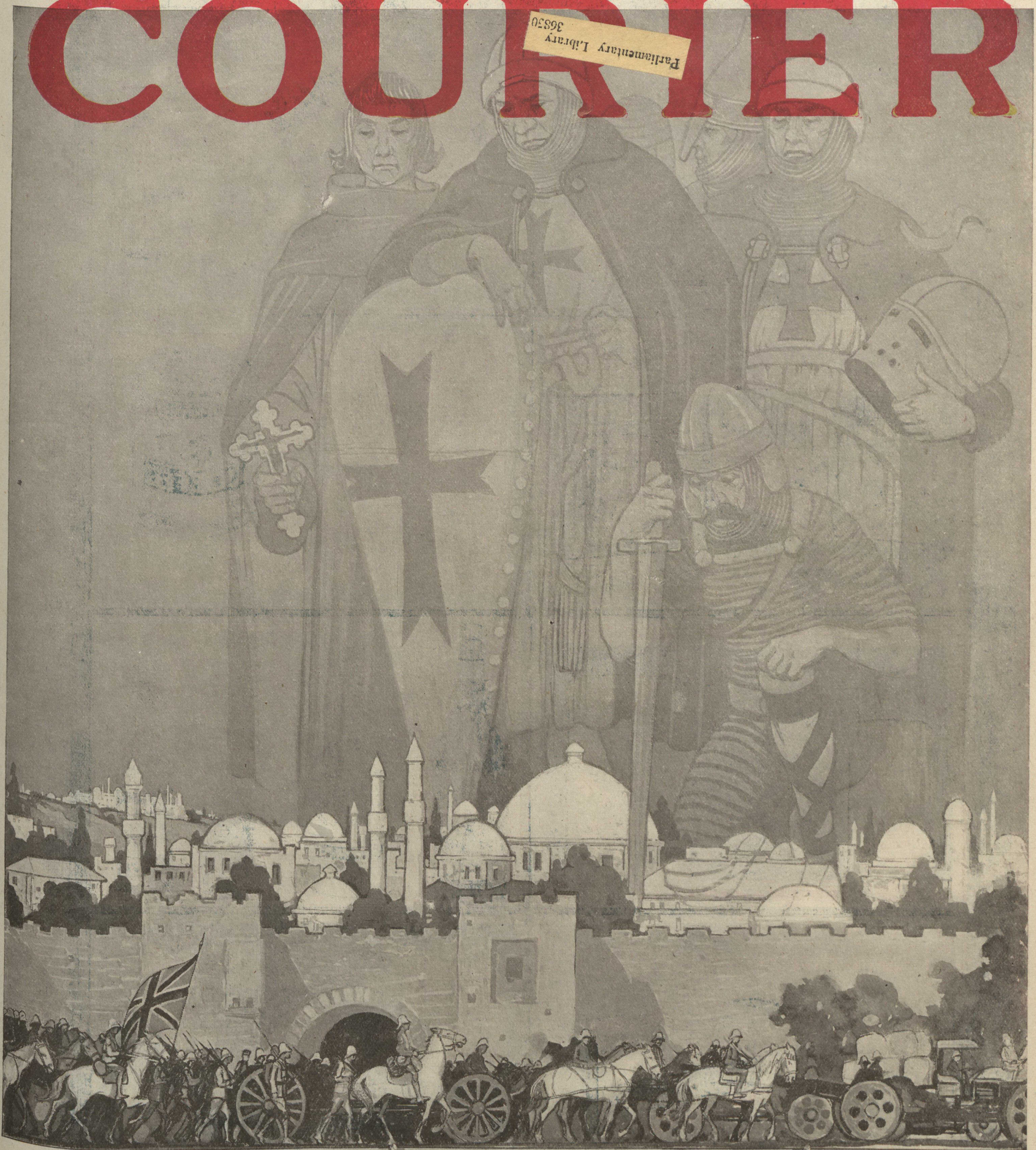


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THE CANADIAN COURIER

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Vol. XXI. No. 17
 Price 5 Cents
 March 24th, 1917

WHEN BAGDAD FELL

— Drawn by Darby Moore

The Shades of
 Great Crusaders
 Loom Around
 — Dollard

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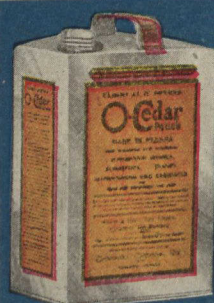
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THE CANADIAN COURIER

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

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

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO ONTARIO

FOCUSSING THE COUNTRY.

A FEW years ago, when the real estate boom was on, a Canadian artist made a bird's-eye picture of the Canadian West from Winnipeg to the Rockies. In one picture he tried to see the whole of that part of the country as though he were in some airship miles high surveying the landscape through a telescope the size of the world's greatest lens on Mt. Saanich, near Victoria, B.C. He admitted that the attempt was ridiculous. He knew not how eminently wise an attempt it was.

If there is one thing this vast country needs more than anything else it is to get itself into a single focus. We who live here or there in the country for the most part fail to see it all in one picture as the soldier in a trench fails to see the whole battle line. People in England sometimes have a clearer view of us than we have ourselves. They are far enough away to get us in focus. But it is the life opportunity of every Canadian to get as far as he can in the patriotic business of seeing his own country as a great inspiring unity.

ON another page we reprint part of an article by Col. Roosevelt on the great war example Canada has set the United States. The article is good enough as far as it goes. But it fails to grasp the most fundamental thing about this country, which is—that we are less than 8,000,000 people who have staked off an area for settlement and production and government bigger than the whole of Europe, and were doing our best to unify this geographical monster when the war came along and took ten per cent. of our male population for the trenches. This one fact of our tremendous contract in civilization should not be ignored in any estimate we try to make of our contribution to the war. And to get that fact clearly in our minds for keeps means to follow the example of the artist who drew the bird's-eye panorama of the Canadian West.

THE Canadian Courier is developing this bird's eye panorama of Canada for Canadians. Such a work is as necessary for this country as any other of our great nationalizing institutions. In this fiftieth year of Confederation we are recalling the various all-Canadian attempts to unify Canada. In so doing we pay our respects to the Parliament of Canada, the trancontinental railways, the growth of the Canadian newspaper, the value of national songs, the virtues of the National Policy in its day, the power of the movement to nationalize immigrant peoples and the unparalleled significance of the great war in focussing the sentiments of this country.

Nobody sizing up our nationalizing assets will fail to count among them the function of a weekly paper which circulates in every city, town, village and hamlet of Canada from Charlottetown to Hudson's Hope.

In the first year of its second decade, falling in the last year of the first half century of Confederation, the Canadian Courier is demonstrating its claim to be doing this one thing. And no other paper is doing it.



Comrades!
If you cannot carry a rifle, you can serve your country on the farm.

"The plow is our hope," declared Right Hon. David Lloyd George, the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The tremendous significance of these words in the face of a world shortage of food must be a matter of concern to all. It points out the path of duty to men and boys unable to enlist in the army but capable of helping to increase production.

Help the farmer increase production

At this supreme hour when ample food production is one of the indispensable means of victory, the country faces a serious shortage of men and boys on the farms. The Department of Agriculture emphasizes the urgency of every man and boy taking to heart this splendid opportunity for patriotic service.

Boys Decide now to help in the war. If you are between the ages of 14 and 18, and have good term record, you can secure promotion at school by enlisting for farm service any time between April 20th and May 20th.

Parents are urged to encourage their boys to enlist for farm service. The physical and moral welfare of your boy will be advanced by a summer spent close to Nature; an interest will be awakened in an important industry of the country that will be a help to him in his whole future.

Men The Department appeals to retired farmers, to men following no occupation (retired), to business men who can spare at least a portion of their time, to all men who can arrange their affairs so as to help some farmer. Every man is invited to enlist for farm service.

Confer with your District Representative of the Department of Agriculture, or write or visit Ontario Government Employment Bureau, 15 Queen's Park, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

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

REGINA

One of the cities in Canada that has more than held its own during the storm. The following tables show Regina's condition as compared with that of a year ago. The constant development in all lines of business has made it absolutely necessary that a considerable building programme will be carried on during the coming summer.

| Customs Returns. | 1915. | 1916. |
|------------------|--------------|--------------|
| January | \$ 17,242.79 | \$ 57,120.70 |
| February | 27,748.98 | 89,242.03 |
| March | 36,614.80 | 95,143.32 |
| April | 47,464.44 | 127,594.26 |
| May | 38,158.30 | 114,695.26 |
| June | 37,944.66 | 153,842.12 |
| July | 35,535.17 | 119,091.44 |
| August | 76,649.15 | 238,736.96 |
| September | 78,484.87 | 174,635.09 |
| October | 99,438.31 | 115,050.43 |
| November | 48,921.18 | 120,828.93 |
| December | 73,713.10 | 100,217.38 |

| Postal Receipts. | 1915. | 1916. |
|----------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Postal revenue | \$ 234,851.95 | \$ 409,952.39 |
| Postal Notes paid... | 141,095.99 | 405,575.88 |
| Money Orders issued | 480,631.08 | 582,377.00 |
| Money Orders paid. | 1,503,512.51 | 4,245,798.24 |

Bank Clearings.

The Bank Clearings in 1915 amounted to \$87,122,611.08, and in 1916 \$124,349,589.81; and Regina stands ninth in volume in the cities in the Dominion and fourth among the cities from Fort William to Victoria, inclusive.



THE COURIER

Vol. XXI.

March 24th, 1917

No. 17

HODGE GETS HIS SECOND WIND

WHEN Henry Hodge, of Hodge and Carlaw, brokers, took the stretch depicted in the accompanying illustration he had begun to get a vision. If you know Hodge—perhaps you do—you would notice that his chest some time ago dropped to his waist line and that he never could run half a block to catch a crossbound street car without palpitation of the heart. A little more intimately you would discover that Hodge had three corns, occasional visits of lumbago, symptoms of sciatica—and that on three different occasions lately, when he tried to touch the floor with his fingers without bending his knees he thought his legs were snapping off behind.

In spite of all these infirmities, Hodge had his vision in the spring of 1917. Not spring fever. He knows what that is—second cousin to la grippe. Not the go-west desire. No, he got over that ten years ago. Not sudden conversion at a Billy Sunday revival. No, nor falling in love over again—because Hodge is happily married and is the father of one son and two daughters, the son being now in khaki.

No, the thing that happened to Hodge was the thing that for years had been lying low in what the new writers call his subconscious strata. It was the awakening of a new man that he had done his best to bury years ago about the time his three children were half through school. That was the time when Hodge began to be a curler and quit going out nights for anything else; began to live in religious comfort among his family—nice income, pleasant home, good neighbourhood, flourishing church to usher in, respectable club connections, now and then a good cigar, a turn at politics, occasional letters to the editor—altogether, as comfortable a programme as a man could desire, all framed up in his life at the age of 51, when he began to sit back and feel very much at home with that pawky stomach of his, as he reflected that the main epic of his life was over and that hereafter he would live in his family, his grandchildren, etc.

YOU will suspect that the top o' the morning edge had gone out of Hodge's life; that he no longer had the bounding exuberance which once drove him to the field on his father's Ontario farm and when he was still a youth drove him to school and the town and the city. Hodge knew the symphony of the barnyard much better than any of the things played by the local orchestra. He knew the smell of the horse-stable better than the perfumes of his little conservatory. And if ever he took time to think about his subconscious self he could feel the grip of the fork-handle and the stretch of the arms that whopped a wad of clover hay on to the top of a load.

Of late years Hodge had begun to talk about these things, much to the horror of his girls, who didn't care to think their dear old dad had ever been a bumpkin. But of course girls don't really understand a man of fifty. Hodge had brought up his family very well and in so doing, along with his business and his church and his club and all the rest of the sociological machine, he had enveloped as neat a bundle of routine habits as any man ever had outside of a jail. In fact, as he sometimes muttered to his folk somewhat darkly, he was in a class with the cow of 1917 that follows the cow track made by the ancestral cow of 1867. Mrs. Hodge didn't like this. The girls thought it was horrid.

"Can't help it, my dears. It's a fact."
Something was getting into dad lately. Like everybody else, of course he had been talking a great



Sketch Number One

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Illustration by T. W. McLean

deal about what it costs to live.

"Costs me," he would say, in a loud voice, "half as much for taxes on my house as it used to cost my father to bring up a family of seven. How's that for high?"

This recrudescence of farm speech was not pleasant to the women folk. But it was very expressive. Hodge recalled the good old days when tea was a dollar and cheese seven cents a pound; when a day's work went for a dollar and the dollar, as time went on, got more and more purchasing power with the spread of railways, the improvement of production, and so on.

Oh, Hodge had a good many neat notions about political economy. He could out-talk most of his club confreres on the elements of what it costs to live—one of the dreariest subjects known to mortal man. He remembers that the dollar value was highest when the farmer got three dollars per cwt. for hogs and seventy-five cents a bushel for wheat. The amount of food a man could buy for a day's work in those days reads like a fable now to Mr.

Hodge, as he puts a new record on his \$500 music machine. Dollar eggs, 55-cent butter, 80-cents-a-peck potatoes—such things make Hodge swear to himself that if he were ten years younger he would sell out his business, rent his city house and go back to the land. In which case Mr. Hodge would be another high-cost producer.

HODGE gets into his customary clothes and scans over the morning paper; reads something about food scarcity, impending famines, shortage of land workers the world over; and he lifts his voice in denunciation of things in general. The country should produce more. Land should be worked right up to the limit. Every rood of land within haulable distance of a railway should be getting ready to produce in 1917. Not to produce more and yet more in a new country like Canada is an economic crime. Hodge knows it. He says so.

Our deep interest in Hodge arises from the fact that he writes letters to the editor. His epistles are so pointed and came, of late, so much in a heap, that we began to diagnose him. We estimate Hodge—no charges for this reading—as a man who at the age of 51 had settled down to develop a stomach and to let his family renew his youth unto the third generation. At 60 he intended to become a grandfather. After that, spectacles and rheumatics. But Hodge's letters indicate that something is happening to destroy all this. In working out his ideas of economics he sometimes becomes quite personal. We like him for this. Hodge is evidently a Methodist.

"Mr. Editor," he says, in one of his epistles, "I daresay you are in the same class with all other pen-pushers I know. You have never made more than enough money yourself to keep your family off the township; but you are up to the ears with advice to other people, and municipalities and governments how to conduct their affairs according to the doctrines laid down in the Wealth of Nations. Like all other editors, also, you let the horse get away before you locked the stable door. The world had to begin going to economic perdition before you started to tell us what was wrong with it on a basis of debit and credit. Did you notice that recent cartoon of the hunger snake coiled around the globe? That startled me. And I guess if that wise-acre D.D., Dr. Malthus, were alive now it would have startled him. Malthus, you will remember, was the man who got off the bogey about population

pressing on subsistence, as he called it, never dreamed that if we'd stop killing the men we'd all have food enough and more—because we're putting food-producers out of business. Germany, France, England—all chucked on to the rest of the world for food: England cropping her parks and hewing down her forests to get wheat in, just as we did in Canada in my own father's time. And what is America doing? Talking about food scarcity. The sun might as well talk about a lack of heat. Canada, of course, is peculiarly up against it. If we had all our farms and our producers pulled together into a country the size of Ontario we could do much better. As it stands now, we are likely to drop considerably below 1915, and may not go much ahead of 1916 unless we go at it as hard as my father used to bushwhack."

WE trace in this letter the effect of one or two stretches of Hodge to reach the floor with a stick as long as from his finger-tips to his nose, swung back from his nose over his head. That was an old suppling-up trick of his boyhood. Having

failed to do it, he writes another letter in which he says:

"Some of our western farm sentiment makes me weary. When you hear the United Farmers, of Alberta, say that the British Government must pay \$1.50 minimum f.o.b. for prairie wheat to equal their \$1.77 guarantee to the British farmer, they are handing out a chinook variety of hot air. If the United Farmers will guarantee no submarines to sink ten per cent. of Canadian wheat en route to England there might be some sense in the \$1.50 minimum. But when a man in Calgary says that with hogs at over \$13 per cwt. it would pay better to feed \$1.30 wheat to the hogs you may sure he is talking about somebody else's hogs. That man never had any hogs, and never intends to have any. And he is so busy talking that the first thing we know he will have no time to work."

IN a mind so excited as Hodge's, it is difficult to trace any direct sequence of ideas. But with another effort to sit on a chair with both feet under him he gets off a satire on the man who has camped on the trail of the farmer and the railroader in the West and is now keeping back production. He refers

to the millions of acres of arable land right along the railway lines of the Saskatchewan valley that are idler now than when they grew grass for buffaloes.

"I speak with some criminal authority on this point," he says, "because one of these land companies has some of my money tied up in this dastardly conspiracy against economic production. Of course I never expected my money would help to keep labour divorced from land. I had the idea that these lands would be sold quickly at a good fat profit conferred by the railway—which I think is all right. But I never dreamed that any land bought by my money would block the way to market for producers in the back townships who were not only being forced away to high-cost areas of production, but were compelled also to boost the value of the speculators' land along the railway by improving their own. I don't hesitate to admit that land speculation of this kind is villainous. The land-barons of England have history and sentiment between them and the time when their ancestors grabbed the glebes. The land hogs of Canada—well, if there isn't some way to make them open the lands for settlement it ought to be found by a scheme of taxation. Every acre lying idle along a railway should be made pay into a fund for

keeping back-settlement wheat up to a fair price. How this will ever be done heaven only knows. But I'd rather be a knight not entitled to a title than a land hog not entitled to anything but the curses of my countrymen."

Hodge is plainly getting roused. We suspect him of being a radical. Any man that thinks so violently as this is likely to break out into action somewhere. Mrs. and the Misses Hodge are probably wondering what Hodge will do after he gets done writing letters to the editor. But here is one that seems to get him close to a point of taking some action:

"Dear Sir,—You are a townsman. I daresay you were raised on a farm. If not, the Lord pity you—for you have missed a lot. I don't think your paper has ever been a booster for big cities. In fact, I distinctly recall one editorial in it a few years ago pointing out the curse of big cities in a new country. But a paper like yours can't be produced in a small town or a country village; therefore, I assume you are in favour of large towns. You may have lamented the growth of our urban population at the expense of the rural. Everybody does that. Any moral reformer that pays his fees to an expensive club—I do—is bursting with scorn at the pampered lives that people live in congested communities. He knows just as well as you or I do that on a basis of population a big city is a poor producer compared to the same number of people on the land. For instance, the population of Montreal is thirty per cent. larger than that of Saskatchewan. Honestly, which would you rather drop off the map?"

WITH this epistle Hodge's correspondence suddenly ceased. That one was penned only ten days ago. We fancied from his silence that Hodge must have got spring fever. Well, perhaps he did. But having a personal interest in this man whom we had never seen we made a discovery.

Just the other morning Hodge was on his way down town in a street car. A load of hay, caught in the ice rut's, upset in front of the car on which Hodge had paid his fare. He got out along with thirty other able-bodied male passengers and watched the farmer struggling by the aid of a policeman to get the waggon and the load together again. Hodge had forked enough clover on his father's farm to know that one man couldn't both pitch a load and load it at the same time.

So he took a sprint to a nearby hardware store and bought a pitchfork. Some of the young blades having a wayside smoke joshed him a bit, saying, "Here comes old Neptune with his trident," and other such things. Hodge paid no attention. He chucked his coat and vest into the motorman's vestibule and said to the farmer:

"Now you climb up on that rack. I'm going to fork this timothy up to you so fast that——"

Much to the edification of the bystanders, Hodge went at the hay with the gusto of a pup to a root. Inspired by memories of his youth that came rushing back he never paused once as he flung the sudden energy of his 180 lbs. at that ton and a half of hay, rolling it up in great wads that half buried the farmer on the load and almost hid the pitcher from the eyes of man. Conductor and motorman and policeman all thought he was crazy. Which indeed he was. But when the last scrape of the hay was up, Hodge's collar crunched down in a rain of sweat on his red neck like a dingy snowdrift round a brick house. He made the farmer a gift of the fork, resumed his coat and vest and went to the nearest haberdasher to buy a clean collar.

Thus did Henry Hodge put all his letters to the editor into one glorifying spasm of raw-beef energy. His heart was still going at 92 and his face was uncommonly red when he took lunch at the club.

"Whatever have you been doing, Harry?" asked Mrs. Hodge, that evening.

"Haying," he said, as he tried to hide the water-blisters on his hands. "Pitching hay. Getting my second wind. And I feel like a god that's just been pulled through a knot-hole."

This load of hay was the thing that stopped Hodge's letters to the editor. In that sublime half hour or so he discovered that after all the pitchfork—under certain conditions—is mightier than the pen. In the next sketch about Hodge we shall show how he got to work after his sudden conversion.



HIS FIRST RIDE IN A FARM WAGGON.

When the great Duke of Norfolk was buried recently his body was carried from the castle gates to the chapel in a farm waggon. The servant marching ahead carried the coronet.



THE PROUDEST FATHER IN WINNIPEG.

The Governor-General of Canada presents to Mr. H. T. Clark, Winnipeg, superintendent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., the Victoria Cross won by his son. Sergeant George Clark belonged to a Winnipeg battalion. In an attack on an enemy trench, Sept. 15, 1916, almost single-handed, by means of emptying his revolver and two rifles in quick succession, he sent two Boche officers and twenty men to right about face. A month later this daring warrior was killed in action.

IN A FIGHTING SUBMARINE

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

THOUGH it is not much spoken of, Canada has her part in this present war by sea as well as by land. There is in Halifax a youthful institution known as the Royal Naval College of Canada, where boys are taught manners and to obey on the run, and to learn the ways of the sea and of ships. Four of these cadets joined the Good Hope in the first year of the war, and went down with her in that brief fight off Coronel on Nov. 1, 1914. Others are sub-lieutenants now, doing what is required of them in cruisers, destroyers and submarines.

Half a dozen submarines tied up at a wharf look like a leash of whales ready for the spade and blubber-hook. The conning-tower in the centre may serve to complete a rough resemblance to the hump-back variety. The folded-in diving-planes at the bow have the look of fins. In the July sunshine they looked quiet and peaceful enough. Entrance was effected in the second one through a circular yard-wide hatch well up in the nose of her. Under the skin, the visitor was in the bright, clean, shiny interior of the newest model sub. Here are the "tin fish," the eighteen-inch Whiteheads, four of them in their tubes ready to be fired, and four "spares" in their chocks alongside. Each submarine carried the lives of eight first-class ships under her belt. Being of the newest model,

electricity has in each replaced man power, wherever possible. She was full of wonderful new contrivances, signals and electric lights. By pulling switches into contact all sorts of marvels happened. The officers' quarters were simply a green curtained space abaft the torpedo room. It contained a table and an underwater telephone. On a little book-shelf were a dozen well used volumes. One was David Copperfield. Next came the central control tower, shut off from the rest of the ship by oval watertight doors. The chief's place is up above it; the second in command's head is just under his feet. They communicate orders by very ingenious electric methods. Here the periscope lives. Looking through it is beholding a ruled off grey field, as in a microscope. Then come the rooming quarters for the engine-room crew. Their gear was lying about in disorder mixed with tins of canned food; and on the mess table was a bunch of faded flowers. Beyond that the final chamber showed an oily perspective of the Diesel engines that push her along at eighteen knots on the surface.

THE showman was the second in command, who had interesting tales to tell of Chinese gambling dens. When you win, you ring up the club and your friends come for you in a carriage. Otherwise you would never get away alive with your winnings. The day before, he had been testing his boat in the quiet inner basin of the harbour. Once he had felt himself moving along inside the ribs of an ancient wreck. He did not know, until he was told, that he had encountered one of D'Auville's ships scuttled in 1746. He had been diving also. It appears that a submarine may come down on soft bottom with a thud which will throw the crew off their feet and yet not injure the structure. Very different is the result if the bottom is rocky. A single stone may pierce your skin and then you drown. In this submarine's first dive, the pumps that should have forced out the water and checked her downward progress, refused to act. The men fumbled with them, and did not sing out, afraid of being rated for their clumsiness. Just in the nick of time other pumps were got to work and kept her off the stones. It was not a matter of



Eighty-eight men have enlisted for sea fighting in H. M. Navy from that vast inland province, Alberta. These are the men engaged in recruiting for the Pacific Coast subdivision of the R.N.C.V.R. They were all recruited at the Calgary office. Civilian in the middle is John A. Irvine, who has delivered addresses on the Navy without pay all over Alberta. As secretary of the British Sailors' Relief for Southern Alberta he has raised over \$8,000 for the fund. At his right is Lieut. Edwardes of the Rainbow.

minutes, but of seconds. Afterwards they found that the careless workmen had left various debris in the pumps that would not work. This is the sort of risk submarines run in their trials, in a quiet harbour, thousands of miles from any foe.

On active service the risks are increased a thousand-fold. There is always cold and bad air and sea-sickness. There is the peril of mine-fields and nets under water, the peril of hostile destroyers and submarines on the look-out on the surface. And there are always the perils of navigation, storm, losing your way, gear going wrong, sea getting in and swamping. "Last week was a bad week for submarines. They did in four of ours." That is all that comes out except the list of naval officers drowned in *The Times*. On the other hand, the newspapers are silent as to the man who was unhappy about the way some chit of a girl had treated him, and took it out of the Hun. He left his beat, made his way actually to Wilhelmshaven, "bagged" an enemy ship and got away. After groping about in the dark underwater world, you may come to the surface of the houseless ocean's heaving field not knowing where you are till a friendly destroyer gives you your bearings. If you open the hatch of the conning-tower to take a look, you may ship a ton of water as a wave slaps over, or you may put your shoulder out against the base of the periscope as she lurches, and finish the trip with the diversion of a dislocation. A submarine may rise and find a hostile destroyer waiting apparently unconscious of danger, until the keen eye at the periscope catches the flicker of a signal and swings his instrument about just in time to see another Hun destroyer preparing to ram from behind, while the first maintains the role of live bait.

