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BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXI

Contents for November, 1910

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ROBERT W. SERVICE

The Canadian Kipling of whose books, "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako," over 100,000 copies have been sold

The Canadian Serial Rights on
SERVICE'S FIRST NOVEL
THE TRAIL OF '98
Have been secured for
BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

From an almost obscure bank-clerk in a remote corner of Canada, Robert W. Service sprang into the favor of thousands of Canadians and readers all over the world, as the author of "The Songs of a Sourdough," and later, of "Ballads of a Cheechako." This young painter of the colors of the Yukon had to pay to have his first book brought out, but since then one hundred thousand copies of his poems alone have been sold in Canada.

Now—he has ventured into the field of novel-writing. Dropping the limitations of the poet for the time being, he tells of one of the romances of the rush to the Yukon in '98. With a free, bold pen, yet with all the skill of the poet he unfolds his story. He tells it as though he had his readers gathered around him at the club, or as though they were with him in the office—"after hours."

It is not a problem novel. It has nothing to do with abstruse speculations. In its virility it seems primarily a man's book yet it cannot fail but interest the woman who likes to hear of strong brave men and fair women in a rugged land.

Those whose fancy was stirred by Service's poetry will find him in this novel, still the poet. Those who have not read his poems yet will look for them after reading the serial. These coming winter nights, beside a fire—or the radiator, the Busyman's reader will have a wonderful source of refreshing entertainment.

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XXI

Toronto November 1910

No 1

The Trail of '98

A Vivid Tale of the Yukon Gold Rush

By Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

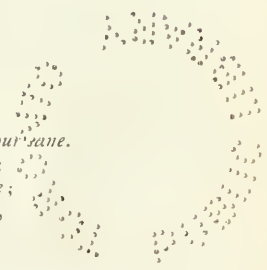
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BOOK I

THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE

*This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain ;
"Send not your foolish and feeble ; send me your strong and your sane.
Strong for the red rage of battle ; sane, for I harry them sore ;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core ;
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones ;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons ;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat ;
But the others—the misfit, the failures—I trample under my feet."*

—“Songs of a Sourdough.”



PRELUDE.

THE north wind is keening overhead. It minds me of the howl of a wolf-dog under the Arctic stars. Sitting alone by the glow of the great peat fire I can hear it high up in the braeside firs. It is the voice, inexorably scornful, of the Great White Land.

Oh, I hate it, I hate it! Why cannot a man be allowed to forget? It is near ten years since I joined the Eager

Army. I have travelled: I have been a pilgrim to the shrines of beauty; I have pursued the phantom of happiness even to the ends of the earth. Still it is always the same—I cannot forget.

Why should a man be ever shadowed by the vampire wing of his past? Have I not a right to be happy? Money, estate, name, are mine, all that means an open sesame to the magic door. Others go in, but I beat against its flinty portals with

hands that bleed. No! I have no right to be happy. The ways of the world are open; the banquet of life is spread; the wonder-workers plan their pageants of beauty and joy, and yet there is no praise in my heart. I have seen, I have tasted, I have tired. Ashes and dust and bitterness are all my gain, I will try no more. It is the shadow of the vampire wing.

So I sit in the glow of the great peat fire, tired and sad beyond belief. Thank God! at least I am home. Everything is so little changed. The fire lights the oak-panelled hall; the crossed claymores gleam; the eyes in the mounted deer-heads shine glassily; rugs of fur cover the polished floor; all is comfort, home and the haunting atmosphere of my boyhood. Sometimes I fancy it has been a dream, the Great White Silence, the lure of the gold-spell, the delirium of the struggle; a dream, and I will awake to hear Garry calling me to shoot over the moor, to see dear little mother with her meek sensitive mouth, and her cheeks as delicately tinted as the leaves of a briar rose. But no! The hall is silent. Mother has gone to her long rest. Garry sleeps under the snow. Silence everywhere; I am alone, alone.

So I sit in the big, oak-carved chair of my forefathers, before the great peat fire, a peak-faced drooping figure of a man with hair untimely grey. My crutch lies on the floor by my side. My old nurse comes up quietly to look at the fire. Her rosy, wrinkled face smiles cheerfully, but I can see the anxiety in her blue eyes. She is afraid for me. Maybe the doctor has told her—something.

No doubt my days are numbered, so I am minded to tell of it all: of the Big Stampede, of the Treasure Trail, of the Gold-born City; of those who followed the gold-lure into the Great White Land, of the evil that befell them, of Garry and of Berna. Perhaps it will comfort me to tell of these things. To-morrow I will begin; to-night, leave me to my memories.

Berna! I spoke of her last. She rises before me now with her spirit-pale face and her great troublesome grey eyes, a little tragic figure, ineffably pitiful. Where are you now, little one? I have searched the world for you. I have scanned a million faces. Day and night have I sought, always hoping, always baffled, for, God help me, dear, I love you. Among that mad lusting horde, you were so weak, so helpless, yet so hungry for love.

With the aid of my crutch I unlatch one of the long windows, and step out onto the terrace. From the cavernous dark the snowflakes sting my face. Yet as I stand there, once more I have a sense of another land, of imperious vastitudes, of a silent empire, unfathomably lonely.

Ghosts! They are all around me. The darkness teams with them, Garry, my brother, among them. Then they all fade and give way to one face. . .

Berna, I love you always. Out of the night I cry to you, Berna, the cry of a broken heart. Is it your little pitiful ghost that comes down to me? Oh, I am waiting, waiting. Here will I wait, Berna, till we meet once more. For meet we will, beyond the mists, beyond the dreaming, at last, dear love, at last.

THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE

*Can you recall, dear comrade, when we tramped God's land together,
And we sang the old, old Earth-Song, for our youth was very sweet;
When we drank and fought and lusted, as we mocked at tie and tether,
Along the road to Anywhere, the wide world at our feet.*

*Along the road to Anywhere, when each day had its story,
When time was yet our vassal, and life's jest was still unaltered;
When peace unfathomed filled our hearts as, bathed in amber glory,
Along the road to Anywhere we watched the sunsets pale.*

*Alas! the road to Anywhere is pitfalled with disaster;
 There's hunger, want, and weariness, yet O we loved it so!
 As on we tramped exultantly, and no man was our master,
 And no man guessed what dreams were ours, as swinging heel and toe,
 We tramped the road to Anywhere, the magic road to Anywhere,
 The tragic road to Anywhere such dear, dim years ago.*

—“*Songs of a Sourdough.*”

CHAPTER I.

As far back as I can remember I have faithfully followed the banner of Romance. It has given colour to my life, made me a dreamer of dreams, a player of parts. As a boy, roaming alone the wild heather hills, I have heard the glad shouts of the football players on the green, yet never etted to join them. Mine was the richer, rare joy. Still can I see myself in those days, a little shy-mannered lad in kilts, bareheaded to the hill breezes, with health-bright cheeks, and a soul happed up in dreams.

And, indeed, I lived in an enchanted land, a land of griffins and kelpies, of princesses and gleaming knights. From each black tarn I looked to see a scaly reptile rise, from every fearsome cave a corby emerge. There were green spaces among the heather where the fairies danced, and every scaur and linn had its own familiar spirit. I peopled the good green wood with the wild creatures of my thought, nymph and faun, naiad and dryad, and would have been in nowise surprised to meet in the leafy coolness the great god Pan himself.

It was at night, however, that my dreams were most compelling. I strove against the tyranny of sleep. Lying in my small bed, I revelled in delectable imaginings. Night after night I fought battles, devised pageants, partitioned empires. I gloried in details. My rugged war-lords were very real to me, and my adventures sounded many periods of history. I was a solitary caveman with an axe of stone; I was a Roman soldier of fortune; I was a Highland outlaw of the Rebellion. Always I fought for a lost cause, and always my sympathies were with the rebel.

I feasted with Robin Hood on the King's venison; I fared forth with Dick Turpin on the gibbet-haunted heath; I followed Morgan, the Buccaneer, into strange and exotic lands of trial and treasure. It was a wonderful gift of visioning that was mine in those days.

It was the bird-like flight of the pure child-mind to whom the unreal is yet the real.

Then, suddenly, I arrived at a second phase of my mental growth in which fancy usurped the place of imagination. The modern equivalents of Romance attracted me, and, with my increasing grasp of reality, my gift of vision faded. As I had hitherto dreamed of knight-errants, of corsairs and of outlaws, I now dreamed of cowboys, of gold-seekers, of beach-combers. Fancy painted scenes in which I, too, should play a rousing part. I read avidly all I could find dealing with the Far West, and ever my wistful gaze roved over the grey sea. The spirit of Romance beacons to me. I, too, would adventure in the stranger lands, and face their perils and brave their dangers. The joy of the thought exulted in my veins, and scarce could I bide the day when the roads of chance and change would be open to my feet.

It is strange that in all these years I confided in none. Garry, who was my brother and my dearest friend, would have laughed at me in that affectionate way of his. You would never have taken us for brothers. We were so different in temperament and appearance that we were almost the reverse of each other. He was the handsomest boy I have ever seen, frank, fair-skinned and winning, while I was dark, dour and none too

well favoured. He was the best runner and swimmer in the parish, and the idol of the village lads. I cared nothing for games and would be found somewhere among the heather hills, always by my lone self and nearly always with a story book in my pocket. He was clever, practical and ambitious, excelling in all his studies; whereas, except in those which appealed to my imagination, I was a dullard and a dreamer.

Yet we loved each other as few brothers do. Oh, how I admired him! He was my ideal, and too often the hero of my romances. Garry would have laughed at my hero-worship; he was so matter-of-fact, effective and practical. Yet he understood me, my Celtic ideality, and that shy reserve which is the armour of a sensitive soul. Garry in his fine, clever way knew me and shielded me and cheered me. He was so buoyant and charming he heartened you like Spring sunshine, and braced you like a morning wind on the mountain top. Yes, not excepting Mother, Garry knew me better than any one has ever done, and I loved him for it. It seems overfond to say this, but he did not have a fault: tenderness, humour, enthusiasm, sympathy and the beauty of a young god, all that was manfully endearing was expressed in this brother of mine.

So we grew to manhood there in that West Highland country, and surely our lives were pure and simple and sweet. I had never been further from home than the little market town where we sold our sheep. Mother managed the estate till Garry was old enough, when he took hold with a vigour and grasp that delighted every one. I think our little Mother stood rather in awe of my keen, capable, energetic brother. There was in her a certain dreamy wistful idealism that made her beautiful in my eyes, and to look on she was as fair as any picture. Specially do I remember the delicate colouring of her face and her eyes, blue like deep corn-flowers. She was not overstrong, and took much com-

fort from religion. Her lips, which were fine and sensitive, had a particularly sweet expression, and I wish to record of her that never once did I see her cross, always sweet, gentle, smiling.

So our home was an ideal one; Garry, tall, fair and winsome; myself, dark, dreamy, reticent; and between us, linking all three in a perfect bond of love and sympathy, our gentle, delicate Mother.

CHAPTER II.

So in serenity and sunshine the days of my youth went past. I still maintained my character as a drone and a dreamer. I used my time tramping the moorland with a gun, whipping the foamy pools of the burn for trout, or reading voraciously in the library. Mostly I read books of travel, and especially did I relish the literature of Vagabondia. I had come under the spell of Stevenson. His name spelled Romance to me, and my fancy etched him in his lonely exile. Forthright I determined I too would seek these ultimate islands, and from that moment I was a changed being. I nursed the thought with joyous enthusiasm. I would be a frontiersman, a trail-breaker, a treasure-seeker. The virgin prairies called to me; the susurrus of the giant pines echoed in my heart; but most of all, I felt the spell of those gentle islands where care is a stranger, and all is sunshine, song and the glowing bloom of eternal summer.

About this time Mother must have worried a good deal over my future. Garry was now the young Laird, and I was but an idler, a burden on the estate. At last I told her I wanted to go abroad, and then it seemed as if a great difficulty was solved. We remembered of a cousin who was sheep-ranching in the Saskatchewan valley and had done well. It was arranged that I should join him as a pupil, then, when I had learned enough, buy a place of my own. It may be imagined that while I apparently acquiesced in

this arrangement, I had already determined that as soon as I reached the new land I would take my destiny into my own hands.

I will never forget the damp journey to Glasgow and the misty landscape viewed through the streaming window pane of a railway carriage. I was in a wondrous state of elation. When we reached the great smoky city I was lost in amazement not unmixed with fear. Never had I imagined such crowds, such houses, such hurry. The three of us, Mother, Garry and I, wandered and wondered for three days. Folks gazed at us curiously, sometimes admiringly, for our cheeks were bright with Highland health, and our eyes candid as the June skies. Garry in particular, tall, fair and handsome, seemed to call forth glances of interest wherever he went. Then as the hour of my departure drew near a shadow fell on us.

I will not dwell on our leave-taking. If I broke down in unmanly grief, it must be remembered I had never before been from home. I was but a lad, and these two were all in all to me. Mother gave up trying to be brave, and mingled her tears with mine. Garry alone contrived to make some show of cheerfulness. Alas! all my elation had gone. In its place was a sense of guilt, of desertion, of unconquerable gloom. I had an inkling then of the tragedy of motherhood, the tender love that would hold, yet cannot, the world-call and the ruthless, estranging years, all the memories of clinging love given only to be taken away.

"Don't cry, sweetheart Mother," I said; "I'll be back again in three years."

"Mind you do, my boy, mind you do."

She looked at me woefully sad, and I had a queer, heart-rending prevision I would never see her more. Garry was supporting her, and she seemed to have suddenly grown very frail. He was pale and quiet, but I could see he was vastly moved.

"Athol," said he, "if ever you need me just send for me. I'll come no matter how long or how hard the way."

I can see them to this day standing there in the drenching rain, Garry fine and manly, Mother small and drooping. I can see her with her delicate rose colour, her eyes like wood violets drowned in tears, her tender, sensitive lips quivering with emotion.

"Good-bye, laddie, good-bye."

I forced myself away, and stumbled on board. When I looked back again they were gone, but through the grey shadows there seemed to come back to me a cry of heartache and irremediable loss.

"Good-bye, good-bye."

CHAPTER III.

It was on a day of early Autumn when I stood knee-deep in the heather of Glengyle, and looked wistfully over the grey sea. 'Twas but a month later when, homeless and friendless, I stood on the beach by the Cliff House of San Francisco, and gazed over the fretful waters of another ocean. Such is the romance of destiny.

Consigned, so to speak, to my cousin, the sheep-raiser of the Saskatchewan, I found myself setting foot on the strange land with but little heart for my new vocation. My mind, cramful of book notions, craved for the larger life. I was valiantly mad for adventure; to fare forth hap hazardly; to come upon naked danger; to feel the bludgeonings of mischance; to tramp, to starve, to sleep under the stars. It was the callow boy-idea perpetuated in the man, and it was to lead me a sorry dance. But I could not overbear it. Strong in me was the spirit of the gypsy. The joy of youth and health was brawling in my veins. A few thistledown years, said I, would not matter. And there was Stevenson and his glamorous islands winning me on.

So it came about I stood solitary on the beach by the seal rocks, with a

thousand memories confusing in my head. There was the long train ride with its strange pictures: the crude farms, the glooming forests, the gleaming lakes that would drown my whole country, the aching plains, the mountains that rip-sawed the sky, the fear-made-eternal of the desert. Lastly, a sudden, sunlit paradise, California.

I had lived through a week of wizardry such as I had never dreamed of, and here was I at the very throne of Western empire. And what a place it was, and what a people—with the imperious mood of the West softened by the spell of the Orient and mellowed by the glamour of Old Spain. San Francisco! A score of tongues clamoured in her streets and in her byeways, a score of races lurked austerely. She suckled at her breast the children of the old grey nations and gave them of her spirit, that swift purposeful spirit so proud of past achievement and so convinced of glorious destiny.

I marvelled at the rush of affairs and the zest of amusement. Every one seemed to be making money easily and spending it eagerly. Every one was happy, sanguine, strenuous. At night Market Street was a dazzling alley of light, where stalwart men and handsome women jostled in and out of the glittering restaurants. Yet amid this eager passionate life I felt a dreary sense of outsidersness. At times my heart fairly ached with loneliness, and I wandered the pathways of the park, or sat forlornly in Portsmouth Square as remote from it all as a gazer on his mountain top beneath the stars.

I became a dreamer of the water front, for the notion of the South Seas was ever in my head. I loafed in the sunshine, sitting on the pier-edge, with eyes fixed on the lazy shipping. These were care-free, irresponsible days, and not, I am now convinced, entirely misspent. I came to know the worthies of the wharveside, and plunged into an under-world of fascinating repellency. Crimpdom eyed

and tempted me, but it was always with whales or seals, and never with pearls or copra. I rubbed shoulders with eager necessity, scrambled for free lunches in frowsy barrooms, and amid the scum and debris of the waterside found much food for sober thought. Yet at times I blamed myself for thus misusing my days, and memories of Glengyle and Mother and Garry loomed up with reproachful vividness.

I was, too, a seeker of curious experience, and this was to prove my undoing. The night-side of the city was unveiled to me. With the assurance of innocence I wandered everywhere. I penetrated the warrens of underground Chinatown, wondering why white women lived there, and why they hid at sight of me. Alone I poked my way into the opium joints and the gambling dens. Once I stumbled on an alley of the unsexed. Men, flushed and gloating, were streaming up and down it, for its shame was screened from the public street. Nearly 200 windows were there, and in each were the wares displayed as alluringly as might be. I wondered what my grim, covenanting ancestors would have made of it. I never thought to have seen the like, and with my high-flown notions it was like a shock to me. God knows I have seen enough since to make me callous to such things.

My nocturnal explorations came to a sudden end. One foggy midnight, coming up Pacific Street with its glut of saloons, I was clouted shrewdly from behind and dropped most neatly in the gutter. When I came to, very sick and dizzy in a side alley, I found I had been robbed of my pocketbook with nearly all my money therein. Fortunately I had left my watch in the hotel safe, and by selling it was not entirely destitute; but the situation forced me from my citadel of pleasant dreams, and confronted me with the grimmer realities of life.

I became a habitue of the ten-cent restaurant. I was amazed to find how excellent a meal I could have for ten cents. Oh for the uncaptious appetite

of these haphazard days! With some thirty odd dollars standing between me and starvation, it was obvious I must become a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and to this end I haunted the employment offices. They were bare, sordid rooms, crowded by men who chewed, swapped stories, yawned and studied the blackboards where the day's wants were set forth. Only driven to labor by dire necessity, their lives. I found, held three phases—looking for work, working, spending the proceeds. They were the Great Unskilled, face to face with the necessary evil of toil.

One morning, on seeking my favorite labor bureau, I found an unusual flutter among the bench-warners. A big contractor wanted fifty men immediately. No experience was required, and the wages were to be two dollars a day. With a number of others I pressed forward, was interviewed and accepted. The same day we were marched in a body to the railway depot, and herded into a fourth-class car.

Where we were going I knew not; of what we were going to do I had no inkling. I only knew we were south-bound, and at long last I might fairly consider myself to be the shuttlecock of fortune.

CHAPTER IV.

I left San Francisco blanketed in grey fog and besomed by a roaring wind; when I opened my eyes I was in a land of spacious sky and broad, clean sunshine. Orange groves rushed to welcome us; orchards of almond and olive twinkled joyfully in the limpid air; tall, gaunt and ragged, the scaly eucalyptus fluttered at us a morning greeting, while snowy houses, wallowing in greenery, flashed a smile at us as we rumbled past. It seemed like a land of promise, of song and sunshine. and silent and apart I sat to admire and to enjoy.

"Looks pretty swell, don't it?"

I will call him the Prodigal. He was about my own age, thin, but sun-

browned and healthy. His hair was darkly red and silky, his teeth white and even as young corn. His eyes twinkled with a humorsome light, but his face was shrewd, alert and aggressive.

"Yes," I said soberly, for I have always been backward with strangers.

"Pretty good line. The banana belt. Old Sol working overtime. Blossom and fruit cavorting on the same tree. Eternal summer. Land of the Manana, the festive frijole, the never-chilly Chili. Ever been here before?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Glad I came, even if it's to do the horny-handed son of toil stunt. Got the makings?"

"No, I'm sorry; I don't smoke."

"All right, guess I got enough."

He pulled forth a limp sack of powdery tobacco, and spilled some grains into a brown cigarette paper, twisting it deftly and bending over the ends. Then he smoked with such enjoyment that I envied him.

"Where are we going, have you any idea?" I asked.

"Search me," he said, inhaling deeply; "the guy in charge isn't exactly a free information bureau. When it comes to peddling the bull con he's there, but when you try to pry off a few slabs of cold hard fact it's his Sunday off."

"But," I persisted, "have you no idea?"

"Well, one thing you can bank on, they'll work the Judas out of us. The gentle grafter nestles in our midst. This here's a cinch game and we are the fall guys. The contractors are a bum outfit. They'll squeeze us at every turn. There was two plunks to the employment man; they got half. Twenty for railway fare; they come in on that. Stop at certain hotels: a rake-off there. Stage fare: more graft. Five dollars a week for board: costs them two fifty, and they will be stomach robbers at that. Then they will ring in twice as many men as they need, and lay us off half the time. so

that we just about even up on our board bill. Oh, I am onto their curves, all right."

"Then," I said, "if you know so much why did you come with us?"

"Well, if I know so much you just bet I know some more. I'll go one better. You watch my smoke."

He talked on with a wonderful vivid manner and an outpouring knowledge of life, so that I was hugely interested. Yet ever and anon an allusion of taste would betray him, so that at no time did I fail to see that his roughness was only a veneer. As it turned out he was better educated by far than I, a Yale boy taking a post-graduate course in the University of Hard Luck.

My reserve once thawed, I told him much of my simple life. He listened, intently sympathetic.

"Say," said he earnestly when I had finished, "I'm rough-and-ready in my ways. Life to me's a game, sort of masquerade, and I'm the worst masquerader in the bunch. But I know how to handle myself, and I can jolly my way along pretty well. Now, you're green, if you'll excuse me saying it, and maybe I can help you some. Likewise you're the only one in all the gang of hobos that's my kind. Come on, let's be partners."

I felt greatly drawn to him and agreed gladly.

"Now," said he, "I must go and jolly along the other boys. Aren't they a fierce bunch? Colored gentlemen, Slavonians, Polaks, Dagoes, Swedes—well, I'll go prospecting, and see what I can strike."

He went among them with a jabber of strange terms, a bright smile and ready banter, so that I could see that he was to be a quick favorite. I envied him for his ease of manner, a thing I could never compass. Presently he returned to me.

"Say, partner, got any money?"

There was something frank and compelling in his manner, so that I

produced the few dollars I had left, and spread them before him.

"That's all my wealth," I said smilingly.

He divided it into two equal portions and returned one to me. He took a note of the other, saying:

"All right, I'll settle up with you later on."

He went off with my money. He seemed to take it for granted I would not object, and on my part I cared little, being only too eager to show I trusted him. A few minutes later behold him seated at a card-table with three rough-necked, hard-bitten-looking men. They were playing poker, and, thinks I: "Here's good-bye to my money." It reminded me of wolves and a lamb. I felt sorry for my new friend, and I was only glad he had so little to lose.

We were drawing in to Los Angeles when he rejoined me. To my surprise he emptied his pockets of wrinkled notes and winking silver to the tune of twenty dollars, and dividing it equally, handed half to me.

"Here, says he, "plant that in your dip."

"No," I said, "just give me back what you borrowed; that's all I want."

"Oh, forget it! You staked me, and it's well won. These guineys took me for a jay. Thought I was easy, but I've forgotten more than ever they knew, and I haven't forgotten so much either."

"No, you keep it, please. I don't want it."

"Oh, come! put your Scotch scruples in your pocket. Take the money."

"No," I said obstinately.

"Look here, this partnership of ours is based on financial equality. If you don't like my gate, you don't need to swing on it."

"All right," said I tartly, "I don't want to."

Then I turned on my heel.

(To be Continued.)

Canada Gets the Box but Not the Socks

Pointing Out Some of the Reasons Why Canada Hesitates to Enter Into Conventions with the United States

By Arthur Conrad

IN that rollicking old song, which used to be whistled and sung by everybody some years ago, and which ended with the plaintive refrain,

"The Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go there any more,"

there occurred a verse that described the sad experience of a stranger in New York for the first time. Going down the Bowery, a glib-tongued salesman enticed him into a shop where goods were being sold at auction. A box of fine socks was put up.

"How much for the box?" cried the auctioneer.

The green countryman's bid was the highest and he paid the price. What was his dismay to find that he had been skillfully hoaxed, and instead of getting a box containing socks, an empty box had been palmed off on him. So he sings:

"I sold you the box, not the socks," said he.

"I'll never go there any more."

This adventure of the hero of the song on the Bowery affords a fairly good illustration of the way in which the United States politicians have been dealing with Canada and Great Britain, ever since the United States became a nation. In the drama of international diplomacy Canadians feel that the States have always played the part of the Bowery auctioneer, and

have on many occasions succeeded in selling Canada an empty box. Shrewd and clever such dealing may be, but there is very little to admire in it, and certainly the men who pursue such a policy are unworthy of esteem.

What makes the situation all the more to be regretted is that the relationship of Canadians and Americans as individuals is so close and friendly. Any one who has traveled through the United States and met Americans in their homes and in their places of business must have been struck by their sincerity, their geniality, their kindliness and their generosity. The real American people are probably the most fair-minded and open-hearted on the face of the earth.

But, unfortunately, the characteristics, which are so charming in the individual American, are wholly lacking among the average run of their politicians. They do not seem to carry into public life the same high sense of honor which they hold in private life. As a result, American diplomacy has been guilty in the past of questionable tactics and reprehensible double-dealing.

It must not be supposed, however, that in the negotiations between the two countries, which have occurred at frequent intervals, during the past century and a quarter, Canada and Great Britain have always been honor-

able and above-board. Even the generally impeccable British Government was at one time guilty of spending huge sums to bribe United States Senators, while the production of a false map and the suppression of a true map was all the villainy that could be laid to the charge of the Americans. Yet, this much may be said for the British side, that, when once a treaty or agreement was made, its provisions and its intent have been strictly adhered to by them. On the contrary, the United States has on many occasions, by virtue at one time of the supervisory power of the Senate, and at another of the sovereign rights of the individual states, overridden and made of none effect, agreements which were entered into by her accredited representatives, after long negotiations with the British and Canadian commissioners.

It is this fact, viz., that the American negotiators' work is subject to revision by the Senate and that ultimately state laws may be put into operation to annul the effect of treaties, that irritates Canadians so much and makes them timid about entering into any arrangement with their big neighbor to the south. Were they to feel that when their commissioners and the American commissioners in any negotiation met together and came to an agreement, that agreement would stand and be binding on both parties, the whole aspect of international politics would be changed very decidedly for the better.

There are not lacking many instances which may be brought forward to prove this contention. They will serve to show some of the difficulties with which Canadians have had to deal in the past, and will explain why many people in Canada are averse to entering into any further negotiations with the United States.

The Treaty of 1782 Was Flagrantly Violated.

The very first treaty made between the United States and Great Britain at the close of the War of Independ-

ence was violated in the most flagrant fashion by the United States. By Article V. of the Treaty of 1782, it was understood by the British negotiators that the estates, rights and properties of the Loyalists who had fled to Canada would be restored to them and that freedom to return to any part of the United States for this purpose would be accorded them. But this was never done. Property was not restored, nor were the Loyalists suffered to return to their old homes, without being subjected to all manner of indignities. This disgraceful treatment of thousands of men, who subsequently demonstrated their ability as nation-builders by laying the foundations of what is now the Dominion of Canada, has been a blot on the history of the American Republic, which will never be effaced. Had the provisions of the treaty been put into effect and the property of the Loyalists restored to them, the history of North America might have been very different from what it is to-day.

The fact of the matter is that the United States did not bind herself to restore the property of the Loyalists, however much her negotiators intended to convey the impression that such restitution would be made. There was a string to Article V. and the United States held it. This article did not state definitely that the property would be handed back; it said merely: "It is agreed that Congress shall earnestly *recommend* it to the Legislatures of the respective states, to provide for the restitution of all estates, etc." To recommend a course of action was very different from agreeing to it. Congress certainly did carry out its part of the agreement, and earnestly recommended the States to do their part, but the States simply laughed at the idea. They did not consider themselves bound by any such bargain.

This was the first instance where the sovereign states refused to adhere to an undertaking of the Union.

But if there was some excuse for the non-fulfillment of Article V., there was none for Article VI., which stipu-

lated "that there shall be no future confiscation made, nor any prosecutions commenced against any person or persons for, or by reason of the part which he or they may have taken in the present war, etc." This solemn obligation was violated with malice and premeditation.

Article IV., which "agreed that creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value in sterling money, of all bona fide debts heretofore contracted," was also ignored. When the British creditors, after the establishment of peace, sought to proceed in the state courts, they found the treaty unavailing, since those tribunals held themselves bound by the local statutes.

In referring back to this far-distant period, some allowance must necessarily be made for the feelings of revenge and passion which must have animated the revolutionists. They had thrown off British law, and it took them some time to evolve a new system. For the time being they were unrestrained, and national honor had not as yet taken form.

Surveying the course of diplomatic relations between the two countries, ever since the Treaty of 1782-83, it is apparent that the field is divisible into two distinct sections. In the first place, the settlement of the boundary line has exercised the attention of the people of both nations on several occasions, and has been the subject of arbitration and treaty. And in the second place, the establishment of reciprocal arrangements in trade and commerce has led to frequent negotiations between commissioners from the two countries. Of the first of these it is not the intention of the present article to deal at any length. If Canada has had grievances in the past with respect to her boundary, these can be attributed rather to Great Britain's desire to strengthen her friendly relationship with the United States by making concessions to her, than to any sharp practices on the part of the Republic. But under the second head-

ing, that of trade and kindred agreements, Uncle Sam has been repeatedly guilty of unfair tactics, which must have an important bearing on the future. The boundary line has been settled, but there will be many opportunities for trade negotiations in the years to come.

The Famous Treaty of Washington Disregarded.

Of all the treaties of the past, that of Washington, framed in 1871, has been the most disregarded by the United States.

This treaty, which provided for the creation of a tribunal to assess the damages inflicted by the famous cruiser "Alabama" and her sister ships during the war between the North and South, contained also some interesting provisions dealing with trade and commerce between Canada and the United States. One of the most notable of these was Article XXI., which provided, with one or two minor limitations, for the free importation of fish from one country into the other. The purpose of this article was plain enough; there could be no misunderstanding it. Yet there was a string even to this simple agreement. Four years later, Congress enacted that a duty should be imposed by the United States customs on cans or packages made of tin or other materials, containing fish. The amount of the duty was one cent and a half on each can or package. The imposition of such a duty, intended, no doubt, to prevent further free importation of fish, was a distinct violation of the spirit of the treaty, and was naturally resented by Canadians, who were allowing the uninterrupted importation of American fish into the Dominion.

In the case of another article of this same treaty, an equally reprehensible trick was played on Canadians by the United States Government. After considerable negotiation, the American commissioners secured for the people of the United States the continued use of the Welland, St. Lawrence, and other canals in the Domin-

ion. As a quid pro quo, the Government of the United States was to allow the use of the St. Clair Flats canal to Canadians on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the United States, and was further to urge upon the State Governments to secure for Canadians the use of the several state canals connected with the navigation of the lakes or rivers traversed by or contiguous to the boundary line.

Canada immediately complied with the requirements of this article, and all her canals were thrown open to American ships. But for a time no attempt was made by Canadians to make use of either the Erie Canal or the Champlain Canal, both of which belonged to the State of New York, and a feeling grew up that Canadian vessels would be prevented from entering them. In fact, this feeling became so pronounced that the subject of the navigation of these canals was taken up by the Canadian Government. The result was that the State of New York formally declared that there was no law which prevented the free navigation by Canadian vessels of the canals within that state.

So far, so good, but the United States Government held another string. Once more the Customs Department was made the instrument by Congress to prevent Canadian ships from enjoying the use of these canals, notwithstanding the fact that no obstacles were put in the way of the navigation of any Canadian canals by United States vessels. Congress enacted that all vessels arriving in the United States from contiguous territory on the northern frontier were obliged to make entry at the first port, and it further enacted that all vessels, not of the United States, which made entry, must unload where they made entry. These enactments successfully put a stop to the use of either the Erie or Champlain Canals by Canadian vessels.

When representations were made to the United States Government that this treatment was unfair, the reply was made that Article XXVII. of the

Washington Treaty did not specify that all the state canals were to be opened to Canadian ships, but only those connected with the navigation of the lakes or rivers traversed by or contiguous to the boundary line. It was held that the Champlain Canal was not of this class. Such a distinction was a very narrow one, and, in view of the fact that all Canadian canals are open to American ships and that the State of New York herself saw no obstacle to the navigation of the canal by British ships, the action of the United States Government was most unfair.

Attention was also given in the Treaty of 1871 to the bonding privilege. For instance, Article XXX. made it unlawful for British ships to transport goods from the ports of Chicago or Milwaukee to points in Canada, whence the goods would be railed through Canada and re-shipped in vessels destined to the ports of Oswego and Ogdensburg. This provision applied equally to British or American vessels, but, so far as the former were concerned, it was made of none effect by a regulation of the Customs Department, which required its collectors to refuse to issue clearance papers to Canadian ships proceeding to a Canadian port, with goods destined for an American port.

Some Other Examples of Unfair Tactics.

The Behring Sea arbitration of 1892 is still fresh in the minds of adult Canadians. An award was made on that occasion in favor of Great Britain covering claims for damages. Instead of paying up promptly, as did Great Britain in the case of the Alabama Award, the United States dilly-dallied for years until the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when, in a panic to retain the friendly support of England, she rushed her payment through. It is even a question whether all the damage claims have yet been liquidated, and on this point the Canadian Government could, if they would, throw some interesting

light. How different this behavior to that of Great Britain. An immense sum of money was paid over to the United States Government to cover damages inflicted by the Confederate warship "Alabama" and her consorts, and of this sum a large part still rests in the United States treasury, because no claimants have come forward to demand it.

While not directly affecting Canada, the Bond-Hay convention, entered into between Newfoundland and the United States, has a bearing on the subject of this article. In this case Premier Bond of Newfoundland, and Secretary Hay of the United States, came to an agreement on a treaty, which would settle differences between the two countries arising out of the fisheries. The parties to the agreement both secured what they considered the utmost concessions, the one from the other. In its final form the President of the United States expressed his agreement with the articles of the convention. In all fairness, the treaty should have been immediately ratified by both Governments. But what happened? The United States Senate took hold of the treaty, and, after expunging practically every stipulation in favor of Newfoundland, passed it over to the Newfoundland Government, and said in effect, "Take it or leave it." Newfoundland, under the circumstances, had little choice in the matter, and was virtually bullied into accepting it.

A somewhat similar state of affairs resulted in the case of the more recent Waterways Convention, entered into by representatives of the two countries to govern water power and kindred problems arising on the boundary. This convention was the studied work of experts, and was an eminently fair arrangement, agreed to, in its final form, by both parties. Canada was ready to accept it as it stood. But once again the United States Senate stepped in. A senator from Michigan, representing interests which would be prejudicially affected by the enforcement of the regulations proposed, sub-

stituted an amendment, and the Senate accepted the amended document. Rather than destroy the whole convention, Canada reluctantly consented to the change, but in so doing she considered herself most unfairly treated.

Warships on the Great Lakes.

Any article on international relationships between Canada and the United States would be incomplete without some reference to the vexed question of the maintenance of warships on the Great Lakes. Here another excellent illustration of the strange workings of U. S. politicians' minds is to be obtained.

On the 28th day of April, 1818, the then President of the United States, James Monroe, issued a proclamation which gave the effect of law to an agreement that had been drawn up in the previous year by representatives of the British and United States Governments, now known to fame as the Rush-Bagot Treaty. By this agreement, the naval force to be "maintained" by each Government on the Great Lakes was to be limited, on Lake Ontario to one vessel not exceeding 100 tons burden and armed with 18-pound cannon, and on the upper lakes to two vessels, not exceeding the same burden and armament. All other armed vessels on the lakes were to be forthwith dismantled, and "no other vessels of war" were to be "there built or armed." Six months' notice was to be given in case either party desired to terminate the agreement.

This now famous treaty was in reality the outcome of a fear on the part of the United States that Great Britain was going to increase its naval force on the Great Lakes. It was proposed by the United States, sanctioned by the United States, and received with applause by the United States at the time of its negotiation.

But what is the situation to-day? The nation which in 1815 was about to create a strong navy on the Great Lakes has stood by the Rush-Bagot

agreement and has practically no warships on the lakes, while the nation which in 1817 was so anxious to stop the construction of any warships at all, has in commission ten vessels, aggregating 8,000 tons. The six months' notice of the termination of the Rush-Bagot agreement has never been made by the United States, and yet she has practically ignored all her obligations under it.

If remonstrance were to be made, she would probably explain that, as her ten vessels were intended simply for training ships, the agreement had not been violated, and possibly, following the letter of the treaty, this is the case. But there can be no denying the fact that the United States has violated the spirit of a solemn agreement, which she herself was the first to propose, in bringing to the Great Lakes ten armed ships, capable in a few hours of annihilating Canada's entire lake traffic.

There are in Canada to-day many people who are strongly of the opinion that, in view of the way the United States has treated the Dominion for many years, the Canadian Government should refuse politely, but firmly, to enter into any further negotiations with the American Government. Notwithstanding, the course being followed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues is to be commended, but he should demand a provision in case any agreement be arrived at that the United States abide by the spirit, that there be no equivocation or mental reservation on the part of that country. He should make his demand public in order that the people of the United States have a chance to read a lesson to those of her political diplomats, who prefer the questionable methods of the Bowery, to the straight-forward business methods of the twentieth century.

Mr. Gladstone's Advice to His Sons

From Mr. Gladstone's Religious Life

IT is a shocking thing that many persons want, as they say, amusements, to kill time, and find their time hang heavy on their hands. How will they, when time is no more, contrive to kill eternity? How will that hang heavy on their hands! . . . It is quite right to be earnest in play, and whatever we do to try to do it well. But when play is made the business of life, and is so pursued, or so idolized, as to indispose us for work, it then becomes sin and poison.

We should deal with our time as we see in a shop a grocer deal with tea and sugar, or a haberdasher with

stuffs and ribands; weighing or measuring it out in proportions adjusted to that which we are to get for and by it.

Beware of taking kindnesses from others as matters of course. The heart well purged by humility is so deeply conscious of its unworthiness that to receive acts of kindness always excites some emotion of gratitude, of shame, of surprise, or all three together—of gratitude for the benefit, of shame upon thinking how ill it is deserved, of surprise that our brethren should bestow upon us what we so little merit.

The Lights of Jerusalem

By

Violet Jacob

A charming little romance of a railway fireman, who fell in love with a country maid, whom he used to pass daily on his run.

THE railway line between Worcester and Hereford runs along the foot of the Malvern hills; then, as their bold chain drops behind it, the train makes its way between successions of small fields, heavily hedged, of orchards and hop gardens, the former much in the majority; a green, cramped, fertile land full of suggestive corners, snug and a trifle sly. It has an intimate unheroic charm and a wealth of detail for appreciative eyes.

Joshua Gunn appreciated it, though he would have been at a loss to give reasons for his feeling, being a man of few words. His circumstances were not conducive to talk, for he was fireman on the engine of a Great Western train—a local train which ran between the two county towns. He, the engine-driver, and the guard saw more of that immediate stretch of country than any three men alive; but while Joshua looked out on it with pleasure, it scarcely existed for the other two. For the guard was a politician and read the Western Mail in his van, and the driver was indifferent to everything but his engine.

Gunn was a quiet, dark, young fellow of eight-and-twenty, with a reputation in the livelier part of his little world of being dull, for hardly anyone knew what his interests were or

what he thought about. He did his work well and interfered with nobody, and he lived, in company with a signalman, the only person with whom he was intimate, on the outskirts of Hereford town.

When the train had almost done its journey from Worcester it reached a spot at which the permanent way ran along an embankment, and here Joshua's loyal interest in the surroundings of his appointed course would culminate. No matter what were his duties on the engine, he would contrive to be free when the embankment came in sight and the green elevation swung itself into line as they rounded the curve preceding it. The young man would lean out, with the wind of their rush blowing on his dark face, and gaze down upon the picture which had captured his fancy.

Just at this spot, close under the embankment, one of the fields had merged itself with surprising abruptness into a small, thickly-planted orchard, and not twenty paces in from the beginning of the trees, was a tiny black-and-white-timbered cottage of two storeys, standing apart with the compact detachment of a doll's house. The apple-trees pressed up to within a few feet of its walls, their gnarled stems crowding thick about it like an escort round a state prisoner; and in

the dusk of their myriad leaves and branches its whitewash, crossed with black timbers, seemed to be glimmering through a green twilight. The windows were small, and looked even smaller and more secretive from the height at which Joshua saw them; and at either side of the worn stone threshold there stood, in summer, one of those tall orange lilies, called by the neighboring country folk, "The Lights of Jerusalem." To Joshua they were like two stiff golden angels guarding the door of this diminutive paradise of his imagination. He admired flowers and he knew many of their names; for the signalman with whom he lived had a plot of garden at the foot of his box which the fireman often envied him.

Through every change of season Joshua Gunn observed the little dwelling—under the leafless boughs of winter, in the ethereal greenery of spring, in the full-blown opulence of summer, in the time when the reddened apples burned round it like fiery globes; but the time when it pleased him most was at June's end, when the Lights of Jerusalem were kindled by its threshold.

For a long time it chanced that he saw no sign of life about the place, except the smoke stealing upward and a clothes-line stretched between two apple-trees; but one day as he leaned over the engine's side a girl was in the garden. She wore a large apron over her dress and her fresh face turned up as she shaded her eyes to look at the passing train. Her light hair shone in the sun. It happened that he saw her three times in one week—twice in the garden strip under the windows and once at the back of the house beside the row of beehives; and on the last occasion some impulse made him take off his cap and hold it above his head as the train ran by. The girl hesitated, and then made a timid sign of greeting with her hand; Joshua was near enough to see her face and the shy smile upon it.

That little ceremony had gone on for eight months. Sometimes the girl would be in the garden, sometimes at

the door. Sometimes she was not to be seen; but in any case the fireman would lean out and hold up his cap, for he could not know whether she might not be watching him go by from behind the diamond panes.

One day, when Joshua's engine had reached Hereford, it was sent back on the up-line in the interval between its two journeys to take a few trucks with a gang of workmen to the embankment. Some rails were to be unloaded, for there were repairs to be done at the spot above the orchard; and as the brakes were put on and the train slowed down the young fireman promised himself an idle half-hour in which he might see the timbered cottage at closer quarters. When the unloading was finished the engine and trucks were to go on to a siding a little farther forward while the rails were being stacked, and there steam would be shut off until it was time to return for the men.

The driver was a fat good-natured individual, averse to exercise, and Joshua knew that during his wait he would sit on the foot-plate and smoke, and that it would be a simple matter for himself to get leave to stroll back to the green banks. He would be able to get quite close to the orchard, perhaps to within speaking distance of his unknown acquaintance. His mind was full of the idea, and he considered over and over again how he should accost her and what he should say supposing that he had the courage to address her at all. Perhaps she might not come out of the house; perhaps she was absent. He had not seen her as he passed in the morning. He imagined a dozen obstacles to the meeting for which he hoped.

His heart beat a little as he neared the place, for he was a shy man. He had easily got the permission he wanted; but when he saw the smoke rise from the apple-boughs he had half a mind to turn back, and as he looked at the coal-dust on his hands he wished very heartily that stoking were a cleaner occupation. He reflected with dismay that the girl whose friendly



"SHE SHADED HER EYES TO LOOK AT THE PASSING TRAIN."

greeting had been the point of interest in his daily journeys for so long had never been near enough to him to know what an unattractive-looking fellow he was; and this estimate of himself disheartened him a good deal, because he did not guess how far it was from being a just one.

When he reached the embankment he stopped, his anticipations scattered to the winds. The one chance on which he had not counted had risen up to undo him.

The garden was full of people and the uniform hue of their garments gave him a sharp thrust of horror. They were black from head to toe, and they surrounded a dark object resting on rough trestles placed just outside the doorstep. It was evidently waiting for something, the sombre assembly that had descended like a swarm of devastating insects on this secret pleasure-ground of his own to blot out its beauty with their presence. The only spots of color were the bright Lights of Jerusalem, set like living torches beside the unpretentious pageant of death.

The young man stood on the bank looking blankly down, his hands dropped at his sides. He dared not go near to intrude upon the handful of mourners, though from over the hedge below the line he could have asked the question which tormented him. Details spring with an irony all their own to the minds of those in suspense, and he reflected that he need not have been concerned by his blackened coat or coal-stained hands. Everything was black now. The clang made by the rails as the workmen piled them in a heap sent a harsh note booming into the air.

Then his trouble lifted from him, for the cottage door opened and the well-known figure came out between the Lights of Jerusalem. She turned the key, putting it in her pocket, and her companions raised the coffin and carried it out of the garden.

As she followed them she looked up at the line, and, perhaps from habit, Joshua's hand went up to his

cap; and though he dropped it half-way, afraid, instinctively, to force his recognition upon her at such a moment, he saw her smile.

When the humble procession had passed out of sight he went back to the engine in a kind of dream. But it was a dream with a definite purpose. In three days it would be Sunday, a free day for him, because the local train did not run. He would start from Hereford and walk along the line to the cottage, a bare seven miles, and he would at last see and speak with this girl face to face. He could not know the exact nature of the catastrophe which had happened to her, but he understood that, in its grip, she had still held to their unspoken friendship, and that the tacit bond had emerged from it, a thing which present calamity had not been able to break. He scarcely knew what he meant to do when he should meet her, but he felt as if a gate had opened. And through the gate he would go.

On Sunday morning Joshua rose to find Hereford enveloped in the mist of coming heat, and at half-past eight he dropped on to the permanent way beyond the signal-box on the Worcester line to begin his seven-mile walk alongside the sleepers. He had shaved with particular care and had scrubbed himself till not a trace remained of the coal-dust of the week. He wore his dark-grey Sunday suit, and even the ill-made clothes could not take much attraction from his grave brown face or make his slight figure quite uninteresting, for the touch of reserve and refinement which kept him a little aloof from the rougher part of his kind showed through inferior tailoring and looked out of his observant eyes.

The metals stretched on into the quivering greyness of the hot day as he tramped along, and the sun climbed higher. On either side spread the green landscape of western England, rich and chequered. The ox-eye daisies were out at the sides of the line and the red sorrel and the clover; and above the round heads of the last, misty clouds of tiny butterflies hung like an

innocent miasma. It was almost 11 o'clock when Joshua reached his goal, and, descending the embankment, slipped through a weak place in the hedge and approached the cottage door.

The smoke still rose from the chimney, but there was neither sound nor stir within, and, having knocked unsuccessfully, the young man went into the orchard. The row of beehives was in its place, and as he stood looking at them and debating what he should do, the sound of a bell came to him through the hot air. He listened, smiling at his own stupidity. Of course—she was at church!

He hastened through the garden, followed the sound, and came out on a narrow country road. In front of him a stout woman was pressing forward, book in hand, with conscience-stricken haste, and in the wake of this unconscious guide he soon found himself at the lych-gate of a small square-towered church. The woman bustled through the churchyard and was lost in the deep shadows of the porch. The echo of her creaking boots filled it as she entered.

He followed her to the inner door, stepping like a thief, and peered in. The prayers had long begun, and his eye searched the kneeling congregation for the figure he wanted and stopped at a row of cross-seats facing the aisle on the hither side of the chancel arch. The girl was there; he could see her attentive profile above her book and her bright hair. He knew her at once, and her unrelieved black clothes confirmed the recognition. He drew back stealthily and went out into the churchward, for there was no vacant seat near the door.

It was a rather badly-kept place, for the canopies of the yew-trees shadowed groups of tombstones, ancient and grotesque, which stuck at many different angles from the coarse grass. As he turned to examine the church he noticed that a slab of stone jutted out from the wall, running along it like a bench. He sat down on it to wait as patiently as he could till the end of the service.

From inside the building came the drone of collective voices saying the Lord's Prayer, and soon after he heard the sound of the congregation rising. Suspense began to weigh on him, so he got up and wandered about, reading epitaphs with a half-mind that scarcely took in their significance. Then the organ began, and the words of the hymn carried him back to the house in the orchard.

"Jerusalem the golden," sang the voices; and at these words the two tall orange lilies by the doorstep rose before Joshua, who stood still, staring at the inner vision.

He awoke from his abstraction to see a black figure emerge quickly from the porch.

She was coming towards him, her eyes blind with tears. No doubt something in the service had upset her and she had fled, unable to control herself. Joshua was standing in the shade of a tree, but with the light of the blazing noon on her wet eyes she seemed not to see him.

He walked quickly forward and stood in her path.

"It's me," he said simply.

She stopped, drawing a long, quivering breath.

"I'm here," said Joshua. "It's me. I saw you from the engine."

Then he took her hand and led her to the stone bench. She went with him, unresisting.

He had not supposed that she was so pretty, for, though her eyes were swollen and her face blurred and marked by weeping, these things could not obliterate her good looks. But Joshua scarcely gave that a thought, nor did he realize for a moment how extraordinary his behavior might seem to her, considering that he was a stranger. The only thought in his mind was that she was in trouble and that, for some perfectly unexplained but imperative reason, she would cling to him. Her sobs slackened as he sat silent with his cap pushed back from his brow and his hand closed round hers, as if it were the most natural thing in the world; behind their backs,

on the inner side of the church wall, the sermon had begun and the parson's solitary tones were in monotonous possession.

She looked up at the young fireman with the confiding simplicity of a child.

"It were the hymn," she said at last, "'twas about Jerusalem, and I thought—I remembered—the Lights o' Jerusalem by the doorstep. I've seen them there all my life, but there'll be no more o' they for me, soon."

"You be going away, then?" asked Joshua.

She nodded.

"Father's dead," she continued. "He'd never left his bed for four years. I minded him. He couldn't see nothing but from the window where his bed were. But the interest he'd take! He'd call me in from the garden and ask how it was all looking, and how the birds were building, and about the currants and the flowers and the apples. He could tell the shape of every tree, though he hadn't seen them for so long. And he liked the trains too. He could just see you where he was lying, an' no more, when the train went by the white post on the bank. It made him feel a kind of cheery-like to know you were coming. "Twenty past eleven, Winnie." he'd say to me. "It's time for the engine."

"Then he knew me," said the young man reflectively. "Strange that I never thought of anyone else being behind the windows. I only thought about you and the Lights of Jerusalem when we came round the bend."

Inside the church the parson's voice had stopped, and a general stamping and rustling proclaimed the end of the sermon.

"I must go. They'll be coming out, and I don't want to meet them," said the girl, rising quickly.

"I'm coming with you," said Joshua.

They walked back hurriedly to the cottage, for the dispersed congregation was almost treading on their heels; and she told him, with a primness that was in odd contrast with their unconventional attitude, that she

did not want the neighbors to see her with a stranger so soon after the funeral. The road was empty, and they went along side by side talking as though they had known each other for years. He learned she was to leave her home at the end of the week and take service with the wife of a small innkeeper in Hereford.

"You must be going, or they'll see you," said she, as they stopped by the orchard.

They stood for a minute without speaking.

"I'll look for you going by to-morrow," said the girl; there'll be only a few days more now."

"But I'll be near you in Hereford," said he.

Her face brightened.

"My dear," said Joshua suddenly, "mind you this. I mayn't be the sort o' feller that's likely to please a girl, but I'm a man that'll wait—and I'm to be made a driver next year. You can't tell what it'll be like at the inn. Maybe you'll be happy, maybe not. But in any case I'm waiting. An' the first day you say "Come," I'll come for you. It's funny, but it seems somehow as if you belonged to me. Could you like me, do you think?"

"Oh, I do," she answered simply. "But you must be going. I hear them talking on the road."

They clasped hands, and he left her. But at the end of the garden he came back.

"Oh, Winnie!" cried the man who would wait, "you won't let it be long?"

"No," she said shyly.

"Promise," said Joshua.

"I promise."

Then he turned away, stepped through the hedge, and ran up the side of the embankment. At the top he stood, holding up his cap. She was smiling at him between the Lights of Jerusalem.

When his slim figure had vanished down the line she went into the house and, sitting down, hid her face in her hands.

But not to cry.

The Unfettered Mind

I THINK it was Robert Louis Stevenson who recommended that walking tours should be undertaken alone, to better cultivate a freedom of mind, so that it would be open to all impressions, "as a pipe for any wind to play upon."

There is no store so inviting, no office so alluring as the uncertainties of a quiet country lane, or the irregular course of a trout stream.

The true way to enjoy a vacation is first to surrender the notion of a definite programme or itinerary—let definite objects of accomplishment remain behind, locked in the office safe, where they properly belong.

Of all the forlorn, lonesome objects to be pitied, it's one of those dutiful tourists with a note-book, keeping a double entry system of hotels, routes and historic places to be seen—and if perchance he misses one object, his physical and mental systems are both out of balance.

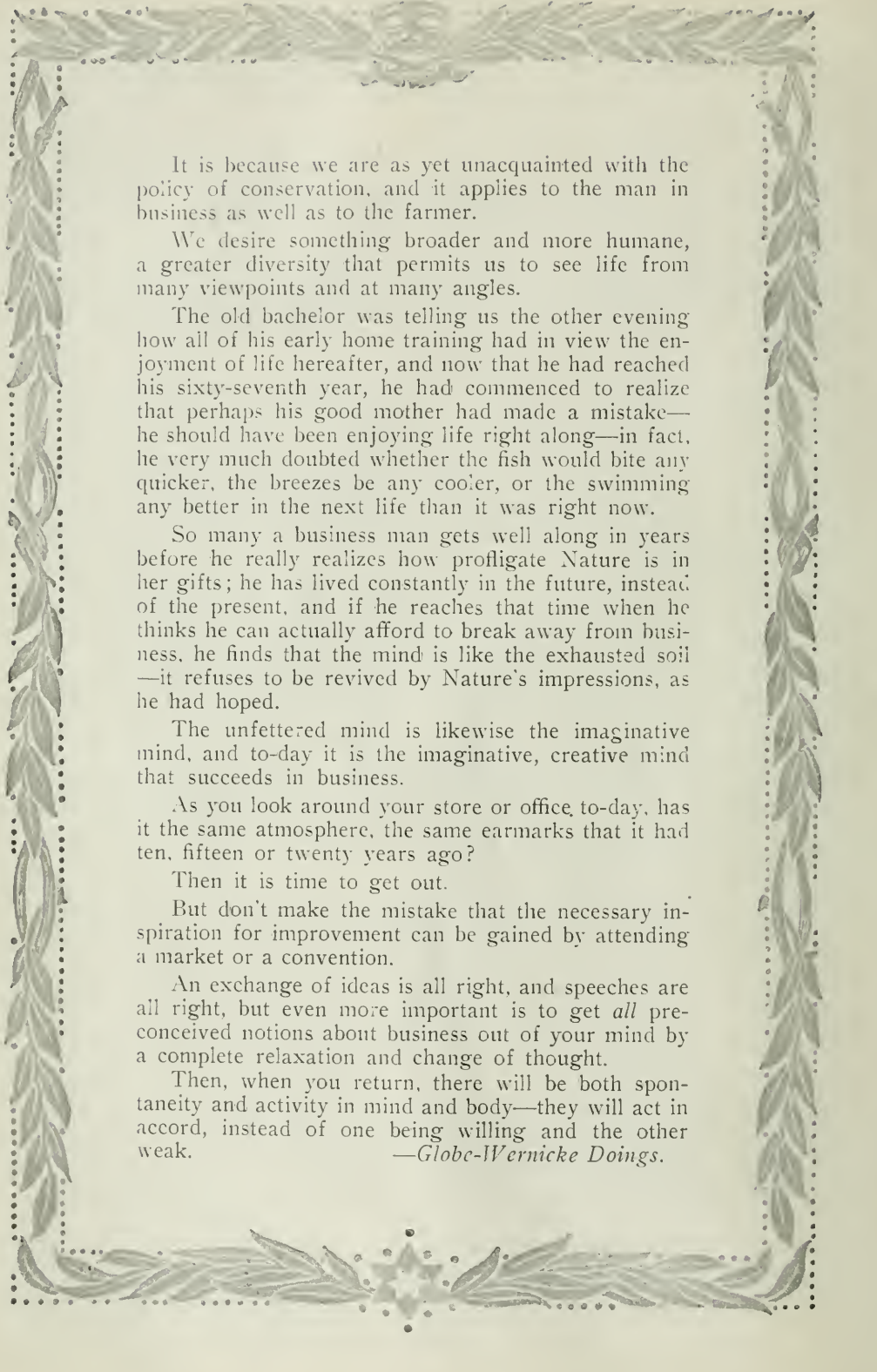
Have only a vague sort of notion where you are going, or what you intend to do.

Change your mind at a turn of the road, or, having found a safe retreat in some quaint inn, remain content, realizing that little pleasure can be found in restless moving.

One seldom has a chance to enjoy the quieting influence of shadows in an office, where it is either daylight or electric light continuously.

But out in the open country, where a fleecy cloud adds a deeper tone of green to some hillside, or a bit of sunshine stealthily flits across a forest pathway, betraying to your eye some timid bird or flower, then the mind becomes receptive to quieting and helpful impressions.

The man whose mind eliminates all thoughts of life other than business success is dangerously near losing most of the pleasure there is in living.



It is because we are as yet unacquainted with the policy of conservation, and it applies to the man in business as well as to the farmer.

We desire something broader and more humane, a greater diversity that permits us to see life from many viewpoints and at many angles.

The old bachelor was telling us the other evening how all of his early home training had in view the enjoyment of life hereafter, and now that he had reached his sixty-seventh year, he had commenced to realize that perhaps his good mother had made a mistake—he should have been enjoying life right along—in fact, he very much doubted whether the fish would bite any quicker, the breezes be any cooler, or the swimming any better in the next life than it was right now.

So many a business man gets well along in years before he really realizes how profligate Nature is in her gifts; he has lived constantly in the future, instead of the present, and if he reaches that time when he thinks he can actually afford to break away from business, he finds that the mind is like the exhausted soil—it refuses to be revived by Nature's impressions, as he had hoped.

The unfettered mind is likewise the imaginative mind, and to-day it is the imaginative, creative mind that succeeds in business.

As you look around your store or office, to-day, has it the same atmosphere, the same earmarks that it had ten, fifteen or twenty years ago?

Then it is time to get out.

But don't make the mistake that the necessary inspiration for improvement can be gained by attending a market or a convention.

An exchange of ideas is all right, and speeches are all right, but even more important is to get *all* preconceived notions about business out of your mind by a complete relaxation and change of thought.

Then, when you return, there will be both spontaneity and activity in mind and body—they will act in accord, instead of one being willing and the other weak.

—*Globe-Vernicke Doings.*

The Rails that Wrecked the Government

Describing the weary wanderings of a shipload of steel rails from Scotland, which, after wrecking a Government, have done duty on many a Canadian railroad.

By B. B. Cooke

THEY hit the old Premier over the head with a ship load of steel rails, and he died, politically—naturally. The Conservatives of Canada, figuratively speaking, dropped the said ship-load of rails down upon the head of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's administration, which began in 1874, but which ended, thus sadly, in 1878. It was crushing. They wrecked a government with it. They won the country with it—or a part of the country, at least, and they thought they had made that certain said ship-load of steel rails, famous forever and ever: and it might have been so had the public not been given subsequently other things, and more material things to remember.

This is merely the story of those rails. As a rule there is little romance about such ordinary affairs. In themselves, rails are uninteresting, save in this one instance, and perhaps one or two others, which we do not know at present, and which therefore do not matter. This, then, is a story of mere rails. Their political significance is neither here nor there, but since the Liberals are again in power in Ottawa they cannot resent the story, nor can the Conservatives who paved with them the path for the National Policy.

* * *

They were dumped first, thirty-three years ago or more, on the bank

of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the Lachine Rapids. They had come from Sheffield, England, in a little fat ship with a single-screw. To-day they are doing duty out near the Rocky Mountains, which goes to show that although their purchase helped embarrass the government, and although the public declared it a bad investment, they have outlasted thousands of tons of other rails which perhaps to-day could be purchased more cheaply, but which in the seventies would not have been put on the market by conscientious producers. These had been ordered for a part of the C.P.R. In fact, they had been purchased before they were needed, so much so that they lay patiently in the sun, the wind and the rain at the Lachine Rapids, and the rumour grew, despite the fact that the purchase price had been reasonable enough, that the Premier of Canada, Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, had allowed those rails to be secured in order to further the financial interests of a relative, one Charles Mackenzie, who was said to have been connected with the firm of Cooper, Fairmar & Company, rail contractors for the Government. The story may have been true. It may have been untrue, but either for the reason it ascribed or for some other reason, the ship-load of rails continued to repose where the vessel had left them, and continued to furnish the Conserva-

tives with the accusation against the Government that the rails had been bought unwisely.

They rusted. Warm-blooded Tories made pilgrimages to the rail-pile and scraped off little bagfuls of rust. Some, it is said, wore the little sacks as a charm against the Devil, and others, more practical-minded, loaned it as snuff to their Liberal fellow-citizens so that they might sneeze and wake to the error of their ways.

But in the meantime, the cargo was moved away. In those days of less complete communication it was a mystery for a time where the rails had gone. Certain citizens finally discovered them at Kingston and after that, after long rests and rusting intervals at each stopping-place, they were seen successively at the north-eastern end of the Welland Canal, at its southwestern end, and eventually on the banks of the Kaministiquia River, at Fort William. At each place they were made the object of Conservative pilgrimages, as to a shrine. At each place new bags of rust were collected and new proselytes from the cause of Liberalism were made. Mr. David Creighton, who is now the Assistant Receiving General for Canada, but who was then in Owen Sound, wrote a pamphlet concerning them. It was, subsequently, reprinted and distributed all over the country by the Montreal Gazette. It contained merely the facts, which, however, were turned to excellent account by the Tory generals. The public was taught to ask "What does the Government mean by spending our money on rails which cannot be used? Why were they purchased ahead of time? Why are they left to rust on the banks of the Kaministiquia River?" On the other hand the Mackenzie administration was taught the torture of nagging. It lay awake nights, and counted,— steel rails, steel rails that walked and talked and wore bandages like Marley's ghost,— steel rails that showed the rust eating into their sides and that cried out for justice and a decent burial.

And yet they have proved an excellent bargain. They are in service to-day. For in time they were used. Having assisted in the defeat of the Liberal administration, along with that slight question of Protection, they were put to work on the C.P.R. and have rendered unexcelled service. In the official history of the Canadian Pacific as set forth by Sir Sanford Fleming, there occur minute entries, every here and there in the record of contracts, referring to the transferring of certain rails, always the same rails. They were laid first between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, it is said. After that, it is recorded, that they were "loaned" to the Canada Atlantic and used there for a time. But in every case they had to be replaced eventually by heavier rails and were transferred elsewhere. The record of these transfers are contained in the list of C.P.R. contracts. From the Canada Atlantic the rails went to a section of line just beyond Winnipeg. From there they were moved to the line from Calgary to Edmonton. But only this past summer a railwayman, passing over that line, remarked to his companion on the end of the private car, that the historic steel had been removed; and upon enquiry it was learned that the light rails had been removed to be replaced by heavier steel. But they had not been discarded: instead they had been transferred to a new line near the foothills, where the traffic was lighter. And now, there they lie,—nice old rails, historic old rails. They wrecked Mackenzie, or helped to wreck him, thirty-three years ago, yet despite all the deterioration the Conservatives had marked in them and prophesied for them, there they lie near the foothills, wrecking nothing, but carrying passengers safely every day: still subject to the tender caresses of the section gangs and growing old and mellow under the wheels that carry immigrants, and railroadmen and politicians and others, alike to glory or defeat.

A Westerner's First Visit to the Theatre

The Extraordinary Behaviour of a Wealthy Scotch-Canadian at a Theatrical Performance in Winnipeg

By C. B. Lucas

THE curtain lumbered up slowly. Their sallow glow in expectation. The kerosene footlights cast up. The stringy orchestra carried on its conversation with the Muse in a lower tone of voice as the feet and then the skirt and finally the be-wigged head of the heroine was revealed under the edge of the soaring curtain to the audience.

Down in the front seat, among the crowd, in the old Winnipeg City Hall, three pair of broad shoulders leaned forward and three necks were craned in order that the trio might not miss the opening words of the play or the slightest move on the part of the heroine. One of the three leaned forward farther than the other two. His eyes beheld for the first time a world portrayed within a world. His ears for the first time were tickled by the blandishments of an orchestra, and he waited eagerly, like a boy. His name was McLeod, and he was Highland Scotch. He had lived from his sixteenth to his fifty-sixth year in what was then the wilderness of western Canada.

This is merely an incident concerning a man who saw a play for the first time. Thousands of men—those who have not been initiated as children—have perhaps had the same ex-

perience, and this, the experience of McLeod, would not be remarkable had it not been McLeod, or a man of McLeod's type that went through it. Other men feeling as he did would have manifested it in different ways. McLeod had his own way.

As a lad of sixteen years he had been consigned from the nearest port to Mr. Donald Smith, of the Hudson's Bay Company. He had come to Canada by what was then "the back door." He had crossed the Isthmus of Panama and, taking ship on its western side, had sailed to Vancouver. He had worked hard in the new country. He had grown as large as a Buffalo and as strong. At twenty he knew nothing of the world of cities; his world was the then unpopulated prairie and Rocky Mountains. His Monarch was the Hudson's Bay Company. In the back of his head he probably had some faint recollection of the misty Scottish hills, and his tongue still curled lovingly around the Gaelic. To him the earth seemed peopled with fellow pioneers who played at nothing, pretended nothing and knew nothing at all about "play-acting."

At the time of the Canadian Pacific Railway's construction across the plains, certain railway contractors found their way from the East and

happened upon McLeod, who was just then busy operating a line of freight wagons into the interior of the country. He and they became friends and so it happened that with them he travelled into Winnipeg to see "the World." They had taken him to the theatre and had seated him between them.

The villain and the heroine occupied the stage. The climax of grief was about due to arrive. The man in the dyed whiskers was trying to escape his honorable engagements. He was talking to the girl. Little by little she was beginning to see what he meant and with the denouement was to come the climax and the end of the scene. The perfidy would lie revealed, and the lady would weep.

Meanwhile McLeod leaned forward. He had forgotten that it was a mere play. He was, he felt, witnessing a real story in life. He was interested in the Scotch girl who was being treated so shamefully by the villain. His wrath grew, and when finally, the climax came and the villain was about to depart, the Scotchman reached suddenly for a weapon

with which to avenge the girl, but his hand found nothing.

"Mac an diabhail!" he cried,—which, being interpreted, means Son of the Devil, "Mac an diabhail!" and reaching down he pulled off his heavy top-boot and brandished it over the heads of the audience toward the stage.

They rescued him in time. He did not throw the boot. But he might have thrown it had his two companions not held his arms. He left the theatre disgruntled and for awhile threatened to wait for the villain outside the stage door.

He is used to theatres now. He is now one of the West's rich men. He has a great house and a wife and children. He is the dictator of a Board of Trade and arbiter of the destiny of many a section of land, and the wheat thereon. But in the old days, as a Hudson's Bay man, he would have argued with you that such land could not be made to grow good wheat. But that was before his emancipation, in the time when he could not easily understand how the histrionic villain might be the sainted father of a large family off the stage.

The Test of To-day

There is no hardship ahead of us in life that may not be made easier by our doing the hard thing of to-day with unflinching faithfulness. And every hardship that lies ahead will be the harder to meet by any failure of ours in to-day's test. This day's testing and trial are sure to be severe. It probably seems unfairly so. It may be the hardest we have ever yet known. It is sure to seem dull, and unattractive, and utterly lacking in those elements of picturesqueness or

heroism or adventure that seem to mark the achievements of the world's great victors. But that is what makes it hard to the point of being worth while. And here is another reason for taking up its challenge manfully: "For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off." How we ought to rejoice that there is something close at hand that is big enough to test us but not big enough to break us?—*Great Thoughts.*



LORD CHIEF BARON CHRISTOPHER PALLES
Ireland's Grand Old Man

Ireland's Grand Old Man

By

The Editor of Green Bag

SOME years ago Mr. Justice Grantham was on circuit in Liverpool, and happening to have some leisure crossed to Dublin and visited the Four Courts there. This English judge might have learned something from Irish wit and wisdom. He, however, wrote a letter to the *Times*, not to express his admiration for his learned brethren, but his surprise at their having so little to do. Comment is unnecessary. Ireland is not a commercial country, and the legal business of all Ireland is small in amount when compared with the legal business of London alone. It is not the amount of Irish litigation, but the intellectual output of bench and bar in

Ireland, which is so remarkable. Great as have been the services of Ireland to the British Army, those services have been excelled by her services to English law as administered both in England and Ireland. Lord Russell, of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, began his career as a solicitor in Belfast.

The late Lord FitzGibbon (the friend of Lord Randolph Churchill), an Irish judge, was one of the wisest and wittiest of men. The House of Lords (as final court of appeal) is composed of the Lord High Chancellor (Lord Loreburn) and of four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary,—Lords Macnaghten, Atkinson, Collins and

Shaw. Three of them are Irishmen, and if Lord Loreburn is a Scotchman, as Lord Shaw undoubtedly is, England is unrepresented in its final court of appeal.

Lord Collins, late Master of the Rolls in England, is the son of an Irish K.C. Lord Macnaghten is generally recognized as the judge whose law and whose language are equally sound and clear. Although Lord Macnaghten is descended from Sir Alexander Macnaghten, who fell fighting for James IV. of Scotland on the field of Flodden, his family has since become Irish, and he is an Antrim man.

Lord Atkinson was a member of the Irish bar, and an Irish M.P. before he became a Lord of Appeal. It is not, however, with these eminent Irishmen that the present article deals but with another Irish lawyer, who is the greatest judge that has ever sat in an Irish court of justice.

Where two or three Irish lawyers are gathered together, and any question arises as to who is the greatest living Irish legal luminary, there can be no doubt as to the name that will unanimously be given. It will be that of the Right Hon. Christopher Palles, Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer in Ireland since 1874. Prior to his appointment he had filled the posts of Solicitor and Attorney General for Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's government (1872-74). This appointment was therefore a political appointment. If you had searched over the British Empire, you could not have found a man better fitted than he is for the highest judicial office. He is a man worthy in all respects to have sat, as the third member of an ideal court of justice, with Mansfield and with Marshall. The most critical would have found it difficult to decide which of these three men was *primus inter pares*.

Chief Baron Palles is a Catholic, and was a Liberal. He was never a Home Ruler. It is not fitting for a British or Irish judge to have any politics. Only poor lawyers remain

politicians on the bench. When the Chief Baron mounted the bench, his politics (sane and sensible as they were for a practising barrister) dropped off him, like the mantle of the prophet. We believe that the well-known moderation and reasonableness of the Chief Baron's views had something to do with his being selected for the honorary degree of D.C.L. by the University of Cambridge. Palles, although a Catholic, is a loyal Trinity College (Dublin) man. As the title of Chief Baron has been abolished by statute, he is "the last of the Barons." With one possible exception, he is the most distinguished judge on the British bench. When at Trinity College, he took the degree equal to that of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. He is *par excellence* a mathematician, like those ex-Lord Justices Romer and Stirling (whom we have lost from the English Court of Appeal), and Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton (whom we happily have still with us, in the Court of Appeal), all of whom were Senior Wranglers. How has Chief Baron Palles acquired his gift of eloquent English? If an Englishman is judicially eloquent, he has probably acquired his aptitude by years devoted to translating Latin at sight into idiomatic English. It was thus that the first William Pitt taught the second William Pitt how to address the House of Commons. The explanation for the Chief Baron's mastery of English is that he is an Irishman. It is natural for him to express his argument in luminous and forcible English.

It is one of life's little ironies that the less deserving are so often promoted to the higher place. Mr. Justice Buller served under Lord Chief Justice Kenyon. It is commonly reported that before Lord Salisbury's government in 1889 rewarded their then Irish Attorney-General by making him permanent head of the Irish judicial system, they consulted the Chief Baron as to whether he objected to the appointment, and, with that

forgetfulness of his own merits which some great men possess, the Chief Baron did not demur. As a consequence of his modesty, Sir Peter O'Brien became the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

Not that the redoubtable "Peter the Packer" (a nickname Sir Peter acquired from his alleged skill in "packing" juries, when he was a law officer of the Crown) is an ordinary man. Far from it. He is a nephew of the late Mr. Justice O'Brien, who tried the Phoenix Park assassins of Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish with bursts of eloquence that would have been called extraordinary in any country but Ireland. Lord O'Brien has no small share of his late uncle's wit and fire, but his merits are intel-

lectual and personal, rather than judicial. The Chief Justice and the Chief Baron rarely sit together in the same court, though they are both *ex-officio* members of the Irish Court of Appeal. Sir Peter has become Lord O'Brien of Kilfenora, while Christopher Palles has received no further honor from the Crown, save that he has been sworn in a member of the Privy Council both in England and Ireland (a coveted distinction). We have called him a great man, and would apply him the words spoken of another great English lawyer, who never reached the bench: "If a lawyer can be a great man, Christopher Palles is a great man; for we do not know anything that a lawyer can do which he cannot do."

Discreet Loafing

Great Thoughts

NO one has spoken a better word for discreet loafing than Stevenson in his delightful "Apology for Idlers." "Extreme busyness," he says, "whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity." The great workers have preserved their capacity for great loafing. Luther's life was full of toil, but held in mental and spiritual balance by periods of recreation; when, throwing dull care away, he romped with his children. The companions, on his holidays, of great-souled and serious-minded Henry Drummond, report him as an accomplished and graceful idler. It was when the throng was pressing him, when there was sick to be healed and sinners to be saved that the Master said to his disciples, worn by their

toil, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while."

The emphasis in our time is laid upon the life of action rather than on that of meditation. Men are under a sort of nervous compulsion of accomplishing results. Unless they are doing something they feel themselves to be wasting time. It may be one reason why, although we are continually producing more captains of industry, there is a dearth of poets or of prophets. The world is overwhelmingly with us. We are too busy to

Have sight of Proteus rising from
the sea,

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn.

The cultivation of a large, free, kind of leisure in which the sweeter voices may speak to us and the finer visions be revealed is a part of our Christian privilege in vacation days.

The New Recruit

A Tale of the Boy Scouts

By

W. Pett Ridge

THE boy looked up and down the street anxiously, stood on tiptoe to see the time by the church clock, and clicked his tongue to indicate annoyance. From the side street that communicated with the main road, where a notice promised that electric tram-cars would stop if required, a matronly woman came carrying a baby on one arm; a heavy round tin box, held by the other hand, banged against her knees. All signs of irritation slipped from the boy's features; he ran across.

"What you mean?" demanded the woman, stopping to answer his question. "What are you driving at? What's the idea of making the offer? Come on; let's hear from you."

"I simply suggested it," he explained deferentially, "seeing that you were overloaded and that I had nothing particular to do."

"If I'd got a third hand," she said with heat, "I'd use it to box your ears. Do you think for a single moment that I should trust a child of mine to a mere boy like you?"

"That was my idea, ma'am."

"Now I consider the matter over," remarked the woman, looking at him interestedly, "I can begin to see daylight. You're one of these kidnapers, that's what you are. You're one of the lot that steal a poor woman's only child and pass it off as one of your

own. I've read about your set in the Sunday papers. It's all right, dearie," she went on, addressing the infant. "The ugly little boy shan't touch you. You're safe with your mumsey-pumsey."

The boy, catching sight of the baby's face, felt compelled to make some statements in his own defence; he added some criticisms on the child's appearance. The woman set down the tin box and started to run; age and weight were in his favor, and he was out in Upper Street and across the road, hidden by passing traffic, in something like record time. There he walked Highbury way, looking about him. An old woman was bringing shutters out of a laundry shop, and he asked if he could lend a hand; she accepted the offer graciously, but the board slipped as she took it, and in sending him off she bewailed the fact that her one special and particular and favorite corn should always be the object of the world's clumsy attention. He turned down Cross Street.

"What you a-gazing at?" inquired the young man, defiantly. "Can't I be trying to undo the wire of my own area gate but what you must needs fix your eyes on me?"

"Thought perhaps I could help," he said.

"If I can't untwist it," said the other, "it's a very sure thing you won't

be able to. Run along home, and ask your mother to remind you to say your prayers."

"If I can assist you in any way—"

"I'll assist you," he said, with truculence, "if you don't be off and leave me in peace. Wait a minute, though. Perhaps, after all, you might be able to make yourself useful for once. There's no one about; do you think you could get over these railings for me—I'd do it myself, only I had a fall not long since and hurt me ankle—get over these railings and slip down there and open the door and find something that will break this thick wire."

"Why not go in at the front door?"

"A fair question," admitted the young man. "I don't go in at the front door because I haven't got the key. My people went off to Walton-on-Naze this afternoon. Do you know Walton-on-Naze? A pity! Go there whenever you get a chance. Rare bracing place for a slip of a boy like you. As I was saying, they went off yesterday—"

"Yesterday or this afternoon?"

"What on earth," demanded the youth, angrily, "has it go to do with you when they went? They've gone; that's good enough for your purpose. And they ought to have sent me the key and they didn't. Now, then, if you've quite finished talking, over you get, and look sharp about it."

The boy required help, and this was readily given; he stood on the top ready to jump down when a bass voice close to them inquired what was being done. "Sergeant," explained the young man promptly, "this little chap tells me he lives here, and, neighborly like, I've been telling him to get in because the gate's fastened. Whether he's telling the truth or not, Heaven only knows; all I can tell you is that he tells me he—" The statement being repeated with emphasis, the constable put questions to the boy; put more questions to the young man; decided, at the end, that it looked extremely fishy, declared he could not bring himself to believe either. His

recommendation that they should make themselves scarce with all despatch was accepted.

The boy had reached his own street, desolate and perturbed, when he found himself attracted by an elderly figure endeavoring to mark the wall with a piece of chalk. He crossed to gain more complete information, and the old gentleman asked him rather indistinctly whether this was Harrow Street. Yes, Harrow Street it was. Then why wasn't the name up? The name was recorded, answered the boy, on the other side of the way. The bemused old man said this was not good enough; the name ought to be on this side.

"Don't you trouble about that, Mr. Emslie; I'll see you home if you like."

The other urged that, first of all, they should see everything was correct and in order. A slave to accuracy, for the moment, he insisted on completing his task of chalking the title of the street on the wall so that he might feel certain this was Harrow Street, and the inscription finished, tumbled into the boy's arms and said sleepily, "Goo' night all, Go' bless you, don't be late in the morning." It was only with considerable trouble and great determination that the boy succeeded in lugging him along; no one else was about to assist, and the old gentleman here and there collapsed in the manner of a half-filled sack, and had to be lifted and shaken, and once more dragged. The door of No. 8 was open; the boy, nerving himself for a last effort, headed his charge into the passage, propped him against an aged hat-stand, opened the door of the room and looking in saw that the only occupant was fast asleep on the bed with one of her arms hanging down at the side, her straight grey hair on the pillow. He brought Mr. Emslie in, and with a sigh of relief dumped him into the armchair.

A boy with a home-made model aeroplane that seemed willing to do everything but fly, engaged his attention in the roadway, and the two gave time to the task of discussing the rea-

sons of its failure. There ensued some argument in regard to the correct pronunciation of the names of certain foreign experts, and in the tussle the model was broken, and the two parted on the worst possible terms. Consequently, the boy entered his mother's house slightly out of temper, his attitude one of reserve. Called to supper, he ate this quietly, responding without superfluous words to the inquiry whether there was anything fresh on the newspaper placards.

"Lay I know something you've forgotten to do," said his mother, rallying.

"Then you must be cleverer than what I am."

"You've forgotten," she went on, "clean forgotten one of the principal

rules that you agreed to obey when I let you join the Boy Scouts."

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to explain."

She did so, and he answered composedly that the one good turn for each day had been duly performed; he gave the case of Mr. Emslie with full details.

"And you took him to No. 8, did you?"

"An hour or so ago. Isn't that good enough to be reckoned?"

"Quite!" she agreed. "Only that, as a matter of fact, the poor old gentleman's proper number is eighteen!"

He considered the question in unlacing his boots. "Another time," he said, thoughtfully, "p'raps I'd better look out for an opportunity a bit earlier in the day!"

Grasp the Whole of Life

Let there be many windows in your
soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow
pane.
Of one poor creed can catch the
radiant rays
That shine from countless sources.
Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the
light
Pour through fair windows, broad
as truth itself
And high as heaven. . . . Tune your
car
To all the wordless music of the
stars
And to the voice of nature, and
your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness as
the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand un-
seen hands
Reach down to help you to their
peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firma-
ment

Shall fortify your strength. Be
not afraid

To thrust aside half-truths and
grasp the whole.—*Anon.*

The conditions of conquest are
easy. We have but to toil awhile,
endure awhile, believe always, and
never turn back.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

What's left undone to-day,
To-morrow will not do;
Waste not a day in vain digression
With resolute, courageous trust,
Seize every possible impression,
And make it firmly your possession;
You'll then work on because you
must.—*Goethe.*

Man is his own star, and the soul
that can

Render an honest and a perfect
man

Commands all light, all influence,
all fate;

Nothing to him fails early or too
late.

Our acts our angels are, or good
or ill,

Our fatal shadows that walk by us
still.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Is Canada in Danger of Invasion?

The Oriental Menace

By

L. W. Makovski.

IT would be amusing were it not pathetic to read some of the numerous articles in the American papers regarding the wonderful opening in Manchuria for American trade. With an overweening self-confidence, which is based on ignorance, and which in the United States passes muster as courage, the American people are told time and again that the trade of Manchuria and incidentally of China can be pocketed by their merchants if only Washington preserves a stiff-necked attitude in face of Japanese aggression. Columns are written on the wonderful diplomacy of Secretary Knox, the necessity for American participation in this or that loan, the enmity that China has for Japan and the friendliness the former has for everything American. Now and again a western paper will scare its readers by asserting that Japan is deliberately preparing for war with the United States. Latterly the idea that Japan should make a special treaty with Russia has been stigmatized as a deliberate blow at American interests, while at other times figures are given showing the value of Japanese imports from the United States and the commercial preponderance of the two nations in the Pacific.

It is easy to distinguish from the tenor of these very variegated articles

that America is anxious to fathom the future of the Pacific and has no definite policy to pursue but trusts largely to chance to extricate her from a position which is gradually becoming untenable. By taking over the Philippines from Spain and annexing the Hawaiian Islands she light-heartedly plunged into an Imperial policy without in the least reckoning its cost. At that time American statesmen deluded themselves into imagining that the future of the Pacific lay in their hands, and ignored the cloud on the north western horizon which was then no bigger than a man's hand. The Russo-Japanese war and the Anglo-Japanese treaty suddenly brought the cloud into the clear sky of American diplomacy and ever since then her statesmen have had to play a game in which bluffs were called with unflinching regularity and Japan held hands which proved winners all the time. In all her dealings with other nations America had found bluff a fine basis for negotiation and it annoys and irritates her to be called upon to put down her hand when it consists of nothing but a four flusher.

The magnificent reception accorded the American battleship fleet on its arrival in Japan was considered a hopeful sign, until it was discovered that Japan was unfeignedly glad to be

able to judge of its weakness first hand. The "melancholy spectacle" of sixteen battleships escorted by a fleet of British colliers must have excited the risibility of the Japanese, who, however, were far too courteous to allow their smiles to be seen. From the commercial point of view the failure of the Hill Line of steamers, trading from Seattle to Japan, to make a living, and the slow progress, if it can be called progress, of the Pacific Mail has tallied with the quick and profitable development of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. A series of articles entitled the "Valor of Ignorance," written by General Homer Lea, in Harper's Weekly, exposed the terrible weakness of America on the Pacific coast and drew much criticism on the patriotism of their author, though no expert has ever been able to dispute their logic. But the constantly reiterated expressions of friendship for America emanating from Japan and the pooh-poohing of war scares have served as a sop to America's pride in spite of the fact that the sop is thrown by Japan and can be withheld at any time.

Some three and a half years ago it was confidently asserted throughout Canada that America would act with Canada in resisting the influx of Japanese coolie labor. It was a natural assertion seeing that much of the trouble arising from that influx was engineered by American labor organizations on the Pacific coast. If Canada could be drawn into the game it was supposed that Great Britain would stand by Canada, and Japan would not act against the interests of her ally. For the time being the move met with success and Japan made arrangements limiting the emigration from her shores to the Pacific coasts of North America. This limitation was hailed as a triumph for Canada in spite of the fact that it might have been obvious, to any but those gifted with the most childlike faith, that such an arrangement would not have been possible but for the relationship of Canada to the British Empire, and

consequently to the value of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. In the last year this relationship has been emphasized by the agitation regarding a Canadian navy which, with a fine disregard for the advice of the British Admiralty regarding the definition of a fleet unit, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has decided shall be nothing but an expensive toy. To any student of the question, who is not blinded by purely domestic considerations, the crux of the naval question as far as Canada is concerned lies in its value to the Pacific coast. In other words a Canadian navy that could not combine with Australia and New Zealand and which was cut off by the Pacific ocean from the British base at Singapore must remain, unless of great strength, a mere spectator of events that would most vitally concern not only Canada but the Empire. The insistence of the Conservative party in advocating a cash contribution to the British navy was valueless owing to the fact that its leaders were either afraid or ignorant of the true situation. The only reason for Canada contributing a Dreadnought, or even two, was owing to the defencelessness of the Pacific coast and the necessity of uniting with Australia and New Zealand in preparing for the future which as surely as the sun rises must one day be faced courageously.

There is absolutely nothing unfriendly to Japan in making such preparation. Japan is making, as best she can, provision for events that nature is forcing upon her, and that other nations should make similar provision entitles them to her respect rather than to her unfriendliness. Both Canada and America speak of the future of China as something which will lead to a vast expansion of international trade. Japan is fully aware of this and undoubtedly would gladly work with America and Canada and share with them the profits of such expansion were she not forced to remember that neither Canada nor America admit that she is on an equal plane with them. The white race looks on itself as something half di-



ESQUIMAULT HARBOR

Canada's Naval Headquarters in British Columbia

vine, predestined by a benign Providence to exploit the vast riches of the Orient, and Japan can hardly be blamed for stigmatising its divinity as something very human and very objectionable, when it carries with it the proviso that the white race may interfere in the Orient but that the Orient shall not interfere in the Occident.

Laying aside, however, for the moment all question of race it may be possible to examine the subject from the economic viewpoint and thus, to some extent, elucidate what is after all the most serious problem of the next decade. To begin with it will be as well to examine the situation geographically.

If Japan be taken as the centre of a circle with a line to the Hawaii Islands as a radius the circumference of the circle thus drawn will enclose the Bering Sea, all the Aleutian Isles, and the tip of the Alaskan peninsula in the north, Samoa, Fiji and the Philippines and the greater part of Australia in the south and south-west. This would be for practical purposes a radius of about 3,500 miles.

If Vancouver be taken as the centre of a similar circle the 3,500 mile radius would make a circumference that would enclose the Bering Sea, Alaska and Hawaii.

The circumferences thus drawn will show at once the position of Japan and its relation to the Pacific ocean. Tactically speaking, with the exception of Hawaii, the Pacific coast of America is still further than the Pacific coast of Canada from the points mentioned as being enclosed by the circumference, based on Japan as a centre.

The Pacific coast of the white races, that is the territory inhabited and colonized by them to the practical exclusion of colored people is as follows.

	Sq. Miles.	Pop.
California	158,360	1,485,053
Washington	69,180	518,103
Oregon	94,560	413,566
Alaska	590,804	30,507*
<hr/> U.S. Total	<hr/> 912,904	<hr/> 2,447,229

*Alaska has a total population of about 63,000, of whom about 30,000 are whites.

	Sq. Miles.	Pop.
British		
Columbia	383,000	300,000
Australia	2,972,573	3,767,443
New Zealand . . .	104,751	815,862
	<hr/>	<hr/>
U.S. and British		
Total	4,373,228	7,330,534

The above figures are taken from the last American census in 1902 with the exception of the British Colonies which are as nearly up-to-date as possible. In round figures Australia and New Zealand may be reckoned as containing 5,000,000 people.

The Philippine Islands contain 128,000 square miles, and have a native population of about 7,000,000, of whom a large part are Chinese.

Hawaii contains 6,538 square miles, with a population of 153,727, of whom no less than 61,000 are Japanese and 25,000 Chinese.

Both these territories are under the military control of America.

To sum up, the white races possess, exclusive of Hawaii and the Philippines, which may be reckoned as held by the sword, 4,373,228 square miles, bordering on the Pacific ocean, inhabited by about 7,500,000 people.

Japan contains 147,655 square miles and is inhabited by about 50,000,000 people, over half of whom are males.

China proper contains 1,532,420 square miles, and is inhabited by over 407,253,000 people.

From the Japanese point of view, therefore, the white race dominate about 27 times as much territory, with a population one-seventh as great as their own, and the greatest part of that territory comes well within the radii of their tactical positions in the Pacific. Truly, the position is extraordinary when looked at from the eastern point of view.

The economical point of view is still more extraordinary when it is realized that the white races refuse the Japanese emigrant admission to

these enormously wealthy and sparsely-populated areas, giving as their reason for such refusal that the Japanese emigrant lowers the standard of living. Even if the area of Australia be reduced by one-half, owing to the interior being incapable of supporting human life (which, by the way, is doubtful, if racial characteristics be taken into account), economically the problem is unaffected thereby. For with Japan it would be perfectly reasonable to reckon China and even India as being excluded from these lands which are held by the white race and closed to the colored.

Briefly, then, we are face to face with a problem which has for its basis the well-defined policy of excluding from very much under-populated areas the natural trend of emigration from over-populated and over-cultivated lands. In the under-populated areas lie untouched immense natural resources, which, if used properly, would add very greatly to the wealth of countries, which are, when compared to the wealth of the white man's lands, poverty stricken. There is no doubt whatever that the Hindus, Chinamen and Japanese could produce enormous wealth, both agricultural and mineral, from these areas, which would add tremendously to their industrial growth and make them very serious competitors to the domination of European and American manufactures.

As long as the colored races were content to remain in a state of what we called barbarism, the problem was not serious, but to-day Japan is admitted to the comity of nations as a first-class power, and there is no denying that her civilization is fully equal, if not superior in many ways, to that of the white man. Japan is no longer content; the Japanese merchant and statesman has proved himself able and willing to compete with the white man and to defeat him in peace as well as war, and the Japanese nation to a man has learnt the value of western methods of business and industrialism and have applied to their own

country the methods of the Occident. The Japanese system of education is every whit as good as the German, which is putting it on the highest plane possible, and the spirit of the nation is a model for all the rest of the world to marvel at. There is no denying these facts, the question is how is the white race going to face the future? Supposing for one moment the races changed places, would the white race allow the colored to exclude it from the immense natural resources of which the colored made no use? There can be but one answer to that question, and it is, NO.

English statesmen have for years foreseen this natural development and in every way possible have endeavored to anticipate the inevitable. They have tried to turn Indian emigration into East Africa, and are to-day encouraging the Hindu settler more than the white. Why? For the simple reason that they have realized long ago that Providence has set apart certain lands for certain races, and that to expect the white man to develop countries situated as is East Africa, is like making use of horses to do dogs' work.

But we in Canada shut our eyes to anything unpleasant. We refuse to study any problem that does not have for its solution the adding of so many dollars and cents to our personal coffers. The man who is engaged in the lumber business has no time to take thought of the agricultural, except as it touches his own particular market; the man that manufactures boots in the east does not care a shoe lace whether a white man or colored buys those shoes in British Columbia; all he cares about is the number of shoes he can sell. The laboring man of the west does not care about anything at all except to get as much money as possible for the work he does. He anxiously watches the Provincial Governments to see that nothing is done to increase competition, and thus decrease the power of his unions. It is all very natural and quite understandable. The dollar-mark is our standard of civilization.

Yet here is a problem which is most formidable, and one that must be faced within the next few years. In 1915 the Anglo-Japanese treaty expires and it is extremely doubtful if Japan will renew it. It is extremely doubtful if any nation situated as Japan is would renew it under the circumstances, for it is the one thing that stands between her and these sparsely-populated lands, which she, with cheap labor, could make immensely profitable. The plain fact is, that the wealth of these lands developed by Oriental labor would flow into the coffers of Japan, instead of into the pockets of individuals who are exploiting them very largely for their own personal profit. I refer particularly to Alaska, which hangs like a ripe apple just nicely within reach of Japan. It is a very good example of the whole.

Alaska is immensely wealthy in natural resources, which are being developed by American capitalists. Copper, coal, iron, gold, exist in practically unlimited quantities, and even agriculture can be carried on at a profit. The white man demands a high wage to work in Alaska, and the raw material which he sends out to the world is thereby more costly than it would be were it worked by cheap labor. Supposing Japan were anxious to buy Alaska coal, she would have to pay about two-thirds as much again as she would have to supposing that coal were mined by her own labor. That is the problem, and sooner or later it must be solved. I admit that I have stated it very roughly, but when it is realized that exactly the same argument may be applied to all the white man's territory bordering on the Pacific, a very fair estimate may be made of the economical side of the whole question.

The argument that cheap Oriental labor would reduce the standard of living on the Pacific coast is a perfectly natural and a perfectly right one, but if it is to be used effectively, then some method must be adopted by which it can be made effective. It is no good stating a bald fact which is

obvious to the most near-sighted, and take no steps to follow it to its natural conclusion. If the Anti-Asiatic Leagues of America and Canada were honest they would follow up their argument by demanding that absolutely efficient means of protection were devised to enforce their dictum on the Orient. But do they do anything of the kind? Not they! In the same breath as they pass resolutions affirming their unalterable determination to exclude Orientals from the Pacific coast they pass more resolutions decrying the building of a Canadian navy, and any cash contribution to the British navy, which, alone, to-day stands between them and the Orient. Furthermore, in admirable imitation of the ostrich, they add to the above by declaring their love of peace and state they are unalterably opposed to all militarism. In other words, they fling defiance in the face of the Orient with one hand and with the other publish their weakness to all the world. There is not a single politician in British Columbia to-day who dare face an audience of working men and tell them the truth to their faces, any more than there is a single official of the trades unions who will dare argue the matter on the platform. All parties in Canada are only too willing to let sleeping dogs lie. They declare that there is no danger, as if all the declarations in the world could set aside the logical outcome of a policy. Did any single politician rise in his place at Ottawa and mention the Orient during the naval debate? Did any one even hint that it was the Pacific and not the Atlantic that needed defence? Instead, they spoke of patriotism, of loyalty, and a thousand and one things that sounded beautiful, but were merely words, words, words. The only possible excuse for this want of spirit was want of knowledge, and yet these are the men that intelligent Canadian electors look to for guidance. God help Canada when her sons do not dare to speak their minds for fear they may embarrass their party.

The most astounding thing about the whole matter was the apathy of British Columbia herself. Here again was a conspiracy of silence. Perhaps the Provincial Government was anxious not to embarrass the Dominion Government for fear the latter would not grant certain Indian lands to the province, which came within the scope of their negotiations with the Canadian Northern Railway; or the Provincial Government were hopeful of getting something else from Ottawa; or a wholesale grocer, a fishmonger or candlestick maker represented the political spirit of the Liberal party, and to their dictum we bow in silence. That is the sort of stuff of which statesmen are made. This or that man wanted a contract, a judgeship, or some other Dominion Government appointment. Real estate was booming, everybody was making money, what was to be gained by kicking. Public spirit! Pshaw! The dollar marks the level of public spirit.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his speeches on the Oriental question, with which he dealt fully, both in Vancouver and Victoria, during his tour of the west, spoke plausibly, but not logically. He emphasized the fact that owing to Canada being part of the British Empire, it was impossible to absolutely exclude Japanese immigration, and thereby gave the impression that his hands were tied in dealing with the matter. He also stated, on his responsibility as leader of the Dominion Government, that Japan had held faithfully to her agreement not to allow more than 400 emigrants a year to enter Canada. It is said in Vancouver that considerably over this number have come in, but for the sake of argument the figures will do as well as any other. The point is that however limited the immigration, the labor organizations are not satisfied, and, further, that the arrangement is purely temporary and dependent on the goodwill of Japan. The Anti-Asiatic League desire total exclusion of the Japanese and a head tax of \$1,000 on all Chinamen entering the country.



THE CANADIAN CRUISER "RAINBOW"

Now on its way to the Pacific Coast as the nucleus of a Pacific fleet.

There was absolutely nothing new in what Sir Wilfrid Laurier said. He uttered a few of the usual platitudes, but did not attempt to drive home the only logical conclusion that if one country wishes to make legislation inimical to another, it must have something more than mere words with which to back up that legislation. He spoke of the opportunities for trade, leaving Vancouver for Oriental ports. All of which may be perfectly true, but entails friendly relations with the Orient, and does not allow for special discrimination. Furthermore, if there are such vast opportunities for trade, it is obvious that these opportunities would be enhanced to an immense extent were labor on the Pacific coast cheap enough to allow of production at a cost that would enable the Orient to buy at a reasonable price. The obvious truth that to enhance the cost of production is to limit the possibility of markets never appears to have been taken into account.

Economically, then, the fundamental problem of immensely wealthy and practically undeveloped lands with a very limited population, excluding the remarkably efficient population of comparatively poor and largely overpopulated areas from any participation in the benefits of these undeveloped areas remains the same. Dr. Hodgkinson, the well-known historian, after a year's residence in Australia, has written a striking article, in which he states that the crying need of Australia is a population of 25,000,000, not only for the purposes of development, but also *as a natural barrier against the pressure that the Oriental races are bound to exercise sooner or later*. He might have applied the same argument to the Pacific coast of this continent. It must be remembered that both Australia and New Zealand are morally in a better position than Canada, as they have contributed to the British navy, and the labor governments in both countries have pass-

ed bills for the training of every able-bodied man in the use of arms. If Canada had done the same it might have been said that the nation realized its responsibilities and was determined to be honest and make provision for the future.

"But," the anti-militarists would cry, "you are pre-supposing the necessity of war." I am pre-supposing nothing of the kind. There is such a thing as Pacific penetration, and the pressure that might be exercised by a few million Orientals in their anxiety to find room and the raw materials necessary to their further development might be none the less sure because it was not backed by force of arms.

I have been assured over and over again that Japan's whole energies are centered on Manchuria, and that her emigration must move into Korea and Manchuria. I confess that is an argument that does not appeal to me any more than that Canadians must emigrate to Great Britain. The area of Korea is 71,000 square miles, and its population 10,000,000. Furthermore, Koreans can live as cheaply, if not cheaper, than the Japanese, and consequently there is no need for cheap labor. With regard to Manchuria, the same argument may be used, with the addition that Japan's commonsense policy would be to treat Manchuria very much as England treats Egypt, and I have never yet heard that British emigration to Egypt can be either profitable or possible. Manchuria is a safety valve for China, and Japan's policy seems to be to develop it by means of the Chinese themselves, and thereby build up a nation between herself and Russia. In pursuance of this policy Japan makes a treaty with Russia which seems to be a commonsense policy to pursue, as it leaves her free on the Pacific for some years to come. The mistake we make is in imagining that Japan is blind to her obvious advantages, though why we should credit a nation like Japan with less perspicuity than we have ourselves is a puzzle I have long ago given up try-

ing to solve. The truth is that we are afraid to face this question from a commonsense point of view, and the very fact that we are afraid will lead to disaster. Fear is generally the cause of war.

Some so-called Socialists believe that the whole danger of the Oriental question lies in its commercial aspect, and that once the nations give up manufacturing for profit there will be no danger of war, because there will be no new markets to conquer. That would be a very comfortable doctrine if the whole world were Socialistic, and also if all populations remained stationary. Unfortunately, this is not a question of commercial competition as yet, but it is already a case of pressure of population. That all labor organizations are affiliated and that the industrial workers of the world are all on the side of peace has absolutely nothing to do with the case. If the white laborer welcomed the yellow or brown laborer as a brother on terms of equality, and admitted his right to labor in the same markets, and expressed a willingness to lower his own standard of living to that of his new relation, the argument might have some force, as it would allow for the natural escape of populations from over-crowded areas. But the Socialist is no more honest in this matter than the politician. Just because he has arrived, in his own mind, at a point which he fondly imagines will cure all evils, and because he forgets to go one step further and take into consideration that the essential motive power of humanity is competition, and that if competition be eliminated the human race will come to a standstill through inertia, there is no reason for him assuming that the Oriental, with his age-long study of philosophy, has not seen the futility of that argument just as soon as Occidental pressure awakened him. In fact, strange as it may seem, China to-day is awakening from centuries of a kind of socialism practised for some two thousand years before Christ.

*"The laws of China determine the individual's share in the possession of the soil and the taxes to be paid to the state; they regulate the buying and selling of merchandise and determine measures, weights and market prices; they regulate all life and activity, moral conduct, as well as the forms of social convention, for they lay down laws concerning the behavior of men towards men, and of men towards animals, and concerning the duties of parents towards the aged . . . All subjects are equal from their birth; there are no hereditary classes, no castes. 'According to old laws,' says Wuttke, 'the state is the sole owner of the soil and gives possession to the individual only by way of loan.'"

It seems, therefore, as if the white race were gradually adopting as its own an economic theory which for thousands of years has atrophied all development in the Orient, just at the very time that the Oriental is awakening to the fact that the secret of western development has been the continuous struggle for existence, in other words, competition. History is apparently repeating itself.

The Socialist solution of the problem may therefore be set aside as worthless.

As has been said, the present method of solving the problem pre-supposes that the Oriental will always allow the white man to dictate a policy of exclusion, and yet at the same time demand the right of trade. In other words, it pre-supposes that the white race of the Pacific will always be strong enough to force their will on the Oriental, or that the Oriental will always be so friendly to them that he will allow himself to be placed in an inferior position. It is obvious that neither supposition will bear the light of examination. As far as force is concerned, it is now admitted that even America is no match for Japan, owing to want of organization and an adequate army. A nation of 80,000,000 with a standing army of 50,000,

of which not more than 35,000 could take the field and keep it for a month, is hardly a match for the nation that brought Russia to its knees, and of which every male is trained to arms from childhood. Furthermore, the national spirit of America has become so poisoned by money that it cannot compare in any degree with the national spirit of Japan. It is extremely doubtful if America, with the whole of her fleet stationed on the Pacific coast, could guard that coast against an invasion by Japan, and it is obvious that at the declaration of war, Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska must fall directly into the hands of an aggressive and magnificently-organized nation.

As for Canada, Australia and New Zealand, their strength lies in the shadow of Great Britain's naval strength, and in unity. If, and under present conditions, it has been shown that force is the only logical solution, if war must be the outcome, then it is obvious that strong naval force at Singapore can alone hold Japan in check. That force would have to be sought out and destroyed before Japan could move troops across the seas. This is the point that Canada in her naval policy has refused to recognize. She has chosen the policy of hesitation and patchwork, for fear, forsooth, lest a contribution should "smack of servitude." Her policy is to build up a navy of her own, and meanwhile allow Great Britain to assume the whole responsibility of her defence. It takes about two and a half years to arm and equip a Dreadnaught, and five years from the 12th of August, 1910, the Anglo-Japanese treaty expires. We have five years in which to build, equip and man a navy which can be of some moral use when the crisis arrives, for whether the outcome be war or peace depends very largely on our preparedness for war on that date. We can hardly blame Japan if she take advantage of our want of foresight. That would hardly be an unfriendly act, it would be simply common-sense. I really believe Japan wants peace

* *Historians' History of the World.*

and means to keep it by every means in her power. As Baron Kinuchi explained to the business men of Vancouver, Japan has never made war, she has always been forced to it.

The sooner we recognize that the policy of Asiatic exclusion, combined with the present naval policy of the Dominion Government, is the surest method of forcing war on Japan the better. America is in exactly the same position. She is forcing war on Japan by her attempts to bluff Japan out of Chinese markets and excluding Oriental emigration from her coasts, while she takes no steps towards instilling into her people a spirit that will face some national sacrifice.

The deduction is plain. Either we must prepare for war by uniting with Australia and New Zealand, and, under the guidance of the British Admiralty, make our preparation so effective as to render it extremely improbable that any success can attend an attack, or else we must prepare to admit, at least Japan, on equal terms to the benefits of our undeveloped resources.

Such a deduction may be considered by some unreasonable, but is it not perfectly logical? It is all very well theorizing, but the time is past when theories solve international problems. Efficiency and preparation alone are the means of anticipating and guarding against misfortune. The ostrich that tucks its head in the sand never yet saved its feathers from the hunter. The whole problem is one that bristles with hard, plain facts, and it is useless to add to its difficulties by tacking on a mass of theories regarding religion, an abhorrence for war, the spread of civilization and so forth.

It must be remembered that it is the white races that are putting the colored races in an inferior position, and that as long as they do so no amount of religion or peace influences will stave off the primeval struggle for race equality. When the colored races looked on and treated the white men as inferiors, and refused to admit traders into their countries, the white

men by "force-majeur" insisted on such admittance being given. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and it is hardly wise to imagine that we can change that old adage because it does not happen to suit us at the moment.

I have endeavored to show the serious nature of this problem by emphasizing its economical aspect which I deem to be far the most important and by far the most dangerous, merely because of our utter helplessness in the face of a perfectly natural phenomena. Naturalists assert that the huge ungainly animals of the prehistoric periods ceased to exist as soon as their cost of living became too high for the regions which they inhabited to support them. The enervating effect of luxury, on the masses of this continent especially, has as its counterpart a highly intricate system of existence which has become enormously costly. It is impossible for the white man on the Pacific coast to-day to live as the Oriental races can live. He has not the hardihood or the education. His necessities are luxuries to the Oriental and he cannot now learn to do without that which he has been accustomed. That is the basis of the problem and the danger.

I am also convinced that it is absurd to expect a highly efficient nation like Japan to remain debarred from a natural expansion and that the spectacle of 50,000,000 people sitting on a rock bound island of 150,000 square miles for all eternity, is ridiculous. I have shown that this expansion is not likely to be attracted westwards, and that the only natural outlet for this swarming multitude of trained soldiers, with a spirit that will carry them anywhere, is into countries which belong to other nations and are sparsely occupied by them. It is well known that China is fast developing under the aegis of these islanders and that the problem of disposing of her surplus population is also likely to become a very complicated one at no very distant date. The danger has to be faced whether we like it or not



Esquimault Dry Dock

and it will become greater or less just in exactly the same proportion as we face it with fear or courage. A courageous policy from now on will save Canada and America as well as Australia and New Zealand from untold humiliation, misery and expense.

A continuance of the ostrich-like policy we are now pursuing can do nothing but lead to our eternal undoing.

In order to find some means of escape from a position that is rapidly becoming untenable, it would be as well to glance at the nations interested in its solution. First of all there stands the British Empire, whose alliance with Japan has up to the present helped very largely to keep peace in the Pacific. Secondly, there is the United States, whose policy has hitherto been built on opportunism and bluff, and whose possessions are practically untenable even to-day. Thirdly, there is Germany, whose

position in the Samoan Islands would be jeopardised by a too dominant Japan, and in greater or less degree follow France, Portugal and Holland. Russia has interests in the north, but her influence in the Pacific is over and her hands will be fully occupied with the problem of holding back Chinese emigration westwards in the days to come, and watching German influence in the Balkans.

If Great Britain's hands were free from European complications she could so strengthen her squadron at Singapore as to render any aggressiveness on the part of Japan bad policy, and it is unlikely that Japan will deliberately embark on any bad policy. She will be guided largely by circumstances, and it is our business to anticipate the circumstances and endeavor to lead them into the paths of peace. To do this we have to allow for a natural expansion of Japan, and at the same time preserve

the policy of Oriental exclusion to the zones where it is now in force.

In Europe an understanding or alliance between Great Britain and Germany would remove the chief cause of apprehension and set free a certain portion of the British fleet.

In the Pacific an understanding or alliance between Great Britain and the United States would be an almost dominating influence on the side of peace. Such an understanding is, however, largely dependent on the supposition that the United States would not be dragged into any European complications; and further, Great Britain might not be anxious to complicate the position of her Dominions bordering on the Pacific coast by, in any degree, sharing the responsibility of the United States for the defence of the Philippines and Hawaii.

In adventuring herself in the above territories it seems to me that the United States has overreached herself and that were she free from their embarrassment she would be much happier. It might be infinitely less expensive for Japan to purchase these territories from the United States than to take them, and Great Britain might be willing to lend her money to do so, were the United States willing to sell. It must be recognized, however, that the temptation to take them is great unless it would complicate Japan's relations with Great Britain. Both groups of islands are the natural outposts of Japan and necessary to her complete security. Neither is capable of more development in the hands of the United States than in the hands of Japan. The latter might have, later on, to settle with China regarding the Philippines, but that is outside the range of the present discussion. The point is that in the hands of Japan they remove the chief cause for friction over territory in the Pacific.

There remains the economic question of the pressure of population.

If Australia were to allow Hindu immigration to Australia north of

latitude twenty, she would be economically in a much better position, for the Hindu is peace-loving and a magnificent agriculturist, and cheap labor might do much with the help of irrigation to develop lands which are hardly suitable for white colonization. The Hindu would also render the country unfit for Japanese immigration, owing to his capability for living extremely cheap. He is also a British subject and amenable to British law.

Restrictions on Canadian Immigration should be made as light as possible and everything should be done to encourage the British settler to make his home in British Columbia which is climatically suited to his temperament. If it were possible, however, to pour 100,000 people a year into British Columbia in the next five years the problem would be very slightly altered thereby, unless at least 50 per cent. of those people showed themselves ready to make some sacrifice for their adopted country. The point that has to be insisted on again and again is the efficiency of the Japanese nation as a whole compared to the inefficiency of the white races on the Pacific coast as a whole.

Apropos of this point it might be as well to quote from the paper by Sir Alexander Bannerman in the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution on the creation of the Japanese national spirit.

"In the elementary course it is laid down that the children shall be instructed by means of examples in filial piety, obedience to elders, affection and friendship, frugality, industry, modesty, fidelity and courage, and also in some of their duties towards society and the State. Here, at the very beginning of the child's education, we meet the word 'duty,' and although it has been said before, it cannot be too often repeated, that duty is the keynote of Japanese morals. The word 'rights' does not appear in the syllabus. Even when treating of the franchise, it is not

spoken of as the 'Right to vote,' but the 'Duty of voting.'

"Everyone admits that not the least important part of a nation's training is the education of its girls, and the object which the Japanese have set themselves to attain is, in their own words, to convert their girls into 'Good wives and wise mothers.' Both boys and girls are to be trained so as to 'Make them value public virtues, and foster the spirit of loyalty and patriotism.'

"The general purpose of the system is to begin by teaching the infant its duties at home and in everyday life, and as its intelligence develops to go on to more advanced social questions, keeping all the time in the foreground the dominant ideas of deference to superiors, filial piety, loyalty to the Emperor, and duty to the nation. The teaching is aided by giving examples from history of the various virtues which are to be fostered."

The creation of this spirit is a rudimentary guide to efficiency and cannot be emphasized too often, for only by such efficiency can a nation enforce restrictions against a rival.

Conditionally, on completely stopping immigration to the coast of California, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia, Japan might be allowed free entrance to Alaska and the Yukon. Cheap labor would be an immense benefit to both those provinces and American and British capital would benefit enormously thereby. Furthermore, it would enable Japan to acquire at a reasonable price those raw materials of which she stands so much in need for manufacturing purposes. The danger that such emigration would gradually spread southward would undoubtedly be a real one and white labor in those provinces would naturally resent such a proposal. Yet the fact remains that some provision must be made and these provinces are to this day more populated by Indians than white men, the Indians, by the way, being evidently of the same descent as the Japanese.

I can, of course, understand such a solution of the question being hailed as impossible and absurd, yet I would point out that the great weakness of the United States lies in Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska, for the simple reason that their defence entails operations being carried on at an immense distance from any base and the organization of the United States is lamentably deficient for the carrying on of such operations. Furthermore, it is far better to make a dignified treaty than an undignified retreat. Cheap labor in Alaska and the Yukon may enable Japan to obtain the materials for her industrial development which will eventually lead her into the Chinese markets but we have to face that commercial competition one day in any case.

Moreover, it is obvious that every year brings the South American continent more and more to the fore, and that the United States will have to face most momentous problems in that region. Already Japanese emigration to Peru is assuming considerable proportions and in Argentine, Chile and Brazil, three great nations are in their infancy. The United States may not be anxious to form an alliance with the British Empire owing to possible European complications, but Germany has ambitions in South America which may well cause the United States food for thought.

Three factors have recently arisen which strengthen the argument for an alliance between the British Empire and the United States:

1. The Russo-Japanese treaty which will probably lead to an alliance between those nations.
2. The new Japanese tariff against Great Britain.
3. The tariff agitation in Canada and the United States.

In the first case Russia in alliance with Japan can pay more attention to Germany. The Austro-German action with regard to Bosnia and Her-

zegovina will not be forgotten by Russia, and she is unlikely to turn her cheek to another such blow.

In the second case Great Britain is forced to recognize that Japan intends to stand alone and to compete in the Oriental markets with all her power.

In the third there is a large and growing movement among the consumers of both Canada and the United States towards a freer trade. Possibly such a movement may lead to a gradual elimination of trade barriers between the two countries and a further discussion of the possibilities of free trade within the British Empire.

It is true that at the present moment everything seems tending towards a raising of further barriers to trade within the Empire, but it is possible that a proper understanding of the Oriental question may lead to a broader and more statesmanlike policy for eliminating artificial barriers to the growth and development of the British Empire, especially if the two great English speaking races on this continent find it to their mutual interests to work together for the benefit of the whole people rather than to stimulate certain favored industries at the expense of the whole country.

Finally, I would say this. The problem of the future is the develop-

ment of our race in peaceable competition with the Oriental. We must not only be prepared to shout our greatness in the face of other races, but emulate their example of spirit and patience. No amount of empty bragging that the twentieth century belongs to Canada will make up for a lack of national spirit. Making money is not the only thing for which we have to strive. We have to educate ourselves, not only to get a living, but also to get character. The man who brags of what he has will always succumb to the man who keeps his mouth shut and his body in training. Once instill a spirit of self-sacrifice and service to our country into our race and we may be prepared to face the future with equanimity. Without that spirit we are doomed.

Above all what we want in Canada to-day are men who can inspire us to look a little beyond our own immediate and individual interests. Men who will speak their minds and grapple with the economical and social problems of the day without fear of losing favor. We do not want men who are mere party hacks, dependent for their position and future on the favor of a political boss whose one idea of patriotism is the amount of money he can make out of pandering to this or that political party. We want men of inspiration and, above all, of courage.

The Way to Live

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a
seemly life?

Then fret not over what is past and
gone;

In spite of all thou mayest have lost
behind,

Yet act as if thy life were just
begun.

What each day wills, enough for
thee to know;

What each day wills the day itself
will tell.

Do thine own task, and be there-
with content;

What others do, that shalt thou
fairly judge;

Be sure that thou no mortal brother
hate,

Then all besides leave to the Master
Power.—Goethe.



Max Adler's Rules for Long Life

AT a time when systems of fasting and feasting, exercise, and mental physical culture are much in the public thought, a letter written many years ago by Max Adler, once a humorist of note, deserves consideration. In the letter he tells the American people of the life he had led for the one hundred and six years previous to setting down the following:

"Dear Sirs,—I made it a rule of my life to rise in the morning as soon as the first faint ray of light breaks through my chamber window, and in order to prevent the faint ray from breaking through too soon, I have the shutters carefully closed the night before by a servant, who has orders never to open them before half past ten o'clock. As soon as I rise I always jump immediately into the bathtub, no matter how cold the weather is; and then I sit there thinking and wondering if it would be better to turn the water on. And I generally think it wouldn't—if it feels cool as it runs from the spigot—and so I begin my toilet without getting wet.

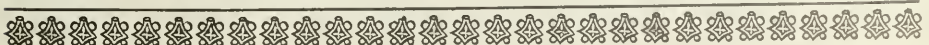
"I never drink any more than one gallon of brandy at breakfast. My physician told me years ago that my constitution would not stand a greater quantity than that at one meal, so I always drink the other gallon before I sit down at the table. I used to eat half a bushel of gun-wads and a bar of castile soap at breakfast; but the practice was discontinued because the diet seemed to affect my digestion unpleasantly. After the morning meal I exercise myself carrying the piano up and down stairs three or four times.

"I did visit the lifting cure once, but I abandoned it as I grew old. I have seen the time when I could lift a thousand pounds with one hand—

that is, taking it up gradually, one pound after another. During the day I eat no animal food of any kind, unless it be three or four hundred clams, or a couple of hams; and I avoid taking anything between meals, excepting four or five watermelons, perhaps, which I carry in my pocket for lunch. I never smoked a cigar or chewed a plug of tobacco after I arrived at the age of four years. I found it was injuring my nerves, so I began to use a pipe and to chew fine-cut; but even then I limited myself to three pounds of tobacco a day.

"To this rigid temperance I attribute my remarkable health at my advanced age (I am now approaching my one hundred and sixth year), and the fact that I have never had occasion to use spectacles. Eye-glasses do for me quite as well. I find that walking suits my constitution admirably, and I generally manage to walk out to Kansas and back at least once a day when the weather is clear. I have great faith in the rule which makes health depend upon going to bed early, and I recommended the practice to all my young friends. I always retire at a very early hour, say three or four in the morning; and it is my habit to sleep upon an empty stomach whenever I can find a man who has one which he is willing to lend me. It is much more comfortable than a pillow.

"I state these facts in the hope that they may prove useful to those who are seeking a guide to health. If any one is benefited by them I shall rejoice, and I shall be amply repaid. But if the beneficiary desires to give a more substantial evidence of his gratitude, I may say that I think I can place my hand upon a worthy man who would be assisted materially by a check for ten thousand dollars sent through me."





Vernon, the boss, pulled out his 'kerchief.

The Mammoth Tusk

A Tale of British Columbia

By William A. Bryce

VERNON the boss pulled out his 'kerchief and his watch as he strode along to where St. Elco was spraying fruit trees with an enormous metal syringe. The boss's "ticker," as he himself called it, was the 24-hour timepiece they use out west, and he wore it, as most men wear watches in the "dry belt" of British Columbia, swathed in a handkerchief to protect it from dust.

"Fourteen o'clock, St. Elco, my tulip!" he cried cheerily. "Belay all—that is to say, cease fire! No more spraying to-day. The flume's dry as

a whistle. Must be a leak somewhere up yonder in the woods. A murrain on't, as Shakespeare says. A hundred degrees in the shade, the flume dry, and the lake two miles off! And they call this a wet season—one downpour and two showers in six months. Who wouldn't sell a Columbian fruit farm and go to sea?"

"I wouldn't," came in positive tones from the young fellow as he laid down his syringe and rose to stretch himself. "The sea? Not for me, thanky. I had enough coming over. I'd rather rest easy under my own or someone

else's fig tree—rather study arboriculture and pomology under you, boss, if you don't mind."

Charlie St. Elco was just an ordinary young Britisher, dressed in the garments of the country—grey flannel shirt and trousers, cowboy hat, thick boots and canvas overalls. A leather belt with a pruning knife in a sheath proclaimed his avocation. His face was not without a touch of the sadness and sentimentality of the Celt, and not improved by the fact that it was pitted with tiny red blotches where the black fly had bitten him.

"*Chacun à son goût,*" said the elder man with a laugh that showed he was not ill-pleased at the answer. "Eh, you're six months out, you've sampled most of the work of the farm—deuced hard work—and you say that? Well, well! You've got sand, St. Elco. There's not much you can't do, from hoeing carrots to clearing land and picking cherries. You're an out and out Canook, and that's something very different to the *Kelvingsighed* city clerk of six months back—eh, my tulip?"

The tulip reddened under his tan, "I was a bit green then, boss, and that's a fact."

"Well!" laughed the jovial boss, "you're full-blown now. You'll soon be quite capable of managing your own little ten-acre lot, and I shall be sorry to lose you. Come along. We'll strike for to-day, though we ought to be spraying like Trojans. Hang that flume! Must go up the woods and put it right, by hook or by crook."

"By the way," he said a few minutes later, as they went up the wide wooden stairway into the ranch, "seen any signs of that harum-scarum daughter of mine this afternoon? I wonder where she's got to?"

Charlie shook his head.

Vernon's orchard occupied a wide and lovely valley, surrounded by ranges of mountains as far as the eye could reach—and hundreds of miles farther. From the brow of the hill one could see the Selkirk Range, adjoining the Rocky Mountains; and all

around lay a wild and picturesque country—a country that will always remain wild, defying the taming advance of civilization — a country shaggy with woods that teem with life.

St. Elco's ten-acre orchard was a couple of leagues distant over the brow of the "rise." He was working hard at Vernon's, trying to earn the purchase money, five hundred pounds, which he had arranged to pay in instalments; but it was an uphill fight for a needy young fellow with no capital, and the company who were exploiting this part of the fruitful "dry belt" threatened to sell the lot over his head if he did not pay promptly.

It was tiresome to be so young and so poor, and he heartily wished his "learning" time was over, so that he could start in his own ranch. But as things were going he could not hope to do this inside a couple of years.

Thinking of this, Vernon's "learner" cantered over the ridge that sultry afternoon. He had a few hours at his disposal; the sun was burning hot, the woods looked inviting, and a distant gleam of the Okanagan Lake called him northward like a lure.

The sturdy young fellow made a pleasant picture as he rode under the fresh green leaves. The horse shone glossy brown where the sun struck its flank, and the rider, tricked out in a gay red scarf that struck a salient note amid the encircling leafage, sat gracefully poised in his saddle, *sitting down*, cowboy fashion, but quite upright, and holding the reins loosely in the left hand, high up, level with the chest.

There was little or no trail, and the horse wound a sinuous way round huge fallen trunks, and forced a passage through tall, thickly-bunched raspberry canes, its hoofs crashing noisily at times over littered branches and matted undergrowth, but more often falling soundless on carpet-like mast or loose, crumbly soil.

