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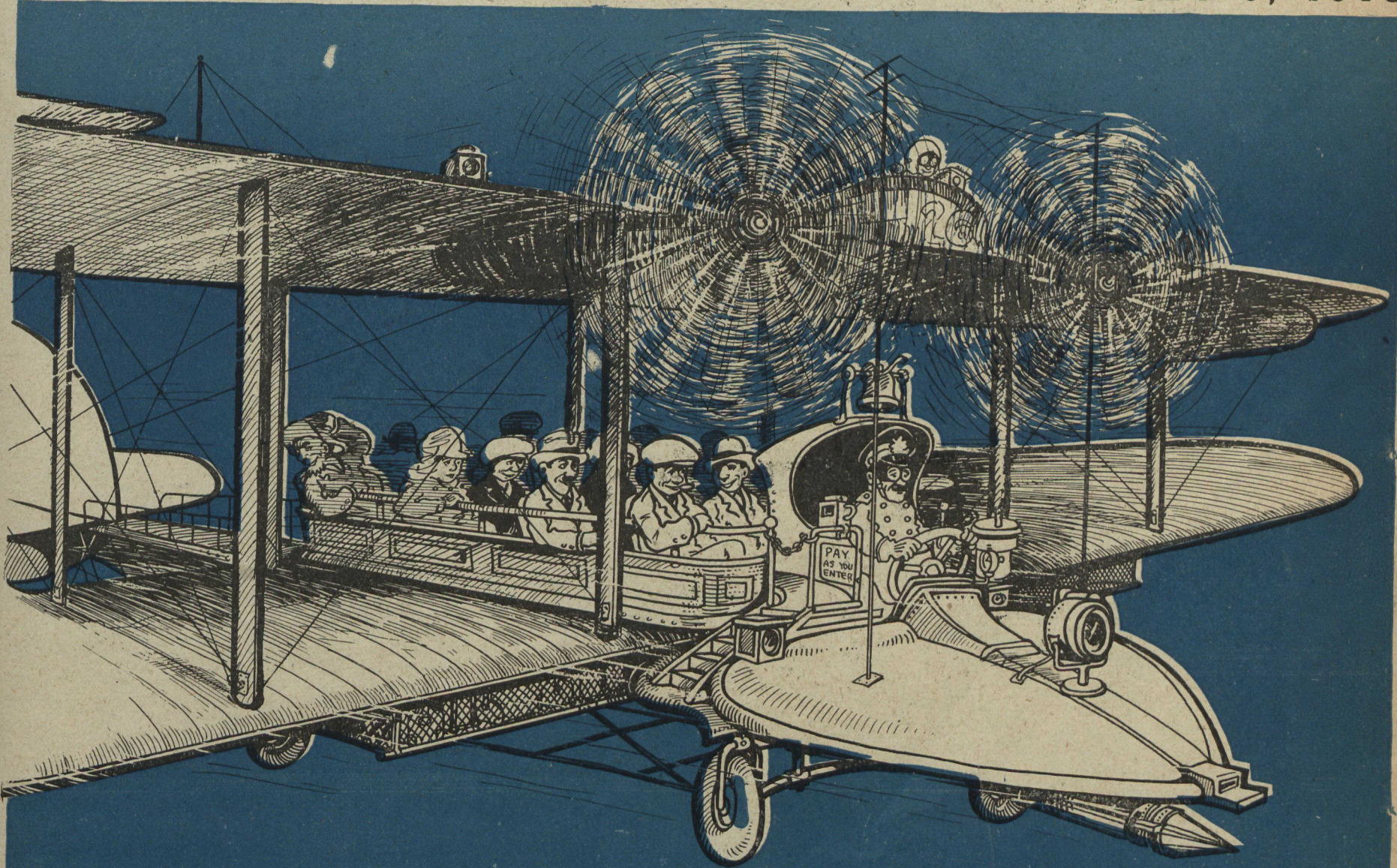
CANADIAN COURIER

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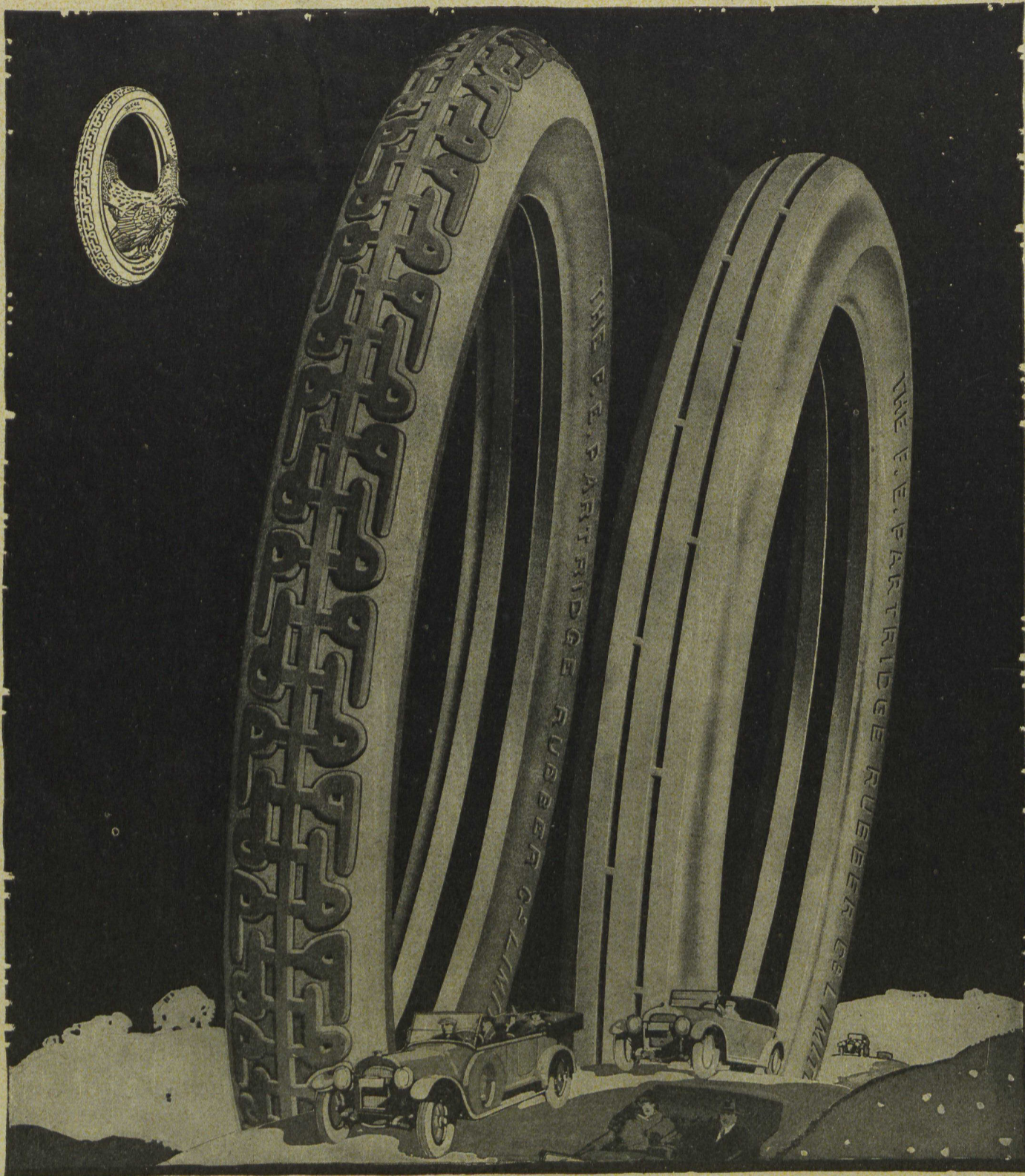
TEN CENTS

JULY 6, 1918



A JITNEY IN THE CLOUDS

By Roland Jenner



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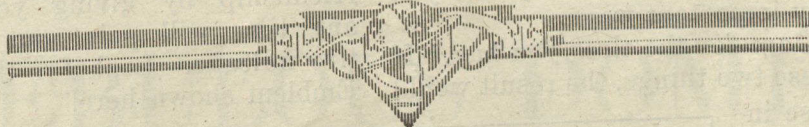
S. Winifred Parker

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Vocal Teacher, Hambourg Conservatory.
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CANADIAN COURIER

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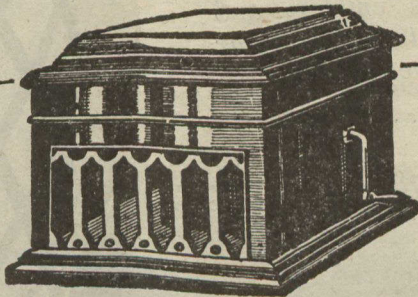
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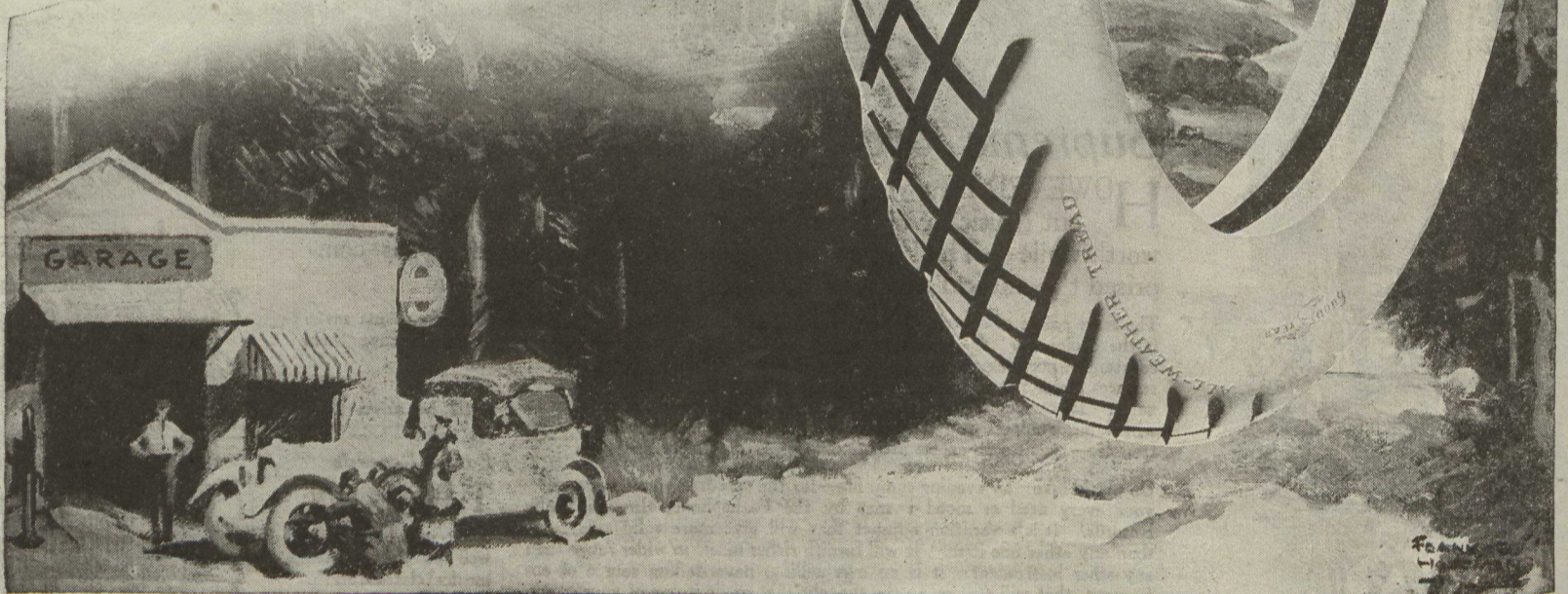
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17. Keep spare tires covered.
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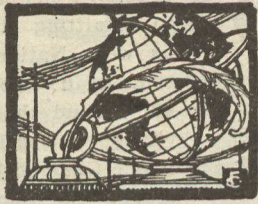
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CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 20

JULY 6, 1918

OUR NEBULOUS DOMINION DAY

ALL a dream, or a political nightmare. I dreamed that on July 1 old London was cramful of Canadian ensigns, that Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, was hauled in a triumphant chariot through Whitehall and Westminster, out to the Strand, up Fleet Street, to Ludgate Hill and into St. Paul's; that on behalf of Canada he was there given to understand that from now on the celebration of Dominion Day would be an Empire holiday and that July 1 should henceforth be the date for the annual assemblage of the Imperial Conference, this year at London, in 1919 at Ottawa, 1920 in Melbourne, 1921 in Capetown, 1922 in Wellington, N.Z., 1923 in Delhi—and the seventh would take it back to London again.

Of course things like this happen only in dreams. They don't intend to have an itinerant Conference at all. The British Premier will not go overseas. The King will remain in Buckingham. Premier Hughes will never have a chance to talk to his fellow-Welshman, Mr. Lloyd George, under the Southern Cross. And the Premier of Canada, whoever he may be in 1923, will not have a free trip to Delhi, where a Durbar is the Dominion Day. You cannot administer an Empire, it seems, on the itinerant plan. It must be centralized or go out of business. London is the birthplace of the British North America Act, which gave rise to our Confederation which again was the parent of Dominion Day; concerning which most Canadians are about as much interested as they are in a lunar eclipse. All because the Dominion of Canada had its birth in nothing that resembled a war, but only in a grand compromise which is the root of all good politics.

If John A. Macdonald had not struck a bargain with Etienne Cartier and Joseph Howe and Leonard Tilley, there would have been no Federation; the Maritime Provinces might have been lured into a separate union with Newfoundland, Quebec would have remained New France and mistress of the St. Lawrence, the Hudson's Bay Co. never would have sold Rupert's Land to the Dominion of Canada because there would have been nobody to buy it, hence there would have been no Manitoba, no Saskatchewan, no Alberta; and finally British Columbia, British in name, and nature, would have carried out her threats to secede from what union there was if no C. P. R. was built—because there would have been nobody to build the C. P. R.

All there would have been to represent Anglo-Saxon Canada, had there not been the grand compromise in 1867, would have been Ontario. History is a hard thing to kill. Bigotry dies hard. Sometimes it looks as though the only part of Confederation that thinks itself entitled to the last word is Ontario. And whenever that name bobs up, forget Ontario. And whenever that name bobs up, forget Ontario. And whenever that name bobs up, forget Ontario. And whenever that name bobs up, forget Ontario.

Now we are being shaken out of our bigotry. The war which we all understood so minutely in 1915 is now seen to be something that nobody understands and that everybody talks about. What we know most clearly about it is—that it is death on democracy for the sake of establishing liberty, death on

A Short Study in Democracy, Bigotry and National Indifference.



FOUR ROADS TO MARKET

BISHOP FLIPPER in an address, says the every-morning storielle man of the Mail and Empire front page, —a'tacked bigotry. "But, dear friends," he ended, "the bes' setback the bigot ever got was at the hands of old Cal Clay. Cal was asked one day by a missionary what denomination he belonged to, and the old fel ow's reply was this: 'Bress ye, sah, dah's fo' roads leadin' f'om hyah ter toun—de long road, de hill road, de sho' road and de swamp road—but when Ah goes ter toun wid er load er grain dey don't say ter me, "Uncle Calhoun, which road did yo' come in by?" but "Cal, is yo' wheat good?"'"

By THE EDITOR

bigotry for the cause of brotherhood and death on national indifference on behalf of citizenship.

WE discussed the decadence of democracy on this page in our previous issue. Bigotry is number two of the things to become obsolete on behalf of brotherhood. And bigotry, like a cat, has nine lives. A strong government can dispose of a garrulous democracy. No Government can Order-in-Council you and me not to remain bigots. Only the logic of events can do that. We were all bigoted about every other province but the one we lived in; the provinces were bigoted about the Empire; and all Canada was bigoted about the United States. Confederation tied us all together, somewhat after the fashion of Killenny cats hung by the tails over a ladder. We are now learning that every Province of Canada needs every other one on a basis of full partnership. The armies and navies of England planted the flag on any crag in any clime where they could beat the armies and navies of the French, the Spanish or the Dutch. Hence the Empire, which never was an Imperium. Hence the Imperial War Conference and the much-talked-of Imperial Council or Cabinet or Parliament, whichever it may become. Hence Dominion Day and the Durbar at Delhi, Gen. Smuts boosting for the Empire in London and Premier Hughes shouting for a Pacific policy in the Orient, no matter what becomes of the Orientals. No, none of us understand the Empire, and the last people to teach us about it are the Imperialists, because as a rule they are the greatest bigots of us all.

Ever since the American Revolution a lot of us have been prejudiced against the United States, in spite of the fact that we sent more than a million

Canadians over there because, being only a trifle bigger than the United States, we had no room for them at home. We have always begrudged the exodus and thought we should square the account by re-importing several hundred thousand citizens of the Stars and Stripes; which we have since done and propose to continue doing. We have always been bigoted enough to believe that the First of July was a better holiday for this country than the Fourth, even though it was usually as quiet as a Quaker meeting, everybody went out of town, and nobody shot off fireworks. A few years ago they used to make a four days' holiday in the West, commencing on the 1st and ending on the 4th, two days less than the Indians, who still hold their annual thirst dance, lasting six sunsets. But that was only camaraderie and it was never at any time strong enough to make us swallow continentalism, or commercial Union, or even reciprocity, let alone annexation. Why, we even refused to run railways over the border and imported two of the brainiest Americans who ever lived to become Empire-builders by building the C. P. R. And we sent a great party to defeat in 1911 because some people suspected that the reciprocity it had on its lapel was only a ruse for something like separation up its sleeve. And all that we are learning to discard in the greater game of war which has shaken the boots off our bigotry and enabled us to read brotherhood across the border.

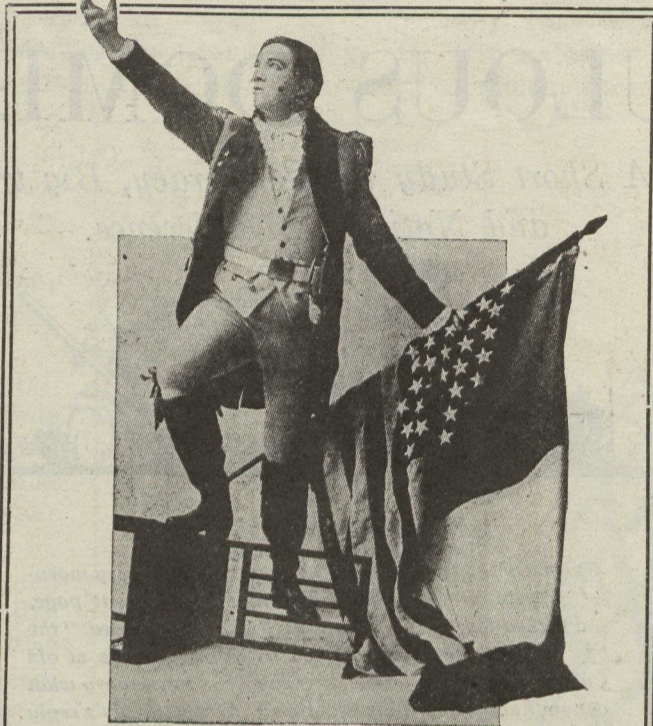
Our third count of things to become obsolete on this first anniversary of our second half-century of Confederation is national indifference. Under the old regime of July First that might have lasted a thousand years. So far as a large number of Canadians were concerned, under the voluntary war system, it might have lasted just as long. Dominion Day never taught citizenship to the forty-odd varieties of flag-wavers to be found in Winnipeg. And if Uncle Sam had nothing more sensational than Dominion Day to stage up for the nationals in his vast nondescript audience there never could have been a united United States rolling up its sleeves to help finish the world war. Uncle Sam believed in the Big Noise on the Fourth of July; and the noise made everybody conscious that there was a nationalizing show on the stage, no matter if the original idea of the show had never dawned upon the majority.

But the war, as long as it remained a matter of individual choice, left a great part of our population untouched. When it became compulsory we became conscious that the country had a bigger claim on us than our own convenience. We found out that under certain conditions though a man may be without a country till he is dead, under other conditions the only way he can escape the country's clutch on his pocket, his labor, his enthusiasm, his body and soul at home and abroad—is to be dead. The national indifference of some people, all over Canada, had become a menace to the country's work in helping to win the war. Now we are all lined up in the army, when only the Eskimos escape some sort of draft, and before long they may be drying walrus for the war. 1867 united the provinces. 1918 has begun to unite the people.

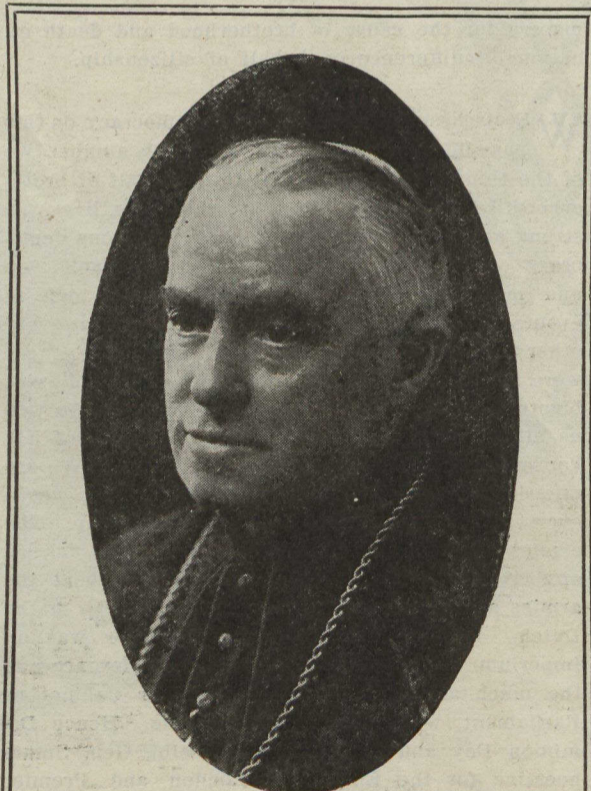
THE OLD SIDE-ROAD

DEDICATED to all loyal Sons of Canada who next week on the "Glorious Twelfth" may read the words of the late Major Wm. Redmond, brother of John, in the last speech he made on earth, when he said, "In the face of a war which is threatening civilization, which is destroying all that mankind has built up in the Christian era, in the face of all that, are we still to continue in Ireland our conflicts, and our arguments and our disputes about the merits of the Stuarts, about the Battle of the Boyne and the rest?" For Ireland read Canada where the old side-road is still the road to national unity.

By VERNE DEWITT ROWELL



THIS reincarnator of Rouget de Lisle is Lucien Muratore, the great actor-tenor of the Chicago Opera, who has sung millions of dollars out of American pockets into Liberty Bonds by his rendering of La Marseillaise on the steps of the Treasury Building in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue; Carnegie Hall—anywhere for Liberty! And Muratore has fought. He was in the trenches against the Boches more than a year, till he contracted a disease that invalidated him out.—(From the Theatre Magazine).



