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What Happened to Hoag

BEGINNING serially in this issue a complete novelette, written and produced by Thos. Topley exclusively for the Canadian Courier; told in a series of Moving Picturettes and about as many words as the Book of Exodus. If you would like to find out the Why and the Wherefore of What Happened to Hoag, please turn to page 9.

In any city, town or village—if all the Columbia Batteries that are ringing bells, lighting lanterns, operating phones, autos and engines, could be gathered together into one big battery, its size would doubtless astonish you. On the basis of *performance,* Columbias are the chosen batteries in this and other countries.

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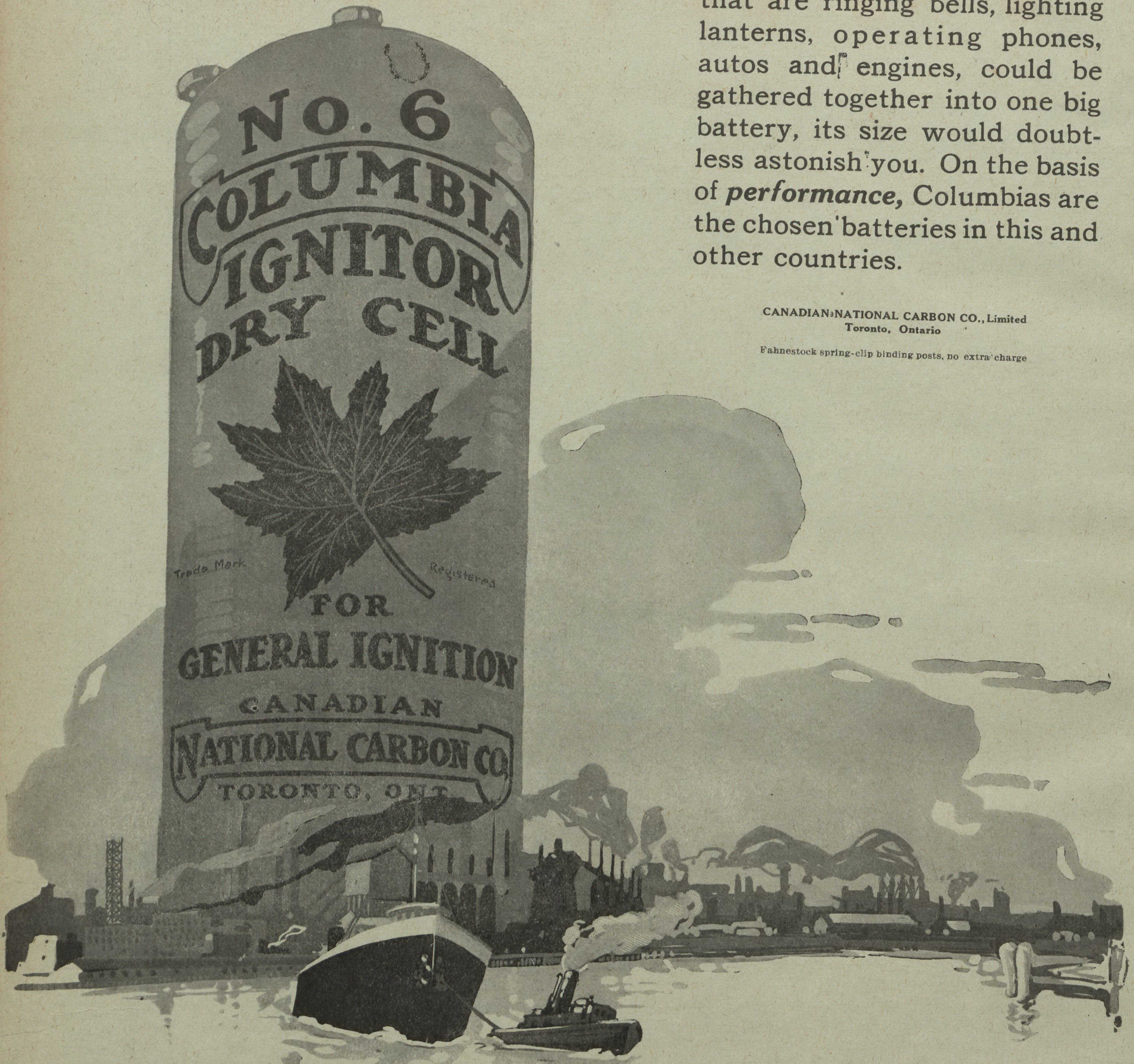
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CANADIAN COURIER

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

What Happened to Hoag

JUST as we started to make up this week's issue, along came a gentleman who had just written something which he wanted to see in print as soon as possible. As a rule that kind of person doesn't get much chance to talk to the editor. But this one was different; so different that we decided to lift some things already nailed down in make-up to let the readers of the Canadian Courier as soon as possible begin to speculate on

What Happened to Hoag.

Now, we don't tell you much about this Mystery of Martin Hoag in the first instalment. All we have tried to do is to get you started taking an interest in Hoag. You may not like him at first. But you are sure to read long enough to find out why you don't like him—and by the time you find out you will be wondering what there is about this outlandish crusader that makes you feel so much at home with him when he does some of the most curious things. Hoag very seldom knew why he acted so. If he should find the story of his life in the Canadian Courier he would be very much shocked at the publicity, but pleased if it was doing anybody any good.

Did he win out? How did he do it? What was the mysterious power that urged him on?

All these and much more you will discover as you read.

*

What is the Matter with my Town?

Municipal Elections will soon be on. Now is the time to do a little plain citizen talking on behalf of the community!

IF there is a town in Canada where the Canadian Courier does not circulate, we should like to get its name and its place on the map. If there is a town anywhere in the country not in need of improvement, we should like the name of that town also. One of the functions of this paper is to form a living link between the hundreds upon hundreds of communities scattered all over Canada. One of the best services we can perform is to enable citizens of these towns to tell citizens of other towns how civic affairs can be improved. Town planning programmes are all right; so are Civic Guilds and Civic Improvement Leagues and Municipal Research organizations. They are all doing a big work. In the United States hundreds of towns and big cities have been pulled out of the hole of graft, corruption, municipal muddling and mismanagement by the efforts of such reformative bodies acting in league with the public press. In spite of all this Philadelphia still has government by murder, and Montreal has government by muddle, and—Well, there's no use going into details or we shall be stealing our correspondents' thunder. What we want is to find out for the sake of other people what are the things that people should induce municipal candidates to consider on the eve of municipal elections all over Canada.

There are but three conditions to this:

The name of the town must in every case be mentioned;

The name of the critic may be withheld from publication by the use of a pen-name or any other symbol you like;

Merely personal or petty criticism must not be submitted, because these are of no interest to people a hundred or a thousand miles away.

Letters are not limited as to length and their publication in full or in the form of a summary will depend upon how interestingly they are written, and in how far the criticisms can be made interesting to other people. When you are writing your letter, imagine that you are in some town a long way off comparing notes with a friend of yours, telling him what's the matter with your town, that he may never have seen and never expects to see, but may be glad to hear you talk about.

Address all communications under this head to

EDITOR, CANADIAN COURIER,
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Greater Love Hath No Man Than This

Half hidden in the files of the London Gazette, where it is set forth with all the ponderousness of official language, is a story of self-sacrifice that stands out preeminently, even in this age of deeds of superlative courage and super-chivalry.

The record is contained in the announcement of the award of the Albert Medal of the First Class to Lance-Corporal Charles Henry Anderson, late of the 1-14th Battalion of the London Regiment, who lost his life in France in November last. The official narrative is as follows:—On November 28, 1916, Lance-Corporal Anderson was in a hut in France, with eleven other men, when, accidentally, the safety-pin was withdrawn from a bomb. In the semi-darkness he shouted a warning to the men, rushed to the door, and endeavored to open it so as to throw the bomb into a field.

Failing to do this, when he judged that the five seconds during which the fuse was timed to burn had elapsed, he held the bomb as close to his body as possible with both hands in order to screen the other men in the hut. Anderson himself and one other man were mortally wounded by the explosion, and five men were injured. The remaining five escaped unhurt. Anderson sacrificed his life to save his comrades.

When history opens the purple testament of bleeding war . . .

every man and woman who has played a part will bear a record.

Your name may not be writ among those of the immortals---

But for honour's sake---for the sake of men like Anderson---see to it that it is writ on the Scroll with those who at least placed their money at the service of their country.

Shall it be said that Canada spares not her sons from the sacrifice of death, yet withholds her dollars needed to give them victory?

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Ministry of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada

CANADIAN
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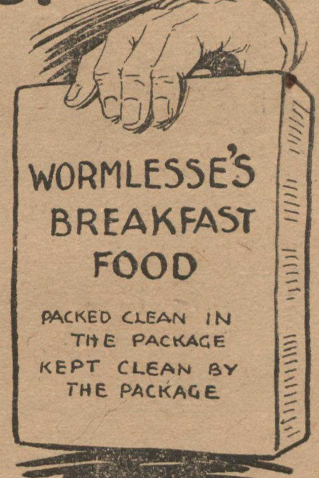
NOVEMBER 17, 1917

An Open Letter to the Food Controller

Concerning Breakfast Foods



To the Honorable
W. J. HANNA,
The Food Controller,
Ottawa, Canada

MY dear Much-Advised:

Did you ever find worms in your porridge? When I was at school I found them frequently—little, white, fat ones—and there was a reason: the porridge was made of oatmeal bought from the grocers in bulk.

Worms may be digestible, especially when well cooked; they probably contain much-needed fats, desirable nourishment for the human body, but I do not propose to eat them—unless your mature reflection says it is a necessary part in winning the war. Then, like a faithful private in the civilian ranks, I shall obey the orders of your generalship.

Of course, the porridge made from bulk cereals is cheaper—if you have a large family. Eliminate the carton and savings can be effected. But may I obstreperously suggest that I would prefer to save in another way. By wearing a broad-brimmed cow-breakfast straw hat I can keep my head cool in summer, and by wearing a tweed cap I can keep it warm in winter—and effect economies amounting to several hundred per cent. My clothes will last longer—several hundred more per cent. be saved—by covering them with a suit of overalls. And I am willing to wear overalls, if it will speed the winning of the war; I would wear them ever so gladly, if I may be spared the consuming of maggots.

The Lord gave you, me, and the rest of us, stomachs which must be filled, but He also gave us palates which must be pleased. To please the one is as necessary as to fill the other.

This morning I saw what appeared to be a frightful waste of food. A farmer gave a perfectly good cabbage to a cow, and she ate it greedily. Asked why such a delicacy should be given a cow, the farmer replied: "It whets the appetite. That cow will eat all the more hay and produce all the more milk because of the cabbage." It was a question of ultimate efficiency. And so it is with breakfast foods.

There is not a shadow of doubt in my mind that the porridge we ate as boys was healthful and nourishing. But in those days we looked upon it as a second cousin to cod liver oil and other equally nourishing and objectionable foods. "You must eat your porridge," mother said in the exact voice she used when playing the role of an allopathic doctor. Porridge was a thing to be taken because it had to be, and not because the appetite craved it.

THERE may be a lot of sentiment in this question of breakfast foods. But there is sentiment about art or cleanliness and a dozen other things which are well recognized parts of our being. Sentiment is a thing to be reckoned with, although it cannot be weighed and measured like bricks and cotton.

And may I confess that my affection for breakfast foods is not merely cupboard love. I am anxious to see our production of cereal foods raised to the highest possible development, because I am a farmer.

Ordinarily, oats are a low-priced bulky commodity. They will not stand the large freight charges incidental to long shipment. Canada is essentially a cereal-producing country. We cannot feed the Empire—at least we cannot give her a well-balanced meal. Try as we may, Australia will beat us in mutton, and Argentina will beat us in beef; Denmark can put her eggs and poultry into the United Kingdom fresher and cheaper. But given a fair chance, we ought to be the bread-basket of Old England, and several other countries beside. We have learned how to produce the flour that Englishmen like in their bread. We have established brands which Englishmen have learned to know represent purity and nutriment.

And we were beginning to do the same thing in breakfast foods. Hundreds of thousands of dollars—I cannot say how many—have been invested to this end. Wherever factories have been established, which will convert cereals into palatable, digestible, nourishing foods, the zone of possible cereal-cultivation has been extended. That is where the farmers come in. And you need the farmers now, and will need the farmers hereafter to solve the after-war problems.

We have borrowed from abroad much money with which to conduct the war. No less an authority than Sir Thomas White says that we must pay the interest on that money and some day pay it back by our shipments abroad.

OUR steel and textile manufacturers can't compete with the world; they can't even hold the home market without huge protection. Our only chance, or rather our main chance, to repay our obligations is by cereals and their made-up products.

The Toronto newspapers are consigning political economy to the waste-paper basket. But, none the less, it is impossible to figure out how we are to pay for these loans except by products which we can put on the market cheaper and better than other countries. Is it not reasonable to say that these products must come mainly from agriculture? Is it not reasonable to say that the higher the stage of manufacture to which we bring these products, the greater the sum we will secure for them abroad, and the more easily repay our foreign obligations?

Silk is a luxury, but I fail to find that its production is being handicapped in France, in Italy, or any of the silk-producing countries. I would be surprised to learn that anything was being thrown in the way of the development of this industry. For out of its proceeds these countries must pay a part of their foreign borrowings.

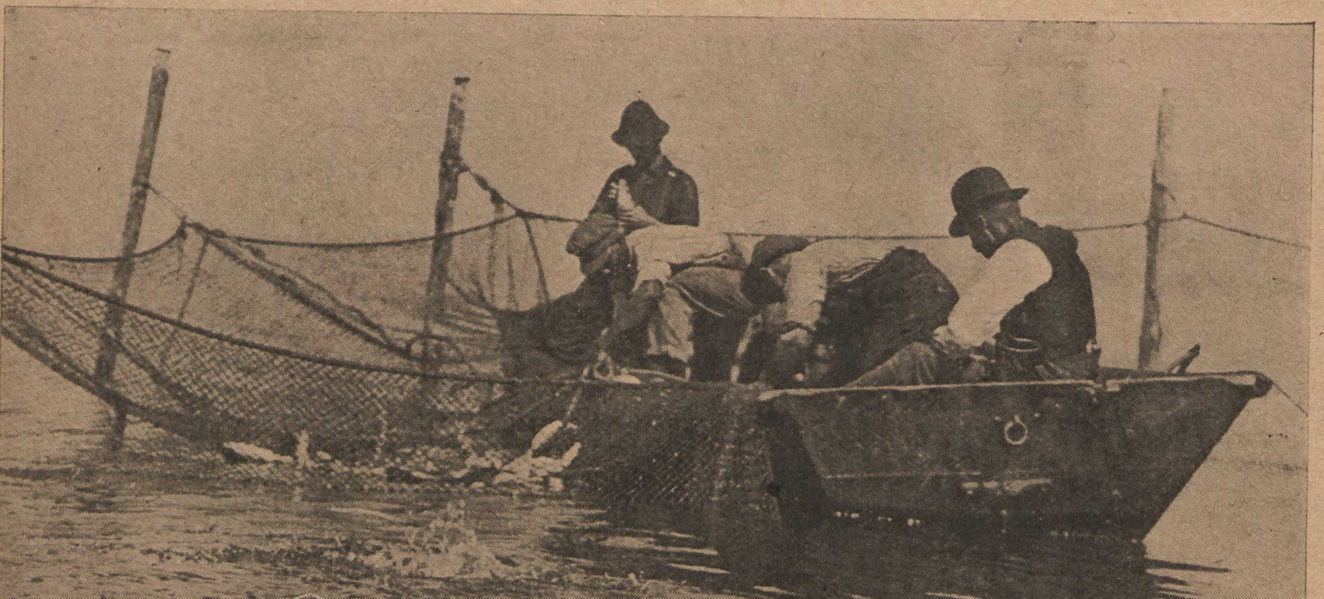
Breakfast foods are not a fad, nor are they a humbug; they are an essential part of the average man's morning meal—and the fact that the manufacturer guarantees their cleanliness has much to do with their popularity and efficiency. If we must spread our savings to win the war, please let us do it in one of the several hundred other ways which will less seriously affect our present and future efficiency.

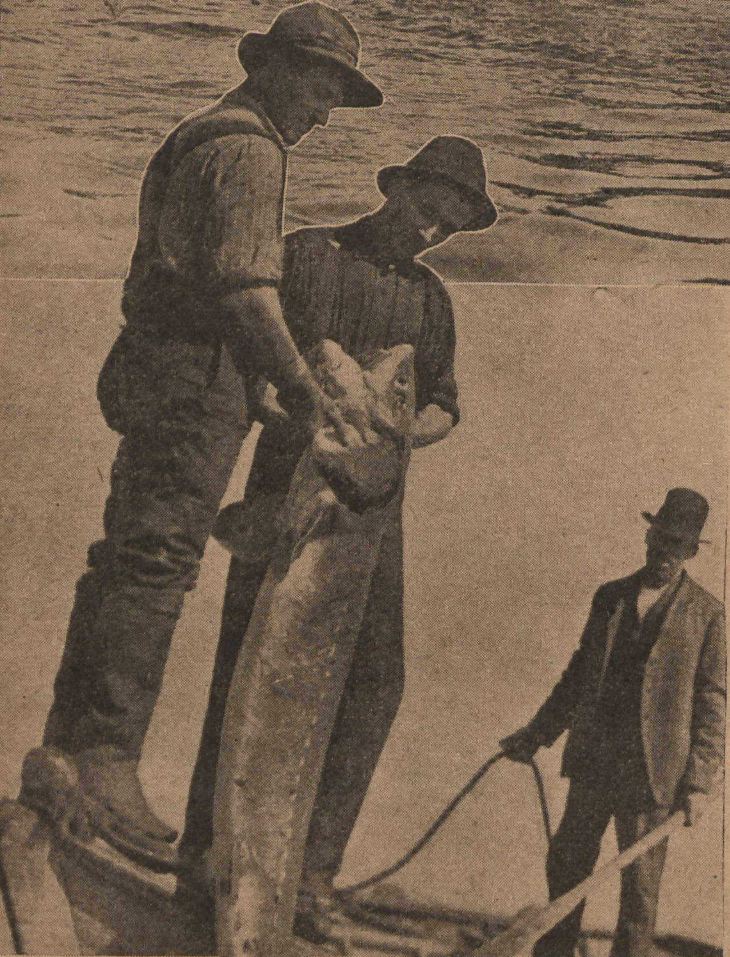
Yours truly,

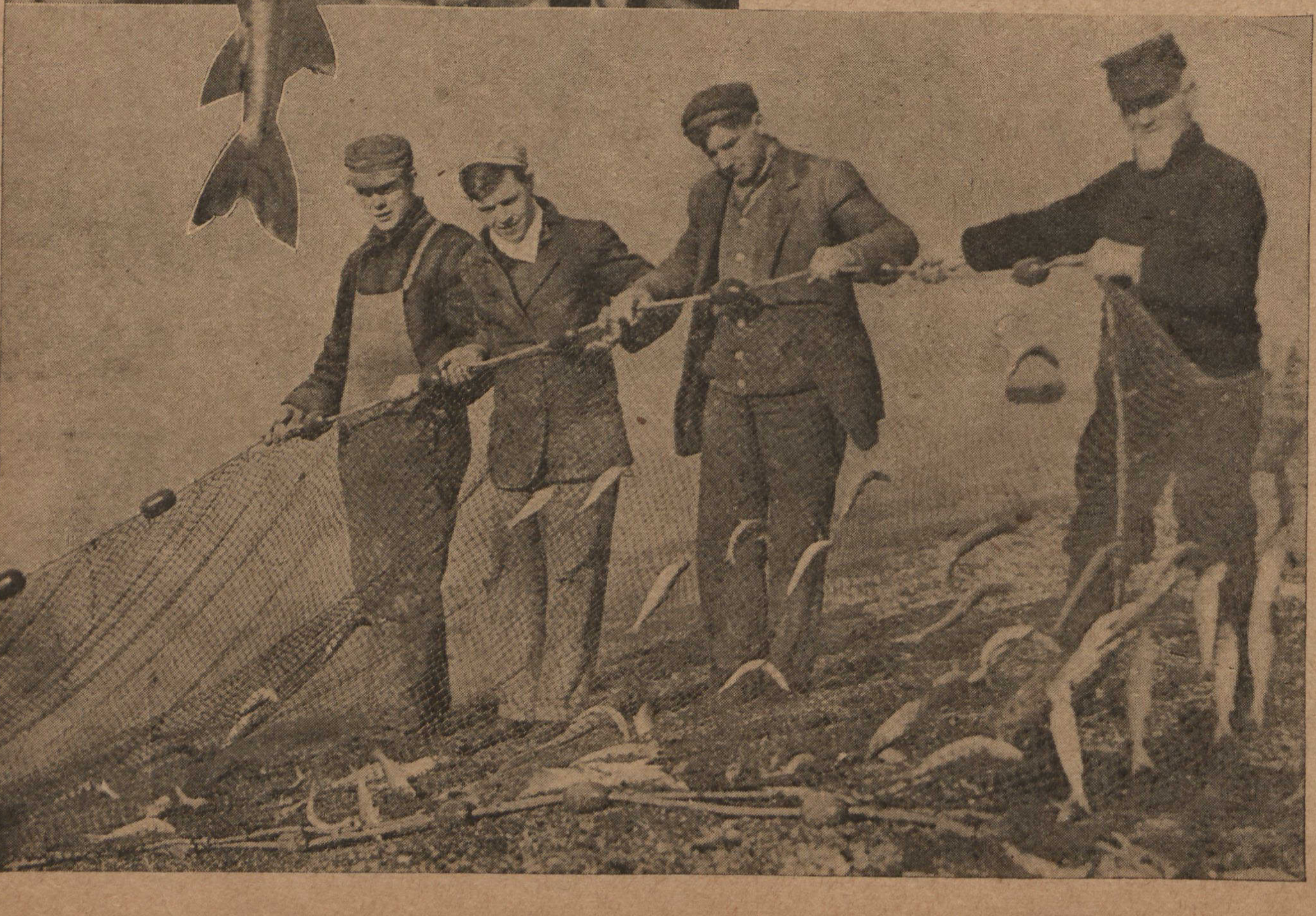
MARK KETTS.