Presently they broke through an ancient copse of trees into a clearing

where a broad rift in the encircling woodage gave an outlook upon the lofty peaks of the Range. They were more than a hundred miles away—those mountains—but in the clear air they looked nearer than ten, and it was a grand sight to see them, swathed in fleecy scarfs of mist, towering up so clearly in the stillness of the perfect day. A magnificent scene, but—

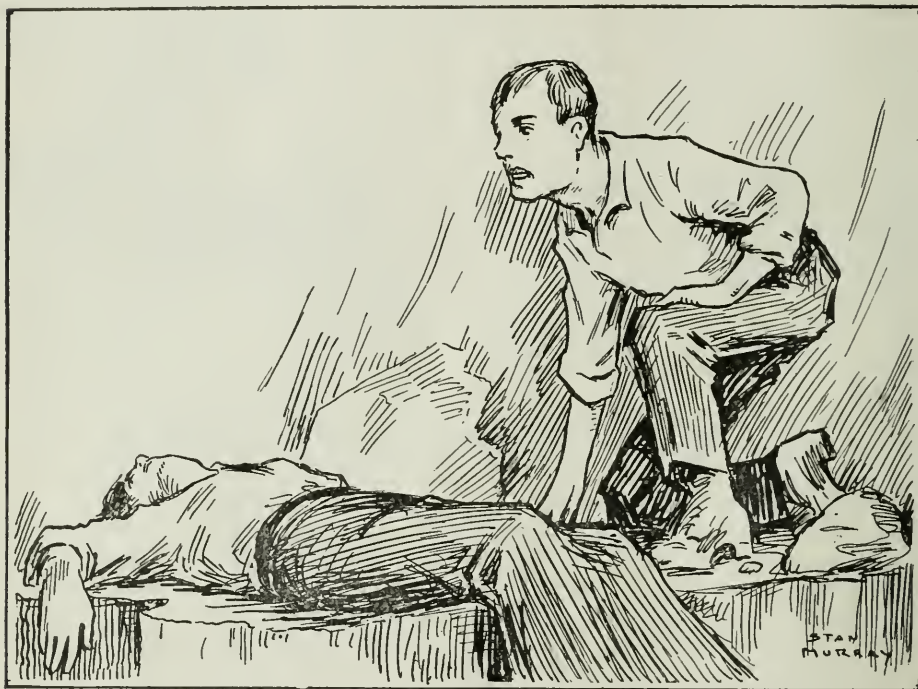
“Lonesome,” said Vernon’s “learner” with a sigh.

he wished he were still laboring among the cherry trees, with the overpowering sun scorching the back of his neck. Some bitter lines from *Locksley Hall* mingled with his reflections:

“I . . . must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to,
lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr’d with gold, and
opens but to golden keys.”

“Dash it all—dash it all! I’ll go and see what’s the matter with the



She had fallen upon a ledge-like outcropping of rock, less than six feet down the cliff.

Below, in a gorge, the merest trickle of water marked the course of what had been a month before a dashing, frothing stream.

“Dried up,” St. Elco muttered, turning in his saddle, “dried up, like the flume—dash it.”

He had become obsessed by the uneasy, aimless feeling that comes over hard-working men who suddenly find themselves with nothing to do. He took unkindly to idleness. He wished the flume had not dried up;

flume. Must have something to do, or I’ll go crazy.”

Though barely twenty-five, St. Elco had “a past.” He had done little harm away back there in the old country—certainly nothing to be very much ashamed of—but he had done little good. There were times when those sickening spectres—wasted opportunity and abject failure—laid chilly fingers on him.

Thank God that there are countries like Canada and British Columbia for

THE MAMMOTH TUSK

men like these, where, if you would eat, you must help yourself, fetch your rations raw from wood and stream, gather your own faggots and light your own fire, bustle around and arrange and prepare everything!

"Come, Robin—*mush!*" he cried, with something like an oath, as he swung his horse aside and crashed through an ocean of breast-high fern.

A moment later he pulled up with an abruptness that cost him his seat and sent him asprawl on the animal's neck.

"The fair Emily's hat, as I'm a sinner!" he muttered excitedly as, recovering himself, he reached out his riding crop and lifted a large straw-brimmer with trimmings of pale blue from an overhanging bough.

He had dismounted, tethered his horse, and was standing with the hat in his hand, rubbing a red smear on his cheek where a branch had smote him, when the drumming of hoofs and a clear, musical cry heralded a mounted figure which, dashing out of a wood at the foot of a steep slope on the left, came careering along at a neck-break pace. It was Vernon's daughter, a young girl of about twenty, hatless, her dark hair streaming about her, her riding-skirt blown aside, and two vivid spots of color on her warm-tinted face.

The young man's eyes grew keen and bright as he watched her. "Emily Vernon on the randan! What's the young helicat up to now?"

The ground to the right fell sheer, almost vertically, into a gash in the hillside. In that gash, or ravine, the flume from Vernon's ranch wound along, a great wooden tube, like a sinuous snake. The slope to the left, where Charlie St. Elco stood, canted downwards to where a fringe of undergrowth marked the edge of the ravine, and then, at a less acute angle, dropped away to the wood from which the girl had emerged.

Even an Italian cavalryman would have hesitated to tackle such a "snell brae," but the girl, seeing St. Elco on the crest, charged it full pelt, and came

floundering up, hailing the young fellow with a resounding view-halloo!

"By Jove! why didn't old Vernon call her Diana? Emily, forsooth! She's Diana Vernon to a 't'."

He watched her with fascinated eyes and parted lips.

Some time in the late fall a fire had swept the bluff. It had been the scene of a big *brûlé*. There was charcoal underfoot, and fine, feathery ashes, and near St. Elco rose a monstrous blackened trunk, tottering on the brow of the slope, quite lifeless and with only a few charred stumps for limbs.

Had Charlie's attention not been fixed on Emily Vernon, he would never have ventured within such a danger zone, for trees like this are liable to fall at any moment. But he had eyes for one object only—the young Diana.

"Ca' canny there, Miss Vernon!" he shouted. "You'll break the knees of your nag, sure as a gun!"

"No fear!" came the cheery response. "Take a lot to break Bobby's knees. I say—that my hat you've got there?"

Charlie was about to repeat the admonition, when, with a whip-like crack and without the least warning, the huge blackened trunk at his elbow tilted over, hung quivering for a second or two, and, missing him by a hair-breadth, crashed like a thunderbolt down the slope.

"Good God!"

Gasping, deafened, and half-blinded amidst a stifling cloud of dust, it was some moments ere St. Elco regained his eyesight. When he did so he stood for a time as if petrified, gazing down the bluff. He had heard a shriek, and now looked in vain for the girl and her horse. All that could be seen was a deep trench ploughed by the fallen tree down the hillside, and a pearly cloud of dust rising from the spot where the blackened trunk had dashed over into the ravine.

Complete silence had followed the catastrophe. Charlie stared about him, scarcely breathing. Then a groan burst from him as he realized the



Vernon was considerably surprised to see his daughter slung across the front of his "learner's" saddle.

significance of that deeply-ploughed trench. The huge trunk, in hurtling down, had dashed into horse and girl and swept them into the ravine.

He raced down the slope. His distraction was such that he blundered through a clump of the horrible devil's-club-thorn without feeling in the least its venomous stings. The dust stung his eyes like caustic; and almost bereft of sight he would have gone headlong into the ravine had not something gripped him above the left ankle on the very verge of the cliff.

A sharp, spike-like object had pierced one leg of his canvas overalls. It was yellow and smooth and horn-like, and protruded from the clayey subsoil in which it was firmly rooted. The monstrous charred tree-trunk had swept away the clump of brushwood and the ton of gravel under which it had lain buried for centuries. It held him fast, and saved him a fall of sixty feet, but it sent him asprawl down the face of the declivity, and held him suspended, upside down, like the immortal Bailie in "Rob Roy."

The shock racked every nerve in his

body. Involuntarily he flung out his arms to save himself. They embraced something warm and yielding, whilst in his ear a low voice moaned:

"Charlie!"

"*Diana!*" In his perturbation he called her Diana. She had fallen upon a ledge-like outcropping of rock less than six feet down the cliff.

The cloud of dust had settled, so that he saw her clearly. Her white face and affrighted eyes were close where he hung.

"Lift me up, Charlie," she muttered feebly. "You said I'd break Bobby's knees, but I've broken my own, I'm afraid. . . . Where's Bobby?"

"Lie still, my dear," he said, brokenly. Then sternly—"Don't move. I'll have you up in a jiffy."

But it took him more than fifteen minutes of the most desperate exertion to raise himself to the cliff-top, and quite half an hour to bring up the girl. She had swooned twice or thrice in the interim, though she was quite conscious when he set her down on a pile of dust. She had broken a leg, but this did not seem to trouble

her so much as her little tip-tilted Irish nose, which was not broken, but which bled profusely.

"Oh, bother," she said whimsically whilst he set her broken limb in a rude splint. "It's so unbecoming to have one's claret tapped like this. Have you a key I could put down my back?" Then, with tears in her eyes, she repeated: "Where's Bobby?"

"Oh—er—Bobby's gone home," he answered weakly, for he had seen the horse lying at the bottom of the ravine, near the flume, a mangled mass, with all the life knocked out of it.

He felt that he must divert her attention from that unpleasant subject. "D'y know what yon is?" he said with his Glasgow accent, pointing to the yellow, horn-like object that had caught in his overalls and saved him from the fate of Bobby. "Looks like a huge tooth, doesn't it? I wonder what it is!"

"What a queer thing!" said she; "it's like an elephant's tusk. . . ." But there was another matter of greater import than all the elephant's tusks in the world. "Why did you call me Diana down there?" she asked with a sidelong look as he lifted and bore her off in his strong arms. "I heard you."

Charlie's explanation was slightly involved, but he had finished to their mutual satisfaction when the boss who had come out prospecting for the leak in the flume, met them hurrying home through the woods.

Vernon was considerably surprised to see his daughter slung across the front of his "learner's" saddle, with that happy young man's arms round her. He was still more surprised when Emily, now slightly delirious in addition to being dirty and dishevelled, greeted him thus:

"I say, Dad! my nose is bleeding like one o'clock; we've found such a queer thing like an elephant's tusk; my right leg's fractured, and I'm engaged to Charlie St. Elco!"

* * * *

Charlie always said that it was the tusk that brought him the luck. It turned out to be of value from an archæological point of view. It was the canine tooth of a prehistoric monster, and he sold it to one of the Canadian museums for £260—not a very large sum, but sufficient to pay most of the remaining instalments for his ten-acre lot and enable him to marry Emily.

Last time I saw them their first child was cutting his first tooth, and making as much row as if it were a second Mammoth Tusk.

Concentration

Great Thoughts

NO one can ever do great things who cannot shut out from his thoughts everything in the universe except the single thing upon which, for the time being, he needs to concentrate. A terrible concentration is the price of power. Dr. John Douglas Adam puts the other side of this truth when he says: "The psychology of weakness is the double thought. The man who cannot marshal his thoughts at will, and hold

them single in any direction, is a weak man." "Unstable in all his ways," James called the double-minded man. Only he who can say, "This one thing I do," can do great things in any field. Let us strive, struggle, agonize if need be, to think *single* upon every line of thought that we take up—if it is worth taking up at all. There is no mind and character discipline in the world quite equal to this.



LORD STAFFORD.

Photo Lafayette.



AN INTERESTING GROUP AT DUNROBIN CASTLE.
Lord Curzon, Lord Stafford, the Duchess of Sutherland and Miss Chaplin

The Heir to Many Fair Canadian Acres

By

Jean Milne

OF the million and a quarter acres of land appertaining to the estate of the Duke of Sutherland, not a few are located in the Dominion of Canada. This circumstance serves to create an interest in this country in the ducal family and more particularly in the young nobleman, only recently come of age, who will in the usual course of affairs become its head.

And another circumstance also leads Canadians to take more than a passing interest in the Sutherland family and that is the fact that so many of the earlier settlers in Canada came from Sutherlandshire. Indeed, one county in Ontario—Oxford—was almost entirely settled by Sutherland Highlanders. While in other parts of Canada many of the old-es-



THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

Photo: Russell & Sons.

established families can trace their descent back to natives of the famous Scottish county. In fact, the men of Sutherland have been great colonizers and have gone to almost all parts of the British Empire.

In August of this year the Duke of Sutherland returned to the British Isles from an extensive tour in Canada where he added to his many but somewhat barren acres by acquiring further agricultural land interests in the more fertile soil of the western prairies adjoining the irrigation tract of the Canadian Pacific Railway near Calgary in Alberta. Following on the lines of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Duke of Sutherland intends to provide "ready made farms" for those hardy and hard working farmers on his Sutherlandsire estates who, though persevering and determined enough to attempt it, cannot get fertility and therefore a living out of rock and who will flourish and become prosperous farmers away out West. As a small Canadian farmer said when congratulated on his cattle:

"We farmers ain't so durned badly off these days!"

The Duchess of Sutherland was Lady Millicent Fanny St. Claire-Erskine, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn and is so pretty and youthful looking that it seems impossible to realize that she has celebrated her silver wedding. Lord Stafford was born in 1888, nearly four years after his parents' marriage. The Duchess is not only a brilliant leader of society and a pretty woman but her interests are widespread and her energy for good works is remarkable; it is stated, on good authority that she is taking a great interest in the selection of emigrants who will become settlers on the Duke's newly acquired estate in Western Canada.

Perhaps the most notable and enjoyable entertainment of this past depressing season was the garden party given by the Duchess at Stafford House in aid of the Scottish Home Industries of which Association she is president. Owing to the death, which occurred recently, of Lady Westmorland, a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, Dunrobin has not seen its usual gay parties this summer.

Canadians always appreciate the old English and Scottish homes and Dunrobin Castle is a particularly beautiful and interesting specimen. The lawns are very large, very well kept and stretch almost down to the sea. The reception rooms are exquisitely furnished and the Duchess's boudoir is always full of flowers and contains interesting souvenirs of interesting people and other times. The late beloved King and Queen Alexandra stayed at Dunrobin some time ago, as did the late Queen Victoria. The State apartments are magnificent and give a wonderful view of the sea. The Duchess of Sutherland is, like all her family, a keen sportswoman. The late Lady Westmorland was an ex-

pert angler and once landed a salmon weighing 22 lbs. There is a golf links attached to the Castle and likewise a private railway station for the convenience of the family and their guests. The Duke himself is a fully qualified engineer and drives his own engine on the private railway at Dunrobin.

Lord Stafford, it would seem, has the right to inherit from his parents those attributes which are even of more value than acres—brains, energy and a desire to improve the condition of land and people wherever and whenever possible. He has seen some useful soldiering with Lovat's Scouts in South Africa.

Don't Know the Simple Life

From Success Magazine

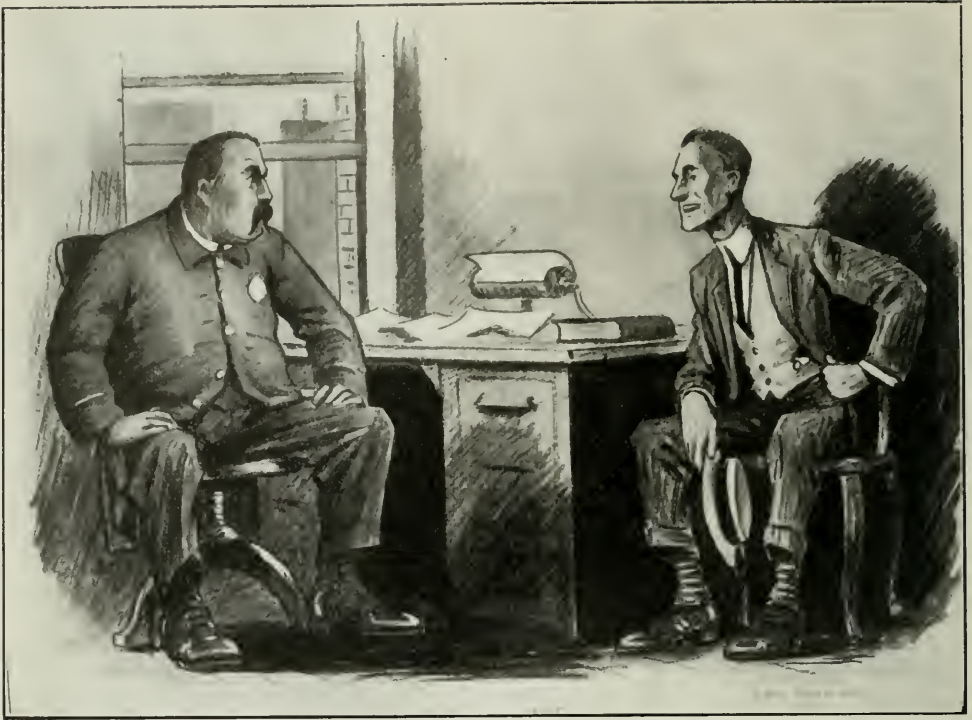
ONE of the most unfortunate things about living in a large city is its tendency to create false idea of what constitutes real pleasure. Take the average New Yorker, for example; he has totally incapacitated himself for simple, quiet, homelike pleasures. He must plunge into excitement. He must see exciting plays, or go to big shows with powerful scenic effects, or to light, flippant vaudeville — something that will tickle the senses for the minute—that will stimulate. There must be something exciting about it to give him any pleasure.

There are thousands of people in New York who would think it a great bore to sit down to quiet parlor games or home amusements of any kind. I know old New Yorkers who say they are homesick the moment they leave the city. They must be in the swim of excitement where they can hear the roar of the great city all the time. Their lives are set to a rapid pace in everything. The country seems dull and stupid to them. They don't know the joys of the simple life.

City life unfits a great many people for living anywhere else, especially in small communities. It dulls their taste for the quiet evening at home, the reading of good books, the family discussions, the home story-telling. They have become used to the city pace, attuned to the city life, and nothing else is stimulating enough to satisfy them. They don't know how to slow down.

What many of these people call amusement is simply a nightmare when it comes to realities. What many young men in cities call having a good time is most demoralizing in its effect. It leaves behind nothing but regret and the loss of self-respect. It stimulates for the moment, lends an exhilaration to the nervous system, only to be followed by the "blues" or disgust the next day.

What a pity we should lose our old-time taste for the simple, uplifting, refined, old-time pleasures—pleasures which give real recreation, which lubricate the whole system and give elasticity to the mind, but which leave no reaction behind.



"WHAT?" SAID FLAHERTY, "A BANK ROBBERY?"

Flaherty's Promotion

By

Burton E. Stevenson

Illustrated by Stan Murray

LIEUTENANT DENNIS FLAHERTY sat in his chair and yawned. Then he stretched his great arms high into the air, and his great legs out before him, and wriggled. He had inside him an uncomfortable, stuffed feeling. For Lieutenant Flaherty had long contracted the habit of eating more than was good for him, and the consequence was not only an increasing embonpoint, but a habitual torpor, as of a gorged python. When he had been a patrolman, these

effects were less marked, since exercise and fresh air aided digestion. Even as sergeant he had had to move around a good deal. But since his promotion to the lieutenantcy, his duties had consisted largely of sitting in a chair and looking wise. So his girth increased and his mental agility diminished, until there were times when his brain seemed scarcely to work at all.

It had cost Flaherty six hundred dollars to be made a sergeant, and

twelve hundred to secure the lieutenantancy. He didn't fully understand the workings of the game—indeed, he considered it none of his business—but he knew that twenty-five hundred more would be needed before he could get a captaincy. Who got the money, he didn't know, but that was the price. He looked upon it as an investment, and a good one. Oh, yes, he had read newspaper denunciations of "the system," just as he had read denunciations of many other things. Them newspapers fellers had to have somethin' to fill up with, and the world seemed to wag along pretty much as it had always done.

So, since the hour of gaining the lieutenantancy, Flaherty had set himself to save the sum needed to secure the next promotion. And this was about to be accomplished. He had eighteen hundred dollars, scraped together from the unfortunates of his district, and the wardmen, who dealt with the powers that be, had offered to take his note for the remaining seven hundred. So Flaherty was happy. He knew that, as captain, it wouldn't take him long to raise the money to pay that note, and then he could begin saving for the next degree. He had visions of the day when, as inspector, he would be in receipt of that more comfortable income which, it was well known, inspectors always enjoyed.

Now, don't, in the innocence of your hearts, go to condemning Flaherty. He was no moral leper; he was an honest and generous, if somewhat thick-headed, Irishman. We are all the products of our environment, and Flaherty was the product of his, no more to be blamed for obliquity of vision than is the cannibal who eats his fallen foe. In fact, Flaherty was a better man than some. He had risked his life in places where others had held back; his hand was always in his pocket, and if the money he gave away had really been earned by others, why, how many of us earn the money we call ours?

Can you see him sitting there, with his rotund body, and florid face, and

big black mustache, and black close-cropped hair growing low on neck and forehead; with the little good-natured creases at the corners of his eyes, and the great stretch of jowl that hung above the collar? He tipped the scales at two hundred and ninety pounds, and that was one reason he was fonder of sitting than he used to be.

Well, there sat Flaherty at his station that July afternoon, when in unto him entered a slim, nervous, prosperous-looking individual whom he had never seen before. And this is where our story begins.

"Lieutenant Flaherty?" asked the stranger.

"The same," said Flaherty.

"My name is Jones," continued the stranger, and handed Flaherty a card. "Of the American Vitagraph Company. We want your assistance."

Flaherty had a dim idea that it was new patent medicine, and that a testimonial was required for insertion in the newspapers, together with his photograph, in uniform. He had been exploited in this way before, once in company with Mrs. Flaherty and the children. It had tickled them to have their pictures in the papers. Besides, it paid.

"Set down," said he, and waved toward a chair. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Jones. Now, what kin I do for you?"

"Well," said Jones, sitting down and settling back in his chair and carefully crossing his legs, as if they were fragile and might break, "you know we're a big concern—the biggest in the country. We've got 'em all beat when it comes to lifelikeness and sensation. But we've got to keep hustling, for some of the others are pretty close to our heels. The younger generation, you know."

Flaherty didn't know, but he nodded. He had learned long since the folly of asking questions. They only displayed one's ignorance.

"What we want to engineer now," added Jones, "is a bank robbery."



ONE OF THEM HAD A BIG MOVING PICTURE CAMERA MOUNTED AND WAS ADJUSTING IT.

"What?" said Flaherty, sitting up. "A bank robbery!"

"Yes; the real thing, you know; hold-up, murder of faithful employee, get-away, and final capture. You can fake the interior scenes all right, but we've got to take the exterior on the street. We thought of the National Trust. It has an imposing facade."

The last word was Greek to Flaherty, and the idea flashed through his head that he was talking to a lunatic. The stranger's eyes were certainly preternaturally bright.

"Go on," he said.

"The trouble with these street scenes is to keep back the crowds, especially in New York. You know this is the worst rubber-neck town in the world. We carry our own people, who know just what to do, and if the crowd breaks in, it spoils everything. The success of the whole thing depends on the effect. We rehearse the whole thing in advance, work out every detail. I don't imagine the scene at the National will take over four or five minutes. We want to show the thieves running out and down the steps and hopping into their autos. We're going to have a pursuit by the police, and a running fight, but that can be done out in the country somewhere, with nobody around to bother. You can't imagine how critical the people who go to see these moving-picture shows are getting to be."

Flaherty heaved a sigh of relief and mopped his face with his handkerchief. At last he understood.

"Mighty hot in here," he said, "Not a breath of air. Let's go across the street an' git somethin' cool."

Mr. Jones assented and they crossed the street to the Imperial Cafe, where two tall glasses, in which ice clinked and mint floated, were soon set before them.

"Nice place," said Jones, looking around. "First time I was ever in it."

"Yes," agreed Flaherty, "and does

a good business." He had often thought that, if he were not in the police and on the highway to promotion, he would like to conduct such a place as this—a nice, clean, law-abiding place, with a steady custom. "Now," he added, as he pushed back his glass, "go on with the story."

So Mr. Jones told in detail of the plans of the Vitagraph Company for a wonderful new picture, which would catch and hold the multitude by the impressiveness of its detail. It was to show a bank robbery, the robbery of the biggest trust company in New York. The robbers would dash up in their automobiles, enter the building, overpower the clerks, hand-cuff them to the railings, perhaps shoot one or two as examples to the others, grab the trays of money standing about and empty them into the suit-cases they had brought with them, enter the safe and fill their suit-cases with the currency stored there; then they would dash back to their cars, and a wild ride would follow through the streets and out into the country, with the police in hot pursuit. At last the robbers would be brought to bay, some would be killed, and the rest captured and led back by the police in triumph, while the stolen money was restored to the vaults of the trust company, greatly to the relief of its president, who was just preparing to commit suicide.

"That last don't sound hardly natural," objected Flaherty. "He'd be more apt to cop out what was left an' hike out fer Canada. You don't know them presidents."

Mr. Jones admitted that his acquaintance with the presidents of trust companies was not extensive; but the important thing with moving pictures was not so much a slavish adherence to the truth, as the introduction of certain homely elements which touched the heart of the multitude. They had thought they might show the president rewarding the widow and children of the old and trusted employee who had lost his life in defense of the company's millions. Perhaps

they would do that yet; meanwhile, suppose we have the glasses replenished?

Flaherty agreed.

"Of course, you know," he said, "you couldn't really pull off a thing like that. All the teller's got to do is to touch a button at his elbow an' send in an alarm that'll bring about a hundred men on the scene inside o' three minutes."

"It's the teller who does that, is it?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Yes; the payin'-teller. He's in a little cage right at the left as you go in. An' even if he didn't git to do that, a crowd o' men runnin' down the steps would be nabbed by somebody. There's always a special officer on duty at the door, an' a patrolman on the block."

Mr. Jones nodded and rattled the ice around in his glass reflectively.

"Oh, well," he said, at last, "it's just like the stage. A lot of things happen in real life. All the people ask is to be amused and excited. Just so it's pulled off in good shape—that's all they want."

"That's your lookout," said Flaherty. "What is it you want me to do?"

"We want you to take a detail of six or eight men down to the National Trust and hold the crowd back on either side, while we take the picture of the get-away. It won't take over five or six minutes, so that traffic won't be impeded. Anybody who's in a hurry can cross over."

Flaherty looked at his companion.

"What is there in it for me?" he asked.

"How will two hundred do?"

"Make it two-fifty. I'll have to give the men a fiver apiece."

"All right," agreed Jones. "I guess we can afford it. If the film turns out all right, it'll be a gold mine. Of course, if it don't turn out right, we'll expect you to give us another chance. Something happens, once in a while, to spoil the film, and then we have to take it over again."

"That's all right," said Flaherty. "When do you want to do it?"

"Suppose we say to-morrow morning. We've got the film all ready up to this point, and we're anxious to get it out. The fact is," he added, leaning across the table and speaking in a lower tone, "we've got a tip that Pathe Freres are working up a big film along these lines, and we want to beat them to it."

"To-morrow mornin', then," said Flaherty, "What time?"

"Nine-thirty's the best time. There won't be so many people around as later in the day."

"That'll suit," agreed Flaherty. "I'll have the men there on the dot."

"Good!" said Jones, and got out his pocket-book. "Here's the two-fifty," and he counted out five fifty-dollar bills.

"Thanks," said Flaherty, and slipped the bills into his pocket. "Have somethin' more?"

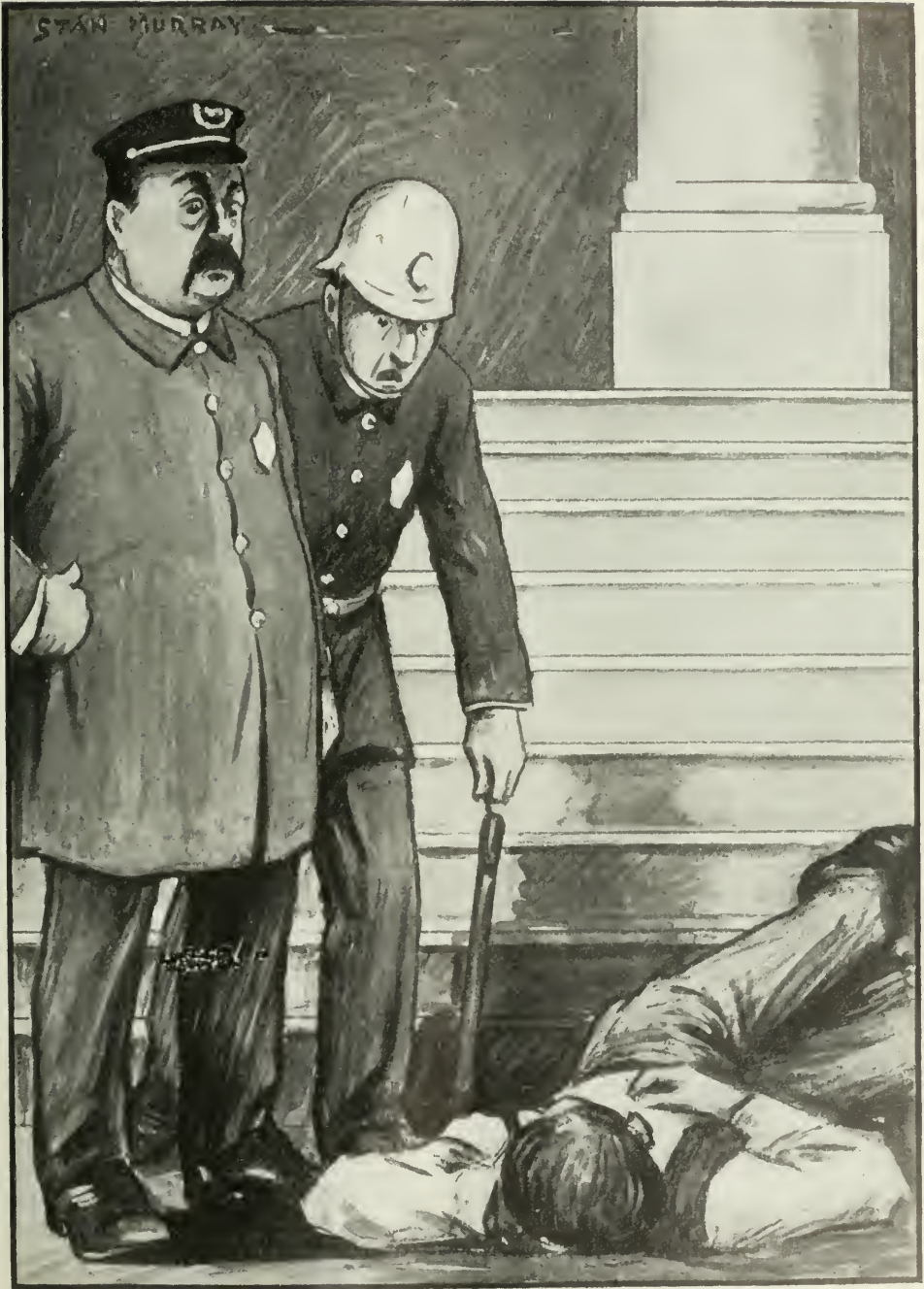
"No," said Jones, rising. "I've got to be getting along. I've got a lot of details to attend to."

"Good-by till to-morrow, then," said Flaherty, and they shook hands and parted.

Flaherty stopped to purchase and light a black cigar. Then he returned to his chair at the station, and fell into a pleasant reverie, as he watched the smoke circle upwards. He would take eight patrolmen and give them five dollars apiece. That made forty dollars. Taking out another ten to be spent in celebration, left two hundred. He would have to borrow only five hundred. Captain—then inspector—it wouldn't take long! And, smiling a satisfied smile, his chin sank lower and lower upon his breast, his cigar dropped from his fingers, and he peacefully slept the remainder of the afternoon away.

II.

PROMPTLY at nine-thirty the next morning, Lieutenant Flaherty marched his detail of eight men down the avenue to the National Trust. He found two automobiles drawn up by the curb before the building. One of



"WHY, THAT'S DIXON THE WATCHMAN," SAID THE PATROLMAN, HIS FACE LIVID.

them had a big moving-picture camera mounted over the dash, and the operator was busy adjusting it. Six or eight men lolled in the tonneaus, among them Jones, who sprang out as he saw Flaherty and his men approach.

"Everything's ready," he said, and Flaherty noticed again how bright his eyes were.

"All right," said Flaherty, and his men began to push back the crowd which had collected in a minute. "How much space will you need?"

"Oh, about fifty feet. And keep a lane clear, so that the cars can get away."

"All right," said Flaherty again, and threw a line across the pavement on either side of the building.

The patrolman on the block came running up to investigate, and Flaherty explained the situation. Then, as the cars backed around and headed uptown, the crowd saw the picture machine and understood, too. Some moved on, but the greater part tarried, grinning expectantly, to see what would happen.

"I guess that's all right," said Flaherty.

Jones looked over the preparations with a critical eye.

"Yes," he said; "but be sure nobody breaks through."

"Oh, nobody'll git' through," Flaherty assured him. "Don't you worry about that."

"All right," said Jones, and nodded to the men in the cars.

The operator of the picture-machine began to turn the crank; the men jumped out, each with a suit-case, and, with Jones at their head, charged up the steps of the building. An instant later, the great doors swung shut behind them.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes passed, while the crowd watched the entrance, still grinning expectantly. A depositor hurried up and protested loudly at being detained for such foolishness.

"Just a minute more," said Flaherty soothingly. "Just a minute more."

"I don't feel just right, some way," remarked the patrolman, watching the entrance anxiously.

And then the doors swung open and Jones appeared at the top of the steps, his men behind him, suit-cases in hand.

There was a sudden shout from the crowd, and Flaherty's men held it back with difficulty. The motors in the cars were humming, and Flaherty saw that a wild-eyed man, with a broken hand-cuff dangling from one arm, was following the make-believe robbers down the steps.

"Thieves!" he screamed. "Thieves! Stop them, officer!"

His face was white and agonized as he turned it to where Flaherty stood immobile.

"Thieves!" he screamed again.

"Good actor," said Flaherty to himself. "But what's the use of him yellin' so? That won't show in the picture."

And then, as the patrolman, who was young and inexperienced, mopped the sweat from his face, the rearmost of the robbers, feeling the pursuer at his heels, paused, turned, levelled a revolver, and fired.

The pursuer stopped for an instant rigidly on tiptoe, half-way down the steps, then crumpled and rolled limply to the bottom and lay there on his face.

The crowd cheered.

"Great!" said Flaherty. "Astonishin' how them actors kin fall like that without hurtin' themselves."

The patrolman did not answer, only mopped his face again.

But the robbers were in their cars and off like a shot through the lane that had been cleared for them, the man at the machine in the rear car turning the crank frantically. And the passers-by understood and smiled and made way.

Flaherty watched them until they were out of sight, then, as he turned, he saw that the limp figure still lay where it had fallen at the foot of the steps. Flaherty bent over and shook his shoulder.

"All right, old sport," he said. "It's all over. You kin come to, now."

The still figure did not respond, and, with a sudden tightening of the heart, Flaherty turned it over. Blood was slowly oozing from an ugly hole in the forehead. The man was dead.

"Why, that's Dixon, the watchman," said the patrolman, his face livid, and a sudden frightened stillness fell upon the crowd.

Flaherty felt his throat constrict and go dry as he sprang up the steps and hurled himself through the door.

A groan burst from him as he saw what lay inside.

Prone on the marble floor, where a bullet had stretched him in the first instant, lay the paying-teller; while a dozen pale and frightened men were neatly handcuffed to the railings. The money-trays were empty and the doors of the great vault stood open.

The robbery had been accomplished just as Jones had outlined it the day before. And as he bent above the body of the teller, slain before he had had a chance to touch that button at

his elbow, Flaherty groaned again. For he felt that the blood of the murdered man was on his head.

III.

THE cars were found, an hour later, in the garage from which they had been rented. Their drivers reported that they had stopped at Times Square and that all but one of the men had got out and walked quietly away. The man who remained had come on to the garage, paid for the rental of the cars, said he would send for the camera, and disappeared in the crowd outside. That was the end of them. The camera proved to be only a box with a crank to it, and a cheap lens in front.

And Flaherty? Oh, Flaherty is now the proprietor of the Imperial Cafe. You may see him there any day. He's not as fat as he was, and he looks considerably older. They tell me he is subject to fits of melancholia.

The "I Don't Know" Employee

SOME employes never seem to know anything definitely. No matter what you ask them, unless it is something their work makes them perfectly familiar with, they will say "I don't know."

They can not tell you the commonest things in their own neighborhood, the names of streets or the location of well-known firms. They don't know how to do this; they don't know how to do that. They don't know because they don't observe; they don't go about the world with their eyes open.

They don't see things. They don't think; they just mull.

Other employes seem to be able always to answer your question. They can tell you almost anything you ask them, because they have used their brains. They have observed; they have kept their eyes and ears open; they have reflected; they have drawn conclusions.

The "I don't know" employe is not a climber in his vocation; he is a perpetual clerk, because people who fill important positions must use their grey matter.

A Strange Tip

By

W. Hastings Webling

THE Hon. Robert Norman Bean-
yngton-Brome, familiarly known
as "Beans" to his immediate
friends, third son of the late lamented
Lord Stranways, and only surviving
brother of the present Lord, stood
alone in the paddock at Ascot, intently
figuring at his gold monogrammed bet-
ting book. From the serious frown
on his naturally good natured freckled
face, it was not difficult to conclude
that the result of his calculations was
far from pleasant. Indeed, the Hon.
Robert, to use a familiar phrase, was
"up against it." A monotonous suc-
cession of losers, which should have
won easily, threatened the young
sportsman with a very bad time on
settling day.

"Only a miracle, or a lucky plunge
on the last race can save the situa-
tion," he muttered, slowly closing the
book, "both equally unlikely to come
off, so far as I'm concerned; the Fates
are against me."

"Beans, by all that's beautiful!"
exclaimed a cheery voice at his side,
"How are you old chap?"

The Hon. Robert turned to see the
soldierly figure and handsome face of
his best friend, Captain William
Courtney, of His Majesty's —th
Dragoon Guards.

With unaffected pleasure, he grasp-
ed the Captain's outstretched hand
and shook it heartily. "Well! 'pon
my word, Billie, where in the name of
Heaven do you spring from! I
thought you were roasting in India."

"I was, and that's a jolly long way
removed from Heaven, just now, old
chap. Had a touch of fever, got six
months' leave, which by the same tok-
en is nearly up, and here I am! By
Jove! it's great to be home. How
goes the battle, Beans?"

"Rotten, old fellow—how goes it
with you? You look pretty fit for
an invalid."

"O! I'm enjoying robust health, and
having a ripping time. What do you
think! Saw old Drivers, at the sta-
tion. Of course you know old Driv-
ers? Used to train for my Guvnor.
Seemed actually glad to see me, mark-
ed my card for the first and third
race, with a 'double star' for the last.
The first two won, and I'm going for
the 'cigars' on the last—what!"

"Bully for you, Bill! Glad to hear
somebody is finding them. But what,
in the name of all that's glorious, did
the wiley Driver tip you for the last?"

"Climatic! and further stated in a
mysterious whisper accompanied by a
particularly knowing wink—"If Don
Antonio wins the 'third' you can have
a little extra on Climatic."

"You're an angel in disguise, Bill.
I may get out of this beastly mess,
after all. Let's get back to the Ring
—I see they're clearing the course for
the last race."

The two friends hurried back to
"Tattersalls" and forcing their way
through the struggling crowd, man-
aged to attract the attention of Jack

Cooper, the Leviathan Knight of the pencil.

"What price Climatic?" inquired the Hon. Robert.

"Seven to you, Sir," replied the busy bookmaker.

"To a hundred, twice," nodded the Hon. Robert—"You're in, I suppose?" turning to his friend.

"Rather," replied the Captain, "go for the 'cigars,' Beans. I'm with you to the limit."

The Hon. Robert moved on and backed Climatic down to 5 to 1, when the stirring shout of "They're off!" signalled the horses were running, and suspended further investments. So the two friends made the best of their way to a place of vantage, and watched with keen interest the result of the momentous race.

With field glasses glued to their eyes, they quickly distinguished the well-known colors of the noble owner of Climatic, "green and yellow." She was well placed and going easily. At the turn her little jockey, one of the most successful lightweights in England, let her out a little, and she promptly went to the head of affairs, taking a nice position on the rails.

"Climatic wins! Even money Climatic! Climatic for a thousand!" yelled the Bookies.

"O! it's a regular walkover!" observed the Hon. Robert, in tones of suppressed delight.

"All over, bar shouting!" observed Captain Courtney, "and by Gad!—what a win!"

The horses were now racing for home, Climatic with a comfortable lead of a couple of lengths. It was then her young pilot turned in triumph to watch the useless struggle of his straining opponents. Alas! it was his own undoing! The filly changed her stride and stumbled. Caught by surprise, the boy lost his balance and horse and rider fell heavily to the ground with a sickening thud.

It was all over, a wretched outsider had beat the favorite a head, and

another sad story was added to the annals of a Black Ascot.

The Hon. Robert carefully placed his glasses back in their case, while his grey-blue eyes looked bravely round at Captain Courtney, who stood watching poor Climatic being led limping away in the distance.

"Well, that about settles it, Bill," said the Hon. Robert, as they slowly followed the crowd hurrying to catch a train for town.

"Did you ever know such rotten luck—what?" exclaimed the still dazed Captain, when they at last secured seats in the crowded train.

"Glorious uncertainty of the turf, Bill!"

"Righto! what's the good of worrying! let's go to the Club, and make a night of it—what?"

"You're on," replied the Hon. Robert, "we will forget the past in one glorious night—then to-morrow! Well, it's chaos and Canada for me!"

"Bad as all that, old chap? I'm sorry, can I do anything for you?"

"No, thanks, Billie. Just a question of selling out my few effects—draw my little balance, and settling up."

"After that?"

"The deluge! I shall have to touch poor old Stranways again, altho' goodness knows, with poor crops and increased rents, he has about all he can do to keep things going. However, he is good for a bit, especially when he hears I'm cutting the festive 'turf,' and clearing out for Canada. He's fearfully strong on emigration just now, and simply bursting with facts and figures—the glorious possibilities of the Great Northwest, etc., etc."

"Not a bad idea—but beastly cold climate—eh?"

"Not so cold as London, to a man that's broke," observed the Hon. Robert, seriously. "There's simply nothing to do, but follow Stranway's advice—he's been at me again lately. But you know how hard it is for a fellow to break away from this sort of thing. Besides, there's Sara—she

won't understand the situation, and how can I expect her to wait for a 'down-and-outer' like myself."

"Lady Sara is young," said the Captain, sympathetically. "She would be the first to stand by you. Give her a chance, you'll see; or I'm jolly well mistaken in my guess."

"Well, a truce to worry," exclaimed the Hon. Robert, more blithely. "We still have our evening, let the morrow bring forth what it may. Ah! here we are at last!"

The train reached its terminus and the young men hailed a taxi, and were soon lost in the surging traffic of London Town.

The first thing the Hon. Robert did, when he awoke next morning, was to order his man, Bury, to mix a stiff brandy and soda, which, followed by a cold tub, helped materially in preparing him for the unpleasant duties of the day. He surprised his brother, Lord Stranways, by his early appearance, and himself still more, by the comparatively lucid statement of his affairs, considering that he and the Captain, had only parted a few hours before, in a state of convivial happiness and blissful indifference to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"—or such a mere detail as common cash.

His Lordship listened to the confessions of his younger brother with sympathetic interest—especially in reference to emigration.

"Excellent idea, Beans, splendid country, great opportunities. Should have gone there myself years ago, if the Guvnor had given the word. Tell you what I'll do; I'll have Coutts place £200 to your credit at the Bank of Montreal. This, with the little you can save from the wreck should give you a start. I'd like to do more, but you know the condition of affairs here—absolutely impossible!

The Hon. Robert thanked his brother and they parted as ever, the best of friends, although they had little in common, and really saw very little of one another.

What with selling out, settling accounts and preparing for the journey, the Hon. Robert put in his last few days in England very busily.

The hardest thing of all was explaining matters, and bidding farewell to Lady Sara Bayville.

"Oh! Bob," she exclaimed, after he had recounted his plans and ambitions. "What a bore! the Leathers were going to invite us both for a perfectly ripping house party at their place in Scotland next month." Then more seriously, "I'm awfully sorry, Bob, but it won't make any difference to me, you know! I'll wait ever such a long time, and you will make lots of money, won't you? and come back soon? And, I say, Bob, do be a careful boy, won't you, and not get scalped by the Indians."

"I'll take care of that," said the Hon. Robert, with a laugh, "although, from what I hear, there are other Indians than the noble Reds, who may be hunting for my scalp over there."

"Well, good-bye, Sara." He pressed her fondly to his heart, while their young lips met in a last fond farewell.

"Good-bye, Bob, and—good luck!"

He noted the little break in her voice, and it helped him through many a cheerless hour in the days to come.

Bob sailed the following afternoon on the good ship, Florentine. He had booked his passage in the name of Robert Brome, and as Robert Brome he determined to win the smile of fickle fortune entirely on the result of his own efforts.

The wooing of fickle fortune proved more difficult than even he imagined. Gold did not grow on the streets of Montreal, and he drifted from one place to another, from one thing to another, till nearly two empty years passed before a favoring wind wafted him to the little town in western Ontario, which we may call Brownville. Here he got a job working on a farm owned by Thomas Gibson, who ran a general store, a farm, a saw-mill, etc., and dealt in anything from a thimble to a timber limit, if he thought there was money in it.

A STRANGE TIP

Bob soon made good with the shrewd old man, who put him in full charge of the farm, to work on half shares. This life suited Bob to a turn, he worked with his brains, as well as his hands. He dug right in, rose with the sun and retired early. Labored with a cheerful optimism, and success crowned his efforts.

Letters from the Old Country gradually ceased to arrive, except at rare intervals. He heard occasionally from his brother, once in a great while from Lady Sara, and Courtney. His brother he knew had married the widow of a wealthy brewer, while Captain Courtney was still in India, accumulating medals and contracting a liver. As for Lady Sara, the description of her doings only seemed to prove how utterly vain it was for him to ever hope or expect such a beautiful butterfly of fashion to be the bride of a hard-working Canadian farmer.

Soliloquising alone one evening in the early Fall, smoking his cherished briar, Bob's thoughts gradually wandered back to days of the past. Days of happy childhood spent at Castle Stranways, in the midst of the Chiltern Hills, splendid even in decay. On through Eton, then Oxford, careless happy-go-lucky days of early manhood round town. Racing, shooting, yachting, bridge, etc. The good fellows he knew so well, chief among them Billie Courtney, one of the very best. Dearest still, his first meeting with Lady Sara at her father's hunting box Leicestershire. The dutiful attention, next the mild flirtation and happy stolen walks in the moonlight. Then the first awakening of love's young dream. Slowly it all passed, a succession of moving pictures, before his yearning vision.

How he longed once more to see the old friends, the old home, to dine once more at his favorite club, and indulge in an English sole, served in that incomparable style for which the chef was famous. A draught of good English ale, from its native pewter,—nectar of the gods, indeed! But

above all to see Sara once more. Would she know him? He pictured her surprise at his rugged sunburnt appearance, the queer cut of his country clothes. How she would smile, and in fancy he could see the dainty dimples peeping in and out on her pretty face. But of course, he would get a new wardrobe from Smithers & Jones, before he presented himself.

"Hallo! Beans, my boy—what luck?" exclaimed a well-remembered voice at his elbow.

Surprised beyond measure, he looked up and beheld the lithe form and handsome face of Captain William Courtney. His eyes were glowing with pathetic pleasure, his once bronzed countenance, unnaturally pale and serene.

"Billie, by all that's wonderful! What happy fortune brought you here?" And Bob started to his feet.

"Sit down, old man, don't move, I'm only here for a few minutes" said the Captain in strange low tones. "You remember Climatic?"

Bob nodded in a half stupor, his straining eyes fixed on those of his friend.

"Back her for the Blankshire, she is going to win. Driver says so, and Driver knows."

"But Billie, old boy, you look so queer—are you ill—is anything wrong?"

"No thanks, I'm quite all right now, you know" replied the Captain with a ghost of his old smile," but don't forget, Beans,—Climatic is a certainty! And I say, Beans, split a bottle of the "boy" with me if it comes off. Good-bye, old chap!"

"Hang Climatic! Bill, sit down like a good fellow, and tell me about yourself" cried Bob, again rising and stepping towards his friend. But the Captain was no longer there, he had faded away as mysteriously as he came, and the room remained silent and in darkness.

Bob quickly struck a match. He lit the lamp and gazed around, but

everything was in order, not a thing disturbed.

"Well, by Jove! if that doesn't beat the deuce" he muttered, "I've been dreaming! The most realistic thing I ever knew—Would have bet a hundred Bill was here. Yet Bill never looked quite so queer in all his life—strange things dreams. Well, I guess I had better turn in now for good, and forget it."

But he didn't forget. Next morning the dream returned to Bob with renewed vividness. He couldn't get it out of his mind. "Climatic" forsooth, bet she has been relegated to a hansom cab, or the boneyard long before this. Still, just for the fun of the thing, I'll run down to the Village and get an English paper. It's the 15th to-day—the Blankshire is generally run about the 27th. Probably I can find the entries, or betting quotations—that will settle it."

Bob saddled his mare, and cantered over to Brownville, about three miles distant, and succeeded in getting a fairly late issue of "Lloyd's Weekly." With strangely trembling hands, he searched through the sheets till at length he discovered a paragraph headed latest betting on the "Blankshire Handicap," and there, with a start, he read at the bottom of the quotations — "Climatic, 50 to 1 offered."

"Well, I'm ——!" he ejaculated in surprise "she's certainly in it all right, altho' they don't seem to be running over themselves to back her. However, this paper is two weeks old, and conditions have likely changed since then."

He returned to the farm, but his heart was not in his work, try as he would, and by the time old Gibson drove over on his daily visit Bob had arrived at a determination.

After greetings and some casual conversation Bob blurted out "I say, Mr. Gibson, can I get away for a month, I want to make a flying trip to England."

"Why, of course, my boy," said the old man taken somewhat by surprise. "Coming back?"

"O yes," said Bob, "I'll be back, never fear. Everything in pretty good shape. Giles can take hold while I'm away."

"When do you start?"

"I find the Bostnia sails on the 18th, and I want to make Liverpool by the 26th at the latest. She can just do it."

"Good enough," said the old man, who was rather fond of Bob in his dry old way. "You'll have to get a hustle on if you want to make Montreal by the 18th."

"Oh! I can do it easily," said Bob, who thanked his worthy employer, and prepared for his trip.

After packing a few necessary things in an old suit case, Bob drew a biggish sum in crisp Bank of England ten pound notes, and left that night on the International Limited for Montreal; there he boarded the Bostnia, and sailed early next morning for England, home and beauty.

It was a most uninteresting trip, very few passengers and prevailing fogs all the way across. One can imagine, therefore, with what pleasure Bob sighted land at last, and finally placed foot on British soil the night of the 26th.

"Pretty close call at that" reflected he, as with bag in hand, he made his way to the London & North Western Hotel.

Buying two or three of the evening papers, he retired to his room, and before turning in, read all the news available in reference to the classic "Blankshire," scheduled for the following day.

In the betting Climatic was quoted still at 50 to 1 "taken and offered." She was also on the list of probable starters, although her jockey's name was not mentioned.

One scribe writing from the scene of action, referring to different candidates—said, "Among the lighter weights Climatic must be considered,

were one sure she had quite recovered from the severe injury she sustained as a two-year-old. Since then, however, she has seldom run in public and then unsuccessfully in very moderate company."

"Not awfully encouraging," reflected Bob, "Still there is one gleam of hope, one oasis in the desert—old Driver still trains her, and if she's good enough for him to keep, she can't be absolutely worthless. Then there's dear old Bill's supernatural tip. Well, here's for bed—to-morrow will prove all things!"

Bob rose early next morning and took the first train for "Blankshire," which landed him in that historic old town about noon, in time for lunch at the Rutland. After an excellent cold collation, Bob strolled leisurely up to the course and wandered round reviewing old scenes, watching the various horses parading in the paddock. He encountered many well remembered faces, of casual acquaintances, trainers, touts, bookmakers, jockeys and all the varied mixtures of mankind that go to make up the great racing fraternity. Of course, no one recognized Bob Brome in his weird, country-cut garments, as the erstwhile, fashionable, well-groomed man about town. But little did he care for that, it caused a smile, for he was there for a purpose, and the outcome of that purpose was all that interested him at that moment.

The course was being cleared for the first event, which Bob watched with the keen interest of the true sportsman, for he loved horses. He saw the second race won by the favorite which carried the good King's Royal colors. The victory created an ovation and proved how fondly His Majesty rested in the hearts of his subjects.

Then Bob returned to the paddock, and after a diligent search, discovered Climatic, looking wonderfully fit, in the course of saddling, under the superintendence of the astute Driver

himself. He examined her critically; she seemed full of life, and her bay coat shone like satin.

"Good enough," concluded Bob, "She's here, she's well, and I'm going to see the bally thing through to the limit—come what may!"

Having reached this conclusion, Bob returned to Tattersalls, where speculation was in full force. The bookies were offering 5 to 2 the Field, 4 to 1 Tipster, 6 to 1 Merrylip, 6 to 1 Lonina, 100 to 14 Gildersleeve, and so on, while Climatic with two or three other horses was offered at 50 to 1. The odds were tempting, but still Bob held on, and turned to watch the parade, for the contestants, a field of twenty-six, were now passing the stands. Very beautifully they looked, trained to perfection, stepping proudly before their critics, with a seeming knowledge of their great importance and responsibilities.

Climatic was ridden by a young apprentice from the Driver stables, a bright, likely looking lad. As for the mare, she walked sedately, but looked fit to run for her life. The horses turned slowly, and then cantered sharply past on their way to the starting post.

Once more pandemonium broke loose, and wagering was carried on at feverish heat. The betting rings presented one seething mass of struggling humanity.

"Ere!" shouted a stentorian voice. "I'll lay 66 to 1 Ballinger, 66 to 1 Turnover, 66 to 1 Climatic." It was old Ben Morton and Bob knew him well as a sound man. Pushing his way to the front he shouted through the din "Climatic to a hundred!"

"What name?" briskly inquired old Ben, who thought he half recognized the face of an old client.

"Cash" replied Bob, passing ten crisp notes into the Bookie's capacious hand.

"Like it again, Sir?" inquired the obliging Ben, scenting a Juggins.

Bob hesitated. Suddenly the vision of Courtney appeared before him.

and once more he seemed to hear the echo of his voice saying, "Climatic is a certainty!"

"Yes, to five hundred!" cried Bob on the spur of the moment, handing Ben the balance of his precious wad, receiving a ticket in exchange.

Bob turned quickly to look for his old friend, almost expecting to see him in the immediate crowd—but not a sign of Courtney could he discover. "Well! if that doesn't beat the deuce, I'm a Rotterdam Dutchman!" he muttered, edging his way through the mass of packed humanity. "Jove! I'm in for it now, right up to the hilt. Five hundred of the best, well! I'm either inspired, or a fit subject for a lunatic asylum."

Once more he heard that thrilling shout "They're off," and he secured the best place possible to watch the great struggle for the "Blankshire." The course was a straight one, about one mile in length, but he could see little of the race till half the distance had been covered. At last he distinguished the well remembered colors of Climatic, bringing up the rear.

On they came, a glorious mass of flashing colors, while the thundering ring of hoofs and shouts of the excited multitude filled the air. The jockeys were now hard at it, whip and spur, tooth and nail.

"The favorite wins! The favorite for a hundred!" yells the crowd. "No, the favorite's beat! It's Tipster! Tipster, come along Tipster!"

"Here! What's that in green and yellow on the right?" shouts the voice of a well known backer.

"Climatic! Climatic! Climatic! Thousand to one on Climatic" roars the ring, and Climatic it was. She came out like a streak at the distance, shot by the leaders, and won in a romp by two lengths.

Bob stepped quietly down from the stand, and waited the final cry "All right." It came at last, as he knew it would. Of course it was all right—she made no mistake this time. Her little pilot rode to orders and took no

chances. The "Gratwick" stables had brought off another great coup, and that silent old veteran, William Driver, bidding his time patiently, had added another great victory to his splendid record, incidentally scoring his third "Blankshire."

Bob walked over to Ben Morton and with strange pleasure gave the old man his real name.

"Well, well," chuckled the worthy Ben, "Glad to see you again, sir. Rather thought your face looked sort of familiar, like! Hope to see you often, sir; maybe you'd like me to settle, eh?"

"No" replied Bob, "You might let me have a hundred and send me your cheque for the balance, care of Couatts."

Bob did not wait for the final events, but drove to the station and took the first train for Town. He arrived at St. Pancras about 8 o'clock, hailed a taxi and drove direct to the "Cavalry Club" to find out, if possible, whether Captain Courtney was in town by chance.

The hall porter was a new man, and did not know Captain Courtney but would inquire.

"Pardon me," said a short, erect gentleman, with a deeply lined brown face, and a grizzled grey moustache, "did you inquire for Captain Courtney of the —th Dragoons?"

"Yes," replied Bob, raising his hat, "Captain Courtney was an old friend and I am particularly anxious to know whether he is in town, or where his regiment is stationed. My name is Brome."

"I am Colonel Grey, Mr. Brome, and regret exceedingly to say poor Courtney was assassinated in India—found dead in his tent. Most mysterious thing. It is feared Courtney suffered for the fault of others. His native orderly disappeared—probably a political crime."

"When was the crime committed?" inquired Bob, infinitely distressed.

"Cable despatch says the night of the 14th."

A STRANGE TIP

"Thank you, sir," said Bob, with bowed head and saddened heart. "Poor old Bill—By Jove it's too bad!"

"Another victim to the vacillating policy of our precious government," said the Colonel, turning to re-enter his Club, while Bob raised his hat and walked slowly away in deep thought.

He secured a room at a small private hotel in Jermyn Street, frequented often by him in his undergraduate days, and where he had expressed his suit case from Liverpool.

When he entered the old familiar coffee room he could hardly imagine so many years had elapsed. Everything looked exactly as he remembered it in the days gone by, even to old Thomas, the waiter, who stood at his side, rubbing expectant hands, a paternal smile on his rubicund features.

The sad news of Courtney's death had entirely robbed Bob of any particular desire for food, but he glanced through the menu and ordered a light repast. From the wine card he selected a reliable brand of vintage champagne—a pint bottle and two glasses.

"Poor old Bill; he asked me to split a bottle of the "boy" with him if Climatic won—Maybe his spirit is hovering round now. I'd give all I possess if he were only here."

Slowly he filled his glass, and standing up, he leaned across the table, and reverently clinked the empty glass. "Here's to you, dear old Bill," he said solemnly, with subdued emotion,—“you were always one of the best—God bless you!”

The following month, Lady Sara Bayville and the Hon. Robert Norman Beanington-Brome were married by special license, at a quiet wedding in Hanover Square. Only the immediate relatives were present at the ceremony in consequence of the recent decease of the bride's father, the late Baron Bayville, of Lynne.

The honeymoon was spent at Castle Stranways, loaned the young couple by Lord Stranways, the groom's brother. There they spent a month of unclouded happiness, returning to Canada later in the year.

A more perfect or better run farm does not exist in Western Ontario than "The River Farm," owned by Robert Brome, and its interior arrangements and menage are equally attractive, thanks to the excellent taste and charming personality of Mrs. Brome.

As for Mr. Robert William Courtney Brome, Junior, he is certainly the most wonderful baby in the world, and if you do not believe me, you can ask his unprejudiced mother, and I'm sure she will quickly convince you the truth of this statement.

In conclusion I might add, Robert Brome has never set foot on a race-course since the running of that sensational "Blankshire," or made another wager on a horse. In fact his interest in racing is a thing of the past and it is only with extreme reluctance, even now, that he refers to the mysterious visitation of his poor murdered friend and the great coup which resulted from "A Strange Tip."

While experience is the dependable thing, we must have fancy and hope as well, or we make little progress. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," said the ablest of the apostles.

Conservatism and skepticism play their part in the world, but they don't blaze new paths or pull off victories. The mistakes of progress are much more worth while than the inertia of the sure thing.—Frank A. Munsey.

Important Articles of the Month

Milwaukee, a Socialist City

MILWAUKEE, an orderly and prosperous middle western city of 400,000 inhabitants, has placed itself in the hands of the local Socialist organization, known as the Social Democratic Party, with a Socialist mayor, council and board of supervisors. The Socialist government was inaugurated on April 9. What this government is accomplishing in Milwaukee is told by Charles Edward Russell, who was commissioned by *Success Magazine* to study the question.

Nevertheless, in the opinion of the community, they have begun to make good. After three months of so much control as conditions allow, there seems to be no question about that. Indeed, some very curious observations might be made on the general respect in which the once despised Socialists are now held. Many men that in no way endorse the Socialist faith told me that the Socialists were perfectly honest; they were visionaries, no doubt, and they could never do what they had planned to do, but they were honest. The able opposition press, raking over the daily records, has found much to commend and little to blame in the new administration. Pre-election visions of incompetence, like the fantastic prophecies of riot, bloodshed and anarchy, are now the average citizen's jest. On trial, Milwaukee rather likes its Socialists. Municipal business has flowed on with exceeding smoothness; the city has never been safer nor more orderly; its credit has not been impaired. Observers generally admit that good men have filled the offices. No one has pretended decreased efficiency anywhere; in some directions the work is better done; in all, the in-

attention is manifest to have it well done. This is not the comment of a casual visitor. I am repeating what was told me by non-Socialist residents. A few of them said that what Milwaukee really needed, of course, was a straight Republican administration, or a straight Democratic (according to the preference of the speaker); but since Providence had not sent such a blessing, the present condition was well enough and meantime the Socialists might show what they could do.

Even the most hostile admit that the Socialists have already done some good things in Milwaukee.

They have straightened out the city's finances. They have separated tax receipts from bond receipts. They found in use methods of accounting that are totally discredited in all modern business houses. Such old style letter-files as were used by Andrew Jackson and Jefferson Davis had never been discarded. Some department offices had no inventories to furnish to their successors. The new administration began to introduce new systems. Hereafter when a citizen wants to know how and where certain funds are going, it will not be necessary to send to New York or Chicago for a commission of accountants as has been frequently the case in the past.

Property accountability is being established and the council has arranged to install a cost-keeping system so that hereafter any citizen can know at any time what is the cost of every square yard of pavement, every foot of sewer, every item in every other improvement.

This in itself will probably work the death of contracts and in any event it will make clear at a glance the exact profit that every contractor will reap from his job. All "snaps" have been abolished in the public service. No more sinecures are maintained for political henchmen, and not one place is given out

IMPORTANT ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

as a reward for political service. All the city employes work eight hours a day—except the mayor and the department heads. They work from ten to fourteen, as the case may be. Unnecessary offices have been eliminated. The Department of Public Works had been administered by a board of three men; the new administration dismissed two of these and made one do the work. It found a city gas inspector and a city chemist, each drawing a salary and each devoting part of his time to private business. The Socialists consolidated these offices and made the incumbent devote all his time to the city. They found in the city clerk's office an officer called the license and chattel mortgage clerk. He did not seem to have much to do, so they dispensed with his services. They found another called the inspector of bridges, whose functions seemed to be largely ornamental, so they dispensed with him also. They went through the departments, cutting out the easy jobs and reducing expenses.

Mr. Russell shows how the spoils idea has been absolutely rejected and efficiency has been made the only test. The saloons have been made to live up to a certain standard. School-houses are being turned into social centres for the people. Experts have been employed to look after the health department and other public utility departments.

The whole community seems satisfied with the administration, with the exception of the Socialists themselves. Owing to the control of the State Legislature, they are hampered in many directions.

With all its advantages and attractions nevertheless, Milwaukee was going the way of the typical American industrial centre, and it was this tendency that the Socialists wanted to reform. A large and rapidly growing part of the working population was as a rule badly housed in unattractive regions and without prospects except of toil and sleep. There were good schools, but not enough of them, and at one time only four per cent. of the public school pupils went beyond the grammar grades. Because of the exigencies of partisan politics, great vital problems like water supply and sewage disposal were shuffled off from one administration to another. Everybody knew they ought to be met and nobody cared to meet them. While the city grew and grew, a coherent plan to beautify it and direct its growth was lacking. The poor worked long hours,

got little pay, found scant enjoyment in life and were at the mercy of chance or caprice. Sometimes, in the winter, thousands of men were without work. Nobody seemed to care much about these matters. Government was directed largely for the benefit of the well-to-do and the prosperous, who were, strange to say, a numerically inconsiderable part of the community. Except for philanthropic experiments, the poor shifted for themselves. Most intelligent persons knew quite well, and, if asked, would admit that the effect of prevailing conditions would be disastrous upon the generations to come. It was evident that bad housing and unsanitary surroundings, uninteresting toil and monotonous lives, would produce in time a population mentally inferior and physically defective. But while everybody knew this, nobody in authority seemed to care very much about it. Other purposes were neglected to further the political fortunes of individuals, and this was achieved by serving the corporations and tolerating the vice interests, with which the corporation interests joined hands.

The corporations had at all times much to say about city affairs. When they wanted a new privilege they got it. By importing fraudulent voters, by giving liberally to campaign funds and by controlling or corrupting public officers, they exercised the final power in politics. They disfigured the city, poisoned the air of some regions, killed citizens on the street railroad lines, spread disease and furnished inferior service at high prices. Everybody knew these things, but no administration would deal with them because of the great power of the corporations in politics and business.

In other words, Milwaukee was just like every other great city in America.

The Socialists desired to change all this; their conception of government was that it should be conducted for the good of the people and not as part of the political game. They held seriously and consistently to the idea of John Wesley's motto that Emil Seidel nailed upon the wall of his office. "Do all the good you can to all the people you can."

Here are things they proposed to achieve for Milwaukee as declared in their city's platform:

Home rule.

Public ownership of public utilities.

A municipal terminal and municipal wharves.

Equal and just taxation.

Public slaughterhouses; public markets; public cold storage.

Public improvement by the city; no contract system.

Municipal quarry; wood and coal yards; ice plant; work for the unemployed.

Extension of the city limits; sanitary homes, factories and schools; playgrounds for children.

Dispensaries; four hospitals.

Public comfort stations.

Sewage and garbage disposal.

Small parks; shade trees; the abolition of slum neighborhoods; a municipal lodging house to abate the tramp nuisance.

School extensions; free text books; free concerts in the parks; social centres.

Fair treatment for all city employes; no dismissals without public trial.

Now, most persons would agree that these proposals are sane, reasonable and for the public advantage. In fact, many of them were copied into the platforms of the local Republican and Democratic parties.

But the Socialists, having a mandate from the community to carry out these improvements, found the mandate nullified by the legal swaddling clothes in which the city was bound up.

For home rule and the public ownership of public utilities they must beseech the Legislature. The street railroad monopoly had a franchise for twenty-five years. The gas monopoly had a franchise forever. The administration attempted to build a municipal electric lighting plant that would save money and release the city from another monopoly, but somebody had recourse to the handy injunction and the courts made it permanent. They tried to build a hospital for contagious diseases (already authorized by popular vote and a thing most sorely needed) and were blocked by the non-Socialistic minority in the Common Council. The bond issue required a vote of three-fourths of the council, and while the Socialists had a fair majority they did not have three-fourths.

The municipal terminal, municipal wharves, public slaughter-house, cold storage plant, dispensaries, sewage disposal and other good things they found to be blocked either by the charter, by the necessity for legislative sanction, or by the condition of the city finances.

Parasitic, Physical and Mental Culture

The commonly held idea that training in mathematics, Latin, Greek, etc., builds up a general fund of energy and skill that is a source of strength to the individual, no matter what calling he may pursue in after life, receives very severe criticism from Dr. George E. Dawson in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Dr. Dawson bases his conclusion that such development is hurtful rather than beneficial, from the basic fact that nature will not tolerate a functionless organ. To develop the brain in one direction and then to allow this part of the brain to become atrophied through disuse is bound to work harm.

In the evolution of life, whenever any organic structure has fallen into disuse, it has forthwith come under the law of atrophy and elimination. Until this law of atrophy and elimination is satisfied, the useless organ is a drain upon the vitality of the organism as a whole. It gives no equivalent for the support it derives from the life of which it is a

part. In other words, it is parasitic. As a parasitic organ, moreover, it not only uses up energy that should go to the other organs that have a vital function to perform, but it also tends to become diseased and thus to impair the health of the entire organism.

There are numerous illustrations in the human body of the disuse and atrophy of organs. As well as of the incomplete elimination and disease of such organs. Thus there are many muscular structures such as those of the pinna, epicranium and the platysma myoides, that are at present functionless and far on the way to complete atrophy. These useless organs are comparatively harmless, though, in strict truth, they must be nourished at the expense of the rest of the organic life. There are other functionless organs, however, that are not so harmless. Such is the vermiform appendix, in man a useless and retrogressive structure, which is apt to become the seat of serious disease. Such also are various functionless ducts, as, for example, the parovarium, which frequently become the seats of tumors, more or less malignant and destructive of life.

All these useless and, in a sense, parasitic organs of the human body, which

modern research in the fields of physical anthropology, anatomy and embryology has brought to light and explained, point to laws of development that have a profound significance for every department of effort in which the control and improvement of man's life is an object.

In the department of physical science it has been contended for generations that certain courses of discipline will give a fund of physical energy that may be available for all the demands of subsequent life.

But here the accumulated observations and inductions of science have begun to suggest troublesome questions about this more or less artificial muscular development of boys and men. It has been observed by physicians that very frequently athletic types of manhood have weak hearts, weak lungs and weak vital organs generally. Often their health and efficiency in later life are poor; and, in not a few cases, they break down prematurely. These observations have set both medical men and teachers of physical culture to thinking, and we are now being told that there is danger of overdeveloping the muscular system; that overdeveloped muscles impose a severe drain upon the rest of the organism; and that all muscular development, unless it is utilized, becomes a tax upon bodily energy, and may give rise to disease. Only very recently a naval officer, who was an athlete while in the naval academy, is reported as having failed to meet the required tests of physical efficiency; and his physician ascribes his failure to his earlier muscular development in excess of the needs of his later life. That is to say, his vitality was reduced through parasitic muscular culture.

All this suggests that we can not store up a fund of physical energy through specially devised forms of physical training. Indeed, the term "general culture" as applied to the organic life is probably a misnomer. The culture we get from gymnastic training and from the athletic field is really special in character, and is applicable mainly, or solely, to the types of physical activity that constitute the training. Hence the energy derived from such culture does not become available for the organism as a whole, but is limited to the special organs that have been trained; and unless these organs continue to perform the functions for which they were trained, they become useless and a detriment to the life. Functionless physical structures derived through the artificial exercises of any form of physical culture thus fall under the general biological law of atrophy, with all

its attendant consequences of waste and disease. The only really economical form of physical culture, biologically speaking, is the culture derived through performing activities associated with the natural, that is to say, fundamental and long-established, functions of life. These are, in general, the spontaneous play-activities of childhood and the productive work-activities of manhood and womanhood, each performed under normal conditions of stimulus and environment.

Turning to the culture of the mind, Dr. Dawson finds an analogous situation there. Experimental psychology has shown that human experience is mediated by specialized nervous organs and that the culture desired therefrom is special, and not general, in character.

It is clear, that those educators who will subject an adolescent girl to five or six years of severe training in higher mathematics, should be peremptorily challenged as to why they do it. They should be asked to show, in terms more specific and modern than most of the vague opinions one commonly hears about "culture," just how the fund of power that is supposed to be generated by mathematical study, is in fact generated; and how it becomes available throughout the girl's subsequent life. So, too, these same educators should be asked to give reason why they compel an adolescent boy to spend five or more years upon the study of Latin before they will accredit him as being educated. What is there in this comparatively immense expenditure of time and energy upon Latin that will develop organs and functions continuously available for the boy's mental efficiency and usefulness in the world? How does a nervous mechanism, with its infinitely complex system of neurones and connecting fibers, fashioned through and for the study of the Latin language, become adapted for all other mental processes? In short, it is time to read a new and compelling significance into the old query of instinctive common sense as to what is the value of the so-called culture that is doled out to our children in the secondary schools and colleges.

What is the effect upon the girl's life of having to support an elaborate nervous mechanism for dealing with mathematical symbols and concepts which she never has occasion to use? What is the effect upon the boy's life of having to support a nervous mechanism for declining Latin nouns and adjectives, conjugating Latin verbs, and construing Latin sentences, which he never has occasion

to use? May not these unused nervous organs become parasitic upon the nervous vitality, just as the unused muscles of the athlete become parasitic upon the general organic vitality? It may seem to some little less than fantastic to suggest such a result. And yet, if we believe that life is a biological unit, and

that the laws controlling it are identical in nature and operation, there is no escaping this conclusion. Moreover, there are many peculiarities in the nervous and psychic constitutions of a considerable number of educated men and women that await a plausible theory to account for them.

False Teeth and False Hopes

That the possession of a set of false teeth may tend to shorten one's life is a thesis, maintained by Dr. J. C. Bayles in the *Independent*. According to the writer, "A battle royal between the physicians and dentists" may be expected to follow an investigation of this matter now being made under the auspices of some of the chief medical societies.

The question under investigation is the influence of artificial teeth upon health and longevity. This demands a wide range of observation. Even with good care and conservative dentistry, it is unusual to keep natural teeth comfortable and useful much beyond the age of fifty. The re-equipment of the mouth with porcelain substitutes is, for most people who are thus repaired, a practical rejuvenation. Primarily, they are greatly improved in appearance. The hollows in the cheeks are filled out, the mouth closes only as far as it should, and ugly gaps are made sightly. Nine in ten of those he meets are frank enough to say "Why you look ten years younger!" Among other agreeable sensations, the possessor of a new set of artificial teeth that fit fairly well rejoices in the conviction that he "Can eat anything"—which may ordinarily be interpreted to mean that, as opportunity offers, he will eat everything. Then the trouble begins. The appetites of youth assert themselves and may again be indulged. Strong meats which, without teeth, could be eaten only when stewed soft or minced, once more appeal as substantial steaks and generous roasts, and are relished the more because of the long deprivation, recalled with impatience. People thus rejuvenated are very apt to eat a great deal too much and to include in their dietary many things they had better avoid. As a rule, the evil effects of such excesses are not immediately observed. The first symptoms of overfeeding is

likely to be stimulation. The victim of self-indulgence thinks he is building up his body and brain by a generous diet; as a matter of fact, he is raising his steam pressure with the safety-valve locked, congesting his fire-pot with obstructive clinkers, and banking ashes up to the grate-bars. That he "never felt better in his life" is possibly true; but he probably does not know that every competent physician would recognize in the steady gain in his waist measure a danger signal of the most alarming kind. Soon an unexpected trouble begins, so insidiously that it is not clearly recognized. The plate which holds the upper teeth gradually loses its original fit. This is not because it changes shape, but because the mouth does. All living tissue resents pressure and recedes from it. To have a new plate made as often as this happens is costly, and for most people quite out of the question. So they tolerate the discomfort as long as it can be borne, and during this period it is much easier to neglect adequate mastication than to practise self-denial. The results are soon seen in acute indigestion, inflammations of the intestinal tract, constipation, malnutrition, perhaps appendicitis, and other serious and possibly fatal consequences. That a great multitude is killed every year by the excesses rendered possible by artificial dentition can not be doubted."

Up to a certain point, Dr. Bayles concedes, dentistry and dental surgery are of great benefit to the human race. Not the possession, but the abuse of teeth menaces health and life. Beyond the age of fifty, prudence and moderation in eating are no less necessary after one can bite hard or tough substances than before. "Old age" begins much sooner with some than with others. Sometimes it is seen in children; frequently in young persons.

It is accompanied and characterized by impairment of the structure and functions of the body, more or less rapid according to circumstances. The writer goes on:

The lessened capacity of the stomach and its decreased muscular and nervous energy impose not only moderation in eating and drinking, but dependence upon foods easily digested and quickly assimilated, with abstinence from those which are found to be attended with evil results. The gastric juices and intestinal fluids are present in smaller quantity than earlier in life and are less energetic in action, and in the adequate and suitable nutrition of the elderly and old the usefulness of the teeth steadily diminishes. This is shown by the fact that a vast majority of those who attain very old age do without them.

The foods to be avoided are then indicated, and some sound advice is given on the restraint of appetites. We read:

Even for one in as vigorous health as is possible after fifty or fifty-five, very little meat is needed and it should be in the form imposing least effort in mastication and assimilation. Milk and eggs are the best of the animal foods, and most vegetables require thorough

cooking. With the decline of physical and mental activity which characterizes declining years, there is a decreasing demand for what are deemed "hearty" foods. It does not follow, however, that the desire for improper and too abundant foods ceases when they become dangerous, or that years always bring wisdom in matters of diet. That artificial teeth favor such imprudences is undoubtedly true, and the conclusion is indicated that new teeth in old mouths are like the new wine in old bottle of the parable. It is to be regretted that artificial dentition so often tempts to imprudence, growing out of forgetfulness of the fact that one may look ten years and feel twenty years younger without having set back the hands of the dial one point.

In this fatigous trifling with chronology lies the danger of false teeth, especially in the case of those who have so far advanced in senile decay that they have no other use for a double equipment of teeth than to deceive others and, still worse, deceive themselves. It is not the fault of the dentist that artificial teeth are abused, unless a dereliction of duty on his part is found in his failure to warn his patients that, after sixty, teeth are chiefly useful as ornaments, and will so remain until surgery has found a way to substitute new artificial viscera for organs worn out or incapacitated.

Picturesque Tales of Porcupine

Of the new El Dorado in Northern Ontario, Edwin Morris writes entertainingly in *Pearson's Magazine*. He gives some readable stories of the discovery of the Porcupine Camp and of the earlier adventures of one Bill Woodney in the same region.

There is about as much uncertainty with regard to who first discovered gold in Porcupine as there is with regard to who discovered America. George Bannerman, however, appears to be the Columbus of the occasion. Bannerman, an old prospector, in July, 1909, scraped the moss from a bit of the surface of a projecting rock and saw wet flakes of shining gold staring up at him from the quartz. But the first great discovery

was made by a gang of prospectors headed by Jack Wilson. Wilson, or one of his subordinates—no two reports on this point are alike—found the great "Dome" that bears Wilson's name. The "Dome" is a ridge of rock, 550 feet long, 40 to 80 feet wide, 20 to 30 feet above ground, and no one yet knows how deep, that is heavily laden with gold. Pull the moss from it anywhere and there is gold. Three shafts have gone down 100 feet and still there is gold, with the bottom of the rock yet to be reached.

Nothing in the history of the gold-mining better illustrates the eccentricities of gold-miners than the discovery of the "Dome." The discovering party consisted of three men, headed by Jack Wilson. The expedition was financed by

a Chicago man named Edwards, who was engaged in the manufacture of lighting fixtures. Edwards was to put up all the money in return for a half interest in anything that might be discovered. Wilson was to have a quarter interest, and each of the other two an eighth.

For several weeks they prospected, first to the east of Porcupine Lake, in Whitney township, then to the west, in Tisdale township. They found gold and staked some claims. But the great "Dome," although they camped, some of the time, within sight of it, almost escaped them. It was finally discovered, according to the story that is generally believed, only because one of Wilson's subordinates stumbled across it. He was not a miner, knew nothing about geology, but did know enough to scrape off moss. Also, he had eyes. When the moss was off, he could not help seeing the gold. The great ridge that was henceforth to be known as the "Wilson Dome" had been found. Stakes were driven and claim laid to the huge boulder.

Now comes the first amazing feature of the discovery of the "Dome." The discoverers, it would appear, knew little about gold mining. At any rate, none was a mining engineer, or even an experienced prospector for gold. Nobody knew whether the find was of great value. Apparently, none of them had the slightest conception of what the great rock was worth. At any rate, Wilson's two subordinates, who wanted money, sold half interests in their "eighths" for \$1,000 each. Each was thus left with a sixteenth interest in the mine.

The man who, according to this story, actually discovered the "Dome" had a passion for diamonds. During the preceding winter he had leaped across the aisle of a railway car and feverishly clasped the hand of a man who wore a big solitaire. The passenger was about ready to "knock his block off," as one of the miners explained when he realized that the man who was gazing so intently at the ring only wanted to look at it. So, when the discoverer of the "Dome" received the \$1,000 for which he exchanged half of his interest in the mine, he at once put himself in communication with a Toronto jewelry firm, which took his \$1,000 and sent him two solitaires, big enough to choke a chicken.

"After that," said a miner, "he was

a great sight in the bush, with his big rings. He was the only man north of Cobalt who wore diamonds."

Another good story is related of the way "Bill" Davidson, an old prospector, met with a piece of ill-luck, merely because a fat porcupine chanced to cross his path.

"Bill" was prospecting in Tisdale township—the heart of what has since been proved to be the gold country. Believing that the high spots were most likely to contain gold, he had climbed trees to see which spots were the highest. He had gone to the spot that seemed to be the most favorable, and begun staking off his claims. With swinging stride he was measuring off the distances—400 steps, 1,320 feet, the length of a claim. For every 100 steps he crooked a finger on a hand. He had crooked three fingers, and had but another 100 paces to go when a porcupine crossed his path.

"Bill" stopped both walking and counting and drew his gun. He could not resist, because the stomach had countermanded all orders of the brain. With a single shot he dropped the porcupine. But when he resumed pacing, instead of crooking three fingers, he crooked two. As a result, he staked, on the last claim, 100 paces more than the law allowed. If he had not stopped to shoot the porcupine, and thus lost count, he would have staked an additional claim, because he knew that all the ground included within his incorrect stakings looked good.

A few days later Ben Hollinger came along and beginning at a point somewhat beyond where Davidson had stopped staking, staked claims back toward Davidson's property. When the Ontario mining officials had figured the matter out, it was found that the two adjoining claims of Davidson and Hollinger overlapped. In other words, it was discovered that Davidson's last claim was unlawfully long.

Of course, Hollinger's lawful claim stood, as against Davidson's unlawful claim, and "Bill" had to give up part of his last claim. Moreover, he gave it up cheerfully. Perhaps he gave it up more cheerfully than he would have given it, if he had known how rich it was in gold. Maybe not. At any rate, the 100 paces of land that Bill didn't get con-

contained what has since become known as the "Hollinger vein," with enough gold in it to buy bacon for some time.

But what is said to be the best tale of all relates to Bill Woodney. The winter before Porcupine was discovered, Bill was in Cobalt. He was given a rich piece of gold quartz by a widow, whose husband had found it near Lake Abitibi.

Her husband and two other men whom she named had found the vein. They had not staked their claims and registered them with the government at Toronto, because such registration would have been a notification to the world that they had found gold in the region. Winter was near when the discovery was made and they wanted to return in the spring, prospect the country thoroughly, and stake out everything in sight.

During the following winter, the husband of the woman who was so soon to become a widow was seriously injured in a mill. In a few days, he realized that death was near. He sent for the two prospectors who had accompanied him to Lake Abitibi. They came.

"Boys," said he, "I guess I've got to die. I can't go back with you in the spring to stake the claims. I want you to promise me that if I die you will give the old woman a third of what we found last year."

The men promised. The wife heard them. But she didn't believe them. Something in the way they said they would made her believe they wouldn't. So, after her husband died, she told her friend "Bill" Woodney about it. She wanted to know what she could do.

"You needn't do anything," said Bill, "I'll do it for you."

The widow had told Bill who the men were. He knew them. He knew where they were working. Bill hired out in the same place. In the course of a few weeks, one of them told him that they were going to quit at a certain time in the spring and take a long canoe and hunting trip in the country far to the north.

That was good enough clew for Bill. Two weeks before the announced time for the men to start, Woodney quit his job, packed his kit and started for Lake Abitibi himself. Get a map of Upper Canada and you will see how rivers and

lakes are so interlaced that, by occasionally carrying a canoe a short distance, one can go, in summer, almost anywhere. Woodney knew the river by which they would enter the lake. His plan was to beat them to the lake entrance, hide in the bush at the opening until they came along, and then follow them—at a safe distance, of course.

When he reached the lake, he drew his canoe from the water, hid it in the "bush," as Canadians call a forest, and prepared to wait. Bill wasn't exactly nervous, but he knew he should not be reckless. His life, if he were found, would quite likely go out rather suddenly. His old companions of the winter-time would know he was following them. So, he built no fires, and ate concentrated food tablets, and such other provender as he could prepare without making smoke.

On the eighth day of his vigil, as he was peering out from the bushes, he saw the sight that he waited so long to see. Down the placid river came two canoes, cutting their ways through the cool waters and leaving flatiron wakes in the rear. Bill hardly dared to breathe as they were going by. He didn't dare move until sometime afterward. But when the canoes were mere specks in the lake, Woodney crawled from the brush, put his canoe in the water, loaded it with his provisions, axes and so on, and set out for the chase.

Late in the afternoon, Bill saw the two specks disappear in what seemed to be an inlet. He kept in the offing until dusk, paddled what he believed to be a safe distance past the point where the men disappeared, and then landed. A mile back from the lake was a high hill. Bill made for it. He knew he could best see from the hill, what was going on. He knew the men would build fires. From the hill, he might see the fires in the daytime, and thus know precisely where the men were. From the hill, he could hardly fail to see the fires at night.

The first night, there was no fire, but the next day Bill saw a blue spiral of smoke curling from the bushes back of the lake. His business was to watch the men, day by day and night by night, and when their fires no longer burned, indicating that they had gone, go down to the place where they had been, find their staked claims, and stake others all around them.

For five days and nights, the fires burned. Then there was no more fire, day or night. Evidently, the men had gone. Bill wanted to be sure, so he waited three more days. Then he went down to the lake where his canoe was hidden, put it into the water, took pains to observe that there was on the lake no sign of human life, then slowly paddled his way along the shore, looking for the inlet.

He found it. From the lake, it looked like a crooked finger of water, perhaps twenty rods long, not more than 100 yards wide at the opening, and tapering down to a point. As silently as only a Canadian woodsman knows how to paddle a canoe, Woodney turned his craft into the inlet and began the ascent. Dewey crept into Manila Bay no more carefully than Bill crept up this arm of the lake. He felt no danger, perhaps—why should he, the men were away?—but everything seemed to make it fitting that he should be quiet. Nature herself was quiet. The fathomless silences of the far North were about him. Besides, he had waited long and traveled far to reach this day and place. Within the hour, he might see the vein, whence came the widow's quartz.

Bill was paddling as quietly as he could when, at the "knuckle" of the water-finger—a point where the inlet was not more than 50 feet wide—he suddenly saw on the left bank—the two prospectors! The next instant, one of the men threw an ax at Bill's canoe that all but cut it in two and sunk it as quickly as a mine could sink a battleship.

Woodney doesn't know yet why he is alive. He seemed to have no chance to live. It was two against one and the one was in the water. So were his food, his weapons and his tools. If he were not murdered during the next second, it seemed certain that he would starve during the next month. Not that he thought out all of these things while he was sinking. He thought out nothing. All he did was to act first and think afterward. A few strokes with his hands and a few kicks with his feet put him against the bank. No rabbit ever took a trail faster than Bill took to the brush. He didn't stop at the bank, like a dog, to shake himself. Probably he didn't know he was wet. All he knew was that he wanted to get away, and he ran because he couldn't fly.

Bill needed no wings. His legs answered every purpose. When he stopped running, he again seemed to be alone in the northland. He could not see the lake; nor the inlet; nor the hill from which he had watched the fires at night. Brush, brush, trees, trees—everywhere. They seemed like friends, too. Life-preservers—every one of them. Stretched under a bush, he lay stiller than he ever sat in a canoe. A crackling twig might betray him to his pursuers, if they were near. He lay this way until nearly sundown. And the next thing he knew, it was morning.

Sleep, and a little time to dull the edge of memory, make brave men of us all. Bill hardly needed the restoratives, yet they helped him. When he awoke, he arose. He didn't know where he was, except that he was somewhere west of the lake, so he looked at the shadows. He knew the lake was in the opposite direction from which the shadows pointed. He had no particular reason for wanting to go toward the lake, but he started. The forest seemed like a race-track when Bill sprinted in; it seemed like a cage, now that he was going out. But fate guided Bill's feet, and before nightfall, he was again at his old watch-tower—the top of the hill.

Home is sweet, even if there is nothing in it—and the top of the hill looked good to Bill. Now that hunger was beginning to bore holes through his abdomen, it even seemed pleasantly tantalizing to look at the spot where, a few days before, he had eaten real food. And while Woodney, lacking even a piece of twine, was cheerfully trying to figure out how he could make a quail-trap, night came on and he saw—

The campfire, down by the inlet!

The rest of this story can be told in short sentences. Hunger, within the next forty-eight hours, drove Woodney into the very camp of the men who would have slain him. He crept up to them, late at night, and stole their food. He could not steal much at a time, but he stole enough to keep him alive. He stole, not once, but three times. The next time he went to steal, they were not there. They had pulled up camp and gone, bag and baggage. He took his life in his hands the next day and went down to see the claims they had staked. He didn't find a stick, or a sign of a claim. He couldn't even find anything himself

that seemed worth claiming. The men had been crafty, he reasoned. They had not camped near where they meant to stake. Perhaps after spying him in the inlet, and throwing the axe at him, they had decided not to stake anything until the next summer. He could only surmise. He could be certain only that the men had disappeared, that his trip had come to nothing, and that he was 300 miles from Cobalt, with nothing to get home on but his feet.

"Doc" Cook is said to have looked somewhat thin and mussed up when he returned to Etah. Woodney says Cook was fat and well dressed, in comparison

with the way he (Woodney) looked when he returned to Cobalt. In thirty-six days, he had only seven quail, which he trapped Indian-fashion, and a handful of berries now and then.

The prospectors never returned. Whether they were upset and drowned in one of the many rapids; whether they fell to fighting and killed each other, no one knows. Nor have they ever filed a claim to ore-bodies along Lake Abitibi. The mine that the widow hoped would make her rich is lost again, and the only proof that it ever existed is the heavy rock, flaked with yellow, that her husband brought home to her.

A Marriage on Scientific Principles

The great astronomer, Simon Newcomb, who died last year, is the subject of an interesting sketch by his sister, Dr. Sara Newcomb Merrick in *McClure's Magazine*. Apart from the fact of Newcomb's Canadian origin, the romance surrounding his father's marriage in New Brunswick will appeal strongly to Canadians, because of its unique features. John Newcomb, the father, as a youth was an extraordinary character, being immersed in studies of nature and human life.

At the age of twenty-four, John Newcomb, the youth of analytic mind, stood before his mirror and thus soliloquized:

"I am twenty-four years old, and it is time I began to look for a wife. Combe and Gall both say that twenty-five is the best age for marriage. I must marry a young woman whose temperament shall be unlike mine, and unlike in such a way as shall make us harmonious, one being the complement of the other. The difference in temperament is shown by the difference in physical form. I am a little above the medium height, five feet nine, so she may be of medium height. I am inclined to be slender, with sloping shoulders—she should be rather square in the shoulders and stocky of build. My muscles are long and slim, and my hands

slender, with slim fingers; therefore she should present the opposite.

"Face and head: I have rather a large mouth, a square chin and jaw, a face inclined to be long—she must have a rather round face with plump cheeks. My nose is long, with bony portions prominent, somewhat like the Roman nose, but broader and with full nostrils—she must have a rather short nose, even with a little uptilt, and lacking in bony development.

"My eyes are deep-set—hers must be full and prominent. My eyebrows are straight—hers must be arching. The hair grows low over my forehead—her forehead must be high. My forehead projects over my eyes, and slopes back somewhat, making what is termed the philosophical head—hers must be full and round in the upper portion, making the literary and history-loving head. My head is inclined to be narrow between the ears and high in the crown—hers must be broad between the ears and highest over the ears, from which point there should be a smooth slope to the back of the head. My back head is full, showing strong love for children and great affection—hers should be somewhat less. Because my hair is dark and strong of growth, rather, coarse, in fact, hers should be fine and, if possible, curling or easily curled. In color my face is inclined to be florid—hers must be more delicate, while still showing the hue of

health. The color of my eyes is gray-blue; but—I'm not so sure here, I think color of eyes and hair is not of so much consequence. Mentally I am slow of thought and speech—my wife must be quick and ready with an answer. She should be now about nineteen years old. Where is the young woman?

“Such a woman and I would be congenial, harmonious, and therefore happy. Our children would be an improvement upon ourselves, more harmoniously formed in both body and mind. They would have good physique and strong constitutions that would carry them through the vicissitudes of life to the hundredth milestone as the years go. Now, where is the young woman? I must look around for her. Another thing, though: she should be a good housekeeper, neat and thrifty. I will do my best to furnish the means for the housekeeping, but I am not constituted for a farmer; I must be a teacher. I have taught several winters already, and I think I can always make a living at the work.”

With this prospect in view, he studied more assiduously than ever. Early retiring was the rule, but he could not sleep. Waiting till the silence of the house assured him of safety from discovery, he would steal downstairs in his socks, gently uncover the logs to a blaze, stretch out upon the floor, and open his beloved book. Here he would read and dream of the possibilities of the human race when each individual had learned how to choose his mate in a scientific manner. Let us not smile at his visions, but await the outcome of his dreams.

Newcomb set out on his quest, tramping bravely along, with eyes open to everything around him. He was accustomed to stop at farm-houses for refreshment and if there were marriageable daughters he watched them carefully.

Disappointment met him at every door. At one house the cooking was poor; at another the house was not neatly kept; at a third there was scolding or fault-finding, a want of harmony—and in all the maidens a lack of desire for learning or education. One young woman little knew by what a narrow

margin she missed her fate, All was going smoothly till, when she was molding the dough for the baking-pans, he noticed that a considerable portion of the dough was left in the wooden kneading-trough. He asked her the reason for this, and her reply was that she left it for the horse, because he was fond of it. She always did this, she said; there was plenty. “Want of thrift,” decided the young man, and he shouldered his bundle and walked on.

Undiscouraged, he continued his journey until, at the close of a perfect summer day, his footsteps drew near to the village of Moncton, New Brunswick. The first building to greet him was not a dwelling, as he knew from its form. Yet it was lighted, and the melody of a familiar hymn greeted his ear. He had happened upon a prayer meeting in the Baptist meeting-house.

He stepped in unobtrusively and took a seat near the door. His attention was at once attracted to a young woman in the upper part of the room who presided at the melodeon. He saw that she was easily the leader among the half dozen persons forming the choir, although she was younger than most of them. They deferred to her and followed her lead as they sang the psalms and hymns of the time. Her capable hands fingered the keys of the instrument with firm and assured touch.

Our pilgrim's eyes did little roving, for was he not analysing the young woman at the melodeon? She was of medium height and rather square build. The face was a perfect oval, with broad, high forehead, round and full in the upper portion. The brows were arching, and shaded large, soft eyes that looked black in the dim light. There was plenty of breadth between these eyes to assure broad view and sound judgment. The head was highest at the center and rounded smoothly to the back. The hair was a golden brown and fell in soft curls over her shoulders. The skin was white and delicate, but her cheek glowed with the rosy hue of perfect health.

In less than ten minutes the young man declared to himself, “There's my wife!”

No need to wait and see how she could keep house, or whether she fed dough to

the horse; her whole bearing and personal appearance were sufficiently convincing. Added to all the rest, he knew, from the expression of the face and the contour of the chin and mouth, that here was his temperamental complement. Mischief could flash from those soft, big eyes, quick wit flow from the lips. She could be playful, but withal so dignified that no one could think her light or flippant.

After the services were concluded, Mr. Newcomb inquired of one of the young men who this girl was. "She is the eldest daughter of Squire Prince," was the reply.

Mr. Newcomb decided to remain in Moncton, make up a school, and lay siege to the heart of Squire Prince's eldest daughter, Emily. He soon learned that no teacher had been engaged for the coming season, and set himself to call upon all families with eligible children. There were five of school age in the family of Squire Prince, but that did not include his daughter Emily. Strategy and persuasion were necessary to convince the Squire that a girl of eighteen was not too old to go to school—age having more to do with the matter than attainments in those days. When Mr. Newcomb, as a last resort, mentioned that he would have a class in astronomy and ancient history, the battle was won, for the young woman was then on his side.

Reserved and dignified though these young people were, they could but find pleasure in each other's society. People who are temperamentally harmonious are always congenial. The young woman progressed rapidly in her chosen studies, and the schoolmaster thought it incumbent upon him to call at her house very frequently, to spend a long winter evening talking over the lessons of the day, and incidentally to engage her father in a discussion of some problem in government or a question in science.

A year elapsed and meanwhile Mr. Newcomb was offered and accepted the office of postmaster. The time

had now come for him to face Squire Prince and ask for the hand of his daughter.

It took courage to approach the magistrate on matrimonial business where his daughter Emily was concerned. Nearly every eligible youth in the county had been routed by the Squire's clear-cut and decisive "No." What hope, then, for the schoolmaster?

At last the time, the place, and the man were met. Newcomb's question met with the usual answer, followed by, "Do you think I would let my daughter marry wandering school-teacher?"

The matter did not rest there, for, as time went on, the daughter became attorney-in-chief and pleaded her own cause with a father who loved her too well to deny her. The engagement was made public, and the time of the wedding was set for a year hence. "Now," thought the young man, "I have found my congenial mate by the rules laid down by the phrenologist, and I am going to put to test the theories of heredity put forth by the physiologist Combe. My first-born shall be an astronomer."

With this laudable end in view, he taught astronomy in his school, thoroughly filling the minds of his embryo navigators with astronomy. They went out in the evenings, throughout the year, gazing up at the constellations and repeating their names and descriptions until they would know them anywhere. To study those constellations on the other half of the globe they had maps, and the students diligently drew them and described them again and again, so that they would recognize them wherever they might be sailing. Newcomb talked astronomy with anybody who would listen to him. He gathered the people of the village together and lectured to them on astronomy and engaged them in discussions on the earth's movements. He ate, drank, talked, walked, slept, dreamed in terms of astronomy. He was steeped in astronomy.

No wonder therefore that Simon Newcomb, the first-born child of the union, should have become a great astronomer.

The Tonic Effect of Cold-Water Dips

Some useful hints about tub bathing are contained in an article in *The Scrap Book*, prepared by Dr. Alexander Alworth. The doctor is a firm believer in the beneficial effects of the cold-water dip, not only for the strong but the weak as well.

Most of us entertain a vague idea that we wash to get clean. As a matter of fact, if that were all, the old-fashioned weekly tub would answer very well. But that is not all.

Modern modes of living tend far more than those of earlier days to intensify the nervous energies, to heighten the desire for food and drink of a stimulating nature, and for occupations which involve continuous strain. All this diminishes, rather than increases, physical vigor, and renders necessary popular familiarization with some method of combating these tendencies.

Women, especially, with their more delicate nervous organisms and unmeasured enthusiasms, suffer from the causes alluded to, and are less apt than men to find incidental counteracting influences. Consequently, it is of special importance that they adopt some deliberate method of protecting themselves.

Of all such methods at command, none is at once easier of application and more efficacious than the proper use of water. Abundant experience has demonstrated the value of lower temperature baths, not only to keep the skin active, but also to put the whole system in a condition to resist fatigue, exposure, and disease-promoting influences in general.

It is the cold, and not the wetness, that accomplishes this purpose of the bath, but no other means can apply the cold so readily and effectually as water. It must be cold enough and applied in such a manner as to produce a shock, with a subsequent reaction. Both these elements are essential to the full benefit of the bath. If the shock is not felt, the bath cannot fulfill its purpose. On the other hand, if reaction is long delayed or absent, the shivering bather is injured rather than benefited.

Obviously, then, the temperature and method of the bath must be adjusted to the individual. But there are very few who cannot take a cold bath in some form or other. A popular conception of the cold bath pictures a tub full of icy water, into which the shrinking but determined bather must plunge, and in which he or she must remain for a considerable period of time.

Some devoted but ill-instructed souls have even attempted the feat, and experienced a humiliating disappointment when protesting sensibilities sent them out of the tub almost as quickly as they went in. Actually, the sensibilities were in the right—the shock had been achieved. Even the momentary plunge in really cold water is too severe for many constitutions to begin with. Such persons should modify the temperature at first, and gradually accustom the system to react to a more pronounced shock.

Another good method of modifying the rigor of the bath is to stand with the feet in warm water while plying vigorously a dripping sponge of a lower temperature. A shower may be similarly used, and baths of this kind, like the plunge bath, may be gradually reduced in temperature as the system acquires resistance.

Individuals vary widely in their reaction to the bath. Many, as has been said, cannot take an actually cold bath, and many more think they cannot. The trouble is that they have not been properly instructed how to go about it.

In the first place, cold and hot are purely relative terms, and mean nothing unless gaged by the thermometer. Properly, a cold bath is any below a temperature of sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of a cool bath ranges from sixty-five to seventy-five degrees; that of a warm bath from ninety-five degrees to one hundred. Anything above that may properly be termed hot.

Many men and women find it necessary to educate the system to a strictly cold bath, and this is especially true of the weak and debilitated. These, in

adopting the method just described. should begin by standing in very warm water, and in the sponge use water of eighty degrees. The latter should be gradually lowered until the really cold temperatures are reached.

But even before this goal is attained. the plunge bath may be begun. This, also may be started at eighty degrees. and the same gradual lowering be adopted. This reduction may be continued as far as the bather likes, provided the reaction never fails. This can be materially aided by energetic friction, in the bath and in the drying, with flesh-brush and rough towel. In fact, the whole process should be accomplished with despatch and vigor.

Another important point is the temperature of the room, which should be neither noticeably cold nor noticeably warm. Where facilities are at hand for a shower bath, this may be taken at a lower temperature than any other kind. The impact of the water upon the surface of the body acts as mechanical massages and secures a good and rapid reaction from water which, applied in another way, might prove injurious.

What constitutes a proper reaction? In order to answer this question it is necessary, first, to consider the immediate effects of cold applied in this way to the body. These are, in brief, a con-

traction of the blood-vessels near the surface of the body, an increased rate of respiration, a heightened rapidity and force of heart action. Following this, if reaction is adequate, the contracted blood-vessels dilate, and there is a rush of blood to the surface of the body. This it is which imparts to the skin its healthy color and to the whole body a feeling of pleasant warmth, general well-being, and elastic readiness for exertion.

The tonic effect of such baths is particularly noticeable in persons who are subjected to considerable nervous and mental strain in their daily occupation. For such, and for all who lead a sedentary life or are naturally feeble in constitution, they may prove a very buckler against disease. It has even been indisputably demonstrated by scientific experiment, that in addition to the immediate tonic effects, these baths actually promote the building up of the body. As a matter of fact, if taken daily routine they are most efficacious. When taken immediately on rising and followed by exercise.

The warm bath, on the other hand, is best taken at night. It is soothing and relaxing in its effect, calming irritated nerves and promoting sleep. In this bath, the body is immersed in water somewhere near its own temperature and remains quietly there for a short time.

Saving Fruit With an Artificial Blizzard

For thirty years the refrigerator car has been operated on practically the same principle. That is to say, perishable freight and ice have been packed in the car, in precisely the same manner as the house-wife fills her little refrigerator on the back porch. The idea is described in some detail by Walter V. Woehlke in the *Technical World Magazine*.

All refrigeration has for its object the chilling and numbing of the multitudes of bacteria and fungi present in organic matter so that they cannot multiply and cause decay by their activities, and the retarding of the zymotic processes of ripening, whether the refrigerated

stuff be fruits, vegetables, fresh meat, eggs, butter, or beer. To retard these processes in transit the foodstuffs are placed in the car at the point of origin, the loaded car is switched to the icing platform, the bunkers at either end are filled with ice, every opening is hermetically sealed, and the car is sent off. The cold air in the ice-packed bunkers, obeying the law of gravitation, sinks to the bottom of the car, absorbs some of the heat of the lowest portion of the warm freight, rises to the top as its temperature increases until it re-enters the bunkers for another circuit. Of course, air spaces have to be left in the load of freight to allow the cold air access to all parts. By this slow process of gravity circulation the perishable freight in the

car is not cooled off sufficiently to prevent decay or ripening until two, three, and sometimes four days after the start, according to the temperature of the freight at the time of lading. Even when the lower two-thirds of the carload have attained the required minimum, the upper third, especially in the center of the car farthest from the bunkers, is several degrees warmer than the minimum. Because the ice in the bunkers cannot conquer this relatively high temperature in the upper part of the car, the shipment of fresh deciduous fruits, of peaches, plums, apricots and cherries, of melons, grapes, berries, and sensitive vegetables, is restricted by the distance over which the upper portion of the freight can be carried with safety, thus preventing the development of the markets farthest distant from the producer.

As the processes of ripening and decay proceed rapidly immediately after fruits or vegetables are picked, during the first two or three days in the perambulating ice-box while the temperature is falling very slowly, the growers could not, under the old method of icing, ship fully matured stuff over long distances. They had to pick their fruits and vegetables green and hard to prevent them from becoming overripe on the journey. As a result the buyer received tasteless, flavorless produce which hurt the reputation of the producing districts and the feelings of the consumer.

It was only recently that Professor Powell of the Bureau of Plant Industry pointed out that by cooling fruit artificially before placing it in the cars, it could be sent longer distances and could be safely packed in a solid mass, ripening and decay being checked at once. Both the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Santa Fe Railroad, as a result have established immense pre-cooling plants.

The pre-cooling plant of the Santa Fe at San Bernardino, represents an investment of a million. It is built out of reinforced concrete, has a total length of a quarter of a mile and a maximum ice-making capacity of two hundred and fifty tons a day, with storage capacity for 30,000 tons. The arctic tempera-

tures are produced in a large room containing thirty-five miles of pipe coils through which brine with a temperature below zero is circulating, cooling the air passing over it far below the freezing point. A concrete tunnel six feet high receives the cold air which races through it at a speed of fifty miles an hour, driven by eight fans over seven feet in diameter. The concrete tunnel harboring the arctic storm runs for thirteen hundred feet alongside of a track with a capacity of thirty-two cars. The tunnel is tapped by sixty-four flexible couplings, one of which is inserted into the vent opening at either end of a car when the pre-cooling begins. After the warm air has been driven out, by a preliminary blast, the music of the zero cyclone starts. At the rate of eight thousand cubic feet a minute the blast whistles through the cars, impinging against the boxes and crates, feeling with icy fingers into every nook and crevice, taking a little of the fruit's heat with it and passing out through the second pipe to return to the brine coils. At the end of the first hour the blast changes its direction and enters the car from the other end in order to equalize the temperature throughout the load. Care must be exercised by the engineer in charge to gradually increase the temperature of the air as the fruit grows cold, unless he wants to change the interior of the car into a real arctic scene. It is on record that three carloads of celery were frozen stiff while the temperature was close to a hundred degrees—outside the car. Inside the zero air had been turned on too long for the tender vegetables and the railroad had to pay out fifteen hundred dollars for the engineer's pre-cooling experience.

The Southern Pacific pre-cooling plants employ an intermittent vacuum system instead of a direct blast, accomplishing about the same results in approximately the same time as the Santa Fe.

Pre-cooling is a profitable process. It saves ice, increases the weight of the paying load that can be stowed in a refrigerator car, widens the market of the producer by enabling him to ship ripe, fully flavored produce and extends the distance over which he may ship without danger of decay in the upper stratum.

Fighting Ignorance With Pictures

A somewhat unique advertising campaign was conducted last summer by the Civic Federation of Chicago, its objective being to educate the public against the improper feeding of infants. A prominent cartoonist on a leading Chicago newspaper has given freely of his time and ability to produce a striking poster that has become familiar to the residents of the congested districts.

The story of the campaign has been described by Douglas Sutherland in *The World To-Day*. Of its origin, he says,

The facts which stirred the executive committee of the Civic Federation of Chicago to inaugurate this campaign were these: During the three hot summer months of 1909, July, August and September, there were 1,570 deaths of babies under one year of age, not in total, but from diarrheal diseases alone. These deaths were classed by Dr. W. A. Evans, Chicago's vigilant commissioner of health, as strictly preventable, and were attributed by him to bad foods and improper drinks alone. Such a list of preventable deaths was doubly appalling, for not only did it represent a tremendous sacrifice on the altar of ignorance, of the American-born citizenship of to-morrow, but it persisted in spite of the fact that the baby-saving forces last summer were probably the most strongly organized that they ever had been up to that time. This year, with Dr. Caroline Hedger, of the United Charities, in active charge of the baby welfare committee, made up of the visiting nurses, social settlements, sanatoria, the milk commission and the woman's clubs, the organization is considered even stronger.

It should not be inferred that this force of tireless and efficient field-workers had lost ground, or that the diarrheal death-rate had made an actual gain per cent. The trouble was that the field force had not been able to make the headway desired. The field was too large for the number of workers, and it was growing. Moreover, it was an exceedingly difficult field to work.

The "spot" maps and population

charts studied together showed the deaths to be massed in the thickly settled Polish districts of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Wards, running down into the Italian and Irish-American territory in the southern end of the Seventeenth; in the Italian quarter of the West Side lying north of Twelfth Street; in the Ghetto east of Halsted and a pocket of Lithuanians centering about Union and West Eighteenth Streets; in the district bounded by West Seventeenth and West Nineteenth Streets, South Paulina Street and California Avenue, inhabited chiefly by Bohemians, with Poles, Slovaks and Hebrews thrown in for good measure; in about twelve square blocks of the southwest side, bounded by Halsted Street on the east, and included between Thirty-first and Thirty-fifth Streets; in that sorry place of existence commonly known as "Back of the Yards" and extending from the Forty-sixth Street entrance of the Union Stock Yard west to Wood Street, the inhabitants being Poles, Lithuanians and Bohemians, with some Germans and Irish-Americans; and in the South Chicago district from Eighty-third to Ninety-fifth Streets, and from the Strand to Commercial Avenue. Many deaths also were shown in the Italian district of the Twenty-second Ward on the North Side, and in the First Ward, along the "lower" part of Archer Avenue.

Of all these people, the worst death-rate was shown among the Lithuanians, the next worst, and the worst by numerical count, among the Poles, and the next among the Italians. The Bohemians showed a fair record, attributed by some workers among them to the fact that they have a sort of racial habit of boiling the milk before putting it in the nursing-bottle. (The health officials advise warming the milk for twenty minutes, but point out that boiling makes it difficult of digestion.)

It was perfectly true that these parents were murdering their children, just as much as if they had done it in cold blood. It also was well-nigh impossible to make them realize it. If they gave their babies, who should have been satisfied with life's original menu, bread soaked in coffee or in beer, overripe ban-

anas, potatoes, sausage or tea, it was not with deadly intent, nor yet to save money, but merely because they liked these foods themselves and reasoned that what nourished them would nourish their children.

For the most part such parents had not been in this country long, and the great majority of them had come from the rural districts abroad, where, on the farm or in the little village, conditions of living were simple and foods were plain. The women were obliged to work, but it was in the fields and did not interfere with the care of the youngest hopeful; when his dinner time came around, the hoe or basket could be laid aside, to attend to his wants. In Chicago, if one of these women had to work, it was in a big factory and no creche was provided to take the place of the shady tree or hedge in the old country. Consequently, the baby had to be left at home and weaned at an early age. Other diet was the result, and the easiest thing to prepare, notably, "the poor man's roast," the sausage, generally fell to the baby's lot. Even if the baby were fed from a nursing-bottle, the chances were worse than even that the milk would be left standing in the hot sun to sour, where cats might sample it, and flies and dirt pollute it; then at feeding time be put into a bottle none too clean, and given to the hungry little one. Half of the time the long-tubed nursing-bottle, now universally condemned by health authorities because of the impossibility of keeping it clean, would be used.

Whatever the kind of food, however, the baby generally had good cause to cry from the effects of it. This was the signal for more feeding, and the louder the cries, the greater the variety of foods and drinks which would be offered. Ice-cream and candy were favored as proprietary delicacies. Among many ignorant parents tea was found to be a favorite drink to offer baby. Water, apparently, was never considered as a suitable beverage—at least for the very young.

The designing, lithographing and posting of the four-color posters, issued by the Committee, were done gratuitously.

From the very first the posters aroused interest. The bill-posters left behind them women standing singly and in

groups, and children in swarms, studying the picture and the text. Before they had been up many days, one of the visiting nurses reported that wherever she entered a home, the children would begin reciting the homely texts beneath the pictures.

One Italian grocer in the Grand Avenue district asked for cards to distribute among his customers, the minute the posters were put up across the street from his store, saying that there should be "literature to go with the babies."

Head Resident Thomas W. Allinson came upon a man near the Henry Booth House, reading aloud to two women from a Lithuanian poster.

"Can you read that?" he asked, stopping Mr. Allinson. The latter replied that he could not read Lithuanian, but knew what the poster meant.

"Well, it's a good, good thing," the man remarked in broken English. "I read it to this my wife here and her friend."

And so the reports come in from all sections of the city. To all appearances the campaign is "doing work"; that is, it is stimulating a more general interest and reaching more people than have been reached before. But there is need of it. This summer has been the hardest for babies of any in recent years. Literally they are dying like flies in some sections. There were 106 deaths of babies under two years old from diarrheal diseases alone, reported over one week end in late July. The infant mortality rate is going to be very high in spite of everything.

"It pities me, the way the babies die," said one of the assistant rectors of an Italian church, shaking his head sorrowfully. "But the picture, it is fine. I will put it down in the meeting-room, where all will see it."

Final results will be hard to determine. It is doubtful if they can be told in figures this year. The effectiveness of the campaign may not appear till next year, and all we shall have to judge by this year will be the serious interest that is aroused and maintained among those people we are aiming to reach. Meantime, inquiries from cities down the state, from New York city and from New Haven, Connecticut, prove that the idea has attracted wide interest outside of Chicago.

A City Set on a Furnace

In the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania, stands the city of Carbondale, beneath which a great mine fire has been burning fiercely for the past eight years. Already a number of people have perished as a result of the fire's devastation. The story of the origin of the fire and its progress is related by Henry E. Robbins, in *The Outlook*.

The great fire which began eight years ago has undermined one home, a part of which fell into the burning crater during the progress of a wedding feast. At another home (that of Henry Masters) the heat has made it impossible for the family to stay. The grass has been killed as well as the trees, and a few weeks ago the "cave" reached the front fence. The fire department immediately responded, and gave temporary relief by letting a four-inch fire-hose play into the opening day and night until it had somewhat cooled. Meanwhile the fire creeps on, and the residents of that section who have worked and saved all their lives to provide themselves with homes cannot afford to move, and when their homes are destroyed most of them will be ruined. That other residents of Carbondale, who are but occasionally annoyed by the fumes when the wind is in the north, are only mildly interested only goes to show that men will endure with comparative calm any injustice, provided it continues long enough for them to get used to it and the injury it works is borne by some one else. And, as might also be expected, those who are about to lose their homes are almost desperate.

The story of the fire and the fight against it is this: Two old settlers, named Watt and Scurry, who were very shrewd men and had made considerable money, bought about forty acres of coal land in the Fifth and Sixth Wards of the city. There are three veins on the property, lying one above the other and aggregating about eighteen feet of clean hard coal. From time to time coal-min-

ing leases had been let to different parties, and slopes had been run in and timbered, and the usual pillars of coal, about thirty feet square, are supposed to have been left in the sections mined out. In 1901 Watt and Scurry leased the entire tract to the Finn Coal Company on per ton royalty. Shortly after that (according to the court records, in the summer of 1902) a man by the name of Priestly, who was walking over the then attractive land, discovered a burned place in the earth and detected the peculiar fumes that come from burning coal and overheated rocks, earth and roots. From that time on many people noticed conditions that led them to think that there was a mine fire. Slowly but surely it made headway. The heat became more intense and the area wider. During the time that the Finn Company had the lease it is said to have expended thirty-five thousand dollars in attempts to put out the fire. Soon afterward the company became bankrupt. An earnest appeal to the owners of the land met with no response.

In 1908 John R. Cameron, a resident of that section, and a number of friends, all of whom were owners of houses, raised a considerable sum of money to bring the matter to the attention of the court. This was after they had appealed to the owners of the land, the leasers of the property, the city and the State authorities. All with one accord had made excuses, and so a suit was brought before the Court of Common Pleas of Lackawanna County, entitled "John McCabe, Henry T. Fenwick, John R. Cameron, and the City of Carbondale vs. W. A. Watt [Scurry having died] and the Finn Coal Company." The suit prayed for a permanent injunction for "the abatement of the nuisance," and a mandamus to compel the defendants to extinguish the fire. The city of Carbondale became a party to the complaint after the legal action had been begun by the other plaintiffs. This action was taken in 1908, and the Court dismissed the case so far as the owners of the

land were concerned and found for the plaintiffs, against the Finn Coal Company. The Finn Company appealed to the Supreme Court, and after a hard-fought battle the decision of the lower court was reversed. Immediately thereafter John R. Cameron and others brought action against the city of Carbondale to compel the city to put out the fire. The Supreme Court again found for the defendants. Therefore, according to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a "municipality cannot be compelled to abate a public nuisance consisting of an immense mine fire which injures the health and property of a great many citizens thereof." The defense set forth the fact that the city did not know how to put the fire out and that to put it out would cost one hundred thousand dollars, and Carbondale, being a city of the third class, could not raise so much money for that purpose. No doubt the Court found according to the law and the evidence, but those affected are not to be blamed if they entertain rather a poor opinion of "Penn-

sylvania justice." At the trial experts testified that two hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal a year had been already consumed—nearly one thousand tons a day. One would think that here lies a little home mission work in the matter of conservation of coal. For, as a matter of fact, if the fire is ever to be put out, it must be done by the Federal Government. The writer appealed to the Department of the Interior three months ago, and has a long list of petitioners to follow up the appeal. With the usual exasperating "insolence of office" and the law's delay, Secretary Ballinger's clerk wrote that the matter would be referred to the Department of Mines and Mining, and that the soon-to-be-appointed Commissioner would be urged to take up the matter at once. Who the new Commissioner may be, if he has been appointed, no one around Carbondale seems to know. Wherever he is, in Europe or at the seashore, he is not here, and the fire burns on, destroying homes and injuring the health of many worthy people.

A Visit to Edmond Rostand

A delightful bit of reminiscent biography about Rostand, the author of "Chantecler," is to be found in *McClure's Magazine*, from the pen of Ange Galdemar. This writer tells of meeting the distinguished playwright during his first success at the *Comédie Francaises* with "Les Romanesques."

As we trooped through the passages on our way out, the name of the author was passed from mouth to mouth. Rostand? Who was this M. Rostand?

"A financier," said one.

"No; he is the nephew of a financier," said another.

A few months later, I was to learn, in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's dressing-room, that the author of "Les Romanesques" was, in very truth, a young man, and so little of a financier that he had determined to make a career of literature.

The Theatre de la Renaissance was at that time under the management of the

great tragic actress. - It was during a morning performance, between the acts. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was seated in front of her glass, and, while accentuating the palor of her face for the next act, an act of terror, was telling me of her plans for the future. A young man entered, dressed in light clothes. Hesitating a little, in spite of the air of assurance which his glass, screwed into one eye, gave him, he gallantly kissed the hand which the great artist held out to him. She smiled without turning her head, and invited him to take a chair.

"M. Edmond Rostand," said Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, introducing him to me.

Our eyes met in a friendly glance.

"Well, my dear poet, are you hard at work?" asked the actress, more than ever occupied with her make-up.

"Oh, yes, Madame—certainly."

The reply lacked firmness. It seemed to keep something back. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt caught the young poet's passing thought, and at once gave him a word of encouragement:

"I will play 'La Princesse Lointaine'!" she declared.

And I understood the meaning of the poet's reticence: M. Edmond Rostand had a play with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. A flush spread over his cheeks. He was bowing his thanks, when the stage manager came to say that the curtain was going up. We took our leave. I can still see the young man kissing the hand of the tragedienne, who eased his mind with the kindly remark:

"I shall play you, my dear poet!"

Not long afterward Mme. Bernhardt fulfilled her word by playing "La Princesse Lointaine," and a year later "La Samaritaine" followed under the same distinguished auspices.

We were still under the charm of these three plays, and were asking ourselves whether the poet had given us all that he had in him, when, on December 28, 1897, the Theatre de la Porte Saint-Martin rang with the triumphant and decisive flourish of trumpets of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

I need not describe at length that memorable evening, and the fresh surprise of the audience at this manifestation of a poetic genius which seemed to have kept so many original poetic qualities in reserve. Nor need I remind you of the frenzied applause of the audience, now definitely conquered. There was a succession of fireworks on the stage, during five acts, coupled in the auditorium with the most tumultuous enjoyment that the Parisians of my generation had ever known. The survivors of the great literary battles of yore declared that there had been no instance of so overwhelming a success since the days of Hugo, Dumas, and Sardou. Coquelin himself, confident though he felt in that part of Cyrano, which he embodied with such spirit, wit, and fire—Coquelin himself could not get over his surprise.

"I feel as if I were in a dream!" he remarked once, between acts.

The moment the curtain was lowered upon the last act, an immense shout went up through the house, in the midst of the applause:

"Author! Author!"

They wanted the author on the stage. I had left my seat in the stalls, and was going along a corridor, when I met M. Rostand, pale with delight and almost trembling, behind a box, the door

of which he was closing, trying to slip away. He dared not take refuge in the wings, lest he should be dragged to the footlights; and, at the same time, he wanted to leave the auditorium, where he was in danger of being recognized at any moment.

We had become friends since our first meeting in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's dressing-room at the Theatre de la Renaissance, and I said:

"The best place for you is Coquelin's dressing-room."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. It is some distance from the stage, and you will be safe there. Come along."

When Coquelin entered his dressing-room, he found the author in the midst of a stream of Parisians,—men of letters, journalists, artists,—who had come to congratulate the author of "Cyrano" in Cyrano's own room. Coquelin stooped on the threshold, exulting.

"Have I won the right to take part in the general rejoicing?" he asked in clarion tones.

The author made way before the comedian, who was on the point of protesting, when his attention was suddenly drawn to a newcomer who entered the room. Everybody bowed and stood aside to let this latest arrival pass. He was a thin, spare little man, with a face framed in gray whiskers, with no pronounced characteristics, but with an air of mingled mildness and dignity that impressed the most indifferent. He went up to Coquelin and shook hands with him, and then, turning to M. Rostand, who bowed, he said:

"M. Rostand, I congratulate you on your beautiful work and on its great success. In the name of the Government of the Republic, I create you a knight of the Legion of Honor."

It was M. Meline, the Prime Minister.

The next day I saw M. Rostand at his home.

"What an evening!" he said, giving me his hand. And, with a smile: "Did you see me in the first act?"

"No; where were you?"

"On the stage."

"How do you mean—on the stage?"

"Yes, among the lords of the court. I was dressed as one of Louis the Thirteenth's nobles. I was moving about and putting life into my interpreters."

After the triumph of "Cyrano," Ros-

land withdrew from the public eye—though not from public interest—until the production of “L’Aiglon” in March, 1900. This added new laurels to those the poet had already won, as well as another name to the list of Mme. Bernhardt’s achievements. Soon, unfortunately, a severe illness required his departure from the Parisian climate and the restless life of the French capital. And so with Mme. Rostand—“the most constant, ingenious and discreet of collaborators”—and the rest of his household, he set up his establishment in Cambo, a little village in the Basque country, a few miles from Biarritz.

Within five years “Arnaga” had appeared on the hill like an enchanted garden, blossoming out of M. Rostand’s fancy like one of his poems; for, with its Basque house, built in an irregular fashion, its wide avenue cut through a wood of ancestral oaks, its ornamental waters, its French garden, its groves, its “Poet’s Corner,” with the busts of Cervantes, Hugo and Shakespeare under the arches of a flowering trellis, its wistaria-covered pergola, its slopes decked with all the mad, wild flora of the district, its lawns that descend in so supple, so natural a fashion toward the surrounding plain that they seem to form a part of it, its vistas over the distant Pyrenees or the winding blue Nive—with these, and with all its flowers, its profusion of rare flowers, “Arnaga” is one of the most ingenious works that have sprung from M. Rostand’s imagination.

He had no sooner bought the coveted hill and settled the plans of the future villa than he realized in advance the exact appearance of his park and gardens. In the evening, after dinner, in the dining-room, while Mme. Rostand went upstairs to put the children to bed,—at that time they were still very young,—he would call for paper, cardboard, a box of paints, seissors; and there, on

the table, cut out, paint, build a miniature villa, planting trees made of wood stuck onto paper, designing shrubberies and flower terraces, and, when Mme. Rostand would come down, he would triumphantly show her his improvised models.