ARCHBISHOP MATHIEU, of Regina, is credited with much of the war improvement in Quebec. If so, he is no new convert to the idea of racial brotherhood. Two years ago it was said of him in this paper, quoting his own words, that he was on record as believing that "the French-Canadian clergy will always be true to the British Crown."

TWELVE miles north of the city it runs, the old winding side-road, up hill and down, over river and creek, its picturesqueness heightened by a "jog" half way across every concession. There are few farm houses on either side, most of the early settlers building their homes, sixty, seventy or eighty years ago, on the concession roads that they might be nearer to the main roads running parallel, a mile and a half away. At one extreme it penetrates the growing heart of a growing city, and even further out of town where it forms a cross with the town line of the next township, the farmers call it by the name of the street which it becomes within the city limits at its other extreme rather than its old name, "the middle side-road." It's just an ordinary, more or less typical Canadian country side-road, but I'd rather dwell in one of the lonely quaint old "red bricks" that it passes by than have a half million dollar mansion in Westmount or aristocratic Rosedale, Toronto. For the thoughts that went with me and welcomed me back as homeward turning after years of absence I trudged along the crunching gravel, still damp from the winter snows, one bright spring morning were home thoughts and heart thoughts to me.

I don't think it altogether a bigness or a broadness that inclines a certain school of metropolitan Canadian journalist to deride the habitant farmer of Quebec for his provincialism in thinking his own thoughts in his own way. Oh, yes, Canada is a big country and we want to keep her a big country, but you must forgive the poet and the literary colorist for picking on little bits of Canada here and there for his own special tender delineation in his own special loving way. So, just this once, Mr. Bay Street Journalist, I am going to think the thoughts of my "ain people" and picture the old familiar half-bank barns, and low-built houses and balsam windbreaks of the old side-road. And I might as well tell you that the reason why I protest against your denunciations of my brother, Jean Baptiste, which you were wont to, sometimes even now, hurl from your sancta sanctorum on King, or Melinda or Bay streets. Toronto, is the fact that Jean, like myself, is a coloristic soul who loves his Laurentian mountains, Abitibi lakes and Gaspé meadows and forests just a little bit more than he loves the Manitoba prairie or Bloor or College street, Toronto. I, too, have my "ain country" and I love best of all the "lilac lanes, green fields and winding streams" of dear old backwoods, unprogressive, unimperialistic little Western Ontario.

It was only a few years before the war that somebody threatened to organize a Western Ontario party and combine with the New Ontarians to wrest the distinction of being the provincial capital away from Toronto and bestow it upon St. Thomas or North Bay or somewhere else west or north or even east of the Queen City. I don't just remember what it was that aroused our peninsular pique at the moment, but we were a million people in round numbers and we wanted a small share of the succession duties and public taxes for our own university and the location of an occasional provincial institution in Chatham or London or Stratford, or Windsor, Galt, Brantford, Woodstock or Kitchener. Now we have forgotten our differences with you, our Big-City Brother, but still don't scratch us too deeply or tease us too much, lest we remember again that from Guelph to Amherstburg, from Owen Sound to Port Stanley, we were wont to shout our slogan, "Western Ontario, the Garden of Canada."

In our larger towns we even differentiated in the politics of our women's societies, and had two social sets. And woe betide the hapless newspaper reporter who called up the regent of the I.O.D.E. when he wanted information about the forthcoming lawn social of the Woman's Canadian

Club. We hadn't just come to admitting that half of us were Nationalists, but some of us were getting hot around the collar listening patiently to the Joey Chamberlain ring-around-the-empire Char-taque stuff. Then the Great War came and we had to be Imperialists

even if we didn't like the sound of the whole five syllables in the name. You had bluffed us all right with your "annexation" scare and your appeal to the British born in 1911, for we really didn't want Pelee Island to become a suburb of Sandusky, Ohio. And then the government gave you special mail trains to carry the gospel daily to us benighted heathens and still further proselytize us from the error of our threatening insurgency. Of course, dear Big-City Brother, here and there we might be able to count as many Orangemen to the square yard as you can in Toronto, but they still changed hands at threshing time with their Catholic neighbors, and you hadn't discovered for our frightened comprehension the full quota of bilingual schools in Essex county.

But much of this is a vain digression and I must hurry along the old side-road. In your green-shuttered, poplar-sheltered oblong red house with the concave-roofed, broad verandah where little children are playing, the grandsire and the great grandsire as well as the father grew to manhood. And the ninety-year-old Canadian born grey-beard dozing there in the spring sunshine happens to believe that Premier Borden might quite properly have answered Sir Sam Hughes' question in the House of Commons as to whether the Premier's forthcoming visit to England would have anything to do with the relations between the motherland and Canada. A noisy but unfounded cry of "Pro-German" or "Traitor" won't stop an occasional native son from reasoning that since a colony is morally obliged to conscript its nineteen-year-old school-boys to fight in Europe, that colony ought to have some little voice in the diplomacy of the motherland which keeps it out of, or gets it into war.

OF course no one is competent to speak out in meeting unless he has been through the mill of uniformity and orthodoxy of Toronto University, and everybody ought really to take your word for it that the Ontario farmers who protested against the cancellation of their sons' exemptions, the Winnipeg strikers, or the Quebec race enthusiasts are all playing the Kaiser's game on the Kaiser's side. But are they? Maybe it's true that one must fight the devil with the devil's own weapons, that we must Prussianize in Canada in order to defeat Prussianism in Europe? Well, we are not hoisting the red flag of Bolshevism, at least not to-day. We're only hoping that when the sweet day of Peace dawns again, somebody will remind our law-makers that it's time to "de-Prussianize" in our own country. The barefoot boys who drove the cattle to the creek in the summer drought, or skipped gleefully home from school along the old side-road never dreamed then that the flag of auto-cracy would be waved in Canada by those who believe that their own brains monopolize all the good judgment of the nation.

But why talk politics? Do not those orange lilies appear beautiful there in that old-fashioned garden, and is not the fragrance of the Sweet William delightfully reminiscent of some dear, far-off romantic yesterday? And lo, there past the woods yonder behold the bright sunshine between two skies, the blue above, and below the exquisite, undulating blue of a hundred acre farm, covered with blossoming flax. Do the soft blue flowers know that out of the fibres of the hearts of the billions of graceful plants will be clothed the wings of mighty birds to carry victory for the allied cause over the towers of Potsdam? We have no quarrel with you, Big-City Brother. We country folks are loyal, but don't try to stampede us.

A JITNEY in the CLOUDS

A FUTURISTIC story of the Soho Block on Gable St. How Abner Lee, Machinist, a worm of the 20th Century in Wabigo, found himself driven to turn and carry on for the sake of the crowd.

By ROLAND JENNER

ABNER LEE knew he was a rebel when he asked to see the manager of the Crimp Housing Association. As a rule a man with the grimy pollen of a foundry machine shop on his clothes never got in to see Mr. Barnabas Hugo.

"Oh, Mr. Abner Lee? Fifth house from the corner. Scho block on Gable St. About that \$2.50 a month increase in rent? No, nothing to do with your raise in wages at the shop. If you had an income of two hundred a week and still preferred to reside at 85 Gable we should assess you exactly as we are now doing—under the same conditions. But, of course, you know."

Mr. Hugo tilted back, thumbs in his vest-arms.

"This city is growing at a tremendous rate."

"And the more houses go up the higher the rents go."

"And the taxes," added Mr. Hugo, blandly rubbing his hands. "Don't forget the taxes. Let me see—your new baby is now two weeks old. Yes, Girl, I believe. Quite so. Fourth child. Wait now—I believe it is some seven years since the third arrived. Yes. And your wage increase came a year ago."

Abner felt pardonably complimented at this census-like knowledge of his affairs. He didn't know anything about Mr. Hugo's family.

"Yes, but what's the connection between my fourth child and \$30 a year extra rent? Does one child do a house \$30 a year damage?"

Hugo leaned forward and bobbed a paper-knife. Looking solemnly into the machinist's face,

"Mr. Lee, the corporation of Wabigo through its Treasury department taxes the Crimp Housing Association for every dollar of improvement we make. The vacant lot next to one of our improved premises goes practically scot free. We help to pay his increment of value. Now—any connection?"

Abner's long, benign face took a gleam of sudden insight. Even though he read current magazines and remained a devout member of a very orthodox evangelical church, he was no mean thinker along certain radical lines.

"I get you. You're taxing improvements."

"Pre—cisely. On the principle that every man's children are an improvement on himself."

II.

AFTER that interview, Abner Lee had what he called his second sight into the Soho Block and Wabigo and the Crimp Housing Association. Twenty years in that block he had paid the C.H.A. at least \$5,000 in rent. With that in his mind Abner took a close look at the house, which but for a small coal-pit cellar and a furnace, a tin bath-tub and once in ten years a coat of paint, was the same as it had been the year he first moved in. In fact, as Abner noticed now, it was the exact replica of every other in the block; outside, ugly brick front with a two-chair porch and a bay window; roughcast back tapering down to a leanto shed that ran off into a plot

of grass and a junk-lot boxed off by high, black board fences rotting at the posts and overrun by homeless cats. These yards were neither gardens nor playgrounds. The children had all their games on the boulevards. Inside, narrow dark hall, crib of a parlor with one place only for the piano, if any, a glum little dining-room lighted by a toy window in one corner where the kitchen jutted off to the shed just under the bathroom. There had been tales of drunken men who come home to the wrong house. They were not houses. They were stalls. They were ugly as sin. All the color and



poetry of any of them came from the washings on the lines and the children at play. Estimating the actual cost of this house, the land when bought, the upkeep, insurance and taxes, comparing that with the \$5,000 he had paid in rent to Mr. Hugo in his touring car and his grey silkalinc coat and cool fedora, Abner Lee began to realize that he was somebody's victim.

In sundry conversations among the neighbors he deduced that since the advent of the gas range, the electric light, the furnace and the cement walk, very few of these Sohoites were as happy as he used to be when he was a young man. Civilization had put a few stray licks on Soho. Every fresh dab meant extra cost extracted from the tenants. The cost of all things was going up faster than wages. Citizens of Soho burned as little coal as possible; went to bed early to keep warm; had no refrigerators because the ice-man had no beat on Gable St. past the grocery at the corner; none of them had telephones; one or two had cheap pianos, others little reed organs; sewing-machines were rare; the garbage man came once a week along the ash-heaped lane to the rear; and as he lay awake in the early morn Abner counted nine milk-wagons, each delivering at an average of four houses, in no case more than a quart and in his own seldom more than a pint except when a baby was born.

Yet Abner Lee was proud of having been born in Wabigo; that he had seen it grow from a big town of less than 100,000 to half a million; that he knew every street in it except the new ones. He saw temples of business, of finance, of religion, government and education rise in Wabigo and with pride he pointed them out to admiring visitors. Whenever he read in a newspaper that some after-dinner orator or visiting magnate called Wabigo a beautiful city he felt his heart burn within him. But the greater the temples and palaces—of whom Mr. Hugo's was by no means the least—the more crammed the street-cars and the show-houses and the churches, and the greater the restless moving picture of the automobiles, the more hopeless and dingy and neglected Gable St. became. Gable St. was in a backwater. The tide was rushing all round it.

"How do you explain it?" he asked the young preacher, a bit of a socialist.

The Parson advised him to read Progress and Poverty.

That book was the beginning of Abner's crude but radical studies in economics. The more he learned the more he knew why the inhabitants of Soho were but the joint slaves of industry, the corporation of Wabigo and the Crimp Housing Association, which he found out was only a euphonious title for the business end of the Builders' Exchange and that butted over into the Real Estate Association. So Wabigo danced.

III.

ABNER'S only son Harold, just out of one term at High School, was bent on a course in the S.P.S.

"Cut out the last S and the rest goes, my son," said Abner, with an odd mixture of

severity and intimacy. "The S. P. S. you better go to is the Vulcan Works that pay me my income. They're no better and no worse than any

other. You've got mechanical brains. Iron and steel might make you—rich. But I hope not."

The youth was in the back yard under the hang-over of a neighbor's little tree in a sort of sand-heap workshop. He had been fiddling here at odd times since he was a child. Odd wooden models he had carved out and covered with bits of silk. In his room he had books on gasoline engines.

"I don't want to be a wheel in a big power plant, Dad. You're that. So are thousands more. I'm going into the automobile game."

"That won't make me popular with you, Dad—Mr. Hugo says—says he can get me right along after I go into the Messenger Garage; he's Pres—"

"Oh, I know none of us in the Soho have motor-cars, dad," the lad wound up dismally. "I know you can prove from statistics that if the money spent in motors could be spent on improving the conditions of industry and housing and all that, there might be something doing in civilization. But that isn't the way out for me. I've got to pull a rope where nit dangles under my nose, or up goes the rope."

Abner made it a rule never to argue the case. Harold understood his deep-rooted enmity to the motor-car as the symbol of the overlording rich. The boy was a crank on the air-craze. He knew almost as much about airplanes as his father knew about revenues and taxation. Air-conquering was then in its primaries. Harold intended to be a flying-man, not for business but for recreation. He had no thought of war in the air.

IV.

IN the groping for light amid much fog, the social reformer on Gable St. clung to the idea of man's innate imperfection; his perpetual need of salvation and the need of a constant ethical awakening of mankind; the abolition of poverty, of slums, of child-epidemics, of moral rottenness. Abner searched the Scriptures, for in them he found the way of life. He found nothing there to justify man's physical conquest of the earth, unless such conquests could help along the moral redemption of mankind.

"God made man upright, but he sought out many inventions," was a text upon which he asked the minister for a sermon.

The skyscraper and the moving picture he condemned because one was a challenge to God, the other a menace to man unless it was treated with reverence. He exempted the phonograph, the telephone and wireless because he could see how these had already benefited humanity.

But of all things invented by man, the airship was to Abner Lee the most sacrilegious, because it was an attempt to overcome a fiat of the Creator by the use of a motive mechanism which had already been used to mark the enslavement of a part of mankind. The gasoline engine in the automobile had made more sheep and more goats in society than any other agency. Thousands of men who made cars could not themselves own cars. The gasoline en-



gine in the airship was not only an attempt to still further segregate one part of mankind from another; it was also an insult to the Creator who had given man arms instead of wings for a purpose.

"It's man's business to make the earth worth being born into," was Abner's final comment on this. "Those who go up in the air are the enemies of mankind."

Abner hated no man. But when he found out that Harold proposed to climb into the gasoline-locomotive world by means of any rope hung out by Mr. Hugo of the Crimp Housing Association, his hostility became a silent fury. The day that Harold linked up his fortunes with Hugo, that day he must forever leave any house of which his father was the head. He never said this to the boy. But the boy understood. Abner knew that he had nothing to bequeath to his son except a sound mind in a healthy body, with what education he had been able to afford him from the angle of the Soho Block. He quite believed that

Harold had more brains than himself, plus more daring; that he would eventually succeed where he, Abner, had failed. But he had made up his mind; discussion would merely weaken the case.

But like most other social reformers, Abner had no idea that in 1914 the world would catch on fire and begin to burn up a great part of the things that had made Soho so much a milk cow to the C. H. A.

"I wish I was two years older—me for the M. T. first, and then into the Flying Corps," blabbed Harold to his father after he had begun to realize what tremendous new forces the war was creating.

"My boy, take my advice. If you go to war, and not likely you will, because it'll be all over by the time you're of age, go in as a common soldier. March to the Cock of the North and the British Grenadiers. Don't go as a gas expert."

The boy went into munitions. So did Abner. Vulcan was one of the first converted plants. But secretly the lad plugged at the gasoline idea. The very day he was of age he was off like a shot. To Abner's consternation he enlisted in the Navy.

"War's all a surprise package, dad," he said. "I'll get a few Boches anyhow. Good bye."

V.

THAT was in the early winter of 1916. That summer began the greater production campaign. Abner and his kind were told that they ought to make their backyards produce.

"Splendid idea," echoed Abner. And he was the first in Soho to go ripping up the floor of his 20 by 36 feet box stall. Two days after he got it dug came a letter from Harold saying that he had got himself transferred to the mechanical section of the R.F.C. Then Abner went tearing at the backyard.

Abner Lee hoped he would get no more letters from his son; and that the war would be done before the lad actually got into the air. What garden he made was a poor affair. But the oil would be

better next year.

When next year came—young Harold was some where in the air, and Abner was making his second garden; told by the newspapers that if he did not produce this time he was a land slacker.

By now he had become a curious mixture of patriot, fatalist, rebel and producer. Harold's letters he carefully fyled away against the lad's return. He believed the boy would come back. He worked at

his garden in 1917 as one who had found a new gospel in the soil. As usual, other folks in Soho looked to Abner Lee for the model garden. He had it. Those gardens made a difference to Gable St. It was a joy to stand at a back window and watch the little green-checked rugs inside the ugly fences. The soil was a marvellous thing. This was the first time Abner, the city-man, had ever dug and hoed. The gardens became a dream. He found himself thinking of a vista of reforms. The land—!

VI.

BUT the world was becoming

big. Many of his older theories were crumbling. Nobody to listen to them now as there used to be. The war had everyman's mind. Between the war and the garden any man he knew seemed to be mentally bigger. Abner studied the economics of war, at home and abroad. He saw that much munitions made many people better off. His own wages as a munitioner were bigger. All Soho got more money. But they spent it. The bars went, and still the money went as fast as it was made. All the houses were full again. War that combed the city of men seemed to cram it with people. Abner had never known such crowds in the town. Rents went up. His own increased. This time the increase was not due to any man's family. Mr. Hugo was prospering. He was a head figure in war work. His name was in the newspapers; chairman at patriotic meetings, organizer of war benevolences, at one time director of recruiting—and now he was honorary colonel with, as Abner saw it, a fair chance of a title.

Abner hated the whole bogus idea for which the man stood. He saw through him. Mr. Hugo would climb on the war to bigger things. The world's ideas of society were becoming topsyturvy. The world was a vast place; at times very small. Three boys from the Soho Block were buried in France.

But lord! how the gardens grew!

Once a large motor car came along Gable, bumping over the cedar blocks. That was Dominion Day in 1917. Soho people, all but the children, were busy in the gardens. Abner was weeding and making trellises for beans up the ugly fences, a model for some of his friends. He could make the fences produce and be beautiful at the same time.

Suddenly one of his elder girls came running excitedly into the garden.

"Father—there's a gentleman in a motor car to see you."

Abner went. The caller was Mr. Hugo.

Twice before that car had been on Gable St.

Each time it came—

Great heavens! It must be so again. Abner met the man like one in a dream. The car was barricaded with a blur of children. The engine still running seemed to be the vibrations of another world. The man's voice sounded as though it was on the other end of a long-distance line.

"Mr. Lee—I have cabled inquiries concerning your son who was missing. I have a cable this morning to say that he is dead."

Suddenly it seemed to Abner Lee that the Soho block was a deserted village. The children came round him, almost in tears; those who had known young Harold the bird-man. They poked into his garden; found him fumbling away at the potato-hills and the trellises when it seemed to him suddenly that potato-bugs were as important as people.

God Almighty! such a thing as life had become! He and his neighbors, four of them bereaved, all working like wops at those desperate little gardens that produced so little. And whenever an airship went moaning over the city, Abner cursed it.

VII.

FOR the world was changing. Men like Abner by millions were gripped by forces greater than the war; the arousal of humanity which was to make the 20th century belong to the average man because it was to make him big enough to take hold of the world. In this miracle Abner Lee and his Gable St. kind became useful links with the swept-away anachronisms of the past. And the city of Wabigo was one of the places where the new earth making way for the new heaven began to be.

Abner never intended anything so big. The sudden death of his son ripped off the blind bandages. Abner saw light. He saw that he had been a wrong man; that he had no business to oppose the desires of that boy to rise into a bigger life than his own; that in his death Harold had left a great impulse to work upon his father; and that unless he, Abner Lee, should carry on the work begun by his boy he might as well go down like a broken limb.

VIII.

SUCH man-propelling impulses take years to work out. And so we follow Abner down to the day when he had cut clean away from Gable St. Wabigo knew how. The mechanic from the Soho Block found all his restless studies of progress and poverty climaxed in one idea that was compounded of two things formerly as unlike as any two elements in chemistry, which together produce a reaction.

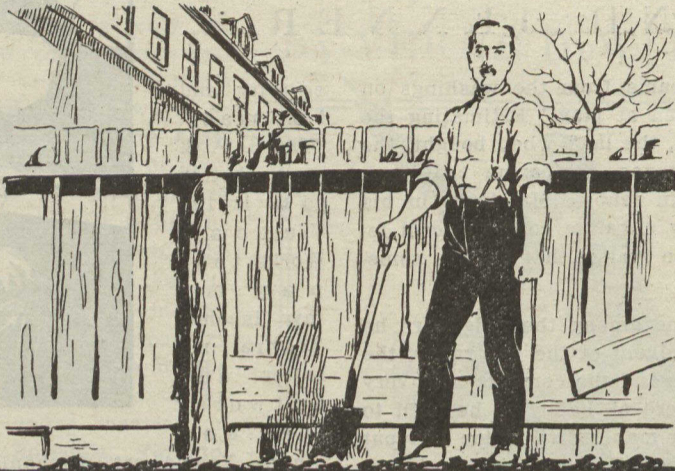
One of these was the backyard garden; the other was the air-ship. Betwixt these two Abner Lee cast off his old grouch-ego and let himself go.

For particulars of this we refer to the columns of the Wabigo Daily Graphic—date not for publication.

THIS MAN STARTED SOMETHING.

Before the writer could count the aircraft coming and going between the Union Drome at Wabigo and the suburban aero dromes, forty miles north, a vast oriental rug of gardens came up to the jitney like a picture focussing on a camera. These new-type machines, direct-descending on low gear, are an improvement on even the bird. In two minutes here was Abner Lee, chief custos of Aero-Suburban Drome No. 1 in the midst of his great garden fair on the flank of the drome and the hub in a wheel of a thousand acres of such gardens.

Forty miles from the City Hall we were still in the city, or rather in the centre of a great tract of drome-villages, each with its artesian waterworks, individual sewerage and electric lighting. Some time in his socio-economic studies Abner Lee found that the central system of utilities beats itself out somewhere by becoming too costly. Aero-Suburbs are intensified, industrialized farms. His basic idea was that town and country are not two isolated existences as capital and labor used to be; that if a city must contain half a million or more of people who prefer to live close to their jobs, it should give them room without taxing the boots off their feet. The garden-



I'M as stubborn as a Missouri mule, said Abner to himself. I have to be because I'm slow. I come of a slow age. Old nineteenth century. He came just as the kick was going out of the old thing. Well, the world's bigger than both of us. But before he learns to fly, I guess Soho will be reformed—somewhat. No thanks to Mr. Barnabas Smoothmug Hugo.



acre—or more—for any man who wanted it, and the cloud-jitney, were the two things that moved this man to become the apostle of the city extension movement.

