for the Church and its priests.

Rose is described as the prettiest girl in Northwest Alberta. To the trading-post come many men to woo her—wistful, violin-playing Pierre La Bey, a romantic young French-Canadian; Dan Cusick, the grim doctor of the post, who is also her slave; and the rollicking, boastful, mounted policeman, Michael

**DAVID BELASCO** brings out a new melodrama of the Canadian Northwest.

Reason—New York wants a gun and love thriller. The U. S. West, the cowboy and the claim-jumper are played out. The Mounted Police have not yet been exploited off the stage. So, Willard Mack goes at the R. N. W. M. P. Tiger Rose is the girl. The plot—what does it matter? It's all to blood-curdle the anaemic—and it goes.

Devlin. But Rose gives her heart to none. We are soon apprized of the fact that secretly she has a lover. Dr. Cusick, as he confesses to her, has discovered the girl with Wa Wa, her squaw companion, meeting an American engineer in the woods.

Presently Michael Devlin rides up to the Factor's house with the news of a murder, committed in the construction camp, "the other side of Pearl Ridge." We suspect, of course, that it is the young engineer. He has killed the company's surgeon on the latter's first official trip from Vancouver. Devlin rushes to the telephone and sends out the news of the murder. Overhearing him, Rose comes instinctively to the realization that her lover, Bruce Norton, is the guilty man.

The man-hunt begins that day. Rose's love for the young American is aroused to its deepest. With the

aid of her Indian friends and the sympathetic Doctor Cusick, she tries to help Norton in his escape.

Norton escapes to the deserted cabin in the woods. The floor is covered with dead leaves and boughs. There he waits for Rose, who presently appears with Wa Wa. She tells him that Dr. Cusick has promised his aid in getting Norton away on Little Creek that night. He is to come unobserved to the deserted cabin to give the young American directions. Suddenly a red-coated figure rises out of the upper bunk of that deserted cabin. It is Michael Devlin himself; and he covers both of them with a gun.

Devlin: "Turn around young fellow, and turn slow. Put up your hands; put them up, I say. Now, Rose, I think I'll be a little stuck on myself. Young fellow, you're under arrest."

Rose (throwing her arms around Devlin): "Oh, no, Michael Devlin. Please, please let him go! Please! Please!"

Devlin: "No, no, Rose, I can't do it. I can't, I tell you. Hold out your hands, young fellow; hold them out." (Brings out handcuffs.)

(Rose shoots the gun out of Devlin's hand.)

Devlin: "You damn little cat!"

Rose: "Put up the hands, Michael Devlin, or next time I kill you."

Although Bruce escapes, he returns later and surrenders himself to Devlin. "They'll make her pay for my freedom," was the thought that had come to them. He had gone to Father Thibault, who had told him he was right. Finally the complicated difficulties with Rose and her lover are unravelled.

Rose: "I will go to Mission School, even with damn Siwash—I will get baptized—I will do everything you wish, you do something for me."



THIS is a typical scene in a new blood-curdling melodrama written around "Tiger Rose" and the Northwest Mounted Police. New York must have raw meat along with its little theatres. The Canadian Northwest is supposed to furnish a good deal of the raw stuff. Willard Mack is the originator of this one. David Belasco is the producer. Consequently it is—successful.

Father Thibault: "Yes, dear, I will do what I can."  
 Rose: "Vera good, then tell Michael Devlin you will put the curse of Church on him if he do not let my man go."  
 Father Thibault: "What?"  
 Devlin: "What's all this?"  
 Rose: "The curse of the Church is vera bad! I will be Christian girl for Father Thibault. Then, if you tak him away, Father Thibault will give you the curse."

Hector: "Well, so help me God."  
 Father Thibault: "No! no! my dear child—you do not understand. Michael cannot let him go—not even for all you promise could we ask him to do this."  
 Rose: "You think I let him go uow wizout me? Oh, you don't know Rose Bocion so good—no, where he shall go I shall go!"  
 Hector: "You mean to say, Rose, that in spite of anything we can say to you that you'd leave us all

and go away with this man that you've only known a few weeks, whether you're married or not? You mean to tell me you'll go away with him?"  
 Rose: "What I say, I do!"  
 Father Thibault: "And if I do this, will you go to a good Father I will send you to, go to school, and Church, stop swearing and learn something of your soul's salvation? Will you do this?"  
 Rose: "Oh, sure as hell I will!"  
 And there's plenty more.

Now Will We Be Good?

ONE-HALF of the world, says Mr. Isaacson, in the Theatre Magazine, have been content to swallow the tradition that only a small and select group of persons were able to grasp the supposed intricacies of great music. They have steered clear of the concert halls and the opera houses as they would from a class in trigonometry or the Greek classics. They have shivered at the icy bitterness of the writers of music, and despite the one-time latent intuition that they really enjoyed fine music, have gradually become attached to the notion that they don't. They have concluded unconsciously that inasmuch as they cannot afford the time nor the effort to enter a long novitiate in the mysteries, histories, theories and practices of musical lore, that they will never know, and they had better forget it.

With more or less guilty feeling they have then gone back to their cabarets, vaudeville theatres, musical comedies and revues, to revel in the unblushing enjoyment of Irving Berlin, Wolfie Gilbert, and their set. While this very exclusive and highly intellectual band of "music-lovers" continued to refrigerate the world in general with the good masters, and to sneer most loudly at the truck and rubbish which the lower level enjoy.

I call a halt to this practice of ignorance. All unconsciously the whole erroneous system is being altered. Where a few years ago, there were but a handful of artists in this country, and a mere scattering of musical events—to-day every little city has its season of music, by worth-while performers. Where but a few thousand made up the music-going public, it is to-day over two million. Music schools and teachers are turning out hundreds of thousands of fairly trained amateurs and professionals. The phonograph and the player-piano are making musicians of us all.

Picturize Gilbert and Sullivan?

AND now somebody rises to suggest that the Gilbert and Sullivan operas be put on the film. Anyway, after an interview with De Wolf Hopper, as recorded in Everybody's, Lillian Montanye says to the comedian: "Do you think the Gilbert and Sullivan operas will be revived, and will you take your former parts if they are?"

"Yes, to both questions," he said—"or, at least, I hope so."

"So do I," I agreed, thinking gleefully of his imitable performance in "The Mikado." "What a pity these operas couldn't be filmed!"

"Perhaps they could," he smiled. "At least, I should not be surprised at some enterprising Motion Picture producer attempting it, nor at their way of going about it. Since my work in pictures and the funny things I experienced, nothing could surprise me again.

"As I said, it's results that count. In the first part of my talk I said some nonsensical things about the making of pictures, but I have told you what I think of the finished pictures and what I see in them. You see, I happen to have an abnormal sense of humor, and if there's anything funny I see it and, of course, have to tell it, so I couldn't refrain from talking a little about the funny side of picture-making."