“There! That’s your clump of rose-trees!”

“And this?”

“Your favorite corner for reading in the afternoon.”

“But it looks a little unsheltered.”

“That’s because of the view over the valley.”

“Yes; I forgot.”

“Still, they can put a tree there, or even two, if you like.”

“No, it will do as it is. What comes next?”

And the work would be continued well into the night.

On those evenings there was no talk of “Chantecler”: the poem was put aside and had to wait. But its turn soon came. In reality, M. Rostand was always thinking of it; for the work in construction incessantly occupies a poet’s mind. And M. Rostand took up his pen again.

He is fond of working in the evening, generally beginning at dusk, breaking off to go to dinner, and then continuing without cessation until the night is far advanced. Going to bed as late as he does, M. Rostand also rises late. At Cambo, he does not come down to lunch until nearly one o’clock. Seated at table, sometimes with visitors, he interests himself in the news, looks through his letters and papers, discusses the questions of the day, prolongs the conversation, long after the meal is finished, over coffee and a cigar, strolls about, takes a turn in the grounds, and, lastly, goes up to his study. But by that time it is three or four o’clock, and in winter twilight has already set in.

That was how he wrote “Chantecler.”

Some Curious Wagers

Bernard Darwin contributes to the *Strand Magazine* an interesting article on some of the curious wagers which have been made between English gentlemen in bygone years. Of

the Earl of March and Ruglen, better known as the Duke of Queensberry, he writes,

A mighty gambler was his Grace of Queensberry, and, if his career be scanned

ed with an entirely cold and impartial eye, a thoroughly selfish and evil old reprobate. Yet one cannot help feeling a slight weakness for him on account of his charming letters to George Selwyn, which show that he was fond of at least one other person in the world beside himself. Whatever his lack of virtue, he did not suffer from lack of intelligence, and to bet with him seems to have been to court disaster.

The terms of the aforesaid "chaise match" were that Count Taaffe and another betted Lords March and Eglinton one thousand guineas that they could not provide a four-wheeled carriage to carry a man and be drawn by four horses nineteen miles in an hour. The Duke, as it is simpler to call him, took an infinity of trouble over his task, trying horse after horse and carriage after carriage. Wright, of Long Acre, was finally the happy man whose handiwork was selected—a horsebreaker's brake without the usual high perch, having oil-cans fixed to the boxes of the wheels, and the pole and bars made of thin wood lapped with wire to strengthen them. The springs were of steel, and the harness of silk and whalebone, and the total weight some two and a half hundredweight.

On the 29th August, 1750, the carriage with its four chosen horses and postilions took the field at Newmarket before a prodigious concourse of spectators, among whom a course was cleared by a horseman resplendent in red velvet. In the result the Duke's judgment was thoroughly vindicated, for the horses, fairly running away with their riders, actually covered the first four miles in nine minutes, and the total distance in six minutes and thirty-three seconds under the hour.

His next successful wager was of a highly ingenious kind; he betted that he would cause a letter to be conveyed fifty miles in the hour, a feat that sounded no doubt impossible enough to those unfortunate persons who took the bet. Not so, however, to his Grace, who enclosed the letter in a cricket ball and then stationed a number of cricketers at fixed intervals to throw each other catches with the ball, which by this method covered many miles over the required fifty.

On another occasion on which he was tempted to make a bet of somewhat similar character, the Duke very nearly caught a tartar in a certain Mr. Edgworth. Indeed, if Mr. Edgworth had only been as discreet as he was ingenious, he and his friends would have plundered their victim to their hearts' content. The Duke declared that by means of relays of swift horses the re-

sult of a certain race at Newmarket would be known to him at nine o'clock at night.

"Oh," said Edgworth, "I expect to know it at four."

This was too much for the Duke, and he made several bets of five hundred pounds each with Edgworth and his friends. Alas! however, for the indiscretion—or was it only the transparent honesty?—of Mr. Edgworth. When they met next day at the Turf Coffee House to reduce the bet to writing, Edgworth, who had in his mind a system of semaphores, blurted out that he did not mean to rely upon horses. The Duke instantly realized that there were some things undreamed of in his philosophy, and declined to proceed with the bet.

Once again he was all but beaten only to save himself with characteristic energy and astuteness. He noticed one day a journeyman coach-builder trundling a wheel and doing so with great skill and rapidity. He was also acquainted with a certain waiter at Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's Street who was "famed for his running." One cannot help surmising that this fame was rather easily earned or else the coach-builder must have been a very wonderful fellow, for the Duke backed him to run with the hind-wheel of the ducal carriage faster than the waiter, who was not even to be encumbered with a pile of plates. So well satisfied was he that he would win his money that he did not have a trial with this particular wheel till the day before the match, when, to his horror, he discovered that it was much lower than the wheel which the coach-builder usually trundled, and so sadly diminished his pace. Here was a pretty quandary, but the Duke was not to be beaten. He borrowed a large number of planks from a friend in the Board of Works and engaged an army of workmen. All night the workmen toiled by the light of the moon, and in the morning there was ready a pathway of planks, by means of which the wheel was brought up to the requisite height. The Jockey Club on appeal allowed this rather curious proceeding, and the race was run, with the result that Betty's waiter lost the race and his backers their money.

One more bet of "Old Q.'s" deserves mention—a bet of a thousand guineas with Sir John Lade that he would find a man to eat more at one sitting than Sir John's nominee.

Sir John's understanding appears to have been at fault on this occasion, and he lost his money. There is something very engaging in the report forwarded to the Duke by the agent whom he had

appointed to watch the match in his absence :—

"I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple pie."

If one could win such a match by the margin of a pie it seems almost needless ostentation to beat the enemy by a pig as well.

From Sir John Lade we may turn to another member of the extraordinary band that had its headquarters at the Pavilion at Brighton—Richard, seventh Lord Barrymore. That he inherited some little talent in the direction of wagering is clear from a story of his father—Richard, the sixth Earl. This worthy, being in great financial straits, spent some time carefully covering the floor of a room with playing cards, or, according to another account, with half pence. He then invited a party of friends to dine in the same room, and, at an appropriately late hour of the evening, offered to bet five hundred pounds that he would guess more nearly than anyone else the number of cards (or half-pence) that would cover the floor. As his biographer remarks, "It is unnecessary to record the name of the winner," and Lord Barrymore's circumstances became temporarily less embarrassed.

With this promising ancestry the seventh Earl was likely to have a weakness for wagering, but he appears to have been more honest than his father, if less successful. One of his bets was made with the Duke of York at Brighton, to the effect that he could wade farther into the sea than the Duke. Instantly they walked down to the shore from the pavilion and plunged into the sea in all their fine clothes. The Duke of York, however, had not paid enough attention to the fact that he was not so tall as Lord Barrymore, and as he did not want to be drowned he had to pay.

Besides being a great coachman and patron of the ring, Lord Barrymore was something of an athlete and cricketer. He captained several elevens that played matches for large sums, and ran a famous race in Kensington Gardens—sixty yards with a turn round a tree—against Captain Parkhurst, the latter being mounted. He also wanted to race the Bath coach from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith, but the odds apparently were not forthcoming that should make it worth his while.

In this matter of running, however, Lord Barrymore, who was so fond of deceiving others that he founded a club called the "Humbug Club," was once entirely bamboozled by a friend of his,

by name, appropriately enough, Bullock. Mr. Bullock, who was a very stout gentleman, weighing some vast number of stone, offered to run Barrymore a hundred yards race, provided he had thirty-five yards start and might choose his own course. Great excitement prevailed at Brighton, and the Prince of Wales anxiously inquired where the race was to be run, that he might come and see it. With every respect for Royalty, however, Mr. Bullock declined to disclose his plan of campaign till the appointed hour, when he led the way to a narrow little alley in which there was scarcely room to walk. In less than no time Barrymore had gained his thirty-five yards and was up with his man, then his difficulties began. By no possible means could he pass, for Mr. Bullock hurled himself from side to side in his exertions and filled up the whole of the alley. It was in vain that the giver of the start tried to dodge past, and Mr. Bullock waddled in first, the winner of a very comfortable sum.

A good story is told of a Mr. Manning, a sporting farmer, who performed a feat, described in the Bucks Chronicle of the time.

"The feat reminds one of an incident in the life of Mr. John Mytton, of sporting fame. The following are the details of the present feat: At the stewards' ordinary, at the White Hart Hotel, Aylesbury, after the late aristocratic steeplechases, the conversation turning on the feat of bringing a horse up into the dining-room in which the company were then assembled, which was once done by Lord Jocelyn and Mr. Ricardo, during the meeting of the Royal Hunt some few years ago, Mr. Charles Symonds, of Oxford, offered to bring a grey horse of his upstairs and lead him round the table. The animal shortly announced his progress by a loud clattering on the old oak staircase. In a few minutes the horse was gazing on the assembled company. His owner then led him over a flight of chairs, which he jumped beautifully. Nothing then would satisfy the company but that he must jump the dining tables. The proprietor of the hotel fearing lest some serious accident might occur, as the room is of great antiquity, having been built by the Earl of Rochester in the time of Charles II., strongly objected; but he was overruled, and the horse was led over the tables, everything standing. The champagne glasses rattled, the plates quivered, the candlesticks shook, but nothing was displaced; back again he went, clearing everything at a bound. Whereupon Mr. Manning, of Wendover, vol-

unteered to ride him barebacked over, and he did so without bridle or saddle. The celebrated gentleman jock, Captain Barlowe, next essayed, and managed to make a smash of one table with its contents. This was only a temporary check; for, in the face of a tremendous fire, and the cheering of all present, he achieved the feat gallantly. It was now time to desist, and to get the

horse downstairs; this was sooner said than done, for the stairs and passages being kept polished, the gallant grey slipped about dreadfully, and was evidently afraid of the descent. At length at the suggestion of a worthy Baronet, he was blindfolded, and thus descended into the entrance-hall, but managed to break about a dozen of the carved oak banisters in his progress."

Making Cloth from Seaweed

On the beaches of South Australia is to be found a peculiar kind of seaweed, like hair-pads, which seems destined to become a tremendous commercial asset. An account of it is given by Alice Grant Rosman in *The Lone Hand*.

The *Posidonia australis* is to be found all round the southern coast of South Australia, and in tremendous quantities in Spencer and St. Vincent's Gulfs. According to J. M. Black, the South Australian botanist, "It is not an Alga or seaweed proper, as it has greenish flowers and a fleshy fruit somewhat smaller than an olive. The important part of the plant, considered commercially, is the fibrous remains of the leaf sheaths which cover the base of the stem. These fibres are larger and finer than those of *Posidonia oceanica*, the only other species of the genus, which is found in Mediterranean waters and along the coasts of the Atlantic in Europe."

Posidonia australis grows on a limestone bottom; but the action of the tide, through many centuries, has sifted over it masses of shells and sand, until the plant, forcing its way upwards, lies on a deposit of its own fibre, intermixed with the sand and shells, and varying in thickness from four to twenty feet.

At Tickera, Moonta Bay, and elsewhere in South Australian waters, these deposits have been found to stretch for several miles, and the quantity of fibre has been pronounced by experts to be practically inexhaustible.

A measure was passed by the South Australian Parliament, authorizing the Government to issue licenses for the rais-

ing of the fibre over specified areas, and various companies have been formed with a view to experimenting.

In Moonta Bay, by means of post-hole augers and other appliances, trial holes were put down from high-water mark out to the low tide level, a distance of several miles. In every boring experiment the fibre was found reaching to a depth of nine feet or more, and underlying an over-burden of from one to eighteen inches.

Samples of the fibre, cleaned and dried, prove to possess many valuable properties. It is not inflammable, except at a tremendously high temperature, and for this reason, has a distinct advantage over flock, kapok, oakum, etc. For bedding and upholstering purposes it has been found to have the lightness and softness of flock, while its purity, and the utter absence of animal life, give it a sanitary value above most materials used for stuffing purposes.

Samples of cloth woven from a mixture of wool and fibre, and quantities of the raw material dyed various colors testify to its utility in this direction; while other purposes for which it has been pronounced adaptable are rope, string, twine, mats, linoleum, army blankets, paper, packing fruit, eggs etc., for export, caulking decks and woodwork of ships, stuffing saddles, insulating doors to cool chambers instead of wool, packing round submarine cables in place of oakum.

Of the existence of this fibre in tremendous quantities there can be no possible doubt; and its utility when raised, cleaned and dried is also beyond question, but—the inevitable but—

What is less certain is the possibility of raising and preparing it for the market at a cost that can successfully compete with such products as kapok, flock, oakum, cowhair, etc.

The chief obstacle to its cheap production is the tremendous amount of

waste material raised with the fibre. Repeated experiments have proved that of every hundred tons of matter raised, one only is pure fibre, the other ninety-nine being sand, shells, and debris. This is the chief difficulty at present confronting the infant industry.

The New Scientific Mind Cure

H. Addington Bruce, the Canadian writer, who has been making a study of psychology in its practical workings contributes to the *American Magazine* an article dealing with the new science called psychopathology, the purpose of which is the establishing of a scientific system of psychotherapy based on thorough knowledge of the part played by the human mind in relation to the health of the body.

Psychopathology is the outgrowth of three discoveries, all made within recent years. First, that through "suggestion" it is possible to exercise a tremendous influence over the whole bodily organism; second, that many maladies, physical as well as mental, take their rise in mental states; third, that the mental states which most seriously influence health belong not to the ordinary conscious life of the individual but to a deeper, hidden "subconscious" life of which he usually knows nothing.

These discoveries have all resulted from scientific study of the much-abused, much-despised phenomena of hypnotism, which, after a century of neglect and misunderstanding, was for the first time made the subject of serious investigation by certain French scientists about forty years ago.

Their experiments left no doubt of the genuineness of the hypnotic trance and of hypnotic cures of disease.

In the experiments it was found, among other things, that during the hypnotic state there was an almost incredible quickening of the whole memory, the subject readily recalling, in most vivid detail, events that had completely disappeared from his waking memory, events sometimes connected not with his recent past but with his early childhood. This pointed unmistakably to the existence of an amazing "underground" mental life—a strange "subconscious" realm with powers

transcending those of the ordinary consciousness.

It seemed possible, therefore, that in everyday life mental experiences might at times similarly acquire an irresistible suggestive force resulting in the appearance of all manner of unpleasant mental and physical conditions, which might in turn be overcome by suggestion.

To-day it is known that a multitude of maladies are caused in precisely this way—that grief, worry, anxiety, a sudden fright, any emotional disturbance of a profoundly distressing character, occurring sometimes years before the appearance of any specific disorder, may be productive of disease through the subtle influence of subconscious mental action; and that when this is the case, unless the resultant malady has reached the stage of cellular destruction, it is invariably curable without drugs, without the surgeon's knife, with nothing but the use of skilfully applied suggestion.

An example of the way epilepsy may be cured is given by Mr. Bruce.

There was brought to the office of an American psychopathologist, Dr. Boris Sidis—the father of that remarkable eleven-year-old Harvard student, William James Sidis, a young man suffering from what were supposed to be attacks of that dread disease, epilepsy. He was a typical product of the slums, gaunt, hungry-looking, undersized. Born of parents of the lowest social strata, he had been treated from infancy with harshness and brutality. He had had no schooling, and could neither read nor write. Except for the names of the President and a few ward politicians, he knew nothing of the history of his country. All his life he had known only poverty and hard work.

And now it seemed that even the chance of earning a meager living by hard work was about to be taken away from him.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN THE MAGAZINES

"I have such fearful shaking spells," he told the doctor. "They come on me day and night. I shake all over, my teeth chatter, I feel cold. Then I fall to the floor and lose my senses. Sometimes my fits last three hours."

"Have you had them long?"

"Yes, almost since my boyhood. But they are getting worse all the time."

After a careful examination and the application of the most rigid tests had revealed no sign of organic trouble, Dr. Sidis suspected that the convulsive attacks might be nothing more than the outward, physical manifestation of some deep-seated psychical disturbance. He questioned the young man closely:

"Can you remember just when these attacks began?"

"No."

"Did you have them when you were a child?"

"I don't think so."

"Was there anything that occurred during your childhood likely to leave a particularly disagreeable impression on you?"

"Why," he replied, "I have been unhappy all my life. As a boy I was beaten and kicked and cursed. But I don't think of anything special."

"Will you let me hypnotize you?"

"You can do anything you like to me, doctor, so long as it will help me get well."

But it was found impossible to hypnotize him—he was in too agitated, too excited a state.

Now, psychopathologists long ago discovered that not everybody was hypnotizable; and, moreover, that many persons would not permit themselves to be hypnotized. So they have been obliged to devise other means of "tapping the subconscious."

Among these is a method known as hypnoidization. It results in putting the patient into a half-dozing, half-wakeful condition, in which long-forgotten memories crop up in the mind.

Making use of this method, Dr. Sidis soon had his patient in a quiescent state—in fact, to all appearances asleep.

"Now," said he, in a low tone, "tell me what you are thinking about."

At first there was no response, but presently the young man began to talk. It was evident that he was recalling memories of his childhood—sordid, pathetic, almost tragic scenes.

He spoke of a "dark, damp cellar" in which, when a very little boy, he had been forced to sleep, and where it was bitterly cold. He spoke of the terror it had inspired in him, and how he had been afraid to go to sleep, lest he should be gnawed by rats.

Then, with startling suddenness, he leaped out of his chair, shaking in every

limb, teeth chattering, speech paralyzed. He was in the throes of one of his attacks.

The doctor nodded his head understandingly.

It was not an epileptic case. It was a typical instance of a seemingly purely physical malady having its origin in a psychic shock.

Consciously the sufferer had forgotten all about the nights passed in the cellar so many years before. They had utterly vanished from his waking memory. But subconsciously he remembered them as distinctly as though they were not past but present experiences—subconsciously he was continually living them over again, to the gradual breaking down of his nervous system, of which the convulsive attacks were symptomatic.

In fact, it was found that they could be brought on simply by uttering in his hearing the words "dark" and "damp," which seemed to act as psychic triggers exploding the mine of horror memories in the depths of his subconscious being.

A few weeks of suggestive treatment directed to the complete blotting out of the disease-producing memories, and he was permanently freed from his terrible affliction.

Other instances are given where similar treatment has been found effective.

Sometimes "dissociational" disorders result not from a single emotional disturbance but from a succession of psychic shocks, giving rise to the most complicated symptoms. I have in mind a recent striking case of this sort, in which, after years of indescribable suffering, a woman of sixty was by psychopathological treatment cured of lung, stomach, and kidney trouble, to say nothing of an extreme nervousness and an insistent fear that she was becoming insane.

When she applied for treatment she presented a pathetic appearance. She was haggard, emaciated, and weak, her skin dry and crackling, her heart action irregular. She had a racking cough, and occasionally, she said, suffered from convulsive attacks during which she became unconscious. But most of all she complained of sensitiveness of the stomach, of kidney trouble, and of nervousness.

"When the nervous spells are on me," she declared, "I suffer death agonies. I cannot sleep, I cannot eat, my head feels as though it would burst. Time and again I have been on the verge of committing suicide."

"Then, too, I feel as though I must be going crazy. Though I can read and study and take up any intellectual pur-

suit without the slightest ill effect, if I attempt, for instance, to buy a dress for myself, my brain gets on fire and I walk the floor in a frenzy of excitement, quite unable to decide what choice I should make. Yet I experience no difficulty in making purchases for other people, and my judgment is considered so good that my friends often ask me to help them in their shopping. And I cough, day and night, sometimes for hours together."

A thorough examination, however, failed to disclose any indication of organic lung disease, nor of kidney or stomach disease. Besides which, unlike the young man with the "epileptic" seizures, the patient was found to have an excellent family history, from the medical point of view. Both her father and her mother had been of rugged constitution and had lived to a good old age. "Dissociation" was at once suspected, and she was hypnotized.

Almost the first statement she made in the hypnotoid state related to a long-forgotten incident of childhood that had been the starting-point of all her troubles.

At the age of five—fifty-five years before she sought psychopathological aid—she had been frightened into a hysterical attack by the sight of an insane woman in a maniacal state. For months afterwards the image of that woman never left her mind, and she kept asking herself, "Do little girls go insane?"

And even after the image faded from her waking memory it remained as vividly as ever in her subconsciousness—as was shown by the fact that, although before being hypnotized she had stated that she never dreamed, in the hypnotoid state she remembered that she frequently dreamed an insane woman was standing near her bed, bending over her.

To this subconscious memory-image, persisting all unknown to her for more

than half a century, was due her unconquerable fear that she would herself would herself some day become insane.

Another horror memory that had affected her whole after-life was connected with an occurrence of her early girlhood. At the age of eleven she had been frightened into insensibility by the action of a girl friend in dressing up as a "ghost" and darting out upon her in a dark room. In her waking state she remembered nothing of this; hypnotized, she recalled it vividly.

When eighteen, having become a school teacher, she had worried greatly because of failure to secure promotion. From this period dated her headaches, as well as her first serious nervous attack.

But the culminating shock—the experience to which her physical ills were chiefly due—was sustained in middle life, when her only daughter, after growing up to womanhood, fell a victim to consumption. Throughout the weary weeks of her daughter's illness she watched in anguish at her bedside. The distressing cough, the gastric disturbances, the loss of appetite, the nausea, the inability to retain food—every symptom seared itself into the mother's subconsciousness, never to be forgotten and eventually to be reproduced, by the strange power of subconscious mental action, in the mother herself.

Caused by the mind they were curable by the mind. One by one the psychopathologist attacked and eradicated these deadly subconscious memories, and with their blotting out the patient's health constantly improved, until at last the entire complex of symptoms had disappeared.

Here, then, we find subconscious mental action responsible for the production of seeming insanities, delusions, irrational fears, and, in the case of this unhappy woman of sixty, even causing the appearance of symptoms resembling those of true organic disease.

The Rise and Fall of the Theatrical Syndicate

The theatre-going public has long been aware of the existence of the Theatrical Syndicate in New York, but of the precise nature of the organization and its workings very little of a definite character is known. An account of the origin of the Syndi-

cate and its work is contained in the *American Magazine*, written by Walter Prichard Eaton.

The Theatrical Syndicate was formed in the season of 1895-6 by Nixon and Zimmerman of Philadelphia, Charles Frohman, Al Hayman and Klaw and Er-

langer of New York. Hayman already had gained control of many theatres in the West. Frohman, a large producing manager, controlled many in cities like New York and Boston. Klaw and Erlanger had secured a number on the route from Washington to New Orleans. Nixon and Zimmerman controlled Philadelphia and houses through Pennsylvania and Ohio. With this nucleus of theatres, they could arrange a considerable tour for a manager from their New York office. It appeared to save him trouble and it appeared to guarantee the theatres a steady run of attractions; and, as the Syndicate refused to "book" a play in any of its houses which played in any opposition theatres, and as it refused to "book" a theatre which played rival attractions, it soon held the whip hand in the situation. This iron-clad refusal to sanction competition was always the chief weapon—as it was one of the greatest curses—of the system. Of course as the Syndicate rapidly secured control of more theatres, it became more difficult to stand out against the monopoly.

The scheme in its main workings was a simple one. A play, no matter how successful in New York, if it is to make any money on the road, must have its tour so booked that a performance can be given every evening at a town where the receipts will pay the railroad fares and leave something over. It does little good if you can play, after New York, in Boston, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and San Francisco, if you cannot play in the smaller towns between to pay your hauling charges. The Syndicate, either by leasehold or by promises to the local theatre managers to give them an uninterrupted season of attractions, rapidly controlled the approaches to the big cities, even when independent theatres were left in the cities themselves, and thus it controlled the theatrical situation in America.

A play manager no longer arranged his tour with the managers of the theatres. Neither he nor the theatre manager had anything to say about it. He went to the office of Klaw and Erlanger in New York, who were made the booking agents for the Syndicate, and they arranged it for him. The charge was 5 per cent. of the receipts of the play. Nominally this charge was made on the theatre; that is, every theatre in the country booked by Klaw and Erlanger

had to send 5 per cent. of its nightly takings to these gentlemen in New York, who did nothing whatever in return for it except to hold the club of power. Actually, however, the owner of the play equally suffered, for his share was proportionately diminished.

At first there was considerable organized opposition to the Syndicate, both from managers and actors, but it gradually fell off until only Mrs. Fiske remained as an insurgent.

From 1899 on, then, for almost a decade, with sporadic opposition here and there, as when David Belasco hauled the Syndicate into court and wore for a time the martyr's crown, until the final downfall began two years ago, when the Shubert Brothers, managers in New York, grasped the situation by acquiring rival theatres, the Syndicate was in practically absolute control of the American stage. No local theatre manager in Worcester, Mass., or Norfolk, Va., or Grand Rapids, Mich., could say what should or should not come to his house. He had to take what was sent, good or bad, clean or vile. No play producer could get his play before the public unless Klaw and Erlanger chose to let him, and then, often, only at the payment of a heavy toll. Since the Syndicate could control absolutely the tours, they naturally gave the best bookings to their own plays, or the plays of men closely affiliated with them, and so, equally naturally, they controlled the European market, not because they could mount the plays better here, but because they and they alone could promise the foreign authors long and profitable tours. That is the real secret of Charles Frohman's command of the best English plays. It followed, also, that native authors depended too largely for hearing on the judgments of a few ignorant men, and that the ambitious actor or the small manager with a new, untried play, unless it seemed to their mercenary standards sure of popular success, or unless the actor or manager was willing to come to their terms, had no chance at all.

Then follows the story of the downfall of the Syndicate. It started with the rise of the Shuberts five years ago.

They began to acquire theatres of their own in New York and other cities. At

first their contest looked hopeless, and the Shuberts appeared to give up for a time. Mrs. Fiske and Belasco were their only allies of power, and they had few attractions of their own. But the patched-up truce did not last long. Where these mild-seeming little Hebrews got their fighting power is hard to fathom. But fight they did, and in the only way—by acquiring even more rival theatres through the country, getting backers to build the houses when necessary, and by putting on more and more plays to fill them. The time came almost two years ago when they controlled playhouses in most of the larger cities, the "one week stands," as they are called. This was hopeful, but it was not enough. The 1,200 to 1,500 theatres in the one night stands were closed to them still, became the managers of those houses were bound to play only Syndicate attractions. A manager could secure a year's tour for his play from the Shuberts, but not a second or third year in the profitable one night territory, nor could he get from city to city without great expense.

Early in 1910 the landslide started. William A. Brady, manager of many plays, and Daniel V. Arthur, manager of Marie Cahill and De Wolf Hopper (Mr. Arthur had tried in vain to get a theatre for Hopper in New York from the Syndicate), went over to the Shuberts. Already the Shuberts were preparing to add The New Theatre company to their list of travelling attractions. They controlled as many theatres in New York as the Syndicate. In Boston, by wise management, they had taken the prestige away from the mismanaged Hollis Street Theatre. They were entrenched in Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and the connecting cities.

And by mid-spring, 1910, the landslide was coming down, gathering momentum as it slid, and making a roar in the theatrical world that caused Broadway to sit up astonished. First the circuit of theatres covering New England, through the man who had hitherto lined them up for the Syndicate, declared for the Open Door. Then John Cort's circuit of theatres covering the Northwest,

followed suit. A Pennsylvania and Ohio circuit (in which Nixon and Zimmerman owned 25 per cent. of the stock) next voted to book any plays they chose. By May 1,200 small town theatres through the country had declared their right to play whatever attractions they saw fit, and had united into the National Theatre Owners' Association. As the Shuberts already owned or controlled practically as large a number of city theatres as the Syndicate, that despotic institution was, at one blow, absolutely shorn of its power. It could no longer threaten anybody, it could no longer impose its tastes, its prejudices, its vulgarity, upon the stage of America. Napoleon had met his Waterloo.

The Syndicate, of course, is not going to die without a kick or two. Immediately it lined up its own attractions, and those of a few managers still "loyal" to it, and refused to play them in any of the 1,200 "open door" houses. It also began negotiations (on paper, at least) to build rival theatres over the country. How long these managers will remain "loyal," now that their profits have dwindled in half, remains to be seen. Henry W. Savage threw it over last July, and thus took 24 attractions away from it at a blow. The situation has not, at the present writing, worked itself out fully. But one thing seems certain. There is no immediate prospect of any one-man control of the American stage in the future. In all the cities rival theatres exist; and all the one night stand theatre managers are weary of being janitors, and still more weary of losing money, which they are bound to do if, by alliance with a Syndicate, they lose all the good plays and popular players outside of such a Syndicate. They want all the good attractions they can get; and they can get them only through a free stage. Consequently they now once more fill their time for themselves, reserve the right to reject unworthy dramas sent from New York and are janitors no longer. If the Syndicate can really build up a second chain of theatres, all the better, we shall have competition, and the best plays will win. Also, we may have \$1.50 seats again.

Lloyd-George, the King's Favorite

T. P. O'Connor, than whom no British journalist writes more entertainingly, contributes a gossipy sketch of Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the *New York Times*. The fact that King George selected him to be Minister in attendance at Balmoral has given Mr. O'Connor his cue.

It is but one of many proofs of what is already known on the inside, that, of all his present Ministers, his Majesty likes Lloyd-George the best. It was not so with the late King. His special favorite was Mr. Haldane, the War Minister, largely, it was supposed, because Haldane, like himself, could speak German as well as English.

And yet, even with the late King, Lloyd-George was something of a favorite. Lloyd-George certainly always got on well with King Edward. I have heard him speak with great admiration of the way in which King Edward managed to attract the good-will of everybody who approached him, and he put this down to the King's remarkably beautiful manners.

On that point everybody who ever got in contact with King Edward was agreed. I knew a doctor—who, by the way, was sent for no more when he told the King that he must smoke less and drink less—this was not the kind of advice the King liked to get—but even this physician, who had been treated so curtly, told me that the King had done it in such a way that he could not resent the action.

If the King, said the doctor, were to kick you out of a room, he would do it with such perfect manners that you could not really feel angry with him; Lloyd-George gave practically the same impression when he spoke of the manners of King Edward as "caressing."

It is with the present King that Lloyd-George has made the most way. This is attributed largely to the fact that when the King's father died Lloyd-George, who has an intense sympathy with all family grief since he lost his own beloved little daughter, exhibited a frankness of sympathy which the cold and correct Englishmen, the other members

of the Cabinet, could not approach. Whatever the reason, there is no doubt that Lloyd-George is persona grata at the royal palace. It is another example of that suppleness and adroitness which are part of the man's essentially Celtic makeup.

I should add that this friendship between the King and Lloyd-George has not been of benefit to one side only. It certainly does send Lloyd-George stock up a good deal, especially in the social world—for which, to do him justice, Lloyd-George cares little—but, on the other hand, Lloyd-George has done the King a great deal of service as well.

It was the business of Lloyd-George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to carry the Civic List bill—in other words, the salary and allowances of royalty—through the House of Commons, and that was by no means an easy task. The Labor Party were watchful critics; there was a certain group of militant Radicals, and there might easily have been some risks. This was especially the case with one new and rather startling proposal of the new civil list, namely that the King should be exempted from the payment of income tax.

The proposal, I think myself, could be defended, for it does seem ridiculous for the State to give a certain income to its chief and then take a certain portion of it away with another hand, but, anyhow, it was a novel proposition, and it was only the daring courage, the adroitness, and the strong position as a radical leader which Lloyd-George holds that enabled such a provision to be carried through with apparently no serious opposition. The King would have been a very foolish man if he had not recognized the valuable service which Lloyd-George did to him in this transaction.

This is one of the reasons why the King has gone out of his way to manifest to the public the high regard in which he holds Lloyd-George, and this is the reason why Lloyd-George, who is never so happy as when he is scampering over the Continent in a motor car, has had to return to England long before he intended.

It is the unexpected success of Lloyd-George in winning favor in quarters

where he was expected to be hated and distrusted that brings into more relief his great difference in character from one of his colleagues who, alone among the Cabinet Ministers, has been making much of a show during the recess.

Mr. O'Connor appends a sketch of Sir Edward Grey, which throws interesting light on the member of the Cabinet, who stands in most pronounced contrast to Lloyd-George.

Sir Edward Grey takes almost as much pains to excite indifference, if not hostility, among the ranks of his own party as Lloyd-George takes to make himself beloved. Grey might well be taken by painter, sculptor or novelist as the embodiment both physically and morally of what may be called the "typical Englishman"—at least as he appears to those who are not English.

The long, thin, hatchet-shaped face, almost without any expression; the cold, shy, blue eyes that seem to evade any notice; the frigidly self-restrained voice and language when he speaks, the coldly correct impression he always suggests, the appearance of perfect equanimity and phlegm, under which there is often strong feeling—all these things about the man would mark him as an Englishman if you met him among scores of other men in any part of the world.

As a matter of fact, I believe Sir Edward Grey is a very modest, simple, and rather shy man. He is also by temperament a very lonely man. He had only one close companion in his whole life, and that was his wife. She was taken away from him suddenly, tragically, without warning, being thrown out of a trap and dying from the injuries a few hours afterward.

Since then he has been lonelier than ever. With Lady Grey he used to go down to a little zinc hut by the side of a little stream in Hampshire. They did

their own cooking, bringing with them boxes of sardines and other portable forms of food that did not require much preparation, and they used thus to spend the week end together fishing for trout.

Now that she is gone, Grey retains his love of solitude, goes down with his rod and sardine box to the zinc hut, and spends the week end between the stream and the innumerable dispatch boxes, which come to the Foreign Secretary every hour from all parts of the scattered British Empire.

In the House of Commons Grey never appears unless when he has to answer a question or make a speech. You might be months in the House and not know him, even by sight. He has of course to figure in the division lobby whenever a division is called, there being a special obligation on Ministers to attend divisions.

The Ministers, all told, big and little, amount to between thirty and forty members of the House, and it will at once be seen what an important factor they must make in all the divisions, especially as often the whole fate of a Ministry may depend on half a dozen votes—sometimes even on two or three.

But if he has to appear in the division lobby he gets out of it as soon as he can. I heard a Radical the other day describe Grey as rushing through the division lobby even when it is crowded with members of his own party as though it were an "infected sewer."

When Asquith disappears which of these two differing men will get to the top—the supple, pleasant-mannered plebeian from Wales or this cold, haughty, reserved, high-born Englishman with the hatchet face, the cold eye, and the reserved manner? Who can tell? Chance has the final word in the destinies of all men, but especially of the men who are fighting for power.

Titled Britons Who Are in Trade

A writer in the *New York Herald Magazine* has compiled some particulars about the number of British peers and baronets who are or have been engaged in trade.

Time was when Britain's proud feudal lords scorned contact with trade and commerce, when Lord John Manners, afterwards Duke of Rutland, wrote those stirring lines with the aristocratic as-

piration that art, learning, and commerce might become extinct, leaving only to survive the old nobility of which he was a fine example. Merchants and tradesmen in those days supplied the needs of their titled "superiors" and were haughtily punctilious to announce the fact of their pride in selling tea, butter, eggs, cheese, coffee, and furniture to the Dukes, Marquises, Earls and Viscounts, who ran up huge bills and paid for them when they felt good and ready. But a change has come over the spirit of the British aristocracy, and in these years of grace they are found only too anxious and willing to participate in the profits accruing from successful trading.

A beginning was made when officers in the British Army and Navy formed a co-operative society to supply themselves with household necessaries. The venture grew beyond all anticipations, and its advantages were easily extended, and to-day the turnover of the concern amounts to more than \$20,000,000 a year.

Previous to this military and naval enterprise Earl Granville had condescended to sell iron to plebeian manufacturers, and the Earl of Dudley did not scorn to derive his income from iron and coal mines, and at the present time Lord Londonderry advertises in the newspapers his earnest wish to sell coal to a chilly and fogridden British public. The Earl of Durham is inspired by similar ambition.

The late Lord Rayleigh manufactured some excellent plum and raspberry jams, and they possessed the rare merit of being what his lordship, one of the greatest Oriental scholars of this or any other day, represented them to be. Of course, the nobles of Britain are the chief landlords, but they do not disdain to make a little money on the side by sending their fruit and vegetables to Covent Garden market, where they are eagerly purchased, and to realize a wholesome addition to their vast incomes by a deal in horseflesh or in a prize ox at Christmastide.

The new nobility, which has made its money in trade, does not relinquish its pursuits on the achievement of titles. On the contrary, it manages to get a lot of free advertising on a climbing into the peerage or baronetage, and hence we realize the spectacle of an ennobled body of men clamoring for the patron-

age of the humblest of the British population.

That genial sportsman, Sir Thomas Lipton, sells eggs and bacon and ham and other good things to the poor people of Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Camden Town, Islington, Camberwell, and other parts of the metropolis where the humblest of London's workers struggle with diminutive incomes.

Lord Devonport is a wholesale grocer and runs a number of small retail stores in addition, and Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart., is ever on the alert to push the sale of picture postcards and lithographs. The Lords of Burton, Hillingdon, and Iveagh are renowned all over the world for their excellent ales and stouts.

Lord Northcliffe is always ready to sell the British public an enterprising newspaper for one-half penny, and Lord Burnham is busy every day with his great penny newspaper. Sir Walter Gilbey sells gin and claret.

Then there are any number of ladies interested in the making and selling of women's cloaks and hats, and there are daughters of noble houses who do not think they are bestowing mud on their escutcheons by chaperoning into high society American girls blessed with lots of dollars.

Then there are noblemen whose ancestors fought at Cressy, Agincourt and Waterloo, married to theatre showgirls and living on their earnings, and there are a few industrious scions of the old nobility acting as reporters, dramatic critics, printers, wine agents, and touts for money lenders and fashionable tailors. Indeed, there is scarcely a branch of activity in which the aristocracy is not represented by some smart fellow who is not ashamed to use his brain and brawn in order to make both ends meet.

The sneer of Napoleon about a nation of shopkeepers is almost realized in these days, and, remarkable to relate, the humbler shopkeepers and the middle-class merchants do not grumble at the competition. And the small housekeeper may actually appreciate the gracious condescension of a young and amiable Marquis soliciting an order for a ton of coal or a plausible Earl seeking the patronage of the proletariat when buying its beef and beer.

It is known that thousands of German and French barons are waiters at restaurants, and Italian barbers of noble

lineage have amassed tolerable fortunes. The descendants of Aristides and Themistocles have come to the United States and monopolized the fruit trade, and Russian Princes hobnob with the poverty stricken and the criminal.

It is a day of leveling, but the British Baron has proved himself the wisest of all the European aristocrats. He is making money, and making it, for the most part, in a highly respectable, thoroughly British manner.

A Standardized Nation

Some interesting opinions on the character of Americans were expressed by Lord Northcliffe to Edward Marshall, an interviewer for the *Publishers' Press*, on the occasion of a recent visit paid by the great publisher to New York. He first directed the interviewer's attention to the way in which Americans are becoming standardized.

"In all parts of the Union now the traveler finds your people dressing alike, eating alike, reading alike, living in houses built on the same plans, grouped into towns that are so similar that when a journeying foreigner wakes up on his railway train in the morning and looks out of the window he cannot tell from the appearance of the country or the people whether he is in Toledo or Tallahassee, in Portland, Me., or Portland, Ore.

"You go further than merely doing these things: you denounce those who do not do them. Anything like individuality in dress, thought, or action on the part of any of your countrymen is derided at once by the majority as 'un-American.' In China, people without pigtailed are called un-Chinese." I knew once a Chinese gentleman who suffered from weak sight in the left eye—the left eye only—and ventured to wear a single eyeglass. He was denounced as 'un-Chinese.' Not many American gentlemen with weak sight in one eye would even venture out experimentally, with a single eyeglass, as did the Chinese gentleman. They would, in many parts of the United States, meet instant ridicule, or worse, as 'un-American,' as he met it as 'un-Chinese.' People would turn in your streets and stare curiously and critically at an American who wore a single eyeglass, whether or not one of his eyes was weak and needed help.

"I was once in a part of the British

Empire where the temperature was easily around 100 in the shade. Resident and visiting Englishmen there wore the thinnest possible clothing and the lightest—clothing of such thin, light cloth that to carry heavy objects in the pockets would have been absurd. For convenience, therefore, we wore small watches on our wrists on straps containing holders. An American gentleman who was with us thought this was a most convenient way to wear a watch, under the existing conditions, and, for the time being, adopted our custom. But he made it clear that he would wear his watch only while he was with us.

"Why don't you do it at home in hot weather?" some one asked him.

"Why," he said, and laughed, "if I should wear my watch that way at home people would call me a sissy!"

"In other words, this American confessed that he would be at home afraid to make this slight essay at utility and individualism."

"Thus it is," Lord Northcliffe presently continued, "that you ninety millions cut your hair in the same way, eat each morning exactly the same breakfasts, tie up your small girls' curls with exactly the same kind of ribbon fashioned into bows precisely alike, and in every way all try to look and act as much like all others as you can, as the Chinese do.

"You are standardizing the human being, just as you would standardize the size of city blocks in surveys, of bolts, nuts, screws in your machines, of plumbing and of what not in your buildings. There are those who think this is a good thing. I do not happen to.

"On the other hand, I believe that one of the reasons why so small a country as Great Britain maintains so vast a place in the world is that we produce individualities rather than numbers in our population, character rather than mere book knowledge in our education."

Do the Railways Own Canada?

By

H. J. Pettypiece

Late Member Ontario Legislative Assembly

British Railway Tax, \$1,000 per Mile; Canadian, only \$67.

Railroad Earnings in Canada go to pay U.S. Taxes! Farm

• Tax 11.6 Mills on the Dollar; Railways Pay 3.6 Mills

THE question of "Railway Taxation" has been before the people of Canada more or less during the past ten years, principally owing to the introduction in the Legislature of what was known as the "Pettypiece Bill." In brief, this bill proposed to put railway property on an equal footing with other property in the province, in regard to the rate of taxation it should bear. Up to that time the 6,600 miles of railway in the province paid less than \$50 per mile in taxes. In 1899, when the Legislature passed the Supplementary Revenue Act, a provincial tax of \$5 per mile was imposed; in 1904, owing to the agitation in the House and through the press, in support of the Pettypiece Bill, the rate was increased to \$30 per mile, and in 1906, for the same reasons, the rate was increased to \$60 per mile, but no further increase has since been made. At the same time the power of the local municipalities to impose taxes for municipal purposes was somewhat curtailed, so that the average rate of taxation now paid by the railways of the province amounts to about \$100 per mile, yielding a total revenue of about \$823,000 annually.

While it is generally conceded that there is no valid reason why railway property should not be taxed at the same rate as other property, the influence of the railway corporations is so great that neither the Liberal Government, which went out of power in 1905, nor the Conservative Government, which has since been in power, have been willing to pass a measure that would bring about this equality of taxation. A vote of the people on this question alone, apart from and unclouded by other issues, would undoubtedly result in an overwhelming majority in favor of such legislation.

The question that naturally arises is: "Should the railways in Ontario be taxed at the same rate as other property?"

In order to arrive at a satisfactory answer let us consider the question from three standpoints: First, Why is property taxed? Second, On what basis is railway property taxed in other countries? Third, Are the railways of the province able to bear an equal rate of taxation with other property?

The first question is easily disposed of. Property is taxed to enable the provincial and municipal governments

to properly carry on the affairs that come under their respective jurisdictions, and to safeguard the property of individuals and corporations alike. As railway property enjoys all the safeguards and protection of both the provincial and municipal governments it should bear its fair share of the cost. Besides, the railway corporations have many privileges that are denied the owners of other property, such as, the right to expropriate land, etc.

According to the Government report the total amount of taxes paid by the railways of Canada in 1909 was \$1,594,880, or \$67 per mile. This sum includes both provincial and municipal taxes.

Railway Taxation Elsewhere.

The taxation of railways in other countries shows that we in Canada are far behind in the equalization of taxation, and that Canada is the only country in which the railways are allowed to go practically untaxed.

In Great Britain and Ireland for over thirty years there has been a heavy tax on railways, and that tax has been increased at a much greater rate than has been the increase in mileage, capital or earnings. The amount collected now is about 5,000,000 pounds sterling, on 24,000 miles of road (which is less than the mileage in Canada), or more than 200 pounds per mile. During the last fifteen years, in Great Britain and Ireland, railway mileage has increased 10 per cent.; capital, 30 per cent.; gross earnings, 30 per cent.; net earnings, 6 per cent.; taxation, 70 per cent.

Reduced to dollars, railway taxation in the United Kingdom amounts to over \$24,000,000 annually. It represents a tax of over \$1,000 per mile, a rate of three and one-half mills on the capital, a rate of nearly 4 per cent. on the gross earnings, and over 11 per cent. on the net earnings.

In France a large revenue is raised by a tax on both freight and passenger earnings, and all railways revert

to the Government, without compensation, at the expiration of their charters, which run not more than fifty years.

In the United States the latest returns, for 1908, show that \$84,563,565 in railway taxation, was collected that year, an average of \$382 per mile. The increase in three years was \$76 per mile, which is \$11 per mile more than the total amount collected in Canada. The highest rate in the States was \$1,926 per mile in New Jersey, and the lowest was \$148 per mile in Arizona. In the States adjoining Ontario the rates per mile were: New York, \$672; Ohio, \$576; Pennsylvania, \$554; Wisconsin, \$409; Michigan, \$396; Minnesota, \$388.

A comparison of the taxes paid by the railways and subsidiary properties in Ontario and Michigan shows in a most startling manner how very much we are behind the age in regard to this most important of the many duties of a government—the equalization of the burdens of taxation. Ontario and Michigan are about equal in population and wealth, the advantage, if any, being in favor of Ontario, and with similar conditions in many respects. They have nearly the same railway mileage, that of Ontario being 8,230, and that of Michigan, 8,640. In 1909 the taxes paid by the railway, express, Pullman and car-loaning companies in the province and state were as follows:

Companies.	Ontario.	Michigan.
Railway	\$823,000	\$4,377,873
Express	6,500	26,606
Pullman	1,838	10,336
Car-loaning	Nil	23,386
Totals	\$831,338	\$4,438,201

This shows a difference in favor of Michigan of \$3,606,863.

It may be also mentioned here that the telegraph and telephone companies in Michigan paid in taxes in 1909 the sum of \$433,072, as compared with \$11,504 paid in Ontario by the same companies.

DO THE RAILWAYS OWN CANADA?

The Michigan figures are furnished by Mr. Geo. Lord, the secretary of the State Board of Tax Commissioners.

The passenger and freight charges in Michigan are lower than in Ontario, and express charges are no higher.

Several of the through railway lines, amongst the most important, operate through both Ontario and Michigan. Hundreds of passenger and freight cars run daily through both, from the west to the east and from east to west, over an almost equal mileage. The Grand Trunk runs 220 miles from the Indiana boundary to the St. Clair river, and 182 miles from the St. Clair to the Niagara river. The Michigan Central runs 220 miles through Michigan and 228 miles through Ontario—this being the main line mileage in both cases. The bulk of the freight traffic over these two lines consists of through freight, which goes through unbroken. It may, therefore, be assumed that the earnings and working expenses are about equal, and the ability to pay taxes equal. What do they pay in the two countries? According to the returns for 1907, the latest year for which detailed returns are at present available, the taxes paid by these two stretches of lines are as follows: The G.T.R. (Grand Trunk Western) paid in Michigan, on 220 miles, \$206,181, or \$920 per mile, and in Ontario \$100 per mile. The M.C.R. paid in Michigan \$564,000, on 270 miles, or over \$2,000 per mile, and in Ontario \$100 per mile.

In the same year the St. Clair tunnel, with equal mileage, and equal earnings and expenses in Michigan and Ontario, paid in taxes in Michigan \$22,909, and in Ontario \$730. The Ontario end received a subsidy of \$285,000, the Michigan end nothing.

When it is remembered that the principal freight business of these two lines is to haul the products of the western States through Ontario to the seaboard, to enter into competition with the products of Ontario, the injustice done to the people of this pro-

vince is far worse than the mere figures show. That the thousands of cars owned by car-loaning companies, which pay over \$23,000 in Michigan, are allowed to escape taxation in Ontario, is a gross outrage on the taxpayers of this province. This class of property includes all the refrigerator cars, for the transit of which local traffic, paying higher rates, is daily side-tracked every day in Ontario. Similar contrasts could be given in regard to the Pere Marquette and the Soo lines of the C.P.R.

Take the case of a G.T.R. train running from Chicago to Portland, Maine, a distance of 1,138 miles. It runs 30 miles through Illinois, where the rate of taxation is \$441 per mile; 83 miles through Indiana, \$490 per mile; 220 miles through Michigan, \$396 per mile; through the Michigan end of the St. Clair tunnel, \$22,909; across the boundary and through the Ontario end of the tunnel, \$760; then 511 miles through Ontario, \$100 per mile; 129 miles through Quebec, \$90 per mile; 35 miles through Vermont, \$205 per mile; 63 miles through New Hampshire, \$379 per mile; 70 miles through Maine, \$314 per mile. Therefore, the trains run over 500 miles of lines in the States, with an average taxation of \$371 per mile, or \$185,500, and over 638 miles in Canada, with an average taxation of \$95 per mile, or a total of \$60,610. Add the St. Clair tunnel figures, and the totals are \$208,409 paid in the States, and \$61,340 paid in Canada. It may be well said that *these railway lines collect earnings in Canada to pay taxes in the States.*

A comparison of the taxes paid in Ontario on farm property and on railway property shows how great is the discrimination in favor of the latter class of property. Farm property is taken for the purposes of comparison because the taxes paid on that class of property do not include charges for water, light, street railways, etc., as is often the case in cities and towns.

In 1908 the total assessment of farm property in the province amounted to

\$601,758,322, on which the total taxes paid amounted to \$7,001,102, a rate of 11.63 mills on the dollar, and a rate of \$6.69 per head of the population. In nine years, although the rural population decreased by 60,000, the assessment increased \$51,000,000, the taxes increased \$2,383,899, the rate on the dollar increased 1.39 mills, and the rate of taxation per head increased \$2.53.

In the Dominion there are, exclusive of Government and uncompleted lines, 21,965 miles of railway, capitalized at \$55,638 per mile. The 8,000 miles (excluding Government lines) in Ontario, therefore, represent a capital of at least \$445,000,000. Assessed at one-half that amount, which is less than the basis of assessment of farm property, and taxed at 11 mills, which is less than the rate on farm property, the result would be a taxation of \$2,448,072, or \$306 per mile. This is \$76 less than the average rate per mile paid in the United States, and \$90 less than the Michigan rate per mile.

In addition to the municipal taxes on farm property, as given above, the rural population of the province paid in the same year their share of the \$73,325,963 customs and excise taxes collected by the Dominion Government, which, at the lowest calculation, amounted to \$12,000,000. This brings the total taxation on the township property in the province up to \$19,000,000, on an assessed value of \$601,000,000, equal to a rate of over 31 mills on the dollar.

Under present conditions (leaving out customs and excise taxes altogether) the taxes paid on railway property in Ontario (at an assessment basis of one-half value) is equal to 3.6 mills on the dollar, compared with the 11.63 mills on farm property. In other words, \$1,000 worth of farm property pays \$11.63 in taxes, and \$1,000 worth of railway property pays \$1.80 in taxes. Compared with city and town property, the difference is very much greater.

Another point to be taken into con-

sideration in discussing the question of railway taxation is the fact that the people of Canada have practically built every mile of railway in the country; and with the exception of the comparatively small mileage still owned by Dominion and Provincial Governments, have handed over free to the various railway corporations the lines, some 22,000 miles, which they own and operate. The Dominion official report for the year ending June 30th, 1909, discloses the following facts:

The amount of cash subsidies given in aid of railways is as follows:

By the Dominion	\$77,028,080
By the provinces	32,538,496
By the municipalities	12,580,825

Total	\$122,147,401
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The value of the lines handed over to the C. P. R. by the Dominion Government is placed at \$37,785,320.

Subscriptions to shares by the provinces and municipalities have amounted to \$3,139,500.

Lands to the extent of 55,116,017 acres have also been given in aid to railways, which, valued at \$5 per acre (a low valuation), is equal to \$275,580,085.

In addition to all the above, the Dominion, the provinces and the municipalities have made loans to the railways to the amount of \$10,314,581.

The grand total given in railway aid, in cash, partly completed lines, subscriptions, land and loans, amounts to \$452,966,887.

Leaving out the loans, (which may have been repaid), the amount of aid given is \$442,894,666, or more than \$20,000 per mile to the 22,000 miles owned by the various railway corporations. This sum exceeds the national debt of Canada by over \$119,000,000.

Guarantees on bonds, which are also substantial aid, have been given by the Dominion and Provincial Governments to the extent of over \$95,500,000.

The official report from which the above information is taken, says. "It would be misleading to assume that the above statements represent all that has been done by the Dominion and the several provinces in aid of railway construction. The Dominion, for example, is building the eastern section of the Transcontinental Railway between Moncton and Winnipeg, the western division of which is known as the Grand Trunk Pacific, on which the expenditure up to June 30 was \$33,301,342."

Arguments of all kinds have been used against any proposition to compel the railways to pay taxes. At the time the "Pettypiece Bill" was before the Ontario Legislature, able lawyers, employed by the railway corporations, resorted to all the schemes of the "tax dodger" to prevent its passing.

One stock argument was that the railways "developed the country." So they do, and so does every other business enterprise, agricultural, manufacturing, mercantile, and so forth. It is the development of these enterprises that gives the railways their traffic, and as these enterprises develop and increase in importance and value, the taxes imposed on them increase correspondingly, and a large part of the revenue thus raised goes in aid to railways. For instance, the Counties of Essex, Kent and Lambton, in western Ontario, have spent over \$8,000,000 in local drainage. This is a development in which the railways have had a large share of the benefit, owing to the increase in the production of commodities which furnish the

railways with traffic. As those counties were improved, or developed, by the expenditure of millions, the increased values were taxed accordingly. In twelve years, from 1896 to 1908, the population of these three counties increased only 6,006, or 3.8 per cent.; the total taxation increased by \$66,115, or 61.5 per cent.; the increase of taxes per head was \$5.40, and the rate of taxation on the dollar increased 7 mills. The railways get a large traffic from these counties, and are allowed to escape with a trifling rate of taxation.

Another argument used is that the railways have to pay duty on some of the coal they use. Granted. They do so because it is cheaper than hauling coal from the Canadian mines. The U. S. railways do the same thing. Last year we imported bituminous coal to the value of \$11,800,000, on which the duty was \$6,000,000, only a small proportion of which was borne by the railways, but the other consumers of coal are paying their full share of other taxes, as well as their share of the coal duties. They would be laughed at if they asked exemption on that score. At the same time we exported to the States over \$4,000,000 worth of coal, of which the U. S. railways took their share, and paid the duty thereon, but that does not exempt them from taxation.

All things considered, there is no reason in the world why the railway corporations should not bear their share in the cost of carrying on the affairs of the country, as they share, to a greater extent than many other industries, in the prosperity that the country is enjoying.

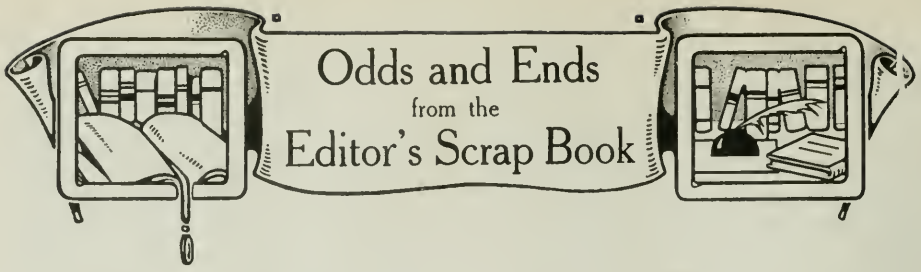
The Light Heart

Give me the Light Heart, Heaven
above!

Give me the hand of a friend.

Give me one high fine spirit to love,

I'll abide my fate to the end.
I will help where I can, I will
cherish my own,
Nor walk the steep way of the
world alone.—*Sir Gilbert Parker.*



Odds and Ends

from the

Editor's Scrap Book

THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD.

This immense structure, 328 feet high, is located in northern Wyoming where the Shoshone River pours through a narrow gorge, a thousand feet deep. The dam is built of con-

crete and holds back a body of water, averaging 100 feet deep and covering an area of ten square miles. Its height can only be appreciated when compared with that of some well-known structure. New York's famous Flatiron Building would not reach within 47 feet of the top of the dam, and the tip-top of the dome of the United States Capitol would fall short 21 feet of the parapet.



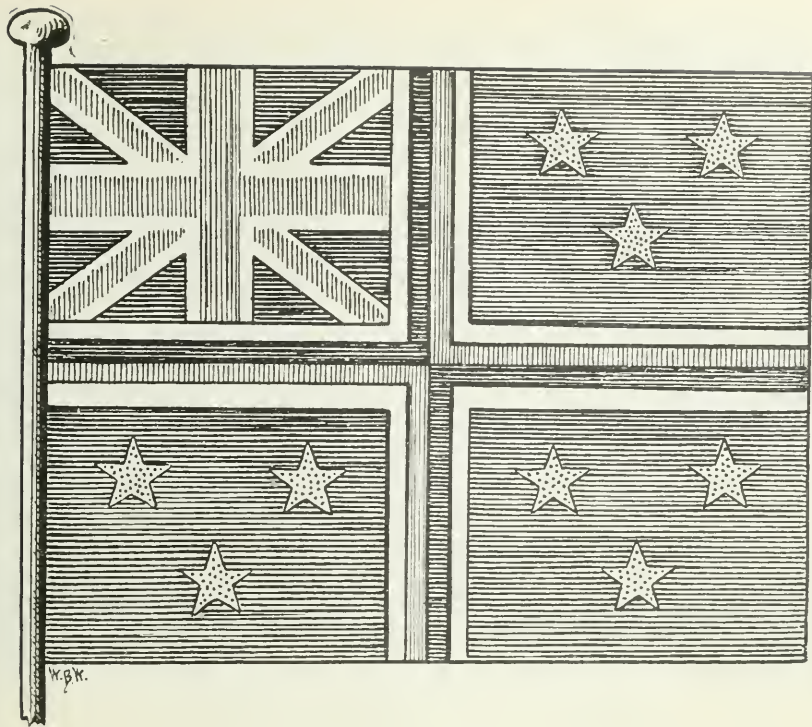
THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD

The Shoshone Dam to be Built in this Defile will be Higher by Several Feet than the Famous Flatiron Building, which is here Stationed for Comparative Purposes

crete and holds back a body of water, averaging 100 feet deep and covering an area of ten square miles. Its height can only be appreciated when compared with that of some well-known structure. New York's famous Flatiron Building would not reach within 47 feet of the top of the dam, and the tip-top of the dome of the United States Capitol would fall short 21 feet of the parapet.

which for 40 miles passes along the upper edge of a broad and fertile valley containing 150,000 acres.

Two years ago it was a desolate waste. To-day it contains more than 200 farmhouses and three thriving towns. Ten thousand acres produced crops last year on this project. With 16 farm-houses along each mile of the main highways, the valley already has a suburban appearance.



A PROPOSED FLAG FOR THE DOMINION

SUGGESTION FOR A CANADIAN FLAG.

The proposed new Canadian marine flag, illustrated herewith, is the suggestion of W. B. Waterbury, of St. Thomas. The horizontal lines indicate blue; the vertical lines, red; and dotted surfaces, gold or yellow. The four red, white and blue stripes represent the four original provinces of confederation, while the nine golden stars denote the nine rich provinces of Canada. The idea of the design is to substitute for the medley of provincial arms, now incorporated in the authorized Canadian merchant marine flag, a more dignified and comprehensive scheme of provincial representation. Mr. Waterbury suggests calling the flag, the Golden Stars.

Mr. Waterbury believes that now is the time to make the change, whilst the Canadian navy is in process of evolution. Such a flag as he suggests

would be more distinctive and appropriate. For land use, of course, the plain Union Jack is the proper flag for British subjects to fly.

* * * * *

THE RAVAGES OF SLEEPING SICKNESS.

It is difficult for people in this part of the world to form an adequate idea of the terrible ravages of sleeping sickness in the heart of Africa. In spite of the ardent researches that have been conducted by scientists, at the very centre of this contagion, none has as yet succeeded in discovering the cause of the malady. The continual spreading of the sleeping sickness may perhaps be attributed to the natives (negroes) themselves. Apart from uncleanness may be added the poor or rather insufficient nourishment these people take. Their main food consisting of dried fish imported from Mossamedes (Angola) and alcohol of 33 1-3 per cent. (Baume)



IN THE LAND OF SLEEPING SICKNESS
View of Borna Vonde on the River Lubuzi



IN THE LAND OF SLEEPING SICKNESS
Another View of Borna Vonde



IN THE LAND OF SLEEPING SICKNESS
 Scene on the River Lubuzi between Sinhati and Kungo Duango

and higher, of which great quantities are consumed, may perhaps, also, be one of the causes of this fatal malady, for, once the human organism is undermined by alcohol, it will offer little or no resistance if attacked by sleeping sickness.

As yet there is no remedy for this disease. If the native shows suspicious symptoms, (such as swollen glands), all the white man can do, in order to remain immune, is to send the negro away and leave him to his own fate. This seems most inhumane, but it is the only way to escape infection.

In districts where the sleeping sickness was formerly unknown, it is nowadays often imported by so-called gangs of canoers, who, having the river-trade in their hands, often, during their canoeing expeditions, come into contact with other infected canoers, or are stung by the tsetse-fly, which is generally looked upon as the chief cause of this deadly malady.

On one's wanderings through the Mayumb district, one often comes across dilapidated villages, and upon

enquiry learns that these were once flourishing communities, but that owing to the sleeping sickness most of the inhabitants had succumbed and those who were fortunate enough to escape, had migrated to neighboring villages only to infect their fellow-countrymen also.

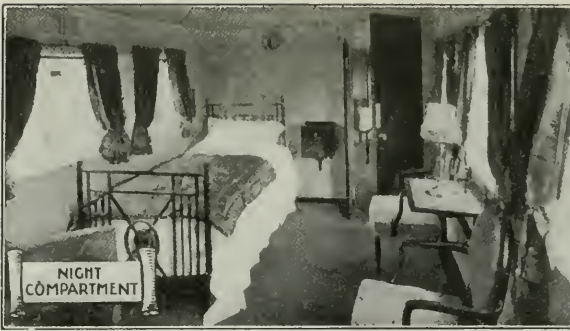
Fundu Zobe, Shimpondo, and so on, once flourishing villages, have now almost dwindled away with the exception of a few families. And all that is left of the once smiling villages of N' Gundjy, is a single family and the idol of the natives.

* * * * *

THE KING'S TRAIN.

When King George has occasion to travel over the Great Northern Railway he occupies the handsome saloon coach illustrated on the following page. A good description of the car is given in the *Railway Magazine*, to which publication credit is due for the pictures also.

"The saloon is divided as follows: Entrance balcony, smoke room, day



ABOARD THE KING'S TRAIN

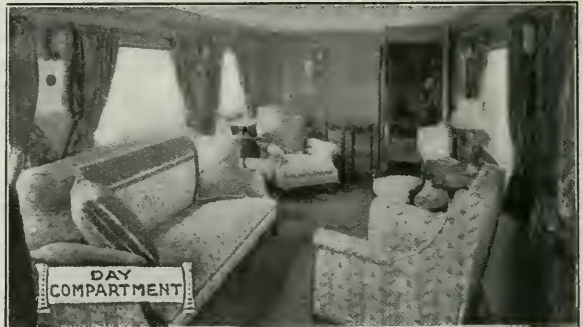
saloon, bedroom or diningroom, dressing room, and attendant's compartment. The balcony is panelled with figured teak, and has a white panelled ceiling, decorated in Jacobian style. The smoking room is 10 feet long, and the walls are of oak inlaid with boxwood and dark pollard oak. The furniture consists of two arm-chairs and a large settee, upholstered in reindeer plush hide, the fittings being of oxidized silver. The day saloon, which is 17½ feet long, is in Louis XVI. style, and the walls are of polished sycamore, inlaid with trellis lines of pewter and light mahogany. Of light French mahogany, inlaid with pewter and boxwood, upholstered in silk brocade, the furniture consists of two armchairs, a large settee and four smaller chairs. There is also a writing table fitted



ABOARD THE KING'S TRAIN

with adjustable shaded electric lights. The use of pewter is a revival of an old French method, which has a very pretty effect in conjunction with mahogany. Both the day and smoking rooms are lighted by rows of tubular electric lamps concealed behind the cornices on each side, giving a soft and restful light. There are also corner brackets in the smoking room and hand-

some gilt wall brackets in the day compartment, the lights in the latter being shaded by hand-painted silk screens. The bedroom, or dining room, is 14 feet long, and the walls are panelled and enameled white, the



ABOARD THE KING'S TRAIN

furniture being in mahogany, inlaid with kingwood, and covered with fine old rose-colored silk damask, with green silk embroidered cushions. The dressing room, 8 feet long, is panelled and enamelled white. Next to the dressing room is the lavatory, the floor of which is covered by inlaid cork parquet flooring, and the walls are of Italian Cipolina marble cross-banded with white statuary marble. The attendant's compartment is fitted with electrical heated kettles, urns, etc., and a switch-board for controlling the lighting and heating of the carriage.

To give uniformity of effect, these rooms, with the exception of the attendant's compartment, are carpeted

alike with a plain Saxony pile old rose carpet, and all curtains and blinds are of soft green silk, with white silk embroidery."

* * * * *

A ROYAL PRAYER BOOK.

The illustration gives a faint idea of the exquisitely tooled cover on the prayer book presented by King George to the historic church at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

This is the church in which the first Anglican service was held in Canada, and the King's gift is made in commemoration of the bicentenary of the establishment of the Church in the



The Book of Common Prayer presented to the Church at Annapolis Royal by the King



THE NEW MONUMENT TO MONTCALM
Erected at Vestric-Candiac, France

Dominion. The presentation will be made by the Bishop of London, who has now arrived in the Dominion, on behalf of the King, and the book has been despatched to the Bishop this week.

The Prayer-book is bound in red Niger morocco, with leather joints, green Levant morocco doublures and fly-leaves, and is elaborately inlaid, gold tooled, and set with amethysts. The dominant feature of the design on the front cover is a decorative representation of a cross, composed of interlaced lines, with the monogram I.H.S. inlaid in the centre. The doublures are decorated with a border of a similar design and have the arms of the King on the front and the Canadian arms on the back.

* * * * *

A MONUMENT TO MONTCALM.

The monument illustrated was erected this year in the small commune of Candiac, near Nimes, in France, to the memory of the Marquis of Montcalm. It stands a few yards in front of the Chateau de Vestric, once the property of the Montcalm family.

THE SEA AS A LETTER-BOX.

The round object like a football, which the bearded man is about to cast into the icy water in the background, is really a mail-bag. It is made of a waterproof material and contains enough air to keep it afloat. The current in the ocean carries it

drifts as far as the coast of Norway, where it is picked up and sent to the Foreign Office in London, its contents being then distributed according to direction. It is said that four out of every six packages reach their destination—a good record for so precarious a route.



POSTING LETTERS IN THE SEA

The Sketch

rapidly away to sea, and in due time it is picked up and taken to its destination.

This peculiar postal system is employed by the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, in the Outer Hebrides, where no vessels call during the winter months. The mail bag usually

ACRES OF ALBATROSS.

One of the most wonderful sights in the world is said to be the albatross rookeries on the Laysan Islands in the North Pacific. These islands lie about eight hundred miles west of Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands and the birds literally carpet them. They are so numerous and so tame that



AN ALBATROSS ROOKERY

The Bystander

they have to be pushed aside to enable one to walk. A rough estimate places their number at two million, most of them white, but some of the sooty

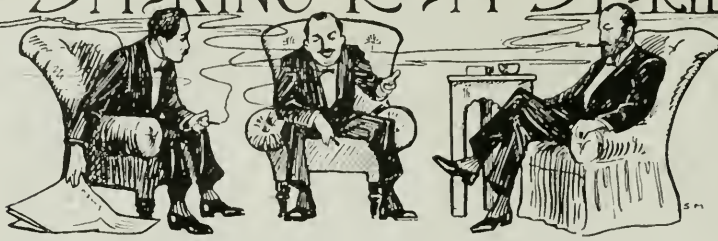
species. The islands are leased to a guano company, which, it goes without saying, secures heavy cargoes from them.



ALBATROSS EGGS BY THE TRUCK LOAD

The Bystander

SMOKING-ROOM STORIES



The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

THERE is a good story being told in Great Britain just now about Lord Strathcona. Some time ago a man came to him, saying that he was the person who wheeled Strathcona's trunk to the station when he left for Canada, as a boy. On the strength of it he asked for a loan. Strathcona gave him five pounds. He reappeared a couple of weeks later to borrow some more money, and repeated the same story. Mr. Griffiths, the secretary at the Canadian Office, was familiar with the ways of numerous applicants for his Lordship's charity, and knowing this man well, told Strathcona that he was not worthy of any assistance—that he spent the money in drink—and he himself was quite sure that the man's story was untrue. Strathcona replied in his own quiet way: "I know it is untrue, because I had no trunk when I left home. I carried my belongings in a bag myself. But, he needs the money."

* * * * *

A certain well-known, but impecunious nobleman, while walking one day in Wardour Street, saw a family portrait for sale in a shop window, and went in to inquire the price. The dealer wanted £12 10s. but his lordship would only give £10, so the purchase was not made. A short time afterward, while dining with a gentleman, he was invited to view his pictures. As he stood gaz-

ing with profound interest at a certain one his host said, "Ah, that is a portrait of an ancestor of mine."

"Indeed!" said his lordship. "Then we must be almost related in some way. It was within £2 10s. of being an ancestor of mine."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * * * *

A missionary came down to take the Sunday services at the church of Giggleswick-in-Craven. On behalf of the "foreign heathen" a collection was taken up. One of the wardens offered the box to a certain member of the congregation who did not believe in foreign missions.

In a stage whisper, heard alike by congregation and parson, this man said in blank vernacular, "Tak' it away, lad; I'm not going to give owt."

At that period the collecting-boxes were taken direct into the vestry. Down came the preacher from the pulpit, went into the vestry, brought out one of the boxes, and marched straight toward the gentleman. He offered the box to the heretic with the naive remark: "Tak' what thou wantest, lad; it has been gathered for the heathen!"—*The Church Family Newspaper.*

* * * * *

The conductor of a Western freight train saw a tramp stealing a ride on one of the forward cars. He told a brakeman in the caboose to go up and put the man off at the next stop.

When the brakeman approached the tramp, the latter waved a big revolver and told him to keep away.

"Did you get rid of him?" the conductor asked the brakeman, when the train was under motion again.

"I hadn't the heart," was the reply. "He turned out to be an old school friend of mine."

"I'll take care of him," said the conductor, as he started over the tops of the cars.

After the train had made another stop and gone on, the brakeman came into the caboose and said to the conductor:

"Well, is he off?"

"No; he turned out to be an old school friend of mine, too."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

* * * * *

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Vel, vat you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a leedle dog to vake up the big dog."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

* * * * *

"Pedro, I owe about three thousand francs," said a Parisian grocer to his shopman.

"Yes, sir."

"I have two thousand francs in the safe, but the shop is empty; I think it is the right moment to fail."

"That's just what I think."

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have plenty of

brains, think the matter over to-night and to-morrow morning."

The clerk promised to think it carefully over. On entering the shop next morning, the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place, a note, which ran as follows: "I have taken the two thousand francs, and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give to your creditors."—*London Opinion*.

* * * * *

In Zanesville, Ohio, they tell of a young widow who, in consulting a tombstone-maker with reference to a monument for the deceased, ended the discussion with:

"Now, Mr. Jones, all I want to say is, 'To My Husband' in an appropriate place."

"Very well, ma'am," said the stone-cutter.

When the tombstone was put up the widow discovered, to her amazement, that upon it were inscribed these words:

TO MY HUSBAND IN AN APPROPRIATE PLACE.

—*Harper's Magazine*.

* * * * *

There were introductions all around. The big man stared in a puzzled way at the club guest. "You look like a man I've seen somewhere, Mr. Blinker," he said. "Your face seems familiar. I fancy you have a double. And a funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice against the man who looks like you—although, I'm quite sure, we never met."

The little guest softly laughed. "I'm the man, he answered, "and I know why you formed the prejudice. I passed the contribution plate for two years in the church you attended."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

In describing the electric flag, designed by Death & Watson, the number of lamps used was given as 116, whereas it should have been 1,160.

In the description of the Dominion

Register Co.'s exhibit at the Toronto Exhibition, in the October issue, the name of their sales pads was incorrect. It should have been "Surety Non-Smut," not mutiplex.

A Successful Canadian

By

R. D. Thompson

In this day of Canadian Prosperity we naturally are interested in the lives of the men who have by their brains and energy placed Canada in the enviable position she now occupies.

The life of Mr. A. P. Willis should certainly be an inspiration to any ambitious young Canadian and is a fitting example of the success to be obtained by close application to work coupled with the requisite ability.

Mr. Willis was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, and received his education there. In common with a great many of our successful men he spent seven years teaching school before he decided to come to the Commercial Centre of Canada and carve out a future for himself in the Musical World. He has now spent thirty-seven years in the piano business and is one of the richest and widely-known piano manufacturers in the Dominion.

Mr. Willis started right down at the bottom and reached his present enviable position by dint of hard work and application of his wonderful ability.

Strange to say he does not take any interest in athletics. In this he differs from a great many of our leading men and he himself expresses his regret for his lack of interest in outdoor sports. However, he has chosen a very commendable substitute. His chief interest outside of business is in church work. He is a member of St. George's Anglican Church and one of the leading laymen in the Diocese of Montreal. Mr. Willis is a Governor of the Diocesan Theological Seminary and on the board of management. The library of the college is a memorial by Mr. Willis to his late wife and is known as the Jeanie Willis Library. One of his sons, Rev.

J. J. Willis, B.A.B.D., has devoted his life to the church and is connected with the diocese of Montreal.

Mr. Willis is also much interested in the hospitals of Montreal and is a Governor of the Montreal General Hospital, The Western Hospital and the Protestant Hospital of Insane.

Mr. Willis is the head of the firm of Willis & Co., Limited, which has a working capital of \$1,000,000. There are sales rooms and offices at Halifax, Ottawa and Montreal and agents and representatives throughout the Dominion.

At present the firm is building one of the finest showrooms in the country. This magnificent new building is situated at the south-west corner of Drummond and St. Catherine Sts., and is to be eight stories in height. It is to be of steel and concrete construction and fire proof. The exterior will be of gray limestone. This whole building will be devoted to the business of Willis & Co., Limited, and will be decorated and furnished throughout in a thoroughly appropriate manner.

Mr. Willis is now serving his second term as President of the Piano Merchants Association of Eastern Canada, in which he is held in high esteem by his fellow piano merchants.

Besides the Willis Piano the company are exclusive Canadian agents for the Knabe Piano. Peers of this wonderful Knabe there may be, but superiors none. Paul Dufault, the celebrated tenor, in writing of the Willis Piano says: "It is the nearest to the Knabe I have ever heard." Certainly the Willis Piano could do no better than merit such high words from such a worthy critic. The com-

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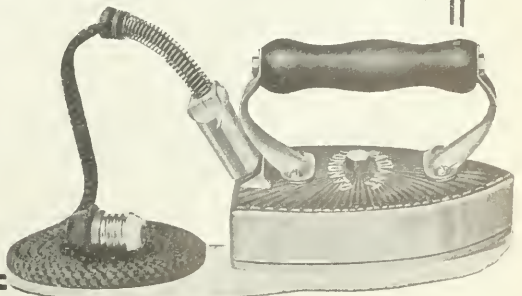
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pany are also agents for the Auto Piano. It would be superfluous to mention the merits of this superlative creation. Leave that to those who have enjoyed its beautiful renderings of the masterpieces of the world's greatest composers.

Willis & Co., Limited, are also Central and Eastern agents for Newcombe, Dominion Pianos & Organs and many other well known makes.

But to return to Mr. Willis and his marked career, the article would be incomplete without reference to the wonderful new plant at St. Therese, erected for the manufacture of Willis Pianos. This factory covers five acres of ground and is built of brick and concrete. It is equipped in the best possible manner with the finest and most up-to-date machinery. It has grown very fast and starting with an output of three hundred a year, it has increased until it has over two thousand. Over one hundred competent workmen are employed the year around.

The policy of the house is aptly described in a little booklet gotten out for distribution by the Company:

"The great house of Willis & Co., Limited, Montreal, needs no introduction to Canadians, for it is one of the oldest, most respected and wealthiest in the piano and organ business in the whole Dominion.

"This name is very closely associated with the musical history of Canada, the firm having been purveyors to Royalty, the aristocratic families of this country, the leading educational and religious institutions, and the public generally, for over thirty years.

"Much unsolicited testimony has been received from purchasers of musical instruments, and abundant evidence of the high standard of their pianos is expressed in thousands of letters from the musical profession, religious and educational institutions, and their customers generally, from all parts of the territory in which they operate.

"The name 'Willis' upon a piano means much to the purchaser, as it is

an assurance of satisfaction and a guarantee of the greatest value, being backed by the very high financial standing of the institution, as well as of honorable methods for which the firm won a distinction.

"Mr. Willis and his sons, and those whom they attract to them, are men of high moral standing, both in private and commercial life. The Willis House is a strenuous fighter for broad principles and honorable methods.

"Messrs. Willis also make as fine a Player Piano as Canada can produce, and are Canadian Agents for the Knabe and many other leading makes of Pianos, Organs and Player Pianos.

"We will not promise to do the improbable by stating that we shall give to the buyer much more than the value of his money, but we promise to give true value for it.

"When the indisputable fact is considered that we make but one grade of piano, and that grade the best that ambition can inspire, and that skill, experience, capital, the best material and the utilization of every facility known in piano-building can produce, it will be readily seen that our piano must be greater in value than those pianos which are constructed on a policy whose first principle is low price.

"We have determined to continue to build only the highest grade of piano, and this cannot be done at low cost.

"We do not compete in price with the piano made of inferior material and by cheap and unskilled labor, which therefore possesses neither the musical qualities nor the durability of the first-class instrument, but we can successfully compete in price with any piano with reputation and merit equal to that of the Willis and our prices will always be found as low as is consistent with the class of labor and material which we employ.

"Experience in all directions has proved the truth of the axiom that a first-class article cannot be sold at a low price."

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXI

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Through an oversight, two "forms" or sections of this issue are numbered alike; that is, the paging runs 33-64 and then begins again at 33 and runs through to 64 again. The second section thus numbered should have commenced at 65 and run to 96. In the index we have indicated the second of these sections by the letter "a" after the page number. We regret this inconvenience to our readers. — THE EDITORS.



HENRI BOURASSA —

Can he lead Quebec? Where will he lead it?

Henri Bourassa and the Nationalists.

What Laurier's defeat in Quebec means to future Canadian Politics.

QUEBEC follows a leader, Laurier leads it. But when Laurier is gone who does?

Will it be Honorable George Graham as leader of the Liberal party, successor to Laurier?

Will it be Honorable Richard McBride, said to be the coming leader of the Conservatives?

They are English. Quebec follows a French-Canadian. The question is: Which of the French shall it be. Laurier is near seventy. The new leader must have sprouted his comb by now.

So is it Brodeur, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries? Or Rodolphe Lemieux, the Postmaster-General? Or Gouin, the Premier of Quebec? Or F. D. Monk, M.P., Conservative leader of the French-Canadians in Parliament?

Or, is it Henri Bourassa, the fire-brand, the man who defeated the Premier of Canada in his own home constituency the other day, the man who abetted his "puppet" against the Premier's "puppet," his platform of "Nationalism" against the old Premier's platform of "Liberalism"—and won? Is it he that is to lead Quebec when Laurier is gone?

Brodeur is sick and Gouin likes the ermine of a judge's cape. Monk, too, is sick, disappointed because he finds that peddling honest ideals to the public is often like trying to sell gold for philosophy. And the ruddy little Postmaster, Rodolphe Lemieux—is Rodolphe Lemieux, and a nice man at that.

But Bourassa, with only one generation between him and the fiery blood of the honorable old rebel—Louis Joseph Papineau,

is neither sick nor weary, nor satisfied, and he has one ambition—to lead Quebec. He seems to have made some headway in that direction.

And, then, there is another thing.

If he leads it, where will he lead it? To succor Honorable George Graham, leading the Liberals? Or Richard McBride, of the Conservative camp? Or will he become leader of a third party in Canadian politics—leader of the French? If he does, what must be the price that the parties shall pay him for his aid in the House of Commons when it comes to putting through desirable or undesirable measures? What will he demand for his French support in each piece of legislation that goes through the House? What tinge of what color will he give each development of Canadian Nationalism?

* * *

THE Naval Policy, to which Laurier is pledged, and on which Bourassa seeks to lead Quebec to condemn him, is neither here nor there in discussing Bourassa. More people than Nationalists disapprove of the Government's course. The attack upon the new Canadian navy was made the cry in the bye-election in the united counties of Drummond and Arthabaskaville. It was used to stir the voters, one way or another. It was the subject of the despatches to the newspapers. But the real issue was Bourassa. The opposing candidates were the mere puppets of the two French-Canadians, Laurier and Bourassa. When Laurier's man was defeated, it was not a victory for the Nationalist candidate; it was Bourassa's personal victory. It is

that victory which leads those who consider the man to wonder what more is to come. They have seen him address spellbound audiences of ten or fifteen thousand for two hours at a time; they have seen the mob pour out of Notre Dame church at midnight, at the close of a meeting, and follow him for blocks, to listen to him or to one of his aides address them from a street platform. They have seen him champion losing sides in seemingly hopeless fights and turn the current of defeat into the channels of victory. And now, he threatens to invade Protestant Ontario. He defies the Premier to open the constituency for which the Secretary of State—himself a Roman Catholic—sits. It is, of course, with much skill that he selected that riding for his defiance. He knows the split that took place between two factions of the Liberals before Hon. Mr. Murphy was in the consideration at all. It is partly French-Canadian. He knows, no doubt, that it was with difficulty that the successful candidate was persuaded to resign and to allow Hon. Mr. Murphy to run in his place, and no doubt he has long since calculated the advantage which is to be had from a split between two factions and the dissatisfaction of the man who resigned. Such being the case, the opening of this constituency would scarcely be a fair test of Laurier's strength or the popularity of the naval programme. But Bourassa, by thus opposing Laurier, is revealing his intention of becoming the leader of Quebec, if not at once, then sure'y, when Laurier has quit the stage.

* * *

THERE are four essentials to that leadership: Ability, courage, integrity and ambition. Laurier himself has given testimony to Bourassa's ability. When, as a young man of twenty-eight years, Bourassa entered the House of Commons as the member for Labelle, Laurier singled him out as worthy of honors. He gave him encouragement, advice and opportunities. When the Canadian delegation was appointed to confer at Washington in 1897, concerning the trade relations of the two countries, Bourassa was secretary. It was the Premier's gift to a man whom he admired.

But after that, Bourassa chose to compel attention, rather than to have it given him. When Laurier sent the Canadian troops to South Africa without first summoning Parliament, Bourassa retired in protest, and the people of his French-Canadian constituency supported his protest by returning him to Parliament on his standing for re-election.

When J. Israel Tarte saw fit to talk Protection in the face of his Free Trade confreres, and left the Cabinet, it was Bourassa who challenged Tarte, the free lance, to oratorical combat, and Bourassa, who defeated Tarte so badly at Laprairie as to give him a push into the outer-darkness of political failure, towards which he had already set out.

When, in 1904, certain political powers plotted to gain control of *La Presse* and to do certain things which ought not to have been done, it was Bourassa who found it out and gave voice through his little paper, "*Le Nationaliste*."

When the autonomy bills were being discussed in the House of Commons and the separate school question was a sore issue, it was Bourassa who took the stump and raised so much noise in Quebec that despite Clifford Sifton's resigning in protest against the clauses which the Government included in the charters of these new provinces, the situation resulted in a compromise.

And at every appearance in the spot-light Bourassa was a stronger figure. He had but a small following when he protested against the sending of the soldiers to South Africa. After his victory over Tarte it was larger. After his fight in favor of the separate school clauses in the charters of Saskatchewan and Alberta, he had still a greater following. His name spread over the Province of Quebec. It became synonymous with "the rights of the French-Canadian."

People began to talk of Bourassa's speeches. He made them on all sorts of topics, without invitation from anyone. But he had always large audiences. Once he talked on "Patriotism" in *Le Monument National*, in Montreal. There were all sorts of people there, judges and lawyers and priests, on one hand, and on the other, longshoremen and laborers. The address

was academic, and yet the attention was tense. The audience was brought to a state where it lay like soft wax in Bourassa's hands. He had only to speak, to sway it to one thing or another. In the end, he paused, tilted slightly forward on his toes, and addressing the young men in the gallery, he adjured them quietly not to waste their enthusiasm on passing objects, but to cherish it for the occasion when it might serve the country's good.

That was all. It was very simple, and yet—yet in an electric instant the erstwhile silent, closely critical audience was transformed. Rarely is such a scene as followed, to be witnessed nowadays. It was an ovation—such a yielding to the power of the orator's spell as one reads of, but sees too seldom.

But there have been other signs of what Bourassa could do.

He took to criticizing provincial affairs in Quebec. He objected to the manner in which Parent, who was then Premier, was disposing of the forest and water-power rights of the province. So he attacked Parent, and Parent fell.

Again, there came a day when a certain Premier offered him a certain position in his Cabinet.

"No," replied Bourassa, "I do not think that I can accept it, though I thank you for the honor."

Pressed for a reason, he said that he disapproved of certain men in that Cabinet.

The Premier happened to need Bourassa very much, and hinted that it might be possible to arrange for the disposition of these two gentlemen in some quiet and satisfactory manner.

"No," said Bourassa, "I cannot accept."

And with that he set out to bring down for himself the two Cabinet ministers he objected to. He took the stump and demanded the heads of the two upon his salver. He cried that these men be eliminated.

One was. The other, as it happened, challenged Bourassa to contest. He would resign his seat if Bourassa would resign his. Bourassa accepted, and was beaten. The other man was returned to the Provincial Legislature by an enormous majority. People said, "Bourassa is dead."

His friends thought he was sick. Few knew his whereabouts. But in the general election which followed he emerged from the temporary retirement into which he had gone, stood for election in two constituencies, and won both. People realized then that although he might be beaten sometimes, he was rather inevitable. The one of these seats was Sir Lomer Gouin's own preserve, St. James, Montreal, where he expected to be secure, and the other was St. Hyacinthe, an old Liberal riding of his grandfather's, but which turned—not tory, but against the Liberals, for the sake of the grandson.

To-day, comes Bourassa with his challenge to Laurier over the naval policy, and into the country which was Laurier's birthplace, which has had Laurier for its pride and its glory, he carries the victory.

Surely these things show his ability. His ability as an orator and his ability to defeat strong men, either by that oratory, or his personal charm or "political genius," or by being wise enough to see when the men were weak and where they were easiest attacked. Whatever the explanation of his victories, their reality remains. As to the depth of the foundation which he has laid for the support of his future operations, we shall take that up farther on.

* * *

TWO things have gone to enhance his native ability. His courage and his personal integrity. It is known in certain quarters that Bourassa has had many temptations thrust in his way, not the least among them are said, on good authority, to have been cabinet positions. But he refused them. They would have been the price of his personal political independence.

After his defeat by the politician, whom we have mentioned, but whose name we have not used, he accepted a position in a large financial company in the Province. The remuneration was low, and since Bourassa had no other considerable means, and was a valuable man, the company increased his stipend by a thousand dollars a year.

But it raised discussion. Bourassa's opponents made capital of it. They said he

had been offered this money in order to stay out of politics — that he had been bought.”

So Bourassa quit the position. He craped his means together and told the general manager of the firm that he intended going. They protested. They hinted that he was a trifle Quixotic, and that— but he left. He went into a corner and stayed there till he was ready to come out. That was when he ran in the general election and was successful in two seats. He referred to come out into the open of political battle and face the possibility of defeat again rather than to have people say of him that he was paid to keep out of politics.

These then are instances of his ability, his courage and his integrity. They seem to have been sufficient to have carried him some distance. Not every man defeats Laurier among his own people.

But the question of Bourassa's ambition is the heart of the whole matter. For if Bourassa is to be the leader of Quebec, now, or when Laurier is gone — and it seems likely—then in what direction is he going to lead it? What is his ambition? Why is it that he leaps into the light every now and then advocating different things? What is the common basis for all his agitations. Suppose that in time he becomes the leader of Quebec what shall be the key in which his song is written?

It is—Quebec. Years ago he told it to a man. He pointed at Quebec on the map, and a picture of Laurier on the wall, and he enunciated his ambition. “When Laurier is gone, who leads us?” he demanded. “Who is to speak for us? Quebec shall be in need of a leader, and it is I that shall try to lead it.”

. . .

HE can command no friends among the ardent Imperialists of Canada, nor among the ordinary English Protestants, so far as mere policy is concerned. As a man, as a brave opponent, he is worthy of respect. But in his pro-Catholic tendencies, and his obvious design to foster things French-Canadian, and to uphold the traditions of the French against the wear-

ing effects of Time and the encroachments of the English he is bound to rouse the opposition of many Canadians.

But his “Nationalism” has been grievously misunderstood. Although in the heat of the recent election in Quebec things were said, words and phrases were used, which would seem to show that it is anti-British and ultra-montagne, still from the personal assurances of Bourassa's own friends, and from a study of Bourassa's speeches, one is led to the belief that his Nationalism is simply an avowal of faith in the future of Canada as a self-contained nation, one of a group of friendly, and inter-related nations, which compose the British Empire. The difference between Bourassa and the ardent British Canadian is as to the degree to which Canada would participate in the wars and general external relations of England. The Imperialist would have Canada go to war automatically with whatever nation had become a declared enemy of England, while Bourassa would have Canada refrain from all such wars unless the cause of the war were closely connected with the interests of Canada. In this way, while the Imperialist would probably be willing to leave the making of war to England, and to follow her wherever she led, Bourassa would have Canada remember that not all her citizens have the same sentimental interest in a British war and that there would have to be a reason for Canada's participation before it could command the sympathy of the French-Canadian. A discussion of the Imperialist or Nationalist view is not in order in this article. One might leave the subject by saying that the extreme Imperialist would have Canada more or less a colony, while Bourassa would force Canada into a co-operative nationhood within the Empire: in which state England would have to consult her, as well as the other sisters in the Empire before embarking on any warlike venture. His view does not seem far from that of many moderate “Imperialists” in English Canada.

Everything that Bourassa has done has been along this line. He has held up the interest of the French-Canadian. He has pointed out that not all Canada would be sentimentally interested in a British war,

although the French-Canadian would support England were she in actual danger of defeat. He has reminded people that the French-Canadian has no desire to go to war for sentimental reasons only. And, after all, the average Canadian, of fair mind, will admit that it is a fairly reasonable stand to take.

Then, suppose that this is Bourassa's stand. What foundations has he laid to support himself on such a platform. In the past years of his activities has he accumulated political strength? We may say that he has personal ability, courage, integrity and ambition, but unless he has been building his ground-work he must be badly off when all the forces of established leadership are brought against him. How deep, therefore, is Bourassa's strength? Whence come the roots of his political vitality?

When he used, in the Quebec Legislature of a Thursday afternoon, to stand up and speak for hours on uncalled-for topics—what was it that he aimed at, people asked. They saw nothing but a few young priests sitting in the gallery. And yet Bourassa measures the littlest advantage; each young priest, as he knew, would grow to be an active priest, an influence in a riding some day. He would talk about the speech when he returned to the seminary, and would remember the man, Henri Bourassa, years hence, when he might be tending his little flock of souls in his future parish. With graduation class, after graduation class, of these young priests has Bourassa planted the seed of "Bourassa-ism."

What is his relation with the young French Catholics of Quebec? They have a strong organization. Not many years ago, this organization agitated for a law compelling the railways to supply timetables printed in French for the districts where only French was spoken. Their agitation seemed in vain until Henri Bourassa passed by, and taking up their cause, carried it to a successful end. There, again, he planted for a future reaping.

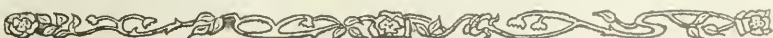
He has stood always for the French-Canadian and for the use of the French language. The French clergy firmly believe that the life of their religion depends

upon the life of the French tongue in Canada. Consequently, there was almost consternation when at the recent Eucharistics Congress, Archbishop Bourne, speaking in Notre Dame, was held to have suggested that the day of the French language was passing, and that English was taking and to take its place in the Church.

Quick to see an opening, Bourassa, who spoke shortly afterward, took the other side of the question in a speech, which is said by those who heard it, to have completely dominated the nearly fifteen thousand people who were present in the church. Again had he enlisted the friendship of the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec.

He has his faults, this man. He sometimes repeats conversations which other men would regard as personal and secure against repetition. He goes great lengths in acting upon Cobden's theory that in agitation it is necessary to move your audience to a high pitch of anger or enthusiasm. But on the whole he is a strong man, a master of oratory and an opponent to be respected, at least. As an orator he is a man of force, and yet of great charm. There is nothing slipshod about his oratory. At a mass meeting he catches his hearers at the very outset. He can be serenely courteous and yet he often pains and surprises people by the use of expressions that are unworthy of him. The best passages of his speeches are all carefully worked out before he delivers them and when there is a repetition of a phrase he delivers it each time with increasing dramatic effect. He speaks rapidly and with vigorous gestures. He uses English well, but French better.

He is the knight of Quebec, impetuous and yet cold; hasty, yet cautious; imaginative, yet practical; he flares into prominence every now and then like a torch, relighted by some mysterious hand at odd intervals. Like a torch, someday, he will set afire the imagination of the people, inspire the engines of their minds and direct the energy of Quebec—one way or another, as he pleases.—B. B. C.



The Provincial Premiers

WE reproduce in the following pages engravings of the nine Provincial Premiers, with some remarks about each one, and pictures of their respective legislative halls. They are to meet in Ottawa on December 9th to discuss certain troubles in the family of provinces. Whitney and Gouin are convening the meeting. The three Maritime Provinces are the aggrieved ones. It is incumbent upon the four western provinces to be generous.

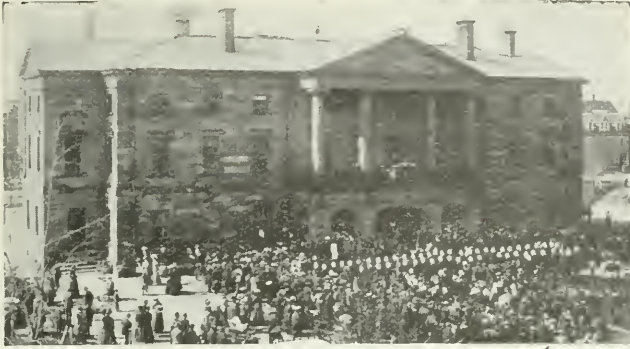


THE British North America Act is the trouble. It continues to take M. P.'s from the Maritime Provinces just because they are not growing very quickly, and it hands them to the western provinces, which are very tall for their age.



IT is not the fault of the east. It is because capital and incoming population naturally seek a high interest and a good living without preliminary trouble. The east is not less blessed with natural resources, but these resources are harder to develop. In forty years they will be flourishing. But in the meantime all legislative power is falling into the hands of the family prodigies. The nine Premiers have to try to correct this. They may be able to do it by petitioning the British Government to alter Canada's charter.

The Provincial Premiers



Prince Edward Island

HONORABLE FRANCIS L. HASZARD has the honor of directing the affairs of the most easterly, and one of the most charming provinces in the Dominion. It has its troubles and Honorable Mr. Haszard—with the aid of Judge Warburton, one of Prince Edward Island's representatives in the House of Commons, is endeavoring to remove them. One thing is the need for some amendment to the Canadian constitution so that the Island cannot be deprived of any more of its parliamentary representation through the operation of the British North America Act.



The Provincial Premiers



Nova Scotia

WHEN Honorable Mr. Fielding resigned the premiership of Nova Scotia to join Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration at Ottawa in 1896, the Liberal Government of the province was left in the hands of Honorable George H. Murray. He appealed to the people in 1897 and was returned to the office. He did it again in 1901 and 1906 and was again told to go back and keep on governing. He lives at Halifax and knows Mr. R. L. Borden, though he doesn't agree with his politics. He will be appealing to his people again shortly and expects the same answer as before.



The Provincial Premiers



New Brunswick

A MEMBER of the Church of England, and with miles of family tradition, Honorable John Douglas Hazen sits calmly at the head of the New Brunswick Government and orders the appearance and disappearance of that other luminary, the Sun. He is marked, in the Parliamentary Companion "Liberal-Conservative" which probably means Tory. When Premier Robinson and his colleagues found their work getting too arduous for them they retired and Mr. Hazen took up the leadership of the Government.



The Provincial Premiers



Quebec

KNIGHTED on the Plains of Abraham at the hands of His Majesty King George Fifth, who was then visiting Canada as the Prince of Wales, Sir Lomer Gouin is an example of the success with which two races have been living as one under the British Flag. It is said that the amiable Premier and Attorney-General of Quebec is losing his political ambition and that when the Great Reaper comes and offers him a judgeship for his premiership, he will accept. He is a clever debater and can usually give a Rolland for any man's Oliver. He is in manner gravely courteous, in mind, urbane and erudite.



The Provincial Premiers



Ontario

SIR JAMES WHITNEY takes himself, his politics and his lightest thoughts so seriously that he begins to have his own honest doubts as to who was the creator of the Universe. Until he gets time to convince himself he spends his time exploding and settling down and then exploding again.

Coming on the heels of a weak Liberal administration his policy has been one of simple, garden variety honesty. He gave Honorable Adam Beck the opportunity to establish the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. His middle name is Pliny.



The Provincial Premiers



Manitoba

HON. RODMOND PALEN ROBLIN used to sell grain but has in his later years been steering the Conservative Administration of the province and wrestling with Sir Wilfrid Laurier for the right to extend the boundaries of Manitoba to Hudson's Bay. He and the French Canadian premier are opposite types of men. Roblin is inclined toward largeness and rough strength while Laurier is more the style of a finely tempered piece of steel.

He is more or less a stubborn gentleman and inclined to do by brute force what he cannot do any other way.



The Provincial Premiers



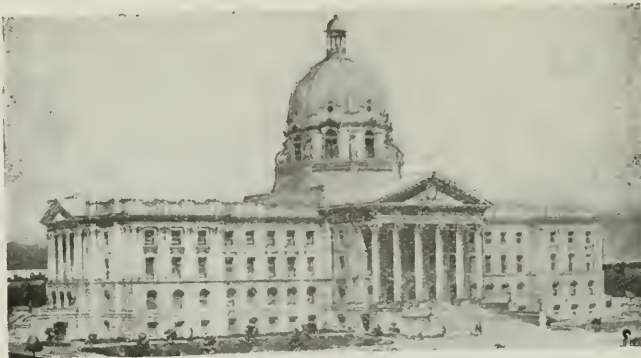
Saskatchewan

HON. Walter Scott started as an office boy under the late Nicholas Flood Davin. Davin failed, but Scott prospered. He is a personal friend of Laurier, and one of the bitterest political fighters in the West. He has been Premier since Saskatchewan was given its charter.

As a platform speaker he does not excel. He is nervous and fidgety. But in the House he attacks craftily, explains convincingly, and defends his administration vigorously.



The Provincial Premiers



Alberta

A COLD man, a man with the keenest of minds, the coolest sort of judgment, and yet the broadest sympathies, Hon. A. L. Sifton is described by one of the leading members of the recent Laurier party, touring the West, as being a coming leader in Federal politics.

He and his brother Clifford are opposites. The latter is ambitious for wealth. The former is not. It is one of his advantages in the West.



The Provincial Premiers



British Columbia

HON. Richard McBride is said to have been picked out by Laurier as the next Conservative Premier of Canada. There is a remarkable resemblance between Sir John Macdonald, Laurier and himself.

He is pre-eminently a politician. His genius is for making friends and organizing party politics. He is suave, but a poor platform speaker. His greatest weakness lies in the fact that nobody could ever be as wise as he looks.



The Indian

By

C. Lintern Sibley



THE Indian had been lying on his stomach and gazing through the forest undergrowth with unblinking eyes. Suddenly he went tense with eager attention. The quick flattening crouch of his body was just such a movement as a cat, lazily watching birds, would make if one of the birds were to stray beyond the safety line.

His beady eyes, glittering with surface lights, were fixed upon a strange spectacle. One hundred yards away from him, on the side of a forest rivulet, a lone white man was behaving with all the abandon of a moonstruck rabbit. He had swung his hat round his head and flung it into the air, and was engaged in an excited and ludicrous burlesque of a ballet dance. Pretending to lift up skirts, he began to pirouette, essaying, in an uncouth way, all the professional flourishes of the stage.

His extraordinary movements came to an abrupt stop. It was as though that mysterious sixth sense which becomes especially acute in the wilds, even in the most civilized of men, had warned him of the two dark eyes,

low in the undergrowth, that were fixed on him with such eager attention. He, too, was now on the alert, but his attention was not fixed, like that of the Indian. He was uncertain what it was that warned him of a menace. Indeed, he was not certain of anything. He crouched low, listening, peering. Not a creature moved in the tangle of the forest floor. Not a breath of air played in the tops of the tall spruce. The instinct of the old hunters had revived in the Indian. He raised his rifle and sighted it. He lowered it again and sighed with a happy contentment in the sureness of his victim's fate. He would wait.

Perceiving nothing to justify his suspicions, the white man stripped a considerable quantity of moss from a decayed log and planted it in the spot beside the rivulet over which he had danced so wildly. That done, he proceeded with the work which had been occupying him earlier in the day—that of thoroughly prospecting the neighborhood. Each time during the afternoon, when the results of his examination seemed satisfactory, he care-

fully covered up all traces of his operations, and toward dusk he disappeared.

* * * *

The red man went to the rivulet and lifted up the moss laid there so carefully by the white man. He saw an outcropping of white rock, and on the face of the rock was a splash of yellow metal as big as the eye of a deer. He carefully replaced the moss, and following up the trail of the other, uncovered various holes which the white man had dug in the ground. At each spot he found rock just beneath the surface—rock that glistened, and that had in it many tiny specks and splashes of dull yellow. Presently, as the forest grew dark, the Indian stole back to his wigwam on the Kamistakwa Lake.

Two years before his hunting ground had been farther south, down in the Porcupine country. But a white man had come and discovered rocks that were dusted with yellow specks, and before he had been gone a month back to "the steel" thousands of white men had poured into what had been the Indian's hunting country. The game fled, and with it the Indian retired to the North. His new hunting ground was in the watershed of the Kamistakwa Lake, and it had been profitable. After his first winter he had carried more fur into the Hudson's Bay post than ever before. But now the white man had come again. Apparently the rock with the yellow specks was about to cause another influx of the fortune-hunters and another exodus of the rightful tenants of the country. Picturing it to himself, he let a gleam of menace light his eyes for a moment and then pursued the preparations for his evening meal, impassive. He would strike when the spirit moved him; when it pleased him to kill.

Meanwhile, the unconscious cause of his apprehension went back to the camp. He was quite as perturbed as the Indian. For years, he, Reuben Bayes, had been engaged in mining work. He had been in at some of the

richest strikes that had been made in Canada's last quarter-century of mining history. But he had always been somebody else's employe—the tool in some other man's hand. He had received a wage and a grub-stake, while the other man reaped the great profits. He had saved nothing. His youth had been spent in wild and lawless places, and yet he had never been a "bad man"—merely shiftless.

He had lived in that way for years, in fact, until just recently—until he made his last visit to the rail-head at Cochrane. He had met a woman there, different, to him, from all other women. They had been thrown together in the panic of a fire in the little hotel in which both happened to be staying. He had not told her what he thought; women were a new thing to him. He went away to think it over and to earn enough and save enough to be able to go to that woman and tell her. But she guessed it, and laughed, afterward.

He joined Big Bob Callaway's prospecting expedition into the country even beyond the new Porcupine country. He was employed as one of a number of men to each of whom, each day, a section of country was given to be examined inch by inch for traces of metal. Callaway, in turn, was employed by a group of New York financial men. The expedition, having been organized at a secret rendezvous, had covered a ribbon of land fifty miles wide. From the Temagami Forest Reserve it had worked its way north over the great Height of Land and had descended into the watershed of Hudson's Bay. The work was organized with the precision of a factory system. Each man, each day, filled in a blank map of the region he had covered that day, with markings of the mineral indications, the water-courses, the timber and the contours. From these maps, and from the samples of rocks which the men were required to bring in, Callaway composed his map each evening. For with Callaway, prospecting was a science, grimly in earnest, relentlessly logical.

So far, no important strikes had been made until Reuben Bayes made this find, this afternoon. Lying down on his face to take a drink from the clear rivulet which traversed his allotted piece of the day's territory, Bayes had seen, beneath an over-hanging growth of ferns, the solid white quartz with the splash of gold upon its surface. He had followed the indications and discovered signs of a rich out-cropping, and it was in elation at his discovery that he went through the exercises which the Indian had watched. His hopes were maturing. His plan was working out. It was the only plan he had ever made in his life.

II.

So there was no question in his mind as he walked back to the camp, as to what he intended doing. He had never had a motive in doing anything before now. He was going to keep the find a secret until he could get back to civilization and sell it. He knew it would bring a fabulous sum. Already he felt as independent as though the wealth were his. And yet, as he approached the clearing where the tents had been put up he felt weak, cowardly, he called it, to himself. He had never been really dishonest before. He had always been more or less strong and simple in his motives, and he felt that it would be hard to keep a secret from Callaway—that man with the stern mouth and determined jaw, whose keen grey eyes, night after night, as the samples and reports were brought in, reflected neither disappointment nor pleasure. He knew, vaguely, that Callaway was a man who made his own deductions without saying very many words. He knew that the other men of the party both admired him and feared him; and he knew that he was no better able to cheat Callaway than they were. But he remembered the light of that yellow metal. He saw what he might obtain with it—not so much the fine clothes, the expensive habits and the luxurious surroundings which in his

earlier days he had contemplated with mild interest, but that woman, the daughter of a railroad contractor—that was what he saw. The money, to his mind, would give him access to her, and then—he would ask her, grandly, how much money she could spend, and he would give it to her. The thought of it sharpened his wits. He forgot Callaway. His ideas of women were childish.

He was thinking of his newly-made future as he took his place on a spruce log at the long supper table. He dumped the beans into his plate in a dream. He lifted his pewter spoon to stir his coffee, after he had had his soup out of the same dish, and forgetting to put it into the liquid, in his abstraction, held it suspended. He gripped the edge of his tin plate with his fist and dreamed, oblivious to his companions. As he dreamed a smile started to creep over his face, but he caught it in time and looked up—straight into Callaway's unreadable eyes. But Callaway said nothing. After the meal the men handed in their reports and their samples. Bayes' went in with the rest. His map was marked barren.

"Funny," remarked Callaway, leafing over the soil-stained papers, "but I'd hoped to find the Mother Lode hereabouts. But howsomever!" he closed his jaws tightly, ran his eyes over the men with a swift glance of inspection, and lit his pipe, "We'll have to wait."

Later that night Bayes paused on the edge of his bunk with one boot in his hand.

"Now, what the h—— did he mean by that?" he growled to himself.

"What in Hades are you talking to yourself about?" demanded a fellow-pro prospector, half asleep in his bunk. "Get to bed, Rube, an' put the light out."

III.

The camp was moved next day. Bayes left behind him a cache of supplies which he had stolen from the cook-tent. They moved again the next



—THERE STOOD BOB CALLAWAY

day, and again Bayes made a cache. On the third day his plan was complete for escaping from the party. He knew that no excuse would secure for him the liberty he needed. He would be watched. Callaway knew the minds of a certain class of men in the North, and would be suspicious.

But he made a scheme. He found a piece of muskeg not far from the third day's camp, which was covered with moss, but into which some unfortunate deer had apparently stumbled not long before and been swallowed up. He would make a trail to the morass in the morning and leave his hat on the spot where the deer had evidently disappeared. Then he would set out for the little rivulet, secure some good samples and make for the end of the steel.

He was elated with his plan. He was no longer dreamy, but the night before his plan was to be put into execution, he told stories with the best of them and made several jokes at the expense of Ba'tis'e, the French-Canadian, who was sharpening his axe in a corner of the tent. And yet, when Callaway thrust his head in at the opening, it sent a chill through the schemer. Why was that man always watching him, he wondered. He had told no one. He had been careful. And, why, too, had he always the feeling that something was following him? It wasn't Callaway, he knew that much. But there seemed always a something behind him. Almost involuntarily he turned to look behind him. He went to sleep in his bunk, but woke up several times, and once he thought he felt something sharp pressing against his grey flannel shirt. He sweated with fear.

He was better in the morning and strolled around to the cook tent.

Breakfast late. Cook drunk. "Boss gone for a stroll, too," remarked the cookee.

"Which way?" asked Bayes.

"That way," said the boy, pointing, and Bayes, much relieved, took another direction, the one leading to the muskeg. He thought it better, now,

to go without breakfast. It would appear that he had been caught in the muskeg and dragged down while waiting.

IV.

Once out of sight of the camp he hurried. Arrived at the muskeg, he rubbed his hat in the slime as though it had been gripped by a struggling man, and tossed it on the place where the deer had broken the moss. Then away he struck into the brush, traveling lightly, choosing rocks for stepping-places, and leaving no trail. He stopped at times to listen. Twice, listening, he cocked his revolver and waited. But the woods were still, save for the sougning of a young wind in the spruce and the falling of a dried leaf. Once the stillness was so tense, and yet so seemingly full of a soft-footed menace, that the man almost cried out with fear, and the beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Lying down to sleep that night he thought he saw a brown figure, trailing a rifle, step out of the bush and standing smiling grimly, over him.

He was haggard, when, two days later, he arrived at the little creek. Trembling, he fell upon his knees in the wet ground and with shaking hands laid back the moss. There was the yellow-spattered rock! There was his fortune! There was the hand of the railroad contractor's daughter! There, indeed, lay a new life to Reuben Bayes!—but, as he looked up, a nugget in his hand, there stood Bob Callaway. He was not two yards away. His arms were folded. A sneer played over his grim face.

"So that's what you were after, Rube!" he drawled. "Nice little game. I just happened to be taking a stroll myself. Had sort of a notion you were thinking too much about the work you did the day you discovered this and I knew the short cut. I see the nugget in your hand. Nice nugget, Reuben, but I'm afraid the little game is up."

The sneer cut Bayes. He felt like slinking away and forgetting the thing.

THE INDIAN

but of a sudden the ambition which he had neglected to cultivate all his life, but which had grown so rapidly within him since his meeting with the woman in Cochrane, flared up. His passion took fire and he sprang at Callaway. Callaway's revolver flashed out, but missed its target, and Bayes' fist crashed into the face of his chief. But just then there was a report of a rifle. Bayes staggered back and fell, writhing weakly. Callaway, recovering from the blow from the fist, leaned over him, and another shot rang out. Callaway dropped heavily over the body of the other.

The woods were still. The little stream, finding an impediment to its course, rose several inches and found another path. It laughed, a tinkling, chromatic, secret, little laugh, as much as to say, "Oh, you can't block me, you know." As it rose it lapped the little mat of moss which overlaid the white rock, and the moss floated off, leaving the yellow splashes bare. The same sounds in the trees went on; boughs, rubbing together, leaves slid-

ing down through the air, squirrels gossiping, and one other thing—a little cloud of gun smoke, over a place where an Indian had sighted his rifle five minutes before, floated up.

V.

The second engineer took charge of the prospecting party, and it went on with its work, after sending a letter back to Toronto that Big Bob Callaway had been lost in a muskeg, and that Reuben Bayes, a prospector, had died with his trying to save his chief. They erected a monument to Callaway in Montreal, where his father was buried, and wired the news to his brother-in-law in Winnipeg. The railroad contractor's daughter, meanwhile, heard about it and cried quite sincerely, to think that poor Mr. Bayes had been such a heroic sort of a fellow after all. And to this day she holds his memory quite sacred. Lynxfoot, the Indian, is the father of two more papooses. The hunting is good.

ONLY

Only a pair of dark brown eyes,
Only a dimple sweet;
Only a clouded autumn skies,
Only a muddy street.

Only a glance from the eyes of brown,
Only a friendly smile;
Only a maid in a fetching gown,
Only a bit of guile.

Only a boy with an ardent heart,
Only a gust of rain;
Only a glance at a taxi-cart,
Only a sudden pain.

Only a deeply anxious thrill,
Only a frown of rue;
Only a lone lorn dollar bill,
Only a swift skiddoo!

—*Wilberforce Jenkins in Harper's Weekly.*

The Best Dog

By

Robert Leighton

THE act of acquiring a dog is often one of the most important steps in the life of a man—acquiring it honestly, that is. People in this country use dogs for varying purposes; some for company in the house and protection; some for use with sheep on a farm, or cows, for that matter; some for hunting; some for retrieving, and some to keep the baby from crawling too far and falling in the well, or getting in the way of trolley cars.

But the act in itself is serious. It may develop that the man may not like the dog afterward, and yet he hates to dispose of it by violence, because he has come to like the thing, or the children would miss it, or the wife in the household would call him cruel.

If he gives the dog away it is as likely as not to find its way back again—and again.

Then, if he intends keeping some sort of a dog he argues that he might better keep this dog, which has proved in some respects unsatisfactory, but which has not the faults which some other dog might possess.

Buying a dog may mean that he and his neighbors shall become enemies. The dog may not like the neighbors. It may bite their children. Or the neighbors may dislike the dog because he howls at nights or scratches up their flower-beds.

Buying a dog may mean that you are afflicted with the necessity of buying a muzzle for him. Buying the muzzle may not be so difficult, but

CHAMPION BRYNHIR 
BURGLAR

Mr. W. S. Glynn's Welsh
Terrier Champion



THE BEST DOG

CHAMPION ROYAL REGENT
AIREDALE TERRIER



By permission of the owner
MR. HOLLAND BUCKLEY

keeping it on him may—especially if there is an ordinance concerning rabies in the district.

Finally, there is the question of breed. The man may buy a dog of a certain breed, only to find that his friends do not approve of that breed. They tell him so, and they tell him why. They point all the demerits of that breed and all the merits of the breed which the man did not buy.

Consequently, some people are in a quandary when it comes to acquiring a dog, and the following information, concerning the general characteristics of some of the better known breeds, may be useful.

Since our cave-dwelling ancestors entered into a working partnership with the wolf and allured him into docility and usefulness, the dog, who is the domesticated wolf's descendant, has always been the ally of man, hunting for him and with him, hauling for him, tending his flocks and herds, and protecting his homestead. The association, begun for mutual advantage, has grown into such firm and trusting friendship that it is exceptional now to find a home in

which the dog is not a member of the family. At no period in the world's history, indeed, has the pleasure of dog-keeping been so generally recognized as at the present time.

Dog owners are becoming increasingly appreciative of the varying attributes and values of the different canine breeds. They seek for dogs of unsullied strain and accredited pedigree, and the nondescript cur and mangy mongrel are rapidly disappearing from our midst, giving place to handsome, well-conditioned dogs of acknowledged breed.

We have adopted so many of the dogs of foreign lands, and added so many alien species to our native stock that where no predilection already exists to determine the breed, the choice of a canine companion is not easy. The Kennel Club officially separate the dogs of Great Britain into eighty distinct breeds and sub-varieties, each distinguished from the rest by some claim of inherited instinct, some acquired merit of adaptability to a special purpose of sport or utility, or by some characteristic of size, conforma-



COLLIE — PARBOLD POGANINI

(By permission of the late owner, Mr. T. H. Stretch)

tion or type; and there is a breed to suit every preference. Many breeds, however, are of necessity excluded from the list of those dogs which the ordinary dog lover is ever likely to possess. The foxhound, for example, one of the most carefully cultivated of all breeds, is never owned in separate individuals, never kept as a mere companion, or, indeed, for any other purpose than the sport of fox-hunting.

It is so, also, with the rugged and magnificent Otterhound, who is engaged exclusively in hunting down the wily poacher of our salmon streams. The little Harrier, too, and the bell-voiced Beagle take their places as units in the hunting pack, and are not kept separately as pets. One may keep a leash of Greyhounds as a canine luxury; but the Greyhound, who is not remarkable for his companionable qualities, is in his proper sphere only

when he can be used, as he has been used for centuries, in coursing the hare. Like the Setter and the Pointer, he would be cruelly out of his element kennelled in a town. Even the sporting Spaniel, who is versatile and adaptable enough, as well as "personally" beautiful, would find little joy confined within the limits of a flat.

In choosing a dog one has need to remember that, while all dogs have certain qualities in common, the different breeds have different properties and habits that are not interchangeable. One would not send a Greyhound into water, a Newfoundland to chase hares, or a Bulldog to tend sheep, and the St. Bernard, who is in no sense a sporting dog, is as incongruous with the stubble and the grouse moor as a Pointer might be in a formal drawing-room. All dogs are by nature responsive to human

THE BEST DOG

affection and kindly attention, but their own delight in life, as well as their usefulness, is greatly enhanced by appropriate environment and suitable occupation.

Just as it is unkind to keep a gun-dog in town, there are certain of the less hardy and less active breeds that are inappropriate to the surroundings of a house in the country. Any dog whatsoever is better than none at all, and even as watchdogs many of the yapping toys of the boudoir are not to be despised. The King Charles Spaniel, the fashionable Pomeranian and the aristocratic Pekinese, for example, are usually keen of hearing and quick to give tongue on the approach of strangers, and perhaps the most alert of all the smaller dogs is the inquisitive Schipperke, who inherits his watchfulness from ancestors trained as sentinels on the canal barges of Flanders. But for the protection

of a lonely country-house—tempting to burglars and exposed to the unwelcome visits of tramps and vagabonds—a selected dog of formidable aspect is worth a great deal more than his license and his keep.

The English Mastiff was once the favorite guardian of the isolated homestead. He was alert of scent and hearing, he had a loud, penetrating bark with which to sound the alarm, and when roused to anger against an intruder his aspect was fierce enough to inspire the most daring of marauders with wholesome terror. But of late years the Mastiff has been pampered into a condition of pacific indifference to trespassers, and, like his smaller relative, the Bulldog, he has lost his air of ferocity, as he has lost his vigilance. The Bulldog, indeed, once typical of the British fighting spirit, has been bred to such docility and gentleness that an emi-



GREAT DANE—CHAMPION VIOLA OF REDGRAVE

(By permission of Mrs. Hornfall)

ment authority recently declared him to be the "only" dog which can with perfect safety be trusted alone to the mercy of children.

The decline in the popularity of the Mastiff as a guard is synchronous with the rise into favour of the Great Dane, the largest and most formidable of our imported breeds, an excellent watch and a handsome, dignified companion, active in spite of his bulk, and as quick to give warning when any unusual night sound reaches him as he is to recognize a familiar footstep from afar. When the Great Dane was first adopted in England he had the reputation of being savage and treacherous, but this reputation no longer applies to him, for he is, as a rule, quiet and not easily irritated. It is fortunate, indeed, that most of the large breeds of dogs, whose strength and weight would render them dangerous assailants if roused to resentment, are, at the same time, the most docile and gentle of animals. This is certainly the case with the Newfoundland, the St. Bernard, the Irish Wolfhound, and it is eminently true of the majestic Highland Deerhound whom Sir Walter Scott described as "the most perfect creature under heaven." To these trusty guardians may be added the quaint Old English Sheepdog, and the meditative Bloodhound, who, in spite of his sanguinary and repelling name, is yet remarkable for his constancy and placidity. His keenly sensitive nose, so unerring in following a trail, adds greatly to his value as a watch in scenting the silent-footed trespasser, while his call is as melodious as a cathedral bell.

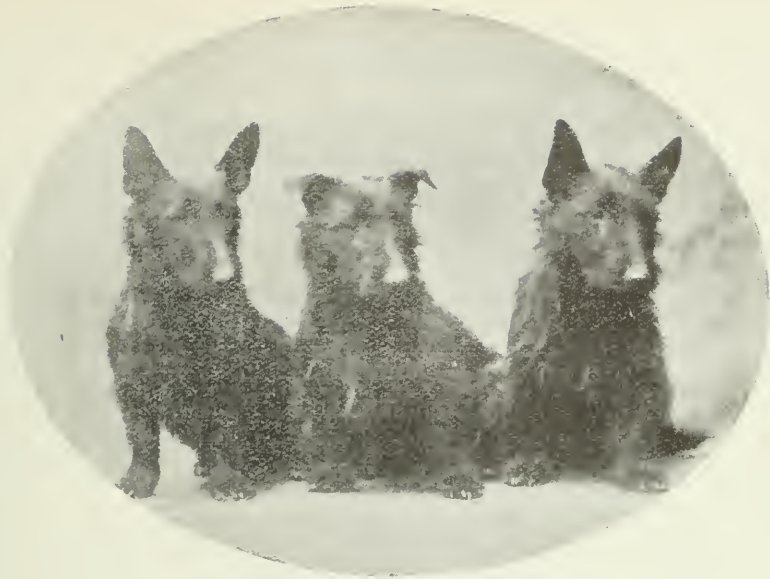
In a watch-dog one requires an animal that will give voice only when occasion justifies the warning. The dog who disturbs one's repose by barking at every belated vehicle and at every cat that squalls in the night, or he has the equally annoying habit of answering the distressful howls of every hungry and ill-housed cur for miles around, is a nuisance. The best watch-dog is the one whose bark or

growl may be relied upon as a legitimate signal of something unusual occurring in connection with his owner's house.

The Collie, when not trained to good behavior, as he easily can be, is one of the noisy, obstreperous kind. His high-pitched, far-reaching bark, invaluable when he is engaged in rounding up a straggling flock on wide mountain pastures, is apt to be too insistent when exercised without due reason under one's bedroom window. His vigilance needs to be repressed rather than encouraged. Some people aver that the Collie is snappish and treacherous; but this is to libel a dog of singular amiability and fidelity. Taken all around, the Collie is the wisest, cleverest, and most versatile of all members of the canine race. Selective breeding and careful training in the service of man have brought him to a state of perfection as a worker, and improved him into the handsome animal that he now is.

The Newfoundland may be more constant in his devotion, the St. Bernard more sedate, the Poodle more tricky, the Borzoi more graceful, the Deerhound more dignified; but for a combination of good looks with good sense, sagacity and usefulness, there is no dog in the world to compare with the Collie. His power of reasoning, his resourcefulness, his patience, obedience, and faithfulness are proverbial. Hardy in constitution, energetic by habit, affectionate in disposition, he stands conveniently midway in size between the large heavy breeds and the small toys that are kept merely as pets, and this may be one of the salient reasons for his popularity as a companion.

Where there are stables and poultry, there are sure to be rats to give sport to the boys of the household, and at unearthing rats and badgers and all the other small gentry who wear fur, the Terrier is in his glory. Terriers present the advantage that they will live in contentment either in an outside kennel or in the house. They are the most easily kept of all dogs, and are,



moreover, the most chummy and responsive.