Fresh as a daisy at 67, moving like a torpedo, he yanked me through his garden on to the verandah and told me in a very few compact words all about it, dating back to 1920.

"Fight?" he recollected. "Oh, yes, such as it was, but nothing to the war, yet the aftermath of it. Wabigo was a mule and experts like Hugo were the drivers. With all his brains I wonder that he didn't start the Aero-Suburbs himself; but of course he was a land leech. Ten of us who had been sucked by the leeches clubbed together to start this Drome No. 1.

We each bought an adjoining acre at \$600, and one cloud-jitney for the lot. Nobody else seemed to have faith that it was any more than a bubble that would be punctured like a paper tire. Everybody was afraid of somebody else being opposed. Vested interests were held up as sacred finalities. But a man and his family are more of a vested interest to a city than a block of buildings more or less inhabited by civic sharks and politicians. We purposely chose an area for our village drome remote from any improved highway because already people had begun to put up imitations of city homes along these, and we figured that was good only for nabobs who could afford motor-cars and fashionable houses.

"Air anyhow is a free world. Man owns that—not any group of men. There was a time when most of us realized that air was about the only thing needed to sustain life that didn't cost us as a rule more than it was worth."

"Different now, Mr. Lee. Wabigo is changed." "We had no intention of reforming Wabigo. All we wanted was the land and a way to get to it winter and summer as fast as we could without menace to life. We all had brains enough to grow garden truck and small fruits and keep cows and pigs. You have seen several thousand acres of our garden lands already."

"Droves of cattle too," I suggested. "Yes, they are communal. Each aero-suburbanite owns at least one cow. We set aside so many acres for pasture in the centre. The houses radiate from the cow-drome, just as they do from the aerodrome. The cows are all high-grade milkers."

"But in winter—how then?" "See that block of sheds along one side of the cow-drome? Lofts of hay overtop; running water from artesian wells just as we have in the houses; electric lighting—and I forgot to say electric milking. Our No. 1 herd averages in summer from a hundred cows 2,000 quarts. None of the families need twenty quarts a day as you may imagine. Heavens! when I lived on Gable St. my family got along many a day on a pint."

"Milk's eighteen cents a quart now," I reminded him. "A perfect holdup!" roared Abner, thumping the verandah.

"And it threatens to go up two cents next time the Milk Producers' Association meets."

"I know it. Yes, we've been asked why we don't organize our Aero-Suburb Associations into competition with the farms. But we are not out to compete with the farms. We make our own butter, sell the surplus and always have a reserve in storage by the use of artificial ice made on the premises."

He glanced up at a scudding aero-suburban eagle. "Ah!" he said. "Millikin's coming home for lunch. He can do it in less time than he usually takes playing after-lunch billiards at his club, and he gets the air tonic besides."

This led to a breezy talk on the aero end of the garden-lands problem.

"Men are contrary mortals," he insisted. "I tried

to drive that boy of mine off his air-models because I hated the whole idea of man aiming to overcome a fiat of the Creator. I deliberately wanted to stay as much of a low-down, respectable society-hating man as I could. So I hated the war because I believed it was the product of big interests warring against the mass of mankind. I begrudged my boy to the death even when I flag-wagged and talked big about the Empire."

ABNER seemed to be looking at his garden when he didn't see it. He heard the whirr of a cloud-jitney coming down into the drome and for a moment he wore a scowl. Then he came out of it.

"Oh, yes, I was in a fair way to become a bolshevik. But I could see a bigger way. I was after all a selfish man with a moral hobby. I wanted to prove that men who held jobs in the city could live on the land by thousands without building costly highways that were snow-blocked in winter and flinging dust into people's houses in summer. Wait a bit."

He dodged into the house and came back with a stack of old magazines, all dating back to 1917 and '18.

"I shan't bore you with these," he said, as he put on his specs. "But here are a couple of articles I read in 1918; one in the Fortnightly Review by Grahame White, and another in the Nineteenth Century by Capt. Swinton. I'll just read you a paragraph or two. Here's what White said, for instance:

Such ideas as we have expressed may be criticized as being Utopian, and so indeed they would be—quite Utopian and impossible probably of achievement—unless one foresaw in advance the revolution in thoughts and ideas which should follow the coming of the air age. Winds, or bad weather, these already the modern aircraft makes light of, while the use of multiple engines, instead of one, already permits flights to be made with such regularity that a breakdown through any mechanical cause is becoming rare. . . . As to the speeds possible in the future with commercial aircraft, science, which is invariably conservative, is quite ready now to grant that we shall before long have aircraft moving at the rate of 240 or 250 miles an hour, and there seems indeed no reason, ultimately, why speeds as great as 300 miles an hour should not be attained. Imagine what this will mean to the world in the conduct of its business, and in its more intimate relations. Picture how trade, prosperity, and good feeling may be fostered when a man can transact business one day in New York and the next in London; when any part of the earth's surface can be reached in a journey lasting, say, a week or ten days, when new communities can be instituted anywhere and everywhere, relying for their means of communication on the establishment of an airway between themselves and the nearest centre of supply.

"Here is what Galsworthy said about 'Town Blight' in the article on housing by Capt. Swinton:

Our great industrial towns, sixty odd in England alone, with a population of 15,000,000 to 16,000,000, are our glory, our pride, and the main source of our wealth. They are the growth, roughly speaking, of five generations. They began at a time when social science was unknown, spread and grew in unchecked riot of individual moneymaking, till they are the nightmare of social reformers and the despair of all lovers of beauty. They have mastered us so utterly, morally, and physically, that we regard them and their results as matter of course. They are public opinion, so that for the battle against town blight there is no driving force. They paralyze the imaginations of our politicians because their voting power is so enormous, their commercial interests are so huge, and the food necessities of their populations seem so paramount.

"As Wilbur Wright once remarked," went on Abner, "you can fly with a kitchen table if you only

have enough power in the engine. The war forced the pace in flying. But it kept us from developing the commercial airship. We now have as many types of planes for ordinary human use as we have types of ships at sea. I have never studied the transoceanic craft. Some day I expect to skip over to Europe in one. I'm more interested at my age in the cloud-jitney; the useful, accommodating thing that we have in our Association by the hundreds and shall yet have by thousands. One of them costs less to build than a big touring car used to. Our commonest type carries ten passengers and makes a hundred miles an hour. You came in one."

"Hullo!" snapping his watch. "There goes Millikin back—family along by the sound."

Some woman's voice floating down over the gardens; a patch of spun-wool clouds—the cloud-jitney went under them. Half an hour or less it was due to fold its wings at the Union Drome.

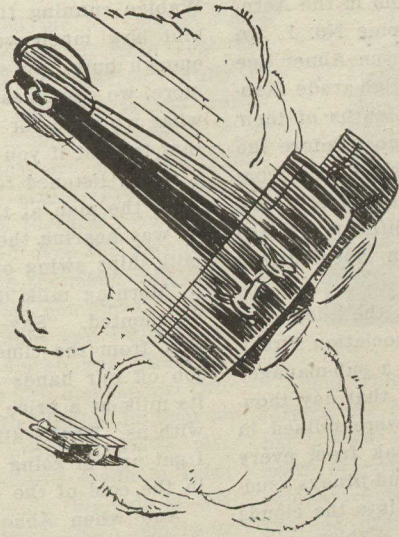
"Yes," remarked Abner, "two of our young people had a honeymoon in one lately; one of the touring models. They left here at ten a.m. and were in Halifax—more than a thousand miles—by seven p.m. the same day. Changed cars twice en route. They intend to make the Halifax-Vancouver trip in two days, with five changes of car."

IX.

THE story ended rather abruptly. It was continued on a cloud-jitney as the reporter rode back to the city with his host. Abner liked the experience of diving into the city which his insurgent ideas had done so much to recreate. Here were nearly a million people. But no human eye could tell where the country merged into the town. The Civic Aerodrome—Union Depot for all cloud jitneys—was right alongside the suburban surface-car station used by thousands who had no appetite for aviation. On a safe estimate 200,000 people had overflowed into the Aero-Suburbs. By a thorough census taken every year it was found that the number of children growing up to school age had never been so high a percentage. Rents and frontage values were controlled by the corporation. The aero-suburb had killed the slum. What was formerly hundreds of miles of ingrowing houses like Gable St. had now become thousands of acres of individual homesteads. Every other house had been taken down. The box-stall lots had disappeared. A real Property department at the City Hall looked after every acre of land in the city and was operated as an extension of the census department. Census had become the mainspring of Wabigo. Gas, lighting, coal-yards, tramways were all under civic control. Milk was distributed by the city as systematically as water. The city itself, owned and operated by the people, became the one central monopoly.

Every time he sailed into the Union Aerodrome Abner peered down through a haze of dust and smoke and felt the thrill of a struggle still going on. He was a product of the city, among whose many bulky problems still remaining the milk supply was chief. With such a phenomenal increase in the number of children, milk had become almost as great a necessity as water. Before the war the average city family had been deprived of sufficient good milk. Hence the high rate of infant mortality. The city could not raise cows; and though Wabigo City had municipalized the delivery of milk by dividing the city into distributing areas, the source of the milk supply was still the herds of the farmers on a thousand hills.

The Milk Producers' Association, according to the Daily Graphic's prediction, gave out an ultimatum of a two-cents-a-quart raise in the price. The thing was debated fore and aft in the press for some days. Abner kept his eye on it shrewdly. He knew that the average daily consumption of milk in Wabigo was about 500,000 quarts, allowing for 155,000 homes and a complete census of apartment houses, hotels



and restaurants. At the current rate, 18 cents a quart, this aggregated \$90,000 a day or about \$31,000,000 a year, an amount which the people could pay only because of radical savings on controlled utilities. He knew precisely what proportion of this aggregate was supplied by the six big dairy farms just outside the city limits. He knew also that the cost of the city's milk was at least ten per cent. more than its annual coal bill; 15 per cent more than the cost of bread; 50 per cent greater than the tax for urban transportation; 50 per cent more than the cost of electric lighting. In a very vital way milk was the economic king of Wabigo.

The Wabigo Milk Distributing Commission, operating under the Utilities Branch of the civic administration, offered the M.P.A. a compromise on one cent a quart extra. The M. P. A. refused. One day's grace was allowed by the M.P.A. At the end of that time unless the Wabigoites should get about 250,000 quarts of milk every morning, like the Israelites once got manna from heaven, Wabigo's 150,000 children of under ten years of age would be on milk rations or none at all.

It was the middle of a hot July. No possible long-distance haulage of such vast mass of milk. Arbitration was out of the question. The M.P.A. had a sure hand—as it always had.

"My friends," bellowed Abner from his verandah to a company assembled, "this is the sarcasm of evolution. Wabigo has broken the slaveries of the coalmen, the transportation systems, the power systems, the lighting companies, the real estate sharks, and the builders and the landlords. She is still in the grip of the milk producer. I don't deny that in its time Wabigo milked the farmer. It robbed him of his sons and his hired help, raised his taxes, cut up his statute labor roads, flung dust on his washings, scared his horses with automobiles and suburban

cars, jewed down his price of grain and cattle, and by an infernal system of middlemen spread the margin between the price to the original producer and the ultimate consumer so far that the only way to get justice to each was to abolish the middlemen. But those wrongs have all been adjusted or are in process of adjustment. The cow is the one remaining symbol of the farmer's power over the city. He has used it time and again before, because he learned the trick from the milk distributors whom we abolished."

Abner painted the certain terrible sufferings of Wabigo on those sweltering days in the city. Half a dozen reporters were supplied with copies of his speech. To-morrow a special delivery of thousands of copies would be made to every home in the Aero-Suburbs, reaching for miles from Drome No. 1. In every copy there was a flaming call from Abner Lee to all those who owned thousands of high-grade aero-suburban milk cows to give up nine-tenths of their immediate supply to the city of Wabigo. Before the last paper was read he had gone ahead and contracted for a huge supply of thermal delivery tins, sent over and distributed by cloud-jitneys. These containers, made of wood-pulp, with asbestosized lining, were quite cheap.

Most of one half day Abner spent on the telephone, calling up all the Aero-Suburbs Association Presidents, each of whom became at once a sub-manager of his sudden enterprise. Evening of that day thousands of high-grade suburban cows were milked in the interests of Wabigo. By daybreak from every suburban drome a small fleet of cloud-jitneys, suddenly transformed to milk-ships, rose into the clouds and swung away to the dust-lines of Wabigo, carrying to the consumers' distribution depot the milk of the evening before.

Abner Lee left word to be called on the line when-

ever the first squad of motors was ready to begin actual delivery at the homes of the people. And when he got that call the old man's face broke into a flood of uncontrollable tears. He could do nothing but gasp at the mouthpiece. He was assured that by noon every home in Wabigo-unserved by the non-strike companies would be left one small bottle of milk; that if the supply could be repeated during the day every home would get its average quota of milk, and if—

"Cut out the ifs and the rest goes!" shouted Abner Lee like a child screaming at a game. "Phone the president of the M.P.A. and tell him that he can feed his milk to the hogs. This cloud-jitney, aero-suburban aggregation has got enough cows to keep Wabigo running till further notice. We know to a pint how much we can produce, and as we've got enough butter in storage to do us for a month and more, we can release our entire output to you minus what we need for the daily use—and you can have that to boot if you want it. Sure! And say—"

Abner listened for a moment when he wasn't sure what the man at the other end was saying, because he was hearing the whirr of the cloud-jitney fleet of milk-ships swing over Drome No. 1.

"Morning milk delivery just leaving No. 1 now," he shouted. "Say—put it down on your memo. pad that from the time the M.P.A. decides to take the job off our hands until further notice, Wabigo gets its milk at a price determined by you in association with us. That's all to-day. I'm going to bed. When I get up I'm going to take a scud over to your office in the cool of the evening. Good-bye."

And when Abner Lee, just about sundown, saw the great Navajo rug of his Aero-Suburban landscape receding into its vista of real poetry, he wished to high heaven and every scruff of cloud he saw that he could live to be the age of Methuselah.

THE HUNDRED-YEAR CALL OF KILDONAN

IN this period of our Dominion Day celebration, the first in our second half-century of Confederation, we are driven irresistibly to examine the foundations of Canada.

And there are few parts thereof which afford a more interesting ground for study than that portion of the country which lies west of the Great Lakes. The famous Red River Settlement, where Lord Selkirk planted his colony in 1812, had demonstrated that the Western country, supposed by some to be an abode fit only for the Indian and the Buffalo and the adventurous hunter, was in reality the very home of the wheat plant. To it even before the Confederation period scattered settlers began to push their way from the East. Accordingly it was natural that when the four old Provinces had been brought together, the Fathers of Confederation felt that they should push back the sky-line towards the setting sun and unroll the map till it revealed the Pacific tide.

Some forty-five years ago a teacher who was coming to Winnipeg was consoled with by his friends in Toronto on his venturing out into such "hyperborean regions" where no one could live in any comfort. Yet we went on West and North to open up great arable areas around Edmonton and Prince Albert, eight hundred miles farther away. And some again said that surely that was the limit. Yet not long ago I stood at Peace River Crossing, three hundred miles north-west of Edmonton and swinging towards the Grand Prairie, saw some of the greatest harvests I had ever beheld. And away two hundred miles farther to the North we found Fort Vermilion, where the prize wheat for the World's Fair in 1893 was grown. If we add to this the opulence of British Columbia, with its minerals, fields, forests, fisheries and fruit, we shall know something of our Western heritage. This great west-land has been exploited much but it has hardly yet begun to be developed.

For the historical setting of the earliest colonization of the west, we must hark back to the opening of the last century to a strath in the North of Scotland, from which families were being driven in order to make room for sheep which would be more profitable to the land-owner. And so, while their

Dominion Day Recollections of the Old Selkirk Settlement and the Great Fur Companies.

By REV. R. G. MacBETH

Author of "The Making of the Canadian West," etc.

able-bodied men were away fighting under the Iron Duke for the liberties of Europe, the older folk and the women and children were harried out of their poor crofts and left to the tender mercies of the bleak hill-side. To these hunted people came the Earl of Selkirk, who had a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company and who had secured from that organization 116,000 acres of land in the Red River Country on which to plant a colony of his persecuted fellow-countrymen.

The Hudson's Bay Company is one of the paradoxes of history. With a charter given by the easy-going Charles II. to Prince Rupert and a few associates in the "Company of Adventurers," that gave these few men control over half a continent with the right to trade, build forts, make laws and even to organize militia, this organization was one of the most dangerously monopolistic in its constitution that the world has ever seen. Yet such was the high character of its employees that the Company instead of being autocratic became practically paternal in its general influence. A word to our politicians. In two hundred years no case of graft was ever known amongst men who handled annually thousands of pounds in value of furs.

AND so it was under the auspices of this Company, represented by "the Silver Chief" as the Red River Indians later called Lord Selkirk, that the earliest western settlers came into the midst of the "Great Lone Land" which their presence did so much to hold for the British Crown. But they paid the price for their pioneering by such struggles and hardships as rarely ever have fallen even to the lot of pathfinders. They faced a rigor of climate for which they were largely unprepared in every sense. They were ten years in the country in the face of floods and grasshopper plagues before they grew enough to feed themselves, and in the meantime these crofters, unaccustomed to that

mode of life, had to be buffalo-hunters in the winter and fishermen in the summer. But even these conditions were the least of their troubles. Because the Selkirk Colony had been planted by the Hudson's Bay Company and would no doubt be for them a source of supply in men and produce in the coming days, the rival organization, the North West Fur Company, determined that the colony should be rooted out and destroyed. They beguiled some of the Colonists away by promises of better prospects in the East, they carried them elsewhere ostensibly as witnesses in law cases, by various means they made it difficult for them to get a living, and finally by organizing an armed band of half-breed plainsmen under Cuthbert Grant, they killed Governor Semple, of the Hudson's Bay Company, and twenty of his men at Seven Oaks and followed this by ordering the remaining colonists to leave at once.

But these persistent settlers only went a short distance away till they were rescued and brought back by the Earl of Selkirk himself, who having heard of the troubles on the Red River, had hired some Swiss soldiers in Montreal, had taken the North West Post of Fort William and was now hastening to the relief of his Red River settlers. This visit by the Earl to his colony in 1817 was a notable one. A hundred years have gone, but the descendants of the old settlers to this day recall hearing those who met the Earl speak of his gracious presence, his gentle manner, and withal his splendid dignity. He told the settlers that their home on the Red River would be called Kildonan, after the parish in Scotland from which they had come and that they should have a minister of their own Presbyterian faith, but his death in 1820 caused the promise to remain unfulfilled for many years.

Canada, confederated in 1867, bought out the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company in the west, and in 1869 sent the Hon. William McDougall out as the first Governor of the new Province of Manitoba. We are bound to say that Canada did not manage the business very well. Of course the country was remote from Ottawa, with no communication by rail or wire. The Selkirk Colonists

(Concluded on page 30.)

Ask me about the Screen

At least 350,000 people in Canada attend motion picture theatres every day, or more than 10,000,000 a year. Courier readers want to know the facts about film dramas and the colossal industry behind them. Merrick R. Nutting knows. He is a veteran in Film-Land in both Canada and the United States. Those who are interested in the vital facts about the Fifth Biggest Industry will find this series of articles Canadian headquarters for live-wire information.

MANY people have asked me at various times where all the pictures come from that are shown daily in Canadian theatres. Fully 95 per cent of them are produced in the United States. The other 5 per cent consist of scenics, news weeklies or war pictures, which are naturally photographed where the action takes place. France was the first country to produce Motion Pictures; but the first great republic soon took the lead over the second. The United States now produce more thousand miles of film per year than all other countries combined. Italy had several studios, among which Cines and Italia were the best known brands. Lumiere, Pathe and Gaumont were the leading French Producers, and the last two named are still in business with studios in France and New York. England has never produced pictures to any extent, and no pictures made in England have ever gained popularity on this side of the Atlantic. In fact, for several years there has been no market for European features in either Canada or the United States.

Why is this? Several reasons. The motion picture is really more an outgrowth of the newspaper and the camera than it is of the stage; except in dramatic sequence and presentation and the employment of known actors for the star parts, it has nothing to do with the stage; and the United States is the greatest newspaper country in the world. In the second place European screen artists are too much given to over-acting and gesticulation.

Now about the great producing companies; a little about their history—and it's very interesting. It's only about six or seven years since the motion picture industry was frankly a mechanical or manufacturing business. To get an appreciation of the enormous strides made by the industry and its almost perilous invasion of the art world, you must remember that, as late as 1912 the production of pictures in the United States was controlled by a group of manufacturers operating under the name of the Patents Company. They had basic patents on all the cameras used in taking the pictures, also holding the patents on the Projectors or machines used to throw the pictures on the screen. These manufacturers who were then making one and two reel subjects were distributing their pictures through the General Film Company of New York with branches throughout the world. The well known brands at this time were Vitagraph, Biograph, Kalem, Pathe, Bison Kleine, Edison, Essany, Selig and Lubin. Many of you will remember the Stars of those days, John Bunny and Flora Finch, Lillian Walker, Henry B. Walthall, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Maurice Costello and Kate Price.

So here was an attempt, successful up till six years ago, to make the fifth biggest industry a straight monopoly. What a monopoly! You might as well try to syndicate-control the air. No thanks to the G. F. C. that the monopoly didn't succeed; for they made every effort to control the exclusive right to manufacture and distribute films in America.

But big business brains were soon attracted to the film industry just as they were to the automobile industry. Promoters and capitalists got into the game. Several free trade companies were launched, most important of which were the group of manufacturers known as the Independents, who released their pictures through the Exchanges operated by Carl Llamalix. From this group developed the Universal Film Company, to-day one of the largest producing bodies. Another group marketed their pictures through the Mutual Film Corporation, which still exists.



About this time Adolph Zukor, of New York, formed the Famous Players' Film Corporation, which has grown and developed into the Paramount-Artcraft organization of to-day. These independent companies were responsible for a good many unrehearsed dramas in the courts because of actions taken against them by the Patents Company for infringement of the patents. After being in the law courts for many months the Supreme Court decided in 1913 that the Patents Company were a combine operating in restraint of trade and the Government refused to grant further injunctions against the independents. This action let down the bars. There was a grand rush to Film-Land, like a miners' stampede. The film business was now everybody's. And most of the bogus wildcat features that ever characterized mining began to invade the industry.

