THE CANADIAN
COURIER

Vol. XXI. No. 14
March 3rd, 1917

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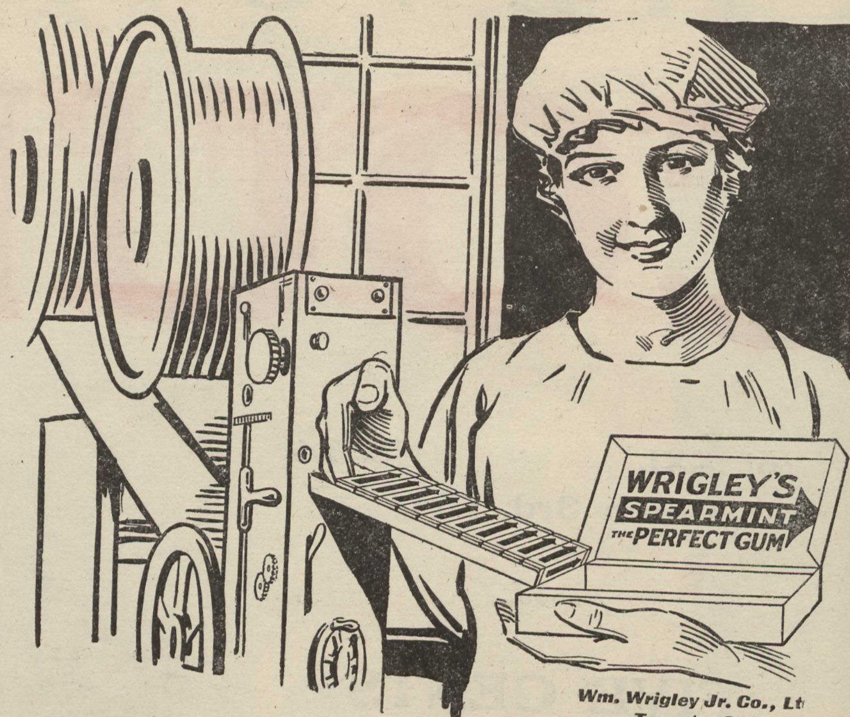

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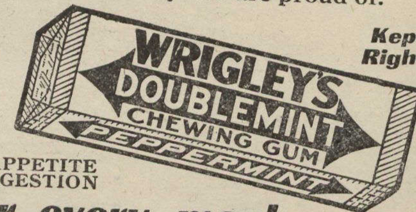

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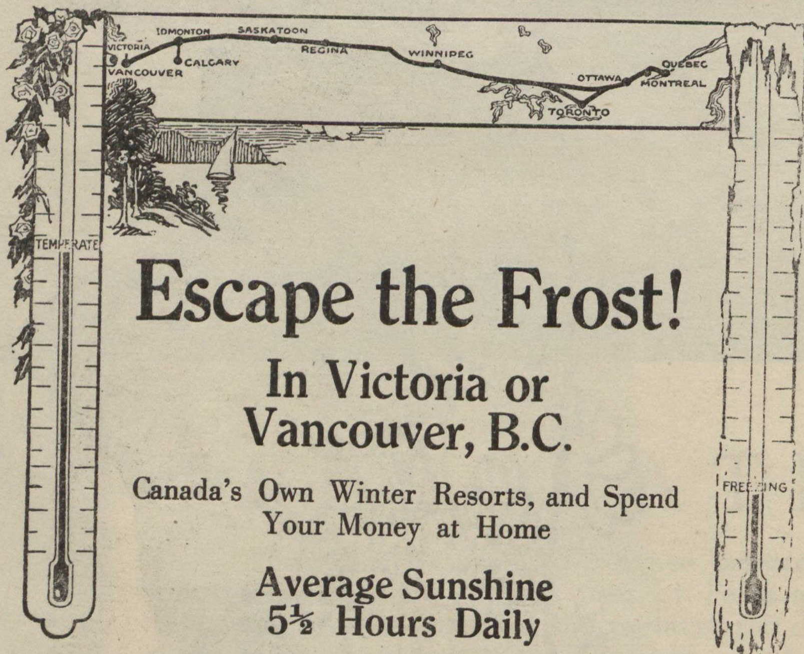

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SALES MANAGER, CANADIAN COURIER,
181 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO.

Many people are sending their Couriers to the Boys at the Front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

THE CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, $2.00 per year; postage to United States, $1.00 per year; other foreign postage, $2.00 per year. IMPORTANT: Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. CANCELLATIONS: We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. Unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

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

EXTENSIONS

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.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO - - - - - ONTARIO

CONCERNING OURSELVES.

HOW to produce a high-service, all-Canadian illustrated weekly was never so interesting a problem as it is just now. Three years ago we had but two great handicaps in competition. One was the fact that the highly-organized magazines and weeklies of the United States bought up much of our best copy right under our noses. Serving a population of a hundred millions, these publishers could and can pay a thirteen-to-one price for copy based upon the ratio of population.

WE have not objected to this. Copy is world-free. So it should be. If Canadian writers find it better to migrate to the United States, so much the better for the States. If Canadian copy from writers living in Canada finds its way to the alluring sanctums of United States editors, far be it from us to raise any whine of protest. There is plenty left that we can get so long as we dig for it as a pioneer people should. And we flatter ourselves that the Canadian Courier is doing its share in this discovery of native talent. This present issue, even without the genial aid of the Monocle Man who is on a short furlough, is a proof of our policy in that regard.

BUT the 13-to-1 ratio gets us both going and coming. After we have let go a lot of our best copy to the United States in the shape of raw material, it comes back to us in the form of a finished product against which there is no appreciable duty that is worth a continental in keeping it out. These highly-organized, long-experienced publications compete with the sale of our own national publications again right under our noses. They sell back to the people of Canada the small minority of copy they have bought from Canadian writers, along with what the large majority have bought from themselves about themselves. But is it what they sell to us as Canadian product? Not by a large majority. Some of it does well not to be anti-Canadian.

EVEN of this we do not complain. We are ready and able to meet that, and under ordinary conditions might not ask the government to do a tap to change the conditions. Four months ago as the readers of this weekly may have noticed, we changed to a half-tone news print on which we could print photographs, drawings, anything. Mainly we have succeeded in making that stock as effective as we used to do the super-calendered and coated stocks of an earlier day. To do so we have been compelled to make a wiser selection of printable photographs and a more extended use of drawings. Under a certain handicap we have produced at least a hundred per cent. better paper than we used to do on more expensive stock. But even that stock equals in price now the stock of before the war. At the same time we have enlarged the paper, heavily increased its circulation and lowered its price. All this works against profit or even against paying production expenses. But we are putting up with that for the present for the sake of the future.

WE merely point out these things in passing in order to keep our readers informed of what the problems are that confront us. We do so because we believe the people who read the Canadian Courier all over Canada are interested in seeing that our struggle to meet all the conditions created by the production of a strong nationalizing periodical is met week by week in the best possible way. In our literary section next week we may have more to say about this. For the present—Enough.

OLD CHUM SMOKING TOBACCO

OLD CHUM
TOBACCO

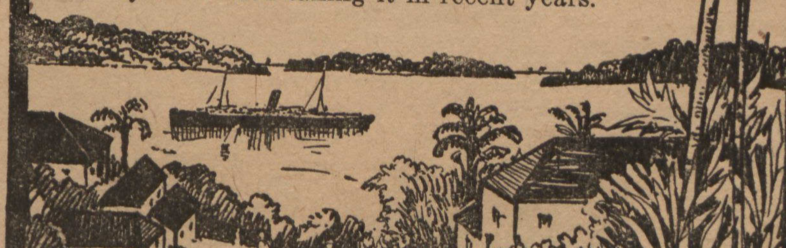
is the "chum" of more pipe smokers, than any other tobacco smoked in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES "OLD CHUM"

16th ANNOUNCEMENT

BALMY

The winds that blow from the polar regions may be chilling us to the bone in Canada these days, but not so very far to the south of us, the weather is balmy and comfortable. Twenty-four hours after the "Royal Mail" ships leave Halifax on their way to the West Indies, the thermometer reads 40 above; a day later it is 62 above, and the third day it is 70—the ship is at Bermuda. Overcoats and winter underclothing have then become a thing of the past; so too have colds in the head, throat or chest. A trip to the West Indies by the "Royal Mail" is a quick and easy way of escaping Canadian spring discomforts, and it is not surprising that so many have been taking it in recent years.



THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
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Many people are sending their Couriers to the boys at the front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

☞ *To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario*

A Vegetable Garden for Every Home

IN this year of supreme effort Britain and her armies must have ample supplies of food, and Canada is the great source upon which they rely. Everyone with a few square feet of ground can contribute to victory by growing vegetables.

Four Patriotic Reasons for Growing Vegetables

1. It saves money that you would otherwise spend for vegetables.
2. It helps to lower the "High cost of living."
3. It helps to enlarge the urgently needed surplus of produce for export.
4. Growing your own vegetables saves labor of others whose effort is needed for other vital war work.

The Department of Agriculture will help you

The Ontario Department of Agriculture appeals to Horticultural Societies to devote at least one evening meeting to the subject of vegetable growing; manufacturers, labor unions, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to actively encourage home gardening. Let the slogan for 1917 be, "A vegetable garden for every home."

Organizations are requested to arrange for instructive talks by practical gardeners on the subject of vegetable growing. In cases where it is impossible to secure suitable local speakers, the Department of Agriculture will, on request, send a suitable man.

The demand for speakers will be great. The number of available experts being limited, the Department urgently requests that arrangements for meetings be made at once; if local speakers cannot be secured, send applications promptly.

The Department suggests the formation of local organizations to stimulate the work by offering prizes for best vegetable gardens. It is prepared to assist in any possible way any organization that may be conducting a campaign for vegetable production on vacant lots. It will do so by sending speakers, or by supplying expert advice in the field.

To any one interested, the Department of Agriculture will send literature giving instructions about implements necessary and methods of preparing the ground and cultivating the crop. A plan of a vegetable garden indicating suitable crops to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden, will be sent free of charge to any address.

Write for Poultry Bulletin

Hens are inexpensive to keep, and you will be highly repaid in fresh eggs. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Parliament Buildings **Toronto** 10

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For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916

The Index of Progress

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Assets under administration:

Year	Assets
1907	$14,000,000
1908	17,000,000
1909	22,000,000
1910	24,000,000
1911	28,000,000
1912	38,000,000
1913	44,000,000
1914	51,000,000
1915	59,000,000
1916	69,000,000

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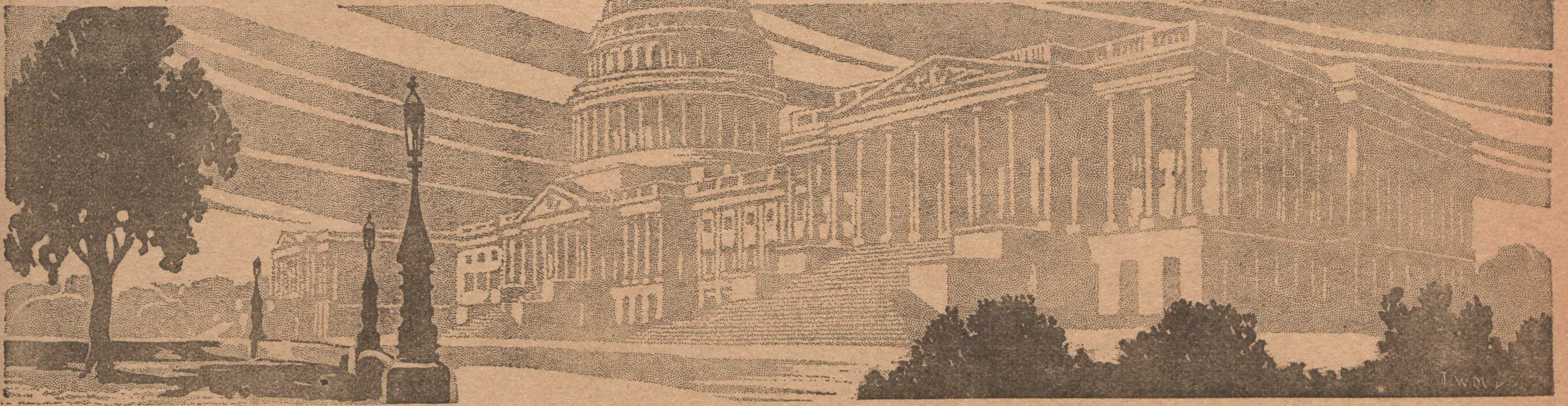
We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

THE COURIER

Vol. XXI. March 3rd, 1917 No. 14

CHAMP CLARK'S BIBLE CLASS



How the American House of Commons looks and listens any average day to a Canadian in the Gallery

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Washington, Feb. 22, 1917.

ABOUT the time this reaches the farthest out subscriber President Wilson will be king of the United States for about five hours. Both Houses of Congress will meet the President in front of the Capitol among a vast concourse of spectators on the preferred-list amphitheatre; and tens of thousands more on the campus below reaching out towards Colour-Town and the Potomac. The 235 senators will be arrayed in broadcloth and fine linen; the congressmen will be togged in Prince Alberts and morning coats and their wives from 48 states in the Union will shine forth like the flower-beds in the parks to see the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court swear in the President.

For that one day every four years Congress is a glorifying Magnificat; as pompous as any body of legislators in the world, a perfect pageant and a page from history that dates back to George Washington. Those 700 senators and representatives from the land of cotton and gold-bugs, wheat and pine trees, will forget that they ever fought with beasts at Ephesus on the floor of either House.

But—that's not Champ Clark's Bible Class, which is very likely the most interesting body of legislators in North America, the Parliament of Canada not excepted. Anybody who knows what our Parliament is, pretty well knows what Congress is not. There are senators and representatives. Cabinet? Oh yes, but it has no seats in the House. The Cabinet has its offices in the great administration buildings and the White House miles from the Capitol. They may have a war sprung on Germany before either House of Congress knows it except through the newspapers. Of course the President and the Cabinet can't declare war. Congress in both Houses assembled does that; technically at least. But if the Committee on Foreign Affairs from the Senate have advised the President enough or been advised enough by him, as the case may be, why the President marches to the chair of the Speaker in Congress and asks for authority to declare war, which means usually taking it first and then asking for it.

I suppose that's in form something like our Governor-General, who belongs to neither party or both, would do if Canada had the power to declare war as a sovereign state. But whenever we try to make a parallel between Parliament and Congress the comparison falls down because the democracy founded by Washington first in Philadelphia and afterwards in the city bearing his name, has managed to evolve a form of government as different from ours as ours is from the Reichstag.

We can omit the Cabinet which doesn't have to be elected to Congress and is therefore no part of a responsible government. Also leave out the President who normally appears before Congress about as often as our Governor-General does before Parliament—though Wilson has made a practice of summoning both Houses oftener than any other President in memory. For the present exclude also the Senate which occupies one side of the Capitol with its block of senate offices connected up by underground subway and a trolley service. Consider only the House of Representatives; the 435 men, one for every known 210,000 people in any State.

First, the House itself—disappointing, plain as a barn, low-ceilinged, gallery on the sides and both ends; anterooms leading off from the floor of the House as openly as a parlour runs into a hallway; at the east wall the Speaker's chair under a small-sized Stars and Stripes—draped; below that the clerks; desks for the congressional reporters; above the Speaker the press gallery occupied by newspapermen from most of the capitals in the world; out beyond the Speaker's enclosure and the clerks' quarters an open arena with two small lecterns, on one of which any member who wishes may place his notes while he prances up and down the area from Democrat side to Republican and back again. All the seats of representatives are arranged in blocks and aisles radiating from the Speaker, exactly as do the streets of Washington from the Capitol. An aisle fair down the middle separates the sheep from the goats. Republicans, however, always on the left of the Speaker, Democrats on the right; different from our Parliament, where the Government desks are always to the right. There are no desks for congressmen as we have for our M.P.'s. There used to be. Congressmen used to write letters to their constituents from their seats in the House and shoot them to the page boys, or read newspapers as our members do when they don't want to hear a debate. But somebody discovered that congressmen are paid $7,500 for a few months every year to do their office business in office hours, which are before Congress assembles at or about noon. So the desks were taken out. No congressman has any particular seat to himself—except Republican leader Mann, who usually sits on the end of one of the two large tables just behind the rail in front of the seats. The seats are all on the level. So is Congress—supposed to be. Members stroll in and out without bowing to the Speaker. They sit down wherever they find anybody else worth being next to. Or they may decide to stand around in the space in front of the Speaker. In fact the whole House, if it wants to, may stand up until the Speaker whacks the desk with the mallet and shouts, "The House will be in Order!"

Looked at from the members' gallery Congress resembles the wheat pit in Chicago. It isn't often as noisy. It may not be making or losing as much money. Just now the Democrats are the bulls and the Republicans the bears. When Uncle Joe Cannon was in the Chair it was the other way on. No congressman ever wears a hat in the House. Hence you are able to observe the percentage of bald heads, which is quite large. From noon until five or six the House continually sits. Members who have not been too busy in their offices to take lunch before the Roll Call break away any time up till 3 o'clock to have a bite in the restaurant below. They are always near by in case of a call for ayes and noes. If any green Congressman from 'way out west doesn't know what three or five bells mean he can ask the black waiter—who may in a pinch also tell him how he ought to vote whether he understands the question or not. The same gongs ring in the corridors of the offices away out across the grounds; in each corridor of the three floors a separate gong that fetches the members as horses to a fire, and if they don't know what it's all about they phone the party cloak room to make sure. Each member is given an office, just like every other one; all furnished and equipped. Each member gets an allowance for secretary, etc. Some congressman who has barrels of money round home may keep a staff of clerks. And in this huge office building of 400 or 500 rooms there is a heap of work done every forenoon between breakfast time in the hotels and the apartment flats until 11.30 or 12.00 a.m.

WHEN the House is assembled talk is the sole and only business. And Congress is the greatest talking-machine ever uninvented by Edison. It is a convention. Every time you go it has that kind of how-are-you-this-morning? atmosphere. Very few of the congressmen wear morning coats for one thing. They dress about as informally as many of them talk. Of course there are some nabobs. Even the pages are unliveried; just boys, lounging most of the time on the back benches, with little to do.

I have said before that Congress is an orchestra.

It all concentres on the Speaker and it acts like a band on a bandstand; whereas any of our parliaments are side and side, red-plush, bow-your-leave affairs. No man could ever address our Commons from in front of the Speaker without being a Janus. But when anybody feels like waking up Congress all he has to do is to ask the Speaker for the unanimous consent of the House to deliver a prescribed number of minutes' talk. And he may use the whole space of thirty feet by ten for a roster with Congress right under him, close to him—first violins, wood-winds, brass and tympani.

Sometimes—some climaxes. Here is a convention of talkers who must be talked at. It's an audience of high gear. It is also of vast temperamental diversities. Our Commons is variegated enough. Compared to Congress it is quite simple. These people under the beak of Champ Clark are a real Midway convention of State types: plain Yankee, borderland semi-Canuck, Hoosiers, long-geared democrats from Arkansaw, aristocrats from Carolina—old family—or Virginia, blizzards from Idaho and Minnesota, gold-bugs from the East, mountaineers from Montana and Colorado, pulpiteers from Pennsylvania and connoiseurs from Florida, savants from Massachusetts and anti-Orientals from California, along with the Prince of Hawaii, delegate at $7,500 a year with no vote, and the delegate from Alaska. Yes, it is rather a conglomerate. In one language it is potentially Babel. Foreign tongues are suppressed. There is one great language—American. That may be as the sounds of the sea, but it is always the same wind blowing. And sometimes she blows a gale.

Of all men Champ Clark knows it best now since he took the gavel from Uncle Joe Cannon. C. C. knows how to scream above the gale, down the decks as he wallops the table,

"The House—will be—in Order!"

THE Speaker is a strange figure. Champ Clark might have been President if Tammany had done it. He got the Speakership. But when they handed him the bomb that used to be the boss Joe Cannon's, the time fuse was gone. Champ Clark is merely the President of Congress. Uncle Joe in the days of Taft and Roosevelt and McKinley used to be the appointer of all Committees, at times greater than the President. Uncle Joe was the boss. Champ Clark is the chairman. But he wears his disappointment—if any—like a giant. He is a big, statuesque man, not a hair on his eagle-like visage. His face is a composite photo of Bryan and McKinley. You would pick him out anywhere in a crowd. In the chair you are impressed by his clothes when he rises customarily with left hand deep into a trousers pocket. I saw at least three separate suits on Champ Clark the three days I attended Congress. One was a light brown, another a grey, and one afternoon he was togged in black—always the long cutaway, always the dab of handkerchief in the upper left pocket looking like a magnolia boutonniere, often a red tie. The afternoon he wore black was the day he received the felicitations of the House on the fact that he had become a grandfather. His references to that event were tersely American. He packed a whole sermon into three minutes. Clark knows how to condense language. He speaks very slowly.

"Gentlemen—take—their seats!"

Whack-whack-whack! goes the gavel. One misses the ponderous mace as we have it in Parliament. That "bauble" was never used in Congress.

The only tables outside the reporters' and the clerks' are two large tables behind the railing. The nearest approach to a mace on either of these is Republican leader J. R. Mann, who sits on one of them most of the time when he isn't horning over to the centre aisle to tell some speaker where he is out of order. Mann is a lop-shouldered, hip-along, old pedagogue who knows by heart all the rote and the routine of the House, what was said last week, what was unsaid yesterday, why the Speaker should have done so and so, and just how the gentleman from Buckaroo is out of order. In tactics and knowledge he is the Pugsley of Congress. No man has quite his knowledge of the House. But he is a tyrannical, cold-headed old manipulator who is scarcely ever absent from the House, always from his corner of the table hawking over the assemblage, missing nothing, smiling about once a week, about as popular in his party as a case of measles, but the everlasting boss who knows how to pump cold water on enthusiasm, how to drive the Republican gang and how to shoot shrapnel into the Democrats. At home in Chicago he is a lawyer. He is the kind of man that never could be President. Quite possibly Congress could worry through a day's work without him. But Mann doesn't think so. That's why the party never can get this strait-jacket off. Mann is also a pacifist. And all the enthusiasm he has for England you could put in one corner of your left eye without hurting it.

His rival leader, Claude Kitchen of the Democrats, who replaced Oscar Underwood when he went to the Senate, is a complete contrast. Kitchen is from one of the Carolinas; a young, smooth-talking, suave man, who knows the House about as well as Mann and has the gift of highly flexible gab that deals with psychology and sentiment. Mann seldom or never takes a rise out of Kitchen, who is popular on both sides of the House, where Mann is popular on neither. Kitchen is a pacifist, voted with the minority against the Naval appropriations of $368,000,000, but is friendly to England.

Observe the G.O.M. of Congress, former Bible Class teacher, Uncle Joe Cannon. No wonder they call him uncle. He is 81; oldest man in the crowd that once he ruled with the blacksnake of self-appointed committees. He is such a national figure that they have given him a free room in the Capitol building. You might take him for a first cousin to Abe Lincoln; he has that high-boned, lean face, that sort of long jaw and genial smile. Most historic figure in Congress, it is doubtful if he will ever be remembered in the same category as Lincoln, though he has come up through from the bottom and has lived to dominate his party by personal peculiarities as Mann does by parliamentary methods. He is a long-headed, strange old reactionary. My best glimpse of him was as he shot up the elevator from the cafe to the members' floor. He had a pair of flapdoodle striped trousers, a low double vest, a seven-ways black spraddle of a bow and a diabolical long cigar with an inch of toed-up ash at the ragged end. Cannon must be a humorist. No man with a habitual cigar and black bow like that could be anything else. He is a regular sitter at Congress, though rather less regular than Mann. And his knowledge of that House compared to Mann's is that of a psychist compared to a blacksmith. Old Joe can wriggle his way into the general respect of both parties on the strength of a smile and a few wry words. He seldom speaks, listens well, knows more than he cares to tell most people, is not a warpather, believes in trusts and even in child labour. I don't imagine he has any Utopian dreams about the democratic ideals of the United States. No orations move him. He has been through heaps of them; has felt that House quiver oftener than any other man alive, was the practical boss of Taft, sometimes of Roosevelt and of McKinley; a practical philosopher, a man without book larnin' but plus the wisdom of a great deep experience in the hearts of men. The guile of United States democracy along with much of its old-fashioned thrift and practical wry humour is high in Uncle Joe. When he slips out of Congress the boys will miss him. There will be a national funeral such as befits only a President. Joe Cannon has never yearned for the Senate, for—oh how he loves that excitable, outspoken congress!

The House will be in Order!

Cyclone Smith from Kansas is a character; a long-haired Prince Michael of a man who when he first struck Washington as a congressman disdained to wear even a collar and tie. But he has slicked up a bit of late and now looks as though he belonged to the 20th century some of the time. A Democrat, he is also a peace man, because Kansas is a long way from New York and California. And though he may not be much on White House receptions—I should love to behold him in a swallowtail—he takes a great delight in expressing his views in the House, which he does very well.

NO Canadian appreciation of Congress would be up to standard without a word about Congressman Charlie Nicholls from one of the Detroits. Charlie is a Canadian born as a hundred thousand Detroiters are. He was a newspaper man in Detroit before he became city clerk, which is a very responsible position. When he was sent to Congress he took with him all the trail-beating, enterprising, much-alive equipment of the average Canadian who succeeds in the United States. There is no congressman on either side who has a keener scent for the general issues that confront Congress; none who keeps his mind freer of merely party alliances that are un-American. Charlie is as proud of the United States and its mouthpiece Congress as any Canadian is of Canada. And he is doing a big useful work in representing a constituency which has a very large Canadian element.

There are fifty other characters in Congress almost as conspicuous as these. Some of them are caricatures. Some are fine intellects. Many are good speakers. And there is a great passion in Congress for the rights of free speech. But the rules of the House are very rigid. A four-hour speech would be a sensation. Outside of the regular allotment of so many minutes—five to twenty—for each Speaker on a side to talk to a bill, any member desiring to speak must get the unanimous consent of the House before he is permitted. One black ball prevents him. The House must be unanimous.

"Gentleman from Missouri wishes the unanimous consent of the House to speak for ten minutes on this bill," says the Speaker. "Is there any objection? The Chair hears none. It is so ordered."

If it is a short speech the member rises in his seat. If a long one—20 minutes—he may prefer to get out in the arena and face the audience. If a member desires to interrupt a speaker he asks:

"Will the gentleman yield?"

The gentleman may yield; in which case the time taken for the heckling comes off his schedule. Or he may refuse to yield. Sometimes there are four members on their feet at once all waiting their turn for the gentleman to yield.

At a Call of the House—three bells—all the members are called out by name. This is on what we would call a division. As the names are called each member answers aye or no. If at the end of the count some members may have missed hearing their names in the hubbub they step down in front of the Speaker, who rises and say over and over:

"Was the gentleman in the House and listening?"

If so, he is allowed to register his vote. If not, he is passed up.

"The House—will be—in order!" shouts the Speaker.

Down comes the gavel—whack! five times over.

"Gentlemen, take your seats!"

It is a noisy, democratic assemblage. With less decorum than our Parliament it has much more rigid rules and technic of debate. Members are not per-

(Concluded on page 11.)

PLAYERS, PAINTERS, PEN-PUSHERS

Prank for the Allied Cause in New York

Their Pictures Taken in Fancy Ball Dress

This big woman is Fannie Hurst. If you remember reading some half-humorous, half-tender stories of the submerged folks of New York, they were probably by Fannie Hurst.

This is Mary "Pickford" and "Lucky" Owen Moore, her husband. Neither she nor "Lucky" attended the ball with the rest of the folk on this page, but at least, as an artist and as the husband of such an artist, Mr. and Mrs. Moore are in proper company here. They are seen standing on the back of the "Twentieth Century" on the eve of their departure for California, where "Mrs. Moore" will play in the movie adaptation of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Moore is reported to have confessed at a recent dinner that his wife is quite as whimsical, surprising and delightful in private life as she is in the eye of the lens. Hard work seems to have no terrors for this bride—at least she looks a bride as she stands in this picture.

J. Montgomery Flagg needs no introduction to most folks even on this side of the line. Privately he is a painter, publicly he is a master of pen and ink illustration and humorous drawing.