The difficulty is that there are so many kinds from which to choose. Their habits and characteristics do not greatly vary, excepting in so far as some are less distinguished as sportsmen than others. The superficial variations are mainly those of size, color and type, while a preference may depend upon the nature and consistency of coat, whether the hair is close, like that of the smooth Fox-terrier, wiry like that of the Scottie, or long like that of the Skye. The lively little Fox-terrier is, of course, the most popular. He has firmly, and with good cause, ingratiated himself in the hearts of all dog lovers. Next to him in popularity come the daredevil Irish Terrier and the plucky little Scottish Terrier, often miscalled the Aberdeen.

The wisest of the Terrier tribe is the Airedale, who is also the largest; the Dandie Dinmont is the gamest, the Skye the most devoted, the Bull-

terrier and the Black-and-tan are the best ratters.

But, after all, the choice of a dog is very much a matter of personal fancy, idiosyncrasy and convenience. All breeds have their peculiar claims and fascinations, and any healthy dog that is young enough not to have been utterly spoiled before you own him may be won over to devotion and trained into obedience and gentlemanly manners. Treat him with kindness and consideration, be just in all your dealings with him, never deceiving him; allow him to have none but wholesome and suitable food, keep him free from fleas and other parasites, let his kennel be scrupulously clean, comfortable and well ventilated, give him regular and sufficient exercise. Thus cared for, he will return your kindness with his worshipful affection and fidelity, becoming your intimate and obedient slave, whom nothing will discourage, nothing repel, and whose ardent trust and love neither time nor absence can impair.

So strange the spell Love weaves o'er mortal heart,
In her dim palaces of smiles and tears,
That what of fleeting moments seem a part,
Are not of moments, but of dreams and years.

—Andrew Shaughnessey.

WOOL!

By A. L. McCredie

Wool is everybody's business, because it affects the cost of everybody's living. It makes Grits by nature, Tories by necessity. In the United States it makes "Insurgent" Republicans. If it were cheaper there might be less of the "White Plague."

The following article by Mr. McCredie asks why it is that Canada imports wool and mutton when she should be able to grow it. In fact, he asks why Canadian farmers have given up sheep; and why, therefore, we have to import the meat and the fleece from pretty nearly the Antipodes. Having put the question he proceeds to show that Canada, by utilizing her waste lands, could support sixty million of the wool-bearers, and that the farmers of the country would do well to reconsider their prejudice against that animal.

LAST year 300,000 carcasses of Australian mutton were imported into Canada—Canada, the food-supply source for the Empire!

Last year 7,683,000 pounds of foreign-grown wool were imported into Canada—Canada, whose pure bred sheep have for years taken nearly all the prizes in international exhibitions!

We need mutton. Though we have an exportable surplus of cattle, the national taste will still for good reasons demand mutton as a part of the national ration, even if we have to bring it thousands of miles to the table.

We need wool. Until we are all wealthy enough to indulge in a universal use of silk, we must have woollen goods for daily use. Nothing is more truly a general necessity to rich and poor.

Yet—we are dependent on other parts of the world for both these staple and necessary products of the farm. More—though yearly our population strides forward our native sheep population dwindles. Why?

In 1871 Canada's sheep population numbered one for every inhabitant. In 1901 (only 30 years later) our sheep had decreased until there was less than half a sheep for every Canadian.

But even in 1871 Canada was in no sense a sheep country. If we go into sheep raising, by all means let us go into it decently. Let us make it a business, as we have made dairying and wheat-growing. By supplying the demand now, as we did in 1871, we would now find on Canadian farms 6,310,000 sheep, all doing their part. The truth is, we find actually less than

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one-third this number. Yet Canada can easily and profitably carry 60,000,000 sheep.

The census statistics of 1901 are interesting. In that year Canada had 2,510,000 sheep. Germany, with a total area less than one-seventh the size of agricultural Canada, had about four times as many (9,600,000). Great Britain, upon one-twelfth the area of our farming belt, carried 38,500,000 sheep, or fifteen times our little flock. In the Argentine Republic, which is only two-thirds the size of our farming belt, with only two-thirds our population, throve 67,211,000 sheep, or twenty-six times our number.

Lest some one suggests that these may be especially sheep-raising countries, please note that Germany had two cattle and two hogs for every sheep; that Great Britain carries on all branches of farming in balanced proportions; and that in the Argentine there were five cattle for every inhabitant, while Canada had scarcely one!

With the same number of sheep per acre as Germany, Canada, in 1901, would have had 67,000,000 sheep. Compared with the Mother Country similarly, we should have had 456,000,000. And compared with the Argentine, Canada's flocks would have shown 86,000,000 sheep. It seems then absolutely certain that Canada could carry at least 60,000,000 sheep without lessening her other farming activities in the least, provided our soil and climate would give the sheep a fair show.

But no one doubts that sheep thrive in every part of Canada. Our sheep supply the flocks of the whole continent with their sturdiest breeding parents. We have not the droughts of Australia, which periodically destroy millions of sheep and lambs. Unknown in Canada is the fatal "red-water fever" of South Africa, and the other deadly enemies of the flocks of the great sheep countries. It is simply a question of finding the acres to

feed them, the farmers to raise them, and the proper method of marketing sheep and wool.

Where shall we feed our 60,000,000 sheep? The land is the first and greatest consideration. The agricultural belt of Canada possesses a variety of soil, climate and other conditions. We have the rocky, rough, waste lands of Nova Scotia, Northern Quebec, Eastern and Northern Ontario and British Columbia. We have the fertile and rolling farms of the Maritime valleys, of the uplands of New Brunswick, of old Quebec and old Ontario. We have the vast prairies of the west.

On the present farms of Canada, assuring an average of 23 sheep on the eastern farm and 25 sheep on the western quarter-section, our sheep would reach the total of 21,731,000. It is a respectable number for us to undertake to possess, yet as easy and simple as anything can be, that is so well worth while. It simply needs that every farmer should start a flock. With a beginning, on the average farm, of five ewes, the fifth year's end would see 21,000,000 sheep in Canada.

But five sheep for each farm would mean, to start, a sudden demand for some five million ewes in Canada, whereas our breeding sheep total at best about two million. Importation must greatly increase, export of breeding animals must cease, and native breeding be undertaken for this purpose especially, in order to see our farms each equipped with the foundation of a flock as suggested, even within ten years. In the meantime, it is safe to say the demand would constantly increase and prices steadily increase in proportion.

But 21,000,000 sheep are not 60,000,000 sheep. Where could we find the feeding ground of the extra 40,000,000? Where shall we get the parents of that gigantic flock? We shall feed them where to-day no useful plant or animal feeds—on our vast waste lands, that appear in desolate stretches from coast to coast. We will find their parents upon the aver-

age farms of Canada, when our farmers shall have set out to produce the 21,000,000 stipulated. There lies our greatest market for the next generation. There lies the national aspect of this question.

But let us see if our waste lands are adequate to feed so many sheep, and if men will be attracted to the enterprise proposed. As to extent of unoccupied waste lands, useful for sheep-raising and less useful for other purposes, Canada has in all, of such land, in the climatic zone favorable to sheep, more than 360,000,000 acres. This is now lying undeveloped. Most of it is in the west, and may some day be largely brought under cultivation. Yet, under cultivation, it will still carry the same number of sheep as we propose that it should carry as waste. In the east there are nearly 100,000,000 acres of land, deforested, burned over, or otherwise denuded, incapable of profitable farming in the modern sense, but providing, with a paltry preparation, the best sort of range for sheep. The same is true of another 60,000,000 acres of land in British Columbia, at the same conservative estimate, making a total of 360,000,000 acres of land readily adaptable to sheep-raising.

We have a good example of the usefulness of such lands for sheep. Scotland grazes seven million sheep, most of them upon 9,500,000 acres of rough moor and mountain side. It is safe to say that one sheep can readily be supported by the growth upon nine acres, taking good range with poor. Thus we have our 40,000,000 sheep.

At present prices of lambs, mutton, and wool, taking one year with another, an average flock of say twenty sheep can be made to yield a good profit.

For instance, a careful comparison of actual profits from cattle and sheep was made recently by the Ontario Department of Agriculture. The sheep were common scrubs, running on the rough farms of north-eastern Ontario, ill-bred, and in-bred

at that, as is too often the case. No special care, no fall feeding, were given. Compared with stockers and dairy cows, the result arrived at was, to quote:

"Allowing the cost of wintering five sheep to equal that of one cow, it was found that the returns in the fall from an average crop of five lambs would be \$21. Add five fleeces at \$1.50 each; total would be \$28.50, against \$20 to \$22 for the cow." As to labor comparisons: "The lamb did the milking, and there was no time lost or expense incurred in sending milk to factory or creamery. The cost of 2½-year-old stockers in the same sections included two winterings, the expensive feeding time, and they sold at \$14 to \$22 each."

One farmer wrote:

"My flock is a grade one, well graded to good Shropshire stock. It consists of twenty-five breeding ewes, with five ewe lambs kept each year to replace old ones culled out. The lambs arrive in April; the males are castrated, and all except those which are used for food, or kept for flock maintenance, are fattened the following winter, and sold in February or March. In short, my flock is one which could be kept on any farm in Ontario, in its proper place, as a sideline to other live stock farming. There is no special equipment or care, other than would be given to any other form of live stock. Let us see how this flock pays.

"During the year just closed, I have sold from my flock \$234.80 worth of mutton, \$39 worth of wool, while five lambs, valued at \$6 each, have been used for food on the farm; total returns, \$303.80, of which \$264.80 has been for mutton, and \$39 for wool."

This man thus gets a gross revenue of over \$12 per head from his flock.

The farmer with a flock of ewes of sturdy character and headed by a well-bred, well-formed ram, should sell his lambs at not less than \$7.50 each for the next twenty years' average. With ordinary care he should

get a lamb from every ewe on the average. Such ewes should yield a fleece weighing an average of $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. With proper marketing facilities, the wool should net the farmer of eastern Canada at least 18 cents, the western farmer 17 cents per lb. This would total a revenue from each ewe of \$8.85 at least, each year, or, say, \$44 for five, \$175 for twenty sheep. Not counting the value of the wool as anything, the annual revenue, not counting feed and labor, would equal 100 per cent. on the cost of the ewe.

Finally, we have to count in the gain to the farmer in the eradication of weeds by pasturing sheep. It is estimated that not less than \$27,000,000 were lost to the farmers of Canada in 1909 because of weeds. It is known by all that the sheep is, as one puts it, "*the most nearly perfect weeding machine in the world.*" If this amount of money could be saved to Canadian farmers by sheep-raising, it would mean practically a credit, a "pennies saved," of one dollar per sheep. Add that—or half of it—to the revenues given! And remember that weeds grow rapidly more numerous and more expensive, if not checked and eradicated.

But, some one will ask, if all the farmers of Canada go into sheep-raising, will not prices drop below the point of profit? Let us see. There are in the world now, according to census reports, over 400,000,000 breeding sheep. The demand for mutton and wool has increased steadily—must always increase, in proportion to the world's population, yet the flocks of the world have not kept pace therewith. In consequence, wool and mutton have risen in prices. Add 21,000,000 sheep to 400,000,000, and you increase that number by 5 per cent. Therefore, if it were possible to raise our sheep in one year to 21,000,000, we could be sure the prices would not

drop more than 5 per cent. This would not affect the argument in favor of sheep-raising in any particular. But it will take us, try as we may, fifteen or twenty years to reach the figure given. There can be no fear that prices for mutton and wool will drop.

The great need in Canada, as regards wool, is organized system in getting the wool to its market. Until Canadian wool can be bought by standards, known in the wool markets of the world, where every user of wool finds his prices set for him, there can be no increase in price to the wool-grower. Until the world's markets know what Canadian wools can be used for in manufacturing, how it compares with other supplies as to length of fibre, percentages of shrinkage, percentages of inferior grades, etc.; until a buyer is assured that he can get in Canada a large quantity of one particular sort when he wants it, and get exactly the same sort again when it is required; until, in short, we can sell wool as the wool markets demand it, we cannot expect to get the prices we hope for. And until we can supply our home manufacturers with the wools their mills must have, as promptly and as satisfactorily as they can buy it in England or elsewhere, a duty could not well be placed so as to benefit the farmer.

First, then, we must have a standardization of our wool. This can be secured only by grading stations under competent supervision by experts. These, in turn, are not likely to be obtained except by the instance of the Federal Government. It is time the Dominion Government should devote the modest amount necessary to the establishment of a national sheep industry.

Let our Government take energetic steps to assist Canada in starting a National Sheep Industry.



A Six Foot Priest

By

Blynn Greyson

THERE had been a fight. He strode across the football field toward the man, with long swinging steps. His black gown fluttered in the wind behind him. The man, a huge half-back stood over a smaller man whom he had knocked down with a blow from his fist just a minute before. He did not see the coach from the edge of the field walking over, till the coach came very near. Then he looked up, half defiant and prepared to resist.

"You're a dirty player!" said the man in the black gown, "Don't do that again. If you do you will go off these grounds."

"Like to see you try it," sneered the excited half-back.

"I'm not going to try it: I'll do it," replied the coach, and he seized the arm of the half-back with one hand, with such a grip that the bully was unable to wrench himself free and in the end, walked from the field and was put out of the grounds by the man in the black gown.

That was Father Fallon, when he was a teacher in the Catholic College in Ottawa and an unpleasant episode took place in a certain match.

Over in the city of Hull, Quebec, three lumber jacks were sitting on a pile of pulp wood logs behind the Eddy Mill, playing poker. It was dusk.

An unfortunate woman from down the road to Tetreville slipped by and one of the lumber jacks, leaving the game, took a short cut behind a fence until he stood where the woman must pass; and as she passed he stepped

out and struck her with his open hand.

The woman screamed and fell. But as she fell the lumber jack fell too and a figure in a black gown, tense with wrath, stood over the two of them and faced the other two lumber jacks who had come to the assistance of their companion.

"She did him a mean trick," explained one of them.

"That does not matter," said the priest, "Pick that man up and get one of those cabs for this woman."

The two men ran down to the cab stand which stands at the end of the bridge below the Chaudiere Falls and sent the cabman to the priest. While they carried away their bleeding brother the priest lifted the woman into the cab and drove her to the place whence she had come. He gave her a ten-word sermon on the commandments and gave her his hand as a pledge of his stern friendship. He paid the cabman at the door and then walked home.

That too, was Fallon.

He was made the Bishop of London after living for a time in Buffalo, and went down to a retreat at Sandwich with his diocesan priests. In the course of it he gave them a sermon. In the religious light of the room in which the retreat was going on he stood up to the full height of his six feet and more, and laid before the priests his views on certain matters. He had occasion to refer to political agitators and clerical agitators.

"I will lay low upon the field of battle the political and clerical agita-



HIS BREADTH MATCHES HIS HEIGHT

tor," he declared. "...For it is I who will lead this diocese, not the newspaper reporter, nor the laymen, nor the priests, nor even the Bishops,—but I alone will dictate the affairs of this diocese."

Even the strongest men in the room felt the compelling effect of the Bishop's very personality. He had been in the diocese only a comparatively short time. They strained their necks to see who it was that spoke with such authority.

"These," he said, a little later on, "these are my principles, at once philosophical, theological and rational. You are at liberty to accept them in theory or reject them in theory. But you are to see that they are observed in practice whether they please you or not.

"My motto is 'Justice and Peace.' There is no man on earth who wants peace more than I do, and to have it one must be armed for war, and—if there is a war, it is I that shall be the conqueror."

The boldness of such an address was rather startling. The positive authority of the man who spoke them was novel, and is still novel. Men are apt to mince words now-a-days. Bold men are apt to be either geniuses or fools. But this was Bishop Fallon, who is no fool, though many may disagree with him.

* * *

Down in a little corner of the Province of Ontario there has recently been blowing a tempest,—a sort of tempest in a tea pot, and yet it is related to one of the most serious questions in Canada: that is, the position of the French-Canadian Catholic in Canada. The Provincial Secretary of Ontario was brought into it because a private memorandum of a conversation which he had had with the Bishop of that district—Monseigneur Fallon, was made public. A Private Secretary confessed to having abstracted a copy of this memorandum and sent it to certain newspapers. Only by his confession was the Government re-

lieved from an embarrassing position and enabled to refute the inferences made by its enemies to the effect that it had wilfully broken the confidence of Bishop Fallon in making public his confidential views on the subject of bi-lingual schools.

But the chief figure in the whole affair was that of the Bishop. The French papers of Quebec attacked him. They charged that he had ordered that the lessons in certain separate schools in Essex county should no longer be taught in French; and that they should be taught in English only. Bishop Fallon issued a statement denying it. Then this memorandum was made public which Hon. W. J. Hanna, Secretary of State for Ontario had written to one of his fellow Ministers containing notes of his conversation with the Bishop and in which the Bishop condemned the bi-lingual system of schools. To this Bishop Fallon replied by stating that the children of North Essex, where there is a great majority of French Canadians, and where the bi-lingual system is in force, were illiterate. This provoked unlimited trouble in which public attention became more and more focussed on the Bishop himself.

For not all impartial judges would accept the Bishop's statement that the children of that part of the country are illiterate. Newspaper correspondents from the great Canadian dailies spent weeks in the region and came away saying that while it is awkward for the children to receive instruction in two languages at the same time, still the system produces good scholars and keeps the French children from relapsing into French alone, and thereby being handicapped in their after-years. They say that so far as they can see the Bishop is wrong. They go so far as to point out that he seems to have come to his diocese six months ago, with his mind made up to put down the bi-lingual system in favor of English alone; and that his first pronouncement against it was made, in the interview with the Pro-

A SIX FOOT PRIEST.

vincial Secretary, only a few days after he took up his work in the new diocese.

So the theory is now being advanced that Bishop Fallon, one of the strongest and most heroic figures in the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, is a part of a plot—knowingly or innocently—to keep down the spread of French language in Canada. It is hinted that certain influences in the Church of Rome are seeking to Anglicize the French Canadians so that these people, forming as they do so large a factor in the Church of Rome in Canada, will be better equipped and make better Catholics, and will not embarrass the progress of the Church of Rome in Canada by constantly reminding Canadians of the racial differences in the country.

So it is said that Bishop Fallon is plotting against the future generations of French-Canadians by seeking to abolish the bi-lingual system. Those that think it and resent it, are trying

to guess how much weight there is behind him. They say he is of great influence with the Knights of Columbus, a Roman Catholic organization, and that the Knights, in turn, have great influence at the Vatican and that they would be liable to turn their energies toward the Anglicization of the French-Canadian Catholics.

To the man who is not interested one way or another the situation is puzzling. As a man the Bishop seems of an unusually straightforward and generally admirable type. He is apparently fearless. When he speaks he leaves no uncertainty as to what he will do, when he will do it, how he will do it, or why. He seems startlingly courageous and candid, and yet the allegations of "scheming" on his part against his French-Canadian parishioners, seems to have some support in many quarters. The man and these alleged schemes do not seem to go together.

THE FUGITIVE MOMENT.

The spindling flames of autumn lit the wood;
All tranced it stood,
Ripples of green in spring-like under-places,
Hill-blue for wonder-spaces.

Thin curly leaves, they floated on the stream
In a soft dream,
Dreaming themselves a golden argosy,
Or pirate-ships that flee.

Semblance of footsteps stirred the quietness,
Vaguer and less
Than twilight birds asleep. Whispered and spoke
Small ghosts of tiny folk.
The large magnificent sun poured like a spate;

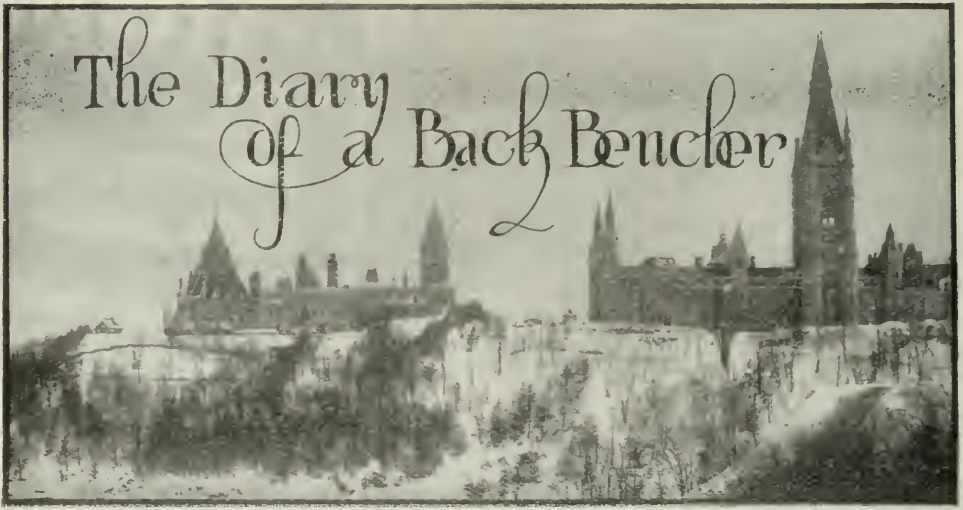
Played intricate
Staves of rich sunset color, nobly blent,
Then, of a sudden, went.

How grey and grave and empty grew our wood!
Cathedral-like it stood.

Radiance of music, window, people, gone,
An old stooped verger gathering books alone!

—*Florence Wilkinson.*

The Diary of a Back Bencher



The following is the first instalment of a series of articles written from Ottawa for *Busy Man's*. It is the *Diary of a Back-Bencher*, scribbled on odd bits of paper as he sits in the House listening, or trying not to listen, to somebody's speeches. From his vantage point at the back of the Chamber he often gets a view of things that is interesting. This particular member is a Liberal, but that does not prevent him from saying what he pleases. In this month's instalment he describes the "Making of a Back-Bencher." He tells, in his own way, just as though he were merely talking to himself, or to his desk, how he came into the House of Commons, a new member, and how from being an ambitious youngster, anxious to mend all the cracks in the Nation's affairs, he drifted into one of the good fellows in the last few rows.

I.

I'M going to quit whittling the top of this desk. It's a nervous habit.

Time I stopped. Remember I used to do that when I was a kid at school.—carving my initials and the initials of the little girl across the aisle. But when a man can't smoke what can he do? There's Ned Macdonald from Pictou talking, talking, talking—My word! you'd think it was Mark Antony's oration. You can't smoke and you can't play cards in here. The other fellows are mostly writing letters, although little "What's His Name," the French-Canadian from

Quebec, who sits beside me, he's drawing horses on his blotter. He can't bear sitting in here and listening to long speeches either. He draws good horses, that fellow does, only he doesn't draw their hind legs right, makes the knees bend the wrong way. Still, he makes a better horse than I can, so I needn't say anything. Spent a whole hour last week while Fielding was talking about something, trying to draw one but I couldn't. It looked like one of those vaulting arrangements they have in gymnasiums.

People have queer notions about members of Parliament. I used to

In Parliament there are three classes of men. There are the successful Parliamentarians, those who lead attacks and repel them; those who are masters of statistics, like George Foster, and those who can kill time pleasantly and hold off the ringing of the Division Bell. They are in the first class.

In the second,—a pathetic sort of class, are the men who are trying to amount to something but the most of whom never will. They include the man with hobbies, the man with an impediment in his speech, the Frenchman who is trying to exercise his English,—and others.

have them. Used to think that what was wanted in Parliament was honest men. Used to figure out that I was fair to middling honest myself and I'd be a good sort of an addition to the House of Commons. That's why I let them put me up and elect me, although, I suppose I might as well be honest with myself and admit that my wife wanted the honor in the family and I wasn't averse myself to having it said I'd been to Parliament and sat for the Seat of North-West Branfrew. That'll be when I'm dead and that son of mine runs the mills. But it's three years since I came,—came in on the last election, and you learn many things in Parliament in that space of time.

Remember coming up to Ottawa for the opening of the Session with my wife. They didn't introduce me to the House for a few days so we looked around. Neither of us had been in the town before. Saw "The Hill" and walked all around it. Went through Booth's Mill and the Eddy Mill and held the wife by the shoulder when we looked over the bridge at the Chaudiere Falls—she always says she's afraid she'll jump in, when she sees water running fast under a bridge. Booth people showed me their system for checking costs. I adapted it to my own mill down in Branfrew. Using it yet. Good system too, for—but then it's bad policy to tell people how you run your business, and besides they are never interested in it as you are yourself.

In about two weeks they introduced me into the House. Maud wanted to stay in the Gallery and see me come in, so I let her, more fool! Minute the green baize doors opened with me on Laurier's arm and Tommy ———, the Whip for my part of the country, on my other side, I could just feel her eyes on me, watching how I walked, how I shoved my hand out to the Speaker, and how I took my seat. I knew I was blushing like a little chit of a girl—and me a business man and forty! She told me afterward that she remembered that there was a button off my vest which must have showed. It worried me then but it wouldn't now.

At that time I felt rather satisfied. The Chief (Laurier) has a way of taking your arm, or resting his long thin hand on your shoulder, that makes you feel easy. All the fellows on our side of the House pounded their desks as soon as I was inside the door, and it made me feel a little bit scared, like when you show a new broken colt the new set of harness. I tripped on the old ragged carpet going back to my seat, but when I got there I felt all right again and Maud said I looked all right, so I guess I didn't make a fool of myself.

I used to listen to the speeches pretty close then. Used to read the blue books and dig up all sorts of data in the Library of Parliament. But I soon got over that. Listen! There's Ned Macdonald at it yet, and am I hearing what he says? Listen—

But in the third class are "the back-benchers," the men who occupy the last rows of seats on either side. They never make speeches. They sit quiet in committee and take nobody's side until it comes to a vote. Then, they stand up with the rest of the men on their own side, unless the matter be a local issue in their own constituencies and their vote will be noticed. How they hold their seats in the House is sometimes a mystery. But they do. They spend weeks in every session carefully going over the voters' lists in their own districts, writing letters of condolence to some obscure voter's family when a death has occurred, and mailing tons of hand-selected

ing? My word! he's talking about the protection of the rights of the people, the elimination of "sectional differences" or something and our duty to our King and our "glorious flag." No sir! After the first two speeches have been delivered on either side in the debate on a new topic nobody needs to say any more, so far as I'm concerned. That's why all these desks are whittled to bits and all these other Back Bench men are writing so many letters home. And that's why little Francois Xavier keeps on drawing horses with bad legs.

II.

Sit here three years and you'll see the process of making great men and

back-benchers. I'm a back-bencher, but I've no regrets. I like sitting here and just watching things. Look at Laurier, look at little Mackenzie King. Look at George Graham—I like that fellow—and look at us fellows in the back row. There are three of us in the last string of seats that ought to amount to something; they've only been in the House a little while. But the rest of us are going to sit in these seats and say nothing till the crack of doom or until the Government gets beaten, or our people throw us down. Down in those seats a little nearer the front are some fellows who haven't realized yet how hopeless they are. Nice fellows most of them, though I have my own opinion about that man from North Herbert, and they are allowed to talk whenever they won't do any harm. There's a sort of a "Children's Hour" in the House of Commons when the little fellows are allowed to get up and talk their heads off without doing any harm. They think they are born to lead some great movement or do away with some terrible abuse. They conceive many private bills and deliver them as national saviours. They want to amend the Banking Act or some other Act so as to protect the widows or the orphans or the public. If such an amendment were passed it would probably mean that the economics of the country would be yanked forty different ways. There'd be panics and money famines and so on, but they can't see it. They want that Act changed and they say



ON PARLIAMENT HILL

THE DIARY OF A BACK BENCHER

"Hansard" to the most intelligent and the weakest-minded in the constituency for the edification of the voter and the safety of the next election. They smoke and play an affable game of bridge or pinochle or something else. They can tell a good story in the smoking room and turn a finger at Billiards. But the Chamber of the House itself is to them bitter as Hemlock.

Sometimes they are forced to attend. That is, when the Whips expect a Division on some matter and come hunting through the corridors, the smoking rooms, the restaurant and the private rooms, to gather up the votes; or when he has to come in for company. But

so. They quote from all sorts of books and they make all sorts of comparisons. They play with the debate like a puppy biting a ball of wool. They chew at it weakly and roll on it as though it was catnip. They growl gurgly growls and pretend to be very savage, but after all they aren't. Fielding or Laurier, or Graham or whoever has been left in the House to take care of things, waits till they get tired, or worn out, or till they are getting too dangerously near calling for a Division, and then gets up and says he thinks the honorable gentleman would probably accept "this amendment" to his motion, and suggests a six months' hoist, which means—death to the bill. The member protests or tries to. He struggles a little bit under the chloroform but he takes it finally and becomes very quiet as he sees his little Bill—a really nice little Bill, too, the child of his Brain and his Conscience, with his Ambition for a God Mother—taken out and strangled and sent back to him, lifeless.

Those fellows never will learn. If they did they'd become Back Benchers with the rest of us.

III.

The House of Commons is like an old-fashioned country school-house where all the classes sit in one room. There is as much difference between the head men and the little fellows as there is between the head boys at school and the infant class. And

when you first enter you have a great deal to learn.

People said I made a good speech on the platform. May say I thought so myself. I came to Parliament without any idea of particularly upsetting the foundations of the country or anything like that, but I thought I'd stand by, in every question that was brought up, and would deliver my own judgment on it, from the point of my own common sense, so to speak. I told my electors that I was a party man, but that I'd vote on intelligence only and wouldn't just be a party automaton. The Conservative candidate who was running against me had George Foster down to speak at one of his meetings and Foster



— THE MONUMENTS

the trial of the Back Bencher is when he has to put out his cigar and file in—with the flock—ahead of the Chief Whip of his own side, and then sit there while the Leader of the Government and the Leader of the Opposition jockey up to the point where the Speaker orders the bell rung. The back-bencher takes his seat and waits for that time. If it is a serious debate he is bound to sit quiet and pretend to listen but, as a rule, he scribbles on his blotter, or writes a letter home, or carves his initials in the desk,—they have different ways of filling in the time. If it is not a serious debate, or there is only some small fry addressing the Speaker, the back-benchers gather in little knots at the back of their respective sides of the House and chuckle over the latest story.

Some of the best men in Parliament are back-benchers. Some of them are masters of the passing art of reasoning by "horse sense."

said, says Foster: "You just ought to see how loyal those Grits are to their leaders. Why if a certain bill comes in that the Leaders want put through, through it goes. If he doesn't, out it goes. It's a case of Simon says thumbs up! and all the thumbs go up; or Simon says thumbs down! and down they go."

I laughed at Foster then. But I know better now. Mind you that is no more a Liberal practice than a Conservative practice. It is part of the party system in this country and the only way that a member can get along in the House is to be loyal to it, unless and until, he is able to step out and lead the House successfully in some other direction than the one in which the accredited leaders want it to go. You have to follow the leader or take his place yourself. That's what's the matter with the Tories at this minute.

It was a Scotchman who had been eating onions who caused me to make my first speech. I've made three in three years. I've listened to others. A fellow on our side would get up and make a speech and it would sound convincing. It'd have me converted for as much as five minutes—until some other man on the far side would answer it. If the men were evenly matched you'd find that there was as much "for" the bill as "against" it unless you went out into

the corridor and had a smoke so as to coax up your own judgment again and get your own opinion on the thing. But that sort of thing worried me. Platform speeches are all very well but I knew that the speech I would need to make would have to hold water and stand bombarding.

I wrote home and asked Maud about it. She said, "Billy, you make a speech!" but I hung off. I asked the Chief Whip and he said "Sure, Bill! What do you want to talk about?"

"Oh, I don't know." I said, rather uneasy-like. "Any old thing, I guess." "How'd the Seed Law do?"

"Seed! Why I don't know one plant from another, much less the seed."

"Yes, but Bill m' boy, if a man's going to be a good debater he's got to be able to dig something interesting about anything—rats, or telegraph poles, or bead-work for ladies, or railroad construction."

"Oh, I know," I replied, "but I guess I'll leave well enough alone just at present."

So I did. But MacPherson came.

IV.

MacPherson is a Scotchman with red hair and a red beard, who lives like a sort of a hermit back in my riding. He sent a dirty piece of

THE DIARY OF A BACK BENCHER

paper into the House one day with his name scrawled on it and the smell of onions coming from it. When I looked up, after the page had handed it to me in my seat, I saw MacPherson's red head sticking through the swinging baize doors behind the speaker's chair, just under the Press Gallery, and the Major—that's the old door-keeper with the side-whiskers, was tugging at him from behind, trying to pull him out without making a scene, for MacPherson's unholy boots were profaning forbidden territory.

"Would you like to see the buildings?" I asked my constituent, after having led him into safer regions.

"No," he says, "but I'm wantin' t' meet some of the great men, and I'm wantin' t' know why ye never make any speeches in the House."

He spoke as my moral and physical mentor.

I was up against it. I made up lies for all the Cabinet Ministers excepting Graham—and Graham has such a good sense of humor that I knew he would not mind. He didn't. He told MacPherson some stories, traced up a family connection somewhere or other and gave MacPherson a prescription for his sick horse, which made the party strong with MacPherson for life.

But suddenly the man whisked out a question.

"Why disna' our member make speeches, big speeches?" he demanded.

I tried to laugh it off and Graham sought to help me out by telling how hard I'd been working in the committees. But MacPherson wanted to know about the speeches.

"Y' know, Mister Graham," he said, "This man can make better speeches than I ever haired in my life and I've heard quite a many."

I saw that I really owed it to my constituents, and I saw, too, for the first time that every Member of Parliament is the personal chattel of every voter in his riding.

I made the speech. It was on factory inspection. After that I made other speeches. But every one of them it seemed to me was lame. My stuff was always old. If I left myself go I was sure to forget my most important points and if I didn't I was wooden. The Press Gallery laid down their pencils when I stood up and a tall fellow with a moustache and spectacles near the end of the Tory side of the Gallery used to pass remarks to a little plump fellow with a long nose from one of the Toronto papers. It was evidently something witty, and something about me, but I didn't care, I didn't pretend to make speeches and I was only doing my duty. I sent Hansard copies home to MacPherson and a few others and that was all. I soon dropped out of the habit of making speeches. MacPherson didn't seem to mind, and I saw that unless they were speeches that would cause the other members to follow my leadership there was no use advancing anything in them that was at all at variance with what the Government proposed to do, I might as well jam my head into a stone wall, for not only would I probably lose my own case but I would be lessening my prestige with the party.

(To be continued.)



The Cast-a-way Horses

By

James Herbertson

THEY have been living like Robinson Crusoe for one hundred years and having a nice time at that. There are only about ten men to the whole colony. They don't care about the men. They are perfectly indifferent to them. They go and come without asking any man's permission and they prosper exceedingly. But they are horses, not women,—which is obvious, and they have not been getting half the attention from the curiosity hunters and lovers of romance that they ought to have had, long ago.

The story begins about one hundred and fifty years ago when the continent of North America was being fought for by the English and the French. A French Transport ship carrying a huge cargo of cavalry horses was wrecked, on her way to Quebec, on Sable Island. The vessel went to pieces: the crew were drowned; but the horses escaped to the island,—or most of them did, and there, upon a mere sand-bar, treeless, hill-less, and more or less hopeless, they set up house-keeping with the aid of grass which the sandbar supports. And ever since, they have flourished. To-day, in the Eastern Provinces of Canada, they are known as Sable Island Ponies. Here and there in Newfoundland, in Cape Breton, in obscure corners of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, or down the coast into the United States, the traveler comes across them, hitched to ploughs or drawing milk wagons,

or doing some other domestic labor, but the great body of them, the original colony, still flourishes on Sable Island, one hundred miles from the coast of Nova Scotia.

They have been the subject of many a plot—or perhaps one might more correctly speak of these as exalted horse-deals. But all the might-have-beens about those horses and all the romance that has been anyway, would fill a book, could it all be found. As it is, the archives of France tell a little of it. The shipping register of Havre, one hundred and fifty years ago, tells some more, and the embarrassment of the French forces in Canada, on account of the loss of these horses, tells still another chapter.

To-day there are fifteen hundred wild horses—sons and daughters of the ship-wrecked—roaming on Sable Island. To Atlantic mariners that island is a dreaded place. The great sand bar, soused all day long in the surf, has licked white the bones of many a little ship—and some big ones, too. But to the horses it is a place of delight. They roam in bands of twenty or thirty or forty. Each band has its leader, who plans to-day what to-morrow's mischief shall be, because all they have to do is eat and gallop around, except when once a year the agents of the Government round them up into corrals and select fifty of them for export to the markets of the coast. Time was when they were not under Government su-

THE CAST-A-WAY HORSES

pervision—those were the days of the plots referred to—but now these horses are being protected from wholesale deportation; new blood is being introduced among them in order to counteract some of the effects of inbreeding; and care is being taken generally to preserve this colony of little French horses who have been so hardened by their life on the naked island that they are known all over the coast of Northern America for their endurance.

Three Musketeers. There were sorrels and chestnuts and piebalds. They weren't a bit romantic. They knew nothing of the world, except in so far as plowing and churning and toting cabbages to market were concerned.

But the horse dealer, who was making a profit on them, had decided to give a taste of real "life." He headed them to Havre. He tied their legs so that they could not make ungraceful protests, and heaved them aboard the transport. The transport sailed. The



TAKING HORSES OFF SABLE ISLAND

It all started with the General who needed horses. He wrote home. The Government of France appointed a rake of a horse-dealer to get together the required animals. Being a rake, he cheated. He went through Brittany and Pictou and Anjou and all the other rural districts where they had horses, and he bought up the worn-out skates of the peasants. There were yellow horses, like the one that D'Artagnan's father gave him when he sallied forth to be one of Du.nas'

horse dealer received his shining louis, and the staid, domesticated, home-loving, cabbage-eating steeds of the French provinces went forth to the wars—and were ship-wrecked.

There is a tradition that just one man was saved with all the horses. He, the story goes, was a dock-rat from along the Seine. He had been employed to assist in tending the horses. But when the wreck came and the ship broke up, so that all were carried out by the breakers, the little wharf-rat

clung, somehow, to the back of a horse and with him was carried ashore. Sailors calling at the island afterwards found him living on things cast up from the wreck, and surrounded by horses, in whose hides the salt brine had dried. It happened that they were British sailors, so they took the wharf-rat prisoner and gave him a good time in the nearest English prison, which ends the story of the rat.

But, years later, in Boston, there happened to be a trusty rogue called Peterson, who had no talent for earning wages, but a considerable talent for "doing deals"—probably a prototype of the modern promoter. At all events, when the war of the American Independence was opened, and the demand for cavalry horses commenced, he and a few choice spirits chartered a Gloucester fishing schooner and proceeded to Sable Island. They took fifty horses off in surf boats and sold them to the British. But on the next voyage the master mind of Peterson decided that the British were not paying enough, and therefore tried to run

his cargo down to a point where he could reach the Americans, but where, as it happened, a British man o' war caught him, and confiscated schooner and horses and Peterson.

In the American Civil War other attempts were made to take off the horses, but the undertaking was difficult, and only a few horses were ever removed. Fishing schooners from Newfoundland and the mainland of Canada used occasionally to visit the island and carry away a few of the animals. But eventually the British Government, having established a lighthouse at that point, forbade the export of the animals, except to the extent of fifty a year. So that now these horses, which were originally tame, but have for a century been just as free as the Atlantic, who was cheated of them once, and who, of stormy nights, pounds an impatient fist on the edge of their island, as though he still remembers, are finding their way, fifty at a time, back into the humdrum of ploughs and cabbage-carts and the modern butcher wagon of America.



THE HORSES ARE CORRALLED ONCE A YEAR



The Trail

of '98

by
Robert W. Service

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CHAPTER V.

ON either side of us were swift hills mottled with green and gold, ahead a curdle of snow-capped mountains, above a sky of robin's-egg blue. The morning was lyric and set our hearts piping as we climbed the canyon. We breathed deeply of the heady air, exclaimed at sight of a big bee ranch, shouted as a mule team with jingling bells came swinging down the trail. With cries of delight we forded the little crystal stream wherever the trail plunged knee-deep through it. Higher and higher we climbed, mile after mile, our packs on our shoulders, our hearts very merry. I was as happy as a holiday schoolboy, willing this should go on forever, dreading to think of the grim-visaged toil that awaited us.

About mid-day we reached the end. Gangs of men were everywhere, ripping and tearing at the mountain-side. There was a roar of blasting, and rocks hurtled down on us. Bunk-houses of raw lumber sweated in the sun. Everywhere was the feverish activity of a construction camp.

We were assigned to a particular bunkhouse, and there was a great rush for places. It was floorless, doorless and in part roofless. Above the medley of voices I heard that of the Prodigal:

"Say, fellows, let's find the softest side of this board! Strikes me the company's mighty considerate. All kinds of ventilation. Good chance to study astronomy. Wonder if I couldn't borrow a mattress somewhere? Ha! Good eye! Watch me, fellows!"

We saw him make for a tent nearby where horses were stabled. He reconnoitred carefully, then darted inside to come out in a twinkling, staggering under a bale of hay.

"How's that for rustling? I guess I'm slow—hey, what? Guess this is poor!"

He was wadding his bunk thickly with the hay, while the others looked on rather enviously. Then, as a bell rang, he left off.

"Hash is ready, boys; last call to the dining-car. Come on and see the pigs get their heads in the trough."

We hurried to the cookhouse, where a tin plate, a tin cup, a tin spoon and a cast-iron knife were laid for each of us at a table of unplanned boards. A great mess of hash was ready, and excepting myself everyone ate voraci-

ously. I found something more to my taste, a can of honey and some soda crackers, on which I supped gratefully.

When I returned to the bunkhouse I found my bunk had been stuffed with nice soft hay, and my blankets spread on top. I looked over to the Prodigal. He was reading, a limp cigarette between his yellow-stained fingers. I went up to him.

"It's very good of you to do this," I said.

"Oh, no! Not at all. Don't mention it," he answered with much politeness, never raising his eyes from the book.

"Well," I said, "I've just got to thank you. And look here, let's make it up. Don't let the business of that wretched money come between us. Can't we be friends, anyway?"

He sprang up and gripped my hand.

"Sure! Nothing I want more. I'm sorry. Another time I'll make allowance for that shorter-catechism conscience of yours. Now let's go over to that big fire they've made and chew the rag."

So we sat by the crackling blaze of mesquite, sagebrush and live-oak limbs, while over us twinkled the friendly stars, and he told me many a strange story of his roving life.

"You know, the old man's all broke up to me, playing the damphool like this. He's got a glue factory back in Massachusetts. Guess he stacks up about a million or so. Wanted me to go into the glue factory, begin at the bottom, stay with it, 'Stick to glue, my boy,' he says, 'become the Glue King,' and so on. But not with little Willie. Life's too interesting a proposition to be turned down like that. I'm not repentant. I know the fatted calf's waiting for me, getting fatter every day. One of these days I'll go back and sample it."

It was he I first heard talk of the Great White Land, and it stirred me strangely.

"Every one's crazy about it. They're rushing in now in thousands, to get there before the winter begins. Next

spring there will be the biggest stampede the world has ever seen. Say, Scotty, I've the greatest notion to try it. Let's go, you and I. I had a partner once, who'd been up there. It's a big, dark, grim land, but there's the gold shining, shining, and it's calling us to go. Somehow it haunts me, that soft, gleaming virgin gold there in the solitary rivers with not a soul to pick it up. I don't care one rip for the value of it. I can make all I want out of glue. But the adventure, the excitement, it's that that makes me fit for the foolish house."

He was silent a long time while my imagination conjured up terrible, fascinating pictures of the vast, unawakened land, and a longing came over me to dare its shadows.

As we said good-night, his last words were:

"Remember, Scotty, we're both going to join the Big Stampede, you and I."

CHAPTER VI.

I slept but fitfully, for the night air was nipping, and the bunkhouse nigh as open as a cage. A bonny morning it was, and the sun warmed me nicely, so that over breakfast I was in a cheerful humor. Afterwards I watched the gang laboring, and showed such an injudicious interest that that afternoon I, too, was put to work.

It was very simple. Running into the mountain there was a tunnel, which they were lining with concrete, and it was the task of I and another to push cars of the stuff from the outlet to the scene of operations. My partner was a Swede who had toiled from boyhood, while I had never done a day's work in my life. It was as much as I could do to lift the loaded boxes into the car. Then we left the sunshine behind us, and for a quarter of a mile of darkness we strained in an uphill effort.

From the roof, which we stooped to avoid, sheets of water descended. Every now and then the heavy cars

would run off the rails, which were of scantling, worn and frayed by friction. Then my Swede would storm in Berserker rage and we would lift till the veins throbbed in my head. Never had time seemed so long. A convict working in the salt mines of Siberia did not revolt more against his task than I. The sweat blinded me; a bright steel pain throbbed in my head; my heart seemed to hammer. Never so thankful was I as when we had made our last trip, and sick and dizzy I put on my coat to go home.

It was dark. There was a cable line running from the tunnel to the camp, and down this we shot in buckets two at a clip. The descent gave me a creepy sensation, but it saved a ten minutes' climb down the mountain side, and I was grateful.

Tired, wet and dirty, how I envied the Prodigal lying warm and cosy on his fragrant hay. He was reading a novel. But the thought that I had earned a dollar comforted me. After supper he, with Ginger and Dutchy, played solo till near midnight, while I tossed on my bunk too weary and sore to sleep.

Next day was a repetition of the first, only worse, I ached as if I had been beaten. Stiff and sore I dragged myself to the tunnel again. I lifted, strained, tugged and shoved with a set and tragic face. Five hours of hell passed. It was noon. I nursed my strength for the after effort. Angrily I talked to myself, and once more I pulled through. Weary and slimy with wet mud, I shot down the cable line. Snugly settled in his bunk, the Prodigal had read another two hundred pages of "Les Miserables." Yet—I reflected somewhat sadly—I had made two dollars.

On the third day sheer obstinacy forced me to the tunnel. My self-respect goaded me on. I would not give in. I must hold this job down. I *must*, I *must*. Then at the noon hour I fainted.

No one saw me, so I gritted my teeth and once more threw my weight

against the cars. Once more night found me waiting to descend in the bucket. Then as I stood there was a crash and shouts from below. The cable had snapped. My Swede and another lay among the rocks with sorely broken bones. Poor beggars! how they must have suffered jolting down that boulder-strewn trail to the hospital.

Somehow that destroyed my nerve. I blamed myself indeed. I flogged myself with reproaches, but it was of no avail. I would sooner beg my bread than face that tunnel once again. The world seemed to be divided into two parts, the rest of it and that tunnel. Thank God, I didn't have to go into it again. I was exultantly happy that I didn't. The Prodigal had finished his book, and was starting another. That night he borrowed some of my money to play solo with.

Next day I saw the foreman. I said: "I want to go. The work up there's too hard for me."

He looked at me kindly.

"All right, sonny," says he, "don't quit. I'll put you in the gravel pit."

So next day I found a more congenial task. There were four of us. We threw the gravel against a screen where the finer stuff that sifted through was used in making concrete.

The work was heartbreaking in its monotony. In the biting cold of the morning we made a start long before the sun peeped above the wall of mountain. We watched it crawl, snail-like, over the virgin sky. We panted in its heat. We saw it drop again behind the mountain wall, leaving the sky gorgeously barred with color from a tawny orange glow to an ice-pale green—a regular *pousse cafe* of a sunset. Then when the cold and the dark surged back, by the light of the evening star we straightened our weary spines, and throwing aside pick and shovel hurried to supper.

Heigh-ho! what a life it was. Resting, eating, sleeping, negative pleasures became positive ones. Life's great principle of compensation work-

ed on our behalf, and to lie at ease, reading an old paper, seemed an exquisite enjoyment.

I was much troubled about the Prodigal. He complained of muscular rheumatism, and except to crawl to meals was unable to leave his bunk. Every day came the foreman to inquire anxiously if he was fit to go to work, but steadily he grew worse. Yet he bore his suffering with great spirit, and, among that nondescript crew, he was a thing of joy and brightness, a link with that other world which was mine own. They nicknamed him "Happy," his cheerfulness was so invincible. He played cards on every chance, and he must have been unlucky, for he borrowed the last of my small hoard.

One morning I woke about six, and found, pinned to my blanket, a note from my friend.

"Dear Scotty:

"I grieve to leave you thus, but the cruel foreman insists on me working off my ten days' board. Racked with pain as I am, there appears to be no alternative but flight. Accordingly I fade away once more into the unknown. Will write you general delivery, Los Angeles. Good luck and good-bye. Yours to a cinder.

"Happy."

There was a hue and cry after him, but he was gone, and a sudden disgust for the place came over me. For two more days I worked, crushed by a gloom that momentarily intensified. Clamant and imperative in me was the voice of change. I could not become toil-broken, so I saw the foreman.

"Why do you want to go?" he asked reproachfully.

"Well, sir, the work's too monotonous."

"Monotonous! Well, that's the rummest reason I ever heard a man give for quitting. But every man knows his own business best. I'll give you a time-checke."

While he was making it out I wondered if, indeed, I did know my own business best; but if it had been the greatest folly in the world, I was bound to get out of that canyon.

Treasuring the slip of paper representing my labor, I sought one of the bosses, a sour, stiff man of dyspeptic tendencies. With a smile of malicious sweetness he returned it to me.

"All right, take it to our Oakland office, and you'll get the cash."

Expectantly I had been standing there, thinking to receive my money, the first I had ever earned (and to me so distressfully earned, at that.) Now I gazed at him very sick at heart: for was not Oakland several hundred miles away, and I was penniless.

"Couldn't you cash it here?" I faltered at last.

"No!" (very sourly.)

"Couldn't you discount it then?"

"No!" (still more tartly.)

I turned away, crestfallen and smarting. When I told the other boys they were indignant, and a good deal alarmed on their own accounts. I made my case against the Company as damning as I could, then, slinging my blanket on my back, set off once more down the canyon.

CHAPTER VII

I was gaining in experience, and as I hurried down the canyon and the morning burgeoned like a rose, my spirits mounted invincibly. It was the joy of the open road and the care-free heart. Like some hideous nightmare was the memory of the tunnel and the gravel pit. The bright blood in me rejoiced; my muscles tensed with pride in their toughness; I gazed insolently at the world.

So, as I made speed to get the sooner to the orange groves, I almost set heel on a large blue envelope which lay face up on the trail. I examined it and, finding it contained plans and specifications of the work we had been at, I put it in my pocket.

Presently came a rider, who reined up by me.

"Say, young man, you haven't seen a blue envelope, have you?"

Something in the man's manner aroused in me instant resentment. I was the toiler in mud-stiffened overalls, he arrogant and supercilious in broadcloth and linen.

"No," I said sourly, and, going on my way, heard him clattering up the canyon.

It was about evening when I came onto a fine large plain. Behind me was the canyon, gloomy like the lair of some evil beast, while before me the sun was setting, and made the valley like a sea of golden glaze. I stood, knight-errantwise, on the verge of one of those enchanted lands of precious memory, seeking the princess of my dreams; but all I saw was a man coming up the trail. He was reeling homeward, with under one arm a live turkey, and swinging from the other a demijohn of claret.

He would have me drink. He represented the Christmas spirit, and his accent was Scotch, so I uptilted his demijohn gladly enough. Then, for he was very merry, he would have it that we sing, "Auld Lang Syne." So there, on the heath, in the golden dance of the light, we linked our hands and lifted our voices like two daft folk. Yet, for that it was Christmas Eve, it seemed not to be so mad after all.

There was my first orange grove. I ran to it eagerly, and pulled four of the largest fruit I could see. They were green-like of rind and bitter sour, but I heeded not, eating the last before I was satisfied. Then I went on my way.

As I entered the town my spirits fell. I remembered I was quite without money and had not yet learned to be gracefully penniless. However, I bethought me of the time-cheque, and entering a saloon asked the proprietor if he would cash it. He was a German of jovial face that seemed to say:—"Welcome, my friend," and cold,

beady eyes that queried: "How much can I get of your wad?" It was his eyes I noticed.

"No, I don't touch dot. I haf before been schvindled. Py Gott, no! You take him away."

I sank into a chair. Catching a glimpse of my face in a bar mirror, I wondered if that hollow-cheeked weary-looking lad was I. The place was crowded with revellers of the Christmastide, and geese were being diced for. There were three that pattered over the floor, while in the corner the stage-driver and a red-haired man were playing freeze-out for one of them.

I drowsed quietly. Wafts of bar-front conversation came to me. "Envelope . . . lost plans . . . great delay." Suddenly I sat up, remembering the package I had found.

"Were you looking for some lost plans?" I asked.

"Yes," said one man eagerly, "did you find them?"

"I didn't say I did, but if I could get them for you, would you cash this time-cheque for me?"

"Sure," he says, "one good turn deserves another. Deliver the goods and I'll cash your time-cheque."

His face was frank and jovial. I drew out the envelope and handed it over. He hurriedly ran through the contents and saw that all were there.

"Ha! This saves a trip to Frisco," he said, gay with relief.

He turned to the bar and ordered a round of drinks. They all had a drink on him, while he seemed to forget about me. I waited a little, then pressed forward with my time-cheque. "Oh, that," said he, "I won't cash that. I was only joshing."

A feeling of bitter anger welled up within me. I trembled like a leaf.

"You won't go back on your word" I said.

He became flustered.

"Well, I can't do it anyway. I've got no loose cash."

What I would have said or done I know not, for I was nigh desperate; but at this moment the stage-driver.

flushed with his victory at freeze-out, snatched the paper from my hand.

"Here, I'll discount that for you. I'll only give you five dollars for it, though."

It called for fourteen, but by this time I was so discouraged I gladly accepted the five-dollar gold-piece he held out to tempt me.

Thus were my fortunes restored. It was near midnight and I asked the German for a room. He replied that he was full up, but as I had my blankets there was a nice dry shed at the back I could use. Alas! it was also used by his chickens. They roosted just over my head, and I lay on the filthy floor at the mercy of innumerable fleas. To complete my misery the green oranges I had eaten gave me agonizing cramps. Glad, indeed, was I when day dawned, and once more I got afoot, with my face turned toward Los Angeles.

CHAPTER VIII.

Los Angeles will always be written in golden letters in the archives of my memory. Crawling, sore and sullen, from the clutch of toil, I revelled in a lotus life of ease and idleness. There was infinite sunshine, and the quiet of a public library through whose open windows came the fragrance of magnolias. Living was incredibly cheap. For seventy-five cents a week I had a little sunlit attic, and for ten cents I could dine abundantly. There was soup, fish, meat, vegetables, salad, pudding and a bottle of wine. So reading, dreaming and roaming the streets, I spent my days in a state of beatitude.

But even five dollars will not last for ever, and the time came when once more the grim face of toil confronted me. I must own that I had now little stomach for hard labor, yet I made several efforts to obtain it. However, I had a bad manner, being both proud and shy, and one rebuff in a day always was enough. I lacked that self-confidence that readily finds

employment, and again I found myself mixing with the spineless residuum of the employment bureau.

At last the morning came when twenty-five cents was all that remained to me in the world. I had just been seeking a position as a dish-washer, and had been rather sourly rejected. Sitting solitary on the bench in that dreary place, I soliloquized:

"And so it has come to this, that I, Athol Meldrum, of gentle birth and Highland breeding, must sue in vain to understudy a scullion in a third-rate hash joint. I am, indeed, fallen. What mad folly is this that sets me lower than a menial? Here I might be snug in the Northwest raising my own fat sheep. A letter home would bring me instant help. Yet what would it mean? To own defeat; to lose my self-esteem; to call myself a failure. No, I won't. Come what may, I will play the game."

At that moment the clerk wrote:—

"Man wanted to carry banner."

"How much do you want for that job?" I asked.

"Oh, two bits will hold you," he said carelessly.

"Any experience required?" I asked again.

"No, I guess even you'll do for that," he answered cuttingly.

So I parted with my last quarter and was sent to a Sheeny store in Broadway. Here I was given a vociferous banner announcing:

"Great retiring sale," and so forth.

With this hoisted I sallied forth at first very conscious and not a little ashamed. Yet by and by this feeling wore off, and I wandered up and down with no sense of my employment, which, after all, was one adapted to philosophic thought. I might have gone through the day in this blissful coma of indifference had not a casual glance at my banner thrilled me with horror. There it was in hideous, naked letters of red.

"Retireing sale."

I reeled under the shock. I did not mind packing a banner, but a misspelt one—

CHAPTER IX.

I hurried back to the store, resolved to throw up my position. Luckily the day was well advanced, and as I had served my purpose I was given a silver dollar.

On this dollar I lived for a month. Not every one has done that, yet it is easy to do. This is how I managed:

In the first place I told the old lady who rented me my room that I could not pay her until I got work, and I gave her my blankets as security. There remained only the problem of food. This I solved by buying every day or so five cents' worth of stale bread, which I ate in my room, washing it down with pure spring water. A little imagination and lo! my bread was beef, my water wine. Thus breakfast and dinner. For supper there was the Pacific Gospel Hall, where we gathered nightly one hundred strong, bawled hymns, listened to sundry good people and presently were given mugs of coffee and chunks of bread. How good the fragrant coffee tasted and how sweet the fresh bread!

At the end of the third week I got work as an orange-picker. It was a matter of swinging long ladders into fruit-flaunting trees, of sunshiny days and fluttering leaves, of golden branches plundered, and boxes filled from sagging sacks. There is no more ideal occupation. I revelled in it. The others were Mexicans; I was "El Gringo." But on an average I only made fifty cents a day. On one day, when the fruit was unusually large, I made seventy cents.

Possibly I would have gone on, contentedly enough, perched on a ladder, high up in the sunlit sway of treetops, had not the work come to an end. I had been something of a financier on a picayune scale, and when I counted my savings and found that I had four hundred and ninety-five cents, such a feeling of affluence came over me that I resolved to gratify my taste for travel. Accordingly I purchased a ticket for San Diego, and once more found myself Southward bound.

A few days in San Diego reduced my small capital to the vanishing point, yet it was with a light heart I turned North again and took the All-Tie route for Los Angeles. If one of the alluring conditions of a walking tour is not to be overburdened with cash surely I fulfilled it, for I was absolutely penniless. The Lord looks after his children, said I, and when I became too inexorably hungry I asked for bread, emphasizing my willingness to do a stunt on the woodpile. Perhaps it was because I was young and notably a novice in vagrancy, but people were very good to me.

The railway track skirts the ocean side for many a sonorous league. The mile-long waves roll in majestically, as straight as if drawn with a ruler, and crash in thunder on the sandy beach. There were glorious sunsets and weird storms, with underhanded lightning stabs at the sky. I built little huts of discarded railway ties, and lit camp-fires, for I was fearful of the crawling things I saw by day. The coyote called from the hills. Uneasy rustlings came from the sagebrush. My teeth a-chatter with cold kept me awake, till I cinched a handkerchief around my chin. Yet, drenched with night-dews, half-starved and travel-worn, I seemed to grow every day stronger and more fit. Between bondage and vagabondage I did not hesitate to choose.

Leaving the sea, I came to a country of grass and she-oaks very pretty to see, like an English park. I passed horrible tule swamps, and reached a cattle land with corrals and solitary cowboys. There was a quaint old Spanish Mission that lingers in my memory, then once again I came into the land of the orange-groves and the irrigating ditch. Here I fell in with two of the hobo fraternity, and we walked many mile together. One night we slept in a refrigerator car, where I felt as if icicles were forming on my spine. But walking was not much in

their line, so next morning they jumped a train and we separated. I was very thankful, as they did not look over-clean, and I had a wholesome horror of "seam-squirrels."

On arriving in Los Angeles I went to the post office. There was a letter from the Prodigal dated New York, and inclosing fourteen dollars, the amount he owed me. He said:

"I returned to the paternal roof, weary of my role. The fatted calf awaited me. Nevertheless, I am sick again for the unhallowed swine-husks. Meet me in Frisco about the end of February, and I will a glorious proposition unfold. Don't fail. I must have a partner and I want you. Look for a letter in the general delivery."

There was no time to lose, as February was nearly over. I took a steerage passage to San Francisco, resolving that I would mend my fortunes. It is so easy to drift. I was already in the social slough, a hobo and an outcast. I saw that as long as I remained friendless and unknown nothing but degraded toil was open to me. Surely I could climb up, but was it worth while? A snug farm in the Northwest awaited me. I would work my way back there, and arrive decently clad. Then none would know of my humiliation. I had been wayward and foolish, but I had learned something.

The men who toiled, endured and suffered were kind and helpful, their masters mean and rapacious. Everywhere was the same sordid grasping for the dollar. With my ideals and training nothing but discouragement and defeat would be my portion. Oh, it is so easy to drift!

I was sick of the whole business.

CHAPTER X.

What with steamer fare and a few small debts to settle, I found when I landed in San Francisco that once more I was flatly broke. I was arrestively seedy, literally on my uppers, for owing to my long tramp my boots

were barely holding together. There was no letter for me, and perhaps it was on account of my disappointment, perhaps on account of my extreme shabbiness, but I found I had quite lost heart. Looking as I did, I would not ask any one for work. So I tightened my belt and sat in Portsmouth Square, cursing myself for the many nickels I had squandered in riotous living.

Two days later I was still drawing in my belt. All I had eaten was one meal, which I had earned by peeling half a sack of potatoes for a restaurant. I slept beneath the floor of an empty house out the Presidio way.

On this day I was drowsing on my bench when some one addressed me.

"Say, young fellow, you look pretty well used up."

I saw an elderly grey-haired man.

"Oh, no!" I said, "I'm not. That's just my acting. I'm a millionaire in disguise, studying sociology."

He came and sat by me.

"Come, buck up, kid, you're pretty near down and out. I've been studying you them two days."

"Two days," I echoed drearily. "It seems like two years." Then, with sudden fierceness:

"Sir, I am a stranger to you. Never in my life before have I tried to borrow money. It is asking a great deal of you to trust me, but it will be a most Christian act. I am starving. If you have ten cents that isn't working lend it to me for the love of God. I'll pay you back if it takes me ten years."

"All right, son," he said cheerfully; "let's go and feed."

He took me to a restaurant where he ordered a dinner that made my head swim. I felt near to fainting, but after I had had some brandy, I was able to go on with the business of eating. By the time I got to the coffee I was as much excited by the food as if I had been drinking wine. I now took an opportunity to regard my benefactor.

He was rather under medium height, but so square and solid you

felt he was a man to be reckoned with. His skin was as brown as an Indian's, but his eyes were light-blue and brightly cheerful, as from some inner light. His mouth was firm and his chin square and resolute. Altogether his face was a curious blend of benevolence and ruthless determination.

Now he was regarding me in a manner entirely benevolent.

"Feel better, son? Well, go ahead and tell me as much of your story as you want to."

I gave an account of all that had happened to me since I had set foot on the new land.

"Huh!" he ejaculated when I had finished. "That's the worst of your old-country boys. You haven't got the get-up and nerve to rustle a job. You go to a boss and tell him you've no experience, but you'll do your best. An American boy says: 'I can do anything. Give me the job and I'll just show you.' Who's goin' to be hired? Well, I think I can get you a job helpin' a gardener out Alameda way."

I expressed my gratitude.

"That's all right," he said; "I'm glad by the grace of God I've been the means of givin' you a hand-up. Better come to my room and stop with me till somethin' turns up. I'm goin' North in three days."

I asked if he was going to the Yukon.

"Yes, I'm goin' to join this crazy rush to the Klondike. I've been minin' for twenty years, Arizona, Colorado, all over, and now I am a-goin' to see if the North hasn't got a stake for me."

Up in his room he told me of his life.

"I'm saved by the grace of God, but I've been a Bad Man. I've been everything from a city marshall to boss gambler. I have gone heeled for two years, thinking to get my pass to hell at any moment."

"Ever killed any one?" I queried.

He was beginning to pace up and down the room.

"Glory to God, I haven't, but I've shot. . . . There was a time when I could draw a gun and drive a nail in the wall. I was quick, but there was lots that could give me cards and spades. Quiet men, too, you would never think it of 'em. The quiet ones was the worst. Meek, friendly, decent men, to see them drinkin' at a bar, but they didn't know Fear, and every one of 'em had a dozen notches on his gun. I know lots of them, chummed with them, and princes they were, the finest in the land, would give the shirts off their backs for a friend. You'd like them—but, Lord be praised, I'm a saved man."

I was deeply interested.

"I know I'm talking in a way I shouldn't. It's all over now, and I've seen the evil of my ways, but I've got to talk once in a while. I'm Jim Hubbard, known as 'Salvation Jim,' and I know minin' from Genesis to Revelation. Once I used to gamble and drink the limit. One morning I got up from the card-table after sitting there thirty-six hours. I'd lost five thousand dollars. I knew they'd handed me out 'cold turkey,' but I took my medicine.

"Right then I said I'd learn to be a crook too. I learned to play with marked cards. I could tell every card in the deck. I ran a stud-poker game, with a Jap and a Chinaman for partners. They were quicker to learn than white men, and less likely to lose their nerve. It was easy money, like taking candy from a kid. Often I would play on the square. No man can bluff strong without showing it. Maybe it's just a quiver of the eyelash, maybe a shuffle of the foot. I've studied a man for a month till I found the sign that gave him away. Then I've raised and raised him till the sweat pricked through his brow. He was my meat. I went after the men that robbed me, and I went one better. Here, shuffle this deck."

He produced a pack of cards from a drawer.

"I'll never go back to the old trade. I'm saved. I trust in God, but just for diversion I keep my hand in."

Talking to me, he shuffled the pack a few times.

"Here, I'm dealing; what do you want? Three Kings?"

I nodded.

He dealt four hands. In mine there were three Kings.

Taking up another he showed me three aces.

"I'm out of practice," he said apologetically. "My hands are calloused. I used to keep them as soft as velvet."

He showed me some false shuffles, dealing from under the deck, and other tricks.

"Yes, I got even with the ones that got my money. It was eat or be eaten. I went after the suckers. There was never a man did me dirt but I paid him with interest. Of course, it's different now. The Good Book says: 'Do good unto them that harm you.' I guess I would, but I wouldn't recommend any one to try and harm me. I might forget."

The heavy, aggressive jaw shot forward; the eyes gleamed with a fearless ferocity, and for a moment the man took on an air that was almost tigerish. I could scarce believe my sight; yet the next instant it was the same cheerful, benevolent face, and I thought my eyes must have played me some trick.

Perhaps it was that sedate Puritan strain in me that appealed to him, but we became great friends. We talked of many things, and most of all, I loved to get him to tell of his early life. It was just like a story; thrown on the world while yet a child; a shoeblack in New York, fighting for his stand; a lumber-jack in the woods of Michigan; lastly, a miner in Arizona. He told me of long months on the desert with only his pipe for company, talking to himself over the fire at night, and trying not to go crazy. He told me of the girl he married and worshipped, and of the man who broke up his home. Once more I saw

that flitting tiger-look appear on his face and vanish immediately. He told me of his wild days.

"I was always a fighter, and I never knew what fear meant. I never saw the man that could beat me in a rough-and-tumble scrap. I was uncommon husky and as quick as a cat, but it was my fierceness that won out for me. Get a man down and give him the leather. I've kicked a man's face to a jelly. It was kick, bite and gouge in these days—anything went.

"Yes, I never knew fear. I've gone up unarmed to a man I knew was healed to shoot me on sight, and I've dared him to do it. Just by the power of the eye I've made him take water. He thought I had a gun and could draw quicker'n him. Then, as the drink got hold of me, I got worse and worse. I've done things that would have landed me in the penitentiary, but I always played a lone hand. Time was when I would have robbed a bank and shot the man that tried to stop me. Glory to God! I've seen the evil of my ways."

"Are you sure you'll never backslide?" I asked.

"Never! I'm born again. I don't smoke, drink or gamble, and I'm as happy as the day's long. There was the drink. I would go on the water-wagon for three months at a stretch, but day and night, wherever I went, the glass of whisky was there right between my eyes. Sooner or later it got the better of me. Then one night I went half-sober into a Gospel Hall. The glass was there, and I was in agony tryin' to resist it. The speaker was callin' sinners to come forward. I thought I'd try the thing anyway, so I went forward to the penitents' bench. When I got up the glass was gone. Of course, it came back, but I got rid of it again in the same way. Well, I had many a struggle and many a defeat, but in the end I won. It's a divine miracle."

I wish I could paint or act the man for you. Words cannot express his curious character. I came to have a great fondness for him, and certainly

owed him a huge debt of gratitude.

One day I was paying my usual visit to the post office, when some one gripped me by the arm.

"Hullo Scotty! By all that's wonderful. I was just going to mail you a letter."

It was the Prodigal, very well dressed and spruce-looking.

"Say, I'm so tickled I got you; we're going to start in two days."

"Start! Where?" I asked.

"Why, for the Golden North, for the land of the Midnight Sun, for the treasure troves of the Klondike Valley."

"You may be," I said soberly; "but I can't."

"Yes you can, and you are, old sport. I fixed all that. Come on, I want to talk to you. I went home and did the returned prodigal stunt. The old man was mighty decent when I told him it was no good, I couldn't go into the glue factory yet awhile. Told him I had the gold-bug awful bad and nothing but a trip up there would cure me. He was rather tickled with the idea. Staked me handsomely, and gave me a year to make good. So here I am, and you're in with me. I'm going to grubstake you. Mind, it's a business proposition. I've got to have some one, and when you make the big strike you've got to divvy up."

I said something about having secured employment as an under-gardener.

"Shaw! you'll soon be digging gold-nuggets instead of potatoes. Why, man, it's the chance of a lifetime, and anybody else would jump at it. Of course, if you're afraid of the hardships and so on—"

"No," I said quickly, "I'll go."

"Ha!" he laughed, "you're too much of a coward to be afraid. Well, we're going to be blighted Argonauts, but we've got to get busy over our outfits. We haven't got any too much time."

So we hustled around. It seemed as if half of San Francisco was Klondike-crazy. On every hand was there speculation and excitement. All the merchants had their outfitting departments, and wild and vague were their notions as to what was required. We did not do so badly, though like every one else we bought much that was worthless and foolish. Suddenly I bethought me of Salvation Jim, and I told the Prodigal of my new friend.

"He's an awfully good sort," I said; "white all through, all kinds of experience; and he's going alone."

"Why," said the Prodigal, "that's just the man we want. We'll ask him to join us."

I brought the two together, and it was arranged. So it came about that we three left San Francisco on the fourth day of March to seek our fortunes in the Frozen North.

(To be continued.)

A FOOL

He who loves the first time
Is a God—tho' he love in vain,
But a sorry fool is he
Who loves in vain again.

Again, without being loved,
I love—for a fool am I;
Sun, moon, and stars are laughing:
I laugh with them—and die.

Meredith Starr.

The Ghost at the Inn

By Katharine Tynan

Author of "Peggy the Daughter," "The Honourable Molly," &c.

Illustrated by STAN. MURRAY



THE Flying Mercury coach pulled up with a flourish in the inn-yard of the Jolly Postboys at Dunchester, and the guard sprang down and opened the door of the coach with a gallant air. Out there stepped a young lady, Miss Cherry Luttrell, no more than sixteen, with eyes as black as sloes, delicate arched brows, red lips, and a dimple in her cheek.

He lifted out the young lady, who stood looking about her in the inn yard. Her scarlet cloak had a hood that was over her head and was tied with scarlet ribbons beneath her chin. The shortness of her skirts displayed her black silk stockings and her neat little shoes with silver buckles. A young gentleman leaning over the gallery that ran round two sides of the inn-yard thought it the prettiest picture he had seen for many a day.

Mrs. Greensleeves, the landlady of the inn, ran out, hearing the clatter of the coach as it came under the archway from the street.

"Who have we here, John?" she asked, looking kindly at Miss Cherry.

"Mistress Cherry Luttrell, the daughter of Squire Luttrell, of Gold-ewood Hall. She has come with me all the way from Brightling; you are to take care of her for the night, Mrs. Greensleeves, and to-morrow you are to hand her over to Peter Smithers, the guard of the Ajax, who will take

her on to Docking, where her father will receive her. Peter Smithers will know how to take care of Missie. It isn't the first time he, or I, for the matter of that, have taken charge of young ladies like Miss Cherry."

"Come you in, Miss, and have a warm by the fire," the landlady said, beaming kindly. "Be you hungry, little Miss? Why, then, there's a chicken turning on the spit that will make your little ladyship a meal."

Cherry Luttrell followed the landlady into the inn, unconscious of the eyes that watched her from the gallery above. She stopped at the inn door, before passing inside, to wave a hand to John, the guard, and to Simon, the coachman, who had been assiduous in seeing to her comfort.

The inn was a delightful place, dim and old-fashioned in its winding passages, with fine spacious rooms, such as they do not build nowadays. The hall was full of stuffed birds and fishes in glass cases and deers' heads and all manner of stuffed beasts who lurked in the corners, showing white teeth as though they were about to spring out on Cherry. At one side a door with colored glass panels led into the big dining-room of the inn.

"This is bespoke to-night for our Hunt Supper," said Mrs. Greensleeves, with her hand on the door-handle. "Would little Missie like to peep inside?"

THE GHOST AT THE INN.

Little Missie would like to see anything, being very eagerly curious about the world, which she only knew from the glimpses she had of it as she went to and fro' between Goldenwood and her very select ladies' school at Brightling Dene.

She peeped within and saw the long tables set for supper with snowy napery and bright silver and heavy crystal glass, with tankards and beakers and branching candlesticks filled with wax candles. The room was but firelit. The evening fell early this week of Christmas; the light leaped on the fruit in the silver dishes and the wine, ruby and golden, in the decanters. A very pretty sight, Miss Cherry thought it, having led a dull life at Goldenwood, where her father moped since his wife's death, and had no idea of how to make things bright for his one little girl, although he compassionated her loneliness to the degree of sending her to the Misses Primrose's select school, depriving himself of her companionship so that she might be with children of her own age.

Afterwards she saw the spits turning in the big kitchen, each bearing its load of chickens and ducks, with beef and mutton and veal, so that little Miss Cherry called out in wonder and admiration.

"They must be giants," she said, "to eat such a supper!"

"Not giants," said Mrs. Green-sleeves, "but healthy, hungry gentlemen. You should see what they will wash it down with—wines, both red and white, our own brown October ale—there is none better in the country—*cau-de-vie* from France, whiskey from Ireland: some will have Hollands and others rum, on which our navy fights so well. You are not to be frightened, little Missie, if you should hear them going to bed late. A good many of them sleep here to-night, including Mr. Anthony Wycherly, of Mote Place, who is the Master of our Fox-hounds. He is in the corridor above yours. Indeed, his room is over yours. You will bolt

your door on the inside, lest any gentleman should mistake your room for his. I have made you as comfortable as possible in the Oak Room, which has a bedroom opening off it. I shall send you your supper there, and you will go early to bed. It will not be a time for you to wander about the inn, as there will be so many gentlemen here."

She chattered all this as she preceded Miss Cherry along the low corridor, lit by a solitary light at the further end. It was as pretty as the rest of the house, so far as Cherry could see it for the dark, with pictures on the walls and straight-backed chairs against them: a deep carpet underfoot, a tall, slender old clock at the far end that ticked away merrily, an ancient cupboard full of china and other pretty things. The fire was burning up in the Oak Room, where a maid whom Cherry had seen downstairs was setting a table. A door opened into a bedroom which Cherry presently discovered to be hung with rosy chintz, which curtained also the windows and the big fourposter bed and covered the chairs and the comfortable sofa. The bed, big enough to have held half-a-dozen Cherrys, was matched by the wardrobe and the huge dressing-table with its long pier glass: but it was all so bright and cheerful, even before the maid had lit the fire there, that Cherry had no thought of loneliness.

She spent her evening in the Oak Room. There was so much to look at, such quantities of old china and curiosities of one kind or another, so many queer old books and pictures, that Cherry was in no danger of finding time hang heavy on her hands.

She had her supper, daintily served, which she enjoyed with a wholesome zest, having been in the open air all day. When she had finished it, and the things had been cleared away, she sat over the fire in the Oak Room with an old "County History" on her lap, listening to the jolly sounds of talk and laughter that came up the stairs

and in at the door, which she had left slightly ajar the better to hear.

Mrs. Greensleeves had looked in, seen to the fires, and said good-night, with a recommendation to Miss Cherry to go to bed early, as she had been travelling all day and would be off early to-morrow. Miss Cherry promised to do so; but a little later she found the "County History," and became absorbed in its contents. She turned up Dunchester and found Mote Place and the Wycherlys. She did not know why Anthony Wycherly's name, dropped casually by the hostess, should have excited her interest. Perhaps she thought it a pretty name; perhaps she associated it with the young gentleman who had leant over the gallery and watched her as she stepped from the Flying Mercury, and tripped lightly in, holding her skirts high over the cobbles of the inn-yard. No one would have guessed from Miss Cherry's way of entering the inn that she had known the young gentleman's eyes were fixed on her. Apparently she had not lifted an eyelash; yet she could have described him from top to toe. She was aware that he was handsome and looked kind. And she was sure he must be Mr. Anthony Wycherly from something Mrs. Greensleeves had let drop about that gentleman being already in the house.

There was a wonderful description of Mote in the "County History," and a long recital of the honorable and glorious deeds of the Wycherlys in one generation and another for some centuries back. She read every word of it, and having read it went over it again. She wondered if she would ever meet Anthony Wycherly face to face. Mote and Goldenwood Hall were not so far removed as distances go in the country. If only her father were not such a recluse and likely to remain so! Her Aunt Lydia had said that when Cherry was of an age for gaieties she would have a season in town with her; but Cherry was not agog for a season in town. She thought she would have liked her

gaieties in the country, if only they might include Mote and Anthony Wycherly. So far as she could make it out there would not be more than twenty miles of country between them. What were twenty miles to a pair of horses? If they considered twenty miles a barrier why they would have no neighbors at all at Goldenwood.

There was a great shout from below, and then the sound of a fine tenor voice singing, "Here's to the lass!"

Cherry had a ridiculous idea that it was Anthony Wycherly's voice, as though she could know anything at all about it.

She opened her door softly and stepped out in the corridor to listen. Then she noticed for the first time, on a fine, dark, mahogany table opposite her door, a number of candles in candlesticks, which had not been there when she came to bed.

A foot coming up the stairs startled her, and she scurried back to the Oak Room without hearing the end of "Here's to the lass!" She took up the "County History" again, and began to read the history of Dunchester. Why, there was something about the Jolly Postboys in it.

"This inn dates from the sixteenth century, and is interesting because of some fine oak carving and panelling it contains, as well as for a ghost—"

A ghost! Little Cherry read on with fascinated interest. The ghost attached to the Jolly Postboys was a very unpleasant one, being that of a lady who had poisoned her husband and mother-in-law, and had escaped justice by drowning herself in the horse-pond at the back of the inn. The ghost was supposed to be seen any night leaving the horse-pond, and, with dripping garments, taking her way to the house.

Reading, the hairs of Cherry's pretty head stood up, which was something of a feat since it curled in heavy black rings. She looked about her, scared. The clock in the corridor struck ten, a great hour for Cherry, and she was to be up early, as the

THE GHOST AT THE INN.

Ajax left the inn about eight o'clock. She closed the book with a shiver, preparatory to going to bed. Of course, it was reassuring to hear all the jolly sounds downstairs. They were roaring "John Peel" now. She thought she had better get to sleep if she could before the house had gone to bed. Once asleep she might hope to sleep till morning dawned.

She turned out the lamp in the Oak Room and went into the bedroom. The fire was burning brightly, and the room ought to be cheerful enough, seeing that every bit of furniture in it was so polished and beeswaxed that it reflected the leaping flames all round the room. The chintz, too, was of the cheerfullest. Why, then, should Cherry have had a dismal vision of the many dead who had been "laid out" in the old four-poster? It wasn't a bit like the child. What a bother that she should have read about the horrid ghost!

They were singing "Tom Bowling" downstairs now. How could one be afraid with all that jolly life so near one?

Cherry undressed hurriedly. She felt very tired, and she was really going to drop off to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. Unfortunately, just before she got into bed, she lifted the window-blind and peeped out.

It was a night of broad moonlight. She had no idea of what way the windows looked. As it happened they looked on the pond, the black waters of which were visible in the bright moonlight. To-night would put a film of frost upon them. It was very cold.

She dropped the blind with a shiver and got into bed, but got out again immediately to look under the bed and in the huge wardrobe and into the powdering-closet; anywhere a foe might lurk. Everything was safe. She bolted her door, left the candles lighting in their sconces, and got back into bed. She was not going to risk waking up in the dark.

She went to sleep right enough, but she woke up out of her first sleep with a dreadful feeling that something had happened in the room. As a matter of fact, it was nothing worse than that one of the doors of the wardrobe, which she had not, perhaps, secured properly, had swung open with a click of the half-caught bolt. There was the door staring at her, revealing cavernous depths of darkness beyond.

Cherry never associated the open wardrobe door with the something which had frightened her. She sat up in bed. The fire was nearly out, and the candles had guttered and wasted in a draught. There was not much more of life for them.

She sat up, peering into the gloomy corners of the room with dilated eyes. The house was quiet. She had no idea of what time it was, but she had a sense of the house being in bed. While she sat there the furniture began to do some of the disconcerting things old furniture has a way of doing. The gentleman's wardrobe that flanked the bigger one uttered a groan. Then some shadowy person got up from the sofa and walked across the room, making the floor creak, and, judging by the sound, subsided into the comfortable winged chair by the fire.

Cherry stared about her, pale with fear. She fixed a scared eye on the candles with their long stalactites of grease, and gave them mentally half an hour before guttering out. There was no more coal in the room. She had ascertained that fact for herself before going to bed. All this queer behavior of the furniture was bad enough in the light; but with her knowledge of what it might portend it would be terrible in the dark. What was she going to do? She stared at the chintz-covered sofa with a vision of a dripping, drowned woman lying upon it. Then with a wonderful uplifting of heart she remembered the many candles she had seen on the table in the corridor.



SOMEONE CAME UP, MORE LIGHT-FOOTED THAN THE OTHERS.

It never occurred to unsophisticated Cherry that the candles were placed there for any specific purpose, unless it might be out of the mercy of heaven to her fears.

She took one of the glittering candles in her hand, unbolted the door in a tremendous hurry, crossed the Oak Room and out into the corridor. All was dark outside; but by the light of her own candle she saw that the candles were still there.

She laid hands upon them eagerly. There were some twenty in all. As fast as she could she transferred them from the table in the corridor to the table in the Oak Room. There was not a sound in the house while she did it. Plainly; everyone was asleep. She looked anxiously up and down the dark corridor lest the ghost should approach that way. The clock struck while she was doing it. One o'clock! How cold it was. A sharp wind blew along the corridor, chilling her in her pretty nightgown and bare feet.

Suddenly she was arrested, almost turned to stone, by a sound close at hand. Following it the house-door slammed below, and a babel of jovial voices broke out. The guests who stayed had been speeding the guests who went. She heard one voice above the others, the voice of the landlord apparently. She had caught a glimpse of Mr. Greensleeves yesterday, a man as big as a tun, with a jolly red face.

"Good-night, gentlemen, and pleasant dreams to you!"

Then a door slammed somewhere in the lower regions, and she heard the feet of the revellers ascending.

She stood as though turned to stone. She had transferred the last of the candles, and turned back to make sure there were no more. She stood with the candle in her hand. Horror! Were the gentlemen going to find her there in her nightdress, barefooted?

Someone came up more light-footed than the others, and was in the corridor before she broke through her stupefaction and fled. He had a dim vision of the white-robed creature

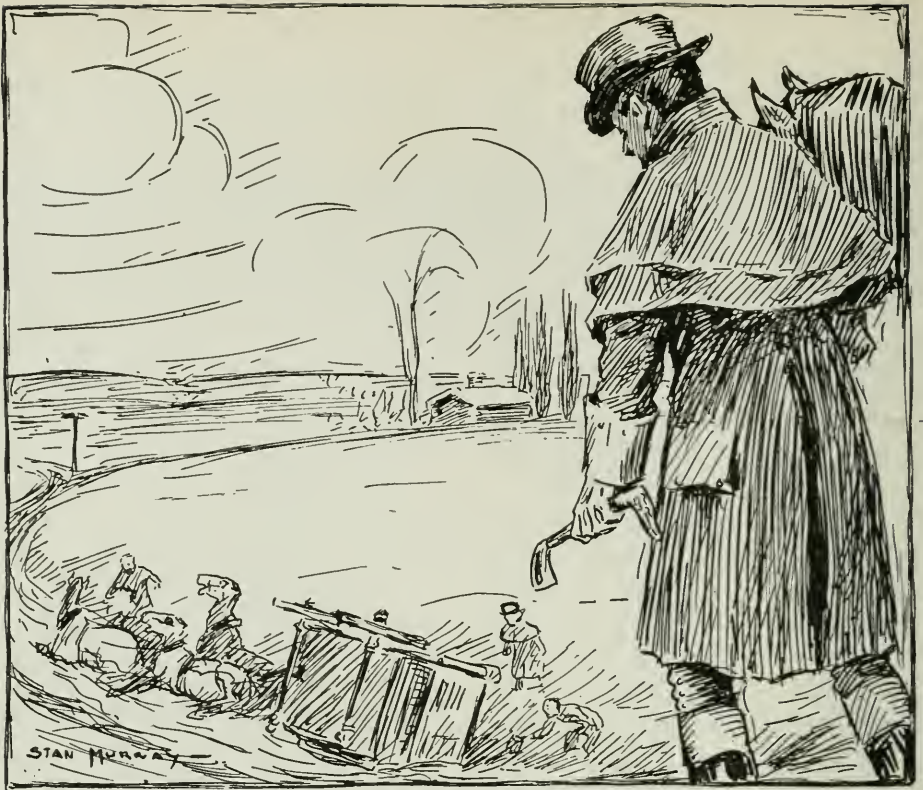
disappearing within a doorway. He heard the click of the bolt. He fancied Cherry standing behind her door with a panting heart—the lovely thing! Then he fumbled for the matches which lay in a certain candlestick which Cherry had annexed as well as the candles, with a pious thanksgiving to the kind Providence who had placed them there specially for her help.

In a few seconds the full truth was revealed to Cherry, for such a babel of voices broke out in the corridor; and some strong language was used not altogether suitable for Miss Cherry's ears. Some were calling for the landlord, others for Mrs. Greensleeves; some were objugating the management of the Jolly Postboys; some were abusing other some. They seemed to be all pressing and jostling each other in the dark. Doubtless some of the gentlemen had indulged over-freely in the excellent wine for which the Jolly Postboys was famous. A quarrel seemed imminent when a cool voice broke out over it all. Cherry was certain it was his.

"By some mischance, friends," it said, "our candles have disappeared. There is no help for it but to go to bed in the dark."

Then there was a stumbling up and down steps, collisions with pieces of furniture in the dark, exclamations, oaths. It was quite a long while before the last sound of it died away in the darkness and the trembling Cherry stole off to bed, half-terrified, half-delighted with what had turned out such a prank. The last sound she heard was someone stumbling and recovering himself in the room overhead. Mr. Anthony Wycherly; oh, she hoped he had not hurt himself.

She had a fine illumination through the dark hours. Somehow, she did not feel inclined to sleep, although she derived a certain comfort from knowing that he slept overhead. If she but closed her eyes the ghost was in the room, so the end of it was that she found a book to read. It was "Clarissa Harlowe," and she was so fasci-



— A HORSEMAN, LEADING HIS HORSE DOWN THE HILL.

nated by it, seeing the features of the unknown young gentleman in Sir Charles Grandison, that she soon forgot her fears.

She lit the candles by relays during the lonesome hours. About six o'clock, when the cocks were crowing and Mrs. Greensleeves was turning over, preparatory to waking, Cherry slipped out and restored the burnt-out candles to their places, and going back to bed slept the sleep of innocence till it was time to awake.

She ate her breakfast in a bow-window of Jolly Postboys that looked on to the street, while the six horses were being put into the Ajax, for there had been snow in the night, and it would take all six to pull them through the drift that was always at the foot of Crossdown Hill. She listened to Mrs. Greensleeves calling to her husband across the stable-yard.

"John Greensleeves, John, here's Tom, the boots, come downstairs and says the gentlemen are in a fine taking, for no candles nor matches could

they find on there way to bed, and broken shins and black eyes are as plentiful as haws before a hard winter. Strangest of all, Tom reports that the candlesticks are on the table but the candles burnt to the socket. What do you make of it, John Greensleeves?"

"That the gentlemen enjoyed themselves too well, wife," came in a genial bellow from the other side of the yard.

Cherry quaked, and to escape from the scene of her exploit was glad to huddle into the coach and hide herself there before it was time for it to start, yet as she ran to the coach-door, looking up to the gallery, she met the eyes of the young gentleman whom she called in her own mind Mr. Anthony Wycherly. She looked up at him and he looked down at her, and their eyes met, and she was suddenly as red as her name and thankful as the shelter of the coach.

That Christmas eve is yet remembered in those parts for the accident to the coach, for as it thundered down

THE GHOST AT THE INN.

Crossdown Hill—and a mercy the snow acted as a natural brake, or matters had been worse—a wheel suddenly came off. The horses feeling the thing dragging behind them, got from under control. For a second or two the coach, full of terrified people, swaying hither and thither, was dragged behind the horses. Then, amid screaming and shouting, and Barnaby, the driver, and Peter Smithers hanging on to the reins like Trojans, the coach turned clean over in the big drift at the foot of the hill.

Then there was a commotion. The passengers on top of the coach were flung hither and thither in all directions. There were a good many of them travelling home for Christmas, but they were all men on the top, and they didn't say much, but either lay stunned or picked themselves up slowly, feeling all over their bodies to make sure no bones were broken.

Peter Smithers was lying very still, with the off-leader partly across his body and his horn lying on the snow a yard away from him; old Barnaby was feebly endeavouring to get the harness cut so that the near-leader could struggle to his feet. From the body of the coach, where there were five women besides Cherry, the screaming and crying were enough to deafen a man. No one seemed to know what to do, else there were plenty of men to do it.

Into the commotion came a horseman, leading his horse down the hill—Mr. Anthony Wycherly. He tied his horse to a gate; then took charge. Wonderful what one clear head will do! He sent one grave look towards poor Peter, lying under Blucher.

"First the women, gentlemen," he said.

The women were pulled out through the window of the coach. The door-handle had twisted and the door refused to budge. But first came an old woman, holding on to a basket, somewhat cut about the face with the glass of the window. Next a genteel-looking person like a lady's maid, protesting that her chances in life

were all gone because she had a long cut across the cheek and the old woman's basket had blackened one eye. Next, a girl from a London shop, who screamed when her arm was touched; then a fine madam in a tip-pet of fur over black satin, and a painted and powdered face rasped all over with the glass as though the teeth of a harrow had done it. She was fainting, and as the men dragged her through the window it was as though she were a pot of essences. Lastly came Cherry, white and trembling. The other women had fallen on top of her and nearly crushed her little life out, but she had lain in the back of the coach, clear of the windows, and once she could recover her breath she was uninjured.

Meanwhile someone had gone back to the village for help. The injured were laid out on the snow. Cherry, from a distance, where she had gone obeying Anthony Wycherly's kind, imperious bequest, saw what they were doing, how at last they got the horses up and poor Peter free of Blucher. Men were coming with mattresses and shutters to carry away the injured. They passed by Cherry, carrying their groaning burdens, going uphill to the inn. Cherry bore it better when Anthony Wycherly had found time to come and tell her that no one was killed, though Peter's shoulder was badly crushed.

Afterwards they walked up together to the inn, where Anthony Wycherly ordered for Cherry as though she had been his sister. For a while, in the pleasure of being so taken care of and the fascination of watching Anthony Wycherly's face, the good looks of which were marred by a great bruise that extended from his cheek-bone over his temple to the forehead, that she forgot to think of her father's anxiety when no coach came. But at last she remembered and wrung her hands.

"I have thought of that," said Anthony Wycherly quickly. "I am going to take you home. You shall ride behind me on a pillion. Indeed, you

must, my dear, for every inn is full here."

Cherry never thought of disputing it, so off they went in the clear, cold afternoon, Cherry sitting behind on Trumpeter, one little arm clasping Anthony Wycherly's big body.

And so out into the white country, where the red and orange of the skies faded in the dusk, and presently it was purple dark and all the stars came out.

It was a somewhat slow journey, and it might have been a dangerous one if Trumpeter were not so sure-footed and his rider so careful. It was to Anthony Wycherly's credit that he did not cease to be careful, despite the allurements of the little, soft, warm person so close to him, with the little hand clasping him where he might stoop and kiss it in its glove.

And so they rode up to Goldenwood Hall just about the time that Squire Luttrell was growing frantic with his fear for his child. Be sure he was deeply grateful to Anthony Wycherly for what he had done; and as all the country was impassable it must needs

be that he stay and spend Christmas with them.

A good many things had been said during that ride which it might have taken a month to say if it were not for the intimacy of the pillion. Confession had been made, and pardon given, for the spoiling of Anthony Wycherly's beauty, which was due to walking into an open cupboard door in the darkness at the Jolly Postboys.

"Besides which, sweet Mistress Cherry," said Anthony Wycherly, "you owe me amends for the suspicion which fell upon me of being intoxicated by more than the vision of beauty which met my eyes for a second that night as I came upstairs. Will you make them?"

Cherry consented to make amends—after the desired fashion; and so went no more to school, but at the age of seventeen became Mistress of Mote, where if you happen to visit you shall see her picture painted by the great Raeburn himself, with the hood of a red cloak over her black locks and a sprig of Christmas holly in her hand.



OUR FRIENDS

(In Imitation of Omar Khayyam)

We must haste on, we must forever flee
Along the path whose end we may not see.

We travel on the road whence none return;
Gone are our friends: and gone we soon shall be.

For, one by one, their feeble footsteps fail,
And one by one they pass beyond the pale

Of Sea and Sky, and lie forever hid
Behind a thick, impenetrable Veil.

As they, so we the mountain-slope descend;
As they, so we with clay shall blend;

As they, so we shall reach the Silent Bourn
Whither the footsteps of Creation trend.

A moment's rest this giddy whirl among;
A minute's peace, laboriously wrung

From Strife and Toil: and then the night descends:
The Lute is still: the Poem has been sung.

Meredith Starr.

Ten Thousand Dollars

By

Thomas L. Masson

WHIPPLETON had been expecting the settlement of his uncle's estate for so long, that it had become an old story. He had almost forgotten to think about it.

Suddenly, one morning, shortly after he had entered his office, he received a telephone message from his uncle's lawyers. He dropped everything and went down to see them.

Fifteen minutes later he was on his way back, in his pocket a certified cheque for one hundred thousand dollars. Such is the celerity with which, in these days, business affairs are conducted.

When Whippleton arrived at his office, almost bursting with joy over his good fortune, he found his old friend Salter waiting for him. Salter looked worried.

"Dropped in to see you this morning," he said, "on a matter of great importance to me. Don't suppose it's any use, but I am really in a bad way."

"What's the mater?" asked Whippleton, his voice full of sympathy. At that moment he was feeling kindly toward all the world. He hadn't had time to readjust himself to the new conditions. Besides, he had known Salter for years, and had every confidence in him.

Salter explained that, owing to an unexpected turn in his business affairs, due to the failure of a mill, he was temporarily embarrassed. He could pull through, he said, if he had ten thousand dollars.

"Of course I know," he concluded, "that you probably can't do anything for me, but I thought perhaps you could suggest some place where I could get the money."

Whippleton smiled. It pleased him intensely to be a good fairy.

"My dear boy," he said, with a wave of his hand, "I think I can help you out. I'll give you a check."

Salter gasped.

"You don't mean it!"

Whippleton was writing it out.

"Yes I do. Here it is. You can deposit it to-day, but don't try to cash it until to-morrow, as I must make a deposit first.

"I don't know how to thank you."

"Nonsense! Delighted!"

"Let's see. How long—"

Whippleton waved his hand again.

"Oh, that's all right," he said carelessly. It was really a pleasure to help his friend, in addition to the fact that it tickled Whippleton's vanity immensely.

"No hurry," he exclaimed. "You can send me a demand note if you like, as a matter of record."

"I'll do it! Old fellow, you have saved my business. I can't thank you enough."

"Don't mention it," said Whippleton, in an off-hand manner, as if he were in the habit of dealing out ten-thousand-dollar checks to his friends.

Brimming with gratitude, Salter went out, and Whippleton hurried over to his bank to make the deposit.

He was acquainted with the cashier, a man who enjoyed the confidence of the community.

Whippleton told of his good fortune, and inquired about investments.

"Here is a bond selling at ninety-eight," said the cashier, "that I can thoroughly recommend. It is a first mortgage, and a lien on all the property——"

He gave a short description of the bond and its possibilities, and explained about the condition of the market. Whippleton listened attentively, and said:

"Very well. I am satisfied. You may buy ninety thousand dollars' worth of these bonds at the market price."

"That will be around ninety. Very well. I will notify you when they are delivered."

When Whippleton got home that night, he wore a quiet smile, which was not utterly lost on his wife.

"You seem pleased with yourself."

Whippleton explained, losing nothing in the telling.

"Yes," he said; "I had the pleasure of buying ninety thousand dollars' worth of bonds to-day, and——"

"I thought you said the check was for a hundred thousand," said Mrs. Whippleton sharply.

He hadn't intended to mention the Salter transaction, but his joy had made him rather careless.

"What did you do with the other ten thousand?" she pressed him.

"I lent it to Salter," said Whippleton, with an assumption of indifference which he did not feel.

"Lent it to Salter!"

"Yes. Wasn't it lucky I could help him out? Needed it badly to tide over his business. Mill failed. I knew you'd be tickled to death to think I *could* help him."

Mrs. Whippleton was not so easily fooled by this statement. She knew it proceeded from weakness—and fear of herself.

"Um!" she exclaimed. "You ought to have a guardian. You'll never see that ten thousand again."

"What do you mean? Salter is as honest as the day is long."

"Of course," replied Mrs. Salter sarcastically; "he means to pay it back, but you wait. Just think," she went on: "you had one hundred thousand, and now you haven't but ninety."

Somehow, during the next week, that cutting phrase sank into Whippleton's consciousness more and more.

"You had one hundred thousand, and now you haven't but ninety."

By return mail, he had received from Salter a note which stated formally that the sum of ten thousand dollars was payable on demand.

On demand.

That was temporary consolation. But the feeling of security proceeding from it soon lost itself.

Whippleton found himself inquiring in various quarters about Salter; and the more he inquired, the more uneasy he became.

His wife did not spare him.

And he might have had that hundred thousand intact!

It was a distressing thought. It gathered impetus. It came to possess him utterly. He determined to get that money back. He cursed himself inwardly to think he had been so weak as to give it up so easily. And then he experienced a revengeful feeling towards Salter to think that that innocent gentleman should have taken advantage of him by appearing on the scene at such a critical moment. Twenty-four hours more and he would have regained his balance—gotten back, as they say in books, to his normal self.

He determined to get that money. He would vindicate himself with his wife.

At the end of a week he dropped in to see Salter. That gentleman greeted him effusively.

"You did a great thing for me," he said. "Can't tell you how I feel about it."

"Oh, that's all right," said Whippleton feebly. He had come along with the intention of being firm, but his

friend's manner unmanned him. He resorted to prevarication.

"The fact is," he whispered, "when I let you have that money the other day I was feeling flush. Since then things have gone rather against me."

Salter's eyes almost filled with tears. He was teeming with gratitude and affection for his friend.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he exclaimed. "I suppose you would like to get that money back."

His face grew solemn.

"I don't know just exactly—" he began.

Whippleton stopped him.

"Oh, it isn't quite as bad as that," he said. "I wouldn't put you to any inconvenience. Only—"

He began to grow confidential again.

"You see, I am looking ahead a little, and am going to make certain arrangements in the future, and I thought if we could arrange on a date, it would be easier for both of us."

What Whippleton really meant was that he wanted to pin Salter down, but didn't want him to know the real reason.

"How would three months from now do?" Whippleton asked with an appearance of vagueness.

"I think I can manage it then. Why, I must manage it then, of course," said Salter. "After what you have done, old man, I certainly wouldn't put you out. All right." And he wrote out another note, making it three months from date.

"You can destroy the other one."

Whippleton went away somewhat relieved. He wished, now, that he had made it two months. Every moment until he got back that ten thousand seemed precious. Still, three months was better than no time set. He tried to be philosophical about it, even though his wife continued to rally him on his incompetence.

"Like to see you let me have ten thousand to lend to any friend of mine," she said tauntingly. "Why, you'd laugh in my face."

As the day of settlement approached, Whippleton grew more and more nervous—especially as there had been an ominous silence from Salter.

Promptly at ten o'clock on the morning when the note was due, however, Salter appeared in the office. It had been a great effort on Whippleton's part to restrain his anxiety, and he had been tempted to call up his friend a number of times. Now he was glad that he hadn't.

Salter's face was worn and haggard. He looked like a ghost.

"Old man," he said. "I wouldn't have disappointed you for anything, and I have that money; only—"

He gazed at Whippleton despairingly.

"Must you have it now?" he whispered.

Whippleton was now almost as abnormal as he had been on the morning he had loaned the money—only it was in the opposite direction. It seemed to him he couldn't wait to get his hands on that ten thousand dollars.

"I really don't see how I can get along without it," he replied. "Of course"—taking refuge in a cowardly misstatement—"if you had let me know a week or so ago, I might—"

"I thought I might pull through, but the last day or so some complications have risen. Oh, well, I won't bother you with my troubles. Here is the check. Deposit it at once, will you? And I can't tell you"—Salter's voice quivered—"how much obliged to you I am."

Whippleton hated to take the money but he thought of his wife.

"I certainly wish," he said, "that I could let you have it longer. Maybe by and by—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Salter. "It was a bargain. Besides," he exclaimed, "don't you suppose I know you would do it if you could? Didn't you let me have it on the instant before? Oh, I know you've got to have it, or you would insist on my keeping it!"

He wrung his friend's hand.

"I shall always remember it," he said. "Now, don't you worry about me. It's all right."

After he went, and Whippleton saw the check lying on his desk, he experienced a feeling of remorse. He would hurry after him and give it back. But no! He really had done Salter a favor. And then, if he waited, there was no knowing whether or not he would ever get his money back. Salter might be deeply involved. It might be a kindness to him not to let him have the money.

Thus Whippleton quieted his conscience, as he went around to the bank to make the deposit.

"I suppose you've noticed the way those bonds have gone up," said the cashier, his hand on Whippleton's shoulder. "Always glad when a customer makes money on our advice."

To be candid, Whippleton had not thought much about the bonds. He had been so concerned about his ten thousand that he had thought of little else.

"Why, I saw the other day they were three or four points higher," he said.

"Well, they have gone up six points in three days. Something extraordinary! But, then, the conditions are right. Why not sell out and take your profit, and then reinvest in something else a little later?"

Whippleton figured on the back of an envelope.

"Why, it's over ten thousand profit," he said. "They've gone up twelve points. All right. Sell 'em out."

In ten minutes the transaction was completed.

Whippleton hurried home, his exultation rising with each step.

At last his revenge on his wife had come. For months she had had the laugh on him.

Ha! And so he needed a guardian, eh? Well, well!

When they were alone over their coffee at the dinner table, he said smilingly:

"So you think I don't know anything, do you?"

"I sometimes think you make a fool of yourself. There was that money you lent to that man. And, by the way, isn't it time for him to pay it back? Of course, you'll never get it Not now!"

"Oh, of course not," replied Whippleton, with a slight touch of satire in his voice. "Oh, of course not! And yet, strange to say, he not only paid me—by a genuine certified check—but I have also made a little extra money. That sum left to me, my dear girl, has swelled to one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Of course, I'm not a business man, and I may make a fool of myself lending money to a man whose word is as good as his bond; still, I do know a little something."

"Is that really true?"

"Here are the figures. I have just sold out, and cleared over ten thousand from some bonds. You see, my dear, you don't know it all."

"How could you!"

"What do you mean?"

"He paid you, did he?"

"Certainly; this morning—as he promised."

"How could you take it?"

"How could I take it! Why, haven't you been making all manner of fun of me for months because I lent him the money? And now you talk this way!"

Ignoring his remark, Mrs. Whippleton arose and picked up the evening paper lying on the table.

"How could you," she repeated, "especially when you knew he was going to fail!"

Whippleton jumped as if he had been shot.

"Fail!" he cried. "What do you mean? I haven't seen it."

"Well, I happened to. The name attracted my attention."

She pointed to a small paragraph which said that Salter & Company had assigned for the benefit of their creditors.

"I suppose you think," continued Mrs. Whippleton, "that you were lucky to get your money back; and yet—you were his friend."

"But I didn't know he was going to fail. He didn't say anything about it. He merely asked if I had to have the money."

"And"—scornfully—"you told him you had to, when you had just made a profit equal to the whole amount, from your old bonds. What despicable creatures you men are!"

Whippleton turned white in his pain.

"Why, hang it all!" he cried, "if I had been allowed to obey my own instincts, I should have let him have twice that amount. But you made fun of me, and sneered at me, and told me I was a fool."

"Well, I wouldn't go back on a friend," she said. "Dear me, you never will understand a woman, if you live to be a thousand years old. I—"

Whippleton waited to hear no more. He ran from the house, and in half an hour he was at Salter's.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "why in the world didn't you tell me. I had no idea it was so bad."

He grabbed him by both shoulders, with manly affection.

"I didn't want to trouble you," said Salter. "I knew, of course, you would have helped me further if you could. I just got that check up to you before I assigned, so you wouldn't lose anything."

"And it finished you up, didn't it?"
"It was your money."

"But look here, I can help you out. Why, my dear friend, I can let you have twenty thousand to-morrow, if you say so. You must get on your feet again. Don't you worry. I'll stand by you even if—" Whippleton was reckless. He didn't care now.

"Even if it's thirty thousand!"

Salter's eyes glistened with new hope.

"You don't mean it!" he said. "But how can you do it? That's what I don't understand."

And Whippleton leaned over and whispered in reply:

"I didn't think I could this morning. But since then I've confided in my wife, and she says she can help me out."



CHILDREN

Oh, little people from the hills of Dawn,
What set a-straying hitherward your feet,
Still rosy from your wanderings on her peaks,
Still dewy from her vales of asphodel,
And all the lucence of God's unvexed morn
Still shining in your confident, clear eyes?

Was it some new-spied flower farther down
The western slope, whose gaudy tints allured?
Some nodding, dusty daisy whose frank glance
Outvied the breathless, stirless purity
Of asphodels that, like unmated stars,
Slow whiten on the windless fields elysian?

So soon the dust upon the tender feet
That slow and slower trudge, the straining eyes,
The reaching hands, grown tired of plucking now,
Yet clasping to the end some wayside weed.

Charles T. Roberts.



A Garden of Eden

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

EVERYBODY who comes to the Riviera visits Lord Hilary's wonderful garden, La Vista, and most people who do not come have heard of it, because it is world-famous. Lord Hilary is an old man now, and a bachelor, whose greatest joy is his Italian garden. Those who have slight acquaintance with him and his history speak of it laughingly as the "one love of his life"; but we who are his neighbors know that there was another love once. If he had not lost her, he would never have turned his back upon his native land, and made this garden, to which for thirty years he has given most of his time and attention. But then, a man who had had no romance in his heart or life could never have imagined or created such a garden.

There is a house in it, of course, a beautiful house, though it is of the garden that one always speaks in asking strangers, "Have you been to La Vista yet?" It is a very old house, so old that there is a well in the big entrance hall, made in case of a siege by Saracens. Lord Hilary lives at La Vista from October till June, or later, and then disappears, few of his friends guess where, except that he is never seen in England. But we know that he goes always to the same place, the place where the Romance began in joy, and that he avoids England because it ended there in sorrow. So we never say to him when he comes back, as the uninitiated do sometimes, "Where were you last summer?"

He is one of the handsomest men you ever saw, though he is over sixty; and certainly he is one of the kindest.

He is "at home" to his friends every second Saturday all winter, and the garden is open to the public two days each week. One of the days is Sunday, because those who work six days of the week can find peace and pleasure on the seventh at La Vista from morning till sunset; and though there are hundreds of visitors, each one who asks is given a rose, or some other flower to carry away.

You need only murmur to Lord Hilary "such and such a person is very poor, or in trouble," for him to exclaim instantly, "Eh? What can I do for him?"

It was owing to this pleasant peculiarity—I am afraid it is a peculiarity—that I had the courage to try and interest him in Betty McNaughten. "A charming girl, and so clever about gardens," said I. I knew that would strike the right note! Then I went on, as we walked up and down under the famous pergola curtained with banksia roses, and told him all about her. How she was twenty-four, and had left school at sixteen to take care of her father, Major McNaughten, when her mother was killed and the Major had his back broken, in that dreadful railway accident which everybody in England must remember, between seven and eight years ago. How the girl's desire, ever since she was a child, had been to grow up and be a "lady gardener." How her parents, though not exactly understanding or wholly approving an ambition which to them seemed "very queer," had consented to let her go to a college for gardening, or whatever the place ought to be

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called, and then the tragedy had happened. Betty had to turn nurse just at the age when most girls are looking forward to "coming out," and had had no life at all except in the sick-room. Nevertheless, I told Lord Hilary, she had gone on learning things concerning plants until scientific people pronounced her quite a wonder. I had to be rather vague, you see because, though I love flowers, I'm absolutely ignorant about them myself, except that I know what I want in my garden, and am desperate when the gardener can't understand if I demand it under the category of a "lovely purple what-you-may-call-'em."

"They'd have taken her for something or other at Kew Gardens, when her father died and left her almost without a penny," I hurried to add, by way of proving that my swan really was a swan, and not a goose, "only there was a girl, a perfect beast of a girl, who had more influence than Betty, and simply snapped the place out of her mouth. After that, a fearful cousin who lives in Bayswater and cares for nothing but an elderly pug and bargain sales, took Betty for an unpaid companion. Pretended it was an act of sweet charity, of course, but used the child as if she'd been engaged as lady's maid, and nearly starved her, too. She'd be there still, only she broke down from over-work and general misery—had anaemia or something—so she had to spend her poor little pittance going into a nursing home for a rest cure. That's where she is now, and I'd have her out with me, only, in our little chalet we've no spare room, so——"

"I wonder if she could catalogue my family?" said Lord Hilary. (He always speaks of his trees, and plants, and flowers as his "family," the dear man.) "If she could, and would like the work, I should be very glad to engage her to do it. My curator is kept too busy, and I've often thought I must get somebody, but have put it off until I should hit on the right person."

"I'm pretty sure Betty would be the right person," I assured him, pretending to believe his amiable fiction. I'd expected some kind proposal or other, but this seemed too perfect, and I could have hugged the old angel.

"She might come any time that suited her," he went on. "I shall be going off—er—for the summer in a fortnight now, and the house will be shut up. But your Miss McNaughten could live in the cottage, and old Margarita would look after her. She'd have no expenses, for there are more chickens and eggs and milk and vegetables and fruit than anybody knows what to do with. I'd pay her fare both ways, of course, and give a hundred pounds for the cataloguing work. Oh, you needn't look grateful. It's a big work, and I should be getting it cheap at the price. I dare say, if she were smart, she might finish in two months, but she wouldn't find it too hot at La Vista, even if she had to stay through August. I should never go away myself to escape the heat, only I have—er—got into a sort of groove in the summer."

"Too hot! Why it would be a paradise for the girl!" I exclaimed. "She'll think she's dead and gone to heaven."

"Rather a lonely heaven," said Lord Hilary, with the wistful look that comes into his eyes sometimes. "Everybody'll be gone; hotels shut up, villas empty, the village shops barred; no one stirring outside the garden, except the fishermen down in the harbor and children at play in the olive woods. But Antonio's an intelligent fellow, and will do anything he can. I shall tell him to give Miss McNaughten all the help in his power, and he'll be delighted."

"Who's Antonio?" I asked in a silly, absent-minded way, because already I was planning the letter I'd write to Betty.

"My curator," said Lord Hilary, looking surprised at the question, as well he might, for I ought to have remembered. But usually he speaks of the curator by his surname, Florio,

which is so suitable I think, for a gardener-sort-of-person. Exactly what a curator is, beyond being a head gardener, I'm sure I don't know, but I *do* know that I was once warned not to call Florio (he speaks a little English, and understands more) a mere gardener, for fear of offending him. But I don't think he would be offended, really, if I did make a mistake, for Italians are never snobbish, or put on airs, no matter to what class of life they belong.

Well, it was all arranged incredibly soon, for when Lord Hilary makes up his mind to do a thing it is as good as done. We decided to stay on late at the chalet, so as to settle Betty in before leaving for England, and the old angel had the curiosity to linger on, too, though Betty was delayed, and didn't arrive until several days after his usual date for disappearing into space.

I hadn't seen Betty for two years, though we had always corresponded since our first meeting at Southsea, where she and her dying father dragged out their long martyrdom together. His death and the Bayswater episode had changed her astonishingly. I had described her to Lord Hilary as a pretty girl, with a sweet manner, perfect complexion, and glorious golden hair. It was quite a shock, meeting her at the railway station nearest our place, and seeing how she had faded. She had no complexion to speak of—she, who had been all lilies and roses!—and the golden gleam seemed to have gone out of her hair. When I saw her last, I'd thought she looked even younger than her age; now she might have been twenty-eight. I really felt obliged to apologise for her to Lord Hilary, as if I had fibbed about her to arouse his interest and sympathy.

"She *was* pretty, truly," I said, when I was alone with him after leaving Betty to the tender mercies of Margarita, the widow of a former head gardener. Margarita takes care of that little gem of a "villina" in the

woodiest part of the great garden, where Lord Hilary has often brought convalescents to stay.

"Don't worry, my dear; she'll be pretty again. I've a great opinion of my garden as a tonic, and my 'family' as doctors," said the dear old man. "I wish I could stop and see her even a fortnight from now; but I must be off—I must be off. Who knows but this may be my last summer? At my age one thinks of these things, that each time may be a good-bye."

The same night he went away—to the shrine which is a mystery to all save a few. But I was anxious about Betty, she looked so ill; and, as the weather was perfect, we determined to postpone our flitting still further.

The day after Betty came I wasn't able to call, though our chalet is only a short mile from La Vista. Friends were leaving for England, and we had to see them off. But the next morning I went over, and found her walking in the garden with Antonio Florio, the curator. They were coming down that marvelous avenue of cypresses about which all the artists rave, and I thought how tall and protecting the big, young Italian looked. It had never occurred to me before that Florio was a handsome fellow, but he had quite a noble air that morning, in the garden that he loved, pointing out everything to the English Signorina. Perhaps it was partly the contrast between them that struck me suddenly with admiration for him; he is so dark and enthusiastic, glowing with health, bright-eyed and sunburnt, his neck a bronze column rising from the turned-over collar of his blue linen blouse; she so small and fragile and fair, moving daintily by his side in her white dress, under the immense, solemn trees. But then, of course, there was another contrast, Betty being a lady, and Florio not a gentleman by birth.

As soon as I came near, I could have cried out with joy and surprise at the improvement two days had made in the girl. It was excitement, of course, that had given her back for

the moment a little of her lovely color, but her hair no longer looked dim and lustreless. It glittered in the sunshine like pale gold, and her eyes shone. Already Lord Hilary's prophecy was coming true. She was growing pretty again, and she'd slipped back from twenty-eight to her own proper age—twenty-four.

After acknowledging my greeting in his pleasant, respectful, though far from servile, Italian way, Florio took himself off, reminding the Signorina that he would be at her service again whenever she wished.

"He's such an intelligent man, and somehow not at all common, though of course he doesn't make the slightest pretension to being one's equal," Betty said of the Curator, when we'd talked for awhile of things in general, and had come back to her work in the garden. "He's so willing to help, and he talks so interestingly about the flowers; it's a pleasure to listen."

"Are you as happy as you expected to be?" I asked.

"Oh"—and she looked rapturous—"I'm a hundred times happier! The place is lovelier than I fancied from your description. As I said to Antonio, no description could do it justice."

"You call him Antonio!" I remarked.

"Oughtn't I to? I heard Lord Hilary call him that, and so does old Margarita. One wouldn't call a man in his position Signor Antonio, I suppose?"

"His surname is Florio, not Antonio," I explained. "But no, one wouldn't address him as 'Signor.' I don't think I've ever called him anything except 'you.' Go on calling him Antonio—why not? You'll find that he'll never take the slightest liberty. Lord Hilary thinks a great deal of him, and all the twenty-five gardeners treat him with the utmost respect. I dare say they 'Signor' him."

"I'm sure he'll be a great comfort to me," said Betty. "I do so want to do my work well, and show Lord Hil-

ary how grateful I am to him for opening the gates of this Garden of Eden to me."

"An Adamless Eden," I laughed. "Unless we rename Antonio Adam?"

"Then there'd be no Eve for him, so it wouldn't be worth while. I may as well go on being Eve without an Adam. Indeed, I don't want one! A girl who could lack anybody or anything in such a haven of rest, such a Paradise of peace, would deserve to be driven out."

As the days went on, Betty grew more and more radiant. By the time she had been at La Vista a fortnight, and we were beginning to think we must go back to England (it was past the middle of June) she was prettier than ever. She did not look a day over eighteen. She had developed a dimple which had been a mere suggestion before. She was always smiling. Her eyes sparkled; her hair was a halo, as she walked under pergolas that were cataracts of flowers.

Every morning from eight to twelve she and Florio worked together, for, as he said, and I remembered, Lord Hilary had ordered him to assist Miss McNaughten in every way possible. At twelve, old Margarita gave the girl a lunch in the cool little dining-room of the "cottage," where curtains of rose vines pressed against the half-closed green persiennes. While she ate, Betty generally read some book which Antonio lent her, for, among other things, he was teaching her Italian. That helped on her work, of course. And she repaid him by giving hints about his English, at which she laughed a little sometimes, when he used some particularly quaint expression. But he never laughed at her Italian. Whatever she did, he admired her respectfully with grave brown eyes, clear as the depths of Devonshire brooks. And the literature he lent was worth reading. As Betty said, he was extremely well read and clever for a man in his position. He loved Virgil and Dante, and quoted both, not pretentiously ever, for there was nothing pretentious

about simple, pleasant Antonio, but quite as a matter of course, just as I might quote Browning or Tennyson, if I could ever remember half a line when I wanted it!

After lunch Betty would rest; then she would insist on working till tea time, and in the cool of the day would go poking about among obscure-looking plants, with Antonio, picking off bits of leaf or examining petals or stamens in the most learned way, vying with the Curator in jabbering scientifically. If I were with them, I couldn't understand a word, and felt quite "out of it," but naturally I was seldom there. It wasn't as if Betty needed a chaperon, with a kind of head-gardener, told off to help her, like a superior sort of servant. And so, at last, I contentedly left the girl, happy in the garden, with Antonio for a watch-dog, and Margarita for cook and maid.

"Be good to my little friend," I said to Florio, as I was starting away to catch the train we would take for Paris.

"It is indeed, a great pleasure to be good to her, Signora, if one can call what I do being 'good,'" he answered in Italian. "She is a heavenly young lady, the most heavenly I ever saw. To see her is like watching a new star in the night sky or finding a wonderful flower never discovered before, growing in the garden."

The look in his eyes when he said this brought a queer, startling thought to my mind. But I said to myself that it was nonsense. Italian men were like that, rather exaggerated in the expression of ordinary sentiments, perhaps; and as for an Italian's eyes (a good-looking, young Italian, even the poorest peasant) they always shine as if they saw visions, when their owner is thinking of no more romantic subject than to-morrow's dinner. It was impossible that Florio—but I wouldn't even finish out the idea. He was little more than an intelligent peasant, who had been educated, and who had a kind of genius for gardening. He had an uncle who was a

priest, I'd heard; but that means nothing in Italy or France, and though I'd begun to consider him rather handsome in his garden, I could imagine that all his charm might go in "best clothes," if he tried to "dress himself up like a Signor," as Margarita would no doubt express it.

I was perfectly sure Betty had no thought of any such stupidity on Florio's part; but I did wish that she could meet some really suitable man of her own class with a little money. She was so sweet—(I said to myself in the train)—it seemed a pity that, penniless as she was, and homeless, she would have little chance to marry, for even the prettiest girls need a "background," and Betty had lost hers, if she had ever had one. Besides, I realized that she wasn't what you could call a beauty—the sort of beauty to whom King Cophetua is glad to stoop and give cloth of gold instead of rags.

I heard regularly twice a week from Betty in the Garden of Eden. She had no news to tell, except about the flowers and the splendid progress she made with her cataloguing, thanks to Antonio, who was always kind. But at last came a letter which I knew, even when I first caught a glimpse of the address, would be somehow different. The address looked nervous and hurried. "Something's happened!" I thought. I opened the envelope with my heart beating, but the first words told nothing, except that the work was finished, a little sooner than Betty had expected, and so she was coming home.

"Lord Hilary has sent me a cheque for a hundred pounds, over and above the advance he made," she said. "I don't feel as if I ought to take it, but he insists. I should be broken-hearted at leaving Paradise, and going back into the work-a-day world to look for something to do by which I can decently keep soul and body together, only—something has happened."

"There! I told you so!" I interrupted my reading to exclaim out aloud.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

"Isn't it too tragic, poor Antonio has been foolish enough to fall in love with me, or think he has," the letter went on, "and I am so sorry and miserable about it, that it's spoiled everything. As the time drew near for me to go, I saw that he was unlike himself, and that sometimes, when he thought I wasn't looking, his face was very sad. But I thought perhaps he had some private worry, and I do assure you it was the greatest shock when the truth came out. We had been such excellent friends, and, as you prophesied, he seemed really perfect in his part of guide and philosopher, never presuming on my appreciation of him. I do believe he would have kept his secret if I hadn't been silly enough to moan a little about leaving the Garden of Eden. Then he burst out with what he's been hiding; how he worshipped me, and how, if I would stoop to him, he'd give his life and soul to make me happy. He knew, he said, that he was far beneath me, only fit to touch the hem of my dress, and a torrent of things like that, which almost broke my heart. For a while I could no more have stopped him than I could stop the mountain torrent in the gorge. I need never go away from the Garden of Eden, he urged, if only I could make up my mind to marry him. And he would ask nothing of me, nothing at all that I didn't wish to give. It would be enough happiness just to have the right to call me his wife. You can imagine how grieved and upset I was! I couldn't help crying a little, and he turned deadly white under his brown sunburn. Suddenly his eyes—they are beautiful eyes, you know, if he is only a gardener!—looked a thousand years old. And all the youth and joy of life seemed to fade out of him slowly as he stood listening, silent, unprotesting, while I told him I didn't care for him in that way, and tried to explain, without hurting his poor feelings, that it would never do, that I couldn't really make him happy, that we weren't suited to each other as husband and wife, and that

he must forget he'd ever thought of me except as a friend who was very, very grateful to him for many kindnesses. I was just as nice and gentle as I knew how to be, but I'm afraid he understood some things I didn't want him to understand. If there's anything loathsome on God's earth it's a snob, and I'd go into a nunnery if I believed I were one; yet imagine how father would feel if his daughter even dreamed of marrying somebody's head gardener! And can't you see Cousin Charlotte's face if she heard I'd been proposed to by one? But it's awfully sad, and I don't think my poor Antonio can be more unhappy than I am because of making him unhappy."