P. S.—Perhaps the grocer has his opinions about this also. Some grocers are so used to the package system they have almost discarded the scoop. And there are times when the grocer in a hurry may give my neighbor a few ounces over-weight on a bag of breakfast food. In which case I expect him to square the deal by going a few ounces short on me. The grocer must be protected somehow.—M. K.

November : Fish Month







ACCORDING to population, we have the greatest fisheries in the world. We are fish exporters. Thanks to nature—now and then to Government. The great lakes—we have about ten of these fresh-water fish farms—were placed by nature very convenient to the centres of population. Salmon, cod, halibut, and all these sea things are a long way from the average stomach. Easily one-third of the population of Canada are between the east end of Montreal and the west end of Fort William. Fish from these Government farms ought to reach the average table at low cost if the middle man is not played against both ends.

A few days ago some Sarnia fishermen were suspected of dumping five tons of fish back into Lake Huron, so as to keep the price from going down. Clever trick! They expected to catch the fish again on a rising market. Those men were pound-fishermen, just as the top group on this page. Out a mile from shore, along past the "leads," out by the net corral hung from the stakes with a ton or so in each pen to haul up.

And there may be among the pack of herring and pickerel a couple of sturgeon. Time was when sturgeon were killed for New York caviare and the meat was too tough to be eaten. Terribly tough is an old sturgeon—rubberine category. The sturgeon shown here will be eaten. He is a seven-footer; weight more than 100 lbs.

The other popular way of harvesting on the fresh-water fish farm is the shore-net system. A gang of men load a boat with nets, floats and sinkers and row it out a mile, dropping it over the edge to trail it back again—just sweeping up the herring as you see in the net below. This is more work, but less capital-investment than the pound system.

⁂

STORIES TO GO FISHING ON

SANDY McTAVISH was a highly-skilled workman in a new aircraft factory.

Therefore, it happened one day that Sandy was asked if he would care to accompany the work's aviator on one of his trial flights in a machine.

Sandy, after some hesitation, agreed to do so.

During the flight the aviator asked how he was enjoying it.

"To tell the truth," answered the Scot, "I wad rather be on the groun'."

"Tut, tut," replied the flying man. "I'm just thinking of looping the loop."

"For Heaven's sake don't do that!" yelled the now very nervous McTavish. "I've some siller in my vest pocket."—Tit-Bits.

⁂

SOME soldiers back from the trenches were being shown behind the lines a machine for sterilizing clothing, and, of course, eliminating the "pests." One of the party was obviously quite unimpressed, and afterwards an assistant at the sanitary station asked him whether he did not think the machine a fine one. "Well enough, perhaps," said he. "But I've got a dodge of my own that is better." "Oh, what is that?" "Well, I wear my shirt two days one way; then they are all inside, see?" "Yes." "Then turn it inside out, and wear it that way. Then they're all outside, aren't they?" "Well, yes." "By the time they've got inside again I turn it back again." "Well, well?" "And so I go on and on; and at last the marching and counter-marching breaks the little devils' hearts, and they die."—Argonaut.

⁂

"THEY say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked," said Mr. Penn.

"They are," replied Mr. Hubb. "Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around."

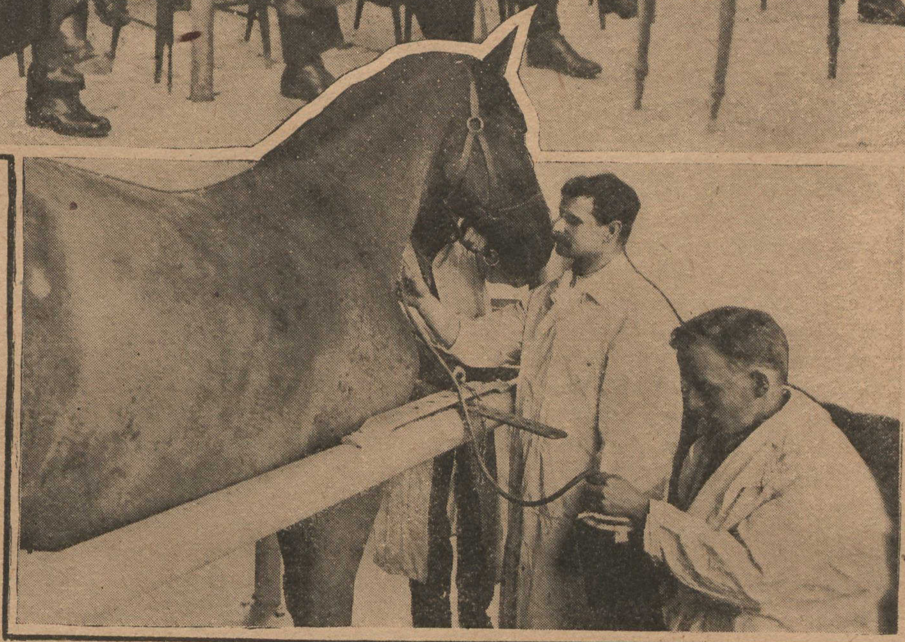
"That must be embarrassing."

"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"

"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat."—Exchange.

OLD BRICKTOP, PATRIOT



THESE pictures were made at the official opening of the biggest side show ever set up in Canada. Old Brick Top—a red-headed horse who performs miracles—was the headliner; and Sir Edmund Walker—a titled bank president by the way—acted as spieler in front of the tent His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire opened the show, and His Honor Sir John Hendrie, Sir William Hearst, Sir Robert Falconer and several military head-men of the district were amongst the crowd of "prominent citizens" present at the one and only public performance. Incidentally Colonel Albert Gooderham gave the whole show away and it cost him $75,000 to do it.

Colonel Gooderham is the gentleman with the Kitchener moustache and Kipling eye-brows sitting away over on the left of the picture. It was he who made it possible for Brick Top and forty other horses in the show to give their wonderful performance. The $75,000 went to buy a fifty-acre farm, cement stables, fire-proof buildings, housing modern laboratories.

The place is known officially as the Connaught Laboratories, and it is there that all the anti-toxin used at the front in the 2nd British Army Corps is made. Every man in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces has in his system some of the bacillus bred on the place and bled from either Brick Top or one of his forty fellow wonder workers. For over two years now Brick Top has been working wonders without any let-up. His particular stunt is the manufacture of anti-toxin for tetanus. They put two quarts of tetanus poison into his system every week and old Brick Top returns good for evil in the shape of anti-toxin. In a little over two years he has given up 180 gallons of blood, or enough tetanus anti-toxin for 15,000 wounded soldiers.

ON THE WAY

That peace may come only when we are fit for victory, these Canadians went, and 10,000 a month more will soon be going. Photograph taken by one of them and enlarged here.

PEACE TERMS *in* ISONZO LANGUAGE

EVIDENTLY the army that drove the Italians back came from several points on the Russian front—herein described. This smash was threatened before, but prevented by Hindenburg being suddenly too busy elsewhere. Now all's quiet on the Potomac up around Riga and other places, the noise breaks out on the Carnic Alps and along the Tagliamento; and the peace-before-winter programme of Berlin is about sure to follow this sensational piece of stage-work on the Isonzo. The terms won't be too drastic so far as Germany is concerned, either.

By SIDNEY CORYN

A SOMEWHAT careful study of the map is necessary to an adequate understanding of the German success on the Italian front. At the moment of writing, the battle is still in its critical phases. It may become a great German victory, or it may take its place among those spectacular but abortive activities with which the German war path has been so thickly strewn. In either event, it has probably saved the Austrian army from destruction, and completed the subjugation of the Austrian empire to the German yoke. Austria has been once more snatched from the brink of collapse by German intervention, and has therefore become an even heavier liability than she was before. Whether Germany must pay a heavier price for this success than the success itself is worth, remains to be seen, but it is quite certain that she must have gravely weakened herself elsewhere in order to supply to the Italian front so heavy a weight in men and guns.

The task of Italy from the beginning of her war has been to conduct a defensive on her northern frontier while carrying her armies eastward across the Isonzo into Austrian territories. Every move that she has made eastward has been conducted with a wary eye upon the Trentino, and upon the threat of a Teuton invasion from that quarter. The Trentino had no offensive value to Italy, but it was vital from the defensive point of view. A Teuton offensive in the Trentino has been the usual and effective reply to the menace of the Italian armies on the Isonzo. There could be no persistent movement eastward on the part of Italy so long as the Italian rear was endangered by a Teuton irruption southward through the Trentino, and this has been the perpetual drag upon the Italian offensive forces from the beginning of the campaign. Several months ago a Teuton army of a million men had been assembled in the Trentino for the purpose of the invasion of Italian soil, and this would certainly have been attempted but for the exigencies on other battlefields that compelled the dispersion and diversion of that force to meet the increasing pressure of the French and British on the western front. It was the removal of the danger from the Trentino that enabled Cadorna to turn his undivided attention to his Isonzo offensive, and to make the great advance eastward into Austrian territory that has now been so summarily halted.

THE Italian forces, thus relieved from the danger of an invasion in their rear, proceeded to develop their Isonzo offensive. Their line ran nearly straight from a point to the west of Tolmino directly south to the Adriatic, and within artillery range of Trieste. Cadorna seems to have developed his greatest strength at the centre of his line around Mount Santo and Mount Gabrielle, with the obvious intention to pierce the Austrian line and to roll it up north and south. It was an ambitious programme, and one that promised an end of the war, so far, at least, as Austria was concerned. It included the destruction of the Austrian army and the automatic fall of Trieste and Pola. Its success would have opened the road to Vienna and shattered every remaining hope of Austrian resistance. The campaign began auspiciously, in spite of the tremendous natural obstacles of mountain strongholds that facilitated the defence and exacted an immense toll of Italian lives. The alarm of the Austrian commanders was shown by their appeals to Germany for aid and by their hardly disguised threats to discontinue the war unless it were given to them. For a time those appeals were disregarded and denied. Germany herself was under immense pressure on her western front, and was demonstrating almost daily her inability to resist it. She had a considerable army on the Russian line, but conditions there seemed to be too uncertain to allow her to withdraw it. She had two main fronts there to care for, and now she was being asked to safeguard a third. She had to choose the lesser of two evils, to weaken her existing fronts, or to witness the collapse of Austria. Austria was of no value to her from the military point of view, and never had been. But could she face the moral effects of an Austrian withdrawal with its reactions on the Balkans and upon the sentiments of the German people? She decided that Austria must once more be saved. She also saw the opportunity to win a victory that should be a prelude to peace.

But this time it was to be done by a direct attack upon the Italian lines, and not by the old method of a threat from the Trentino. We are told that nearly half a million veteran troops from other fronts were launched against the northern extremity of the Italian lines on the Isonzo. The Italians gave way under the pressure and retreated across the river, and at the moment of writing there is a fierce fight in progress on the western bank, with the Italians holding the hill passes into which they have been forced. We may disregard the German claims so far as they relate to the capture of prisoners and guns. For a long time past the German bulletins have been models of falsification and suppression, as is shown clearly enough by the map, and in such unverifiable matters as this it is not likely that their writers have put any curb upon their imagination. The main facts are clearly enough in sight. The Italian army as a whole has not been routed, but its left wing has been forced back across the Isonzo. Elsewhere it is falling steadily back into Italian territory, fighting rear-guard actions, retarding the German advance, and preserving its formation in fairly good order. Evidently a stand is to be made on the Tagliamento River, a position of great strength. But there are two grave dangers that confront it. Cadorna may not be able to straighten his retreating line, and portions of it may be outflanked. But the greatest danger is of a German incursion from the Trentino to the rear or westward of the Italian army. We do not know what defensive force the Italians have in the Trentino, nor what aid can be given them from France and England, but we may assume that nothing will be left undone to guard against so deadly a peril. In the meantime Italy has lost all that she won and that promised so much.

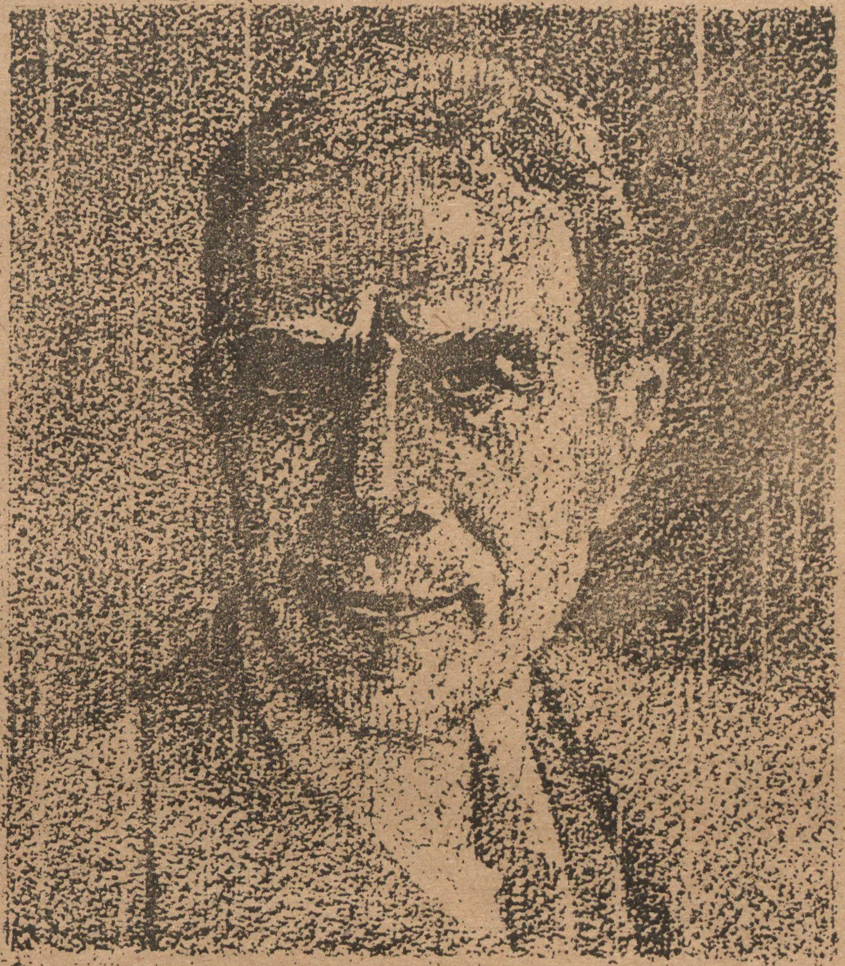
An attempt to forecast the immediate future on this front would have the value of a guess, and no more. But at least it may be said that there is not the least likelihood that Italy can be forced from the war by anything that has yet happened to her, or by anything that is remotely in sight. Austria herself has suffered defeat after defeat much more serious than this, with much greater losses of men and guns. Germany was much more seriously beaten at the Marne, and her defeat at the hands of the French on the Aisne a week ago was of a much greater strategic importance. Bulletins emanating from unnamed persons at Washington, and foreshadowing a German advance through northern Italy to an attack on France from the south, are mere pro-German rubbish. The worst that can happen to Italy from any events that are yet in sight is a general retirement to the Tagliamento River. It is, of course conceivable that the Italian reverse may degenerate into a rout, but there are no indications of such a thing at the present time, nor is it conceivable that there should be a German advance across Italy into France. The German success has put an end to the Italian offensive, but at the present time there is nothing that can be added to that incontestable fact. The probabilities are that we shall see some heavy fighting for a few days, and then this particular storm will die away, as so many other storms of a like nature have died away. The German momentum will fade and the Italian resistance will stiffen into a period of mutual immobility.

BUT where did these German troops come from? The German myth will, of course, come quickly to the front, with assurances that Germany has vast reserves of men that can be thrown quickly into any critical area. But, as it happens, we are not left without some indications as to the source of this army. Bulletins from Petrograd tell us that Russian troops advancing westward in the Dvina section have found that the German fortifications have been evacuated, and that they have occupied Friedrichstadt without opposition. We hear nothing more of the German forces that were supposed to have been landed as a result of recent German naval activities in the Gulf of Riga. There are no signs of any further activities on this part of the field, in spite of much hysterical warning of an approaching drive on Petrograd. As was suggested last week, we may suppose that the naval activities in the Baltic, and the seizure of the islands of Oisel and Dago had no military objective whatever, and that they were intended to do no more than silence the uneasiness induced throughout Germany by the disclosure of the mutinies at Kiel and elsewhere. But the apparent withdrawal of the German forces from the northern end of the Russian front is significant of much. The Russian official bulletins have always been cautious and even pessimistic. Their accuracy has never been questioned. So far they tell us no more than the bare fact that the German lines were found to have been evacuated at some three or four points covered by the Russian advance. But this at least suggests that the Germans have retired extensively from the Russian front, and that this has been done in order to find the necessary men for the Italian offensive.

THE American embargo upon exports has inflicted upon her a far worse blow than she herself has yet inflicted upon any of her chief enemies. She knows well that she is now witnessing the first ripples of an American incoming tide that must swell into a flood. She knows that her submarines have failed, and that on the field of battle she can do nothing more than snatch an occasional and spectacular victory, such as she has just won against the Italians, but that leaves the essentials of the war unaffected. A peace proposal from Germany as a conqueror would have been ludicrous three weeks ago. It would still have been ludicrous after the naval demonstration on the Baltic, a demonstration that can hardly be said to have included a victory, seeing that the Russian ships that were "blockaded" in the Gulf of Riga were able quietly to sail away uninterrupted through the northern passage.

A German peace proposal such as is almost certain to be forthcoming will be of a kind to put a severe strain upon the intelligence as well as upon the cohesian of her enemies. She will promise almost anything up to and even beyond the status quo ante, and she will dangle the promise of international disarmament as the bait for the credulous pacifism that for the moment has been abashed into silence by the strain of events. Germany, of course, has no thought of disarmament, and is incapable of such a thought. She can not yet conceive of herself except in terms of armies and armaments. The guarantees of her government are worth nothing, and in fact they are no more than sign-posts to treacheries. A peace based on the idea of disarmament would be no more than an interlude to the discovery that Germany was not disarming at all, but was preparing for more war. Germany would undoubtedly be overjoyed to accept the status quo ante, and I believe that she would go very much further.

What Happened to Hoag



A COMPLETE NOVELETTE
IN
A SERIES OF PICTURETTES

SCENARIO BY THOS. TOPLEY

PRODUCED BY THE SHADOWGRAPH PLAYERS
Under Personal Direction of the Author

* * *

THE story of how Martin Hoag, with an unscientific imagination, a weak body and a profound sympathy with other people found himself up against a Predatory System, a Great Mystery and a Job of Ethics. The struggle of his Second Self with Markhams, Ltd., on behalf of the Principle that Spiritual Life is a Greater Power than Prussian Efficiency; worked out in the lives of two women. In this Picture-Novelette what is merely embodied in science found its soul in a Practical but Mysterious Religion. Hoag had all the symptoms of becoming a downtrodden dub, but he undertook to fool the sociological doctors.

* * *

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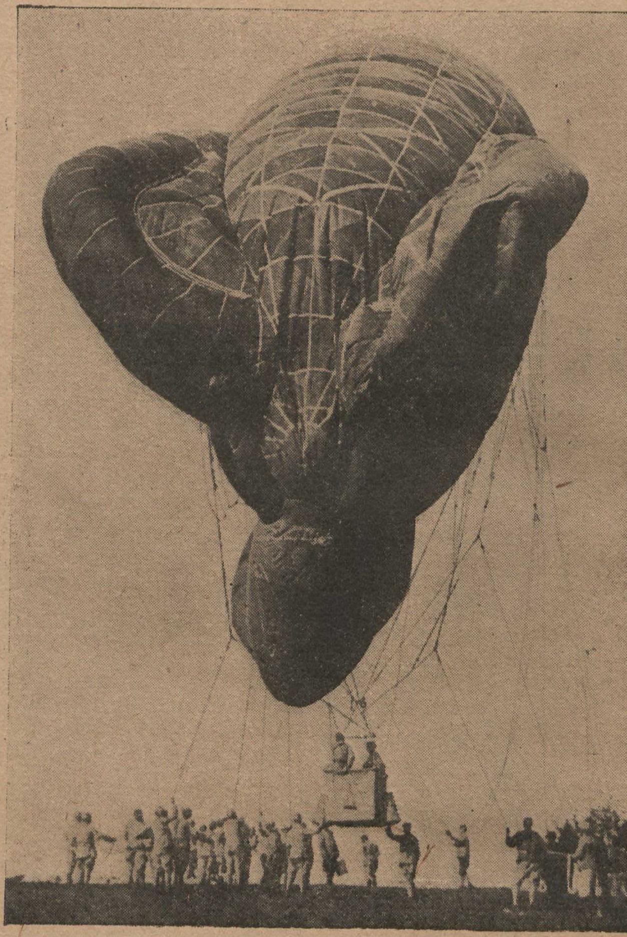
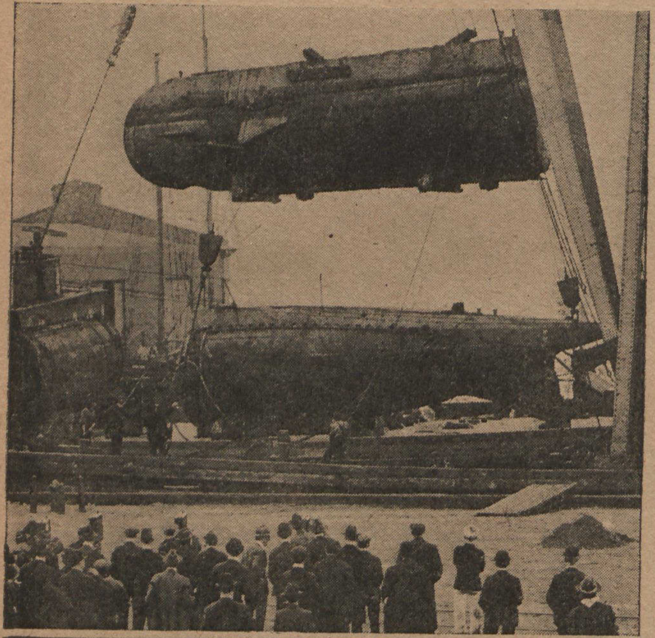
HINTS *for* CHRISTMAS SHOPPING





Buy the Boy a Tank

THIS inimitable little device gives no end of amusement to the children when you start it going over the parlor floor. Guaranteed to bring down the house, as it did the German trenches in the battle of Menin Road in Flanders.