The record of a single submarine day by one who was there will enlighten the comfortable folk ashore who feed fat and sleep warm because the writer and thousands like him are living daily within arm's length of Death.

"At 9 o'clock this a.m. we came to the surface—at least we poked our periscope out—and found a big sea running (this we already knew, for the boat had been doing an exaggerated turkey-trot), and a

German submarine taking sights 1,000 yards astern of us. The next sea that came along uncovered our conning tower. She spotted us and dived before we could get turned. Of course we had been frantically getting the tubes ready and, of course, we had them flooded. Then we went to fifty feet and started to pump the tubes into the fore trimming tanks. The boat began to get frightfully heavy by the bows and it suddenly dawned on me that the bow cap was leaking. I went forward and found two hands there up to their waists in water and feverishly trying to stop leaks.

"**T**HE boat was so heavy by the bows that we couldn't keep her up, although we were going full speed ahead with hard to rise on the hydroplanes. We stuck our nose in the bottom with a crash, which didn't improve the leak any.

"I put the pumps on and a deuce of a job it was to get them to heave at that depth. I spent a hectic forenoon climbing up to the stern—we had an inclination of about thirty degrees—to see how the pumps were working and sliding down forward to see if the water was going down. Eventually, after some honest effort by our chief (name censored) we got the worst of the leaks stopped and pumped back to normal trim. We got off the bottom and dived at fifty feet,

not wishing to come to the surface and give our friend the Fritz a free shot at us, and besides, the sea was too big for decent depth keeping. At three this afternoon, after having been twenty-six hours submerged, the coxswain flopped out. I have never seen anyone look as ill as he did. Four of the hands followed his example, and I felt like doing the same. We couldn't smoke, because there wasn't enough oxygen to light a match."

They got home at last sorely exhausted, because there is little difference between drowning in a box of carbonic acid and drowning in the sea. But the four that were "done in last week" went through all this and worse, and never reached port.

Joseph, My Henchman

A LITTLE book called *Canada Chaps*, by J. G. Sime, contains typical pictures of Canadians at the front. One of the best is as follows:

Joseph, says the writer, is—what shall I call him?—my houseman, my henchman, my pearl of great price. He is Canadian—French-Canadian—something neither quite French nor quite Canadian, something distinct from and yet appertaining to both France and Canada. . . . He came right in with a dash and a hustle and he took hold. He took a bird's eye view of my fat with his intelligent brown eyes, he took off his boots and he put on a pair of list slippers, he tied an apron of strong green baize crosswise about his body—and there was Joseph.

When Joseph broke it to me that he wished to go and serve his King and Country, it was, I confess, a blow; the more of a blow, perhaps, because I had never thought of Joseph as wishing to go fighting anything. . . . As soon as I had got my breath back, therefore, I most unpatriotically pressed Joseph for his reasons, and Joseph ticked off on his fingers.

"Joseph," I said, "it is not a snap! It is not a job sur! You may, and probably you will, get killed."

"Death, madame," replied Joseph, instantly, with a shrug in which were all the centuries of France and not one of those of Canada, "is an accident which comes to any man, which must come to all. I go a little way to meet it. Voila tout!"

CYNTHIA'S ONE NIGHT OUT

A Practical Adventure Into a Canadian Munition Canteen Some Time Before Morning

CYNTHIA, despite her eccentricities, never fails to be fashionable. Consequently her message to "Please come over, I've been nearly dead from grippe," failed to surprise me either by its matter or manner. All the elect had grippe this season, and "nearly died" with it.

Ushered into the blue and white symphony where Cynthia "woos repose," I found her looking remarkably cheerful for one in a moribund condition. Before I could reproach her with the fact, she hastened to say, "This is absolutely the worst cold I ever had. It has been given mustard plasters, camphorated oil, alcohol, hot salt, turpentine, black currant tea, gruel, quinine, aspirin, whiskey and cream, somebody's incomparable cough syrup, and assorted cough lozenges; but until to-day it was impervious to them all. This morning it seems inclined to come out of its shell. Perhaps because the said shell (which is me) has become so thin as to be a doubtful shelter."

"Then you are not actually considering shuffling off this mortal coil, to-day?" I asked somewhat heartlessly.

"Well," she said ingratiatingly, "not until I have told you about my 'night out.' It will be such fine 'copy,' as you call it. Of course this would have been a good time to die. Flowers are awfully expensive. It would make me so much more 'deeply regretted.' You know there are some people who would be mean enough to send them from their own gardens if it was the right season."

"What is this latest tom-foolery?"

"Tom-foolery nothing!" said Cynthia tersely, if inelegantly. "I have been doing patriotic work. You should be pleased instead of coming to scold me. Of course if the family were silly enough to not understand when I said that 'for once in my life I was going to have a night out,' and imagined me doing some crazy slumming stunt insufficiently chaperoned, that isn't my fault."

"You know," she went on hastily, as I opened my mouth with the obvious intention of stating the family's case more fairly, "I have always felt that even to work in a munition plant, at from eighteen to thirty dollars a week, wasn't attaining a very giddy height of patriotism. So when I heard about the canteens for the women munition makers in which you could toil for a ten-hour shift without any remuneration whatsoever, except 'the joy of the working,' it seemed to me just the thing."

"It is all managed by the Y.W.C.A. That was why the family were so foolish—but there's no use going into that again—and perhaps I did forget to tell them. Anyway, I chose a night shift. It seemed such a lark to stay up all night."

"I thought you said it was 'patriotic work'! If you only did it for a lark—"

"Now," she exclaimed belligerently, "If you are going to begin splitting hairs, I won't tell you a thing, and I know you are simply dying to hear."

"All right, go ahead! You have the floor," I said, resignedly. Whereupon Cynthia, whose long suit is a monologue, continued unabashed:

"For once in my life, I was ahead of time, so my duenna wasn't in sight when I hopped off the car at the corner where she had arranged to meet me; but as it was barely 9.35 p.m. my tingling sensation of adventure was the result of anticipation rather than any happenings of the moment."

"NOW, it took me only a few minutes to reach the brilliantly lit factory, whose quiet surroundings gave it the atmosphere of a hornet's nest in a peaceful orchard."

"You might note that simile," she added patronizingly. "It is a good one; for in a few minutes I was looking awe-struck at the hornets. Great piles of shells that filled every table in the big room."

"They didn't give me much time to gloat over them, however; but whisked me up three floors into a very different scene. The elevator landed me in a huge room where a stretch of bare floor and then an oasis of rugs, tables, easy chairs, etc., looked like 'Boffin's Bower' reproduced from Dickens' own de-

By LOUISE MASON

scription. 'Mr. Boffin' only appeared at intervals in the form of the night watchman, but dozens of Mrs. Boffins of various heights, widths, ages and conditions occupied the part devoted to 'high-fliers of fashion.'

"Later I learned that many of them formed the reserve, which in this plant numbers fifteen women. They are on hand constantly to step into the place of any regular worker who might become ill, meet with an accident, or fail to appear when her shift was called. For you know," Cynthia said very impressively, "no matter what happens the machines must never stop day or night, Sunday or week day."

"How do they arrange about the reserves," I asked, as Cynthia seemed lost in contemplation.

"Oh!" she replied glibly, "The reserves go on with the regular shifts, and unless 'called' they spend the six hours reading, knitting or dozing. For this display of patience they receive ten cents an hour."

"But, like Silas Wegg when he visited the Boffins, my chief interest was in the refreshments. A partition gleaming with spotless gray paint shut off the canteen from the rest room. Three long tables covered with white oil-cloth and flanked by penitential benches, furnished the restaurant, while a long counter laden with clean dishes and eatables formed a barricade behind which the Y. M. C. A. enthusiasts toiled."

"It was now the midnight hour of ten p.m., and here three others with myself were to hold the fort until eight o'clock the next morning. Everything looked very bright and inviting, but a bit complicated to the novice. So I listened eagerly to the words of wisdom with which the Y. secretary—a most inspiring and capable lady—did the Tom Sawyer act."

"WHEN we had been shown various conveniences, from the cauldrons of soup to the wash tubs which served as dish pans, this golden-tongued orator had convinced us that a night devoted to making tea, coffee, cocoa, two kinds of soup, sandwiches, etc., and serving the same was vastly preferable to our usual method of spending it in slothful sleep. We were so entranced as hardly to notice the final Sawyeresque touch to the effect that if we required sustenance between then and morning we could just help ourselves 'at the same prices charged the munition workers.'

"Unfortunately, I hadn't thought of this contingency, and a hasty search in my change purse revealed lots of car tickets but only 25c in cash. However, a glance at the price list reassured me. At these rates even a boa constrictor could become torpid on a quarter. They ran as follows: tea or coffee, 3c a cup; cocoa or milk, 5c; buttermilk, 2c; one slice of thin bread, or cracker (buttered), 2c; three slices bread and butter, or three buttered crackers, 5c; soup with two crackers, 5c; sandwiches (2 in a bag), 5c; pie, cut in 5 pieces, 5c a cut; cake (cut in 6 pieces), 5c each; sweet biscuit, 6 for 5c; bananas, 2 for 5c; chocolate bars, 5c each, ditto oranges."

"It was all very good, too, as we found a little later when, our preparations made, we decided to fortify ourselves before the rush which accompanies the change of shifts at midnight. Three of us were novices and distinctly nervous lest we should not discharge our various duties properly. One was to serve the tea, coffee, cocoa and milk. Another presided over the two big cauldrons of soup. While the third, a member of the "Y" staff, kept a general survey of things and sold sandwiches, cake and pie, with an aplomb almost professional."

"The keeping of the till had been thrust upon me and I was in a tremor of anxiety at the horrid possibility of overcharging or short-changing a noble female patriot. I needn't have worried. It didn't require a knowledge of high finance to calculate the cost of tea and sandwiches, 8c; or soup and pie, 10c. My chief difficulty was in combining the roles of cashier and dishwasher."

"My first intimation of this new duty came in the form of a frenzied squeak from the soup server, who had run out of bowls in the middle of the twelve o'clock rush. This was followed by a shortage of cups and spoons. It was obviously more hygienic to combine dishwashing with the taking of money, than the handling of food. So for nearly an hour I cavorted wildly from wash tub to cash box."

"In spite of the hurry I was interested in seeing the munition workers who thronged in and out. I had heard so much talk of the 'silk stocking brigade' and was curious to see how they looked topped off with the blue smock and boudoir cap effect, that formed the working garb at this factory. As a matter of fact I didn't notice any society buds, nor even blossoms, among them. They looked to me like a lot of capable and thrifty (that over-driven word) young women who would be able to appreciate the comfort and economy of the "Y" canteen."

"FOR the most part their choice of food was as sensible as their clothing. A good bowl of nourishing soup, or sandwiches and tea, coffee or cocoa were favourite orders; only a small proportion showing a preference for cake, pie or chocolate. Just to prove the rule, one exception enlivened the night's work. She was a festive little creature who, without turning a hair or otherwise showing signs of physical distress, consumed two bananas, three bars of chocolate, and a plate of assorted cakes."

"It was nearly 3 a.m. before we had the dishes washed, sandwiches made, the tables and counter cleaned, and fresh soup, cocoa and coffee prepared in the carefully scoured urns. By that time I was much too tired to sleep; and glancing at my companions it occurred to me that we looked more fagged and worn than the munition workers for whom we were gratuitously labouring."

"A couple of stretchers had been provided for our moments of idleness, and while two of the girls were occupying them I decided to take a personally-conducted tour of our surroundings. 'Mr. Boffin' had been up a little while before to turn out most of the lights on that floor, but there were avenues of electric bulbs that enabled you to find your way about."

"The oasis had only one occupant. With my voice instinctively lowered I asked about the others. Just as she nodded toward a door in the side partition there was a loud crash, and the sound of a body falling heavily, in the room beyond. As I reached the doorway there came a peal of laughter from a dozen girls stretched out on as many cots, while another, the victim of the disaster, was stoically collecting herself and her hair pins off the floor. A wag in the party remarked that 'only an expert canoeist could sleep on those cots without upsetting,' and then there was silence again in the shadowy room."

"It was the oracle of the oasis who told me I ought to see the room where the women employees keep their working outfit. Following her directions I passed through a door back of the elevator into what looked like a post office with a long counter in place of a wicket. Two capable, motherly women were in charge to give out or receive the smocks and caps. Each girl has her own compartment, like a post office box on a large scale, and the whole room spelled cleanliness and efficiency."

"Just adjoining was a wash room of the most up-to-date variety. Rows and rows of shining enamel hand basins, that tipped up to let the water out, and so did away with the sometimes-unhygienic stopper and chain, were surmounted by the last idea in liquid soap receptacles. Even a small boy would enjoy washing his hands with such interesting contrivances."

"By this time the early morning rush was only an hour away, so I went back to the canteen where the veteran of the party was trying to put 'zip' into us by expatiating on the thrill of seeing the sun rise."

"I do be that upset! I thought I'd never get here this morning. I was to meet the matron at the corner of A and B streets, where she said there

(Concluded on page 27.)

SQUARE MEALS FOR THE SOLDIER

Moving Picture of Food from Point to Point in the Process of Keeping the Victory Army of Britain in Good Form for the Final Punch

Special Photographs by London News Agency



Unloading British beeves from a Meat Ship.



Sacking Onions for box cars.



Ration party coming out of a trench after distributing a square meal.



In this carry-all the soldier packs away his dining-room outfit for use in the trenches.



With soup bowls (steel helmets) on their heads, the soldiers return thanks to the giver and smoke his health in comfortable after-dinner cigarettes.

WHY DID GERMANY DECAMP?

A LAYMAN need feel no reluctance to confess himself baffled in his effort to understand the meaning of the German retirement on the Ancre. The military experts seem to be equally baffled, if we may judge from the variety of theories that are now being advanced. Some unnamed military authorities in Switzerland are said to favour the opinion that Germany is withdrawing from her fortifications in order that she may put all her fortunes to the touch of a pitched battle in the open field. It is quite an enticing theory, but it will hardly stand the test of the facts. If Germany had any such plan in mind we should see a general withdrawal from the trenches, and not merely a retirement over so small an area as that of the Somme front. Moreover, it is hardly conceivable that the German commanders could believe that such a move would be in their favour. They are outnumbered nearly two to one. The Allies have far more and far better guns, and their supply of ammunition is immeasurably superior. We may easily believe, too, that their military skill is superior, and this is said, not in any spirit of disparagement, but on the simple principle of judging a tree by its fruits. Certainly the Germans were outgeneraled at Verdun. They have been outgeneraled in the Champagne fighting, and they are now being outgeneraled on the Ancre and the Somme. If Germany were to invite a pitched battle on an open field the courage of her men would not save them from being swept away by superior numbers, and by an artillery fire with which she could not compete. We may remember that we have seen one great battle in the open, and only one, since the war began, and that was the battle of the Marne. Germany was then in her full strength, and we may suppose that the rival armies were nearly equally matched numerically, but the Germans were not only defeated; they were routed. It does not seem likely that they will try it again.

THERE seems no reason to resort to far-fetched theories of this kind so long as a careful study of the map supplies us with better and more obvious ones. If we look at the contour lines of the fortifications that run north and south from the sea to Noyon we shall notice a large westward bulge with Bapaume and Arras at its eastern extremities. It is, in fact, a sort of pocket of the kind that soldiers call a salient. Now it is evident that a pocket of this kind that projects into the enemy's lines can be attacked not only from the front, but also from its two sides, and that, therefore, it is particularly vulnerable. Now, a salient may have many advantages if only it can be sustained and defended. It is an annoyance to the enemy because, if it is strong enough, it threatens to pierce his lines, and also because he dares not leave it in his rear. But a salient that can not be used for offensive purposes, while demanding large numbers of men for its defence, becomes a dangerous nuisance to its owner, since it can not only be attacked from its three exposed sides, but it can be cut off and assailed also from the rear by an enemy force that is strong enough to envelop it. Now, the Germans certainly had nothing to gain from this particular salient. They were not strong enough to use it as a lance point for their further advance, and it became a positive peril to them as soon as the British forces began to creep toward Bapaume, and so to work around to its rear. What more natural, then, than that the Germans should begin an evacuation that would shorten their line and therefore economize their men? Whether the British artillery could in any case have compelled such an evacuation is another matter. Probably it could, but much more slowly. If we are to suppose that the Germans held on to the last possible moment, that they were actually blasted from their trenches, then indeed they are in a parlous state, because the same performance can be repeated indefinitely. But the retirement was certainly an orderly one. There were very few captured guns or prisoners, while the reports speak of the elaborate care taken by the Ger-

Writing on March 14th, Mr. Coryn necessarily says nothing about the great German retreat, three days later. On March 17th the Germans gave up about 900 square miles on a front of about 90 miles. A retreat without a battle

B Y S I D N E Y C O R Y N

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mans to destroy whatever they could not move. Doubtless the fog helped them substantially, but it is no small feat to move heavy guns without loss, and without even a protecting fire from the rear, as was the case here.

None the less the German position in France is becoming increasingly serious. Indeed there are portents that speak eloquently of something like desperation. It is not for nothing that every German statesman says that his country is staking everything upon her submarine campaign. For that is what she is doing. If Germany can not hold her gains at Verdun, or in the Champagne district, if she finds it necessary or even only advisable, to withdraw on the Ancre, how can she expect to resist an offensive anywhere on the western front? Whatever importance may attach to the salient between Bapaume and Arras, there is another salient of far more importance, the great salient marked by Noyon, and we may be sure that the fighting on the Somme and the Ancre has the Noyon salient, or angle, for its main objective. The Bapaume-Arras salient may be said to be a small salient within the greater salient of Noyon, and we may note with interest that the British have now taken over the north and south line nearly as far as Noyon. The battle of the Somme is steadily crushing in the northern line of that greater angle. A French offensive in the Champagne district would crush in the southern line, if it were successful. Noyon is the nearest point of the German forces to Paris, and a retirement here would almost certainly mean a retirement from France altogether, and the taking up of a new position along the Belgian frontier. This would straighten the whole German line from the sea to Verdun, and thence to Strassburg. A week or so ago I suggested that the Champagne district would be the most probable scene of a French offensive, as corresponding with the British offensive on the Ancre, and combining with that offensive to constitute a threat to the great Noyon salient. It is too soon to say that this view has been confirmed, but we may none the less note the very heavy fighting of which this is now the scene, and the gradual blazing up of the flame from Verdun westward. And the half-hearted renewal of the German attacks upon Verdun seem to show that the Germans are alive to the dangers of a Champagne success that would not only compel a retirement from Noyon, but that would cut off the Verdun army of the Crown Prince from its western connections.

There is a popular belief—one might almost call it a superstition—that Germany has always some scheme of almost superhuman cleverness ready to put into operation, and that we must constantly be on the watch for some master stroke of strategy. Perhaps she has well earned that reputation by the thoroughness of her preparations, by her admirable attention to detail, and by her general concentration upon the art of war. But these things are not quite the same as the comprehensive vision, the power to foresee results, that constitute true military genius. And of true military genius Germany has shown hardly a spark. Her successes have been due to her men, and not to their leaders. She has won in spite of her generals. Over and over again, and particularly at Verdun, in Roumania, by the Zeppelin campaign, and by her submarine war, she has shown an invincible determination to do the things that are not worth doing, in the confident certainty that they will produce results that they could not conceivably produce. She strikes with immense force, not so much that she may overthrow something that is worth overthrowing, but rather that she may show how hard she can strike, no matter if it be only at a

stone wall. To take Verdun would have been of no value to her, but to try to take Verdun and to fail was disastrous. The partial conquest of Roumania has not helped her in the least. Quite the contrary. It could not help her. She has simply created another battle line that has locked up an army and brought it to a futile standstill. The Zeppelins are an avowed and confessed failure, as all the aviating world knew that they must be. And

while it is too soon to speak positively of her submarine campaign, it has at least had the effect of sending to sea a number of American ships with guns, and with orders to use them without hesitation or parley. All these things were done to produce a psychological effect, in other words, to terrify. But a real generalship, a far-sighted leadership, would have known that there would be, and could be, no psychological effect, no terror whatever.

THEREFORE there is no reason to believe that Germany has something "up her sleeve." It is nearly certain that she has not, at least nothing that can change the military situation. That she will invade Switzerland is nearly unthinkable. It is not quite so unthinkable that she will invade Holland. There are half a dozen points where she may strike some heavy blows, but if they are to have any real chance of success it will be by incurring the most deadly dangers elsewhere. Her lines are too long, and too thinly held, to permit of any but the most transient concentrations. If she could secure a success against Russia it will be because internal conditions in that country have served to paralyze the Russian armies, as they did once before. But that, of course, is outside the scope of a military review.

While it is still too soon to speak positively of the submarine campaign it is not too soon to recognize that the German U boats during the first month of their "new" campaign have done less than half of what they intended to do, and asserted that they could do. That is to say, they expected—or said that they expected—to sink a million tons a month, and actually they have sunk less than half a million tons. But we have still another evidence of relative failure in the statistics of the trade of Great Britain during the month of February. The exports to America from London during that month were actually greater than during the preceding February. In February, 1917, the exports from London to America were valued at \$14,061,276, against a value of \$12,231,166 in February of 1916, an increase of \$1,690,110.

That popular elation in Germany is at least premature is shown by the warning issued by Captain Persius, the able German expert on naval affairs.

Captain Persius foresees the inevitable public disappointment at U boat performances, and strives to mitigate it. He says nothing about the starving of Great Britain, and does not seem even to consider it as one of the German aims, which are "to impede the provisioning of the British Isles, the sending of military supplies, materials, and other requirements." To impede is not quite the same as to prevent, and we may suppose that the difference between the two terms must have a somewhat chilling effect upon public fervour. Captain Persius also believes—as of course is obvious—that Lloyd George's alarmist speech was purposely gloomy in order to promote frugality at home, and he finally warns his readers that "we must have patience; must not assume that the goal is attainable in a few months. By excessive expectation we should only depreciate the work of the submarines."

IT may be permissible to point once more to the vital nature of the operations in Asia Minor. Bagdad has fallen, and the Arab tribesmen in immense numbers have taken the field against Turkey, and are proving of incalculable assistance to the British forces that are moving northward, and to the Russian army that is now moving southward. If this were the time or the place for such a purpose it would be easy to picture the almost incredible change that has snatched the sovereignty of the Moham-

A UNITED RUSSIA SPOKE

THE NEW CZAR.

Adversity and comradeship with the honest rank-and-file of humanity have collaborated in making the Grand Duke Michael—Czar-elect—a liberal-minded man. He is the younger and only brother of the deposed Czar. He is strongly anti-German and has tasted the bitterness of autocratic rule, having been exiled from Russia for hismorganatic marriage to Mme. Sheremetievakaja, a divorcee. His relations with his deposed brother have never been smooth for very long. The fact that he asks the endorsation of the populace is consistent with his democratic reputation.

By BRITTON B. COOKE*

with long hair and curious mannerisms to a great orchestra.

It has been hard to arouse Russia in the past. Revolutionary movements headed by the Intelligentsia have failed hitherto because they appealed only to that one class. So intense were the Russian Intelligentsias—like all Russians—that they failed to move those who did not see and hear and feel as they did. Hence they had no support from the peasant class. The peasants have always been interested in their own little problems—land ownership! The Jews! A religious debate! Some local injustice! The upper classes, German-tinged, were still less able to give leadership to the great mass of the people.

"But imagine that all the selfish individualists in the work-room of the School for the Blind—became imbued with the idea that the person they relied on to lead them in their darkness—was deceiving them. Suppose they suddenly realized that their common interest as Blind Men (as Russians) was at stake? . . . That is what has happened. The peasants (85 per cent. of the population), the intelligentsia, the workmen and the students, have for once united. They felt that the interests of Russia were at stake. They forgot individual interest long enough to strike one blow for RUSSIA!"

Among the multiple interests of Russia there have long existed THREE main divisions. We have to remember that Russia has—not NINE provinces, but NINETY-SEVEN! That she embraces Aryans, Semites, Ural-Altaians, Caucasians, Koryaks, Chukchis, Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, and countless subdivisions of these main racial divisions. It is essential to bear in mind also that many of the elements of Russian population are mutually hostile. "In France," says an authority, "the Revolution had been the work of the middle classes." In Russia, broadly speaking, there is no such thing as a middle class. The great bulk of the people are peasants, and these peasants know but two actuating principles in political matters: First, their own personal grievances, such as the desire to own their own land and so on; and, secondly, their fanatic belief in Holy Russia. All the differences in Russia are, however, embraced in the three main classifications above referred to. They are, First, the Court, the Bureaucracy, the army (officers chiefly), and the Big Business interests. Second, the Revolutionary Russia (consisting chiefly of the Intelligentsia, as they are called). And, third—Old Russia, or Nationalist Russia.

