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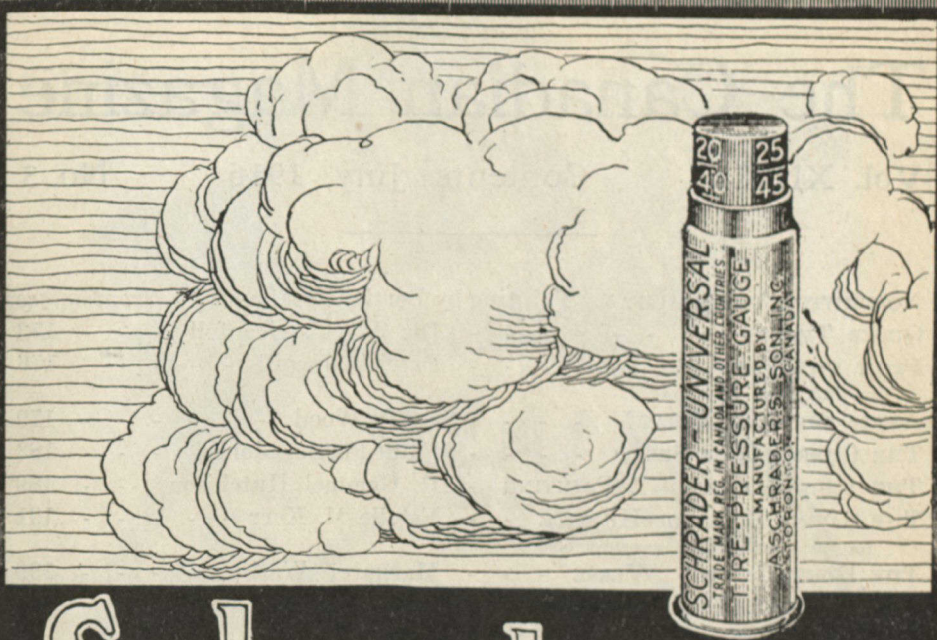


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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVII

Contents July, 1916

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# Midsummer Fiction

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Good fiction is fit reading for either midsummer or midwinter. So that whether one might claim peculiar fitness for the season, it can be said of the short stories arranged for the August number that they are timely. At least three of them are based on the present war and are the work of writers who actually have been at the front. Lieut. Ralph W. Bell, the author of a striking war story entitled "Martha of Dranvoorde", expects to be in the trenches again by the time this story appears in print. Patrick Macgill, whose extremely realistic sketches have been a feature of the last couple of months, gives us in "The Lone Road" a fine bit of suppressed drama, a vivid insight into the unexpected dangers that beset the lone soldier going to and fro near the enemy lines. "A Gift of War", by A. Gertrude Jackson, displays the magnificent heroism and self-sacrifice of a French girl, who risks everything for the man she loves, who happens to be an English soldier. "School Keeps", by Jean Campeau, deals with an incident to the uprising in South Africa, in which a school-teacher figures rather dramatically. As a relief from this war-time fiction there will be "Waking Up Badgerboro'", by Paul A. W. Wallace, "Jordan Day", by Arthur B. Watt, and other features of genuine merit.

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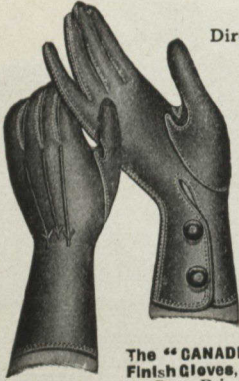
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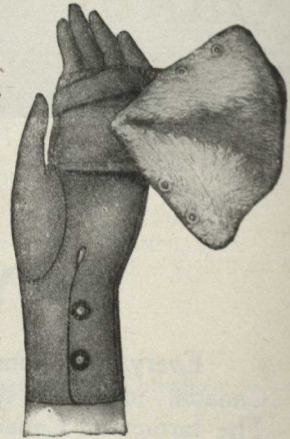
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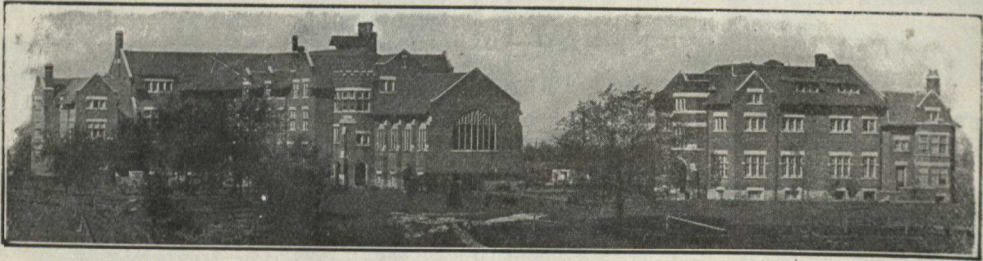
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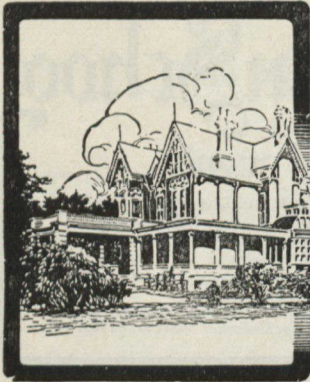
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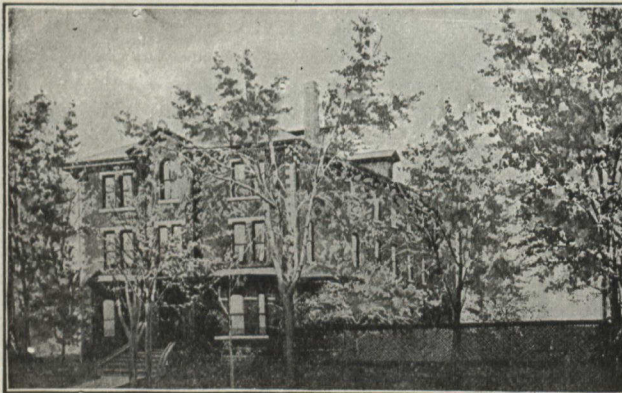
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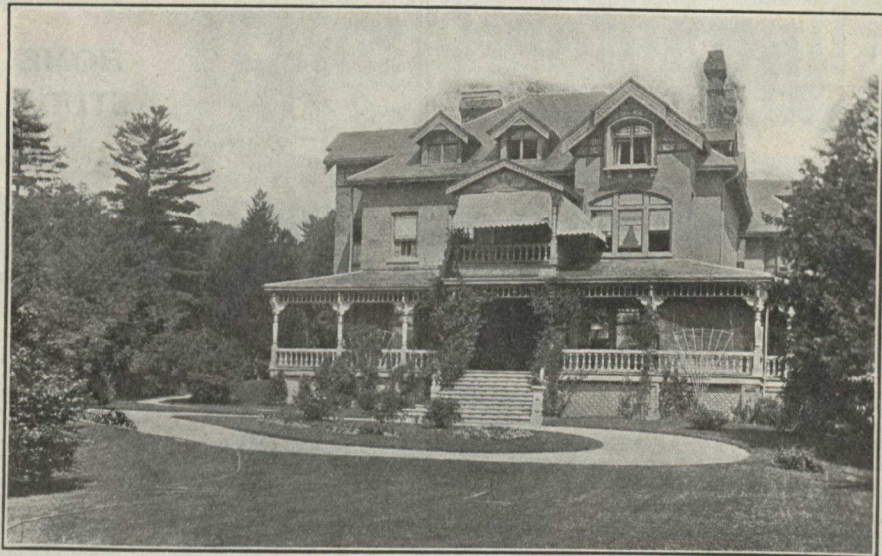
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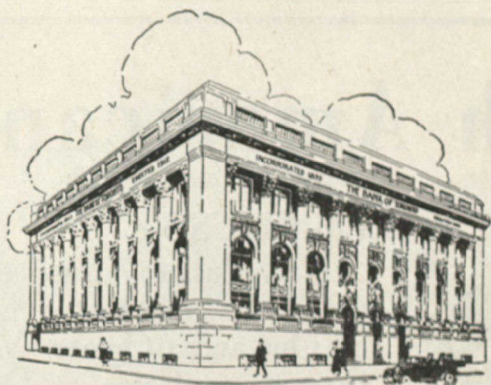
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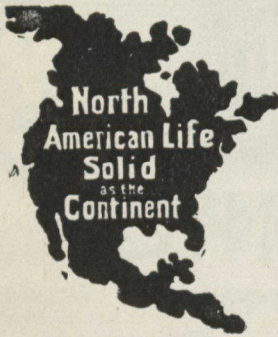
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SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES









From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

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TORONTO, JULY, 1916

No. 3

QUEER THINGS  
By Dr. W. J. Grenfell

I CANNOT even pose as an authority on queerness. In the dictionary it is described as odd, whimsical, and of course what seems queer in that sense, at first sight, becomes commonplace with familiarity.

Twenty-eight years ago I went on a winter Cruise in the North Sea as surgeon to the fishing fleets. I arrived at Great Yarmouth and drove to where my ship was said to be situated. It was dark, and snow was on the ground. I descended, at the cabman's invitation, but saw no sign of any ship.

"Where's the vessel?" I demanded.

"Why, there," he answered, pointing out two poles, which, coming as I did straight from work near the London docks, seemed like two flag poles.

Walking carefully to the edge of

the bank I peered over the side, and saw a small sailing-boat the size of a canal barge. I not only saw "queer" but felt "queer". I descended by the rigging—after which my London clothes looked queer. A liberal coating of tar and oil had just been applied to the little ship, preparing her for the severe tests she was about to meet outside the harbour.

It appeared queer to a stray journalist who visited us during the voyage to see a professional person in sea boots and a sweater, counting the pulse of a pachydermatous giant in the darkened bunk of a rolling fishing-smack, with an eight-day clock held under his disengaged arm. But no device to replace losses was queer to a member of the crew of a dogger-bank fishing-boat in those old days before "steam came up".



It seemed queer to me to see men get up in the middle of every night in the foulest weather and depth of darkness, clothe themselves like knights of old in shining coats of mail and march round and round and round a capstan on the low doek of a sixty-ton boat, while one hand stood at the companion ready to shout "jump" every time a bigger wave than usual threatened to turn the boat completely upside down; and it seemed queerer still to know that they did it every night, that sometimes the task took three or four hours to accomplish, and that, after all, nothing was gained by it. It was rather queer, too, to see them come below and lie down in their bunks, pipes in their mouths, and their legs hanging over the side to let their streaming socks dry while they slept, before they were at it again—and yet be as happy under the circumstances, yes, and happier, than I have known men to be in lovely homes, with everything that money could give them. But that, too, became commonplace.

It was an odd sight one night on deck, as by the dim light of the hurricane lantern, I examined the haul of fish and other prizes out of our big net, to see suddenly that we had picked up a friend who had been lost overboard from another vessel of our fleet, two or three days before.

To me it was queer the first time I sighted the coast of Labrador, and saw a huge whale jump clear out of the ocean as easily as does a small trout in a pool, especially when it appeared that he must fall on to our little craft, which was no bigger than he. It was queer to find that he was being chased by an enemy a hundredth part of his own size. But now that I have been whale hunting, the trout is just as whimsical.

In strictly professional work, oddities of the balance of mind and matter have seemed to me the queerest. On one occasion I was called to see a great burly fisherman, a married man, who had done exceedingly well

and had a nice house and outfit. I found him in bed in the middle of his living-room. Examination showed him to be perfectly sound. It was impossible to persuade him of the fact, however, and he remained in bed a year more, convinced that "his time had come". After that, for no apparent reason whatever, he suddenly changed his mind, got up, and went about his business just as usual. Seeing that experience among these world's workers is usually all the other way, and most of the men neglect all warnings of nature, throwing away their chances of recovery by delaying to seek for help till too late, this man's action was queer.

On one occasion, passing the entrance of a large bay, the watch noticed a smoke column, telling us that help was needed. Steaming up the inlet, we met a boat coming out, with a man's clothes suspended from a wood cross in the bow.

"Simon has been out of his mind for six weeks," they informed us, "and us can do nothing with him. Will you take him to the hospital with you?"

"I'll come and see."

On landing, I was led to an empty outhouse near the man's home; and in there I found the luckless Simon, spread out, his hands and feet tied fast to the corners of one of the picture-frames in which the skins of large seals are wont to be stretched for drying. Besides his having tried to set fire to the house, the mystery of madness had raised a sort of superstitious fear in the other men's minds.

The only way open was to carry the poor fellow south with us and put him under proper treatment. Accordingly, I ordered him to be taken aboard. Shortly after returning to the ship, I was called on deck by the horrified mate, who was thoroughly frightened, probably for the first time in his life. For the boat was along side, and the men, afraid apparently to let the mad man



loose, had hoisted him over the side still stretched in the seal frame. That night, having no one to watch him specially, we put a feather mattress on the iron casement of the engine-room, in the little house allotted to our oil tanks, and locked him in securely. In the morning a huge commotion on deck called me hurriedly aft. Simon was a half-bred Eskimo, tawny and hairier and uglier than any man I had ever seen. He had got loose out of his house when the engineer had come up for some oil in the morning watch. During the night he had torn off and torn up every rag of his clothing and stuffed it down the ventilation pipe, so that he could not recover it. He had torn up the feather mattress, and, having apparently liberally oiled himself, had rolled in the feathers, and was now sitting on a cask by the rail, singing a hymn from a large red hymn book—the only piece of personal property still remaining to him. The capture and re-committal of Simon was a very queer sight. Likewise were the crew after the event.

After a year in the south, our friend came back, clad in all the sanity of which he had ever been capable. Having raised a collection and fitted him out, we gave him a passage back to his old home.

Next winter my colleague taking care of the northern Labrador Coast was on his lonely round when he turned his dogs up a long, narrow Bay, to make, at our request, an examination of a schooner that had gone ashore there in the fall of the year, and about the fate of which suspicion had been roused. It was thought that she had been purposely cast away so as to get the insurance for her.

That section of the coast was absolutely uninhabited. We had heard that Simon had been getting on well, and through his first season had fished and hunted just as before. But this fall he had made a failure, and caught next to nothing, so that he could not buy a winter "diet". What

he had caught he had taken aboard a trading-vessel and exchanged for a second-hand gramophone and some records. Later he had disappeared, going north with the gramophone, an ancient, single-barrelled, muzzle-loading gun, one old sea-gull which he had shot before the bay froze up—and nothing more.

As my colleague approached the end of the Inlet, he saw the wreck lying on her side, high up on an ice barrier, having been heaved up by the heavy ice which rafted and froze in miniature mountains, growing with every rise and fall of the tide. Suddenly, he admitted afterwards, a creepy feeling went down his spine, for he seemed to see in this forsaken end of nowhere a tiny column of smoke ascending from the vessel's side. There was no sign of a human being anywhere, and had he been alone without a driver, he says, he thinks he would have left that examination for someone else to pursue. On getting quite close to the hull, he was still further surprised to hear the sounds of martial music reverberating from the old ship. Stopping his dogs, he approached cautiously, and before climbing the side he shouted loudly to call the attention of any possible earthly inmate. Meeting no response, he threw a large ice chunk up over the rail. It rolled down the slanting deck with an uncanny noise, redoubled by the hollow hull and the absolute silence of the bay.

Then suddenly, from a hole in the boat's side, popped up the ugliest, unshaven, tawny head that the doctor had ever seen. It was, of course, Simon, who had converted the wreck into his home, had installed himself and his gramophone in it, and, like a second Alexander Selkirk, was imitating Robinson Crusoe, only under somewhat different circumstances.

Next summer, when I came along in my hospital boat, Simon was still there, but he was not alone, for he was now the proud possessor of a wife.



# FROM THE TRENCHES

*By Patrick Macgill*

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc.

No. 3—WOUNDED

"SOME min have all the luck that's agoin'," said Corporal Flaherty. "There's Murney, and he has been at home two times since he came out here. Three months ago he was allowed to go home and see his wife and to welcome a new Murney into the wurl. Then in the Loos, too, he got a bit of shrapnel in his heel and now he's home again. I don't seem to be able to get home at all. I wish I had got Murney's shrapnel in my heel . . . I'm sick of the trenches; I wish the war was over."

"What were you talking to the Captain about yesterday?" asked Rifleman Barty, and he winked knowingly.

"What the devil is it to you?" inquired Flaherty.

"It's nothin' at all to me," said Barty. "I would just like to know."

"Well, you'll not know," said the Corporal.

"Then maybe I'll be allowed to make a guess," said Barty. "You'll not mind me guessin', will yer?"

"Hold yer ugly jaw!" said Flaherty, endeavouring to smile, but I could see an uneasy look in the man's eyes. "Ye're always blatherin'."

"Am I?" asked Barty, and turned to us.

"Corp'ril Flaherty," he said, "is goin' home on leave to see his old woman and welcome a new Flaherty into the world, just like Murney did three months ago."

Flaherty went red in the face, then white. He fixed a killing look on Barty and yelled at him: "Up you get on the firestep and keep on sentry till I tell you ye're free. That'll be a damned long time, me boy!"

"You're a gay old dog, Flaherty," said Barty, making no haste to obey the order. "One wouldn't think that there was so much in you; isn't that so, my boys? Papa Flaherty wants to get home!"

Barty winked again and glanced at the men who surrounded him. There were nine of us altogether, sardined in the bay of a trench that ran across the fields between Loos and Hulloch. Nine! Flaherty, whom I knew very well, a Dublin man, with a wife in London; Barty, a Cockney of Irish descent; the "cherub," a stout youth with a fresh complexion, soft red lips and tender blue eyes; a sergeant, a very good fellow, and kind to his men . . . The others I knew only slightly. One of them a boy of nineteen or twenty had just come out from England; this was his second day in the trenches.



The Germans were shelling persistently all the morning, but missing the trench every time. They were sending big stuff across, monster 9.2 shells which could not keep pace with their own sound; we could hear them panting in from the unknown—three seconds before they had crossed our trench to burst in Bois Hugo, the wood at the rear of our line. Big shells can be seen in air and look to us like beer bottles whirling in space; some of the men vowed they got thirsty when they saw them. Lighter shells travel more quickly: we only become aware of these when they burst; the boys declare that these messengers of destruction have either got rubber heels or stockinged soles.

"I wish they would stop this shelling," said the Cherub in a low, patient voice. He was a good boy, he loved everything noble, and he had a generous sympathy for all his mates. Yes, and even for the men across the way who were enduring the same hardships as himself in an alien trench.

"You know, I get tired of these trenches sometimes," he said diffidently. "I wish the war was over and done with."

I went round the traverse into another bay less crowded, sat down on the fire-step, and began to write a letter.

I had barely written two words when a shell in stockinged soles burst with a vicious snarl, then another came plonk! . . . A shower of splinters came whizzing through the air. Round the corner appeared a man walking hurriedly, unable to run because of a wound in the leg; another followed with a lacerated cheek, a third came along crawling on hands and knees and sat down opposite on the floor of the trench.

How lucky to have left the bay was my first thought, then I got to my feet and looked to the man opposite. It was Barty. "Where did you get hit?" I asked.

"There!" he answered, and pointed

to his boot which was torn at the toe-cap. "I was just going to look over the top when the shell hit, and a piece has gone right through my foot near the big toe. I could hear it breaking through; it was like a dog crunching a bone. Gawd! it doesn't 'arf give me gyp!"

I took the man's boot off, and saw that the splinter of shell had gone right through, tearing tendons and breaking bones. I dressed the wound.

"There are others round there," an officer, coming up, said to me.

I went back to the bay which I had just left to write my letter. The bay was littered with sandbags and earth, the parapet had been blown in. In the wreckage I saw Flaherty, dead; the Cherub, dead; and five others were disfigured, bleeding and lifeless. Two shells had burst on the parapet, blown the structure in, and killed seven men. Many others had been wounded; those with slight injuries hobbled away, glad to get free from the place; boys who were badly hurt lay in the clay and chalk, bleeding and moaning. Several stretcher-bearers had arrived, and were at work dressing the wounds. High velocity shells were bursting in the open field in front, and shells of a higher calibre were hurling bushes and branches sky high from Bois Hugo.

I placed Barty on my back, and carried him down the narrow trench. Progress was difficult, and in places where the trench had been three parts filled with earth from bursting shells I had to crawl on all fours with a wounded man on my back. I had to move carefully round sharp angles on the way; but, despite all precautions, the wounded foot hit against the wall several times. When this happened the soldier uttered a yell, then followed it up with a meek apology. "I'm sorry, old man; it did 'urt awful!"

Several times we sat down on the fire-step and rested. Once when we sat, the Brigadier-General came along



and stopped in front of the wounded man.

"How do you feel?" asked the Brigadier.

"Not so bad," said the youth, and a wan smile flitted across his face. "It'll get me 'ome to England, I think."

"Of course it will," said the officer. "You'll be back in blighty in a day or two. Have you had any morphia?"

"No."

"Well, take two of these tablets," said the Brigadier, taking a little box from his pocket, and emptying a couple of morphia pills in his hand. "Just put them under your tongue and allow them to dissolve . . . Good luck to you, my boy!"

The Brigadier walked away; Barty placed the two tablets under his tongue.

"Now spit them out again," I said to Barty.

"Why?" he asked.

"I've got to carry you down," I explained. "I use one arm to steady myself and the other to keep your wounded leg from touching the wall of the trench. You've got to grip my shoulders. Morphia will cause you to lose consciousness, and when that happens I can't carry you any farther through this alley. You'll have to lie here till it's dark, when you can be taken across the open."

Barty spat out the morphia tablets and crawled up on my back again. Two stretcher-bearers followed me, carrying a wounded man on a blanket, a most harrowing business. The wounded man was bumping against the floor of the trench all the time, the stretcher bearer in front had to walk backwards, and the one at the rear was constantly tripping on the folds of the blanket. A mile of trench had to be traversed before the dressing-station was reached, and it took

the party two hours to cover that distance. An idea of this method of bringing wounded away from the firing-line may be gathered if you place a man in a blanket and, aided by a friend, carry him across the floor of your drawing-room. Then, consider the drawing-room to be a trench, so narrow in many places that the man has to be turned on his side to get him through, and in other places so shaky that the slightest touch may cause parados and parapet to fall in on top of you.

For myself, I seldom, except when a peculiar injury necessitates it, use a blanket. I prefer to place the wounded person prone on my back, get a comrade stretcher-bearer to hold his legs, and thus crawl out of the trench with my burden. This, though trying on the knees, is not such a very difficult feat.

"How do you feel now, Barty?" I asked my comrade, as we reached the door of the dressing-station.

"Oh, not so bad, you know," he answered. "Will the M.O. give me some morphy when we get in?"

"No doubt," I said.

I carried him in and placed him on a stretcher on the floor. At the moment the doctor was busy with another case.

"Chummy," said Barty, as I was moving away.

"Yes," I said, coming back.

"It's like this, Pat," said the wounded boy. "I owe Corporal Darvy a 'arf-crown, Tubby Sinter two bob, and Jimmy James four packets of fags—Woodbines. Will you tell them when you go back that I'll send out the money and fags when I go back to blighty?"

"All right," I replied. "I'll let them know."

"And the morphy, too," he whispered.



# AFTER THE WAR, WHAT?

*By S. J. Hood*

WHAT we should do after the war is a matter so easy and simple that voluble decisions have already been rendered on every hand. What we *will* do is a question filled with inviting difficulties. It is safe to venture on the uncertain field with the broad Apocalyptic paraphrase that he that is unjust will be unjust still, and he that is filthy will be filthy still, and he that is righteous will be righteous still, and he that is holy will be holy still. This may be questioned by those who look for cataclasmic changes in individual natures through violent social, military or religious upheavals, but as a rule racial heritage is entailed.

Anxiety as to means of restoring the material loss can be relieved by the assurance that the waste of war is but little greater than the waste of peace. Destruction in one quarter must be offset by proportionate economy in another. The world can never indulge in or become addicted to unusually great waste, because the world always lives "from hand to mouth". It never has anything important to waste. Great fortunes are delusions, so far as they consist of title deeds, franchises, special privileges, advantages and the bonded debts of the many to the few. These could all be cancelled at any time without leaving the world any poorer.

The problem of restoring waste need cause no uneasiness in a world of perpetually narrow margins.

The real wealth in existence is estimated, on an average, at about four years' production. In shelter or housing we are more than four years ahead, but in food and clothing we are much less, in fact only a few months away from want. In the implements of trade, manufacture and transportation we have about four years' supply. Accuracy in this estimate is, of course, impossible, but the duration of every form of wealth can be approximated. If the war lasts four years the world's average wealth will be reproduced during its continuance. All the houses will not be rebuilt, but the food and clothing will be reproduced several times. Fear for the destruction of vast stores of wealth is evidently groundless, and there is no cause for alarm over daily waste.

Comparisons with the waste of peace are reassuring. The reported enlistment of six men-servants from an aristocratic household may serve as an illustration. The energy of their lives would have been wasted anyway. The waste is not increased by taking them to the trenches, and the burden of their maintenance is not materially altered or shifted. If the crew of a wealthy man's yacht enlist there is no addition to the burden.



Their lives were being wasted and the coal they would have shovelled might have represented as much loss or destruction as the shells they will throw at the enemy. For the unemployed, a formidable element at any time, to enlist does not increase the waste. The economic pressure that keeps an element unemployed also keeps the majority less noticeably half-employed. They are capable of filling positions of greater productiveness and proportionate returns. This great element of idleness, eluding the most conscientious statistician, is taken up by the removal of a large number to the ranks, and the filling of their places by promotions, changes and the extension of individual services. To this extent there is no additional economic loss. Transferring old losses and wastes, instead of creating new ones, is suggested by the calculation of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer that one duke costs as much as three dreadnoughts. The drain of wealth through a great increase in the outlay on dreadnoughts can be avoided by a proportionate reduction of the outlay on dukes. This can be effected by income or land taxation. The products of a large farm would be required to pay for the costumes of a social entertainment. If, in the exigencies of war, these products are used to maintain the soldiers, and the private entertainers are forced to do without the special costumes, the war is in that regard conducted without any special outlay. It is apparent that much of the loss which goes to make up a formidable array of statistics is really no loss whatever.

In Canada the people have not undertaken the creation of dukes, but they have created several millionaires who are quite as costly and burdensome. If the production of them is suspended or restricted during the war the creation of new burdens will be avoided. War will merely substitute one kind of waste for another. An important influence making good the

great destruction of war is the multitude of economies forced on the producing classes. It is almost as important to cut down the multitudinous wastes of the producers as the few gigantic wastes of dukes and millionaires. An inexpensive method of housing and feeding the rich would effect greater material economies than all the housing and feeding projects designed by earnest and wealthy philanthropists, but economy will be forced among all classes.

The real losses of war are the masterpieces of architecture and other inherited treasures from an age of loftier artistic impulse. But one of the world's greatest archæological treasures was recently overwhelmed, in time of peace and in spite of protests, to carry out some irrigation projects in the decrepit East, and the outrages by western millionaires on the world's æsthetic sense outshame the worst that has been charged, in that respect, against the war-mad Germans. Regarding war comparatively may soften some lines of its grim visage. The material and æsthetic losses are not as much greater during war than during peace as their spectacular aspect would suggest.

The human sacrifice from which we all recoil in horror is the momentous feature of the problem. Wealth restoration is a matter of a few months, but human restoration will require twenty years or perhaps a quarter of a century. This has created two opposite lines of uneasiness, the fear of a great scarcity of workmen and the fear of a great returning force of discharged soldiers unable to find employment. These fears disturb respectively employers and employees. Both are relieved by a reminder that every employee must also be an employer. The girl who works for pin money rather than accept parental generosity makes a demand for the makers of pins and all other supplies. She may seem to be displacing some typist, but in the grand total of interlaced industry and commerce she is



not making nearly so great a displacement. If she and other productive workers were paid to the full extent of their service, they would become consumers or indirect employers to the extent of their usefulness, and such absurdities as over production could not develop. That, however, pertains rather to the popular field of what should be done than the uncertain sphere of prophecy.

