CANADIAN COURIER

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Vol. XXIII. No. 8 TEN CENTS January 19, 1918

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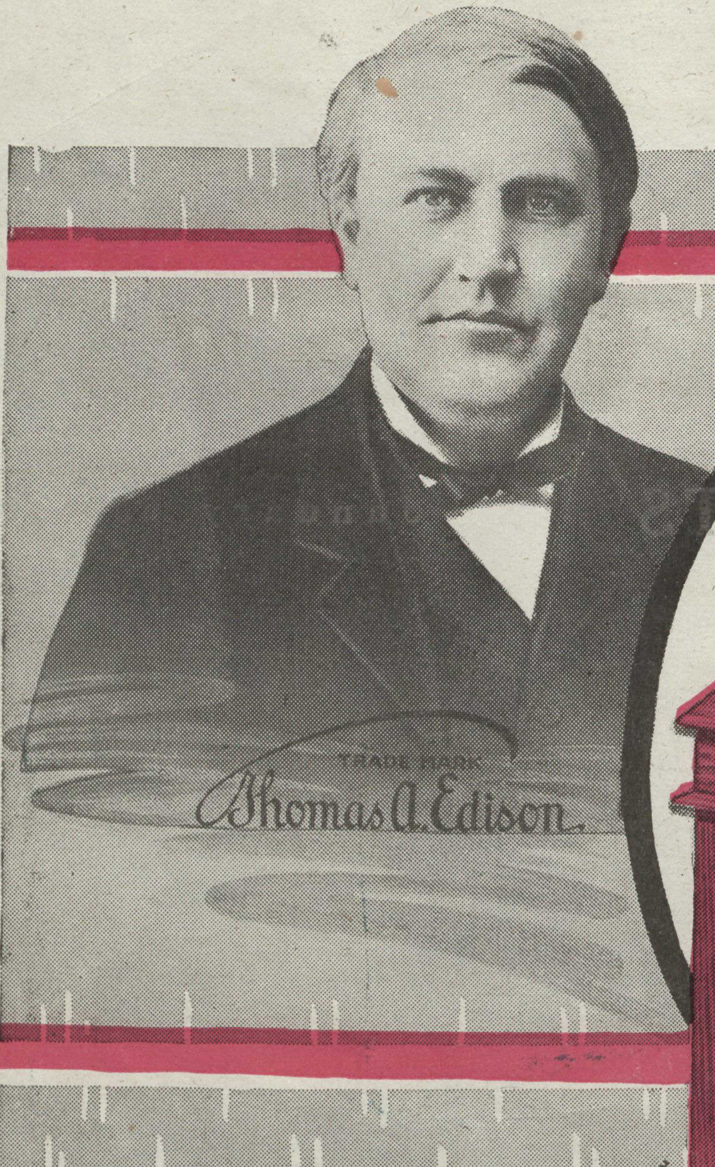

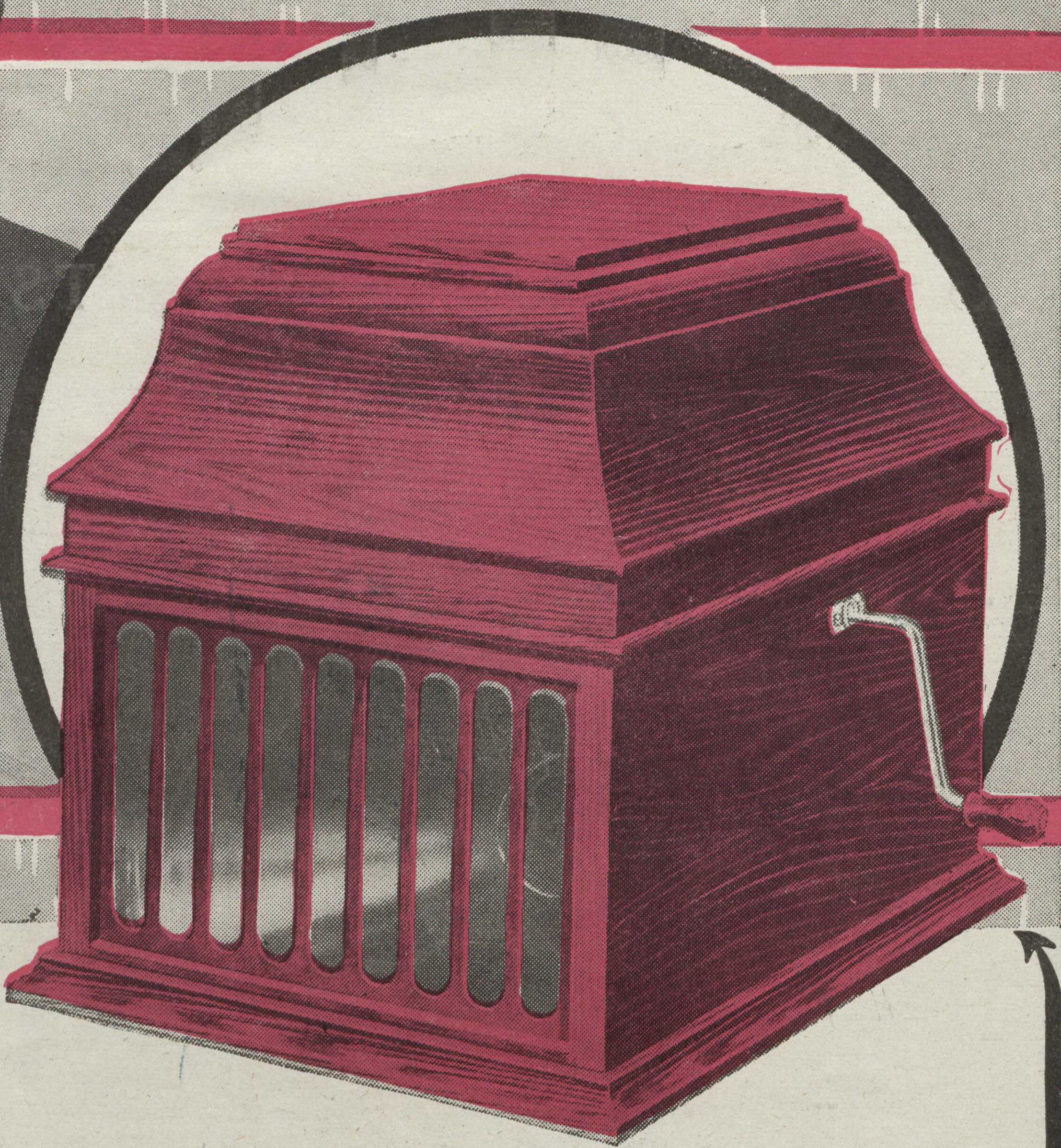

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CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. **Subscription Price**—Canada and Great Britain $1.00 per year, United States $1.50 per year, other countries $2.00 per year, payable in advance. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS:** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

Putting on the Peak Load

WITH this issue we begin what may be called a New Canadian Courier. In our previous three issues we have sketched the problem which this number is intended to solve. We promised the readers a bigger and better paper with no change in price. The Canadian Courier dollar has greater efficiency as represented by this issue than it had three weeks ago—at a time when every other species of dollar has less buying power than it had in the middle of 1917 and a little more than half the buying power of three years ago.

Giving you this kind of Canadian Courier every two weeks—improved issue by issue, as fast as we can work the improvements—is, we believe, giving you better value for your money than you had before the New Canadian Courier was put on the programme.

It is a time for increasing the efficiency of everything. The Canadian Courier dollar's efficiency is enlarged by making the white space more valuable to everybody. Paper is too valuable nowadays to be used for anything but a peak load of interest in publication. The war difficulties of the publisher have grown very largely out of paper. People are saving paper as never they did. It is a time to make every sheet of paper earn its cost. Giving the reader of the Canadian Courier fewer pages in a year is in line with the whole national purpose of economy. We are enjoined not to waste—anything. We are all expected by the Government to effect our greatest economies in the things we consume most. To the publisher, that is paper. It would be no use to advise a publisher to save on boot-leather, or shredded wheat. His own interests compel him to do that. In saving on paper he is concerned also with the interests of other people.

Paper economy leads directly to economy of space. If we have an aggregate of fewer pages per year, those fewer pages must be made to carry a peak load of reader-interest. With this issue of the Canadian Courier we begin to deal with that peak load. We propose to give the reader of the New Canadian Courier a largely increased percentage of reader-interest.

A WIRE from A. M. Chisholm at Windermere informs us that an article was mailed last week supposed to be in time for this issue. The way trains are running it looks at the time of writing as though the article would be late. If so, it will appear in our issue of Feb. 2. And it will be worth all the while you spend on it.

There has been some response to our call for personal-interest sketches. We want more. Send us the facts of any man or woman whose life and character and work you consider to be of interest to the whole of Canada. If the style is not what you want it, we will get some one to write it from the facts you supply. We will pay for the facts by themselves, or for both the facts and the finished article. But any character submitted must show just cause why he is entitled to a place in these pages. Please don't omit to send along a photograph.

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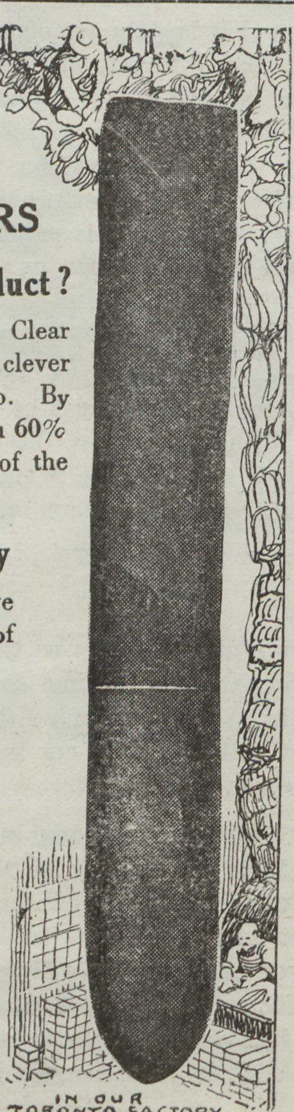

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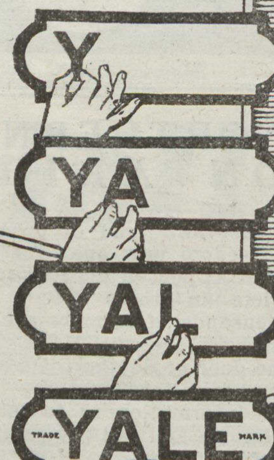

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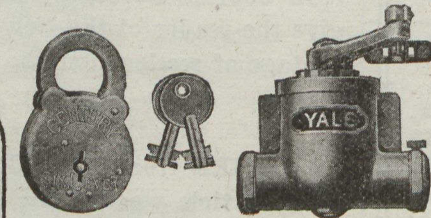

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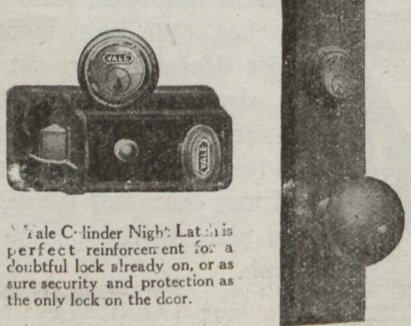


Yale Cylinder Night Latch is perfect reinforcement for a doubtful lock already on, or as sure security and protection as the only lock on the door.

The illustration shows one of the many styles in which Yale Builders' Hardware is made.

CANADIAN COURIER

VOL. XXIII. No. 8 JANUARY 19, 1918

CO-ORDINATING OUR RAILWAYS

HAVE you ever croaked because you could'nt get a lower, or a seat in a chair car, or a case of goods less than a week late, or get in anywhere on time? If not, you are not a human being. A railway ordinarily exists to test the humanity of the human race. Nowadays since governments began to operate railways, they exist to show people how they can travel with a minimum of de luxe and a maximum of reasonable patience. Let's all be thankful that railways run at all---and that in Canada the great transportation systems are so well merged in operation under the Railway Board.

By BRITTON B COOKE

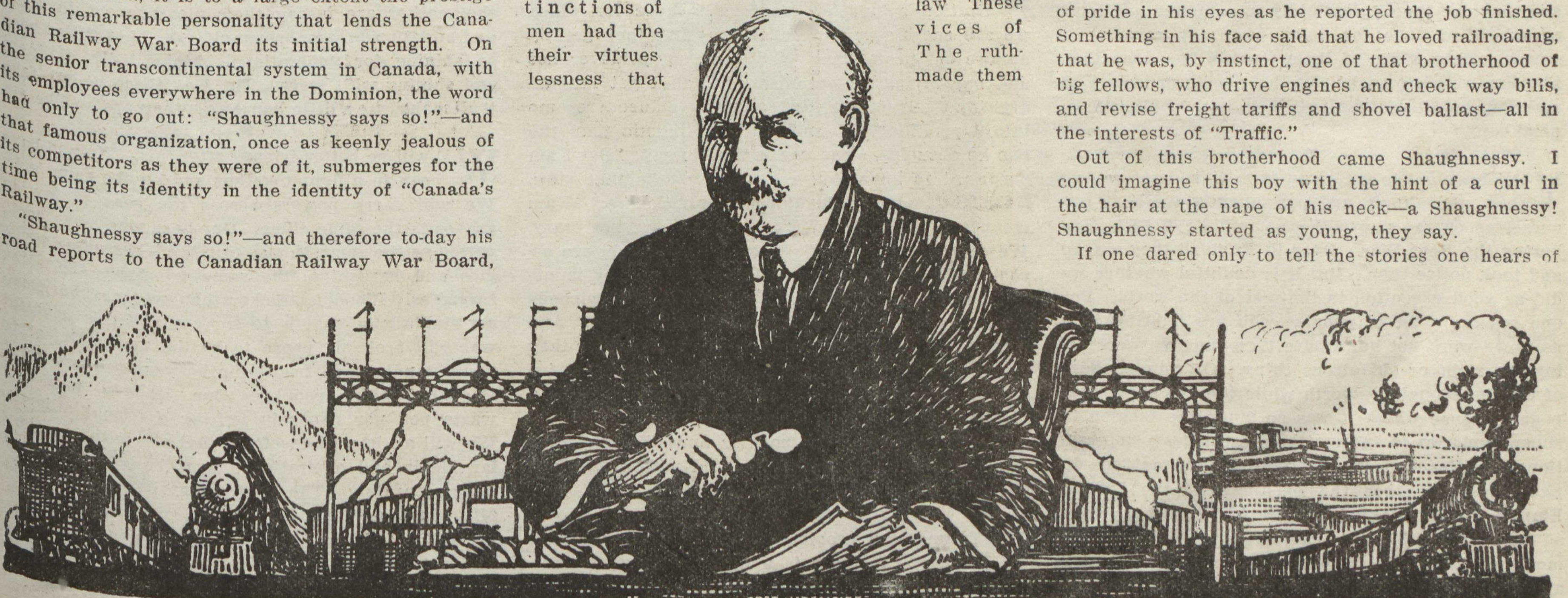
Illustrated by Frank Johnston

TO-DAY, and for the duration of the war, there is but one railroad system in Canada. It is not government-operated nor government-owned, yet it is, and has been for some time, much more a unit than the so-called National Railroad of the United States. From the methods devised by Canadian railroaders, the Americans are now learning lessons which will keep them from becoming congested in future as they are now. From Canadians they are adopting a system of control for overseas freight which has enabled Canada with practically only one port on the Atlantic, to keep a colossal volume of traffic constantly moving, and more as it is required, to the Allies, while the Americans, with their seven hundred railways and several big ports in place of Canada's one—have had to confess defeat and submit to government intervention to save the traffic of that country from becoming hopelessly tangled.

The man who, in the United States, has had to take hold of the American railway tangle, is Secretary McAdoo. The man who, nominally at least, heads the railway system of Canada to-day—the most successful railway system of its kind among all the fighting nations—is Lord Shaughnessy, senior member of the Canadian Railway War Board The Canadian Railway Association of National Defence). This War Board includes on its executive the chiefs of all the big roads in Canada. On its administrative committee are seven senior vice-presidents, under the chairmanship of O. E. Gillea, of the Grand Trunk, with Sir George Bury, of the C. P. R., and D. B. Hanna, of the C. N. R., as vice-chairmen. Although this administrative committee is the one that does the actual work, and although Lord Shaughnessy continues in his office, President of the C. P. R., it is to a large extent the prestige of this remarkable personality that lends the Canadian Railway War Board its initial strength. On the senior transcontinental system in Canada, with its employees everywhere in the Dominion, the word had only to go out: "Shaughnessy says so!"—and that famous organization, once as keenly jealous of its competitors as they were of it, submerges for the time being its identity in the identity of "Canada's Railway."

"Shaughnessy says so!"—and therefore to-day his road reports to the Canadian Railway War Board, ninety-five engines to spare, to be sent wherever the War Board wants them most urgently. To-morrow—because Shaughnessy says so—it may be a hundred coal cars to lend the War Board. Of course this same spirit actuates all the member-roads. Every road in Canada is bound to work with every other road through the Board. And as a matter of fact this spirit, common to them all, has made possible a degree of co-operation and co-ordination which, if the American roads had achieved it, would have made McAdoo's appointment unnecessary. But in Lord Shaughnessy, one of the Canadians to whom, somehow, a peerage seems quite appropriate, this new spirit has perhaps its most distinguished exponent.

THIS is not a biographical account of Lord Shaughnessy. I don't even know precisely when he was born or where. Such facts do not for a moment begin to compare in interest with the fact that here in this really great Canadian is a combination of practical intellect, personality and power such as only a few men ever wield combined with a fine, keen sense of public duty—and all developed in that curious university: Railroading! That is perhaps the most interesting consideration in any summary of Lord Shaughnessy. He is the product of a work, a trade, a guild. In earlier times the railroads of this continent turned out—or was it that they attracted to themselves—a different sort: the Napoleonic type, vigorous, energetic, successful and perhaps a trifle contemptuous toward the finer distinctions of law. These men had the vices of their virtues. The ruthlessness that made them laugh at the public was part and parcel of the ruthlessness that enabled them to over-ride all obstacles to the completion of a difficult task. They must always have their place in the respect and even the affection of this country. But Shaughnessy is of the new type. No one has ever been able to criticize Shaughnessy the citizen any more than the railroaders have been able to criticize Shaughnessy the railroader.



TWO days before this article was commenced I happened to be in the office of a car superintendent of a certain railroad in Montreal. It was late Saturday afternoon, when most of the young people of the city seemed to be out-of-doors or on their way to movie shows. The car superintendent was working over-time to make sure that a special train of munitions urgently required for the next convoy to France was being handled properly. In him to be working late seemed nothing of note. But over in a far corner of the big room was a tall, stringy boy of seventeen working at a machine—something to do with the filing system in the office.

"By the way," said the superintendent, "see that new boy of mine?"

"Yes."

"He's a find. Been working since he was fourteen helping his dad, who's the station agent at ——ville, down by the Maine boundary. Dad died and the boy wanted to stick with railroading. The engineers passed him up the line (carried him in the cab) and shared their lunches with him. When he got here the last fellow gave him enough money for his night's lodging and sent him here. . . . Fifty dollars a month . . . and he's working like a man."

Perhaps you think the conversation pointless. I don't—possibly because I had the advantage of seeing that big over-grown lad, and noting the light of pride in his eyes as he reported the job finished. Something in his face said that he loved railroading, that he was, by instinct, one of that brotherhood of big fellows, who drive engines and check way bills, and revise freight tariffs and shovel ballast—all in the interests of "Traffic."

Out of this brotherhood came Shaughnessy. I could imagine this boy with the hint of a curl in the hair at the nape of his neck—a Shaughnessy! Shaughnessy started as young, they say.

If one dared only to tell the stories one hears of

Shaughnessy! But it is against the law of the railroaders to talk about their chiefs for publication. That is another point in which railroaders resemble soldiers. There are certain unwritten rules, certain things of which it is said by soldiers "It isn't done" while railroaders, lacking that phrase, just grunt and change the subject. Persisting, one hears the stories finally, stories of old pensioners who want to come back to help out when there's been a strike on, or men who have got into trouble and need a hand out.

Two stories of this sort may here be told because they come from other than railroad men. In the one case a youngster with more energy than will to govern it, improvised a prize fight at lunch hour in the ante-room of a junior executive. Some furniture was upset and papers scattered on the floor. The local chief came in, saw and spoke! Next day the lad's mother, a widow, applied to no less a person than the President himself to have the dismissal revoked.

"You see," she explained, "I'm a widow. The boy is the only one I've got. He's a good boy, m'lord, and he gives me all his money."

"Hmph!" said Shaughnessy. And then, after a pause: "I can't over-rule an officer of the company on a matter of discipline. I couldn't——"

"But sir——"

"You see how that would be?" he continued. "But I'll look after him. Send him to me."

And he gave the pugilistic youth a post in his own office.

Of course such stories are narrated of most big men. There is always that touch of impulse and generosity in almost every one. But of Shaughnessy it is characteristic where of others might be accidental. I know this, because I am thinking of the stories that daren't be told for fear of getting the tellers "fired." But one other characteristic story concerned an employee of his who had to have sick leave.

He was sent to Europe. All arrangements were made for him on the President's order. Flowers in his cabin had been sent by "the President" and in an envelope delivered as the boat sailed was a check in four figures—"for incidental expenses."

So much for sentiment. It is not sentiment that makes a railroad efficient, though, mind you, it is that very touch of sentiment—surely every reader knows Shaughnessy is an Irishman—that gives the morale of the C. P. R. its touch of grace. Behind the curt orders of the official railroader is the hint of intimate understanding and sympathy between all railroaders, that places them among the most loveable men in the world. But the curtness is in Shaughnessy, too. He is the inspirer of "pep," of "the fear o' God," of "speed," as the men on the road express it.

Just trace back the alertness of yonder ambitious signal lamp trimman—the lad who walks a couple of miles with a box of matches and an oil can, dreaming as he goes from one switch lamp to another, of being an engineer some day, like his father, and earning 325 whole bucks a month. The "pep" is put into him by the local station man, who in turn is kept "on his toes" by the man above him, and the man above him by somebody else in turn, till it all filters back—to Shaughnessy!

What makes that superintendent so anxious about this gently falling snow? Why does he send for every conductor as the trains pull in and out of the depot, and quiz each one anxiously about the snow "up the line"? Why is it, that finally, though the storm still seems light, he orders out the ploughs and sends the snow-gangs up and down his division attacking the drifts before they have a chance to solidify?

It is because he knows a certain vice-president has an eye on him and will "raise Cain" if there's any delay on that division.

What he doesn't know, perhaps, is this: That the vice-president's "pep" comes from the President. The vice-presidents aim to keep at least one "block" ahead of Shaughnessy as though he were a passenger train with a blind engineer, running on the tail of their freight. Under such circumstances one does tend to keep the throttle open.

A western vice-president gets a wire from Montreal, "Understand American western roads are hauling more wheat than we are. How's this?"

And that vice-president feels just exactly as the lamp-trimman feels when the station agent says:

"Boy, that Grand Trunk lad's got you skinned a mile for speed."

As a matter of fact both station agent and Shaughnessy may be wrong. But it's a good rule to make vice-presidents and lamp-trimmers prove it!

Four more points about Lord Shaughnessy. One is his honesty, another is his thrift, a third, his grasp of pan-American economics, and the fourth the simplicity of his life. In Montreal there used to be just a hint of—well, call it disappointment, on the part of the "society" ladies that Lady Shaughnessy persisted in living so simply, without the pomp and circumstance so easy to excuse in the president of a successful transcontinental. But now the Shaughnessy household, one is told, is held to be a pattern by those who have learned that life is complex enough without complicating home. Simplicity is the background of the C. P. R.'s president. "A little music, a little art, quiet lights and quiet voices—kindliness!" that is a summary I have heard of the Shaughnessy manner of private life.

Perhaps Canadians don't know that when the late Pierpont Morgan was alive, Shaughnessy was, in the eyes of European bankers, the second highest authority on American economic conditions. Now Morgan is dead. The chief of the C. P. R. is the best-informed and most prudent judge of economic affairs not merely in Canada, but in the United States as well. That alone, however, is not enough to say of Shaughnessy. He is, besides a judge, a force on the side of orderly, efficient and just industrialism. In the recent Victory Loan campaign, in Montreal, the great figure standing like a shadow behind the active organization was this man—temporarily unable to see his own writing—yet a master in transportation from Hong Kong to the "U. K." ports, across the greatest of young lands.

CANADA IS WITH THE CROWD

WHEN the Monocle Man made his trek from Montreal to Philadelphia, he carried his country with him. His article below is brief, but with the American angle on Canada, it affords a good large illumination on what Canada feels like when you are among the neighbors.

By THE MONOCLE MAN

I HAVE been in the land of the White House, Col. House and other dominating examples of domestic architecture for some few weeks now, and the one thing which has struck me hardest and oftenest is the magnificent reputation which Canada has made for herself over here by her course during this war. The Americans cannot say too much for us. And they know about what we have done. They have the figures as well as the facts, and they use them relentlessly to confound any local preachers of doubt or delay who may raise their voices. They say: "If little Canada has done this, how can we hang back? We have a lot of leeway to make up before we can pull level with our northern neighbor."

