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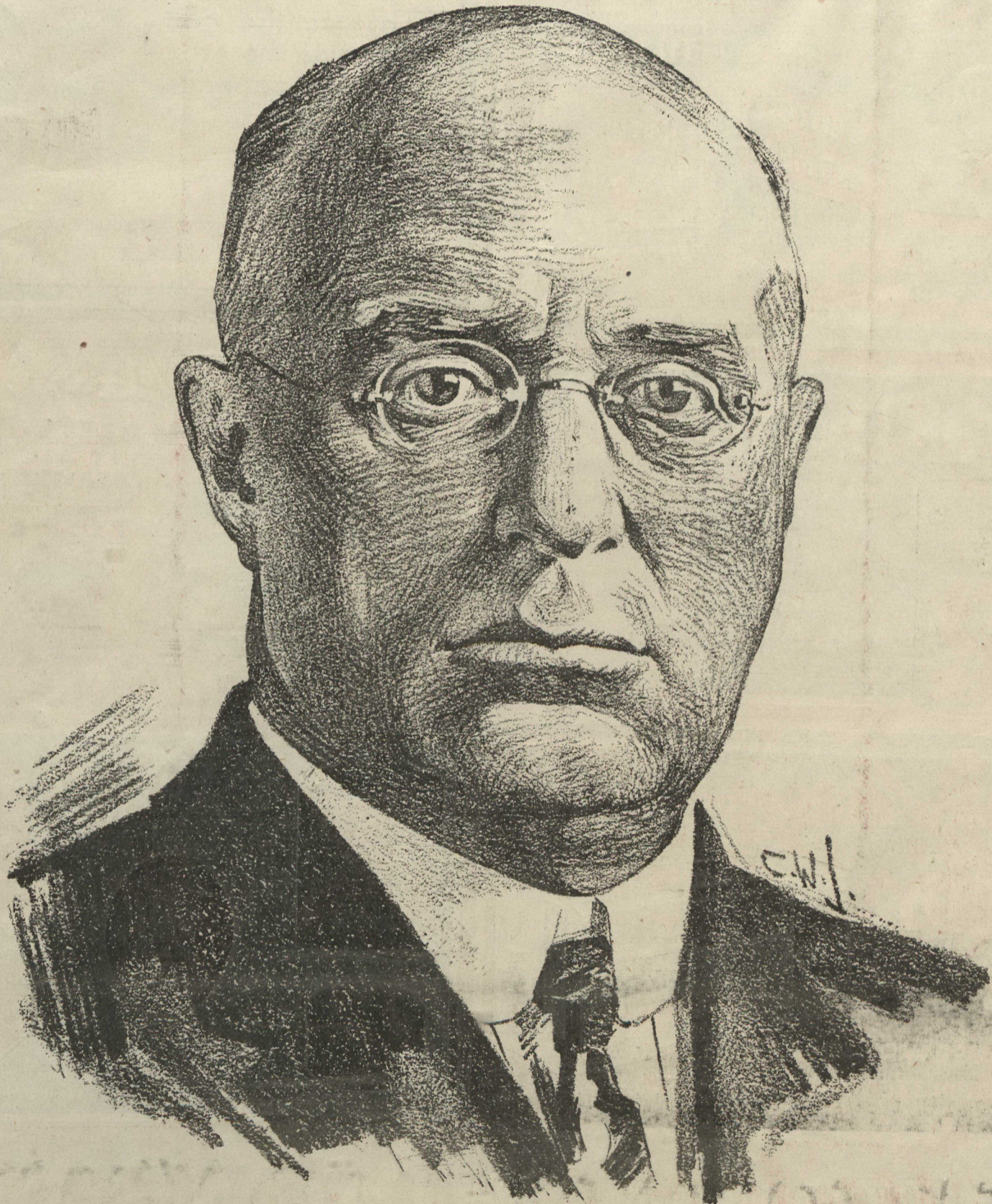
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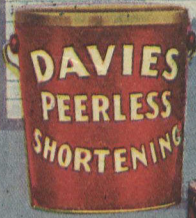
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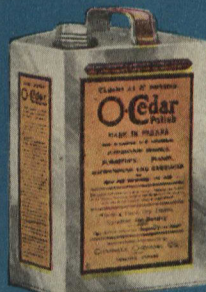
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You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

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In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

EDITOR'S TALK

TWO more issues and we shall be on Vol. XXI, No. 1. That means the end of the first decade of the Canadian Courier, which put out Vol. I, No. 1, in the first week of December, 1906. There is no space here to sum up the story of this decade in establishing a Canadian national weekly. Some of it will be told—in suggestive outline—in the issue of Dec. 2. But readers will not be bored by a mere recital of what has been. It is more important to consider what we expect to become. Vol. XXI, No. 1, will be a good sample. Readers may expect in that issue as interesting a number as was ever turned out by any publication in Canada at any time. As it is the first issue in December, the Decennial Number will, to some extent, be a Christmas number.

Readers of this current issue and the few issues previous need not be reminded that we are producing a 32-page paper to compete with any of its size—or bigger—put out by any firm anywhere. We have just begun to mine for the material. There is more good copy in Canada about Canada by Canadians for Canadians to-day than there ever was. And the first year of our second decade will prove it.

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THE COURIER

Vol. XX.

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PLAYING THE NATIONAL GAME

DR. DOMINO could draw the map of the whole world without looking in a book. What he didn't know about the coast line of Patagonia was not a fit subject for any German spy to investigate. The world to him was a vast system of parallels of latitude and meridians, zones and isothermals. He had as much interest in Baffin



With absolute consideration for Dr. Domino's Views of the Empire

By
AUGUSTUS
BRIDLE

Dr. Domino: "As I was saying, boys, the British Empire is so complicated with protectorates, dependencies, colonies and overseas dominions, that it needs to be consolidated. You boys may live to see the day when the seat of Empire will be in Canada."

Ontario: "Please, sir, we ain't very well acquainted in this class. Can't we all go out and play lacrosse?"

Land as in the South Sea Islands. And they all looked alike to him. Woe betide any of his advanced scholars who could not name all the rivers of Europe in threes beginning on the west slope with Petchorn and ending with Guadalquivir.

But of all parts of the earth Dr. Domino could best see in his sleep that nebulous, spiritual and political aggregation the British Empire thrusting itself over the globe and the seven seas like the Milky Way among the stars. We must admire the dominie for this. No worth-considering citizen of that Empire, no matter whether he lives in an igloo or a South Sea hut or a millionaire's mansion in Montreal could fail to be thrilled by its grandeur. No Canadian worth the right to become a voter ever could refuse to admit that of all empires ever known, Greek, Roman, old German, Spanish—clear down to our own time, the British Empire is incomparably the greatest. Let no critic of Dr. Domino consider himself a true Canadian unless he regards that Empire with the reverence and the awe-stricken regard which the poor Keats expressed on first looking into Chapman's translation of Homer.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet rises to his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Words of no Kipling, no Dilke, no Schreiner, no Parker, ever could visualize to the Anglo-Saxon that Empire. It is unthinkable. It has about it evermore the spell and the freshness of the Elizabethan age. In the far-away crags of the furthest mountain peaks, Himalayas or the Rockies, men are finding new epics that make the Valhalla crowd look like pigmies. The marvellous riverways and the fat

plains of the five continents are a Columbus-land of discovery. Strange people look down upon mankind. Temples glint in the sun that never sets. Mystic bells chime forth. The cart creaks down the trail. The ship swings up from the Southern Cross to the Great Bear. The sheep are on a hundred hills of the kangaroo. The musk-ox cow pushes her newborn calf into a June snow drift. And we are tempted to sum it all up in singing aloud that great and impossible song of Kipling:

"What is the Flag of England?"

PRAY let no man suspect that we are not in accord with Dr. Domino on this theme. Nay, like Hamlet, we shall go him one better. No such skyborn epic ever flashed on the world as the Empire; no such sociological enigma; never such an outlandishly impossible task for an Atlas; never such a feat for cable and wireless and steam. We simply have to have the Suez, must tunnel the Rockies, were compelled to get overland from Capetown to Cairo; couldn't possibly get along as a world people without sending Saskatchewan wheat to the famine zones of India. We fetched forth our Chamberlain, our Cecil Rhodes, our Kipling, our Lord Milner and our Van Horne—casually mentioning these as builders of Empire. Ah! we have also Col. Denison, Dr. Parkin, Sir William Peterson, Sir John Willison and Sir Hugh Graham.

Not for us in Canada to lag behind in the daily ritual of this never-sunsetting world Midway of "peoples and realms of every tongue." Never so long as the missionary endures along with the pack-trailer. No, we must visualize this gorgeous dream that makes us akin to half the world and that takes in all the languages of Europe and Asia. The Athenian empire could have been put into our

Imperial vest pocket. The Roman empire was a splotch of ink on our blotter. The terrains of Charlemagne, and the battlefields of Napoleon were the dooryard to our farm. We only, the scions of an adventurous race cousin to the Vikings of old, have fared forth in the spirit of Cabot and of Drake into the "precious stone set in a silver sea," the island of Shakespeare, to fling the flag of England over all meridians and all the five zones of human habitation.

Thus again do we support Dr. Domino in other worlds than his. We can't help it. The Empire lifts us into the light that never dies, "the light that never was on sea or land," even while it shone upon five continents and seven seas. And then because we had greater human respect for the little islands that created such an Empire, the island where many of us were born, from which many of our forefathers came—we turned our gaze upon England. France we knew, not because of Napoleon, but because one of our greatest peoples came from France in the days of old. Thus we are racially a part of continental Europe, and this also is something to bear in mind because one of our peoples seem to have forgotten it.

Considering England—including Scotland, Ireland and Wales—we observe much that Dr. Domino misses. Why this genial old gentleman never took a trip to the land of his grandfather is unexplained. He always speaks well of the English. But he never seemed to sparkle with passion for England. Because he had never seen the most remarkable "country" in Europe. Centuries ago bards began to rhapsodize about England; and they are doing it still. Masfield, Noyes, Brooke, have done what ten centuries ago Chaucer began. It's the same old England; mother of parliaments and nations and paradoxes, the most compact assemblage of big men, vitalizing political liberty, wonderful homes, lovely

hedgerows, palaces and slums ever known among the builders of mankind. England is not a mere nation. She is an old forest of people, customs, laws, traditions, hopes. Her roots strike deep into the bed-rock of humanity. Her gnarled old limbs send out green shoots. You cannot kill her, defame her, discourage her. She is more than any other nation perhaps immortal, having written her life on more parts of earth than any other people ever did; shaken to the core by the winds of democracy, but still with singing birds in her boughs she goes on to strike for the freedom of the world long before she has established her own. The humanest land in all the world, that's England, whom we call, not Fatherland, but Motherland, with a deeper affection; and never may we thrill less at the name. For no people ever had such a parent.

Here are 40,000,000 people whose Parliament, Lords and King control the world-flung empire of which Dr. Domino is still speaking. Of these 7,000,000 inhabit London which 20,000,000 of the other inhabitants have never seen. Of the population of London probably 4,000,000 never so much as saw the coast of France whose guns they have heard across the Channel since the war began.

We refer to John Bull whose children are supposed to know all about the elephant of the Ganges and the musk-ox of the coppermine. Bluntly speaking, we refer to the much-chided Little Englander who is a fact, and let us never forget him; the man who supposes the Empire is run by a cataract somewhere and that "England, my England," is for him the all in all. We have him in Canada. Along with the British-born and descended our first hope, along with the French-Canadian our second, we have this insular, home-going Little Englander who regards the Empire as a bore and will never be happy till he is tucked away again among the people of his forefathers whose ashes are beneath the crumbling grave stones of yonder church yard. I say we have him here, though he is a small minority. England has him. And of him let us remind ourselves that before war shook him out of his customary boots this Little Englander had never even seen the land of his birth outside his own bailiwick, never the coast of Europe from which his forbears adventurously came, and only shuddered with visions of "mal ue mer" when he thought of the sea.

LET him pass. The war has begun to give him a bigger human grip on the world than his money-kings had in their interest on bonds the world over. We have more immediately to do with the first cousin of this Little Englander in Canada. And here we stumble over a contradiction in terms. When we come to inquire, What is a Little Canadian, we need to revise our ideas by the aid of Dr. Domino.

Here is the paradox. The Little Englander is he who worships England most of which he has never seen and endures the Empire because it fetches him food and takes his surplus of population. The Little Canadian or Canada-ite is both similar and different. Much. He is perhaps twins. There are two of him.

First the Little Canadian who never lets his vision travel beyond the boundaries of his own province, and regards the Empire as a political and military affliction. We have him; millions of him—but his number is waning. Time and national development may expand him out of his shell. The Canada of the future will grab this parochial Canadian and make of him a national figure. At present, with all his limitations, he is a real Canadian.

There is a much more puzzling element among us. It is the Canadian who might as well be an inhabitant of Tasmania or the Orange Free State for all the difference it would make to his Imperial sentiments. So long as he could find Tories and Grits, Orange lodges and Sons of England and of Ireland and Scotland, he would be about as well off in one part of the Empire as another.

DR. DOMINO is in many respects such a man. He is one of the originators of the idea that unless you consolidate this marvellous Empire as you would merge factories or cement plants or banks you cannot compete in patriotic production with the rest of the world. There must be to this Little Canadian one head office for the Imperial business—for the present at London. Branch offices in Ottawa, Melbourne, Capetown, Calcutta, etc., all denoted on the letterheads.

Why do we call such a man who, like John Wesley, has practically the world for his parish, a Little Canadian? Merely because he makes himself such by being a plain human being. It is respectfully submitted that there is at present in Canada no one man wise, experienced, visional and long-lived enough to make such a consuming hobby of the Empire, and at the same time to comprehend in all its dimensions and its potentialities the colossal country known as Canada. Of course, he will retort that the way to understand any part is first to study the whole. But we have been doing that for two or three hundred years. Maps are all very well. But we do not live on a map. I remarked to an Australian the other day:

"You are a long way from home."

He replied genially, "I am at home anywhere in Canada," and added, "After all, it is only twenty-seven days' journey from Melbourne to Montreal."

I think he was a bit ironical. The mean average distance of the capitals of the overseas dominions from one another and from London is something for the higher mathematicians to work out. Cable, wireless and steam have something to do with that. And, of course, no good Canadian should quarrel with distance. There are M.P.'s in Ottawa who travel six days to get to Parliament. But life is just so long and a man can do just about so much. And this country called Canada is too big to be passed over on any flying trip from Melbourne to London.

There are those among us to whom the Empire is a great adventure. Let them undertake a few adventures in their own country, several hundred thousand square miles of which they have never seen. There are men paeaning about the Empire who have never seen any city further from the centre of Can-

ada than Montreal or Toronto. The fact that Halifax is as close to Liverpool as to Vancouver should not deter these people from finding out all they possibly can about the problems that both unite and divide this country. We have problems here that will tax all the brain power of all the men who can be spared for the purpose. We have five areas of settlement all differing in problems, as much as in natural resources and geography. The Maritime Provinces have as much in common as the three prairie provinces. The two groups are as different as chalk is from cheese, and they each differ from British Columbia, which nature separated from the rest of us by the Rockies till man bridged them with railways. Ontario and Quebec are more unlike each other than they are unlike any other province in the Dominion. If the head-office-at-London crowd could work awhile at the problem of getting these two to pull together on the national wagon, they might do something to merge into a great national unity the most populous and at present most influential provinces of Canada. With those two in concert the rest might be less difficult.

No poet has arisen to sing the glories of greater Canada. Historians have thrown dry dust in its eyes. Geographers have made maps and the maps are unknown. We have a country of more square miles than all Europe, and less people than any but the pigmy nations in the Balkans. We have tried various ways to unify Canada; by Confederation, by railways, by inter-settlement, by tariffs, by immigration, by branch banks, by news services and newspapers—finally, by the war, which so far has proven the wisdom of all other attempts to consolidate the country. After the war we shall have more problems in a week than the Canada of 1867 had in a year.

Here at once we are confronted by the Little-Canada man's trump argument. The war has shown that all Canada is burning with enthusiasm for the Empire—except a great part of Quebec. Has it? Leaving out the British-born part of the Canadian army, has the war not rather proved that Canadians are enthusiastic about themselves as part of the Empire, that we are more enthusiastic about England than about South Africa or India; finally that as a self-governing nation within the Empire we have infinitely more to do with ourselves than we have with any other part of the Empire, including England?

ANZACS and South Africans we know: they are kith of our kin. Sikhs and Gurkas we do not know very well as yet. When the Sikhs came to us before the war we treated them in a class with the Chinese and the Japs. War has made them more comprehensible, more welcome, but not more brotherly. We do not propose to instruct Australia on her duties to the Empire nor to counsel South Africa. Not long ago the union of two races in the South African commonwealth was pointed to Canada for example. Events of the past few months do not prove that the example was a good one. We have

(Concluded on page 21.)

How the Northumberland Fusiliers looked after taking some German trenches in the Somme district. Some day next summer—30 years from now (Hindenburg)—the German line may break. And when trench tactics change to open fighting there will be a bigger percentage of captured German helmets than appears in this picture.



The DISH and the SPOON

*The Insomniac
has an adventure
with slumber*

By
**ARTHUR
STRINGER**



"YOU waiting for anyone?"

The question, I could see, was merely a euphemistic message of dismissal. It was also an impertinence. But I was too sleepy to resent it. "I am," was my contented reply.

The newly arrived all-night waiter looked at me out of a fishy and cynical eye. Then he looked at the clock. Then he looked at my empty wine cooler.

"Was it a lady?" he had the effrontery to ask.

I could see his eye roam about the all but empty room. It was the low-ebb hour when a trolley car is an event along the empty street, the hour when chairs are piled on cafe tables, the white corpuscles of the milk waggons begin to move through the city's sleepy arteries, and those steel nerves known as telegraph wires keep languidly awake with the sugary thrills of their night letters.

"Yes, it was a lady," I answered. That wall-eyed intruder knew nothing of the heavenly supper I had stumbled on in that wicked French restaurant, or of the fine and firm Clos Vougeot that had been unearthed from its shabby cellar, or of my own peace of mind as I sat there studying the empty metal cooler and pondering how the mean and scabby wastes of Champagne could mother an ichor so rich with singing etherealities.

"Er—just what might she look like, sir?" my tormentor next asked of me, blinking about with a loose and largely condoning matter-of-factness as though in placid search of some plumed and impatient demirep awaiting her chance to cross the bar of acquaintanceship on the careless high tide of inebriacy.

"She moves very, very quietly, and has a star in her hair," I replied to that fish-eyed waiter. "Her breath is soft and dewy, and her brow is hooded. And in her hands she carries a spray of poppies."

The waiter looked down at me with that impersonal mild pity with which it is man's wont to view the harmlessly insane.

"Surely," I said with a smothered yawn, "surely you have met her? Surely you have been conscious of those soft and shadowy eyes gazing into yours as you melted into her arms?"

"Quite so, sir," uneasily admitted my wall-eyed friend. Then I began to realize that he was waking me up. I grew fearful lest his devastating invasion should frighten away the timorous spirit I had been wooing as assiduously as an angler seeking his first trout. For one long hour, with a full body and an empty head, I had sat there stalking sleep as artfully and as arduously as huntsman ever stalked a deer. And I knew that if I moved from that spot the chase would be over, for that night at least.

"But the odd thing about her," I languidly explained, "is that she evades only those who seek her. She is coy. She denies herself to those who most passionately demand her. Yet something tells me that she is hovering near me at this moment, that she is about to bend over me with those ineffable eyes if only I await the golden moment. And so, my dear sir, if you will take this as a slight reward for your trouble, and cover that exceedingly soiled-looking divan in that exceedingly disreputable-looking alcove with a clean tablecloth, and then draw that curtain which is apparently designed to convert it into a chambre particuliere, you will be giving me a chance to consort with an angel of graciousness more lovely than any meretricious head that ever soiled its faded plush. And if I am left uninterrupted until you go off in the morning, your reward will then be doubled."

His puzzled face showed, as he peered down at the bill in his hand, that if this indeed were madness, there was a not repugnant sort of method in it.

So he set dazedly about draping that none too clean divan with a tablecloth, making it, in fact, look un- comfortably like a bier. Then he carried my hat and

gloves and overcoat to a chair at the foot of the divan. Then he took me by the arm, firmly and solicitously. His face, as I made my way without one stagger or reel into that shabby little quietude screened off from the rest of the world, was a study in astonishment. It was plain that I puzzled him. He even indulged in a second wondering glance back at the divan as he drew the portieres. Then, if I mistake not, he uttered the one explanatory and self-sufficient word—"Needle-pumper!"

I heard him tiptoe in, a few minutes later, and decently cover my legs with the overcoat from the chair. I did not speak, for bending over me was a rarer and sweeter Presence, and I wanted no sound or movement to frighten her away. Just when her hand touched mine I cannot tell. But I fell off into a deep and natural sleep and dreamed I was being carried through Sicilian orange groves by a wall-eyed waiter with wings like a butterfly.

FROM that sleep I emerged vaguely conscious that voices were speaking close to me. Their murmur, in fact, seemed to blend with my ever-shifting dreams, for as I lay there in that pleasant borderland torpor which is neither wakefulness nor slumber I seemed to doze on, in no ponderable way, disturbed by the hum of talk that crept in to me.

"Then why can't Sir Henry work on the Belmont job?" one of the voices was asking.

"I told you before, Sir Henry's tied up," another voice answered.

"What doing?" asked the first voice.

"He's fixing his plant for that Van Tuyl coup," was the answer.

"What Van Tuyl?"

"Up in Seventy-third Street. He's got 'em hog-tied!"

"And what's more," broke in a third voice, "he won't touch a soup case since he got that safe wedge in the wrist. It kind o' broke his nerve for nitro work."

"Aw, you couldn't break that guy's nerve!"

"Well, he knows he's marked, anyway."

Then came a lull, followed by the scratch of a match and the mumbling voices again.

"How'd he get through the ropes up there?" inquired one of these voices.

"Same old way. Butleryng. Turk McMeekin doped him up a half-dozen London recommends. That got him started out in Morristown, with the Whippeny Club. Then he did the Herresford job. But he's got a peach with this Van Tuyl gang. They let him lock up every night—silver and all—and carry the keys up to bed with him!"

"It's up to Sir 'Enry to make 'em dream he's the real thing," murmured another of the voices.

"Sure!" answered still another voice that seemed a great distance away.

Then the mumble became a murmur and the murmur a drone. And the drone became a sighing of birch tops, and I was stalking Big-Horn across mountain peaks of cafe parfait, where a pompous English butler served peches Melba on the edge of every second precipice.

When I woke up it was broad daylight, and my wall-eyed waiter was there waiting for his second bill. And I remembered that I ought to 'phone Benson so he could have the coffee ready by the time I walked home through the mellow October air.

It was two hours later that the memory of those murmuring midnight voices came back to me. The words I had overheard seemed to have

been buried in my mind, like seeds in the ground. Then here and there a green shoot of suspicion emerged. The more I thought it over, the more disturbed I became. Yet I warned myself that I could be sure of nothing. The one tangibility was the repeated word, "Van Tuyl." And there at least was something on which I could focus my attention.

I went to the telephone and called up Beatrice Van Tuyl. As youngsters we had raced pony carts and played water polo and cat-boated on the Sound together. I realized, as I heard that cheery young matron's voice over the wire, that I would have to pick my steps with care.

"I say, Beatrice, are you possibly in need of a butler?" I began as offhandedly as I was able.

"Out of a place, Witter dear?" was the chuckling inquiry that came to me.

"No, I'm not, but I know of a good man," was my mendacious reply. "And I rather thought—"

"My dear Witter," said the voice over the wire, "we've a jewel of a man up here. He's English, you know. And I'm beginning to suspect he's been with royalty. Jim's always wanted to stick pins in his legs to see if he really isn't petrified."

"What's his name?"

"Just what it ought to be—the most appropriate name of Wilkins."

"How long have you had him?"

"Oh, weeks and weeks!" Only a New York householder could understand the tone of triumph in that retort.

"And you're sure of him in every way?"

"Of course we're sure of him. He's been a Gibraltar of dependability."

"Where did you get him from?"

"From Morristown. He was at the Whippeny Club out there before he came to us."

"The Whippeny Club!" I cried, for the name struck like a bullet on the metal of memory.

"Don't you think," the voice over the wire was saying, "that you'd better come up for dinner tonight and inspect the paragon at close range? And you might talk to us a little, between whiles."

"I'd love to," was my very prompt reply.

"Then do," said Beatrice Van Tuyl. "A little after seven."

AND a little after seven I duly rang the Van Tuyls' door bell and was duly admitted to that orderly and well-appointed Seventy-third Street house, so like a thousand other orderly and well-appointed New York houses hidden behind their unchanging masks of brown and gray, as impassive as the faces of their occupants, whose secretive ways of living I knew even better than the houses which had begun to bear them such a vague resemblance.

Yet I could not help feeling the vulnerability of that apparently well-guarded home. For all its walls of stone and brick, for all the steel grills that covered its windows and the heavy scroll work that protected its glass door, it remained a place munificently ripe for plunder. Its solidity, I felt, was only a mockery. It made me think of a fortress that had been secretly mined. Its occupants seemed basking in a false security. The very instruments which went to insure that security were actually a menace. The very machinery of service which made possible its cloistral tranquility held the factor for its disruption.

As I surrendered my hat and coat and ascended to that second floor where I had known so many sedately happy hours, I for once found myself disquieted by its flower-laden atmosphere. I began to be oppressed by a new and disturbing sense of responsibility. It would be no light matter, I began to see, to explode a bomb of dissension in that principality of almost arrogant aloofness. It would be no joke to confound that smoothly flowing routine with which urban wealth so jealously surrounds itself.

