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# THE CANADIAN COURIER

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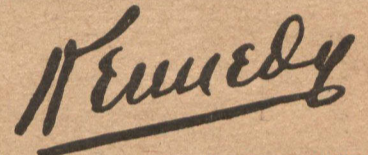
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## EDITOR'S TALK

**A** CHRISTMAS NUMBER does not dispose of Christmas. For the next few weeks we shall have Christmas features. Our issue for next week will deal more largely in first-class photographs, many of which have been crowded out this week because of especial Christmas features. Our policy of giving our readers a mixed service of picture material in drawings, photographs and cartoons will be worked out more fully in the near future than we have yet been able to do. Never before have we attempted to give so varied a service, and certainly as yet we have merely begun to work out its possibilities.

In our next issue we expect to have a highly interesting article dealing with a phase of economics in Nova Scotia, and another with an aspect of the problem in French Canada.



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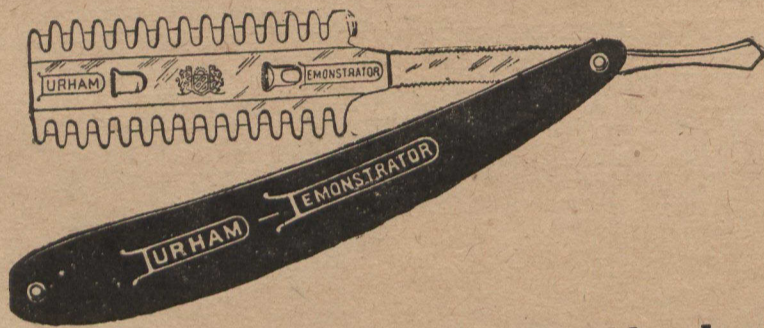
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**Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Limited, 43 Victoria St., Toronto**

# THE COURIER

No. 2

Vol. XXI.

December 9th, 1916

## THE CLUB OF KNAVES

**A**FTER deciding to remain at home, Barry seated himself before the fire, and started to read and smoke. The book was dull, and his cigar added to his restlessness, instead of soothing his nerves. He threw it to the flames, which eagerly claimed the gift; then gazed moodily around the study, as if seeking something he might blame for his present state of boredom.

Someone once said that you can tell a great deal about a man by observing the furnishing of his domicile. Glancing at the titles of the volumes that filled the bookcases, noticing the athletic trophies decorating the space above the mantelpiece, on which lay a number of valuable knick-knacks from the Orient, and the conspicuous place on the wall given to a reproduction of "The Blessed Damozel," you might have come to the conclusion that Barry was a man of myriad moods. Indeed, in him was joined impulse with strength; indicated by his peculiar, eager-looking eyes, and the resolute expression on his face.

Women had called him handsome, but the blase expression on his face would have hardly commanded admiration, as he jumped from the easy chair, stretched himself and delivered a fantastic soliloquy on life.

"A weary world! Yet I am not sure that I would like to make the acquaintance of the next! Louis the Beloved informs us that it is only by virtue of his desires and curiosities that a man continues to exist even with patience. The fact is I need something to take me out of myself. Might fall in love, I suppose, but I've been cured too many times. The only thing left? Adventure!"

He laughed at his own absurdity; slipped on his overcoat, pulled his soft hat down over his brow, and without more ado made his way to the street.

Yet, to be quite frank, Barry had no settled notion as to how he should gain access to a scene of excitement. Such an elusive destination could hardly be reached without the aid of chance. But she had done him many a good turn before now, so he hoped that he would be favoured to-night.

It had been snowing all afternoon, and, as it was still cold, the sidewalk was covered with a crisp coating of ice, which cracked under him as he strode along. The stars shone like so many cheerless points of light; the moon looked as if frozen in the heavens.

The seeker of sensations buttoned his coat at the neck, thrust his hands into his pockets and started to whistle a popular air. Most of us work to live. Being spared the hardship of earning his daily bread—not to mention other things—Barry worked to amuse himself. Because of the fact that his lodgings were not far from Broadway, it was only a matter of a few minutes' walk before he found himself at Herald Square; comparing his timepiece with the huge one above him, and calling himself a fool for having left his study fire.

**O**NE may state without fear of contradiction that Broadway is never deserted, but on this evening in question few pedestrians were to be seen, and these moved with alacrity toward their destination. The illuminations in front of the theatres and cafes shone brilliantly. As if lured by the lights Barry crossed the street. Gazing uptown the avenue looked to him like a monster with a million golden eyes.

Suddenly the clock at Herald Square started to chime eleven. As it began the doors of the theatre of that name were flung open, and the people started to stream out. Being always on the lookout for strange types, he stopped short, but the audience seemed to have been made up of confirmed New Yorkers.

As Barry was about to pass on he became



By JOHN WILSTACH

Illustrated by F. J. Casavant, Jr.

aware that a man near by was eyeing him intently. Since he was far from an ordinary looking person, being stared at was not an unusual occurrence; but he was aware that the fellow who fixed him with his glance was not the mere curious onlooker one sees so often.

Giving no hint that he knew someone was watching him, he edged closer to the stranger. The latter was a tall, slim chap. His face was of handsome moulding, but the combination of deadly pale complexion, and piercing black eyes—though it lent him an air of distinction—created a decidedly unpleasant impression. When Barry approached he did not drop his gaze, but smiled faintly, causing him to experience the sensation of not being able to divert his own.

All at once the unknown turned his back, and, much relieved, Barry was about to move on, when he saw a man standing near him who, at first glance, was no other than Jack Bolton—a friend of his college days. He hadn't seen the fellow for years, and

was about to thump him on the back when possessed of a mad notion. His old acquaintance had not observed him as yet. It would only be a moment's work to reach his overcoat pocket. Why not pick it, then confront him with whatever might come to light? It would be amusing to see the surprised look on his face.

Barry at once proceeded to put his plan into execution.

**W**ITHOUT heeding whether or not he was being watched, he thrust his hand into Bolton's pocket, bringing forth an ordinary leather pocket-book. Elated at the ease with which he had done this, he was about to attract the victim's attention when the latter turned and gazed at him blankly without any sign of recognition.

Swift as thought Barry concealed the case in his overcoat. Then, with an ill-concealed expression of astonishment on his face, he stood as if rooted to the spot. He had made an awful mistake! The man whose pocket he had picked he now saw for the first time front face, and knew that he'd never beheld him before.

It was, to be sure, a distressing predicament. Though quite without criminal intent he had been guilty of an act that, if discovered, would be sufficient to land him behind the bars.

What was to be done? That was the question that he must answer at once. Barry stood lost in perplexity. He could not very well give the pocket book back to its owner with the only explanation he had to offer. It stood a good chance of not being believed, and he wouldn't spend the night in jail unless forced to do so.

Suddenly he was seized with an inspiration. Of course the man's address was in his possession—taking it for granted that he carried some of his cards around with him. The best way out of the difficulty would be to take the pocket book home with him and mail it to its rightful possessor at his leisure. After coming to this decision, Barry was about to make himself scarce, when he felt someone catch hold of his arm, and was astonished to find it was the queer-looking individual who had already favoured him with his attention.

He pulled himself loose.

"What the devil do you want?" he exclaimed, impatiently.

"You can't get away," the fellow began, "for there's a couple of officers in the lobby of the theatre who'd show up at my call. Now do what I say or I'll turn you over to them on the charge of stealing. I can prove it, as you know."

"Who are you?" Barry managed to say.

"You'll find that out later; now you must come with me!"

"And if I refuse?"

"I give you credit for better judgment."

The man held all the trump cards, and Barry realized that it would be better to give in to the inevitable with the best grace possible.

"All right," said he, "I'll consent to do what you say. I'm yours to command."

**H**IS new acquaintance showed no surprise upon his yielding so easily.

"Give me your word that you'll not attempt any funny business or try to give me the slip."

"You have me, it would seem, just where you want me, so I might as well add the finishing touches. I promise not to part company without giving you notice."

"Humph. Well, that's all I want for the present."

Together they started off at a rapid pace toward Fifth Avenue, while Barry made a mental note that his guide, though a man of few words, knew exactly what he was about. In silence they walked along the



"You can't get away, for there's a couple of officers in the lobby of the theatre who'd show up at my call."

snow-carpeted sidewalk, on which the lamp lights cast but a dim radiance, giving an unearthly effect, which struck Barry as rather weird; and reminded him of a French impressionistic picture he had once seen. He thought it amusing that it should be brought from the storehouse of his memory at such a time as this.

That was the nature of the man. Though the dawn of his thirtieth birthday was not far off, he had passed his existence, thus far, without feeling any sense of the serious aspect of life. Indeed, he had been thrown down by the only girl he had ever loved because she didn't think he was in earnest. After a few months had passed he had viewed his inability to convince her of the fact in the light of a joke on himself.

BUT to-night he was fully aware that his latest foolhardy act might have extremely unpleasant consequences. As far as he could determine he would have to bribe his captor before the latter would let the matter drop. Of course, the hope that he would be liberally rewarded was the only reason the man had not handed him over to the police. No doubt he argued that his captive would give a pretty penny to get away. Barry remembered that he had some of the necessary with him in the shape of part of his month's income. Why go any further before coming to terms?

What better time than the present?

"I have a proposition to make," he began, and they came to a stop near a lamp post.

"It'll keep. You're a new one, indeed, to stand talking here in the light. You can't tell who will come along. Wait a while, and I will listen with pleasure to anything you may have to say, but not now; it isn't safe."

"That isn't the point," exclaimed Barry. "I've come as far as I intend to. You will not get a cent more by letting me have time to think things over. I'll give you all the money I have with me to buy your silence about this little affair. If I pony up will you let me go?"

"Who spoke about separating you from anything. As far as money goes I haven't any wish to take any—of yours! If you must know, I have no intention of bleeding you; quite the contrary. Have a little patience, and you will not be sorry."

Barry was overwhelmed with astonishment. What was he up against, anyway? At present it was beyond him to tell; but his curiosity, which was abnormal, was aroused; and, owing to the fact that he had no choice in the matter, he determined to take things as they came.

It seemed that interesting proceedings were on the programme!

He made haste to join his pilot, who was some half a dozen steps ahead, and they continued on their way—finally stopping before a large brown stone front a few doors from Fifth Avenue. As he ascended the steps, Barry found himself in a gloomy doorway, and didn't feel exactly easy in mind, which you will admit was natural.

From the first his companion had produced a peculiar effect upon him; a mixture of dread and fear that he had never experienced before. The man knocked on the door three times, and, as it was opened by a servant in livery, he found himself on the threshold of a large, handsomely-furnished hallway.

After he had entered he was relieved of his hat and coat, and, with a complete change of manner, his host requested him to accompany him upstairs. Barry did not know what to think. In a daze he was conducted to the second floor of the house. The sound of talk and laughter came from a room at the end of the hall, and he wondered what he was to expect. Not long was he kept in doubt.

"TAKE everything as a matter of course," said his guide, in a low voice. "My name is Dr. Orand, and you are my guest for the evening. Remember that you must not show surprise at anything that happens."

Before he had a chance to question, or reply, Dr. Orand flung the door open on a common enough scene: a dozen or so men around whiskey and soda and cigars. The room was furnished with comfortable lounging chairs; a fire burnt in the grate. The conversation seemed general; the occupants of the room seemed apparently intent on nothing more serious than whiling away the evening agreeably.

At their entrance, to Barry's surprise, they arose to their feet.

His guide bowed him into the chamber.

"Gentlemen, I wish to introduce you to a new member of the club. I hope you'll make him comfortable, and let him feel like one of you."

He turned to Barry. "I must attend to some important work, so, with this informal introduction, I will leave you to be entertained by the members of the Club of Knaves."

And with a sardonic smile Dr. Orand glided from the room.

As the door closed behind him, Barry, dazed and bewildered, was but dimly conscious that someone was speaking.

"Pray make yourself miserable," laughingly suggested a young chap near him, nodding to a vacant Morris chair.

Determined, however surprised he might be, he would not betray his astonishment, he dropped into the empty seat, took out his silver case, selected a cigaret and in a few moments was taking deep in-hales with an assumption of nonchalance.

Yet he was uncomfortably aware that many curious glances were cast his way. As a general thing, Barry did not in the least mind being in the limelight, but under the circumstances it was natural that he felt a trifle uneasy. Dr. Orand was the head of a club of scoundrels, and both he and these men took him for a professional crook. Well, there was naught to do but make the best of things. Those few moments of suspense that passed before the strained silence caused by his entrance was broken passed with incredible slowness.

"Rather impolite in Dr. Orand running off so sud-

He took from his pocket a number of envelopes and quickly distributed them to the company.

"The next meeting," he continued, "will be at the usual time, a week from to-night. Dr. Orand informs me that he will, by that time, have succeeded in getting rid of the jewels copped in the Rainsbury affair, and that each man will get his share. That's all, I guess; the individual message you can, of course, read any time in the near future."

AND as the conversation became general, Barry managed to listen to the remarks that were made. The keynote was cynicism, and an utter disregard of the world's morality. These men spoke of their nefarious accomplishments in a jesting tone, and boasted of the jobs they had brought to a successful finish. A chap on his right, who had been very attentive to the whiskey and soda, started a lecture on art for art's sake, illustrating it with a story of a robbery he had committed for the pleasure of doing a good bit of work without a thought of the reward.

Barry found that he was enjoying himself!

He had a fondness for the fantastic, and such being the case he found the men with whom he was thrown in quite to his liking.

Suddenly a clock somewhere in the house struck the hour of one. It was the signal for departure. Servants entered the room, bearing hats and overcoats, and after they had put them on, the men struggled into the hall. Barry was about to follow suit, when Kirke informed him Dr. Orand would like to have a talk with him after the rest were gone.

He strolled over to the fire, seated himself in an easy chair, and helped himself to a drink of whiskey and soda from a stand nearby. For the first time he had an opportunity to collect his thoughts, and see how things stood.

The golden glow from the fire intensified the lines of perplexity on his brow, and threw into bold relief the strength of his features. Obviously it would be useless to explain to Dr. Orand that it was all a mistake. The chances were that he wouldn't be believed, and if he was Barry knew that he stood in some danger. What, then, was he to do? For some moments he sat plunged in thought, but the only conclusion he brought to the surface was that he had better—for the present at least—fall in with any plans Dr. Orand might offer.

He was so wrapped up in his own fancies that he did not hear the chief enter the room.

Dr. Orand crossed the chamber with soft tread, and when Barry looked up it was to see him standing by his side. With a nod, the while an amused smile curved his lips, he dropped into a seat. Yet his eyes never left his guest's face; they never wandered or lost their fixed stare.

"I don't doubt," said he, easily, "that there are a number of questions you'd like to ask me, but the short way around will be for me to answer them before you have a chance."

"When I stopped you from making a quick getaway after a particularly neat piece of work you little thought I did so because of admiration. Such, however, is the plain truth. Here, thought I, will be a valuable man to have join the club. I don't know about experience, but you have coolness—a quality which so many otherwise good men lack."

"Hope you'll pardon my method of getting you to join us to-night. It was the only sure way. And now I must explain. The club is a kind of mutual benefit society; I find the places to be worked, give the assignments, and then we all share in the

proceeds. Every professional has his lucky strikes, and his bad times. Keeping together, as we do, there's a good bit coming in all the time, which is, of course, an ideal condition of things."

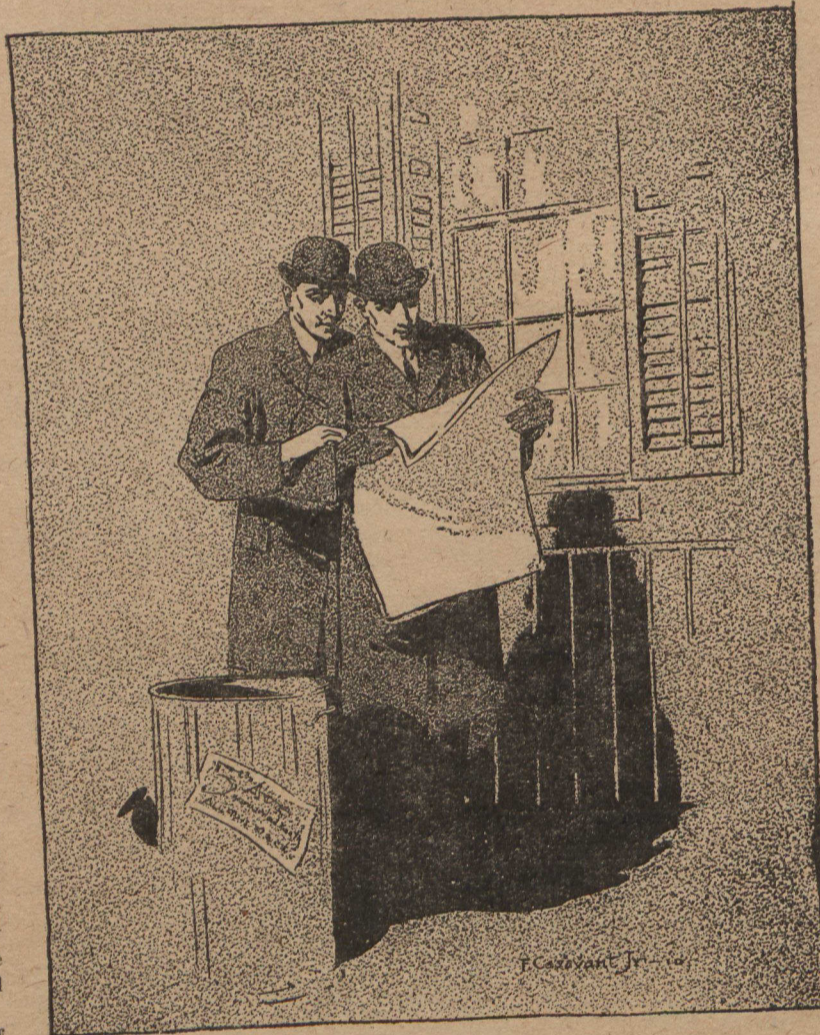
BARRY had listened without remark, and Dr. Orand paused for the effect of his next words. "And now that you see how the club is conducted, and have no objection to joining, perhaps we had better exchange cards."

Barry blamed himself for a fool—afterwards—but he took a card from his pocket without hesitation, and gave it to Dr. Orand. It was a rather senseless act to do, under the circumstances, but he seemed to have no power to combat any suggestion the chief might make.

He wondered, the next morning, if he hadn't taken too many drinks.

For the proceedings attendant on his leavetaking

(Continued on page 22.)



Great train wreck! Fifty killed!

denly," sang out a man, whom Barry afterwards discovered took charge of affairs in the chief's absence, "so I will take it upon myself to introduce you."

As the formality was gone through with, and Barry passed around the room to an accompaniment of brief welcomes, he studied the men's faces, and was surprised to see they bore no marks of dissipation. Indeed, for the nonce it was hard for him to realize in whose company he was; but any idea that all was not as it seemed was banished from his mind when the man who had presented him, whose name was Kirke, murmured his regrets that business must be attended to. The conversation instantly ceased.

"The chief," he began, "has given me the letters containing your instructions concerning what you are to do before our next meeting. We've been unusually successful lately, so I think the orders are to lay low."

# THE DUKE OF ELYMINSTER

*A not un-humorous Episode of Temple Gardens and London in war time*

By BRITTON B. COOKE

THE Duke of Elyminster was shivering and his two cheap sets of false teeth were audibly rattling on his hard old jaws as I came up behind him in the Christmas snow. His aged bowler hat was jammed down tightly on his head and his ill-fitting and threadbare coat seemed on the point of being peeled completely from the defenceless figure. He did not look like a duke, and the wind, which seemed merely jolly and boisterous to one in a good Canadian ulster like mine, seemed to know it. It had a hard and bitter suggestion in its pranks with the old man's mean clothing. It appeared to be shouting out derision at this outline of broken aristocracy covered in the cast-off clothes of a taxi-door beggar. Were it not for the war which has cleaned London of her match-boys and penny-catchers with quick eye and servile hand, one might have mistaken the Duke of Elyminster for one of the broken people who risk neck, limb and wind to get a stranger a taxi and to fling its door open for him—for a penny or less. As it was, he stood staring across at a row of hansoms that seemed to have come back out of London's past to take the place of the all too few taxis. Only a close observer or a friend would have observed the remaining spark of haughty light in the faded eye, and arrogant lift to the chin.

"Cliff," whispered the Duke, as I drew up along side and he recognized my voice, "come across by Panton Street till I buy me a sherry. Come along, m' boy. I'm freezing."

We crossed over to the little pub which stands at the corner of the Haymarket and Panton Street and bought each his own drink—it was after the order against treating in the Metropolitan area came out, and nibbled the cheese between sips. That is to say, I nibbled, having just had tea and a bun with another newspaperman in a shop near Lyon's Popular. But the Duke made serious business of his bit of Canadian stilton. He was very grave and dignified through the whole course, and exceeding particular about removing a drop or two of the sherry from his lean fingertips. Once, passing his hand over his chin, he seemed to remember that he had forgotten to shave that morning and, dropping his hand, mumbled an apology to no one in particular. Such conduct always presages important confidence from the Duke of Elyminster. I made, therefore, no effort to interrupt his thoughts, but waited till the last of the penn'orth had gone. Then he seized my arm and with unwonted vigour half dragged, half pushed me through the second-class and third-class bars to the street.

"There's tragedy afoot!" he piped, casually, in my handiest ear. "Call a cab. No, no, a cab! Drive me home."

IN London last winter it was a bit of an adventure to know the Duke of Elyminster, but not the kind of an adventure you would associate with his name. The social requirements necessary in meeting the Duke and in dealing with him, were few; you should be clean, you should, if possible, refrain from eating from a knife, you should play cribbage, be willing to banish the female sex from your conversation utterly and completely, and you should have an occasional ten shilling note—one of those red ink affairs that have over-run London like a plague since the war began. The ten shilling note was not essential, but it was always handy. And if you loaned it, or advanced any part of it to the Duke of Elyminster you were sure to be paid back promptly, which shows you he was no common down-and-outer.

But the world to which his title, if not the Duke, belonged, had long since cast him out. Somewhere in his remote and misty past he had played traitor to his position—one of the worst crimes in an Englishman's eyes. Hobbleblow, the hack writer, had told me this. The Duke, he said, had forgotten his high estate in order to make honourable love to a brilliant but unscrupulous little literary woman whom he had met in Paris—Hobbleblow didn't know how many years before. To Hobbleblow the crime seemed to lie in its being HONOURABLE love! That was the rub! The Duke had inherited a little money, but had lost it backing young literary geniuses. The



ORIGINAL SKETCH BY MOWAT

woman meantime jilted him—she was honest enough for that—and he sought a career in journalism—in Fleet Street. He had no gift for that, so he abandoned it for the literary atmosphere of a clammy set of rooms close by Temple Gardens and Pump Court. Here, writing books that never were finished on subjects so large that the world itself can scarcely contain them, the Duke had for years been growing daily thinner, daily whiter and drier of accent, and as to clothing—unspeakable! Friends of his own class he refused. His chief friends were journalistic rascallions whom he befriended till his quarterly income ran out. Then they quit him. Self-respecting London journalists now did not "know" the Duke of Elyminster. There had been a time when they tolerated him in that particular bar of the Cecil, to which one has access from the coal-hole. But they, you must know, wear silk hats and keep the silk handkerchiefs in the solemn tops thereof, and the Duke's silk hat had long since retired to a high shelf in his dank but lofty bed-room, whence it winked down on our conversations.

"I haven't much time," I explained to him as we drove along the embankment to the particular hole in the fence which would let him into his quarters in the rear. "There's a story on tap about an American millionaire, Herman Wroth, who is supposed to be working for the Germans in London—giving signals to Zepps. He and his daughter have left their old lodgings and Scotland Yard is on the hunt."

"I heard of them. I know," he returned, briskly. "But what are the Canadian papers interested in it for? What they want to mess into it for?"

"Because this American millionaire has capital in Canadian manufacturing concerns, owns a summer place at Murray Bay and another at Salmon Arm, to say nothing of a few mines and ranches—here and there!"

"And a daughter?"

"Yes. W—what made you think of her?"

"Nothing. Nothing." He turned his face away sadly and clutched the collar round his throat to keep the draft from going down his neck. "Only I shan't be telling you the yarn I thought I would—that's all. Maybe—maybe later."

"You're getting mysterious all at once," I retorted. "Better let me come in and play you a game of cribbage."

"Cribbage! Cribbage!" he muttered, as though there was at least one joy in life that he had not forgotten. "No. Not to-night. You pay the cab. I get out here. I have an appointment."

"You?"

"With a lady. Good-night."

He had thrown back the apron of the cab and had hopped to the pavement. He disappeared rapidly into the gathering dusk that lay over Temple Gardens.

The Duke in an appointment with a lady.  
The cab took me back to Russell Square.

IF you know present-day London you know the vegetarian restaurant in Tottenham Court Road, not far from Oxford Circus, where in lofty apartments over a grocery establishment many of the modest intellectuals of the great city make vegetarianism an excuse for economical lunches. There I lunched a week later with Hobbleblow, who knows Arnold Bennet personally, thinks H. G. Wells a boulder, and writes book reviews for the loftiest of journals—meeting his rent for his snug little house on Golder's Green by occasional lectures on advanced topics to mothers' meetings in the provinces.

"The poor old Duke of Elyminster is getting in hot water again, I see," he observed, as he haggled a Nut Chop with his fork. "Getting married. No end of gossip. The Crawfords—that's the family y' know—are feeling very badly about it. . . . May take proceedings to have him found a lunatic."

"Who is the woman?" I asked.

"No one knows—a little Miss nobody from America, probably another literary female, hunting for a title. I thought, m'self, he was a confirmed woman-hater. However, I shall write a few lines about it for the DICTATOR. It will do to round out a good column's worth."

"But the Duke—the poor old soul! She must be putting one on him, somehow. He does hate women. I know it. Dreads 'em. There—there must be some mistake."

"No. No, I assure you. They hope to prove lunacy against him. And they may, too."

"They should have let him go with the army to France. They should have MADE a place for him, even if he was too old. It would have got him out of harm's way and maybe sent the title along a bit faster to young Lord Crawford, his brother's eldest son."

"Poor old Duke!"

Leaving Hobbleblow in a second-hand book-shop in Charing Cross Road I met the Duke that afternoon—it was mild weather again—and he had a flower in his buttonhole and seemed very sprightly in manner, though sad in countenance.

"Good Lord," I said. "You look as though you were getting frightfully interested in your funeral, or something equally melancholy about yourself."

"I am," he retorted, with a bird-like cock to his

shabby old head. "And I've been shaved at the barber shop and I'm running such a bill at the laundry—you'll have to help me meet it, old top. Honest, Cliff, you'll have to lend me the money."

"But what's it all about?"

His manner changed abruptly. Drawing himself up very stiffly, he said: "I am about to be married, Cliff."

"Married! And may I—before I congratulate you, may I know the lady's name?"

"Miss Amelia Alvensleben—er—Smith—of Americ-aw."

"But—but—"

"I met the young lady, sir, in Temple Gardens. She is, in fact, a neighbour of mine. She and her father—father's away—and their housekeeper have taken the flat beneath me—if you remember, it was empty till a little while ago."

"A little while ago!" I echoed.

"Sir!" said the Duke, stiffly. "I wish you good-day."

If you had known the Duke of Elyminster! He was his own servant because he would not abide the services of a woman house-keeper since the male housekeeper in Temple Gardens had gone to the war. Until now he had refused to discuss women in any way whatsoever. You must remember that one of their kind put a blight on his queer old life. Yet now, here he was, mixing with a new one!

I was concerned. I went down over the usual rounds followed by a London correspondent for a Canadian paper. I travelled from the American Bar in the Savoy, where one is likely to meet returned officers who may have news from the front, to the C. P. R. and Grand Trunk offices in Cockspur Street, then down by the Canadian War Records Office, and back into the Strand again to the Cecil. I had an appointment there with a wounded Colonel. From the Colonel I passed on to the cable office considering while on the way how to get the item the Colonel had given me past the censors down in Whitehall. That business settled, the list of questions to be answered which every newspaperman keeps somewhere in the back of his mind, still contained, in my case, the name of the American millionaire, Wroth, who was being quietly sought by Scotland Yard for alleged aiding of the enemy. Still wondering how I might get a clue to something fresh on that story, I boarded a bus down the Strand, bought a penny ticket and hopped off at Temple Bar. Crossing the street I made my way down into Temple Gardens and up the long worn flight of stone stairs that led to the apartment of the Duke of Elyminster. Receiving no answer to my knock, I did what was customary with friends of the Duke. I tried the door, and finding it unlatched, walked in. Straight into his dank dining-room, office and sitting-room I walked and beheld the Duke himself on his knees on the floor peering down and listening to words that seemed to be issuing from the floor.