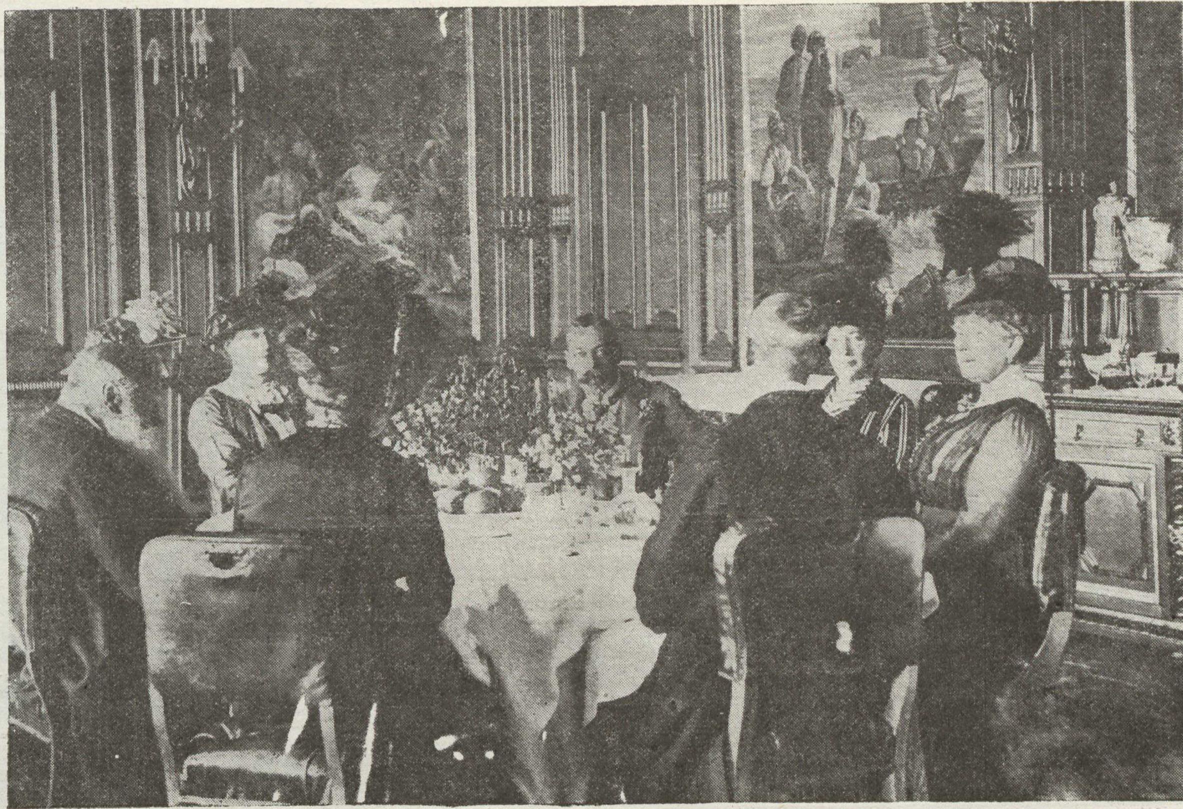
YOU have got to get away from Canada to realize how appealingly and permanently we have put ourselves on the map. We got on the British map during the Boer War. Over in England they sat up and took notice then. But it is doubtful whether we did as good execution in the rest of the world. For one reason, a lot of people—who are fighting with us now—were not quite sure then that we were doing the right or chivalrous thing. Of course, those of us who thought it worth while then to study that pagan science which it was so much the fashion in superior circles to sneer at before this war—international politics and its discredited hand-maiden, diplomacy—knew that the existence of the British Empire was at stake in South Africa just as soon as we read the Kaiser's cablegram to Kruger. But most people outside of the two Empires, the British and the German, did not realize that this was the formal shying of the Kaiser's hat into the ring, and looked upon the trouble as merely between the gold-hunting Britons and the pastoral Boers. The Boers themselves know better now, and their more intelligent leaders doubtless thank God every night for Paardeberg, et al.

BUT this time Canada is with the crowd. All civilization sympathizes with the cause for which we are sacrificing and suffering. And they greatly admire our promptness, our pluck, our perseverance and our invincible optimism. When I get into an argument down here, and anybody manoeuvres me into a position less confidently optimistic than the one he occupies, some one is sure to say: "But I am surprised to hear you, a Canadian, take that view. I thought that all Canadians were cock-sure." I am compelled to reply: "We are, but we are not crazy. We can still see facts." Canadians in khaki are occasionally seen on the streets here; and they immediately attract attention. They are as conspicuous as the French grey-blue uniforms are with us. And there is a little of the same glory attached; for they are usually worn by men who have seen service and perhaps suffered wounds. When there is a patriotic "drive" on down here—say, for the Red Cross—no orator is so popular and effective as a Canadian officer in uniform and with a bandage showing somewhere.

THE American people whom I meet are eager to be in it. If there is a propaganda of discouragement at work, I don't hear it. The proudest mothers are those who can say—and they are not few—"I have had a son over there for two years now—in an ambulance behind the French lines—in the Foreign Legion—in such-and-such a Canadian regiment." The next best thing is to have one "with Pershing"—and the next best is to expect one home for Christmas from a training camp. That is over now, as I write—the Christmas visitors in uniform have gone back again. The streets are less sadly gay with family parties in which the soldier boys are making all the merriment, and the father and the mother are taking their pleasure out in sheer and silent pride. American old eyes have never been so shining for generations—shining with gladness and shining with tears. The way these people take it all makes me a little homesick, they are so like Us.

WE will be better friends after this. We will have been in a fight together and on the same side. We will carry flowers across the seas to lay on graves in the same clime. Our boys who come back, will have the same battles to tell of—the same struggles and hardships—the same triumphs—the same tragedies. Blood is thicker than water. The greatest single good that is to come out of this frightful war will probably prove to be the new and lasting understanding and friendship between the two great English-speaking peoples. Our leaders need not waste pen nor paper in writing a formal alliance. We will all know henceforth that we, with our similar ideals and aspirations, must hang together or hang separately. The Teuton may possibly have his Mitteleuropa—if a Canadian can even admit such a possibility without astonishing people by his un-national pessimism—but the Anglo-Saxon can play against his hands across the sea which link two hemispheres to keep the poison of Potsdam buried deep in the midst of this Mitteleuropa.

WHEN ROYALTY ECONOMIZES



WHO SHALL BE EXTRAVAGANT?

HERE is a photograph of King George, Queen Mary and members of their household in Buckingham Palace—at luncheon. We surmise that it is luncheon because the ladies wear their hats. We are told that the King and Queen are setting the nation an example in frugality by dispensing altogether with the costly luxuries—flunkeys and desserts. But bear in mind, this is luncheon. It is not dinner. At dinner we should expect a far different scene. Nobody expects the King of England to do without desserts at dinner. Nobody expects the Queen of England to rise and help herself at a sideboard as is quite customary and proper at a good luncheon. From left to right we are told in this picture are Gen. Sir Dighton Probyn, extra equerry to the King; Princess Mary, Princess Victoria, Hon. Charlotte Knollys, bedchamber lady in waiting to the Queen, King George, Col. Sir H. Davidson, Queen Mother Alexandra and Queen Mary.

The picture is charmingly simple. We do not wish it more so. The historian does not tell us exactly what the Royal Household had for luncheon on this particular day; whether it was a wheatless or a meatless day. But we know from long acquaintance with the character of the Royal Household that whatever economies are going forward in England among the people, are being enacted in the menage of His Majesty.

But we must not be misled by a photograph into imagining that the Royal Household of England are living more frugally than the average middle-class citizen of Canada. Few of us in this country have learned to dispense with desserts; whatever we may have to do about maids in waiting.

WE are never permitted to forget that British aristocracy in this war has risen to the needs of the case—superbly. Every week comes a budget of photographs showing how titled ladies have gone into war work while their men are at the front. Here are five, all in one mail; beautiful women, if we are any judge, all busy doing their bit.

MADAME DE SLOECKL, a famous beauty, comes first to the left; she is nurse in charge of the Grand Duchess George of Russia's Hospital at Harrogate. She has also headed many campaigns to raise funds for soldiers' benefits.

COUNTESS PERCY, next, is the supervising nurse for soldiers in the London Hospital. Her husband has been mentioned in despatches for his services early in the war. He served in South Africa and the Soudan. Countess Percy is the youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Richmond. She was born to the peerage, and is worthy of it.

LADY ELCHO began to be a war servant by losing her husband on the field of battle. Lord Elcho, the eleventh Earl of Wemyss, was on the casualty list of May 2, 1916. Lady Elcho was Lady Violet Manners, second daughter of the eighth Duke of Rutland. She is now serving as a nurse in Rutland Hospital. Beautiful? They say so; and so she seems to be.

COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY is engaged in war work as nurse, not in England, but somewhere behind the lines.

COUNTESS OF LISBURNE, undoubted beauty as she is, Spanish in type, almost a Carmen, was a daughter of Don Julio de Bittancourt. She is already a war veteran in charity and relief work, raising money in bazaars for the families of wounded men.

BRITISH NOBLE-WOMEN BELIEVE IN SERVICE AND SACRIFICE

FACTS, FANCY *and* FIREWORKS

EVERY little while some one starts the conversation by insinuating that grain-brokers are not human beings. The photograph above should be a sufficient answer to this. On New Year's Eve the Winnipeg Grain Exchange indulged in a fete. The camera-man happened along and found these gentlemen all togged up in queer costumes, with confetti all over the floor and an atmosphere of general benevolent hilarity everywhere. Look at the physiognomies and the makeups of these sportive gambolers—please don't say gamblers—and say if they look like people who could push up the cost of living, rob widows, defraud orphans and constitute themselves a menace to society. No, we submit the New Year's Fete photograph of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange as evidence that they are kindly human beings. In fact they look as though they might be members of any grand opera company, ready to hold a benefit for the talent. As a matter of fact this company of gamblers did raise from the Fete a considerable sum for patriotic purposes.

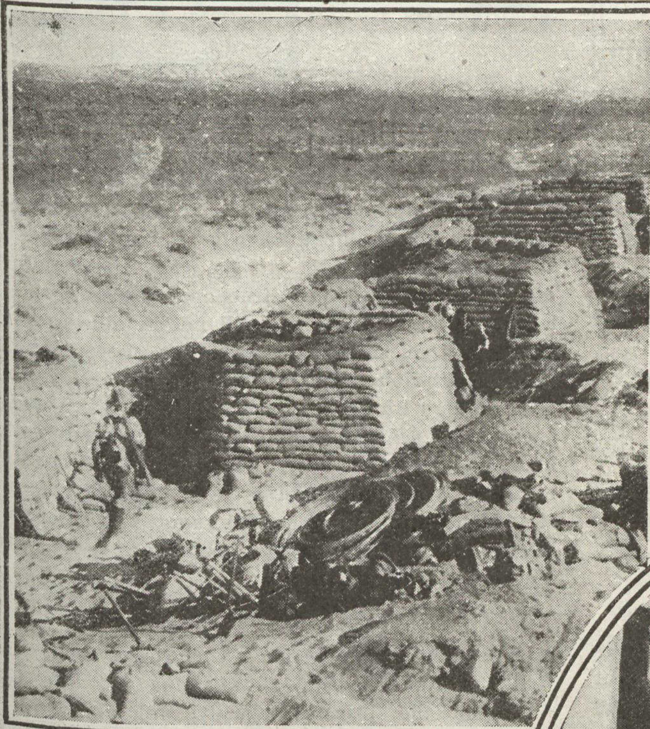
It would require the stretch of a very elastic imagination to conceive of these men all in their offices on the 2nd of January, 1918, engaged in the business of grinding the faces of the poor.

ONE thing England can be thankful for—open-air programmes in mid-winter. Here is Rt. Hon. Andrew Fisher, High Commissioner for Australia, delivering a speech to inaugurate his Dominion's out-of-doors cinema exhibition.

FRANK LABADIE, of Montreal, was the first French-Canadian to report for service under the Military Service Act at the mobilization centre in Montreal. He wears the smile which is characteristic of his race; the look of a man who with thousands of others will yet prove that Quebec is not trying to stay out of the war on principle, and that the brave French-Canadians already at the front will be supported by their compatriots, for the sake of honor.

HOCKEY in Montreal gets a black eye from the fire which suddenly sprang upon the Hockey Arena and melted the ice. This Arena was the training centre for the local National Hockey Association professional teams, Wanderers and the champion Canadians, and as the fire licked up the equipment of both organizations the entire National Hockey League series may be disrupted. Anyway some of the puck-chasers may soon be dodging whizz-bangs in France.

UNDERGROUND *and* OVERHEAD



LIVING underground has developed new styles of architecture. The style shown on the left emanates from the desert just outside of Gaza. Sand is a rotten thing for a wall. But the dugouts were built of sand—in bags.

THE villas on the right were the palatial underground residences of German officers who thought the Hindenburg Line was as permanent as the Pyramids. These underground villas were superbly furnished, so we are informed, almost as modern as a hotel in a large city, electric lights, running hot and cold water, bath-rooms, dining-rooms, rugs—bell-hops and a bar—everything but elevators.

ANOTHER variation in the sand-bag style of architecture is seen in the sub-section of an advanced dressing station in Palestine.

SWEET thing down below tries to make us think she is advertising dentifrice so coyly at 60 miles an hour in that ice-dinghy of hers. But she is making only 59 knots and she knows it. The other knot she ties in the brain of the camera-man.

BEFORE an aviator goes up he finds out, succinctly, shrewdly, secretly, every and any confounded thing that may be wrong with that machine—or he stays on the chair in a place called terra firma.

EDITORIAL

Canadianize Education

The Song of the Ships

Butcher Diplomacy

Our Bush-Hymns Heritage

The Soul of Russia

Exit Old Slogans

BRITISH COLUMBIA is now considering the wisdom—or otherwise—of certain educational reforms recommended by Dr. J. D. McLean, Minister of Education in that Province. Several more or less radical changes are recommended. Opinions on their value will be confined largely to British Columbia. The rest of the country will not know, first, that there was any need for reforming the educational system of B.C.; second, whether the reforms are good, bad, or indifferent. A similar set of reforms might be inaugurated in any other province, when at least seven of the other nine would know nothing and care less about them.

That is one of the peculiarities of the British North America Act: it leaves educational matters entirely in the hands of the provinces. There are, or may be, nine varieties of common-school education given to citizens of Canada. We do not quarrel with this. It is so nominated in the bond of union. There was a reason for provincializing education, along with many other matters of much less importance.

But there is an infinitely greater reason now, in 1918, for Canadianizing education. Let no Quebecophile take alarm. We are not advocating the removal of provincial education systems. But we do earnestly advocate that the people and the educational authorities, who often so cleverly misrepresent the people of all the provinces, should begin to know what under heaven is going forward educationally in all the other provinces. Education is by nature about as universal as chemistry, and much more so than commerce. There is no such thing in all sanity as a British Columbia type of education, a Nova Scotia type and an Ontario type. The common Canadian brain is much the same all over the country. Is it not time for the Government of Canada to encourage the calling of a National Convention on Education—anywhere they like—so that the educational architects and reformers can compare notes? If it was necessary once to have a Canadian Manufacturers' Association, a Dominion Railway Commission, a Canadian news service, not to mention the all-Canadian banking systems, the railways and a dozen other things of national importance, is it not time to have a Dominion Educational Association?

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ONE of the best comments on the recent Government boom in the Canadian shipbuilding industry—before it was even announced by the Hon. Minister of Marine and Fisheries—is the appearance of a monthly paper devoted entirely to the interests of Canadian shipbuilding and harbor construction. Vol. I, No. 1, of that paper, edited, as we understand, by a well-known Canadian Courier contributor, Frank Wall, is a very timely retrospect of what has suddenly become a matter of big national news in this country. One of the sub-heads alone epitomizes the story:

IN 1915, SHIPBUILDING, ONE OF SMALLEST INDUSTRIES, NOW BECOMING ONE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

No more important and truly national undertaking was ever created or revived than this revival of shipbuilding in Canada. Time and again we have published articles and editorials in the Canadian Courier, long before shipbuilding was really revived, pointing out how necessary and national this purely Canadian industry ought to be. One of the incomprehensible things about the world's water-transportation systems before the war was that some nations made a specialty of building ships, some of operating them, others of owning them. It is now clearly realized that shipbuilding is an industry that should be carried on by the nation that owns and the nation that operates the ships. A fleet of ocean liners or lake and river carriers is as much a national fact as a harbor. A line of steamships from the timber in the tree and the iron on the rocks, to the captain on the bridge and the cargo in the bottom, should be as national a fact as the docks at Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal and Vancouver. What we have always needed in our ideas of shipbuilding and shipping in this country is about half the constructive imagination we have always put on our railway systems. A Canadian railway owned and operated by a foreign nation is just about as sensible as Canadian-built ships owned and operated by other nations when Canadian cargoes are carried in foreign bottoms.

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HOW is it that German generals are given carte blanche to bombard newspapers with their tongues? The latest—one of many—in this line of dreadful-talkers is von Lieb, of whom nobody ever heard outside of the war zone until he began to talk about the necessity of France being "bled white." Now, nobody seems to have asked von Lieb his opinion. He seems to have just opened his mouth just the way some dogs bark in a dog fight. He spoke with all the disconnected irresponsible savagery of a dog that knows no other language than the smell of his enemy's blood. These butchers of humanity revel in blood talk. They have formed the habit. Their own master, the Prince of Devils, knows how far they are responsible to any one in Germany for what they say. We never hear of the Kaiser calling a general to account for any bloody remarks or for any atrocity. It seems to be taken for granted that as long as any one in high rank can say or do anything horrible and savage he is welcome to all the rope he wants because he can't possibly be out of order. Germany has no politics except those of the axe. Her rulers and those who speak for the country are not human. Only the people are—somewhat human. And the people seem to have been hypnotized.

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HOWEVER, we may as well cease to think in terms of peace until the war is over. It's a long way back to the day when, in the old log church, to the tune Arlington we sang,

> Must I be carried to the skies
> On flow'ry beds of ease,
> While others fought to win the prize
> And sailed thro' bloody seas?

There was a heap of believing in that old verse, because it was built upon tough experience tussling with naked realities and hard tack and long, hard days of solid work in the bush. But it was an inspiring thing to get together on Sunday in the backwoods church and sing things like that while the saw-mill over the way stood silent among the log piles. Little we knew how useful to a vastly greater struggle would be communities we wrestled out of the woods before some of us were dead or even thinking of death. We are glad to live in a country that ever sang such hymns under such conditions. We have the vigor of our clime and the strength of our convictions and our just share in the great work going on in the world; a work that sometimes seems so awful as not to be glorious, but in the main keeps us sure that a country worth the efforts of those which scorned the flowery beds of ease in the log church is also worth the sublimer efforts of those who get down in the wallow of war. May we all do our part if we can't go to war in keeping Canada worth fighting for at home.

❧

RUSSIA has a soul to save. Bolshevikism, with all its strange running amok, seems to have in it somewhere the soul of Russia. John R. Mott, with all his blunderbuss method of talk derived from student evangelism in Russia may have hit the nail on the head when he counseled the Allies to have patience with Russia, that she would yet emerge on the side of freedom. At any rate, it looks as though Germany will not be able to ignore the fact that somewhere or other there is still a battlefront along the borders of Russia. It looks as though, with all its vagaries of unreason and its excesses of peasant socialism and industrial brotherhood, the greater Russia, the Russia of the countless millions, is as sure to turn back the Kaiser as once it turned back the man who conquered the rest of Europe, but had to trail his beaten army away from Moscow.

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NO harm can come from a thorough restatement or reaffirmation of war aims at this time. The old slogans are pretty well worn out. As long as German rank and file have the notion that the Allies are bent on the extermination of Germany, that nation will fight to the last ditch, just as we would if we could be bludgeoned into believing any such fallacy. The common desperate resistance to such a menace would unite any country much less a unit than Germany. It has been Germany's "weltpolitik"—the thing they talk about so much over there—to disrupt all other nations while remaining united herself. Now let the shoe go on the other foot. Unity will yet come to the rest of us—slowly though it may be; and the disruption will begin in Germany. Once it begins—there is the comforting example of the prairie fire.

❧

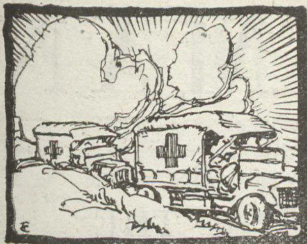
AMONG the responses to a recent questionnaire, What is the Matter with My Town? appeared an interesting but somewhat critical article on Fort William. We understand the criticism to be merely a personal opinion given in the best of good nature and with no intentions of disparaging so important a city as Fort William. The editor of this paper would be foolish to indulge in idle criticism of any community. We are infinitely more concerned with what is worth while in any city or town in Canada than with civic defects.

Since publishing the criticisms we have received an article from the Secretary of the Board of Trade pointing out what were and are the difficulties—especially since the war—that beset the city of Fort William, and how the people of that city have met and overcome the handicap. We shall publish this article—or as much of it as may be consistent with space available—in our next issue; meanwhile pointing out that the real value of getting any such criticism may sometimes be found in the way somebody else meets it.

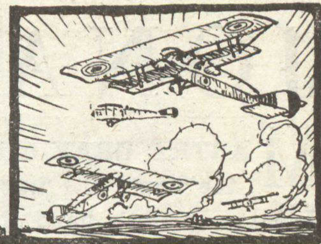
❧

—Tragedy and Triumph

NEVER, so far as we know, has a newspaper issued an epochal number of truly prodigious proportions right in the midst of what that paper, in a headline, proclaims as America's Greatest Disaster. The tragedy and the triumph of Halifax were dramatically blended in the noteworthy special edition brought out by the Halifax Herald, issued immediately after the wreck of the city. Plans were laid for this number months before, and the issue must have been nearly all on the press when the calamity happened. And the great disaster made no difference in the optimism of the great enterprise. Halifax, as represented by the sturdy vigor of the Herald, dominated by Senator Dennis, is no place for perpetual mourning. We have for long enough regarded our famous historic seaport as a glimpse of the world that was, reluctantly conforming itself to the world that is and is to come. At such times as the greatest of all civic disasters and the issue of one of the greatest memorial numbers of a newspaper ever printed in Canada, we come to feel that the vitality and the human purpose of Halifax are those that belong only to communities which the world considers both characteristic and permanent.



END THE WAR, OR—REVOLUTION!



By SIDNEY CORYN

GERMANY has raised against her a Frankenstein monster, and its name is Bolsheviki. The tide is turning. Germany has been doing all the disrupting in other countries. When disintegration gets in its deadly work on her own vitals—revolution may end what war began. This analysis was made three days before the German mutiny on the east front. The soundness of the observation is self-evident.

THE new year has opened auspiciously with a great French victory in Italy, and with a series of minor Allied successes on the western front. The new year brings also a peace proposal from Germany, and this time it is definite and official. There have been other peace proposals, but they were of the nature of trial balloons, unofficial, and easy to repudiate. But a speech from the foreign minister of Austria-Hungary, no matter how inadequate its nature, marks a turning of the page in the history of the war. It is the hoisting of the white flag.

That Germany must make strenuous efforts to secure peace was certain, but we must not suppose that they indicate an immediate ending of the war. Germany's plight is indeed a desperate one, but this very fact may easily spur her to some frantic and final attempt to carry terror to the heart of her foes and so dispose them to terms more favorable than they would otherwise contemplate. It is to be remembered that the German mentality is a peculiar one, and it is nowhere more peculiar than in its conviction that the whole world is governed by the same motives and is susceptible to the same influences. Mr. Carl Ackerman, who probably knows more of the German war mind than any writer who is now available, gives it as his conviction that the German people could not bear the news of an unmistakeable defeat, and this is probably true when we consider the insolence of the German mind in the presence of victory. The German people are essentially cowardly, and therefore they attribute cowardice to others. They believe that a great German victory would dismay their enemies, because they themselves would be dismayed by defeat. In desperate need of peace they believe that they can compel peace by a successful display of titanic force, and they may attempt such a display. They may even gain some local and temporary successes.

With every desire to appreciate the standpoint of the pessimist, I am unable to share his gloomy apprehensions, nor to join in his clamor for American troops as the only hope of saving the day. By all means let us have American troops as speedily as possible. Their fine courage is an asset, and their presence an inspiration. But they will not turn the balance from defeat to victory. They may hasten the Allied triumph, if only by the promise of their aid. But certainly we need not picture the Allied armies as holding on grimly, in the last ditch, so to speak, and praying for help as Wellington is supposed to have prayed for Blucher at Waterloo. The Allies are not at all in a desperate position. It is the Germans who are in a desperate position. If we feel discouraged by the reverse at Cambrai, and by the Russian situation, we may reasonably ask ourselves what the Germans must be feeling as they look back on the year that has passed with its long train of reverses, and forward to the year that has just dawned, and that contains so little on which they can fix their hopes.