Pictures of Will Irwin and his wife aren't common. Here, with his partner in life, is the delightful author of some of the best war articles —to say nothing of pre-war articles—ever printed on this side of the big pond. Will Irwin does not write brilliantly, but with a quiet, clear, sympathetic and sometimes humorous style.

This pair represents the companion magazine crafts: writing and illustrating. To the left is George Randolph Chester, the father, in a literary way, of Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford and all his exploits. Beside him is Howard Chandler Christy, who invented the American girl—and didn't make such a bad job of it.

And finally we come to Irvin S. Cobb and little Mrs. Edith Haynes Thompson. It is to be feared that the fame of the former is slightly overshadowed by that of this big, jolly, fat boy who has injected so many chuckles into magazine readers. Cobb is a one-time newspaperman who broke into fame with his humorous articles.

The MYSTERY of the CHURCHILL PEARLS

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE rain had come on a little after eight, as sudden and heavy as though it had been a mid-summer thunder shower.

A fusilade of bullets could scarcely have emptied Broadway more quickly. Men and women ducked under doorways, dodged into side streets, elbowed into theatre lobbies. All life vanished as promptly as though the Tenderloin from Thirty-fourth Street to Longacre Square had been a gopher village and some wolfish enemy had invaded it. Pleasure-seeking ladies fled before it as though they were made of sugar and their beauty might melt away at the touch of water. Newsboys huddled back under dripping porticos, like toads under wet rhubarb leaves.

Above the sidewalk, twenty paces from the empty doorway where I loitered, an awning suddenly appeared, springing up like a mushroom from a wet meadow. In toward one end of this awning circled a chain of broughams and taxi-cabs. As a carrier-belt empties grain into a mill bin, so this unbroken chain ejected hurrying men and women across the wet curb into an over-lighted foyer.

I stood there, watching the last of the scattering crowd, watching the street that still seemed an elongated bull ring where a matador or two still dodged the taurine charges of vehicles. I watched the electric display signs that ran like liquid ivy about the shop fronts, and then climbed and fluttered above the roofs, misty and softened by rain. I watched the ironic heavens pour their unabating floods down on that congested and over-ripe core of a city that no water could wash clean.

Then the desolation of the empty streets began to depress me. The spray that blew in across my dampened knees made me think of shelter. I saw the lights of the theatre not more than twenty paces away. It was already a warren of crowded life; the thought of even what diluted companionship it might offer me carried an appeal.

A moment later I stood before its box-office window no wider than a mediaeval leper-squint, from which cramped and hungry souls buy access to their modern temples of wonder.

"Standing-room only," announced the autocrat of the wicket. And I meekly purchased my admission-ticket, remembering that the head usher of that particular theatre had in the past done me more than one slight service.

Yet the face of this haughtily obsequious head usher, as his hand met mine in that free-masonry which is perpetuated by certain silk-threaded scraps of oblong paper, was troubled.

"I haven't a thing left," he whispered.

I peered disconsolately about that sea of heads seeking life through the clumsy lattice of polite melodrama.

"Unless," added the usher at my elbow, "you'll take a seat in that second lower box?"

Even through the baize doors behind me I could hear the beat and patter of the rain. It was a case of any port in a storm.

"That will do nicely," I told him, and a moment later he was leading me down a side aisle into the curtained recess of the box entrance.

YET it was not ordained that I should occupy that box in lonely and unrivalled splendour. One of its chairs, set close to the brass rail and the plush-covered parapet that barred it off from the more protuberant stage box, was already occupied by a man in full evening dress. He, like myself, perhaps, had never before shared a box with other than his own acquaintances. At any rate, before favouring me with the somewhat limited breadth of his back, he turned on me one sidelong and unmistakably resentful stare.

Yet I looked at this neighbour of mine, as I seated myself, with more interest than I looked at the play actors across the footlights, for I rather preferred life in the raw to life in the syrups of stage emotionalism.

It startled me a little to find that the man, at the moment, was equally oblivious of anything taking place on the stage. His eyes, in fact, seemed fixed on the snowy shoulders of the woman who sat at the back of the stage box, directly in front of him. As I followed the direction of his gaze I was further surprised to discover the object on which it was focused. He was staring, not at the woman herself, but at a pigeon-blood ruby set in the clasp of some pendant or necklace encircling her throat.

There was, indeed, some excuse for his staring at it. In the first place it was an extraordinarily large and vivid stone. But against the background where it lay, against the snow-white column of the neck (whitened, perhaps, by a prudent application of rice powder) it stood out in limpid ruddiness, the most vivid of fire against the purest of snow. It was a challenge to attention. It caught and held the eye. It stood there, just below where the hair billowed into its crown of Venetian gold, as semaphoric as a yardlamp to a night traveler. And I wondered, as I sat looking at it, what element beyond curiosity could coerce the man at my side into studying it so indolently and yet so intently.

About the man himself there seemed little that was exceptional. Beyond a certain quick and shrewd alertness in his eye movements as he looked about at me from time to time with a muffled resentment which I found not at all to my liking, he seemed medium in everything, in colouring, in stature, in apparel. His face was of the neutral sallowness of the sedentary New Yorker. His intelligence seemed that of the preoccupied office worker who could worm his way into an ill-fitting dress suit and placidly approve of second-rate melodrama. He seemed so without interest, in fact, that I was not averse to directing my glance once more toward the pigeon-blood ruby, which glowed like a live coal against the marble whiteness of the neck in front of me.

IT may have been mere accident, or it may have been that out of our united gaze arose some vague psychic force which disturbed this young woman. For as I sat there staring at the shimmering jewel, its wearer suddenly turned her head and glanced back at me. The next moment I was conscious of her nod and smile, unmistakably in my direction.

Then I saw who it was. I had been uncouthly staring at the shoulder blades of Alice Churchill—they were the Park Avenue Churchills—and further back in the box I caught a glimpse of her brother Benny, who had come North, I knew, from the Nicaraguan coast to recuperate from an attack of fever.

Yet I gave little thought of either of them, I must confess. At the same time that I had seen that momentarily flashing smile I had also discovered that the jeweled clasp on the girl's neck was holding in place a single string of graduated pearls, of very lovely pearls, the kind about which the frayed-cuff garret-author and the Sunday "yellows" forever love to romance. I was also not unconscious of the quick and covert glance of the man who sat so close to me.

Then I let my glance wander back to the ruby, apparently content to study its perfect cutting and its unmatchable colouring. And I knew that the man beside me was also sharing in that spectacle. I was, in fact, still staring at it, so unconscious of the movement of the play on the stage that the "dark scene," when every light in the house went out for a second or two, came to me with a distinct sense of shock.

A murmur of approval went through the house as the returning light revealed to them a completely metamorphosed stage setting. What this setting was I did not know, nor did I look up to see. For as my idly inquisitive glance once more focused itself on the columnar white neck that towered above the chair back, a second and greater shock came to me. Had that neck stood there without a head I could have been scarcely more startled.

The pigeon-blood ruby was gone. There was no longer any necklace there. The column of snow was without its touch of ruddy light. It was left as disturbingly bare as a target without its bull's-eye. It reminded me of a marble grate without its central point of fire.

My first definite thought was that I was the witness of a crime that was as audacious as it was bewildering. Yet, on second thought, it was simple enough. The problem of proximity had already been solved. With the utter darkness had come the opportunity, the opportunity that obviously had been watched for. With one movement of the hand the necklace had been quietly and cunningly removed.

MY next quick thought was that the thief sat there in my immediate neighbourhood. There could be no other. There was no room for doubt. By some mysterious and dexterous movement the man beside me had reached forward and with that delicacy of touch doubtless born of much experience, had unclasped the jewels, all the time shrouded by the utter darkness. The audacity of the thing was astounding, yet the completeness with which it had succeeded was even more astounding.

I sat there compelling myself to a calmness which was not easy to achieve. I struggled to make my scrutiny of this strange companion of mine as quiet and leisured as possible.

Yet he seemed to feel that he was still under my eye. He seemed to chafe at that continued survey; for even as I studied him I could see a fine sweat of embarrassment come out on his face. He did not turn and look at me directly, but it was plain that he was only too conscious of my presence. And even before I quite realized what he was about, he reached quietly over, and taking up his hat and coat, rose to his feet and slipped out of the box.

That movement on his part swept away my last shred of hesitation. The sheer precipitancy of his flight was proof enough of his offence. His obvious effort to escape made me more than ever determined to keep on his trail.

And keep on his trail I did, from the moment he sidled guiltily out of that lighted theatre foyer into the still drizzling rain of Broadway. Stronger and ever stronger waves of indignation kept sweeping through me as I watched him skulk northward, with a furtive glance over his shoulder as he fled.

He was a good two hundred feet ahead of me when I saw him suddenly veer about and dodge into a doorway. I promptly threw decorum away and ran, ran like a rabbit, until I came to that doorway. I saw, as I passed through it, that it was nothing more than the Broadway entrance to the Hotel Knickerbocker. Complex and intricate as the paths of that crowded lair of life might be, I felt that under the circumstances he would not remain within its walls. And I was right in this, for as I stepped into its pillared rotunda I caught sight of my quarry hurrying out through one of the doors that opened on Forty-second Street.

I gained the open just in time to see him dodging down into the kiosk of a subway entrance. He was through the gate before I could catch up with him. I had no time to turn back and buy a ticket, for conductors were already slamming shut the doors of a south-bound "local."

"BUY me a ticket," I called to the astonished "chopper" as I tossed a dollar bill over the arm which he thrust out to stop me. I did not wait to argue it out, for the car door in front of me was already beginning to close. I had just time to catapult my body in between that sliding door and its steel frame. I knew, as I caught my breath again, that I was on the platform of the car behind the jewel thief.

And I stood there, carefully scrutinizing the line of car doors as we pulled into the Grand Central station. I did the same as we passed Thirty-third Street, and the same again at Twenty-eighth Street. The man had given no sign that he actually knew I was on his track. He might or might not have seen me. As to that I had no means of being certain. But I was certain of the fact that he was making off

in a panic of indeterminate fear, that he was doing his utmost to evade pursuit.

This came doubly home to me as the train stopped at Twenty-third Street, and I saw him step quickly out of the far end of the car, look about him, and dart across the station platform and up the stairway two steps at a time.

I was after him, even more hurriedly. By the time I reached the street he was swinging up on the step of a cross-town surface car. To catch that car was out of the question, but I waited a moment and swung aboard the one that followed, thirty yards in the rear. Peering ahead, I could plainly see him as he dropped from the car on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue. I could see him as he hurried up the steps of the Elevated, crossed the platform, and without so much as buying a ticket, hurried down the southeast flight of steps.

I had closed in on him by this time, so that we were within a biscuit-toss of each other. Yet never once did he look about. He was now doubling on his tracks, walking rapidly eastward along Twenty-third Street. I was close behind him as he crossed Broadway, turning south, and then suddenly tacking about, entered the Bartholdi Hotel. There he exactly repeated his manoeuvre of the Knickerbocker, circling around to the hotel's side entrance on Twenty-third Street.

Even as he emerged into the open again he must have seen the night-hawk cab waiting there at the curb. What his directions to the driver were I had no means of knowing. But as that dripping and water-proofed individual brought his whip lash down on his steaming horse a door slammed shut in my face. Once more I so far forgot my dignity as to dodge and run like a rabbit, this time to the other side of the cab as it swung briskly northward. One twist and pull threw the cab door open and I tumbled in—tumbled in to see my white-faced and frightened jewel thief determinedly and frenziedly holding down the handle of the opposite door.

HIS face went ashen as I came sprawling and lurching against him. He would have leaped bodily from the carriage, which was now swinging up on all but deserted Fifth Avenue, only I caught and held him there with a grimness born of repeated exasperation.

He showed no intention of meekly submitting to that detaining grasp. Seeing that he was finally cornered, he turned on me and fought like a rat. His strength, for one of his weight, was surprising. Much more surprising, however, was his ferocity. And it was a strange struggle, there in the half light of that musty and many-odoured night-hawk cab. There seemed something subterranean about it, as though it were a battle at the bottom of a well. And but for one thing, I imagine, it would not, for me, have been a pleasant encounter. It's a marvelous thing, however, to know that you have Right on your side. The panoply of Justice is as fortifying as any chain armour ever made.

And I knew, as we fought like two wharf rats under a pier-end, that I was right. I knew that my cause was the cause of law and order. That knowledge gave me both a strength and a boldness which carried me through, even when I saw my writhing and desperate thief groping and grasping for his hip pocket, even when I saw him draw from it a magazine revolver that looked quite ugly enough to stampede a regiment. And as that sodden-leathered night-hawk went placidly rolling up Fifth Avenue we twisted and panted and grunted on its floor as though it were a mail coach in the Sierras of sixty years ago, fighting for the possession of that ugly firearm.

How I got it away from him I never quite knew. But when I came to my senses I had him on the cab floor and my knee on his chest, with his body bent up like a letter U. I held him there while I went through his pockets, quietly, deliberately, one by one, with all the care of a customs inspector going through a suspected smuggler.

I had no time to look over his wallet (which I remembered as being as big as a brief bag) or his papers, nor had I time to make sure of how much of the jewelry he wore might be his own. The one thing I wanted was the pearl necklace with the pigeon-blood ruby. And this necklace I found, care-

(Continued on page 24.)

OUR EASTERN SEA GATE

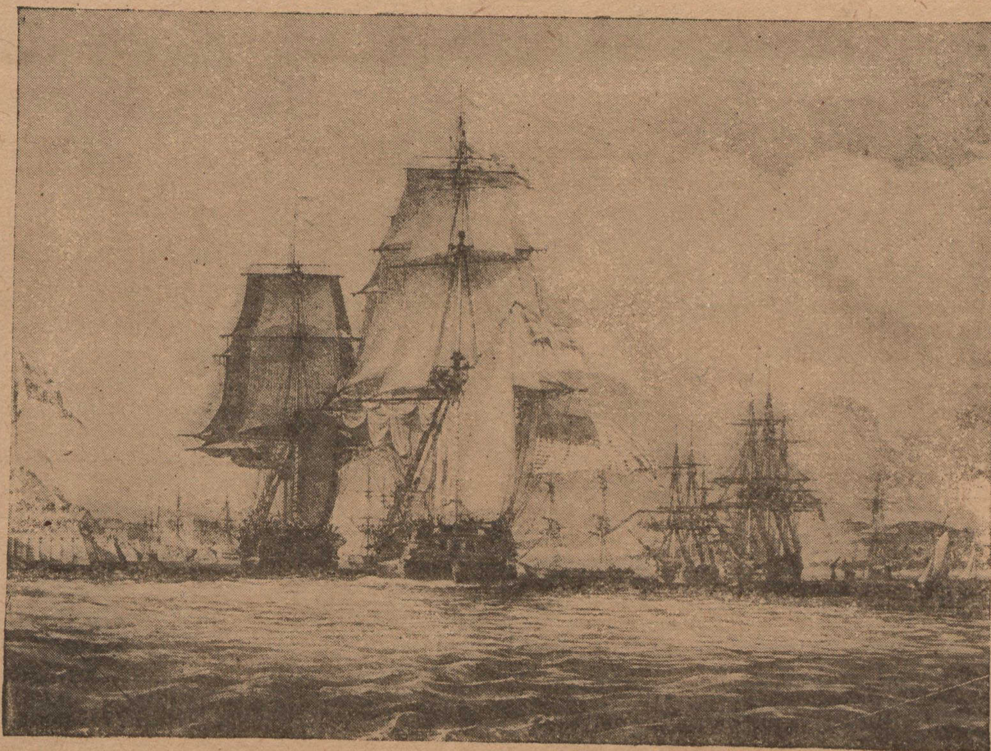
Fleets of Neutral Ships now make Halifax a Port of Call, by order of the British Admiralty

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

Halifax, Feb. 22, 1917.

A LOVER of Halifax has named her the City of the Triple Haven, for the term Halifax harbour is not exact. There are really three harbours, not one. Crowned by the huge star-shaped fort called the Citadel, Halifax is throned on a small peninsula, which these three harbours form. This all-but-island is a rude triangle, its base to the east facing the main harbour. The other two sides are formed by Bedford Basin, an inner circular haven twenty miles in circumference, and by the North West Arm, a narrow fiord three miles long which lies at the back of the city.

The Indian name for the harbour is Chebucto, meaning "great," and the aboriginal Miamacs were quite right. It is a great harbour, one of the three or four best ports in the whole world. Most harbours are the embouchures of rivers; consequently they silt up; bars form across the mouth, and they need constant attention; but harbours like Halifax and Sydney, N. S. W., were formed by the land sinking, if the scientific gentlemen are to be believed. When the bottom drops out of a section of coast, the result is a super-excellent pukka harbour, unchanging and unchangeable. The usual difficulties of tides, currents, depth of water at the entrance do not trouble the mariner making his landfall. Once inside, he is sheltered from every wind that blows.



Triumphal Entry of British Ships into Halifax, Sunday, June 6, 1813.

AFTER the Indians came the French pronouncing a favourable verdict. Apparently Champlain knew it, explored it right up to the end of the Basin, and named it Baie saine, or Safe Harbour. A brief study of its configuration will show why it was called "great" and "safe." Imagine an hour-glass twelve miles long with one end knocked out. The whole end is Bedford Basin; the wasp waist is the Narrows; and the open end is the harbour proper. The open end, or mouth, is corked, or partly stopped by several islands, the largest of which is called "McNab's." These islands leave two passages or entrances into the harbour. One to the west is a mile wide, the main sea-gate, and admits the hugest steamers afloat, at all tides. From the end of McNab's, a long sand-pit runs out called Thrum Cap, and inside of this is the light-house, which shows the way to all ships coming and going on their lawful occasions. This light-house is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. It started life as a martello tower; and a brass tablet on its walls commemorates the startling fact that it was built for less than the estimated cost! It was built a long time ago, though, before contractors learned proper methods of working for a government. That it was built by British engineers may possibly account for this pitiful failure to make the most of their chances.

On the port hand, as you enter, is the mouth of the Arm. The little cape is the end of a wild garden traversed in all directions by winding roads which reveal charming vistas overlooking the sea. It is called Point Pleasant. Near the end once stood, beside a battery, a furnace for heating red-hot shot. On high ground near the centre is the martello tower, near which Howe fought his duel with John C. Haliburton. About a quarter of a mile up the Arm are the remains of the old Chain Battery, at the foot of which once stretched a boom from bank to bank, to keep out the French. A frigate was moored inside, head and tail across stream, so that her full broadside could sweep the approach.

HOWE was born in a cottage on the Arm. His first poem celebrated the great natural beauty of his birthplace. Farther up on the opposite side is a stately four-square tower on the Italian campanile model with an open lantern at the top. It was built by the Canadian Club of Halifax, with the aid of many other organizations, at a cost of $25,000. The interior decoration of shields and tablets contributed by states, universities, cities throughout the Empire, is unique. It was built to commemorate the granting of free institutions to Nova Scotia, in 1758. It stands on high ground in a part called the Dingle, given by Sir Sandford Fleming for the recreation of the citizens of Halifax in perpetuo. Still nearer to the head of the Arm is Melville Island, on which is built the military prison. At the beginning of the last century it was full of French prisoners; now it is full of Germans. The title of Howe's first poem was "Melville Island." The banks of the Arm are covered with picturesque cottages and more pretentious dwellings. At least half a dozen boat-houses contain a thousand boats and canoes, in which the youth of the city disport on summer evenings and afternoons. The Arm has been the scene of many a picturesque regatta. When the sailors raced in the big cutters, it was a sight worth going many miles to see. This beautiful fiord

affords a safe anchorage for small craft, fishing schooners and the smart pilot-boats. It is the first of the three harbours.

The traveller, entering Halifax harbour by boat, sees on the port hand, high abrupt cliffs. Then, as he passes Thrum Cap and the lighthouses, he has low, wooded shores on the starboard hand, and right straight in front of him, in the very middle of the harbour, a small compact citadel of an island with yawning embrasures for the biggest kind of guns. Although he cannot see them, there have been guns on every side of him since his ship came within range. Halifax is the Cronstadt of America, a second Gibraltar. Kipling wrote of her:

> Into the mist my guardian prows put forth.
> Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie.
> The Warden of the Honour of the North,
> Sleepless and veiled am I.

It is true every word of it. This island with the odd artificial look, as if it had been built there by Vauban as a redoubt, is called George's. When Colonel Edward Cornwallis came out in 1749 to found a new city, the old soldiers and sailors who were to build it were first landed on George's. It was also used as a prison for the unfortunate Acadians. It was on June 21, O. S., that the sloop-of-war Sphinx with Col. Cornwallis and staff on board anchored in Chebucto harbour. The next day he penned his first dispatch to the Duke of Bedford and wrote the immortal words, "Our officers agree the harbour is the finest they have ever seen," which Haligonians have been inspecting with variations ever since.

What has this harbour not seen since that memorable 21st of June! Here gathered the armadas for the reduction of Louisbourg in 1757 and 1758. Loudon, Amherst, Bascarden, Rodney, Wolfe, Cook, saw the old Halifax of Short's drawings with its stone-faced batteries lining the water-side and the old flag flying from the top of citadel hill, as it does this day. Here came Howe with his defeated regulars after being clawed by the buckskins at Boston. Here floated safe at last the thousands of Loyalists from New York who preferred exile to renouncing their ancient allegiance. In the bitter winter of 1783-84 delicately nurtured women lived in the floating transports, while others huddled in the cabooses taken from the ships, and pitched like wigwams all along Granville street. Then during the long wars with the French Republic and with Napoleon, the waters of the harbour never rested from the stirring keels going and coming. Ships of the line, frigates with intelligence, privateers, prizes, cartels with exchange of prisoners, transports with troops for unknown destinations were in constant activity. Merchant-men plied almost as in time of peace, for Britain ruled the waves; but every one went with her array of barkers and her license to make war on King George's enemies. In the war of 1812, there were 106 ships of war on this station. These waters bore the expedition that spread havoc along the Chesapeake and burnt Washington. They floated the funeral ship which brought back from his last field outside of Baltimore, Major-General Charles Ross, one of Britain's ablest soldiers. On Sunday, June 6, 1813, this harbour saw the most memorable sight in its long annals, a procession of two ships, the little Shannon proudly leading her prize, the Chesapeake, up to the anchorage by the dock yard. All yards were manned; the bands played; the good folk on the wharves cheered like mad, for at last the stain was cleansed from the flag which Dacres had hauled down on the Guerriere.

Volumes might be written on what Halifax harbour has seen. Every spot has its story. At Thrum Cap the frigate La Tribune went aground and was wrecked. Out of 240 souls on board only twelve survived. The sloop-of-war Atalante struck on the Sisters and went to pieces in fifteen minutes, but Captain Hickey saved every man of his crew by courage and discipline. The small square enclosure on McNab's marks the grave of Dr. Slayter, who died attending the cholera-smitten immigrants of the England. Out of the Eastern Passage, Captain Taylor Wood took the Confederate cruiser Tallahassee, while three Federal war-ships watched the other mouse-hole in vain. Then there are tales of the blockade-runners—And if I dared to tell the stories of this war, of the world-famous ships that have lain here, showing their honourable scars received in these strange new battles fought over the curve of the world as Kipling says—

There remains the third, the inner harbour, Bedford Basin. It is one of the most beautiful sheets of water imaginable. A road runs all the way round from Halifax to Dartmouth, following the sinuosities of the shore. The environs of Halifax afford engaging walks, but none is more popular than the walk to Bedford, with Miss Murphy's hot tea and buttered rolls to refresh you after your toil. The other day the "Frederick VIII." was berthed there in the open blue water, while little boys skated on the ice nearer shore. She carried an enemy of Britain and of Canada, a man known to all the world for his recent career. Conveniently close was anchored a war-grey British cruiser, with her long guns thrusting through their turrets. A pistol shot away near Navy Island are the wrecks of other warships, of an enemy who fought us for centuries. I reflected on the fate of all who ever opposed the Navy and I looked with pride and hope at the fluttering white ensign. The red cross on it dates from Richard Coeur de Lion's crusade. This war is the latest of crusades. And of all Canadian harbours Halifax has been changed most by the war.

EXPECT A GREAT SEA BATTLE

When Germany thinks she has enough Allied Gunboats and Destroyers diverted for the business of getting Submarines, she is likely to play her last great trump—the Kiel Navy. Meanwhile the silent sleuth gets the Submarine, and the unrestricted February Campaign is a failure

By SIDNEY CORYN

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ANOTHER week has passed and the destruction of shipping by German submarines is still inconsiderable. The average daily toll is about five or six craft, and although these are impressively set forth in tabulated figures by our daily newspapers they amount to little more than the sinkings that were previously recorded in isolated paragraphs. Germany herself claims that she sank 400,000 tons during last December, that is to say long before the "unrestriction" began. The sinkings from February 1st to February 15th reach a total of 232,737 tons. That is to say the new sea warfare with new methods and the supposedly new fleet of submarines has accomplished practically nothing more than was done before the novelties were introduced. This seems to justify the view that I expressed three weeks ago that no real novelties need be expected, that no new fleet of submarines would be thrown into action, since no new fleet existed, and that while the scope of the "unrestriction" might be somewhat enlarged and extended the same general method had been in operation continuously. In other words, I suggested that the whole thing was a piece of military bluff, quite justifiable as bluff, but with no more practical efficacy than a hymn or an incantation. The figures for February, even as we have them, are exaggerated, since they include several vessels that were missing at the time the blockade was declared.

The hopelessness of the blockade is sufficiently evident without having recourse to the sanguine expectations of the Allies. Admiral von Cappelle has published in the Lokal Anzeiger the statistics upon which he bases his hopes of success. He says that the British tonnage available for supplies is 6,750,000 tons. As a matter of fact it was 20,000,000 tons at the end of 1916, although a certain amount of this must be reserved for purely military purposes. If Germany can sink a million tons a month, which is the dazzling figure held out before the German public, it is obvious that there would be no ships left in six or seven months. But estimates that are based in the first place upon enormous misstatements of fact, and in the second place on predictions that are hopelessly falsified, leave much to be desired from the point of view of results. If German successes during the second two weeks in February are equal to those attained during the first two weeks, the total shipping loss will be less than half a million tons instead of a million tons, which will double the British reprieve. And even this excludes all consideration of the new ships that Great Britain can build in her own yards and that can be built to order in foreign yards. We do not know what this amounts to, but we do know that Great Britain's mercantile marine at the end of 1916 was practically the same—20,000,000 tons—as it was at the beginning of the war, that is to say after the sinkings of thirty months. This points to an enormous production and one that has certainly not been dwindling as the national resources have been mobilized. That the German authorities are unaware of the actual situation is inconceivable. Of course they are aware of it. It is a matter of the simplest form of simple arithmetic. The submarine has already taken its place with the Zeppelin as a weapon of great value, but a weapon that can not perform impossibilities. And we may remember that the hopes for the Zeppelin were quite as sanguine as the hopes for the submarine.

Nor is it likely that we shall see a continuation of even such successes as the submarines have already won. The task of scouring the whole ocean for submarines is impossibly great, and the British authorities have not attempted it. They followed the better plan of tracing certain narrow lanes for navigation, and using their resources to keep those lanes protected and open. But a number of smaller craft were either unwarned or they disregarded the warning in the effort to save time, and so wandered into the unprotected area. This is said to account for many of the losses during the early days in February, but we may suppose that experience will be productive of caution and that the admiralty instructions will now be obeyed.