As the wastes of peace begin to replace the wastes of war, and the transition will be rapid and almost sudden, a multitude of hands will be turned from the arts of destruction to the arts of production. There will be a spasmodic movement toward the land, but the pre-empting speculator, not being incommoded with farming machinery and other impedimenta will reach it first. That will soon bring the movement to its ordinary and abnormally diminutive proportions, in spite of such timid and impractical remedies as legislators will venture to attempt. In the perpetual superabundance of the human element in production, the ever-pressing scarcity of opportunities for productive work, returned soldiers will have the preference. Still the average citizen will be quite as eager as now to secure a job for his son, his dependent relative or the relative of his intimate friend. In Governmental affairs the preference for the returned soldier will be more marked. Yet the outwardly friendly member who goes in and pounds his Cabinet Minister's desk, vociferates that he spent his own good money to carry a constituency which no one else in the party could carry and threatens that if Tom doesn't get the job "there'll be doin's" will be likely to have his way.

Women will find usefulness in a wider range of occupations. The home has long emerged from the function of the mother's workhouse and the daughter's prison, and it will be still further removed from any such reproach. The notion that every woman worker displaces a man will be gra-

dually discarded. Under aboriginal conditions, still surviving with the large majority of the human race, woman is the worker and man the fighter—woman the sustainer and man the defender. Man has never systematically saved woman from work when doing so would entail physical work on himself. He will employ one woman to work for another, but as one woman never will work for another we have the servant problem, which, as Kipling would say, is another story. Almost every invention is aimed to restore the primitive condition. A fortune awaits the man who can transfer any important line of work from men to women, so minds are continually active in that direction.

The tendency will be aided by women's newly-revealed capacities. It will be an injurious change only to the extent to which work is excessive, and this may become formidable. It is not as the worker, the ancient position, but as the excessive worker, the modern position, that women are subjected to physical deterioration.

Any squaw would abandon the tent of her lord and master if compelled to work at the nerve-racking health-destroying speed of the race with machinery imposed on civilized women. The backward tendency will be marked in other respects. Wages will be crowded down nearer to the sustenance level. The many will emerge deeply in debt to the few who have been able to seize the opportunities. Interest on the bonded debt will be in consequence a greatly enlarged burden. The enduring cleavage will be between those who live by their own labour and those who live by the labour of others. The one class will be too weak to resist governmental encroachment or condemn governmental incompetence, and the other will have too much at stake to do so.

There will be spasmodic efforts toward removing the chief cause of war by making the production of naval and military equipment governmental monopolies in the leading



nations. National and international trusts depending on war or the menace of war for their dividends will be subjected to criticism. But reformatory efforts in this regard will not advance to any material extent beyond the Trades and Labour Councils, Single Tax associations, Socialist organizations and Women's Enfranchisement societies. It will be among the effective reforms that cannot obtain influential support and will not be adopted. It will be specially obvious, after the war, that futile reforms which make a somewhat spectacular appeal will be generously supported by work, wealth and influence, while such reforms as would be really effective and would achieve fundamental improvement will, through neglect and antagonism, be impossible of achievement. After the war the poor will be found giving largely to charity, not charities but charity. Sometimes a man or woman of wealth will undertake the maintenance of a poor family during a season of sickness or economically enforced idleness, but poor men, in incomparably larger numbers, will be taking care of next-door unfortunates. The futile search for the deserving poor, perfectly respectable but absolutely void of self respect, will be prosecuted with avidity. Victims of the system that produces enforced idleness, with its ramified baneful consequences, will be carefully investigated, but there will be no inquiry regarding its sustainers, defenders or beneficiaries. Scrupulous care will be taken to prevent charities overlapping, and it will be regarded as a reflection to live on the public bounty when it is done on a small scale.

National taxation will be used to hamper commerce and foster oppressive monopolies and equally oppressive individual and independent enterprises. There will be ineffectual movements in the opposite direction to restrict and harass those who levy the permitted overcharges through combined or monopolistic management. Britain will have a very narrow escape from a fatal lapse into protection. Employers will regard their employees as ungrateful, especially when the attributed ingratitude takes the form of objecting to low wages or long hours. Workmen will regard employers as natural and hereditary enemies who subject them to a process of slow, systematic deprivation.

In politics the majority will vote for the party into which they have been born. Funds for every campaign will be available from beneficiaries of legislative favours and from the direct recipients of bonuses and other subventions. Men of wealth will have no real political independence, for every interest that goes to make up their possessions will tie them up with many chords. They will generally be found, in consequence, on the side of the party in power. The lesser lights in politics will seek election, even when success involves sitting in a chamber where the one thing impossible is the discussion of legislation, and acting in unquestioning obedience to the dictates of a leader. Although the thirst for war will be dormant for a generation the old world will jog along much as it is jogging now. This is not a pessimistic attitude, for it is not a bad old world considering the obstacles it puts in its own way.





# THE CHEECHAS OF SERBIA

*By Paul Fortier Jones*

WHEN the "Blue Order", so long expected, came in the latter part of September, 1915, to us in Bosnia, it meant that Serbia was stripping her war frontiers of all reserves and most of her first line troops. It meant that on the Drina only a skeleton army was left, while along the long frontiers of the Save and the Danube perhaps a hundred thousand men were spread and all the others (Serbia's whole army numbered about three hundred and fifty thousand) were to be massed along the Bulgarian border, to guard the nation's one hope—the single line of the Orient Railway from Saloniki to Belgrade. At about this time the English Parliament was being regaled with "the cordial feeling that always existed between England and the Bulgaria".

The next morning I watched the garrison at Vardishte file over the Shargon Pass to Kremna, the chief post of the Drina division, while the fourth line men, the Cheechas, were sent down to Vishégrad to take the first line places.

Of all the fresh, unhackneyed things that Serbia offered so abundantly to the western visitor, perhaps none is more indicative of the nation's real spirit, certainly none is more picturesque and appealing, than these Cheechas of the army. The word means "uncle", and in Serbia where

men age earlier than anywhere else on earth, it is popularly applied to men of more than thirty years. But the Cheechas of the fourth line range from forty-five to an indefinite limit. The Serb seems never too old to fight.

They had no uniforms, these patriarchs of the army, and, marching by, presented a beggar's array of tattered homespuns at once ludicrous and touching. To see their grandfathers in dirty rags, unwashed, half starved, blue with cold, drenched with rain, many of them suffering from rheumatism, scurvy, neuralgia, and in the last days of their nation's life dying by hundreds of wounds, cold and starvation, was one of the things the Serbs had to bear.

It was the Cheechas who first welcomed me to Serbia. I shall never forget my feelings when at Ghevgheli, the border town between Greece and Serbia, I looked out of the train window at my first Cheecha. Is this the typical Serbian soldier, I wondered, for he looked not a day under seventy, in spite of the broad grin on his face when he saw the party of American workers. It was midsummer and hot as southern Italy, but the old fellow was dressed about as heavily as we would be for a blizzard. On his shoulders he had a thick woolen cape of brown homespun, attached to which was a peaked hood designed to slip over the head in wet weather,



and which when in place added a bizarre, monk-like touch to the rest of his outlandish costume. Underneath the cape he wore a sleeveless jacket of sheepskin with the thick wool turned inside—this in July. Beneath the jacket was a shirt of linen, home manufactured, and he wore long trousers that fitted skin tight about his calves and thighs, but bagged fully like bloomers in the back. He had on thick woollen stockings, which he wore pulled over the trousers up to his knees like golf hose, and which were resplendent with wide borders of brilliant colours. On his feet were the half-shoe, half-sandal covering known as *opanki*. His queer get-up made one forget how old and forlorn he must be, for in spite of his cheerful face he could not have been happy, with nothing in life before him except the guarding of that scorching railway track, while his sons and grandsons died on the frontiers.

As I saw him standing there in the dust and heat, some dialect lines of Lanier came to me:

“What use am dis ole cotton stalk when Life done picked my cotton?”

But that was because, like certain lady journalists, I was ignorant of Serbia. Not by a long way had “Life done picked” these Cheechas’ “cotton”. Nearly a million Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians did it a few months later, but the harvest, thank God, was not all one-sided.

As the slow-moving train crept north into Serbia, our acquaintance with the Cheechas grew. At every little bridge there were four of them, two at each end, living in tiny tepee-like shelters built of brush. At the stations companies of them were drawn up along the track, grotesque groups, nondescript and filthy, rifles of many makes slung over their stooping shoulders. They never failed to salute us and cheer us, their enthusiasm being mingled with a charming, naïve gratitude when we scattered American cigarettes among them.

When camping just outside Nish during the last weeks of July, there were three ancient Cheechas who passed our camp each afternoon at sunset on their way to sentry duty, and each morning just after sunrise they returned. We could never say anything to each other except “*Dobra vechie*” (good evening) and “*Dobra utro*” (good morning), but a friendship sprang up nevertheless. Month after month this was their occupation, oscillating from their filthy, vermin-infested abodes in Nish to that desolate hill top where, through the starlit or stormy nights, they watched. They had beaten out a narrow, dusty path through the upland pastures, monotonously treading which, munching hunks of black bread and large green peppers, they symbolized the Cheechas’ existence.

Their childlike natures might lead one to suppose that as guards they would not be worth much, but this is wrong. Most guard duty is simple. You stand up and watch a place and when someone comes you challenge him. If his answer is satisfactory, good; if not, you cover him with your rifle and then march him in to your superior. If he disobeys, you shoot. Nothing is said about exemption. A sentry is no respecter of persons, and the simpler-minded he is the less of a respecter is he inclined to be.

One evening a man of our camp wandered to precincts sacred to our three Cheechas. He heard a loud “*stoy*”, to which, instead of halting, he responded, “*Americanski*” and kept on going. Another “*stoy*” brought the same result and so a third. Then out of the dimness loomed a hooded figure, which, with an obsolete rifle, blazed away, above the trespasser’s head, of course, but not greatly above it, a sort of William Tell calculation. Swifter than the roebuck came our wanderer home, down the dusty trail, hatless and breathless, wise in the ways of Cheechas.

Near Belgrade one night a gentleman of some military consequence de-



cided to inspect certain trenches. Depending upon his uniform and well-known name, he did not bother to get the pass-word.

"And do you know," he told me, "two bally old chaps from Macedonia, who spoke no known language, marched me a mile and a half to their Captain, and it was all he could do to convince the stern beggars that I had a right to my uniform and was really the British military attaché."

When fighting was going on with the Bulgarians, not very far from Nish last fall, one of the American Sanitary Commission, a hopelessly college-bred person, with strong laboratory instincts, wandered alone and unaided about the environs of the city, dreaming of hypothetical water supplies; and, dreaming thus, he wandered into realms he wot not of and, what mattered more, into the snug nest of two valiant Cheechas set to guard a road. Two days later inquiring government officials, set in motion by still more inquisitive friends, found him living the life and eating the food of the Cheechas. They had orders not to leave that post, and they were determined he shouldn't until an officer should see him.

In spite of this so inconvenient, unflinching devotion to the letter of the law, I found a softer side to the Cheechas. One afternoon at Nish I climbed a very steep and dusty trail up one of the neighbouring hills which overlooks for thirty miles or more the broad sweep of the Morava. Accompanying me was a delightful but really distressingly proper English lady whom I had recently met. A rich Balkan sunset across that valley was well worth the climb, we thought, but to the gay old Cheecha we found at the top it seemed incredible that any one not touched with the divine madness should make that exertion just to see the sun go down. With signs ingenious and embarrassing he made it known that duty held him there but that we need not mind, and thereupon, with a wink as inconspicuous as

the full moon, he turned his back upon us and so remained. We stood that back as long as it was humanly possible, and then arose to go, but he motioned us to stop, and running to a clump of bushes he pulled out a luscious melon—all his supper, I am sure—and with as obvious a "Bless you my children" as I ever saw, presented it to us.

They are made of a fine timber, these Cheechas, with amazing endurance and wearing qualities. Nothing seems to shake them. On one of my trips with M. Todolich we stopped for coffee in a little village near Zajechar. Of course, the only men in the café were very old specimens, too worn out even for Serbian military service. Several of these gathered round our table to hear what news M. Todolich could give, and one among them I especially noticed. I am sure Job in the last stages of his affliction approached this old fellow in appearance. He had had six sons, all of whom had been killed. His wife had died shortly before, and just the previous week a great flood on the river had completely destroyed his home and livelihood and had drowned his one daughter-in-law with her two little sons. What would you say to a man of seventy-five, who has watched his life go by like that? M. Todolich tried to say something, and I heard the Cheecha reply in a few Serbian words, the meaning of which I did not understand, nor how he could reply at all in that level, uncomplaining, perfectly calm tone.

"What did he say?" I asked the interpreter.

"He says, 'God's will be done,'" and that is all we heard him say.

At Dobrun four old cronies were detailed to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to our camp, and tirelessly they hewed and drew. When one considers the deep-rooted, constitutional aversion to prosaic work which is without doubt the Serb's worst drawback, this industry on their part appears at its true



value. A lady journalist measuring with her profound gaze the length and breadth and depth of Serbia, and the hearts of its people, in a junket of a couple of weeks or so, has insinuated the ungratefulness and cupidity of the Serbs. Nothing could be further from the truth. For the smallest acts their gratitude overflows all bounds and, as for pride, no peasants of Europe can approach these lowly people in their dislike of dependence. An appealing desire to show us at least their sense of thankfulness actuated even these old codgers to do things which by nature they despised doing.

At first our Bosnian *ménage* rotated around a refugee cook from Vishégrad who, had she not been Serb, would for certain have been Irish. She was a leisurely soul who refused to let any exigency whatever make her hasten. On the first pay day we missed her, and, searching the camp, finally found her in the potato cellar. Alas! she was a disciple of Omar and not to be awakened. So with the perfect courtesy that we never failed to encounter from Serbian officers, the Major at Vardishte sent us down his own cook, a Cheecha, and by far the sleekest, best-fed, most fortunate looking Cheecha I ever saw.

There was something undeniably Falstaffian in his nature, and he affected a certain elaborate mock dignity which made me present him at once with the respectful title of "Guspodin". "Guspodin Cook" we called him to his delight. He was soon referring to himself as "Guspodin Cook". While unpacking a box of old clothing sent out by well meaning people from England or America, we came across, amid filthy ball dresses and stiff-bosomed shirts, a battered top hat. It was a perfect example of the hat always seen askew on the swimming heads of stage inebriates, but it took Guspodin Cook's eye. From then on he was never seen without it whether peeling potatoes, carrying garbage, or spinning a yarn.

Only one thing on earth did he prefer to cooking, and that was telling stories. Sitting around the great fire which we always made of pine logs after supper, our American-Serb soldiers would get Guspodin Cook wound up, and they would translate for us. I could never rid myself of a sneaking suspicion that our honourable chef had never really seen a battle line—he was too good a cook. But I had no proof of this from his speeches. His *chef d'oeuvre*, the *pièce de résistance*, of his narrative larder, which he always got off while sitting tailor fashion, his "Al Jolson" hat cocked over one eye, went something like this:

"One day last winter after we had run the Suabas out of Serbia, and I was stationed up here I asked my captain to let me make a visit to my family at Valjevo. He told me I could so I started out to walk home. I got to Ouchitze in two days all right, and after resting there a little while, started out on the way to Valjevo. The road runs over the tops of the mountains, a wild country and hardly anybody lives there. Once in a while I found traces of the fighting that had been done the month before, but now the whole country was quiet and I met no one at all, not even any Serbian soldiers. About the middle of the afternoon I heard a cannon go off four or five kilometers away and I heard something terrible tear through the trees not far to my left. I couldn't imagine what a cannon was doing there with no army within fifty kilometers and no fighting going on at all. While I was wondering a big shell tore up the road a few hundred meters ahead of me. Then I knew the Suabas had slipped back into Serbia and I began to run. I heard a lot more shots and I kept on going. In an hour I came to a village where there were some gendarmes. I told them the Suabas were coming right behind me, but they said that I was a liar. Then I said for them to go back up the road on their horses and see. But they made me go back with them.

"We went to where the shot had hit the road, and while we were standing around looking at it, heard the cannon again, but the shell didn't come our way this time. We turned into a wood road that led in the direction from which the sound came. Soon we were nearly knocked off our horses by another shot which went off very near us, behind a lot of thick bushes



on our left. We stopped short to listen, but couldn't hear anything. The gendarmes were scared to death now, but I was all right. I said, 'Come on, let's go there and see who is shooting up the country'. They said it was mighty strange. Suabas wouldn't be acting like that and one of 'em, Mitrag, said a battle had been fought about where we were and a lot of good men killed and he didn't know—maybe some of 'em had come back to life.

"But I led up to the bushes and we crawled to where we could see a clear space behind. There was a Suaba field gun all right, and a lot of ammunition piled up. A good many empty shells were lying about too, but there wasn't anybody, no Guspodin, I swear it, not a sign of any Suaba or anybody around that place. The gendarmes lay there on their bellies, but I jumped up and ran to the gun crying 'Long Live Serbia'. I put my hand on the gun, but jerked it away mighty quick. It was hot enough to boil soup on almost. I picked up some of the shells and they were hot too. Guspodin, I began to shiver and jump about like a restless horse. Here was a hot gun and hot shells and no enemy in the country at all and nobody around the gun, and anyway the shots had been scattered all over the country without any aim. It seemed almost as if something or other had come back to life and was shooting that gun just because it was in the habit of doing it. I was about ready to go back to those gendarmes when they began to yell and start out through the brush like rabbits. 'There they are, get 'em, get 'em', they said and wouldn't stop to answer me. Then I decided the best thing for me was to get back to the horses, which I did.

"In a few minutes the gendarmes came up leading four boys about fifteen years old. They were clawing and biting and putting up a good fight. At last the gendarmes got them quiet and made 'em tell their story. They said they had found the gun and ammunition there, not long after the Suabas went away. They supposed they had gone in such a hurry that there wasn't time to break up the gun and our soldiers hadn't found it. They said they had been trying to make it go off for two weeks but had just found out how that day. They didn't mean any harm, it was fun and away out in the woods where they wouldn't hurt anybody, they said. That was enough: each one of us cut a long stick and took a boy for a half hour. Then we went off and reported the gun to the army."

With this simple final statement,

Guspodin Cook would always take off the top hat, wipe the noble brow beneath, and place it tenderly on again slanted at the opposite angle.

He also had a curious theory that by some strange sense children always foresee when war will come. He could give numerous examples to prove his statement, that whenever the children all over the country were seized with a desire to play at war, real war was sure to come soon. He said that in July of 1914 all over Serbia he had never seen the children playing soldier so much before, and lowering his voice, he told us that now he saw them at it again everywhere, so that "Something was coming soon". Heaven knows this prophecy at least was true!

Such were the Cheechas whom on that fine autumn morning I watched go down to Vishégrad. Our four orderlies were with them and also Guspodin Cook. His time had come at last. Serbia was now facing a period when no man able to stand alone could be spared from the battle line. Cheecha always has been a term of deep respect and love among the Serbs and rightly so, but after this war they will hold a ten times stronger lien on the affections of their country. Young troops, fresh and perfectly munitioned, were awaiting them in the enemy trenches on the Drina, troops that these old grandfathers could not hope to stop.

They knew what they were going into, they had no illusions. Distributing some thousands of cigarettes, with which I had become possessed, among them I gathered from words of their thanks how much hope they had of ever coming back. "These will be all I'll ever want—one gray-bearded scarecrow remarked to our interpreter when I gave him a hundred. He and the others seemed neither sorry nor glad. Somebody had to go. They were chosen and there was an end to it. They were as completely wiped out as troops can be, dying almost to a man. And during the nightmare



of the next ten weeks everywhere that the fourth line had to bear the brunt they distinguished themselves. Many episodes could be told, but the defense of Chachak is perhaps one of the most remarkable.

Chachak is on the narrow gauge Ouchitze Branch of the Orient Railway. Not far to the south is Kraljevo. When the first great onslaught of the Bulgarians carried them by sheer weight of numbers to the environs of Nish, the capital was moved to Chachak, supposedly a temporarily safe retreat. But the Germans, as usual, did not fight according to their enemies' surmise. Risking most difficult roads, they suddenly threatened the new capital from the northwest, forcing the government southward, first to Kraljevo, then to Rashka, Mitrovitze, Prizrend, and Scutari. The Cheechas defended Chachak. Three times the Germans wrested the town from them, and each time the Cheechas re-took it. Only when four-fifths of them had been put out of action did the Germans finally succeed in holding the place.

With rifles of every possible description, too old for real soldiers, rejected by the first three lines of defence, the Cheechas of Chachak faced as fine troops as Germany could muster, perfectly equipped, splendidly provisioned, and feeling with increasing assurance a whole nation crumbling before them. For the Cheecha knows not only how to thrive on a half pound of dry bread a day, and nothing else, he knows how to lie against a tree or turn himself into a ghost, and with Serbia in her death grip, he only wished to die.

I believe the Cheechas felt the loss of their country more keenly than any one else. Most of them had lived through nearly all of her free history. Unlike the educated Serb, they could not see a bright political lining behind the present pall of blackness. But I have yet to hear a complaint from one of them. There was Dan,

one of the orderlies who retreated with the English nurses. He had been to America and he had numerous failings, but no one could see him at that time without forgetting everything except his grief. The suffering he underwent, the cold and hunger, seemed to matter nothing to him, but by the hour, at night, he would squat beside his smouldering fire and mumble, "Whata I care 'bout myself? Whata I 'mount to? T'ree million people lost, nuthin else don't matter! T'ree million people . . . t'ree million—lost!"

All Serbs love to sing, and most of their songs have a mournful tinge. The more uncomfortable the Serb becomes, the louder and longer he sings. When, seven weeks after Chachak, I passed a company of the fourth line on top of the Montenegrin Mountains, during those days when there was absolutely no food for them, when they saw their comrades drop by the hundred, dead of starvation, cold, and exhaustion, when not one foot of Serbian soil was free, separated from their families in all probability forever, at the best for years, miserable it seemed to me beyond all human endurance, the Cheechas were singing. I cannot forget that song. The fine sleet cut their faces and formed grotesque icicles on their woolly beards. The mountain wind blew their voices to shreds, voices mechanical, dreary, hopeless, unlike any Serbian's I had ever heard before. Not until I was right among them, did I recognize the song, a popular one that had sprung up since the war, its content being that "the Suabas are building houses, the Serbians shall live in; the Suabas are planting corn, the Serbians shall eat; the Suabas are pressing wine, the Serbians shall drink!"

The irony was sharp, but when one has lived in hell for ten weeks and is freezing to death on a mountain top, one hears no trivial sarcasms but only the great irony of life . . . or so the Cheechas seemed to feel.





THE FISHERMAIDEN

From the Painting by  
R. Gemmel Hutchison,  
a British Painter

Exhibited at the  
Canadian National Exhibition







# THE SAVING SENSE OF HUMOUR

## By Estelle M. Kerr

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF WAR TIME CARTOONS

WHEN the gloom of despondency settles over a nation it is lost indeed, but many a cause has been won by a saving sense of humour. The spirit of the French aristocrats who laughed and jested as they mounted the steps of the guillotine is imperishable, and while we do not want to fiddle while Rome is burning, there is no reason why we should not have our little joke. *Punch* has never been so amusing as during the last twenty months, and since the fear of unpreparedness has laid hold of the American people the humour of the United States has taken a new lease of life.

Neutrals cannot wax merry over the war, but the Allies can jest because they also fight and suffer. There is no artist in any of the combatant nations who equals the burning irony of the great Dutch cartoonist Louis Raemaekers.

Brave old *Punch* is amazingly cheerful and continually good-tempered. Perhaps our sense of humour is quickened by suffering—court jesters were usually dwarfed and deformed—and *Punch* who is so typically English, who feels the cause so keenly, is fighting with his shafts of wit in open warfare, never stooping to be gross or slanderous. *Punch* cheers the heavy hearts in many an English home. The credit for the title and character of the cartoon seems to belong to *Punch*, who at the time of the

great exhibition of cartoons held in connection with a competition for frescoes in the new houses of parliament in 1843, jocularly ranged itself alongside the great artists of the day. The weekly cartoon which became an established favourite was a humorous or sarcastic comment upon the topic uppermost in the nations thought, and came gradually to replace the less subtle caricature.

The most famous cartoonist of the time is Louis Raemaekers of Amsterdam, who has stirred all the world by his vivid representation of the horrors of the Belgian invasion, the asphyxiating gases, the massacre of non-combatants. His works can be read without an interpreter in all quarters of the globe and will live as a perpetual denunciation of the Kaiser and his methods. Gazing at them, we experience the same horror we would feel if the crime were done at our very door. When we see the small child whose mother has been killed in the Zeppelin raids saying to her father who mourns beside the corpse, "But mother hasn't done anything wrong, has she, Daddy?" We are moved with savage disgust and burning indignation. And his cartoon that followed the execution of Edith Cavell sent a thrill through all Europe. Behind a parted curtain you see the soldier who has just cut off her head, and the Kaiser in the foreground is saying, "All right, now,





—Punch

## AN ENGLISH CARTOON

"IMPERIAL DACHSHUND: 'Here I've been sitting up and doing tricks for the best part of seven weeks, and you take no more notice of me than if——'"

"UNCLE SAM: 'Cut it out!'"

bring in the protest of the American Minister". The Christ frequently enters into the cartoons of Raemaekers, but never with sacrilege. There is the Epiphany, with Germany, Austria and Turkey represented as the magi, bearing gifts of shells and bombs, from which the Holy Child averts his face. There is one where Christ, stern and grave, appears by the side of the Kaiser, on whose lips are the words, "We wage war on divine principles . . ." As he sees the Saviour the words die on his lips, and he shrinks shuddering away. The work of Raemaekers is too frankly pro-Ally to be acceptable in a neutral nation, and the editor who published his drawings in Amsterdam was heavily fined. He is now working for the London *Daily Mail*, where his sentiments need not be disguised.

The American papers may jeer at President Wilson's non-committal attitude, but it is not diplomatic for

British publications to do so, and *Punch* has been severely criticized for a recent cartoon where the president is represented as being more patient than Job, for though pierced by many arrows labelled *Lusitania*, *Arabic*, *Persia*, etc., he continues to write notes with a resigned and forgiving expression.

A Spanish cartoonist represents his country as saying to President Wilson, "Have you forgotten the Maine?" A Frenchman pictures Uncle Sam slinging ink-pots at the Kaiser, an Italian depicts the Pope, Spain and Wilson (with a hat full of ammunition) praying to the Virgin of Mercy; Hunter, in *The Toronto World*, makes Wilson say to Bernstorff, "You may hit me again, sir, I'm too 'umble to fight". But most of the cartoons, such as "Say, Uncle Sam, what did you do in the great war?" come from Americans themselves. In one of them Franz Joseph, who has just knocked



Poulot

## A FRENCH CARTOON

"CORPORAL OF RESERVISTS (reading): 'Refusal of obedience on the part of the reservist . . . six years at hard labour . . . rebellion . . . revolt . . . treason . . . death . . . military disgrace'"

"PRIVATE: 'sh all right. I should worry'"





A GERMAN CARTOON

—Jugend

My name is Tommy Atkins, and I'm a husky chap,  
My comrade is a Cossack and my partner is a Jap,  
We're going with some Ghurkas and likewise with some Sikhs,  
Some black Algerian Turcos and other coloured freaks,  
And with all the bloomin' virtues for which you know we shine,  
We are carrying civilization to the people of the Rhine.





—L'Asino, Rome

AN ITALIAN CARTOON

"Against the weak."

off Uncle Sam's hat with a snowball says, "Now go ahead and give me one of those correspondence courses in International Law".

Even the most patriotic cartoonist must be careful to suppress his humour on subjects that might be detrimental to recruiting. The proprietors of *The Bystander* were fined £100 and its former editor £50 and Lieutenant Bernard, cartoonist, £50 for publishing a cartoon depicting a British soldier lying intoxicated beneath a tree and clasping a bottle of rum. Beneath the cartoon were the words, "Reported Missing". An appeal has been entered against this decision.

Many years ago, at the time when the present Kaiser retired Bismarck from power, a cartoon appeared in one of the London papers which showed the latter leaving the ship of state, with the line, "The pilot leaves". International complications resulted which nearly caused a war, and the

diplomats of the two countries were kept busy for a long time trying to straighten things out.

Perhaps the most celebrated British cartoonist is Bernard Partridge whose pen-drawings, sometimes humorous, sometimes ironical and occasionally very serious, are constantly seen in *Punch*. His drawings will form a complete history of the war, and each one is a picture executed with careful attention to detail, in contrast to the foreign artists who express themselves with great economy of line. With Partridge the drawing seems to come first, the idea second.