Producing companies came up like mushrooms. Some of them, be it admitted, were formed with the sole object of making pictures, just as some mining companies are organized to produce minerals. But a whole lot of them were for the main business of getting other people's money by stock selling. The film industry was a novelty. Everybody thought it was a Klondike, and that the investment of a few hundred dollars now would make them independently rich by and bye. In 1913-14-15 New York was full of what is known as "sucker money" and in the theatrical district every other office was occupied by a Film Producing Company with officers who issued very alluring prospectuses which promised large returns to investors. Not only private individuals but Wall Street got the fever and hundreds of thousands of dollars were squandered in fitting up offices, building studios and the making of pictures. As it was a new business in which no one had the benefit of experience, there was necessarily much waste in experimenting; studio buildings were erected that were afterwards found to be all wrong in construction and layout; cameras and lighting systems were tried out and discarded for something better; different grades of raw film stock were tested; printing machines and laboratory appliances had to be built and re-built as they were found not suited to the work required; scenarios for plays had to be secured and people engaged for the parts that not only possessed the knowledge of stage technique necessary but would photograph well, and this was not easy. And after the pictures were made offices or exchanges had to be opened in various parts of the country to distribute the finished productions to the theatres.

NOW for once anyhow in the history of speculation, "sucker money" operated for the public benefit. If it had not been for the thousands of hoping-to-be-Wallingfords who parted with their millions of money in Film-Land, the industry would never have made such tremendous strides; for no individual or group of men would ever have put up

FIRST of all you'll be interested to know that the Film Business, counting capital invested, people employed and wages and salaries and fees paid, has become the fifth industry in the United States; how it came to employ even more people than the automobile industry and has 900 theatres in Canada.

By MERRICK R. NUTTING

the money necessary to carry on all the experiments which have brought about not only the phenomenal improvement in production, lighting and photography, but have attracted the leading writers of fiction, so that now many of the productions released are either picturizations of standard works of the world's fiction or from the pens of the leading writers of the best sellers of to-day.

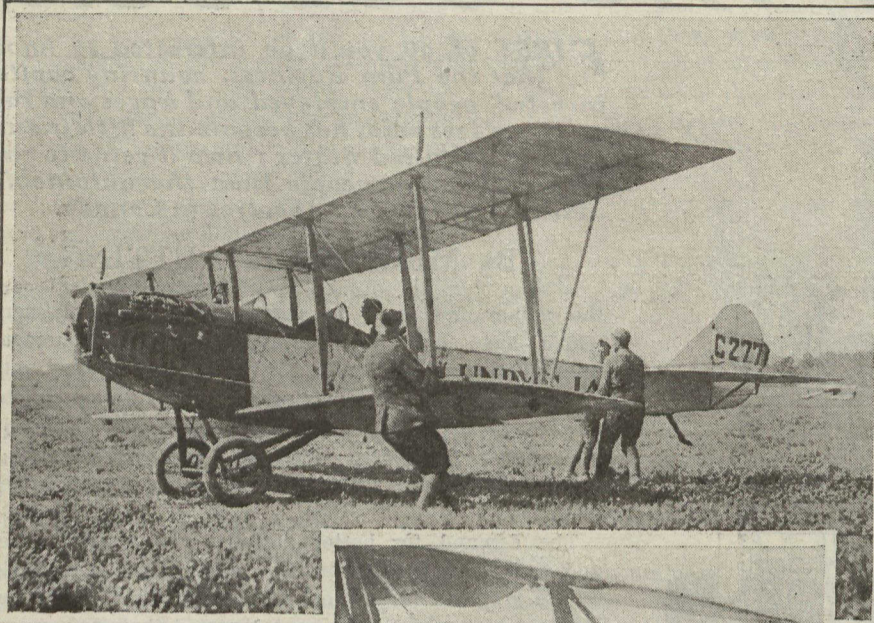
The demand for better pictures and more of them and the difficulty of promoting money from the public, due to previous experience, has brought into the producing field bigger men who have invested their own money and ability in the making of productions and the business of distribution. There is still a tremendous waste in the production of pictures, but when one considers the chaos that existed only a few years ago in both the mechanical and financial administration of the production end of the business and compares those conditions with the splendid pictures put out by the leading manufacturers today; when you see Film Stars whose names and faces are better known than the first ladies of the land, and players whose yearly salaries make the incomes of Governor-Generals and Presidents look as small as a school girl's pin money; when you see companies with head offices more sumptuous and staffs ten times the size of our largest financial or commercial institutions, companies that maintain branch offices in every large city, not only in the United States and Canada, but all over the civilized world; when you consider the amount of money, brains and knowledge that must be back of all this to make it a financial success—then you can see that the motion picture industry is well entitled, as an industry, quite apart from all the objectionable features that have grown into it, to cause the public to spend more money on its productions than it spends on theatres and music, or candy, or any other form of entertainment.

THERE are three centres in the United States where the majority of films are produced. New York and environs, including Brooklyn, Yonkers, Mount Vernon and New Rochelle, N.Y., and Fort Lee, The Palisades, Jersey City and Bayonne, N.J., all within a half hour's ride from Broadway; Southern California, now the largest producing centre, where Los Angeles and Hollywood have the largest Film Colonies in the West; Florida, with several studios on both the East and West Coast, that are busy all the time, and in addition many New York Companies are taken to Florida to secure outdoor locations.

New York was the first manufacturing centre for many reasons. The Head Offices of the first manufacturers were located in New York as it was a better field for the promotion of "other people's money" than any other. New York probably always will be the best little "get money easy" town in the world, and the promoters could get the money easier if they had a tangible and visible asset in the form of a studio building around the corner to show the investor. Again New York was and is still the centre of things theatrical in America and it was easier to secure people to fill a cast or to get the necessary properties and interior stage sets and furnishings. New York had many advantages for interior scenes, but outdoor locations were very difficult. Perhaps you, reader, can remember the time when the atmosphere of a Western Cowboy Picture (photographed on the Palisades, opposite Upper N. Y.) would be spoiled by the appearance of an automo-

(Continued on Page 22.)

Letters From the Air



GRAHAME WHITE predicts that the super-business man of the future may pay his hotel bills to-day in Paris, to-morrow in New York. Space is to be almost annihilated, not by vibrations only, but by transportation. And the airship is the transmarine vessel of the future. Not yet. The power of the airship to make any big city a station on an air line of travel is just beginning to be demonstrated. In the top picture Lundy's Lane, one of the fleet of cross-country planes at Beamsville, Ont., the new aviation camp, is getting ready to run over to Toronto. A



few days previous eleven such machines went across the lake from Toronto to Beamsville. A few days ago the great French ace Flachaire flew from Montreal to Toronto, over 300 miles, in three hours.

Kipling's "With the Night Mail" is becoming a fact. Aero-mail is now far past the experimentals. Italy, France and the United States already have aero-mail. In Canada we are still discussing it but it's only a matter of a short time till special delivery letters may get ahead of all others by the air-route between large centres. Mr. W. E. Lemon, new Postmaster at Toronto, said recently that such a service between Montreal and Toronto would yet be inaugurated, even though at first it might not pay. Since then this important event has taken place. Capt. Bryan Peck of the R.A.F., by special arrangement with Ottawa, carried a number of letters from Montreal to Toronto. His trip inaugurated the first airplane mail service in Canada.

Uncle Sam has an aero-mail route connecting up Washington, Philadelphia and New York. In the lower picture herewith Lieut. Culver, who took over the Washington relay at Philadelphia, is shown handing over the mail sack, a few minutes after he landed at New York.

The Postmaster-General of the United States, A. S. Burleson, in the June Munsey's Magazine gives an interesting account of the establishment of this air-route. It is to be a permanent delivery—if commercially successful—of one round trip each day. Special delivery letters only will be carried, and including the stop at Philadelphia the trip each way will require less than three hours.

Difficulty was found in the way of suitable landing-places sufficiently central. It is hoped, adds Mr. Burleson, that it may ultimately be possible to use the roof of a post-office or other large building, and very satisfactory and encouraging progress is being made in that direction.

But what commercial aviation wants war-aviation is already making it possible to work out. The war will be won from the air. War-air services are being consolidated. In our own part of the war the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service have been amalgamated into the Royal Air Force, with its own Air Ministry. Major Bishop, Canadian, has been appointed to the British Air Board. We are on the road to a distinctively Canadian air force, whatever form it may take. Eighty per cent of the officers of the R.A.F. in Canada are Canadians, while all the mechanics, with the exception of about 600, were enlisted here. There are now six training camps of the R. A. F., Beamsville, Camp Borden, Leaside, Armour Heights, Deseronto and Long Branch. The first-named was inspected and formally opened last month by the Duke of Devonshire. It is here the cadets after they have become expert in solo-flying take up the important study and practice of aerial gunnery.

There are nine hangers at Beamsville Camp, and three squadrons of eighteen machines each. It is intended to later increase these to five squadrons, which will compose the 43rd wing of the R.A.F. in Canada. The machines are J.N.4 Curtiss Tractor Biplanes, costing \$7,500 each.

War planes have been made in Canada since 1915. And before the United States entered the war Canada had the greatest flying school in the world. After the war Canada, which has led the world in transcontinental railway building, may be expected to take her own place in transcontinental railways of the air. Flying is the most individualistic game in the world; a game for young men of both daring and caution schooled in the art of thinking for themselves. Which is the kind of men young Canadians are.

Pointers From the C.M.A.

YOU have read of war taxes in the budget and embargoes enacted by the War Trade Board to stop imports and stabilize the Canadian dollar. All right. Both go—while the people expect the Government to regulate the prices caused by the taxes and the embargoes or else the dealer gets the big end of the stick and the consumer the other end.

But there's yet another side, says past President Parsons of the C.M.A., in his recent address to that body in Montreal; and when the new President, W. J. Bulman, of Winnipeg, stiff-hat in the picture, talking to T. P. Howard, of Montreal, on the British War Mission at Washington, you may bet your bottom dollar that he agrees with Mr. Parsons.

The one biggest thing about war trade, says the C.M.A., is not the 2 per



cent. handicap on the Canadian dollar, but the Canadian manufacturer. Which is not so, says the Canadian farmer, represented extremely by the G. G. G. What the country needs is more machinery for less money. The West needs farm tractors free of duty. But the C.M.A. argues for Canadian farm tractors, not by clapping the duty back on the U. S. tractor, but by letting the Canadian maker produce the machines on an even keel with the manufacturers across the line.

Tractors are merely a concrete case. There are other things—though if the C.M.A. expect the public to understand what they are driving at, why don't they get down to brass tacks in their manifesto and make it specific? Anyhow, here's what they say—in part:

"The mobilization work of the United States commands our highest admiration; but the very efficiency and nation-wide scope of this concentration on the one object of hastening the successful ending of the war has created temporarily critical conditions for this country, as in the case of war trade embargoes, which prohibit the exportation to Canada of various basic materials indispensable to essential industries. Canadian industry has been built up in close relation with the growth of United States industry; we draw necessary materials from adjacent United States territory, just as an industry in one State draws materials from another State or from Canada.

"Now, however, a United States manufacturer is using materials which a Canadian manufacturer cannot obtain; and, in other cases, a United States manufacturer is buying his basic materials at lower prices than the same materials, which are equally essential to his work, can be purchased in the United States by the Canadian manufacturer."

Now this specifically argues that U. S. embargoes of exports to this country of certain raw materials which they need in their business, ought to be followed by somebody's embargo or restriction to Canada of the finished product made from these materials; otherwise the Canadian manufacturer can't compete and will have to close down. Oh, we are always closing down something. But who is to put on this restriction? Will Congress? In the words of G. B. S.'s heroine of Pygmalion, "Not—likely!" That's not the way they do things over there. But the C. M. A. argues that the Canadian Government through the War Trade Board should before taking duties off certain manufactured articles needed here should consult the C. M. A. to find out how this can break the handicap by getting Washington to take off its blooming embargoes on the raw materials needed by Canadian makers to produce just such articles here in Canada. Otherwise, what in the name of Adam Smith et al becomes of the North America-an-economic-unit-for-winning-the-war idea as propounded by Hon. Sir George Foster, chairman of the War Trade Board? Eh?

COME TO THINK OF IT



WHATEVER rugby and cricket may have to do with winning the overgrown Waterloos on the west front, there is no doubt that baseball—thanks to the Canadians—has a big innings. Here are a cheery gang of Bluenose Boys getting back from a game. Pity Fritz never learned to play ball! Because a baseball nation has too much humor to fight over who owns a backyard.

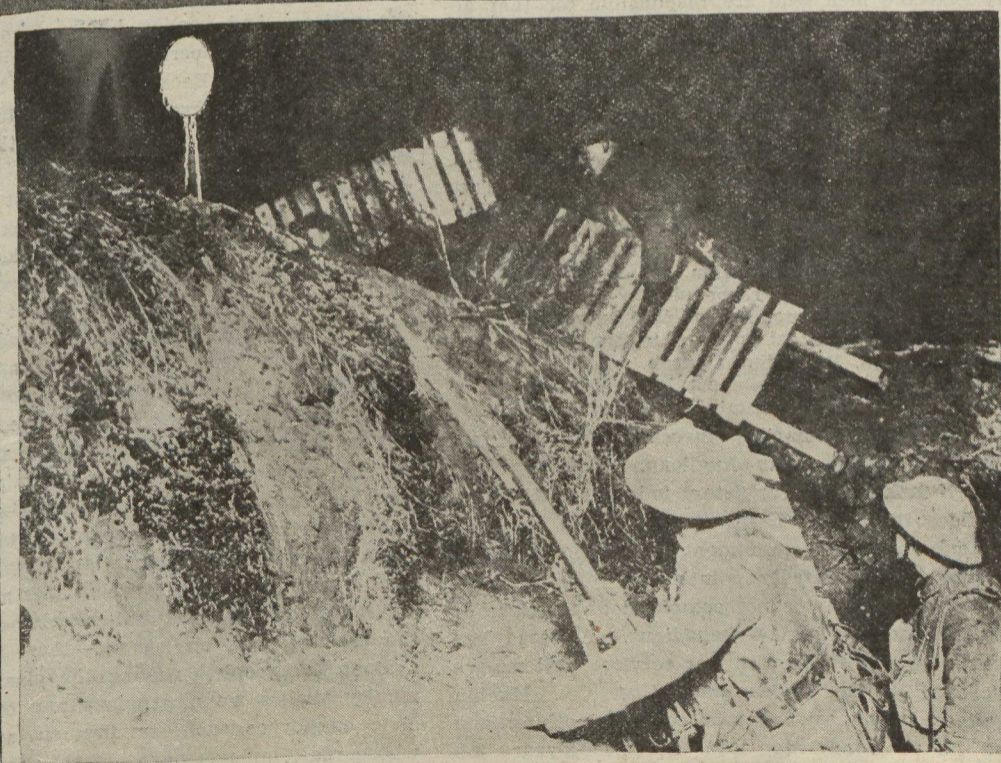


IS the poilu on his last legs? Look at him marching to war among the apple blossoms of 1918 and judge for yourself. The Germans don't go to war that way—in 1918. They did their circus stunts in 1914, when they rolled through Brussels singing Deutschland.

ONE of these days the power contained in this horrible tractor of sudden death wallowing through the mire of Flanders will be turned to the conquest, not of armies, or of nations, but of the soil for the good of mankind.

LOOK at this soft, benign picture of femininity, the alumnae of St. Margaret's College, Toronto, at their June closing (1918) and see if it has anything to do with the war. The girls look as sweet and hopeful as ever they did in the years of peace, and the trees mass up in the same old shimmer of June music in the background. But if you should talk to any of these young ladies—and of course you wouldn't be allowed to do that—you would find out that every one in the lot has been touched directly by the war. Less money? Oh no. Less joy? No, but a different kind. More work? Very probably—if you should meet some of them now, they may be in the uniform of the farmerette.

IN the good Book it is said that a man must work while it is yet day, "for the night cometh when no man can work." Civilization turned night into day by inventing the night shift. War, which needs the night most, has just about abolished it by the star shell and the flare. And here is a "working party" just on the way out to an outpost in No-Man's Land, carrying trench-mats—some call them duck-boards—because No-Man's is a torn-up, shot-to-bits wallow of a place where no-man is ever seen by day and by night no-man is very sure where the bottom of the world may be.



EDITORIAL

The Kerosene Can

WE remember that in the early days of the war the Germans had squads of men who went about spraying houses with inflammable oil so that they would be sure to burn when the man came along with the torch. For long enough we have had in Canada smouldering race conditions that would make a blaze if somebody would only apply the kerosene. We are glad to admit that we were beginning to see a way of putting the Ontario kerosene artist along with his oil-can on the shelf. But he has come down again and his latest performance with the can is the raid on the Jesuit College at Guelph, Ont. Having lived for two years in Guelph we regard that good old Scotch-Canadian town as about the last place we should have expected any operations of the kerosene-man. But that was twenty years ago.

The raid itself, no matter who was responsible, seems to have been conducted after the methods of a raid on a fan-tan parlor. It was done at eleven o'clock at night when most of the students suspected of evading the M.S.A. should have been in bed. It was done without any of the decency that should be accorded to a man's home or a place entitled to common respect. The Minister of Militia exonerates himself. The Minister of Justice, whose son is at the college, is made the butt of attack. He is set down as "Hon. Mr. Doherty, Sr. sitting in judgment on Mr. Doherty, Jr." Well there are dozens of other colleges in Canada where young Doherty might have been. He happened to be in this one, not far from the man with the kerosene can. In some of the earlier explanations it was stated that the administration of the Military Service Act had passed out of the Department of Justice, and that Hon. Mr. Doherty had no jurisdiction. Later we are assured on what seems to be good authority that there is a cabal at Ottawa to get rid of Mr. Doherty. The cabal, if such there be, gets in its work when the Premier is away in England. Col. Machin, director of the military service branch of the Department of Justice, in a long statement which he expects to forfeit him his useful job, says that in the Montreal and Quebec district there are now over 11,000 eligibles who have not been called because the G. O. C. of the district did not want them called just now. Justice gets the men. The War Office delays to call them. So Col. Machin says. And we assume that he knows. He further says:

As an Anglican, I desire to protest as emphatically as I know how against the brutal treatment meted out to the Jesuit College at Guelph, and to say that the men who are responsible for that action ought to be made to realize that when they are indulging in such spite they are encouraging strife between religious denominations, and, if prepared to accept the responsibility of such a grave condition, simply to fulfil personal vanity, then they are worse than the Huns.

Speaking off-hand, the greatest percentage of recruits, according to denominations, in Canada, are as follows: Anglican, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Methodist, in the order named. One would think that the Methodists of Ontario had done more than any other denomination. I say it advisedly, knowing full well my responsibility in my official capacity and as a member of the Ontario Legislature, that the greatest menace to the Province of Ontario is the Methodist Church, which seems to make us in Ontario the most hypocritical body or class of people in the Dominion of Canada.

We are not primarily concerned with the fact that Col. Machin is an Anglican. That does not of itself make him a competent judge of Methodism, nor does his public position entitle him to make comparisons as to enlistment by denominations. As we have repeatedly pointed out on this page the Canadian army is not composed of religious or political parties, but of Canadians. A creed has nothing directly to do with war service. But we are concerned in the obvious fact that Col. Machin speaks as an honest man who conceals nothing, and says he is ready to lose a \$6,000-a-year job

because of his words. He knows what he is talking about because he has been eight months in the M. S. A. branch of the Department of Justice. He is a man of patriotic conscience because he refused a judgeship to go overseas in command of the 94th Battalion. He is also a member of the Ontario Legislature and therefore knows something of the big-otries in regard to Rule 17 and the sane efforts made by other men in that House and that Government to maintain national unity in a time of crisis. Therefore we hang the merits of the case directly upon the words of Col. Machin and say, that if he is asked to resign his position because of what he has said it will be an admission that the man with the kerosene can has the right of way in this country. We believe in every man, no matter what his creed or color, coming forward like a man in the defence of his country. We believe in bringing outlaws under the law. But the rector of the Guelph Novitiate reasonably denies that his college harbored any refugees from the M.S.A. However, the kerosene artist thought there was, he is entitled to his opinion; and in this case he happens to have become a symbol of our worst menace to national unity.

Strike and Sabotage

POLICEMEN and firemen seem to be heading towards the road to labor-unionism in this country. This seems simple enough. But there never could be a worse monkey-wrench flung into any threshing-machine. The real employers of policeman and firemen are the ratepayers. A strike of policemen and firemen would be a strike directly against the security of people and the safety of property. No civic corporation has a right to an underpaid force for protection. A scavenger strike is bad enough; but people can bury garbage for a week. A street-car strike is worse, but when it happens gasoline is hitched up in a hurry and every other car becomes a sudden jitney. But the fire-force strikes, let us say, when a non-union factory is burning up. And because the firemen quit or refuse to go to the fire three blocks are burned containing property, half of which may be union and the rest having nothing to do with unions one way or another. A general industrial strike grows into a riot. The union police strike and refuse to handle the mob because their leaders are union men.

These are extreme cases, but they are inevitable. Allow union organization in the police force and you have no right to refuse it to the army, because in the last resort the army is the force that backs up the police. And heaven knows what unionism in the form of a democracy in an army has done for poor old Russia. Because an army had a right to strike, one of the greatest nations in the world is now going to the scrap heap, or to the devil in the shape of Germany. Allow democracy in the form of unionism in the army and you must admit it into the navy. And if at any time during the past four years Britain's navy-men had struck, where would civilization and Mr. Samuel Gompers have been by this time?

Up till now labor organization in industry has had as its great weapon, The Strike. In a majority of cases a strike is a private matter to be settled between those who pay wages and those who get them. But in a minority of cases, usually affecting a majority of the people, a strike is a public business and becomes a menace to the community similar to war. General strikes in coal mines, on railways, on steamships, on urban transportation lines, on gas and light works, on central power plants and in the production of commodities that cannot be stored, as in the case of milk and bread—these are all war against the people. Among the class of anti-community strikes we must place any organization of civic employees such as firemen and policemen whose real employers are not the Mayor and Coun-

cil, but the ratepayers. And until labor discards the strike as a weapon we must see to it that labor unionism does not pervade either the civic or the civil service.

The Motor Car and the Snob

SOME people still talk about the motor-car as though it ought to be abolished. The man with a baby carriage at a crossing swears as he tries to play Eliza crossing the ice. He says people should ride in pre-ordained street-cars; the automobile is too much of a personal satisfaction to some people. He hates to see one man in a seven-seat car on a crowded street when the same amount of room on a trolley would hold seventeen. No man is important enough to roll down to his office in a \$5,000 car while he and eighty-five more go in a street-car. To him the automobile is a symbol of snobocracy based upon wealth. Therefore he would like to see it restricted, taxed, abused—if it can't be abolished. What business has any man in wartime with a mere pleasure vehicle costing so much? He is quite right. There are snobs among the motorists. And the society editor knows that there are still more snobs among the street-car crowd. But the cars keep coming. Sometimes we wonder where the cars have all gone to. Then we recollect that the Grain Growers' Guide, who ought to know, says that by the end of 1918 there will be 60,000 cars bought on the prairie for an average of \$1,000 each, presumably in the main by farmers where not long ago the Red River cart made of all wood was the snobbiest thing on the trails. The old ox-cart went. The motor-car came. The age demanded this individualizing vehicle just as it did the telephone and the steamship. The motor-car refuses to jam your family into a big yellow bus driven by a pole and full of bad air. It puts them in a vehicle by themselves where nature intended them to be, just as she intended them for a house, not a tenement.