BUT all speculations on German submarine activities are valueless without some allowance for the number of submarines that are captured. I have spoken of this before, but even at the risk of being reiterative it is necessary to use some emphasis in the matter. For we must remember that every submarine captured means a more or less permanent reduction in the offensive fighting force, and it means also a waning in the statistics of losses. Now we do not know how many submarines have been captured. This information is kept secret, and for the obvious reason of hiding the particular areas of the ocean that have proved fatal to the underwater craft. There is probably also what we may call a moral reason. There must be something awful, nerve-racking, in the dispatch of a submarine into a silence and darkness that remain for week after week unbroken. The news of her capture would at least relieve the suspense, but the tragic mysteries of silence must have their effect upon the men who are still awaiting their mission and to whom the fate of their predecessors must be a matter of terrible interest. But if we do not know the number of captures we know at least that the number must be a large one, and sometimes we get more or less reliable glimpses of how large it is. Thus we have the statement of William Palmer, second engineer of the Mongolia. Palmer states that he saw 186 German submarines in Ply-

mouth Harbour, and he was informed that 400 had been captured. But he saw 186 of them. There is another story of a northern port similarly crowded. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, whose evidence is, of course, unimpeachable, said at Pittsburgh on February 9th: "I know positively that in one British port there are eighty-five captured German submarines, and the Deutschland is among them according to a friend of mine who saw it. Altogether I believe the British have not less than 200 of these vessels sewed up. The Germans have painted the word Deutschland on another boat at Bremen for the purpose of fooling the German people and bearing out their own story that the boat did not start for this country. Many of the captured submarines I have seen myself." But such figures as these refer only to the under-water craft that have actually been captured. We must still make allowance for those that have been destroyed and sunk at sea, and they must be quite numerous. Submarines caught in nets are usually brought to shore intact, but the submarine that is sighted by a gunboat is fired on, and if the aim is good the only remaining trace of her is the film of oil spreading slowly over the surface of the water.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires as to the way in which nets are used for the capture of submarines. There seem to be several methods employed. Sometimes the nets are stationary ones, and these are used where the water is shallow. They are similar to the ordinary seine nets of the fisherman, with lead weights on the lower edge and cork floats on the upper edge, but they are made of steel wire, and the meshes are from eight to twelve feet across. These nets are anchored at each end, and they are spread in what may be called the runways of the submarine. Bell-buoys are attached to the cork floats at regular intervals, and if a submarine should run her nose into the meshes of the net she will probably be unable to extricate herself, and the attendant gunboat will be warned of the catch by the ringing of the bells. It is to be remembered that a submarine has no means of knowing what has happened to her until her progress is actually stopped by the resistance of the net, or until her propeller is fouled. And even when she does know of her trouble she can do absolutely nothing to help herself except push forward in the hope of breaking the net or go astern in the hope of backing out of it. But even if she should succeed in either of these aims she will probably be caught if her presence has once been made known to her enemies. She can not move in shallow water without leaving a wake on the surface, and she can be easily seen from the aeroplane with which the gunboat will probably be equipped.

But other methods must be followed where the water is deep, and here, too, the life of the submarine is by no means a happy one. If the surface is infested with enemies she may choose between the almost equal disadvantage of a quick but visible motion on the surface of the water, and a slow and blinded motion under the water. But even when she is submerged she will still leave a wake on the surface if the water is at all smooth, and it is for this tell-tale wake that the vigilant gunboat is on the watch. The gunboat knows precisely what to do. She steams quickly ahead of the submarine and drops a sufficient length of net directly in her path. The net is of the same kind as the one already described. It is several hundred yards long, and it is kept coiled in the bows of the gunboat. As soon as the submarine has pushed her nose into it the net is paid out and the gunboat need then do no more than follow the floating corks in the certainty that her enemy can not get away and that she must eventually come to the surface. And of course the submarine knows nothing of her predicament unless the net should foul the propeller, although she may suspect that something is wrong from the slight diminution in her speed caused by the dragging of the net through the water. It may therefore be repeated that the submarine is by no means in the position of a hawk among sparrows. We might be somewhat nearer the fact by reversing the roles and describing her as a sparrow among the hawks. It may be further pointed out that the odds against the submarine will be largely increased with the coming of fine weather and the increasing smoothness of the water, which will give a greater visibility to her periscope and her wake.

It is perhaps well to remember that the German submarine campaign has probably a larger object than a blockade of the Allied coasts, which, in the very nature of things, is an impossibility, and well known to be an impossibility by those who devised it. The project of an exodus of the German navy from Kiel must never be left out of account, since it is a moral certainty that Germany will not leave any of her cards unplayed upon the table. Now if Germany can keep some hundreds of British gunboats and destroyers employed in holding open the lanes of ocean communication it is obvious that the main fighting force of the British navy will be weakened to just that extent, and the chances of a successful German raid will be increased. Gunboats and destroyers play an essential part in a naval battle, and also in the protection of the battleships when they are on patrol. If the big ships should be forced at any time to accept a fight in the absence of the small craft they would be at a grave disadvantage, and no doubt Germany would be quick to seize the opportunity of any such diversion. Of course there is no means of knowing how many destroyers are actually being used in the submarine hunt, but indications seem to show that the chief reliance is being placed on small motor-boats and trawlers, which, with the single exception of speed, would be nearly as effective as the destroyers. Germany will probably wait awhile in order to ascertain the utmost that she can expect, directly and indirectly, from her submarines, and she will then play her last naval card by sending out her ships once more to try conclusions on the water with her enemy. The battle of Jutland was hardly an encouraging experiment, but the chapter of uncertainties at sea is greater than it is on land, and Germany might well hope that the throw of such colossal dice under propitious circumstances might be in her favour. She is nearly certain to try it, although we may remember that England could give ship for ship in such a struggle.

THE struggle on the water is of so engrossing a nature as to absorb the attention that would otherwise be given to the land campaign. But the fighting in France has now become once more a very real thing. Within the past week we have seen a considerable German success in the Champagne district, and a succession of British successes on the Ancre. The German attack in Champagne is easy to explain. It was intended as a counter irritant to the British offensive in the north, and to deter the French from joining in that offensive. It is to be remembered that the Somme district, which includes the Ancre, is divided between the British and the French. The British are in the north with Bapaume for their chief objective, and the French are in the south with Perome as their aim. The fact that the British have resumed their activities upon the old lines the moment the weather admitted of such a resumption seems to suggest that no particularly new departure is contemplated, and that the battle of the Somme is to be continued from the point where winter compelled its relinquishment. What more natural, then, than that the Germans should strike heavily at some other point in the line in order to compel a weakening of the French in the north?

1—(Cartoon)—The Liberator. "And now, Poland, you are free as Belgium!" —Le Journal, Paris.

The raids that have become so prominent a part of the British activities are said to have been devised by the Canadians and to have been so effective as to be adopted by the whole front. Their object is two-fold, first, to exercise a disturbing effect upon the morale of the defenders, and secondly, to ascertain by samples, so to speak, the composition of the forces in the German trenches.

Champ Clark's Bible Class

(Concluded from page 6.)

mitted to rise indiscriminately on either side for the express purpose of muckraking gentlemen opposite. There is much less party animus than with us. Congress is less of a political machine in average discussions than is Parliament. Members may differ more on the same side. America is more averagely represented in Congress than Canada is on Parliament Hill. Champ Clark's Bible Class is more temperamental than our Commons. It is as a rule much less formal. It embodies the outspoken characteristics of the country. It is, to be sure, highly cosmopolitan. Whatever party unanimity there may be on domestic matters such as the tariff, on foreign affairs there is apt to be a cleavage clean across the parties. This was never more so than during the recent war and navy debates. Such an unCanadian tendency makes it look as though foreign affairs would be the only way of bringing out the spirit of Americanism. But that may be a superficial judgment.

Congress costs the United States a good round penny a year. Taking the 435 representatives at an average of $10,000 a year each, including secretaries, office rent, stationery, etc., we have an initial grand charge of $43,500,000 paid to a small army of State employees for the business of managing national departments. We assume that a State as represented in Congress is a department of the nation. Anyway, it costs that much money just to get the men.

That, of course, is only the beginning. The ultimate cost, counting the 235 Senators, the Cabinet and the President at $75,000 a year—new salary—cannot be computed here; neither very easily at Washington. It doesn't really matter what it costs. The country must have it. The business of administering a public doman of 100,000,000 population is beyond ordinary cost-arithmetic. No doubt the game is worth the candle. Congressmen are supposed to be worth their salt, even though all of them are not the salt of the earth. I wouldn't be a Congressman for any less than $7,000 a year. When you get a citizen developed to the point where he enters Congress he can't be computed at so much an hour actual labour like an editor or a navvy. He represents invested capital. It costs a man considerable just learning how to be a Congressman. How much can't be estimated. It's usually algebra. Besides, it costs most of them a lot to get elected in the first place, and to stay elected as long as possible.

Far be it from a Canadian editor to compute what it costs a Congressman to get elected. We can't even calculate the cost of an M.P. We are not up in higher mathematics—higher morally, I mean. When you begin to reckon what it costs to stay elected, that's a matter of insurance, and that's always a gamble. A Congressman who has to hand over a $10,000-a-year income to a $2,000-a-year member of the firm to collect must be expected to come high in insurance.

These are all "pork-barrel" considerations. And Congress is not all pork. No, Congress is a highly mentalized aggregation. It is as temperamental as a corps of Metropolitan Opera stars, even though Caruso gets about as much for two nights' performances as a Congressman gets for a whole year in national science. We refuse to estimate Cong[illegible] by mere arithmetic. It's a sociological study.

One of these days the business of Congress [illegible] so increased that the House will have [illegible] months a year. When that comes politic[illegible] business the same as railroading and [illegible] In that case—what becomes of the [illegible]

FARM WOMEN OUGHT TO HAVE A STATUE

United Farm Women of Alberta, Their Aims and Achievements

By CHARLES STOKES

FROM the conclusion of Norman Lambert's article on the western farmers' movement, in a recent Courier, I practically read myself into the hall at Edmonton where the United Farmers of Alberta were sitting in annual convention. If any reader of this journal still cherishes the idea that the raison d'etre of a western farmers' convention is to deliberate the difference between the tame and the wild cat or the symptoms of hog-cholera, he is evidently out of touch with events. With a growing realization of their political strength (which will be prodigiously increased if the cherished project for amalgamating all the farmers' associations and co-operative elevator companies in the prairie provinces is consummated, thereby giving them a membership of between 100,000 and 150,000), the delegates had just brought in a political platform calling for wholesale reductions in the Federal tariff, reciprocity with the United States, direct taxation of unimproved land values, income tax, proportional representation, nationalization of railways, telegraphs and express business, and Lord knows what else. Without one dissentient voice, and with the utmost tranquillity, these 800 delegates, representing some 20,000 farmers, calmly proposed to initiate what a mere urban reformer, yapping at the heels of the most minor abuses, regards as Utopia.

Not the least notable achievement of the western farmers' movement is to be found outside of its own organization. The United Farm Women of Alberta is an extraordinarily successful offshoot of the men's endeavours; how exactly it came about I do not profess to know. The legend that it was initiated by a cynical delegate to keep his own and other men's wives out of the shops will hardly bear investigation when you study the resolutions presented by this convention of women.

Do you think they discussed babies, or how to make over a packing-case into a cosy corner? Do you imagine that their agenda concerned itself with the hundred and one ways of cooking fudge or the latest palpitations of the hat fashions? I submit that no convention of city women would have omitted these subjects; but these farm women did. Yes, sir. A better banking system was what they discussed, and the nationalization of munition factories, the compulsory segregation of the mentally deficient, and the married woman's separate vote—(Say, do you remember when we used to apologize when we proposed handing over to women the administration of certain things that came altogether within women's legitimate sphere?)

As far as I could see and hear, there was only one baby there, notwithstanding—a perhaps significant fact—that every delegate answered to the roll-call as a "Mrs." There were other significant facts a-plenty. For instance, not one of the delegates referred to a previous speaker as a "cat," as some of us men imagine is their regular habit. The atmosphere was entirely purposeful. There were no references to clothes.

Possibly over their four o'clock tea, the society women of Edmonton had no small laughter amongst themselves at the "weird" costumes of these farm-women delegates. Possibly in their secret hearts the farm women paid envious tribute to the toilettes of their city hostesses. Possibly a few delegates were seduced from their high and serious resolves by the apparent superiority of the specially-decorated shops over their own Main Street General Emporium. But no city woman could have sat ten minutes in the convention room without being smitten with a consciousness of her own triviality. That same ten minutes, too, might have given her a better line of what "Back to the Land" really means (in case her own husband ever gets the fever) than a ton of literature on the Glories of Labour.

When you come to think it over, the farm woman ought to have a statue. With all due respect to her horny-handed lord and master, the most serious burdens of the agricultural community are carried by the farm wife and inherited by the farm daughter. It is the wife who largely determines the extent of the farmer's vision—it is she who creates the atmosphere that lies behind his success or failure. And, remember, she does so at a handicap. She has seldom any of the time and labour saving devices that the city house-wife calls indispensable, and, when she takes the bull by the horns and suggests the acquisition of the same to her husband, he, as often as not, calls it insanity that his wife should want a machine to make her work easier just because he happens to contemplate buying some more machinery to make farming easier.

The farm wife has few of the little fripperies dear to the feminine heart. She has less new clothes and still less chance to display them than her city sister; and a Red Cross tea or a church social is her superlative memory. She has less opportunity for acquiring culture and polish, a smaller and meaner circle, composed principally of the old man and the hired hand. And when to her come the sorrow and tribulation of bearing children, she can't avail herself of any twilight sleep frills. It's grim, old-fashioned travail for her. And because the farm wife discharges all her splendid functions without grumbling, it is a pleasure to pay her this one small tribute. Her ideals of home comfort are not of the highest. She covers her floors with oilcloth instead of carpet because the mud off the men's boots can be washed up. She may so lack aesthetic taste that her living room contains shell ornaments, 15-cent vases and chromos, and no Chesterfields.

The women of the west are already bearing many extra burdens besides those that have seemed their lot. Some of us scarcely appreciate that the extra labour imposed by the present shortage of labour, which is likely to be intensified as the war is prolonged, is borne largely by women. And upon the women of the west will chiefly devolve the fusing of nationalities that is one of the problems of that cosmopolitan young country. When the American, the English, the Ruthenian, the Dane, the Russian, the Finn and the Italian lie down side by side in friendship and in understanding, it will not be due to Canadian Club eloquence; it will be due, rather, to the church social, the women's institute and the women's sewing party.

In conjunction with the growth of the farm women's associations must be noted the greater breadth of vision that now animates agricultural education in the west, whereby more liberal provision is made for the education of the farm daughter. No agricultural school or college lacks its girls' department. True, they teach only domestic science, and their graduates, not yet having assumed the serious responsibilities of farm wifehood, are no less frivolous than the city girl of the same age. But the farm girl is a home-builder of the future to a greater extent than the city "stenog."

It was a hard enough struggle to get agricultural education for boys "by." Dad's proverbial attitude towards the agricultural college was that it put a lot of ologies and isms into the lad's head, but didn't teach him to milk a cow or hustle in a crop; but he gave way when he saw results. That conceded, however, it was a very different matter when it came to the boy's sister: that she needed education in those departments that make for more efficient and more comfortable homes was beyond Dad's and the average ken. And if we erect that statue to the Farm Wife, we want another—scarcely a cubit smaller—to the Farm Daughter, who, seeing in her mother's premature old age the results of a life-long struggle with the work that was never quite done, cheerfully and uncomplainingly assumed in the next generation the same narrow environment and the same apparently meaningless succession of drudgeries.

The better education of the farm girl in domestic science, in the midst of a wider companionship and cultural contact, is going to produce some remarkable changes. When the farm boy who is at present working his way through the agricultural college goes off and gets married to the farm girl who is still in the domestic science department, the

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OBA women also seem to be working for the future. This is woman's opportunity. The Home ...nics Convention in Winnipeg recently passed several drastic resolutions. Among them was ...g the hearty endorsation by the Convention of the national service scheme, to be carried ...tional government; further, the wealth of the country should be mobilized for war purposes by a graduated income tax with the least possible delay.

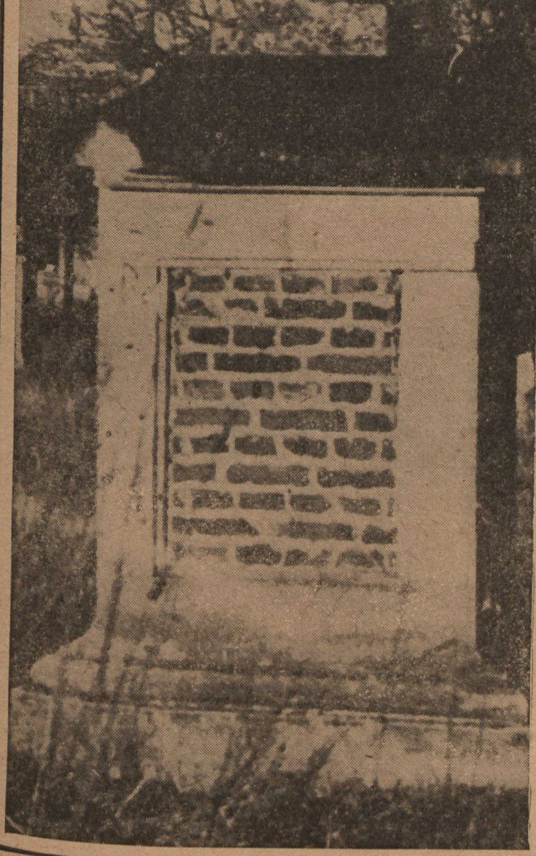
WAR'S UNENDING VARIETY

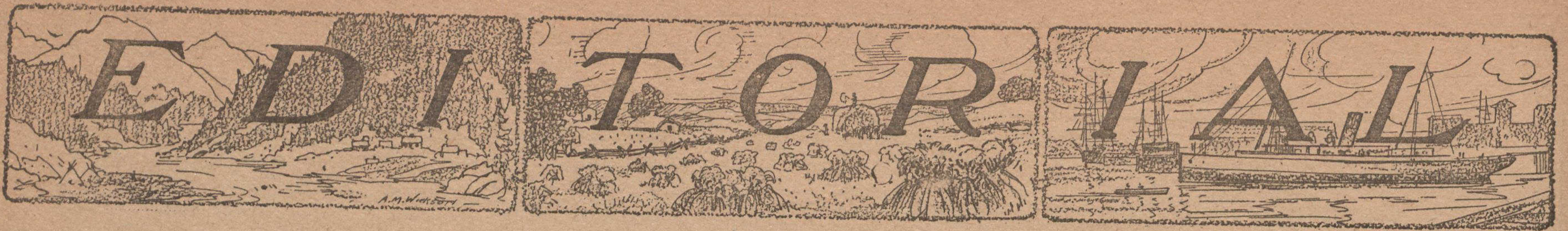
THE picture above reveals one of the hundreds of submarine tragedies. These survivors of the troop transport Ivernia were rescued from a small raft in the Mediterranean.

In the grim grip of war the French soldier retains his humour. The poilu in the picture to the left sprung a surprise on the people. Many statues as well as soldiers have had arms and legs shot away. This soldier posed as a shelled statue.

Irish-Canadian soldiers have recently been on a visit to Limerick and other Irish centres. Very few of them had any badges left from the trophy-hunters.

A few days ago, Thomas Edison, a Canadian by birth, celebrated his seventeenth birthday in the storage battery factory at Orange, N.J. At this dinner party Henry Ford sits at the extreme left.





Shortening Our National Lines

SPRING is fumbling at the door. It is time we had some definite practical propaganda for the summer. A lot of wise people have been talking about the necessity for increasing production. Equally wise people have been telling us that we ought to consecrate ourselves on the altar of more munitions. And those who belabor the drums of obvious patriotism continue to remind us that our prime duty is to send still more men to the trenches.

Now, what is the plain truth of the whole matter? Obviously that we can't do all these things equally well. What we must consider doing with the greatest good to the greatest number depends upon what best use we can make of what we have at our disposal. We will assume that we have pretty well manned and womaned the munition factories. We will even claim that it was not necessary to put up half a billion munition orders in one year as a national goal any more than it was a necessarily inspired statement of the Premier that we should raise half a million soldiers for a Canadian army. But it was necessary, and still is now more than ever, to co-ordinate everything we have in order to make ourselves of the greatest possible use in the world's work. None of the belligerent countries has the enormous wealth of the raw material that exists in Canada, most of it useful for winning the war, saving the country and helping the world at large. None but the smallest of them has such a small population. No country in the world has so few people scattered over such an area. Canada is in the position of an army that has enormously extended its lines. In our boom era we flung ourselves prodigally over half a continent; seven millions of people to hold in productive energy a territory as large as the United States with thirteen times the population. The war came before we had even got our trenches all dug. To shorten our lines all over the country means to surrender territory.

We can't possibly do the country's best work in this war by trying to do all things equally well. But we must make the best use of all that we have. If we are to produce more of the world's food, in heaven's name let us organize ourselves immediately for that purpose. Let it not be said of us that in 1917 we fell below 1916, or much below 1915 in producing what the world most needs. Above all, let it not be said that we bit off more than we could nationally chew. We have now a merely hysterical system of recruiting. Let us abandon it. Let us know what the national service cards have to say. Let us find out what our real national service amounts to. If this Government as at present constituted does not know that let the Government add unto itself with the consent of the people any and all such men and machinery as will enable it so to do. And let the farmers of this country face 1917 with a reasonable assurance that they will be able to do all that 1917 calls them to do. Let the towns and cities where a percentage of people may be working at half or low pressure give up some of their people at needed intervals for the purpose of increasing production and holding the country's lines.

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Women in Democracy

WE have been asked what is our opinion on woman suffrage. There are people who still seem to consider this particular problem of pressing importance at a time when most crusades of that sort are being jolted into new perspectives by a world tumult. Woman suffrage is only a phase of social regeneration. It is one of those things which if taken by itself will never be solved to the satisfaction of the world. We believe in democracy. The people ought to rule. But by what instruments they are best able to rule is the eternal question. Since man seems to have made such a relative failure at keeping the world in order, it seems to the suffrage evangels that it is more than ever time for women to take a hand.

That, however, is not a problem for Canada or England or any particular country alone. It is of world-wide scope. The women of the British Empire, even if they all had the vote, could not prevent war. And if the women of one country prevented war while the women of another one let the war lords rampage over the earth at their own sweet will, we should soon be in a position of perilous democracy. We are willing to admit that of all countries in the world Germany has made the worst mess of government, diplomacy and world reputation. And Germany has kept womankind in a state of subdued inferiority recognized by the State. The women of Germany are the kitchenettes of the war lords and of the army. They may not resent this. It is time they did. We may not care to see the women of Germany elevated to the sentimental apex represented by the fair figure on the cover of this issue. That would be quite another story. But even in womanizing United States there is congressional resentment over the fact that next session there will be a woman congressman who must be referred to as the gentleman from—I think it is Nevada.

In our own country the West seems to have made most progress in what is called the liberation of women. The West will soon have women in all its legislatures. In the East the man hangs on to his sole prerogative. In all probability the East will have to follow the West in this matter. Women are not easily balked. If they want the ballot along with seats in Parliaments, and want it bad enough and long enough and for good enough reasons, then by all means let them have it. Heaven knows we have enough worthless male electors in our scheme of manhood suffrage. If we could weed out these incapables and substitute for them a limited number of women franchisers we should be the better off. But to fling wide the gates and give all women of discreet age the vote along with seats in Parliament would, to our way of thinking, be a bad blow at what we call democracy.

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Vale Potato!

MANKIND in North America seems about to say a temporary farewell to the potato. Only in Germany, and so far as Canada is concerned, in the Maritime Provinces, has the potato now an economic status. Ireland may decline to go on raising potatoes for a United Kingdom which will not give the potato home rule. England will increase her production of the great tuber imported by Walter Raleigh along with tobacco from somewhere in the southern seas. Canada is not likely to get much relief from the potato paucity unless we have a good moist summer in 1917. We continue to let Maritime potatoes slide away down to the Bahamas and such places instead of sending them over our transcontinental railways to points west. The West is not strong on potato culture, though it can grow good potatoes and should produce enormous quantities in those black soils of northern Alberta and Saskatchewan.

But whatever we intend to do in potato culture in 1917, for the present and at least until the farmers' pits are open, we are turning our backs on the potato. We are told to turn our faces towards rice. This is a act of temperamental violence. We dearly love the potato. Boiled, mashed, baked, French fried, hash brown, creamed, escalloped or in shepherd's pie—we have raised the tuber of the manifold eyes to the position of a domestic tyrant. Scarcely any meal has been immune from this genial carbonaceous intruder. We have even welcomed it when it was heavy as lead, soggy and sad and scabby. Domestic art, along with a promiscuous use of various sorts of grease in the form of fryings, gravies or butter, has invested the potato with a glamour that it never possessed in the days of Raleigh. We have even known people to eat raw potatoes. We have made the spud do team work with the corncob on oil-cans. We have paid a dollar a peck for seed potatoes in the spring in a summer when we got back the price of the seed after all the hoeings and hosings and buggings. Even that did not destroy our ultimate faith in the potato. All that was left was to make it into a negligible luxury along with grape fruit, oranges and apples. A bad summer along with worse freight conditions on the railways has done this. Sadly we relinquish the potato, without so much as an Irish tear; stoically we turn to the farinaceous rice, emblem of productivity. In so doing we are conscious of a great emotional wrench. But since the war began we have grown accustomed to violent revulsions. Even the valedictory to the potato can be endured.

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The Unterseaboote Maniacs

WHEN the gang of underwater maniacs on the U 3 sank 30,000 tons of inoffensive and non-contraband Dutch shipping off Falmouth last week, the world that comes to a climax around Washington must have been a bit startled. The torpedoes and the bombs that sank these seven harmless Dutch vessels and cargoes to the bottom must have echoed in the "whispering gallery" on Capitol Hill. But, of course, the vessels were only Dutch and the cargoes intended to keep Dutch people alive. And, of course, the Germans merely uncorked their bottle of crocodile tears for the occasion, and admitted it was all a blunder, all the while the Hindenburg-Tirpitz crowd chuckled that in one swoop Germany had at last got her bag of 30,000 tons at the promised rate of a million a month.

However, President Wilson has metaphysically determined to let American ships go into the barred zones if they want to carrying American cargoes for any port whatsoever, and manned by American crews. Why should American cargoes and American seamen be exempt from destruction? Suppose the cargoes are foodstuffs or munitions intended to support the Allies and to kill Germans. Has Germany the right to sink such vessels? Undoubtedly. Just as much right as England has to blockade Germany. The point comes in not killing Americans. And that all comes from the character of submarine warfare. Under the old system of sea warfare no unarmed merchantman was sunk without warning. Only enemy battleships were sunk. Merchantmen were captured as prizes of war and convoyed away to port, to be disposed of in a prize court at the end of the war. It was not counted good warfare to sink a non-combatant ship if it could be saved. International agreement saved the ships and, of course, merely interned passengers and crews if such ships were shown to be destined for enemy ports. Submarines, however, cannot capture and convoy. They can only destroy. They can, but do not choose, to visit and seach, in order to discover whether the cargoes are legal contraband of war. And a submarine has no facility for carrying captured crews. The world has not yet adapted itself to the genius of unrestricted submarine warfare. And the best part of the world does not propose to do so. Unrestricted submarine warfare means unlimited destruction of both lives and property among non-combatants. It is considered as much a hostile act as an invasion. Until the nations constitute it good international law to practise unlimited destruction on the sea the world will place a limit on submarine warfare. But then, of course, it's positively outrageous that Germany should be limited in anything.

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A Matter of Appeal

MONTREAL'S success in raising over four million dollars for the Canadian Patriotic Fund outshines Toronto's recent achievement, and is a fitting rejoinder to any who may have been inclined to suppose Toronto was the only really patriotic city in the Dominion. Patriotism and generosity are not the monopolies of any one part of this country, nor of any one class of people, once the appeal has been properly made.

THE EMBLEM OF FORCE

By ESTELLE M. KERR

THE vote, says the Monocle Man, is the Emblem of Force—why trust the ballot to the hands that lack force? Women have everything else, he admits. "It is folly to argue that mentally, a woman of education cannot cast a more intelligent ballot than the day labourer whom she hires to dig up her garden. But the day labourer would do better work in the trenches; and surely in this terrible time when it is being demonstrated to us that the world is ruled by force, and force alone, we cannot fail to perceive the true character of the ballot box. It is a force meter."