THE Germans began the year by their retreat to the Hindenburg Line, which implied the evacuation of a large territory and the abandonment of hundreds of villages. Since then they have been driven back at Vimy, at Wytschaete, from the Messines Ridge, and at Ypres. They have lost to the French the whole of the Verdun territory representing four months of tremendous fighting. The French have driven them from the Chemin des Dames, and have advanced within range of Laon, and this, too, after a long series of German assaults of almost unprecedented violence. The Germans have lost Jerusalem, and two British armies in Asia Minor are now pressing forward and occupying the territory essential to the German hopes of an empire from Berlin to Bagdad. And finally, they have been driven from the Hindenburg Line itself at Cambrai, and British troops are holding part of the very fortifications so loudly acclaimed as impregnable. The Germans, on the other hand, have won nothing along the whole western front, if we except the small area at Cambrai which they recovered after the great British assault. On this occasion the British lost one hundred guns, and this represents the entire British artillery loss since the beginning of the spring. But the Germans during the same time have lost 1,798 guns, 554 mortars, and 4,902 machine guns. They have also lost 114,000 prisoners on this front.

The two chief causes for the forebodings that are now so prevalent among the unreflecting are the Russian situation and the Italian campaign. Now, the Russian situation is bad. It cannot be denied. None the less, it is not wholly bad, and here, too, it would be interesting to get the German point of view. Certainly it is not one of unmixed exultation. If the situation in Russia has liberated a certain number of German troops—probably not a very large number—it has liberated also a spirit of revolt that is certainly exercising its unwelcome contagion across the German frontier. What must be the effect in Germany of such an object lesson in the power of a nation to strike down its own government over night, and to liberate itself almost without a spasm from the control of a military autocracy? Germany has raised a Frankenstein monster in the shape of the Bolsheviki at which she can not but look in horror. Within the last few days we have read of the arrest of 300 German Independent Socialists who refuse to follow the lead of Scheidemann and other "loyalists," and who demand peace at any price. We have not before heard of these Independent Socialists, and who can doubt that they are the offspring of the Russian revolution? The portent is a sinister one for Germany. It goes far to explain the white flag. It has a significance greater than that of the purely military events on the battle fronts.

The disposition of the German forces that are supposed to have been withdrawn from her eastern lines is stil considered by many to prove the reality of a new danger in the west. There can be no question that considerable numbers of men have actually been withdrawn from the east—the Bolsheviki themselves complain of it, or pretend to—but we may remember first that the process of withdrawal is a slow and toilsome one, and secondly that we have no positive knowledge of their destination. Vague statements that various Russian units have been identified on the western front should count for little. The same statements might have been made truthfully at almost any time of the war. There has always been a process of exchange from east to west, and Germany is known to have used the eastern field as a sort of sanatorium for her troops that were broken by the hardships of the western lines. We have still to find any authoritative statement that the German lines in France and Flanders have been heavily reinforced. On the other hand we know that the Teuton armies fighting against Italy are made up largely of men released from the eastern front. We are told also that the Bulgarians are being reinforced from the same source, and now comes news that the army of Von Falkenhayn to the north of Jerusalem has similarly been strengthened by troops withdrawn from the Russian lines. There is also supposed to be an army at Aleppo under Von Mackensen intended to block the way of the British who are moving northwest from Bagdad, and we may suppose that this also has been strengthened. That Germany has actually denuded her eastern lines is impossible. She would never be so foolish as to do that in full view of the chaos in Russian affairs. Indeed we may be sure that she has retained sufficient men for any possible eventuality, and that means a very large number. There seems, therefore, to be little difficulty in accounting for all the men that Germany was previously employing on her eastern lines, without resorting to the unsustained theory of large new armies prepared to throw themselves in a devastating flood upon the French and the British.

The situation in Italy is distinctly good, and here, too, we may be fairly sure that the Teutons would gladly recall the offensive which at first filled them with such glowing hopes.

DOES Germany intend to strike at all, and, if so, does such a stroke take precedence of her peace plans? I believe strongly that her peace plans come first, that she has a real hope, and even an expectation, that Count Czernin's proposals may end the war, and that whatever she may do with her armies will be less in the hope of winning honest military victories than in furnishing to her enemies a new motive of terror to end the struggle. That she should propose the **status quo ante** is certainly an arresting fact, since it compels her to face the rage of her own fire eaters and pan-Germans who have already incorporated Belgium in the map of Germany, and who, in their fevered imagination, see **Mittel Europa** as an established fact, with Asia Minor as its appendage. That these peace proposals cover some dark and sinister military scheme I do not believe. There is no reason to doubt that they have a certain stupid sincerity about them. I believe Germany is resolved to end the war now, if such an object can by any possibility be achieved. I believe that she must end the war or face revolution at home from a people rendered desperate from starvation. **Vorwaerts** has the courage to tell its government that there are forty million people who are not merely hungry, but starving, and that at any moment these people may raise their hands in destructive rage and bring the social fabric to the ground. Even the best informed opinion of those who believe that Germany will not revolt during the war has very little value, since such a situation as this has no precedent in human history. At least it can have no greater value than the opinion of the acting editor of **Vorwaerts** (Liebknecht himself is in prison), who is apparently willing to risk his own freedom in its expression. It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of these things. They weigh more heavily than the numbers and the efficiency of the German army. They fully explain the white flag that Germany has raised. For it is a white flag, however small. And there are others, larger ones, to come in the immediate future. Germany has yet to learn that her enemies are not in the least afraid nor dismayed, and that as they are not fighting for material things so they can not be bribed by material things. And when she next addresses herself to the question of compensation for the ruin that she has done, she might at the same time formulate some statement of the compensation that she considers adequate for living babies carried on the points of German bayonets, for soldiers crucified and mutilated, for women dishonored, and for the crowded slaughter pits of Serbia and Poland.

JONATHAN GRAY'S WOMAN

MARTHA GRAY did human-energy work that might have been estimated in horse-power or voltage. She labored all the hours she was awake, and in the daily carrying out of her tasks she knew more about the things that came to Jonathan Gray's hand than he knew about her doings. They were a team of stupendous workers. But besides being a hand-helper to Jon, it was Martha's great business before the Lord to spiritualize her home, to make it beautiful, and to live by the strength not merely of the hand and the back but of the spirit. What a lot of folk nowadays are worrying and striving for what Martha Gray had—the presence of Art and Spirituality in her Work.

By THE EDITOR

JONATHAN GRAY'S woman is depicted below in the act of making a rag mat. The mat is chosen as a symbol of Martha Gray's industries, because it was one of the many things she used to make, and because of all the things she ever made in her Canadian pioneer home, it contained most imagination.

The mat that came as the last of the series in that home, after nearly half a century of mat-making, was a crude but beautiful picture of the home for which it was made. It was a landscape, representing the man at the plough, the toiling horses, some of the cattle, the barn and the yard where Martha carried on many of her factory labors, as well as a corner of the house. As a picture no doubt that landscape was very defective. It contained about four focal planes, or whatever they are, and very little of what is called perspective. But it had character and human interest; and in a half-humorous way it told the story of how a man and woman had cheerfully conquered the wilderness in order to bring up a large family as good citizens in a new country.

Jonathan Gray's woman is not a fiction. In her day she was an inspiring fact. She was personally known to the writer who spent many a week in the home which by years of what would now be called magic she helped her man Jon to build up in three communities.

She was Canadian-born of Scotch parentage. Jon was a plain, blunt Englishman. They had a family of six boys and two girls, all of whom up to the age of responsibility Martha clothed from the back of the sheep to the back of the boy, with no help from the machinery of civilization except the wheel, the carder and the loom, the needle, thread and scissors. And I am not sure had these two people been put to it in a still more primitive state of existence, if they could not have contrived these things for themselves—all except the scissors; for if Eskimos and Indians make thread of babiche there was nothing to prevent Martha Gray from making it of something produced on the farm. I know that she made in as primitive a way as any Indian the straw hats of her whole family from choice wheat straws gathered out of the field; and winter caps made entirely of skins of muskrats which Jon speared in a marsh and which she cured, cut and sewed together to fit.

Jonathan Gray and his woman began their first home in a Middlesex, Ont., bush. Their second was nearly a hundred miles west in the township of Dover, County of Kent, Ont. They trekked to it by wagon-loads just as gipsies do, camping along the roadside and caravaning by day under the canopy of the schooner-top. Years later when the family were all grown but still unmarried, they trekked again in a similar fashion twenty-five miles to the edge of a bush land where still more acres could be got for the same money because the land was mainly uncleared. Thus for the sake of the family twice the Grays left home, getting each time more land, and each time leaving behind the improvements they had made.

BUT wherever they went Jon and his wife carried with them the Ark of the Covenant in the home which they had made by almost miracles of labor, thrift, ingenuity and faith in themselves, their country and their God. That home was not in chattels alone; but in the spirit that made the home. Martha Gray had never lived in a town or a village where machinery is contrived to lighten and divide labor. Always from her girlhood when she married Jon until the day of her death, she was as close to the primitive realities of work as a glove is to a hand. Her day's works and her labors of an evening were to Martha Gray what a violin is to a virtuoso. She could make music of her work. She knew when any weakness of hers interrupted that music or sent it off the key. And only at such times was she at all unhappy.

Work for her had no terrors. Hardship never dismayed her. Weariness seldom made her peevish. The day was meant to be filled with many kinds of labor; heaven had given her a strong body and a stout heart. And Martha Gray had imagination. She put only a touch of it into her rag mat because her hands were untrained to the expression of art. Glimpses of it came out like bursts of sunlight in a hundred things she made and did for the home. But they passed away with the day's work as patterns of sunshine fade from the wall in the nursery to leave the child wondering.

Behind all Martha's rough but beautiful labors there was a spiritual life that was no mere invention of a creed. Unfailing churchgoer as she was, twice a Sunday, no matter what the roads or the weather, Martha Gray could have lived a wonderful religion without a church. Because she had in her soul, her brain and her fingers the inspiration of making the home of to-day a little brighter and more beautiful than the home of yesterday and of living now for the sake of what is to come.

There is nothing to exaggerate in the life and character of this woman. In what sketches are to follow in the series there will be nothing but the plain truth as it came out in the lives of these two brave people and their family. The story of Jon and Martha does not go back so far as the horseback days over the bush road with a bag of wheat to the mill and wolves in the background. That period came just before their day, and needs other pens than ours to depict. But Jon and Martha carried the hardship and the good cheer of the early day on into a stage of beauty and comfort unknown to the first settler in the solid bush. Indeed they used to look back upon such days, telling one another how much the world had developed and how fortunate they were to be living in an age of such vast improvements.

They carried on the story down to the day when most of the great wizardries that have transformed the world came into play. In their two lives they knit together the epic of the earliest days when Martha Gray as a Scotch-Canadian girl heard from her parents what seemed to be legends of the bush days, and the stranger marvel of the new time coming when all things were to be changed by miracles of world-wide invention that presently crept into the crude life of the farm.

Illustrated by T. G. Greene

A MERE category of Martha Gray's labors would frighten some modern women. Here are some of them, set down merely at random without reference to any days' works calendar of Martha:

Helping to Wash Sheep;
Helping to Shear Sheep;
Carding the Wool;
Spinning the Yarn;
Weaving the Full Cloth;
Cutting out the Clothes;
Making the Garments;
Making Patchwork Quilts;
Making Bed Sheets;
Also Pillow Cases;
Plucking the Geese;
Making Feather Beds;
Also Pillows;
Curing Hams and Pork;
Canning and Preserving;
Making Cheese;
Manufacturing Soap;
Making Hats and Caps;
Knitting Socks and Mitts;
Making Shirts and Overalls;
Making Rag Mats—

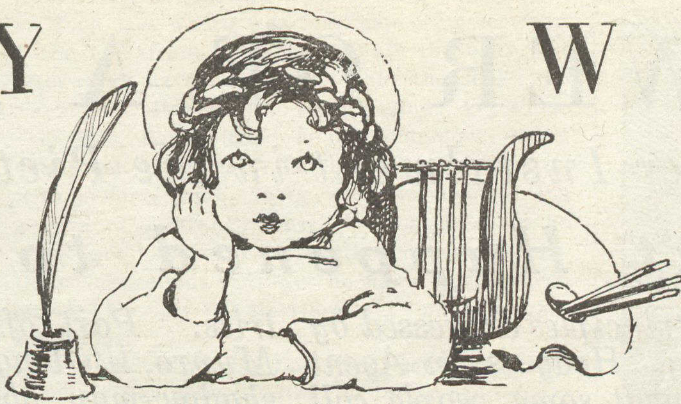
Here we pause—when the list is but half complete. All these industries were carried on as mere side lines to the daily business of getting meals, washing and ironing, scrubbing, dusting, sweeping, mending and darning, polishing stoves and building fires, and getting ready for church. She lived among her labors as a hen among her chickens. And she loved them. Without the work she was lonesome. With it she could smile in the face of the longest day the Lord ever made and wish it were longer. And she knew but little of doctors. The work she did was sometimes better than medicine.

And if Jon and Martha were living now at a time when a world war has brought civilization to the verge of an economy that belonged to their own days, they could teach most of us great lessons in the business of getting on in the world.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Note: In the announcement of this series last week we used the name Jonathan Lee. We have changed it to Gray because Gray is better; and because the only fictions in the narrative are the names.

NURSERY WALLS



Every child is an artist.

By ESTELLE M. KERR

BOBBIE lives in a farm-house, and sleeps under a raftered roof. The walls too are bare of plaster, and when the sun streams in through the window in the south gable, and shines on the patchwork quilt, a golden glow is reflected on the bare boards. At night when Bobbie takes his candle, and goes upstairs, there are great black shadows on the walls and ceiling and his own shadow is terrifyingly large and grotesque in shape. Then he can imagine hiding in the shadows of the rafters anything from a realistic spider to a strange hobgoblin. Sometimes he draws the patchwork quilt quickly over his head to hide his terror, but still he takes a fearsome pleasure in these things. Bobbie likes his little room, though it is hot in summer and he sometimes has to break the ice in his pitcher on winter mornings; he doesn't know why he likes it. The drawing-room is very grand with its white plastered walls, but he does not feel at home in the great carved walnut chairs covered with horse-hair and ornamented with crocheted antimacassars. The profusion of photographs and Christmas cards confuses his thoughts and stifles the imagination that runs riot in the simple attic bedroom.

One summer an artist came to board at his father's house; and when Bobbie's mother showed him into the best guest chamber he shuddered.

"I cannot bear it," he said, "the white walls, the —excuse me, but I could not even sleep here. Haven't you a room in the attic?"

"There's Bobbie's room," said the surprised mother; "but it's very bare and common."

To her great surprise the artist went into ecstacies over the little attic chamber.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "Such simplicity, such rich golden browns in the rafters! The patchwork quilt gives just the touch of color it needs, and the rag carpet is priceless. Lucky Bobbie, to have such a lovely room! It is enough to make a poet out of you, or an artist! I never saw a room better calculated to develop the imagination!"

So Bobbie slept that summer in the best bed-room, but he soon grew tired of the cold white walls where no fairy could possibly hide; he grew to detest the shiny photograph of Grandfather in the black oval frame, and the glass case of wax flowers twining around a cross which his mother had made when she was a girl. He was glad when summer was over and he could go back to his little attic room.

SUCH rooms do not exist in city houses; but the children are usually kept in the top storey with the servants and old trunks. And it isn't such a bad idea after all. There is charm and privacy in an attic room—but that is not why the children are put there; it is usually to get them out of the way, and to leave down stair rooms for more important things —as if the nursery wasn't the most important room in the house!

There is no half-way measure, Mothers! Either you must give the furnishing of the nursery your utmost consideration or none at all. Bobbie's bed-room was a great success, through its lack of attention, its utter bareness and simplicity. No interior decorator can create a room as beautiful as out of doors. There is no carpet so restful to weary feet and tired eyes as the green grass; no walls so lovely as the vines, hedges and trees; no ceiling as pleasing as the sky. The children's real nursery should be out of doors. Absence of ornament is infinitely superior to bad decoration, bareness is so much preferable to confusion

Aesthetic sensibilities wake early in some children, and they, if able to analyze their emotions, could testify to what suffering they have been subjected by the habit of sending to the nursery whatever furniture is too ugly or threadbare to be used in any other part of the house. Many children are not sensitive to artistic influences, and the parents of such children often think that no special care need be spent on their surroundings. It is never idle to cultivate a child's taste, and those who have no natural appreciation of beauty need greater encouragement than do children born with a sense of beauty. The daily intercourse with poor pictures, ugly furniture, badly designed wall-papers and worthless knick-knacks, will have a similar effect to the mental diet of silly and ungrammatical story books.

THE children of the rich frequently suffer more than the poor children, from the quantity as well as the quality of the presents they receive—especially at Christmas time—for these are apt to create confusion in the best-planned nurseries. The presents given to children who are not rich, usually have the saving merit of usefulness; but the poor little rich children are over-burdened with ornaments selected by undiscriminating relatives and friends; and which, though they may not admire, they have too much loyalty and sentiment to discard. Children suffer also from the over-crowding of their rooms by objects which are considered too good to throw away, but too ugly to be tolerated elsewhere.

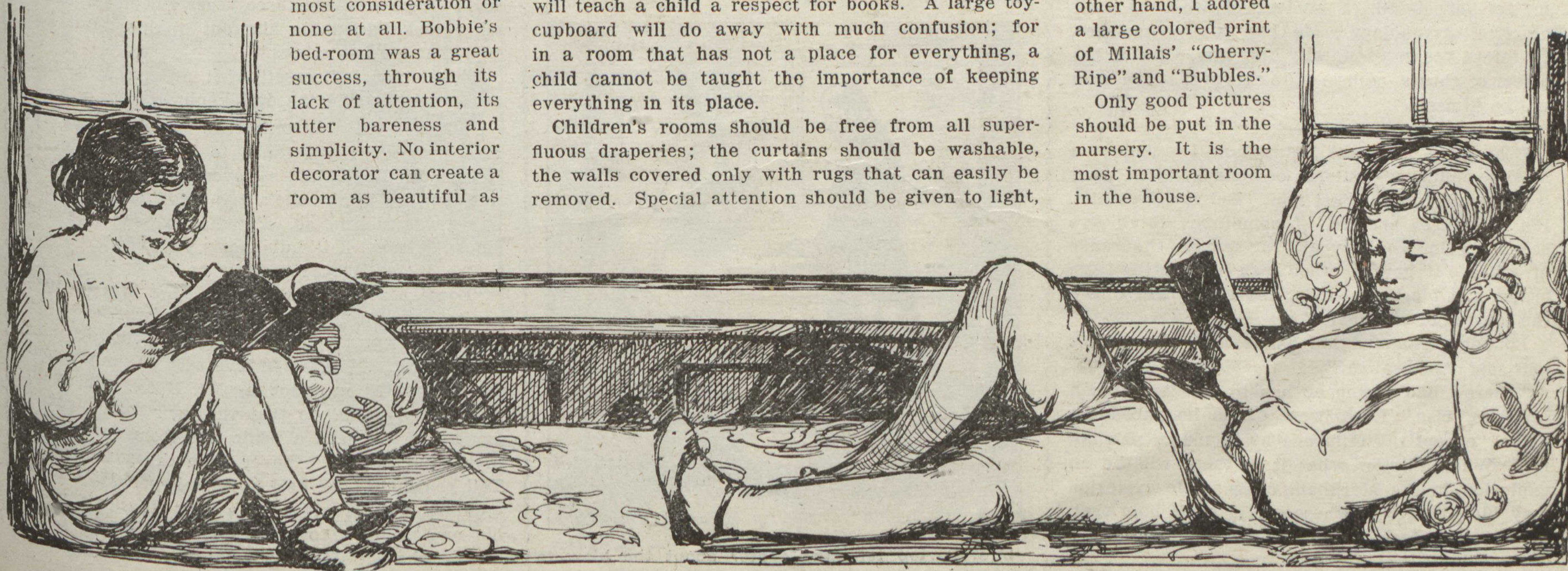
It is essential that the nursery be cheerful. Dark colors, besides necessitating the use of much artificial light, are depressing; the furniture should be substantial, for little children cannot be expected to give it the gentlest handling. It is of special importance to provide a large, solid, writing-table; children are too often subjected to the needless constraint and fatigue of writing at narrow, unsteady desks. A well-designed book-case with glass doors will teach a child a respect for books. A large toy-cupboard will do away with much confusion; for in a room that has not a place for everything, a child cannot be taught the importance of keeping everything in its place.

Children's rooms should be free from all superfluous draperies; the curtains should be washable, the walls covered only with rugs that can easily be removed. Special attention should be given to light, as children who are fond of reading are apt to strain their eyes if a comfortable place is not provided for them near the window; and while a child should not be encouraged to read in bed, it is sometimes difficult to prevent their doing so. Consequently it is advisable to provide a light near the head of the bed, which will give sufficient illumination for this. Cleanliness is also an important factor in the development of the child, and the walls may be kalsomined and the wood-work given a coat of paint every year or two. Children are less apt to wilfully mark a clean wall than a dirty one. In one of the junior boarding schools in England the little boys are required to wear white suits, which are changed only once a week, no matter how soiled they may get, and those who have been unnecessarily careless dislike wearing these dirty garments so much that they gradually become more careful. In the same way a child learns to take pride in a nursery in which his parents have bestowed so much care. Painting and kalsomining are not the difficult tasks some people imagine them to be; and unless an especially good finish is desired, the services of a professional decorator are not necessary. Anyone capable of blending colors can get more attractive shades by mixing white paint with pure color ground in oil, than in the ready-mixed paints; while by buying kalsomine by the pound, mixing it with dry color and water, and letting it stand over night, a plastered wall, or one that has been papered, can be quickly transformed by one coat of the proper consistency.

Personally we do not care for the nursery wall-papers that repeat groups of Kate Greenaway children ad infinitum. The friezes of nursery rhymes are better, but even they grow tiresome. Bright cretonnes or wall papers with flowers and birds usually fascinate children; but if there is a possibility of the nursery being used as a sick-room it is best to stick to plain colors, except for hangings and covers that can be easily removed.

One of my most vivid childish memories is of ceiling covered with a variety of gold ornaments and bars, connected with no apparent design; and I was always torturing my little brain to find a beginning and an end. Another memory is of a picture which hung opposite my bed. It represented a lot of Dutch children hand in hand, with their backs turned to me, watching a very red sun interminably sinking over the sea. In health I never thought of moving it; but once when sick with a fever I burst out crying "because the sun would never go down." So the nurse removed the offending picture. Another horror was found in a lithograph of a dog chained to his kennel, and a constantly rising flood which would soon engulf him. Still another was of a hunting-lodge, where the dead bleeding deer the people were heartlessly weighing filled me with pity. On the other hand, I adored a large colored print of Millais' "Cherry-Ripe" and "Bubbles."

Only good pictures should be put in the nursery. It is the most important room in the house.



THE POWER OF A PHANTOM

A Further Instalment in the Pictorial Series

What Happened to Hoag

A STRUGGLE between two Principles expressed by two Opposite Personalities. Hoag is an Agent of the Unseen, a believer in what some people call psychics---which he did not pretend to understand. Henry Markham is an Agent of the Hidden Hand, a believer in an Earthly Force whose power has a right to make him a slave.

Hoag is offered a large salary by Henry Markham to be a spiritual spy among Markham iron-workers. He refuses. He becomes labor reporter on the Clarion, an organ of the working-men, and Saturday editor of a psychic and socialistic column entitled "Other Worlds Than Ours." Markham discovers an iron mine and carries out a new cycle of steel industries. Part of his scheme is marriage to Helen Munro, life-long friend of Martin Hoag. The lean shadow-man, absorbed in psychics, in democracy of the imagination, in dreams, in moving pictures, sets himself the task of circumventing Markham, who uses newspapers, philanthropy, politics, business---everything to gain his purpose. In last week's instalment Mrs. Bartop, landlady, puzzled by Hoag's ghostly movements in her house, is still further puzzled by his location of a pair of scissors while walking in his sleep. Hoag gets a letter from Helen whom he visualizes as a phantom. A Board of Trade banquet glorifies Henry Markham who makes a brief speech.

By THOMAS TOPLEY

WHAT Happened to the Hoag Series? asks an irritated reader up at Timmins, Ont. "Without a word of comment or regret to the possible readers of this narrative, it suddenly disappears. This is the second time. The first time the reader had to scan the whole magazine for an explanation. You were a piker, a quitter, in this instance without an excuse. A good story could not be discarded and pushed out by trivial little things contained elsewhere."

The only explanation we can give is that the story must have taken a notion to act like Hoag—who never could be located by his landlady just where she thought he was a second or two before. But our Timmins critic will notice that Hoag has come back. He has come back to stay—until he has finished his work. And he has a lot to do in a small space. In the following instalment we trace the power of a phantom over the minds and actions of some people.—The Editor.

