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# CANADIAN COURIER

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*A Canadian Chinaman's Opinion - By Doris Hemming*  
*Canadians Not Holding This Line - By Charles W. Stokes*





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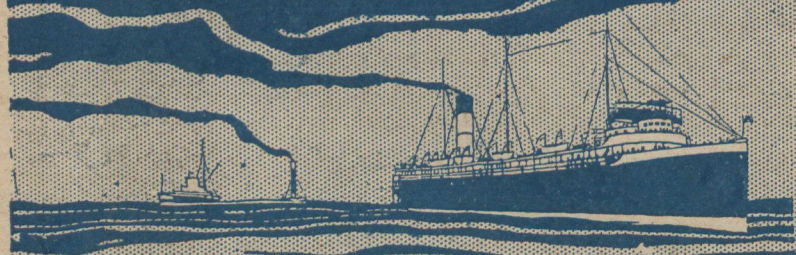


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**E**VERY good Canadian reader of this paper will read on page 10 of this issue what C. W. Stokes says about Canadian and American publications. We publish this criticism because it coincides with our own policy and practice. We believe, however, that the Canadian Courier as represented by this issue is as good a paper for the size as any paper that comes over the border. It is not as good a paper as we intend to make it. In spite of the handicap of higher prices for paper than are paid in the United States, and all the others pointed out by Mr. Stokes, we are in this business to produce for Canadian readers a paper which will bear comparison with any imported publication. Of course, we are not as fat and sleek and so flashily dressed as our American cousins on the news stand. But we are the kind of thing in current literature as represented by the illustrated periodicals that Canadians understand.

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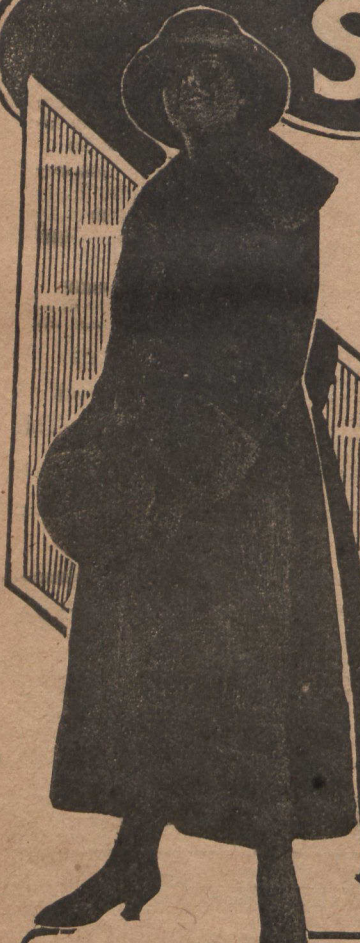
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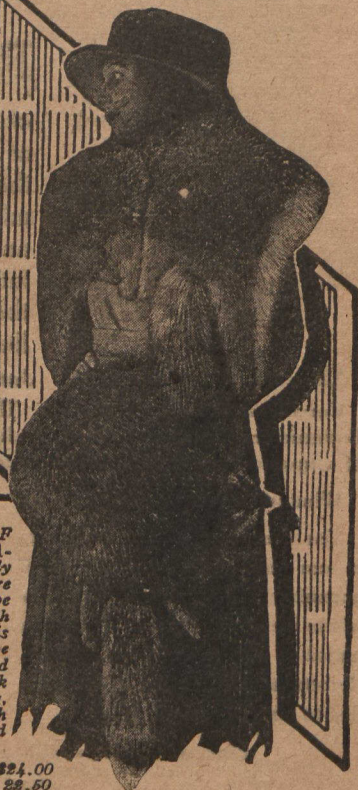
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# CANADIAN COURIER



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SEPTEMBER 28, 1918

## OUR ESSENTIAL INDUSTRIES

**C**ANADA has an Industrial Reconstruction Association. Its aims are to reconstruct this country's industries after the war. In comparison with which, the twelve labors of Hercules will take second place unless some fundamental principles are put clearly before the public by the Association.

**A**LL countries now at war will have such reconstructive agencies. In all important countries industry has been wrenched from its customary emplacements by the needs of war. Munitions and its allied groups of industries have disrupted the use of raw materials, absolutely dislocated the old system of wages and helped to increase the difficulties of transportation.

**W**E have been hearing a great deal about essential and non-essential industries in a time of war. But are the industries so essential in war so necessary in peace? Probably not. A nation at war must have immensely more iron and steel, copper, rubber, wool and flax than a nation at peace. To get these we sacrifice lingerie, fine textiles, fancy breakfast foods, and scores of other things. In pre-war days all the industries a nation produced were essential—to that nation. Will they be essential in post-war days?

**W**E shall see. There are two normal reasons for any industry: domestic consumption; export. National pride in industries comes as a result of sales on the market either at home or abroad. Usually a commodity that sells well at home sells well abroad. Hence the big industry enabling the producer to make the same brands of goods for both domestic and foreign consumption. The bigger the output the cheaper the production and the greater the profit. Some goods are sold for less on a foreign market than they could bring in their home town. Most goods sell for as much. The export trade determines the character of the really big industry. Canada before the war had several big export industries. She has most of them still. War has boosted some; diminished others. But it was the market of export that determined the size and character of the industry. The manufacturer found it profitable to export his goods or he would have refused to export. Government finds it profitable for a country to export its goods because the more money paid by foreign consumers for goods made in Canada the better for exchange.

**C**ANADA, a new country, is a borrowing nation. We need foreign capital. Our development would have been impossible without it. But capital will and flow to a country which merely takes the money and salts it away in local improvements. Capital goes to the country which is making the most of developing its resources. Export trade is the sure commercial test of national strength. A nation which imports money and does not export goods commensurate with the money imported, must soon look elsewhere for its money imports. Its dollar will decline on the exchange. A nation with a declining dollar does not attract foreign capital.

**O**NCE we had a National Policy. It was considered wise by the framers of the N. P. that Canada should develop strong native industries which in time should become export industries. Hence the protective tariff. Hence political war, the big industry, the export trade. There was no clear division into essential and non-essential industries. Canada, said the N. P. experts, must emerge from farmerhood and lumbering and fishing into an industrial nation; producing as much as possible of its own goods for local consumption, thus keeping our own money as far as possible at home; producing as much as possible for export trade, thereby getting as much of other people's money as possible.

**B**UT no protective tariff could ever build up export industries big enough to make us self-sustaining. We are a young country, importing people, goods, money in order to develop our unexploited raw materials and our vast tracts of arable land. Our imports of such people, goods and money are

**T**HE war has circulated millions of dollars in wages dividends and investments, mainly from a small cycle of big war-essential industries. Munitions, aeroplanes, iron and steel, nickel, timber, explosives, textiles, woollens, leather and rubber goods, bacon, beef, wheat and oats all at high prices have created war prosperity. One of these days there will be a change. Industries essential in war will not be so essential in peace. What is Industrial Reconstruction going to do about it?

By THE EDITOR

**T**HE object of protection was to get money for revenue, to build up industries and to develop the nation in the markets of the world. How far it succeeded is for the political experts to say, and they never agree. The National Policy did not specify essential industries. The framer of the N. P. did not know what were the essential industries of Canada. The politicians who succeeded them did not know. The manufacturers did not know. The people do not know. Then along came the war and decided the case. Certain industries were non-essential because there was a limited supply of labor, because imported money was hard to get, because war was levying on capital, on raw material and labor, and was essentializing our industries.

**B**UT the Government and the War Trade Board have never decided what are our non-essential industries. They only watched to see where the money went. Because war money and war labor and war material went to certain groups of industries, these were considered essential, and by elimination others were regarded as less essential. Which is where we are to-day when all the arguments about protection and free trade and fair trade and preference do not fit the case. We have a national debt such as no man ever dreamed. We have foreign obligations of a calibre beyond the computation of all our experts of 1878 and after. Where shall we get the money to meet them?

**H**ERE we begin to get a glimmer of light. The industries which can be maintained or built up on an export basis sufficient to meet the demands imposed by our foreign obligations are the essential industries of the future. These must be determined, not by tradition, not by arguments about protection or free trade, not by Government revenue considerations for current expenditure, but by the needs of revenue for the purpose of meeting our obligations on the world's exchange. Whatever is done to industrially reconstruct this country must, we take it, be done with this main purpose in view. All tariffs, bonuses and preferences must be considered with reference to this. We shall not become either a high tariff or a low tariff nation as a matter of politics either domestic or Imperial. We shall adjust our tariffs whether high on this or low on that for the purpose of meeting our national obligations.

**B**UT what about England? asks somebody. England, a free-trade nation, has always imported more than her exports, yet the pound sterling has always held its own on foreign exchanges. The answer is—England is a lending nation. She has capital invested all over the world. England exports money and can afford to have a balance of trade against her in the export of goods. Canada is a borrowing country. On general principles we can't afford to export money at all except as we can borrow it from one country at a lower rate than we lend it to or invest it in, another.

**T**HE industries from which we expect to get the money for exports must be those which are capable of yielding most returns according to the capital invested and the cost of operation. These are the industries which from a standpoint of national debit and credit should be encouraged by the tariff. These are the industries from which the handicap of a high tariff on raw or semi-raw materials should be removed. This is no argument in favor of capitalistic individuals. The profits from such industries should be managed as rigorously as the tariffs. Profits can never become excessive if they are used to lessen the burden of government expenditure.

an investment for the sake of future returns. We cannot expect in our time at least, to export enough goods to offset our imports of other goods and of foreign capital. Before the war we were importing more goods than we exported, and importing money for development purposes. Owing to the gigantic impact of the munitions and allied industries and the phenomenal rise in price of our foodstuffs, we have been for the past two years exporting immensely more goods than our imports, and we have also decreased our imports of both people and money. But with the stoppage of war and its industries—what?



# A Canadian Chinaman's Opinion

**W**HILE Germany weaves plans for world domination and dreams of spreading her commercial influence to the farthest parts of the earth, the nations that have as yet been drawn but slightly into the great conflict are giving the future very careful consideration. Germany's predatory methods and aggressive military ideals have not been lost on China, notwithstanding the shroud of mediaevalism in which she is wrapt, and far removed as she is from the whirl of European politics. Twelve months ago the new Chinese republic split into two great divisions, when the southern and more progressive portion at once decided to declare war upon the European nation that had persistently sunk ships with Chinese citizens aboard.

"Ever since we declared war on Germany a year ago we have been too much occupied with our internal strife to take any active part in the struggle," said Chen Sze Yin, editor of the New Republic, the Chinese morning paper published in Vancouver, on his recent visit to Eastern Canada. "Nevertheless, we are heartily in accord with the cause of the Allies, and are anxious to assist them by all means in our power. At the present time the people of South China have sent a small force to Vladivostok to aid the Japanese who have joined the Allies in their fight against the Bolsheviki. It is but a small force, but the South is hard pressed at present by the North who are fighting with superior numbers of troops and greater supplies of ammunition. Still it serves at least as an expression of our attitude."

This virile little man, who has been spending the summer visiting the 60 branches in Canada of the Chinese Nationalist League, of which he is president, takes a lively and sympathetic interest in the Allied cause. Travelling east from the Rockies, Chen Sze Yin was greatly impressed with the endless fields of grain and the tremendous need for labor for cultivation at a time when the yielding capacity of every acre of farm land is being strained to the utmost to produce foodstuffs to tide over the food crisis that threatens the world. Becoming thus conversant with the situation, he realized at once that while the Chinese in their native country, paralyzed as they are by civil war, are unable to take their part in the European struggle, the Chinese in Canada could render service of great value to the cause by cultivating the land. So enthusiastic is he over this inspiration that he is making agriculture one of the main topics of the addresses that he is delivering to his fellow countrymen throughout the Dominion.

"The Chinese can do more useful work for the Allies than running laundries and restaurants," he is telling his compatriots in all the leading cities. "You have a natural aptitude for farming, but out of the great numbers of Chinese in British Columbia there is but a handful of farmers working on the land. Go out into the country and help the Canadians to develop their natural resources, and in so doing increase the volume of foodstuffs to be sent overseas to Europe."

Whether the Chinese should work as farm hands or take up land for themselves independently, Chen has

**S**TROLL through Lower Town, Montreal, any evening, and if you go zig-zag enough away from the main thoroughfares you will see the second or third biggest Chinatown in Canada. In summer you know it by the Chinese lanterns. It looks dreamy. You are interested. So many chop sueys. Such a lot of little balconies and staircases. You are in a patch of some old world—of narrow streets and red lamps, as far from any farm or barnyard as possible. And it was among the thousands of landless Chinese, domiciled in Montreal's Chinatown that Chen Sze Yin, editor of the Vancouver New Republic, gave the accompanying talk to a Canadian Courier representative, on what advanced opinion in China thinks about Europe and the World War. Chen Sze Yin thinks that if Chinamen are to work out any future in Canada, they must do more than run laundries and restaurants. He wants his co-patriots in Canada to go on the land; because as intensive agriculturists, the Chinese are more famous than even Belgians. A good Chinaman can live on a fair-sized back yard.—The Editor.



**C**HEN SZE YIN, editor of the Vancouver New Republic, his wife and family. The young lady on the right has already demonstrated her father's regard for Japan by graduating from a Fine Arts school for girls in Tokio.

Interview by DORIS HEMMING

not yet decided, although he is already planning a series of agricultural articles to be published in the New Republic on his return to Vancouver. His brilliant inspiration came too late to achieve any practical purpose this year, but the need for foodstuffs will be more insistent than ever next summer, and by that time this leader of the Chinese in Canada will have had plenty of time to recruit. In this connection it is worthy of passing note that the few Chinese who till the soil in the Pacific Province are regarded as unequalled by any other agriculturists in intensive farming.

It is somewhat difficult to understand why China, in her Oriental isolation, should feel so bitterly towards Germany. Enquiry, however, soon elicits the fact that the taking of Kiau Chow by Germany at the time of the Boxer Rebellion has rankled as deeply in the Chinese breast as did the loss of Alsace and Lorraine in the minds of the French.

"But the French and British came into China at the same time as the Germans and took possession of coveted stretches of the coast," one suggests.

"That may be," he replies decisively. "We have no quarrel with the French or the British, they are our Allies. It was the Germans who showed them the way at the time of the Boxer trouble, and had they not interfered with China first of all, the other powers would never have come. Germany ruled Kiau Chow according to the most up-to-date methods, and we have never looked for any further penetration by her. But we don't like her ways and we are afraid of her militaristic policy."

For a man of but 35 years, Chen Sze Yin looks back on singularly varied experiences and accomplish

interest in the welfare of the New Republic. Before the war a definite policy of sending Chinese students to Europe and America was adopted, and although very few remained in the European universities after 1914, there are still at least 3,000 men studying in the United States.

Chen Sze Yin speaks only fairly good English, although he understands it and reads it fluently as the result of his course in St. Paul's College in Tokio. He is thus well able to appreciate the beauties of English literature. Despising cheap magazines and modern novels, he turns to Shakespeare with unerring instinct, and insists that no one has ever written English or Chinese to equal the illustrious bard. Of Shakespeare's plays, Hamlet is his favorite and Macbeth holds second place.

"I like him for his keen mind, and I understand this kind of English," Chen explains quite frankly as he tells of the Shakespeare translations he is making into Chinese to be printed in his paper as they are completed.

Although there are over 30,000 Chinese living in Canada at the present time their colonies are so self-contained and their knowledge of English is so imperfect that Canadians know little of their aims and ideals. A Chinaman of the education and polish of Chen Sze Yin is unfortunately rare in this country to which the Oriental comes only as a last resort when unable to make a living for the family in his overcrowded home. For these reasons the average Canadian is apt to form his opinions on foreign and domestic politics without taking the Orient into account, until he meets a Chinese visitor like the editor of the New Republic.

ments. At the time of the recent revolution he acted as private secretary to Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the first president of the Republic, and, under the influence of this great leader, became imbued with the vision of a modern China freed from the heavy yoke of the Manchu dynasty, and progressing according to European methods and customs. Japan, her small but lively neighbor, was forging ahead and actually turning the Chinese to her own account in her dealings with America and Europe. Japan, for example, was buying wheat from China and sending it to America milled into excellent flour. Japan was establishing in her principal cities, schools and universities where English literature was studied. In order to obtain anything beyond a smattering of English, such as is taught in some of the schools in the Chinese cities, it was necessary to go to Japan. The Chinese had long ago invented many of the necessities of life in use in Europe such as paper, gunpowder, compasses, etc., but they had always been perfected by other nations. Science was at a low ebb, for the Manchus were too corrupt to permit of advancement or progress. Shipping was confined to the inland waterways and manufacturing was in the most primitive stages.

**A** REALIZATION of these things has been the impelling force that has induced Chen Sze Yin, and men of his calibre, to devote their lives to the task of bringing European civilization into China, and of creating in other countries an



# Canada Goes Up Against Wotan

What Canadians have done in the great counter-offensive, illustrated by the first of a series of sketches made by a Canadian in Khaki among the Canadians. A series of drawings made by special arrangement of the artist with the war authorities and approved by them. The series will run through several issues, whenever possible as illustration to a war story in which Canada's part in the war is the leading feature.

THESE Canadian officers look as though they were discussing after the battles, what Canada has done in the great counter-push of 1918. As a matter of fact, when the drawing was made they were out of the line—in June—when the Germans were doing most of the work on the map. Left to right they are: Lt. R. W. Eaton, I.O.; Lt. O. D. Peat, Assistant Adjutant; Lt. A. H. Good, Lewis Gun O.; Lt. G. A. Ridgeway-Wilson, Sig. O.; and Capt. Frank B. Day, M.O.—all in the Junior H.Q. mess of the 54th Battalion.



WOTAN is a warlike name. It has that awful sound, and it is altogether German. When the Boches dubbed part of the Hindenburg Line Wotan, they figured it was a good advertisement for the old god of war—and they needed it.

But the Canadians—along with the British—have been putting some bad crimps in the Wotan Line. Wotan was the biggest all-German idea the Huns had. He was bigger to them than "Gott," because he was all-German. The other historic part of the line was Siegfried. Their second line is called the Parsifal. This Wagner-opera idea of the gods and demigods on earth was the German's conception of superhuman before Nietzsche taught it at all. Hindenburg and Ludendorff got the notion that whatever failures the "alte Gott" might make in their direction, Wotan the great Pan-God of War would never fail them. The German soldiers know about Wotan. Since nursery days they had been told about him. He was to the Hun armies an even bigger enchantment than St. George to the soldiers of England. He represented no chivalry; he was the symbol of almighty geschmettering conquest, of blood and iron, of Bismarcks and Welt-politiks, and all the rest of the vainglorious ideas that have driven the German people crazy.

But the British and the Canadians did not tremble at the name of Wotan. There was no dread enchantment here. Since the "angels at Mons" we have taken no stock in the supernatural. We have learned that modern war when it gets to be four years old is a dull drudgery at the best; until victory strikes; until the turn comes. Three months ago those Huns came staggering down from Wotan way, bursting with the hypodermic belief that the Wotan Line was to be swung down on Paris and Calais. In this last onrush, reinforced by the hordes cut loose from the Russian front, they were to go over the British army as a tank goes over a trench, and to trample down the hated Canadians as a boot smashes an ant-hill.

The best credentials the Canadians ever had in this war is that the Huns hate them. We don't exclude from this zone of hate the Australians, the other British or the French, or the Yankees. We army and the power of the nation behind it, Currie's

ONE WHO DIED YOUNG FOR HIS COUNTRY  
Nobly he thrust aside the sweets of life  
At life's green threshold. Thus nor gold nor shame  
Can cloy his soul: surrendered in the strife,  
He gained thereby all lost—new life, sure fame.

—R.B.

By THE WAR EDITOR

Illustration by T. M. Grover

Canadians have come in for more whole-souled hatred than any of the others.

There must be a reason. There is. Canadians learned it four years ago when the Boches crucified a Highlander—and at least three others. Hence it was good war business for the high command to put Canadians, as far as numbers would permit, in the forefront of the shock troops that eventually smashed the Wotan Line somewhere. And it is no vaingloriousness to state this. The cold facts related in the most matter-of-fact style, are in themselves proof.

In a sentence—what? That within thirty days from August 8, when they went into action before Amiens, the Canadians had won the two greatest battles of the war, and pierced the Wotan Line; had captured one-seventh of the total of guns taken by all the allied nations since the year began.

Livesay of the C. P. A., in his cabled account of the operations, says that the first day of the Canadian fighting rolled up a world's record. In 24 hours they advanced 20,000 yards and captured 17 villages. On the second day they captured 6 more villages. On the third day the enemy had been driven back to a system of trenches, and Quesnoy and Fouquescourt had fallen to the forward thrust of the Canadian divisions. By the 19th of August the Canadians had captured—and consolidated for defence—an area approximating 67 square miles. The average depth of penetration into enemy territory was 13½ miles and 27 villages had been wrested from the Huns.

During the battle the Canadians engaged 16 enemy are all hated by the Huns. But for the size of our

divisions. They took 9,131 prisoners of all ranks, 190 guns and howitzers, 1,040 machine guns and trench mortars, nine railway steam engines and countless booty in the shape of equipment, and vast stores of munitions.

Then the Canadian corps handed their line over to the French, and on August 20th moved north. They had been elected by Foch to be the hammer head of the drive intended to smash the great Queant-Drocourt switch.

Foch gave the Canadian fighting formations until August 25th to get into line for the great attack. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 26th the attack was launched and by 7.30 the village of Monchy-le-Preux, situated on an eminence, had been captured by the third division. Three other villages were captured that day, and the intervening territory cleaned up to prepare a jumping off place for the great drive. Up to September 2nd the corps fought for and gained position. Eight more villages had been captured in the glorious meantime.