What an extraordinary idea! We have always advocated a brain-test for voters, but it surprised us to see this test for brawn put forward in a progressive paper like the Courier—yet how simple it would be! One of those machines that they have at country fairs would serve the purpose, and anyone who could wield the great hammer and register the required amount of force would be entrusted with the ballot. This would exclude all weaklings and people past the prime of life, no matter how clever they may be, no matter how many years they have devoted to the study of political economy. It would give the vote to thousands of school boys and girls who play hockey and exercise in the gymnasium. It would actually register the nation's potential army; but, applied to Canada, it would be far from accurate as to our actual fighting force, unless conscription were introduced at the same time.

NOW don't for a moment think that this force test would exclude women—far from it! We are quite prepared to admit that the male of the human species has greater force than the female, both physically and mentally, but in view of the fact that 30,000 British women are actually in the war zone acting as nurses, orderlies, army cooks, and motor truck drivers, and that millions of them are making munitions and doing other heavy manual labour to release men for service, it is ridiculous to think that we could register the fighting force of the nation without taking women into consideration.

If the Ballot stands for Force, surely these women should vote.

MALE anti-suffragists are tiresome, but it is difficult to understand why any women should be fiercely opposed to the vote. Most of them are indifferent to it, but there still exist women who are intellectual aristocrats definitely opposed to democracy, who prefer underhand influence to the open vote, who wish to behave nicely to the poor and keep them in their proper place with a firm but gentle hand and by no means accompany them to the polls. Now, which will cast the more intelligent vote—the working-woman, whose daily life is affected by questions such as pure water or rapid transit; the business woman, whose affairs will prosper under tariff reforms, or the wealthy parasite who rolls around in her limousine behaving nicely to the poor?

"Do you believe in woman suffrage?" someone asked a salesgirl.

"Well, I don't know," she said; "I am very much afraid of the ignorant vote."

"Don't you think the working-woman is capable of voting?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied. "It's the leisure class I'm afraid of."

BUT the anti-suffragist is a rare bird these days. His voice is seldom heard in the land. The opposition of Mr. Asquith has heretofore been the greatest obstacle in the way of equal suffrage in Britain, but the splendid patriotic services of women since hostilities began has wrought such a complete change in his mind that he has publicly announced that any franchise bill must be drafted in contemplation of woman suffrage. In Great Britain women have fought bitterly for the vote; in Australia and New Zealand they had merely to ask for it. The victories of the suffragists in the U. S. A. have been comparatively easy. Already there are four million women voters, chiefly in the Western States, and the tide rolls eastward steadily. In Canada, too, the West leads. In January, 1916, Manitoba extended the franchise to women, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia soon followed, and now it looks very much as if the women of Ontario would be called upon to share the same burden . . . privilege . . . which is it?

SOME will receive the announcement with joy and celebrate a hard-fought victory, others will betray annoyance, and a still greater number will show absolute indifference. But the vote incurs a responsibility. It places us in the governing class instead of the governed, and while we have all been taught how free and glorious is a democratic government, we have not been instructed in our responsibility in this line. We should no longer stand aside and criticize the government, saying THEY do this and THEY do that. We must remember that it is WE who elect our representatives, WE who govern.

A WOMAN who is about to become a mother may think it will be very jolly to have a baby, but she must also consider her personal responsibility; and women about to be entrusted with half the power of Federal government should not consider it lightly. A kind of holy joy should, I think, be the proper emotion, but we can't all manage to feel it. Personally, I find it difficult. To be recognized as the equal of MAN does not elate me. Since our most gallant souls have gone to the front I have been treated to no end of equalities (like the privilege of standing in the street cars), and the idea of casting a ballot does not cheer me. I did cast one once at a municipal election, having gone to a good deal of trouble to register. It cost me seven dollars in income tax and there was little choice between the aldermanic candidates; but having once registered as a voter, I determined manfully to continue. The next year my voter's notification did not arrive. I telephoned a complaint to the City Hall, and they assured me that the card must have gone astray, so on New Year's day I accompanied the family on its voting expedition, but in vain. Underhand influences had been at work, the government, fearing my deadly power and superior to the bribe of my income tax, had basely removed my name from the voters' list, and I went ignominously home. Since then I have neither voted nor paid taxes.

ON the one occasion when I exercised the limited franchise, I was assured by the man in charge of the voters' list that I was the only unmarried lady who had voted that day, though several women property owners had cast ballots for the school board. Indeed, he insisted that I was entitled to a vote for the Board of Education and nothing else, though in reality I had the privilege of voting for everything except that. It is difficult for the male mind to grasp these legal subtleties, but I patiently explained the law that governed women's voting privileges in Ontario, where every widow or spinster in receipt of an income of $400 has equal municipal privileges with men. The district in which I voted was one of comfortable homes and numerous eligible daughters, nearly all of whom possessed the required income, yet here was I—late in the afternoon—the only one who had presented herself at the polls! Perhaps they looked forward to marriage, which would disqualify them from voting, and did not want to acquire the habit.

MOST women may only vote when they are either too young or too old to care about it. At twenty-one few women—or men, either, for that matter—take an interest in politics; and the majority of widows are old or infirm, and having been debarred of this privilege for the greater part of their lives, they ceased to want it. Important elections bring out a larger percentage of voters, and when women were allowed to vote only for minor elections, it was not surprising that they did not turn out in full numbers. To say that women will vote in opposition to men is absurd. There is little real unity amongst us, while the sex attraction which links men and women together is the strongest thing in the world. It is as ridiculous to suppose that enfranchised women would ever unite to oppose men, as it would be to imagine the blondes all voting one way and the brunettes another. There are some questions touching the home and family, in which women feel more keenly than men, and moral reforms, such as mothers' pensions and the segregation of the feeble-minded, soon follow the enfranchisement of women, because these reforms are also supported by thinking men.

THE enfranchisement of woman is coming; it is impossible to stop it, but it is not a cure-all, for women, alas, are faulty human beings, no better, and no worse, than men. There is a constant complaint that "good men" will not come forward for either parliamentary or municipal office. Are not we women somewhat to blame? Has there not been a certain feeling that "I didn't raise my son to be a politician"? What did we raise him to be—a millionaire? Possibly. In any case, a success. The ideals of true statesmanship have not been sufficiently impressed upon the imaginative youth and the ideal of success has driven into politics men who thought they could "make a good thing out of it." Perhaps the war may bring about a quickening of public interest. It has already developed the ideal of service, and as the brawn of our country is giving its life-force overseas, surely the brains should be given to the responsibilities of government given to us by the ballot.

HEPPEL DEGRASSE'S GRANDSON

Everard's Story of Business Fortune in Canada, and a D. C. M. that Followed

By BRITTON B. COOKE

"THERE!" cried Jasper, slapping the kinks out of his newspaper, and passing it over to Blount and Everard. "The aristocracy counts, even in this country. Read that!"

Blount held the paper while Everard, crossing the room, perused the item over Blount's shoulder.

"'Captain Noel Degrasse'—that's the rubber millionaire crowd—'decorated by the King.' Blount read, 'Another Canadian wins Distinguished Conduct Medal for services on the west front.' "Well," Blount looked across toward Jasper, "What about it?"

"I was merely remarking," sighed Jasper, reaching for his paper once more, "that blood will tell—even in this country, where we pretend there's no aristocracy. The war has shown that the so-called upper classes even in Canada, are earning their right to leadership by conspicuous sacrifices at the front."

"Bah!" retorted Blount, "there is no such thing as an aristocracy in this country. A few old blue-noses here and there have tried to keep up the traditions of the old world, and all they have become is snobs—shabby old snobs that are being crowded out even from the State dinners at Government House."

"Wrong," returned Jasper. "You shouldn't let your passion for democracy blind you to the truth. The truth is, that the few aristocrats we have in this benighted country have shown their title deeds. Their young men have proven what was in 'em. They are as worthy to lead to-day as they were in the old days of chivalry. Noel DeGrasse is merely another one of upper class Canadians to win the D. C. M. He has helped redeem Rosedale from the charge of being merely rich and childless—oh, no!" As the others smiled, "I don't mean what you mean. He was an aristocrat in Peace, and he's proved himself an aristocrat in war."

Everard looked across at Jasper.

"What makes you think DeGrasse was an aristocrat?" he said.

"Well, isn't he?"

"Probably a gutter snipe," chuckled Blount. "That'd be a good one on you, Jasper."

"No," continued Everard, "Degrasse is no gutter snipe. But neither is he the kind of aristocrat Jasper thinks he is."

"Isn't he one of the old DeGrasse tribe that came up here with the U. E. Loyalists before eighteen hundred?" queried Jasper.

"No," said Everard steadily. "He isn't. Though Noel DeGrasse's mother probably has half a million a year income, and all the outward—and perhaps inward signs of the things you admire so much, Jasper—the truth is, that it would take a very skilful man to trace the DeGrasse family back much more than two generations. Noel DeGrasse's grandfather came to Toronto a nobody from nowhere——"

"One on you, Jasper," snorted Blount.

"Wait—wait a bit," said Everard, "and yet I agree with Jasper that Noel DeGrasse is an aristocrat."

"How the devil?" demanded Blount.

"Brains," said Everard, enigmatically. "Brains are the things that count. I'll tell you the story of the DeGrasses if you like."

This is what he told.

II.

"OLD Heppel DeGrasse was a peddler in the backwoods of Ontario. That is the first that is known of him. Though his name had a French turn, he himself resembled in manners and speech a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He replenished his pack at intervals in Toronto, then set out westerly and northerly through the scattered farming settlements, trading his goods for products of the farm—such as he could carry most conveniently. He would sell some thrifty farm wife a bolt of grey flannel with which to make grey petticoats for her flock of children. She would give, in payment, her accumulated house-money in the form of dried sheep-skins. Sheep-skins in those days were the best sort of currency in the small-ware and dry-goods trade. They were light and flat. Here and there, sitting in the shadows beside the fire-place you will encounter grandmothers who recall those days and will picture for you—in the intervals of the young people's talk about Red Cross teas and the latest aeroplane lieutenant home on leave—how the peddler's wagon would roll up the lane all a-flutter with the edges of his stacked-up sheep-skins, while the hearts of his patrons were a-flutter with the anticipation of pretty things to be solemnly chosen out of his cargo.

"Such was the first trade of the grandfather of Noel DeGrasse, D. C. M. But, as a matter of fact, the old fellow did not make much money at the peddling business. It is said he was robbed once by highwaymen on the road from Toronto to Orangeville. Another time, returning from a long trip, he tried to ford the Credit near Streetsville, but was caught in the current and lost all his load of sheep-skins. The real foundation of the DeGrasse fortune was laid in the later ventures of old Heppel DeGrasse. He quit the peddling trade, and with what capital he had went to Windsor, opposite Detroit, where he discovered for himself a profitable way of manipulating his capital.

"You see, in those days Canadian money, arriving in Detroit, or American money arriving in Canada was at a great discount. Anyone crossing from the boundary did well to take with him, if he could, the currency of the country he was entering. Otherwise the shop-keepers and money-changers would be almost certain to gouge the traveller heavily. Old DeGrasse conceived the idea of underselling the money changers. He established himself first of all on the Detroit side of the river where, when he met Americans evidently bent on crossing to Canada—and not too well informed on the exchange situation—he offered to change their money for them at an advantageous rate. He was plausible and persuasive, and in time he had changed half of his small Canadian fortune into American money, and with little or no loss to himself. He now hired a clerk and opened one office on the American side and another on the Canadian side—just where the international traffic was bound to pass. By exchanging and re-exchanging the currencies of the two countries he was able in five years to build up a big fortune, as fortunes went in those days."

"But where," demanded Jasper, breaking in, "did the rubber business commence?"

"That was the next step," said Everard.

III.

"OLD Heppel had married when in Windsor—I believe it was a half-Spanish half-Irish woman, whose husband had been drowned in a ferry-boat collision in the Detroit River. By this woman he had one son—the father of Noel DeGrasse, D. C. M. By the time this son was twenty or thereabouts, the old DeGrasse had made his original fortune still greater by shrewd money-lending in Toronto and elsewhere. He had set himself up—without offices, of course—as a sort of private banker.

"One of his borrowers was Tertius Cochrane—ever heard of him? Well, old Tertius was one of the nobs—one of the 'blooded aristocracy'—but not the aristocracy of brains—not by a long way. Old Tertius had inherited from somebody a recipe for the making of rubber—everything he had he 'inherited'—and he had established a factory in Toronto. Of course, as you know, nearly all the early rubber manufacturers worked by these secret 'recipes.' They resembled the average house-wife's prescription for making a cake. They were inexact and unreliable. They were not so much formulae as mystic rites. Old Tertius alone behind a locked and sealed door. He would enter the making-rooms with great dignity, and leave all his help standing in awe outside while he, with the precious recipe in hand, went in and made an incantation, or threw some sort of magic powder into the mess of rubber—or scratched the sides of the vat and whistled—something equally intelligent.

"At all events, he could never be absolutely certain whether a batch was going to be a success or a failure—and thereby he got into the debt of old DeGrasse. Finally he had to show the recipe to DeGrasse and make the old man his partner. The old man advanced more money, and they went on with the silly recipe. Sometimes it worked and sometimes the batch would be a dead loss. On those occasions old Tertius Cochrane would blame it on the east wind, or the moon, or the raw material—anything that was handy.

"Grandfather Heppel DeGrasse became fascinated by the rubber problem in time. Instead of giving it up in disgust he grew more and more determined to find out what was wrong with Tertius' methods. He was getting old by this time, so he sent his boy—that's Noel Degrasse's father—down to Peru to learn something about the gathering of the raw material and to 'pick craft'—that is, to learn what he might from other folk in the rubber business. After the boy had been in Peru a year he sent him to Harvard to take a post-graduate course in chemistry, and then he 'bought' him a job in one of the leading steel manufacturing concerns in the United States. He tried to get the boy into a rubber company, but couldn't.

"In five years' time—during which the Toronto rubber concern had been losing money hand-over-fist—Noel DeGrasse's father came back and was given the management of the Tertius Cochrane factory. Cochrane had sold out and set himself up as a sort of Patron of Canada on Well's Hill. Young DeGrasse was in full charge.

"The first thing he did was to instal an experimental laboratory in the old factory. Even his father was alarmed at this sign of new-fangled faddishness. But old Heppel DeGrasse said nothing. He was worried over his losses in rubber, and he was determined that if the boy was able to make good he would at least have every chance to prove it. And the boy—Noel DeGrasse's father, DID prove it.

"He analyzed and cross-analyzed that old rubber recipe. He found the why and the wherefore for every step in it. Some of the things that the recipe required he found to be absolutely worthless, and therefore unnecessary. Other things commanded by the recipe were in wrong proportion, as one might expect from the empirical methods of those days. Finally, DeGrasse II. had so improved the methods of his father's factory that there were no longer any bad batches, and the quality of the DeGrasse rubber was beginning to be known throughout the trade.

"The rest of the story doesn't matter much. The point is that young DeGrasse had brains, and was able to retrieve the old peddler's money. He did not stop with putting the laboratory into his factory and improving the product, but he added also an expert accounting department. He watched his costs and therefore was able to tell exactly—and safely—what his profits were. . . . They were considerable as you know. His son Noel has had the benefit not only of this money, but of intelligent up-bringing. With the money-problem of life solved, the second generation of DeGrasses was able to put the same skill into training its children as into making the rubber business go."

IV.

BLOUNT, who had listened intently throughout the telling, sighed with satisfaction.

"Well," he said, "You've only proven that the DeGrasses were not—in the first place or in the second place, either—aristocrats. The D. C. M. that young Noel DeGrasse has just won, comes as the logical result of having old Nobody Heppel for a grandfather. Another victory for Democracy, I say!"

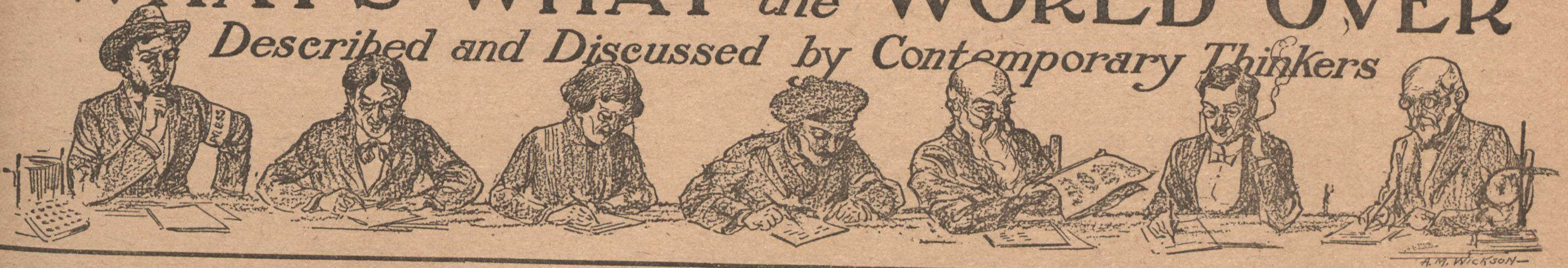
Jasper was beginning to sulk—because, of course, it did look as though he had lost his case—when Everard spoke again.

"Not on your life, Blount," he said. "If Jasper will just alter his definition of aristocracy I will stand on his side and prove you wrong."

"You mean——" said Jasper, "if I will grant that aristocracy means brains?"

"Yes—and money," said Everard. "The DeGrasses of this generation have had the leisure—thanks to money—to study and to think and to form proper

(Concluded on page 22.)



NIVELLE'S STORY

Something About This Great French General's Life

IT was in Northern Africa, in Algeria, writes Charles Johnston, in the North American, that General Nivelle first saw active service. A boy of fourteen at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, he was too young to take part, with Joffre, Gallieni, and Pau, in the fight against the invader; but not too young to feel deeply the defeat and spoliation of France. He studied both at the Ecole Polytechnique and at Saint-Cyr, and fitted himself to serve with equal proficiency in the infantry, the cavalry and the artillery. He was particularly noted, as a subaltern, for horsemanship, and was a reckless rider in regimental steeple-chases. But he finally found his way into the artillery.

In 1900 the Dowager-Empress of China, that magnificent and sinister old woman who was for so many years "the only man in China," counseled thereto, perhaps, by Prince Tuan, had skilfully transformed the semi-revolutionary Boxer organization into a force directed against the foreign residents in China, and had at least connived at their attacks on the foreign legations at Pekin. The killing of the German envoy inspired the Kaiser to his famous allocution advising his soldiers to emulate, in punishing China, the exploits of Attila and his Huns, and expeditionary forces were sent through Tien-tsin to the Chinese capital to free the besieged legations. France joined in this expedition, sending a considerable force under General Voyron, and to this force Major Nivelle, as he then was, was attached. But, before they left, they had a graceful duty to perform, and this duty was entrusted to General Nivelle.

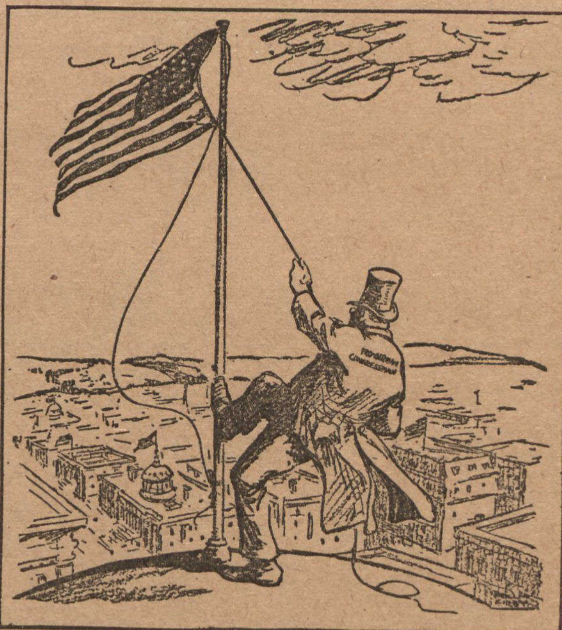
The Emperor of Korea had, it seems, supplied horses and cattle and much-desired cigarettes to the French expedition. The horses, unfortunately, died of glanders; the cattle were eaten; but the cigarettes held good. It became necessary to convey the thanks of France to the Emperor and at the same time to repatriate the 150 Corean drovers, and this was Major Nivelle's double task.

We come to other hours, hard and beautiful, which have made, we may well believe, a still deeper impress on his memory: the opening hours of the great war which has already brought France such undying glory. Colonel Nivelle was then stationed at Besancon under the Juras, in command of the Fifth Artillery, which is a part of the Seventh Army Corps. Ordered into Alsace, with the first French offensive, he was cited in the order of the day for a brilliant exploit: furiously bombarding a group of German guns, he put their artillerymen to flight and captured them all, 24 in number; the first considerable trophy of the war. At the Battle of the Marne, the Seventh Corps with its artillery formed a part of General Maunoury's army, nearest to Paris and facing General von Kluck's right, and Colonel Nivelle's guns had their share in the victory of the Ourcq, which gained such signal praise from the great Commander-in-Chief, as "the fulfilment of forty-three years of waiting for retribution." When the German armies were driven back upon the Aisne, a specially obstinate counter-attack forced the Seventh Corps to withdraw again to the south of the river. Nivelle, with splendid vigour, seized the right instant, led his batteries out into the open space between pursuers and pursued, let the Germans come close in their serried ranks and then opened fire on them with such deadly precision that few of the 6,000 Germans ever returned to their trenches. In October, 1914, a few weeks later, Nivelle was made a General of Brigade. At the head of his brigade he broke a sudden Teuton drive on Soissons. He was rapidly promoted to the command of a division and then an army corps: the famous Third Corps of Normandy. In April, 1916, when Verdun was hard pressed by the greatest offensive a single army ever organized, General Nivelle was sent to succor the heroic fortress which General Sarrail had so finely defended during the great Battle of the Marne. So determinedly did he play his part there, and with such signal success, that he was, within a few weeks, put in command of the whole Verdun army, when he proceeded to break the back of the Crown Prince's army, at a cost, to Germany, of not less than half a million men.

SUB. LIMITATIONS

There are a Few Things These Menacing Vessels Can Not Do

ALTHOUGH it would be premature to conclude from the lessened toll of ships that the Allies have already succeeded in meeting the submarine menace, said a recent writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, there are obvious limits to this form of warfare which justify the assumption that it may fail to achieve its object. The submarine,



Trying to haul it down.
—Kirby in New York World.

it should be remembered, is the assassin of the sea. It cannot fight; it can attack only by stealth. It is so frail a craft that even an armed merchantman, unless taken by surprise, can beat it off. An efficient warship patrol thus makes it practically harmless, as the uninterrupted landing of British troops on French soil has shown. Such transports as have been sunk by torpedoes were attacked in waters that offered no protection of the kind. Furthermore, by the use of aeroplanes, which can detect movements beneath the surface of the sea, and of steel nets, which serve as traps, a battle fleet is practically immune from destruction from this source. But the sea, even that portion of it which Germany has proscribed as a war zone, is a large place, and the convoy of merchantmen within its limits can at best be carried out only partially.

Another obstacle to the use of the submarine is the difficulty of operating it. In the first place, it is a complicated piece of mechanism that requires a picked crew. A recent Italian report enumerates at length the difficulties in the way of securing and training men for this work. No matter how rapidly construction may be proceeding in Germany, it is doubtful if the whole number of submarines, or anything like it, can be in service at once. Finding crews to man them is not the whole problem. Admiral Grant, U. S. N., estimates that ten days must be the utmost extent of the use of the submarine in active hostilities. The conditions below are bad enough when it is on the surface; a single open hatch gives inadequate ventilation. When it is submerged the oil-vapour-saturated atmosphere is well-nigh intolerable. A submarine crew that has been ten days at sea will require a fortnight to recuperate. This drain upon vitality cannot be continued indefinitely. The new German submarines, with their more commodious quarters and great cruising radius, may have obviated some of these difficulties, but there is no reason to suppose that they have radically changed the conditions of life under sea.

It does not follow, however, that the present submarine campaign may not achieve in part the results expected from it. Heavy losses have been inflicted so far; and, though the British Admiralty may have means of defence of which we know nothing, and which are now reducing the losses, it is probable that the net loss of belligerent shipping, which has been so far something like six or seven per cent. annually, may be increased for the time being. Yet it is a significant fact that during the first nine days of renewed frightfulness no fewer than eleven hundred ships were able to arrive or sail unharmed from British ports. The sinking of a great passenger liner naturally leads the public to over-estimate the total effect of submarine warfare. It is very serious, of course; the injury to commercial interests is very great; but there is no ground for assuming that it will be fatal, and that is the purpose of Germany in making it.

550 SUB. CHASERS!

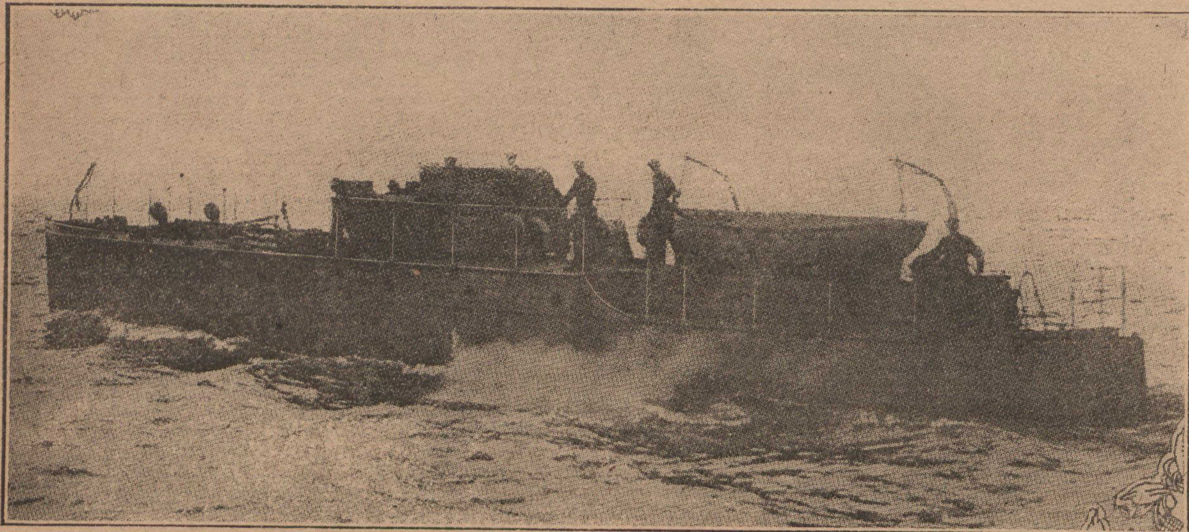
This is the Output of One Firm Alone in 550 Days—How Mosquito Craft Fight Hun.

PICTURE, says H. Thompson Rich, in the New York Sun, a long low craft, 80 feet from stem to stern, with a beam of 12½ feet and a speed of 19 knots per hour, with a draught of only 4½ feet and a displacement of but 30 tons, yet with sea keeping qualities that have never before been equalled by so small a craft. Picture a mosquito fleet of these "sea wasps," hundreds of them, keeping up their vigil day and night, in search of a Teuton submarine's betraying conning tower and periscope. Picture the crew, ten men to a boat, seeking hour after hour and day after day for the sight of an undersea raider so that England's vast merchant fleet may do commerce with America unhampered, that the citizens of the British Isles may know no pang of the hunger the German Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg would bring down upon them.

Each of these little vessels mounts a 3-inch rapid fire gun forward, a gun that hurls twelve pound shells at the rate of twenty a minute. And it only takes a single straight aimed missile to send one of Kaiser Wilhelm's sea dachshunds whining to the bottom. Since the beginning of the war England has accounted for between 260 and 300 hostile submarines, and these submarine chasers, the latest

addition to his Majesty's grand fleet, have checked off more than their share.

The sea keeping qualities of these little giants cannot be overestimated. During one great Channel storm two of these tiny boats patrolled the raging waters ceaselessly for forty-eight hours, encountering mountainous seas and winds that blew hurricanes, yet both put safely back to port unsuccessful in their quest, in good shape. Not a plank was started. Not a stay was loose. Not a drop of water was in their bilge holds. And during that same storm larger and supposedly more seaworthy craft found their way to the slimy ooze and sticky chalk of the Channel bottom.



550 of these sea-hornets, the submarine-killers, were built by the United States as Britain's counter-stroke to the German sub. menace.