HOAG closed his eyes, and saw a vision of Henry Markham making that speech. He could see every gesture, every contortion of the mouth, every grimace, looking close into those pin-wheel eyes as though he would look behind into the man's brain. In a sudden fit of imitation he delivered the whole speech in the very tones of Markham—watching his shadow as it made the Markham gestures.

The shadow became a sudden reality.

It was as real as a moving picture.

The imitation was absolute. So much so that Hoag almost startled himself—when suddenly the door opened and Poundem popped in his head; and as suddenly Hoag was himself again.

"Say," said the editor, "I'm going to shoot holes in that speech."

"Oh! All the holes you shoot in that man only advertise him. He thrives on opposition."

"Well, any old time this paper quits shooting shrapnel into men like Markham, we might as well shut up shop."

"Yes, but a fly flatters a bull. Markham's genius is all for hitching other men up to do his work. He is a politician, a master of detail, a student of what he calls practical psychology. He has no conscience, therefore you can't morally hurt him. But he has a fear of ghosts—ghosts—the things that are most unlike himself."

"He fears this rag, I reckon."

"Ghosts, I tell you! Markham is under a strange influence—outside of himself. Just what it is I can't tell you just now. But it drives him. It's a sort of spectre. I sometimes think I've seen it. But you haven't. It travels thousands of miles. It haunts other men—men with little brains and big hard hands, and grimy faces. It's the master of Markham."

Poundem rammed his hands into his pockets and said, "Jerusalem!"

"There's one power he has to fear more than anything else," Hoag went on as he paced the office, "except the influence he is under. It's not me. When I know what it is there will be an explosion in the Markham camp. The explosion may blow me to smithereens. I can't help that. The way I feel just now—it wouldn't matter anyway."

"Spooking too much, Hoag. What you need is less midnight oil, more sleep, more food and a slug of Scotch whisky every night."

Hoag smiled in a queer way. He sat down and clutched at the desk. He got up and drifted around the room.

"What's the press going so early for?" he asked suddenly.

"Press isn't going, man."

"But the office is shaking—shakes like dead leaves in a tree. Oh lord!"

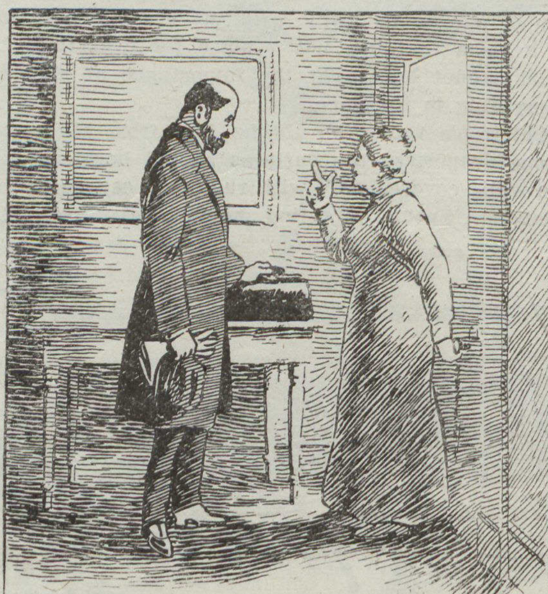
His eyes were like blobs of glass in his pale, thin face. If a corpse could suddenly have stood and looked at a man, it would have been the most like Hoag. The editor took hold of his hand. It felt as though an icicle had suddenly been scraped over his nerves.

"Sit down, man!" said Poundem in a scared way.

Hoag felt himself pushed down. The blur went from his eyes.

He saw the little office again; Poundem asking him if he wanted a slug of Scotch or something.

"No thanks!" he mumbled. "I'm all right. Lord! I thought the press was going."



Mrs. Bartop tells the doctor about the blow to Mr. Hoag's Head.

SOME doctor said it was neurasthenia.

"That's what I've tried to tell 'im, doctor," alleged Mrs. Bartop, down at the door, solemnly stroking her broad, fat head. "But I couldn't get me tongue round the word."

"He should go into a sanitarium at once."

"Och! He'll not even keep to his bed, I'll warrant."

"He's overworked. Too much—"

"What I've told him all along," she interrupted, backing herself politely against the door-knob. "Too much psychology. Man alive, did ye get a glimpse of them books o' his?"

"Pff! Books don't do it."

"But have ye read that spook page on the Saturday Clarion, then? Other Worlds than Ours, he calls it."

The doctor grinned a bit.

"O-ho! Writes a bit does he?"

"Tut! that's not all of Mr. Hoag though. Why, he doesn't eat enough to pamper a canary—toast and tea and slops. Oh, if you'd ever see him in his pyjamas. When he's dressed he pads himself to look like a man. But—energy! Man alive, he never gets in till all hours. Goes spookin' off to movie shows, one a night. Dear me! If he hadn't been with me three years and never harmed a soul, I'd bundle him out o' this. But La! he's that kind to others."

The doctor indiscreetly felt around Mrs. Bartop's waist to find the door-knob.

"Whisht ye! Listen this. He's crazy in love with a woman that's to be married on to Rosemount Road. She's clever, and beautiful and fine, and he thinks she's going to the devil—but he's never told me so. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, now, if it's diagnosis ye want."

The doctor lighted a cigarette.

"Lord! that's simple enough. Let him go to a sanitarium and fall in love with a nurse."

Mrs. Bartop waved both hands like fins.

"Such rot! Him fall in love with any other soul and body? No, no; not my Mr. Hoag. Oh, well, it's no use tellin' ye that the poor man's got a smack on the head a while ago from some midnight thug, and he's never been the same since. Tell you that? No, he'd never tell ye. He's such a mim-mouth creature. He says no more than his own shadow to most folks. And the Lord knows what he's thinkin'—but I'm very sure it's far more wonderful than anything the man writes

about visions and spooks and the like. Well—I guess ye needn't be bothered comin' again. We'll just have to see what happens till 'im."

HOAG knew whose hand directed the blow that put him to sleep on a side street. He knew clearly why it was done. When he refused to become a secret agent for Henry Markham among the iron-workers he expected that the man behind Markhams would some day manoeuvre to make it certain that the ability he had tried to buy should not in the long run be used against him.

Astute manipulator of men as he was, Markham would not hesitate to use violence for his purpose if only he could cover up his tracks. And he was a superb runner to cover. Providence had put Henry Markham into the world with a certain kind of brain for the betterment of humanity. Evil genius in some form had perverted that brain. Markham was in the grip of an occultic force. Nobody outside of himself and his sister knew precisely what it was—except Hoag, who so far had only surmised it. That force, whatever it was, traveling thousands of miles through the air, under the water, across continents, could never be effectively met by any counter force, because its methods of operation were so mysterious and so devious that other forces never could organize against it. And Henry Markham was a genius of organization, not because he was an initiator, but because he was the secret agent of this powerful other influence. It was not money; not personal ambition; not mere love of social prestige; not the power of the press; not the man's obvious passion for works of philanthropy. All of these were the mere accessories to the power that was driving Markham. And that power was expressed, as Hoag knew, in the magic of a concrete idea. It took the shape to him sometimes of some terrifying deity with a devil's power to command him. The deity had never seen him; might not be aware of his personal existence. That made it all the more potent. It was the Hidden Hand, expressing a will that was vastly greater than Markham's; the kind of will that some people call God.

That power-will called Henry Markham to become an iron-master. It terrified him and inspired him into believing that whatever he did must be to the glory and the might of an idea which to him seemed greater than all other ideas in the world. We have seen how, at the opera, he became so terribly excited over the spectacle of the magic sword in the hands of Siegfried; the sword that split the anvil. Markham was haunted by that sword. It was the symbol of a strength greater than any form of government by the people, than any ideas of God in the Bible, than any organization of big business not inspired and controlled by that power-will of the hidden hand.

HOW was Hoag to combat this power? By no method he could tell to a living soul. But by the very power which Markham had detected in him; in that power carried to the

Gretchen Malone tells Helen how to become a magic woman.

limit. The attempt to sandbag him only proved to Hoag just where was Markham's master fear.

"Be not afraid of them that kill the body, but afterwards have no power to kill the soul" was a text that often came to Hoag's mind. Yet whenever Mrs. Bartop tried to nail him down to an admission of his faith he invariably put her off with a subterfuge. Hoag was conscious of the growth of a strange power in himself. Yet he would not believe in any of the customary spiritistic suggestions. As yet he knew not his own power. He only felt its vibrations—under certain conditions.

"Oh, but the way ye found that scissors, man!" chuckled Mrs. Bartop, after the doctor had left.

Hoag felt the bed quivering, when he knew it was physically still and smiled.

"A mere fluke," he said. "Anybody could do it under the right conditions."

"Yes, but the doctor says ye're not well, Mr. Hoag."

This was over a cup of beef broth.

"Oh! I daresay he told you just what was wrong with me. Yes, he asked me a number of catechetical questions; just the same as he asks of everybody else. He put my answers all down in a book, under the date line. On another date he will ask me a similar set of questions and put down my answers. But the poor machine asked me absolutely nothing about myself——"

Helen Munro has a phantom-dream lasting three seconds

"Tush now! As if ye'd have told him. I'll wager he left some medicine."

"Pills, madam! Two phials of little pillettes. Ha! One of these I am on no account to touch with my fingers."

Hoag reached for the phial on the little table by the bed.

"Give them to the cat, Mrs. Bartop. Have you a homoepathic cat?"

His laugh was the weirdest sort of chuckle.

Mrs. Bartop was suddenly stung with an idea.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if he takes——"

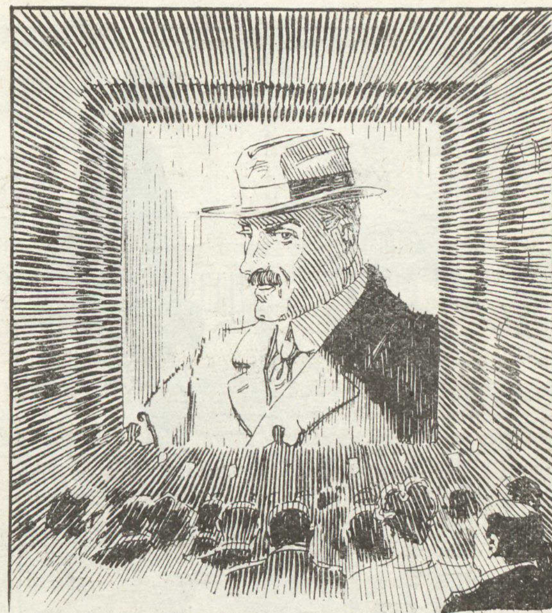
"Dope?" he snapped as he rose in bed. "No, not dope. Now don't look so puzzled. Don't say I read your thought. I didn't. There was but one thought. Both of us happened to have it. Don't even call it new thought. There is no new thought. It's all old. The trouble with people is——"

He paused, gazing at her.

"Ouch!" she said, almost screamed. "I know what you're going to say about me. I'm—too fat!"

He laughed. "So you are. A few years ago by the picture you showed me you were as willowy as a ballet girl."

"I was that indeed," Mrs. Bartop nodded gravely. One finger at her chin she was about to regale him with memories of her sylphhood, but he interrupted her.



Henry Markham as he appeared on the iron and steel film.

"Well, why did you multiply yourself by two with a lot of useless tissue? Why do so many people—especially middle-aged women—do so? Your soul doesn't get fat, I hope?"

She gave him a severe look, with some pity in it.

"Well of all things," she said, "that a body——"

"I know," he broke in. "That one who is so immeasurably thin as I am should dare to criticize you for being fat. Yes, I am thin. Just at present what body I have seems to be vibrating very queerly, I told the doctor so. He said it was——"

"Neurasthma," she exclaimed.

"That's what he called it—neurasthenia. Nice name. But it means in my case nothing. Mrs. Bartop—tell me what you—yourself, really think of me. Don't fudge, now. You know me better than the doctor."

Mrs. Bartop drew herself up with becoming pride.

"You are—gettin' your body as light as you can—so that——"

"Please go on, Mrs. Bartop. Don't say I'll dry up and blow away. You are not in that mood just now."

"So that you can—can—oh, what is it? I've no words to fit."

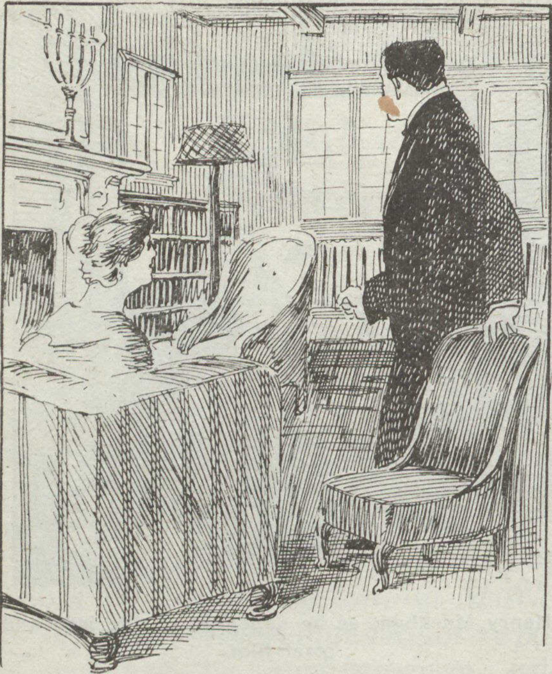
He got clean out of bed in his pyjamas.

"When we were young, Mrs. Bartop, body and soul were like a voice and a song. As we keep on eating and drinking, tons upon tons, the soul finds the body getting clogged up. I want to get rid of the clogs. I don't want to have to go to sleep and dream in order to get my soul set free to act. I don't want to feel depressed because my liver needs pills. I don't want to be dizzy because I've got indigestion or to have a headache because my nerves are poisoned. That's about all."

When she looked up, Mr. Hoag was out of the room. Never a sound. Not the rustle of his pyjamas; not the crack of a joint. He passed out of the room as a shadow does.

GRETCHEN MALONE was an expert on color schemes and decorations, which she had studied before deciding to decorate the career of Malone, now deceased. She was also no amateur at a sort of divination that depended partly upon intuition and much upon wits. Helen Munro—was a darling girl. Very. But Helen required coaching before marrying the brother of Gretchen Malone. Some jealousy, perhaps. Gretchen was herself handsome, piquant, accomplished, traveled, Europeanized. But—she had a nickel-plated finish and she knew it.

"Helen is a real maiden," quoth Gretchen at the glass. "Still—that's not it, either. I never was like her. And—oh, well, I guess she'll be more useful to Henry's game as she is than any-



Markham, look out the window, says, "There is one Hoag you see—and another."

thing she can get by copying me. At the same time——"

Gretchen would have been flattered by a little imitation. Helen never gave it. She took Gretchen's ideas of home decoration without a protest. She kept her own inward ideas, her own opinions of people, her own likes and dislikes—especially among the smart amateur-cigarette lot that Madam sometimes had at Cragtop, when they discussed new art, new ideas of sex, all that stuff.

Well, one day the two stood looking over the best bed-room in the new house, a stately pageant of blue and old gold and white; and Gretchen fell to discussing Henry, her advice being:

"My dear, never oppose him, or he will break you. Help him and you are part of his power. My dear, I envy you.

"But you don't understand his ambition?" she went on. "Nor the power——"

"Excuse me. Henry always said I was the only one who did."

"Complimenting a secretary, my dear. Henry knows how to make many people come to him that way. But you are on a different footing now. You are to——"

"Yes, yes, marry him. So I am. Well?"

"Then—for heaven's sake study him."

"Really—but whose affair is it?"

Gretchen shrugged. "Should be yours. But pch! You are—well, you weary me, Helen. You don't pry into that man any more than as though he were a conventional hubby-to-be, like my Malone was. And I—oh, well, money talks. But it's not mere money you're getting in my brother. He would be wonderful if he hadn't a sou. Money to him is just a by-product of personality. But believe me, unless you make him feel you are studying him, you will have a tough time with Henry. He must be studied."

"Gretchen, I know just what you mean. You want me to feel—sometimes afraid of such a dynamic person. Well—I don't at all."

The look she got was startling.

Gretchen seemed to have lorgnettes for eyes.

"Bravo, my dear!" She swept over to Helen, overlooking the great wooded ravine. "You—dear, dear damsel!" Her long lashes butterflied on Helen's face. She seemed to wind herself about the girl like a beautiful cobra. "When you get into the zone of Markham vibrations, when you learn to synchronize, my dear—oh, you will be the happy creature. You can be—a magic woman."

The voice was a stage whisper.

Her eyes pin-wheeled like Markham's.

AMONG the downtown films of the week following was a drama of iron and steel which had cost Henry Markham some money to stage. An advertising manoeuvre, no doubt. And a remarkable film. It showed every stage of man's tremendous tussle with iron—down in the mine, out on the ore-dumps, pigmying over the flat-cars, clattering from ore-elevators to the holds of long ore-bottoms that went scudding and reeling down the lakes and gave up their cargoes at huge docks, still cold, hard, raw as nature made the ore. Then came the coal, the heat, the flames, the flaring smelters and the smoke, the lurid etchings of man's fascinating struggle with the stuff of which the modern world is made—out to the pigs, the smithies, the forges, the boiler works, the locomotive shops, the steel rails, the structural steel for bridges.

Most of the audience were the soft scented variety from Rosemount way. They shimmered with silken applause; ladies who had never seen iron in the making and men who knew that here was the moving picture of a great Canadian industry which seemed to have leaped upon the country at the wand of one man.

Mere men in that film were marionettes; little legs and arms as though they had been useful bugs.

Presently, as Hoag watched the thing from a door seat, the scale shifted and the men grew bigger; crowds upon crowds of grimy iron-workers rushing like rivers from the walls of Markham into the street.

And then came the man who had created it all. Face up to the camera, twice life size, wearing the mask of a strange smile, a mysterious blend of brute force, mental power and suavity. When the white-gloved hands rippled, Hoag felt his skin crizzling up. The vibrations of his nerves, which Mrs. Barton had called neurasthma, he had forgotten while the iron was on the screen. Now they came back.

With a queer blur in his eyes he saw among a smartly-gowned crowd on that same screen, Helen Munro.

And she was beautiful.

The sight of her made what was left of his body feel like a storm of electricity. He felt the theatre vibrate. As he turned and shuffled out to the street, the walls seemed to be scudding over a screen.

With him, back to the top room at Mrs. Bartop's, went those two phantoms of the screen; the masked agent of the hidden hand; the beautiful woman who was to marry him.

Compared to the power of these two in unison—what was a frail shard like Hoag, pitied as he was by Mrs. Bartop, commercialized by Poundem the editor, haunted by everything as though it were a phantom?

GRETCHEN MALONE always bought the Saturday Clarion. "Keeps one posted on the servant problem," she intimated to Helen, who indeed had never detected her hostess reading Other Worlds Than Ours. Now and then she pounced upon a Poundem editorial and one in particular put her on the top of her E string. She read it to Helen just before dinnertime:

> Markham interests and all like them are like epidemics. They thrive on social conditions where there has been no inoculation. The enterprise of Henry Markham in putting on a public complimentary film of his Siegfried and Vulcan and Cyclone works in various parts of this country is only equalled by the audacity of Henry Markham when he proposes to give free exhibitions of this film in Ottawa for the benefit of M.P.'s. We understand that the censor did not insist on expurgating the psysiognomy of Markham from this film. And while it may not be considered vulgar in that set to blazon one's private affairs before the public for advertising purposes, it may be pointed out that the spectacle of a certain lady featured on this film may not be common vulgarity at all. It may be business. There are M.P.'s who might like to make the acquaintance of this lady on the film. Petticoat politics.

"I do wish Henry would suppress that rag!"

Helen made no reply.

"My dear, don't you resent having your personal affairs foot-balled about by the Clarion?"

"Gretchen," said Helen, deliberately, "it would be very bad taste as well as tactics for me to be angry in Mr. Markham's presence over anything said by the Clarion."

Madam Malone went to her room. Dinner would be on shortly. The clock on the mantel ticked softly. The house was uncommonly still, as big houses often are. A low fire flickered in the grate. Helen drew the curtains, turned out the light and lay on the couch, glad to be alone for even a few moments without locking herself in her room. Now and then a waggon clacked faintly past along the bottom road in the ravine. A low wind moaned in the trees. The clock began to tone the third quarter. She seemed to fall into a doze. Some film phantom passed over her vision.

"Oh, the iron!" she mumbled. "Isn't it wonderful!"

A voice answered instantly; a voice that seemed to blend with the low sputter of the fire, the moan of the wind and the chime of the clock.

"My friend, you also were on that screen. But it was not your picture only. It was yourself—the woman whom Henry Markham expects to marry."

"Shake hands, old friend," she said, seeing as vividly as once she had seen that same face and form on the film—the pale shadow of Martin Hoag. He also was on a screen; she could see the very words he was speaking. She put out her hand to shake the hand of the man on the screen. It touched the head of the couch.

Helen suddenly sat up.

The clock on the mantel was just finishing the three-quarters chime.

MARKHAM'S rage when Helen refused to go on the trip was of the berserker type.

"You will not persist?" he shouted.

"I have told you," she said, quietly.

"But I shall not consent. I have planned this. It is part of the organization," he screamed. "As much as my own going. Good heavens! Do I have to send my sister to convince you?"

Something in her look changed his tactics.

What did he see in her face?

Had he—psychic penetration?

"Your pardon," he said, gutturally, rubbing a hand over his face. "I am not to compel you. But I have worked hard—thinking how proud I should be in your pride——"

His finger touched just the point of her elbow. She looked up.

"Henry," she said, "I simply must not go."

"Oh!" he said, jerkily. "I see. Then you have psychic reasons. Tell me"—he leaned over the table—"what influence you are under."

"I can't do that, Henry."

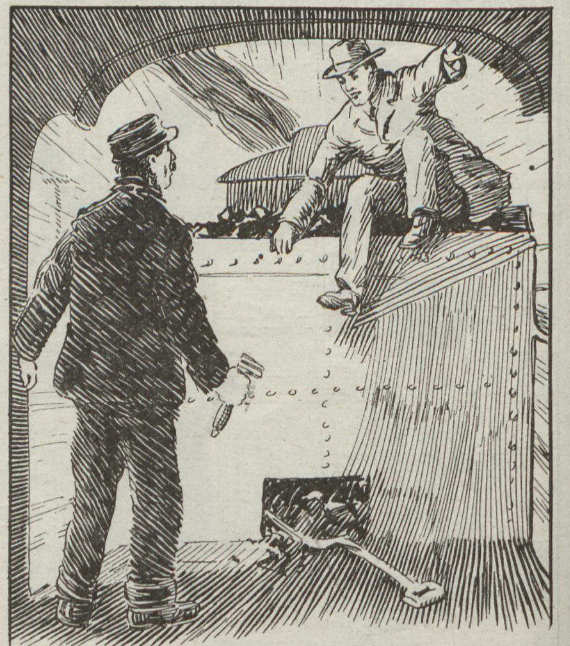
"Ah! I perhaps—know already."

He wrote on paper—"Hoag," and pushed it across.

"Whatever you say," she replied. He thundered out of the room.

Madame M. M., in her Rosemount library, heard him shrewdly.

(Continued on page 33.)



Hoag makes a sudden arrival in the cab of a locomotive.

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

The Evolution of Cans

A Bolsheviki Catechism

Austria to Wear Paper Suits

Why Tires Don't Go Up

The Genius of Sculptor Rodin

The Romance of Jerusalem

DURING a recent talk about the great war and its aftermath, a well-known professor of economics was asked what he thought had been the greatest factor in the spread of civilization of mankind.

"Quick, easy methods of transportation," was his answer. "Carrying things from one place to another, including ideas, is the biggest business in the world and almost as ancient as tilling the soil. First carried on by the camel and the canoe, transportation is now typified by the steam engine.

"The next biggest factor in the spread of civilization is the tin can full of something to eat on the way. The business of transportation, itself, is largely dependent o the tin can. In the old days of long voyages in sailing ships, one of the greatest perils of the sea was scurvy, caused by eating moldy bread stuffs, 'salt horse,' and bad meat. Now that dread disease has been made as rare as the dodo by the use of clean food in tin cans.

"But here is an astonishing fact, which the proper authorities will verify for you: thirty per cent. of the business of the wholesale grocers of the entire country is in canned goods. In the wholesale houses of New York and other large cities, foods make up forty per cent. of their business. The fact is, that if you were to take the tin cans out of any city of the first or second class the inhabitants would begin to starve almost at once.

You might imagine the shade of Napoleon, with folded arms, gazing at a struggle the like of which he never visioned; and you might almost hear him exclaim: "Old Nicholas Appert didn't know enough! If I had had a couple of thousand tons of canned pork and beans that bad winter, they would never have driven me out of Russia."

By the year 1814 Nicholas Appert had learned enough of the secret he was after to win the prize. And he is recognized as the father of the canning industry, though he used glass containers, because, as he expressed it, "they were most impenetrable by air."