SEEING me he motioned me to be silent, but to come beside him and join him at the listening post. "What's the game?" I whispered, wondering if he had at last lost his mind.

"My fiancée," he retorted, with cold dignity, pointing at the same time through an opening which he had made in the floor and which permitted a cramped view through a crack in the ceiling of the room below.

"I tell you," said a Arident young woman's voice—unmistakeably American—"I'm going to marry him. It's the last opportunity and the greatest opportunity I shall ever have. I'll be the Duchess of Elyminster—"

"And he'll spend your money," retorted a heavy male voice. "Why look here, the Duke of Elyminster is the laughing stock of England. He's a fool. He's a stay-at-home and a ninny. Why didn't he go to the war, where every other decent Englishman is—"

"Because they wouldn't let him."

"Because they daren't disgrace their silly army, that's why! Now I tell you, Amelia, I don't like it. I don't want it. I got to keep low just now. I must tell you, and besides—"

"and then they fell to whispering. We rose from the floor and covered the opening. "I—I'm mighty sorry." I tried to say, "I feel very, very—"

"Sorry! Sorry!" the Duke retorted. "Feel for me! Haven't I known she was that kind all along. Marrying me for a title?"

"But you!" I protested. "You aren't going to marry HER for mere money!"

"Hmph!" he replied, with an evasive sniff. "Money's money."

"But you—you never—"

He turned suddenly on me and his uncertain old voice had for once a touch of real resolution in it.

"Listen, Cliff," he said, "I know what I'm doing.

If you want to be best man at my wedding you can be—and you can pull off a big story at the same time. We—are—to—be—married—to—morrow—provided—"

Each word seemed to pain him.

"Provided what?" I demanded.

"Provided Amelia Alvensleben's father will come to the wedding."

"Who's he?"

"Your American millionaire, Wroth!"

YOUNG Lord Crawford, the eldest son of the Duke's nearest brother, had special New Year's leave from the trenches to get to London to do what he could to save his inheritance from passing off to the possible children of the Duke of Elyminster by his American wife-to-be. Legal interference, according to my friend Hobbleblow, who was still writing squibs about the probable scandal and making good money at that, had proved impossible. The Duke was, after all, far from mad, however erratic may have been his career, and there was no having him up on trumped-up charges. Of course the family did not know all that I knew about the match. They were not aware of the millions of money that were reputed to lie in the lady's none-too-pretty hands. They did not even know her name.

The day of the wedding, Elyminster absorbed I don't know how many sherrys, though he had foregone the cheese, perhaps in the hopes of a hearty wedding breakfast. He was frightfully nervous and finally, as we were waiting for the time to descend into the next flat—it was to be a "house" wedding of the very humblest sort, he plucked my sleeve.

"Listen, Cliff," he said. "Keep near me, will you? I may flunk this yet. I—I don't want to get pushed into the wedding ceremony and I don't want a scene. I just want it arranged so that the officers will arrive and interrupt at just the right moment. But if they should fail to come in time? Even if they caught my—my father-in-law—how should I ever manage to finish my life—with a woman! With that woman!"

"SH!" I said. "Rely on me."

The clergyman was a Nonconformist from somewhere round the corner. There were no flowers, no decorations. The groom took his place by the sideboard and waited. The bride was waiting for someone to come in to give her away—there was a moment of horrible suspense.

And then up the stairs and into the apartment came Herman Wroth, the wanted millionaire, a fat, greasy German-American with a face red with excitement.

"Huh! Amelia," we heard him shout. "A nice risk I run for you. Coming here in broad daylight. Huh! Are you ready?"

"A nice father!" I heard her retort. "wanting to spoil his girl's last chances of getting married."

"To an imbecile Duke! The Duke of Elyminster? However—I promised. Here I am. What do I start with—"

WITH that the two Scotland Yard men whom we had secreted in the apartment overhead entered and addressed the prospective father-in-law.

"Herman Wroth," said one of them, "you are arrested on the charge of being a spy . . . and that you did wilfully aid the enemy, to wit, by giving signals from your windows by which the air-ships of the enemy were directed in their attack upon this city of London . . . in the realm of His Majesty—"

"A trap!" shouted Wroth, and struggled to free himself. "Ya, Amelia! What did I say—an imbecile husband! No. Too clever a man for that, too clever. A trap!"

"Miss Amelia," I heard the Duke saying, as he bowed stiffly, "I regret to cause you distress. Your father will be released by the influence of the American Ambassador, no doubt, but in the meantime his activity on the part of his German friends has been put an end to. I beg you to forgive whatever annoyance I have been forced, in the interests of my country—"

I heard no more, but waited for him upstairs in his apartment.

"Cliff! Cliff!" he wailed, as he entered his own rooms. "I am ruined. You will have to lend me three pounds. I have been to such expenses."

"Three pounds! Pouf," I said. "That's nothing. Glad to have a hand in getting rid of Herman Wroth. But how did you know it was Wroth?"

"I merely suspected it—I always suspect new neighbours. I suppose it is because I am English. Then the lady happened to hear from the porter who I was and she made—what the Americans call a dead set at me. When a lady is in—in love with one," he blushed, "one can draw many facts from their otherwise perfectly discreet bosoms. First I learned that the name was not Smith. Then—that they were very wealthy and—you see?"

"Good Lord! And you were willing to sacrifice yourself?"

"If the wedding had gone through I should have made some sort of escape immediately afterward."

"But why could you not have caught him before?"

"He was in hiding. He would not come but twice, once when you were with me eavesdropping, and the second time to-day. But the first time I had not learned for sure that he was the real Wroth, and even she did not know where he was hiding."

"But by the way," I said, "you're in luck. There's a large reward for his capture."

"So I b'lieve," he returned coolly, and twiddling his cracked eye-glasses against his frayed coat. "but I shall give it to the Red Cross. Among the—th aristocracy, y' know, one can't take rewards for—er—merely doing one's duty."

The Duke is as shabby as ever, but nobody calls him fool any more. His nephew bucked up his allowance a bit and he goes to the House of Lords occasionally. But he never mentions women. He is at peace once more.

## RECORDING THE ELEPHANT

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

WHEN Murray MacNab sent home a music machine for his mother's birthday, it was not without secret qualms. It was not only that Mr. MacNab had once objected to all talking machines on the score that he did not want to look like the Paterfamilias of one of those fool magazine ads., but it was an unwritten law in the MacNab family that if a present could not be both useful and ornamental it should at least be useful. Murray was a little dubious as to whether a music box came under that head. And after he had expressed it out wondered if it might not prove an expensive gift and cost him his reputation for practical common sense.

But, judging from the tone of the letters he received, it seemed the exception that proved the rule. Every home letter made some allusion to the Victrola, or paraphrased what were obviously record bon mots. In speaking of his unprecedented oat or bean crop his father would conclude with some such remark as: "As Harry Lauder says, 'Ye canna beat it! I'm tellin' ye.'" His sister had invested in "The Book of the Opera," and, instigated presumably by thirst for operatic lore, appeared to be constantly studying it. She mentioned some recently acquired star every time she wrote, and yet asserted that although her wardrobe needed replenishing woefully, new records she was bound to have—as the Fisk Jubilee Quartette said of "Golden Slippers." Worst of all, his mother returned the garden list he had

carefully made out, with erasures through the most choice—and expensive—plants, giving as an excuse that they "needed records more."

"Guess I've given them a white elephant," ruminated Murray. "So it's up to me to help—er—record it."

It was the week before Christmas, the night before his holidays. Despite former resolutions, he had left his shopping till the last minute. To step into the Gramophone agent's and pick out a dozen rattling good records "just out" served the double purpose of satisfying his family's abnormal craving for records, and of cutting the shopping Gordian knot.

Judith met him at the little spur station, and almost her first words were, "Oh, Murray, the music box is a perfect scream!"

"Is, is it?" he answered, easily, as befitted a McGill Sophomore. "How'd the Pater take it?"

"At first, you mean? He just sat pulling at his whiskers and drawing down his mouth—till we put on 'There's a Wee Hoose 'Mang the Heather' and 'Roamin' in the Gloamin'."

"Well?"

"Dad heard Harry Lauder in New York, you know," said Judith, as if that sufficiently explained his conversion. "And, oh, Murray, it's killing; he wants to give Mother Harry Lauders for Christmas."

"Mater especially keen on the 'I Love a Lassie'"

(Concluded on page 25.)



# A CANDY CHRISTMAS

BY  
LOUISA MASON

Illustrated by Maud McLaren

manufacture of sweetmeats was taken out of the hands of druggists and established as a separate industry. In making this change, England led the world. By 1851 she had evolved confections of a complexity and lusciousness that amazed the manufacturers from France, Germany, and other European countries, who visited the International Exhibition held that year in Great Britain.

Efforts to imitate and excel the English "boiled sweets" as they were first called, gave a great impetus to the candy trade not only in France, where the making of chocolate bonbons has become an art, but also throughout Europe and America. Since then the crude form of the industry established at Boston in 1816 has grown to an enormous business that gives employment to forty thousand persons within a radius of twelve miles of the city.

In the last decade, catering to the Canadian sweet-tooth has become more and more our own industry. Especially since the war when the decrease in imports of candy and chocolate, which in the latter case has been practically cut in two, is giving greater scope to the Canadian manufacture. Toronto, with at least eighteen firms employed exclusively in the production of candy, probably has the best claim to being the sweetest city in the Dominion; and a visit to a few of its foremost factories is quite a revelation to the mere consumer.

One big concern, which confines itself to making chocolate and cocoa, objected to being classed as a candy factory. But with chocolates and candy so closely associated in the public mind, it would be harder than split-hairs to separate them. Starting on the top floor of this huge building the visitor follows the evolution of the cocoa bean from the green state in which it enters the roasting ovens to the moment when the finished chocolate bar is being wrapped and labelled, without human intervention, by a machine of uncanny dexterity. En route the chocolate edition of the "man from Cook's" has been showing you wonderful processes, and pouring into your ear a flood of information.

THERE are five or six varieties of cocoa bean, and it is from the artful blending of these that the perfect chocolate is produced. Cocoa butter, another and more valuable product of the bean, is the only fat known to science that does not turn rancid. It always remains sweet, except under extreme provocation. That is one reason why chocolate, of which it forms a large and necessary ingredient, is

one of the most popular gifts we send to our soldiers. It is also an important factor in the cost of chocolates, as only large cocoa consuming countries like Holland, Belgium and the United States, can afford to manufacture cocoa butter, and other nations are dependent on them for their supply.

Milk chocolate contains one additional ingredient, condensed milk. So there is really nothing in high grade chocolate to cause even the most confirmed dyspeptic a pang, premonitory or otherwise. When adulteration creeps in, such as the substitution of paraffine wax for the more expensive cocoa butter, then chocolate deserves to look like the black sheep of the candy family. Fortunately for the national digestion, a paternal government whose long nose is continually sniffing at the people's food stuff, has a disconcerting habit of exposing such tricks of the trade, and rendering them futile.

LEAVING the factory with a package of its "Active Service" chocolate tucked fondly under one arm, the next visit was paid to one of the homes of the chocolate de luxe. Here may be seen three hundred varieties of the chocolates that are different, but never indifferent. The building houses a complete industry from the top floor where the boxes are made and fashioned into artistic creations, down past the sugar mill, the chocolate presses, the rooms in which human hands and machinery are turning out delicious confections, to the packers who, sitting on either side of a moving table, add their contribution to the empty boxes as they pass by, until weighed and found to be an absolute pound, they receive the final wrapping. From here comes the chocolate aristocrat that sells for two dollars and a half a pound. "Huh," snorts the indignant paterfamilias. "No candy on earth is worth that much." Perhaps not, but time is money, Mr. Stern Parent, so if you want candy coated with a chocolate whose smooth, creamy deliciousness is achieved by rolling for two long weeks in a cradle-like machine known as the conge, you must pay the price.

The pleasant but penetrating odour of hot chocolate has become very familiar by the time you enter the third temple of sweetness. Although one of the oldest factories in the city it is strictly up-to-date. Magnificent boxes, sufficient in themselves to set the mouth watering, are designed and made on the premises, along with the contents whose variety and price suit all tastes and purses. From the "chewey" caramels with lasting quali-

ties that endear them to the youthful purchaser, to the lordly gold and purple box containing nine trays of bonbons fine enough for a royal princess, they cater to the sweet-tooth of everyone. Here, too, machinery does all sorts of wonderful things. It dips the hard centered chocolates, stamping on names or designs as a finishing touch; wraps the smallest of individual candies, and even turns out smart machine-made bows. "A result of the war?" asked the frivolous damsel, as she regarded this last; adding in response to the guide's bewildered expression, "I suppose we should be glad to have even that kind with nearly all our men gone to the front."

In the basement of this factory, during the summer season, the employees spend busy days putting down strawberries, raspberries, cherries, etc., to be used in making the real fruit centres that are this firm's speciality. These fruits are very useful, too, during the "close season" for nut centres. Perhaps you didn't know there was one; but as a matter of fact hot weather and nuts form a combination on which no candy manufacturer cares to risk his reputation.

So as you go from factory to factory, in each one you find some novel effort to catch the fancy of a candy-eating public. The fork dipped choco-

"London bridge is falling down,  
Falling down, falling down,  
London bridge is falling down,  
My fine lady."

WHICH would you rather have, a barrel of gold or a barrel of candy? was the favourite question that followed the announcement of this catastrophe. And twice out of every three times the "fair lady" who wore very short skirts and her hair in pig-tails, chose the barrel of candy. That is one reason why to-day the candy industry is among the most prosperous in the world, next to the manufacture of war supplies. The latter, we hope, will not continue to hold the centre of the stage; but the popularity of candy is unlikely to suffer a relapse. Like the much-advertised patent medicine, "everyone uses it." It sweetens social intercourse, smooths the path of the love-lorn young man, delights the small child, and provides a "ready-made" gift suitable for almost every occasion.

As no fond mother was present to chronicle the event, we do not know exactly when humanity cuts its first sweet-tooth. Classical writers such as Herodotus, Seneca, and their contemporaries, refer to sugar, which they describe poetically as "honey made by human hands." We have, also, historical authority for believing that the sugar industry, the first step on the road to candy, originated in Bengal. At any rate, the secret of transforming the cane into sugar crystals was brought from India to China, where as far back as 780 B.C. the little boys and girls could sweeten their rice in the approved manner of to-day.

It may be news to many that the earliest historical reference to the use of sweets dates back to the days when Greek and Roman physicians devised the pleasing plan of giving their bitter medicines in a cup with a honey-smearing rim. Subsequently, when the candy industry became the druggist's perquisite, this crude method of concealing the true inwardness of prescriptions gave way to our familiar friend the sugar-coated pill.

Nothing more alluring than lozenges of fine sugar mixed with dissolved gum, variously flavoured, coloured, and cut into different shapes, was offered to an epicurean public until, at the beginning of the 19th century, the

M McLaren

late that has for a centre a large maraschino cherry is considered the best of its kind, even by members of the trade. Another manufacturer who specializes in old time homemade candies at a uniform price, calls his factory a "studio" and prides himself on each piece of candy being turned out entirely by hand. St. Stephen, N.B., is on the map for many people, because the really fine candy made there was the first in Canada to carry the initials of the proprietor, while a Montreal firm that caters almost exclusively to the wealthy, has branches in all the larger cities that are the Mecca of the ultra smart.

Probably the only "one man" factory in the world is at Victoria, B.C. The owner of this unique establishment might well sing:

"Oh, I'm the cook and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
The midshipmite and the bo'sun tight,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

For he combines in his person the roles of proprietor, candy-maker, salesman and general handyman of the establishment, which is run solely by himself and his wife.

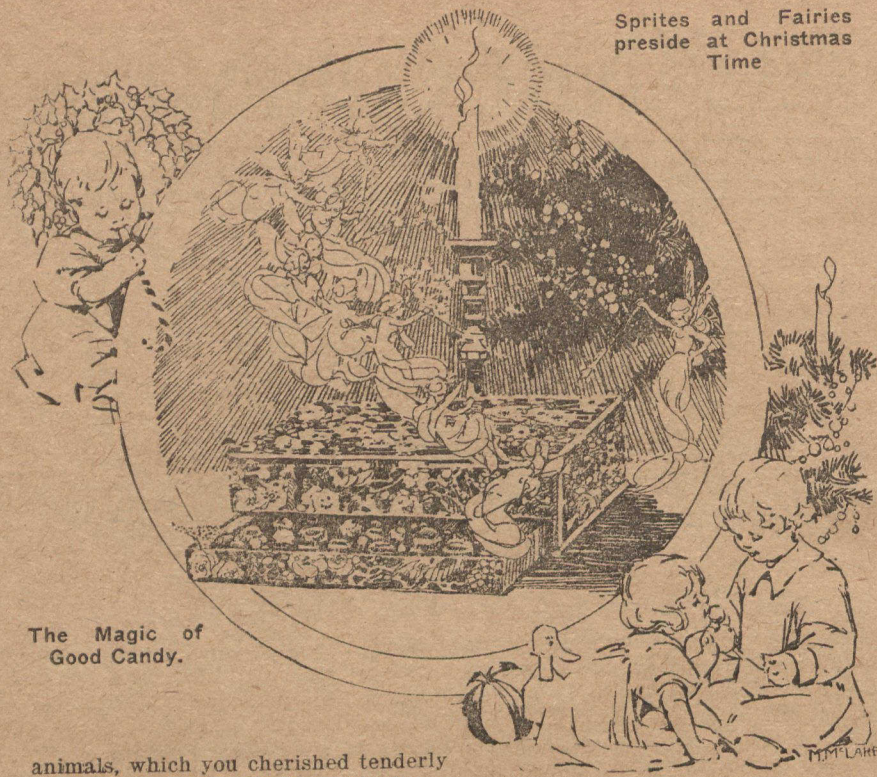
Equipped with a few years' experience in a British Columbia lumber camp, he came to Victoria while quite a young man, and opened a fruit shop on what is now the city's principal business street. It did not prove a brilliant success; and the sight of some dubious looking candy in the window of a rival establishment led him to try his hand at this branch of confectionery. His first attempts earned him a visit from a candid if not candied friend who, with the freedom of the West, hastened to enquire, "What in H— is that bum looking stuff?" However, he persisted, and the pot of syrup that refused to become candy one day was boiled down again the next until he got a product that could be both eaten and sold. From this humble beginning there grew a candy manufactory whose fame has spread from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Even blase New York adds a shipment of his chocolates to its Christmas display; while no visitor to Victoria would think of failing to buy a box, if only out of curiosity.

**H**IS methods of selling are as original as the recipes which he has evolved by years of experimenting. On one occasion when his stock was sold out two days before Christmas, and a number of patrons were yet unprovided, he put a notice on the door that there would be a fresh supply by ten o'clock Christmas morning. Then he closed the shop for twenty-four hours, and proceeded to make good his promise. By the appointed hour there was a line-up of customers that extended for several blocks, but by rigidly restricting the sale to one pound for each buyer he managed to eke out the supply. All his candy is the same price, one dollar a pound; and in spite of his independent "take it or leave it" attitude its vogue has been sufficient to make him a wealthy man. Within the last few months he has reoccupied the site of his first shop, which three years ago was valued at sixty thousand dollars.

Despite the large output of expensive candies that cater to the taste of older people, the abnormal business activity since the war is chiefly in the cheaper confections produced for youthful Canada. This is easy to understand. The working classes were never more prosperous. Scarcity of workmen, the resultant higher wages, together with the greater employment of women, has meant more coppers for the small child. Like the old choice of the barrel of candy and the barrel of gold, the little candy shop is usually more attractive than the

penny bank. As to what they buy, it is much the same class of sweets that beguiled their grandparents. Candy

must be ordered from six to eight months ahead, and bought in large quantities. Some things are having



The Magic of Good Candy.

animals, which you cherished tenderly until the cravings of the ubiquitous sweet-tooth gave rise to the thought that the removal of a horn, a tail, or even one leg out of four, would be a scarcely noticeable defect, are still a favourite purchase. The mouse whose marshmallow body and string tail were coated with alleged chocolate, has been superseded by a more hygienic one of maple cream. But an impregnable digestion is the long suit of the average child, so paraffine wax, which used to be sold in the form of heart-shaped white gum, is still on the market made up into Kewpies. While conversation lozenges, the result of a machine for printing on candy produced by David G. Chase in 1816, now masquerade under the name "Cupid Whispers."

Apart from the sale to and for soldiers, and the greater spending facilities of the working class, several manufacturers advanced another interesting reason for the increased demand. It is prohibition. This suggestion gains colour from the fact that since the abolition of vodka, Russia, one of the great sugar producing countries, has used up all her surplus. It is said that candy eaters are rarely drunkards; and also that candy is one of the best sedatives for the craving for alcohol.

For the benefit of those sad souls who cannot enjoy anything good to eat for fear it wasn't made with clean hands, I might say that the bulk of candy isn't. The reason being that it is largely machine made. At the same time, a visitor to Toronto's foremost factories cannot fail to be impressed with the neatness that prevails throughout these huge buildings, and the clean, wholesome appearance of the employees. Uniforms for the workers, and careful supervision of the care of their hands, are rules of the modern factory; while frequent rest periods, large, airy lunch rooms provided with player pianos and moving picture machines, tend to attract the better class of labour.

It would not do to close this sketch with the impression that Canadian candy makers are rolling in wealth as a result of the undoubted increased demand for their wares. True, for the first time in history, we are on the verge of a candy famine, and factories are working to the utmost of their capacity. But the other side of the shield shows increased expense for labour and for every kind of material, from nuts, fruit, sugar, etc., to wax paper and paste board. Owing to difficulties of transportation, supplies

Sprites and Fairies preside at Christmas Time

to be replaced by substitutes. The lace paper on the candy boxes, though made in England, used to be designed by Belgian women before the war. With cocoa butter imported largely

#### PICKING APPLES AT NIGHT.

A Word From Nova Scotia.

By Norman Ritcey.

**I**T is said that in one of his public addresses, Prof. Thomas H. Huxley said that "there was a time when man walked on all fours." A wag remarked that "no doubt the lecturer referred to the time when as a boy he crawled into his neighbour's cucumber patch." In a similar way, when we hear people talk about picking apples at night, we are apt to recall some boyish depredations in connection with a certain apple tree in the corner of a field—the work being done at night. But the title of this article suggests something real serious. Fruit growers in the Annapolis Valley are beginning to think that the picking of apples at night might go far toward solving some of the problems in connection with the successful preservation and marketing of apples.

Senator W. B. Ross, one of the largest and wealthiest fruit-growers in the Annapolis Valley says:

"I believe that the time is coming when most of our apples will be picked in the night. The secret of keeping apples is a matter of preserving an even temperature. By ten o'clock at night, apples on the trees are cool, and if picked then and carefully warehoused, there is less chance of heating and spotting. If you keep apples at an absolutely even temperature the firmness and flavor can be maintained almost indefinitely. We have an electric lighting plant in Middleton, and I am going to have wires stretched and the orchard lighted. The expense is going to be trifling compared with the benefits."

Of course, electric light is not now easily available for all orchards, and that fact might lead many people to doubt the practicability of the Senator's scheme. But should the picking of apples at night prove of sufficient value for general adoption, some plan of a more extensive lighting of orchards would soon be devised. Worthy discoveries never were held up for any length of time for lack of appliances. The first thing to do in connection with Senator Ross' theory is to have it tested. Electricity is always the convenient servant of the community.

from Holland and Belgium; sun-dried cocoanut from Ceylon; preserved ginger from China; and the best grade currants, figs, dates, etc., from Turkey, a world at war interferes sadly with the candy business. Nevertheless, retail prices have not been advanced as yet, and will not be for this Christmas at least. After that—well if the worst comes to the worst, perhaps we can arrange to have our sweet-tooth extracted.

The other side of the candy question is the home-made article, which has always been at the basis of all conveniently made candy.

As the sweet-tooth culminates in the home in the palate of the consumer, so we must remember that it began long ago in the home in the making of candy by mother, sister or maiden aunt. It would be dangerous to judge the quality of conveniently made candy by the standard set up in the home. The home product may in many cases be quite as toothsome as that made in the factory. It can never be as elaborate or as fanciful. In this respect we cannot compare candy to bread, pickles or preserves, all of which some people claim to be able to make at home better than they can be made in a factory. Home-made candy has its own charming and irresistible characteristics, however, and much of it dates back to the good old days of the domestic taffy pull. What a delightful gamble—and gambol—that was! Our forbears never knew when Phoebe's mixture in the pan would come out right in the pull.

(Continued on page 33.)

#### SIMPLE STORIETTES

Culled From Here and There

By The Editor.

**A** PALLID-FACED passenger looked out of the car window with exceeding interest. Finally he turned to his seat mate. "You likely think I never rode in the cars before," he said, "but the fact is, pardner, I just got out of prison this mornin', and it does me good to look around. It is goin' to be mighty tough, though, facin' my old-time friends. I 'spose, though, you ain't got much idea how a man feels in a case like that." "Perhaps I have a better idea of your feelings than you think," said the other gentleman with a sad smile. "I am just getting home from Congress."

**T**HE north-country policeman is usually not without humour of a kind, although perhaps his answers are occasionally unconsciously amusing. An English tourist was doing the Scottish Highlands, and, for-gathering with the village policeman in an out-of-the-way place, he said: "I suppose you have some pretty long tramps in this district, my man?" "Weel, I'm thinking," replied the worthy keeper of the peace, as he surveyed the lengthy stranger with somewhat sarcastic eyes, "you're the longest I've seen yet."

**A** TOWN COUNCIL of a Scotch community met to inspect a site for a new hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day a member suggested that they should leave their coats there. "Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested another. "What for?" demanded a third. "If we are a'ganin' oot t'gether, whit need is there for any o' us tae watch th' clothes?"

**R** MANSFIELD offered his seat in a car to a lady, who slid into it without a word. The actor raised his silk hat. "I beg your pardon," he said slowly. The woman looked up in surprise. "I didn't say anything," she volunteered. "Pardon me for my mistake," returned Mr. Mansfield in a kindly tone. "Pardon me, I thought you said 'Thank you!'"

# PEACE WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE

HERE are three ways in which the war may be ended—by a defeat of Germany, a defeat of the Allies, or a compromise. The neutral world—as a matter of fact there is no such thing as a neutral anywhere—is divided into these three camps, and now we see a marked accentuation of the lines that divide them under the sudden revival of peace talk. The origin of this peace talk does not matter much, although we may suspect that it comes in response to the deft pulling of wires in high places. The public deeply loves to believe that it initiates and inspires. Of course it does neither the one nor the other. It obeys. The peace talk of the moment was ordained by those who wish to seem to be urged or compelled to do what they want to do, and even what they must do.

Let us enumerate some of the causes that seem to justify the pacific hopes of the moment. It is undeniable that there is a certain new disposition to talk rather than to fight, a momentary willingness to explain away misunderstandings, and this would certainly be much more marked than it is but for the fear that it will be translated into confessions of weakness. Perhaps the most suggestive of these causes for hope is the reminder of the German chancellor that he has never avowed any intention to annex Belgium. It is true that he has never avowed any intention not to annex Belgium, and he does not do so now, but this is a day of small mercies and of the catching at straws. Let it stand for whatever it may be worth. At least it is a movement in the right direction and to be estimated in the light of the expectations of the German public, which would certainly not have tolerated such a statement a year ago.

The next event in order of importance is the speech by Count Apponyi, the Hungarian statesman. Hungary, says the count, is ready for peace, and so is Austria, and he believes that peace will come with the conquest of Roumania. And since Count Apponyi quotes from various Allied statesmen in support of his view, we may include their pacific utterances in the present survey. Thus we have the exchange of views between Viscount Grey and the German chancellor as to the true significance of the Russian mobilization, and Viscount Grey's wish that it might be made the subject of investigation. Mr. Asquith expressed himself in a somewhat similar way. Lord Bryce has denied any intention among the Allies to crush Germany, and of course no Allied statesman has ever said such a thing or thought it. And now Viscount Grey makes the bare statement that any proposals from Germany will receive the full attention that they merit. The French premier, M. Briand, has also added his quota to what we should like to consider as olive branches. Taken altogether, we must confess that it is rather a beggarly showing. Nothing but dire necessity gives it any significance whatever. The total value of these statements is to be found, not in their content, but in the fact that they should have been made at all.