A feature of these boats that makes them specially adapted to seeking out and destroying submarines is their extremely light draught. A torpedo fired from a submarine, or, for that matter, from a battleship or a torpedo boat destroyer, generally travels from 16 to 18 feet below the surface. This of course is to enable the explosive charge to reach the vulnerable part of the warship, its prey, as battleships have heavy armour extending 10 feet below the surface. Therefore this submarine chaser, drawing only 4½ feet of water, is immune from the danger of being torpedoed.

True, a torpedo may be regulated to swim at any distance below the surface; but, when the distance is less than 10 feet, it is apt to jump out of the water and become unmanageable, since it travels at a high speed. Torpedoes fired to keep 6 feet or so below the surface have been known to turn completely around and boomerang back to the vessel that discharged them. This, in the case of a German war torpedo loaded with 500 pounds of extremely irritable gun cotton, would be a nerve racking experience for the most coldblooded German U-boat crew. Therefore, the "sea wasps" need have no fear of torpedoes, but may approach to within 100 feet of a hostile submarine and deliver the contents of their deadly guns into its very entrails.

The only fear these little motor launches have is of a direct hit by enemy gunfire, and such a thing is extremely improbable; because a submarine has to be completely out of the water before she can mount her guns for action; and in 99 cases out of 100 she would be submerged. All you would see would be a tall, tapering tube (her periscope) and a miniature rippling wake. This manifestation of the genus U-boat is all any good English "sea wasp" captain wants. It is easy to plug a submarine when you can see her battle eye. All you have to do is to aim the gun and open fire. At the rate of twenty shots per minute from a 3-inch gun the rest is a matter that need not require much imagination.

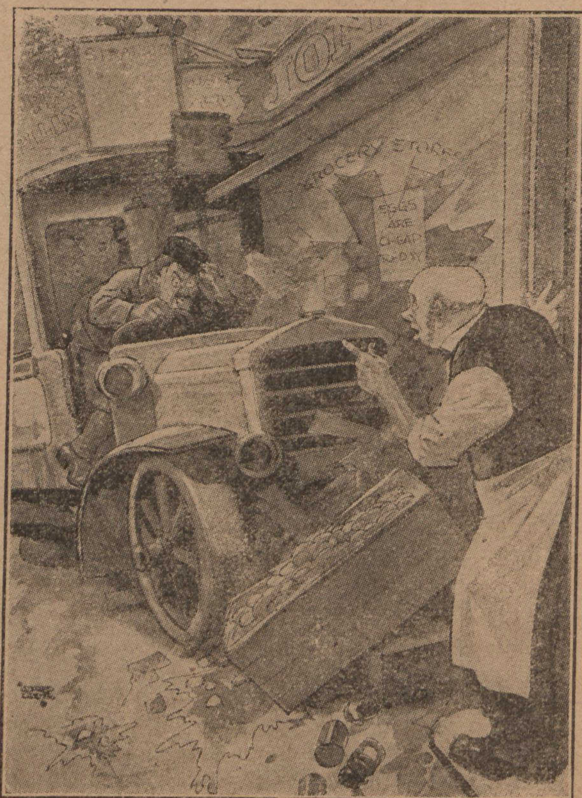
These boats are essentially American. Evolved from successful pleasure boat models known for their speed and seaworthiness the world over, their success in their new field has even exceeded the wildest hopes of the motor boat enthusiast. I say motor boat, for they are motor boats. They burn gasoline, not oil, as do their enemies, the submarines. Each one of them houses a power plant delivering 500 horse-power. This power plant consists of two very efficient gasoline engines of 250 horse-power each. These engines represent the very highest type of motor boat engines in the world. They are the result of years of patient and exacting experimentation.

When the British first launched these 550 chasers against Germany's droves of submarines some people said: "Why didn't you make them more powerful?" They seemed to think that nineteen knots was slow speed. They wanted thirty, forty, fifty miles per hour. They had been reading in the newspapers about the wonderful speed of American racing boats. But the English engineers quickly explained, and the performances of the little boats backed them up. Greater speed could only be given at a sacrifice of gun power and seaworthiness.

Boats of this type can be made to run at amazing speed. But such boats are mere shells—tin cans with a cyclone inside them. They can perform their wonderful feats only on the still waters of some river or bay.

The British knew what they wanted. And they got it.

The idea of the submarine chaser originated with Henry R. Sutphen, vice-president of the Elco Company of Bayonne, N.J., a branch of the Submarine Boat Corporation. I called on Mr. Sutphen the other day. He told me that he had been designing motor boats chiefly of the pleasure type for over twenty years, when in the spring of 1915 the idea entered his head: Why not design a motor boat similar to the successful pleasure type, give it a reasonable speed, make it thoroughly seaworthy, mount a substantial gun on it and send it out to fight submarines?



The Irate Grocer (to motor-bus Jehu): "You've missed your vocation, young man, you 'ave. You ought to be driving a Tank!"

—Drawn by Alfred Leete in the Sketch.

Thus was a revolutionary adaptation developed.

Shortly after this an English engineer visiting this country in the interests of his Government asked Mr. Sutphen if he could build such boats in large numbers. They talked the matter over with Irwin Chase, a naval architect in the company's employ. The result was that the Elco Company began preparing estimates for fifty submarine chasers.

The estimates were completed, submitted to the British Government and immediately accepted; whereupon the Elco Company found itself with a wonderful opportunity before it. These boats were to be delivered within one year and were to test out a minimum of 19 knots each.

Hundreds of problems presented themselves. Where was the material to come from? Where were the boats to be made? Where was the labour to be obtained? Would it be possible to fulfil the contract in time?

This is the way they went about it. They built a single boat according to plans. Then they took this boat as a model and proceeded to turn out fifty counterparts of each one of its parts. This single boat contained 500,000 separate and distinct pieces. Think of the proposition of turning out 25,000,000 parts! It meant the organization of a force of labourers, the gathering together of great quantities of timber, the assembling of hundreds of carloads of material.

The first thing they did was to erect a plant up on the shore of Levis, Canada, opposite Quebec. There they blasted a foundation in the solid rock and erected a factory, covering thirty acres. They then proceeded to mobilize 12,000 workmen, mostly French-Canadians, with a few American labourers interspersed.

For instance, from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 feet of oak timber was required for hull construction. (It had been decided to build the boats of wood instead of steel for reasons of seaworthiness.) The Elco company got experts and set them to searching for this lumber. They found that there was an enormous quantity of oak to be had provided one knew where to go for it. From a single mill in Virginia came 4,000,000 feet of the best quality fine, hard oak.

Then there was the problem of metal, not so much steel—very little steel was used in the construction of these boats—but bronze—bronze for rudders and stanchions and staples. After a search all over Canada and the United States the requisite metal, moulded in the requisite shapes, was obtained.

These were merely problems of getting together the raw material. When once the material had been gathered together even greater problems presented themselves—problems of specialization, of concentration. Special sections or gangs of men were formed to lay decks, others to hammer down interior planking, others to put together the engines, to adjust the brass fittings, etc. In all fifty specialized, distinct gangs were employed.

Perhaps the greatest problem was that of getting these boats safely to England. Remember they were eighty feet long. A steamer could accommodate only four at a time. So you can see that the problem was no slight one. Moreover, each boat had to be given an exacting individual trial.

Yet in spite of all difficulties the boats were delivered safe and sound to the English Government in eight months, or four months before the allotted time limit of one year expired. Moreover, every single one of them exceeded nineteen knots in speed. These boats cost the British Government $40,000 apiece, the contract representing in all $2,000,000.

But here is the point: Before any of these boats had been delivered to the British Government, Germany had sent the Lusitania to the bottom and revealed conclusively to the world her menace. England saw with clear vision the part that submarines were to play in the months to come. She sensed the value of the submarine chaser and on faith alone she turned to the Submarine Boat Corporation, builders of fifty "sea wasps" she had never even seen, and placed her order for 500 more of precisely the same craft, to be delivered by the fall of 1916. This represented a contract of $20,000,000.

The builders of the first fifty accepted this order without a tremor, realizing full well that they stood face to face with a proposition altogether new. Previously to this boats had been built. But to turn

out 500 in less than seven months meant that they must be manufactured, not built. It meant absolute, 100 per cent. standardization.

Already trained by the fifty boats they had just completed, they set about erecting new factories, mobilizing new armies of men and gathering together new trainloads and boatloads of material. They turned out these additional 500 boats at the rate of three boats a day and fulfilled the contract with time to spare, making the total time for the entire 550 just 550 days. This terrific speed was the result of knowing just exactly what was needed, knowing just exactly where it was needed, and knowing just exactly how to put it there with the utmost rapidity—in other words, standardization.

The general opinion among motor boat experts who have studied the conditions under which submarine chasers must work is that actual experience in warfare has definitely determined that the Elco type of boat is the best type for the severe weather of the English Channel and the North Sea. It is the staunchness of these vessels that makes them so effective for the service for which they were intended.

Recent advices from England say that all the 550 motor boats are in service and are giving excellent results. A boat is expected to remain at sea ten days at a time and accommodations are provided for a crew of a dozen men, with all necessary equipment.

How many submarines have already been accounted for by the British no one can ascertain for a certainty; but the number is between 260 and 300. Allied shipping refuses to worry. England is in no fear of starvation.

AUSTRALIA AND EMPIRE

An Important Statement of the Position of the Antipodean British

FOLLOWING is part of a thoughtful and thought-provoking article in the Quarterly Review on the Australian view of Imperial Unity—one of a series being published in the Review from writers in various parts of the Empire. We republish part of this without comment, but with the suggestion that Courier readers, interested in the subject, should read the articles in full in the Quarterly Review.

A leading article in the Melbourne "Age" for July 3, 1915, opens with these words: "It requires very little prescience to foresee that the British Empire after the close of the great war will undergo great changes. It is given to few, if any, to foretell what these changes must be." This attitude, on the part of an organ not usually troubled with doubts and uncertainty, fairly represents the condition of Australian opinion. Political thought, whether we look to Parliaments, the press, or the electorate, has not yet proceeded beyond a general recognition of the truth contained in the "Age" article, and the assumption that in some mode or other the Dominions will be consulted in the arrangement of the terms of peace.

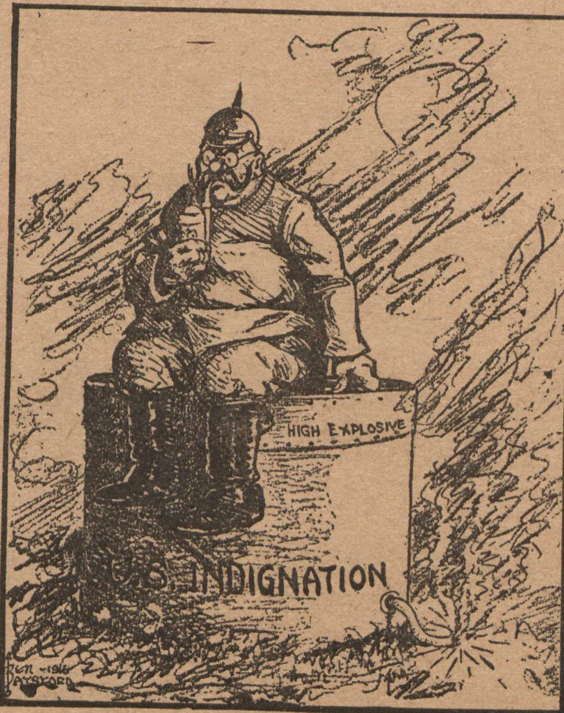
Contrast with this mental inertia the penetrating survey of the present constitutional position by Mr. Hughes, on the eve of his return to Australia:

"The consequences of war to the Dominions," he said, "were not limited to the contributions of men to fight the battles of the Empire, nor to their maintenance, but extended in such a way as in effect to reduce the self-governing powers of the Dominions, merely giving effect to the war policy determined by those who controlled it. And the effect of doing those things that had to be done would not cease when the war ended, but would remain for many years—in this case at least for a generation—to modify profoundly, if not actually to determine, the policy of the Dominions. It would hardly be denied that, if Britain had a right to compel the Dominions to incur such a tremendous burden of debt as this war would impose upon all of them, it had, for all practical purposes, the power to compel them to impose heavy taxation upon themselves; and, if one nation had a right to tax another, it was perfectly clear that the sovereignty or quasi-sovereignty of the latter disappeared. The causes of war were numerous, certainly no nation had ever been at a loss for a pretext for war when its interests demanded it. The circumstances of each nation determined its foreign policy; and it was well to realize that the domestic policy of every country was profoundly affected by its foreign policy. Treaties were among the most prolific causes of war; and, since Britain entered into these without consulting the Dominions, it followed that the Dominions, for causes that they might not approve, might be launched into war. This was incompatible with democratic government. Every one must accept the Prime Minister's statement that it must not continue. What form the change should take, he would not attempt to say now; but there must be a change, and it must be radical in its nature." (The "Times," June 24, 1916.)

Nowhere has the Imperial problem been stated more clearly, and nowhere has the pressing need for a solution been expressed more emphatically.

In some respects, the position of the Australian colonies has been that of the United Kingdom intensified. The economic and political development of Great Britain rested upon the security of her insular position. Both the development and the security on which it rested helped to turn the minds of the people from any close and continuous attention to European politics. In Australia, more remote from the scene of la haute politique, more fully occupied with economic development and economic problems, the political interest of the people even more naturally turned inward; and the instinct of self-government was satisfied with the control of internal affairs.

The emergence of industrial politics did not radically alter this point of view; but the enjoyment and improvement of Australian social conditions was found to call for measures of a protective kind. New local activities appeared, such as the growth of an extensive shipping trade, and the necessity of establishing "Australian conditions" in them. The doctrine of a "White Australia" was formulated, partly as an economic, partly as a racial policy, and partly as a manifestation of democracy. All must be excluded who could not be assimilated to our social conditions and our political life, or whose presence would threaten our economic standards. And this exclusion must apply in the case not merely of the settled parts, but of the remotest parts of the Continent. No European Government, not even a British Government, could be trusted with guiding the development of any part of the Continent.



Fritz Thinks There's "Nothing Doing."
—Manitoba Free Press.

As soon as the establishment of federation called into existence a government released from the especial functions of "colonial development," the national interests as thus conceived began to receive more attention; and with the stimulus of events in the Far East it was realized that Australia had external relations of a vitally important kind, and a policy which might be challenged. In other words, the leaders of Australian democracy found that foreign policy was not the mere gold lace of court dress, but an essential phase of national existence. The result was the foundation of a system of defence on land and sea which, both in its political and its strategic character, has been built upon and to a great extent limited by these considerations. The Australian organization and control of defence was a reminder to the Imperial Government and the people of Australia of distinct national interests forming part of the sphere of Australian government.

With this expansion of interests and policy, it is plain that the content rather than the meaning of self-government has undergone a great change since 1855. It has meant, throughout, the control of those matters of which the people were conscious as affecting intimately their interests and aspirations; and the circle of such matters has constantly tended to widen.

A commonwealth of five million people claiming the exclusive occupation of a Continent capable of supporting a population variously estimated at from 50 to 100 millions, establishing rigorous conditions of admission to the territory and setting up its own citizenship, determining its trade policy, enacting shipping laws, raising its own defence forces and sending its navy out on the high seas under its own flag; treated for most of the administrative relations of independent states (e.g., postal conventions) as a distinct unit—such conditions require us to revise our constitutional formulas. The change has been conveniently described as a transition from the "colonial" to the "national" stage; it has been officially marked by the substitution of the term "Dominion" for "Colony"; and, in place of supremacy and dependence, we speak of co-operation and partnership.

Both the advantages and the disadvantages of the system have been for some time manifest. It has been admirably adapted to that sense of self-government which corresponds in the case of the community with the principle of liberty in the case of the individual; and, just because it has rested upon political understandings rather than legal rules, "responsible government" has had a power of adaptation to new conditions. The unquestioning spirit in which the Dominions have taxed their resources in the present war has added to the material assistance a moral value which, in the eyes of many, does more than vindicate the informal and extra-legal character of Imperial relations, and establishes the wisdom of our political development. This was the most general response of the Australian Press when Mr. Hughes, in one of his speeches in England demanding Imperial organization, was understood to have associated himself with some scheme for "organic union." A typical and long-standing Australian view of tendencies is no doubt expressed in the conclusion of the "Age" article ("many times insisted on in these columns") already referred to—"that the ultimate goal of Empire will be found not in any form of federation which, from its very clumsiness, would be quite unworkable, but in a family alliance of free and independent nations." The only definite meaning to be assigned to such a conclusion would be the dissolution of the British Empire as a political unit. The writer quite certainly does not mean that; and the vagueness of any other meaning that could be assigned to it in no way detracts from its value as an expression of common opinion.

On the other hand, the system has been the negation of unity in policy and strategy. Australia, conscious of her own interests, has been aware of the possibility of their being overlooked amid European complications of which she was a little impatient, and fearful of their sacrifice in favour of ends which she did not deem to be her immediate concern. Great Britain on her side found her anxieties increased by an Australian policy not restrained by responsibility, and by a disposition, in the absence of that responsibility, to treat, as if they were matters of domestic and constitutional concern, affairs which a sovereign government could only regard as involving foreign relations.

The war has revealed in a tragic way Australia's concern in European politics, and her liabilities as a member of the Empire.

If, as appears likely, one result of the war is the assumption by the people of the United Kingdom of a more real control over the foreign policy of the country, Australia will be the more conscious of her own exclusion.

WHY DO THE 400 LIKE WAGNER?

Metaphysical Tommyrot is Popular on Broadway at High Prices. Sleepy German Stuff. Modern Opera is Better

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

NEW YORK has a large number of strange things. Chief among these is, the opera Siegfried, which afforded me three comfortable naps at $3.00 a seat a few days ago at the Metropolitan Opera. My seat was up on the fourth story, two galleries from the top, named the Dress Circle, in contrast to the two tiers of boxes and loges immediately below which are the undress circles reserved for the 400. These celestials, with J. P. Morgan in the centre of the grand tier, pay out each several thousands a year in order to allow common people to enjoy grand opera on a scale known nowhere else in the world at present.

Siegfried was scheduled to begin at 1.30. And it did. Conductor Artur Bodanzky, from Vienna, would sooner be an hour late for dinner than one second behind in starting one of the Nibelungen Ring, of which Siegfried is No. 3, just prior to Gotterdamering. And at 1.35 there were 3,900 people from top to bottom of the greatest opera house in the world. To watch that horde of elect and unelect crush in from Broadway and 6th Avenue and 42nd Street is one of the many free shows of New York. The plutocrats who built that opera house away back in the '80's knew that the way to get New York to pay for opera was to interest Broadway. And the way to interest Broadway is to be on it. Otherwise the Opera House might have been put in the middle of Central Park or down near the Statue of Liberty. I noticed one of our Cabinet Ministers get out of a limousine on Broadway and go in here. I think it was the Minister of Militia, who in Toronto is a very good Methodist.

I admire the Metropolitan Opera. It is the one big competitor of the Hippodrome in New York, and though it holds about 1,500 fewer people, it draws more money for each performance than the Hippodrome does in three. Because it costs about $20,000 to put on a big opera there, outside of the rent for the premises; probably more. But the 400 cheerfully pay the deficit because they like to see the people upstairs have a good time—watching the 400, who are sometimes the biggest show in the house.

Yes, opera is popular in New York. It is no church. It is the one immortal luxury that makes the board walks of Broadway look sometimes like the grand Midway to the gates of glory. The house itself reminds you of one of those gilded old chariots, all stuck over with corbels of gold. It was built to be a Louis XIV. enlargement of de luxe. It reeks of unconquerable opulence from the 100-foot ceiling to the bottom of the great orchestra pit, which is as big as a country church. I'm glad they built it that way before the modern faddist had a chance to make it look like a play mounted by Gordon Craig or W. B. Yeats. In that synagogue of splendid sin you may think yourself back in the middle ages of the '80's, when this marvelous building that occupies a whole block along mid-Broadway gave New York a chance to show that Europe had nothing bigger in art architecture. Since that original million or so was put into the building, the value of the land it occupies has run up into several millions. And the amount of money spent in that box office has run into more millions than anybody outside of the Rockefeller-Carnegie-Morgan crowd can stock up against his name in a ledger.

BUT as to Siegfried. The overture was about as long as some of Dickens' preambles to his novels. Premonitions of the bear, the Nibelung man, Fatne the dragon and Brunnhilde. Curtain goes up on an underground scene; a smithy, an anvil and a dog-faced, skin-coated man. This fellow is the Nibelung. You know the story—all New York does—about the Rhine gold. That gold would have been in New York now but for the British blockade. It was a secret hoard, guarded by the dragon and coveted by the Nibelung Mimo, who had brought up this young Siegfried in the underworld, son of demigods, a great warrior, a wonderful young super-German who could break any of the Nibelung's hand-made swords with his little finger, and wanted a supernatural sword, as Germans always do.

And the whole of the first act was spent in orchestral and lyric gibberish about this sword which Siegfried himself tempered at the forge, pulling down the bellows and belching flames; and talking about his father and mother, whom he had never known. I'm sure it was good music, because it put me to sleep.

The second act was quite enchantingly mysterious: a deep, dark forest where Tafner the dragon was to meet Siegfried the youth with the super-sword. Here also was Alberic, with the long beard, and the little bird that told Siegfried about the Nibelung's plot to poison him and get the Rhine gold, and about Brunnhilde, the enchanted daughter of the gods, in her ring of fire. For this Siegfried, who had never seen many people, had never been in love. So he must have found Broadway a strange place. Siegfried blew a little horn. In came the dragon; a beauteous beast, with scales like a shingle roof, a pair of large green eyes and nostrils that blew out green smoke at Siegfried, who, of course, slew him with the super-sword. That was a sublime moment. None of the Germans in the audience seemed to realize that England went through that dragon-killing spasm about 2,000 years ago, when they had St. George and the dragon.

Speaking musically, the orchestra and the soloists considerably improved in this act. Otto Goritz, the basso, as Alberic, was always immense. Sembach, as Siegfried, piped away very melodiously and at times quite thrillingly for a German tenor. But Act II was a very slow piece of business compared to the best modern stuff. It was hard to realize that anybody ever got seriously alarmed over this phase of Wagner. Somewhere in this act Schumann Heink sung a tableau in the gloom. Vocally, very good, but pretty sleepy lyrics. In anything but German opera Schumann Heink would have passed this up as too dull for utterance. But, of course, great Wagner must never be accused of being dull. Oh, no!

Act III. was a decided improvement. The scenic investiture was stupendously fine. Here Siegfried meets Brunnhilde. She is supposed to be a sleeping warrior. Nobody but a super-Siegfried ever could have been fooled so completely. He releases the warrior to find a beauteous maiden; the Brunnhilde, about whom the little bird had told him in the forest. He falls violently in love with her. He gives her a kiss that lasts about 90 seconds—impossible! She awakes. The Brunnhilde motif sounds in the orchestra. She is startled into another world. The divine maiden has been kissed by a man. She is no longer divine. The solos and duet of discovery are very fine. Gadski is, of course, a superb Brunnhilde; always has been. On this occasion she rose to her great height and seemed as young as she was twenty years ago.

The curtain went down four hours after the overture began. The restaurant amidships was crammed once in the interval—more than a thousand people being served. Four hours of Wagner. Supposedly great. The foggiest metaphysical rubbish I have been at in many a day. No doubt Broadway liked it. In spite of the fact that every stitch about the thing was German, I liked it, too—once in a while. But all there is in Siegfried could be expressed by a smart, modern opera composer in about one hour and a half. Why do the 400 like Wagner? Heaven knows. It can't be the stories, nor the acting, nor most of the solos. It must be some of the scenery and parts of the music. Probably it's the orchestra. Sometimes there's very little else. But any one who doubts that Germany is a nation of un-grown-ups ought to hear Siegfried.

Elsie Ferguson, at the Hudson Theatre, delights select audiences with Shirley Kaye.

Modern Opera Better

MARION LESCAUT is far different. With all the Wagnerian fogs blown out of the big opera house along with the growling, underworld heroics and the ranting demigods, we are at once into an atmosphere that sparkles with joy. Some one behind me whispers, "They're going to pull some sad stuff before they get through." But at present it's all the other way. A jolly party is on stage at an inn. There is a sprightly chorus. Everything has a choral background. We are relieved of those interminable Wagnerian duos, mere conversations in semi-lyric form. Puccini knows the stimulating value of a chorus without robbing the orchestra. Of course Manon is a real opera, while Siegfried is a music drama. For all human purposes commend us to the opera. Manon may not be an ideal opera; it is somewhat too sad. But it has the spirit and the light and the cordiality of Broadway. It comes close to common human living. It does so without sacrificing solos, duos or orchestra. In fact, it uses them all, even the orchestra to greater purpose. It leaves a little to the imagination. Manon never goes to sleep like Siegfried. It requires no effort of the imagination. It tells a story of real action in more or less modern times. It may be harder to follow as a story without the libretto. But even without the story it is good, bracing opera.

Story may be sketched in a few words: Romantic maiden—Manon—destined but not doomed to a convent. In the diligence in the way to the convent is a rich old roue Geronto, who desires Manon. Lescaut, the brother, is not anxious to have Manon go to the convent. He needs money, and rather favours the attentions of the old roue. But Manon falls in love with an impecunious young blade named des Greux—whose adventures told by the Abbe Prevost in a novel form the basis for the opera. She

MAUDE ADAMS IN A NEW ROLE

elopes with des Greux in the very carriage hired by the old roue for the same purpose. She lives with des Greux a while in a cottage near Paris. Poverty drives her to Paris, to the Louis XIV. palace of the old rake, where she is pampered with money, bal poudres, minuets and musicales. But her love for des Greux remains. He comes to her. For her misconduct she is ordered to be deported. On the ship that sails to America, des Greux conceals himself as a cabin boy. The two lovers land at New Orleans long before it became a real settlement. On an uninhabited desert, Manon dies in the arms of her lover des Greux.

Pretty sad stuff after so vivacious a beginning. But always a snap and a brilliance and a go.

Then you add to this three principals — Frances Alda, Martinelli and Scotti, with a few others besides the chorus. Much depends on the artists. There's one obvious advantage. None of them have to sing dead against the orchestra as in Wagner. Here's one great difference between a real lyric opera and a music drama. It's once in a blue moon that any Wagnerian tenor or soprano has a chance to impart thrills to an audience. In an opera like Manon, gibble-gabble as much of it is, there are half a dozen or more solos and duos that make you feel as though some very deft Indian were trying to scalp you in your sleep. I refer particularly to the great love duo between Manon and des Greux in the second act—after she has lived with him in a poverty cottage for a while and then gone over to the rich old roue Geronte in his Louis XIV. palace in Paris. How any mere million or a minuet at a bal poudre with French wine and all the joys of a salon ever could have kept these two people asunder when they sang so miraculously together, is beyond the scope of a common musical observer. Morally, Manon may have been as well off with the old roue as with the young adventurer. In the one case she had the money and the minuets. In the other she had—des Greux, young, daring, chivalrous, passionate.

Oh, well, it's an old story even in a new opera. Lescaut, as depicted by Scotti the veteran, was scarcely so great, we fancy, as the same artist's Scarpia in Tosca. But it was a big role.

This is not mere musical criticism. That's not very necessary at the big Opera House. The Metropolitan is not Carnegie Hall. You can go out for a snack at a nearby cafe, avoiding the bun-fight upstairs, and get back in time to see the curtain go up on the ship that carries these two lovers to America. And the orchestra purrs away to itself in a vast symposium of trouble and desire, love and fate, and all the wildness of the life that—

Hush! in an hour from now you may be—unless you are careful to remember your good old church-going Canadian town—you may be looking for some Manon in a Broadway cabaret, thinking you are a top-notch tenor at a thousand a night. Forget it!

A Kiss for Cinderella

JUST across from the opera Maude Adams continues to pack the Empire with top-hatted, low-necked audiences to see one of the prettiest little pathe-comedies of the season. Those who know Maude Adams as Peter Pan or in The Little Minister may not feel quite at home with her in this other thing of Barrie's, A Kiss for Cinderella. But the essential Maude is there. New York has taken a large fancy to her. The crowd at the Empire are not the Samanthas and the Reubens from Texas and Oklahoma. They are mainly New Yorkers. Some people say that the way to tell a New Yorker in an audience is to watch for the fellows that only "come to" when somebody on stage makes a "faux pas." But the New Yorkers don't listen to Maude Adams that way.