I suddenly remembered there was nothing in which I could be positive, nothing on which I could

with certainty rely. And my inward disquiet was increased, if anything, by the calm and blithely contented glance that Beatrice Van Tuyl leveled at me.

"And what's all this mystery about our man Wilkins?" she asked me, with the immediacy of her sex.

"Won't you let me answer that question a little later in the evening."

"But, my dear Witter, that's hardly fair!" she protested, as she held a lighted match for her husband's cigarette. "Do you know, I actually believe you've spotted some one you want to supplant Wilkins with."

"Please——"

"Or did he spill soup on you some time when we didn't see it?"

"I imagine he's spilt a bit of soup in his day," I answered, remembering what I had overheard as to the safe wedge. And as I spoke I realized that my one hope lay in the possibility of getting a glimpse of the mark which that wedge had left—if, indeed, my whole sand chain of coincidences did not slip back into the inconsequentialities of dreamland.

"You can't shake my faith in Wilkins," said the blue-eyed woman in the blue silk dinner gown, as she leaned back in a protecting-armed and softly padded library chair which suddenly became symbolic of her whole guarded and upholstered life. "Jim, tell Witter what a jewel Wilkins really is."

JIM, whose thought was heavy ordnance beside his wife's flying column of humour, turned the matter solemnly over in his mind.

"He's a remarkably good man," admitted the stolid and levitical Jim, "remarkably good."

"And you've seen him yourself, time and time again," concurred his wife.

"But I've never been particularly interested in servants, you know," was my self-defensive retort.

"Then why, in the face of the Immortal Ironies, are you putting my butler under the microscope?" was the return shot that came from the flying column. The acidulated sweetness of that attack even nettled me into a right-about-face.

"Look here," I suddenly demanded, "have either of you missed anything valuable about here lately?"

The two gazed at each other in perplexed wonder.

"Of course not," retorted the woman in the dinner gown. "Not a thing!"

"And you know you have everything intact, all your jewelry, your plate, your pocketbooks, the trinkets a sneak thief might call it worth while to round up?"

"Of course we have. And I can't even resent your bracketing my pocketbook in with the trinkets."

"But are you certain of this? Could you verify it at a moment's notice?"

"My dear Witter, we wouldn't need to. I mean we're doing it every day of our lives. It's instinctive; it's as much a habit as keeping moths out of the closets and cobwebs out of the corners."

"What's making you ask all this?" demanded the heavy artillery.

"Yes, what's suddenly making you into a Holmes's watchman?" echoed the flying brigade.

Still again I saw that it was going to be no easy thing to intimate to persons you cared for the possibility of their sleeping on a volcano. Such an intimation has both its dangers and its responsibilities. My earlier sense of delight in a knowledge unparticipated in by others was gradually merging into a consciousness of a disagreeable task that would prove unsavory in both its features and its finale.

"I'm asking all this," I replied, "because I have good reason to believe this paragon you call Wilkins is not only a criminal, but has come into this house for criminal purposes."

"For what criminal purposes?"

"For the sake of robbing it."

BEATRICE VAN TUYL looked at me with her wide-open azure eyes. Then she suddenly bubbled over with golden and liquid-noted laughter. "Oh, Witter, you're lovely!"

"What proof have you got of that?" demanded Jim.

"Of my loveliness?" I inquired, for Jim Van Tuyl's solidity was as provocative as that of the smithy anvil which the idler cannot pass without at least a hammer-tap or two. Yet it was this same solidity, I knew, that made him the safest of financiers and the shrewdest of investors.

"No," he retorted; "proofs of the fact that Wilkins is here for other than honest purposes."

"I've no proof," I had to confess.

"Then what evidence have you?"

"I've not even any evidence as yet. But I'm not stirring up this sort of thing without good reason."

"Let's hope not!" retorted Jim.

"My dear Witter, you're actually getting fussy in your old age," said the laughing woman. It was only

the solemnity of her husband's face that seemed to sober her. "Can't you see it's absurd? We're all here, safe and sound, and we haven't been robbed."

"But what I want to know," went on the heavier artillery, "is what your reasons are. It seems only right we should inquire what you've got in the shape of evidence."

"It wouldn't be admitted as evidence," I confessed.

He threw down his cigarette. It meant as much as throwing up his hands.

"Then what do you expect us to do?"

"I don't expect you to do anything. All I ask is that you let me try to justify this course I've taken, that the three of us dine quietly together. And unless I'm greatly mistaken, before that dinner is over I think I can show you that this man——"

I saw Beatrice Van Tuyl suddenly lift a forefinger to her lip. The motion for silence brought me up short. A moment later I heard the click of a light switch in the hallway outside and then the tinkle of curtain rings on their pole. Into the doorway stepped a figure in black, a calm and slow-moving and altogether self-assured figure.

"Dinner is served," intoned this sober personage, with a curate-like solemnity all his own.

I had no wish to gape at the man, but that first glimpse of mine was a sharp one, for I knew that it was Wilkins himself that I was confronting. And as I beheld him there in all the glory of his magisterial assurance I felt an involuntary and ridiculous sinking in the diaphragm. I asked myself, in the name of all the Lares and Penates of Manhattan, why I had suddenly gone off on a wild-goose chase to bag an inoffensive butler about whom I had had a midnight nightmare?

Then I looked at the man more closely. He wore the conventional dress livery of twilled worsted, with an extremely high-winged collar and an extremely small lawn tie. He seemed a remarkably solid figure of a man, and his height was not insignificant. Any impression of fragility, of sedentary bloodlessness, which might have been given out by his quite pallid face, was sharply contradicted by the muscular heaviness of his limbs. His hair, a Kyrle-Bellewish gray over the temples, was cut short. The close-shaven face was bluish white along the jowls, like a priest's. The poise of the figure, whether natural or simulated, was one marked for servitude.

YET I had to admit to myself, as we filed out and down to the dining room, that the man was not without his pretended sense of dignity. He seemed neither arrogant nor obsequious. He hovered midway between the Scylla of hauteur and the Charybdis of considerate patience. About the immobile and mask-like face hung that veil of impersonality which marked him as butler—as butler to the finger tips. When not actually in movement he was as aloofly detached as a totem pole. He stood as unobtrusive as a newel post, as impassive as some shielding piece of furniture, beside which youth might whisper its weightiest secret or conspiracy weave its darkest web.

I had to confess, as I watched his deft and subdued movements about that china-strewn oblong of damask which seemed his fit and rightful domain, that he was in no way wanting in the part—the only thing that puzzled me was the futility of that part. There was authority, too, in his merest finger movement and eye shift, as from time to time he signaled to the footman who helped him in his duties. There was grave solicitude on his face as he awaited the minutest semaphoric nod of the woman in the blue silk dinner gown. And this was the man, with his stolid air of exactitude, with his quick-handed movements and his alert and yet unparticipating eyes, whom I had come into that quiet household to proclaim a thief!

I watched for his hands every course as I sat there talking against time—and Heaven knows what I talked of! But about those hands there was nothing to discover. In the first thing of importance I had met with disappointment. For the cuffs that projected from the edges of the livery sleeves covered each large-boned wrist. In the actual department of the man there was nothing on which to base a decent suspicion. And in the meanwhile the dinner progressed, as all such dinners do, smoothly and quietly, and, to outward appearances, harmoniously and happily.

But as it progressed I grew more and more perplexed. There was another nauseating moment or two when the thought flashed over me that the whole thing was indeed a mistake, that what I had seemed to hear in my restless moments of the night before was only a dream projected into a period of wakefulness. Equipped with nothing more than an echo from this dream, I had started off on this mad chase, to run down a man who had proved and was proving himself the acme of decorous respectability.

But if this thought was a sickening one, it was also

a sickly one. Like all sickly things, too, it tended to die young. It went down before the crowding actualities of other circumstances which I could not overlook. Coincidence, repeated often enough, became more than fortuity. The thing was more than a nightmare. I had heard what I had heard. There was still some method by which I could verify or contradict my suspicion. My problem was to find a plan. And the gravity of my dilemma, I suppose, was in some way reflected in my face.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Van Tuyl, with his heavy matter-of-factness, at a moment when the room happened to be empty.

"Don't you see it's a mistake?" added his wife, with a self-assuring glance about the rose-shaded table and then a wider glance about the room itself.

"WAIT," I suddenly said. "What were his references?"

"He gave us a splendid one from the Whippeny Club. We verified that. Then he had letters, six of them, from some very decent people in London. One of them was a bishop."

"Did you verify those?"

"Across the Atlantic, Witter? It really didn't seem worth while!"

"And it's lucky for him you didn't!"

"Why?"

"Because they're forgeries, every one of them!"

"What ground have you for thinking that?" asked the solemn Van Tuyl.

"I don't think it—I know it. And I imagine, I can tell you the name of the man who forged them for him."

"Well, what is it?"

"A worthy by the name of Turk McMeekin."

Van Tuyl sat up with a heavy purpose on his honest and unimaginative face.

"We've had a nice lot of this mystery, Witter, but we've got to get to the end of it. Tell me what you know, everything, and I'll have him in here and face him with it. Now, what is there beside the Turk McMeekin item?"

"Not yet!" murmured Beatrice Van Tuyl, warningly, as Wilkins and his mask-like face advanced into the room. I had the feeling, as he served us with one of those delectable ices which make even the epicureanism of the Cyrenaics tame in retrospect, that we were deliberately conspiring against our own well-being, that we were dethroning our own peace of mind. We were sitting there scheming to undo the agency whose soul function was to minister to our delights. And I could not help wondering why, if the man was indeed what I suspected, he chose to follow the most precarious and the most ill paid of all professions. I found it hard to persuade myself that behind that stolid blue-white mask of a face could flicker any wayward spirit of adventure—and yet without that spirit my whole case was a card house of absurdities.

I noticed that for the first time Beatrice Van Tuyl's own eyes dwelt with a quick and searching look on her servant's immobile face. Then I felt her equally searching gaze directed at me. I knew that my failure to make good would meet with scant forgiveness. She would demand knowledge, even though it led to the discovery of the volcano's imminence. And after so much smoke it was plainly my duty to show where the fire lay.

I seized the conversation by the tail, as it were, and dragged it back into the avenues of inconsequentiality. We sat there, the three of us, actually making talk for the sake of a putty-faced servant. I noticed, though, that as he rounded the table he repeatedly fell under the quickly questioning gaze of both his master and mistress. I began to feel like an lagoon who had wilfully polluted a dovecote of hitherto unshaken trust. It became harder and harder to keep up my pretence of artless good humour. Time was flying, and nothing had as yet been found out.

"Now," demanded Van Tuyl, when the room was once more empty, "what are you sure of?"

"I'm sure of nothing," I had to confess.

"Then what do you propose doing?" was the somewhat arctic inquiry.

I GLANCED up at the wall where Ezekiah van Tuyl, the worthy founder of the American branch of the family, frowned reprovingly down at me over his swathing black stock.

"I propose," was my answer, "having your grandfather up there let us know whether I am right or whether I am wrong."

And as Wilkins stepped into the room I rose from the table, walked over to the heavy-framed portrait, and lifted it from its hook. I held it there, with a pretence of studying the face for a moment or two. Then I placed my table napkin on a chair, mounted

it, and made an unsuccessful effort to rehang the portrait.

"If you please, Wilkins," I said, still holding the picture flat against the wall.

"A little higher," I told him, as I strained to loop the cord back over its hook. I was not especially successful at this, because at the time my eyes were directed toward the hands of the man holding up the picture.

HIS position was such that the sleeves of his black service coat were drawn away from the white and heavy-boned wrists. And there, before my eyes, across the flexor cords of the right wrist was a wide and ragged scar at least three inches in length.

I returned to my place at the dinner table. Van Tuyl, by this time, was gazing at me with both resentment and wonder.

"Shall we have coffee upstairs?" his wife asked with unruffled composure. I could see her eye meet her husband's.

"Here, please," I interpolated.

"We'll have coffee served here," Beatrice Van Tuyl said to her butler.

"Very good, madam," he answered.

"I wondered, as I watched him across the room, if he suspected anything. I also wondered how hairbrained the man and woman seated at the table thought me.

"Listen," I said, the moment we were alone; "have you a servant here you can trust, one you can trust implicitly?"

"Of course," answered my hostess.

"Who is it?"

"Wilkins," was the answer.

"Not counting Wilkins?"

"Well, I think I can also trust my maid, Felice—unless you know her better than I do."

I could afford to ignore the thrust.

"Then I'd advise you to send her up to look over your things at once."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because now I know this man Wilkins is a criminal of the worst type!"

"You know it?"

"Yes, I know it as well as I know I'm sitting at this table. And I can prove it to you in a very few moments. And on second thoughts I'd have that maid Felice bring what you regard as valuable right to this dining room—I mean your jewels and things."

"But this sounds so silly," demurred my still reluctant hostess.

"It won't sound half so silly as a Tiffany advertisement of a reward and no questions asked."

Beatrice Van Tuyl intercepted a footman and sent him off for the maid Felice. A moment later Wilkins was at our side quietly serving the cafe noir in tiny gold-lined cups.

"This method of mine for identifying the real pearl, as you will see," I blandly went on, "is a very simple one. You merely take a match end and dip it in clear water. Then you let a drop of the water fall on the pearl. If the stone is an imitation one the waterdrop will spread and lie close to the surface. If the stone is genuine the drop will stand high and rounded, like a globe of quick-silver, and will shake with the minute vibrations which pass through any body not in perfect equilibrium."

BEFORE I had completed that speech the maid Felice had stepped into the room. She was a woman of about thirty, white-skinned, slender of figure, and decidedly foreign-looking. Her face was a clever one, though I promptly disliked an affectation of languor with which she strove to hide a spirit which was only too plainly alert.

"I want you to fetch my jewel case from the boudoir safe," her mistress told her. "Bring everything in the box."

I could not see the maid's face, for at that moment I was busy watching Wilkins. From that worthy, however, came no slightest sign of disturbance or wonder.

"Here, madam?" the maid was asking.

"Yes, here and at once, please," answered Beatrice Van Tuyl. Then she turned to me. "And since you're such a jewel expert you'll be able to tell me what's darkening those turquoises of mine."

I dropped a lump of sugar into my coffee and sipped it. Wilkins opened a dark-wooded buffet humidor before me, and I picked out a slender-waisted

Havana corseted in a band of gold. I suddenly looked up at the man as he stood at my side holding the blue-flamed little alcohol lamp for the contact of my waiting cigar end.

"Wilkins, how did you get that scar?" I asked him, out of a clear sky. The wrist itself was covered by its cuff and sleeve end, but under them, I knew, was the telltale mark.

"What scar, sir?" he asked, his politeness touched with an indulgent patience which seemed to imply that he was not altogether unused to facing gentlemen in accountably high spirits.

"This one!" I said, catching his hand in mine and running the cuff back along the white forearm. Not one trace of either alarm or resentment could I see on that indecipherable countenance. I almost began to admire the man. In his way he was superb.

"Oh, that, sir!" he exclaimed, with an almost offensively condoning glance at the Van Tuyls, as though inquiring whether or not he should reply to a question so personal and at the same time so out of place.

"Tell him where you got it, Wilkins," said Beatrice



"And there, before my eyes, across the flexor cords of the right wrist was a wide and ragged scar."

Van Tuyl, so sharply that it amounted to a command.

"I got it stopping Lord Entristle's brougham, madam, in London, seven years ago," was the quiet and unhesitating answer.

"How?" sharply asked the woman.

"I was footman for his lordship then, madam," went on the quiet and patient-noted voice. "I had just taken cards in when the horses were frightened by a tandem bicycle going past. They threw Sidons, the coachman, off the box as they jumped, and overturned the vehicle. His lordship was inside. I got the reins as one of the horses went down. But he kicked me against the broken glass and I threw out one hand, I fancy, to save myself."

"And the coach glass cut your wrist?" asked Van Tuyl.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, moving with methodic slowness on his way about the table. His figure, in its sombre badge of livery, seemed almost a pathetic one. There was no anxiety on his face, no shadow of fear about the mild and unparticipating eyes. I was suddenly conscious of my unjust superiority over him—a superiority of station, of birth, of momentary knowledge.

The silence that ensued was not a pleasant one.

I felt almost grateful for the timely entrance of the maid Felice. In her hands she carried a japanned tin box, about the size of a theatrical makeup box. This she placed on the table beside her mistress.

"Is there anything else, madam?" she asked.

"That is all," answered Beatrice Van Tuyl, as she threw back the lid of the japanned box. I noticed that although the key stood in it, it was unlocked. Then my hostess looked up at the waiting butler. "And, Wilkins, you can leave the cigars and liqueur on the table. I'll ring if I want anything."

THE carefully coiffured blonde head was bent low over the box as the servants stepped out of the room. The delicate fingers probed through the array of leather-covered cases. I could see by her face, even before she spoke, that the box's contents were intact.

"You see," she said, ladling handful after handful of glittering jewelry out on the white tablecloth between her coffecup and mine, "everything is here. Those are my rings. There's the dog collar. There's the angel Jim's sunburst. And here's the ordinary family junk."

I sat for a moment studying that Oriental array of feminine adornment. It was plainly an array of evidence to discountenance me. I felt a distinct sense of relief when the woman in blue suddenly dropped her eyes from my face to her jewel box again. It was Van Tuyl's persistent stare that roweled me into final activity.

"Then so far we're in luck! And as from now on I want to be responsible for what happens," I said, as I reached over and gathered the glittering mass up in a table napkin, "I think it will simplify things if you, Van Tuyl, take possession of these."

I tied the napkin securely together and handed it to my wondering host. Then I dropped a silver bonbon dish and a bunch of hothouse grapes into the emptied box, locking it and handing the key back to Beatrice Van Tuyl.

"And now what must I do?" she asked, with a new note of seriousness.

"Have the maid take the box back to where it came from. But be so good as to retain the key."

"And then what?" mocked Van Tuyl.

"Then," cut in his wife, with a sudden note of antagonism which I could not account for, "the sooner we send for the police the better."

An answering note of antagonism showed on Van Tuyl's face.

"I tell you, Kerfoot, I can't do it," he objected, even as his wife rang the bell. "You've got to show me!"

"Please be still, Jim," she said, as Wilkins stepped into the room. She turned an impassive face to the waiting servant. "Will you ask Felice to come here."

NONE of us spoke until Felice entered the room. Wilkins, I noticed, followed her in, but passed across the room's full length and went out by the door in the rear.

"Felice," said the woman beside me, very calmly and coolly, "I want you to take this box back to the safe."

"Yes, madam."

"Then go to the telephone in the study and ring up police headquarters. Tell them who you are. Then explain that I want them to send an officer here, at once."

"Yes, madam," answered the attentive-faced maid.

"Felice, you had better ask them to send two men, two—"

"Two plainclothes men," I prompted.

"Yes, two plainclothes men. And explain to them that they are to arrest the man-servant who opens the door for them—at once, and without any fuss. Is that quite clear?"

"Yes, madam, quite clear," answered the maid.

"Then please hurry."

"Yes, madam."

I looked up at Van Tuyl's audible splutter of indignation.

"Excuse me," he cried, "but isn't all this getting just a little highhanded? Aren't we making things into a nice mess for ourselves? Aren't we moving just a little too fast calling out the reserves because you happen to spot a scar on my butler's wrist?"

(Concluded on page 29.)

MACKENSEN'S WORST IS DONE

THE fate of Roumania still hangs in the balance, but at the moment of writing there are some few auguries distinctly favourable to her. On the northern frontier, from the toe to the ankle of the Roumanian boot, she seems to be holding her own against Falkenhayn and even driving him back from the mountain passes. But on the other hand Mackensen is having his own way in the Dobrudja. The whole of the line from Constanza to Cernavoda is in his hands, and it is to be remembered that this is a railroad line and that it connects with the bridge over the Danube into Roumania. The Danube is here a mile wide and there are stretches of marsh on both sides. Contrary to general expectation Mackensen made no effort to cross the river at Cernavoda, but is pursuing his way northward up the heel of the boot. Reports say that the Roumanians destroyed the bridge before evacuating Cernavoda, but this would not prove an unexpected embarrassment to Mackensen, since they were certain to do this. To cross the river by pontoons would be a serious and perhaps an impossible undertaking if there were any kind of Roumanian defence on the western bank. Evidently the invasion of Roumania proper was left to Falkenhayn, and the fact that he seems to have been worsted at various points along the 700-mile Transylvania line is distinctly favourable to her. Mackensen has probably done the worst that he can do in the Dobrudja unless he should succeed in crossing the Danube either at Cernavoda or further north. Indeed, he must cross the river if he should continue to advance, since the Danube is now on his west and north and the Black Sea on his east. If the Roumanians can continue to hold back Falkenhayn from his intended invasion their condition will be by no means desperate. With the coming of winter there can be no more fighting in the passes and Roumania will then be comparatively safe except at the Iron Gate marking the narrow frontier between Roumania and Serbia, where an invader would have the advantage of the Danube.

There is no need to resort to any ingenious theories to account for the misfortunes of Roumania. The causes lie on the face. She entered the war before she was ready, and she left her natural defences behind her when she invaded Transylvania. As a result her inexperienced and untried army was brought at once into conflict with forces that have been fighting for two years, and that were fed with consummate capacity and skill. Karl von Wiegand quotes a German staff officer as saying, "The Roumanians have no artillery apparently," and as a matter of fact the German reports from Transylvania made no mention of the capture of guns. The Dobrudja army was probably equally lacking in generalship and in artillery. It is hard to suppose that Roumania does not possess guns after two years of warning, and so we must believe that her armies were sent impetuously into the field unprepared and unmunitioned. There will probably be some lively recriminations when the time comes for imputing the blame.

THE Roumanian campaign is not likely to continue long. If Roumania is not crushed at once she will soon find that the pressure is slackening. Germany can not afford to lose much time in winning moral victories or in revenging herself upon small principalities. The crushing of Roumania would, of course, mean more than this, seeing that it would bring German forces to the south of Lemberg and immediately on the Russian flank. Now here we have the main object of the German drive upon Roumania. To crush a small enemy would be undoubtedly good, but it would be a thousand times better to bring a German army into northern Roumania and to throw it to the rear of the Russian line that is threatening Lemberg. When Roumania entered the war she gave a new opportunity not only to her friends, but also to her enemies. So long as she was neutral she provided a secure terminal point for the Russian left flank in Bukowina. But a road, once open, can be used in either direction, and the Germans are evidently intent upon making it a highway for themselves to the north. If it is remembered that the main German object is to attack the southern end or flank of the Russian line that runs from Riga to Bukowina we shall understand at once the exact importance of the Roumanian campaign upon the main strategy. If this can be done quickly by a move through Roumania it will of course be done. But it can not wait upon the slow conquest and invasion of Roumania. The Russian effort to move westward will not allow of delays. If the

Germany Aims to Bring an Army into Northern Roumania and to Throw it to Rear of the Russian Line Threatening Lemberg

By SIDNEY CORYN

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Russian flank can not be turned by a blow from the south then it must be turned by direct fighting along the northern slope of the Carpathians. And the Russian movement must also be resisted by all available strength on the immediate field of battle. In other words, if the German forces in Roumania can not win quickly they must be moved to some point where they can be more useful. Germany naturally wishes to destroy Roumania. She wants to sustain Bulgaria because the international railroad runs through Bulgaria. But her supreme objective is the Russian army in Galicia and Bukowina, which must be stopped on its way westward at all hazards. And the best of all ways to stop it is to throw a force at its flank and rear through Roumania.

It is therefore easy to see why Mackensen did not try to cross the Danube at Cernavoda and advance directly on Bucharest. Had he done so he would have had the retreating Roumanians on his rear as well as a defensive Roumanian force to deal with on the west bank of the river. The crossing would in any case have been a most formidable undertaking in the absence of the Cernavoda bridge, and perhaps an impossible undertaking in the face of resist-

If Fort Vaux should fall the whole of the great battle of Verdun will be neutralized. The lines will be just where they were before it began. There will be nothing to shew for those many months of tremendous strife except the graves.

(Since the above was written Fort Vaux has fallen, even to the village itself, into the hands of the French)

ance. Moreover, we may doubt if the taking of Bucharest would have advanced the German plan or brought them nearer to a quick frustration of the Russian advance against Lemberg. Mackensen's first mission is obviously to destroy the Roumanian force that is now retreating northward up the Dobrudja. The Danube running east and west is the northern frontier of the Dobrudja, and the Roumanians must either cross on pontoon bridges or be captured. Mackensen's next move is problematical. Doubtless it will depend on Falkenhayn. Mackensen and Falkenhayn occupy respectively the west and east sides of the Roumanian bootleg near the ankle. Falkenhayn is trying to force his way eastward through the Carpathian passes, evidently with a view to a juncture with Mackensen which would cut off the whole of the Roumanian front. Therefore we may suppose it to be Mackensen's intention first to dispose of the retreating Roumanian army and then to cross the Danube into Roumania and join hands with Falkenhayn for a northerly march on the Russian flank. But suppose Falkenhayn is unable to carry out his part of the plan, as now seems possible. It is hardly likely that Mackensen is strong enough to do the whole thing alone. His communications up the Dobrudja must already be difficult, and daily becoming more so. Falkenhayn, on the other hand, has the whole of Hungary behind him. So will Mackensen if he can join hands with Falkenhayn across Roumania. But can he? Falkenhayn seems to have been getting the worst of it, and his fortunes must have a vital effect on those of Mackensen. Falkenhayn's battle is evidently the one to be watched, since Mackensen can not go much further without him. It may therefore be repeated that the Roumanian campaign in its present form must come

soon either to success or to an end, and the only real success will be a blow at the Russian flank now resting on the Carpathians.