A few days later Betty arrived in London, and I went to see her at a dreadful house which called itself Dorcas Mansions, inhabited only by females. Men were strictly forbidden, even as afternoon visitors. If you were driven to roost there because you were, unfortunately, a woman, and poor, you could have a whole cubicle to yourself, and board, for fifteen shillings a week. But there was a rule for every hour of the day, and probably would have been for the night, if you weren't expected to sleep from ten to seven; anyhow, you had to be in by nine at latest, or they'd know the reason why. And you brought your own napkin ring. Nevertheless, I quite saw when I called on Betty that it was better to be one of the Dorcases than a companion to Cousin Charlotte. What I didn't see so clearly was whether, after all, it wouldn't have been better to—but that was when she'd shown me the dining-room, and I'd noticed spots on the tablecloth. Besides, Dorcas Mansions was in the neighborhood of Lisson Grove, and I couldn't help seeing a picture of the Garden of Eden "behind my eyes."

Betty was fairly cheerful, however, with a strained, conscientious cheerfulness, and said that she had a chance of teaching botany in a kindergarten

with colored charts. By and by she would get something better.

I felt brutal to leave her Dorcasizing while we went off to enjoy ourselves in a perfect house by the river, where the river's at its loveliest. But the visit was a long-standing promise; and what can one do, anyhow, with a girl who is obstinately independent?

After staying at Marlow we went up to Scotland, and didn't get back to town till October. Betty hadn't written often, because (she said when she did write) she was learning typing and shorthand, so she was very busy, and usually rather tired by evening.

I flashed off in a taxi to the grisly Mansions as soon as I could manage it, and it was all I could do not to cry when I saw Betty. She was more conscientiously cheerful than in the summer, and smiled a great many smiles, but the smiles were so hard you could have knocked them off her little thin, white face with a hammer, as if they'd been bits of a badly-fitting death-mask. She had gone back to a state worse than before La Vista, and when she wasn't smiling one of those pitiful smiles her eyes seemed to hold all the sadness that had ever been in the world.

"I'm well enough," she said, "and getting on nicely. I'm typing a big botanical book for a wise but cross savant. Oh, you needn't pity me. I'm all right. It's only that I—I suppose the contrast's too sharp after the garden. I dream of it every night, and that I'm there in the sunshine, among the flowers. It's rather bad waking up, but, like Cousin Charlotte on Sundays after lunch, I think of my mercies. I'm afraid La Vista has spoiled me for—for most things. I mean, the kind of things I'm likely to have in my life, after this. But I ought to rejoice that I've got such beautiful memories. Maybe I shall when I'm a little older, and my heart's a little cooler. Just at present I'm not sure it wouldn't have been better for me if—if I'd never seen—never gone there at all. I shouldn't have this ache of homesickness and hopelessness, and

the waking up after the dreams that never, never can come true."

She choked, and pressed her hand against her breast, as if to push the ache away behind her heart. Then she laughed, with tears in her eyes. "I am the silliest thing! Don't mind me, I'm dull and bored, that's all the matter. Tell me at once about yourself, and don't dare even to speak of me, or I shall scream and kick."

So I told her about the Scotch visits, and made the most of the funny parts. And I waited a week before inviting her to come to the Riviera when the new wing of the chalet should be finished. She turned red and then white when I asked her.

"Thank you very much, but I could not possibly," she said. "I have my work to do. I've been unsettled enough as it is."

Then I knew, what I had only dimly dared to suspect before.

In November we migrated as usual to the South, and found Lord Hilary already at La Vista.

"Your Miss McNaughton was a great success with her cataloguing, and I'm glad she seems to have been happy," he remarked. "But—what has she done to Antonio? She's taken his soul, and there's a shadow over the garden, even in this blue and gold weather."

"There's a shadow over her, too," I murmured. "She dreams of the garden and her happy days. Perhaps she hardly realized when she was living them, how wonderful they were, and all that made them wonderful. But I think she realizes now, when it's too late."

Lord Hilary looked at me thoughtfully, and I looked back at him. We didn't say anything more about Betty or the Curator.

Four or five days after that I went again to La Vista with some friends, just out from England, who had never seen the garden. While they were having flowers gathered for them by the man next in importance to An-

tonio, I asked Lord Hilary where was Florio. I hadn't seen him since returning to Italy.

"I've sent him to London on business," replied the old angel. "He's gone to look up something for me, at Kew Gardens."

"Oh!" I said. "I wish him luck."

"So do I," said Lord Hilary.

Just then a footman came out to him from the house with a telegram. When he had read it, smiling, he handed it to me. It consisted of one word, an Italian word, which means "Success."

"Now we can talk about it. Oh, joy!" I exclaimed.

"You're really pleased then?"

"Yes, I really am. I shouldn't have thought at first I could be. But I've been seeing clearly lately. He's one of Nature's gentlemen."

"Yes," said Lord Hilary, "and one of the best fellows living. He's worthy of any fate, and"—laughing—"he looked all right in his tweeds when he started, although he did buy them ready made in Genoa; otherwise, the gilt may have been off the gingerbread—girls are so frivolous, the best of them."

"Not after they've been Dorcases," said I. "But we might have known. An Italian, with such eyelashes, can look well in anything, because he's not self-conscious. It doesn't need a blue blouse and a garden round him to keep up the illusion."

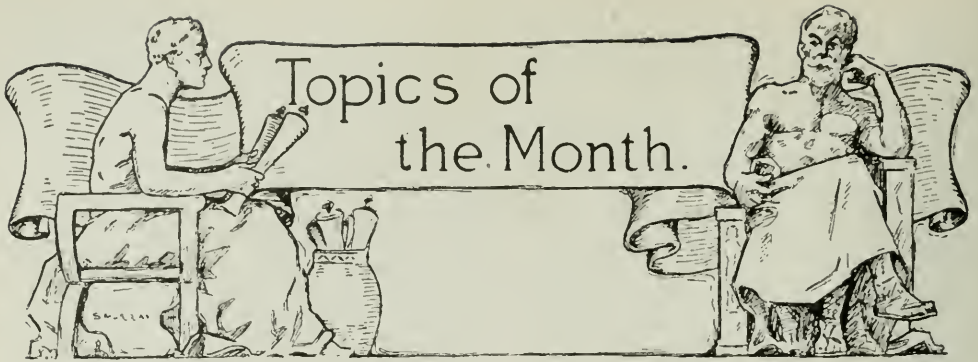
"But she'll love the garden, won't she? And I shall wire to Antonio that I'm going to give him the cottage for a wedding present. He knows already that his salary's raised,

otherwise I don't think he'd have had the moral courage to go, in spite of the hint I gave him about young ladies sometimes changing their minds."

"For weeks I believed it was the garden I missed so agonizingly," said the letter which Betty must have written to me the day Florio sent his telegram to Lord Hilary. "But, gradually, I discovered that it was Antonio. I saw that in my silly, conventional pride I'd thrown away a treasure which can come only once in the most fortunate life—a great, unselfish love. And I longed for it, when it was too late. I longed for Antonio, even more than for the garden, for I began to see that it was he who had made the garden radiant. Now, it seems too good to be true that I should have my chance given to me over again. This time I said 'Yes—yes!' the instant he asked me. And I'm so happy; I want to pinch myself to know if it's true. I was so afraid you'd told him that I repented, and made him feel he ought to call when he was in England on Lord Hilary's business, but he says he didn't meet you after you got back, and it was at Kew that he found out my address. No more dreadful wakings up after dreams of Eden! I shall be in Eden! And it won't be an Adamless Eden any more. It never was, really."

Some people might doubt the success of a match between such an Adam and such an Eve. But I don't. Eden and Paradise will be one for them; and there'll be no flaming sword—unless it's Cousin Charlotte's. She has cut Betty. But it's a long cry from Bayswater to their garden.





THE "BIRTH" OF THE CANADIAN NAVY.

PAPERS all over Canada are talking of the "birth" of the Canadian navy. The thing that provoked them to such a figure of speech was the fact that the Niobe—unarmored cruiser—had arrived at Halifax and the Rainbow (ditto), at Victoria. B.C.

Certainly it was a birth, but whether of a real navy or not, is a matter which has yet to be decided. Canada has hitherto owned a few little boats, each carrying a brass cannon, and employed to keep fish-poachers out of Canadian waters. The poachers, being wise men, have purchased vessels in their business which can travel faster than these game-warden boats, with the result that, on the Pacific coast particularly, poaching has gone merrily on to the extent of 25,000,000 pounds out of 35,000,000 pounds of halibut a year.

That means work for the Rainbow. It is her bounden duty to stop the poaching. She may not like it. It may be a hard business for a boat used to the high society of the "Home Fleet" in the Channel. But she has been bought with a price. She has the honor of being one of the first pair of twins in the Canadian Naval family, and she must do it. We're poor just yet, but we hope for big things, and although Commander Stewart may not like the idea of soiling his hands on American fish poach-

ers, still he must remember that he is starting at the foot of the ladder in this new navy of ours.

With the Niobe it must be the same. She may prance into Halifax and out again, holystone her decks regularly, and keep bristling just as though there might be a war, and just as though—if it came—she wouldn't think of making full steam for Montreal and hiding behind one of the big Government docks. Maybe she wouldn't. It may be that we are misjudging the gallant vessel, and yet the old adage about discretion and valour, and that sort of thing ought not to be ignored even by the Niobe. Meanwhile, she too may be comforted by pondering on the rewards which have come to those who "started at the bottom of the ladder."

That phrase, applies to pretty nearly everything in Canada—"started at the bottom." It applies to every great man Canada has produced, and to many of the other great men. It is, however, perhaps unfair to console the Niobe and the Rainbow with such a hackneyed expression. We should be frank and lay aside all sham, all deceit. They may as well know now as any time that they are already at the bottom of the ladder. Ships cannot climb, unfortunately. The twins—born 5,000 miles apart—are merely second-raters, and nothing on earth could make them more. No matter how excellently they haul in the halibut poachers; no matter how many of

the officers grow moustaches, and succeed in laying the foundations for a future naval "elite" in Canada, the ships will remain on the bottom rung—pioneers, true, but cut off from ambition.



THE IMPERIALIZATION OF HUDSON'S BAY.

"YOU might as well argue with an archbishop against the recognition of the church by the state as try to convince a farmer publicist in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta that there is any just impediment to the imperialization of Hudson's Bay. It is probably true that the publicist farmer is more concerned for a six cents a bushel saving on the carriage of his wheat from the Saskatchewan Valley to Bristol and London than he is about improving the safety of the Britisher's food supply. His six cents a bushel is an Imperial asset, nevertheless; which he will recognize more and more the closer it comes to him—partly because it will come through the investment of British capital in opening the bay."

This is an excerpt from an article by Mr. Arthur Hawkes, in the November issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Hawkes, a noted English journalish, who has come to be known as one of the most able and best-informed writers on Canadian topics, has endeavored to interpret to England the meaning of the Hudson's Bay scheme.

He links the ancient romance of "The Bay" with present-day affairs by recalling how the explorer, Herne, one of the quiet heroes of Canada's earliest days, reached the Bay, and how Earl Grey, just this last summer, traversed the same country and sailed from the mouth of the Nelson River to Cape Breton, thereby demonstrating the navigability of Hudson's Bay.

"In truth," writes Mr. Hawkes, "there is no discussion in the west about the Hudson's Bay route. All the talk is as to how the business shall be handled. The situa-

tion has a peculiar interest for the British investor who is nervous about innovations in Governmental finance, because Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been urged to build and to operate the road as a Government enterprise.

"Government ownership has been preached in Canada by a few zealots during the last decade until in some quarters it has acquired a Mesopotamian charm. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a statesman as well as a winner of votes, and he has lent only a polite ear to the appeal for a Government-built, Government-run railway that has come from one series of farmers' organizations.

"There is a Government-owned and Government-run railway in Canada—the Intercolonial. It was built as an inducement to the isolated Maritime Provinces to come into Confederation with Quebec and Ontario. It has been a political engine for the production of votes and deficits. Mr. Graham, the present Minister of Railways, has quickly changed some of the methods of management. He has declared that under present conditions the Government would never think of repeating the Intercolonial. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has consistently opposed the principle of Government ownership of railways, as he showed when he refused to extend the Intercolonial to Georgian Bay several years ago by purchasing a railway that might have fed it very well."

Mr. Hawkes is clearly of the opinion that the demand for Government "operation," as well as ownership and control, will not likely be acceded to. In the west, Sir Wilfrid was repeatedly told that the farmers wanted a Government "operated" road. This, however, may have been due to the desire of the Conservatives to embarrass the Premier, as it seems generally understood—and, indeed, the Premier admitted—that he did not approve of Government operation.

That the Canadian West insists upon the Hudson's Bay Railway is quite clear. But what the Canadian "East" thinks of it remains

to be seen. Certainly the successful operation of the route for four and one-half months in the year would have its effect upon the internal currents of trade in the Dominion. Montreal might miss some of her import and export business.

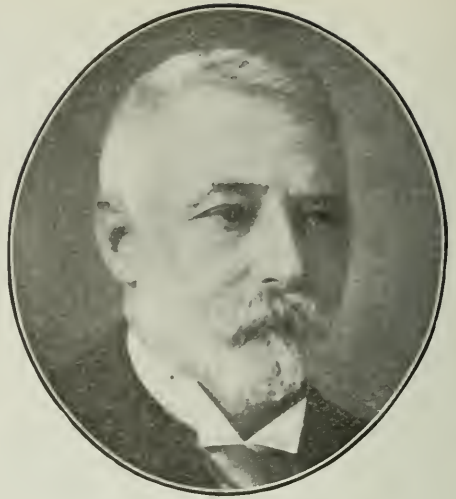
On the other hand, it is apparently the belief of the Government that the opening of the proposed route would only be keeping in step with the growth of the country. The increased business would make up to the eastern part of Canada for the diversion of some of the trade. Carriage tariffs would undoubtedly be affected for the benefit of east, as well as west, and finally—as Hon. George Graham points out—the new railway from the Pas to “The Bay” would open up a new country for the benefit of Canada, even if it never did anything more.



THE RECIPROCITY NEGOTIATIONS.

THE Reciprocity negotiations between this country and the United States will soon be under way. Just recently the white-haired Minister of Finance, Honorable Mr. Fielding, stepped out of his sick-room and boarded the train from Halifax for Ottawa, with his little black satchel under his arm. He was on his way to prepare for the coming negotiations. It will presently be announced that the negotiations are to be taken up at Ottawa or at Washington and that such and such will be the representatives engaged. The Press on all sides will carefully discuss the matter, each from its own point of view, and each will arrive faithfully at its own conclusion, just as a toboggan in a wooden toboggan-slide is more or less bound to reach the same end as it always reaches.

The conference will take place and the newspaper correspondents will try to find what has happened within the closed doors of the Council-chamber, before it has happened. They will more or less fail and in due time the



HON. W. S. FIELDING

Representing Canada in the recent Tariff negotiations

doors will open and the two nations will be told what they have given one another. Whatever it is, part of the country will rejoice and the other part will lament. The Liberal papers will find in the new arrangement a delightful theme for a hymn of praise for the Government. The Conservative papers will feel dreadfully. The same divisions of opinion will happen in the United States and if a Canadian and an American meet in a railway train each will solemnly tell the other that his country sacrificed itself for the sake of the neighbor nation.

All that one could wish to point out is that this country has taken the elevator and if the elevator falls then there can be no help for it. It is in the hands of their respective administrators. They are sane administrators. They want re-election. They are human. They are probably influenced by three considerations: the wealthy manufacturers, the railways and the people. The people come last. According to the amount of noise, and the kind of noise that the people make the administrators will temper the concessions to the first two interests. The Spirit of Prudence which should watch over all governments, but which sometimes does not,



MR. HENRY M. HOYT,

One of the American representatives in the recent Ottawa Tariff discussion



MONEY IN POLITICS.

will probably cause the Governments to give a color of popularity to whatever is done.

Meanwhile the Protectionist academicians will cite the United States as a sample of the need for a higher Canadian tariff. The ardent Imperialists of Toronto will fume over every encroachment on the British Preference. The Free Trade scholars, like Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, will point to England as a sample of prosperity, and while the Protectionists point to her unemployed problem, Dr. Clark in turn will point to the trusts which hold the people of the United States in their hands.

Meanwhile, while waiting for the conclusion, all that an ordinary man can hope to do is to keep from getting rattled. The expert juggling of figures and terms by the debaters would make most men dizzy unless they can find some underlying fact to which to cling. For ourselves, we have chosen two: first, the American bases his laws for moral living on "I." He won't commit a crime, as a rule, because it acts against the worldly success of himself, but he may do a sharp

trick, as for instance in a tariff negotiation. After an agreement has been reached there are always little quibbles or technicalities on which to escape the spirit of the agreement. That is the first. The second is the recollection of the fact that the possession of raw materials is of little use to Canada if Canada is merely to be a warehouse for supplying American factories with material. Canada needs to keep her raw materials, as much as possible, for her own factories. That is all we have capacity to grasp. It is simple. It is neither the producers' standpoint nor the consumers' standpoint. It is Canadian.

"WHY a political party needs money" is the title of an article by Herbert Parsons in the Outlook. In Canada there are a great many people who believe that no party ever needs money and that it would be quite immoral for any party to have a bank account. In fact, campaign funds in Canada have come to be associated always and only with proceedings for the upsetting of elections. But the fact remains that Canada's political parties have their campaign funds just as other parties have, and this campaign fund cannot help but have its effect upon the conduct of the country's legislators touching matters of moment to the people who contributed to that fund. An article dealing with this subject has been arranged for an early issue in the new year. It will be written by a careful writer who will select facts from the most reliable sources. It will not be written as an attack upon any party. It will show the expenses of a party, will explain why they are necessary in some instances and unnecessary in other, and will try to indicate whence the funds are drawn to defray these expenses.



PRESIDENT BRAGA
of Portugal



KING MANOEL---
the dethroned

A QUIET LITTLE AFFAIR.

PORTUGAL has had, as the By-stander expresses it—"a quiet little revolution," just as the neighbors might speak of "Mrs. Jones' tea last week." Taken all around it was a very pleasant affair, conducted in a business-like manner, without any undue muss, and yet with a proper dignity. It was just as though the narrow little nation of Portugal had turned over in its sleep and in so doing knocked the little King off his throne, and pitched him into exile on the floor beside the bed. At all events it got rid of him, and the only question now is whether or not, having turned over, the nation will fall asleep again, or will get up and don a man's garments, and do some work along with the other nations.

Meanwhile the boy who lost his position as King, and his Royal Mother, who was extremely clever in spending money, are in England. England was surely the best place for them to take for refuge. Kind old England has the faculty of minding her own business and not asking unkind questions when people are in trouble. Had

Manoel and his mother gone to America they would have been made the sensation of the hour. Had they gone to France they would have been the butt of all the wits. Had they gone to Germany they would have been scorned as people who failed. But the old Mother of Parliaments has a wide sympathy. She has had her own troubles; she has had her own successes, and she understands just how the two fugitives feel. Among the palaces of England they will probably continue to drag along their lives. In time they will attend functions. In time the boy king will perhaps be seen walking in Green Park of a morning. In time he may try to get back his throne or will give it up and be content to putter his life out among the more fortunate aristocracy of other lands. But England will ask him no questions, will not embarrass him. The Mother of Parliaments is the mother of real courtesy.

With the exception of His Most Excellent Majesty King George the Fifth, whose position as King is, in the people's hearts, different than that of almost any other monarch, the average King must feel a faint sort of a feeling, a "gone" feeling, so to



A room in Manoel's Palace after the bombardment



The Royal bedroom in which King Manoel may sleep no more

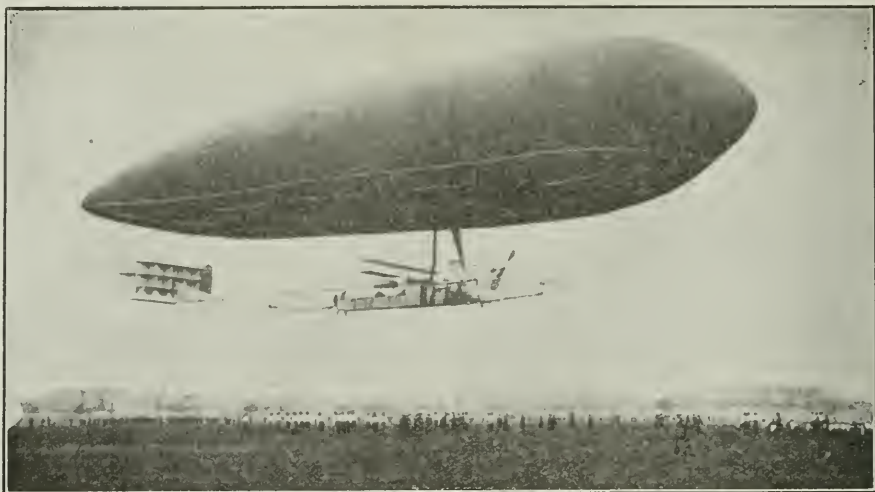
speak, when he recalls what has happened in Portugal, and when he sees King Alphonso of Spain clinging to his throne like a landsman to the deck of a drunken ship. The average King must feel: "Well, us Kings never can tell what's going to happen next these days. It's bad times for our business." And it must be with envy that he regards William of Germany, who has the natives frightened to death, and George of England, who has been in training for years to lead the nation in the direction of the people's best impulses.

It is noteworthy that the world has taken the revolution very quietly. It is sorry that a man who held such an opportunity as that of King of a decadent nation, did not have a better chance to improve it. But the world has come to look upon affairs of this kind as being in the interests of humanity at large. It does not weep for a dethroned King. It welcomes the chance of improvement in the house-keeping of one of the neighbor nations. Students of international affairs have not as yet begun to ask, "Will the monarchy ever be restored in Portugal?" but they are conning over the reasons "Why did Portugal fall?"

While this question must be answered if only to make complete the writings of the historians, it has in this case another relation; for the same fate that befell Manoel has at times appeared imminent for Alphonso of Spain, and if it can be seen that the same factors of trouble are at work in Spain as caused the revolution in Portugal, then the world may have obtained a basis for estimating how much longer Alphonso is to reign or what he must do to ensure for the little Prince of the Asturias a kingship.

A GREAT many people have been telling their neighbors going down in the street cars in the mornings, that, of course, they knew what caused the revolution. They had known it for a long time, they hint. In short, Protestants have been of the belief that the Church of Rome was to blame for the conditions in Portugal, which brought about the Republic, and only our Roman Catholic fellow citizens have refrained from discussing it as the possible reason.

But there are two articles in the current reviews which seek to correct this impression. One is an unsigned



THE DIRIGIBLE "CLEMENT-BAYARD II"
which flew from Paris to London in six hours

essay in the *Quarterly Review*, and the other is by Francis McCullagh in the *Nineteenth Century*. The former speaks of the Roman Church in Spain, and the latter deals with the part which that Church played, among the other causes, in the Portuguese revolution.

"From all I can learn," says the writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, "this (the clerical) question was largely artificial. I once knew a lady suffering from epileptic fits who imagined that the attacks were due to her wearing glasses which were a shade too strong for her sight; and I have frequently met neurasthenics who were convinced that the irritableness and the other unpleasant symptoms of their complaint would disappear if they wore a larger size in boots or made some trivial change in their habits. The Portuguese, a proud people with a great history, are keenly sensitive to the fact that now, in the twentieth century, they do not occupy the same relative position in Europe which they occupied in the fifteenth century. They have declined, and are, in consequence, irritable and despondent. Suddenly they are told that this decline is due

to clericalism. The statement is repeated in a hundred different forms. The cry is taken up by fanatics, who are as much opposed to Catholicity as the Jesuits are devoted to it. These anti-clericals are as well organized and as self-sacrificing as the Jesuits themselves. Their propaganda is carried out with great skill, persistence and courage. Finally, the Portuguese people believe them, just as the average man in the street comes in time to believe the persistent advertisers who scream at him from every hoarding and every station on the Underground that their pale pills cure cramp! . . . This is the principle which lies at the root of all quack advertising, either in medicine or in politics, and it accounts in part for the success of the anti-clerical cry in Portugal. That cry was popular because it flattered Portuguese pride and Portuguese indolence. They were still a great nation, but they were bent double under the burden of Monasticism. Let them but throw off that incubus and they would at once tower head and shoulders over all the other nations in Europe. Such was the



Military guards were placed in the French Depots



French soldiers operating a train during recent strike

remedy, so simple, so attractive. No need for an elaborate diagnosis, for long years of self-discipline. Put out the monks, and all will be well. This cry appealed, moreover, to Southern impatience and impulsiveness. Nothing needed, but one short angry upheaval, one delirious week of rioting and convent-smashing. How perfectly delightful! I do not think that the departure of the monks will make much difference to Portugal. There are proportionately more monks in Germany than there were in Portugal, yet Germany prospers. Whether or not the clericals injured Portugal in the past is another matter. Probably the Inquisition did injure the country, but the Inquisition was more Governmental than clerical. In the middle of the last century it was in the hands of the Marquis de Pombal, who expelled the Jesuits, and whose brother, the head of the Inquisition, even burned a Jesuit at the stake."

The *Quarterly Review* confirms this. It says that the Roman Church has emphasized the natural, easy-going nature of the Spanish by teaching the doctrine of world-renunciation, but

beyond this it claims that Church was only "one of the Hydra's heads." It says that the root of the trouble with Spain lies in the fact that the provinces of that country are held artificially together; the nation is an artificial one, which was forced together by Castile. This explains, in part, it says, why the Spanish have local patriotism, but no nationalism. The trouble is that the people are indifferent to national politics until a war or a heavy tax rouses them. The result is that the Government is left in the hands of the professional politician.



THE AMERICAN CHANTECLER.

AS this last form goes to press, it appears that Theodore Roosevelt is beaten! The words are worth weighing. The phrase is one of those short, curt quartettes of words which gives one shout and conveys a fact worth missing a meal to consider, just as when across the wires of the world flew the message a few months ago—The King is dead! There were four words in that and four in this one about Roosevelt.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Roosevelt looked so undefeatable! The tumult which he raised passed for the "still small voice" of a wise man because people thought he was going to win. As the voice of a Victor—no, not the machine—his voice was eloquent. As the voice of a man who was going along to defeat it was—vulgar. Just now Roosevelt is in a state which, as we go to press, can best be described vulgarly:—He has been beaten to a frazzle.

There were three issues in American politics and it appears as though Mr. Roosevelt neglected the best one. He shouted again Privilege. He took all the axioms of ordinary, every-day honesty and bellowed them forth like the revelations of a prophet. It sounded like gospel. It was rather popular because Truth seldom walks naked in these days. Men hide its classic lines in Demi-Ready garments, highly colored.

Roosevelt introduced the issue of State rights against Federal rights. This has been one of the bones of contention in the United States ever since



AND AFTER!

—By Stan Murray.

the War of Independence. In fact, it was the principle of State rights against Federal rights that brought about the war. It was the same principle that was violated when the North interfered with slavery in the South. Americans believe in "The sovereignty of the State." It means as much as half a prayer-book to most of them, and when Roosevelt introduced his "New Nationalism," giving the Federal powers more authority, he bid fair to shake the whole nation. He did. But the wrong apple fell.

It may be that although he sought to temper the natural American resentment towards Federalism by making out that he was going to wipe out privileges for the Few, this New Nationalism defeated him. But it seems much more probable that it was the resentment of the American people for a tariff that makes sixty dollars a fair price for a suit of clothes. In Canada the woolen manufacturers cry day and night for more protection; but Canadians buy their clothes fairly



BEFORE!

—From Harper's Weekly.



ROOSEVELT: "If they are looking for trouble they will get it."

cheap. In the United States the woolen men have excellent protection—it is a wall over which few foreign clothes can climb; but Americans pay fancy prices for their clothes. It may have been privileged that the American people wanted righted. It may have been privilege that the American body to have more power over the States; but it looks more as though it was that sixty dollars for a suit of clothes that has been annoying it. If Theodore had promised to bring that down to "twenty-eight fifty" per suit, or even if he had made his platform the shooting-up of the woolen manufacturers, he might have won. But instead, he didn't. It looks now as though he were beaten. Sixty dollars is too much.

We are not denying that Roosevelt is more or less of a hero. He has his mission. The United States needs a big noise to penetrate the low, monotonous hum of materialistic progress. But he should not imagine that he, like Chantecler, in Rostand's play of the barnyard, is indispensable to the dawning of righteousness in the public affairs of the United States. Chantecler thought that by his crow the Dawn was summoned. It was a very

pretty delusion, but there was no shaking his faith in himself until the Pheasant Hen succeeded in tucking his head under her wing one morning when the pair were out at a scandalous hour, so that the Dawn rose without the rooster's crow. So, then, with Roosevelt. Some day some great reform shall come without his being able to herald it. He may have a sore throat or mumps and be unable to sing it in. When that day comes he shall be, like Chantecler, a sadder and a wiser rooster and much more valuable to the American Barnyard.



"THE NEW IRISH OUTLOOK."

THE New Irish Outlook" is the heading under which James Boyle, in "The Forum" takes occasion to argue that the Home Rule question has lost much of its bitterness and—which is apparently more to the point in that writer's opinion.—that Ireland is drifting toward an alliance with the Conservative Party rather than the Liberal Administration in Great Britain.

"There is now," he says, "a New Ireland—an Ireland which is practic-



A REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT TAKEN IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

ally unknown to the vast majority of the Irish race in America. . . . The cause of Catholic Agitation in Ireland was religious discrimination; and the back-bone of the demand for Home Rule has been alien ownership of the land. The first grievance is now practically only a memory of the past; and the second is within sight of removal. . . . It is a momentous fact that the Catholic Church, as such, in Ireland, has no substantial fault to find now with the British Government or the British connection. Heretofore, the demand for Home Rule, based on political justice, national aspiration, and economic considerations, has been given an intensity and a piousness of enthusiasm by a sense of wrong through religious discrimination: there has always been the feeling that in fighting for Home Rule, Catholics were striking a blow for faith as well as for fatherland. But now the situation has changed. There are already indications of the development of a re-alignment, if not of an actual separation, of the old relations as between religion and politics in Ireland. On the one hand, we see the clergy and dignitaries of the Catholic Church indulging freely in criticism of the Nationalists,—that is, of their tactics—quite apart from the questions of violence and boycotting, which the

Church has always condemned. And on the other hand, we see many Irish Nationalists protesting against their Party being made a close corporation religiously, and the Independent O'Brienites in Parliament, who are such a thorn in Mr. Redmond's side, give as one of the chief reasons of their organization their objection to the fact—as charged by the 'insurgents'—that Protestants are barred from participation in the regular Nationalist movement. So strong is the feeling on this score, that the followers of O'Brien call the Redmondites "Catholic Orangemen" and 'Molly Maguires.'

" . . . It is quite in harmony with the statements of Messrs. Redmond and Dillon . . . to say that . . . neither the masses of the people nor the leaders look at the National question in the old bitter spirit; and even the opponents of Home Rule are now beginning to admit that an Irishman can favor the abolition of the alien 'Castle Government' without entertaining designs against the Empire. Indeed . . . were the British people,—the English and the Irish Protestants particularly,—thoroughly convinced that Home Rule did not mean, ultimately, separation and the destruction of the Empire, and, were satisfactory guarantees given for the pro-



SURPRISED!
A jungle flashlight

tection of the loyal minority, the chief objections to Home Rule would be swept away. One of the most encouraging phases of the present situation in Ireland is the spirit of tolerance, as regards both politics and religion, which has spread over the country among all classes."

Mr. Boyle then takes up the position of the Irish Nationalist party in the British House of Commons. He first states that Mr. Redmond will not be able "to elbow Home Rule gently through the House, as a mere incident of the battle over the budget," and then proceeds to argue that the Nationalists are bound to ally themselves eventually with the Conservatives of England rather than the Liberals. Already the Nationalists are split in two parts, he claims, and they are sure in time to join the Conservatives.

He gives two reasons for this. The first is that, in his opinion, the Irish are historically "Protectionists." He declares that the bulk of the Irish people are in active sympathy with the "Tariff Reform," or moderate protection policy of the Conservatives.

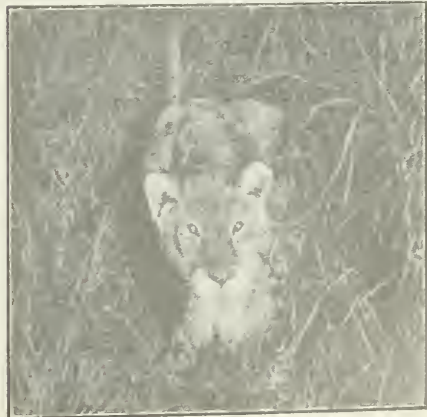
The second reason he gives is the opposition which Ireland feels towards Socialism and which must in time tear it away from the Socialistic Liberal Party. The Irish peasants

will prefer the Tory policy of cutting up the large estates into small farms to be owned by the tillers, rather than the Liberal tendency to support a system of tenant farms with Government ownership of the land. This Government Ownership Mr. Boyle looks upon as characteristic of the Socialistic leanings of the present administration.

The Irish people, he goes on, have an "intense dislike and fear of the advancing English, Scotch and Welsh Socialism."

Although the leaders of the Liberal Party deny that their organization is favorable to 'definite' Socialism, yet it is a matter of cold fact that the whole drift in their party for several years has been steadily toward Socialism. On the other hand, the Conservative Party are specifically and aggressively opposed to Socialism.

After full consideration of the new outlook on Irish affairs, the enquiry will naturally be made: do the changed conditions mean that Home Rule is near at hand, or do they indicate that as a political question it is gradually to fade away, leaving only the memory of a sentiment engendered by past injustice,—which injustice, however, no longer exists? It would be one of the greatest ironies of history if, just when the English people were getting ready to grant Home Rule, the Irish people ceased demanding it! But even though this extraordinary situation developed



A LIONESS THREADING A JUNGLE PATH



LORD ALVERSTONE: The man who sentenced Crippen to hang, and who is remembered by Canadians in connection with the Alaskan Boundary Awards

it would not by any means follow that Ireland would not possess real local self-government in the same degree enjoyed by the other parts of the United Kingdom."



THE AEROPLANE'S REVOLUTION OF WARFARE.

WAR is man's oldest game. Aviation is his newest, says Frederick Palmer in *Hampton's Magazine*. War began when Cain killed Abel. From Cain's day to ours—from the primitive weapon which he used to the latest pattern of smokeless, noiseless, long-range rifle—from the first hide shield to modern battle-ship armor—the fighting expert has ever asked the inventor, "What is your latest aid to slaughter my enemy?" and "What is the best means of defense if he uses it against me?" . . . What will war do with the aeroplane? Or better, what will the aeroplane do with war?

War will end only when war becomes a two-edged sword which man will be as loth to draw as he would be to summon chaos.

In modern times almost the sole occupation of the cavalry is to scout for information. All the extended tentacles of contact are ever feeling for vulnerable spots; reconnaissances that cost thousands of casualties may be made unhesitatingly in order to get exact information about a redoubt. This work the aeroplane will now do. *If the Russians had had a single capable aviator at the battle of Mukden they would have won and Japan might now be a second-rate power.* . . . The Japs completely deceived the Russians. One aviator, flying above the Japanese encampments, could have noted their lack of strength. He might have sent word to the Czar that Russia need only hold out a little longer for a turn in the tide. The Russian ambassadors at the Portsmouth conference might have said: "We want Port Arthur back and you must evacuate Korea, or we will keep on fighting till you are exhausted, as you soon will be."

And so it comes to pass that all the elaborate Oriental spy system, so baffling to the Occidental, seems to have been read into antiquity by brothers Wilbur and Orville, bicycle repairers, of Dayton, Ohio.



THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT,
Wife of Earl Grey's coming successor at Ottawa

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN WORKINGMAN.

“THE British workingman is ill-employed, ill-paid, and poor if compared with his exceedingly prosperous American colleague.” This is the conclusion reached by “Politics” writing in the Fortnightly Review. He compares the figures of production and the figures showing the consumption of necessaries and luxuries by the English workingman and the American workingman. He then brings their wages down to a basis of comparison and makes the announcement of his finding.

Now, some English Free Trader will take the same figures and work

the problem out backwards to prove the reverse. He will either inform us that the American workingman—which may be fairly considered to be in the same condition as the Canadian—is starving while his English brother is growing fat.

Whatever happens, there is still unemployment in England, and still—trusts in America.



AN APOLOGY FOR ANARCHY.

MR. W. JETHRO BROWN is a Professor in the University of Adelaide, and he has written an article which he calls, “The Message of Anarchy.” So far as can be learned, he is not an anarchist, but a re-

spectable academician. In fact, from his article in the *Hibbert Journal*, he seems to be a man of peace.

The people of this country are likely to have little patience with the very heading of the article. The ordinary man with a fairly comfortable position in this world and few things to blame the Government for, is apt to dwell in the belief that no respectable person wants to hear any "messages from Anarchy." We are apt to associate with the term "Anarchy" the murder of President McKinley. We are apt to regard the average exponent of the philosophy as an Emma Goldman, banned from the country.

But Professor Brown sets out to explain the real message of Anarchy, stripped of its violent features.

Few of the great causes which have inspired human devotion in the past have suffered so much as anarchy from the uncritical depreciation which confuses essentials with accidental associations. . . . Those who, under the pretense of the end justifying the means, commit or plot murder in cold blood, have much to answer for. Yet we can no more reject anarchy because ill deeds have been done in its name, than we can reject liberty for the same reason; or than we can repudiate Catholicism because of the Inquisition. In actual fact, anarchy did not originate as a theory of violence; and those who have advocated violence have done so as a temporary means and on the ground of an overwhelming necessity. The appeal to violence originated in Russia, where men, opposing force to force, struck in blind fury of protest at a despotism which seemed unassailable by any other weapon. . . . No statement of popular misconceptions about anarchy would be complete without reference to the illusion that anarchy is hostile to law in the sense of rules of conduct generally observed among men. Although some exponents express the strange opinion that men can dispense with rules of conduct, each man doing as he thinks best under the particular circumstances, anarchists in

general are not guilty of so puerile an assumption. 'Imagine,' exclaims Mr. Bernard Shaw, 'leaving the traffic of Piccadilly or Broadway to proceed on the understanding that every driver should keep to that side of the road which seemed to him to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' The protest of anarchy is not against rules of conduct, but against the enforcement of such rules by the might of society, without regard to their approval by the individuals upon whom they are enforced. We can only accuse anarchy of lawlessness if we limit the term law to state-enforced rules."



MARTYRS OF SCIENCE.

By Arthur B. Reeve in "Technical World."

IF peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, then Dr. Mirran K. Kassabian, who died in Philadelphia on July 12, was a hero perhaps of even greater calibre than the heroes of many wars. For Dr. Kassabian died of skin cancer brought on by X-ray burns in his marvellous work as one of the foremost specialists in America.

In America the early history of the Roentgen rays was marked by the death of two men well known. One was Charles Dalley, chief assistant to Mr. Edison, and the other was Dr. Louis Weigel, of New York. For seven years Mr. Dally was a martyr to dermatitis caused by the constant exposure of his hands and arms to the rays.

Thirty years ago a doctor in Louisville wrote a book, which he called "Yellow fever heroes, honors and horrors of 1878." In it he gave a list of ten thousand victims and the martyrs' death roll of volunteer physicians, nurses, ministers and others who had died in fighting the epidemic.

Such a thing can never happen again. Never again will yellow fever call for such widespread heroism.

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For the heroism of another, smaller, group of devoted men has destroyed our fear of the most fatal epidemic-disease in the western hemisphere, destroyed in its favorite home port. The name of the man who did it is perpetuated by a small pension granted by Congress to his widow and is borne by a military hospital in Washington—Walter Reed. To-day his name should be enrolled with those of Jenner and Lister and Morton.

Reed entered the army as assistant surgeon and first lieutenant in 1875. When the Spanish War broke out and camps were devastated by typhoid he was made head of a board to study the fever and after a year spent at it, patiently and accurately studying hundreds of cases, he made a report that is the basis of our recent study of typhoid. It contained among other original and valuable work the discovery that the common fly carries typhoid, as well as contaminated water.—a fact we are only now realizing pointedly.

In June, 1900, Reed was ordered to Cuba as president of a board to study infectious disease, with Acting Assistant Surgeons James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, and A. Agramonte. The situation was peculiar. Here after a year or so of sanitation health had been improved and the death rate lowered but yellow fever remained practically the same. What was back of this mystery? Fever was getting higher and hundreds of valuable lives of non-immunes were being sacrificed.

Dr. Reed applied to General Wood, who was military governor of Cuba, for leave to experiment on non-immunes and for a liberal sum to compensate volunteers. General Wood promptly granted what was asked and, to the everlasting glory of the American soldier, volunteers offered themselves fearlessly and promptly.

Reed had a shrewd idea; he believed that sanitation alone was not enough. It had been proved that malarial fever was transmitted by mosquitoes and Dr. Carlos Finlay, of

Havana, had advanced the theory that mosquitoes did the same for yellow fever.

Dr. Carroll allowed himself to be bitten by a mosquito which for twelve days had fed on the blood of a fever patient. He suffered a very severe attack, the first experimental case, but he recovered. Dr. Lazear also experimented; was bitten by a mosquito in the wards of the fever hospital and with calm precision noted each symptom of the disease as it broke out. Dr. Lazear had it in its most terrible form and finally died—the first of these martyrs to science. There was no other fatality among the heroes, though many of them came out of the ordeal shattered in health and with lives materially shortened.

Reed's experiments will always remain as models in the annals of scientific research both for exactness and directness toward the point to be proved and for the precautions against vitiating by failure and error. Small wonder that when he returned to the States Reed was honored by medical schools and learned societies. He died in November, 1902, of appendicitis.

A most remarkable case of human vivisection has recently come to a successful end. The object of the experiment was to determine the functions of certain important nerves. The subject of the experiment was Dr. Henry Head, a physician in the London Hospital. Accidental cases for the study of this problem were rare and only indirect studies had been made, so Dr. Head offered his hand for purposes of experiment. In 1903 the necessary operation was performed which was the dividing of an important nerve, the excision of a small portion of it and the uniting of the two ends with fine silk sutures. Then followed a series of experiments performed by the most competent nerve specialists it was possible to obtain. For five years Dr. Head gave himself up to absolute quiet at Cambridge, and now the experiment is said to have been completely successful.



MADAME CURIE
At work in her laboratory

MADAME CURIE'S LATEST ACHIEVEMENT.

FIRST, Madame Curie and her husband discover radium and now this widowed woman savant, poring over her test-tubes and retorts has succeeded in reducing radium from "an elusive radio-active element" to a particle of solid matter. "This is an important discovery in physics," says London *Nature*, "since hitherto only salts, such as bromides and chlorides of that mysterious metal have been obtainable."

It is difficult, says Current Literature, referring to an article on the subject in Paris *Cosmos*, to describe the details of the process by which Madame Curie obtained radium. . . . One of the radium salts was decomposed by electrolysis, the cathode being a small quantity of pure mercury. By this means an amalgam of radium was formed. This was placed in a small tube of quartz and was distilled in hydrogen at high

pressure. The heat was brought to a tremendous degree and then all the mercury disappeared. The tube was now found to contain a sparkling coat of metal. This metal rapidly blackened in contact with the air and so was immediately placed in a glass tube in a vacuum and hermetically sealed. Only the smallest quantity, the size of a diminutive pea, has as yet been isolated and few experiments have been made to discover the properties of the metal. . . . It immediately eat through paper. It adheres firmly to iron and quickly decomposes water.

An additional interest is given to this story of the discoverer of Radium by the fact that with all the great position which she holds in the regard of the wizards of chemistry, and despite the fact that when she and her husband discovered the secret of radium salts they gave it to the world instead of keeping it a secret to themselves, Madame Curie could scarcely secure enough of the precious pitche blend

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from which the radium salts are obtained, to make her experiments.

Madame Curie tried to get someone to "lend" her the element. The premium of insurance upon it which she was asked to pay made it impossible for her to secure it from the Joachimsthal Laboratory where quantities of it are stored by the Austrian Government. Thereupon, continues Current Literature, she applied to the Minister of Public Instruction to know whether the French Government would bear the cost of the insurance demanded by the Austrian Government. It was, she thought, too high. But it was proposed that since she and her late husband kept none of their laboratory operations secret and worked for the whole world, the Foreign Office in Paris might feel justified in appealing to the Emperor of Austria. The appeal went through the French Ambassador in Vienna. His Majesty expressed deep interest in the scientific work of Madame Curie and promised that she should have the salts of uranium needed to complete her demonstrations. These salts contain uranium and are a product of pitchblende.

As the Emperor of Austria owns the mines that contain the precious substance, he seemed master at Joachimsthal. The reality does not correspond with the inference. Madame Curie in due time received a catalogue of the Joachimsthal chemicals with radium and uranium salts set down at a far higher figure than before. However, notwithstanding her narrow means, she has been able to buy an atom of the substance so precious for her purposes. The Department of Public Instruction in France is building for its safe keeping a little edifice completely isolated from the sun. The walls are everywhere lined with sheets of lead. Were they not so, the precious atom would make its way through them as water flows from a sieve.

Some time ago the Austrian Government entrusted Sir William Ramsay with about half a gram—one fifty-fifth of an ounce—of radium.



CENSORING MOVING PICTURE FILMS.

AS Charles V. Tevis relates his experience in the "judgment room" of a motion picture factory, in *The World To-Day*, to act "judge" in such a "court" ought not to be an unpleasant duty.

"It seemed," he writes, "to be a quite informal reception, at first. On one side of the room several ladies were gaily chatting about the weather with several gentlemen, and on the other side several gentlemen were pointing out the merits of a number of art-prints to several ladies. The writer's initial impulse was to glance out of the window to see if the sun were still shining. Then a pile of blank slips on a long table in the centre of the room caught his eye. They had a cold, businesslike appearance.

All at once the lights went out. Somebody came softly into the room and screened the windows. The buzz of conversation gave way to a b-r-r-ring sound, and, upon a white background, which had been dropped from the ceiling at the end of the room, there appeared a round blotch of light which slowly evolved into the announcement that "The Judgment of the Mighty Deep" was about to be depicted.

"Her Life for Her Love" came next. . . .

Far eastern costumes, camels and picturesque tents predominated in the first scene. After one minute's wait, the tents had metamorphosed into a sixteenth-century castle with a modern Queen Anne back porch, and the dress was of almost every period and country in the European calendar.

"Do we condemn on account of historical incongruity or inappropriate

and inartistic stage settings? No," explained the censor. "If, when the maiden loses her life for her love, there is any gruesome detail of crime accentuated, we will take notice at once. They can call a present-day bungalow a medieval castle for all we care. Or they can dress all the characters as American Indians. See—now the plot thickens. She is impersonating her lord, and the band of desperadoes ought to be coming along soon. There they are, lurking behind that stone wall. They are starting to follow her."

A bold, bad-looking crowd it was, indeed. One might have belonged to Captain Kidd's crew; another be a member of the Jesse James gang; another a Parisian Apache; another a seventeenth-century knave; and the captain surely had stepped out of the pages of the "Three Musketeers." None in any moving-picture audience any part of the United States could have for a moment mistaken their identity.

They overtook the disguised maiden in a secluded part of Central Park—no, it was somewhere in the domain of her fascinating lord—and there they fell upon her in relays, and, as one of the committee expressed it, "did her to dreadful death."

Then they arose from the prostrate form, and each wiped his dripping blade upon his mantle, doublet, overcoat or shirt—whatever sort of garment he wore. Horrors! The committee, as one person, sat up stiffly and took a long breath.

"That will have to be changed," declared a member in no uncertain tone of voice.

"The knife-cleaning business especially," suggested another.

"And those horrible grins!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "They seem to think that murdering a girl is the finest kind of sport."

"Over the Cliff" was a meaty film from the viewpoint of the critics. In the first place, the heartless villain, a wicked-looking French sailor, made

the mistake of kidnapping the pretty girl in a manner quite taboo. When the "coast was clear," he stole up and ruthlessly enveloped her in a large, dirty sack, very plainly choking her cries by means of a throttle hold upon her throat. This was exceedingly careless of him, or the manufacturers. He should have waited until she had wandered behind the scenes, for an intimation of a kidnapping is about all the committee will allow to pass through its hands.

Then he made another mistake. He climbed upon a high cliff in plain view of the audience, and, sneering fiendishly at an inoffensive little cloud in the northwest, flung the sack and its human freight into the sea far below. One could almost hear him say some thrilling French curse-word. The exclamations of the ladies in the audience were quite plain, though.

Luckily, the child did not sink for a good five minutes, and the little boy who went to her rescue was able to reach and carry her to safety.

Since March, 1909, this sort of work has been going on five days in a week, every week in the month. Prior to that date effort had been made by the managers of the show-houses in New York to organize such a committee, but internal dissension among the producers hurt whatever success they might have had. Then the manufacturers of films, trust firms and independents, took the matter up and formed a permanent organization.

Chosen members from fully a score of charitable, religious and educational institutions in the metropolis were sent as delegates to the manufacturers to make up a committee which should sit in judgment on their work. The men and women were from the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Children's Aid Society, the People's Institute, the Women's Municipal League, the different branches of the city's associated charities, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Purity Lea-

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gue, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, a number of denominational societies and many other civic and private organizations. There was no remuneration; the services of the members were donated in the interest of public morals. There was even no law to direct the forming and working of such a body. It existed purely on invitation of the manufacturers. Yet, since its inception, not one verdict of the committee has been set aside.

Mr. John Collier, the member of the committee representing the People's Institute, who has made several years' study of the matter of moving-picture morals, has expounded some of the unwritten "don'ts" according to the lights of the censors.

"All obscene subjects are strictly taboo. If manufacturers put them out, the local boards and police authorities all over the country will place the ban on them.

"All crime pictures, showing gruesome details or tending to teach the technique of crime, are voted against. The suggestion is too strong, even where the picture brings out a strong lesson. The minds of the young to-day are too fertile to trust such pictures to. And we believe that the same lesson can be shown as effectively in other ways.

"All suggestive crime, that is, crime like arson or suicide, is taboo. We do not object to a Shakespearean suicide. But we do object to a picture which shows a man or a woman jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River. That picture would possibly be the cause of several people trying such a leap for themselves.

"Unmitigated sensationalism and malicious mischief we do not believe should be exploited. We are not prudes in this direction, however. We even encourage innocent mischief.

"Nothing that is in any way offensive to any religious sentiment is allowed to pass. Biblical pictures and

stories we do not object to, and we do not demand historical accuracy in them. We are not censoring for theological seminaries. And, if they want to make George Washington the discoverer of America, why, as far as we are concerned, they may.

"We discourage pictures dealing with the subject of marital infelicity. But in some cases we do not condemn them. We believe that the problem play is all right, if it is presented in a proper manner.

"Kidnapping pictures we do not like and seldom pass. In New Jersey there is a law against producing them. Also pictures which show wanton cruelty to animals, even hunting scenes, we cut out, except in remote cases where there is a moral pointed that could not be shown in any other way.

It really does not need the word of the censor committee now to convince the manufacturers that by an extra care they are saving themselves money. One film, a very well-known one, made an elaborate dramatization of "Michael Strogoff," Jules Verne's novel of life in Siberia. It was passed without a single question by the committee and duly scheduled and sent out upon the road.

Almost with its first appearance in Chicago objection was made to it by the authorities and it had to be taken off the boards and altered to meet this city's requirements. It was said that the scene where "Strogoff's" eyes were burned out was too gruesome for public display.

In the picture the man impersonating "Strogoff" sat with his back to the audience and when his captors apparently passed a hot iron across his eyes, he blew out a large mouthful of cigarette smoke. The illusion was complete. Members of the censor committee remarked the cleverness with which this scene was accomplished and passed the film unquestioningly. The Chicago police held it up on its first try-out.

THE WHYFOR OF THE FOOTBALL CRAZE.

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE in the *Outlook* says: "There can be no doubt that, excluding the games common to childhood, football is far and away the most popular of outdoor sports. No other is played by so many peoples, and, while it is the "national" game of no country, all so-called national games, when brought into competition with it, tend to take a subordinate place. In the United States not even baseball, splendid game that it is, arouses the enthusiasm and attracts the crowds that throng to football matches; in Canada, despite the national devotion to lacrosse, its "drawing" qualities are admittedly inferior to those of football; in England, where cricket is supposed to reign supreme, football appeals to the mass of the people in a way that cricket has never done.

It is no uncommon thing for an English workingman, seemingly so stolid and unemotional, to devote full fifty minutes of his precious noon hour to watching with intense interest a game of football. Championship contests in England and Scotland are attended by fifty, sixty, and sometimes more than seventy thousand spectators, whose ardor is unabated by the most adverse weather conditions. The same indifference to aught but the game is evident wherever football is played. I well remember one game in Canada in which I participated, when, before the first half was ten minutes old, a heavy snow-storm set in, with a keen, cutting wind. The storm progressed throughout the game, two inches of snow falling, and the wind steadily increasing. Yet scarcely any one left the exposed stands until the referee's whistle had blown for the last time; while above the wind could be plainly heard the wild cheering of the spectators, urging the snow-blind-ed players to greater effort.

But, as a display of unrestrained, exuberant enthusiasm nothing is quite

comparable with the spectacle presented at the great college games in this country, particularly the Harvard-Yale and Yale-Princeton games. Here the impelling influence and strange fascination of football are most impressively revealed. On an average, thirty to thirty-five thousand persons annually witness each of these principal inter-collegiate struggles, and probably as many more would attend if seating accommodations could be had.

It should be noted, too, that football has achieved its wonderful popularity in the face of bitter opposition. As everybody knows, there has been of recent years a clamorous demand in some quarters for its suppression. It has been picturesquely described as "a prize-fight multiplied by eleven," and denounced as a brutal, inhuman practice, unfit for civilized men to countenance. Such denunciations, however, are no new thing. As long ago as 1424 the playing of football was prohibited in England by royal proclamation, and in 1583 that rigid Puritan of Tudor times, Philip Stubbs, condemned it in his "Anatomie of Abuses," in which it received the pleasant designation of "a bloody, murdering game." In the following century, during the regime of Stubbs' coreligionists, earnest efforts were made to put a complete end to it; but it has instead grown more and more popular, until to-day, more than ever before, it has a firm hold on the esteem of the sport-loving public.

Manifestly, this can be accounted for in only one of two ways: Either the man of the twentieth century is a brutal, debased, degenerate creature, or else, to an extraordinary degree and alike for players and spectators, football meets a real human need. No thinking person will accept the former alternative, so that the conclusion is forced that there is something in football which mankind cannot readily afford to lose. . . . What and why is play? There are three principal theories: One, formulated by Herbert

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Spencer, declares that play is simply the utilization of surplus nervous energy in activities having no serious end but serving the excellent purpose of giving needed exercise to growing muscles. Distinct from this is a theory launched by the well-known European scientist, Dr. Groos, by whom play is defined as an instinct implanted in the young as a means of aiding in the development of every faculty—the mental, as well as the physical — for future serious use. Childhood thus exists mainly to prepare the young, through play, for the business of adult life. Hence the fondness of the boy for games which mimic the activities of his elders, and of the girl for dolls and other toys and pastimes imitative of the duties of motherhood and housekeeping.

But, as an American psychologist, Professor G. T. W. Patrick, has recently pointed out, neither of these theories, as it stands, is adequate to explain why people like to witness games as well as take part in them. Professor Patrick accordingly advances a third theory, differing markedly from the foregoing and based on certain discoveries of anthropology. In play, summing up his theory in a few words, we have a temporary reversion to the life of primitive man.

"To use a biological term," explains Professor Patrick, "it is known that the child 'recapitulates' the life history of the race. Just why he does so biologists are not able to say; but the evidences, particularly in embryology, are striking enough. So far as concerns the plays of children, the explanation may not be far to seek. If we look upon the history of man as a development of the will, as an advance by means of effort, attention, and concentration, it is easy to see that these later and more difficult achievements are ill fitted to the immature child. He must, to be sure, be physically and mentally active, but his activity will be along the lines of least effort—that is, of old race habits. The child is 'the heir of all the ages,' and inherits

at birth the old time-worn brain paths whose use makes little draft upon his easily-fatigued nerve centres. By-and-by he will have to check these primitive tendencies, and by education and effort to bring the newer and higher centres into use. So, without will, effort, or fatigue, he follows the manner of life of his savage or half-savage ancestors."

Now, the argument continues, this tendency to revert to the ways of primitive man persists beyond the childhood period, and for much the same reason as in the case of the child—namely, use of the older brain paths in order to allow the newer and higher centres to rest. Accordingly, we should expect to find those games the most favored—from the point of view of both player and spectator—which are most strongly reminiscent of the life of our early ancestors. This is what actually occurs. Football, for example, that most popular of games, and the one with which we are immediately concerned, with its running, pushing, hauling, and kicking, its lively scrimmages and its restless moving up and down the field, recalls more strongly than any other game that stage in the evolution of man when his existence depended on his brute strength, fleetness of foot, and ability to cope with his fellows in hand-to-hand conflict.

We are so constituted that, although we may, and actually do, store up some of this surplus for use in times of emergency, we cannot retain all of it. We must get rid of part, work it off in some way. And the obvious way is through play, especially through play outdoors, because we are thereby not simply disposing of unneeded energy, but are also drawing upon the mind and body building resources of nature to fit us better for our daily tasks, whatever they may happen to be.

Note well, also, that if we do not resort to play we may be tempted to expend this energy surplus in ways most harmful to us and to society. For play is not the only avenue open

for the liberation of excess energy. Undue use of intoxicants and drugs, gambling, sexual vices—all these are means by which too many strive for and attain the same end, though at the cost of moral, mental, and physical wreckage.

Football is the game of games to "take a man out of himself." His attention is held keenly and constantly concentrated on the struggle in progress. There are not the frequent recurring and tedious waits incidental to baseball. It embraces a greater variety of play than do those other noble games of action, lacrosse and hockey. It is far "snappier" than cricket. In the spectacle of its numerous contestants all energetically engaged, it possesses a massive effect, stimulating to the imagination in an incomparably higher degree than such two, three, or four-men games as tennis and golf.

Football obviously is an excellent game to strengthen the muscles, and, although perhaps less obviously, it is an effective help in equipping the player for life's duties and responsibilities. In many ways it disciplines his mind, training, for instance, his faculties of memory, observation, and decision.



"THE HAVOC OF PRUDERY."

THERE are two kinds of "respectable" people who introduce what might be called "risque" topics into a general discussion. They are emancipated women aiming to be wits, and real philosophers. The philosophers are usually careful to study their audience before changing the ordinary course of the conversation.

But when a magazine takes up a "delicate" subject and puts it under the heading "The Havoc of Prudery" and parallels the article itself with editorial comment, people are apt to ask whether the magazine is perfectly sincere in the publication of such

matter, or whether it hopes to gain circulation and notoriety thereby.

Pearson's Magazine for November publishes the article above referred to. It is written by a physician, William Lee Howard. It deals with what that writer calls "The Black Plague." He declares that "prudery" is to blame for "the most insidious enemy to the social life of the whole community."

Reading it, one is convinced that the author is sincere and that the magazine is sincere. It is not necessary to go into the detail which Pearson's affords. One may summarize the physician's conclusions by saying, first, that there does not exist a "black plague" which medical men all agree is the worst of all plagues; that it wrecks men and women and children and homes; that the innocent are as much its victims as the wrongdoers; and—that it spreads because of ignorance.

The writer of the article claims that information concerning the plague is not placed where it could be had by everyone. He says that children are not given the teaching they ought to have. He says that through ignorance, people fall into evil afflictions and, through prudery, hesitate to go to a good physician and therefore go to quacks. He would abolish public drinking cups and towels. He would regulate public conveniences. He would prevent criminals afflicted with disease from rearing families and would require candidates for marriage to produce medical certificates of good health.

In short, he is radical. It would take years to educate the public to the standard he sets. Yet if the figures he gives of the terrible ravages of the disease are correct the abolition of false modesties should be commenced at once, and if not—if the figures are not correct or the case is misstated, then the writer and the magazine are traitors to the privilege of addressing the public. But we don't think they can be.

THE HOPE DIAMOND.

A mere paragraph of a cable despatch appeared in the Canadian papers not long ago to the effect that the "Famous Hope Diamond has again appeared and is being offered for sale by a large firm of London dealers. They hold it at a price of \$500,000." The current number of the *Wide World Magazine*, which had apparently gone to press before the fact became known that the jewel was again in the public eye, gives an account of this amazing gem, but concludes with the statement that it has long since "disappeared." The cable from London therefore adds new interest to the article which is already interesting enough in itself. Despite the fact that ill-luck is said to go with the possession of the stone there have been, it is understood, many bidders for it.

Its last owner, says John G. Rowe, in the *Wide World*, was a diamond merchant named Habib, who was drowned in Rhio Straits, near Singapore, in November of last year, in the ship-wreck of the French Liner, *La Seyne*. He had the diamond with him, at least so it was believed.

The original owner was Jean Baptiste Tavernier, a Frenchman, who secured it, together with twenty-five other famous diamonds, during his journeys in the Orient. This was early in the seventeenth century. He sold them to Louis XIV. and they became part of the Crown Jewels of France. Meanwhile Tavernier lost all his money in speculations and died on his way to the Orient to look for more stones.

King Louis' favorite, Madame, the Marchioness de Montespan, begged to be allowed to wear it and succeeded, but after that her influence with the King waned and she was pushed aside by Madame de Maintenon. Then one of Louis' Ministers asked to be allowed to wear it at an entertainment which he was giving. The King became jealous of him and ordered an

investigation of his stewardship which resulted in the Minister being cast into prison where he died in 1680. After that the stone was relegated to oblivion for a time among the other Crown Jewels. Nevertheless its malign influence was apparently to be seen all through the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. The Dauphin, the only legitimate son of the first-mentioned monarch, died in 1711, four years before his father, and the young Dauphiness, Adelaide of Savoy, was attacked by malignant fever which carried her off. Within a week her husband followed her to the tomb; and a month later their eldest son, the Duke of Brittany, died. Meanwhile, under Louis XV., the French lost both Canada and India; the people were wholly alienated from the throne, and the seed was sown of the awful upstart of revolution. In 1774, Louis XV. was attacked by smallpox and died. Then the ill-starred Marie Antoinette came to share the throne of her equally unlucky spouse, Louis XVI., of France. She saw the Blue Diamond, was charmed by its beauty, and Louis XVI. gave it to her. Thereafter she indulged in childish follies, and a ruinous extravagance that brought upon her the greatest obloquy. Her great friend was the equally young and lovely Princess de Lamballe, for whom the first Gainsborough hat, it is said, was made. The Princess saw the Blue Diamond, admired it, and was lent it on more than one occasion by Marie Antoinette. Before Louis XVI. perished at the guillotine, the Princess de Lamballe had fallen a victim to the mob of Paris.

It is said that a diamond-cutter of Amsterdam, named Wilhelm Fals, was commissioned to cut this particular stone, and that his son stole it from him. The old man Fals was ruined, and the younger, after passing on the stone to a Frenchman belonging to Marseilles, committed suicide. The Frenchman, whose name was Francis Beaulieu, brought the diamond to

London, but fell ill, and was reduced to utter destitution. In this plight he sent for a London diamond dealer named Daniel Eliason, to whom he offered the stone for a small sum.

Eliason closed with this offer and purchased the diamond from him at his figure, but Beaulieu had waited too long before disposing of it. It is alleged that he actually died of starvation the very day after selling it.

About the year 1830, the diamond sold for eighteen thousand pounds to the Hopes, bankers of Amsterdam. The new owner of the gem met with no ill-luck, so far as is known, and from this time onward the stone was known as the Blue Hope Diamond. Mr. Hope lent it on various occasions to public exhibitions, and on his demise it descended, along with the Deepdene estate and his art treasures, to his grandson, Lord Francis Hope. This was in 1898. Lord Francis Hope married in 1894, the theatrical star of the nineties, Miss May Yohe, but divorced her in 1902. It is to be presumed that she wore the unlucky stone at some time or other. The year before the divorce decree was granted, the Blue Diamond was sold by Lord Francis to a syndicate.

A London diamond merchant purchased the gem, and he parted with it forthwith to an American jeweller named Simon Frankel, whose place of business was at Maiden Lane, New York. Frankel tried in vain to sell the stone. It became a perfect white elephant on his hands, and its malign influence once more asserted itself, for he became financially embarrassed. In 1908, however, the diamond came into the hands of a French jewel merchant, M. Jacques Colot, who is reported to have given three hundred thousand dollars for it.

M. Colot found a fresh purchaser for the diamond in the person of a wealthy Russian, Prince Kanitovski, and a few days after the sale went out of his mind and committed suicide. The Prince was infatuated with a

beautiful actress of the Folies Bergere named Lorens Ladue, and he lent her the ill-fated stone to wear. Ladue wore it the following night on the stage, and the Prince drew a revolver while she stood before the footlights with the jewel on her bosom and shot her dead. The murderer did not live to be tried for his crime. He was stabbed two days afterwards by revolutionists.

A Greek jeweller purchased the stone from the Prince's heirs, and he found a ready purchaser in Abdul Hamid, the ex-Sultan of Turkey, who had a great passion for collecting precious stones. Immediately after he had parted with the Blue Diamond Montharides is stated to have come to his end by falling over a precipice with his wife and two children while out driving. The Sultan entrusted the stone to one Abu Sabir to be polished. Even this fellow did not escape the jewel's ill-luck, for he was thrown into a dungeon, where he remained until the recent revolution of the Young Turks. The Blue Diamond was kept in a special treasure-vault, and early one morning the guardian of this vault was discovered at his post by the door, stiff and dead. He had been strangled by some person. In the daytime the ill-omened stone reposed on the bosom of the favorite of the Sultan's harem, Salma Zubayba, to whom her Royal master gave it. She was wearing it, so the story goes, at the moment when the revolutionaries broke into the palace, when the Sultan was with her. It is alleged that the Sultan drew a pistol, turned on Salma, and shot her dead.

Kulub Bey, the new guardian of the stone, had meanwhile been hanged in the streets by the mob, and, as history records, Abdul Hamid was dethroned and kept in durance vile, in daily fear of his life.

The diamond was sold by the Young Turk party to the diamond dealer named Habib.

THE WINDOW BOX

EVERYONE knows the charm of a window box, and what relief it gives to eyes weary of the colors of the mere brick and mortar. But not everyone knows what to do with the window box at the end of the summer. Luke J. Doogue, in *The Garden*, gives hints not only as to how to dispose of it, but how to prepare it for the spring:

There are two ways of avoiding the usual emptying of a window box in the fall, at the moment when, very likely, both the bloom and the foliage of the geranium, ivy, vinca, ageratum, fuchsia, and so on are at their best. The plants can be taken out, potted, and placed in a sunny window for the winter, or they may be packed in a box and stored in the cellar. In the former instance it will be necessary to trim the plants, so that they will not be too ragged, for the window. This trimming not only shapes them, but induces a thickening of growth.

For cellar storage, the cutting back must be much more severe, the plants being reduced to mere stumps before they are packed in boxes, with a little loam around them. Store where there is no frost and no furnace gas, and only enough light to tease the plants into sufficient growth to keep them just alive. This may seem rough treatment, but it is astonishing how well plants do after months of that sort of cold storage.

When the plants have been taken from the window box, the remainder of the old soil is removed, and fresh loam with a liberal mixture of coarse sand used to refill it. Then plant tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, or any other bulbs that you may prefer. Plant them about two inches deep, fairly close together, and put the window box in a cool, dark place, to remain there for from eight to ten weeks to make roots. At the same time plant some bulbs in pots and store them.

Towards the latter part of January the window box can be brought into

the light, and it will not be long before the bulbs will rush into flower. If kept longer in the dark, the potted bulbs will lengthen the show for weeks, these being substituted as fast as the ones originally planted in the window box fade. When one of the latter has gone by, bring out a potted bulb, remove it from the pot, and plant it in place of the other.

By this plan the bulb display can be kept up until well into spring, and when the potted stock gives out there are other things that can be used to advantage. Pansies may be planted very effectively, and, as they like the cold, the window box can be moved out-of-doors with safety even in March. Of course, it is necessary to watch out for cold snaps; if they come, use a covering of paper. In April either *Arabis albida* or *Phlox subulata* may be substituted for the pansies.

Meanwhile the plants stored in the cellar will have required some attention. Pot them in February, and bring them up to the light.



LICENSE THE STOKER

“LICENSE the Stoker,” says Clinton Rogers Woodruff in *The World To-day*. For years the shibboleth of the business man was that smoke meant prosperity and that the resultant nuisance could no more be avoided than the dirty hands of the boilerman. Indeed, until quite recently “Chicago’s Dirty Hands” were a source of boasting and Pittsburg’s grime was considered synonymous with wealth and progress.

Evidence is accumulating with refreshing rapidity to the effect that business men are seeing that this position is a false one, and that a smoky chimney, to use the words of the Peabody Coal Company, of Chicago, “is no longer considered a credit to the owner.” This concern, by the way, in a striking brochure, by A. Bement, on “A Clean Chimney,” asserts that the efficient use of fuel is a

matter of great economic importance in any industrial enterprise. The burn-in of bituminous coal without smoke is a great benefit to the community in general, and a clean chimney, to the owner, has not only an esthetic value, but one that can be measured in money.

One trouble—and one that has received far too little attention in this country, according to *The American Contractor*, which was quoted—is the proper stoking of furnaces. Given properly constructed furnaces, not an ideal one, but one of the many now on the market, adequate chimney drafts and regular and intelligent stoking, and the smoke nuisance would disappear, or, at least, be reduced to comparatively nothing. It was pointed out that they order this important matter much better in Germany.

In this country any strapping fellow willing to work is good enough to stoke a furnace. In Germany, on such qualifications alone he would no more be permitted to stoke a furnace than he would be to run a locomotive on a limited express. In that country, before he is permitted to take charge of a furnace, he must learn the theory and practice of economical, scientific firing, whereby the coal is so distributed over the grate furnace as to secure the most perfect obtainable combustion. This ought to be made the rule in this country. Stokers should be licensed after passing a searching examination. While this would, temporarily at least, throw many ignorant men out of employment, it would make to the real interest of stokers, insuring to those who qualified themselves, better pay and stability of employment. In the meantime employers would save money through a reduction of their coal bills, while the public would be relieved of the present almost intolerable smoke nuisance. A recent consular report states that the Prussian Government pays traveling instructors to educate men who have charge of furnaces.

Even well-trained engineers, as the *Engineering Record* points out, have generally given far less attention to the theory of furnaces than to the thermodynamics of engines, yet if one reflects upon the matter it is to the furnace that one often has to look for improvements in economy. There has been and still is general loss, at the boilers, of an amount of energy that is really serious. A plant must be judged by its performance, and the ultimate criterion is not the steam required per horse-power hour, but the cost of the coal and firing necessary. One can save more money by learning how to use cheap fuel economically than by attention to the last finical item of steam economy.

And, by and large, it is a fact that fuels differ far less in absolute theoretical evaporative power than in case of practical utilization. Less than 20 per cent. separates the first-class Welsh steam coal from lignite, so far as actual heat of combustion goes.

It is of fundamental importance that the fuel should not only be completely burned, but burned with the minimum amount of air that will actually suffice completely to burn it. The average man does not stop to think that every pound of coal burned requires practically from fifteen to twenty pounds of air for its combustion. Too much air or too cold air causes loss just as certainly as to little air and is quite likely to produce smoking.

Smokless combustion, then, is not at all a mystery, as all modern authorities declare, but depends on rather simple things. The fuel, if rich in volatile matter, must be so burned that the gases will come off at a uniform and not too rapid rate; they must have plenty of very hot air for their complete combustion; and they must not be chilled by contact with cool surfaces before combustion is complete. With a good mechanical stoker the evolution of gas from the coal may proceed at a regular rate, so that a carefully adjusted air supply may at the time be effective.

The second consideration also points to the use of mechanical stokers, so that the process of combustion may go on behind closed doors and in a combustion chamber never chilled. The third requirement implies a furnace of ample dimensions, so arranged that the air and gases may be thoroughly mixed and burned before they are cooled by the heating surfaces of the boiler proper.



"WHEN NOBODY WANTS TO BUY."

EVERY man in the world is selling something—his labor, his wit, his advice or his soul or the result of somebody else's labor. Every man's prosperity, therefore, is related directly to the demand for the particular thing he has to sell. The following article by C.M.K. in *The World's Work* deals, it is true, with selling bonds. But it has its application to everybody—brokers and all.

One day in June, the junior member of a well-known bond house in Wall Street sat looking out of the window of his office, watching the shipping down the Bay. It was the most profitable thing he could find to do. He had just finished reading a novel, and was wondering whether he would come to business next day or go out to the country and play golf. He had just reached the melancholy conclusion that it would pay better to play golf, if the rain would only stop.

The office-boy brought in a card, bearing the name of a man and his address, a town up-state in New York.

"He says he wants to buy bonds," said the boy, "but he did not know whom he wanted to see."

Collecting himself after the shock, the junior partner so far forgot himself as to follow the boy to the rail of the customer's room. An old man stood beside it, holding a yellow, leather "grip."

In answer to an invitation to come in and sit down, the old man came in

to the inner office with the junior partner, who introduced himself.

"I came down to buy some bonds," said he.

"Yes. Well, do you have any particular bonds in mind? Have you seen any offerings that you like? I don't believe you ever dealt with us before, did you?"

The junior partner was puzzled. He had not quite recovered from the shock of finding somebody who said that he wanted to buy anything.

"No," said the old man, "I never did. I have always dealt with Bank & Co., but the man I knew and trusted in that firm died six months ago, so I thought I would move. I have investigated your house, and I like your record."

The banker quietly looked his visitor over, with curiosity. When you tell a banker that he has been investigated he is always at least mildly curious as to results. The scrutiny revealed nothing.

"And about how much would you like to buy?" he asked, figuring that here was the first outlying scout of the army of "small investors" that the papers said, was on the march to the rescue of the moribund market in Wall Street.

"I reckon about two hundred thousand dollars," said the old man, quietly.

Before the junior partner could make up his mind to reach for the telephone and call the police, the old man had opened his satchel and begun to pull from it rolls of bills with white bands around them. The pile of bundles grew. On top of them, finally, he laid a check. The junior partner picked it up and glanced at it long enough to see that it was a cashier's check for \$120,000 drawn by a New York bank in favor of the man whose card he had.

With the pile of money between them, the two got down to business. It took the rest of the afternoon to get the order on the books; and the junior partner learned before he got through that there was at least one customer

in the world who knew what he wanted. The list, as he scanned it afterward, included the names of thirty-one separate bonds and four guaranteed stocks.

The gist of this tale lies in an answer that the old man made to a question which the junior partner asked him during the afternoon.

"Why do you make this investment now? You seem to have liquidated all these estate-investments a year ago. Why do you reinvest now?"

"Young man," he said, "I've been in the law business for nearly forty years in the same place, and every second man that dies in my county puts me in his will as executor. I always come in to buy in person, and won't do business in a crowded office."

The junior partner looked out into his customer's room, and saw the point.

The thing the old man knew is the secret of successful scientific investment on a conservative basis.

He had to be conservative because his record of forty years, the capacity in which he served his neighbors, and his own personal honor demanded it. He had to be scientific, or he would have become, long since, simply one of the army of lawyers looking for country clients. And he had to be successful—for so, alone, may one grow rich and powerful.

This same secret, the secret of the time to buy and the time to sell, underlies all business, whether it be in wheat, or sugar, or cloth, or bonds.

The time to buy is when nobody else wants to buy, and when the public is selling. If a man has decided to buy a home, has accumulated a certain amount of money in the bank, and feels reasonably certain of his ability to carry through any obligations that he will have to incur, he usually awaits the time when prices are "a little bit off the top." Whenever there is a decided slump in the prices of property in good residence-sections around New York, for instance, the real-estate men know that there will

be a procession of wise men seeking homes.

Very few of the private buyers of investment securities, on the contrary, await the call of real opportunity. When they have funds in the bank, they do not like to wait. The investment buying is most eager when prices are highest, and falls off decidedly when prices are low.

There are many good reasons for this. One of them is the fact that, when prices are breaking, the conservative dealers in bonds and other standard securities are apt to run out of goods, so to speak. They do not buy large quantities of standard bonds. They stay out of the market and wait for the lowest prices. Consequently, at times when bond prices are low, the dealers are not pushing their wares to any great extent.

If you study the financial papers where good investments are advertised, you will find that during periods of high prices and booming markets the volume of investment advertising is very great; while in periods of low prices for the standard bonds, the advertising is light. Instead of large offerings of specific bonds, the dealers run a little card stating that they are in the banking business.

This is not a criticism of the methods of the bankers. Their method is sound business. In the financial papers, the advertise mostly to gain new clients of the larger class—savings banks, trust companies, etc. These institutions buy only when they have funds, and they have funds, usually, when the money market is easy—that is, when money is lending at low rates, and consequently when stock and bond prices are high.

I had occasion, in June, to go through the list of half a dozen of the large bond houses in New York, looking for a certain class of bonds. These lists were, at that time, the lightest that I have ever seen. That means that these standard houses owned less bonds, of fewer varieties, than at any other time when it was

my privilege to search through them. In the offices they talked of "stagnation," of the "dead market," of "public indifference." They were selling from time to time small lots of bonds to private investors; but the business was so scattered as to be negligible.

One could hardly help but think, in the light of this fact, that the education of the public in the art of buying investments has hardly begun. For, in comparison with a year ago, for instance, or in comparison with the end of 1906 or the summer of 1904, or any other period of great public demand for good investments, the prices this summer have been almost bargain prices.

It seems lamentably true that the investing public is an institution designed and patened to buy securities only when they are too high in price for any one with skill and science to buy them.

"The public will not buy when bonds are cheap," is almost an axiom in Wall Street.

It is too true. At times when the standard securities, particularly high-class corporation bonds, are cheap, the public follows strange gods. It flocks into "get-rich-quick games. This last summer was a rich harvest-time for the swindling promoters, the thieves of the wireless, the apostles of prospective, wonderful mining gambles in Cobalt or in Colorado, the the vultures who sell the stocks of new inventions to widows, orphans, and clergymen. New hydro-electric bonds of the most speculative class, new irrigation issues, new real-estate companies designed to bring to the promoters the funds that the banks had refused—these and a hundred other false gods lured the minds of the public from the field of sound investment.

The chart that runs in this circle is a mere sketch to focus on the mind the relative position of the bond market at the time this is written, as compared with other periods. It shows the average price of twelve selected bonds, representing five different

classes of bonds ranging from the most gilt-edged to the speculative industrials, but all of the kind that the investing public buys. The two periods marked 1904 and 1906 and the prices in the summer of 1909 were periods when the public was buying.

When you have looked at it long enough to find out just what it means, ask yourself whether you are one of the foolish public or one of the wise.—By C. M. K., in the *World's Work*.



MAKING GENEROSITY PAY.

IN a New York instalment furniture house, one clerk is detailed to clip certain items from the local newspapers. These items are not clippings indicating prospects for new business. Quite the reverse. They give the news of all the accidents which have happened during the past twenty-four hours to people who reside within the selling range of that house.

"These items," explains Rufus H. Gillmore, in *System*, "sift through the bookkeeping department; later on, one or two of the many clippings may be found upon the manager's desk. One of these tells of a New York fireman severely injured while attempting to save lives at a fire on the East Side. This fireman is indebted to that instalment furniture house for carpets and furniture; an instalment is due from him on the first of the month. The manager calls a stenographer and dictates a brief letter to the fireman; he regrets to learn of his accident; he trusts that it will not keep him long upon the sick-list—and, when this letter goes to the fireman, it encloses a receipt for the fireman's next payment."

This manager's letter contains no fulsome praise of the fireman's bravery, nor does it make any reference whatever to the receipt which accompanies it. The fireman does not realize that the house has volutarily remitted his next payment until he discovers that the receipt is signed. But

from that moment, he and his wife and all their friends, become self-constituted press agents for this particular instalment furniture house. In short, at an expense of, say, eight dollars and seventy-five cents, this house has secured many times that amount of valuable advertising.

The motive behind this action may be either charity or business enterprise. But the result is both. The dollar benefit is greater to him who gives than to him who receives. In fact, the policy is so entirely satisfactory to the house which instituted it that it is guarded as jealously as a new chemical formula. The manager refuses absolutely to admit that his house practises any such course; but his competitors know of it and, if they had only thought of it first, they would very likely express a much higher opinion of its value. As they didn't, they are inclined to treat it with that fatuous disdain which is the early portion always of any change in trade methods. Their views are manifested in some such sneering phrase, as, "The man who tries to mix charity with business is an old woman—he ought to wear a nightcap with a blue ribbon run through it." But just as soon as they themselves begin to adopt this or some similarly generous policy, they will say no more of the nightcap.

Generosity pays—almost always. The bootblack on the corner who devotes that extra time and care to polishing your shoes is making sure of either your steady custom or extra nickels—perhaps both; and the butcher who sends a brace of quail or partridges to your home with his compliments will get his reward on earth. The Recording Angel may make no record of his action, but his own bookkeeper soon checks up value received. You can't carve them for your guests without feeling flattered; you can't feel flattered without talking; and you can't talk without handing that butcher the most profitable kind of advertising.

NEW THINGS FOR MOTOR DRIVERS.

IMAGINE motoring with never a turn of the crank to start the engine, with no removal, repair and replacement of a damaged tire in its clincher run on the road, and no laborious pumping up, afterward; begins Harry Wilkin Perry, in "Motoring Without Labor" in Harper's Weekly, "picture yourself driving until nightfall and then turning on the head-lights, side-lights and tail-light by a simple turn of a switch or lever on the dash, while the car is rushing along at full speed; anticipate the delights of a tour over an unfamiliar route with every turn to be made indicated automatically on a dial always directly before you, to which your attention is called by an automatic signal at the right instant or on which prominent landmarks are shown to reassure you. In short, think of automobiling day after day throughout the season with most of the major and minor annoyances left out, and you will conceive of *fin-de-siecle* motoring as rendered possible by the latest efforts of a small but active number of inventors, designers, and manufacturers.

In the minds of many, motoring has been inseparably associated, since the period of its most imperfect development, with a train of supposedly concomitant evils which included a long list of tire troubles; exhausted batteries; short-circuited coils; faulty vibrators; oily, sooty kerosene-lamps; ill-smelling, dirty gas-generators to be cleaned and recharged; clogged gas-burners; cracked front glasses and lens-mirrors; matches extinguished by wind and rain; folding road-maps blown out of hand or torn; route-books rendered unreadable by vibration or by darkness; carbureters clogged or flooded as a result of dirt or water in the gasoline; and real manual labor at the starting crank, not always unattended by a sprained wrist or bruised arm as the result of a back-kick.

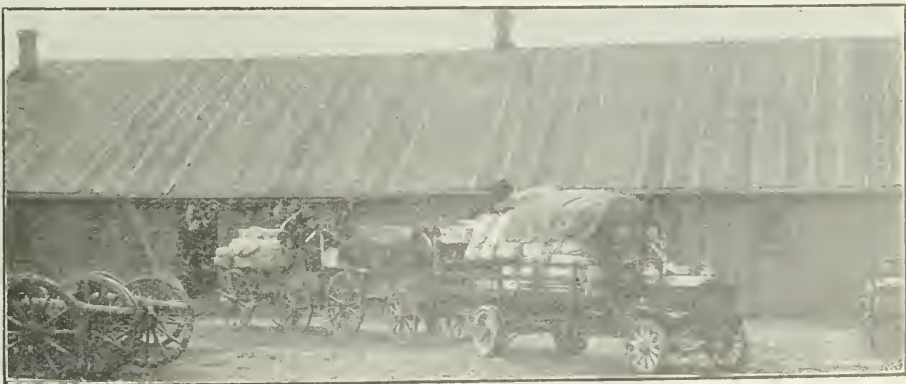


THE MOTOR CLIMBING A HILL

THE MOTOR IN THE ARMY.

IT remained for Canadian soldiers to be the first in the Empire to use the gasoline power truck in army manoeuvres. The record was made in the Thanksgiving sham-fight of the Toronto corps. The fight took place on Monday, and on the previous Friday a three-ton truck of 24 horse-power at 650 revolutions (capable of

developing up to 50 horse-power at a higher speed) carried 17,300 pounds, in addition to its own weight, 21 miles in 2 hours and 15 minutes. The roads were soft with a recent rainfall. Several stiff hills had to be climbed, but no hitch occurred. Once, in attempting a long hill, the truck had to stop in order to let a down-coming team pass. It had to descend to the bottom of the hill to get its start again. But in view of the fact that the truck



THE STARTING POINT

was so over-loaded, the officers considered this as no discredit to the machine. The load consisted of 8,300 pounds on the truck, and 3,000 pounds on each of two wagons which it hauled. The wagons weighed 1,500 pounds unloaded. In ordinary army experience sixteen horses would have been required to carry this load, and they would have averaged about two and a half miles per hour, instead of twelve miles per hour, as the truck made.

In the actual sham-fight, the truck carried a heavy wireless telegraph outfit and twenty men, and towed a wagon containing telegraph and telephone wires and equipment. By its aid four miles of telephone and telegraph wire were laid, and by them and the wireless, the engineers were in constant communication with the base of operations.

◆ INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

IN a ward in the Hospital for Sick Children in the City of Toronto there are, or there recently were, ten little children suffering from infantile paralysis. Some were dying. A few were recovering. Those that will, must be afflicted for the rest of their lives with the mark of the disease: a paralyzed limb, an affliction of the organs of sight, or hearing, or speaking—some mark.

In the streets of Montreal a little girl was playing tag this summer. Suddenly she was seen to take no interest in the game. She lay face down on the ground, crying. She did not know why she was crying but she felt "sick." They took her home and nine days afterward she was dead. People said it was infantile paralysis.

The mother of twins on the same street read about it and took every pains to see that the twins should not be exposed to contagion. They were still in arms and had never been out of the house, but one of them stiffened with the disease and died—infantile paralysis.

The same story has been told in almost all the large cities in Canada, and in the country places too. Grown people have been attacked and have died. The victims have been of the rich and the poor, healthy and sickly, country people and city people. Where the germ originally comes from is a mystery. How to take precautionary measures has been only guessed at. In view of these things, therefore, John B. Huber's article in the *American Review of Reviews* on "Infantile Paralysis a Menace," should be read by everyone.

Before 1907, he begins, epidemics of infantile paralysis were rare in this country. There was one in New Orleans in 1841; and again, about thirty years ago, the disease was pronounced, but it was otherwise not especially noted until the beginning of the present century. There was a marked epidemic in Sweden in 1905; two in Australia in 1903 and 1908; and an extensive epidemic in Prussia in 1909. It is not likely that other European countries have wholly escaped. The disease has for several years past been prevalent in Scandinavia.

During the past four years infantile paralysis has prevailed throughout this country and probably but few localities have been altogether exempt. In a single epidemic which visited New York City in 1907, 2,500 cases were reported. The southern Hudson region, with the surrounding lowland sections, suffered also. There were in that year, moreover, cases in 136 of the 354 cities and towns of Massachusetts, the infection having been relatively much more prevalent in small towns than in cities and large towns. The disease in its epidemic form is emphatically one of hot weather, prevailing most in July, August, September and October. Cases have been noted to develop after a hot, dry 'spell.' Nevertheless it seems warm countries do not suffer as much as those more northerly.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Epidemics are bound to subside with the first sharp frost.

Dr. Simon Flexner, who has made brilliant and pregnantly beneficent researches regarding this disease, observes that about the beginning of 1907 there arose a pandemic (a world-wide, or at least a very general) spread of infantile paralysis; and it is significant to him that the original foci of the epidemic disease of the summer of 1907 in the United States were along the Atlantic seaboard, the two communities most seriously affected having been in and about Greater New York and Boston. Now these two great centres receive first and in the most concentrated way the northern and eastern European immigration; and since the last established endemic (or indigenous) forms of epidemic infantile paralysis, recorded in the last decade or more, have been developed on the Scandinavian Peninsula, it is most suggestive that (after New York and Boston) the second large isolated outbreak of the disease among our people occurred in and about Minnesota, a middle-west region receiving very many Norwegian and Swedish immigrants.

* * *

THE Census Bureau at Washington has recently stated its finding, that in 1909 there were reported 569 deaths from infantile paralysis in the death-registration area of the United States (which area comprises above 55 per cent. of our total population); of these 569 deaths, 552 were of white and only 17 of colored persons. The deaths thus reported were widely distributed, indicative of epidemic prevalence in many parts of the country. These data, be it emphasized, relate only to registration sources; in the non-registration States the deaths thus reported are only for the registration cities contained therein.

The Department of Health of Pennsylvania reported on September 17 last, 658 cases of infantile paralysis in 45 of the 67 counties of that State; 79 of these cases were in Philadelphia.

On September 3 last, it was reported from Springfield, Mass., that the steady increase in the number of cases of infantile paralysis had become a matter of deep concern throughout that State. The first case this year in central New England was, it appears, reported on May 21; and this patient was promptly quarantined. The middle of June saw thirty or more cases in Springfield; and early in July an epidemic was established. By September 3 central New England reported 250 cases and the deaths to that date aggregated 100; it was then felt that the sufferings of those in this region were unequalled anywhere else in the Union. It would seem that Springfield has been the centre of this epidemic; outside a radius of twenty-five miles from it the number of cases has been inconsiderable. Hartford, twenty-six miles from Springfield, with a larger population, has reported only a few cases. Since gatherings of children were regarded as dangerous, playgrounds were practically deserted during the past summer; and Sunday-school sessions were discontinued. The opening of the Springfield public schools was postponed to September 19; in other towns like postponements were made. Even then the attendance was much curtailed, many parents having sent their children from home.

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BUT of what nature is the disease infantile paralysis, or acute anterior poliomyelitis? It is an infection characterized by inflammation especially of motor neurones in the anterior horns of the spinal cord, though the medulla and pons above and even the cerebrum may be involved. A very succinct definition is that of Drs. Chapin and Pisek: It is "an acute inflammatory process taking place in the anterior horns of the spinal cord, accompanied by a sudden and complete paralysis of various groups of voluntary muscles, followed by a rapid wasting of the affected mus-

cles." The motor neurones are the nerve or ganglion cells (telegraph stations, as it were), concerned in muscle development and muscular movements; in this disease these neurones, if the inflammation proceeds without arrest, degenerate, liquefy and shrivel up: the nerve fibres emanating from them and which in health convey their messages to the given muscles, degenerate and atrophy. This process may go on to complete destruction of these precious tissue elements; or it may happily be arrested at any stage. If checked early, repair may ensue, and the neurones, with their fibres (their telegraph wires), will regain fairly well their normal condition and function. If unfortunately the inflammation is progressive, the size and shape of the spinal cord at the points involved are contracted and pathologically so altered that the muscles concerned become paralyzed, atrophic, degenerated and incapable of their proper and normal function. When recovery does take place these muscles are apt to remain small, perhaps throughout lifetime.

The little patients suffer also retarded bone growth, deformity of the joints involved, "drop-foot," sometimes lateral curvature of the spine, sluggish circulation, and generally impaired bodily nutrition. From 8 to 15 per cent. of these patients die; and three-fourths of those stricken who survive are more or less crippled for life. The disease is generally acute, and by far the greatest number of its victims are infants and children from one to five years of age—though not all; deaths from infantile paralysis at sixty and sixty-three have been recorded. The outlook is thus fairly good as to life; yet the severity and fatality of the infection fluctuate widely in various epidemics and localities; and, taking it all in all, infantile paralysis is sufficiently disastrous and melancholy to give the medical profession anxious consideration, as it should give the public grave concern.

During the incubation period of this

disease (from the time of having incurred the infection to the development of the paralysis) the patient may have prodromes, difficult to detect in little children, who may not be able to indicate the nature of their sufferings; such premonitions will be changed disposition, restlessness and irritability and, perhaps, on the other hand, apathy. The distinct invasion then begins suddenly with a high temperature and the symptoms of an acute infection: sweating; a pain in the back and limbs; neckache and headache; the child will not be able to sit up and hold up its head; in many cases there are digestive disturbances; very shortly there supervenes paralysis (perhaps ushered in with delirium), especially in the leg muscles. Or a definite group of muscles may be involved; or but one extremity or the trunk or the upper extremities. Permanent paralysis usually affects the legs, rarely the arms. Perhaps such paralysis is preceded by muscular twitchings, and sensitiveness when handled. Other symptoms, such as squint, will vary according to the part or parts of the nervous system affected; blood changes are marked in this disease. Infantile paralysis has been mistaken for meningitis and for rheumatism.

* * *

AS to the causation of infantile paralysis: Before 1907 physicians concluded (though they could not quite prove it) that in perhaps two-thirds of the cases infantile paralysis is infectious, the remaining third being attributed to such factors as falls, antecedent enervating diseases (such as measles and the like), or hemorrhage into the spinal capillaries. Inferences as to infection in infantile paralysis were furnished by epidemicity in the disease, the nature of its clinical course, the fact that oftentimes more than one child in a family was attacked, and especially the age-incidence: for almost all acute infections (measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and the like) are

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generally childhood diseases; adults and the aged rarely succumb to them because such attacks in infancy are likely to have conferred lifelong immunity upon the individual.

But in the light of our knowledge up to date it is extremely likely that such factors as falls, antecedent diseases, and the like are not essential to the development of infantile paralysis, but have been predisposing agencies, making the tissues involved vulnerable to a specific virus. And besides these predispositions there are others which physicians have come to consider antecedent to infantile paralysis, and still others which accompany it and emphasize its serious nature. Such are wounds, insect bites, sore throat, coryza, tonsillitis, pneumonia, earache and "running ear," diarrhoea and other digestive disturbances.

* * *

THERE are other considerations of causation: Data collected in Scandinavia indicate especially well that the virus can be carried by intermediate persons (not themselves ill) to the healthy from the stricken, and from patients not frankly paralyzed but suffering from slight (so-called abortive) attacks of the disease. The incubation period in infantile paralysis has been found to vary from five to thirty-three days, the average being eight to ten days; there has thus obviously been opportunity for the transfer of the disease across the Atlantic, before its detection in quarantine was possible.

Physicians in Massachusetts and elsewhere who have studied the disease, have concluded that the virus may be conveyed by the bite of insects; and, in the light of our recent knowledge of insect transmission of many infections, time will, no doubt, establish the correctness of this observation concerning infantile paralysis. Dust seems to be provocative. In one epidemic of 150 cases, investigated by Dr. R. W. Lovett, of Boston, 62 of the patients had been swimming

or wading in sewage-contaminated water before coming down with the disease.

In Massachusetts there were some instances in which there was sickness, paralysis, and death among domestic animals and fowls, coincident with the epidemic outbreaks among human beings; in 34 out of 87 families this phenomenon was observed. In Washington the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service has been examining a number of dead chickens furnished by Dr. J. L. Lewis, of that city, who had been attending a case of infantile paralysis; I have not yet seen the results of this examination, which was to ascertain whether the disease was communicated to the patient from the chickens, which were taken from his farm; they had taken sick, and the patient was caring for them immediately before he came down with the poliomyelitis. The patient is a breeder of chickens; these fowl died and the breeder then himself succumbed to what was diagnosed as infantile paralysis. It is here noteworthy that in the experiments of Dr. Flexner, presently to be considered, attempts to implant the virus in such available warm-blooded animals as guinea-pigs, rats, mice, dogs, cats, sheep, cows, goats, pigs, chickens, pigeons, and the horse, were not successful; only in the monkey was the transfer of the virus successful.

In the epidemic in and about Springfield it was observed that the disease did not especially flourish among the poor, since there were no cases in the most congested tenement districts; it was considered that many well-to-do children escaped, because they were taken from home during the summer. On the other hand, it has been held that the poor do suffer most, and that the cases among the well-to-do have been in districts bordering upon areas of congested tenements, which the poor occupy.

Thus in infantile paralysis we have to deal with an infection of a contagious sort (contact infection); the

virus is present in the secretions from nose, throat and mouth, especially in the pharynx; possibly also it exists in the discharges of patients. Dr. Flexner observes: "Nor can it be affirmed that still other avenues of infection (as the skin, the organs of respiration or the digestive tract) do not exist, for the entrance of the virus into the central nervous system." It is probable that the infectivity does not extend beyond the acute period (when the fever and other symptoms are intense).

* * *

OUR evidence thus far has been circumstantial; and, indeed, up to within the last several years a completely scientific demonstration of the infectious nature of infantile paralysis was not forthcoming. But early in 1909 Drs. Landsteiner and Popper, in Germany, successfully inoculated two monkeys with the spinal cords taken from two fatal human cases of poliomyelitis; in both these animals spinal cord lesions akin to these in the human being were found on autopsy.

In September, a year ago, Dr. Simon Flexner and his colleague, Dr. Paul A. Lewis, of the Rockefeller Institute in New York City, obtained from physicians the cords of two children that had unfortunately died of acute anterior poliomyelitis; in these cords the anterior horns exhibited the characteristic gross and microscopic evidences of the disease. Transmission was then made to monkeys, a creature more nearly related to man than others. After ether anesthesia, inoculation was made in the brain of these simians through a trephine opening; the injected material consisted first of emulsions in salt solution of the two human cords; and later of emulsions of the spinal cords of the monkeys that had developed paralysis after injection of the first emulsion (that from the human cords). The spinal cords in six series of monkeys thus inoculated seriatim showed with-

out exception lesions similar to those of human poliomyelitis.

One must here note that a single successful inoculation with human virus resulting in experimental poliomyelitis could not establish the case for science, because the result might have been due to a transferred toxic body; but in the superb experiments of Flexner and Lewis the transfer of the active, essential, specific virus of infantile paralysis was regularly successful. Hence by these and other equally conclusive experiments, one cannot now doubt the infectious nature of acute anterior poliomyelitis; the pathogenicity of the disease is established.

* * *

BUT now as to the nature of this virus which is responsible for infantile paralysis or acute anterior poliomyelitis. It is at present invisible or at least indistinguishable under the microscope (that instrument which now discerns with ease objects 1-50,000 of an inch in thickness). A filtrate of the inoculated fluid discloses under the dark-field microscope innumerable bright, dancing points, devoid of definite size, not truly mobile, of rounded, oval form; but one cannot certainly affirm these are the pathogenic germs.

The microorganism responsible for infantile paralysis is neither a bacterium nor a protozoön, such parasites (respectively vegetable and animal) as have been isolated as the infective agents in most of the infectious diseases; yet it must be considered a living organism from the fact that infinitely minute quantities of it suffice to carry infection through an indefinite series of animals—25 generations at least, representing 25 series of monkeys. The infective agent of infantile paralysis belongs to the class of the minute and filterable viruses that have thus far not been demonstrated with certainty.

Nevertheless, the smallpox virus, for example, is just such a virus; al-

though it still remains indistinguishable under the microscope, a vaccine has been evolved from this virus by which that dreadful scourge has been practically banished from the face of the earth; wherefore there is no reason in logic or in science why a similar immunizing and curative agent against the disease which has caused such pitiful suffering and death in little children shall not now in very good time be forthcoming. Every man and woman of normal mind and heart will rejoice in such an outcome.

Infantile paralysis has been made a reportable disease in Pennsylvania, as it certainly should be throughout the Union. The Iowa State Board of Health has ruled that all cases of infantile paralysis, or suspected cases, shall be reported by the attending physician or the parent to the local Board of Health; it recommends the quarantine of all cases for at least two weeks after the beginning of the disease, and thorough disinfection of infected premises after the termination of the disease; and, noting that the infectious material is found in the secretions of the nose and mouth of infected persons, it recommends the use of sprays or gargles of one per cent. hydrogen peroxide solution to prevent the disseminating of the disease, and that all a patient's discharges be disinfected by means of mercury bichloride or carbolic acid.

With increased knowledge of the disease earlier diagnosis will be made; this is especially desirable in infantile paralysis; for when an immunizing agent has been perfected, the earlier in the disease it is administered the more effective it will be (as in diphtheria and in infections generally).



DO MEN LIKE TO WORK?

PEOPLE who are acquainted with the labor problem in Winnipeg and the urban west generally will tell you one thing: that it is hard to get labor that takes a real interest in its work. They will explain to you

that the ease with which money has been made by land speculation, and the general restlessness, often makes a man neglect his work and act with an independence which makes it hard for the factory or office manager to organize his staff satisfactorily.

In *Industrial Engineering and The Engineering Digest* the question is asked in the heading of an article "Do Men Like Work?" and the answer to it may have some bearing upon the attitude of the average factory or office worker in the City of Winnipeg and in Canada generally, toward his work. This article quotes what Mr. Stephen Gwynn, an eminent English Member of Parliament, has to say in discussing the psychology of the Labor problem in the columns of the *London Daily Mail*.

America has long been regarded as one of the most progressive countries in the world. The development of labor saving machinery, the willingness to scrap that machinery when something better was available, and the general rearrangement of our workshops so as to make for economy of production, have marked the progress of the country for the last seventy-five years. Everything has been studied in a scientific way, even to the labor problem. On the other hand, Great Britain is one of the most conservative of countries. Years after this country had developed blast furnaces of 500 tons daily capacity, with marked economy of labor and fuel, England clung to the small furnace of 50 to 100 tons capacity, and permitted this country to wrest the supremacy of the iron and steel industry from her. In other lines it was the same.

One of the most recent developments in the industrial situation in this country is the scientific study of the labor problem. It is a comparatively new science, even here, although in the last few years it has made great strides. It is to be expected, therefore, that in conservative Great Britain this method of handling a situation which is even more acute

there than here would not have made great, if any, headway. It is with a great deal of interest, therefore, that we read in the London *Daily Mail*, of September 10, the views of an eminent Englishman on this subject under the title "Do Men Like Work?" The method of handling the subject by the author, who, by the way, is Stephen Gwynn, member of Parliament, and who is evidently impressed with American methods, is so interesting that we are pleased to reprint his remarks together with some comments of our own.

Mr. Gwynn says:

"In *The Daily Mail* of August 26 there appeared an article of mine discussing the view that to most factory hands work is a mere drudgery, and expressing my own opinion that such a condition of things, if it exists, is a danger to society. H. L. Gantt, an American mechanical engineer, who has devoted more than twenty years to the problem of labor management, on reading the article wrote referring me to a book of his which would, he said, convince me 'that men can be taught to like work even in a cotton mill.' He added—and I agree with him: 'The nation that first realizes this fact, and as a nation acts on it, will get a lead that can never be done away with.'"

Mr. Gantt's first statement is somewhat startling, even to us in America, where the opinion is sometimes entertained that men work simply for work's sake. It is true, however, that when the element of competition has been introduced between certain men or groups of men on the same kind of work, the work takes on the semblance of a sport. The question of liking the routine labor day after day in a mill or factory is a very different question, and at first thought it would seem as if a difficult proposition had been propounded when it is required to develop a liking for this routine work. Let us see how it is done. Continuing, Mr. Gwynne says:

"The way to do it is to foster a man's natural pride in his work. What

Mr. Gantt has enabled me to realize is that under factory conditions pride in the individual work cannot be attained except as part of a whole—each worker is dependent on another, to borrow one of his metaphors, like members of a football team. But the essence of successful co-operation is that the individual's work should be studied, measured, recognized, directed, and rewarded. The last is not the most important, but since the simplest point in the relation between employer and employed is the "cash nexus," let us see how Mr. Gantt deals with that.

"As things stand in America—I leave English readers to make their own application—workmen are paid generally over a class by time. Where piece-work exists the energetic and skillful worker soon finds his rate reduced if he earns much more than the average. In either case the good workman gets less than he is worth, and is consequently alienated.

"In the former case, since he cannot increase his own wage without increasing that of his class, he is naturally prompted to apply all his intellectual ability to finding a leverage by which he may shove up the class-rate. Mr. Gantt's object is to avoid strikes; but he does not blame the workmen for their occurrence. They are to him the natural result of a system of management which can see no way of reducing expenses but by keeping down wages. Here is a pregnant observation:

"Most shops (*i. e.*, factories) have expert financiers, expert designers, expert salesmen, and expert purchasing agents for everything except labor. The buying of labor is usually left to people whose special work is something else, with the result that it is usually done in a manner very unsatisfactory to buyer and seller."

The co-operation is enforced by the fact that if a series of men are dependent on one another for the material with which to work, the failure of one man to do his work properly will tie up the rest for lack of material.

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Their output thus being made to suffer will lead them to discipline or cause to be disciplined the offender. While the day and piece work methods of payment are still common in this country, they are rapidly being supplanted by premium systems, task and bonus systems, and other schemes whereby the workman receives an increased compensation for more and better work.

The paragraph relating to the purchase of labor is only too true. This is the most important commodity bought by any establishment. Iron, steel, wood, brick, rubber, and the numerous other materials used in a factory are usually subjected to rigid chemical and physical tests, and imperfect material is rejected before entering the factory. Labor is hired on an entirely different plan, the expression "How cheap" rather than "How good" being the governing one. Mr. Gwynn continues:

"The method for which Mr. Gantt stands is a duplex system of payment; a minimum day rate and a bonus on attaining a specified production. A main business of management consists first in accurately determining this specified quantity—so that it should be attainable with certainty by a skilled worker having all appliances in good order; and, secondly, in encouraging and instructing workers to qualify for the bonus. This will obviously be to the interests of workers, since they will earn more in the same time; it will also be to the interest of management, because the output can be increased without increasing plant, and therefore, without needing extra capital and extra space: further, it is found that skilled worker's output is better in quality; lastly, it can be counted on with more certainty.

It goes without saying that any manager or owner would be only too willing to largely increase his output without increasing his plant, even at the expense of a somewhat greater labor cost. The extra wages will be much less than the interest charges on the large plant, and extra help

would also be required to operate the extra machinery. However, the wage system is not the only requisite to success in endeavoring to increase output with the same plant, as the following will show:

"But this double system of payment is only one phase and not the essential phase of the method. Its essential characteristic is scientific study and a developed system of instruction. In the first place, the fixing of the quantity which must be accomplished to qualify for bonus payment is not left to a foreman.

"For this job the best expert mechanic available is employed—a man, as a rule, not such as would be chosen for a foreman. 'He is generally so absorbed in the mechanical operations themselves that the improvement of them becomes a pastime with him, and nothing pleases him more than to see machines operating at their highest efficiency, the result of his work.' What he is asked to do—and paid well for doing—is like fixing the 'bogey' score at golf; but it has to be done on the assumption that instruments are right. He may have to point out rearrangements that will be necessary before a task can be set by which the management may stand. For it is absolutely against Mr. Gantt's principle that the workman should be tempted to increase his efficiency and then have his rate reduced.

"When the task has been determined, and the mechanical conditions for its performance ensured, the next business is to 'standardize' the operation; that is, by detailed study of the methods and movements of the best worker to reduce the whole to something capable of being taught—like drill manoeuvres. The more workmen earning bonus the better for the employer, and, therefore, the foreman is paid an extra rate—say three-pence—on each worker in his gang who earns it—and a higher rate, say five-pence, if all earn it. If the machines are not ready for the workers to begin on, if they fall out of gear, if

there is a hitch anywhere, the producing workers will lose, but so also will those responsible for preventing the hitch; and, conversely if there is no hitch there will be a gain all round. The efficient workman secures increased pay for himself; but he also benefits other people."

Here we see the value of team work, and also the methods adopted to insure the team work. By making those responsible for the conditions of maximum output enjoy the benefits of maximum output, and suffer with the others when the standard of production is not attained, we ensure that the conditions will always be right.

The fact that men may be taught to like work is granted by Mr. Gwynn in what follows:

"What I like specially about Mr. Gantt's plan is, first, that it is only designed to pay specially and permanently for efficiency, but that it lays out money to enable workmen to qualify for this special rate; and, secondly, that it commits itself in advance to definition of what efficiency is. I cannot believe, from a general observation of human nature, that you will ever secure content and economic stability by paying equal wages to the more and the less efficient; but it should be a principle that the efficient worker improves instead of depressing the interests of his class. Under this system, if he earns his bonus he merely shows other men what they can do; he does not interfere with their day wage, and he does not tempt the management to impose his standard of exceptional efficiency as the normal measure: since if it be the manager's main interest to secure efficiency he will be thankful to pay increased wages to all who can earn them.

"Until some such interlocking of interests can be accomplished I do not think that any national or international agreements between masters and workers can ever bind. A class-rate is the result of conflicting pressure, and in human affairs constant equilibrium is impossible: one side or the

other will be spying its advantage to push the line up or down. Also, while it is maintained, the good workman will lack the difference in wages which should be the outward and visible recognition of his excellence; and he will be urged by class feeling to limit his output for the sake of the weaker brother. The system does its best to kill pride of work in him.

"Pride in their work is the one factor which can be relied on to keep men contented; it is a factor grievously neglected under modern industrial conditions in the calculations both of labor leaders and the directors of employment."



HOME TRUTHS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

The best part of love is friendship.

Once married, make the best of it. There is consolation in the word inevitable.

There is only one valid reason for marrying. It is this: because you cannot help it.

Our grandmothers expected little from their husbands and got it. We are in danger of flying to the other extreme.

There is only one difference between men and women. Men don't care about cupboards, women can't exist without them.

Don't forget the little courtesies and delicacies of married life. They count for more than many purple raptures.

If you don't ask your husband questions he is sure to tell you everything you wish to know. Therefore, wait patiently.

Don't be always the same. It is tiresome. A change may prove wholesome, even for the worse, provided it is merely temporary.

If you once grasp the fact that, while physically different, men and women are alike in character and mentality, you will solve many problems with ease.—From M.A.P.

A SUGGESTION FROM ENGLAND.

EVERY now and then an atom of humanity gets off the boat at Halifax or Quebec or Montreal and travels across to Winnipeg and Vancouver with half a car of baggage, thirty-three letters of introduction and probably—a "man." It is a certain kind of Englishman. It is a very fine kind and very valuable. It is doing itself and the Old Country and Canada a great deal of good, although, perhaps, not in quite the direct way that it thinks it is doing. It is sometimes an English member of Parliament, sometimes an English investment investigator, and other times English seekers after good shooting. It travels the beaten path, reads the C.P.R. subsidized guide books and when it gets back to Winnipeg or Toronto or Montreal it is asked what it thought of Canada, which it tells promptly, either then or when it addresses the Canadian clubs.

Possibly as a result of the trails which these English pilgrims have made across the Dominion, there is noticeable an increase in the amount of space devoted by the English press to things Canadian, and in the "Nineteenth Century" is an article called "Canada Growing Up" in which Cecil Battine points out that while many English people acknowledge July 4th as American Independence Day, very few people pay any attention to the fact that the first of July is Canada's Dominion Day and that it is an im-

portant day in the calendar of the world. The writer touches on many points concerning this country but concludes with the following:

"Nothing can compare for educational purposes with a visit to the spot. Why does not society follow the good example which His Majesty has set by sending their sons and daughters to visit the dominions overseas? A journey across Canada would cost the parents of a young person of the upper classes less than a London season, less than a term at Christ Church. It is fashionable to 'adore sport,' even when the sport takes the virile form of chasing a small ball across a Surrey common. Canada offers unrivalled opportunities for real sport. Why should it not be made the fashion for our young people to shoot, fish, and hunt there, to join in the winter sports of the Canadian cities, become acquainted with the leading men and women of the baby Empire which we aspire to keep within the circle of the Imperial domain when it has attained its maturity and felt its strength?"



By an oversight, the story, "The Goodness of Woman," which was published in the August issue of this magazine, was credited to Desda Cornish, instead of to the real authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth York Miller, of London, England. The many who enjoyed reading this story will remember it as another of this authoress' exquisite stories.

It was intended that we should live to learn and so — learn to live. But some people do neither.

Tariff Reduction in Canada Is a Necessity

By

E. C. Drury

We reprint herewith an article from The Farmer's Magazine by Mr. E. C. Drury, Master of the Dominion Grange, on the subject of the Tariff from the standpoint of the farmer. As such, it may not meet the views of the urban Canadian. But we feel, nevertheless, that it should be all the more interesting as placing the city man in possession of the facts, as the farmer sees them. Mr. Drury, as is generally known, is peculiarly able to write on this subject. He is in touch with both the city and the rural population. He is a graduate of Guelph Agricultural College and a son of the ex-Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

WITHOUT doubt, the question of the tariff occupies the minds of Canadians at the present time more than any other question. Not since the inception of the National Policy in 1878 has it been so much to the front. Further, the Tariff Question now appears in an entirely new light. In times past, Protection and Free Trade have been the slogans of the two political parties in Canada, and, under the stimulus of election oratory, much interest in the question was at times aroused. But, when in 1896 the Free Trade party at length were returned to office, the people found that "men are April when they woo, but December when they wed."—some reduction in the

tariff was made, the British Preference was instituted, but the system of Protection was still continued.

Since that time it has ceased to be a party question. The "moderate protection" of the party in power, and the "adequate protection" of the Opposition have no essential difference. But, during all these years the question has still been alive in the minds of Canadians. Opinions have been formed, not on mere theories, but by the hard facts of practical experience in the working of the system of Protection, and now at last, unexpected by, and unwelcome to, either of the political parties, a great movement for the abolition of Protection in Canada has begun. It is no longer

TARIFF REDUCTION IN CANADA IS A NECESSITY

a party question, but rather a non-partisan movement of the farmers, headed by the forty thousand members of the united farmers' organizations of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and supported by the agricultural press, against a system which is working them great injustice and injury. Of other classes, in the country, the laboring classes without doubt view the movement with sympathy, while unable to actively advance it, and the professional classes are probably divided on the question. The one great, active and unscrupulous opponent of the movement is the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, with only 2,600 members, it is true, but with a command of money, and an influence over Press and Parliament, which makes it truly formidable.

CANADA MUST NOT BE HANDICAPPED.

The opponents of the movement are already endeavoring to misrepresent its origin and belittle its importance. One, in a published letter, states that he has been told, on good authority, that the leaders of the movement are British Free Traders and American immigrants, and are supported by American friends. All that can be said of this is that it is absolutely untrue. The leaders of the movement are, almost without exception, men of Canadian birth, and the only funds employed have come from the farmers' organizations already mentioned. Again, there is a persistent attempt to narrow the issue to the one point of reciprocity with the United States. This again is a misrepresentation of the facts. It is true that the farmers have expressed themselves as strongly in favor of an arrangement which will allow free interchange of agricultural products and agricultural implements between the two countries, but any arrangement which would tie our hands in making trade treaties with other countries, would meet with unqualified disapproval. Rather, the farmers look for relief to a general

lowering of duties against all countries, and the further strengthening of the British Preference to a point where the Protective principle shall be entirely eliminated. Again, some have belittled the movement as one originating with a few theorists and supported by a "handful of grain-growers," but, if we call the forty thousand organized farmers a "handful," what shall we call the twenty-six hundred manufacturers? It is time this policy were dropped. Everyone who looks at the question fairly must recognize that the movement has originated with earnest, thoughtful, patriotic Canadians, that it is free from intrigue, and that it has the support of a large part of agricultural Canada. It shall be my task, in this article, to present the reasons which are behind the movement for tariff reduction, and to answer the objections raised by the opponents of the movement.

PROTECTION DOES NOT RAISE PRICES.

Briefly stated, the farmers have risen in opposition to Protection because experience has taught them that it has not the slightest influence in raising the price of what they have to sell, but has a very decided influence in increasing the cost of all they must buy, and in raising the wage of all whom they employ. The "home market" promised by advocates of Protection has proved a myth. Canadian farmers must still sell their wheat, their cattle, their hogs, their dairy products, in short, all their farm staples, in competition with the world in a distant market. Nor is there any indication that this condition will cease, within a measurable time. We have but touched the fringe of our agricultural possibilities. Old Ontario is still the banner agricultural section of Canada, producing, in 1901, over half the agricultural wealth of Canada, but Old Ontario may yet be eclipsed by New Ontario. The Prairie Provinces have been referred to as the "granary of the Empire,"

but they have only begun to grow wheat there. The untold undeveloped agricultural resources of Canada render it very improbable that she will ever be an importer of agricultural products, at least under normal conditions of development, and with reasonable care in conserving her fertility. When we have reached the limit of our agricultural production, and our population has increased beyond our ability to sustain it, the world will be facing its last great problem of providing sustenance for its children. And, until that time, which no man may foresee, the "home market" will have no value in fixing the price of Canadian farm products, for, so long as there is an exportable surplus, the price received for that surplus must fix the price received for the whole crop. The farmers of Canada see this clearly, and, because they see it clearly, there is no agitation for protection on Canadian farm products. Once for all, Canadian farmers have renounced all faith in a Protective Tariff as a means of creating a "home market" that will raise the price of their products.

TARIFF FAVORS COMBINES.

They have not, however, lost faith in the efficiency of a Protective Tariff in raising the price of all the manufactured products they must buy. They still see the article of foreign production sold on equal terms as to quality and price, with the product of home manufacture. Yet the foreign product must pay a duty of 20 or 30, or 35 per cent. The home product has the advantage of proximity to its market, and the further advantage, in most cases, of importing all materials used in its manufacture either free, or at a much lower rate of duty than is charged on the finished product. They are aware of the fact that Canadian-made farm implements are sent to Australia and New Zealand, and there sold for less than in Canada. And the farmers of Canada are not altogether fools. They

have at last reached the conclusion that the manufacturers are not trying to lessen prices by competition, are not trying to produce enough to supply the Canadian market. In fact, there is every reason to believe that by understanding and combines in every direction, competition and over-production are carefully guarded against, while excessive profits are hid from the public eye under the mask of over-capitalization. Seeing these things, is it any wonder that Canadian farmers favor the abolition of the whole system of Protection?

There is little doubt that the farmers are correct enough in their supposition that combines are those whose object is to control production and eliminate competition, exist very widely among Canadian manufacturers. In the winter of 1909 a deputation from the Dominion Grange waited on the Government to ask for an investigation into the existence of combines in Canada. With that deputation went Mr. J. W. Curry, of Toronto, former Crown Attorney, and who had pursued a number of investigations into the existence of combines in Ontario. Quoting from Mr. Curry's words on this occasion, words spoken in public addressed to the Finance Minister of Canada, publicly reported, and never contradicted, we find the following amazing statements:

"In one case it was shown, I think, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that a combination did not exist for the purpose of restraining trade. This was the tack combine. The books produced on that occasion showed that all the firms united in it were limited to a fixed list of prices and terms of credit in selling. Not only this, but the people to whom they sold were divided into classes and more favorable terms were given to one class than to another. The agreement provided further that each factory should be limited to a certain volume of output, if it exceeded this volume only ten per cent. of the returns from the excess volume should go for its own benefit, the other 40 per cent. going into a common fund. So far was this carried that one

TARIFF REDUCTION IN CANADA IS A NECESSITY

factory, which did not run at all during one year, obtained its share of the profits earned by the operation of the others. The records went on to show that one firm withdrew from the combination and that the other firms remaining in then contributed a certain share of the output of each to be sold at prices low enough to put the independent rival out of business. They kept on cutting prices until the independent was forced to beg for mercy, and then the resolution in the minutes showed that the combine said: 'Let him fry in his own fat' and 'take the medicine coming to him!' Eventually the independent was driven out of business a ruined man.

"In another case a firm in Chatham began to import tacks from the United States. A meeting of the combine was called and arrangements were made to meet this particular competitor by cutting prices of their own output in the neighborhood of Chatham. They kept on cutting until the imported goods were shut out and then combine prices were put back again to the old figure.

"This association imposed penalties on its members in case of violation of any part of the agreement by which the combine was bound. The secretary of the combine had access to all books and papers of each individual firm in it for the purpose of seeing if the agreement was being kept.

"Nor was this tack combine an isolated case. There were some thirty or forty other combinations organized in a similar way and for like purposes."

Is it any wonder, when facts like these have become widely known among farmers, and when there is every reason to believe that these are but glimpses into widely existing conditions that there should be a general movement to abolish the system which makes this sort of thing possible?

Then, there is official evidence to show that, in some cases at least, even where an industry was crying out for more protection, undue profits were being made. In 1908 the Dominion Textile Company, being engaged in an industrial dispute with its employees, which had resulted in several strikes, a Royal Commission under the Hon. McKenzie King, was ap-

pointed to investigate. Among many others, the following facts were brought out. That at the time of the strike, a circular issued to the employees stated that the necessity to reduce wages was due to insufficient protection, but at the same time this company, which has always been loud in its demand for protection, and which had just cut the wages of its employees by 10 per cent., had been able to make the following financial statement as to the year's business:

"The net profits for the year, after paying current interest on loans, all mill charges, and writing off the large sums of \$218,186.96 for repairs and betterments, and \$235,340.40 for new plant and machinery, amount to \$900,805.89; to these profits we have to add \$68,635, being a dividend of 2½ per cent. on 27,454 shares of Dominion Cotton Mills stock, and \$51,705.50, dividend of 3½ per cent. on 14,773 shares of Merchants' Cotton Co. stock, making in all \$1,021,146.39. Out of this amount has been paid the following:

Interest on bonds	\$204,895.00
Dividend on pfd. stock	130,067.00
Dividend on com. stock	250,000.00
Rental Dom. Cotton Mills Co.	322,678.77
Rental Mer. Cotton Mills Co.	65,277.74

And after allowing for bad debts there is left a surplus for the year of \$44,493.36. This will bring the amount at credit of profit and loss account to \$568,335.41, against \$523,842.05 last year. This, in the opinion of your directors, is very satisfactory, considering the large falling off there has been in trade since last fall."

Very satisfactory indeed is this statement, when we consider that this company had capitalized its common stock at 10 cents on the dollar, so that the nominal dividend of 5 per cent. amounted to 50 per cent. on the money actually invested! And it is for concerns like this that the Canadian farmers are asked to tax themselves on all they buy! There is perhaps, some little reason back of the revolt against Protection.

There are two or three arguments that are being used for the continuance of Protection. The first, and

most widely used, is that Canadian manufacturers cannot stand the competition of the world, if the protective duties are removed. The reply is simple. If after thirty years of protection, an industry cannot stand, there is something radically wrong with it. It is quite possible, that, were protection withdrawn, some industries might have to shut down. But in these cases, one of two things is true, either they are unsuited to the country, and could never thrive, or, as is undoubtedly true of some of our industries, their methods of manufacturing are obsolete. It would be unjust to expect our young and growing country to perpetually carry the burden of these industries. I have too much faith in the future of Canada to think for one moment that the withdrawal of Protection would spell ruin to our manufacturing industries. With abundance of raw material, unlimited power in our running waters, and a sober and industrious population, there is no reason why Canada, without protection should not be a great manufacturing country. To abolish Protection would undoubtedly interfere with the working of some of our combines, and might necessitate drawing a little water from some of our dropsical manufacturing concerns, but the operation would, in the end, be wholesome even for our manufacturers, and of inestimable value to our farmers.

Another reason put forward for the continuance of a Protective Tariff, is that we need revenue to meet our great and growing expenditure. True, we need revenue, though there is some difference of opinion as to the wisdom of much of our expenditure. But our present Tariff is not a revenue Tariff. For every dollar which it puts into the coffers of the country it puts at least three into the pockets of protected manufacturers. The farmers of this country, through their organizations, stand for "Tariff for revenue only," and if our present Finance Minister cannot frame one

along these lines it will be time to find another.

The last argument used to bolster up Protection, is that its abolition would mean the reduction of wages of the laboring people, with consequent hardship and privation. If this were true, it would be an argument before which every good man should pause. But there is nothing to show that it is true. It is true that wages here are higher than in Free-Trade England, but not more than is necessary to make up for increased cost of living, due to Protection. If it were not for our great undeveloped resources, which are able to take care of an unlimited number of unemployed, there is nothing to show that labor conditions here would be one whit better than in England. Our manufacturers, who are such stiff protectionists, have always favored not only free trade in labor, but Government-aided immigration. They have paid their employees in most cases no more than they can help. The following quotations, from the Cotton Strikes Commission report, above referred to, show something of the attitude of the manufacturer toward the laborer.