A Pack of Cards

NOW for a little arithmetic. We refer again to the war taxes. And once again on the matches. My grocer has just charged me 14 cents for a box of 500 of which 49 will not strike. He says there is a war-tax of so much a hundred, and he thinks I forget what it is. A rival grocer up street says in his window that he is giving away such matches for 5½ cents. Each pays 1c a 100 tax.

As a man remarked the other day, the real business artist who never has any enemies is the man who makes a can-opener for four cents and sells it for 17. Nobody objects to paying 17 cents for a can-opener, and the man who makes it can live in a \$40,000 house if he wants to, because with such universal demand for can-openers his 300 per cent profit on a little thing like that soon mounts up.

Take the case of playing cards. Before the tax a card pack cost 25 cents. It now costs 50 cents. Referring to the budget-tax schedule we discover that the tax explicitly works out to 8 cents on the old retail price. There is a difference here of 17 cents. Problem, where does the money go? So we trace up the new career of this pack of cards. Usually at the root of all troubles there is either a petticoat, a politician or a manufacturer. The manufacturer must pay eight cents to the Government for every pack of cards he makes. He buys war-tax stamps just the same as we buy postage stamps, only he buys them by the square yard. This is capital invested, so he says. Now it is a law of business that you must either make or lose on your capital invested. If you lose enough you are a high financier. If you make enough you are a good business man. Therefore the manufacturer charges the wholesaler a profit on the tax. On the same principle the wholesaler must make a profit on his capital invested. The retailer also believes in a constant profit on capital invested. He also puts a profit on the tax. So the bewildered customer pays the 50 cents for the pack, goes home and digs up his old High School Algebra and by a process of juggling with X and Y tries to find out how this triumvirate of good honest people converted an eight cent war tax into a 25-cent increase in price.



From Havre to Paris

Motoring in the War Zone

By ESTELLE M. KERR



A French Officer and two English Actresses shared the compartment.

FROM Havre to Paris seemed a simple journey in times of peace. Indeed, the whole of France looked very small in our school geographies; but now the maps are on a larger scale. Places too insignificant to be mentioned in tourists' guide-books assume great importance, as we move our tiny flags hopefully to the right, or sadly to the left.

The road from Havre to Paris is undefiled by ruined towns and fire-swept fields, but it is sufficiently near the line of battle to make a motor trip in that region such a rare occurrence that it assumes the proportions of a Great Adventure. It is difficult for any civilian to circulate within the army zone; but the hardest thing of all is to get a grant from the Government to use that most precious fluid that the French call essence, the English petrol, and that we call gasoline.

My orders were to go to Havre and drive back a new Ford ambulance just arrived from England. I had a blue paper to admit me, while one of our workers had been detailed to accompany me into the carefully-guarded precincts of the war-office, where we would be given the papers necessary for the journey. Previous experience had taught us that this was no simple matter; so we armed ourselves with passports and identification cards, Anglo-French certificates, Ordres de Mission and driving licenses—each document with photograph affixed. There undoubtedly would be a fresh demand for photographs, so we hastily sought out a photographer.

Speed, not efficiency, was what we required, and there were plenty of photographers in our neighborhood. But the first we called on had been mobilized, the second had gone to lunch, the third was out of plates (so difficult to obtain just now), the fourth had given up business since the bombardment, the fifth could not finish them in less than three days, but the sixth—and worst—reluctantly agreed to give us each a dozen copies on the following morning. Click, click . . . both were taken, and we set off gaily for the Ministry of War.

THE Chief of the Health Department, with whom we had to deal, was lunching lengthily. When he finally returned he informed us that we must first get the consent of the British Provost Marshal. At that office they told us that we had come to the wrong place, and that all we needed was a safe-conduct pass from the French authorities, and this could be had from the Commissionnaire de Police in our district. But from there we were sent to another office, where we found that at last we were on the right track! We were assured that all we needed was a letter from the secretary of our Fund stating that our expedition was absolutely necessary, a copy of our identification card, and two photographs. Upon receiving these the next morning, he assured us that we would have an answer to our request in about a month's time! Meanwhile, our poor little ambulance was waiting at Havre—perhaps in the rain.

Possibly our good friend at the War Office could help us? We called again and he promised to hasten matters. Two weeks later we were informed that our permits were ready. We had only to call for them at one place, have them stamped at another, and that was all!

It was not so simple as it sounded, but by this time we were accustomed to dreary waits in outer offices and evinced no astonishment when we discovered that though our "laissez passers" were ready, our Ordres de Transport had been forgotten!

Again to the War Office . . . more papers! Then on to another large and formidable-looking building, an hour or two in the corridor and then . . . "would we please call in the afternoon?" This time only half an hour to wait and our papers were complete. Do you wonder that the journey assumed undue proportions in our eyes?

Our transport papers allowed us to travel first-class at the expense of the French government, "without baggage and without horses"; so we were most comfortable, sharing our compartment with a French officer and two remarkably pretty little English actresses.

Our passports were satisfactorily inspected at Havre, where we arrived in the rain, finding the hotel at which we intended to stay filled up, chiefly with English officers, and no room reserved for us. We couldn't take time to look for another until our permits to return had been secured. The Governor of Havre was the first to be visited. He too, lunched late, so we tried the hospital where, we had been told, our little ambulance was stored. We found it looking rather rusty for a new car, but to my great delight, it exhibited every intention of running smoothly.

Next came the difficulty of gasoline. It was after three o'clock, but the man who was to give us the necessary papers to obtain this, was still lunching. So we hurried across the town to the Governor, who by that time had finished his. He sent us back to the British Provost Marshal; and the Provost Marshal returned us to the Governor. This time we managed to secure our "Permits Bleux." Now for the gasoline!

Everyone misdirected us to the proper establishment; we waded through the slimiest and blackest of mud while the rain trickled down our coat collars. Then we went back to the hospital, feeling sure that by this time our orders could be obtained—but no! The lunch had evidently become a perpetual feast! The hospital authorities dispatched a messenger for the two orders; one for gasoline at Havre, and another for Rouen.

The new car started obediently and we sped

through the busy streets to get our tank filled, but the soldier in charge insisted on keeping our permit as a receipt. How, then, were we to get a fresh supply at Rouen? Extra cans were denied us. We must demand another paper from the bureau de transit. Back to the hospital we sped, but only the night guard was on duty; we must go ourselves to the home of the feasting gentleman. This was quite the last straw! It was half-past eight and we had not dined; we were cold, wet and miserable, so we hurriedly ate a most expensive meal, called a cab and started for the home of Sergeant A., who lived in a black house in a black street.

After much hammering on the door it was opened by the Sergeant in his shirt-sleeves. With the most impressive courtesy he conducted us upstairs and bade us be seated. The empty bottles on the table were all that remained of his feast; and he seemed far more anxious to talk than to write. At last he produced some stamped paper and began the required formula, pausing after every word to apologize for bringing us to his humble abode. Finally, as he evinced an almost uncontrollable desire to tell us the story of his life, we prompted him

until his pen had finished the paper. We hurried down stairs, while the gallant sergeant held a tottering coal-oil lamp high above his head.

The hotel at which we had left our hand-bags now consented to give us rooms on condition that we rose at 6.30 when new guests were expected. Too tired to protest or even inquire prices, we staggered up three flights of stairs and climbed into high and feathery beds.

At six-thirty we were roused, and responded unwillingly, for the day was dull. After paying an exorbitant bill, we started on our way.

IT was a delightful day, after all. Delicate mists hung in the valley and veiled the distance, but these gradually lifted and it was difficult to say whether the Normandy country-side, with its orchards all in bloom, looked lovelier in its morning tones of grey, or sparkling in the afternoon sunshine. Tall Normandy poplars bordered the roads, red-tiled villages nestled in the valleys, with here and there a grey steeple. There was no time to stop and explore the charming little villages through which we passed. We sat comfortably in the front of our little ambulance and witnessed on either hand an ever-changing picture like a double-screened cinematograph.

My companion sat with the map of the roads in her hands, and also took charge of the "Permit Bleu," which had to be shown at intervals to sentries. Outside Havre they were French, and near Rouen they consisted of a French infantryman and two British airmen.

It is hard to say in what section the scenery is most attractive; but the forest lingers in my confused memories of well-cultivated fields, flowering orchards and trim villages whose red-roofs time had subdued to shadows of gray and purple; of hill-sides covered with fields in varying colors, as if a patch-work quilt had been thrown across them; of substantial farm buildings, surrounding square courtyards, of busy little towns with narrow, stone-paved streets through which we rattled noisily, and of quiet cool green forests. In some of these, alas, the woodcutters were at work, for soldiers and civilians must be warmed and fed, even if the beautiful country-side is left naked.

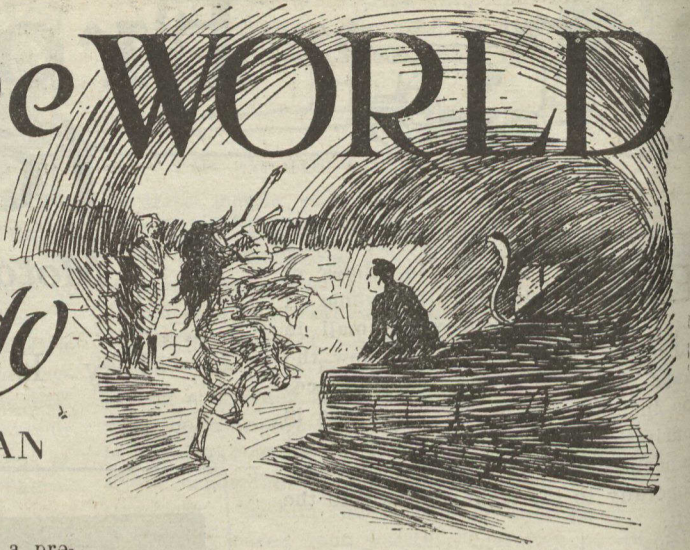
The delectable road we had chosen bordered the river; and beside it towered a great grey cliff. A few miles beyond the town we overtook three British army nurses in scant grey merino costumes, bordered with red—a uniform which seemed to accentuate the angularity of their figures. They gratefully accepted our offer of a lift, and told us that they were making a pilgrimage to a shrine where, it

(Continued on page 22.)

The WINDS of the WORLD

by
Talbot Mundy

Illustrated by T. W. McLEAN



RANJOOR SINGH, major of a Sikh squadron, goes to visit Yasmini, the extraordinary woman who learned all the secrets of India from the winds of the world. There he meets three Germans, one of whom offers him, in the name of Germany, the freedom of the earth if only the Sikhs would fail England when the time came. Ranjoor Singh refuses his answer until that time should come. Colonel Kirby, of the Sikh squadron is told that his best native officer has called on Yasmini; but refuses to believe that he is anything but a loyal officer. As an act of revenge for the contempt shown him in Yasmini's house, an Afridi murders one of the troopers in Ranjoor Singh's squadron. He is taken up as a witness, and Ranjoor Singh tries to bribe the truth from him. He escapes, and is followed into a house by Ranjoor Singh. When Colonel Kirby and one of his officers find that he has disappeared, and trace him here, they find to their horror that the house has been burned to the ground, leaving only the walls standing.

"THREE days ago", said Yasmini, "there came a wind that told me of war—of a world-war, surely not this time still-born. Two years ago the same wind brought me news of its conception, though the talk of the world was then of universal peace and of horror at a war that was. Now, to-night, this greatest war is loose, born and grown big within three days, but conceived two years ago—Russia, Germany, Austria, France, are fighting—is it not so? Am I wrong?"

THERE were police and to spare now, nor any doubt of it. Even the breath of war's beginning could not keep them elsewhere when a fire had charge in the densest quarters of the danger zone. The din of ancient Delhi roared skyward, and the Delhi crowd surged and fought to be nearer to the flame; but the police already had a cordon around the building, and another detachment was forcing the swarms of men and women into eddying movement in which something like a system developed presently, for there began to be a clear space in which the fire brigade could work.

"Any bodies recovered?" asked Colonel Kirby, leaning from the seat of his high dog-cart to speak to the English fireman who stood sentry over the water-plug.

"No, sir. The fire had too much headway before the alarm went in. When we got here the whole lower part was red-hot."

"Any means of escape from the building from the rear?"

"As many as from a rat-run, sir. That house is as old as Delhi—about; and there are as many galleries up above connecting with houses at the rear as there are run-holes from cellar to cellar."

"Any chance for anybody down in the cellar?"

"Doubt it, sir. The fire started there; the water'll do what the fire left undone. Pretty bad trap, sir, I should say, if you asked me."

"No reports of escape or rescue?"

"None that I've heard tell of."

"And the house seems doomed, eh? Be some days before they can sort the debris over?"

"Lucky if we save the ten houses nearest it! Look, sir! There she goes!"

The roof fell in, sending five separate volumes of red sparks up into the cloudy night as floor after floor collapsed beneath the weight. The thunder of it was almost drowned in a roar of delight, for the crowd, sensing the new spirit of its masters, was in a mood for the terrible. Then silence fell, as if that had been an overture.

Out of the silence and through the sea of hot humanity, the white of his dress-shirt showing through the unbuttoned front of a military cloak, Warrington rode a borrowed Arab pony, the pony's owner's sais running beside him to help clear a passage. Warrington was still humming to himself as he dismissed both sais and pony and climbed up beside Kirby in the dog-cart.

"If Ranjoor Singh's in that house, he's in a predicament," he said cheerfully. "I went to police headquarters, and the first officer I spoke to told me to go to hell. So I went into the next office, where all the big panjandrums hide—and some of the little ones—and they told me what you know, sir, that the house is in flames and every policeman who can be spared is on the job, so I came to see. If Ranjoor Singh's in there—but I don't believe he is!"

"Why don't you?"

"I don't believe the Lord 'ud send us active service—not a real red war against a real enemy—and play a low-down trick on Ranjoor Singh. Ranjoor Singh's a gentleman. It wouldn't be sportsmanlike to let him die before the game begins."

For a minute or two they watched the sparks go up and the crowd striking at the rats that still seemed to find some place of exit.

"There's a place below there that isn't red-hot yet," said Kirby. "Those rats are not cooked through. Did you tell the police that you wanted a search warrant?"

"Yes. Might as well argue with an ant-heap. All of 'em too busy tryin' for commissions in the Volunteers to listen. They've got it all cut an' dried—somebody in the basement upset a lamp, according

for barracks by a detour.

"Gad!" said Warrington suddenly.

"Who's told 'em d'you suppose?"

"Dunno, sir. News leaks in Delhi like water from a lump of ice."

In the darkness of the barrack wall there were more than a thousand men, women and children, many of them Sikhs, who clamored to be told things, and by the gate was a guard of twenty men drawn up to keep the crowd at bay. The shrill voices of the women drowned the answers of the native officer as well as the noise of the approaching wheels, and the guard had to advance into the road to clear a way for its colonel.

The native officer saluted and grinned.

"Is it true, sahib?" he shouted, and Kirby raised his whip in the affirmative. From that instant the guard began to make more noise than the crowd beyond the wall.

KIRBY whipped his horse and took the drive that led to his quarters at a speed there was no overhauling. He wanted to be alone. But his senior major had forestalled him and was waiting by his outer door.

"Oh, hallo, Brammle. Yes, come in."

"Is it peace, Jehu?" asked Brammle.

"War. We'll be the first to go. No, no route yet—likely to get it any minute."

"I'll bet, then. Bet you it's Bombay—a P. and O.—Red Sea and Marseilles! Oh, who wouldn't be light cavalry? First-class all the way, first aboard, and first crack at 'em! Any orders, sir?"

"Yes. Take charge. I'm going out, and Warrington's going with me. Don't know how long we'll be gone. If anybody asks for me, tell him I'll be back soon. Tell the men."

"Somebody's told 'em—listen!"

"Tell 'em that whoever misbehaves from now forward will be left behind. Give 'em my definite promise on that point!"

"Anything else, sir?"

"No."

"Then see you later."

"See you later."

The major went away, and Kirby turned to his adjutant.

"Go and order the closed shay, Warrington. Pick a driver who won't talk. Have some grub sent in here to me,

and join me at it in half an hour; say fifteen minutes later. I've some things to see to."

Kirby wanted very much to be alone. The less actual contact a colonel has with his men, and the more he has with his officers, the better—as a rule; but it does not pay to think in the presence of either. Officers and men alike should know him as a man-who-has-thought, a man in whose voice is neither doubt nor hesitation.

Thirty minutes later Warrington found him just emerging from a brown study.

"India's all roots-in-the-air an' dancin'!" he remarked cheerfully. "There was a babu sittin' by



"But, if the pistols please the sahibs—"

to them—nobody up-stairs—nobody to turn in the alarm until the fire had complete charge! They offer to prove it when the fire's out and they can sort the ashes."

"Um-m-m! Tell 'em a trooper of ours saw a light there?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Doubtless the lamp that was kicked over!"

Colonel Kirby clucked to his horse and worked a way out to the edge of the crowd with the skill of one whose business is to handle men in quantity. Then he shot like a dart up side streets and made

the barrack gate who offers to eat a German a day, as long as we'll catch 'em for him. He's the same man that was tryin' for a job as clerk the other day."

"Fat man?"

"Very."

"Uh-h-h! No credentials—bad hat! Send him packing?"

"The guard did."

FOOD was laid on a small table by a silent servant who had eyes in the back of his head and ears that would have caught and analyzed the lightest whisper; but the colonel and his adjutant ate hurriedly in silence, and the only thing remarkable that the servant was able to report to the regiment afterward was that both drank only water. Since all Sikhs are supposed to be abstainers from strong drink, that was accepted as a favorable omen.

The shay arrived on time to the second. It was the only closed carriage the regiment owned—a heavy C-sprung landau thing, taken over from the previous mess. The colonel peered through outer darkness at the box seat, but the driver did not look toward him; all he could see was that there was only one man on the box.

"Where to?" asked Warrington.

"The club."

Warrington jumped in after him, and the driver sent his pair straining at the traces as if they had a gun behind them. Three hundred yards beyond the barrack wall Colonel Kirby knelt on the front seat and poked the driver from behind.

"Oh! You?" he remarked, as he recognized a native risaldar of D. Squadron. Until the novelty wears off it would disconcert any man to discover suddenly that his coachman is a troop commander.

"D'you know a person named Yasmini?" he asked.

"Who does not, sahib?"

"Drive us to her house—in a hurry!"

The immediate answer was a plunge as the whip descended on both horses and the heavy carriage began to sway like a boat in a beam-sea swell. They tore through streets that were living streams of human beings—streams that split apart to let them through and closed like water again behind them. With his spurred heels on the front seat, Warrington hummed softly to himself as ever, happy, so long as there were only action.

"I've heard India spoken of as dead," he remarked after a while. "Gad! Look at that color against the darkness!"

"If Ranjor Singh is dead, I'm going to know it!" said Colonel Kirby. "And if he isn't dead, I'm going to dig him out or know the reason why. There's been foul play, Warrington. I happen to know that Ranjor Singh has been suspected in a certain quarter. Incidentally, I staked my own reputation on his honesty this afternoon. And besides, we can't afford to lose a wing commander such as he is on the eve of the real thing. We've got to find him!"

Once or twice as they flashed by a street-lamp they were recognized as British officers, and then natives, who would have gone to some trouble to seem insolent a few hours before, stopped to half-turn and salaam to them.

"Wonder how they'd like German rule for a change?" mused Warrington.

"India doesn't often wear her heart on her sleeve," said Kirby.

"It's there to-night!" said Warrington. "India's awake, if this is Delhi and not a nightmare! India's makin' love to the British soldier-man!"

They tore through a city that is polychromatic in the daytime and by night a dream of phantom silhouettes. But, that night, day and night were blended in one uproar, and the Chandni Chowk was at flood-tide, wave on wave of excited human beings pouring into it from a hundred by-streets and none pouring out again.

So the risaldar drove across the Chandni Chowk,

fighting his way with the aid of whip and voice, and made a wide circuit through dark lanes where groups of people argued at the corners, and sometimes a would-be holy man preached that the end of the world had come.

They reached Yasmini's from the corner farthest from the Chandni Chowk, and sprang out of the carriage the instant that the risaldar drew rein.

"Wait within call!" commanded Kirby, and the risaldar raised his whip.

Then, with his adjutant at his heels, Colonel Kirby dived through the gloomy opening in a wall that Yasmini devised to look as little like an approach to her—or heaven—as possible.

"Wonder if he's brought us to the right place?"



"Kirby struck a match to examine it. It was Ranjor Singh's ring."

he whispered, sniffing into the moldy darkness.

"Dunno, sir. There're stairs to your left."

They caught the sound of faint flute music on an upper floor, and as Kirby felt cautiously for his footing on the lower step Warrington began to whistle softly to himself. Next to war, an adventure of this kind was the nearest he could imagine to sheer bliss, and it was all he could do to contrive to keep from singing.

The heavy teak stairs creaked under their joint weight, and though their eyes could not penetrate the upper blackness, yet they both suspected rather than sensed some one waiting for them at the top.

KIRBY'S right hand instinctively sought a pocket in his cloak. Warrington felt for his pistol, too.

For thirty or more seconds—say, three steps—they went up like conspirators, trying to move silently and holding to the rail; then the absurdity of the situation appealed to both, and without a word said each stepped forward like a man, so that the staircase resounded.

They stumbled on a little landing after twenty steps, and wasted about a minute knocking on what felt like the panels of a door; but then Warrington peered into the gloom higher up and saw dim light.

So they essayed a second flight of stairs, in single file as before, and presently—when they had climbed some ten steps and had turned to negotiate ten more that ascended at an angle—a curtain moved a little, and the dim light changed to a sudden shaft that nearly blinded them.

Then a heavy black curtain was drawn back on

rings, and a hundred lights, reflected in a dozen mirrors, twinkled and flashed before them so that they could not tell which way to turn. Somewhere there was a glass-bead curtain, but there were so many mirrors that they could not tell which was the curtain and which were its reflections.

The curtains all parted, and from the midst of each there stepped a little nut-brown maid, who seemed too lovely to be Indian. Even then they could not tell which was maid and which reflections until she spoke.

"Will the sahibs give their names?" she asked in Hindustani; and her voice suggested flutes.

She smiled, and her teeth were whiter than a pipe-clayed sword-belt; there is nothing on earth whiter than her teeth were.

"Colonel Kirby and Captain Warrington," said Kirby.

"Will the sahibs state their business?"

"No!"

"Then whom do the sahibs seek to see?"

"Does a lady live here named Yasmini?"

"Surely, sahib."

"I wish to talk with her."

A dozen little maids seemed to step back through a dozen swaying curtains, and a second later for the life of them they could neither of them tell through which it was that the music came and the smell of musk and sandal-smoke. But she came back and beckoned to them, laughing over her shoulder and holding the middle curtain apart for them to follow.