However, he was far from the real secret. He didn't know enough; neither did his successors. One of them, William Underwood, an Englishman, came to this country, where his descendants still carry on the business he founded. He was shipping fruits, jams, jellies, and ground mustard to India, Hong Kong, Manila, and South America as early as 1821. He was away ahead of his time. A few years later this remarkable man was preserving and shipping milk to South America.

Repeatedly losing a part or the whole of his season's pack of pie fruits for lack of glass containers, he began to utilize the invention of Peter Durand, another Englishman, who had patented a "tin canister," as it was then called.

A lack of these canisters was the least of the packer's troubles, for never were a set of men mystified, bedeviled and often ruined by something that they could not understand. Food that was packed one day would keep sweet and sound indefinitely; while the next day's output might spoil immediately. All sorts of theories were advanced and discarded; and, as usual, it was one of those dry-as-dust scientists, Dr. Pasteur, who uncovered part of the secret when he discovered that bacteria-germs were the cause of what we call fermentation.

But it was actually not until 1895 that the keystone slipped into the arch of one of the most important economic structures the world has ever seen, when W. L. Underwood and Dr. Prescott, both of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, revealed the great secret to a convention of packers in Buffalo. Scarcely one of these men had ever heard of bacteria, and their wonder was immense when they saw the pure cultures of the organisms that for years had caused them such enormous losses.

With the latest machinery, a plant employing only ten men and a few boys is able to turn out sixty-five thousand cans in a day of ten hours, and all but a hundred and thirty of them guaranteed to be perfect. That small force multiplied many times in a big plant easily supplies the cans to a packer who takes fifty thousand bushel baskets of tomatoes from the vine and puts them up, all labeled and ready to ship, between breakfast and supper.

—A Bolsheviki Catechism

A FEW weeks ago Nikolai Lenine prepared a catechism of sorts for the purpose of formulating the platform of the Bolsheviki. A translation of it given in the New York Times, clarifies some of the cardinal features of the Bolsheviki programme. The questions and answers included in this catechism make it clear that the Bolsheviki stand unequivocally for Socialism, for the conferring of all power upon councils of workingmen, soldiers, peasants, and other classes of workers, and are opposed to a standing army. They also favor the immediate confiscation of privately owned lands. Their general attitude on the war is indicated by the following questions and answers:

Q.—Are we against the war?

A.—Yes, we are. We are emphatically against this imperialistic war and the bourgeois government conducting it, our own provisional government included.

Q.—What is our attitude toward the predatory international treaties (about the dismemberment of Persia, China, Turkey, Austria, etc.) made by the Czar with England and France?

A.—We are against them. It is our task to make it plain to the masses that it is hopeless to expect anything in this respect from the capitalistic governments, and that it is necessary to transfer the power to the proletariat and the poorer element among the peasants.

Q.—What is our attitude toward annexations?

A.—We are against them. All the promises of the capitalistic governments to renounce annexations are false. There is but one means to expose the fraud, namely, to demand the emancipation of the people, oppressed by their own capitalists.

Q.—Should the fraternization at the front be encouraged?

A.—Yes. This is both useful and necessary. It is absolutely necessary immediately to encourage attempts at fraternizing between the soldiers of the two belligerent sides.

The Genius of Sculptor Rodin---

WHAT makes the French mind different from the English or the German or the Russian—or the American? You see it in Zola, Balzac, Hugo, Debussy—in Rodin. The greatest of all French sculptors is recently dead. An appreciative analysis of his character is given in a recent issue of Land and Water from the able pen of Arthur Symons.

Rodin told me that the inspiration for La Porte de l'Enfer came to him in 1875. When I saw it it covered the entire space of one vast wall; there was the great door, and on either side of the door climbed up and down tormented creatures, climbed and crawled and coiled: all one headlong flight and falling, in which all the agonies of a place of torment, which is Baudelaire's rather than Dante's, swarm in actual movement. Femmes damnees lean upward and downward out of hollow caves and mountainous crags, they cling to the edge of the world, off which their feet slip, they embrace blindly over a precipice, they roll together into bottomless pits of descent. And all this sorrowful flesh is consumed with desire, with the hurrying fever of those who have only a short time in which to enjoy the fruits of desire. Their mouths open towards one another in an endless longing, all their muscles strain violently towards the embrace. They live only with a life of

desire, and that obsession has carried them beyond the wholesome beauty of nature into the violence of a perversity which is at times almost insane.

Le Penseur is seated in an air of meditation in the middle of the frieze. On one side of it a Dance of Death; a skeleton, a Maenad, with lifted throats and hands; figures shameless and hilarious, dancing, lying on the ground, lifted on one another's shoulders. Some writhe in agony, move tumultuously, swarm round the Thinker. Below are larger groups. Here is one figure falling backwards—a great figure of a man—who falls right out of the composition, beyond the line of the frieze. A winged figure falls horribly; creatures creep out of holes, climb rocks, grovel, mount and descend in an agony of useless effort. A desperately faced woman flings herself on the body of her lover, as if to guard or save or help him. Some stand, lifting desperate arms; a woman sits, doubled up on herself, the head hanging below the knees; and always there is beauty as well as terror; the lines are the lines of beauty.

In the work of what might be called (perhaps wrongly) a modern Michelangelo, one finds the anatomy at times extravagantly visible, at times forgotten in the suavity of still suffering flesh; the charm of perversity, the joy and the beauty of hell are there; and everywhere one sees marvelous

(Continued on page 20.)

Neōlin soles

Better Shoes Because of Neōlin

For millions of people new ideas of shoe-comfort and shoe-goodness have come with Neolin.

Better-than-leather it is, adding considerably to the life of shoes; giving new comfort, new trimness.

Neolin goodness is known not alone to its eight million wearers. It is known to those who *make* the shoes by which this nation's shod.

They are backing their belief in Neolin by building a great part of their output on these modern soles.

—because they know that modern standards of foot-comfort demand damp-protected feet. And Neolin is lastingly waterproof.

—because their shoe designers told them that Neolin would mean greater comfort and stronger foot muscles through its great flexibility.

—because Neolin preserves the shape of new shoes.

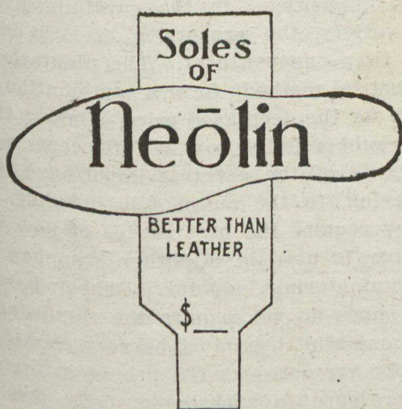
—because they found they could build just as *handsome* shoes with Neolin as with leather soles.

—and because they found that Neolin wears longer than leather. The same reasons that have brought shoe manufacturers to Neolin will please you when you wear it.

All kinds of shoes are built on Neolin soles now—dressy shoes and working shoes—men's and women's and children's shoes—shoes at all prices. Your dealer has them or can get them. Shoe-stores that show the Neolin price ticket illustrated here have Neolin-soled shoes in stock.

When you ask for Neolin look for the trademark on the bottom. There are imitations of Neolin that are imitations in appearance only. *Mark* that mark.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada Limited



This is the Neōlin price ticket, which you will see on shoes with Neōlin soles. Look for them in your dealer's window

Neōlin soles

HELPING YOU TO KEEP POSTED

(Continued from page 17.)

effects of colour, of light and shadow: always a sense of movement. Never did any sculptor so adore woman's back and loins; and always there is simplicity in his approach to art by way of nature; even in the profile of the bones. And in these wave-like, flame-like, wind-tossed, tourmentees figures, one sees the sexual delight of sex and the terror of their abominable depravities.

And all this is an art of nerves, modern nerves, perverse and malign, and yet always in the classic tradition; seen always in the beauty of the lines, in the human harmonies; where the beauty in all cases comes from the color, the modelling. Nor was there ever an art which conquered more difficulties. In the intensity of expression, in faces and forms alike, one finds the extremes of strength and of sweetness: stupendously, where one sees limbs and figures, some partly seen, legs emerging from a human crowd; the wonderful figure who leans forward, clasping the right foot before him in a nervous agony; in the lovely little group of Sirens, caught in the hollow of a wave, the wave humanized.

The Romance of Jerusalem—

THE fall of Jerusalem, its passing from the hands of the Turks into the hands of the British, says the Outlook, has excited an interest throughout the civilized world wholly disproportionate to its importance as a military event in the war. The city is not a strategic point. It does not command control of any sea or territory.

What, then, has given the capture of Jerusalem its world-wide appeal to the imagination?

Situated as it is in the midst of the land that may be said to be the junction between Europe, Asia, and Africa, Jerusalem has been at the very center of the whirlpool of history. Over Palestine back and forth have swept the tides of war. On its soil empire has struggled with empire again and again. And it is for that very reason, because it has been the vicarious sufferer in the turmoil of the world, that out of Jerusalem and Palestine has come the world's religion.

Jerusalem is one of the oldest cities in the world with a continuous history. There are historical records of Jerusalem, outside of the ordinary Biblical chronology, which go back to fifteen hundred years before Christ. It is of course the great and glorious city of the Hebrew Scriptures. What Rome and Athens are to the classical writers so is Jerusalem to the poets, historians, and philosophers of the ancient Jews. David made himself prince of one of the Israelitish tribes of the Semites and captured Jerusalem. Its fortified part was known as Zion. David built an altar and a new town—the City of David. His son Solomon erected a great palace, temple, and fort of unheard-of strength and splendor, and during his reign Jerusalem became the headquarters of all Israelites.

King Shishak of Egypt conquered it in the reign of Solomon's son Rehoboam. A century later King Jehoram plundered it. Sixty years later Joash, King of Israel, defeated Amaziah of Judah and destroyed the walls of Jerusalem. Amaziah's son Uzziah rebuilt them. Later still Hezekiah strengthened the walls and provided the city with water by underground passages. Sennacherib, the Assyrian general, was unable to capture Jerusalem, but Nebuchadnezzar did capture it and carried off some ten thousand nobles, soldiers, and craftsmen, including the prophet Ezekiel, into a Babylonian captivity. Jerusalem was again destroyed, and many years passed. Then Cyrus the Persian conquered Babylon and allowed the Jews to return. Nehemiah rebuilt and enlarged the walls. Alexander of Macedon established a mild rule; Ptolemy of Egypt, a ruthless rule.

The Jews were recovering, only to have the Syrian Epiphanes raze their walls. The hero Judas Maccabaeus rebuilt them. Antiochus pulled them down, and another Maccabee, Jonathan, set them up again. Another Antiochus demolished them, and Hyrcanus re-established them. Then, later, Pompey captured Jerusalem with fearful slaughter. This was followed by a Parthian incursion. A generation before Christ was born Herod the Great, an Idumaean, ended the Maccabaean era. He refortified the city, rebuilt the Temple, and erected magnificent public buildings. When Christ came, the Hebrew Yerushalayim contained more people and was more splendid than ever before or since. But the authority of Herod's successor, Archelaus, was supplanted by that of Roman procurators. Under one of them, Pilate, Jesus Christ was condemned to death and crucified.

Then came Herod Agrippa, who built new walls; and then came the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. Sixty years later Hadrian constructed a new town. Rebellious Jews strove to rebuild, but Julius Severus demolished their efforts. Meanwhile Jerusalem was slowly submitting to Christian influences. A Roman Emperor, who happened to be Constantine, was converted to Christianity, and ordered a church to be built over the Holy Sepulcher. Three centuries went by. Then the Persians captured Jerusalem. The Emperor Heraclius recaptured it, only to lose it a little later to the Caliph Omar. It remained for four and a half centuries under Mohammedan sway before delivered by Godfrey de Bouillon. Christian for a century, it was taken and refortified by Saladin and became Mohammedan. After the possession of Jerusalem (1229-1244) by the Emperor Frederick II., the Arab domination of Palestine changed to Turkish. General Allenby has now driven the Turk out of Jerusalem; he has added his name to the long line of deliverers of the city from an unwelcome yoke.

Modern Jerusalem is truly a polyglot city. The racial and religious struggles which have marked its checkered career have left their impress upon its population, its customs, and its architecture. It has always been a holy city—first of the Jews, then of the Christians, finally of the Mohammedans. Now it becomes Christian again.

It has a population of seventy thousand to ninety thousand. Of these at least one-half are Hebrews, perhaps one-quarter are Moslems, and the other quarter are affiliated with various divisions and sects of the Christian religion.

Austria to Wear Paper Suits

PAPER is re-entering the romantic stage. We have seen paper buckets; we have heard of sawdust compressed into lumber; of car-wheels made from straw. Now Austria comes along with clothes made from paper. Unable, on account of the Allies' blockade, to import wool and cotton, either raw or manufactured, Austrian manufacturers have created an entirely new industry for the production of stuffs from paper. In spite of many preliminary difficulties the new process is beginning to assume considerable proportions, and the product has all the appearance of cloth.

ONE of the hundreds of pictures from Halifax showing how a cosmic hand gripped a house and smashed it like cardboard.

When the government confiscated cotton supplies, says the Vienna correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, many factories had to decide whether they would shut down or make other products. Most of them decided on the latter. Every effort was then made to produce the thinnest possible water-proof and noiseless paper yarn.

Experiments were also made with mixed webbing, produced from cotton and paper yarns. The textures made from the pure cotton and paper yarns are extremely durable. Cloth can be made from these which, in appearance and strength, very nearly approaches the product from pure cotton, and only an expert can tell the difference. But it is quite otherwise with the clothing made out of purely paper yarns. These have not reached the desired standard of indestructibility; wind and weather cause them to lose their shape and they wear out very quickly, especially at the creases. These paper clothes are anything but cheap at present.

These purely paper materials, as well as the mixed stuffs of cotton and paper, can be used for a great many purposes. Already substitutes for leather, linoleum, and oilcloth are made from them, apart from their use in upholstery, for clothing, overalls, and other stuffs. From the yarns, ropes, string, bindings and belts are made. One factory has succeeded in making a strong paper yarn, 17,000 meters of which weighs only a kilogram. To enable the public to realize the progress which the paper industry has made in this direction, an exhibition will shortly be opened in Vienna where all the machinery will be operated with paper belting.

—Why Tires Don't Go Up

WITH the price of practically every commodity bounding higher and higher as the war months pile up, there has been no little wonder as to why the cost of rubber tires had not inflated in ratio with the rest. Here is the reason, as David Wales outlines it, in the Illustrated World:

Nature and industrial science have been closely co-operating during the last four years in one big industry at least. As a consequence, the price of rubber has not been increased by the trend to war time prices. The reverse has been the case. For 1917 prices were lower than those of 1913.

This great change has come about in the rubber producing business. In 1913 as much rubber was produced from the uncultivated forests as from the plantations. In 1916 we find that three times as much was obtained from scientific culture as from the forest.

In handling the rubber sap from the forest, from sixteen to eighteen per cent. is lost, largely on account of impurities. In the carefully harvested domestic variety, the proportion of loss need not be higher than one per cent. The plantations and better industrial methods form a combination chiefly responsible for the decreased price. During the past year crude rubber fell as low as forty cents a pound.

This fact is of the greatest importance, it goes without saying, to the automobile industry. Automobile tires require the best grades of new rubber. Scrap rubber is used in all other branches of the rubber manufacturing industry. Rubber hose, mattings and shoes do not require the same degree of purity. Pneumatic tires must be very elastic. Also they must be very strong. They have a terrific and constant pressure to withstand. Only the lowest grades of pneumatic tires can be made from scrapped material.

Some few years ago the rubber world was electrified by the discovery of a large supply of mineral rubber in Utah. Much praise was sounded of the merits of this "rubber," and, for a time, there were high hopes that it would be found to be the long sought rubber substitute.

The question of substitutes may rest for a while now. The output from the plantations is to be thanked for this happy condition of affairs.

The quantity of rubber used in the pneumatic tire industry is relatively small compared to that demanded in the rest of the rubber trade. It is well that most industries can make use of the scrap. Otherwise the day would now have arrived when the rubber tire for automobiles would probably be a thing of the past.

Ma Wanted to Know

DAY by day, as an Ontario housewife saw her household and kitchen furniture slowly disappear, she perceived that the moment approached when a final stand must be made. One morning, when Tommy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the wash-boiler," the housewife determined to act.

"You can tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed, I will lend her the boiler."

In a little while Tommy reappeared.

"Ma wants to know what she has borrowed."

"There is a pound of flour," began the other, "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half-pound of lard, some onions, and butter, and spices; the screw-driver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors and—" she paused, reflectively—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and——"

But Tommy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again.

"Ma says for you to write them down. I forgot some of them."

Whereupon the housewife sat down with pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember.

Tommy took the list and disappeared. A half-hour later he once more appeared at the back door and announced:

"Ma says if you will lend her the wash-boiler to carry them in, she'll bring them home."

A Dizzy Bon Mot

NO lady, living or dead, has put into print such a celebrated lingo of personal reminiscences of great people she has met as Lillie Langtry for months past in the Cosmopolitan. She seems to run Viscount Morley a close second in the art of meeting people—whatever may be said as to her ability in judging them. In a recent issue she repeats a famous chestnut about Disraeli.

Among the many stories illustrative of Disraeli's dry humor, she says, is the following: He bestowed an important living on a poor curate who had to deliver his first sermon before a most exalted personage. Naturally anxious to make a good impression, he begged Disraeli to tell him how long he should preach and "Dizzy's" answer is said to have been, "If your sermon lasts three-quarters of an hour, you will never be heard of again; if thirty minutes, the exalted personage will snore; if fifteen, you will be favorably considered, but if you preach for five minutes only, the exalted personage will make you a bishop in three years."

The Sphinx House

HAVE you ever taken five minutes off—as every good citizen should—to cogitate on the mystery of Col. House? If not, a little description of this silent, strange emissary of President Wilson will interest you. We take it from the entertaining resume of House by Edwin Wildman in a recent issue of The Forum.

There is no denying, says Wildman, that Colonel House is a man of mystery. Any man who can "sit in high places" as he has done, yet who never holds office, never wants office, never will accept office or favors, who favors measures rather than men, who journeys around the world for the President of the greatest Republic and Power on earth; whose judgment is regarded as the best it is possible to secure by the President of our country, and yet who stays timidly in the background because he prefers to do so when his life is an open book and he need not—any man who can do all these things is most assuredly a man of mystery.

About the first we heard of Colonel House outside of Texas was when word went around that the Texas delegation to the National Democratic Convention was being quietly arranged for Wilson instead of Harmon.

"What about this?" was the wire that was sent to the political powers in Texas.

"See House," was the reply flashed back. Colonel House was stopping at the Gotham Hotel in New York. Someone was sent to see this man House, not because they believed he had any particular weight, because no one here had heard of him, but merely to act on the advice wired from Texas. The New York Sun told the story at the time, explaining that the local politician stood near the clerk and by prearranged signal the clerk pinched his arm when the Colonel should appear. The local politician got the pinch, the clerk looked toward the man entering, and the Sun writer gave this description:

A slender, middle-aged man with a gray, close-cropped mustache, well dressed, calm looking, was coming quietly in, with an accent on the "quiet." He was not pussy-footing in or slinking in or gliding in, but while he walked firmly he walked quietly. He went up to the desk and asked the man presiding a question in a quiet tone. He did not hiss the question nor did he whisper it; he asked it quietly, and when he got his answer he bowed courteously and walked quietly to the elevator, which, catching the infection, shot quietly out of sight.

CAMOUFLAGE

SOME good stories—and a few bad ones—are like submarines; you never can tell where they will bob up next. All but one of the stories on this page are just starting on their career. Two of them are making positively their first appearance.

Mutually Spotted

SHORTLY after Raymond Hitchcock made his first big hit in New York, Eddie Foy, who was also playing in town, happened to be passing Daly's Theatre, and paused to look at the pictures of Hitchcock and his company that adorned the entrance. Near the pictures was a bill-board covered with laudatory extracts from newspaper criticisms of the show.

When Foy had moodily read to the bottom of the list he turned to an unobtrusive young man who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Say, have you seen this show?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the young man.

"Any good? How's this guy Hitchcock, anyhow?"

"Any good?" repeated the young man, pityingly. "Why, say, he's the best in the business. He's got all these other would-be side ticklers lasht to the mast. He's a scream. Never laughed so much at any one in all my life."

"Is he as good as Foy?" ventured Foy, hopefully.

"As good as Foy!" The young man's scorn was superb. "Why, this Hitchcock has got that Foy person looking like gloom. They're not in the same class. Hitchcock's funny. A man with feelings can't compare them. I'm sorry you asked me, I feel so strongly about it."

Eddie looked at him very sternly, and then, in the hollow tones of a tragedian, he said:

"I am Foy."

"I know you are," said the young man, cheerfully, "I'm Hitchcock!"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

An Author's Mustache

W. A. FRASER was sitting at lunch in an Arts Club the other day He often—sits at lunch. Fraser of Georgetown, jockey-writer, Indian-tales artist, explorer for oil in Athabasca, author of several books in story form, general all-round wizard of the pen, who in his most characteristic days had an enormous mustache.

"Why hullo, Fraser!" said one who scarcely knew him. Taking a second look,

"Oh I say—camouflage!"

"Yes," said Fraser, "I had it once. But I got out from behind it."

He was referring to his deceased mustache.

"You know," he went on, "I met Sir Wilfrid Laurier some time long ago, and he looked at me in a bewildered way, not recognizing me; till at last he broke out:

"Oh, Fraser! I know—you had a great mustache once. Why did you take it off?"

"Well, you see, Sir Wilfrid," I said, "I observed by observing you what wonderful possibilities there were in a human face without a mustache and—'"

"'Exactly'" said Sir Wilfrid. "'You are very complimentary, Fraser'"

"And did he vote for you?" asked the interlocutor.

"Well, I certainly —"

Sh! To say what Fraser said about his vote would be to violate the secrecy of the ballot.

25,000 to 1

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL, who dropped off so suddenly a few days ago in Ottawa, was in many respects a unique character—even among poets. And he was a poet. No doubt about it, Campbell, born in Canada up near Wiarton somewhere, could write some of the biggest-feeling verse of the age. But he was never a popular poet. He never made money by verse.

A few weeks before his death he was sitting at luncheon in Toronto when some editor made the remark:

"Oh, it doesn't matter much who the editor is nowadays. The success of a book depends on the publisher."

"I'm not so sure of that, my friend," said Campbell with an extra pucker on his kindly, wrinkled face. "Let me tell you why. Not long ago, I was informed that a certain publishing house who get out my books, had deposited to the credit of Robert W. Service, awaiting his return from the Red Cross front—the sum of $25,000. On the same date, this same firm informed me by letter that there stood to the account of one William Wilfred Campbell the sum of ——"

He waited to see if anybody could guess.

"One dollar!" he said. "So you see, after all, there must be something in the author."

Nevertheless Campbell was a greatly sincere and powerful poet. His Sagas of Vaster Britain are a joint tribute to his deep poetic sense and his enthusiasm for the Empire.

The deceased poet had many friends, particularly in Ottawa, where he had for years been in the Civil Service. He lived on a little farm plot in a very humble way outside the Capital, where he kept his own pigs and raised a little garden. His latest occupation was historian of the Imperial Munitions Board.

A few more turns on the Baffling Mystery of What Became of old Ben Corvet, Shipowner of Chicago. Nobody knew but Corvet.

ALAN CONRAD, of mysterious origin, at his foster home in Kansas, receives a letter enclosing money with instructions to go to Chicago and look up certain people. There he encounters the second partner of the firm, Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman. Corvet, who sent the money to Conrad, has mysteriously disappeared duri ng a great storm. Is he dead? And how? Sherrill and his daughter—engaged to Spearman—are baffled. Alan becomes convinced that he is Corvet's son. The evidence may be found in his father's empty house. Alan investigates and finds signs of an intruder. He hears a noise and comes face to face with—whom? And what is he searching for? They grapple, but he escapes unidentified.

An Encounter

HE ran a little farther and looked, then he went back to the house. The side door had swung shut again and latched. He felt in his pocket for his key and went around to the front door. The snow upon the steps had been swept away, probably by the servant who had come to the house earlier in the day with Constance Sherrill, but some had fallen since; the footsteps made in the early afternoon had been obliterated by it, but Alan could see those he had made that evening, and the marks where some one else had gone into the house and not come out again. In part it was plain, therefore, what had happened; the man had come from the south, for he had not seen the light Alan had had in the north and rear part of the house; believing no one was in the house, the man had gone in through the front door with a key. He had been some one familiar with the house; for he had known about the side door and how to reach it and that he could get out that way. This might mean no more than that he was the same who had searched through the house before; but at least it made his identity with the former intruder more certain.

Alan let himself in at the front door and turned on the light in the reading lamp in the library. The electric torch still was burning on the floor and he picked it up and extinguished it; he went up-stairs and brought down his shoes. He had seen a wood fire set ready for lighting in the library, and now he lighted it and sat before it drying his wet socks before he put on his shoes. He was still shaking and breathing fast from his struggle with the man and his chase after him, and by the strangeness of what had taken place.