In order to understand the true inwardness of the situation let us suppose that the responsible statesmen of Europe were gathered around a conference board. The *Koelnische Zeitung* is allowed by the German censor to believe that this is a possibility and that such a conference may be called without cessation of hostilities. For we may be quite sure that the Allies will not consent to an armistice short of a declaration of peace so long as they have their present preponderance in munitions and artillery. Let us ask, then, what would be the irreducible minima that these statesmen would demand.

FIRST and foremost would come the complete political restoration of Belgium and the removal of every trace of German occupation and influence. The material rehabilitation of Belgium is, of course, out of the question. There is not money enough in the world to do it. But the political restoration of Belgium has been pledged up to the hilt, not by some of the Allies, but by all of them, with the possible exception of Portugal and Japan. If any obligation can be said to have any sanctity, then this has. It is impossible to believe that the extent of the German evacuation of Belgium, material and moral, could even be a subject for discussion. But the Allied pledges to Serbia are almost as definite. The complete restoration of Serbia would be a *sine qua non* of the Allied demands. To recede one hair's breadth from these claims on behalf of Belgium and Serbia would be a confession of utter defeat. And

## Unable now to force the pace in war, Germany sets the pace in a game of poker

By SIDNEY CORYN

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it is to be feared that these demands would still meet with the instant non possumus of Germany. Control of Serbia, at least, is absolutely essential to German hopes of trade dominance in the East. We seem already to have reached a blank impasse, since trade dominance in the East is to be one thing for which Germany still hopes.

But this is by no means all. If France is pledged to the restoration of Belgium and Serbia, how much more is she pledged to the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine? It has been the one continuing dream of the national life for forty years. It was the one pulsating hope that animated her heart at the outbreak of the war. What would be the fate of the French statesman who should dare even to discuss such a question at a peace meeting? Here we find a gulf so impassable, so apparently unbridgeable, that it has been barely mentioned. Here at least a problem to be solved only by utter defeat upon one side or the other. To talk about a popular vote of the people of Alsace and Lorraine is to show one's self opaque to sentiment and unwilling to accredit to other nations a patriotism like unto our own. For how should we feel if California, for example, had been snatched from us by the Japanese forty years ago and held ever since? Should we talk of compromise or votes? Of course we should not. If a conference should be held at the present day and the question of Alsace-Lorraine should be first on the agenda there would be about five minutes of fierce defiance between France and Germany and the conference would come to an end then and there. Those who talk thus emotionally about compromises have what may be respectfully described as the Jane Addams sort of mind, the kind of intelligence that compares Europe at war with a quarrel among school-boys, to be settled by a few kind words all round and a lofty recommendation to kiss and be friends.

AND how about Russia? Here once more we seem to have a case of an irresistible mass that meets an immovable body. Constantinople has undoubtedly been promised to Russia, and Russia's colossal intention to reach warm water dates from Peter the Great. For some insoluble reason Europe has been resolved to thwart this ambition, which has already produced four great wars. The Crimean war was fought to keep Russia back from the southern seas. The Russo-Turkish war, ostensibly for the relief of the Balkan peoples, was actually waged to the same end. Then Russia reached across the Pacific, only to find that her way was once more barred by Japan. And now here is the fourth great war, greater than any of the others, and at last Russia believes that the prize is within her grasp. Will it be possible to argue her out of that conviction, to compromise her out of it, to terrify her out of it? Russia has now solemnly denied that she has any intention to seek a separate peace. Of course she has no such intention. Only fools thought that she had. Russia is fighting for Constantinople and for open ports. She is fighting for the home and the birthplace of her faith. And with Russia in Constantinople what becomes of the German hope for the control of the international railroad from Berlin to Bagdad? Now this is no attempt to weigh the merits of the issue, but only to state what that issue is in some of its larger aspects. If Germany surrenders the control of the route to the east by allowing Russia to occupy Constantinople, then Germany is beaten. If Russia surrenders her hopes of Constantinople, then Russia is beaten, and she has fought for nothing, and for less than nothing. Once more we seem to face an irreconcilable issue, an issue not susceptible even of discussion at a peace board except by a conqueror to the conquered. And here we see the weakness of Count Apponyi's contention. He assumes that the conquest of Roumania will convince the Allies of the hopelessness of their efforts. But suppose its effect is to add Roumania to the list of debts that the Allies are in honour bound to pay. Suppose its effect is to redouble the efforts of Russia and of her consorts to prevent German influence over the Bagdad line. And this seems by far the more

probable alternative. Here we have one of those radical differences in reasoning processes that have so far made the outlook seem so hopeless. The military experts in Berlin tell us now that the war will end with the conquest of Roumania. They say that its moral effect will be one of profound discouragement. Of course it will have no such effect, at

least not on the Anglo-Saxon brain, which—if we like—we may say is too thick to be susceptible to "moral effects." The conquest of Roumania is far more likely to result in a new and more savage phase of war.

AND how about Italy? Italy, it may be said, was promised before the war all that she went to war to obtain. That is largely true, but the promise was not to take effect until after the war was over, and it was conditional, first upon the Teutons winning the war, and secondly upon their willingness to keep their promises. Is Austria still willing to surrender the Trentino and Italia Irredenta? Perhaps she is, and so we may regard the Italian question as one that would be hopeful of compromise. But there is still the question of Turkey. Is she to be allowed to remain in Europe as a sort of keeper of the eastern gate for Germany? And there is Bulgaria. Only a few days ago Russia committed herself to a solemn resolve to punish Bulgaria, and this certainly did not look very hopeful for peace. Nor does the change in the Russian government that was announced last week. It is a change that places the Slav war party in full control, and that deposes whatever remnants of German influence still remained in official circles. With every desire to discern peace on the horizon as a result of compromises it is hard to see what does not exist. We are somewhat in the position of the mariner who "saw no ship upon the sea because no ship was there."

The nations, we are told, are all longing for peace, and that where there is so great a will there must be also a way. Of course they are all longing for peace, but are they longing for the kind of peace that will leave the issue unsettled? We may doubt it. Count Apponyi, enumerating the statesmen who have said pacific things, pointedly excludes Mr. Lloyd George. Once more we have "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. For Mr. Lloyd George can not be excluded, and it is only three weeks ago that he carefully elaborated the assertion that offers of mediation would be considered as unfriendly acts. And Mr. Asquith crossed his t's and dotted his i's within forty-eight hours. That was at the moment when Mr. Gerard was on his way from Berlin, undoubtedly with some sort of peace project in his mind, whether inspired or uninspired. Compromise is unthinkable, except to shallow minds of the "kiss-and-make-friends" type.

EUROPE, we are told, must be forced into peace by the financial strain. She must compromise or be bankrupted. Let us take these assurances cum grano salis, no matter how high the financial authority upon which they rest. It was high financial authority that assured us that there could never be another large war. The high financial authorities told us in 1915 that no more money could be raised after the end of that year. A year after the war began we were told by the German finance minister that the cost to all the powers was \$75,000,000 a day. That was before the Balkan campaign. It is probably \$100,000,000 a day now. The Napoleonic wars cost England alone \$2,000,000 a day, while the present war is costing her at least \$25,000,000 a day. But this is nearly compensated for by her increase in wealth. Great Britain is not paying more in proportion to her wealth, or hardly more, than in the Napoleonic wars. As a matter of fact we do not know quite what wealth is. Wealth is property, and estimates of the capital value of national property are always too small. But there is no question that the war taxes are being paid without any extraordinary hardships or difficulties, and we find also that the loans are fully subscribed. Great Britain and France are not only paying their expenses, but they are lending money freely to their allies. In the first two years of the war England loaned \$3,000,000,000, and France loaned \$800,000,000. The whole debt of England at the beginning of this war was about equal to one year's total income of her people. The outlook, therefore, is not a promising one for peace by compromise. There are too many undebatable problems, that admit of no give-and-take.

# FORTY YEARS AGO AND NOW

**F**ORTY years is a good convenient period to reckon with. Moses led the Israelites forty years in the wilderness; it rained forty days and forty nights at the time of Noah's Ark, and Sir William Osler once made a famous joke about what a man doesn't accomplish after he is forty.

But what interests the writer in this number here is forty years of Canadian music. Less or more. At least forty. The even count by Christmases takes us back to 1876. But so far as the life of F. H. Torrington is concerned, who used to organize most of the music in these days, music was then just twenty years old in his career, for he came to Montreal in 1856. That would make sixty years if we traced it back. And Dr. Torrington is still living; still teaches music at his college on Pembroke St., Toronto. And his collection of musical reliques is the best in this country, one of the best in the world.

Part of these memorabilia are before the writer in the form of three old scrap books lavishly and carelessly pasted up with all sorts of records from newspapers, etc. The clippings are of great interest. But the etceteras are even more absorbing. Two of the books seem to take for musical motifs the period from '73 on to about '86. This is a most important period. Notice by the cartoon opposite what happened in 1886. But that was only one of two things. The other was the Festival in the old Mutual Street Rink.

Getting ahead of the tempo. Dr. Torrington will please rap the desk and have us start all over again. Let's nail a few things down by noticing the periods into which musical history has divided itself in our chief musical city. All before 1872—miscellaneous and much.

1872 Torrington came to Toronto from Boston, where he had gone from Montreal in 1868.

1872 to 1894 a large number of concerts in old Shaftesbury Hall, where the Wm. Davies store is now; in the old Public Library Hall on Church St.; in the Metropolitan Church; in the Pavilion at the Allan Gardens, and elsewhere. You find all these in the Torrington archives, and there are stories enough around all of them to make more than one book.

1872, the organization of the Philharmonic Society.

1886, the great Festival in the old Caledonia Rink, on Mutual St., where the Arena now stands. In that same year the College and Conservatory of Music both started neck and neck under Torrington and Fisher respectively.

1894 Massey Hall was opened under the baton of Torrington in a three-days' festival.

1894 also the Mendelssohn Choir gave its first concert, beginning the new order of things—Massey Hall's first child.

From that time on till now the balance of forty years or so is modern history and not at this distance so quaintly interesting. What we want to show in this article is a few of the old things that used to seem so eternally big before we got to the sophisticated stage where some of us want to go to seven big modern operas in one week.

So back we go to the old scrap books. One of them is crammed with old programmes. Another has a few and also this naive announcement, which dates back to the days when Torrington was still in England:

Mr. F. H. Torrington, Professor of Music, Organ, Piano-forte and Violin, respectfully informs the Nobility, Clergy and Gentry that he gives lessons on the above-named instruments. Terms per Quarter; Organ, one lesson per week, £2 2s.; Piano, £1 1s.; Violin, £1 1s.

## PIANO FORTES TUNED.

That was more than sixty years ago. The announcement in old-fashioned script, with the "f" for an "s" is stuck in among a lot of interesting old programmes, among which we note that the first rendering of the Messiah, by the new Philharmonic, took place in 1873. How many times since? Statistics fail. But it is some years now since we had the old standby. When again? Echo answers. The premiere of St. Paul in Canada was in 1876. We note that the bassos on this occasion were Messrs. E. W. Schuch and Fred Warrington, both of Toronto, and both highly praised by the critic of the Mail, who was a very outspoken person, for he says of the two soprano and the two tenors:

"Miss — was very persevering. It was evident that her training had not been of the highest order, as she was unable to give effect to some of the most beautiful passages. She was also occasionally a little out of tune. Of the tenor parts, a great deal cannot be said. Messrs. Mitchell and Pearson were the performers. Both these gentlemen laboured under the disadvantage of possessing anything but powerful voices. The register of Mr. Mitchell's voice did not go above G and when it was absolutely necessary for him to take a note higher it was quite painful to the audience. Mr. Pearson's tenor was better, but not much."

*Canadian Music from 1876 to 1916, from St. Paul to the Boston Opera Company. A Sketch Outline from some of Torrington's Interesting Archives*

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

the Elijah. There was a band of twenty-seven instruments and an organ. The notice says Music Hall. Which? Probably Shaftesbury. But was there an organ there? Or did they use a vocalion?

Mere chronology is not important in an impressionistic survey of those old times. What gets the eye in these old records is the fine collection of programmes in more colours than any rainbow. Those were the days when colour was rampant. We find every conceivable shade of red, blue and green, one or two deep crimson, one glossy ultramarine blue and many variations of the same. It was all part of the show. The eye was attracted along with the ear. We doubt if all the singers in the Philharmonic those days wore swallowtails. We know, as a matter of history, that Torrington was refused admittance by the doorkeeper into one of his early concerts in the old Library Hall, because the doorkeeper did not know him and had instructions, etc.—till he finally got a swat under the ear and the conductor got in.

**HUMORESQUES.** Yes, if there hadn't been as many as sometimes in a comic opera nowadays those early struggles would have been unendurable. We trace the hand of the organizing master down through performances of Naaman by Costa, Creation, Israel in Egypt, Mors et Vota, Redemption—then a novelty and introduced here by Torrington and a dozen other old favourites which in those days were yearned after as hungrily as operas. In fact, we imagine that people went to those oratorios, not merely because they were religious works, but because they sounded a good bit like operas. It was the first time one man year by year had ever mixed up church music and opera and music drama and ballad and songs and readings—we note nothing about calisthenics—in an effort to get as many people as possible interested in music. I think the first concert ever given by Torrington in Toronto, outside his own church, was in aid of the old lacrosse club. James L. Hughes was then a favourite. He sometimes gave readings at Torrington concerts.

Here we come across a mammoth programme so big that it has to be folded to get it into the book. It tells the story of the opening of the new big organ in the Metropolitan Church, the Warren that Torrington put in after the original old wheezer was packed away to Wallaceburg or somewhere. Many of us remember this great organ that was so oddly built in there and which sometimes used to run short of hydraulic pressure and had to be manned by six bassos suddenly leaving their places in the choir and rushing to the pump underneath. On the outside cover of the programme is given a general description of the organ. Two pages of the inside are devoted to the specifications and stops, 53; as compared with six other organs, including Westminster Abbey, Strassbourg Cathedral, and Birmingham Town Hall, several stops the largest. The programme occupies the last page; contributed by Torrington at the organ and the choir. The organ numbers were: Adagio of Beethoven; Processional March, Gounod; Offertoire, Batiste, with the Overture William Tell as the finale. Several vocal solos were given, including one by Warrington, and "If With All Your Hearts," from Elijah, by T. D. Beddoe—is this Dan Beddoe?

The organ that now is in the Metropolitan Church was originally specified by Torrington in 1904 or thereabouts, built by Warren, afterwards turned over to other people to play when Torrington began to retire from active work.

On examining the archives still further it appears that the music hall of the '70's was that above the old Public Library, since the reading-room. It was there the Messiah and the Elijah and other big operas in oratorio form were first performed by the Philharmonic until Shaftesbury Hall came into vogue. Torrington set no limits to the kind of music he wanted to interest the people. He played music drama and all sorts of un-sacred things on the organ because transcriptions were effective and novel. And in those days very few even in Toronto knew Wagner from a sleeping car. The programmes pasted at intervals in these old books are what might be called eclectic. Torrington had as much interest in the orchestra as he had in the organ or the church choir or the choral society. He had himself played first violin in Boston and in Montreal and had a fund of operatic repertoire. He sometimes played violin solos at concerts in Toronto. I remember well as late as 1890



## BOSTON OPERA STARS

In  
Toronto  
Last  
Week

Maggie  
Teyte, in  
the role of  
Marguerite.

Luisa Vil-  
iani as Tosca.

Riccardo Mar-  
tin as Faust.



his playing a violin obligato to a singer in the Pavilion. He taught violin and used it regularly in his Philharmonic rehearsals to get singers on the pitch or to teach them some difficult passage. He put on chamber music. One of the first body of players he brought up here was the Beethoven Quintette from Boston. He travelled about to various towns opening new organs and giving recitals on old ones, organizing choral societies and injecting enthusiasm into various communities that looked to a metropolis like Toronto for musical inspiration.

So that long before 1886, which was the big music expansion year in Canada, Toronto had become a recognized centre of music along what would now be called old-fashioned lines, but in those days quite novel. The public took a deal of interest in music. Sometimes they wrote to the papers giving their opinions about it. Torrington was always on the edge of some hornet's nest. But while the critics were complaining or commenting, he was busy on his next concert, which might be anywhere or anything, so long as there was a cause and a number of people to get interested.

In 1881 there was a grand concert in the Pavilion in honour of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. The performers were the Philharmonic Society and an orchestra augmented from the old Royal Opera House, the Grand Opera House and from Kahn's Band in Buffalo. Thirty-five years later the Duke of Devonshire and suite attended a performance of Andre Chenier by the Boston Opera Company, in the Alexandra Theatre. By this time the Philharmonic was the parent of all big musical enterprises. Gilmore's Band became a regular assistant Shaftesbury Hall and the old hall above the library were outgrown. Too many people were interested in music to be accommodated in those old places. Good music was becoming a festival. Torrington was strong on festivals. He loved the crowd and the full stage.

And so the story ambles along down to the year 1886, when Torrington had been in Toronto fourteen years and had not yet started a permanent institution bearing his name. In May of that year there appears to have been a big concert under his baton in the Pavilion. In June we find him headlong into the big three days' festival in the old Mutual Street Rink, with 700 of a chorus, a large orchestra, several imported soloists and programmes of oratorio.

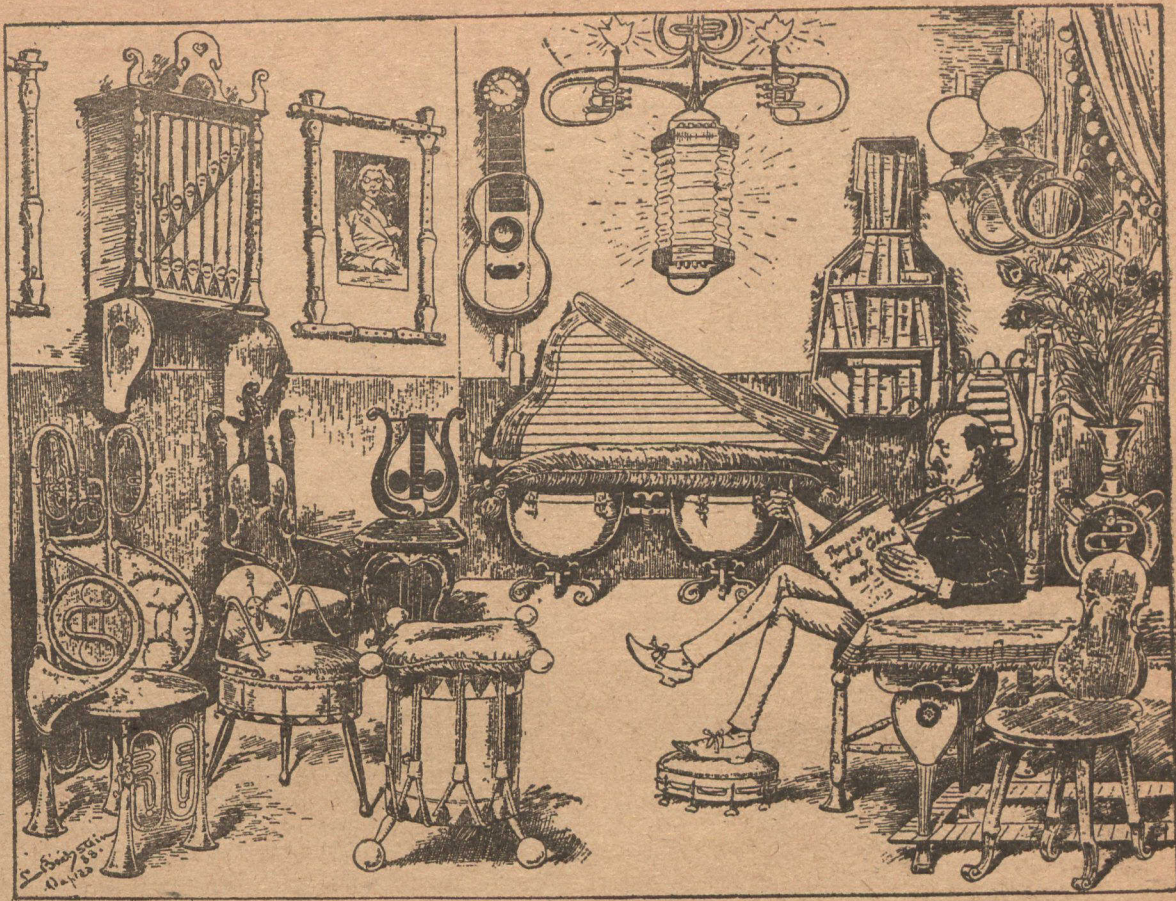
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## Boston Opera Last Week

*Faust as Splendidly Striped as Ever*

**F**ORTY years seems to have no effect on the popularity of Faust. People of all ages seem to like going to the devil. The presentation of this incoherent jumble of music, drama and morals by the Boston Opera people, in Toronto, last week, was quite as banal as might have been expected. The one best bet to the production was the B. O. C. There never was a more seductive and pure-souled little Marguerite than the little lady who sang so divinely, acted so naturally most of the time without acting, and took her role so seriously that she responded to certain calls as demurely as a bashful child. Maggie Teyte is more than an artist. She is a blessed little being of song and simplicity on the stage. As Marguerite she was even better than as Mimi, in La Boheme, last time she was here. Mardones, as Mephisto, was a diabolical cynicism in song. We remember this great basso-baritone as the old king in Amor de Tre Re, at the Arena last year. His makeup was very sinister. He had that jaundiced visage and evil eye. His costume was not red. He was not that sprightly Piccadillian Mephisto we have seen on other occasions. He was a good bit of a devil. And he sang so divinely that you forgot he had ever seen hell. His acting was on the whole powerful. Compared with Huberty, who took the part here last with the Montreal crowd, he was less dramatically impressive, less Frenchy—more obviously devilish.

Faustus—there's the rub. Never was a more absurd creation except in comic opera. In the play without music the character has some distinction. In the opera, even at the hands of a big artist, he becomes a solemn charlatan in whom a moral struggle would be as likely as a poppy patch at the North Pole. As done by Riccardo Martin, he was not even up to the standard of good comic opera. Martin's voice was very choky and uneven. It lacked open resonance. His tone was throaty, yet powerful. He sang as one jaded by something. Perhaps it was one of his off times. He certainly did much better—in fact, exceedingly well—in the Arena last year. His acting was stiff and ceremonious. His makeup as the rejuvenated Faust was much like a washwoman out for a jaunt in her mistress' Sunday clothes. There



A RARE OLD MUSICAL CARTOON.

In 1886 F. D. Torrington started his College of Music. J. W. Bengough, editor of the serio-comic paper Grip drew this cartoon and put under it this: "Mr. T-rr-ngt-n has pleasure in announcing that he has purchased No. X Blank St., which he has furnished as a College of Music."

were times when, in spite of all these handicaps, Martin rose to a fine height of expression.

The two next Valentine represented by Vincenzo Ballister was a fine piece of work. Siebel and Martha were passably good.

The chorus, be it admitted, did some good work, especially in softer passages. In the bigger things they seemed weak and strident. The orchestra was quite as good potentially as usual, but on the Faust rigmarole of good, better and worse music they seemed commonplace. To be quite candid, Faust as an opera is of low calibre. Its scenic investiture, which used to seem so fine in the good old Brockton days, was perhaps much finer, but much of it seemed cheap and tawdry. The element of mystery and magic was altogether lacking. The drama went clean out of the thing. The soul of Marguerite ascending by inch jerks through the clouds that went reeling down to meet her was as obvious a burlesque as the white horses in the Valkyries of Wagner.

Finally, is not Faust, as either a play or an opera, out of the question in this country? The thing is of German origin. Hush! This is a bigoted view. Goethe was a great poet, of course, and a good deal of a philosopher. But his Mephisto would be a poor mannikin in Germany now. And the idea of poor Marguerite being condemned by public opinion in the Germany of to-day is too ridiculous for utterance. Besides, what did we all think of applauding German soldiers in the Soldiers' Chorus, "ready to die for fatherland"? Of course, it was sung in French. But that failed to make it palatable.

After all, we don't go to grand opera it seems to be sensible. This production of Faust proves that a lot of people have a fine, expensive appetite for the ridiculous.

## TOSCA WAS SUPERB

*Also Extremely Sensational*

**T**HE opening night of the Boston Opera was La Tosca, by Puccini, with a three-star cast—Villani, Zenatello and Balakoff, a second group of lesser stars, a full chorus, a splendid orchestra of sixty, an eminent operatic conductor, Moranzonit, a chorus master, stage director and all the other accessories that make a little world of big opera complete in itself. The first notes of the orchestra are loud and emphatic. There is no long and suggestive overture. A few bars after the first chord up goes the curtain and the play is immediately on.

And the theatre is packed. Seats ranging from \$1.50 to \$5 in a time of war do not keep people away. The moment it was known that the Bostons were coming Toronto society and a large number of others bought tickets. The crush to get in was almost equal to that at the exits. Many Italians were present; some Jews. The foreign population of Toronto has

become operatized. There was an instant hunger for the opera.

And of course Tosca is no lingering dalliance. It is a very swift plot, similar to Carmen. The motif is obvious. The story is known to some; by others surmised as the play goes along. It has been played here before; never quite so well, even by the Montreal company, with Edvina as Tosca. Such a crowd might have been gathered to hear a Verdi Opera, but it would never have been Il Trovatore. There is something temperamentally different about Tosca. It is the spirit of the age. Concealment, dalliance, hesitation, reserve are unknown here. Young women chatted to their escorts at the intermissions as blithely as though the motif were mere sentiment or intrigue. There is intrigue. There is a dash of Carmen, of Otello, of Trovatore. But there is much more. There is a woman—of course; and she is the heroine, as usual. There is the hero—a tenor, as always. There is the villain, baritone, Scarpia the devil. What little history there is serves merely as a peg on which to hang a story that has about it much of the sexual flavour of Tristan and Isolde. But it is more swiftly impetuous than even that.

So the audience pretend to be interested mainly in the art of the actors and the singers, in the scenic investiture, in the beautiful and passionate orchestra that plays to the gallery as eloquently as ever did Wagner's. And the young gentlemen understand that after all, it's mainly a matter of art, that has nothing necessarily to do with morals. Anyway, big music must have a *raison d'être*. You never could play most of this dazzling, ripping stuff as orchestral programmes. Every chord, every turn of the rhythm, every blurt of the brass and shudder of the strings has something intimately to do with episodes and situations in the story. It is all amazingly interwoven, and devilishly clever. One scarcely knows whether Puccini or Charpentier or Massenet is the abler at this sort of marriage between music and the struggle of sex.

But comparisons are let slip. The play's the thing. The music—marvellous! Follow the libretto and the orchestra positively talks. It is stunningly beautiful. There is a great strident glamour over all. In the third act a quartette of 'celli do an episode of singular beauty. In the second there is a most intricate ensemble of a concealed chorus, a prima donna obligato behind the scenes, a men's duo and trio on stage, and the orchestra. This is not merely great contrivance in music; it is also great execution.

But any of these and all the rest may be ignored. One may close his ears to the various sections of the ensemble and feast upon the principals. Villani as Tosca is amazingly efficient. Her gown in the second act is a marvelous colour-harmony with the surroundings and the lights. Her form shows to great

(Concluded on page 25.)



## The New Call to Enlist

**N**OW that recruiting by battalions has been dropped, we shall hope for a better adjustment of the man forces of the country. The battalion system was carried at least fifty units too far as it was. To operate the unit system beyond 200 was unfair to the men, the country and the new battalions. Some people seem to think that undertaking to raise 500,000 men means organizing something over 400 battalions. In actual practice it should mean not more than half that number. Every battalion organized up to 200 might have been sure of being kept up to strength by further enlistments. By this time every part of Canada is represented—some more than others—by battalions at home and abroad. These units are well known to the various localities where they are enlisted. As it goes abroad and gets into action a battalion practically acquires the character of a regiment. It is built up to be kept up. Men are willing to enlist if they understand that they are to be drafted as reinforcements for battalions already existing. They are not so likely to do so if they are to augment new and phantom battalions which, if they arrive at full strength, are almost certain to be broken up for indiscriminate drafts to other units at the front, and if not successful must be split up to reinforce other units at home. The local sentiment of a battalion is a thing to be respected. It is to be hoped that in the new scheme of enlistment men will be given a chance to join the battalion of their choice wherever that is practicable. In this way there is neither waste of energy in recruiting new units nor of enthusiasm in shifting men from one unit to another.

It is no longer the man who stands up or travels about in plain clothes and says "Go!" but the man who comes out in khaki and says "Come" that gets men interested in enlisting. We have now too large a percentage of our population actually engaged in or getting ready for warfare to relegate the business of augmenting our army mainly to civilian agencies. The Canadian home that is not vitally—whether directly or indirectly—affected by the war is in danger. The nation is preparing for the final effort that will win the war. In this effort no battalion can afford to be omitted because it is not up to full strength, and no home can afford to be unaffected because of wilful indifference.