Or a Submarine

HOW to handle this underseagoing toy as a parlor feature is suggested by the way the New Yorkers handled the U C 5 sent to them by Father Neptune lately. They unloaded it in three sections—it comes apart this way as good toys often do—and sent it up and down Broadway to advertise the second Liberty Loan. By the aid of a bottle of champagne it was re-christened U-Buy-A-Bond. This toy is worth getting.

Or an Observation Balloon

BE right up to date in the toy balloon question and get Bobby one of these French observation balloons. All you have to do is to rip out all the floors in the house and guy it down to the furnace. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe recently made a funny remark about this O. B. He had been in one when it chucked him, just like foolish mothers chuck babies up and down until they get sick. "And if there is one fate I ask for the Kaiser," he said, "it is that he be caged up in an observation balloon for the rest of his unnatural life."

Or a Palestine Airship

YOU can tell by the way the Arabs are looking at this unintentionally landed British plane in Palestine after an air-raid on the railway station at Naon, that one of them would make a hit with the children. Of course the Arabs don't go with the airship. You have to import them from Arabia.

THE MUFFS

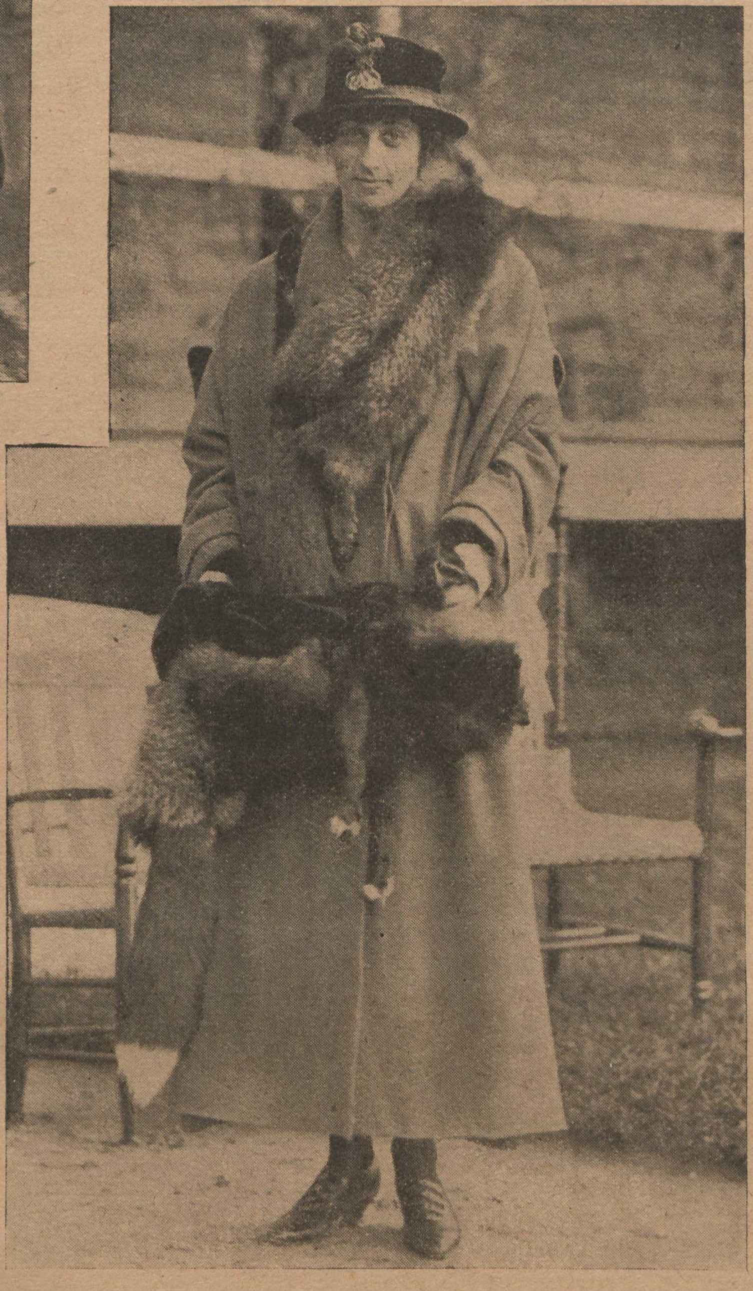
AND THE SUITCASE

Miniature Monologues on the Doings and Misdoings of Prominent People

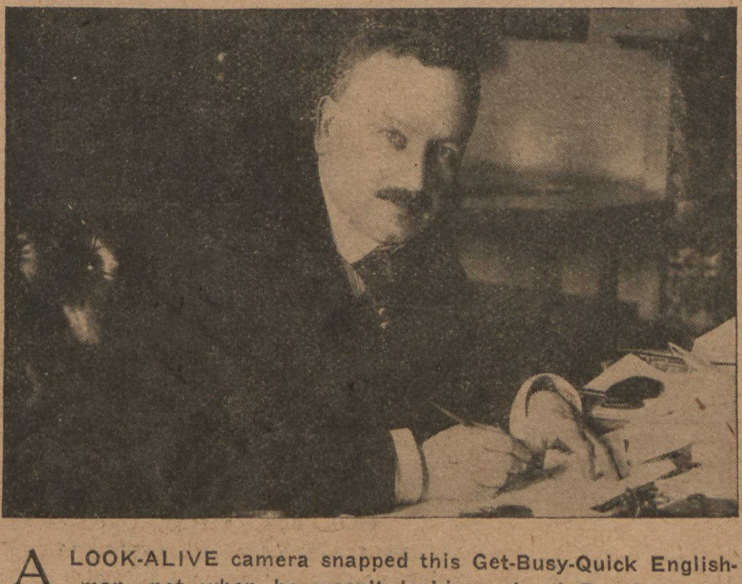
YOU see at a glance that Mrs. Hoover is one of the kindliest women in the world and that she knows how to dress attractively for the street. She is said to have a good deal to do with the really practical side of the food economy campaign in the United States.

CAPIT
AND RESE
$27.2

WHY did Mr. Lloyd Harris pick out a bank window as the background to this snapshot at the Win-the-War Liberal Congress? That may be a hard question to answer. But it can be answered just as soon as somebody will explain how the President of the Russel Motor Co. making munitions, and the newly selected representative in Washington of the Imperial Munitions Board at Ottawa can also run as a Liberal candidate for the Commons?



TO settle any family circle disputes, Lady Maud Mackintosh (nee Cavendish) wore as her goingaway suit, brown charmeuse, brown velvet hat, silver fox furs; also—she is not Mrs. Mackintosh but Lady Maud Mackintosh, wife of Capt. Angus Mackintosh, Royal Horse Guards. And he—is plain Captain.



A LOOK-ALIVE camera snapped this Get-Busy-Quick Englishman—not when he wasn't looking. Lord Burnham, son of the same, is the owner and soul of the London Daily Telegraph, founded by his father, next to the Times and Daily Mail in popular importance.

HE who hesitates is lost, says an old proverb. Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C., P.P.C., is here seen hesitating at the Hamilton station as to what he would say to the Win-the-War Liberals.

IF Sir Wilfrid Laurier, here seen helping Lady Laurier from a motor at the Cavendish wedding, were asked which means more to him, the muff or the manifesto which he has issued to the people of Canada—which would he choose?

The CRYSTAL

by Josephine Daskam Bacon

CRYSTAL-Gazing was for a long while the rage at the Russian Court. But all the crystal-gazers are not necessarily freaks. Molly Dickett a trained newspaper woman, in a condition of nerve-jag sees—well, what she saw had a lot to do with what she ultimately did.

IN reviewing the matter dispassionately, it seems difficult to find anybody (anybody, that is to say, to whom her career was or is of the slightest interest) who omits to pronounce Molly Dickett's life an egregious and shameful failure. I should be sorry for anyone, for instance, who had the hardihood to address her mother on the subject, for Mrs. Dickett's power of tongue is well known in and beyond local circles; and since Eleanor married young Farwell, who stands in line for cashier of the bank forty or fifty years from now, if all goes well and a series of providential deaths occurs—indeed ever since Kathryn became assistant principal at the High School (because, as her mother points out, a mere teacher's position, even in a High School, may not be much, but an assistant principal may be called to consult with the trustees any day, and Kathryn has twice refused a college professorship)—since these family adjustments, I repeat, Mrs. Dickett's tongue has grown steadily more incisive and her attempts at scaling the fortress of Mr. Dickett's wardrobe more encouraging.

I believe it to be the simple truth to say that she literally never mentions her second daughter, and that Molly sends her letters direct to the factory to be sure that her father gets them—for Mrs. Dickett is Napoleonic in her methods and would really, I am afraid, stop at nothing. Any woman who has borne three children and will learn to drive an electric runabout at the age of forty-five, for the purpose of taking her husband home from his office in it, is to be reckoned with, you will agree.

The last time she is known to have referred to the girl definitely was when she announced the theory that her unfortunate name lay at the bottom of it all.

"Molly," she is reported to have said, "was named by her father—a mistake always, I think. The fact that Eleanor was baptized Ella has little or nothing to do with it; there was never any 'Nellie' or 'Lelie' about it, and at sixteen she began of her own accord to write it Eleanor. Kathryn I named entirely myself—and after all, what can Aunt Ella be said to have done for Eleanor? A silver ring and a bracelet when she graduated! But it was always 'Molly Dickett's all over the town!"

AND it must be confessed that this was so, if, indeed, the confession proves anything. Nevertheless, Mrs. Dickett cannot deny that for a long time, up to the period of her plunge into outer darkness, Molly was confessedly the flower of the family. Eleanor was rather soggy, a creature of inertia, chocolate caramels and a tendency to ritualism which her mother could not have foreseen when she encouraged her entering the Episcopal communion. Kathryn her mother pronounced "a very ordinary girl, very ordinary indeed," up to the day when she was graduated, head of her class, at the state normal school.

But Molly was neither soggy nor ordinary, being distinctly handsome in a gray-eyed, black-haired, white-skinned way, a clever student, an original conversationalist—in short, a personality. Unlike the usual victim to an older and a younger sister, she managed to get quite her fair share of the family dignities and finances—was, in fact, accused by her sisters of using undue influence in persuading her father to send her to a woman's college. It is most characteristic of her that at this accusation she refused the favor, interested her teachers in her cause so that they procured her a full scholarship at the college of her choice, and actually completed a four years' course there with no other means than her share of the twenty-five dollars yearly placed in his daughter's bank accounts by their father since the birth of each. On this slender sum, plus the accruing interest, eked out by college journalism, which began to be mentionable in those years—the early nineties—strengthened further in the last terms by tutoring, did Molly Dickett triumphantly assert her independence, and I tell it of her at this length so that none may throw "rolling stone" at her, in what followed.

A young woman of eighteen who can set her course in solitude and steer it, alone, friendless, except for what friends her qualities can make her, absolutely unaided but for her own exertions, for four years, is not to be called lacking in application, I submit. She got out of that business just what there was in it, **and so, she insists, she did at every stage of her subsequent history.** Note this, for it is important.

Here you see her, then, at twenty-two: handsome, accomplished, independent, well rated on her particular 'Change—one fairly hears Dick Whittington's bells in the air! Her mother, when Molly wrote home the news of her appointment as under reader in the office of one of the new cheap magazines that began to appear with such frequency at about that time, spoke of her with the typical respect of the dependent woman for the wage-earner, and never dropped that note till the crash came.

By the time Molly had been for two years at her post in **Slater's Monthly**, Kathryn had moved back to her normal school as instructor—"and they paid well to get her, too," as Mr. Dickett informed his stenographer confidentially. She had been invited to supper more than once, had the stenographer, in the old days, and there had even been a little talk of Kathryn acquiring this accomplishment, once, but Mr. Dickett was far too wise to suggest her presence at the half-past six dinner nowadays.

He was far too wise, indeed, was Mr. Henry Dickett, to do anything that seemed likely to ruffle the increasingly easy currents into which his bark had drifted of late. In a vague way he had always counted on supporting four women until three of them—or two, say, for Kathryn was plain and rather managing—should marry; and lo and behold, all three were off his hands in a twinkle, and there was a pretty little nest-egg growing for little Henry (for Eleanor had been very discreet about the first baby).

So now we arrive at the day when Molly left her desk in the anteroom of Slater's, walked through the book department and the art offices and encountered Miss Spinner, the little dried and spectacled reader of forty-odd years, and centuries (or their equivalent) of magazine experience.

"Miss Spinner," said Molly, "do you mind telling me what they pay you a week?"

"Twenty-five," Miss Spinner replied promptly. "Not at all. Of course I'd been fifteen years at Franklin Square, and it was all that experience that made them offer me the three dollars raise. So I left. But, of course, there are five magazines now where there used to be one. In ten years I think there'll be ten. So does Mr. Slater. That means competition, and that means that experience will always be worth something to the new ones. You started at fifteen, you see, and of course I only got ten. Gracious, isn't that Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes's voice? Perhaps you'd better step out, my dear, Mr. Slater's talking with that English prison-man and said that he wasn't to be disturbed if the Twelve Apostles came!"

Molly went with her swift, unhasty step (she had long legs) and received Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes urbanely, as befitted the best paid woman novelist of her country. Occasionally she had the fancy to "trot around to the office," as she called it; it was believed that she "picked up types" there.

"YOU'RE much too pretty to be here, my child. Do you like it?" Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes remarked, impertinently (she was supposed to believe that her manner was that of the English aristocracy, and asked the most embarrassing questions of everybody with an income of less than fifteen thousand a year).

"Not very much," Molly replied, placidly, "it's a little dull. I'm thinking of going into journalism. Couldn't you give me some letters to some of the editors? I could do good special article stuff, I'm sure."

"But certainly!" the novelist cried. "You are too delicious! I'll write you a card to Hecht himself this moment—I'm dining with him to-night—and I'll speak of you. I'll tell him to send you to interview me at Bonnybraeside."

"Thanks," said Molly, laconically, and rose to show the celebrity to Mr. Slater's sanctum.

Molly left Mr. Slater somewhat puzzled. He offered to raise her salary three dollars, might have been pushed to five, but she merely smiled deprecatingly.

"It isn't exactly that," she said, "but there seems no outlook, somehow. I don't think it's a very reasonable profession—if it is a profession."

He exploded into the name of a great English novelist who held precisely that position.

"Yes. But I am not a great novelist, you see," said Molly, and cleared out her desk with the swift thoroughness that characterized her. She put a clean sheet of green blotting-paper on it before she left, and washed out the inkwell herself.

"That stenographer spells worse and worse, remember," she remarked. "I'll look in for any mail."

AND so, for a year, she did, and they were all delighted to see her, for few people likely to enter such offices can talk more amusingly than did Molly Dickett. She had always used her material well, when it was limited, and now, when it bumped into the Himalayas at one end (her famous Rajah of Bhutpore interview) and rounded the hitherto speechless promontories of Spud Connor's career, the champion heavyweight of the world (she actually drew vivid metaphors from him and he gave her a tintype of himself at eight years), the entire staff gathered round her when she came, and Mr. Slater, under a temporary financial cloud, wept literal tears because he could not afford to buy her back to them. It was, of course, the Bonnybraeside interview that did it. So cleverly was this column-and-a-half of chatty sharpshooting manoeuvred that Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes sent hundreds of copies to her friends, while her fellow celebrities giggled among themselves, and the publishers wondered exactly what the public really wanted, anyhow. You couldn't tell, any more, they complained.

Just here began the little cloud on Mrs. Dickett's happiness. For two years the family were very proud of Molly, and Eleanor gave a tea for her on one of her infrequent visits to them, and got some people she could never have hoped for otherwise on the strength of her sister's celebrityship, for her Sunday morning column-and-a-half got to two-thirds of the town's breakfast tables, and her picture was at the head of it, now.

AT twenty-five she was called (and probably correctly) the second highest paid woman journalist in the country, and she spoke familiarly of names that are headlines to most of us, and bought evening gowns at "little shops" on Fifth Avenue. She lived with a red-haired friend, a clever illustrator of rising vogue, in a pretty little apartment, and Mrs. Dickett dined there one night with a really great novelist, a tenor from the Metropolitan Opera House, and a young Englishman whose brother was a baronet.

They had four glasses at their plates and the maid's cap and apron were tremendously interesting to Mrs. Dickett. But when she learned the rental of the apartment, the wages of the maid, the cost of Molly's black evening frock and the average monthly bill for Molly's hansoms, she no longer wondered that her daughter was always poor. She had never spent seventy-five dollars for a single garment in her life, barring a fur-lined cloak, a Christmas gift from her husband, and to drink creme-de-menthe at a roof garden gave her a very odd sensation. However, there was the baronet's brother . . .

But at one of the songs at the roof garden Mrs. Dickett drew the line, and the entire British Peerage, embattled, could not have persuaded her that it could possibly be the duty—not to suggest the pleasure—of any respectable woman to listen to it. As she put it later to the red-haired girl and Molly, no unmarried woman could understand it and no married woman would want to, a simple statement which they persisted in treating as an epigram, to her annoyance.

"But nobody minded it but you, dear Mrs. Dickett," the red-haired girl soothed her, "and it's all in how you take those things, don't you think? Of course, if you find it wrong, why then it is wrong—for you. But really, I assure you, I simply paid no attention to it. . . ."

"Then you must allow me to say that I think you should have!" Mrs. Dickett snapped out.

"Oh, come, mother, a woman of twenty-five is to all intents and purposes as capable of hearing—anything—as a married woman," said Molly, lazily. "I'm not a school girl, you know."

"I know that," her mother replied, shortly, and might have added that Molly looked Kathryn's age—which she did, and Kathryn was twenty-eight.

She was, however, if anything, handsomer than when her cheek had its fuller curve, for her eyes looked larger and her mouth had more mobility; there was a stimulation in her tenseness. Mrs. Dickett felt a little troubled.

"ALTHOUGH, of course, Molly admitted that the creature had no character and sang those sort of songs purposely," she confided to her husband.

Imagine, then, her feeling when Molly's interview with the singer was printed! She began a severe letter to her—and ceased midway of the first paragraph. What possible hold had she over her daughter? What did she know of her friends and associates, and what, had she known and disapproved, would it have mattered to Molly? Since the day she won her college scholarship at eighteen she had been independent, financially speaking, and, though financial independence is not, of course, everything . . . but it would almost seem that it is! There must be some mistake here.

Mrs. Dickett chewed the end of her pen and thought as hard as she had ever thought in her life. Nonsense! What finally settles the thing is public opinion—Society. If one's world turns the cold shoulder, one retracts, capitulates, acknowledges that the conventions are in the right of it. Well: but Molly's world was not the suburban circle of the Dicketts and her world applauded her; she stood high in it; her interview with the unspeakable one was "a great hit," in their jargon. Molly, in short applied different standards, was in another class—was it, could it be, a Lower Class? And yet, the baronet!

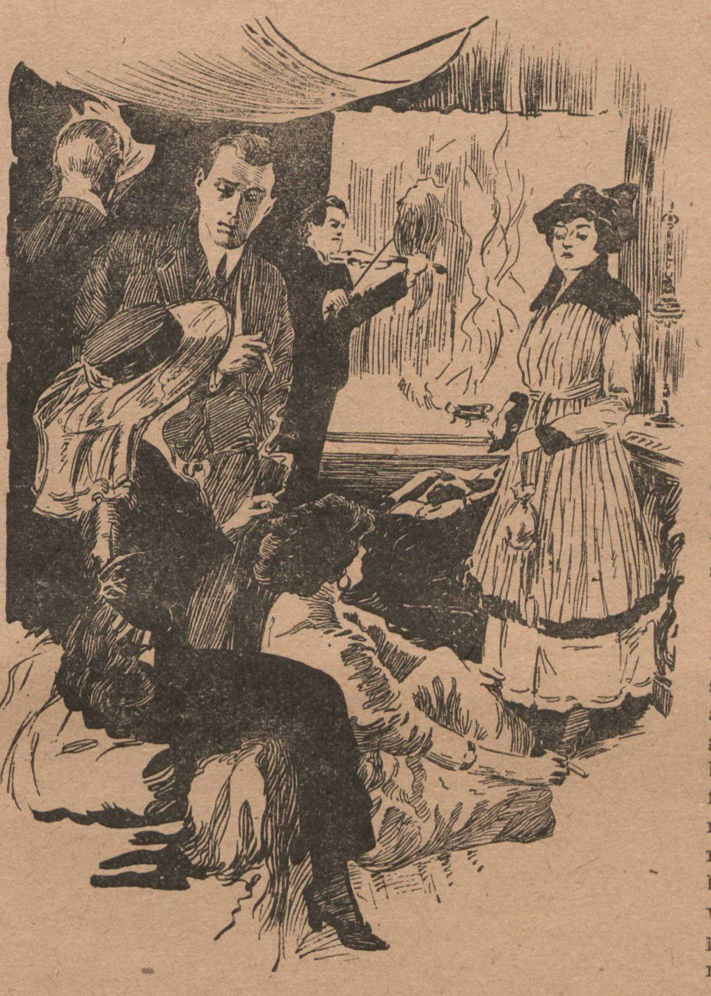
Mrs. Dickett tore her letter through.

It is quite true that they didn't see her for a year after that—eighteen months, if you except Kathryn's flying luncheon with her at the time of the Convention of Associated Normal Schools. Kathryn then informed them that the red-haired girl had married her teacher and left the apartment and that Molly lived alone there.

"I'm very glad," said her mother. "I never liked that girl."

"She seems to have been a bad influence," Kathryn agreed conservatively and there, good, simple people as they were at heart, it would have ended.

But here comes Eleanor upon the scene, Eleanor, with two boys, a probable warden for husband, and a father-in-law who has become very respectably wealthy from long ago, almost forgotten investments in southern railroads. And George is the only son. Eleanor wonders that people can send their children to the public schools and wishes that Kathryn had married that college professor, even though his salary did barely equal hers.



"'No, I thank you,' said Eleanor, frigidly. 'May I have a few minutes' conversation with you, Mary?'"

"Every woman ought to settle, you know—it's nonsense to discuss it."

"But I am settled, my dear," said Kathryn, blandly, "and I'm not fond of house-keeping. You don't get any time for anything else."

"! ! !" said Eleanor.

Mrs. Dickett here intervened with news of Molly, and Eleanor's eyebrows lifted.

"You don't mean to say she's living alone there?"

Mrs. Dickett nodded uncertainly.

