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E. COTTER

"THRIFT!"

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CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO - - - - - - ONTARIO

EDITOR'S TALK

THIS is addressed to the people who write, or who think about writing, Canadian short stories. It is therefore of interest to far more people than one might suppose, for almost every intelligent man or woman has the desire to write and may some day beget a manuscript. The Editor's message to such people is:

Try Not to Write a War Story!

There have been very excellent war stories written—some by Canadians. We still have in the Courier Office manuscripts which we intend to publish and in which the theme of war is paramount. But the day of the war story is coming to an end. In England many of the best magazines have been steadily refusing even to consider any piece of fiction which was centred around the war. The truth of the matter is that war is stranger than fiction. The real episodes of this war far outshine the creations of even the most lively imaginations. You can't possibly think out half the new things, or a twentieth of the real heroics that the war causes in a day.

One More Piece of Advice.

Write of the things you know—rather than the things you don't know anything about. Write about the plain men and women and the ordinary episodes of life, BUT in such a way that your readers will see the inherent true-ness (so to speak) of your observation. And DON'T take it for granted that a good story must always end with a pair of lovers embraced.

Of course you may have the gift for writing stories with intricate and absorbing plots. So must the better. Plots are always welcome. But it is surprising what good stories can be written without "plot" in the ordinary sense of the word. Stories that indicate, for example, such things as the inherent restlessness of Canadians, or the inevitable optimism of the west. Even tragedy, if it is written for truth's sake rather than for mere gloominess' sake, is worth trying.

And above all, let us reiterate the old advice: write—and re-write. Then when you have re-written—re-write again.

Canadian Courier—every one of the good Canadian publications—finds it difficult to get good Canadian stories. You can assist us and assist yourself perhaps.

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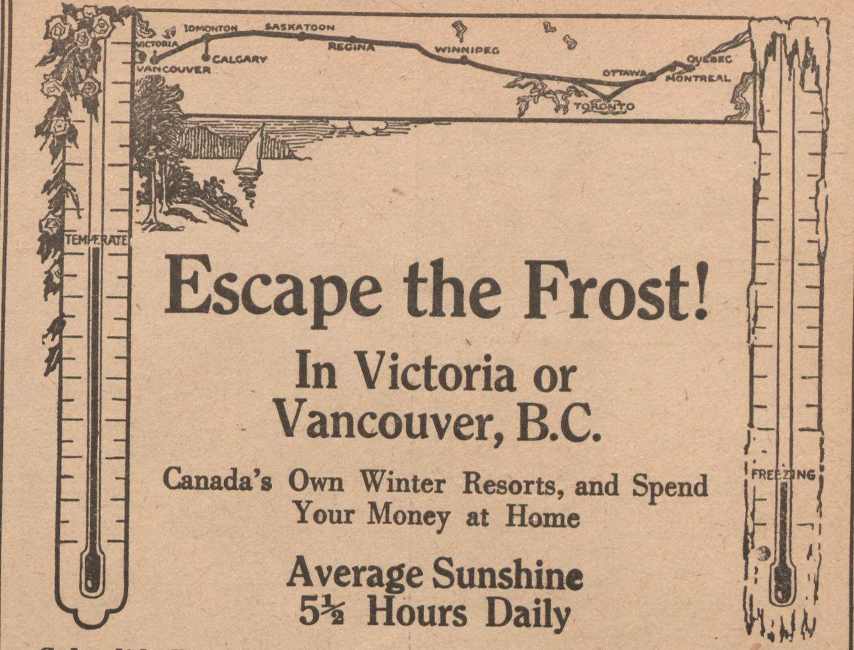

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JAN. 9, 1917

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
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THE COURIER

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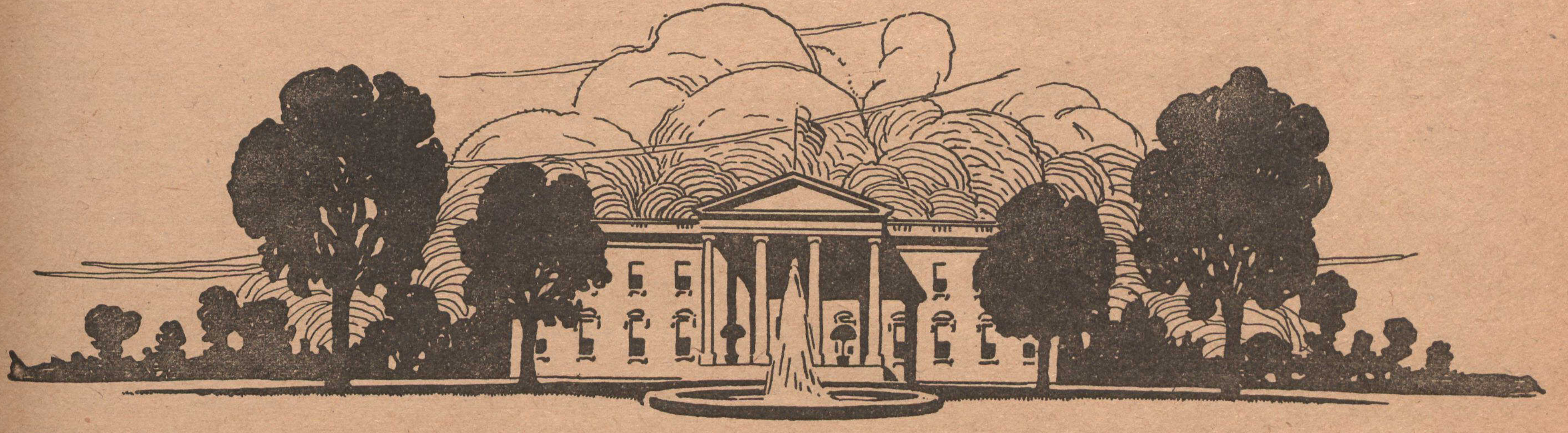


CONGRESS A GREAT ORCHESTRA

According to who wields the baton, it may play one national air or another. But its great stock piece just now is—"Stand by the President."

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.

GOING down street last night a Congressman suddenly stopped under a huge illuminated sign:

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT

My friend the Congressman is not a Democrat. Neither is he an Independent. He is—an American elected by Republican votes.

"That sign's one on me," he said, after looking at it silently. "But," he shouted—**"It's All Right! That's what we're doing."**

Political wires are into "entangling alliances" down here. Republican county conventions in Michigan have endorsed the President's stand on the Bernstorff-Gerard situation. They fight him in everything else. Progressives of one of the Carolinas may shortly invite Wilson to address them. Another crossing of the wires. Since the dismissal of Bernstorff and the recall of Gerard a new Stars and Stripes floats in the rotunda of the Hotel Willard, headquarters for Congressmen and Senators and Washington home of the Vice-President. That flag was never there before.

When the President announced to both Houses of Congress assembled, on Feb. 3, that he had cut off diplomatic relations with Germany, Congress—not merely the Democrats—broke into wild applause. Crossing the wires again. Congress and the nation are standing by the President because, in a national emergency, he has made the office of President of the United States of greater importance than the personality of Woodrow Wilson.

Just as I write this I come across a poster printed in blaring type, with a picture of Congress below and a little cut of Samuel Gompers. A copy of this poster has been sent to-day to every member of Congress. It is headed,

PROCLAMATION OF WORKING PEOPLE.

This product of the Central Federated Union of Greater New York says, in part:

"The working people of America do not want war. The Central Federated Union of Greater New York has gone on record advising you that the metropolitan press does not represent the views of the masses of the people. The daily stranglehold of all news permits the metropolitan press to set the pace and to dominate popular psychology. But the workers have a deeper patriotism—Thou shalt not kill. We therefore call on you as your grave duty to use every means of learning the will of the great masses."

The document also quotes a message sent by Samuel Gompers, President of the A. F. of L., to Carl Legien, head of the German labour unions:

"Can't you prevail upon the German government to avoid a break with the United States and thereby prevent a universal conflict?"

The poster advises Congressmen to hold meetings in schoolhouses, etc., in order to find out how much the workers of America do not desire war.

"I don't reckon on going back to my constituents for any riot act mandate on that question," said a Congressman, candidly, when he had read this. "Mr. Gompers knows who declares war and keeps peace in this country. It isn't the unions. It's Congress."

You can get as much of a hand for peace or war on one side of Congress as the other. To begin with, there are some pacifists in Congress. There are also some pro-Germans. Usually they are the same people. Keeping out of war is to keep hands off Germany. There is also a preponderance of Democrats. Most of the Democrats came from the South and the Far West. The South is not strong for war on general principles. But the South is friendly to England. Incidentally the South has no Germans.

Congress, however, is divided over keeping the peace, almost to a point of war. Tuesday and Thursday of this week brought the division out in a series of orchestral climaxes. The biggest of these arose out of the "stranglehold" accusation regarding the newspapers. In a Congress which contains a large number of newspapermen outside of the press gallery this was more than usually interesting.

TUESDAY, J. Hampton Moore, Republican, took the congressional baton. Since that speech Moore has been talked about by big editors even more than the President. A lean, well-tailored person, neat as a wax man at Wanamaker's, this Philadelphia orator from the precincts of Benjamin Franklin and Liberty Hall came at this accusation alluded to in the Gompers manifesto. What he said was at least anti-British. He made no effort to disguise that. It was as pro-German as Hearst. But Hearst is not read officially—in Washington. Anyway, that very morning after Moore's speech was ready for Congress, Hearst came out with a half-page editorial denouncing the British censorship for garbling news to both United States and Germany in order to inflame each country against the other.

But Moore, it seems, didn't originate this attack on American newspapers. The author of the original piece was Callaway, of Texas, who, on February 9, as chronicled by the Congressional Record, said in part:

"In March, 1915, the J. P. Morgan interests, the steel, shipbuilding and powder interests and their subsidiary organizations got together twelve men high up in the newspaper world and employed them to select the most influential newspapers in the United States and a sufficient number of them to control generally the policy of the daily press of the United States."

This piece of literature is so slovenly in form that it badly needed an interpreter. Callaway's speech made good material for Moore. But up to the time of writing neither Moore nor Callaway has said who were the twelve men buttonholed by the Morgan interests.

CALLAWAY alleged that these twelve men picked out 179 newspapers for the "sandbagging." These by elimination became 25 of the biggest papers. This ring of newspapers, so says Callanoy, was subsidized, war-edited by the Morgan bureau and put on a conspiracy campaign of "preparedness, militarism, financial policies and other things of national and international nature considered vital to the interests of the purchasers." The Texas Congressman alleges that the said bought-press contract still exists and that it operates to boom expenditures in army and navy, and the whole war idea among the American people.

Congressman Moore went on to quote headlines from the newspaper ring. One, from the New York Sun—

"Britain chafes over United States' delay."

"London," he said, with a Billy Sunday genuflection, "seems to be impatient because the United States is not going into war."

He then quotes from a display advertisement in one of these papers:

"To the American people:

"Germany is at war with the United States."

"Who says this?" asks the Pennsylvania Congressman. "The President? Congress? No!" He mentions two

eminent collegians in this connection; Dr. Charles Eliot and Nicholas Murray Butler; also Dr. Lyman Abbott and Rev. McKim, a Washington pastor.

"I wish to observe," he goes on, "that I am neither pro-German, as some of the newspapers have recently insisted, nor am I pro-ally. I am, as this Congress ought to be, pro-American (applause), and nothing else. If it has come to that point where we must forget the history of this Nation, must obliterate the record we have made to attain our present position, or if we are to forget that once we severed the yoke that bound us and must put that yoke again upon our necks, I want to leave these congressional halls forever."

Magnificent melodrama!

SIR GILBERT PARKER is also implicated in Moore's indictment. Congressmen, it seems, have been getting war literature from Sir Gilbert. This makes Mr. Moore angry. He scents a British publicity campaign to drag the United States into war on the side of Great Britain. He becomes more angry when he deals with the argument that because the United States has taken two million dollars of the bonds of foreign powers in payment for munitions, the United States must see the Allies through or lose the money. And he winds up with this passionate peroration:

"Great God! Have we come to this in the United States, here in the Hall of our fathers, the Hall in which we determined the fate of America, the Hall in which we have fought out our great battles, the Hall in which we have resisted foreign aggression, the Hall in which we have dared to stand for our rights from colonial days—has it come to this, that because we are told by a great power or by great newspapers that some money is at stake we must go in and fight a foreign war or lose it all? Shall we forget our altars and our firesides, and shall all of the holy traditions of the United States stand for naught?" (Applause.)

The day after his speech the New York Sun diagnosed Hampton Moore as a crazy man. The Sun might better have said that Moore is the same kind of lunatic as the Fourth of July cannon-cracker that keeps foreign "nationals" inside the United States impressed that they are above all things American. There may be better methods of doing this than the anti-George-III. cannon-crackers; just as there are some saner Americans than J. Hampton Moore. The Pennsylvanian knows that England is not trying to fasten a 20th century yoke on the United States. He knows rather well that whatever yoke was being got ready for the United States was the made-in-Germany kind. He will not as a liberty-loving American deny that Potsdam is further from Philadelphia in political ethics than London is from Hongkong. Hampton Moore is a brainy demagogue. Curb orators are being arrested in New York for saying at the corner of 23rd and Broadway the identical things that Hampton Moore and Congressman Callaway say in Congress where no man can be arrested for speaking so long as he observes the rules and has the unanimous consensus of the House.

THIS is disturbing to a Canadian who settles himself at Keith's Vaudeville opposite the Treasury to forget Congress and the war. Here the President often sits in the balcony to drive away cares that are never too dull nowadays. He likes vaudeville—and baseball; both good American institutions.

Wednesday evening the Capitol dome was lighted in the top, the first time for weeks. There was a night session. Since 5 o'clock the gong in the congressional offices had been petulant. A large number of Congressmen, however, disregarded the night session. They went to Keith's. Between turns the manager came on stage to announce that there had been a call of the House; all Congressmen at the theatre were called back to the trenches. Telephone inquiry discovered that unless Congressmen reported at the House, the Sergeant-at-Arms would go out to arrest them. This is a regular form of polite procedure in Washington. Any Congressman with a message to mankind or a million in his ledger is liable to be arrested once in a while. And on Wednesday evening the secret service, strong-arm squad of the Sergeant-at-Arms made a fine roundup of Congressmen in swallowtails—from theatres, cafes, and other places of amusement. Thousands of people in the theatres scented—war. Was Congress in joint session about to declare war? Had the "overt act" at last put a match to the Wilson powder-magazine? Was the President already whizzing up Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to the Capitol?

No. The cause of all the excitement was merely the old power boss and pacifist, James R. Mann, Republican leader and Parliamentary expert, conducting a filibuster over some report on a Soldiers' Home.

Next morning Augustus Peabody Gardner, Republican from Massachusetts, delivered his promised reply to Congressman Moore on the newspaper conspiracy. The House came to attention. Gardner is an evangelistic Rooseveltian who delights in a rumpus. He is an out-and-out pro-Ally. That alone got him a sympathetic hearing from at least one in the gallery. He made a hot speech in condemnation of Germany which drew out a picturesque query from white-whiskered, long-haired Cyclone Smith, down Kansas way. But though Gardner said things that ought to have fired Congress into flaming resentment against the black pirate notion on the Rhine, he did not cover his point relative to the alleged newspaper conspiracy. He remembered the Lusitania, the Falaba, and the Sussex. He made a fiery apostrophe to the flag above the speaker and said he wanted to see no yellow streak in that. And he got a good round of non-partisan applause. Congress knew he was right. But Gardner, with all his good intentions and obvious ability, didn't play ball as expertly as Moore. And if there is anything Congress likes better than party politics, it's good national baseball. When Hampton Moore got the unanimous consent of the House for a come-back at Gardner, the House cheered and Cyclone Smith rose like a gaunt old god of anti-war. The lean, dark orator from Pennsylvania re-affirmed his former statements as to the "stranglehold" press. He got cheers from both sides of Congress.

NOW as psychology what can we make out of this? The same Congress both wildly applauds the President for breaking off relations with Germany and cheers Hampton Moore for making an anti-British speech. Beautifully inconsistent. Consider again that the Congress which cheered the anti-big-interest speech is the same body that permitted the President last summer in a national emergency to jam through the anti-big-interest railroad law. Consistent to a dot. Go along this line and you expect that Hearst, Gompers and Bryan could all be expected to sway Congress; Hearst with his war referendum, Bryan adopting it, Gompers in his manifesto agreeing with both, and all agreeing with Messrs. Callaway and Moore. Take the war away from Morgan and the big newspapers, from the interests and from English interference, and refer it to the people. So easy. And with the right spokesman facing the House, even that might be put over Congress in the name of the American people. Similarly a clever orator might rouse Congress on the German bogey.

In fact, this great body of national legislators is just trying out its Americanism on world problems—clean cut away from party restrictions on the war problem Congress is making up its national mind. The Pennsylvania suspicion that England may be hand-in-glove with the big munitioners is just as American as the Massachusetts notion that Germany may be nothing but a piratical nation. Congress might just as easily have applauded the President for sending Ambassador Spring-Rice home and recalling Page. There might be some chivalrous reluctance to do such a thing to France; but not concerning Italy—and certainly not Russia, who seldom arouses any enthusiasm in the United States.

The basic thing in all these symptoms is—Americanism. The big republic is weary of being made an accessory in this war by either side. It wants to be plain Americans. Orators in Congress make flaming references to the Civil War. Southern Democrats give no sign of protest. They may even applaud the sentiment—because it's American. But let any orator go into an anti-George III. Liberty Hall speech, and under the right circumstances Congress goes off at once—because that's American also.

In a body of such diverse interests making up the Congressional mind, is largely a matter of impulses. The last united impulse of Congress was severing diplomatic relations with Germany. That was a drastic step. It was profoundly exciting. It was naturally followed by a slight reaction. Perhaps after all this might mean war. Perhaps Germany was not so bad as she had been painted. That was the psychic moment for dragging in the "stranglehold" press bogey. It caught Congress on the back movement in the name of "Hands off America by the British—or any other power!"

There is no use being impatient with Congress. We have been in the same temperamental condition ourselves. When the greatest Congressional democracy in the world begins to act without reference to the precepts of party leaders on so intricate a problem as a world war, we may expect many curious reversals of feeling.

IT is a safe hazard that if war is declared Washington will come as near being a real American community as she ever is on the Fourth of July, or as she will be on March 4th, when she re-inaugurates President Wilson in the great democratic Durbar of America.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bernstorff and the flag over the German Embassy have gone. The White House is absolutely closed except to the President and his family and accredited guests, members of the Cabinet and the family pets. The State, Army and Navy building is uncompromisingly closed. Not even a Congressman, I doubt if even a Senator, could get in there. The Treasury is still accessible on presentation of a letter from a Congressman or a Senator. Washington is tightening up. Democracy which demands one cuspidor every twenty-five yards in the long tunnel from the Congressional office building to the Capitol, is getting ready to assert its climatic phase of Americanism by doing whatever the logic of necessity calls for when the psychological moment arrives. Tuesday this week Congress voted by a majority of over 300 a naval bill granting $368,000,000 more to the navy. The grant last year was $300,000,000.

Let us get it unmistakably into our Canadian heads that whatever Congress decides to do about the war it will have nothing to do with what Canada has done, is doing, or intends to do. As an incitement to or an example against war we simply don't exist down here. Congress may know what we are doing or it may not. Congress will never tell. We don't belong to the issue. If Congress declares war it will never be to help Canada and England. The United States gives Canada credit for being a very responsive and sentimental part of the Empire—more British than the English, as one put it yesterday. He may as well give Washington credit for having a business of its own, with being able to attend to that business without any advice from us.

Yet in Canada we have been talking for two years as though the United States had a solemn obligation to take one side or the other in this conflict just because we did. We have a peculiarly temperamental capacity for thinking this way because the problems of the United States are so very much like our own. But we get no thanks for doing it; not in Washington.

Occasionally, however, an American lets drop a remark that shows how hard it is to draw the line of sentiment at parallel 49. Speaking to a well-known club somewhere in America a few days ago a well-known American war correspondent, praising the Canadian army, said, in answer to a question as to the number of Americans in that army, "Why, it was like walking down Broadway."

If he had said it was like walking down Piccadilly or the Strand he would have had no more intention of minimizing the Canadian army. Of course, had he been speaking to a Canadian audience he might have given the same fact a much different turn. But we couldn't send Sir Sam Hughes or Gen. Lessard, or even Lord Beaverbrook down here and tell Washington anything about how she ought to begin to raise an army or increase a navy for going to war with Germany.

AS to the German-American menace, what? Some Congressmen have hundreds of thousand in their constituencies. The fact that Bernstorff has been given his passports causes them no alarm. They claim that the majority of the German-Americans are Americans first, Germans second. A Congressman who has both German-Americans and Canadian-Americans in his voting area may see no great difference between the natural sentiment of one or the other. Canadian-Americans naturally prefer to see England win. Why should not German-Americans prefer to see Germany win? So long as they are first of all Americans—what difference?

(Continued on page 23.)

Frivolities of Peace Still Amuse Americans

FOURTEEN students of the University of Pennsylvania have banded together to solve the high cost of living problem by pooling their living expenses in a general "grub" fund.

By this means they have reduced the weekly expenses of living to six dollars—which sum includes everything. Most of the other students at the university pay from ten to twelve dollars for board and lodging no better than these boys provide for themselves by their co-operative housekeeping plan.

The "co-operative fraternity" have rented a house and have stocked it with foodstuffs of the non-perishable kind, such as potatoes, groceries, etc., sufficient to last them the entire term. Such foodstuffs as meat and other perishables are bought each day, one student purchasing one day and another the next and so on in rotation. The photo shows two of the boys, members of the "co-operative fraternity," washing dishes, one of the necessary evils of co-operative housekeeping.