THE Court, the bureaucracy, the army officers, and the Big Business interests have long been pro-German. Nicholas II., a weak man, was constantly under the influence of his pro-German wife, a pro-German dowager-empress, and pro-German officials. The speech made by M. Malakoff (Minister of the Interior at the beginning of the war), in December of 1915, was by no means the expression of an isolated sentiment when he said: I am at a loss to

* Author's Note:—The information in this article has been obtained from various authoritative works. The writer claims no first-hand knowledge of the subject.

understand why Russia ever went to war with Germany. Both states depend upon each other, and their historical development shows that they must live in close friendly relations." He made this speech at a gathering of Conservatives and there is nothing to indicate that it was NOT received with approval.

The basis of this pro-German sentiment lies in two things: First, the German traditions of the Court and bureaucracy due to the fact that Russian Emperors have had, so to speak, so many German mothers (Catherine II. was a German), and to the further fact that the bureaucracy was first recruited from Germany or from Polish Germans by Peter the Great. The Pro-German tendencies of army officers are explained by the social relationships between the army and the bureaucracy. The pro-German attitude of the BIG Business interests is explained by self-interest. The growing manufacturing industries of Russia are eager to see the country expand NOT TOWARD GERMANY, or in the BALKANS, but in the opposite direction—Asia. They saw in Asia the place where they could sell goods with little or no competition. They therefore had no patience with the ancient Pan-Slav movement directed toward the Balkans.

The Intelligentsia of Russia have long been the prime movers in matters of government reform, but they have never proven themselves capable of rousing the people. They have shown themselves to be doctrinaires and faddists, eager to foist upon the people artificial theories of democratic liberty which would be certain "to succumb to the immemorial instinct of race and race ascendancy." In the revolution of 1905 they utterly condemned themselves as practical students of statecraft. They were and they are discredited in the eyes of the great bulk of Russian population.

But the third division of Russian opinion—the section without which no revolution could be successful—WAS appealed to and DID act last week. This is the Old Russia or Nationalistic Russia, composed chiefly of the peasants. These were the people who hated Peter the Great for bringing Polish Germans and West European manners into Russia. These are the people he outraged when he ordered his officers to shave their faces. They are the haters of innovation and yet, strangely enough, the power behind the greatest innovation Russia ever knew—the present change. Kept content, placated by small measures of consideration by the bureaucrats, they were in reality the bulwark of the Court and the bureaucracy. But they were NOT kept contented recently, and, in addition to this, they were injured in the one quarter where the Russian peasants are politically sensitive: Holy Russia, their Russia, the Empire that should protect their Slav brothers in the Balkans, the Empire that is traditionally at war with the Turk—was being misled. These peasants hated Germans—because the Germans represented in their eyes, officious officialdom. But they had not hated the land of the Germans, GERMANY, until they found Germany allied with their enemy in Vienna and their arch-enemy the Turk. To be misled in the war against the ally of the Turk and the Austrian, to be cheated of a victory that would bring them Constantinople, their Holy City—was more than public opinion would endure.

WHEN, therefore, the workmen rioted because of the bread shortage—when the Intelligentsia raised once more the old cry of Revolution—when even the moderates joined in the cry—they found the peasant public on their side. Peasant opinion cares nothing about expanding markets in Asia. It does know the Pan-Slav propaganda.

What is to be the ultimate outcome of the revolution remains to be seen. Republicanism is as yet impossible—according to shrewd authorities—because the peasant is not as yet educated in government, and he requires the half-religious figure of a Czar of some sort to focus his ideas of a state. It is even open to question how far Russia can stand popular government. (It had to be withdrawn once before because it was leading to anarchy.) That the change is in the interests of the allies and in the interests of Russia ultimately, there can be no doubt. But those who say glibly, "Russia has snapped her chains," speak rashly. Russia's chains have been in the past the chains of ignorance.

CANADIAN asked a Canadian who had just returned from Russia: "What is it like?" And the returned traveller replied: "I can't tell you. I don't know myself. I am going to read some books now in order to see if I can find, in the books, a picture of Russia."

"Is it like our West?" asked the first man.

"Yes, in some respects."

"Is it like Northern Ontario?"

"Yes, in other respects."

"But what is the most characteristic thing about it?"

"The people."

"And what are THEY like?"

"I can't describe it."

So for a time the first Canadian was able to learn nothing very satisfactory about Russia from his friend the second Canadian. This second Canadian had not just gone to Petrograd and back. He had been in Moscow and Odessa, and had traversed Siberia in a palatial sleeping car. He had smelled the smells of Vladivostok and Kamchatka. He had been in the universities and the factories of Russia, had met Octobrists and Cadets and ex-Nihilists (not seriously ex), and had even been as far as Archangel.

Finally, speaking again of Russia to his friend the first Canadian, he had an inspiration:

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what Russia is like. It's like the workroom in a home for the blind that I visited in London. Imagine a big room—because, of course, Russia IS a big room—with scores of busy people in it, each intent on the one piece of work in his own hand, working patiently, a little slowly, a little awkwardly. That is Russia! For each of the blind workers might well represent one of countless groups of Russian interests—or lack of interest. Each seems to be striving toward some close personal end—one making one thing and one making another. The one thing in common to the room and to each of the workers is the fact that they are blind! So with the Russians. Their one point in common is that they are Russians—and after that, the rankest of rank individualists.

"A Russian thinks either of himself or of Mighty Russia as symbolized by The Little Father, the Czar. He seldom is able to visualize his country as an aggregation of individuals. He finds it hard to correlate their varied interests. He is capable of tremendous emotional and intellectual intensity. That is his distinguishing mark. But with that great, great gift goes the handicap of being unable to see the broad lines of a problem, or to relate intelligently and with good judgment the various branches of a subject. That is what has made revolutions so difficult in the past. That is why a liberal-minded Czar in the past was forced by the extravagant mismanagement of his people, to resort to Absolutism again. That is why the success of the present revolution seems so extraordinary. And that again is why a republic is as yet impracticable. A Czar is as necessary to the Russian people as yet as is a conductor

Why Did Germany Decamp?

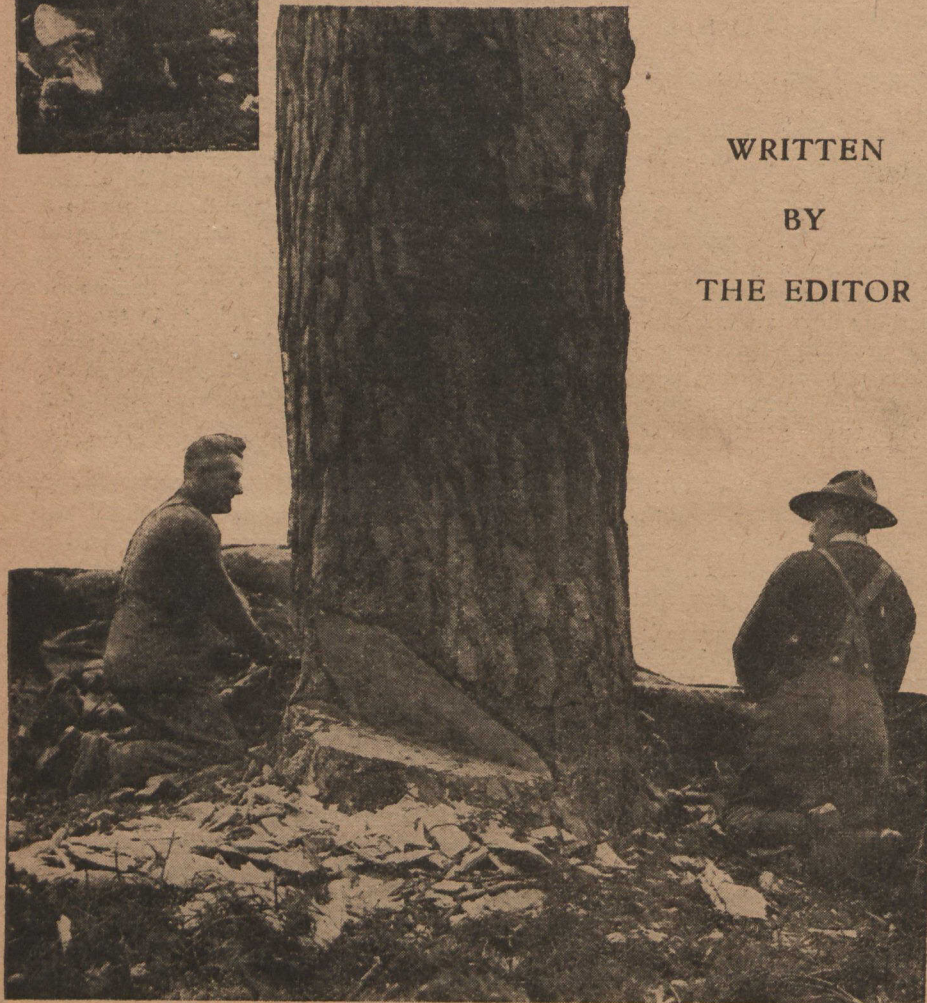
(Concluded from page 10.)

medan world from the Sultan of Turkey and placed it elsewhere. It is one of those portentous events that seem to re-group the human forces of the world. Instead of an uprising by the Mohammedans of India under the leadership of the Turkish Sultan we find under the leadership of that leadership, but by an insolent repudiation of that leadership, but by what process of political legerdemain we may have to wait for years before we know. Then came the revolt of the Arabs of Mecca, and the snatching of this Mohammedan holy of holies from the hands of the doomed Sultan. To hold Mecca is to hold the Mohammedan world, and so we need not be surprised to hear that the fierce tribesmen of Asia Minor are making smooth the path for the enemies of Turkey, and aiding them to overthrow the discredited religious regime of Constantinople. And the peculiar irony of the situation is the fact that this tremendous Mohammedan revolt is in resentment against that very alliance with Germany—a Christian power—by which it was hoped to invoke the Moslems of the world in support of the Central Empires.

OUR MEN BUSHWHACK ENGLAND



The man with the axe and the cross-cut saw; man with the cant-hook, the skidway and the log-chain, make bush-clearing scenes in the historic forests of King George. The timber goes for war purposes. The land is cleared for war crops. Renewal of old Canadian epic in a new setting makes parts of England as picturesque as a pageant



WRITTEN
BY
THE EDITOR

CANADIAN bushmen for the first time in history have begun to bushwhack England. Pictures on this page indicate what this bushwhacking is—the real thing. The trees that Caesar knew—just to exaggerate a bit—are feeling the brunt of the bushmen that are famous the world over as once the Northwest Mounted Police were famous. The man with the axe in this country has always been a greater figure than the man with the hoe. It was the man with the axe and the log-chain and the handspike and the skid, to say nothing of the cant-hook, that made it possible to have a modern Canada at all. It was a long while ago when the first axe-man turned himself loose on the wilderness here. And he has not quit yet. It is within the memory of many Canadians living that bushmen of the first-class bush-conquering kind made the hardwood bush and the pine bush quiver with the noise they made.

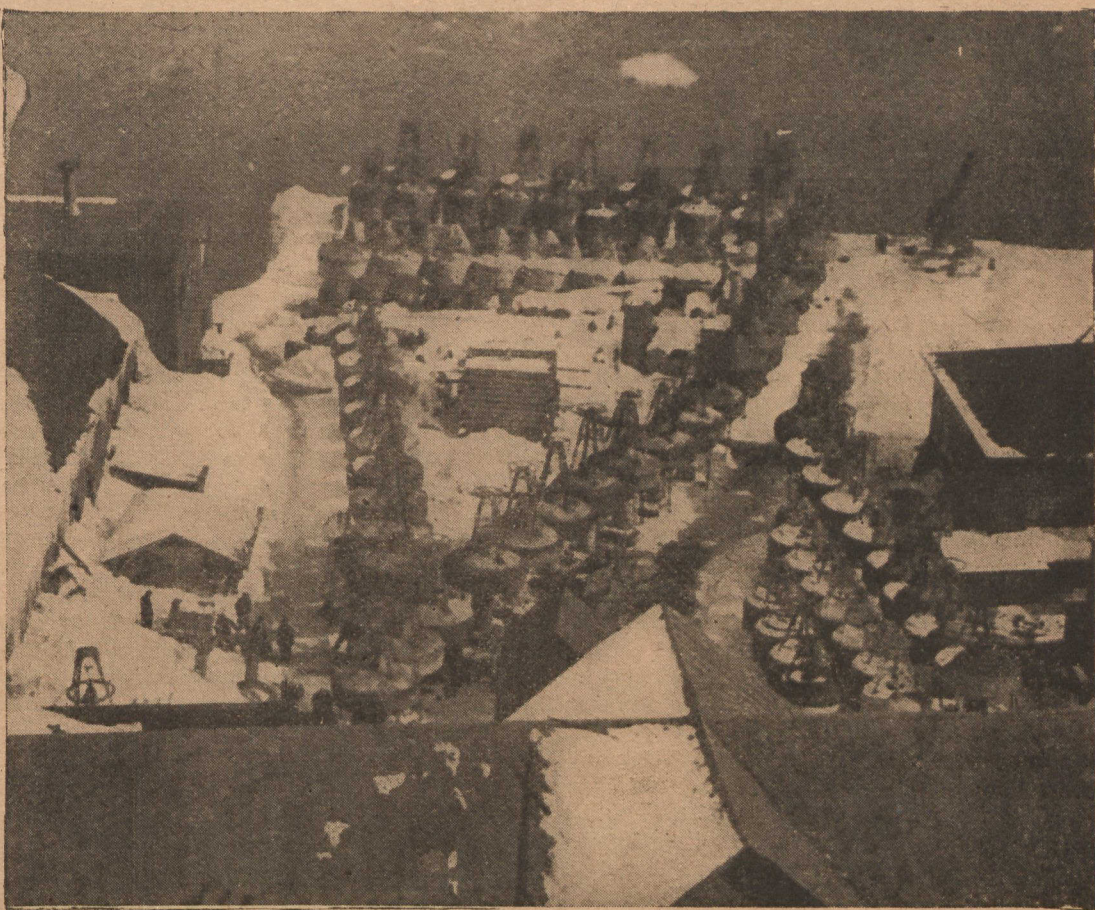
Chopping down a tree of any size is no small contract. What it feels like to a greenhorn you may discover by reading that foolish book of Irvin S. Cobb, entitled *Fibble, D.D.*, where Fibble essays to haggle down a few small saplings for a summer camp of his Young Nuts of America. Cobb had a fair idea of what a sapling looked like when Fibble at last got it down. But Cobb was never a bushwhacker.

Notice in the tree picture what a fine notch the axe-man made before the men with the crosscut saw got down to their hunkers to finish the job. Observe, first of all, the axe itself; the long, clean bit with about four inches of steel flanged out on the wrought iron body of the head. That axe was intended to carve out great clean chips such as you see lying in a scattered heap at the foot of the tree. A notch so clean and straight as that was never made by any but a fine axe in the hands of a superfine axe-man—who in this case looks very like a Fernch-Canadian. It's rather a bigger notch than we used to make in the swamp-elms of the hardwood bush. Don't imagine the axe-man intended to cut the tree half down before the saw-men began to work. No, he made the notch in order to get the tree to fall where the bushmen wanted it. That was an old trick of the bushman. Trees have a habit of wanting to fall their own way. The good bushman makes the tree fall—his way. And the crosscutters have a little windier job than even the axe-man. Notice how they have to crunch down to leave as much of the timber in the log as possible. No two-foot stumps such as we used to leave in the hardwood bush when timber was the curse of the earth that kept the corn from going in. Timber is scarce in England. Submarines are keeping timber out. Timber is needed for war as it once was for industry. The other day Lloyd George, in his submarine speech in the House of Commons, said that France had already given up some of her historic forests for the war, and on account of the submarines might have to give up still more. And the bush clearing of to-day becomes the crop acres of to-morrow.

In the lower picture observe the good, old-fashioned business of skidding up logs with a long chain, a pair of skids and a team. These are not the sized logs we used to roll up in the hardwood days of Ontario, either. But they illustrate the knack required to skid them up. None but real bushwhacker teamsters could do that sort of thing. To get a given log up a given pair of skids so that one end doesn't get ahead of the other and slew the log crosswise over the pile is a neat, scientific trick in adjusting the chains. And if you have not in your memory of Canada, along with the tap of the bushman's axe, the clank of the chain and the bung of the log to its appointed place on the skidway, you have lost more than the writer of this will ever have space to tell you.



QUEBEC'S LAST TOUCH OF WINTER



THIS remote Lower Town precinct with its curious mixture of snow-white washings and snow-covered roofs was lately the scene of a popular Canadian movie production. The name of the film is not given. But it must have been much too cold a setting for Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin.

PHOTOGRAPHED from the Terrace above may be seen 150 gas buoys on the edge of the ice-flooded St. Lawrence. These buoys are all landed in the fall for repairs. They will be going out now almost any day to be distributed up and down the St. Lawrence ready for the opening of navigation. With Canadian exports well over a billion dollars a year owing to war production, the lights of the St. Lawrence—the best lighted great riverway in the world—are more important than ever.



AS may be noticed, out-door sports have something to do with originating fashions in Quebec. Some of the young ladies in the ski picture are wearing a modified form of short skirt and bloomer, which are exceedingly useful in manouevring the cumber-

some but graceful instrument of locomotion known as the ski.

THERE is a subject for a poem in the cheerful picture of girls gathering wood in Quebec. The coal season in the Ancient City is a long one.

Many of the inhabitants do not take kindly to coal at any price. At \$10.00 a ton coal to these French-Canadian folk is pretty nearly an enemy. Wood, however, is not so plentiful as it used to be in the Old Town. By the time these children get back home with their bags of faggots they have done a deal of rummaging on the outskirts of saw mills and lumber yards.

THESSE never-ceasing ferries from Levis to Quebec and back again, called Traverses, are usually full of colourful pictures. In the ferry shown below a coon-skin-coated priest may be seen talking to his teamster parishioners.

The sled in the foreground you may be sure was made by hand at home. In winter the ferries are never crowded. In summer they are rollicking with all sorts of people to whom the daily trip across to the Ancient City is the only real adventure they have.





Land and Water

ALBERTA is briskly engaged in recruiting for the British navy. Alberta is cut off from one ocean by some of the highest mountains in the world and from another by over 3,000 miles of dry land. It seems odd that there should be any great enthusiasm in Alberta over the navy. It seems equally curious that there should seem to be so much more enthusiasm for the army than the navy in the Maritime Provinces. We should expect just a reverse in each case. But the unexpected is what makes life worth living. Apply the same test to England and we should find that most of the great mariners of history hailed from seaport towns. We all know the swanking lot of great naval characters that swung out of Devon who has never wearied with the rest of England sounding their praises forevermore. But that's a different case. England is a country where men do the thing that their fathers did or that circumstances make them. In England you may inherit seamanship as you would tailoring or cow herding from either your parents or your environment. In Canada men learn early in life to get as far as possible from the thing their fathers do, and in many cases as possible from the part of the country their fathers were born in. Alberta, as a matter of fact, has a lot of mariners born along the Atlantic. Perhaps these same adventurous souls, having fared so far from home and heath in the first place, are glad to get to sea in order to have another fling at adventure.

Into the Garden Maud

GARDENS are unblushingly beginning to show their naked lines through the last modest draperies of the snow. We are constantly amazed at the candours of nature who seems to have very few concealments. When a back yard shuffles off its winter underclothes and genially asks you to go out and turn it over with a spade or a potato-fork, you may as well be a nature-loving sport and go at it. The last week in March is precisely the time when father and mother and all concerned should make an inventory of what they intend to do with that back yard or corner lot this summer. Of course, the garden puts it entirely up to the gardener except in cases where some previous occupant has planted a lot of shrubs and perennials. 1917, of course, puts in a strong bid for vegetables. We are implored by the agricultural authorities and the high price of all eatables to produce edibles. So we shall. But we shall not forget that the admirable immodesty of the garden would just as soon clothe itself with a pack of weeds if we leave it alone. And there is no reason why we should not give the garden a chance to decorate itself on the borders at least with floral designs. No garden is complete without at least a few flowers, no matter how prolific it may be of carrots and potatoes.

Edison's Birthplace

TWO correspondents have written to ask our authority for stating in an inscription under a picture that Thomas Edison was born in the same country that gave rise to James J. Hill. We have to admit that there is no authority. The only reason for saying so is that any good progressive Canadian would surely put the greatest inventor in a class with the world's first great poet.

"Seven cities claimed old Homer dead,
Thro' which he wandered begging bread,"

said an old couplet regarding the greatest man of letters in Greece. Homer probably holds the record, although Beethoven seems to have had about three native cities and at least two native countries. Almost any great man is likely to be endowed with more than one native country. The mere fact that

Edison was said to be a Canadian has really nothing to do with the recorded fact that he was actually born in Milan, O. To have said so was merely a case of poetic license based upon legend. Every great man is the unconscious author of legends. The fiction about Edison's birthplace really grew out of a conversation the writer had years ago with a rather celebrated old character in Windsor, Ont., who recalled the days when he saw Edison newsboy on a train somewhere in the neighborhood of Sarnia. Of course, they may have had no newsboys at that time—55 years ago. But that makes no difference. The old man remembered Tom Edison as a lad on a train, doing something. In point of fact he was engaged in the telegraph business. That he was not born in Canada is an unfortunate oversight on his part. No doubt if Edison had it all to do over again he would admit that it was his place to join the galaxy of the great and the near great who have crossed the border from Canada to make their names worth while in order to balance up the number of eminent men who migrated from the United States here.

G.B.S. the Mascot

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has been at the front; not as a soldier, although he wore a few soldier's togs. He went to get copy, we suppose. He was in the danger zone and acted as though he enjoyed it. As he remarked it would be a case of ingratitude for any German shell to blow his head off. No well-behaved German shell would explode if it knew that the head of G. B. S. was anywhere within percussion distance. In fact, the best thing the War Office can do is to give George a roving commission all over the lines, keeping it absolutely secret from the German command at what part of the line he may be at any given time. His transport could easily be arranged in a Shaw aeroplane. Knowing that the great international ridiculist was likely to be blown to smithereens unless they were careful, the German command would very likely order a general retirement from France and Belgium back to the Rhine in order to save so great and scoffing a soul to the world that must have humour to divert us from the devilments of war—or we die.

Music and the State

WHETHER the State should control musical education is a disputed point. In his talk to the members of the Mendelssohn Choir, last week, on the occasion of the dinner given by him to the Choir in honour of Dr. Vogt's retirement from the conductor's desk, Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., intimated that the State should do this. At any other time and place this kind of statement would be let in one ear and out the other. But it happens that Sir Edmund is Chairman of the Board of Governors of Toronto University; three weeks ago he was made President of the Toronto Conservatory of Music; the dinner was held in the Conservatory; it was in honour of a man who for three years now has been musical director of that Conservatory. So multiplying these together, it looks as though something is to be done. And—what? Two years ago the writer first heard this scheme mooted. He was not then at liberty to mention it in print.

In time, Dr. A. S. Vogt, founder of the Mendelssohn Choir, is to become dean of Canadian music. How? By making him a university professor. But not in the ordinary way. Merely to make Dr. Vogt Professor of Music in the University of Toronto would not fill the bill. Dr. Vogt cannot be spared from the Conservatory. If he becomes a University professor of music the Conservatory must follow him, because it contains the men and the machinery and the tradi-

tions for which his position and personality in music stand. So the only way to make use of Dr. Vogt in this new capacity must be to incorporate the Conservatory as a college of the University on the same basis that McGill Conservatorium in Montreal is a federated college of McGill. We are given no official statement as to this, but can only surmise this interpretation of Sir Edmund's remarks on the question—Should the State control musical education? As to whether such control is a good thing or not there may be difference of opinion. There are many advantages. But there is also the other side—the fact that music is a free form of culture which can be dispensed completely by no one institution in a community, no matter how efficient and powerful it may be. To give one institution a bonus of university federation may look like a discrimination against other musical institutions. And of course the State may reply that it has no interest in a diversity of colleges and conservatories; only in standardizing the musical profession along academic lines. All this remains to be discussed when the time comes. For the present, Dr. A. S. Vogt, freed from the Mendelssohn Choir, is able to contemplate an enlarged sphere of usefulness in standardized Canadian music and as the assistant creator of a first-class symphony orchestra in connection with the Mendelssohn Choir.

We Insist Upon Two

WE have been sent a marked copy of The Christian Science containing an appreciation of Lord—whoever he may decide to be—Sir Hugh Graham. While we are not disagreeing with the compliments tendered to the noble lord in this article, we must dissent from the statement originally made by a New York writer that Sir Hugh Graham is the first accession to the peerage who was born in Canada. Just what conspiracy there may be on foot to deprive Lord Beaverbrook of his title to having been born at Maple Ont., four miles from Richmond Hill, north of Toronto, we do not know. But we hasten to reassert Lord Beaverbrook's right to this distinction. No man who is grabbed by the fates to enter the House of Lords can afford to disclaim his Canadian birthplace if he has one. Among such a galaxy of titled hyper-men a noble lord's prospects are none too rosy of recognition if he is deprived of his birthright in his own birthplace. So far as Canada is concerned it makes no difference; though we should prefer to keep our lords in this country so as not to have them quite spoiled by their titles. It is a matter for congratulation that Sir Hugh Graham is not likely to pull up stakes from Montreal just because he has a title.