Alfred Leete in the "Messages of Schmidt the Spy" has discovered a real vein of humour. When he sees a nursery maid flirting with a soldier, Schmidt records, "The terror of invasion is so great that the children of the rich are sent into the parks under military escort". Percy Fearson,



—Novi Satiri Kon, Petrograd

A RUSSIAN CARTOON

"To each American note Germany replies with a mine."



alias Poy, whose nightly efforts in *The London Evening News* are never cruel, seldom cynical, but full of real humour and a keen sense of the ridiculous, has a technique that easily enables him to materialize his whimsicalities on paper, and he uses his weapons with tact.

No one appreciates a joke on himself so much as the Scotsman. Remember how he flocked to hear "Bunty Pulls the Strings", a play in which the Scotch "nearness" and all the other faults that are supposed to be exemplified in every Scot, were caricatured unmercifully. If the Highlander were a sensitive soul, a perusal of German periodicals would make him forswear his national costume forever. The German never tires of poking fun at the little man in kilts who when made a prisoner cries, "Ah if I were only with my dear mamma!" The Englishman he caricatures as a sport who goes to war with a bedstead, an eiderdown quilt, tea-pot, tin



—The London Daily Mail

#### A RAEMAEKERS CARTOON

"INDIGNANT HUN (to Miss Holland): 'Gott Strafe England! Now they even want to prevent my sending goods by the Dutch mail!'"



—The New York Sun

#### AN AMERICAN CARTOON

"THE KAISER: 'My heart bleeds for Antwerp, too!'"

of biscuits, jar of marmalade and tennis racquet, so laden down that he drops his gun saying, "I never imagined how bothersome a weapon could be in war".

We have read much of the extreme youth of the German soldiers, but our enemies go us one better in a cartoon labelled, "Britain is already calling up her class of 1934", which represents a recruiting station filled with mothers bearing babes in arms who register their names in a book.

The Germans, knowing the value of the political cartoon, kept their best black and white artists at home, and it is noticed that such magazines as *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus* preserve their humour on other subjects, not allowing their pages to be wholly obsessed by the war. They represent the Triple Entente in a very crippled state, bound by bandages, and their chief bitterness has been lately directed against the Japanese, who are





—Punch

AN ENGLISH CARTOON

"Design for a stained glass window in a Neo-Gothic Cathedral."

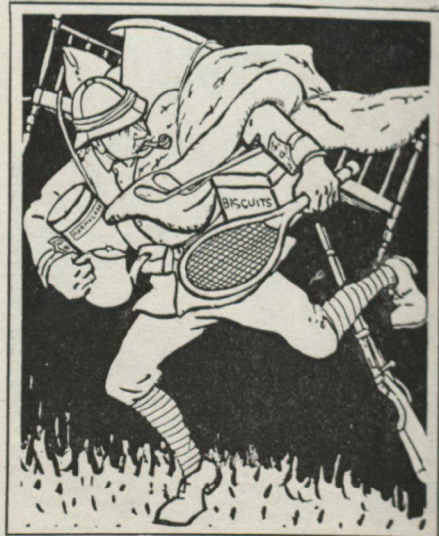
caricatured as monkeys. The Turcos and East Indian troops who are fighting with the allies are shown as naked barbarians and the procession of these people bearing the banner "We bring Culture to Berlin", is really amusing.

This is German humour on its lighter side. It is frequently too gross to contemplate. Not horrible in the sense that Raemaekers reveals, but representing people bashing in each others heads, spattering blood and gloating over it.

The French cartoonist seems to share the opinion of the German that the Englishman is a great sport, for in a cartoon that recently appeared in *Le Rire* a girl is made to say to a British officer, "Saloniki? You'll like it there. There is an excellent golf course". No cartoonist of outstanding merit appears in the French publications just now, but an exhibition recently held in Paris of cartoons done by the "*poilu*", as the French call their Tommy Atkins, shows that

many clever draughtsmen are serving in the trenches. The celebrated Alsatian cartoonist Hansi (Johann Waltz), whose children's book "Mon Village" caused him to be sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Germany, during which time he escaped, is now serving in a regiment on the frontier as an interpreter. He has been decorated by the Legion of Honour. Since the censorship which discouraged the cartoonists' art during the days of Italy's neutrality has been withdrawn, a great flood of humour has been released.

Each war gives birth to some deathless phrase such as Cromwell's, "Fear God and keep your powder dry". The present war has given at least one permanent contribution to history, "A scrap of Paper". Another which may prove immortal is "Too proud to Fight". It has endeared itself through the music halls to all the English-speaking world. German Kultur has become a byword, spelt with a K as England is mistress of the C's. The difference between kultur and culture is the difference be-



—Simplicissimus

A GERMAN CARTOON

"I never imagined how bothersome a weapon could be in war."



tween taube of destruction and the "Made in Germany" kultur into Europe is resisted more strongly than any other article of German manufacture.

The most striking features in a person's physique or character must be seized upon by the cartoonist, for only by caricature can a rapid likeness be obtained. By a certain type of mustache we now recognize the Kaiser. It has become a convention and many a caricaturist does not pursue the likeness much farther. A row of conspicuous teeth is synonymous with Roosevelt, and the nose of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria threatens to go thundering down history as the most colossal nose of all time. An inch or two more or less in the length of a nose is of no importance to the cartoonist. A whole regiment may march across its colossal bridge, and though it may be extended to the length of an elephant's trunk, we still recognize Ferdinand.

Just as "unpreparedness" is the chief theme in the American jokes just now, so the humours of recruiting have monopolized a good deal



Poy — The London Evening News  
AN ENGLISH CARTOON

"MODERN HAMLET: 'The times are out of joint; O cursed spite!'"

of space in the British periodicals. There is one by Hunter in *The Toronto World* where Asquith is represented as a woman knitting a sock labelled "conscription". The Canadian shirker beside him remarks, "Socks for the soldiers?" and Asquith replies: "No. Socks for those who ought to be soldiers but are kept at home by "cold feet".

Frank Reynolds in *Punch* jeers at the happy blundering of the recruit and the speech of the fussy old lady who beams on a recently enlisted young parson and says, "Well, my lad, isn't this better than hanging about street corners and spending your time in public-houses?" is a priceless gem of humour often repeated under a new guise, and those of us who have spent our time knitting appreciate the remark of the village child who when asked where she got her new mittens replied, "Daddy sent them from the front".

Britain's blockade of neutral ports was the subject of many excellent cartoons. Raemaekers makes the Indignant Hun say to Miss Holland, "Gott strafe England. They even



—The Montreal Star

A CANADIAN CARTOON

"JOHN BULL: 'Eh, what's that? Only your lunches! Why, what tremendous appetites you have!'"





A FRENCH CARTOON

Based on a reported incident at Magny, Alsace, where a German soldier shot a little boy who playfully pointed a toy gun at him.

want to prevent my sending my goods by the Dutch Mail". In an English paper a large John Bull in a sailor suit is saying to two little boys called Holland and Denmark, "Great Scott! You little fellows must have mighty big insides". A. G. Racey in *The Montreal Star* has a similar conception, with two little people carrying enormous packs on their backs while John Bull says: "Eh, what's that? Only your lunches! Why, what tremendous appetites you have!"

Mr. Racey has not only helped recruiting in Canada through his car-



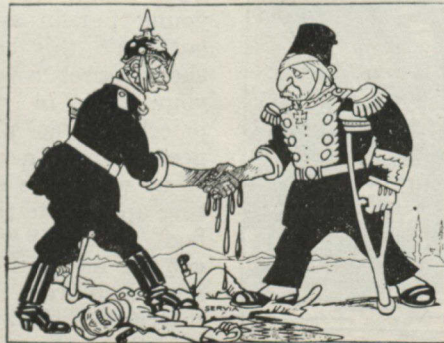
—*The Toronto World*

A CANADIAN CARTOON

CANADIAN SHIRKER: "Socks for soldiers?"  
 ASQUITH: "No socks for those who should be soldiers, but are kept home by 'cold feet'."

toons, but has made considerable money for patriotic purposes by giving lectures illustrated with lantern slides of his drawings. Another Canadian cartoonist is Louis Keene, who had his right hand smashed at Ypres, but straightway learned to draw with his left. He obtained a commission and expects to return to the front with one of the new battalions.

The pen is said to be mightier than the sword, even in war time, and cartoonists are battling for the cause with the force of generals.



—*La Campana de Gracia*

A SPANISH CARTOON

"Shake!"  
 "Yes, like true German's."



## THE HOUSE I LOVE

By MARGARET WATKINS

STRANGERS now dwell within the house I love,  
And lonely is the heart of me.  
The door is opened but I enter not;  
Strange feet go up the stair,  
To quiet chambers where I once found rest;  
And when at dusk the hearth glows warm and intimate  
Strange faces circle round  
And alien hands are stretched toward the blaze.  
How can they love that twilight time as I  
Who knew it from a child?  
And do they know each tree?  
The best-loved willow  
Tossing slim strands against the sky,  
A lyre where the wind plays airily o' nights;  
The broad-limbed maple, round whose foot  
The valley lillies grow, green glossy leaves that hide  
The fragile stems strung fragrantly with pearls;  
A lime, bee-filled and fragrant;  
The chestnut, like a tall-branched candlestick,  
Prim-set upon the lawn;  
At the road a sentinel poplar  
Scarred where the lightning struck.  
There on the last bare, heaven-piercing branch  
A robin sings at sunset,  
Sings and sways in ecstasy  
Till gold and rose have fled, then drops  
To homely nest-loves in the sheltering leaves.  
Still with closed eyes I see them all,  
Then open on close-crowding wall  
And a sky gray and remote above the chimney-tops,

Spring comes.  
O stranger feet, walk softly through the grass,  
For violets are there,  
Blue scraps of sky dropped where the sun  
Sifts golden through the apple-boughs.  
What rare delight to find each bud  
Pushed up amid the green  
As if to welcome me!

Ten years ago the gate swung to.  
Ten years! The old, familiar click!  
I hear it yet.  
And lilacs bloomed on either side. . . .

Strangers now dwell within the house I love,  
And lonely is the heart of me.



# THE TRAIL TO ROBSON

*By William James*

IT is said of a certain one-time prominent railway president that when the newly-conceived air-brake was submitted for his approval he ushered the idea and its originator out of his office and thereby showed his complete contempt for any scheme which would pretend to stop the rush of his trains with "air". It is recorded also of another railway official that at a construction conference, when the beautiful environment of a certain route was urged as a reason for his choosing it in preference to one a little less costly but lacking the scenic advantages of the other, he brushed the suggestion aside with the caustic observation that he had yet to hear of a feasible plan to convert the snow crowns of mountain-tops into gold currency.

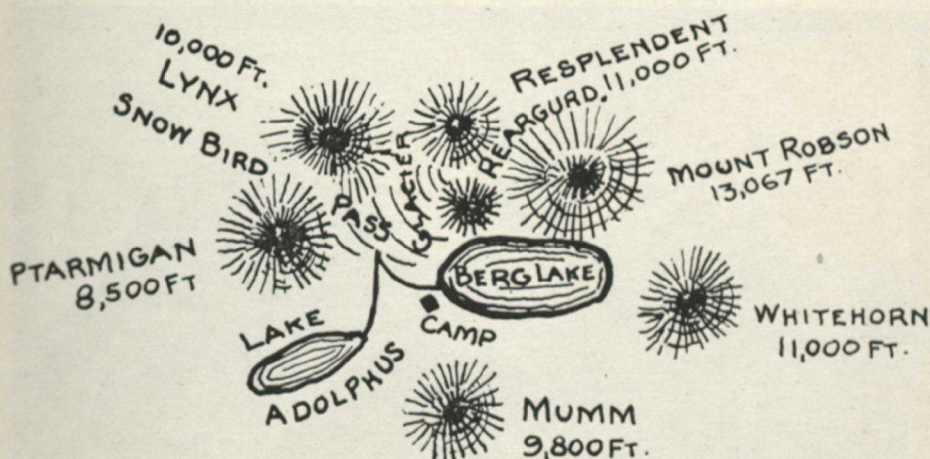
But, all over the world, at this minute, trains are being stopped by air, and railway managements are methodically taking stock of their scenic resources to attract a due proportion of tourists to their territories. The snow of the mountain-tops is passing through the first stage of the annual transformation into legal tender. So are the waters of cool upland lakes and of tumbling trout streams; and so also are the marshes, dismal to all except the sportsman, and the beaches on lakes and oceans. Still the appeal of the mountain is strongest of all. And the way to the mountains is the railway.

Tourists anticipating delightful

scenic experiences tread in the wake of railway construction gangs as naturally as commerce follows the flag. With each successive conquest of the great Rocky Mountain chain, new opportunities were presented to the rank and file of the vast army of travel. Because of the varieties in altitude and topography, the environment of one road usually differs from its nearest neighbour, and the distinctive points of each have been compared minutely wherever and whenever travellers congregate. The United States has had its "innings". Its transcontinental lines have been through to the coast quite long enough for all who cared to become familiar with the beauties of the routes. Canadians, and the people of the Republic, have long known and loved the magnificent panoramas of the mountains from the Kicking Horse Pass to the Southern Pacific. But now the newest of Canadian transcontinentals has opened up fresh visions of delight to the people of the North American continent. Trails are being cut and camps established, and tourists will ere long be wending their ways in vacation times to the unsurveyed regions in the New Rockies, the centre of attraction in which, for the present at least, is the towering majesty of Mount Robson, to the north of the Fraser River, in British Columbia.

The mightiness of Robson intrudes upon the reveries of the transcontinental traveller for several miles before





A ROUGH MAP OF MOUNT ROBSON DISTRICT  
Showing locations and altitudes of some of the highest peaks

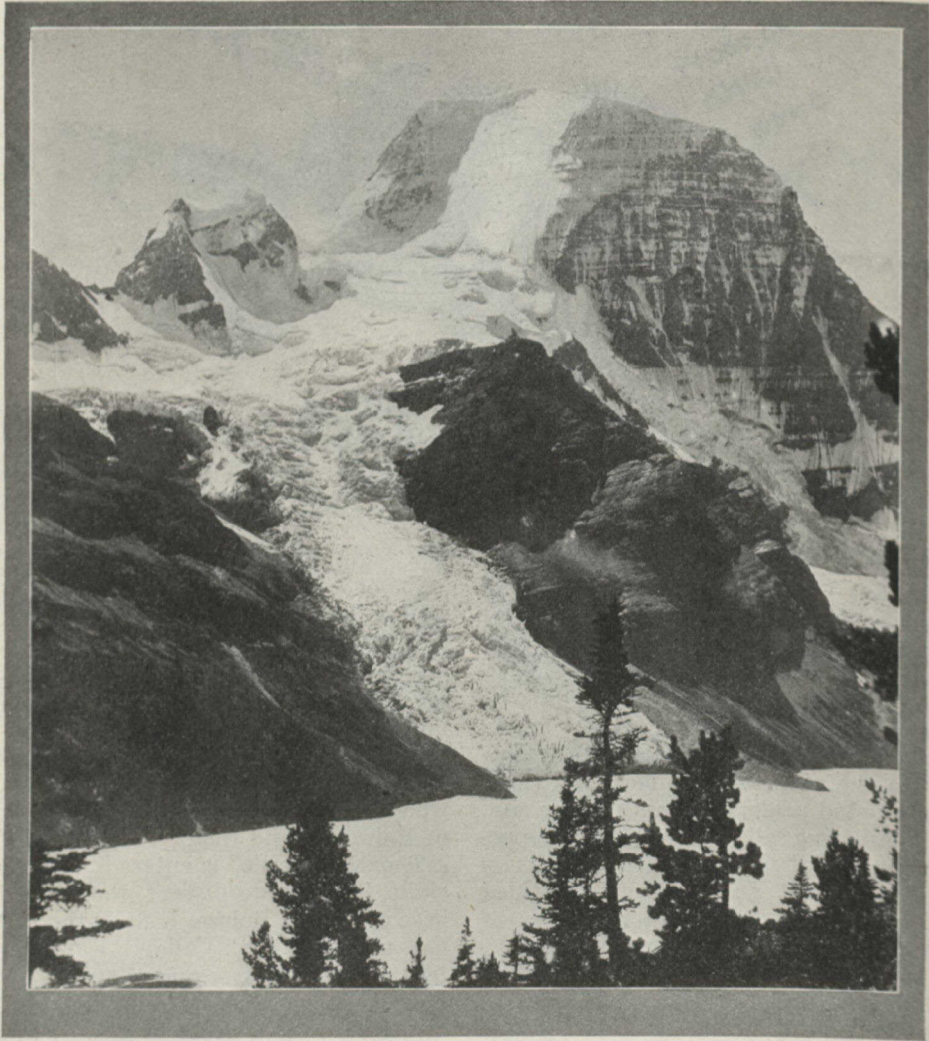
the westbound train halts at Mount Robson station, the meeting-place of the railway and the trail. There could hardly be a nobler setting for the view. Far below, a silvery streak against the green, the Fraser cuts its way out towards the Pacific. Across the valley, imposing mountains come into the picture, with here and there snow-clad peaks glistening in the sun. Dominating all, the massive proportions of Robson rise, while the glories of the crest are fleetingly revealed through the restless, filmy clouds of a peaceful mid-summer day.

The trail is not long, neither is it toilsome, and the worry and care of a work-a-day world are utterly forgotten as the natural beauties of the surroundings are surveyed, step by step, along the eighteen-mile approach. It is a delightful avenue to one of the greatest of the natural showpieces in the world of mountains. The harmonious combinations of river and rivulet, sky and rugged rock, the green of the forest, and the sheen of waterfalls almost innumerable, prepare the mind for the colossal spectacle from Berg Lake.

Within a few hundred yards of Mount Robson station the trail is carried over the Fraser River by a bridge built during railway construction

days, and which spans the stream close to the point where it is joined by the Grand Forks. The glacial waters of this river spring from the eternal snows on the shoulders of Robson, and the trail follows the stream inland. First, Lake Kinney is reached. That upland sheet perpetuates the name of the Reverend Kinney, who battled successfully to the peak of Robson. And then "The Valley of a Thousand Falls" is entered. To the right, half a mile distant, the rugged base of Mount Robson bounds the full five miles of the "Valley". To the left, at about an equal distance removed, is an almost unbroken cliff, rising sheer to a great height. From off the upper "bench" at the valley edge of this precipice, at frequent intervals, waterfalls tumble into the valley. The eye may trace their outlines against the rock background until the green of the forest growth at the base hides them from sight, but the waters spread out again in countless rivulets over the gravelly floor of the "Valley". When the rays of a summer sun play upon the spray the effect is entrancing in its beauty. The air is filled with the melodious hum of the miniature torrents, while over it all, growing in volume as the route nears "The Flying Trestle", rises the





MOUNT ROBSON, FROM THE SHORE OF BERG LAKE

Tumbling Glacier is in the centre of the picture

tumult from the "Emperor" and "White Falls", where the waters of the Grand Forks, in successive leaps, drop from the heights to the bottom lands.

The "Flying Trestle," constructed by the park authorities to enable the visitor to win out of the "Valley", is really a sharply-inclined way to the higher tableland. At its upper portal the higher cascades of Emperor and White Falls come into the picture.

A backward glance takes in the vista of the "Valley of the Thousand Falls" and reveals Mount Whitehorn, of an altitude of 11,000 feet, and proud in its possession of a gleaming white mantle. The falls are accorded scarcely more than a passing glance; then comes Berg Lake, and the camping-place in the shadow of the mountain.

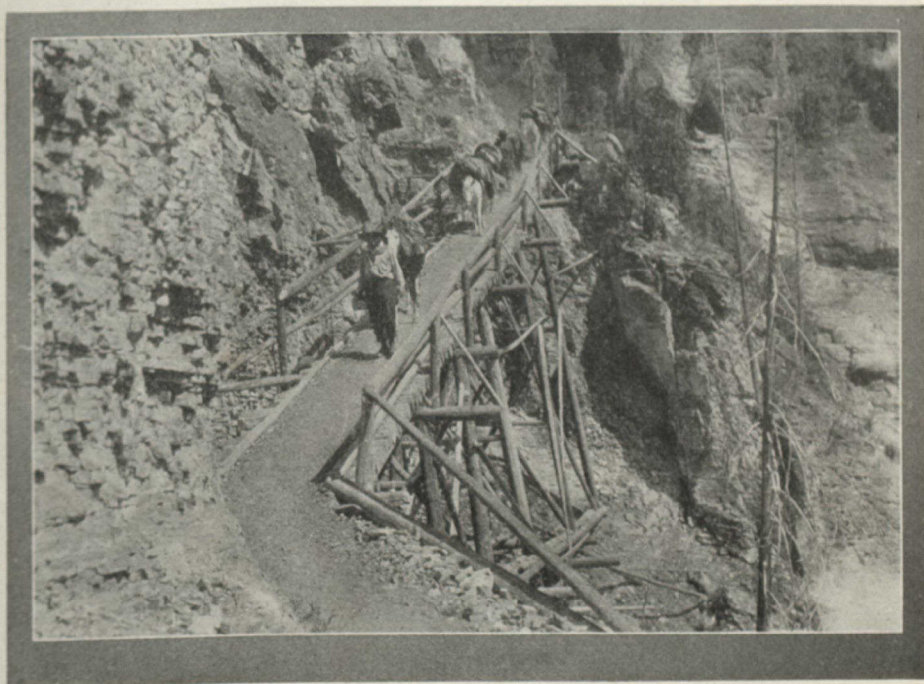
The view from the lake is sublime, for Robson rises almost sheer from the edge of the water. The roar of



falling icebergs from off "Tumbling Glacier" reverberates along the valleys, and the eye travels up and up to the glistening peak crowned with snow and ice, more than thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is the end of the trail.

From Mount Robson station, on

the trail to take him over the prominent features, and he may return to the depot the day following. If, however, as is more probable, he desires to cultivate the mighty glaciers—Tumbling Mist and Main—the fountain-head of waters that eventually find their way to the Pacific and to



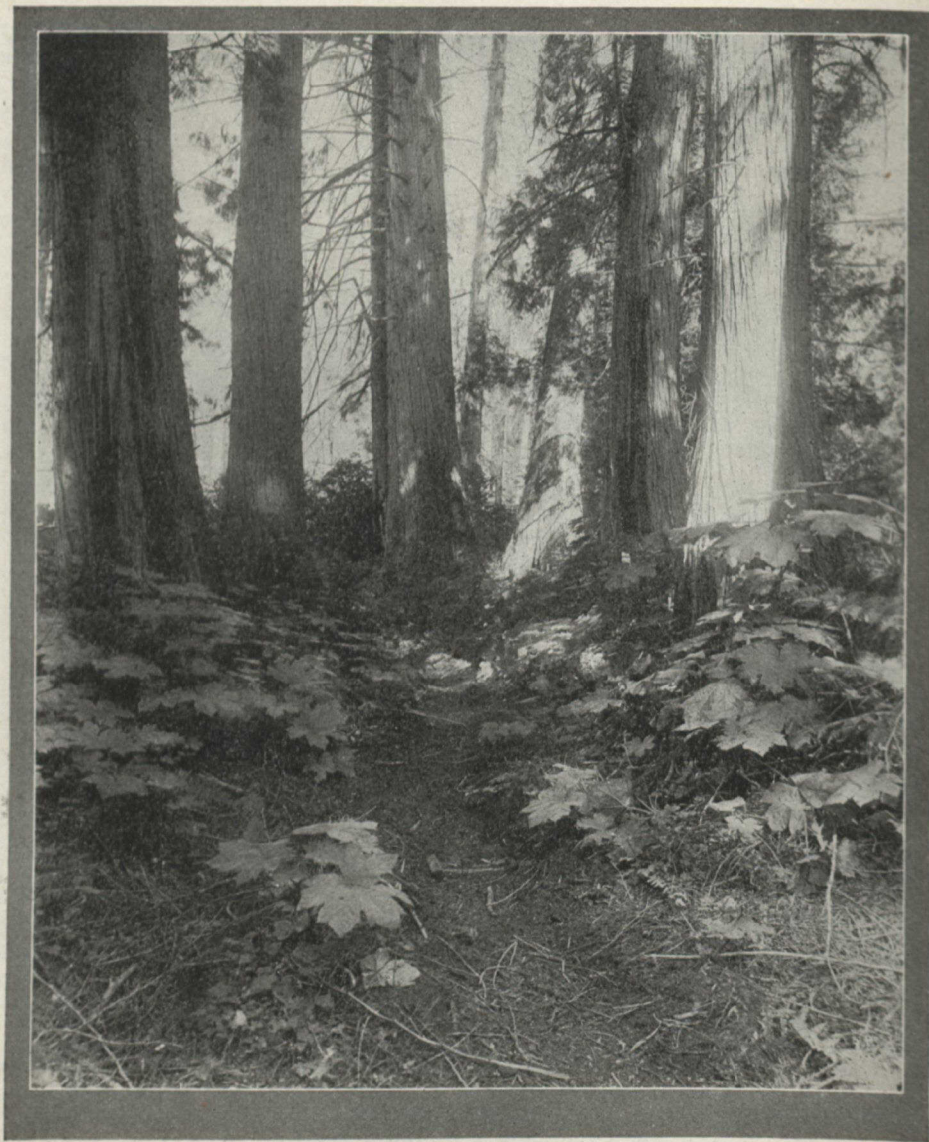
THE "FLYING TRESTLE", ON THE TRAIL TO ROBSON

the Canadian Northern, it is but four and one half miles to the base of Robson, and the trail skirts the mountain for the remaining fourteen miles. With present arrangements, the departure may be timed from the station during the morning, or even as late as noon, and camp on Berg Lake may be made on the same day. Guides and horses, and the necessary equipment, are available at Mount Robson station, so that no vexatious details need annoy the tourist and prevent full appreciation of the natural beauties flanking the trail. If he be in a great hurry, a day at Robson will suf-

the Arctic oceans—the mountain and its environment, two weeks, or months, or more, would pass swiftly away.

The camp on Berg Lake is ideally located as a base from which to cover the best of the Mount Robson scenery. Around it are ranged in a circle Mounts Ptarmigan (10,000 feet), Lynx (8,500 feet), Resplendent (11,000 feet), Robson (13,067 feet), Whitehorn (11,000 feet), and Mumm (9,800 feet), and it is a tramp of but half an hour to the three-mile-long main glacier on Robson. From base to crest the view of each mountain is clear, and no hills or valleys intervene





GIANT TREES ON THE TRAIL TO ROBSON

to render difficult a close inspection.

So easy is the ascent of Mount Resplendent that a mountaineer of reasonable experience may calculate on making the climb easily and returning to camp the same day. Mounts Ptarmigan, Lynx and Mumm are equally pleasant fields to investigate. The latter is a favourite collecting

ground for hunters of fossils, but others will essay the climb to the peak, if only for the magnificent view down over the Alberta side of the boundary. Mount Robson has been climbed by a few people, and for those whose ambition is fired by obstacles, the peak exercises a marvellous attraction. "Curley" Phillips, who ac-



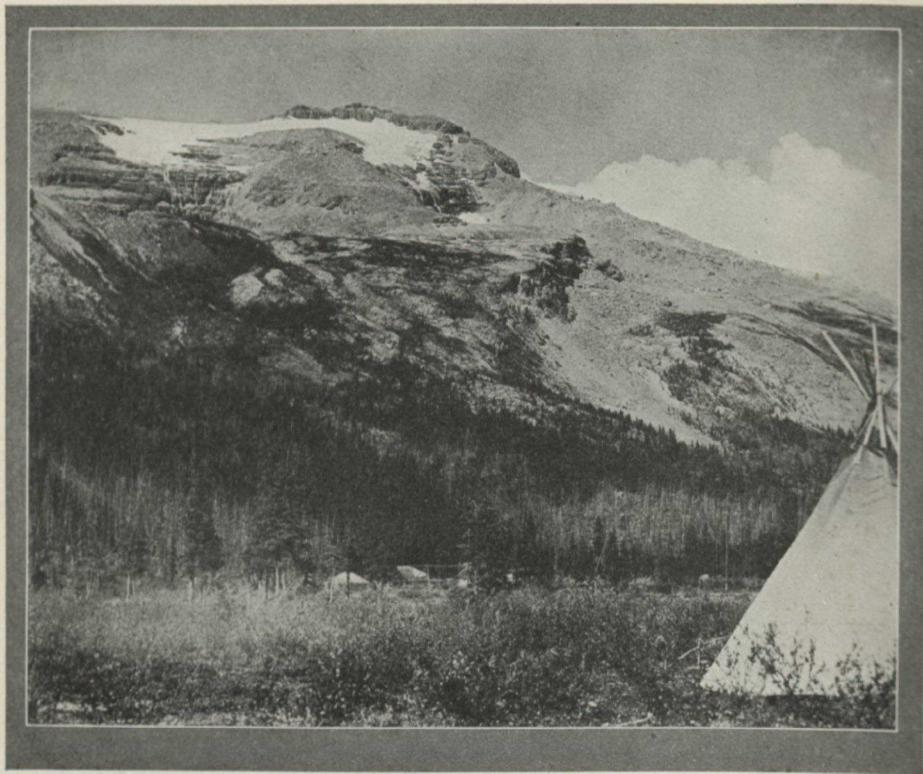


EMPEROR FALLS, UP NEAR THE PEAK OF MOUNT ROBSON



MOUNT WHITEHORN, ON THE TRAIL TO ROBSON





MOUNT MUMM, ON THE TRAIL TO ROBSON

accompanied Mr. Kinney to the summit, and the Brewsters, are available at the camp, and the information they have to give should be of inestimable value to the climber on conquest bent.