When the shaft of light from the torch had flashed across Alan's face in the dark library, the man had not taken him for what he was—a living person; he had taken him for a specter. His terror and the things he had cried out could mean only that. The specter of whom? Not of Benjamin Corvet; for one of the things Alan had remarked when he saw Benjamin Corvet's picture was that he himself did not look at all like his father Besides, what the man had said made it certain that he did not think the specter was "Ben"; for the specter had "got Ben." Did Alan look like some one else, then? Like whom? Evidently like the man—now dead for he had a host—who had "got" Ben, in the big man's opinion. Who could that be?

No answer, as yet, was possible to that. But if he did look like some one, then that some one was—or had been—dreaded not only by the big man who had entered the house, but by Benjamin Corvet as well. "You got Ben!" the man had cried out. Got him? How? "But you can't get me!" he had said. "You—with the bullet hole above your eye!" What did that mean?

Alan got up and went to look at himself in the mirror he had seen in the hall. He was white, now that the flush of the fighting was going; he probably had been pale before with excitement, and over his right eye there was a round, black mark. Alan looked down at his hands; a little skin was off one knuckle, where he had struck the man, and his fingers were smudged with a black and sooty dust He had smudged them on the papers up-stairs or else in feeling his way about the dark house, and at some time he had touched his forehead and left the black mark. That had been the "bullet hole."

"Miss Sherrill . . . What is, or was the Miwaka."

The rest that the man had said had been a reference to some name; Alan had no trouble to recollect the name and, while he did not understand it at all, it stirred him queerly—"the Miwaka." What was that? The queer excitement and questioning that the name brought, when he repeated it to himself, was not recollection; for he could not recall ever having heard the name before; but it was not completely strange to him. He could define the excitement it stirred only in that way.

He went back to the Morris chair; his socks were nearly dry, and he put on his shoes. He got up and paced about. Sherrill had believed that here in this house Benjamin Corvet had left—or might have left—a memorandum, a record, or an account of some sort which would explain to Alan, his son, the blight which had hung over his life. Sherrill had said that it could have been no mere intrigue, no vulgar personal sin; and the events of the night had made that very certain; for, plainly, whatever was hidden in that house involved some one else seriously, desperately. There was no other way to explain the intrusion of the sort of man whom Alan had surprised there an hour ago.

The fact that this other man searched also did not prove that Benjamin Corvet had left a record in the house, as Sherrill believed; but it certainly showed that another person believed—or feared—it. Whether or not guilt had sent Benjamin Corvet away four days ago, whether or not there had been guilt behind the ghost which had "got Ben," there was guilt in the big man's superstitious terror when he had seen Alan. A bold, powerful man like that one, when his conscience is clear, does not see a ghost. And the ghost which he had seen had a bullet hole above the brows!

ALAN did not flatter himself that in any physical sense he had triumphed over that man; so far as it had gone, his adversary had had rather the better of the battle; he had endeavored to stun Alan, or perhaps do worse than stun; but after the first grapple, his purpose had been to get away. But he had not fled from Alan; he had fled from discovery of who he was. Sherrill had told Alan of no one whom he could identify with this man; but Alan could describe him to Sherrill.

Alan found a lavatory and washed and straightened his collar and tie and brushed his clothes. There was

a bruise on the side of his head; but though it throbbed painfully, it did not leave any visible mark. He could return now to the Sherrills'. It was not quite midnight, but he believed by this time Sherrill was probably home; perhaps already he had gone to bed. Alan took up his hat and looked about the house; he was going to return and sleep here, of course; he was not going to leave the house unguarded for any long time after this; but, after what had just happened, he felt he could leave it safely for half an hour, particularly if he left a light burning within.

He did this and stepped out. The wind from the west was blowing hard, and the night had become bitter cold; yet, as Alan reached the drive, he could see far out the tossing lights of a ship and, as he went toward the Sherrills', he gazed out over the roaring water. Often on nights like this, he knew, his father must have been battling such water.

The man who answered his ring at the Sherrills' recognized him at once and admitted him; in reply to Alan's question, the servant said that Mr. Sherrill had not yet returned. When Alan went to his room, the valet appeared and, finding that Alan was packing, the man offered his service. Alan let him pack and went downstairs; a motor had just driven to the house.

IT proved to have brought Constance and her mother; Mrs. Sherrill, after informing Alan that Mr. Sherrill might not return until some time later, went up-stairs and did not appear again. Constance followed her mother but, ten minutes later came downstairs.

"You're not staying here to-night?" she said.

"I wanted to say to your father," Alan explained, "that I believe I had better go over to the other house."

She came a litle closer to him in her concern. "Nothing has happened here?"

"Here? You mean in this house?" Alan smiled. "No; nothing."

She seemed relieved. Alan, remembering her mother's manner, thought he understood; she knew that remarks had been made, possibly, which repeated by a servant might have offended him.

"I'm afraid it's been a hard day for you," she said.

"It's certainly been unusual," Alan admitted.

It had been a hard day for her, too, he observed; or probably the recent days, since her father's and her own good friend had gone, had been trying. She was tired now and nervously excited; but she was so young that the little signs of strain and worry, instead of making her seem older, only made her youth more apparent. The curves of her neck and her pretty, rounded shoulders were as soft as before; her lustrous, brown hair was more beautiful, and a slight flush colored her clear skin.

It had seemed to Alan, when Mrs. Sherrill had spoken to him a few minutes before, that her manner toward him had been more reserved and constrained than earlier in the evening; and he had put that down to the lateness of the hour; but now he realized that she probably had been discussing him with Constance, and that it was somewhat in defiance of her mother that Constance had come down to speak with him again.

"Are you taking any one over to the other house with you?" she inquired.

"Any one?"

"A servant, I mean."

"No."

"Then you'll let us lend you a man from here."

"You're awfully good; but I don't think I'll need any one to-night. Mr. Corvet's—my father's man—is coming back to-morrow, I understand. I'll get along very well until then."

She was silent a moment as she looked away. Her shoulders suddenly jerked a little. "I wish you'd take some one with you," she persisted. "I don't like to think of you alone over there."

"My father must have been often alone there."

"Yes," she said. "Yes." She looked at him quickly, then away, checking a question. She wanted to ask, he knew, what he had discovered in that lonely house which had so agitated him; for of course she had noticed agitation in him. And he had intended to tell her or, rather, her father. He had been rehearsing to himself the description of the man he had met there in order to ask Sherrill about him; but now Alan knew that he was not going to refer the matter even to Sherrill just yet.

Sherrill had believed that Benjamin Corvet's disappearance was from circumstances too personal and intimate to be made a subject of public inquiry; and what Alan had encountered in Corvet's house had confirmed that belief. Sherrill further had said that Benjamin Corvet, if he had wished Sherrill to know those circumstances, would have told them to him; but Corvet had not done that; instead, he had sent for Alan, his son. He had given his son his confidence.

Sherrill had admitted that he was withholding from Alan, for the time being, something that he knew about Benjamin Corvet; it was nothing, he had said, which would help Alan to learn about his father, or what had become of him; but perhaps Sherrill, not knowing these other things, could not speak accurately as to that. Alan determined to ask Sherrill what he had been withholding before he told him all of what had happened in Corvet's house. There was one other circumstance which Sherrill had mentioned but not explained; it occurred to Alan now.

"Miss Sherrill—" he checked himself.

"What is it?"

"This afternoon your father said that you believed that Mr. Corvet's disappearance was in some way connected with you; he said that he did not think that was so; but do you want to tell me why you thought it?"

"Yes; I will tell you." She colored quickly. "One of the last things Mr. Corvet did—in fact, the last thing we know of his doing before he sent for you—was to come to me and warn me against one of my friends."

"Warn you, Miss Sherrill? How? I mean, warn you against what?"

"Against thinking too much of him." She turned away.

ALAN saw in the rear of the hall the man who had been waiting with the suitcase. It was after midnight now and, for far more than the intended half hour, Alan had left his father's house unwatched, to be entered by the front door whenever the man, who had entered it before, returned with his key.

"I think I'll come to see your father in the morning," Alan said, when Constance looked back to him.

"You won't borrow Simons?" she asked again.

"Thank you, no."

"But you'll come over here for breakfast in the morning?"

"You want me?"

"Certainly."

"I'd like to come very much."

"Then I'll expect you." She followed him to the door when he had put on his things, and he made no objection when she asked that the man be allowed to carry his bag around to the other house. When he glanced back, after reaching the walk, he saw her standing inside the door, watching through the glass after him.

WHEN he had dismissed Simons and re-entered the house on Astor Street, he found no evidences of any disturbance while he had been gone. On the second floor, to the east of the room which had been his father's, was a bedroom which evidently had been kept as a guest chamber; Alan carried his suitcase there and made ready for bed.

The sight of Constance Sherrill standing and watching after him in concern as he started back to this house, came to him again and again and, also, her flush when she had spoken of the friend against whom Benjamin Corvet had warned her. Who was he? It had been impossible at that moment for Alan to ask her more; besides; if he had asked and she had told him, he would have learned only a name which he could not place yet in any connection with her or with Benjamin Corvet. Whoever he was, it was plain that Constance Sherrill "thought of him"; lucky man, Alan said to himself. Yet Corvet had warned her not to think of him. . . .

Alan turned back his bed. It had been for him a tremendous day. Barely twelve hours before he had come to that house, Alan Conrad, from Blue Rapids, Kansas; now . . . phrases from what Lawrence Sherrill had told him of his father were running through his mind as he opened the door of the room to be able to hear any noise in Benjamin Corvet's house, of which he was sole protector. The emotion roused by his first sight of the lake went through him again as he opened the window to the east.

Now—he was in bed—he seemed to be standing, a specter before a man blaspheming Benjamin Corvet and the souls of men dead. "And the hole above the eye! . . . The bullet got you! . . . So it's you that got Ben! . . . I'll get you! . . . You can't save the Miwaka!"

The Miwaka! The stir of that name was stronger now even than before; it had been running through his consciousness almost constantly since he had heard it. He jumped up and turned on the light and found a pencil. He did not know how to spell the name and it was not necessary to write it down; the name had taken on that definiteness and ineffaceableness of a thing which, once heard, can

(Continued on Page 30.)

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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

MUSIC

NO musical camouflage has got into this column. Not that we are done with musical camoufleurs. Oh no, we have just begun. Next issue we shall have a few more observations to make along these lines—and spaces.

WE always feel like a good house cat when anybody over the water takes notice of us in this column. And when the London Musical Times gets off its customary perch of gravity and authority to have a little joke at nobody's expense in particular, we can't refrain from reprinting it. The Times editor read our appreciation of the first organ recital given in Canada by Mr. H. G. Fricker, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir and organist of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto. The Times says:

The numerous friends of the late Leeds City organist had no doubt that he would speedily make his presence felt in Canadian musical circles. How quickly and completely he has justified their expectations may be seen in the following extract from the Canadian Courier dealing with his first organ recital:

Fricker, you note at once, has that curious English combination of authority, sure technique, and suavity. Nobody but an Englishman could get such a mountain of joy out of a hymn-tune. And Mr. Fricker shuttle-cocked the numerous variations from one part of the great organ to another, from Great organ to Echo, from Choir organ to solo stop, from minor to major, with the air of one who doesn't precisely care whether you like it or not, but feels pretty sure you do. We may as well admit that the British have all other nations musically beaten in playing the organ.

We in the old country can but bow, and in our turn concede that when it comes to reporting a recital the Courier has us beaten to what we believe our transatlantic cousins call a "frazzle."

"Frazzle" is right—if it comes to international courtesy as expressed by the Times.

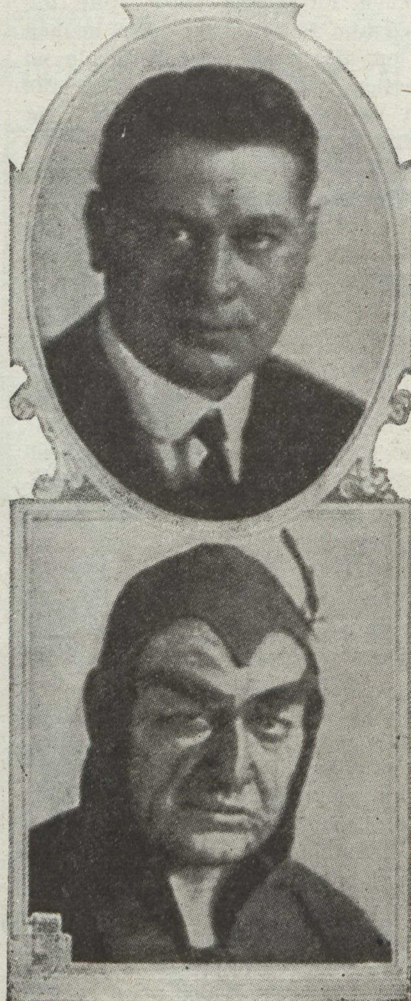
A New Mephisto

MANY bass baritones have tried Mephistopheles. Probably the greatest of them all is George Baklanoff, the Russian. Anybody who heard this tremendous basso in Montemezzi's Love of Three Kings in the Boston Opera cycle at the Arena Gardens, Toronto, two years ago will believe the correspondent of Musical America when he says that Baklanoff "has made his Mephistopheles not the flesh and blood devil so often seen in Gounod's Faust, but a concentrated essence of Satanic mentality." Baklanoff is now with the Chicago Opera. He just sang Mephisto in Vienna in 1911. Well, he had a very good stage setting. The only better one would have been in Berlin—at the Royal Opera. As a voice and an actor, commend us to Baklanoff. He is—superb!

Symphonize the Movies

WHO first invented the notion that ragtime was the proper musical setting for movies? Not so. Symphonic music is driving out "rag" at the best film houses. We have seen this already in at least one Canadian picture house, where a pipe organ and a string orchestra of twenty pieces discourse high class suggestive music for the shading portrayals of the film.

As to who started the organ in



If there is or has been any Mephistopheles greater than George Baklanoff, Russian, where is he?

movies there seems to be some dispute.

According to Rollo Maitland, organist at the Stanley Theatre, Philadelphia, says an exchange, organ accompaniment was used at the Wanamaker store in that city in 1908 for a photoplay of "Paul Revere's Ride." In 1911, motion picture theatres in San Francisco already had pipe organs, but it was not until the next year that New York followed suit, when the Fourteenth Street Theatre installed an organ. At the present day it is a foregone conclusion that all the new motion-picture houses have large pipe-organs, and in the case of theatres adapted for this style of entertainment the organ is perhaps the line of demarcation. The significance of this from the point of view of the musician is enormous. Heretofore the field for the organist has been exceedingly small, but with the advent of the pipe-organ into the movie-house it has been tremendously broadened, and the pay in proportion, so that many excellent organists have given up church positions for the more remunerative movie-theatre.

However, we must admit that the organ is an elephantine creature for the purpose. And those of us who have been accustomed to having our souls uplifted to heavenly things by the magical majesty of the organ, have great difficulty in functioning the organ as a comment on the rough-house performances of a dish-smashing crew, the vagaries of a bath-tub running amok at the oily contortions of Charlie Chaplin. We are living in a mix-it-up age. The usher is not going to show us to the millionaire's pew. No, she says,

"Anywhere at the front."

And the organ glides into an offertoire—or it may be a bundle of rag.

Kreisler and Kneisel

POOR old Kreisler! He has tragedy also—as well as Paderewski. Since the U. S. declared war on Austria, Fritz has had to cancel his solo engagements. He has lately been doing his bit as first desk with three of the Kreisels who disbanded some time ago. Aeolian Hall, New York, was jammed recently to hear this curious ensemble. We quote from Musical America:

How much of the furore was meant expressly as a demonstration of unalterable love for Mr. Kreisler could not be determined, for the violinist, with a tact and good taste becoming him, gave them not a momentary chance to signalize him individually. He refrained meticulously from rising to bow even a fraction of a second before his colleagues, about coming on the stage ever so slightly in advance of them or remaining for the twinkling of an eye in view after they had disappeared from the platform. However, the thunderous ovation kept up throughout the evening belongs among the historic enthusiasms of recent seasons. If any feelings were lacerated by the sight of Kreisler they were kept under cover.

Music is always the last to give up international sympathies. Kreisler has always demonstrated the fact that art is greater than race. He would have been a mean Austrian if he had not followed his country's flag when war broke. He might have stayed out and gone on with his music. But he went to war, got a wound, came to America and went playing again. He will never be unpopular. But it is to be hoped he will renounce Vienna and make his musical headquarters New York.

Bloch's Musical Message

A FEW weeks ago we published a picture of Ernest Bloch, the remarkable Swiss Jew, who has made it his consuming hobby to nationalize Jewish music in forms of modern composition. How singularly unusual is the genius and the mission of Bloch is eloquently described by Lawrence Gilman in the North American Review. He says:

Mr. Bloch, a Swiss Jew who is still under forty, came to America a few years ago with a Parisian reputation of moderate extent, but known by name in this country to only a few. At the close of last spring's concert season a group of his larger works was brought into public view at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of that inveterately enter-

(Continued on page 29.)

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

To Readers Whose Subscription Label Reads February 1918.

The above question is a plain one and to the point. You will shortly be called on to put your convictions regarding CANADIAN COURIER into concrete form. This is merely to prepare the way.

Not that there should be any particular trouble about the matter of your renewal. Chances are that you are a discriminating reader of this journal, who stands ready to say to the publishers "Renewal — certainly: send it on again—why not?"

Let me forestal ONE objection you are likely to make. It is the fatally easy one "I haven't time to read so many papers!" That objection is shortly to expire for good reasons. Certainly this is a busy day and 1918 promises to be a great accelerator of our already speeded life. If you are patriotic and thoughtful (that goes without saying), you will probably in 1918 have to work harder and have less leisure than ever. Hence the need of saving time. Therefore—

The saving in the Fortnightly issue of CANADIAN COURIER will amount to 50 per cent. reading time. It will comprise matter more carefully edited, more thoroughly sifted and better printed. As a reflection of our national life—of Canadian plans, policies, impulses and all that—it should easily come nearer suiting the busy person than ever before.

The new Fortnightly issue—an indifferent sample it must be admitted—is before you. I ask you to measure it up before saying how you like it. To miss CANADIAN COURIER from your reading table would leave a large sort of blank—especially, for instance, when you remember the last instalment of "The Indian Drum."

There are lots of reasons I could advance but more of them later. Your renewal is cordially solicited in due course by

THE BUSINESS EDITOR.

P. S.—Read what just one discriminating reader said about CANADIAN COURIER recently.

Napanee, Ont.,
Dec. 29, 1917.

Canadian Courier,
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:—

Though able to read only a fraction of the publications coming into my home, I cannot refrain from complimenting you on your enterprise by the tangible expression of renewal.

W. J. Shannon.

PLAYS

GEORGE ARLISS does so well with the political plays of Disraeli and Hamilton, why can't some Canadian write as good a play as either around the life and character of John A. Macdonald?

POLITICAL coincidences often occur in plays—sometimes in real life. A coincidence of more than usual curiosity occurred a few nights ago in a Toronto theatre. At least one end of it happened there; the other was many years before.

On the stage of the Princess Theatre Alexander Hamilton, afterwards U. S. President—impersonated by George Arliss—made a passionate speech in the presence of his wife, Thomas Jefferson and some others, George Washington being unavoidably absent. He said:

"I will sell my office, I will sell my reputation, I will sell my wife—but by God! I will not sell my country."

The speech was made in reply to Giles of Virginia, a rare political skunk, who promised to keep certain blackmailing articles out of the newspapers if Hamilton would withdraw his bill to nationalize the State debts. One Mrs. Reynolds was the other party of the blackmail. Her alleged affairs with Alexander Hamilton during the absence of the latter's wife in England were the scandal cooked up by the Giles gang. The whole thing was very dramatic, as it should have been.

Well, the coincidence was, that in 1891 on that very stage, within six feet any direction of where Alexander Hamilton stood, Sir John Macdonald addressing a packed audience in what was then the old Academy of Music, pulled from his pocket certain documents. It was the time of the Commercial Union campaign, the platform against which Macdonald twice went to the country. A Toronto journalist, since deceased, had written a secret article intended to point out to Commercial Unionists across the line how Washington could club Canada into C. U. It was an attempt—in Macdonald's eyes—to sell Canada to the U. S. The documents in Macdonald's pocket were proofs of the article which had been stolen from the Globe office where they were set up and sent on to Sir John at Ottawa—

George Arliss and Jeanne Eagels as Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Reynolds—the Temptress. To the left—Arliss as our old friend Disraeli.

After he had read the proofs, Sir John turned to the audience and after an allusion to what he called the "veiled treason" of his opponents shouted, dramatically as he well knew how, his famous political slogan,

"A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die!"

If Alexander Hamilton's speech about selling his country was a play—so was Macdonald's speech on that same spot in 1891. If one was real life, so was the other. And it was a coincidence.

The highly interesting way in which George Arliss presented the political play "Hamilton" and the still more convincing presentation of the masterpiece Disraeli makes one ask, why in the name of the nine Muses, some Canadian playwright doesn't get busy on John A. Macdonald. Macdonald had a close resemblance to Disraeli. As a character he was quite as interesting. His life contains stories just as good as any of the things woven about Disraeli. And John A. had much the same political contract in his day as Alexander Hamilton had in his. Each man had a passion for nationalizing his country.

If a playwright took that one scene for a climax, as an excuse to write a play round the life of John A. Macdonald, we should gamble that it would be just as good material as the political stuff that produced Hamilton. Perhaps better.

Right here rises some wiseacre like Reynolds in the Exchange Coffee House in Philadelphia to remind us that there probably isn't any Mrs. Reynolds to play round John A.

"Why don't you try a woman on Alexander Hamilton?" asked Reynolds of Giles from Virginia.

Giles did. Mrs. Reynolds—characterized superbly by Jeanne Eagels—was the result. The plot of Mrs. R. to scandalize the political prop of George Washington was the real story of "Hamilton" the play.

Well, we don't recall any identical Mrs. R. in the life of John A. Macdon-

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ald. But the main Father of Confederation was by no means wanting in gallantry to ladies. There were times when he didn't mind going off on a "spree" such as Count Talleyrand tried to inveigh Hamilton into one evening before he went back to Paris. And any clever dramatist wouldn't need to stick quite as closely to the facts as Arliss declares he and his coadjutors did in writing Hamilton.

"Stick to Disraeli and let Hamilton alone," advised a critic in a letter to Arliss. "Jefferson stuck to Rip Van Winkle."

Of course Joe Jefferson, actor, and Tom Jefferson, President, were no relation and they were separated by the best part of a century.

What gorgeous dramatic stuff could be made of the Pacific Scandal! What characters there were then! And the whole Commercial Union agitation; the Riel Rebellion; Confederation itself—loads upon loads of material with superb backgrounds.

As for stories—well was there ever any statesman who could tell more or have more good ones told about him than John A. Macdonald? Almost any good Tory can recall at least one. One of the John A.'s most famous sayings, capable of fetching roars of laughter on any stage was his famous reply to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper when the latter was Minister of Justice and sent a letter on to Sir John because he hadn't any patronage to hand out. Sir John turned the letter over and wrote on the back of it,

"Dear Hibbert: Skin your own skunks."

All comedies aside, the career of Macdonald offers material, leaving out the undesirable elements, for a superb political play. And we hope to see the day when somebody will tackle it. But George Arliss—no, he would scarcely do for Macdonald. But what a stage character John A. would make!

.: CHESS Conducted by Malcolm Sim . .

PROBLEM NO. 170, by L. B. Salkind.
Second Prize, Raab Chess Club.
1913.

Black.—Eleven Pieces.

White.—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 168, by H. L. Schuld.

1. Kt—B6, RxKt; 2. Q—R5, any move; 3. Q—Ksq mate.

1. ...., B—Kt3; 2. KtxKP, BxR; 3. QKt—B3 mate.

1. ...., B—K3; 2. QxKB, BxR; 3. QxBP mate.

1. ...., B—Q4; 2. QxQB, any move; 3. Q—K4 mate.

1. ...., P—K5; 2. Q—Q6, any move; 3. Q mates.

1. ...., threat; 2. RxBP, K—Kt4; 3. Kt—B3 mate.

Correct solution of Problem No. 167, received from John McGregor, Tamworth.

To Correspondents.

(W. Cawkell), Toronto.—Thanks for League game, which, however, is rather weakly played by White with no compensating features.

(J. McG.), Tamworth.—In revised three-mover, how do you mate if say 1... Kt—Q2 or 1.., R—Rsq? 1.., K—Kt2 also cannot be met as you propose.

(C. F. Davie), Victoria.—Thanks for games and problems.

Notes and News.

In the Handicap Tournament at the Toronto Chess Club, R. G. Hunter is leading with six wins and an unfinished game with M. Sim, which will complete his schedule. M. Sim has a clear score of four wins with two opponents to meet, W. H. Perry and Mrs. A. Sprugge. The Gambit Tournament lies between J. S. Morrison, who has a loss and a draw against him and M. Sim who lost to S. E. Gale and has completed two games less in the schedule.