King William to Wilhelm

CANADIAN Orangemen have sent 40,000 men to the front. This fact quite entitles the great Protestant order to put in a memorial to the Government on the further prosecution of the war—which it has very forcibly and eloquently done. The memorial is a long one and traverses very ably the efforts already made by this country, the work that remains to be done and the best means of doing it. While we may not implicitly agree with all the details in this memorandum, no sane patriotic Canadian, even in Ottawa, can be blind to the general high character of the manifesto, and its value to a country which is supposed to be putting forth its last ounce of united effort in the biggest contract the country ever had. Of course, we all know that Canada is doing no such thing. And of all men the Orangeman thinks he knows just where our national claim to united patriotism is the weakest.

PAINTINGS AT O. S. A.

ART flourishes in spite of everything and the general verdict of visitors at the Ontario Society of Artists exhibition is that the average is quite as high as usual, though there are, this year, few pictures of outstanding merit. The cub reporters sent to the exhibition by some of the Toronto papers went away disappointed. There were no spectacular nudes which they could attack on ostentatiously moral grounds, and no melodramatic story-pictures to praise or blame. Some of these critics cannot tell a pastel from a water-colour, an etching from a pen-drawing. They are blind to the play of harmonious colours and happy arrangement of spaces, and it is as ridiculous to send them to write up an art show as it would be to send a deaf man to review a concert. They think that pictures should be visualized thought and criticize them from the standpoint of the journalist, to whom the subject is all-important. This exhibition is condemned because of its lack of war pictures. One journalist discovers a few exceptions: Seven out of the seventy exhibitors, he says, reflect the nation's thought in some degree, and he mentions various pictures where women are knitting or sewing. But women sewed and knitted long before the war! The fact that there are more representations of knitting girls than ballet girls does not reveal a desire to reflect a war-like spirit. The true artist paints whatever impresses his peculiar sense of beauty, and only in a very remote degree does he reflect the activities of a nation.

Pictorial representation of thought lies within the realm of the cartoonist. Our papers are full of war drawings, our magazines are swollen with war stories by people who have never heard the sound of a gun, illustrated by others who have never seen a trench. By all means let us keep these insincere productions from our exhibitions! It is true that war exists to some extent in our own country, and that a variety of subjects may be found in the hospitals, at the stations, in camps, but there are, in Ontario, few figure painters who are capable of anything outside the line of straight portraiture, and if these prefer gayer, brighter subjects, who can blame them?

SOME of our artists now overseas may return with war inspirations, and we are glad to see examples of their work in this exhibition, though it was evidently executed before their departure. There are two fine landscapes by Mr. A. Y. Jackson, now in France, and an excellent portrait bust by Mr. Frederick Coates, who is training in England. Mr. Lawren Harris is so busy with his military duties that this year we have only one of his decorative landscapes.

If it is true that the Canadian public are longing for war pictures, our Government should follow the example of France and England, where the best artists are exempt from military service, but granted permission to wear uniforms and circulate at will in the war zone, making sketches for pictures which will be of inestimable value in later years. But the idea of a Canadian public longing for art in any form seems absurd.

WAR subjects do exist in this exhibition, though the place they hold is very small. Miss Marion Long has three small drawings, "Missing," "A Soldier's Widow," and "No News." They are very charming, as sketches, but we are glad that in her large paintings she contented herself with simple figure arrangements where "the story" could not interfere with the effects of colour and light. There is no reason why Mr. Bell-Smith should be praised for his "Tattoo at Camp Borden," for of the five excellent pictures he is showing, this is the least artistic and surely this is the only standard by which pictures in an exhibition like this should be judged.

We sympathize with the young reporter in search

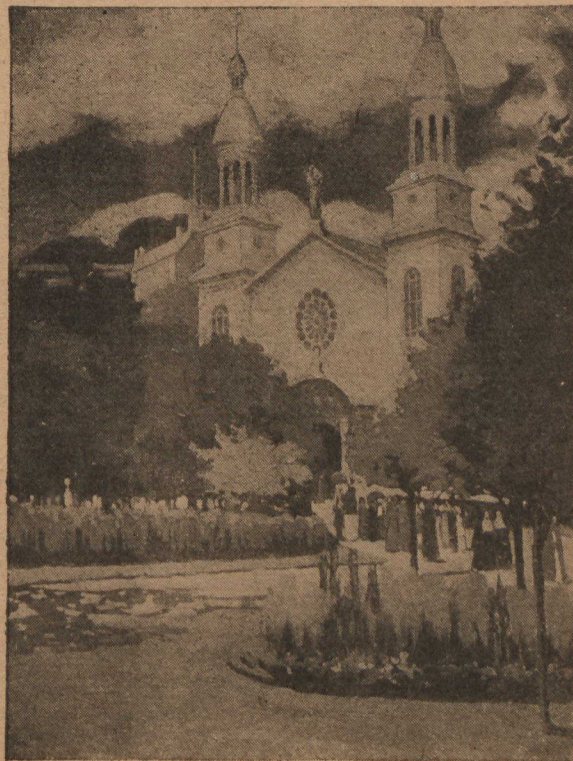
of something to say, for in discussing art it is almost as great a handicap to know too much as too little. Perhaps a stranger could write a more just criticism. We, who know the work of each artist so well, judge them by the standards they have made for themselves. If it falls below this standard we condemn; if it is much the same as usual, we pass it by without notice, though it may be far superior to that shown by new exhibitors who attract our attention by a fresh note which gives promise of better things to come.

THIS year Mr. George A. Reid surprises us. We have grown accustomed to his restful landscapes and mural decorations, low in key, quiet in colour. We remember his former successes in genre painting, which would look very sombre amongst this year's canvases, and it is a pleasure to be confronted with an elaborate figure composition, such as he used to excel in years ago, but full of radiant light and colour. The subject, too, is one that pleases even the young reporter, for "1917," as the picture is called, shows a room full of women sewing for the Red Cross.

The work of the president, Mr. C. W. Jefferys, this year, consists of excellent book illustrations, both in colour and black and white, dealing with Canadian historical subjects. Mr. Gagen still leads in marine painting. Mrs. Reid is unrivalled as a painter of still-life, and Mr. E. Wyly Grier remains



"1917," by G. A. Reid.



La Bonne Ste. Anne, by Mary E. Wrinch.



The Gold-Fish Bowl, by Marion Long.

supreme in portraiture. Two well-known landscape painters are, this year, exhibiting portraits, Mr. J. W. Beatty and Mr. Harry Britton. The figure paintings of the latter, though awkward in arrangement, are redeemed by the fine colour and masterly brush work which make his landscapes attractive. Mr. Challener's work would charm us greatly, but we know him to be capable of far greater things. Mr. J. E. H. Macdonald has a fine dramatic landscape entitled "Wild Ducks." Mr. Arthur Lismer is particularly successful in "A Nova Scotia River." Mr. F. Horsman Varley has caught the spirit of the north country in his paintings of Georgian Bay. Franklin Brownell's "The Burnt Ridge, Gatineau," is one of the most pleasing landscapes in the exhibition. Mr. Manly MacDonald has a brilliant study of snow in sunlight, and his work shows steady improvement, and—Mr. Thomas W. Mitchell, in "Fraser Lake," has an excellent rendering of sunlight.

The most interesting figure painting is Miss Florence Carlyle's "Portrait Group," the study of a woman and young girl in silvery greys. "The Club," by J. Ernest Sampson, attracted much attention for its clever delineation of portraiture in the group of twelve or more men, all prominent in art or letters, enjoying their noon hour. Miss Mary E. Wrinch contributes landscapes painted with her usual dexterity, very happy in their colour schemes, too, though they never suggest the prismatic radiance of sunlight. Mr. Andre Lapine has some capital pictures of horses; Mr. Herbert Palmer is doing excellent studies of animal life, and Miss Alice Des Claves is also doing good work, as shown by her "Marshlands," a pleasing composition, though in handling the landscape she shows less skill than in the more difficult painting of the horses.

It seems a pity that Miss Kathleen Munn should have chosen cows and a nude woman for her two pictures, which are primarily studies of colour and light which might have been better rendered by means of simpler objects, but we remember with pleasure her work of former years, and hope that through this new departure she may evolve something very fine. Miss Maida Parlow is one of the newer exhibitors whose work shows great promise.

PERHAPS the most novel and distinctive feature of the exhibition is the work of Francis H. Johnston, who has developed a decorative sense truly remarkable. His work shows great imagination and a fine colour sense that should make him pre-eminently successful in mural decorations. "A Northern Light" is particularly fine. Some of our cleverest painters are conspicuously absent this

(Concluded on page 23.)

THE THIRD CAMPAIGN

THE Viscount Pierre Ferdinand Napoleon Gricourt de Perpignan, pacing the length of the salon with nervous steps, turned suddenly to confront his father, the noble Baron de Perpignan.

"Enough, mon pere," he cried, with a dramatic sweep of his hand, "I go to the land of the dollaire. In one week I embark myself to make the sacrifice. I give to the beautiful but cruelle Americaine mees the name of Gricourt de Perpignan; her papa terrible upon me restore the fortune that is lost. It is the resolution irrevocable."

If the Baron de Perpignan received this decision without display of enthusiasm, he nevertheless acquiesced in it to the extent of nodding his head as he tossed a wreath of smoke upward from his cigarette.

"Good," he exclaimed. "Go, my dear Pierre, with my benediction. To you has come courage in the great misfortune. Already I see the Chateau de Perpignan swept of those tigers, the money-lenders, and dots the most suitable provided for your sisters."

The viscount rose lightly upon the tips of his toes to fall back upon his heels reflectively.

"It is well, mon pere," he said, "that I go with your approval, because for this campaign d'amour it is necessary that I have ten thousand francs."

The Baron de Perpignan raised his eyebrows as if surprised by the demand.

"Impossible," he returned. "This is the third campagne d'amour, my dear Pierre. First there was that of the Alps, in which you were defeated by the widow of the Russian grain dealer. That cost five thousand francs. Then there was the affaire Londres. Mon Dieu! seven thousand francs to be told by the big Anglaise that she preferred of her own coldbath roasts-biffs. Ten thousand francs for the third campagne, impossible."

"But," protested the viscount, "one cannot swim all the way to the land of the dollaire."

The Baron shrugged his shoulders negatively.

"Neither is it necessary to engage the suite royale, mon enfant," he retorted, adding with a smile, "it is the return you make in that way. Besides, read in the Petit Boulevardier that the dollaire so plentiful in America is no longer worshipped, but blood the most ancient, and of the latter, my dear Pierre, you have a superb capital. Therefore, with two thousand francs is to be well fortified."

WHILE inclined to detract nothing from the value of his ancestry, the viscount nevertheless had found in his campaign of the Alps and the affaire Londres that a successful termination to the contest d'amour depended in great measure upon material resources, having lost the widow of the Russian grain dealer to a rival by a glacier picnic, and the big Anglaise through lack of means to pursue the fox, so he held to it that for the conquest of the beautiful Americaine two thousand francs was impossible.

"Very well," said the baron, "I deny myself the pleasure of a new set of furs for your mother, and make it three thousand francs, that is fifteen thousand francs in all. Considering your previous failures it is a great risk to advance you another sou; therefore, we will call the debt fifty thousand francs. That you will easily obtain from the rich father of the beautiful Americaine. Bah! it is too little, but I

By MICHAEL WHITE
Illustrations by Irma Deremeaux



"Mademoiselle, I you love since your portrait I behold in the Journal."

trust to your generosity, my son. Go! Bon voyage! And return speedily with Madame la Vicomtesse. I already kiss the hand which opens the golden purse, as that old pig, the generale, is bothering me for the trifle I lost to him at cards."

With three thousand francs, and some odd hundreds borrowed from other sources, the Viscount Gricourt de Perpignan therefore sailed for America, doubting nothing that he had but to announce himself as arrive upon that hospitable shore—hospitable for viscounts particularly—and rich fathers would present themselves with a beautiful daughter in one hand and the key to a safety deposit vault in the other. But alas! he survived perhaps the most distressing peril of the deep, the unceremonious ways of the New York port authorities, and the curiosity of the reporters, to discover in a few days after his establishment at the Hotel Golconda, that his conception of things American was substantially lacking in foundation. Beautiful Americaines in bewildering numbers he encountered in the courts and lobbies of the Golconda, whose attire proclaimed the most desirable fathers-in-law, but who seemed disinclined to capitulate spontaneously even to a Perpignan.

With this he realized that if the funds provided for his former campaign in the Alps and London had been insufficient, the three thousand odd francs changed into dollars became a pitiful sum in America for any purpose. As he was then living the whole would be swept away in a month, and in that space he might not succeed in making the first sympathetic impression. What then? From a countryman he heard the most distressing stories of similar cases. Barons and counts had arrived with great enthusiasm to adore and be adored, but to be tossed

aside by the cruelle Americaine mees for roasts-biff English milords. It seemed they were the prevailing fashion. Nay, visual proof of it was given him in the person of an Italian marquis—Di Spagliochetti—actually balancing a tray in a miserable restaurant. These distressing facts he wrote at once in detail to his father, the baron, begging for an immediate reinforcement of ten thousand francs, which might be regarded as making the original debt owing by the American father-in-law to be, as one hundred thousand. In conclusion he emphasized with tearful eloquence how unfortunate would be his lot if he lost the beautiful Americaine—the grand prix—as he had done the Russian grain dealer's widow and the big Anglaise for some such trivial stake as a box of bonbons.

BUT the waves of the Atlantic rolled too far to break upon the sympathy of the impecunious old baron. In response he warmly thanked his son for raising the debt of the American father-in-law to be to one hundred thousand francs, upon which he devoutly breathed a blessing. For the rest, he explained that as he had received a bullet in the leg from that pig of a general on the field of honour, he was placed completely hors de combat, financially and otherwise. If, however, he might presume to offer his brave son a word of advice, it was to debit the father-in-law to be with all such incidental expenses of the campaign as bonbons.

For the viscount, the immediate future loomed desperate. What was to be done? The forthcoming weekly hotel bill would necessitate the hypothecating

of his baggage, and no beautiful Americaine with a rich papa had noticed him at all seriously. A bas the English milords! Their vogue was as surprising as it was deplorable. He foresaw himself balancing a tray like the Italian Marquis di Spagliochetti, unless some plan suggested itself. His sharpened wits prompted advertising in the daily press. Considering the original altitude of his confidence, it was a heart-rending expedient, but the crisis in his affairs was too swiftly approaching to be over discriminating. Let the world behold his plight, and cold print convey to his father the miserable degradation of it. Thus he sought the office of a daily journal, and with the assistance of a clerk offered himself—a genuine viscount of the old regime, young, handsome and honourable—to a beautiful lady suitably endowed. As he arranged for replies to be sent to the office, he feared that their number would be a burden upon the good nature of the clerk.

IT was more than disappointment, therefore, in fact a shock with which he was informed that after the second insertion there were no replies at hand.

"Nothing doing for you, viscount," said the unemotional clerk, glancing at the pigeonhole marked P for Perpignan. "Guess the fish ain't biting in your line. Your goods are not as scarce over here as they used to be. But you might take another chance and run the ad. again."

The viscount, but vaguely comprehending the drift of this form of the English language, declared with emphatic gesticulation that while circumstances might force upon him a terrible sacrifice, run he would not—never—never.

"Oh, pshaw!" returned the clerk, "I mean the advertisement, not you. Insert it again. That's what I say."

"Ah," exclaimed the viscount, with the light of perception breaking upon him, "you think if I place him once more, he bring the letters!"

"It may," tersely responded the clerk. "It often

happens that you've got to run an ad. like that several times before it hits the right party."

With a deep sigh he paid for another insertion of the advertisement, and then went to partake of light refreshment at the hands of the Italian marquis.

"Ah, my poor friend," he thought, watching the elegant, the distinguished movements of his comrade of the blue blood with sympathetic admiration, "how gallantly you bear yourself as the victim of the milords of roas'-biff. How soon may I not be compelled to join your ignoble profession!"

FOR a moment the Viscount Pierre Ferdinand Napoleon Gricourt de Perpignan was on the verge of weeping. What a delusion was this which had enticed him to the land of the dollaire! In two days, if there came no response to his advertisement, then for him was the cataclysm—the deluge.

It was therefore in a condition of extreme nervous tension that he returned to the delivery window of the newspaper office at the earliest moment when a reply might be expected. Anxiously he watched the clerk move to the letter rack, and light danced in his eyes as a sealed envelope was thrust toward him. He seized it with both hands to permit his gaze to linger fondly upon it.

"Looks as if something's come your way at last, viscount," nodded the clerk encouragingly.

With supple fingers the viscount opened the envelope.

"Ah!" he cried, "she come, the billet from the beautiful Americaine. But if you please," he added, "would you explain a little, as I do not read the English very well?"

The clerk reached for the letter, and as he glanced obligingly over it, displayed surprise.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "you do seem to have struck it right. You're asked to call at the Vanderhoff mansion on Jefferson Avenue at 8 p.m. to-night, and if you can prove yourself the real thing in viscounts, something to the mutual advantage of both parties may happen. But say," continued the clerk, regarding the viscount with serious interest, "if you do land one of the Vanderhoff girls through our advertisement columns the business manager will be tickled to death. It will make the biggest kind of a story for the paper."

"Ah, the what-you-call-them girls, are they very beautiful, then?" demanded the viscount.

"Never seen them," replied the clerk, "but they must be stunners if they are anything like the pictures of them we printed a Sunday or two back."

"Mon Dieu! and do you know if Monsieur their papa is very rich?" further interrogated the viscount.

"Well, I should smile," said the clerk emphatically. "What old man Vanderhoff doesn't control in the way of glucose isn't worth bothering much about, I guess."

"Ah, I go to them, then," cried the viscount with elation. "I make my best entrance, they will be captivated. I pick for myself the flower of the rich Glucose. Monsieur," he added, bowing

politely to the clerk, "I to you offer many thanks. Au revoir. I shall remember to speak of you to the good merchant."

Thereupon the Viscount Pierre Ferdinand Napoleon Gricourt determined on a preliminary reconnoitre of the scene, so he inquired his way to Jefferson Avenue. In the most aristocratic quarter of



"Something's come your way at last, Viscount," nodded the clerk encouragingly.

that thoroughfare, and occupying half a block, a chateau-like structure of marble and bronze was pointed out to him as the Vanderhoff mansion. For a moment even the Viscount de Perpignan stood amazed, as he wondered if it would be possible to spend all the money such a structure represented.

"Magnifique!" he ejaculated more than once, as he viewed the house from different points. "It is the grand prize of Madame la belle Fortune."

With the tips of his fingers he gallantly tossed a kiss toward it, as he turned away to make elaborate preparations for the event of the evening—indeed, of his life. Reaching the spot at the appointed time he remarked the absence of light in any of the windows of the Vanderhoff mansion. His surmise that he might have been summoned to a secret meeting seemed to gather proof, and quickened his enthusiasm. In a few moments he had passed under the porte-cochere and pressed an electric button. Presently one of the double doors was cautiously opened a little way, and a maid servant's head appeared.

"I come, the Viscount Gricourt de Perpignan," he said, in a mysterious whisper fitting to the occasion.

"Oh, it's all right," returned the girl. "Just walk in."

The viscount obeyed and found himself in a spacious hall, which by the light of a single lamp revealed artistic treasures, indicating a prodigality of wealth.

"You go in there," said the girl, opening a side door, "and she'll be with you in a second. My, but you look O. K.!"

HAD the viscount not been so keenly stirred with expectancy he might have noticed a lack of that respect in the servant's manner usually paid to callers upon the family. As it was, he passed into the room, which, like the hall, impressed him most favourably. Presently he heard light steps without, and a resisting voice being urged with a giggling accompaniment to a definite course of action.

"Go on."

"I can't. Let go of me, Sarah."

"You must, since you've brought him here."

"Oh, my! I'm all upset, that I am."

"Pshaw! Going on as you have been about wanting a count, and now to act so foolish like."

The viscount, gathering from this that the beautiful mees was bashful at the point of meeting, adopted an attitude at once captivantly assuring.

Then followed a scuffle, the door was flung open, and with a scream someone was thrust into the room. With heels joined, figure slightly bent, one hand over his heart, and downcast gaze, the viscount posed for a moment. Then raising his eyes he beheld, not the timid mees of his imagination, but a decidedly rotund lady struggling with the handle of the door, which had been closed behind her.

"Let me out," she cried in a substantial voice, "let me out. You hear me, Sarah! If you don't I'll give you something!"

As the lady's three-quarter profile revealed to the viscount full cheeks heightened by a natural colour, and a nose rather more upturned than what is generally understood as retrouse, the whole comely, perhaps, but certainly chic, his enthusiasm, ardour, even courage, dwindled. Was this the belle Glucose the clerk of the journal envied him? Le diable! She reminded him of a petite rhinoceros. Such taste, how was it to be accounted for?

With a final vain tug at the door handle, the lady turned and plumped into a chair.

"Oh, my!" she gasped, "if you're a real count why ever don't you say something?"

With a despairing glance at the lady, and another aside to gather courage from her environment, the viscount advanced a few steps.

"Mademoiselle," he began, with a falter in his voice, "do not yourself distress. I come at your command; I, your obedient slave!"

THE lady fixed a pair of small bright eyes upon him and nodded approvingly.

"Well, you look all right," she said at last, "but, truth now—no shinnanigin—are you a real count?"

"Shin—nan—i—keen! What is he?" asked the viscount, occupying a chair at a reluctant distance. "I do not understand."

"It means just plain fooling," she answered. "You said in the paper that you were a genuine count."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he asserted with a flicker of pride, "I am the Viscount Gricourt de Perpignan, of a family the most ancient, at your service."

"You are!" exclaimed the lady. "Well, if this don't beat everything. But if you're all that, why don't you act different, like all the counts I've read of?"

"Terrible," thought the viscount, "now for sacrifice I make to the daughter of the rich Glucose."

With averted gaze he touched a hand, unyielding in its structure of muscular firmness.

"Mademoiselle," he sighed, with a feeling otherwise than ardour, "I place myself at your feet."

"At me feet, is it?" she responded. "Sure, it's on a chair that ye are."

The viscount dropped on one knee and summoned his remaining fortitude.

"Mademoiselle, I love you since your portrait I behold in the journal."

"My portrait!" exclaimed the lady. "Did you see it? Why, that was way back when Pat fell off the carriage and broke his neck."

"Ah, you have been married before, Madame?" asked the viscount.

"Sure, I've buried three husbands," calmly returned the lady.

"You have already buried three husbands!" cried the viscount, aghast.

A scream from the widow of three deceased husbands brought the viscount to his feet. Considering her ample proportions, she made a remarkably expeditious retreat from the room. Overwhelmed by a conflict of emotions, the viscount turned to confront a tall, elderly
(Concluded on page 27.)



He turned and snapped his fingers derisively.



JEREMEAUX

LLOYD GEORGE'S FOSTER-FATHER

ON the first of March—the festival of the Welsh Patron Saint—the news was cabled from London that on the preceding day there had passed away, at the ripe old age of eighty-three, a Welshman to whom humanity at large owes a great debt of gratitude. For whatever debt the Empire and the Allied cause and the race in general owe to Mr. Lloyd George they owe in large measure also to the man who made it possible for him to climb the lowest rungs of the ladder by which he has reached his present position of commanding influence. The story of Mr. Richard Lloyd's devotion to his orphan nephew forcibly reminds us that the seemingly ordinary duties of life are rescued from the region of the commonplace by the possibility of far-reaching consequences.

Richard Lloyd succeeded his father as village shoemaker at Llanystumdwy, in Carnarvonshire, and the humble nature of his craft should not blind us to the nobility of his lineage and character. The true nobility of his character is shown by the devotion with which he set himself to fill the role of father for the little family thrown upon his care, and all we knew of the father whose place he took goes to prove that it was no mean task to neutralize his loss. Mr. William George—for that was the father's name—was a man of learning and of strong convictions. This latter trait, as well as his power in debate, has been transmitted to his brilliant son. He was a schoolmaster by profession, and numbered among his friends some of the most intellectual people of the day. Two years of his career as teacher were spent at Pwllheli and it was then that romance entered into his life, for he met and married Elizabeth Lloyd, daughter of David Lloyd, after whom Mr. Lloyd George is named. Soon we find the young schoolmaster in Manchester, and it was there that his second child, David Lloyd George, was born, on January the 17th, 1863. On the day of his birth his father wrote to a relative: "He is a sturdy, healthy little fellow, stronger and much more lively than his little sister. He has fine curly hair. I am proud of him. May he live to become a great man."

SOON after David's birth ill-health compelled the father to abandon the teaching profession. He returned to his native Pembrokeshire and took up farming; but after barely two years on the farm he passed away at the age of forty-four. The bereaved widow immediately wrote to her brother at Llanystumdwy to acquaint him with her loss. Richard Lloyd was not satisfied with advising his widowed sister from a distance. He straightway set out on what was then a long and tedious journey to Pembrokeshire. Arrived there, he at once perceived that it would be impossible for Mrs. George, with her young family, to remain on the farm. She must return with him to Llanystumdwy and make his home her own. The invitation lovingly offered was gladly accepted. The household belongings were sold by public auction. Mr. Lloyd George's earliest recollections are connected with that event. He remembers, himself, a child not much over two years of age, helping his little sister to place pebbles under the gate hoping thereby to keep away the people who were coming to buy their things. Soon the little family is at Llanystumdwy, and not long after their arrival there, Mr. Lloyd George's brother, William, was born.