And who would expect De Wolf Hopper to do anything else? It is said that humor is close kin to pity—that the smile is close to the tear. If we can't laugh with people, we can't weep with them. Humor is human—it helps people to get together and to get on together. And in that way De Wolf Hopper and others who make us smile do quite as much toward relieving the tragedy of life as the preachers and reformers.

This will be the last word in dehorned art, if it ever happens. A Gilbert and Sullivan opera without the music would be as good as a rose without color or an angel without wings.

A Heavy Pudding

RECENTLY the sergeants of a certain battery in France sat down to an exceptionally fine dinner, the crowning glory of which was a large plum pudding.

"Seems mighty hard," remarked the Sergeant-Major as he vainly tried to stick his fork in it. "Have you boiled us a cannon ball?"

"Or the regimental football?" asked another.

"Where did you get the flour from?" questioned the Sergeant-Major again, still struggling vainly.

"Where from?" the cook retorted. "From Store No. 5, of course."

"You did?" roared the Quartermaster Sergeant. "Then, hang you, you've made the pudding with Portland cement!"—Irish World.

According to How You Feel

(Concluded from page 13.)

The Cattle in the Stall

I hold no place of high import  
 In hall or thronging mart.  
 One of the little ones of earth,  
 I do my humble part.  
 With pail and fork and stable broom,  
 When winter shadows fall,  
 In common tasks I tend for Him,  
 The cattle in the stall.  
 For since of old a stable knew  
 That wondrous Baby's birth,  
 Methinks He loves the cattle best  
 Of all the beasts of earth.  
 Their mild eyes gazed upon Him there,  
 They heard His first faint call,  
 And so I love to tend for Him  
 The cattle in the stall.  
 I love the knotted dark along  
 The heavy rough-hewn roof—  
 I love the rustle of the straw  
 Beneath the shifted hoof—  
 The woven chorus of content  
 That glides from wall to wall—  
 But most I love for His dear sake  
 The cattle in the stall.

A mystery hovers on this night,  
 This Christmas of the year;  
 Their quiet gaze beholds in awe  
 The miracle draw near:  
 The Little Child is born again  
 His spell is over all—  
 Oh, proud am I to tend for Him  
 The cattle in the stall!

NINA MOORE JAMIESON.



# The PROBLEM of FOOD SUBSTITUTES

*Last of a Series of Articles on the Limits and Possibilities of Price and Food Control*

ONE question that, I think, must often face a Food Controller is this: Shall I try persuasion or compulsion? Here is some saving to be achieved, some diversion of labor to more necessary or more productive employments, some elimination of waste. He has the power to prohibit or to enforce. Shall he use it—or shall he try to persuade instead? It may seem strange, but it is very true, that the question of voluntary versus compulsory service is not so easy in the case of the supply of food as in that of the supply of men. In some respects compulsion is the obvious method, as in respect of liquor restrictions. In others compulsion fails altogether, as all European countries have found in dealing with food-hoardings by peasants. Great Britain found it was worse than useless limiting by law the number of courses to be served in hotels and restaurants—it directly increased the consumption of the food staples of which the shortage was greatest! It is a question full of complications. What is possible in one country is not possible in another. Some forms of compulsion which are possible in England or France or Germany are impossible in Canada or the States, not because the people are less amenable, but because geographical differences over a wide country, transportation problems, differences of racial habit, and so on, put insurmountable obstacles in the way of uniformity.

In one case, viz., the substitution of one food for another, it is clear that the Food Controller must trust largely to persuasion. The necessities of the situation require that we eat less of some foods and more of others, less beef and less bacon and more fish, less wheat and more corn and other cereal products, less butter and lard and more nut-products, beef-drippings (for cooking purposes), and so on. There is a great variety of ways in which substitu-

By PROF. R. M. MacIVER

tion may be made, and these will depend on personal and family habit, opportunity, income, not on regulation. The first thing is to persuade. It is a matter of psychology. Once people realize the need they adjust themselves to it—but the trouble is that it is so hard to make people realize it. It has proved hard even in the countries where the ravage of war is more directly felt. Sometimes it seems as if people were more ready to give up their lives than their habits. Food habits are so engrained, a matter of instinct or routine rather than reasoning. And commercialized advertisement has blunted our minds to appeals. It has made urgent appeal where no urgency exists (save for profits). Still, the method of public persuasion (which is what advertising means) must here be applied. When we are up against such a national habit as, for example, the over-eating of meat, it is no use merely saying, Eat less. It is necessary to explain why, and to explain yet again, and to go on explaining—until the lesson is driven home and a new habit supplants the old.

I have been speaking only of substitution in food-consumption. Behind it lies another question, substitution in food-production. There is no reserve of labor at the present time, and the increase of one form of food-production almost inevitably means the diversion of labor from other forms of production. A certain amount can indeed be done by better organization, as the development of the fish supply, both sea and inland, by the energetic Fish Committee has shown. But there are special factors in this case, and in general the increase of any kind of food supply involves substitution, the decrease of other kinds. It might be expedient, for example, to in-

crease the acreage under beans on account of their high food value, and that would involve a reduction of some other crops. On a matter of this kind, the Food Controller alone, having before him the definite requests of the allies, can speak with authority. But here, too, he must depend mainly on persuasion, which itself ought to be felt as binding by the producers to whom it is addressed.

If you encourage one form of production you are likely to discourage others in that degree—such is the nemesis of labor (and capital) shortage. It is most important, therefore, that in taking any step the whole critical situation be kept in view. This applies pre-eminently to the wheat question. We have been inclined to think of bread as the first necessity, the staff of life. But the supreme food necessity is not wheat but milk. There are substitutes for bread; there is none, in its most important service, for milk and its products. Milch cattle are even more important than fields of wheat. If the herds are diminished, it takes time to restore them, far longer than to restore the wheat supply. Soon after the war the urgent demand for wheat will fall away, but the urgent demand for cattle must, in view of the already existing shortage, continue for a number of years. In the light of this situation Mr. Hoover has recently made a statement of very great significance: "The great present stimulation of wheat growing in the United States by guaranteeing minimum prices may yet have some of the characters of a national calamity." And we in Canada have, necessarily, just the same problem. Hence I would return in conclusion to a point I have already insisted upon from another side, that is, the danger of a high permanently-fixed wheat price which may stand in the way of other necessary measures of food control.

## THE WORLD ITS OWN DOCTOR

*We have a disease. It is Germany. The disease is curable. But the surgical operation known as War is only the beginning of the cure.*

By THE EDITOR

HOW do we face 1918? In the middle of the fourth year of war, can we take national good cheer out of the situation by looking backwards and ahead? If not, let's be candid with ourselves. If ever there was a time when Canada needed to see clearly in order to act unitedly and vigorously, now is the time.