"As to the hours of labor of all these two classes—women, and children under 18 years—it was asserted that in normal times under normal conditions, work should begin on week days at 6.15 o'clock in the morning and continue to 12 noon, resume at a quarter to 1, and continue till 6, with the exception of Saturday, when there was work only in the morning. It was stated by many of the witnesses, and the accuracy of the statement was not challenged, that operatives were obliged to be at their places of work a little before the time fixed, though a like practice did not exist in regard to leaving it. This is a work week of 60 hours and over."

"It is distressing to be obliged to record that, though the minimum age at which children can be employed is fixed by the Quebec law at 14 years, several children were brought before the Commission from among those working in the mills who admitted that they had

entered upon employment under the legal age. Some of these children were so immature and ignorant that they were unable to tell the year of their birth, or their age. One little girl did not know the meaning of the word 'holiday,' and when it had been explained to her, stated that the only holidays she had known were Christmas and Epiphany. She had never received a week's vacation."

These quotations represent the conditions of the employees of a highly prosperous Canadian manufacturing concern. They may show the manufacturer in a slightly different light to that of the working man's friend. On the other hand, the interests of the farmers and the workingmen are one. Both, as producers of wealth, must be on their guard against oppression and fraud.

"But" it will be urged, "the farmers are already prosperous, mortgages are being paid off, prices are good, What more do they want?" Is this true? Are farmers prosperous in the widest sense? It is true that mortgages are being paid, and bank accounts opened. How much of this is due to prosperity, and how much to increasing thrift and unwearying industry? Before the Tariff Commission in 1905 many farmers gave evidence that after allowing themselves a laboring wage their farms were not paying 5 per cent. on their actual value. I believe this is true generally, even where up-to-date methods are followed. It is unjust to accuse the farmers of Ontario of not making use of their opportunities. Agriculture is a slow business, necessitating a year's time for the repetition of most operations, and when we consider what has been done in Ontario during the last fifty years, since most of the country was a wilderness, and in the West during the last few years, we cannot fairly consider the farmer unprogressive. He is showing a great desire for knowledge, as witness the popularity of our Agricultural College, and our Farmers' Institutes, and is progressing wonderfully in methods of up-to-date agriculture. But

in spite of all this, he is not holding his own. The burden of Protection is too heavy for him. Since its inception in 1878 farm population has been steadily decreasing in all the older provinces, in Ontario to the tune of 6,500 per year, while town and city population has rapidly increased. Even in the new agricultural West the urban population is increasing at a faster rate than the rural. This is the best comment on the effect of Protection on the farmer. The withdrawal of population from the farms is due to lack of comparative prosperity. The young people leave the farms because in many cases they must do so if they hope to have homes of their own in a reasonable time. Further, this withdrawal of populations means retrogression in many lines of agriculture, due simply to lack of labor to till the land and carry on the many branches of modern mixed farming. If agriculture is to progress as it should in Canada, with all that it means to our nation of material and social well-being, it is evident that the farmer must be relieved of the burden imposed upon him by our present fiscal system. The farmer does not object to carrying his full share of our national burdens, but he does object to paying a heavy tax for the benefit of avaricious manufacturers, and to the injury of our young nation.

Some time during the early part of the next session of the Canadian Parliament, a grant deputation from the farmers' organizations of Ontario and the West will await upon the Government at Ottawa to present their views on this question. They will do so in a manner open and above-board, free from the suspicion of intrigue or corruption. They believe their demands to be just and patriotic, and in this faith will appeal not only to the great farming class of Canada, but to all her citizens who believe in justice as the true foundation of national greatness, and who take a thoughtful and unselfish interest in her future.

Canadian Railways Are Greatly Favored

By

H. J. Pettypiece

LAST month's article on "Do the Railways Own Canada?" was closed by dealing with one or two of the arguments used by railway lawyers against any reasonable amount of taxation being imposed on railway property.

Another much-used argument has been to make comparisons in density of population as compared with railway mileage in the United States and Canada, and from these comparisons attempt to show that railway taxes are already as high, proportionately, in Canada as in the United States. One of the modes of these corporation lawyers is to select a group of several of the most populous States, with a combined area equal to that of the Province of Ontario, and to make a

comparison between that group and the Province of Ontario, including all the still unsettled area of the province.

Here is a comparison made from the latest available official reports, that may prove interesting. The Provinces of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are situated very similarly to the three States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and the two groups are almost equal in size: (See bottom of page).

In the Canadian group there are 410 population to each mile of railway, and in the U. S. group 335 to each mile. The very great difference in the comparative amounts paid in taxes in the two respective groups should effectively dispose of any argument in regard to "density of population."

Group No. 1.

Province.	Sq. miles	Popu.	Miles of Railway	Railway Taxes	Rate per Mile.
P. E. Island	2,133	110,000	267	\$100	\$.40
Nova Scotia	20,907	455,000	861	926	1.08
New Brunswick	27,174	321,200	1,000	782	.78
Totals	50,214	886,200	2,128	\$1,808	av. .88

Group No. 2.

State.	Sq. miles.	Popu.	Miles of Railway	Railway Taxes	Rate per Mile.
Maine	33,040	695,000	2,083	\$654,090	\$314
New Hampshire	9,305	412,000	1,190	467,237	379
Vermont	9,565	344,000	1,024	210,260	205
Totals	51,910	1,441,000	4,297	\$1,231,587	av. \$290

CANADIAN RAILWAYS ARE GREATLY FAVORED

Other similar comparisons could be given, did space permit.

Below is given an official statement of the amount of taxes paid during the year ending June 30th, 1909, by each railway in each province in the Dominion. The figures given here have never heretofore appeared in print, neither in any publication nor in any Government report, but have been furnished to the writer by the Railway Department at Ottawa for use in this article.

Taxes paid by railways in the different provinces for the year ending 30th June, 1909:

NOVA SCOTIA.

Dominion Atlantic	\$861.54
Halifax & Southwestern ...	50.00
Liverpool & Milton	15.00
Total	\$926.54

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Canadian Pacific	\$642.95
Dominion Atlantic	35.34
N. B. & P. E. I.	67.00
North Shore	37.50
Total	\$782.79

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Canadian Pacific	\$100.00
Total	\$100.00

QUEBEC.

Atlantic and L. Superior..\$	85.65
Can. Northern Quebec ...	5,113.43
Carillon & Grenville	20.80
Canadian Pacific	214,308.26
Canadian Atlantic	4,477.22
Grand Trunk	100,000.00
Hereford	1,691.40
Lotbiniere & Megantic ...	915.02
Massawippi Valley	1,953.79
Montreal & Atlantic	1,861.82
Montreal & Province Line.	3,725.00
Montreal & Vermont Junc..	900.00
Napierville Junction	1,905.52
Orford Mountain	13.23
Quebec Central	9,183.10
Quebec & Lake St. John ..	2,701.76
Rutland & Noyan	8.23
St. Lawrence & Adirondack	3,572.60

Stanstead, Shefford & Chamblay	1,200.00
Temiscouata	3,683.88
Total	\$357,320.71

ONTARIO.

Algoma Central & Hudson's Bay	\$ 3,152.61
Brockville, Westport & Northwestern	1,068.09
Bay of Quinte	3,033.33
Canada Atlantic	31,745.07
Canada Southern	43,074.29
Canadian Northern	16,832.74
Can. Northern, Ontario ..	10,684.14
Canadian Pacific	276,108.56
Central Ontario	3,701.95
Grand Trunk	323,852.47
Irondale, Bancroft & Ottawa	116.41
Kingston & Pembroke ...	3,049.73
L. Erie & Detroit River ..	14,605.16
London & Port Stanley ..	3,049.45
Manitoulin & North Shore.	268.93
Nosboning & Nipissing ..	27.50
Ottawa & New York	1,785.85
St. Clair Tunnel	888.43
Thousand Islands	76.10
Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo	3,578.71
Total	\$740,699.52

MANITOBA.

Brandon, Saskatchewan & Hudson's Bay	\$ 1,638.68
Canadian Northern	36,402.83
Canadian Pacific	88,277.81
Gt. Northwestern of Manitoba	1,763.52
Total	\$128,082.84

ALBERTA.

Alberta Railway & Irrigation Co.	\$26,164.91
Canadian Northern	1,692.74
Canadian Pacific	70,180.74
Total	\$98,083.39

SASKATCHEWAN.

Canadian Northern	\$48,817.57
Canadian Pacific	51.99
Total	\$48,869.56

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Bedlington & Nelson	\$ 1,556.90
Canadian Pacific	97,072.43
Crow's Nest Southern	5,544.44
Kaslo & Slocan	3,448.80
Nelson & Fort Sheppard .	5,736.69
New Westminster Southern	732.35
Red Mountain	1,184.51
Spokane & B. C.	559.15
Vancouver, Victoria & Eastern	38,045.65
Victoria Tunnel Railway & Ferry Co.	144.15
Total	\$154,025.07

YUKON TERRITORY.

British Yukon	\$ 5,820.20
Klondyke Mines	200.70
Total	\$6,020.90

RECAPITULATION.

Nova Scotia	\$ 926.54
New Brunswick	782.79
Prince Edward Island ..	100.00
Quebec	357,320.71
Ontario	740,699.52
Manitoba	128,032.84
Alberta	98,038.39
Saskatchewan	48,869.56
British Columbia	154,025.07
Yukon Territory	6,020.90
Total	\$1,534,866.32

An analysis of these figures by provinces shows an amazing difference between the lowest and the highest rates per mile:

	Ry. Miles.	Total Taxes.	Rate per Mile.
Quebec ..	3,663	\$357,320	\$97.00
Ontario ..	8,230	740,670	90.00
B. Columbia	1,800	154,000	85.00
Alberta ..	1,321	98,000	74.00
Yukon ..	90	6,000	66.00
Manitoba .	3,200	129,000	40.00
Saskatche'n	2,631	48,870	19.00
Nova Scotia	1,350	926	.70
N. Brunsw'k.	1,547	782	.50
P. E. I.	269	100	.37
Dominion	24,000	\$1,534,866	\$64.00

In Quebec, \$109,890, or \$30 per mile, is imposed under a Provincial Act, and the balance, \$247,430, by municipal assessment.

In Ontario, \$416,936 was paid to the province under an Act, imposing from \$5 to \$60 per mile, according to location and other conditions, such as second track, etc., and the balance, \$323,734, by municipal assessment.

In Manitoba, the taxation is based on the gross earnings, at a rate of two per cent., or if so determined by the Lieutenant-Governor, three per cent.

In Saskatchewan, the tax is based on gross earnings, varying from one and one-half to three per cent., but no rate is imposed on any railway until it has been five years in operation.

In Alberta, railways are taxed on a rate of one per cent. on their actual value.

In British Columbia, there is a special Act for the assessment and taxation of railways. The main feature is the taking of the real estate, the personal property and the income of each railway as a whole and assessing it at a uniform rate of \$10,000 per mile for main track, and \$3,000 per mile for sidings and switches. The rate levied on these assessments is one per cent. in accordance with the General Assessment Act.

In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, railway property (land only) is assessed for municipal purposes on the same basis as any other property.

Prince Edward Island apparently has a system peculiarly its own.

Information as to the Yukon is not at present available.

However, the fact stands out that in those provinces where any real effort to tax the railways has been made there are no two systems alike.

When the Ontario Commission on Railway Taxation visited some ten of the neighboring States, in 1904, in quest of information on the subject, that kinds of systems of assessment and taxation were in effect after twenty years of active legislation and agitation. The consensus of opinion of

both tax commissioners and railway managers appeared to be that the most fair and equitable mode of taxation of railways would be a percentage tax on the gross earnings of each individual railway. It was explained, however, that owing to intricate Federal and State laws, the general adaptation of this system could not be adopted. Referring to this difficulty, the chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission at Washington said to the Ontario visitors: "In Canada, with your clear-cut and well-defined constitution, you should not have any trouble of that kind." He referred, of course, to the B. N. A. Act, which gives each province the exclusive power of taxing all property within its boundaries.

At Baltimore, the Ontario Commission interviewed Mr. H. L. Bond, the second vice-president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, who spoke very frankly and interestingly on the subject, and with a knowledge gained by many years of most practical experience. He pointed out that the B. & O. paid taxes in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and in no two of those states was the system the same. He showed the difficulty, from the standpoint of the railways, as well as from that of the tax collectors, in dealing with so many complex systems.

Speaking of the question of railway taxation in general, Mr. Bond said:

"Now the fairness of railroad taxation depends a great deal on the fairness of the men who administer the tax laws. There is no self-executing tax law that I know of, except the tax on gross receipts. I think the general feeling among the railroad men is that that, perhaps, is the fairest basis of taxation, because a railroad is valuable only as it earns; the question of how much money there is in it does not really represent its value, for the reason that a great many roads in the

nature of things were built ahead of the needs of the country, and it is rather in the interests of the country to have them ahead of their needs if they can get them, but railroad people do not object to paying taxes on gross receipts, because they do not have to pay taxes unless they have something to pay them on. Not that anything really reconciles a taxpayer to paying taxes, but he feels better when he has the money. In this country, however, this question is seriously hampered by the question as to how far a state can tax gross receipts. The Supreme Court decisions are pretty clear that as a general thing the state cannot tax gross receipts on inter-state business, and while you find in many of the States that the tax laws do apparently tax the gross receipts on interstate commerce, and you will find that railroads are paying those taxes, it is extremely doubtful whether those taxes are legal. At the same time the railroads pay them because they consider them the fairest form of taxation."

Thus it will be seen that of the various modes of taxation already in force in Canada, that of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta is the best.

But laying aside all questions of systems, earning powers, density of population, coal duties, development requirements, and other excuses offered, the broad fact stands out that the railways of Canada are not paying their fair share of the taxes needed for the carrying on of the affairs of the country. As has been shown above, the highest rate per mile is \$97, in Quebec, while in the United States the lowest rate per mile is \$148, in the desert State of Arizona. In other words:—Highest rate in the United States is \$1,926 per mile, in New Jersey; highest rate in Canada, \$97, in Quebec; lowest rate in the United States, \$148, in Arizona; lowest rate in Canada, 37 CENTS, in Prince Edward Island.

SMOKING-ROOM STORIES



The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

SOLICITOR-General Wooten, Georgia, was vigorously prosecuting a liquor case.

Two quarts of good rye whiskey were introduced in evidence and as such were sent to the jury room for their consideration. After they had retired and remained in their room some time the attention of the court was directed that way by merry laughter and loud guffaws. Some two hours had elapsed and no verdict. The judge instructed the sherriff to see if they could agree. Their answer was that "The Solicitor-General would have to produce a little more of the same kind of evidence."—*The Green Bag*.

The Carlton and Reform Clubs, as every one knows, stand side by side in Pall Mall. A stranger called at the former and asked the porter if it was the Reform Club. "No, sir," said the magnificent functionary, "this is the Carlton Club." "Perhaps," inquired the stranger, "you can tell me where the Reform Club is." "I am sorry sir, I have never heard of it," was the answer, and then, as the visitor turned to go, the porter added: "Perhaps if you would inquire at the public-house opposite they might be able to direct you."—*Vanity fair*.

"The most amusing story of an American in France that I ever heard," said a recently appointed

attache to the French Embassy, "is this."

"A well-known French actor became involved in a discussion with an American, grew heated, drew his card from his pocket, threw it on the table with a tragic air, and stalked out.

"The American regarded the card for some moments, then took out his fountain pen, wrote 'Admit bearer' above the engraved line, and went off to the theatre.'"—*Brooklyn Life*.

W. P. Callaway, the General Passenger Agent of the Soo Line, and a well-known Canadian, has long been known for his keennes in making traffic agreements and the story goes that he had been in the States once and that time he had taken a tour of inspection of the prairies of Canada. He was connected with the U.S. Government and accompanied him and was at a wayside station in the afternoon. He was drawn to a ragged boy with a gopher which he held by a string around its neck. Young Callaway immediately wanted that gopher and under the watchful eye of his father negotiations were carried on for its purchase. Callaway, Sr., took a hand in the deal and offered ten cents for the animal, the boy raised him to fifteen at which price the animal was sold. Young Callaway immediately went to take possession, when his father noticed the boy untying the string and remonstrated with

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him to the effect that the gopher was no use to his son without the string as it would get away. The boy had his fifteen cents in his pocket and so was quite dictatorial in his demands. He stated that he sold the gopher and not the harness; that if you bought a horse you did not get the harness, and a string comprised the harness of his gopher. Finally, as young Callaway wanted the gopher very badly the father had to back down and offer to buy the string which cost him twenty-five cents. In explanation as to why the string was more valuable than the animal the youth explained that without the string he could not catch any more gophers or sell them. Mr. Callaway tells the story against himself to this day when amongst his particular friends and they admit that for once he did not get the best of the bargain.



The L.C.C. schoolmaster was giving evidence to an indignant mother.

"For my part," gabbled the good woman, "I can't deceive what on earth eddification is comin' to! When I was young, if a gal only understood the elimens of distraction, provision, replenishing, an' the common dominator, an' knew all about the rivers an' their obituaries, the currents, an' the dormitories, the provinces an' umpires, they had eddification enough!"

The schoolmaster nodded gravely.

"But now," continued the visitor, "they have to study Bottomley, Algier-bay, and have to destromate suppositions about sycophants of circuses, tangarines, an' diagonies of parallelograms, to say nothin' about oxbides, assheads, cowsticks, an' abstruce triangles! I didn't larn all them things; but can you say I ain't eddificated proper?"



He had never fished before, and his rod was new and shining with splendid varnish. Faultlessly attired, he was whipping a trout stream, when, by some odd chance, he got a bite, a one-pounder from the way the line

strained. He did not play the fish at all. With rod held straight ahead he slowly and steadily reeled him in. Presently the fish was directly below the end of the rod. Did he stop? No—he kept on reeling the fish in, and finally the fish's head touched the tip. The man even tried to pull him through the ring. Just then he saw a man standing on shore, and turning with a bewildered look he said: "What shall I do now?" "The only thing you can do now," the man replied, "is to climb up the pole and stab him."

—*Vanity Fair*.



One day a big city bank received the following message from one of its country correspondents: "Pay twenty-five dollars to John Smith who will call to-day." The cashier's curiosity became suspicious when a cabman assisted into the bank a drunken "fare" who shouted that he was John Smith and wanted some money. Two clerks pushed, pulled and piloted the boisterous individual into a private room away from the sight and hearing of regular depositors. The cashier wired the country bank:

"Man claiming to be John Smith is here. Highly intoxicated. Shall we await identification?"

The answer read: "Identification complete. Pay the money."—*Success Magazine*.



Judge Winchester, Senior County Judge of York County, naturalizes a hundred or so aliens every month. The blank application papers are obtained by the aliens from the Toronto Police Court or County Court Clerks.

One day the Judge was looking over a fresh batch of applications. The blanks on one of them were filled in something like this:

Name?—Abraham Ledochowski.

Born?—Yes.

Business?—Rotten.

Abraham was told to wait awhile.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXI

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J. W. BEATTY, 1902

SO TO PLEASE HIM I LOOKED. THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW . . . BERNA.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XXI

Toronto January 1911

No 3

“Shipbuilding in Canada”

An Interview with Lewis Nixon

We were looking for a man who was neither Tory nor Grit, Nationalist nor Colonel Denison. And we wanted an authority. We canvassed the list of them and arrived at the one conclusion—Mr. Lewis Nixon, the American Naval authority.

He was, we knew, neither Liberal nor Conservative—though there has been some talk of his being a Democratic nominee for the Presidency of the United States. He was the man consulted by Russia as to how to repair the Russian fleet when it came limping home from defeat at the hands of the Japanese Togo. We knew of him as the man who—after spending 27 years in studying naval affairs, after being permitted to pass through England's Naval Academy, side by side with His Majesty, our present King, with whom he became a close personal friend; after designing and building the United States Battleship Oregon, which made a world record—became a consulting specialist to Empires and a friend of Kings. In New York he succeeded Mr. Croker as head of Tammany Hall, but his field has hitherto been ship-building rather than politics. We felt that in obtaining an interview with him we were securing the views of an independent man, NOT as to the efficiency of the Canadian navy as a fighting force nor as an addition of strength to the Empire—BUT as a great influence on the industrial development of the country.

“WELL, it is difficult,” he said, “for a citizen of the United States to use the same viewpoint as a British subject. You have embarked upon a policy of naval upbuilding. You may have in mind three things in doing so: the defence of the lines of commercial steamers which you are operating; the domesticating of the shipbuilding industry; and the contri-

buted of naval strength to the British Empire, by furnishing ships for fighting, and for training men to supply the crews for the great battleships across the Atlantic.

“As for the first point—defence, I have only this to say, that naval fleets to-day are on a scale so vast that small gunboats and cruisers would be of no avail. As to the third point, dealing with the

value of a small navy for training-ships to the British navy, there is only this to be said, so far as I can see, and it is that the training you could give in small boats could only be effective for battleship service by having a battleship on this side, through which the crews of the smaller boats could be passed. For serving on a small gun is a very different thing from serving in a cramped turret, filled with guns and machinery, on a modern battleship.

"But there is the third point of view. That is, the question of the effect of building a navy, upon your native industries. I do not mean in shipbuilding alone. I do not mean upon the mere employment of men in that trade. But I refer to it as a factor in the development of practically every industry in the country.

"As a fighting unit, as I have said, I would not think a navy the size of the one which I have heard Canada proposes, would be efficient. As a training ground for British crews, it lacks the large ships, through which, again, as I have said, to pass the men.

"What are you building your navy for: sentiment, or business?" asked Mr. Nixon.

We replied that the matter started as one of sentiment, but appeared likely to end as a matter of business.

"But as a means of carrying further the industrial development of Canada, your navy, however small it may be in its beginnings, would undoubtedly prove an inestimable benefit, provided that the ships are built in your own country.

"If Canada is establishing her navy simply as an altruistic enterprise, buying all her boats abroad, sending her money out of the country to fill the coffers and rivet still stronger the bonds of industrial dependence by adding to the efficiency and number of alien mechanics, then we can only ascribe your aspirations to sentiment and not to statesmanship. But, if it is the deliberate entrance upon a policy of industrial up-building, you are giving yourself something with which to trade.

"Canada cannot become strong through weakening herself. You need trained me-

chanics and you cannot get them by strengthening the hold and efficiency of such workmen in another land. Of course, if you are content to buy your men-of-war in England your aspiration to a state of commercial independence will be received with equanimity by the builders and merchants of Great Britain. So long as you can be held in the position of simple producers and consumers and turn over the cream of commerce to Europe—such as transportation, insurance, inspection, and the middleman's profits generally, you will find no forces operating on public opinion to dampen your ardor.

"But if you built them in Canada, what would be the result? The building of battleships in Italy and Germany invigorated the whole industrial framework of those two nations. The purchase of vessels from England by powers that are unable to build their own ships, has placed those nations in a position of dependence and, on the other hand, has done much to strengthen Great Britain's industries. When the new naval policy of the United States was inaugurated in 1883 we had no forges capable of producing armor, or gun, or machinery forgings, in modern steel; no rolling mills that could make plates or shapes suitable for modern ships or their boilers; no foundries capable of turning out the castings and qualities in steel, iron or bronze, necessary to fulfill the specifications of a modern man-o'-war, or the guns of a modern fort. Yet, after the inauguration of our new naval policy, we were absolutely self-contained in all these arts, and to-day we lead the world in them. At the same time we have developed contributory industries so that we lead in almost every line of human endeavor.

"There is not an industry worthy of the name that is not employed in the building and equipment of ships. Shipbuilding calls for almost every line of workmanship, from workers in steel and wood, to painters, decorators and upholsterers; from the manufacture of boilers and engines, to the making of fine instruments. The shipbuilding nation is in the way of becoming a carrier nation—getting the cream of

“SHIPBUILDING IN CANADA”

commerce; the fees, as I have already said, for transportation, insurance, inspection, and middleman's profits generally.

“England to-day imports most of the ore to make the mild steel from which her modern battleships and guns are built. But on this continent—these two nations need import no raw material. The vast resources of Canada could be made up into all manner of products for the construction and equipment of ships.

“I assume that the closing of your Canadian ports to certain classes of our vessels in the coasting trade, was another phase of your policy of up-building the industrial strength of Canada. In touching this point I would say that to my mind, the greatest two factors contributing to our mutual commercial prosperity have been: the interchange of commodities over a vast area peopled with men of different needs and different productivities; and the fact that we carry a ton of freight per mile far cheaper than any other country. So it seems to me that the abrogating of our former treaty of reciprocity was a great mistake for both countries. I should like to see the United States, Canada and Mexico with no tariff walls of any sort between, as I believe that this would contribute vastly to our common prosperity.

“In all the discussion of Reciprocity this year, there has been remarkably little mention of the coasting trade between the two countries. It has been impressed upon me for years that our coasting trade should be mutually free to vessels of

domestic build and ownership. But this could not be justified to the Canadian people unless a foundation for the building of Canadian Merchant vessels were laid.

“The ordering of vessels in your own ship-yards for your own navy would be a warrant to your builders to instal the necessary plants and organizations which, assured of a certain measure of Government encouragement, would soon be able to reach out for commercial contracts, and so, commence in Canada, the business of Canadian ship-building.

“As one part of our continent grows, all will grow, so I think the people of the United States, knowing that your navy would never be a menace to us, and knowing, too, that you would never want it to be, have been somewhat indifferent to the question.

“But when we see what a mighty oak has grown from so small an acorn, and realize that the upbuilding of our navy is one of the grandest and most salutary and farthest-reaching of all the patriotic enterprises undertaken since the beginning of our Government, we, without envy, and with genuine good-will, hope that your policy may be equally beneficial.

“Your love for and loyalty to Great Britain is admirable, and those of us who know something of Canadian feeling see a growing sentiment of admiration and respect, more to be desired than lip service, for the Sailor King who now rules the British Empire.”

A minister was calling on a parishioner who had just lost his wife, and, laying his hand on the bereaved man's shoulders, he endeavored to comfort him. “My brother,” he said, “this is a great grief which has befallen you in the loss of your life partner and companion; but I have come to comfort you and to console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unflinching love.” “What's her name?” asked the bereaved husband.—*Vanity Fair*.

A Bridge-Building in Alaska

By

Charles Shirley

I HAD nothing to do with the building of the bridge so I am free to speak of it. I had business in Alaska, but not in bridge-building. I happened to see it when I was there and it was worth the whole journey. The "Prince George" carried me up from Vancouver and set me down at Skagway. Thereafter I took other steamers and other modes of transportation on land and river and mountain trail, until civilization faded away behind me on the horizon of the Pacific and the mountains of Alaska stood out—and ignored mere humanity.

It was there that I came upon the bridge. It was there that I came upon Hawkins, the Chief Engineer, and his men. They had been recruited down in the States. Down there, they were ordinary steel workers. They kicked when they had a piece of work to do that was not in the schedule. They did what they liked about working overtime. They had their union and the union "had" whatever engineer employed the men. But here I found it different. I found Hawkins and his army working like one family, like a family of Cyclops, to build the bridge—this particular bridge I am talking about. It was not a question of pay and tobacco and enough sleep. It was not a question of getting a day's work done and quitting, but it was — The Bridge! and the waters under the bridge.

It is finished now and it is quite commonplace to contemplate. It is not the longest bridge in the world, far from it.

I've built longer myself. It is not the heaviest in the world, nor the widest, nor the highest, but as Jimmy Bain, the Cockney engineer, who ran the little donkey engine at the far end of it used to say, it was the "cussedest" bridge that ever was dreamed of. But Bain did not say cussed; it was another word. The bridges over Niagara are high. The new Quebec Bridge will have the longest single span in the world. The bridges at Brooklyn have their features and there are one or two in South America that have certain points of interest which are very noteworthy but of no significance, except to engineers. This particular case of the bridge in Alaska, was a case of human interest. It was a case of—The Bridge! and the waters under the bridge, as I said before.

The Copper River cuts off one part of Alaska from the rest. You may land on the shores of this Arctic territory from the Behring Sea, but you have not then arrived where you can cross into the hinterland of the Copper River. At least, I should say, you might cross with a guide, on a raft or in a canoe at certain of the few placid stretches between the rapids in the Copper River. But you could not, for instance, take a train across—until this bridge was built. And it was most essential that one should be able to take a train across, for then, and only then, could the copper deposits in the interior of the country be brought to the markets of the rest of the world.



"IN THE SPATTERING ELECTRIC LIGHT 'BLUE BOTTLE BILL' . . . LIFTED
THE WHITE-HOT RIVET FROM THE FORGE." Painting by J. W. BEATTY

Glaciers feed the river with icebergs in summer. In the winter it freezes seven feet deep. The wealthy corporation that wished to gain access with its railroad to the mines—the richest copper mines in the world—had built the road up one shore of the river until it came to the one spot where a bridge might be thrown across. The “steel” came that far and stopped. The banks of the river anywhere but at this point, were embarrassed with glaciers and a cub knows you can't build foundations in moving ice. So the bridge had to cross the river at this particular point, and the great corporation sent for some of the more famous engineers and told them to go up to Alaska and build the bridge. It's an off-hand way some general managers have. They say, “Two million: June 29th,” and by that they expect the engineering firm to understand the amount it is to spend for the work, and the time it is to be completed.

But the engineers came back from this Alaska matter and said they could not undertake the work. They turned it down, one after another. The general manager wanted to know why and they told him. They told him in cold language that nobody could get his work done if an iceberg weighing seven thousand tons was going to drop off the Glacier—Miles Glacier, just above the bridge, and saunter down at twelve miles an hour to wipe out piling and false-work and scows and engines and everything else. They told this to the general manager and the board of directors and passed on—all but one.

Hawkins' firm undertook it and told Hawkins to do it. So Hawkins picked up the men he had known on other jobs of his, and took them up north. Some were from New York and some from 'Frisco. Some were from Montreal, and two from Vancouver and Victoria. So they went up there and started.

* * *

I HAD talked to Hawkins when he was figuring out the strain sheets in his New York office. We were all shaking our heads at him then. So when I arrived at the end of the rails in this Alaska fastness of his, I knew I would

have to take some things back, because he had already progressed far enough to make fools of those of us who had laughed at him. So I recanted. He listened and laughed and said he guessed that'd be all right—I didn't need to think of that—anybody might have thought the same, and so on; and we went out to look her over. Of course, she wasn't finished, but I liked her appearance. She had that look you can always tell about a bridge when she's building—she looked—well, you could see her lines beginning and you could see where the rest was going to fit in. If you were an engineer you would understand. Otherwise you won't.

It was snowing and we had furs. We walked out on the gangway and we looked down at the false-work built on the frozen-over top of the river.

“How'd you get the piers in?” I asked.
“Last summer.”

“What's the strain of the river on 'em?”

“An average of three 'bergs a day in summer. Each 'berg up to ten thousand ton. Current brings 'em down at twelve miles per, and in the spring the seven-foot freeze-over breaks up.”

“Mind telling me what depth you've got to those piers?”

“Sixty feet from the bottom of the water to the bed-rock.”

“What else?”

“Eighty-six feet around the base. Armoured with ninety-pound rails set on end, foot apart all the way round.”

In the dusk I counted the piers crossing the frozen river like concrete monuments to somebody's strides. In the distance the glaciers were gleaming softly. Behind us there were more glaciers.

* * *

THE scaffoldings, or what we would call the false-work, were begun as soon as the river froze over last winter. They were to support the steel work until the spans were completed and the piers could take the load. The piles, the foundations for the false-work, were driven through the seven feet of ice to the bottom of the river.

But the steel had not arrived. Hawkins had counted on having about three and a half months for the work, but two months



"WE WERE ALL SHAKING OUR HEADS AT HAWKINS."

Painting by J. W. BEATTY

were spent waiting for the steel. He received it, piece after piece, and then more pieces. He piled them up on the bank and waited for the complete parts. The crews blew on their mittens to keep warm and waited for steel. When the last of it came about the last day of March, the whole camp woke up and howled like the wolves that used to hang around Skagway, and Jimmy Bain, the little Cockney, pulled the whistle on his engine so suddenly and so hard that he broke the valve.

But the delay left Hawkins only six weeks to finish the work. He had to get it done before the river woke up. The waking-up time was due in those forty-two days. In that time he had to have 1,150 feet of steel strung across the piers. Otherwise the out-going ice and the down-coming icebergs would wipe out all his false-work and drop two million dollars' worth of steel and labor into the river.

* * *

BIT by bit, rivet by rivet, angle by angle and strain by strain, we pushing the steel nearer the middle. The first span was four hundred feet long and we had her finished in ten days and a half. The second was three hundred, and we finished her in six days. The third was four hundred and fifty, and she was done in ten days.

But they were somewhat wearing ten days. For instance, one day, little Scott, who was a general helper around the office, came panting up looking for Hawkins.

"Ice rising, sir," he said.

"Rising!" says Hawkins, "Hm!"

We went down and looked, and Scotty was right. She was rising. She was lifting us and the piles which supported the false-work and the half-complete steel-work with her. In fractions of inches, such as you would find on a German slide rule, she was lifting, and every fraction of a lift threatened to smash the whole two million dollars' worth of work to nothing.

"Get everybody!" says Hawkins, lighting his pipe in the most exerceiating coolness. "Get all the feed piping you can.

Get all the steam from every engine we have, and run a pipe of steam to the foot of each pile."

We did it.

"Now," Hawkins went on, "Get your pipe elbows bent down to the ice and turn the steam on—like H——." He scarcely raised his voice on the last two words.

We did. Every man was on deck. Even the cooks turned out to help. The engineers threw the coal on and ripped open the drafts till the whole valley hummed with the noise. And it was night, too. At the foot of each pile the nozzles of steam emitted roaring clouds of vapor.

The steam melted the ice as though it had been mere snow. But there was seven feet of it to go through. We had to make the space around each pile large enough to allow the ice to rise around it without lifting the superstructure. The ice still had its grip on the piling—it continued to lift—when suddenly it let go. The piles that a few moments before were being lifted out of their places, settled down. The steel-work rested on the scaffoldings. The crews, panting with relief, stood by, still keeping the steam around the foot of each pile, and watched the river rise twenty-one feet. For hours the river rose. We measured the position of the ice by marks on the sides of the pilings. Hours after the rise ceased Hawkins ordered off the steam and we uncoupled the piping.

* * *

BUT the river was not yet through with Hawkins. Its great white floor had risen and fallen twenty-one feet, and Hawkins had coped with that manoeuvre. But now it began its other strategy. The ice commenced to move out. It did not go with a rush. It did not come suddenly. It began so slowly that it might have done irrevocable damage before anyone noticed it. One inch a day was its rate. One inch per day was it carrying the false-work off its foundations and threatening to precipitate the whole span. Inch by inch the alignment of the bridge was being warped.

A foreman on the centre span came into the office one morning and demanded to see Hawkins.

"We can't work," he announced, "Can't match the ends. She's out of line, sir."

"What's the matter?"

"False-work's movin', sir."

Hawkins went out with him.

We found the span inches out of alignment. Every moment the ice was forcing it farther out of place. Hawkins summoned the foreman again. The steam was turned on through the feed pipes to the foot of the piles a second time, and between the steam and the use of axes the piles were kept free of the ice pressure from up-stream. Meanwhile, overhead, Hawkins lifted the weight of the centre span from the false-work to the cantilever supports. He made the finished part of the bridge support the unfinished portion temporarily, and that took the strain off the false-work. Then he set about to bring the timbers into proper place again.

Upstream we forced new piles through the ice to the river bottom. Scores of them there were. It looked for a time as though we could not get them through soon enough. But we did. We hitched all the spare tackle to them and with the engines winding the tackle against them, we pulled the four hundred and fifty feet of scaffolding back into position. Hawkins, himself, stood on the bridge and watched. He blew the pea-whistle to signal the donkey engineers. As the great mass was hauled back into place the riveters and fitters, astraddle the girders, let the steel-work into place again, and finished the work.

It was midnight when it was all finished. We had been having coffee on account of the cold.

"I'm going out to see her finished," announced Hawkins, setting down his empty mug. "Coming?"

We walked out over the slippery steel cautiously. It was dark. In the centre, standing out of the way of the men, we counted the empty rivet holes which wait-

ed for the rivet and for which the whole bridge, and the patient wooden supports on the ice beneath, were waiting—to say nothing of wives and families back in civilization.

There were ten rivets to be made when we arrived. As we stood watching there were only nine, and eight! and seven! and six! and five—. In the spattering electric light "Blue Bottle Bill," from San Francisco, lifted the white hot rivet from his forge. Peterkin—comes from Montreal—caught it in his can and tossed it on the Laroche, the Frenchman, who was working on the Quebec Bridge when she collapsed. Laroche caught it in his pliers and held it for Thompson, another San Francisco man. Thompson heaved the air hose a little higher under his right arm-pit; held the air-riveters a bit tighter in his hand and then—let her have it.

The rivet was home. It was the last. The red glow had died out of it before Hawkins said anything.

"Sound, Thompson?" he asked, quietly.

"Sure!" retorted Thompson, who wanted to be enthusiastic, but couldn't when the Chief wasn't.

* * *

An hour later the silent river made a noise, the first it had made the whole winter. It stirred, like a heavy sleeper beginning to feel the light coming in his window. The groaning was terrible. It was the ice working at the false-work, gnawing at it, crushing it. In fact, it was a horrible noise, and it grew louder! We had hauled the engines off the ice in the afternoon. We had hoped to save the other stuff in the morning, but now it was too late. The blocks had been knocked out from under the steel. It rested no longer on the false-work, but on the piers, its true foundations, so the false-work did not matter. We let it go.

The timbers protested as the ice caught them in its maw. There was a sort of a shriek, and then the whole substructure, on which the bridge had been reared, vanished.

To the Old Year

THIS is not an ode on the passing of the Old Year, nor a promise to the New Year to do better. This is merely to wish Nineteen Hundred and Ten Good-day, decently and respectfully. One cannot help respecting him for the unhurried dignity with which he persists to the end of his allotment of time. He is like a brave man walking out on a scaffold. He goes without haste. Though he knows that you and I are waiting for him to go, to make a place for To-morrow.

* * * *

HE was not a bad year. He was patient with us. He brought us new things. He took some things out of our hands, toys that had been given us possibly in mistake. But on the whole he enriched our experience and our memory, and refined our souls in the pale flame of Patience, in our waiting for the things that never come, but may, some day. So we say, Good-day, to him and wish him luck, wherever he is going, and half envy him that he knows just when his time is finished, whereas we have to wait for a level crossing, a falling brick, or measles, or a motor accident—we would prefer the motor accident, to translate us.

* * * *

SOME place there is, we think, where the souls of the Old Years must be sitting in a part-completed circle—a rare company of old rakes and pedants—waiting for the end of Time when the last Old Year shall join the company, and, taking his place among them, shall complete the ring of One Eternal Moment. Some place there is where these old fellows sit—seedy clothed, mostly in black, I imagine, with old worn silk hats and faded silk handkerchiefs leaking out of their coat-tail pockets. What an excellent company of wits! How large the sum of their experience! How splendid a perspective each must have!

FOR each must have measured the Universe and lived with the sun all year round. To each of them the Universe must be just like a small residential lot on a back street of Creation, the Sun a florid fellow, and the stars everlasting chorus girls going through a rather monotonous dance from age to age, without a rest. Each has seen the Night sliding, sneaking around out of sight of the Sun, as the worlds keep turning around to warm their backs at his glow.

* * * *

THE secret of things must be no secret to them. They must surely have seen where the Universe ends and where God has lifted the blue walls, of this, one of His gardens—one of His experimental laboratories. They must have suited, indulgently to look upon the elation of a mortal midget who discovered a Star that did not need to be discovered and that felt no honor, but a mere glow of charitable pity, at being recorded in a book, with a date, and the name of the mortal astronomer who saw him first. They have seen mortals born and grown up, defeated and victorious, happy over an increase in salary, depressed over the birth of twins. And they must have admired those braver souls who kept on merely drudging in this prosaic world, without a light. All sufferings, all joys, all plans, ambitions, intrigues, and emotions, has each of the Old Years seen.

* * * *

SO the incompleated circle of them wait—probably up in the shadow of some other world, regaling one another with stories of their experiences. One of them, see! is telling for the thousandth time, the story of Creation, what it looked like, and what the Creator said when, having dried his hands of the clay, he set the worlds spinning, and shoved forth the first of the Years to keep his vigil. See! that one next is telling about Adam and the Woman, and in between whiles, somebody recalls, laughing how frightened the first star was when, because she lost her faith, she fell, until the hand of the Great Designer caught her, and set her safely on a special shelf provided for the fallen

stars, till they can be mended for the next creation. They tell of the men they knew; about Adam and Cæsar, and one of the Old Years, who has been sitting in the circle for nineteen hundred and ten years, speaks of One he saw, born in Galilee.

* * * *

BUT 1909, who has been there only a little while and whose nerves were affected by watching the people of the Earth, is impatient, and if you could only see, you would observe that he fidgets and whispers to 1908: "How long have we to wait? How many more of us do you think must come before—before He comes, and the game is up?" But 1908 shall be unable to say and they shall keep on waiting, patiently.

* * * *

WHEN some day—the Last year shall come. He shall enter with a little pomp and ceremony, for shall it not be his right, seeing that He ends the Game? So, he shall walk into the circle, very probably mopping his face. The worlds shall cease warming themselves. The Sun shall stand and stare. The diligent Dawns shall come no more and there shall be no more drowsy evenings in the worlds. All the Old Years shall bow before him. He shall take his seat in the last vacant place in the circle, right next to that Old Year who saw the Creator wash his hands of Adam. As he settles his coat-tails behind him, and adjusts his necktie, he shall address the Ring of the Eternal Moment—would I were there to see!—saying: "The Game is all but finished, gentlemen, I am the last of us. God is finished with the lamp. Let us wait now and see the End!"

* * * *

THEREUPON the Ring of the Eternal Moment shall become a court, and a great throne shall be set in the middle and the Recording Secretary of the meeting, History, shall fish the first soul, wriggling, out of the cellars and dungeons of Space, on the end of a quill, to be looked at, felt, measured, and passed upon.

THE EDITOR.

Laurie of the "Plainsman"

A Story of Western Canada

By Hubert Footner

THE *Plainsman* occupies the last store of the Carver Block, a one-story row of plate-glass fronts on A Street, east, ending at the railway tracks. The Carver Block, all of five years old, begins to wear an air of haggard antiquity in the brand new streets of Blackfoot: most of the paint has peeled off the towering cornice, and more than one jagged rent lets daylight through that apparently solid front. The curious thing about the buildings of Blackfoot, as of other Western towns, is that they seem to pass direct from the freshness of the trowel to the snuffiness of second-hand building materials. As to this particular store, it needs no sign to identify it as the home of a newspaper—the excessive griminess does that. A flannelette curtain, once a rich green, but more recently a bilious yellow, hangs across the back of the show window, which contains nothing but the accumulations of five years' dust and a framed card of job printing samples dating from the same era. Upon opening the door, the characteristic warm, pungent smell of printers' ink and fresh pulp paper greets the nostrils, lent individuality in this case by a rich undertone of ripening bananas—for part of the back premises is sublet to a wholesale fruiterer, who conducts his business via the rear alley. There is a little sanctum in one corner of the shop, and a counter crosses from that to the wall. Damaged and unsold copies of the *Plainsman* for a year back are heaped everywhere.

Frank Ardry, editor and proprietor, was doubled over the counter, with his

chin in his palms. It was Saturday afternoon, and the staff had distributed itself in quest of amusement, except that the chunking of the monotype in the basement gave notice that Leonora Colpas, the typesetter, was still at work. Frank was a good-looking youth, with a round head, broad over the ears and smoothly thatched with black; and bright, sophisticated gray eyes. His air of high and humorous assurance, brooking no opposition, was the *Plainsman's* chief asset. But just now his colors were hauled down.

It was not that the *Plainsman* was in any worse case than ordinary: the sword of bankruptcy had always hung suspended by a hair over that devil-may-care publication. Frank had secured it from the last proprietor in exchange for a polo pony, and was considered to have received the worst of the bargain. No, he had succeeded in paying his employees for the week; it was simply the "elevation" that ailed him. I should explain that the altitude of Blackfoot is held accountable for most that goes amiss there. Frank was blue—richly and luxuriously blue.

So intent was he on his gloomy thoughts that he did not see a small figure come in through the open doorway and approach the counter.

"Good afternoon," she said.

Frank jerked his head up. His astonished and delighted eyes took in a small, slim girl who looked seventeen and was undoubtedly older. The most remarkable thing about her was the brave, friendly expression of her blue eyes. She plainly wished to ingratiate herself, but without

abating any point of personal pride. The next remarkable thing was her hair, the quantity of it and its color—most like raw mahogany, but exactly like nothing else under the sun. This enframed a face cut with delicate certainty of outline, with a healthy, pale skin and lips fresher and sweeter than opening crimson petals. The vision was clad in close-fitting green, which became her rarely, and a crafty little hat of the same color.

To Frank the sight of her was like an un hoped-for granting of a secret prayer. He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"My name is Laurie Gray," she said with an engaging candor—she had the cheerful, incisive voice of a schoolboy. "I'm looking for something to do. Can you give me any work on the paper?"

"Why, yes!" said Frank instantly, the possibility of refusing anything to one so pretty never occurring to him. Some time afterwards he added, "What can you do?"

"I never worked before," she said, "but now I have to. My mother and I have come West to make our fortunes."

Her cool, cheerful frankness turned the point of sentimentality. Young Frank was compelled to be businesslike. It was soon decided that Laurie was to cover "locals," meetings, sermons, and society. The glint of a fanatic enthusiasm shone in her eyes as this fascinating program was unrolled in her hearing.

"I have dreamed of being a reporter," she murmured.

It may be remarked that there was more danger in a conversation like this than in whole bucketfuls of sentiment. Quite so! The red head and the black unconsciously drew closer across the counter, and in smiles flying back and forth and in the kind, shining eyes, already there promised something a good deal tenderer than the customary relation between employer and employee.

They were interrupted by an ominous "'Hem!'" from behind Frank's back. He looked over his shoulder apprehensively. At the head of the basement steps stood Miss Colpas, the typesetter, in her lace coat and picture hat, the plumes of the latter seeming to bristle with indignation. Leonora was a veteran pioneer of the West; without undertaking to state just

how old she was, I may say, well-seasoned. She was likewise westernly free of speech and uncommonly well able to take care of herself. Ordinarily she was amiable, and ruled the males of the *Plainsman*, including the proprietor, with a rough, bantering coquettishness; but just at present she was very much on her dignity, pale under her rouge, and with black eyes glittering dangerously.

"Pardon me if I intrude," she drawled.

"Not at all," said Frank uncomfortably. "This is Miss Gray, the new reporter," he explained.

"Indeed, I was not aware!" said Miss Colpas grandly.

She took a good fifteen seconds to look Laurie up and down. "Charmed!" she murmured as insulting as she could, and made her way languidly to the street door. With her hand on the latch she turned. "I think you call for me at eight," she said indifferently to Frank, and went her ways. The door must have slipped out of her hand, or something; the impact was terrific.

Laurie had been watching her with cool wonder. "Look here," she said with her inimitable directness, "if I'm going to be here, I ought to know where I stand. What's the matter with her?"

Laurie's frankness demanded a return in kind. "You see," Frank explained, "she and her brother are the only ones in town who can run the monotype, and she knows it. Besides——"

"Well?" prompted Laurie.

"She has money," said Frank. "Made it speculating in real estate during the boom. She holds a chattel mortgage on the plant downstairs."

"H'm!" said Laurie.

"So I—er—take her about to the subscription dances to keep her in a good humor about the interest," he blurted out.

Laurie took note of his rueful grin, and suddenly her face broke up like a sunny pool under a gust from the west. She cocked up her pretty chin and laughed a peal like a boy. Such delicious, heart-disquieting music had surely never been heard within those grimy precincts.

On her very first day Laurie made herself an important factor of the *Plainsman*. As she crossed the Estevan bridge on her way to work she witnessed an accident,

LURIE OF THE "PLAINSMAN"

brought about, it might have seemed, for the especial benefit of the fledgling reporter. The only automobile in town, property of one Mackinnon, a real-estate agent and unpopular, was to blame for the ruin of an immigrant farmer's household goods. Laurie, warm with generous indignation, got half a column out of it. Womanlike, she discovered the owner's vulnerable point, and turned her pen in the wound. The reason the automobile made so much noise, said Laurie, was because it was such a *cheap* machine.

Frank ran the story as it stood, and next morning all Blackfoot chuckled over it, with the possible exception of Mackinnon. The real-estate agent was a gross creature: little Laurie, passing his shop later in the day, was publicly insulted. On her return to the office, she casually mentioned what had occurred, and Frank, with a brightening eye, took his hat from its peg, and, commanding Laurie to keep the shop, sallied forth. Laurie promptly disobeyed him. Following at a discreet distance, note-book in hand, she missed not a detail of the brief and pointed discussion which ended in the fat real-estate agent rolling in the gutter. Laurie got a whole column out of that, and Blackfoot agreed that it was the best account of a scrap which had appeared in the local press. The paper was sold out in an hour, and the regular circulation jumped four hundred.

Among other things, Laurie was assigned to cover the meetings of the town council. Her first arrival in the dingy little chamber (which is in the loft of the police station) created something of a sensation. His Worship Mayor Pink (one of Blackfoot's leading grocers) himself descended from his throne to take her hand, and all the aldermen pulled down their waistcoats and strove to look aldermanic.

Laurie soberly disposed herself at the "press table" in the corner (it has only three legs and you must watch which end you sit at) and the usual mad torrent of eloquence was forthwith unloosed. Once a fortnight the aldermen are seized with the lust to orate, and nothing will stop them. Only Sam Puffer, the ex-cow-puncher, rarely spoke—but he spat most eloquently. There was one spectator,

Hennery Haddie, Blackfoot's eminent rag and bone merchant, who has run for alderman every year in the memory of man, without ever receiving a hundred votes, and who writes to the papers nearly every day. As a tax-payer, Hennery delivered a diatribe on the puddles in the main street, which was cut short only by Sam Puffer threatening to take him out and souse him therein.

Although she affected to be diligently taking notes, the proceedings were naturally quite incomprehensible to Laurie; but the reporter on the other paper, a pale youth of an evangelical turn, offered to write her story as well as his own. Laurie smiled her thanks and found herself free to smile at the aldermen one by one. The smile of a clever woman is a curious thing: the degree of promise gathered from it by the recipient is usually in inverse ratio with his intelligence. The aldermen hastened to write out their speeches for Laurie, and the city clerk made her a copy of the minutes; but Laurie thought most of Sam Puffer, who, abashed by her presence, only scowled at her sidewise from beneath his shaggy brows.

As time went on the slender, green-clad figure, intent upon business, became one of the familiar sights of Rowland Avenue. The six tall policemen were her sworn friends, and one or another invariably accompanied her when she was called out at night. Policemen are only human; there was not one of them but sometimes drew her aside to mention some little deed of heroism he had performed—hoping it would appear in next day's paper. Laurie enjoyed alike the freedom of the banking offices and the jail. Every one wished her well, from the president of the Board of Trade down to the undertakers, who telephoned her when they had interesting corpses on view.

Her work was supposed to be done when the last of the local news was turned in at eleven o'clock each night, but how could Frank discourage her if she volunteered to stay another hour to help him read proof? They would sit side by side at the table in the rear of the little store, dark but for the single shaded globe hanging

low over their heads. Laurie always had so much to say about the day's experience, her tongue fairly tumbled over itself in her impatience to get it all out. Consider the feelings of the youthful editor as he watched the changing face of his very dear aide, and hung on the delicious tones of her merry, boyish voice. Need I say that the *Plainsman* was scandalously proof-read? There is more than one pointed story in circulation concerning quaint misprints which escaped that precious pair of readers.

But as a result of this inspiring hour Frank would set to work each day with renewed courage to keep his crazy bark afloat. The whilom careless youth had now a definite and absorbing aim. Week by week the *Plainsman* was doing steadily better, but, unfortunately, the increased business only made the pinch of insufficient capital more keen. Leonora was the most troublesome feature of the problem. The mere sight of little Laurie was sufficient to rouse that weather-beaten virgin to a pitch of blind unreasonableness. Frank used his best powers of cajolery, but the tension was stretched little by little towards the breaking-point. There was six months' interest on the mortgage overdue.

At Laurie's third council meeting old Sam Puffer produced from his capacious pocket a box of candy, the Eastern kind, very expensive and very stale in Black-foot, and silently laid it on the reporters' table. Laurie was immensely gratified. From the other aldermen there were audible murmurs of "graft," for Sam was a candidate for Mayor, and this was looked upon as an attempt to suborn the press. But there was nothing in that; for at the next meeting, when Sam Puffer turned up in a somewhat "elevated" condition as a result of too long a dalliance at the mahogany of the Royal Hotel, Laurie regretfully but relentlessly entered the fact in her account of the proceedings. Next day Sam came around to the office and shook hands with her. It did him good, he said, to meet a person with sand enough to call his friends down when they needed it.

The other candidate for mayor was the smug Alderman Telfair, Sam's ancient enemy. He too sought to ingratiate him-

self with Laurie, but with this difference—that while old Sam was a real man, who admired Laurie for a pretty girl and respected her for a plucky one, Telfair was no more than a puff-ball, who saw in Laurie the means of getting his name before the public. Laurie perceived the difference very clearly.

The *Plainsman* supported Sam Puffer, of course, but in local politics a man is very often at a disadvantage with a puff-ball. Alderman Telfair was known to be a fool and strongly suspected of grafting; nevertheless he threatened to carry the election by the sheer weight of his protestations of morality. It is so difficult to oppose these platform moralists, without the implication of championing the immoral! The only weapon the *Plainsman* had against Telfair was ridicule—which inflicts painful but seldom mortal injuries. The town chuckled, and Alderman Telfair writhed under its thrusts. Furious reprisals were threatened; the *Plainsman* merely laughed editorially and continued its course. Then one night there was a late conference in Alderman Telfair's office—men with a common grudge may be infallibly depended on to smell each other out. Mackinnon was there; also a heavily veiled lady wearing a lace coat and a picture hat.

A week later the blow fell. Frank was in Prince George, the provincial capital, lobbying for some of the government printing. Laurie had undertaken the responsibilities of editor-in-chief; with a heart swelling with pride, destined, alas, to be immediately dashed. Reaching the office after the morning session of the police court, she found Hennery Haddie in the editor's own chair, with his feet on another, and the sanctum odorous of one of the cigars manufactured, according to popular belief, from his stock-in-trade: *i.e.*, rags. Laurie's face reddened at the spectacle.

"Outside is the place to wait," she said sharply.

Hennery arose and puffed out his cheeks. He was a short, square man with a portentously serious eye, the carriage of the alderman he yearned to be, and the clothes of the rag and bone merchant he was. Hennery thought and spoke in purest journalese.

"It is my regretful duty to inform you, miss," he said, "that I have been denoted to take charge here——"

Laurie's face was a study in scorn. "Take charge!" she repeated.

"Owing, no doubt, to my well-known association with the press and public affairs," explained Hennery with a smirk.

"What do you mean?" demanded Laurie.

"Bailiff appointed by the court at the suit of Alderman Telfair, Esquire"——

Laurie took her breath sharply.

"Holder of a mortgage of eleven hundred dollars on the chattels of this here establishment, assigned by Leonora Colpas, Esquire—I mean, spinster."

Laurie knew all about the mortgage. Her heart seemed to shrivel in her breast, and for an instant she felt herself a small, small person alone in a vast and cruel world.

"My instructions being," continued Hennery, "to allow the business to proceed in all ways as usual, only everything printed in the paper must be satisfactory to my principal."

Laurie heard him but dully.

At this moment Miss Colpas ascended from the basement, ostensibly to ask about a word in her copy, but really to see how Laurie was taking the blow. She got small satisfaction from the acting editor: the mere sight of the other woman provided Laurie with a tonic. She lifted her head, took a long breath, and issued her instructions with perfect coolness. When Hennery went to lunch she locked herself in the sanctum and, dropping her head on the desk, cried it out like a girl. Then she sat up and, bending her pretty brows, thought it out like a man. By and by she seized paper and began to write, tearing off page after page, entirely oblivious to her surroundings and to the flight of time. Anon the tears came into her eyes, anon she frowned and then laughed outright. Laurie was putting "soul" into it. She concluded with a great sigh of relief, and, without stopping to read what she had written, folded the bulky package once across and, thrusting it into the bosom of her dress, reappeared in public.

All the afternoon she put things in train for the next day's paper as if no-

thing had happened. She exerted herself to be agreeable to Hennery Haddie, who, worthy man, was not sufficiently astute to smell danger. Inflated by the importance of his duties, he felt an ever-recurring need of a fresh supply of bar-room hydrogen, and by evening there was a noticeable access of dignity in the bailiff, joined to an increased tendency to puff out his cheeks. Miss Colpas swept home as usual at five o'clock, and was succeeded at the monotype after supper by her brother. Hennery brought back some editorials from his "principal," which Laurie, with a casual glance, sent down-stairs. Laurie herself took no time for supper.

At nine o'clock the proofs for the first side came up-stairs. By this time the bailiff and the acting editor, sitting side by side at the table under the shaded electric light, were apparently on terms of perfect amity. With an innocent air Laurie volunteered to read the proofs aloud, and lifted a voice of monotony calculated to lull Argus himself. Hennery tipped his chair back, his eyes closed, and his head drooped lower and lower. Before Laurie reached the bottom of the first galley he emitted a round and convincing snore. By the very look of Hennery you would know him for a hearty sleeper, not to speak of his potatoes during the afternoon.

Instantly Laurie, all excitement, scampered down the basement stairs. Besides Colpas, a weak youth, completely under the dominion of his sister, Higden, the printer, and Peake, who made up the forms, were at work. Into the ears of these two she whispered, and a wide, delighted smile slowly overspread each grimy face; they violently nodded their heads and followed her up-stairs. Laurie unlocked the door into the quarters of the fruit company. Peake grasped the back of Hennery's chair, Higden took the front legs, and the unconscious bailiff was tenderly lifted and carried up the four steps into the dark loft. Inside, there were several great bins reaching to the roof, such as are used for the storage of vegetables. These were made of stout palings, with narrow interstices to allow the passage of air. One of these cages was empty and the door stood open.

Hennery woke up as they set him down, and struggled to his feet. But the cage door was already closed and the hasp secured with a stout wooden pin. Hennery's fat hand would not pass between the bars. He seized the door of his cage and shook it exactly like that animal from which we are said to derive our descent; his cries were piteous, but quite in vain. Laurie sent him a cigar to soothe his outraged feelings, and after a while he ceased his lamentations.

Meanwhile the packet of copy was produced from Laurie's bosom and sent down-stairs. As she expected, young Colpas presently came up two steps at a time and, without looking at her, darted out through the street door. Laurie spent an anxious five minutes — if they had stayed away she would have been utterly defeated, but she was counting on the motive power of curiosity, and the end justified her: the Colpases, brother and sister, entered the office, the lady plumed, rouged, and grim. She had some sheets of Laurie's copy in her hand. Laurie stood up, and they faced each other, the little one and the old-timer.

"What is this?" demanded Leonora, stridently.

"The leading article for to-morrow," said Laurie mildly.

"Not if I know it," said the older woman viciously.

Laurie was patient. "Have you read it?" she asked.

"The first page is enough!" said Leonora, violently rattling the sheets. "Alderman Telfair is my friend!"

"Please read it," said Laurie.

Miss Colpas held the copy under the light. Laurie watched her narrowly. As she turned over the pages, first her lip uncurled, then her black eye softened a very little; she paused and bit her lip and frowned. Finally she threw the papers pettishly on the table, her arms dropped indecisively, she avoided Laurie's eye.

"I know very well it all rests with you," said Laurie. "If you and your brother won't set it up, of course there'll be no *Plainsman* to-morrow—nor ever again!" She paused for a moment to let this sink in. "No one blames you for selling your mortgage," she continued

with a reasonable air. "That was simply business. But selling it doesn't bind you to help old Telfair with his dirty work, does it? You are never the one to knife an old friend when his back is turned!"

Frankness was little Laurie's disconcerting weapon. Certainly the devil was in it if man or woman could resist her when she looked like that!

Leonora was in a wretched state of indecision. "Where's the bailiff?" she muttered.

"We put him in a potato bin," said Laurie calmly.

Leonora snorted briefly: Hennery was no favorite of hers.

"I wrote this for to-morrow's paper, too," said Laurie taking up another page or two of copy from the table and handing it over. "And I borrowed your new photograph from Peake this afternoon, and had a cut made to run with it."

Miss Colpas read an eloquent half-column appreciation of herself and her services to the *Plainsman*; "great personal popularity" and "unswerving loyalty" figured largely. The cut lay on the table; Leonora distinguished the lines of the beloved picture hat and lace coat, and in her mind's eye she could not help but see it at the head of a column.

"Would you really run that?" she said incredulously.

"Just as it stands," said Laurie—"unless you want to add something."

Leonora looked at her oddly. "You're just twisting me round your finger!" she grumbled.

"No," said Laurie, honestly enough. "It's not me, really. You see, I *knew* you had a good heart."

The old girl's wrinkles worked curiously. She suddenly caught Laurie by her two arms above the elbows and gave her a sharp little squeeze. "Laurie Gray, I've been an everlasting fool!" she said. Then turning furiously to her brother, she shouted, "You Colpas! What are you gaping at? Get back to work, boy!" She commenced tearing off her gloves. "Here, I'll take the machine myself, and you set by hand"

On his way back from Prince George next morning, Frank Ardry bought a copy of the *Plainsman* when it was

brought aboard the train at White Deer station. He opened it with an amused and tender smile at the recollection of the seriousness with which little Laurie had undertaken the role of editor—and then he gasped. Clear across the top of the paper spread this amazing announcement in the largest type they owned:

DASTARDLY PLOT TO MUZZLE
THE PLAINSMAN LAID BARE

And underneath, in type a little smaller, this:

ARE THE CITIZENS OF BLACKFOOT
GOING TO SEE FAIR PLAY DONE?

He skimmed through the story with anxious eyes and a beating heart; then he read it carefully and considered; then he read it a third time—and laughed. "Oh, marvelous Laurie!" was his thought. Her strength as always lay in her frankness: here was the whole story, Telfair, Mackinnon, and the unfortunate Hennerly Haddie, rendered in faithful, if somewhat heightened, colors. The automobile incident was rehearsed, the midnight meeting painted in strongly, the cowardly waiting of the conspirators until they had only a woman to deal with pointed out. She was compelled to boggle the truth a little as to Leonora's part, but what she could not say honestly she left unsaid—a privilege for special pleaders. Written straight from her generous young heart, the story could not help but be convincing — irresistible. It concluded with an eloquent and dignified appeal for funds in the cause of free speech. Mayor Pink was named as the repository.

Four times in two blocks between the station and the *Plainsman* office Frank was clapped on the back and congratulated. The office itself was crowded, not with mere idlers, but solid men, members

of the board of trade, a bank manager. Laurie was in the centre, perfectly self-possessed—only her lip trembled as Frank came in the door. In the sanctum Mayor Pink was entering checks in a note-book. By noon they had the *Plainsman* reorganized. Frank was elected president, and Laurie was put on the board of directors. Sufficient cash was subscribed to pay off all indebtedness and start the regenerated paper with a safe working capital.

Late that night, when the last friend and well-wisher had gone home to bed, Frank and Laurie adjourned to Mat Runyon's for a bite, as they often did before he took her home. Laurie, perched on a round stool, with her ridiculously small feet swinging free, was munching a cheese sandwich with perfect composure. Frank for his part could only look at her and murmur:

"Laurie! Laurie! How wonderful you are!"

She turned a frowning brow in his direction. "Oh, stuff!" she said inelegantly. "Be sensible! Pals don't carry on that way."

"Hang the pal game!" said Frank energetically. "You've got to marry me now, that's what!"

The sandwich was on its way to Laurie's mouth as he spoke.

It completed its journey, and the white teeth met through it without a tremor. Laurie chewed and swallowed the bite before she spoke.

"Would I keep my job?" she inquired casually.

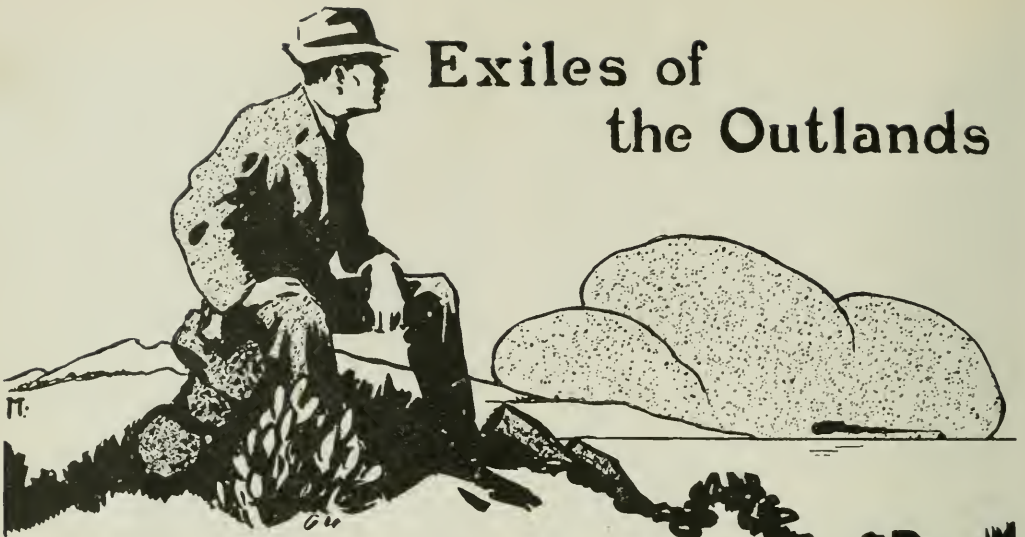
"For life!" said Frank.

"Oh, very well, then!" she said coolly. "I don't mind!"

But for all her cool airs, in the swift, veiled glance she vouchsafed him Frank saw that which made his breast rise with wonder and delight.



Exiles of the Outlands



Tales of the Men who can't come back.

by E. Alexander Powell F.R.G.S.

*"We took no tearful leaving,
We bade no long good-byes;
Men talked of crime and thieving,
Men wrote of fraud and lies.
To save our injured feelings
'Twas time and time to go—
Behind was dock and Dartmoor,
Ahead lay Callao!"*
—Kipling's *The Broken Men*.

ONCE, on the beach at Tangier, I saw a man immaculate in sun-helmet and white linen approach a tourist who had just landed from the Gibraltar boat.

"Are you an American?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," said the other curiously, "I am."

"Then talk to me," pleaded the immaculate one, clutching the newcomer by the arm as though he was afraid he would run away. "For God's sake let me hear an American voice again."

Now that was homesickness—nostalgia the army surgeons call it—and there is no pain like it in all the world. And of those who know its pangs, none suffer as

do the Men That Can't Come Back. All along the Edge of Things you will find them (Port Said, Djibuti, Lourenco Marques, Canton, Yokohama, Pago-Pago, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Callao, know them well) and though they are all very great blackguards and have caused much harm and sorrow and suffering, and though their photographs have been taken out of the red-plush albums and from the mantel-pieces in the sitting-rooms, their pictures still linger in the hearts they have broken, and that is why I am going to tell their stories, but not their names.

Most of them were gentlemen in the beginning—bank presidents, cashiers, contractors, treasurers of corporations. you

EXILES OF THE OUTLANDS

know the smug-faced, frock-coated breed—but the Opportunity and the Temptation met and in the end they left their country for their country's good, usually between two days, and nearly always they took with them other people's money and sometimes other people's wives. Shaven beards and assumed names and tramp steamers whose skippers ask no inconvenient questions of passengers who are able to pay handsomely for poor accommodation, help them in their flight and eventually they begin a new life under a new flag and a new name at Lima or Mogador or Macao. Some of them, and they are the most fortunate, have the courage to blow out their brains and so end the shame and the torture of it all; some go into business so that they may not have time to think; others drag out dreary existences in hotel bars and on hotel verandahs, betraying themselves by their pitiful over-anxiety to dine and wine every fellow-countryman who comes along, in their eagerness to hear the latest scraps of news from that Home to which they can never go back.

A few of them wear the blue tunics and baggy trousers of France's Foreign Legion; some are helping various dusky rulers to hold down their unstable thrones; one is drill-master to an Oriental army, and another is spy-in-chief at an Oriental court. But no matter in what far corners of the earth they have sought to hide themselves, they are fugitives from justice still, and if you should call them by their own names they would not answer, and if you should approach them from behind and clap them on the shoulder suddenly you would find a pistol-barrel shoved against your ribs, for above them hovers always the shadow of the Law. So, while you will not forget that the men who slink or swagger across the next few pages have caused much unhappiness for their families and their friends, it will do no harm to remember that homesickness and ostracism and exile are punishing them just as surely as the bars and the prison-stripes.

Between the two oceans how many men holding positions of financial responsibility are there, I wonder, who, reading in the evening paper of the capture of a

criminal in some far land, have not thought, "Ah, but I am cleverer than that. If I, with my intelligence, should ever take to crime and flight, they would never lay hands on me." How many bank cashiers, I wonder, who, harassed by the attempt to make income and expenditure meet, have not whispered to themselves, "How easy it would be for me to fill a valise with these banknotes which pass every day through my hands—fifty, a hundred, five hundred thousand dollars, even—and slip away from cares and worries to the shelter of some easier-going land. . . . A low-roofed, broad-verandaed bungalow beside an azure sea; a cane chair under the palm-trees and beside it a stand with cheroots and tinkling glasses; a happy, lazy land, *sans* telegraph, *sans* telephone, *sans* the subway at the rush hour and the clatter of the stock ticker and the raw March winds?"—come now, be frank: how many of you have not dreamt such a dream as this?

But it is not worth while, my friends. Men as brainy and as brilliant as you have tried it, and a neglected grave south of the line or a convict's number in a northern prison marks their ends.

Given the opportunity, a man of coolness and resource and daring may succeed in getting out of the country with almost any sum. But it is only then that the real pursuit begins. From that day until he is in a casket or a cell the hunt never halts nor flags. The submarine cables and the wireless dash-dot his crime and his description to the uttermost ends of the earth; the *Mauretania* may not dock at Liverpool or an ocean tramp may not unload cargo at Port Limon that some quiet, keen-eyed man is not beside the gang-plank as the passengers come ashore, scrutinizing each in turn; his picture and his description hang on the walls of every consulate and shipping-office from Pernambuco around to Shanghai.

So closely is our mesh of extradition treaties and diplomatic understandings drawn, that to-day there is no single civilized country in which he can find a home. Let us suppose that he succeeds in making his way to some one of those few semi-

civilized countries with which we have no definite arrangements for the surrender of fugitives—Morocco, perhaps, or Abyssinia, Afghanistan or Persia, one of the Central Asian khanates, or the Central American republics. It will be only a matter of weeks, at most, before his presence becomes known and news of it is flashed to the detective bureaus of the world. The United States may have no treaty with the ruler in whose dominions he has taken refuge, but the Department of State makes a polite request through its Minister Resident or Consul-General for the fugitive's surrender, promising, perhaps, to reciprocate should opportunity offer, and the shah, or sultan, or president, as the case may be, preferring the goodwill of the great republic to the gratitude of an escaped criminal, promptly lays rude hands upon him and sends him in, under escort, to the consul at the nearest port. He is sent home by the next steamer in the custody of a broad-shouldered, businesslike person and when he goes ashore the passengers crowd the rail to stare at him and at the thin steel chain which links his wrists.

Sometimes, however, the bonding companies and the police authorities decide that he is not worth the trouble and expense of extraditing and bringing back, and that, to my way of thinking, must be the worst of all, for then there is lacking the excitement of the chase and he is abandoned to his self-made exile, shunned by foreigners, sneered at by natives, a man without a country and without a home. The cool bungalow becomes a damp and silent prison, the cane chair and the iced drinks lose their first delight, the painted sea and the lazy palms he grows to hate; he longs for the sound of the familiar, friendly voices, for the roar of the street traffic and a whiff of crisp northern air, and one day he walks into an American consulate and gives himself up, or, perhaps, there is a muffled report one night in the dim interior of the bungalow, and the native servant, stealing in at dawn, finds a lamp still burning and a packet of stamped and addressed letters and a huddled Something on the bed.

IF you will lean over the bar of the Grande Bretagne in Athens, and if the shoulders of your coat are sufficiently broad and the toes of your shoes sufficiently round to stamp you unmistakably as an American, you are almost certain to be joined by a little, timid, side-whiskered man, who will ask the privilege of buying the cocktails because he, too, is "from God's own country, sir." Within five minutes you will be sitting with him at one of the mosaic-topped tables in the corner and he will be plying you with eager questions about the new plays and the latest song-hits and if they still have the same leather easy-chairs in the lobby of the Hoffman House, and is the air in the subway really good, and how is the dining-car service between New York and Chicago. And so congenial does he make himself that almost before you know it you have accepted his invitation to drive down to Phaleron for tea and to dine at his house afterward. While you are chatting, in drops the consul-general, whom you already know—everyone does drop in at the Grande Bretagne at cocktail time—but instead of responding to your beckoned invitation he shrugs his shoulders at sight of your companion and turns away. "Queer how touchy these consuls are," you say to yourself, and go on describing to your eager auditor Broadway's latest importation of prima-donnas.

At four o'clock to the minute he comes for you with a victoria and pair that would do credit to Fifth Avenue. The drive is interesting and you could not wish a better informed conductor. He does not seem to be on bowing terms with many of the people you pass, it is true, but you are too busy seeing the points of interest to notice that. At Phaleron you have tea on the terrace of the Aktion and eat a great many more *petits fours* than are good for you, and lean back in your chair and listen to the strains of a Roumanian orchestra, while you gaze out across the lazy blue Ægean and stand up with the others when the King, a timid, unhappy-looking man in a naval uniform, drives by, and finally your carriage takes its place in the long procession of vehicles

which winds its way back to the capital at sunset.

After passing street on street of Athenian villas, white, pale pink, pale green, pale yellow, the carriage suddenly pulls up at a house so obviously American as to be almost startling. It has red brick walls and brown stone piazzas and green blinds and a blue slate roof, and taken altogether is a fine example of that type so common during the architectural reign of terror in the early eighties. An elaborate iron fence surrounds a stretch of well-kept turf, iron hitching-posts in the form of expectant pickaninnies stand on either side of the stepping-stone, and there are iron dogs and iron deer on the lawn. The hammock and the rustic chairs on the piazza are manifestly of American importation, and so are the screen doors and the over-carved and over-gilded furniture within.

The hostess you find to be altogether charming, despite her effusive manner and her peroxidized hair; your host fairly radiates hospitality and the dinner is above reproach. The talk is all about home, of course, and you mention the latest musical comedy success, which you saw the night before sailing.

"When we left home," says your hostess—and, oh, the caress in that word home—"they were singing 'Annie Rooney' and 'Two Little Girls in Blue,'" and going over to the piano she begins to play one of these melodies which was the hit of a yesterday long passed. But it is a song, commonplace and vulgar as it is, which brings the laugh which brings the groan, and in another minute she has whirled around on the piano-stool with her face buried in her handkerchief.

"Let's go home, Jack," she says, raising a tear-stained face, "I'm so homesick. Please take me home," and your host answers, "Yes, dear, we really must run over to God's country next spring and make a visit." And hastily making your thanks for an altogether delightful evening, you go out into the fragrant night, wondering why on earth any American lets business keep him away from his own land so long.

The next morning you meet the consul-general on the street. "I see old A—

lost no time in getting hold of you," he remarks. "Drive, dinner, music, good cigars—usual thing, I suppose? Well, I can't blame him much, poor devil. He's about eaten up with homesickness. Of course, you'll pardon my not joining you yesterday, but I really can't afford to be seen with him in public; official position, public opinion and all that sort of thing, you know. What? You haven't heard the story yet? A— was president of a bank in Southern California. Man of unquestioned integrity, president of the local chamber of commerce, taught a Bible class, pillar of the church, leading citizen; began to speculate and then to peculate—easy step from one to the other, you know—and one fine morning the town woke up to find that its foremost citizen had skipped in the night with the wife of his best friend and a valise containing the bank's assets.

"Of course, they set the Pinkertons on his trail and they caught up with him here, but in those days there was no extradition in Greece, except for murder, and so he was safe as long as he stayed inside of Greek frontiers. He liked it out here at first, but after a time the homesickness got hold of him and the woman and he tried to compromise with the bank, but they wouldn't have it and swore that sooner or later they would land him behind the bars. He can't get into any of the clubs—and Heaven knows the Greeks are not over-particular—and, of course, neither he nor the woman are received by any of the foreigners, though they built that big house you dined in last night in the hope that it would make things easier for them socially. Why, will you believe it, they had the plans for that house drawn in the States and brought over the furniture and the window-curtains, and even the door-knobs, so that they could imagine that they were back home. Piti-ful, I call it.

"Take it all around, they are the two unhappiest people that I know. They talk home and they think home and they dream home and when they meet any one who doesn't know their story they always pretend that they are going there next spring, and all the while they know per-

fectly well that they would be nabbed the minute they set foot on shore at Port Said or Gibraltar or Naples. Just the same, I'm willing to bet a month's salary that old A—— does go home one of these days and face the music. There's no place like home, you know, particularly when you can't go there. Come over to the Grande Bretagne and have a drink."

* * *

SHAVED off by itself in the mountains of Central America, midway between the two oceans, lies Guatemala City, which, as everyone knows, is the capital of the republic of that name. It is not so many years ago that I was sitting with a friend in front of the Cafe del Globo, the one, you know, which stands just across the plaza from the archbishop's palace. It was during those stirring days which followed the assassination of President Barillas, when the country was still in an uproar and the new executive was trying to prop up the rickety chair of state. We sat in the grateful coolness of the colonade, my friend and I, and over our coffee and sweet biscuits watched the motley procession of Guatemalecan life lounge by: *rancheros* in leather trousers and silver-trimmed sombreros, half-naked Indians sweating under their enormous burdens, tatterdemalion soldiers slouching along in ill-fitting uniforms of soiled and ragged linen, policemen with white gloves and Winchester carbines, officers smart in bottle-green and scarlet.

As we chatted over our cigarettes a man approached us; the most disreputable-looking man, I think, I ever saw. His hair was as long as his beard, his suit of white drill was stained and torn beyond redemption, his feet were thrust into native sandals, and the wreck of a straw hat covered his head, but in spite of his appearance he approached us with a certain air of confidence as though he was so certain of himself and his position, that the miserable rags he wore were a matter of no consequence at all. It was just the same air of easy assurance that I once noticed in a young British peer whose hunting clothes were ruined when his horse fell at a water-jump and who was compell-

ed to go through the rest of the day wearing a suit of greasy whipcords he had borrowed from a stable-boy.

As I was saying, the Disreputable One approached us with as much confidence as though we were meeting in a club and were old friends. "You gentlemen are Americans, I am sure," he said, "and I am an American, too, though my clothes"—with a whimsical glance at his impossible garments—"would scarcely betray me, would they? And that is why I am going to ask you to lend me fifty dollars—I said *lend*, mind you."

Now, if some other man had said that we should probably have called the big head-waiter and had him kicked out, but underneath this man's shabby exterior were the unmistakable earmarks of a gentleman, so we asked him to sit down with us and poured out another cup of the atrocious coffee and called for more biscuits. One's impulses are given freer rein in these careless lands than would be possible or profitable in our colder and more suspicious North.

"Give us the yarn," we said, and passed him the cigarettes.

"You are the first people in two years who have treated me like a white man," said the outcast, his eyes filling with tears, "and I'll be square with you. I'm one of the men that can't go back. I got into trouble back home—no matter what, no matter where—and made the country too hot to hold me. That was two years ago, and ever since then I've been wandering through these greasy republics trying to earn a living. My last peso went yesterday, and, as you can see for yourself, gentlemen, I'm up against it. Seeing me in these rags, you may well doubt it, but I was a gentlemen once myself and a graduate of a famous university and later on I held an officer's commission—but what's the use of talking about that.

"I asked you for the loan of fifty dollars, and if you lend it to me I'm going to get a bath and a shave and a hair-cut and some decent clothes and then I'm going straight to this new president in the palace over yonder and I am going to say to him, 'Mr. President, I am an American by birth and a soldier by profession

and I know how to make soldiers out of these nigger scarecrows of yours,—real soldiers that will stand up and fight. I am the kind of a man you need, Mr. President, for I am an American, and, therefore, I will stand by you as long as I take your pay; I am a gentleman by birth, and therefore I will tell you the truth. I have no political axe to grind, no party sympathies, no factional jealousies; you can trust me, and that is more than you can say of most of these gold-braided officers of yours.' That's what I am going to say to the president, gentlemen, if you will lend me the money to make myself presentable enough to see him—and you will get your money back."

We lent him the money; that goes without saying, for fifty dollars silver is only twenty-five dollars gold, which, divided by two, made only twelve dollars and a half apiece, which, after all, is no great sum to risk on a fellow countryman's chances of salvation. But, down in our hearts, neither of us really expected to see that money again.

Three days later we sat under the same colonade of the same restaurant looking out over the same sun-bathed plaza at the same variegated procession. Leon, the big head-waiter, had just poured our coffee, when we heard the clatter of hoofs in the street behind us, but troops were passing and repassing, so we paid no attention. A moment later came the clink of spurs on the stone pavement and our friend the Outcast, resplendent in varnished boots and a uniform of green and silver, as trim and soldierly a figure as one would wish to look upon, stood before us.

"Here's your money, gentlemen," he said, tossing some gold-pieces on the table. "I thank you for the loan of it, and I thank you still more for your faith in human nature. As for me, I'm Chief of Staff of the Guatemalan army."

* * *

MY acquaintanceship with Ernesto Clay (this name is not his own, but it is near enough to answer the purpose) began off the little port of San Jose de Guatemala, where the Cosmos Line boat touched on the way from Valparaiso

to San Francisco. The last berth on the boat had been sold at Panama, but that had not deterred the agent at San Jose from disposing of a few more. There is no harbor at San Jose, so we spent an uncomfortable morning pitching in the trough of the sea two miles off shore, while waiting for the usual consignment of fruit and coffee to be put aboard. But the lighter that came puffing out from shore, laden to the gunwales with cargo, brought a dozen passengers besides. As they started to climb the swaying ladder against the ship's side the German captain, a pompous, red-faced tub of a man, leaned over the rail of the bridge and, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, told them with unnecessary violence that there was no accommodation left and that, tickets or no tickets, they could not come aboard.

Now, after you have sweated and burned with fever and shaken with chills and all but died from homesickness in a filthy, Godforsaken Central American village for two or three or perhaps six years, and have finally scraped together enough money to take you back to the States again, and after you have been counting the weeks and days and even the hours until the steamer sails, and after you have seen that same steamer lying out in the roadstead with her nose pointed to the North, with its threatres and its wet pavements with the street lamps reflected in them, and the restaurants with tables and shaded candles and men and women of your own kind sitting round them, it is not good to have a tubby German captain shout at you that you cannot come aboard the boat at all and that you must go back to the swamps and the fever and the heat and wait six weeks until another boat comes along that has room to take you.

Out from the little group of disappointed passengers stepped a tall, clean-cut, clean-limbed American and thrusting aside the sailor at the foot of the ladder, went up it two steps at a time.

At the top the captain met him, his face purple with anger.

"Gott in Himmel!" he thundered, "Am I der captain uf dis ship er am I nod? I dells you der iss for you no blace und up you comes youst der same. Who der

Teufel are you und vat pizness haf you on my deck ven to keep off I haf ordered you?"

"My name is Clay," said the American, very quietly and evenly. "You may have heard of me. The greasers down here think I am quite a wonderful shot. Your agent sold me a ticket to San Francisco and I am going there and I am going on this boat, and so are my friends down there. If you try to prevent us they will probably bury you under those two palm trees you see over yonder on the shore. You big, fat, German swine, you son of a Dutch sea-cook, how dare you tell a white man that he can't go back to a white man's country on your rotten old ferry-boat? If I ever hear another peep from you, my friend, I'll fill you so full of lead that you won't be good for anything but ballast. And after this, remember to say 'Sir' when you address me."

Turning his back on the awed and speechless skipper, Clay beckoned his friends to come aboard. Calling a steward, he ordered him to carry the luggage into the steamer's smoke-room, which the man did in fear and trembling, and there Clay took up his quarters for the voyage. To reach the dining saloon it was necessary to pass through the smoke-room, but so notorious was Clay's reputation as a desperado whose finger was uncomfortably light on the trigger, that neither officers, passengers nor crew were hardy enough to enter the room without first asking the occupant's permission or even to ask his permission in the morning until they were sure he was awake.

At this time Ernesto Clay was still in the early forties and as fine a figure of a man as one would see in a week's journey. The name by which I have chosen to call him is not, as I have already said, his own. The name he bears is one of the proudest in the Old Dominion and there seems no good reason for adding to the disgrace and notoriety he has already heaped upon it. So vicious was the life he led at college that his father finally disowned him, and Clay, like so many others of his kidney, found more congenial companions on a Texan ranch. In a region where every one's hand was light on the

trigger, a man with Clay's nerve and daring was certain to make a name of one kind or another—and Clay quickly made his as a bad man. Contrary to the best etiquette of the frontier, he carried his gun in a sling inside his vest and it was said that he could draw and fire so quickly that the eye could not follow the motion.

During a drunken brawl one night in a Texas cow-town he put his proficiency to the test, the other man fell with a bullet through his heart and Clay headed his pony for the Rio Grande. Wandering through Mexico in quest of fortune and excitement, he began to take part in the local *corridos*, his coolness and daring quickly winning him a national reputation and drawing enormous crowds to watch the performances of the *matador Americano*, as he was called.

Eventually he bought a ranch in the south of Mexico, where he entertained lavishly, the liquor flowing like water, but a slight difference of opinion with the chief of police of Vera Cruz resulted in the latter's dying quite suddenly with his boots on, Clay showing remarkable promptness in getting across the Guatemala border. Before he had been there a year his name was a synonym for cool-headed daring from one end of Central America to the other. Whenever a dissatisfied patriot felt that the best interests of his country—and, incidentally, of his own pocket—would be furthered by a change of administration, he sent for Clay, and it was this exiled American who, for a half-a-dozen years, played a considerable part in the blood-stained history of the Central American republics. Hankering for the sights and sounds of northern civilization, he returned to the States, but the over-readiness of his trigger-finger again got him in trouble, this time in St. Louis, his victim being a Mexican bull-fighter named Cervera. He was arrested, tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defence, but public sentiment made advisable a departure between two days.

A peculiarity of Clay was his habitual quietness of voice and manner. The more excited others became, the calmer he. His fund of profanity could not be matched

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in the three Americas, but he would utter the most hair-raising blasphemies in a voice as soft and silky as though he were making love. A musician of more than passing merit, he knew the German masters as most people know the arithmetic or the spelling-book, while his knowledge of the classics was equalled only by his knowledge of the under-world.

The last time I saw Clay was in the City of Mexico. A party of us, foregathered from the ends of the earth, were dining together in a private room of the Hotel Iturbide. The conversation eventually drifted around to fugitives and adventurers in general and so it was scarcely surprising that some of us should recall the exploits of Clay.

"If I ever met that blackguard," declared one of the party, a tall, lank Kentuckian named Hughes, "and he had the impertinence to offer to shake hands with me, I'd shoot him like a dog."

Even as he spoke the door swung open quietly, and as he paused the *moso*¹ announced. "Senor Clay to see the gentleman." There, framed in the doorway, smiling contemptuously and with one hand slipped carelessly into his vest, stood the very man whose name was on our lips. It was one of those amazing coincidences which occur more often in fiction than in fact.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said, making a sweeping bow. "Permit me to present myself—my name is Ernesto Clay; some of you may possibly have heard it before."

Walking straight across the room to where Hughes stood glowering at him, Clay put out his hand. "I am particularly pleased to meet you, sir," he said in silken tones, "Won't you shake hands?"

Amid a breathless silence they looked into each other's eyes for a minute that seemed an eternity, two as fine specimens of manhood as one would wish to see, broad-shouldered, small-hipped, made of steel and wire and rawhide, taking stock of each other as do the bull and the matador before the final charge and thrust. For a full minute they looked at each other without a word and then their hands met.

TWO gentlemen named Greene and Gaynor are now living at the public expense in a federal institution in Georgia, because they made a slight error in judgment in thinking that it would be just as easy to hoodwink the United States Government in regard to the building of a certain breakwater as it was to deceive a village board of aldermen. The fact that their judgment in this particular case was grievously at fault is proved by the somewhat conspicuous pattern of clothing they are wearing at the moment.

They made another mistake in thinking that they could escape the long arm of the Federal law by crossing over the St. Lawrence River, on the further side of which they proposed to build expensive houses with the Government's money and to settle down to new and more or less happy lives under a new flag. My purpose, however, is not to recount the history of the Savannah breakwater frauds or of the Gaynor-Greene extradition case, but to relate the real story—for the first time, I think—of how the kidnapping of the fugitives by Federal detectives was foiled by an avaricious hotelkeeper. It is a story which strikes me as having a distinctly humorous side.

While the opposing lawyers were wrangling and arguing and calling for writs and subpoenas and caveats and body-warrants, the fugitives had settled down to enjoy themselves at a certain great hostelry in Quebec which rears itself high on a hill overlooking the river and the town. They were the hotel's most profitable guests, for where others ordered beer they called for champagne; where others ate ham sandwiches and enjoyed them, they criticized the flavor of the caviare; where ordinary travelers were content with a room and a bath, they occupied five-room suites, and, unlike the summer tourist, they did not pack their trunks at the end of a few days and flit back across the border, but stayed on and on and on. With the approach of winter and the departure of the last tourist, the American refugees became the mainstay of the hotel. Between their suites and their wines and the horde of sycophants that surrounded them they were as profitable to the manage-

ment as a whole houseful of transients. Their loss would have been a calamity indeed.

But things could not go on forever thus. Federal justice may be slow, but it is almost as sure as death or taxes. Returning from a stroll in the early darkness of an autumn evening, Greene and Gaynor were set upon by a group of men who had been lurking in the shadows; an extradition warrant, signed by a Montreal judge, was thrust into their faces, and, despite their protestations, they were hustled into a carriage and rushed to the riverside, where a speedy launch was waiting with steam up to carry them into another and less prejudiced jurisdiction and within easier reach of American justice.

Quietly as the kidnapping was effected, it was witnessed by several passers-by and word of it was at once telephoned to the fugitives' hotel. Now the truth of the matter was that the Canadian Government was heartily glad to be rid of two such embarrassing visitors and hoped that it would never see their faces again. Not so the hotel management, however, and no sooner did the news of the kidnapping reach them than they bent every energy to bring back their abducted guests to occupy those suites at fifty dollars a day.

Telegraph keys clicked and telephone bells jangled. "We *must* have them back," said the manager in wild excitement. "We can't let our best paying guests be taken away from us like this. Why, we might as well close the hotel. Charter a special train. Order the fastest boat on the river to meet us at Three Rivers. Fill it with lawyers and police. Put in some sandwiches and champagne in case we rescue them—and don't forget to make a note of it on their bill. We'll get them yet."

And they did. Not on the river, it is true, for the launch bearing the prisoners paid no attention to the commands to "Halt, in the name of the King!" but sped on its way to Montreal. But so bitterly was the case contested on behalf of Greene and Gaynor by lawyers employed by the hotel, that the fugitives were eventually returned to Quebec jurisdiction, celebrated their narrow escape from extra-

dition with a banquet, which, we may suppose, added materially to their bill.

But it is scarcely fair to enroll Messrs. Greene and Gaynor among the Men That Can't Come Back, for, a few weeks later, as the result of a decision by the Lord High Chancellor of England, they were turned over to American justice and did come back—in handcuffs.

* * *

THERE once went to Sandhurst, which is the English West Point, an extremely nice young man. He was good looking and well mannered and as he happened to be the son of a marquis he had the privilege of tacking "Honorable" before his name. His people had a town house in Portland Square and a big place down Devonshire way, and as his social qualifications were altogether unimpeachable he had no difficulty in being gazetted into a very smart regiment indeed.

But it is an expensive luxury to be an officer in a smart regiment, as the youngster soon found out, for what with subscriptions to the regimental coach, and the regimental pack, and the regimental box at Covent Garden, and the regimental marquees at Henley and Hurlingham and Ascot, the rather liberal allowance which his father made him was altogether too small to go around. Then he got into the hands of the usurers and paid as much interest per week on the advances they made him as banks pay a year. He knew how to play cards, though, and so he began to look forward to the setting out of the green tables in the mess-room each night after dinner as a means of recruiting his finances instead of as an amusement.

Now this is a very bad state of mind for a young man to get into and what he should have done was to have gone straight to his colonel and told him the whole miserable business. But instead of that, he cheated. Every one at the table saw him do it quite plainly, but they felt more pity than anger for him and so kept their mouths closed, thinking it was one of those mistakes which all young men make at some time in their lives and that

he would never do it again. But, finding how easy it was to win money by cheating, a few nights later he tried it again.

Now the man who cheats once may be excused and forgiven, but for him who cheats twice there can be neither forgiveness nor excuse. His fellow-officers were painfully correct about it all, however, and instead of calling him a cad and a cheat they merely prefixed "Mister" to his name when they addressed him and very politely declined to play with him at all. And on top of all this, and to make matters still worse, if they could be any worse, it was found that his mess-accounts—he was treasurer of the regimental mess—were tangled up and that the food and wine and cigars had not been paid for. His regiment was stationed in Malta at the time and in the middle of the night his colonel came to him and advised him to send in his papers and to leave by a boat sailing at daybreak so as to avoid court-martial, both of which he did. He wrote his father from Naples, asking if he could come home, but the crabbed old nobleman, inordinately proud of the family name and honor, sent him a draft for a thousand pounds with a message that he never wished to see his face again.

Began then a weary round of *pensions* and *table d'hotes*—in the summer Lucerne, Lugane, Bellagio, Montreux; in the winter Biarritz, Pau, Mentone, San Remo, Monte Carlo—but after a week or so at each place some one who knew him in the old days would recognize him in the casino or on the promenade and from tea-table to tea-table the whisper would spread "That good-looking young fellow is Captain B—, the one, you know, who was cashiered for cheating at cards. Think of it; he actually cheated *twice!*" So then he would have to move on to some other place where people did not know him, but sooner or later they would always learn his story and shun him as they would the plague.

Later on, when his money was almost gone, he drifted to Constantinople, where Zia Pasha, the chief of the secret police, seeing the possible value of such a man, picked him out of the gutter, metaphorically speaking, and put him on his feet again. In return for which he became a

palace spy. It was not a pretty business. His duties consisted in hanging about the bars of the hotels and getting acquainted over them with visiting foreigners and gaining their confidence so as to report what they said and thought and did and intended to do to the little, grey-bearded man at Yildiz. When he first went to Turkey he was still good-looking, with the most charming manners, so he was admitted to the foreign clubs and the European society of the capital made much of him. But one day along came a new *attache* to the British Embassy, who promptly recognized him, so he was dropped from the clubs without any ceremony and the ladies on whom he called were not at home to him, the servants said, and even the Levantine hotel-keepers told him quite brutally that they would prefer his room to his company. Only once did he distinguish me with his attentions. I was crossing the Sea of Marmora from the Prince's Islands to Constantinople with my wife and a young gentleman who was known to be a leader in the party of Turkish reform and who later on played a very brave and noteworthy part in the Turkish Revolution. We were sitting on one of the benches which run lengthwise of the rickety old Mahsuse steamers, talking in rather subdued tones—for in those days in Turkey it was not healthy to talk politics aloud—when the English Spy, as he was called, sauntered up and dropped into a seat directly behind us, where he could hear every syllable of our conversation.

Raising her voice so that it was perfectly audible across the crowded deck, Mrs. Powell remarked: "I am told that there is a spy here in Constantinople who was once an officer in the British army and who was cashiered for theft. Now he makes friends so as to betray them for Turkish gold. Can you conceive of any one who ever had the instincts of a gentleman sinking quite as low as that?" Scarcely had she finished when the man behind us rose hurriedly, his face crimson to the hair-line, and walked away.

Lower and lower he sank, so that even the notorious Samy Bey, the court dentist who was employed to extract secrets

instead of molars, was quite a gentleman in comparison. On the evidence which he furnished, scores upon scores of men were sent to eat their hearts out in the fever-stricken oases of Tripoli or the Hedjaz, while still others disappeared suddenly and were never heard from again. So when the Army of Liberation entered Constantinople in triumph that morning in April of last year, the first man for whom they sought was the English Spy, and if they had caught him they would have put a rope around his neck, and stood him on a stool under one of a long row of gallows, and a soldier would have kicked the stool from under him without any ceremony at all, and I, for one, should have said that he quite deserved his fate. But instead of that he escaped by the skin of his teeth, in a Khedivial mail boat, disguised as a stoker, and the last I heard of him he had made his way to Mellila and had enlisted in the Spanish Foreign Legion to fight against the Moors. If Fate is kind to him he may have the good fortune to go down fighting against odds, and thus make up in some small measure for all the sorrow he has caused and the homes he has desolated, by meeting his end like a gentleman and a soldier.

I have one more story to tell, but it is such a very strange and improbable story, and will meet with so many denials, that I rather hesitate to relate it for that very reason. But so mysterious and interesting is it that I will endeavor to repeat it just as it was told to me, and you can believe it or not, as you choose.

* * *

THE Man That Can't Come Back in this case was a very brave general and a knight to boot, who disgraced himself so irretrievably that the British War Office and his friends would be only too glad to bury his memory in oblivion and have everyone else do likewise. The facts in this case, briefly stated, are these: General Sir Hector Macdonald, commander-in-chief of his Britannic Majesty's forces in Ceylon, being accused of grave misconduct, hurried home to discuss the situation with the War Office officials in London.

The authorities curtly ordered him to return to Colombo and stand his trial.

He left London for Marseilles, presumably to embark for Ceylon, but broke his journey in Paris, where he put up at a certain fashionable hotel. At noon on the fourth day of his stay he received a telegram and immediately went to his room. The following day Paris learned, as did the rest of the world, through the London news agencies, that Sir Hector Macdonald had shot and killed himself in a Paris hotel. From first to last the circumstances surrounding the suicide, the identification of the body and the arrangements for the burial were surrounded with the deepest mystery, which the War Office authorities and Macdonald's friends did nothing to dispel. A casket suitably marked was interred with simple ceremonies in a Scottish cemetery and thus ended the official career of one of England's bravest soldiers.

But a rumor that Macdonald was not dead almost immediately crept into circulation in official circles and would not down. Strange whispers began to leak out from the Paris police. Rumor after rumor, story after story, came from various parts of the Continent and later from the Far East, averring that Macdonald had been seen alive and seen by men who knew him so well that a mistake in identity was impossible. He was seen in Singapore, in Canton, in Hankow. But no sooner did these stories appear in print than they were met with vehement denials from his friends, who said that they, with many others, had seen a casket with a silver name-plate buried in a Scottish graveyard.

Last year a British army officer, who had served under Macdonald for many years and knew him intimately, made a journey of exploration into the interior of China, into the heart of that mysterious country, practically unknown to foreigners, which lies to the west of the Great Wall. He arrived at an obscure Chinese village on the eve of the grand maneuvers of one of the divisions of that army which is being trained in such mad haste to safeguard the empire from Japanese invasion and to bolster up the tottering fortunes of the dynasty.

Riding out upon the great drill plain the next morning to watch the yellow-faced khaki-clad infantry at their work, he turned aside to let a European, wearing the uniform of a Chinese general, go clattering by with his staff.

"It's Fighting Mac!" cried the Englishman, reining back his pony in utter amazement as he caught sight of the officer's face. "My God, it's Macdonald!"

But the other, without slackening his pace or looking to right or left, gave an order, and two of his staff-officers, wheeling their horses, informed the Englishman politely but firmly that he must at once leave the province, the secrecy of the maneuvers being the reason given for their action. And that there might be no possibility of his delaying, an escort was provided to see him on his way.

Now this, remember, is only one of a

score of similar stories which are being repeated all up and down the China coast, and the officer in question is only one of a dozen reputable men who insist that they have seen Sir Hector Macdonald in the flesh. I have told you the story as I heard it and you can take it for what it is worth, but there is every reason to believe that precisely such a course on Macdonald's part would have met with the secret approval of the British War Office, for it would save the responsibility for an ugly suicide and the necessity for a still more ugly trial. Improbable as it may appear, many hold the opinion, myself among them, that "Fighting Mac," holder of a knighthood and a commission from the King, is the ranking officer of the Lost Legion, which, as all the world knows, is recruited from the Men That Can't Come Back.

THE UGLY MAN

A freight engine, singing as it careers across the prairie, muttering imprecations as it strains up the grade from the Kicking Horse, purring fifty M.P.H. on the main line from Toronto to Montreal, with a long string of dumb, frightened, shivering box-cars following behind like some lady giant's necklace suddenly bewitched — compels admiration. It has force, direction and control.

There is a certain Ugly Man, who controls a certain great system in Canada. He has the same qualities: force, direction and control. Ambition generates his energy. A desire to be a "power" caused him to select the goal towards which he travels. Intelligence controls his force; stops it when it is time to stop; starts when it is time to start. These three qualities make the engine. These three make the Ugly Man a god, by comparison with other men. From these three is distilled "Power," and is the goal of the great; and by these three are the useful and the useless citizens to be separated.

The Story Lornesborough Told

By

James Herbertson

HE rode up the main street in front of the hotel, with a little cloud of brown dust floating over the pinto's heels. It was the dust of the irrigation country, one of the valleys of the Rocky Mountains which is famous for the apples which it produces. The night was only a little way off, though there was still a wash of crimson light over the ermine capes of the Eastern summits. The hills to the west of the valley were in purple shadow against the gay sunset, with a shade of green, turning to grey, underneath the purple. The colors of a mountain gloaming flowed into the valley out of a thousand phials hidden in the cranies of the hills, like dyes poured into a bowl of clear water. A haziness fell on everything and veiled even the glare of the patent gasolene lamps in the ice cream parlor across the way from where we sat on the hotel verandah. Wallis' eye caught mine and he motioned me to observe the figure which, as I have said, was passing on the cayuse.

Lank and loose-jointed he sat the horse. Furtively, half sneeringly, he seemed to glance toward the group of us sitting on the verandah. He rode relaxed. The lines, in one hand, were slack. The other hand supported an old time rifle across the saddle. A long white beard, dropping almost to his waist, obscured most of his features, but the nose and the brows and the way the eyes were set, gave to the figure a distinction which belied the slouch in the saddle. The flat little neck of the pinto lifted from between the man's sheep-skin "chaps" like

the neck of a small giraffe. Its body was almost hidden by the rambling proportions and the outlying clothing of the rider. The stirrups came within only a few inches of the ground. The pointed toes of the man's high-heeled riding boots disturbed occasional pieces of stone which lay loose in the path of the horse.

"Teddy," said Wallis, turning to the bar-keep who was standing behind us, wiping a glass on his towel, "Teddy, who's that?"

"That!" exclaimed Teddy, "that's Old Gabriel."

"What's his last name?" asked Wallis.

"He hasn't one."

"What's he do for a living?"

"Oh, he has a little bit of a mine up the side of that hill ——" Teddy indicated a shadow which, but a little time before, had been a mountain in lodge regalia, "and he washes enough gold out of his pickin's each week to feed him and keep him alive. It's a little bit of pay streak he has: not enough to be worth anything to a company and not enough for anybody to get enthusiastic over. The old man just gets a livin' out of it and that's about all."

"How's he come here?" persisted Wallis, leaving his chair and leaning across the verandah railing to watch the old man disappearing down the street, "What's the story?"

"Simple 'nough," replied the bar-keep, "He was a prospector in the Cariboo gold rush. When the rush died down he was only part way out of the mountains. It

left him stranded on the side of that there hill, like Noah's Ark, I reckon, after the flood."

"Pshaw!" said Wallis, trying to provoke the bar-keep into telling all he knew. "Pshaw, that's no reason why a man should stay up on the side of the hill all his days! That gold rush was years ago. He has had lots of time to move on. What's he stay there for if the mine is only a poor one, as you say?"

"You've got me," sighed Teddy, "How can I tell? They say he is some account in England, or used to be. They say he's a Lord or a Viscount or some other such foolishness, but I don't take much stock in that. Viscount! What'd a Viscount be doin' here?"

"Know anything more about him?"

"No, except —— well there's only one man he has anything to do with. It's a little frozen up fellow about as old as himself who works in a livery stable over in the next town. The little fellow turns up here every six months or so and hangs around the trail leading to Old Gabriel's cabin. Every time Gabriel catches him he beats him up, or tries to frighten the old fellow to death. It's been goin' on for years. They say that Gabriel has something, or knows something that makes old Fritz afraid of him and yet Fritz can't keep away. There used to be an old man —— he's dead now, who remembered when the two of them were in their prime. Gabriel always seemed to have the gun hand on Fritz. Fritz was always hanging around wherever Gabriel was, and yet trying to keep out of sight; and Gabriel would abuse him. Every year. Old Fritz has got lower and lower. He used to be a fine lookin' man, they say. But he's no account now. He's all broke up. He whimpers if you look at him. He's gettin' weak in his head."

Wallis was leafing over a note book. "Go on," he commanded.

"That's all there is to it," returned Teddy. "Gabriel's a bully and Fritz is scared of him. They say that one time Fritz threatened to shoot Gabriel. He got his gun out and tackled Gabriel in the street, But Gabriel didn't so much as turn a hair or look for his own gun. He just

laughed in Fritz's face and the fool dropped the gun and slunk off. Gabriel's got somethin' on him. It's killed Fritz's nerve."

"What do people think it might be?" asked Wallis.

"People don't think about it at all. They're too busy growin' apples in this valley. The old days of shootin's have 'beat it.' These two old fossils are remnants of times that nobody 'round here cares about. They allow the pair is crazy."

"Has he a wife?" asked Wallis.

"Some say he has. Some say he hasn't. Some claims to have seen her but nobody ever gets near enough his little old place up the mountain, to know."

"How old would you say Gabriel was?"

"Might be eighty, but I reckon that's too high —— seventy maybe."

"Does he come to the village often?"

"No. He only rides in once in a while. He always uses the pinto. He limps when he ——"

"Limps? Which leg?" interrupted Wallis.

"Say!" expostulated the bar-keep, "Say you know, I —— I don't know *everything*, but —— well it's his left foot."

"Just one more question," said the Chief. "Did you ever see this old fellow with his hat off?"

Teddy thought diligently. "Why, no," he answered at length, "come to think, I never have. Now't I recollect, I don't believe there's anybody around here that ever has. There's a story that Old Gabe's hat has grown on, like his hair."

"Kirschman," said Wallis, turning to me, "I may be wrong, but it looks to me as though we are getting near Lornesborough."

"So do I," I returned to the Chief.

"Because ——" he was about to add. But he did not finish. We heard a man running and the sound of a horse galloping down the road, apparently in pursuit. Just as we leaned over the edge of the verandah to look in the direction of the sound, a little grey whiskered man bolted out of the darkness straight into the pit of my stomach. He fell on the floor, panting, and crawled behind my knees, clinging to me with his shrivelled hands.



THE PINTO'S BODY WAS ALMOST HIDDEN BY THE RAMBLING PROPORTIONS . . . OF THE RIDER.

Drawn by FERDINAND KYLE.

and cried, hysterically: "Save me! Save me! I'm afraid of him. He's going to hurt me. Oh! Oh!"

Almost at the same moment, Old Gabriel's pinto was pulled up at the sidewalk. The old prospector dismounted and limped up to the verandah. His face was twisted into the most unpleasant smile I ever saw. It was the smile of a man whose joys are perverted joys.

He stood where a ray of light fell across his face and jeered at the crouching Fritz. "Come!" he sneered. "What are you afraid of? Who's hurtin' you? Ah!" with a snarl, "Y'may hide now, little devil, but *someday*——I'll git ye."

He was about to go, when Wallis stepped out of the shadow and deliberately knocked the old man's hat back from his face. It was apparently held by an elastic. But as the light fell on Gabriel's forehead I saw the mark of the man we were looking for, my chief and I—two long scars across the forehead! Wallis clamped his arms from behind. I had my cue and slipped steel over his wrists.

"Lornesborough!" I heard the Chief whisper in our prisoner's ear, "Lornesborough. This gentleman and I are employed by the estate of the Driscoll family, — yes you know the name, Driscoll, of Dorsetshire! We are looking for Francis Driscoll. We are prepared to have you arrested on a charge of ——."

"Driscoll!" exclaimed the prisoner, "Driscoll! Hell! There's Driscoll! Look at him!"

He pointed with his two manacled hands toward the crouching figure behind my knees. It was sobbing and beating its hands together. "No! No!" it was crying, "I'm not Driscoll! I'm not. I say I'm not. You've got Lornesborough. That's him. But you haven't got me. I'm not Driscoll. No! No!"

Wallis was puzzled. You can sometimes read the chief's face. But he motioned me to bring the little man along as well. We took them to our rooms in the hotel, after enjoying silence on the part of the bar-keeper and ensuring it with a proper fee. We sent for the "Chief" of the town's police force and explained the situation to him, showing him

at the same time credentials from our London and Toronto Offices, and our warrant against Lornesborough. He remained in the room while we examined our man.

II.

Wallis and I have been severely reprimanded for what happened afterward, that night. Our Bureau does not approve of letting such things happen as did happen. But we thought, and we still think, we were to be excused.

We had been searching Rocky Mountain towns in British Columbia, and foothill towns in Alberta, for several months, in an endeavor to find something of the fate of one Francis Driscoll. His person, or proof of his death, were requisite to the settling on an estate in England. In settling out on our mission, we were given papers upon which we could arrange the arrest of one Lornesborough, Viscount Lornesborough, who had disappeared from England about the same time as Driscoll, who was known to be near him in the Canadian west and who was known to have reason for disliking Driscoll: that is to say, we could have proven a motive for Lornesborough's removing Driscoll. I had taken the risk of hand-cuffing Gabriel, but I felt sure—and I knew that Wallis felt sure, he was the Lornesborough we sought, and that unless we could secure him, he would probably refuse to give us any information whatever, and so would close to us the most valuable and surest source of correct information concerning Driscoll. To be sure, we thought Driscoll was dead. We had picked up threads of the story which led us to believe that the man we sought was long since out of the world. In the brief scene in the hotel verandah, however, we had gathered in two men, and one of them declared that the other was Driscoll. If it had stopped there we might have been all right. As it happened, however, we lost both of them. It was in Driscoll's last flare of courage. He was so limp and weak when I brought him into the room that I did not think to fasten his hands. In fact there seemed no reason for it. He

lay exhausted on my bed—the door was locked—the windows were closed. We turned our attention to Lornesborough, alias Gabriel. That was our mistake. That, and the fact that the local chief of police left his gun on a chair beside him where Driscoll could see it.

“Now tell us the story,” said Wallis, briskly, after placing Gabriel in a comfortable chair. “We are instructed to have you held on a charge of murder—the murder of Francis Driscoll. You say that this man here—there on the bed, is Driscoll. The Chief of Police here says the man’s name is Fritz, that he works in a livery stable. That he has never known of him as Driscoll, and so on. Do you still say that this is Driscoll?”

“That is Driscoll,” replied the prisoner, sullenly.

“Then tell us the story—explain things!” commanded Wallis.

“Take these things of my wrists first.” retorted the prisoner with a gleam in his arrogant, fanatical old face. “There is no need for them. I will tell you the story and leave you, a free man. There is nothing that need be hidden. You may as well know the story anyway. Take these off.”

Wallis obeyed: he removed them with my key.

“If there’s nothing to hide,” he sneered, “why have you always covered the scars on your forehead with your hat?”

“I was thrown in a steeplechase in my youth. It was a disfigurement. I have always hidden it.”

“Then go on.”

For several moments the room was utterly still. In a corner, on a deep chair, we had placed Lornesborough. Across the room was the bed and the shrunken figure of the old man they called Fritz. The first was apparently an old mountaineer, hardened by the weather, and—one could not help thinking, by some other influence, operating from within, upon the very soul of the man. While we sat waiting for him to speak I could not help but notice that his face was the face of that type of man who is cruel because he has been disappointed himself. It was

a tablet on which was engraven the history of a man who might have been one of the world’s great men, good men, even, had he not been disappointed, embittered by something. Too strong a man to be melancholy, too tenacious a man to forget, too single-hearted a man to ease himself by philosophic arguments—he had filled his heart with a positive cruelty to displace the negative emptiness of mere sorrow. This much I gathered, as we sat watching him.

As he gazed about the room calmly, his face seemed to change. His eyes rested on little things from the east that Wallis and I had happened to leave out of our luggage. There was a set of clothes brushes from London, the elaborate sort that traveling Englishmen always carry. There was an English-made pocket flask in half-leather. Then too, on the wall was an old print of St. Paul’s and a sketch of the Towers of Westminster from the river—from the bargee’s viewpoint. Lornesborough’s eyes took them all in. As he looked his face dropped some of the characteristics of the western mountaineer; an indefinable something, as though his mind was trying to get back into an old environment, and *think* in an old environment, showed on his face. When he spoke his voice was softer, his poise more carefully preserved. The room recalled the real Lornesborough out of the old man Gabriel.

“That is Driscoll,” he began.

“How are we to know? He denies it,” interrupted the chief.

“I give you my word. That was enough once upon a time. I am willing to admit that I am Lornesborough. I chose to abandon that name when I came to this country. However, let us be quite clear. If I prove that that is Driscoll, is your interest in me satisfied?”

“Yes,” assented Wallis, “unless some other charge may be brought against you by the local police. At present we—there is no need to hedge about it, we suspect you of knowing too much about the disappearance of Driscoll. You say this man on the bed is Driscoll. He denies the name and no one is produced to support

your statement. On the other hand we know this much: you and Driscoll were suitors for the hand of one woman——”

The figure on the bed seemed to stir.

“——Neither of you was permitted to declare his wishes. You were both poor but aristocratic. Both of you came to British Columbia in the Cariboo Gold Rush. About a year later you returned to England alone, with apparently ample means. You were permitted to propose marriage but were rejected. You disappeared. Since then you have not been heard from. Driscoll has been advertised for and searched for but has not been found. We find you living under an assumed name and ask you about Driscoll. You point to this man who denies the name. He does not resemble the descriptions we have had of him unless perhaps, he has been very remarkably changed by the passing of time. So that much of the story we know. Tell the rest. It might be more convenient for you and a little less trouble for us if you were to offer some satisfactory proof that this is the man we are looking for.”

Lornesborough began reluctantly, drumming the arms of the chair with his finger-tips as he spoke. “I am not used to much talking,” he said. “That man on the bed is afraid to admit that he is Driscoll, because he is afraid that he may be arrested on a charge of murder. He is afraid. I will tell you the story and then—he will have been listening and you will see that what I say is right. The *Thing* over there, is the man you want. This is the story.

“I have always hated Driscoll. For that matter,” he pulled at his beard nervously, “for that matter I can never leave off hating him. It will give me a certain amount of pleasure to see him wriggle when I tell the story. It is the revelation of something he has been wanting to know for very many years. Moreover, it will bring him to life. He will admit that he is Driscoll. He is interested. He can’t help listening. He has dogged my trail for years at the same time that he was in mortal fear of me just because he did not know what I shall tell you.

“As I was saying I hated him. At

school, at Cambridge, at the clubs—wherever I met him I hated him. He offended my sense of—well my sense of what was worthy to live. He had neither appearance, nor wit, nor money, nor skill, nor manner. He was the most uninteresting man alive. He was not even sickly enough to command pity. He was an offence in the eyes of any full-blooded man—that such a creature should be given the same privileges of living and talking, wasting good wines and occupying space that might have been enjoyed by real men. My early regard toward him was contempt. He was a weakling. I was a ruddier type. I had—I am speaking with the coldness of an old man, all that he lacked, except the money. We were both poor, but I could ride and shoot and talk and dance well.

“When he offered his attentions at the same door where I was offering, or hoping to offer mine—to a lady, in contempt I pitied him. When both of us were dismissed by the parents, when I found him on board the same ship with me, bound for the same point in British Columbia, when we packed and paddled up the trail to Cariboo, within only a few hundred yards of one another all the time—in contempt I pitied him.

“But when I found that his hopes of marrying the woman were brighter than mine, when he told me, simpering, that she had pledged herself to him, secretly, and had specifically vowed herself against me. I called him a liar, and hated him with new hate.

“Do you know Blatz, the camp where the largest finds were made in the early history of the rush? Probably not. It was there that we located, the two of us, and there that we both made the pay-streak about the same time. I gathered a royal fortune. So did Driscoll. I booked a passage home. He booked the next day.

“One night there was a fight in a certain saloon. Those who happened to be in the room were all my friends with the exception of Driscoll and a few strangers. One of the strangers was shot, across the cards. Driscoll and the other strangers had been playing with him. Driscoll was drunk, drunk as a fool and he picked up

the empty gun, still smoking and while they were carrying the stranger into a corner, he waved it about, over his head, and laughed—he had the most irritating, silliest laugh I ever heard. No one saw who had fired, save me. It was not Driscoll. It was one of the strangers.

"Notice that?" asked one of my friends, pointing at the idiot. "It'd look kind of bad for him if this was a regular police precinct, eh, Lornesborough?"

"I said nothing but it made me think.

"Next day I was packing my things when Driscoll came to me, grinning, and put his arms across my shoulders.

"Lornesborough," he said, "It is unfair to you to let you return to England under any misunderstanding."

"What's the misunderstanding?" I asked, getting out of range of his touch.

"Well," he said, "It's this. There's no hope for you in going back, old man. She has promised me."

"And I——" I exclaimed.

"She said she would refuse any attention from you, Lornesborough. In fact, she promised—me."

"Well——" our prisoner shrugged his shoulders, in the manner of one who pretends to laugh to recall old hurts. "Well he proved it. He showed me parts of letters—fool! He tried to be—*kind* about it. He was *sorry* for me.

"Sorry for *me*!

"I gathered my friends who had been in the room at the time of the shooting. I obtained the services of a traveling notary from the next camp. I secured affidavits describing the shooting and Driscoll's conduct that night. The affidavits were clean. They merely stated that Driscoll had been playing Black Jack with three strangers—strangers to each other. Driscoll was drunk. There was a quarrel which was given little attention. A shot was heard. One of the strangers lay dead. The others had mixed in the crowd and Driscoll held a smoking revolver in his hands. There were other points as well. In fact the evidence was quite complete.

"I showed copies to Driscoll the morning before he was to have set out for Vancouver. I met him coming down the trail, whistling and ready to be a friend

to any man, more particularly to me, whom he pitied.

"So I showed him the papers. He spluttered and protested. I told him I knew he was quite innocent, but I explained that he had no defence and that the papers could be of some slight use—to me.

"I took the trail for Vancouver next day and left him blinking. I went home. I went to the old house. The girl was there, still single, still waiting. But she was disappointed when she saw me. She refused me.

"She had—she had a pretty face. God —!" Lornesborough bit his beard, "but then, any lover says that. The point is that I went away from the dance that night with a place in my soul that had to be filled. Most souls have a chamber, which is filled in some, with material, ambition, in some with an overwhelming love, in some with the little cares of to-day and to-morrow, and the little joys of yesterday, and the gravestones of old 'little things.' But in large souls the chamber contains ideals and ambitions, and if you empty it, if things that fill the emptiness: melancholy things the fill the emptiness: melancholy in some, philosophy in others—and hate in others.

"I hated. It occupied my mind. A woman had jilted me for—Driscoll! I went to her with the papers and she fainted. I could have killed myself for my very brutality, and yet—yet, I hated. It was at least something to occupy my mind. It kept me still with a purpose in eating breakfast. So I gave her the papers and a promise, in exchange for more than twenty letters in her own hand, on her own notepaper, scented with her favorite perfume, which I required her to write at my dictation.

"In the first she said: 'Dear Francis,—I have married Lornesborough. They have forced me into it. Nothing matters now, but I am going with him to your country. I could not live in England. I may see you there. Seek me. Come to me. You are brave—take me away. Help me.'

"Each of the letters was an appeal to Driscoll to come to her—who was supposed

THE STORY LORNESBOROUGH TOLD

to be suffering as 'my' wife. The dates were placed at intervals in the future. I sealed the letters. I made the girl promise, as a further insuring of Driscoll's safety, not to write to him. If she did, I pointed out, I would soon discover it—for it would interfere with my plans, and then I would place Driscoll—where I chose. She begged to know by 'plans,' but I did not tell her. I remember that very well."

Lornesborough rested. Wallis studied him. The "chief" of police played with his helmet. I saw the man on the bed sitting up, one hand supporting him from behind, the other feeling his mouth, weakly. His jaw had dropped. His eyes were staring as a man, slowly waking, stares at the drawn window-blind, trying to pick up the thread of consciousness again.

Wallis broke the silence with a command. "Go on!" he said.

For the first time, Lornesborough hesitated. His face, too, was drawn.

"Somehow," he blurted out, looking about him, bewildered, "Somehow, I feel—"

"Lornesborough!" drawled Wallis, coldly, "We are looking for Driscoll. Where is he? Finish your story. This man still denies that he is Driscoll."

"Yes! yes!" echoed the limp one, still staring vaguely, "Yes, I deny it—I—I—deny it!"

Our prisoner smiled, and took up his story.

"I had my revenge," he said, simply, "That was all. I had nothing else to do. The vigorous life in this country made it impossible for me to resume the narrow round at home. I tried France. I tried Italy, but I could find no interest in anything but hate. Driscoll seemed such a puny object in my way. I wanted—what I wanted, and this weakling—cur—puppy—milk-sop—ninny—stood in the path. I could not kill him. That offended my sense of cleanness. Killing is mussy. I wished him no actual bodily harm. I merely hated him and craved some exquisite torture to inflict upon him, a counter-irritant for my own heart.

"So I used the weapons I had. I went back to British Columbia. I hired a cer-

tain dance hall woman to act as a 'bride.' She was English and did the part well. She wore a heavy veil. Everybody that came to meet her—she was a stranger in town—spread the talk of my English bride. And finally it reached Driscoll. About this time he received, too, the first letter. Also about this time I met him on the street, told him of my "success"—it was a lie, of course, and warned him, on the penalty of exposing the affidavits, to keep away.

"What more do you want? I had him there," indicating the hollow of his fist, "I sent him one of the letters every now and then, telling him, in her writing, and under her name, to 'Come! come! I am unhappy.' At the same time, I, in person, warned him off. At first the letters were sent frequently, then the periods between grew longer. Then I smuggled the dance-lady away and moved up here in the mountains. The letters still went. I still threatened him. The later letters—all of them written so many years ago, I had ordained to be more plaintive—reproachful. They must have hurt. He hung about my trail. He tried to break into my house. Indeed, he tried once to shoot me, but his nerve was gone. I laughed in his face and he dropped the gun.