The picturesque village which now became the home of Lloyd George is about two miles distant from the watering-place of Criccieth. In the centre of the village a bridge spans a small stream, and on one of the ledges of the bridge may still be seen the letters D. L. G., carved by the youthful hand of the future premier. It was amidst ideal surroundings that Mr. Lloyd George spent his happy boyhood. Much of his time was spent in the open air; he was a leader among the boys, and entered with zest into all their games. On more than one occasion his escape from serious accident was miraculous. The house which thus opened its hospitable doors to welcome the bereaved family was a small, well-built structure of stone. Above the front door there hung a sign acquainting all whom it might concern that the occupant plied the trade of a shoemaker. The

Story of the Man to Whom the British Premier Owes Much of His Success

Editor's Note:—Professor Michael is himself a Welshman, now a Canadian preacher and professor in Victoria College, Toronto. He was born not far from the home of the Lloyds and the Georges, and personally knew Richard Lloyd, bachelor uncle and foster father of the British Premier.

By PROF. J. HUGH MICHAEL

living room contained one of the cosy hearths so familiar in Wales and known to the Welsh people by the name of *simdde fawr*. If the home was not poor, there was an entire absence of all luxury. Indeed, life was somewhat of a struggle. "My mother"—to quote Mr. Lloyd George's own words—"had to make a hard struggle to bring up her children. But she never complained and never spoke of her struggles. It was not until long after that we were able to appreciate how fine had been her spirit in the hard task of bringing up her fatherless children. Our bread was home-made. We scarcely ever ate fresh meat, and I remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday mornings."

Richard Lloyd, however, made his sister's burden as light as he possibly could. She and her young family were the first charge on his care. His devotion is beyond all praise. "My uncle," said Mr. Lloyd George, on one occasion, "never married, and he set himself the task of educating the children of his sister as a sacred and supreme duty. To that duty he gave his time, his energy and all his money."

Perhaps Richard Lloyd's outstanding characteristic was strength. He came of a Puritan stock famed for its strength and austerity. He was endowed with a strong and massive physical frame, and his countenance betokened strength of character. How could weakness possibly be associated with that massive forehead and those firm lips? In recent years his long white beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. He was a familiar figure on Criccieth railway station, where his dignified figure invariably attracted the attention of all who beheld him.

With strength of character he combined breadth of outlook. His strong convictions were not born of narrowness. He did not confine his reading to the papers and periodicals of his own church and his own party. For a man in his station he was well-read.

Neither was his strength that unattractive kind which is divorced from sympathy. His kindly eyes afforded clear proof that he possessed a sympathetic heart. Instinctively did the villagers turn to him for advice and sympathy. One of Mr. Lloyd George's biographers thus speaks of Mr. Richard Lloyd: "He was a kind of poor man's lawyer, blending a maturity of judgment with a kindness of heart which nerved many a man to contend afresh with his difficulties. To him, as he sat in his workshop, toiling at the task that brought daily sustenance for the fatherless children that were under his roof, came the dispirited farmers, helpless over devastation to the crops by the jealously guarded game, and groaning under heavy financial obligations that were visibly crushing them." The lad Lloyd George would be an eager listener to many a tale of woe.

THOSE noble traits of character, as well as his undoubted integrity, were, to a large extent, the outcome of his religiousness. Mr. Richard Lloyd was a member of the "Church of the Disciples," which was an offshoot from the Baptist Church; it differed greatly, however, from the parent body. For one thing, the Disciples had no paid ministry; those who acted as their pastors received no remuneration for their services; they were in the apostolical succession in so far as they combined daily toil with spiritual ministrations. The Church was avowedly an attempt to reproduce the conditions and customs of Primitive Christianity. Uncompromising dissent was one of its features, and in his opposition to Erastianism in any form Richard Lloyd was a true member of his Church. Three times each Sunday, and once during the week as well, he and his house-

hold walked from Llanystumdwy to Criccieth and back again, for the little edifice in which they worshipped was close to the latter place. By-and-by young David began to take part in the week-evening meeting, and it is by no means unlikely that he would have entered the Christian Ministry had not the accident that the church to which he belonged did not pay its pastors rendered that course impracticable. For close upon sixty years Mr. Richard Lloyd ministered to the little church without fee or reward, except the love and gratitude of the flock. It is said that during the first fifty years he was absent on one solitary Sunday only! It was in April, 1909, that he completed the fiftieth year of his service, and his nephew, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, celebrated the event by sending to his uncle, as well as to Mr. William Williams, who for years had been associated with Mr. Lloyd in the joint pastorate—a present of books. Mr. Lloyd George described the gift as "a small token of my humble admiration for two lives of singular purity, devotion and self-sacrifice."

The shoemaker's workshop, which adjoined the cottage of Richard Lloyd, has been described as the "hub" of the village. There it was the wont of the villagers to gather and engage in eager discussions—particularly on religious topics. On Mondays the sermons preached in the various churches on the previous day would form the subject of discussion and debate. Politics, of course, would come under review, for the Welsh regard politics as a phase of religion. It was the frequent task of young Lloyd George to read aloud in the workshop the leading articles of the great English dailies, and then to translate them into Welsh for the benefit of those whose linguistic attainments did not transcend the limits of the vernacular.

WHAT the lad got from the character and personality of his uncle was deepened by direct teaching. Richard Lloyd fostered and encouraged his aptitude for discussion. On the way home from church on Sunday night the boy would freely discuss both the content and the form of the sermon which his uncle had just delivered. Nor was the spirit of revolt which early began to burn in his bosom at all suppressed. The school which he attended was a "National" school. On Ash Wednesday it was the practice to march the scholars in procession to the Anglican Church. The majority of the children came from Nonconformist homes, and on the eve of one Ash Wednesday young Lloyd George heard his uncle condemn the custom. He played truant the next day without any qualms of conscience. It could not be wrong to play truant in order to be absent from a function which did not meet with his uncle's approval. On another occasion he persuaded one of his young friends, the child of Nonconformist parents who was to be confirmed in the Anglican Church with the consent of his parents, to play truant with him in order to keep him from attending the confirmation service. One of Mr. Lloyd George's biographers tells us that he acted thus at the instigation of his uncle. That is not right. The fact is that he triumphantly confessed his "crime" when he returned home, and found, as he had expected would be the case, that his uncle showed no signs of displeasure.

The story of the catechism revolt in which the future Prime Minister was the ring-leader is too well known to need repetition, and we must be content with the barest allusion to the heroic manner in which the uncle helped the nephew to surmount the obstacles that strewed his path when he decided to enter the profession of the Law. Not only did he place his scanty savings ungrudgingly at his disposal, he even acquainted himself with the principles of Law in order to make the path easier for him. French was required for the Preliminary Law Examination, and that presented a real difficulty, for the village schoolmaster, though well qualified to teach many subjects, could not number French among his attainments. Richard Lloyd came to the rescue. There are few more fascinating scenes than that conjured up by the following words of Mr. Lloyd

(Concluded on page 21.)

MUSIC

A MOST remarkable entertainment, last week at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Never before was there one like it in this country. An audience of seventeen at a long table on a high stage. A choir of 200 scattered about at tables on the floor of the hall; sopranos, basses, altos, tenors—all mixed up as informally as a crowd in a street-car; then the conductor behind his own plate and a bunch of daffodils—and the most bewitchingly blended quality of tone imaginable from what may still be considered as the greatest choir in the world. You have guessed that it was the Mendelssohn Choir. And the occasion was the valedictory dinner given by Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., to Conductor Dr. A. S. Vogt, who is handing the great choir over to Mr. Fricker, of Leeds—to arrive July 1. The programme contained five numbers, ending with the finale "Britons Alert," from Elgar's *Caractacus*, a piece of magnificent choral enthusiasm never before, we suppose, tendered to an audience of 17. Speeches unmentionable—anyway not mentioned—by the chairman, Sir Edmund Walker; by the Choir's President, Mr. W. H. Parkes, asking the conductor to please allow the Choir to have his portrait painted by E. Wylly Grier; by Dr. Vogt; by the members of the Choir presenting a formal address of appreciation; by W. H. Rundle, honorary vice-president of the Choir—and others. It was a rare occasion.

Sir Edmund Walker said two things about Dr. Vogt that are worth repeating: No man in Canada has ever yet done so much to realize his vision of art—as Vogt. This is a highly psychological statement, even for Sir Edmund. Also—A. S. Vogt is nothing so much as a real Canadian. This is not psychological. So far as we know, nobody in that crowd ever openly suggested that A. S. Vogt was ever anything else. There is really no reason why he should be. He was born in Canada, made his reputation and did his life work here. What else could he be?

Fricker is Progressive

A PARENTLY there is nothing mediaeval about Mr. Fricker, the successor to Dr. Vogt, at the desk of the Mendelssohn Choir. One of his latest unconventional feats is turning Elijah into a smoking concert for soldiers. We imagine this is the first instance on record of any such delightful blasphemy against the name of Mendelssohn. The entertainment took place in Leeds as part of the Music in War-Time scheme of that musical metropolis. But it was never intended by Mr. Frickers to give a nicotine version of Elijah in the first place. It was a case of the growth of an idea. For two years now it has been the business of the War-Time music organization to give concerts in hospitals and camps. Mr. Fricker for some months past has been in the habit of taking volunteers from his Leeds Philharmonic to sing in the wards of the great hospital in Beckett's Park. Out of this grew the idea of giving Elijah for the benefit of as many soldiers as possible in the Leeds town hall, of which Mr. Fricker is the able organist. The entire Leeds Philharmonic volunteered, along with the Leeds Symphony Orchestra. The performance is said to have been brilliant. Mr. Fricker is a live conductor. If he adapts himself to Canadian choral conditions as aptly as he does to wartime in his own country he should carry on the Mendelssohn Choir to—

But, of course, this is mere speculation. Mr. Fricker will have some things to learn. Toronto is not Leeds; neither is Ontario Yorkshire. As organist of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, he will be able with his degree from Cambridge to carry out the express wish and design of Mrs. Massey-Treble who, in her will, specified that the great organ for which she had paid about \$40,000, should thereafter always be played by one possessing a Mus. Doc. degree from either Oxford or Cambridge. What on earth a Mus. Doc. has to do with good organ-playing we don't know. But Mr. Fricker will probably be able to demonstrate. He will have one of the most complicated organs in America to negotiate. The present incumbent of the bench there is Mr. T. J.



Palmer, who has not a Mus. Doc. of the kind specified in the testament. His immediate predecessor was Mr. Weatherly, who went back to England.

* * *

Huneker's Pianograms

J. G. HUNEKER is always saying something unusual about music. In last Sunday's *New York Times* he has an article on the vanishing of the grand air among modern piano artists. It seems there is no grand manner left now to our great expounders of ivory messages. But the most asserting thing about the article is the way Huneker hits off the horde of pianists whom he has heard in the past forty years.

Anton Rubinstein, he says, displayed the grand manner. Notwithstanding the gossip about his "false notes," he was, with Tausig and Liszt, a supreme stylist. He was not always in practice and most of the music he wrote for his numerous tours was composed in haste and repented of at leisure. It is now almost negligible. The D minor concerto reminds one of a much traversed railroad station. But Rubinstein the virtuoso! It was in 1873 I heard him, but I was too young. Fifteen years later or thereabout he played his *Seven Historical Recitals* in Paris, and I attended the series, not once, but twice. He had a ductile tone like a golden French horn—Joseffy's comparison—and the power and passion of the man have never been equalled.

On a hot night in 1876, and in old Association Hall, I first saw and heard Teresa (then Teresita) Carreno. I say "saw" advisedly, for she was a blooming girl, and at the time shared the distinction with Adelaide Neilson and Mrs. Scott-Siddons of being one of the three most beautiful women on the stage. Carreno to-day, still vital, still handsome, and still the conquering artist, was in that faraway day fresh from Venezuela, a pupil of Gottschalk and Anton Rubinstein. She wore a scarlet gown, as fiery as her playing, and when I wish to recall her I close my eyes and straightway as if in a scarlet mist I see her, hear her; for her playing has always been scarlet to me, as Rubinstein's is golden, and Joseffy's silvery.

Eugen d'Albert, surely the greatest of Scotch pianists—he was born at Glasgow, though musically educated in London—is another heaven-stoimer. I heard him in Berlin four years ago, at Philharmonic Hall, and people stood up in their excitement—Liszt *redivivus!*

It was the grand manner in its most chaotic form. A musical volcano belching up lava, scoriae, rocks, hunks of Beethoven—the *Appassionata Sonata* it happened to be—while the infuriated little Vulcan threw

PLAYS

emotional fuel into his furnace. Eugene d'Albert, whether he is or isn't the son of Karl Tausig—as Weimar gossip had it; Weimar, when in the palmy days every other pianist you met was a natural son of Liszt—or else pretended to be one—he has more than a moiety of that virtuoso's genius.

I think it was in 1879 that Rafael Joseffy visited us for the first time; but I didn't hear him till 1880. The reason I remember the date is that this greatly beloved Hungarian made his debut at old Chickering Hall (then at Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street); but I saw him in Steinway Hall. Another magician with a peculiarly personal style! In the beginning you thought of the aurora borealis, shooting stars, and exquisite meteors; a beautiful style, though not a profound interpreter then. No one has ever played the E minor Concerto of Chopin as did Joseffy. He had the tradition from his beloved master, Tausig, as Tausig had it from Chopin by way of Liszt.

In the same school as Joseffy is the capricious de Pachmann; with Joseffy I sat at the first recital of this extraordinary Russian in Chickering Hall (1890?) This last representative of a school that included the names of Hummel, Cramer, Field, Thalberg, Chopin, the little de Pachmann (he was bearded like a pirate), captivated us. It was all miniature, without passion or pathos or the grand manner, but in its genre his playing was perfection; the polished perfection of an intricately carved ivory ornament.

After de Pachmann—Paderewski. And after Paderewski? Why, Leopold Godowsky, of course. I once called him the superman of piano playing. Nothing like him, as far as I know, is to be found in the history of piano playing since Chopin. He is an apparition. A Chopin doubled by a contrapuntalist. Bach and Chopin. The spirit of the German cantor and the Polish tone-poet in curious conjunction. His playing is transcendental; his piano compositions the transcendentalism of the future. Dramatic passion, flame, and fury are not present; they would be intruders on his map of music. The piano tone is always legitimate, never forced. But every other attribute he boasts. His ten digits are ten independent voices recreating the ancient polyphonic art of the Flemings. He is like a Brahma on the piano. He is a pianist for pianists, and I am glad to say that the majority gladly recognize this fact.

From 1888, when he was a wonder-child, Jozio Hofmann's artistic development has been logical and continuous. His mellow muscularity evokes Rubinstein. No one plays Rubinstein as does this Harmonious Blacksmith—and with the piety of Rubinstein's pet pupil. I once compared him to a steam-hammer, whose marvellous sensitivity enables it to crack an egg-shell or crush iron. Hofmann's range of tonal dynamics is unequalled, even in this age of perfected piano technique. He is at home in all schools, and his knowledge is enormous. At moments his touch is as rich as a Kneisel Quartet accord.

* * *

A Play Without Words

PIERROT THE PRODIGAL paid his first visit to this country last week. He may come back as soon as he likes. There never was a pantomime like this in Canada. Most pantomimes are sleepy affairs. Pierrot sparkled every second. The average p.m. is three parts guesswork. Pierrot was as explicit as a nursery rhyme. A common Rube could have followed it. And in every detail of stage business it was as finished and as beautiful as a tray of diamonds. It was all a sort of silent language, set to music. It had the character of a dance. It had the vivid delineation of the movie. And it was both a comedy and a tragedy. Gestures and dumb show were never so eloquent.

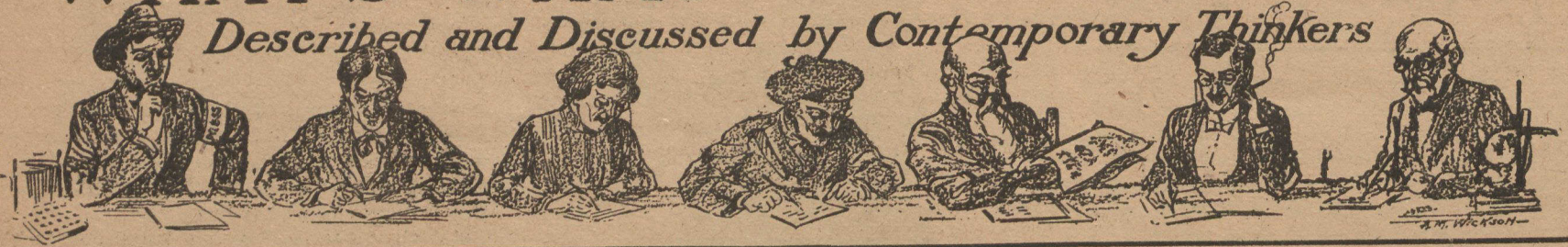
The story? Here it is.

Pierrot is a prodigal son of thoroughly French village parents. He falls in love with Phrynette, the golden-haired laundress—a siren. She will not take him without heaps of money. Renot has more. He steals his father's frugal earnings and decamps with

(Concluded on page 26.)

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



SCOTS PROFESSORS

Alone Have Held the Fort of Learning Against German Attacks, says British Prof.

GERMAN science, like the German Army, inspires respect or awe rather by reason of its massed formations than of the outstanding merits of its leaders, writes Prof. M. A. Gerthwohl, in the Fortnightly Review. There is, of course, not a little window-dressing, and a vast deal of national and personal advertisement, among German scientists. The bibliographical method enables them, as it enables the German scholars, to magnify the bulk and authority of their discoveries by ticketing as a novel experiment the most infinitesimal laboratory test. Trifles which in other countries would not be deemed worthy of notice, and still less of point, are here fully and solemnly recorded in the numberless Hefte or Blatter, local or central, at the disposal of every sub-section of every branch of German science. These unparalleled facilities for publication, as also the lavish official stage management of the German learned and scientific congresses, account in no small measure for the lure thus deliberately cast over foreign scholars and scientists. The German Government has subsidized these publications and congresses, which could never have been self-supporting, for the purpose of advertising German scientific wares and of facilitating the dumping of its surplus output in books and bookmen in foreign schools, there to propagate Kultur. By the same process, it has also aimed at completing the conversion of foreign scientists to the creed of Germany's supremacy, by drawing them within its orbit, and annexing at one and the same time their sympathies and their future discoveries.

It is notorious that university teachers in this country, in all but one or two popular subjects, can-

Now, shrewd in this matter, Germany has discarded for the occasion her pet Protectionist theories, and facilities for scientific publication are liberally provided and paid for in the case of any foreign author or scientist of moderate worth who is ready to worship at the shrine of Kultur and Wissenschaft. Nothing so much as this subtle method of Teutonic flattery and bribery accounts for Germany's seduction of many of the world's non-German Intellectuals—Britons, Italians, Russians, and even Frenchmen, and, of course, a host of academic representatives of the smaller Powers, Dutchmen and Scandinavians. Unwittingly, these men have allowed themselves to be denationalized as scientists and scholars and to swell the chorus of an alien culture and science. So far as this country is concerned, it should be borne in mind that teaching in the past has been the worst paid and the least honoured of the professions. The reputations of scholars and scientists are often assessed according to their salaries and the fee-earning capacity of their departments. The passage from such an atmosphere to that which surrounds a German, or, indeed, any Continental seat of learning, where the world seems to begin at the Herr Lektor and to end with the professorial Excellency, and where the Herr Ober-Bibliothekar forthwith deposits at your hotel the books and MSS. which the frigid British Museum official has declined to hand over to you across the counter, cannot fail to be productive of rare and refreshing fruit from the standpoint of the pan-Germanic propaganda among British scholars and teachers. I would fain utter a warning against the growing pretension of the business man of this country, following in the wake of the now discredited lawyer politician, to reform and dominate everything and everybody. When he contends that business should be conducted by business men and the State trading policy by men of trading experience, he is on safe and solid ground. Let him insist, then, that the national education in the future should be, like that of every other civilized country, conducted by the experts, that is, by the teachers, and not by amateurs.

The result has been that British State secondary education comprises, as a rule, but four years of study, as against seven in France and Belgium. Add to this an orgy of holiday-making and week-ending, in which the business man himself has set the pace, and it is not difficult to understand why, despite the concrete intelligence of the English race, the native wit of the Irish, the imaginative expenditure of the otherwise thrifty Welshman, it is only the hard-headed, infinitely patient, and painstaking Scot who, among the various peoples that inhabit these isles, can be said to have kept the German at bay and to have beaten him in the struggle for life.

We shall all have to be Scotsmen in the future!

JOSEPH CONRAD'S BOOK

He is the Apostle of Man's Loneliness and Secret-ness of Soul

IF Mr. Joseph Conrad appears at first glimpse as a romancer—and it is certain that to many readers he does—the explanation is simply that he is a deeper realist than is commonly perceived. This is the view expressed by Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett, in an article on Joseph Conrad in the Atlantic. There is a truth outside of truth which is romance; there is a truth within truth which is the living heart of truth. Romance is a vision; but this heart of truth, the objective of the

greatest realists, of whom Mr. Conrad is one, is a patient discovery.

As a result of the inward bent of Mr. Conrad's mind and interest, it follows that no one else has written with so profound a sense of the awful privacy of the soul, the intense, palpitating secrecy which underlies even the most placid and composed



Just wait until the shell explodes.

—The Montreal Daily Star.

phenomena of the every-day world. Every one of his stories, properly understood, is a story of mystery, though with hardly anything of the conventional machinery of mystery. Readers will have noticed the extraordinary number of passages in his work which involve the physical presence of somebody or something hidden: evidently the bare fact of concealment fascinates this author. But the whispering intensity of such passages is only the reflex of Mr. Conrad's general feeling that everything in the world is in thralldom to secrecy, that secrecy is almost the law of life. Every being is at bottom inexpressible and trying to express itself, every truth is in essence a paradox and struggling for consistency. The "secret sharer" haunts the captain's cabin and the captain's thoughts until he seems to have become the captain's other self; but the unearthly and dreamlike reality of the whispered consultations of those two is as nothing to the reality of secrets buried in the consciousness too deep for even whispered consultations. That young rebel stow-away is the negation of tranquility in a stolid and respectable ship's company; it is an outrage upon all fitness that he should be there and they innocently not know. But he is only an obscure symbol of rebel man precariously living on his pinprick of lighted dust in space, a negation of the serene immensity of the cosmos which mocks him.

It is important to understand this about Mr. Conrad, for it is the heart and marrow of his kind of irony. Even his verbal irony is only a way of reminding us of the paradox of outer and inner, the incredible gap between the appearance and the reality. In Nostromo, his account of the horrible scene of Senor Hirsch's tortured and violent end is sprinkled with reminders of the utterly commonplace character of Hirsch's previous life and occupation. The tragedy of an old man whose world has dropped to pieces round him is described in these terms: "The enthusiastic and severe soul of Giorgio Viola, sailor, champion of oppressed humanity, enemy of kings and, by the grace of Mrs. Gould-



"I WANT TO GO TO THE PRETTY LADY."

—Brinkerhoff in New York Evening Mail.

not, as a rule, find a publisher for other than school manuals, while contributions to the very few organs of the British Scientific Press are wretchedly remunerated, if at all. Really learned books, in fact, can only be brought out, as a rule, at the author's own expense.

hotel-keeper of the Sulaco harbour, had descended into the open abyss of desolation among the shattered vestiges of his past." Thus, even as a stylist, Mr. Conrad is occupied with the ironic or tragic unfitness of things. He reminds us by a system of allusions that the strange and sinister things that people do are never so strange as what people are; and he makes the secret inner reality throw a sombre or a shimmering light outward over the plain coarse texture of the duldest lives and occupations.

This primary interest of Mr. Conrad in the inmost verity of things, and the secondary quality of his interest in their external appearances, are the prevailing notes in all that he has to say of his own art. "Art itself," he says, "may be defined as a single-minded attempt to render the highest kind of justice to the visible universe by bringing to light the truth, manifold and one, underlying its every aspect." The artist must "reveal the substance of its truth—disclose its inspiring secret: the stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment." If he succeed, "you shall find there . . . all you demand and, perhaps, also, that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask." The emotional side of life will not suffice for him, as it does for the sentimentalist in fiction: "His aim is to reach the very fount of laughter and tears."

Mr. Conrad has no lack of the modern realist-reporter's facility in transcribing minute surface aspects of life; indeed, his notation of them is singularly firm and sharp. But he transcribes them only as indices of the moral life which at once implies and transcends them; and he penetrates further into the dusky hinterland of character and motive than any other modern "historian of hearts"—the more remarkably because quite without the apparatus of the psychological novelist.

To be a historian of hearts, in the sense of feeling the isolation and secret mysterious beauty of each individual adventure, is to be almost necessarily a historian of the lonely. Mr. Conrad speaks somewhere of "the indestructible loneliness that surrounds, envelops, clothes every human soul from the cradle to the grave, and, perhaps, beyond." And instinctively he chooses from the medley of lives those that are most detached from "the community of hopes and fears," most cut off, by some agency of race, of inheritance, of character, or simply of chance, from participation in the life of civilized and social man. In the earlier stage of his work his bent was toward the man cut off by his own act;

process of being ourselves; that the indestructible barriers of self are the most inexorable thing in the world. And so, not only does he become very definitely and specially the spokesman of the outcast, but he also perceives that, in some intangible and spiritual sense, every one in the world is an outcast.