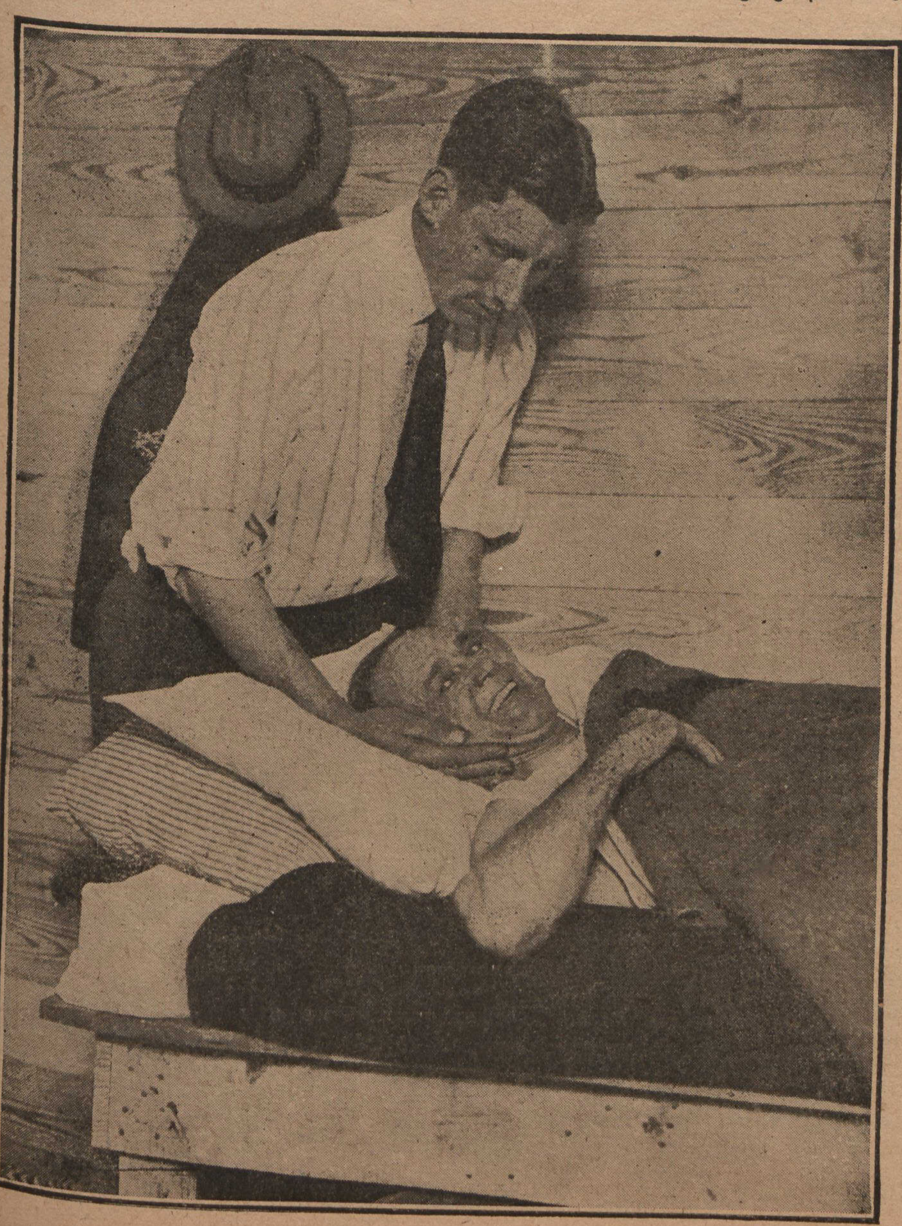
FRIENDS of "Billy" Sunday will be interested in the lower left hand picture, which shows how "Billy" keeps his throat in condition to fight the devil.

Great singers and public speakers must have their throat muscles carefully taken care of, and the Rev. William Ashley Sunday is not the least among these. He, too, must have his private masseur. This operation takes place after each sermon.

The evangelist will have need of his greatest powers when he starts his fight against Satan in New York early in April. Needless to say, the Devil will have a good run for his money, and Billy will use all his latest verbal bombs to drive him from the great city.

A TORONTO morning paper recently carried an advertisement for nice fat horse-steaks at 5 cents a pound, subject to "veterinary inspection." The advertiser was immediately "warned" by the authorities. But life is different in the United States. Oleomargarine has long been a common staple of life over there, while its import into Canada is forbidden. So also, as shown in a picture on this page, horse-flesh is a permitted food. John Sulzer, proprietor of "America's First Horse Meat Packing House," is seen cutting a steak for a customer in his butcher shop at First Avenue and 122nd St., New York. The meat shown hanging up on the racks is horse flesh.

The proprietor of the first horse-meat butcher shop is in happy mood, having done a thriving business since opening his store. Customers having learned of its existence have come from remote parts. The butcher has handled the product before, having dealt in the line in Switzerland. The store is under the supervision of the Department of Health and the Department takes steps to insure the wholesomeness of the products. The sale of horse-meat was made legitimate in response to a popular demand.



CAPTAIN REID'S DILEMMA

In Which Miss Betty Brown Found Somebody to Look After

By NELLIE GRAY

CAPTAIN REID had driven over from the hospital to the Union Station to bid "God speed" to some pals who were leaving that night for Overseas with the ——Battalion. After making his adieus, he sat on a truck that had been shoved into a secluded corner of the platform, leisurely lighted his pipe, and watched with sympathetic interest the throngs of eager, hurrying, khaki-clad men and their friends.

He saw women, old and young, vieing with each other in their distribution of sunny smiles and sparkling repartee. Even though the bright farewell smiles were but veils hiding floods of unshed tears, and tremulous lips almost refused to form the words of vivacious nonsense, they cheered their loved ones, effacing for the moment the dull, sickening pain of coming separation.

Just as the Captain was furtively wiping away a suspicious moisture from his eyes, he felt a gentle pressure upon his arm; turning in surprise he heard a sympathetic voice saying, "You poor lonesome soldier! Are you feeling badly because you have no friends down to see you off?"

He wiped his eyes again, not that it was necessary, but he had to do something in order to recover his composure, for a little grey-robed Quakerish girl, with a quaint, serious face and wonderful eyes, sat calmly beside him.

"I've been watching you for a long time and finally decided that it would be better for you to have me than no one," she informed him, naively.

For the first time in his life, popular, versatile Alec. Reid was nonplussed; he had been fairly fed upon girls for years—but this girl was different—he feared to affect dignity, she might think he resented her friendly advances, and on the other hand, if he responded as genially as his feelings prompted, the only really safe proceeding was to take recourse once more to his handkerchief.

"I must admit I wasn't altogether unselfish in coming over to you," she continued, in a sweet, inconsequent way, looking discreetly away while he removed all traces of agitation.

"You see, I've been looking for a friendless soldier of my own for some time—one I could send gum and Sunday papers to and knit socks for, like these dear Toronto girls."

"What manner of girl is this," commented Alec. Reid, wonderingly.

"We are Southern people and strangers in your city," she continued, "but although we are working for different societies, I want someone Overseas to take care of all myself," she concluded, wistfully.

"Bless you, little Quaker girl," heartily exclaimed Capt. Reid, as he sprang to attention and gravely saluted her. Unhesitatingly she placed her hand in the one so cordially extended.

"You're feeling better already, aren't you?" she said, encouragingly, as she looked for the first time directly into his handsome face. "Oh, dear," she murmured, in consternation, hastily withdrawing her hand. "I didn't know you were so—so——"

"So what?" he urged, curiously.

"So good looking," she confessed, surveying the strong face with its clear-cut features and the erect bearing of the broad shoulders, with dismay. "All the time I was looking at you, your back was turned towards me, and——"

Alec. had the grace to blush like a school boy at this bare-faced compliment, as he carefully buttoned the long raincoat which completely hid his immaculate uniform. Unaccustomed as she evidently was to Canadian Militia, his leather puttees would easily pass unnoticed. He forgot that the Colonel would likely be fuming about his car, "which, by the way, he had borrowed." He forgot that he was to take night duty on the Wards at nine o'clock—he forgot everything but the fact that he wanted the friendship this slip of a girl who so unceremoniously drifted his life a few moments before.

[illegible] must get busy, you have very little time [illegible]e remarked, in a business-like way, looking through a memorandum for an empty page. [illegible]ke the Kitchener heel?" she questioned, [illegible]h pencil poised.

"Eh?" blankly ejaculated Alec.

"I'm taking notes on your socks," she reminded him, calmly. "Or perhaps you find the turned heel more comfortable?" she queried, thoughtfully, as she jotted down a word here and there.

He sat stupidly wondering if he had any holes in his socks, she'd likely want to measure his feet next.

"And now, your full name and address," she demanded.

Capt. Reid felt creepy all over. Wildly and desperately he tried to think of a fictitious name, but to save his life he couldn't think of any other than his own. He couldn't even remember the number of the battalion to which he was supposed to be attached.

"Well?" she asked, mischievously. "Are you like Topsy? 'Ain't got no name?'"

"It's quite longish," he demurred. "Maybe I'd better send it to you from——"

"Montreal?" prompted his new friend.

"'Good-bye, good luck, and God bless you,'" she said, so earnestly, a moment later, that it sounded like a benediction to the man who for the second time warmly clasped her hand. In another instant all that was left of the grey-clad girl was a card on which was written:

Betty Brown,
General Delivery,
Toronto.

"Mail one of these at every available place along the line," instructed Alec. Reid, handing a departing comrade a package of post cards bearing the above address, and signed "Alec. Ready."

THREE months later, on the night of her twentieth birthday, before Christmas, Betty Brown sat on a stool beside a cheery grate fire in the spacious living-room of her mother's comfortable apartment, her lap and every available bit of space around her literally strewn with foreign correspondence. Egyptian Mother of Pearl ornaments, and beads of every conceivable hue, were artistically arranged upon a couch, small war trophies consisting of battered trinkets occupied an elevated position on the mantel, while an exquisitely carved bracelet and necklace adorned her slender person. She shivered as the wind howled and driving sleet rattled against the windows.

"Mother, do you think Alec. is doing without warm clothes and nourishing food to send me these beautiful things?" she asked, wistfully, turning to her mother, who sat at the table, industriously narrowing the toe of Alec's eighteenth sock.

"I know for a fact, honey, he hasn't cold feet, anyway," was Mrs. Brown's comforting assurance.

"If only he weren't so painfully reticent about himself," sighed Betty, turning her face again to the fire-light.

"Has it ever occurred to you, dear, that this 'Child of Adoption' may be sailing under false colours?" suggested her mother, seriously.

"Mother!" exclaimed Betty, in a pained, hurt voice. But," regretfully, "I keep forgetting you haven't seen him as I saw him—honest, straightforward, and——"

"But how about even you, Betty?" interrupted her mother, crossing over to the fire, and lovingly tilting the sweet, reproachful face. "Have you told him your father is a rich man?"

"He—he—thinks I'm a book-keeper," confessed Betty, ruefully. "In a letter I happened to say I had been busy getting my books balanced—I forgot to say 'Red Cross Books.'"

The bell rang and the door opened simultaneously.

"There was a parcel with Miss Betty's letter at the General Delivery," announced the Janitor's son, staggering into the room with an immense box in his sturdy arms.

Betty eagerly untied the knots, while Mrs. Brown filled the puffing Billy's pockets with oranges and rosy apples.

"Happy birthday, Miss Betty!" he called, heartily, and shutting the door with a bang.

"Is it for you or me?" she gaily inquired, picking up a card from the floor, which read, "Birthday Greetings, from Alec. to Betty."

"Oh, how lovely!" she cried, catching sight of Betty sitting on the floor beside the empty box, her dark curly head bent caressingly over masses of fragrant white roses she held in her arms.

"I just know he can't do all this on a dollar ten a day, mother," she said, raising a troubled, tear-stained face.

THERE were troublous times at the Reid's that same birthday night.

"This is the climax," exclaimed Alec., rising abruptly from his desk, and meeting his mother half way as she entered the room.

"A new development in the Betty-case?" she enquired, looking with interest at the slip of paper in his outstretched hand.

"Yes, a cheque for ten dollars to buy myself something nice to eat," he answered, ironically, as he threw himself into a chair.

"Heavens, mother!" he continued, vehemently. "When I look at all the stuff I've taken without protest from that poor little kid book-keeper, it drives me nearly mad."

Mrs. Reid sighed as she looked thoughtfully over the neatly arranged collection of socks, scarves, collar-bands, gum, Sunday papers, candy-boxes, magazines, etc., lying in state on the bed.

"This isn't the worst of it, either," he remarked, regretfully. "Mac writes that the eats she sends over there are fit for a king."

"What are you going to do about it, son?" she asked, gently, sitting upon the arm of his chair and smoothing his rumpled hair. They had always shared their troubles, this mother and son.

"I've done it," he replied, with finality, picking up a freshly written note and handing it to her.

"Dear Betty,—(she read half aloud).

"I am not a needy soldier Overseas, but a contemptible cad of a M. D. Captain at home, living a life of luxury and ease.

"I practised deception to win your friendship, now I'm resorting to confession in the hope of winning your love. You see, there is 'method in my madness' whichever way you look at it. Forgive me and marry me, Betty. Please do not keep me in suspense, but let me hear from you soon.

"ALEC.

"Address: Capt. Alec. Reid,
"—— Hospital,
"Toronto."

Hot, blinding tears fell upon the open letter. It had come, this thing she had dreaded for years. Alec. threw his arm protectingly about her, drawing her gently upon his knee. There was no need of words.

"You will love her, mother," he declared, confidently.

"You are sure you are not doing this through an exaggerated sense of honour, dear?" she asked, in a low voice.

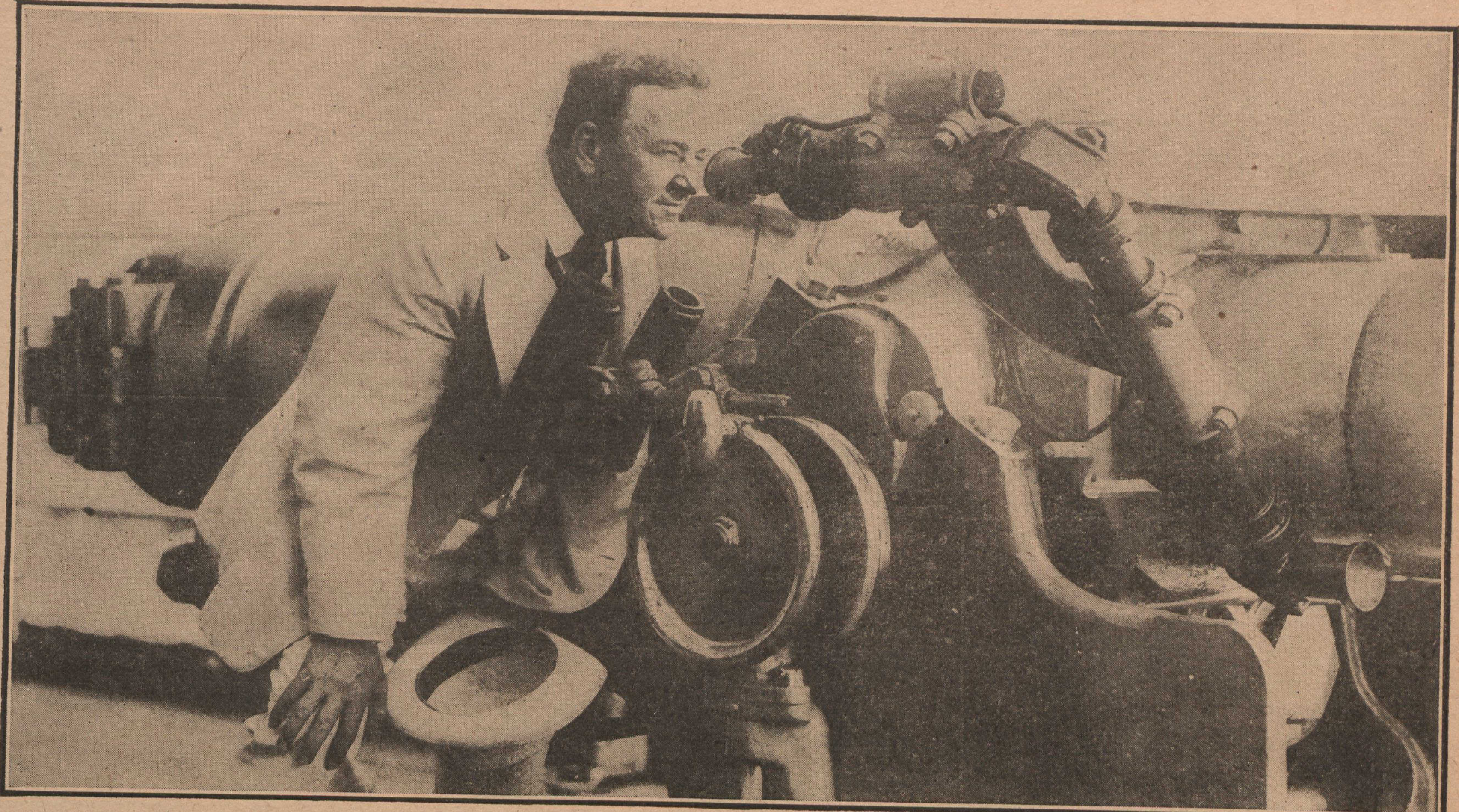
"I have asked her to be my wife because I love her," he returned, firmly.

A horn tooted impatiently outside.

"There's the car, Alec., and you haven't even started to dress," his mother cried in dismay, pointing to an elaborate masquerade costume hanging over the foot of the bed. "I must run away and sew the tapes on your mask," she said, hurrying from the room.

THE "Army Medical" Masquerade Ball was at its height this self-same birthday night. 'Neath the soft glow of irridescent lights, grotesque, spooky forms gracefully responded to the rhythm of weird music. Kings hobnobbed with char-women, Queens in royal purple flirted outrageously with coloured boot-blacks, the Sultan of Turkey danced four times

U.S. WAR SECRETARY TAKES A SQUINT—DOES HE SEE WAR?



The man is Josephus Daniels. He is standing at the breech of a big U. S. naval gun on board the U.S.S. Wyoming and his right eye is applied to the eye-piece of a modern telescopic-periscope. Through this telescope the gun-layer, who would usually be where Daniels is shown, watches the enemy ship and by means of a ratchet raises or lowers the gun until the cross-wires in the telescope indicate that the projectile when fired would fall somewhere on the line of the enemy's main deck. On the other side of the gun is another telescopic-periscope for the "Trainer." He moves the gun from side to side (that is, horizontally) until his cross-wires indicate that the projectile when fired would strike somewhere on the line of the enemy's foremast. Thus, if the speed and distance of the enemy and the wind-deflection have been properly estimated by the officers in the control-rooms in the ship, the enemy would be struck at a vital point.

"MOVING" DAY IN POLAND: RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS HIT BY A SHELL

Anyone who doubts the value of speedy movement in modern war needs only to contemplate the above scene. For some days, it appeared, the Germans had been trying to locate the headquarters of the Russian Staff. Aeroplanes had scoured the district behind the Slav lines for signs of an important dwelling that might be sheltering the Russian Generals. Apparently they guessed the right place at last and heaved over a couple of "bracketing" shots—that is, test shots. One went "over"; the other fell "near." The third ——! (See picture). But the third did little damage. Modern officers don't need to be hit, as the old saying goes, by a ton of bricks before taking a hint. Books, papers, instruments and all were safely removed before the third shot arrived. Before the Germans stopped shelling the spot the staff was comfortably ensconced in new and safer quarters.

with a British Red Cross nurse, and Mrs. Grundy looked on with approval.

"Kindly retire to the tea-rooms in the Palm Garden below, and unmask," announced a gentleman of the 16th Century, from the platform.

"Why art thou so pensive," lightly queried a hooded Dervisher, addressing for the first time a demure little Quaker maid seated opposite him at the tiny table.

She snatched the mask from her face like a flash and grasping the table with both hands, looked at her partner with startled, expectant eyes.

"Who are you?" she demanded, agitatedly, as he fumbled clumsily with his mask. It suddenly fell on the table between them. Betty Brown and Alec. Reid faced each other. The bursts of hilarious merriment that resounded from every direction as unexpected discoveries were made, fell upon deaf ears. The quaint Japanese maidens flitting here and there bearing daintily arranged trays were unnoticed.

"Betty!" ejaculated Alec., his fine face aglow with surprised delight as he impulsively grasped her hands, entirely unmindful of his surroundings. His caress was unheeded. Without once removing her eyes from his face she extricated one hand and placed it upon his arm, groping gently, half-fearfully down to his wrists.

"You—you have been invalided home!" she questioned, in an awe-struck voice.

"No, I've been here all the time," he doggedly returned. "Good heavens, let's get somewhere where we can talk," he suggested, desperately, rising from the table.

"Then you and your friend in England have been making a fool of me ever since?" she questioned, with ironical deliberation, as they entered the deserted ball-room.

Alec. shrunk from the scornful, flashing eyes.

"No, you are mistaken! Listen, Betty," he entreated, throwing back the black hood from his head as if it stifled him.

"You played with me, laughed at me, and no wonder—thrusting my friendship upon you as I did!" Her voice shook with suppressed emotion as she sat apathetically on a chair. "But—I didn't know—I thought all soldiers were gentlemen." Her eyes filled with tears of disappointment as they rested upon the culprit.

"Betty, you must listen to reason," implored Alec., impatiently. "Why, where did you get that?" he enquired, pointing in amazement at a letter she clutched in her hand.

"I—I remember picking it from the floor just as you spoke to me first," she replied, abstractedly, as she took it in her other hand and glanced at the inscription. Her eyes dilated as she saw her own name written in Alec.'s familiar scrawl.

"Read it," he said, abruptly—and even as she read, a sweet-voiced singer wandering aimlessly about the empty palm-screened stage, softly sang "Love's Old Sweet Song."

Her accusing, reproachful eyes were starry as the note fluttered to her feet.

GERMANY NEARS COLLAPSE ON LAND

Her new Sub' Warfare is only a last desperate effort to ward off defeat

By SIDNEY CORYN

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LAST week I suggested that the submarine war had been accorded a larger place in the public mind than its importance merited. The emphasis given to it seemed to rest upon a fallacy, indeed upon many fallacies. In the first place it was assumed that Germany had built a large fleet of new and improved submarines and that she had been storing them in readiness for the present occasion. This particular assumption contradicted itself. Germany has been conducting a continuous submarine warfare for a year or more, and there has been hardly a day without its tale of victims. It was obvious that she was using all the submarine strength she possessed. She would naturally do so. Every underwater craft would be sent to sea as soon as it was launched. The story of a new and unused fleet was a myth. There was no such fleet. A second fallacy was the supposition that Germany had substantially restrained her underwater activities in deference to the pledge given to Washington and that this restraint was now to be repudiated. The pledge to Washington was the result of the sinking of the Sussex between Folkestone and Dieppe, and although for a time there was a lull in submarine activities the records show that 262 vessels were destroyed after the Sussex incident, and before October 1, 1916. At least fifteen of these vessels are supposed to have been sunk without warning, and even when warning was given it usually meant no more than the transfer of the crew to open boats. There seemed therefore no good reason to suppose that any distinctly new departure in submarine warfare was to be expected either in the number of U boats employed or in their selection of victims. Writing last week, I said it was unlikely to the last extent that Germany was about "to display any new and hitherto undisplayed strength except in the single respect of sinking those few ships that have until now been theoretically immune."

This forecast seems now to have been justified so far as we are able to extract the facts from the statistics published in the daily newspapers. We are told that fifty-nine vessels were sunk between February 1st and February 7th, but this considerable total appears to include several vessels that were reported as missing between those dates, and that may have met their fate from causes other than the new campaign. On February 7th we learn that fourteen vessels were sunk. On February 8th there were seven. On February 9th there were six, on February 10th there were seven, and on February 11th there were only two, one of them of small size. The average capacity of the ships sunk was about 2,000 tons, and many of them were only trawlers. The total number of British ships sunk was forty-three.