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## Keying Up Our Labour

**A** DEPARTMENT store manager remarked the other day that never had he known labour to be of such average low efficiency as now. His tone was somewhat pessimistic. Perhaps it would be wise to bear in mind the fact that the scarcity of labour has made the first call on a large section of our people to become as efficient as possible. We should remind ourselves that two years ago thousands of us were playing at the game of efficiency. Now we are compelled to fetch forth the best that is in us. There is a heap more of potentiality in the average man and woman than he dreams there is. It takes a great necessity to bring it out. Are we not getting relatively much more out of the actual labour employed, regardless of the money it costs in wages, than we did before the war? If so, we shall not altogether regret the necessity.

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## Make War Profits Reasonable

**A**S a rule we have no aspersion too severe for the man or the corporation that fattens itself on war contracts paid for by the people of the country to which it belongs. We have sometimes even become supercilious over the superwealth accumulated by neutral nations at the expense of those peoples engaged in a struggle for the liberty

of democracies. In practice it should be possible for the Government so to adjust taxation that men who are suddenly making huge fortunes out of war contracts in any shape or form should be compelled to pay back a large percentage of their profits to the State before they have time to come forward with large cheques in the form of refunds to the State coffers. Let us honour the man who voluntarily refunds a big share of his war profits to the Government. That man is concerned in lessening the burden of taxation on those who make no profit directly out of the war. But is it, after all, an act of heroism except in the fact that it is so unfashionable? Should not any corporation be content with reasonable profits out of a line of business created by the demands of the war after paying all charges on the investment necessary to create the plant? The corporation that fattens itself on war contracts in 1918 is no better than the contractors who heaped up enormous fortunes and juggled stocks in gambling on the duration of the American Civil War. Every manufacturer who invested in a munitions plant is entitled to the repayment of his capital in cases where the plant may be on the scrap heap after the war and to reasonable commercial profits on the operations of that plant until the war is over or until such time as his contracts cease. Less should not be admitted. More should never be expected. The bogey of Canadian nickel blown into Canadian soldiers is a small matter compared to the phantom of great fortunes made out of the needs of a nation fighting for its life.

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## Political Profiteering

**T**HERE is a form of capitalization in war matters which we have not as yet come to despise or even to criticize in this country to any great extent. It is the man or the party which makes political capital out of conditions arising from the war. There are such men in Canada. There have been and still are attempts to prove that one party has been more loyal than the other. There have been and still are many bitter disuniting things being spoken and printed to show that either one party or one race is entitled to the greater share of the credit for loyalty to the country and the Empire. It cannot be repeated too often that we are not fighting this war as political parties or as races or as religionists. We are fighting it as a united people. The war is surely big enough to burn up our political and racial differences for the sake of winning the war. It should be serious enough to guarantee that no political party should grab the old flag and wave it at the expense of the other. A few more editorials and speeches such as have been recently perpetrated in this country by certain people and it will be necessary to have a general election in order to give the people of Canada a chance to show their condemnation of any attempts to make political capital out of the war. The man or the party who attempts to make political capital out of this conflict is as bad, if not worse, than the man or the corporation that makes great fortunes out of the war at the expense of the nations engaged in it.

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## Unity Before Coalition

**T**HE Kith and Kin propaganda is before us in the form of a petition to His Majesty's Opposition and to the Government to unite in a coalition for the better national prosecution of the war. There is a great deal of human reason in this appeal of the Canadian Women's Kith and Kin League. We agree with them when they urge a more united campaign in the war, a better organization of our resources, abandonment of the general election idea and the avoidance of compulsory service. But it is not coalition we need so much as unity. If a Coalition Cabinet were to be formed on a basis of repre-

sentation it would still be a political instrument embodying all the opposite ideas for which each party is responsible and subordinating them merely for the purpose of winning the war. In a time like this we do not see that Canada is in need of party politics at all. There is but one issue before the country. It is a national issue. To further that cause no statesman nor politician nor any group of the same can be considered as making any political sacrifices if they get together for the purpose of letting this country do her work. The people at large are not worrying about the political issues. If until the war is over it were possible to do without parliament and to vest the administration of our affairs in a non-political board of management, we imagine the best sentiment in the country would be in favour of it.

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## Something in a Name

**W**HEN inventing new instruments of progress, why not adopt some name that a common man can remember? Here we have the Government via the Ministry of Trade and Commerce organizing a first-rate syndicate of university and industrial people for a number of useful national purposes—and they give it a name seven or eight words long. The names of the academic gentlemen included in the "Honorary Advisory Council of Industrial and Scientific Research for Canada" are, it seems to us, all well and wisely chosen. They represent a large number of colleges in most parts of the country. Their duties are manifold and manifest. We expect that the H. A. C. I. S. R. will prove a much more effective organization than the average of the many commissions of one kind or another appointed since the war began. But they are in sad need of a name that anybody can remember without a dictionary of synonyms. Why not call it the Co-ordinating Commission?

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## No East and No West

**A** CORRESPONDENT of the Victoria Colonist makes himself very choleric and uncomfortable by abusing this paper. This gentleman is pardonably roused over a recent article in The Courier by Mr. F. N. Stapleford, who criticizes the past administration of the province and the evils that have resulted from it. As we remember the article, the intention was to point out the great opportunity that confronts the present administration to see that the native resources and the common people are given a plain chance to get together in the business of further developing a great and glorious province. As the Victoria correspondent sees it, the article had no other purpose than to blacken the reputation of British Columbia, to keep people away from that part of the country and to continue hogging everything in the East from war contracts to immigrants. It happens, however, that a few weeks previous we published an illustrated article describing the phenomenal boom in B. C. shipbuilding, made possible by the late government and the progressive optimism of the people. It also happens that in last week's issue, before we had seen the choleric correspondence in question, we published an exceedingly able article by Mr. R. E. Gosnell on what British Columbia has done for the war. Further, it happens to be our intention to go on publishing articles that emphasize the unrivalled possibilities of a great province for helping to nation-build on the Pacific. In this respect it makes no difference which party may be in power or what particular interests may be affected. So far as this paper is concerned, there is no east and no west in this country. We are as much interested in Victoria as in Halifax, N.S. But we can't be always heaving tubfuls of bouquets in order to show it.

# OF MAKING MANY BOOKS

**A**N English poet, since dead, once wrote that he could find no books in Canada save new ones with creaking covers. Apparently he was homesick for those filthy old shops in Charing Cross Road, where one may buy stupendous volumes—second hand—for four-pence. Had he searched diligently in Toronto he would have found two, perhaps three book-shops that for variety in books and in patrons would shame the most reverend London book-hole. For the London shops specialize, and the Canadian shops are as general as mankind itself.

Old B—'s shop on Yonge Street started in by selling second-hand school books to our grandfathers when they came up from the farm to study for the ministry or for tely-graphy. In those days its floor was plumb and the shelves new and the oil lamps that lit the room were clear and bright. As its floors sagged and the shelves bulged farther and farther out of the straight line, our grandfathers died and the first owner died, and our fathers came in to buy at second, third—or tenth hand—the precious tomes which their fathers had in their day turned back into the shelves of this shop. The first owner of the shop was a broken-down Oxford graduate who found his knowledge of little account in Muddy York and likely indeed to starve him unless he could make his book-shelves pay. 'Tis said he killed himself sipping brandy in the lee of a twelve-volume Shakespeare five shelves back from the door. His son sold the place to a philosophical shoe-maker and the shoe-maker's grandson owns it to-day, and takes pride in it, and is the centre of a certain clique of very intellectual people who collect birds' eggs and postage stamps.

To look at it from the outside you would think that this shop did no business whatever. At seven in the morning, if the weather is not threatening, the feeble owner drags forth a number of tray-top tables which he sets on the sidewalk close against his window pane. There is nothing but the veriest junk in the trays, old Pansy books and wornout volumes of the Boys' Own Annual, or a year's Munsey's for ten cents, or a scuffed Scarlet Letter for four cents. The trays scarcely ever contain anything good and the owner knows it. This is the cheap stuff he throws into the street-light because the lovers of quantity reading-matter as against quality are likely to be snared by it and to squander a quarter or two. During the morning, if you watch the shop closely,

## A Publisher Who Should Have Been in a Book

**B**LESS my soul, who comes here? White-whiskered and ruddy, instinctly genial and sometimes a bit querulous, always a bit blown as though a high wind had sent him hither—you would pick him out in any company as a man into whom nature had put a deal of the finest human side of living. He is almost the typical grandpapa. You fancy him among a crowd of rollicking grand children—and he has them. But bless your life! not so many of these by a thousand to one as he has children and grand children and great-grand children in the form of books. These are his great family, and there is no man in the British Empire who has more. No publisher now living in England has spent so many years in close contact with the people who write books. An author to Mr. J. M. Dent is not an algebraic symbol good for any number of books in a lifetime; he is a living personal fact, some one to know, to talk to and to reveal as far as may be to the public.

And the public! Yes, Mr. Dent knows a deal about 'em, both at home and abroad, not only in the British Empire, which he has travelled much, but on the continent. He knows France, Germany, Italy, Holland—not so sure of Russia perhaps. To him literature is universal. He still cherishes an older fondness for good books; for style, character, art—but more than all else for life and ideas.

All of which goes to say that whatever success Mr. Dent may have achieved in business, the work of publishing books has always been to him more than a business. Let us trace briefly what he has achieved in this mingled labour of love and of business:

Mr. Dent was the pioneer of his own firm. He began life as a book-binder's apprentice, and while a very young man, with a five-pound note, borrowed from a friend, he went into the business of exclusive binding of rare books. He branched out into the publishing business 27 years ago, under the name J. M. Dent and Sons. His first success was in the Temple Shakespeare, which grew into the Temple Classics. But these famous publications have long

## There is No End

*Christmas 1916, with More Books than Ever at this Time of Year, Solomon Would Have Been Worse Bewildered Than Ever*

you will see, perhaps, a theological student enter in quest of some philosophical tome, or a gouty old man who goes in to talk old world politics with the keeper of the shop. In the afternoon, trade becomes more nearly brisk and several students, perhaps a professor or two enter and leave, or a mechanic on his way home from work, come for a Hobbes Leviathan. In the evening the lights burn dimly in the shop, and if you enter you will discover people with long faces, bad complexions, thoughtful eyes staring at the backs of the endless shelves, or haggling with the squint-eyed keeper about the worth of some precious "First" or a three volume edition of Meredith's *Feveril*.

This is the important time of day in the book shop. It is true that one counter is loaded high with merry new volumes, fresh from their authors and the presses, and over these brilliant stacks the owner's pretty grand-daughter presides like a bride at a tea party. But it is in the back of the shop that seedy old bindings are sold for great prices and rare old bits of paper and ink are hefted and rubbed and coveted as though they were rarities from the looms at Lucca. Here, far from the light of the ordinary street, the book-worms congregate, to snoop, to beat down prices, to demand credit, to refuse to pay their bills till their next stipend comes in. If you followed them home from the shop what strange places would you find: few rich houses, all modest. Some would represent the most learned men in the whole land. Most of them would be poor. One book-worm I had marked for a curious man, died in a public ward recently and his debt to the keeper of the shop was many hundreds of dollars! Yet the keeper of the shop, presented with the dead man's library wherewith to liquidate the debt, took only eight volumes—and gave the widow a receipt in full.

since been overshadowed by the enormous success of his Everyman's Series, into which he put his last £10,000, intending then to retire. Thanks to a great love of business and a real Anglo-Saxon tenacity, he remained at the helm. Aside from his books, he now has to his credit the famous Garden City suburbs, where are situated the J. M. Dent and Sons factories



A Man to whom the Making of Books is as much a labour of love as rearing a family.

and workingmen's garden cottages.

In all this Mr. Dent has kept himself one of the humanest men in England; as human as any character in his books—a worthy subject himself for any 20th century Dickens. He bubbles over with interest in the things he sees on his travels, and in so doing is himself one of the most interesting characters one might meet on a journey half round the world. He loves to sit by the fire and talk about his England—about whom he becomes pardonably eloquent; about Canada, most of which he has seen more than once and expects to see more than once again; about the war, which has cost him already the sons both in the father's business; and about politics, public men, great measures, social reform, art and music—all the things that to him mean the larger view of life.

Many a protean change has Mr. Dent seen in the publishing business since he opened his first book-shop. In his way of thinking they all relate to deeper changes going on in England and the world at large. In his enthusiasm he becomes almost a Canadian.

"I like the swing of things out here," he keeps on saying. "There's a freedom and an open-road democracy here that is positively wonderful. I often think I should have been profoundly changed myself if I had come to Canada when I was a young man."

But then England needed him and there he has done a big work which will endure when more than half the books he published will have been forgotten.

## Books for Children

**D**ID you ever see a real first edition of Red Riding Hood? Probably not. It is almost as rare as the Dodo or the hieroglyphics of the cave-man. But there is—one—at the Public Library headquarters in Toronto. We merely mention this rare volume as a bit of bait to entice you along—telling you about the remarkable collection of books for children in that library. This fascinating corner, railed off from the rest of the reading public, is filled with a delightful array of suggestions for any shopper who has a number of children on his list. War books, books for boys, and books for girls; even picture books for the babies who will be frequenters of the library.

One of this year's books is the "Black Arrow," now shown in the beautiful edition of Stevenson's books illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. That old favourite, "Alice," is also out in another new edition, with pictures by A. E. Jackson.

Each section of the books has a motto, and the one for those on war subjects is, "Called to face some awful moment to which heaven has joined great issues, good or bad, for human kind." Under this motto there is a new book by Cyril Hall, called "Weapons of War"; and next it, the "Invisible War-Plane," by Grahame-White and Harry Harper. For those who prefer travel, there is Brereton's "On the Road to Bagdad."

Any small boy would at once grab "Billy Topsail, M.D.," the new book by Norman Duncan, who died a few weeks ago; or "Marooned in the Forest," by Verrill, the man who has written so many hand-craft stories. Who could resist the title, "The Monster Hunters"? It is a most interesting account of adventures in the wilds. And there is a new book by that favourite author, Ralph Henry Barbour.

You will find "Heidi" in a beautiful new edition from Dent's; and "Sara Crewe," which some think is the author's best story. You are delighted to find that third old favourite, "Hans Brinker," also in a new form. There are two quite new books which all girls will love, "Blithe McBride," a story of the Puritans, and "Sarah Brewster's Relations."

On a little table are some of the quaintest books, which catch the eye of the grown-up at least. They date from 1748, and here you find the first edition of "Little Red Riding Hood," rebound for library use. A queer set of small brown books is called the "Circle of the Sciences"; on the first page you read that they are "made fair and easier to young Gentlemen and Ladies." You smile, and think of old-time pictures you have seen, in which the stern school-master is perhaps instructing his class in just some "compendious system" such as this. But of all these queer books, one is much the queerest. It is named "The Good Boy Henry"; and in a dissertation by the Rev. Nicolaas Beets, D.D., we are assured that the twenty-fifth edition of this wonderful story is lying before him as he writes, which is in the year 1849. "Do you not know Henry?" the little volume inquires; and goes on to show that you

can always know Henry because "he is so kind to everyone."

Among the picture books, which are the most numerous and the most attractive to more than the kiddies, is one with a cover that catches your eye. It is the "story of the Mince-Pie," and a more charming Christmas book for a little child could not be found. Even among these books, you notice the many new books on war topics. For example, there is one with excellent pictures, which any child should have, called "Brave Deeds of the War." Or the Children's "Entente Cordiale," a series of rhymes, half in French and half in English.

"The Gay Book" is charming for its unusually lovely pictures. It tells the story of adventures in London, that city of so much mystery to the children; and the imagination of the illustrations makes them alive to any reader.

"Alice" is here again, in two editions; one is illustrated by the original drawings, by which the book is familiar to most; these are by Tenniel. But the other has Arthur Rackman, whose very trees look on with amusement at Alice and her friends.

"My Book of Best Fairy Tales," by Chas. Bayne, is a huge volume, full of pictures drawn by Rountree; and every page is worth study. There is another book which must be mentioned; this is a story in rhyme, which introduces all the old favourite characters of the nursery rhymes, and it is called "The Muffin Shop." The very margins in this book are a source of wonder to the readers.

The Volland books are a set comprising the "Animal Children," and the "Flower Children," and so on; and this makes only a very few of the books you can find for your list.

## Jack London's Finesse

*How He Plagiarized From a Canadian Writer and Defended the Act*

JACK LONDON'S death leaves Rex Beach et al a free hand in the literature of the caveman era. Modern writing owes something to London, who while he was alive surely got all he was entitled to out of modern writing. No other American writer ever got so much copy out of Canada except Emerson Hough. London staked off the Yukon and Athabasca; Hough took the Saskatchewan valley. It was kind of them to leave the train window to Mrs. Humphry Ward and the packing case towns to Kipling, with here and there a Harold Begbie to sing the glories of new Canada in poetic prose.

Of them all none exploited our resources like London. The difference between him and most of the others was mainly in what he regarded as his raw material. Others went back to things and places and people. London did that, but whenever he ran short of copy material he dug up the writings of other folk. He made no secret of this. In fact he was proud of it. Something over ten years ago a rather notable controversy in American and Canadian newspapers brought out this peculiar point of view in London's ethics. We repeat the reminiscence because it is so nearly forgotten and because in all the history of plagiarism from Shakespeare down there never was so complete an exposition of the idea.

In December, 1900, there appeared in McClure's Magazine a true story, entitled, *Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun*. It was written by a Canadian, who while living in Edmonton got hold of an American traveller in the north called Charlie Bunn, and found out from him the story of how on a Canadian geological survey expedition under Dr. Bell he had got strayed from his party and for eight days wandered in the barren grounds with no ammunition, no food and no matches; how he was tracked by wolves, and finally, as he was about done for, wandered into a camp of Yellow Knives, by whom he was saved and fetched out to civilization at Fort Norman. It was a dramatic story, because it was minutely true. Nothing went into it but the actual experiences of the subject told in the language of a writer.

In December, 1905, McClure's published a story by Jack London called *The Love of Life*, illustrated by Blumenschein. A month or so later in the Sunday edition of the *New York World* there was a full-page expose of the fact that the London story was cribbed from the story published in McClure's five years earlier. The exposé was Charles Edward Russell, who published as proof nineteen deadly parallels showing that not only had London taken the main outlines of the Canadian writer's story, but had even paraphrased these identical passages. A Toronto newspaper man interviewed the writer, then living in Toronto, who gave his version of the story and afterwards corresponded with Russell. It turned out that a similar expose had appeared also in *The Editor*, and that a number of writers were on Lon-

don's trail to bring him to book over a practice which he had long been following.

Afterwards the writer sent a letter to S. S. McClure, who admitted that there was a striking simi-



Portrait of a Patriotic Gentleman.

—A. G. Racey in *The Montreal Star*.

THIS good citizen is now thinking over all the friends he has. He is going to send them each a nice Christmas book and has about decided on *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—neither of which is reviewed in this issue.

ilarity in the two stories, but intimated that perhaps London had got his material from the same source as the original. A letter of inquiry to London himself fetched back a spirited avowal and a vindication. With admirable poise the novelist cleared himself of any imputation and further set forth his views in an open letter to the *New York World*, in



Hughes: "Maybe I have something to be thankful for, after all!"

—N. Y. Times Magazine.

JUDGE HUGHES also reflects that he has now a much better chance to catch up on the books he intended to read in 1917 and knew very well he couldn't if he became President.

which he justified the practice, said that he had been taught at college that it was legitimate, and that the original story in McClure's was nothing but an article which he had taken as raw material and

turned into literature. This letter was published in one Canadian paper and commented upon by several. For a few weeks the case threatened to become a cause celebre in the ethics of modern fiction. But the illness of Charles Edward Russell prevented him from carrying the war further, and the writer of the original Canadian story, bearing London no malice sufficient to make any further ado about it, let the matter drop.

The reminiscence is recalled here merely because London is dead.

## Our Short Story Writers

*Canada is Not Strong on Short Stories, it Seems*

By PAPERKNIFE

A YOUNG American editor who had come to Canada for two weeks' trout fishing, paused long enough in Toronto to meet the editor of a Canadian monthly magazine. The remark which he left in the Canadian editor's mind was this: "Why don't you publish Canadian short stories? If I were in your position I'd specialize on them. Certainly! Publish all I could get."

And so would any Canadian editor of monthly or weekly. The only reason that they continue to publish American and English short stories in much higher proportion than Canadian stories is because there is practically no supply of Canadian stories. Strictly speaking there is scarcely such a thing as a REALLY Canadian story. Thousands and upon thousands of fiction manuscripts by Canadian writers have been read by the editorial staff, for example, of the *Canadian Courier* since that paper began ten years ago. Possibly one-half of one per cent. of the lot have been published. Of these, some have been Ontario back-woods stories, or Toronto business episodes, or Nova Scotia fishing tales, or yarns about hunting moose in New Brunswick, or salmon fishing or goat shooting in British Columbia, or the usual prairie romance. It would be difficult to prove that any one of them was really a Canadian story, that is to say, that it represented an atmosphere and showed men and women in action that every Canadian would recognize as characteristic of life as he had observed it here. For the truth of the matter is this: we have not yet achieved in Canada a Canadian consciousness. We are still easterners and westerners, Maritime Provincers and Pacific Coasters. We live differently and often feel differently toward one another than members of the same nation ought to feel.

Our ability or inability to produce short stories in Canada has a good deal to do with our natural state of mind. The short story is a direct expression of a highly concentrated mental development. We have not as yet been able to arrive at this to the same extent as has been done in the United States. The short story depends again very directly upon newspaper literature. Many of the best short stories are newspaper fact-stories written in a more literary form. Our Canadian newspapers have not as yet reached the point in development where they spend space and type to express the human side of living. Before we can get that we shall have to build bigger cities, develop more acute problems in population and a good many other more or less undesirable features. Some may allege that this has much more to do with the novel. But it also affects the short story.

Shrewd readers will often observe that the Canadian product seems to lack the finish of the American short story. Yet, strange to say, some of the best American short story-writers are Canadians: men like Arthur Stringer, Alan Sullivan, Harvey O'Higgins. But why is it, one should ask, that these Canadians write American stories? Why, for example, does Stringer so often set his stories in New York, and why are Sullivan's heroes Americans nine times out of ten? Because the greatest market in the world for short stories to-day is the American market. Take, for example, a school teacher in an Ontario town. She decides that she wants to write short stories. First, she makes timid ventures on Canadian themes and sends them to Canadian publications. With patience and practice she may succeed in having her stories accepted and paid for at the Canadian rate, which is not a high rate of pay—no matter what the publication you choose. Now the school-teacher becomes ambitious. She wants to put more time on a story so as to make it read more smoothly. She must therefore receive more pay for it—and so she is forced to choose the American field. If she has confidence enough in her ability she may actually go to New York and to try to get the American "atmosphere." At all events she is bound, sooner or later, to make most of her characters American, or else dress them up with things which appeal specially to American readers.

A good many people don't seem to understand that



the ability of a magazine to pay high rates depends upon how much it earns. Its earnings depend chiefly on its advertising income (the income from the actual sale of the paper is a mere drop in the bucket). The advertising income depends upon the rate per line or the rate per page that the paper may charge for its space. The rate per line or page depends on the number of people that read the paper—its circulation. A paper with 80,000 circulation cannot charge as much for advertising space and therefore cannot pay as much for contributed stories and articles as a paper with a million of circulation. Now in Canada the average periodical (I am not speaking of newspapers whose "daily short stories" are supplied by story factories, or syndicates), can never hope to touch the million mark within the next ten years, because there is not a big enough Canadian population to work on. But at least one American periodical has a million circulation (out of a hundred million American population), and gets fabulous prices for its advertising space. It therefore pays high rates to contributors and draws to itself many of the most brilliant writers, Canadian, English and American.

England has turned out some of the very greatest short-story writers ever known. But on the whole she does not produce the general high average of American short stories. This is largely due to the fact that England has always been split up into layers. There is the class that reads *Answers* and the class that reads *THE STRAND*, and the class that reads *Cornhill*, and the class that reads *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*. They are all different. Each has its own set of writers. There has been in the past far too much class consciousness in the writing of English short stories. It is only among the really intellectual that the English writers of short stories have proven really good. The general average of popular but clean and clever short story such as the Americans turn out is missing in the Old Country.—B. B. C.

## Among the New Books

**I**n the opinion of the average book-seller is any criterion, this will be a Book Christmas. In two or three lines the reason may be told. It is common knowledge that in the early days of the war the mass of the general public shut down on buying anything but necessities. Business was in a queer way, any business, all business. Two Christmases ago, money was tight. In the words of a prominent bookseller, Christmas of 1914 was "a thin Christmas."

But business came back wonderfully. Grouped together under the generic and wide term of "luxuries" there has, at any rate, been a distinct tendency on the part of everybody to "loosen up."

Books are so essentially excellent gifts that when there is money to spend, much is spent on them.

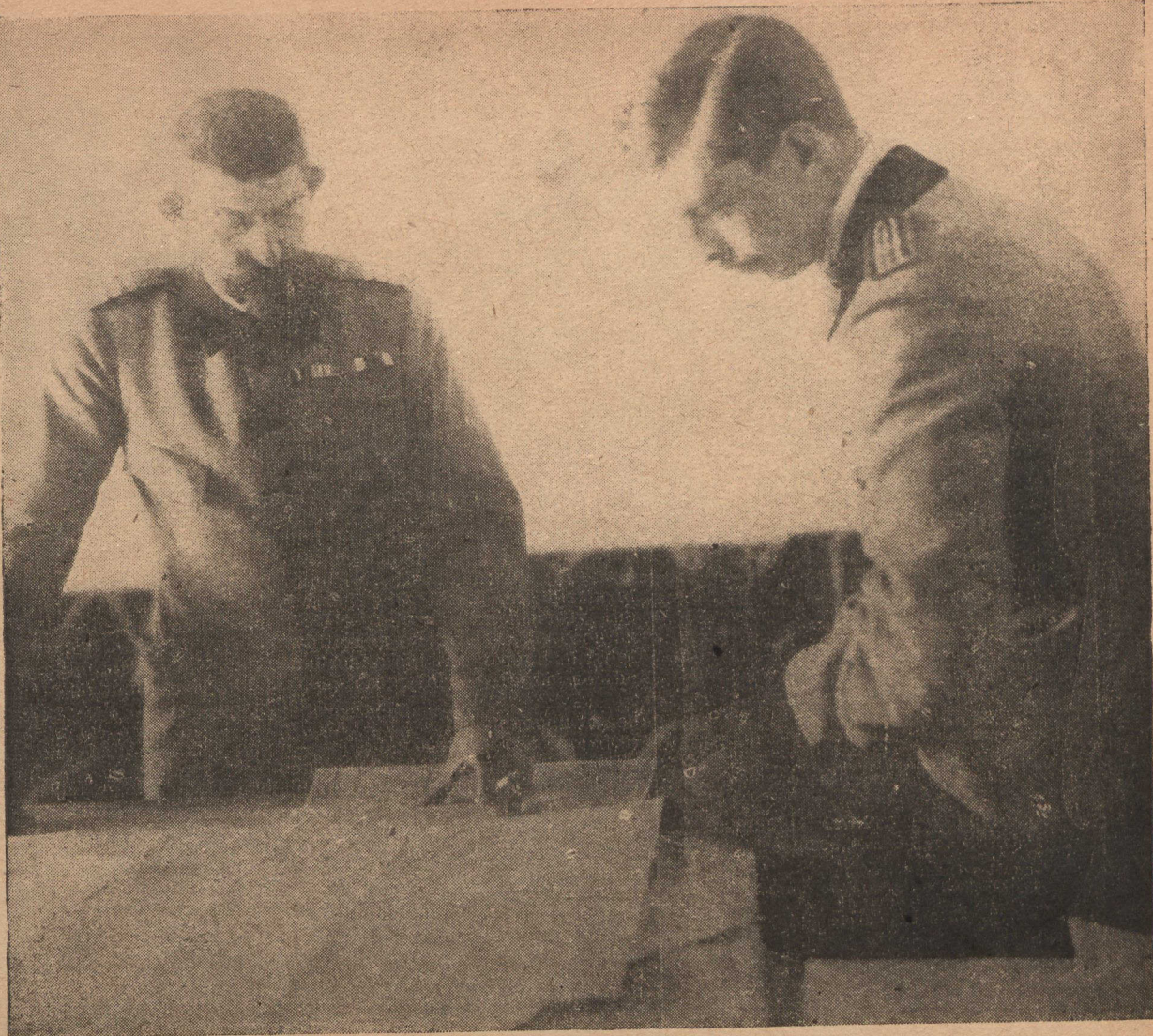
(Concluded on page 30.)