"Really, mother, I must say! She must be crazy. It's not right at all, and I'm sure George wouldn't like it."

"She's nearly twenty-seven," Kathryn put in coldly.

"As if that had anything to do with it! I'm going down to see her."

It was certainly unfortunate that she should have gone unheralded. The first wave of classical dancing had begun to lap the shores of New York society, and Molly's paper had got the first amazing pictures, the first technical chit-chat of "plastique" and "masque" and "flowing line." Behold Mrs. Eleanor then, tired and mussed with shopping, dyspeptic from unassimilated restaurant lunching (and a little nervous at her task, when actually confronted with it), staring petrified at Molly's darkened dining room, where, on a platform, against dull velvet backgrounds, an ivory, loose-haired, barely draped intaglio woman, swayed and whirled and beckoned. A slender spiral of smoke rose from the incense bowl before her; the odor hung heavily in the room. Three or four women (much better gowned than Eleanor) and a dozen men applauded from the drawing-room; a strange-looking youth with a shock of auburn hair drew from a violin sounds which one required no knowledge of technique to feel extraordinarily poignant and moving. All but the dancer were smoking, and Molly sat on the floor (in copper-colored chiffon, too!), her hands clasped about her knees, a cigarette in an amber holder between her lips, and enunciated clearly:

"Bully!"

In describing matters afterwards, Eleanor referred to Molly's reception of her as brazen. There is no reason to believe that this word has any relation to Molly's state of mind, she saw nothing to be brazen about. When she said, "How lucky you dropped in to-day, sis!" she unaffectedly meant it.

"Well, rather!" one of the young men replied. "Won't you have something, Mrs. er— Oh, yes, Farwell? Rhine wine cup, what?"

"No, I thank you," said Eleanor, frigidly. "May I have a few minutes' conversation with you, Mary?"

"Not just now, I hope," said some one, "for she's going to dance again."

"In that case I will not trouble you," said Eleanor, rather dramatically, one fears, and backed out to avoid the smoking violinist. It was a little trying, and Eleanor should have had tact enough to let the matter rest, but she was rather inelastic in her methods, and she had come to New York with a Purpose. So Molly disappeared with her into the bedroom, and they had it out, with what result it is unnecessary to say.

IT was from that moment that doubt as to whether Molly were an asset or a liability slipped into the Dickett family. It is improbable that knowledge of the fact that "the disgusting foreign dancing woman" was born and bred in Bangor, Maine, and had never been farther than a stage-length from a vigilant mother, would have greatly affected their judgment. And almost certainly the fact that the baronet's brother had asked her to marry him would only have irritated them the more—and perhaps with reason. Had he ever wanted to marry Molly? Maybe; she never said so.

And here one must pause to consider the interesting subject of Molly's relations with men. It proved singularly lacking in richness. To state that she had lived four years (as she did, ultimately) on the staff of the largest New York daily newspaper, hanging personally over the "forms" many a time, among the printers, from 10 p.m. until 3 a.m., walking home with the milk carts in the lead-blue morning; sitting in the outer office of one of the greatest city editors for three of these years; studying every "first night," every picturesque slum, every visiting or indigenous notoriety at close range—to catalogue a life like this, add that it was the life of a handsome, well-dressed, high-spirited girl, and pretend that it was an existence unqualified by male adjectives, would be the merest absurdity.

I hear that from the tiniest, most impudent printer's devil up to the Dean of College Presidents, who became so interested in her during his famous interview of **"After democracy—what?"** that his wife asked her to luncheon and she spent the day with them, every man she encountered "swore by her," as they say. In a novel, the editor-in-chief would have married her and Eleanor would have been delighted; but in a novel the editors-in-chief are handsome, athletic young bachelors (which rarely occurs, as a matter of fact) or magnificent widowers whose first marriages were tragic mistakes, so the emotional field is really clear.

Now Molly's editor-in-chief was, so far as is known, quite happy with his wife, and his four daughters were not so much younger than Molly herself. It is true, the art editor of the Sunday edition was supposed to be pretty far gone, but he was married, too, and even his stenographer, who was furiously jealous, admitted that Molly never gave him the slightest encouragement. Such reporters as were free to do so are generally credited with proposals in strict order of income (there had to be some working system) but nothing but continued good feeling ever came of it.

THE French portrait painter who spent three days at the Metropolitan Art Museum with her out of the ten he vouchsafed America, declared openly that she was perfectly cold, a charming, clever boy in temperament—"absolutely insulated." And perhaps she was. She always said that she knew too many men to take them too seriously. And yet when Kathryn remarked once that it was encouraging to observe how women were gradually growing independent of men, Molly laughed consumedly. So there, as the great Anglo-American novelist says, you are!

Living, as she did, alone, utterly unrestricted in her goings, uncensored except by her own common sense, one readily imagines that there may have been scenes . . . how could they have been avoided, mankind being as it is? But if her house was of glass, it was by its very nature transparent, and I do not see how anyone who didn't deserve it could have kept the consistent respect of the entire force of **The Day**.

On her twenty-eighth birthday she came home from a very gay supper at a very gay restaurant with a hard pain at the back of her neck and a deep wrinkle from it between her eyebrows. They had been harder of late, these headaches, and lasted longer, and this one not only failed to yield to the practised massage of her kindly housemaid, but baffled the doctor and left her, finally, a pallid, shaken creature, who saw written on every wall in the little apartment, as she dragged herself about it, **I must not take any coal-tar preparation because my heart simply won't stand it!**

A vacation seemed a simple remedy, and she started out, bent on one, with the kindest orders to make it long, accompanied by large credit; but the promised renewal of vitality did not come, and the taste seemed gone from everything. The quaint and tiny little fishing hamlet she had fixed upon as a good place for gathering "material" by the way, proved all and more than she had been led to hope for, and when the greatest north-easter that had blown for fifty years bruised and tore the rugged little coast, she "wrote it up" as a matter of course—as a bird-dog points or a carrier pigeon wheels for home. And then Molly Dickett received what was literally her first set-back in ten years; the city editor sent her copy back to her!

"You're too tired, my dear girl," he wrote. "Why not wait a bit? Or pad this out and point it up a little in the middle and send it to one of the magazines. Peterson covered it for us, anyway, at Kennebunkport. The cubs send you an officeful of affection, and we are all yours truly."

BUT the "cubs" never hung over her desk again, for Molly never returned to it.

"You see," as she explained to them, gently, "I lost my nerve—that's all. If I hadn't sent the stuff it would have been all right, later, I suppose. But I did send it, and I thought it was O.K., and if it was as rotten as you said, why, how could I ever tell, again? Anyway, I'm tired."

They protested, but the city editor shook his head.

"Let her alone," he said, shortly, "it's straight enough. I've seen it happen before. She's gone too far without a check; I don't believe women can stand it. Let her alone."

And when the most talented of the "cubs" went next to interview Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes as to her recently dramatized novel, he was referred to her secretary—and it was Molly.

"For heaven's sake!" he said, angrily, "are you insane? Wasn't it true that Slater offered——"

"Oh, yes," said Molly, negligently, "but I'm tired of offices."

"I suppose you get time for writing your own stuff—on the side?" he suggested, awkwardly, but Molly shook her head.

"Writing seems bad for the back of the neck," she said, with a gray flash out of the tail of her eye for the cub.

"We're getting ready for the sanatarium this morning—sun baths and Swedish Movement Cure and grape diet. Of course you won't mention it," she said. "She can't possibly see you—I do all the interviews now—but if you come around to-morrow, after I get the house closed, I'll give you a good one."

A solemn butler entered.

"If you would be so kind as to cast your eye over the table for the ladies' luncheon, Miss Dickett?" he said, weightily. "There's two orchids short and no time for getting more. And the salt got into the mousse, I'm told by the cook—she wished to know if you could suggest anything. And one of the ladies has been detained and cannot come—by telephone message. Will you take her place, Miss Dickett?"

"Yes," said Molly. "Tell Mrs. Carter not to worry about the orchids, Halsey, I'll arrange something. I must go and dress, now—come to-morrow," she added, hastily.

THE CRYSTAL

By

Josephine Daskam Bacon

FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"By George!" the cub gasped, and left, to electrify the office later.

"It's a darned shame!" he ended, and the other cubs nodded sagely over their pipes.

"With her talent, too!" they said . . .

You will have understood, of course, why Eleanor dropped Molly after the unfortunate Greek dancer, but you may be surprised to learn of Kathryn's attitude when she learned of the secretaryship. It wasn't dignified, she said, and she was greatly disappointed in Molly.

Kathryn was Dean of Women, now, in a coeducational college in the Middle West, and was spoken of as Dean Dickett in the college journal. Of all her children, Mrs. Dickett was proudest of Kathryn, because Molly frightened her and Eleanor patronized her. Eleanor was getting up in the world a little too fast for her mother, nowadays, and knew people Mrs. Dickett would never have dreamed of meeting in the old days—people that she had grown used to the idea of never meeting even now that Mr. Dickett was in the firm. Eleanor's little girl went to school with all the little girls on the Hill and was asked to attend their parties. Her name was Penelope, after George's mother, who had never expected it (the name being so old-fashioned) and was correspondingly delighted and had given her much jewelry already.

Eleanor, in so far as she mentioned Molly at all, had expressed her opinion that to live with Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes was the most respectable thing Molly had yet done, and added that there were exceptional opportunities in more ways than one for the woman who held that position; would perhaps even have called on her there, but Molly never asked her to. Kathryn, to her parents' surprise, developed a stodgy but unblinking antagonism to her sister for what she called Molly's lowering of her sense of what was due to herself, and said coldly that she had no doubt her sister's life was easier now, but that it was un-American.

Un-American it may have been, but easier it assuredly was not. Unlike the factory girls and clerks for whose benefit Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes gave readings from her unpublished works, Molly's hours were not limited, and her responsibility grew as her executive ability became increasingly manifest. The thousands of women to whom the celebrity's manifold occupations, publicities, hospitalities and charities were an endless wonder and discussion might have marveled less had they been able to follow Molly's crowded days and nights and peep through the littered desk and scribbled calendar of her study.

To amusement and interest succeeded fatigue and interest, and to these, fatigue alone. Each hurried, various day became a space of time to be got through, merely, and Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes's heavy sigh as she curled into her wicker-inlaid Circassian-walnut bed was no more heartfelt than her secretary's. If Molly had ever envied Mrs. Julia, she had long ceased to; and indeed on that final afternoon when she laid her dark, braided head on her arms and cried on her desk, she felt as sorry for the authoress as for herself.

MR. JULIA CARTER SYKES (as many of his friends called him) sat opposite her, biting his nails. He was well dressed, fond of auction-bridge, and travelled abroad in the interests of some vaguely comprehended firm.

"This will just about kill the madam," he said, despondently.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sykes, but I really must—I must," Molly gulped.

"It isn't money, is it?" he asked, "because though I'm not a popular authoress or anything like that, I could——"

"Oh, goodness, no!" said Molly. "It's not money at all. Only I must get away."

"We've never got on so well with any of the others," he went on, jerkily, "and she's certainly awfully fond of you—the madam is. She's taken you everywhere, I know, and all the dinners, and the car wherever you——"

"Mrs. Sykes has been very kind," Molly broke in, dully, "but—oh, it's no use, Mr. Sykes. It's got to be done, and putting it off only makes her worse. So I'm going to-morrow. She'll feel better about it later."

"I hope so, I'm sure," Mr. Sykes responded, doubtfully. "She was pretty bad when I left her. That brain of hers, you know—it's a great strain, they tell me. Hard on us all, in a way."

Molly always smiled and sighed when she remembered him and the hunched shoulders that leaned drearily over the tonneau.

"Where'll I tell him?" he asked, and she drew tighter the tight line between her brows, sighed, tried to speak, and found her mind quite utterly a blank.

"Where'll I tell him?" Mr. Sykes repeated, looking curiously at her.

To save her life Molly could not have remembered where she had arranged to go! A real horror caught her. Was this the beginning of all the dreadful symptoms that few of Julia Carter Sykes's admirers suspected in their idol? She must say something, and there flashed suddenly into her mind otherwise blank of any image or phrase, an odd occurrence of the afternoon before, an occurrence she had been too tired to try even to explain.

"Drive to the docks!" she cried, sharply, and the chauffeur touched his visor, and her life poised for twenty minutes on its watershed, although she did not know it.

In the motor it came back to her, that twilight not eighteen hours back, when in clearing out her desk ("the last desk I shall ever clear, I swear!") she had happened on the little transparent glass ball, a paper-weight, she supposed, and fingered it idly, void of thought or feeling, after the last emotional storm with her celebrity.

AS she looked into it, staring, her tired mind seemed to sink and sink and submerge in the little clear white sphere till it drowned utterly, and only a rigid body, its eyes turned into its lap, sat in the still, dim room.

Presently, after what might have been hours or seconds, she seemed to gather into herself again, but could not wrench her eyes from the crystal ball,

(Continued on page 23.)

THE AUTO SCHOOL

By Estelle M. Kerr

HERE I am at school again and duly registered! The boyish instructor—ever so much younger than I—handed me a form to fill in: My age—it was humiliating to tell it in school—and other less personal questions. There were also spaces for the names of people who would testify to my sobriety and good conduct, but the gallant teacher declared it unnecessary, so I paid my fees and took my seat in one of the benches in front of the blackboard. I was less conscious of my age when I saw my fellow-students. There are only three of us—the Colonel, the Village Blacksmith, and I. The Colonel is wearing mufti just now, but his military air proclaims his rank. He is eager to learn, and to learn quickly, for he may be speedily called to the front again, but in spite of his jaunty appearance there is something about him that betrays his age, and the young instructor who, I fancy, considers me very stupid, has even slimmer hopes of making an intelligent chauffeur of the Colonel, but what knowledge he gains may prove useful at the front.

The Village Blacksmith plainly intends to use his knowledge to gain his daily bread—with more butter than he was accustomed to spread while practising his previous profession—and I?—I paused when I read the words on the entry form:

"What is your purpose in taking this course?" and then I wrote: "To repair my own car."

The Colonel confesses to having ridden for four years in an eight-cylinder Packard, but, lacking the curiosity of youth, he never examined the engine. The Blacksmith has, doubtless, mutilated many a fine car in his native garageless village, but he has an intimate acquaintance with axles and hubs; he has strong fingers that can turn the stiffest bolt with the poorest sort of wrench, and a nature that would not make him shudder from plunging his fingers in a mass of black grease. His notes are not so neat as the Colonel's, his drawings not so accurate as mine, but I think in the end he will probably become the best chauffeur of the three.

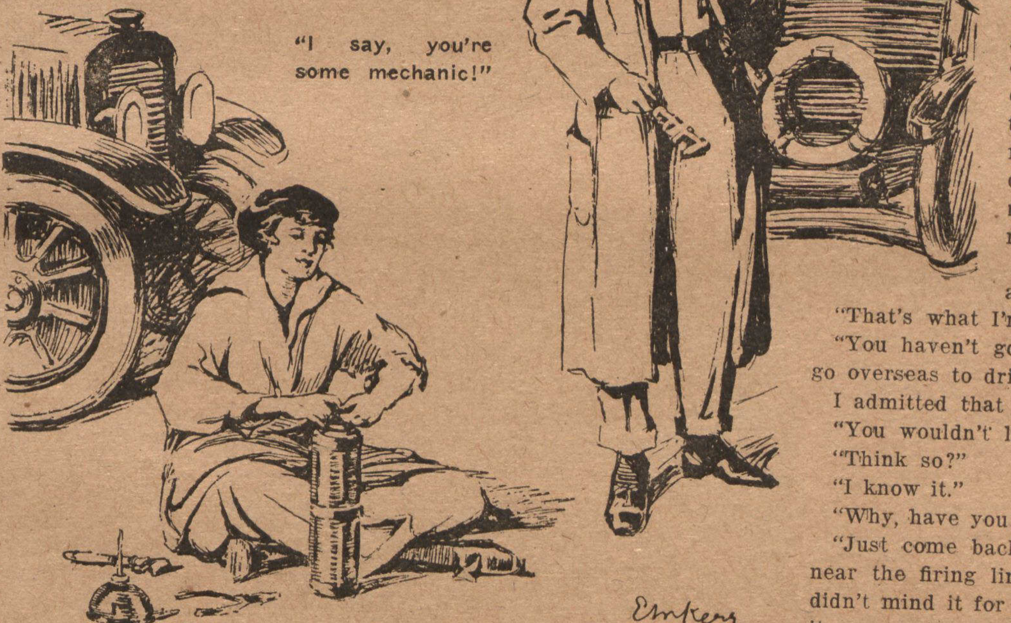
AS a driver I have the advantage of the others, having dashed about the city for the last four months in my own little Ford, maiming neither man nor motor, and, with the exception of a few friendly knocks on gate posts which have left their marks on the fenders, both I and my little Ford have escaped unscathed. Only once have I had to appear in the police court, on which occasion I was found guilty of having ignored the signal of a traffic policeman, but the case was dismissed without a fine.

A motor—any kind of a motor—is a dream of luxury to some people. To others a five-year-old Ford roadster seems pitifully economical. I used to belong to the former class and now I incline towards the latter's viewpoint. It was a luxury for which I was willing to renounce summer holidays and new clothes. It was a great bargain. The salesman tempted me and I bought. It was with a somewhat guilty conscience, I admit, for the week before I had listened to an eloquent appeal for economy by a prominent millionaire, but he said this wasn't the time to buy "new" motors and, remembering his own luxurious limousines, I felt that mine was not such a flagrant extravagance. From someone else the appeal might have dissuaded me, and I am glad he wasn't someone else, for, with increasing skill in driving, came the renewal of an old hope—a hope shared by so many girls in the winter of 1914—that I could go overseas. With hosts of others I took a First Aid and Home Nursing course—so many others that it was a foregone conclusion I could never be accepted. Besides, I have no aptitude for nursing. But—do you see the drift of my desires? Nursing is not the only occupation for women at the front.

When I first acquired a car I was satisfied to drive it myself. I could always run it into a convenient garage when anything went wrong, but that won't do for chauffeurs at the front, they must thoroughly understand every detail, so here I am dissecting "Henry's" internal organs. Now that I know my little Ford so well, I naturally call him by his first name, and he has responded to my maternal care by running fifty per cent. better than he ever did before. I have grown quite fond of him, yet if my best dreams come true, Henry must be sold. Henry and my war bonds and everything else I have must go. That is why I am at school again with the elderly Colonel and the stalwart blacksmith.

THE Colonel dresses immaculately in tweeds. When he arrives he carries a cane and wears a smart panama, the Blacksmith wears a soiled blue shirt with grey trousers and I—well, that depends upon whether I have been spending the morning under my car or not. Once I had planned to go out for tea afterwards—witness the axle grease on my best skirt! But in our diverse costumes we sit like docile children before the fresh-faced youth in the striped pink negligee shirt, who has such consummate knowledge of things mechanical and to whom the most intricate gears are as simple as A. B. C.

Yesterday a heavy rain-storm came on just before our class was over. Lightning flashed, thunder roared and rain fell in torrents. The Blacksmith put on his old gray coat, turned up his collar and walked down the street as unconcernedly as though the sun were shining brightly. The Colonel telephoned at intervals for a taxi, but owing to the lightning, the telephone operators would not answer. I waited till the worst of the rain was over, then went to where my poor drenched Ford stood on the side street. There was a pool of water around each spark plug and the engine refused to start. The rain began to fall with renewed vigor and I decided to get under cover and wait till some muscular passer-by would offer to crank him for me, and then I remembered—a woman who wanted to go to France, who was prepared to take the responsibility of convoying precious cargoes, to mind a little rain! So I persisted, and by the time the sun came out again, Henry was running as merrily as ever. And streams of water were trickling dolefully down my spine.



"I say, you're some mechanic!"

MY new occupation is so engrossing that I seldom see my old friends. Dust settles on my office desk and paint hardens on my palette, but I am not lonely. Oh, dear, no! I have a large, new circle of acquaintances—besides the Colonel and the Instructor and the Village Blacksmith, the rest are all full-fledged mechanics. When I first obtained permission to use the work-shop of a large automobile station, I was regarded with suspicion by the other mechanics. They did not like the idea of having a lady working near them, but now they are so used to seeing me in my old blue overalls, with black hands and a dirty smudge across my face, they have quite forgotten that I am a lady. I am just a mechanic like themselves. At first I think they thought I was playing at it, until one day I undertook to remove the pistons from the engine. To do this I had to lie on my back beneath the car and take out 37 screws while black oil dripped up my sleeves and on my face. The floor was of cement, cold and damp and dirty. I can't say that I enjoyed the process very much, but I did it, though it took me six hours! At the end of that time one of the mechanics stopped to watch me.

"Ever take out a piston?" I said.

"Yes, often, but not that way."

I was crestfallen to think that I had been doing something wrong again.

"How do you do it?" I asked, humbly.

"Oh, we have a pit to work in when we get under a car, and a little stool to sit on. You don't mean to say you did it all on your back? Gee! Not even a board on wheels to pull yourself around. Not even a rug or a bit of carpet! Well, say, you're a reg'lar brick!"

I blushed with pleasure at the compliment, and since then my brother mechanics are no longer haughty. They sing hymns or tell stories just as if I were not there, and are always ready to lend a hand whenever I am in trouble—and that happens quite often.

I WAS sitting cross-legged on the floor trying to put together a sooty muffler I had cleaned, when a strange chauffeur came into the garage and began to work on the car next mine. He looked at me dubiously a few times, suspecting that I might have the reserved manners of a lady in spite of my dirty smock, but seeing me hammering away unconcernedly, he remarked:

"Say, you're some mechanic, aren't you?"

"That's what I'm trying to be," I said.

"You haven't got a fool notion about wanting to go overseas to drive a motor, have you?"

I admitted that I had.

"You wouldn't like it."

"Think so?"

"I know it."

"Why, have you done it?"

"Just come back. Of course they don't let girls near the firing line, so it wouldn't be too bad! I didn't mind it for the first six weeks, but after that it was pretty fierce—but then I was right near the front lines all the time! Of course you wouldn't see anything of that, and it would be a great experience for you—lots of ladies are doing it now! But Canada looks good to me. I wouldn't leave it if I were you!"