Now this is by no means an impressive showing when compared with the end that was sought. Writing with all the caution that belongs properly to early days, it may be said that the showing is insignificant. If the new campaign can do no better than this it must be adjudged a failure. I do not know the precise average number of ships that normally enter and leave British ports every day. Statements on this point are conflicting, but it is certainly several hundred. We must remember also that most of the ships already sunk were on the water when the campaign opened, and even if it was possible to warn them of the new danger it certainly was not possible to equip them against it. We may suppose also that it would take some little time to get the new machinery of defence into motion, and it is certain that none of these ships could have received the guns with which it is the intention to arm them. We may believe, if our sympathies lie in that direction, that Germany has suddenly launched some two hundred new submarines of unprecedented power in order to make effective her blockade of the English coast. But in that case we must face the fact that these two hundred submarines are able to sink only about half a dozen vessels a day. Either we must admit that there has been no sudden accession to Germany's submarine strength or that these new craft have failed in their mission.

STILL another fallacy is based on calculations of Great Britain's mercantile marine and the time needed for its reduction to what we may call the starvation point. Estimates of this sort emanating from Berlin give the size of the merchant fleet as eleven million tons, and an easy sum in arithmetic based on supposed successes during the first week of the campaign points to its annihilation within a measurable period. But we may notice in the first place that the size of England's mercantile fleet is given by Lloyd's as twenty million tons instead of eleven million. In the second place we may notice the rapid shrinking of the submarine successes after the first week to a point far below the German calculations. And in the third place we must make allowances for England's shipbuilding capacities, and the number of new vessels turned out by the yards to take the places of those destroyed. We do not know what the yards have actually done in the way of shipbuilding, but we are told that the production is very large as a result of standardization and simplicity of construction. So far as France is concerned we may note the statement made to the French Senate by Rear-Admiral Lacaze, the minister of marine. Admiral Lacaze emphatically confirmed the view expressed in this column. He said that no new departure in submarine warfare need be expected, since no new departure was possible. Germany would continue to do what she had been doing all the way along, since it was not in her power to do more than this. During the last eleven months, said the admiral, fifty-one million tons of merchandise had entered French ports, and one-half of one per cent. of these ships had been sunk. He thought it likely that the percentage of losses would presently be somewhat higher, but it would remain insignificant. The admiral's forecast seems to have been confirmed so far as we may judge from the returns of these few days.

NOR must it be forgotten that Germany's submarine losses will be in proportion to the number of craft that she sends forth. Now here we are almost wholly in the dark, since Great Britain and France never allow the publication of their successes against submarines. A British admiralty official said recently that the efficacy of the measures to be taken against submarines might be judged by the decreasing number of the ships sunk, and certainly the decrease has been steady and continuous, although the period of observation is still very brief. The best of all weapons against the submarine, he said, were the guns mounted upon merchant ships, and here we must remember that only a small number of these ships can yet have received their guns. He added that two and sometimes three submarines a day had been accounted for in this way. In addition to the armed merchantmen we know that there are thousands of swift motor boats scouring the ocean in every direction, as well as innumerable other expedients for the detection and destruction of submarines. In spite of such successes as the submarines have won it may be repeated with every assurance that the odds are very much against the underwater craft and in favour of her intended victims. The submarine never fires a torpedo unless she has a broadside target. Her torpedo tubes are fixed and rigid, and she must therefore manoeuvre into position for her shot. If she has a stern or bow target she must rise to the surface in order to use her guns, and if her intended victim is armed she will almost certainly be destroyed, since she will be clearly visible for many seconds before her own guns can be uncovered and aimed. Against the motor boat she is nearly helpless, and she will be fortunate if she can submerge and creep away without being seen. Her torpedoes are practically useless against these erratic and slippery craft, and in gunnery she would be at a fatal disadvantage. Moreover, a motor boat is hardly worth destroying except under the necessity of self-defence. So far as value is concerned, a single torpedo is much more costly than a motor boat.

That Germany has built new and powerful submarines there is, of course, no doubt. It was one of these submarines that appeared recently off Nantucket and sunk half a dozen ships, which fact alone supports the view that they were sent into service as fast as they were built. These submarines have a radius of about 5,000 miles and can remain at sea for about six weeks, and of course longer if they are able to reach a mother ship or a supply station. But they can not carry more than ten torpedoes, and usually only eight, and when these torpedoes have been fired they are harmless except for their guns. And a submarine without torpedoes is much inferior to an armed merchant ship, and nearly helpless before a gunboat or even a motor boat. The chance of a successful hit with a torpedo depends, of course, on a dozen factors which are at the discretion of the commander, who may be disposed either to take chances or to be very sparing of his projectiles. But a great many torpedoes sink harmlessly to the bottom of the ocean. It is easy to miscalculate the aim, and it is also easy for the merchant ship to shift her helm if she is fortunate enough to see the wake of the oncoming torpedo at a sufficient distance. It is therefore a mistake to regard the submarine as a wolf among sheep, and able to harry and destroy at will.

We may therefore regard as wholly chimerical the idea that Germany can establish a blockade of England, France, and the Mediterranean by means of her U boats. She could not do so even if the wildest claims as to the number and capacity of these boats were confirmed. Without any question she can do a great deal of damage. She has been doing a great deal of damage all the way along, and probably she will now do more than she has done. But she can not expose Great Britain to the danger of starvation through a blockade. She can not do anything with her submarines that will have any substantial influence upon the main currents of the war. This seems to be recognized by Captain Persius, the naval editor of the Berliner Tageblatt, who warns his readers not to overestimate the results of the submarine campaign, nor to underestimate what the British authorities can do to resist it.

Writing last week, I suggested that the German naval chiefs were under no illusions as to the direct results that could be obtained from their submarines. They never supposed for a moment that they could establish a blockade, although they did suppose, and with reason, that they could embarrass the supply of coal and munitions to Italy, and France, and Russia. The inauguration of the submarine campaign was not intended as a direct military measure. Its first object was to solace the German people with the prospect of a new weapon to be used as a last resource. And its second object was to spur the American government to fresh efforts to secure a conference. The second object doubtless outranked the first. It is no undue stretching of the probabilities to assert that Germany must now have peace if it is in any way possible to secure it. She has practically said so herself. Dismayed by the discovery that America was disposed to accept the Allies' communication and to take no further immediate steps toward a conference, she cast about her for some new way to revive the pacifist energies at Washington. To this end she announced the horrors of an unrestricted submarine warfare. She believed that America would then set her hand once more to the peace plow. It was a quite legitimate bluff, but it happened to fail. The goad had lost its point. And so now at the moment of writing we have reports of a German disposition to parley, ostensibly in order to avoid a war with America, but actually as a new effort toward the promotion of a conference. From the diplomatic silence following upon the break there was nothing to be expected. But almost anything might develop from any sort of negotiation. This view has been confirmed within the last few days by a dispatch from Amsterdam which says: "Political circles in Berlin are much upset by the reports of the indignation aroused in America by the announcement of Germany's submarine blockade, it having been believed that the United States, understanding Germany's desperate position, would start negotiations to bring about an early peace conference." Why America should thus be persuaded to serve German interests by a threat of the wholesale destruction of her lives and property is a question that we may properly ask ourselves, although its answer demands a knowledge of the German psychology that we are now beginning to acquire. One would have supposed that in such a case the velvet glove would be more efficacious than the iron hand. At least we know that the iron hand has failed.

It needs no particular military skill to see that Germany's position on land is now of the gravest kind, and this has, of course, had its share in the production of the submarine campaign. Germany for over a year has been doing her utmost to produce spectacular effects under the impression that they will have a paralyzing influence upon her enemies in much the same way that the Chinese used to display frightful pictures of dragons and monsters in order to terrify their foes. She would have gained little or nothing from the taking of Verdun, and actually she has gained nothing from the conquest of Roumania. Indeed she has lengthened her line and increased her difficulties. Her line has been further lengthened by the battle of the Somme, a battle, by the way, that seems to have been resumed by a succession of small British victories. We have heard many stories of the collection of a new and colossal German army that is presently to be thrown at some selected point of the line, but it seems hard to believe that there is any such army. The campaign in Roumania has come to a standstill, although the weather conditions there are not unfavourable to fighting. German resistance on the Ancre has obviously weakened to a great extent, although there has been a German success before Verdun. It is quite likely that Germany will strike out vigorously here and there in the gallant effort to propitiate the god of war. It is more than likely that she will send out her navy in the desperate intention to "win or lose it all." But we can not be blamed if we draw the inevitable deductions from her declaration of a submarine war that is doomed to failure and that she knows is doomed to failure, or if we interpret that step as a final bid for the victory that has passed beyond her reach along the lines of war that encircle Europe.

"Let us have peace."

—Fitzpatrick, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The New York Commercial expresses the opinion of a good many people on this continent when it says: "The British Isles can be made self-supporting, or so nearly so that a blockade would not starve the people. . . .

"Even if the British Isles can not produce enough food, so much can be added to the present production that all that will be needed can come in through a single port. . . . Just what is wrong with the submarines is not known, but they do not, and presumably can not, attack battle-ships and cruisers. England has enough war-vessels to line a lane into Liverpool from the open ocean, and as long as she can do this Germany can not starve the people, though they may have to tighten their belts."

The New York Evening Post adds: "Much the safest method is to ask, What must the German submarines accomplish in order to reduce England to the condition in which Germany herself stands in the matter of food?" This paper goes on to say that before the war England imported two-thirds of her food, and three times as much per head of the population as did Germany. "The respective food-import needs of the two nations were 66 per cent. and 22 per cent. The Allied blockade has virtually cut off German imports," depriving the German people "of nearly 20 per cent. of its food requirements for more than two years. . . . For the English people to suffer the same percentage of deprivation, England must lose a little more than one-third of her food importations, or one-third of her available shipping tonnage. At the end of 1916, British merchant shipping was approximately what it was when the war began, a little over twenty million tons. So that Germany must sink something like five million tons of English ships before England is as near to "starvation" as Germany is to-day.

In concluding it is worth recalling what Captain Persius in the Berliner Tageblatt wrote:

"The increasing success of our submarines," he says, "has in the last few months become surprising. Nevertheless, nothing would be more foolish than to build up hopes on this and think, for example, that our success must go on increasing at the same rate, so that in spring we might be sinking a million tons a month. The more the submarine war on commerce increases, the more serious become the difficulties it has to face. The number of ships daring to go to sea declines, the ships which still sail are more strongly armed, and the skill of their captains in repelling submarine attacks increases. Lastly, the number of enemy instruments for destroying submarines increases. . . .

"If one underestimates the difficulty of the task, it is sheer ingratitude to our submarine crews."

The Germans themselves know that this new submarine campaign is a last desperate effort to forestall defeat on land as I have already said. They see it looming up like a terrible Nemesis, a figure out of a nightmare. We need not expect discretion on the part of the U-boat commanders. They are commissioned on one last desperate venture.

FEEDING THE ALLIES PRISONERS IN GERMANY

A Detailed Account by a Canadian Woman Helping at the Headquarters in Switzerland

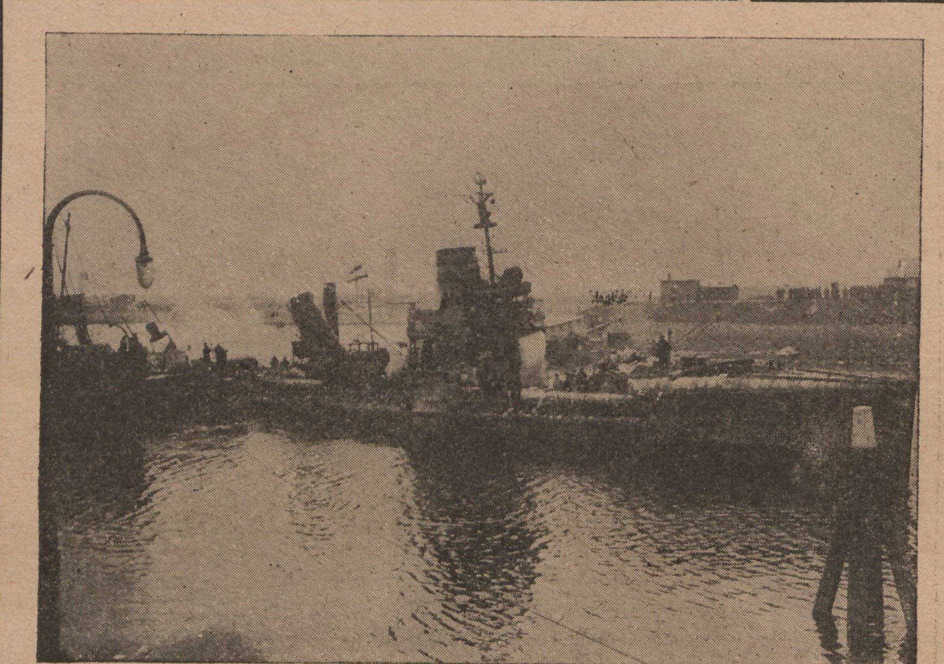
MARIE - MARGUERITE FRECHETTE

AT the beginning of the campaign groups of devoted men and women in England, France and Russia, as well as in the neutral countries, faced the problem, always growing greater, of providing the prisoners of war, civilians and soldiers, with the necessaries that they lacked. Despite their untiring labour, as the number of prisoners taken by Germany and Austria grow, and as the needs became more vital, it was found that to be effective their efforts must be co-ordinated.

From these scattered groups developed the "Bureau de Secours aux Prisonniers de Guerre"—the aid to prisoners of war—under the patronage of the French Ambassador to Switzerland—with its seat at Berne, a city admirably situated politically and geographically to be the distributing point. The aim of the Bureau is to learn what are the needs of the prisoners, and then to do all possible to reduce to the minimum the misery of their condition.

The Swiss Government, as its contribution to the humane work, has assumed the transportation expenses of all consignments sent to prison camps. The permission given by the French and German Governments to neutral delegates to visit the camps from time to time and make reports, has been of enormous value to the Bureau, and great benefit to the prisoners.

The special needs of the prisoners of the various nationalities being slightly different, a committee each of English, French, Italians and Russians, looks after their own compatriots; while an entirely neutral committee affiliated with the Swiss Red Cross, completes the makeup of what has grown to be a huge enterprise.



THIS is what happened our friend the enemy, (the German Torpedo boat destroyer, V. 69) when she tried to "steal a base" from the British fleet. She and others of her kind were lying in the harbour at Zeebrugge when winter swept over the North Sea. They had hoped to face it out, but severe weather hurried the ice-formation so that the T.B.D.'s, to avoid being frozen in, had to try for "home." What happened is now history. Sneaking up in the dark they were caught by a British patrol—and hammered into something like the above shape. The V.69 was lucky. She reached neutral safety with her wounded. Some of her companions went to the bottom.

THE appointment in all the prison camps of hommes de confiance has very materially helped the work of neutral delegates, by making known the needs, and stamping out the abuses that were bound to arise when relief work was done on so large a scale. Homme de confiance must not be translated "confidence man," but rather signifies the man who, for his trustworthiness, is chosen by the Commandant to act as intermediary between the authorities and the other prisoners. Among their many duties is that of being present at the distribution of parcels or the dividing of a large consignment to see that the really needy get their share. It was on the suggestion of these hommes de confiance that the Bureau made the rule that no appeal for aid from a prisoner should be considered unless it was countersigned by a responsible party, and the following post-card is now sent to, and must be filled out by each man who asks for aid. (I translate it from the French):

Name.
Christian name.
Date of birth.
Habitual residence.
Military incorporation.
Signature of homme de confiance, chief of barracks, or non-commissioned officer.
Remarks.
Date.
Your signature.

As soon as this card reaches the Bureau a package containing the articles desired is sent, and another post-card that is to be returned to the Bureau, and which will, if the prisoner wishes, then be forwarded to his family. "The Bureau de Secours aux Prisonniers de Guerre is happy to send you a package. It will be grateful if you will acknowledge its receipt. Upon this card you also can give news of yourself, which the Bureau will send to the person whose name and address you indicate. Kindly also mention the articles of which you are most in need. Have you received the package No. ......
What is the address of your family ....
Space reserved for correspondence ....
Date .... Signature ...."
and on the reverse side the prisoner's name, with military incorporation and camp address.

The practice of sending individual packages of bread has been adopted with regret by the French committee, for even with the precautions above taken, certain men receive packages from several sources, while others more in need, get none. The bread sent in large consignments and divided by the camp committees and hommes de confiance made a juster division possible, and permitted those in need and who had not asked for help to have their share. Unfortunately the German authorities, after having permitted the large consignments, now refuse to accept for the French prisoners anything but individual packages.*

This measure falls hardest upon the very neediest of the prisoners—those whose families can send them nothing—and it is to be hoped that the authorities will again allow the collective consignments.

The reports of the hommes de confiance are most illuminating. In almost every camp there is a great and sustained effort made to keep the prisoners from degenerating intellectually, and to give additional advantages to those men who have lacked in this way. Besides elementary and secondary classes, there are classes in stenography, modern languages, bookkeeping, agriculture, architecture, etc., In many cases the Commandant of the camp has shown eagerness to aid in lightening the dreary monotony of the prisoners' lives; giving books, etc., putting a room at their disposal for entertainments and classes, or in other ways encouraging and stimulating the prisoners' own efforts to throw off the lethargy of enforced idleness. (Of course very many prisoners are not idle at all, for thousands are employed to replace the Germans mobilized, in agricultural pursuits, mining, road-building and other public works.)

IN the camp at Gottingen a little newspaper is published by the prisoners. There, there is an orchestra of thirty pieces under a well-known conductor, which, with a choral society, gives many concerts. And a theatrical company does its share of entertaining with plays and light operas. It is also in this camp that the valid prisoners have formed a society to aid the amputated or wounded. This aid takes three principal forms: relieving the ill of their share of the fatigue duties of cleaning, giving them medical care, and giving them massage or the special exercises their condition demands.

From the camp of Nurnberg comes the idea of a co-operative kitchen, where food sent to the prisoners may be cooked, and where hot food and drinks may be bought. The profits from the kitchen go to buy extra food for the ill and weak. This kitchen prospers greatly and the plan has been adopted by other camps.

In the great camp of Senne, which contains, besides soldier prisoners of several nationalities, many civilians, plays and concerts are given regularly. The makeshift theatre here is the bath building, where the audience places itself between the long rows of washstands.

The painters and sculptors among the captives are very industrious, and the Bureau is preparing an exhibition and sale of their work, as well as of the other articles made in the camps. In one or two camps monuments have been designed and erected by the prisoners to the memory of comrades who have died in captivity.

THESE few glimpses give an idea of the mental life in the camps; but the reports show, too, that the material needs are great. One homme de confiance writes: "The hundred and thirty-five French prisoners in this camp were all wounded, and are almost all in need of new uniforms, theirs having been in many cases cut on the battlefield to facilitate the first dressing of their wounds." From another: "Our camp contains more than five thousand prisoners, three-quarters of whom have been in captivity since the beginning of the war. Their uniforms are in bad condition. The German authorities have given some suits and underclothing, but four hundred still lack a woollen shirt. We nearly all need shoes. Wooden-soled boots are given by the authorities, but they are very hard on the feet for the long marches that many of us must make daily."

Other communications ask specially for clothing

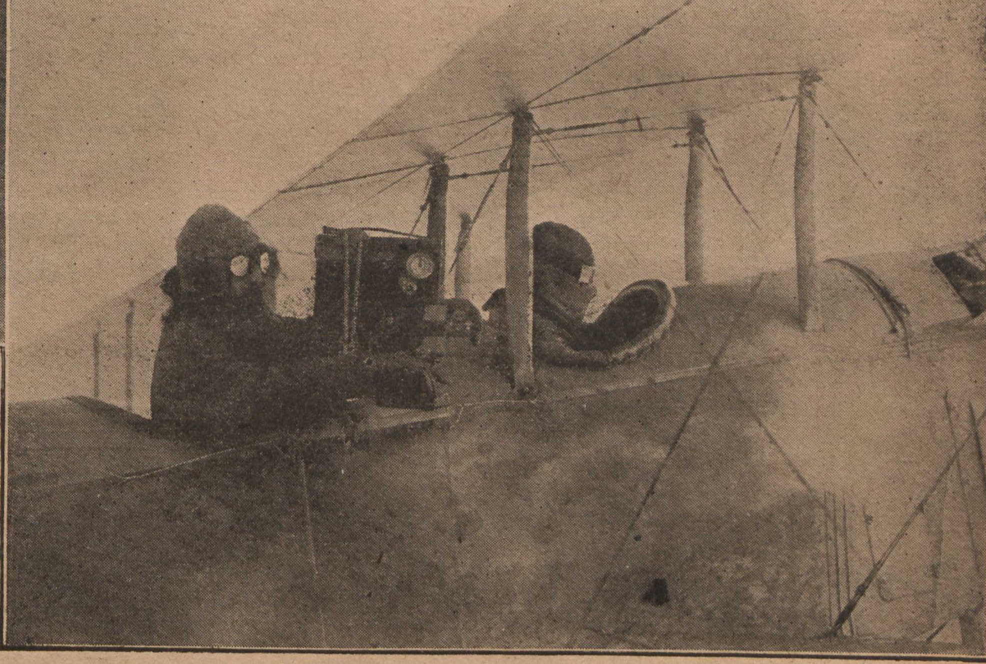
(Concluded on page 21.)

* The question of collective consignments of bread is still in suspense, because the Germans wish to obtain in exchange for the authorization, certain advantages for their own prisoners. In France the same rule for the alimentation of prisoners has been applied that is in force in Germany, that is:—reduced ration of bread and meat, but with the difference made up in vegetables. At Berlin they wish France to give the German prisoners the full ration of bread and meat in exchange for the authorization to send bread from the Bureau to the French prisoners. The affair is being negotiated, though many difficulties must be overcome.

WHERE these men are working—it's the east end of Toronto—was once a useless marsh. The Toronto Harbour Commission took hold of it and filled it with sand pumped up from other parts of the waterfront, where deeper water was required. Now a three million dollar munition plant is being erected where once only cat-fish roamed and bull-frogs sang. The men in this picture are laying a railway siding to carry in building materials.

WHAT HOME FOLKS ARE DOING

THE long string of waggons on your left is being drawn by a gasoline tractor. In the rear is the town of Rosetown, Saskatchewan. This "supply train" belongs to the Weitzen Farm, 80 miles from Saskatoon, on the C. N. R.'s Elrose line. This 10,000-acre farm has just been sold for $300,000 to the Scottish Wholesalers' Co-operative Society. Eight thousand acres are under cultivation. Some idea of the enormous size of the "plantation" may be gained from the size of this "train" of waggons required to haul the crops to Rosetown and supplies back again.



THE mysterious persons in the aeroplane are a Curtiss Pilot, at the Long Branch School, near Toronto, and his passenger, William James, a Toronto moving picture photographer. James wanted a "movie" of an air flight. His camera is hoisted in front of him, ready for action. He got it. This was the first flight of a movie camera in Canada.

ON the left—the Atlantic! On the right—the Pacific! The fishermen are citizens of Grand Manan, N.B., and are engaged in raising the catch (weir fishing). The fish in this case have been "coralled" by these piscatorial "cowboys" and are being hoisted out of the "coral" into the fishing schooner.

ON the other side of the continent sits this smiling group of British Columbia's returned soldiers. They are the kind of men for whom the Pacific Pr[illegible] of re-arranging community farming—a wonderfully good scheme, by the by.