The Toronto City Championship Tournament under the auspices of the Toronto Chess League has commenced with the following entries in the first division, J. S. Morrison, R. G. Hunter, S. E. Gale, M. Sim, Prof. J. Mavor, J Rosen, H. J. Lane and H. N. Kittson.

CHESS IN TORONTO.

An entertaining game, played in the Gambit Tournament at the Toronto Chess Club.

Allgaise Gambit.

White **J. Boas.**	Black **A. W. Campbell.**
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. P—KB4	2. PxP
3. Kt—KB3	3. P—KKt4
4. P—KR4	4. P—Kt5
5. Kt—Kt5	5. P—KR3
6. KtxBP	6. KxKt
7. P—Q4	7. P—KR4 (a)
8. BxP	8. P—Q3 (b)
9. B—Kt5 (c)	9. B—K2
10. B—B4 ch	10. K—Ksq (d)
11. BxB (e)	11. QxB
12. Kt—B3	12. P—B3
13. P—Q5	13. B—Q2
14. Q—Q2	14. Kt—KR3
15. Castles QR	15. Kt—B2
16. PxP	16. PxP
17. Q—Q4 (f)	17. Q—K4
18. Q—B2	18. B—K3
19. Kt—Q5 (g)	19. K—Qsq
20. KR—Ksq	20. Kt—Q2 (h)
21. Q—Q2	21. R—QKtsq (i)
22. Q—R5 ch	22. Kt—Kt3 (j)
23. QxP	23. Kt—Q2
24. P—B3 (k)	24. PxKt
25. PxP	25. Q—B5ch
26. R—Q2	26. B—B4
27. Q—R5 ch	27. R—Kt3
28. B—Kt5 (l)	28. Kt(B2)—K4
29. R—Bsq (m)	29. Q—K5
30. K—Qsq (n)	30. P—Kt6
31. B—R4	31. Q—Kt8ch
32. K—K2	32. B—Kt5ch
33. R—B3	33. KtxR
34. PxKt	34. R—Ksq mate.

(a) There is no time for this against the Allgaier attack. The right defence is 7.., P—Q4.

(b) Again P—Q4 would be better.

(c) This leads to a commonplace exchange, developing Black's game. Better first would be 9. B—B4ch, K—Kt2 (if 9.., K—Kt3, then 10. Q—Q3, threatening 11. P—K5 dis. ch, B—B4; 12. B—B7ch); 10. Q—Q2, threatening 11. B—Kt5, B—K2; 12. Castles, BxB; 13. R—B7ch, K—Kt3; 14. PxB and Black cannot capture the Pawn on account of 15. R—Kt7ch.

(d) K—Kt2 was preferable.

(e) White could Castle here. If then 11.., BxB; 12. B—B7ch, K—Q2 (If 12.., K—Bsq; 13. PxB and Black cannot take the Pawn. If 12.., K—K2; 13. PxB); 13. PxB, QxP; 14. R—B5, followed by 15. RxP.

(f) Threatening BxKtch, winning the Rook.

(g) This is rather pretty. After 19.., PxKt; 20. PxP, B—B4; 21. KR—Ksq, B—K5; 22. RxB (If 22. B—Q3, Q—Kt2, etc.), QxR; 23. R—Ksq, QxRch; 24. QxQch, Kt—K4, Black could, no doubt, organize for victory. The game is too difficult for over-the-board play, however.

(h) If now 20.., PxKt, then 21. PxP, Q—Kt2 (If 21.., Q—B4, then 22. Q—Q4, B—Bsq; 23. R—Bsq and 24. RxKt); 22. PxB, Kt—K4; 23. RxPch and wins easily.

(i) Mr. Campbell thought he went wrong here. The move, however, seems quite sound.

(j) This is the mistake. The right play is 22.., R—Kt3. If 23. P—B3, then 23.., PxKt; 24. PxP, Q—B5ch, and wins.

(k) White should have forced the draw, or the return of the piece, by again checking at R5. Instead he becomes two pieces minus.

(l) If Q—R8ch, Black soon gets free from the checks.

(m) If 29. PxKt, then 29... QxR; 30. PxKt, Q—Kt8ch; 31. R—Qsq, Q—K6ch; 32. R—Q2, RxB. White has no helpful move left, and, as usually happens, assists his opponent.

(n) If 30. R(Q2)—KB2, then 30.., Q—Kt8ch; 31. K—Q2, Q—B7ch; 32. K—Ksq, (If 32. K—K3, then 32.., Q—K5ch; 33. K—Q2, QxQPch, etc.!), Kt—Q6ch; 33. BxKt, Q—B5ch and mates in four. A very interesting game.

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Rational Consideration of Relations Between Producer and Consumer Urged by Sir Edmund Walker, President of Canadian Bank of Commerce

We Must All Prepare to Face New Conditions After the War

SANE earnest remarks in regard to the distribution of wealth were made by Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in the course of his address to the shareholders, at the annual meeting. Sir Edmund said:

We are living in a time of social unrest affecting greater areas of disturbance than the world has ever known. We are experiencing this unrest at a time of which it may be said, that those who live in our part of the world were never so easily able to obtain employment suited to their varied capacities, never so highly paid, so far as those are concerned who aid in the production of goods for sale, never so prosperous, using the word in a material sense. The price of everything, however, was almost never so high, and the purchasing power of the dollar has declined so much and so rapidly that people with a more or less fixed income suffer keenly, while those who earn more money than they could have conceived possible a few years ago, are disappointed and apparently surprised to find that everything else has advanced in price in proportion to their high wages. Out of this turmoil has come a bitterness towards all who, by any stretch of fancy, can be held responsible for existing conditions, a bitterness often without any real basis, and which is accompanied by explosions of wrath directed at whatever happens to be the nearest object of criticism, but, if continued, and kept at fever heat as it has been of late, promises ill for our country after the war. I am aware that I shall be accused of defending Capital and what are called the Big Interests, but there must be many readers of the annual addresses made by the officers of this Bank who will believe that we try as faithfully as we are able to portray conditions as they exist.

RESULT OF WAR.

Nothing in the end is to be gained by blaming the premier or the food controller, the provision dealer or the farmer, for high prices which are not merely a result of the war but a result of war requirements so peremptory that the question of cost almost disappears. The conditions arising out of the war are at the bottom of most of our troubles, and what is necessary is not only fair dealing on the part of those who supply the wants of the people, but patience, and some remnant of belief in our fellow-men, on the part of those who feel the pinch and who, perhaps naturally, would like to punish somebody. If dealers have combined to put up prices, let them be punished, but apparently we are complaining because dealers, in buying from producers, did not combine to lower prices or to keep them down. The needs of the war are, however, so great that no combination can control prices either in one way or the other.

THE RULING MOTIVE.

At the present moment the world provides wealth, and also material comfort, on a scale so vast, when compared with conditions a century ago, that surely no one will deny that the energy and the laws which have made this possible have been as a whole of enormous benefit to humanity. Yet this improvement in conditions is created by an appeal to the self-interest which exists in us all. To produce the best that we are able and to sell it for the highest price we can get, is what we are trying to do, whether our product be a day's work, a bushel of wheat, a plough, an intellectual or an administrative service of some kind to society, or a creation in the fine arts. Those who can honestly say that they are not so moved are either the idle rich, who are always a problem, or are too exceptional to affect the world as a whole. What is surely necessary is not to restrict the production of labor or merchandise at a profit, because clearly that is the impetus to industry, but to see that this industry and ability are guided into channels which are beneficial to the community and not hurtful.

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

That the free exercise of industry and ability in accordance with the laws of the country and with the best existing standards of character, will enable one man to become very rich and another to earn only enough to support his family, is a fact for which nature is mainly responsible, and for which the ingenuity of man has not thus far found a remedy. If society by its laws should choose to limit the amount of wealth which any one may accumulate, let us wait until it has done so before passing judgment and when we undertake to express our opinion of the character of those who possess great wealth, let us judge them by the use they are making of it, by the extent to which they regard it as a trust which came to them only because they were in some things abler than their fellows, and as a means through which they may leave the world the better because of their existence. Many rich men do not come up to this standard, and by inheritance taxes we are gradually adjusting matters, but in North America there are so many instances of good service rendered to the state by wealthy citizens that one wonders if we should not be greatly the losers by any new condition which would hamper individuality and, in so doing, perhaps destroy the main factors which separate our twentieth century comfort from the miseries of the middle ages. In contending for a more rational consideration of the relations between the consumer and the producer, we have no intention of claiming that conditions are satisfactory, nor are we expressing an opinion regarding the relations of employers and employed, and certainly we hold no brief for either side. A great bank is vitally concerned with what will conduce to the true interest of the country, and that means the greatest amount of well-being on the part of its citizens.

CONDITIONS AFTER THE WAR.

We have to face new and probably very difficult conditions after the war. If we are filled with animosity and distrust in our attempts to adjust our differences, the result will be a sorry one; if, on the other hand, with the experience we shall gain in many ways by the war, we co-ordinate the forces of industry we possess so as to present a united and efficient front, we may hope to enjoy in the fullest degree the peace and liberty for which our boys are fighting, together with greater prosperity than we have ever known. To accomplish this there are at least three elements which must be present. In our leaders of industry we must have enterprise and skill, and we must have plant and capital on a scale adequate to compete with other nations. Only the profits made and the experience gained during the war can render this possible. We must have technical knowledge of how to solve every difficulty, physical, chemical, or whatever it may be, that confronts the manufacturer, and some steps are being taken towards that end More, however, than anything else, we must have such relations between the employer and the employed as will cause the employed to do heartily each day a full measure of his best work. The last is the great difficulty to be overcome, and the element about which there is unfortunately the most doubt. This is said with no intention whatever of apportioning blame. One would suppose that there must be faults on both sides. The fact remains that if we are to compete successfully with other nations we must recover the older condition when men were proud of the shop they worked in and of its product. It may only be a material question, but it may be a psychological one. Have employers and employed struggled with each other until the only natural feeling is antipathy, or can each be made to feel that he is so necessary to the other that not to work together at their best is folly, apart from the economic crime involved?

PERSONAL THRIFT.

We have been told that we should save money, not for our own benefit so much as because we should not spend on unnecessary things the money needed to carry on the war. It is even more necessary that we should eat less, again not so much because we need to save for ourselves but because if we do not eat less others across the sea must go hungry. If we have men, money and food we shall win. If we fail in any of these we may lose. Individual tests, particularly in hotels and restaurants, show that very large savings can be made wherever the effort is directed to that end, but the difficulty is to make advice, or even the regulations of the Food Controller, effective in a country which produces food largely in excess of its own requirements and where economy in the use of food is thought to be evidence of a mean and sordid disposition. It is not, however, enough that we should eat less but that we should as far as possible replace some articles of food, especially white bread and bacon, with others. There is a satisfactory increase in the use of fish but only a small fraction of our people are responding in any degree to the call to economize. England has reduced the supply of sugar per capita per annum from 93 pounds to 26. Our normal supply is 90 pounds and we are not reducing it yet. Working in harmony with the United States, an order-in-council has been passed prohibiting the export, except to places within the empire, of food and relative commodities, unless a license has been obtained.

FOOD CONSERVATION.

The Food Controller is bringing under license the milling and packing industries, and is controlling the refining and distribution of sugar. The license system will also be applied to fish, fruit, vegetables, groceries, package cereals, milk, etc. In our London Manager's Review of Business Conditions the following deeply significant words will be found:—

"Too much importance cannot be attached to "the steps that may be taken in the United States "and Canada towards conserving food-stuffs, with "a view to increasing the amount available for ex-"port to the Allies. The shortage of food, with "which all the belligerents are confronted, and the "difficulty of increasing production, owing to the "lack of available man power, may hasten, or even "prove the dominating factor, in bringing about a "cessation of hostilities."

He means, of course, that such a shortage may prevent us from continuing the war until we can end it on our own terms. Do you wonder therefore that we return so often to this subject? Difficult as the problem may be, we must produce more, and we must eat less, otherwise some of those who are dearest to us across the sea must starve and we may lose our chance of dictating a peace, the nature of which shall be a guarantee that our children shall not have to fight again for those liberties which are now in jeopardy.

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FINANCIAL SITUATION :: IN CANADA ::

As Seen by the Toronto Globe

REVIEWING the financial situation in Canada, retrospectively, it is agreeable, and no doubt surprising to a great many to learn that Canada finished the year 1917 with a number of financial and economic successes to her credit.

Foreign trade expanded, production gained, and a vast War Loan of four hundred millions was successfully floated. The Toronto Globe in its Annual Financial Survey says:

On the threshold of 1918 there is perhaps less thoughtless optimism than at the opening of any war year, but in its place there must be a surer confidence born of financial and economic triumphs, which, to the wonderment as much of ourselves as of the world, the year 1917 produced for us.

Under an appropriately drawn heading by C. W. Jefferys, the Globe gives an exhaustive and illuminating array of articles on various economic and financial problems and their solution. These views are written by prominent men, each one an authority on the subject upon which he writes.

CANADA should be self-supporting in steel production is the view of J. Frater Taylor, President of The Algoma Steel Corporation. In view of America's entry into the war, new factors there such as control of output and prices, will no doubt have an intense bearing upon the situation in Canada, says Mr. Taylor.

It is indeed difficult to say what the precise effect will be upon the Canadian steel industry and upon the consumption of steel products in Canada, but unless one is well provided, delays would appear to be the least of the prospective evils to be faced, and the worst of these evils is the possible curtailment and stoppage of certain supplies altogether.

E. P. MATHEWSON, of the British-American Nickel Company, says that Canada maintains her pre-eminence as the nickel producer of the world, over 85 per cent. of the world's production being credited to this country.

Up until 1918 Canada's production of refined nickel has been unimportant, but this year will see the completion of a large modern refinery which will mark a new era in nickel refining in Canada.

ARTHUR A. COLE contributes two articles on mining conditions, one dealing with gold, the other silver.

All the principal warring nations are operating on a gold standard, says Mr. Cole, consequently each nation began to hoard its gold, with the result that gold practically disappeared from circulation. Ordinary business had to be carried on by the use of the small amount of silver coinage already in circulation, and with paper money for the rest. Britain, France and the United States all entered the silver market, with the result that a most phenomenal rise took place.

Gold being the general basis of exchange its value is supposed to remain stationary, no matter how other commodities may fluctuate. If, however, all the necessities of life, such as wheat, increase in value, so that an ounce of gold will only buy half the amount that it would buy before the war, then this amounts to depreciation in the value of gold. This is the plight in which the gold mining industry finds itself at the present time. Not only is the cost of labor going up, but all commodities used in the production of gold have gone up, while at the same time there can be no rise in the value of the gold produced to offset this increased cost.

IN an article on Canadian Banking, H. M. P. Eckhart, after showing the extent of increased deposits, explains the part the banks took in helping Canadian trade. He says:

During the past year the banks' external reserve of immediately available assets was called upon to assist in relieving a peculiar and troublesome situation arising out of Canada's war trade. In order to maintain the huge exports of manufactured goods to the United Kingdom, Canada has been obliged to import very large amounts of fuel, raw materials, machinery and partly manufactured articles from the United States. This created a heavy adverse balance in the trade with that country. This balance had to be settled virtually in cash. On the other hand the trade with the mother country ran even more heavily in Canada's favor, but it was necessary in this case to give long credit to Britain for a large proportion of the shipments. The logical solution of the problem appeared to be for the Dominion to borrow in the United States a sum sufficient to cover a considerable part of the trade balance due to that Republic, but the American credits were not forthcoming in sufficient amounts. Thus the banks had to draw upon their external reserves to provide for the emergency.

CONCERNING stock exchange business, Joseph H. Copeman makes the statement that it has been a cheerless year on the Canadian stock exchanges, marked in the greater part, by a continuance of the liquidation of the bull account built up in the war markets of 1915-1916, and, towards the close, by a virtual drying up of all business. Mr. Copeman points out that while trading in securities waned, industrial enterprises were going ahead at full speed.

On the whole, he continues, it may be granted that the absence of new speculation and the steady liquidation of old accounts, together with the gradual readjustment of investment values to the conditions imposed by the Government war borrowing, has left a healthy, if not a satisfactory, position.

Other subjects and the writers thereon are:

RECENT CANADIAN RAILWAY HISTORY.
Baron Shaughnessy.

THE FAMINE IN FOODSTUFFS.
Hon. W. J. Hanna.

THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRY
E. M. Biggar.

MINERALS IN B. C.
E. Jacobs.

COAL OUTPUT IN N. S.
F. W. Gray.

BRITISH FINANCE.
Hartley Withers.

WAR AND THE LONDON MARKETS.
Arthur Kiddy.

AUSTRALIAN WAR FINANCE.
Alan Thodey.

LIFE INSURANCE IN 1917.
J. B. McKechnie, F.F.A.

IMPETUS TO SHIPBUILDING.
Peter Bain.

FLOUR MILLING IN CANADA.
A. H. Bailey.

MORTGAGE PAYMENTS.
John Appleton.

1917 AND AFTER.
Victor Ross.

PACIFIC COAST BUSINESS.
Bradford Heyer.

CANADIAN LABOR MARKETS.
Bryce M. Stewart.

CANADIAN EXPORT TRADE.
W. L. Edmonds.

LIVE STOCK INDUSTRY
Lloyd Moore.

THE RAILWAY IN 1917.
J. L. Payne.

MARKETS FOR MINING SHARES.
Arthur Trebilcock.

The above, together with many other articles, statements and charts, forms not only a comprehensive review of financial and economic conditions during 1917, but a valuable forecast of the situation in this and coming years.

A Constructive Address

A MORE rational consideration of the relations between the consumer and the producer was urged by Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in his address to the shareholders, at the annual meeting.

Sir Edmund remarked that we are living in a time of great social unrest. The price of almost everything was never so high, while the purchasing power of the dollar has declined rapidly. Out of this turmoil, he says, has come a bitterness towards all who, by any stretch of fancy, can be held responsible for existing conditions, a bitterness often without any real basis.

Nothing in the end is to be gained, continues Sir Edmund, by blaming the Premier or the Food Controller, the provision dealer or the farmer, for high prices which are not merely a result of the war, but a result of war requirements so peremptory that the question of cost almost disappears. The needs of the war are so great that no combination can control prices either in one way or the other.

We have to face new and probably very difficult conditions after the war, advises the President, and if we are filled with animosity and distrust in our attempts to adjust our differences the result will be a sorry one.

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In Haunted Seas

"THE SHADOW-LINE." By Joseph Conrad.

WARNED by the shadow-line ahead that the region of early youth must be left behind, the first mate of a steamship in the Eastern Seas threw up his job; and by that action gained a berth as captain of a high-class vessel and her white crew. In the story that follows, the author holds the reader spell-bound with a skilful suggestion of baffling mystery, and leaves an indelible impression of "these haunted seas, dreadful with voices." There is a hint of "The Ancient Mariner" in the atmosphere of the tale; and all the characters are so clearly drawn that the reader feels with them the terror of their mysterious difficulty in passing latitude 8° 20'. No previous work of this writer shows more strongly his power of descriptive narration.—J. M. Dent & Sons. $1.35.

Ambulances in France

"THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE." By F. McKelvey Bell.

IN these days of myriad war books, it is not easy for one to merit the tribute of being described as "unusual." But this account of the founding of the first Canadian hospital in France is a tremendously interesting and unaffected personal narrative. Colonel Bell has an easy style that holds the attention of the reader throughout. He has neither concentrated upon the horrors, or avoided mention of them; he has written of the war as he and his men saw it in the ups and downs of their experiences. The story is peopled with strange and amusing characters; and the human quality of the narrative fills the reader with delight.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, $1.35.

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"A HEAP O' LIVING." By Edgar A. Guest.

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Bloch's Musical Message

(Continued from page 24.)

prising and admirably curious body of artistic enthusiasts, The Society of the Friends of Music. It was at once perceived that Mr. Bloch was a music-maker who could thenceforth not be ignored. There are living to-day four composers who wear imperial robes: men who are transforming musical speech as certainly as in an earlier day it was transformed by Bach and Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt and Wagner.

Mr. Bloch is not that supreme aesthetic bore, an artist with a conscious mission. He is a poet in tones, held by the beauty and awe and terror of the human pageant and the wonder and loveliness of its earthly setting: a poet—yet, paramountly, a Jewish poet. He has spoken of his enthrallment by the ancient Jewish soul—the "complex, glowing, agitated soul" that he feels vibrating through the Bible. He is himself a manifestation of that soul reborn. In his Trois Poemes Juifs, in his settings of the Psalms, in his symphony, Israel, he has touched to new life, in music of extraordinary power and sincerity, the slumbering spirit of those rhapsodists and poets, those prophets and patriarchs, those great lovers and great dreamers, who laid a spell of imperishable beauty and splendour upon the recorded memories of their meditations and dreams and aspirations. It is impossible not to recognize that Mr. Bloch has inherited the authentic spirit of this imaginative and emotional tradition. He has spoken—lovingly, as speaks the son of a great past—of "the sorrow and immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs; the freshness and naivete of the Patriarchs; the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem." These things have been recaptured by him in his own musical speech. They are eloquent in every accent that it commands: in its concentrated intensity; in its sombre brooding; in its opulence that is never vulgarized, its gorgeousness that is woven of fine and costly stuffs; in its range and flexibility of passionate speech —now of an exalted solemnity, now of a wild lyric ecstasy, now of such a ferocity and abandonment of lamentation as our more reticent Occidental music scarcely knows.

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THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 23.)

never again be forgotten. But, in panic that he might forget, he wrote it, guessing at the spelling—"Miwaka."

It was a name, of course; but the name of what? It repeated and repeated and repeated itself to him, after he got back into bed, until its very iteration made him drowsy.

Outside the gale whistled and shrieked. The wind, passing its last resistance after its sweep across the prairies before it leaped upon the lake, battered and clamored in its assault about the house. But as Alan became sleepier, he heard it no longer as it rattled the windows and howled under the eaves and over the roof, but as out on the lake, above the roaring and ice-crunching waves, it whipped and circled with its chill the ice-shrouded sides of struggling ships. So, with the roar of surf and gale in his ears, he went to sleep with the sole conscious connection in his mind between himself and these people, among whom Benjamin Corvet's summons had brought him, the one name "Miwaka."

CHAPTER VI.

Constance Sherrill.

IN the morning a great change had come over the lake. The wind still blew freshly, but no longer fiercely, from the west; and now, from before the beach beyond the drive, and from the piers and break-waters at the harbor mouth, and from all the western shore, the ice had departed. Far out, a nearly indiscernible white line marked the ice-floe where it was traveling eastward before the wind; nearer, and with only a gleaming crystal fringe of frozen snow clinging to the shore edge, the water sparkled, blue and dimpling, under the morning sun; multitudes of gulls, hungry after the storm, called to one another and circled over the breakwaters, the piers, and out over the water as far as the eye could see; and a half mile off shore, a little work boat—a shallop twenty feet long—was put-put-ing on some errand along a path where twelve hours before no horsepower creatable by man could have driven the hugest steamer.

Constance Sherrill, awakened by the sunlight reflected from the water upon her ceiling, found nothing odd or startling in this change; it roused her but did not surprise her. Except for the short periods of her visits away from Chicago, she had lived all her life on the shore of the lake—the water—wonderful, ever altering—was the first sight each morning. As it made wilder and more grim the desolation of a stormy day, so it made brighter and more smiling the splendor of the sunshine and, by that much more, influenced one's feelings.

Constance held by preference to the seagoing traditions of her family. Since she was a child, the lake and the life of the ships had delighted and fascinated her; very early she had discovered that, upon the lake, she was permitted privileges sternly denied upon land—an arbitrary distinction which led her to designate water, when she was a little girl, as her family's "respectable element." For while her father's investments were, in part, on the water, her mother's property all was on the land. Her mother, who was a Seaton, owned property somewhere in the city, in common with Constance's uncles; this property consisted, as Constance succeeded in ascertaining about the time she was nine, of large, wholesale grocery buildings. They and the "brand" had been in the possession of the Seaton family for many years; both Constance's uncles worked in the big buildings where the canning was done; and, when Constance was taken to visit them, she found the place most interesting—the berries and fruit coming up in great steaming cauldrons; the machines pushing the cans under the enormous faucets where the preserves ran out and then sealing the cans and pasting the bright Seaton "brand" about them. The people there were interesting—the girls with flying fingers sorting fruit, and the men pounding the big boxes together; and the great shaggy-hoofed horses which pulled the huge, groaning waggons were most fascinating. She wanted to ride on one of the waggons; but her request was promptly and completely squashed.

It was not "done"; nor was anything about the groceries and the canning to be mentioned before visitors; Constance brought up the subject once and found out. It was different about her father's ships. She could talk about them when she wanted to; and her father often spoke of them; and any one who came to the house could speak about them. Ships, apparently, were respectable.

When she went down to the docks with her father, she could climb all over them, if she was only careful of her clothes; she could spend a day watching one of her father's boats discharging grain or another unloading ore; and, when she was twelve, for a great treat, her father took her on one of the freighters to Duluth; and for one delightful, wonderful week she chummed with the captain and mates and wheelmen and learned all the pilot signals and the way the different lighthouses winked.