The big fight began at 5 o'clock on September 2nd. The attack was entirely successful. The great Queant-Drocourt switch was pierced. On the first day the corps advanced 4,000 yards and captured the villages of Dury, Villers and Cagnicourt. By September 5th the enemy was forced back to the east bank of the Canal du Nord, while the Canadians occupied the west bank.

"The second great victory of the corps," says Livesay in his cabled account, "was thus accomplished by September 5th, and that great fighting formation had made a name that must forever live in the annals of history. From a strategical standpoint this second great achievement was even more important than the first. The following is a brief summary of its deeds:

"Eighteen enemy divisions engaged, eleven fully, four partially and three identified. Five complete trench systems were taken and the captured area approximated 56 square miles, with an average depth of penetration 12¼ miles.

"Details of the captures are as follows:

"Eighty-nine heavy field guns, two 4.1-inch naval guns, 6 auto trucks, 1,016 machine guns, 73 trench mortars, 2 searchlights and 1 helio, besides wagons.

(Continued on page 24.)



# EDITORIAL

## Peace, or the Next War?

**T**HE hand of Esau, but the voice of Jacob. Austria's bid for a peace conference is more psychology. The crooked German mind deems all minds oblique. We can be caught by camouflage. The peace overture may be linked up with the sob speech of the Kaiser at Essen. Both have the same characteristics. Both were intended mainly for home audience. Winter is coming. Germany is hungry. Give him twelve months and he may remedy that, if not beaten at war before that time. Already we learn he has engorged Russia to the extent of one-third of her railway mileage, one-third of the population, 79 per cent of the iron, 89 per cent of the coal, 1,800 saving banks, 298 sugar refineries, 918 textile factories, 244 chemical factories, 644 paper mills, and 1,000 machine shops. These will take time to digest. The West front is awful. Nothing but ruins, defeat and retreat. Ten weeks ago Paris and the Channel looked possible. The copy-writers in Berlin waited for the best moment to spring the peace drive. The time never came. The tide turned. It must be done soon or more "psychology" would be wasted. Austria, known to be in a bad way, might get a hearing. An offer from her might puzzle the Allies. Once get them debating on the psychology and they might get to re-examining their own peace terms and discover that they no longer had the same unity in councils as in the field. America might waver. Some time ago Hamilton Lewis, Democratic whip in the Senate, made a speech in which he predicted a huge peace drive from Germany, an attempt to shoo the Allies away from the East front by ceding all they were fighting for on the West, even to Alsace-Lorraine plus reparation to Serbia and guarantees to Roumania.

In his address to the Austrian Upper House on July 18, 1918, Count Czernin, the ablest brain in Austria, said: "The war is at the bottom a duel between Germany and Great Britain. The moment Germany and Great Britain can come to an understanding the world war is at an end."

Probably Czernin knows why Austria was made the catspaw. The German people believe that the Allies want to exterminate Germany. Both the Kaiser and Ludendorff have said lately, "All factions must be postponed." Then factions are admitted. If consent to a conference might divide the Allies, refusal to confer would unite the Germans. The old wail—"the enemy will not have peace, let us fight on"—would be effective on a people already impressed by the noble sobs of the Emperor at Essen.

"Streams of pent-up human kindness," says the writer of the Austrian note, "would be released, in the warmth of which everything essential would remain."

This must have been written by Mr. Britling.

And the Allies have refused this heartrending appeal! without even a caucus. Secretary Lansing sends his reply within half an hour of the time that he received the Austrian note which would have taken him at least 29 minutes to read. Did he know it was coming? And had he been instructed beforehand? And had all the Allied Governments previously consented to let President Wilson answer on their behalf?

We do not know. Some big things are done in a hurry nowadays. All nations are becoming adept at what is called psychology. Personally we should have sent one delegate from Great Britain to confer with Count Czernin on this interesting note. But, of course, a referendum of our armies would say, "To blazes with the Austrian peace! Let's get on with the war." And after all, Foch knows. A German peace now would be a prelude to the next war framed up from the East Front, where Germany expects Japan and the United States to come to loggerheads. Foch does not want any next war; because he will then be too old to be in command of the armies. And for the umpteenth time let us reiterate that the Allies do not intend to exterminate Germany, which is impossible, but to de-Prussianize Germany, so that he will have no appetite for any "next war."

## Gravitation, Methodism and Union Government

**O**NCE upon a time a man named Newton lay under a tree and discovered the law of gravitation from the fall of an apple. Later there was a man named Wesley who stood under the tree of good and evil, and from the decline and fall of mankind represented by the fox-hunting parson, evolved the principle of Methodism. In the fullness of time there came along one Newton Wesley Rowell, who, from the apparent decadence of Liberalism in a time of war, deduced the regenerating theory of a Union Government which, including Rowell, might be effective in saving the country.

This prospering Methodist corporation lawyer who was once a parcel boy in a London, Ont., drygoods store, afterwards without college education a pillar of Methodist propaganda, an orator, leader of the Liberal party in Ontario, apostle of the Abolish-the-Bar movement, now the President of the Council in the Union Government, has come in for the execrations of at least three kinds of editors. One writer said that he left the Liberals because he could not oust Laurier. Another alleges that there was a Cabinet quarrel about Rowell's going to the Imperial Conference, that he bludgeoned the Premier into taking him and that he is disliked by all his colleagues. Another says that Mr. Rowell engineered the congratulatory telegrams to the Premier concerning the enactment of Dominion-wide Prohibition in order to stand in with Sir Robert.

In all these attacks there seems to be a miniature hymn of hate—Rowell's capacity for making moral issues attractive to a crowd is not enough to keep the critics from biting him. He is probably not worrying half so much as he would be if the critics ignored him. He remembers one beatitude—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you" Nobody ever says of Rowell, "Oh,

he's as crooked as a snake fence, but you can't help liking him." Good enemies are an advertisement. None of the other Liberal Unionists seems to have so many enemies. Carvell, Guthrie, Calder, Ballantyne, Crerar, may all be forgiven by the clear Grits. Rowell, never. But the Empire is a better theme than Liberalism for expository orations. Mr. Rowell is never so comfortable as when he is thinking up his next big speech—except when he is delivering it. Because he makes so many good Chautauqua speeches people are coming to judge the Union Government by what they think of Rowell's oratory. Which is not fair to either, unless Mr. Rowell has been made general manager of the Imperial issues department in the Government. We do not profess to know when the Borden-Rowell entente really began, though it seemed to be hatching at the Borden banquet in Toronto in 1915. We do not know whether Mr. Rowell was faced with two issues, going against the Premier as leader of the Liberal party in Canada, or trying to lead the Premier by following him in a Union Government. But by making himself the Imperial spokesman of the Union Cabinet he has found a much more stimulating programme than remaining in the good graces of the clear Grits. Rowell has ability, audacity and ambition. He has always seemed to have sincerity. He has also a total incapacity as the popular leader of a party. But for that matter—so for many years had Borden.

## What the Empire is Not—

**M**R. ROWELL'S smug definition in his Orono speech of what the British Empire was, is not and is to be, inclines to make us violently ill. For example:

The British Empire or Commonwealth is no longer a great power with world-wide colonial possessions, or even a great central power surrounded by self-governing dominions. It is vastly greater than either—it is a coalition of free, self-governing nations, all of equal status, all owing allegiance to a common sovereign and bound together by common ideals and purposes; and the Imperial War Cabinet is a development to meet the needs of this Commonwealth.

The Imperial Commonwealth may feel the way Mr. Rowell describes it from the inside of a group photograph of the Imperial War Cabinet. But it does not look that way from the average doorstep in Canada. Even as a statement of fact the definition is wrong. The part of the Empire which contains more than three-fourths of its people is not of equal status with the other overseas dominions. India is not a democracy. India is now asking for the rudiments of Home Rule.

## Gasoline and Sincerity

**E**ITHER there is or is not a scarcity of gasoline on this continent. More oil for power is being made now than ever before. Gasoline is a by-product of oil. That there is a shortage of gasoline in Europe may be true enough, but that is due to an abnormal demand met by depleted cargo space. If there is a shortage here the way to overcome it is within the hands of the Fuel Controller. All he has to do is to get an exact census of the cars in Canada from the License Department of the various provinces, determine what is a reasonable monthly mileage for each car, divide that by the average number of miles per gallon and issue cards to all the consumers entitling each man to so many gallons a month for each car he owns and no more. Appeals to people to stop Sunday riding are only a bluff at upholding democracy.

## More Sand on the Sugar Question

**B**ACON, coal, wheat and sugar have by turns had the centre of the economic stage. We have got rid of the embargo on bacon and have no compunction about paying sixty cents a pound for all we can afford to eat. Coal is still a conundrum, understood by the minority who have hoarded more than their seventy per cent, not by the other minority who as yet have not a pound. But we are on coal rations, and the price has gone up since 1914 not more than 45 per cent. Wheat we began to understand somewhat when the price was fixed, but lost the clue again when it came to substitutes that cost as much and to war bread which nobody understands at all except some of the restaurant-keepers. Sugar, which threatened to be scarce two years ago, did us no more damage for a while than doubling in price. Now we are on semi-voluntary rations that no two people seem to understand in the same way. From prodigality in ice-cream and a very limited embargo on confectionery we are asked to go short on sugar just at a time when sugar is most needed to save the fruit. We get two small cubes one day, two large cubes the next, and over at the wall in the serve-self shop is a man who gets three lots because he was wise enough to order his meal in three instalments and got two lumps with each. The grocer has no census of families and the public no card. The man who has an India rubber conscience can go to six dealers and buy a pound of each kind from each. We are all at sea on the sugar question, and until the Food Board takes more drastic action than putting a curb on the dealers we are likely to land on the rocks. There is no martyrdom in sugarless tea or even sugarless porridge. Years ago we used to kick about sand in the sugar. What we want now is more sand in those who make the laws about sugar.

## INVISIBLE MONEY

By MACDOUGAL HAY

The late John W. Stirling of New York, bequeathed \$15,000,000 to Yale University, of which he was a graduate.—News Item.

**M**R. STIRLING was a lawyer. Very few preachers have ever left this amount of money, save in the sense that they did not take it with them when they died. Also very few poets, very few philosophers, and not many editors, have prospered so exceedingly. And yet Mr. Stirling labored under the same disadvantage as the preachers and the editors—he was an honest man. And he worked hard to the very end. But, of course, we have to remember that he never married.

The significant thing about this bequest, however, is that Yale will never

(Continued on page 23.)



APRENDE CASTELLANO HOY

(Learn Spanish To-day)

By GORDON TEMPLE

SIGNS are not wanting that after the war Canada is going to experience a great trade boom, especially in manufacturing. New markets for our wares will then be imperatively needed.

According to the Hon. W. J. Hanna, who has recently visited South America, these markets can be found on this continent, without crossing the seas. He states that the South American countries offer us an immense field for an export trade in all kinds of goods.

These lands chiefly export some staple lines of unmanufactured articles, such as cotton, wool, sugar, hides, beef, nitrates, and many kinds of ores, but for manufactured goods are wholly dependent on importations from Europe and, on a smaller, but rapidly increasing scale, from the United States. The war has absorbed the attention as well as the production of European and North American countries, and South American needs have consequently been overlooked. The lands south of the Equator, where manufacturing, on a commercial scale, is entirely absent, are therefore suffering a positive scarcity of many things regarded almost as necessities before the war.

It will thus be seen that South America will never offer a wider field for exploitation than it does to-day, and Canada should certainly try to obtain a better footing there, and as soon as possible.

There is, however, a very real obstacle in the way. In order to sell goods to a man, you need to talk to him, personally, or by letter. To do this you have to know his language—you want him to buy from you. He won't learn your language—if you cannot speak his, he will trade with those who can—and their name is Legion.

Now is the time to set about getting acquainted with the easy and beautiful Spanish tongue—the language of every South American country except Brazil, which speaks Portuguese. Our 'teen lads of to-day will be the clerks, drummers, department managers, heads of businesses, etc. of the future, if the great god "War" does not claim them in the meantime. It is in our schools and universities that the foundations of our future, hoped-for activities in the South American markets must be laid—and laid now.

The day the war ends will be the day after the fair for us in this respect, for others, already equipped, will by that time be on the ground before us. What chance for us then? It is now that the heads of the large commercial houses, Boards of Trade, and so on, in our great cities should get busy and urge the importance of this matter and the imperative necessity of greater facilities for the study of Spanish upon all our educational authorities.

The Spaniard is met with and his tongue is heard, more or less, in most of the big commercial centres of Europe, where his home lies. An ocean separates us from these spheres of activity, however, and here, in the north of another continent, all things Spanish seem completely alien to us. It has also been difficult for us to grasp the reality and importance of those vast countries so far to the south.

The exact opposite would be the case, were we better informed. The inherent future possibilities for trade on this side of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans,

CONFEDERATION gave Canada as many school systems as she has provinces. Education was to be made provincial. And it was so. The system had some advantages, and like all good systems, many defects.

Educational systems may be provincial. Education is at least national, or it does not exist. It must become international or human progress must be interrupted. We are all getting wise about education by observing what it did both good and bad for Germany. What is bad for a German youth must be bad for a Canadian—unless human nature as expressed by civilization has ceased to be international.

Hon. Dr. Cody, the new Minister of Education for Ontario, is going to England and France to escape politics and study education as near the front as possible. He is to come back with new ideas about re-education of soldiers; of whom we have now a large army at home again. He will find out what Dr. Tory, of Alberta, is doing in the Khaki University. By studying what education has not done to make men able to change their occupations, Dr. Cody will discover what the education of the nearest future ought to do—in the making of new Canadians. We are finding out that the school has had mighty little to do in the past generation with the kind of culture-training that makes a man fit to tackle the unexpected. War has flung hundreds of Canadians into the unexpected. Education is hitched up to meet the needs of the case. But the schools—oh, no; not the school systems. They have little to do with making men; they make automata. They do not teach Canadianism so much as sectarianism. They feed politics, which has been the curse of Canada. They erect barriers which we must pull down. They foster separatism where we need unity.

In his address on Children's Day at the Canadian National Exhibition—national, mark you—Dr. Cody enunciated six things in the

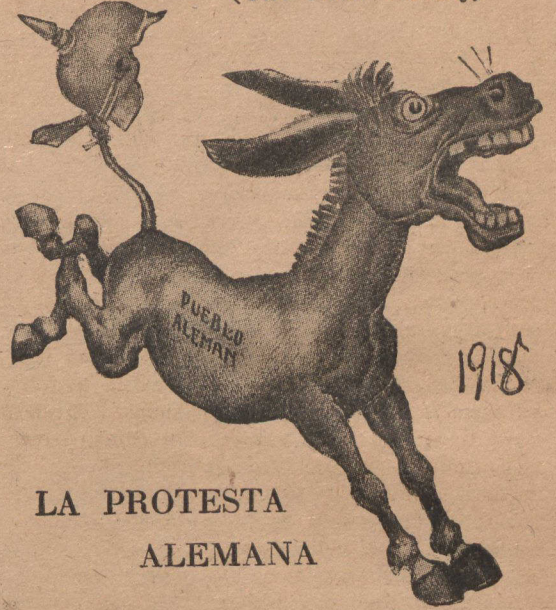
in Spanish-speaking America, have been shown, and a serious study of the language can but excite wonder, that we have so long neglected it for German.

There is a time-limit to the knowledge our youth can acquire. In this, as yet youthful country, few can be the years given to study. Let us end this foolish discussion about the further teaching of German in our schools, by substituting the study of the easily-learned, badly-needed Spanish. German is at present deservedly in very bad odor, and will never be needed commercially for Canada. The poor lad who is doomed to learn German, unless he be a linguistic genius, can see from the start, that it is going to be many a long year ere he and it will have even a bowing acquaintance with each other. Spanish, on the contrary, is so easy, that the boy can see himself progressing—his vanity is pleased and he applies himself harder than ever, with the result that before the year is out, he has well mastered its difficulties.

If the language had been purposely planned with a view to its easy acquisition, it could hardly have been better arranged, for it is so easy that fathers can learn it—of an evening—as a recreation. Fact!

EL BURRO DE CARGA

(The Pack-Donkey)



LA PROTESTA ALEMANA

THIS is the cover cartoon of a Cuba comic sent by a Courier subscriber in Havana. La Politica Comica is printed in Spanish. The legend explaining the cartoon is given here in both languages, thanks to the subscriber, who is a Canadian thoroughly familiar with Spanish. But even without a translation a reader might almost decipher its meaning. The first half is almost as plain as English.

El populacho teuton, indignado de sí mismo, dice que el militarismo ha arruinado la Nación.

Y por eso, ante el fiasco que lo ha llevado a la tea, rebuzna el burro y patea para librarse del casco.

TRANSLATION—EASY ENOUGH.

The donkey (German people), growing indignant, are now saying militarism has ruined the country, and on account of the failure it (the donkey) brays and kicks to get rid of the helmet.

Why Not Federalize Educational Ideas ?



Child's Bill of Rights:

The right to be born—which must mean that Canada needs all the native-born she can get.

The right to be well born, which we suppose means that children should choose good parents.

The right to live; which presumably means that too many children die before they grow

up, hence the medical inspection of rural schools to be undertaken by the Minister.

The right to protection; meaning, we suppose, that if parents won't or can't look after their children properly, the State must.

The right to play; which, of course, means better play-grounds and less home work with abolition of child labor.

The right to a sound education—and there the Minister stopped, because he didn't know exactly what it meant, neither do any of us yet, but we expect to find out.

Now will the other eight Ministers of Education in Canada lock themselves into a room—say in Ottawa—along with Dr. Cody when he comes back—and in the name of Canadian humanity give us the first concrete idea of what that sound Canadian education must be? Do any two of these Ministers personally know any three of the others? We imagine not. Do any three of them know what the other six are doing in their respective Provinces? We know that they do not. Will they then please get acquainted, find out what's right or wrong with one another—and will they in 1919, or as soon after as possible, call a Dominion Congress of Education to be attended enthusiastically by all educators, with Government-paid fares on all railways. So that for the first time in our national life we can get the idea that education is at least entitled to arouse as much national enthusiasm as party politics; and if it fails in that we might as well have party hacks for Ministers of Education.



# Canadians Not Holding This Line

EVERY day there pours into Canada a flood of American magazines of all kinds, shapes and sizes. At every Canadian news-stand, every hour, you can see them piled in heaps; and you can, too, stand and watch the Canadian public eagerly hand over its nickel, dime or quarter, by the thousand. In fact, one of the saddest sights imaginable is to watch the Canadian public thus parting with its money; not because the money—or part of it—goes out of Canada, not because any Canadian is afraid of the corrupting forces of American magazinedom, not because the Canadian is so hidebound in his own conceit that he is impervious to outside influences; but because the pile of Canadian-made magazines on the same news-stand (somewhere at the back, almost out of sight) is so pitifully small in comparison and diminishes so slowly.

Everyone who has helped in any capacity in producing a Canadian magazine is guilty of a certain selfishness in wishing that the Canadian field were more in the possession of home talent; but, then, isn't everyone selfish who has ever tried to impede unfair competition? On the surface, the fact that the Canadian magazine field is practically in the possession of American magazines, that Canadians read imported magazines in preference to home productions, is a reflection upon the writer's craft and the energy and ability of our publishers. The average man says—"What, read that"—implying that inferior thing—adding, sometimes, a rider that he might when it gets better. As a consequence, our Canadian magazines are inferior to their imported competitors. As a result of its comparatively small circulation the Canadian magazine cannot pay such high rates as the American magazine. The Canadian writer who is successful at home soon learns to cultivate the American magazine, and if he is in the writing business as a business, generally finds it policy to emigrate to New York.

The American magazine field comprises over one hundred million people; ours, eight. American magazines, in fact, are not primarily produced for Canadian readers. Their circulation here is a by-product. They are manufactured in enormous quantities, large in size, crammed with the latest and snappiest "pep" that it is possible to secure by the payment of high rates to the most popular authors. They command extraordinarily high advertising rates, governed, of course, by circulation. They can be laid down in Canada, complete, at a lower price than a much smaller Canadian magazine can be printed alone, to say nothing of paying for contributions. This competition has two aspects. First, it makes the development of a characteristic Canadian literature very difficult. Secondly, the advertising that is carried in the pages of these invading magazines creates a demand amongst Canadian consumers for American-made goods which is detrimental to the Canadian manufacturer. It is an authenticated fact that a certain British manufacturer who contemplated cultivating the Canadian market was advised by an advertising agency that the best way to advertise

WE are invaded by American ideas which are good in themselves—for Americans—but are not Canadian. Recently our Business Editor stated on page three that the poorest national journal Canada possesses is better reading for the average Canadian family than the best journal that has to come across the line. This called forth a spirited comeback from a writer in the Edmonton Journal who said, "Of course, the taste of the reading public does not endorse this view or the circulation of the Courier would be larger than it is." It also brought from Calgary a voluntary subscription and a letter in which the new subscriber said, "I endorse every word in this statement, and have for many years deplored the fact that Canada has been overrun by the tons of American prints. I at once thought it my duty to become a subscriber to a Canadian magazine that expressed such a loyal sentiment." The writer was A. T. Campbell, Inspector for the Grain Commission of Canada.

We average up these two come-backs and state that Canada is now producing magazines—of which the Canadian Courier is one—worthy to be read on their merits alongside the best average American magazine that comes over the line. The proof is in the eating. Any American magazine catering to 110,000,000 population on the same basis of circulation as the Canadian Courier must have 650,000 subscribers. How many of them have? Count them on the fingers of one hand.—The Editor.

By CHARLES W. STOKES

to the Canadian public was to advertise in the American magazines and reach the Canadian trade as a side-line.

Another reason for the lack of interest that the Canadian reader seems to display in home-produced literature is—shall we say it?—the apparent lack of interest in Canadian subjects. The average reader seems to prefer the sentiment, the phraseology, the ideals of Broadway to those of our own less sophisticated land. Yet a prophet is not without honor save in his own country; anyone who has ever written a story with a Canadian atmosphere has discovered that if only he can write it sufficiently good enough he can sell it far more easily to an American magazine than to a Canadian.