And we can do it. We have the best of reasons for doing it. There never was a New Year in this country when we had such a right to take ourselves soberly for what we are worth based upon what we have done, are doing, and intend to do.

We are at war, more than ever; more than we were in 1915, 1916, or 1917. We are there of our own volition and intend to stay for the same reason. We know better what we are fighting for, what we are fighting against, and what our resources are for keeping up and crescendoing the fight. We are getting rid of the military superiority of language. Bunkum is being reduced. The facts are before us.

The great Fact is vividly, amazingly before us. The great Fact of War. The story is old now. But it comes back every day with the punch of an amazing novelty. What we are fighting against—we are coming to understand better.

What is it? A world disease. Nothing less. And the name of that disease is Germany. We shall never win the war or keep it won until we persist in thinking every day of our lives that Germany is no part of a healthy world. Germany is a cancer. The cancer has been eating its way into the heart of Europe for longer than the memory of any living man. We have pointed it out before. It requires to be kept pointed out. We of the new world need a lot of reminding about what this menace is. Twenty years ago a German officer told an American officer what Germany's programme was. He told it because, as he said, nobody would believe it—outside of Germany.

And we are only now coming to be convinced that the programme of Germany is not a mere delusion or a dream. It is a disease, the roots of which go back to the days before Frederick the Great, whom Carlyle spent 14 years in eulogizing. The wisest diagnosticians the

world over had failed to note that disease. It was there in the heart of Europe, which is still the heart of the world. It has been spreading, slowly, steadily, organizedly, out and out in all directions. A nation organized to a point of mania was to conquer the world. All the forces that have uplifted humanity were to be torn away, and disease was to take its place.

Any country that has escaped the infection is not on a traveler's map. America and Canada have had it sure enough. Canada was to have become a fertile field for Germanism. The youngest countries in the world were to have the disease the hardest; America, including Canada, was to have become the real centre of Germanism. So it was said.

So, the normal state of the world, sick of the German cancer, is to fight disease. The normally well man thinks an ailment is a nuisance. He will soon be well again. But the world is not a well man. The world is a very sick man; and the illness is Germany.

The world's one great business then, before all else and by means of all else, is to get rid of the disease. How? By a decision on the field of battle, in the air, on the sea or under it? Scarcely. The disease known as Germany is not an attack of indigestion. It is a cancer. A curable cancer—but one that will take more than the surgical operation of this war to remove. The world must not only cut out the cancer; it must also so live in its bodily and spiritual health that any growth of the cancer is impossible.

How long will that take? Nobody knows. But the war will not do it. The war is the one heroic and awful thing that must do most of it. But the disease of Germanism has become too far-reaching for any one operation. What civilization must have if it is to make the world possible for an enlightened humanity is a healthy body. The world must continue to fight against the disease that has threatened to kill the world.

And for a long while to come we shall find our greatest inspiration to live in just that one effort. The nations that are uniting now to

get rid of Germanism must stay united. There is no help for it. Diplomacy will be jostled off the stage. The union of the best part of the world against the worst is no affair of diplomacy. It is a business of unity. We must hang together. All nations that are mere opportunists, of whatever color they may be, must be classed as part of the disease. All nations that believe in a world of freedom and of ideas and of human betterment must constitute themselves the patient that is determined to get better.

It's not doctors of diplomacy we want. What we need is fresh air and work and free minds and hope for the future. All we have been that is worth while must be organized for the sake of what we hope to become. We can't live by tearing down. No one nation in the world holds the world's salvation in a bottle. That we have allowed Germany to think she had it is the worst crime of modern ages. We all used to worship at the shrine whose cloven-hoofed deities were at Potsdam. We all raved about the great and good Germany of scholarship and music and government and shining armor. Germany let us rave. Our wisest statesmen were bamboozled by the guileless visage of the monster that was planning the world's destruction for the rise of Germany. They purred like great kittens when the German Emperor shocked them. They admitted that Bismarck was the great master of statecraft. They blinked and said that the ills of autoocracy would be cured by the German people working through social democracy.

Well! And now we know how it was done. When we quit crowing over the fact that Germany after all has been only a second-rate nation in the arts of modern invention, in science, in scholarship that means culture, we shall admit that Germany knew a thing or two far better for her purpose than all these. Let other nations devise all these things in the name of progress. Germany could very wisely steal them and make them over. And Germany was far too busy on something else to be bothered about things that must become world property anyhow.

The world is large. There must be exchange of ideas. In science, industry, art, letters, social service, medicine, law, history, research—the world was one. No nation admitted it so well as Germany.

And while admitting it, that Kaiser-country was working on a thing that under heaven no other country should possess. It was the deliberate organization of every man, every mark, every kilowatt, every pound, every bushel, every hoof, every laboratory, every idea, every hope of

humanity, every dream of childhood—everything that is in the human race and around it, for the sake of making Germany a unit of energy for the business that should come. To get this organization born of worse than the devil in absolute working order, every boy as he got into school was injected with a virus, and afterwards drilled into ideas of efficiency. He was taught that he had no rights of his own; that he was born to become the glorified slave of the State. Slavery was not abolished by Lincoln. It was only transferred to Germany. The year that saw the abolition of the slaves in America saw the battle of Koniggratz that gave Germany the right to make a slave of Austria. Children in Germany were so overwhelmed with this prospect of slavery that they committed suicide to escape it. That was Germany's great secret business. Along with world spy-craft, it made Germany the self-centred mad nation; the great maniac that arose in 1914 and said it was now big enough, organized enough, and bad enough to conquer the world; because the world was so full of kindness and benevolence and trust and hope that it never would suspect the death of all these things in Germany that the monster might survive.

And the monster is the world's disease. We are now fighting it. And unless the world of free nations can become as great a brotherhood now and after the war as Germany has become the consolidated assassin of all ordinary human qualities, we may as well admit that the disease has a right to kill the world if it wants to.

But the world will not die. The disease can be cured. It is for us in Canada, as part of the great world of the future, to see that we do our part in curing the disease.

Are we all to become slaves of the State? Must we abandon the right to individual lives, to freedom, to happy homes, to inspiring human effort? Must we admit that because Prussia has made 150,000,000 people slaves, she has also the right to make slaves of the rest of us? If so, in the name of heaven let us make the admission right away and stop the slaughter. If so, let us regret that we did not admit it in 1914.

If not—let us get ourselves together as never we have. Let us wish for our Government more wisdom than any we ever had. And being assured of the Government's wisdom, based upon the will of the people, let us submit ourselves as partners with the Government in working out this great business of making the world a fit place to bring children into.