This little play is a delicate bit. Cinderella is a queer character who keeps the studio of Bode the artist in a state of repair and every evening walks away with one of the boards with which the artist had his skylight blinded on account of Zeppelins. She is a lonesome, haunted little person; seems to have an idea that she is Cinderella of the fairy tale, that there is to be a big ball at which she is to marry the Prince—and all that. So the artist tells the policeman, David, who comes in to inspect the premises.

"Low-born or 'igh?" asks the policeman.

"Well, she seems to think she's high," says the artist. "But she doesn't know—poor thing!"

"Oh! Listen—'ware does she carry 'er money you pay 'er?"

"Why, what's that got to do with it?"

"Never mind. It's a thing we always find out in Scotland Yard."

"Well, I really can't remember."

"If she was low born 'ware do you think she'd put it, then?"

"Why, I daresay—in her pocket."

"Exactly. That's wot we always find. But 'ware would she carry it if she was high born?"

"I really can't say. Where?"

"In 'er bosom!" whispers the policeman. "It's infalliable!"

"Um—you mean infallible."

"I said—in-fall-i-able!"

David secretes himself in a closet to listen to a dialogue between Cinderella and the artist. Afterwards, with the artist out of the room, he cross-examines Cinderella himself. With what clue he can pick up he traces her movements, to a queer little shebang in a back street where, with the sign Celeste e Cie copied from a Piccadilly house, Cinderella does all kinds of odd jobs for all sorts of people at a penny apiece. On the wall are four boxes; in each box is a child; each child is a war orphan who is being cared for by Cinderella out of her savings—"her bit" in the war. The boxes were made from the boards taken from the studio. The children all share Cinderella's delusion about the wonderful ball at which she is to be married to the Prince. The very night the policeman arrives Cinderella expected the ball; a handsome footman was to call for her. The policeman promises to see if he can find the footman. Cinderella posts herself at the cold doorway to watch. He leaves her his scarf, which she binds about her feet. She goes to sleep and dreams the ball which comes on in the next act—a dainty bit of burlesque. Her exposure brings on a severe illness, from which Cinderella recovers at a military hospital. David, the policeman, visits her there. He has written her a love letter, which she still has.

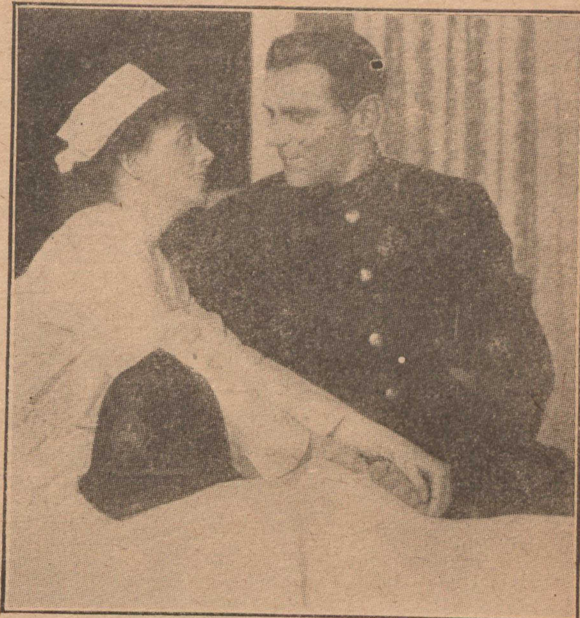
"Ware do you keep it?" asks David.

She draws it from her bosom.

"It's—infalliable!" says David.

And the last thing Cinderella asks for is—"kisses David?"

Cinderella and the policeman toast the King with mugs of milk.



The curtain goes down as Cinderella says—"Kisses David?"

Come Along, Mr. Fricker

VOGT'S sudden resignation as conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir will be noted with interest in more countries than Canada. He is to be succeeded by Mr. A. E. Fricker, of Leeds, Eng., a man who is absolutely unknown in Canada to the general public. This is the answer to those who predicted that when Vogt quit the baton his great choir would fold its tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away. The reasons alleged for the conductor's retirement are his accumulation of duties at the Conservatory of which he is musical director. It has nothing to do with his age, which is still well away from 60.

From what we know of the situation this retirement is no sudden affair. It was probably scheduled to come off originally soon after the return of the Choir from the European pilgrimage which was cut off by the war. As battalions instead of choirs are still traveling across the Atlantic, the conductor thought he might as well retire now. Very likely he had arranged with Mr. Fricker three years ago, when he was in England, to succeed him—or at least mentioned the possibility. There must have been considerable correspondence on the question. It was no small matter to choose a successor. Vogt has made the Choir so much a projection of his own ego that it will be a choral experiment to have any other conductor.

But whatever Mr. Fricker does or does not, the retirement of Vogt from the baton marks an epoch in the history of the Choir such as it never can have again. The Choir grew up with Vogt. It began with him in 1894, and but for two interruptions, one

(Concluded on page 24.)

Miss Nellie Jefferis, a young Canadian actress who has lately taken a part in Galsworthy's "Little Man" in New York.

HEPPEL DEGRASSE'S GRANDSON

(Concluded from page 16.)

notions of conduct and life. Brains and a little leisure have given them that."

"Rot!" interrupted Blount. "Do you mean to tell me the old grandfather wouldn't have been just as good a man on the battlefield as this young Noel?"

"Yes I do," retorted Everard, "and I know it. Old DeGrasse, like thousands of poor men to-day, lived so close to the grind-stone that he lost his perspective. He was so obsessed, in his early days with the necessity for making both ends meet—just as many people are to-day—that the other side of his nature hadn't a chance to bloom as young Noel's has."

"Prove it," said Blount.

"I can and I will," said Everard. "Listen—" he drew a long whiff of his pipe, "Old DeGrasse and my grandfather ran away to the States together to HIDE when they thought there was going to be conscription in this country the time Riel broke loose—"

"What?" said Blount.

"Certainly," continued Everard. "That is why I know so much about the DeGrasses."

"But you—Yourself—you—" Blount stammered.

"You mean you can't understand why I should have a—a decoration, too —seeing that my grandfather, too, was a quitter?"

"Well—I—" Blount laughed, embarrassed.

"Well I'll tell you," concluded Everard. "It wasn't because I was any better than my grandfather. It isn't because Noel DeGrasse is any better than HIS grandfather. Can't you see, it's because WE had the opportunity and the education that the old men lacked? Their concentration, their lack of perspective is what enabled both of them to—well to pile up the money that enabled us youngsters to—to improve our minds."

A THOUSAND MEN TO THE FRONT

By E. G. RAMSAY

EMPLOYMENT methods of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, while they may not be in every respect unique, are sufficiently interesting to those outside of the banking profession, to make them worthy of notice. Accuracy in the smallest detail and a high rate of efficiency in every department are the outstanding features of work at Head Office, Toronto, which rule is expected to be followed at all of the branches. Especially is absolute accuracy called for in the clerical department, where minute attention is paid to the inspecting, filing, and despatching of correspondence. Each letter sent out must first pass through at least three hands, and a threefold process of examination is used to insure perfect copy. One rule of this bank, which is possibly nowhere else used so exactly, is, that no two subjects may be dealt with in one letter, a separate letter is devoted to each question, and replies are expected to follow the same order, this insures a detailed checking and filing system. Owing to the vast distances between some of the various branch banks (359 in all) and head office (such as the Yukon and other districts, which are often snowed up) and the time taken for letters to be exchanged, it is practically two months before items can be tabulated re any matter of interest to every branch, so that this perfect system, and the rule of excluding more than one item from a letter is intensely practical.

With regard to the staffing of the bank, an outstanding feature is that employees are considered from the first strictly upon the basis of merit only, and no one is taken on by favour, or through introduction if they do not come up to the standard required. A notable feature of this department is the even hand of justice which is meted out to each employee throughout the various departments of work. The General Manager makes a special feature of personally overlooking the records of progress of every member of the staff from time to time, each man's record coming before him at least every three months, in addition to the yearly reports. These reports are sent in by each branch manager to Head Office, where a large staff are appointed solely to handle such matter, and cover every point of consideration with regard to the ability of each member of the staff. First appearance, presence, address, manner of speech and enunciation are taken into account. Then follows degree of intelligence, application, personal standing and associates. Clerical ability is marked under the heads of neatness, quickness and accuracy, all most essential features in the work of a bank clerk, and a statement of initiative and judgment. In these reports, which it will be seen, are most comprehensive, each qualification is carefully graded, from A1 (highest grading) to 5 (low, unsatisfactory), and thus it is possible to get a fair idea of each man's ability and chances for promotion.

Of all positions open to a young man outside of the strictly qualified professional world, that of clerk in a good banking concern holds promise of the greatest security for all time, for while he may not amass a fortune, or spring to sudden affluence, his future, if he be possessed of the qualities required for such a position, is assured, and in many cases, he will be found to be far better off than the man who has taken a higher paid post to begin with, but which may prove precarious as years advance.

Methods of advancement and employment vary somewhat in different banks, but those of the Commerce, while similar to every other bank in general outlines, are remarkable for the amount of thought and care expended upon small details.

A BOY who applies for a position as a Junior is required to fill in a form, which procedure is usual with most banks, relating to his family history, general character, fitness, etc. He is then given an examination in spelling, writing, arithmetic, and generally "sized up." If not vouched for he is called upon to give references. For the first three months his position is counted as temporary only, at the end of this time he will be required to send in a further specimen of his handwriting, and a photograph to Head Office, together with a written statement from his Manager recommending that his appointment to the permanent staff be confirmed, if his work is satisfactory. From then on the world of bank advancement is open to this young man. At eighteen he automatically comes under the Bank's Insurance and Pension Scheme, which provides either a pension after the age of sixty, or in the case of a married man, a pension for life for his widow. The salary of a Junior is $300 a year for the first year. This is the highest commencing salary paid by any bank in Canada, and where a boy is living at home is quite a good start (in view of the salary which may be attained later). Wherever possible Juniors are recruited from the town in which the bank is situated, so that they may continue to live at home. For the first three years of a Junior's life in the bank he is not required to pay anything to the insurance fund, but at the age of 21, 2 per cent. of his salary is paid into the fund, and at 25, this assessment is increased to 4 per cent. As the years go by the Junior begins to show aptitude for some particular branch of the bank's routine; perhaps he is particularly neat and accurate, so he is made a ledger keeper, or a special geniality of manner, and tactfulness in meeting the public marks him as being fitted for the position of accountant, but whatever his special qualifications the watchful eye of the Manager is ever on him for the moment when he may need such a man, and it is impossible for any man of rare ability, or special aptitude to be overlooked in this bank. Every opportunity is given for advancement. Except under very exceptional circumstances and for some grave misdemeanor, a man is never dismissed; but if found to be unsatisfactory he is told that it would be impossible for him to rise to any higher position, and advised to seek some more congenial sphere. A special column is kept for the reports on the conduct of each member of the staff, in which, attention to business, social qualities, and company kept out of bank hours are recorded. A manager reporting a man as unsatisfactory in any detail is required to speak first to the man, pointing out his digression, and to give him an opportunity to rectify and explain it. Should the fault complained of still continue, the man is often given yet another opportunity, by being removed to another branch, at the same work, but in a changed environment. The officials who drew up these kindly and sensible rules have made full allowance for the weak spots in human nature, and this procedure is often found beneficial in the making of a good steady official from a diffident clerk.

A Junior who gets into financial difficulties is generally given a second chance, all circumstances are taken well into account and allowance made wherever possible, if in every respect the boy seems to promise well.

AT the age of sixty a man is eligible for retirement and pension.

All salaries are increased once a year, and dating from the first of June the question of salary is discussed for each member of the staff whatever date he may have come to the bank.

The total staff of the Bank of Commerce is just under 3,000. Of these, 568 are girls, the largest number of girls ever in the bank's employ at one time. The normal number on the staff as stenographers, etc., before the war, was 350 in all. In a few instances they are taking the place of men, but for several reasons it has not been found entirely satisfactory to appoint girls to fill these places. Not from any inferiority in work, or aptitude, but, to take one of the chief reasons, from a question of environment. In a small out of town branch, where the staff consists of perhaps not more than four, the Junior clerk away from home has to take whatever accommodation in the way of rooms the village has to offer, and may possibly have to "rough it" for a time. A girl cannot always do this; it is not wise. Again, the man may be called upon, and often is, to work after hours, and returns home late at night, and this bank, which has shown such consideration for its staff in other matters, wisely hesitates before appointing girls to such positions of danger and solitude.

AT Head Office a mid-day luncheon is provided for all members of the staff. This is not counted as a supplement to salary in any way, but is merely an extra provision made by the bank for convenience and comfort of the members of its Staff. Any of the Staff of branches within reach are allowed to partake of this privilege. The meals are prepared in a spotless kitchen under the superintendence of a qualified Steward.

The last unique feature of this wonderfully progressive bank, which should take first place of all, is the number of men it has sent to the Front, the largest total sent from any bank in Canada,* 921, and every week other names are coming in, so that these figures which were the estimate of a few weeks back, may, by the time this is in print, total a clear thousand. These recruits have gone from every part of this land and Overseas, and represent all grades of officials, from Junior to Manager. It has been a strain upon the bank to let so many men go, with but little warning in many cases, but not only were no restrictions placed upon them, but the first three hundred were given indefinite leave of absence with six months' salary, which means that each man will return to his own position when released from the Front. As the number of enlistments have increased, it has been found impossible to follow this course in every case, but each member enlisting will receive consideration after his return, and liberal allowances are being made to every man. A splendid idea is the issue each month of a booklet, "Letters from the Front," containing copies of letters written by Commerce men now at the Firing Line, "Being a partial record of the part played by officers of the bank in the Great European War," these, besides memorializing the deeds of the men, form an inspiring link between the present staff and their comrades Overseas. Girls of the staff have sent many parcels of good cheer to the men in the trenches. Every week some things are sent, each man on the list being taken in turn. The following is an extract from one of the letters published:

"To the Typical Tommy, war is a big game. Of course this is not gentlemen's war. . . . There is mud and blood and crimson bandages and an intolerable stench, and the miracle of the whole thing is to find out what witchery, lure or fascination can induce men to leave comfortable firesides to go into it. Really I cannot analyze it. There are things in the very back of life and no other outlook in front of them; there is distance to run through, pain to bear, life to defend and death to face. You are a savage again, elemental, and primitive, but in the last word a savage. . . . Gentlemen in Canada now abed will curse themselves because they are not there.

*Since this was written the figure has reached 1,015.

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

AT HIS OWN DOOR.

FOOD riots in Chicago and New York seem about as sensible as the proverbial snowball in some other place. The United States is the world's greatest food-producer under one flag. Yet some articles of food are dearer in American cities than in Berlin, London or Paris; even while the United States is sending cargoes of food to both belligerents and neutrals. Lack of food? Oh, no. There's plenty of it. But the submarine blockade has scared a lot of ships from going abroad. That blocks up the terminals which congest the railway cars and hold them idle. It's largely a question of transportation—but not altogether.

DOLLAR AND HALF DOLLARS

By INVESTICUS

THIS is about Saving—but not in the ordinary way. There is no use telling you and the rest of your office staff to save money. You have heard that advice somewhere before. You are tired of hearing it. You will save what you can—if you can. Thrift campaigns to the contrary notwithstanding—you refuse to be bully-ragged into saving.

Nevertheless this is about Saving.

Everybody knows the general advantages of laying aside a little money from regular income. Adam and Eve may not have practised that self-discipline in Paradise, but that was because they lived rent free there and had all their meals supplied by the management. After they were turned out of that sinecure there isn't a bit of doubt that Eve soon saw the advantage of pickling walnuts and doing-down the fruit of the ham-tree. Adam, caught without car-fare once or twice when he was on his way cross-town to call on Cain and Mrs. Cain probably lamented the squandered hind-quarters of deer, or rib-roasts of young Lion which might have passed as currency in those days. It is quite conceivable that the first sermon on Saving was delivered by his spouse, Eve, when he came home one night without the cooking apples which she had sent him to pick and which he had eaten on the way home. Since then all wise men have saved money (or the equivalent of money) without being asked, and all spendthrifts and semi-professional savers have hated the word.

But there is an interesting fact about saving now-a-days. Three years ago—if you saved a dollar it was no more than a dollar until it had earned its little drib of interest in the savings bank. To-day a dollar saved —is (potentially) a dollar and a half. The purchasing power of money has fallen away down. Before the war a dollar would buy two fairly decent pair of socks; to-day it will buy only one and a third pairs of the same quality of socks. In the spring of 1914 you could buy a bag of potatoes for somewhere near a dollar a bag—to-day in Toronto they range playfully between four dollars and five-fifty a bag. Between one thing and another it has been worked out by gloomy persons with nothing better to do—though it was a useful thing to find out, too—that it takes about one dollar and fifty cents of the currency of to-day to buy what used to cost a dollar.

The causes for this changed condition are complex. The mere scarcity of potatoes, for example, or the increased demand and reduced supply, does not account for the lowering of the value of the dollar. The scarcity of labour is an insufficient explanation. Not the least important factor is the heavy importation of gold into the United States—the corresponding depression of the value of the dollar there, and its reflex in Canada. Though Canada has helped pile up the gold holdings of New York and should be affected quite differently from the United States by such transactions, the truth of the matter is that the dumping of gold in Wall Street has helped depress the Canadian dollar as well as the American dollar.

And what is the moral of this?

Let me re-capitulate: A dollar today has less value (less purchasing power) than it had three years ago or than it will have when the war is over. Although you may not think so, a dollar IS easier to earn to-day than it was before the war. That stands to reason because, if you get less for a dollar, then you give less for a dollar (unless you are one of the unlucky wage-slaves that can't dig a raise out of the firm from one year's end to the other). But the dollar you get with say 66 2-3 cents worth of work or value received to-day, will command a full dollar's worth of work or material from somebody else IF YOU HOLD ON TO IT. What you save today, therefore, when the value of the dollar is low—will increase enormously in value after the war. It may increase even more than fifty per cent. For then, not only may the value of labour and commodities return to the normal, BUT THEY WILL VERY LIKELY FALL BELOW NORMAL.

I say, therefore—save to-day as you never dreamed of saving before. A thousand dollars saved now will bring you fifteen hundred or eighteen hundred dollars' worth of WORTH after the war.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Germany Before the War.

By Baron Beyens (Thomas Nelson and Sons).

A SIMPLE and illuminating review of German politics, accompanied by vivid character sketches of the Emperor William and his family and of the chief characters in the great war drama attached to the German court, is given by Baron Beyens, late Belgian Minister of the Court of Berlin. While the book contributes no new information to the student of international politics, it is convincing, informative and will arrest the attention of the great reading public. In its dispassionate way it makes a stronger case against Germany than many hysterical denunciations. The book has been admirably translated into English by Paul V. Cohn.

* * *

With the French in France and Salonika.

By Richard Harding Davis (The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.)

THOUGH opinions may differ as to the merit of the late Richard Harding Davis as a novelist, he is certainly a reporter of the first order, and those who admire his vivid descriptions and concise summarizing of events will not be disappointed. Amongst the most interesting chapters is one devoted to King Constantine of Greece, and his pictures of life in Salonika and of fighting in the Vosges are exceptionally good. Mr. Davis shows an intense admiration for the French people who have rebuilt roads and cities within a year after they were laid waste by the German invasion, and tells how the peasants of France fight with one hand while they plough with the other. The photographs used as illustrations are full of interest.

* * *

A PRAISEWORTHY tribute of an American to the cause of the Allies is Golden Lads, by Arthur Gleason (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto), the proceeds from the sale of which go to "The American Committee for Training in Suitable Trades the Maimed Soldiers of France." The introduction by Theodore Roosevelt calls our attention to the fact that Mr. Gleason gave without remuneration some valuable articles, reprinted in this book, dealing chiefly with Belgian atrocities he witnessed, some of which were published in the Bryce Report. Mr. Gleason was a member of the Hector Munro Ambulance Corps and Mrs. Gleason, a nurse in the same unit, contributes a chapter on "How War Seems to a Woman." The main portion of the book consists of tales of human interest, the most striking of which is a character sketch, "Flies." Numerous photographs illustrate the text. Members of an Ambulance Corps necessarily witness the most gruesome part of warfare, and the book has none of those delightful flashes of trench humour that redeem such books as "The First Hundred Thousand" from gloom, so we do not recommend it to those in search of entertainment or relaxation.

* * *

Private Pinkerton, Millionaire (Musson Book Co.; price 35c), is a very joyous little book. "Pinkey" himself does not seem so real to us as some of his chums, whom we can't help loving at once. Browney Boy, Piper McQuirk, "Pants"—and Bill Bailey, whose amazing adventures hold us breathless—all these become real friends. One of the most interesting chapters is the one relating the tragedy of Piper McQuirk's haggises. The author, Harold Ashton, warns us that the adventures he relates must be taken as fiction, but we feel inclined to believe them, every one, even to the home-coming of Bill Bailey. This book is an excellent one for reading aloud in company, and will provide an hour of real enjoyment.

Two Lancashire men had a fishing match at Scarborough for half a sovereign a side. One of them, fancying he had a bite, was so eager about it that he fell head-first into the water. So the other man shouted out: "That's not fair, Bill! The bet's off. I can beat thee at fair fishing, but I'm not going to stand thee diving in after 'em."—Argonaut.

The Virtue of Silence.

At his best Elmer was not noted for brilliancy, consequently he was not likely to shine in his history examination. One stumbling block in the world's record concerned Nero. Elmer had heard of Nero, but he had absolutely no recollection of his achievements. But for once his intellect was equal to the task imposed upon it.

"The less said about Nero the better," he wrote.

The examiner apparently thought likewise and marked him perfect.

Come Along Mr. Fricker

(Concluded from page 21.)

of two years and one of one year it has given concerts under his baton for 23 years. We all know what it was in 1894. The writer had the pleasure of being at the first and second concerts. Any phonographic record of either of these would never have given any intimation of any such programmes as have made the Choir famous all over America during the past ten years. The evolution from madrigals and glees and motets to big master works employing all the tonal resources of a great choir and a great orchestra has carried with it the development of Vogt himself from a choirmaster at an organ to that of a great choral conductor.

That sort of development comes but once in any organization. It has never happened more remarkably than in the case of the Mendelssohn Choir. The Choir may go on to do as big work as it has ever done. It may even surpass its own record, if that were possible. But it will never have the same inward experiences or anything like them that it had in the first decade of this century. The change from older Canada to the Canada of to-day was vividly illustrated by the evolution of this Choir. The Canada of the future may need some other kind of choral organization to express it. But the old Mendelssohn is a story that belongs to an age that has just slipped away.

We believe that the Mendelssohn Choir should become still more of a centre for the evolution of Canadian art. In the hands of an English as opposed to a Canadian conductor this may not seem obvious. But the paradox is often the way out. Dr. Vogt's influence can never be lost. He still has a big personal interest in the Choir and will be of great service to it in development. Something has been said about building up an orchestra in connection with the Choir. That was talked of some years ago. It should be a possibility. No real permanent development can be achieved without an orchestra. We could go on importing orchestras for years to come. But we shall never succeed in building up national music to any worth-while degree until we get a good orchestra of our own; an orchestra as nearly as possible in the same class with the Mendelssohn Choir. If Vogt either directly or indirectly can be the means of organizing any such orchestra he will be able to do as much for the music of Canada as he has already done in the evolution of the Mendelssohn Choir.

Hesselberg's Success.

RECENTLY Edouard Hesselberg gave a descriptive programme in the Arts and Crafts building in Toronto. He was assisted by David Ross, baritone, and Gladstone Brown, tenor. The announcement of this triple programme drew a large number of people, many of whom were unable to gain admittance.

Mr. Hesselberg had the major part of the programme. He is never daunted by difficulties. His programme bristled with them. When a man aims at tone-poetry in a descriptive bill of fare he is sure to find troubles enough. Hesselberg's own experience as a composer helped him considerably. He usually manages to get a broad, sometimes sketchy, but mainly adequate interpretation. He may not always give the same expression of any master work. But he makes it highly personal, and therefore highly interesting.

The piano soli were not only entertaining, but most appropriately named, every style and genre being represented. A charming and graceful "Dance of Sylphs," a fiery "Tarantella," and "Russian Mazurka," a playful "Fisherman Scherzo," a dreamy "Daybreak," a tremendously thumpling "Waterfall," and a real "Russian Midnight Revellery Polonaise," bristling with enormous difficulties, but never without an exotically outstanding melody, were some of the evening's items.

Perhaps especial mention is due to the great heart-throbbing Elegiac "Chanson Oubliee," written in Chopinesque style.

Hesselberg's tone, technique and temperamental drive, were much in evidence, along with his firm musical grasp, intellectual perception, and a high degree of nuance, colour and phrasing.

The assisting vocalists, David Ross, baritone, and Gladstone Brown, tenor, rendered eight of Hesselberg's latest vocal compositions.

The first group consisted of "Vieni Carina," "Reminiscence," and "The Sea Shell and the Wave." Mr. Ross was obliged to respond with "Mine," a serenade in the lighter vein, dedicated to himself. He has a fine quality of voice, a wide range, good resonance, not only in the low, but in the highest point of the voice, and he imparted a sense of finish to all his numbers.

Mr. Gladstone Brown's renderings of "An April Day," "Eventide," and "Good Night, Dear Heart," were varied and full of interest. His voice, too, is one of unusual compass, powerful, but flexible, accompanied by diction and spirited interpretation. He responded with Hesselberg's "Sweetheart to You."

Both assisting artists were admirably supported at the pianoforte by the composer. The lyrics to all the songs were written by the composer's talented and charming wife, Lena Shackelford Hesselberg.

A NEW theatre is to be opened in New York within the next fortnight. It will be the Theatre Francaise, and when it is ready the French company, now at the Garrick Theatre, will remove to their own home, and John Craig, formerly of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, will take possession of the Garrick, now occupied by the French Players, and will there produce a new drama written by E. H. Sothern. At the same time there is a report that the Irish Theatre will be established under the guidance of Whitford Kane. This actor was identified with the Irish Theatre two years ago, and is an actor of commanding dignity and power.

The Mystery of the Churchill Pearls

(Continued from page 9.)

fully wrapped in a silk handkerchief tucked down in his right-hand waistcoat pocket—which, by the way, was provided with a buttoned flap to make it doubly secure.

I looked over the necklace to make sure there could be no mistake. Then I again wrapped it up in the silk handkerchief and thrust it well down in my own waistcoat pocket.

"Get up!" I told the man on the cab floor.

I noticed, as I removed my knee from his chest, what a sorry condition his shirt front was in and how his tie had been twisted around under his ear. He lay back against the musty cushions, breathing hard and staring at me out of eyes that were by no means kindly.

"You couldn't work it!" I said, as I pocketed the revolver, and having readjusted my own tie, buttoned my overcoat across a sadly crumpled shirt front. Then for the first time the thief spoke.

"D'you know what this'll cost you?" he cried, white to the lips.

"That's not worrying me," was my calm retort. "I got what I came after."

He sat forward in his seat with a face that looked foolishly threatening.

"Don't imagine you can get away with that," he declared. I could afford to smile at his impotent fury.

"Just watch me!" I told him. Then I added, more soberly, with my hand on the door knob, "and if you interfere with me after I leave this cab, if you so much as try to come within ten yards of me to-night, I'll give you what's coming to you."

I opened the door as I spoke, and dropped easily from the still moving cab to the pavement. I stood there for a moment, watching its placid driver as he went on up the Avenue. The glass-windowed door still swung open, swaying back and forth like a hand slowly waving me good-by.

Then I looked at my watch, crossed to the University Club, jumped into a waiting taxi, and dodged back to the theatre, somewhat sore in body but rather well satisfied in mind.