The first barrier that Mr. Conrad studied was that of race. The central character of *Almayer's Folly* is the isolated white man stranded in a back-water of life, among brown men. An Outcast of the Islands presents the sharper issue, the more relentless tragedy, of the white man's infatuation for the brown woman. In the two novels about revolutionists, *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*, Mr. Conrad comes a step nearer to Western civilization. Haldin, the anarchist murderer in *Under Western Eyes*, condenses in one laconic utterance the whole burden of the anti-social life and conscience—"Men like me leave no posterity."

TEDDY ON CANADA

Reads a Sermon to Americans with this Country as a Text and Example

NO nation, says Theodore Roosevelt, in the *Metro-politan Magazine*, ever yet achieved greatness through ease and absence of effort; and although material prosperity is an absolutely essential foundation, the lack of which renders hopeless any attempt to raise a worthy superstructure, yet by itself, and to the exclusion of all else, material prosperity, no matter how abounding, means at the very utmost a kind of bastard greatness, more contemptible than any other kind. The flag that commands the respect of other nations and inspires among its own followers the high passion of loyalty must float over a land where there is well-distributed material well-being, but, what is even more important, where there have also been developed the stern and lofty virtues of resolute and adventurous valour, of trained prowess, of readiness for self-sacrifice, of power to render service, and of determined and unshakeable patriotism.

These are the virtues which during the last two years and a half Canada has pre-eminently shown. She has passed through one of those times which try men's souls, and which sift out the strong and the worthy from the weak and the unworthy. She has stood the test. She has proved her possession of those qualities that mark the people of masterful ability, able to shape their own destinies and to hold their own in the rough world of actual life. Her sister commonwealths of the British Empire overseas—Australia, South Africa, New Zealand—have shown a like farsightedness and proud capacity for service for the common good, and have borne themselves with similar heroism. The action of the Boers in South Africa has been a most striking tribute to the farsighted wisdom and justice of the Imperial Government. But Canada is our neighbour on the north, and we are more familiar with what she has done; and as the conditions of her social, industrial and political life substantially resemble our own, her example is of peculiar value to us.

Canada has sent to the front about 250,000 men. She has 150,000 more in training. This means that she has enlisted, all told, about 400,000 men. The casualties up to date are well over 50,000. Meanwhile Canada has faced undauntedly the necessary taxation, and has voluntarily contributed 40,000,000 dollars to relief funds. Let our people understand what these figures mean by remembering that Canada has only about one-thirteenth of our population and one-thirtieth of our wealth. Her shores were not immediately menaced; the counsels of cold and timid selfishness, had they prevailed, would have bid her take a merely perfunctory part in the war, and rest in safety behind Britain's control of the ocean. But Canada was too proud not to fight. She scorned the ignoble role of shirking duty, and letting others protect her. Her effort in men is relatively as great as if we had raised an army of over five million soldiers—and her troops are as splendid fighting men as their Australasian and South African brothers, or as any others among the war-hardened veterans who have fought on both sides in this terrible world war. Her money effort in the single item given above is equivalent to what this nation would have done if it

had contributed over a billion dollars in relief funds.

This is the spirit by which a world peace will eventually be won. Canada can now speak for such a peace and be entitled to a respectful hearing; because her deeds have made good her words. We ourselves, after the Spanish War, were able for a decade to take a real and leading part in movements



THE TWO VOICES.

Holy Willie: "Stop that cursed screaming! I can't hear myself sing."

—Bernard Partridge, in *Punch*, London.

for international peace, and we widened the area in which orderly liberty and the peace of justice obtained. We were able so to act because we were at the time strong in material strength and, above all, in tempered strength of soul and in clearness of vision; and because we were scrupulously careful to keep our promises, to correlate deeds with words.

I have always earnestly striven, and shall always earnestly strive, to bring nearer the day when the peace of righteousness shall prevail throughout the world. As with every such movement, it is vital to take the preliminary and possible steps first; and failure so to do means that the final step becomes impossible and that the attempt thus to take it, without first taking the others, causes mere mischief.

Let our people profit by Canada's example and by the teachings of our own patriots. We are proud of the great past of our land. We can not afford to have this country, which ought to be, and can be, made the hope and the example for the free peoples of the world, turned into the Greatest of the Yellow Nations.

Lloyd George's Foster Father

(Concluded from page 18.)

George's: "My poor uncle and myself used to sit for hours together and laboriously spell out of an old French dictionary and out of a grammar the rudiments of the language. It was for both of us a painful and a difficult way of learning."

In the busiest periods of his career Mr. Lloyd George's letters to his uncle were never overlooked. When Mr. Lloyd George was invited to become Chancellor of the Exchequer, he immediately thought of the delight which it would give his uncle to come and stay at the Chancellor's official residence in Downing Street. "My dear old uncle," he said, "will be so proud to come and stay at the house in which Gladstone—his great hero—at one time lived. For him the very associations of the place will become inspiring memories."

Mr. Richard Lloyd was spared to see the advent of his nephew to the Premiership, and though he is not here to witness his future triumphs, he will not die so long as Mr. Lloyd George lives.



COME OUT!

—Harding, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

in the later stage, it has been toward the man cut off by his own nature. But whether he writes about a disgraced man outlawed from society, or about a profoundly individual and solitary man locked in the unlighted cell of his own temperament, the meaning is always that there is a tragic beauty in our secret

CANADIAN CANTERBURY TALES

SINCE the war began and the War Office camped the Canadians in the Shorncliffe area, many's the strange tale I've heard while travelling in the train with them. I know it's difficult to get these grim, silent men from the wilderness to talk, but I flatter myself I've a knack of drawing their confidence. I must have some strange power within me to draw such a story as this one.

To begin with, I'm a green grocer in Ashford, Kent, and last Sunday night I was coming home from a visit to my married daughter in London. In the 7.15 from Charing Cross I found myself beside two Canadian soldiers. One was a tall, strong-looking chap, with odd twinkling eyes—seemed to be kind of laughing to himself at something. He had a badge on his cap with some kind of a deer's head on it.

When we had passed New Cross he pulled a flask of whiskey from his haversack and took a long pull at it. His companion was now asleep, so he woke him up and extended the flask. The latter roused himself at this sight and said: "Don't mind if I do—here's looking at you"—and drank an astonishing amount and promptly fell asleep again. The first man then offered the flask to a Highlander who stared solemnly at it for a moment—murmured—"Well, perhaps a wee drop"—and nearly drained it. The Canadian then turned to me and said, "have a snort, stranger?" I refused, so he finished the whiskey himself and then to my horror flung the bottle from the window.

We began to talk about Canada, so I said:

"It's very patriotic of you to come so far to fight for us."

"Naw," he replied, "it weren't no darned patriotism. It was business."

"Business?"

"Yep—you see, I was workin' in a railroad camp before the war. There was a German there, too, and one night I come back to the bunk house and found he'd lit out with my best clothes and \$115 of mine. He's over there fighting for his Kayser now, so I come, too. I'm goin' to get that b—— and put the boots to him. Yes, sir. I'll send him up in the air higher'n a kite"—and he settled himself back comfortably, bit off a piece from a plug of tobacco and began to chew meditatively.

"Lots of wild animals out there, I suppose?" said I, to change the subject.

"Animals?" he said. "Why I was raised on a clearing back east in the Parry Sound district and there wasn't nothing you couldn't shoot in our bush from a moose to a rabbit."

"Bears?"—and he spat thoughtfully through the window—"why, the bush was crawlin' with 'em.

By PATRICK SINCLAIR

Humoresques from the North Country Ouvral those of Chaucer's Pilgrims

Many's the time I've seen 'em stuffin' 'emselves in berry patches. They'd get the cattle, too, if we didn't put the irons on 'em. We keep the sheep around the clearing, but the cattle go and graze in the bush all summer."

"The irons?" I asked.

"Sure," he replied; "you put steel spurs on a fightin' cock, don't you? Well, we put long, sharp steel tips over the cows' horns, and they're able to fight any bear. Knowin' beasts, them cows," he continued; "won't leave the barn until you put their irons on. Once they're on off they goes."

"I remember our bell cow—old Strawberry—sad as could be till she had her irons. Then she'd stick her tail straight up in the air, snort and cavort about and sail off for the bush as perky as a game cock, and makin' playful passes with her horns at a hen or a dog or a post, just to show off."

"Bears would kill 'em all but for the irons. As it is, I've often seen 'em comin' home with their tails all raw."

"Do the bears catch them by the tails, then?"

"Naw," he replied, "but when bears or wolves goes for 'em they all turns back to back—make a circle if there's enough—with their heads out, and they knots their tails together in the centre. They can't untie their tails when the fightin' 's over, you see, so they just pulls the knot apart and it often takes the hair and skin off."

Here he lowered the window and again spat a stream of tobacco juice into the night. I saw the poor man was upset by this amazing reminiscence, so I offered him some cherries to fill in an awkward pause and divert his thoughts. He ate them slowly and spat the stones into his hand. After gazing at them a while he spoke again.

"Them cherry stones, now," he remarked, "reminds me of one of the queerest animals I ever shot. Like to hear about it?"

I assented eagerly.

"Well," he continued, "when I was about sixteen I was out in the bush one day lookin' for cattle, and I had fawther's old muzzle-loadin' shot gun along. I'd banged away at rabbits and such and had fired off all the shot I'd brought out. Then I come to a

little open space in the bush where some of them wild cherry trees were. So I began to eat the cherries, it being kind of a hot day.

"Pretty soon it struck me them cherry stones I was spittin' away might do instead a' shot in case I seen somethin'. So I loaded up both barrels and rammed 'em in good with wadding.

"All of a sudden I hears a rustle and a yearlin' fawn sticks its head out of some brush quite near. So I give it both barrels quick into the head, thinkin' at that close range I might get him. The fawn went off with a rush and I went over to where it'd stood and found some blood. So I follows up a little way, but the blood soon stopped and I lost the trail.

"Well, sir, I forgot about that after a time. But five years from next November I was out with fawther and some others after deer and we was runnin' 'em with dogs. When you're doggin' 'em, you see, you puts a man on each runway where the deer's likely to go and then another man puts the dogs into the bush. When the deer hears the dogs after him he runs round a bit to get wind a' things and then hits one of his runways and lights out for another part of the country, and if there is a man on that runway he gets a crack at him.

"Well, I'd been standin' on a runway a while and then I hears the dogs a yelpin' to beat hell and comin' right towards me. Soon I hears Mr. Deer comin' along lickety-split and I get a peek at him for a moment through the trees, and a fine big buck he looked. I had a shot gun loaded with buckshot and when he bust through the saplin's into a little open space beside me, I slammed both barrels into him at about thirty yards. He travelled on, but his flag (that's his tail, you know) was down, so I know'd I'd got him; and about seventy yards further I finds him dead.

"Well, sir, would you believe it, that was the 'eye-dent-i-cal-deer I'd shot them cherry stones into more 'n five years before!

"For as true as I sit here, growin' up out of that buck's head, instead of the horns I thought I seen, was as fine a little cherry tree as ever grew!

"Fawther had the head carefully stuffed"—he hurried on after a short pause—"and a government man come down from Ottawa and bought it. I've got a photo of it here," and he fumbled in his pocket.

But unfortunately I did not see this interesting photograph, for the train had now reached Ashford and I was compelled to alight. As I left the carriage I heard the Scotchman remark:

"Mon—mon—ye're fair wasted in the airmy. It's the meenistry ye should be in."

HAVE WE OVER-BUILT RAILWAYS?

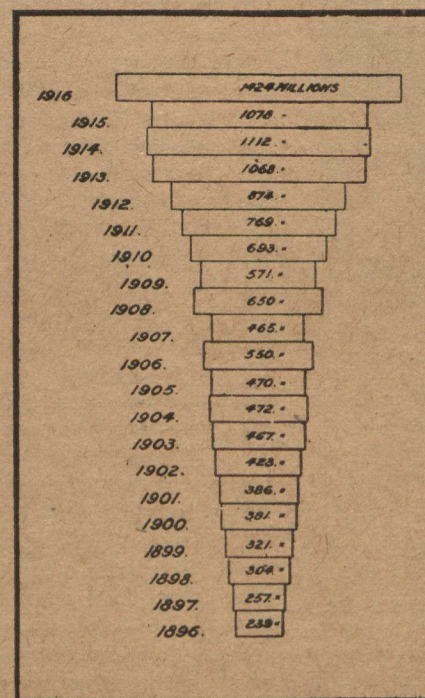
CANADA enters the year 1917 with three transcontinental railways. Twenty years ago she had only the Canadian Pacific. True, about that time, Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann were preparing to build their first colonization roads in Manitoba, but who then could have anticipated that within two score years their labours would result in the Canadian Northern Railway system? The National Transcontinental and the Grand Trunk Pacific were in the comparatively distant future, as actual construction work did not begin upon them till 1906. Since 1896 Canada has increased her railway mileage from 16,270 miles to 35,582 miles. Have we been making progress too fast? Has Canada overbuilt her railways?

Ask the average man in Ontario if Canada has overbuilt her railways and he will probably answer "Yes." Two years ago he would certainly have said "Yes," and said it most emphatically. The year 1914 was a lean year the world over. Canada, the Latin American Republics, and, for that matter, the United States, then a debtor nation, found their usual supply of capi-

By
C. PRICE GREEN

tal from the Old World suddenly cut off. Production was on the wane, and business stagnant. Even the Great War, which soon stimulated production and transportation beyond anything that could have been imagined, only added at first to the distress and stagnation of the business world.

The fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, was one of the hardest ever experienced by the railways of this continent. Two years ago the pessimist who made it his business to croak on every occasion that Canada had overbuilt her railways seemed to be vindicated. To-day, with the great expansion in railway traffic and railway earnings that have come with the war, he has lost something of his former confidence. He has no recourse left but to prophesy gloomily about Canada after the war. Yet even he will scarcely claim that our railway earnings will ever fall below the high water mark of ante-bellum days. The demobilization of our armies overseas, the return of troops and their supplies from abroad, the increase in



The growth of the country's foreign trade resembles a pyramid upside down, a monument to the progress which carried Canada into commercial importance.

ocean traffic bound to follow the restoration of peace, the rush of immigration bound to come from the States immediately after the war, and almost certain to come from the British Isles, within a reasonable time thereafter, will combine with many other causes to give railway earnings an upward tendency.

We do not, however, rely upon the war, which was unforeseen, or upon its economic results, which still lie hidden behind the veil of the future, to meet the charge that our railway expansion between 1896 and the outbreak of the war was excessive, extravagant, and therefore unwarranted. We may instead confidently point to the phenomenal and astounding growth of Canada between 1896 and 1914. Indeed we might almost rest our case upon the development that occurred in the first decade of the century as shown by a comparison of the census figures of 1901 with those of 1911.

In answering the question "Has Canada overbuilt its railways?" we will not attempt to show that any arbitrary per capita standard of mileage has been adhered to. Doubtless we

(Continued on page 24.)

Opinions of Other People

ODI TEDESKO ANSWERED.

Feb. 17th, 1917.

Editor Canadian Courier,
Toronto:

Dear Sir,—In a letter to the Courier of Feb. 17th, "Odi Tedesko" expressed some strange views. The writer's main contention was that the presence of German on the High School curriculum interfered with the efficient teaching of French and that for this reason the study of German should be abolished. He urged that intensive study of only one spoken language, French, was equally desirable from political and educational points of view; that this would result in more efficient teaching and would enable colleges to recruit their staff from the best of their students—including those engaged in High School teaching—without postgraduate work.

O. T. says: "As a key to literature German opens a poorly furnished chamber; Goethe alone takes rank with the giants of French letters." The author of this singular opinion has apparently forgotten Schiller, Lessing, Heine and a host of other German classics. As for Goethe's claims to rank with the French giants, anyone at all acquainted with either language would be more inclined to ask: "What French writer takes rank with Goethe?" It has long been a commonplace of criticism that Goethe is the greatest individual force in modern letters.

"In the University preparation of language specialists," declares O. T., "a heavy burden is laid upon student and professor by the requirements of high standing in both French and German," and "to force our teachers to devote four years to both languages is to put them under a serious handicap in case they cherish the ambition of entering the professional ranks." O. T.'s idea, if carried out, would result, don't you think, in rather amusing complications? Imagine a professor of French, educated after O. T.'s system, delivering a lecture. "Prof. X," says a student, "I read that a man named Goethe, a German, had a great influence on French and English literature. Who was this man?" "Why, I don't know," replies Prof. X, "I never studied German, I specialized in French." Or someone asks: "Which do you consider the greater poet, Hugo or Heine?" "Heine? Heine?" says Prof. X, with a blank expression, "who was Heine?" As this imaginary scene suggests, men professing to lecture intelligently on French—or, for that matter, on any language—without a knowledge of German would be a unique ornament to the profession!

Further, O. T. recommended that French and Latin be taught together as a language group. Might I ask O. T. what he would do with Greek? Since the Greeks invented almost all literary forms that are in use to-day, and since their language contains unapproachable models of literary excellence, of which Latin authors were, at their best, only imitators, surely O. T. would not do away with Greek? But as he does not mention Greek in his suggested classification of languages for High School teaching, the inference is that he does not consider it worthy of a place on the curriculum. His idea, then, is to combine French with Latin, and to discard Greek, whose literary works have been the envy and despair of all succeeding ages and whose influence, after 2,300 years, is still felt in all the better parts of life!

For the reasons outlined above, I would say that O. T. has not proved that German is "linguistically and culturally a cumberer of the ground," that its exclusion would promote the

study of French, or that the study of French and Latin, to the neglect of Greek, is at all desirable.

On one point, however, I cordially agree with O. T., namely, when he speaks of "the intellectual sloth that too often envelops the established specialist," but I think there is a better antidote than O. T. suggests. The High School teacher almost invariably ceases to take any real interest in even the subjects he teaches, much less others, as soon as he leaves college. A very small amount of erudition suffices for the everyday work of High School teaching, and in a few years the teacher has ceased to have any intellectual interest in his work beyond the paltry class-room requirements. The reason is that very few teachers in any subject, literary or scientific, have enough feeling for literature to keep on reading when the pressure of college examinations is removed. Harold Bell Wright is just as popular among teachers, who ought to know better, as among High School students, whose youth may plead as an excuse. The remedy I suggest for this deplorable aridity of mind is that every two or three years all High School teachers be required to pass the fourth year examination of their alma mater, and, say, the freshman examination in English. Such a system would do much to prevent that "intellectual sloth" which overtakes ninety-nine out of a hundred teachers. As for O. T.'s suggestion that University faculties could be recruited from teachers in the High Schools, without postgraduate work and the intellectual ambition that postgraduate work implies, the only answer to that is that they are simply not competent for college work.

Sincerely,
B. E. C.

SAVE THE WHITE RACES.

To the Editor:—

Dear Sir.—In these terrible days when the Red Reaper is cutting down so many of the fairest flowers of humanity, pleadings such as mine have little chance to command attention. Yet hope is centred in my pleadings, for fear for the future of the white races is pressing its burdens upon me since the war has drawn our noble England into its merciless bondage.

(Continued on page 26.)

Paintings at O. S. A.

(Concluded from page 15.)

year. Mr. Tom Thomson has greatly disappointed Toronto art lovers by his non-appearance. Miss Harriet Ford, absent. Miss Dorothy Stevens, who is in New York for the winter, has all her recent paintings on view in that city, but she sends two excellent etchings of New York sky-scrapers as seen from Brooklyn Bridge. The only other notable etchings on view are those by Mr. John W. Cotton.

The sculpture is, as usual, very poorly shown on a narrow central table with benches on either side, so that if you gazed fixedly at one of the statues the lady sitting immediately in front of it is apt to take offence and ask her neighbour if there is anything wrong with her back hair. One of the most charming pieces is by M. Henri Hebert, a head in delicately-tinted plaster. Miss Frances Loring excels herself in a marble statuette, entitled "A Dream Within a Dream." And Miss Margaret Scobie shows good work which promises still better things to come, a portrait bust of a girl in a nurse's cap, entitled "1917," has particularly good modelling.

FRANK S. WELSMAN

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LET all the guileless bodies with money hidden under the bed beware of the coming days. Though there is a war on in Europe—at least so the business world sometimes deigns to admit—and though we are supposed to be very poor and very conservative just now—a boom in mining is about to descend upon us. At this moment I know of at least five mines in one township that are about to be launched upon the simple-hearted world. They are gold mines. The public will be invited to buy a few shares. Some of them will be worth buying.

Now be it known, this article is not to advise you against speculating on a gold mine. But it is a warning not to INVEST in a gold mine. You can't possibly put money into any mining proposition and call it investing. If you want to gamble, and if you can really spare the cash without getting into trouble with the landlord or the grocer, or going behind in your insurance premiums—do so, by all means. But don't fool yourself into thinking you will have a right to grudge if you lose.

Another point: If you are going to buy gold mining stocks, buy like a gentleman. Get in and stay in as long as you can. Be a real shareholder in the mine if possible—not just a profit-taker in the stock-market. Profits are just as attractive to me as to you. If I were you and you were me and you told me what I have just told you—I might and I might not take the advice. It is tempting to cash in on a ten-point rise in the market. It is, on the other hand, very disheartening to

By INVESTICUS

find that the market has fallen again before you have had time to cash in. But remember always that the people who have made great returns from gold mines have been the people who "stuck." They chose carefully. They looked long and earnestly before they bought. Then, having bought, they hung on.

Before you buy—whether to gamble on the market or gamble on the contents of the mine—listen to this: There is going to be a really first-class advertising campaign put on by the gold miners. It will be all the better because the men behind the mines BELIEVE what they tell you. But don't YOU be foolish enough to believe just because they believe. When it comes to gold mines be careful—and then some. You are going to be told that such-and-such a township has long been scoffed at by competent mining engineers who declare that the formation in that region is such as to lead them to say: Nothing doing. Pockety gold. No sustained run of gold-bearing ore. You are going to be told that this is just what they said about Cobalt. You will be reminded how Cobalt was condemned (and it WAS too), and you will be told not to let yourself be fooled.

Well—don't. Don't be fooled. Don't let yourself be flim-flammed into thinking that because the engineers made a mistake about Cobalt that they have made a mistake about everything else in the world.

Nothing seems to be quite as potent

in the making of madmen as gold. An otherwise dignified and reserved gentleman will talk to you as though he was a "barker" in the midway at Toronto Fair and you were the crowd. He will rave and rant and storm and howl—about his gold mine. God knows he believes every word he says too. He wouldn't undecieve himself if he could. He would rather be undecieved by the gentler process of losing his money—proving that after all there WASN'T anything in the ground but dirt—dirty at that. That is the kind of man who will either bore you stiff or induce you to "invest" in his mine. If you are going to do the latter, make your decision first while you are out of range of his tongue. Put ice on your head and cotton in your ears. Don't let your imagination show you purple motor cars carrying you and your wife to golden boxes at theatres made of platinum—make it show you the meaning of your losses if you lose. That's more important.

Mind you: money has been made in gold mines and WILL continue to be made. If your company is an honest one and not just a stock-jobbing proposition, it may make money for YOU. But whatever you do, don't fool yourself into thinking any gold mine is a sure thing. Not all the engineers in the world, swearing on all the Bibles, Korans or Talmuds in the world, can assure you that a deposit of gold bearing ore goes more than two thirty-seconds of an inch deeper than you can SEE it go. You never know what's in a mine till you've dug it out and cashed it.

HAVE WE OVER-BUILT RAILWAYS?

(Continued from page 22.)

have built more miles of railway in proportion to our population than many other countries. A country small in area, and densely populated like England, does not require the same amount of railway mileage to population as a country like Canada, where a comparatively small population is scattered over a continent. A few miles of street railway serve the intra-urban passenger transportation demands of a population numbering 500,000 people in the city of Toronto, but the same amount of mileage would not serve many passengers in the district of Gaspé or Rainy River. Not only is it impossible to apply the same per capita test to different countries, but it is also impracticable to apply that test to different sections of the same country. More railway mileage is required in the prairie provinces than in the well-settled rural districts of Eastern Canada. The case is compactly and wonderfully well stated by a writer in a recent issue of the Canadian Farm. "The Western farmer," he says, "is essentially a shipper, and we of the East are apt to misunderstand his position. The typical man on the land east of the Great Lakes is a factory farmer. He produces great quantities of fodder and grain, but to him they are raw products to be converted into milk or its products, beef and pork. The farther the process of manufacture is carried, the more the value and the less the bulk for shipment. In the West, for reasons too intricate to be disposed of in a paragraph, the farmer has gone in for factory farming only on a limited scale. He produces grain in startling abundance, and the kind of grain that finds a market thousands of miles away, and shipping facilities are as essential to him as fine seed and good weather. That is why the railways

loom so large in the public life of the West. By the ordinary standard in which railway requirements are measured, the proportion of population to mileage, the West is pretty well supplied. A map of the Prairie Provinces shows them as gridironed with railways and still the cry goes up for branch lines here and there all over the country. The needs of the West cannot be judged by standards in the East, and the average statistician goes astray when he passes the Lake of the Woods."