## PACKERS OWN OTHER INDUSTRIES

*Says the New York Times: Not in Canada, However*

**C**OTTONSEED oil plants, Chicago real estate and cattle trade papers appeared in the records of the Federal Trade Commission's inquiry into the packing industry as side lines into which the control of the big packers has extended. When the inquiry was adjourned over the holidays, Francis J. Heney, special counsel, announced that subsequent hearings, probably in New York or Boston, would deal with the packers' alleged control of grain, fertilizers, dairying, dairy feed, butter substitutes, leather, hides, poultry, and canned vegetables, none of which was touched on in the testimony here.

"Testimony already introduced has touched only one angle of the situation," said Mr. Heney. "We have had many investigators out all over the country for four months, and what has been introduced so far has been only a part of what was discovered in Boston."

Having introduced evidence designed to establish the control of the Chicago Stock Yards and Terminal Railways by the Chicago Stock Yards Company of Maine, promoted and owned principally by J. Ogden Armour, of Chicago, and Frederick H. Prince, of Boston, Mr. Heney developed from witnesses to-day that Armour & Co. are interested also in eleven other stock yards. It had been testified previously that

the Morris group of packers owned most of the Kansas City yards and that Swift was interested in the St. Paul yard.

Mr. Heney charged that by controlling the principal cattle markets of the country the packers are in a position to manipulate the nation's meat supply as well as dictate prices to both producer and consumer. He said that the large profits of the stock yards and railway companies came chiefly from the producers who pay storage, feed, and haulage charges, which constitute the bulk of the companies' income.

Redistribution of share holdings of the Chicago Stock Yards Company was begun as soon as the managers got wind of the Federal Trade Commission's coming investigation, according to testimony before the commission to-day. It was said that, on the same day a Federal investigator appeared, 34,480 shares were divided into seventeen parts. The object of the sudden transfer, as it appeared from the testimony, was to conceal the real ownership, which is alleged to really be with the great meat packing concerns.

The day a Federal agent walked into the offices of F. H. Prince & Co., in Boston, the 34,480 shares were split into one warrant for 18,480 shares and sixteen warrants for 1,000 shares each. Records were introduced to-day to

show that other packers besides Armour are interested in the Chicago Stock Yards. Persons connected with the Swift and Morris interests appeared on the lists of Directors of the Chicago Junction Railways Company and the Chicago Union Stock Yards and Transit Company, operating the terminal railways and the stock yards. These companies are owned by the Chicago Junction Railways and Union Stock Yards Company of New Jersey,

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which, in turn, is controlled by the Maine corporation formed by Armour and Prince. Frederick W. Croll, treasurer of Armour & Co., said he could not explain why the other packers should have representation on these concerns.

Croll admitted that Armour & Co. had large interests in cottonseed oil plants in Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee, and that Armour and Swift were interested in cattle trade papers in Forth Worth and Denver.

Payment of more than \$1,000,000 to three packers who had not appeared in the record so far was recorded in a letter from the Chicago Junction Railways and Union Stock Yards Company. Payments "on account of contracts" amounted to \$540,000 to Schwarzschild & Sulzberger between October, 1900, and August, 1901; \$200,000 to the Anglo-American Company in 1901 and 1902; and \$500,000 to Hammond & Co. between July, 1902, and April, 1903.

Millions of dollars of Chicago real estate, known as the central manufacturing district, appeared in a list of assets of the Chicago Junction Railways and Union Stock Yards Company.

## What's the Matter With My Town?

The letter from Hampton, Ont., which failed to get in last week.

Editor, Courier:

Re your invitation to criticize the management of the affairs of our village. As we have neither railways, electric light, sewers or a water system in our village, we base our criticism on the custom of our township council in allowing cattle to run at large. Our village is made the rendezvous of a herd of cows whose chief delight seems to be to find an open gate, to destroy gardens, to find a hole in a wire fence large enough to put their heads through, and then with half a ton pressure of beef behind them, to spring the fence until the appearance of the fence is ruined, not to

mention the stuff that is ruined inside. They also make a mess of the sidewalks and roads generally. This may be to the advantage of a few people who own cows, but to the disadvantage of the appearance of our village and to the village people's temper generally.

Yours,  
TOM COFFIN.

## NEW BOOKS

### A Convert

"THE MAJOR." By Ralph Connor.

BEGINNING some years ago, when its hero was a little boy, Ralph Connor's latest book carries him through his school and college days; from the time when his Quaker mother taught him to hate war, until he was himself a major in the Canadian army. The story shows war's effects on the many characters introduced, as well as relating their different love-stories. The gathering of the first wonderful volunteer army, when 25,000 men were asked for, and 100,000 rushed to enlist, forms an important part of the novel. Although more than one of the characters in the book had ranked among the pacifists in those far-off days before the invasion of Belgium, they each and all prove themselves courageous and patriotic when that time comes. There is a neatly-drawn sketch of the United States during the first few months of the war; and the picture of Canada, with which the book concludes, is quite interesting.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.40.

### Mexico To-day

"THE MEXICAN PROBLEM." By C. W. Barron.

AS far as the average man's understanding of the situation goes, trouble seems to be the chief national product of Mexico, and the Mexican problem a perennial perplexity which

might be solved when some one discovers the secret of perpetual motion. Evidently the average man is wrong—again. There is a ready solution for the Mexican problem and the normal disorder down there, moral, social, financial and political, is to be set right. C. W. Barron, the famous financial authority, says so in a book which digs down to controlling factors and fundamentals and gives a remarkably interesting exposition of the political and business position of Mexico to-day. Talcott Williams, LL.D., of Columbia University, characterizes the book as "A clear and wise economic picture of Mexico, beyond any other that I have read."—Houghton Mifflin Co., \$1.00 net.

### Militant Pacificism

"FIGHTING FOR PEACE." By Henry Van Dyke.

NO doubt it is quite right to regard most pacifists as peculiar, if not pernicious. Their proposals are so often likely to hearten the enemy and still further enervate the wobbly ones on our own side who worry and wonder instead of buckling to with a will to work for victory. But the motive which inspired the writing of "Fighting for Peace," by Henry van Dyke, is as far removed from Boloism as the Hun is opposite Humanity. Dr. van Dyke went as the American Minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg in the summer of 1913, but his mission was greater than his ministry. "I went to Holland," he says, "as an envoy of the world peace founded on justice. . . ." He hoped to bring about a third conference at The Hague. He worked for that end. "I am working for it now," he says in his foreword, "but with a difference. It is evident that we cannot maintain that cause without fighting for it."