SO, one after the other, they followed her, Kirby—as became a seriously-minded colonel on the eve of war—feeling out of place and foolish, but Warrington, possessed by such a feeling of curiosity as he had never before tasted.

The heat inside the room they entered was oppressive, in spite of a great open window at which sat a dozen maids, and of the punkahs swinging overhead, so Kirby undid his cloak and walked revealed, a soldier in mess dress.

"Look at innocence aware of itself!" whispered Warrington.

"Shut up!" commanded Kirby, striding forward.

A dozen—perhaps more—hillmen, of three or four different tribes, had sat back against one wall and looked suspicious when they entered, but at sight of Kirby's military clothes they had looked alarmed and moved as if a whip had been cracked not far away. The Northern adventurer does not care to be seen at his amusements, nor does he love to be looked in on by men in uniform.

But the little maid beckoned them on, still showing her teeth and tripping in front of them as if a gust of wind were blowing her. Her motion was that of a dance reduced to a walk for the sake of decorum.

Through another glass-bead curtain at the farther end of the long room she led them to a second room, all hung about with silks and furnished with deep-cushioned divans. There were mirrors in this room, too, so that Kirby laughed aloud to see how incongruous and completely out of place he and his adjutant looked. His gruff laugh came so suddenly that the maid nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Will the sahibs be seated?" she asked almost in a whisper, as if they had half-frightened the life out of her, and then she ran out of the room so quickly that they were only aware of the jingling curtain.

So they sat down, Kirby trying the cushions with his foot until he found some firm enough to allow him to retain his dignity. Cavalry dress-trousers are not built to sprawl on cushions in; a man should sit reasonably upright or else stand.

"I'll say this for myself," he grunted, as he settled into place, "it's the first time in my life I was ever inside a native woman's premises."

Warrington did not commit himself to speech.

They sat for five minutes looking about them, Warrington beginning to be bored, but Kirby honestly interested by the splendor of the hangings and

(Continued on page 24.)

By Way of Comment

SEVEN short pieces that you can pick up and read for information. Any one of them is good for fifteen minutes conversation.



COMMANDER NEWCOME of the Niobe and the part of the world which he has no need to command. The baby, regretfully for romance, was not born aboard the Niobe, but is a citizen of Halifax.

The C.P.R. and the Kaiser

WHY did C. P. R. stocks between July 5 and July 22 drop from 194 to 185½ in the exchanges, U. S. Steel from 61 to 50½, and Union Pacific from 155½ to 127½? When it happened nobody in Wall St. or in the Montreal Stock Exchange exactly knew. All kinds of reasons were adduced. But there was a group of men in Berlin who know exactly why it was, and of these Kaiser Bill was the chief. Four years ago this week Germany began to dump her foreign securities on the world market—to get the money. For what? Everybody knows now. Prince Lichnowsky's confession tells about the famous Potsdam conference on July 5, 1914, four years ago yesterday. The ambassador to Great Britain makes the purport of the conference very plain. The American Ambassador to Turkey, makes it still plainer when in the World's Work for June he says:

The German Ambassador left for Berlin soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke, and he now revealed the cause of his sudden disappearance. The Kaiser, he told me, had summoned him to Berlin for an imperial conference. This meeting took place at Potsdam on July 5th. The Kaiser presided; nearly all the ambassadors attended; Wangenheim came to tell of Turkey and enlighten his associates on the situation in Constantinople. Moltke, then Chief of Staff, was there, representing the army, and Admiral von Tirpitz spoke for the navy. The great bankers, railroad directors, and the captains of German industry, all of whom were as necessary to German war preparations as the army, also attended.

Wangenheim now told me that the Kaiser solemnly put the question to each man in turn. Was he ready for war? All replied "Yes" except the financiers. They said that they must have two weeks to sell their foreign securities and to make loans. At that time few people had looked upon the Sarajevo tragedy as something that was likely to cause war. This conference took all precautions that no such suspicion should be aroused. It decided to give the bankers time to readjust their finances for the coming war, and then the several members went quietly back to their work or started on vacations. The Kaiser went to Norway on his yacht, Von Bethmann-Hollweg left for a rest, and Wangenheim returned to Constantinople. . . . Whenever I hear people arguing about the responsibility for this war or read the clumsy and lying excuses put forth by Germany, I simply recall the burly figure of Wangenheim as he appeared that August afternoon, puffing away at a huge black cigar, and giving me his account of this historic meeting.

Better Soap and Less Of It

HOW many people say a garment is worn out—when as a matter of fact it is only washed out?

Is it not a fact that the average man's shirt is not worn out, but washed out? How much wear should a garment have compared to its wash; how much of the actual destruction of a garment is due to the rubbing in the wash—where washboards are used—and to the soap? These questions are suggested by a brief article on soap in the Illustrated Magazine in which Frank Linn says they are changing the old slogan of "good, pure soap and lots of it" to "good, pure soap and not so much of it." And there is a reason for this—not because the price of soap is being raised every month, but because the soap has improved.

A long time ago when soap was first manufactured for laundries, the makers knew that they must have the soap, or fat and alkali, in some combination to give it any cleansing properties at all. But they did not know the reason for this. Some of the soaps contained too much free alkali, and, though the clothes seemed cleaner, they were more often cleaned not by the soap, but by mechanical action, and often the cleaning was accomplished only by the wearing off of the surface of the article that was being cleaned. When this was discovered, soap manufacturers began to add wood ashes, which contain a considerable amount of potash, to the soap. Later, caustic soda was added. But these finally succeeded only in wearing away the goods at a rapid rate. Finally people in general, as population became more congested, were more particular about cleaning their clothes. They also wanted to preserve their clothes, so it was up to the chemists to do more experimenting. Their last word is "washing soda" as it is manufactured to-day.



NELLIE PETO and Jane Waley are the oldest and oddest Red Cross nurses in the world. They were born in the old Mono lodges of California about the time the Kaiser's grandfather was a lad at school. They are leaders of the American Red Cross on the Mono Reservation near Fresno, Cal.

Bolshevism and the Mikado

JAPAN is in fear of Bolshevism. Baron Shimpei Goto, who administers foreign affairs for the Island Empire, put a significant emphasis upon Japan's antipathy to Bolshevism when, in an interview given to Gregory Mason for the "Outlook," he excepted it as the one form of government Japan will not tolerate in Russia. "Japan is not concerned with the form of government Russia finally settles down into," said Baron Goto. "But there is one exception. Japan cannot tolerate a Bolsheviki government. The disruptive propaganda and disorderly acts of the Bolsheviki menace even our own nation. With this exception we have no choice. A government by the Minimalists or a monarchical regime will be equally welcomed by us. Japan is eager to lend strong support to a buffer Russian state between herself and Germany."

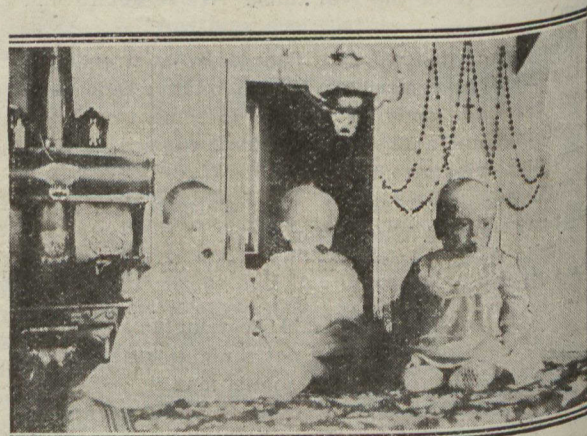
Baron Goto had his mental vision focussed on Japan's home affairs when he gave the interview. It was clear, remarks Mr. Mason, that he was not really fearful about what the Bolsheviki may do abroad but concerned about the spread of Bolshevism from Russia to Japan. Between Bolshevism and Japan's political development Baron Goto would put up a buffer of State Socialism. As to this Mr. Mason quotes from Dr. S. Washio, a clever interpreter of Japanese politics, who said of the Baron: "To him

the ideal system of government is bureaucracy, because it works. . . Bureaucracy marching abreast of the time—this is what Baron Goto would like to have in control of the future politics of Japan."

A Century and \$15,000,000

ALARMISTS tell us that Canada in spending over a million a day, and Great Britain \$35,000,000 a day on the war will some day soon pile up national debts bigger than national assets. They say that when a national debt gets bigger than the wealth behind it, the organization goes into bankruptcy, the same as any ordinary business that can't get the money. Mr. J. Ellis Barker in the current Nineteenth Century deals this theory a whack on the head. He says that economists of the Adam Smith-Wealth-of-Nations variety are all wrong when they compute the wealth of any nation as the sum total of the wealth of its individuals. He says that national wealth is the ability of the whole organization known as the nation to create and accumulate wealth. Hence, the only nation whose wealth can be accurately estimated on a basis of assets and liabilities is a dead one. Therefore we need have no fear of national bankruptcy so long as we are winning the war. Furthermore, the longer a national debt lasts the less it will be because of the "vast and continuous increase of the population and the constantly growing productive power of men on the one hand, and to the rapid and continuous depreciation of money on the other. The depreciation of money alone should automatically reduce the gigantic British war debt to one-half or perhaps one quarter of its nominal amount within a few decades."

As Barker points out, in the 13th century an English ox was worth about \$2.40. About 140 years later an ox was worth more than \$5.00. Hence in 140 years the value of the dollar had been reduced to 50 cents. Since the war began the dollar of 1913 has been reduced in value to about 60 cents. Keep this up long enough and the value of all debts will diminish in large proportion. On this basis, even with the interest piling up, how long will it take a debt to vanish altogether? Deponent saith not. But he reminds us how that a little more than a hundred years ago the United States paid France \$15,000,000 for Louisiana, from which was carved fourteen States and one territory, producing annually one hundred years later 60 per cent of the wheat raised in the United States, 43 per cent of the maize, 40 per cent of the oats, 30 per cent of the wool, 30,000,000 tons of coal, 16,000,000 tons of iron ore, and \$77,500,000 of gold and silver. Here is where population and production come in to create national wealth. In 1867 Canada paid the Hudson's Bay Company for the whole of Rupert's Land less than it would take now to buy out a big metropolitan street railway. And see what has been the result—in Western Canada!



ROSAIRE, Alphonse and Theodore Fournier of Quebec City, are part of Quebec's answer to the question, shall the Native-Born Control? They are of exactly the same age, 14 months. The father Alfred is aged 36; the mother Claire, 30, keeps no maid, yet she manages to find time for her children.

War-Mind and Dollar-Mind

Appropriate to the First Dominion Day of the Second Half-Century of Confederation.

By W. H. P. JARVIS

Author of "Letters of a Remittance Man."

CANADA as a nation should be built up to high standards. The growth of the United States should be a warning. The Yankee with what would have placed him in eminence fifty years ago is thrown in the shade by Mr. Goldberg, Gents' Furnishing, of Broadway. And where will he be fifty years hence? If a people allows money to become god it must be prepared to specialize not only for eminence but for existence.

Canada is pre-eminently potent in agricultural resources. But the farm means hard work and our education seems directed away from the soil. Society looks upon the farm only as a means to a better life. The commercial idea of education is the cultivation of ability to rule those who, having none, work with their hands. There is a tendency to be funny at the expense of the farmer. The ancient Romans gave him a status higher than the merchant and the money-changer. In Japan to-day first comes the military and then the farmer and then the merchant. We advertise to the farmer that we have pleasures, but we neglect to point out to him that he leads us in the joy of life. Either we must change the direction of our education or cut out education. Of course this latter idea is preposterous, though its practise is carried out in Newfoundland where the "outharbowmen" are kept in ignorance and what is practically slavery.

A huge German prisoner in France not long ago told the writer that he was coming to Canada after the war. "Canada won't let you in," he was told. Fritz grinned—as he always can. He suggests to us a problem. Foreigners in our midst prosper while our sons perish. They evade all responsibility and in England it has been found that rich Jews have practised all sorts of corruption to evade duties. The money these people win during the war will be the force they will command over our people on their return. Not only do these people not come up to our standard, but they increase at a rate far in excess of us. The pacifist is usually one who holds to the doctrine of brotherly love, but it is a question if the truth that life is a survival of the fittest won't prevail over the pacifist.

And so it is suggested that the mind that will rule after the war is the military mind, along with a recognition of fundamentals. Religion in any case is not coming out of the war ascendant. The eye of the philosopher will be turned on what sophists hold up as the law of Christ, and "Democracy" will be recognized as the screech of the demagogue. The moral wrong between allowing seething masses to die of disease and starvation and the refusal of the responsibilities of parenthood will be more finely drawn. So long as militarism exists the form of government best suited to combat militarism must be lined up against it. If this is the tendency of the World-mind then it is Canada's part to look very deep into the future, and to take great care that what is indeed advanced as a principle may not be in deed a policy.

Canada is of an area of some three million odd square miles or almost a square mile between two of us. Why increase our population and make it one square mile between four of us? Canadians are of a stock that has not been contaminated. At no time was Canada a convict settlement. Our faults are many but they are not deep. The worship of the dollar is our out-standing weakness and our commercial morals are bad. We are a crude people, but this does not spring from the heart. Our philosophy is weak and our reasonings are specious, but these faults are the result of dollar worship only.

A
REAL
FOOD



BUY
A TRIAL
JAR

BOWES
TRADE MARK
PEANUT BUTTER

During the warm days, when the system demands light, nourishing foods, Bowes Peanut Butter is particularly acceptable and is greatly appreciated by all members of the family.

It Tastes Good and is Good.

WRIGLEY'S

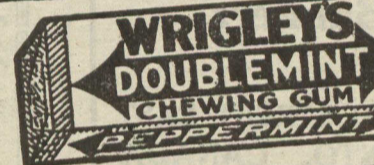
Six reasons

WHY it's a good friend:

- 1—Steadies nerves
- 2—Allays thirst
- 3—Aids appetite
- 4—Helps digestion
- 5—Keeps teeth clean
- 6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied!

Sealed tight—
Kept right



MADE IN CANADA

96



Chew it after every meal

The Flavour Lasts!

CANADA PIPE AND STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED

(CLUFF BROTHERS)

FINE PLUMBING APPLIANCES, ENGINEERS' PLUMBERS' AND STEAMFITTERS' SUPPLIES

79-87 CHURCH STREET

TORONTO



Meet me at the Tuller for Value, Service
Home Comforts.

Hotel Tuller
Detroit, Michigan

Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward Car, get off at Adams Avenue
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet
\$1.50 up single, \$3.00 up double.
Special inducements to Out-of-Town guests during the period of the war.
Two Floors — Agents' Sample Room

Have Your Will Correct

Because of the importance of having a Will drawn up correctly, it is safer and better to have it done by a lawyer. This, in all probability, will preclude the possibility of mis-interpretation or disagreement as to the precise wishes of the Testator. The selection of an Executor is also of great importance and, by appointing this Corporation as Executor in your Will, your Estate is assured of the services of an experienced and successful organization.

Established in 1882

THE
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION
ESTABLISHED 1882 HEAD OFFICE TORONTO
BRANCHES: OTTAWA, WINNIPEG, SASKATOON, VANCOUVER

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

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Toronto Stock Exchange

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and
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Members Montreal Stock Exchange

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all Offices.

SOLID GROWTH

Up-to-date business methods, backed by an unbroken record of fair-dealing with its policyholders, have achieved for the Sun Life of Canada a phenomenal growth.

Assurances in Force have more than doubled in the past seven years and have more than trebled in the past eleven years.

To-day, they exceed by far those of any Canadian life assurance company.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

DOMINION TEXTILE CO'Y LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

A dividend of one and three quarter per cent (1¾) on the Preferred Stock of the DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED, has been declared for the quarter ending 30TH JUNE, 1918, payable July 15th, to shareholders of record JUNE 29TH, 1918.

By order of the Board,

JAS. H. WEBB,

Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, 10th June, 1918.

Have your Lawyer Draw your Will

Because of some slight defect in the will many an estate has been distributed in a way the will-maker never intended.

To insure the proper distribution and administration of your estate, you should have your will drawn by a lawyer, and appoint a trust company your executor.

Write for our booklets.

**National Trust
Company Limited**

Capital paid-up, \$1,500,000
Reserve \$1,500,000

18-22 King St. East
TORONTO

Debentures Issued

In sums of \$100 and upwards.
For terms to suit convenience of investor.

Interest paid half-yearly.
Interest computed from the date on which money is received.

THESE DEBENTURES ARE
A LEGAL INVESTMENT
FOR TRUST FUNDS.

They are a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British, Canadian and United States Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE MILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS.

We shall be glad to mail a specimen debenture, copy of annual report, and any further information desired to anyone sending us their address.

**Canada Permanent
Mortgage Corporation**

Established 1855.

Paid-up Capital and Reserve
Fund Eleven and One-Quarter
Million Dollars.

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Canadian Car & Foundry Co. Limited, Montreal

June 1st, 1918

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Three and One-half Per Cent, upon the accrued dividends on the preference stock of the Company has been declared, payable on July 15th, 1918, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 15th, 1918. The transfer books of the Company will not be closed.

Shareholders will confer a favor upon the management by advising The Royal Trust Company, Montreal, Transfer Agents for the stock, of any change in address.

By Order of the Board,

F. A. SKELTON,

Vice-President & Treasurer.

SAVINGS & INVESTMENTS

JOHN JONES or SIR JONATHAN

By INVESTICUS

We Are All Parts of the Big Interests Nowadays

REALIZING that "many mickles mak' a muckle," financial houses throughout Canada are now freely advising their clients to start and save up for the new Victory Loan which will be offered to investors probably less than four months hence. The necessity of curbing extravagant expenditure on luxuries has been forcibly brought home to Canadians recently by the embargoes against imported goods; and the people are strongly urged by the "higher ups" to curb their appetites, and buy only such Canadian-made goods as they actually require. For from the small savings

of the multitude will undoubtedly be made up the great bulk of the next Victory Loan. as it is generally admitted that the "big interests" have done more than their share in previous loans, and there is admittedly a limit beyond which institutions cannot go if they are to maintain their resources and capital in a sufficiently liquid condition to efficiently transact their ordinary business.

This does not mean that the "big interests" will not subscribe very many millions to future war loans; but that it will be even more necessary than formerly for the people to liberally purchase war bonds which offer them such splendid value for their money. And to do so, John Jones and his wife and family must save, Save, SAVE.

Now will Mr. John Jones please bear in mind that the "big interests" so-called are not lecturing him on his duty. I think we shall have to chuck the phrase "big interests" into the discard, anyhow, because we are getting a twisted idea of what it really means. Not long ago it was stated on the editorial page of this paper that the one biggest of all big interests in Canada is the farmer who happens to have about \$36,000,000 more invested in his plant than any other interest in the country. But suppose we don't make the economic cross-section to divide the country into any such artificial classes as labor and capital, town and farm, rich and poor, or anything else like it. Suppose we admit the plain truth which is—

That the biggest of all our big interests is not any one class of people; neither the man with a limousine at his door, nor the man with a plough-handles just over the fence; but it is the people themselves, you, and I, and all the rest of We-Us-and-Co. bonded together to carry on the work of a nation. The other day a clever Toronto controller said to a citizen, "Look here, I'm here to protect you in this case against yourself; to protect you as a rate-payer from yourself as a grabber. See?" A rather brutal way of putting it, but it holds. We are all—or ought to be—producers and consumers, all workers, all citizens. We stand and fall together. We don't recognize the I. W. W.'s, because they are out against the neighborhood of the people who must live by industry and economy, or glide off the stage. So when Mr. John Jones is exhorted to save, let us assume that he may be Sir Jonathan Jones as well as plain John. And if he doesn't practise what he preaches, let him run his limousine off the road, because we are all too busy getting our minds on what we can do by way of an economic long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether to bother with him.

There is a strong belief in some quarters that the issue of War Savings Stamps (W. S. S.), similar to those of our American cousins, would be of considerable assistance. Many people carelessly spend odd quarters on such luxuries as cigarettes and candies, who would gladly buy a 25-cent Canadian W.S.S. if such were available; and the accumulated savings from this source alone might very easily run into hundreds of thousands of dollars before the next Victory loan appears. There has been a certain amount of hesitation in official circles to place W.S.S. before the Canadian public, for fear they might distract people's thoughts from the big issue—Victory bonds; but the



success of the Liberty loans in the United States where W.S.S. have been extensively sold would seem to disprove any charge of interference.

MANY ODD-LOT BARGAINS.

Just at the present time most bond houses are cleaning out odds and ends of good bonds they have on hand, so as to be able to start on the next Canadian War Loan with a clean slate. As a consequence there are many rare bargains in "A1" securities to be picked up by the man who has a little cash he wishes to invest. The cupboards of most bond houses are getting pretty bare; but there are still some nice blocks of Government, municipal and utility bonds to be picked up very reasonably, not forgetting corporation bonds, for which there is nearly always a good trading market through the Exchanges.

The public utility bond makes a manyfold appeal to some people. Take the holder of a traction bond, for instance. You may be a stock-holder, but you may enjoy the exercise a little better if you know that every fare you pay helps to keep up the property upon which you hold a mortgage. And in these days of necessary increases granted to traction and other utility companies by municipalities from which they hold charters, there seems little chance of serious impairment of earnings to the extent that bond interest will ever be jeopardized, no matter how poor general conditions become.

BUY CHEAP AND SELLING DEAR.

Picture the housewife going about her ordinary domestic duties. To her the waterworks system which supplies the family needs, has a special interest, particularly each quarter when she gets her interest cheque on the savings she has loaned to the operators of the utility. Mrs. Housewife's husband may kick on the water-rates bill. But the interest may absorb some of the kick.

As a general rule utility bonds represent the most gilt-edged kind of investment. The security behind most such issues is usually tangible assets away and above the face value of the securities. Sometimes the actual saleable assets of such a company is three and four times the value of its total bond issue. Granted basically sound security back of the bonds and suitable provision for their redemption at maturity, public utility bonds are a good investment for small or large savings; and in these days of low prices and high yield they offer good opportunities to the canny investor who wishes to buy something cheap which he may later sell at a substantial advance in price.

THE CORPORATION BONDS AN OLD FAVORITE.

Of course, where an abnormally high yield, together with the best of speculative chances to make money on the "turn" is desired, ordinary corporation bonds are usually selected; for the outstanding feature of industrial bonds is the high rate of interest. Taking all classes of bonds into consideration, it is safe to say that no other form of bonded debt pays to the money lender so much interest on the capital required. The interest yield is usually much higher than on ordinary real estate mortgages, though often the underlying bonds of a private corporation are a lien on very valuable real estate.

Under the category "industrial bonds" is included the obligations of all manufacturing and mercantile companies of a private character. These companies, while manufacturing or supplying articles of use to different members of the community they serve, do not usually supply necessities like those supplied by public service corporations. Operations are carried on by virtue of a government charter granted under some one of the existing Joint Stock Company Acts. By reason of the fact that industrial bonds are obligations of private companies not supplying public services, they cannot be regarded as having the same element of permanence about them as the more gilt-edged bonds. While many mercantile pursuits, such as the milling and shipping industries, are very necessary to the life of the nation, it cannot be inferred that the debts of all private companies engaged in such pursuits are always amply secured.