My enthusiasm has not been dampened by the returned chauffeur, but it has been nearly extinguished by the passport authorities. It is a simple matter for a trained woman to obtain a position overseas. It is quite another matter for her to get permission to cross the ocean at her own expense. But if the demand for drivers becomes more urgent—and I think it will—the passport laws will have to be altered, and then I shall be prepared to serve. In the meantime, perhaps there is some war work here that "Henry" and I can do.

But I must not waste valuable time that should be spent in studying the intricacies of valve-timing. What if a load of supplies destined for a hospital is delayed because I cannot perform this operation? My chauffeur-friend tells me that I shall not be required to do anything so intricate. Besides, it is almost certain that I shall never go.

EDITORIAL

Ephraim and His Idols.

EPHRAIM is joined to his idols, let him alone. New York prefers Tammany. Canadians who visit New York so regularly don't, as a rule, care for the politics of New York civic elections. It makes no difference to our pockets that Graft takes the middle of the road and both sidewalks down to Manhattan. Graft is not a product of Tammany, anyhow. Neither did real Democratism produce Tammany. The thing that has menaced New York for the last half century merely made the biggest city in America a hand-out to grafters for the sake of boosting the sewer-gang element in the party. President Wilson was given the nomination at Baltimore in spite of Tammany. He knows that Mayor Mitchel is as real an American as he is himself, and that his return to the City Hall on Manhattan might have meant a new Presidential figure in the Republican party. We doubt very much if party politics had much to do with dragging Hylan from obscurity to eminence. What really happened was that enough political votes were cast for Bennett, the straight Republican, to split Mitchel's vote. But the sum total of Mitchel's and Bennett's votes did not equal Hylan's, who split again with Hillquit, the Socialist. It was the combination of mongrel socialism, machine politics and Tammany in three men that proved too much for real Americanism as embodied in the most progressive, able and conscientious Mayor the Babylon of America has ever had—in our time at least. We suspect that the average New Yorker as represented by a civic election, does not answer to the description given by a recent magazine writer who alleged that it is the 200,000 daily and nightly tourists who want the Biggest Show on earth to be wide open till three a.m. while the citizen is snoring at home. All very well. The citizens don't spend the money that keeps up the show. America does that. But the citizens are in a fair way to spend some tax money for a while now to maintain Hylan and his group—we can't call them a gang till we find out—at the City Hall. New York, it seems, must be a Babylon. Broadway prefers to be the gangway of prodigal sons who never go home to their fathers. The clean-up, straight-American idea looks well in illustrated magazines. At 2 a.m., even in wartime, Broadway and its wooden sidewalks, will continue to be a Midway of debauch. The bulk of modern New York was built on the Babylonian plan. And it takes more organized force than straight Americanism in the person of one man to make it anything else.

* *

Is Spug Superfluous Here?

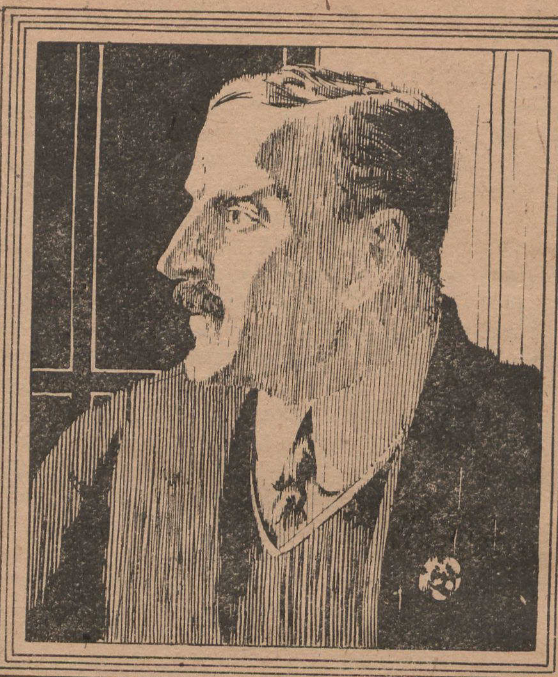
SPUG has been resurrected somewhere in the vicinity of New York. Spug was born a few years ago when Santa Claus began to be a timid sideshow to papa and mamma and all the rest; when even a four-year-old gasped with incredulity at the idea that even if the old man were built like a rubber doll he couldn't have got a wagonload of presents down that chimney. And of course when all these prosperous and experienced grown-ups got each a tree-load of gifts, the whole idea of Santa Claus as the exclusive monopoly of children was given away. Swapping presents became the substitute for the wise giving of the old saint who never gave a hint of how much anything cost and never bankrupted anybody to make a fat Christmas. Hence the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, which did a little good a few years ago, and then Spug retired with Santa Claus to the wings, while family, friend and relations took the centre. War prosperity swept Spug off the stage altogether. Now, with the beginning of war over there, he is coming back. We don't imagine he will be much needed over here. If there is any Canadian on earth who doesn't realize that it would be a crime to make anybody a superfluous present this year, that Canadian should apply for membership in Spug right away. Heaven forbid that we should ever again recognize the Spirit of Christmas in the form of DEBAUCH.

* *

That Passeth All Understanding.

TWO years ago now Henry Ford's peace ship was on its way to Europe. The Ford idea of peace was scoffed at in 1915, and there may have been a reason. But in 1917, after two years more of war, responsible opinion in various parts of the world is concentrating itself more and more on peace—and peace, when victory is achieved, as soon as possible. There never has been so much peace talk as of late. There never was such a desire for peace. And peace never was so difficult. What most of us are trying to do is to square two apparently irreconcilable notions. We want to quit war; and we want to finish the job to which we put our hand when we went to war. We want slaughter to stop and at the same time we want to bolster up all the phrases about drawing and sheathing the sword. In the first place, there was too much high talk about the sword. When the whole world goes to war getting the sword back into its scabbard is not so easy. If the firehall burns down, fire-fighting is under a handicap. Warring nations can't, as a rule, make peace. Neutrals only can do that. But the neutrals, though numerous, are negligible now, unless they could be combined into one Desire for Peace. We may as well conclude, also, that this war will not bring the millennium. It will not obliterate Germany as a nation, neither as a war state. Those people were conceived and born in a state of war. And after this war is over it will be the biggest united task the world ever had to keep Germany from breaking the international laws that are supposed to prevent wars. Germany still believes that the club is a moral instrument. And it will take much more than any peace likely to be outlined in 1917 to make her think anything else.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG



HENRY MARKHAM, head of Markhams Ltd., Iron and Steel and Wholesale Hardware, believed in the Darwinian law that the fittest survive, and that weaklings are meant to be obliterated for the good of the race. Business to him was a sort of jungle. He himself was one of its successful beasts. Martin Hoag to him was one of the weaklings who should not be encouraged by sentiment. What Hoag needed was a good bucking up from the system practised by Henry Markham.

Markham was haunted by the belief that he was a business creator. He always wanted the newspapermen to understand that he was not one of the second-ups who jump on the band-wagon of opportunity to arrive with a select crowd, but that he was one of the rare few who make opportunities for other people. He was obsessed by the principle—quite a few men seem to have it—that he could so project his own remarkable personality into his business that the business would expand and annex or evolve something else as naturally as a magnet picks up iron filings. He began where his father left off. His father, not born in Canada, started the importing hardware business as Markham and Co. before he handed the management over to his son and went where all good Markhams are supposed to go, he had begun to manufacture hardware. It was this factory which Henry M. regarded as his father's sole contribution—outside of himself, Henry—to the betterment of the world. But Henry M. could have personalized a string of factories and he had built a few since his father quit; but that was too obvious—and easy. Buying his raw materials, adding to it power and labor and management and turning out the goods into box cars at a steady and competitive profit was a good enough business, but only the prime business of a second-rater. Canada had hundreds of men in that class, and just as many or more of the kind that play stocks and margins. Henry Markham considered himself neither a mere manufacturer nor a mere financier. He was bigger than both. He was a business creator. The Markham personality required—raw materials at their source, railways, steamship lines, water-powers, smelters, factories, markets—and as much juggling with finance as he could profitably work, along with a certain amount of energy and money spent on social affairs, operas, charities and pictures. All the big fellows he knew seemed to dabble in these things. Very few could co-ordinate to create wealth.

Consequently one Martin Hoag to Henry Markham was about as significant as one hair on a dog. Hairs always come out. The dog gets more. He had inherited Hoag from his father. But Hoag belonged to the counting-house stage of the business. His mind was bounded north, south, east and west by ledgers, day-books and cost sheets. Hoags could be made. Markhams were born. There the matter would end some-day. He would never kick Hoag out. The new Markhams Ltd., with all its co-ordinated creations would just squeeze him out like a seed from a lemon. Meanwhile Markham had Hoag; and that was where his troubles began.

(Continued on page 18.)

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

Are You Interested In:

Why You Dislike Some Foods

◆

How to Feed a Furnace

◆

John Bull and the Arabs

◆

Where the Pope Fell Down

◆

The Schwarzkopf Flim-flam

◆

Champ Clark on Himself

◆

Why are Actors Incompetent ?

◆

Then you will have an hour's easy reading from seven magazines

◆

—Food Foibles

AFTER the dread of work, the commonest dread is the fear of eating things that will disagree with them, which so many people cherish, says Dr. James J. Walsh, the well-known psychologist in the American Magazine. "There are literally millions of people in this little world who are quite sure that they cannot take certain articles of food. When these articles of food are unusual, not very nutritious at best and rather complex in their composition, no one cares whether people fear them or not. Anyone that wants to may stop eating caviare, or lobster, or the complex cheeses, or elaborately prepared desserts. When the dread refers to some simple, ordinary article of diet, then it is quite another matter. There are a whole lot of people who are quite sure that milk disagrees with them. There are a whole lot more people who are quite sure that eggs make them 'bilious,' or something. Then there are those who are certain that oatmeal eaten in the summer time is heating, and that potatoes are indigestible, and that rice may be all right for Chinamen, but not for them, and that beans are productive of intestinal indigestion, and corn a source of digestive discomfort, except to hard outdoor workers, and so on through the list of our most wholesome food products. Most of these persuasions are entirely without any foundation in the physical order. They are merely mental convictions, founded sometimes on a tradition of some kind or other, picked up somewhere, often the possessor knows not where, or consequent upon some passing, quite irrelevant, disturbance of digestion, when one of the articles in question had been eaten not long before. Very often a careful analysis of the history shows that probably some ingredient of the food was not quite as fresh as it should be, and then some one of the simple articles of diet was picked upon as the cause of the resultant trouble. Often in young women an aversion to milk is founded on nothing more than having heard Mother or somebody say when they were young that milk did not agree with them.

—Oh, You Coal Bin !

HOW can we make the furnace heat the house on less coal, and hence, at less cost? asks George H. Cushing, who is the editor of "The Black Diamond,"—a coal paper printed in Chicago. How can we hobble along with a cheaper coal which we can get, in place of a more costly coal we can't get?

I have burned every size and most kinds of coal offered. Even so, I do not promise to tell you in detail how to manage your furnace. That would be as difficult as to tell you how to manage your wife. Still, I can give you a few commonsense pointers which no doubt will help.

The one big fact to remember is the vast difference between the factory and the house furnace. In any steam-making plant the coal must burn fast. In the house furnace the coal should always burn steadily and slowly. The factory furnace demands a coal which will yield its heat quickly. The house furnace demands a coal which delivers its heat slowly. That is why factories are coming to burn the finely divided particles of bituminous coal. That, also, is why house furnaces are built to burn anthracite in large pieces. The former coal delivers its heat quickly. The latter delivers its heat slowly.

A house furnace works best when a lot of coal is burning slowly in it.

Here is another big point: Moist or humid air heated to sixty-five degrees is as comfortable as dry air heated to seventy-five or seventy-eight. Instead, therefore, of burning enough coal to heat dry air to seventy-five, you get the same result by burning the coal more slowly, and humidifying the air. You can do this by putting a spray in the radiator of a steam- or vapor-heat plant, by putting pans of water on the backs of radiators of hot-water plants, or by having a pan of water in the drum of a hot-air plant. Always evaporate the water at the point where the heat enters the room; the moisture then circulates.

About the use of coal of different sizes and grades: I use the size of coal indicated by the draft. The draft in house chimneys differs. If I am fortunate enough to have a very strong draft, which is uncommon, I slow it down by using, say, a range size of anthracite, and fill the chinks between the pieces with either chestnut or pea coal. The latter I use only when the draft is quite strong. If the draft is fair only, I use range alone. If it is quite weak, I use egg coal alone.

To get the most out of the heat in coal, the house air should be changed once an hour. Arrangements for such a change should have been made when the house was built. But if that was overlooked when the house was built, you can get the change of air in several ways. My favorite plan is to have a child around the house. By constantly running in and out, it is a perfect air regulator.

FROM the merry twinkle in his glasses and the benevolent expression of the mouth you at once conclude that this must be another of those gentle German chancellors. Count Von Hertling, ex-Premier of Bavaria, college professor, rigid Catholic, and owner of the Munich Staats-Zeitung, has been mannikined up by the Kaiser. First non-Prussian to be Chancellor, six months ago he came out in his paper with an immediate-peace, no-indemnities programme; believes in tacking Alsace on to South Germany and Lorraine to Prussia. He wants peace. But he is absolutely opposed to Parliaments and believes in the Divine Right of Hohenzollerns. Otherwise he seems to be a harmless old man who wouldn't let a Boche kill a baby unless the baby cried too hard for its mother. There is a lot of compulsory education coming to college professors of the type of Von Hertling. For the present he polishes the Kaiser's boots and tries to keep Wilhelm in league with the Pope. One hope of his redemption is that he is more under the influence of common-sense commercialists like Herr Ballin than he is of war-wolves like Hindenburg.

—Adopting Arabs Now

THE advance of a British army from Egypt into Palestine may be termed a new crusade for the liberation of Jerusalem, says Howard C. Felton, in writing of the future of Palestine, in Munsey's Magazine. It appears that there is a definite agreement between the British Government and the leaders of Jewish thought as to the future of the ancient land of the Hebrews.

The project for a rehabilitated Palestine, as it is now taking form, does not contemplate a strictly Jewish state. Rather, it looks to the establishment of Palestine as a British dependency, in which the Arabs, the Jews, and the Christians will live together on equal terms, and in which the secular power will be kept supreme.

Not even the most enthusiastic of Zionists has in mind the establishment of a state in which the church would dominate. In matters of religion, modern Jews are among the most tolerant of peoples, and little fear is entertained that they would attempt to impose their faith upon their immediate neighbors.

Then, again, the Arabs, always more or less rebellious against Turkish rule, have now, in a great part of their territory, broken away from it entirely: and their future is certain to be profoundly affected by the solution of the Palestine problem. The Jews and the Arabs are the children of Abraham; they are kindred branches of the Semitic race. Their languages are as much alike as any two Romance languages. An autonomous government in Palestine, animated by Occidental ideals, and at the same time inspired by the Jewish capacity for understanding and dealing with the Arabs, might be the beginning of a modernized Arabic state which would make this fine old race an asset to the world.

Arabia's contributions to the world's culture, represented by the invention of the Arabic system of notation and numeration, the development of the alphabet, the development of the rudiments of astronomy, the positive genius of the race for mathematics, and its achievements in art and literature—these things mark the Arab as a superior type, although he has not had the privilege of giving his greatest service to the world.

In the belief not only of European leaders, but of Jews in many lands and of the ablest men among the Arabs, the time is at hand when all these conditions are to be changed. It is becoming more and more apparent that one of the things on which British statesmen will insist, when a peace comes to be drafted, will be British suzerainty over this new Jewish-Arabic area.

—Too Late, Benedict

NOW that the Pope has been courteously asked by the Italian Government to stop talking about peace when the enemy is on Italian soil, it is interesting to note what the Contemporary Review for October has to say about what is the matter with the Vatican. The writer wants to know why the Pope has tried so often and failed so well in all his attempts to get peace across to the warring nations. Have our war passions, says the writer, been so aroused that the sound of the guns is everywhere stifling the still small voice of Christian charity? Or has the moral influence of the Papacy fallen so low that in this supreme crisis we are unwilling to listen to a pressing appeal? And if—as we may assume—each or any of those reasons are insufficient to explain the facts, what are the other secret reasons which may explain, even if they do not justify, the severe criticisms which have been passed on the Papal intervention?

The first impression of many outsiders is that the Papal intervention has come too late, and that his persistent and cautious silence from the outset of the war is bound to deprive his present utterances of the necessary moral authority. The time to speak was not in August, 1917. It was in August, 1914. The time to speak was when a ruthless conqueror invaded two peaceful and flourishing little States: the Catholic Kingdom of Belgium and the Catholic Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg. The time to speak was when a brutal soldiery massacred hundreds of Catholic priests and burned hundreds of defenceless cities. The time to speak was when the same conqueror deported whole populations and tore away thousands of husbands from their wives and thousands of children from their parents, and when one bold protest from Benedict XV. might have strengthened the hands of Cardinal Mercier in his heroic resistance to the tyranny of von Bissing. The time to speak was when Count Bobrinski persecuted the Catholics of Galicia and imprisoned the venerable Archbishop of Lemberg. No one then would have questioned the Pope's right to intervene. The whole world, indeed, was anxiously turning to Rome for the one word which might have stopped the crimes and overawed the criminals. No one would have misconstrued the motives of Benedict XV. if he had recalled the victors to counsels of moderation and humanity. Nor did we expect the Pope to pronounce on the rights and wrongs of the war, even though those rights seemed absolutely clear to the conscience of the civilized world. But every Christian of every denomination expected him to pronounce on specific deeds and specific methods which no casuistry could explain away and which were simply a revival of the methods of Sargon and Nebuchadnezzar. No special pleading can convince us that the Pope did not betray his solemn and sacred trust. If any doubt subsisted on the duty which devolved on His Holiness, it would be dispelled by his own declaration to the Consistory of January 22nd, 1915. "As for proclaiming that it is permissible to anybody for whatsoever motive to act contrary to justice, it is no doubt the highest duty which devolves on the Supreme Pontiff constituted by God as the supreme interpreter and as the avenger of eternal law." It is precisely because Benedict XV. has not been the "supreme interpreter and avenger of eternal law" that by his own admission he stands condemned.

—Schwarzkopf Flim-Flam

WHEN Henry Van Dyke—ex-United States Minister to Holland—went back to The Hague from Washington, a year ago last March, he found Holland aflame with helpless rage over the sinking of the S. S. Tubantia by an unseen submarine. The German government had denied all knowledge of the affair when the Dutch people demanded an explanation. Later one of the Tubantia's small boats drifted ashore with a piece of a **Schwarskopf** torpedo sticking in her ribs. Here was an identification mark pointing the crime back to Berlin—the Schwarskopf torpedo is manufactured and used only by Germany. A more urgent demand for explanation, apology, and reparation was sent by Holland to the Potsdam gang.

"The German Authorities coolly replied," says Mr. Van Dyke, in Scribner's Magazine, "with the astounding statement that there had been two or three **Schwarzkopf** torpedoes in naval museums in England, and that this particular specimen had probably been given to a British submarine and used by her to destroy the good ship Tubantia.

"Again Holland would have been left helpless, choking with indignation, but for a second accident. Another of the lost steamship's boats was found, and in it there was another fragment of the torpedo. **This fragment bore the secret mark of the German navy, telling just when the torpedo was made and to which of the U-boats it had been issued.**

"With this bit of damning evidence in his bag a Dutch naval expert was sent to Berlin to get to the bottom of the crime and to demand justice. He got there, but he found no justice in that shop.

"The German navy is very systematic, keeps accurate books, makes no accidental mistake. The pedigree and record of the **Schwarzkopf** were found. It was issued to a certain U-boat on a certain date. Undoubtedly it was the missile which unfortunately sank the Tubantia. All this was admitted and deeply regretted. But Germany was free from all responsibility for the sad occurrence. The following amazing reason was given by the Imperial German Government.

"This certain U-boat had fired this certain torpedo at a British war-vessel somewhere in the North Sea ten days before the Tubantia was sunk. The shot missed its mark. But the naughty, undisciplined little torpedo went cruising around in the sea on its own hook for ten days waiting for a chance to kill somebody. Then the Tubantia came along, and the wandering-Willy torpedo promptly, stupidly, ran into the ship and sank her. This was the explanation. Germany was not to blame. But if further explanations and some kind of reparation were demanded, the matter could be brought up after the war and settled before a German court.

"This stupendous fairy-tale Holland was expected to believe and to accept as the end of the affair. She did not believe it. She had to accept it. What else could she do? Fight? She did not want to share Belgium's dreadful fate."

—Champ on Clark

WHEN conning over what the Smiths, Jones and Browns have done for the world, did you ever give a thought to the Clarks? If not, you will be particularly interested in reading part of what the most distinguished Clark in America—Champ no less—has to say about himself in the November issue of Hearst's Magazine.

My parents, says the Speaker of the House of Representatives, named me James Beauchamp Clark. Clark is the seventh most widely diffused surname in America. It is a corruption of the old Latin word clericus, which means "a scholar."

J. B. is one of the most common combinations in Christian names—John B., James B., Julian B., Joseph B., and so forth. On the average there is perhaps one J. B. Clark at every post-office in America. As long as I was a boy that fact did not bother me, but when I became old enough to receive letters I was always getting mixed up with somebody else. Finally, when I was twenty-four years old, I went to visit my uncle, a lawyer, at Bowling Green, Kentucky. I ordered my mail forwarded to me there. There was a man of the name of James B. Clark living in that city. He was unusually dense. He not only opened my letters, which was reasonable, but he sent them all back to the places from which they came, which was not only unreasonable but annoying; so I made up my mind that I would not keep a name which was owned by so many other people. I first lopped off the James, but that left me with a name which nobody but a Frenchman could pronounce correctly and Americans pronounced it in a half-dozen different ways, all wrong. I would have liked very much to retain it, as it was my mother's name. It means "fair field" and is a beautiful name, but it could not be pronounced in this country correctly. By the way, "Campbell" is the same name as Beauchamp. "Camp" and "champ" mean the same thing, being the old Latin word campus, and "belle" is the feminine of "beau." I cut Beauchamp in two in the middle and retained the last half. Governor Hoadley of Ohio, one of my old law-professors, used to say that a man had as much right to cut off part of his Christian name as to trim off part of his hair. I state this small event correctly because it has been stated so often incorrectly.