Taste, of course, determines many actions. The "Made in Canada" movement, so widely advertised awhile back, never intended that we should buy things simply because they were made in Canada, in total disregard of their quality. I buy English tobacco because I like it the best after trying the others, although tobacco is grown right here in Canada; similarly, I prefer English woollens, English cutlery, Ceylon tea, Java coffee, Irish linen, French wines, British Columbia salmon and Ontario apples.

The crux of the situation is not the elimination of things which, as good Canadians, we should read, but the elimination of a bias of spread-eagle Americanism

which shows little regard and sometimes supreme tactlessness for the accomplishments of the Allies who were earlier in the struggle.

Almost every issue of any American publication devoted to advertising interests contains appeals, in the shape of display advertisements, to United States advertisers to buy advertising space in specified Canadian publications and reach the Canadian buying public with American goods. Where is the patriotism of this, when we must ourselves produce more to pay our war-bills—where, indeed, is the censor, when the Canadian War Trade Board has found it necessary to impose an embargo upon a large number of American-made products in order to restore the balance of currency?

WHAT chance is there for the development of Canadian sport when all the sport news is ready-made American "dope"? Lacrosse threw up the sponge when baseball crowded it off the sporting page. What sense, either of humor or proportion, has the Canadian editor who drags in those dreary "comic strips" bought by the yard, or fills his Saturday issue with so-called "funny pages," or that cheap, suggestive matter like "Famous Scientist Says Eve Wore Corsets?"

Are our moving picture theatres compelled to take all these "news weeklies," or are they simply tactless? Suppose you, gentle reader, recall to yourself the glorious deeds of Ypres, Langemarck, Vimy, Courcellette, or St. Julien—suppose you begin to count your friends and relatives who have been killed or wounded, suppose you pass in the street on your way to the theatre a man who has been maimed for life in Canada's service, or another wearing on

his cuff the blue chevrons of the heroic "Original Firsts"—and then are compelled to witness, projected through a piece of celluloid on a piece of cloth, a squad or two of men learning to poke at dummies, getting in and out of mock trenches, or parading down a city street—doesn't it sometimes feel to you that instead of us looking at their films they should be looking at ours?

The obvious way to meet the competition of American magazines is to produce Canadian magazines just as good, or a shade better. This, under existing conditions of population, is practically impossible; but if it is ever achieved it will be by two routes. First, to get out a good magazine. In this regard I have three theories to submit. One is that there are still a certain number of clever Canadian writers living in Canada who would gladly contribute to Canadian magazines again if the payment they received was reasonably good; another is that there are several Canadian publications which can afford to pay much larger sums to authors than they actually do, and quicker; and yet another is that many Canadian publications use too much "clipped," "swiped," syndicated and other foreign matter.

The second route to ultimate success is—advertising. We shall have better Canadian magazines when Canadian advertisers support them more. This in-

(Continued on page 24.)

## Farming as a Business

JUST to prove that farming is not a business—put the Hon. Finance Minister on a common farm and ask him to operate it at a profit. Or the President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Or the President of the C. P. R. Let us not be misled by the fact that hundreds of big-business experts and professional men are operating farms; men like Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Henry Pellatt, R. J. Fleming, Sir William Mulock and dozens of others. These men are not farming for profit but for pleasure. And as a rule the two don't go together.

On the other hand, why is a Minister of Agriculture usually a farmer? What has practical farming to do with a ministry of Agriculture at all? We all

THE day is coming when the business of farming will be of more practical interest to the man who pays water rates and gas bills, than the price of corner lots.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

know that Ministers are politicians, and the average farmer if he is successful in the calling he has had thrust upon him by inheritance, has no time for politics. Hon. T. A. Crerar is a farmer; he was also a good organizing head of the Grain Growers' Association before he joined the Union Government. Mr. G. S. Henry, Provincial Minister of Agriculture

for Ontario, is a farmer and a man of education. But none of our Ministers of Agriculture will succeed or fail in this portfolio because they are practical farmers. To operate a farm is one thing; to operate a Government department is quite something else. And unless the farmer who wants to be a Minister of Agriculture has a great deal better qualification for the post than being a successful farmer, he will be a first-class failure—not because he is an ignorant at politics, but because his experience as a successful farmer has nothing whatever to do with the operation of a big Department in a Government.

Farming, as we know it in Canada up to the present, is not a business. The average farmer is not a business man. He has no time for business. He



is too busy farming. But until farming becomes a business it will never occupy the place it should in the trade and the life and the overseas credit of this country. Modern business has outgrown the average farmer. In spite of that the amount of capital invested in farms and farming exceeds by several million the amount invested in any other industry. Farming is one of the big interests. It is the biggest interest we have. And why not? The ultimate source of all wealth is the land, the mine, and the sea. And we have more land than we have water available for cultivation. Our farms are greater in extent than our fisheries. And the forest of to-day becomes the farm of to-morrow. Yet we are allowing the farm to slip back from its own first place in Canadian exports and the doctors of true progress would have us believe that if we are to bulge our exports commensurate with our national importance we must do it with commodities more valuable per bulk than wheat and cattle and fruit.

Well, farming is not merely a case for exports and experts. It's a matter for business.

OF course, there are all kinds of farmers; the man who inherits a mortgage; the man who puts a few thousand dollars into a town-side farm and runs it as a side-line; the nabob who sinks a large fortune in a tract of land which he improves into a piece of landscape to entertain his friends and loses more in a year than the average farmer can make in a lifetime; the man who uses a farm as a convenient centre of operations for buying and selling stock; the man who buys a farm just to sell it again—and the man who takes a farm as payment of a mortgage. But did you ever hear of any town man investing money in a farm on the same principle that he would invest in a corner lot or a mine? Did you ever meet a man who paid as much respect to a hundred acres of land that produced wealth every year by adding to the world's eatables and wearables as he would to a corner lot downtown that runs into more money every year because a thousand people pay car fares every day to do business around that corner?

The fact is that the townman has no use for the farm as an investment. In spite of the good prices of the past fifteen years and the fat prices of war he regards the farm as a place where a man is sure to lose money unless he has the experience of a farmer in spending it. All the average townman knows about a farm is seeing it from a motor-car or spending a couple of weeks on a farm when he had nowhere else to go. Though in every town and city of eastern Canada there are scores and hundreds of men who were brought up on the farm and never admit it unless the talk at the club seems to gravitate towards farming. The town and the farm are divided by a great gulf. The farmer knows the town because it is his market. The townman hates the farm because he believes the farmer of to-day is a member of a great combine to hold him up for high prices, and the farmer of yesterday was a man who barely grubbed a living.

There are prairie farmers who spend their winters at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg. These men know more about the town than the citizen of Winnipeg knows about the prairie farm. The average Manitoba farmer could get along as well at a town business as he does on the land. He often knows as much about the wheat pit as any member of the Grain Exchange. There are farmers in Ontario who know as much about common business as they do about the farm. There are others who practise business on their farms and know exactly why an acre anywhere in the vicinity between Oakville and Niagara is worth a thousand dollars in production, and why an acre not too far from Weston, Ont., might have been worth \$500 the other day as a speculation. There are general purpose farmers born on the farm who make the farm balance itself in the ledger down to the cost of a wire nail.

But all such businesslike farmers are the notable exception. And it is the whole essence of farming as it has been and still is that they should not become the rule unless there comes a revolution in the business of farming.

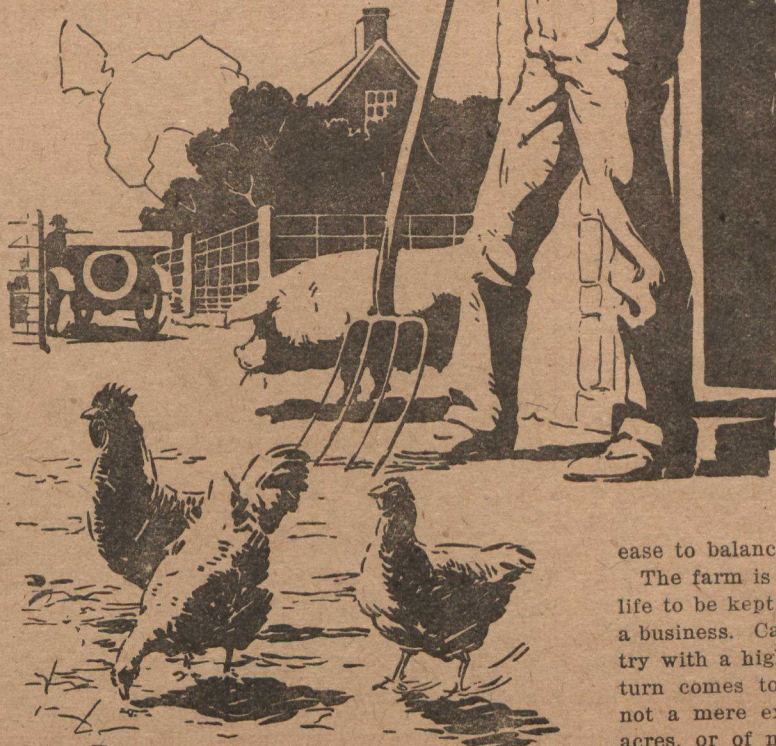
Farming, however, is a business. The man who inherited a mortgage is engaged in a business demanding as much financial treatment as a trust company. But he keeps away from that side of it. He goes on rotating crops, raising cattle, improving the varieties of his wheat and the breeds of his hogs, specializing

in machinery that saves labor and costs money, and because a good percentage of his living comes directly from the land he keeps no books.

Until farms are operated on a direct profit and loss basis, farming will never be popular. Why is it that nine-tenths of our farmers had to be born on farms? Why should men drift away in thousands from the farm and spend money, educating themselves for business or professional life, or go directly into industrial life, when it's only once in a blue moon that we hear of a man born in town who becomes a farmer? The man I worked for this summer was the only farmer I ever knew at first hand who was not born on a farm. He was the son of an English Church clergyman. But he always had a desire for the adventure of farming. He is an enthusiast who makes money as a farmer, and as a rule never joins in the chorus of croaking that comes so easily from the average farm community. He operates his hundred acres, one-half of which was originally owned by a man who had eight sons. All these sons hated the farm on which they were born. They left it. One became a Christian Scientist; one went into chemistry, of which he is now professor in Toronto; the rest drifted into other businesses, some of them into real estate. The youngest, who seemed to be finally entitled to the Ontario farm, wrote to his father from out West:

"Please sell the old farm for whatever you can get. I don't want it."

Here were eight men who broke away from one Ontario hundred



**I know something about soils, and grain and fruit and cattle and hogs and machinery—and a little about religion, education and politics, but I never was cut out for a business manager.**

acres to go into something else. Where is the town family of eight or even less, of whom even one boy has broken away to become a farmer?

THERE must be a reason why men who were not born on the farm seldom or never become farmers. There are two. One is the lure of the town, and the crowd. The other is the fact that farming is recognized as having too much hard horse work for all the money there is in it. The lure of the town is an old one. It has come to most countries, England, France, Germany, the United States—and Canada—have all discovered that in order to boost national business the town must be built up. Labor is found to be more productive in places where labor is most concentrated among raw materials of industry. The idea of a hundred acres for one man and his hired help has been abandoned. Men do not want land. They want wages, and the crowd. The wages of industry are bigger than those of the farm, because industries are run on business principles.

Just as I write this comes a letter from a man in Oshawa, Ont., saying, "I am now back to the land, having bought an acre and a little ranch house here a month ago to-morrow. My wife and I had planned to endeavor to make a living and a competence on a home in a garden, and after she died early in the year I determined to follow out our mutual plan. So here I am working hard with my rabbits, poultry and garden, and from present indications will be able to exist until my first crop comes in. It is delightful work, and I believe this plan of a little land for a living will help solve some serious economic problems."

That man used to be for years an editor in Toronto. His acre of land is not a farm. He does not expect

it to get him a living; only to help solve his economic problems. He would go all to pieces on a real farm, because the work of farming is altogether different from anything he ever knew. An acre is only an expanded back yard to be worked mainly by hard labor. A farm is a big thing requiring costly machinery, horses, wagons, cattle, hogs and barns. There is more difference between a farm and a frugal acre than there is between the acre and the back yard. The farm takes a man clean into another world. The change is one that no townsman will face because it is so devilishly unfamiliar.

AND one big reason why the farm does not lure men to it is because farming is not a business. Living is better, wages lower. Life is more isolated, and in most cases more strenuous. The profits of this farm in normal times do not compete with the profits from business.

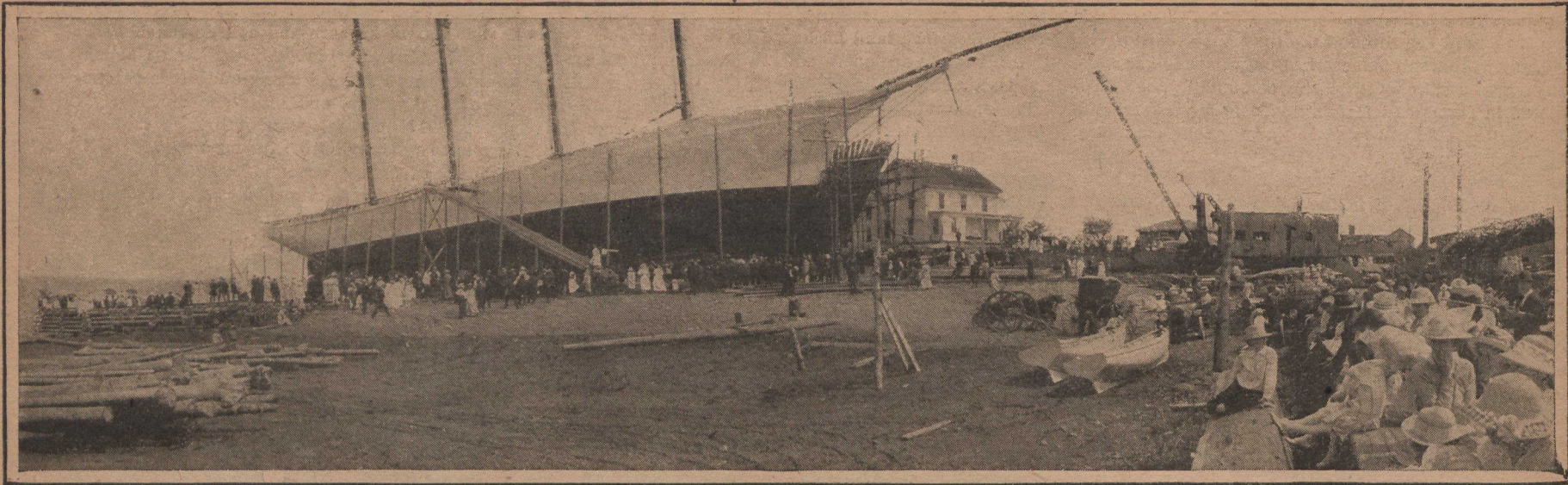
And until farming becomes a business this handicap will always keep it unpopular. When farming becomes a real business it will pay dividends on capital equal to those paid in any other average business; wages to compete with the best average wages under any scale of a union; a better living to offset the comparative isolation; hours no longer than in the factory; a winter of comparative

ease to balance a summer of hard work.

The farm is too important a part of any nation's life to be kept in the category of things not run as a business. Canada will be a more prosperous country with a higher average of well-being when a return comes to the land; when back-to-the-land is not a mere exodus of townspeople to suburban acres, or of nabobs to money-losing show farms; when the farmer is no longer regarded as a Rube—who in turn looks upon the town-man as a ridiculous and parasitic greenhorn; when labor will go to the land because it pays, and when capital will hunt for investment in farm properties.

The town and the country must forget their differences and work together for the good of all. The farmer should not require to be organized as a class or a political party. His interests are everybody's. If he fails, none of us can long succeed. A nation that depletes the farms and imports food for the sake of building up big industries is on the wrong economic track. And when farming becomes a real business, no nation that is worth while will neglect its farms for the sake of building up its other industries. Farming is not an act of Providence, or a curse of inheritance. It is a manufacturing industry. It calls for as much brains and science and organizing enthusiasm as any other industry and more than most. And when brains and labor and capital turn to the land, the true source of all national wealth and individual well-being, we shall all be better off. That will not be until the man who manages a farm has been trained in business; till the education given to farmers at the agricultural colleges has for one of its biggest items farm management.





Hantsport-on-Avon, N. S., August 25.

**W**HILE a burnished brass sun burned the pitch pine from her new decks, the 1,000-ton, four masted schooner Margaret F. Dick slipped smoothly down her tallow coated ways at the North Shipyards here yesterday afternoon. Not since the last century has such a ship been launched from a Hantsport shipyard. Yet there was a period when the fame of the Hantsport clipper was heard in every port. From Singapore to Bergen, and from Halifax to Archangel, these square rigged sturdy, fast sailing and splendidly seaworthy ships were regularly slipped into the same waters of the Avon.

The Margaret F. Dick typifies the renaissance of the Nova Scotia ship-building industry. Built by Fauquier & Porter, in the yards where for half a century the firm of North, father and son, have turned out ships which ranked with the best the world could produce, the schooner has a deadweight capacity of 2,000 tons gross. She is the largest schooner yet turned out of a Nova

Scotia yard since the revival of the wooden shipping industry. Her frames are of black birch and Bay Shore spruce. Her beams are of British Columbia fir, and the forests of the Pacific coast have contributed also to the making of her keelsons which are of Oregon pine, as also are her masts, measuring 96 feet. Her stem and stern posts and her planking are also of B. C. fir.

The keel was laid on the 10th of November, 1917, so that she represented nine months and two weeks of expert labor by a group of men which has numbered from 75 to 120. She will carry, in addition to her sailing rig, two one hundred horse-power auxiliary Fairbanks-Morse oil engines, and is equipped with twin screws. Her estimated speed under sail is ten knots an hour and she will ship a crew of fourteen. Captain C. E. Dagwell, who has had many years of experience as master of various vessels, will be her skipper, and who was in command of the ill-fated Dornfontine when she encountered a German submarine off the Nova Scotia coast a few days ago.

## From HANTSPORT to VANCOUVER

**A**VIATION in the West is a swift and sometimes spectacular thing. Some time ago an aero-mail route was started between Calgary and Edmonton. In British-Columbia airmen are to be employed as fire-rangers over the forests. The photograph here-with shows one of the fire-ranging hydro-planes wrecked on the roof of a house in Beaty St., Vancouver. The plane had been accepted from the makers by the Forestry Department, and was being taken over by Lt. V. A. Bishop, R.A.F., home on furlough. The aviator was flying at 1,000 feet when the casualty—whatever it was—happened to his machine. By skilful management he avoided a collapse and landed on the roof of a citizen. The pilot escaped with only a slight injury. But the descent of that forestry hydro-plane was one of the spectacular sensations of the season.—Photograph by Stuart Thomson.



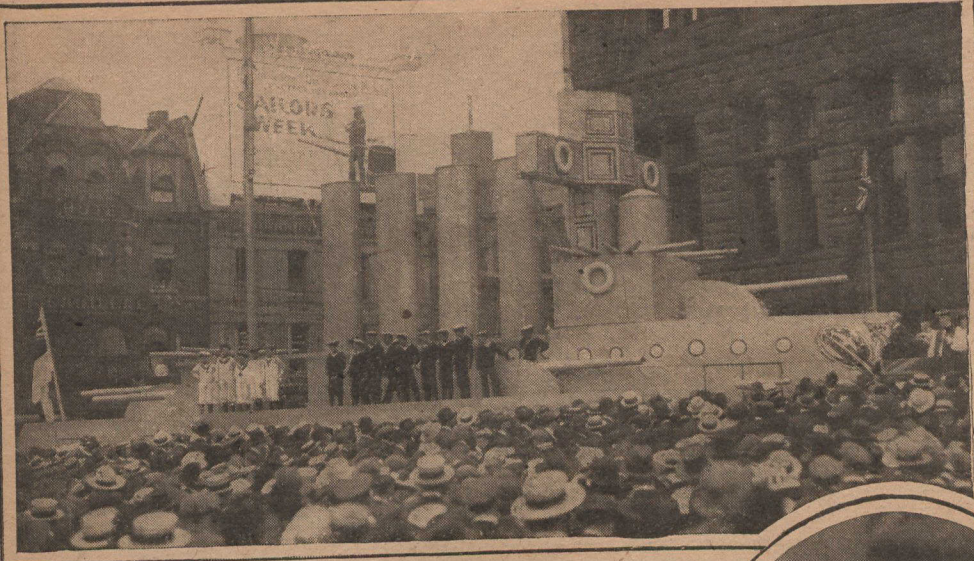
**C**OL. ROOSEVELT is more than once a grandfather. The latest Roosevelt move against race suicide—the old bugbear of the Colonel—is the child of the Colonel's second son, Captain Archie, recently wounded in the war. It is only a few weeks since the Colonel lost his elder son Quentin, photographs of whose funeral are now coming through the mails. The service flag in the hands of Richard Darby, Jr., symbolizes the three sons of the Colonel on service.

**L**AATEST photograph of the now Americanized English actor-producer Wm. Faversham, who has already staged Allegiance for the coming season, and in October will come along with the Prince and the Pauper. Since Faversham brought out his first production of Julius Caesar in Toronto, he has found most of his time occupied in New-York.





# THREE WAYS



**T**ORONTO and Ontario went in to raise \$500,000 for the dependents of Canadian Sailors in the British Navy. By means of a powerful marine drive centred at the City Hall the Navy League raised \$580,000. The Provincial Government gave \$100,000 and the City of Toronto \$50,000. Big donations from men like Sir John Eaton with his \$50,000 shoved the aggregate well over \$200,000. Then it was everybody's chance. The campaign was conducted largely from the deck of a dummy ship, Victory, rigged up in front of the City Hall; on the right flank a replica of the mast on the old Victory ship of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar and the famous flag signal, England expects, etc.