The base of Mount Robson covers thirty-six square miles, and that, with surrounding areas, has been set aside by the Government as a mountain park. In years to come, the wisdom of this action will be completely manifest. Already, although rail transportation facilities have been available for but a short time, travellers are experiencing the delights of the trail journey from the railway, and at no time during the summer months will the tourist suffer from lack of sympathetic company. Not many mountain peaks of commanding importance remain for the blasé tourist to delight in, and Mount Robson Park, because of the great natural beauties

it offers to the sightseer, will undoubtedly occupy a place in mountain climbing equal to anything of the kind in the world.

The newest line, through the Yellowhead Pass, went into transcontinental operation only last November, but the executive are already considering with a great deal of care the various plans which have been advanced with the object of making easy the way of the tourist. So are the Provincial Governments in Canada which are concerned in the development. The railway is working on the plans for the chalets which are to be erected to accommodate the travelling public. Concerning these nothing has been announced beyond the statement that they will be in keeping with the importance of a coast-to-coast line and with the surroundings of their location.



# INSTINCT

By Professor Herbert L. Stewart

"INSTINCT" is a word which is upon everyone's lips. But how many of those who use it most could say just what they mean by it? And how many could assign to it such a sense as will bear a moment's criticism, a sense, that is, which will be definite, unambiguous, really serviceable for clear thinking?

For example, one person might say that instinct is that endowment of the lower animals which takes the place of reason in man. It is a sort of divinely given sagacity which so guides a creature, unable to reflect or calculate, that it does the right thing at the right time. This view is often illustrated by the performance of the bees in collecting honey and storing it for the winter months, by the architecture of the bird as it chooses a site for its nest, lines it warmly, and hides it skilfully, or by the forethought of the dog as he buries his bone and comes to scratch for it next day. But a critic full of ideas about animal *intelligence* will at once object. He will say that the bee, the bird, and the dog are not acting upon mere instinct, that they reason about these things, and that they differ not in kind but only in degree from the most advanced of the human species. A socialistic friend of the writer held strongly to the opinion that ants surpass mankind in their political arrangements, that they set long ago

the model which we have been so slow to imitate in the co-operative store. Thus not merely the sluggard but the individualistic legislator might have been bidden to "go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise". But if you ask such a critic whether he believes, then, that there is no such thing as instinct at all, whether he regards the word as merely a name for more or less crude and uncertain reasoning, he will reply that some actions done by animals are instinctive, that it is hard to draw the line, that one might perhaps distinguish upper from baser animals, that, for example, dogs, horses and monkeys give unmistakable proof of reasoning, but that no very cogent claim could be made out for cows, mules, or hens. This sounds arbitrary and indefinite. After all it hardly tells us more than that instinct is a poor sort of thing, good enough to explain our neighbour's stupid pet, but inadequate to our own clever one.

Other persons, with a surer insight, abandon altogether the attempt to make instincts peculiar to beasts, and declare that human beings have them too. But when they try to say what it is that we do instinctively, and with what sort of action instinctive action is to be contrasted, embarrassment often shows itself. We hear of instinctive dislikes and instinctive dreads, of an instinct of contradiction and an



instinct of acquiescence, of a political instinct and a religious instinct, of a singular quality withheld from the other sex and enshrined by novelists as "a woman's instinct", of the instincts of a criminal and the instincts of a gentleman.

When the editor of a party journal sees no good way of refuting a speech that has been made on the other side, he remarks that he has no space to go into it in detail, but that the healthy-minded citizen instinctively feels it to be wrong. A financier will at times speak of his instinctive assurance that a certain company is going to prosper; the publicists say that men of British or American blood have an instinctive passion for self-government; and some theologians have claimed that belief in a divine being is instinctive to the human race.

All this is very bewildering. One and the same thing is made to explain a creed that we cherish, a feeling by which we are affected, an impulse that we obey. And the various uses of the word seem to have nothing in common except a certain negative characteristic; where we find ourselves believing that which we cannot theoretically justify, or being swayed by likes and dislikes which have no objective ground, or aiming at a project whose value we cannot demonstrate, we fall back on this invaluable word—we say that we are influenced not by reason but by instinct.

Can we not be a little more precise upon this subject? Can we not define this undoubted impulse positively rather than negatively? Perhaps nothing that psychologists have done in recent years constitutes such decided progress as that which they have done here. Now, as George Eliot has reminded us, the knowledge of the "plain man" is the rock out of which all other knowledge has been hewn. Let us begin with him. Amid all his confusions, when the plain man speaks of instinct he has in mind two features: (1) an action or tendency which is not the result of deliberate reason-

ing, (2) one which, although not the result of deliberate reasoning, is on the whole, whether in animal or in man, safe and healthy. It will be best to approach the matter from the side of the external act, and work backwards to the mental process which that act implies. We may thus detect a separate class of movement to which these two features belong, and may examine this class for any other features which specially characterize it.

(a) The first type of movement is the simplest. It is that purely physical adjustment which we make without external stimulus, as when the young infant stretches out its arm, or "crows", or when we draw air into the lungs. No consciousness of acting is required, and there is certainly no purpose in view. Nature has so equipped us that every living thing behaves in certain determinate ways, as blindly as the tides ebb and flow. This sort of movement we share with the whole animal world, right down to those lowest forms of life in which there is not even the beginning of a nervous system.

(b) The second kind of action is called "reflex". If a burning coal is brought into contact with my finger, I snatch my finger away. If I stumble in walking, I throw out my hands. If a certain delicate membrane in the nose is excited, I sneeze. Each of these movements is prompted by a stimulus from outside; herein they differ from the first class. And although they serve useful purposes, they are not carried out because such utility is foreseen. Sneezing is a relief, but the reason why you sneeze is just that you can't help it. It is not planned; it is an immediate and an inevitable response to stimulus.

(c) The third class consists of "automatic" movements. Though we may execute these, after a time, unconsciously, yet at first we had to be very attentive indeed to what we were doing; it is only through prolonged practice that such attention can be



dispensed with. As one learns to play a piano, one must at first search painfully for each successive note, just as the child in learning to read spells out the words letter by letter; but a time comes when the eye takes in a word or a whole line at a glance, when the fingers somehow get the right positions without effort. So long as you have to think of each turn and bend you are but a sorry performer. An old stanza puts this well:

The centipede was happy quite  
 Until the toad, for fun,  
 Said, "Pray, which leg comes after  
 which?"  
 It wrought his mind to such a pitch  
 He lay distracted in the ditch,  
 Wondering how to run.

(d) The fourth class, to which one had to refer incidentally in speaking of the third, may be soon dismissed. It is the class of purposive movements, where we set an aim before us, and deliberately contrive how we are going to reach it. This is, of all our actions, the most clearly understood; indeed, the danger is that we may assimilate quite different sorts of movement to this familiar type.

Now is this enumeration complete—the spontaneous act, the reflex act, the automatic act, the reasoned act? Are there any more? So far we have not named instinct at all. But take another case and try whether you can include it under any of these. A young horse is driven along a country road, where a piece of white paper is projecting from the hedge. His ears turn forward, he gazes intently, a shiver passes over him, and he bolts to the opposite side. This is not spontaneous, for it requires a very special stimulation; it is not reflex, for the co-operation of intense consciousness must be there. It is not automatic, for, on the contrary, a little practice will remove all disposition to bolt; it is not reasoned—no one supposes that the horse has argued with himself about the dangerous quality of white paper. For this sort of action the term "instinctive" is conveniently reserved.

The theory of the matter has been best formulated by Mr. William McDougall, Wilde Reader in Psychology at the University of Oxford. It amounts to this, that both in the animal world and in the human world there are certain dispositions, preorganized at birth, dispositions such that in the presence of a particular class of objects attention is fixed, specific emotion is aroused, definite action is prompted. Most of the objects amongst which we move every day awaken no great interest, stir no strong passion, suggest no special behaviour. They can hardly be said to belong to our experience at all; for our "experience", as William James said, is not all that happens to us; it is that part of the happenings which we *agree to attend to*. But there are some which make strong appeal to every aspect of our consciousness, to our knowing, to our feeling, to our willing. Mr. McDougall has got so far as to draw up a list of these primary instincts; such a list must, of course, be at first tentative; but the point of view may be illustrated by considering a few of them in turn.

Take, for example, *pugnacity*, to which the annexed emotion is *anger*. Why does the kitten, in presence of a dog, demonstrate in just the same way as a grown cat? She does this long before experience could have taught her that the two species are mutually hostile. By saying that cat and dog are "natural enemies" we mean no more than this, that the dog and cat belong each to that special class towards which the other has pugnacious instinct. Neither will behave in the same fashion towards a horse or a cow. Plainly the thing which makes the kitten raise her back and spit must be some congenital endowment. The old writers used a perfectly absurd phrase about it; they spoke of the "instinct of self-preservation". And this phrase ran riot; they used it to explain such diverse acts as the kitten's bridling up when a dog comes into the room, the horse's tendency to



swim for the shore when he is thrown overboard, the undignified twist which we all give to our bodies when we step upon a sheet of ice, the fight each one makes to get to the exit in a burning theatre, or the effort which some people put forth to collect their own debts in full before an insolvent firm compounds with its creditors. This is lumping together actions profoundly different in origin. The truth is that "instinct of self-preservation" has no existence; there is *deliberate* self-preservation, and there are instinctive acts which *subserve* self-preservation; but to sum them all together on the basis of their result is to look at them from the outside, not from the inside, to import into them, not that which passes in the agent's mind, but that which the external observer can see that the agent has effected.

"Imagine," said William James, "a kitten three weeks old reflecting about self-preservation!"

Our reason for falling into this fallacy is twofold. In the first place we tend to conceive the life of every creature that we observe in terms of our own. We see something done by a dog which, *if it were done by ourselves*, would, we think, spring from a certain mental process. We forthwith attribute that process to the dog. This is the root of nine-tenths of the nonsense that is talked about "animal intelligence". Again, we have an inveterate disposition to explain all that we do ourselves in terms of reasoning, of calculation, of foresight. Aristotle said that man is by nature rational, and this account of ourselves has so flattered our vanity that we want to think of everything we do as the outcome of our reason. But if one considers even pugnacity among human beings, is it not plain that we have in some degree an impulse to fight, not for any result that fighting can achieve, but just "for its own dear sake"? The writer of this article is an Irishman, and he expects the scoffing comment that he must have in

mind his own compatriots. He replies that the origin of this reproach is simple, for Irishmen fight so conspicuously well that it looks like native genius rather than acquired proficiency. But, in all seriousness, there is a fighting instinct, which has been made use of in many ways; especially in times of peace it has been diverted to the channel of emulation; you get here the competitive element in sport, in business, in study; you get the rivalry without which, it has been well said, three-fourths of the world's work would not be done. And is not every war, good bad, and indifferent, popular for a time with the nation that is waging it? How often has a war sprung from no impulse more farsighted than that of the cockney who says, "'Ere's a stranger; let's 'eave a 'alf brick at 'im!"

Or take *acquisitiveness*, concretely the impulse towards money-making. A thoroughly rational thing, one might say at first sight; you want money as a means to an end. What about the avaricious person, the miser who accumulates far beyond any use to which his accumulations could be put? To use his wealth is the very last thing he would consider doing. So far is it from being true that avarice is a perverted form of thrift that we might better call thrift a slowly effected rationalizing of primitive acquisitiveness. Among the instincts there is one which impels us to accumulate and store, not with any object, but just to have things. Look at the young dog that carries away a bone and buries it out of sight. His master calls this dog-reason, dog-forethought; the animal, he says, is laying up against the needs of to-morrow, just as an economical workman puts his savings in the bank. But watch what the young dog collects; it is not only eatables; he carries to his den boots and brushes, pieces of matting, penholders, books, cord. Is he providing a canine furniture and a canine toilet? It may be unfairness to the animal world which makes the



writer feel so, but he cannot get it out of his mind that the dog takes brushes not because he means to brush himself, and cord not because he wants to tie either himself or his parcels, but because he has an ultimate tendency to collect just for the sake of collecting.

One may here put in a kindly word for the "kleptomaniac". If this instinct to acquire for acquiring's sake is primitive, then its excess may explain not only the miser, but the person with an uncontrollable impulse to annex all that he or she can lay hands on. It is not fair to say that the poor person who steals is called a thief, while the rich person who does the same is called a kleptomaniac. The latter will often "steal" from himself, remove his own property, and hide it where he cannot find it. It is a genuine nervous disorder, just the exaggeration of an instinct which is present in some degree in all of us. Mr. McDougall's list contains eight or nine other instincts whose recognition lets us into some veritable human secrets. There is the *gregariousness* which not only makes birds fly in swarms, or buffaloes run in herds, but which also swells a great city to more and more unmanageable dimensions, brings a crowd of thirty thousand persons to a baseball match (though not one per cent. would go alone to see the players), makes us all choose for our walk the most unpleasantly crowded street, and congregates doctors in one part of the town. There is the *curiosity* through which a kitten pries into every nook of a new room, and through which Newton directed his telescope upon the fixed stars. If human pride is up in arms at such a suggestion, protesting that science aims at subduing nature to man's needs, it is enough to point to the sort of research with which our scientific magazines are filled. "Thank God," said the Cambridge physicist, "I have discovered something that is true, and that can never be turned to any practical purpose". Indeed, the

superior order of scientist is rather offended if you assume that he has a material advantage in sight; he works upon that which has 'only theoretical value'.

Thus the distinction between instinct and reason by which the former has been confined to animals, wholly breaks down. Man has all the instincts of the animal world; possibly he has some instincts of his own as well. The question now arises "How far is it good for us to be so constituted? In what way are our instincts serviceable, and in what way are they dangerous?"

It is clear that reason and instinct may be made to co-operate. It is the latter which largely decides our ends, it is the former which supplies us with the means. The impulse of gregariousness makes men form communities even as it makes the buffalo run in herds; intelligence invents constitutions and societies of ever-increasing complexity, by which this desire to be with one another, to share one another's joys and sorrows, may be more and more fully satisfied. The impulse of pugnacity makes of man a warrior, even as it makes the lion the terror of the forest; intelligence serves this impulse by constructing for the savage tribe more and more effective tomahawks, or by equipping a modern nation with siege guns and submarines. The impulse of curiosity sets the scientist exploring the recesses of Nature, just as it leads the hyena to sniff round and round an unfamiliar object in its path; intelligence provides telescopes of longer and longer range, laboratories better and better furnished, state subsidies of greater and greater amount. Thus to a great extent in the activities of life, while reason provides the technical apparatus, it is our instincts that drive the machine; reason distributes, *canalises*—to use a word coined by Professor Bergson—that motive power which instinct creates.

Plainly there is a danger here. Our instincts may not submit to be thus



regulated, thus canalized; the stream which when directed in the proper way will drive the mill-wheel may at times overflow its banks; just in proportion to the strength of the current is its potency for mischief if it gets out of control. Instinct in this respect resembles habit. We speak of habit as second nature; we get so accustomed to acting in certain ways that we cannot without determined effort act otherwise. And there is immense advantage in this. For what we do habitually we do easily; we need only apply to it a low degree of attention; our energies are thus economized, for we can transfer to unfamiliar tasks that mental concentration which practice has rendered unnecessary in the familiar. But the drawback of habit is that we readily become its creatures; we get into grooves and ruts. Just in proportion as we have made ourselves efficient in one mode of work we may become incapacitated for making any improvement upon that mode. You can't teach an old dog new tricks; he must do the old tricks in the old way, and if you are bent upon having new tricks done you must get a new dog. Similarly and for similar reasons, it is of enormous advantage to us that we possess instincts, for on the whole they act in the right direction, and they enable us to meet emergencies for which slow moving reason would be too late. But we have no guarantee that an instinct will stop acting just where it should. The difference between primitive and civilized life appears especially in the degree to which rational control has been established over such instinctive promptings. If we had not an instinct of curiosity we should never have explored our mysterious world; but curiosity in an extreme degree has reported itself in the corpses of many daring travellers on the Alps, and it is not long since it left its tragic tokens at the South Pole. Gregariousness makes the bees live together in hives and serve their common inter-

ests; it also makes families which might have been healthy in rural life crowd into the contagion of a city slum.

But, while these dangers have to be guarded against, it is a more pleasing task to reflect upon how much our instincts have done to help us. Take two examples, at first sight unfavourable to the view we are maintaining. What else but acquisitiveness made possible the transition from the primitive nomadic state of wandering tribes to the settled tenure of land, and the formation of stable communities? What else changed the predatory savage who would burn his bed in the morning, without a thought for the coming night, into the citizen of an industrial order, no longer depending upon the spoils of a raid, but on the gathered and protected store which his own enterprise had won from the fertility of the soil? In the absence of this instinct, how fearful must have been the waste of nature's resources; where everyone lived simply from day to day, little effort would have been made to make the most out of the means of production, and to economize the treasury of the earth. Or consider that other instinct, a very curious but a quite genuine one, the "instinct of self-display". You see it in the prancing horse, the strutting bantam, the grinning monkey. Like vain children these animals insist on calling attention to themselves; they show satisfaction when they are watched.

It is surely, then, a merciful arrangement by which we, no less than the animals, have these "blind" tendencies, impulses that on the whole guide us well, make us notice the things which are important to our interests, make us feel pleased or displeased with what is good or bad, make us act in ways that work for life long before we know the reason why. They are among the weapons with which we fight our battle with circumstance, and they are not the least serviceable in our armoury.



# COLOURED THINKING

*By Professor D. Fraser Harris*

TO the student of the mind almost nothing is surprising as regards either the modes of its working or the extraordinary character of its productions. Amongst the more recondite of its workings are coupled or dual sensations. The invariable linking together of two different varieties of sensation is known to the learned as synæsthesia. We have instances of this sort of thing when a sound, an odour, or a taste immediately calls up a colour. These coloured sensations are not by any means so extremely rare as might be imagined. Thus certain persons when they hear a particular tone on the organ or on the violin, or listen to human voices, seem to hear the notes coloured—red or blue or violet, as the case may be. The actual sound heard invariably arouses a mental picturing, a peculiar but quite unmistakable sensation of red, or blue, or violet. Vowel sounds are particularly liable to call up colour-sensations; a certain French gentleman, for instance, always heard the sound of the vowel *i* as green, *i.e.*, he saw green when the sound (not the thought) of the vowel *i* was present to his mind. Associations between sounds and colours seem commoner among the French than among people of any other nation, to these they have given the expression "*L'audition colorée*".

But coloured hearing is not at all unknown to Britons, although the more reticent and less introspective British do not say so much about it. The modern French poet J. A. Rimbaud has a poem entirely devoted to the colour associations of the vowels. Two excellent instances of coloured sensations are described in his "Problems of Life and Mind" by the late Mr. George Henry Lewes, well known as the first husband of "George Eliot". Two brothers of the name of Nussbaumer experienced invariable associations between sounds and colours. Voices and certain definite musical notes aroused particular colours, and conversely certain colours always called up the same sounds. Blue, yellow, brown and violet were the colours seen; black, white, red, green were never experienced. Several more recent cases are reported by Professor Albertoni of Bologna. In those the hearing of *do* (C) was always associated with blue, *mi* (E) with yellow, *sol* (G) with red.

The same writer reports the still more extraordinary case of two persons who, being read-blind, were unable to appreciate or correctly name the note G. This is the converse of synæsthesia, the absence of an auditory perception in consequence of the absence of the perception of a particular colour (red). Red-blindness



is called Daltonism, because Dalton, the pioneer English chemist, was the first person to describe (1794) the inability to distinguish red from its complementary green. Hence this very rare condition, which was discovered by Albertoni, has been named auditory Daltonism (Daltonismus auditivus).

A few years ago Monsieur Peil-laube, editor of *The Revue Philosophique*, reported on four persons who had well-marked coloured hearing for vowel sounds and organ notes. He called attention to cases among musicians of definite associations between not only certain notes and the sounds of musical instruments and colours, but also between whole pieces of music and colours. Gounod, for instance, endeavouring to express the difference between the French and the Italian tongues and giving his preference for the former, used the language of colours: "*Elle est moins riche de coloris, soit, mais elle est plus variée et plus finé de teintes.*"

So much for chromatic sensation. Let us now notice the psychologically more curious condition still, namely, coloured thinking proper. It is a matter of sober fact that there is a small minority of people perfectly healthy in body and mind who cannot think of (visualise) anything without its being present to them in some sort of colour or other. They think in colours. Chromatic mentation this might be called. Coloured concepts or psychochromes are what are present in these persons' minds. It was the anthropologist Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., in his "Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development," who first studied this condition in any way exhaustively. He divided people who exteriorized their thoughts into "poor visuals" and "strong visuals," and he called these persons "seers" who tend to project their thoughts outwards and to picture "things" (concepts, ideas) vividly to themselves. The mental picture so exteriorized may or may not be col-

oured: our present study is of "seers" who have coloured concepts, who are coloured thinkers. Thus, four persons within the writer's knowledge conceive of "Monday" as yellow, gray, blue, and green respectively. This is true coloured thinking. Some persons who think in colours refrain from confessing the fact under the impression that it is something to be ashamed of, since it is possibly a childish survival. Now, in all probability, if an adequate study could be made of so-called childish survivals, a very great deal of interest and instruction for empirical psychology would arise.

It must not be imagined that those who are coloured thinkers are constantly plagued with vivid day-dreams of coloured phantasmagoria. Coloured thinking merely means that many, it may be all, of their mental images are normally coloured in some way or other.

One man of science known to the writer always thinks "one hundred" as dark brown; to him "a hundred" could not be pink or white; the very idea of the word "hundred" is to him essentially and unalterably a dark brown one. Similarly, to this person each hour of the day and night has a colour of its own. The hours p.m. are as follows: One o'clock, brown; two, yellow; three, white; four, black; five, brown; six, white; seven, magneta, red; eight, black; nine, yellow; ten, black; eleven, green; and twelve, yellow. To this "seer" 1 p.m. is unthinkable as white, or 3 p.m. black. To certain coloured thinkers all words, as regards colour, are either light or dark. Thus Cairo and Constantinople are light, Rome and London dark.

As one might expect, those words which themselves name colours, or which name an object of a definite colour, are in thought always appropriately coloured. Naturally the word white is white, black black, brown brown, and so on.

But such a word, e.g., as "crocus" is white to a particular coloured



thinker. But crocuses are yellow as well as white, yet this "seer" always thinks of the *word* crocus as white, for it is the word and not the image of the flower that is visualized, and any given word has always the same chromatic association.

It is not surprising that some of this curious subject should have found its way into modern fiction. In the psychologically interesting novel "In Subjection," by the gifted writer Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, there is more than a passing allusion to the psychochromes of the heroine, *Isabel Seaton*. We are told that the vowels a, e, i, o, and u have in her mind the colours green, blue, white, orange, and purple respectively. Even w and y are not left out in the uncoloured cold, for w is red and y yellow. "Ever since she can remember," the days of the week have been associated in *Isabel Seaton's* mind with colours. Thus, Monday is green; Tuesday, pink; Wednesday, blue; Thursday, brown; Friday, purple; Saturday, yellow; and Sunday, white. Furthermore to this percipient the odd numbers have cold colours (gray, black, blue and green), while the even numbers have warm colours (red, yellow, brown, pink, purple and orange). Nor is this all, for in her thoughts persons well known to this authoress are invariably associated with certain colours which have nothing at all to do with the colours most often worn by those people. *Isabel Seaton* has, then, coloured concepts, but she also has coloured sensations, for in her case a soprano voice calls up the ideas of pale blue, green, yellow or white; contraltos pink, red or violet; tenors various shades of brown; basses black, dark green or navy blue.

Perhaps the earliest allusion in literature to this sort of thing is the case of the blind man described by John Locke, to whom the notion of scarlet was "like the sound of a trumpet". Here the notion of a colour called up a sound, or rather the sound took the place of a colour. The

dreams of the congenitally blind fall into this category; they dream in terms of sound or smell or touch or the muscular sense instead of the visual.

As to the colours seen in coloured thinking, both those in the spectrum and those that are non-spectral occur. The latter include white, black, gray in all its varieties, scarlet, cream, brown, crimson, pink and purple. The present writer has examined the psychochromes of two men, one woman, and one child, with the result that the relative order of frequency of occurrence of the colours begins with white and follows with brown, black, yellow, green, blue, red, pink, cream, orange, purple.

We may now ask the question, What manner of persons are they who think in colours? The reply is a most consoling one, for has not Galton said that coloured thinkers "are rather above than below the intellectual average". What percentage of the total population are coloured thinkers we have yet insufficient data to determine.

In concluding we might inquire into the characteristic features of coloured thinking as made out by the one or two who have studied this obscure department of empirical psychology. In the first place, these associations have been formed at a very early age. Mr. Galton's correspondents wrote: "Ever since childhood I have always seen. . . . As far back as I can remember I have always seen," and so forth. In one case, associations between colours and hours of the day were fully formed before the percipient was five years old; in another case colours and days of the week were associated before seven years of age.

The second point which may be said to be a distinguishing feature of coloured thoughts is their well-marked individuality, their unsharedness, to coin a word. For instance, the vowel is yellow to one person, black to a second, brown to a third, blue to



a fourth, green to a fifth, and, finally, "French gray" to a sixth.

One seer always thinks of Thursday as white, another of it as black, a third as brown. There is nothing like any agreement between different coloured thinkers as to the colours they attach to the same word or "thing". Here, if anywhere in matters mental, we have an "infinite variety".

The third characteristic is the extreme definiteness in the minds of seers as to the precise tint, shade, or tone of colour visualized. It might be thought that colours linked to things so intangible as concepts would be vague, hazy, difficult of verbal description; but as a matter of fact, it is exactly the reverse. The coloured thinker is not content with saying that Sunday is yellow; he must call it a "pale canary-yellow". He says September is steel-gray, not merely gray. He distinguishes between dull white, gray white, silvery white, and so on. A French seer thinks the vowel e gray-blue; another thinks s lemon-yellow, and not any other tint. The degree of chromatic precision which is given by coloured thinkers to the descriptions of their visualizings is as surprising as anything else in this mysterious subject.

Although so definite and even in some cases vivid, those coloured visualizings never become hallucinations; the reason for this being, to put it very briefly, that they are thoughts and not subjective sensations. They are rare mental occurrences but not abnormal: they belong to the physiology, not the pathology of mind.

The fourth distinguishing feature is that the tendency to coloured thinking is hereditary—"very hereditary" Mr. Galton puts it. On this point all who have studied this condition are agreed. The ability to think in colours is not produced by education, by any external or environmental influences. Coloured thinkers on looking backward can nearly always find that a parent or more remote ancestor also

possessed the faculty. But even when they cannot prove the hereditary source of the ability, they have no doubt in their own minds that the ability or propensity was innate; and not due to any outside influence whatever. "Nature, not nurture," to use Galton's phrase, has been the cause at work here.

The last feature of these coloured concepts is their unchangingness through life. It is the universal confession that the particular colours attached to certain thoughts appear to the percipient at the present time exactly as they have always appeared to him: they have undergone no change during a lifetime. It may be otherwise full of changes. As Galton expresses it, "They are very little altered by the accidents of education". Just as apparently their origination is not due to the influence of the environment so the environment exercises no modifying influence over them as life proceeds: in other words, they are unrelated to the environment.