And his book is an inspiration in militant pacifism. With a righteous indignation, reinforced by the white wrath of love (Dr. van Dyke has, above everything, always been a lover of his fellow men), he writes of the

assassination of Belgium; the defilement of the seas by the Potsdam pirates"; and strips away the sham of "military necessity" with a scourge which shears down to the hideous shame of Hun atrocities.

As to the quality of the peace he is fighting for, he says:

"What do we mean now by peace? We mean more than a mere cessation of hostilities. We mean that the burglar shall give back all that he has grabbed. We mean that the marauder shall make good all the damage that he has done. We mean that there shall be an open league of free democratic states, great and small, to guard against the recurrence of such a bloody calamity as the autocratic, militaristic Potsdam gang precipitated upon the world in 1914."—Copp Clark Co. \$1.25 net.

A double column of "Chess" will appear next week.

### Art in War Time

(Concluded from page 15.)

speaking of the paintings a Paris critic says:

"J. W. Morice's snow scene on the Seine in Paris is one of the best things of its kind seen in a long time."

Canadians are justly proud of their distinguished compatriots.

THOUGH our own papers sometimes give high praise to Canadian artists, the public are sometimes apt to attribute this to local interest, and it is with pleasure that we read a eulogy on the work of Miss Florence Wyle, the clever sculptress, which appeared in the Los Angeles Sunday Times, describing her work in detail and laying great emphasis on her "unusual talent and vision."

IN the numerous art exhibitions and sales for charitable purposes the artists seem to take pride in giving their best works while the purchasers consult their personal interest alone. Miss Florence Carlyle, of Woodstock, Ont., who has given up painting to do war work in England, sold a beautiful painting at the Canadian National Exhibition last year for a very small sum, though it was announced that the money would be devoted to Red Cross work.

MR. J. COLIN FORBES has completed a portrait of former Governor Horace White, of New York.

CAPT. LOUIS KEENE, the Montreal cartoonist and painter whose hand has been somewhat disabled by a wound, has invaded another branch of art and has written an unusually clever war book. He is now engaged in instructing soldiers in an American camp.

"ALGERNON is very interesting," said the stock broker's daughter, as Tit-Bits tell it. "What does he talk about?" inquired her father. "Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearean quotations." "Young woman, said the financier, "don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There ain't no such stock on the market."

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# THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 9.)

wealthy families, she seemed to Alan to have gained young womanhood in far greater degree in some respects than the girls he knew, while, at the same time, in other ways, she retained more than they some characteristics of a child. Her slender figure had a woman's assurance and grace; her soft brown hair was dressed like a woman's; her gray eyes had the open directness of the girl. Her face—smoothly oval, with straight brows and a skin so delicate that at the temples the veins showed dimly blue—was at once womanly and youthful; and there was something altogether likable and simple about her, as she studied Alan now. She had on a street dress and hat; whether it was this, or whether it was the contrast of her youth and vitality with this somber, darkened house that told him, Alan could not tell, but he felt instinctively that this house was not her home. More likely, it was some indefinable, yet convincing expression of her manner that gave him that impression. While he hazarded, with fast beating heart, what privilege of acquaintance with her Alan Conrad might have, she moved a little nearer to him. She was slightly pale, he noticed now, and there were lines of strain and trouble about her eyes.

"I am Constance Sherrill," she announced. Her tone implied quite evidently that she expected him to have some knowledge of her, and she seemed surprised to see that her name did not mean more to him.

"Mr. Corvet is not here this morning," she said.

He hesitated, but persisted: "I was to see him here to-day, Miss Sherrill. He wrote me, and I telegraphed him I would be here to-day."

"I know," she answered. "We had your telegram. Mr. Corvet was not here when it came, so my father opened it." Her voice broke oddly, and he studied her in indecision, wondering who that father might be that opened Mr. Corvet's telegrams.

"Mr. Corvet went away very suddenly," she explained. She seemed, he thought, to be trying to make something plain to him which might be a shock to him; yet herself to be uncertain what the nature of that shock might be. Her look was scrutinizing, questioning, anxious, but not unfriendly. "After he had written you and something else had happened—I think—to alarm my father about him, father came here to his house to look after him. He thought something might have . . . happened to Mr. Corvet here in his house. But Mr. Corvet was not here."

"You mean he has—disappeared?"

"Yes; he has disappeared."

Alan gazed at her dizzily. Benjamin Corvet—whenever he might be—had disappeared; he had gone. Did any one else, then, know about Alan Conrad?

"No one has seen Mr. Corvet," she said, "since the day he wrote to you. We know that—that he became so disturbed after doing that—writing to you—that we thought you must bring with you information of him."

"Information!"

"So we have been waiting for you to come here and tell us what you

know about him or—or your connection with him."

## CHAPTER III.

### Discussion of a Shadow.

ALAN, as he looked confusedly, and blankly at her, made no attempt to answer the question she had asked, or to explain. For the moment, as he fought to realize what she had said and its meaning for himself, all his thought was lost in mere dismay, in the denial and checking of what he had been feeling as he entered the house. His silence and confusion, he knew, must seem to Constance Sherrill unwillingness to answer her; for she did not suspect that he was unable to answer her. She plainly took it in that way; but she did not seem offended; it was sympathy, rather, that she showed. She seemed to appreciate, without understanding except through her feelings, that—for some reason—answer was difficult and dismaying for him.

"You would rather explain to father than to me," she decided.

He hesitated. What he wanted now was time to think, to learn who she was and who her father was, and to adjust himself to this strange reversal of expectations.

"Yes; I would rather do that," he said.

"Will you come around to our house, then, please?"

She caught up her fur collar and muff from a chair and spoke a word to the servant. As she went out on to the porch, he followed her and stooped to pick up his suitcase.

"Simons will bring that," she said, "unless you'd rather have it with you. It is only a short walk."

He was recovering from the first shock of her question now, and, reflecting that men who accompanied Constance Sherrill probably did not

carry hand baggage, he put the suitcase down and followed her to the wall. As she turned north and he caught step beside her, he studied her with quick interested glances, realizing her difference from all other girls he ever had walked with, but he did not speak to her nor she to him. Turning east at the first corner, they came within sight and hearing again of the turmoil of the lake.

"We go south here," she said at the corner of the Drive. "Our house is almost back to back with Mr. Corvet's."

Alan, looking up after he had made the turn with her, recognized the block as one he had seen pictured sometimes in magazines and illustrated papers as a "row" of the city's most beautiful homes. Larger, handsomer, and finer than the mansions on Astor Street, each had its lawn or terrace in front and on both sides, where snow-mantled shrubs and straw-bound rosebushes suggested the gardens of spring. They turned in at the entrance of a house in the middle of the block and went up the low, wide stone steps; the door opened to them without ring or knock; a servant in the hall within took Alan's hat and coat, and he followed Constance past some great room upon his right to a smaller one farther down the hall.