Keep Faith in Parliament

PARLIAMENT in the British Empire has never been so jeopardized as at present. We are in danger of losing our historic confidence in this great institution of government by debate if we substitute for it any form of oligarchy or government by newspapers. Oligarchies are sometimes useful in emergencies. Government by newspapers may often be relied upon to create the emergencies. The War Council of Premier Lloyd George is a quintette of brainy men. But these men cannot afford to exercise the full extent of their powers without reference to Parliament. In concentration and unity of purpose they naturally excel Parliament or a general Cabinet. But their function is mainly executive. They are a specialized junta of business managers whom, with the consent of Parliament, and by the aid of the newspapers, the people of England have empowered with almost absolute jurisdiction. We credit these commissioners of democracy with far too little common sagacity if we expect them to administrate without calling Parliament into their counsels. An aggregation of 640 members of Parliament cannot successfully administrate. A full Cabinet of several dozen members cannot in a time of special crisis created by a great war manage the affairs of the nation without losing time and wasting energy in debate. But Parliament still stands as the most representative body of brains and public business in the country. It is the source from which Cabinets and Councils derive their authority. It is the democratic and responsible medium between the unorganized masses of the people and the highly specialized activities of the Emergency Council. As such it must continue to be respected by the nation. There is an idea more or less vaguely abroad in England, as well as Canada, that the organized public opinion of newspapers, day by day, working on the masses, is a more effective medium between the people and the ultimate executors than Parliament can be. This is a mistaken doctrine for which any nation that adopts it will be sorry. Newspapers cannot organize public opinion unless somebody organizes the newspapers. Whoever that somebody may happen to be is likely to regard himself as a dictator. He is in effect another Kaiser. We do not want Kaisers. We cannot afford so to organize the Press in place of Parliament that public opinion is strangled. No one doubts the genius of Lord Northcliffe. Does any sane citizen imagine that his patriotic purpose is greater than that of Parliament? We outline these suggestions merely to reaffirm what we have twice stated already that even in Canada there is a tendency to retire Parliament to the attic or the cellar in order to put in its place some mysterious small body of men who are supposed to have more wisdom than Parliament, so long as they are supported by enough newspapers.

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Another Lord of Montreal

WHY is it that Montreal gets two new lords within six weeks when no other city in Canada, except Ottawa, has ever had one in a hundred years? The recent elevation of Sir Hugh Graham to the peerage is one of those phenomena which cán never be regulated by mere science,, whether natural or political. It was foreordained in the stars that Hugh Graham, founder and proprietor of the Montreal Star, should become a peer of the realm. It was Sir Hugh Graham's privilege to be the human instrument by which the purpose was carried out. A writer in one of the New York papers alleged that Sir Hugh was the first Youtive-born Canadian to become a peer. This is not As sde kind to Lord Beaverbrook. Where was Max containiin born if not in Canada? Surely he has never post-card ' his birthplace since he went to England. which will, more than half the age of Sir Hugh Graham to his family'ed him in the peerage by six weeks.

lax's elevation to the House of Lords was never fore-ordained by the fates. It was one of those strange phenomena that by their remarkable departure from recognized scientific laws compel our admiration for science. Lord Beaverbrook is a new phase of nature. Lord—whoever he may choose to be—of Montreal, is merely an inevitable result. We can follow the hand of nature in preparing Sir Hugh Graham for the peerage. Lord Beaverbrook is what may be called a novus homo. But the House of Lords is a most catholic institution. It makes room for oddly contrasted personages. The two new Canadian lords are about as diverse in character as any two in the peerage. The one feature common to both is their Canadian parentage, and the fact that the city of Montreal made each of them famous in this part of the Empire before he transferred much of his activity to England.

Sir Hugh Graham may, if he chooses, place himself in the same category as Lord Northcliffe, who climbed to the peerage on a ladder of newspapers. Perhaps he will choose otherwise. In many respects he is mentally superior to Northcliffe. And we doubt if even Harmsworth could have created an English-speaking evening newspaper in the city of Montreal big enough and powerful enough to land him in the peerage. There is a peculiar brand of organizing ability in Sir Hugh Graham. It has found expression in a large number of ways. He has always been a shrewd Scotch estimator of public taste and a moulder of public opinion. An article by Mr. C. Linton Sibley in a previous issue of The Canadian Courier explains how skilfully Sir Hugh built The Star from being his own little man-peddled proposition with the subscription labels pasted on by himself. That story is full of homely and obvious philosophy. In fact, Hugh Graham had begun the strange business of carving out a peerage from the democracy of public opinion before Alfred Harmsworth started his first little paper. Sir Hugh has been no man's imitator. It is a safe conjecture that no other man in Canada will ever successfully imitate him. We should be delighted to join in the conventional salvos of appreciation that have been keeping the wires warm to Sir Hugh Graham's office. We prefer not to do so. We have always regarded Sir Hugh Graham as a character whose peculiar psychic quality never could be put into a straight-jacket even of the peerage. He is the intellectual Houdini of Canadian newspaperdom. The prison cell or the straight-jacket that keeps so many average men, of apparently as much brains as Sir Hugh, in a lifetime of respectable bondage, never could keep him from getting loose. Now that Sir Hugh has obeyed the injunction of fate by getting out of the straight-jacket of common democracy into the House of Lords, we may expect him to sit back—basking in the colour of his robes?

Oh, no, Mr. Graham is stronger than Lord ——, whatever he may be. But for the love of representative government in this country, the next time the King wants to make a Canadian lord, let him pick one from some other city than Montreal—which has four lords already, dead and alive.

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Weakens the Law

A WINNIPEG man was sentenced to five years in penitentiary for the theft of food for his family. Another Winnipeger, on the same day, we understand, was given "suspended sentence" after being found guilty of embezzlement. The records of our courts are full of just such things. A well-dressed man was allowed to go by a Toronto magistrate recently after pleading guilty to the petty charge of issuing a check which the bank returned marked "N. S. F." That same morning, in the same court, a shabby Jew was given a sentence for doing precisely the same thing. So recently, also a girl in an eastern Ontario town was punished severely for stealing a baby carriage, while a man who had fooled with a trust fund was let off with a warning.

There are often good reasons for these seeming inconsistencies. Perhaps the seemingly favoured person has a clean record, as against the unclean record of the other offender. Perhaps it is a case of what would be the best sort of punishment. Certainly the fact of "suspended sentence" would mean as much to some men as a ten year term in penitentiary. Yet these inconsistencies should be looked into by the Department of Justice at Ottawa, or by the various Attorney's-General in the Provinces. It is not the interests of the offender we have so much in mind as the interests of the law. The vast mass of ignorant people is always willing to credit the law with favouritism. Examples such as are cited above serve to strengthen that attitude of mind. Thus such cases weaken the position of the law and tend, indirectly but certainly, to promote offences against the law.

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Diagnosed

YOUR house isn't quite warm enough. Your office is too hot. There's something wrong with the air; it smells queer. The afternoon sun falls in usual places on the east wall of the room. Seems impossible to get any work done as it ought to be done. Railway advertisements have a strange fascination for the eye. It proves easier to pace the floor than to sit down to work—and more pleasant to move around, thinking about nothing, than to compose "Dear Sir:—Yours of the 11th received, and would say——"

There's something wrong somewhere.

What is it?

Spring's coming!

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The Youngster

A GOOD many parents might with profit pay more attention to the germs in their children's minds than to the germs in the children's feeding bottles. The science of protecting the bodies of children against the kinds of disease that can be diagnosed and fought, has been exploited by women's magazines and doctors until from being a reasonably good thing it has become a silly fad. On the other hand, the science of making the children good men and women has yet to be discovered. Sunday schools don't make character. Kindergarten systems don't do it—whatever the sayings of the German students on that subject may be. What mars countless children on this continent is too much attention to their blessed little carcasses. What makes the strong young men and sound young women—referring now to character chiefly—is the influence of EXAMPLE in the home. In no department of human activity is the precept better applied, that "Example is better than precept," than in the raising of children. But how many young parents can you not count on your fingers who seem to think they have filled their duty when they have begotten off-spring and settled themselves down at thirty, or thirty-five or forty to be nursemaids for the rest of their lives? Heaven knows it isn't an agreeable spectacle to see parents desert and neglect their children, but it is an open question whether such children, brought up by wise strangers, or even subject to the discipline of an orphan's asylum, are not better off than those others who are nursed into nervous trouble before they are sixteen, or allowed to form the habit of expecting entertainment, diversion and excitement before they are ten? It is a wise parent that can suppress his own or her own natural desire to fondle and humour the child, long enough to train the little persons to respect authority, and to be content with simple things. How often does not the sordid story of some youthful tragedy read just like a glorified episode of the baby who demanded the rattle and would not be denied—the rattles, as children grow older, become more expensive, more difficult to obtain, and more dangerous to handle.

HISTORY repeats itself; fashion repeats itself; every one repeats himself except Shakespeare, and in the cycling fashions in interior decoration which banish the household treasures admired by our grandmothers, and then revive them, will the Patchwork Quilt remain in obscurity on the top shelf of the linen closet, or modestly concealed between the mattress and the lower sheet?

Three years ago the passion for the primitive was rampant. The most daring combinations of colours, the crudest designs found ready purchasers, but rooms decorated according to the most modern ideas were successful only when a clean sweep of all other furnishings had been made. Oriental carpets gave place to one-toned rugs, priceless bric-a-brac was abandoned in favour of peasant pottery, mahogany was replaced by painted pine, or shamefully hidden beneath a coat of paint. The upheaval was too great for any but the most adventurous spirits and most of us either ruined our rooms by an insipid compromise or wisely clung to long-established schemes of decoration.

I WAS forced to spend the winter with a monstrosity in printed linen forced on my conservative taste by a young cousin just back from Paris, with a craze for Poiret designs. She had spent a goodly portion of her monthly allowance in the purchase of two lengths of the most fashionable and expensive chintzes and asked me to chose whichever I liked best (in reality which I hated least) for the studio we were sharing. The ground-work of both was a mustard yellow, and on one broad, black stripes wriggled unconventionally up and down, broken here and there by a fat-leafed weed unknown to botanists in purple, green and blue. It gave me the distinct impression that I should immediately consult an oculist.

"Isn't it quaint?" said Betty as she held it up for my admiration.

"Very," I replied. "Who do you suppose conceived the design? No one with the faintest knowledge of art or appreciation for beauty could produce anything more crude."

"The designs, they tell me, are adapted from drawings made by little children whose naive impressions have never been hampered by the study of art." She spread the other chintz before me. "Now this one is less original."

"Still, on the whole, I prefer it."

"Do you?" She seemed disappointed. "Well, perhaps it is more daring. The motif is larger."

Great circular flowers made of dots and splashes in cherry colour, at least a foot in diameter, glowed against the yellow background. The stems and leaves which writhed around them were of royal blue.

"It is not that I think it cruder or more daring" (those, it seemed, were complimentary adjectives when applied to impressionist designs), "but it seems a trifle more stationary. I am sure eyeglasses would be unbecoming to both of us."

"Just as you like, dear, I am quite content to let you choose," she replied magnanimously, and I spent the winter wondering if the other pattern could have proved more objectionable.

"Isn't it strange how we used to admire the chintzes covered with roses so real you could almost pick them, and birds so true to life that you paused to hear them sing—or the still more insipid sprigged chintzes of early Victorian days?"

"I am old-fashioned enough to still like them."

"Of course they have their place in rooms with period furniture. I wonder if we shall ever think these weak and insipid?"

"Not unless we grow a race of giants and build houses of larger dimensions. The next movement will probably be for an entire absence of pattern."

THERE spoke my prophetic soul. Betty is decorating her bed-room this spring. She has painted her floor black, kalsomined the walls bright yellow, hung the windows with curtains of emerald green and enamelled her furniture violet. She asked me in to see it.

"Couldn't you work in touches of red and blue?" I suggested, ironically.

"That's just what I feel," said Betty. "I want a bed-spread that will include all the colours in the room and introduce others as well. I've searched the stores and there's really nothing to be had!"

"Why not a patchwork quilt?"

"The very thing! A crazy-quilt—the crazier the better."

"Then let's pay a visit to Aunt Martha. She has closets full of them."

AUNT MARTHA gave us a hearty welcome. She even threw open the door of the musty horse-haired parlour to do us honour, but we soon escaped to the homely sitting-room, with its cheerful red table cover and the low, green rocker, where Aunt Martha liked to knit by the window while the canary sang in the cage overhead. There was a row of scraggy geraniums in the window-sill, some of them planted in old tomato cans.

"I suppose you think they look funny with the labels," said Aunt Martha, "but I've such a love of colour."

"Betty is just like you. Her latest craze is for patchwork quilts."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Aunt Martha. "I thought Betty was all for style, and do you know what I did? As soon as I heard you were coming I cleared out the spare room. I put away the bouquet of dry everlastings, and the shell-covered box from the mantle shelf, but I left the silver candle sticks—I remembered you liked them—and I carefully covered up the patch-work quilt with a honey comb bedspread I didn't want you girls to make fun of my countrified taste."

Make fun of it! We had always loved the spare room at Aunt Martha's, with its sloping white ceiling, its fiddle-backed chairs covered with red repp in winter, white dimity in summer. The feather bed was very comforting, too, on a chilly night. White dimity covers were on the wash-stand, and the tall bureau had a swinging glass that rocked back against the wall and showed us with faces somewhat out of drawing and of a bluish colour. The floor, too, had queer slants like the deck of a rolling vessel, but without its accustomed quilt the room lacked colour and Betty and I quickly removed the offending bed-spread.

"Oh, Aunt Martha, how lovely! Did you make it yourself?" we asked, simultaneously. Black calico urns filled with multi-coloured flowers were appliqued on a cream-coloured ground.

"No," said Aunt Martha, "my mother made that. We went in more for geometrical patterns in my day."

"Print ones?" cried Betty. "Do you know they are all the rage for summer cottages? So are rag carpets and painted orange floors."

"Think of that, now! And they are the simplest things to make. I could run one up by machine in a day—not counting the quilting. Most of the girls liked log-cabin quilts—you know the kind, squares made of narrow strips laid one on another—but I rather fancied crazy-quilts myself."

"So do I!" cried Betty.

"Well, my dear, to-morrow I'll get them all out and show them to you."

"DO you think . . ." said Betty, when we were undressing that night, "that Aunt Martha would mind our looking through the bureau drawers?"

"I'm sure she wouldn't—not if we're careful. I loved to do it years ago."

In the bottom drawer was the "body" of great-grandmother's wedding gown. The narrow skirt had served for something useful—a cradle quilt, perhaps, for one of the babies. It was a mere scrap of dove-coloured silk, low-neck, and laced in the back. She must have worn over her shoulder one of the embroidered India muslin capes that were turning yellow in the same drawer. The "leg-o'-mutton" sleeves had been sacrificed, too—possibly to Aunt Martha's patchwork. There was a high comb of a solid piece of shell and little square-toed satin slippers and a dainty little night cap of embroidered mull, all smelling of lavender. Betty closed the drawer reverently.

"There couldn't have been superfluity sales and Red Cross waste collections in those days," she remarked.

But the other drawers had been emptied of re-

(Concluded on page 24.)

JEFFERSON 229

By

Louise E. Dutton

Illustrations after George W. Barratt

"'Come,' it said, 'I want you to come at once.'"

STURGESS sat up in bed. It was black dark in the studio. The heavy curtains shut out the street light and he could not see the windows. The familiar bits of furniture loomed bulky and formless around him. Sturgess stared into the dark, and wondered what had waked him.

He heard a creaking of hinges, a drizzle of rain against the panes, and presently, cutting the silence sharp and long, the telephone bell rang three times. With the third peal still loud in his ears, Sturgess sprang out of bed and pushing an overturned chair out of his way, kicking aside a piece of Russian brass that had fallen clattering to his feet, stumbled across the big room to his desk.

"Halloo?" he called hoarsely, and a voice answered him, a woman's voice, low, and curiously clear.

"Is it you?" she said. "Oh, if it's you, I want you. Come!"

"What is it?" said Sturgess. "What's the matter?"

"Come!" he heard the woman say, "it's Madeline. Come at once. I want——"

Straining his ears for the next words, Sturgess heard her frightened voice die away. He fumbled for his clothes, getting into them blindly in the dark, telling himself that he must not waste time in getting a cab; he must hurry, hurry out of the room, and down the stairs. For two minutes, the street door held him till he mastered its tricky little Yale lock, and let himself out into the cold. He knew that he must not stop to wonder what Madeline wanted. He must hurry.

Down the street, lurching dizzily through a misty fall of rain, Sturgess saw the lights of a belated hansom. He hailed it thankfully, and ran to meet it at the curb.

"You must hurry," he warned the driver.

The man nodded sleepily, and opened the doors of the cab.

"Where to, sir?" he said.

Sturgess hesitated, blinking in the sudden glare of the street light, and staring up stupidly at the red face and curious eyes of the driver.

"Where to?" repeated the man, sharply.

"She said——" muttered Sturgess, "she said——"

THE driver laughed as he slammed the door of the cab, and drove away into the rain. His profane and not unjustified remarks on the subject of inebriates in general and Sturgess in particular, Sturgess did not hear because his mind, clearing with the chill feel of the rain on his face, was occupied with a sudden staggering realization—the knowledge that on the list of women who valued his acquaintance rather more than he valued theirs, there was not one who answered to the name of Madeline. As he climbed the dark stairs to his room again, he directed against the cabman an unreasoning rage like nothing he had felt since the days when his nurse's voice had waked him protesting from the dreams of his boyhood.

A new thought arrested him halfway up the last flight, a thought that set him swearing softly to himself as he finished his groping ascent and flung his own door wide. In his room, flooded by a turn of the switch with crude, revealing light, he stood staring helplessly down at the desk where five minutes before, he had heard the telephone ring. It was a heavy desk of carved wood. On the dull top lay his writing things, pushed one side to make room for a pile of magazines; there was a letter or two, and crumpled evening papers flecked with scattered ashes from his pipe; but, as was perfectly natural since Sturgess hated telephones and had never had one there, he saw no telephone on the desk.

"Sano," said Sturgess, the next morning, over his breakfast coffee, "do you believe in dreams?"

The little Jap turned from the breakfast tray to draw back the curtains, letting into the studio a dazzle of sunlight, out of which he squinted uncomprehendingly at Sturgess.

"Not necessarily a dream, you think?" interpreted Sturgess. "You're quite right to question it. Three flights down, and three flights up, which makes six. Six flights of stairs, and the lift not working. That's no dream, Sano."

Though it was like no other voice he remembered, Sturgess recalled, he found, with absolute clearness the voice which he had heard in his dream. He had heard it broken by little gasps of terror; he had heard it to the accompaniment of jangling telephone wires. He had bent down, as he spoke, toward the mouthpiece of a telephone; he had groped in the dark for the receiver, and found it smooth to his touch, and cold. The dream had been vivid, and accurate of detail. For Sturgess, who had never in waking hours permitted his privacy to be encroached upon by a telephone, it had been a singularly inappropriate dream. But it had piqued his interest, like a serial story with a crisis at the close of the first installment. Dreams, in his opinion, were connected with indigestion more closely than with psychic phenomena. Dreams were not worthy of serious thought. But all day at intervals, he found himself wondering to what encounter the unknown lady had summoned him, and of what danger she had been afraid.

To clinch the sale of one of his pictures, Sturgess was dining that night with John Lake. He was inclined to regard the sale as inadequate compensation for two hours of Lake's society. Even without the excuse of the vague and unsavory rumours to his discredit, Sturgess would have disliked the man, from the sheer physical antagonism which a healthy animal feels for an unhealthy one. At the dinner table, Sturgess repressed with difficulty a desire to tell his host that his chin was out of drawing and his lips were too thin. After dinner, he evaded the proposed visit to Lake's house.

"I can't advise you about the hanging of the picture," he objected; "any arrangement you make without her help is likely to be changed when Mrs. Lake takes charge."

Sturgess, after a vain mental search for the name of Lake's fiancee, having compromised by a premature use of a title for the possession of which he was prepared to commiserate her, presently forgot her completely, together with all other disturbing subjects in the comfort of his own open fire.

The thick, systematically laid wood burned slowly; the last log on the andirons smouldering into occasional crackling spurts of flame that assailed his drowsy ears till he was beyond hearing, fallen into a dreamless sleep too heavy to be reckoned by minutes and hours.

When Sturgess woke he was sitting before his desk, and he seemed to feel in the air about him the pulsing vibrations of a bell that had just ceased to ring.

"Yes," he heard himself saying, in a level, toneless voice, "this is 229."

THE fingers of his left hand clung together, stiffly curved and bent to fit the receiver of a telephone, but the hand was empty. He groped along the surface of the desk, making feverish havoc of its contents, till his hand closed over something, and gripped it, and held it. It was round and cold. He began to draw it slowly toward him.

A tongue of flame, shooting up with vivid suddenness from the half-burnt log on the hearth, sent a flicker of light across the desk, illuminating for a dizzy second the scattered papers, the overturned ink well, and the polished shaft of the brass candlestick in Sturgess' hand.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said Sturgess.

The charred log parted and fell from the andirons with a muffled thud that resounded loudly through the quiet room, and was utterly unregarded by the man at the desk.

"No," he decided, emerging at length from his dazed oblivion, "I will not be hanged, I will wait and see what Madeline does next."

The following evening, however, Sturgess went to a light opera widely and undeservedly esteemed; a very light opera, a handful of pretty songs, loosely woven into a harmony, the mere a b c of music, but intricate enough to command respect from Sturgess. He had never wished to supplement a defective musical education, but he was proud of his ability to remember the tune the orchestra played as he left the theatre.

To-night he brought away with him an additional reminder of the evening. As one song, blurred and warped by memories of companion melodies developed persistently in his ears, Sturgess became aware that out of the changing pictures on the stage and the grouping of the audience of which he had been part, one face was shaping itself with a growing clearness that made it almost visible to him; a woman's face, beautiful, pale and tired, with faint circles under the great, dark eyes. Taxing his memory for the moment in the evening when he had

spoken to the woman or seen her, he arrived at the conclusion that she had worn a gown of dull white, an effect so in keeping with his pet theories of dress that it convinced him gown and face alike had been his own creation, a composite of the forgotten pictures in a brain tired into abnormal activity.

But the face, whether it was real or unreal, persisted before his eyes all night, crowding out of his dreams the voice that, staring up from his restless sleep to listen, he shamefacedly admitted to himself he wished to hear.

For the following week, a somewhat ambitious picture possessed his days and nights to the exclusion of dreams. After it was finished, boxed, and sent, Sturgess, over a late supper at his favourite restaurant, withdrew himself slowly from his craftsman's concentration to discover how tired he was. As he studied the faces of the men with him for a sign that they noticed the fits of abstraction alternating with his bursts of talk, he enumerated to himself with amused detachment the ways in which his surroundings were designed to upset the nerves of a tired man, if the tired man allowed himself the luxury of nerves.

THE room was noisy, overdecorated, very crowded, and very light; all the tables were taken except one, a small one, beside a window. At one of its disordered places Sturgess saw a fading rose. He beckoned the waiter.

"Do you know who sat there?" he asked in an undertone.