**W**INNIPEG about the same time created one of the numerous moving spectacles so characteristic of that temperamental city of movement. The 'Peg never depends on shouting and speeches. It goes in for spectacles. The Kiwamis Carnival—almost as long as the city—was the means of raising a large sum for war benefits. Here we have some of the ladies representing that all alive newspaper, The Free Press, in a pose of the allied nations.

**M**ONTREAL undertook to do a little for the Red Cross; one of the many drives little and big that make the big city such a mine of war money. A Golf Tournament was the method chosen. Four experts were brought in. Here we have Jerome Travers starting off from the first tee at the Royal Montreal Golf Grounds.

**R**ETURNED soldiers weaving at the Canadian National Exhibition. Sir James Loughheed, Minister of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment, watching them.

**H**ERE we have Premier Borden on Labor Day, intent upon the work of blind soldiers doing basketry at the Exhibition. The work of these blind men was a popular proof of the marvellous efficiency of men who will never again be able to see what their hands have done.



**A** FLAX Festival put the glad touch on the last harvesting scene for Ontario up at Willowdale where, under the auspices of the York Township branch of the Red Cross it was shown what happens to flax from the day it is pulled till the day it goes up in the air.

**R**EMEMBER, that about the time the Canadian editors got to the front the tide of battle turned and Foch's great counter-offensive began. These editors will modestly disclaim any connection of cause and effect. But here are a few of them caught in the act—just leaving the head offices of French military operations, the Ministry of War in Paris. At the head, the tall figure is undoubtedly Frank Carrel, proprietor and editor of the Quebec Telegraph, a veteran of travel and observation. Beside him—looks like Godfrey Langlois, once editor of the radical sheet Le Pays. But he is not clearly identified.



When these men get back they will have nobody to howl at them for staying longer than Premier Borden did away from the post of home duty. Editors never criticize themselves. And we can always spare a few editors to represent Canada abroad—especially if they bring about such a turn in the fortunes of war.



# Sunshine and Shadow in French Hospitals



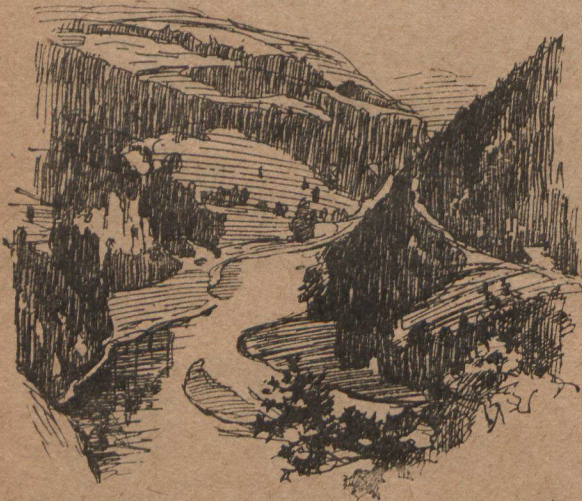
Third account of visits to the Military Hospitals of France, introducing the Magician of Chartreuse. Written and illustrated

By ESTELLE M. KERR



**M**Y tour of the French military hospitals of the 7th region has come to an end, and I am resting and getting the car into good running order while awaiting permits to visit another region. Dijon is as crowded as ever—and still more expensive. At the hotel I was given a bed in a bathroom, to reach which I had to pass through the improvised bedroom of an American officer who was sleeping in one end of the corridor. Hot water was not to be had; for this was a luxury for Saturdays and Sundays only. There was hardly room to unpack my bag; but for this discomfort I was charged 6 francs (which made 23 francs a day including meals and a 10% luxury tax) and three francs for the Red Cross motor which spent the night in the corner of a dark shed! So I have retired to the country, where Americans who are supposed to have more money than they can use, are less plentiful.

It is very nice to sit still after so much travelling. On the last day we had 150 kilometres, two punctures and one hospital to our credit, and we are glad indeed to be free for a time from the dust and heat of the road. The first puncture occurred on a sizzling side-road, with not a scrap of shade in sight and no one to lend a hand. The next took place outside a slaughter-house, the smell of which was almost overpowering. The boys in their bloody aprons gathered closely round me as I worked. At such times I feel that once this job is over I shall never look at



The difficult roads rob mountainous scenery of its charm for the chauffeur.

a motor again as long as I live; at others, I think how very lucky we are to move about so quickly while others must trudge along the dusty road. And, after all, Percy, the little Ford, has behaved very well. His defects have been superficial; for his engine runs smoothly, if a trifle noisily, so long as I treat him with kindness.

I look in my little diary to see if there is anything worth reading since my last letter, and the brief items recall pleasant scenes to my memory of the little town of Salins; of the charming hospital of Vaux-sur-Poligny; and of the beautiful drive through the Jura mountains; of Belley, the most southerly point on our journey, and the wonderful scenery on the Franco-Swiss frontier; of our trip home again, when hospitals palled and the novelty of the tour had worn off. Our permit was limited, so in order

to cover the entire district we were obliged to work on Sundays as well, and a spell of intense heat made the last days very trying.

From Bourg we made an excursion to Selinac, the most beautiful and interesting hospital we have seen. It was opened only two months ago, but has already had wonderful results with its nervous patients. The old monastery of Chartreuse was well chosen by the hospital authorities, for this wealthy monastic order had selected an ideal spot in a secluded gorge of the mountains for the erection of this massive yet graceful stone building.

It was late afternoon when we arrived and long shadows were creeping over the valley. In the centre of the courtyard a fountain was playing, while a tamarisk in bloom leaned over the basin of rippling water. There was an air of peace and happiness about the place, but few patients could be seen. They were working in the garden or workshops. Some new arrivals were in bed and others sat on the verandah. One patient could not speak above a whisper; another stammered and grew incoherent when he tried to talk to us; but they all seemed to love the head doctor, who talked to them like an affectionate father.

Later, when we found the convalescents sitting around the courtyard, he asked them to tell us their stories.

One had been treated for two years for a paralyzed leg, sent from one hospital to another; but after three-quarters of an hour treatment here he could walk.

"And now, you see, I am as solid as a rock!" he told us proudly.

Another had his two hands doubled up so that he could not unlock them; but now he was gardening all day long. A third had suffered from a distorted foot, while several could not stand upright. The doctor showed us photographs of patients when they came into the hospital, and after they had been discharged; and also a roomful of discarded crutches and heavy jackets and leather supports, supplied by the other hospitals. The cure seemed magical; but the patients were not brought to this hospital until it was assured that they had no organic trouble. A few had imaginary ills; and one was found hurting himself so that he would not have to fight again; but the majority were victims of nerves, due in most cases to shell-shock.

When after electrical treatment the patient sees that his paralyzed member can be made to move, he makes the effort himself. The rest of the cure consists of fresh air, work and exercise. The old neglected garden, now cultivated by the patients, supplies the hospital with vegetables, while the whole place is kept in good repair. Workshops of various kinds will be established if gifts of tools can be obtained; so we promised to make an effort to send them a supply. There is no need for nurses, for the patients look after one another—surely a happier fraternity than that of the old monks who manufactured their poisonous Chartreuse here long ago!

We saw the cells where they used to live in seclusion, each with a little walled

garden opening from it and a narrow flight of stone stairs which they mounted to pray in the chapel at midnight and other inconvenient hours. In the centre of one of the courtyards were their graves. No headstones marked them, only a humble slab of wood. A high cross stands in the centre, but the plot had become overgrown with weeds and filled with debris. The wounded, respecting their memory, are clearing it and planting flowers and shrubs above the graves.

After seeing so many hospitals for desperately wounded, mutilated, sick and dying soldiers, it was delightful to find this charming place full of sunburnt, robust-looking men, and listen to tales of their magic recovery, which they told with tears in their eyes. We felt that the day of miracles was not yet passed.

**T**HE country around Bourg is noted for its poultry—the Breese chickens are justly famous. They were constantly dodging in front of us, and any car less agile than Percy would certainly have slaughtered some of them. Further south we had seen very few horses, for the carts were almost invariably drawn by oxen; but now we

passed several handsome stallions being led along the road. Sometimes one with its front feet chained would gallop in front of us, and if we didn't stop and wait until his excitement had calmed down, he would go for miles. We passed squares where pigs were offered for sale and wormed our way through market stalls in the main streets, where peasant women in dainty embroidered white caps with a ruching extending under their chins,

were too interested in their bargains to make way. With this exception, the peasant costumes in this part of France exist only on picture post-cards. From Beaume to Dijon the whole countryside is one perpetual vineyard; and wine bibbers would revel in the names of the small towns in this district whose names are inscribed on the labels of costly bottles.

In this part of the world one gets the impression that the war is carried on by Americans, with some help from the French. Here, as in the North, we began to meet their great motor lorries, which are so hard on the road that the German prisoners engaged in repairing them cannot keep up with their destruction. More than once I have had occasion to bless their kind drivers who so willingly offer help when they see a woman in trouble; and Fords—so puzzling to French mechanics—why, they all know them by heart! Wherever we go the people insist that we are Americans, in spite of the "Oeuvre Anglaise" on our car and brassards. They are also convinced that we must know all the ladies en-

(Continued on page 24.)

A Breese peasant and her chickens.





# The LOST NAVAL PAPERS

By **Bennet Copplestone**

Illustrated by **T. W. McLEAN**



## CHAPTER III. AN INQUISITION.

**P**ERHAPS I ought to have seen it coming, but I didn't. For a moment, as a washerwoman might say, I was struck all of a heap. Then the delicious thought that I—by nature a vagabond, though by decree of the High Gods the father of a family and a Justice of the Peace—had to face the charge of being a German spy shook my soul with ribald laughter. I had been dull and torpid before the arrival of Dawson; he had awakened me into joyous life. I arose, filled and lighted a large calabash pipe, and passed a box of cigars to the detective. "Throw that stump away and take another," said I. "I owe you more than a cigar or two." He stared at me, took what I offered, and his face relaxed into a grin. "It is pleasant to see that you are a man of humor, Mr. Dawson," I observed, when we were again seated comfortably on opposite sides of the fire. "In my day I have played many parts, but I cannot somehow recall the incident of unsoldering a sardine tin, inserting a paper packed in a mess of putty, soldering it up, and despatching the incriminating product within a parcel addressed to a late lieutenant of Northumberland Fusiliers. I am not denying the charge; the whole affair is too delightful to be cut short. Let us spin it out delicately like children over plates of sweet pudding."

"You are a queer customer, Mr. Copplestone. I confess that the whole business puzzles me, though you and your friends here seem to find it devilish amusing. When I told the Chief Constable, the manager of the shipyard, and the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Work that you were the guilty party, they all roared. For some reason the Admiral and the shipyard manager kept winking at one another and gurgling till I thought they would have choked. What is the joke?"

"If you are good, Dawson, I will tell you some day. This is November, and the Rampagious—the ship described on your paper—left for Portsmouth in August. In July—" I broke off hurriedly, lest I should tell my visitor too much. "It has taken our friend who put the paper in the sardine tin three months to find out details of her. I could have done better than that, Dawson."

"That is just what the Admiral said, though he wouldn't explain why."

"The truth is, Dawson, that the Admiral and I both come from Devon, the land of pirates, smugglers, and buccaneers. We are law breakers by instinct and family tradition. When we get an officer of the law on toast, we like to make the most of him. It is a playful little way of ours which I am sure you will understand and pardon."

"You know, of course, that I am justified in arresting you. I have a warrant and handcuffs in my pocket."

"Admirable man!" I cried, with enthusiasm. "You are, Dawson, the perfect detective. As a criminal I should be mightily afraid of you. But, as in my buttonhole I always wear the white flower which proclaims to the world my blameless life, I am thoroughly enjoying this visit and our cosy chat beside the fire. Shall I telephone to my office and say that I shall be unavoidably detained from duty for an indefinite time? 'Detained' would be the strict truth and the not just. If you would kindly lock me up, say, for three years or the duration of the war I should be your debtor. I have often thought that a prison, provided that one were allowed unlimited paper and the use of a typewriter, would be the most charming of holidays—a perfect rest cure."

By special arrangement with the publishers—Thos. Allen. There are three books in my head which I should like to write. Arrest me, Dawson, I implore you! Put on the handcuffs—I have never been handcuffed—ring up a taxi, and let us be off to jail. You will, I hope, do me the honor of lunching with me first and meeting my wife. She will be immensely gratified to be quit of me. It cannot often have happened in your lurid career, Dawson, to be welcomed with genuine enthusiasm."

"Why did that man say that he prepared the description of the ship for you?"

"That is what we are going to find out, and I will help you all I can. My reputation is like the bloom upon the peach—touch it, and it is gone for ever. There is a faint glimmer of the truth at the back of my mind which may become a clear light. Did he say that he had given it to me personally, into my

**R**ichard Cary is preparing a book on the navy, when Dawson informs him that his notes are about to be stolen by a German spy. Cary then prepares a new set of false notes, so that the spy can steal them and be shadowed afterwards by Dawson's men. The spy is followed until he reaches Holland. Just before landing he is captured and shot in England after a court-martial.

Dawson discovers that information is being sent across from England in boxes to soldiers who are prisoners in Germany. In following this up, he finds out that the author Copplestone himself is supposed to have received naval information from a hitherto trusted draughtsman in a shipping-yard, and so has come to arrest Copplestone as an accomplice.

own hand?"

"No. He said that he was approached by a man whom he had known off and on for years, a man who was employed by you in connection with shipyard inquiries. He was informed that this man was still employed by you for the same purpose now as in the past."

"Your case against me is thinning out, Dawson. At its best it is second-hand; at its worst, the mere conjecture of a rather careless draughtsman. I have two things to do: first to find out the real seducer, who is probably also the despatcher of the parcels to the late lieutenant of Northumberland Fusiliers, and second, to save if I can this poor fool of a shipyard draughtsman from punishment for his folly. I don't doubt that he honestly thought he was dealing with me."

"He will have to be punished. The Admiral will insist upon that."

"We must make the punishment as light as we can. You shall help me with all the discretionary authority with which you are equipped. I can see, Dawson, from the tactful skill with which you have dealt with me that discretion is among your most distinguished characteristics. If you had been a stupid, bull-headed policeman, you would have been up against pretty serious trouble."

"That was quite my own view," replied Dawson drily.

"Who is the man described by our erring draughtsman?"

"He won't say. We have put on every allowable method of pressure, and some that are not in ordinary times permitted. We have had over this spy hunt business to shed most of our tender English regard for suspected persons, and to adopt the French system of fishing inquiries. In France the police try to make a man incriminate himself; in England we try our hardest to prevent him. That may be very right and just in peace time against ordinary law breakers; but war is war, and spies are too dangerous to be treated tenderly. We have cross-examined the man, and bully-ragged him, but he won't give up the name of his accomplice. It may be a relation. One thing seems sure. The man is, or was, a member of your staff, engaged in shipyard inquiries. Can you give me a list of the men who are or have been on this sort of work during the past few years?"

"I will get it for you. But please use it carefully. My present men are precious jewels, the few left to me by zealous military authorities. What I must look for is some one over military age who has left me or been dismissed—probably dismissed. When a British subject, of decent education and once respectable surroundings, gets into the hands of German agents, you may be certain of one thing, Dawson, that he has become a rotter through drink."

"That's it," cried Dawson. "You have hit it. Crime and drink are twin brothers as no one knows better than the police. Look out for the name and address of a man dismissed for drunkenness and we shall have our bird."

"The name I can no doubt give you, but not the address."

"Give us any address where he lived, even if it were ten years ago, and we shall track him down in three days. That is just routine police work."

"I never presume to teach an expert his business—and you, Dawson, are a super-expert, a director-general of those of common qualities—but would it not be well to warn all the Post Offices, so that when another parcel is brought in addressed to the lieutenant the bearer may be arrested?"

**D**AWSON sniffed. "Police work; common police work. It was done at once for this city and fifty miles round. No parcel was put in last week. The warning has since been extended to the whole of the United Kingdom. We may get our man this week, or at least a messenger of his, but no news has yet come to me."

I will lunch with you, as you so kindly suggest, and afterwards I want you to come with me to see the draughtsman in the lockup. You may be able to shake his confounded obstinacy. Run the pathetic stunt. Say if he keeps silent that you will be arrested, your home broken up, your family driven into the workhouse, and you yourself probably shot. Pitch it strong and rich. He is a bit of a softy from the look of him. That tender-hearted lot are always the most obstinate when asked to give away their pals."

"Do you know, Dawson," I said, as he went upstairs with me to have a lick and a polish, as he put it—"I am inclined to agree with Cary that you are rather an inhuman beast."

My wife, with whom I could exchange no more than a dozen words, and a wink or two, gripped the situation and played up to it in the fashion which compels the admiration and terror of mere men. Do they humbug us, their husbands, as they do the rest of the world on our behalf? She met Dawson as if he were an old family friend, heaped hospitality upon him, and chaffed him blandly as if to entertain a police officer with a warrant and handcuffs in his pocket were the best joke in the world. "My husband, Mr. Dawson, needs a holiday very badly, but won't take one. He thinks that the war cannot be pursued successfully unless he looks after it himself. If you would carry him off and keep him quiet for a bit, I should be deeply grateful." She then fell into



a discussion with Dawson of the most conveniently situated prisons. Mrs. Coppleson dismissed Dartmoor and Portland as too bleakly situated, but was pleased to approve of Parkhurst in the Isle of Wight—which I rather fancy is a House of Detention for women. She insisted that the climate of the Island was suited to my health, and wrung a promise from Dawson that I should, if possible, be interned there. Dawson's manners and conversation surprised me. His homespun origin was evident, yet he had developed an easy social style which was neither familiar nor aggressive. We were in his eyes eccentrics, possibly what he would call among his friends "a bit off," and he bore himself towards us accordingly. My small daughter, Jane, to whom he had been presented as a colonel of police—little Jane is deeply versed in military ranks—took to him at once, and his manner towards her confirmed my impression that some vestiges of humanity may still be discovered in him by the patient searcher. She insisted upon sitting next to him and in holding his hand when it was not employed in conveying food to his mouth. She was startled at first by the discussion upon the prisons most suitable for me, but quickly became reconciled to the idea of a temporary separation.

"Colonel Dawson," she asked. "When daddy is in prison, may I come and see him sometimes. Mother and me?" Dawson gripped his hair—we were the maddest crew!—and replied, "Of course you shall, Miss Jane, as often as you like."

"Thank you, Colonel Dawson; you are a nice man. I love you. Now show me the handcuffs in your pocket."

For the second time that day poor Dawson blushed. He must have regretted many times that he had mentioned to me those unfortunate darbies. Now amid much laughter he was compelled to draw forth a pretty shining pair of steel wristlets and permit Jane to put them on. They were much too large for her; she could slip them on and off without unlocking; but as toys they were a delight. "I shouldn't mind being a prisoner," she declared; "if dear Colonel Dawson took me up."

WE were sitting upon the fire-guard after luncheon, dallying over our coffee, when Jane demanded to be shown a real arrest. "Show me how you take up a great big man like Daddy."

Then came a surprise, which for a moment had so much in it of bitter realism that it drove the blood from my wife's cheeks. I could not follow Dawson's movements; his hands flickered like those of a conjurer, there came a sharp click, and the handcuffs were upon my wrists! I stared at them speechless, wondering how they got there, and, looking up, met the coldly triumphant eyes of the detective. I realized then exactly how the professional manhunter glares at the prey into whom, after many days, he has set his claws. My wife gasped and clutched at my elbow, little Jane screamed, and for a few seconds even I thought that the game had been played and that serious business was about to begin. Dawson gave us a few seconds of apprehension, and then laughed grimly. From his waistcoat pocket he drew a key, and the fetters were removed almost as quickly as they had been clapped on. "Tit for tat," said he. "You have had your fun with me. Fair play is a jewel."

Little Jane was the first to recover speech. "I knew that dear Colonel Dawson was only playing," she cried. "He only did it to please me. Thank you, Colonel, though you did frighten me just a weeny bit at first." And pulling him down towards her she kissed him heartily upon his prickly cheek. It was a queer scene.

The door bell rang loudly, and we were informed that a policeman stood without who was inquiring for Chief Inspector Dawson. "Show him in here," said I. The constable entered, and his manner of addressing my guest—that of a raw second lieutenant towards a general of division—shed a new light upon Dawson's pre-eminence in his Service. "A telegram for you sir." Dawson seized it, was about to tear it open, remembered suddenly his hostess, and bowed towards her. "Have I your permission, madam?" he asked. She smiled and nodded; I turned away to conceal a laugh. "Good," cried Dawson,

poring over the message. "I think, Mr. Coppleson, that you had better telephone to your office and say that you are unavoidably detained."

"What—what is it?" cried my wife, who had again become white with sudden fear.

"Something which will occupy the attention of your husband and myself to the exclusion of all other duties. This telegram informs me that a parcel has been handed in at Carlisle and the bearer arrested."

"Excellent!" I cried. "My time is at your disposal, Dawson. We shall now get full light."

He sat down and scribbled a reply wire directing the parcel and its bearer to be brought to him with all speed. "They should arrive in two or three hours," said he, "and in the meantime we will tackle the draughtsman who made that plan of the battleship. Good-bye, Mrs. Coppleson, and thank you very much for your hospitality. Your husband goes with me." My wife shook hands with Dawson, and politely saw him off the premises. She has said little to me since about his visit, but I do not think that she wishes ever to meet with him again. Little Jane, who kissed him once more at parting, is still attached to the memory of her colonel.

Dawson led me to the private office at the Central Police Station, which was his temporary headquarter.