"Will you wait here, please?" she asked.

He sat down, and she left him; when her footsteps had died away, and he could hear no other sounds except the occasional soft tread of some servant, he twisted himself about in his chair and looked around. A door between the room he was in and the large room which had been upon his right as they came in—a drawing-room—stood open; he could see into the drawing-room, and he could see through the other door a portion of the hall; his inspection of these increased the bewilderment he felt. Who were these Sherrills? Who was Corvet, and what was his relation to the Sherrills? What, beyond all, was their and Corvet's relation to Alan Conrad—to himself? The shock and confusion he had

felt at the nature of his reception in Corvet's house, and the strangeness of his transition from his little Kansas town to a place and people such as this, had prevented him from inquiring directly from Constance Sherrill as to that; and, on her part, she had assumed, plainly, that he already knew and need not be told.

HE got up and moved about the rooms; they, like all rooms, must tell something about the people who lived in them. The rooms were large and open; Alan, in dreaming and fancying to himself the places to which he might some day be summoned, had never dreamed of entering such a home as this. For it was a home; in its light and in its furnishings there was nothing of the stiffness and aloofness which Alan, never having seen such rooms except in pictures, had imagined to be necessary evils accompanying riches and luxury; it was not the richness of its furnishings that impressed him first, it was its livableness. Among the more modern pieces in the drawing-room and hall were some which were antique. In the part of the hall that he could see, a black and ancient-looking chair whose lines he recognized, stood against the wall. He had seen chairs like that, heirlooms of colonial Massachusetts or Connecticut, cherished in Kansas farmhouses and recalling some long-past exodus of the family from New England. On the wall of the drawing-room, among the beautiful and elusive paintings and etchings, was a picture of a ship, plainly framed; he moved closer to look at it, but he did not know what kind of ship it was except that it was a sailing ship of some long-disused design. Then he drew back again into the smaller room where he had been left, and sat down again to wait.

A comfortable fire of cannel coal was burning in this smaller room in a black fire-basket set in a white marble grate, obviously much older than the house; there were big easy leather chairs before it, and beside it there were bookcases. On one of these stood a two-handled silver trophy cup,



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# CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

and hung high upon the wall above the mantel was a long racing sweep with the date '85 painted in black across the blade. He had the feeling, coming quite unconsciously, of liking the people who lived in this handsome house.

He straightened and looked about, then got up, as Constance Sherrill came back into the room.

"Father is not here just now," she said. "We weren't sure from your telegram exactly at what hour you would arrive, and that is why I waited at Mr. Corvet's to be sure we wouldn't miss you. I have telephoned father, and he's coming home at once."

She hesitated an instant in the doorway, then turned to go out again.

"Miss Sherrill——" he said.

She halted. "Yes."

"You told me you had been waiting for me to come and explain my connection with Mr. Corvet. Well—I can't do that; that is what I came here hoping to find out."

She came back toward him slowly.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He was forcing himself to disregard the strangeness which his surroundings and all that had happened in the last half hour had made him feel; leaning his arms on the back of the chair in which he had been sitting, he managed to smile reassuringly; and he fought down and controlled resolutely the excitement in his voice, as he told her rapidly the little he knew about himself.

He could not tell definitely how she was affected by what he said. She flushed slightly, following her first start of surprise after he had begun to speak; when he had finished, he saw that she was a little pale.

"Then you don't know anything about Mr. Corvet at all?" she said.

"No; until I got his letter sending for me here, I'd never seen or heard his name."

She was thoughtful for a moment.

"Thank you for telling me," she said. "I'll tell my father when he comes."

"You father is——?" he ventured.

She understood now that the name of Sherrill had meant nothing to him. "Father is Mr. Corvet's closest friend, and his business partner as well," she explained.

He thought she was going to tell him something more about them; but she seemed then to decide to leave that for her father to do. She crossed to the big chair beside the grate and seated herself. As she sat looking at him, hands clasped beneath her chin, and her elbows resting on the arm of the chair, there was speculation and interest in her gaze; but she did not ask him anything more about himself. She inquired about the Kansas weather that week in comparison with the storm which had just ceased in Chicago, and about Blue Rapids, which she said she had looked up upon the map, and he took this chat for what it was—notification that she did not wish to continue the other topic just then.

SHE, he saw, was listening, like himself, for the sound of Sherrill's arrival at the house; and when it came, she recognized it first, rose, and excused herself. He heard her voice in the hall, then her father's deeper voice which answered; and ten minutes later, he looked up to see the man

these things had told him must be Sherrill standing in the door and looking at him.

He was a tall man, sparely built; his broad shoulders had been those of an athlete in his youth; now, at something over fifty, they had taken on a slight, rather studious stoop, and his brown hair had thinned upon his forehead. His eyes, gray like his daughter's, were thoughtful eyes: just now deep trouble filled them. His look and bearing of a refined and educated gentleman took away all chance of offense from the long, inquiring scrutiny to which he subjected Alan's features and figure before he came into the room.

Alan had risen at sight of him; Sherrill, as he came in, motioned him back to his seat; he did not sit down himself, but crossed to the mantel and leaned against it.

"I am Lawrence Sherrill," he said.

As the tall, graceful, thoughtful man stood looking down at him, Alan could tell nothing of the attitude of this friend of Benjamin Corvet toward himself. His manner had the same reserve toward Alan, the same questioning consideration of him, that Constance Sherrill had had after Alan had told her about himself.

"My daughter has repeated to me what you told her, Mr. Conrad," Sherrill observed. "Is there anything you want to add to me regarding that?"

"There's nothing I can add," Alan answered. "I told her all that I know about myself."

"And about Mr. Corvet?"

"I know nothing at all about Mr. Corvet."

"I am going to tell you some things about Mr. Corvet," Sherrill said. "I had reason—I do not want to explain just yet what that reason was—for thinking you could tell us certain things about Mr. Corvet, which would, perhaps, make plainer what has happened to him. When I tell you about him now, it is in the hope that, in that way, I may awake some forgotten memory of him in you; if not that, you may discover some coincidences of dates or events in Corvet's life with dates or events in your own. Will you tell me frankly, if you do discover anything like that?"

"Yes; certainly."

ALAN leaned forward in the big chair, hands clasped between his knees, his blood tingling sharply in his face and fingertips. So Sherrill expected to make him remember Corvet! There was strange excitement in this, and he waited eagerly for Sherrill to begin. For several moments, Sherrill paced up and down before the fire; then he returned to his place before the mantel.

"I first met Benjamin Corvet," he commenced, "nearly thirty years ago. I had come West for the first time the year before; I was about your own age and had been graduated from college only a short time, and a business opening had offered itself here.