"No, sir." The man's surprise at hearing the question appeared to equal Sturgess' own surprise at having asked it.

"Then find out for me," said Sturgess; "go and find out."

After a brief conference with the head waiter, the man discreetly conveyed to Sturgess the information that the occupants of the table had been a woman and a man.

"Never mind the man," said Sturgess. "Was the girl wearing a white gown?"

The waiter nodded. A minute later Sturgess pushed back his chair.

"I'm going," he told his friends.

"Going? Why? Where? Who is she? What's her address?"

Sturgess did not answer these questions. He could not answer. He wanted to go home, he did not know why; he wanted to go at once. He swore at the inoffensive but persistent newsboy who blocked his progress to the Subway. In the car he consulted his watch at intervals. He ran up his stairs, struggled with his refractory door key and burst into his rooms out of breath and angry, like a man who is late for an appointment, or a man who has missed a telephone call.

"And this time I was awake," said Sturgess.

In the morning he went to see his friend Dr. Warner.

THE doctor's methods at examination were effective chiefly by their apparent casualness. He found the light firmness of Sturgess' hand-clasp more significant than the record of a clinical thermometer.

"You're no sick man," he said.

"I hope you're right," said Sturgess, "but there's something wrong somewhere." And with his clear eyes a little troubled under the veiled testing of Warner's gaze, he plunged into a detailed history of the telephone.

"If I'm not sick," he concluded, "who is?"

"Madeline," suggested the doctor.

Sturgess chuckled unwillingly.

"You are working——" began Warner.

"Don't, man!" cut in Sturgess. "Don't tell me I'm working too hard. Of course I'm working too hard. So are you. So is everybody I know. We're thriving on it. Only we don't all hear telephones that aren't there."

"You don't hear them," said the doctor.

"How do you know I don't," said Sturgess, with instant heat.

The doctor launched into a fluent dissertation on the natural explanation of psychic phenomena, making gradual transition to the virtues of country life.

"Get out into the open," he finished, impressively.

"But the face, whether it was real or unreal, persisted before his eyes."

"Get three good meals a day, and ten hours' sleep every night."

"Most of that," said Sturgess, "I've discussed with you before. I agree with you perfectly, and I think you say it better than I do, but it's not what I came here to listen to. The thing I'd like to have you tell me is what is happening to me when I think I hear a telephone?"

Warner lapsed cheerfully into nonprofessional habits of speech.

"You don't want a doctor," he said. "It's a clergyman you want, or a spiritualist medium in the agent of a telephone company."

The mention of a telephone seemed to have lost its usual power to goad Sturgess to indignant defence of his right to solitude, and his aversion to the instrument in question.

"You know," he said, "that isn't a bad idea."

"Ward," said Warner, "a thing we allow to seem real to us comes near being real. Do you believe in Madeline?"

"Do you believe in fairies?" quoted Sturgess, with forced lightness. His laugh was strained and high. Warner did not echo it.

"There's nothing like a concrete visual image," he said, "for superseding a hallucination."

This conclusion he supplemented by a bit of advice, unchanged after more prolonged investigation of Sturgess' symptoms.

"You get a telephone, and get it quick."

This prescription Sturgess followed with a literal obedience rarely accorded to medical advice. On the evening he came home to find it installed on his desk, new and shining, flanked invitingly by a fat directory, he was rewarded by a distinct sense of pleasure. He felt proud of his new possession as the reward of his successful conflict with the innate slowness of the telephone company, and impressed with its possibilities by the comprehensive list of names in the book before him.

"EVERYBODY I know in Manhattan and the Bronx is in there, and some few that I don't know, and my maiden aunt, and—Madeline."

The book fell form his hand and crackled to the floor in a fluttering heap. Sturgess had heard a preliminary click of the telephone wire, and the bell rang sharply three times. He caught up the receiver and, after a breathless instant, made answer in the hoarse voice of his dreams.

"Ward?" said a man's voice, Warner's voice, the voice which, Sturgess assured himself, he had expected to hear.

"Ward, want to come out and have a drink with me?"

Sturgess did not want to come out and have a drink. He told Warner so with an uncalled for and profane emphasis for which he apologized the next day.

Warner listened with professional interest, which Sturgess, promptly detecting, translated into speech.

"Want to feel my pulse?" he said. "Like to have me put out my tongue, and say a-a-ah?"

"The number of your 'phone isn't 229, I notice," observed Warner, cautiously.

Sturgess, keeping pace with him down the avenue, squared his shoulders and drew a long, contented breath of indifference to the existence of all telephones, even his own.

"You've got me cured," he said.

How urgently he had needed curing Sturgess began to realize as the relief of a day's freedom from his obsession showed him what the strength of the obsession had been. For he was free. At the theatre no passing face held his eyes; in the restaurant, which a spirit of bravado inspired him to revisit after the play, he found a stout gentleman indulging an abundant and indiscriminate appetite at the table where the rose had lain. No mysterious message hastened his return to his rooms, or lurked in their well-ordered emptiness to draw him to the telephone, whose meek immaculateness Sturgess eyed with disfavour, feeling freedom purchased by such a price to be a doubtful joy.

"You nickel-plated, disinfected, smug little product of science," he said, "you're placing me at the mercy of all the bores in the world. You're intimately connected with them, and you look it, and now I shall never be out of their reach."

The telephone received his remarks with an ostentatious humility that exasperated him into a desire for a less passive object for abuse.

"I'll call up Warner," he decided.

CLOSE at his elbow, his desk clock struck once.

"Half past twelve," said Sturgess. It had been near midnight, he remembered, that the dream telephone had made its first appearance; the dream recurred to him now with the homesick remoteness of memories that are very old.

"If I use a real 'phone," said Sturgess, "they'll

(Concluded on page 23.)

7,000,000 PROBLEMS

Are Represented in Great Britain's Seven Million School Children

According to Statist, in the Fortnightly Review, one of the gravest defects in our (Great Britain's) social system consists in the absence of any plan whereby lads leaving the elementary schools, perhaps with good character and good ability, can be diverted into paths of permanent employment, skilled or unskilled, instead of being left, as they are, to take their chance in the labour market to earn what few shillings they can by casual jobs, and in many cases to drift, from lack of supervision or interest in their work, into idle and loafing habits—the breeding-ground of criminal propensity.

"We have been furnished with figures," the Commissioners of Prisons have recorded, "showing that in a great majority of cases dealt with by the (Borstal) association, not only were these lads unemployed at the time of their conviction, but that they had been unemployed, except at rare intervals, since leaving school. Parliament has recognized already, and is about, we hope, to recognize still further, the principle of special treatment for adolescents when in prison, so that they may be trained, if possible, for a life of honest industry. But it may then be too late. We are tempted to ask whether it would not be wiser policy to begin at an earlier stage. We have an object lesson in the 'Gewerbe,' or continuation schools of Germany, and we read with surprise, and envy, that in Munich alone 80 per cent. of the boys leaving elementary schools are apprenticed to some trade or other until the age of eighteen years. In addition to the technical know-

Villa Demands a Conference.
—Berryman, in Washington Star.

ledge, civic duties are also impressed upon these lads, and the continuation school, while it prevents the waste, through neglect, of much that has been learned in the elementary school, protects as it were these lads through critical years of adolescence. It inspires not only interest in work, but that self-respect which, so far as our experience goes in dealing with young criminal lads, is so sadly lacking in this country. It seems to us that in the absence of organization and wise direction in the earlier and critical years of life much good material is being wasted and allowed to drift into crime or the beginning of crime."

The first step to be taken in dealing with the seven million problems in the elementary schools, and one which requires no legislation, is the creation of strong after-care committees in connection with the elementary schools. The need of such bodies was never greater than at present. Owing to the absence of the fathers at the front, what is described as "child crime" has greatly increased since the war began. Thousands of children, moreover, are handicapped by the failure of their mothers and the absence not only of precept or example, but even of bare conditions of decency in the home life.

What is to be the future of a particular child? That is an important matter to the State as well as to the child, for he represents national wealth. The Education Committee of the London County Council has remarked that, in the past, in many cases the sole consideration determining the employment to which boys are sent is the amount of wages immediately secured. That fact accounts for the large number of boys who are returned as having gone to unskilled labour. It is, of course, well known that errand boys, van boys, and messengers, the occupations generally followed by the boys who are reported unskilled, receive higher wages than would be paid to a boy who entered a situation with a view to learning some trade. It is much the same in the case of girls. How much can they earn at once?

"It is clear that the year after leaving school—the year, that is, between the ages of 14 and 15—is for the children concerned a year of uncertainty. Nearly half are returned in the statistics as without specified occupation. No doubt a large proportion of the number are attending some place of education; but it is no less true that a considerable portion are not classified, because for the time being they are doing nothing. They have thrown up one situation and are looking for another. In this respect it must be remembered that it is a common practice, at any rate so far as the poorer section of the community is concerned, for the children, and not their parents, to select for themselves their form of occupation and find for themselves situations. The children are too young to choose wisely, and, as a natural consequence, shift from place to place until they discover something that suits their taste or ability. It would be difficult to imagine a more unsatisfactory method of training. Till the age of 14 they are carefully looked after in school; at the age of 14 they are set free from all forms of discipline and become practically their own masters. It is not, therefore, surprising, that under such conditions the effect of the school training is transient, and the large amount of money spent on their education to a great extent wasted."

In all these directions the voluntary worker can assist in conserving the wealth of the nation—its children. The State requires thousands of what may be described as super-parents, women in particular, who, with instinctive sympathy, will take the children under their special charge and see that their future is not left to chance.

PILLAGING THE PRESS

Papermakers of the U. S. Are Said to be Holding Up the Publishers

The 22,000 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States are facing not only complete extinction of profits, but in many cases confiscatory losses through the concentrated action of news print manufacturers imposing upon them a tax of approximately $45,000,000 a year, solemnly declares Don C. Seitz, in the North American. The war harvests reaped by the makers of semi-manufactured material find nowhere a richer or more undeserved rake-off than in this raid on the printing trade. After two languid years of moderate demand and reasonable prices, the print manufac-

"Gosh, I wish they were sour!"
—Sykes, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

turers, taking a leaf from the iron, steel, copper and chemical industries, decided to suffer no amazement at their own moderation, and following the annual convention of the American Paper and Pulp Association, held in New York, February 24, 1916, began one of the most effective price-lifting movements in our history. The huge catalogue contract of the Chicago mail-order houses, amounting to some $3.-500,000, having been safely adjusted, competition in the print-manufacturing trade came to a stop. The first line to test the printer's pocket was that of the blotting paper producers. Stock sold ordinarily at five and six cents a pound was incontinently marked up to ten and twelve cents, in some instances reaching thirteen cents. Fast on the heels of this elevation the book gentlemen discovered that demand exceeded supply and that raw materials were scarce. Book stock selling at three and three-quarters cents or less moved up to six and seven cents a pound! Special grades selling at five and six cents were abruptly lifted from four to seven cents additional. Jobbers were given little consideration and customers none at all. The improvidence of printers, and the quick deterioration of supplies, caused little stock to be kept on hand by customers, so the exploit of elevating was easy. It only required that no dealer should supply customers other than those on his books. The few that failed to meet this condition were speedily without a stock to draw upon. The book and jobbing houses being safely cornered, it remained to "handle" the newspapers.

The news manufacturers were a little slower than their brethren in the book and magazine branch in perfecting their organization, but when completed it operated with a perfection that now promises to

impoverish the great industry dependent upon it. Suddenly publishers who were short found that paper could be had only of jobbers and that these required $75 per ton for paper usually sold at $45. This was accepted as a necessity and as a temporary pinch. Soon $80 per ton was the price and then $100; in some instances of peculiar atrocity $120 and even $140 per ton was demanded and received. The smaller and poorer the consumer, as usual in this world, the higher the price and the more oppressive the conditions, for on top of these savage increases came the curtailment of credits and in many instances a policy of payment on delivery. Ordinarily where in the past such combinations were formed, when not broken legally, they went to pieces under the competition of the mills making manila or other "craft" papers, which would turn their machinery to news making when prices rose. But, for the first time in the history of the trade, these grades joined the procession upward, going from 3½ to 7 cents per pound, with the effect that a considerable tonnage of news machinery went on the coarser product, thus curtailing a supply soon to be sufficiently scant if all the wheels were turning on its behalf. Writing paper followed suit swiftly, doubling and sometimes trebling in cost to the consumer.

One reason why the combination of news print mills delayed getting into complete operation was because of the time taken in "organizing" the Canadian competition. This was done by forming the "Canadian Export Association," to which customers from America were referred by the mills. In this way secret deals were prevented and the situation controlled. One Western publisher was notified in the morning that his mill could no longer supply him. In the afternoon an agent of the Association called to take his order at a price of about $25 per ton above the figure he had been paying. In the States the combination worked as neatly, but with rougher methods. Each mill was "sold out" when asked to compete or to give a price. This left the publisher the choice of accepting the figure named by his existing source of supply, or going into the market where, despite the "shortage" and "desperate conditions," a supply can always be had at $100 per ton!

What has happened to the small consumer is tersely described by Mr. H. B. Varner, publisher of The Herald, at Lexington, N.C., Chairman of the Paper Committee of the North Carolina Newspaper Association, in a complaint alleging conspiracy and

Wall Street: "A few more peace proposals will ruin me."

—Berryman in Washington Star.

extortion, laid before the Attorney General of the United States. He says:

"Notwithstanding the declaration of the paper mills that they have no paper to sell, such members of our associations as have no contracts have gone into the open market and secured paper, but at prices that are ruinous and extortionate; to wit, from 5¾c. to 7c. per pound. Members of our association who still hold contracts have been unable to renew them. The price which they are paying under existing contracts is less than $50 a ton, and the lowest figures at which such members have secured offers are from $65 to $140 a ton. This lowest price, so far as I have been able to learn, has only been made to one newspaper in the State, and represents a profit of not less than $35 a ton on the mill cost of making paper. The increased expense to one of our largest papers in the State, by reason of the prevailing prices in the open market, is $59,000, which increase will entirely absorb all of its profits.

"We have every reason to believe, and do believe, that a combination exists between the American and Canadian manufacturers, through which all competition has been destroyed. Newspapers can only secure their supplies from concerns with which they have been dealing, and they must pay whatever price is demanded.

SOUTH AMERICA SPEAKS

Brazilian Writer Discusses German Ambitions South of Panama

EVEN after two years and five months of war, how many people know of Germany's designs for conquest in South America, and her scheme for settlement in that continent at the expense of the South American Republic? asks "a Brazilian," in the Nineteenth Century.

The conquest of South America by Germany was certainly a most ambitious dream of William the Second. After having annihilated France and Russia, and established German hegemony over Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, Egypt, and Persia; after having seized in the West, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, and the North of France, starting from a line drawn from Belfort to Calais; and, in the East, the Baltic Provinces, Russian Poland, the Governments of Kovno, Grodno, and Vilna, the German Empire would include within her frontiers 4,015,000 square kilometres, and 204,000,000 inhabitants, so that she could raise an army of twenty millions or twenty-eight millions according to whether she raised soldiers at the rate of 10 per cent. or 14 per cent. of the whole population.

German interests in Central America amount to 300,000,000 Marks. In Guatemala and Costa-Rica they possess much land and property, many banks and railways. "In these regions," says Mr. Calderon, "two dominant influences are contending: German Imperialism and Monroeism. The Kaiser hastens to recognize President Madriz in Nicaragua, whilst the revolutionaries, protected by the United States of America, hasten to throw down his ephemeral power."

Of all the South American countries, that which has the greatest number of Germans is Brazil. Their number is estimated at 450,000. The German emigration to Brazil was not at first spontaneous, as it was in North America. In the first half of the nineteenth century Brazil, in order to people her immense vacant territories, made efforts to attract German colonists. The first organization for German colonists was the "Hamburger Kolonisationverein," founded in 1849. The important colony of Blumenau, one of the most prosperous to-day, was founded in 1850 by a hairdresser whose name it bears. At the present time it consists of 40,000 Germans or sons of Germans. The Minister, Von der Heidt, caused an edict to be passed in 1859 prohibiting in Prussia the propaganda in favour of emigration. This edict was abolished in 1896; nevertheless from 1885 to 1905 the number of German emigrants established in Brazil did not attain to 30,000.

This number is relatively small; however, it should not by any means serve as an argument to those who deny the German danger. The peril, as I have shown with abundant and explicit quotations, arises from the ambitions of the German Government more than from the German colonists, whose numbers are small compared with the 27,000,000 inhabitants of the Brazilian nation.

However, if the Brazilian Government is not more active in the future than it has been in the past in the work of nationalization, this refractory population may form in a few years, by its rapid increase, a State with aspirations for independence. This peril can only be averted by the vigilance of the Brazilian Government.

To allow the Germans to colonize in great numbers in the South, where the Brazilian population is scarce, and to form groups where the German element predominates, was grave negligence. The evil is not irreparable if energetic steps are taken to mitigate it forthwith.

In the States of Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina the Germans "dominate the municipalities and enjoy the rights of self-government. They preserve the traditions, language, and prejudices

The badge of treachery. (Von Bernstorff has been decorated with the white ribboned iron cross for services rendered.)

—Racey in the Montreal Star.

of the Mother Country. In certain colonies of the South the Germans are the predominant race. Their efforts second the territorial ambitions of the Deutschtum." In order to protect the Deutschtum, writes Mr. Tonnelat, "it is essential to preserve the language, the customs, the ways of thinking of the native country and a strict loyalty towards Germany. To strive for the Deutschtum, is it not to wish to implant German nationalism on Brazilian soil?"

HOPE FOR AUSTRIA

Lies in Getting Rid of the Hapsburg Tradition in Vienna

A TRAGIC life indeed, observes Countess Zanardi Landi, in the Nineteenth Century, has come to an end with the last breath of the Emperor Francis Joseph. And though he passed away almost "Sang und Klanglos" (without song and sound), to use an Austrian expression, the people of Austria felt that something vital had snapped when the news came that their Emperor had been gathered to his fathers. For to all of them for many years the life of their aged monarch had resembled a precious piece of old and cracked china. At intervals they had heard an ominous click, but they had grown accustomed to it. So often the pitcher had gone to the well and not been broken that they did not realize how fragile this treasure of theirs had become. Then one day, without any premonitory symptoms, the cleft was sundered and the cherished possession lay shattered on the ground.

It is said that Charles the First (the new Emperor) is entirely under the sway of the Emperor William, and perhaps this is the case. But there is a chance that he may not be quite so much William's creature as is generally supposed, and in fairness to him I should like to discuss this contingency.

No one who has not a very intimate knowledge of the point of view of the Austrian Court can realize the difference in the treatment meted out to an Archduke who may be Emperor to-morrow and that received by the actual Emperor. When the heir takes possession of the Imperial sceptre, not a mere change but a metamorphosis is wrought. Hence the gentle, pliant Archduke Karl Franz Joseph of yesterday, who bent submissive to the superior rank of the Emperor William, may to-day develop a will of his

own and assert himself in his dealings with his equal—nay, his inferior, for no Hapsburg Emperor would ever admit that a Hohenzollern was his equal. And such a course of action does not necessarily argue great strength of character on the part of the new Emperor. Let him take as his chief adviser a statesman whose views are opposed to Prussianism, and that would be enough to set the ball rolling away from Kaiser Wilhelm. Although the Emperor Karl may not so far have given much proof of possessing a strong will, neither has he exhibited any particular signs of weakness. One thing is certain—no scandalous love affair, no indulgence in debauchery has hitherto sullied his reputation. So much cannot be said of his father, his uncle Franz Ferdinand, or his predecessor on the throne. They were all the prey of love intrigues which, even if they did not prove ruinous to their careers, had a damaging effect on their prestige. Now anyone with any knowledge of Court life will know how many temptations of this kind beset the path of an Emperor-elect, and it is much to the credit of a young man in such a position, and speaks well for his strength of character, when he gives no indication of these vicious tendencies. It may justly be argued that this very firmness on Karl's part would be dangerous should his sympathies lie with Prussia, but there are certain reasons for assuming that his inclinations are not pre-eminently pro-Prussian.

Another factor in the situation which must not be overlooked is the personality of the new Emperor's consort. The young Empress is a gentle, serene being, one of those women who are never over-excited nor morbid. She knows how to make the best of everything, and above all appreciates the pleasure which is to be found in the intimacy of home life. She is by no means a bourgeoise.

The union of the young Imperial couple is an exceptionally happy one. This is admitted even by the most unscrupulous of gossips. In all probability it was not a love match—imperial unions are rarely based on love—but both parties agreed to be "bons comrades" and to try to do good: in their case a most admirable arrangement. The Empress has a clever, unostentatious way with her husband, and it is quite likely that she has more to say than is generally believed.

Yet while the new Emperor's mother, his educators, and his wife have had no pro-Prussian inclinations, this fact would weigh but lightly in the scale if his own predilections were on the side of Prussia. Such, however, is not the case. The Emperor's sympathies are Slav, he has an antipathy to Hungary and Germany.

One way is open. The new Emperor of Austria ought to make a separate peace at any price, and thus prove that he himself is not a Hun leader. The traditions of his house, however, which have contaminated the country for so long, the influence of that society which has wrought havoc for so many centuries, will prevent such a step. That is the reason why, even presuming that Karl the First were endowed with exceptional ability (a most improbable hypothesis), his reign is doomed from the outset. Not he, but the Hapsburgs and their parasites have been found wanting. The time of reckoning is drawing nearer and nearer. Karl, like the head of a big firm, must be held responsible for the disastrous condition of affairs brought about by his predecessors under the covering aegis of the Hapsburg name.

Let us therefore state the only real solution of the problem, prompted not by malice, but by a deep sense of justice. The Hapsburgs must abdicate. For no Hapsburg Emperor, be he never so willing to do good, can free himself from the toils of that society which will only lose its power when the Hapsburgs have ceased to rule. That reactionary Court, with traditions and regime almost archaic in the sixteenth century, is an anachronism in the twentieth. It must go. And with it—last but not least of the evil influences which have beset Austria—that Church whose absolutism has for too long flourished undisturbed. Charles, Zita, Maria Josepha, and all the rest are completely under her thumb, and this in itself is sufficient proof that they are not fit to rule.

There is but one efficacious remedy which will save Austrian people and remove the stigma branded on them by this war—the Hapsburgs must be declared insolvent.

"S. O. S."

The hard lines of communication.

—Bruce Bairnsfather in Fragments from France.