His was not the stuff of which criminals are made.



ers, and sent for the dossier of the locked-up draughtsman. "I have here full particulars of him," said he, "and a verbatim note of my examination." I examined the photograph attached, which represented a bearded citizen of harmless aspect; over his features had spread a scared, puzzled look, with a suggestion in it of pathetic appeal. He looked like a human rabbit caught in an unexpected and uncomprehended trap. It was a police photograph. Then I began to read the dossier, but got no farther than the first paragraph. In it was set out the man's name, those of his wife and children, his employment, record of service, and so on. What arrested my researches was the maiden name of the wife, which, in accordance with the northern custom, had been entered as a part of her legal description. The name awoke in me a recollection of a painful incident within my experience. I saw before me the puffed, degraded face of one to whom I had given

chance after chance of redeeming himself from thralldom to the whiskey bottle, one who had promised again and again to amend his ways. At last, wearied, I had cast him out. He had been looking after an important shipbuilding district, had conspicuous ability and knowledge, the support of a faithful wife. But nothing availed to save him from himself. "Give me five minutes alone with your prisoner," I said to Dawson, "and I will give you the spy you seek."

I had asked for five minutes, but two were sufficient for my purpose. The draughtsman had been obstinate with Dawson, seeking loyally to shield his wretched brother-in-law, but when he found that I had the missing thread in my hands, he gave in at once. "What relation is — to your wife?" I asked. He had risen at my entrance, but the question went through him like a bullet; his pale face flushed, he staggered pitifully, and, sitting down, buried his face in his hands. "You may tell the truth now," I said gently. "We can easily find out what we must know, but the information will come better from you."

"He is my wife's brother," murmured the man.

"You knew that he was no longer in my service?"

"Yes, I knew."

I might fairly have asked why he had used my name, but refrained. One can readily pardon the lapses of an honest man, terrified at finding himself in the coils of the police, clinging to the good name of his wife and her family, clutching at any device to throw the sleuth-hounds of the law off the real scent. He had given his brother-in-law forbidden information from a loyal desire to help him and with no knowledge of the base use to which it would be put. When detected, he had sought at any cost to shield him.

"I will do my best to help you," I said.

His head drooped down till it rested upon his bent arms, and he groaned and panted under the torture of tears. His was not the stuff of which criminals are made.

I found Dawson's chuckling joy rather repulsive. I felt that, being successful, he might at least have had the decency to dissemble his satisfaction. He might also have given me some credit for the rapid clearing up of the problem in detection. But he took the whole thing to himself, and gloated like a child over his own cleverness. I neither obtained from him thanks for my assistance nor apologies for his suspicions. It was Dawson, Dawson, all the time. Yet I found his egotism and unrelieved vanity extraordinarily interesting. As we sat together in his room waiting for the Carlisle train to come in he discoursed freely to me of his triumphs in detection, his wide-spread system of spying upon spies, his long delayed "sport" with some, and his ruthless rapid trapping of others. Men are never so interesting as when they talk shop, and as a talker of shop Dawson was sublime.

"If," said Dawson, as the time approached for the closing scene, "our much-wanted friend has himself handed in the parcel at Carlisle—he would be afraid to trust an accomplice—our job will be done. If not, I will pull a drag net through this place which will bring him up within a day or two. What a fool the man is to think that he could escape the eye of Bill Dawson."

A policeman entered, laid a packet upon the table before us, and announced that the prisoner had been placed in cell No. 2. Dawson sprang up. "We will have a look at him through the peephole, and if it is our man—" One glance was enough. Before me I saw him whom I had expected to see. He and his cargo of whiskey bottles had reached the last stage of their long journey; at one end had been peace, reasonable prosperity, and a happy home; at the other was, perhaps, a rope or a bullet.

Dawson began once more to descant upon his own astuteness, but I was too sick at heart to listen. I remembered only the visit years before which that man's wife had paid to me. "Will you not open the parcel?" I interposed. He fell upon it, exposed its contents of bread, chocolate, and sardine tins, and called for a can opener. He shook the tins one by one beside his ear, and then, selecting that which gave out no "flop" of oil, stripped it open, plunged his fingers inside, and pulled forth a clammy mess of putty and sawdust. In a moment he had come upon



a paper which after reading he handed to me. It bore the words in English, "Informant arrested: dare not send more."

"What a fool!" cried Dawson. "As if the evidence against him were not sufficient already he must give us this."

"You will let that poor devil of a draughtsman down easily?" I murmured.

"We want him as a witness," replied Dawson. "Tit for tat. If he helps us, we will help him. And now we will cut along to the Admiral. He is eager for news."

We broke in upon the Admiral in his office near the shipyards, and he greeted me with cheerful badinage. "So you are in the hands of the police at last, Coplestone. I always told you what would be the end of your naval inquisitiveness."

Dawson told his story, and the naval officer's keen kindly face grew stern and hard. "Germans I can respect," said he, "even those that pretend to be our friends. But one of our own folk—to sell us like this—ugh! Take the vermin away, Dawson, and stamp upon it."

We stood talking for a few moments and then Dawson broke in with a question. "I have never understood, Admiral, why you were so very confident that Mr. Coplestone here had no hand in this business. The case against him looked pretty ugly, yet you laughed at it all the time. Why were you so sure?"

The Admiral surveyed Dawson as if he were some strange creature from an unknown world. "Mr. Coplestone is a friend of mine," said he drily.

"Very likely," snapped the detective. "But is a man a white angel because he has the honor to be your friend?"

"A fair retort," commented the Admiral. "It happens that I had other and better reasons. For in July I myself showed Mr. Coplestone over the new battleship Rampagious, and after our inspection we both lunched with the builders and discussed her design and armament in every detail. So as Mr. Coplestone knew all about her in July, he was not likely to suborn a draughtsman in November. See?"

"You should have told me this before. It was your duty."

"My good Dawson," said the Admiral gently, "you are an excellent officer of police, but even you have a few things yet to learn. I had in my mind to give you a lesson, especially as I owed you some punishment for your impertinence in opening my friend Coplestone's private letters. You have had the lesson; profit by it."

Dawson flushed angrily. "Punishment! Impertinence! This to me!"

"Yes," returned the Admiral stiffly, "bestly impertinence."

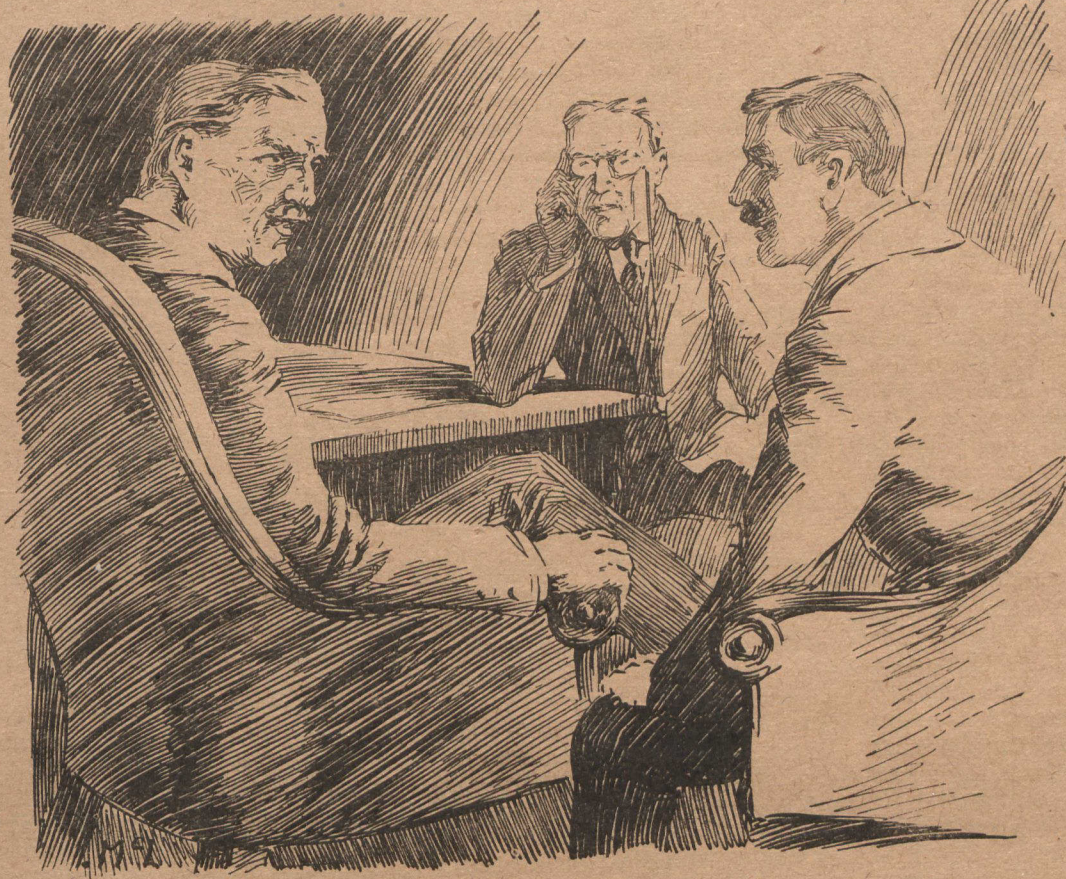
#### CHAPTER IV.

#### SABOTAGE.

DAWSON showed no malice towards the Admiral or myself for our treatment of him. I do not think that he felt any; he was too fully occupied in collecting the spoils of victory to trouble his head about what a Scribbler or a Salt Horse might think of him. He gathered to himself every scrap of credit which the affair could be induced to yield, and received—I admit quite deservedly—the most handsome encomiums from his superiors in office. During the two weeks he passed in my city after the capture—weeks occupied in tracing out the threads connecting his wretch of a prisoner with the German agents upon what Dawson called his "little list"—he paid several visits both to my house and my office. His happiness demanded that he should read to me the many letters which poured in from high officials of the C.I.D., from the Chief Commissioner, and on one day—a day of days in the chronicles of Dawson—from the Home Secretary himself. To me it seemed

that all these astute potentates knew their Dawson very thoroughly, and lubricated, as it were, with judicious flattery the machinery of his energies. I could not but admire Dawson's truly royal faculty for absorbing butter. The stomachs of most men, really good at their business, would have revolted at the diet which his superiors shovelled into Dawson, but he visibly expanded and blossomed. Yes, Scotland Yard knew its Dawson, and exactly how to stimulate the best that was in him. He never bored me; I enjoyed him too thoroughly.

One day in my club I chanced upon the Admiral. "Have you met our friend Dawson lately?" I asked. "Met him?" shouted he, with a roar of laughter.



#### It was Dawson—but it was not the Dawson whom I had known in the North.

"Met him? He is in my office every day—he almost lives with me; goodness knows when he does his work. He has a pocket full of letters which he has read to me till I know them by heart. If I did not know that he was a first-class man I should set him down as a colossal ass. Yet, I rather wish that the Admiralty would sometimes write to me as the severe but very human Scotland Yard does to Dawson."

"Does he ever come to you in disguise?" I asked.

"Not that I know of. I see vast numbers of people; some of them may be Dawson in his various incarnations, but he has not given himself away."

Then I explained to my naval friend my own experience. "He tried," I said, "to play the disguise game on me, and clean bowled me the first time. While he was laughing over my discomfiture I studied his face more closely than a lover does that of his mistress. I tried to penetrate his methods. He never wears a wig or false hair; he is too wise for that folly. Yet he seems able to change his hair from light to dark, to make it lank or curly, short or long. He does it; how I don't know. He alters the shape of his nose, his cheeks, and his chin. I suppose that he pads them out with little rubber insets. He alters his voice, and his figure, and even his height. He can be stiff and upright like a drilled soldier, or loose-jointed and shuffling like a tramp. He is a finished artist, and employs the very simplest means. He could, I truly believe, deceive his wife or his mother, but he will never again deceive me. I am not a specially observant man; still one can make a shot at most things when driven to it, and I object to being the subject of Dawson's ribaldry. If you will take my tip, you will be able to spot him as readily as I do now."

"Good. I should love to score off Dawson. He is an aggravating beast."

"Study his ears," said I. "He cannot alter their chief characters. The lobes of his ears are not loose like yours or mine or those of most men and women; his are attached to the back of his cheekbones. My

mother had lobes like those, so had the real Roger Tichborne; I noticed Dawson's at once. Also at the top fold of his ears he has rather a pronounced blob of flesh. This blob, more prominent in some men than in others, is, I believe, a surviving relic of the sharp point which adorned the ears of our animal ancestors. Dawson's ancestor must have been a wolf or a bloodhound. Whenever now I have a strange caller who is not far too tall or far too short to be Dawson, if a stranger stops me in the street to ask for a direction, if a porter at a station dashes up to help me with my bag, I go for his ears. If the lobes are attached to the cheekbones and there is a pronounced blob in the fold at the top, I address the man

instantly as Dawson, however impossibly unlike Dawson he may be. I have spotted him twice now since he bowled me out, and he is frightfully savage—especially as I won't tell him how the trick is done. He says that it is my duty to tell him, and that he will compel me under some of his beloved Defence of the Realm Regulations. But the rack could not force me to give away my precious secret. Cherish it and use it. You will not tell, for you love to mystify the ruffian as much as I do."

"I will watch for his ears when he next calls, which, I expect, will be to-morrow. Thank you very much. I won't sneak."

"Remember that nothing else in the way of identification is of any use, for I doubt if either of us has ever seen the real undisguised Dawson as he is known to God. We know a man whom we think is the genuine article—but is he? Cary's description of him is most unlike the man whom we see here. I expect that he has a different identity for every place which he visits. If he

told me that at any moment he was wholly undisguised, I should be quite sure that he was lying. The man wallows in deception for the very sport of the thing. But he can't change his ears. Study them, and you will be safe."

OUR club was the only place in which we could be sure that Dawson did not penetrate, though I should not have been surprised to learn that one or two of the waitresses were in his pay. Dawson is an ardent feminist; he says that as secret agents women beat men to a frazzle.

Shortly before Dawson left for his headquarters on the north-east coast he dropped in upon me. He had finished his researches, and revealed the results to me with immense satisfaction.

"I have fixed up Menteith," he began, "and know exactly how he came into communication with the German Secret Service." The contemptuous emphasis which he laid on the word "Secret" would have annoyed the Central Office at Potsdam. I have given the detected British spy the name of Menteith after that of the most famous traitor in Scottish history; if I called him, say, Campbell or Macdonald, nothing could save me from the righteous vengeance of the outraged Clans.

"It was all very simple," he went on, "like most things in my business when one gets to the bottom of them. He was seduced by a man whom the local police have had on their string for a long time, but who will now be put securely away. Menteith was a frequenter of a certain public-house down the river, where he posed as an authority on the Navy, and hinted darkly at his stores of hidden information. Our German agent made friends with him, gave him small sums for drinks, and flattered his vanity. It is strange how easily some men are deceived by flattery. The agent got from Menteith one or two bits of news by pretending a disbelief in his sources of intelligence, and then, when the fool had committed himself, threatened to denounce him to the police unless he took service with him altogether. Money, of course, passed, but not very much. The Germans

(Continued on page 25.)



# MUSICAL AMERICA ANNEXES US

**T**HE editor of this department has been asked to furnish information to the editor of the new Grove's Dictionary—now being brought down to date—concerning Canadians who should be incorporated in the American section of that work. This is the first time it seems that America has been given an adequate place in the greatest of all musical encyclopaedias.

There is a large under meaning in this friendly request. Do you note the implication? America! Music, it seems, oversteps national boundaries. Politically we are conceded to be part of Greater Britain. Musically the highest musical authority extant proposes to bracket us with the United States. Are we to object? Must we prefer to be linked up with Sullivan and Bantock and MacKenzie rather than with Sousa, Bröckway, Macdowell and Carrie Jacobs Bond?

It all depends on the way you look at it. In any case we are supposed to have very little native music here. The majority of the biggest names culled from our Musical Who's Who for Grove's will of necessity be men and women not born in Canada. The respectable and eminent minority will be Canadians.

Now arises a snag. What will the British section of this Canada contingent of American musicians say to being wrenched from their British moorings and thrown in with the United States? Of course, no French or Belgian or Russian musician will have any objections. When a continental European comes to any part of America he comes to be as much a part of American life as he used to be part of Europe—musically. Some of them, of course, came here via London—the Hambourgs, for instance. Mr. Von Kunits, violin pedagogue, came here via the United States, where he had been for more than twenty years. M. Bourguignon, pianist, came almost direct from Belgium via New York. Signor Carboni came from New York, where he had been but a few weeks en route from Paris. Viggo Kihl, hailing natively from Denmark, spent many years in London. Mr. Guerrero, the pianist, comes from Chili by the N. Y. route. These and a dozen more will be quite willing to be categorized as Americans so long as they are kept in the sub-section Canadiensis.

But there are others who may plausibly object. What will Dr. Perrin, head of the McGill Conservatorium, think? How will Dr. Albert Ham, conductor of the National Chorus; how will Healey Willan, organist of St. Paul's, Toronto, and well-known British composer, like it, or Dr. Broome, Lancashireman, late of Montreal? What will Richard Tattersall, who hails from Glasgow, say? How will Watkin Mills, that always English basso now in Winnipeg, or Francis Coombs, organist of St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, or Mr. Fricker, only a year out from Leeds as conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, like to be classified as Canadian species of the genus American in music?

We know not. Music is a queer upsetter of nationality. And as a rule, the Britisher is one of the last of the musicians to give up his musical ancestry. Some of these men are here to be thorough-paced Canadians; some to be exponents of things British musically in Canada; perhaps one or two to stay a while and go back again to Piccadilly. They don't all think alike, even in music.

The native-born Canadians will be easy enough. Will they? Or have even these objections to being included in the general group Americana? Dr. Vogt will have no objections. He got his first musical education in Baltimore. Frank Welsman, conductor of the Toronto Symphony, won't mind. He was born in Toronto, where at least the art workers are cosmopolitan. W. O. Forsyth won't object. He has been a cosmopolitan ever since he left Leipzig as a student. Frank Blachford will be agreeable. Bruce Carey, conductor of the Elgar Choir in Hamilton, may think it all right. W. H. Hewlett, of the same town, will acquiesce. There are a number of other Anglo-Canadians in his group, though we are not instructed how far to go, or whether one must stop with conductors and composers and leave out the interpretive and performing group.

But what of the French-Canadian musicians of whom there are many? How will Guillaume Couture,

**CANADIAN** Musicians are regarded as musical citizens of America—in the opinion of those who are editing the new Grove's Dictionary of Music.

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

maitre de chapelle of St. James, Montreal, like to be called an American? Or Dr. Gagnon, organist of the Basilica in Quebec; or Octave Pelletier, organist of St. James in Montreal; or Alfred de Seve—oh, yes, he once played violin in the Boston Symphony; or Laliberte or Ducharme or—

We draw the curtain. French-Canadians prefer to be called plain Canadians as a rule.

Then there are some who have never quite cut away from Canada, but are now in other countries. We have a good contingent abroad; men like Clarence Lucas of New York, Burke the basso, Dufault the tenor, Hollinshead now in New York, but born in England, from which he came at the age of five, Farnham late of Montreal, now organist in New York

—or was he English-born? And many others.

There is also a small minority of pure Americana. Paul Wells, pianist, originally from Baltimore, for instance—is he to be classed as a Canadian or a Yankee; or a little of both?

Perhaps Montreal and Toronto are only musical suburbs of New York. Now-a-days nine-tenths of all the money Canadians in these two cities pay for concert music and opera goes to New York, some of it to Boston. Where the money goes there will the heart be also. We can't produce enough music for our own local demands. We must import a lot of it—in nearly all lines but choral work and organ-playing. Since the war New York—with Chicago's permission—has become a greater musical centre than even London, Paris or Berlin. New York expects to remain so. Europe's music is in a bad way.

But we have no cause for complaint. It's better for Canada to have the best of the world's music within a day's journey of our two biggest music centres than to have it 4,000 miles away.

## THIS STORY BECAME A SCENARIO

**O**NE of the stories published within the past two years in the Canadian Courier has been sold as a scenario for the screen. Captain Reid's Dilemma, by Nellie Gray, was the lucky winner of a \$100 cheque from one of the producing companies—we are not informed which. This, so far as we know, is the first Courier story to find its way to the screen; it may even be the first short story published in Canada to reach the film. The author, Mrs. Gray, is not a professional writer, but, like many amateurs, she succeeds in getting into her stories a deal of freshness and natural charm. The same story would

have been ill adapted to the stage, because the stage requires a very limited scope in the setting. Few story writers succeed in plays, which is the reason so few novelists ever dramatize their own stories. But the screen gets nearer the art of the story because it permits such a great diversity of setting and presentation. The trouble with writing for the stage is to know what to leave out. Once the technic of the screen is mastered and its formula learned, it is much easier to make a story fit the case. We do not endorse the method of some scenario-makers in picking their plots direct from the newspapers. If there is one thing the movie of the future should avoid it is the newspaper method. The screen needs the touch of imagination to keep it from running riot. The screen will never be the humanizing power it deserves to be from the psychology it contains until better writers write for it. At present the bulk of the cost of production is technical. The charge made for the scenario

is a bagatelle. The author counts for so little; the cast and the machinery for so much. The business side of the screen, as Mr. Merrick Nutting so clearly pointed out in his second article some time ago, is so enormous that it dwarfs the mere craft of the author. The audience is conscious less of the man or woman who wrote the scenario than of the actors who present it. This is realism. But it plays hob with the imagination because it gives the poor thing so little to do. The newspaper method as applied to the movie is wrong. The movie of the future will leave more out, appeal more to the human senti-

ment, less to the mere sense of the terrible, the over-sentimental or the horribly ridiculous. The movie at present is a hodgepodge of old melodrama which it supplanted, of farce which it presents very well, of pageant which it overdoes in the mere element of motion, of drama which it seldom portrays as powerfully as the stage because it eliminates the living personality of the actor and its effect upon the audience, of burlesque which it exaggerates tremendously, and of almost everything else but musical comedy.