In a new country like Canada, with virgin fields and forests and great undeveloped resources, railways often have to precede population. They also have to run through a great deal of territory where local traffic cannot originate for a long time. Imperial, national and economic reasons make it of vital importance for us to bind our scattered provinces together from sea to sea by all-Canadian railways to all-Canadian ports. But apart from these considerations, which are, perhaps, paramount, we hope to show by a process of comparison easily understood, how vastly greater and richer Canada is to-day than she was twenty years ago. This growth and development synchronized with the era of railway construction, which may be said to have commenced in 1897, or, to speak more accurately, it has largely resulted from that railway construction. Yet our increase in railway mileage has scarcely kept pace with our increasing needs for railway service. Indeed we will find that the railway mileage has only been doubled, while trade and production have quadrupled during the past twenty years.

Unfortunately there are few accurate statistics available as to the annual growth of domestic trade. The foreign trade is, however, measured

each year, and we find that it was six times greater in 1916 than it was in 1896.

The value of our agricultural products in 1900 was \$362,656,883, and in 1910 it had increased to \$722,713,962, or nearly double; and the bulk of this increase came from the west, from the new lands brought under cultivation through the construction of colonization roads. Field crops and other agricultural products for the year 1915 must have doubled those in 1910. Perhaps the Western wheat crop is scarcely a fair standard of comparison, as the yield for 1915 was abnormally large, but the figures show that the yield for 1915 was 320,000,000 bushels, and the year 1910, 110,166,700 bushels. The yield for 1916 was not so phenomenal, but its value in money did not fall below that of 1915. Canadian railway mileage has doubled since 1896. Will anyone say that our agricultural products have not quadrupled in that time?

The lumbermen increased the value of their products from \$51,000,000 in 1900 to \$184,000,000 in 1910. The buildings required for the million or more people who followed the railways into the plains of Western Canada account for a substantial part of the increased business; while even in the cities and towns of Eastern Canada the building activity must be credited in part to the beneficent influence of the Western markets.

The manufacturers increased their output from \$481,053,375 in 1900 to \$1,165,975,630 in 1910, or 242 per cent. Since then has come the feverish activity in the manufacture of munitions which may soon bring our total manufacturing output for the year within easy reach of the two billion mark. True there may be some dislocation and recession after the war, but to-

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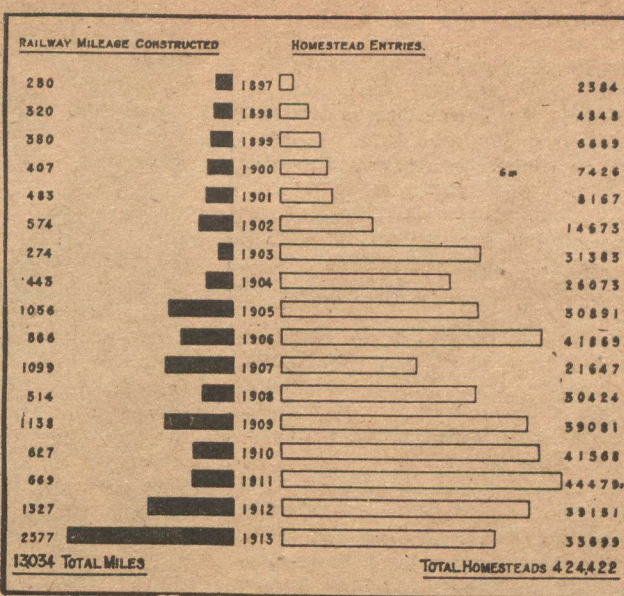
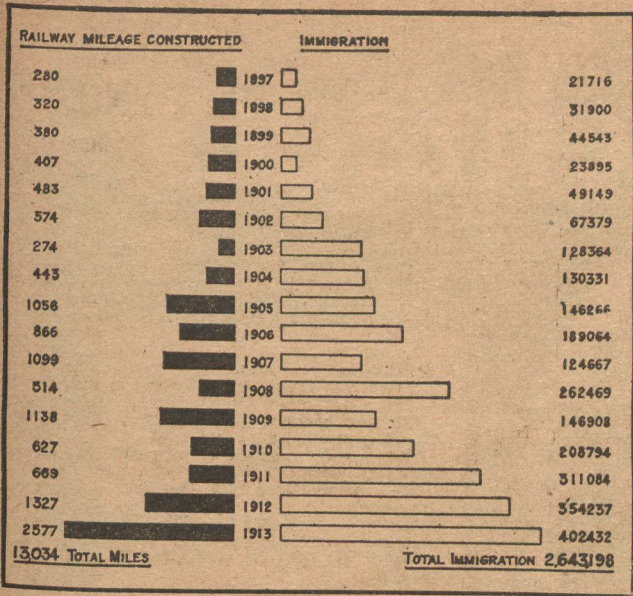
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day it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us. This enormous increase in freight has to be handled and we are in the proud position of having it handled by Canadian railways.

Mineral products increased from \$64,420,877 in 1900 to \$106,823,623 in 1910, more than 60 per cent., and more than half of the increase came from territories along lines of railway which were not in existence in 1896. Since then and especially since the commencement of the war, the output of our mines has increased enormously, and a very considerable percentage of the ore formerly exported is now being smelted or refined in Canada.

The yearly yield to the wealth of the Dominion from her fisheries rose from \$21,557,639 in 1900 to \$29,965,433 in 1910, and \$33,207,748 in 1913. The completion of two more transcontinental railways to the Pacific Coast has greatly stimulated the British Columbia fisheries; the inland fisheries of the prairie provinces, for so many years entirely neglected, have become of commercial importance, and are helping to ration the British and Canadian forces overseas; from the Maritime Provinces there has been for several years a steady increase in the export of fish. Even more gratifying has been the ever-growing increase in the shipments of fish from Nova Scotia to Montreal, Toronto and the industrial centers of Ontario.

Railway earnings naturally reflect the country's growth and prosperity. The gross earnings of the railways of Canada increased nearly five times between 1896 and 1914, while the railway mileage built within the same period little exceeded that which was in operation in 1896. Net earnings per mile increased from \$952.85 in 1896 to \$2,548.8 per mile in 1913, and the net earnings per mile would have been even greater if so large a proportion of the new mileage had not been built in unsettled and undeveloped country. These figures indicate that railway mileage was increased only to meet the demands of traffic or to open up country to settlement. Railway statistics during the war period have been mercurial, and therefore perhaps an unstable or unsafe guide. They fell during the first year of the war, and rose during the second, but for the year ending June 30, 1916, they reached the highest point in railway earnings, approximately, \$262,000,000.

To sum up, the census figures of 1910 indicate that, within the decennial period covered, the growth of railway mileage was not in proportion to the development of the country's basic industries—fisheries, mining, lumbering and agriculture. Estimating at the most moderate figure the great increase in production since 1910, we repeat that Canada's wealth and resources have quadrupled in the past twenty years, while her railway

mileage had scarcely doubled.

But we must not regard increased railway mileage as registering the country's growth and prosperity. It is rather the other way about. Increased railway construction upon well-considered lines accounts for and brought about, to a large extent, Canada's wonderful growth and development during the past twenty years.

The West provides the best and most striking evidence of the influence of the railways upon the country's prosperity. In 1897, 2,384 quarter sections were homesteaded in Western Canada. Next year the number of homestead entries doubled, and as the years passed they increased until the entries of 1911 were nearly eighteen times the 1897 figure. The diagram above shows an interesting relation between yearly homestead entries and yearly railway construction, which it is reasonable to presume is more than coincidence. It must be remembered that homestead entries of one year are usually the result of the pre-

vious year's railway building, and that if the mileage increases for 1912 and 1913 do not bear out the lesson of the diagram, the difference is explained by the fact that the construction of these years was largely confined to the connecting up of lines in districts either not open to homesteading or open only to a limited extent.

Increased immigration year by year fairly parallels increased railway mileage since 1896. In 1897 the total immigration into Canada was 21,716, while in 1913 it reached the record-breaking figure of 402,432. Naturally enough, immigration has fallen off with the falling off in railway construction caused by the Great War, yet some 17,030 immigrants settled in the three prairie provinces during 1916. After the war we naturally look for a vast increase in immigration, and the "talking point" of the immigration agent will be the splendid railway facilities to be found in Western Canada.

(Concluded next week.)

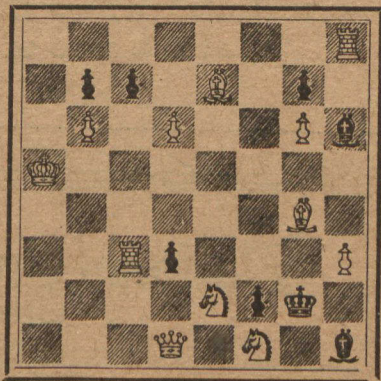


Solutions to problems and other chess correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 124, by William Meredith. Version, American Chess Magazine, Sept., 1897.

From "100 Chess Problems by William Meredith" (White),

Dec., 1916. Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Twelve Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Problem No. 125, by L. S. Penrose. Third Prize, Good Companions' Solving Tourney, 22 Feb., 1917.

White: K at QB8; Q at QKt5; R at KB5; B at QR5; Kts at Q5 and Q7; Ps at QR2; QB7 and KKt6.

Black: K at QB5; Q at QR3; R at QR5; Kts at QR4 and KKt7; Ps at QR2, QR6, QKt2, QKt3, Q6, KB3 and KKt2.

White mates in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 120, by J. J. O'Keefe and W. J. Smith.

1. R—B2! P—Q4 ch; 2. Q—K7 mate.

1. ... K—Q4; 2. Q—B5 mate.

1. ... K—K6; 2. R—B4 mate.

Problem No. 121, by Karel Traxler.

1. B—Q2! PxB; 2. Q—KB7, K—Q5; 3. Kt—B3 mate.

1. ... P—Kt7; 2. KtxP d. ch, K—B6; 3. Rxp mate.

1. ... Kt—K7; 2. QxQPch, K—B5; 3. Bxp mate.

Faulkner's self-stalemate.

In our column, as far back as May 6 last, the self-stalemate below by Mr. W. J. Faulkner was published with the omission of the Black Pawn at Kkt3. We were not made aware of this till recently by Mr. Faulkner himself. During the meantime, the faulty position was, with Mr. F.'s other self-stalemate problem, issue July 1, sent to the American Chess Bulletin, and both reappeared in December. Mr. Joseph Ney Babson, the famous American long-range composer and solver, in ignorance of the error, found the following interesting solution in fourteen with the Pawn in question missing: 1. R—B7; 2. R—B6; 3. B—Kt7; 4. B—B3; 5. B—R5; 6. R—B8ch; 7. B—B3ch; 8. B—B6; 9. KxRP; 10. R—KR8; 11. P—K7; 12. P—Q; 13. Q—K7 (ch); 14. Q—Kkt7ch, KxQ stalemate. The problem and solutions follow:

White: K at Kkt5; R at QKt7; B at KR6; Ps at QR6, QB4, Q2, Q5, K6, KB4 and KR4. Black: K at Ksq; Ps at QR2, QB4, Q3, Q6, K2, KB4, KKt3 and KR4. (1. R—B7; 2. R—B6; 3. B—Kt7; 4. B—B3; 5. B—R5; 6. R—B8ch; 7. B—B7 (a); 8. R—B8; 9. R—B7ch, K—Rsq (b); 10. B—Q8; 11. B—R5; 12. B—B3ch; 13. B—R8, KxB; 14. R—Kt7, KxR stalemate. (a) If White waits with the Rook, the stalemate takes 15 moves. (b) If 9. ... K—Ktsq, then 10. B—R5 at once finishes in 13 moves.)

Corrections.

In Problem No. 118, by Guidelli, a White Knight was omitted from Q3. We stated Mr. Sim as first prize winner in the Good Companions' Solving Tourney at the Toronto C.C., Feb. 22, and Mr. Faulkner second. Due to the clearing of a misunderstanding with Mr. Janet, the judge, the placing of these awards is

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reversed. We congratulate Mr. Faulkner upon his success.

To Correspondents.

(B. Gordon). Our thanks for pointing out the error.

CHESS IN TORONTO.

An interesting game played in Division I. of the Toronto City Championship Tournament, between two prominent members of the Toronto Chess Club. The notes are our own.

Queen's Gambit Declined.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| Mr. R. G. H. | Mr. W. C. E. |
| 1. P-Q4 | 1. P-Q4 |
| 2. P-QB4 | 2. P-K3 |
| 3. Kt-QB3 | 3. Kt-KB3 |
| 4. B-K15 | 4. B-K2 |
| 5. P-K3 | 5. QKt-Q2 |
| 6. Kt-B3 | 6. Castles |
| 7. B-Q3 | 7. P-B4 |
| 8. Castles | 8. PxQP (a) |
| 9. KKtXP (b) | 9. PxP |
| 10. BxP | 10. Kt-K4 (c) |
| 11. B-Kt3 | 11. Q-R4 |
| 12. BxKt | 12. BxB |
| 13. Kt-K4 | 13. B-K2 |
| 14. QR-Bsq | 14. R-Qsq |
| 15. Q-K2 | 15. Kt-Kt3 |
| 16. KtR-Qsq (d) | 16. B-Q2 |
| 17. Kt-QB3 | 17. QR-Bsq |
| 18. Q-Kt4 | 18. P-K4 (e) |
| 19. Kt-B5 (f) | 19. BxKt (g) |
| 20. QxB | 20. RxRch |
| 21. RxR | 21. R-KBsq |
| 22. R-Q7 | 22. P-Kt3 |
| 23. P-Kt3 | 23. B-B3 (h) |
| 24. P-KR4 | 24. Kt-K2 |
| 25. Q-Kt4 (i) | 25. Kt-Bsq (j) |
| 26. RxBP | 26. Kt-K2 |
| 27. RxRch | Resigns (k) |

(a) The complete dissolution of the centre Pawns, before having completed his development, is premature. Usual is the stereotyped 8. ... PxBP, followed by P-QR3, P-QKt4 and B-Kt2.

(b) Recapturing with the King's Pawn is preferable, despite the bogey of the isolated Pawn that follows. White could soon obtain a formidable onslaught against the adverse King. The text-move simplifies, with the game perfectly even.

(c) 10. ... P-QKt3 would lose the exchange by 11. Q-B3. An alternative would be 10. ... Kt-Kt3 and 11. ... KKt-Q4.

(d) No advantage can be accrued from doubling Rooks on the Bishop's file.

(e) This advance, for which White clearly laid is unfavourable. The best seems 18. ... Kt-K4, followed by 19. ... Kt-B3 with a view to getting the Queen's Bishop into action. If 18. ... B-B3 at once, then, of course, White replies 19. KtxKP, etc.

(f) Threatening 20. RxB, RxR; 21. Kt-R6ch, PxKt; 22. QxR, R-Kt3sq; 23. P-KR4! P-R4 (if 23. ... BxP; 24. QxBPch, K-Rsq; 25. Kt-K4, threatening 26. Kt-B6, with a winning position); 24. Q-B5. R-KBsq; 25. P-Kt3, followed by 26. QxRP also with a winning position.

(g) The best defence seems to be 19. ... B-B3. The game can hardly be saved after the text-move.

(h) Black is very restricted for moves and this is the only means to meet the advance of White's King's Rook Pawn.

(i) Threatening Kt-K4 and to win a piece.

(j) This loses at once, but if 25. ... Kt-B3, then 26. Kt-K4, B-Qsq; 27. Kt-Q6, B-K2 (if 27. ... Kt-K2; 28. KtxP); 28. Kt-B5, B-B3; 29. Kt-R5ch, K-Rsq; 30. KtxPch, etc.

(k) A well-played game by White with the help of his opponent.

Victoria vs. Vancouver.

A chess match by telephone took place between these two cities on February 13. Unfinished games have just been adjudicated, the final score standing, Vancouver 4½ points, Victoria 2½.

Opinions of Other People

(Concluded from page 23.)

The declaration of Lord Beresford saying that the nation is in a state of unparalleled gravity may well be said to describe the position of the white races. . . . England is bound and tied, not by her war-made enemies, but by the Eastern situation, which is a plain illustration of the hidden traps of that entanglement called Alliance.

After securing a small amount of the white man's brain, Japan won the first victory over one of our nations by defeating Russia and capturing all her important claims in the East. In the present great conflict, Japan, under the disguise of war's deceitfulness stepped to the side of Russia; and has captured Germany's claims in the East, become master of China, and is now filling her coffers with gold by sending munitions to Russia.

I am not speaking for Germany—but war cannot deceive me now. I believe that every Oriental of the coloured races who offers and gives help to the write in this war, does so with

thoughts of his own interest. . . . He is getting a firm footing in the white man's domains; and the time will surely come when we will find every individual of the coloured races arrayed against us.

A Humble Daughter of Canada,
ELFREEDA M. COOLEN.

GRILSE STORY INSPIRES HIM.

East Sherbrooke, Que.,
March 17, 1917.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Dear Sir,—A short time ago I had the pleasure of reading in an edition of the Courier an account of the adventures of the T. B. D. Grilse off the coast of Nova Scotia.

I would like to say, Mr. Editor, that story was the most intensely interesting reading I've ever seen. By God, sir! I would consider it an honour to have the opportunity to shake hands with every survivor of that sensational trip, and I think that every British subject—in fact any civilized, right-thinking person all over the universe—ought to feel proud to know that we have such men as those serving under the Flag of a Nation fighting for Justice and Humanity.

Being an ex-Imperial soldier myself I have read numerous books of wars in which our soldiers and sailors have taken part, but I admit I've never read anything that thrilled me so much as the story of the courage and endurance displayed by the crew of the Grilse.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED WALKER.

Cynthia's One Night Out

(Concluded from page 8.)

would be a motor to bring me and some of the girls out to the works. When I got there she wasn't on hand, but a car with a man in it seemed to be waiting for somebody. So I says to him, "Is this the motor that's going to the munition factory?" "Yes," sez he. "Get right in." So I got in beside him.

'As he started the car he asked me which factory it was. I told him kind of surprised like, and he said, "Why yes, of course." But I noticed he was going out of his way a good deal if he knew where it was. However, I thought as how he had some reason for going around a block or two, and didn't bother until we'd got out of our way considerable and he began a-carrying on.

"Then I turned on him and said, "None o' that, young man, you've mistook your party. I can see you don't drive no motor car for no munition workers; but if you don't turn right around and take me back to the corner that you got me from, I'm going to start and scream till I scream my head off."


'He got the car about quicker than scat; and as we went back he said, "Well, I didn't do you any harm now, did I?" "No," I told him, "but that ain't your fault."

'All the way I kep' looking out for a policeman. But, of course, didn't see none till that villain had put me down and drove away. Just then a policeman came along, so I up and told him. "I'll bet he's the chap that has been doing a lot of these tricks," says he. "Never mind, I'll get him yet, and I'll see he has a good biff on the head while he's being took."

'But just think,' she concluded, 'if I'd been a timid bit of a girl!' Then with biceps bulging she picked up her pail and left us thinking.

"That ended my night out," said Cynthia. "When I got home I went to bed, to stay there for nearly a week, recovering."

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending March 31st at the rate of

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that same will be payable on and after April 2nd, 1917.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st March, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

W. E. RUNDLE,

Toronto, March 7th, 1917.

General Manager.

The Third Campaign

(Concluded from page 17.)

man, who had entered by another door.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the tall man, regarding the viscount curiously.

"Monsieur," said the viscount, "you see before you the Viscount de Perpignan."

"I do, eh?"

"Who has declared his unalterable devotion to madame, the widow of the three husbands. A mort—to the death."

"That's all right, that's just how it should be," acquiesced the tall man, patting the viscount on the shoulder.

"I'm not saying anything against it. In fact, glad I came home unexpectedly to extend congratulations for the rest of the family."

"Ah! You are Monsieur de Vanderhoff?"

"Yes, and I'm mighty sorry to lose Hanna, she's such a darned good cook."

The viscount threw up his hands.

"I make myself love to a coo-ook?"

"Fact, or looked wonderfully like it."

"Then I have been deceived," cried the viscount. "I am a victim of a plot the most treasonable. A bas the cook!"

"Then, if that's the case," demanded old Vanderhoff, "may I ask what in thunder you are doing here?"

Five minutes later when the Viscount Pierre Ferdinand Napoleon Gri-court de Perpignan arrived somewhat unceremoniously on the sidewalk, he turned upon the closed doors, snapped his fingers derisively, and hurled back in crescendo accents, "Animal—lion—tiger!"

A Play Without Words

(Concluded from page 19.)

Phrynette; leases the blue-walled, plain old homestead and—

Next thing we behold him with Phrynette in a sumptuous Parisian boudoir. Bills come in. Pierrot's pockets are empty. He decides to gamble—and he is a good gambler. An old roue duke arrives. He is willing to pay all Phrynette's bills if she will elope with him. She goes. Pierrot returns, his pockets full of money. But his siren is gone.

And in Act. III we find Pierrot's parents heartbroken. The very motions they so vivaciously went through in Act I. when every movement was set to blithe music became sad and slow and woe-begone. Pierrot has disgraced them. The father goes drearily out to buy tobacco. In his absence Pierrot returns—a miserable tramp. His mother is overjoyed. When the father returns he is enraged; will not have Pierrot under his roof; throws him on the floor—when a band marches past and Pierrot springs to the war.

It was a play without words, set to music.

And how did it come to be so?

Just this way says The Theatre:

Some twenty-six years ago there was established in Paris, by the Brothers Larcher, theatrical club known as the Cercle Funambulesque, where plays were presented for the special delectation of the members and their friends. The Larchers, in order to provide their patrons with a novelty, decided upon a revival of the old Italian pantomime, which flourished intermittently through the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Madame Sarah Bernhardt was, among many other celebrities, induced to co-operate.

Michel Carre, son of the part-author of the libretto of "Faust," etc., wrote "L'Enfant Prodigue" as a three-act play. The artistes employed to act therein were word-perfect when M. Andre Wormser arrived on the scene. He was invited to write the music for "L'Enfant Prodigue." As his score grew daily towards completion, so the dialogue of the players was deleted, until eventually they were telling the story in pure pantomime.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

By TALBOT MUNDY

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King pricked his ears and allowed himself to grin, for in common with many hundred other men who had been lieutenants at the time, he would once have given an ear and an eye to know the truth of that affair. The grin transformed his whole appearance, until Yasmini beamed on him.

"I'm listening, Princess!" he reminded her.

"Well—he came—the Prince of Germany—the borrower!"

"Borrower of what, Princess?"

"Of wit! Of brains! Of platitudes! Of reputation! There came a crowd with him of such clumsy plunderers, asking such rude questions, that even the sirkar could not shut its ears and eyes!

"I did not know all about sahibs in those days. I thought that, although this man is what he is, yet he is a prince, and perhaps I can fire him with my genius. I could have taught him the native tongues. I thought he had ambition, but I learned that he is only greedy. You see, I was foolish, not knowing yet that in good time if I am patient my man will come to me! But I learned all about Germans—all!

"I offered him India first, then Asia, then the world—even as I now offer them to you. The sirkar sent him to see me dance, and he stayed to hear me talk. When I saw at last that he has the head and heart of a hyena I told him lies. But he, being drunk, told me truths that I have remembered.

"Later he sent two of his officers to ask me questions, and they were little better than he, although a little better mannered. I told them lies, too, and they told me lies, but they told me much that was true.

"Then the prince came again, a last time. And I was weary of him. The sirkar was very weary of him, too. He offered me money to go to Germany and dance for the kaiser in Berlin. He said I will be shown there much that will be to my advantage. I refused. He made me other offers. So I spat in his face and threw food at him.

"He complained to the sirkar against me, sending one of his high officers to demand that I be whipped. So I told the sirkar some—not much, indeed, but enough—of the things he and his officers had told me. And the sirkar said at once that there was both cholera and bubonic plague, and he must go home!

"I have heard—three men told me—that he said he will never rest until I have been whipped! But I have heard that his officers laughed behind his back. And ever since that time there have always been Germans in communication with me. I have had more money from Berlin than would bribe the viceroy's council, and I have not once been in the dark about Germany's plans—although they have always thought I am in the dark.

"I WENT looking for my man—studying Germans, English, Turks, French—and there was a Frenchman whom I nearly chose—and an American, a man who used the strangest words, who laughed at me. I studied Hindu, Muslim, Christian, every good-looking fighting man who came my way, knowing well that all creeds are one when the gods have named their choice.

"There came that old Bull-with-a-beard, Muhammad Anim, and for a time I thought he is the man, for he is a man whatever else he is. But I tired of him. I called him Bull-with-a-beard, and the 'Hills' took it up and

mocked him, until the new name stuck. He still thinks he is the man, having more strength to hope and more will to will wrongly than any man I ever met, except a German. I have even been sure sometimes that Muhammad Anim is a German; yet now I am not sure.

"From all the men I met and watched I have learned all they knew! And I have never neglected to tell the sirkar sufficient of what men have told me, to keep the sirkar pleased with me!

"Nor have I ever played Germany's game—no, no! I have talked with a prince of Germany, and I understand too well! Who sups with a boar may get good roots to eat, but must endure pigs' feet in the trough! Pigs' hides make good saddles; I have used the Germans, as they think they have used me! I have used them ruthlessly.

"Knowing all I knew, and being ready except that I had not found my man yet, I dallied in India on the eve of war, watching a certain Sikh to discover whether he is the man or not. But he lacked imagination, and I was caught in Delhi when war broke and the English closed the Khyber Pass. Yet I had to come up the Khyber, to reach Khinjan.