"There was a sentimental reason—I think I must call it that—as well, for my coming to Chicago. Until my generation, the property of our family had always been largely—and generally exclusively—in ships. It is a Salem family; a Sherrill was a sea-captain, living in Salem, they say, when his neighbors—and he, I suppose—hanged witches; we had privateers in 1812 and our clippers went round the Horn in '49. The Alabama ended our ships

in '63, as it ended practically the rest of the American shipping on the Atlantic; and in '73, when our part of the Alabama claims was paid us, my mother put it in bonds waiting for me to grow up.

"Sentiment, when I came of age, made me want to put this money back into ships flying the American flag; but there was small chance of putting it—and keeping it, with profit—in American ships on the sea. In Boston and New York, I had seen the foreign flags on the deep-water ships—British, German, French, Norwegian, Swedish, and Greek; our flag flew mostly on ferries and excursion steamers. But times were booming on the great lakes. Chicago, which had more than recovered from the fire, was doubling its population every decade; Cleveland, Duluth, and Milwaukee were leaping up as ports. Men were growing millions of bushels of grain which they couldn't ship except by lake; hundreds of thousands of tons of ore had to go by water; and there were tens of millions of feet of pine and hardwood from the Michigan forests. Sailing vessels such as the Sherrills had always operated, it is true, had seen their day and were disappearing from the lakes; were being 'sold,' many of them, as the saying is, 'to the insurance companies' by deliberate wrecking. Steamers were taking their place. Towing had come in. The first of the whalebacks was built about that time, and we began to see those processions of a barge and two, three, or four tows which the lake-men called 'the sow and her pigs.' Men of all sorts had come forward, of course, and, serving the situation more or less accidentally, were making themselves rich.

"It was railroading which had brought me West; but I had brought with me the Alabama money to put into ships. I have called it sentiment, but it was not merely that; I felt, young man though I was, that this transportation matter was all one thing, and that in the end the railroads would own the ships. I have never engaged very actively in the operation of the ships; my daughter would like me to be more active in it than I have been; but ever since, I have had money in lake vessels. It was the year that I began that sort of investment that I first met Corvet."

Alan looked up quickly. "Mr. Corvet was——?" he asked.

"Corvet was—is a lakeman," Sherrill said.

Alan sat motionless, as he recollected the strange exaltation that had come to him when he saw the lake for the first time. Should he tell Sherrill of that? He decided it was too vague, too indefinite to be mentioned; no doubt any other man used only to the prairie might have felt the same. "He was a ship owner, then," he said.

"Yes; he was a shipowner—not, however, on a large scale at that time. He had been a master, sailing ships which belonged to others; then he had sailed one of his own. He was operating then, I believe, two vessels; but with the boom times on the lakes, his interests were beginning to expand. I met him frequently in the next few years, and we became close friends."

Sherrill broke off and stared an instant down at the rug. Alan bent forward; he made no interruption but only watched Sherrill attentively.

(To be continued.)

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Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,  
Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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**THE WAR CHARITIES ACT, 1917.**  
Department of the Secretary of State of Canada.

The War Charities Act, 1917, defines "war charities" as follows: any fund, institution or association, other than a church or the Salvation Army, whether established before or after the commencement of this Act, having for its objects or among its objects the relief of suffering or distress, or the supplying of needs or comforts to sufferers from the war, or to soldiers, returned soldiers or their families or dependents, or any other charitable purpose connected with the present European war. Any question whether a charity is a war charity shall be finally determined by the Minister.

The Act also provides:  
(1) It shall not be lawful to make any appeal to the public for donations or subscriptions in money or in kind for any war charity as hereinbefore defined, or to raise or attempt to raise money for any such war charity by promoting any bazaar, sale, entertainment or exhibition, or by any similar means, unless—

(a) the war charity is either exempted from registration or is registered under this Act; and,

(b) the approval in writing of the executive committee or other governing body of the war charity has been obtained, either directly or through some person duly authorized to give such approval on behalf of such governing body; and if any person contravenes any of the provisions of this section he shall be guilty of an offence against this Act.

(2) This section shall not apply to any collection at Divine Service in a place of public worship.

The Act was assented to on the 20th of September, 1917, and the above section so far as it relates to registration is applicable to War Charities on the 20th of December, 1917. After that date, collections made otherwise than on behalf of a registered War Charity by subscriptions, donations, bazaars, sales, entertainments, exhibitions or similar means of collecting money are illegal.

Regulations and information respecting registration may be obtained from the undersigned.

THOMAS MULVEY,  
Under-Secretary of State.  
Ottawa, December 3, 1917.

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**Just to Read Aloud**

A MAN went to Louisiana on a visit to a certain colonel there. It was bedtime when he arrived at the house, and as it happened that there were no mosquito-curtains to his bed, he suffered severely all night long. When the following morning the negro servant came into the room with water and towels, the unhappy victim asked why there were no mosquito-curtains in the room.

"Doesn't the colonel have any in his rooms?" he finally enquired.

"No, suh," replied the negro.

"Well, how on earth can he stand it?" said the visitor.

"Well, suh," came the reply, "I reckon it's jes' dis way. In de fo' part ob de night de colonel's mos' gen'ly so 'toxicated dat he don' pay no 'tention to de skeeters; an' in de las' part ob de night de skeeters is gen'ly so 'toxicated dat dey don' pay no 'tention to de colonel."

A WASHINGTON man, in motoring through Virginia, stopped one day at a toll bridge he had often passed over and found there was a new keeper in charge.

"Where's the man who used to act as keeper here?" asked the motorist.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Dead? Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh?"

"Well," said the man, cautiously, "I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man so far as I know."

—Harper's Magazine.

THE hobo knocked at the back door and the woman of the house appeared. "Lady," he said, "I was at the front—"

"You poor man!" she exclaimed.

"One of war's victims. Wait till I get you some food, and you shall tell me your story. You were in the trenches, you say?"

"Not in the trenches, I was at the front—"

"Don't try to talk with your mouth full. Take your time. What deed of heroism did you do at the front?"

"Why, I knocked, but I couldn't make anybody hear, so I came around to the back."—People's Home Journal.

"WHY, Ruth!" exclaimed the little girl's mother, "you came downstairs so noisily that I heard you way back in the kitchen. Now try it over again and come downstairs properly."

The little girl went upstairs and a moment later entered the room where her mother was waiting.

"Did I come down quietly that time, mamma?" she asked

"Yes, dear, you came down like a little lady."

"Yes, mamma. I slid down the banisters."

"BOYS," said a teacher to her Sunday School class, "can any of you quote a verse from the Scripture to prove that it is wrong to have two wives?"

A bright boy raised his hand.

"Wel', Thomas," encouraged the teacher.

Thomas stood up. "No man can serve two masters," he said proudly.