REAL ASSETS SHOULD BE EXAMINED.

The first consideration is the value of the real estate, to be determined not from the book cost of the property, but based upon an independent appraisal of property. The result of such an appraisal is usually given in the prospectus issued by bond houses issuing the securities. If the realty valuation exceeds the value of the bond issue, then the safety of the principal can scarcely be questioned. If not, then other factors must be carefully considered. The relation of current or liquid assets to current liabilities is important. The former should greatly exceed the latter, and leave substantial net quick assets. In fact, where a careful investment is being made, the net quick assets alone should be sufficient to cover the bonds. The earnings of a company bulk large in considering the safety of an industrial bond. Whether the gross is increasing or decreasing should be carefully noted. The net earnings of a company should be sufficient to guarantee payment of interest and all fixed charges as well as providing a sinking fund. A safe rule is for net earnings to be about three times the bond interest.

The management and control of an industrial concern is also most important. The success of a private enterprise is largely dependent upon the men behind it; and given sound and experienced management, the margin of security behind the bonds may be much less than in a case where there are less capable managers and ample fixed and liquid assets.

Banks Show Encouraging Statements

EXPANSION is the keynote of the last annual report of the Merchants Bank of Canada, as presented to the shareholders at the fifty-fifth annual meeting, held last month. Deposits show an increase of \$19,500,000, or twenty-one per cent, showing a splendid growth, which is a tribute alike to the reputation of the

bank and the energy and wisdom of its policy under General Manager D. C. Macarow and the Board of Directors.

The total assets of the Bank have now reached the total of \$140,937,544, showing an increase over last year of nearly twenty millions or 16 1-3 per cent. (Continued on page 30.)

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 31st May, 1918.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Cr.	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account 31st May, 1917	\$140,238.68
Net Profits for the year after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, payment of all Provincial and Municipal taxes and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	228,963.19
	\$369,201.87
CAPITAL PROFIT ACCOUNT.	
Premium on Capital Stock received during the year	208.54
	\$369,410.41
which has been appropriated as follows:—	
Dr.	
Dividend No. 43, quarterly, at the rate of 5% per annum	\$24,338.31
Dividend No. 44, quarterly, at the rate of 5% per annum	24,339.69
Dividend No. 45, quarterly, at the rate of 5% per annum	24,342.17
Dividend No. 46, quarterly, at the rate of 5% per annum	24,342.23
	\$ 97,362.40
Government War Tax on Note Circulation	19,316.90
Reserved for Depreciation of Securities and for Contingencies	90,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account	10,000.00
Donation to Patriotic Fund	2,000.00
Balance carried forward	150,731.11
	\$369,410.41

General Statement, May 31st, 1918.

LIABILITIES.	
To the Public—	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$1,753,180.00
Deposits not bearing interest	4,143,264.31
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	11,539,486.62
Deposits by and balances due to Dominion Government	3,151,326.51
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	1,589.54
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	654,434.65
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	3,087.50
	\$21,251,369.16
To the Shareholders—	
Capital (subscribed \$2,000,000) paid up	\$1,947,430.98
Rest Account	300,000.00
Dividends unclaimed	1,900.20
Dividend No. 46, (quarterly) being at the rate of 5% per annum, payable June 1st, 1918	24,342.23
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	150,731.11
	\$2,424,404.52
	\$23,675,773.68
ASSETS.	
Gold and other current coin	\$ 123,454.89
Dominion Government Notes	3,129,010.50
	3,252,465.39
Deposit with the Minister of Finance as security for note circulation	105,000.00
Notes of other Banks	192,862.86
Cheques on other Banks	524,118.52
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	112,259.18
Due from Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom	31,325.37
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	716,525.52
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities (not exceeding market value)	1,548,211.89
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian	2,727,332.01
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value	923,172.17
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	939,909.91
	\$11,073,182.82
Other current Loans and Discounts in Canada, less rebate of interest	\$11,307,680.47
Other Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada	29,226.26
Loans to cities, towns, municipalities and school districts	147,720.55
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per Contra	3,087.50
Overdue debts	34,782.41
Real Estate other than Bank premises	74,995.37
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	77,112.13
Bank premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off	871,393.52
Other assets not included under the foregoing	56,592.65
	12,602,590.86
	\$23,675,773.68

M. J. HANEY,
President.

J. COOPER MASON,
Acting General Manager.

Auditor's Report to the Shareholders.

In accordance with sub-sections 19 and 20, of section 56 of the Bank Act, 1913, I beg to report as follows: The above Balance Sheet has been examined with the books and vouchers at the Head Office, and with the certified returns from the Branches, and is in accordance therewith. I have obtained all needed information from the officers of the Bank, and in my opinion the transactions coming under my notice have been within the powers of the Bank. I have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank, at its Chief Office, both on the 21st of May, 1918, and also at another time during the year; the cash and securities of one of the Branches have also been checked, and in each case they have agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto. In my opinion the above balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to show a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

(Signed) SYDNEY H. JONES,
Auditor.

F. C. SUTHERLAND & CO.
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Dealers in Bonds and Stocks
Specialists in Porcupine and Cobalt Securities
Elaborate Information Bureau at your service FREE. Write us.

We Buy, Sell and Quote
MINING STOCKS
Authentic information available to interested investors
Plummer & Co., Stock Broker
108 Bay Street, TORONTO.

Include Great Lakes Water Route



On Your Trip to the Pacific Coast
Through the marvelous

Canadian Pacific Rockies


Excellent accommodations—cool, restful, day-and-a-half's diversion on the

Canadian Pacific Railway Great Lakes Steamship Service

From Port McNicoll, via Toronto, on Georgian Bay through Lake Huron and Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William on Lake Superior.

Summer Tour at Special Rates covering Lake Ports and chief Western Points of Canada and the United States.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents or W. B. Howard District Passenger Agent Toronto



Northern Ontario

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c. an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario, a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

G. H. FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests
and Mines.

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization
Parliament Buildings,
TORONTO, CANADA.

JUDICIOUS RECREATION AN ECONOMY

For the Family:

Many nearby, quiet and healthy places where it is high and dry and the air cool and invigorating, are listed in recent Canadian Northern pamphlets. Ask for

list of "Summer Hotels and Boarding Houses," with rates; and for great fishing and canoeing expeditions get "Where to Fish and Hunt." Any C.N.R. Agent, or write Gen'l Pass. Dept., Montreal or Toronto

LAKE SIMCOE
SPARROW LAKE
SEVERN RIVER
MUSKOKA LAKES
Parry Sound and
French River Districts
RIDEAU LAKES

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

From Havre to Paris

(Continued from page 15.)

was said, one had only to stick a pin in a pin-cushion and the good presiding saint would grant one a husband within the year. Rather too much to expect of a saint in war-time, we thought. The sandy-haired one in spectacles gave us each a chocolate cream from a box that came from Scotland—the first we had tasted for many months. We left them at the foot of a steep path that led to a little chapel perched high on the cliff, and wished them good luck in their venture.

The road at this point was very rough; but soon we met gangs of German prisoners repairing it. They looked healthy and plump, and did not appear to be either over-worked or closely guarded. The majority wore little green caps and were quite young—hardly more than boys. Some were good-looking, and amiable, while others had the scowling heavy blonde faces which we regard as typical. Their camp consisted of rows of conical tents by the roadside, enclosed with fences of barbed wire.

Occasionally we met a military lorry, but no civilian car of any kind, as such a thing is not permitted outside the towns. Now and then we saw a peasant's cart, and women were working in the fields—not the khaki-clad land worker in breeches, but the peasants, who seem accustomed to it. Like their grandmothers, the girls of to-day do farm work quite unostentatiously, expecting neither to see their pictures in the Sunday papers, nor to march in a land procession, nor to wear armlets. The gay splashes of mustard on the landscape may be signs of the scarcity of labor, but on the whole the country is fruitful and the women are responsible for it.

At St. Germain we breathed freely, as our journey was nearly over. We planned to rest in the terrace and drink a cup of chocolate at the Maison Francois Premier, from which one gets such a wonderful view of the Seine valley and of Paris. But when we found that our little ambulance must be left unguarded in the street, we decided to run no risks at this stage of the trip; so we started down the steep hill. Soon we arrived safely at the Paris garage, reporting that the new car had run beautifully the whole way without adventure or disaster.

The drive from Havre is now a thing of the past. I am but a Paris chauffeur, once more collecting parcels for our new hospital canteens, repairing and cleaning cars.

A week after our return a summons came for us to appear at the police court. We did, and were told that owing to the shortage of essence our request of four weeks ago to go to Havre and bring back a motor, could not be granted. It was quite impossible, and the motor must come by rail. If we wished to see to this, we might be allowed to travel, but not in automobile—that was out of the question.

"You are sure?" we asked.

"Quite sure."

"Oh, well," we replied, "it doesn't matter, really. You see, we have been already to Havre, and the motor is in Paris."

"It came by rail then?"

"No, we went to Havre and drove it back."

And the agent marvelled greatly that this difficult feat should have been accomplished in such a short time; though we had deemed it very tedious.

Ask Me About the Screen

(Continued from page 11.)

bile party or a delivery van of the New York Wet Wash Laundry driving across the background of a scene just as Broncho Billy was rounding up (single handed) a score or more blood-thirsty Apaches, supposed to have just murdered a "Forty Niner" and his beautiful daughter and stolen the horses and prairie schooner somewhere west of Butte, Montana.

Dramatically this was not up to standard. So it became necessary to take the western-scene play productions out of New York to a more congenial clime where they don't have Wet Wash Laundries.

The need for a wider diversity of location and the greater demand for more pictures made it necessary for the producers to locate where climatic conditions would allow the companies to work the maximum days a year. Southern California's long sunny days and perpetual summer filled the bill. Florida, too, on account of its climate and tropical scenery is becoming a centre. Being nearer New York it saves time in the transportation of companies when exterior scenes of the tropics are required to complete a film, the interiors of which have been taken in a New York studio.

From the viewpoint of the theatre-going public, film-pictures are divided into two groups: Feature films of 4 reels or over, and Comedies, News Weeklies, Educational or Scenics of 1 or 2 reels. A reel is supposed to contain 1,000 feet. Censorship sometimes reduces the footage. The "trade" classify pictures their own way into Programme and State Right Pictures.

The Programme producer makes pictures—of five-reel lengths minimum—on a schedule and usually releases one feature a week. He distributes his pictures either through his own film exchanges or through those of a distributing agency that have bought the franchise for his features in that section. The State Right producers mostly limit their output to one, or two pictures a year on speculation. An invitation is sent to independent buyers to attend a Trade Showing—same as a millinery opening in principle—in New York at a morning matinee in one of the larger theatres or the ballroom of a hotel. Buyers then submit offers for their respective states and the price gives them the exclusive right to merchandise the feature in that locality.

There wouldn't be so many failures if people would struggle just as hard to get into magazine advertising as they do to get into business.

When buying features from a Programme manufacturer the theatre manager must contract for the entire output for a period of time. He must show all the pictures made by that manufacturer during that period. Many times picture fans have asked me why MR. SO-AND-SO, of this or that theatre would show a very wonderful picture on the first days of the week and a very weak picture the last half when the admission prices were the same. This manager is playing Programme Pictures and must take the pictures that are furnished to him for those dates. He may be able to tell you two weeks in advance what is the title and who is the star of the picture he will play on July 15-16 and 17th but he can not assure you that it is a good picture for he has not seen it himself. The average theatre manager, especially the small town manager, has to buy his pictures blind, the same as you do when you walk up to the box-office and by your ticket of admission to his show. The only thing you have to guide you is the past reputation of his theatre. He buys his Programme Pictures in the same manner; on the past reputation of the company making them, the box office and entertaining value of their stars and players.

State Right Pictures are usually brought into a territory several weeks before they are shown and a screening is arranged to which the theatre managers in that territory are invited, just as wholesale buyers attended the production opening in New York. The individual or Exchange buying a State Right feature do so on their own judgment that the feature will sell in that territory and will prove a money maker for the theatres playing it.

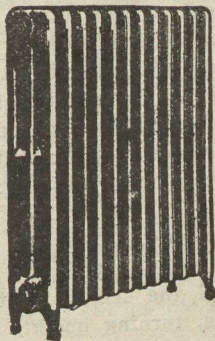
The reader might conclude that the wise manager would be better off if he booked all State Right Pictures, in this way picking his show. But unfortunately there are not enough State Right Pictures to keep a theatre open six days a week and the State Right Producers make some very poor pictures too. Among the most important State Right pictures that have been shown in Canada are "Quo Vadis," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The Birth of a Nation," "Neptune's Daughter," "Intolerance," "The Whip," "Civilization," "The Barrier," and "The Eyes of the World."

There have been several instances where a company has bought a picture made by a Programme producer which when finished was not considered strong enough to meet the demands of the theatres he was furnishing. The State Right man being as clever as you and I would re-title the picture, give it a new name which would give the theatre manager an idea that it would be a wonderful box office attraction and foist this camouflage failure on the public. This practice became quite common and was even indulged in by some of the Programme Producers who would issue it under the attractive classification of Special Production. As a rule the theatre that shows Programme Pictures gives the most consistently good entertainment as the Programme Manufacturer has a reputation to maintain, and as he is making one or more pictures each week he will soon lose his customers if he does not keep the quality up.

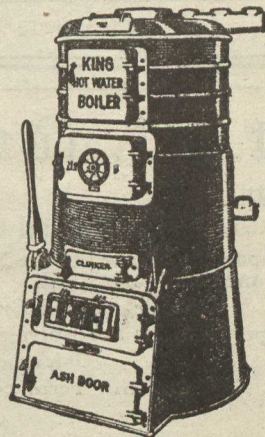
Of course there are cheaply pro-
(Continued on page 30.)

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(Continued from page 17.)

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G. J. DESBARATS,
 Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

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the general atmosphere of Eastern luxury. It was Warrington who grew uneasy first.

"Feel as if any one was lookin' at you, sir?" he asked out of one side of his mouth. And then Kirby noticed it, and felt his collar awkwardly.

In all the world there is nothing so well calculated to sap a man's prepossession as the feeling that he is secretly observed. There was no sound, no movement, no sign of any one, and Warrington looked in the mirrors keenly while he pretended to be interested in his little mustache. Yet the sweat began to run down Colonel Kirby's temples, and he felt at his collar again to make sure that it stood upright.

"Yes," he said, "I do. I'm going to get up and walk about."

He paced the length of the long room twice, turning quickly at each end, but detecting no movement and no eyes. Then he sat down again beside Warrington; but the feeling still persisted.

SUDDENLY a low laugh startled them, a delicious laugh, full of camaraderie, that would have disarmed the suspicion of a wolf. Just as unexpectedly a curtain less than a yard away from Kirby moved, and she stood before them—Yasmini. She could only be Yasmini. Besides, she had jasmine flowers worked into her hair.

Like a pair of bull buffaloes startled from their sleep, the colonel and his adjutant shot to their feet and faced her, and to their credit let it be recorded that they dropped their eyes, both of them. They felt like bounders. They hated themselves for breaking in on such loveliness.

"Will the sahibs not be seated again?" she asked them in a velvet voice; and, sweating in the neck, they each sat down.

Now that the first feeling of impropriety had given way to curiosity, neither had eyes for anything but her. Neither had ever seen anything so beautiful, so fascinating, so impudently lovely. She was laughing at them; each knew it, yet neither felt resentful.

"Well?" she asked in Hindustani, and arched her eyebrows questioningly.

And Colonel Kirby stammered because she had made him think of his mother, and the tender prelude to a curtain lecture. Yet this woman was not old enough to have been his wife!

"I—I—I came to ask about a friend of mine—by name Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh. I understand you know him?"

She nodded, and Kirby fought with a desire to let his mind wander. The subtle hypnotism that the East knows how to stage and use was creeping over him. She stood so close! She seemed so like the warm soft spirit of all womanhood that only the measured rising and falling of her bosom, under the gauzy drapery, made her seem human and not a spirit. Subtly, ever so cunningly, she had contrived to touch a chord in Colonel Kirby's heart that he did not know lived any more. Warrington was speechless; he could not have trusted himself to speak.

She had touched another chord in him.

"He came here more than once, or so I've been given to understand," said Kirby, and his own voice startled him, for it seemed harsh. "He is said to have listened to a lecture here—I was told the lecture was delivered by a German—and there was some sort of a fracas outside in the street afterward. I'm told some of his squadron were near, and they thrashed a man. Now, Ranjoor Singh is missing."

"So?" said Yasmini, arching her whole lithe body into a setting for the prettiest yawn that Kirby had ever seen. "So the Jat is missing! Yes, he came here, sahib. He was never invited, but he came. He sat here saying nothing until it suited him to sit where another man was; then he struck the other man—so, with the sole of his foot—and took the man's place, and heard what he came to hear. Later, outside in the street, he and his men set on the Afridi whom he had struck with his foot and beat him."

"I have heard a variation of that," said Kirby.

"Have you ever heard, sahib, that he who strikes the wearer of a Northern knife is like to feel that knife? So Ranjoor Singh, the Jat, is missing?"

"Yes," said Kirby, frowning, for he was not pleased to hear Ranjoor Singh spoken of slightly. A Jat may be a good enough man, and usually is, but a Sikh is a Jat who is better.

"And if he is missing, what has that to do with me?" asked Yasmini.

"I have heard—men say—"

"Yes?" she said, laughing, for it amused her almost more than any other thing to see dignity disarmed.

"Men say that you know most of what goes on in Delhi—"

"And—?" She was Impudence arrayed in gossamer.

COLONEL KIRBY pulled himself together; after all, it was not for long that anything less than an army corps could make him feel unequal to a situation. This woman was the loveliest thing he had ever seen, but . . .

"I've come to find out whether Ranjoor Singh's alive or dead," he said sternly, "and, if he's alive, to take him away with me."

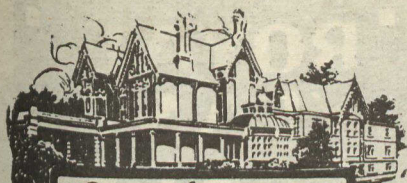
She smiled as graciously as evening smiles on the seeded plains, and sank on to a divan with the grace it needs a life of dancing to bestow.

"Sahib," she said, with a suddenly assumed air of candidness, "they have told the truth. There is little that goes on in Delhi—in the world—that I can not hear of if I will. The winds of the world flow in and out of these four walls."

"Then where is Ranjoor Singh?" asked Colonel Kirby.

She did not hesitate an instant. He was watching her amazing eyes that surely would have betrayed her had she been at a moment's loss; they did not change nor darken for a second.

"How much does the sahib know already?" she asked calmly, as if she wished to spare him an unnecessary repetition of mere beginnings.



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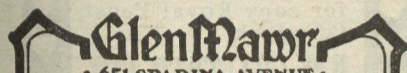
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"A trooper" of D. Squadron—that's
Ranjoor Singh's squadron—was mur-
dered in the bazaar this afternoon.
The risaldar-major went to the morgue
to identify the body—drove through
the bazaar, and possibly discovered
some clue to the murderer. At all
events, he is known to have entered a
house in the bazaar, and that house
is now in flames."

"The sahib knows that much? And
am I to quell the flames?" asked Yas-
mini.

She neither sat nor lay on the
divan. She was curled on it, leaning
on an elbow, like an imp from another
world.

"Who owns that house?" asked
Kirby, since he could think of noth-
ing else to ask.

"That is the House-of-the-Eight-
Half-brothers," said Yasmini. "He
who built it had eight wives, and a son
by each. That was ages ago, and the
descendants of the eight half-brothers
are all at law about the ownership.
There are many stories told about that
house."

Suddenly she broke into laughter,
leaning on her hand and mocking
them as Puck-mocked mortals. A
man could not doubt her. Colonel and
adjutant, both men who had seen grim
service and both self-possessed as a
rule, knew that she could read clean
through them, and that from the bot-
tom of her deep, wise soul she was
amused.

"I am from the North," she said,
"and the North is cold; there is little
mercy in the hills, and I was weaned
amid them. Yet—would the sahib not
better beg of me?"

"How d'ye mean?" asked Kirby, sur-
prised into speaking English.

"Three days ago there came a wind
that told me of war—of a world war,
surely not this time stillborn. Two
years ago the same wind brought me
news of its conception, though the
talk of the world was then of univer-
sal peace and of horror at a war that
was. Now, to-night, this greatest war
is loose, born and grown big within
three days, but conceived two years
ago—Russia, Germany, Austria,
France are fighting—is it not so? Am
I wrong?"

"I came to ask about Ranjoor
Singh," said Colonel Kirby, twisting
at his closely cropped mustache.

There was a hint of iron in his voice,
and he was obviously not the man to
threaten and not fulfil. But she laugh-
ed in his face.

"All in good time!" she answered
him. "You shall beg for your Ran-
joor Singh, and then perhaps he shall
step forth from the burning house!
But first you shall know why you must
beg."

SHE clapped her hands, and a maid
appeared. She gave an order, and
the maid brought sherbet that Kirby
sniffed suspiciously before tasting.
Again she laughed deliciously.

"Does the sahib think that he could
escape alive from this room did I will
otherwise?" she asked. "Would I
need to drug—I who have so many
means?"

Now, it is a maxim of light cavalry
that the best means of defence lies in
attack; a threat of force should be
met by a show of force, and force by
something quicker. Kirby's eyes and
his adjutant's met. Each felt for his
hidden pistol. But she laughed at

them with mirth that was so evi-
dently unassumed that they blushed
to their ears.

"Look!" she said; and they looked.

Two great gray cobras, male and
female, swayed behind them less than
a yard away, balanced for the strike,
hoods raised. The awful, ugly black
eyes gleamed with malice. And a
swaying cobra's head is not an easy
thing to hit with an automatic-pistol
bullet, supposing, for wild imagina-
tion's sake, that the hooded devil does
not strike first.

"It is not wise to move!" purred
Yasmini.

They did not see her make any sign,
though she must have made one, for
their eyes were fixed on the swaying
snakes, and their brains were active
with the problem of whether to try
to shoot or not. It seemed to them
that the snakes reached a resolution
first, and struck. And in the same in-
stant as each drew his pistol the
hooded messengers of death were
jerked out of sight by hands that
snatched at horsehair from behind the
hangings.