DEFENCE AFTER WAR

How is the Empire Best to Protect Itself Against Future

THE true lesson of national defence, writes A. G. Gardiner, in the Contemporary Review, for us is the necessity of increasing the value of the human material of the nation, both physically and mentally, for the purpose of citizenship. If we have a high standard of citizenship, we shall not be in want of abundant military material in the hour of necessity. This has been recognized even in conscriptionist countries. The greatest military book perhaps ever written, certainly the greatest written in our time, is L'Armee Nouvelle, by M. Juares, whose assassination constituted by far the greatest personal loss that Europe has suffered since the war began. M. Juares, whose whole aim was non-militarist and whose conception was that of a nation opposed to war, but capable of defending itself against aggression, admitted that conscription was, in the present state of Europe, a necessity in a country with frontiers like those of France. But he dismissed with absolute confidence the old tradition of conscript service, with the viciousness of barrack life, the long term of withdrawal from civil occupation, and the disastrous waste of time and material loss involved in years of military segregation. He very largely endorsed the Swiss system, which I think devotes only a couple of months to the preliminary training, supplementing it with fourteen days of annual service locally in subsequent years. He fiercely attacked the accepted view that the effective Army was only that Army which was passing through its period of service, and held that the true Army of a nation should be the citizen population, who, with a little preparation in the rudiments of war, was capable of being converted into an effective weapon at small notice. In other words, he repudiated the idea of soldiering as a matter of elaborate training, and held it to be a quality of the efficient citizen. The experience of this war has endorsed his views completely. Nowhere has it endorsed them so completely as in this country, which has sent tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of men to the battlefield within a few weeks of their being summoned to the colours, and without having undergone any previous training in war.

These men have shown for all time that the root of a good soldier is not in the barracks, nor in long military training, but in a healthy physical and mental development. If we will take care of the child-life of the country, see that it has the best possible educational equipment, and that it is well fed and physically developed we shall have laid the best foundation that can be laid for the safety of the State in case of attack. National service by all

Ah, your head is broken?
Yes, but you ought to see my heart.

—From La Baionnette.

means. I think it is one of the most urgent duties of the future that we should instil into the rising generation the sense of service to the State, a high instinct of discipline and a feeling of collective and instinctive loyalty to the commonwealth. But the conception of national service must be something larger and deeper than the idea of military service. It will include that idea. It will include the idea of dying for the community in the last necessity, but its true motive will be the idea of living for the community in the realm of civic service, enlightened citizenship, and constructive purpose. It will aim at discipline and physical training, and it will aim at them primarily because they are essential to the healthy life of a free community, and only incidentally as a preparation for a task which we may hope the civilized instincts of mankind will make unthinkable in the world which our children will have to inherit. If this policy is pursued, it would be folly to impose on ourselves the terrible burden of enforced military service, with its heavy load of taxation, its evil consequences to those defence services which are our chief concern, its ruinous drain upon our industrial energies and its consequent menace to our credit. The Territorial system, which is capable of any degree of expansion, and which, with the new inspiration to voluntary service which the war has brought and the stimulus which will come from such movements as the Boy Scouts, will be largely invigorated, is admirably adapted to our needs. It gives us, as the war has shown, a well-disciplined and intelligent soldiery, ready for instant service, consistent with our permanent obligations, and consistent also with the maintenance of the productiveness of the country at its highest power.

Behind that let us aim at raising a nation of efficient citizens, disciplined to duty and responsibility in every sphere of life, and conscious that in the ultimate necessity the safety of the State is in their hands. We do not want a people habituated to the thought of militarism, but a people habituated to the thought of high citizenship. If it is said that the way to turn a people away from militarism is to make them militarist, the answer is "Germany." There is the final proof of the evil old maxim that the way to preserve peace is to prepare for war. The flowers of peace do not grow in the barrack yard. And if it is said that the military strength of a nation consists in a ruthless conscription, the reply is that this war has shown that the military strength of a nation is not measured by the numbers of men in uniforms, but by the human material and the financial and spiritual resources upon which the nation is able to draw in the day of trial.

FEEDING THE ALLIES PRISONERS IN GERMANY

(Concluded from page 12.)

for the civilians, and nearly all ask for food, especially bread.

The question of replacing the worn-out uniforms has been rather difficult, The Hague regulations on this point being illogical. The German authorities at first refused to allow any garment of the uniform to be received except when sent by the family of the prisoner. Now, in most cases, the Committees are allowed to send uniforms to the prisoners individually, though some camp Commandants still refuse this.

To replace the wornout uniforms the German Government gives black suits bordered with yellow, and with a yellow band on the sleeve, but these the prisoners consider very humiliating, resembling as they do, the suits worn by convicts.

The French committee of the Bureau has under its charge eighty camps and lazarets, containing over fifteen thousand necessitous soldiers, without counting the civilians. Besides the bread, almost every day a car-load of other articles is despatched, either from the Bureau itself or coming from committees in France.

The pay in the Continental Armies is only a very small fraction of that in the Canadian Army, and the Bureau discovered that among the officers taken prisoners, many were in very great poverty. From a special fund for this purpose over a hundred have been helped.

The non-commissioned officers, though as needy as the privates, had in almost every case refused to accept help until all their men were provided for; now measures have been taken to ensure their receiving aid, too.

The Russian section works in close co-operation with the French, who on its behalf sent in December, 1915, 222,000 kilos of bread to Russian prisoners. These prisoners greatly outnumber those of other nationalities, and owing to the difficulty of communicating with their friends in Russia, and the almost impossibility of receiving anything directly from that country, they have suffered enormously. It is they who have been put to the hardest kinds of manual labour, in the coldest parts of the Central Empires, and upon a quite insufficient nourishment.

The Russian section finds that the most satisfactory way of helping their men is to send collective rather than individual consignments, which are distributed in a hundred and seventy-seven camps, under the supervision of the neutral delegates and homme de confiance. The Russians, as the other prisoners, express their appreciation of what is done for them in their acknowledgments. Here is one eloquent in its simplicity: "The tobacco will last a month; my gratitude a century."

The Italian section, up to the end of 1915, worked on a relatively small scale, but in addition to sending food and clothing, also undertook to obtain information concerning missing Italian soldiers. In the beginning of 1916, new resources permitted this committee to extend its relief work, which in future will no doubt be as adequate as that of the other committees of the Bureau.

The Belgian section, though affiliated with the Swiss Red Cross, is one of a chain of bureaux having headquarters at Havre. There are branches in Holland, London, Paris, Bordeaux, Nancy, and Basle. Each of these bureaux becomes responsible for certain camps. Berne has four, three of which, Senne (Westphalia), Minden and Doberitz are very large. The camp of Senne is divided into three sections, the first of which is sub-divided into civil and military prisoners. In January, 1916, there were in this first section alone, twelve to thirteen hundred indigent civilians, and forty-five soldiers, but these figures change constantly as the prisoners are moved from one camp to another. This makes the work complicated, owing to the difficulty in foreseeing the quantities needed of various articles. All the Belgian prisoners need food, but the civilians suffer also, especially for warm clothing. Among them are many old people unfitted to stand the rigour of a German winter in the thin summer clothes they wore when they were taken. The Belgian committee has had up to now very generous voluntary contributions to carry on its work. Large donations have come from the Belgians living in Italy and Tunisia.

The British section began in April, 1915, to send a few individual parcels of food and clothing to English and Colonial prisoners, but as the committee soon found that the most pressing need of British prisoners was for bread, it decided to confine its activities almost entirely to sending that and a few non-perishable articles. Though some clothing is sent from Berne, most help of that kind goes directly from England, via Holland, where the Dutch authorities offer the same transportation facilities as the Swiss.

Therefore, in May, 1915, the regular sending of bread began. By August first the Committee moved the "Depot," or "Packing and Despatching Department," from the British Legation to quarters which since then have three times been enlarged, until on January 1st, 1916, this Depot consisted of, besides the managers' and clerks' offices, six shops and one large hall.

Each shop is under the charge of an English lady, a volunteer worker. She has an assistant and an average of six paid packers. The walls of the shops are lined from floor to ceiling with cardboard boxes, while the loaves are in immense baskets and racks. The bread is wrapped in white paper by neat Swiss girls, two loaves to a box, into which also goes the post-card for the prisoner's acknowledgment. A post-card is mailed to each prisoner the day his box is sent, announcing that it is en route. Nearly 20,000 English and Colonial prisoners receive regularly through this Depot two kilos of bread a week, in weekly instalments. The carrying on of the work on this large scale has reduced expenses so that two kilos of bread per week can be sent for one shilling; though the Committee accepts no private subscriptions of less than one dollar, as the clerical work entailed is too heavy.

The British section imports its flour directly from Marseilles, and twenty-four bakeries of Berne make the bread, which, in order to have remain in good condition, is baked a little longer than usual. As is the case with bread sent by the other committees of the Bureau, at least 98 per cent. reaches its destination in good condition. It is despatched daily and goes from Berne to Frankfort without delay. At this Depot there are fifty paid workers and twenty-two volunteers.

The Administration Department of the British Committee is very complete. In it are about forty workers, half of whom are volunteers. Here is received from Germany the lists of prisoners with their military incorporation and prison addresses. And to this department also come the letters from contributors to the work, and their subscriptions.

The cataloguing and indexing of the names of both prisoners and subscribers is most methodical and in

(Concluded on page 23.)

CLEAN THROUGH TO BUFFALO

Toronto Train Makes Incredible Journey to American City Losing Only Five Hours and Twenty Minutes in a Journey Scheduled to Take Three Hours and Forty Minutes

By THE EDITOR

Our train was booked to leave Toronto Union Station at x p.m. It was to arrive at a west point station at x 09. When x 09 came round on the station clock the mercury was setting along with the sun behind the travellers' joy line indicated as zero.

"But of course that's nothing at all," chirped an ulstered person as we all grabbed our bags and descended the stone steps to the cement promenade where the cool breezes sailed in from Lake Ontario; and where for exactly one hour we did imitation foot races up and down the cement.

Because that train was exactly one hour late in the first four miles after leaving the Union.

"We'll all get warm on the train," remarked one who came back from sentry-go down at the end of the promenade. "No sign of her yet."

I went up to warm my soles. The agent had long ago given up any pretence of exact knowledge when that train would arrive. All he knew was that she had left the Union.

And suddenly she stormed in, thundering below. I raced down the steps like a fireman responding to a general alarm. Without time for even a glance at the engine that had managed to lose only sixty minutes in four miles at the head of that enormous train, I scrambled aboard, deposited my luggage at No. 5 in a sleeper, because the chair car was all pre-empted, went to the diner, waited twenty-two minutes for a simple two-course dinner costing $1.60, including the tip, fought my way out through the belated bread-line in the corridor, and paid the Pullman conductor 60 cents for a 55-cent right to occupy No. 5 as far as Hamilton, because he pocketed the extra nickel.

"You'll have to sit in the smoker after the Hamilton party comes on," he said.

"That's all right, old chap. It's not so very far from Hamilton to Buffalo anyway. We're due in Buffalo—when?"

"Z. q.v.," he said. And the grin on his face was like a sudden frost-crack in the face of a sphinx.

I understood that grin later. Somewhere in the vicinity of Port Credit the conductor tore the Hamilton coupon from my ticket.

"Say," I remarked, with the ingenuous candour of a child, "if we lose as much time proportionately between Hamilton and Buffalo as we are likely to lose between Toronto and Hamilton, will this train get to Buffalo in time to catch the c. ow to Washington?"

"That's out of my jurisdiction," he explained. "This crew goes off at Hamilton."

And the full significance of that remark I also understood later. Much later. I asked these confiding questions because long before the train staggered blindly into what was supposed to be Hamilton I began to realize that a journey from Toronto to Buffalo through the coal-congestion zone was much more like the progress of a glacier than the trip from Calgary to Strathcona used to be in the days before Edmonton had a railway. I reminded myself that we were passing through the part of Canada where railway travel reaches something like English intensity; where the United States crosses us for a shortcut between its own centres to augment the heavy traffic between three such cities as Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo with a combined population of considerably more than a million served by about 100 miles of road. If there was any spot in Canada where travel had developed a nervous system of high organization, this was it. A train naturally goes from one of these cities to another with the customary ease of a man's hand to his own face. Any wayworn outposter from the far West, feeling himself in the grip of this part of the travel belt, perks up at once and says,

"By jingo! This is where on time means—up to the minute."

But the lights in our train went yellow, then orange, finally a sort of amber. Whenever the engine

got a fit of coughing they went up a little and we tried to read.

"Can't even read the ads," growled a smoker. He cleared an eye-hole in the frost on the window.

"Some beautiful night, boys," he announced. "Clear as a bell—moon's up. Cold—bmh!"

Somebody came in from a coach at the rear.

"Cold?" he repeated. "You ginks don't know you're in a Turkish bath. Our car's a cold storage plant. Steam don't go back of this car at all."

Stories began to pipe up. The colder and darker the train got, the more Balzacian the stories. One I particularly remember was told for the first time about the time the new conductor tore off the Welland coupons. It was about a new way to propagate pumpkins. The porter began to make up the berths. His assistant held a smutty section of an oil lamp. Passengers stood around in the corridors. I sat for a while in a rear pew opposite an equally drowsy man who also went to sleep.

Somebody shook me.

"You a Canadian?" he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"Where you going?"

"To Washington, if this train ever gets to Buffalo."

"You a Canadian?" he asked the other man.

"'Merican!" he exploded.

Just then the porter came to his last make-up.

"Sorry, gents," he said, "but——"

"By Judas!" shouted the 'Merican, glancing at an unoccupied upper just opposite. "Me for up there till the next call." And he leaped into the upper like a bull moose over a down tree.

Tumbling in the dark I found my luggage and put on my overcoat. Hopefully I stocked the luggage in the vestibule near the exit, and more was left now of my 55-cent reserved seat to Buffalo. One passenger in the "rubber-neck row" outside the smoker produced a flash lamp from his pocket. He had evidently been over the route before. Porters and conductors and brakemen blundering through from front to rear struck matches at the doorways. The water dried up in the individual-cup tank. No benedictine booze was yet forthcoming from the buffet.

Arithmetical reader, do not begin to compute these time extras as evidence of what railway this was. The story would have been the same, or worse, on any of the others. We were stopping most of the time. We sidetracked for freights out in the snowbound glaciers of what seemed to be No-man's Land. Coal cars came coughing by. On one train I counted 23 carloads of coal crawling away from the border to relieve the congestion caused by lack of man-power to repair engines. At another of the 31 stops in the journey a much-lighted passenger train went past us.

"They've got lights and we ain't," said the smoker which in the dark was now like a single man in bed talking seven times at once.

"Think I'll hit the hay," said one. "We'll never get to the bridge of booze-land."

"Trouble is, I can't sleep when the train isn't going," said another thirsty one. "It's the motion that puts you to sleep. This train has no locomotion."

Gradually as we stood on the tracks and crawled away again half a mile for another stop, we began to realize that in this centre of Canadian high-pressure traffic we were on a dying train. All the rear coaches were almost as cold as the snow outside. The train was as dark as though a Zeppelin raid were coming over the border. We were down among the long lines of cramped, snow-capped coal cars waiting for engines to haul them to a city that was getting colder every day. Every minute some official came rampaging through the burnt-match lines. Nobody seemed now to belong to any particular place in that train. Any moment in the general dislocation the engineer and the stokers might come through. We were all getting away from the distinctions caused by proprietary rights vested in tickets and coupons to the democracy of disaster. It was now long past midnight.

Presently—along towards the middle of the second hour of the new day—

(Concluded on page 24.)

MUSIC AND PLAYS

A SPEAKER before the Art Alliance says that the raucous, grating voices of actors and actresses in the "legitimate" and in vaudeville have repelled many patrons in favour of the moving-picture houses, where the film flows on in silence except for the sound of accompanying instruments.

Americans are, as a rule, not sufficiently sensitive to the quality of the speaking voice. That is a mild indictment. Repeatedly on the street, in the shops, aboard the trolley, in places of public and private entertainment, even at teas and receptions, one sees women who are lovely as long as they do not speak. With their first words illusion is shattered. The impression of culture is destroyed.

Sometimes women who sing sweetly are found to speak harshly. They have given much thought and care to the lyric utterance; they have been thoughtless and careless in the matter of the ordinary use of the voice. A tithe of the expense and trouble given to the art of song would cure the worst faults of enunciation. Many a young girl spends a great deal more on dress than she can afford in order to disguise herself as a lady. She gives herself endless disquietude in order to keep up with the dictates of fashion. But to the mode of utterance which signalizes good breeding she is indifferent. She will sing slang recklessly. She will telescope her syllables and decapitate her words without compunction. The moment she begins with her "Say, listen!" one trembles for the assassination of the king's English. Ain't it awful, Mabel?

It is indeed a dreadful shock to hear a young woman demurely pretty exclaim, "Aw gwan! Quitcher kiddin'!" or "Whadda ya take me fer?" or "Fer the luvva Mike!" The stage is much to blame for the vogue of slipshod and ungrammatical diction. The text of most of the popular songs is pointlessly defiant of grammar. The singers and actors often affect a strident nasality for footlight use which they discard with their cosmetics and their costume. If actors and actresses find that they are putting to flight a public of sensitive ears, they are likely to reform.

* * *

UNLIKE any other role she ever attempted is the one in which Margaret Anglin appeared last week in Buffalo. The play is The Lioness, by Rupert Hughes, based on Gertrude Atherton's novel, The Perch of the Devil. This role calls for a primitive, uneducated woman, almost of the cave type. That sterling actor, Lester Lonergan, also contributed substantially to the success of the play.

* * *

NEW YORK announces that by far the best play of the week was "A Successful Calamity," by Clare Kummer, produced with William Gillette, and a talented supporting cast. The story relates the subterfuge resorted to by a tired but wealthy business man to gather his family at home for one evening. Having reached the stage when the quiet pleasures of domesticity are inviting, he longs for the companionship of his family, who are too busy spending money and gadding to remain at home, so he tells them that he is ruined, and the effect is magical. They forego their pleasures, sell their jewels and cars, reduce expenses and the son seeks a position in a banking house and tells them, to the dismay of the street, that his father is ruined. As a result of this the employer sells stock, bought by the firm with excellent financial results. The theme is amusing, and was so well acted that it seemed much better than it really was. It was also excellently staged.

* * *

AN organization called "The Theatre Workshop" has been formed in New York, with a group of distinguished players, managers, directors and others as the advisory committee, and they plan an active and interesting season of notable productions, done for the purpose of displaying talent and plays. Minna Gale Haynes, a distinguished American dramatic actress, is a notable member of the board.

* * *

HAROLD BRIGHOUSE, the English dramatist who wrote Hobson's Choice, is to have two new plays on the American boards next season. These contributions are Garside's Career and Around the Clock.

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Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand......
"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink....... naked, and ye clothed me......."
Then shall they answer him, saying—"Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? ....or naked, and clothed thee?"
And the King shall answer.......
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me".
Overseas, in ravaged Belgium, more than 3,000,000 of "the least of these" are hungry, thirsty, thinly clad—looking to us! Have you done what you could for any of them?
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WHY BUY WAR LOANS?

By INVESTICUS

"WHY," asks a thoughtful correspondent, "doesn't everybody buy Dominion of Canada war loan bonds?"

And we retort:

"Why doesn't every housewife use the same pattern in her table-ware? Why don't all men wear navy blue? Or why are some hens white and some Plymouth Rock?"

If every one in this country turned his investments into the war loan Sir Thomas White would be relieved of some of his worries, and we should have more reason than ever to be proud of our country. But mortgage corporation debentures and municipal bonds (to say nothing of countless other forms of security) are still finding buyers. Why? Who knows?

Let us, however take this opportunity to add the voice of Investicus to the chorus of those who say: "Buy War Loan Bonds." Leaving aside all question of patriotism—it is good business. Five per cent. (a little more as a matter of fact) is a mighty good return on a government guaranteed investment. There is none of the inconvenience about collecting the interest or principal (when it is due) which attaches to many other kinds of investment yielding about the same return. The one point which makes some people hesitate is the length of time before these bonds are payable. Nine and ten years seems a long time to kiss your cash good-bye for, yet, as a matter of fact, any purchaser of such bonds ought to be able to sell his security very easily, and possibly at a slight advance, if in need of ready cash.

For those who would like to "gamble" innocently (but here again our advice in a recent issue holds good) the Russian war loan bonds look specially attractive. The Russian rouble being at a heavy discount on this continent enables one to get almost two bonds for the price of one. Of course it is all a question how much faith you have in the recuperative ability of the Russian rouble. But to us, Allies of Russia, there oughtn't to be much doubt on that score. If, therefore, the Russian rouble comes back to normal exchange, as we believe, the investor will have made a big profit indeed. But that, as I said, is a gamble, and our own Canadian war loan securities are NOT a gamble. They are safe, profitable—and patriotic. The last feature of the three is by no means to be forgotten.

Feeding the Allies Prisoners in Germany

(Continued from page 21.)

an instant the name of a prisoner can be found with a complete history of parcels sent to him. The names of prisoners are written on different coloured cards to show whether they belong to the category of "friendless," "receiving bread at the request of a private subscriber," or, "on behalf of his regimental committee."

The Indian and Canadian prisoners who are not aided by their friends, are financed from the Indian Soldiers Fund Committee of London, and by the Canadian Red Cross Society. There are over a hundred Regimental Committees and Associations who send bread through this section of the Bureau, and several thousands of private subscribers interest themselves in individual prisoners.

Of course the treatment of the prisoners in each camp varies, and depends a great deal upon the character of the camp commandant, but it is a comfort to know, from the reports of the neutral delegates, that very many of these commandants seem disposed to treat their charges as humanely as possible, and are willing to accept suggestions for improvements made by the delegates.

The amount and kind of work expected from the prisoners also varies according to the character of the man directing it. Probably the worst phase of the life of those prisoners who work (apart from the ethical question of the kind of work to which they are put) is that their food is not of either quality or quantity to give them their normal strength, and consequently the labour is much more exhausting than under other conditions.

But in as far as it is possible to alleviate the misery of prison life by sending material and moral aid, the Bureau is doing marvels, and by reason of its activities hundreds of thousands of imprisoned Allies are enabled to feel the throb of gratitude and admiration which their courage has caused in the hearts of their compatriots and of the sympathetic neutrals.

(The material for this article has been furnished by the heads of the different committees of the Bureau; but the article is in no way official.)

Congress a Great Orchestra

(Continued from page 6.)

But in the event of a war with Germany, what? The idea seems to be that the number of German-Americans who would not act as Americans is almost negligible. Any foreign, non-American army trying to land on these shores would be fought off by hyphens quite as vigorously as by non-hyphens or pure Americans. Probably these men would not go aboard a troopship to shoot American shells into German armies or bombard German cities. That is quite another matter.

But the army side of the case cuts much less figure than the navy. Of necessity. America for world-war purpose is not so much a land power as a sea power.

"And as a sea power," said a Congressman, "I say we don't need to put so much loud pedal on our battleships. If we go to war with Germany it will be over the submarine question no doubt. Nothing else has happened to make us talk war with Germany. And in any war of this country with any other country—certainly in the future if not immediately—the war will be a submarine war."

This point he made very explicit. He assumed that the United States would never go to war as an aggressor; only to defend her place in the world as a world power. Having no Empire—outside of Hawaii and the Philippines—to fend, it would be a case of keeping an army of invasion out of the United States. That would be done not so much by warships as by submarines and mines. No European power or combination of powers ever could land a hostile army in the United States. America could build submarines faster than any other nation. She was once making subs for Great Britain at a tremendous rate till international law made it an unfriendly act and the plant was shipped over to Canada. American submarine chasers are being made by hundreds at Levis, Que. America could feed herself in war time as no other nation except Canada could pretend to do. As to defending New York, Boston and Baltimore from long range naval guns, or from the aeroplane fleets suggested by Admiral Peary, Congressional opinion is not clear except to surmise that fleets of submarines could keep such guns from getting within range and that America can build aeroplanes as fast as she ever built submarines.