The story would of course be a very different one if Germany had more men. But her deficiencies in this respect are now too obvious for denial. She can not win simultaneously at more than one point. Indeed if we read of a marked success at one place we may confidently expect to hear of a reverse somewhere else. Her victories in Roumania are instantly followed by the French attack at Verdun, an attack so successful that we may almost say that there was no resistance. She can still concentrate her forces at various points and in tremendous strength, but she does it by dangerous transfers that instantly lay her open to damaging counterblows. No doubt the element of surprise entered into the Verdun victory, but it could not have been a very large element. Experienced soldiers are not easily taken by surprise. The Crown Prince must have known that something was going to happen, although he may not have known just when and where. The French aviators had been extraordinarily active and there was the usual preliminary bombardment, although not a long one. Actually there was nothing mysterious about the German reverse at Verdun. There were not enough men, nor anything like enough men, to guard the lines. They had been transferred to the Somme and to Russia. They must have been transferred reluctantly, seeing that the importance of the Verdun territory is obvious. It guards the great German salient at St. Mihiel and it is a safeguard to Metz. To suppose that the Germans were indifferent or careless is to cast a reflection upon their military skill that they do not deserve. It was a case of compulsion. The battles on the Somme and in Galicia demanded that the Verdun garrison be weakened, and with the result that we now see. The victories in Roumania, the defence of the Somme, were at the cost of Verdun. It was a heavy price.

GERMANY now finds that her difficulties have been enormously increased. She decreed the first great Verdun battle, and she withdrew from it under the compulsion of the Somme defence. It is now France who decrees the second Verdun battle, while the Somme fight still continues and while the battle line in the east is steadily lengthening. If Fort Vaux should fall, the whole of the great Verdun battle will be neutralized. The lines will be just where they were before it began. There will be nothing to show for those many months of tremendous strife except the graves. The territorial and strategic results are striking enough, but that the French should be able to aim so heavy a blow is still more remarkable. Germany must now follow the initiative of France. She must send men to Verdun in large numbers, and at a time when she can least spare them.

The French attack at Verdun will probably dislocate the intended German counter-offensive in Picardy. It was doubtless so designed. There has certainly been a massing of Germans to the north in order to delay a British advance on Bapaume that was becoming grave. We are told that the Emperor himself was directing the northern preparations, and we need not have any doubt that they were made at the cost of the German lines around Verdun. Germany must now either let the French have their way at Verdun or she must bring men from Picardy to oppose them. And she can hardly show herself indifferent to Verdun and the results that may easily follow on a continued French offensive. It is one more evidence of the fact that a German success can be won only at the cost of a reverse elsewhere.

Munitions a Last Resort

THE report that Germany has to withdraw 17,000 men from the trenches to heap up munitions is a more significant piece of news than the recapture of Vaux in the battle of Verdun. Taken in conjunction with it the news is still more sinister for Germany. Having spent ten months for absolutely nothing but graves at Verdun it is the necessary act of a desperate nation to confess that it no longer has any hope in its man-strength and must now turn to munitions. Nothing could suit the Allies better. With man-strength superiority admitted, Germany must now put her blind faith in Krupp & Co. Which is for her more than the beginning of the end. The tide has turned. Germany's recourse to a final struggle of munitions proves that she knows it.

IS THERE A RAILWAY MUDDLE?

MUCH of the complaining about our railway situation can be crystallized into the statement that we have been building in advance of population. Perhaps the objection is seldom phrased in crystal form; vague complaints generally take the place of specific indictment. Indeed, those who assert most vehemently that our railway situation is a muddle or "jumble" are themselves the least inclined to suggest anything constructive. They will not go to the length of saying that no railway under any circumstances should anticipate the growth of the country or open up this or that district for settlement; but they contend that in the case of Canada railway construction on an extravagant scale has proceeded without regard to present or prospective population.

Our railway construction for thirty years after Confederation had political and military rather than economic ends in view. The Intercolonial was built to connect the maritime provinces with Quebec, and the primary purpose in constructing the Canadian Pacific was to link up British Columbia with Eastern Canada. These roads combined to furnish the first all-red route across the American continent. Possibly the Imperial Government would have built a railway for military purposes across British North America in any event. We are, however, proud to recall that Canada did the work herself. It was a big undertaking, and after its completion our people were inclined to rest, and the vast empire between the great lakes and the Rocky Mountains remained undeveloped and scantily populated. Canada was complete as a confederation, but as a country she was standing still.

In the early nineties it was pretty well known that the Canadian West grew hard wheat of excellent quality and of high repute in the English market, but few then glimpsed the possibility of Canada becoming the granary of the Empire. The British Isles were quite dependent upon foreign countries for their supply of food. As late as 1899 the wheat imports from Canada amounted to only about ten million bushels. Many viewed with alarm Britain's dependence upon foreign nations. Already there had crept into the political atmosphere of the mother country a feeling that back of Germany's aggressive commercialism there lay something more portentous than peaceful commercial activity, and suspicion of the German Empire was confirmed by the growing strength and efficiency of its military machine and the enormous expenditures made to build up and strengthen its navy. A new Imperialism spread over the Empire, and at the same time Canada pulsed with the first throbs of conscious nationhood.

The possession of great undeveloped resources had long been the source of national pride, but in the closing years of the nineteenth century it dawned upon us, that that which had been the pardonable boast of a colony, was apt to become a reproach to a country ambitious to be regarded as a nation. The stores in nature's warehouse were not to be had by wishing. Nature never spoon-feeds her people in the northern zones. Dealing generously of her gifts to Canada, she had distributed them over an area comprising 700,000 square miles, and, in addition, had planted unknown riches in the lands of the farther north, which might be left to the exploitation of future generations without loss of national dignity.

TRANSPORTATION was the one key which would unlock nature's warehouse and release the boardings. Plant food stored in the far-away plains of Northern Saskatchewan might as well have been in Patagonia, unless means were devised for utilizing it in growing crops that could be profitably marketed. The pulpwoods of Northern Ontario were annually ravaged by fire, while the publishers of New York and London were calling for paper, and more paper. Hardy prospectors returned from the Northlands of British Columbia, Ontario and Quebec, with ore samples rich in assay, and Government geologists confirmed their reports, but capitalists obstinately refused to become interested until the means of forwarding products to a profitable market had been provided. Everywhere the hands that would till the virgin soil, mine the rocks, cut the timber, or fish the northern lakes of Canada were stayed, because there were no means of marketing the fruits of their labour and enterprises.

At that time there was no division of sentiment

Second of a Series of Articles on the Railway Situation in Canada, intended to give by plain talk and clear thinking, a concise statement of the Railway side of the case.

II. SHOULD RAILWAYS PRECEDE POPULATION?

By C. PRICE GREEN



upon the proposition that more railways must be built to uncover the hidden wealth of Canada and replenish her scanty population. Yet few were sanguine enough to vision the glorious future. Up to 1896 there had already been expended by the government and municipalities, nearly two hundred million dollars in the building of railways; and nearly sixty-seven millions in waterway improvements. There were 16,270 miles of railway within the Dominion, or one mile of railway for every 313 inhabitants; the United States has to-day one mile for 369 inhabitants, while England has one mile for 1,923 inhabitants. But mileage proportional to population is only a partial gauge of the extent of railway requirements. Compared to population, the railway mileage of Canada in 1896 was apparently sufficient; compared to territory reasonably capable of profitable development, it was sadly insufficient. To-day the United States has 6.8 miles of railway for every hundred square miles of territory; England 19.3 miles for every hundred square miles; and Canada had, in 1896, 2.3 miles for every hundred square miles of the limited area, that called for exploitation and settlement.

THE crux of the situation was sized up in the enquiry: Were railways to be regarded as a result, or a cause, of population? There was obviously the choice of two courses before the country. One course was to await the influx of population from more mature and to some extent over-crowded countries. Settlers, from the Western States, were bound, in time, to push their way northward, and American railways would probably follow them. Some migration from Eastern Canada was expected as well as European immigration, and as the West became settled, private enterprise might be trusted to provide the new communities with railway facilities. This course had to recommend it, motives of prudence and economy and might have been the proper course to follow, if Canada had been the one country seeking and likely to receive immigration.

But, unfortunately, there was keen competition. Argentina was drawing off the surplus farm population of Spain and Italy. The French would not migrate, and the Germans preferred trade opportunities in the United States or South American Republics. Russia was filling up Siberia with her own kith and kin, and the tide of immigration had been turned from the Americas to a trek across the Ural Mountains. South Africa was taking on a new life, while Australasia held out rich opportunities in the Southern Pacific.

The best settlers to be had were those from the United Kingdom and the United States, men and women who spoke the accepted language of the new land, and who had experience and sufficient means to take care of themselves. In neither the British Isles nor the United States was there depression or a dearth of opportunity. We had no room for vagrants, and if we were to receive the fit whom wanderlust had seized, we had to offer greater opportunities than they had at home or might secure in any one of half a dozen well-endowed countries keenly bidding for settlement.

A few years before, the United States had received into its north-western country numbers of hardy Norwegians and Swedes who had learned the language, gained experience in extensive cultivation of grain, and acquired the means with which to stock their farms. Unattached by the strong national ties of the native-born, they were the natural settlers for our own northwest. But they refused to leave Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas, and the Dakotas, to take

up a free gift of 160 acres of rich, alluvial soil offered by the Government of Canada, unless it was accompanied by an assurance of a readily obtained market for their crops.

In short, immigrants would not come to Western Canada unless and until the country was provided with railway facilities. We had learnt that by long, dreary, and somewhat bitter experience. It was therefore idle to hope that people would come in and wait for the railways to follow.

What other course was open? Evidently it was for us to build colonization roads and thereby attract homeseekers by the tens of thousands and develop the country on a big scale.

IN a word, it seemed to the men of that time that we could not wait to build our railway plant until the labourers were ready to occupy it, but that we must first build the plant and then ask the labourers to inspect it and occupy it, if it met with their approval.

Are we now to say that the national resolution then made and so splendidly carried out, was a mistake, and that our railways should not have preceded population? Do not the results of that policy vindicate its soundness and show that Canada was right in building colonization railways?

The construction of such roads became an aggressive public policy shortly after 1896. For that policy, Messrs. MacKenzie and Mann may take a large part of the credit, as they undoubtedly have received a large part of the blame. Following a line that had been accepted by the MacKenzie Government, for a transcontinental railway, they pushed feeders and branch lines into what was deemed to be the lands best suited for the growing of wheat. These railways did not attempt to follow population, but sought to open the lands best capable of settlement. Contrary to previously accepted ideas, the railway earned from the commencement enough to pay operating expenses, fixed charges, and small surpluses.

Railway construction in Canada from that time proceeded with new-found energy, and we opened a new chapter in Canadian history. The languid stream of immigration became a mighty river. The grain of the golden west could no longer be measured by the million, but had to be reckoned by the hundreds of millions of bushels after every harvest. Cities and towns sprang up on the prairie over night, while our manufacturing centres in the east throbbed with a new life and unwonted vigour.

As the railways crept over the prairies, colonization followed. As the railways increased immigration increased. Year by year settlement grew until men literally fought their way into the government offices in quest of homestead allotments which nobody before the era of western colonization railways wanted. In 1897 the homestead entries were 2,384; in 1913 they had risen to 33,699. The number of immigrants from Europe and the United States seeking new homes in Canada rose from 21,000 in 1897 to 402,000 in the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1914!

THE pessimist who says that the country has been ruined by building railways in advance of population finds all the evidence against him in the West, hence he usually shifts his ground and charges that the money of the country has been wasted in building railways across deserts, over mountains and through northern wilds where there is not and never can be any considerable population.

With this charge, which relates to railway construction through the clay belt of Ontario and across the mountains to the Pacific Coast, we will deal hereafter. We will also deal in future articles with the subject of land grants, bond guarantees and the general subject of government encouragement of railway construction. For the present we need not assert that in some fertile districts there may not have been redundant construction. Mistakes have been made by governments and railways alike, but construction never went on rapidly enough to keep pace with the demands of the people. Although all three transcontinental railway companies were engaged in construction up to and after the outbreak of the war, the complaint always heard at Ottawa was that they had not sufficient mileage in the West. This may be in part accounted for by the fact that the West needs more railway accommodation than the East, as we expect to show in a future article. Meantime, railways should and often must precede population.

IS H. C. BREWSTER AS BIG AS HIS PROBLEM?

BRITISH COLUMBIA has just about one individual per square mile of territory. There lie the great valleys with miles of rich agricultural land still undeveloped; the mineral wealth deep-bosomed in the everlasting hills, as yet only scratched. Why is it not utilized? There are three great reasons. The first is freight rates, the second is the need of large capital and able management, and the third is that the richest and most accessible mineral and agricultural land is already alienated. Between the settler and the land is erected a little sign inscribed, "Private property, Keep off the Grass." This is one phase of the problem with which Premier Brewster and his Government must wrestle.

Dropping down to the coast cities, the other great aspect of the problem presents itself. Entering the harbour of either Victoria or Vancouver you marvel at the natural beauty. The cities themselves look clean and attractive. There is no heavy pall of dirty black smoke. They look desirable places to live in. But the very lack of smoke is significant. That does not mean smoke consumption. It means—there is no smoke to consume.

Saw mills? Oh, yes—plenty. Ship-building? A good start has been made. Here and there one could find some little two-story pickle factory. But the great fact remains that the clothing, boots, furniture, and the thousand and one things which B. C. people wear and use, are to a large extent not made in B. C., but have to be imported. An undeveloped agricultural area necessitates heavy importations of food; an undeveloped industrial system means large importations of manufactured goods. In 1910 the exports of Vancouver totalled \$7,769,129; imports, \$16,873,468. Victoria exported \$1,514,275; imports, \$4,861,968. The coast cities are not paying their way. They are delightful places to live in; but the rest of the country might well wonder whether they are not too great a luxury to keep up in hard times.

How to speed up production in both industry and agriculture is the one big need. The wealth is there, factory power is readily obtainable, along with an energetic people. Natural difficulties already great, have been immensely complicated by short-sighted government policy.

Who are to be the path-finders? Attention will naturally focus most sharply upon the character of the new Premier, Mr. H. C. Brewster. Now, what he will be able to do still lies in the lap of the gods, but what he is, and has done, can be more easily determined. Mr. Brewster is by faith a Baptist, by business a canner of fish, and by accident Premier of B. C. His selection as party leader took place when the Liberal party was still in the wilderness without much hope of ever getting out. The Conservatives seemed so securely entrenched that the selection of a Liberal leader seemed a mere matter of form; particularly since the party had no representation in Parliament. The rank and file were a mere discouraged remnant, careless who might be leader. Mr. Brewster was not picked out of the whole country, and set at the job of reconstruction. He happened in a casual sort of way to be leader of the Liberal party, and as the country wanted a change, he was elected.

MR. BREWSTER has, to a very marked degree, the confidence of the people. They believe in him and trust him, as they trust perhaps no other man in provincial politics, unless it be "honest John" Oliver. They are accepting Mr. Brewster's leadership, not with resignation, but with faith and hope. His open, kindly face, and shrewd, honest eyes, inspire confidence; and his past record, which is absolutely clean and unblemished, both as a man and as a politician, renders that confidence reasonably secure. He interprets the attitude of the business man with great accuracy. What they are thinking, he is thinking. He has no ambition to soar, he indulges in no rhetoric. His speeches are simply a plain, business-like presentation of the problem, and

Mr. Bowser's Re-election by the Soldier Vote gives the Premier an Opposition. Did he want it? Yes, he invited it by offering to Open a Seat for Bowser, who preferred to wait till the count from the Trenches came in

B Y F . N . S T A P L E F O R D



The country that has one man, woman or child per square mile of territory presents some big problems in administration. Premier Brewster knows it.

a statement of how he intends to meet it. He lost his seat in the attempt to stem the reckless railway policy of the McBride-Bowser Government in 1912; and so in his recent criticisms, he was entirely consistent. He has not the dramatic instinct which guides Mr. Bowser so surely in his public speeches; he does not possess the power to arouse passionate enthusiasm; but the people of B. C. are quite willing to dispense with the frills and ornaments of debate, provided he can guide the province along safe lines. Whether this cool business attitude of his can inspire personal loyalty, and fuse into unity the somewhat heterogeneous elements of his own party, is quite another question. A great political leader must be able to appeal to the emotions, as well as the reason.

Does Mr. Brewster possess a sufficiently stiff backbone to withstand the kind of pressure to which he is now being subjected? One of his pledges to the electorate was the abolition of the patronage system. The cynical smiled a little at the promise. It did seem somewhat ideal in a province where for years it has been the custom to refer applicants for government jobs to the local political boss.

Yet Mr. Brewster meant what he said, and no doubt intended, and still intends, to carry out his word. The job-hunters and privilege-seekers of B. C. do not think so. Immediately after the election they all decided that they had urgent business at Victoria, and Mr. Brewster had to engage an office staff to cope with the situation. It will take more than pious wishes to stave off that crowd. He will have to take off his coat and fight, not only these men, but the politicians who are in some cases backing them up. Just a little compromise now, just a little blunting of the stern edge of his resolution, and he will shortly find himself linked up to exactly the same type of men as those who have helped Mr. Bowser to spend public money for years past.

The next chief figure in the new Cabinet will undoubtedly be Mr. M. A. MacDonald, who is selected for the position of Attorney-General. He is the coming man in B. C. politics. He has no political past, but he undoubtedly has a future which only the most stupid mismanagement can cause him to miss. Mr. MacDonald is far from stupid. His mental

gifts are of a high order. His will be the keenest and shrewdest brain on the Liberal side. He alone can meet Mr. Bowser on equal terms, and not be vanquished; and if the latter has a seat in the new House (and many who are not his friends strongly hope that he will) the real contest of wits would assuredly be between these two. The fact that in the bye-election, last spring, and in the campaign just concluded, Mr. MacDonald, a new and untried man, was able to impress himself so strongly upon the electorate, is a tribute to his capacity. In spite of the shortness of the time he has been in public life, he is to-day a well-known man, and no one questions the wisdom of placing in his hands the Attorney-Generalship. A slight, keen-faced, lawyer-like person, he has in looking to the future apparently everything on his side.

AFTER the bye-election, which resulted in his overwhelming victory, he was accused of financing a gang of Seattle toughs to come over and plug the ballot-box, in his favour. A committee of the House heard evidence, and brought some of these men over from Seattle to testify. One man told a circumstantial story of having received \$50 from Mr. MacDonald himself, for this purpose. The latter forced the matter into the courts, and he was acquitted. Quite apart from the judicial decision, the charge has as its only support the evidence of self-confessed scoundrels. The whole matter has been suspected as an effort to drive him from public life by assassinating his character. But Mr. MacDonald headed the polls in September.

Another man who will have a place in the new Cabinet, is Mr. Ralph Smith. A large man physically and mentally, he ranks second to none on the Coast as a popular speaker. His genial humour

and wit open for him at once an entry to the interest and sympathy of his audience. He has a human touch about him that the two men previously mentioned lack. Mr. Brewster gives an unadorned business statement; Mr. MacDonald speaks with a keen, lawyer-like logic, touched at times with a crusading fire and intensity; while Mr. Smith is so able to project his warm, genial personality, that even a strange audience becomes under his magic just a big party of friends talking over the situation together. Hidden in the tail of all his jokes, is some pungent political criticism, or idea, which fixes itself like a burr in the memory. He it was who tore the last poor shreds of dignity from the exit of Sir Richard McBride, by comparing him and his pilgrimage to London, to the goat upon which the Jews loaded the sins of the nation on the day of atonement, and sent out into the wilderness.

ONE other man at least deserves mention. John Oliver is an old political campaigner who has at last come to his own. The vote in his constituency was rather a close one, and some fear was expressed that the soldiers' vote might result in his defeat; but this fear has proved groundless. Mr. Oliver won in what was regarded as a safe Conservative seat, and the victory of the old Liberal warrior was widely popular. He will in all probability be given the portfolio of agriculture, and no more fitting choice could be made. If "Honest John" could shake twenty years off by a heave of his big shoulders, he would be able to take a place of real leadership in the coming decades. His spirit is still young. At the last session of the legislature he was not a member, but he stayed in the rear, and prepared the ammunition. To see him at work delving into statistics and records, with the joy of battle in his eye, was a prophecy of the contribution he will make at the coming sessions. The effective work of the two Liberal members was due to no small extent to the work of this toiling Titan in the Liberal members' rooms.

These are some of the men. What about their problem? First, to increase production all the way round, but chiefly in agriculture and manufactured

goods. British Columbia produces annually about 82 million dollars from minerals, fish and timber. But even if these were indefinitely expanded, it would not solve the problem. The population tributary to these industries is more or less shifting and uncertain; and less labour is required to produce or gather a certain unit of wealth than in manufacturing and agriculture, which alone are capable of producing a settled and stable population and a sound prosperity.

Meanwhile, B. C. is bogged hard and fast. On the surface things have improved. There is not nearly the same unemployment and suffering. But when the cause of this is analyzed, we find that an exceedingly large percentage of the men of the province have enlisted, and their families are being supported by separation allowances and patriotic aid funds. Jobs are no more plentiful, but men are scarcer. The Government is spending tens of thousands of dollars daily in soldiers' pay and camp maintenance. Withdraw that five or six thousand dollars spent per day in Victoria, for example, and a large number of merchants and business men would simply throw up the sponge.

There is no great demand for labour yet; there is no rush to the land; there are few or no factories being erected which call loudly for hands. In spite of the fact that over 100,000 people, a large percentage of whom were male workers, have left the province within the last three years, there is still no great dearth of labour. Partly to keep things going, the Government is spending two dollars for every one of revenue. If the war stopped to-morrow, and the men poured back to their native province; if all separation allowances and military expenditures ceased, and if the Government lived within its revenues, then the grim want and misery of the winter of 1914-15 would not merely return; it would be increased manyfold.

NOT only is constructive leadership the great need of the province, but it is above all else what the province demands of the Liberal party. It did not elect Mr. Brewster and his supporters because they called themselves Liberals. It is only within recent years that such name tags were adopted in B. C. at all, and they still have little

meaning in anything other than Federal politics. They were returned to power simply because the other party had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Very well; let us see what the Liberals have it in them to do," was the verdict of the electors. The lightness with which party ties are worn is shown in the immense turnover of votes.

In 1912 there were forty Conservatives returned, two Socialists, and no Liberals. In the new Legislature there were probably not more than nine Conservatives at most, one Socialist, and the balance Liberals. B. C. is not asking what men call themselves, but what they can do.

AS far as the Liberal platform goes, there is not much left. Much of it was filched by Mr. Bowser, and put upon the statute books at the last session, and if the balance were passed at the next session, there would still be blocks of vacant stores and office buildings in Vancouver, and workmen hunting jobs in Victoria. The proposals are good, but in themselves inadequate. Some of the proposals, such as the bringing in of the initiative and the referendum have to do with political machinery, and this is but a means to an end. Other of the proposals take a gentle little nibble at economic problems, but are not in themselves far-reaching and comprehensive enough.

Take the Liberal land policy. As matters now stand, there are millions of acres of productive land held by speculators. There are individual companies quite apart from railway holdings, which hold over 200,000 acres each of mineral or agricultural land, much of which was acquired illegally. The amount of land a single company can buy is quite small, but the law was evaded by staking land in other people's names. Hundreds of people, bartenders, stenographers and what not, who had no intention of securing land for themselves, could easily be persuaded to lend their names for a small fee. Many of the companies and individuals who thus secured large tracts of land have paid only a fraction of the purchase price to the Government. They are quite unable to meet their payments, and the Liberal plan is to give title to that amount of land which their payments would cover, and let the rest revert to the Crown. This would then be thrown open for

settlement, and would have the immediately beneficial effect of prying off the grip of the speculator from some parts of the country at any rate. Between what the railways own, and what the speculator has acquired rights over, there is precious little left for the bona fide settler, unless he has no prejudice against the Arctic Circle. The Liberal plan will then release a good deal of land which will be fairly close to a railway, and so far as it goes the plan is an excellent one. An Agricultural Credits Act was passed at the last session of the Legislature, and so with cheap money and cheap land it would seem as if the settler's problem were nearly solved.

But something further is necessary. The question of markets is fundamental, and this hinges upon the question of freight rates. Then the cost of clearing heavily timbered land, if undertaken simply by the individual settler, is likely to be prohibitive. On the prairies, hard work and a little credit for seed and implements will soon put a man on the high road to a competence. With the same amount of help, and the same amount of energy put forth in B. C., the settler would probably, at the end of the period when the Saskatchewan man was nearing his competence, be deciding that country life was a luxury that he could not afford, and give up the struggle. Those pathetic little patches of cleared land, with a deserted shack in the centre which are found frequently, tell an eloquent story of struggle, hardship, and final defeat.

THE new government must assist the settler in a way which is not necessary in other parts of Canada. Free lands, and even loans at low rates of interest are not sufficient. The Government must not be afraid of "paternalism," that bogey of antiquated politicians. It must throw overboard the idea that its chief and only duty is repression. Policemen's clubs are necessary articles, but they have no fertilizing value in making wheat or fruit grow. The whole question of markets cannot be left, as it has been left, to the grower as a personal problem. Many men, after great efforts, have made their farms productive only to find that the difficulty of finding a market was insurmountable. Very few men like to work simply for the wild joy of boosting
(Concluded on page 30.)



MEAL time is as lonely a part of the day as the average poilu-on-leave spends in Paris. Like all men, he hates to eat alone. To meet this difficulty, the salesgirls of a certain Paris department store have started "entertaining at lunch" the lonely Poilus. Our photograph shows a jolly party under way in one such case. This Poilu, who had been found "mooning" in the street, is obviously the jolliest of companions.