Mr. Spearman, who recently had become a partner of her father's, was also on the boat upon that trip. He had no particular duty; he was just "an owner" like her father; but Constance observed that, while the captain and the mates and the engineers were always polite and respectful to her father, they asked Mr. Spearman's opinion about things in a very different way and paid real attention—not merely polite attention—when he talked. He was a most desirable sort of acquisition; for he was a friend who could come to the house at any time, and yet he, himself, had done all sorts of exciting things. He had not just gone to Harvard and then become an owner, as Constance's father had; at fifteen, he had run away from his father's farm back from the east shore of little Traverse Bay, near the northern end of Lake Michigan. At eighteen, after all sorts of adventures, he had become mate of a lumber schooner; he had "taken to steam" shortly after that and had been an officer upon many kinds of ships. Then Uncle Benny had taken him into partnership. Constance had a most exciting example of what he could do when the ship ran into a big storm on Lake Superior.

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sel; a seam started, and water came in so fast that it gained on the pumps. Instantly Mr. Spearman, not the captain, was in command and, from the way he steered the ship to protect the seam and from the scheme he devised to stay the inrush of water, the pumps began to gain at once, and the ship went into Duluth safe and dry. Constance liked that in a man of the sort whom people knew. For, as the most active partner—though not the chief stock-holder—of Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman, almost every one in the city knew him. He had his bachelor "rooms" in one of the newest and most fashionable of the apartment buildings facing the lake just north of the downtown city; he had become a member of the best city and country clubs; and he was welcomed quickly along the Drive, where the Sherrills' mansion was coming to be considered a characteristic "old" Chicago home.

But little over forty, and appearing even younger, Spearman was distinctly of the new generation; and Constance Sherrill was only one of many of the younger girls who found in Henry Spearman refreshing relief from the youths who were the sons of men but who could never become men themselves. They were nice, earnest boys with all sorts of serious Marxian ideas of establishing social justice in the plants which their fathers had built; and carrying the highest motives into the city or national politics. But the industrial reformers, Constance was quite certain, never could have built up the industries with which they now, so superiorly, were finding fault: the political purifiers either failed of election or, if elected, seemed to leave politics pretty much as they had been before. The picture of Spearman, instantly appealed to and instantly in charge in the emergency, remained and became more vivid within Constance, because she never saw him except when he dominated.

And a decade most amazingly had bridged the abyss which had separated twelve years and thirty-two. At twenty-two, Constance Sherrill was finding Henry Spearman—age forty-two—the most vitalizing and interesting of the men who moved, socially, about the restricted ellipse which curved down the lake shore south of the park and up Astor Street. He had, very early, recognized that he possessed the vigor and courage to carry him far, and he had disciplined himself until the coarseness and roughness, which had sometimes offended the little girl of ten years before, had almost vanished. What crudities still came out, romantically reminded of his hard, early life on the lakes. Had there been anything in that life of his of which he had not told her—something worse than merely rough and rugged, which could strike at her? Uncle Benny's last, dramatic appeal to her had suggested that; but even at the moment when he was talking to her, fright for Uncle Benny—not dread that there had been anything wrong in Henry's life—had most moved her. Uncle Benny very evidently was not himself. As long as Constance could remember, he had quarrelled violently with Henry; his antagonism to Henry had become almost an obsession; and Constance had her father's word for it that, a greater part of the time, Uncle Benny had no just ground for his quarrel with Henry. A most violent quarrel had occurred upon that last day, and undoubtedly its fury had carried Uncle Benny to the length of going to Constance as he did.

Constance had come to this conclusion during the last gloomy and stormy days; this morning, gazing out upon the shining lake, clear blue under the wintry sun, she was more satisfied than before. Summoning her maid, she inquired first whether anything had been heard since last night of Mr. Corvet. She was quite sure, if her father had had word, he would have awakened her; and there was no news. But Uncle Benny's son, she remembered, was coming to breakfast.

Uncle Benny's son! That suggested to Constance's mother only something unpleasant, something to be avoided and considered as little as possible. But Alan—Uncle Benny's son—was not unpleasant at all; he was, in fact, quite the reverse. Constance had liked him from the moment that, confused a little by Benjamin Corvet's absence and Simons's manner in greeting him, he had turned to her for explanation; she had liked the way he had openly studied her and approved her, as she was approving him; she had liked the way he had told her of himself, and the fact that he knew nothing of the man who proved to be his father; she had liked very much the complete absence of impulse to force or to pretend feeling when she had brought him the picture of his father—when he, amazed at himself for not feeling, had looked at her; and she had liked most of all his refusal, for himself and for his father, to accept positive stigma until it should be proved.

SHE had not designated any hour for breakfast, and she supposed that, coming from the country, he would believe breakfast to be early. But when she got down-stairs, though it was nearly nine o'clock, he had not come; she went to the front window to watch for him, and after a few minutes she saw him approaching, looking often to the lake as though amazed by the change in it.

She went to the door and herself let him in.

"Father has gone down-town," she told him, as he took off his things. "Mr. Spearman returns from Duluth this morning, and father wished to tell him about you as soon as possible. I told father you had come to see him last night; and he said to bring you down to the office."

"I overslept, I'm afraid," Alan said.

"You slept well, then?"

"Very well—after a while."

"I'll take you down-town myself after breakfast."

She said no more but led him into

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the breakfast room. It was a delightful, cozy little room, Dutch furnished, with a single wide window to the east, an enormous hooded fireplace taking up half the north wall, and blue Delft tiles set above it and paneled in the walls all about the room. There were the quaint blue wind-mills, the fishing boats, the baggy-breeked, wooden-shod folk, the canals and barges, the dikes and their guardians, and the fishing ship on the Zuyder Zee.

Alan gazed about at these with quick, appreciative interest. His quality of instantly noticing and appreciating anything unusual was, Constance thought, one of his pleasantest and best characteristics.

"I like those, too; I selected them myself in Holland," she observed.

She took her place beside the coffee pot, and when he remained standing —"Mother always has her breakfast in bed; that's your place," she said.

He took the chair opposite her. There was fruit upon the table; Constance took an orange and passed the little silver basket across.

"This is such a little table; we never use it if there's more than two or three of us; and we like to help ourselves here."

"I like it very much," Alan said.

"Coffee right away or later?"

"Whenever you do. You see," he explained, smiling in a way that pleased her, "I haven't the slightest idea what else is coming or whether anything more at all is coming." A servant entered, bringing cereal and cream; he removed the fruit plates, put the cereal dish and two bowls before Constance, and went out. "And if any one in Blue Rapids," Alan went on, "had a man waiting in the dining-room and at least one other in the kitchen, they would not speak of our activities here as 'helping ourselves.' I'm not sure just how they would speak of them; we—the people I was with in Kansas—had a maidservant at one time when we were on the farm, and when we engaged her, she asked, 'Do you do your own stretching?' That meant serving from the stove to the table, usually."

He was silent for a few moments; when he looked at her across the table again, he seemed about to speak seriously. His gaze left her face and then came back.

"Miss Sherrill," he said, gravely, "what is, or was, the Miwaka? A ship?"

He made no attempt to put the question casually; rather, he had made it more evident that it was of concern to him by the change in his manner.

"The Miwaka?" Constance said.

"Do you know what it was?"

"Yes; I know; and it was a ship."

"You mean it doesn't exist any more?"

"No; it was lost a long time ago."

"On the lakes here?"

"On Lake Michigan."

"You mean by lost that it was sunk?"

"It was sunk, of course; but no one knows what happened to it—whether it was wrecked or burned or merely foundered."

THE thought of the unknown fate of the ship and crew—of the ship which had sailed and never reached port and of which nothing ever had been heard but the beating of the Indian drum—set her blood tingling as it had done before, when she had been told about the ship, or when she had told others about it and the superstition connected with it. It was plain Alan Conrad had not asked about it idly; something about the Miwaka had come to him recently and had excited his intense conecrn.

"Whose ship was it?" he asked. "My father's?"

"No; it belonged to Stafford and Ramsdell. They were two of the big men of their time in the carrying trade on the lakes, but their line has been out of business for years; both Mr. Stafford and Mr. Ramsdell were lost with the Miwaka."

"Will you tell me about it, and them, please?"

"I've told you almost all I can about Stafford and Ramsdell, I'm afraid; I've just heard father say that they were men who could have amounted to a great deal on the lakes, if they had lived—especially Mr. Stafford, who was very young. The Miwaka was a great new steel ship—built the year after I was born; it was the first of nearly a dozen that Stafford and Ramsdell had planned to build. There was some doubt among lake men about steel boats at that time; they had begun to be built very largely quite a few years before, but recently there had been some serious losses with them. Whether it was because they were built on models not fitted for the lakes, no one knew; but several of them had broken in two and sunk, and a good many men were talking about going back to wood. But Stafford and Ramsdell believed in steel and had finished this first one of their new boats.

"SHE left Duluth for Chicago, loaded with ore, on the first day of December, with both owners and part of their families on board. She passed the Soo on the third and went through the Straits of Mackinac on the fourth into Lake Michigan. After that, nothing was ever heard of her."

"So probably she broke in two like the others?"

"Mr. Spearman and your father both thought so; but nobody ever knew—no wreckage came ashore—no message of any sort from any one on board. A very sudden winter storm had come up and was at its worst on the morning of the fifth. Uncle Benny —your father—told me once, when I asked him about it, that it was as severe for a time as any he had ever experienced. He very nearly lost his life in it. He had just finished laying up one of his boats—the Martha Corvet—at Manistee for the winter; and he and Mr. Spearman, who then was mate of the Martha Corvet, were crossing the lake in a tug with a crew of four men to Manitowoc, where they were going to lay up more ships. The captain and one of the deck hands of the tug were washed overboard, and the engineer was lost trying to save them. Uncle Benny and Mr. Spearman and the stoker brought the tug in. The storm was worst about five in the morning, when the Miwaka sunk."

"How do you know that the Miwaka sunk at five," Alan asked, "if no one ever heard from the ship?"

"Oh; that was told by the Drum!"

"The Drum?"

"Yes; the Indian Drum! I forgot; of course you didn't know. It's a superstition that some of the lake men have, particularly those who come from people at the other end of the lake. The Indian Drum is in the woods there, they say. No one has seen it; but many people believe that they have heard it. It's a spirit drum which beats, they say, for every ship lost on the lake. There's a particular superstition about it in regard to the Miwaka; for the drum beat wrong for the Miwaka. You see, the people about there swear that about five o'clock in the morning of the fifth, while the storm was blowing terribly, they heard the drum beating and knew that a ship was going down. They counted the sounds as it beat the roll of the dead. It beat twenty-four before it stopped and then began to beat again and beat twenty-four; so, later, everybody knew it had been beating for the Miwaka; for every other ship on the lake got to port; but there were twenty-five altogether on the Miwaka, so either the drum beat wrong or—" she hesitated.

"Or what?"

"Or the drum was right, and some one was saved. Many people believed that. It was years before the families of the men on board gave up hope, because of the Drum; maybe some haven't given up hope yet."

Alan made no comment for a moment. Constance had seen the blood flush to his face and then leave swiftly as she rehearsed the superstition. As he gazed at her and then away, it was plain that he had heard something additional about the Miwaka—something which he was trying to fit into what she told him.

"That's all anybody knows?" His gaze came back to her at last.

"Yes; why did you ask about it—the Miwaka? I mean, how did you hear about it so you wanted to know?"

He considered an instant before replying. "I encountered a reference to the Miwaka—I supposed it must be a ship—in my father's house last night."

His manner, as he looked down at his coffee cup, toying with it, prevented her then from asking more; he seemed to know that she wished to press it, and he looked up quickly.

"I met my servant—my father's servant—this morning," he said.

"Yes; he got back this morning. He came here early to report to father that he had no news of Uncle Benny; and father told him you were at the house and sent him over."

Alan was studying the coffee cup again, a queer expression on his face which she could not read.

"He was there when I woke up this morning, Miss Sherrill. I hadn't heard anybody in the house, but I saw a little table on wheels standing in the hall outside my door and a spirit lamp and a little coffee pot on it, and a man bending over it, warming the cup.

His back was toward me, and he had straight black hair, so that at first I thought he was a Jap; but when he turned around, I saw he was an American Indian."

"Yes; that was Wassaquam."

"Is that his name? He told me it was Judah."

"Yes—Judah Wassaquam. He's a Chippewa from the north end of the lake. They're very religious there, most of the Indians at the foot of the lake; and many of them have a Biblical name which they use for a first name and use their Indian name for a last one."

"He called me 'Alan' and my father 'Ben.'"

"The Indians almost always call people by their first names."

"He said, also, that he had always served 'Ben' his coffee that way before he got up, and so he had supposed he was to do the same by me; and also that, long ago, he used to be a deck hand on one of my father's ships."

"Yes; when Uncle Benny began to operate ships of his own, many of the ships on the lakes had Indians among the deck hands; some had all Indians for crews and white men only for officers. Wassaquam was on the first freighter Uncle Benny ever owned a share in; afterwards he came here to Chicago with Uncle Benny. He's been looking after Uncle Benny all alone now for more than ten years—and he's very much devoted to him, and fully trustworthy; and besides that, he's a wonderful cook; but I've wondered sometimes whether Uncle Benny wasn't the only city man in the world who had an Indian body servant."

"You know a good deal about Indians."

"A little about the lake Indians, the Chippewas and Pottawatomies in northern Michigan."

"Recollection's a funny thing," Alan said, after considering a moment. "This morning, after seeing Judah and talking to him—or rather hearing him talk—somehow a story got running in my head. I can't make out exactly what it was—about a lot of animals on a raft; and there was some one with them—I don't know who; I can't fit any name to him; but he had a name."

CONSTANCE bent forward quickly. "Was the name Michabou?" she asked.

He returned her look, surprised. "That's it; how did you know?"

"I think I know the story; and Wassaquam would have known it, too, I think, if you'd ask him; but probably he would have thought it impious to tell it, because he and his people are great Christians now. Michabou is one of the Indian names for Manitou. What else do you remember of the story?"

"Not much, I'm afraid—just sort of scenes here and there; but I can remember the beginning now that you have given me the name: 'In the beginning of all things there was only water and Michabou was floating on the raft with all the animals.' Michabou, it seemed, wanted the land brought up so that men and animals could live on it, and he asked one of the animals to go down and bring it up—"

"The beaver," Constance supplied.

"Was the beaver the first one? The beaver dived and stayed down a long time, so long that when he came up he was breathless and completely exhausted, but he had not been able to reach the bottom. Then Michabou sent down—"

"The otter."

"And he stayed down much longer than the beaver, and when he came up at last, they dragged him on to the raft quite senseless; but he hadn't been able to reach the bottom either. So the animals and Michabou himself were ready to give it up; but then the little muskrat spoke up—am I right? Was this the muskrat?"

"Yes."

"Then you can finish it for me?"

"He dived and he stayed down, the little muskrat," Constance continued, "longer than the beaver and the otter both together. Michabou and the animals waited all day for him to come up, and they watched all through the night; so then they knew he must be dead. And, sure enough, they came after a while across the body floating on the water and apparently lifeless. They dragged him onto the raft and found that his little paws were all tight shut. They forced open three of the paws and found nothing in them, but when they opened the last one, they found one grain of sand tightly clutched in it. The little muskrat had done it; he'd reached the bottom! And out of that one grain of sand, Michabou made the world."

"That's it," he said. "Now what is it?"

"The Indian story of creation—or one of them."

"Not a story of the plain Indians, surely."

"No; of the Indians who live about the lakes and so got the idea that everything was water in the first place—the Indians who live on the islands and peninsulas. That's how I came to know it."

"I thought that must be it," Alan said. His hand trembled a little as he lifted his coffee cup to his lips.

Constance, too, flushed a little with excitement; it was a surprisingly close and intimate thing to have explored with another back into the concealments of his first child consciousness, to have aided another in the sensitive task of revealing himself to himself. This which she had helped to bring back to him must have been one of the first stories told him; he had been a very little boy, when he had been taken to Kansas, away from where he must have heard this story—the lakes.

She was a little nervous, also, from watching the time as told by the tiny watch on her wrist. Henry's train from Duluth must be in now; and he had not yet called her, as had been his custom recently, as soon as he returned to town after a trip. But, in a minute, a servant entered to inform her that Mr. Spearman wished to speak to her. She excused herself to Alan and hurried out. Henry was calling her from the railroad station and, he said, from a most particularly stuffy booth and, besides having a poor connection, there was any amount of noise about him; but he was very anxious to see Constance as soon as possible. Could she be in town that morning and have luncheon with him? Yes; she was going downtown very soon and, after luncheon, he could come home with her if he wished. He certainly did wish, but he couldn't tell yet what he might have to do in the afternoon, but please would she save the evening for him. She promised and started to tell him about Alan, then recollected that Henry was going to see her father immediately at the office.

Alan was standing, waiting for her, when she returned to the breakfast room.

"Ready to go down-town?" she asked.

"Whenever you are."

"I'll be ready in a minute. I'm planning to drive; are you afraid?"

He smiled in his pleasant way as he glanced over her; she had become conscious of saying that sort of thing to tempt the smile. "Oh, I'll take the risk."

(To be continued.)

The Power of a Phantom

(Continued from page 16.)

"But she has not seen Hoag," she said.

"Correct! She does not need to."

"You mean—?"

"Hoag—is—detachable," tapping his head. "There is one Hoag you see—and another you do not see."

Madame M.-M. smiled coldly.

"Well—and do you pretend to admit that either of us Markhams has any less thought influence than a down-at-the-heels ink-slinger on the Daily Clarion? Shame, Henry!"

"I will not marry her!" he exploded.

"Oh, yes you will. You're daft about her. She can twist you round her little finger. Heavens! I wish I could. You don't use the brains on her that you do on a man, or a politician you want to influence. Good Lord! a man who expects to get Parliament to pay him all kinds of bounties and concessions in steel when he's already sold enough stock to put the thing on its feet twice over, to be bamboozled by a woman. Already the people in Ottawa have seen the iron film. Warman says a number of them wanted to know all about the original of the lady. Isn't that a good reason why she must go?"

"Oh, yes," he said gloomily, "Oh, yes," brightening up. "I forget. No, I am not to quarrel with her about this. She must go."

"Henry," she said slowly as she smoked, "you'll simply have to go back to her and blubber that your cake is all dough if she doesn't go along. That you planned the whole trip with her in mind. That her silent and gracious inspiration at your elbow has already urged you to all the conquests you've made. Admit that you're sentimental. Play it to the limit with tears in your voice. If she doesn't shake phantom Hoag and go—my name's not Gretchen Markham."

He lighted an audacious cigar.

"See! I am not superstitious. But I am damned easy to scare. Nobody knows it but you. Even the Clarion editor thinks I'm an efficiency brute without a soul. He only hopes I'm afraid of his rag, and fears that I'm not."

"And he puts Hoag on to give his crowd the dope of psychic suggestion for a lot of socialistic rot, Henry."

"Hum!" he said, exploding his cigar in short puffs. "And you think that with all my irons in the fire I should be complacent about that infernal

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bogey—that I did my best to hire in my business and couldn't? Not much, Mary Ann The only thing I fear is public opinion—plus Hoag."

"Oh," said Gretchen as she lighted a cigarette, "You've got P. O. pretty well strangled—outside of the Clarion."

He glanced at the windows as though he fancied Hoag might be peering in at all of them at once.

"Gretchen, if I can ever get it into Helen's brain—that since he got a wallop on the head Hoag has been mentally unbalanced—"

Gretchen spoke slowly.

"Well, why don't you get an alienist on the job?"

"Provocation," he mumbled.

"Oh! That all? Well, Henry—" she poked the fire a bit—"you persuade Helen Munro to go on that trip—and I'll gamble you'll have provocation enough. Do you—get that?"

He bowed low.

"Gretchen," he repeated. "You are the inspiration of my life."

MARKHAM improved on Gretchen's tuition. In his skilful play of organized and quite theatrical sentiment Helen detected no false note, abundance of reasons why she should go on the trip, and no reasons against—except such as a skilful lobbyist knows how to put forward for the sake of vanquishing them.

"Well, for the life of me I can't see why my going matters—so much," she repeated.

He did not tell her.

No dream recurred; though she looked for it.

She consented to go. Hoag knew it. Whether his discovery of it was immediate is not certain.

As the newspapers said, there would be a special train of three coaches, one of which was Mr. Markham's private car.

The train was scheduled to go at midnight. Helen felt herself drawn by a curious half-metaphysical machine. Since she had quit the office she had been often conscious of this manipulation of her affairs. Her only aim in life now was to fit herself for wifehood to Henry Markham. One of the things he particularly wanted her to do he told her as they sat in the coach a few minutes before midnight, was to study music and languages—French and German. He had it all arranged that she should take a term in Germany, with a few months in Paris. But as he said, this could be done after marriage, if need be; or in case they decided to marry before the coming summer—

"But why be so uncertain about the time?" she asked him.

Madame M.-M. and other guests were in their own staterooms. The two of them were alone in the coach, she watching the people on the platform. It was all a furore of excitement; an odd time for Henry to prefer speaking of marriage—but he always knew when to dodge a crowd.

To her question he made no reply. He seemed to be absorbed in some speculation.

"Not that it matters to me," she said irritably, as she turned from the window to fumble over the magazines.

"Have a cocktail?" he suggested.

"No, thank you."

Helen wished she could break away. He noticed that she was restless, and smoked slowly, looking out of the window, scrutinizing every man who passed. From the corner of one eye she watched him. But he gave not the slightest sign of concern.

Would Hoag put in an appearance? If so, what was likely to happen?

To him Hoag was a phantom likely to dawn unexpectedly anywhere.

He snapped his watch. One minute of midnight.

Precisely on the instant, there was a sound of a loud altercation near the gate. The gate was shut. A man outside was shaking it, demanding to get through.

Markham rose and went out to the vestibule.

"Henry, what is it?"

"No—thing" he bawled back.

The train gave a jerk and moved off. Markham's hand instinctively reached for the bell-rope. He thought again and did not pull it.

He came back and sat down.

"Was there—somebody left behind, Henry?"

It was Madame M.-M. who spoke.

"Nobody with any baggage to get through," he replied. "Please don't retire—until we get out of town. No!"

What happened at the train gate was so sudden and mysterious that none of the guards at the gate could describe it—except that in the dim light of the depot a form seemed to fly over one of the gates further along. It darted onto the track. There it seemed to run, almost sucked along by the gathering of speed of the departing train.

Hoag was on business bent.

How he caught the rail at the end of that train he scarcely knew. But he hauled himself up. The train was then well out of the yard. He waited. The door was locked. There was no hurry. Better to wait a bit. Just inside that door was the woman he wanted to save from Henry Markham. Would she come out And if so—what?

Light snow was scudding over the city. Past the eastern station, no stop, the train jumped to full speed. Hoag still waited. He had no sense of danger; very little of weight. He felt himself like a man in a movie.

WHAT happened a few miles out was briefly sketched in a morning paper as wired from the next station by Henry Markham.

Four miles out of the city the special train bearing the Markham Consolidated inspection party was mysteriously stopped by a lunatic who eluded the guards at the depot and concealed himself on the rear platform of the train. So far as can be ascertained—though it seems incredible—this madman climbed to the top of the train and ran along it to the tender. Climbing over the coa he flung himself suddenly into the engine compartment and forced the engineer to halt the train. The crew grappled with him but as usual in cases of this kind, the madman was too much for them. He evaded their clutches, ran back to the private coach of Mr. Markham, and forced his way in. He made a scene, further publication of which will appear in a later edition. and as mysteriously made his escape by darting out at the rear door and disappearing into the fields.

The later edition gave no clue to the identity of the madman.

But the Clarion reported it briefly, saying—what all the other papers had missed—that Miss Helen Munro who was on board refused to go any further with the party; that at her request the train was subsequently backed up to the station. she was taken home, and was now quite ill from the shock to her nerves.

(To be continued.)

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The Canadian Idea

By George Pattullo, in "Saturday Evening Post"

"The Canadians at the Front shave every day. Let that sink in. Right up there in the trenches—often ankle-deep in mud, sleeping in funk holes, each man cooking his own meals, fighting lice and rats and Boches. with everything combined to break down habits of cleanliness—they rigidly observe the rule for smooth faces and chins. Of all I saw, that hit me hardest, because it meant so much.

It is a general order throughout the British Army that each man shall keep cleanly shaved when possible. Of course obedience to the strict letter of the order varies with the different regiments ; it depends largely on the officer commanding. But there are many battalions that adhere to it strictly except in the heat of attack, A company officer told me that his own men shaved daily even while occupying some captured shell holes before new trenches had been dug."

An American Major's View

By Ring W. Lardner, in "Collier's"

"Daily shaving ought to be compulsory in our army as it is in the British. When a man hasn't shaved he isn't at his best, physically, morally, or mentally. When he has he's got more confidence in himself ; his morale is better. Shaving has a psychological effect, and I try to impress my men with the importance of it. They say it's a difficult operation here, but I guess if the Tommies can do it in the trenches, we can in these billets."

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