A PECULIAR feeling of superiority possessed me as I presented my door check and was once more ushered back to my empty box. During the last hour and a half that pit full of languid-eyed people had been witnessing a tawdry imitation of adventure. They had been swallowing a capsule of imitation romance, while I, between the time of leaving and re-entering that garishly lighted foyer, had revelled in adventure at first hand, had taken chances and faced dangers and righted a great wrong.

I felt inarticulately proud of myself as I watched the final curtain come down. This pride became a feeling of elation as I directed my glance toward Alice Churchill, who had risen in the box in front of mine, and was again showering on me the warmth of her friendly smile. I knew I was still destined to be the god from the machine. It was plain that she was still unconscious of her loss.

I stopped her and her hollow-cheeked brother on their way out, surprising them a little, I suppose, by the unlooked for cordiality of my greeting.

"Can't you two children take a bite with me at Sherry's?" I amiably suggested. I could see brother and sister exchange glances.

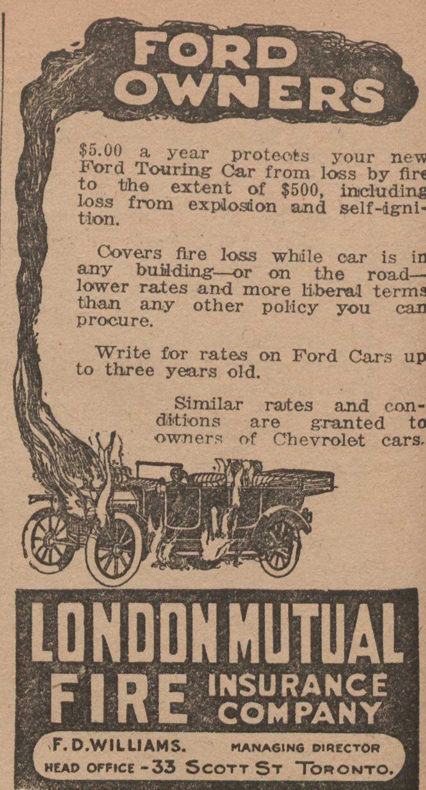
"Benny oughtn't to be out late," she demurred.

"But I've something rather important to talk over," I pleaded.

"And Benny would like to get a glimpse of Sherry's again," interposed the thin-cheeked youth just back from the wilds. And without more ado I bundled them into a taxi and carried them off with me, wondering just what would be the best way of bringing up the subject in hand.

I found it much harder, in fact, than I had expected. And I was, as time went on, more and more averse to betraying my position, to descending mildly from my pinnacle of superiority, to burning my little pinwheel of power. I was like a puppy with its first buried bone. I knew what I carried so carefully wrapped up in my waistcoat pocket. I remembered how it had come there, and during that quiet supper hour I was inordinately proud of myself.

I sat looking at the girl, with her towering crown of reddish-gold hair. She, in turn, was gazing at her own foolishly distorted reflection in the polished bowl of the chafing dish from which I had just served her with capon a la reine. She sat there gazing at her reflected face, gazing at it with



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a sort of studious yet impersonal intentness. Then I saw her suddenly lean forward in her chair, still looking at the grotesque image of herself in the polished silver. I could not help noticing her quickly altering expression, the inarticulate gasp of her parted lips, the hand that went suddenly up to her throat. I saw the fingers feel around the base of the compactly slender neck, and the momentary look of stupor that once more swept over her face.

She ate a mouthful of capon, studiously, without speaking. Then she looked up at us again. It was then that her brother Benny for the first time noticed her change of colour.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, his thin young face touched suddenly with anxiety.

The girl, when she answered him, spoke very quietly. But I could see what a struggle it was costing her.

"Now, Benny, I don't want any fuss," she said, almost under her breath. "I don't want either of you to get excited, for it can't do a bit of good. But my necklace is gone."

"Gone?" gasped Benny. "It can't be!"

"It's gone," she repeated, with her vacant eyes on me as her brother prodded and felt about her skirt, and then even shook out her crumpled opera cloak.

It was then that I reached calmly down in my waistcoat pocket, for I knew that my moment had come.

"Does this happen to be it?" I asked, with all the nonchalance at my command. And as I spoke I unwrapped the string of pearls with the pigeon-blood ruby and let them roll on the white damask that lay between us.

She looked at them without moving, her eyes wide with wonder. I could see the colour come back into her face. It was quite reward enough to witness the relieving warmth return to those widened eyes, to bask in that lovely and liquid glance of gratitude.

"How," she asked a little weakly, as she reached over and took them up in her fingers, "how did you get them?"

"You lost them in the theatre-box during the first act," I told her. Her brother Benny wiped his forehead.

"And it's up to a woman to drop forty thousand dollars and never know about it," he cried.

I watched her as she turned them over in her hands. Then she suddenly looked up at me, then down at the jewels, then up at me again.

"This is not my necklace," were the astonishing words that I heard fall from her lips. I knew, of course, that she was mistaken.

"Oh, yes, it is," I quietly assured her.

She shook her head in negation, still staring at me.

"What makes you think so?" she asked.

"I don't think it, I know it," was my response. "Those aren't the sort of stones that grow on every bush in this town."

SHE was once more studying the necklace. And once more she shook her head.

"But I am left-handed," she was explaining, as she still looked down at them, "and I had my clasp, here on the ruby at the back, made that way. This clasp is right-handed. "Don't you see, it's on the wrong side."

"But you've only got the thing upside down," cried her brother. And I must confess that a disagreeable feeling began to manifest itself in the pit of my stomach as he moved closer beside her and tried to reverse the necklace so that the clasp would stand a left-handed one.

He twisted and turned it fruitlessly for several moments.

"Isn't that the limit?" he finally murmured, sinking back in his chair and regarding me with puzzled eyes. The girl, too, was once more studying my face, as though my movement represented a form of uncouth jocularity which she could not quite comprehend.

"What's the answer, anyway?" asked the mystified youth.

But his bewilderment was as nothing compared to mine. I reached over for the string of pearls with the ruby clasp. I took them and turned them over and over in my hands, weakly, mutely, as though they themselves might in some way solve an enigma which seemed inscrutable. And I had to confess that the whole thing was too much for me. I was still looking down at that lustrous row of pearls, so appealing to the eye in their absolute and perfect graduation, when I heard the younger man at my side call my name aloud.

"Kerfoot!" he said, not exactly in alarm and not precisely in anxiety, yet with a newer note that made me look up sharply.

As I did so I was conscious of the figure so close behind me, so near my chair that even while I had already felt his presence there, I had for the moment taken him for my scrupulously attentive waiter. But as I turned about and looked up at this figure I saw that I was mistaken. My glance fell on a wide-shouldered and rather portly man with quiet and very deep-set grey eyes. What disturbed me even more than his presence there at my shoulder was the sense of power, of unparaded superiority, on that impassive yet undeniably intelligent face.

"I want to see you," he said, with an unemotional matter-of-factness that in another would have verged on insolence.

"About what?" I demanded, trying to match his impassivity with my own.

He nodded toward the necklace in my hand.

"About that," he replied.

"What about that?" I languidly inquired.

The portly man at my shoulder did not answer me. Instead, he turned and nodded toward a second man, a man standing half a dozen paces behind him, in a damp overcoat and a sadly crumpled shirt front.

I felt my heart beat faster of a sudden, for it took no second glance to tell me that this second figure was the jewel thief whom I had trailed and cornered in the musty-smelling cab.

I felt the larger man's sudden grip on my shoulder—and his hand seemed to have the strength of a vice—as the smaller man, still pale and disheveled, stepped up to the table. His face was not a pleasant one.

Benny Churchill, whose solicitous eyes bent for a moment on his sister's startled face, suddenly rose to his feet.

"Look here," he said, with a quiet vigour of which I had not dreamed him capable, "there's not going to be any scene here." He turned to the man at my shoulder. "I don't know who you are, but I want you to remember there's a lady at this table. Remember that, please, or I'll be compelled to teach you how to!"

"Sit down!" I told him. "For heaven's sake, sit down, all of you! There's nothing to be gained by heroics. And if we've anything to say, we may as well say it decently."

The two men exchanged glances as I ordered two chairs for them.

"Be so good," I continued, motioning them toward these chairs. "And since we have a problem to discuss, there's no reason we can't discuss it in a semicivilized manner."

"It's not a problem," said the man at my shoulder, with something disagreeably like a sneer.

"Then let's not make it one," I protested.

The man behind me was the first to drop into the empty seat on my left. The other man crossed to the farther side of the table, still watching me closely. Then he felt for the chair and slowly sank into it; but not once did he take his eyes from my face. I was glad that our circle had become a compact one, for the five of us were now ranged sufficiently close about the table to fence off our little white-linen kingdom of dissension from the rest of the room.

"THAT man's armed, remember!" the jewel thief suddenly cried to the stranger on my left. He spoke both warningly and indignantly. His flash of anger, in fact, seemed an uncontrollable one.

"Where's your gun?" said the quiet-eyed man at my side. His own hand was in his pocket, I noticed, and there was a certain malignant line of purpose about his mouth which I did not at all like.

Yet I was able to laugh a little as I put the magazine revolver down on the table; it had memories which were amusing.

The quick and dexterous motion with which he removed that gun, however, was even more laughable. Yet my returning sense of humour in no way impressed him.

"Where'd you get that gun?" he inquired.

I nodded my head toward the white-faced man opposite me.

"I took it away from your friend there," was my answer.

"And what else did you take?"

There was something impressive about the man's sheer impersonality. It so kept things down to cases.

"This pearl necklace with the ruby clasp," I answered.

"Why?" demanded my interlocutor.

"Because he stole it," was my prompt retort. The big man was silent for a moment.

"From whom?"

"From the lady you have the honour of facing," I answered.

"Where?" was his next question.

I told him where. He was again silent for a second or two.

"D'you know who this man is?" he said, with a curt head-nod toward his white-faced colleague.

"Yes," I answered.

"What is he?"

"He's a jewel thief."

The two men stared at each other. Then the man at my side rubbed his chin between a meditative thumb and forefinger. He was plainly puzzled. He began to take on human attributes, and he promptly became a less interesting and impressive figure. He looked at Alice Churchill and at her brother, and then back at me again.

Then, having once more absently caressed his chin, he swung about and faced the wondering and silent girl who sat opposite him.

"Excuse me, miss, but would you mind answering a question or two?"

It was her brother who spoke before she had time to answer.

"Wait," he interposed. "Just who are you, anyway?"

The man, for answer, lifted the lapel of his coat and exhibited a silver badge.

"Well, what does that mean?" demanded the quite unimpressed youth.

"That I'm an officer."

"What kind—a detective?"

"Yes."

"For what? For this place?"

"No, for the Maiden Lane Protective Association."

"Well, what's that got to do with us?"

The large-bodied man looked at him a little impatiently.

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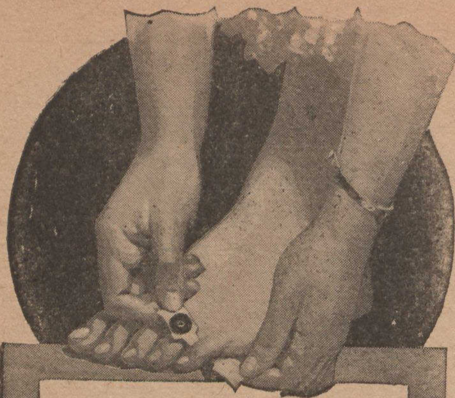

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time comes," was the retort. "Now, young lady," he began again, swinging back to the puzzled girl, "do you say you lost a necklace in that theatre box?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes, I must have," she answered, looking a little frightened.

"And you say it was stolen from you?"

"No, I didn't say that. I had my necklace on when I was in the box—both Benny and I know that."

"And it disappeared?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"I noticed it was gone when I sat down at the table here."

The dominating gentleman turned round to me.

"You saw the necklace from the second box?" he asked.

"I did," was my answer.

"And you saw it disappear?" he demanded.

"I saw when it disappeared," I retorted.

The jewel thief with the crumpled shirt front tried to break in at this juncture, but the bigger man silenced him with an impatient side swing of the hand.

"When was that?" he continued.

"What difference does it make?" I calmly inquired, resenting the peremptoriness of his interrogations.

HE stopped short and looked up at me. Then the first ghost of a smile, a patient and almost sorrowful smile, came to his lips.

"Well, we'll go at it another way. You witnessed this man across the table take the necklace from the young lady?"

"It practically amounts to that."

"That is, you actually detected him commit this crime?"

"I don't think I said that."

"But you assumed he committed this crime?"

"Rather."

"Just when was it committed?"

"During what they call a dark change in the first act."

"You mean the necklace was on before that change, and gone when the lights were turned on again?"

"Precisely."

"And the position and actions of this man were suspicious to you?"

"Extremely so."

"In what way?"

"In different ways."

"He had crowded suspiciously close to the wearer of the necklace?"

"He had."

"And his eyes were glued on it during the early part of that act?"

"They certainly were."

"And you watched him?"

"With almost as much interest as he watched the necklace."

"And after the dark change, as you call it, the lady's neck was bare?"

"It was."

"You're sure of this?"

"Positive."

"And what did this man across the table do?"

"Having got what he was after, he hurried out of the theatre and made his escape—or tried to make his escape."

"It embarrassed him, I suppose, to have you studying him so closely?"

"He certainly looked embarrassed."

"Of course," admitted my interrogator. Then he sighed deeply, almost contentedly, after which he sat with contemplative and pursed-up lips.

"I guess I've got this whole snarl now," he complacently admitted. "All but one kink."

"What one kink?" demanded Benny Churchill.

The man at my side did not answer him. Instead, he rose to his feet.

"I want you to come with me," he had the effrontery to remark, with a curt head-nod in my direction.

"I much prefer staying here," I retorted. And for the second time he smiled his saddened smile.

"Oh, it's nothing objectionable," he explained. "Nobody's going to hurt you. And we'll be back here in ten minutes."

"But, oddly enough, I have rooted objections to deserting my guests."

"Your guests won't be sorry, I imagine," he replied, as he looked at his silver turnip of a watch. "And we're losing good time."

"Please go," said Alice Churchill, emboldened, apparently, by some instinctive conclusion which she could not, or did not care to, explain. And she was backed up, I noticed, by a nod from her brother.

I also noticed, as I rose to my feet, that I still held the necklace in my hand. I was a little puzzled as to just what to do with it.

"That," said the sagacious stranger, "you'd better leave here. Let the young lady keep it until we get back. And you, Fessant," he went on, turning to the belligerent-lipped jewel thief, "you stay right here and make yourself pleasant. And without bein' rude, you might see that the young lady and her brother stay right here with you."

Then he took me companionably by the arm and led me away.

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"What's the exact meaning of all this?" I inquired, as we threaded our course out to the cab stand and went dodging westward along Forty-third Street in a taxi. The rain, I noticed through the fogged window, was still falling.

"I want you to show me exactly where that man sat in that box," was his answer. "And two minutes in the theatre will do it."

"And what good," I inquired, "is that going to do me?"

"It may do you a lot of good," he retorted, as he flung open the cab door.

"I feel rather sorry for you if it doesn't," was my answer as I followed him out. We had drawn up before a desolate-looking stage door over which burned an even more desolate-looking electric bulb. The man turned and looked at me with a short ghost of a grunt, more of disgust than contempt.

"You're pretty nifty, aren't you, for a New York edition of Jesse James?"

And without waiting for my answer he began kicking on the shabby-looking stage door with his foot. He was still kicking when the door itself was opened by a man in a grey uniform, obviously the night watchman.

"Hello, Tim!" said the one.

"Hello, Bud!" said the other.

"Doorman gone?"

"'Bout an hour ago!"

Then ensued a moment of silence.

"Burnside say anything was turned in?"

"Didn't hear of it!" was the watchman's answer.

"My friend here thinks he's left something in a box. Could you let us through?"

"Sure," was the easy response. "I'll throw on the house-lights for youse. Watch your way!"

He escorted us through a maze of what looked like the backs of gigantic picture frames. He stepped aside for a moment to turn on a switch. Then he opened a narrow door covered with sheet iron, and we found ourselves facing the box entrances.

My companion motioned me into the second box while he stepped briskly into that nearer the footlights.

"Now, the young lady sat there," he said, placing the gilt chair back against the brass railing. Then he sat down in it, facing the stage. Having done so, he took off his hat and placed it on the box floor. "Now you show me where that man sat."

I placed the chair against the plush-covered parapet and dropped into it.

"Here," I explained, "within two feet of where you are."

"All right!" was his sudden and quite unexpected rejoinder. "That's enough! That'll do!"

He reached down and groped about for his hat before rising from the chair. He brushed it with the sleeve of his coat absently, and then stepped out of the box.

"We'd better be getting back," he called to me from the sheet-iron covered doorway.

"Back to what?" I demanded, as I followed him out through the maze again, feeling that he was in some way tricking me, resenting the foolish mystery which he was flinging about the whole foolish manoeuvre.

"Back to those guests of yours and some good old-fashioned common sense," was his retort.

But during the ride back to Sherry's he had nothing further to say to me. His answers to the questions I put to him were either evasive or monosyllabic. He even yawned, yawned openly and audibly, as we drew up at the carriage entrance of that munificently lighted hostelry. He now seemed nothing more than a commonplace man tired out at the completion of a commonplace task. He even seemed a trifle impatient at my delay as I waited to check my hat and coat—a formality in which he did not join me.

"Now, I can give you people just two minutes," he said, as the five of us were once more seated at the same table and he once more consulted his turnip of a watch. "And I guess that's more'n we'll need."

He turned to the wan and tired-eyed girl, who, only too plainly, had not altogether enjoyed her wait.

"You've got the necklace?" he asked.

She held up a hand from which the string of graduated pearls dangled. The man then turned to me.

"You took this string of pearls away from this man?" he asked, with a quick nod toward the jewel thief.

"I assuredly did," was my answer.

"Knowing he had taken them from this young lady earlier in the evening?"

"Your assumption bears every mark of genius!" I assured him.

He turned back to the girl.

"Is that oyur necklace?" he curtly demanded.

The girl looked at me with clouded and troubled eyes. We all felt, in some foolish way, that the moment was a climatic one.

"No!" she answered, in little more than a whisper.

"You're positive?"

She nodded her head without speaking. The man turned to me.

"Yet you followed this man, assaulted him and forcibly took that necklace away from him?"

"Hold on!" I cried, angered by that calmly pedagogic manner of his. "I want you to un——"

He stopped me with a sharp move of the hand.

"Don't go over all that!" he said. "It's a waste of time. The point is, that necklace is not your friend's. But I'm going to tell you what it is. It's a duplicate of it, stone for stone. The lady, I think, will agree with me on that. Am I right?"

The girl nodded.

"Then what the devil's this man doing with it?" demanded Benny Churchill, before any of us could speak.

"S'pose you wait and find out who this man is!"

"Well, who is he?" I inquired, resolved that no hand, however artful, was going to pull the wool over my eyes.

"This man," said my imperturbed and big-shouldered friend, "is the pearl-matcher for Cohen and Greenhut, the Maiden Lane importers. Wait, don't interrupt me. Miss Churchill's necklace, I understand, was one of the finest in this town. His house had an order to duplicate it. He took the first chance, when the pearls had been matched and strung, to see that he'd done his job right."

"And you mean to tell me," I cried, "that he hung over a box rail and lifted a string of pearls from a lady's neck just to——"

"Hold on there, my friend," cut in the big-limbed man. "He found this lady was going to be in that box and wearin' that necklace."

"And having reviewed its chaste beauty, he sneaked out of his own box and ran like a chased cur!"

"Hold your horses now! Can't you see that he thought you were the crook? If you had a bunch of stones like that on you and a stranger butted in and started trailin' you, wouldn't you do your best to melt away when you had the chance?" demanded the officer. Then he looked at me again with his wearily uplifted eyebrows. "Oh, I guess you were all right as far as you went, but, like most amateurs, you didn't go quite far enough!"

It was Benny Churchill who spoke up before I could answer. His voice, as he spoke, was oddly thin and childlike.

"But why in heaven's name should he want to duplicate my sister's jewelry?"

"For another woman, with more money than brains or the know-how or whatever you want to call it," was the impassive response.

I saw the girl across the table from me push the necklace away from her, and leave it lying there in a glimmering heap on the white table. I promptly and quietly reached out and took possession of it, for I still had my own ideas of the situation.

"That's all very well," I cried, "and very interesting. But what I want to know is: who got the first necklace?"

The big-framed man looked once more at his watch. Then he looked a little wearily at me.

"I got 'em!" he said.

"You've got them?" echoed both the girl and her brother. It was plain that the inconsequentialities of the last hour had been a little too much for them.

The man thrust a huge hand down in the pocket of his damp and somewhat unshapely overcoat.

"Yes, I got 'em here," he explained as he drew his hand away and held the glimmering string up to the light. "I picked 'em up from the corner of that box where they slipped off the lady's neck."

He rose placidly and ponderously to his feet.

"And I guess that's about all," he added as he squinted through an uncurtained strip of plate glass and slowly turned up his coat collar, "except that some of us out-door guys'll sure get webfooted if this rain keeps up!"

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

By TALBOT MUNDY

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"SHE will use thee for a reward," he said. "He who shall win and keep her favour may have his hurts dressed and his belly dosed. Her enemies may rot."

"Who is fool enough to be her enemy?" asked King, the altogether mild and guileless.

The Pathan stuck out his tongue and squeezed his nose with one finger until it nearly disappeared into his face.

"If she calls a man enemy, how shall he prove otherwise?" he answered. Then he rolled off center, to pull out his great snuff-box from the leather bag at his waist.

"Does she call the mullah Muhammad Anim enemy?" King asked him.

"Nay, she never mentions him by name."

"Art thou a man of thy word?" King asked.

"When it suits me."

"There was a promise regarding my reward."

"Name it, hakim! We will see."

"Go tell the mullah Muhammad Anim where I sit!"

The fellow laughed. He considered himself tricked; one could read that plainly enough; for taking polite messages does not come within the Hills' elastic code of izzat, although carrying a challenge is another matter. Yet he felt grateful for the hakim's service and was ready to seize the first cheap means of squaring the indebtedness.

"Keep my place!" he ordered, getting up. He growled it, as the men speak to dogs, because growling soothed his ruffled vanity.

He helped himself noisily to snuff then and began to clear a passage, kicking out to right and left and laughing when his victims protested. Before he had traversed fifty yards he had made himself more enemies than most men dare aspire to in a lifetime, and he seemed well pleased with the fruit of his effort.

The dance went on for fifteen minutes yet, but then—quite unexpectedly—all the arena guards together fired a volley at the roof, and the dance stopped as if every dancer had been hit. The spectators were set surging by the showers of stone splinters, that hurt whom they struck, and their snarl was like a wolf-pack's when a tiger interferes. But the guards thought it all a prodigious joke and the more the crowd swore the more they laughed.

Panting—foaming at the mouth, some of them—the dancers ran to their seats and set the crowd surging again, leaving the arena empty of all but the guards. The man whose seat Ismail had taken came staggering, slippery with sweat, and squeezed himself where he belonged, forcing King into the Pathan's empty place. Ismail threw his arms round the man and patted him, calling him "mighty dancer," "son of the wind," "prince of prancers," "prince of swords-men," "warhorse," and a dozen more endearing epithets. The fellow lay back across Ismail's knees, breathless but well enough contented.

And after a few more minutes the Orakzai Pathan came back, and King tried to make room for him to sit.

"I bade thee keep my place!" he growled, towering over King and plucking at his knife-belt irresolutely. He made it clear without troubling to use words that any other man would have had to fight, and the hakim might think himself lucky.

"Take my seat," said King, struggling to get up.

"Nay, nay—sit still, thou. I can kick room for myself. So! So! So!"

There was an answering snarl of hate that seemed like a song to him, amid which he sat down.

"The mullah Muhammad Anim answered he knows nothing of thee and cares less! He said—and he said it with vehemence—it is no more to him where a hakim sits than where the rats hide!"

He watched King's face and seeing that, King allowed his facial muscles to express chagrin.

"Between us, it is a poor time for messages to him. He is too full of pride that his lashkar should have beaten the British."

"Did they beat the British greatly?" King asked him, with only vague interest on his face and a prayer inside him that his heart might flutter less violently against his ribs. His voice was non-committal as the mullah's message.

"Who knows, when so many men would rather lie than kill? Each one who returned swears he slew a hundred. But some did not return. Wa" and watch, say I!'

Now a man stood up near th
of the crowd whom King re
and recognition brought n

it. The mullah without hair or eyelashes, who had admitted him and his party through the mosque into the Caves, strode out to the middle of the arena all alone, strutting and swaggering. He recalled the man's last words and drew no consolation from them, either.

"Many have entered! Some went out by a different road!"

Cold chills went down his back. All at once Ismail's manner became unencouraging. He ceased to make a fuss over the dancer and began to eye King sidewise, until at last he seemed unable to contain the malice that would well forth.

"At the gate there were only words!" he whispered. "Here in this cavern men wait for proof!"

He licked his teeth suggestively, as a wolf does when he contemplates a meal. Then, as an afterthought, as though ashamed, "I love thee! Thou art a man after my own heart! But I am her man! Wait and see!"

The mullah in the arena, blinking with his lashless eyes, held both arms up for silence in the attitude of a Christian priest blessing a congregation. The guards backed his silent demand with threatening rifles. The din died to a hiss of a thousand whispers, and then the great cavern grew still, and only the river could be heard sucking hungrily between the smooth stone banks.

"God is great!" the mullah howled.

"God is great!" the crowd thundered in echo to him; and then the vault took up the echoes. "God is great—is great—is great—ea—ea—eat!"

"And Muhammad is His prophet!" howled the mullah. Instantly they answered him again.

"And Huhammad is His prophet!"

"His prophet—is His prophet—is His prophet!" said the stalactites, in loud barks—then in murmurs—then in awe-struck whispers.

That seemed to be all the religious ritual Khinjan remembered or could tolerate. Considering that the mullah, too, must have killed his man in cold blood before earning the right to be there, perhaps it was enough—too much. There were men not far from King who shuddered.

"There are strangers!" announced the mullah, as a man might say, "I smell a rat!" But he did not look at anybody in particular; he blinked at the crowd.

"Strangers!" said the stalactites, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Show them! Show them! Let them stand forth!"

"Oh-h-h-h-h! Let them stand forth!" said the roof.

THE mullah bowed as if that idea were a new one and he thought it better than his own; for all crowds love flattery.

"Bring them!" he shouted, and King suppressed a shudder—for what proof had he of right to be there, beyond Ismail's verbal corroboration of a lie? Would Ismail lie for him again? he wondered. And if so, would the lie be any use?

Not far from where King sat there was an immediate disturbance in the crowd, and a wretched-looking Baluchi was thrust forward at a run, with arms lashed to his sides and a pitiful look of terror on his face. Two more Baluchis were hustled along after him, protesting a little, but looking almost as hopeless.

Once in the arena, the guards took charge of all three of them and lined them up facing the mullah, clubbing them with their rifle-butts to get quicker obedience. The crowd began [illegible] be noisy again, but the mullah [illegible] for silence.

[illegible]e are traitors!" he howled, [illegible]esture such as Ajax might have used when he defied the lightning.

The roof said "Traitors!"

"Slay them, then!" howled the crowd, delighted. And blinking behind the horn-rimmed spectacles, King began to look about busily for hope, where there did not seem to be any.

"Nay, hear me first!" the mullah howled, and his voice was like a wolf's at hunting time. "Hear, and be warned!"

THE crowd grew very still, but King saw that some men licked their lips, as if they knew what was coming.

"These three men came, and one was a new man!" the mullah howled "The other two were his witnesses! All three swore that the first man came from slaying an unbeliever in the teeth of written law. They said he ran from the law. So, as the custom is, I let all three enter!"

"Good!" said the crowd. "Good!" They might have been five thousand judges, judging in equity, so grave they were. Yet they licked their lips.

"But later, word came to me saying they are liars. So—again as the custom is—I ordered them bound and held!"

"Slay them! Slay them;" the crowd yelped, gleeful as a wolf-pack on a scent and abandoning solemnity as suddenly as it had been assumed. "Slay them!"

They were like the wind, whipping in and out among Khinjan's rocks, savage and then still for a minute, savage and then still.

"Nay, there is a custom yet!" the mullah howled, holding up both arms. And there was silence again like the lull before a hurricane, with only the great black river talking to itself.