"Meanwhile, I have a collection of books. I have written discourses on the fourth dimension, and a few verses of poetry. I have hunted and fished and read. Life has passed quite interestingly, but I have maintained this one—little diversion. I have watched my man dangling like a hooked trout, called, yet not daring to answer; invited, but forbidden; summoned and lagging, challenged by the woman he loved—and afraid. I have seen him drop lower and lower down the ladder—it was bound to have happened anyway, he was such a weakling. He is only a child now. The sport is gone. I only hate him a little, for old times' sake, and a little amusement.

"I murder Driscoll? I?" he paused.

"I have killed his soul. I have murdered his life. I have ruined him and cheated him. But there! There he is, gentlemen—quite alive. I have not touch-

ed him or his property. Yet see—see how he writhes!”

Old Gabriel's face was livid. He had revived his old worn-out passion. He sat leering across the room at his victim. He made a motion as though he would rise and cross the floor of the room to stand over his man, and worry him, as a terrier worries a kicking mouse, but Wallis motioned him back.

Driscoll was sitting up.

“Yes,” he muttered, still trying to summon his faculties, “Yes, I am Driscoll. Yes.”

“I said so,” cried Gabriel, victoriously, preparing to rise, but we were watching Driscoll.

Slowly he called his straying soul back into his body. With much labor he was

trying to din into his silly mind the meaning of the words he had heard, before his ears were empty of the echo. With pains he was piecing together—the thread—the import, that the whole thing was Fake! That he had done no murder! That the woman! That—! I saw it coming into his face—the full meaning. I saw it! And yet we were too slow.

He fired once. It took Lornesborough as he sat there ready to rise to leave the room. The sneer was frozen into his face.

He fired twice and Driscoll, too, was terribly still. The local chief changed his quid. Wallis fanned the smoke from in front of his eyes. The bar-tender was clamoring on the door in alarm. But the frightened face of the child Fritz had changed. As he lay there we saw the face of a fool—who had waked, once.



VICTORY

It is not life's brief tenure that I moan,
 Its many tears, its vanishing delights,
 Nor all the bitterness my heart hath known
 In the grim silences of wakeful nights.

Nor doth my spirit in the battle quail,
 Dreaming of pleasure and inglorious ease;
 My arm would answer mighty flail with flail,
 And try results with mortal destinies.

But this my prayer, and this my one request:
 That when my wrestle with the foe is done,
 It be but said of me, "He did his best,"—
 Not that alone, but let them add, "He won."

—Herbert Muller Hopkins, in *Outlook*.

“Why—Protection?”

By

James Merrill

In reply to an article by E. C. Drury, which appeared in the last issue of this magazine.

IT is a well-known fact that there are no men engaged in any business, financial, mercantile or manufacturing, who are making as big a return on their investment, as are the farmers in north-western Canada to-day. Yet, strange to say, this sturdy class of independent yeomanry, consents, or appears to consent to its leaders representing it as a weak, defenceless class, down-trodden by other classes in the community, and, by inference—almost objects of charity. Farmers as individuals, resent this attitude toward them. But as a class they seem to have endured it too long.

The Free Traders of to-day are many of them academic gentlemen, who agitate in farm journals for the reduction, or abolition, of tariffs, because that is their hobby, that is their favorite theory. One cannot doubt their sincerity. One admires their pertinacity. But they insist in dividing the people of this country into two classes: they insist that the farmer is bound to be a free trader and that the manufacturer who supports a policy of protection, is an enemy to the interests of the farmer. In short, the Canadian farmer is being made the vehicle on which the Free Traders of this country wheel forth the dead body of their love, for the consideration of the Nation.

Human Kind is much the same wherever it is found. A man is not an angel because he is a farmer nor a robber because he happens to be a manufacturer. We are all much the same and the attempt so often made, to hold up the manufacturer as a man full of dishonest greed,

while every farmer is an honest man *always* being unfairly dealt with—is itself unfair and unworthy. The Canadian manufacturer is as much a patriot as the Canadian farmer, not a whit more, not a whit less. The ruin of this country by some false policy would hurt the manufacturer as much—rather more, than it would hurt the farmer. Land is as good to-day as to-morrow; and as good to-morrow, if you leave it lying, as in a thousand to-morrows. But machinery rusts, buildings depreciate, stocks will not keep. The manufacturer has therefore, as much, and I would submit more, to lose by any sudden cessation of national prosperity. He does not wish the nation injured. He does not wish the farmer injured. What hurts one hurts the other.

The difference between the two classes of the community is this. The farmers, believe, or are represented as believing, that Free Trade will give them cheaper implements and general supplies; that it will benefit their markets, and so on. They are said to believe that a policy of Free Trade or Freer Trade would result in a better Canada, more work, better prices for everyone. On the other hand, we, the manufacturers, believe that a policy of moderate Protection will not only cause more factories to spring up within our boundaries, and protect those already in existence from unfair competition, but will benefit the *whole* country: farmer and merchant, financier and broker, the clerk in the store, the salesman on the road, the house-wife in her kitchen—and the manufacturer. That is the difference

between us. The only trouble is that the manufacturer has so often been represented as asking for Protection because Protection would help his business. People have been told that the manufacturer wishes the Protection only in order that his business may be sheltered from competition. It has been inferred that he does not care what becomes of the rest of the country, that he would be perfectly happy to see the whole country wiped out, commercially, all the farms vacated, all the towns depopulated, just so long as he and his little factory could sit in the middle of a field with the wall of Protection around them. It is ridiculous. The very value of Protection lies in the fact that their must be prosperity within the "wall"—if you wish to use that word, which has been raised by the tariff. What use would it be for a man to build a wall around himself and his prosperity, if, in his haste, he walled out the very prosperity he thought to preserve for himself and those associated with him? He would starve to death. So would the manufacturer, if he raised a tariff against outside competition which would wipe out prosperity within the nation.

*IS THERE A HOME MARKET FOR
CANADIAN PRODUCTS?*

IT has been said that the greater "Home Market" which the agitators for Protection promised would result when the policy was being debated years ago, has never materialized. The Protectionists, then, promised that with a reasonable tariff, Canada would grow and make a market for her own farm products and manufactures. But Free Traders have been saying that there is no result from the present policy, that there is no better "Home Market" than in the old days.

Ask the fruit growers down in the little point of land which is called the Niagara Peninsula. Look at their homes and their farms laid out like gardens. Does their prosperity indicate any absence of a "Home Market?" Where have they been able to sell their fruit to so great an ad-

vantage that they can afford all the luxuries of the city? Why has their land reached the value of five hundred and a thousand dollars an acre? Is it because they have had access to the American markets? Is it because they sold their goods in a Free Trade country? Or is it because they had a great "home market" among the neighboring cities?

How about the farmers of Montreal Island? Of the Eastern Townships? Is it not a "home market" that has made them what they are? And—would there have been that same "home market" if the manufacturers and the men they employ, and the cities which are supported by the interchange of commodities between the farmer and the manufacturing classes, had been reduced by an overpowering competition from some foreign country where labor happened to be cheap and conditions of manufacture better?

Is the Canadian "Home Market" a myth when in addition to our own production we import 300,000 carcasses of Australian mutton every year? This—is Canada! In Canada the "food supply source for the Empire?" Is there no "Home Market" when we import 7,683,000 pounds of wool as we did last year? What became of that wool? If it was not consumed in the Canadian "Home Market" then what happened it? Are the Government figures a myth? Or did the customs offices have some sort of an hallucination?

In 1901 the Canadian farmers produced \$364,906,866. They exported out of that \$80,276,797. What became of the rest of it? If it was not exported it must have stayed at home. Did it lie spoiling in the fields or was it consumed? We don't see it in the fields. We hear nothing of any farmer unable to sell his produce. Therefore it must have been consumed in the Canadian "Home Market." The fact is that we even imported that same year \$29,881,504 in farm produce. Thus the value of the farm produce consumed in Canada in that year was \$314,511,576, or eighty-six per cent of the value of all the farm products in Canada. Since then, in 1908, the value of the farm products im-

ported into Canada has doubled. Surely this proves the existence of a “home market” for the Canadian farmer, and surely the Canadian farmer does not forget that there is no market more sure and more evenly profitable.

WHAT CAUSES TRUSTS?

THEN they say that the tariff creates trusts. They say that the United States is trust-ridden because it has high tariff. The story is not new. It is an old one. But is it true? As a matter of fact, Free Trade England leads the world in Trusts. There is a special book on the Trusts of England, and it is not a small one. It tells of the Salt Union, a combination of sixty-four firms; of J. & P. Coats, five firms; of Bradford Dyers, twenty-two firms; of the Calico Printers' Association, forty-seven firms; of the Imperial Tobacco Company, thirteen firms, with a capital of seventy-five millions—and so on.

Does that bear out the argument that the tariff creates trusts?

Or does the fact that France, which has had Protection for two centuries, is singularly free from Trusts? France is free of them because they are forbidden by the Law, and—because the Law, there, is enforced?

Trusts are not the fruit of the tariff. They are the result of a modern tendency to organize, to reduce the costs of production by combination, to raise the efficiency of selling staffs by the same means, and to, true, sometimes reduce competition. When they operate against the interests of the public and unduly enhance prices, then special legislation is requisite for their control. But Free Trade won't control them. In fact Free Trade, introduced into Canada just now would tend to shut down several of the independent firms in certain lines of business in Canada and would tend to place our market under the control of the Trusts of the United States.

And what about Tariff and Wages? Is it true, as has been alleged, that the working people are no better off here than in England? The average wage of over one hundred thousand cotton operatives in

Great Britain, as shown in the “Board of Trade, Labor Gazette” is practically \$4.50 a week. The average wage of over one million textile workers in Great Britain is only about \$4.10 a week. But our Canadian people will not work for less than twice this, and the difference is not by any means due only to a difference in the cost of living. Yet Free Traders expect manufacturers in Canada to pay double the wage paid in England and compete, without a protective tariff, against this cheap English labor. There are many clever men in the manufacturing business in Canada who would like a few pointers from the Free Traders as to how this could be done.

If, as some Free Traders have said, the “Home Market” is a mere myth; if our tariff depresses farm prices and enhances the prices of manufactured goods, statistics would show it. Yet a comparison of the prices of farm products in the years from 1873 to 1878, with the years from 1904 to 1909 shows an average increase in the price of farm products of 18 per cent.

“TARIFF DOES NOT RAISE THE COST OF LIVING.”

IT is said by the Free Traders, or some of them, that the tariff raises the price of every thing just so much. They say, off-hand, that “Canadian farm implements are sent to Australia and New Zealand and there are sold for less money than in Canada.” There is only one answer to make to that statement—It is false.

No one can point to a single farm implement sold in Australia or New Zealand for less money, or *even at as low a price* as in Canada. I challenge anyone to name a single agricultural implement used in Canada that is not at least twenty per cent. higher in Australia than in Canada.

Yet binders enter Australia duty free! Yet in Canada the duty on a binder is seventeen and a half per cent! According to Free Trader's logic the Canadian farmer is forced to pay seventeen and a half per cent more for a binder than the farmer in Free Trade Australia. But is that

the case? No. On the other hand any binder in Australia is from twenty-five to forty per cent. dearer than in Canada.

A comparison of the prices of manufactured articles in the same two periods shows an average decrease of 26 per cent. This means that a given quantity of farm produce will, in Canada, buy fifty per cent. more Canadian manufactured goods to-day under a moderate protective tariff than it did in the period from 1873 to 1878 under a low revenue tariff.

I do not claim that the tariff has been the sole cause of the change. There have been other factors, no doubt. But it remains quite clear that the farmer gets much more, for the same effort on his part, than he did before. There is no definite means by which the effect of a tariff on the cost of living can be proven. Cases might be submitted which would seem to show that the prices of staple articles are enhanced by the tariff while the earnings of the consumers remain unchanged. Other cases might be submitted—and I believe can be more successfully demonstrated, that the tariff does not materially enhance the cost of living but improves the conditions under which the workers live. Generally speaking, I think I am safe in saying that the effect of a tariff is to develop industries which can take care of the "Home Market" and that the "local" competition which results, brings down the prices of the products to a minimum.

"If," says a Free Trader, "after thirty years of Protection an industry cannot stand, there is something vitally wrong with it." But such a statement is hardly fair. We live side by side with a powerful nation, very highly protected. Can we keep down our fences to our neighbor's herd of ninety million, and have our own modest herd of seven million shut out from the other field?

The merchants and the manufacturers rejoice in the prosperity of the nation and, sharing in it as they do, will support with enthusiasm any broad public policy that means the proper collection and expenditure of public revenues for national development. They do not wish to be considered as a class. They wish the things that will benefit the whole nation. They deprecate the making of distinctions between the interests of the farmer and the interests of the manufacturing class. When that promised Monster Delegation of Western Farmers comes to Ottawa to interview the Government, the manufacturers will be the first to extend the right hand of fellowship to them. Let all classes in all communities within the nation sit down together and discuss these national questions without bitterness, without any sense of estrangement of interests, and I feel that when such a meeting shall have concluded, each will understand the other's position a little better and we will have accomplished something for our own, and our country's good.



The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechack"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

"**S**AY, you're looking mighty blue. Cheer up, damn you! What's the matter?" said the Prodigal affectionately.

And indeed there was matter enough, for had I not just received letters from home, one from Garry and one from Mother. Garry's was gravely censorious, almost remonstrant. Mother, he said, was poorly, and greatly put out over my escapade. He pointed out that I was in a fair way of being a rolling stone, and hoped that I would at once give up my mad notion of the South Seas and soberly proceed to the Northwest.

Mother's letter was reproachful, in parts almost distressful. She was failing, she said, and she begged me to be a good son, give up my wanderings and join my cousin at once. Also she enclosed a post-office order for forty pounds. Her letter, written in a fine faltering hand and so full of gentle affection, brought the tears to my eyes, so that it was very bleakly I leaned against the ship's rail and watched the bustle of departure. Poor Mother! Dear old Garry! With what tender longing I thought of those two in far-away Glengyle, the Scotch mist silencing the heather and the wind blowing caller from the sea. Oh, for the clean, keen breath of it! Yet alas, every day

was the memory fading, and every day was I fitting more snugly into the new life.

"I've just heard from the folks," I said, "and I feel like going back on you."

"Oh, beat it," he cried; "you can't re-nig now. You've got to see the thing through. Mothers are all like that when you cut loose from their apron-strings. Ma's scared stiff about me, thinks the devil's got an option on my future sure. They get wised up pretty soon. What you want to do is to get busy and make yourself acquainted. Here I've been snooping round for the last two hours, and got a line on nearly every one on board. Say! Of all the locoed outfits this here aggregation has got everything else skinned to a hard-boiled finish. Most of them are indoor men, ink-slingers and calico snippers; haven't done a day's hard work in their lives, and don't know a pick from a mattock. They've got a notion they've just got to get up there and pick big nuggets out of the water like cherries out of a cock-tail. It's the limit."

"Tell me about them," I said.

"Well, see that young fellow standing near us?"

I looked. He was slim, with gentle, refined features and an unnaturally fresh complexion.

"That fellow was a pen-pusher in a dough joint—I mean a bank clerk. Pink-love's his name. He wanted to get hitch-

ed to some girl, but the directors wouldn't stand for it. Now he's chucked his job and staked his savings on this trip. There's his girl in the crowd."

Bedded in that mosaic of human faces I saw one that was all sweetness, yet shamelessly tear-stained.

"Lucky beggar," I said, "to have some one who cares so much about his going."

"Unlucky, you mean, lad. You don't want to have any strings on you when you play this game."

He pointed to a long-haired young man in a flowing-end tie.

"See that pale-faced, artistic-looking guy alongside him. That's his partner. Ineffectual, moony sort of a mut. He's a wood-carver; they call him Globstock; told me his knowledge of wood-carving would come in handy when we came to make boats at Lake Bennett. Then there's a third. See that little fellow shooting off his face?"

I saw a weazened, narrow-chested mannikin, with an aggressive certainty of feature.

"He's a professor, plumb full of book dope on the Yukon. He's Mister Wise Mike. He knows it all. Hear his monologue on 'How It Should Be Done.' He's going to live on deck to inure himself to the rigours of the Arctic climate. Works with a pair of spring dumb-bells to get up his muscle so's he can shovel out the nuggets."

Our eyes roved round from group to group, picking out characteristic figures.

"See that big bleached-blond Englishman? Came over with me on the Pullman from New York. 'Awfully bored, don't you know.' When we got to 'Frisco, he says to me: 'Thank God, old chappie, the worst part of the journey's over.' Then there's Romulus and Remus, the twins, strapping young fellows. Only way I know them apart is one laces his boots tight, the other slack. They think the world of each other."

He swung around to where Salvation Jim was talking to two men.

"There's a pair of winners. I put my money on them. Nothing on earth can stop those fellows, native-born Americans, all grit and get-up. See that tall

one smoking a cigar and looking at the women? He's an athlete. Name's Merwin; all whipcord and whalebone; springy as a bent bow. He's a type of the Swift. He's bound to get there. See the other. Hewson's his name; solid as a tower; muscled like a bear; built from the ground up. He represents the Strong. Look at the grim, determined face of him. You can't down a man like that."

He indicated another group.

"Now there's three birds of prey. Bullhammer, Marks and Mosher. The big, pig-eyed heavy-jowled one is Bullhammer. He's in the saloon business. The middle-sized one in the plug hat is Marks. See his oily, yellow face dotted with pimples. He's a phony piece of work; calls himself a mining broker. The third's Jake Mosher. He's an out-and-out gambler, a sure-thing man, once was a parson."

I looked again. Mosher had just taken off his hat. His high-domed head was of monumental baldness, his eyes close-set and crafty, his nose negligible. The rest of his face was mostly beard. It grew black as the Pit to near the bulge of his stomach and seemed to have drained his scalp in its rank luxuriance. Across the deck came the rich oily tones of his voice.

"A bad-looking bunch," I said.

"Yes, there's heaps like them on board. There's a crowd of dance-hall girls going up, and the usual following of pimps and parasites. Look at that halfbreed. There's a man for the country now, part Scotch, part Indian; the quietest man on the boat; light, but tough as wire nails."

I saw a lean, bright-eyed brown man with flat features, smoking a cigarette.

"Say! Just get next to those two Jews, Mike and Rebecca Winklestein. They're going to open up a sporty restaurant."

The man was a small bandy-legged creature, with eyes that squinted, a complexion like ham fat and waxed moustaches. But it was the woman who seized my attention. Never did I see such a strapping Amazon, six foot if an inch, and massive in proportion. She was handsome too, in a swarthy way, though near at hand her face was sensuous and bold. Yet she had a suave, flattering

manner and a coarse wit that captured the crowd. Dangerous, unscrupulous and cruel, I thought; a man-woman, a shrew, a termagant.

But I was growing weary of the crowd and longed to go below. I was no longer interested, yet the voice of the Prodigal droned in my ear.

"There's an old man and his granddaughter, relatives of the Winklesteins, I believe. I think the old fellow's got a screw loose. Handsome old boy, though; looks like a Hebrew prophet out of a job. Comes from Poland. Speaks Yiddish or some such jargon. Only English he knows is "Klondike, Klondike." The girl looks heartbroken, poor little beggar."

"Poor little beggar!" I heard the words indeed, but my mind was far away. To the devil with Polish Jews and their granddaughters. I wished the Prodigal would leave me to my own thoughts, thoughts of my Highland home and my dear ones. But no! he persisted:

"You're not listening to what I'm saying. Look, why don't you!"

So to please him, I turned full round and looked. An old man, patriarchal in aspect, crouched on the deck. Erect by his side, with her hand on his shoulder, stood a slim figure in black, the figure of a girl. Indifferently my eyes travelled from her feet to her face. There they rested. I drew a deep breath. I forgot everything else. Then for the first time I saw—Berna.

I will not try to depict the girl. Pen descriptions are so futile. I will only say that her face was very pale, and that she had large pathetic grey eyes. For the rest, her cheeks were woefully pinched and her lips drooped wistfully. 'Twas the face, I thought, of a virgin martyr with a fear-haunted look hard to forget. All this I saw, but most of all I saw those great grey eyes gazing unseeingly over the crowd, ever so sadly, fixed on that far-away East of her dreams and memories.

"Poor little beggar!"

Then I cursed myself for a sentimental impressionist and I went below. State-room forty-seven was mine. We three had been separated in the shuffle and I knew not who was to be my room-mate.

Feeling very downhearted, I stretched myself on the upper berth, and yielded to a mood of penitential sadness. I heard the last gang-plank thrown off, the great crowd cheer, the measured throb of the engines, yet still I sounded the depths of reverie. There was a bustle outside and growing darkness. Then as I lay, there came voices to my door, guttural tones blended with liquid ones; lastly a timid knock. Quickly I answered it.

"Is this room number forty-seven?" a soft voice asked.

Even ere she spoke I divined it was the Jewish girl of the grey eyes, and now I saw her hair was like a fair cloud, and her face fragile as a flower.

"Yes," I answered her.

She led forward the old man.

"This is my grandfather. The Steward told us this was his room."

"Oh, all right; he'd better take the lower berth."

"Thank you, indeed; he's an old man and not very strong."

Her voice was clear and sweet, and there was an infinite tenderness in the tone.

"You must come in," I said. "I'll leave you with him for a while so that you can make him comfortable."

"Thank you again," she responded gratefully.

It was late before I turned in. I went on deck for a time. We were cleaving through blue-black night, and on our right I could dimly discern the coast festooned by twinkling lights. Every one had gone below, I thought, and the loneliness pleased me. I was very quiet, thinking how good it all was, the balmy wind, the velvet vault of the night frescoed with wistful stars, the freedom-song of the sea; how restful, how sane, how loving!

Suddenly I heard a sound of sobbing, the merciless sobbing of a woman's breast. Distinctly above the hollow breathing of the sea it assailed me, poignant and insistent. Wonderingly I looked around. Then, in a shadow of the upper deck, I made out a slight girl-figure crouching all alone. It was Grey Eyes, crying fit to break her heart.

"Poor little beggar!" I muttered.

CHAPTER II

"Gr-r-r—you little brat. If you open your face to him I'll kill you, kill you, see!"

The voice was Madam Winklestein's, and the words, hissed in a whisper of incredible malignity, arrested me as if I had been struck by a live wire. I listened. Behind the stateroom door there followed a silence, grimly intense; then a dull pounding; then the same savage undertone.

"See here, Berna, we're next to you two—we're onto your curves. We know the old man's got the stuff in his gold-belt, two thousand in bills. Now, my dear, my sweet little angel what thinks she's too good to mix with the likes o' us, we need the mon, see!" (Knock, knock.) "And we're goin' to have it, see! (Knock, knock.) "That's where you come in, honey, you're goin' to get it for us. Ain't you now, darlin'!" (Knock, knock, knock.)

Faintly, very faintly, I heard a voice: "No."

If it be possible to scream in a whisper, the woman did it.

"You will! you will! Oh! oh! oh! There's the cursed mule spirit of your mother in you. She'd never tell us the name of the man that was the ruin of 'er, blast 'er."

"Don't speak of my mother, you vile woman!"

The voice of the virago contracted to an intensity of venom I have never heard the equal of.

"Vile woman! Vile woman! You, you to call *me* a vile woman, me that's been three times jined in holy wedlock. . . . Oh, you bastard brat! You whelp of sin! You misbegotten scum! Oh, I'll fix you for that, if I've got to swing for it."

Her scalding words were capped with an oath too foul to repeat, and once more came the horrible pounding, like a head striking the woodwork. Unable to bear it any longer, I rapped sharply on the door.

Silence, a long, panting silence; then the sound of a falling body; then the door

opened a little and the twitching face of madam appeared.

"Is there somebody sick?" I asked; "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I was thinking I heard groans and—I might be able to do something."

Piercingly she looked at me. Her eyes narrowed to slits and stabbed me with their spite. Her dark face grew turgid with impotent anger. As I stood there she was like to have killed me. Then like a flash her expression changed. With a dirty bejewelled hand she smoothed her tousled hair. Her coarse white teeth gleamed in a gold-capped smile. There was honey in her tone.

"Why, no! my niece in here's got a toothache, but I guess we can fix it between us. We don't need no help, thanks, young feller."

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "If you should, you know, I'll be nearby."

Then I moved away, conscious that her eyes followed me malevolently.

The business worried me sorely. The poor girl was being woefully abused, that was plain. I felt indignant, angry and, last of all, anxious. Mingled with my feelings was a sense of irritation that I should have been elected to overhear the affair. I had no desire just then to champion distressed damsels, least of all to get mixed up in the family brawls of unknown Jewesses. Confound her, anyway! I almost hated her. Yet I felt constrained to watch and wait, and even at the cost of my own ease and comfort to prevent further violence.

For that matter there were all kinds of strange doings on board, drinking, gambling, nightly orgies and hourly brawls. It seemed as if we had shipped all the human dregs of the San Francisco dead-line. Never, I believe, in those times when almost daily the Argonaut-laden boats were sailing for the Golden North, was there one in which the sporting element was so dominant. The Social Hall reeked with patchouli and stale whiskey. From the staterooms came shrill outbursts of popular melody, punctuated with the popping of champagne corks. Dance-hall girls, babbling incoherently.

reeled in the passageways, danced on the cabin table and were only held back from licentiousness by the restraint of their bullies. The day was one long round of revelry, and the night was pregnant with sinister sound.

Already among the better element a moral secession was apparent. Convention they had left behind with their boiled shirts and their store clothes, and crazed with the idea of speedy fortune, they were even now straining at the leash of decency. It was a howling mob, elately riotous, and already infected by the virus of the Goldphobia.

Oh, it was good to get on deck of a night, away from this Saturnalia, to watch the beacon stars strewn vastly in the skyey uplift, to listen to the ancient threnody of the outcast sea. Blue and silver the nights were, and crystal clear, with a keen wind that painted the cheek and kindled the eye. And as I sat in silent thought there came to me Salvation Jim. His face was grim, his eyes brooding. From the brilliantly lit social hall came a blare of music-hall melody.

"I don't like the way of things a bit," he said; "I don't like it. Look here now, lad, I've lived round mining camps for twenty years, I've followed the roughest callings on earth, I've tramped the States all over, yet never have I seen the beat of this. Mind you, I ain't prejudiced, though I've seen the error of my ways, glory to God! I can make allowance once in a while for the boys gettin' on a jamboree, but by Christmas! Say! There's enough evil on this boat to stake a subsection in Hell. There's men should be at home with their dinky little mothers and their lovin' wives and children, down there right now in that cabin buyin' wine for them painted Jezebels.

"There's doctors and lawyers and deacons in the church back in old Ohio, that never made a bad break in their lives, and now they're rowin' like bar-room bullies for the kisses of a baggage. In the bay-window of their souls the devil lolls an' grins an' God is freezin' in the attic. You mark my words, boy; there's a curse on this northern gold. The

Yukon's a-goin' to take its toll. You mark my words."

"Oh, Jim," I said, "you're superstitious."

"No, I ain't. I've just got a hunch. Here we are a bit of floatin' iniquity glidin' through the mystery of them strange seas, an' the very officers on dooty sashed to the neck an' reekin' from the arms of the scented hussies below. It'll be God's mercy if we don't crash on a rock an' go down good and all to the bitter bottom. But it don't matter. Sooner or later there's goin' to be a reckonin'. There's many a one shoutin' an' singin' to-night'll leave his bones to bleach up in that bleak wild land."

"No, Jim," I protested, "they will be all right once they get ashore."

"Right, nothin'. They're a pack of fools. They think they've got a bulge on fortune. Hear them a-howlin' now. They're all millionaires in their minds. There's no doubt with them. It's a cinch. They're spendin' it right now. You mark my words, young feller, for I'll never live to see them fulfilled—there's ninety in a hundred of all them fellers that's goin' to this here Klondike will never make good, an' of the other ten, nine won't *do* no good."

"One per cent. that will keep their stakes—that's absurd, Jim."

"Well, you'll see. An' as for me, I feel as sure as God's above us guidin' us through the mazes of the night, I'll never live to make the trip back. I've got a hunch. Old Jim's on his last stampede."

He sighed, then said sharply:

"Did you see that feller that passed us?"

"It was Mosher, the gambler and preacher.

"That man's a skunk, a renegade sky-pilot. I'm keepin' tabs on that man. Maybe him an' me's got a score to settle one of them days. Maybe."

He went off abruptly, leaving me to ponder long over his gloomy words.

We were now three days out. The weather was fine, and nearly every one was on deck in the sunshine. Even Bullhammer, Marks and Mosher had deserted the card-room for a time. The bank clerk

and the wood-carver talked earnestly, planned and dreamed. The professor was busy expounding a theory of the gold origin to a party of young men from Minnesota. Silent and watchful the athletic Mervin smoked his big cigar, while, patient and imperturbable, the iron Hewson chewed stolidly. The twins were playing checkers. The Winklesteins were making themselves solid with the music-hall clique. In and out among the different groups darted the Prodigal, as volatile as a society reporter at a church bazaar. And besides these, always alone, austere aloof as if framed in a picture by themselves, a picture of dignity and sweetness, were the Jewish maid and her aged grandfather.

Although he was my room-mate I had seen but little of him. He was abed before I retired and I was up and out ere he awoke. For the rest I avoided the two because of their obvious connection with the Winklesteins. Surely, thought I, she cannot be mixed up with those two and be everything that's all right. Yet there was something in the girl's clear eyes, and in the old man's fine face, that reproached me for my doubt.

It was when I was thus debating, and covertly studying the pair that something occurred.

Bulhammer and Marks were standing by me, and across the deck came the acridly nasal tones of the dance-hall girls. I saw the libertine eyes of Bulhammer rove incontinently from one unlovely demirep to another, till at last they rested on the slender girl standing by the side of her white-haired grandfather. Appreciatively he licked his lips.

"Say, Monkey, who's the kid with old Whiskers there?"

"Search me, Pete," said Marks; "want a knockdown?"

"Betcher! Seems kinda standoffish, though, don't she?"

"Standoffish be damned! Never yet saw the little bit of all right that could stand off Sam Marks. I'm a winner, I am, an' don' you forget it. Just watch my splash."

I must say the man was expensively dressed in a flashy way. His oily, pimple-

garnished face wreathed itself in a smirk of patronizing familiarity, and with the bow of a dancing master he advanced. I saw her give a quick start, bite her lip and shrink back. "Good for you, little girl," I thought. But the man was in no way put out.

"Say, Sis, it's all right. Just want to interdooce you to a gentleman fren' o' mine."

The girl gazed at him, and her dilated eyes were eloquent of fear and distrust. It minded me of the panic of a fawn run down by the hunter, so that I found myself trembling in sympathy. A startled moment she gazed; then swiftly she turned her back.

This was too much for Marks. He flushed angrily.

"Say! what's the matter with you? Come off the perch there. Ain't we good enough to associate with you. Who the devil are you, anyhow?"

His face was growing red and aggressive. He closed in on her. He laid a rough hand on her shoulder. Thinking the thing had gone far enough I stepped forward to interfere, when the unexpected happened.

Suddenly the old man had risen to his feet, and it was a surprise to me how tall he was. Into his face there had come the ghost of ancient power and command. His eyes blazed with wrath, and his clenched fist was raised high in anathema. Then it came swiftly down on the head of Marks, crushing his stiff hat tightly over his eyes.

The climax was ludicrous in a way. There was a roar of laughter, and hearing it Marks spluttered as he freed himself. With a curse of rage he would have rushed the old man, but a great hand seized him by the shoulder. It was the grim, taciturn Hewson, and judging by the way his captive squirmed, his grip must have been peculiarly vise-like. The old man was pale as death, the girl crying, the passengers crowding round. Every one was gabbling and curious, so feeling I could do no good, I went below.

What was there about this slip of a girl that interested me so? Ever and anon I found myself thinking of her. Was it

the conversation I had overheard? Was it the mystery that seemed to surround her? Was it the irrepressible instinct of my heart for the romance of life. With the old man, despite our stateroom propinquity, I had made no advances. With the girl I had passed no further words.

But the Gods of destiny act in whimsical ways. Doubtless the voyage would have finished without the betterment of our acquaintance; doubtless our paths would have parted, nevermore to cross; doubtless our lives would have been lived out to their fullness and this story never have been told—had it not been for the luckless fatality of the Box of Grapes.

CHAPTER III

Puget Sound was behind us and we had entered on that great sea that stretched northward to the Arctic barrens. Misty and wet was the wind, and cold with the kiss of many icebergs. Under a grey sky, glooming to purple, the gelid sea writhed nakedly. Spectral islands elbowed each other, to peer at us as we flitted past. Still more wraithlike the mainland, fringed to the sea foam with saturnine pine, faded away into fastnesses of impregnable desolation. There was a sense of deathlike passivity in the land, of overwhelming vastitude, of unconquerable loneliness. It was as if I had felt for the first time the Spirit of the Wild; the Wild where God broods amid His silence; the Wild, His infinite solace and His sanctuary.

As we forged through the vague sea lanes, we were like a glittering trinket on the boom of the night. Our mad merriment scarce ever abated. We were a blare of revelry and a blaze of light. Excitement mounted to fever heat. In the midst of it the women with the enamelled cheeks reaped a bountiful harvest. I marvel now that, with all the besotted recklessness of those that were our pilots, we met with no serious mishap.

"Don't mind you much of a Sunday-school picnic, does it?" commented the Prodigal. "It's fierce the way the girls are prying some of these crazy jays loose from their wads. They're all plumb

batty. I'm tired trying to wise them up. 'Go and chase yourself,' they say; 'we're all right. Don't matter if we do loosen up a bit now, there's all kinds of easy money waiting for us up there.' Then they'll talk of what they're going to do when they've got the dough. One gazebo wants to buy a castle in the old country; another wants a racing stable; another a steam yacht. Oh, they're a hot bunch of sports. They're all planning to have a purple time in the sweet by-and-bye. I don't hear any of them talk of endowing a home for decrepit wash-ladies or pensioning off their aged grandmothers. They make me sick. There's a cold juicy awakening coming."

He was right. In their visionary leaps to affluence they soared to giddy heights. They strutted and bragged as if the millions were already theirs. To hear them, you would think they had an exclusive option on the treasure-troves of the Klondike. Yet, before and behind us, were dozens of similar vessels, bearing just as eager a mob of fortune-hunters, all drawn irresistibly northward by the Golden Magnet.

Nevertheless, it was hard not to be affected by the prevailing spirit of optimism. For myself, the gold had but little attraction, but the adventure was very dear to my heart. Once more the clarion call of Romance rang in my ears, and I leapt to its summons. And indeed, I reflected, it was a wonderful kaleidoscope of a world, wherein I, but a half-year back cooling my heels in a highland burn, should be now part and parcel of this great Argonaut army. Already my native uncouthness was a thing of the past, and the quaint mannerisms of my Scots tongue were yielding to the racy slang of the frontier. More to the purpose, too, I was growing in strength and wiry endurance. As I looked around me I realized that there were many less fitted for the trail than I, and there was none with such a store of glowing health. You may picture me at this time, a tallish young man, with a fine color in my cheeks, black hair that curled crisply, and dark eyes that were either alight with eagerness or agloom with dreams.

I have said that we were all more or less in a ferment of excitement, but to this I must make a reservation. One there was who, amid all our unrest, remained cold, distant, and alien—the Jewish girl, Berna. Even in the old man the gold fever betrayed itself in a visionary eye and a tremor of the lips; but the girl was a statue of patient resignation, a living reproof to our febrile and purblind imaginings.

The more I studied her, the more out of place she seemed in my picture, and, almost unconsciously, I found myself weaving about her a fabric of romance. I endowed her with a mystery that piqued and fascinated me, yet without it I have no doubt I would have been attracted to her. I longed to know her uncommon well, to win her regard, to do something for her that should make her eyes rest very kindly on me. In short, as is the way of young men, I was beginning to grope blindly for that affection and sympathy which are the forerunner of passion and love.

The land was wintry and the wind shrilled so that the attendant gulls flapped their wings hard in the face of it. The wolf-pack of the sea were snarling whitely as they ran. The decks were deserted, and so many of the brawlers were sick and lay like dead folk that it almost seemed as if a Sabbath quiet lay on the ship. That day I had missed the old man, and on going below, found him lying as one sore stricken. A withered hand lay on his brow, and from his lips, which were almost purple, thin moans issued.

"Poor old beggar," I thought; "I wonder if I cannot do anything for him." And while I was thus debating, a timid knock came to the door. I opened it, and there was the girl, Berna.

There was a nervous anxiety in her manner, and a mute interrogation in her grey eyes.

"I'm afraid he's a little sick to-day," I said gently; "but come in, won't you, and see him?"

"Thank you." Pity, tenderness, and love seemed to struggle in her face as she softly brushed past me. With some words

of endearment, she fell on her knees beside him, and her small white hand sought his thin gnarled one. As if galvanized into life, the old man turned gratefully to her.

"Maybe he would care for some coffee," I said. "I think I could rustle him some."

She gave me a queer, sad look of thanks.

"If you could," she answered.

When I returned she had the old man propped up with pillows. She took the coffee from him, and held the cup to his lips; but after a few sips he turned away wearily.

"I'm afraid he doesn't care for that," I said.

"No, I'm afraid he won't take it."

She was like an anxious nurse hovering over a patient. She thought a while.

"Oh, if only I had some fruit!"

Then it was I bethought me of the box of grapes. I had bought them just before leaving, thinking they would be a grateful surprise to my companions. Obviously I had been inspired, and now I produced them in triumph, big, plump, glossy fellows, buried in the fragrant cedar dust. I shook clear a large bunch, and once more we tried the old man. It seemed as if we had hit on the one thing needful, for he ate eagerly. She watched him for a while with a growing sense of relief, and when he had finished and was resting quietly, she turned to me.

"I don't know how I can thank you, sir, for your kindness."

"Very easily," I said quickly; "if you will yourself accept some of the fruit, I shall be more than repaid."

She gave me a dubious look; then such a bright, merry light flashed into her eyes that she was radiant in my sight. It was as if half a dozen years had fallen from her, revealing a heart capable of infinite joy and happiness.

"If you will share them with me," she said simply.

So, for the lack of chairs, we squatted on the narrow stateroom floor, under the old man's kindly eye. The fruit minded us of sunlit vines, and the careless rapture of the South. To me the situation was

one of rare charm. She ate daintily, and as we talked, I studied her face as if I would etch it on my memory forever.

In particular I noticed the wistful contour of her cheek, her sensitive mouth, and the fine modelling of her chin. She had clear, candid eyes and sweeping lashes, too. Her ears were shell-like, and her hair soft, wavy and warm. These things I marked minutely, thinking she was more than beautiful—she was even pretty. I was in a state of extraordinary elation, like a man that has found a jewel in the mire.

It must be remembered, lest I appear to be taking a too eager interest in the girl, that up till now the world of woman had been *terra incognita* to me; that I had lived a singularly cloistered life, and that first and last I was an idealist. This girl had distinction, mystery and charm, and it is not to be wondered at that I found joy in her presence. I proved myself a perfect artesian well of conversation, talking freely of the ship, of our fellow-passengers and of the chances of the venture. I found her wonderfully quick in the uptake. Her mind seemed nimbly to outrun mine, and she divined my words ere I had them uttered. Yet she never spoke of herself, and when I left them together I was full of uneasy questioning.

Next day the old man was still abed, and again the girl came to visit him. This time I noticed that much of her timid manner was gone, and in its stead was a shy friendliness. Once more the box of grapes proved a mediator between us, and once more I found in her a reticent but sympathetic audience — so much so that I was frank in telling her of myself, my home and my kinsfolk. I thought that maybe my talk would weary her, but she listened with a bright-eyed regard, nodding her head eagerly at times. Yet she spoke no word of her own affairs, so that when again I left them together I was as much in the dark as ever.

It was on the third day I found the old man up and dressed, and Berna with him. She looked brighter and happier than I had yet seen her, and she greeted me with

a smiling face. Then, after a little, she said:

"My grandfather plays the violin. Would you mind if he played over some of our old-country songs? It would comfort him."

"No, go ahead," I said; "I wish he would."

So she got an ancient violin, and the old man cuddled it lovingly and played soft, weird melodies, songs of the Czech race, that made me think of Romance, of love and hate, and passion and despair. Piece after piece he played, as if pouring out the sadness and heart-hunger of a burdened people, until my own heart ached in sympathy.

The wild music throbbed with passionate sweetness and despair. Unobserved, the pale twilight stole into the little cabin. The ruggedly fine face of the old man was like one inspired, and with clasped hands, the girl sat, very white-faced and motionless. Then I saw a gleam on her cheek, the soft falling of tears. Somehow, at that moment, I felt drawn very near to those two, the music, the tears, the fervent sadness of their faces. I felt as if I had been allowed to share with them a few moments consecrated to their sorrow, and that they knew I understood.

That day as I was leaving, I said to her:

"Berna, this is our last night on board."

"Yes."

"To-morrow our trails divide, maybe never again to cross. Will you come up on deck for a little while to-night? I want to talk to you."

"Talk to me?"

She looked startled, incredulous. She hesitated.

"Please, Berna, it's the last time."

"All right," she answered in a low tone.

Then she looked at me curiously.

CHAPTER IV

She came to meet me, lily-white and sweet. She was but thinly wrapped, and shivered so that I put my coat around her.

We ventured forward, climbing over a huge anchor to the very bow of the boat, and crouching down in its peak, were sheltered from the cold breeze.

We were cutting through smooth water, and crowding in on us were haggard mountains, with now and then the greenish horror of a glacier. Overhead, in the desolate sky, the new moon nursed the old moon in her arms.

"Berna!"

"Yes."

"You're not happy, Berna. You're in sore trouble, little girl. I don't know why you come up to this God-forsaken country or why you are with those people. I don't want to know; but if there's anything I can do for you, anyway I can prove myself a true friend, let me know, won't you?"

My voice betrayed emotion. I could feel her slim form, very close to me, all a-tremble. In the filtered silver of the crescent moon, I could see her face, wan and faintly sweet. Gently I prisoned one of her hands in mine.

She did not speak at once. Indeed, she was quiet for a long time, so that it seemed as if she must be stricken dumb, or as if some feelings were conflicting within her. Then at last, very gently, very quietly, very sweetly, as if weighing her words, she spoke.

"No, there's nothing you can do. You've been too kind all along. You're the only one on the boat that's been kind. Most of the others have looked at me—well, you know how men look at a poor, unprotected girl. But you're different; you're good, you're honourable, you're sincere. I could see it in your face, in your eyes. I know I could trust you. You've been kindness itself to grandfather and I, and I never can thank you enough."

"Nonsense! Don't talk of thanks, Berna. You don't know what a happiness it's been to help you. I'm sorry I've done so little. Oh, I'm going to be sincere and frank with you. The few hours I've had with you have made me long for others. I'm a lonely beggar. I never had a sister, never a girl friend. You're the first, and it's been like sudden sunshine to me.

Now, can't I be really and truly your friend, Berna; your friend that would do much for you? Let me do something, anything, to show how earnestly I mean it?"

"Yes, I know. Well, then, you are my dear, true friend—there, now."

"Yes,—but, Berna! To-morrow you'll go and we'll likely never see each other again. What's the good of it all?"

"Well, what do you want? We will both have a memory, a very sweet, nice memory, won't we? Believe me, it's better so. You don't want to have anything to do with a girl like me. You don't know anything about me, and you see the kind of people I'm going with. Perhaps I am just as bad as they."

"Don't say that, Berna," I interposed sternly; "you're all that's good and pure and sweet."

"No, I'm not, either. We're all of us pretty mixed. But I'm not so bad, and it's nice of you to think those things. . . . Oh! if I had never come on this terrible trip! I don't even know where we are going, and I'm afraid, afraid."

"No, little girl."

"Yes, I can't tell you how afraid I am. The country's so savage and lonely; the men are so like brute beasts; the women—well, they're worse. And here are we in the midst of it. I don't know what's going to become of us."

"Well, Berna, if it's like that, why don't you and your grandfather turn back? Why go on?"

"He will never turn back. He'll go on till he dies. He only knows one word of English and that's Klondike, Klondike. He mutters it a thousand times a day. He has visions of gold, glittering heaps of it, and he'll stagger and struggle on till he finds it."

"But can't you reason with him?"

"Oh, it's all no use. He's had a dream. He's like a man that's crazy. He thinks he has been chosen, and that to him will a great treasure be revealed. You might as well reason with a stone. All I can do is to follow him, to take care of him."

"What about the Winklesteins, Berna?"

"Oh' they're at the bottom of it all. It is they who have inflamed his mind. He has a little money, the savings of a lifetime, about two thousand dollars; and ever since he came to this country, they've been trying to get it. They ran a little restaurant in New York. They tried to get him to put his little store in that. Now they are using the gold as a bait, and luring him up here. They'll rob and kill him in the end, and the cruel part is—he's not greedy, he doesn't want it for himself—but for me. That's what breaks my heart."

"Surely you are mistaken, Berna; they can't be so bad as that."

"Bad! I tell you they're *vile*. The man's a worm, and the woman, well, she is a devil incarnate. She's so strong and so violent in her tempers that when she gets drinking—well' it's just awful. I lived with them for three years."

"Where?"

"In New York. I came from the old country to them. They worked me in the restaurant at first. Then, after a bit, I got work in a shirt-waist factory. I was quick and handy, and I worked early and late. I attended a night school. I read till my eyes ached. They said I was clever. The teacher wanted me to train and be a teacher too. But what was the good of thinking of it? I had my living to get, so I stayed at the factory and worked and worked. Then when I had saved a few dollars, I sent for grandfather, and he came and we lived in the tenement and we were very happy for a while. But the Winklesteins never gave us any peace. They knew he had a little money laid away, and they itched to get their hands on it. The man was always telling us of get-rich-quick schemes, and she threatened me in horrible ways. But I wasn't afraid in New York. Up here it's different. It's all so shadowy and sinister."

I could feel her shudder.

"Oh, Berna," I said, "can't I help you?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No, you can't; you have enough trouble of your own. Besides it doesn't matter about me. I didn't mean to tell you all this, but now, if you want to be

a true friend, just go away and forget me. You don't want to have anything to do with me. Wait! I'll tell you something more. I'm called Berna Wilovich. That's my grandfather's name. My mother ran away from home. Two years later she came back—with me. Soon after she died of consumption. She would never tell my father's name, but said he was a Christian, and of good family. My grandfather tried to find out. He would have killed the man. So, you see, I am nameless, a child of shame and sorrow. And you are a gentleman, and proud of your family. Now, see the kind of friends you've made. You don't want to make friends with such as I."

"I want to make friends with such as need my friendship. What is going to happen to you, Berna?"

"Happen! God knows! It doesn't matter. Oh, I've always been in trouble. I'm used to it. I never had a really happy day in my life. I never expect to. I'll just go on to the end, enduring patiently, and getting what comfort I can out of things. It's what I was made for, I suppose."

She shrugged her shoulders and shivered a little.

"Let me go now, my friend. It's cold up here; I'm chilled. Don't look so terribly downcast. I expect I'll come out all right. Something may happen. Cheer up! Maybe you'll see me a Klondike queen yet."

I could see that her sudden brightness but hid a black abyss of bitterness and apprehension. What she had told me had somehow stricken me dumb. There seemed a stark sordidness in the situation that repelled me. She had arisen and was about to step over the fluke of the great anchor, when I aroused myself.

"Berna," I said, "what you have told me wrings my heart. I can't tell you how terribly sorry I feel. Is there nothing I can do for you, nothing to show I am not a mere friend of words and phrases? Oh, I hate to let you go like this."

The moon had gone behind a cloud. We were in a great shadow. She halted, so that, as we stood, we were touching

each other. Her voice was full of pathetic resignation.

"What can you do? If we were going in together it might be different. When I met you at first I hoped, oh, I hoped—well, it doesn't matter what I hoped. But, believe me, I'll be all right. You won't forget me, will you?"

"Forget you! No, Berna, I'll never forget you. It cuts me to the heart I can do nothing now, but we'll meet up there. We can't be divided for long. And you'll be all right, believe me too, little girl. Be good and sweet and true and every one will love and help you. Ah, you must go. Well, well—God bless you, Berna."

"And I wish you happiness and success, dear friend of mine—and love."

Her voice trembled. Something seemed to choke her. She stood a moment as if reluctant to go.

Suddenly a great impulse of tenderness and pity came over me, and before I knew it, my arms were around her. She struggled faintly, but her face was uplifted, her eyes starlike. Then, for a moment of bewildering ecstasy, her lips lay on mine, and I felt them faintly answer.

Poor yielding lips! They were cold as ice.

CHAPTER V

Never shall I forget the last I saw of her, a forlorn, pathetic figure in black, waving a farewell to me as I stood on the wharf. She wore, I remember, a low collar, and well do I mind the way it showed off the slim whiteness of her throat; well do I mind the high poise of her head, and the silken gloss of her hair. The grey eyes were clear and steady as she bade good-bye to me, and from where we stood apart, her face had all the pathetic sweetness of a Madonna.

Well, she was going, and sad enough her going seemed to me. They were all for Dyea, and the grim old Chilcoot, with its blizzard-beaten steeps, while we had chosen the less precipitous, but more drawn-out, Skagway trail. Among them I saw the inseparable twins; the grim

Hewson, the silent Mervin, each quiet and watchful, as if storing up power for a tremendous effort. There was the large unwholesomeness of Madam Winklestein, all jewellery, smiles and coarse badinage, and near by, her perfumed husband, squinting and smirking abominably. There was the old man, with his face of a Hebrew Seer, his visionary eye now aglow with fanatical enthusiasm, his lips ever muttering: "Klondike, Klondike"; and lastly, by his side, with a little wry smile on her lips, there was the white-faced girl.

How my heart ached for her! But the time for sentiment was at an end. The clarion call to action rang out. Inflexibly the trail was mustering us. The hour was come for every one to give of the best that was in him, even as he had never given it before. The reign of peace was over; the fight was on.

On all sides were indescribable bustle, confusion and excitement; men shouting, swearing, rushing hither, thither; wrangling, anxious-eyed and distracted over their outfits. A mood of unsparing energy dominated them. Their only thought was to get away on the gold-trail. A frantic eagerness impelled them, insistent, imperative, the trail called to them, and the light of the gold-lust smouldered and flamed in their uneasy eyes. Already the spirit of the gold-trail was awakening.

Hundreds of scattered tents; a few frame buildings, mostly saloons, dance-halls and gambling joints; an eager, excited mob crowding on the loose sidewalks, floundering knee-deep in the mire of the streets, struggling and squabbling and cursing over their outfits—that was all I remember of Skagway. The mountains, stark and bare to the buff, seemed to overwhelm the flimsy town, and between them, like a giant funnel, a great wind was roaring.

Lawlessness was rampant, but it did not touch us. The thugs lay in wait for the men with pokes from the "inside." To the great Checchako army, they gave little heed. They were captained by one Smith, known as "Soapy," whom I had the fortune to meet. He was a pleasant-

appearing, sociable man, and no one would have taken him for a desperado, a killer of men.

One picture of Skagway is still vivid in my memory. The scene is a saloon, and along with the Prodigal, I am having a glass of beer. In a corner sits a befuddled old bum, half asleep. He is long and lank, with a leathery old face and a rusty goatee beard—as ragged, disreputable an old sinner as ever bellied up to a bar. Suddenly there is a sound of shooting. We rush out and there are two toughs blazing away at each other from the sheltering corners of an opposite building.

“Hey, Dad! There’s some shootin’ goin’ on,” says the barkeeper.

The old man rouses and cocks up a bleary, benevolent eye.

“Shootin’ did ye say? Shaw! Them fellers don’t know how to shoot. Old Dad’ll show ’em how to shoot.”

He comes to the door, and lugging out a big rusty revolver, blazes away at one of the combatants. The man, with a howl of surprise and pain, limps away, holding his leg. The old man turns to the other fellow. Bang! We see splinters fly, and a man running for dear life.

“Told you I’d show ’em how to shoot,” remarks old Dad to us. “Thanks, I’ll have a gin-fizz for mine.”

The Prodigal developed a wonderful executive ability about this time; he was a marvel of activity, seemed to think of everything and to glory in his responsibility as a leader. Always cheerful, always thoughtful, he was the brain of our party. He never abated in his efforts a moment, and was an example and a stimulus to us all. I say “all,” for we had added the “Jam-wagon” * to our party. It was the Prodigal who discovered him. He was a tall, dissolute Englishman, gaunt, ragged and verminous, but with the earmarks of a gentleman. He seemed indifferent to anything but whiskey and only anxious to hide himself from his friends. I discovered he had once been an officer in a Hussar regiment, but he was obviously reluctant to speak of his

past. A lost soul in every sense of the word, the North was to him a refuge and an unrestricted stamping-ground. So, partly in pity, partly in hope of winning back his lost manhood, we allowed him to join the party.

Pack animals were in vast demand, for it was considered a pound of grub was the equal of a pound of gold. Old horses, fit but for the knacker’s yard, and burdened till they could barely stand, were being goaded forward through the mud. Any kind of a dog was a prize, quickly stolen if left unwatched. Sheep being taken in for the butchers were driven forward with packs on their backs. Even there was an effort to make pack animals out of pigs, but they grunted, squealed and rolled their precious burdens in the mire. What crazy excitement, what urging and shouting, what desperate device to make a start.

We were lucky in buying a yoke of oxen from a packer for four hundred dollars. On the first day we hauled half of our outfit to Canyon City, and on the second day we transferred the balance. This was our plan all through, though in bad places we had to make many relays. It was simple enough, yet, oh, the travail of it! Here is an extract from my diary of these days.

“Turn out at 4 A.M. Breakfasted on flapjacks and coffee. Find one of our oxen dying. Dies at seven o’clock. Harness remaining ox and start to remove goods up Canyon. Find trail in awful condition. yet thousands are struggling to get through. Horses often fall in pools of water ten to fifteen feet deep, trying to haul loads over the boulders that render trail almost impassable. Drive with sleigh over places that at other times one would be afraid to walk over without any load. Two feet of snow fell during the night, but it is now raining. Rains and snows alternately. At night bitterly cold. Hauled five loads up Canyon today. Finished last trip near midnight and turned in, cold, wet and played out.”

The above is a fairly representative day and of such days we were to have many ere we reached the water. Slowly, with infinite effort, with stress and strain

*A Jam-wagon was the general name given to an Englishman on the trail.

to every step of the way, we moved our bulky outfit forward from camp to camp. All days were hard, all exasperating, all crammed with discomfort; yet, bit by bit, we forged ahead. The army before us and the army behind never faltered. Like a stream of black ants they were, between mountains that reared up swiftly to storm-smitten palisades of ice. In the darkness of night the army rested uneasily, yet at the first streak of dawn it was in motion. It was an endless procession, in which every man was for himself. I can see them now, bent under their burdens, straining at their hand-sleighs, flogging their horses and oxen, their faces crimped and puckered with fatigue, the air acrid with their curses and heavy with their moans. Now a horse stumbles and slips into one of the sump-holes by the trail side. No one can pass, the army is arrested. Frenzied fingers unhitch the poor frozen brute and drag it from the water. Men, frantic with rage, beat savagely at their beasts of burden to make up the precious time lost. There is no mercy, no humanity, no fellowship. All is blasphemy, fury, and ruthless determination. It is the spirit of the gold-trail.

At the canyon head was a large camp, and there, very much in evidence, the gambling fraternity, dozens of them with their little green tables were doing a roaring business. On one side of the canyon they had established a camp. It was evening and we three, the Prodigal, Salvation Jim and myself, strolled over to where a three-shell man was holding forth.

"Hullo!" says the Prodigal. "It's our old friend Jake. Jake skinned me out of a hundred on the boat. Wonder how he's making out?"

It was Mosher, with his bald head, his crafty little eyes, his flat nose, his black beard. I saw Jim's face harden. He had always shown a bitter hatred of this man and often I wondered why.

We stood a little way off. The crowd thinned and filtered away until but one remained, one of the tall young men from Minnesota. We heard Mosher's rich voice.

"Say, pard, bet ten dollars you can't place the bean. See! I put the little joker under her, right before your eyes. Now, where is it?"

"Here," said the man, touching one of the shells.

"Right you are, my hearty! Well, here's your ten."

The man from Minnesota took the money and was going away.

"Hold on," said Mosher; "how do I know you had the money to cover that bet?"

The man laughed and took from his pocket a wad of bills an inch thick.

"Guess that's enough, ain't it?"

Quick as lightning Mosher had snatched the bills from him, and the man from Minnesota found himself gazing into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"This here's my money," said Mosher; "now you *git*."

A moment only—a shot rang out. I saw the gun fall from Mosher's hand, and the roll of bills drop to the ground. Quickly the man from Minnesota recovered them and rushed off to tell his party. Then the men from Minnesota got their Winchesters, and the shooting began.

From their camp the gamblers took refuge behind the boulders that strewed the sides of the canyon, and blazed away at their opponents. A regular battle followed, which lasted till the fall of night. As far as I heard, only one casualty resulted. A Swede, about half a mile down the trail, received a spent bullet in the cheek. He complained to the Deputy Marshal. That worthy, sitting on his horse, looked at him a moment. Then he spat comprehensively.

"Can't do anything, Ole. But I'll tell you what. Next time there's bullets flying round this section of the country, don't go sticking your darned whiskers in the way. See!"

That night I said to Jim:

"How did you do it?"

He laughed and showed me a hole in his coat pocket which a bullet had burned.

"You see, having been in the game myself, I knew what was comin' and acted accordin'."

"Good job you didn't hit him worse."

"Wait a while, sonny, wait a while. There's something mighty familiar about Jake Mosher. He's mighty like a certain Sam Mosely I'm interested in. I've just written a letter outside to see, an' if him—well, I'm saved; I'm a good Christian, but—God help him!"

"And who was Sam Mosely, Jim?"

"Sam Mosely? Sam Mosely was the skunk that busted up my home an' stole my wife, blast him!"

CHAPTER VI.

Day after day, each man of us poured out on the trail the last heel-tap of his strength, and the coming of night found us utterly played out. Salvation Jim was full of device and resource, the Prodigal a dynamo of eager energy; but it was the Jam-wagon who proved his mettle in a magnificent and relentless way. Whether it was from a sense of gratitude, or to offset the cravings that assailed him, I know not, but he crammed the days with merciless exertion.

A curious man was the Jam-wagon, Brian Wanless his name, a world tramp, a derelict of the Seven Seas. His story, if ever written, would be a human document of moving and poignant interest. He must once have been a magnificent fellow, and even now, with strength and will power impaired, he was a man among men, full of quick courage and of a haughty temper. It was ever a word and a blow with him, and a fight to the desperate finish. He was insular, imperious and aggressive, and he was always looking for trouble.

Though taciturn and morose with men, the Jam-wagon showed a tireless affection for animals. From the first he took charge of our ox; but it was for horses his fondness was most expressed, so that on the trail, where there was so much cruelty, he was constantly on the verge of combat.

"That's a great man," said the Prodigal to me, "a fighter from heel to head.

There's one he can't fight, though, and that's old man Booze."

But on the trail every man was a fighter. It was fight or fail, for the trail would brook no weaklings. Good or bad, a man must be a man in the primal sense, dominant, savage and enduring. The trail was implacable. From the start it cried for strong men; it weeded out its weaklings. I had seen these fellows on the ship feed their vanity with foolish fancies; kindled to ardours of hope, I had seen debauch regnant among them; now I was to see them crushed, cowed, overwhelmed, realizing each, according to his kind, the menace and antagonism of the way. I was to see the weak falter and fall by the trailside. I was to see the faint-hearted quail and turn back; but I was to see the strong, the brave, grow grim, grow elemental in their desperate strength, and tightening up their belts, go forward unflinchingly to the bitter end. Thus it was the trail chose her own. Thus it was, from passion, despair and defeat, the spirit of the trail was born.

The spirit of the Gold Trail, how shall I describe it? It was based on that primal instinct of self-preservation that underlies our thin veneer of humanity. It was rebellion, anarchy; it was ruthless, aggressive, primitive; it was the man of the stone age in modern garb waging his fierce, incessant warfare with the forces of nature. Spurred on by the fever of the gold-lust, goaded by the fear of losing in the race; maddened by the difficulties and obstacles in the way, men became demons of cruelty and aggression, ruthlessly thrusting aside and trampling down the weaker ones that thwarted their progress. Of pity, humanity, love, there was none, only the gold-lust, triumphant and repellent. It was the survival of the fittest, the most tenacious, the most brutal. Yet there was something grandly terrible about it all. It was a barbaric invasion, an army, each man fighting for his own hand under the banner of gold. It was conquest. Every day, as I watched that human torrent, I realized how vast, how irresistible it was. It was Epic, it was Historical.

Many pitiful things I saw—men with haggard, hopeless faces, throwing their outfits into the snow and turning back broken-hearted; men staggering blindly on, exhausted to despair, then dropping wearily by the trailside in the bitter cold and sinister gloom; weaklings, every one. Many terrible things I saw—men cursing each other, cursing the trail, cursing their God, and in the echo of their curses, grinding their teeth and stumbling on. Then they would vent their fury and spite on the poor dumb animals. Oh, what cruelty there was! The life of the brute was as nothing; it was the tribute of the trail: it was a sacrifice on the altar of human greed.

Long before dawn the trail awakened and the air was full of breakfast smells, chiefly that of burnt porridge; for pots were seldom scraped, neither were dishes washed. Soon the long-drawn-out army was on the march, jaded animals straining at their loads, their drivers reviling and beating them. All the men were bearded, and many of them wore parkas. As many of the women had discarded petticoats, it was often difficult at a short distance to tell the sex of a person. There were tents built on sleighs, with faces of women and children peering out from behind. It was a wonderful procession, all classes, all nationalities, greybeards and striplings, parsons and prostitutes, rich and poor, all filing past in their thousands, drawn, desperately on by the golden magnet.

One day we were making a trip with a load of our stuff when, just ahead, there was a check in the march, so I and the Jam-wagon went forward to investigate. It was our old friend Bullhammer in difficulties. He had rather a fine horse, and in passing a sump-hole, his sled had skidded and slipped downhill into the water. Now he was belaboring the animal unmercifully, acting like a crazy man, shouting in a frenzy of rage.

The horse was making the most gallant efforts I ever saw, but, with every fresh attempt, its strength weakened. Time and again it came down on its knees, which were raw and bleeding. It was

shining with sweat so that there was not a dry hair on its body, and if ever a dumb brute's eyes spoke of agony and fear, that horse's did. But Bullhammer grew every moment more infuriated, wrenching its mouth and beating it over the head with a club. It was a sickening sight and, used as I was to the inhumanity of the trail, I would have interfered had not the Jam-wagon jumped in. He was deadly pale and his eyes burned.

"You infernal brute! If you strike that horse another blow, I'll break your club over your shoulders."

Bullhammer turned on him. Surprise paralyzed the man, rage choked him. They were both big husky fellows and they drew up face to face. Then Bullhammer spoke.

"Curse you, anyway. Don't interfere with me. I'll beat bloody hell out of the horse if I like, an' you won't say one word, see?"

With that he struck the horse another vicious blow on the head. There was a quick shuffle. The club was wrenched from Bullhammer's hand. I saw it come down twice. The man sprawled on his back, while over him stood the Jam-wagon, looking very grim. The horse slipped quietly back into the water.

"You ugly blackguard! I've a good mind to beat you within an ace of your life. But you're not worth it. Ah, you cur!"

He gave Bullhammer a kick. The man got on his feet. He was a coward, but his pig eyes squinted in impotent rage. He looked at his horse lying shivering in the icy water.

"Get the horse out yourself, then, damn you. Do what you please with him. But, mark you—I'll get even with you for this—I'll—get—even."

He shook his fist and, with an ugly curse, went away. The block in the traffic was relieved. The trail was again in motion. When we got abreast of the submerged horse, we hitched on the ox and hastily pulled it out, and (the Jam-wagon proving to have no little veterinary skill) in a few days it was fit to work again.

(To be continued.)

A Modern Baron's Stronghold

By
Blynn Greyson



ALL the old barons are dead and their castles are doddering along to decay—but one; a new baron, with a new castle has appeared. The strongholds of the men who waged gory wars with one another in the mighty days before King John, and who carried luckless tenants as captive—and howling, down into the donjon-keep, are molding. They are knock-kneed and decrepit, to say nothing of being unsanitary. But this new baron's castle is to be of a new generation of castles—hot water heating, electric lights and baths. It is to be—says the artist who de-

signed it, Mr. E. J. Lennox—the most imposing dwelling house, externally, at least, in America. It is to sit high upon a terraced hill overlooking Toronto from the north. Its French baronial towers and embattlements shall be a mark to the whole city. It is to cost a million—probably a million and a half. It shall contain fifty chambers—some of them fit for the King's court—finished in precious woods carried from long distances: mahoganies and oaks, teak and sandalwood, raw cypress and bird's-eye maple, and rosewood. The world's finest marble shall



THE INTERIOR OF THE STALL-ROOM

cut to make walls and floors and staircases, and at nights, from his height upon the hill, Sir Henry Pellatt, C.V.O., financier, broker, and, at leisure, a militarist, shall presently sit and glower upon Toronto, gleaming in the electric light which one of his enterprises furnishes to the city or a consideration.

The stables and the lodge of the house have been completed for some time. Hundreds of people have mistaken these stables for the mansion, and have puzzled over the elaborate stable architecture to see where the "front door" might be. A heavy masonry tower, eighty feet high, is the central point around which the stall-room, the coach-house, garage, grooms' quarters and harness-room, are centered. The masonry is in red brick and white stone. All manner of lesser towers and turrets ornament the walls. The interiors are done in teak. The harness room is carpeted in velvet. The stall-rooms are lined with white tile, the monotony of which is broken by a Grecian border. The coach house is as elegant as many a drawing room, and the garage is worthy of the finest of cars.

Only recently, however, have the contracts for the house proper been let. They call for an expenditure of three-quarters of a million dollars. The walls are to be built of Indiana or Credit Valley cut stone—a pale grey color. The roof is to be an orange yellow tiling. The mansion will face south over the hill, with a frontage

of 250 feet of masonry. The surrounding lawns will be separated from the level of the first floor by a retaining wall, ranging in height from ten to eighteen feet above the ground level. Facing it from the south one will see that the house consists of a long, main section running east and west, and terminating in two projecting gables, facing south from each end of the house, elaborated into towers and battlements, and set off with handsome chimneys. These end gables project beyond the central body of the house, so as to form two loggias, with archways facing south. Running east and west between these

two loggias is to be a tiled terrace one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. It will be enclosed by a stone balustrade with openings giving to a parallel turf terrace, which, in turn, is bounded by the retaining wall, which separates the house from the ordinary ground level.

The entrance to the castle will be from the north. The visitor will first enter a large reception hall about forty feet square. From this leads first the main staircase, twelve feet wide, to the upper floor, and then promenade corridor one hundred and seventy-five feet long and fourteen feet wide. Off this corridor opens the "Great Hall" in which the more elaborate entertaining of the host may be carried out. It will be sixty feet by forty feet, and the ceiling will be the full height of two storeys. The roof will be "open timbered," and light will be admitted through a magnificent cut-stone bay window, facing south across the terrace, and extending from floor to ceiling. It will be filled with clear glass, leaded.

Off this great hall are the drawing-room, dining-room, library and reception rooms. The library will be fifty feet long; the dining-room and drawing-room about forty-five feet square. The dining-room gives into an octagonal tower breakfast-room on one corner of the house.

The promenade corridor will let into a palm room at one end, fifty feet square, which will have tiled floors and marble

linings, and have windows on three sides. Sir Henry's private den, office and billiard room, housekeeper's and butler's apartments, sewing room, pantries, sculleries, kitchens and servants' dining and sitting-rooms occupy the balance of the ground floor.

Turning to left and right from the first landing, the main staircase reaches the second floor. It contains eight or nine suites of rooms, as well as the servants' rooms. Each suite has a separate bathroom and dressing room. The twelve bathrooms will be finished in tile and marble.

The basement contains a shooting gallery, bowling alley and a swimming tank, fashioned after the old Italian swimming pools. It will be forty feet long and twenty feet wide.

The woods for the interior finishings have not yet been definitely decided upon, but they will include all the finest varieties. Most of the ceilings will be done in plaster staff work. Heat will be supplied by furnaces in the stables.

* * * *

The house is not costing a sum as large as that spent on many of the famous homes on this continent, but the outward design and the site will combine to make it, it is said, more beautiful and striking than any other dwelling on the continent. At the same time, the interior will be very richly and comfortably finished. The work will go on all winter and the castle will

probably be ready for occupation in three years' time.

Although the details of the structure have not been definitely decided upon, the general design ensures a beautiful addition to the list of great Canadian homes. The gardens are already under cultivation, and the driveways are being built.

Sir Henry's house is his fad, or rather, his fad is the house and the gardens. The hundreds of people who have made Sunday afternoon pilgrimages up Wells' Hill in Toronto to see the work on the mansion, have inevitably wondered why it is that a business man—a man whose greatest knowledge is apparently of books and figures, percentages and directors' meetings—should build such a house as this one. A heavy brown stone front, huge walks and pillars and carvings, and, in short, everything arranged for a show of wealth would have been understandable; but to see the romantic architecture in which the Colonel of the Queen's Own Rifles has indulged himself, is to see in him the out-cropping of an imaginative vein such as one would expect of a poet or an artist or a poor dreamer living in an attic. Every man has built his castle. But most of such structures were built in the days before their youthful architects realized the almost human limitations of a dollar bill. Having grown up, the average man forgets his "Castle in Spain"—the one he built when he was eleven years of age—and is content with a nice, eight-roomed affair sitting in a row, or a piebald arrangement of cobble stones in the



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GARDENS, THE LODGE AND THE STABLE
ALREADY COMPLETE.

fashionable part of the city. But to see the towers even of Sir Henry's stables is to have the memory of all these old castles revived. Surely it must have been the castle which Sir Henry dreamed about when he was a boy.

Sir James Ross, Sir Edmund Walker, and Sir William Van Horne find recreation in collecting paintings. When they give over, for the day, the pursuit of steel, or suitable bank investments, or railway enterprises, respectively, they turn to the masterpieces of paint for mental relaxation.

What the canvasses are to them is his house and his garden to Sir Henry Pellatt. For years he has been collecting ideas for this new home. In Scotland and England and France, with his camera or with little thumb-nail sketches he has made notes of the things in architecture that pleased him, and collected them in his waistcoat pockets. Armed with these he consulted Mr. Lennox, the architect,

and obtained the plans which are now being carried into execution.

One of the three collectors of paintings referred to above, asked Sir Henry one day why it was that he spent so much thought upon a house.

"Why don't you go in for collecting something? How about pictures, or china, or manuscripts? Why do you put all your time in a house?"

"Why," laughed Sir Henry, "I might much better ask you why you collect pictures instead of architectural data and flowers as I do. I'll tell you, though, why I like the house building better. You, when you have your collections of paintings, find enjoyment in them only when you have a guest, or some other excuse for going through your gallery. But when my house is finished I can putter around all my evenings among my flowers and admire my chimneys and my towers."

It is not recorded what the other Knight bachelor replied.

AWAY WITH THEM!

There is too much talk of Ideals. The word is used in sermons and poems and after-dinner speeches. Little souls roll it on the ends of their tongues and lift their mild eyes to Heaven. Surely the truly great have none of them—*these* ideals.

What is wanted is common decencies—not ideals. The word has too much exquisitely nebulous meaninglessness. Fat men dream of ideals, and in the morning cheat the car conductor. Thin men dream of the same thing and abuse their wives. Lovers think their affinities "ideals," and wake to quarrel about a certain usage in grammar.

There are too many "ideals" and too much self-deceiving. Let us save the word from profanity and hide it until hallowing time has restored its sacred shape, and in the meantime let us collect samples of common decencies, honesty of tongue, and hand, and heart—and put them in a case, lest in a few generations there be none left.



MONTAGUE SILVER, the finest street man and art grafter in the West, says to me once in Little Rock: "If you ever lose your mind, Billy, and get too old to do honest swindling among grown men, go to New York. In the West a sucker is born every minute; but in New York they appear in chunks of roe—you can't count 'em!"

Two years afterward I found that I couldn't remember the names of the Russian admirals, and I noticed some gray hairs over my left ear; so I knew the time had arrived for me to take Silver's advice.

I struck New York about noon one day, and took a walk up Broadway. And I run against Silver himself, all encompassed up in a spacious kind of haberdashery, leaning against a hotel and rubbing the half-moons on his nails with a silk handkerchief.

"Paresis or superannuated?" I asks him.

"Hello, Billy," says Silver; "I'm glad to see you. Yes, it seemed to me that the West was accumulating a little too much wiseness. I've been saving New York for dessert. I know it's a low-down trick to take things from these people. They only know this and that and pass to and fro and think ever and anon. I'd hate for my mother to know I was skinning these

weak-minded ones. She raised me better."

"Is there a crush already in the waiting rooms of the old doctor that does skin grafting?" I asks.

"Well, no," says Silver; "you needn't back Epidermis to win to-day. I've only been here a month. But I'm ready to begin; and the members of Willie Manhattan's Sunday School class, each of whom has volunteered to contribute a portion of cuticle toward this rehabilitation, may as well send their photos to the *Evening Daily*."

"I've been studying the town," says Silver, "and reading the papers every day, and I know it as well as the cat in the City Hall knows an O'Sullivan. People here lie down on the floor and scream and kick when you are the least bit slow about taking money from them. Come up in my room and I'll tell you. We'll work the town together, Billy, for the sake of old times."

Silver takes me up in a hotel. He has a quantity of irrelevant objects lying about.

"There's more ways of getting money from these metropolitan hayseeds," says Silver, "than there is of cooking rice in Charleston, S. C. They'll bite at anything. The brains of most of 'em com-mute. The wiser they are in intelligence

the less perception of cognizance they have. Why, didn't a man the other day sell J. P. Morgan an oil portrait of Rockefeller, Jr., for Andrea del Sarto's celebrated painting of the young Saint John!

"You see that bundle of printed stuff in the corner, Billy? That's gold mining stock. I started out one day to sell that, but I quit it in two hours. Why? Got arrested for blocking the street. People fought to buy it. I sold the policeman a block of it on the way to the station-house, and then I took it off the market. I don't want people to give me their money. I want some little consideration connected with the transaction to keep my pride from being hurt. I want 'em to guess the missing letter in Chic—go, or draw to a pair of nines before they pay me a cent of money.

"Now there's another little scheme that worked so easy I had to quit it. You see that bottle of blue ink on the table? I tattooed an anchor on the back of my hand and went to a bank and told 'em I was Admiral Dewey's nephew. They offered to cash my draft on him for a thousand, but I didn't know my uncle's first name. It shows, though, what an easy town it is. As for burglars, they won't go in a house now unless there's a hot supper ready and a few college students to wait on 'em. They're slugging citizens all over the upper part of the city and I guess, taking the town from end to end, it's a plain case of assault and battery."

"Monty," says I, when Silver had slacked up, "you may have Manhattan correctly discriminated in your perorative, but I doubt it. I've only been in town two hours, but it don't dawn upon me that it's ours with a cherry in it. There ain't enough *rus in urbe* about it to suit me. I'd be a good deal much better satisfied if the citizens had a straw or more in their hair, and run more to velveten vests and buckeye watch charm. They don't look easy to me."

"You've got it, Billy," says Silver. "All emigrants have it. New York's bigger than Little Rock or Europe, and it frightens a foreigner. You'll be all right. I tell you I feel like slapping the people

here because they don't send me all their money in laundry baskets, with germicide sprinkled over it. I hate to go down on the street to get it. Who wears the diamonds in this town? Why, Winnie, the Wiretapper's wife, and Bella, the Bunco-steerer's bride. New Yorkers can be worked easier than a blue rose on a tidy. The only thing that bothers me is I know I'll break the cigars in my vest pocket when I get my clothes all full of twenties."

"I hope you are right, Monty," says I; "but I wish all the same I had been satisfied with a small business in Little Rock. The crop of farmers is never so short out there but what you can get a few of 'em to sign a petition for a new post office that you can discount for \$200 at the county bank. The people here appear to possess instincts of self-preservation and illiberality. I fear me that we are not cultured enough to tackle this game."

"Don't worry," says Silver. "I've got this Jayville-near-Tarrytown correctly estimated as sure as North River is the Hudson and East River ain't a river. Why, there are people living in four blocks of Broadway who never saw any kind of a building except a skyscraper in their lives! A good, live hustling Western man ought to get conspicuous enough here inside of three months to incur either Jerome's clemency or Lawson's displeasure."

"Hyperbole aside," says I, "do you know of any immediate system of buncoing the community out of a dollar or two except by applying to the Salvation Army or having a fit on Miss Helen Gould's doorstep?"

"Dozens of 'em," says Silver. "How much capital have you got, Billy?"

"A thousand," I told him.

"I've got \$1,200," says he. "We'll pool and do a big piece of business. There's so many ways we can make a million that I don't know how to begin."

The next morning Silver meets me at the hotel and he is all sonorous and stirred with a kind of a silent joy.

"We're to meet J. P. Morgan this afternoon," says he. "A man I know in the hotel wants to introduce us. He's a

friend of his. He says he likes to meet people from the West."

"That sounds nice and plausible," says I. "I'd like to know Mr. Morgan."

"It won't hurt us a bit," says Silver, "to get acquainted with a few finance kings. I kind of like the social way New York has with strangers."

The man Silver knew was named Klein. At three o'clock Klein brought his Wall Street friend to see us in Silver's room. "Mr. Morgan" looked some like his pictures, and he had a Turkish towel wrapped around his left foot, and he walked with a cane.

"Mr. Silver and Mr. Pescud," says Klein. "It sounds superfluous," says he, "to mention the name of the greatest financial ——."

"Cut it out, Klein," says Mr. Morgan. "I'm glad to know you gents; I take great interest in the West. Klein tells me you're from Little Rock. I think I've a railroad or two out there somewhere. If either of you guys would like to deal a hand or two of stud poker I ——."

"Now, Pierpont," cuts in Klein, "you forget!"

"Excuse me, gents!" says Morgan; "since I've had the gout so bad I sometimes play a social game of cards at my house. Neither of you never knew One-eyed Peters, did you, while you was around Little Rock? He lived in Seattle, New Mexico."

Before we could answer, Mr. Morgan hammers on the floor with his cane and begins to walk up and down, swearing in a loud tone of voice.

"They have been pounding your stocks to-day on the Street, Pierpont?" asks Klein smiling.

"Stocks! No!" roars Mr. Morgan. "It's that picture I sent an agent to Europe to buy. I just thought about it. He cabled me to-day that it ain't to be found in all Italy. I'd pay \$50,000 to-morrow for that picture—yes, \$75,000. I give the agent a la carte in purchasing it. I cannot understand why the art galleries will allow a De Vinchy to ——."

"Why, Mr. Morgan," says Klein; "I thought you owned all of the De Vinchy paintings."

"What is the picture like, Mr. Morgan?" asks Silver. "It must be as big as the side of the Flatiron Building."

"I'm afraid your art education is on the bum, Mr. Silver," says Morgan. "The picture is 27 inches by 42; and it is called 'Love's Idle Hour.' It represents a number of cloak models doing the two-step on the bank of a purple river. The cablegram said it might have been brought to this country. My collection will never be complete without that picture. Well, so long, gents; us financiers must keep early hours."

Mr. Morgan and Klein went away together in a cab. Me and Silver talked about how simple and unsuspecting great people was; and Silver said what a shame it would be to try to rob a man like Morgan; and I said I thought it would be rather imprudent, myself. Klein proposes a stroll after dinner; and me and him and Silver walks down toward Seventh Avenue to see the sights. Klein sees a pair of cuff links that instigate his admiration in a pawnshop window, and we all go in while he buys 'em.

After we got back to the hotel and Klein had gone, Silver jumps at me and waves his hands.

"Did you see it?" says he. "Did you see it, Billy?"

"What?" I asks.

"Why, that picture that Morgan wants. It's hanging in that pawnshop, behind the desk. I didn't say anything because Klein was there. It's the article sure as you live. The girls are as natural as paint can make them, all measuring 36 and 25 and 42 skirts, if they had any skirts, and they're doing a buck-and-wing on the bank of a river with the blues. What did Mr. Morgan say he'd give for it? Oh, don't make me tell you. They can't know what it is in that pawnshop."

When the pawnshop opened the next morning me and Silver was standing there as anxious as if we wanted to soak

our Sunday suit to buy a drink. We sauntered inside, and began to look at watch-chains.

"That's a violent specimen of a chromo you've got up there," remarked Silver, casual, to the pawnbroker. "But I kind of enthuse over the girl with the shoulder-blades and red bunting. Would an offer of \$2.25 for it cause you to knock over any fragile articles of your stock in hurrying it off the nail?"

The pawnbroker smiles and goes on showing us plate watch-chains.

"That picture," says he, "was pledged a year ago by an Italian gentleman. I loaned him \$500 on it. It is called 'Love's Idle Hour,' and it is by Leonardo de Vinchy. Two days ago the legal time expired, and it became an unredeemed

pledge. Here is a style of chain that is worn a great deal now."

At the end of half an hour me and Silver paid the pawnbroker \$2,000 and walked out with the picture. Silver got into a cab with it and started for Morgan's office. I goes to the hotel and waits for him. In two hours Silver comes back.

"Did you see Mr. Morgan?" I asks. "How much did he pay you for it?"

Silver sits down and fools with a tassel on the table cover.

"I never exactly saw Mr. Morgan," he says, "because Mr. Morgan's been in Europe for a month. But what's worrying me, Billy, is this: The department stores have all got that same picture on sale, framed, for \$3.48. And they charge \$3.50 for the frame alone—that's what I can't understand."

SEE?

If one proves weak whom you fancied strong,
 Or false whom you fancied true,
 Just ease the smart of your wounded heart
 With the thought that it is not you.

If many forget a promise made,
 And your faith falls into the dust,
 Then look meanwhile in your mirror, and smile,
 And say, "I am one to trust."

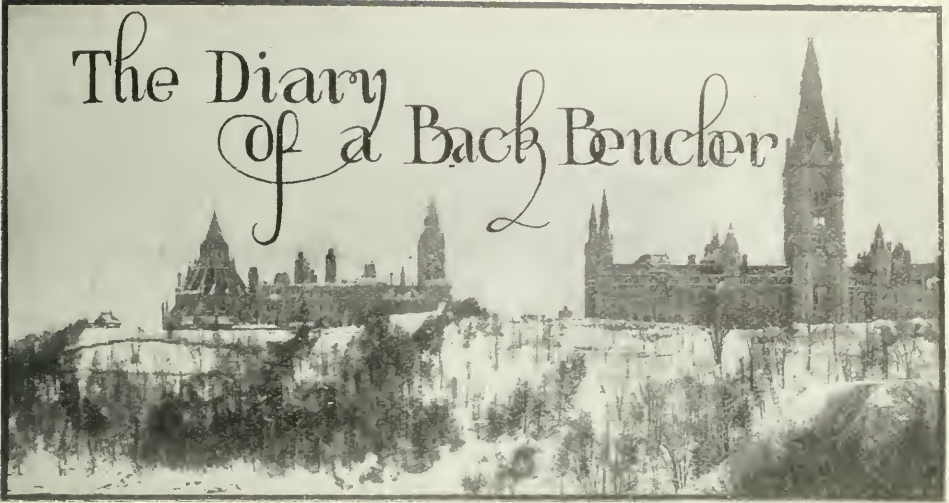
If you search in vain for an ageing face
 Unharrowed by fretful fears,
 Then take right now, and keep, your vow
 To grow in grace with the years.

If you lose your faith in the word of man,
 As you go from the port of youth,
 Just say as you sail, "I will not fail
 To keep to the course of Truth."

For this is the way, and the only way;
 At least so it seems to me.
 It is up to you to be, and do,
 What you look for in others, See?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Cassell's Magazine.*

The Diary Of a Back Bencher



By Paul E. Bilkey

This is the diary of "Another" Back-Bencher. In the last issue we printed the musings of a manufacturer M. P. This time it is a small town business-man, who has apparently succeeded in winning a seat in Parliament by the usual "miracle." He is "wise" in some ways, and stupid as a stone in others. He is of a type that only occasionally arrives in the House of Commons, fortunately, and yet all those who know the Sessional crowd at the Capital will recognize this character.

THEY say this is to be the fighting session. I got it from one of the messengers this morning. He seems to know a lot more than I do about what's going on. He says the session would last till midsummer or longer if it weren't for the Imperial Conference in June. He says he's sorry about the Conference, because the longer the session lasts the more money he gets. Personally, I'd rather see the thing wind up next week. I calculated on making a good thing out of it this year, but things cost too much here in Ottawa and if I get away with two thousand of "the indemnity" clear, I'll do well. Then there's that letter from Ebenezer Baggs, secretary of the Root Growers' Association

down home. He talks about bringing up a deputation. That would mean giving them a lunch somewhere and would cost like fun. I must try and steer them off.

The messenger told me a lot of funny things about the people on the Hill. He says that old John Holder, who looks after the Parliament Buildings at night, has his head simply bulging with recollections that would put a lot of people into queer holes if he ever told. I must look up Holder.

Found a new boarding house to-day. They charged me three dollars a week for my other room, and I had to pay! Now, I've a place in Lower Town for a dollar and a quarter a week and I'll get my meals at a lunch counter. I can send

my laundry home in small parcels and it won't cost me anything. I can frank the parcels. It's a terror the way some of the fellows spend their indemnities. I don't see what they come here for at all. There's some of them that don't make a cent out of it.

Sam, the messenger, says there's going to be a general economic readjustment in Great Britain and the whole of North America. I looked up "economic" and "readjustment." That fellow seems to know a lot about the things that old George Foster and Lyon Mackenzie-King, and some of those other men in front, are always talking about. I must have some more talks with Sam and see what it's all about. He says there's a general movement to bring about a "proper relation between production and consumption." I'll get him to explain that. Wish he'd use words a Member of Parliament could understand without everlastingly having to sneak into the library and dig up the dictionary. Sam got me into trouble the other day too. He told me the Government was paying more money for loans in England than they would have to pay on the continent of Europe. I told him it wasn't so. As matter of fact I didn't know whether it was or not, but I wanted to give him an idea that I knew. He wanted to bet me that it was true, but I wouldn't bet, and he said he supposed I was afraid of H.H. Miller, who put the race track Gambling Bill through, would have me arrested. He said if I wanted to make sure I could ask a question in the House. I let him write out a question, and sent it in to the clerk and it appeared in the "Votes and Proceedings" among the notices. First thing I knew, along comes the whip, wanting to know what in Sam Hill I was trying to do. He said I would have to drop the question, and he said a lot of other things that I wouldn't take from anybody else. Well, when the clerk read out the question yesterday I answered: "dropped," and the Opposition laughed. I asked the man next to me what they were laughing at and he told me to go up and fall off the tower. If we hadn't been in the House at the time I'd have punched him. I told Sam about

it and he said to lay for him outside, but I guess I'll let it rest. I'm not the sort of man to nurse a grievance.

It's real handy sometimes being a Member of Parliament. I'd have lost a good cow if I hadn't happened to be here. Got word that the cow was sick. They couldn't make out what was wrong with it down home and no more could I when I read about its doings. Never heard of a cow acting up like that before. I watched my chance and when the Minister of Agriculture wasn't busy I went down and told him about the cow. Thought I worked it rather cleverly too. Asked him how Mrs. Fisher was and that sort of thing before I mentioned about the cow. He looked a bit queer at first, got red and laughed, but when I asked him about the cow he seemed to know all about it. Told me to go down to a man in the Department and he'd tell me just what to do. I went down and got some good pointers and the cow's cured. But when I told Sam about it his eyes started to stick out of his head. He says there isn't any Mrs. Fisher and never was.

They put me on the Railway Committee again. I always like the Railway Committee meetings. There's usually a row over something. I always sit near the back of the room and light my pipe. We had a lot of fun last session shouting "carried" when people were up on the platform opposing bills. I don't see myself why bills should be opposed. If people want to build railways where's the harm? And yet you see the Members getting up and fighting like fury about "extensions" and "capitalizations" and "blanketing" and bonds and perpetual franchises and a lot of things that nobody cares about. I never could see what "blanket charters" or "watering stock" has to do with a railway. The trouble with most of these men is that they don't rightly understand the proposal of the railway promoters whose bill they happen to be talking about. I always do because I get it straight from the men who bring in the bills. They come and tell you all you want to know. When a bill is coming up there's always a lawyer or somebody

around who knows all about it and will talk it over with you in the committee room or "Sixteen" (that's the lounging room for the Liberals) or somewhere else, beforehand. It's simply a question of having the facts and I don't see how anybody can be supposed to know the facts better than the men who are going to build the road. It makes me tired to have to sit up there in the Railway Committee till one o'clock when I want to get out to lunch, and have somebody getting off a long speech about "franchise-grabbers" and things that I can't for the life of me find in reading over the bill. It would be a lot simpler and save trouble if these people would get the facts beforehand and make up their minds how they're going to vote before they go into the committee room. The wonder to me is that George Graham, the Minister of Railways, stands for so much opposition, and yet sometimes he almost sides with the kickers. Of course when he says he leaves it to the judgment of the committee, I vote the way I've promised just the same. That's the proper way, I think. A man should use his own judgment, always.

Wonderful what some men will do around here to save a little money! There's one man sits across the way from me who's so mean he won't even let the page lace up his file of "Hansard" for him. Laces them up himself. He's an old man too, been a member for years and years, and his knuckles have got twisted with rheumatism so that he can hardly do the trick. But he sticks at it, sometimes for a whole sitting, till he gets it done. He's Scotch. I'm Scotch myself, but I'm not "mean." I always give the page something at the end of the session. Last year I gave him fifteen cents and a fountain pen that I got from the Government Stationery Office. It was a self-filler too, although the filler wouldn't work, and I couldn't get any ink into the blame thing.

Wish I had all the money that my constituents spend on postage stamps to send letters to me. Down home they seem to think I have nothing to do but run around doing errands for them. It keeps

me on the jump going around the Departments finding out things for the fellows who say they voted for me. I know darn well that some of them didn't vote for me at all, but may be they will next time. I sent home a geography to the children. Got it from the Interior Department. They must have shown it around at school, because a few days later I began getting bunches of letters every day asking for geographies. The list grew so long that I was almost afraid to ask for the books. I went to Mr. Oliver about it. (I shall not go to him again). Then I went down to the Department and turned in the bunch of letters and I guess the books were delivered all right. Hope nobody hears about that cow cure.

It isn't always easy to get things in the Departments though, and some of the officials are a lot too fresh. The other day I went over to the West Block and told a man I wanted to see the Minister.

"Can't be done," says he.

"Do you know who I am?" I demanded, getting a little mad.

"No," says he, "and what's more ——"

"I'm a member of Parliament," said I, drawing myself up and sticking out my chest a little. It won't go very far.

"The woods are full of them," says the fellow.

I was so angry that I walked right away.

There's a man in the House who can talk Gaelic—something I can't do myself. His name is Tolmie—John Tolmie. He's a popular man, Tolmie is. He was about the only man in the House, they say, who understood the speech that the late D. C. Fraser once delivered in Gaelic. Some man on the other side had annoyed the big fellow from Guysboro. He stood up and poured out a stream of pure Gaelic, and Tolmie nearly fell on the floor. "You little rat," Fraser was saying, "if you come outside I'll punch your ugly little head off." I think myself that Fraser was taking a risk. I, myself, would never attack a fellow member in that way. There's always the chance that he might happen to understand, or that

someone might tell him afterward. Fraser, though, was a very big man.

Parliament is becoming more honest. Since the disclosures in the Printing Bureau a number of Members have abandoned concealment. There is Henry Horton Miller for instance. He has come out from behind his moustache. They say it interrupted his flow of speech, but I never noticed myself that it hampered him much. Sam says its a barefaced attempt by Miller to look like the Minister of Justice, although, he says, he doesn't think Miller ought to carry his resentment that far. (I can't always understand Sam). I talked the matter over with a fellow in "Sixteen" the other day and he said it was one of the most startling exposures ever made in the House of Commons. I afterwards found out that he wasn't a friend of Miller. Then there's Turriff, of Assiniboia. He had quite a growth last session and it's gone, too. Sam says Turriff did it so that H. B. Ames wouldn't recognize him, but I can't see for my part what Ames has got to do with it. Ames would be sure to know him again anyhow. He's hard to get rid of when he once gets after you. I see that the Minister of Inland Revenue has cut his off. Left it behind in Victoria, Sam says. Cigars, Sam says, go a long way, when you haven't a moustache. Queer fellow, Sam! But I must say that our side of the House looks a lot younger since the barbers got busy, but there's still quite a large crop waiting to be harvested. They told me that the Minister of Customs had shaved off his beard but I find it isn't so. They said last year that Sir Frederick Borden had given up his side whiskers, but that turned out to be only one more of the unfounded allegations against the Minister.

There aren't enough sofas in "Sixteen." I'm going to speak to Pugsley about it. That's one good thing about Pugsley. He'll always listen to you when you want something. Wish all the Ministers were like him. I don't believe the things the Opposition fellows say against Pugsley. I was glad to hear him deny them all. Some of the fellows on the other side don't seem to believe him. There's

Crocket for instance. He's always bothering Pugsley, just when I want an extra sofa in "Sixteen." I think when a man gives a denial that ought to settle it. It ought to be a rule of the House. Then there would be no more attacks on Pugsley. I have listened to a lot of his denials and they have shown me just how clean a man can keep his record. It's lucky for him though that he did keep it clean and is able to say he didn't do the things they say he did. It always cheers me up when he dares those fellows to come on and bring their lawsuits or make their charges, personally, against him. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier said he was proud of Pugsley, I tell you I was too! I just felt like a hero. I'd have voted down any of their old resolutions—but about that sofa. It's hard to sit around, hour after hour, waiting to vote, and a man ought to be able to lie down and have a little sleep while the debates are going on. If those fellows in the front row like to go on talking, day after day, why I say, let them, but why should I have to hang around and listen to a lot of things I don't understand? That's why there ought to be more sofas. There are a few in "Sixteen," but some of our men seem to think they own them and I never get a chance. Guess I'll mention it to the chief whip—Pardee, first. If the whips want to keep us here they ought to provide us with proper conveniences. Now there was that debate on the Address from the Throne. There I had to sit and listen to a lot of talk about disloyal appeal down there in Drummond and Arthabaska where our candidate got beaten. I don't know much about these things myself, but I'd be prepared to bet that if there was anything wrong the other side did it. Anyway I can't see why they should want to deny it, seeing that they got their man in. All this talk about "Nationalism" makes me tired. I'm a man that can size things up pretty well for myself, and I say that if these Quebec fellows want to call themselves Nationalists, why let them. So long as the Government stays in power what does it matter? We get our indemnities just the same, and if there's going to be a big war I guess it

won't be in our time. I say, let the future take care of itself. It has done alright so far. Sam says I don't know what I'm talking about, but he doesn't know *everything* himself. When it comes to judging a Cotswold for instance, I can put rings around him. But if I don't know all about this Quebec business, it just shows how foolish it is to have these debates, which is what I've been saying all along. I'll speak about that sofa to-day.

That fellow Laplant has an easy job. I'd like something of that sort, only there ought to be someone else to do the writing. Laplant is the Assistant Clerk of the House. I figure out that if he weren't there the Clerk, what's his name! Flint—would have to do the work himself. It's handy to have an assistant, but Laplant would be more comfortable if he could pass the stuff on to someone else. Perhaps it isn't as good a thing as I thought. He has to stay in the House almost all the time while we "Members" can go out any-time when there isn't a vote coming on, and enjoy himself. So long as he puts in an appearance each day he's all right. Of course, I don't believe in this business of taking the money for days when you haven't been in your seat. It doesn't seem right to me somehow. Takes a little nerve too, because one of these days someone will get tripped and then there'll be the devil of a row. There's too much risk of discovery for me to take a chance like that. I'll get my indemnity honestly or not at all.

They say that Flint, the Clerk of the House, used to be a Member of Parliament—came from down east, Nova Scotia or one of those places. (I used to think before I came here that Nova Scotia was the capital of Prince Edward Island. Fortunately, I found out in time. It just shows how a man's got to be on the alert around here). But Flint secured a good job, and why couldn't I? There's a lot of work around the Government's Experimental Farm that I could do. These "House" jobs are better though. There's six months of recess when you haven't much to do, and even if you do have to show up at your office during the session, the pay is away ahead of anything out home. I

used to think the only way to get money was to work for it. That's the notion down home, but here a man gets a *broad* outlook.

I mentioned to Sam the other day that I thought I'd ask one of the Ministers about getting a good job. There are times when I simply cannot regard Sam as a sincere friend. I can stand a frank expression of opinion as well as any man, but as an elder I object to profanity. He swore. I don't think his remarks, coarse as they were, apply much more to me than to a lot of people who have succeeded in getting jobs. Sam is the party organizer in our district, by the way, and a messenger during the Session. He says it would be healthier for me to forget about the jobs and look after my constituency. He says that Long Peter, my Conservative opponent down home, is getting his work in down there while I'm here in Ottawa attending to my legislative duties. I told him I could lick Long Peter and so I can in a straight fight, but Peter was always a reckless and extravagant man and has a habit of going around the riding spending his money in being what they call "a good fellow." (It's his own money too). Now I don't believe in that. It's bribery, and the election law ought to stop it. If I went around the way he does I'd be out of pocket—indemnity and all. If I can't carry the riding without what I regard as an illegal expenditure of money, I'll stay at home. It's all very well when the campaign is really on and the parties send a few thousands into the riding for purely legitimate expenses, but this business of sneaking around spending one's own money is in my opinion—most reprehensible. Long Peter will find he has enough to do when the fight is on and he'd better keep his money till then. Would you believe it, the organization and campaign expenses in my riding at the last election totalled up to seven thousand four hundred and fifty one dollars and fifty-one cents. Of course the county was well organized, the party lending me some good men. I didn't go over the accounts myself, but they told me the seven thousand and four hundred and fifty-one

was for hiring halls and printing and one thing and another like that. I think myself I might have done it for less, but probably they'd have wanted back anything that wasn't spent, so perhaps it's just as well.

But I'm not so slow as Sam seems to think. He doesn't know about my conversation with Pugsley. I went to Pugsley to-day as bold as you please and spoke to him about that sofa. He laughed at first and seemed to think I was joking, but when he found there was no joke about it, he at once took an interest in the matter. He admitted that he had never had the subject brought to his personal notice before, and thanked me for mentioning it. Said he would have it attended to without delay as soon as he had disposed of one or two other matters of rather pressing importance. He asked me a lot of questions about my riding, seemed to think it was on the lakeshore and asked me about the wharf accommodation. I had to explain that we are a long way from the lake. He seemed much put out at first. I mentioned the creek that runs down back of the tannery and he asked me if the people were likely to petition for a wharf. I said I hardly thought there was room for a wharf unless the creek was widened at the point where the wharf was to be built. I also mentioned that in July and August the creek dried up. (I thought he looked at me a little suspiciously for a moment). Anyhow he changed the subject and asked me whether any repairs were needed to the post-office. Had to tell him that Hyman had built a new post office only a few

years ago but that the Custom House in our town was a tumble-down old place and we needed a new sidewalk on the front street. He said he was afraid the sidewalk was a matter for municipal action, but he'd look into the matter of the custom house and was glad of my bringing it to his attention. He asked me to let him know what the custom receipts at the office for the last few years were so he would have some data (think that was the stuff) to go on. I looked it up in the blue-book to-day but couldn't find any mention of any receipts. Told Pugsley. He said, "Ah, well, we'll have to see what we can do?" Fine fellow, Pugsley.

Well, I don't much care about Long Peter anyhow. I've been looking up the report of the Auditor-General and I see a way of getting a dollar or two even if I do get left at the elections. There's old Keneer—or whatever his name is, who used to sit next me. He's out now and I see he's making lots of money—selling things to the Government. I might do that. Or I might, perhaps, get a job conducting an investigation. There's that fellow that made all those peat investigations for the Government. I was reading over his expenses this afternoon while Mackenzie King was making a speech to the House about something or other. There's quite a chunk for cab hire. Now why couldn't I do something like that? I don't know anything about peat, but I could ride in the cabs. I asked Sam if he thought it was usual to drive to a peat bog in a cab, but he says it all depends upon the situation of the bog. Queer fellow. Sam!

To be continued.

TO A JILT.

If handsome is as handsome does,
 As handsome hath been said to be.
 Why, you're the handsomest ever was,
 For you have "done me" handsomely!

—*London Opinion.*




In the Waiting Room

By

Helen E. Williams

THE woman waited. You could see that the strain of waiting was telling on her strength. Her face was drawn. Her attitude was tense. The wind outside drove the snow with sudden fury against the window and then retreated, muttering. Lights began to glimmer in the streets outside the hospital. A few pedestrians, heads down to the cold gusts, hurried past. The stampeding winter air charged upon the walls of the great building again and pressed hard on the glass of the waiting-room window. The storm crooned and wept and shouted in some haunted cranny of the building overhead, near the roof outside. The woman heard nothing. Her eyes were haggard.

Everything in the waiting-room of the great institution had been carefully selected to convey cheerfulness, and yet it was so cheerful as to defeat its own aim. Certainly it was not cheerful to the woman. To her, as to most of the world, nothing could be more discouraging than this cheerfulness. In a dull way she found herself hating the room as she sat there. She thought vaguely of the hundreds who must have sat waiting within those four walls. The walls must have extracted from each of them something of the history, the personality, the emotions of each. They must have heard thousands of messages from the mysterious, iodoform-smelling rooms beyond the turn in the main corridor, where



some died, some recovered, and some—merely lingered on toward indefinite, inevitable death. The woman wondered with still melancholy what the message for her would be—what would be the result of the operation. She caught herself folding her hands, mentally and physically, and preparing for the worst they could tell her of her son.

The door opened and a young man was admitted. He was of the style which is generally called "nice." His face was fresh. His eyes were bright. He removed his coat and commenced an inspection of the room with his eyes. They were nervous eyes. He was whistling the while the air of a little tune, over and over again. That, too, was nervousness. And yet he was very cheerful. The woman watched him go to the window and look out at the storm, smiling to himself. Wheeling suddenly, he met her glance.

"Awful bore, this waiting," he remarked, crossing the floor and taking a chair nearer hers. "Don't you think so?"

"There are—worse things," replied the woman in a low voice.

"Been waiting long?" with a swift glance that comprehended her strained white face, and the mourning costume.

"Some hours. It is my son. I will know very soon now."

He made a little sound of sympathy and his eyes expressed that he understood what the waiting meant for her. "An operation?" he asked.


"Appendicitis. And he is not very strong. . ."

"George, that's rough! But he'll pull through. I've been there myself. Pretty low, I was, too. But now—you see?—hard as nails!"

He looked it. The woman saw his eyes seek the door.

"You, too, are waiting to—to hear of someone?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, though he appeared almost as though he had not heard the question, and when



he spoke again it was with reference to the woman's son again.

"It is not so much a question of vitality," he went on, after a moment's abstraction, "as the determination not to knuckle down. I know a girl who's been ill mostly all her life, but she'll never admit she can't do everything anybody else can do. I never knew a person that was so—so *alive*. It's as good as a tonic just to see her. You would think, to hear her talk, that she was the most fortunate girl about. She takes her medicine—and it's the bitterest kind, too—without a whine. And when she's struck to earth she struggles up—and on again—pluckiest kind of a sport—she is."

The woman seemed hardly to hear what he said.

"My son's constitution is poor," she answered. "He gives up easily. That is what terrifies me so—that he will die just because he does not *care* enough to live. He was always like that. All through school he *could* have done things if he only would. I used to tell him: 'Anson,' I'd say, 'it all lies with yourself.' But he paid no attention. I could *see* for him, but I could not make him *do*. It is that that makes me anxious now. He gives up so easily. And he is my last."

"Wish you could see this girl I was telling you about. Lately, she's not been quite so well, which means she is pretty bad. But, Lord! you'd think there was a festival going on at her bedside. She's kept the whole ward cheerful. They are fairly shamed into smiles when she takes things so well. Whenever I see her, I wish everyone who is in trouble could see her, too. It would do them good. Talk about religion! She's *it!* Always just the same. Always sunny. But her eyes—they give her away. They hurry—*hurry*. They never catch up with all the beautiful things she sees in life. They want—they want to live *so*. And yet your son, you say, does not? Mighty rum world, now, isn't it?"

Again he looked toward the door, and again left his chair and walked about, while the voice of the tempest outside shook windows.

"He's sure to buck!" he told the woman, coming back to her side of the room. "You just take my word for it, he'll be all right."

"If—Oh, if I could only believe that! But so many things have been taken from me. I am *afraid*—*afraid*. You are young. You don't *know*. It would be different if it were only one's self, but one lives in one's friends, one's family. When they die—I die too. All but the shell."

"It's all in the way you accustom yourself to look at it," said the boy. "If you think of yourself only, it is, as you say, beastly hard lines. If you take a larger view, you see that somehow everything works out to the good—at least, that's what this girl thinks. She is always quoting Gilder's 'The Light Lies on the Farthest Hills.' That's her gospel."

"Tell me more about her. It will keep me from thinking—and there's something about her that—"

"You notice it, too?" his face lighting. "But I'm not surprised. That's the way she wants people to feel about her. She'd like to feel, she says, that she was still living in us. Rather responsible it makes a fellow. But she'd do her part, trust her! She's not much but spirit now, I tell you, just to be near her, is a benediction."

"Is there no hope for her?" and, she added before he could reply, "Is it she you are waiting to hear about?"

Before he could answer there was a rustle of starched dresses outside the door. A nurse entered with quiet swiftness and crossed to the woman, who rose, trembling in every limb.

"Your son has passed successfully through the operation. The doctors believe there is every hope for his recovery."

She turned to the boy, and lowering her voice, "Your sister," she said, "died seven minutes ago."

The Human Side of a Bank

By

A Nervous Depositor

D ID you ever consider the perfect stillness of a Canadian Bank? It is one of the most remarkable qualities in one of the most remarkable institutions in the world. Everything else hurries. Observe that business corner,—Portage and Main, or Queen and Yonge, or McGill and St. James, or Granville Street, or Barrington Street. See the people hurrying past, bumping into one another, trying to keep out of one another's way, and running for street cars. They pant. They clutch their purses. They, poor souls, are doctors, lawyers, merchants, factory owners, and some even may be farmers caught in the toil and trouble of a city. One or two are perhaps financiers, like Mackenzie and Mann, or like Honorable George Cox; and the rest are real estate agents. What are they all hurrying about? Is it to see a sick friend, or to take home a lost child, or to go back and apologize to the street car conductor for having abused him unnecessarily? No. It is to gather the fruit of the Tree—Money.

For—only figuratively speaking, of course—there is continually falling from the skies a rain of money. It is the money, which people are continually throwing up in the air, into speculation and things—descending to earth again. The other people, knowing that it is bound to come back, are rushing to the respective points where they, in their respective wisdom and limited opportunity, think that most of it is likely to fall. To some it falls in the form of wages, to others, in the form of salaries, to others in the form of bonuses, directors' fees and shareholders' dividends, and to

others as legacies from deceased aunts. That is why everybody is hurrying. The only people that don't hurry are burglars and yegg men—who very wisely let other people run after the money and place it in neat and convenient parcels, which may be carried away swiftly—and the banks. The banks are respectable.

Amidst all the turmoil, they are perfectly still, or they seem to be. It is like the stillness of the Sphinx. It is like the midnight stillness of a dark cellar when you stand, scantily clad, at the top of the stairs, holding your breath and clutching a parasol, preparatory to descending and giving the imaginary burglar who is hiding among the preserve jars, the fright of his life. It is like the stillness of a clock that won't go. It is like—but, that is enough.

Implacable, inexorable, undefeatable, indefatigable, and in several other ways, the bank sits with its arms folded, holding down the best business corners in the country. It has whole bins of money inside. It keeps its money as a man would keep his coal, except that the bins are locked. People come to it, coaxing, pleading, smiling, wooing, praying to it, kissing its garments, and so on. Upon the rich, it smiles a little, remembering that the rich are sometimes crooked, and sometimes lose their money; upon the poor it frowns charitably, and on the industrious it beams encouragement at three and one half per centum per annum. But when it has loaned you money, the spell is cast over you. You can feel its fingers on your young and tender spine, and, so to speak, it unbinds its jaw like Marley's ghost, and shows you

the cavern into which many a good man has fallen.

Now, roughly speaking, that is the inhuman side of banks. Everybody knows it. It is no disgrace now-a-days. And one is forced to add to this statement that the Canadian banking system is responsible for nearly all, if not all, prosperity of the nation—the rest of the credit being due to the Liberal Administration in Ottawa.

The system is an absolute monarchy to be sure. But then it has always been conceded that absolute monarchs make the best kind of rulers, provided they are good. And in this respect we are again forced to state that the Canadian Bankers' Association is composed of none but the good and holy and wise. The word "wise" should be in italics.

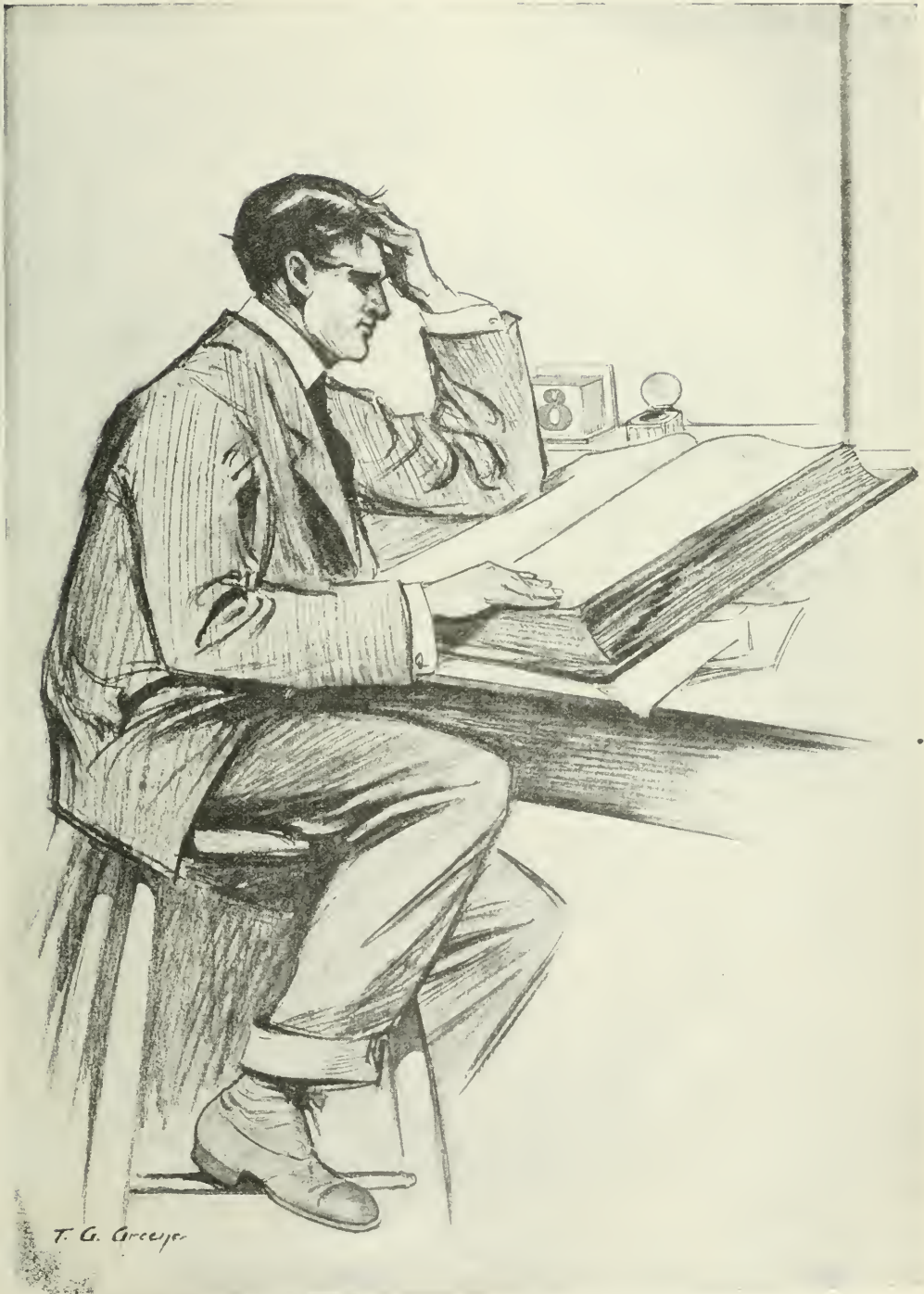
But the mystery of mysteries about banks in Canada is that they are after all perfectly human. The general managers are among the most worthy men of the land. No doubt the buying of Christmas presents makes even them lean of pocket. The local managers are among the most valuable citizens. They are nice men. Their wives are nice, and they have been known to have babies that cried. The local manager will even make friends with you cautiously, and lend you a little money—perhaps. But on that score be warned. When a bank lends you money—on the best of security, of course—do not be flattered. Run for aldermen next year, because you probably have a face like an alderman, and it would be well to make the most of it. But do not be flattered. You must be a most innocuous person. Your simplicity must show on your face. It must be quite evident that you have not imagination enough to run away with the money, and not enough brains to escape your indebtedness. Of course, you should not want to. But some in this world do. They are very clever men. If the bank lends you money it shows that you do not look like one of them.

The key to the mystery of the Canadian banks is to be found in the peculiar form of competition between them. Many people are inclined to say that there is no competition at all, and that the bank

that tries to secure more business by giving a higher rate on deposits, or by any other radical means, to secure business, is at once subjected to the discomfort of having no clearing house privileges. People say that the Canadian Bankers' Association is a money trust. And yet if you were to ask a bank man he would insist that there is the keenest of competition between the various banks, and if you pursue the question further, you will learn the somewhat remarkable fact that the weapon by which one bank scores against another is—the Canadian Bank Man.

Of course, the rule does not always hold true. But in a vast majority of cases, the junior of average intelligence and education who is taken into the employ of a bank is judged very largely on the questions: What sort of a man will he prove in a social way? Will he be a man whose family name will give him a ready "entre" to the "best circles," the wealthiest houses? Will he be a man the fame of whose family's wealth or accomplishment, or respectability, will ensure his being accepted in the best drawing-rooms? Has he a good address? Is he good looking? Is he careful about his appearance? In short, will he be able to meet the class of people who make good customers for the bank, and gain their confidence? Now the bank men of Canada will no doubt deny that this is taken seriously into consideration. The very men who employ the juniors, who accept a trembling candidate fresh from Upper Canada, and send him flying off to some forsaken town to look after "collections" at four dollars a week, may deny it. Yet, it is true.

It is nothing against the banks. It is merely an interesting point. Some people would object that there should be more competition between the banks than the mere selection of men who are calculated to bring business. But that is neither here nor there. The bank men of Canada are on the whole a splendid body of men. They have a social standing which is utterly different from the standing of the same men in England. The banks try as much as possible to select the men who will be able, as we have said before,



T. G. Greene

PURSING AN ELUSIVE "ONE CENT"

UP ONE COLUMN AND DOWN, AGAIN.

Drawing by T. G. GREENE

to mix with people of wealth, inspire their confidence, and secure their business.

Bank men have been misunderstood on this very account. In small towns, parochial souls are wont to turn up their noses at the young men who are "down at the bank," and who dress well, and act the part of the elite of the town. The bank man's care in dress and manners are often made the subject of a joke. But it is no joke. Out of the pittance a junior receives, and out of the none too fat salaries which the senior man receives, they are expected to dress well, belong to a tennis club or bowling club or some social organization in the town, and in short—to keep up the bank's end in those walks of life where there is money.

Of course, there are bank men who do not do this. Caught early, buried in their ledgers, perpetually weary from pursuing an elusive "one cent," or "ten cents," or "a dollar and nine cents," up one column and down again, and around the corner of the page, some are apt to forget this phase of their work. They become, probably the best workers in the bank. Their work is neat and accurate and quickly done. They are reliable. But when it comes to going out and mixing, they fail. They are quiet fellows, or timid, or perhaps the comeliness which the bank thought they promised to develop when they were taken on at sixteen years of age, has not arrived. For them there may be inside positions or head office places of great responsibility.

Another man has grown up to be more or less of a bore. He cannot dance. He cannot make conversation on small things. But he has a family. Or his family, such as it was, has "money," and is "somebody" where it came from. Such a man may go "out." By dint of hard work he keeps his place in society, and people looking around at him at Mrs. So and So's bridge, say "Yes," with a sigh, "Yes, that remarkably clever looking man is Huxton-Bromley of the Imperial Bank of Commerce," or "That is Lemville-Smith—You know? Smith's salve. Four million. Yes. In his own right."

But a third bank man is probably nothing but a "good head," with a decent

family history and a modest education. Presently, the inspector in his rounds begins to notice that young Johnson has a nice manner, a good address, and is not bad to look at. He makes a note of Johnson. After a while he may promote him and watch him again. It is just possible that he may have been mistaken. The fellow may have a nice manner and all that, but he perhaps lacks judgment. The inspector has little ways of seeing these things. So he finds young Johnson as less than he expected, and puts him in a position where the genial qualities will work to the best interests of the bank, but where he won't run the risk of getting the bank into trouble—though the only person of course who can really lose is young Johnson himself, the bank being protected by the bonding company.

But perhaps young Johnson proves not only to have a pleasing personality but sound judgment. By and by he gets a small managership. It is in a country town. There are retired farmers with money to deposit, hiding in the woods round-about. It is Johnson's duty to get the farmer to deposit all the money he can. He may be called upon to make a few loans — in that case he will probably ask the applicant to wait a little while until he gets time to ask a few casual questions of some well-posted lawyer of the town, concerning the worldly worth and the character of this applicant. Then he may or may not grant the loan. It won't be more than a thousand, anyway. Anything larger than that probably has to be passed upon by head office.

But he is after the business of the farmers. He does not go and ask for it; he never mentions business outside the office. He is merely careful in accepting invitations to tea. He is tactful. If he is unmarried he is as nice to the daughters of the prospective depositors as it is safe to be. He goes to fairs. He attends tea meetings. He makes little speeches, perhaps, after the pastor and the reeve. He asks about the sick and—one day he has to hand out a five-dollar subscription to the baseball team, next, money to the football or the lacrosse club, then to the

hockey club and so on. The bank allows him nothing for this, but he does it. He reaps his harvest afterwards — perhaps. The people he has been nice to decide to change their account. They like him, and they like that little accountant of his, and the little junior in the office. So the branch is able to report an increase in deposits.

Johnson probably didn't like it. He probably hated being the big frog in the little puddle, but he has done his duty, and supposing the inspector to be any sort of a good head, which he probably isn't, Johnson gets a chance at a better branch.

This time, perhaps, it is a branch where there is more lending to be done, and less fostering of deposits. The first place was perhaps in some old Ontario town where the money is being held, and where little is being invested in new ventures. The second place is probably out West, where the bank has to lend.

This is the test of Johnson. The inspector watches him. He guesses what kind of friends the man will make. He sees him making friends carefully and with good judgment, so that the friend becomes a friend of the bank, but a safe friend—not one who is liable to become an applicant for loans which the bank could not very well grant. Johnson does his part well. He is nice to everyone, even to the indigent. But he keeps always a little barrier of reserve between himself and everyone. It is a reserve which, if Johnson is careful, nobody sees until it is necessary to say, "No. I am sorry. We could not accept that business."

Thus, then, Johnson becomes a weapon in the hands of the bank against the other banks. Everything else is equal. His competitor can, as a rule, offer no better terms than Johnson, and offer no inducement save courtesy and considerate treatment. The man in the other bank — no doubt he bowls with Johnson every

evening during the summer—lacks tact, loses his temper, says graceless things, makes a blunder, can't take a joke. His bank loses business. Johnson's gains.

Johnson becomes an influence in the community. He is a good fellow, but not too good. He is a mixer, but a wise mixer. He is alert. He inspires confidence. He does not boast of his bank. He merely stands calmly there as a personal guarantee of its integrity. He looks down on the junior, trying to board himself, and keep his collars clean, and belong to the tennis club—on four dollars a week. He feels sorry for the junior, but he knows that he once did it himself. It is good for the boy. He sees the junior invited out to tea at the houses of pretty daughters, and sees the little devil strut as though he really had all the money which is mentioned in gold letters on the windows of the bank. And he grins. He knows it is good for the bank, and won't hurt the boy. Only perhaps, when he overhears the junior telling the junior in the bank across the road that he simply can't afford to take such-and-such a girl to the Methodist garden party, because he scarcely has enough to pay for his laundry this week, and the folks at home have shut down on his allowance and his cigarettes—then has Johnson a twinge of a painful memory. He knows all the good times he used to have when he was a popular junior, and he recalls the fact that he, too, had to weigh carefully the problem of returning hospitality by asking the girl to a "garden party." But he looks at the letters from head office and his official signature. He observes the polished top of his own managerial desk, and if he is at all a human manager, and the junior is at all worth it, he "boosts" the youngster in his report to head office, in the hope that he may get a move and a raise, or at least an increase, so that he may be able to buy that ticket for the garden party, or get out of town.



The Best from the Current :~: Magazines



BANKRUPT TURKEY.

ALLEN UPWARD, writing in *The Forum*, under the heading "Bankrupt Turkey," paints a very unpleasant picture of that nation, and jeers at the efforts of the Young Turks to re-organize the Turkish Empire. For two years, he says, Europe has been looking on at one of the most extraordinary comedies ever put on the international stage. A government without courage, without honesty, without ability, and without good intentions, has been allowed to pose as a glorious democratic regeneration of an oppressed people, and by means of that false pretence to obtain money from the credulous foreign investor, which it cannot repay, and would not repay if it could.

The European governments have tolerated this state of things for the same reason that they tolerated the rule of Abdul Hamid; because no Power was quite ready to act. They have encouraged their nationals to cast money and merchandise into the bottomless gulf of Turkish corruption, in order to provide themselves with a pretext for annexation hereafter. It has become the common routine of European diplomacy to raise the national flag on

the grave of the private citizen. A German missionary is murdered in China, and Germany annexes Kiao-chou. A French doctor is murdered in Morocco, and France lands an army for the purpose of "peaceful penetration."

At present the Powers appear to be waiting for a massacre of Europeans in some part of the Turkish Empire; and there are many signs that they will not have to wait very long.

In the meanwhile the European press has been in a conspiracy to conceal the truth from the European public; the Liberal organs because they have been honestly deceived by the professions of the Young Turks, and the government organs because the governments are not ready to move.

The sufferers from this comedy are the Christians of Turkey, and with them the Liberal Turks, as well as the foreign traders and investors who are being induced to finance insolvency.

Oriental races are accustomed to autocratic rule, their character is adapted to it, and the admiration for Western institutions is probably confined to Christians, and to a small educated class among the

Turks of Europe. In Constantinople the new government is still unpopular, and only holds the capital in subjection by keeping it under martial law.

What I did find everywhere among the Turks, on the eve of the revolution, was an impatience with the suzerainty of Europe. Step by step the six great Powers had established a joint control, which was tending more and more to resemble the control exercised by England over Egypt. And in the Macedonian vilayets this control had begun to take regular shape with a machinery of financial boards and international gendarmery, all with the scarcely concealed design of detaching Macedonia from the Ottoman dominions as fully as Bosnia or Crete.