ANY request which the Government of Canada may make for an extension of the present term of Parliament, even to the end of the war, should be not only paid good heed to, but accepted by the Opposition. There is evidence that certain stampeding interests would be glad to bring on an election. There have been activities on foot and speeches made which indicate that an election some time in 1917 is a possibility. Such an intimation has not come from the Government. We feel sure that it is not endorsed by the Canadian people. Irrespective of party, including both or all parties, we feel sure that the best sentiment of the country at present is to leave elections alone until after the war. Why? First of all because the country stands to gain nothing by holding an election earlier. The only reason there could possibly be for bringing on an election in 1917 would be inefficiency, corruption, or fundamental mistakes on the part of the Government in power. The technical matter of an extension for one year has nothing to do with the case. That period of extension was mooted because it seemed possible that the war would be over by that time, or its fortunes so far progressed in our favour that an election would not be a challenge to the Government's war policy in a time of crisis.

There may have been a degree of inefficiency. But the Government, on the whole, has been efficient. There has been no party corruption. The findings of the Commission in the Kyte charges do not constitute a basis for an election on the corruption cry. Mistakes there have been, were bound to be. English statesmen blundered long enough before a Coalition Government was formed. But the mistakes are being remedied and the public at large are more convinced by the success of the Government than by its mistakes, which were not of a character to challenge the capability of the Government to administer the country's affairs.

Second, and always most important, repeat it how you will—this country has at present one fight on its hands that requires every ounce of our strength as a united nation. The war issue is supreme. On that we stand as a unit irrespective of party. To attempt taking the conduct of the war away from the present Government and give it to the present Opposition would be a weakening of our national unity, no matter how much more efficiently Liberals might claim to be able to carry on the war. In national unity at a time of crisis there is strength. In national disunity, represented by a general election without just cause, there can be nothing but weakness and national defeat. By all means let the Opposition co-operate with the Government, absolutely independent of party politics, to carry on the war and to stave off a general election.

SIR GEORGE PERLEY'S appointment as our overseas War Minister is a very good one. If Sir Sam Hughes is to be set free to fill up what is behind in the matter of the full organization of our army up to the strength promised by the Government, it is essential that he should have little or nothing else to do until that army is accomplished. With Sir George Perley to relieve him of the necessity of going to England every little while, Mr. F. B. McCurdy to take off his hands the details of the Militia Department administration, and Mr. R. B. Bennett in charge of recruiting, it may look in some quarters as though Sir Sam were being over-relieved. But he is still the responsible Minister of Militia, and as such is still the one man to whom all these various activities must be related. In the beginning the Canadian army was a one-man job. Nobody but some one man could have done it. That stage has long since passed. The Militia Department has been organized into what is at present the heaviest-manned department in Canada. And while all these additions to its equipment are but the natural evolution of our fighting machine, that machine is still responsible under the direction of the Minister of Militia, who some time ago discovered that he had started a concern which, to keep going, would require the brains and the constant energies of other men. In this respect the development of our war agencies in this country follows very much the line of their development in England. When the war began Lord Kitchener was the necessary autocrat. He lived to see his work divided up among Lloyd George, the Earl of Derby, Sir William Robertson, Sir Percy Scott and Viscount French. And he worked cheerfully on, busier than ever he was, because the work had become a vastly bigger work. What Lord Kitchener came to do in a big way, Sir Sam Hughes should not be worried about doing in a smaller way in Canada. It has been the fashion to call Sir Sam the Kitchener of Canada. Let him continue to earn the soubriquet by being as placable and as continuously useful as Lord Kitchener.

ONLY children would argue that because there were enough Conservative voters among British Columbia's soldiers at the front to elect William Bowser to the Opposition in Victoria, the majority of our soldiers are Conservatives. This sort of party twaddle may have been excusable before the war. It sounds now like the mutual

recriminations of small boys in a vacant lot. You cannot make bullets into ballots. We do not fight Germany as Liberals or Conservatives. Either Liberals or Conservatives claiming a majority among the soldiers in the trenches would be as absurd as a census to determine the relative number of Methodists or Presbyterians, Anglicans or Roman Catholics at the front, or to quarrel about the proportion of Canadian and British born. We are not fighting this war as political parties, religious denominations or races. We are fighting it as a nation to whom it makes no national difference if two-thirds of the army happen to be Scotch Grits and Presbyterians, two-thirds of it another way Tories, and two-thirds of it British and foreign-born and Anglicans. Any nation that carries its political, religious and racial census into the battlefield is carrying there what the commander-in-chief cares less about than he does about the fourth dimension. What Canada wants at the front is soldiers, whether they were born in Canada or abroad, whether Grit or Tory, one creed or another.

F. C. T. O'HARA, Sir George Foster's able Deputy Minister, touched the quick of a very unfortunate condition when he said that the enormous sales of American goods in Canada was largely due to the flooding of Canada with American advertising and American drummers. The advertisers, even more than the drummers, pile up the huge imports from American factories into Canada. More than that, they are an Americanizing influence over the whole country. One American weekly paper has more circulation in Canada than any three Canadian monthly magazines put together. That paper, having in the first place a hundred million field in which to harvest subscriptions, is able to charge a fabulous rate for the space it sells its advertisers. These advertisers, having the same hundred million field in which to sell their goods, have a volume of profit which enables them to pay these fabulous rates. Thus the income of that weekly is such that it can give big rewards to big writers, and carry advertising copy prepared by the highest paid "artists" in the world. Canada is a mere drop in the bucket to such a paper, and yet its circulation in Canada is so high in comparison to the total population as to give it tremendous influence here. Its American editorials and American articles tend to Americanize Canadians.

It is very difficult to see just how such influence is to be overcome except by the building up of Canadian national publications, and that—to be frank—is a slow and difficult work, requiring patience on the part of Canadian publisher and Canadian reader alike. But Mr. O'Hara's shrewd remarks are only half interpreted if they are taken as applying only to the purchase of American goods by Canadians. The great significance of the situation lies in the assimilation of American habits of thought by the people of this country.

IN the matter of legality, both Ontario and Quebec are for the present satisfied with the Privy Council's interpretation of the B.N.A. Act. But the relations between the two great root races of Canada, though in critical times they may be referable to law, are not and cannot be maintained merely upon a basis of legality. Merely within the law many an abuse has managed to thrive. The letter of the law often kills the spirit of humanity. We shall never get far along the ultimate and necessary road to race co-operation in this country if we depend merely upon the legal interpretations of a document. The B.N.A. Act was necessary as an instrument of political definition. But as a people we do not live by that instrument. Our mutual relations are no more reducible to a legal document than is the unwritten constitution of the British Empire, which is always in a state of flux. Now that Ontario is admitted to have the legal right, it is the privilege of Ontario to make it as easy as possible for the French-Canadian within her gates to cultivate his own language so long as he acquires efficiency in English. Ontario, perhaps, would not care to see the Quebec Legislature conduct educational affairs in the Eastern Townships on a basis of strict legality. We must have at the basis of all race relationships a mutual respect for law. We need also the spirit which makes law useful only in an emergency.

GOLD is the pin-point on which we balance the world of credit. What shakes the pin-point endangers credit. But if the gold basis of credit becomes greater, if it resembles a pedestal or a platform rather than a pin-point supporting the structure of credit, then apparently the bankers become uneasy.

United States bankers are talking about getting rid of part of their gold—shipping it elsewhere—in order, they say, to discourage the over-inflation of the bubble of credit. There may be something in this, but we are inclined to suspect that what troubles the banks is the advent of too cheap money and the bearing of such a condition upon their various transactions. The comforting thing, so far as Canada is concerned, is the fact that we live next door to a country overrunning with money, and that much of that money is likely to come to us in the form of industrial and other investments.



Sketch for decorative panel in a country house at Onteora, in the Catskills, by George Agnew Reid, R.C.A., now on view at the Heliconian Club.

Concerning Canadian Art

Autumn in the Country

WHEN the first touches of yellow and orange appear amongst the green, Canadian artists pack their kits and retire to the country, for in the fall of the year our scenery is unrivalled in beauty by any country on the globe. Some like the early autumn, with its first crisp touches of red, some prefer the mellow hues of late October, while others like the countryside when the leaves have faded to russet brown, the trees are almost bare and blue mists hang about the valley.

There is a little village in Ontario whose inhabitants are thoroughly "artist broke." Their appearance in blue paint-smearred painting smocks, laden with easel and canvas, causes no surprise; the smallest child knows the meaning of the word "pose." Of course the countrymen despise the species. Farmers who do manual labour naturally look down on men and women who spend their time dabbling colour on a bit of board or canvas, when they might be shelling corn or topping turnips. They are usually kind, however, to the individual artist and give him a word of friendly greeting when they meet him on the road, and sometimes will draw up their horses while they point the way to a "real purty bit" down by the mill pond.

LANGLADIES also are apt to look at them askance with visions of towels appropriated for paint-rags, furniture dabbled with blue and crimson, hungry boarders who are always late for meals, but in this particular town the landlady is most sympathetic.

"Step right in," she says, hospitably throwing open the door of her best horse-haired and antimacassered parlour. "You'd better leave your painting things in the hall." . . . Then she apologizes for the fact that owing to the war she has been obliged to put her prices up to \$6 a week, "but seeing you're an artist, we'll call it \$5.50. Oh, I know artists! You see, I paint a bit myself, now what do you think of them?" and she points out two panels of red plush, which hang on either side of the fire-place, on which pairs of storks are depicted, standing with entwined bills.

"It was an old maid at Briggses Corners taught me to paint. Her father was at a threshing and he fell and the people he was working for were very wealthy, but they wouldn't give him a cent and he suffered cruel bad. So one day I took him a little flask of brandy and I says, 'If you take a drop when you're feeling bad I think it will do you good,' and he says, 'You're the first person that's come near me since I was hurt.' So I used to often take him little things (keeping a store, as we did then, it was quite easy for me), and one day his daughter says to me:

"'You're clever,' she says, 'why don't you learn to paint?'"

"And I says, 'And what good would painting do me?'"

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' she says. 'I'll learn you to paint for three dollars, and you'll have a panel to keep.'"

"So I learned to paint and I never begrudged her the money, for they hadn't enough food and it done him a lot of good."

"She taught me how to mix my paints, but I sometimes forget, so I keep them in this little work-box with a list of directions I cut from an almanac telling how to mix them. . . . There, you see, blue and yellow makes green, brown and blue makes grey. . . . Do you use the same recipe? I keep this wee bit of glass to mix them on. Knowing how

By ESTELLE M. KERR

to paint comes in useful, for often I do a panel or a sofa cushion for a present. I gave the minister's daughter one for her wedding, and she said, 'Oh, my!' she says, 'I didn't expect such a beautiful present!'"

"There are some says it's hard to paint, but I never found it so."

It is comforting to find some person who finds painting easy, and a sympathetic landlady makes the autumn painting spree the brightest and happiest time of the year in spite of the sad songs the poets sing of falling leaf and fading tree.

Art Notes

TWO Toronto artists are holding exhibitions this month: Mr. Archibald Browne shows a large collection of landscapes in his own galleries, 54 Adelaide Street East. The lower room is hung entirely in pastels, and this medium is well suited to express the atmospheric opalescent tints of nature which particularly attract him. In the room above



"Autumn Symphony," by Archibald Browne, A.R.C.A.

is a collection of his work in oils, where one recognizes some old favourites and sees, probably for the last time, some charming paintings which are about to leave for new homes in the States.

MR. GEORGE A. REID is holding an exhibition in the new rooms taken by the Heliconian Club, in the Arts and Crafts building, 617 Yonge Street, and the large galleries show off his pictures to great advantage. Among Mr. Reid's most recent work are some charming landscapes painted near his summer home in the Catskills, also a number of sketches made in the vicinity of Toronto. The exhibition is also somewhat retrospective, for it includes several large canvases that represent the work of former years. Of these "The Coming of the White Man" is perhaps the most important. Five excellent copies of Velasquez are reminiscent of his visit to Spain, and are particularly interesting to students.

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE, one of the foremost American painters, died in New York, October 28th, at the age of 67. Mr. Chase was not only a forceful and versatile painter, but a man whose personality and influence was a great inspiration to the cause of art in America. He had always a large following of students and among whom were many Canadians.

JUST one week before, France also lost a veteran painter in Raphael Collin, who died, in Paris, also in his 67th year. He was an officer of the Legion of Honour, and the recipient of numerous medals. His paintings may be seen in many European museums and his decorative panels in several of the principal theatres of Paris. One of his paintings—a nude figure, entitled "Nonchalance"—was shown in the French section of Fine Arts at the last Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

MR. ARTHUR LISMER has gone to Halifax, N.S., to take charge of the Victoria College of Art. Mr. George Chavignaud has returned to Toronto.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy opens in Montreal on November 16th.

Drawings From Ottawa

ABOUT sixty drawings from the National Gallery are now on view at the Art Museum of Toronto. They are varied in the extreme, dating from the year 1841 to the present day, from a minute religious cartoon of the school of Raphael to sketches by young Canadian artists. The word "drawing" is chiefly associated in our minds with lead pencil, so it is interesting to note that only one of the collection is executed in this medium. There are charcoal drawings, black chalk—sometimes used with a touch of colour—red chalk, pen drawings, shaded with water, and various combinations of mediums, but the only cartoon in which lead pencil pure and simple has been employed is a charming sketch by Daubigny, one of the great French artists of the Barbizon school. This school is well represented, for landscape painters in those days worked chiefly in their studios from small sketches made out of doors, in contrast to the present day impressionists who scorn a landscape that is not begun and finished in the open air.

EXAMPLES of more modern Frenchmen include a very charming landscape by Henri Le Sidaner, and a capital study of three characters in the

law courts by the great Daumier, who, as a youth, was usher in the Paris Law Courts and there studied the types which he afterwards attacked with such satire. He was foremost in a group of illustrators revolting against King Louis Philippe, who led the country toward the revolution of 1845. English caricature is represented by quaint old drawings by Rowlandson, and a rather poor example by Phil May. Some of the drawings are evidently made by men who enjoy working in black and white, while others suggest a laborious task executed merely as a preliminary exercise to painting. While it would be invidious to compare Arnesby Brown to Tintoretto, it is certain that the charcoal drawings of cows and rural English landscape by this modern Englishman, viewed as pictures, are quite the most pleasing works of art in the exhibition.

Next to these in beauty are some drawings of animals and graceful female figures by J. M. Swan—works of art that would be prized quite apart from his reputation as a painter and sculptor. A charcoal drawing by Corot, on the other hand, is only attractive because it calls to mind his beautiful paintings, but the coarse pen drawings by Jean Francois Millet are most interesting in their economy of line.

Following this exhibition will be a collection of woodblocks from the Congressional Library in Washington.

HAVE WE A CANADIAN WILSON?

PRESIDENT WILSON says that he doesn't know what started this war. That makes us very impatient with the President.

Why, there is not a school boy in Canada who cannot tell him. Yet there are many fathers of intelligent Canadian school boys who are in the same box as the American President, though not in the same compartment. They know what started this war all right. The press and the platform have dinned the damning facts into their ears so constantly and so emphatically that they have learned to repeat this particular patriotic liturgy when they are asleep. They would expect to be shot at dawn if they forgot it. Yet they turn right around and make other and kindred assertions just as exasperating as that of the American President, because they belong to the identical school of thought that he does and they have not been drilled in the patriotic ritual touching these other matters.

YOU will hear a man say, for instance, he hopes that the British nation will disband its army after it has won the war—that he sees no reason why Canada should maintain an effective military establishment when peace comes again—that he hopes that the American people will not arm, for a nation with an army likes to use it—that he is against what he loosely calls "militarism"—that he looks for a general disarmament when the present military madness of Europe has run its fevered course. Now that man may be able to recite the Allied ritual as to the causes of the war; but he does not know, with his reasoning faculties, what caused the war, any more than President Wilson does. He may, indeed, not even know as much about it; for President Wilson told us the other day that he had at last come to realize that peace must be defended by force. And that is really the root of the matter. If the President will simply follow out that bit of knowledge to its logical conclusion, he will easily and correctly deduce the causes of the present war. They lie right there. They are, in a word, the employment of force by the friends of peace—i.e., of the status quo—to prevent the violation of the basis of peace—i.e., security of liberty and property for all peaceful peoples.

Those who do not seem to know what started the war had better study the facts

By THE MONOCLE MAN

WHAT causes war—practically all wars? Simply the desire of some nation or nations, which think themselves strong enough to get their desire, to rob other nations of property, liberty or some possession they value. What caused that highly moral war—the American Civil War? Well, you can put it either way you like. You can say that it was the desire of the North to rob the South of the "liberty" to enslave its coloured population; or you can say it was the desire of the South to rob its coloured population of their liberty. It came from the collision of two opposite desires by two peoples who were not sure which could impose its desire on the other. The present war was caused by the German belief that it could get possession of the Balkans; and the Allied belief that they dare not permit Teutonism to conquer the Balkans and extend itself to the Persian Gulf, on pain of losing all the rest of their possessions and liberties. Germanism made its first steal by getting Bosnia. Then the Allies, forewarned, got ready for the next steal. It came when Germanism tried to get Serbia. The Allies were ready—in a measure—and they resisted it.

AND if we propose to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the future, we will have to be prepared to fight for them. There is no other way of keeping them in a world in which there exist nations which will fight to take them away from us. President Wilson dreams of a great League of Peace, composed of all nations, which will fight only to prevent any one nation from breaking the peace. And the kindred dreamers in Canada, of whom we just spoke, cry "amen" to his aspiration with great unction. They are just as far as he is from appreciating the real teachings of this war—they know just as little as he does, by their own mental processes, what caused this war. They have got the answer by rote—as poor scholars get

the answer to geometrical problems—but they could never work it out, for they lack the clue. This war has taught us, again, for the thousandth time—that there are people enough in

the world who are national foot-pads at heart to make it impossible to create an international police. The foot-pads are so numerous and so powerful that the best we can any of us do is to arm to protect our own freedom and possessions. In this war, two united first-class Powers have been strong enough to hold at bay for over two years all the rest of the world which knows how to fight. Where is the international police to be recruited?

THIS war was caused, primarily, because the human race is still in a condition of mining camp law, so far as nations are concerned. Every nation must go "heeled" and be quick on the draw. There are no police. There can be no police when half the military power in the world may unite any morning to rob the rest. The woods are full of Wilsons who do not know this yet, in spite of the tragic object lesson which is trying to teach it to us every day in the death-traps of embattled Europe. Our sons are suffering and dying on the Somme because there are no police—because at the first shot from a bandit pistol it was proven that every elaborate effort of the last half-century to create an international law and order had utterly failed. Yet we have men in Canada who will get up and say that, after this war is over, it will be quite safe for us to throw our pistol away; for an international police will prevent another repetition of this murderous outburst of outlawry.

THE boys at the front are under no such silken delusion. They know that the Germans are coming back at us for all this. And they perfectly understand that every time they put a German out of action, they lessen the power, the peril and probability of that "come back." They are "killing Germans"—not entirely to win this war—but also to delay the next one, and give their "kiddies" at home a breathing space. They are not moaning over any silly notion of an effective League of Peace.

THE VALUE OF HUM-DRUM

THE best medicine and the least used medicine I know does not come from Germany. Its price has not been affected by the war. It has no harmful after-effects, even when taken in very large doses. A surprising number of my patients profess to loathe it. A few for whom I have prescribed it have refused it—possibly because it is a homely remedy and fairly cheap. It has not yet been recognized by the British pharmacists, nor given a Latin name. It can never be exploited by the patent medicine dealers because almost every household has it if it wants to use it. I call it the Oil of Hum-Drum.

As a woman in the practice of medicine I have seen a fair share of the world. Dress-makers, priests, preachers and doctors know the book of the human heart better, I suppose, than any other people in the world—that is, of course, provided they wish to know it. If they could combine with the successful practise of their respective callings an ability to see truly, they would, I think, be able to do much toward the cure of social ailments—especially the dressmakers. But if, by signing my name to an article such as this, I should advertise to my patients, or possible patients, that I was studying their moral as well as their physical ailments I should soon have no practice. And so with the priest, the preacher and the dressmaker; the nearer to the public the farther from the individual who goes to make up the public. But under the protection of anonymity I prescribe—Hum-Drum. It is good not only for men and women, but, through them, for the country itself.

The other day one of the most brilliant of the younger Canadian politicians had to resign from public life in order to save his health. "Lungs" was the immediate trouble. But the first cause of the "Lungs" was nerves, and the first cause of the nerves

A woman Doctor tells in a genial way what she knows about the foibles of other women

By JAMES GRANT

—was the lack of sufficient hum-drum in his life. I know this, because his wife once came to me about him. She was worried. But who was I to prescribe where specialists were failing? I tried to tell her about the value of hum-drum. But she didn't try it on him! Perhaps he was unwilling to submit. In contrast to her husband is the husband's brother. It is the boast of the brother that he is "never tired." He is the manager of a great railway company and a director in a dozen other concerns. He has a two-thousand-acre farm in British Columbia and an amusement park in New Zealand as a side investment. Yet that man has never known the meaning of the word tired. I can vouch for that because he told me so himself, and he is not the kind of man who wastes time lying.

But why the difference between the two brothers?

THIS is how the two lives worked out. The politician had been a sickly child. For the sake of peace his family bribed him with different forms of excitement. Candy is a form of excitement to a child, and in these more recent days, ice-cream cones and movie shows. The life of that child might truthfully have been represented on a piece of section paper as a series of high-spots and low spots. The high-spots represented the moments of excitement, when, by indulging his taste for sugar, or noise, or a new game, his attention was actively engaged. The low spots represented the times when he was too tired to want anything but sleep, or when he was sulking or whining while his anxious-eyed parents

cudgelled their wits to discover some new diversion for him. That, mind you, was the beginning of a very brilliant career—but a career that has been cut short, as I told you. How many

children don't I see every day of my life who are being started in much the same way.

FOR instance: a little anxious-eyed woman comes to me about her little girl, aged eight. She is developing a very bad temper. She is almost unmanageable, and the parents are afraid to correct her because she takes on long periods of sulks. What is the matter with that little girl? A disordered stomach and disordered nerves due to a disordered system of living—that is to say, a life without a sufficient element of hum-drum. And don't imagine that that child's troubles and her mother's troubles, end there. Oh, no. I will show you the case of just such a child grown to womanhood and motherhood.

But in the meantime take the politician's brother, the manager of the railway. He was younger than the other child. He, too, was a peevish and sickly infant. But by a great stroke of good fortune—for him—his parents had developed a little nerve. The older boy took all the attention they had to spare. The younger one had only necessary attention. When he wanted to be peevish no one said him nay. In time he settled down into a rather quiet and easy tempered child. He hated to lie by himself all morning long, just as much as the other one. He was just as eager to have his father make a bear of himself or a giraffe or a whale and dive under the dining-room table on hands and knees—but he didn't get these attentions. He learned at an early age the thing that everybody should learn and that few know—even among old men and women. I mean the art of living with oneself, of being occasionally content with one's own thoughts, or with

quiet book. That baby learned to be still by necessity. When he grew up he was called phlegmatic, while the other boy was plugging for examinations and keeping himself interested in life by brilliant hopes of medals and scholarships. The younger boy never won a medal or a scholarship, nor passed any examination with honours. People said he was a plain boy, not half as bright as his brother. But they were wrong. His brother was at twenty years of age "an emotional dram drinker" (the phrase is not mine, I am sorry to say). That is, he was dependent upon the excitement of the moment or the excitement of pleasurable anticipation, to keep him in good spirits. The younger one was of even temperament. He did not spend his energy in bursts and then lie, as it were, exhausted. He was always good for a certain amount of work every day and every hour in every day. He went through his work like a big train eating up the miles between Vancouver and Montreal—it was a scheduled thing with him. That man says he has never had a sleepless night through lack of nerve-fibre—though he has had several helping to look after his brilliant brother. He has no lung trouble. He does his sleeping regularly, and his eating regularly. He would never think of saying, as his brother would say, sometimes: "Oh, I don't want any breakfast. I'll have a heavy lunch at noon." People who did not know him once proclaimed him dull, prosey, stupid—hum-drum. Praise be for the hum-drum. With a few notable exceptions, they are the great ones of this world. The world depends upon the hum-drum. It is hum-drum folk who keep armies fed every day of every week, and hum-drum folk who keep the world moral, and sane and healthy.

NOW let me tell you the story of the "bright" little girl, whose mother was worried about her tantrums. Her mother did not take my advice—to be hum-drum—because she couldn't. She herself was, as she confided to me, "temperamental." I think she was proud of it, though I myself would rather be called selfish and a fool, and be done with it. In a dotting tone of voice she said that "of course I know I have spoiled my little girl—I'm afraid I have—but then my little girl is such a sweet child. If you'd see her when she looks up and—" You probably know the rest of that, because you think the same thing about your child—you would be a poor parent if you didn't. But you would indeed be deficient if you let your feelings do with you what they were doing with this girl's mother. The mother was afraid to cross the youngster and felt that she was hurting the child to insist upon any disciplinary measure. That, of course, was just making it harder for the child in after life. I'll show you how.

She was bribed with candy at five, with her own way at ten, with dresses at fourteen, with ornaments at seventeen, and at eighteen—with her parents' consent to her marriage with a young man of about the same general temperament. Then she was out of the parents' way and they, poor things, began to lay a little fat on their bones. Between their two poor silly heads they had worried a good deal in the last year or so. They breathed "Thank God" when she was safely married. Now, the young husband had been of a certain sort—the hum-drum sort—would have bent his neck to his wife's yoke (not that I approve of that particularly) and would have become in time a poor hen-pecked simpleton who somehow dodged his wife often enough to know how miserable he was. But such was not this husband. He, too, was one of these emotional dram drinkers. First it was just the movie habit

—no evening was complete without the thrill of a film. His taste and hers happening to run in like channels, they gadded about together, leaving the dishes on the table—and all the sentimental fools on the street said, "What a pretty young couple." "How attentive they are to one another!"