"SO it was fortunate I knew of a German plot that I could spoil at the last minute. I fooled the Germans by letting the Sikh whom I had watched discover it. The Germans still believe me their accomplice. And the sirkar was so pleased that I think if I had asked for an English peerage they would have answered me soberly. A million dynamite bombs was a big haul for the sirkar! My offer to go to Khinjan and keep the 'Hills' quiet was accepted that same day!

"But what are a million dynamite bombs! Dynamite bombs have been coming into Khinjan month by month these three years! Bombs and rifles and cartridges! Muhammad Anim's men, whom he trusts because he must, hid it all in a cave I showed them, that they think, and he thinks, has only one entrance to it. Muhammad Anim sealed it, and he has the key. But I have the ammunition!

"There was another way out of that cave, although there is none now, for I have blocked it. My men, whom I trust because I know them, carried everything out by the back way, and I have it all. I will show it to you presently.

"I know all Muhammad Anim's plans. Bull-with-a-beard believes himself a statesman, yet he told me all he knows! He has told me how Germany plans to draw Turkey in and to force Turkey to proclaim a jihad. As if I did not know it first, almost before the Germans knew it! Fools! The jihad will recoil on them! It will be like a cobra, striking whoever stirs it! A typhoon, smiting right and left! Christianity is doomed, and the Germans call themselves Christians! Fools! Rome called herself Christian—and where is Rome?

"But we, my warrior, when Muhammad Anim gets the word from Germany, and gives the sign, and the 'Hills' are afire, and the whole East roars in the flame of the jihad—we will put ourselves at the head of that jihad, and the East and the world is ours!"

King smiled at her.

"The East isn't very well armed," he objected. "Mere numbers—"

"Numbers?" She laughed at him.

"The West has the West by the throat! It is tearing itself! They will drag in America! There will be no armed nation with its hands free—and while those wolves fight, other wolves shall come and steal the meat! The old gods, who built these caverns in the 'Hills,' are laughing! They are getting ready! Thou and I—"

As she coupled him and herself together in one plan she read the changed expression of his face—the very quickly passing cloud that even the best-trained man can not control.

"I know!" she asserted, sitting upright and coming out of her dream to face facts as their master. She looked more lovely now than ever, although twice as dangerous. "You are thinking of your brother—of his head! That I am a murderess who can never be your friend! Is that not so?"

He did not answer, but his eyes may have betrayed something, for she looked as if he had struck her. Leaning forward, she held the gold-hilted dagger out to him, hilt first.

"Take it and stab me!" she ordered. "Stab—if you blame me for your brother's death! I should have known him for your brother if I had come on him in the dark!—His head might have come from your shoulders!—You were like a man holding up his own head, as I have seen in pictures in a book! I would never have killed him!"

Her golden hair fell all about his shoulders, and its scent was not intended to be sobering. She ran warm fingers through his hair while she held the knife toward him with the other hand.

"Take it and stab!"

"No," he said.

"No!" she laughed. "No! You are my warrior—my man—my well-beloved! You have come to me alone out of all the world! You would no more stab me than the gods would forget me!"

Their eyes were on each other's—deep looking into deep.

"Strength!" she said, flinging him away and leaning back to look at him, almost as a fed cat stretches in the sunlight. "Courage! Simplicity! Directness! Strength I have, too, and courage never failed me, but my mind is a river winding in and out, gathering as it goes. I have no directness—no simplicity! You go straight from point to point, my sending from the gods! I have needed you! Oh, I have needed you so much, these many years! And now that you have come you want to hate me because you think I killed your brother! Listen—I will tell you all I know about your brother."

WITHOUT proof of any kind he knew she was telling truth unadorned—or at least the truth as she saw it. Eye to eye, there are times when no proof is needed.

"Without my leave, Muhammad Anim sent five hundred men on a foray toward the Khyber. Bull-with-a-beard needed an Englishman's head, for proof for a spy of his who could not enter Khinjan Caves. They trapped your brother outside Ali Masjid with fifty of his men. They took his head after a long fight, leaving more than a hundred of their own in payment.

"Bull-with-a-beard was pleased. But he was careless, and I sent my men to steal the head from his men. I needed evidence for you. And I swear to you—I swear to you by my gods who have brought us two together—that I first knew it was your brother's head when

you held it up in the Cavern of Earth's Drink! Then I knew it could not be anybody's else's head!"

"Why bid me throw it to them, then?" he asked her, and he was aware of her scorn before the words had left his lips.

She leaned back again and looked at him through lowered eyes, as if she must study him all anew. She seemed to find it hard to believe that he really thought so in the commonplace.

"What is a head to me, or to you—a head with no life in it—carrion!—compared to what shall be? Would you have known it was his head if you had thrown it to them when I ordered you?"

HE understood. Some of her blood was Russian, some Indian.

"A friend is a friend, but a brother is a rival," says the East, out of world-old experience, and in some ways Russia is more eastern than the East itself.

"Muhammad Anim shall answer to you for your brother's head!" she said with a little nod, as if she were making concessions to a child. "At present we need him. Let him preach his jihad, and loose it at the right time. After that he will be in the way! You shall name his death—Earth's Drink—slow torture—fire! Will that content you?"

"No," he said, with a dry laugh.

"What more can you ask?"

"Less! My brother died at the head of his men. He couldn't ask more. Let Bull-with-a-beard alone."

She set both elbows on her knees and laid her chin on both hands to stare at him again. He began to remember long-forgotten schoolboy lore about chemical reagents, that dissolve materials into their component parts, such was the magic of her eyes. There were no eyes like hers that he had ever seen, although Rewa Gunga's had been something like them. Only Rewa Gunga's had not changed so. Thought of the Rangar no sooner crossed his mind than she was speaking of him.

"Rewa Gunga met you in the dark, beyond those outer curtains, did he not?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Did he tell you that if you pass the curtains you shall be told all I know?"

He nodded again, and she laughed.

"It would take time to tell you all I know! First, I think I will show you things. Afterward you shall ask me questions, and I will answer them."

She stood up, and of course he stood up, too. So, she on the footstool of the throne, her eyes and his were on a level. She laid hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes until he could see his own twin portraits in hers that were glowing sunset pools. Heart of the Hills? The Heart of all the East seemed to burn in her, rebellious!

"Are you believing me?" she asked him.

He nodded, for no man could have helped believing her. As she knew the truth, she was telling it to him, as surely as she was doing her skilful best to mesmerize him. But the Secret Service is made up of men trained against that.

"Come!" she said, and stepping down she took his arm.

She led him past the thrones to other leather curtains in a wall, and through them into long hewn passages from cavern into cavern, until even the Rock of Gibraltar seemed like a doll's house in comparison.

In one cave there were piles of javelins that had been stacked there by the Sleeper and his men. In another were sheaves of arrows; and in one were spears in racks against a wall. There were empty stables, with rings made fast into the rock where a hun-

dred horses could have stood in line.

She showed him a cave containing great forges, where the bronze had been worked, with charcoal still piled up against the wall at one end. There were copper and tin ingots in there of a shape he had never seen.

"I know where they came from," she told him. "I have made it my business to know all the 'Hills.' I know things the Hillmen's great-great-grandfathers forgot! I know old workings that would make a modern nation rich! We shall have money when we need it, never fear! We shall conquer India while the English backs are turned and the best troops are oversea. We will bring a hundred thousand slaves back here to work our mines! With what they dig from the mines, copper and gold and tin, we will make ready to buy the English off when they are free to turn this way again. The English will do anything for money! They will be in debt when this war is over, and their price will be less than now!"

She laughed merrily at him because his face showed that he did not appreciate that stricture. Then she called him her Warrior and her Well-beloved and took him down a long passage, holding his hand all the way, to show him slots cut in the floor for the use of archers.

"You entered Khinjan Caves by a tunnel under this floor, Well-beloved. There is no other entrance!"

By this time Well-beloved was her name for him, although there was no air of finality about it. It was as if she paved the way for use of Athelstan and that was a sacred name. It was amazing how she conveyed that impression without using words.

"The Sleeper cut these slots for his archers. Then he had another thought and set these cauldrons in place, to boil oil to pour down. Could any army force a way through by the route by which you entered?"

"No," he said, marvelling at the ton-weight copper cauldrons, one to each hole.

"Even without rifles for the defence?"

"No," he said.

"And I have more than a thousand Mauser rifles here, and more than a million rounds of ammunition!"

"How did you get them?"

"I shall tell you that later. Come and see some other things. See and believe!"

SHE showed him a cave in which boxes were stacked in high square piles.

"Dynamite bombs!" she boasted. "How many boxes? I forget! Too many to count! Women brought them all the way from the sea, for even Muhammed Anim could not make Afridi riflemen carry loads. I have wondered what Bull-with-a-beard will say when he misses his precious dynamite!"

"You've enough in there to blow the mountain up!" King advised her. "If somebody fired a pistol in here, the least would be the collapse of this floor into the tunnel below with a hundred thousand tons of rock on top of it. There is no other way out?"

"Earth's Drink!" she said, and he made a grimace that set her to laughing.

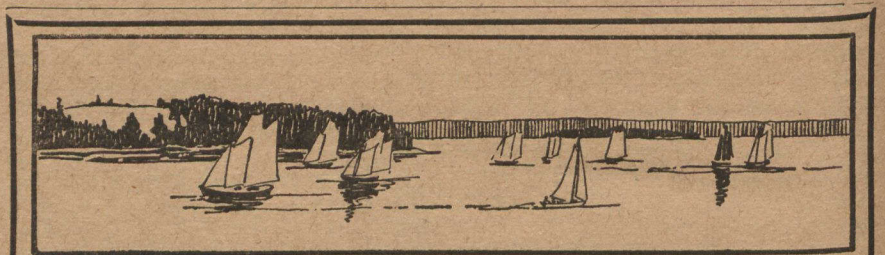
But she looked at him darkly after that and he got the impression that the thought was not new to her, and that she did not thank him for the advice. He began to wonder whether there was anything she had not thought of—any loophole she had left him for escape—any issue she had not foreseen.

"Kill her!" a secret voice urged him. But that was the voice of the "Hills," that are violent first and regretful

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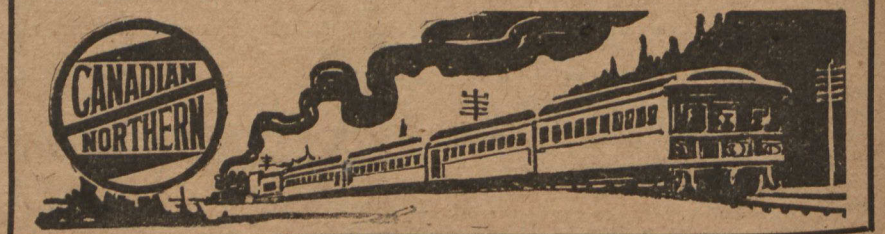
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afterward. He did not listen to it. And then the wisdom of the West came to him, as epitomized by Cocker along the lines laid down by Solomon. "It isn't possible to make a puzzle that has no solution to it. The fact that it's a puzzle is the proof that there's a key! Go ahead!"

It was the "Go ahead!" that Solomon omitted, and that makes Cocker such cheerful reading. King ceased conjecturing and gave full attention to his guide.

She showed him where eleven hundred Mauser rifles stood in racks in another cave, with boxes of ammunition piled beside them—each rifle and cartridge worth its weight in silver coin—a very rajah's ransom!

"The Germans are generous in some things—only in some things—very mean in others!" she told him. "They sent no medical stores, and no blankets!"

Past caves where provisions of every imaginable kind were stored, sufficient for an army, she led him to where her guards slept together with the thirty special men whom King had brought with him up the Khyber.

"I have five hundred others whom I dare trust to come in here," she said, "but they shall stay outside until I want them. A mystery is a good thing. It is good for them all to wonder what I keep in here! It is good to keep this sanctuary; it makes for power!"

Pressing very close to him, she guided him down another dark tunnel until he and she stood together in the jaws of the round hole above the river, looking down into the cavern of Earth's Drink.

Nobody looked up at them. The thousands were too busy working up a frenzy for the great jihad that was to come.

Stacks of wood had been piled up, six-man high in the middle, and then fired. The heat came upward like a furnace blast, and the smoke was a great red cloud among the stalactites. Round and round that holocaust the thousands did their sword-dance, yelling as the devils yelled at Khinjan's birth. They needed no wine to craze them. They were drunk with fanaticism, frenzy, lust!

"The women brought that wood from fifty miles away!" Yasmini shouted in his ear; for the din, mingling with the river's voice, made a volcano chord. "It is a week's supply of wood! But so they are—so they will be! They will lay waste India! They will butcher and plunder and burn! It will be what they leave of India that we shall build anew and govern, for India herself will rise to help them lay her own cities waste! It is always so! Conquests always are so! Come!"

She tugged at him and led him back along the tunnel and through other tunnels to the throne room, where she made him sit at her feet again.

The food had been cleared away in their absence. Instead, on the ebony table there were pens and ink and paper.

She leaned back on her throne, with bare feet pressed tight against the footstool, staring, staring at the table and the pens, and then at King, as if she would compose an ultimatum to the world and send King to deliver it.

"I said I will tell you," she said slowly. "Listen!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AS Yasmini herself had admitted, she headed from point to point after a manner of her own.

"You know where is Dar es Salaam?" she asked.

"East Africa," said King.

"How far is that from here?"

"Two or three thousand miles."

"And English war-ships watch the Persian Gulf and all the seas from India to Aden?"

King nodded.

"Have the English any ships that dive under water?"

He nodded again.

"In these waters?"

"I think not. I'm not sure, but I think not."

"The grenades you have seen, and the rifles and cartridges were sent by the Germans to Dar es Salaam, to suppress a rising of African natives. Does it begin to grow clear to you, my friend?"

He smiled as well as nodded this time.

"Muhammad Anim used to wait with

a hundred women at a certain place on the seashore. What he found on the beach there he made the women carry on their heads to Khinjan. And by the time he had hidden what he found and returned from Khinjan to the beach, there were more things to find and bring. So they worked, he and the Germans, for I know not how long—with the English watching the seas as on land lean wolves comb the valleys.

"Did you ever hear of the big whale in the Gulf?"

"No," said King. That was natural. There are as a rule about as many whales as salmon in the Persian Gulf.

"A German who came to me in Delhi

—he who first showed me pictures of an underwater ship—said that at that time the officers and crew of one such ship were getting great practise. Do you suppose their practise made whales take refuge in the Gulf?"

"How should I know, Princess?"

"Because I heard a story later, of an English cruiser on its way up the Gulf, that collided with a whale. The shock of hitting it bent many steel plates, and the cruiser had to put back for repair. It must have been a very big whale, for there was much oil on the sea for a long time afterward. So I heard.

"And no more dynamite came—nor rifles—nor cartridges, although the Germans had promised more. And or-

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HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister.



ders for Muhammad Anim that had been said to come by sea came now by way of Bagdad, carried by pilgrims returning from the holy places. I know that because I intercepted a letter and threw its bearer into Earth's Drink to save Muhammad Anim the trouble of asking questions."

"What were the terms of the German bargain?" King asked her. "What stipulations did they make?"

"With the tribes? None! They were too wise. A jihad was decided on in Germany's good time; and when that time should come ten rifles in the 'Hills' and a thousand cartridges

would mean not only a hundred dead Englishmen, but ten times that number busily engaged. Why bargain when there was no need? A rifle is what it is. The 'Hills' are the 'Hills'!"

"Tell me about your lamp oil, then," he said. "You burn enough oil in Khinjan Caves to light Bombay! That does not come by submarine. The sarkar knows how much of everything goes up the Khyber. I have seen the printed lists myself—a few hundred cans of kerosene—a few score gallons of vegetable oil, and all bound for farther north. There isn't enough oil pressed among the 'Hills' to keep these caves going for a day. Where does it all come from?"

She laughed, as a mother laughs at a child's questions, finding delicious enjoyment in instructing him.

"There are three villages, not two days' march from Khabul, where men have lived for centuries by pressing oil for Khinjan Caves," she said. "The Sleeper fetched his oil thence. There are the bones of a camel in a cave I did not show you, and beside the camel are the leather bags still in which the oil was carried. Nowadays it comes in second-hand cans and drums. The Sleeper left gold in here. Those who kept the Sleeper's secret paid for the oil in gold. No Afghan troubled why oil was needed, so long as gold paid for it, until Abdurrahman heard the story. He made a ten-year-long effort to learn the secret, but he failed. When he cut off the supply of oil for a time, there was a rebellion so close to Khabul gates that he thought better of it. Of gold and Abdurrahman, gold was the stronger. And I know where the Sleeper dug his gold!"

They sat in silence for a long while after that, she looking at the table, with its ink and pens and paper, and

he thinking, with hands clasped round one knee; for it is wiser to think than to talk, even when a woman is near who can read thoughts that are not guarded.

"Most disillusionments come simply," King said at last. "D'you know, Princess, what has kept the sarkar from really believing in Khinjan Caves?"

SHE shook her head. "The gods!" she said. "The gods can blindfold governments and whole peoples as easily as they can make us see!"

"It was the fact that they knew what provisions and what oil and what necessities of life went up the Khyber and came down it. They knew a place such as this was said to be could not be. They knew it! They could prove it!"

Yasmini nodded.

"Let it be a lesson to you, Princess!"

She stared, and her fiery-opal eyes began to change and glow. She began to twist her golden hair round the dagger hilt again. But always her feet were still on the footstool of the throne, as if she knew—knew—knew that she stood on firm foundations. No sarkar ever doubted less than she, and the suggestions in King's little homily did not please her. She looked toward the table again—then again into his eyes.

"Athelstan!" she said. "It sounds like a king's name! What was the Sleeper's name? I have often wondered! I found no name in all the books about Rome that seemed to fit him. None of the names I mouthed could make me dream as the sight of him could. But, Athelstan! That is a name like a king's! It seems to fit him, too! Was there such a name in Rome?"

"No, he said.

"What does it mean?" she asked him.

"Slow of resolution!"

She clapped her hands.

"Another sign!" she laughed. "The gods love me! There always is a sign when I need one! Slow of resolution, art thou? I will speed thy resolution, Well-beloved! You were quick to change from King, of the Khyber Rifle Regiment, to Kurram Khan. Change now into my warrior—my dear lord—my King again!"

She rose, with arms outstretched to him. All her dancer's art, her untamed poetry, her witchery, were expressed in a movement. Her eyes melted as they met his. And since he stood up, too, for manner's sake, they were eye to eye again—almost lip to lip. Her sweet breath was in his nostrils.

In another moment she was in his arms, clinging to him, kissing him. And if any man has felt on his lips the kiss of all the scented glamour of the East, let him tell what King's sensations were. Let Caesar, who was kissed by Cleopatra, come to life and talk of it!

King's arm is strong, and he did not stand like an idol. His head might swim, but she, too, tasted the delirium of human passion loosed and given for a mad swift minute. If his heart swelled to bursting, so must hers have done.

"I have needed you!" she whispered. "I have been all alone! I have needed you!"

Then her lips sought his again, and neither spoke.

Neither knew how long it was before she began to understand that he, not she, was winning. The human answer to her appeal was full. He gave her all she asked of admiration, kiss for kiss. And then—her arms did not cling so tightly, although his strong right arm was like a stanchion. Because he knew that he, not she, was winning, he picked her up in his arms and kissed her as if she were a child. And then, because he knew he had won, he set her on her feet on the footstool of the throne, and even pitied her.

SHE felt the pity. As she tossed the hair back over her shoulder her eyes glowed with another meaning—dangerous—like a tiger's glare.

"You pity me? You think because I love you, you can feed my love on a plate to the Indian government? You think my love is a weapon to use against me? Your love for me may wait for a better time? You are not so wise as I thought you, Athelstan!"

But he knew he had won. His heart was singing down inside him as it had not sung since he left India behind. But he stood quite humbly before her, for had he not kissed her?

"You think a kiss is the bond between us? You mistake! You forget! The kiss, my Athelstan, was the fruit, not the seed! The seed came first! If I loosed you—if I set you free—you would never dare go back to India!"

He scarcely heard her. He knew he had won. His heart was like a bird, fluttering wildly. He knew that the next step would be shown him, and for the present he had time and grace to pity her, knowing how he would have felt if she had won. Besides, he had kissed her, and he had not lied. Each kiss had been a tribute of admiration, for was she not splendid—amazing—more to be desired than wine? He stood with bowed head, lest

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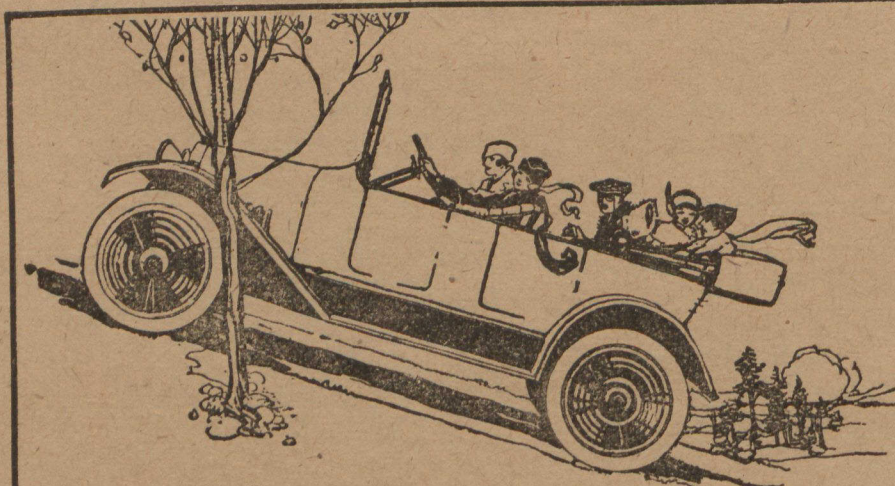
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the triumph in his eyes offend her. Yet if any one had asked him how he knew that he had won, he never could have told.

"If you were to go back to India except as its conqueror, they would strip the buttons from your uniform and tear your medals off and shoot you in the back against a wall! My signature is known in India and I am known. What I write will be believed. Rewa Gunga shall take a letter. He shall take two—four—witnesses. He shall see them on their way and shall give them the letter when they reach the Khyber and shall send them into India with it. Have no fear. Bull-with-a-beard shall not intercept them, as I have intercepted his men. When Rewa Gunga shall return and tell me he saw my letter on its way down the Khyber, then we shall talk again about pity—you and I! Come!"

She took his arm, as if her threats had been caresses. Triumph shone from her eyes. She tossed her brave chin and laughed at him, only encouraged to greater daring by his attitude.

"Why don't you kill me?" she asked, and though his answer surprised her, it did not make her angry.

"It would do no good," he said simply.

"Would you kill me if you thought it would do good?"

"Certainly!" he said.

She laughed at that as if it were the greatest joke she had ever heard. It set her in the best humour possible, and by the time they reached the ebony table and she had taken the pen and dipped it in the ink, she was chuckling to herself as if the one good joke had grown into a hundred.

She wrote in Urdu. It is likely that for all her knowledge of the spoken English tongue she was not so swift or ready with the trick of writing it. She had said herself that a babu read English books to her aloud. But she wrote in Urdu with an easy flowing hand, and in two minutes she had thrown sand on the letter and had given it to King to read. It was not like a woman's letter. It did not waste a word.

"Your Captain King has been too much trouble. He has taken money from the Germans. He adopted native dress. He called himself Kurram Khan. He slew his own brother at night in the Khyber Pass. These men will say that he carried the head to Khinjan, and their word is true, for I, Yasmini, saw. He used the head for a passport, to obtain admittance. He proclaims a jihad! He urges invasion of India! He held up his brother's head before five thousand men and boasted of the murder. The next you shall hear of your Captain King of the Khyber Rifles, he will be leading a jihad into India. You would have better trusted me. Yasmini."

He read it and passed it back to her.

"They will not disbelieve me," she said, triumphant as the very devil over a branded soul all hot. "They will be sure you are mad, and they will believe the witnesses!"

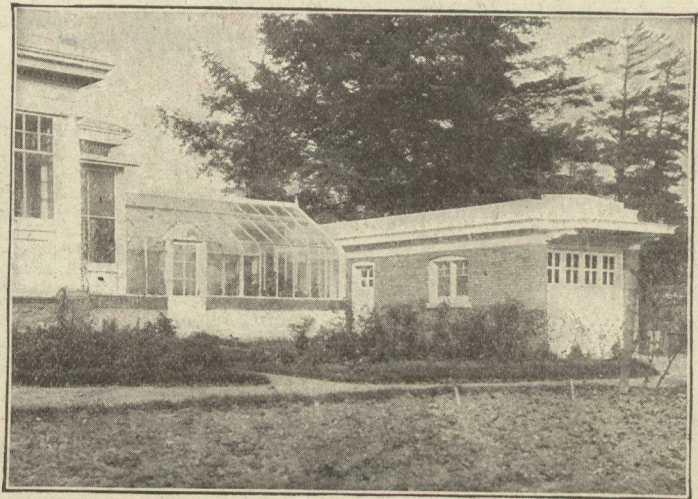
He bowed. She sealed the letter and addressed it with only a scrawled mark on its outer cover. That, by the way, was utter insolence, for the mark would be understood at any frontier post by the officer commanding.

"Rewa Gunga shall start with this to-day!" she said, with more amusement than malice. After that she was still for a moment, watching his eyes, at a loss to understand his carelessness. He seemed strangely unabashed. His folded arms were not defiant, but neither were they yielding.

"I love you, Athelstan!" she said. "Do you love me?"

(To be continued.)

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