## VALUE OF MILITARY VICTORIES

*"It is when we are temporarily losing that we begin to add up our population tables and tell how badly off the enemy is for food and raw materials."*

By THE MONOCLE MAN

**W**E have had since the beginning of the war two favourite ways of beating the Germans—starving them into submission by our blockade, and wearing down their man-power by bringing against them our numerical superiority. These have been so much items of faith among certain circles of very good people that I would have feared to call them in question if that bold deed had not already been done by no less loyal and belligerent a Britisher than Mr. J. L. Garvin, of the *London "Observer"*. He remarked recently that "the naval blockade can never by itself reduce Germany, which is exploiting the resources of Turkish



**K**ING FERDINAND and his heir apparent find the war map a rather uncomfortable bit of geography. By concentrating on the Roumanian offensive Germany has succeeded in getting

within a few miles of Bucharest, temporarily abandoned as a capital, as Paris was. The recent advance of the Russians in the Carpathians puts a different face on the matter.

and other dominions containing some of the most fertile tracts in the world, and developing their man-power as in all the history of nations never before." Mr. Garvin thinks that the Central Empire League will have had under arms, from the beginning to the end of the war, nearly twenty million men—an enormous quantity to wear down.

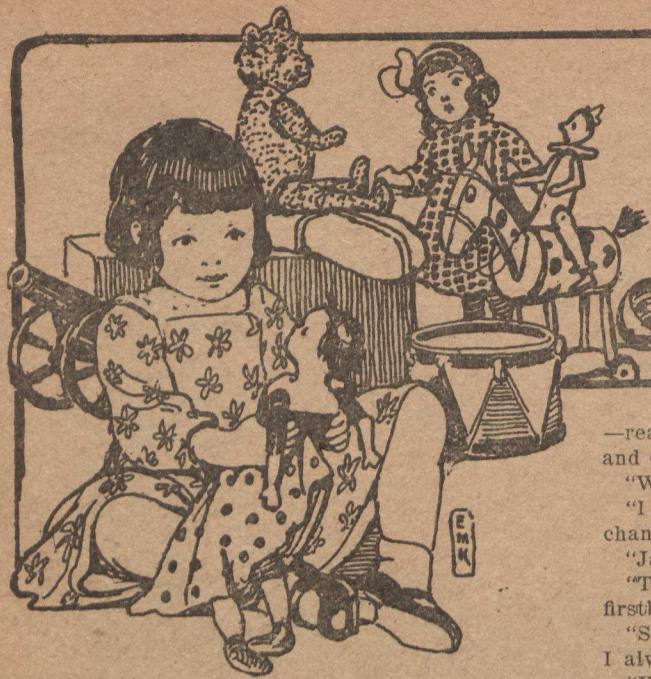
**W**E may be very sure that Germany will not hesitate to exhaust every possible source of man-power before she will admit defeat for lack of it. Her slave raids in Belgium hint at one thing she can do—and can do in Poland, France, Serbia and Roumania as easily as in unhappy Belgium. That is, she can practically conscript the populations of these prostrate and helpless nations. She may not be able to put them in German uniforms and send them to the front; but she can and will employ them behind the lines in every possible capacity which now demands the services of able-bodied German citizens, and so release just so many of her own men to fight. She has, moreover, already employed Belgians in trench-digging under fire. At the point of the pistol, she can possibly compel her slaves to do a lot of military work—and she will not hesitate to do it, in defiance of whatever The Hague agreements may say. This policy may easily add to that terrible twenty millions. We should think of these things when we talk of wearing down Germany's man-power.

**T**HIS dependence on our blockade and our numerical superiority is a tendency which observing persons notice as synchronising usually with German victories in the field. When we are winning, we do not talk about these advantages of ours. It is when we are temporarily losing that we begin to add up our population tables and tell how badly off the enemy is for food and raw materials. They are our substitutes for military victories. And it is a nice question whether they will ever be an acceptable substitute. Mr. Garvin has said right out that they will not. Other writers have said the same thing. Certainly, in any event, military victories would help. The game of matching men until we have cancelled all the German forces by permitting the death of practically the same number of our splendid fellows is a terribly costly game. It will leave us frightfully enfeebled when our survivors march to final victory. Would it not be infinitely better to try and drive the

enemy to sue for peace before this appalling sum in addition and subtraction is fully worked out.

**W**ARS, as a rule, are won by beating the enemies' armies in the field. It is not often that wars have been fought to the point of the exhaustion of the defeated nation. That did occur to some degree in the American Civil War, when the South was finally brought to terms by the practical exhaustion of its military raw material. But that was a case in which the exhausted belligerent had very little human material on which to draw. The community of the Southern States was, numerically, a small one. It was composed of a few families of aristocrats who became the natural leaders of the Southern armies, of a fair number of "poor whites" who—to quote Mr. Goldwin Smith—"went out in a blaze of glory in the war," and a large enslaved coloured community which counted greatly in peace time but naturally not in a war to keep their own freedom from them.

**S**TILL this was an exceptional case. The Franco-Prussian War was decided by battles in a short time, long before the French people had been anything like wholly mobilized. The Austro-Prussian War was practically decided at one battle. The Russo-Japanese War brought out no such mobilization of the Russian people as we have seen already in this struggle. Yet these are modern wars under the novel modern condition of nations-in-arms. The older wars in which only armies took part, were, of course, a succession of battles or campaigns in which victories in the field were decisive and final. Victories in the field have been very important in this war. The first German victories in the West gave them the Belgian and French territory they have exploited ever since. Without these victories, the war could have hardly begun. The victory of the Marne cleared Paris and saved for France a vital area of important territory. The victory over Serbia opened the "corridor" to the East, and must have been worth a great deal in man-power, food supplies and raw materials to the Central Empires. The Russian victories in Volhynia and Galicia brought us the half-million or more of Roumanian soldiers whose ultimate value to us it is silly to under-estimate now. Soldiers are soldiers, and the necessity of dealing with them has greatly reduced the man-power of the Central Empires.



# PRESUMABLY FOR BETTY

By  
ESTELLE MAITLAND KERR



**“W**HAT! All those toys for Betty!” I paused in the doorway and surveyed the scene of confusion while Jack Younghusband and his golden-haired wife disentangled themselves from a mass of dolls and rocking-horses, Teddy bears and mechanical toys.

“Well, presumably for Betty,” said Jack, “the fact is, we enjoy them quite as much as she does. Sue was making such a racket with that ridiculous cornet that we didn’t hear you come in.”

“Wasn’t making half as much noise as you with your woolly baa-lamb! Come and sit down and play with Jack and me, we’re having a booful time.”

“I just ran in with a little gift for Betty.”

“Stick it behind the door with all those other things!”

“Oh, what a lot of parcels! Do you mean to say that those toys are all for Betty, too?”

“Yes. Isn’t the race suicide appalling?” said Jack. “Race suicide?”

“Of course. If those people had children of their own, do you suppose they’d bring their toys to Betty? They can’t help buying them—it’s in the blood at Christmas time. Now fess up, you wanted that toy—or whatever is in the parcel—for yourself. Betty was just an excuse! By the way, do you know a boy who wants an ‘erector.’ You can build the most fascinating things with it—bridges and wind-mills and derricks.”

“There are thousands of poor children who would be—”

“Oh, I know—smelly little brats—they’d be still more delighted with a ten-cent gun! Besides, they’d lose all the parts. I want a nice boy to come and play with me, preferably one who would look on admiringly while I do most of the building.”

“You great babies!” I said. “I’m not going to leave my parcel after all.”

“Oh, be a sport! Betty wouldn’t mind, but it might be something we’d like. Besides, it’s such fun opening parcels!”

“But perhaps Betty would rather open it herself.”

“No, Betty can’t be bothered opening parcels. Last year she fixed on a doll the charwoman gave her and refused to look at anything else.”

“And she’s been playing with it ever since,” said Sue. “Betty’s taste is appalling. She really likes it better now that it has lost its nose and most of its hair—and it was homely enough to start with. Now she is a year older and I hope her taste has improved. I took no end of trouble dressing this new one.”

“Sue loves making dolls’ clothes,” commented Jack.

“Oh, what a beauty!” said I, “French, I suppose. You must have paid at least two dollars for it.”

“My dear, you forget there’s a war on! Why, you can’t get a doll you’d look at for that price! This one cost five.”

“I think it is you who are forgetting about the war. Such extravagance!”

“Oh, well, it’s Christmas time and nothing’s too good for Betty.”

“Still she likes Judy, the charwoman’s doll, best,” said Jack. “She may play with your beauty tomorrow, but, if I know my own daughter, she’ll return to Judy.”

“Quite likely—Betty is horribly conservative.”

“A trait I admire in her,” said Jack. “You may note it also in Betty’s mother, who is still faithful to an ‘army rejected,’ though, like Judy, he has lost some of the luxuriant locks that once adorned his temples. . . . Do you know, Kiddie, when I took Betty’s last year’s toys down to the Children’s Shelter, yesterday I saw some beautiful youngsters

—really much prettier than our Betty—golden curls and pink cheeks. . . .”

“Well, I never claimed that Betty was a beauty.”

“I was just thinking, dear, how would it be if we changed her for one of them?”

“Jack, don’t talk nonsense!”

“Then why blame Betty for clinging fondly to her firstborn?”

“Still one does like to have one’s gifts appreciated. I always like yours, darling.”

“Yes, because I give you the things you want most and you give me the things you want next to most.”

“But there are so few things we can give a man and there is always something needed for the house.”

“Quite right, dear, I’m not complaining. When Betty’s old enough to write letters to Santa Claus she will appreciate our gifts.”

“Are you going to teach Betty that myth?” I asked.

“I tried to,” said Sue, “but the modern child is sceptical. Betty fell asleep to-night murmuring, ‘Down a chimney? No. Up a chimney? No.’”

“The big stores have commercialized Santa Claus,” said Jack. “I believed in him, though. I was sure my parents were not rich enough to buy so many presents. In later years, Christmas became a regular hold-up game, where we children tried to extract all kinds of expensive articles from our adoring parents. But we haven’t opened your parcel yet. You needn’t think you are going to make away with it! I do hope it’s a mechanical toy, don’t you, Kiddie?”

“It isn’t,” said Sue, untying the ribbon, “but it’s something that moves—oh, a funny wooden duck in a top hat—isn’t he a pet? He bends his neck and moves his legs. Won’t Betty love him!”

“Well, I don’t know,” said Jack, dubiously. “If our daughter has a fault it is that she is somewhat lacking in a sense of humour.”

“Children always are.”

“Perhaps, but that only proves my point, that we don’t buy toys solely to please them. Children are not over-critical.”

Just then the Professor came in.

“Helloa, you grown-up babies!” said he, laying down some parcels. “Has Santa Claus been here already?”

“Dad, you don’t mean to tell us you’ve been shopping—and on Christmas Eve, too! Weren’t you squashed to bits?” said Sue.

“No, my dear, not quite. There was a most bewildering array, and I was reminded of the saying: ‘The history of a nation is written in its toys.’ Guns, soldiers, battleships, show plainly that we are at war; all the recent inventions are represented in toy phonographs, aeroplanes, submarines; dolls reflect the fashion in dress and recent battles are epitomized in games. While I was wandering about I found a foreman, or rather he found me. I was too dazed to discover anything, so I asked for the Canadian-made toys.”

“And what did he show you?”

“A lot of fat-legged dolls, some really excellent Teddy-bears, a splendid little toy cannon. I got Betty something that she will like.” He undid the wrappings and revealed a wooden clown dressed in flowered calico. He pulled a string and the clown apparently tossed something which might have been mistaken for another little clown—from hand to hand.

“Very ingenious,” said Jack.

“If you want my candid opinion . . .” said Sue.

“I don’t, my dear, candid opinions are always un-

pleasant, besides, I am aware that it looks cheap and tawdry.”

“Why is it that nearly all Canadian toys do? See this duck, this little bunny on wheels—all the attractive novelties come from the U. S. A.”

“And the mechanical toys, so cheap and so clever,” said Jack, “they’re from Japan. I blush for my country.”

“You would blush more if labour was as cheap here as it is in Japan,” said the Professor, stroking his beard. “Our workmen can be utilized to better advantage turning out munitions, agricultural implements and foodstuffs. But toys are a luxury. Their importation should be prohibited in war time. Did you know that England had recently done so?”

“How cruel of them to pass a law that restricts the pleasures of little children,” said Sue.

“I think, my dear, that it would restrict yours far more than Betty’s.”

“Looks as if England was afraid of Japan collaring the trade, as the Germans did.”

“More likely an economy in shipping. But it’s a splendid thing for home industries, too. There are very good toys made in Canada. I have seen the government collection at Ottawa and at the Canadian National Exhibition, in Toronto, while at the annual exhibition of toys at the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, in Montreal, this month, there were a lot of really charming novelties, and the prizes offered encourage originality.”

“Then why can’t you buy them in the shops?”

“You can, in limited numbers, but they can’t turn out the quantities. Labour is scarce, so are materials. Dolls are the most difficult proposition, as we can’t get the bisque used in their heads. Wigs also are hard to manufacture. We might do more in the line of ‘character’ dolls if manufacturers were more closely associated with the artists. We could also do well in the wooden toys—animals like this duck. The Board of Trade took it up in England and commissioned a Russian artist to design some toys, which will probably have good results. A law prohibiting their importation would be a grand thing, but if art does not enter into our manufactures we shall lose our trade.”

“Those jig-saw soldiers I bought at a bazaar were all designed by Canadian artists,” said Sue.

“Very clever, my dear, but there’s not enough action in them. Now this clown has the right idea. If those jig-saw soldiers were made in the form of jumping-jacks and had simpler faces, so that you didn’t need to be a skilled artist to paint them, they would be a commercial proposition. Toys must be designed so that crippled soldiers and children can make them. There is no money in things that must be painted by skilled artists. Toy factories are being started in connection with vocational training for returned soldiers, but unless we put a prohibitive duty on toys they won’t be a commercial success for years to come.”

“Oh, the made in Canada things are simply impossible,” said Sue. “Nobody would look at them.”

“Betty would—Judy was labelled all right.”

Sue yawned and the clock began to strike.

“Gracious!” said I, jumping up. “You don’t mean to tell me it’s Christmas Day already.”

“And we’ve Betty’s stocking to fill yet,” said Sue.

“Oh, stick in a bag of nuts, a candy cane and a doll—she’ll be satisfied,” said the Professor.

“No,” said Jack. “This thing must be carried through properly. After all, the toys are presumably for Betty.”

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Next day I met the Professor and his face was beaming.

“Well,” I said, “how did Betty like her toys?”

“Took a tremendous fancy to my clown, but kept kissing her old Judy for fear she’d be jealous. That little girl is the greatest patriot that ever breathed. It’s a good joke on Jack and Sue, with all their imported toys, for besides old Judy, that clown is the only one of the whole lot that was made in Canada.”



# SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

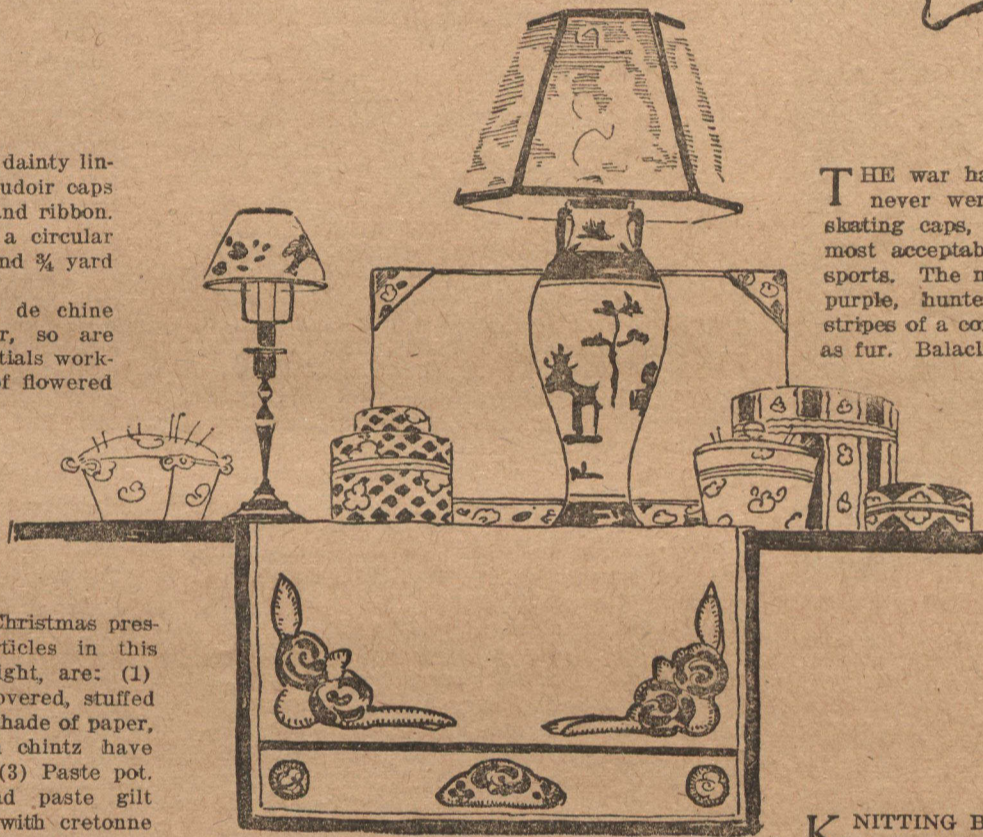
By STEPHANIE STAY-AT-HOME



**O**f course we would be delighted to do without Christmas gifts if our friends would only send the money to the soldiers! But there is one sacrifice we will not, cannot make: We cannot deny ourselves the great pleasure of Giving. Our most important presents—largely of a utilitarian variety—have already been posted to England and France, Saloniki, Egypt, Africa—socks, cakes, cigarettes, handkerchiefs and ever so many good things. There is very little money left for other friends, so the homemade gift is in greater demand than ever. Beside the economy there is a personal touch in something you have made yourself which is lacking in the purchased article. We all want our gifts to please. We don't want our friends to say: "Could we but give the gifts we get and keep the gifts we give away, how glad would be our Christmas day!" No indeed. And so we must do a lot of thinking, for a thought in time saves ninety-nine.

**N**OTHING pleases a girl so much as dainty lingerie, and the most fascinating boudoir caps can be fashioned of remnants of lace and ribbon. The one in the sketch is made from a circular piece of net, 1 1/4 yards of lace edging and 3/4 yard of ribbon. Hemstitched handkerchiefs of crepe de chine in gaudy colourings are very popular, so are those made of cotton voile with the initials worked in cross-stitch; but handkerchiefs of flowered lawn with a crocheted edge in colour are quite the latest novelty.

**T**HE war has taught us skill in knitting and never were knitted goods so fashionable; skating caps, mufflers, sweater coats make the most acceptable gift for a girl who is fond of sports. The mufflers, when knit of soft wool in purple, hunter's green or Chinese blue, with stripes of a contrasting colour, are quite as smart as fur. Balaclava caps are worn not only by the soldiers. They make the most fetching skating caps and may be decorated by a coquettish tassel.



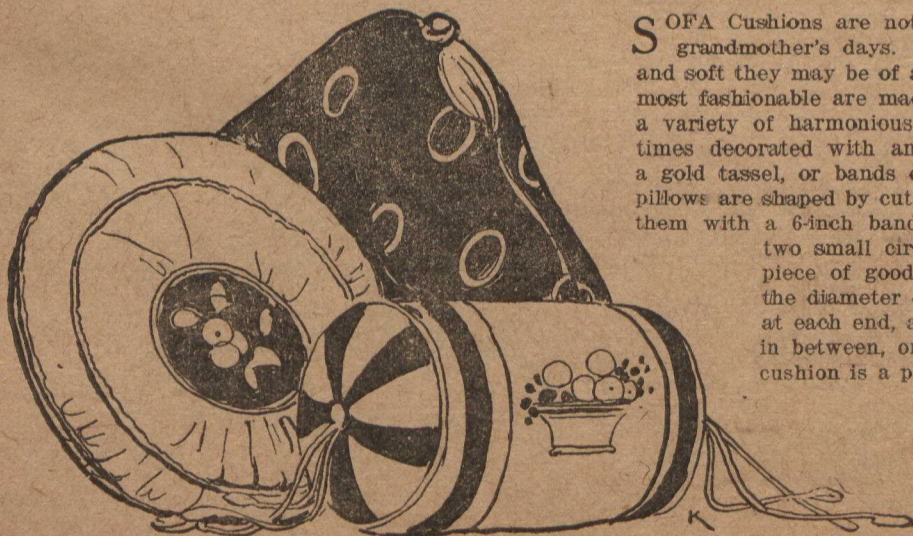
**C**RETONNE covers a multitude of Christmas presents and decorates the nine articles in this group, which, reading from left to right, are: (1) Pin-cushions, made from cardboard, covered, stuffed and edged with gold cord; (2) Candle shade of paper, on which flowers and birds cut from chintz have been pasted, edged with gold paper; (3) Paste pot. In stretching cretonne use glue, and paste gilt gumpe over raw edges; (4) Blotter with cretonne corners; (5) Electric lamp, made from Japanese vase. A piece of wood is cut to fit in mouth of jar, bored with two holes, one in centre to hold lamp socket, and one at side to admit extension cord. Wire shades of all shapes and sizes may be bought. After the wires are wound with narrow strips of silk or cotton, the cretonne is easy to stretch. Leave the raw edges on the outer side and cover with gilt braid; (6) Another article for a desk is a glass jar bait; (7) Another article for a desk is a glass jar bait to hold rubber bands, covered like paste-pot. It has its cover padded, to be used for pin-cushion, and a

fancy button forms a handle; (7) Tin cake boxes are made ornamental by a covering of cretonne. The wooden handle is gilded; (8) Powder boxes may be made to look very dainty in the same way. For tiny pocket boxes use flowered silk instead of cretonne; (9) An effective table runner is made of blue linen banded with black tape of two widths. Cretonne roses are applied with buttonhole stitch.

**K**NITTING Bags are a necessity in these days and the very prettiest are made of cretonne. The upper bag may be made very quickly, as it consists only of two pieces of cretonne, bound with tape. The lower has added fulness, shirred into a circle of covered cardboard at the bottom. It is gathered also at the centre and fastened to a straight band which forms the handle, furnished with a button, by means of which it can be fastened snugly to the arm, and a circle of cord which may be shoved down to close the bag securely. Below these bags is a travelling pin cushion, furnished with a cheap and effective Chinese cord and tassels by which it may be hung to the dressing table.



speaks—at teas and clubs, not only as in the good old days when she was supposed to "sit in a corner and sew a fine seam." And for these bags there is nothing like cretonne.

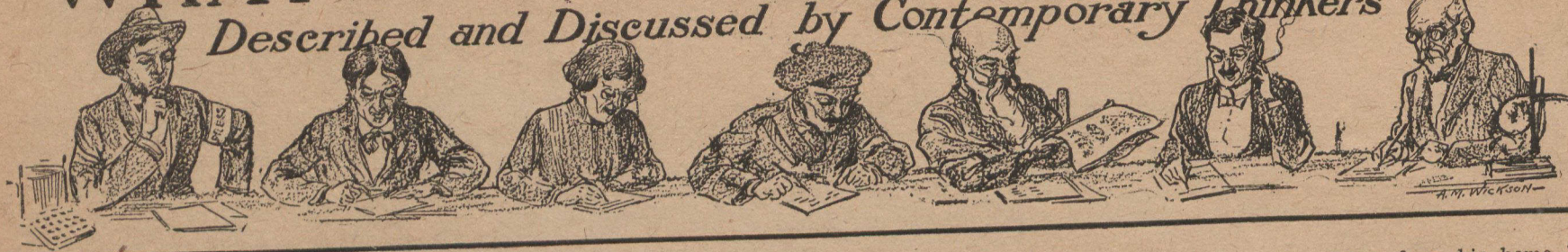


**S**OFAS Cushions are not what they were in our grandmother's days. So long as they are large and soft they may be of any conceivable shape. The most fashionable are made of plain silk or satin in a variety of harmonious colours. They are sometimes decorated with an effective bit of applique, a gold tassel, or bands of black satin. The round pillows are shaped by cutting two circles and joining them with a 6-inch band. They are covered with two small circles of silk and a straight piece of goods half a yard longer than the diameter of the cushion, and shirred at each end, and from two to four times in between, on cord. A black velvet cushion is a pleasing note amongst those of lighter hue, and may be effectively decorated with rings of wool embroidery and a worsted tassel.

A new work bag is always welcome to the woman who loves to sew, especially if she sews broadcast, so to

# WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

*Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers*



## IN WILHELMSHAVEN

*An Englishman Describes His Visit there Since War Broke Out*

**W**E walked back from the Casino to the Coal Harbour. Although it was after midnight, the place was bristling with activity. Everything was prodigiously lighted up, and from the Imperial shipbuilding yard close by came the sounds



"This of the Seven Kings was one,  
Who girt the European walls with siege, and held  
As still he seems to hold, God in disdain,  
And sets His high omnipotence at nought  
But, as I told him his despiteful mood  
Is ornament well suits the breast that wears it."  
Dante's Inferno - Canto XIV - Lines 64-69

—By Jack Flanagan.

of hammering, mixed with a confused din of voices, steam-engines and the murmurings of the sea. The air was alive, charged with electricity. You felt that here you were at the heart of things, listening to the pulse-beat of a stupendous machine, at the seat of history in the making. In the Quarterly Review Mr. J. de Beaufort thus introduces a very interesting account of his visit.

It is perhaps not generally known that the territory of Wilhelmshaven is part of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg. In 1853, when Prussia laid the foundations of what is now the German Navy, she bought about four square miles from the Grand Duke. The construction of the harbour works was not begun until 1855, and was completed in 1869. Seven years after that, in 1876, the last German ship was launched from a foreign yard. Henceforth Germany was going to be her own builder.

Many improvements and additions have been made since those early days. Wilhelmshaven now contains five distinct harbours and basins, connected with each other by a system of locks and canals. The "Building" harbour, surrounded by the Imperial Dockyards, measures about 1,300 by 1,100 feet. It contains seven dry-docks and four slips (not, as I have seen quoted in last year's British reference books, four dry-docks and two slips). The dry-docks vary in length from 380 to 620 feet, i.e., long enough for the largest battleships. The recently completed "Ausrüstungshafen" borders on the Imperial Dockyards. It is well over 3,000 feet in length and over 600 feet wide. As the name indicates, here the ships are fitted out. When my friend and I walked round this place I found it the most interesting part of all. This harbour is surrounded by warehouses,

in which everything that is needed on a ship is stored up in large quantities. I passed through building after building filled with clothes, foodstuffs, machinery, spare guns, rifles, Davis' torpedoes costing £500 apiece, compasses, etc.

The location of the Ammunition Magazines greatly surprised me. Though they were placed well back from every other building, they were surrounded by conspicuous landmarks. In the first place, the peculiar shape of the Fitting-Out Harbour makes it easy to locate it. The magazines are immediately north of this basin. The barracks are on the south side. Immediately west are the Zeppelin sheds; and hardly an eighth of a mile north stands the Naval Observatory. But most surprising of all is the arrangement of the railroad tracks. They go as far as the magazines, and there make a loop through the very centre of the buildings. What a place to bomb! It seems surprising that no air attacks have been made on Wilhelmshaven. Any one, after having studied the map of the station for half an hour, could hardly miss those arsenals. But I was told that the Krupp anti-aircraft guns, placed at all important points along the coast, are so formidable that an air attack is a practical impossibility.

In the fitting-out harbour we saw several battleships of the Kaiser class, and a number of protected cruisers. The "Prinz Albrecht," "Bismarck," and "Seydlitz" I noticed amongst them. The yards include six floating docks, two of them of 40,000 tons. The only reason, I was told, why Germany has hitherto taken three years to build its large ships, is because the costs have been distributed over that period, while in England they are distributed over only two. My doctor friend assured me, and I am inclined to believe him, that Germany can to-day complete the largest battleships within two years.