It may finally be asked if we have any explanation to give of the causal conditions of coloured thinking; why colours at all, and why particular colours, have come to be associated with thoughts in the minds of only a few persons. The reply to this is that we have not. The very arbitrariness of the association defies theoretical explanation. It has been suggested that some coloured picture book in early life may have been the agency at work in giving chromatic character to certain words and objects. This will account for the origin of only a very few coloured concepts. In a very few cases some environmental agency does seem to have been operative, as in one case known to the writer in which the notion of February is white. Here the earliest February remembered was a snowy one; now as snow is white, February ever afterwards came to be associated with whiteness. But this kind of origin is found to have been



the case in extremely few persons who are coloured thinkers. No common origin of external source can make one person think of August as white, another brown, another crimson. If August is white to one person because it is the month of white harvest, then it ought to be white to all persons capable of receiving impressions as to harvest colours at all. But to the vast majority of people it is the supremest nonsense to talk of August as having any colour, and to the few who think it coloured it has not by any means the same colour.

It might be thought that the colours attached to the individual letters of a word would, when mixed together, yield the colour attached to the concept of the entire word. Only in a few accidental cases is this so. In the majority of words the colour of the entire word has no relationship to the colours of the component letters. Thus the word Tuesday is white for a certain coloured thinker for whom t is blue-black; u, gray; e, brown; s, yellow; d, brown; a, white; and y, yellow—colours which when mixed together could not possibly yield white. Nor do the physiological theories of colour-vision throw any light on the matter, although they have been ex-

haustively examined with this end in view. To enter even on an outline of these hypotheses would lead us too far into biological technicalities.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that the tendency to coloured thinking is an innate mental capacity analagous to the artistic, the musical, the mathematical, or other inherited forms of genius or disposition. The different kinds of genius are notoriously not conferred by training or education; if not inherited they cannot be acquired. Precisely the same may be said of coloured thinking. Chromatic conception is not an activity of the ordinary mind; neither is genius. It is not in the ordinary type of mind, but in the slightly aberrant, that the more recondite problems of mental physiology present themselves to receive that adequate study which can alone lead to a satisfactory explanation of their causal antecedents. Coloured thinking is as much a phenomenon of nature as is the rising of the sun or the falling of the tide, and we doubt not that in due time science will be able to explain the mental with as much precision and conviction as she now interprets the physical, for all the cosmos, microcosm and macrocosm in her parish.





# ANOTHER PATRIOT GENERAL

*By the Honourable William Renwick Riddell,*

IN *The Canadian Magazine* of November, 1914, appeared an account of Thomas Jefferson Sutherland, a General in the "Patriot" army of 1838. The following article deals with his comrade Edward Alexander Theller, who hated and despised him and was hated and despised by him in equal measure.

Theller was born in Colerain, County Kerry, Ireland, January 13th, 1804, of a good family; he received a good education and distinguished himself as a linguist; even as a youth he became proficient in French and Spanish, an accomplishment that was to stand him in good stead in later life. At a rather early age he came to the United States, but retained to the end his love for his native land and (what he considered a necessary corollary) his hatred for England and all things English.

When the time came for him to elect his allegiance, he became an American citizen, formally forswearing all allegiance to the King in whose dominions he had been born. About 1824 he came to Montreal, where he studied medicine. A fellow student was Dr. Chénier, who was to become a prominent leader in the Rebellion in Lower Canada and to die in battle at the Church at St. Eustache. Some say that Theller was for a time a member of a free love community in New York State.

Theller practised medicine for a

time in Montreal and also carried on a drug store in partnership with Dr. Willson, after whose death he married his widow, Ann Pratt, a lady of some means, daughter of an English gentleman. He seems to have been convinced of his success as a medical man, especially in healing cholera.

His residence in Lower Canada increased rather than diminished his hatred of Britain; and in 1832 he removed from under the flag, settling in Detroit, which had been visited by an epidemic of cholera. Both in that year and in 1834, in another epidemic of cholera, he did good service as a physician.

A man of much energy, he prospered financially and in a few years he was the owner of a wholesale grocery store and also of a drug store; he was as well a physician in active practice in partnership successively with Dr. Lewis F. Starkey and Dr. Fay. He became one of the most prominent supporters in Detroit of the "Patriot" cause; and when an invasion of Upper Canada was planned in the winter of 1837-38 he was chosen as Brigadier-General to command the first Brigade of French and Irish troops to be raised in Canada. The "Sympathizers" were firmly convinced that it only required a force of invaders to appear, to cause the Canadians to rise *en masse* against the supposed tyranny of Britain. Theller, indeed, continued to believe that



excepting the Orangemen, "the vile Orange faction", and the Family Compact there were very few loyal Canadians. He writes: "Nor did I meet during all my stay in Canada with but two Roman Catholic Irishmen who were loyal or wished well to the British Government". He seems never to have heard of the Irish Roman Catholics of Peterborough, who marched from that place to Toronto in the depth of winter to offer their services to the Governor.

Theller was determined not to violate the laws of the United States by taking any part in levying a force or joining one in the United States. Taking advice from the United States District Attorney, he considered that joining out of the United States, an expedition which had come from there, even though it might have been previously and unlawfully set on foot within the jurisdiction of the United States, was perfectly legal and did not violate the American statutes. Accordingly, upon the day agreed upon for a rising opposite Detroit, he crossed over to Canada in a ferry boat and landed at Windsor.

The "rising" did not rise, and after a wordy encounter with the redoubtable Colonel Prince, Theller returned to Detroit. This was not the first that these two met nor was it to be the last time. Theller had previously been the cause of Prince being arrested in Detroit for a debt alleged to be owing to an Irish servant for wages; and the men were bitter enemies. Prince he describes as follows: "Dark and mysterious, cruel and vindictive, plausible but to deceive, he spared neither money, nor time, nor art to crush the spirit of reform and blight the hopes of the friends of Canadian independence". Prince in turn describes Theller as a "d——d piratical scoundrel".

An invasion was then planned from Gibraltar, about twenty miles below Detroit, and Theller made his way thither, still determined not to join the force or do anything except be-

yond the legal jurisdiction of the United States; so far, however, as his "advice was of service it was freely tendered and accepted"; this he calls being "nicely scrupulous about the law", but many a man has been hanged for less.

He crossed over from Gibraltar in a small boat into British waters and took command of the stolen schooner *Ann*. The following day, January 9th, 1838, when discharging the cannon with which the *Ann* was armed, he received a blow on the head from the recoiling gun that felled him to the deck and down the hatch-way into the hold. Before he could recover himself, the *Ann* had been captured by the gallant Canadian militia. Stunned and senseless, Theller was dragged out by the victors, and upon partial recovery he found himself and his comrades under the charge of Lieutenant Baby. He was taken to the hospital, and when enjoying a refreshing and invigorating sleep was awakened by a kick on the ribs from his ancient enemy Colonel Prince, who ordered him to be tied and taken to Fort Malden.

Next day, tied two and two and thrown into the bottom of a wagon, Theller and his captive comrades were sent off to Toronto, accompanied by a strong guard of soldiers and a dozen of the St. Thomas volunteer cavalry riding alongside and going ahead as scouts. The officer in charge of the escort was found to be an old acquaintance of Theller's, Dr. Breakenridge, who had studied his profession in Detroit in the office of Dr. Fay, Theller's former partner. But Breakenridge was "the son of an old revolutionary Tory" and "was well worthy of his sire"; and "this most ungrateful wretch", although Theller had "for months saved him from literally starving", treated the prisoners even worse than his instructions from Prince warranted.

After a tedious journey of five days they reached London, an "apparently flourishing village . . . on the



River Thames". Ten days in the London gaol passed before an order came for Theller and some others to be taken to Toronto. On this journey the prisoners were not tied.

The cavalcade passed through Brantford and Hamilton, and at length arrived at Toronto. The last words Theller heard before passing through the prison doors came from a "decent-looking man": "Bad luck to your impudent face, you bloody Yankee! I hope I may never see you come out of that place until the morning you are to be hung".

On March 24th, 1838, he was presented with a copy of an indictment for treason and on April 6th was called to trial. Mr. Hagerman, the Attorney General, and Mr. Sherwood prosecuted, and the sole defence was that Theller was not a British subject but an American citizen. The Crown admitted that he was a naturalized American citizen, but claimed that "once a subject always a subject" and that he was still a British subject. The facts were proved, and the jury speedily gave their verdict: "If the prisoner is a British subject, he is guilty of Treason". Theller and some American writers preposterously contended that this was a verdict of acquittal; but by the law of England (then and until 1870) and by the law of Upper Canada, the prisoner was a British subject; and he was rightly convicted. Mr. J. E. Small, one of the leaders of the Bar and some time Treasurer of the Law Society, assisted Theller in his defence and remained his staunch friend. Theller describes Hagerman—"Handsome Kit"—as "a large man with an unmeaning, bloated countenance; his nose had been broken but whether in a midnight brawl or not I cannot say, but it gave a hideous and disgusting look to his face"; Sherwood was a "sprout of revolutionary Toryism"; Chief Justice Robinson guilty of "strange perversion", and the jury "all a packed jury of tories"; the law "unjust, tyrannical and barbarous".

On April 10th he was called up for sentence; the sentence was, of course, that he should be drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle and hanged a fortnight thence, and that his body should be given to the surgeons for dissection.

The execution of Lount and Matthews he saw; he arranged with Dr. King "an alderman and an Irishman too" for his burial in the doctor's "own family burial-place in the Catholic burying-ground". Thinking his petition to the Governor would be futile, he prepared for death. Sir George Arthur, however, determined to reserve his case for her Majesty's pleasure by reason of the great legal questions involved. Theller, it is true, and those who accept his statements as gospel, say that his reprieve was due to a fear that the Irish troops would mutiny if he an Irishman were executed while the sentence of General Sutherland an American was commuted—*credat Judaeus Appella*.

On St. George's Day, Theller's faithful wife left behind at Detroit, came to Toronto from Lewiston by the American steamer *Oneida* and made her way to the gaol, while friends who were to present a new petition to Sir George Arthur were hastening to Government House. They soon brought the good news that those whom the prisoner calls "the tyrant and his minions of the perjured wooll-sack and the Council" respited him from immediate death. It was currently reported that at the first petition the Council was equally divided, two for reprieve and two opposed, including "a bloodthirsty old Scotsman, Allen or Billy Allen as he was called, . . . who was decidedly for hanging and quartering and could not be persuaded to yield a jot . . . one of the Council, the Honourable Mr. Draper (Solicitor-General) being absent on the London circuit". However that may be, the second petition was successful.

Shortly afterwards he was visited in prison by the Honourable Aaron



Vail, who had been commissioned by the American Government to look into the situation of the American prisoners, but he could afford no relief.

An outbreak of smallpox induced the Government on the representation of "Dr. Widmore (i.e. Widmer) a good, kind-hearted man" to weed out the prison, and on May 15th some fifty-five prisoners were released after entering into recognizances to keep the peace for three years. Some returned to their Canadian homes; but "most of them preferred to leave the country, property and all and go into the United States". Next day orders came to remove Theller and others, twenty-five in all, to Fort Henry, Kingston. Escorted by a guard of negro volunteers, the unfortunates, chained two and two, were taken by Sheriff Jarvis to the Steamer *Commodore Barry* and huddled in the after part of the boat, closely penned in and still in chains.

A plot to take possession of the steamer and run her into Sackett's Harbour came to nothing, owing, Theller says, to Sutherland's cowardice. After remaining in Fort Henry overnight, Theller and the other nine American prisoners "were again placed under our sable escort and marched . . . to a boat," to be taken through the Rideau Canal to Lower Canada. Changing boats at Bytown (Ottawa), they made their way down the River to "Granville" (Grenville); then marched across about fifteen miles to Carillon and embarked on another boat, which took them to Lachine. At Carillon a negro soldier who had "been a slave in Kentucky, from whence he had run away" was drowned, and all Dr. Theller's efforts at resuscitation proved fruitless.

From Lachine they went by barge to Montreal and were incarcerated in the new gaol. Theller gives an interesting account of the conduct of the crowd who watched their March from the River to St. Paul's Street and from there to New Market and thence

to the gaol: "The most abusive epithets against ourselves and country were made use of; such as d—d Yankees, sympathizers, pumpkin-eaters, wooden nutmegs".

The fare in Montreal gaol was an admirable contrast to that at Toronto: "Roast and boiled, fish and flesh, fricassees, ragouts, patés, innumerable, and even the *coup d'appetit* in the shape of good rum was not wanting. Brandy, gin and wine of all sorts and qualities were set on; and we poor hungry, half-starved wretches thought it must be queer fare to have in prison". It was no wonder that they thought "old Kidd, the jailer in Toronto, would stare could he but see such a table . . . or Molineaux, his deputy, the old skunk". But this food was not the regular gaol fare; it was a present from the political prisoners, "lawyers, notaries, priests, seigneurs and other wealthy landed proprietors". These prisoners also sent what they could spare of their clothing, such as shirts, drawers, stockings, shoes, which were much appreciated by the half-clad Americans.

The stay in Montreal was short; the prisoners were taken by boat to Quebec. They were put in the hold of the vessel, as the owners, John Torrance & Company had given orders that the cabins were not to be polluted by the presence of any Yankee brigand. Touching at Three Rivers, a copy of Lord Durham's Proclamation was procured. Theller did not think anything would come of it in the existing miserable state of Canada. At Quebec they were lodged in the Citadel. An order came to send Theller to England, but in October he managed to effect his escape with several others. After lying concealed in Quebec for a short time, friends took him, along with Colonel Dodge, across the River and finally across the line.

They then went to Augusta, Maine, sailed thence by the Steamer *Vanderbilt* for Boston and thence to New York, where they met William Lyon



Mackenzie and several Patriots who had just arrived from exile in Bermuda.

Theller attended and addressed meetings with Mackenzie in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore in favour of the Canadian rebels, but the news from Canada was discouraging, and sick at heart he took his way homeward by the great western route, the national road. Crossing the State of Ohio to Cleveland, he took the stage for home, travelling day and night to prevent the utter folly of a proposed invasion of Western Canada from Detroit. He arrived in Detroit December 4th, 1838, too late to check the invasion which had already begun and which resulted so disastrously for many of the invaders.

On the second day after his arrival he was arrested to answer to an indictment which some of his friends, during his imprisonment in Canada and with a hope of procuring his extradition, had caused to be found against him for breach of the neutrality laws of the United States. In the following term, June, 1839, he was acquitted; perhaps the fact that the presiding Judge was Ross Wilkins, who had taken quite as active a part in the Patriot movement as Theller himself, may have had something to do with this result.

During the summer of 1839 Theller started a daily paper, *The Spirit of '76 or Theller's Daily Republican Advocate*, which he published for about two years; it had also a weekly edition.

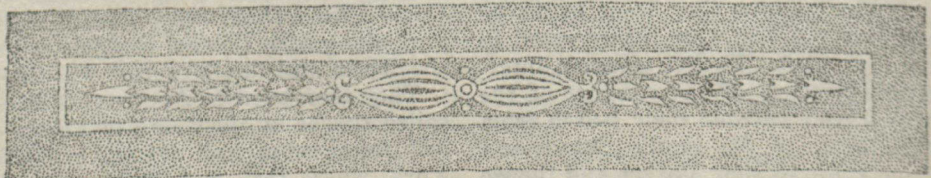
In 1841 he published a book in two volumes, "Canada in 1837-38", which contains a history of the rebellion and

especially his own part therein. It contains a good deal of "fine-writing," much gasconading, much evidence of hatred of Britain, but little of value historically or otherwise. Unlike Sutherland's production, this work is quite common.

The cholera was raging in Buffalo in that year, 1841, and thither Dr. Theller went and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1849, hearing that there was in Panama an epidemic of yellow fever, he made his way to that city. He was met there in 1857 by Mr. Kingsford, who in his "History of Canada" gives an account of the meeting. He was at the time keeping the Cocoa Grove Hotel in the suburbs, a most beautiful spot.

He went from Panama to San Francisco, where he started and edited *The Public Ledger* and afterwards *The Evening Argus*. He died at Hornitos, Mariposa County, California, May 30th, 1859, in his 56th year. One of his sons who was in the United States Army was killed by the Nez Percés in 1877; the other two both lived in San Francisco; his only daughter married F. X. Cicott of Detroit and died in 1865 while her husband was Sheriff of the County, leaving a number of children.

Theller was "plump, full-figured, black-haired, with blue eyes, straight well-formed nose and high forehead, and about five feet six inches in height"; believed himself to be like Napoleon both in person and in genius, with a magnetic tongue, "an Irish enthusiast for anything opposed to Great Britain, a native born Fenian". So say those who knew him; but withal he was a kindly soul, with an open heart and hand for the unfortunate.







THE BOAT-LANDING

From the Painting by  
Franklin Brownell, a Canadian Painter  
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club







# CANSO AND HAZEL HILL

By *W. Lacey Amy*

IT was not the most favourable conditions under which to make the acquaintance of any town—a tumbling boat of ninety small tons beneath me, seemingly ill-fitted to cope with the swell and roar of the stormy waters of the straits; a drizzling mist that developed into a heavy rain and blotted out everything but the crude, blank, staring things of nature; the waning light of a day that had started before 4 a.m., and had, in the fourteen hours afterwards, included a forty-two-mile coach drive, a two hours' wait at an uninteresting station, and five hours of train and boat. Naples might languish under such a burden. Certainly Canso did.

A low gray loom through the misty rain, and then a bare gray tumble of rocky coast, surf-lined, and nothing more at first. A tall white steeple, bayoneting the sky, crept round a point, high-placed on a bare hill-top. Lower down a lighthouse came dully over the rocks and pushed its feeble gleam into the drab fog. Farther westward a lonely mast shot up above an island, tilted a little, telling the victory of wind and wave that had driven it upon the shore. Through a narrow passage between the sullen out-lying islands we slowly drifted, and within the harbour made two right-angle turns before reaching the wharf. Canso was in no hurry to disembark us.

From the water it was a very long town, and very narrow, as if each house begrudged another a place beside the water that gave them their living. In architecture they did not struggle with one another—drab, plain and unpretentious, content that they were part of Canso, the cod-fishing centre of "the Eastern". Only here and there a larger structure told of public affairs independent of Canso and its cod—a school, a church or two, the post-office. And down beside the water the one big industry of the town, placing Canso outside the list of mere fishing villages, the warehouses of a government-fed institution, with a cold-storage plant, which carries "fresh" fish across the continent. The rest was but a mass of drab, with indefinite lines of windows and flat roofs, through the fog. But there was no drabness down the "tidle," the narrow harbour wherein lie the life and commerce of Canso. There row after row of fishing-boats tied up to the wharves faded into the distance as an indistinct blur of upright points.

But fog and rain did not dull Canso's nightly entertainment. The wharf was crowded. The *R. G. Cann* was Canso's little touch of outside world, its daily dissipation, its purveyor of mails and visitors and floating bits of gossip denied the mails. Every morning, in the early light, the





A SCENE ON THE WHARVES AT CANSO

boat draws out for Mulgrave, thirty-five miles away to the north, to pick up connection with the outside. Fishermen lounged about the wharf in yellow slickers fresh from the sea, and the townspeople wore waterproofs—or stood calmly in the rain. Umbrellas are for places where water does not enter so seriously into the life of the citizens. To a gentle, white-bearded man I delivered my baggage and wandered up the pavementless streets to the hotel.

At the best of times Canso is not pretty. The builders of it cared for nothing but the fish; their descendants are worthy of followers of the same idea. To make Canso beautiful would be to translate it to another region, and to deprive it thereby of the things that count for much more than beauty. Rock is everywhere, cropping out through the thin soil in all sorts of inconvenient places. Streets stumble and clatter over rock that will

never wear out—that will never permit waterworks or sewers. A telegraph company was inaugurating its service by incessant blasting of rock to give foothold to the poles. It is a town without water or light or sewerage—lights were about to be installed—and yet a town of a couple of thousand people, whose forefathers had lived on these rocks a half century before an invisible line was cut through North America. Old rusted lamp-posts still stand awry about the corners, the remains of a lighting system this generation does not know. Streets wander without regard, but to the path of least resistance. Shops are splattered in disconnected locations without favouritism to any street. There is no business centre, no residential suburb, no slum. It is all Canso, a unit that looks anxiously out to sea to catch the first glimpse of the returning fishing-boats.

But whatever its location may de-





UNLOADING A TRAWLER AT CANSO

prive it of is made up for by its honourable, steadfast history. For almost two centuries there has been a Canso—away back in 1720 they locate its natal day—and it has been a life of struggle and danger and sorrow. The French kicked it about persistently within the first century of its career, and during the war of 1812-1814 the United States found it an easy mark on which to vent their spleen. It never seemed worth protecting, and the British left it to filibustering foreigners.

It is different now. Canada's first move in recognition of possible war was to despatch a detachment of regulars from Halifax to those rocky shores. And within three days of the declaration of war a large boatload of militia and guns drew warily into the tortuous channel and unloaded its bristling freight to back up the regulars already there. For Canso stands high with the authorities to-day.

Through its two cable stations Canada touches hands with Europe. Through Canso runs the thrill of big transactions, of world-stirring news. Canso has entered the council of nations. Two miles westward a model town tells of conditions manufactured to overcome local inconveniences. Hazel Hill, with its eighty telegraphers and their families and the other requirements of what is said to be the largest receiving cable station in the world, is definitely placed to be the antithesis of Canso—uniform architecture of some ambition, scenic surroundings suitable to residence, green grass and trees, entertainment, and everything to make the life of the operators pleasant. Hazel Hill is Canso modernized—without the qualifications that brought Canso into being long before cables were even dreams.

Its age brings to Canso more than memories. Even to-day it is content.



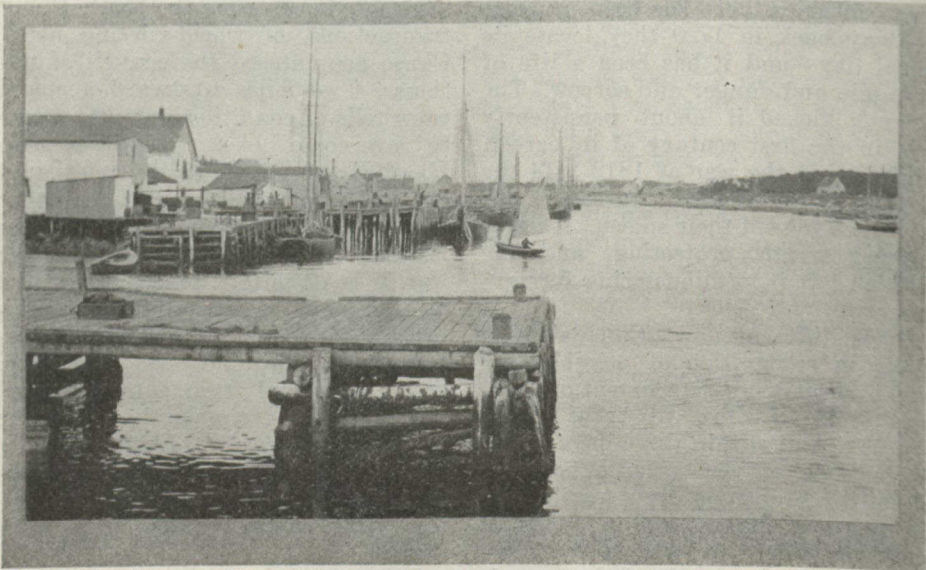
Hundreds of its people have never been outside its limits—old men and women whose ancestors ran to cover many a time at sight of a French frigate or an American privateer. Hazel Hill is foreign travel to some of them. They are content to die without hearing the rumble of a train. Into the career of a woman of sixty has come one big event—a visit to a neighbouring fishing village, five miles along the coast, in honour of the opening of a new church; and she talks about it yet. One of the top-notch families first sailed into Canso harbour a little more than a hundred years ago, while on the way to Labrador. It stopped there. To-day a descendant is the local squire and landed proprietor, owner of the largest wharf and largest store, a man who condescends to receive the visitor who is sufficiently recommended.

Communication with the outside world is uncertain, with the unreliability of water connection. At times the straits are full of ice, or a southeaster rages up the Atlantic. Then the only way out is by a long, dreary

route up the shores of Chedabucto Bay, a terrible trail in winter, where strong men numb in the heavy gales and ruthless, unimpeded snow.

There is a reckless tang in the life of the cod-fisherman that makes Canso the centre of stories of daring evasion of the law. Nowhere east of Halifax is there license to sell liquor—but the French island of Miquelon is only a few days away on the coast of Newfoundland. It is not too far for the venturesome fisherman, and the excitement of liquor-running repays the risk. They tell of the skipper who long made profit of his daring runs across the south coast of Cape Breton. But the authorities interfered. They awaited his return one day, and laid heavy, gleeful hands on him as he entered the harbour—only to find an empty hold. They were still cursing as his brother sailed in a couple of hours later with deep-sunk hull—filled with the load transferred ten miles out at sea. And many times thereafter it was transferred before official wits got working.

They narrate with many a laugh the adventures of an illicit distiller



ALONG THE "TIDDLE" AT CANSO





THE COD FLAKES AT CANSO

whose plant on a neighbouring island was surrounded one night by revenue officers. The moonshiner managed to escape by a flying leap through the window. The officers, sure of their quarry, took their time loading the outfit into the man's own boat, and then set out to beat the island. But their prey escaped through their lines to the laden boat and calmly pulled away with both boats, leaving them marooned and helpless, watching him from the shore.

It is along the wharves you hear these stories. For there you find the life of Canso. The village itself is but a sleeping-place for this living that throbs along the water's edge. There they work and play and live their social life. I passed among them for days, with the freedom a stranger nowhere else feels. They are eager to talk, to answer questions, to offer trips to the fishing-grounds. They also wanted to be photographed. One easy group of three, lounging on the

deck of an isolated boat, sprang below at the first sight of the camera, to return in a minute with—hats, one a very pale pearl, and another a stiff black. And yet, uninteresting as they now were, they had to be taken. A fisherman sculled me across the tiddle that I might take his boat, the largest in the harbour, in full swordfishing attire, one member of the crew in the cross-trees, one in the "chair," another with the float ready to cast. Still another skipper begged me to wait until he had daubed a few bare places with fresh paint. On that Saturday afternoon they were industriously shining up, for their affection for their boats is undying.

Up against the Corporation wharf lay an ugly gray steamer, an English trawler, its 134,000 pounds of haddock running over in heaps on the deck, a dirty, slimy mass hauled up perhaps a week before from the ocean bed by huge nets and rushed at the limit of time to the cold-storage plant to be





A STREET IN CANSO

Showing the rock upon which the town is built

turned into the market as fresh fish. The fishermen eyed it askance, the stale fish an eyesore in their sight. And they told me angrily how that load of three thousand dollars, caught any time within the week, brought the catchers a higher rate than did their daily-trawled fish, given straight from the sea into the hands of the merchants. The clumsy English trawlermen, working to the point of exhaustion under the goal of a percentage and swift-moving machinery, sent basket after basket ashore all day long, and left at the end for another sweeping of the depths away up through the straits in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Now and then a schooner or a "vessel" drifted into harbour, and along the wharves the fishermen stopped work to guess the business and name of the newcomer. One was an American swordfishing boat, and a deputation left immediately to learn the luck, and the whereabouts of the swordfish. But most of the lazy boats that blundered in, and wheeled about anchor in mid-harbour to the flapping of sails and the creaking of anchor chains,

were Lunenburg fishermen, doomed by shortage of bait to await a new supply. Some of them lay there a week, a dead loss to the owners, and still no herring to sell them.

Out on the tiddle in boats, and along the wharves, boys frolicked and fought and raced. Three little fellows, scarce able to toddle, launched a big dory undisturbed, to give chase to a toy sailboat carried into the tiddle by the wind. From a snubbing-post a current of naked youngsters plunged into the dirty water, some stopping before each dive to cross their foreheads with hurried hand. A tottering old fellow tried to explain to me the characteristics of a "pinkie" that lay near, an old boat that had just been brought from "the Western"; and a younger fisherman dared to maintain that it was a shallop. I left them arguing the relative merits of the sharp stern and the blunt, each adhering stubbornly to the things of his age. And all about was the overpowering odour of fish.

It was the life of Canso down there, Canso concentrated, packed into the narrow border of a narrow harbour.



At night it rained; rainy nights are not unusual in Canso. The rain falls with a persistence that defies defiance from the inexperienced. Through the open windows of my room I could hear but the murmur of a few muffled voices from the street. From somewhere downstairs a metallic piano—the first I had heard for weeks—drummed out the good old tunes that have stirred the throng for many a year. The window-blind flapped drearily in the wind, and a boat whistled suddenly from the harbour and pulled to rest beside some dark, deserted wharf. And after the piano became silent and the voices had long since ceased, I sat by the window and listened to Canso's own heartbeat—a foghorn from a distant lighthouse, thickened by the blank gray fog, and dreary bell-buoy that gloomily wafted its warning on the varying wind, always low, always menacing; and over it all that dull boom of dashing surf on the islands outside. Canso was asleep at last to its own lullaby.