The greatest reform needed in the screen is not to load it down with heavy educational features. The educational film has a tremendous future. But the surest way to demoralize the real function of the screen is to undertake a moral crusade to make it mainly educational. People don't want to pay money for going to night school after they are grown up. They do need to be able to see the best human things that they never can see on the stage—on the film.



**T**HE real motto for this picture is Pop Goes the Weasel—because that's where the money goes. Charlie and Harry have taken as much of the world's amusement money as any Caruso. They have taken a lot of it lately for Liberty and Victory Loans. When this kamerad picture was taken they had swapped headgear on the eve of moving picture partnership; but not the trousers—because Charlie's never would look well on Harry, and Harry had none to swap. Of course, you know that Harry is soon to be an M.P.—or hopes to be. But Charlie will never run for Congress. Oh, no, no, he can please more people by staying in the screen.



# EVERYMAN'S COLUMN

News Items, Current Ideas and Personal Opinions  
Condensed into Small Space to Suit the Busy Reader

## TWO NEW CHARMS

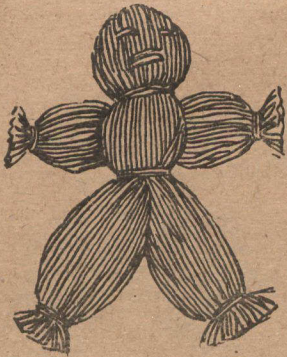
*Soldiers in Canadian Hospitals Make Them Now*

**P**ATRIOTISM and superstition are going hand in hand just now in Paris. At any rate every true Parisian has them both "on the string." That is absurd, you say. But then you probably haven't seen Nénette and Rintintin. Although there are thousands of them in the French

the long-range gun or that Rintintin renders you immune from Gotha bombs. Ridiculous! Still, I know serious-minded men who, when the sirens begin shrieking and they prepare to go into the cellar, are more likely to forget their cigar-case than Nénette and Rintintin.

\* \* \* \* \*

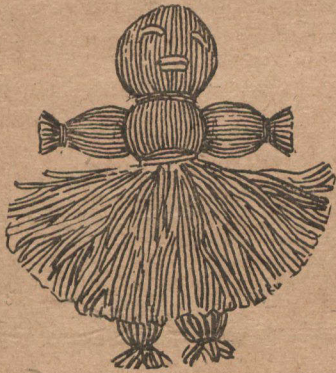
It will not be long before Nénette and Rintintin are as popular in London as they are in Paris, and that is why I want to put you on your guard. You must not buy them. If you do they are not only no protection but, I am informed, positively dangerous. The higher occult authorities agree that they must be made by the person (feminine) who gives them to you or there is no knowing what may happen. Soulless tradesmen have copied them in ivory and other precious materials and sell them in shops, but there is no virtue in these spurious imitations. A bit of wool and a scrap



capital, the first to arrive in Canada came wrapped in a newspaper received by a Toronto girl a few days ago.

Nénette and Rintintin are the two most popular characters in Paris just now, says F. G. Falla, in the London Daily Mail. You see them everywhere. Nénette is a droll little woman, with a very red face, a very green bodice, and a fluffy scarlet skirt. Her inseparable companion, Rintintin, has the same sure taste in neat, harmonious colors, but wears baggy trousers instead of a skirt. Both are an inch or two high and are made of a few scraps of colored wool and odds and ends of silk thread. Like Siamese mascots, they are eternally attached to one another by a bit of colored worsted.

If you are a woman you wear them round your neck, and if you are a man you hide them shamefacedly at the bottom of your pocket. Of course you are not superstitious. Not at all! You do not believe for a moment that Nénette is really a protection against



of human affection are all that is needed.

Every post is carrying thousands of them to French poilus at the front at the present moment; for they are a charm not only against shells and bombs, it appears, but turn the point of bayonets and are sovereign against poison gases. (In the latter case they are always worn with the mask.)

## CANADA'S PANTRY

*A Scheme That May Work in 1919*

**C**ANADA is in a better position than the United States to meet the food crisis, once said Mr. H. L. Pagborn, in the "Outlook," because of the greater availability of its enormous unused acreage, its somewhat better labor situation, its efficient coalition government, and above all, because of the spirit of effective co-operation that dominates, in spite of minor discords.

This was written before we knew that Canada's 1918 production would be short more than 50 per cent. of the hoped-for estimate. But 1919 is the year to count on now. The Grain Growers' Guide points out that the enormous crop of 1915 was due very largely to the increased care and work put on the land in the fall of 1914 after the bad crop of that year. 1919 may duplicate 1915. In any case the Canadian West is still in the position noted by the Outlook writer.

Throughout the Canadian press and in the public utterances of the leading men, he says, is reflected the wide-

spread feeling that it is necessary to "get together," and to sink all partisan divergence of opinion. It is planned to make each province as nearly self-supporting as possible; but the great constructive development is in the western provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The potential growth of this section is so vast that figures become meaningless. It is literally true that it could easily grow grain enough to feed the whole world if it were developed and manned. Organizations such as the United Farmers of Alberta and the United Grain Growers', Limited, now practically control the whole wheat crop of the northwest; and their programme calls for activity upon a scale hitherto unknown.

A radical but sane proposal has been made by the Hon. George Langley of Saskatchewan, for an increased production of wheat. This plan calls for the conscription of a million acres of new land either from areas belonging to the Government or the C. P. R.,

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or from private owners—wherever it is handy. It calls next for an agricultural army of 20,000 men, one-fifth of whom are to be taken from employees of the grain elevators, from imple-

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Editor Canadian Courier:

**A** SHREWDLY, well-organized German propaganda even induced German professors to sell pictures of William II. to prominent Canadians and Americans. Three years ago, during my patriotic campaign in the German counties, so-called, of Ontario, I found one in the home of a Canadian preacher of English descent, and he explained to me through whom he had come into possession of it.

There is not a town of any size on this continent with an overwhelming German population that does not have its leader or leaders of soiled alienism. The intellectual pillar of a large part of that element in Canada as well as in the U. S. A. is Dr. Francke of Harvard University. Before his adopted country joined the Allies, Dr. Francke tried to be pro-German, pro-American, and anti-Ally, all in one.

Recently in a public statement Dr. Francke answers the question, "Where do you stand?" and tells us: "I thoroughly believe in the ideas of American democracy and rejoice in

our free institutions. But I must recognize that the German system of government has achieved great things." Truly, God save us from the psychological amateur patriotism, if nothing worse, of Dr. Francke!

Dr. Francke may convince some Americans of his sincere desire to see the Allies win the war; but he cannot convince his German-American or German-Canadian followers. Here is a discussion about the worthy doctor, which took place the other day between two German preachers:

"Ja," said one to the other, "Dr. Francke ist doch ein Schachmeister mit Worten. Er ist schlau." (Yes, Dr. Francke is a master of words. He is clever.)

So far as Canada is concerned, the question is one of Canadianization. We must abolish the German language newspapers, and the German church services must be held in English. We must Canadianize our schools and the customs of our foreign element, and adopt stringent immigration laws.

—H. V. RIETHDORF.

# BOOKS

## All For France

**FIGHTING FRANCE.** By Stephane Lauzanne.

**T**HE editor of Le Matin has compacted into one small book, Fighting France, a vast deal of information, eloquence, statistics and advice as to what to do with Germany. His practical way of dealing with Germany after the war is contained in the following extract:

"Suppose the Allies said to Germany, 'As long as you have a military and naval budget of four hundred millions of dollars, we regret that we shall be unable to sell you wool and copper. We regret that we shall be unable to buy anything from you. But, if you reduce this budget by half, we are willing to give you one million metric quintals of wool and 125,000 tons of copper. Likewise, we are disposed to make purchases in your market totalling one billion dollars. If your military and naval budgets fall to nothing, we are willing to go much farther and buy and sell everything with you in unlimited quantities.' Suppose the Allies make these proposals to Germany. Suppose they are put into effect. Will they not be a better guarantee of universal peace than all the Conventions and all the courts of arbitration in the world?"

Otherwise the book breathes nothing but passionate admiration of France and animosity to the Hun. Both are natural. The editor of Le Matin has long been the voice of a great crowd in his paper. He knows the French.

He knows the German. There is to be no love lost here. No League of Nations, including Germany, would be palatable to M. Lauzanne, who has been for several months in the United States as a member of the French mission to that country—hence the admirable Foreword to the book by James M. Beck. He is all for France whose beautiful form has been torn by the brigands from the Rhine. He thrills with poetry for France, and he has fought in the ranks, being recalled by the Government. He says nothing of England. Purposely, no doubt, for fear he should not have room in one small book. France to him is all. Yet one imagines he might put in a line or two about the nation that sprang to the side of France and but for whom there would have been no free France to-day.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.50.

## A Study of Russian Peasantry

**"THE DARK PEOPLE."** By Ernest Poole.

**A** MONG the several well-known writers who have lately given us their impressions of Russia is Ernest Poole. He has the usual method of getting his information, namely, through an interpreter whose report he has no means of verifying. As a consequence there are some rather ludicrous mistakes and cocksure generalizations in his book; but on the whole the material is very interesting. Mr. Poole shows the temper of the

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peasants, instead of trying to cast a new light on the workings of the revolution. He points out that the great inarticulate peasantry of Russia are interested overwhelmingly in land, machinery and crops; and that therefore the revolution for them is important only in so far as it will affect their relation to these things. What the country needs are schools, railroads and means for industrial development; and here is where America should play a most important part. She can help to a great extent to supply these needs; and if she doesn't, Germany, we are told, will.—Macmillan Co.: \$1.50.

### A Neurotic Lady

**VIRTUOUS WIVES.** By Owen Johnston.

THE persistence of some authors in spilling a lot of sloppy stuff into print under pretext that they are solving the sex problem. Perhaps it is because there is a great deal of profit in pandering to the purient. However that may be it is obvious that Owen Johnston isn't ashamed to share the public pennies with the other panderers. His latest book, "Virtuous Wives," has only royalty revenues as an excuse for its existence. It is all about a lady whose neurosis leads her into a lot of naughtiness and pretty nearly flops her into a nasty situation. The lady has a fool of a husband and a fast set of friends. Owen mixes them up in a devil of a mess and then untangles them again just in time to save the lady from having her marriage license revoked—or something like that.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.50.

### Another War Book

**"A FLYING FIGHTER."** By Lieut. E. M. Roberts.

TWO years of active service with the R. F. C. in France—and the knack of telling a yarn—is the equipment used by Lieut. E. M. Roberts for the making of one of the most interesting of the latest batch of war books. The material he has put into the tale of "A Flying Fighter"—encounters and miraculous escapes in mid-air—is the sort of stuff which makes one still wonder how, on earth, the tale came to be told. Lieut. Roberts writes, primarily, for an American audience, and there are signs at times of a little straining after "propaganda" effects. He is quite frank in his opinion that his countrymen need to open the throttle a little wider and speed up their drive to make the world safe for democracy. Musson. \$1.50.

### Educational Hygiene

**OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS.** By Neil S. MacDonald, D.Paed.

THE open-air school has been one of the liveliest of the factors working for the quickening of public interest in the hygiene of education, and it was a timely thought that inspired Dr. Neil S. MacDonald to write a little book which provides, in a convenient form, reliable information regarding the main principles and practices governing open-air education and treatment. It is a compact record of the history and progress of the open-air school movement and points out the results that have been attained

through this means of dealing with delicate school children. In addition it contains hints with regard to the care, food and sleep of the pupils, as well as Dr. MacDonald's own personal observations of the Toronto and New York Open-Air Schools.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.25.

### Russia To-Day

**"TRAPPED IN 'BLACK RUSSIA.'"**  
By Ruth Pierce.

THIS story of the writer's detention in Russia for six weeks is told in a series of letters, which are exceedingly frank in depicting conditions which obviously filled the author with disgust. They convey a strong impression of the sordidness of life in Russia as it is to-day; and the descriptions of the sufferings of thousands of Jews on their forced march to Siberia are vivid enough to thrill readers who like to be thrilled by such repulsive incidents. The book is "very easy reading" throughout, and there is enough matter to give it a gripping interest.—Thomas Allen: \$1.25.

### War Experiences of a Popular Irishman

**TRENCH PICTURES FROM FRANCE.** By Major William Redmond.

ALWAYS one of the most popular members of Parliament, Major Redmond was also a keen partisan and a sturdy fighter for Home Rule. He was a man of fifty-five when he went to France, anticipating his own death there, but glad to give up his life in the cause of freedom.

His "Trench Pictures" are very pleasingly written, and are chiefly interesting as a revelation of Major Redmond's own nature rather than for the novelty of their presentation. His death in the battle of the Somme drew forth expressions of the most bitter regret from all parties of the House of Commons.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.00.

### Lectures from a Leading Public Teacher

**"THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY."** By Edward Howard Griggs.

WHILE simple and attractive in style, this book was obviously meant to be delivered as a series of lectures, and consequently makes rather tedious reading. The difficulty is that people nowadays are too impatient to spend time on a mere academic analysis of the war, however keen, or on a summary of the philosophy of the world struggle. They would much rather read one of the two thousand-odd "greatest human documents the war has produced," written by someone who has been actually doing something "over there."

Dr. Griggs is well-known in Canada as a lecturer, and has been very popular as one of the leading public teachers in America. There is no doubt that if his book were heard instead of read, it would have a much stronger appeal.—Macmillan: \$1.25.

Everything has a price—and if that price is not paid, not that thing, but something else, is obtained.—Emerson.

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### NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A dividend of two per cent. (2%) on the Common Stock of the DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED, has been declared for the quarter ending 30th SEPTEMBER, 1918, payable OCTOBER 1st, to shareholders of record, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1918.

By order of the Board,

JAS. H. WEBB,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, 4th September, 1918

## Dominion Textile Company Limited

### NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A dividend of one and three quarter per cent. (1 3/4%) on the Preferred Stock of the DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED, has been declared for the quarter ending 30th SEPTEMBER, 1918, payable OCTOBER 15th, to shareholders of record SEPTEMBER 30th, 1918.

By order of the Board,

JAS. H. WEBB,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, 4th September, 1918.

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# SAVINGS & INVESTMENTS

## TAXES OR INTEREST---WHICH?

By INVESTICUS

SOME people settle the whole business of war-payments by saying, "Let George do it"—meaning posterity. Others favor paying as much as possible as we go along. One means—War Loans; the other Taxes.

In Canada, as in all other war countries, we have both. The one good thing about the tax is that it hits everybody—at least some tax does. We don't all get taxed alike. It depends on our assets and income. But we all get some of the taxes—those put on in the Budget, for instance.

Taxes are only a drop in the bucket. If we were to be taxed for what war costs us where should we land? What do you suppose this country actually expects to spend this fiscal year in which we now are? \$980,000,000! Within \$20,000,000 of a whole billion!

THIS is colossal. But it doesn't look so bad when you come to divide it up. The war is costing us direct for this fiscal year \$425,000,000. That is, we are paying out about \$1,150,000 a day for raising and maintaining the Canadian army in the field and at home. About \$325,000,000 will be needed to finance—in part—British war orders in Canada. That is, we advance the British Government at least that much money as a loan to be spent on war goods which we produce, and on which we get interest. Not the Government of Canada, but the people—the individuals who subscribe to the Victory Loans. That does not exhaust our needs for war loans. It applies only to the amount actually lent to Great Britain. The balance of the \$980,000,000 is used for current expenditure, the ordinary business of running the public affairs of this country, the Civil Service and the Government railways and interest on the national debt.

THOUGH strenuous efforts have been made by the Government during the war to increase the revenue received from all manner of taxes and duties, but a small portion of the war expenditure has been met from this increase; and without the three-quarters of a billion dollars borrowed from the Canadian people and the \$307,000,000 loaned by Great Britain and the United States, Canada's war showing would be poor indeed. The following table shows the amounts realized from domestic war loans:

War Loans.	Amount Subscribed.	No. of Subscribers.
1. 1915-1925, 5% .....	\$97,000,000	24,862
2. 1916-1931, 5% .....	97,000,000	34,526
3. 1917-1937, 5% .....	142,000,000	41,000
4. 1917-1937 (Victory Loan), 5 1/2% .....	398,000,000	820,035

In addition, War Savings Certificates to the amount of approximately \$12,500,000, as well as a considerable amount of debenture stock, have been sold, bringing the Government's borrowings from the people of Canada since the beginning of the war to the total sum of \$756,000,000, and in addition to the domestic loans, Canada has issued between the years 1915-17 in Great Britain and the United States, securities totalling more than \$307,000,000 bringing total loans in excess of one billion dollars.

Against this is a total revenue from all kinds of taxes, during the four years of about \$800,000, of which the greater part has been necessarily used for general expenses of the country, leaving only a moiety available for war expenses. Following is the Dominion Government revenue and expenditure, for the last four fiscal years. Outside column shows the Consolidated Fund expenditure:

	Revenue.	Expenditure.
1914-15 .....	\$133,073,481	\$135,523,206
1915-16 .....	172,147,838	130,350,726
1916-17 .....	232,701,294	148,599,343
1917-18 .....	261,125,459	179,853,534

The Consolidated Fund expenditure for 1917-18 includes payment of interest, estimated at \$45,000,000, and pensions of some \$7,000,000 or \$52,000,000 altogether, whereas prior to the war the outlay on interest was but \$12,000,000, and on pensions practically nil.

PERUSAL of these figures will show the paramount importance of supporting Victory Loans. Without Canadian War Loans it would be impossible to pay our way in the war; for in order to maintain our present effort two and a quarter times the money raised by taxes of all sorts must be raised by the Government. It is inconceivable that the amount required

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could be raised through taxing the people more than double their present taxes, either through their incomes or through their foodstuffs and clothes, as the high cost of living makes existence sufficiently difficult as it is.

### QUITE THE OPPOSITE—In Fact

WE are informed by the Secretary of the Bank of Commerce that the statement on this page to the effect that a portrait of Sir Edmund Walker appears on the new issue of Bank of Commerce notes in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the Bank, is incorrect. The real fact of the matter is that the President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce has never believed in portraits on bank notes so far as his own bank is concerned, and that there never could be, by his consent—certainly not without it—any such portrait on any bank note issued by the Bank of Commerce. The editor regrets the inaccuracy of the statement, especially in view of the fact that the direct opposite is the truth.

### HOME FIRES AND HIGH FINANCE

M<sup>R.</sup> and M<sup>S.</sup> HOPEWELL had never kept books. They had always regarded a home as something different from a business. He provided the money, a fixed income every week. And because that income refused to stretch one iota when the dollar shrank into 53 cents in 1918, Tom Hopewell began to feel uncomfortable. Every time his wife presented him with a grocery bill, he said, "Mary, it's away too high. Cut it down." And she said, "Tom, I've gone over it with a paring-knife, and it can't be done."

Same with the butcher, the gas-man and all the others. And when the landlord put up the rent there was no audible kick from Mr. Hopewell, or he would have been hunting another house.

In spite of what seemed to be rigid economy the Hopewell household finances seemed to be constantly getting near a deadlock. Every extra item—a paper of safety-pins, a broom, an electric iron—seemed to be a source of irritation. Every time Hopewell cashed his salary check at the savings bank, he kept out 20 per cent for hand-money. It went like a snowball in July.

The only audit of the Hopewell finances was furnished by the grocer and the butcher, each of whom never failed to keep the family informed of where a weekly average of \$7.79 and upwards was wanted; the coal-dealer who never wanted less than last year; the landlord who always insisted on a month in advance; the tax collector and the insurance man; and the savings department-keeper, who had a marvellous knack of posting up Mr. Hopewell's bank book so as to keep the credit column precariously close to N. S. F.

"Keeping books won't raise the revenue," he said to Mrs. H. "And I don't see how it will cut down the main bills. We're down about as low as we can get now till we get to the card system."

"No, but I'm sure if we knew exactly where dozens of little leaks were, we might be able to save something. We can stop some of the leaks—but not till we know where they are."

"Well, for instance—what house items?"

"Suppose you begin on your own personal expenses?" she said. "What do you actually spend on yourself that you don't keep any check on?"

(Continued in our next.)

### INVISIBLE MONEY

(Continued from page 8.)

see the money. Most of it was never seen by Mr. Stirling. Yale will get a double handful of old, creased papers, some of them musty and yellow, some of them beautifully printed—but no money, for Mr. Stirling had no money, or very little.

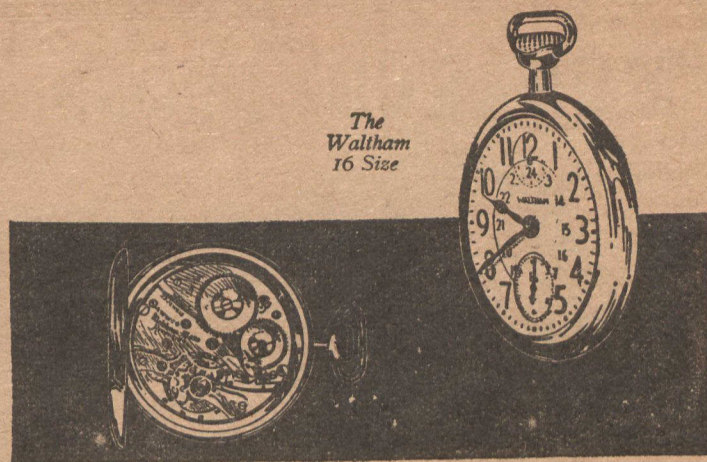
The money will be out working, in mines, on railways, on bridges, in corner groceries, on farms, in hospitals, and everywhere. Every hundred dollars will be planning and striving and sweating to earn a paltry five or ten dollars in a year. It is out at work. It is not attending Yale. As soon as money has learned to talk, its education is complete—although sometimes it takes a post-graduate course and learns how to stop talk.

The difference between ancient wealth and modern is that in olden times money was seen and did not work, while in our days it is not seen and does work.