Ho! Hum.

Then they came to me in great "trouble." They begged and coaxed for me to help them out of this "trouble." When I told them it was against the law of the land and read them a lecture on the privilege of the said "trouble" they looked hurt—that is the pet device of spoiled people—and went away. The tawdry self-pitying arguments they had used to persuade me that they should be "helped" out of their "trouble" made my heart ache. They said they couldn't afford to raise a child. No! Tommy was only earning so much and butter was so much—and so on. Rank insincerity! I asked them how much they spent on movies and accidentally found out they were saving up to buy an automobile. I exploded when I heard about the automobile and told them the usual thing about a baby carriage being better. But they urged that Tommy needed it in his business, and it would save them so much car-fare and "be so good for the health—getting out into the country and all that



"For instance, a little anxious-eyed woman comes to me about her little girl, aged eight."

sort of thing." Don't sit back, reader, and say: "Yes. How foolish those young people were? They weren't a whit more foolish or more criminal than a whole lot of folks who condemn such folly—when they see it in print.

Now take the sequel. In trying to get out of "trouble" the girl fell into the hands of "a nice motherly woman," who made a business of being sympathetic with young married women in such positions. A nice motherly woman! A cat is my word for the breed. I was summoned one winter night to the house of the young people. . . . She was ill. I was able to prevent the work of the "nice motherly woman." Some time later the baby was born. When it was six months old—they gave it away!

Believe me, I am not telling you an exceptional story. Many and many a doctor can tell you of cases like this. Not all the babies who are "for adoption" are the children of unlawful unions, nor the children of poor people. My pretty couple, like many another pretty couple, felt that the baby was a "tie." They couldn't go out together—though if the grandparents had remained alive they would probably have been pressed into nursery-service. The girl confided to me in the accents of a cheap American problem novel, that she was afraid of "losing her husband's love" unless she was able to go out with him whenever he wanted to go. So they gave the baby away to a house that had been praying

for a child for twenty years and had given up hope—I arranged it. The new parents were my patients. And I said—thank God!

Now, you say, what's this got to do with the oil of hum-drum?

JUST this: That husband and wife were afraid of the hum-drum, and to escape it they cultivated the emotional sides of their natures. I mean, they sought excitement, always some new form of excitement. Mind you, there is a tremendous difference between excitement and satisfaction. For instance, in a normal person water satisfies thirst. But hard liquor creates excitement. Food satisfies hunger; candy excites certain regions of the body. A good book, a good friend, a good play—these should satisfy the desire for new interest and companionship and that legitimate amount of excitement which has to be allowed for in any life. But the average movie show gives no satisfaction whatsoever, no lasting effect. It is merely an excitement. And in relation to marriage! A marriage of excitement—you know what comes of that when the charming colour fades. A marriage of genuine contentment. Ah! That is another matter, and let me tell you, in such marriages it is the hum-drum—the sense of duty and loyalty and faith through adversity that make them great, and make the happy participants in such marriages great men and great women—great from the standpoint of the race, though the world of newspaper headings and artistic reviews may never hear of them.

One day last winter a wan-faced, thin, hollowed-eyed woman came to see me. It was the wife I've been telling you about.

Her husband had left her—for some new excitement, a new woman. Not only had he done that, but he had turned on her in their last meeting and accused her of "being a bad kind of wife for a man." What he wanted was "a homey woman." And saddest of all, he wanted a "regular woman," who wouldn't give away her child to strangers. Outrageous? Of course, but he didn't know it. He was merely arguing under the aegis of his new emotional necessities. He "needed" the new companion, so he needed an excuse for quitting the old one. Pitiful wasn't the word for it! She tried to keep up a good front at first and then she broke down and she cried in my

lap—praise be for a big lap. And between sobs she let me know what she wanted was not to have him back—no, she, too, was tired of the match and if she had been a male instead of a female would probably have been just as errant as he was. But now—she wanted the child! The child she had "adopted out."

I let her cry it out and then I told her why she couldn't and why she shouldn't have the child back again.

"But it is my—my baby," she cried. "I suffered for—for—I nursed it—I—"

"COME now," I said, as gently as I could, but believe me, I'm not always gentle. "That sort of talk is as old as the hills and just as stale as a week-old lunch. Every woman I ever knew has that speech wrapped up in her somewhere. It is the meanest speech that a woman can make. It is the self-pitying speech. It is the speech of a person who makes a tremendous virtue of having done—what? Her duty. Yes, her duty and nothing more than her duty. The trouble is that duty is so almighty seldom respected and so honoured in the breach, that we get to think it is a martyrdom when we achieve it. My girl, the bearing of that baby is the one unselfish thing you ever did. Now listen! Have you money?"

"No."

"Friends?"

"No."

"Willing to work?"

"But I want my—"

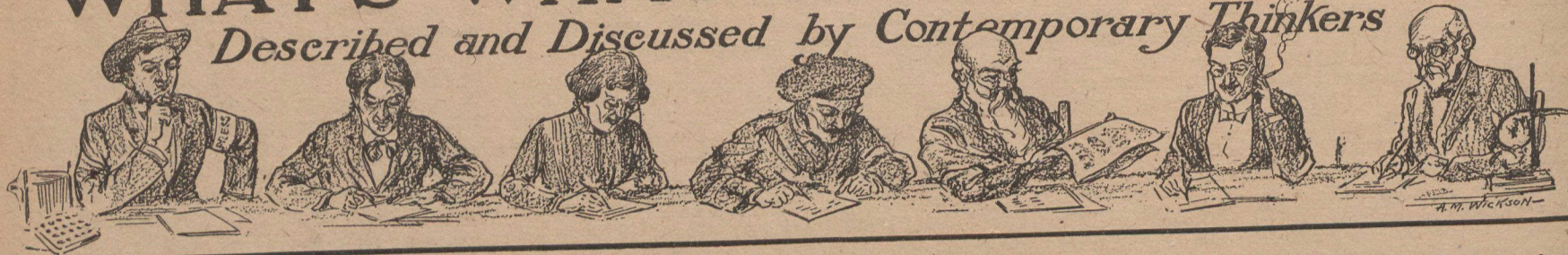
"Willing to work?"

"Yes. But—"

To make a long story short, she entered a hospital as a probationer to study nursing. She has been there almost a year. She is getting round and pink—why? Because she is living a hum-drum life.

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



J. J. HILL'S TEACHER

An Account of Railroad Chief's Beginnings in Rockwood, Not Far From Guelph

COMMENCING a series of articles dealing with the life of the famous James J. Hill, Mr. Joseph Gilpin Pyle, in *The World's Work*, gives an absorbingly interesting picture of the great railroader's early life in Canada. Forty miles west of Toronto, he writes, lies the little village of Rockwood, containing to-day a population of perhaps a thousand people. It is in the township of Eramosa, to which came, from Ireland, in the early part of the last century, the Hills and the Dunbars. Mr. Hill's grandfather was James Hill, of Mars Hill, Blackwater River, Armagh, Ireland. His grandmother was Mary Riggs, of Newry, also in Armagh. They migrated to Canada in 1829. All told, there were four boys and four girls in the family of Mr. James Hill; of whom James Hill, the father of James J. and the second oldest boy, was born August 1, 1811. The father was one of the earliest occupants of what were known as the Canada Company's lands. He had settled with his family on a section of land near Guelph, Ontario, in what was subsequently the county of Wellington.

The Dunbars, the family of James J. Hill's mother, were originally from Scotland. The Dulmages, from whom they descended, had landed on the west coast of Ireland in the seventeenth century, and, later on, were induced, with encouragement from the Government, to start a woollen factory at Templemore. There the Dunbars, five brothers and two sisters, grew up and all of them came later to Canada. Anne Dunbar left Templemore, in Tipperary, and came with the others to the new western country in 1832.

Among the children of the two families thus trans-

were farmers, and upon fifty acres of land, within two miles of Rockwood, James Hill and his wife settled down to the common life of the people of the frontier.

Here were born, in a little log house, the four children, of whom James Jerome Hill was the third. A boy born earlier and also named James had died, and the tradition that the oldest son should always be so called held good. His sister, Mary Eliza, the oldest child, was born on Christmas Day, 1835, and died June 25, 1905. She married John Brooks, a neighbouring farmer, and eleven of her thirteen children are still living. The youngest of the three, A. S. D. Hill, was born September 6, 1839. He married Emma Day and had four sons, of whom three grew to manhood. Two of them and their four daughters are living. Mr. A. S. D. Hill lived on the old farm until he was of age, when it was sold. He taught school for twenty-five years in the schools of Rockwood and neighbouring places, but the pull of the land was always strong and he eventually settled back into the congenial life of the farm. He cultivates to-day five hundred acres of land, is strong, active, and interested in life, and bears a strong physical resemblance to his brother. To his remarkable memory many of the details of their early family life are due. In 1848 the Hill family moved to Rockwood and kept a small hotel until the death of the father. James Hill died December 25, 1852, and his wife survived him until December 18, 1876. After her husband's death she removed, with her children, to the town of Guelph and lived there until she died.

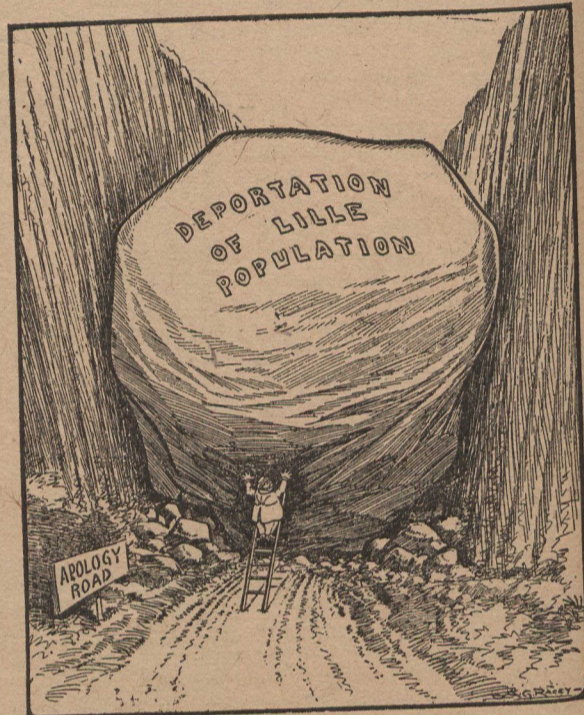
The man was industrious, plodding, a type of the millions who have subdued a continent, content to live laborious, unmarked days and to die unknown. The mother was of strong character and intense temperament, but with the limited outlook and ambitions unawakened that marked the earliest pioneers. James J. Hill inherited from her, whom he most resembled, many of his striking qualities.

James J. Hill, the second child of these parents, was born into this environment September 16, 1838. He was not notably precocious but, from his earliest days, exhibited one tendency that persisted in the man to the end of his life and was the source of his wonderful fund of information. He was desperately fond of reading. Although bright and active and fond of sport, he never cared for play if there was a book to read. He started to school at five years of age. The journey of two and a half miles through the bush to the district school-house was nothing to a child of that time in that part of the country. The settlement was largely comprised of members of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, and his first school-master was an old man, John Harris, a Quaker, born in Cork, Ireland.

James Hill was a well-to-do man, according to the standards of his time. This meant that by constant labour his farm could be made to give to his family all the comforts considered essential in that day, and to the children such education as the community had to offer. In scope this was meagre, in quality admirable as compared with the more pretentious but less thorough instruction of our own time. The little boy in whom none remarked unusual precocity or promise had grown to school age, and the question of education grew practical. It is one of the first characteristic notes of both father and son that James Hill sought something more than an ordinary education for his oldest boy. This determination, so common in our time, was comparatively rare in farthest Canada in the forties. The opportunity for it came in the institution of a private school, Rockwood Academy, to which the boy was transferred. This school was started by William Wetherald, a Quaker, and supremely fortunate was the relation established between him and his new pupil.

Wetherald was an Englishman of good birth, with Quaker ancestry and a college education. Such men,

three-quarters of a century ago, were to be found in charge of the academies which then furnished nearly all the higher education given. The public school system as we know it to-day had no existence. The colleges were few and small, the American university a rare and feeble growth. Every boy ambitious to learn looked to the academy for education. And



Too great an obstacle for apologist Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Helfferich, to get over.

—A. G. Racey, in the Montreal Star.

these institutions were often more complete in their methods and more admirable in their adaptation of work to the bent of the individual student than the secondary schools of our time.

During the formative time, the period of burning, indestructible impressions, of mental fluidity joined with dawning fixity of intellectual purpose, James J. Hill was under the influence of this remarkable man, William Wetherald. Probably no other human being, down to the time when he became the centre of a family of his own, not parents or friends or associates, understood this boy as did his Quaker school-master. And his capacity for helpfulness was freely exercised and never forgotten. Under this direction the boy pursued the ordinary English studies with Latin, a very little Greek, algebra, and the beginning of geometry. At that time, in addition to the elementary studies of reading, writing, geography, and grammar, the entire essentials of a good education were acquaintance with mathematics and the classics, but the material to work with was always secondary; the first requirement was thoroughness. The mind was treated as an implement; as the hand which, when trained to the limit in suppleness and muscular control, would be fit for anything because it had been made fit for all. Mental discipline, not mental craftsmanship, was the ideal. As a "system" this educational method would seem to-day poverty stricken and incomplete. As a method of assuring the best possible intellectual product it has never been surpassed. Under it James J. Hill spent four busy, happy years at Rockwood Academy. He was quick to learn and incessant in application. At fourteen years of age his formal education was finally broken off. After that time his only schooling was to be contact with the world; but through all his after life his powerful mind moved in the grooves then appointed for it, and wrought upon its new material with all that these years had given to it of precision and of power.

Another influence was at work during this period.



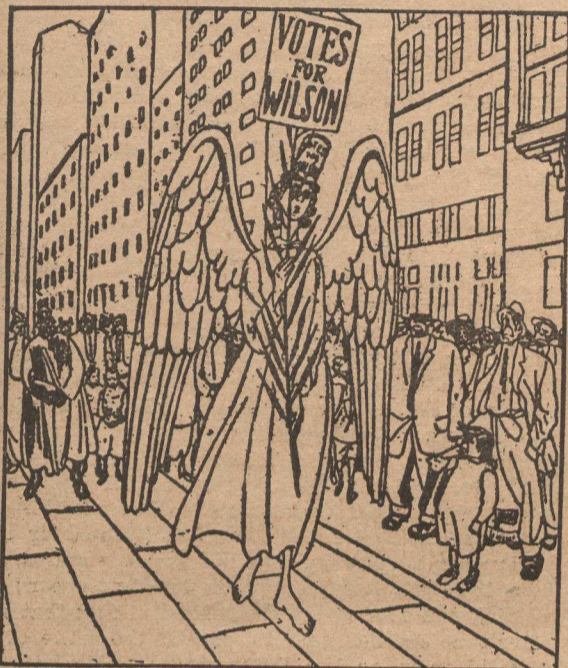
THE DOOMED IDLE.

—Bernard Partridge, in Punch, London.

planted to new soil, ready to receive the longing and the hope of that distracted fatherland across the sea, were these two, James Hill and Anne Dunbar, man and maid, just strong, simple, wholesome people, such as the Old World gave to the New in that generation. They were neighbours; and acquaintanceship ripening rapidly into a deeper feeling, they were married at Eramosa, Ontario, in 1833. Both

the magic touch of character upon character. William Wetherald was a man of an incorruptible rightness of spirit. He chose deliberately what seemed to him the best things, without regard to the world's valuation. We are fashioned so largely by our standards that this example of plain living and high thinking in the master had more permanent effect upon the man than any rule of discipline or all the lore of books.

Thirty years after this discipleship James J. Hill, then firmly seated in control of what he was to make the greatest enterprise of his day, and busied with a thousand buzzing cares, addressed William Wether-



"The angel of peace cannot bother about European affairs; Wilson is busy with the election."

—From *Simplicissimus*, Munich.

ald at his home in St. Catherine's as "My Dear Old Master." In the height of his prosperity he begs his old teacher to pay him a visit. "I have a nice little family of children and my good wife will be more than happy to have you as our guest. I have looked forward for some years to a time when I could have you pay us a visit and renew some of the days that were spent so pleasantly under your care. Again let nothing prevent your coming to visit your old pupil." This from the man of forty-three, to whom all eyes were turned because of the daring master-stroke that had already set him in places of command! It is the tribute of a soul that knows and rejoices in its obligations. And after this visit had been paid, Wetherald writes back that he had thought much of the children whom he had seen growing up in the family in St. Paul and of their right education. He photographs himself and discloses for the world the sort of sway under which the early years of James J. Hill had been passed in this sentence: "Knowledge, after all, is to the teacher only what colours are to the artist—tact, insight, patience, and sympathy are needed in order to give a fitting relation to light and shade and develop a perfect picture." Up to its fourteenth year, a mind singularly virile and a potential activity which had by that time received its strongest directive impulses were committed by the most providential fortune to this simple, straightforward and noble soul, who still signs himself in the trembling lines of age, "Thy old friend and teacher."

BAD DEMOBILIZATION

Is Distinguished From Prudent Demobilization
by S. S. Long

THE following condensed presentation of an article by Major-General S. S. Long, in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, gives Canadian readers food for thought. Mr. Long writes: Demobilization is, of course, to an extent a military problem, but it is one in which the social and industrial aspects and demands overwhelmingly predominate. When half our able-bodied manhood was needed for fighting, a soldier took command. When 5,000,000 men are to be returned to civilian life the soldier must give way to the statesman; and for the reason that a scheme must be devised under which these vast armies may be restored to productive industry in such a way as will make that industry

even more productive, and this must be done under such individual conditions as will bring content to men who have deserved the very best and nothing short of the best.

It is essential that we should realize at the outset the exact type of man we have to handle. He is certainly not the fatalistic easy-going soldier of fortune of fifty years ago. Indeed, it is only by a tragic accident that he is a soldier at all. Through and through he is a civilian of the civilians.

There is no secret in the fact that the War Office has already a scheme of demobilization, and there need be no hesitation in saying what it is. The War Office, like most other public departments, seeks the line of least resistance, and inclines to the solution that promises the least trouble. The War Office proposes to demobilize either by whole formations—i.e., by brigades or divisions; or else by units—in other words, by regiment, battalion, or battery. This is quite logical from the War Office standpoint, and exactly what we should expect them to do. In the Army every man of the same rank has an equal value. They are all merely soldiers, neither more nor less. It does not concern the War Office whether in civilian life a man has been an engine-driver, a collier, a worker on the land, a butcher, or a baker. Once enlisted, he is a soldier and equally available for the duties of war. Therefore, when the time for demobilization comes, the War Office proposes to disband at intervals certain numbers of soldiers until the Army is reduced to the strength required for a peace footing. Peace, however, is the normal condition of the nation, and, though success in war is the urgent demand of a crisis, the moment that peace comes industrial re-establishment and prosperity are the permanent concern of the people.

In every regiment of the British Army there are numbers of men who should be restored to their work before their comrades. Industrial experts can tell us exactly who those men are, and can describe the absolutely necessary functions which they and their class alone have been trained to discharge. Some of these classes of workers we shall need at the earliest possible moment in their full strength; trained workers on the land, for instance, cattle-rearers, skilled engineers to transform munition factories into industrial undertakings, colliers, transport workers, and the like. Exactly what classes we shall want first, and how many in each class, only our experts will be able to determine. Certainly the War Office will not know, and probably will not care.

Meanwhile there is an immense amount of labour upon demobilization that can only be done at home. Having regard to the vastness of the problem and the vital urgency of its successful solution, that work should be started at once. There are industries which are key industries in the sense that other undertakings depend on them. These, to the extent that they minister to essential or socially beneficial production, should be the first to be brought under examination. We should sharply distinguish between and firmly rule out undertakings that are merely concerned in producing wasteful and luxurious goods. Such output is of no real value to the purchaser, and both the capital and labour diverted to them should be put to a higher social usefulness. Having determined a first list of trades of paramount necessity, the next step should be to man the workshops and factories with skilled workers. In this work there will be experienced far less difficulty than might perhaps be anticipated. Neither employers nor Trade Union officials will have forgotten the men who have been taken from them. Trade Union officials will approach local employers whose names and industries find place of approval on the first official lists of essential or key industries, and the employers will be able to say how many men they will be able to give work to and, roughly, at what intervals they will be likely to be able to increase that number. They will probably add that they are keeping places for so many old workers, but as a certain number of those have appeared in the casualty lists, they would be glad to have their situations filled by equally skilled labour. The Trade Union officials will consequently be able to make their return that work is waiting for so many men, some of whom are required immediately after the cessation of hostilities, and so many more at such and such intervals. In this way—and we believe only in this way—will employment, and the right and nationally necessary employment, be found for those who come back. If demobilization be conducted on these lines in response to definitely ascertained industrial needs, the early stages, which, after all, will be the most critical, will be characterized by smooth working.

But it should be carefully remembered that we shall then be merely restoring skilled men to trades that urgently require them. Many of the subsidiary trades will take a longer time to re-establish. But there is every reason why the same machinery should be used in this case, too. Our object must be twofold. We desire to secure suitable work for every man who has fought, without displacing those who have laboured at home, and at the same time we seek to secure that production itself shall be so ordered and organized that the things that are most helpful to the country are plentifully supplied. Some may ask "Why turn to the Trade Unions?" Surely the answer is that when we deal with a mass we must find responsible authority. Further than this, the Trade Unions have the necessary organization.

But it is not only our fighting men who must show forbearance. The same necessary virtue must be exacted from capitalists at home as well. Unless they also are controlled by some central and supreme authority, the whole scheme of organization which is directed to secure the greatest benefits for all will fail. Industrial capital must not for years to come be allowed wholly to please itself as to the function which it plays. "Peace is declared, now is our chance," must give place to "Peace is declared, now we must help the country as the country believes to be for the best." We have had conscription of men to save the Empire, we must have some practical and quite definite control of capital to save and employ the men who fought or worked for the Empire. There is really nothing alarming in this. During the War businesses were commandeered for war purposes; during the early months, or it may be the early years, of peace undertakings must be controlled to secure the highest productivity possible. During the War capital issues were only allowed under a Treasury sanction, and some measure of equal precaution will be necessitated for the public good in the time that is coming. Indeed, demobilization can only be treated in its entirety. The necessary organization must enfold the whole of the Empire's life and activities.

Quite apart from the matter of labour conditions at home, which cannot be too anxiously considered and safeguarded, a rapid demobilization would be a sheer impossibility owing to the shortage of transport. In this connexion reference must be made to the position of our troops from the Overseas Dominions. Upwards of three-quarters of a million of our soldiers have come from those distant lands. They will be wanted at home as soon as possible, and, what is more, they will all be clamouring to get back possibly from the moment that fighting is over. These men who have been raised in the freer life of our Colonies are not of the temper to



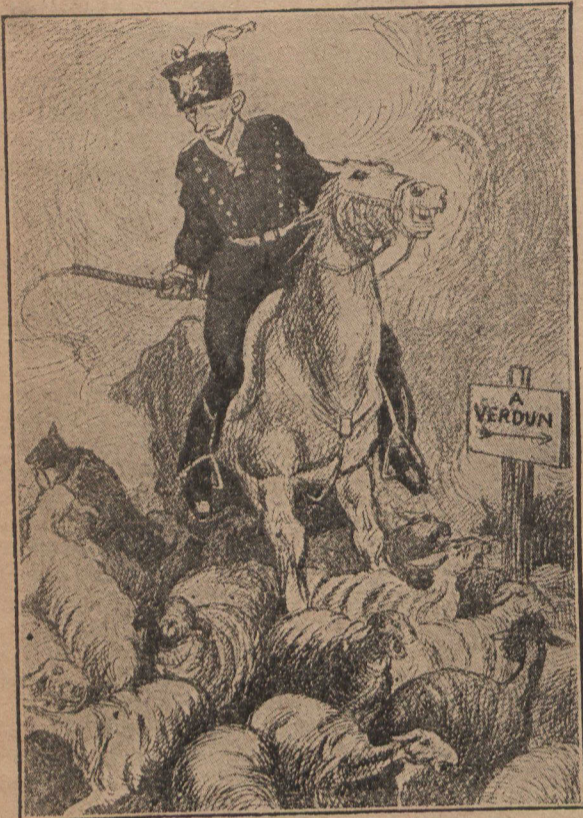
"I do not envy the man who has the responsibility for this war on his hands."

—Carter, in *New York Evening Sun*.

brook delay. Yet no fewer than four hundred liners would be needed to transport them, and the journeys out and back would cover very nearly three months. Where are we to find four hundred liners, and how could we spare them in the first months of peace? Surely the resulting problem should be carefully discussed at once with the representatives of our Dominions, and the most helpful scheme possible

should be devised. There should be the completest frankness over the difficulty, frankness not only as between our own statesmen and those of our Dominions, but also, of course, as between the latter and their own men at the Fronts. It might be necessary, and would certainly appear to be desirable, that public leaders of high position from overseas should personally make the journey to the Fronts and explain to their grand fellows there how anxious everyone is to do the best for them but how impossible it is to discharge them without some delay. If some such course as this be not taken, painful misunderstandings may arise with an effect that might be felt lamentably for years to come.

Our industrial system before the War was a riot of uncontrolled waste. Both in the production and



The Crown Prince and the German Sheep on their way to slaughter.