But from the star in the foundation floor of the Capitol, which is the exact geometrical centre of the District of Columbia, to any of the four sides of D. C. there is not one real jingo. Chip-on-the-shoulder warpathers get no encouragement there. Washington loves above all things politics and peace. Letters and telegrams are pouring in every day, some of the messages signed by several names on behalf of this, that or the other society or organized interest, entreating Congressmen in heaven's name to do everything, anything they can to avert war.

The peace sentiment has very little to do with the pacifist campaign now being engineered by alleged Bryan interests and keeping the wires warm to Washington. That campaign is resented here. There are pacifist members of Congress who sympathize with it. They are a small minority. The peace that Washington desires just now is not pacifism. It is the peace that presently will begin to prepare for any future war; that may if need be arm for an immediate war. It is the peace of a nation that is summed up in the motto, "Stand By The President."

Why? Not because Woodrow Wilson is a pacifist, which he is not. Nor because he is a jingo, of which he is less. But because Woodrow Wilson more than any other man alive stands now as he did at the time of his re-election and before it, for the peace of the United States. He was re-elected because,

"He Kept Us Out of War."

And Woodrow Wilson intends passionately, stubbornly, persistently, to keep the United States out of war until the last dog of peace is hung. Congress knows it. The nation knows it. Therefore when Wilson severed diplomatic relations the nation stood behind him in its desire for a peace which could only break into war if it had to as the result of an insane, unreasoning Germany defying the nationhood of the United States.

A city lad from the densest tenement district was taken to the country by a farmer. A few days later he was called early one freezing cold morning before dawn to harness a mule. The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house: "Billy! Billy! What are you doing?" "I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen."—Argonaut.

* * *

An over-zealous Scotch host was one night trying to thrust just one more cup on his would-be departing guest. "Just anither wee drap afore ye go," he said. "Na, na, I'll tak nae mair. I'm in a new lodgin', and I'm no vera weel acquainted w' the stair."—Argonaut.

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PATCHWORK AND POIRET

(Continued from page 15.)

membered treasures for the use of the spare-room guests.

"Betty," said I, when we were snug in bed. "Do you really like your painted furniture better than these mahogany chairs?"

"Of course not," she replied, promptly, "no more than I like old Mrs. Bates in her high-heeled shoes, short skirts and false hair better than dear Aunt Martha in her plain black dress and cap and shawl. It's just the spirit of the age, the love of change. And if you re-furnish every year or two you can't afford anything good."

NEXT day Aunt Martha showed us her log-cabin quilt and the geometrical print ones in red and white, or white and dotted blue. She showed us quilts of woollen patches, others of silk and velvet and then, hesitatingly, she drew one from the topmost shelf.

"I'm almost ashamed to show you this. I made it for my trousseau, but everyone laughed at it so I put it away. Not even my husband saw it." Aunt Martha unfolded a white cotton quilt decorated with sprawling, irregular sunflowers.

"It's wonderful," cried Betty, "a regular Poiret!"

"A what?"

"Poiret is a great French exponent of modern design," explained Betty. "This looks like one of his productions."

"If you really like it, dear, you're more than welcome."

"Oh, if I had only seen it a week ago!" wailed Betty. "It's quite clear to me now that my furniture should have been green and the walls peacock blue, but next time I decorate—in a year or two—I'll colour everything to suit the quilt, if you're sure you don't mind giving it to me."

"You re-decorate every year!" exclaimed Aunt Martha.

"Well, not every year, but one grows so tired of the same style—it's the same in clothes. I get cheap materials, and do the painting myself, so it doesn't cost much—but what I really want to complete my present scheme is a crazy quilt made of very large patches all the colours of the rainbow."

"Then follow me." Aunt Martha led us to her own room and spread out the quilt that lay folded at the foot of her bed. Betty held her breath, for here was the very thing she had been craving! Aunt Martha plainly had an eye for colour, and the skilfully-blended pieces that formed the quilt were of silk and satin of the finest quality, joined together invisibly without the customary feather stitching. We recognized the dove-grey wedding-gown, and Aunt Martha pointed out other pieces of historic interest.

"I suppose you wonder at my using that piece of black silk . . ."

"It was an inspiration!" interrupted Betty; "the modern scheme of decoration calls for a dark accent."

"It was my first black silk, and I was so proud of it, for then I knew that I was really grown up. This blue silk belonged to my first party dress and this plaid silk was your mother's, Betty's mother had one just like it. Grandmother is responsible for the brocades—aren't they wonderful? The skirts, could certainly 'stand alone,' as they would say. This pink belonged to my little girl who died—and this!" Aunt Martha sighed. "The lavender satin was part of my trousseau and the white was my wedding-gown. I love this quilt. There is not a piece in it that doesn't mean something to me—but if you like it so much, Betty . . . after all I can't live forever!"

"I wouldn't take it for worlds!" cried Betty. "To me it is only a colour-scheme, but it is the history of your life!"

"Well, perhaps when I'm gone, Betty, dear."

"No, Aunt Martha, you mustn't. Not unless I get very much wiser. I can work out the same idea in cheap materials and when it is soiled and faded, I'll be quite ready for something new. Don't you think so?"

But Betty is young and her visit to Aunt Martha's made her more thoughtful. When Aunt Martha's quilt comes to her—please God, not for a long time—I think she will have learned to cherish it.

This street didn't want to be ugly, for you can see real trees in the background, struggling hard to be seen. But they were simply choked out by the huge poles, miles of which some inartistic company insisted on planting. Why should this be allowed in a big city, when underground cables could be easily laid, and where there should be plenty of space for live trees?

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916

CLEAN THROUGH TO BUFFALO

(Concluded from page 22.)

we came to the bridge. Long seas of vapour rose from the haunted reaches of the Niagara. Just as our coach got to mid-bridge, when the doors of the buffet might be opened, when the orders were all in, when those who would have gone to bed stayed up that they might have one little drink, a long, bridge-shaking freight came on the bridge, and our engine, like a balky horse, stopped again to gaze at the strong, thundering beast that had such power to move things. There we stood for nearly half an hour while the crew doped her up as best they might for the home stretch from Bridgeport to Buffalo.

And at last we came in, conscious as never before, some of us, that Canada is surely in a state of war when we haven't enough man-power left outside munition factories to keep our railways from reverting to the conditions of a hundred years ago. In a journey scheduled by the time-table to take three hours and forty minutes we had lost just five hours and twenty minutes. We leave it to railway experts to compute how far that train must travel in order to be on time just twenty-four hours later.

JEFFERSON 229

(Concluded from page 23.)

have to cut out the spirit calls. Good-by, Madeline."

One of Central's attacks of temporary aberration had left the line in a jangling confusion of crossed wires which Sturgess, listening impotently, punctuated with unregarded jerks of the receiver hook.

"The spirit 'phone worked better," said Sturgess, half regretfully. "I wish—" His words died away into amazed silence, for coming to his ears clear and sudden out of the jangling sounds, he had heard a voice speaking, a woman's voice, low, and curiously clear.

"Yes, it's Madeline," said the voice, vibrating with fear that sent an answering tremor through Sturgess as he listened.

"Come," it said, "I want you to come at once!"

"Madeline," he answered, "it's I, Ward Sturgess; it's I, you know."

Over the wire he heard a little moan of terror.

"What is it?" he demanded. "Where are you? Where shall I come to you?"

"I don't know you." The voice was desperately hurried. "They've given me the wrong number. I don't know who you are."

"It's the right number," said Sturgess.

"I'm not the person you want. This is Jefferson, Jefferson 2——."

In the midst of the number the voice was lost.

"You've cut me off," he said. "I want Jefferson," and with a flash of inspiration fantastic but exquisitely sure, "Jefferson 229."

THE girl's voice was in his ears, breathless with terror, setting his nerves tingling with unused strength.

"They don't answer," said Central.

"Give me information, then," said Sturgess.

When he came down the stairs it was still raining. The cab he had called came clattering over wet pavements.

The street number he had extorted from the telephone operator gave him no clue to the nature of his destination.

The door swung open suddenly. On the threshold, peering into the dark, a man confronted him.

"What do you want?" he said.

Sturgess laughed; the man in the doorway was John Lake.

"Is that you, Sturgess?"

Lake had spoken as usual, in a smooth, over-civil voice, but the face that peered at Sturgess was livid.

"I can't ask you to come in. I am sorry——"

LAKE stopped abruptly. From the floor above came a faint, echoing crash; a door had been thrown open. Some one was there, and Sturgess knew who it was. Before Lake could anticipate or prevent it, Sturgess was past him and inside the house.

Seen from within, the hall was a wide, low-raftered room, panelled from floor to ceiling with some dark wood. These details his brain recorded automatically. He was conscious only that a girl was coming toward him down the stairs.

The stairway branched and converged at a little landing a few steps only above the level of the floor. On the landing, the girl stood still and looked down at Sturgess. But though they met his eyes directly and bravely, he saw that her eyes were dim and wide with fear.

"It is all right now," Sturgess heard himself saying, "it is all right, Madeline."

"I don't know what you want," Lake was saying to him, "I don't know why you came here, and I want you to go away. I want you to go at once."

"I will go," Sturgess said, turning to the girl, "when you are ready to go with me."

He felt Lake's hand grip his arm. He struck it off and swung round to face him. Lake stood breathing heavily, his face purple, his eyes narrowed to steel-grey slits, then he sprang forward.

When the waiting cabman five minutes later closed the door of his hansom upon a conventionally dressed and apparently respectable young gentleman, and a young lady who directed him to a house twenty blocks away, in the upper seventies, the man showed no suspicion that he was conniving at an abduction.

"I can't thank you. I don't know how to thank you. I want to explain. Last week I broke our engagement. Since then he has tried in every way to induce me to see him. He had succeeded to-night. I came in response to a note from his mother, which asked me to a supper party there after the theater. I wanted to make her understand why I could not marry him. But it was he who sent the note."

"Why did you go to the telephone?" said Sturgess.

"When you heard my voice," she said, "I meant to ask for help from some one. Before I had reached any-one, he was in the room again."

"I had heard your voice before," said Sturgess.

"What do you mean?"

"I want you to tell me. I think you know."

Looking out at the rainy dark, he felt suddenly that unbelievable things were challenging his sanity, and clamouring for his belief.

"I did not love him," she continued, "I never pretended to love him. I wanted money enough. I wanted to make a creditable marriage. The first time he kissed me, I found out something I had not known before—but——"

"A WOMAN has been dancing here in vaudeville this winter a set of Russian dances, original and clever; I have been to see them half a dozen times. Two weeks ago this woman wrote to me—out of spite, perhaps; I do not know why she wrote—a letter about the man I had promised to marry.

"I was alone when I read her letter. I wanted to talk to some one who understood. I thought about the men who had been my friends. I thought about the men I did not know; who could give me the advice I needed, and help me to regain my faith in men."

"You did not speak?" said Sturgess. "You did not touch the telephone?"

"I did not speak," said the girl, "but I believe that I called, and that I was answered. I had an instant sense of comfort and safety, as if some one somewhere was sorry for me. Except on one occasion, that feeling has never left me since.

"On one occasion," the girl repeated, "on the evening when I broke my engagement. It was not an easy thing to do. It was not made easier because, in my ignorance of an angry man's propensity for making scenes in public, I had chosen the restaurant where we were having supper as the place for the interview. When it was over, and I was at home, alone, I waited for something to comfort me, something that failed to happen. Something for lack of which I cried myself to sleep."

"In the restaurant," said Sturgess, "was your table beside a window? Had you roses to carry or to wear?"

"One rose," she said, "a red rose."

"What was the name of the restaurant?"

Her eyes questioned him, dark and wide.

"You needn't tell me," said Sturgess, "I know."

"You know? You heard me when I called to you? It was because I called you, that you came to-night?"

Sturgess reached for her hands. They were warm in his clasp, but they trembled.

"You and I," she said, "why should we have this thing between us; you and I, out of all the people in the world?"

"I have found you," said Sturgess, "with the combined assistance of a mechanical invention of which I disapprove, a man whom I cordially detest, and a tendency to insomnia on my part, aggravated by certain occult agencies whose existence I can neither account for nor admit. It is wonderful, isn't it?"

He felt her hands tighten in his. She swayed toward him. He took her very gently into his arms.

"If I had met you," he said, "at dinner, I should have fallen in love with you over the oysters, and wondered if it was my duty to society to postpone asking you to marry me until after the soup came in. That also would have been wonderful, as wonderful as this. How or why I have found you is of no importance; you are real, and I have found you. That is the only wonderful thing in the world."

One Witness.

So you have taken to motor cycling at last, have you?"

"How did you find that out?"

"I saw you on your machine yesterday."

"By George, I'm glad to hear that. All the rest of my friends saw me when I was off."

❦ ❦ ❦

Saving Trouble.

Mr. Parrott wanted the picture hung to the right of the mirror; Mrs. Parrott wanted it hung to the left. For once he proved the more insistent of the two, and Joseph, the janitor, was summoned to hang the picture according to his orders. Obediently, Joseph drove in a nail on the right, as directed; this done, he also drove one in the wall on the left.

"What is that second nail for?" Mr. Parrott demanded.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow when you come round to the missus's way of thinking," said Joseph.

❦ ❦ ❦

Earnest Endeavours.

"No," remarked the determined lady to the indignant taxi driver who had received his exact fare, "you cannot cheat me. I haven't ridden in cabs these last twenty-five years for nothing."

"Haven't you?" he retorted bitterly. "Well, you've done your best."—N. Y. Times.

AN EXPLANATION.

In the last issue of the Courier, following an article by Archibald MacMechan, on the Adventures of H.M.C.S. Grilse, we published an account of the changed conditions of navigation in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and an account of the wedding of one of the officers of the Grilse. This material, separated from Mr. MacMechan's article only by an "end-line" dash was prepared in the Courier editorial rooms and was not, of course, written by Mr. MacMechan.

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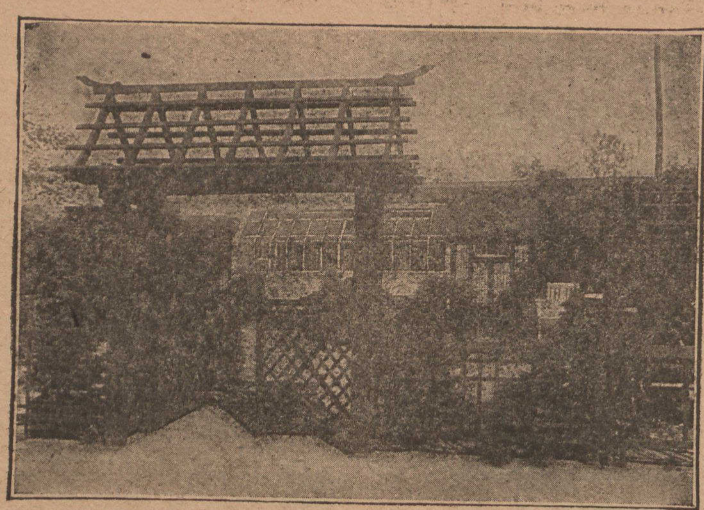

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KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES —By TALBOT MUNDY

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

THE echo of the waterfall within the cave was like the roaring in a shell held to the ear, but each time he came near the entrance the new guard could catch a few bars of the tune. After a little while the hook-nosed ruffian began to sing the words to it, in a voice like a forgotten dog's.

So he stopped at the entrance and changed the tune. And the guard sang the words of the new tune, too. After that he came out into the light of day (direct sunlight was cut off by the huge height of the cliffs all around) and leaned in the entrance, smiling.

"Allah preserve thee, brother!" he remarked. "Thine is a voice like a warrior's—bold and big! Thou art a true son of the Prophet!"

"Aye!" said the fellow, "that I am! Allah preserve thee, for thou hast more need of it than I, although I guard thee just at present. Whistle me another one!"

So King whistled the refrain of a song that boasts of an Afghan invasion of India, and of the loot that came of it, and the prisoners, and the women—particularly the women, mentioning more than a few of them by name, and their charms in detail. It was a song to warm the very cockles of a Hillman's heart. Nothing could have been better chosen for that setting, of a cave mouth half-way down the side of a gash in earth's wildest mountains, with the blue sky resting on a jagged rim a mile above.

"Good!" said the bearded jailer. "Now begin again and I will sing!"

He threw his head back and howled until the mountain walls rang with the song, and other men in far-off caves took it up and howled it back at him. When he left off singing at last, to drink from a water-bottle, that surely had been looted from a British soldier, King decided to be done with overtures and make the next move in the game.

"Didst thou ever sing for her?" he asked, and the man turned round to stare at him as if he were mad. King saw then a blood-soaked bandage on the right of his neck, not very far from the jugular.

"When she sings we are silent! When she is silent it is good to wait a while and see!" he answered.

"Hah!" said King. "Was that wound got in the Khyber the other day?"

"Nay. Here in Khinjan. I had my thumb in a man's eye, and the bastard bit me! May devils do worse to him where he has gone! I threw him into Earth's Drink!"

"A good place for one's enemies!" laughed King.

"Aye!"

"A man told me last night," said King, drawing on imagination without any compunction at all, "that the fight in the Khyber was because a jihad is launched already."

"That man lied!" said the guard, shifting position uneasily, as if afraid to talk too much.

"So I told him!" answered King. "I told him there never will be another jihad."

"Then art thou a greater liar than he!" the guard answered hotly. "There will be a jihad when she is ready, such an one as never yet was! India shall bleed for all the fat years she has lain unplundered! Not a throat of an unbeliever in the world shall be left unslit! No jihad? Thou liar! Get in, out of my sight!"

So King retired into the cave, with something new to think about. Was she planning the jihad! Or pretending to plan one? Every once in a while the guard leaned far into the cave mouth and hurled adjectives at him, the mildest of which was a well of information. If his temper was the temper of the "Hills," it was easy to read disappointment for a jihad that should have been already but had been postponed.

When they changed the guard again the new man proved surly. There was no getting a word out of him. He showed dirty yellow teeth in a wolfish snarl, and his only answer was a lifted rifle and a crooked forefinger. King let him alone and paced the cave for hours.

He was squatting on his bed-end in the dark, like a spectacled image of Buddha, when the first of the three men came on guard again and at last Ismail came for him holding a pitchy torch that filled the dim passage full of acrid smoke and made both of them cough. Ismail was red-eyed with it.

"Come!" he growled. "Come, little hakim!" Then he turned on his heel at once, as if afraid of being twitted with desertion. He seemed to want to get outside, where he could keep out of range of words, yet not to wish to seem unfriendly.

But King made no effort to speak to him, following in silence out on the dark ledge above the waterfall and noticing that the guard with the boils was back again on duty. He grinned evilly out of a shadow as King passed.

"Make an end!" he advised, spitting over the cliff into thunderous darkness to illustrate the suggestion. "Jump, hakim, before a worse thing happens!"

To add further point he kicked a loose stone over the edge, and the movement caused him to bend his neck and so inadvertently to hurt his boils. He cursed, and there was pity in King's voice when he spoke next.

"Do they hurt thee?"

"Aye, like the devil! Khinjan is a place of plagues!"

"I could heal them," King said, passing on, and the man stared hard.

"Come!" boomed Ismail through the darkness, shaking the torch to make it burn better and beckoning impatiently, and King hurried after him, leaving behind a savage at the cave mouth who fingered his sores and wondered, muttering, leaning on a rifle, muttering and muttering again as if he had seen a new light.

Instead of waiting for King to catch up, Ismail began to lead the way at great speed along a path that descended gradually until it curved round the end of the chasm and plunged into a tunnel where the darkness grew opaque. In the tunnel the torch's smoke cast weird shadows on walls and roof, and the fitful light only confused, so that Ismail slowed down and let him come up close.

THEN for thirty minutes he led swiftly down a crazy devil's stairway of uneven boulders, stopping to lend a hand at the worst places, but everlastingly urging him to hurry. They were both breathless, and King was bruised in a dozen places when they reached level going at least six or seven hundred feet below the cave from which they started.

Then the hell-mouth gloom began to grow faintly luminous, and the waterfall's thunder burst on their ears from close at hand. They emerged into fresh wet air and a sea of sound, on a rock ledge like the one above. Ismail raised the torch and waved it. The

(Continued on page 28.)

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King, of the Khyber Rifles

(Continued from page 24.)

fire and smoke wandered up, until they flattened on a moving opal dome, that prisoned all the noises in the world.

"Earth's Drink!" he announced, waving the torch and then shutting his mouth tight, as if afraid to voice sacrilege.

It was the river, million-coloured in the torch-light, pouring from a half-mile-long slash in the cliff above them and plunging past them through the gloom toward the very middle of the world. Its width was a matter of memory, and its depth unguessable, for although dim moonlight filtered through it, he did not know where the moon was, nor how far such light could penetrate through moving water. Somewhere it met rock-bottom and boiled there, for a roar like the sea's came up from deeps unimaginable.

He watched the overturning dome it. After ten minutes' hurrying uphill he guessed they must be level with the river, in a tunnel running nearly parallel.

He proved to be right, for they came to a gap in the wall, and Ismail thrust the torch through it. The light shone on swift black water, and a wind rushed through the gap that nearly blew the torch out. It accounted altogether for the dryness of the rock and the fresh air in the tunnel. The river's weight seemed to suck a hurricane along with it—air enough for a million men to breathe.

After that there was no more need to stop at intervals and beat the torch against the wall to make it burn brightly, for the wind fanned it until the flame was nearly white. Ismail kept looking back to bid King hurry and never paused once to rest.

"Come!" he urged fiercely. "This leads to the 'Heart of the Hill'!" And after that King had to do his best to keep the Afridi's back in sight.

They began after a time to hear voices and to see the smoky glare made by other torches. Then Ismail set the pace yet faster, and they became the last two of a procession of turbaned men, who tramped along a winding tunnel into a great mountain's womb. The sound of slippers clicking and rutching on the rock floor swelled and died and swelled again as the tunnel led from cavern into cavern.

In one great cave they came to every man beat out his torch and tossed it on a heap. The heap was more than shoulder high, and three parts covered the floor of the cave. After that there was a ledge above the height of a man's head on either side of the tunnel, and along the ledge little oil-burning lamps were spaced at measured intervals. They looked ancient enough to have been there when the mountain itself was born, and although all the brass ones suggested Indian and Hindu origin, there were others among them of earthenware that looked like plunder from ancient Greece.

It was like a transposition of epochs. King felt already as if the twentieth century had never existed, just as he seemed to have left life behind for good and all when the mosque door had closed on him.

A quarter of a mile farther along the tunnel opened into another, yet greater cave, and there every man kicked off his slippers, without seeming to trouble how they lay; they littered the floor unarranged and uncared for, looking like the cast-off wing-cases of gigantic beetles.

After that cave there were two sharp turns in the tunnel, and then at last a sea of noise and a veritable blaze of light.