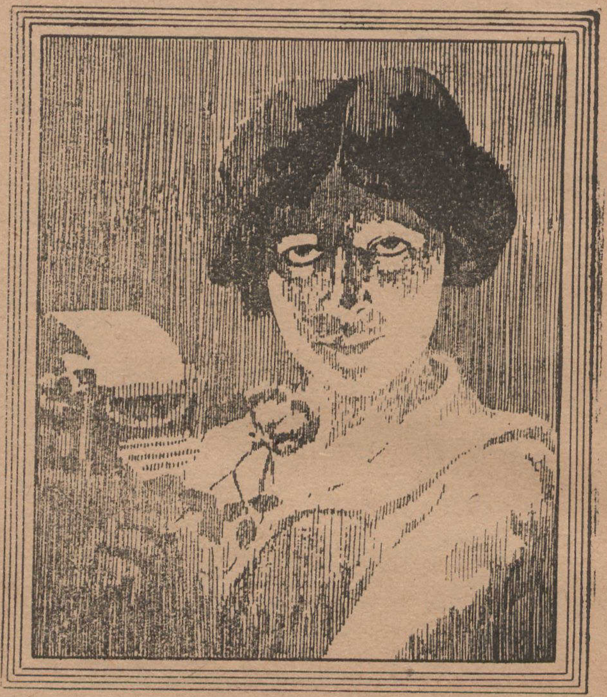
My surgical operation on my name had one unexpected and beneficial effect—it caused my name—Champ Clark—to be printed in full in the newspapers, whereas other Representatives were generally referred to only by their surnames. That grew out of two facts: One was that I was the only Clark in America who bears the Christian name of Champ, and the other was that my Christian name and surname, taken together, contain only ten letters.

The first whole dollar I ever had in my life I made in this peculiar manner: Four of us were binding wheat after an old-fashioned drop-reaper. I was a fast hand at that sort of work. Consequently, I

(Continued on page 19.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

(Continued from page 16.)



HELEN MUNRO was Henry Markham's private secretary; once a stenographer whom fortune, in the person of Henry Markham, designed for better things. In her hoyden days she had been a church friend of Hoag who had first put her on the office staff of Markhams Ltd. She was so amazingly efficient at stenography that he had to confess—when Markham put the thumb-screws on him about her—that she had a mind capable of grasping much more than the contents of a letter. Back of every letter she wrote, as he admitted, there was the instinctive mastery of the detail that made it necessary and of the business that arose out of it. Helen Munro was a perfect follow-up system incarnated in a splendid physique with no end of personal charm and a capacity for absorbing the atmosphere of business, of society, of art and all that, similar to the rose's capacity for sunlight and showers. Helen was a gorgeous and very superior parasite who needed just such an organism as Markhams Ltd., to grow into. Henry Markham observed that, and paid her a salary considerably larger than Hoag, his office manager, fitted her up a beautiful office in which she took good care of the flowers he bought her and the people who came to see him on business and the confidential letters not intended for common people like Martin Hoag and his office girls.

She had a romantic interest in Hoag and liked him even better than Markham suspected, even when sometimes in her obsession over Markham interests she rather despised him because he was strangely ethical, so impossibly idealistic, so much addicted to writing poetry, reading psychics and studying modern inventions. Helen had given up trying to make Hoag out. She devoted herself to comprehending the other man, which was more profitable. Besides Hoag always seemed humbly ready to be noticed by her, no matter how the boss might regard him as a misfit. Sometimes Helen wondered what would become of Hoag when the new Markhams Ltd., etc., got under way. Perhaps God would take care of him. But God never seemed to have any bother about Henry Markham, who was able to take care of God's interests among other people.

Money! Power! Business! Big people at the office; men with fur coats and limousines at the curb, waiting in her anteroom until she let them in to see Mr. Markham; some of them titled persons, heads of all sorts of big interests!

Poor Mr. Hoag! drifting about among his girls like a floor-walker, never knowing when to call his soul his own; going to queer meetings and movie shows and some funny little unorthodox church; living in a boarding-house, never getting ahead. Poor Mr. Hoag!

(Then again on page 19.)

Helping You to Keep Posted

(Continued from page 18.)

had some leisure moments every time the reaper went round the field. The wheat had much rye in it and the rye had a great deal of ergot on it. I put in the moments which I could spare from the wheat binding to pulling the ergot off the rye and putting it in the big pockets of my linen trousers. I finally accumulated a pound of it, which I sold to the village doctor for a dollar which looked to me big as a flap-jack. I spent it for a multi-colored necktie and for a daguerreotype picture of myself—the first ever made of me. I have had many dollars, neckties, and pictures of myself since then, but none that I so highly prized.

My first great sorrow, when I was a small boy, was that some of the neighbors took my dog "Ranger," part shepherd and part bull-terrier, and shot him to death on a trumped-up charge of killing sheep. I was utterly disconsolate for many days and never did forgive those men.

—Incompetent Actors

ROMPING into the columns of Vanity Fair with a pot of caustic and a pruning knife, "G. J. N." hacks away at the actors along Broadway and whittles down to the pith of the "proffesh" without finding any proficiency worth speaking about. What he does say is that the average actor, as we lay eye to him in the Times Square district, is approximately as irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial as a love letter offered in evidence at a trial for automobile speeding. He has at his command not even the rudiments of his trade. Called upon to speak three simple words in French—words easily within the scope of even the humblest Swiss waiter—he finds himself completely at sea. In one of the productions currently on view in New York, an actor who has a record of something like thirty-five years of stage work behind him is summoned to allude to the "Jardin de Plaisir." What comes from his lips nightly is something that sounds like Shardon dee Place-ear.

Called upon to play a few simple chords upon the piano, the average actor is equally at sea and must rely on someone stationed at a keyboard in the wings. Called upon to give a brief turn with the foils, he has to resort to slapping his foil against that of his equally inept opponent alternately above his head and below his knees, for all the world as if he were bouting with the broadsword. Called upon to dance a few steps of the minuet in a play of the yesterdays, the result is a cross between a fox trot and hanging onto a subway strap. Called upon to play a role requiring poise and distinction, the issue is the spectacle of a man who would seem to imagine that poise consists in affecting.

In all New York at this moment there are probably not more than five actors, at the most, out of all the many thousands, who can pronounce correctly the simple French word for "time," the simple German word for "church," the simple Italian word for "yesterday"—or who know how to pronounce correctly the simple English word "poniard." There are probably not more than four who have ever read more than one play, at the most, by Gerhart Hauptmann, the dramatic genius of their time. There are probably not more than three who can tell you one single thing about the work of Giacosa, or Perez-Galdos, or Andreyev, or de Curel.

WHO SENT THIS AIR-MAN DOWN?

By LOUISE MASON

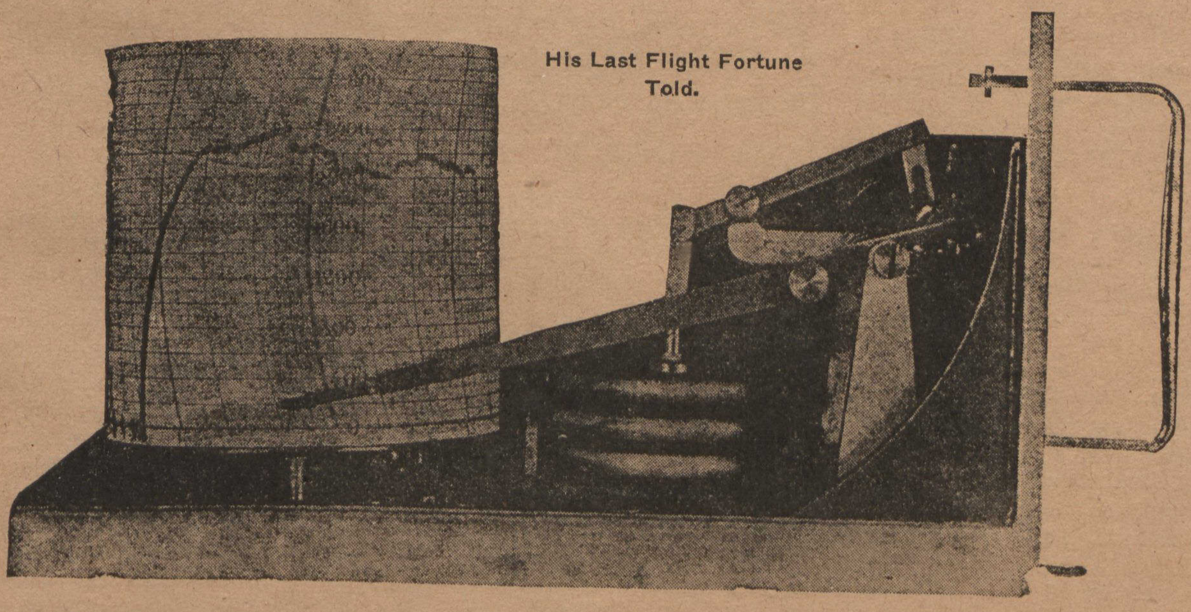
ALL war trophies do not have as congenial a home as has the one pictured below, which found its way last spring from the Canadian front in Flanders to the sanctum of a professor at the School of Applied Science, Toronto. It is an altitude metre from a German airplane, and bears the name of C. P. Georz, a famous maker of cameras and photographic lenses, whose wares found a ready market in Canada "before the war." In fact, it is likely to rub shoulders with other products from the same factory, more peacefully acquired, as the professor is well known around the University as a camera expert and was a patron of Herr Georz in the days when civilized people travelled in Germany.

The apparatus, which looks very much like the box camera beloved of the amateur photographer, was sent by a well-known Canadian Intelligence Officer, formerly a member of the School Faculty, to his confrere on the staff, and the story it tells, as translated by the professor, makes the deductions of Sherlock Holmes appear like child's play in comparison. It is attached to the driver's seat by means of rubber cords and contains a roll on whose surface, immediately the plane begins to rise, is recorded the height and duration of the flight. From it the man of science gleans the following narrative of its owner's last trip:

"On the day it fell into the hands of the Canadians, the young German aviator to whom it belonged whizzed from his aerodrome into space until twenty minutes later he had reached an altitude of two thousand two hundred metres. After sailing along for about six minutes at this height, he climbed still further up, and at the end of ten minutes more there were two thousand six hundred and forty yards of space between himself and terra firma.

"Just here a short line straight down indicates that he got what airmen call a bump—which usually means the encountering of cross currents—and with a sudden swoop he fell about one hundred and fifty metres before he could right himself. Apparently, as he was stabilizing his machine after the unexpected drop, he became engaged in an aerial fight. The contest took place at an altitude of about 2,200 metres, and lasted for nearly forty minutes. At the end of that time the British airman's shot went home, and the German plunged to earth, making the drop of some 7,260 feet in a little less than two minutes.

"That's the story," concluded the professor, as he gently closed the box once more and smiled at his visitor's spellbound expression. "The 'plane, of course, was smashed to atoms, but this was quite undamaged. In fact, the recording apparatus still contained ink when the metre reached me after the journey across the Atlantic."



His Last Flight Fortune Told.

READ above and see what a Canadian Intelligence Officer deciphered from the code of a German aviator who in this piece of short-hand palmistry recorded all that happened on his last flight—

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

(Continued from page 18.)

WITHOUT glancing up from the cost sheets he was reading, when Hoag answered the buzzer, the head of Markhams Ltd. said:

"Mr. Hoag, you will have to reorganize the office. Forty girls whose work affects the buying of finished products in the mines and markets of the world can't work efficiently under the Sunday-School system. You are not a Sunday-School superintendent here. You are an office manager. My knowledge of your methods in managing an office leads me to the conclusion that your ideas of personal influence and individual loyalty are all tommy-rot. What those girls must have is loyalty—not to you as a person, even though you are responsible to me, but thorough conformity to a system. You understand—it's a case of consolidating our machinery."

"I understand, sir."

"We have put into effect a rigid cost-and-efficiency system in our shops and factories."

"I have heard of it, sir."

"And we propose to make this office conform to it. If you can tell me why we should have system-efficiency and system-loyalty in the factories and not in the office, I shall regard you as a cleverer man than I am."

"I—am not clever, Mr. Markham."

"You are clever enough. I expect you to show it by putting my ideas into action. You must bear in mind that the moment you attempt to exercise personal influence over my office staff you are forgetting that all the personal influence there is in the business comes direct from headquarters and operates through a system cre—"

"Created by you, sir. Yes, I understand that."

"All right then. . . . I'll raise their wages, Mr. Hoag, on a ticket of machine efficiency, according to the work they turn out. I want the factory system put into the office and I expect 'em all to live up to it or get out. Which is exactly the condition I impose upon you."

Hoag's right hand went to his head. He spoke doggedly, as one who knew:

"I don't believe in machine efficiency for human beings. Every man and woman should work with enthusiasm. Girls never can be constantly the same kind of machines that men are. You're making them sweat dividends now the same as you do in your factory. You worship system. But there's

"Some—thing——Greater!"

(To be continued next week.)

Government Should Encourage Combines

FIXING the price of wheat for instance at $2.20 a bushel fixed the purchasing power of the dollar at the time when the P. P. of D. was at its lowest point.

THEREFORE

THE Government conferred a boon on the people when it prevented open competition from forcing up the price and still further lowering the P.P. of D.

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

HON. THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

By PROF. R. M. MacIVER

(University of Toronto)

MR. MacIVER has been in Ottawa studying the Problems that Beset J. W. Hanna and his organization. He has undertaken to show where the Food Controller can not control. Article I was "A Study in Rootless Economics," dealing with cause and effect. The effect—the higher cost of living. The cause—scarcity. Article II, on "What Food Control is For," explained the objects of the Food Controller and the dependence of the Allies on Canada.

A TRUE physician treats the disease and not the symptoms. He knows you can remove effects only when you remove their cause. So does the true statesman. This marks him off from the mere politician, and the distinction was never clearer than to-day. The symptoms of social and economic trouble are staring us in the face. The mere politician will yield to the clamor and apply a nostrum. He will concern himself with the symptoms, while the true statesman will concern himself with the deep-lying cause. Excessive prices are symptoms of economic trouble, signs of a disordered economy just as much as excessive temperature is of a fevered body. To lower prices by statute and decree and to do nothing more is like lowering the temperature of the fevered patient by a cold bath and expecting the fever to be thereby cured.

Price is an effect—the conditions of the supply and the demand are the cause. Statesmanship must in the main be directed not to prices, but to the supply and demand conditions whence they spring. It is a hard business, of course, very hard. But, as a Greek poet said, the wise doctor doesn't sing incantations over a sore that needs the knife. On the supply side all our efforts to produce and save, invaluable as they are, will fall short of the requirements of our Allies which it is our honor to seek to satisfy. But there is another side, and here organization and control can have an immediate effect. **In many cases demand can be organized and controlled far more easily than supply.** In respect of every vital article of food the demand side should be organized in this time of need. There should be no wild scramble between the buyers of wheat or cheese or butter or any other commodity in great demand, whether the buying be for home or export trade. There should be no uncontrolled competition between packers, for example, each seeking to get as large a share as possible of the too limited hog supply. Concerted buying, under government regulation, with, if necessary, allotment determined by the urgency of the need, would check unnecessary inflation of price more surely than anything else.

Which amounts to saying that the Government should encourage combination! Certainly, for without combination there can be no control. Instead of attacking combines the Government should encourage them, nay, should insist upon them. It should insist upon the producers and buyers of every vital industry being registered in the first place. It should insist on their forming a common council—and then control their decisions. Dangerous, of course; but what would you have? It is the condition of effective control, and effective control is necessary. And the Government has begun to do it. It brought the millers together, for example. It is bringing the packers together. Organize, then regulate—that is the only way to avoid the competition of buyers which in times of scarcity unduly raises prices.

I admit there are cases where it is possible to strike directly at prices without seriously affecting production. In the States, for example, the average price of ship-plates for the first decade of the century was $33 a ton. The fierce competition of 1917 sent it soaring to $180. Then the Government stepped in, and reduced it to $65. Here there was a big margin above the costs of the dearest producer, and that big margin could be docked without any serious effect on production. The same was true of copper, when the U. S. Government reduced that to the fixed price of 23½c per lb. But these are exceptional cases. What happened when the U. S. Government fixed the price of soft coal, first confusion, then a falling off of production, then a revision of the price, revealed one danger of the method.

Let us come nearer home and consider the case of wheat. What has been the result of fixing the price at $2.20? One good result certainly followed. It stopped the hoarding of wheat by the farmer with an eye to a yet more glorious market later on. Has it also stimulated production? Was $2.20, a price far beyond any level for which the farmer had worked before, necessary to that end?

IT is questionable. There are other factors than price which at present are preventing any great expansion of agriculture. Supposing control had been sought by a strict organization of the wheat buyers (such as would have prevented the wild competition of the wheat-buyers which made the wheat-pits ring last summer and made even $2.20 seem a moderate price) we would have achieved a flexible instead of a rigid control.

Remember, when the Government fixes prices, especially at abnormal rates, it creates a vested interest, and the trouble about vested interests always is that they oppose their own abolition when they have become dangerous and unnecessary. If applied to a number of vital articles, such as wheat, this method of control fixes the purchasing power of the dollar—at the time when that purchasing power is least. It helps to keep it there. It gives high rates the sanction of authority and an effect of permanence.

For it is difficult to revise prices downward—the vested interest then unfolds itself. Besides, a continuous control, such as the method above outlined, might ensure, is clearly preferable, especially in the enormous uncertainties of the situation, to a rigid, hard-to-change fixation. And above all, by making the regulation of supply and demand conditions the primary thing, we are getting right down to causes. We are treating the disease and not the symptoms.

Government Should Leave Wheat Alone

OR FIX THE PRICE OF WHAT THE WHEAT PRODUCER HAS TO BUY

FIXING the price of wheat at $2.20 a bushel was a piece of Hen-Brained Political Economy, unless you fix the price of labor, machinery, food and clothes.

THEREFORE

THE result of destroying competition in the buying of wheat and forcing down the selling power of the Bushel will be—To Discourage Wheat Production.

HON. THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

Unsolicited Letter to the Editor of the Canadian Courier.

By WILBUR K. MARSH

Farmer at Aneroid, Sask.

Box 214, Aneroid, Sask.,
October 25, 1917.

I AM a subscriber to your paper and am well satisfied with such. I have noticed some editorials by the people or the public minds; therefore I thought that you would not mind finding some space for a little news which I would like to be put in, in such a shape as the subscribers would be sure to see. It may not be as eloquently worded or such large words used as some I have read, written by other folks, but I will try and explain my message so that anyone or everyone can understand what I mean.

What I have to say may be rightly called, "Handing it to the Government." Well, that is what I want to do. And I want the public to see and read what I have to say.

As you and all other folks will know, that the Government of Canada has set a maximum price for wheat grown in Canada.

Know why was this done? The Government has given many reasons. For example, they say it is to lower the price of flour. Well, this is no way to lower the price of flour, nor will it lower the price of anything except wheat. If wheat sells a little cheaper the miller is not going to drop the price of flour. No, by no means, no. Here he sees a chance of making a little more, and he is going to take the opportunity. If the Government wanted to reduce the price of flour, why did they not set a price on flour, after setting the price on the wheat. No, this would be doing something, and it would hurt them to do a thing right.

One thing which the Government or the persons responsible for the setting of the price of wheat, DID do, was to discourage the farmers of Western Canada at least. They have gone ahead, bull-headed as they always do, and said to the farmer: Here you can only have so much for your wheat this year, thereby cutting down the farmers' profit. On the other hand, did they say to him, "We are going to the manufacturers of machinery and tell them they can only charge you so

(Concluded on page 21.)

THE BOX OFFICES OF BROADWAY

WHO Keeps Them Going? Is it the $2.00-a-Seat Percentage of 2,000,000 people in New York? Brander Matthews says so. But the fact is we all do as much as we can afford to keep up these Box Offices.

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

BRANDER MATTHEWS says in the North American Review that Broadway as a play-street does not represent either America or the whole of New York, but merely that part of 2,000,000 people in New York who can afford to pay two dollars a seat. This is a very unmathematical statement. Broadway has about 50 theatres. Divide 50 into 2,000,000 and you get 40,000 people per theatre. Compare that to, say, Toronto, which is our most typical theatre city, and Toronto should have about eleven theatres, whereas it has all it can do to support three theatres, two vaudevilles, two burlesques, and two large picture houses and a lot of small ones.

Brander Matthews ignores the fact that no play could possibly run for a whole season, night after night, in New York, if it depended on the part of New York's theatre-going 2,000,000 who can afford $2.00 a seat. Of course the average New York house is a small one compared with theatres in Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Toronto.

Now a Broadway audience, says Mr. Matthews, is not truly representative of the American people as a whole, because it is a very special gathering. It represents not the six million inhabitants of New York, but the less than two million inhabitants of Manhattan; and of these it represents mainly those who can afford to pay two dollars each for their tickets. Nothing less democratic can easily be imagined; and nothing less truly American, since a majority of the dwellers in Manhattan who can afford two dollars for their theatre-tickets are either foreign-born or the children of alien parents, whereas the people of the United States as a whole have either inherited or assimilated Anglo-Saxon ideals of conduct.

But unless New York managers could sell tickets to more than the $2.00-a-seat percentage of 2,000,000 a lot of these houses would have to turn the long run shows on the road to get the people. Anybody who goes to New York theatres at all knows that when Maude Adams, for instance, performs a whole season in one theatre she doesn't depend on the regular New York patrons of that theatre to make the crowd. The regular patrons of any one theatre in New York—if there are such—are sure to see all of any one show they want to, no matter how good it may be, in the first week. And any first week of a season is pretty well able to use up most of the patronage that New York can give to all the new plays for that season if everybody went that week.

Where then does Broadway get its night after night new crowds to see the same play for a run of forty weeks, more or less? Why, from all over America. It's the floating population who regard New York as the biggest show on earth, that really keep New York theatres. New York is the first-time centre of play productions for more than half the United States and a part of Canada. Anybody in Canada who can afford to go to New York more than once a year, does he refuse to go to a new show because next season he will run a chance of seeing it in his home Canadian town? Not very likely. He prefers to get ahead of the "folks back home," so that he can go back and tell them all about it; and next season when "Johnny Get Your Gun" comes to town he says to mother and the girls, "Oh, yes, that's a good show. I saw it last season in New York."