My walk round Wilhelmshaven did not make me feel that I was attending the last convulsions of an empire. Work, Will and Efficiency seemed to be in the very air, staring, shouting at you every turn. Though the Army is mobilized up to the last "Landsturm" man, and though boys of fourteen and fifteen are already being drilled, Germany has not taken a single workman away from her ship-building yards. I have seen and copied the authentic figures, stating the number of men employed at the various Government and private yards. They total over 33,000 at the three Government yards at Wilhelmshaven, Kiel, and Danzig, and over 57,000 at the different private yards in Kiel, Hamburg, Danzig and Bremen. That is over 90,000 men; and the yards are running twenty-four hours a day. Grand Admiral Von Koester's favourite advice to his subordinates is: "Remember, the day has twenty-four hours, and if you find that that is not enough, well then take part of the night as well."

## FIND WAY OR MAKE IT

*Winston Churchill gets impatient over a slow war, but gives credit to all arms of the service*

**A** MASTERLY article by Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill in the New York Times magazine section shows that this ex-First Lord is still war-thinking. The author of the relief of Antwerp and the joint author of the great Dardanelles fiasco is still able to preach drastic action to his countrymen. Churchill writes as powerfully as ever. On the naval question he speaks with authority when he says:

Theatres of decisive action no doubt exist both for fleets and armies; but they are not necessarily those in which the main strength of the nations is at present concentrated. Meanwhile, it is important that those who write about the navy and its work still keep always before their minds the Cromwellian distinction between being and well-being.

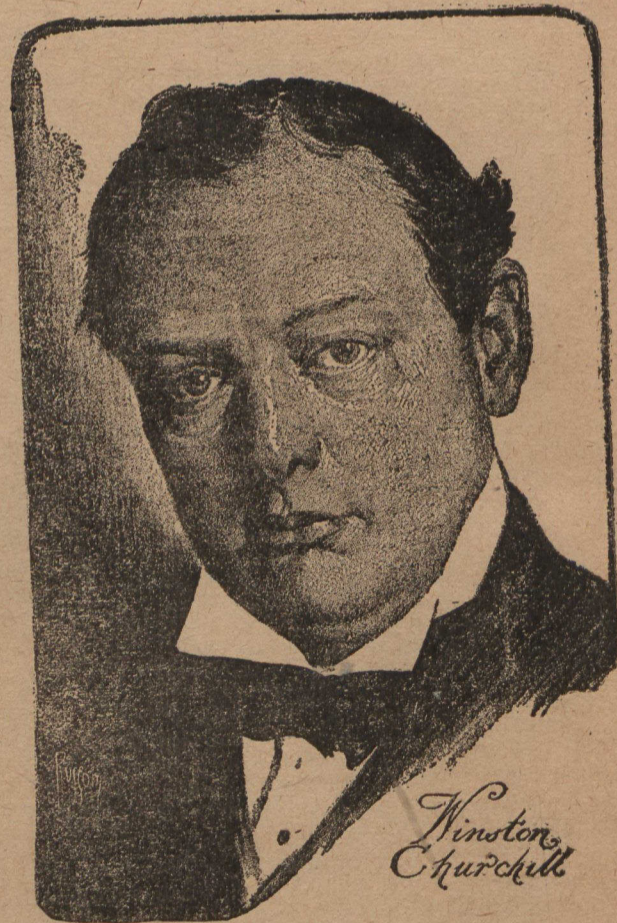
The primary and dominant fact is that from its bases in Scottish waters the British Fleet delivers a continuous attack upon the vital interests of the

enemy; whereas the enemy from his home bases produces no corresponding effect on us. Therefore, the strategic compulsion to fight a battle is upon him. It is for him to alter, if he can, a situation which must ultimately prove fatal to Germany. Our original strategic dispositions therefore have the effect of putting very strong pressure upon the enemy to fight a battle in which, owing to our superiority, we have good reason to believe we should destroy his naval power. This is the first stage, good in itself at all points, inspired by the true principle of forcing the enemy to fight at a disadvantage or suffer fatally, and safeguarding in the surest way the foundations of our being. It is this stage which must be thoroughly comprehended, for upon it everything stands.

But the second stage is more complex. In spite of the pressure upon him, the enemy prefers to suffer rather than to fight. This is not the fault of our strategy. It is the consequence of our strength. Therefore, our commanders must consider what further steps are open to them to bring the enemy to battle. And here arises an intricate calculation of the relative strengths of the two fleets, and the relative advantages between fighting off our own or off the enemy's coasts, and the reactions of these two sets of considerations upon each other.

The battle of Jutland was fought because Sir John Jellicoe decided that his superiority justified him in facing the disadvantages of fighting off the enemy's coasts. The event proved him right. The German refusal to fight the battle out showed that their view of relative strength was substantially the same as his. But unless the first stage of the argument is properly comprehended, the magnitude of the British naval achievement in the second stage cannot be realized. It was as it were an offensive on the top of an offensive; not merely a challenge; but a super-challenge successfully made good. This it was the purpose of my article to show.

The argument is, however, not concluded here. There is a third stage. The enemy will not, it appears, fight a decisive battle to rid himself of distant blockade. He will not even fight a decisive bat-



He points out the necessity for a short cut to win the war.

tle when it is offered off his own coasts. It is therefore clear that other methods must be sought. It is evident they have not yet been discovered, or at least applied; and I agree most cordially with those who think that this task lies at the present time plainly before the naval authorities. But in pursuing this quest nothing must be done which would jeopardize the solid advantages of our main and primary position; for it is on these that our whole existence depends. Neither must the immense achievement of the fleet be undervalued; nor the intensity of its effort to come to grips with the enemy be denied the fame that is its due.

It is about this date of writing too early to attempt to measure and appraise the results of the tremendous four months' battle which, ever since the first of July, has been raging on both banks of the Somme. It would obviously be foolish to estimate them by the comparatively small gains of ground which have been made in an area not characterized by high strategic significance, and possessing no points or features which are vital to the enemy's war-making power. The reclaiming of a hundred square miles of French territory (itself permanently devastated in the process of recapture) out of a total of nearly twenty thousand in the hands of the invader in France or Belgium, could never be regarded as an object in itself worthy to be counted for a moment against the precious lives and sublime sacrifices which its purchase has required. It is to the effects produced upon the German armies, and the consequent reactions on their plans, that we must look for the rewards of this most wonderful and terrible manifestation of human valour.

But for this the time has not yet come. The materials are not yet available. We cannot be sure about the losses of the enemy—except that they are very heavy. We cannot tell how deeply or to what extent the spirit of his armies has been permanently depressed by the continued contact with what he feels are stronger and better-armed forces. It is still more difficult to determine the impression produced upon the vast, uncomfortable, and disquieted multitudes who constitute the German Empire. We do not know what changes have been produced in his plans, nor how far these changes are beneficial to us. Perhaps in another month a clearer view will be possible.

The supreme events of this war stand out just as vividly as the old one-day battles which used to decide the history of nations. But the size of the picture is so enormous and the style of the painting so crude that it can only be judged from a certain distance. One day of struggle is so like another. The dispatches repeat a well-worn phraseology. The proportion of events is altogether lost in the daily presentation of news. Every day since the war began events have occurred which justified the largest type ever used in printing. The great facts emerge gradually, but none the less unmistakably. Looking around, little that is definite can be discerned. Looking back, even from no great distance, the true features of the stupendous panorama stare you in the face. We see them now stretching back like a range of mountain peaks to those far-off lands of August and September, Anno Domini 1914.

## THE NEW EMPEROR

*Charles Francis is in favour of a separate peace for Austria-Hungary*

**W**RITING in the New York Times Magazine, Mr. J. Cunliffe Owen sizes up the personality and the prospects of the new Emperor Charles Francis of Austria.

Emperor Francis Joseph's death, he says, within twelve days of the completion of the sixty-eighth year of his long, eventful reign, cannot fail to exercise a very important bearing upon the policy of the Hapsburg monarchies with regard to the present war. Indeed, there are many reasons for believing that the accession of his grandnephew, Archduke Charles Francis, to the throne may serve to expedite its termination.

With the late Emperor the personal ties of Kaiser Wilhelm were very close. William had known, as a quite young man, how to win during his frequent visits to Vienna the paternal affection and regard of Francis Joseph. The latter had entertained a deep prejudice against old Emperor William, and against his son, Emperor Frederick II., who had compelled him to submit, in 1866, to the humiliating conditions of the Treaty of Nikolsburg, when their victorious armies were within striking distance of Vienna.

But the present Kaiser, by his filial attitude toward Francis Joseph, first as Prince William, then as Crown Prince, and finally as Emperor, had managed completely to overcome the antagonism of the

ruler of Austria-Hungary and to convert him into a warm friend.

It touched Francis Joseph that William, who was charged by everybody else, even by his brother monarchs, with being so overbearing and arrogant, should defer to him, as a son to a father, and should seek his advice, not only in political matters, but even in his personal affairs, and the intimacy between the two became very great.

Having once given his friendship, Emperor Francis Joseph remained loyal to William, according to him even more affection and trust than he had ever



The new Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, former Archduke Charles Francis Joseph.

shown to his only son, the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolf. He failed to realize that as years went by William, instead of seeking advice, had by degrees assumed the role of counselor, and that he himself had, unconsciously, come under the influence of the German Emperor.

When the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand endeavoured to stay this growing dependency William devoted himself to transforming him from an opponent into a supporter by espousing the cause of the Archduke's morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, in her struggle for recognition at the Courts of Vienna, St. James's, and Berlin.

Charles Francis, however, the new ruler of the Dual Empire, has managed to remain aloof from the influence of William II. He is known to view the endeavours of the Kaiser to play a preponderant role in Austria-Hungary with resentment, and his usurpations of authority in the Dual Empire with indignation.

People abroad have been accustomed to look upon Charles Francis as an insignificant and immature youth, and this impression has been carefully fostered by the Court of Berlin and by the German press. Yet he is now 29, the age of the Kaiser when he succeeded to the Crown and eleven years older than the late Emperor at the time of his accession.

Charles Francis is far better fitted by training and by experience for the cares and duties of sovereignty than were either of the rulers mentioned. His education has been of the most democratic character, and he is the first scion of the house of Hapsburg to receive his training in the public schools of Vienna, where he occupied a place on the benches beside the sons of small shopkeepers, artisans, petty officials, and others, thus being brought into contact with his future subjects in a manner without precedent in the annals of the Hapsburgs.

His military training was unusually severe, owing to the jealousy and prejudice of his uncle and guardian, the late Francis Ferdinand. For the murdered Archduke bitterly resented the fact that his nephew, Charles Francis, stood next to him in the line of succession to the throne, instead of his own sons, who were barred therefrom by their morganatic birth.

But there is nothing that matures a man so much as active service in the field. For the last two years

and a half Charles Francis has been almost constantly at the front, in the south against the Italians and in the east against the Russians. He has held important commands, during which he has known how to win the regard of his fellow-officers and the affection of his men. He is, however, chiefly associated in the minds of the latter with the distribution of rewards.

Perhaps the most striking indication given by Emperor Charles Francis of his feelings with regard to Emperor William, and to Germany, was when last summer he invited Count Leopold Berchtold to become the Grand Master of his household.

Charles Francis was clever enough to realize that he needed counsel of this kind, in view of the manner in which he had been treated by his uncle, the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand. But what attracted so much attention was the fact that he should have chosen Berchtold for the purpose.

For, only a year before, the Count had insisted on resigning the direction of the foreign policies of the Empire, owing to his entire variance with the views of the people at Berlin. He resented the attempts of Kaiser Wilhelm to dictate not only the military but also the diplomatic policies of the Dual Empire, and regarded the tendency of the late Emperor to submit to the direction of Germany as intolerable.

There is no doubt that Austria-Hungary would be far better off to-day if he had had his way, especially as Italy was still neutral at the time, and did not throw down the gauntlet to Austria until several months later. In those days Austria's secession from Germany would have been still more welcomed by the powers of the Entente. She would in all probability have been followed by Bavaria and the other South German States.

In that event the Kaiser, left alone with his Prussians to face the Allies, would have been forced to throw up the sponge and the war would have been brought to a close. It is now known that the Entente powers would have met Austria and the South Germans half way, their principal bitterness being directed against Prussia.

These conditions still prevail, though in a lesser degree. They have been complicated by the appearance of Italy and Roumania, each of which will require territorial compensation for the aid they have rendered Great Britain and to her allies.

Emperor Charles Francis and his chief adviser, Count Berchtold, are both known to be fully alive to the advantages to be derived, even now, from the conclusion of a separate peace with the Powers of the Entente. They know that if they continue the struggle to the end the terms imposed upon the Dual Empire will be much more onerous than they would be at present.

If, on the other hand, the improbable thing were to happen, and the Kaiser win, then Austria and Hungary would be committed to a military, political, and economic servitude to the House of Hohenzollern, and would be entirely dependent upon orders from Berlin. Scarcely a pleasant prospect.

What the conditions would be in the Dual Empire in the event of the Kaiser's victory may be gathered from the proposals submitted the other day by Dr. Bernhard Dernburg to the leading bankers and merchants in Vienna, and especially in Budapest. When he presented to the heads of the leading shipping, banking, mercantile, and industrial concerns of the Dual Empire a Berlin scheme making it a condition of export and import never to use British ships or British agents, and never to have any dealings with British firms or with British and French bankers after the restoration of peace, he received an intimation that the concerns in question could not dream of tying themselves up so for the sole benefit of Germany.

British and French capital in the past has played an important part in the development of Austro-Hungarian trade. For Austria and Hungary to ban this capital after the war and to have to rely entirely upon German money would be suicidal, since it would place them more at the mercy of the Kaiser than they have been before.

In one word, the Dual Empire has far more to win by Germany's defeat than by her victory. The latter spells servitude to Berlin, from which the only escape would be by means of another war; whereas the success of the powers of the Entente would mean the emancipation of the Dual Empire from its Teuton political, military, and economic bondage.

The Prussians have always been hated in the Dual Empire. To-day they are execrated and regarded as accountable for all the ruin and disaster by which both Austria and Hungary have been overwhelmed, while the action of the Berlin Government in forcing the Dual Empire to supply Prussia with grain and cattle, leaving the peasantry of the Dual Empire to starve and reducing the labouring classes to destitution, has brought the lieges of Emperor Charles Francis to the verge of revolution.

## The Club of Knaves

(Concluded from page 6.)

and homeward journey made but a vague impression on his mind.

But as he crawled into bed—at about 3.30—he realized that he must choose between becoming a member of the Club of Knaves, and taking the chance of a trip to Sing Sing; or braving the vengeance of Dr. Orand.

It was a choice of two evils, and a case when he who hesitates is lost.

One might be safe in saying that the club had gained a new member.

NOTHING that we do seems particularly extraordinary at the time. It is only on looking back that a man wonders how he could have taken certain events as coolly as he did.

A few weeks after he had felt Dr. Orand's influence, Barry became aware that he had fallen under the sway of his personality to such an extent that he didn't even dream of opposing him in the slightest degree. Indeed, the chief had made no mistake in choosing his man. Barry craved excitement as some men do strong drink, and the thrills experienced in the first few nocturnal excursions in quest of other people's money made him eager for more.

On the surface no difference could be detected in his character, but underneath had sprung up a certain recklessness. Strangely enough, his conscience, which had once been extraordinarily active, did not trouble him in the slightest.

Three weeks later, to be exact, after Barry had joined, there was to be a meeting of the Club of Knaves. It was the rule that no member should put in appearance before twelve o'clock, so he had bought a ticket for a play which was taking Broadway by storm. One of the characters develops a wonderful hypnotic power, and exercises it widely. The audience seemed to be convinced of the plausibility of it all; Barry thought the idea absurd. Of course, a man gifted with a strong mentality could influence one with a weak will, but to carry the thing further than that seemed to him out of the question.

It was with a sigh of relief that he arose from his seat when the curtain had dropped on the last act. Broadway was crowded, and he strolled slowly along, studying the faces on all sides which were as alike to him as a number of volumes of a minor poet. As he reached Herald Square he noticed that it was about the same time of night when chance had first played him into Dr. Orand's hands. What a difference a few weeks had made!

To-night, he told himself, he was keeping an appointment at the man's house; and furthermore expected to enjoy himself in the company of a number of fellow criminals. It was far from a dull crew.

Five minutes' walk, more or less, and Barry had arrived at his destination. As usual, the doorway of the house was as dark as a tomb; but he had grown accustomed to that, by now. Groping in the gloom he rapped several times with his knuckles—the signal for admission—and the door was immediately swung open by a servant. To him he entrusted his hat and overcoat, and proceeded to join the company.

As he entered the meeting room he was the target of a number of good-natured remarks from the assembled group. The room was filled with tobacco smoke, but he managed to make his way to an empty seat by Kirke, the secretary of the club.

"Where's Dr. Orand?" he asked, for conversation's sake.

Kirke shook his head. "I haven't the slightest idea, and to tell the truth

I'm worried. The chief is always on time, and told me he'd show up by eleven. It's after twelve now; and I can't think of anything that could have detained him."

"Guess he'll drop in any minute."

The secretary said nothing, but there was a dubious expression on his thin face; and as time passed without Dr. Orand putting in an appearance, it deepened. Barry noticed that he began to fidget in his seat, and look continually at his watch. Following on the heels of the conviction that something was wrong came the voice of a man yelling an extra from the street.

His disjointed exclamations conveyed the news that there had been a train wreck, and that the paper would give full details.

Kirke jumped to his feet and started to leave the room. Obeying an impulse of curiosity, Barry followed suit. He wanted to be in on anything that might take place.

Together they left the house, and stopped a newsboy. Both secured a paper at the same time and saw headlines glaring at them from the top of the sheet.

"Great Train Wreck! Fifty Killed!"

Barry ran his eye over the list of dead. Among them was the name of Dr. Orand!

For the moment he was too dazed to do anything save show the paper to his companion.

So the chief had ceased to be a factor in his life?

KIRKE read the news without a change of expression.

"I felt something had happened to the chief," he said slowly, "and now I see it wasn't an idle fancy."

"And what are we going to do now?" asked Barry lamely, after he had in a measure recovered from the shock.

"Why, break the news, of course."

Taken up with their own thoughts they walked back in silence, and it was not until they were outside of the room where the men were gathered that Kirke spoke.

"I want to have a talk with you after the others go," said he. "Remember!"

Barry nodded, turned the knob of the door, and threw it open.

He was greeted with a chorus of questions.

"What's up?"

"Any news?"

"What has happened?"

As Kirke explained the room became the scene of commotion. Chairs were overturned by some in their eagerness to get a look at the paper, and Barry's was torn out of his hands. Everybody started talking at once; no one had an audience. The men were all too excited to talk sensibly.

Barry suggested to the secretary that he adjourn the meeting. The latter acted on the suggestion as soon as he managed to get a hearing. In five minutes all save them had left, and the members of the Club of Knaves scattered in New York's labyrinth of streets.

Kirke drew his seat up to the fire, which was burning feebly, and Barry did likewise; the while he wondered what was coming.

Although his companion seemed gazing into space, and spoke in a disinterested manner, he listened as if spell-bound.

"You know this is the last meeting of the Club of Knaves, for now that Dr. Orand has suffered a horrible death, and I am sure repented of his misdeeds in that last blinding flash of consciousness before the end, his

influence will pass too. I don't know why I am telling you this—perhaps it is because you interested me from the first. And I know you will be better able to face the future when you know all.

"Dr. Orand told me the circumstances under which you came under his control. Remember that night you saw an old college chum and thought it would be a good joke to pick his pocket?"

Barry nodded in a dazed manner.

"That was suggested to you by Dr. Orand. You may not know that he was one of the greatest hypnotists of modern times, and, as we found, used his power for evil purposes. It is only with his death that his hold on us is shattered. You, for example, have acted in the last few weeks in a way you'd never have even dreamed of a year ago."

"Then I was not responsible for my actions?" gasped Barry.

"No, neither were any of these men. And the chances are that this minute they are wondering how they came to be criminals. To-night is the end of it all."

"And you," said Barry, "how did you get under his control?"

Kirke shrugged his shoulders. "Enough that I would curse the day he came into my life if it were not for the fact that he has been fitly punished by fate."

He arose, walked over to one of the trays scattered around the room, poured out two drinks, and handed one to Barry.

They touched glasses and Kirke gave the toast.

"Let us drink," he said, "to the future, never to be haunted by the coils of the chief, and thank God for our rescue!"

They drank the toast in silence.

## White Elephant

(Continued from page 8.)

variation?"

"No, but—don't you see?—Dad is. He asked me to order them for him, and I was in a dilemma. If I told him the real price, he would think it extravagant for me to get so many operas, while if I said too little he would want me to order a lot of Lauders for him, and I'd have to pay the difference. See?"

"Well, how'd you manoeuvre between your record Scylla and Charybdis?"

"Steered midway between them. Compromised. Told him three-quarters the price. And that nearly bankrupted me. For I am giving Mother the most celestial operas by Melba and Tetrizzini and Farrar and Caruso and Amato. You know poor dear Mother never goes to Grand Opera, and it seems a shame for her not to hear something really good. Of course I am just crazy about them, too, and could not afford to get both them and the Christmas books, jewelry and cigars of the approved edition, karat and brand. So it seemed more sensible to get just records."

"Guess we'll have a record Christmas, all right," chuckled Murray, as they turned in at the gate.

Late that night Mrs. MacNab was awakened by feeling, rather than hearing, music. She sat up in bed. Moonlight flooded the room, revealing that the bed next hers was empty. Through the window she could see the dark, attenuated shadows of the elms etched on the snow, giving the effect of seaweed tide-pressed on Maine beach.

"She is my Daisy . . . She's the sweetest sugar candy," sang a voice—Harry Lauder's.

It was not some passerby going home late from a dance, as she had

(Continued on page 25.)

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## FOR THE SMALL INVESTOR

By INVESTICUS

"TWO Thousand Dollars to Invest." A letter addressed to the editor of this department bears this signature and asks for information as to the difference between a bond and a stock—from the investor's point of view. The letter, which for space reasons cannot be printed in full, tells an interesting story of how one woman—an employee of a telephone company in Canada—has been able to save two thousand dollars by sheer self-denial and determination. All of the two thousand dollars was set aside apparently out of earnings that at one time were less than ten dollars a week, but that rose, in due course, to the dizzy heights of fifteen dollars a week. Up until the present this money has been kept in the savings bank earning three per cent. At least it was safe there. But it could have been earning almost double that rate of interest with absolute safety. Apparently "Two Thousand Dollars to Invest" has waked up to this fact. She now asks the difference between a stock and a bond, and she wants to know which she should buy. On that point we are writing her privately.

There are some bonds that are infinitely worse security than some stocks. But speaking generally, and having in mind the better known classes both of stocks and bonds, the Bond is always a SAFER security than a stock. Suppose that John Jones starts a grist mill in such-and-such a village. Assume that he needs to raise capital and that you are one of the people from whom he intends to raise it. Having incorporated his company there are two ways in which he may ask you to invest in it. He may sell you stock or he may sell you bonds. (I am assuming for the purpose of this article that his company is one which has the power to issue bonds). Now if you buy stock from John Jones you are becoming a partner of his. That is to say, you buy a "share" in his business. If his business makes a profit you take your "share" of the profit. If it makes no profit, you have no redress except to sit tight and hope for better times, or perhaps bring about some change in the management or in the methods of management through the shareholders' meeting, or by bringing pressure to bear on the directors. If however, in spite of changes in the management or its methods the business continues to lose and finally collapses YOU as a shareholder are now in the same position as a bankrupt store-keeper. The creditors of the business have now a right to step in and sell all the assets. If there are enough assets to satisfy the claims of the creditors, well and good. If there are more than enough, then you and the other shareholders may have the balance distributed among you—so many cents on the dollar. But if the assets are NOT enough to satisfy the claims of the creditors, and if the limitation of liability provided by the law in the charter of the company does not happen to protect you, then you not only lose what you have invested in the company but you may even have to dig down into your purse to help satisfy the claims of the unappeased creditors.

THAT represents the extreme form of disaster that may overtake the investor in a stock company, and it is only fair to say that it happens only once in a very long time, such as when a bank fails and its shareholders are called on to put up TWICE the amount of their original

investment in the shares of the company, if necessary. But this represents the possibilities of stock investment and such extreme cases may well be borne in mind when some glib young man with a beautifully printed prospectus comes to your door to peddle stock.

But now let us assume that John Jones, who started the grist milling company, proposes to raise capital in another way. Perhaps he says to himself: "I don't want anybody to share in the possible big profits I am going to make. I will own all the shares myself (or there'll just be so many of us hold the stock between us), and we'll issue bonds." Now a Bond is in theory a mortgage, only that instead of covering all the property of the company in one mortgage it is, so to speak, subdivided into a great many little mortgages—as many as there are bonds issued. For instance, one way of doing the thing is this: John Jones may go to a trust company in his nearest city and place in their hands a real mortgage against certain of the assets of the milling company. The trust company holds that mortgage in trust and issues the bonds against it. In other words, the mortgage is security for the bonds. If the milling company fails or is getting into difficulties the owners of the bonds may call a meeting and choose a representative and this representative may take steps to secure absolute control of the milling concern and its assets. He may either sell these assets, under the mortgage held by the trust company, or he may appoint some one to operate the mills for the bondholders. The point, however, which I wish to make clear is this: that the bond holder is a creditor of the company and a preferred creditor at that. The stock-holder is in the reverse position. The Bond holder is in this position, that he must have his demands satisfied even at the cost of the shareholders of the company. A share is a liability. A bond is a preferred claim on assets. A share is a share either in the prosperity or the troubles of the company. A bond is merely a claim against the company.

Of course there are all kinds of bonds. Some may have a prior claim, or may rate in a certain order of preference. All of these points should be carefully looked into by anyone who is thinking of buying a bond.

Of course there is, too, this big difference: A bond, if it is a good one, pays its interest as regularly as the clock, and the interest is always the same amount. For steadiness in amount and for regularity of income the bond is likely to be much more satisfactory than any stock. The directorate of a perfectly sound company may decide to pay no dividend on such-and-such a date, or it may reduce the rate of the dividend. This may not embarrass wealthy persons, but to the small investor it is usually of great importance.

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rich were the worst people under the sun.

One day this man bought a house. He made a small payment down and pledged himself to raise the rest of the money in the near future. This meant hard sledding for him and it meant that he must forego a great many of the small pleasures of life that he had somehow come to regard as necessities. It was after he had struggled long and hard to raise the debt on his house that I met him a second time. His face was sterner and his eyes were steadier.

"I tell you," he said to me, "I take my hat off to the people who got rich by saving their money and by handling it shrewdly. Any fool can spend money, but it is a bitter and a hard game to save it. It takes BIG qualities."

It does.

Save, even if you don't need to save. It is a matter of moral duty. It will help you to be master of yourself.

THE American bankers are playing a shrewd game, but perhaps a game that is not altogether unjustified from the standpoint of the United States, when they raise the cry against lending more money to any of the belligerent nations on the security of treasury bills. They think that the Allies are in reality inflating their foreign "note circulation"—for such it might be called—with altogether too much paper. The Allies have, of course, yielded the point at issue. One is inclined to think that they gave in too quickly to please the Americans. For it looks as though they were showing much less anxiety

for American financial backing than the Americans would like to think was the case. Though the Americans are finicky about accepting treasury notes from Great Britain, France and Russia, we may depend upon it they would accept even those papers rather than have no opportunity to collect interest on the money which comes back to them to pay their profits on munition orders. The unexpected yielding of the Allies may have given greedy Wall Street a few uncomfortable moments. It is to be hoped it did.

The American banker is ambitious. He has not the slightest doubt in all the world of the value of the paper securities he has been taking. These securities are backed by the greatest nation ever known to mankind. They represent the word of honour of the most honourable nation, a nation that goes to war to protect the integrity of small neighbours and spends billions in money and hundreds of thousands of lives, voluntarily, to keep a treaty obligation with France. There isn't an honest American banker who wouldn't admit that the treasury notes he is making so much fuss about are just as good as gold bullion laid down in his own private vaults. BUT—the American banker sees now his great opportunity to make the United States the banker for the world and to make New York the gold port for the world. It is a big ambition and one which is in itself honourable enough. If it were realized it would place the UNITED STATES instead of GREAT BRITAIN in the position of getting just a tiny per cent of a tax on practically every international mercantile transaction.

## Forty Years Ago and Now

(Concluded from page 13.)

This festival stirred up more musical furore than had ever been known at any one place in Canada before. It was discovered that the mere size or cost of a proposition did not deter Torrington from going into it. He usually went into his big concerts quite blind to the financial side, with a sort of implicit faith that the receipts would take care of the expenses so long as enough people were interested in getting the thing up. Usually it was so. Sometimes it wasn't. There used to be weird tales of financial holes into which the Philharmonic and Festival conductor had to crawl in order to fix things up at the cold critical time when everybody was done reading the eulogies in the newspapers and wanted to know, "Yes, that's all very fine, but how about what that bally Festival owes me?"