Part of the noise made King feel homesick, for out of the mountain's very womb brayed a music-box, such as the old-time carousals made use of before the days of electricity and steam. It was being worked by inexpert hands, for the time was something jerky; but it was robbed of its tinny meanness and even lent majesty by the hugeness of a cavern's roof, as well as by the crashing, swinging march it played—wild—wonderful—invented for lawless hours and a kingless people.

The crowd was growing impatient. "Throw it! Throw it!"

until his senses reeled. Then he crawled on hands and knees to the ledge's brink and tried to peer over. But Ismail dragged him back.

"Come!" he howled; but in all that din his shout was like a whisper.

"How deep is it?" King bellowed back.

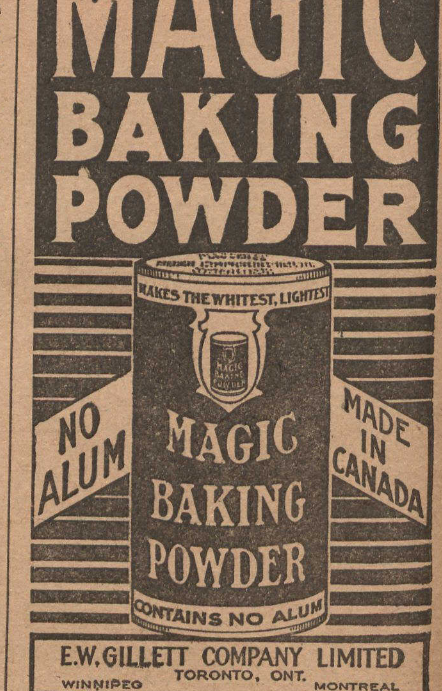
"Allah! Ask Him who made it!"

THE fear of the falls was on the Afridi, and he tugged at King's arm in a frenzy of impatience. Suddenly he let go and broke into a run. King trotted after him, afraid, too, to look to right or left, lest the fear should make him throw himself over the brink. The thunder and the hugeness had their grip on him and had begun to numb his power to think and his will to be a man. Suddenly when they had run a hundred yards, Ismail turned sharp to the right into a tunnel that led straight back into the cliff and sloped up-hill. As the din of the falls grew less behind him and his power to think returned, King calculated that they must be following the main direction of the river bed, but edging away gradually to the right of

"Marchons!—Citoyens!—"

The procession began to tramp in time to it, and the rock shook. They deployed to left and right into a space so vast that the eye at first refused to try to measure it. It was the hollow core of a mountain, filled by the sea-sound of a human crowd and hung with huge stalactites that danced and shifted and flung back a thousand colours at the flickering light below.

THERE was an undertone to the clangor of the music-box and the human hum, for across the cavern's farther end for a space of two hundred yards the great river rushed, penned here into a deep trough of less than a tenth its normal width—plunging out of a great fanged gap and hurrying out of view down another one, licking smooth banks on its way with a hungry sucking sound. Its depth where it crossed the cavern's end



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could only be guessed by remembering the half-mile breadth of the waterfall.

There were little lamps everywhere, perched on ledges amid the stalactites, and they suffused the whole cavern in golden glow, made the crowd's faces look golden and cast golden shimmers on the cold, black river bed. There was scarcely any smoke, for the wind that went like a storm down the tunnel seemed to have its birth here; the air was fresh and cool and never still. No doubt fresh air was pouring in continually through some shaft in the rock, but the shaft was invisible.

In the midst of the cavern a great arena had been left bare, and thousands of turbaned men squatted round it in rings. At the end where the river formed a tangent to them the rings were flattened, and at that point they were cut into by the ramp of a bridge, and by a lane left to connect the bridge with the arena. The bridge was almost the most wonderful of all.

So delicately formed that fairies might have made it with a guttered candle, it spanned the river in one splendid sweep, twenty feet above water, like a suspension bridge. Then, so light and graceful that it scarcely seemed to touch anything at all, it swept on in irregular arches downward to the arena and ceased abruptly as if shorn off by a giant ax, at a point less than half-way to it.

Its end formed a nearly square platform, about fourteen feet above the floor, and the broad track thence to the arena, as well as all the arena's boundary, had been marked off by great earthenware lamps, whose greasy smoke streaked up and was lost by the wind among the stalactites.

"Greek lamps, every one of 'em!" King whispered to himself, but wasted no time just then on trying to explain how Greek lamps had ever got there. There was too much else to watch and wonder at.

No steps led down from the bridge end to the floor; toward the arena it was blind. But from the bridge's farther end across the hurrying water stairs had been hewn out of the rock wall and led up to a hole of twice a man's height, more than fifty feet above water level.

On either side of the bridge end a passage had been left clear to the river edge, and nobody seemed to care to invade it, although it was not marked off in any way. Each passage was about fifty feet wide and quite straight. But the space between the bridge end and the arena, and the arena itself, had to be kept free from trespassers by fifty swaggering ruffians, armed to the teeth.

Every man of the thousands there had a knife in evidence, but the arena guards had magazine rifles as well as Khyber tulwars. Nobody else wore firearms openly. Some of the arena guards bore huge round shields of prehistoric pattern of a size and sort he had never seen before, even in museums. But there was very little he was seeing that night of a kind that he had seen before anywhere!

The guards lolled insolently, conscious of brute strength and special favour. When any man trespassed with so much as a toe beyond the ring of lamps, a guard would slap his rifle-butt until the swivels rattled, and the offender would scurry into bounds amid the jeers of any who had seen.

Shoving, kicking and elbowing with set purpose, Ismail forced a way through the already seated crowd and drew King down into the cramped space beside him, close enough to the arena to be able to catch the guards' low laughter. But he was restless. He wished to get nearer yet, only there seemed no room anywhere in front.

The music-box was hidden. King could see it nowhere. Five minutes after he and Ismail were seated it stopped playing. The hum of the crowd died too.

Then a guard threw his shield down with a clang and deliberately fired his rifle at the roof. The ricochetting bullet brought down a shower of splintered stone and stalactite, and he grinned as he watched the crowd dodge to avoid it.

Before they had done dodging and while he yet grinned, a chant began—ghastly—tuneless—so out of time that the words were not intelligible—yet so obvious in general meaning that nobody could hear it and not understand.

It was a devils' anthem, glorifying hellishness—suggestive of the gnashing of a million teeth, and the whicker of drawn blades—more shuddersome and mean than the wind of a winter's night. And it ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Another ruffian fired at the roof, and while the crack of the shot yet echoed seven other of the arena guards stepped forward with long horns and blew a blast. That was greeted by a yell that made the cavern tremble.

Instantly a hundred men rose from different directions and raced for the arena, each with a curved sword in either hand. The yelling changed back into the chant, only louder than before, and by that much more terrible. Cymbals crashed. The music-box resumed its measured grinding of The Marseillaise. And the hundred began an Afridi sword dance, than which there is nothing wilder in all the world. Its like can only be seen under the shadow of the "Hills."

Ismail put his hands together and howled through them like a wolf on the war-path, nudging King with an elbow. So King imitated him, although one extra shout in all that din seemed thrown away.

The dancers pranced in a circle, each man whirling both swords around his head and the head of the man in front of him at a speed that passed belief. Their long black hair shook and swayed. The sweat began to pour from them until their arms and shoulders glistened. The speed increased. Another hundred men leaped in, forming a new ring outside the first, only facing the other way. Another hundred and fifty formed a ring outside them again, with the direction again reversed; and two hundred and fifty more formed an outer circle—all careering at the limit of their power, gasping as the beasts do in the fury of fighting to the death, slitting the air until it whistled, with swords that missed human heads by immeasurable fractions of an inch.

Ismail seemed obsessed by the spirit of hell let loose—drawn by it, as by a magnet, although subsequent events proved him not to have been altogether without a plan. He got up, with his eyes fixed on the dance, and dragged King with him to a place ten rows nearer the arena, that had been vacated by a dancer. There—two, where there was only rightly room for one—he thrust himself and King next to some Orakzai Pathans, elbowing savagely to right and left to make room. And patience proved scarce. The instant oaths of anything but greeting were like the overture to a dog fight.

"Bismillah!" swore the nearest man, deigning to use intelligible sentences at last. "Shall a dog of an Afridi hustle me?"

He reached for the ever-ready Pathan knife, and Ismail, with both eyes on the dancing, neither heard nor saw. The Pathan leaned past King to stab, but paused in the instant that his knife licked clear. From a swift side-glance at King's face he changed to a full stare, his scowl slowly giving place to a grin as he recognized him.

"Allah!"

He drove the long blade back again, fidgeting about to make more room and kicking out at his next neighbour to the same end, so that presently King sat on the rock floor instead of on other men's hip-bones.

"Well met, hakim! See—the wound heals finely!"

Baring his shoulder under the smelly sheepskin coat, he lifted a bandage gingerly to show the clean opening out of which King had coaxed a bullet the day before. It looked wholesome and ready to heal.

"Name thy reward, hakim! We Orakzai Pathans forget no favours!" (Now that boast was a true one.)

King glanced to his left and saw that there was no risk of being overheard or interrupted by Ismail; the Afridi was beating his fists together, rocking from side to side in frenzy, and letting out about one yell a minute that would have curdled a wolf's heart.

"Nay, I have all I need!" he answered, and the Pathan laughed.

"In thine own time, hakim! Need forgets none of us!"

"True!" said King.

He nodded more to himself than to the other man. He needed, for instance, very much to know who was planning a jihad, and who "Bull-with-a beard" might be; but it was not safe to confide just yet in a chance-made acquaintance. A very fair acquaintance with some phases of the East had taught him that names such as Bull-with-a-beard are often almost photographically descriptive. He rose to his feet to look. A blind man can talk, but it takes trained eyes to gather information.

The din had increased, and it was safe to stand up and stare, because all eyes were on the madness in the middle. There were plenty besides himself who stood to get a better view, and he had to dodge from side to side to see between them.

"I'm not to doctor his men. Therefore it's a fair guess that he and I are to be kept apart. Therefore he'll be as far away from me now as possible, supposing he's here."

Reasoning along that line, he tried to see the faces on the far side, but the problem was to see over the dancers' heads. He succeeded presently, for the Orakzai Pathan saw what he wanted, and in his anxiety to be agreeable, reached forward to pull back a box from between the ranks in front.

Its owners offered instant fight, but made no further objection when they saw who wanted it and why. King wondered at their sudden change of mind, and the Pathan looked actually grieved that a fight should have been spared him. He tried, with a few barbed insults, to rearouse a spark of enmity, but failed, to his own great discontent.

The box was a commonplace affair, built square, of pine, and had probably contained somebody's new helmet at one stage of its career. The stencilled marks on its sides and top had long ago become obliterated by wear and dirt.

King got up on it and gazed long at the rows of spectators on the far side, and having no least notion what to look for, he studied the faces one by one.

"If he's important enough for her to have it in for him, he'll not be far from the front," he reasoned; and with that in mind he picked out several bull-necked, bearded men, any one of whom could easily have answered to the description. There were too many of them to give him any comfort, until the thought occurred to him that a man with brains enough to be a leader would not be so obsessed and excited by mere prancing athleticism as those men were. Then he looked farther along the line.

He found a man soon who was not interested in the dancing, but who

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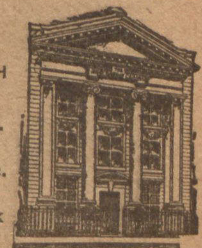


THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

had eyes and ears apparently for everything and everybody else. He watched him for ten minutes, until at last their eyes met. Then he sat down and kicked the box back to its owners.

He looked again at Ismail. With teeth clenched and eyes ablaze, the Afridi was smashing his knuckles together and rocking to and fro. There was no need to fear him. He turned and touched the Pathan's broad shoulder. The man smiled and bent his turbaned head to listen.

"Opposite," said King, "nearly exactly opposite—three rows back from the front, counting the front row as one—there sits a man with his arm in a sling and a bandage over his eye."

The Pathan nodded and touched his knife-hilt.

"One-and-twenty men from him, counting him as one, sits a man with a big black beard, whose shoulders are like a bull's. As he sits he hangs his head between them—thus."

"And you want him killed? Nay, I think you mean Muhammad Anim. His time is not yet."

The suggestion was as good-naturedly prompt as if the hakim's need had been water, and the other's flask were empty. He was sorry he could not offer to oblige.

"Who am I that I should want him killed?" King answered with mild reproof. "My trade is to heal, not slay. I am a hakim."

The other nodded.

"Yet, to enter Khinjan Caves you had to slay a man, hakim or no!"

"He was an unbeliever," King answered modestly, and the other nodded again with friendly understanding.

"What about the man yonder, then?" the Pathan asked. "What will you have of him?"

"Look! See! Tell me truly what his name is!"

THE Pathan got up and strode forward to stand on the box, kicking aside the elbows that leaned on it and laughing when the owners cursed him. He stood on it and stared for five minutes, counting deliberately three times over, striking a finger on the palm of his hand to check himself.

"Bull-with-a-beard!" he announced at last, dropping back into place beside King. "Muhammad Anim. The mullah Muhammad Anim."

"An Afghan?" King asked.

"He says he is an Afghan. But unless he lies he is from Ishtamboul (Constantinople)."

Itching to ask more questions, King sat still and held his peace. The direr the need of information in the "Hills," and in all the East for that matter, the greater the wisdom, as a rule, of seeming uninquisitive. And wisdom was rewarded now, for the Pathan, who would have dried up under eager questioning, grew talkative. Civility and volubility are sometimes one, and not always only among the civilized. King—the hakim Kurram Khan — blinked mildly behind his spectacles and looked like one to whom a savage might safely ease his mind.

"He bade me go to Sikaram where my village is and bring him a hundred men for his lashkar. He says he has her special favour. Wait and watch, I say!"

"Has he money?" asked King, apparently drawing a bow at a venture for conversation's sake. But there is an art in asking artless questions.

"Aye! The liar says the Germans gave it to him. He swears they will send more. Who are the Germans? Who is a man who talks of a jihad that is to be, that he should have gold coin given him by unbelievers? I saw a German once, at Nuklao. He ate pig-meat and washed it down with wine. Are such men sons of the Prophet? Wait and watch, say I!"

"Money?" said King. "He admits it? And none dare kill him for it? You say his time is not yet come?"

More than ever it was obvious that the hakim was a very simple man. The Pathan made a gesture of contempt.

"I dare what I will, hakim! But he says there is more money on the way! When he has it all—why—we are all in Allah's keeping—He decides!"

"And should no more money come?"

THIS was courteous conversation and received as such—many a long league removed from curiosity.

"Who am I to foretell a man's kismet? I know what I know, and I think what I think! I know thee, hakim, for a gentle fellow, who hurt me almost not at all in the drawing of a bullet out of my flesh. What knowest thou about me?"

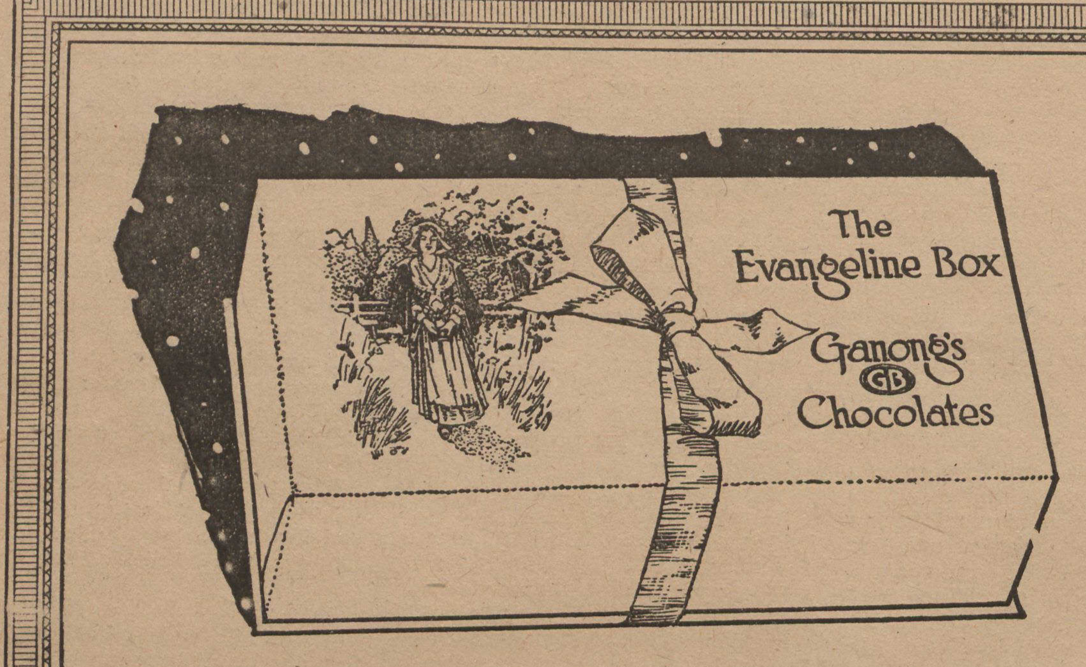
"That I will dress the wound for thee again!"

Artless statements are as useful in their way as artless questions. Let the guile lie deep, that is all.

"Nay, nay! For she said nay! Shall I fall foul of her, for the sake of a new bandage?"

The temptation was terrific to ask why she had given that order, but King resisted it; and presently it occurred to the Pathan that his own theories on the subject might be of interest.

(To be continued.)



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Storiettes

MARK TWAIN was a good sailor, and he often spent happy weeks cruising with his old friend, H. H. Rogers, in his steam yacht, the Kanawha. Once they were caught south of Cuba in a heavy sea, the effect of a long-drawn and violent gale. The Caribbean was heaving at its worst. For once in his life Mark Twain was upset by the rolling and pitching of the ship. He leaned over the lee rail and clung on desperately. "Mr. Clemens, can't I get you something?" asked a steward, solicitously. "Yes," Mark drawled, earnestly; "yes, get me a little island."—Argonaut.

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The unsettled state of Irish affairs reminds of a slip made by the Duke of Wellington during a House of Lords debate on Ireland. In the course of his speech he mentioned that two clergymen had been murdered in Ireland. A noble lord on the other side of the House rose at once to correct him. "No, no; only one." "Only one?" rejoined the duke. "Well, if I am mistaken I'm sorry."—Argonaut.

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Gross Flattery.

"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?" asked Frederick Jimson of his friend Benderley.

"Never," replied Benderley.

"Well, mine does; she flatters me."

"Often?"

"Oh, yes, frequently—particularly in winter," replied Frederick.

"Why does she flatter you so much in winter?"

"Whenever the coal fire needs replenishing she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick, the grate.' "—Tit-Bits.

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True Vigilance.

In a place in New Jersey a town building caught fire, and the extinguishers failed to do their work. A few days later at the town meeting some citizens tried to learn the reason. After they had freely discussed the subject, one of them said, "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that the fire-extinguishers be examined ten days before every fire."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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Effective.

A lady entered a railroad-car and took a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her.

Her last year's bonnet and coat were fully criticized with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have come next if the lady had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom, and, in the smoothest of tones, said:

"Madam, will you please ask your son to close the window?"

The "son" closed his mouth, and the bride no longer giggled.—New York Times.

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In the Future.

Longley's (in 1920)—"We do all our cooking by electricity here."

Customer—"Take this egg out and give it another shock."—Record.

❧ ❧ ❧

Didn't Move Him.

"Well, did the boss give you a raise?"

"No."

"Not even when you told him you had grown gray in his service?"

"No; he merely gave me the name of a good hair dye."—Boston Transcript.

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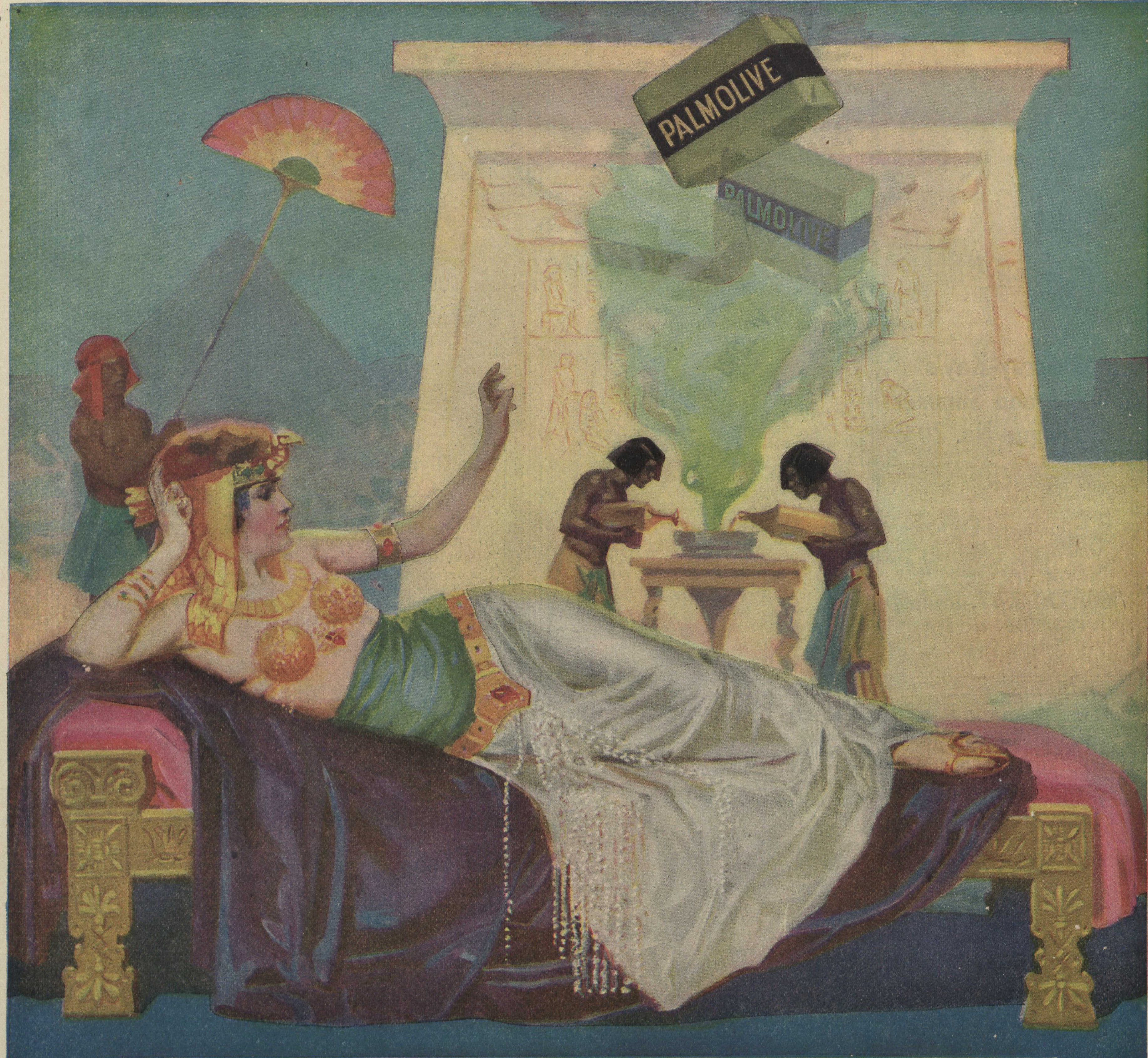

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