## THE RECRUIT

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

HIS mother bids him go without a tear;  
 His sweetheart walks beside him, proudly gay,  
 "No coward have I loved," her clear eyes say—  
 The band is playing and the people cheer.

Yet in his heart he thinks, "I am afraid!  
 I am afraid of Fear—how can I tell  
 If in the ordeal 'twill go ill or well?  
 How can man tell how bravely man is made?"

Steady he waits, obeying brisk command,  
 Head up, chin firm, and every muscle steeled,  
 Thinking, "I shot a rabbit in a field  
 And sickened at its blood upon my hand."

The sky is blue and little winds blow free,  
 He catches up his comrades' marching song;  
 Their bayonets glitter as they sweep along—  
 ("How ghastly a red bayonet must be!")

How the folk stare! His comrade on the right  
 Whispers a joke—is gay and debonair,  
 Sure of himself and quite at odds with care;  
 But does he, too, turn restlessly at night?

From each familiar scene his inner eye  
 Turns to far fields by Titans rent and torn;  
 For in that struggle must his soul be born,  
 To look upon itself and live—or die!



# ME AND MATILDA

*By Jennie Zelda Karlan*

**M**ATILDA, who is my sister and *was* my housekeeper, had insinuated all along that matrimony should always be the chief end of a curate. Her insinuation, I thought, was confined to curates, for she was forty-five herself and still a spinster. Not that she had never had an offer. More than once had she experienced real romance, so she assured me, and she seemed never to forget it. But one day, as I casually observed the rector wearing a pair of wrist-bands she had knitted, I wondered why she had shifted from socks for soldiers. So I began then to put two and two together, and to conclude that I was not after all the sole object of her attentions. However, I hadn't yet thought that I might have been, all along, an obstacle to her own prospects, that a small measure of charity at home might have sent her forth in a new frock and added the necessary hair to the turning of the scale. Nevertheless, whenever she dropped a stitch and looked at me over the rims, I knew what to expect, just the same as I knew on that wet morning when she opened the conversation with much gravity, saying:

"People wonder at it, Hiram."

In a frivolous mood she would have called me Hire.

Perhaps it would have been con-

siderate of me to tell her that their wonder would soon be at an end, but even I myself scarcely realized that during the service of the previous morning the sight of a sweet face, of Margaret Moore sitting in a pew, had caused me to break in the chant and slight the pronouns in the prayer. As a matter of fact, I was unconsciously coming into the belief that for me, after all, matrimony was the solid rock. So I suffered Matilda to continue, as the needles clicked faster and faster.

"They say you're a little behind the times, Hiram," she said. "Now, to my notion, a bachelor curate cannot feel his dignity. Think how nice it would be, for instance, at a social gathering or a funeral, to say: 'My wife is of the same opinion as I'; 'this is my wife, Mr. Justice Fairbanks'; 'Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Hawkins'; 'My wife always coaches me in my sermons'; then, turning to her, 'don't you, Margaret?'"

Margaret! Ye Church at Ephesus! Had she read my thoughts? I almost gasped the name before her lips had completed it. I rose and stood before the window. A carriage stopped in front of the house. Man and curate that I was, I saw bewitching ankles, above which dainty frills and laces were cautiously held, pick their way across the wet pavement. I raised



my eyes and saw Margaret Moore ascending my very door-step.

Matilda received her.

A few minutes later I was told that the young lady wished to see me—alone.

I admitted her to the library.

She appeared to be slightly nervous; but in that she had my entire sympathy. When she began to speak she blushed freely. I must confess that my own cheeks burned.

"I want you to help me," she began.

I grew in importance immediately.

"Yes, I want you to help me; I want you to make me happy. I have a \_\_\_\_\_"

She hesitated and blushed, I thought, even more deeply than before.

"He's a soldier now, you know," she went on, taking out her knitting.

"I don't see him much since he enlisted," she continued, "but he's confided in me. You see, he wants to get married right away, and there's a difficulty."

"But *you're* willing enough?" I asked, hoping that she was not.

She glanced round the room, and drew her chair closer to mine.

"It's not that," she half whispered.

"Your parents object?" I ventured.

She drew her chair still closer.

"We haven't told them yet."

"Yet he has proposed marriage?" I said.

"Yes, but he may not be accepted."

"Do you think it's fair to keep him in doubt?"

"But there's a difficulty."

"Is it pecuniary or position?" I asked, with a sense of real embarrassment.

She leaned over so that my ear was level with her lips. Then she whispered in a tone full of contempt:

"His colonel objects."

Then she knitted with much spirit and waited for me to reply.

"What regiment is he in?" I asked.

I was told the very one for which I am acting as chaplain.

I straightened up and looked down into her great pleading eyes, which seemed so beautiful that I nearly forgot myself.

"It's rather serious," I at length ventured.

She agreed that it was.

"But I don't see how I can assist you."

She took a letter from her pocket.

"You see, you \_\_\_\_\_"

She hesitated, looked around the room again, drew her chair still closer to mine. Again I stooped till my ear was level with her lips. Honestly, it was too near; I shouldn't have allowed it, being still only a curate, not a bishop. I should have summoned Matilda.

"Could you not speak to the colonel?" she pleaded, looking up at me in a most bewitching manner. Then she added, with a pout, "You being the chaplain."

All the time, I was hoping the colonel would never relent, but I stammered out something to the effect that I would see what I could do.

"It would make us both so happy!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "oh, so happy!"

"I'll speak to the colonel," I said.

"I must confess that my enthusiasm was not unbounded. How could I, who was head and ears in love with Margaret myself, intercede successfully in behalf of another? But I suppose that is one of the trials that we chosen ones must undergo.

Having gained my consent to intercede, Margaret began to ask questions about myself, about my work; and then she took my breath away by suddenly demanding why I had not married earlier in life.

"Am I so old and hopeless?" I asked, with at least a pretence at despair.

"She blushed and looked even more charming than ever.

"Oh, by no means," she replied, and then I fancied I saw something in her look.



I am not the first man who has fancied he has seen something in a woman's look.

Margaret lingered for a few minutes, scanning the titles of the books, and then she left promising to return in a day or two to hear what success I might have.

I saw the colonel that very afternoon. He dared to say that the matter could be arranged, making my heart fall. And when Margaret came back, the very next day, I told her what the colonel had said. She threw her knitting to one side, clasped my hands in hers and held them for a long while.

"I'm so glad," she said, in a low, contented tone, "so glad!"

"And what is to be *my* reward?" I asked, merely for the sake of saying something.

"You shall be invited to the wedding."

"But may I not have at least the honour of marrying you?"

"*Me!*" she exclaimed.

"I wish it were *you*," I stammered. "But I mean the honour of performing the ceremony."

"But I'm not to be married," she said, laughing up at me and increasing slightly the rich colour of her cheek.

"Then who in heaven's name is?" I demanded.

"Why, Jack, of course."

"What Jack?"

"My brother."

"Not Lieutenant Moore?"

"Certainly."

"Why, he was present when I spoke

to the colonel."

"Whatever did you say?"

"I merely said it was someone you were interested in. Oh, well, it's all right, I suppose."

"Perfectly all right."

There was a long pause.

"Then *you* are free," I said, taking her hand.

"I always have been," she replied.

"Then you've been free long enough," and I took the desperate chance of drawing her closer to me.

Just then there was a rap on the door.

"It's Matilda," I whispered. "What had we better do?"

"Don't you think it would be a good way to announce it?" she said archly.

"Capital," I replied. Then to Matilda I shouted, "Come in!"

Matilda opened the door. She stood for a moment transfixed, and then suddenly her knitting fell to the floor.

"Hiram!" she exclaimed.

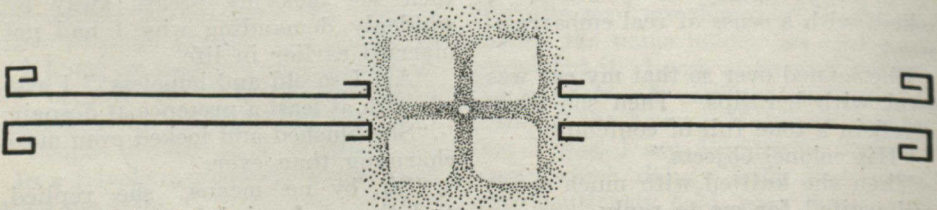
In a more frivolous mood she would have called me Hire.

"Yes, Matilda?" I replied, still holding Margaret in my arms.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

"It means," I said, "that in order to prevent a scandal in this house, you must bestow upon us your blessing."

All I need add is that she bestowed it, and that when I left the room five minutes later she and Margaret were knitting as if the whole army depended on their efforts.





# RUHLEBEN,

## A CIVILIAN PRISON IN GERMANY

*By E. J. Flint*

**I**N July, 1914, I went to Winnipeg for the purpose of meeting my husband on his return from a trip to Europe. I received word, however, that he was "unfortunately detained another two weeks", but would sail from Trieste at the end of the month; that there was some talk of war, but he "guessed it would amount to nothing". After that I heard nothing more for almost two months. I was frantic, as the papers were full of the war and the ruthlessness and vindictiveness of the Austrian and German soldiery.

About the end of September a brief note came from my husband stamped with United States stamps and postmarked Washington, D.C., and across it was the inscription "Received in the Diplomatic Pouch from Germany". In this letter my husband wrote:

"I am well. Don't worry about me, as everyone is courteous and I have nothing to complain of but my lack of liberty. I am free to stay at the hotel, visit cafés and theatres, and walk about the parks so long as I report twice daily at stated hours."

At Christmas some returned American tourists (detained till then owing to the unsettled condition in Europe) brought news at first hand which was substantially the same.

In February I received several let-

ters from Germans written to me personally and kindly on behalf of my husband to say he had been arrested, as had all men of fighting age of British birth, that for a week he had been in the gaol at the city of Chemnitz, on the Austrian border, that there he had been sent under guard to Leipzig jail and thence to Berlin. Then I heard from another German whom I knew at the university that I should not worry about my husband's internment in a Berlin prison as they were "the finest in Europe—clean, airy, comfortable", and that the inmates were treated with great leniency and kindness; and furthermore, that it was through the thoughtfulness of the German military authorities that these civilians had been interned for the winter months in these comfortable prisons instead of being housed in tents outside the city. The letter follows:

"You should indeed be grateful to the German Government that, in this time of stress and anxiety over this wicked attack by England, she should take such thought for the comfort and health of her enemies. You will see the justice, too, of your husband's internment when you think that no Britisher was interned in Germany till all our German subjects were interned in England and Canada. We have not interned women, while you are allowing delicate, refined German women to die uncared for, but by rough guards, in your Canadian and South African prisons."



I soon found that this was not true, and I marvelled that educated people in Germany should believe without proof what was printed in their papers.

My husband spoke in the one card I received from him direct from the first prison that he had written several times and that he was still well. More than that he was not allowed to say.

On March 15th he was transferred to the Ruhleben camp, and from then on his condition has steadily improved. We have taken up the matter of his exchange with everyone we thought or hoped could effect it, but to no avail. The unaltering answer always is that so long as he is well and of military age he cannot be exchanged.

From my husband's letters and other sources I have formed some idea of the camp. The property used to be a race-course, with accompanying buildings. Underneath the grandstand, where there used to be a restaurant, they have now a post-office, and one can find there also a cobbler, barber, dentist. In one corner a man may be playing a cornet, while in another corner another man may be practising on a violin. In the centre a group is frequently seen trying out a scene in the next play to be enacted.

The stables are used as dormitories. A box-stall that used to accommodate one horse is regarded by the German officials as sufficient for six men.

Again my husband writes:

"On arriving from Berlin I found the place a sea of mud. I immediately purchased from the canteen a pair of boots with wooden soles an inch thick. They are not uncomfortable with two pairs of socks, and they keep my feet dry. They cost me one dollar. The canteens are fairly well supplied and the prices not exorbitant, considering all. But the amount we are allowed to spend each day is limited, so that no one can 'speculate in necessities', I suppose. I have been allotted to the 'tea house,' a large bungalow much like our own home, with its red roof, pillars and large verandahs. On the whole the in-

mates are a fairly decent crowd, and there is in the camp plenty of fine musical, athletic and chess talent. So that on the whole, I think, I shall rather enjoy it for awhile. We are permitted to receive all letters, I believe, and may write two letters and four post-cards a month, all of which go and come without postage through some treaty of exchange. We are allowed the use of the race-track for games, and have organized soccer and cricket and chess and card clubs.

"Some of the concerts are really very fine and the plays put on by the men are as well done as I ever saw them. The senior officials are courteous and obliging. Our 'duties' are light, but are required at odd hours. We clean house from four to eight a.m. in the dark, and then loaf the daylight away. The greatest danger is of mental and physical stagnation under these conditions of foodstuffs. Fortunately all parcels so far are allowed into the camp, and societies have been organized in London to aid in the sending of food and clothing and comforts to the prisoners, both civil and military. The diet, as given to me, consists of the following items: At 8 a.m., one large cup of coffee, made from an essence extracted from nuts and grains, with no milk or sugar; at 9.30 a.m., 225 grains of prison bread (about a three-inch cube of dark sodden brown bread in which rye, flax and potatoes have been added to the ordinary brown flour); at noon, one ladleful (two ordinary soup-plates) of vegetable soup, made from potatoes, turnips and carrots, and flavoured with the meat left from the soldiers' dinner of the day before; at 5.30 p.m., two cups of tea or cocoa, without sugar or milk. Butter, milk, sugar, and eggs are forgotten luxuries. Twice a week each man could have a piece one and one-half inches long of either sausage or maps (boneless rolled smoked fish). Anything more than this allowance must be bought at the canteen. Those prisoners who had money, or could get it sent to them, bought from the canteens, eggs, till the supply gave out, sausage, milk, tea, sugar. For those who had not money, the British Government makes an allowance of \$1.25 a week, which is to be repaid.

It was not until the fall that I had further news of the Ruhleben camp, and then word came from three sources. The first was Ambassador Gerard's reports, which stated that after ten months' co-operation between the German guards and constables (unarmed) elected from among the prisoners, it was decided to try out a system of self-government within



the camps. A captain was elected for each barrack, and a captain chosen for the camp, to whom the barrack captains were to report and hand over each night signed slips accounting for all their men. German soldiers were, of course, stationed outside the high camp fence, which is surmounted with barbed wire.

Since this civil administration has been in effect no serious misdemeanours and no escapes have been reported. The petty officials, who annoyed their prisoners by frequent mean advantage, were done away with, and the food, though still poor and insufficient, became more palatable. A prisoner who has been exchanged gave me a list of provisions supplied, saying quietly, "You see how scanty our diet was and how necessary it is for Canada and our friends to send added supplies through the American Ambassador.

Early in 1916 my husband wrote me that he had been outside the enclosure once during the year he had been there, when he, with thirty others, had been allowed to pull the milk wagon into town.

"During the year our condition has materially improved. A fine library of 4,000 volumes has been installed, each man contributing. A good picture-show, where first-class films are shown, was built, also a Young Men's Christian Association. It is a pity there were so many restrictions put on the use of the association at first, for it was sorely needed, and would have been such a boon to us all. Shower baths have been put in, in the bath-house, and every man is required to take a weekly bath. Splendid schools have been started, where the illiterate are forced to attend, and this is supplemented by a fine course of lectures by some of the clever men here (several of them are Rhodes scholarship men) and outsiders (Germans and Americans). I myself am taking courses in telegraphy and electricity and law to help pass the time and because it is interesting to me. However, the lack of privacy makes it hard to concentrate.

"As to clothes, you would be amused if you could see some of the men here. I remember not long ago when at a concert a well-known violinist, who was caught here en tour at the outbreak of the war, took part, serenely oblivious of his short running trunks, soiled shirt and bare legs.

My own clothes were hanging together with string and safety pins till your parcel of clothing came. Sir Robert Borden, in behalf of the Canadian Government, has sent in my care twenty-seven parcels containing socks, flannels, shirts and sweaters, all of good quality. The men were very glad indeed to get them. Several of the Montreal and western churches have sent Christmas parcels of good things to eat in which were extra socks and shirts. In fact, just before Christmas, I am told, more than 1,000 parcels a day were received here. By this generosity everyone received Christmas cheer. I have been able to rig up wet cell batteries in our box (you know I left the 'tea-house' long ago and am much more comfortable now), so we are not now in the dark from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m., and we have been allowed to get our trunks from various parts of the country where we had been first arrested. The police station isn't nearly so much in use these days of self-government, and the negroes and boys are put by themselves in separate barracks under strict supervision. At first it was all one jumble, each with his straw-filled sack mattress two feet from the next man, irrespective of age, colour, or character. Now we are allowed, within limits, to choose our environment and companions, to have garden plots, if we so desire, to wash our clothes, or hire someone here to do them in the 'wash-house'. We have a camp newspaper. We have fairly good hospitals for the sick men. But at best it is a long, tiresome wait. Each day is like the next, so that literally, but not in truth, the meaning of *Ruhleben* (live restfully) comes into one's mind."

It is to Ambassador Gerard, Captain Powell and Baron Taube and Count Schwerein that much of this improvement is due. Ambassador Gerard would, if he could, have released many of the weaker ones. There are men on crutches in the camp, and others who do not speak English, being sons of Englishmen who have lived for many years in Germany, have married German women, but who have never become naturalized citizens and others not forced into military training.

This *Ruhleben* camp is surely a monument to British honour. No such prison has ever been established, and it is no wonder the Germans point with pride to it, failing to see that it is the outcome of the type of prisoners and not of German efficiency.



# THE CENSOR IN GERMANY

*By Professor F. V. Reithdorf*

THE population of Germany is not allowed to tell or even to hear or read the truth, therefore the average German is unable to understand the situation of the Fatherland or to comprehend the distress of the nation as a whole. The observations of the average German are restricted to a very small area. In that area he may see heart-rending poverty and feel the relentless oppression of the authorities. But generally he will conclude that his and his neighbour's is an exceptionally unhappy lot, that elsewhere in Germany there is happiness and content. He reads his newspapers, and every one of them—no matter if Conservative or Radical, if Liberal or Centrist—contains nearly the same picture of prosperity and happiness and enthusiasm for the war and loyalty to the Kaiser and the other reigning princes. It is a deceptive picture. How is it that it is painted every day by the press of all parties?

The stenographic minutes of the Reichstag of January 18th, 1916, give an explanation. On that occasion a number of deputies who are able to gather bits of information and put them together in a mosaic picture took the Government to account for the high-handed act of the censors.

The following excerpts from their speeches are taken from the *Fraenkeische Tages Post*, of Nuremberg, Bavaria. (The newspapers of Bavaria

enjoy exemption from censorship, excepting military newspapers):

"The symbol under which we are meeting," said the Social Democratic deputy, Dittmann, "is the muzzle. The muzzle put on the Reichstag. Here is the proof: [The speaker showed a report of the proceedings of the Reichstag contained in the 'Volksblatt fuer Holle']. In such a way are the speeches made by us mutilated by the censor. The white spaces you see contained the words by which Mr. Simon [another member of the Reichstag] criticized the Imperial grain board last Thursday. The people may not learn what has been said in the Reichstag. Such an outrage is unconstitutional because the constitution of the Empire explicitly allows the publication of correct reports on the Reichstag meetings.

"In the districts of many army commands the people are not allowed to manifest Social Democratic opinions or utter Social Democratic demands. The newspapers of our party in many places are censored before they are published. Every day our editors must make guerilla warfare against the censor for every word. It is said that there exists only a military censorship; but, in fact, it is a political censorship. Every part of public life, politics, business, arts, science, literature, every-day life of the citizens, whatever exists has been submitted to the censor, who acts like a bull in a china shop. Even the Conservatives [the party of the Junkers] complain about the censorship.

"The National German Metal Workers' Union has been enjoined to state the fact that manufacturers tried to cut down the wages and to make worse the other conditions of labour. And this order has been especially approved by the Prussian war department.

"Newspapers have been forced to re-



print articles of the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" [semi-official organ], and even of the "Taeglichhe Rundschau" [Reventlow's jingo paper]. The meanness and malice of this performance becomes evident by the fact that the press at the same time is forbidden to state the source of the articles which it is forced to publish. This is the most monstrous violence done to conscience; this is political immorality of the highest degree. The censorship tries to deceive friend and enemy and to create the impression that it does not exist. At the same time there are army corps districts in which every advertisement is censored before the newspaper may be issued. In the district of the Seventh Army Corps every line is stricken out that hints at the existence of the censorship.

"Even freedom of speech is curtailed. The speakers must beforehand submit the manuscripts of their speeches. One member of the Reichstag has not been allowed to make a report on the August session of this body [In Germany it is the custom that members of Parliament give their constituents an account of the stewardship after every session]. Deputy Audrick, representing the third district of Brunswick, has been forbidden to mention in any way that he had been forced to submit the manuscript of his speech to the censor and has been threatened with punishment. The military governor of Strassburg did not even permit the Landtag [Legislature] to meet until he was assured that it would not talk politics.

"The Deputies Fischbaeck [Radical], Stresemann [Liberal], Mertin [Moderate Conservative], Heine [Social Democrat], and Waldstein [Radical], criticized the censorship more or less sharply. Heine, who, besides Scheidemann and David, leads the majority of the Social Democratic Reichstag, members who continue to vote for the war credits, stated that a man has been arrested at the beginning of the war, and is still kept in prison, although he is unable to learn why he is held."

Mr. Dittman said that the editor of the *Volksblatt fuer Halle* was told by the local censor that the Prussian war office had ordered part of Mr. Simon's speech stricken out, and it continued: "So you have striking proof that the rulers of the country trample down the constitution".

Here Deputy Dittman was censored by Vice-President Dove of the Reichstag because he used too harsh words. But Mr. Dittman kept on exposing the official system of perverting the

truth. He compared the promises of liberty and equal rights, made to the people by the Emperor and the Chancellor at the beginning of the War, to the existing conditions; he reminded his hearers of the solemn assurances by the highest military command of the "workers," that the declaration of the martial law would be repealed as soon as the mobilization of the army was completed. Mr. Dittman said: "But the martial law continues to be in effect—after the completion of the mobilization". The executive power still rests with the military commandants, who usurp more and more powers. Instead of by law and order, we are arbitrarily ruled by dictators of unlimited powers. These conditions are not caused by a series of blunders, but by the whole of the existing system."

Being a Socialist, Deputy Dittman protested primarily against the oppression of the Social Democratic party and their newspapers. He said:

"Ministerial Director Sewald, representing the Imperial Government, kept silent to these accusations. By his silence he pleaded guilty. Every German Reichstag deputy who intends to make accusations against the government, informs the government beforehand, and thereby enables it to get all the information necessary to refute it."

In spite of this Mr. Sewald was unable to deny the statements of Mr. Dittman and the other speakers.

There is only one part of Germany—Bavaria—where the true report of parliamentary proceedings may be published. But in Bavaria there are only a few financially strong newspapers who have their special Reichstag correspondents in Berlin, the rest of the newspapers are served by the semi-official Wolff News Agency, which does not mention anything not approved by the authorities.

The Bavarian newspapers which are willing to print correct reports of the Reichstag proceedings or other events have many difficulties to overcome. They cannot get true news by wire or mail. Every telegram is cen-



sored, every letter must be open when it is mailed. If the contents of a letter are deemed obnoxious, the censor is not always content to delete the letter wholly or partly, but sometimes he causes the writer to be prosecuted.

The Laudgericht (Supreme Court) at Breslau did pioneer work when nearly thirty years ago it sentenced the late Deputy Liebknecht (the father of Dr. Liebknecht) to three months in prison for *lèse majesté*, not because the accused had offended the Kaiser, but on account of the *dolus eventualitis*, i.e., because Liebknecht should have known that some of his hearers would believe he intended to offend the Kaiser, if they misunderstood him. Half a score of years ago Mr. Marckwald was sentenced to two years in prison because he had published in *The Keonigsberger Volkszeitung* an article on the Prussian Queen Louise, who was dead nearly eighty years. The article did not contain anything that had not been written before by historians of standing, even by such as Treitschke.

Marckwald was found guilty because according to the opinion of the court the dignity of the reigning Kaiser Wilhelm was hurt by the truth about his great-grandmother, and because a man opposed to the Hoberzollerns had certainly the intention to defraud the Kaiser.

Now, on such grounds every utterance disagreeable to the government can be punished, even during peace; and the judges have the means to do it. The Deputy Westernenzen of Wurtemberg and several other men and women who caused the distribution of a pamphlet demanding an early peace were indicted for high treason. If they want to, the authorities are able to inflict the death penalty on such "high traitors". As far back as in the 80's of the last century the German law courts created by a perverse interpretation of the law the *Ambulante Gerichtsstand* for newspapers and other printed matter; and

accordingly the editor of a newspaper or the author or publisher of any other printed matter can be indicted and tried for the contents of the newspaper by every court in the district of which the publication has been distributed.

But German officialdom is not content with supressing the truth. It creates falsehoods and causes them to be circulated. Only one instance out of many cases!—*The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, recognized organ of the German government, of January 8th, 1916, contains the following: "According to the letter published in *The Neue Zuericher Zeitung*, the parcels containing fats which were sent through the Swiss post-office in Germany during the holidays (Christmas week) have not been delivered as addressed, but have been sent to the central office at Berlin. This measure, which apparently is a social one, because the Government does not allow that certain classes of people 'swim in fat' while others starve and have nothing to eat but potatoes and bread, has been denounced by the Zurich paper *Volksrecht*."

This article was an incautious one. The *Volksrecht* is a Swiss newspaper and not subjected to the German censorship, and therefore was able to nail down the lie by the following sentences:

"That is the limit. Of all this stuff there was not one word printed in our paper, as all our readers can testify. Why such false tricks? May the 'Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung' make use of them because it is protected by the censor from an answer in Germany?"

In this special instance, the matter is of very little importance. *The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* wanted a pretext to praise the great care taken by the German Government of the interests of the poor masses. To get the pretext it lied. Now, if they lie even regarding such small matters, will Germany allow the truth to be told where her serious interests are at stake?



# FUTURIST POLITICS

By Main Johnson

AN IMPRESSION OF THE POLITICAL CONVENTIONS AT CHICAGO

## SYNOPSIS IN VERS LIBRE

Pompeian vases, eight feet tall.  
Alice Roosevelt Longworth.  
Blacksmith at the forge.  
Live elephants on the march.  
Rain.  
Rain.  
Rain.  
Eating.  
Drinking.  
Swish of automobiles.  
Preparedness.  
Lincoln.  
Bellboys calling futilely.  
Swirl of Lake Michigan.  
Senator Borah's braided locks.  
Policemen omnipresent.  
Straw hats swooping through the air.  
His mother came from Georgia.  
Hyphens.  
Umbrellas inside out.  
Perpetual scribbling.  
Utter noise of humans.

IF here are still any theorists who claim that *vers libre* and futurist painting are exotic and artificial forms of art, with no real necessity or reason behind them, they should have been in Chicago during the month of June, at the conventions of the Republican, Progressive and Woman's Parties. There they would have met a subject whose treatment by conventionally artistic methods would be hopeless. Only a complicated, emotional, impressionistic style would serve at all to describe the scene.

The only possible painting which

would truthfully and adequately describe that week in Chicago would be quite as confused and just as incomprehensible as any of the futurist paintings in their most involved stage, like Wyndham Lewis's "Portrait of an Englishwoman," or Henry Wadsworth's "Cape of Good Hope," a mere hodge-podge of lines, curves and angles.

The only possible writing which would honestly describe the convention period would be a jostling list, a mixture of Homer's "Catalogue of Ships," Whitman's "Salut du Monde," and a selection from the Imagists.

In spite of the difficulties, however, let us take the dangerous course of trying to give an impression of American political phenomena, not only in *vers libre*, as we have already done at the beginning, but, more difficult still, in ordinary prose as well.

St. Louis had a convention also, but it was only a one-ring circus compared to the show at Chicago, which had three main rings, and a score of smaller circles, all in fermenting action at one and the same time. St. Louis, compared with Chicago, was as simple and as peaceful as Ancient Greece compared with modern America.