"I have many such!" smiled Yas-
mini, and they turned to meet her eyes
again, hoping she could not read the
fear in theirs. "But that is not why
the sahib shall beg of me." Kirby
was not too overcome to notice the
future tense. "That is only a reason
why the sahibs should forget their
Western manners. But—if the pistols
please the sahibs—"

THEY stowed their pistols away
again and sat as if the cushions
might be stuffed with snakes, both of
them aware that she had produced a
mental effect which was more to her
advantage than the pistols would have
been had they made her a present of
them. She gave a sudden shill cry
that startled them and made them look
wildly for the door; but she had done
no more than command a punkah-
wallah, and the heavy-beamed punkah
began to swing rhythmically over-
head, adding, if that were possible, to
the mesmeric spell.

"Now," she said, "I will tell a little
of the why of things." And Colonel
Kirby hoped it was the punkah, and
not funk, that made the sweat stream
down his neck until his collar was a
mere uncomfortable mess. "For more
than a year there has been much talk
in India. The winds have brought it
all to me. There was talk—and the
government has known it, for I am
one of those who told the government
—of a ripe time for a blow for inde-
pendence.

"There have been agents of another
Power, pretending to be merchants,
who have sown their seed carefully
in the bazaars. And then there went
natives in the pay of the merchants
who had word with native sowars,
saying that it is not well to be car-
ried over sea to fight another's quar-
rels. All this the government knew,
though, of course, thou art not the
government, but only a soldier with a
ready pistol and a dull wit."

"What bearing has this on Ranjoor
Singh?" asked Kirby. It was so long
since he had been spoken to so bluntly
that he could not sit still under it.

"I am explaining why the colonel
sahib shall beg for his Ranjoor
Singh," she smiled. "Does the fire
burn yet, I wonder?"

She struck a gong, and a maid ap-

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peared in the door like an instant echo.

"Does the fire still burn?" she asked.

The maid disappeared, and was gone five minutes, during which Kirby and Warrington sat in silent wonder. They wondered chiefly what the regiment would say if it knew—and whether the regiment would ever know. Then the maid came back.

"It burns," she said. "I can see flame from the roof, though not so much flame."

"So," said Yasmini. "Listen, sahibs."

It is doubtful if a trumpet could have summoned them away, for she had them bound in her spells, and each in a different spell, as her way is. She had little need to order them to listen.

"The talk in the bazaars did little harm, for the fat bunnias know well whose rule has given them their pickings. They talk for the love of words, but they trade for the love of money, and the government protects their money. Nay, it was not the bunnias who mattered.

"But there came a day when the rings of talk had reached the hills, and hillmen came to Delhi to hear more, as they ever have come since India was India. And it was clear then to the government that proof of disloyalty among the native regiments would set the hillmen screaming for a holy war—for the hills are cold, sahibs, and the hillmen have cold hearts and are quick to take advantage, even as I am, of others' embarrassment. Hillmen have no mercy, Colonel sahib. I was weaned amid the hills."

It seemed to Kirby and Warrington both—for not all their wits were stupefied—that she was sparing for time. And then Warrington saw a face reflected in one of the mirrors and nudged Kirby, and Kirby saw it too. They both saw that she was watching it. It was a fat face, and it looked terrified, but the lips did not move and only the eyes had expression. In a moment a curtain seemed to be drawn in front of it, and Yasmini took up her tale.

"And then, sahibs, as I have told already, there came a wind that whistled about war; and it pleased the government to know which, if any, of the native regiments had been affected by the talk. So a closer watch was set, then a net was drawn, and Ranjor Singh ran into the net."

"An antelope might blunder into a net set for a tiger," said Kirby. "I am here to cut him out again."

Yasmini laughed.

"With pistols to shoot the cobras and sweat to put out flame? Nay, what is there to cut but the dark that closes up again? Sahib, thou shalt beg for Ranjor Singh, who struck a hillman in my house, he was so eager to hear treason!"

"Ranjor Singh's honor and mine are one!" said Colonel Kirby, using a native phrase that admits of no double meaning, and for a second Yasmini stared at him in doubt.

She had heard that phrase used often to express native regard for a native, or for an Englishman, but never before by an Englishman for a native.

"Then beg for him!" she grinned mischievously. "Aye, I know the

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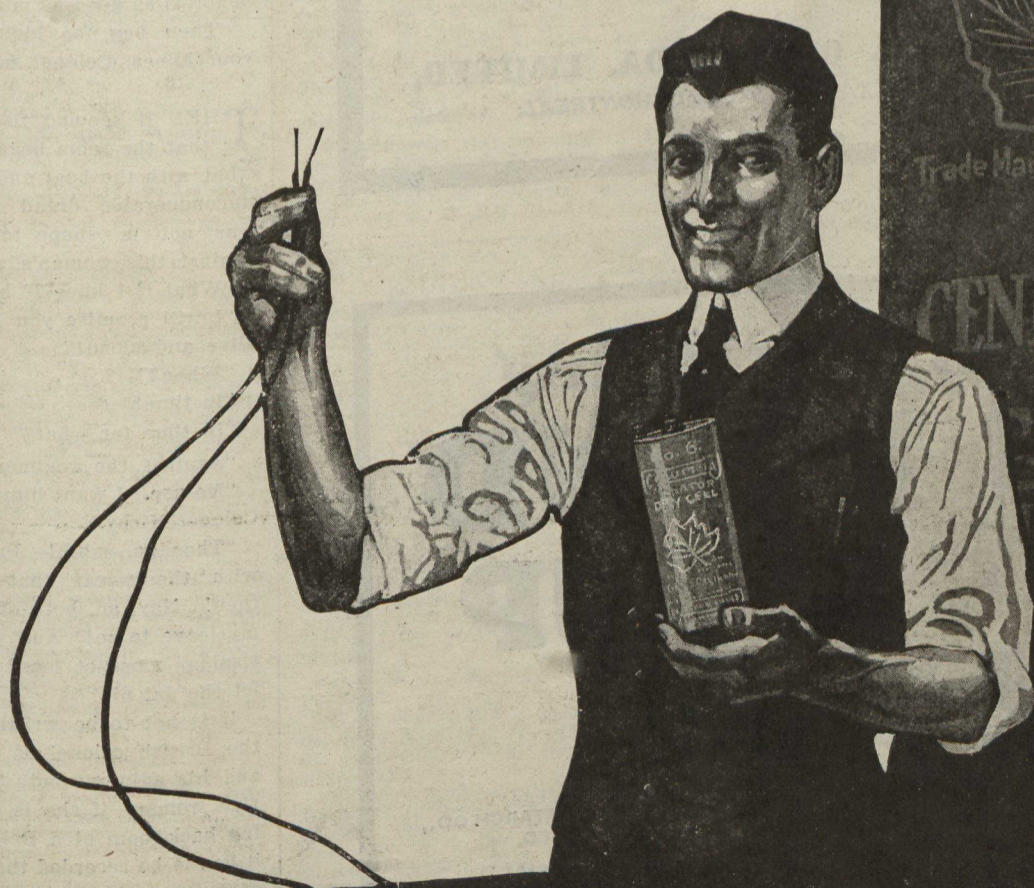
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tale! It is the eve of war, and he commands a squadron, and there is need of him. Is it not so? Yet the house that he entered burns. And the hillman's knife is long and keen, sahib! Beg for him!"

Kirby had risen to his feet, and Warrington followed suit. Kirby's self-possession was returning and she must have known it; perhaps she even intended that it should. But she lay curled on the divan, laughing up at him, and perfectly unimpressed by his recovered dignity.

"If he's alive, and you know where he is," said Kirby, "I will pay you your price. Name it!"

"Beg for him! There is no other price. The House-of-the-Eight-Half brothers burns! Beg for him!"

Now, the colonel of a regiment of light cavalry is so little given to beg for things that the word beg has almost lapsed out of his vocabulary from desuetude.

"I beg you to tell me where he is," he said stiffly, and she clapped her hands and laughed with such delight that he blushed to his ears again.

"I have had a prince on his knees to me, and many a priest," she chuckled, "aye, and many a soldier—but never yet a British colonel sahib. Kneel and beg!"

"What—what—what d'ye mean?" demanded Kirby.

"Is his honor not your honor? I have heard it said. Then beg, Colonel sahib, on your knees—on those stiff British knees—beg for the honor of Ranjoor Singh!"

"D'you mean—d'you mean—?"

"Beg for his honor, and beg for his life, on your knees, Colonel sahib!"

"I could look the other way, sir," whispered Warrington, for the regiment's need was very real.

"Nay, both of you! Ye shall both beg!" said Yasmini, "or Ranjoor Singh shall taste a hillman's mercy. He shall die so dishonored that the regiment shall hang its head in shame."

"Impossible!" said Kirby. "His honor is as good as mine!"

"Then beg for his and thine—on your knees, Colonel sahib!"

THEN it seemed to Colonel Kirby that the room began to swim, for what with the heat and what with an unconquerable dread of snakes, he was not in shape to play his will against this woman's.

"What if I kneel?" he asked.

"I will promise you Ranjoor Singh, alive and clean!"

"When?"

"In time!"

"In time for what?"

"Against the regiment's need!"

"No use. I want him at once!" said Colonel Kirby.

"Then go, sahib! Put out the fire with the sweat that streams from thee! Nay, go, both of you—ye have my leave to go! And what is a Sikh risaldar more or less? Nay, go, and let the Jat die!"

It is not to be written lightly that the British colonel of Outram's Own and his adjutant both knelt to a native woman—if she is a native—in a top back-room of a Delhi bazaar. But it has to be recorded that for the sake of Ranjoor Singh they did.

They knelt and placed their foreheads where she bade them, against the divan at her feet, and she poured

enough musk in their hair, for the love of mischief, to remind them of what they had done until in the course of slowly moving nature the smell should die away. And then in a second the lights went out, each blown by a fan from behind the silken hangings.

They heard her silvery laugh, and they heard her spring to the floor. In cold, creeping sweat they listened to footsteps, and a little voice whispered in Hindustani:

"This way, sahibs!"

They followed, since there was nothing else to do and their pride was all gone, to be pushed and pulled by unseen hands and chuckling girls down stairs that were cut out of sheer blackness. And at the foot of the dark a voice that Warrington recog-

nized shed new interest but no light on the mystery.

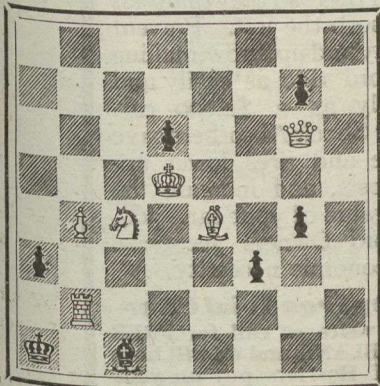
"Salaam, sahibs," said a fat babu, backing through a door in front of them and showing himself silhouetted against the lesser outer darkness. "Seeing regimental risaldar on the box seat, I took liberty. The risaldar-major is sending this by as yet unrewarded messenger, and word to the effect that back way out of burning house was easier than front way in. He sends salaam. I am unrewarded messenger."

He slipped something into Colonel Kirby's hands, and Kirby struck a match to examine it. It was Ranjoor Singh's ring that had the regimental crest engraved on it.

"Not yet rewarded!" said the babu. (To be continued.)

CHESS :: Conducted by **Malcolm Sim**

PROBLEM NO. 186, by J. J. Reitveld.
First Prize, "Algemeen Handelsblad" Tourney.
(A King-in-corner gem.)
Black.—Seven Pieces.



White.—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Problem 187, by H. W. Barry.

From the "American Chess Bulletin."
White: K at Kk3; Q at Kk6; Rs at Qk4 and Q8; Bs at Qk3 and Q2; Kts at Kb5 and KR6; P at Kb7.
Black: K at K4; Q at QR8; R at K6; Bs at K7 and KB3; Kt at KRsq; Ps at QR2, QB6 and K3. Mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 184, by L. Berg.

Key move: 1. Kt—K4!

Problem No. 185, by M. Ranwig.

1. Q—Ksq, K x Kt; 2. Q—R4ch, K—Q4; 3. P—K4 mate.
1. ... P—B7; 2. Q—KRsq, P—B8(Q)ch; 3. Kt—B6 mate.
1. ... threat; 2. QxP, RxQ; 3. Kt—B3 mate.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The following Canadian players figure in the seventeenth semi-annual tournament of the Correspondence Chess League of America: E. A. Carver, W. W. Pas-kall, L. Prince, R. W. Worsley, G. L. Valois, J. W. G. Roberts, W. J. Pitcairn and M. Sim. In the leadership group the entrants are: Class A—B. N. Wales; Class B—J. W. G. Roberts and R. W. Worsley.
E. A. Carver, G. R. Chouinard, H. Johnson, L. Prince and R. Papineau-Couture are playing in the incidental summer tourney.

CHESS IN THE STATES.

It required twenty-two games to decide the match of seven games up between David Janowski, the French master, and Oscar Chajes, New York State and Manhattan Chess Club champion, which commenced March 16 at the Manhattan Club. Contrary to general expectations victory went to the latter player, Janowski, on several occasions, playing much below his real form.
Early last winter Janowski met C. Jaffe in a match, the score resulting, Janowski, 10; Jaffe, 4; drawn 4. As Jaffe was conceded four games under arrangements, the French champion finished two points to the good. The following is an entertaining specimen of the pyrotechnical order. A game, Janowski v. Chajes, will appear shortly.

Queen's Pawn Opening.

White. Black.
D. Janowski. C. Jaffe.
1. P—Q4. 1. P—Q4
2. B—B4. 2. P—K3

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 3. P—K3 | 3. B—Q3 |
| 4. B—Kt3 | 4. P—QB4 |
| 5. P—QB3 | 5. Kt—QB3 |
| 6. P—KB4 | 6. P—B4 |
| 7. Kt—B3 | 7. Kt—B3 |
| 8. QKt—Q2 | 8. Kt—K5 |
| 9. KtxKt | 9. BPxKt |
| 10. Kt—K5 | 10. Castles |
| 11. Q—R5 | 11. P—B5 |
| 12. B—K2 | 12. KtxKt |
| 13. B.PxKt | 13. B—K2 |
| 14. B—B4 | 14. P—QKt4 |
| 15. Castles KR | 15. B—Q2 |
| 16. R—B2 | 16. P—Kt5 |
| 17. PxP | 17. BxP |
| 18. QR—KBsq | 18. Q—R4 (a) |
| 19. P—Kkt3 | 19. QxP |
| 20. B—R6 (b) | 20. R—B4 (c) |
| 21. RxR | 21. PxR |
| 22. BxKtP (d) | 22. KxB |
| 23. Q—Kt5ch | 23. K—Rsq |
| 24. Q—B6ch | 24. K—Ktsq |
| 25. Q—Kt5ch | 25. K—Rsq (e) |
| 26. P—K6 | 26. B—Ksq (f) |
| 27. RxP | 27. B—Kt3 |
| 28. B—R5 (g) | 28. Q—Kt8ch |
| 29. R—Bsq | 29. Q—Q6 |
| 30. BxB | 30. R—Kkt5sq |
| 31. R—B7 | 31. Q—Q8ch |
| 32. K—Kt2 | 32. Q—B6ch (h) |
| 33. RxQ | 33. PxRch |
| 34. KxP | 34. RxB |
| 35. Q—K5ch | 35. R—Kt2 |
| 36. Q—Kt8ch | Resigns |

(a) A double-edged move, threatening B—K8, winning the exchange, in addition to the capture of the Rook's Pawn. The sally of the Queen is, however, suicidal, with the White forces massed for a King-side assault. 18. ... B—Ksq looks a good move, a chance continuation being 19. Q—Kt4, Q—Q2; 20. P—KR4, B—Kt3; 21. P—R5, B—KB4; 22. Q—R4, B—K2; 23. B—Kt5, BxB; 24. QxB, P—KR3; 25. Q—R4, QR—Ktsq; 26. P—Kkt4, B—R2, and Black as plenty of defensive resources.

(b) Janowski may be relied to take immediate advantage of such situations, though this grotesque offer of the Bishop is a beautiful surprise indeed. It threatens 21. Q—Kt5, P—Kt3; 22. B—R5, etc.

(c) The play here is rich in variations if 20. ... PxP, then 21. R—B7 (threatening 22. Q—Kt4ch), RxR; 22. QxRch, K—Rsq; 23. Q—B6ch, K—Ktsq; 24. B—R5 and wins. If 20. ... B—Ksq, then 21. Q—Kt4, B—Kt3; 22. QxPch, K—Rsq; 23. QxP, PxP; 24. BxP, Q—R5; (not 24. Q—R4, because of 25. RxRch, etc.); 25. P—K6, B—K2; 26. Q—K5ch, K—Ktsq; 27. P—Kt3, Q—Kt5; 28. RxRch, RxR; 29. RxRch, BxR; 30. P—K6ch, B—B2; 31. P—K8(Q), etc. If 20. ... K—Rsq, then 21. BxPch, K—Ktsq (if 21. ... KxB, White makes in three); 22. RxRch, RxR; 23. BxR, BxB; 24. Q—B7ch and mate follows.

(d) The followup stroke, that deprives Black of the breathing spell of which he is so sadly in need. If he refuses the twice proffered Bishop, White simply withdraws B—B6, with overwhelming attack. The position will repay examination.

(e) If 25. ... K—Bsq, then equally 26. P—K6.

(f) Of course if 26. ... BxP, then 27. Q—B6ch, K—Ktsq; 28. QxBoh, K—Rsq; 29. Q—B6ch, K—Ktsq; 30. RxP, threatening mate.

(g) Another fine stroke! If now 28. ... BxR, White forces mate in five by 29. Q—B6ch, etc. On the other hand, if 28. ... BxB, then 29. R—B7! BxR; 30. PxP and, curiously enough Black is quite helpless.

(h) There is nothing else to be done, lowered by 32. ... RxP, then 33. Q—K5ch, followed by 34. Q—Kt8ch, mating next move. A slashing attack on the part of Janowski!
(Notes are based on those in the American Chess Bulletin.)



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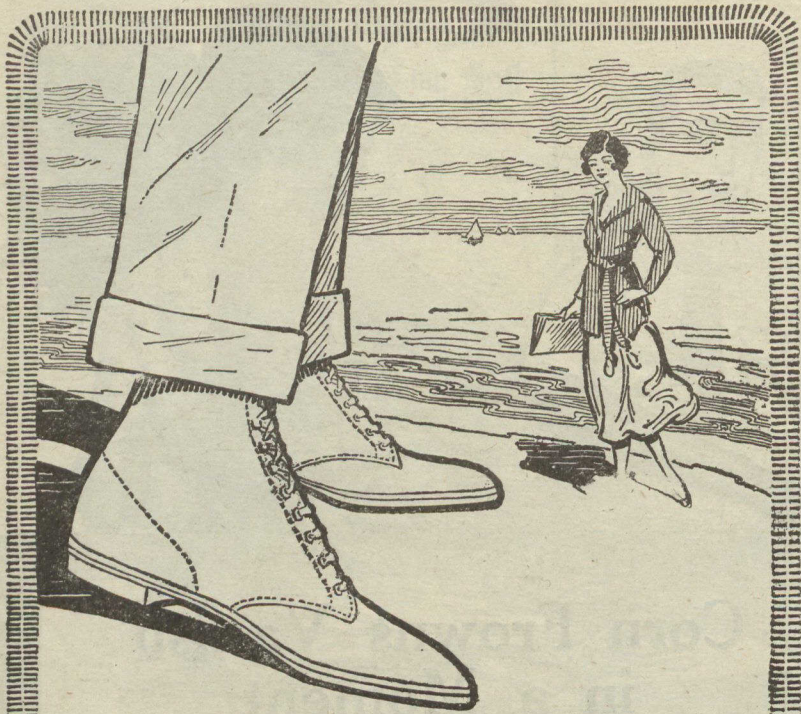
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The best Shoe Stores sell Fleet Foot



The Hundred-Year Call of Kildonan

(Continued from page 10.)

were satisfied that justice would eventually be done in a British country. But the French Half-breeds, restless and somewhat nomadic, rose in revolt under Louis Riel and precipitated the Rebellion of 1870. In that first decade of the new life the Earl of Dufferin came to Winnipeg on his tour as Governor-General. His famous speech there was a classic contribution to our prophetic literature and was spoken amidst the scenes immortalized by the toil and tears and triumphs of the earliest settlers. His passionate periods have been amply justified by history.

Ask Me About the Screen

(Continued from page 23.)

duced Programme Pictures made to supply a certain demand, just the same as there are cheap pianos or cheap furs made to satisfy those who cannot afford the quality kind; but the supply of features on the market in Canada at the present will allow any manager to give his patrons a good picture show, and if the theatre in your town is showing cheap, poorly produced or worn out film you are justified in asking him why. Of course the price charged for admission has something to do with the amount the theatre can spend on film rental, but if your local theatre charges you over 10 cents admission you are entitled to see the best pictures produced.

The next article of this series is "HOW THE MOVIES GET TO YOUR TOWN", showing the inner workings of an Exchange or Distributing Agency as applied to Canada and its 900 Moving Picture Theatres.

Bank Statements

(Continued from page 21.)

cent. To strengthen the liquid position of the bank generally, the sum of \$400,000 has been transferred to a contingent account, and the bank is paying dividends to shareholders at the rate of 10 per cent yearly.

A VERY satisfactory statement of the year's business was shown to the shareholders of the Home Bank of Canada at their last annual meeting.

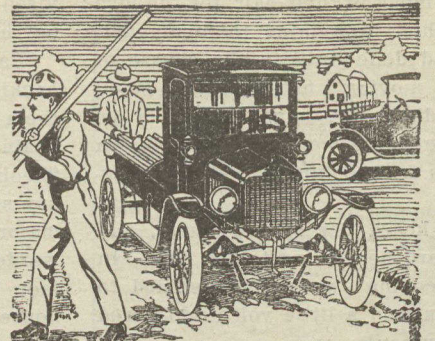
Net profits for the year ending May 31, after deductions, amounted to \$228,963.19. Quarterly dividends were paid at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, and after the Government War Tax, Reservations, Donations to Patriotic Fund, etc., had been written off, a balance was carried forward of \$150,731.11.

Deposits not bearing interest total \$4,143,264.31, while interest-bearing deposits, including interest to date of statement, amount to \$11,539,486.62.

CONSIDERABLE progress was made by the Bank of Montreal for the half-year ending April 30, as evidenced by the statement given to the shareholders at their last meeting.

Deposits make a very satisfactory showing. Those not bearing interest amounting to \$109,851,949.99, and interest-bearing deposits with interest reaching the sum of \$247,904,855.58.

Profits for the half-year, after making full provision for bad debts and deductions, amounted to \$1,287,586.56. Two quarterly dividends of 2½ per cent and a bonus of 1 per cent. was paid. After providing for the Patriotic Fund, and Government War Tax, etc., a sum of \$1,784,979.64 was carried forward.



Like a Pad on Your Shoulder!

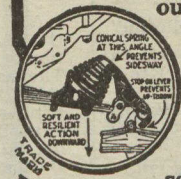
WHEN you step into a hole while carrying a load, the pad on your shoulder compresses and the jar never reaches you. The same principle accounts for the marvelous change in a Ford that comes with the



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