"Who speaks for them? Does any speak for them?"

"Speak for them?" said the roof.

There was silence. Then there was a murmur of astonishment. Over opposite to where King sat the mullah stood up, who the Pathan had said was "Bull-with-a-beard"—Muhammad Anim.

"The men are mine!" he growled. His voice was like a bear's at bay; it was low, but it carried strangely. And as he spoke he swung his great head between his shoulders, like a bear that means to charge. "The proof they brought has been stolen! They had good proof! I speak for them! The men are mine!"

The Pathan nudged King in the ribs with an elbow like a club and tickled his ear with hot breath.

"Bull-with-a-beard speaks truth!" he grinned. "Truth and a lie together! Good may it do him and then! They die, they three Baluchis!"

"Proof!" howled the mullah who had no hair or eyelashes.

"Proof—oof—oof!" said the stalactites.

"Proof! Show us proof!" yelled the crowd.

"Words at the gate—proof in the cavern!" howled the lashless one.

The Pathan next King leaned over to whisper to him again, but stiffened in the act. There was a great gasp the same instant, as the whole crowd caught its breath all together. The mullah in the middle froze into immobility. Bull-with-a-beard stood mumbling, swaying his great head from side to side, no longer suggestive of a bear about to charge, but of one who hesitates.

The crowd was staring at the end of the bridge. King stared, too, and caught his own breath. For Yasmini stood there, smiling on them all as the new moon smiles down on the Khyber! She had come among them like a spirit, all unheralded.

So much more beautiful than the one likeness King had seen of her that for a second he doubted who she was—more lovely than he had imagined her even in his dreams—she stood there, human and warm and real, who had begun to seem a myth, clad in gauzy silk transparent stuff that made no secret of sylph-like shapeliness and looking nearly light enough to blow away. Her feet—and they were the most marvelously molded things he had ever seen—were naked and played restlessly on the naked stone. Not one part of her was still for a fraction of a second; yet the whole effect was of insolently lazy ease.

Her eyes blazed brighter than the little jewels stitched to her gossamer dress, and when a man once looked at them he did not find it easy to look away again. Even mullah Muhammad Anim seemed transfixed, like a great foolish animal.

But King was staring very hard indeed at something else—mentally cursing the plain glass spectacles he wore, that had begun to film over and dim his vision. There were two bracelets on her arm, both barbaric things of solid gold. The smaller of the two was on her wrist and the larger on her upper arm, but they were so alike, except for size, and so exactly like the one Rewa Gunga had given him in her name and that had been stolen from him in the night, that he ran the risk of removing the glasses a moment to stare with unimpeded eyes. Even then the distance was too great. He could not quite see.

But her eyes began to search the crowd in his direction, and then he knew two things absolutely. He was sitting where she had ordered Ismail to place him; for she picked him out almost instantly, and laughed as if somebody had struck a silver bell. And one of those bracelets was the one that he had worn; for she flaunted it at him, moving her arm so that the light should make the gold glitter.

Then, perhaps because the crowd had begun to whisper, and she wanted all attention, she raised both arms to toss back the golden hair that came cascading nearly to her knees. And as if the crowd knew that symptom well, it drew its breath in sharply and grew very still.

"Muhammad Anim!" she said, and she might have been wooing him. "That was a devil's trick!"

It was rather an astounding statement, coming from lovely lips in such a setting. It was rather suggestive of a driver's whiplash, flicked through the air for a beginning. Muhammad Anim continued glaring and did not answer her, so in her own good time, when she had tossed her golden hair back once or twice again, she developed her meaning.

"We who are free of Khinjan Caves do not send men out to bring recruits. We know better than to bid our men tell lies for others at the gate. Nor, seeking proof for our new recruit, do we send men to hunt a head for him—not even those of us who have a lashkar that we call our own, mullah Muhammad Anim! Each of us earns his own way in!"

THE mullah Muhammad Anim began to stroke his beard, but he made no answer.

"And—mullah Muhammad Anim, thou wandering man of God—when that lashkar has foolishly been sent and has failed, is it written in the Kalamullah saying we should pretend there was a head, and that the head was stolen? A lie is a lie, Muhammad Anim! Wandering perhaps is good, if in search of the way. Is it good to lose the way, and to lie, thou true follower of the Prophet?"

She smiled, tossing her hair back. Her eyes challenged, her lips mocked him and her chin scorned. The crowd breathed hard and watched. The mullah muttered something in his beard,

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and sat down, and the crowd began to roar applause at her. But she checked it with a regal gesture, and a glance of contempt at the mullah that was alone worth a journey across the "Hills" to see.

"Guards!" she said quietly. And the crowd's sigh then was like the night wind in a forest.

"Away with those three of Muhammad Anim's men!"

Twelve of the arena guards threw down their shields with a sudden clatter and seized the prisoners, four to each. The crowd shivered with delicious anticipation. The doomed men neither struggled nor cried, for fatalism is an anodyne as well as an explosive. King set his teeth. Yasmini, with both hands behind her head, continued to smile down on them all as sweetly as the stars shine on a battlefield.

She nodded once; and then all was over in a minute. With a ringing "Ho!" and a run, the guards lifted their victims shoulder high and bore them forward. At the river bank they paused for a second to swing them. Then, with another "Ho!" they threw them like dead rubbish into the swift black water.

There was only one wild scream that went echoing and re-echoing to the roof. There was scarcely a splash, and no extra ripple at all. No heads came up again to gasp. No fingers clutched at the surface. The fearful speed of the river sucked them under, to grind and churn and pound them through long caverns underground and hurl them at last over the great cataract toward the middle of the world.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" sighed the crowd in ecstasy.

"Is there no other stranger?" asked Yasmini, searching for King again with her amazing eyes. The skin all down his back turned there and then into gooseflesh. And as her eyes met his she laughed like a bell at him. She knew! She knew who he was, how he had entered, and how he felt. Not a doubt of it!

CHAPTER XI.

"KURRAM KHAN!" the lashless mullah howled, like a lone wolf in the moonlight, and King stood up.

It is one of the laws of Cocker, who wrote the S. S. Code, that a man is alive until he is proved dead, and where there is life there is opportunity. In that grim minute King felt heretical; but a man's feelings are his own affair provided he can prove it, and he managed to seem about as much at ease as a native hakim ought to feel at such an initiation.

"Come forward!" the mullah howled, and he obeyed, treading gingerly between men who were at no pains to let him by, and silently blessing them, because he was not really in any hurry at all. Yasmini looked lovely from a distance, and life was sweet.

"Who are his witnesses?"

"Witnesses?" the roof hissed.

"I!" shouted Ismail, jumping up.

"I!" cracked the roof. "I! I!" So that for a second King almost believed he had a crowd of men to swear for him and did not hear Darya Khan at all, who rose from a place not very far behind where he had sat.

Ismail followed him in a hurry, like a man wading a river with loose clothes gathered in one arm and the other arm ready in case of falling. He took much less trouble than King not to tread on people, and oaths marked his wake.

Darya Khan did not go so fast. As he forced his way forward a man passed him up the wooden box that King had used to stand on; he seized it in both hands with a grin and a jest and went to stand behind King and Ismail, in line with the lashless mullah, facing Yasmini. Yasmini smiled at them all as if they were actors in her comedy, and she well pleased with them.

"Look ye!" howled the mullah. "Look ye and look well, for this is to be one of us!"

King felt ten thousand eyes burn holes in his back, but the one pair of eyes that mocked him from the bridge was more disconcerting.

"Turn, Kurram Khan! Turn that all may see!"

Feeling like a man on a spit, he revolved slowly. By the time he had turned once completely around, besides knowing positively that one of the two bracelets on her right arm was the one he had worn, or else its exact copy, he knew that he was not meant to die yet; for his eyes could work much more swiftly than the horn-rimmed spectacles made believe. He decided that Yasmini meant he should be frightened, but not much hurt just yet.

So he ceased altogether to feel frightened and took care to look more scared than ever.

"Who paid the price of thy admission?" the mullah howled, and King cleared his throat, for he was not quite sure yet what that might mean.

"Speak, Kurram Khan!" Yasmini purred, smiling her loveliest. "Tell them whom you slew."

King turned and faced the crowd, raising himself on the balls of his feet to shout, like a man facing thousands of troops on parade. He nearly gave himself away, for habit had him unawares. A native hakim, given the stoutest lungs in all India, would not have shouted in that way.

"Cappitin Attleystan King!" he roared. And he nearly jumped out of his skin when his own voice came rattling back at him from the roof overhead.

"Cappitin Attleystan King!" it answered.

Yasmini chuckled as a little rill will sometimes chuckle among ferns. It was devilish. It seemed to say there were traps not far ahead.

"Where was he slain?" asked the mullah.

"In the Khyber Pass," said King.

"In the Khyber Pass!" the roof whispered hoarsely, as if aghast at such cold-bloodedness.

"Now give proof!" said the mullah. "Words at the gate—proof in the cavern! Without good proof, there is only one way out of here!"

"Proof!" the crowd thundered. "Proof!"

"Proof! Proof Proof!" the roof echoed.

There was no need for Darya Khan to whisper. King's hands were behind him, and he had seen what he had seen and guessed what he had guessed while he was turning to let the crowd look at him. His fingers closed on human hair.

"Nay, it is short!" hissed Darya Khan. "Take the two ears, or hold it by the jawbone! Hold it high in both hands!"

King obeyed, without looking at the thing, and Ismail, turning to face the crowd, rose on tiptoe and filled his lungs for the effort of his life.

"The head of Cappitin Attleystan King—infidel—kaffir—British arrficer!" he howled.

"Good!" the crowd bellowed. "Good! Throw it!"

The crowd's roar and the roof's echoes combined in pandemonium.

"Throw it to them, Kurram Khan!" Yasmini purred from the bridge end, speaking as softly and as sweetly as if she coaxed a child. Yet her voice carried.

He lowered the head, but instead of looking at it he looked up at her. He thought she was enjoying herself and his predicament as he had never seen any one enjoy anything.

"Throw it to them, Kurram Khan!" she purred. "It is the custom!"

"Thow it! Throw it!" the crowd thundered.

He turned the ghastly thing until it lay face-upward in his hands, and so at last he saw it. He caught his breath, and only the horn-rimmed spectacles, that he had cursed twice that night, saved him from self-betrayal. The cavern seemed to sway, but he recovered, and his wits worked swiftly. If Yasmini detected his nervousness she gave no sign.

"Throw it! Throw it! Throw it!"

The crowd was growing impatient. Many men were standing, waving their arms to draw attention to themselves, and he wondered what the ultimate end of the head would be, if he obeyed and threw it to them. Watching Yasmini's eyes, he knew it had not entered her head that he might disobey.

He looked past her toward the river. There were no guards near enough to prevent what he intended; but he had to bear in mind that the guards had rifles, and if he acted too suddenly one of them might shoot at him unbidden. They were wondrous free with their cartridges, those guards, in a land where ammunition is worth its weight in silver coin.

Holding the head before him with both hands, he began to walk toward the river, edging all the while a little toward the crowd as if meaning to get nearer before he threw.

He was much more than half-way to the river's edge before Yasmini or anybody else divined his true intention. The mullah grew suspicious first and yelled. Then King hurried, for he did not believe Yasmini would need many seconds in which to regain command of any situation. But she saw fit to stand still and watch.

He reached the river and stood there. Now he was in no hurry at all, for it stood to reason that unless Yasmini very much desired him to be kept alive he would have been shot already. For a moment the crowd was so interested that it forgot to bark and snarl.

His next move was as deliberate as he could make it, although he was careful to avoid the least suggestion of mummery (for then the crowd would have suspected disloyalty to Islam, and the "Hills" are very, very pious, and very suspicious of all foreign ritual).

He did a thoughtful simple thing that made every savage who watched him gasp because of its very unexpectedness. He held the head in both hands, threw it far out into the river and stood to watch it sink. Then, without visible emotion of any kind, he walked back stolidly to face Yasmini at the bridge end, with shoulders a little more stubborn now than they ought to be, and chin a shade too high, for there never was a man who could act quite perfectly.

"Thou fool!" Yasmini whispered through lips that did not move.

She betrayed a flash of temper like a trapped she-tiger's, but followed it instantly with her loveliest smile. Like to like, however, the crowd saw the flash of temper and took its cue from that.

"Slay him!" yelled a lone voice, that was greeted by an approving murmur.

"Slay him!" advised the roof in a whisper, in one of its phonetic tricks.

"This is a darbar!" Yasmini announced in a rising, ringing voice. "My darbar, for I summoned it! Did I invite any man to speak?"

There was silence, as a whipped unwilling pack is silent.

"Speak, thou, Kurram Khan!" she said. "Knowing the custom—having heard the order to throw that trophy to them—why act otherwise? Explain!"

NOTHING could be fairer! She left him to extricate himself from a mess of his own making! It was more than fair, for she went out of her way to offer him an opening to jump through. And she paid him the compliment of suggesting he must be clever enough to take it, for she seemed to expect a satisfying answer.

"Tell them why!" she said, smiling. No man could have guessed by the tone of her voice whether she was for him or against him, and the crowd, beginning again to whisper, watched to see which way the cat would jump.

He bowed low to her three times—very low indeed and very slowly, for he had to think. Then he turned his back and repeated the obeisance to the crowd. Still he could think of no excuse, except Cocker's Rule No. 1 for Tight Places, and all the world knows

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that because Solomon said much the same thing first:

"A soft answer is better than a sword!"

But Cocker adds, "Never excuse. Explain! And blame no man."

"My brothers," he said, and paused, since a man must make a beginning, even when he can not see the end. And as he spoke the answer came to him. He stood upright, and his voice became that of a man whose advice has been asked, and who gives it freely. "These be stirring times! Ye need take care, my brothers! Ye saw this night how one man entered here on the strength of an oath and a promise. All he lacked was proof. And I had proof. Ye saw! Who am I that I should deny you a custom? Yet—think ye, my brothers!—how easy would it not have been, had I thrown that head to you, for a traitor to catch it and hide it in his clothes, and make away with it! He could have used it to admit to these caves—why—even an Englishman, my brothers! If that had happened, ye would have blamed me!"

Yasmini smiled. Taking its cue from her, the crowd murmured, scarcely assent, but rather recognition of the hakim's adroitness. The game was not won; there lacked a touch to tip the scales in his favor, and Yasmini supplied it with ready genius.

"The hakim speaks truth!" she laughed.

King turned about instantly to face her, but he salaamed so low that she could not have seen his expression had she tried.

"If ye wish it, I will order him tossed into Earth's Drink after those other three."

Muhammed Anim rose, stroking his beard and rocking where he stood.

"It is the law!" he growled, and King shuddered.

"It is the law," Yasmini answered in a voice that rang with pride and insolence, "that none interrupt me while I speak! For such ill-mannered ones Earth's Drink hungers! Will you test my authority, Muhammad Anim?"

The mullah sat down, and hundreds of men laughed at him, but not all of the men by any means.

"It is the law that none goes out of Khinjan Caves alive who breaks the law of the Caves. But he broke no very big law. And he spoke truth. Think ye! If that head had only fallen into Muhammad Anim's lap, the mullah might have smuggled in another man with it!"

A roar of laughter greeted that thrust. Many men who had not laughed at the mullah's first discomfiture joined in now. Muhammad Anim sat and fidgeted, meeting nobody's eye and answering nothing.

"So it seems to me good," Yasmini said, in a voice that did not echo any more but rang very clear and true (she seemed to know the trick of the roof, and to use the echo or not as she chose), "to let this hakim live! He shall meditate in his cave a while, and perhaps he shall be beaten, lest he dare offend again. He can no more escape from Khinjan Caves than the women who are prisoners here. He may therefore live!"

There was utter silence. Men looked at one another and at her, and her blazing eyes searched the crowd swiftly. It was plain enough that there were at least two parties there, and that none dared oppose Yasmini's will for fear of the others.

"To thy seat, Kurram Khan!" she ordered, when she had waited a full minute and no man spoke.

He wasted no time. He hurried out of the arena as fast as he could walk, with Ismail and Darya Khan close at his heels. It was like a run out of danger in a dream. He stumbled over the legs of the front-rank men in his hurry to get back to his place, and Ismail overtook him, seized him by the shoulders, hugged him, and dragged him to the empty seat next to the Orakzai Pathan. There he hugged him until his ribs cracked.

"Ready o' wit!" he crowed. "Ready o' tongue! Light o' life! Man after mine heart! Hey, I love thee! Readily I would be thy man, but for being hers! Would I had a son like thee! Fool—fool—fool not to throw the head to them! Squeamish one! Man like a child! What is the head but earth when the life has left it? What would thy head be without the nimble wit? Fool—fool—fool! And clever! Turned the joke on Muhammad Anim! Turned it on Bull-with-a-beard in a twinkling—in the bat of an eye—in a breath! Turned it against her enemy and raised a laugh against him from his own men! Ready o' wit! Shameless one! Lucky one! Allah was surely good to thee!"

Still exulting, he let go, but none too soon for comfort. King's ribs were sore from his hugging for days.

"What is it?" he asked. For King seemed to be shaping words with his lips. He bent a great hairy ear to listen.

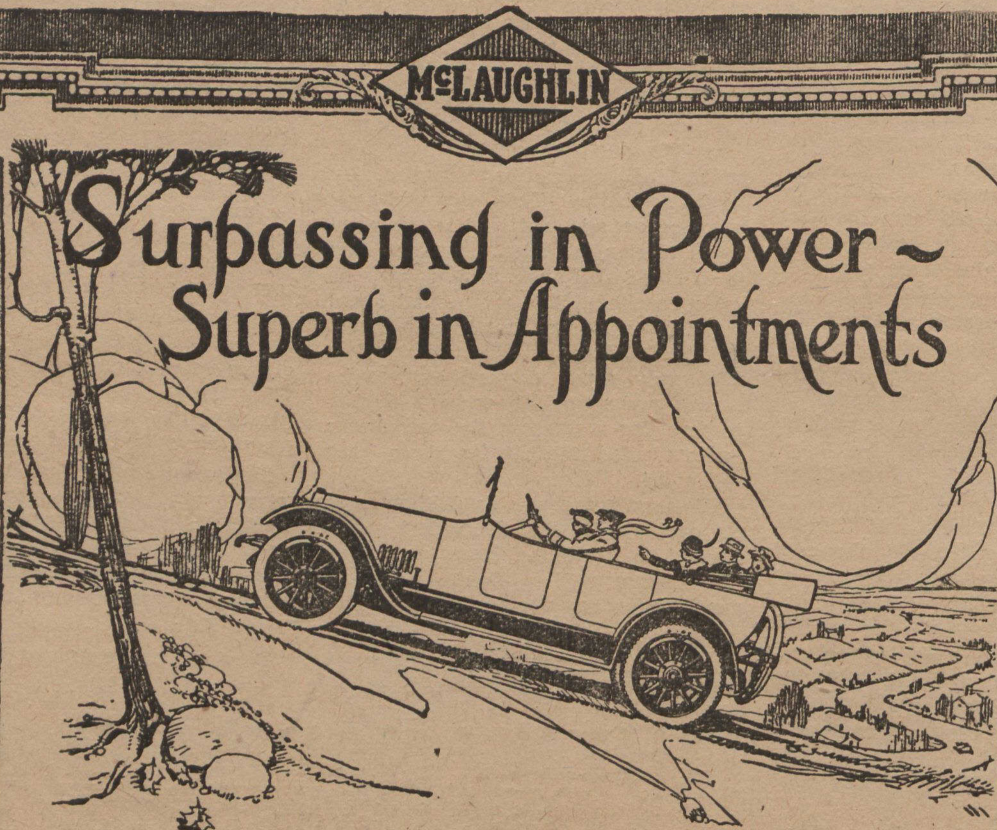
"Have they taken Ali Masjid Fort?" King whispered.

"How should I know? Why?"

"Tell me, man, if you love me! Have they taken it?"

"Nay, how should I know? Ask her! She knows more than any man knows!"

(To be continued.)



Farm Women

(Concluded from page 12.)

results, from both agrarian and eugenic standpoints, are going to be very interesting. In the meantime—to come back with a jolt to this convention—the farm women's associations are paving the way. If organized farmers are indeed to form the most potent factor in the coming political scenery, if (as the "Madam President" of the U. F. W. A. suggests) organized womanhood is the strongest force in the whole world, what will not be the influence of organized farm womanhood? I leave the thought with you, as the preacher says; and should those two statues ever materialize, I respectfully suggest the following inscription, to be found in the poetical works of Arthur Hugh Clough:

And not by Eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But Westward, look, the land is bright!

CHESS

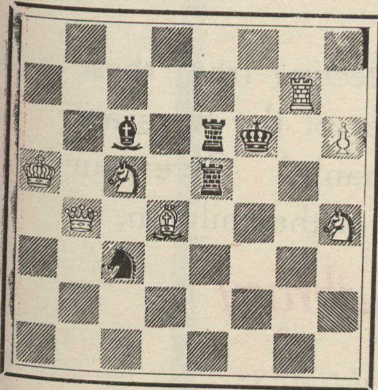
Conducted by Malcolm Sim

Solutions to problems and other chess correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 119, by L. Rothstein, (West Hoboken, N.J.)

First Prize, Good Companions' Club, February, 1917.

Black.—Five Pieces.



White.—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 115, by D. J. Densmore,

1. B—R7! Q—Kt4, 5 or 6; 2. Q—KKt6 ch, QxQ; 3. R—B4 mate.

1. ...., Q—B7; 2. Q—B2ch, QxQ; 3. R—B4 mate.

1. ...., threat; 2. Q—QKt6, threat; 3. Q—Q4 mate.

A very fine right angle interference three-er with a beautifully strategic key, the initial step of what is termed Turton's "Doubling Theme," e.g., the threat variation. It differs from the "Bristol" theme only in that the clearing move (1. B—R7) travels in an opposite direction to the mating move (3. Q—Q4 mate). If 1. ..., B—K7 or Kt—Kt6, then 2. Q checks accordingly.

Problem No. 116, by G. Guidelli.

1. P—B5, R—K4; 2.R—B4 mate.
1. ..., R—Kt4; 2. RxQ mate.
1. ..., R—Q4; 2. R—B3 mate.
1. ..., Kt—Q6; 2. P—K3 mate.
1. ..., threat; 2. Q—B4 mate.

CHESS IN THE STATES.

An instructive game played from the match in Kentucky between D. Janowski, the French master, and J. W. Showalter, former United States champion. Janowski won a signal victory by 7 games to 2, with 2 games drawn.

(First game of the match.)

Queen's Pawn Opening.

White. D. Janowski.	Black. J. W. Showalter.
1. P—Q4	1. P—Q4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—KB3
3. P—B4	3. P—K3
4. Kt—B3	4. QKt—Q2
5. B—Kt5	5. B—K2
6. P—K3	6. Castles.
7. B—Q3	7. P—B4
8. PxQP	8. KPxP
9. Castles.	9. PxP (a)
10. PxP	10. P—QR3 (b)
11. Q—Kt3	11. P—KR3
12. B—R4	12. Kt—Kt3 (c)
13. KR—Ksq (d)	13. B—K3
14. Kt—K5	14. Q—Q3 (e)
15. B—Kt3	15. Q—Qsq
16. Kt—Kt6!	16. R—Ksq (f)
17. Kt—B4	17. B—Q3
18. KtxB (g)	18. PxKt
19. B—Kt6	19. R—K2
20. R—K2	20. BxB
21. RPxB	21. QKt—Q2
22. QR—Ksq (h)	22. Kt—Bsq
23. B—Ktsq	23. Q—Q3
24. Kt—R4	24. P—QKt4
25. Kt—B5	25. KKt—Q2
26. KtxKt	26. RxKt
27. R—QBsq	27. R—QB2
28. RxR	28. QxR
29. R—B2	29. Q—R2
30. Q—K3	30. Q—Q2
31. Q—QB3 (i)	31. R— Qsq
32. P—B4	32. Q—Q3
33. Q—R5	33. Kt—Kt3
34. R—B5	34. Kt—K2
35. Q—B3	35. P—Kt3
36. P—QKt4	36. P—KR4
37. R—B7	37. R—Q2
38. R—B5	38. K—Kt2
39. Q—Bsq	39. R—Qsq
40. P—R3	40. R—Q2
41. Q—K3	41. Kt—B3 (j)
42. K—R2	42. R—KB2
43. Q—QB3	43. Kt—K2
44. K—R3	44. K—R3
45. R—B7	45. R—Bsq
46. Q—B5	46. QxQ (k)
47. KtPxQ	47. R—Ksq
48. B—Q3	48. Kt—B4
49. BxKt	49. KPxB (l)
50. R—Q7	50. P—QR4
51. RxQP	51. P—Kt5
52. PxP	52. PxP
53. P—B6	53. P—Kt6
54. R—Kt5	54. R—K8 (m)
55. K—R2	55. R—QB8
56. P—Q5	Resigns.

(a) An inadvisable exchange. Preferable would be 9. ..., P—B5, with a view to a general advance of the Queen's side Pawns.

(b) A further weakening move, of which Janowski skilfully takes advantage.

(c) 12. ..., Q—R4 would be still more unfavourable. White would answer with 13. KR—Ksq. If then 13. ..., B—Q3, or R—Ksq, Black has difficulty in releasing his Queen's Bishop.

(d) Threatening to win a piece.

(e) This illustrates the cramped nature of Black's game. He has no satisfactory development for his Queen.

(f) If 16. ..., PxKt, Black would lose his Queen's Knight's Pawn and be subject to a powerful attack.

(g) Janowski has adroitly handled the attack and leaves his opponent with a seriously weakened Pawn position.

(h) QxKtP would lose the Bishop.

(i) To prevent 31. ..., R—QBsq.

(j) Black could not long survive the exchange of Queen's White was threatening.

(k) Forced. Black's position, following, is obviously hopeless.

(l) If 49. ..., KtPxB, then 50. R—QR2.

(m) Threatening mate. Janowski is not likely to be caught like that.

Correspondence Chess League of N.Y.

Mr. W. P. Hickok, secretary of the Correspondence Chess League of Greater New York, sends us a very interesting and satisfactory report of proceedings.

The Fourteenth Tournament commenced last October with 109 members, all but two of whom took an active part in at least one of the several features of that event. 20 played in the Gambit Division, 72 in the General Division, 25 in the Leadership Groups and 30 in the Winter or Incidental Tournament which commenced November 1.

Twenty-five are playing in an interstate match, New York vs. Pennsylvania.

The League has members in seven of the Canadian Provinces and membership is cordially extended to any who are interested in this branch of the game. The secretary's address is 39 Claremont Place, Mount Vernon, N.Y. The Fifteenth Tournament will commence April 1.

Toronto vs. Buffalo.

The result of the match between the Toronto Chess League and the Buffalo Consistory Chess Club, at Buffalo, on Saturday, Feb. 10, resulted as follows:

Toronto.		Buffalo.	
J. S. Morrison..	2	W. H. Peck.....	0
R. G. Hunter...	1	G. Booth........	1
W. C. Eddis.....	1	H. H. Hodge....	1
H. H. DeMeas..	1	E. F. Kruse.....	1
A. Hunter.......	1	Gen. G. C. Fox..	1
K. B. O'Brian...	1	F. A. Worth.....	1
Total....	7	Total....	5

Two games were contested between each opponent, the players afterwards being entertained at dinner. A return match is arranged, the aggregate scoring to determine the winner.

He Blushed.

A kindergarten teacher entering a street car saw a gentleman whose face seemed familiar and she said, "Good evening!"

He seemed somewhat surprised and she soon realized that she had spoken to a stranger.

Much confused, she explained: "When I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children."

* * *

An Oklahoma young man devoted to the material affairs of life, Senator Robert L. Owen of that state relates, separated himself from business to attend a reception one evening, in the course of which he was introduced to a pretty girl, felt the sting of admiration, and set out to do his best for a favourable impression. "I scarcely have a moment to play or read," said he, "nor to apply myself to the study of certain interesting problems. For instance, I am utterly ignorant of how the incandescent light is produced." "Why, that is very simple," the girl replied, with a radiant smile. "You just turn a button."—Argonaut.

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