Croesus is the typically wealthy man of the ancient world. He had money beyond the dreams of avarice—and Avarice was a pretty efficient dreamer, too. Croesus had the coin. He made a gift to the gods of a statue of his cook in solid gold three cubits high. Another votive offering was a life-size lion in solid gold, and Herodotus describes many other gifts of similar sort and value. The thing to remember is that not an ounce of his wealth was of the slightest use to himself or others till he parted with it. Until he handed it out he could not eat it nor wear it nor even, with any comfort, sleep upon it. He might as well have had his safe filled with little pink feathers or pictures of the laundryman on the corner. His was the wealth of the accumulator.

Modern wealth is the wealth of the organizer. Nowadays a man who gets a hundred dollars treats it like a poor relation. He hates the sight of it. He gets rid of it at the earliest possible moment. He sticks it in a hole in the ground, or leaves it on the top floor of a skyscraper, or drops it into a wheat pit—and tells it to work, and not come around bothering him again. He has the knowledge which Croesus' wealth could not buy, that his money is no good to him till he gets rid of it.

So Yale will never get Mr. Stirling's money and does not want it. That money is out in the world, employing uncounted multitudes. It is digging mines and building bridges and healing the sick and washing shirts. It is so busy teaching co-operation that it has no time to go to Yale. It is busy making people happy and prosperous and whole; and incidentally proving that the Bolsheviki theorists are a set of fakes.



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## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN FRENCH HOSPITALS

(Continued from page 14.)

gaged in similar work. When we arrive at a hospital someone is sure to rush out and cry joyfully:

"Miss Smit' is here!"

"Indeed," we say, without enthusiasm

"Mais oui! She is driving a car. You know her!"

"No, I don't know her."

"But you must know her. She is American!"

At one hospital I was told, "But you must meet our American nurse, Miss Reinhart. Here she is!"

I saw an untidy negress shuffling along, carrying a pail—and turned and fled.

My delegate was obliged to apologize for my behavior, for French people do not share our strong color prejudice.

Lons-le-Saunier had just received a train-load when we arrived, and the streets were thronged with sad-eyed wanderers who found themselves unwelcomed in their native land. Hotel-keepers were wringing their hands in distress at being forced to lodge such dirty people. The night was stifling, and weary groups sat on their bundles in the streets. One young woman with delicately-chiselled features that

looked curiously waxen and drawn, was carrying a child of four, while another stood by her side.

"Won't you walk, little boy?" I said. "Mother is tired."

"Oh, madame," she protested, "he is paralyzed!" But she put the child down, and he leaned, whimpering, against her. Then she drew a paper from her purse.

"Tell me, madame, do you think this is true? You are in the Red Cross, you would know."

The paper stamped by the Minister of War announced the death of her husband.

"They have his name and his regiment, but do you think it can be true? I have not heard from him for two years!"

The paper was dated a year ago, but she had evidently not received it until her arrival in France. She told me that her parents lived near Paris, but that she was advised not to go there, on account of the children. Where was she to go?

It is a difficult problem to solve and many return to their native land only to die. Repatriation is not an unmixed blessing!

## CANADA GOES UP AGAINST WOTAN

(Continued from page 7.)

horses and large quantities of ammunition and engineering supplies and equipment, as well as hospital supplies.

"Ten thousand, three hundred and sixty prisoners of all ranks were captured, and 22 villages."

This line—the Wotan Line—writes Mr. Frank H. Simonds in the New York Tribune, "is the ultimate barrier to British advance to Douai and Cambrai, and Douai and Cambrai are the keys to all the region now occupied by the Germans in northern France."

Now, if we were a shouting people, that's the kind of thing that would naturally send us up in the air. So far as a non-war man can see, action like this is about the ultimate in war. No world conqueror ever had soldiers who would do any bigger things with more "pep" in less time than these Canadians under Sir Arthur Currie.

In this great climax to Ypres, St. Julien, Courcellette, Vimy Ridge, Lens and Passchendaele, the Canadian army put its biggest strength into action against the biggest thing the Germans had left. But the difference. The Canadian army of 1918 is a greater, more powerful army than that of 1915 and after. It has the power of experience. It stands for a bigger fact. It is the army of a greater Canada; not the army of a colony marching to war under the flag of Britain only. In the blows delivered by Currie's Canadians there is the strength of a young nation whose home is a great and glorious country bordering on three great oceans, bounded on the north by the ultimate, peopled by a smaller population than Belgium, but in proportion to its numbers surely not the least powerful, the least disciplined, the least dangerous of all the armies that go up against the Boches.

Canada has more to learn about nationhood than she has ever learned. Beside Britain she is an infant, an experiment, a mere hope of the future. But in the annals of war she has taken her place. The sons of Canada have

proved that the land of the great north is the home of a nation which has a right to be heard in the League of Nations. Greater than all our trade, industry and railways, far greater than our politics, the army has won for Canada a place in the light of history that need never again make us apologetic for being only the northern half of the continent that holds the world's greatest republic. If the nation at home measures up—as it should—to the deeds of the army abroad, no man in the ranks of Canada's army need fear that he and his will not get the square deal in the settlements of peace. The army has set a national pace that our politicians and commercialists will have to keep or make way for those who can. The Canada that went up against Wotan has a still greater work to do in the world. And if any man living were to say what he believes that national work is, measured by the work of so great an army, he would be set down as a dreamer.

## Canada Not Holding

(Continued from page 10.)

volves the fact that Canadian manufacturers do not advertise in their home markets on anything like the same scale as their American competitors, and that Canadian business is not yet awake to the full significance of advertising. Including the smallest and most spasmodic men, there are not more than two hundred "national" advertisers in Canada. Far be it from me to advocate holding up the Canadian manufacturer for advertising, purely to encourage Canadian literature; I would rather make it a straight business proposition to increase his Canadian trade. Scarcely anything has extended the virility of American commerce so much as the two-million-a-week magazine—both the editorial programme and the American advertiser benefit considerably from each other's company.

"A little advertising in a few magazines has built up many a national industry." Write to our advertisers when you need their products and help build Canadian national industries.

## WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

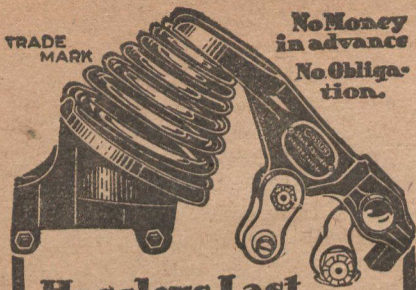
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# The LOST NAVAL PAPERS

(Continued from page 17.)



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Hassler Shock Absorbers are made of chrome vanadium steel. They cushion the car by compression—the spring is compressed to give flexibility and not stretched. The combination—Ford Car and Hassler Shock Absorbers—is irresistible. The Ford is transformed—it rides as easily as a \$2,000 car; sideway is prevented and up-throw eliminated; tires last longer and repair bills are cut one-third. 300,000 Ford Owners recognize their economic necessity.

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With everybody working so hard and so fast nowadays more accidents seem to happen, more folks get hurt—even the youngsters get more cuts and bruises. Be on the safe side—be prepared—have Absorbine, Jr. in the medicine closet and be ready for emergencies.

It is harmless—safe and pleasant to use. Stiffened muscles and aching joints from housework yield at once to Absorbine, Jr. Swollen feet, after a hard day's work, are rested by it. Get a bottle today.

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will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.  
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who employ spies so extensively pay them extraordinarily little. They treat them like scurvy dogs, for whom any old bone is good enough, and I'm not sure they are not right. They go on the principle that the white trash who will sell their country need only to be paid with kicks and coppers. Menteith swears that he did not receive more than four pounds for the plans and description of the Rampagious. Fancy selling one's country and risking one's neck for four measly pounds sterling! If he had got four thousand, I should have had some respect for him. His home is in a wretched state, and his wife—a pretty woman, though almost a skeleton, and a very nicely mannered, honest woman—says that her husband unexpectedly gave her four pounds a month ago. He had kept none of the blood money for drink! Curious, isn't it?"

"It shows that the man had some good in him. It shows that he was ashamed to use the money upon himself. We must do something for the poor wife, Dawson."

"She will easily get work, and she will be far better without her sot of a husband. She did not cry when I told her everything. 'I ought to have left him long ago,' she said, 'but I tried to save him. Thank God we have no children.' That seemed to be her most insistent thought, for she repeated it over and over again. 'Thank God that we have no children.'"

"I hope that you were gentle with her, Dawson," said I, deeply moved. Long ago the wife had come to me and pleaded for her husband. She had shed no tear; she had admitted the justice, the necessity of my sentence. "Can you not give him another chance?" she had asked. "No," I had answered sadly. "He has exhausted all the chances." When she had risen to go and I had pressed her hand, she had said, still dry-eyed, "You are right, sir, it is no use, no use at all. Thank God that we have no children."

"I hope that you were gentle with her, Dawson," I repeated. He astonished me by the suddenness of his explosion. "Damn," roared he—"damn and blast! Do you think I am a brute. Gentle! It was as much as I could do not to kiss the woman, as your little daughter kissed me, and to promise that I would get her husband off somehow. But I should not be a friend to her if I tried to save that man."

SO Dawson had soft spots in his armor of callousness, and little Jane's instinct was far surer than mine. She had taken to him at sight. When I tried to get from her why, why he had so marked an attraction for her, her replies baffled me more than the central fact. "I love Colonel Dawson. He is a nice man. He has a little girl like me. Her name is Clara. Her birthday is next month. I shall save up my pocket money and send Clara a present. I like Colonel Dawson better even than dear Bailey." I tore my hair, for "Bailey" is a wholly imaginary friend of little Jane, whom I invented one evening at her bedside and who has grown gradually into a personage of clearly defined attributes—like the "Putois" of Anatole France Dawson and "Bailey"; they are both "nice men" and little Jane's friends; she is sure of them, and I expect that

she is right. Children always are right.

Dawson, after his outburst, glowered at me for a moment and then laughed. "I am a man," said he, "though you may not think it, and I have my weaknesses. But I never give way to them when they interfere with business. Menteith is in my grip, and he won't get out of it. But he is a poor creature. He handed over the description of the Rampagious, saw it hidden in the sardine tin, and was ordered to take the food parcel to the Post Office. The German agent who used him had no notion of risking his own skin. Then followed the discovery and the arrest of the draughtsman who had drawn the plan. Those who had seduced Menteith forbade him to come near them. They slipped away into hiding—which profited them little since all of them were on our string—after threatening Menteith, that he would be murdered if he gave himself up to the police, as in his terror he seemed to want to do. When nothing happened for two weeks, the vermin came out of their holes, made up the last parcel, and forced Menteith to go to Carlisle in order to post it. All through he has been the most abject of tools, and received nothing except the four pounds and various small sums spent in drinks."

"You have the principal all right?"

"Yes, I have him tight. The others associated with him I shall leave free; they will be most useful in future. They don't know that we know them; when they do know, their number will go up, for they will be then of no further use to us. It is a beautiful system, Mr. Coppelstone, and you have had the unusual privilege of seeing it at work."

"What will your prisoners get by way of punishment?"

"I am not sure, but I can guess pretty closely. The principal will go out suddenly early some morning. He is a Jew of uncertain Central European origin, Pole or Czech, a natural-born British subject, a shining light of a local anti-German society, an "indispensable" in his job and exempted from military service. He will give no more trouble. Menteith will spend anything from seven to ten years in p.s., learn to do without his daily whisky bottle, and possibly come out a decent citizen. The draughtsman, I expect, will be let off with eighteen months of the Jug. We are just, but not harsh. My birds don't interest me much once they have been caught; it is the catching that I enjoy. Down in the south, where I have a home of my own—which I haven't seen during the past year except occasionally for an hour or two I used to grow big show chrysanthemums. All through the process of rooting the cuttings, repotting, taking the buds, feeding up the plants, I never could endure any one to touch them. But once the flowers were fully developed, my wife could cut them as much as she pleased and fill the house with them. My job was done when I had got the flowers perfect. It is just the same with my business. I cultivate the little dears I am after, and hate any one to interfere with me; I humor them and water them and feed them with opportunities till they are ripe, and then I stick out my hand and grab them. After that the law can do what it likes with them; they ain't my concern any more."

## ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Now that the new government standard flour is in general use, the quality of the yeast you use is more important than ever. Use Royal Yeast Cakes. Their quality is absolutely reliable. Bread made with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other.

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177

By this time it had become apparent even to my slow intelligence why Dawson told me so much about himself and his methods. He had formed the central figure in a real story in print, and the glory of it possessed him. He had tasted of the rich sweet wine of fame, and he thirsted for more of the same vintage. He never in so many words asked me to write this book, but his eagerness to play Dr. Johnson to my Boswell appeared in all our relations. He was communicative far beyond the limits of official discretion. If I now disclosed half, or a quarter, of what he told me of the inner working of the Secret Service, Scotland Yard, which admires and loves him, would cast him out, lock him up securely in jail, and prepare for me a safe harborage in a contiguous cell. So for both our sakes I must be very, very careful.

"You have been most helpful to me," he said handsomely at parting, "and if anything good turns up on the North-East coast, I will let you know. Could you come if I sent for you?"

"I would contrive to manage it," said I.

Dawson went away, and the pressure of daily work and interests thrust him from my mind. For a month I heard nothing of him or of Cary, and then one morning came a letter and a telegram. The letter was from Richard Cary, and read as follows: "A queer thing has happened here. A cruiser which had come in for repair was due to go out this morning. She was ready for sea the night before, the officers and crew had all come back from short leave, and the working parties had cleared out. Then in the middle watch, when the torpedo lieutenant was testing the circuits, it was discovered that all the cables leading to the guns had been cut. Dawson has been called in, and bids me say that, if you can come down, now is the chance of your life. I will put you up."

The telegram was from Dawson himself. It ran: "They say I'm beaten. But I'm not. Come and see."

"The deuce," said I. "Sabotage! I am off."

CHAPTER V.

BAFFLED.

WHEN at last I arrived at Cary's flat it was very late, and I was exceedingly tired and out of temper. A squadron of Zeppelins had been reported from the sea, the air-defence control at Newcastle had sent out the preliminary warning "F.M.W.," and the speed of my train had been reduced to about fifteen miles an hour. I had expected to get in to dinner, but it was eleven o'clock before I reached my destination. I had not even the satisfaction of seeing a raid, for the Zepps, made cautious by recent heavy losses, had turned back before crossing the line of the coast. Cary and his wife fell upon my neck, for we were old friends, consoled with me, fed me, and prescribed a tall glass of mulled port flavored with cloves. My stern views upon the need for Prohibition in time of war became lamentably weakened.

By midnight I had recovered my philosophic outlook upon life, and Cary began to enlighten me upon the details of the grave problem which had brought me eagerly curious to his city.

"I expect that Dawson will drop in some time to-night," he said, "All hours are the same to him. I told him that you were on the way, and he wants to give you the latest news himself. He

is dead set upon you, Coppleson. I can't imagine why."

"Am I then so very unattractive?" I inquired drily. "It seems to me that Dawson is a man of sound judgment."

"I confess that I do not understand why he lavishes so much attention upon you."

"Your remarks, Cary," I observed, "are deficient in tact. You might, at least, pretend to believe that my personal charm has won for me Dawson's affection. As a matter of fact, he cares not a straw for my beaux yeux; his motives are crudely selfish. He thinks that it is in my power to contribute to the greater glory of Dawson, and he cultivates me just as he would one of his shown chrysanthemums. He has done me the honor to appoint me his biographer extraordinary."

"I am sure you are wrong," cried Cary. "He was most frightfully angry about that story of ours in Cornhill. He demanded from me your name and address, and swore that if I ever again disclosed to you official secrets he would proceed against me under the Defence of the Realm Act. He was a perfect terror, I can assure you."

"And yet he always carries that story about with him in his breast-pocket; he has summoned me here to see him at his work; and you have been commanded to tell me everything which you know! My dear Cary, do not be an ass. You are too simple a soul for this rather grubby world. In your eyes every politician is an ardent, disinterested patriot, and every soldier or sailor a knightly hero of romance. Human beings, Cary, are made in streaks, like bacon; we have our fat streaks and our lean ones; we can be big and bold, and also very small and mean. Your great man and your national hero can become very poor worms when, so to speak, they are off duty. But I didn't come here, at great inconvenience, to talk this sort of stuff at midnight. Go ahead; give me the details of this sabotage case which is baffling Dawson and the naval authorities; let me hear about the cutting of those electric wires."

"It is, as I told you, in my note, a queer business. The Antinous, a fast light cruiser, came in about a fortnight ago to have some defects made good in her high-speed geared-turbines. There was not much wrong, but her engineer commander recommended a renewal of some of the spur wheels. The officers and crew went on short leave in rotation, a care and maintenance party was put in charge, and the builders placed a working gang on board which was occupied in shifts, by night and by day, in making good the defects. When a ship is under repair in a river basin, it is practically impossible to keep up the beautiful order and discipline of a ship at sea. Men of all kinds are constantly coming and going, life on board is stripped of the most ordinary comforts and conveniences, there is inevitably some falling off in strict supervision. Lack of space, lack of facilities for moving about the ship, lack of any regular routine. You will understand. Just as the expansion in the New Army and the New Navy has made it possible for unknown enemy agents to take service in the Army and the Navy, so the dilution of labor in the shipyards has made it possible for workmen—whose sympathies are with the enemy—to get employment about the warships. The danger is fully recognized, and that is where Dawson's widespread system of counter-espionage comes in. There is not a trade union, among all the eight-

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een or twenty engaged in shipyard work—riveters, fitters, platers, joiners, and all the rest of them—in which he has not police officers enrolled as skilled tradesmen, members of the unions, working as ordinary hands or as foremen, sometimes even in office as 'shop stewards' representing the interest of the unions and acting as their spokesmen in disputes with the employers. Dawson claims that there has never yet been a secret Strike Committee, since the war began, upon which at least one of his own men was not serving. He is a wonderful man. I don't like him; he is too unscrupulous and merciless for my simple tastes; but his value to the country is beyond payment."

"BUT where in the world does he raise these men? One can't turn a policeman into a skilled worker at a moment's notice. How is it done?"

"He begins at the other end. All his skilled workmen are the best he can pick out of their various trades. They have served their full time as apprentices and journeymen. They are recommended to him by their employers after careful testing and sounding. Most of them, I believe, come from the Government dockyards and ordnance factories. They are given a course of police training at Scotland Yard, and then dropped down wherever they may be wanted. Dawson, and inspectors like him, have these men everywhere—in shipyards, in shell shops, in gun factories, in aeroplane sheds, everywhere. They take a leading part in the councils of the unions wherever they go, for they add to their skill as workmen a pronounced, even blatant parade of loyalty to the interests of trade unions and a tasty flavor of socialist principles. Dawson is perfectly cynically outspoken to me over the business which, I confess, appals me. In his female agents—of which he has many—he favors what he calls a 'judicious frailty'; in his male agents he favors a subtle skill in the verbal technique of anarchism. And this man Dawson is by religion a Peculiar Baptist, in private life a faithful husband and a loving father, and in politics a strict Liberal of the Manchester School! As a man he is good, honest, and rather narrow; as a professional detective he is base and mean, utterly without scruple, and a Jesuit of Jesuits. With him the end justifies the means, whatever the means may be."

"And yet you admit that his value to the country is beyond payment. Dawson—our remarkable Dawson of the double life in the two compartments, professional and private, which never are allowed to overlap—Dawson is an instrument of war. We do not like using gas or liquid fire, but we are compelled to use them. We do not like espionage, but we must employ it. As one who loves this fair land of England beyond everything in the world, and as one who would do anything, risk anything, and suffer anything to shield her from the filthy Germans, I rejoice that she has in her service such supremely efficient guardians as this most wickedly unscrupulous Dawson. There is, at any rate, not a trace of our English muddle about him."

"Ours is a righteous cause," cried poor Cary desperately. "We are fighting for right against wrong, for defence against aggression, for civilization against utter barbarism. We are by instinct clean fighters. If in the stress of conflict we stoop to foul methods, can we ever wash away the filth of them from our souls? We

shall stand before the world nakedly confessed as the nation of hypocrites we have always been declared to be."

"Cary," I said, "you make me tired. We cannot be too thankful that we possess Dawsons to counter-plot against the Germans, and that personally we are in no way responsible for the morality of their methods. Come off the roof and get back to this most interesting affair of the Antinous. I presume one of Dawson's men was working, unknown to his fellows, with the care and maintenance party, and another, equally unknown, with the engineers who were busy upon the gearing of the turbines. Many of the regular ship's officers and men would also have been on board. Had our remarkable friend his agents among them too? Everything is possible with Dawson; I should not be surprised to hear that he had police officers in the Fleet flagship."

"You are almost right. One of his men, a temporary petty officer in R.N.V.R., was certainly on board, and he tells me that down in the engine room was another—a civilian fitter. They were both first-class men. The electric wires, as you know, are carried about the ship under the deck beams, where they are accessible for examination and repairs. They are coiled in cables from which wires are led to the switch room, and thence to all parts of the ship. There are thousands of wires, and no one who did not know intimately their purpose and disposition, could venture to tamper with them, for great numbers are always in use. If any one cut the lighting wires, for instance, the defects would be obvious at once; so with the heating or telephone wires. Nothing was touched except the lines to the guns, of which there are eight disposed upon the deck. From the guns connections run to the switch room, the conning tower, the gunnery control platform aloft, and to the gunnery officer's bridge. It was the main cable between the switch room and the conning tower which was cut, and it was one cable laid alongside a dozen others. Now who could know that this was the gun cable, and the only one in which damage might escape detection while the ship was in harbor? At sea there is constant gun drill, during which the electrical controls and the firing-tubes are always tested, but in harbor the guns are lying idle most of the time. It was evidently the intention of the enemy, who cut these wires, that the Antinous should go to sea before the defect was discovered, and that her fire control should be out of action till the wiring system could be repaired. That very serious disaster was prevented by the preliminary testing during the night before sailing, but the enemy has been successful in delaying the departure of an invaluable light cruiser for two days. In these days, when the war of observation is more important even than the war of fighting, the services of light cruisers cannot be dispensed with for an hour without grave inconvenience and risk. Yet here was one delayed for forty-eight hours after her ordinary repairs had been completed. The naval authorities are in a frightful stew. For what has happened to the Antinous may happen to other cruisers, even to battleships. If there is sabotage among the workmen in the shipyards, it must be discovered and stamped out without a moment's delay. This time it is the cutting of a wire cable; at another time it may be some wilful injury far more serious. A war-

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ship is a mass of delicate machinery to which a highly skilled enemy agent might do almost infinite damage. Dawson has been run off his feet during the past two days; I don't know what he has discovered; but if he does not get to the bottom of the business in double-quick time we shall have the whole Board of Admiralty, Scotland Yard, and possibly the War Cabinet down upon us. Think, too, of the disgrace to this shipbuilding city of which we are all so proud."