—Gabriel Galantara, in L'Asino, Rome.

distribution of goods there was an amount of waste through excessive competition and needless overlapping that was simply appalling. It was due to aggressive individualism, to competition driven to white heat beyond the point of useful incentive, and to an absolute ignorance of the first principles of social organization and a general contempt for system.

Exactly the same tragedy was re-enacted by industrial workers, both amongst the employing classes and the employed. They were fighting one another all the time, instead of thinking of some ordered scheme whereby they could help one another and also themselves. And there was a pitiable waste, too, in human life and in opportunity. We who are so horrified at the World War, which has only lasted just over two years, fail to realize that we have been at war with our own neighbours ever since we started what we are pleased to speak of as "the fight for life." Cannot we at length begin thinking about a demobilization at home? Cannot we at last introduce some sense and science into our mutual relations?

WHAT'S PAN-SLAVISM?

British Writer Declares Uniting of the Slavs Must Result From War

IN the year of revolution, 1848, says R. W. Seton-Watson, in the Contemporary Review, Prague leapt into prominence as a focus of Slav ideas, and it was there that the first Slavonic congress was held. Under the presidency of the great Czech historian, Palacky, delegates assembled from Poland, Serbia, Croatia, the Slovak districts, and even Russia. It was the answer of the Slav world to the convocation of the German Federal Diet at Frankfurt. It is true that its results were even more inconclusive than those of the rival assembly.

Since the opening of the new century, and especially since the Japanese War and the Russian revolution, a new tendency became noticeable under the

name of "Neo-Slavism." The root idea of its most eager advocates, notably of Kramarz, was the reconciliation of Poles and Russians as the keystone to all progress in Slavonic questions; and this was the chief note of the Congress held at Prague in 1908. Considerations of internal policy, both in Russia and elsewhere, made it difficult to reach any concrete results. But it is probably true to say that more progress has been made in the direction of mutual intercourse and understanding between the various Slavs in the ten years immediately preceding the war than in any previous decade. The events of the Balkan War gave a tremendous impetus to the feeling of Slav solidarity. Agram, Laibach, Prague, even to some degree Cracow, greeted the victory of the Balkan League as their own; of Moscow and Petrograd it is unnecessary to speak. Students of nationality in Europe are too apt to confine their attention to Italy and Germany. Even to-day it is not yet fully understood to what an extent the national movement has revived and transformed the Slavs, and yet it is only necessary to compare the Slav nations of Austria and the Balkans as they are to-day with what they were a hundred years ago, in order to realize that nationality among the Slavs is like an inrolling tide. If their emancipation is one of the results of this gigantic clash of arms, the misery and suffering of Europe will at least have a compensation. Once more Russia, despite the many shortcomings and imperfections of which her enemies are never tired of reminding us, is siding with the future, as surely as Germany, with all her marvellous energy and organization, is siding with the past.

The Pan-Slav ideal has been mellowed by time. To-day, it is realized more and more that it can never be achieved upon a purely Russian or on a purely Orthodox basis, and that, even from the Russian point of view, such a consummation would be undesirable. Five out of the six Slavonic races whose fate depends upon the issue of this war—the Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, and Slovenes—are overwhelmingly Catholic (the second and third with a small Protestant minority), while the Western portion of the Ukraine is fervently Uniate. The indispensable preliminary to any solution of the problems affecting these races is the establishment, not merely of toleration, but of absolute religious equality.

A word or two may be added as to the manner in which more practical minds have sought to bring Pan-Slav theory into line with the facts of the political world. More than enough has been heard of the notorious Pan-German General Bernhardt. Far too little has been heard of the Pan-Slav General, Fadejev, whose words, written in 1869, are full of prophetic insight. He starts with the assumption that for Russia the Eastern question cannot be decided by a war in the Balkans, but only on Russia's Western frontier. "The Eastern question can only be solved in Vienna. Austria is like a loaded cannon, which may not go off for centuries, if the sparks are not applied. But for her to allow a solution in the Russian sense would be suicide." "The existence of free Slav kingdoms bounding with enslaved Slav countries is impossible. How can Austria allow a second Slav Piedmont, whose influence would not be confined to a corner of her Empire, but would extend to its centre? Austria has only two paths—either the Slavs south of the river Save (i.e., Serbia) must share the fate of the Hungarian Slavs, or the Slavs north of the Save must attain the position of Serbia to-day." Here, then, we find, in 1869, a Russian summing up in a few clear phrases the situation of 1916. Either free Serbia and Montenegro must become conquered provinces of Austria-Hungary and fodder for the Drangnach-Osten, or they must unite the whole Yugoslav race in a single State.

The second prophecy is not less remarkable. "In relation to Russia, Hungary forms the advance-guard of Germany. . . . The Germans see that they alone, without the help of the Magyars, can never finish with the Danubian Slavs. . . . If Austria-Hungary follows firmly on these lines, Germany will stand up for Austria just as much as for her own property." This is being literally fulfilled to-day in the course of what is at least as much a Magyar war as a German war. It was the racial tyranny of the Magyars, exercised upon the unhappy Slavs of Hungary and the Eastern Adriatic, which kept the Northern Balkans in a ferment, checkmated the better elements in Austria, and embittered the relations of the Dual Monarchy with Russia and Serbia. Just as it was Budapest in collusion with Vienna which plunged Serbia and Bulgaria into the fratricidal war of 1913, so it was the deliberate policy of Budapest in collusion with Berlin which

precipitated the present conflict.

Yet another prophecy of Fadejev is to-day in process of fulfilment. "For Austria, the Polish question is a lightning conductor for the Eastern question." Its true solution is to recognize the Poles as a Slav people with a right to its existence, and to Russian help in re-uniting its scattered portions. On the other hand, Poland has, in effect, the choice of becoming the younger brother of the Russian nation, or a mere German province. Scarcely less interesting is his further assertion that France has a choice between Russian rule and German rule in Europe: "on the day when France realizes that the fortunes of Poland are inseparably bound up with the triumph of the Slav idea, the heart of France will be with us."

There is only one point upon which this uncanny gift of prophecy failed him, and the fault lies at the door of perfide Albion. Writing in 1869, he did not expect the sympathy of England for his Slavonic dreams, and who shall blame him? That was long before Gladstone and Salisbury between them redeemed the deadly errors of Disraeli. It is the privilege of our generation to prove him wrong on this one point, and, as loyal and immovable allies of Russia, to help him to realize the rest of the Slav programme.

One of our own statesmen in an inspired phrase contrasted the attitude of Prussia and of Russia to the claims of nationality and sentiment. While the "higher civilization" merely answered that "the liberty of the Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian soldier . . . the rude barbarians of the North sent their sons by the thousands to die for Bulgarian freedom." Prussia since she was constituted a kingdom has done nothing for the freedom of her neighbours and much for their enslavement. Russia, like all great empires, our own included, has blots upon her 'scutcheon; but nothing can ever efface the historical fact that time after time she has gone to war for the cause of her Slav kinsmen or her Orthodox co-religionists, and that the democratic countries of South-Eastern Europe owe a great part of their liberties to the efforts of Russia and her rulers. To-day history has linked Russia and Britain in the task of reconstruction. Poland, Bohemia, and Jugoslavia—these three together form the keystone to the arch of European liberty. Without the emancipation of the Southern



THE SOWER.

—From the N. Y. Times Magazine.

Slavs and the Czecho-Slovaks from German aggression, Austrian inertia, and Magyar tyranny, without the reunion of Poland and its reconciliation with Russia, there can be no regeneration of the European commonwealth, no permanent settlement, no durable peace after the horrors of the Great War.

Editor's Note:—Canada has not a little to learn from the struggles of the Slavs, and should find an immediate interest in the fact that many of our north-west communities are composed of Slavs. There are a great number of Ukrainians on the prairies.

PLAYING THE NATIONAL GAME

(Concluded from page 6.)

yet a tremendous amount of space work to do in putting our national farm in order. Electing members to an Imperial Parliament, who may be outvoted in that parliament by British members will not help us achieve national unity. If any country under heaven needs unification it is ours. Nature and history gave us a colossal task in much of which we have succeeded so far as we have gone. But we are still in the kindergarten class as a nation. Only as we grow out of that, shall we be of most use, either to ourselves, to the Empire, or to England. We can only outgrow the national kindergarten by concentrating on our own problems, leaving the other self-governing nations to do likewise. We do not want to be ignorant of what they are doing. Neither do we presume to waste our own and their time by helping them do their work. That much of our programme must be Canada first, in which no man can be suspected of disloyalty to either the Empire or to England.

Either we mean it or not when we talk about the nationhood of Canada. If we mean it in the light of the sacrifice of war, let us remember that the struggles and problems after the war will test us most. Men can do things under the stress of a great war, which they only dream about in times of peace. It will be our first business to see that when the stimulus of the war is suddenly removed, when we are among the victors, that we do not relax, heave a long sigh, that at last it is all over—when the real nationizing problem has only begun.

Our first need will be to play the national game by getting to know more about ourselves through one another. We must find the common ground in peace that we just missed discovering in war. When our national energies are spent on behalf of a united Canada, fit to take our place among a world-wide brotherhood of free peoples, we shall know that we are doing our work as a daughter nation of England.

This is no mere rhetoric. If Dr. Domino imagines it is, let him draw a map of Canada. Put on that map, Doctor, all the things that seem to you to unite the provinces.

He catches the idea, beginning with the great rivers, the lakes, the Laurentian rocks, railways, natural resources, big cities and towns, banks, colleges, Parliament, immigration, political dishonesty, orators, newspapers—

Very good Doctor, now be good enough to set down all the things that seem to separate Canada into as many national camps as there are in the United States. That proves a poser to Dr. Domino. He is not

strong on differences. He has always pooh-poohed them. To him the Empire is one. Therefore, Canada is one. Good old patriot! All that is necessary to him besides great speeches about uplifting the people is the good old flag. Fling that over the map and it all looks like that good old saying in Proverbs, "Behold how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

But the wind flips up the corners of the flag. And the blessed unity becomes a strange jumble of local problems, all of them important, all part of the nation-making process, all so far as can be seen, honest statements of fact. It is not merely a division of east from west. In some respects Halifax is closer to Victoria, B.C., than Montreal is to Toronto; or even Hull to Ottawa. The Quebec Nationalist is not more intensely wedded to his provincial programme than the Radical of the prairie is devoted to free wheat and free implements.

"Ah!" admits Dr. Domino, when he has studied his map, "I am not so sure that some of the items put down here as things to help to unite Canada are not on the other side of the fence."

Quietly he puts a query after—railways, banks, industries, colleges, newspapers—"No," he insists, "I'll not query Parliament, nor the Laurentian rocks, nor the rivers, nor immigration, nor political dishonesty."

There let us leave him until after the war, when we shall all have need to think more clearly, more tolerantly, more broadly, when the problems that confront us will not vanish because we put before us the vaguer, if more spectacular issues of the Empire. The map still stands. It is for most of us, not the Empire that stands out so white on the black background. It is the map of Canada to which we shall never be as true as we ought, or as true to the Empire as we may, until we love this country and work for it and live for it as men have loved and worked and lived for England.

On a nation-making programme alone can we unite ourselves. The head-office-at-London idea may have a greater appeal to the imagination. The other strikes us where we live, move and have our being. And if we have the good sense to work out our own destiny, according to the best light we can get, we may expect other overseas dominions to do likewise. When that is accomplished, and only then, can the democracy of nations within the Empire prove its value to the Empire and to the world at large. Until then for the love of the country, let us not try to reconstruct the Empire according to a business programme, but trust to the same great world forces to evolve it to whatever it is to become as have already made it the greatest political spectacle in the world.

Serves Germany's Purpose

"It is not our duty to feed a population abandoned by its own government," a statement made in the German newspaper, the Hamburger Nachrichten, explains fully the attitude of the German people towards the Belgian people.

This profligate government, which has assumed that everything is fair in war, chooses to interpret the fact that so many Belgians, chiefly women and children, are their prisoners is due to the fact that the Belgian Government has deserted these people.

The people of Belgium—seven million of them—are starving because Germany chooses to have them starve,

because it serves the German purpose and may tend to help them gain here and there, where the efforts of their fighting failed, for starvation is a terrible weapon. Germany has violated every convention, every detail of law governing civilized warfare and her crowning bit of inhumanity is the starvation of women and children.

If it serves Germany's purpose to starve these people it must serve the purpose of the British Empire to see that they are not starved. There is but one way to do this and that is through the efforts of the Belgian Relief Committee.

Appeal after appeal has been made to Canadians to feed these starving women and children. The appeal continues because the need is greater than ever. It is the bit that those who cannot fight, can do to help win the war. There is a branch of the Belgian Relief Committee in your community. Send your donation there or to the Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter

Street, Montreal. Any amount is acceptable for the situation is extreme.



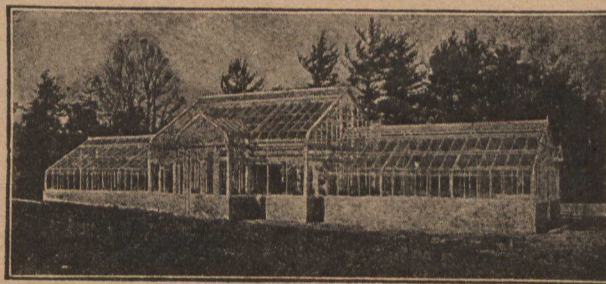
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—Brinkerhoff, in N. Y. Evening Mail.

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—Stanley, in Cincinnati Times-Star.

SHIPBUILDING A BOOM IN B. C.

Merely Financial Aspect of the Enterprise Should be Regarded Critically . . . American Influence Too Powerful . . . Money Matters in General Treated Without Considering Magnates

THREE weeks ago there was published in this paper an illustrated article on the new shipbuilding industry in British Columbia. Since that time considerable development has taken place in that industry which has now taken on the dimensions of a boom. The Shipbuilding Act of the recent Bowser Government had for its main object a revival of the wooden shipbuilding industry for which British Columbia is so tremendously equipped both in timber and seafaring activities. The enormous development of the industry of late has left the wooden ship rather high and dry, going after the steel ship sold to other countries. Recent correspondence from that quarter says on good authority:

Oct. 27, 1916.

"In the last month contracts for no less than twelve steamships have been let here, and yesterday the Norwegian Government through Dahl let contracts for ten ships, to cost \$12,500,000. Two small steamers on the Wallace ways being builded for Japanese interests have been sold, to be delivered on completion for \$1,100,000 each. The contract price for building was but \$600,000 each. The ten ships for Norwegian interests are standard freight carriers of 8,800 tons burden.

"The purpose of this letter is to point out that Vancouver is going into a shipbuilding frenzy, and there are indications that the shipbuilding boom will follow largely the lines of the real estate boom of a few years ago. There are in fact but three concerns now capable of handling steel shipbuilding contracts, but everyone with a few thousand dollars and a site is looking for sucker money and for contracts, and it appears that the latter are the easiest to get, and the money is not at all backward. Should this shipbuilding boom burst and flatten out, however, comparatively few people will be hurt, as a burst real estate boom leaves everyone broke.

"In this race for steel shipbuilding contracts we are losing sight of our British Columbia wooden ships designed to carry British Columbia lumber to market, and the purpose of the Shipping Act is thereby likely to be defeated. No one will now consider more wooden ship orders, and just now, to meet the conditions presented by a British Columbia lumber fleet, the lumber manufacturers of the U. S. Pacific coast have organized an export association, combining 90 per cent. of the cargo mills and 95 per cent. of the American ocean borne lumber products, to keep and control the markets which formerly belonged to Canada. Lumber carriers now being builded by American lumber concerns will be utilized by the association to keep their hold on this market. The Americans do not hide their intention, which is to keep what they have captured since the outbreak of the war. They will do this by the use of their own ships and by meeting every price quoted by Canadians."

Staggering Statistics of Iron and Steel

ONE issue of Monday's papers this week contained two despatches of extraordinary significance regarding steel. On page one this:

"Paris, Nov. 5.—The war's final phase, inaugurated this week, is in the form of the most dramatic armament race the world has ever seen. Mr. von Stein has announced that Germany, surprised on the Somme by the Entente allies' superior output, began at once to increase hugely her supplies of guns and shells. 'Every particle of the country's energy must be devoted to the production of munitions,' said Marshal von Hindenburg, commander-in-chief. 'I've come straight from the Somme,' said Gen. von Stein. 'We must do everything in our power to surpass the enemy's gun and shell output. I'm going to apply myself to this task.'

"Last March the allies began their greatest munitions effort and this month they are taking up Germany's workshop challenge. So that the world-war in this coming winter will be fought principally in European munitions plants. Victory next spring will go to the side able to project the largest and deadliest shell screens.

"That the race already has begun is clear from the absolute famine in steel for commercial purposes. All over every available ton is going for military or naval purposes. It isn't permissible to indicate the stupendous dimensions of the effort being made in France, England, Russia and Italy in addition to the American output, but I possess positive information showing a desperate counter-move by the Central empires has begun. It includes withdrawal this week of 17,000 troops from the eastern front for munitions factories and means remodelling of the whole army organization."

On the financial page came this:

Montreal, Nov. 4.—Heavy buying of Steel of Canada common overshadowed all other features of a strong market here Saturday morning, when the turnover reached the largest aggregate of any two-hour session since a certain famous Saturday in October, 1912, when developments in the Balkans resulted in panicky liquidation. Approximately 27,500 shares changed hands in the two hours, with Steel of Canada responsible for 17,269 shares, or more than 60 per cent. of the total. The price of the shares advanced from a previous high record, 68, and a close of 67½ on Friday, to 73½, closing at the best, with 73½ bid

for more stock. Following the sharp rise of 2 points on Friday, bids were raised 2¼ points to 70 before any stock came out at the opening on Saturday. That over-night gain was followed by a further swift advance to 73. Just before the close a new high level was reached at 73½, and while the last sale went out at ½ below the best, 73½ was bid as the market closed, final quotations going out at an advance of 5¾ points from Friday."

In another column:

"A vigorous buying movement developed in Steel of Canada common on Saturday morning, when close to 6,000 shares changed hands between 68¾, ½ below the level of Friday's close, and 89¾, the latter a gain of 2 points for the day. For some time past Toronto and Hamilton interests have been buying Steel of Canada, but Montreal has always offered the stock in considerable quantities, with the result that the price has held fairly steady. On Saturday, however, less of the stock was in evidence on the selling side. There is renewed talk on the Street that the directors, who are to meet shortly, will declare a dividend, and 6 per cent. has been mentioned as among the probabilities. But there are those, on the other hand, who contend that the management is not likely to take action so long as conditions are as abnormal as they are in these war times. With peace yet a great way off, directors naturally hesitate to commence dividends.

"Another surprising advance was registered by Dominion Steel Foundry, which opened for an advance of 5 points at 220, and then sold up to 240, a gain for the brief session of 25 points. While the directors have been most generous to the shareholders in the matter of distributions, the company is understood to have exceptionally large surpluses in the bank, and some method must be found for dealing with these."

This is a long way from the era of steel bounties in Canada. What effect will it have upon the iron and steel situation when the war is over? The unprecedented demand for these metals caused by the war is not likely to be sustained by the after-war demand for the purpose of rebuilding Europe. No doubt millions of tons of iron and steel will be required to replace what war has destroyed and to re-equip industries made idle by the war. Figures are not available to indicate the daily consumption of iron and steel for munition purposes. But with practically every related industry in Great Britain, France, Canada, Germany and Austria, and many in the United States, converted to munition-making the daily aggregate of iron and steel in actual consumption must be of a size never before known or dreamed of in the world. Some statistician might profitably compute the increase in demand for iron and steel caused by the war, and from that deduce what will happen to iron and steel industries and their stocks when the war demand is over. Of course armaments will continue to be made, just as far as the financial condition of all the countries enables them to keep it up. The demand for rebuilding purposes will also depend largely upon national credits in the borrowing markets.

What of the iron and steel already used in the war and lying on the battlefield scrap-heaps? The international junk-man will have a huge contract on his hands reclaiming the millions of tons of dead armaments. How will this affect the metal situation? This again is a subject for the economic investigator. But after two years of such enormous consumption of metal it is time to take stock in all the material available after the war is over. Meanwhile if 17,000 men is all Germany can take away from the west front to increase the munition output in that country, it looks as though the Allies' production of iron and steel will keep the lead without any trouble.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Difficult Problem in View.

THE cost of labour in the United States is rising in a degree which wage advances do not show. This is due to the fact that labour, in many instances, is becoming less efficient. In nearly all cases it is becoming more difficult to deal with. This generally happens when there are more places than workers, and when there is competitive bidding for a man's services. This situation was troublesome enough before the enactment of the Adamson eight-hour law. Since that Act has been put on the Statute Books; however, a new impetus has been given to the demand for higher wages and shorter hours. All of this must have a broad economic effect, and while it is too early to judge of all its consequences, the situation is becoming each day more embarrassing for employers. It is apparent, therefore, that the readjustment of wages will present one of the most difficult problems to be dealt with during the coming year.

Russian Shell Order.

MUNITION interests are inclined to congratulate the management of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, on effecting the transfer of the Eddystone contract to the Russian Commission. The new arrangement provides that Baldwin be paid on a percentage of the cost basis, and so the most rigid, the Russian, inspection, will be more profit for Baldwin, as each rejection naturally adds to the cost of manufacture. Probably this was the reason a large number of the shells which had been rejected were reinspected immediately the transfer took place, and were then found acceptable. Many other American shell manufacturers were much less fortunate, however.

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MUSIC AND PLAYS

New Russian Virtuoso Comes to Canada—to Stay . . . Paul Wells Gives a Psychic Recital . . . A Correspondent "Movie Fan" Goes After Degenerate Film Productions . . . New York's Biggest Musical Week

Hans Ebell to Canada.

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THE newest addition to the musical life of Canada is Hans Ebell, the Russian, who comes to the Hambourg Conservatory as head of the piano department and associate director of the Conservatory. The management waited a good while before making an announcement, because they wanted to announce a man who could take up the work laid down by the late Professor. Ebell seems to be the man. He is a Russian, a young man who hails originally from Petrograd via New York. He is both a virtuoso performer and a composer. Some time ago he himself played the concerto which he composed. This is no common thing. As a player he is a pupil of the super-technician Godowsky and of the interpreter Hoffman, who considers Ebell his most gifted disciple. The line of virtuoso descent runs this way: Ebell — Hoffman — Rachmaninoff — Anton Rubinstein, naming pedagogues in place of parents. Ebell is therefore the virtuoso great-grandson of Anton Rubinstein and sums up the Russian school in a very big way by direct descent. As a player he is said to be immense. As a composer he is eminent. He was for ten years Director and Senior Professor of the Cracow Conservatory. As a teacher he should carry on a big work. He is a personal friend of Rachmaninoff. Ebell will teach exclusively at the Hambourg Conservatory which has now established the cosmopolitan character of its faculty with two Russians, one Italian, one Frenchman. He will arrive some time about the end of the year. His advent will be a long step further in making Toronto a great centre of piano pedagogy.

A Psychic Recital.

WHEN the lights were all down low, Paul Wells began to unfold like one of those tropical flowers seen in movie pictures. It was the occasion of his last week's recital, first of a series of six. And it was psychologically all figured out to a dot as to time, space, colour and light—and music. Paderewski, the inventor of twilight recitals in the evening, never lavished so much care on atmospheric environment. Behind the piano was a gathered green curtain of velvety sheen. The house itself was dark except for the back. That gave the player an evenly diffused view of the audience. There was no light on the stage except a small electric lamp at the bass end of the keyboard, which threw a spot-light on the curtain which reflected it back in a vague, nebulous glow on the keyboard and the player.

It was a piece of strategy in lighting and for aesthetic effect it worked like a charm. The player was bathed in a half-gloom which gave his figure the tone-value of a semi-silhouette. And you may bet all this was studied out and rehearsed up in the Paul Wells private studio before it was put on stage.

But of course there was also a programme. Even Paul Wells requires that. And the programme was quite as interesting as the stage act. Otherwise Wells would never have had the audacity to fix the stage the way he did.

It opened with Beethoven and Schumann—which I did not hear, having arrived late. This group was Part I. of the programme. I arrived just in time for a fine, long chattering intermission. Part II. was the second group. There was a Postlude by way of two pointed encores. Another novelty. Going strong, Paul. Excellent! We often wonder what those delectable morceaux are that artists ring in as extras. Paul frankly told us that one was a Chopin Mazurka and the other a Paul Wells. In the Mazurka we feel quite sure the young lady had consumption and gradually faded away into the bosom of eternal melancholy. Was it a Mazurka? The programme said so. We have often heard this piece, wondering what it might be.

Group II. was as charming a lot of

tone pictures as one ever hears in a piano recital. There was a Debussyan glamour over it all, even though the group contained no Debussy. Even the Liszt Rhapsody with all its unquestionable ferocity of treatment and its rhythmic abandon seemed to have a crepuscular quality—as a wrestling match in the dusk. There was too much atmosphere for the abandon required by the piece. Why not carry the lighting accessories a bit further and instead of having the same semi-gloom for Chopin as for Liszt, have a blaze of light on the Rhapsody with the muscularity of the player as obvious as a wrestling bout or a game of Rugby? Wells gave the rather over-feminized version of his in the Chopin numbers. Those did not suffer so much. His Tchaikowsky Humoresque was a piece of irresistible gaiety. But the whole character of the group was delightfully smudged by the impressionism that hung over it all. When the player rose to acknowledge the applause and got the full light of the piano lamp on his face it was an agreeable diversion.

On the whole it seems quite possible to overdo the aesthetic side. It is still more grievously a custom to denude a piano recital of everything that makes it alluring and to make it a demonstration of man slugging the soul out of a piano. Here again you pay your money and take your choice. Wells puts the accent on the atmospheric. There were times when he seemed to do it at the expense of his tone, which sometimes seemed rather flippant. But nobody could leave the recital without admitting that (he) had been hugely interested. And if music is not interesting, why bother about it?