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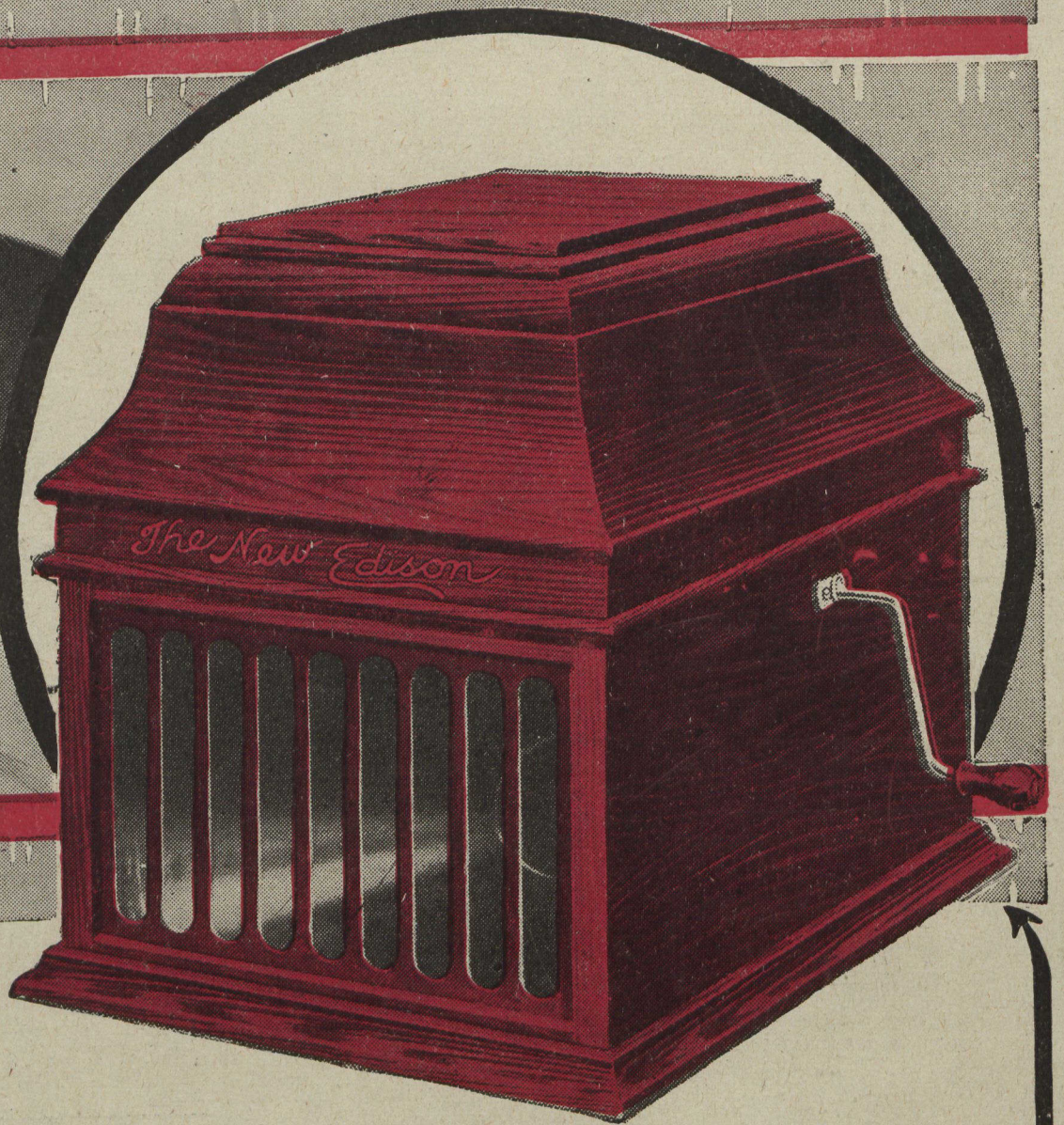
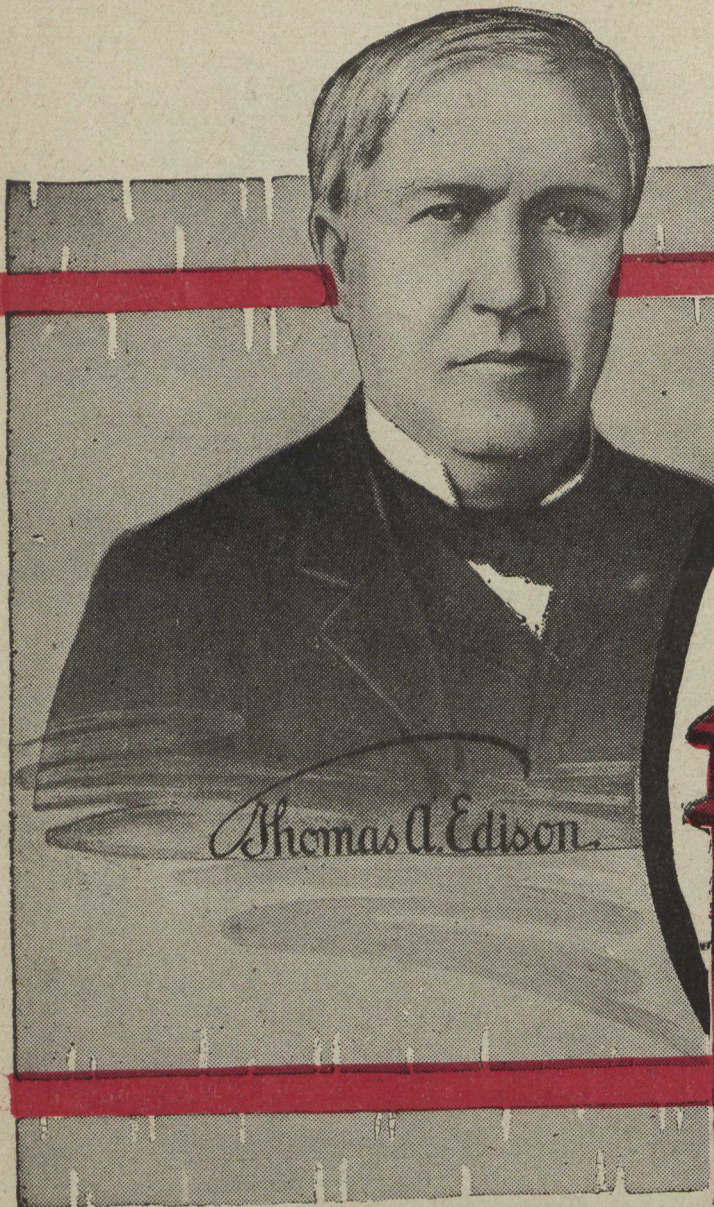
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