What Brander Matthews was really driving at in his article was an explanation of why New York gave such a boost to the Little Theatre Movement; because, as he says, a lot of people who want good things can't get them in New York at any price, and because they can't afford $2.00 a seat to see anything. That part of his argument may be all right. But his "dope" on the Broadway problem is, we fear, pretty much wrong.

*

Ysaye, the Maestro

YSAYE is back in Canada. He played in Toronto last week. If there is one great violinist who can always keep on coming back to this country it is Ysaye. This great master is the world's greatest violinist, and he is also a man of ideas, a scholar, a philosopher—in his own way—and a man interested in public affairs. He is to Belgium what Paderewski is to Poland. He is to the world of music in a large way taking the violin as his medium, what Paderewski is at the piano. In the great common world between the violin and the piano these two great masters meet. And the world will be the poorer when either of them leaves it.

*

Viggo Kihl Recital

MR. VIGGO KIHL, the brilliant pianist of the Toronto Conservatory of Music Piano Faculty, will make his first public appearance this season at a recital to be given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Wednesday, November 21st.

His programme is as follows:

Bach Concerto in the Italian style; Brahms' Variations and Fugue on a theme of Handel; Chopin: Nocturne Op. 55, Etude, Op. 10, No. 8; Mazurka A flat major, Op. 59, No. 2; Etude, E major, Op. 10, No. 3; Barcarolle, Op. 60; Liszt; Au lac de Wallenstedt; Moszkowsky; La jongleuse; Glazounoff; Blumenfeld: Valse de Concerto.

GOVERNMENT SHOULD LEAVE WHEAT ALONE

(Concluded from page 20.)

much for the machinery which you need?" Or to the farm help and say, You have got to work for so much next year, or to the grocer or butcher or the many other business places where the farmer deals, and tell them that they could not charge him over a certain price for his necessities? No, they certainly did not. They let the manufacturers of machinery, binder twines, wagons and all other persons with whom the farmer deals, add on as much to the former price as they wish.

Look at the price the farmer pays for coal around here, $10.50 for soft coal, $15 for hard coal. Yes, a farmer needs coal as well as the M. P.'s do. He is only human; he feels the cold of winter as well as they.

Then again the farmer had to pay hired help from $60 to $75 per month this summer. And besides, a great many would not work unless he agreed to keep them for eight months. Besides such a wage they had to board them and lodge them. For harvest help the wage was $4.50 per day, and the helper had to be hired for at least a month or he would not come.

Besides this expenditure there next comes the thresh bill. And this is no small amount. When you have to pay a thresher $22 an hour for threshing your crop, you can not afford to sell it at the lowest price, especially when everything else is at the very highest.

And on top of all the doings of the hen-brained M. P.'s the Government turns to the farmers of Canada, and especially the West, and tells them that the country needs all the wheat that can possibly be raised. And asks them to grow or raise as much wheat as they possibly can next year. Yes, sure, raise all you can, Mr. Farmer, and give it to us. You don't need any pay for your work. All you did was put the seed into the ground and sat around and watched it grow. Yes, certainly. It does not cost you anything to live. Why the ground, the land for the wheat, gets itself ready; it is no trouble to you. Why shouldn't you just hand your crop over to us and let us make the money out of it. Oh, yes, it sounds very nice.

Well, dear friends in the Government, I would like to give you a little tip. Unless things are changed from the way they are running now, and unless the set price of wheat is done away with and the old system of letting the demand set the price restored, "there is going to be a mighty SMALL crop of wheat had from Western Canada next fall. We do not have to raise wheat to make a living. There is a grist mill at many of the towns along the line, where we can haul what grain we have raised, which will be enough to supply ourselves with flour. On the other land which we have broken we can raise flax, barley, oats or other things besides wheat. Of course horses like oats. They are very fond of green sheaves, or sheaf oats. The pigs, which we will raise sufficient of for our own use, will use the barley raised, and I think there will be no difficulty in getting rid of our flax.

Now, dear sirs, if you would like a large crop of wheat from Western Canada next year, it is up to you to get busy and do something to encourage the farmers which you have discouraged by setting such a measely small maximum price for wheat.

I and others will see to it that the majority of the farmers of the West are appealed to to raise only enough wheat for their own use, unless something is done, and done soon.

Yours truly,

WILBUR K. MARSH.

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PERFUMED
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LYE
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MONTREAL

Grace—"I told him he mustn't see me any more."
Her Brother—"What did he do?"
Grace—"Turned out the lights!"

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Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off—no pain

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freezone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly, yes immediately, all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn so loose that you lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet just seem to shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. It is almost magical.

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Any doctor will tell you that the natural clothing which should be worn next the body is wool, because in all seasons it keeps the temperature of the body uniform — warm in winter and cool in summer. Jaeger Underwear is made in all weights for Men, Ladies and Children, to suit all seasons.

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Buy a Bond as a Matter of Business

Every War Bond Sold is a Strand in the Rope that will Strangle Kaiserism. Every Bond we Buy is an Investment at 5 1-2 per cent. Interest on the Best Security we know—the United Wealth and Surety of the Dominion of Canada

By THE EDITOR

FOR the next seventeen days the people of Canada are to think unitedly, of one thing more than of any election. Never before have the people of this country been asked to think as a unit about anything except the war. And this also is—War.

With a difference. The average man may think about war till he is dizzy, and that's about as far as he may get, beyond subscribing to the Patriotic Fund or buying a tag. He may not go into action because he is incapable of the kind of action required. No matter how great a passion he may have for the trenches, he can't go to the trenches. So he goes on—thinking.

And after a while comes the time when the country with a Union Government calls for united action. The people behind the government also are called upon for united action. All the men and women who can't fight are lined up in an army of actors. It's everybody's chance to do more than think, more than merely casual giving.

It's the Victory Loan. A Canada's Victory Bond is the expression of an organized campaign to get the people of Canada to take a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. There is no part of Canada where the pull of this bond-selling campaign will not be felt in the greatest financial revival ever inaugurated here.

Music—the rhythm of thousands of men all together—is said to have raised the Pyramids before steam derricks were invented. The rhythm of millions of Canadians will raise this Pyramid of a Victory Loan. Differences of opinion will count for very little in the unanimity of action. When the country does the Victory drill, the right hand to the pen or the pocket, it makes no difference that a few people can go croaking around a corner to argue against it. The arguers may be eliminated. Some people would argue about the advisability of going with the rest of the crowd to heaven.

This is not a Matter of Argument.

It's a Case for Action.

At a time when the voluntary system of raising an army has been discarded by statute—whatever may be done about it in politics; when compulsory service is on every family's programme because the world must be free for all men, the dollars of Canada are being mobilized in the greatest voluntary campaign ever undertaken by the will of the whole people.

Nobody is forced to buy a bond. You may force some people to be patriotic. You can't force any man to do business.

The Canada's Victory Bond campaign is an organization of the Free Will Dollar. And the sentiment of the country is being organized to raise $150,000,000—at least that—as vigorously as Canadian sentiment has ever been organized to raise an army of 500,000 men.

And it's a clear case of Business. Not the Government's, not the army's, not the Empire's, but,

The People's Business.

And what is that business? Briefly stated, the Government of Canada through the Finance Minister intends to raise a War Loan of $150,000,000. What for? To give to England? No. To spend on the Canadian army? Not precisely. To start paying off the National Debt? No.

That $150,000,000 minimum is the amount that Canada expects the people of the country to lend the Government of the country, who in turn will place that amount of money to the credit of the British Government—why?

That the British Government may go on buying wheat, beef, clothing, munitions, whatever Canada may have to sell for cold cash to help keep the British and Canadian armies in the firing line.

The money which the Canada's Victory Bond raises does not leave Canada. It is converted from pockets, banks, business, luxuries, pleasures and ordinary investments to the use of the Government that it may be spent in Canada again. It is the mobilizing of money for the sake of doing most good with money.

To whom? To the army, to the Empire, to the country, but—

Most of all to the Man who Buys a Bond.

The man's interest is paramount. It is your interest and my interest that is being considered by the Canada's Victory Bond campaign. We know why the money is needed, what is to be done with it. But that's only one side of the story.

The other side is, the Self-Interest of the man who lends the money to the Government of Canada by the purchase of Victory Bonds. We don't need to put it any higher than that unless we choose. The money raised by Victory Bonds is spent for the sake of keeping the country whole-heartedly in the war as a people. The success of that loan will do as much to help lick the Kaiser as the forward march of Haig's army. The astounding success of the United States $3,000,000,000 Liberty Loan which became $5,000,000,000 by the organized free-will of the people, was the greatest defeat the Kaiser has had since the Battle of the Marne.

There's a great reason. Call it patriotism if you like. It was the highest expression of the fact that Self-Preservation is the first law of life. The dollars of Canada are being organized for the sake of national self-preservation.

That means the well-being of every citizen. Every bond bought is another strand in the rope that will strangle Kaiserism. Any man's bond can do it. Every man's self-interest in this country requires the strangling of Kaiserism. If you can't fire a bullet or hurl a bomb, you can buy a bond.

By the buying of war bonds the victory of the Allies is assured. The last thing to go over the top will be somebody's bond. The success of our army makes certain the security of the country and the cause to which we belong. That security is pledged to stand behind every dollar spent for war bonds. The man who buys a bond is spending his money on the greatest security in the world. "As safe as the Bank of England" becomes a platitude beside the fact that every bond bought, to be paid back at a high rate of interest, is sold on the security of the united resources and national purpose of Canada.

IS a bank safe? Not necessarily. A trust company? Perhaps. A Railway? It may be. None of these are safe if the country falls. The security of the country stands behind the surety of every bank, trust company and railway in Canada. When you buy a bond you do it on the security that makes all things sure; a security that is greater than that of any law, or policeman, or cellar-way. Let national security fail and the law, the policeman and the cellar-way are all torn up, shot down or blown to bits by the force that knows no law—the force of Kaiserism.

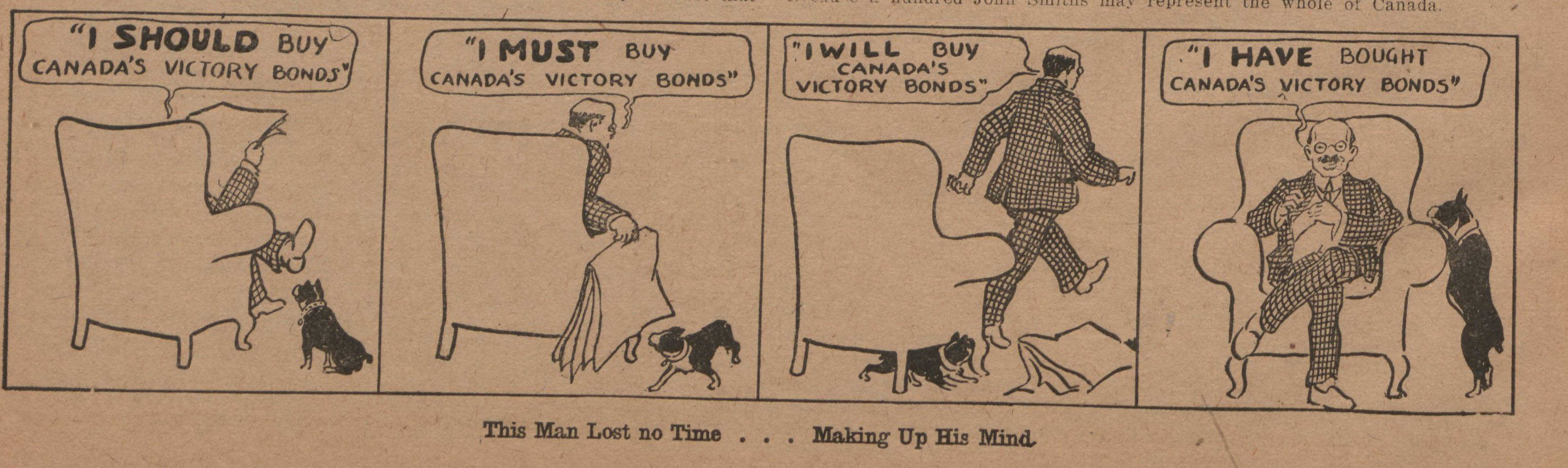
The argument is clear. Action only is needed. The united strength of the resources, the wealth and the credit of the Dominion of Canada are the unmistakeable call to the united action of every man and woman in Canada.

One unity calls to another.

The Unity of the State to the United Action of the People.

And if the people of Canada are but true enough to their own sentiments of self-preservation and enlightened self-interest, the $150,000,000 Canada's Victory Loan may become $300,000,000 as the United States $3,000,000,000 became $5,000,000,000.

A Canada's Victory Bond is a complete symbol of democracy in finance. Unless the unaverage, or the financial, man is backed up by the average citizen, the whole purpose of this Victory Loan comes down like a punctured Zeppelin. Everybody has a chance to come in. And it's the one 100 per cent. critic-proof proposition that has ever been reduced to an acre of printer's ink for the advantage of the public. Many top chances to make money by investing in a sure thing have been given to the public. Many of them have come through to the end of the run as per schedule. Many have gone to the ditch carrying the expectations and the money of the investors along with them. Canada's Victory Bonds are absolutely sure to come through. The security of all we are and hope to become as a nation is behind it. That security needs and expects to get the co-operation of the plain people everywhere in Canada, from Pelee Island to Dawson City. And in that co-operation the Canada's Victory Bond Campaign, now open to the pockets of the people will count the $50 from each of a hundred John Smiths as of more importance than the $5,000 from the President of a financial institution—Because a hundred John Smiths may represent the whole of Canada.


"I SHOULD BUY CANADA'S VICTORY BONDS"
"I MUST BUY CANADA'S VICTORY BONDS"
"I WILL BUY CANADA'S VICTORY BONDS"
"I HAVE BOUGHT CANADA'S VICTORY BONDS"

This Man Lost no Time . . . Making Up His Mind.

NEW BOOKS

Red Pepper Again

"RED PEPPER'S PATIENTS." By Grace S. Richmond.

RED PEPPER BURNS, M.D., as many thousands of Mrs. Richmond's delighted readers have come to know and love him, comes back again with his tabasco temper and sympathetic smile. Anne Linton, "Little Hungary" and King are only a few of the patients with whom we become acquainted in this book. But it is when the doctor becomes a patient himself that he discovers for the first time in just what esteem his friends hold him.

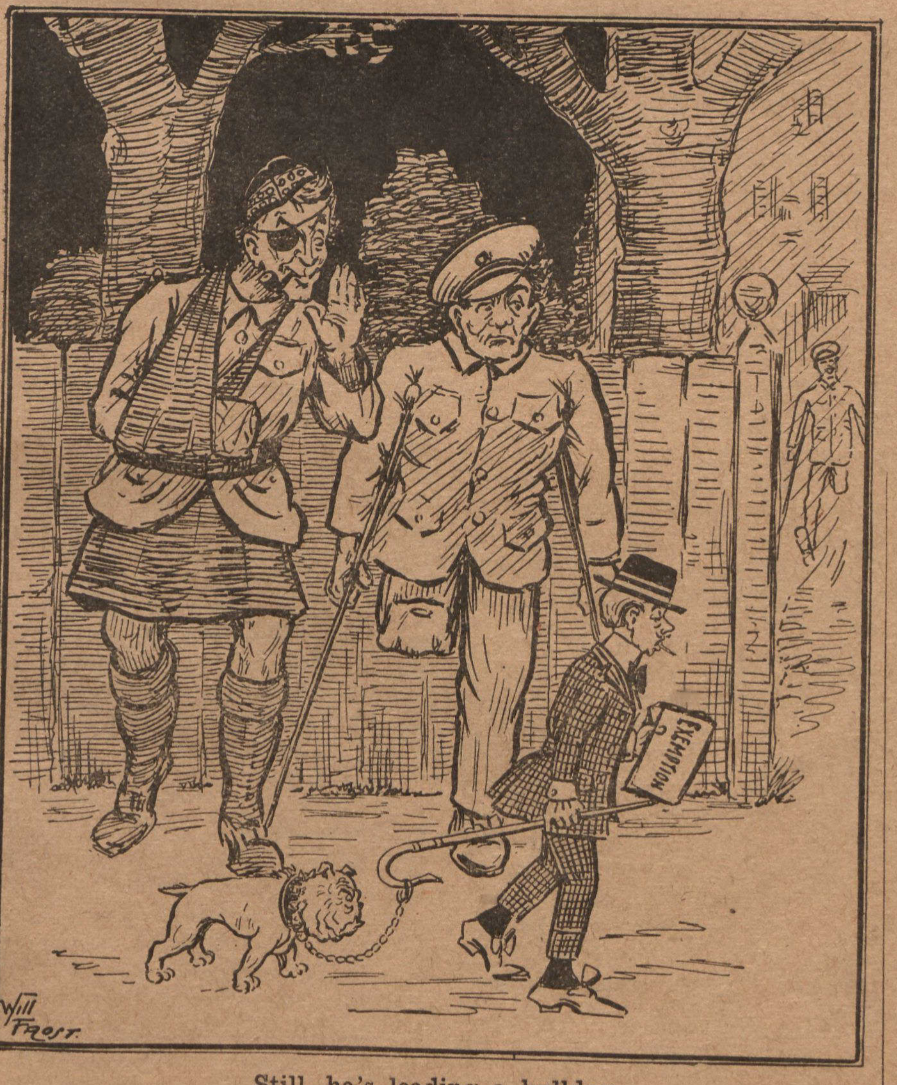
With such a hero as this, no story could fail to be readable; and all who look eagerly for the books by this well-known authoress will not be disappointed in this lase. — McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; $1.35 net.

❧

Another Spiritual Inquest

"THE SOUL OF A BISHOP." By H. G. Wells.

THE sequel to God the Invisible King and Mr. Britling is another proof that Wells is a series of deep wells. He never plays out. Once you start ripping up old clothes, there's no end of it. The Bishop's soul is a lot of old garments which Wells delights to rip and tear, smelling the dust in the lining and seeing the fluff-balls roll out on the floor. And he does it with almost malignant irreverence. A similar thing was done a few years ago by C. Raun Kennedy in his play, The Servant in the House. Wells goes at the bishop's soul with far less regard for the bishop than Kennedy had, and a much more daring hand. He is not concerned with the Bishop of Princhester in the Prin's morality. All he cares about is his efficiency. He wants to let the bishop's soul out for a holiday in the world, away from dogmas, ceremonials and canonical priggery; and the way he does it is the height of fantasia. In fact he goes so far as to give the cigarette-loving bishop some mysterious sort of "jag" caused by the absorption of a medicated elixir prescribed by the doctor. Under the influence of this spiritual belladonna the Bishop sees red and everything out of focus. In the mirage he sees God, talks with the Almighty, expounds him to other people, gets into all sorts of chaos with Lady Princhester and the other clergy of his diocese, and generally upsets the whole applecart of established religion as practised on the river Prin. As a story the book is another of those fantastic Wells' fiascos. As a constructive satire and a money-maker it is a winner. Wells may think he would like to abolish kings along with the bishops in life's great game of chess, but if he does—what's to become of his royalties?—Macmillan Company, $1.50.



Still, he's leading a bulldog.

"A Little Divil"

"CALVARY ALLEY." By Alice Hegan Rice.

WHOLESOME and very likable is this story by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs." She shows her usual perspicacity in seeing the innate good in everyone—even in the persons who lived in Calvary Alley. The rebellious spirit of the alley is Nance Molley, a "little divil," whom we follow through her many escapades as hoodlum, inmate of a girls' home, companion to an old lady, chorus girl, factory hand, and finally trained nurse. The whole makes a very interesting and readable story. — Wm. Briggs; $1.35.

THE CRYSTAL

(Concluded from page 14.)

which looked opalescent now, and filmy, so that she shaded her eyes mechanically with the black scarf of her dinner dress, to shut out the reflections of the room. But they were not reflections, for there was bright blue in the ball, blue and white, and nothing of that sort was in the room.

She peered into the ball, and saw in it, clear and sharp and bright as the little colored prints that are pasted to the bottom of such things, a tossing sapphire sea with little white caps on it, a boat with a funnel, and little boats lashed to the side, a white rail, a tilted deck, and herself, Molly Dickett, in a striped blue and white frock and bare head, leaning over the rail on her elbows beside a broad-shouldered man with a cap such as officers on a boat wear. The waves actually danced and glittered in the sun. But the room was nearly dark, something whispered in her brain, and just then she had dropped the shielding scarf, and gasped back to a sense of reality —and the ball was suddenly empty. There had been no picture in the bottom of it, after all.

(Continued on page 24.)

TWO Pullman porters met in front of the LaSalle street station recently.

"Where's Sam Brown, Tom? He's been missin' 'round here for de las' two or three nights."

"Guess dat's cause he had a birth up at his house."

"What did ole Sam git, boy or girl?"

"Twins, dat's what he got."

"Man o' man, I don't call dat no birth; dat's wat I calls a section."—

BONDS

Our Bonds offer the small investor an opportunity to invest his money profitably and without risk.
We issue them in sums of One Hundred Dollars and upwards.
The Corporation was established in 1855, and the accumulated experience of more than sixty years is brought to bear upon the selection of the securities in which the Bondholders' and Shareholders' moneys are invested.
These Bonds are by law an

Authorized Trustee Investment

We shall be glad to send you a copy of our Annual Report and all particulars.

Paid-up Capital.......	$ 6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	5,000,000.00
Investments	32,264,782.81

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MORTGAGE CORPORATION
Toronto Street - Toronto
ESTABLISHED 1855.

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Members of
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NEW RECORDS

Results secured during the past year re-affirm the position of the Sun Life of Canada as the largest life assurance organization of the Dominion.

Fair dealing and progressive business methods have given it leadership in annual New Business, Total Business in Force, Assets, Surplus Earnings, Net Surplus, Total Income, Premium Income and Payments to Policyholders.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

An Executor's Fees

The commissions paid an Executor are fixed by the Court and, in no case, are those allowed a Corporate Executor any greater than those allowed an individual Executor. Further, the services rendered by a Corporate Executor are incomparably superior, owing to its complete organization for administrative purposes. Further particulars by letter or interview.

THE
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION

Capital and Reserve
$3,350,000.00

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HEAD OFFICE: 83 BAY STREET, TORONTO

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How Blue=jay Ends Corns

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive, which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

Your Corn Can't Resist Blue=jay

Blue-jay is the gentle way—but certain. Relief is instant, then the corn comes out in 48 hours.