Studio Club Flourishing.

THE Welsman Studio Club entered its third season of activities on Tuesday evening of last week with the members more than ever enthusiastic about the work of the Club, the opportunities it affords for gaining experience in public performance as well as its many educational advantages, and the present year promises to be the most successful in the Club's career. The scheme for the season, as outlined by Miss Muriel Robertson for the programme committee, feature a number of "national" programmes and will embrace Canadian, American and British composers' works which deserve wider recognition than they have hitherto enjoyed. An entire evening of Scriabine's works is another item of special interest.

Last week's programme was up to the usual high standard of performance of Mr. Welsman's pupils, technically and artistically. Those who took part were: Miss Alice Wark, Miss Laura Smith, Miss Robertson, Miss Coyne, Miss E. Buckley, Miss Marjorie Harper and Simeon Joyce. Miss Madeline Chisholm contributed a couple of readings to the evident enjoyment of her audience.

The Cherniavsky's at 'Frisco.

THIS trio of talented brothers, considering that they are to us unknown, drew a good-sized audience at their opening concert in San Francisco last week. And when the concert was completed it was evident that they had captured the approval of their auditors.

They are a very talented group, and display versatility both in concerted and solo work.

Mischel Cherniavsky, the 'cellist, gave the Cesar Cui "Cantabile" sweetly, tenderly, dreamily, sorrowfully. He gave his instrument a soul, and the soul found a voice that sang almost like a human. And in his encore he rendered the delicious melody with a violin-like fineness and delicacy.

Jan Cherniavsky is a lover and interpreter of Chopin, and as such he made a particularly pleasing impression on his audience, who admired the facility with which the almost boy-pianist expressed a variety of moods, even while he demon-

strated consistently always the possession of a gentle, poetic temperament.

Leo Cherniavsky, the violinist, is different. He strikes a bolder, more masterful note. There is something challenging in the richly coloured tones that he draws from his instrument. Toward the end of the programme he gave us passages approximating the wraith-like delicacy which only Kreisler knows how to spin.

Ornstein and Mrs. Beach with Academy Quartette.

THE series of four chamber music concerts which the Academy String Quartette will give in the Foresters' Hall promises to be one of the most artistic ventures of the season. During the past three years the Quartette have given many notable performances and introduced a number of important compositions to Canadian audiences. This season they feel emboldened to make a wider appeal to music lovers. The aim of the players will be to make these concerts highly artistic and at the same time thoroughly enjoyable. The following celebrated artists will also perform: Leo Ornstein, the wonderful young Russian pianist, "a wizard of the keyboard," who has set all musical America agog by his astonishing virtuosity and extraordinary compositions; Mrs. H. A. Beach, the American composer-pianist, who will play her own quintette in conjunction with the Academy players. This work will be performed several times this season by the Kneisel Quartette in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Mrs. Beach will also accompany several of her own songs. Arnold Stephenson, French-American soprano, who has just returned this summer from Paris, in which city she held a splendid reputation as a leading concert singer, and Vivian Gosnell, one of the best baritones that has come from England in recent years, will be two other attractions.

Gotham's Big Opening Week.

NEW YORK is heading into the biggest musical season ever known in that centre of world music. Our old friend Damrosch is strong to the fore, giving the first illustrated lecture with piano on the programme for the Symphony Society for the season. His first solo artist is Efreim Zimbalist—husband of Alma Gluck, both of them proteges of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The Boston Symphony rally opened the season in Carnegie Hall. Max Sanders, who conducted a concert bureau in Canada last season, featuring a number of eminent Canadian artists, is hard at it now in New York with a number of headlines, including Pauline Donalda, the Canadian operatic soprano, who sang here last season.

A curiosity of the menu will be a recital of old English folk songs called "Lonesome Times," old reliques that have survived in the remote regions of My Old Kentucky Home and have resisted all efforts to Americanize them. Mr. Howard Brockway, pianist and composer, well known here in connection with his minor choral works sung by the Mendelssohn choir, gives the exposition, assisted by Loraine Wyman, singer.

The Boston Symphony first programme included Beethoven's Eroica Symphony, Liszt's symphonic poem Mazepa, and Strauss' Tul Entenspiegel's Pranks," which was one of the numbers so ably given in Canada on the occasion of the B.S.O.'s last visit when Otto Urack conducted in the absence of Karl Muck. Oh those good old colourful days of orchestral visits! When will they come again? Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, also fig-



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ured in last week's recitals at Aeolian Hall. On Sunday evening, Oct. 29, Mr. George Dostal, Metropolitan tenor, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall, assisted by Hans Romold, cellist, and a number of others.

There are less than half the features that characterized New York's musical season last week.

Why Kill a Good Thing?

WE have received the following pertinent letter from a musical subscriber in one of the musical towns of Western Ontario. The writer has some convictions which we gladly pass along. He says:

Editor Canadian Courier:

Why do you not take up a few of the truly extraordinary phases of some of the screen plays now being presented to a long suffering public? Some producers only see the Box Office end of the industry, and by their detestable class of

screen productions are creating a morbid desire for rabid sensationalism and indecency. This trend is making a Frankenstein that will definitely destroy its creators and the movies along with them.

Recently I saw in a first-class picture house two plays that would turn the hair of a rhinoceros. One from a series called "The Grip of Evil" and the other "Destruction." In The Grip of Evil atrocity a baby girl in a "close up" is made to register fright with real tears. Now any human knows that a kiddie three years of age cannot register such evidence of fright unless she is either hurt physically or her baby mind receives a definite impression of fear. The accompaniment of this is a drunken father smashing furniture and a hairrigan mother storming about in a dirty kitchen.

The elder daughter, a respectable girl, loses her position because she has repulsed the amorous attentions of a scheming boss. The brother, a gambler and sot, offers to condone his sister's supposed illicit relations with the hero of

the play for fifty dollars. The sister, as portrayed by a charming young actress, eventually through the machinations of the writer of the scenario, and producer of this rubbish, becomes a prostitute and the curtain registers a sapient query, "Is the World in the Grip of Evil?" Let us hope not, with the moral up-lifters, social surveyors, committees of forty and one hundred and other salacious snoopers about. Why do they not get busy? It is a proud day for them to have some unfortunate small storekeeper fined for selling ice-cream on Sunday or stop the picture of a good clean prize fight. However, they will allow children to look at garbage, pure and undefiled, in some of the movie productions.

The movies have an enormous vogue and deservedly so, but movie plays dealing with sex, seduction, smut and suicide are going to disgust the great army of movie fans.

The movies can never take the place of the spoken drama, on account of their utter obviousness and their lack of tem-

perament and atmosphere. Perhaps this constitutes some of the chief appeals of the great mass of movie patrons. To see a Theda Bara, Petrova or Kalisch, debase her art in an unclean and vulgar suggestive screen is, or should be, a sight to make angels weep.

MOVIE FAN.

A Woman Censor.

MRS. VALANCE PATRIARCHE, of Winnipeg, is the only woman Movie Censor in Canada. Some of the film company managers say she is more broad-minded than a man. She has had a wide experience in a public way, her name being as familiar in print as some other of our woman authors in Canada. She has written for years for the Winnipeg Free Press. Did some work for the Toronto Star, also for the Winnipeg Press while she was in Ottawa, notably House of Commons gossip. Last year she wrote a one act play, called "For France," and this was produced in Winnipeg for the benefit of one of the regiments, realizing two thousand dollars. At the instigation of the Local Council of Women she was appointed with two men to censor pictures. She sits in a dim irreligious light from 9 till 12 and 2 till 5. She is quite deaf. Heretofore the films have been tried out in a small place over one of the fire stations, but soon they

What are these great singers doing?

They are not listening to their records

In talking machine advertisements it is quite common to show pictures of artists *listening* to their talking machine records. The great artists whose portraits you see on this page are doing an entirely different thing.

They are *singing* in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of their voices by his new invention

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This is the test which Thomas A. Edison invited for the purpose of determining whether he had achieved his ambition to re-create music so perfectly that the keenest ears could not distinguish the Re-Creation from the original. The music critics of over two hundred of America's greatest newspapers have heard these comparisons (exactly as shown on this page) and have fully conceded in the columns of their papers that the New Edison re-creates music with such literal fidelity that it is impossible to distinguish the Re-Creations from the singers' voices.

None But Edison Will Submit to this Test

Do you know of any talking machine manufacturer who has invited great artists to sing publicly in direct comparison with his talking machine reproduction of their voices and has defied trained ears to distinguish a difference? There is no such case on record.

The New Edition is not a talking machine. It is the world's most wonderful instrument; an instrument which brings into your home the living personality of every great artist; an instrument which literally re-creates all forms of music.

Watch your local papers. They will contain the announcement of a dealer licensed by Mr. Edison to sell this new invention. Go to him and investigate The New Edison. Write us for the brochure "Music's Re-Creation," and the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

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Our Audiences.

MAURICE HALPERSON, writing in Musical America of recent date, finds a certain delightful spontaneity in American audiences. Reverting to some of his earlier impressions, he says:

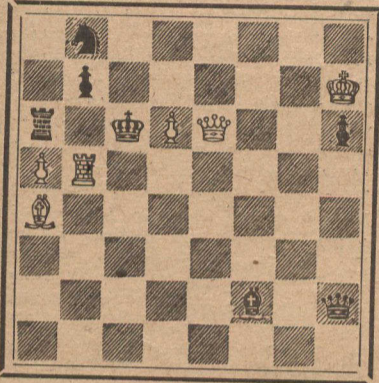
"I remember a great charity concert (my first experience at the Metropolitan Opera-House) in which Pol Plancon, the great French basso, had just finished his official number. After his third recall, he exchanged signs with the conductor, who gave the signal for an encore. Hardly had the orchestra played two bars, when the whole audience burst forth into enthusiastic approval. The pleasure of hearing Plancon sing Schumann's popular 'The Two Grenadiers' brought vivid colour to the cheeks and fiery sparkles into the eyes of the fair women. I could not imagine such a demonstration from a refined audience on the other side, except in a very provincial city. But I could have embraced them, those lovely creatures, who gave such jubilant expression to their satisfaction."

Evidently Mr. Halperson was affected by the ladies. We don't imagine that he would be inclined to embrace any of the lovely men. And, after all, at least three-fifths of our musical audiences—more than that in Canada since the war—are women. Music the ladies like, goes. And many a carping critic has been temporarily coaxed out of his disagreeable wisdom by noticing how some simple thing, well done, got over to a large crowd of ladies.



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

PROBLEM No. 92, by J. Scheel.
First Prize, Tidskrift for Schack, 1915-16.
Black—Seven Pieces.



White.—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 93, by J. Juchli.

White: K at Qb5; Q at Kk6; B at Kb4; Kts at Qk5 and K6; Ps at K2, Kb7, Kk4 and Kk2.

Black: K at Q4; R at Krsq; B at Qsq; Kt at Kk2; Ps at Qr5, Qk5 and Kk6.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 88, by H. W. Bettmann.

1. Q-Qb6, Px6; 2. Q-B3ch, K-K5; 3. B-Ktsq mate.

1. K-Q6; 2. Q-B4ch, K-Q7; 3. Q-B2 mate.

1. K-K5; 2. BxQPch, K moves; 3. Q-B3 or B6 mate.

1. P-R5; 2. R-Kt4ch, K-Q6; 3. Q-B2 mate.

1. threat; 2. B-QKtsq; any move; 3. Q-B3, B6 or QxQP mate.

Problem No. 89, by F. F. L. Alexander.

1. B-R3! P moves; 2. Q-Kt4 mate.

1. R-B4; 2. R-Q4 mate.

1. Kt-B5; 2. QxB mate.

1. Kt-B3; 2. Q-Q5 mate.

1. threat; 2. Q-K6 mate.

Solver's Ladder.

(Third Week.)

No. 84.	No. 85.	Total.
P. W. Pearson	0	63
W. J. Faulkner	2	54
R. G. Hunter	0	40
J. R. Ballantyne	2	32
J. Kay	0	5

(W. J. Faulkner—No. 84) "The first Pickabish I have seen without the flight being changed."

(Fourth Week.)

No. 86.	No. 87.	Total.
P. W. Pearson	0	63
W. J. Faulkner	2	59
R. G. Hunter	0	40
J. R. Ballantyne	2	37
J. Kay	2	10

The book prize this month falls to Mr. Pearson with our congratulations. It would seem that he has been getting his wind in the above tables!

Mr. Ballantyne sends in a cook to Mr. Faulkner's No. 83:—1. R-QBsq, K-R3; 2. B-Q2, KtxB; 3. no move, QxR; 4. R-KR4, K-Kt3; 5. Q-B8, KxKt; 6. no move, QxQ; 7. no move, QxKt mate. Perhaps Mr. F. can correct this? We failed to credit Mr. Ballantyne with solutions to Nos. 79 and 80 and have now added the points.

WESTERN CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT.

The annual tournament of the Western Chess Association of the United States was held at the Kenwood Chess Club, Chicago, from August 14th to 23rd, and was won by Eduard Lasker, ex-champion of the City of London Chess Club, by 16½ points won, to 2½ lost. In the early stage of the war, Lasker, who is German by birth, received, by reason of his prominence in English chess a permit to voy- age to the United States, under promises. J. W. Showalter, the veteran Kentucky master and former United States cham- pion, was only half a point behind him. N. T. Whitaker tied for fourth and fifth places with a score of 13½ points to 5½. The following is a very interesting game from the tournament, with notes from the British Chess Magazine.

French Defence.

White.	Black.
Ed. Lasker.	J. T. Beckner.
1. P-Q4	1. P-K3
2. P-K4	2. P-Q4
3. QKt-B3	3. KKt-B3
4. PxP	4. Pxp
5. B-KKt5	5. P-B3
6. B-Q3	6. B-Q3
7. Kt-B3 (a)	7. Castles.
8. Castles	8. B-KKt5
9. P-KR3	9. B-R4
10. P-KKt4 (b)	10. B-Kt3

- 11. Kt-K5
- 12. QxB
- 13. QR-Ksq
- 14. Q-B5
- 15. Q-B3
- 16. R-K2
- 17. KtxKt
- 18. BxPch
- 19. Q-K3ch
- 20. QxB
- 21. Q-Q6
- 22. K-Kt2 (e)
- 23. P-B3
- 24. P-Kt5
- 25. R-K7 (h)
- 26. RxBch
- 27. QxKtch
- 28. QxR
- 29. Q-Kt4
- 30. R-Ksq
- 11. BxB (c)
- 12. B-K2
- 13. QKt-Q2
- 14. P-KKt3
- 15. K-Kt2
- 16. P-KR3 (d)
- 17. QxKt
- 18. KxB
- 19. K-Kt2
- 20. Q-Bsq
- 21. R-Rsq
- 22. RxB
- 23. Q-Rsq (f)
- 24. Kt-Q2 (g)
- 25. Q-R5 (i)
- 26. KxR (j)
- 27. K-Ktsq
- 28. QxPch
- 29. Q-B3
- Resigns (k)

(a) 7. KKt-K2 is worthy of considera- tion.

(b) A dangerous proceeding. If White's attack does not succeed, he is lost in the ending.

(c) Hardly the best. QKt-Q2, the natural developing move, must be played.

(d) Mistake or intention? The move loses a Pawn, but it opens the King's Rook file and forces an exchange of pieces that weakens White's attack.

(e) A hasty move. Q-Kt3 first, was indicated.

(f) 23. KtxP is refuted by 24. Kx R. Kt-K6ch; 25. K-R2, KtxRch; 26. K-Kt2.

(g) Very ingenious. It is obvious that the Knight cannot go to Ksq on account of 25. Q-K5ch, K-Ktsq; 26. QxKt. 24. Kt-Ktsq, on the other hand, leads to a hopeless position, e.g. 25. Q-K5ch, K-Bsq; 26. QxQ, RxQ; 27. R(Bsq)-Ksq.

(h) The only move. If R(K2)-Ksq, then Q-R6.

(i) Black overlooks the strong threat involved in White's last move. But he could not save the game by 25. R-Qsq, as 26. R(Bsq)-Ksq, followed by Rx Pch, would have followed. Here 26. Rx Kt would lose for white, e.g. 26. RxB; 27. QxR, R-R7ch; 28. K-Ktsq, R-R8ch; 29. K-B2, Q-R5ch; 30. K-K2, R-R7ch; 31. K-Q3, QxKtP, etc.

(j) If the King goes back to the first rank, the Queen's Rook is shut out, and White can simply play 27. RxKt, as 27. QxPch can then be answered by 28. KxR.

(k) A very interesting game.

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One of our members has suggested that the League make it a condition-precident that an exchange of photographs be made among all opponents—but perhaps you don't want your correspondent to see what sort of a phiz you have, so send him a Christmas card, or an Easter souvenir, as the seasons advance.

Some of the League members exchange literary quotations more or less apropos of the situation of their games as they progress. Others use alleged "comic" post-cards.

Correspondence chess acquaintances often develop into very valued friendships, and there are those who have played by mail for months, or even years, and then found opportunity for meeting in person. Such experiences are delightful, if one has been sociable. Therefore, get ac- quainted!

A SMILE OR TWO.

A woman in Seattle was knocked through a store window when an auto hit her. That's what comes of standing in front of show windows.

Some men have lots of initiative, but fail to finish all the jobs they begin.

There's a movement on foot to amend the Ten Commandments. They do ham- per some people a bit.

Max Harden has it doped out that Bri- tain will cede Canada to the United States. Max will harden in nature as well as in name ere that comes to pass.

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Old Bushmill's Special Pure Malt	17.00	1.50
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Walker's "Canadian Club"	12.00	1.20
G. & W. Ordinary	9.00	.95
G. & W. "Special"	11.00	1.10
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Lagrange & Cie V.O.	\$13.00	\$1.20
Regnier & Cie V.S.O.P.	16.50	1.50
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Greenlees "London Dry"	\$10.50	\$1.00
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- 1 bottle Favorita Sherry.
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- 1 bottle Imported Cocktails, Manhat- tan or Martini.
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- 1 bottle Cruzado Port.
- 2 bottles Medoc Claret.
- 2 bot. Barton & Guestier Sauternes.
- 1 bottle Macon Burgundy.
- 1 bottle V.O. Brandy.

ASSORTMENT No. 3—\$10.00.

- 1 bottle Imported Cocktails, Manhat- tan or Martini.
- 1 bottle Greenlees Special Old Se- lected Scotch.
- 1 bottle V.S.O.P. Brandy.
- 1 bottle London Dry Gin.
- 1 bottle Rich Douro Port.
- 1 bottle Club Sherry.
- 1 bottle Beaufort Burgundy.
- 1 bottle Barton & Guestier Sau- ternes.
- 1 bottle St. Julien Claret.

ASSORTMENT No. 4—\$15.00.

- 1 bottle Imported Cocktails, Manhat- tan or Martini.
- 1 bottle Club Sherry.
- 1 bottle Rich Douro Port.
- 1 bottle Beaufort Burgundy.
- 1 bottle Margaux Claret.
- 1 bot. Barton & Guestier Sauternes.
- 1 bottle Vintage 1906 Champagne.
- 1 bottle Greenlees Special Old Se- lected Scotch.
- 1 bottle V.S.O.P. Brandy.
- 1 bottle Old Rye.
- 1 bottle Holland's Gin.
- 1 bottle Creme de Menthe Liqueur.

REMEMBER, only 10 days more in which to place orders for Wines and Liquors for Christmas. Order now—to-day—or if there are some special brands not mentioned in the above list, write us for prices.

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MONTREAL

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

GABRIEL WARDEN, Seattle capitalist, is murdered while on his way to "right a great wrong" done a nameless young man. Warden, you must remember, was a contemporary of the famous Latron of "the Latron properties," who was murdered five years earlier.

Speculation is still rife, and the mysterious young man is still being sought, in the hope that his "wrongs" may show up the real murderer, when Conductor Connery of the famous Seattle-Chicago train, notes that five people board the train after its usual starting time. They turn out to be the famous blind lawyer-financier-magnate Basil Santoine, his secretary Avery, his daughter Harriet, a plump business man and young Eaton.

The great train is snow-bound. Santoine is discovered almost dead in his berth.

Santoine, operated on on the train, recovers. The train arrives in Chicago. Eaton is gently but firmly made a sort of guest-prisoner of Santoine's and taken to the great blind man's estate.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

HARRIET SANTOINE knew that what had attracted her friends to Eaton was their recognition of his likeness to themselves; but what had impressed her in seeing him with them was his difference. Was it some memory of his former life that seeing these people had recalled to him, which had affected his manner towards her?

Again she looked at him. "Were you sorry to leave the club?" she asked.

"I was quite ready to leave," he answered inattentively.

"It must have been pleasant to you, though, to—be among the sort of people again that you—you used to know, Miss Furden"—she mentioned one of the girls who had seemed most interested in him, the sister of the boy whose place he had taken in the polo practice—"is considered a very attractive person, Mr. Eaton. I have heard it said that a man—any man—

not to be attracted by her must be forearmed against her by thought—or memory of some other woman whom he holds dear."

"She seemed very pleasant," he answered automatically.

"Only pleasant? You were forearmed, then," she said.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The mechanicalness of his answer reassured her. "I mean, Mr. Eaton,"—she forced her tone to be light—"Miss Furden was not as attractive to you as she might have been, because there has been some other woman in your life—whose memory—or—the expectation of seeing whom again—protected you."

"Has been? Oh, you mean before."

"Yes; of course," she answered hastily.

"No—none," he replied simply. "It's rather ungallant, Miss Santoine, but I'm afraid I wasn't thinking much about Miss Furden."

She felt that his denial was the

truth, for his words confirmed the impression she had had when singing with him the night before. She drove on—or rather let the horse take them on—for a few moments during which neither spoke. They had come about a bend in the road, and the great house of her father loomed ahead. A motor whizzed past them, coming from behind. It was only Avery's car on the way home; but Harriet had jumped a little in memory of the day before, and her companion's head had turned quickly towards the car. She looked up at him swiftly; his lips were set and his eyes gazed steadily ahead after Avery, and he drew a little away from her. A catch in her breath—almost an audible gasp—surprised her, and she fought a warm impulse which had all but placed her hand on his.

"Will you tell me something, Miss Santoine?" he asked suddenly.

"What?"

"I suppose, when I was with Mr. Avery this afternoon, that if I had attempted to escape, he and the chauffeur would have combined to detain me. But on the way back here—did you assume that when you took me in charge you had my parole not to try to depart?"

"No," she said. "I don't believe Father depended entirely on that."

"You mean that he has made arrangements so that if I—exceeded the directions given me, I would be picked up?"

"I don't know exactly what they are, but you may be sure that they are made if they are necessary."

"Thank you," Eaton acknowledged. She was silent for a moment, thoughtful. "Do you mean that you have been considering this afternoon the possibilities of escape?"

"It would be only natural for me to do that, would it not?" he parried.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't mean that you might not try to exceed the limits Father has set for you; you might try that, and of course you would be prevented. But you will not" (she hesitated, and when she went on she was quoting her father)—"sacrifice your position here."

"Why not?"

"Because you tried to gain it—or—or if not exactly that, at least you had some object in wanting to be near Father which you have not yet gained." She hesitated once more, not looking at him. Her words were unconvincing to herself; that morning, when her father had spoken them, they had been quite convincing, but since this afternoon she was no longer sure of their truth. What it was that had happened during the afternoon she could not make out; instinctively, however, she felt that it had so altered Eaton's relations with them that now he might attempt to escape.

They had reached the front of the house, and a groom sprang to take the horse. She let Eaton help her down; as they entered the house, Avery—who had reached the house only a few moments before them—was still in the hall. And again she was startled in the meeting of the two men by Avery's triumph and the swift flare of defiance on Eaton's face.

As she went up to her apartments, her maid met her at the door.

"**M**R. SANTOINE wishes you to dine with him, Miss Santoine," the maid announced.

"Very well," she answered.

She changed from her afternoon dress slowly. As she did so, she brought swiftly in review the events of the day. Chiefly it was to the polo practice and to Eaton's dismay at his one remarkable stroke that her mind went. Had Donald Avery seen something in that which was not plain to herself?

Harriet Santoine knew polo from watching many games, but she was aware that—as with any one who knows a game merely as a spectator—

she was unacquainted with many of the finer points of play. Donald had played almost since a boy, he was a good, steady, though not a brilliant player. Had Donald recognized in Eaton something more than merely a good player trying to pretend ignorance of the game? The thought suddenly checked and startled her. For how many great polo players were there in America? Were there a hundred? Fifty? Twenty-five? She did not know; but she did know that there were so few of them that their names and many of the particulars of their lives were known to every follower of the sport.

She halted suddenly in her dressing, perplexed and troubled. Her father had sent Eaton to the country club with Avery; there Avery, plainly, had forced Eaton into the polo game. By her father's instructions? Clearly there seemed to have been purpose in what had been done, and purpose which had not been confided to herself either by her father or Avery. For how could they have suspected that Eaton would betray himself in the game unless they had also suspected that he had played polo before? To suspect that, they must at least have some theory as to who Eaton was. But her father had no such theory; he had been expending unavailingly, so far, every effort to ascertain Eaton's connections. So her thoughts led her only into deeper and greater perplexity, but with them came sudden—and unaccountable—resentment against Avery.

"Will you see what Mr. Avery is doing?" she said to the maid.

THE girl went out and returned in a few moments. "He is with Mr. Santoine."

"Thank you."