Financial difficulties never, it seems, became financial worries with Torrington. Part of this must be credited to an invariably optimistic temperament; much to the shrewd and capable management of Mrs. Torrington, his second wife, who first met him when she was a singer in the Metropolitan Choir.

The big Festival was an undisputed success. It had flaws enough, to be sure, but it had so many big, good points that the public were very sure of its place in the musical development of the country. It made 1886, thirty years ago, the biggest music-expansion year ever known in that part of Canada at least. And it was in the same year that Torrington launched out on his permanent venture indicated by the scrapbook cartoon on another page—the organization of his College of Music on Pembroke St. His first faculty contained such men as W. O. Forsyth, now and for many years a free lance; T. C. Jeffers, still at the College; Arthur Fisher, somewhere in the United States; Herbert Clarke, cornetist and bandsman, since famous as the greatest cornet player in America; and several others who have contributed much to the musical life of the country.

And these were by no means all the

leading musical talent of the city, because in this very same year the Toronto Conservatory of Music was started under the able leadership of Edward Fisher, organist of St. Andrew's Kirk, as Torrington was of the Metropolitan. There was quite a rivalry, it appears, over which should have the name College. A neck and neck race was started with two musical institutions, where formerly there had been none, and two musical camps were begun which have in some degree lasted until the present day.

All since 1886 is comparatively recent history. The most remarkable year in that period is 1894, when Massey Hall was opened with a three-days' festival under Torrington, and when the Mendelssohn Choir was first called together to rehearse part songs, madrigals and glees for some kind of unaccompanied concert in Massey Hall during the winter. In that eventful year we are right at the parting of the ways. The echoes of Torrington's masterful oratorios were scarcely died away in Massey Hall when Vogt began his public crescendo and diminuendos without instruments. It was all summed up in these two styles of choral work. Vogt had originally been a College of Music man. He was now teacher of piano and organ at the Conservatory on Yonge St., and organist of Jarvis St. Baptist Church.

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## White Elephant

(Concluded from page 22.)

thought at first, but Rufus putting on a record of that song he had talked so much of hearing the Scotch comedian sing in New York. Slipping out of bed she tiptoed to the door. It was locked. Well, of all things! She was on the point of calling Rufus to open it, when unearthly orchestral strains wailed down the hall, passing from sombre weirdness through conflicting passionate motifs to a majestic triumphal finale. It was not the kind of music Mrs. MacNab enjoyed. Not the kind that Judith—zealously hunting "red seals"—had found pencilled in the catalogue. But it held Mrs. MacNab spell-bound, not so much by its eeriness, as by the train of speculation it evoked. Why had Judy and Rufus said nothing about them at supper? Why were they putting them on at night, after locking her, Mrs. MacNab's, door?

There went another! She listened to two voices, soprano and tenor, sometimes singing alone, sometimes together—in Italian. Judy liked operatic things, she reflected pensively. Now she herself preferred something she could understand the words of. Old-fashioned tunes she knew. What was that? Cheering—the Marseillaise—more shouting—Tipperary. That must be Murray's choice. Mrs. MacNab waited till the band died away in the distance, and then she crept back into bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since "the children" had grown too old for hanging up stockings, they had hit upon the expedient of arranging a row of chairs, Christmas Eve, in the fire-lit sitting-room for the presents. In order to preserve inviolate the mystery of the gifts, no one was supposed to enter on Christmas Day till they all entered together. On the morning in question they filed in, a little sleepy, but laughing and joking and casting furtive glances at the laden chairs.

"Why, they all look alike!" exclaimed Murray, suddenly. "Same sized boxes on every cane seat of them."

Judith, who had lost no time in tearing the tissue paper off her highest box, looked at its contents and then at her mother.

"How lovely," she said faintly. "We haven't any Plantation Medley records. Thank you ever so much, Mother dear."

Mrs. MacNab beamed.

"I thought you would be pleased. I am very fond of those old Southern Ballads, and—What is that, Rufus? Yes; I gave you 'The Maiden's Prayer' and 'The Blue Danube Waltz.' I used to admire them when I was a girl. Don't you like them?"

"Oh, yes, I—I like them. But open your boxes, Maria. There are some Harry Lauders there."

"And a Tanhauser Overture and a Farrar-Caruso 'Madame Butterfly,'" cried Judith, cheering up a little.

"And 'The British Troops Passing Through Boulogne,'" subscribed Murray, who was looking from "Silver Threads Among the Gold," in one hand, to "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," in the other. All at once he set them both down precipitately, and slapped his knee.

"Jove, but it's funny!" he shouted.

"Our all giving each other records?" giggled Judy.

"Our all giving each other the records we wanted ourselves."

"As long as we all did it, we are all satisfied," observed Mrs. MacNab, complacently. "Father has his Harry Lauders, Judy her operas, Murray his war selections, and I my old favourites."

"Worked like a charm, didn't it?" drawled Murray, scrutinizing his mother's face. "In fact it worked so

very charmingly that I suspect, I really suspect it—was worked."

"Mother!" cried Judy, suspiciously. "You heard us the other night?"

Mrs. MacNab laughed, busy separating "red seals" from plebeian black.

"Sauce for the goose—sauce for the gander," she quoted.

## Boston Opera

(Concluded from page 13.)

advantage. Both are necessary. It is so writ in the music if you like. For here is Scarpia habited in black with a white wig, a handsome desperado of intellectual mould—and impersonated by Balakoff he sings tremendously with a golden brown velvety voice that in the height of passion becomes too magnificent to

be the organ of a villain. However, the devil uses strange devices and this is one of them. Scarpia attracts Tosca. Her maidenly nature and her fidelity to the lover Cavaradossi keep her from yielding to the tempter. If she will consent, her tortured lover will be released from prison—and the doors of the jail are opened that she may hear his cries; he is brought in that she may behold his agony. If she will not, then he must be.

And all the while there is a long knife on the table—for Scarpia has just been dining. While Tosca consents to his proposal and he writes her lover's release, promising that the shots fired at him shall be blank cartridges, she—gets the knife. She kills him. The orchestra tell you that she has done it. She wrenches from the dead man's hand the letter. She places two tall candles at his head and

a crucifix on his breast. And the curtain goes down on the second act.

The third is quite as realistic. Cavaradossi is not saved. The cartridges were not blank. When the volley is fired, with Tosca looking on, he falls. The soldiers cover him with a cloth. She rushes to him on the wings of the orchestra to embrace a living lover whom she finds as dead as she had made Scarpia. Then with the orchestra haunting her at every breath she leaps from the parapet to her own death—and the orchestra tell you that at last it is all over.

And it is all diabolically beautiful; so much so that it is set down here—not forgetting that Zenatello warmed up to be a really great Cavaradossi—in order that one may trace out the complexities of modern opera as it appeals to the tastes and the purses of Canadians in the year 1916.



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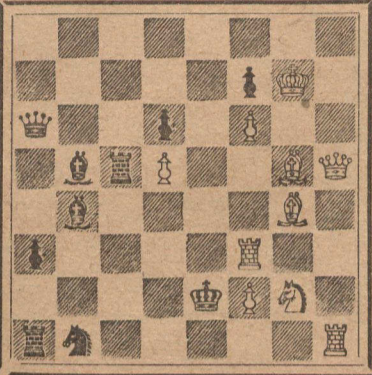
# CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

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

**PROBLEM No. 99, by A. M. Sparks.**  
First Prize (ex-æquo), Rice Memorial Tourney.

Black.—Ten Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.

**Problem No. 100, by E. Paloska.**  
White to play and mate in two.  
First Prize (ex-æquo), Rice Memorial Tourney.

White: K at KRsq; Q at QKt5; B at KB5; Kts at QB6 and KR3; Ps at K2, KB4, Kkt7 and KR6.

Black: K at Kktsq; Rs at Ksq and K5; Kt at QR7; P at QKt3.

White mates in three.

Five problems were graded together in each of the two and three move sections in the Rice Memorial Tourney! The above two, whilst interesting, hold nothing on the point of difficulty.

**SOLUTIONS.**

**Problem No. 96, by H. W. Bettmann.**

1. R—B7, K—K6; 2. R—K7ch, K—Q7; 3. R—K2 mate.

1. ... K—K4; 2. R—Ksqch, K—Q3; 3. R—K6 mate.

1. ... BxP; 2. R—K7ch, K—B4; 3. Kt—R3 mate.

1. ... P—Kt7; 2. R—Ksqch, K—B6; 3. KtxB mate.

**Problem No. 97, by A. J. Fink.**

1. K—B8, B—Q3ch; 2. P—K7 mate.

1. ... P—Q3; 2. Q—R4 mate.

1. ... QP else; 2. mate accordingly.

1. ... threat; 2. Pxp mate.

**CHESS IN GERMANY.**

An interesting game played in the seventh tournament among the interned Russian chess players at Triberg. The notes by Mr. Rabinovitch we have abridged from the British Chess Magazine.

**Queen's Pawn (Irregular.)**

- |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| White.          | Black.             |
| E. Rabinovitch. | E. D. Bogoljuboff. |
| 1. P—Q4         | 1. Kt—KB3          |
| 2. P—QB4        | 2. P—K3            |
| 3. Kt—QB3       | 3. B—Kt5           |
| 4. P—K3         | 4. Castles         |
| 5. B—Q3         | 5. Kt—B3 (a)       |
| 6. Kkt—K2       | 6. P—K4            |
| 7. Castles      | 7. BxKt            |
| 8. PxB          | 8. P—Q3            |
| 9. P—K4         | 9. R—Ksq           |
| 10. P—B3        | 10. P—QKt3 (b)     |
| 11. B—Kt5       | 11. P—KR3          |
| 12. B—R4        | 12. P—Kkt4 (c)     |
| 13. B—KB2       | 13. Kt—K2          |
| 14. P—KR4       | 14. Kt—Kt3         |
| 15. RpxP        | 15. RpxP           |
| 16. B—K3        | 16. Kt—R4          |
| 17. K—B2        | 17. K—Kt2          |
| 18. R—Rsq       | 18. R—Rsq          |
| 19. Q—Q2        | 19. Kt (R4)—B5     |
| 20. BxKt!       | 20. KtPxP          |
| 21. P—Kt3!      | 21. B—R6 (d)       |
| 22. QR—Kkt5 (e) | 22. Q—B3 (f)       |
| 23. KtPxP       | 23. R—R5           |
| 24. P—KB5       | 24. QR—Rsq         |
| 25. R—Kt3 (g)   | 25. B—Kt5          |
| 26. RxR         | 26. QxR (h)        |
| 27. PxKt! (i)   | 27. BpxP (j)       |
| 28. Kt—Ktsq (k) | 28. R—Ktsq         |
| 29. B—Bsq       | 29. R—B5           |
| 30. B—R3        | 30. B—R4           |
| 31. B—Kt2       | 31. R—B2 (l)       |
| 32. Q—Kt5 (m)   | 32. QxP            |
| 33. QxB         | 33. Pxp            |
| 34. QxPch (n)   | 34. QxQ            |
| 35. RxQch       | 35. KxR            |
| 36. Pxp         | 36. P—Q4 (o)       |
| 37. Pxp         | 37. P—Kt4 (p)      |
| 38. Kt—K2? (q)  | 38. R—B3!          |
| 39. P—B4        | 39. R—R3           |
| 40. B—K4ch      | 40. K—B3           |
| 41. Kt—Bsq      | 41. R—R6           |
| 42. K—K2        | 42. R—R6           |
| 43. K—Q2        | 43. P—R4           |
| 44. B—Q3        | 44. P—Kt5          |
| 45. K—B2        | 45. K—K2 (r)       |
| 46. K—Kt3       | 46. K—Q3           |
| 47. K—B4        | 47. R—R8           |
| 48. Kt—Kt3      | 48. P—R5           |
| 49. Kt—B5       | 49. P—Kt6          |
| 50. Kt—K4ch     | 50. K—K2           |
| 51. Pxp         | 51. P—R6           |
| 52. Kt—B3       | 52. R—QB8 (s)      |
| 53. K—Kt4! (t)  | 53. R—QR8          |
| 54. B—B4        | 54. K—B3           |
| 55. Kt—Kt5      | 55. P—R7           |
| 56. K—R3        | 56. K—B4           |
| 57. K—Kt2       | 57. R—R8           |
| 58. KxP         | Resigns.           |

(a) This move blocks the Queen's

Bishop Pawn and consequently cramps Black's game.

(b) 10 ... P—KR3 was necessary.

(c) Afraid of White's P—B4.

(d) Black has no move to give him freedom.

(e) Not, of course, 22. KtPxP, because of Q—R5ch.

(f) Black loses a Pawn, following this move, and must give up a piece, too, in order to get an attack. After 22 ... K—Bsq, however, his position would be bad.

(g) Stronger than 25. PxKt, B—Kt5.

(h) If 26 ... RxR, then follows 27. K—Kt2! BxPch (the only move); 28. KxB! (threatening Q—Kt5), R—R4; 29. Kt—B4! PxKt; 30. QxP, R—R5; 31. Q—Kt5, QxQ; 32. RxQ, R—R6ch (if K—B3 or R3, then 33. PxKt, KxR; 34. P—Kt7, etc.); 33. K—K2, R—R7ch; 34. K—K3, R—R6ch; 35. K—Q2, R—R7ch; 36. B—K2, etc.

(i) If 27. PxB, then 27 ... Q—R7ch; 28. R—Kt2, Q—R5ch; 29. Kt—Kt3, Kt—B5.

(j) If 27 ... Q—R8 then 28. Q—Kt5! R—R7ch; 29. K—K3, RxKtch; 30. KxR, Q—R7ch; 31. K—Qsq, QxR; 32. Pxp dis. ch, KxP; 33. QxB, etc.

(k) We see no objection to 28. PxB. (Ed. C.)

(l) If 31 ... B—Kt5, then 32. Kt—R3.

(m) There was a quicker win by 32.

Q—K3, followed by Kt—K2 and K—Ktsq.

(n) The simplest way.

(o) His best chance. If 36 ... R—B4, then 37. P—Q5, R—B5; 38. B—Bsq, R—Q5; 39. K—K3, R—Q8; 40. B—Q3ch, K—B3; 41. Kt—K2, and White wins easily.

(p) Not 37 ... R—B4, because of 38. Kt—K2 with P—B4 to follow.

(q) Considerably stronger was 38. B—Bsq, forcing P—R3 or P—Kt5, and so keeping Black's Rook from QR3.

(r) If 45 ... P—R5; then 46. B—Kt5, R—B6ch; 47. K—Ktsq, P—R6; 48. Kt—Q3! P—Kt6; 49. Kt—B5, Pxpch; 50. KxP, K—B4; 51. Kt—K6, etc., and wins.

(s) If 52 ... R—R8, then 53. K—Kt4 (not 53. B—Ktsq, RxB!); P—R7; 54. B—B4, followed by K—R3.

(t) The only move to win.

**Items.**

Mr. A. H. Stovell, the Parliament Club crack, has been presented with a handsome luminous wrist watch by the club members on the strength of his entrance into the 204th Battalion. He is in the signal corps.

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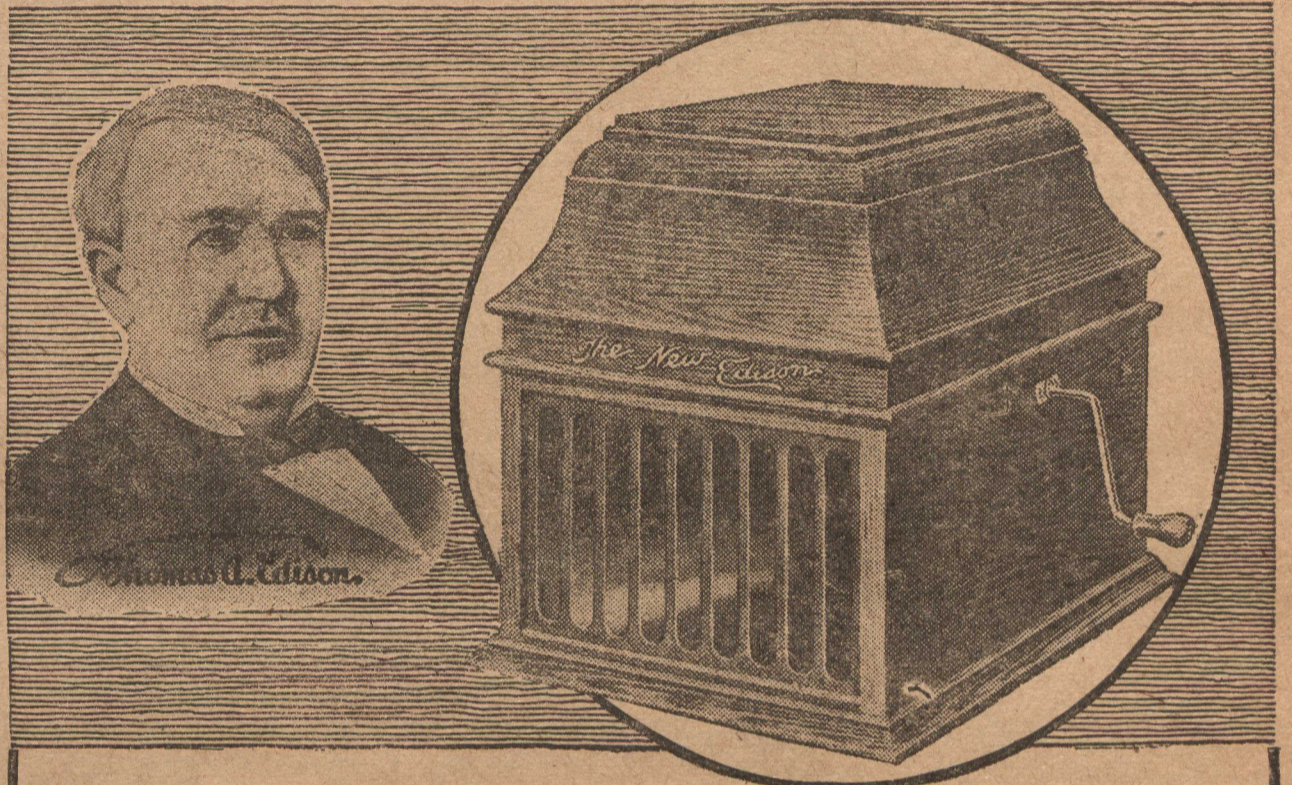
**Division "A" Standing.**

	Played	Won	Lost	Points
Beaches	3	3	0	3
Parliament	2	2	0	2
Toronto	2	1	1	1
W. End Y.M.C.A.	3	1	2	1
Varsity	3	1	2	1
Gen. Y.M.C.A.	3	0	3	0

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# THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

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## CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

**D**IBLEY at the bridge had told enough to let Eaton know that those whom Eaton pursued were no longer in the machine he had followed with Harriet. As Eaton had rushed out of Santoine's study after the two that he had fought there, he had seen that one of these men was supporting and helping the other; he had gained on them because of that. Then other men had appeared suddenly, to give their help, and he had no longer been able to gain; but he had been close enough to see that the one they dragged along and helped into the car was that enemy whose presence in the study had so amazed him. Mad exultation had seized Eaton to know that he had seriously wounded his adversary. He knew now that the man could not have got out of the car by himself—he was too badly wounded for that; he had been taken out of the car, and the other men who were missing had him in charge. The three men who had gone on in the machine had done so for their own escape, but with the added object of misleading the pursuit; the water they had got at Dibley's had been to wash the blood from the car.

And now, as Eaton recalled and realized all this, he knew where the others had left the machine. Vaguely, during the pursuit, he had sensed that Harriet was swinging their motor-car in a great circle, first to the north, then west, then to the south. Two or three miles back upon the road, before they had made their turn to the south, Eaton had lost for a few moments the track of the car they had been following. He had picked it up again at once and before he could speak of it to Harriet; but now he knew that at that point the car they were following had left the road, turning off on to the turf at the side and coming back on to the road a hundred yards beyond.

This place must be nearly due north of him. The road where he had left Harriet ran north and south; to go north he must parallel this road, but it was dangerous to move too near to it because it was guarded. The sky was covered with clouds hiding the stars; the night in the woods was intensely black except where it was lighted by the fire at the bridge. To the opposite side, a faint gray glow against the clouds, which could not be the dawn but must be the reflection of the electric lights along the public pike which followed the shore of the lake, gave Eaton inspiration. If he kept this grayness of the clouds always upon his right, he would be going north.

The wound in Eaton's shoulder still welled blood each time he moved; he tore strips from the front of his shirt, knotted them together and bound his useless left arm tightly to his side. He felt in the darkness to be sure that there was a fresh clip of cartridges in his automatic pistol; then he stepped forward.

**F**OR the first time he comprehended the almost impossibility of travelling in the woods on a dark night. To try to walk swiftly was to be checked after only two or three steps by sharp collision with some tree-trunk which he could not see before he felt it, or brought to a full stop by clumps of tangled, thorny bushes which enmeshed him, or to be tripped or thrown by some inequality of the ground. When he went round any of these obstacles he lost his sense of direction and wasted minutes before he could find again the dim light against the eastern sky which gave him the compass-points.

As he struggled forward, impatient at these delays, he came several times upon narrow, unguarded roads and crossed them; at other times the little wilderness which protected him changed suddenly to a well-kept lawn where some great house with its garages and out-buildings loomed ahead, and afraid to cross these open places,

he was obliged to retrace his steps and find a way round. The distance from the bridge to the place where the three men he was following had got out of their motor, he had thought to be about two miles; but when he had been travelling more than an hour, he had not yet reached it. Then, suddenly he came upon the road for which he was looking; somewhere to the east along it was the place he sought. He crouched as near to the road as he dared and where he could look up and down it. This being a main road, was guarded. A motor-car with armed men in it passed him, and presently repassed, evidently patrolling the road; its lights showed him a man with a gun standing at the first bend of the road to the east. Eaton drew further back and moved parallel to the road but far enough away from it to be hidden. A quarter of a mile further he found a second man. The motor-car, evidently, was patrolling only to this point; another car was on duty beyond this. As Eaton halted, this second car approached, and was halted, backed and turned.

**I**TS bright headlight swept through the woods and revealed Eaton. The man standing in the road cried out the alarm and fired at Eaton point blank; he fired a second and third time. Eaton fled madly back into the shadow; as he did so, he heard the men crying to one another and leaping from the car and following him. He found low ground less thickly wooded, and plunged along it. It was not difficult to avoid the men in the blackness of the woods; he made a wide circuit and came back to the road further on. He could still hear for a time the sounds of the hunt on the turf. Apparently he had not yet reached the right spot; he retreated to the woods, went further along and came back to the road, lying flat upon his face again and waiting till some other car in passing should give him light to see.

Eaton, weak and dizzy from his wounds and confused by darkness and his struggle through the woods, had no exact idea how long it had taken him to get to this place; but he knew that it could have been hardly less than two hours since he had left Harriet. The men he was following, therefore, had that much start of him, and this made him wild with impatience but did not discourage him. His own wounds, Eaton understood, made his escape practically impossible, because any one who saw him would at once challenge and detain him; and the other man was still more seriously wounded. It was not his escape that Eaton feared; it was concealment of him. The man had been taken from the car because his condition was so serious that there was no hope of hiding it; Eaton thought he must be dead. He expected to find the body concealed under dead leaves, hurriedly hidden.

The night had cleared a little; to the north, Eaton could see stars. Suddenly the road and the leafless bushes at its sides flashed out in the bright light of a motor-car passing. Eaton strained forward. He had found the place; there was no doubt a car had turned off the road some time before and stopped there. The passing of many cars had so tracked the road that none of the men in the motors seemed to have noticed anything of significance there; but Eaton saw plainly in the soft ground at the edge of the woods the footmarks of two men walking one behind the other. When the car had passed, he crept forward in the dark and fingered the distinct heel and toe marks in the soft soil. For a little distance he could follow them by feeling; then as they led him into the edge of the woods the ground grew harder and he could no longer follow them in that way.

It was plain to him what had occurred; two men had got out of the car here and had lifted out and carried away a third. He knelt where he could

feel the last footsteps he could detect and looked around. The gray of the electric lights to the east seemed growing, spreading; against this lightness in the sky he could see plainly the branches of the trees; he recognized then that the grayness was the coming of the dawn. It would be only a few minutes before he could see plainly enough to follow the tracks. He drew aside into the deeper cover of some bushes to wait.

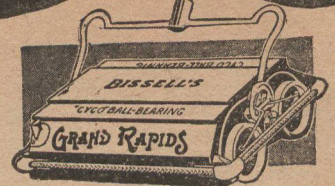
The wound in his shoulder no longer bled, but the pain of it twinged him through and through; his head throbed with the hurt there; his feet were raw and bleeding where sharp roots and branches had cut through his socks and torn the flesh; his skin was hot and dry with fever, and his head swam. He followed impatiently the slow whitening of the east; as soon as he could make out the ground in front of him, he crept forward again to the tracks.

There was not yet light enough to see any distance, but Eaton, accustomed to the darkness and bending close to the ground, could discern the footmarks even on the harder soil. They led away from the road into the woods. On the rotted leaves and twigs was a dark stain; a few steps beyond there was another. The stains had sunk into the damp ground but were plainer on the leaves; Eaton picking up a leaf and fingering it, knew that they were blood. So the man was not dead when he had been lifted from the car. But he had been hurt desperately, was unable to help himself, was probably dying; if there had been any hope for him, his companions would not be carrying him in this way away from any chance of surgical attention.

Eaton followed, as the tracks led through the woods. The men had gone very slowly, carrying this heavy weight; they had been travelling, as he himself had travelled, in the dark, afraid to show a light and avoiding chance of being seen by any one on the roads. They had been as uncertain of their road as he had been of his, but the general trend of their travel was toward the east, and this evidently was the direction in which they wished to go. They had stopped frequently to rest and had laid their burden down. Then suddenly he came to a place where plainly a longer halt had been made.

**T**HE ground was trampled at this spot; when the tracks went on they changed in character. The two men were still carrying the third—a heavy man whose weight strained them and made their feet sink in deeply where the ground was soft. But now they were not careful how they carried him, but went forward merely as though bearing a dead weight. Now, too, no more stains appeared on the brown leaves where they had passed; their burden no longer bled. Eaton, realizing what this meant, felt neither exultation nor surprise. He had known that the man they carried, though evidently alive when taken from the car, was dying. But now he watched the tracks more closely even than before, looking for them to show him where the men had got rid of their burden.

It had grown easier to follow the tracks with the increase of the light, but the danger that he would be seen had also grown greater. He was obliged to keep to the hollows; twice, when he ventured on to the higher ground, he saw motor-cars passing at a distance, but near enough so that those in them could have seen him if they had been looking his way. Once he saw at the edge of the woods a little group of armed men. His dizziness and weakness from the loss of blood was increasing; he became confused at times and lost the tracks. He went forward slowly then, examining each clump of bushes, each heap of dead leaves, to see whether the men had hidden in them that of which he was



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in search; but always when he found the tracks again their character showed that the men were still carrying their burden. The tracks seemed fresher now; in spite of his weakness he was advancing much faster than the others had been able to do in the darkness and heavily laden. As near as he could tell, the men had passed just before dawn. Suddenly he came upon the pike which ran parallel to the line of the lake, some hundred yards back from the shore.

He shrank back, throwing himself upon his face in the bushes; the men evidently had crossed this pike. Full day had come, and as Eaton peered out and up and down the road, he saw no one; this road appeared to be unguarded. Eaton, assured no one was in sight, leaped up and crossed the road. As he reached its further side, a boy carrying a fishpole appeared suddenly from behind some bushes. He stared at Eaton; then, terrified by Eaton's appearance, he dropped the fishpole and fled screaming up the road. Eaton stared dazedly after him for a fraction of an instant, then plunged into the cover. He found the tracks again, and followed them dizzily.

But the boy had given the alarm. Eaton heard the whirring of motors on the road and men shouting to one another; then he heard them beating through the bushes. The noise was at some distance; evidently the boy in his fright and confusion had not directed the men to the exact spot where Eaton had entered the woods or they in their excitement had failed to understand him. But the sounds were drawing nearer. Eaton, exhausted and dizzy, followed feverishly the footmarks on the ground. It could not be far now—the men could not have carried their burden much further than this. They must have hidden it somewhere near here. He must find it near by—must find it before these others found him. But now he could see men moving among the tree-trunks. He threw himself down among some bushes, burrowing into the dead leaves. The men passed him, one so close that Eaton could have thrown a twig and hit him. Eaton could not understand why the man did not see him, but he did not; the man stopped an instant studying the footmarks imprinted in the earth; evidently they had no significance for him, for he went on.