The little spot of B&B medicated wax covers only the corn itself. It is the dainty, clean way.

Harsh liquids are mussy and dangerous. Paring might bring infection.

Millions of people have used Blue-jay for years. At the slightest appearance of a corn they put on a Blue-jay Plaster.

One plaster is usually sufficient; once in a while an old, stubborn corn requires a second.

Try the Blue-jay way tonight. It means freedom forever from aching corns.

Blue-jay Plasters at all druggists—25c per package.

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.*
Toronto, Canada

B&B Blue=jay Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly—End Corns Completely

25c at Druggists

The Purest Salt
REGAL
FREE RUNNING
Table Salt
Made in Canada
Always Dry and Running Free
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED
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or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.
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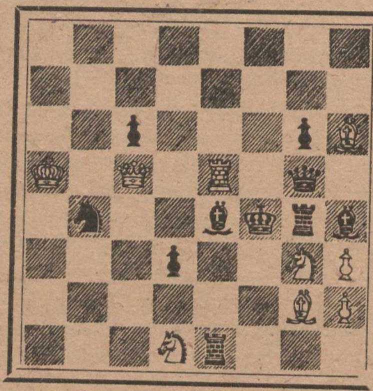
.: CHESS Conducted by Malcolm Sim ..

PROBLEM NO. 162, by C. Promislo,
Second Prize, Good Companions' Club October, 1917.

Black.—Ten Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 160, by G. F. Anderson.

1. R—Kt 5, R—K5 dis. ch; 2. Kt—Q4 mate.
1. ...., RxQPdis. ch; 2. Kt—B2 mate.
1. ...., RxBPdis, ch; 2. QKt—B5 mate.
1. ...., RxKtdis. ch; 2. Kt—B5 mate.

To Correspondents.

(J. M. G.), Tamworth.—Thanks for solutions which are very welcome and fully appreciated. The key to your sacrificial three-mover is, we regret, unpardonably contrary to the problem spirit. The selfmate is featureless and the three-er with key 1. Kt—R6 also robs the Black King of a flight, without compensating strategy. The other problem was submitted to me some few years back, I believe. As you remark, Canadian composers are conspicuously few in number. Lack of study of construction and of themes is the great retarding influence. We shall be pleased to see any future efforts and hope they come well within accepted canons, which are very strict nowadays.

A Chess Brilliant.

The following remarkable game was played fifty years ago in a tournament at the Vienna Chess Club.

French Defence.

White. **Herzfeld.**	Black. **Czank.**
1. P—K4	1. P—K3
2. P—Q4	2. P—Q4
3. PxP	3. PxP
4. Kt—KB3	4. B—Q3
5. B—Q3	5. Kt—K2
6. Castles	6. Castles
7. B—KKt5	7. P—KB3
8. B—Q2	8. P—KB4
9. P—B4	9. P—B3
10. Kt—B3	10. B—B2
11. Q—B2	11. Kt—Kt3
12. QR—Ksq (a)	12. Kt—B5 (b)
13. BxKt	13. BxB
14. Kt—K2	14. B—B2
15. R—Bsq	15. B—K3
16. P—KR3	16 Kt—Q2
17. PxP	17. BxP
18. B—B4 (c)	18. Kt—B3
19. BxB	19. KtxB
20. Kt—B3	20. Kt—B5
21. Q—Kt3 ch (d)	21. K—Rsq
22. QxP	22. R—B3
23. Kt—Kt5! (e)	23. Kt—K7ch
24. K—Rsq	24. KtxR
25. KtxB	25. R—QBsq
26. R—Ksq	26. Q—Q2 (f)
27. P—Q5	27. P—KR3 (g)
28. P—Q6!	28. RxP
29. Kt—K5	29. RxKt (h)
30. Q—Kt8ch	30. Q—Qsq (i)
31, Kt—B7ch	31. RxKt
32, R—K8ch	32. R—Bsq (j)

White wins (k)

(a) White misses the opportunity here of 12. PxP, PxP; 13. KtxP!

(b) This loses a tempo.

(c) If 18. BxP, then 18..., BxKt; 19. PxB, Q—Kt4ch; winning a piece. If 19. BxPch, then 19..., K—Rsq; 20. PxB, Q—R5.

(d) The game now enters upon a very remarkable stage and the attack is conducted by white with exemplary skill.

(e) Beautifully played!

(f) If 26..., RxKt, white replies 27. QxR.

(g) If 27..., Kt—Q6, then 28. Kt—K5, QxKt; 29. QxQ, RxQ; 30. P—Q6, R—QBsq; 31. P—Q7, R—Qsq; 32. KtxKt.

(h) If 29..., QxKt, then 30. Kt—B7ch followed by 31. KtxR.

(i) Not 30..., Q—B8, on account of 31. Kt—B7ch, K—R2; 32. QxQ, RxQ; 33, KtxR, etc. If 30...,R—B8, then 31.QxKR, etc. and should win.

(j) This brings about an immediate collapse, whereas 32..., QxR; 33. QxQch, K—R2; 34. QxR would have left him some show of resistance.

(k) White continues 33. RxR. etc.

END-GAME NO 29.

By C. C. W. Mann.

From the "Year-Book of Chess."

White: K at KBsq; Q at QR2; B at KR3. Black: K at KR8; Q at QR2; B at QRsq; P at QR6. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. B—Kt2ch, K—R7; 2. B—Kt7ch, K—Kt6; 3. Q—Kt8ch, K—B5; 4. Q—B7ch, K—K4; 5Q—K7ch, K—B5 (a); 6. Q—B6ch, K—Kt4; 7. B—B8ch, K—R4! 8. B—B5! Q—R5 (b); 9. Q—Kt6ch, K—R5; 10. Q—R6ch, K—Kt6; 11. Q—R3ch and wins the Black Queen in two.

(a) If 5..., K—Q5, then 6.Q—Kt7ch and wins the Black Queen either by 7. Q—Kt sq ch or by checking with the Bishop.

(b) To prevent mate in two. If instead 8..., B—B6, then 9. Q—Kt6ch, K—R5; 10. Q—R6ch, and 11. Q—Kt5 or B4ch accordingly.

YEAR BOOK OF CHESS.

We have received from Mr. Frank Hollings, of 7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, London (the publisher), the Year Book of Chess for 1915-16. Its appearance has been delayed owing to war conditions. This annual was founded in 1907 by E. A. Michell and is, in the main, a wealth of games from the leading tournaments and matches of the period. Much material has been drawn from "The Field" with Mr. Amos Burn's masterly annotations. There is also an End-game section by Mr. C. E. C. Tattersall (who conducts that branch in the British Chess Magazine), a problem section and articles on "Kriegspiel," "Problem Tourneys," "Chess Coincidences" and "Historic Blunders," amongst other matter. There are 315 pages under stiff cover. The price is covered by $1.00, a wonderful production for the figure.

THE CRYSTAL

(Continued from page 23.)

BUT on the bow of the little boat lashed to the side she had seen, written in tiny, tiny letters just as the Lord's Prayer is written in carved ivory toys of incredible smallness, the letters ELLA, and these letters had fixed themselves in her mind, they had seemed so absurdly real and she had felt so absurdly sure of them.

"Which steamer, Miss Dickett?" the chauffeur inquired respectfully; all the employees of the Julia Carter Sykes establishment respected Molly, as well they might.

A sudden, happy irresponsibility flooded Molly's tired mind, and she smiled into the man's face—the old, not-to-be-resisted Molly Dickett smile.

"The name of the boat is Ella, Pierce," she said cheerfully, "and it's a small boat, not a liner. Look it up."

And as he disappeared she laughed aloud.

She was still laughing softly when he returned, looking worried.

"I think you must have told me wrong, Miss Dickett, didn't you?" he began hurriedly, lifting out her small, flat trunk. "It's the Stella you mean, isn't it? There seems to be a misunderstanding; they said the stateroom was countermanded at the last minute, but the party's name was Richards. It's all right now, but we nearly lost it—they're holding her for you. There don't seem to be any more passengers —are you sure there's no mistake?"

"Perfectly sure," said Molly, sober enough now. "I'm very much indebted to you, Pierce."

She gave him a tip that caught his breath, walked up the gang plank of the Stella, nodded easily to a severe official, and followed a pale, neat stewardess to her stateroom.

"Where is this boat going?" she asked of the pale stewardess, who gasped and replied:

"South America, ma'am. Didn't you know?"

"I may have forgotten," said Molly, and then sleep overcame her and the days and nights were one for a long time.

The Stella carried hides and fruit and lumber, and, occasionally, two or three passengers, for whose convenience the company had fitted up a stateroom or two, since the demand for these proved steady—people, as Molly learned from the stewardess (whose sole charge she was), for whom a sea voyage had been recommended for various reasons. There had never been more than five at a time and two was the average—one, very common.

The long, blue days slipped by, she ate and slept and lay in the deck chair that had been sent by the party named Richards, and spoke to the stewardess alone, who was used to tired and silent charges, and served her meals on a tray.

She was a quiet, refined woman with a hand often at her heart. Molly found her gasping in the companionway once, fed her quickly from the little flask she pointed at in her pocket, and helped her to her berth, as clean and comfortable as Molly's own. This produced confidences, and she learned that Mrs. Cope (everyone called her that, she said, and treated her most respectfully) had made her first voyage as children's nurse to an English family bound for Rio, who had turned her off on arriving at that port. The stewardess on that trip proved inclined to drink and sauciness, and at Mrs. Cope's suggestion they had given her the post in her stead and she had kept it for five years. An easy berth, she said, good pay, good board, little to do and pleasant people. She ate alone, was practically her own mistress, and the sea air had saved her life, she knew.

THIS Molly could well believe, for she had come to count the days of her ignorance of salt water for days of loss and emptiness. The mornings of wind, the nights of stars and foam, the hot blue moons, sang in her blood and tinted her cheeks; she felt herself born again, the crowded past an ugly nightmare. She says that she had never, till then, been alone with herself for ten years and that she had never had time to find out what she really liked best in the world. We must suppose that she did at least find out, but it cannot be denied that the discovery was unusual.

Mrs. Cope died at Buenos Ayres, suddenly, as she was serving Molly's supper, and Molly, piloted by the first mate, for she knew no Spanish, buried her there and put up a neat, headstone over her grave—the possible lack of one had been the poor woman's one terror, and she had sent every cent of her wages to some worthless mysterious husband whose whereabouts nobody knew. This took all Molly's money but so much as was needed for her return trip, for it has to be confessed of her that she never saved a penny in her extravagant life.

And now we see her speaking, for the first time beyond perfunctory salutations, with the captain, a taciturn recluse of a man, furious just now at some unexpected litigation connected with his cargo and horribly inconvenienced by the loss of his stewardess. Two ladies waiting, literally, on the wharf, have been promised accommodation in the Stella by the owners, and there is not a decent, respectable woman to be found on the whole coast of South America to look after them.

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"Suppose you give me the job?" says Molly quietly.

He looks her up, down and across with an eye like a gimlet; she takes the scrutiny cheerfully, as her duty and his due, offers him her clear, gray eyes (her only reference for character) and her capable, trim, broad-shouldered figure as security for fitness.

"I suppose you know your own business best," he says brusquely. "You're engaged. What name do you wish to go by?"

"My own," says she, "Molly Dickett."

NOW the secret is out, and you may observe her again piloted by the first mate, scouting through the shops of Buenos Ayres for a blue-and-white striped cotton frock, broad enough through the shoulders. Aprons she purchased and caps (larger caps than Mrs. Cope's, who compromised on white lawn bow-knots) and high-laced, rubber-soled, white canvas boots, only to be procured in English shops for sporting goods. Their price caused the first mate to whistle.

"What's the idea of all this?" he demanded suddenly. "Of course, you know, you must be up to some game. Your kind doesn't ship as stewardess."

"What game were you up to?" Molly replied quickly. "Your kind doesn't ship as first mate, does it?"

"What kind?" he said gruffly.

"The 'Dicky' kind," she answered.

He blurted out some amazed incoherence.

"Oh, I've seen Harvard men before," she assured him pleasantly.

Molly took the best of care of her two ladies and accepted their gratuities with a grave courtesy. They confided to the captain at New York, that she seemed unusually refined for her position, and he replied that for all he knew she might be.

"We'll never see her again," the first mate grumbled sourly, when she stepped off the gang plank, and the captain shrugged his shoulders noncommitally.

They did, nevertheless, but her mother never did. After that one dreadful interview in the Dickett library (it had used to be the sitting room in her college days) when Eleanor had cried, and Kathryn's letter had been read aloud, and Mr. Dickett had vainly displayed his bank book, and her mother had literally trembled with rage, there was nothing for it but oblivion, oblivion and silence.

"A stewardess! My daughter a stewardess! I believe we could put you in an asylum—you're not decent!"

Mrs. Dickett's cheeks were grayish and mottled.

"Come, come, mother! Come, come!" said Mr. Dickett, "there's some mistake. I'm sure. If you'd only come and live with us, Molly—we're all alone, now, you know, and Lord knows there's plenty for all. It doesn't seem quite the thing, I must say, though. It—it hurts your mother's pride, you see."

"I'm sorry," said Molly sadly. It is incredible, but she had never anticipated it! She was really very simple and direct, and life seemed so clear and good to her, now.

"To compare yourself with that Englishman is ridiculous, and you know it," sobbed Eleanor. "What if he was a cowboy? He didn't wear a cap and apron—and it was for his health—and George is too angry to come over, even!"

"It's for my health, too," Molly urged, trying to keep her temper. "I never was the same after I went on that vacation to Maine—I told you before. Life isn't worth living, unless you're well."

"But you could have the south chamber for your sitting room, as George suggested, and do your writing at your own time," Mr. Dickett began.

"I've told you I'm not a writer," she interrupted shortly.

"George would rather have paid out of his own pocket——"

"We'll leave George out of this, I think," said Molly, her foot tapping dangerously.

"Then you may leave me out, too!" cried George's wife. "I have my children to think of. If you are determined to go and be a chambermaid, this ends it. Come, mother!"

Mrs. Dickett avoided her husband's grasp and went to the door with Eleanor. It is hard to see how these things can be, but the cave woman and her whelpish brood are far behind us now, and Molly's mother was cut to the dividing of the bone and the marrow. The two women went out of the room and Molly stood alone with her father.

"I'm sorry, father," she said quietly. "I can't see that I should change my way of life when it is perfectly honorable and proper, just to gratify their silly pride. You must realize that I have to be independent—I'm thirty years old and I haven't had a cent that I didn't earn for more than ten years. I have never been so well and so—so contented since I left college, really."

"Really?" Mr. Dickett echoed in dim amazement.

"Really. And mother never liked me— never. Oh, it's no use, father, she never has. I can't waste any more of my life. I've found what suits me —if I ever change, I'll let you know. I'll write you, anyway, now and then. Good-by, father; shake hands."

And so it was over, and she jumped into the waiting "hack" ("it was some comfort," Eleanor said, "that she wore that handsome broadcloth and the feather boa"), and left them.

Perhaps you had rather leave her, yourself? Remember, she had dined the brother of a baronet (and dined him well, too!). And George Farwell had never earned her salary on the Day. Still, if you will stick by her a little longer, you may feel a little more tolerant of her, and that is much in this critical civilization of ours.

She leaned over the rail in her striped blue and white, and the first mate leaned beside her. The sapphire sea raced along and the milky froth flew from their bow. The sun beat down on her dark head, and there was a song in her heart—oh, there's no doubt of it, the girl was disgracefully happy!

"A fine trip, won't it be?" she said contentedly, and drew a deep breath and washed her lungs clean of all the murk and cobwebs left behind.

"Yes," said the first mate, "my last, by the way."

"Your last?" she repeated vaguely. "Your last?"

HE nodded and swallowed in his throat. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes, tell me why," she said, and stared at the ship's boat, lashed to the side.

"I've told you about myself," he blurted out roughly, "and my family,

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and all that. It can't be helped—now. We look at things differently. A man either wants to be an attache fooling around Baden, or he doesn't. I don't, that's all. And I go bad in offices. And I won't take money from them—or anybody. This suits me well enough. Probably I'm not ambitious."

"Then if it suits you—" Molly began, but he put his hand over hers.

"It doesn't suit me to love any woman as much as I've loved you since Buenos Ayres," he said, "and feel that to get her I must give up this and settle down into a smelly office. It doesn't suit me to find that life is just hell without her, but to know that if I know anything about myself I couldn't live any other way but this, and that no decent man could ask a woman to lead the rolling-stone life that I lead—she wouldn't, anyhow."

Molly's eyes were fastened on the bow of the ship's boat; her heart pounded against the rail; she had never felt so frightened in her life.

And suddenly she became aware that she was staring at the letters ELLA, and they looked very tiny, like the letters of the Lord's Prayer written in carved ivory toys, and something she had not thought of since she first left New York flashed into her mind, and she trembled slightly. Then all the vexed and broken many-colored fragments of her life clicked and settled into place, quietly and inevitably, as they do in a child's kaleidoscope, and the final pattern stood out, finished. She smiled slightly and thinks that perhaps she prayed.

"Why don't you give the woman a chance?" said Molly Dickett. . . .

* * *

Mr. Dickett pushed little Penelope gently on his knee and stroked a whitening whisker.

"Molly's baby was a boy, mother—I know you'd want to hear," he said.

Mrs. Dickett was silent.

"Her husband's bought a third interest in the boat," he went on firmly, "and she says he'll be captain."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Dickett.

"They've stopped carrying passengers and the rooms are fitted up for them, quite private, she writes, and the boy weighed nine pounds. I'm thinking of going down to see them when they get in to this country again, mother. Would you care to see her husband's picture? He's a fine-looking chap—six feet, she writes."

"I don't care about it," said Mrs. Dickett, through thin lips. "It is a relief, however, to learn that she is no longer a chambermaid."

"Come, come, mother, the ship's boy did all the emptying, you know," Mr. Dickett urged tolerantly. "It seems a roving sort of life to us, I know, and unsettled, but if they like it, why I can't see any real harm——"

"Tastes differ," said his wife grimly—and so, God knows, they do!

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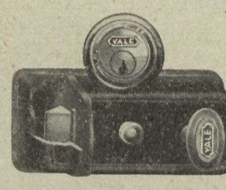

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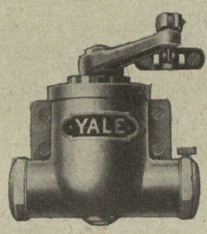

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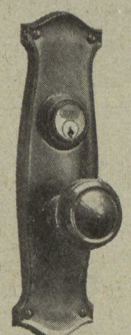

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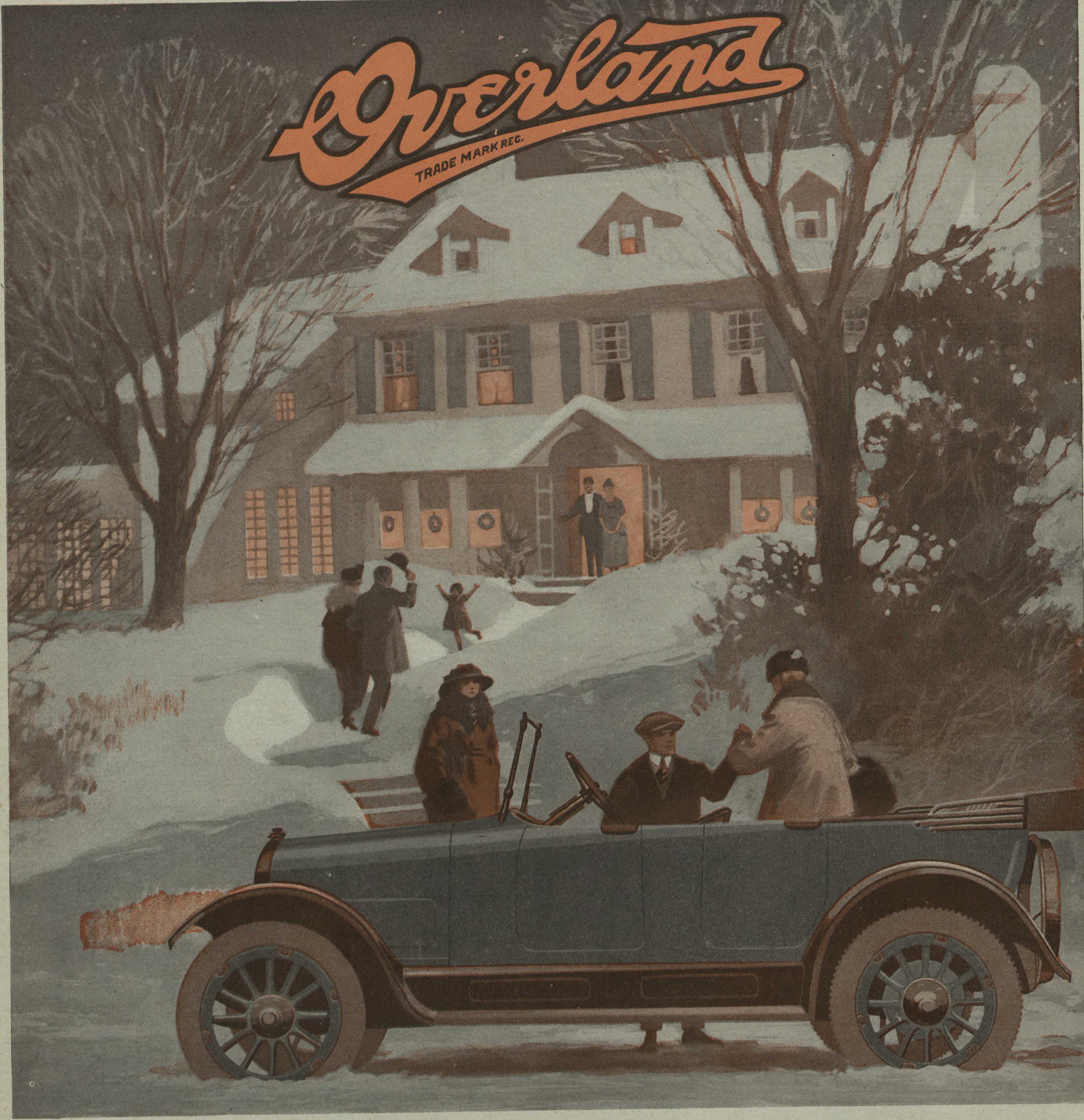

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