At seven Harriet went in to dinner with her father. The blind man was now alone; he had been awaiting her, and they were served at once. All through the dinner she was nervous and moody; for she knew she was going to do something she had never done before; she was going to conceal something from her father. She told herself it was not really concealment, for Donald must have already told him. It was no more, then, than that she herself would not inform upon Eaton, but would leave that to Avery. So she told of Eaton's reception at the country club, and of his taking part in the polo practice and playing badly; but of her own impression that Eaton knew the game and her present conviction that Donald Avery had seen even more than that, she said nothing. She watched her father's face, but she could see there no consciousness that she was omitting anything in her account.

"You've seen Donald?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What did he tell you?"

"The same as you have told, though not quite as fully."

She was outside the door and in the hall before realization came to her that her father's reply could mean only that Donald, like herself, had concealed his discovery of Eaton's ability to play polo. She turned back suddenly to return to her father; then again she hesitated, stopped with her hand upon the blind man's door by her recollection of Donald's enmity to Eaton. Why Donald had not told, she could not imagine; the only conclusion she could reach was that Donald's silence in some way menaced Eaton; for—suddenly now—it came to her what this must mean to Eaton. All that Eaton had been so careful to hide regarding himself and his connections must be obtainable by Avery now. Why Eaton had played at all; why he had been afraid to refuse the invitation to play, she could not know; but sympathy and fear for him swept over her, as she comprehended that it was to Avery the betrayal had been made and that Avery, for some purpose of his own, was withholding this betrayal to make use of it as he saw fit.

She moved once more to return to her father; again she stopped; then, swiftly, she turned and went down stairs.

As she descended, she saw in the



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lower hall the stenographer, Miss Davis, sitting waiting. There was no adequate reason for the girl's being there at that hour; she had come—she said, as she rose to greet Harriet—to learn whether she would be wanted the next day; she had already seen Mr. Avery, and he would not want her. Harriet, telling her she would not need her, offered to send a servant home with her, as the roads were dark. Miss Davis refused this and went out at once. Harriet, as the door was closed behind the girl, looked hurriedly about for Avery. She did not find him, nor at first did she find Eaton either. She discovered him presently in the music-room with Blatchford. Blatchford at once excused himself, tired evidently of his task of watching over Eaton.

HARRIET caught herself together and controlled herself to her usual manner.

"What shall it be this evening, Mr. Eaton?" she asked. "Music? Billiards?"

"Billiards, if you like," he responded.

They went up to the billiard room, and for an hour played steadily; but her mind was not upon the game—nor, she saw, was his. Several times he looked at his watch; he seemed to her to be waiting. Finally, as they ended a game, he put his cue back in the rack and faced her.

"Miss Santoine," he said. "I want to ask a favour."

"What is it?"

"I want to go out—unaccompanied."

"Why?"

"I wish to speak to a friend who will be waiting for me."

"How do you know?"

"He got word to me at the country club to-day. Excuse me—I did not mean to inform on Mr. Avery; he was really most vigilant. I believe he only made one slip."

"He was not the only one observing you."

"I suppose not. In fact, I was certain of it. However, I received a message which was undoubtedly authentic and had not been overseen."

"But you were not able to make reply."

"I was not able to receive all that was necessary."

She considered for a moment.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Either because of my presence or because of what has happened—or perhaps normally—you have at least four men about the grounds, two of whom seem to be constantly on duty to observe any one who may approach."

"Or try to leave."

"Precisely."

"There are more than two."

"I was stating the minimum."

"Well?"

"I wish you to order them to let me pass and go to a place perhaps ten minutes' walk from here. If you do so, I will return at the latest within half an hour," (he glanced at his watch) "—to be definite, before a quarter of eleven."

"Why should I do this?"

He came close to her and faced her.

"What do you think of me now, Miss Santoine?"

"Why—"

"You are quite certain now, are you not, that I had nothing to do with the attack on your father—that is, in any other connection than that the attack might be meant for me. I denied yesterday that the men in the automobile meant to run me down; you did not accept that denial. I may as well admit to you that I knew perfectly well they meant to kill me; the man on the train also meant to kill me. They are likely to try again to kill me."

"We recognize that too," she answered. "The men on watch about the house are warned to protect you as well as watch you."

"I appreciate that."

"But are they all you have to fear, Mr. Eaton?" She was thinking of Donald Avery.

He seemed to recognize what was in her mind; his eyes, as he gazed intently at her, clouded, then darkened

still more with some succeeding thought. "No, not all."

"And it will aid you to—to protect yourself if you see your friend to-night?"

"Yes."

"But why should not one of Father's men be with you?"

"Unless I were alone, my friend would not appear."

"I see."

He moved away from her, then came back; the importance to him of what he was asking was very plain to her—he was shaking nervously with it. "Miss Santoine," he said intently, "you do not think badly of me now. I do not have to doubt that; I can see it; you have wanted me to see it. I ask you to trust me for a few minutes to-night. I cannot tell you whom I wish to see or why, except that the man comes to do me a service and to endanger no one—except those trying to injure me."

She herself was trembling with her desire to help him, but recollection of her father held her back; then swiftly there came to her the thought of Gabriel Warden; because Warden had tried to help him—in some way and for some reason which she did not know—Warden had been killed. And feeling that in helping him there might be danger to herself, she suddenly and eagerly welcomed that danger, and made her decision.

"You'll promise, Mr. Eaton, not to try to—leave?"

"Yes."

"Let us go out," she said.

She led the way downstairs and, in the hall, picked up a cape; he threw it over her shoulders and brought his overcoat and cap. But in his absorption he forgot to put them on until, as they went out into the garden together, she reminded him; then he put on the cap. The night was clear and cool, and no one but themselves seemed to be about the house.

"Which way do you want to go?" she asked.

He turned toward the forested acres of the grounds which ran down to a ravine at the bottom of which a little stream trickled toward the lake. As they approached the side of this ravine, a man appeared and investigated them. He recognized the girl's figure and halted.

"It's all right, Willis," she said quietly.

"Yes, ma'am."

They passed the man and went down the path into the ravine and up the tiny valley. Eaton halted.

"Your man's just above there?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"He'll stay there?"

"Yes; or close by."

"Then you don't mind waiting here a few moments for me?"

"No," she said. "You will return here?"

"Yes," he said; and with that permission, he left her.

Both had spoken so that the man above could not have heard; and Harriet now noticed that, as her companion hurried ahead, he went almost noiselessly. As he disappeared, the impulse to call him back almost controlled her; then she started to follow him; but she did not. She stood still, shivering a little now in the cold; and as she listened, she no longer heard his footsteps. What she had done was done; then just as she was telling herself that it must be many moments before she would know whether he was coming back, she heard him returning; at some little distance, he spoke her name so as not to frighten her. She knew at once it was he, but a change in the tone surprised her. She stepped forward to meet him.

"You found your friend?"

"Yes."

"What did he tell you?" Her hand caught his sleeve in an impulse of concern, but she tried to make it seem as though she grasped him to guide her through the trees of the ravine. "I mean what is wrong that you did not expect?"

She heard his breath come fast.

"Nothing," he denied.

"No; you must tell me!" Her hand

was still on his arm.

"I cannot."

"Why can you not?"

"Why?"

"Can't you trust me?"

"Trust you!" he cried. He turned to her and seized her hands. "You ask me to—trust you!"

"Yes; I've trusted you. Can't you believe as much in me?"

"Believe in you, Miss Santoine!" He crushed her fingers in his grasp. "Oh, my God, I wish I could!"

"You wish you could?" she echoed.

The tone of it struck her like a blow, and she tore her hands away. "What do you mean by that?"

He made no reply but stood staring at her through the dark. "We must go back," he said queerly. "You're cold."

She did not answer but started back up the path to the house. He seemed to have caught himself together against some impulse that stirred him strongly. "The man out there who saw us? He will report to your father, Miss Santoine?" he asked unsteadily.

"Reports for Father are first made to me."

"I see." He did not ask her what she was going to do; if he was assuming that her permission to exceed his set limits bound her not to report to her father, she did not accept that assumption, though she would not report to the blind man to-night, for she knew he must now be asleep. But she felt that Eaton was no longer thinking of this. As they entered the house and he helped her lay off her cape, he suddenly faced her.

"We are in a strange relation to each other, Miss Santoine—stranger than you know," he said unevenly.

She waited for him to go on.

"We have talked sometimes of the likeness of the everyday life to war," he continued. "In war men and women sometimes do or countenance things they know to be evil because they believe that by means of them there is accomplished some greater good; in peace, in life, men—and women—sometimes do the same. When the time comes that you comprehend what our actual relation is, I—I want you to know that I understand that whatever you have done was done because you believed it might bring about the greater good. I—I have seen in you—in your father—only kindness, high honour, sympathy. If I did not know—"

She started, gazing at him; what he said had absolutely no meaning for her. "What is it that you know?" she demanded.

He did not reply; his hand went out to hers, seized it, crushed it, and he started away. As he went up the stair—still, in his absorption, carrying cap and overcoat—she stood staring after him in perplexity.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Fight in the Study.

EATON dismissed the man who had been waiting in his rooms for him; he locked the door and carefully drew down all the window-shades. Then he put his overcoat, folded as he had been carrying it under his arm, on the writing table in the center of the room, and from its folds and pockets took a "breast-drill" such as iron workers use in drilling steel, an automatic pistol with three clips of cartridges, an electric flashlight and a little bottle of nitroglycerine. He loaded the pistol and put it in his pocket; then he carefully inspected the other things.

The room he was in, the largest of his suite, resembled Santoine's study on the floor below in the arrangement of its windows, though it was smaller than the study. The writing-desk in its centre occupied much the position of Santoine's large desk; he moved it slightly to make the relative positions coincide. The couch against the end wall represented the position of the study's double doors. Eaton switched out the lights, and starting at the windows, he crossed the room in the darkness, avoiding the desk, and stopping a few feet to the right of the couch; here he flashed



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his light upon the wall at the height of the little wall-safe to the right of the doors in the study below. A dozen times he did this, passing from the windows to the position of the wall-safe and only momentarily flashing his light.

He assured himself thus of being able to pass in the dark from the windows of Santoine's study to the wall-safe. As the study was larger than this room, he computed that he must add two steps to what he took here in each direction. He paid no attention to the position of the safe to the left of the doors, for he had kept watch of the vase on the table in the lower hall, and the only sign he had found there had told him that what he wanted was in the safe to the right.

He raised a shade and window, then, and sat in the dark. The night was cloudy and very dark; and the lake was smooth with barely a ripple. Near at hand a steamer passed, blazing with lights, and further out he saw the mast-head light of some other steamer. The lake was still ice-locked at its northern end, and so the farther of these steamers, he knew, was bound to some southern Michigan port; the nearer was one of the Chicago-Milwaukee boats. For some moments after it had passed, the waves of its wake washed in and sounded on the shore at the foot of the bluff. Next Eaton made out the hum of a motor-car approaching the house. It was Avery, who evidently had been out and was now returning; the chauffeur spoke the name in his reply to some question as the car swung away to the garage. Eaton still sat in the dark. By degrees all noises ceased in the house, even in the servants' quarters. Twice Eaton leaned forward looking out of the window and found all quiet; but both times he settled back in his chair and waited.

THE wash of waves, as from a boat, sounded again on the shore.

Eaton leaned nearer the window and stared out. There was no light in sight showing any boat; but the waves on the shore were distinct; indeed, they had been more distinct than those from the steamer. They must have been made by a large vessel or from a small ship close in and moving fast. The waves came in first on the north and swept south; Eaton strained his eyes and now saw a vague blur off to the south and within half a mile of shore—a boat without lights. If it had passed at high speed, it had stopped now. He watched this for some time; but he could make out no move, and soon he could not be sure even that the blur was there.

He gazed at the south wing of the house; it was absolutely dark and quiet; the windows of the first floor were closed and the curtains drawn; but to-night there was no light in the room. The windows of the room on the second floor were open; Basil Santoine was undoubtedly asleep. Eaton gazed again at the lower room. Then in the dark he moved to the table where he had left his overcoat, and distributed in his pockets and within his clothing the articles he had brought; and now he felt again in his overcoat and brought out a short, strong bar of steel curved and flattened at one end—a "jimmy" for forcing the windows.

Eaton slipped off his shoes and went to his room door; he opened the door and found the hall dark and quiet. He stepped out, closing his door carefully behind him, and with great caution he descended the stairs. Below, all was quiet; the red embers and glowing charcoal of wood fires which had blazed on the hearths gave the only light. Eaton crept to the doors of the blind man's study and softly tried them. They were, as he had expected, locked. He went to a window in the drawing-room which was set in a recess and so placed that it was not visible from other windows in the house. He opened this window and let himself down upon the lawn.

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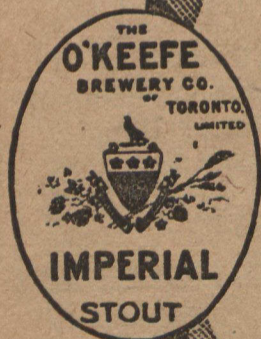
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CANADIAN COURIER

listening. There was no alarm of any sort. He crept along beside the house till he came to the first windows of the south wing. He tried these carefully and then went on. He gained the south corner of the wing, unobserved or at least without sign that he had been seen, and went on around it.

He stopped at the first high French window on the south. It was partly hidden from view from south and west by a column of the portico, and was the one he had selected for his operations; as he tried to slip his jimmy under the bottom of the sash, the window, to his amazement, opened silently upon its hinges; it had not been locked. The heavy curtain within hung just in front of him; he put out his hand and parted them. Then he started back in astonishment and crouched close to the ground; inside the room was a man moving about, flashing an electric torch before him and then exploring an instant in darkness and flashing his torch again.

The unexpectedness of this sight took for an instant Eaton's breath and power of moving; he had not been at all prepared for this; now he knew suddenly that he ought to have been prepared for it. If the man within the room was not the one who had attacked him with the motor, he was closely allied with that man, and what he was after now was the same thing Eaton was after. Eaton looked about behind him; no one apparently had been left on watch outside. He drew his pistol, and loosing the safety, he made it ready to fire; with his left hand, he clung to the short, heavy jimmy. He stepped into the great room through the curtains, taking care they did not jingle the rings from which they hung; he carefully let the curtains fall together behind him, and treading noiselessly in his stocking feet, he advanced upon the

man, moving forward in each period of darkness between the flashes of the electric torch.

The man, continuing to flash his light about, plainly had heard nothing, and the curtains had prevented him from being warned by the chill of the night air that the window was open; but now, at the further side of the room, another electric torch flashed out. Another man had been in the room; he neither alarmed nor was alarmed by the man flashing the first light; each had known the other's presence before. There were at least two men in the room, working together—or rather, one was working, the other supervising; for Eaton heard now a steady, almost inaudible grinding noise as the second man worked. Eaton halted again and waited; if there were two, there might be others.

The discovery of the second man had not made Eaton afraid; his pulses were beating faster and hotter, and he felt the blood rushing to his head and his hands growing cold with his excitement; but he was conscious of no fear. He crouched and crept forward noiselessly again. No other light appeared in the room, and there was no sound elsewhere from the darkness; but the man who supervised had moved closer to the other. The grinding noise had stopped; it was followed by a sharp click; the men, side by side, were bending over something; and the light of the man who had been working, for a fraction of a second shot into the face of the other. It did not delay at all; it was a purely accidental flash and could not have been said to show the features at all—only a posture, an expression, a personality of a strong cruel man. He muttered some short, hoarse imprecation at the other; but before Eaton heard the voice, he had stopped as if struck, and his breath had gone from him.

(To be Continued.)

The Dish and the Spoon

(Continued from page 9.)

"I tell you, Jim," I cried, with all the earnestness at my command, "the man's a thief, a criminal with a criminal's record!"

"Then prove it!" demanded Jim.

"Call him in and I will."

Van Tuyl made a motion for his wife to touch the bell.

Her slipped toe was still on the rug-covered button when Wilkins entered, the same austere and self-assured figure.

"Wilkins," said Van Tuyl, and there was an outspoken and deliberate savagery in his voice even as his wife motioned to him in what seemed a signal for moderation, "Wilkins, I regard you as an especially good servant. Mr. Kerfoot, on the other hand, says he knows you and says you are not."

"Yes, sir," said Wilkins with his totem-pole abstraction.

There was something especially maddening in that sustained calmness of his.

"And what's more," I suddenly cried, exasperated by that play-acting role and rising and confronting him as he stood there, "your name's not Wilkins, and you never got that wrist scar from a coach door."

"Why not, sir?" he gently and respectfully inquired.

"Because," I cried, stepping still nearer and watching the immobile blue-white face, "in the gang you work with you're known as Sir Henry, and you got that cut on the wrist from a wedge when you tried to blow open a safe door, and the letters of introduction which you brought to the Whimpeny Club were forged by an expert named Turk McMeekin; and I know what brought you into this house and what your plans for robbing it are!"

THERE was not a move of his black-clad body as he stood there. There was not one twitch of the mask-like face. But out on that face, point by

point, came a slow suffusion of something akin to expression. It was not fear. To call it fear would be doing the man an injustice. It began with the eyes, and spread from feature to feature, very much, I imagine, as sentient life must have spread across the countenance of Pygmalion's slowly awakening marble.

For one fraction of a moment the almost pitiful eyes looked at me with a quick and imploring glance. Then the mask once more descended over them. He was himself again. And I felt almost sure that in the mellowed light about us the other two figures at the table had not seen that face as I did.

There was, in fact, something almost like shame on Van Tuyl's heavy face as the calm-voiced servant, utterly ignoring me and my words, turned to him and asked if he should remove the things.

"You haven't answered the gentleman," said Beatrice Van Tuyl, in a voice a little shrill with excitement.

"What is there to answer, madam?" he mildly asked. "It's all the young gentleman's foolishness, some foolishness which I can't understand."

"But the thing can't stand like this," protested the ponderous Van Tuyl.

There must have been something reassuring to them both in the methodic calmness with which this calumniated factor in their domestic Eden moved about once more performing his petty domestic duties.

"Then you deny everything he says?" insisted the woman.

The servant stopped and looked up in mild reproof.

"Of course, madam," he replied, as he slowly removed the liqueur glasses. I saw my hostess look after him with one of her long and abstracted glances. She was still peering into his face as he stepped back to the table. She was, indeed, still gazing at him when

the muffled shrill of an electric bell announced there was a caller at the street door.

"Wilkins," she said, almost ruminatively, "I want you to answer the door—the street door."

"Yes, madam," he answered, without hesitation.

THE three of us sat in silence, as the slow and methodic steps crossed the room, stepped out into the hall, and advanced to what at least one of us knew to be his doom. It was Van Tuyl himself who spoke up out of the silence.

"What's up?" he asked. "What's he gone for?"

"The police are there," answered his wife.

"Good God!" exclaimed the astounded husband, now on his feet. "You don't mean you've sprung that trap on the poor devil? You—"

"Sit down, Jim," broke in his wife with enforced calmness. "Sit down and wait."

"But I won't be made a fool of!"

"You're not being made a fool of!"

"But who's arresting this man? Who's got the evidence to justify what's being done here?"

"I have," was the woman's answer.

"What do you mean?"

She was very calm about it.

"I mean that Witter was right. My Baroda pearls and the emerald pendant were not in the safe. They're gone."

"They're gone?" echoed the incredulous husband.

"Listen," I suddenly cried, as Van Tuyl sat digesting his discovery. We heard the sound of steps, the slam of a door, and then the departing hum of a motor car. Before I realized what she was doing Beatrice Van Tuyl's foot was once more on the call bell. A footman answered the summons.

"Go to the street door," she commanded, "and see who's there."

We waited, listening. The silence lengthened. Something about that silence impressed me as ominous. We were still intently listening as the footman stepped back into the room.

"It's the chauffeur, sir," he explained.

"And what does he want?"

"He said Felice telephoned for the car a quarter of an hour ago."

"Send Felice to me," commanded my hostess.

"I don't think I can, ma'am. She's gone in the car with Wilkins."

"With Wilkins?"

"Yes, ma'am. Jansen says he can't make it out, ma'am, Wilkins driving off that way without so much as a by-your-leave, ma'am."

The three of us rose as one from the table. For a second or two we stood staring at each other.

Then Van Tuyl suddenly dived for the stairs, with the napkin full of jewelry in his hand. I, in turn, dived for the street door. But before I opened it I knew it was too late.

I suddenly stepped back into the hallway, to confront Beatrice Van Tuyl.

"How long have you had Felice?" I asked, groping impotently about the hall closet for my hat and coat.

"She came two weeks before Wilkins," was the answer.

"Then you see what this means?" I asked, still groping about for my overcoat.

"What can it mean?"

"They were working together—they were confederates."

Van Tuyl descended the stairs still carrying the table napkin full of jewelry. His eyes were wide with indignant wonder.

"It's gone!" he gasped. "He's taken your box!"

I emerged from the hall closet both a little startled and a little humiliated.

"Yes, and he's taken my hat and coat," I sadly confessed.

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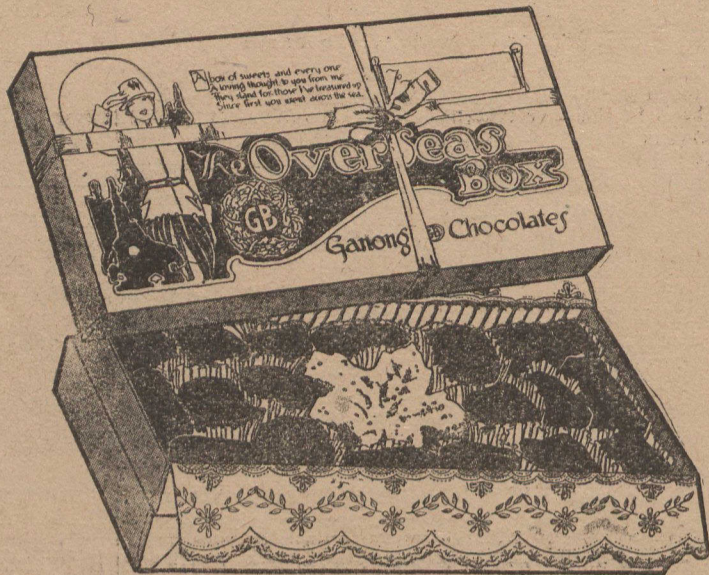
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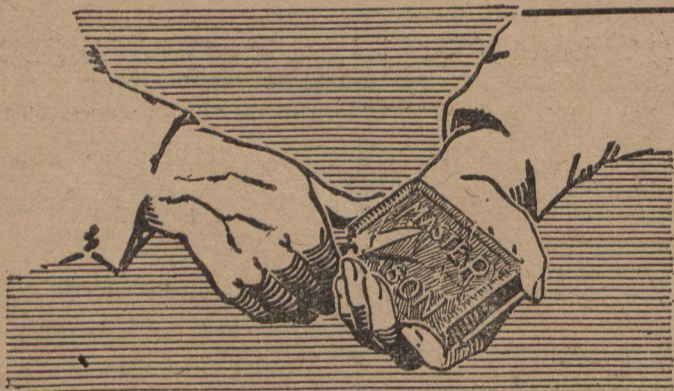
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Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

Is H. C. Brewster as big as his Problem?

Continued from page 13.)

railway dividends. A glance at the freight rates will furnish one weighty reason why, when apples and other fruit are so plentiful in the Okanagan Valley that they are fed to swine or left to rot, the coast people are buying Washington and California fruit at good prices.

The main problem of B. C. is the land problem. Any sort of prosperity, not based on the production of wealth from the land, is like an inverted cone—somewhat wobbly and uncertain. Many other questions, such as increasing timber and mineral production, and the encouragement of manufactures there are, which the new government will have to face, which cannot here be discussed, but the land problem is the basic one; and it is much to be hoped that it will be faced in a drastic mood, for any timid little measures aimed to give a sop here, or a little help there, are bound to fail. The government must make it possible for the settlers to get on the land, enable them to make their farms productive, and see that they have a market for their product.

The time of living by swapping around pieces of paper called agreements of sale, has passed. In the past it has been easier to do that sort of thing than to do productive work; and so B. C. for years lived in the sixth story without bothering about the basement. In the past two years it has seen a great white light on the folly of that kind of procedure. It is unpleasant, of course, to leave the era of easy money, and get down to the prosaic and laborious task of making things grow. Those two thousand real estate men of Vancouver and Victoria, who have gone out of that business in recent years, have in many cases departed to fresh fields and pastures green. Those that remain know that they have to get to work. They may have a sort of reduced gentleman feeling about it, as if they have come down in the world; and sigh regretfully as they think of those dear, delightful days when they sat behind fine desks, and sold each other town lots. But it has to be done. Needs must when the Devil drives. And the government, in place of the slogan of the McBride-Bowser government, "The Speculator must have his chance," must say, and must write it into the statute book, "The productive worker must have his chance." B. C. with an area of over 355,000 square miles, containing vast areas of the richest timber, mineral and agricultural land in Canada cannot support in decency a population of 400,000 people. What a monument to the incredible folly of the speculative era. Surely this was the twilight of the gods.

But there are better days in store for this vast province, with its wonderful and entrancing beauty of mountains, river and sea; with its fabulous riches, which shame into littleness the greatest glories of the Arabian Nights; and with an energetic population, who after the first shock of disaster, courageously faced the grim problems of reconstruction. The difficulties are great, for it will take more than tears to wipe out past mistakes. The mortgage on the great wealth of natural resources, which has been so lightly given, will not be so lightly removed. But the country is still there, and, backed by an alert and intelligent people, proper leadership can find the way. The time is crucial, the province is patiently and hopefully waiting. Can Mr. Brewster and his lieutenant measure up? That is B. C.'s challenge to its new premier.



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Lower Canada College, Montreal.

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Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

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CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

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GIRLS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.
Loretto Abbey College and Academy, Toronto.

Moulton College, Toronto.

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