Although the avowed purpose of all the conventions was politics, the significance of the events far transcend-



ed merely political considerations. Chicago at that time was the gathering-ground of the American nation, and if ever one could see a great race of one hundred million people in miniature at one time and in one place, one could see it then in Chicago.

It was not only accredited delegates who attended. Nor was it simply men who were there. The Woman's Party, formed in Chicago at their convention, attracted women from all parts of the country; there was also a group of women delegates at both the Progressive and Republican conventions, and thousands of other women, who had no real part in the proceedings, accompanied their husbands for the holiday trip.

It was not only politicians who were there. Artists and men of letters congregated in the city: some actually to paint or describe the scenes; others merely to feel themselves swirled about in the maelstrom, and to gain fresh impressions from events of such colour and virility. Winston Churchill was there, and Irwin Cobb, Edgar Lee Masters, Samuel Blythe, and Alfred Krembourg; Helen Keller and Inez Mulholland Boissevan and Rita Childe Dorr. Society people crowded in—the Belmonts and the Roosevelts and the Longworths, the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Potter Palmers, the McCormicks and the Clarks.

There were other types almost unknown in Canada—the sort of people whom we see on the stage here, and laugh at as mere caricatures, but who we found out in Chicago were real folks—old men, for instance, with beards almost down to their waists, with queer ancient straw hats, bulging green umbrellas, and variegated carpet bags. There were negroes from the South, smart New Yorkers, cowboys from the plains and verdant Californians. The conventions, in short, were gigantic national picnics.

Canada hasn't any such picnic—a lack to be regretted. There are certain features in American politics

which we justly dislike, but at least they provide, every four years, a meeting-ground for a very large number of their citizens, and, in that way, strengthen the national unity. Our Canadian people have practically no opportunity to get acquainted in such an informal and friendly manner. The assemblies and conferences of our churches, as, for example, the Presbyterian Assembly, which met in Winnipeg in June, are probably our nearest counterparts to the American conventions.

Physical confusion is the outstanding fact in American politics, as exemplified by the conventions, and emphasized on this occasion by a four days' deluge of rain, sweeping in from Lake Michigan, and accompanied by a Saskatchewan-like wind. There is mental confusion too, but the thinking is much clearer, and the arguments much more logical than one could believe possible in such a hot-bed of excitement and topsy-turvydom. This is another difference between American and Canadian politics. Here, alas, we have our full share of mental confusion and loose thinking, but we are almost entirely devoid of the physical confusion. Our crowds are not as large; they do not gather together in one place so much, and when they do come they are not so demonstrative as they are in the States.

As a sample of supreme confusion, take a peep into the Congress, Blackstone and Auditorium Hotels in Chicago during the conventions. The barbariously luxurious Congress, strewn with monster Pompeian vases, like those from which musical-comedy goddesses always emerge, was the headquarters of the Republicans; the artistic and refined Blackstone was the centre of the Woman's Party, and the usually dignified Auditorium Hotel was the home of the crusading Progressives. The corridors in all three of these hotels were filled from morning until long after midnight by surging, swaying crowds. The Congress



Hotel, in particular, was unadulterated chaos. Not only were there the restless, moving throngs of men and women, but there were also innumerable congestion points, where self-appointed tribunes were detailing their views of what ought to be done, and lashing the crowds, that ebbed and flowed about them, into a fury of altercation.

In the conventions themselves, the confusion was less dominant, held in check as it was, and merged into a marvellous system of business efficiency, administered by a chairman wielding a mighty hammer, like Vulcan the Blacksmith god. True, there were hours of babel and mere screeching noise, enlivened still more by parades of men and elephants, but even the confusion was systematic. It illustrated one of the strange contradictions of American life—a combination of blatant hystericalism and unsurpassed efficiency.

Another unfathomable mystery, fixed on one's attention more than ever, is this—are American politics democratic or not? In form, they certainly were democratic in Chicago. The policies of the parties were submitted to a general vote of the delegates drawn from every state of the union, and the decision rested with them. The platforms, especially in the Progressive Convention coming from the Committees on Resolutions, were read in open sessions, clause by clause. Any delegate was at liberty to move an amendment, and a number of important planks were actually modified as the result of debates precipitated by individual members.

To this extent the conventions were democratic, and there was essential democracy also, in the mere fact that so many people were present from every section of the country in one enormous family party. Even if for any unseen reason, the will of delegates was thwarted by some intangible influence, each man was free at least to take the rostrum in the Congress Hotel, air his views on public affairs,

and feel himself a decisive factor in the government of his country. And yet, behind it all, there were sinister rumours of cliques of powerful oligarchs pulling strings and making puppets dance. All the ogres who are listed in the sensational press as The Bosses, were on hand, meeting together secretly, so the vivid accounts said, in private rooms connecting with each other, framing programs mercilessly for platforms and candidates.

Either the American system is a real and vital democracy, as surface indications would show, or it is an oligarchy like that of the Roman Empire, where the forms of democracy were maintained, and the people believed they were exercising the powers of republican citizens.

It is the prevalent custom in Canada to take it for granted that our system of government is more genuinely democratic than the American. We cannot go into that question here, but, as far as form is concerned, the American plan of choosing leaders and policies is more democratic than the average method in Canada. It must be remembered, however, that American politics are not always what they seem.

While we are talking about contradictions, how can we reconcile the traditional American reputation for hardness in business and their lack of romanticism, and, on the other hand, this burning emotionalism as exhibited in their politics? Every time an Italian literary man comes to New York, he writes an article in *Vanity Fair*, lauding American women, but pitying them for having to endure such cold and undemonstrative men-folk. And yet, on this side of the line, one of our chief indictments against our neighbours is that they are too demonstrative and flamboyantly emotional. Who is right? Does it not all go to show that the Americans, inevitably enough when you come to think of it, are so complex a people that it is quite impossible, when discussing them, to dogmatize?



As for emotionalism, let us present a definite instance. One morning, at the Progressive convention, when a critical period had been reached in the discussion of policy, and when the delegates were interrupting and clamouring for the immediate nomination of Roosevelt, the whole scheme of things, platform and nomination alike, was delayed for the enactment of a homely drama. The delegation from the State of Maine were seated out in front; those from Georgia, together with the representatives of some other states, were seated on the vast, grand opera stage, behind the chairman. Their position was not quite as good as that of the delegations in front. The leader of the section from Maine, a substantial-looking man, resembling a typical doctor from an Ontario town, arose on a question of privilege, and, on behalf of his colleagues, offered to change places with the men and women from Georgia, because "Roosevelt's mother was born in Georgia". It was like the hurling of a bomb! Pandemonium reigned. Men threw away their straw hats, and hurled them in the air, until the Auditorium was transformed into fireworks of shooting hats. This turmoil was followed by a passionate speech of acceptance by one of the Georgian dele-

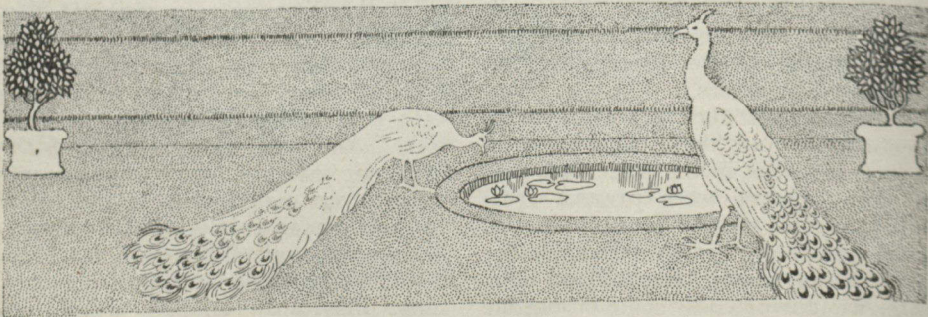
gates, and then by a triumphal march of the Maine men to the platform, and the Southerners to the front.

Half an hour taken from the problems of Americanism, its relation to its own people and to the warring nations of the world, "because his mother was born in Georgia"!

Although such an exhibition would appear ludicrous to Canadians, it was all very solemn and impressive to the Americans. Throughout the proceedings, there was a unanimous and constantly expressed feeling of portentous times and history-making events. At the moment when a report came to the Progressive convention that the Republicans were about to begin balloting, Raymond Robbins, the miner-blacksmith-evangelist-chairman of the Progressives, after wielding his hammer with ten mighty strokes, declared in deep-chested tones, "We are now at the most important moment of the last four years, perhaps of the last four centuries!"

No one laughed!

And there was no tendency to laughter, for, in spite of all the extravagances of speech, the spirit of the convention was earnest and serious, and positively inspiring. It was simply another of those innumerable examples of confusing contradictions in American politics.





# OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. S. MERCER

WHEN the story of Canada's participation in the great war comes to be chronicled with clearness and authority few names will be written higher on the Canadian scroll of fame than that of Malcolm S. Mercer, commander of the third Canadian division, who is supposed to be wounded and a prisoner in Germany. He is declared by Canadian and British military experts to be the ablest Canadian leader that the war has thus far produced, and his rapid promotion from a battalion commander to the position of brigadier-general was entirely the result of the British headquarters' appreciation of his heroic conduct and splendid leadership during the desperate struggle at Ypres, when the Canadians alone "saved the day".

It was Colonel Mercer and his men who broke the apex of the German flying wedge on its terrific drive toward Calais one year ago. When the Prussians, advancing behind a cloud of poisonous gas, had swept over the French lines, and only the citizen soldiery of Canada barred their path to Calais, Mercer's gallant regiment bore the full brunt of the waves of gray infantry which again and again were hurled against them. His coolness

and heroism under such trying conditions won high commendation from superior officers, and he was shortly afterwards rewarded with a C.B. and promotion to a brigade commander. Later on he was again recognized by being put in command of the Third Division in the field.

General Mercer is a soldier who has risen from the ranks. He enlisted as a private in the militia, and rose step by step to be lieutenant, captain, adjutant, major, and colonel. Rifle shooting became one of his hobbies, and he constantly urged the necessity of musketry efficiency in the militia. He went to Bisley on the Canadian team in 1892 and again in 1912.

Valcartier was the grave-yard of many a reputation in the Canadian militia. More than one officer who had made a name for himself in the "piping days of peace", speedily lost it under the acid test of the nearest thing to actual conditions of war. Not so with Mercer.

When the Germans made their powerful attack about three weeks ago on the "bloody angle" at Hooge, General Mercer was right up in the front trenches with his men. The last seen of him was when he fell wounded with his face to the foe.



# OUR NATIONAL HEROES



LIEUT.-COLONEL F. O. FARQUHAR  
KILLED IN ACTION

CANADIANS recall vividly the day on which the news came that the Princess "Pats" had been almost entirely wiped out. The regiment was not only one of the first to go abroad from Canada, but it was also one of the most popular. Colonel Farquhar was its commander, and in that capacity, leading his men into the very thick of the most terrible of the many German onslaughts, he was "killed in action". Although not a Canadian by birth, his name will be honoured and revered in every part of the Dominion.

History will record him as the commander of the first Canadian military unit to battle on the continent of Europe. When the war broke out he was military secretary to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, a position which he filled with great tact, ability and distinction. As an officer in that finest of British regiments, the famous Coldstream Guards, and every inch a soldier, Colonel Farquhar immediately felt the call of the blood, asked permission to go to the front, was offered and accepted the command of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and soon had organized and recruited the

most celebrated Canadian regiment of the war.

The Princess "Pats" was the first overseas regiment to face the Germans in France. It took its place in the trenches alongside a regiment of the British Guards, in the twilight hours of 1914. The subsequent experiences are a part of contemporary military history. Probably no unit in the British forces suffered so heavily or behaved with greater gallantry. In the fighting around Hill 60 and St. Eloi the battalion was attacked by every death-dealing device known to the devilish ingenuity of the Huns, but it held its ground until almost annihilated. Colonel Farquhar became the idol of his men.

"He is fairly worshipped by us all, and I do not know how the battalion could get along without him," wrote Major Hamilton Gault to friends in Mountreal. "His coolness and courage are an inspiration."

The time soon came when the splendid soldier who had led his men into some of the finest exploits of the war met the end. While in the trenches with his men in April a German shell burst near him, resulting in his almost instant death.



# OUR NATIONAL HEROES



LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE H. BAKER, M.P.  
KILLED IN ACTION

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. H. BAKER is the first member of a Canadian Parliament to sacrifice his life for the Empire. He fell mortally wounded while fighting at the head of his battalion, the 5th Mounted Rifles, at Hooge on June 3rd, and died the following day. "Harry" Baker, as he was affectionately called by members of the House of Commons, left a promising political career to go to France and Flanders. He was one of a bright group of young men who entered Parliament as supporters of Sir Robert Borden in 1911. His family had long been prominent in Canadian parliamentary history. William Baker, his grandfather, represented Missisquoi county in the Parliament of Lower Canada from 1834 to 1837, and was sitting member when the rebellion led to the disuse of a parliament for the Province. His father, the late George Barnard Baker, K.C., of Sweetsburg, represented Missisquoi in the House of Commons from 1870 to 1872, from 1878 to 1887, and again from 1891 to 1896. He also was prominent in Quebec local politics, being Solicitor-General in the De Boucherville Cabinet from 1876 to 1878.

Colonel Baker was educated at Bishop's College School, Berthier Grammar School, and McGill University. He practised law in the city of Montreal. He took an active interest in the Dominion militia, and at the outbreak of the war was Major of "A" Squadron, 13th Scottish Light Dragoons. Early in 1915 General Hughes commissioned Colonel Baker to raise the 5th Battalion of Mounted Rifles.

When the Germans hurled the full weight of their superior numbers against the Hooge salient, the 5th Mounted Rifles met the brunt of the heaviest fighting, losing no less than twenty-two of their officers in the first attack. The men fought with the utmost gallantry and only yielded ground after more than half their number had been either killed or wounded and the German artillery had made their trenches absolutely untenable. Colonel Baker fell wounded while leading a counter-attack against the foe at the head of his men. He was carried back behind the lines and died the next day. The news of his death was heard with genuine sorrow in parliamentary circles. Being only thirty-nine years old, Colonel Baker had a brilliant outlook.



# OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL VICTOR WILLIAMS

**B** RIGADIER-GENERAL VICTOR WILLIAMS, who was wounded and captured by the Germans in the first battle of the Hooze salient, is an outstanding Canadian figure in the war. In addition to having been several times mentioned in despatches for gallantry and leadership, he has the distinction of being the first Canadian officer to have been actively engaged in fighting against the Germans. Early in the war he was attached to the headquarters staff of Sir John French. For the purpose of making observations he spent three days and three nights in the front line trenches with a British regiment. On one of these days, General Williams, who is a crack rifle shot, picked off three German soldiers, himself luckily escaping injury, though exposed to the enemy's fire. The following day a shrapnel shell exploded within a few yards of General Williams and he was severely wounded in the arm.

Brigadier-General Williams comes of a military family which has been prominent in Canada since 1812. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur T. H. Williams, M.P., to whom a monument stands in Port Hope, Ontario, was in command of the Midland Regiment during the Northwest Rebellion,

and died while on active service. General Williams was born at Port Hope, and was educated at Trinity College School and at the Royal Military College, Kingston. For a number of years he was an inspector of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, being attached to the Mounted Infantry Corps at Winnipeg. In 1893 he was transferred to Toronto with the rank of captain in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, where he remained until 1905, when he went to Ottawa as A.D.C. to the Governor-General. At the coronation in 1911 he had an important post in the Canadian forces and later became Adjutant-General to the Canadian militia. When the war began he was appointed camp commandant at Valcartier.

General Williams served with great distinction in the South African war, winning the Queen's Medal with five clasps and being mentioned in despatches several times.

"Where's Major Williams?" asked a staff officer who galloped up during the fight at Diamond Hill in the memorable year of 1900.

"You'll find him up in front advance guard somewhere; he's always getting into the way of the first bullets," was the prompt reply of a junior officer.



# CURRENT EVENTS

*By Lindsay Crawford.*

THE greatest battle in the world's history enters upon its fourth month. In point of time it is exceeded by several sieges famous in military annals. The battle of Verdun is siege warfare on an unprecedented scale. No greater test of human endurance has ever been applied to fighting men. By their unflinching stand against the seventeen-inch howitzer, which hurls shells weighing three-quarters of a ton, down to the machine-gun and rifle, the French defenders of Verdun have won the admiration of the world. They have stood against all the concentrated weight of men and metal, supplemented by liquid fire and gas, that the German Crown Prince has brought to bear along this highly strategic position. The appalling sacrifice of human life no longer shocks the world. Battalions and divisions disappear, the mounds of death where brave heroes sleep grow apace, but so long as men can be got to face the terrors of that awful carnage the Crown Prince will battle on to retrieve his tarnished reputation and save the Hohenzollern dynasty. The capitals of the belligerent nations are filled with the wrecks of the surviving veterans, France alone maintaining fifty thousand invalided soldiers who have undergone amputation. But the spirit of the Allies beats high for they now know that Germany has tested her war machine at its highest pitch of

efficiency—and failed. Like the struggles of two giant wrestlers, the opposing armies at Verdun sway backward and forward, as the ebb and flow of battle brings temporary gain or loss of territory. But Verdun stands like an impregnable rock with the tri-colour of the gallant, Gallic Republic floating proudly from its battered citadel. Verdun in this fight is no longer the fortress city, but the twenty-five miles of trenches and field-works, with its hidden and mobile batteries and thousands of stout hearts that guard the frontiers of civilization in Europe. The Germans may take Verdun city, a heap of battered ruins, if they pay the price, but Verdun, as a strategic defence, is no longer a fixed fortified position, but a mobile line of field-works. The French are holding their ground for two reasons. The sentimental value of the occupation of Verdun city would be utilized to the full by the Kaiser in restoring the drooping hopes of his despairing subjects at home who are languishing under the iron grip of privation and want. Another and more important reason for holding on to the approaches to the ruined fortress is the fact that in order to obtain this barren victory and rehabilitate his fallen fortunes by exaggerating its importance the Crown Prince will continue with frenzied recklessness his Verdun debauch and spill with reckless hand the blood of



German manhood. One thing the Crown Prince has achieved by his suicidal persistence: Verdun will be known in military history as one of the decisive battles of this war.

Six thousand casualties in a week of fierce fighting in the salient at Hoge is Canada's latest contribution to the cause of civilization. From Toronto alone fifty officers have made the supreme sacrifice. There is mourning throughout the land, but no murmur of impatience, no sign of weakening, but rather a tenser emotion, an awakening spirit of resolve to pay the utmost price in blood and treasure for victory complete and satisfying. It passes comprehension how men could live through the inferno which the Canadian troops were forced to endure as the enemy rained upon them a concentrated fire that prevented either advance or retirement. Brigadiers-General Mercer and Williams, on a tour of inspection on the front lines, were caught in the cyclone of explosives that preceded the German infantry attack. On the enemy came, some smoking cigarettes, confident that the bombardment had finished the task, but ugly gaps and gaping wounds told of the alertness of the Canadians. A fierce fight at close quarters, in which bomb and bayonet were brought into play, ended in a victory for the Canadians, who were fighting in detached groups, one of the bloodiest encounters in which they have yet taken part. Tempered by the sorrow which the long list of casualties has brought to so many Canadian homes is a feeling of elation and national pride that the land of the maple leaf has added to its laurels as the defender of the road to Calais. The stand at Ypres of the British troops ranks with the defence of Verdun in the strategic importance of position. Like Verdun, it is a place of ruined streets and vanished homes, with a vast underworld of impregnable defences. As one of the poets has written:

Hushed are your streets, and the rumble  
Of lorries and wagons and limbers

And low, dull tread of battalions,  
Moving stubbornly, cheerful,  
Back of invisible fighters  
Muddily bedded in Flanders.

Wide to inscrutable heaven  
Lie in their ruin all equal,  
Houses and hovels abandoned,  
Windowless yawnings and pillars,  
Chasms and doorways and gables,  
Tottering spectres of brickwork  
Strewn through the naked chambers—  
Never a home for the seeking,  
Not through the whole of the city,  
Save for the spirit-fled body.

Russia is on the rebound with a vengeance. Like a bolt from the blue Brusiloff, the Russian commander, unleashed his impatient army, and like a veritable tornado his artillery and infantry blasted a way through the Austrians, capturing over a hundred thousand in a week's drive in the opening days of June. This is the most significant advance of the present year. If Brusiloff can keep the enemy moving one of two things must happen. Germany will be forced to weaken her western line or run the risk of another Russian invasion of Eastern Germany. The latter is unthinkable, as nothing in this war so unnerves the German soldiers in the western trenches, as well as those at home, as the dreaded imminence of a Cossack drive through German territory. It is stated that Kitchener recently revised his estimate of the duration of the war and intimated in conversation—perhaps at the secret conclave at Westminster before his fateful departure for Russia—that the war would not last three years. He may have had in mind at the time the ample preparedness of Russia for her great summer campaign. Be this as it may the Russian advance, if kept up, may prove to be the end of German resistance. Rather than face a Russian invasion the Kaiser and his people will throw up their hands. Germany cannot stand the economic and moral strain of another panic along the eastern border. Whether Russia—with the fate of Poland and the Baltic Provinces before her—will spare Germany the terrors of invas-



ion may be well be doubted. The Russian in this war is a crusader, filled with the burning hate of the avenging zealot. This to him is a religious war and not even the Czar may be able to stay the avenging sword when it is crimsoned with the lust of victory. Over four million refugees from the Caucasus, the Baltic Provinces and Poland are now in the interior of Russia awaiting an opportunity to return to their ruined cities and farms. The tale of their sufferings as they fled last year before the guns of Hindenburg has sunk deep into the stolid minds of the tender-hearted Russian peasant. Woe betide Germany if the arrogance of her rulers forces a fight to a finish with the hordes of Russia pressing in through the eastern gateway. If Brusiloff succeeds this summer in driving a wedge through to the German border the end of the war may come with dramatic suddenness. The voice of Russia's army is heard through her poets, one of whom, Viatkin, writes:

And in our mighty ranks we now are moving  
onward,  
Beneath a hail of shells, yet full of courage  
high,  
That o'er your quiet fields, O future generations!  
No more may war's mad laughter ring out  
below the sky.

Trenches, and bursting mines, and weapons  
blown to fragments,  
Huge fires, and mounds of dead who perished  
in the strife—  
All this that as your heritage, dear future  
generations,  
You may enjoy in happiness, a bright and  
peaceful life.

Kitchener is dead. The iron brain of the British war machine has gone out with the strong man, the man of destiny, who gave to his country and the Empire the weapons of military efficiency. He was an unlovable type and led a somewhat detached life. Most of his years of strenuous manhood were lived outside the main currents of European influences. Of iron will and inflexible temper he was born to rule. As the temper of the British democracy would not bear the tight

reins of autocratic statesmanship he was fated to win success in those spheres of action peculiarly susceptible to the tightening grip of resolute government. In every crisis of his life he seemed to be the one man raised up to undertake the task entrusted to him. He belongs to that formative period in the life of the Empire when wars with native races were paving the way to more settled conditions on the outer confines of the British possessions. In the conquest of the Sudan and the reform of administration in Egypt Kitchener brought to bear the essential qualities of British rule in Oriental countries. He would have been an anachronism and a danger in any British Ministry. As a military leader and Pro-Consul his peculiar gifts found a congenial field for experiment in military and civil policies that were in complete harmony with the spirit of the times in the relations of Britain to the Near East. When war broke out and military law overshadowed civil law in the British Isles the place of Kitchener as War Minister in a War Cabinet gave him the opportunity once more to apply to the service of his country at home his wonderful organizing powers and dominant force of character that had won him success and fame in the handling of native problems in Oriental countries. The military atmosphere that pervaded civil life in the United Kingdom with the coming of war was congenial to a man of Kitchener's experience and temperament. He has not been fated, like the Iron Duke, to live to see the day when as a British Minister in days of peace he won the opprobrium of the people of London. Kitchener's great task was finished with the raising of Kitchener's army of five million volunteers. He represented more than any other living man British efficiency in time of war. His name will be linked imperishably with this greatest of all wars, as the man who converted Britain into an armed camp, forged for her the weapons of victory, and in-



spired her people with a healthy contempt for the German brand of efficiency. Of English parentage his only connection with Ireland was the happy circumstance of his entry into the world on Irish soil, close to the spot where Sir Roger Casement was arrested. His going was in keeping with his strenuous life. A man of action and iron resolution he passed out while as yet his eyes were undimmed and his natural strength unabated.

For a brilliant pen-picture of the man and his work in the Soudan there is nothing to compare with Steevens's "With Kitchener to Khartoum". It has been stated that Kitchener was ruthless in his sacrifice of men. Two stories are told that puts a different complexion on his relations with his troops. An Englishwoman who knew Kitchener writes in *The New York Times*:

"My husband told me a little story which shows Kitchener at his best as an officer. On one occasion when he was with Kitchener a report was received telling of a wonderfully plucky act of one of Kitchener's young staff officers. The officer did not lose his life, something that nobody was ever able to understand. This young officer was pointed straight for the V.C., in the opinion of his brother officers.

"The next day Kitchener sent for him.

"'Captain,' Kitchener said to him, 'I have sent for you to correct an erroneous impression you have evidently formed.

This affair is not one of the crusades. It is instead very grim business. His Majesty's Government is not paying you to get killed in any spectacular manner, just when, after an expensive staff training, you may be useful. It is your duty to live as long as possible. There is, of course, never any question as to a British officer's personal courage. At the present time your head and service are of use to the army. As a corpse you would be quite useless. Don't forget. Good day, sir.' And that ended it.

"Just one more little story of my friend. In 1898, just at the end of the Omdurman campaign, I was in Cairo waiting for the return of my husband, who was with Kitchener at Khartoum. Our first baby was then a few weeks old. Finally Kitchener returned and with him came my husband. He came to see me, and I, of course, showed him the baby boy. Kitchener looked at the baby, but he said nothing about him being the finest, the smartest, or the healthiest baby, or any of that sort of stuff. He stood there for several minutes without saying a word. Then he spoke:

"'Yonnie,' he said, and it was the first time since I was a little girl that he called me by that name, 'I suppose you have been reading in the papers that I am turned out to be an empire builder and all that kind of thing?'

"I replied that I had been reading a lot of stories to that effect.

"Well, if I am,' he replied, I had to destroy and cause suffering to thousands in order to build. As a matter of fact, it is such as you that are the empire builders, and your way is the noblest way.' And he pointed his finger at the baby. We named the boy Horatio after the chief and he lived to be a handsome, strapping lad and then was taken away from us."





# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## THE RAMBLES OF A CANADIAN NATURALIST

By S. T. WOOD. With six coloured illustrations by Robert Holmes. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

**I**N the delightful style so familiar to readers of the nature editorials in the Saturday editions of *The Toronto Globe*, the author, S. T. Wood, takes us along pleasant by-paths and unfamiliar dells and shows us the wonders of nature in language so simple and free from technical jargon that the youngest may read and understand.

How few dwellers in the city of Toronto realize what treasures lie around in unfrequented woods, or along the shores of the lake! The mysteries of life in its manifold forms are an open book to those who take the trouble to observe the animals, birds and flowers that timidly occupy the quiet retreats far from the maddening crowd.

To read Mr. Wood's book is to enjoy the things he has seen, to feel the pleasure of a new discoverer as one treads an unbeaten track in company with a congenial guide. As he remarks:

"There is something universally contagious in the awakening of Nature. The piping call of a robin or even the silent opening of a bud, awakens the insistent thrill of fellowship in the mystery of life. . . . There is a restful sense of companionship in a delightfully lazy river. It shows no trace of that troublesome disquieting energy which betokens an object in view. . . . Its art is not marred by a purpose."

The beautiful illustrations of birds, flowers and moths are by Robert

Holmes, the well-known Toronto artist, and greatly enhance the value of the volume, which is rich in decorative headings.

No more profitable time for young or old could be spent than in the company of "Sam" Wood. There is no greater authority on wild life in Canada. He strikes a human note that lifts the reader above the sordid grind of city life as he paints with sympathetic hand the variegated beauties of nature.