"We shall know something soon," I said, "for, if I mistake not, here comes Dawson." The electric bell at the front door had buzzed, and Cary, slipping from the room, presently returned with a man who, to me at the first glance, was a complete stranger. I sprang up, moved round to a position whence I could see clearly the visitor's ears, and gasped. It was Dawson beyond a doubt, but it was not the Dawson whom I had known in the north. So what I had vaguely surmised was true—Cary's Dawson and Copplestone's Dawson were utterly unlike. Dawson winked at me, glanced towards Cary, and shook his head; from which I gathered that he did not desire his appearance to be the subject of comment. I therefore greeted him without remark, and, as he sat down under the electric lights, examined him in detail. This Dawson was ten years older than the man whom I had known and fenced with. The hair of this one was lank and grey, while that of mine was brown and curly; the face of this one was white and thin, while the face of mine was rather full and ruddy. The teeth were different—I found out afterwards that Dawson, who had few teeth of his own, possessed several artificial sets of varied patterns—the shape of the mouth was different, the nose was different. I could never have recognized the man before me had I not possessed that clue to identity furnished by his unchanging ears.

the English merchant service, and though his people originally came from Saxony, he is no more German than we are ourselves. Besides, my experience is that an Englishman with an inherited German name is the very last man to have any truck with the enemy. He is too much ashamed of his forbears for one thing; and for another he is too dead set on living down his beastly name. So we will rule out the lieutenant R.N.R. My own man, who is a petty officer R.N.V.R., and has worked on a lot of ships which have come in for repairs, says that the temper among the workmen in the yards is good now. It was ugly when dilution of labor first came in, but the wages are so high that all that trouble has settled down. I have had what you call sabotage in the shell and gun shops, but never yet in the King's ships. We have had every possible cutter of the wires on the mat before the Captain and me. We have looked into all their records, had their homes visited and their people questioned, inquired of their habits—Mr. Copplestone, here, knows what comes of drink—and found out how they spend their wages. Yet we have discovered nothing. It is the worst puzzle that I've struck. When and how the gun cable was cut I can't tell you, but who ever did it is much too clever to be about. He must have been exactly informed of the lie and use of the cables, had with him the proper tools, and used them in some fraction of a minute when he wasn't under the eye of my own man whose business it was to watch everybody and suspect everybody. I thought that I had schemed out a pretty thorough system; up to now it has worked fine. Whenever we have had the slightest reason to suspect any man we have had him kept off the ship and watched. We have run down a lot of footling spies, too stupid to give us a minute's anxiety, but this man who cut the Antinous' wires is of a different calibre altogether. He is A1, and when I catch him, as I certainly shall, I will take off my hat to him."

"So, Dawson," said I slowly, "we meet again. Permit me to say that I congratulate you. It is very well done."

HE grinned, and glanced at the unconscious Cary. "You are learning. Bill Dawson takes a bit of knowing."

"Have you any news, Mr. Dawson?" asked Cary eagerly.

"Not much. The wires of the Antinous have all been renewed—the Admiralty won't allow cables to be patched except at sea—but I haven't found out who played hanky-panky with them. It could not have been any one in the engine-room party, as none of them went near the place where the wires were cut. Besides, they were engineers, not electricians, and could have known nothing of the arrangements and disposition of the ship's wires. My man who worked with them is positive that they are a scound, good lot without a sea-lawyer or a pacifist among them; a gang of plain, honest tykes. So we are thrown back on the maintenance party, included in which were all sorts of ratings. Some of them are skilled in the electrical fittings—my own man with them is, for one—but we get the best accounts of all of them. They are long service men, cast for sea owing to various medical reasons, but perfectly efficient for harbor work. Among the officers of the ship is a R.N.R. lieutenant with a German name. I jumped to him, but the captain laughed. The man's father and grandfather were in

"You say that the Antinous is all right now?" I observed.

"Yes. I saw her towed out of the repair basin an hour ago, and she must be away down the river by this time. It is not of her that I'm thinking, but of the other ships which are constantly in and out for repairs. There are always a dozen here of various craft, usually small stuff. While the man who cut those wires is unknown I shall be in a perfect fever, and so will the Admiral-Superintendent. We'll get the beauty sooner or later, but if it is later, there may be bad mischief done. If he can cut wires in one ship, he may do much worse things in some other. The responsibility rests on me, and it is rather crushing."

Dawson spoke with less than his usual cheery confidence. I fancy that the thinness and whiteness of his face were not wholly due to disguise. He had not been to bed since he had been called up in the middle watch of the night before last, and the man was worn out.

"If you take my poor advice, Dawson," I said, "you will cut off now and get some sleep. Even your brain cannot work continuously without rest. The country needs you at your best, and needs you very badly indeed."

His dull, weary eyes lighted as if under the stimulus of champagne, and he turned upon me a look which was almost affectionate. I really began to

(Continued on page 30.)



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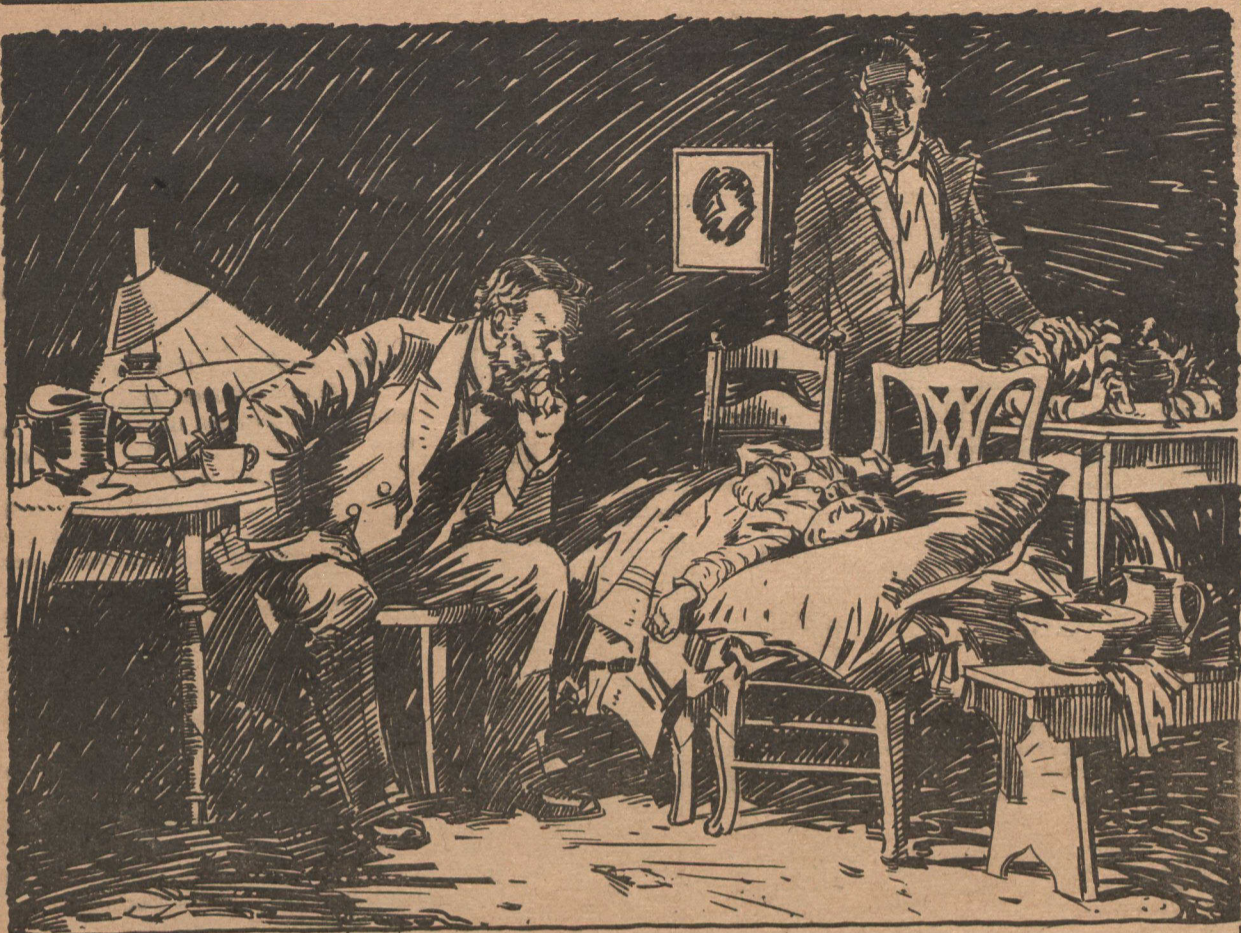
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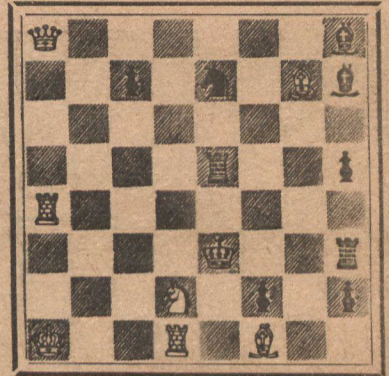
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Problem No. 197, by Karel Traxler.  
Second Prize, Casopis Ceskych Sachistu  
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White: K at Qsq; Q at QB7; R at QB2;  
B at QB3; Kt at KKt5; Ps at QR4, Q6 and  
K2.

Black: K at Q4; Rs at QR3 and KBsq;  
B at KB2; Ps at QR4, QKt2, QKt3, K6,  
KB6 and KKt2.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 794, by B. Prikryl.

1. Q—Bsq, K—Q5; 2. Q—KKtsq, mate.  
1. ...., Q—QB6 or QxKt; 2. Kt—K4,  
mate.

1. ...., QxQ or Q—KB6; 2. P—Kt4,  
mate.

1. ...., threat; 2. Kt—Kt3, mate.

Problem No. 195, by J. Moravec.

1. R—K3, PxKt; 2. R—B2ch, KxR; 3.  
Kt—Ksq, mate.

1. ...., B—Q6 or K2; 2. Kt—K2ch,  
KxR; 3. B—Q4, mate.

1. ...., Kt—B3; 2. KxP, any move;  
3. Kt—Q5, mate.

1. ...., KxR; 2. Q—K6ch, KxP; 3.  
Q—K2, mate.

The threat is 2. Q—K6.

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Danish Gambit.

- |                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| White.          | Black.         |
| J. S. Morrison. | L. P. Clarke.  |
| 1. P—K4         | 1. P—K4        |
| 2. P—Q4         | 2. PxP         |
| 3. P—QB3        | 3. Pxp         |
| 4. B—QB4        | 4. Pxp (a)     |
| 5. QBxp         | 5. B—Kt6ch (b) |
| 6. K—Bsq (c)    | 6. Kt—KB3 (d)  |
| 7. P—K5!        | 7. Kt—Ktsq (e) |
| 8. Kt—KB3 (f)   | 8. Kt—QB3      |
| 9. P—K6 (g)     | 9. Kt—B3 (h)   |
| 10. PxBPch      | 10. K—Bsq      |
| 11. Kt—B3       | 11. B—K2 (i)   |
| 12. Q—Q3        | 12. P—Q3       |
| 13. R—Ksq       | 13. B—Q2       |
| 14. Kt—Q5       | 14. KtxKt      |
| 15. BxKt        | 15. B—B3 (j)   |
| 16. B—R3 (k)    | 16. P—KKt3     |
| 17. P—R4 (l)    | 17. K—Kt2      |
| 18. P—R5        | 18. R—KBsq     |
| 19. Pxp         | 19. Pxp        |
| 20. Q—K3        | 20. R—Rsq      |
| 21. RxR         | 21. QxR        |
| 22. K—K2 (m)    | 22. Q—R3 (n)   |
| 23. QxQch       | 23. KxQ        |
| 24. R—KRsqch    | 24. K—Kt2      |
| 25. B—Bsq       | 25. P—KKt4     |
| 26. KtxP        | 26. Kt—K4      |
| 27. Kt—K4 (o)   | 27. KtxP (p)   |
| 28. BxKt.       | 28. B—Kt4ch    |
| 29. K—K3        | 29. KxB        |
| 30. R—R7ch      | 30. B—Kt2 (q)  |
| 31. B—Kt2       | 31. R—KKtsq    |
| 32. BxB         | 32. RxB        |
| 33. Kt—Kt5ch    | 33. K—Kt3      |
| 34. RxRch       | 34. KxR        |
| 35. Kt—K6ch     | 35. K—B3       |
| 36. KtxP        | 36. B—B3       |
| 37. P—Kt4       | 37. K—K2       |
| 38. K—Q4        | 38. K—Q2       |
| 39. Kt—Q5       | 39. K—K3       |
| 40. P—B4 (r)    | 40. B—Q2       |
| 41. P—B5ch      | 41. K—B2       |
| 42. Kt—B3       | 42. B—B3       |
| 43. Kt—K4       | 43. BxKt       |
| 44. KxB         | 44. P—Kt4      |
| 45. K—Q5        | 45. P—R4       |
| 46. KxP         | 46. P—R5       |
| 47. K—B5        | Resigns.       |

(a) Kt—KB3 is better. White's attack, following the third capture is rather too formidable.

(b) This is not good. Better defences are 5. ...., Q—K2 and P—Q3.

(c) A very commendable disruption. It was first played by Misses against Albin, Monte Carlo, 1903.

(d) There is nothing for it but 6. ...., B—Bsq as occurred at Monte Carlo, with the following continuation to white's advantage: 7. Kt—QB3, Kt—KR3; 8. Kt—B3, Kt—B3; 9. Kt—Q5, P—Q3; 10. P—KR3, Kt—R4; 11. B—Q3, P—QB3; 12. Kt—B4, P—B3; 13. Kt—Q4.

(e) If 7. ...., Kt—K5, then 8. Q—Kt4, Kt—Kt4; 9. P—KR4, Kt—K3; 10. BxKt, winning a piece. Or 9. ...., P—Q4; 10. B—Kt3 ch, with a similar result. Consequently the Knight executes a retrograde movement.

(f) 3. Q—Kt4, P—KKt3; 9. BxPch, KxB;



10. QxB, would generate the expected margin of superiority. Here, instead, 10. P-K4ch, PxB; 11. BxR, Kt-QB3, threatening Kt-B3, is in Black's favor.  
 (g) The value of this advance disappears upon investigation. That Black threatens to get clear of all danger, is some inducement, however.  
 (h) Obviously P-B3 should have been played.  
 (i) And here 11. ... P-Q3 (threatening B-Kt6 and then to R4); 12. P-KR3, B-KB4; 13. Kt-KR4, Kt-K4 was correct.

(j) If 15. ... Kt-Kt5, then 16. Q-B3, threatening mate and the piece.  
 (k) It was unfortunate that 16. B-Bsq, (preventing the Black King from finding an outlet), would have let in the evil 16. ... Kt-Kt5.  
 (l) And this advance, whilst dissolving the imprisoned Rook, gives little compensation.  
 (m) K-Ktsq would be very hazardous as Black would double up on the file.  
 (n) A bad mistake. The Queen could have gone to R4 with advantage.

(o) Morrison fails to correctly solve the problem. The correct method was 27. R-R7ch, K-Kt3; 28. BxP! If 28. ... R-KBsq, then 29. B-K4ch, B-B4; 30. Kt-K6!! Similar play would follow from 28. ... R-QKtsq. If 28. ... BxKt, then of course 29. BxR, threatening to Queen the Pawn.  
 (p) The capture of the Pawn apparently should have been deferred. The fluctuations now cease, Morrison having everything plain sailing.  
 (q) If 30. ... K-K3, then 31. R-R6,

etc. If the Black King goes elsewhere, 31. RxP leaves two Pawns en prise.  
 (r) Prettily played.  
 END GAME NO. 39.  
 By K. A. L. Kubbel.  
 (From the British Chess Magazine.)  
 White: K at QKt3; R at Kt3; B at Kt2; Kt at QB2; P at Q3. Black: K at QKtsq; R at Q3; Ps at QB2, Q7 and K4. White to play and win.

**Solution.**  
 1. R-Kt8ch, K-R2; 2. Kt-K3, RxPch; 3. K-B2, RxKt; 4. KxP, R-QKt6; 5. R-R8ch, K-Kt3; 6. R-Kt8ch, and wins the Rook. The check must be given the first move, for if 1. Kt-K3?, then follows 1. ... RxPch; 2. K-B2, P-Q8 (Q) ch; 3. KtxQ, RxR, and draws. An easy but pretty composition; the trapping of the Rook being neatly managed.

**The Lost Naval Papers**  
 (Continued from page 28.)

believe that Dawson likes me, that he sees in me a kindred spirit as patriotically unscrupulous as himself.

He jumped up and gripped my hand "You are right. I will put in a few hours' sleep, and then to work once more. This time I am up against a man who is nearly as smart as I am myself, and I can't afford to carry any handicap."

I led him to the door and put him out, and then turned to Cary with a laugh. "And I, too, will follow Dawson's example. It is past one, and my head is buzzing with queer ideas. Perhaps, after all, the Germans have more imagination than we usually credit them with. I wonder—" But I did not tell to Cary what I wondered.

We were sitting after breakfast in Cary's study, enjoying the first sweet pipe of the day, when the telephone bell rang. Cary took off the earpiece and I listened to a one-sided conversation somewhat as follows:

"What! Is that you, Mr. Dawson? Yes, Copplestone is here. The Antigone? What about her? She is a sister ship of the Antinous, and was in with damage to her forefoot, which had been ripped up when she ran down that big German submarine north of the Orkneys— Yes, I know; she was due to go out some time to-day. What do you say? Wires cut? Whose wires have been cut? The Antigone's? Oh, the devil! Yes, we will both come down to your office this afternoon. Whenever you like."

Cary hung up the receiver and glared at me. "It has happened again," he groaned. "The Antigone this time. She has been in dry dock for the past fortnight and was floated out yesterday. Her full complement joined her last night. Dawson says that he was called up at eight o'clock by the news that her gun-wires have been cut exactly like those of the Antinous, and in the same incomprehensible way. He seems, curiously enough, to be quite cheerful about it."

"He has had a few hours' sleep. And, besides, he sees that his second case, so exactly like the first, makes the solution of his problem very much more easy. I am glad that he is cheerful, for I feel exuberantly happy myself. I was kept awake half the night by a persistent notion which seemed the more idiotic the more I thought all round it. But now—now, there may be something in it."

"What is your idea? Tell me quick." "No, thank you, Dr. Watson. We amateur masters of intuition don't work our thrilling effects in that way. We keep our notions to ourselves until they turn out to be right, and then we declare that we saw through the problem from the first. When we have been wrong, we say nothing. So you observe, Cary, that whatever happens our reputations do not suffer."  
 (To be continued.)

# RUBBERSET BRUSHES

## How Rubberset Brushes Got Their Name

YEARS ago, under the old makeshift systems of brushmaking (employed to this day in many factories), it was not merely the common thing for brushes to lose their bristles—it was INEVITABLE. A brush might last a week, a month, a year—but sooner or later the bristle and the handle would part company "for keeps."

"Glue set" really meant "Don't use this brush in water"; "Shellac set" cried out "Don't put me in varnish"; "Pitch set" shrieked the warning "I'll get soft if I get warm!" cement dried out and crumbled with age, wire or staples corroded, cut the bristles loose, or let them work out one by one, fragile thread broke. Altogether, the brush user's life was a merry-go-round of "don'ts," hard luck, and new brushes.

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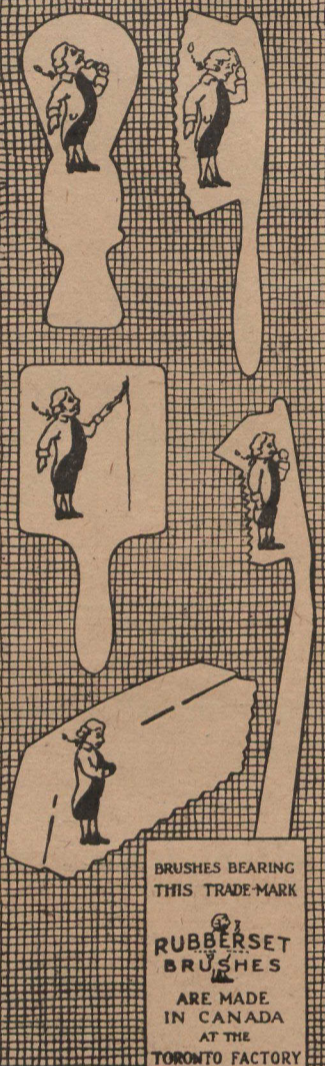
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"RUBBERSET must make good—or WE WILL!"—the development of the line to include a standard brush for almost every use to which a bristle brush is put.

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## Which Face Represents Your Feelings?

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and see a man with whom coffee  
disagrees. Cover the left half and  
see — there's health and comfort in

# POSTUM