When the searchers had passed out of sight, Eaton sprang up and followed the tracks again. They were distinct here, plainly printed, and he followed easily. He could hear men all about him, out of sight but calling to one another in the woods. All at once he recoiled, throwing himself down again upon the ground. The clump of bushes hiding him ended abruptly only a few yards away; through their bare twigs, but far below him, the sunlight twinkled, mockingly, at him from the surface of water. It was the lake!

Eaton crept forward to the edge of the steep bluff, following the tracks. He peered over the edge. The tracks did not stop at the edge of the bluff; they went on down it. The steep sandy precipice was scarred where the men, still bearing their burden, had slipped and scrambled down it. The marks crossed the shingle sixty feet below; they were deeply printed in the wet sand down to the water's very edge. There they stopped.

EATON had not expected this. He stared, worn out, with his senses in confusion, and overcome by physical weakness. The sunlit water only seemed to mock and laugh at him—blue, rippling under the breeze and bearing no trail. It was quite plain what had occurred; the wet sand below was trampled by the feet of three or four men and cut by a boat's bow. They had taken the body away with them in the boat. To sink it somewhere weighted with heavy stones in the deep water? Or had it been carried away on that small, swift vessel Eaton had seen from Santoine's lawn? In either case, Eaton's search was hopeless now.

But it could not be so; it must not be so! Eaton's eyes searched feverishly the shore and the lake. But there was nothing in sight upon either. He crept back from the edge of the bluff, hiding beside a fallen log banked with dead leaves. What was it he had

said to Harriet? "I will come back to you—as you have never known me before!" He rehearsed the words in mockery. How would he return to her now? As he moved, a fierce, hot pain from the clotted wound in his shoulder shot him through and through with agony and the silence and darkness of unconsciousness overwhelmed him.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## Not Eaton—Overton.

SANTOINE awoke at five o'clock. The messenger whom he had despatched a few hours earlier had not yet returned. The blind man felt strong and steady; he had food brought him; while he was eating it, his messenger returned. Santoine saw the man alone and, when he had dismissed him, he sent for his daughter.

Harriet had waited helplessly at the house all day. All day the house had been besieged. The newspaper men—or most of them—and the crowds of the curious could be kept off; but others—neighbours, friends of her father's or their wives or other members of their families—claimed their prerogative of intrusion and question in time of trouble. Many of those who thus gained admittance were unused to the flattery of reporter's questions; and from their interviews, sensations continued to grow.

The stranger in Santoine's house—the man whom no one knew and who had given his name as Philip Eaton—in all the reports was proclaimed the murderer. The first reports in the papers had assailed him; the stories of the afternoon papers became a public clamour for his quick capture, trial and execution. The newspapers had sent the idle and the sensation seekers, with the price of carfare to the country place, to join the pack roaming the woods for Eaton. Harriet, standing at a window, could see them beating through the trees beyond the house; and as she watched them, wild, hot anger against them seized her. She longed to rush out and strike them and shame them and drive them away.

The village police station called her frequently on the telephone to inform her of the progress of the hunt. Twice, they told her, Eaton had been seen, but both times he had avoided capture; they made no mention of his having been fired upon. Avery, in charge of the pursuit in the field, was away all day; he came in only for a few moments at lunch time, and then Harriet avoided him. As the day progressed, the pursuit had been systematized; the wooded spots which were the only ones that Eaton could have reached unobserved from the places where he had been seen, had been surrounded. They were being searched carefully one by one. Through the afternoon, Harriet kept herself informed of this search; there was no report that Eaton had been seen again, but the places where he could be grew steadily fewer.

The day had grown toward dusk, when a servant brought her word that her father wished to see her. Harriet went up to him fearfully. The blind man seemed calm and quiet; a thin, square packet lay on the bed beside him; he held it out to her without speaking.

She snatched it in dread; the shape of the packet and the manner in which it was fastened told her it must be a photograph. "Open it," her father directed.

She snapped the string and tore off the paper.

She stared at it, and her breath left her; she held it and stared and stared, sobbing now as she breathed. The photograph was of Hugh, but it showed him as she had never seen or known him; the even, direct eyes, the good brow, the little lift of the head were his; he was younger in the picture—she was seeing him when he was hardly more than a boy. But it was a boy to whom something startling, amazing, horrible had happened, numbing and dazing him so that he could only stare out from the picture in frightened, helpless defiance. That oppression which she had felt in him had just come upon him; he was not yet used to bearing what had happened; it seemed incredible and unbearable to

(Continued on page 31.)





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(Concluded from page 17.)

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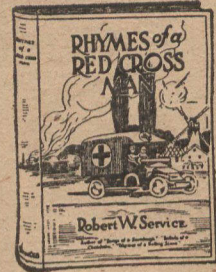
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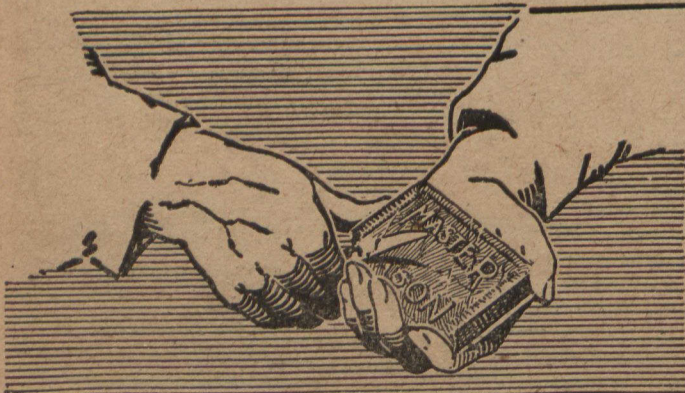
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## The Blind Man's Eyes

(Continued from page 29.)

him; she felt instinctively that he had been facing, when this picture was taken, that injustice which had changed him into the self-controlled, watchful man that she had known.

So, as she contrasted this man with the boy that he had been, her love and sympathy for him nearly overpowered her. She clutched the picture to her, pressed it against her cheek; then suddenly conscious that her emotion might be audible to her father, she quickly controlled herself.

"What is it you want to know, Father?" she asked.

"You have answered me already what I was going to ask, my dear," he said to her quietly.

"What, Father?"

"That is the picture of Eaton?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

SHE tried to assure herself of the meaning in her father's tone; but she could not. She understood that her recognition of the picture had satisfied him in regard to something over which he had been in doubt; but whether this was to work in favour of Hugh and herself—she thought of herself now inseparably with Hugh—or whether it threatened them, she could not tell.

"Father, what does this mean?" she cried to him.

"What, dear?"

"Your having the picture. Where did you get it?"

Her father made no reply; she repeated it till he granted, "I knew where it might be. I sent for it."

"But—but, Father—" It came to her now that her father must know who Hugh was. "Who—"

"I know who he is now," her father said calmly. "I will tell you when I can."

"When you can?"

"Yes," he said. He was still an instant; she waited. "Where is Avery?" he asked her, as though his mind had gone to another subject instantly.

"He has not been in, I believe, since noon."

"He is overseeing the search for Eaton?"

"Yes."

"Send for him. Tell him I wish to see him here at the house; he is to remain within the house until I have seen him."

Something in her father's tone startled and perplexed her; she thought of Donald now only as the most eager and most vindictive of Eaton's pursuers. Was her father removing Donald from among those seeking Eaton? Was he sending for him because what he had just learned was something which would make more rigorous and desperate the search? The blind man's look and manner told her nothing.

"You mean Donald is to wait here until you send for him, Father?"

"That is it."

It was the blind man's tone of dismissal. He seemed to have forgotten the picture; at least, as his daughter moved toward the door, he gave no direction concerning it. She halted, looking back at him. She would not carry the picture away, secretly, like this. She was not ashamed of her love for Eaton; whatever might be said or thought of him, she trusted him; she was proud of her love for him.

"May I take the picture?" she asked steadily.

"Do whatever you want with it," her father answered quietly.

And so she took it with her. She found a servant of whom she inquired for Avery; he had not returned, so she sent for him. She went down to the deserted library and waited there with the picture of Hugh in her hand. The day had drawn to dusk. She could no longer see the picture in the fading light; she could only recall it; and now, as she recalled it, the picture itself—not her memory of her father's manner in relation to it—gave her vague discomfort. She got up suddenly, switched on the light and, holding the picture close to it, studied it. What it was in the picture that gave her this strange uneasiness quite separate and distinct from all that she

had felt when she first looked at it, she could not tell; but the more she studied it, the more troubled and frightened she grew.

The picture was a plain, unretouched print pasted upon common square cardboard without photographer's emboss or signature; and printed with the picture were four plain, distinct numerals—8253. She did not know what they meant or if they had any real significance, but somehow now she was more afraid for Hugh than she had been. She trembled as she held the picture again to her cheek and then to her lips.

She turned; some one had come in from the hall; it was Donald. He was in riding clothes and was disheveled and dusty from leading the men on horseback through the woods. She saw at her first glance at him that his search had not yet succeeded, and she threw her head back in relief. Donald seemed to have returned without meeting the servant sent for him and, seeing the light, he had looked into the library idly; but when he saw her, he approached her quickly.

"What have you there?" he demanded of her.

She flushed at the tone. "What right have you to ask?" Her instant impulse had been to conceal the picture, but that would make it seem she was ashamed of it; she held it so Donald could see it if he looked. He did look and suddenly seized the picture from her.

"Don!" she cried at him.

He stared at the picture and then up at her. "Where did you get this, Harriet?"

"Don!"

"Where did you get it?" he repeated. "Are you ashamed to say?"

"Ashamed! Father gave it to me!"

"Your father!" Avery started; but if anything had caused him apprehension, it instantly disappeared. "Then didn't he tell you who this man Eaton is?"

His tone terrified her, made her confused; she snatched for the picture, but he held it from her. "Didn't he tell you what this picture is?"

"What?" she repeated.

"What did he say to you?"

"He got the picture and had me see it; he asked me if it was—Mr. Eaton. I told him yes."

"And then didn't he tell you who Eaton was?" Avery iterated.

"What do you mean, Don?"

He put the picture down on the table beside him and, as she rushed for it, he seized both her hands and held her before him. "Harry, dear!" he said to her. "Harry, dear—"

"Don't call me that! Don't speak to me that way!"

"Why not?"

"I don't want you to."

"Why not?"

She struggled to free herself from him.

"I know, of course," he said. "It's because of him." He jerked his head toward the picture on the table; the manner made her furious.

"Let me go, Don!"

"I'm sorry, dear." He drew her to him, held her only closer.

"Don; Father wants to see you! He wanted to know when you came in; he will let you know when you can go to him."

"When did he tell you that?"

"Just now."

"When he gave you the picture?"

"Yes."

AVERY had almost let her go; now he held her hand again. "Then he wanted me to tell you about this Eaton."

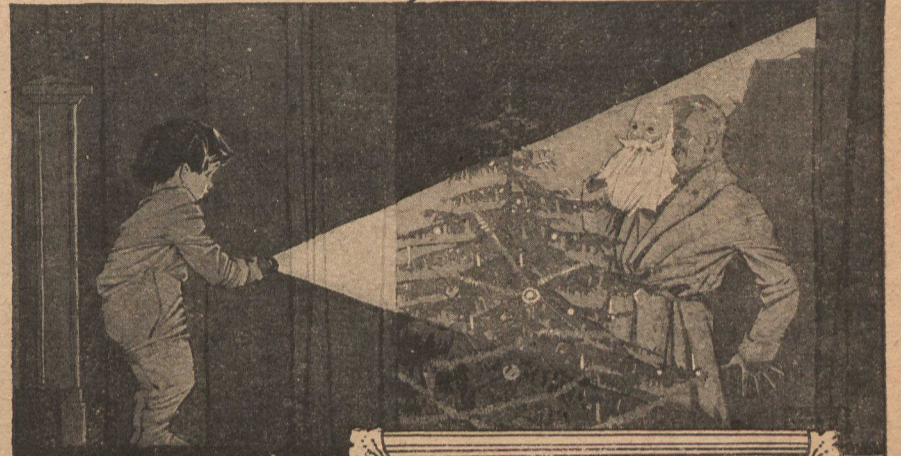
"Why should he have you tell me about—Mr. Eaton?"

"You know!" he said to her.

She shrank and turned her head away and shut her eyes not to see him. And he was the man whom, until some strange moment a few days ago, she had supposed she was some time to marry. Amazement burned through her now at the thought; because this man had been well looking, fairly interesting and amusing, and got on well both with her father and herself, and because he cared for her she

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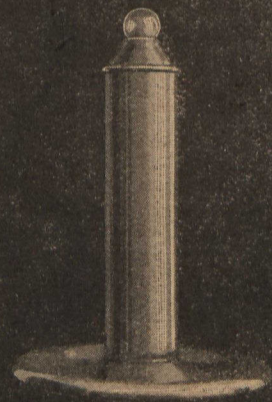
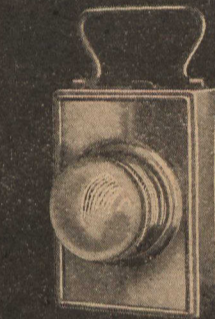
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had supposed she could marry him. His assertion of his right to intimacy with her revolted her, and his confidence that he had ability, by something he might reveal, to take her from Eaton and bring her back within reach of himself.

Or wasn't it merely that? She twisted in his arms until she could see his face and stared at him. His look and manner were full of purpose; he was using terms of endearment toward her more freely than he ever had dared to use them before; and it was not because of love for her, it was for some purpose or through some necessity of his own that he was asserting himself like this.

So she ceased to struggle against him, only drawing away from him as far as she could and staring at him, prepared, before she asked her question, to deny and reject his answer, no matter what it was.

"What have you to say about him, Donald?"

"Harry, you haven't come to really care for him; it was just madness, dear, only a fancy, wasn't it?"

"What have you to say about him?"

"You must never think of him again, dear; you must forget him for ever!"

"Why?"

"Harry—"

"DONALD, I am not a child. If you have something to say which you consider hard for me to hear, tell it to me at once."

"Very well. Perhaps that is best. Dear, either this man whom you have known as Eaton will never be found, or, if he is found, he cannot be let live. You understand?"

"Why? For the shooting of Cousin Wallace? He never did that! I don't believe that; I don't think Father believes that; you'll never make any jury

believe that. So if that's all you have to tell me, let me go!"

She struggled again but Avery held her. "I was not talking about that; that's not necessary—to bring that against him."

"Necessary?"

"No; nor is it necessary, if he is caught, even to bring him before a jury. That's been done already, you see."

"Done already?"

Avery nodded again toward the photograph on the table. "Yes, Harry, have you never seen a picture with the numbers printed in below like that? Can't you guess yet where your father must have sent for that picture? Don't you know what those numbers mean?"

"What do they mean?"

"They are the figures of his number in what is called 'The Rogue's Gallery'; now have you heard of it?"

"Go on."

"And they mean he has committed a crime and been tried and convicted of it; they mean in this case that he has committed a murder!"

"A murder!"

"For which he was convicted and sentenced."

"Sentenced!"

"Yes; and is alive now only because before the sentence could be carried out, he escaped. That man, Philip Eaton, is Hugh—"

"Hugh!"

"Hugh Overton, Harry!"

"Hugh Overton!"

"Yes; I found it out to-day. The police have just learned it, too. I was coming to tell your father. He's Hugh Overton, the murderer of Matthew Latron!"

Harriet fought herself free. Denial, revolt stormed in her. "It isn't so!" she cried. "He is not that man! Hugh—his name is Hugh; but he is not Hugh Overton. Mr. Warden said Hugh—this Hugh had been greatly wronged—terribly wronged. Mr. Warden tried to help Hugh even at the risk of his own life. He would not—nobody would have tried to help Hugh Overton!"

"Mr. Warden probably had been deceived."

"No; no!"

"Yes, Harry; for this man is certainly Hugh Overton."

"It isn't so! I know it isn't so!"

"You mean he told you he was—some one else, Harry?"

"No; I mean—" She faced him defiantly. "Father let me keep the

photograph! I asked him, and he said, 'Do whatever you wish with it.' He knew I meant to keep it! He knows who Hugh is, so he would not have said that, if—if—"

She heard a sound behind her and turned. Her father had come into the room. And as she saw his manner and his face she knew that what Avery had just told her was the truth. She shrank away from them. Her hands went to her face and hid it.

So this was that unknown thing which had stood between herself and Hugh—that something which she had seen a hundred times check the speech upon his lips and chill his manner toward her! Hadn't Hugh himself told her—or almost told her it was something of that sort? He had said to her on the train, when she urged him to defend himself against the charge of having attacked her father, "If I told them who I am, that would make them only more certain their charge is true; it would condemn me without a hearing!" And his being Hugh Overton explained everything.

She knew now why it was that her father, on hearing Hugh's voice, had become curious about him, had tried to place the voice in his recollection—the voice of a prisoner on trial for his life, heard only for an instant but fixed upon his mind by the circumstances attending it, though those circumstances afterward had been forgotten. She knew why she, when she had gazed at the picture a few minutes before, had been disturbed and frightened at feeling it to be a kind of picture unfamiliar to her and threatening her with something unknown and terrible. She knew the reason now for a score of things Hugh had said to her, for the way he had looked many times when she had spoken to him. It explained all that! It seemed to her, in the moment, to explain everything—except one thing. It did not explain Hugh himself; the kind of man he was, the kind of man she knew him to be—the man she loved—he could not be a murderer!

Her hands dropped from her face; she threw her head back proudly and triumphantly, as she faced now both Avery and her father.

"He, the murderer of Mr. Latron!" she cried quietly. "It isn't so!"

The blind man was very pale; he was fully dressed. A servant had supported him and helped him down the stairs and still stood beside him sustaining him. But the will which had conquered his disability of blindness was holding him firmly now against the disability of his hurts; he seemed composed and steady. She saw compassion for her in his look, and compassion—under the present circumstances—terrified her. Stronger, far more in control of him than his compassion for her, she saw purpose. She recognized that her father had come to a decision upon which he now was going to act; she knew that nothing she or any one else could say would alter that decision, and that he would employ his every power in acting upon it.

The blind man seemed to check himself an instant in the carrying out of his purpose; he turned his sightless eyes toward her. There was emotion in his look; but, except that this emotion was in part pity for her, she could not tell exactly what his look expressed.

"WILL you wait for me outside, Harriet?" he said to her. "I shall not be long."

She hesitated; then she felt suddenly the futility of opposing him, and she passed him and went out into the hall. The servant followed her, closing the door behind him. She stood just outside the door listening. She heard her father—she could catch the tone; she could not make out the words—asking a question; she heard the sound of Avery's response. She started back nearer the door and put her hand on it to open it; inside they were still talking. She caught Avery's tone more clearly now, and it suddenly terrified her. She drew back from the door and shrank away. There had been no opposition to Avery in her father's tone; she was certain now that he was only discussing with Avery what they were to do.

She had waited nearly half an hour, but the library door had not been



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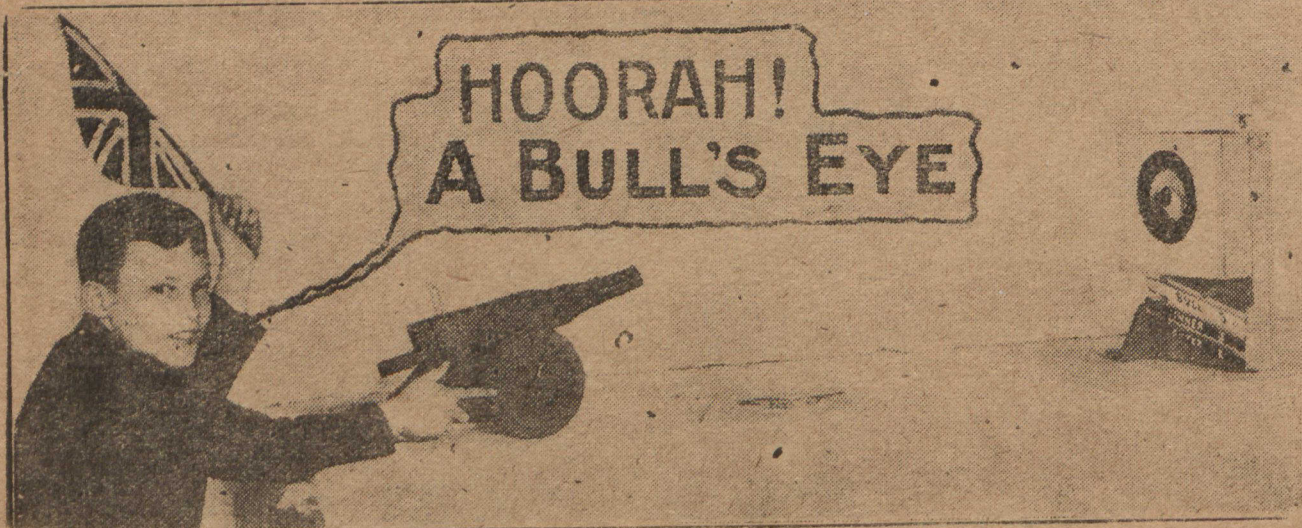
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opened again. The closeness of the hall seemed choking her; she went to the front door and threw it open. The evening was clear and cool; but it was not from the chill of the air that she shivered as she gazed out at the woods through which she had driven with Hugh the night before. There the hunt for him had been going on all day; there she pictured him now in darkness, in suffering, alone, hurt, hunted, and with all the world but her against him!

(To be Continued.)

**A Candy Christmas**

(Continued from page 10.)

FROM the rapturous occasions of our childhood, when we were invited to a taffy-pull or a sugaring-off to the festivities of later days at which the guests got almost as sticky helping to make fudge in a chafing-dish, the home-grown variety of candy holds a strong place in our affections.

Nearly every one has some favourite recipe, from the college girl who stakes her reputation on a particular brand of divinity fudge, to the old lady whose grandchildren rejoice in her ability to make old-fashioned butter-scotch. Many of us may have, also, horrid memories of alleged sweets, such as hoarhound taffy, and figs covered with a syrup of senna that were concocted at home and given us by a seemingly Spartan parent for medicinal reasons. But they were only occasional painful incidents that are lost in the thought of happy afternoons spent in making and consuming unlimited quantities of maple cream—and some that didn't cream.

It is a strange fact that inability to make candy rarely deters people from doing it. Those who have fallen a victim to the weird productions of the average home-made candy stall at a bazaar can testify to the truth of this statement. Then there are the people who, under guise of a Christmas gift, and incited thereto by misleading recipes for "cheap" and "quickly-made" candy, send you in a most elaborate box, gritty chocolate fudge, and fearsome creations, labelled fancy creams, that have been made "in a few minutes" from white of egg, confectioner's sugar, dates, and nuts. These crimes of the amateur candy-maker would seem less great were it not that such crude efforts have come to be associated in the public mind with the term home-made candy.

As a matter of fact, it only requires time, good materials and a little common sense to produce home-made sweets that are fair rivals to the best products of the professional. Indeed, were time at less of a premium, the home industry might make serious inroads on the profits of the factory; but in this century of rush and bustle it is chiefly on festive occasions, such as the rapidly approaching holiday season, that most of us find opportunity to try our skill.

A reliable guide for any one, either young or old, who wishes to make Christmas sweets, will be found in the recipes for "Emmy-Lou" candies. These latter are not to be purchased in shops, as the maker has laughingly refused to "commercialize her art," but those friends who have been favoured from time to time with boxes of the "Emmy-Lou" brand can testify to their deliciousness.

Before giving me the recipes "Emmy-Lou" especially emphasized two points: the necessity of following the directions carefully, and the use of first-class ingredients, particularly the butter and sugar. In regard to the latter her choice is a high grade granulated sugar, with clean, pure, extra fine crystal, that is a specialty of a well-known Canadian manufacturer whose sign-boards are familiar to the travellers both east and west, and a light brown (beet root sugar)



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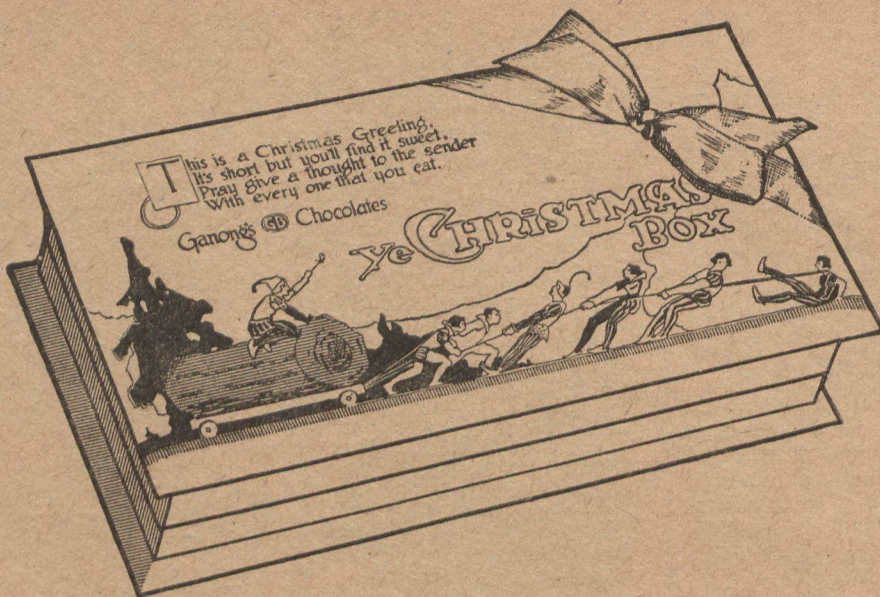
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which she considers more patriotic, because essentially Canadian.

### "Emmy-Lou" Candy.

Chocolate Fudge.—1 cup granulated sugar, 2 cups of brown, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of rich cocoa, or grated chocolate, 1½ cups of milk, butter the size of a walnut, ½ teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Put the sugar and chocolate in an enamel saucepan and mix thoroughly before adding milk. Stir in the milk and put over the heat. Continue stirring almost constantly until the syrup forms a gummy ball when dropped in a cup of cold water. Just before this stage is reached add the butter; also nuts if you wish to use them. When boiled sufficiently stand in a cool place and do not stir the syrup until it is nearly cold. Add the vanilla when you begin to stir. As soon as the syrup turns to a cream, empty it on a scantily-buttered plate and leave it to become firm. Should it turn hard and crumbly when being emptied from the pan, rapid kneading with the hands will often correct this condition, due to over boiling.

French Fondant.—(This is the basis of all fine creams, chocolates, stuffed dates, etc.) 1½ cups granulated sugar, ¾ cup of milk. Put in enamel saucepan and stir constantly until it begins to boil, then just enough to prevent it burning or clogging at the bottom. Do not stir in the grainy particles from the sides of the pot. For date filling remove from the fire when the syrup forms a soft ball if dropped in a cup of water; for creams and chocolates cook to the same consistency as fudge. Cool before beating to a cream. Add flavouring extract to taste, either while stirring the cream or when the fondant is being made up. Put in a covered bowl, it will keep soft and creamy for a week or two. The above quantity will "stuff" a pound and a half of dates.

Stuffed Dates.—Use the best fard dates, which can be easily separated if put in a pan and left to heat for a few minutes in a slow oven. Remove the stones by making a slit lengthwise with a sharp knife. Form the date into a cup-like receptacle, and leave on a platter while you mix chopped nuts through the fondant and add the desired flavouring. Fill the space with this mixture, which should be too soft to handle except with a knife, and return to the platter until firm.

Nut Balls.—Take fondant of firm consistency, flavoured and coloured (with vegetable colourings) according to taste; and mix with nut meats. Shape into balls, roll in finely chopped walnuts, and set away to become firm.

Candy Potatoes.—Mix shredded coconut through fondant. Mould into tiny potatoes and roll in a saucerful of ground cinnamon until coated an even brown.

Chocolates.—The simplest way for the amateur is to melt a high-grade eating chocolate in a double boiler and use it to coat the fondant which should be already made up in the desired shape. Dip in the liquid chocolate with a fork and drop on waxed paper to harden. Nuts, cherries, preserved ginger, candied pine apple, etc., are also delicious if coated with chocolate in this way.

Maple Cream.—3 cups of light brown sugar, 1 cup of milk, ¼ cup of water, butter the size of a walnut, ½ teaspoonful of vanilla. Put sugar, milk and water on to boil and cook according to directions for making chocolate fudge. It is especially good if a cupful of shelled filberts cut in half, and dates with the stone removed are added just a few minutes before taking from the fire.

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Not on Her List.—He—"Do you remember Horatius at the bridge?"

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