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## THE SHEPHERD OF THE NORTH

By RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**A** PLEASANT, entirely conventional little story is this tale of the good Bishop, who was known as "The Shepherd of the North". The scene is laid in the northern part of the State of New York, among the people of the hills. When it opens, the Bishop is on his way over rough, snow-covered roads to French Village, where he is to hold a confirmation service. An accident brings him to the hut where Tom Lansing lives with his daughter, Ruth, just as the man is dying. Her father leaves Ruth in the Bishop's care, and presently "The Shepherd of the North" meets Jeffrey Whiting, Ruth's lover and nearest neighbour. A fight with the railroad company, which dominates the State, knows that iron ore has been found in the hills, wishes to get the land for little or nothing, and when deception fails drives the people from their



homes and farms by ordering its agents to start a forest fire which makes desolate the whole country-side, is an important factor in the plot. So trouble, suffering and death are visited upon the little community before the love story of Ruth and Jeffrey comes to a happy ending with his conversion to Catholicism, a result quickly following Ruth's acquaintance with the Bishop. There is a rather dramatic scene in the Court House when Jeffrey is tried for murder and realizes that "Ruth Lansing had lied away his life at the word of her Church", which was not then his. The description of the forest fire, although much too long, is occasionally vivid, and the Bishop's character is nicely drawn, in spite of the fact that in order to make his intervention uniformly successful the long arm of coincidence is strained to the breaking point.

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### FEAR GOD

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: George H. Doran Company.

"**F**EAR God and Take Your Own Part" is the full title of this call of a former American President to the people of the United States to prepare themselves for whatever may be in store for them. The purpose and nature of the book are well set forth in the author's first chapter:

Fear God; and take your own part! Fear God, in the true sense of the word, means love God, respect God, honour God; and all this can only be done by loving our neighbour, treating him justly and mercifully, and in all ways endeavouring to protect him from injustice and cruelty; thus obeying, as far as our human frailty will permit, the great and immutable law of righteousness.

We fear God when we do justice to and demand justice for the men within our own borders. We are false to the teachings of righteousness if we do not do such justice and demand such justice. We must do it to the weak, and we must do it to the strong. We do not fear God if we show mean envy and hatred of those who are better off than we are; and still

less do we fear God if we show a base arrogance towards and selfish lack of consideration for those who are less well off. We must apply the same standard of conduct alike to man and to woman, to rich man and to poor, to employer and employee. We must organize our social and industrial life so as to secure a reasonable equality of opportunity for all men to show the stuff that is in them, and a reasonable division among those engaged in industrial work of the reward for that industrial work, a division which shall take into account all the qualities that contribute to the necessary success. We must demand honesty, justice, mercy, truthfulness, in our dealings with one another within our own borders. Outside of our own borders we must treat other nations as we would wish to be treated in return, judging each in any given crisis as we ourselves ought to be judged—that is, by our conduct in that crisis. If they do ill, we show that we fear God when we sternly bear testimony against them and oppose them in any way and to whatever extent the needs require.

If they do well, we must not wrong them ourselves. Finally, if we are really devoted to a lofty ideal we must in so far as our strength permits aid them if they are wronged by others. When we sit idly by while Belgium is being overwhelmed, and rolling up our eyes, prattle with unctuous self-righteousness about "the duty of neutrality," we show that we do not really fear God; on the contrary, we show an odious fear of the devil, and a mean readiness to serve him.

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### JEFFREY AMHERST, A BIOGRAPHY

By LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

**N**O regular biography of Jeffrey Lord Amherst, the "Conqueror of Canada", has so far existed, though the story of his campaigns in North America has been treated by more than one master hand, while the recent opening of many archives alike in the Old World and the New has thrown a flood of new light upon it. In the present volume Mr. Lawrence Shaw Mayo, an American writer, has applied himself to the study of these copious materials with industry, discretion, and judgment, and has produced a biography which, though a little lacking in intimacy of personal



characterization, and written in no very distinguished style, is nevertheless a painstaking and attractive record of a very remarkable career. Jeffrey Amherst came of a good family long settled at Riverhead, in Kent, in the near neighbourhood of Westerham, the birthplace of his famous comrade and junior contemporary, James Wolfe. He owed his entry into the army to the patronage of his father's neighbour at Knole, the Duke of Dorset, whom he had served as page in his youth. His rise in it he owed to the early recognition of his rare military qualities by General, afterwards Lord, Ligonier, the brilliant Huguenot soldier who ultimately became a Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the British army. In 1758 Pitt selected Amherst to command the expedition destined to wrest Canada from France. Amherst only held the rank of colonel at the time, but was given the rank of major-general in America.

Most persons if asked off-hand who was the conqueror of Canada would answer without hesitation, "Wolfe". This, however, is an exaggeration. Wolfe was not the conqueror of Canada, though he might have been, and would certainly have contributed largely to the completion and consolidation of his memorable victory on the Heights of Abraham, had he survived his great achievement of the taking of Quebec. Even that, moreover, was not his achievement alone, for he alone might never have taken Quebec without the loyal co-operation and masterly dispositions of Saunders, who commanded the British fleet in the St. Lawrence. No one would belittle Wolfe's achievement. It has in it all those elements of personality, of heroism, and of tragedy which seize and hold the popular imagination. But the conquest of Canada was not alone the work of Wolfe. It was the work also of a man of very different character and temperament—of Jeffrey Amherst, whom the sagacity of Pitt had selected to supersede the

feeble and incompetent Abercrombie, to retrieve the disaster of Ticonderoga, and to carry out his memorable campaign for the overthrow of France in the Western Hemisphere.

\*

#### THE AMATEUR

By CHARLES G. NORRIS. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

THE beginning author is a person almost as frequently met with in fiction as in real life, but the beginning illustrator as the hero of a novel is comparatively a rarity. And Carey Williams, the central figure of Mr. Norris's book, is a young man who wants to be an illustrator and an illustrator pure and simple, nothing more and nothing less. He had had some small degree of success in the little Western city which was his "home town", and went to New York full of ambition and self-confidence. But just the great city itself, then a rebuff at the hands of the only man from whom he had any sort of right to expect help, the wise counsel of one who had "made good" in the work to which he, Carey, aspired, coupled with the information that there were 25,000 artists in New York city alone, did not exactly tend to cheer him. Moreover, he had a thoroughly well-founded distrust of himself—not of his ability, he was convinced that he had plenty of that, but of his character.

Then follows what is by all odds the most interesting part of the book—Carey's wanderings from one magazine to another, from one publishing house to another, from one advertising agency to another, in search of employment. Sometimes he is treated courteously, sometimes not, and then at last, through a mere blunder, he is offered and gladly takes a job he would have refused with scorn a few weeks earlier. He meets art editors of all kinds, from the highly educated and intelligent specialist to the assistant who does not know a lithograph proof from an original paint-



ing, and whose business is "to see unknown artists as they come in and save his superior that annoyance". Dr. Carey is clever, and there comes a time when he invents "a stunt" which makes the publishing and advertising world clamour of his "pretty girl" heads. He snubs the once supercilious art editor of *Overman's*, and money pours in on him so fast that he does not know what to do with it—that he might use a tiny part of his newly acquired wealth to repay the loan which had first made it possible for him to come to New York never occurs to him—and he does many very foolish things. Of course, there is nothing real or lasting about the kind of success he has won, and he is obliged to swallow a fair-sized and beneficial dose of adversity before he is given happiness and another chance.

\*

#### THOSE ABOUT FRENCH

BY EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS. Toronto:  
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is in a sense a modern "Arabian Nights". A physician, Dr. Isham Trench, gathers about himself in a slum district of Chicago a number of young medical students, or, rather, they gather about him. There is in the group much variety of character and nationality. The plot involves the murder of the Austrian

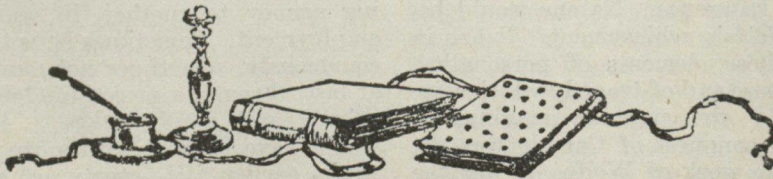
Crown Prince, and consequently the precipitation of the present war. In keeping with this, the scene changes from Chicago to the Near East, where adventures rivalling those of the "Arabian Nights" take place. It is at least an entertaining novel, and to many readers it will be fascinating and full of excitement.

\*

#### VIVIETTE

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a very different story from what we have always associated with the work of the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" and "Septimus". For that reason, if for no other, its interest should be all the keener. It is by no means a profound story, merely a summertime novel, to be read at a sitting. The heroine, if such she may be called, is the kind of girl who might be expected to fall madly in love with anyone at any time. She finds herself in love with two brothers, the one a brilliant city lawyer, the other a country squire of only ordinary attainments. There are several tense passages after the brothers discover their common love, but one cannot help feeling all the time as if the whole thing is artificial or, rather, that the characters are not sincere. Nevertheless, it makes entertaining fiction for a warm afternoon.







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WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE



A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

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—ever alert to trouble ahead—  
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But how many of us run past danger targets in the form of headaches, heart-flutter, biliousness, nervousness, or some other symptom of possible disaster and **forget to look ahead.**

The cause of these and other obscure ills is often found to be the drug, caffeine, in tea or coffee, which used regularly, sooner or later impairs the health of many of its users.

Any tea or coffee drinker who values health, steady nerves and a clear head, should quit both the tea and coffee entirely and use

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Physically, this boy is as nearly perfect as a child can be. In a competition organized by the "Daily Sketch" of London, England, this baby, in competition with a large number of other children, won the first prize of £50. His mother, Mrs. Ethel Hodge of Trafalgar Crescent, Bridlington, Yorks, writes as follows, "He is a fine, healthy and strong boy, as shown by the photo, having been entirely fed on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley and milk from three months old."

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Puffed Wheat and Rice—the bubble grains—seem to belong to summer. They are light and airy, dainty and inviting.

Summer brings flower-decked breakfast tables, and Puffed Grains seem to fit there. Summer brings berries, and Puffed Grains mixed with them make them doubly delightful.

Summer brings dairy suppers. And these airy tit-bits, flaky, toasted and crisp, are the morsels to float in milk.

## Playtime Bonbons—Mealtime Foods

These are both foods and confections. Keep a package of them salted, or doused with melted butter, for the children to carry at play.

Use them in place of nut meats, in candy making, on a frosted cake, or as garnish for ice cream.

Almost every hour of the day, from breakfast to bedtime, brings some use for Puffed Grains. People consume at this time of the year, a million packages weekly.

Puffed Wheat	Except	12c
	in	
Puffed Rice	Far	15c
	West	

Consider Puffed Grains, above all else, as scientific foods. They are Prof. Anderson's invention. Every food cell is exploded. Every granule is made digestible. Every atom feeds.

They are not mere tit-bits—not mere palate pleasers. They are made to make whole grains wholly digestible. They are made to avoid any tax on the stomach.

Why serve these grains in a lesser form, when everyone prefers them puffed?

### The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers  
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Every furnace demands *some* attention. But there is no reason why the twice-a-day job should be anything but pleasant. And to save a *little* time and a little bother every day means a lot in the course of the winter.

**The Sunshine is a furnace any one can look after  
without spoiling either clothes or temper**

The door is large enough for the biggest coal shovel. The grates are strong and turn easily. The ash-pan catches *all the ashes* without the need of shovelling. The water-pan is located so that it can be *filled quickly*. Ash-dust cannot escape when the Sunshine is

being shaken down. None of that light dust floats about the house or the basement. The damper and the check draft can be regulated from upstairs—and perfectly too. The close-fitting doors and dampers hold the fire for hours without waste.

## McClary's Sunshine Furnace

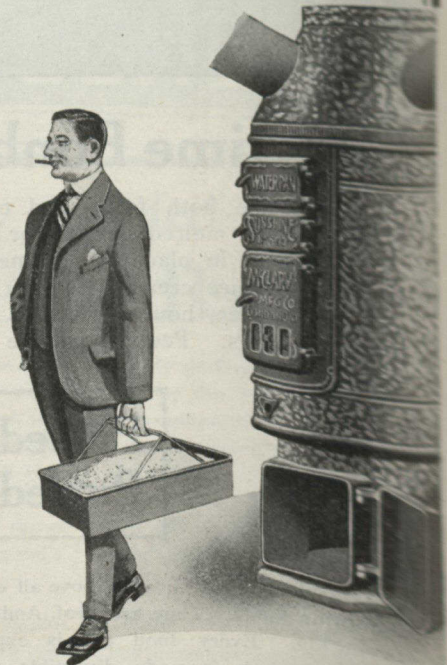
Do you know how little it will cost you to enjoy the comforts of a fine Heating System in your home? Send the coupon for a copy of our booklet "Sunshine." And if you wish to have prices of installing a Sunshine Furnace, let our Heating Engineer send you the information. Tell him the kind of a house you have and the number of rooms; give him a rough ground plan of the upstairs and downstairs and he will show you how to plan your heat distribution so as to get the utmost out of it. There is no charge for the service; it is free whether you buy a Sunshine Furnace or not.

Kindly send me without expense on my part:—

1. Your booklet on the Sunshine Furnace.
2. Also forms for filling out, so that your heating engineers can tell me how to order and install a system that will properly heat my home.

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It matters very little how fine the yarn may be, how even the weave, or how perfect the finish on a piece of cloth, if the dye is inferior there is inevitable disappointment in store for the wearer. When the color fades the suit becomes shabby—the dressy appearance is gone.

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**The Guarantee remains the same  
because the quality is the same.**

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Canadian Selling Agents

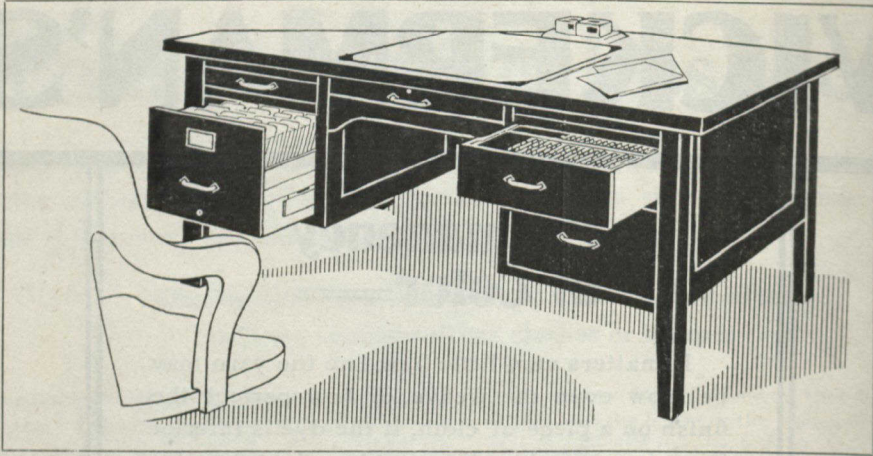
**BLUE**

**BLACK**

**GREY**

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The man who gets things done keeps his desk top clear. He has every record used in his daily work within arm's reach, compactly and conveniently filed and indexed for instant reference. He uses an OSCO System Desk.

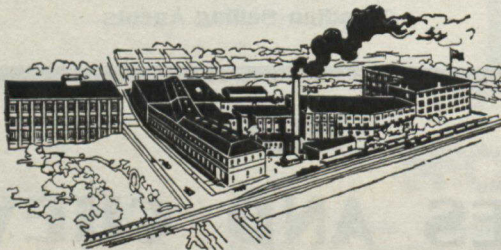
The flat top desk fitted with drawers for filing correspondence, Card Records, Price Lists, Documents, Sales Records, Follow-up Cards for Correspondence and Salesmen, is the biggest step forward in personal efficiency that has ever been designed for the office man.

The prices are the same as for ordinary desks.

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There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

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Made by  
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Cuticura kills dandruff, stops itching the cause of dry, thin and falling hair. Treatment: Gently rub Cuticura Ointment, with the end of the finger, on spots of dandruff and itching. Follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Repeat in two weeks. Nothing better than these fragrant, super-creamy emollients for all skin and scalp troubles.

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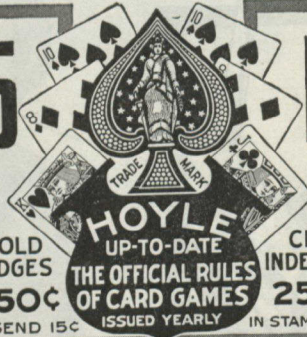
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# O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager

Purest and Best *“Made in Canada”*

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**Corns  
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**Y**OU can't keep your mind on your work if you have to think about your feet. Use Blue-jay and forget your feet. One little corn may keep you from doing your best work. Blue-jay will kill that corn and restore your efficiency. 91% of all corns yield to the first application and all the rest vanish with the second or third plaster. Don't try to give yourself temporary relief by paring with the knife or razor. This is a dangerous practice and merely postpones the time when you will get rid of your corns—roots and all—by using the safe, simple, efficient

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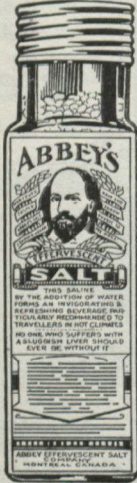
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every morning  
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Does not contain opium, morphine,  
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By checking wind colic and correcting in-  
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*Soothes the fretting baby and  
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It's in our Recipe Book—with a lot  
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But—we're going to tell you right  
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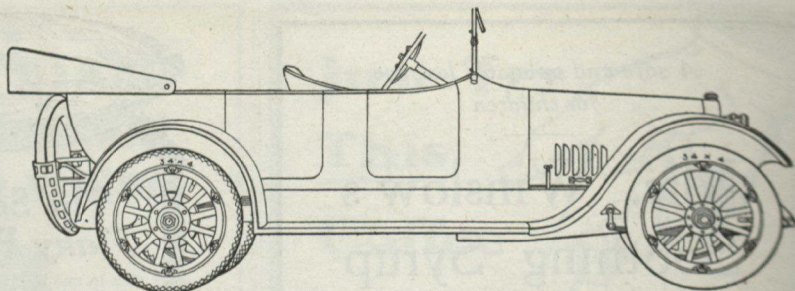


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Price \$1,420, F.O.B. Oshawa.**

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**And remember this---**You can't have sufficient power in your motor car unless the motor is of the Valve-in-Head type. Racing drivers, almost to a man, use cars with Valve-in-Head motors. They know from years of experience that you absolutely cannot get sufficient power from any except a Valve-in-Head motor.

**Finally, remember this---**"McLaughlin" motor cars always have had Valve-in-Head motors, and developed to the highest point of efficiency yet attained in automobile engineering.

**Power! Valve-in-Head! McLaughlin!**

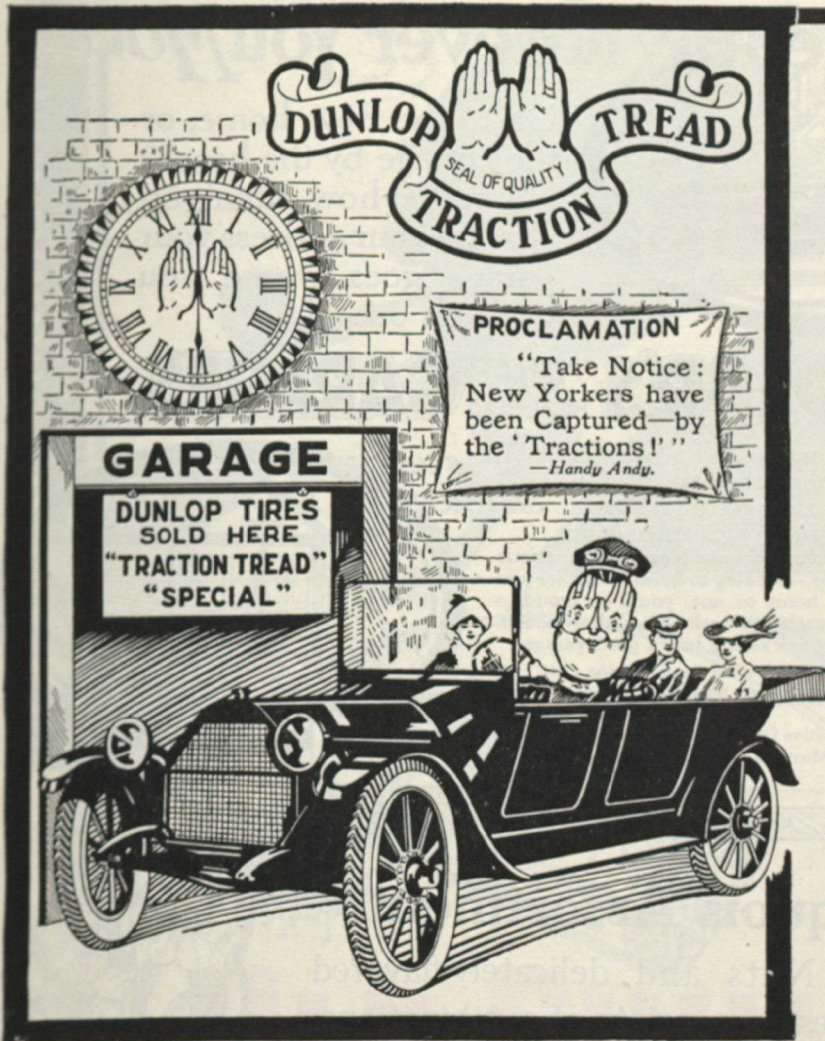
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Also makers of Dunlop “Special.”

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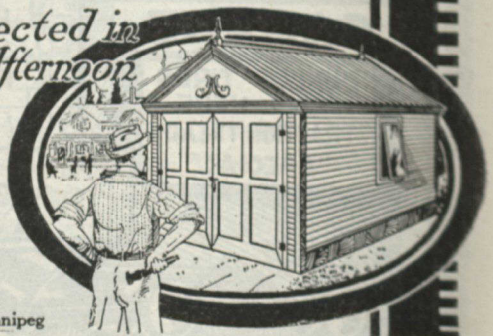


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They're portable. Made in sections of sheet metal. Easily taken apart, packed in the cases and off you go. Sections lock together again tight and leakproof. Artistic and durable. Nothing to burn. Whether you own your home or not, you'll be proud to give your car the protection of a Pedlar Garage. As low in price as will buy a good garage.

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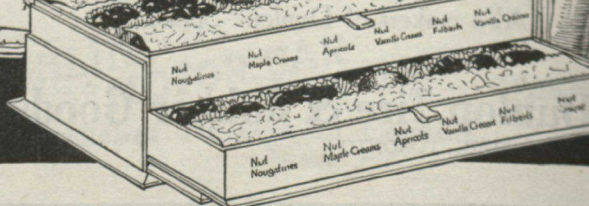
Choice Nuts and delicately-flavored Chocolates in a variety of combinations.

Another revelation of the high standard of

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Nut Vanilla Cream  
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is the "chum" of more pipe  
smokers, than any other  
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EVERYBODY SMOKES  
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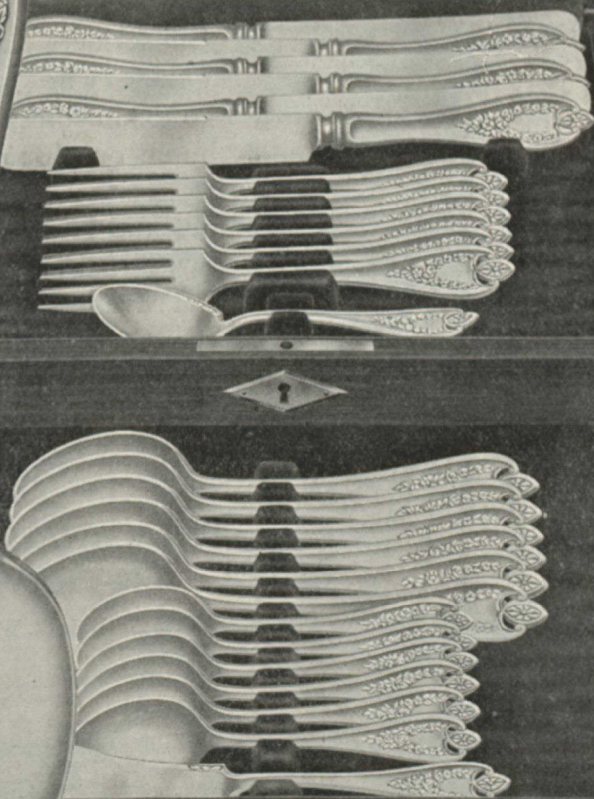
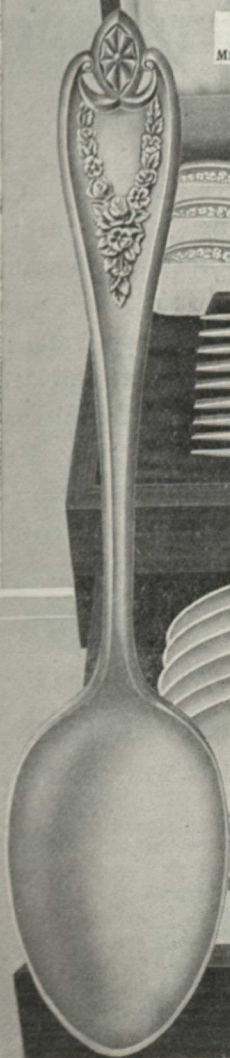
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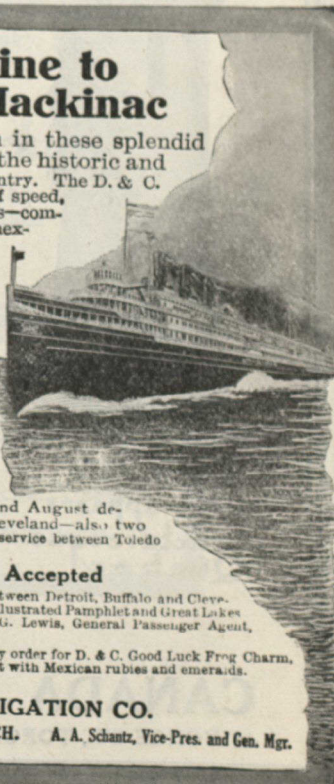
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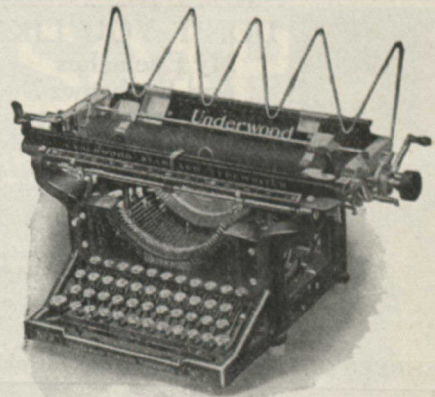
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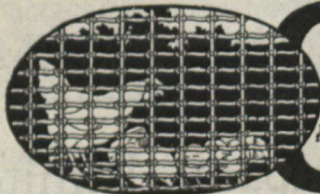
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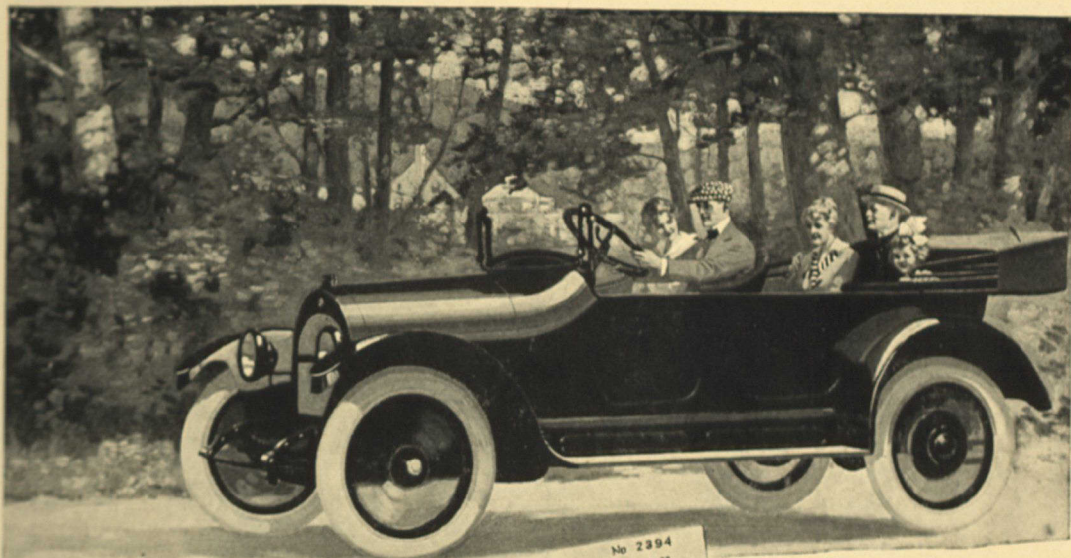
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