This was the grievance of the Turkish officers and officials whom I encountered and they evidently attributed it to the infirmity of the Sultan's government. It was not against Abdul Hamid the tyrant of Turkey, but Abdul Hamid, the vassal of Europe, that they were preparing to revolt. Whatever desire they may have felt for freer institutions was due in great measure to the belief that such institutions were necessary to raise their country to the rank of a civilized power, and to enable her to resist foreign interference.

The true impulse which brought about the Turkish revolution was the victory of Japan in her war with Russia. And since it is the example of Japan which really inspires all the unrest of Asia to-day and has deluded both the Young Turks themselves and their friends in the foreign press, it will be worth while to dissipate that delusion.

The Turkish Empire is the most unwieldy and incapable of defence on the face of the earth. It is a thinly inhabited region, broken up by deserts, and extending from the Adriatic sea to the Indian ocean. Its population, estimated at twenty-six millions, is broken up among nearly a dozen different nationalities, speaking as many distinct languages, and further divided by the mutual hatred engendered by hostile proselytizing faiths. And all these divisions have been stereotyped and strengthened by the common history, a history of five hundred years of oppres-

sion, insurrection, spoliation and massacre. Turkey has a Poland on every frontier, in Arabia, in Armenia, in Macedonia and in Albania. The government is little more than an anarchy checked by a military despotism. And this anarchy is girt round by an inner ring of states which represent successful insurrections, and are thirsting to emancipate their subject brethren; and by an outer ring of greedy Powers, each one more than a match for the doomed empire, which has been spared so long merely because its enemies have not been able to agree on the division of the spoils. Lastly, the intelligence and industry of the population is chiefly to be found among the races most hostile to the continuance of the Empire. The ruling race possesses the supreme virtue of courage, but it is utterly lacking in enterprise, in foresight, in perseverance, and in administrative capacity.

Such are the materials out of which a group of enthusiastic young officers expect in a few years to construct a great military power, strong enough to reconquer the lost provinces of the Empire, and to threaten the supremacy of Christendom.

Patmos should be a name of interest in every Christian ear. For ages this islet and its tiny neighbors have been the home of a scanty Greek population which gains a bare subsistence by fishing for sponges off the coast of Africa. Their poverty was spared by the first Turkish conquerors, who granted them protection in exchange for their neutrality when Rhodes was being wrested from the Knights Hospitallers. Since then an annual tribute of sponges, their sole revenue, has averted the visits of the Turkish tax-gatherer, and the islanders have lived under their own laws and their native magistrates. These barren rocks are now regretting the reign of Abdul Hamid. Imperialism has swept them into its ravening maw, and they have received liberty in the form of Turkish laws and governors and taxes and conscription. The Constitution has been proclaimed on the spot of St. John's vision, and the unhappy islanders are forsaking their homes, and fleeing as before the face of Antichrist.

What has happened on Patmos is a type of what the Young Turks are doing, or trying to do, throughout the Turkish Empire. And it would be difficult to find many Christians in that empire, or many Moslems, who do not sigh for the days of —

“Abdul the damned on his infernal throne.”

Turkey has exchanged one despot, whose name and character were known, for a committee of anonymous despots, striking in the dark, with the ruthlessness of petty Robespierres. They have reduced the Parliament to an Assembly of Notables, practically nominated by themselves; they have proclaimed a state of seige in Constantinople; they have suppressed every newspaper that has dared to criticize them, and have employed bravos to assassinate their opponets in the streets.

Their government resembles a kaleidoscope; the Grand Vizier is changed every few months, Cabinet Ministers every few weeks, and the Prefect of Constantinople every few days:—During the three weeks which I spent in the city four of such shadowy figures flitted through the prefecture. The Sultan will probably be changed next year.

The solitary reform they have carried out in Constantinople has been to collect a number of the dogs which infest the streets into compounds outside the walls, where they have been left to eat each other alive. Not a yard of pavement has been laid in the capital: not a mile of road or railway outside. A Turkish friend sensibly remarked to me that, because men have carried out an insurrection, it does not follow that they can build a house.

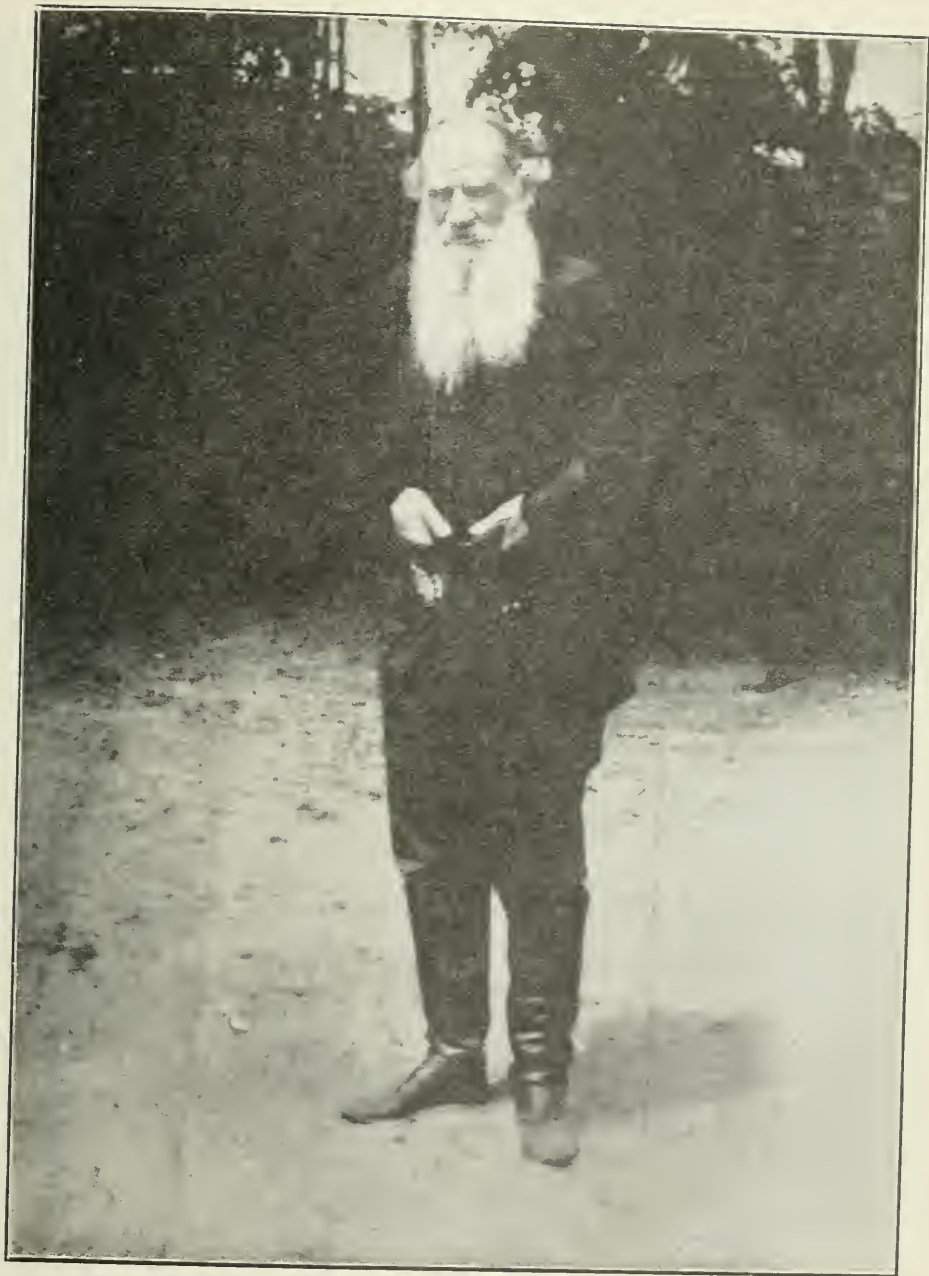


WHY TOLSTOI FLED.

C LAD in the coarse garb of a Russian peasant, says *Current Literature*, in beginning an article on Tolstoi, wearing high boots, with \$17.00 in his purse, Leo Tolstoi, eighty-two years of age, broken-hearted at the sight of suffering that he could not relieve, stole out of his house a few nights ago, seeking solitude in which to spend his last days. He left an affectionate note for his wife, the Countess, asking her forgiveness, requesting her not to seek for him, and saying: “I want to recover from the trouble of the world. It is necessary for my soul and my body, which has lived eighty-two years upon this earth.” Accompanying him was his physician, Dr. Makovetsky. In a third-class carriage they journeyed by rail to Optina Pustina and applied at night at the monastery. “I am the excommunicated and anathematized Leo Tolstoi,” said the Count; “is there any objection to my staying here?” Reassured, the two travelers spent the night, and the next morning walked six and a half miles to the Shamardinsky convent, where the

Count's favorite daughter spends her days among five hundred other nuns. Here he was overtaken by another daughter, who contrived, before bidding her father adieu, to slip \$150 into the pocket of Dr. Makovetsky. A day or two later Tolstoi and the doctor left the convent, taking the train for Moscow, leaving it at a junction for another train going south, intending, it is surmized, to join a colony of Tolstoians in Caucasia. At a little railway station but eighty miles from home he was seized by a high fever and had to abandon his purpose. No more pitiful and tragic figure does the world present than this old man in a peasant's rough clothing, overwhelmed by the sorrow around him, wandering away from a home of luxury which he despises.

Why? The *Petersburger Zeitung* tells why. The estate at Yasnaya Poliana is in the charge of the Countess and her second son, to whom it has been deeded. Recently rents have been raised, cheap labor introduced, and “business methods” applied to make the revenues grow. How the



THE PHILOSOPHER WHO RAN AWAY FROM HIS FAMILY BECAUSE HIS WIFE
RAISED THE RENT OF THE PEASANTS ON THE ESTATE — TOLSTOI.

Count has viewed these proceedings can be easily inferred from the brief account which he published a few weeks ago, entitled, "Three Days in a Village," which was promptly suppressed by the Russian Government. It is a plain, simple, but

terribly realistic description of village life surrounding the estate from which he has fled. In the *Boston Transcript*, Mr. Archibald J. Wolfe gives a two-column description of the book, with extracts. "The cumulative effect," we are told, "is

one of heartbreaking hopelessness and misery, and it ends in a brief but scathing arraignment of the unhappy people's rulers." The first part of the narrative, entitled, "Wanderers," begins as follows:

"Lately something entirely new has been the experience of our villages, something never seen or heard before. Every day there come to our village, which counts eighty homesteads, from six to a dozen hungry, cold and ragged wayfarers. These people, all in rags, filthy in the extreme, come to our village and seek out the constable. The constable, to keep them from dying in the street from cold and starvation, takes them about among the villagers, meaning by villagers the peasants. The constable does not take them to the landowner who has, in addition to his ten sleeping apartments, dozens of other places, in the office, in the stable, in the laundry, in the servants' hall and elsewhere; nor does he take them to the priest or the deacon, nor to the merchant, all of whom have houses which may not be large, but are still roomy; but he takes them to the peasant, whose whole family, wife and mother-in-law, children big and little, live all in one room eight to ten arshins long. And the owner receives this hungry, frozen, evil-smelling and filthy man and not only provides him with a night's lodgings, but also feeds him."

Not the wanderers only, but the villagers as well, make up the picture of abject poverty. In other chapters he describes them. A woman comes seeking his aid. Her husband has been drafted into the army and her children are starving. He starts out to see the authorities and get the husband released from service if possible. On the way they meet a girl of twelve, an orphan, the head of

a family of five children. Her father had been killed in a mine. Her mother had worked herself to death in the field. The little mother wants to have the youngest child taken to an institution. In another hovel they find a man dying of pneumonia. It is bitterly cold. There is no fire in the hut, no mattress or pillow for the sick man. Then comes this passage:

"We drive home in silence. At the front door is a carpeted sleigh with a pair of magnificent horses. A swell coachman in heavy coat and fur hat. It is my son, who had driven over from his estate to pay me a visit.

"We are seated at the dinner table. There are plates for ten. Only one seat is vacant, that of my granddaughter. The child was quite sick and was dining with her nurse. A special meal had been prepared for her diet; bullion and sago.

"We had a heavy dinner of four courses with two kinds of wine, with two butlers waiting on us, flowers on the table, conversation.

"From where are these glorious orchids?" asks my son.

"My wife replies that a lady from St. Petersburg had sent them, anonymously.

"These orchids cost one and a half rubles apiece," says my son. And then he tells us how at some concert or entertainment the whole stage had been smothered with orchids."

This is what Tolstoi fled from. One may term the act irrational, for how could he relieve the misery of Russia by adding one more to the army of pitiful wanderers? But what an eloquent protest to the world is this irrational act, and how it shrieks its way around the whole habitable globe, startling all civilized nations.



A NEW PYGMY RACE.

DETAILS of the recent discovery, by British explorers, of a new pygmy race in New Guinea, in what is described by *The Geographical Journal* as the largest unknown area on the earth's

surface, are just now creating a sensation among anthropologists.

An expedition landed at the mouth of the Mimika Rha. says the official report to the Natural History Museum (Lon-

don). The stream referred to is on the south coast of Dutch New Guinea. Some time beforehand the explorers saw in the distance their objective—the Snow Mountains—the glaciers distinctly visible, “range beyond range of ridges covered for thousands of miles with dense forest.” The first meeting with the new race of mountain dwarfs is thus described:

“Captain Rawling was making a short trip into the mountains. While proceeding with his natives, the leading man gave a yell and darted ahead. There were visions of pig, but the alarm turned out to be two hill-men, who, after a long chase through the jungle, were caught. They were dreadfully frightened, but their faces assumed a more or less calm expression when their bags and spears had been returned to them and they were presented with some beads. Captain Rawling then offered them a cigarette, but nothing would induce them to smoke it. Doubtless they thought it was poisoned. They were naked, except for a grass helmet, a bag and a tiny strip round the waist. They were 4 feet 3 inches and 4 feet 6 inches in height respectively, dwarfs in fact.

“A few days after when entering the hills, Captain Rawling spotted two more fording the river below and a quarter of a mile away. The men accompanying the explorer crouched like cats, and, taking to the torrent, gave chase. The river made too much noise for the hill-men to hear their pursuers until they were cut off. The dwarfs fought valiantly, nevertheless, but were at last dragged to the shore. They, too, were in great terror. Everything has been taken from them by the Papuans and their goods dispersed. Captain Rawling made his men give everything back, much to their surprise. Then he noticed that the strangers were very short, though excellently built. On being measured they were found to be 4 feet 2 inches and 4 feet 4 inches, so it looks as if all these people actually belong to a tribe of dwarfs similar to those of Central Africa, but good-looking and well-proportioned.”

Of the character of these mysterious beings one explorer in the party gives a pessimistic account:

“They are a vile lot, for they won’t work. The women work like slaves, while the men just loaf around or lie about waiting for the women to find and cook the food. Very few go quite naked; all wear a narrow piece of beaten bark. The women’s costume consists of a small strip of bark. The latter are very friendly, too much so, and at the permanent camp a paling had to be put up to keep them out. This, however, does not work along the river bank, for they wade through. The women are a bold lot. The cinematograph has been at work, and the ladies thoroughly enjoyed showing themselves off. It is curious how little these people fear us; they trust us in everything. The one thing they don’t like is to have the electric torch turned on them. The village of Pipue (the new camp further up the Mimika) now knows prosperity and sudden wealth. The people are better mannered and have rebuilt their village, copying the architecture of our storehouses.

It is difficult to make out whether these people are cannibals or not. Heads of the enemy slain in battle are kept strung from the ceiling of their houses, but it is impossible to say whether the bodies have been devoured.”

A very interesting question in connection with the significance and origin of these pygmies, writes the distinguished Sir Ray Lankester in the London *Telegraph*, is “Why is any race thus smaller than another?” Every species among the higher animals has its standard size from which only in the rarest cases are there departures. That is in itself a curious fact. How was the standard size determined and how is it maintained? The whole question lies there. At first sight it seems simple to account for pygmies. They are the result of insufficient nourishment. That explanation does not, however, Sir Ray Lankester says, meet the case really. The African and Asiatic pygmies are just as well nourished as are most normally-sized human beings. Also, if we look a little further, we find that the women of every race are smaller than the men on an average and sometimes very much smaller. That is not because they

are ill nourished, as compared with the men.

"Some writers have supposed that small limited areas, such as small islands, favor the production of small races by some mysterious law of appropriateness similar to that which lays down the 'who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.' The pygmy buffalo of the island of Celebes, the Anot, is cited as an instance, and the pygmy men of the Andaman Islands as another. But there are plenty of facts which would lead to an exactly opposite conclusion. Gigantic tortoises are found in the Galapagos Islands and in the minute islands of the Indian Ocean, and never on the big continents. Gigantic birds bigger than ostriches abounded in the islands of New Zealand and Madagascar. Some of the tallest races of men are found in the Pacific islands, whilst the tallest European population is that of the north of the island called Great Britain.

Probably the real relation of islands to the matter is that owing to their isolation and freedom from the general competition of the vast variety of living things in continental areas, they offer unoccupied territory in which either exceptionally small or exceptionally big races may flourish—if once they reach the island shelter, or are by variation produced there—without competitive interference. An important consideration in regard to the formation and segregation of a human variety or race is that mankind shows a tendency to segregate in groups, like with like. To an important extent this is true also of animals, but in man it acquires a special dominance, owing to the greater activity in him of physical or mental influences in all his proceedings. The 'cagots' of mid-France are the descendants of former leper families. They remain separated from the rest of the population."



THE LAST SULTAN.

THE Life of Imperial Princes has no history. This is the interesting statement used in the opening of an article in *The Fortnightly Review* which purports to give descriptions of the lives of the late Sultan Abdul Hamid and his Brother Murad, of Turkey. The article goes on to say: The life of imperial princes has no history. Cloistered in their palaces, receiving no one, not even permitted to walk where they please, knowing nothing of what is happening at home or abroad, hearing nothing of the outside world but what their tutors, as ignorant as themselves, tell them, deprived of all instruction—it is only since the time of the Sultan Aziz that the imperial princes, sons of the reigning Sultan, have received a certain amount of education—watched and spied upon incessantly, they spend their lives in the most enervating and brutalising idleness. At fourteen or fifteen years they are already of age—that is to

say, they have the right to form a *harem*. Having no occupation, they give themselves up to pleasure, and, for the most part, to drinking.

In the lifetime of the Sultan Medjid the princes, his sons, enjoyed plenty of liberty. Murad and Hamid, the two eldest, made absolutely different use of it. Murad was the spoilt child of the palace. It can be understood that he, brought up in a circle where nothing was refused him, adored by his father, flattered by all the courtiers, gave free vent to his caprices. He left the palace when he liked, and went where his good pleasure took him. Thus he began to frequent Pera, the European quarter, which was, even at the time, a little town with rather Western morals, in the midst of that vast *caravanserail* called Constantinople. There he became acquainted with several Christians of the country and some Europeans, Frenchmen especially. He loved the world of pleasure and the

private gatherings, where all sorts of questions were freely discussed. He had learned French, was passionately fond of music, and played the piano with a certain amount of facility and taste. His friends had initiated him into Freemasonry.

In short, Murad represented, at that time, Young Turkey. But this prince drank heavily. It was in the course of this dissipated life that he developed the germs of that malady which later on, in the midst of the tragic circumstances which placed him on the throne, was to shake his mental balance and render him incapable of holding the reins of a great Empire. As in the case of his father, whose health was ruined by *raki*, this drink became fatal to Murad.

Prince Hamid's life was totally different. He did not go among Christians; Pera was almost unknown to him; he avoided worldly gatherings; he lived, rather, in retirement. Never expecting to be raised so soon to the throne of his fathers, he took no interest in affairs of the State, and preferred to occupy himself with carpentering. For this he showed an extraordinary aptitude. He took an equal pleasure in wrestling. He was, besides, very economical, and while his brother, Prince Murad, was running into debt right and left, he was putting aside a comparatively considerable sum out of the emoluments he received as Prince Imperial. Nevertheless, Prince Hamid, following his brother's example, had begun to become addicted to drink, and, as he was of rather feeble constitution, his doctor, the Greek Movroyeni Bey, later Mavroyeni Pasha, father of the former Turkish Minister at Washington, told him plainly that if he did not immediately give up drinking spirits and did not devote himself to gymnastics and other bodily exercises, his life would be in serious danger. Prince Hamid immediately obeyed. He changed his mode of life, completely abstained from alcoholic drinks, and scrupulously followed all his physician's prescriptions. In this he showed great strength of character, a remarkable will-power. He never departed from this *regime* during his long reign.

From time to time he took a glass of good Bordeaux wine, rather for reasons of health than from love of it. He had still another vice: he smoked a great deal. But again, on his doctor's advice, he diminished, in his latter years, the number of cigarettes that he smoked daily. In a word, Prince Hamid, even before ascending the throne, already personified Old Turkey.

In the midst of the happy and careless life that they were both leading, a great misfortune suddenly fell on the two Princes. Their father, Sultan Abdul Medjid, died in June, 1861, still quite young—he was not forty years of age. His brother, Abdul Aziz, succeeded him on the throne. Murad and Hamid understood that they had now a master. The Sultan showed himself more and more suspicious of his nephews: one would have thought he feared some tragic surprise on the part of his brother's children. This was the explanation of his resolution to take the Princes Murad and Hamid with him to Europe, at the time of his visit to the Exhibition of Paris in 1867.

After this journey the two Princes were wrapped in obscurity. They were seen nowhere: no one spoke of them: they were shut up in their respective residences. Murad became more and more melancholy. He was the one who suffered specially from this seclusion. He began to grow gloomy, silent. He went out no longer, even when he was given permission. He spent whole hours without saying or doing anything. His sole distraction was music. He played the piano one or two hours a day. He even composed, and we are assured that his compositions were not without a certain value. Some time after, music also ceased to have any charm for him. He became more and more addicted to drink.

As to Prince Hamid, he accommodated himself more easily to his new existence, busying himself more ardently than ever with his carpentering work, and competing with strength and skill in gymnastic exercises with his personal attendants.

It was under these conditions of life and in this state of mind that the great *coup d'etat* in 1876 took Prince Murad by

surprise. One night, when he was sleeping, he was awakened by the announcement of a visit from the Serasker (Minister of War), Hussein Avni Pasha, who was the strong arm of that memorable revolution of which Midhat Pasha was the moving spirit. He was greatly astonished by this visit at so unseasonable an hour, and thought at first that the Serasker was an emissary from the Sultan charged with executing some order against him.

He was afraid.

When Hussein Avni announced to him that his uncle had just been dethroned, and invited him to accompany him to the Seraskerat, where he was to be proclaimed Sultan in the place of Abdul Aziz, Murad stammered, "Let my uncle reign in peace."

Hussein Avni then explained to him that if he did not accept the crown, they would be obliged to offer it to his brother, Prince Hamid. This prospect decided Murad, who contented himself with replying, "May God's will be done."

Four days after, it was announced to the Sultan Murad that his uncle had that very night committed suicide. Murad was breakfasting alone. On hearing the news, he kicked over the table, and, sinking on a sofa, burst into tears.

After this incident Sultan Murad's sadness increased still more. In the night of June 15th—sixteen days after his accession to the throne—while the Ministers were holding a council in the *conak* of Midhat Pasha, at Stamboul, Captain Tcherkess Hassan, *aide-de-camp* to the Prince Joussouf Izzeddiu, eldest son of Sultan Aziz, whose sister was one of the latter's harem, invaded the hall, and killed, with revolver and yataghan, the

Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs, wounded the Minister of the Marine, killed a colonel who had hastened with a detachment of soldiers, as well as a soldier and one of Midhat Pasha's servants.

As soon as the news of the massacre of the Ministers reached the Seraskerat (Ministry of War), troops were immediately sent to surround the palace and thus protect the Sultan Murad against the projects of the conspirators—for it was believed that this was a plot hatched by the partisans of the Sultan Aziz; in reality, it was the act of vengeance of a single person.

Murad was sleeping calmly when an unaccustomed noise coming from outside awoke him. He got out of bed, went to the window and drew aside the curtain. Having distinguished in the darkness armed men invading the courtyard of the palace, he shivered, called his chamberlains, and said to them, in a trembling voice:

"Ah! they are going to do to me what they did to my uncle!"

The chamberlains did all that was possible to reassure him, and told him what had just happened in the *conak* of Midhat Pasha. This terrified him still more. He did not appear to understand what they were telling him. From this day his melancholy increased. His reason was tottering. His reign, for all practical purposes, ended on the night of the massacre of the ministers. Three months after the *coup d'etat* in which Sultan Aziz had lost his throne and life, another *coup d'etat*, accomplished in the same silence and with the same tranquility as the first, dethroned Sultan Murad and proclaimed Prince Abdul Hamid in his stead.



IS PUNISHMENT A CRIME?

IN the first place, what is punishment? asks C. J. Whitby, in an article "Is Punishment a Crime?" in the *Hibbert Journal*. The etymology of the word involves the idea of purification: a man who had done something wrong was consider-

ed unclean—punishment was that by which he was purged of his offence and rendered fit to resume his place in society. But this conception must be of comparatively late origin; we must go further back. When a man is struck it is his first

instinct to strike back, if possible, a little harder; but anyhow—to strike back. But suppose he is struck in the dark, or by a much stronger and better armed man? The pleasure of immediate retaliation being denied, he has an unsatisfied feeling, a sense of wrong, of *injustice*. In primitive society such incidents must have been common; in course of time the cumulative power of a widely-shared sense of injustice would evoke the idea of a better state of things, one in which a man who struck an unprovoked blow would be brought to account, not merely by the injured person, but by all his kindred or tribe, and *punished*.

There would not at first be any concern for the reform of the offender; he had caused suffering, and should be made to suffer in return. The idea of punishment clearly has no claims to noble birth; it was born of the desire for retaliation, revenge.

But we are all to a great extent dependent for our good opinion of ourselves upon the good opinion of other people. A man who has been made by public condemnation, and by the ensuing punishment, to feel that he is under the ban of his fellows, will be likely to think twice before he puts himself in such a shameful position again. Predisposition or habit may be too strong for him, but in most cases there will be at least a short-lived attempt at self-reform.

And other people, when tempted to offend in the same way, remembering what they have seen or heard of the punishment of other offenders, will resist their inclination to strike or to steal.

The three aims of punishment are, therefore:—

1. To satisfy the sense of injury of the offended party.

2. To reform the offender; and

3. To deter others, by fear, from like offences.

So far, it has all been pretty plain sailing, but we are still only on the surface of our subject.

A child, when it knocks its head against the table, is often encouraged by foolish parents or nurse to beat the "naughty table" for hurting its poor head. Simi-

larly, the savage, when afflicted by drought, or by defeat in battle, will beat his tribal god. In these cases the idea of punishment presents itself in its crudest and most primitive form; the idea of reforming a malicious table, or of deterring other tables from getting in the way of children's heads, is a trifle absurd. And the reform of a wooden idol is, from the modern point of view, an equally hopeless proposition. Still, we are very far from having got rid of the notion that everyone who injures or offends us does so out of sheer wilful malice, and must be made to suffer as much as we have suffered ourselves, and generally a great deal more. To a medical man the absurdity of this notion is manifest: if it be a rule at all, it is a rule which has innumerable exceptions. Let me cite a case in point.

There is a form of epilepsy in which the sufferer, instead of falling down in a fit of convulsions, may suddenly, without the least warning, become raving mad. The attack is of quite brief duration, but its consequences may be terrible in the extreme. Suppose that the man so afflicted happens to have a knife in his hand at the moment of his seizure. He is as likely as not to plunge it into the heart of the person standing nearest. And on recovering consciousness he will have no recollection whatever of what he has done. No doubt, hundreds of such unfortunates have in the past suffered the extreme penalty of the law. But what their case requires is not punishment but bromide of potassium. To punish a man for something done when, through no fault of his own, he was out of his mind, is clearly a crime.

Now let us take a case in which the rights and wrongs of punishment are a little less obvious—the case of the weak-minded criminal. He is not to be called insane, but his memory is so bad, and his power of attention so limited, that he is practically unteachable—as far as ordinary methods of teaching are concerned. If he happens to be born in a low social stratum, and consequently to be left much to his own devices, he is bound to get into bad company. Being essentially imitative and quite at the mercy of his impulses, he

necessarily succumbs to the first temptation to commit some assault or petty larceny; and so falls within the clutches of the law. And the law convicts him, and sends him to gaol or prison, just as if he were a rational being. In most prisons there are numbers of these weak-minded criminals; they are called W. M.'s by the officers and "Balmies" by their fellow-prisoners.

Thus the Royal Commission on the Feeble Minded report that at Pentonville about a hundred prisoners every year were found to be so mentally affected as to be quite unfit for prison discipline. Besides these, not less than 20 per cent. of all the prisoners show signs of mental inefficiency. The Commission found that these mental defectives, who do not fear imprisonment as normal individuals do, after repeated short sentences, "pass to the convict prisons and are treated there *without hope and without purpose.*"

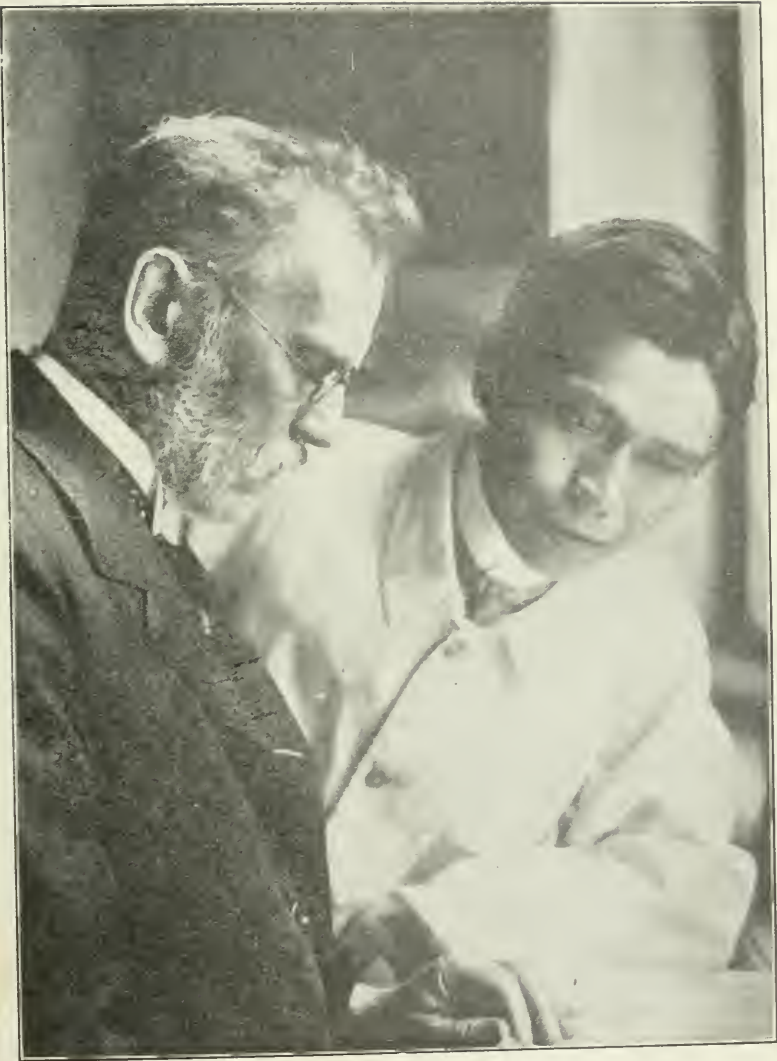
W. B. N., in a book describing his own experience of penal servitude, states that, at Parkhurst, out of the eight hundred prisoners nearly a hundred were recognized as weak-minded, while a large proportion of the remainder were physically unsound. And physical unsoundness or degeneracy commonly involves a corresponding mental or moral defect. These semi-lunatics are a terrible nuisance to the prison authorities and to their fellow-prisoners. Some of them are very strong, and their violence and obstinacy are indescribable. W. B. N. describes how he saw such a man, suddenly, without rhyme or reason, poke his thumbs into one of the principal warders' eyes and do his best to gouge them out. Another lay in wait for one of the kindest officers in the prison, and when his cell door was opened struck him a terrific blow in the face with his hobnailed boot.

You may say, perhaps, that such wild beasts deserve no consideration whatever; if so, I do not in the least agree with you. My view is that society has no right to expect rational conduct from the confused and muddy brains of these unfortunates, or to *punish* them for failure to achieve the impossible. Ordinary prison discipline has no meaning for them; it makes

them worse rather than better. They are no sooner out than they get into mischief again; and this fact is so well recognized that it has become the rule to keep them in prison until they have served their full time, instead of granting the usual remission. This is no doubt better than releasing semi-lunatics to prey upon society; but my point is that it is quite unjust. Dr. De Fleury suggests the creation of "mixed houses," half hospital and half prison, for criminals who without being quite insane are nevertheless suffering from a mental malady definite enough to enable a jury to recognize "extenuated responsibility." This is a perfectly sound proposal; and there is no doubt that by good feeding, strict but not harsh discipline, and appropriate educational methods, many apparently hopeless cases could be enormously improved. But weak-minded criminals ought, like criminal lunatics, to be confined "during the King's pleasure." It is folly to release them before they are so far improved as to be moderately safe from relapse into crime. Perhaps it will be objected that I am advocating longer imprisonment and therefore severer punishment of these weak-minded criminals than they receive at present. In some cases their imprisonment would certainly not be merely prolonged but *permanent*; in other words it might be very short. Like other hospital patients, they would remain in until, if curable, they were cured. The point is, that such criminals need treatment, not punishment in the ordinary sense; while what the Commissioners rightly call our present "hopeless and purposeless" way of dealing with them by mere retaliation, is itself a social folly and a crime.

It is a crime, however, for which there is at any rate legal justification. For perhaps readers will be surprised to learn that the law of this country recognizes no responsibility whatever for the reform of the criminals for whose punishment it provides.

Society at large is responsible for the existence of the foul dens and rookeries infested by those dangerous beasts of prey called criminals, as well as for the hard conditions of life which force many well-



DISCOVERER OF LATEST "CUREALL"

Dr. Ehrlich of Vienna and his Japanese Assistant, Dr. Hata. Dr. Ehrlich's "606" is the Medical Sensation of the year.

meaning but weak individuals into crime. This being so, what follows? That punishment is a crime, to be utterly condemned and abandoned? No; but that it is, like surgery, a *necessary evil*, to be undertaken in no spirit of revenge, but with the same wise economy as a surgeon handles his knife. Punishment is *moral surgery*. The minimum of torture—for all punishment involves torture—and the maximum of reform are the ends to be kept steadily in view.

In conclusion, I will write one word on the vexed question of capital punishment. I do not consider that society is bound to maintain incorrigible criminals or the worst kind of murderers in an existence that is useless to themselves and dangerous to their fellow-men. On the

other hand, I strongly disapprove of hanging, for the same reason that Tarde, a French penologist, condemns the guillotine. "There is," he says, "a degree of profanation of men's bodies, even without the infliction of pain, which is intolerable and invincibly repellent to the nervous system of the civilized public; and the guillotine most certainly goes beyond that point."

How can we hope to put an end to brutal crimes when we ourselves, in our method of execution, set an example of brutality? The painless extinction of those who never should have been born, is one thing; the legalized atrocity which goes by the name of capital punishment, nowadays, is quite another, and in my opinion absolutely indefensible.



FARMING AND WAR.

THERE is humor and yet depth in Francis E. Clark's article "Farming as a Moral Equivalent for War," in the Outlook. Says he:

That always interesting pragmatic philosopher, William James, suggested that something should be discovered as a moral equivalent for war. He desired some occupation that will require manly qualities. That will require grit and vigor, and that will whet what Mr. Roosevelt calls the "fighting edge" of character, which at the same time will be useful for the community and State, and not destructive and barbarous as is war between men and nations. He suggested various useful but humdrum employments, like washing windows, washing dishes, mending roads, fishing on the Grand Banks, and the like, for the gilded and idle youth who now speed in automobiles or loll on piazzas and lead frivolous or vicious lives, a menace to society and the Nation.

I think, with all due deference to the great philosopher, that I can improve on his suggestion, and propose an employment which, in the classic language of the colleges, will "put it all over" these other occupations as a useful development of the

fighting instinct, a hardener of muscle, a quickener of the brain, a developer of resourcefulness, and a sharpener of the will on the hard grindstone of opposition.

This occupation is as old as Adam, as respectable as Cincinnatus, as beautiful as the Garden of Eden. It is none other than the ancient and honorable profession of farming.

But what I am chiefly concerned about in this article is not the age, its respectability, or its beauty, but its strenuousness, its useful development of the combative elements in our nature, which were evidently implanted for some good purpose; in fact, as my title indicates, I desire to consider farming as a moral equivalent for war.

Some people are very much afraid that when all our swords are beaten into plowshares, and all our spears into pruning-hooks, the race will deteriorate, the manly virtues, with manly muscles, will become flaccid, and the race of heroes will die out. Do not be afraid of this, my friends, while farms remain to cultivate, and weeds grow, and worms wriggle, and moths fly. Let no one deceive himself on this point. The Creator has furnished for any one who owns or cultivates a rood of land all

the opposition that a healthy man needs to keep his fighting edge keen and bright.

Here is my little farm, for instance. It furnishes as good an illustration as any other. The winter's snow and rain and frost no sooner relax their hold on my few acres than the fight begins, and if I fail to be on my guard for a single week—yea, for a single day—the enemy takes advantage of my carelessness, and my forces are routed.

With eagerness I waited for the soil to get sufficiently warm and mellow to plant the first seeds, and, with hope of a glorious harvest, I planted my earliest vegetable, which are warranted to withstand a little frosty nip. My peas and radishes and cauliflower were buried in their appropriate beds, and lovingly left to Nature's kindly care. A little later my corn and beans and cucumbers and melons and squashes were planted, and then my tomatoes and egg-plants were set out.

I fancied that only my family and myself and a few kindly neighbors, who, I was conceited enough to suppose, rather envied my agricultural skill, knew what I was doing. But I was mistaken. Ten thousand little beady eyes watched my manoeuvres, ten thousand wriggling creatures congratulated themselves on their coming victory.

I heard the crows in the neighboring pine trees cawing and caucusing together, and, in my manlike folly, which pooh-poohs at anything it does not understand, I said: "Those foolish crows have just one raucous note. Why can't they say something sensible and melodious?"

In reality they were saying to each other: "He's planted his corn: he's planted his corn! I know where I'll get my breakfast to-morrow morn."

Sure enough they did, and as they get up an hour or two before I thought of rising, they were in my corn-field long before I was, and the first round of the battle was theirs. To be sure, I could replant my corn, but that was a confession of defeat, as though a general allowed his troops to be mowed down and then had to fill up his regiments with raw recruits, which in turn were just as likely to be slaughtered.

The cutworm brigade of the enemy were more patient than the crows, as they needed to be. They bided their time, and just when the cauliflower and Brussels sprouts and cucumbers timidly pushed their green heads above the brown soil, they bore down upon them, gorged their loathsome bodies with the tenderest juices of the young plants, and left me defeated and my garden strewn with the wilted and dying remnants of the crops that only yesterday gave so fair a promise.

All this in a single night. Each plant had its own worm, just one single worm, but there were enough worms to go around. It was as if the worms met together in a council of war, and the general-in-chief marshaled his troops with consummate skill, assigning to each soldier his post—a cauliflower, cabbage, or cucumber, as the case might be. They all obeyed orders implicitly, and I was routed, horse, foot, and dragoons.

I could have borne the disappointment and attributed it all to the notoriously uncertain hazards of war, if the enemy had been less wanton, if they had eaten the rations they captured; but no, they simply cut the plants in two, near the ground, and left the beans to wither in the sun and the roots to dry up in the ground. They were like a regiment of looters who could eat but little and carry away nothing, and who, for the mere fiendish pleasure of destruction, burned and ravaged everything that came in their way.

However, I replanted and reset my vines and plants, protected them with fences of tarred paper, and placed mines of "bug death" and "kno worm" around them on every side, and girded up my loins with patience once more.

By that time the battalions of the air were descending on my trees, and I hastened to turn my attention to them. Here I seemed more helpless than before. It was as though the new war aeroplane had been perfected and the enemy came flying from the blue to discomfit me.

The gypsy moth, the brown-tail moth, and, above all, the codling moth, all attacked me from above. The latter flies only by night and does not begin his depredations until honest folks have gone

to bed. Then he gets in his deadly work, and, it is estimated, ruins half the apple crop of the United States by his nocturnal attacks.

How cunningly he plans his campaign against this king of fruits! No Napoleon ever better understood the act of harassing the enemy. He waits until the right moment, and when he sees the blossoms falling, he comes flying by myriads to the orchard. He glues his eggs to the embryo apple or near them. In about a week these eggs hatch, and the little worms wriggle their way into the cup-like blossom of the apple. Here they hide and feed for several days, then bore their way into the apple to the very core, and the days of the apple are numbered. The apple indeed may live and grow, but it will always be a poor, knurly, wormy, worthless thing.

But the codling moth is only one of the enemies of my trees. There are the regiments of lice that get into the leaf and curl it up, and the light infantry of the apple maggot, a tiny worm that burrows into the fruit in all directions, and the tent caterpillar that camps on my trees and houses a thousand troops under the dome of a single tent, and the scale of different kinds, San Jose and oyster shell and scurvy, all of which attack the bark.

Every tree in my orchard, and every part of the tree, has its own particular enemy. The cherry has the "May beetle," the rose bug," and the "brown rot;" the pears have the "pear tree gorer;" and the peach has the "yellows" and the "peach rosette."

But not only does every tree have its own enemies, but every part of the tree has its foes. The bark has its borers and its scale, the leaf its lice and curlers, the blossom its moths, the fruit its borers. Each enemy knows exactly the weakest part of the citadel he has to attack. He knows the exact moment when his attack will be the most effective. He has the accumulated experience of a thousand ancestors behind him. He never makes a mistake in his manoeuvres, or fails to avail himself of the psychological moment.

What, then, can I, a mere man, do with a thousand watchful, unwearied foes to combat—a mere man, with only one pair of hands and one poor brain to oppose these multifarious enemies; or, if I do not forget to count my Portuguese assistant famer, two pairs of hands and two poor brains at the most and best? Shall I give up the fight and call myself beaten by the worm, and the moth, and the crow, and the weed—which I have hitherto forgotten to mention, but which is always ready to spring up and take my plants by the throat and strangle them? By no means! Here comes in the joy of the struggle. Here is the delight of a fair fight and no favor. Quarter is neither asked nor given. I will oppose the wisdom and skill and resources of my kind against worm and weed and moth and bird.

Come one, come all! I defy you to do your worst. I have got my artillery ready. My battery consists of two sprayers, one for the trees and one for the plants. My ammunition is of various kinds, but largely consists of Bordeaux mixture, Paris green, arsenate of lead, whale-oil soap, and tobacco tea.

I spray, and spray, and spray again. As often as the enemy attacks, I sally out to meet him with my long and deadly tube of poison. I do not wait for him always to assume the offensive, but as soon as he shows his head I train my artillery upon him.

It is a fight to the finish. There can be no drawn battle in this war. One or the other must win. Little by little I find my enemy giving way. The spraying pump drives the worms out of their fastnesses. The potato bugs give up the fight. They are conquered by Paris green and the sprayer. The cutworms are overcome by constant watchfulness and frequent re-planting. The scale I attack with kerosene emulsion and whale-oil soap. The curculio I knock off and destroy. The tent-worms I burn in their own gauzy tabernacles; and, lo! when autumn comes, in spite of innumerable foes, foes that creep and crawl and fly and bore, I am the victor. My apples are rosy and fleckless, my peaches downy and delicious, my

cauliflowers lift up their great white heads out of their chalices of green asking to be plucked, my tomatoes hang red and luscious on their vines, my potatoes are smooth and spotless, my corn is full-

eared, sweet and juicy; and if I am not a better and stronger man for my tussle with Nature and the enemies of my farm, then there is no virtue in war and no value in the "fighting edge."



A DEFENSE OF FEATHERS.

READING an article by Charles Frederick Downham, the manager of a well-known feather importing company in London, England, one could almost be convinced that after all there is not all the cruelty in the taking of feathers that certain kind, convincing and tearful lecturers would try to make out. Of course, the lecturers are trying to save the beautiful birdies from extinction and, of course, it would be satisfying to many a man if he knew that he would never have to pay for the expensive willow plumes and aigrettes which go to make "the hat beautiful." In a long and rather heavy article in the *National Review*, the manager above referred to sets forth a defense of the feather trade. He says the feather market is not killing off the birds. He quotes authorities and gives figures proving that the hunters do not wantonly, or in any way, kill birds that are at the moment burdened with family cares. In fact, he says that the dying out of the birds would go on just as much without the feather trade as with it, and perhaps a little more so because as things now are the birds are preserved in order that the feathers may be obtained.

It seems to have been generally concluded from the assertions of agitators that certain birds of foreign countries are threatened with extermination solely in consequence of the use of plumages and skins for decorative and millinery purposes. That many birds are killed annually for such purposes none will deny, but the actual numbers, considering the areas and characteristics of the countries from which they are obtained, are relatively so small that no fears of extermination need be entertained. Although in every foreign country an occasional decrease and some-

times even the disappearance of birds is recorded, it is only in localities which have been invaded and explored by mankind and opened up to civilization.

The sentimentalist has failed to appreciate the meaning and cause of these local disturbances, and in asserting that this decrease and disappearance are due to the pursuit of birds for their plumage, he displays a lamentable lack of knowledge. That there are many instances where rare birds appear to be threatened with extinction may be perfectly true, but these species are not used for millinery purposes, and the remedy—if there be one—is therefore not to be found in an unpractical suggestion to restrict the industry by prohibiting the importations obtained from species which prove to be plentiful. There has never been any indication in the shipments to suggest the extinction of any species contributing the supply for decorative purposes, and the extermination or local disappearance noticeable in some parts is entirely due to other causes, which certain naturalists in their enthusiasm for the birds have completely ignored. This is why the legislation promoted by rather blundering enthusiasts for bird protection would fail entirely to have the desired effect in the interests of avi-fauna, even if it could pass the Houses of Parliament.

Where are the world's rare birds? The rare birds are in the world's primitive places, largely in the vast almost unexplored regions of South America, and other tropical or semi-tropical regions through which civilization and progress are slowly beginning to move, under the stimulus of European capital. Tropical birds retire during the breeding-season to districts in which men would succumb to

malaria and other fevers associated with hot countries and swampy districts, for in breeding-time the birds deliberately seek remote districts in order to be as far removed as possible from the pursuit of all enemies, chiefly four-footed ones. Such is the nature of man, and students of man's history will bear me out that men's pursuit of wild life existed some thousands of years before the London feather trade was established, before London was more than a small collection of wattled huts among the Thames marshes, inhabited by early Britons who depended for their food upon their capacity to kill both bird and beast. The absence of a trade in feathers did not prevent many birds that were quite common in England from becoming practically unknown in this country.

Birds are naturally shy of man; man who kills for the sake of killing, who hunts the elephant for its tusks and the lion for its hide, and would kill the harmless and beautiful giraffe. The fact that there is no trade in dead giraffes does not appear to mend the matter for this stately inhabitant of the African forests.

It will be seen that in countries of a character where a meagre population depends upon the natural products, a destruction of forest trees must result in a local extermination, not only of the birds, but other living creatures, but it must be as clearly seen that it does not follow as a consequence of this that any are threatened with extinction. Many of the feathers exported from this and other countries are gathered as a secondary branch of this collecting business, many are plucked from birds killed for food and sport.

South American landowners are taking steps to preserve the egret on their estates in vast heronies called "garceros," in order that a constant supply of the feathers of the adult birds may be obtained without the need of killing or following them into their well-nigh inaccessible haunts. I do not suggest that the action of these landowners is based upon humanitarian instincts—it has a commercial basis, the best interests of commerce lying in the protection, within reasonable limits, of all

birds that are used for commercial purposes and are not destructive to the work of man.

"The cause which threatens the existence of many species of birds is the rage for wearing feathers," says the bird protectionist, who has seized upon this—the *one* theory—and has, with the aid of many misleading, exaggerated and distorted statements, violently canvassed the press of this country during recent years in such a manner as to represent the extermination and extinction of birds as due to no other cause. It does not appear to have entered into the calculations of those who advance such incomplete and dishonest arguments, that any part of the export of plumages of wild birds could be those which are killed for food, or for protection of crops, or for sport. No matter what birds are killed, or where they are killed, or for what purpose they are killed, the trade's opponents have converted every incident or assertion likely to suit their purpose into sensational and often fictitious statements which serve no other purpose than to mislead the public, and attack those who have created an industry out of a waste and a natural product which, like many other natural products, is the *voluntary export of another country*.

If this were true—that the birds were killed and prevented from breeding—the extinction of many species would soon be evident. Although there are many instances of some species having become extinct from other causes, there is not one single record of any species having become extinct, or being threatened with extinction from the particular theory adopted by those who are at present attacking the feather trade. It cannot be denied that some birds are killed during the breeding-season, but it may here be definitely stated that the feathers are *not* collected only at that time, and that for trade purposes it is quite unnecessary they should be. The assertion that feathers are of little value for trade purposes at other times, and that they are only profitable "when rich in the brilliancy and abundance begotten of sexual selection" is a gross and unfounded libel, one that can be abundantly disproved by an examina-

tion of the goods as they arrive. During a greater part of the year, wild birds disperse themselves over very large areas, but during the breeding-season they congregate in selected and generally inacces-

sible parts where they find natural protection from civilization; and as long as these unknown wilds exist, birds will find protection from the hunter and the sportsman.



MULTI-MILLIONAIRES OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

THE three years the grasshoppers were eating up Minnesota—eighteen seventy-four and -five and -six—"Jim" Hill used to sit in front of his coal-and-wood store on the levee at St. Paul, talking about buying the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. St. Paul was under 25,000 when—a little frontier town. Hill was a well-known town character—a short, stubby man with long hair, one blind eye, and a reputation as the greatest talker in the Northwest. For years he had been a familiar sight on the levee—sitting there, whittling at his old chair, and giving out nuggets of thought on current events, writes John Moody and George Kibbe Turner in *McClure's Magazine*.

It was twenty years since Hill had drifted in, an eighteen-year-old Scotch-Irish boy from Ontario, and begun work in a steamboat office on the levee in St. Paul; and now, in 1876, he was thirty-eight years old, and was a fixture of the town. And the town felt that it had his measure. He had been in a variety of things; he was agent for the Davidson steamboats on the Mississippi River and for the Kittson boats on the Red River, and he had prospered moderately. Everybody knew him and liked him; but no one took him very seriously. The idea of his getting hold of the St. Paul & Pacific was amusing.

The St. Paul & Pacific Railroad was built largely with Dutch capital, which contributed to the building of so many American railroads. The bondholders had put nearly twenty million dollars of real money into building it. In 1872 the Dutchmen believed that they were being badly swindled, and stopped the money; in 1873 the road went into the hands of a receiver. It was an irregular thing,

sprawling out of St. Paul in three separate branches. One went north to the Northern Pacific road at Brainerd; another went west two hundred miles to the Red River; and the third was projected to the Canadian boundary, three hundred miles northwest. The first two were practically done in 1873, but only patches of the road to Canada were finished.

The most promising part of the St. Paul & Pacific, when it failed in 1873, was the branch west from St. Paul to Breckenridge on the Red River. Hill was the Mississippi River Steamboat agent at one end; at the other end, an old Hudson Bay trader, Norman W. Kittson, ran two little old stern-wheel steamboats from Breckenridge to Winnipeg. One of these boats Hill had had built for him, taking the engine out of a Mississippi steamer that stuck on a sand-bar. Hill was a kind of jack-of-all-trades who had his hand in everything.

A large proportion of the freight that Hill and Kittson handled was for the Hudson Bay Company. It came up the Mississippi, went across on the St. Paul to Breckenridge, and then up the Red River to Kittson's steamboats. The man who got it at the other end was Donald A. Smith, chief commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company at Winnipeg—or Fort Garry, as they called it then.

Smith — now Lord Strathcona — was a lean, tall, urbane Scotchman with a soft manner and a long red beard. In 1876 he was fifty-six years old, with a life of strange, wild adventure behind him. Banished to Labrador by the governor of the Hudson Bay Company, when under twenty, to take charge of the company's station; for thirteen years alone there—

one white man among the Indians; in the 60's practically king over all the great, savage territory of the company on the waters entering Hudson Bay; captured by Riel in the Half-Breed Rebellion of 1870; sentenced to death by Riel, and saved only because Riel dared not kill him—Donald A. Smith had already achieved a career unequalled, in its way, in America. But he had accumulated no great amount of money.

It would be a great advantage to Smith to have a railroad from St. Paul to Winnipeg for gathering in his supplies when the Red River boats were frozen up in winter. He wanted it very much. The service on the St. Paul & Pacific between the Mississippi and the Red River was frightful. So in eighteen seventy-three and -four and -five these three men—Smith and Hill and Kittson—were growling about freight conditions, telling what they would do with the St. Paul & Pacific if they had it, and finally speculating on whether they couldn't get hold of it. That seemed very unlikely. It would be a transaction running into the millions.

The only one of the three men who had any financial connections was Smith. The Hudson Bay Company banked with the Bank of Montreal; he was well acquainted there. So Smith, whenever he went East, kept calling the thing to the attention of George Stephen—now Lord Mountstephen—the head of the bank.

Minnesota certainly was a dismal place for investment just at that time. In 1873 Jay Cook & Co., the backers of the Northern Pacific failed; and the Northern Pacific came to a dead end forty miles east of Bismarck, in Dakota. In 1874 the plague of grasshoppers spread across the West. They ranged eastward all over the western half of Minnesota—square miles of them—and ate everything off the face of the earth. The state bought coal-tar and gave it to the farmers, and the farmers smeared it on long pieces of sheet-iron—in a kind of fly-paper arrangement—and dragged it around their fields, three or four sheets trailing after a horse. When the sheets were full of grasshoppers, they scraped them off with a board and left them in heaps. For ten years afterward

you could see the little black spots on the prairie where these heaps had been. But it was of no use; the farmers could not raise anything. By 1875 they were giving it up and going out of the country.

In 1875 George Stephen and Richard B. Angus, the second man in the Bank of Montreal, went to Chicago to look after a lawsuit there. They had made a big loan to the Joliet Steel Company, the Steel Company had failed after the panic in 1873, and the bank was suing to get some of its money back. The lawsuit in Chicago was adjourned, and they had two weeks on their hands, so they flipped a penny to determine whether to go to St. Louis or St. Paul to kill part of the time. The penny sent them to St. Paul.

"I am glad of that," said Stephen; "it will give us a chance to see the prairies, and look over that St. Paul & Pacific Railroad that Smith is talking about."

They arrived in St. Paul one Sunday morning, and James J. Hill made the St. Paul & Pacific people get out an engine and an old passenger car and take them over the line to Breckenridge. The country had been scoured by the grasshoppers, and looked like the top of a rusty old stove. But Stephen was a broad-minded man, wise enough to know that the pest of grasshoppers could not last forever. It was the first time in his life he had seen the prairies, and they impressed him very much—the great empty level, miles of rich farm-lands, made a great contrast to the meager soil of eastern Canada and of Scotland, where he had been raised. He liked the idea of getting hold of the road, but he didn't see how it could be done. Here was a transaction of millions, and Stephen himself had only a moderate fortune.

That was in 1875. Meanwhile Hill kept talking about the St. Paul & Pacific. He talked continually to everybody in St. Paul. He was getting widely enthusiastic. When Hill was enthusiastic he made a curious gesture with the little finger of his right hand, and in 1875 Hill was talking about the St. Paul & Pacific and waving his little finger excitedly at everybody in St. Paul. George Stephen was figuring what could be done for the finances. The

only way he could see was to get the Dutchmen to stick and put up more money.

Finally, in 1876, Stephen went over to Amsterdam to see the Dutch bondholders. The Dutch had then, and have now, their own peculiar way of investing in securities—through what they call “administrations.” Thousands of small holders buy securities through these “administrations,” who keep the bonds or shares, give the owners a certificate for them, and represent the owners’ interests in dealing with the corporations—doing everything, from collecting dividends to voting. This makes it very easy to deal with Dutch investors; the management of their investments is so centralized. Stephen went to the manager of the house that had placed most of these bonds, and pleaded vigorously for more money to finish the road. The Dutchmen had had enough, and nothing would move them.

“I’m no Don Quixote,” said the manager.

Stephen kept arguing; for he thought it was the only way the thing could be put through.

“I tell you what we *will* do,” said the manager. “We’ll give you an option on those bonds, if you like them so much.”

“If you gave me an option you’d want some money for it,” said Stephen. “I don’t believe I can give it to you; but how much do you want?”

“One guilder,” said the manager. He knew Stephen, and realized that he was an honest, able, and entirely reliable man.

“All right,” said Stephen.

So, half in jest, he gave Stephen an eight months’ option on the controlling bonds for one guilder. A guilder is worth forty cents.

The price agreed upon, which Stephens was to pay for the Dutchmen’s bonds, was thirty cents on the dollar—less than the accrued interest which was due and unpaid on them. Eight months would give them a chance to see what they could do with the Minnesota Legislature about the franchise.

Then Stephen came back and started out to see what he could do. John S. Kennedy, a New York private banker—a

cautious, side-whiskered Scotchman—was either a trustee or the agent of the Dutch bondholders, or both, for all of the principal St. Paul & Pacific mortgages. Kennedy could be very useful to them. He knew just where the bonds they hadn’t got options on lay, and the best way to get at the bondholders and buy them out. They got him into the combination right away. Then Hill, who was an excellent “mixer,” and knew half of the people of the State in his position of station-master at St. Paul, began to work with the Minnesota legislature.

It was at the time of the Granger revolution against the railroads in the Mississippi valley; the session of the Minnesota legislature was limited to sixty days, and the Northern Pacific interests, which already owned the worthless stock of the St. Paul & Pacific, wanted to get hold of the road. Hill had the fight of his life to get his bill through in those sixty days. The franchises and the land grant had lapsed with the failure of the railroad; it was necessary to revive them. For two months Hill buttonholed politicians, traded votes, compromised with the Northern Pacific people by giving them the branch to Brainerd, and shook his little finger in argument before the members of the legislature. But, up to the last minute, he seemed to have been beaten. Four days before the session closed, his bill had not passed the Senate, where it was introduced, and had not been acted upon at all by the House. It passed the Senate finally; then, by pure accident, the House passed it on the last or next to the last day of the session, under suspension of rules.

There was one more thing for Hill to do. The road had been entitled to two million acres in land grants. The State had validated them; now it was necessary to get the Government to do so. This was done soon after the legislature closed.

So, then, in the spring of 1877 they were ready to take over the St. Paul & Pacific. People still smiled at it in St. Paul, and wondered a good deal how Jim Hill had mesmerized a bank president like Stephen into getting him to put up the money. If it hadn’t been for the grasshoppers, it would have been different. But.

as it was, no one could take it seriously. When the syndicate came to pay its lawyers, Bigelow, Flandreau & Clark, it offered them a choice between \$25,000 in cash and \$500,000 in stock. They took the cash, as everybody else in the section would have done. This was a mistake that cost them, principal and interest to the present time, some \$15,000,000, all told. But they did not know then, and could not know. No one, of course, could guess the thing that was about to happen.

The spring of 1877 came in, and with it the usual plague of grasshoppers. They grew and increased for two months—swarms of little fellows who could only crawl and jump a foot or two high. Then, in the early summer, it came time for them to fly. One day, without the slightest warning, they left the country—swarms square miles wide. They never came back again, and, stranger than that, no one in the entire country either saw where they went or could figure it out afterward.

A few of the settlers had staved on the farms to make a fourth trial of the pest-ridden country. The grasshoppers had eaten the young wheat, but, like early frost, their eating had merely driven back its growth, given it stronger roots, and really helped it. That year saw the greatest wheat crop for its area ever grown in that region. The farmers who remained started the new railroad carrying out their crops day and night. The station at St. Paul was piled to the roof with the baggage of farmers going back to take up the deserted farms. And Hill, with his twenty or thirty locomotives and few hundred cars, was frantic with success. He worked

every possible source for more freight-cars; and, to get the troops of immigrants to his farms, he sent as far East as New York to buy a lot of discarded passenger-coaches given up by the Harlem road.

The plague of grasshoppers had made a new group of multimillionaires. If it had not arrived as it did, no one could have bought the St. Paul & Pacific for the price they paid for it. If it had not ceased all at once, they might have been unable to finance it.

But now, with their forty-cent option on the bonds, they found themselves in the fortunate position of a man who can mortgage his property for more than he paid for it. This group of six men had paid out altogether \$283,000 in completing the deal, making surveys, locating and negotiating for the remainder of the bonds, and getting their franchises and land grants. In 1878 they secured and advanced money for the receiver to complete the road. Stephen in the Bank of Montreal and Kennedy in New York easily found the money for it; capital was gladly advanced for so safe an enterprise. Then, in 1879, they paid for everything—the bonds, their expenses, and the advances of finishing the road out of two new bond issues, and made in addition several million dollars of profits. The old bond issues outstanding had aggregated \$24,000,000, with an annual interest charge of \$1,680,000. The new issues aggregated \$16,000,000, with an annual interest of \$1,120,000. So they saved on the outset \$560,000 a year, to come to the stock instead of the bonds. Nearly enough, in itself, to pay four-per-cent dividends on \$15,000,000 worth of stock.



WHAT IS TO BE THE NEXT RELIGION?

WHAT is to be the next religion, asks *Current Literature*? Two vivid expressions of opinion bearing on the present religious situation in England and America have aroused widespread comment. The first is an ironical arraignment by Oliver Madox Hueffer of

existing tendencies, which appears in a London review under the title, "The Next Religion." The second is a statement made during a recent sermon by a Unitarian minister of New York, the Rev. Dr. John Haines Holmes, to the effect that "Catholicism is dead; Protestantism is dy-

ing; the day of a new religion is at hand." The significance of both statements may be said to lie in the fact that they treat the prevailing religious system as moribund, and admit, the one with bitterness, the other with gladness, the coming of a new era.

According to Mr. Hueffer, Christianity has been approaching for some time a period of total or partial eclipse. The Reformation is what started the decline. "Admit the possibility of doubt in an article of faith," he says, "and there is no logical stopping-place until you deny everything but the evidence of your own senses."

Mr. Hueffer hopes that the eclipse of Christianity will prove only temporary, but he feels that it may be years and even centuries before it regains its former vitality. In the meanwhile a stop-gap will certainly be found, "for even semi-education cannot expect altogether to crush out the human instinct for believing something," and he thinks he knows what it will be. "If we take a bird's-eye view," he says, "of humanity and the various religions evolved by it in more or less historic times, we find that, however greatly they may vary and in however many directions, there is one common bond between them—everywhere we find, that is to say, the belief in magic or witchcraft is acknowledged and, for the most part, condemned." The present age, Mr. Hueffer finds, is no exception to this general rule. He goes on to say (in *The National Review*):

"We are so accustomed, in these days, to laugh at the pretensions of witchcraft and its ministers, that there seems at first sight something ridiculous in the idea that it could ever again lift up its head among us. In actual fact not only is such a thing possible—it is even probable. . . . To those incredulous of such a revival I may point out that in a large measure it is not a mere speculative possibility, but an actual present fact. There are thousands, perhaps millions, in this country, the United States and the Colonies who, although in deference to the teachings of the council school they laugh at the very name of 'witch' are yet themselves earnest believers in witchcraft. To take only one example, out of hundreds,

the cult of Spiritualism is increasing daily, on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet the 'medium' only does what the witch has been doing for thousands of years past—as witness, for instance, the Witch of Endor, who, had she lived to-day, would have put the names of Eusapia Palladino, the Davenport Brothers, or Mrs. Piper, altogether in the shade. Christian Science, again, although it masks itself under another name, follows exactly in the footsteps of the witch. It is true that it has as yet claimed no miraculous cures half so wonderful as were effected, in the way of business and quite without any fuss or trouble, by hundreds of deserving witches whose names could be adduced by any student of their history. It is scarcely too much to say that every time some mind-stirred enthusiast sets to work to produce an improvement upon Christianity, he goes directly, though unwittingly, to that great Mother-Font of human credulity which, although it has been so frequently drawn upon by his predecessors, will never run dry so long as one human being is left who would fear to lose himself in an ancient forest on a dark night. The cult of witchcraft cloaks itself under a thousand venerable or holy names, yet, wittingly or ignorantly, it were as impossible to evolve a new religion without drawing upon it as to produce sound without vibration."

Dr. Holmes's sermon in New York followed an entirely different line of thought. His subject was "Dead Catholicism and Dying Protestantism," and his remarks were called forth by the recent sermons of the Rev. Father Vaughan and the Rev. Dr. Aked. He said, in part:

"From the standpoint of statistics Catholicism seems to be flourishing, but as a matter of fact it is dead. It died three centuries ago. The present condition of the Church shows only the momentum which it has gathered from its great power in the past. It is a measure not of its present vitality, but of the amount of ignorance, superstition, and fear which are still present in the world. The real test of the vitality of an institution is not that of number, but of the influence which it exerts upon the controlling forces of human life. Judged by this test, Catholicism

is hopelessly dead. It once controlled the destinies of our whole civilization. To-day it controls nothing. Society goes upon its way as though it did not exist at all. Father Vaughan's claim, therefore, as to its being the world religion of the future is simply ridiculous. Catholicism will continue for a long time yet, but its ultimate disappearance is inevitable.

"No less ridiculous, however, are Dr. Aked's claims for Protestantism. If Catholicism is already dead, it no less true that Protestantism is dying, dying very fast. Here again statistics are utterly deceptive. The figures which Dr. Aked has quoted as to the present power and growth of the Protestant churches signify only how slow people are to emancipate themselves from custom and tradition. Here again we must apply the supreme test of vitality—namely, what is its influence over the controlling forces of human life? Here, as with Catholicism, we find that Protestantism exerts practically no influence at all. It has practically been banished from the home, it is outlawed from education, and it has no place in the world of living thought. The great political and industrial reforms of to-day go on as though there were no such things as Protestantism. Close all the Protestant churches to-day and silence all their ministers, and how much real difference would it make in the solution of the problems that are before us?"

When asked to elaborate this statement by a representative of the *New York Globe*, Dr. Holmes declared: "The Roman Catholic Church was the means of keeping alive the spirit of religion during the dark ages, after the downfall of paganism. Its monasteries were at one time the only institutions of learning. And it helped to keep Europe together politically. Protestantism freed religion from the domination of priests. It was responsible for the free church, the free State, and the free schools. It did fine work in its day. But its day has passed."

"Do you mean that there are fashions in religion, as in ladies' hats?" the clergyman was asked.

Dr. Holmes did not hesitate for an answer. "Truth goes out of style." was his remarkable reply. "It goes out of

style and becomes falsehood. The German philosopher Nietzsche said that a good, healthy truth never lives more than about twenty years. And I'm not sure that he hasn't put his estimate too high. You see," he continued, "no man has ever known the complete truth. And no institution either. Not even the Catholic Church. Not even—with all due respect to my orthodox Protestant friends—not even the Bible. More truths, new truths, are always being discovered. The germ of religion hidden away in the superstitions of Catholicism was a gleam of pure truth that illuminated the dark ages. But the world advanced to truths undreamed of by Catholicism. And the Catholic truth became falsehood, falsehood against which honest and religious people protested. The Protestants founded a religion of their own."

"A true religion?"

"Certainly. True for that age. At that time Luther's great truth that every man must be his own priest and get into direct and personal touch with his God quite overshadowed the falsehoods and superstitions of his faith. But to-day it is quite impossible for educated men to believe in the infallibility of the Bible; Charles Darwin has made it impossible for us to take stock in the fall of man theory. And as for the superstition about the blood of Christ—well, enlightened men who have been touched with the scientific spirit of this age can no longer subscribe to it."

"What of the future?" was the final question asked; and Dr. Holmes answered: "The spirit of this age is the spirit of social service—of Socialism. Socialism is a religion, as fine a religion as there is to-day. For religion doesn't consist in going to church, or subscribing to a creed, or listening to my sermons, or to those of any other minister. Religion is a spirit of unselfish enthusiasm that unites great bodies of men in the service of a humanitarian ideal. The Socialists have that enthusiasm. They have that fine ideal. The one great question that every good Protestant is supposed to ask himself, 'What shall I do to be saved?' has all the selfish, narrow-mindedness of the individualist age

out of which we are passing. I tell my congregation that they can't be saved individually. I tell them that they'll all go to heaven or to hell together. The day of individual salvation is over. The era of social salvation is at hand."

So Mr. Hueffer sees looming in the future witchcraft, and feels that humanity is entering new Dark Ages; while Dr. Holmes predicts the coming of Socialism, and welcomes it.

To the Roman Catholic press both prophets appear equally foolish. The New York *Freeman's Journal*, for instance, registers its conviction that statements such as Dr. Holmes's bid fair to accelerate the dissolution of Protestantism which he foresees. It comments:

"Such are the vagaries of the new religion. It is Protestantism run to seed. Protestant ministers of the Rev. Dr. Holmes type, adopting essential features of Modernism, which Pius X. has crushed within the Catholic Church, have entered upon paths that lead away from all that for which Christianity stands. They represent in their own persons the weakness of Protestantism which, after virtually discarding the Bible as the rule of faith, shows a disposition to follow the leadership of the Eliots and of the Holmeses who would substitute human speculations for God's word."

The Protestant *Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York) is almost as unsympathetic. "Dr. Holmes," it remarks, "is one of the most passionate social reformers that we have, and is, of course, impatient with the slow pace the church often pursues, as no doubt we all are at times. But he is a pastor of this very church which he pronounces dead, and we very much doubt if any good comes from this wholesale denunciation of the church, especially when one is in it, and thereby confessing that it offers him the best instrument for producing those very redemptions he accuses the church of neglecting." The same paper continues:

"We are perfectly free to confess that the Roman Catholic Church is shutting herself off from vast fields of influence by her fear of anything that has come into being since the Middle Ages, and we are just

as free to say that the Protestant Church is lifting up her voice too feebly against social and civic iniquity. But, as a matter of fact, neither Roman Catholicism nor Protestantism are anywhere near the dying point. In spite of all their losses and delinquencies they are much more alive than they ever were. Both in Europe and America millions of souls are drawing their religious nourishment straight from the breast of the Catholic Church. In spite of the separation of Church and State in France, Catholicism is an immense power. Even the Modernists do not leave her, because they see that in her they have power; without her folds their voice would be lost."

An editorial writer on *The Christian Commonwealth* (London) makes a thoughtful contribution to the discussion. He thinks it betokens a lack of the sense of humor to take Mr. Hueffer's prophecy too seriously; and he concedes an ascendancy of the social spirit in the church. It is becoming quite clear, to this writer at any rate, that "there is no finality about the Christian church in its present form," and that "its end as at present constituted is not far distant." The reasons for his conclusion are stated as follows:

"The modern institutional church, which to some appears to be the very apotheosis of Christianity, is in reality one of the signs of the end. For this somewhat obvious reason, that the main things in which it concerns itself are just those things which, before long, every enlightened municipality will regard as its own work, to be prosecuted with all the force and efficiency of municipal and State machinery. . . . The church reading-room is rapidly being ousted by the public free library. The church relief societies and thrift clubs are being swallowed up in wider and more scientific schemes undertaken by the community as a whole. Infant-care, child-care, the provision of adequate instruction in such things as cookery, hygiene—these matters are being taken up on all sides by public authorities. These and such functions, voluntarily assumed by the church by reason of the manifest love within her, are now passing over to the community; and we feel that this is a right move, for the community

ought to do these things, and can do them better acting as a whole. The institutional church will, therefore, shortly cease to have any *raison d'être*, and will in consequence disappear. The same thing applies to the ordinary church, so far as its various social, reforming, ameliorating, philanthropic agencies are concerned."

But all this, as *The Christian Commonwealth* analyzes the situation, will only rebound, in the end, to the greater glory of the church, because it will compel Christianity to return to its true and authentic functions. The argument closes:

"In the ancient village organization the church stood in the centre, with spire pointing to the heavens above. The market was outside, the public assemblies were outside, the mechanism of social organization was outside; the church had its specific place, but it was not any of these things. It stood for the mystic vision, for the sense of the unseen, for communion with

the timeless, for withdrawal, for central rootedness and rest. I think we are moving back to that. When the community becomes sufficiently enlightened to take up its proper responsibilities with respect to all its members, the church will remain; but it will signify the community at prayer, the community practising the Presence of God.

"The next religion, therefore, is much more likely to be a religion shared alike by the church and the community, manifesting in the community in all kinds of practical redemptive and uniting agencies and in the church as—which is the most really practical thing of all—worship, communion, adoration, vision, spiritual grasp, mystical love. When that arrives, these will be seen to be not two things, but one and the same. No line of demarcation will separate between the church and the community; they will be but two activities of One Soul."



CHEAP MEAT: THE GERMAN FREIBANK.

THE *Freibank* of a German city is a most interesting place, though few tourists visit it, and those who do seldom know much about the commodities exposed there for sale. In Berlin there are four of such buildings, all situated in the poorer quarters of the town, but as a rule one *Freibank* suffices for each great industrial city; whilst in Hamburg there is not one at all as yet, owing possibly to the fact that that town is so close to the ports where we send our worn-out horses that this peculiar institution is not so necessary there as elsewhere. Thus writes C. Smith Rossie in the *Contemporary Review*.

For the *Freibank* is a meat market of a very strange sort—not a meat market specially for either cattle, horse or dog, but a meat market for the poor, and for the poor alone, and so safeguarded by laws and regulations, and watched by police and inspectors, that it would be very difficult as well as disgraceful for any well-to-do people to buy their meat supplies there.

And the reason why there are all these rules and penalties connected with this particular German meat market is because the meat sold there is all under the ban of the veterinary inspection, which has been conducted in the *Schlachthaus* and *Sanitas-Anstalt*, and is flesh taken from animals that are so much diseased that either the flesh is lowered in value by the disease or else is actually infected by disease. But in the latter case the disease germs have always been completely killed by prolonged scientific sterilization.

The flesh of animals who have become feverish from more than twenty-four hours suffering from accidents is also sent to the *Freibank* for sale, but if the animals have been slaughtered before that length of time, it lies in the discretion of the inspectors whether the flesh should be sent to the *Freibank* or into general sale.

The *Freibank* is to all appearances an open meat market. You will see little to shock you in walking through it. The people who are shopping here are poorer looking than is usual, but that is all the

difference that you would notice from any ordinary market. The price of the meat, too, is lower, but not so low as one might suspect from the sort of stuff sold. It must be at least one-fourth lower in price than the same sort of meat would sell for outside.

Neither would the tuberculous cooked meat stalls offer any shock to the ordinary sight-seer; that the meat there is almost black in hue owing to prolonged and high sterilization would not surprise the sight-seer, for the press of poor people round these stalls is so great that it is difficult to get near enough to see the meat at all, unless, like myself, one goes prepared for the spectacle, and so is willing to wait with the crowd and push for a place in advance of the others. It is not by taking a Cook's ticket to tour in Germany that one gets to see the way the Germans live. Neither is it by living in hotels and taking a saunter into the cathedrals and palaces.

The very regulations that govern the sale of the *Freibank* meat should show what sort of stuff it is. For according to the laws arranged by the police—

No hotel, restaurant or eating-house is permitted to buy on the *Freibank*, except by special permission of the police.

No butcher or sausage-maker can buy it at all—not even by deputy.

No one can buy more than three kilos per diem, and then only for the use of his or her own household alone.

Those who sell the meat have to get official appointment, and they are not allowed either to buy it themselves or to sell any other kind of meat either inside or outside the *Freibank*. (Of course, the reason of this law is to prevent them from fraudulently selling the *Freibank* meat in the city shops, where only healthy meat is to be sold. It is to shield the higher classes from any chance of getting this diseased stuff foisted on themselves.)

Penalties of heavy fines and even imprisonment follow any trifling with these laws.

Another document says: Out of eighty-nine slaughtered dogs thirteen were found fault with on account of pneumonia, antracosis of the lungs, sarcoma, carcinoma,

and disease of the kidneys; and of these two were put aside as unfit for the food of man on account of pneumonia and cancer, but of the rest only the diseased organs were destroyed.

Such words tell their own tale. They prove that the German standards are not unduly severe. It is not stated even in this report that this diseased dogs' flesh was sent to the *Freibank*. It may have been sold in the shops as sound quality, but, whether or not, proves this thing, that the fear of dog-flesh is not so bad as the fact that the flesh of diseased dogs is not only eaten, but paid for by our German brethren. And the fact that certain of the dogs are diseased is easy to see when one remembers that it is a law of Germany that all lost animals found by the police in the city are sent for sale on the *Freibank* after being kept for three weeks to fatten. For the *Freibank* is a place where profits have to be made, so as to provide compensation to the owners of the diseased cattle—compensation about which there is so much trouble in this country. In England the owners of diseased cattle have to pay the damages themselves, except in cases of epidemics, when the loss falls on the taxpayers. In Germany (as you will have observed) the poor people pay a great deal of the damage by the prices given for the flesh—prices for which we can get sound healthy meat. Dog-fat is valued in Germany because it is said to be a substitute for cod-liver-oil, a remedy too expensive for our Teuton brethren even in their hour of sickness. So the lost and strayed Fidos and Carlos of the German cities are a help to provide the remedy—after three weeks of fattening by the police.

And now I come to what, in my opinion, is the most unpleasant fact I have to relate—so unpleasant that I am ashamed to have to record it. And yet you can read it for yourself in the *Gemeinde Beschluss* of the *Freibank* of any German city. I quote from that of Frankfurt, rule 3, section 2, where it is stated that—

The remains of the pieces of flesh used by the sanitary inspectors in the testing rooms for trichinosis are to be sent to the *Freibank* for sale as human food, for re-

member that every kind of flesh that goes to the *Freibank* must be fit for human food.

Of course I do not mean to infer that these remains are necessarily diseased. Far from that—they may be quite healthy. They are merely the test pieces which the inspectors cut from each pig and dog that passes through their hands for the purpose of examination. Four little pieces, somewhat of the size of a nut, are cut from each of the aforesaid animals, and, armed with these, the inspector makes further preparations from them of still smaller size, so as to make sure the dreaded trichina worm is not present. Of course, in these large slaughter-houses that means there is an immense amount of remains left, and the question is what to do with them. I fear in poor old England we might call them dogs' meat, but that is because we are extravagant. In Germany they have a more profitable use for them.

These remains are sent to the *Freibank*, but not to be sold as such in a raw condition; the *Freibank* regulation which provides that at least half a pound of meat must be purchased forbids this use of the remnants; but a better way is to serve them up in the form of hot sausages at the price of five pfennigs ($\frac{1}{2}$ d.) each, which can be eaten at the *Freibank* itself at a special stall, and a hunk of coarse black bread can be also bought at that stall for a farthing to help to make it into a poor man's dinner, which is most acceptable to these people, who can ill spare either the time or money for cooking in the ordinary way. Poverty and the strange, invisible force of the police, which seems to cover as with a shroud all the atmosphere of a German city, drives the poorer classes into an outward form of contentment with this sort of thing; but it was evident by what I heard from the lips of the very poor themselves that they were well aware of what stuff the *Freibank* meat was made. It was not so much their actual words, but the tone of scorn with which they spoke of the *Freibank* which convinced me that the system will not be able to stand the force of public opinion as soon as the workers of Germany get power enough in the Legislature to make

their will felt. But just at present they can hardly be said to be represented at all; everything is shrewdly worked for the benefit of the "Junker" class, and undeniably the *Freibank* system is a very clever one regarded from the point of view of the latter. They are able to make a profitable use of diseased cattle, whilst also affording innocuous flesh food for the poorer classes, and so helping them to be content with their dietary. Even the thinking part of the better classes are ashamed of it. I asked the governor of one of the large prisons in Germany if the criminals were fed on it, and I saw him turn away his eyes in shame as he hastily exclaimed, "No, no; not even in the Labour Homes do we give *Freibank* meat." He spoke as if a Labour Home was a worse place than a prison.

It was early in the morning—somewhere about eight o'clock—that I had a strange adventure in the *Freibank* of Munich—strange, but not dramatic, except to myself. It is a large place, something like a long chapel, but with the interior ranged round with the meat-stalls. Outside are the words in large letters, *Stadt Freibank*, and inside is a notice warning people to beware of pickpockets. On the wooden partitions between the stalls hung large placards with the prices at which the meat was to be sold, very clearly printed.

There was no great crowd, except at the two stalls where the cooked tuberculous meat was being sold; here the buyers were in a press of three or four deep, men, women, but no children, all wearing that air of patient, hard-working endurance which is so common in Germany. The inflamed and "I-am-as-good-as-you" face of an English crowd was nowhere here. They looked like the wreckage of some fine vessel drifting before the force that had wrecked them. This remark is, perhaps, too sentimental, but life is always more interesting to me than the mere facts of life; life is more than matter, as we shall discover when we know more about it.

I spoke to a few of the people as I went along, for I wished to enter their minds. They spoke with that heartfelt kindness

universal in Germany. I asked them if the meat was to be used for dogs or for human beings, and they stared at me. "Yes, it was for human use," they said.

Black from prolonged heat, ugly from the presence of sterilized entrails—for tuberculosis shows itself most of all in the interior organs—these tuberculous meat-stalls sickened me. I left them, and turned down the length of the market. At the far end I saw one stall where no meat was exposed—but something was being sold there. It was something small and hot, and with the steaming smell which the German is supposed to love. In short, it was *wurstwaaren*, or sausages.

An old, withered, wrinkled woman was eating one greedily, her fingers, her knife and fork. With the friendliness of the German, she motioned to me to do the same.

"*Es ist gut,*" she said, smacking her poor, worn lips. Now it is my invariable habit when I investigate anything to try personal experience, so I wished to taste this dainty to which the old crone invited me. But the fear of the *Freibank* meat was on me, and I simply could not dare to make the attempt. Whether the old woman read my thoughts on my face I know not; all I remember is that she said in a hasty whisper, "*Es ist nicht Freibank Fleisch.*" I was surprised. It was not *Freibank* flesh! Then she, a poor, ignorant old creature, worn to the last extremity by poverty, knew and feared that *Freibank* flesh! That was a revelation to me, for I had come across so many English voters who had never heard of it, though they were ready to alter all our meat legislation so as to get the German system adopted in poor old England. "*Es ist nicht Freibank Fleisch,*" eh, so much the better: then I would try my experience of the sausage.

The sausage-vendor took a small yellow thing from her oven. She jabbed the side of it against some sharp steel edge on her machine, and then, laying the broken sausage on a plate, she handed it to me, *sans* knife or fork, except those of Adam.

The dirty yellowish thing looked very uninviting, and my friend the old crone saw my renewed hesitation. She drew a mustard-pot towards me and bade me partake. It was free, she signified to me.

Now that astonished me. Free, and in Germany! That was at once suspicious to anyone who understands the ways of the Fatherland. For there is nothing free there except the *Freibank*, and that is only free in the sense that it is free from seizure by the police, it being illegal to sell that kind of diseased meat anywhere else! The very subject of my investigation that morning—the *Freibank*—was enough to make me afraid of anything free.

I took away my hand from the sausage-laden plate and pushed it towards my friend, the old crone. "You can have it," I signified. She looked surprised, almost pained. Was I insulting Germany, or was I one of those eccentric *Englanderin* who are so colossally wealthy that they can purchase even sausages merely to waste?

But the gift was too tempting; in a few minutes she was devouring my dainty, her old wrinkled face glowing with a smiling light such as one sometimes sees on the faces of angels in the great Italian picture galleries.

She smiled like an angel, as I have said; but I have also smiled ever since, for it was not until some time after this that I learned of what materials those sausages had been made—the remnants of the testing-rooms for the examination of swine and dogs for trichinosis—*Die Fleischproben*, as they are called.



WHY MURDERERS ARE PLEASANT PEOPLE.

IT is a common superstition, revived at every famous trial, that the murderer in aspect and character should conform accurately with a conventional form

of savagery, observes *The British Medical Journal*, in the course of a study of the psychology of murder. The public, it says, which takes an increasing interest in

the melodrama of life and death, is disappointed at each tragedy because the criminal does not bear upon his forehead the brand of Cain. Yet a little knowledge, adds our London authority, a more vivid memory of the past, might convince the least imaginative that the murderer in his hours of ease is most often a kindly, amiable and sympathetic gentleman, as long as his will, at once violent and infirm, be not thwarted.

"There is one other quality in which murderers are never deficient—the quality of coolness. Faced by the ministers of justice, they one and all prove a serenity of mind, a courage of demeanor, which too often persuade the foolish of their innocence. There could scarcely be a better proof of guilt than this nonchalance. The murderer has nothing to lose, he has everything to gain, by a resolute bearing.

He knows better than anybody else in the world the strength and weakness of his own case. So often has he rehearsed his story that it comes to his tongue without bungling or hesitation. How different is the plight of the innocent man unjustly accused! Overwhelmed with embarrassment and surprise, he falters in his speech. The flush of rage which mounts to his cheek is taken by his enemies as a confession of guilt, and if he were judged by appearances alone it would go hard with him. Justice, then, must dismiss from her purview all generalizations concerning character and demeanor. It is hers to establish guilt or innocence by the stern consideration of facts, and so long as she is intent upon this supreme duty we may retain a placid confidence that the wrongdoer shall not escape his proper punishment.



IS THE ATLANTIC SWALLOWING AMERICA?

MUCH evidence has been adduced, says D. W. Johnson, writing in *Science*, in support of the theory that various portions of the Atlantic coast have been recently undergoing a gradual subsidence, and this movement is believed by many to be still in progress. The rate of subsidence has been calculated as one foot per century for the Massachusetts coast, and from one to two feet per century for the New Jersey coast. Among the lines of evidence which appear to support the theory are the following: Indian shell heaps are found below high-tide level; stumps of trees are found in place in salt marshes, showing that the trees were killed by the invasion of salt water; peat formed by salt-water vegetation is found overlying fresh-water peat; familiar landmarks are covered by high tides to greater depths than formerly; land owners along salt marshes find that the marsh areas have recently encroached upon the upland areas; the tides have increased in height to such an extent that certain tidal mills can no longer be operated as effectively as formerly; dykes

erected to keep the tides out of certain salt-marsh meadows are themselves submerged by the rise of the tides; accurate measurements show that a bench-mark established at Boston three-quarters of a century ago is now three-quarters of a foot nearer the mean level of the sea above which it was placed than it was when first put in position.

The writer would call attention to a factor which produces fictitious appearances of coastal subsidence, and which he believes to have a higher degree of importance than any of those mentioned above. As a tidal wave approaches an irregular coast it is materially modified in shape and in height. If a surface could be constructed to pass through every point reached by the crest of the tidal wave, it would be found to have marked undulations of considerable complexity. The surface would rise well above mean sea level in bays which are widely open at their mouths and converge toward their heads; but would descend abruptly toward mean sea level where a narrow inlet connected the ocean with a broad, land-locked bay

or lagoon. Within such an enclosed bay this "high-tide surface" might be a number of feet lower than that portion of the surface immediately outside of the enclosing arms of land.

The irregular high-tide surface is very unstable, and will undergo modifications as waves and currents erode islands, build bars, silt up or scour out channels, break through barrier beaches, or otherwise modify the shoreline and adjacent shallow water areas. Where waves break through a bar enclosing a bay which was formerly connected with the ocean by a narrow inlet, the high-tide surface within the bay may instantly be raised several feet, since the broader opening permits

the rising waters to enter freely and so give tides within the bay as high as those in the adjacent ocean. A more gradual enlargement of the inlet would cause a gradual elevation of that portion of the high-tide surface within the bay; whereas a growing bar might cause a decrease in the height of the same surface. If the size of the inlet remains constant, then silting up of the bay, the encroachment of tidal marshes, or the reclaiming of part of the bay surface by artificial filling or by the construction of dykes, will cause a raising of the high-tide surface within the remaining areas of the bay; for the water entering through the narrow inlet, having less area to spread over, will accumulate to a greater depth than formerly.



THE DEFECTIVE PUPIL.

MILLEDGE L. BONHAM, Jr., A.M., headmaster Kohut School, New York, says in an article in *Education*: Our first impulse is to say that there should be no such problem—these pupils should be in the institutions especially equipped for dealing with their cases. Granted. But the fact remains that there is such a problem. In many communities there are no such schools at all, in others the only ones are private institutions, beyond the means of most parents. Yet in nearly every community will be found children, not idiots, but defective, some of them, merely "subnormal." Many of these defectives will be sent to the regular schools.

What shall the teacher do with these children?

In the first place, every teacher should be required to learn sufficient physiology, psychology and paidology to preclude her doing anything to increase the number of dullards. Most dullards are not born, but made. Dr. Shields holds that most cases of stammering are the result of frightening nervous children. Dullards are not hopeless if taken in the beginning, but any subnormal child may become a dullard if handled clumsily. The monitors

referred to above are one class of subnormal or retarded children. Of course, those who are selected for monitors should be pupils who are behind mainly on account of absence from school, not those who are themselves abnormal.

The attention given these subnormals must be systematic, not haphazard. Each case needs individual study by the teacher. Instead of being compelled to attempt to come up to the standard, the standard must be adapted to them. One will need much manual training, with almost no arithmetic for a while; another will require less manual training, but much help in reading, practice in counting, and so on. This, of course, means smaller classes; that means additional expense, for not only shall we need more teachers, but specially trained teachers. Yet the additional expense will be money saved, for it will help decrease the total of poverty, ignorance and crime.

These remarks apply, of course, to the public schools; yet the private schools are likely to have a larger proportion of dullards, potential and actual, than the public schools. Their problem will be mainly in the selection of teachers who have the

will and the ability to study each pupil thoroughly. Private schools seldom have very large classes, and this can be done without additional expenditure. But the school owner who is not merely after the dollars will feel obligated to do even more. He, too, will probably find it necessary to have an ungraded class; and it will be his duty to see that its members are either on the road to restoration or that they be sent to institutions that can properly care for them. At the same time he must see that the normal pupils are getting such care that they will not feel that they are being held to the level of dullards. So

small and numerous classes, with very flexible graduation, should be the rule rather than the exception.

All these remedies, and more, are needed, but can we not do something to prevent abnormality? Stricter marriage laws, with better enforcement, are needed, as well as more exact and extensive vital statistics, and closer study of infancy. Fiske points out that civilization, founded on the family, is due to the prolonged period of infancy in man—why, then, should not society do something to insure the birth of normal infants and the maintenance of their normal status?



INSOMNIA AND INSOMNIACS.

INSOMNIA is both a penalty and a pathologic luxury of civilization, declares Dr. Woods Hutchinson in *Munsey's Magazine*. It is a mark of neurologic aristocracy, as distinctly and unquestionably as gout is a mark of blue blood and ancient lineage. Those who possess it may be as vain of it as of a coronet on their note-paper. The great mass of mankind seldom suffer from insomnia—they have too many other troubles.

To hear an insomniac recite his woes as he holds you with his glittering eye, one would think that to lie awake two or three hours in a comfortable bed, listening to the clock as it strikes was one of the deadliest diseases that afflicted humanity; and night-long sleepy-headedness the most precious and vital privilege of man.

As a matter of fact, insomnia, like the devil, is not so black as it is painted. It isn't the staying awake for an hour or two at night that's abnormal, so much as the worrying about it all the next day. Most of us in our salad days—and in later life, while healthy and vigorous—think little of losing not merely an hour's but a night's sleep. We echo the gay philosophy of Tom Moore that—

The best of all ways to lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night.

It is a reckless and easy-going philosophy, but it has some justification in the ease with which deprivations of this sort can be made good the following night, so long as the beautiful elasticity of youth lasts, and the rigidity of advancing years draws not nigh.

Nor did the childhood of the world worry itself much about insomnia, for the reason that it had such unlimited opportunities of making up for the loss, and so comparatively little to keep it awake at night—or in the daytime either. It also retained some of the old-time power of hibernation, which enabled it to drop peacefully off to sleep, in order to fill up the time, when it had nothing else to do. Its principal objection to lying awake at night was on account of the things which one might happen to see in the interval—things that flapped and glared at the windows, or stood rigid and terrible at the head of your bed, and would "git you" if you didn't pull the blankets over your head. Perhaps part of the violent objection that we have to lying awake at night is a survival, due to vague and indefinable fear that some of these bogies of the nursery days of our minds may reappear.

ALL the protections and safeguards of twenty centuries of civilization seem to drop away from us, and leave us naked and unprotected to our enemies, when we wake "in the dim and dead of night, when the rain is on the roof." Every sound must be explained and strictly accounted for. It is probably only a rat, or the wind rattling the windows, but it *may* be a jabberwock, or a burglar! Every moving shadow reveals an enemy with drawn, uplifted knife; every point of light is the gleaming eyeball of some jungle beast. This is the hour when the gods were born, when even the boldest must have some one to appeal to for protection. If we were quite sure that nothing terrible would happen to us during our hours of wakefulness, perhaps we should not dread insomnia so much.

Of course, to lose two hours of sleep, out of our necessary eight, is both unpleasant and unwholesome—like being robbed of one-fourth of our proper supply of food. If it were to continue indefinitely, it would ultimately result in physical bankruptcy. But the human mechanism is astonishingly elastic. It can allow itself a surprising amount of leeway, and yet keep safely on its course. If you give yourself nine hours in bed every night, nothing is easier than for the body to make good its deficit at any time, almost without your noticing it. The mere fact that you lay awake two hours last night and three hours the night before is no proof that the same thing is going to repeat itself every night for the next month. Indeed, not more than one case of insomnia in fifty ever continues so long or so constantly, as to cause the health to suffer appreciably from actual loss of sleep.

Unless there is some positive disease of body or some serious disturbance of mind, the more sleep you lose for two or three nights in succession, the more likely you are to make it up in the next three or four nights. Nature is perpetually re-dressing the sleep balance, without your being aware of what she is doing. We can readily tell when we eat, and how much we eat, but no man living can say positively when or how long he is asleep. It is only the time when he is awake that he

can testify to with certainty; and his senses may grossly deceive him even as to that.

The gravity of both sleeplessness and loss of appetite depends almost entirely upon the seriousness and obstinacy of their cause. So far as the actual loss of food or sleep is concerned, the human body has almost incredible powers of enduring both starvation and wakefulness without serious or permanent injury. Remember that the strongest and most unconquerable tendency of a normal individual is to sleep when he is tired and eat when his stomach is empty; and that it takes some positive and persistent obstacle to prevent him from indulging in either of these vital habits.

When your tissues get to a point where they really need and demand sleep, you could not stay awake if some one stood over with a drawn sword. Remove the cause of your insomnia, and sleep will follow as certainly as the night the day. If this cause be a definite or organic disease, then the gravity of your insomnia will be the gravity and obduracy of this particular disease. If it be due to some form of grief, or bereavement, you may rest assured that sooner or later you will fall into the heavy, dreamless sleep of exhaustion, or that the deadening effect of the passage of time will dull the edge of your agony.

The cheering thing to remember, in insomnia, is that in nine cases out of ten the cause is either completely removable, or will mitigate itself gradually with the merciful oblivion of time.

* * *

INSOMNIA is always a symptom of some physical disturbance or mental strain, and ought by no means to be ignored or lightly regarded. It is, in fact, one of our most invaluable danger-signals, the prompt heeding of which will save us many a break-down. Yet the thing to be borne clearly in mind is its curious power of self-exaggeration, its tendency to make us overestimate both the amount of our wakefulness and the seriousness of the results which are likely to follow from it.

There are forms of insomnia which are the first sign of physical breakdown, or mental unbalance; and though these do not form more than one per cent.—scarcely more than one in five hundred—of all cases, the impression, unfortunately, seems to have got abroad that all forms of insomnia tend to carry their victims in this direction, and will inevitably end in some catastrophe, unless checked. As a matter of fact, even the ten per cent. of cases which are not due to some temporary or readily removeable cause, and which tend to persist in milder or severer form, in spite of all that can be done for them—even these might in the vast majority of instances, run unchanged for months, and even years, without seriously or permanently undermining the health.

But of course you cannot make anybody who has insomnia believe this! That is one of the fundamental symptoms of his condition. In spite of the best and coolest judgment which he can bring to bear upon his condition, he *will* die, and nobody *shall* save him, unless this terrible and intolerable loss of sleep is stopped!

He is the best illustration possible of the homely old distich:

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

And the difficulties of convincing him are fundamental and peculiar. First and foremost, to prove to a man that he is asleep is like attempting to prove a negative, only more so. No one knows when, or how long, he is asleep. He only knows what his last memories were on dozing off, and what time it was when he awoke. The playful little agreement that we used to make in the happy days of childhood, when we slept three or four in a room, that the one who fell asleep first would whistle, was never yet fulfilled. Unless some genius can invent a paradoxical sort of a clock that we can hear when we are asleep and cannot hear when we are awake, we shall never be able to demonstrate positively the exact amount of our slumbers or our wakefulness.

HOW difficult it is to make any one who is skeptical on the subject believe that he has been asleep is amusingly illustrated by a story told by an eminent physician of the experiments with laughing gas, in the early days of its use.

Its inhalation became one of the popular fads, and young people at evening parties would amuse themselves by getting some doctor friend to give laughing gas to three or four of their number, and watching the result. On one of these occasions, the gas was administered to a young lady and two young men, all of whom went soundly asleep, and woke up again in a few minutes. Two of them admitted the success of the experiment, but the third—a particularly pig-headed young fellow—insisted that he had never been asleep at all, but had just been pretending; and had heard every word of what had been said while he was supposed to be unconscious.

For several minutes they argued with him without avail, and then one of the young ladies with a mischievous smile whispered something in the ear of the doctor. The doctor turned to the sceptic and said:

“Well now, Mr. Smith, perhaps that time it was not a success. Suppose we try it again!”

To this the doubter readily consented. When he was fully under the influence, the doctor told one of his friends to remove his shoes and stockings. To the intense amusement of everybody in the room, the young fellow was evidently in the frame of mind of the lady from the rural districts who, on seeing a porcelain bath-tub for the first time, declared that it looked so good that she could hardly wait until Saturday night to try it—and it was late in Friday night in his calendar.

As soon as he regained consciousness, he again began protesting that he had never been asleep, had just wanted to fool them, and so forth; but his protestations were quickly cut short by the doctor's quietly smiling and pointing to his feet. The youth made one wild grab for his shoes and stockings, bolted precipitately from the room, and never made any fur-

ther attempt to deny that he had been sound asleep.

Naturally no one can remember anything about the time when he was actually asleep, though the hours during which he was awake stand out vividly and convincingly. This is not to say, of course, that many individuals do not suffer both in their comfort and in their health from chronic and persistent loss of sleep, but only that the amount lost, and the damage done thereby, is never as great as it appears to the sufferers.

As a matter of fact, obstinate and serious forms of the disease are far from common; and the average family physician is not called upon to prescribe for sleeplessness half as often as is popularly believed. One good, wide-awake case of insomnia, determined to get something to put him, or her, to sleep, will go the rounds of every doctor in town and multiply his apparent numerousness tenfold.

* * *

WHEN you actually find yourself sleepless, the best thing to do, at that particular time, is *nothing whatever*; and the more thoroughly and completely you do it, the better. Just make up your mind what you are going to do next day to prevent a repetition tomorrow night, and resign yourself to the

situation. Remember, it won't do you the slightest harm in the world to lie awake in a comfortable bed, in a well-ventilated room, for one, two, or even three, hours at a stretch, provided you keep your muscles quiet and your mind at rest.

If your mind wants to think, let it. It won't do you any harm, and there are few of us who do too much of that useful process during our waking hours. Just try to turn it into interesting, profitable, and entertaining directions. The man or woman who cannot enjoy a couple of hours with his or her own thoughts has sadly wasted his opportunities.

If your thoughts want to tear all over the known world, don't try to stop them; the farther and faster they travel, the sooner they will tire themselves out. If you can only forget that you are awake, you will be asleep before you know it. If you are thirsty go and get a drink; if the room has become stuffy, throw the windows wider open; if your feet have become cold in any way, do whatever is necessary to get them warm. But beyond this, avoid anything which lifts your head from its pillow. One of my colleagues—a man of wide experience and national reputation—used to say to his patients who complained of sleeplessness:

“Lie quietly in bed in good air all night long, and I don't care whether you get to sleep at all or not.”



IS AVIATION A FAILURE?

IT is greatly to be regretted that an outburst of such wild enthusiasm should have greeted so many recent successful flights with machines heavier than air, according to an expert in aeronautics who writes in *London Knowledge*. It is in the highest degree unlikely that the expectations of the lay public with regard to the new science will be realized, this authority says. The flying men assemble for their tournaments in different parts of the world. Spectacular dashes are made into the empyrean. Popular ignorance of the limitations set by science upon

the art—it is not a science—of aviation grows into downright delusion. Many persons who ought to know better think that genuine advances have been made in the past few years because some newspaper in America, England, France or Germany awards a prize for some misleading ascent under artificial conditions that signify nothing. The immediate future of aviation will prove a reaction, we read further, against the whole idea of flight by aeroplanes.

Even the great extension which has occurred during the past twelve months in

the art of flying has scarcely resulted in the slight progress which might reasonably have been expected. True, the number of aviators has largely increased and records are constantly broken. The results, for all that, do not greatly exceed in practical value, this disillusioned authority contends, those obtained by the brothers Wright when they first brought their machine before the public. The reason for the failure of aviation is very simple:

"Flight had for many years been shown to be theoretically possible, but was impracticable owing to the lack of an engine combining lightness with the requisite power. The advent of certain motor improvements some ten years ago gave an impetus to the manufacturers of petrol engines, and the Wrights found no difficulty in providing their machine with suitable driving power. But their engine, though far from perfect, was good enough to make improvement a matter of difficulty. Much ingenuity has been expended on aeroplane motors, and there are now in regular use several novel devices. Trustworthiness has, it seems, been sacrificed to lightness, and before we see much advance in the art of flight we must wait for a motor more sure than any at present in use.

The mere breaking of records for speed, for height attained, or even for duration of flight, does not of necessity indicate any material progress, since there is no reason why a machine which can sustain its pilot and two passengers for nearly ten minutes—as was the case with M. Farman at Rheims — should not carry its pilot alone for an indefinite period, provided that the engine does not fail, the place of passengers being taken by an equivalent weight of petrol. Hitherto nobody has succeeded in remaining in the air for much over three hours (aboard an aeroplane) and although this is a wonderful achievement in itself, it can scarcely be held to justify the expectation that flight is destined shortly to become a common method of locomotion.

As regards the greatest ambition of the designer, the provision of automatic stability which shall relieve the pilot of all care in the balance of his machine and allow him to devote his whole time to steering, nursing his engine and observing the country, it is impossible to say what we may expect. Hopes are expressed that we may shortly discover the secret. Such a consummation would at once allow flight to become a practical means of locomotion.



DISEASES OF IMAGINATION.

THE twenty-fifth number of Joseph Addison's *Spectator* contains the "Letter of the Valetudinarian," and the famous Englishman's remarks on the excessive care of health. Valetudinarianism is common to all ages, and to most races; and what was true of it in the seventeenth century applies with equal force to-day. The following letter is addressed to the editor of the *Spectator*, and appended are Mr. Addison's words of advice:

"Sir,—I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of the valetudinarians, and to confess to you that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or

rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature but I found my pulse was irregular, and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with. Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece.

"I then applied myself to the study of several authors who have written upon phtisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption: till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination.

"Not long after this I found in myself

all the symptoms of the gout except pain, but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author who—as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another—eased me of the gout by giving me the stone.

“I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but, accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman’s invention; who, for the better carrying out of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs that it would weigh anything as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by other channels and distributions of nature.

“Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three past years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundredweight, falling short of it a pound after a day’s fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution.

“In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundredweight and half a pound; and if after having dined I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make the weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half-pound, which, for my health’s sake, I do the first Monday in every month.

“As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books and study away three ounces more. As for the re-

maining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them.

“I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pounds lighter than on other days in the year.

“I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, with in a few grains, more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair.

“Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundredweight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, sir, notwithstanding this, my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me, therefore, beg you, sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige,

“YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.”

The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflexion made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a fight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death by endeavoring to escape it.

This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen or course of physic, are purposes so abject, so mean, so

unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that, a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; it is impossible we should take delight in anything that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business are in a great measure

the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live.

In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal.



“PASTEURIZED MILK: A FRAUD.”

IN Chicago there is a momentous battle on, begins an article by Arno Dosch in *Pearson's Magazine*. Chicago's milk, like the milk of every city, is filthy and contains a dangerous percentage of disease germs. It has been made much of for ten years. Chicago alone of all large cities has had the courage to face its problem man-fashion.

On January 1, 1909, the dairymen and milk dealers of Chicago were given five years to produce and distribute a milk free from all dirt and disease.

When the law was first passed they based their hope of escaping the penalty of their inertia on the clause which is compelling them meanwhile to pasteurize milk which does not come from healthy, tuberculosis-free cattle, cared for under sanitary conditions. They figured that Chicago would get used to pasteurization, and would be content at the end of five years to permit it to continue.

It was a rude jolt that awakened the milkmen of Chicago. They found, after the law had gone into effect, that they were no longer to be allowed to turn out anything they pleased and call it pasteurized milk.

This attitude makes Chicago's fight momentous. For every city is seeking a remedy for its milk evils. And most of them, despairing of ever making of their dairies what they should be, are on the verge of compelling universal pasteuriza-

tion. And they must be warned against pinning all their faith to it.

For the frauds of pasteurization are practised in every city in the country. At least nine-tenths of the pasteurized milk sold to-day is a snare and a delusion. It has not killed off the germs it pretends to have rendered harmless. Instead, it has frequently made it particularly easy for the worst germs of all to grow.

Tuberculosis is the greatest danger. Milk is full of its germs, and pasteurization, as it is practised, does not kill them, but helps them to multiply, increasing the danger of infection. In raw milk the tubercle bacilli are crowded by harmless and beneficial germs, but these are the first to die when the milk is heated. In fact they are the only ones it is necessary to get rid of to preserve the milk and pass it off as pasteurized. And once they are gone, tuberculosis and other disease germs have all that extra room in which to propagate into the millions without check.

If you use the dirty raw milk commonly sold in cities, you take some chance with half a dozen disease germs, but the one you are a hundred times more likely to encounter than any other is that of tuberculosis. The others appear only sporadically and locally. Tuberculosis is there all the time, everywhere, but in raw milk the danger is minimized because it is hampered in its growth.

Take that same milk and preserve it

under the process that passes for pasteurization, and the tubercle bacilli come through only partially injured. Out of a long series of tests made by Professor Veranus Moore of Cornell, in each case where there was tuberculosis in the milk, before being "pasteurized" for the market, the tuberculosis was still there after the process.

To preserve milk, it is passed quickly over a surface, heated only high enough to kill the lactic acid germs which sour the milk. In Chicago, before the present law went into effect, Dr. W. A. Evans, the health officer who caused the reform, has told me that the average maximum heat used was 128 degrees, only enough to kill off the beneficial germs, and not high enough to do any harm to diphtheria, typhoid, scarlet fever, or tuberculosis—the disease you believe yourself protected against when you buy milk labeled "pasteurized."

Fraud and pasteurization entered the milk business together, and so far there has been only indifferent success in divorcing them. Ten years ago when the dealers in the big cities were first compelled to buy milk that took twenty-four to thirty-six hours in transit, they frequently found that it soured within a few hours after arrival and before it could be marketed. It meant a heavy financial loss, and, as usual when there is money involved, a remedy was found. It was not long before a class of machines began to appear on the market called "rapid" or "flash" pasteurizers. By using them even the oldest and filthiest milk could be prevented from turning bad for several days. In fact it never soured once it had "flashed" through the machine. It merely rotted.

For a long time there has been a controversy among bacteriologists as to whether pasteurization in any way deteriorates the quality of the milk. The controversy has been closed by W. H. Whitman and H. C. Sherman of Columbia University. They have made many tests and conclusively shown that when you buy milk that has been preserved by pasteurization beyond the time when it would ordinarily be sour, you are buying putrefied milk.

The first man to raise his voice against fraudulent pasteurization was Dr. George W. Goler, health officer of Rochester, New York. Dr. Goler is a pioneer in the fight for pure milk. With an annual appropriation of only \$6,500, in ten years, he has purified Rochester's milk supply, without resorting to pasteurization.

"Pasteurized milk," he has said, referring to the commercial process, "while having a low bacterial count, owes it to the death of countless millions of the more harmless micro-organisms, while leaving more dangerous organisms to multiply."

But even the avowed friends of real pasteurization are not blind to the frauds that are perpetuated in its name. One of these is Nathan Strauss, the philanthropist. He has expressed himself just twice on the subject of commercial pasteurization and both times in the same words:

"Many mothers are cheated into the belief that they are getting a safe milk when they buy what is described as commercially pasteurized milk. This milk should be labeled 'not pasteurized.' It is a humbug and a fraud, for it has not been pasteurized at all, but has been treated by a process that merely preserves the milk and keeps it from souring; it does not kill the disease germs. It does more harm than good, for it enables dealers to keep bad milk and market it when it is old and stale."

In plain words, the milk has not been pasteurized at all. It has merely been prevented from souring, and a gross fraud is practised on everyone who buys it.

With the milk supplies of cities as bad as at present, undoubtedly all ordinary raw milk should be properly pasteurized before being fed to children. But, unless you have faith in your milkman, and are assured by him that he uses the holding process you had better do the pasteurizing yourself. To do this the most effective process is to pasteurize in the bottle in which it is received according to the following rules:

"Use a small pail with a perforated false bottom made of an inverted tin plate with a few holes punched through it. This will raise the bottles from the bottom of the pail, thus allowing a free circulation of water and preventing the bottles from

bumping. Punch a hole through the cap of one of the bottles and insert a thermometer. The ordinary floating type of thermometer is likely to be inaccurate, and, if possible, a good thermometer with the scale etched on the glass should be used. Set the bottles of milk in the pail and fill the pail with water nearly to the level of the milk. Put the pail on the stove or over a gas flame and heat it until the thermometer in the milk shows not less than 150 degrees nor more than 155 degrees Fahrenheit. The bottles should then be removed from the water and allowed to stand from twenty to thirty min-

utes. The temperature will fall slowly, but may be held more uniformly by covering the bottles with a towel. The punctured cap should be replaced with a new one, or the bottle should be covered with an inverted cup.

"After the milk has been held as directed it should be cooled as quickly and as much as possible by setting in water. To avoid the danger of breaking the bottle by too sudden change of temperature, this water should be warm at first. Replace the warm water slowly with cold water. After cooling, milk should in all cases be held at the lowest available temperature."



THE GROWTH OF THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

IT seems, says E. M. West, in the *American Review of Reviews*, but yesterday that pioneers in America were jeered at for their halting attempts to make a snorting monstrosity run for a few miles without stopping for extensive and harrowing repairs. This year there are being produced in the United States cars and their accessories to the value of nearly half a billion dollars.

By 1905 the industry had acquired a respectable start. The tremendous strides have come within the past five years. The figures are huge but are still inadequate unless one considers the collateral industrial activities that go with making 185,000 motor cars with a cash value of \$240,000,000.

This does not mean merely so many machines at such a price, bought and driven over country roads and city streets by so many proud car-owners or their chauffeurs. It means that the making of these cars involves the importation and manufacture of vast quantities of metal, rubber, leather, wood, hair, silk, wool and glass, and the making of many accessory articles which the luxurious automobile owner of to-day deems absolutely essential to his pleasure and comfort, though he knew nothing of them ten or twelve years ago.

But even this is only a small part of the significance of the wonderful picture represented by the foregoing figures—a picture conjured from the clouds by that modern Aladdin, the American manufacturer. There is an epic quality in that panoramic vista, a Homeric sweep, an Odyssey that must stir one with pride of American energy and quick ambition to seize an opportunity and of American industrial captaincy. Most impressive of all the figures in the foregoing table are those that represent the regimented forces of the factories.

Here is an army of 140,000 men working directly in or about the factories; if to these we add the 1,500,000 persons employed in allied or subordinate industries known as parts-makers, dependent solely upon the automobile trade of this country; and still to these add the 7,600 selling agents and their 38,000 employees—we have a grand and imposing army of 1,685,600 men, or over twenty times as many as are enlisted in our regular military forces, so largely augmented since the Spanish war. Now on the reasonable assumption that these men support on an average three other persons, we have a total of 6,742,800 people in some way dependent upon the motor car industry, or a far greater number than are included in

the population of the largest cities on this continent.

But that's not all, by any means. The value of the motor cars sold in the past five years is officially estimated at \$490,000,000. The value of last year's product was \$240,000,000. Of this latter amount 25 per cent., or \$60,000,000, went directly to the men employed in automobile factories. Nearly forty-five per cent. of the selling price represented the cost of raw and manufactured material, and about one-fourth of that percentage went to the employees of concerns supplying that material. This represents \$20,000,000 more, or a total of \$80,000,000 paid out in wages. Then, too, the expense of the shipping of the raw material and the finished product exceeded \$30,000,000, of which at least forty per cent. went to the toilers.

The automobile industry has raised Detroit to a new rank of city in commerce and population. It has changed Flint, Michigan, from a village to a city. Akron, Ohio, where the tire factories are largely centred, is the home of fourteen rubber companies with a capitalization of \$40,000,000, employing 12,000 workmen.

When the American people come rapidly to the idea that they want a particular article there are, immediately, tremendous things doing industrially, as is shown by the figures given above. Indeed, it would be difficult to get in any other way so graphic and astonishing a realization of the bigness of the country and the market it makes for anything which is in unusual demand.

It is true, too, that when a sudden demand for a particular article of manufacture or commodity arises all over this country there come magic opportunities for the individual who has courage and foresight. The recent history of some of the captains of the automobile industry reads like an Arabian Night's tale of business success.

"Automobiles are something that everybody who can or cannot afford buys nowadays," say the undiscerning, "and if they are bought so extensively, of course a lot of people are going to make big money out of them. It's an easy game."

By no means. The success of the men

who have made fortunes in this industry has not been won without the hardest kind of work and worry as well as the exercise in most cases of a real genius for the business. Many a time have they faced problems the settlement of which meant success and the giving up of which meant failure. In facing just such problems hundreds of other men failed. Two hundred and seventy concerns started business between 1902 and 1907, and of them 155 discontinued during that period. It has been the same story since 1907. Some manufacturers who seemed to be well on the road to success have dropped out of the race. Even where they had ample capital they have been unable to carry out their plans either through lack of foresight, lack of courage, lack of organization or defects in the design of their product.

To show how narrow is the borderland between success and defeat in this business it is interesting to cite the cases of two concerns that began making automobiles about the same time, each trying to introduce a car selling for \$1,500. At first both were deluged with orders and there was a great promise of success. Then business dropped off. The crop of easily impressed buyers who wanted a comparatively low-priced machine had all bought, and the conservatives were waiting to see how the bold fared. In the case of each company mechanical troubles developed. One concern tried to repair the cars that had been sold and found wanting. This was good business policy, as far as it went, but the other concern met the emergency with even more liberality. It actually called back every car that had gone wrong and sent out a new one in its place. At one time, 300 cars, representing more than a year's profits, were under a tent near the factory. This meant a big season of stress and strain for the plant and the bank account of the second concern, but it won out, for instead of having a lot of disgruntled purchasers all over the land crying down its machine, it made no end of friends, and received the best sort of advertising. Meanwhile the mistakes in the building of the original car had been discovered and after the new cars had been

sent out the defective ones were made over and sold again.

Conservative buyers were not slow to learn of the generosity of this manufacturer. They saw that they were risking nothing in buying its cars. Everyone said a good word for the machine and for the nerve of its builders, whose reputation was swiftly established. The company's business soon trebled while that of the other company, which did not adopt so liberal a policy, has been maintained only by a sort of death struggle and may collapse at any time.

"Liberality, liberality, liberality," is the constantly repeated motto of the best and most successful firms. Some of them replace cars without question and keep trouble-seekers always on the road, visiting purchasers and asking what they can do for them.

A market a hundred times as large as that offered by fire-fighting machinery is opening up in the rapidly growing use of farm tractors equipped with gasolene engine, generally of from ten to thirty horse-power. In England the gasolene traction engine with its "trailer" for carrying bulky loads has come into use on the

farm more generally than in America, but nothing seems more certain than that, once started, the United States and Canada will soon overtake Europe in the application of gas-engine power to the multifarious needs of farm work. Plowing, threshing, pumping, cream separating, feedcutting, grinding, mowing, reaping, hauling, hay pressing, all these and a hundred other lesser operations can in many localities be done with greater expedition, cheaper, and with less uncertainty as to labor by using the gasoline engine.

In many sections the gasolene engine shows a saving of fifty per cent. in cost of operation over the steam engine used for farm purposes. In Iowa and the middle West the farmers use for fuel a low grade of kerosene oil from the Kansas and Arkansas oil fields, an oil that costs only five to seven cents a gallon.

It is estimated that already over a hundred thousand gasolene engines are already purchased by farmers every year. The substantial maker of automobiles with ample capital accumulated from the profits of the boom years in the sale of pleasure cars will have this great new field for further expansion.



"THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAGES."

DISCUSSING the subject of wages, in *System*, Walter Dill Scott asserts that every student of psychology recognizes the fact that the wage is more than a means of self-preservation. Man is a distinctly social creature. He has a social self as well as an individual self. His social self demands social approval as much as his individual self demands bread, clothing and shelter. In our present industrial system this social distinction is most often indicated by means of monetary reward. The laborer demands that his toil shall not only provide the means for self-preservation, but he seeks through his wages the social distinction which he feels to be his due. His desire for increase of wages is often partly, and in some instances main-

ly, due to his craving for distinction or social approval.

It is apparent, therefore, that other factors than the amount of money expended in wages is to be considered by every employer. Without increasing the pay-roll he may increase the efficiency of his men. The employer who has determined the number of men he needs and the wages he must pay has only begun to solve his labor problem.

In judging of the relative merits of fixed salaries as compared with other methods the experiences of individual firms offer no certain data. The relative merits and demerits are best disclosed by a psychological analysis of the manner in which the various devices appeal to the employe's instincts and reason.

All other considerations lose in importance, and the mind becomes focused on output. The worker is blinded to all other motives and invariably sacrifices quality unless this be guarded by rigid inspection. The piece-work or task system thus influences the worker directly and incessantly without regard for the particular instinct to which it may be appealing. Every increase in rate adds directly to the means of self-preservation, of social distinction, and of the accumulation of wealth.

If he be a workman, he may take better care of his tools, keep his output up to a higher standard of quality, prepare himself for more responsible positions. If he be a salesman, he may be more considerate of his customers and hence really more valuable to his employer, he may be more loyal to the house and hence promote the "team work" of the organization, and he may because of his more receptive state of mind be preparing himself for much greater usefulness to his house.



THE RAISING OF CAPITAL.

THAT large topic, the raising of capital, is interestingly dealt with in the *Accountant*.

How many people have closed a more or less lucid description of their business, their invention, or other proposition with this confidential remark! "And so I think the best way would be to form a little company to work the proposition." Here in this office, scores of men, having come to the conclusion that they could make more money if they could get possession of capital, have decided that they will form a little company just as though it were the easiest thing in the world. They have asked my assistance in full confidence that a large section of the public is ready to subscribe on sight of a prospectus.

The raising of capital is one of the very hardest things to do unless you can show quite clearly that those who take shares have more than a probability of securing an investment that will be worth considerably more than they pay for it. Perhaps in this connection I ought to except booms.

We have recently had an example in the rubber boom, and no doubt during that time it was possible to float anything into a company that smelt of rubber. But even then people went into it with a view, not so much of a permanent investment returning them a steady dividend from shares that would be worth par or more, but purely with the idea of speculation, in the hope that after allotment the value of the shares would rise and they could sell at a profit and cut clear from a company that they had not the faintest intention of regarding as a permanent investment. This is not business, but gambling.

My advice to most inventors is, therefore, to get the idea out of their heads that they or anyone else can easily form a company. This is probably the hardest course of all, unless they have working figures to show. When once they can produce results, they can obtain capital; until then it is almost impossible to do so on any lines remotely favorable to themselves.



THE BUYER

"THE BUYER," by Elwood S. Brown in the *Book-Keeper*, is refreshing.

He says: We hear a tremendous lot about selling. We read article after article, and treatise upon treatise; practical, theoretical, even psychological. On buying we see and hear far less. We should know more.

If salesmanship demands a fine degree of persuasion and enthusiasm, buying necessitates a sure display of judgment and conservatism. The great bee-line drive of the buyer is good quality at low price. He doesn't want an enthusiastic glow about him to secure this. Selling requires tactful aggressiveness; buying de-

mands conservative weighing and careful deliberation. Selling aims to close at an opportune and convincing moment; buying calls for a consideration of all points, set one against the other; and then a close, accurate, mathematical decision may be given. Your good buyer is never in a rush on an important deal.

The proprietor of a certain western automobile concern was a splendid salesman. When any one of his men reached his selling limit, he delivered the prospect to his chief. The latter rarely failed where there was a ghost of a chance. He was an affable, agreeable, positive salesman. But as a buyer he was a typical grouch, almost brow-beating, and most unfair.

An advertising specialty salesman called on him frequently, endeavoring to interest him in his line. The buyer was short, abrupt and antagonistic. Everything was "too high." Finally the salesman secured something to his liking. What did the buyer do? He took the carefully planned specialty, submitted it to the rival of the salesman's firm, and let the job at a figure 5 per cent. lower than

the one given him. He thought he was doing good buying. He was not. It was poor work and unjust.

The salesman was incensed. He was a strong man and a leader in his firm. Later in the year, through his efforts, a tacit agreement was effected with the rival firm. The following year the buyer was in the market for another specialty. The price of the article submitted was deliberately placed 25 per cent. above normal, and salesmen of both houses stood like a stone wall. The buyer bought, paying an exorbitant profit. Antagonizing a salesman never is a good plan for the buyer.

The buyer for heavy lines, such as manufacturing, must have a wide range of knowledge of dissimilar goods. He should be perpetually gathering facts and figures and continually keeping quotations revised to the last moment. He should interrogate every salesman falling his way; he must regularly read the technical journals and market reports and keep posted on general conditions. A fluctuation over night may mean the loss or gain of many dollars to his firm.



POPULATING A STATE BY ADVERTISING

"POPULATING a State Through Advertising" is the title of an article by J. Craig Davidson, in "Advertising and Selling" in which he says: In April of this year the State of Colorado began advertising itself. The first thing to do was to collate statistics, general information and other data on the resources of the State. In its investigations, the board found that although the state of Colorado produced \$150,000,000 of farm products annually, yet it shipped into its home towns and cities from outside the state, each year, something like \$4,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs; \$4,000,000 worth of dairy products; nearly \$4,000,000 worth of wheat and flour; \$5,000,000 worth of hogs and pork products; several hundred thousand dollars worth of garden truck and small fruits.

It decided that the state could easily raise all and more of the products required in the feeding of the thousands in the cities, towns and mining camps of Colorado, *if it had more farmers.*

With an appropriation less than a great many land firms allow their advertising departments, the board has brought into Colorado hundreds of homeseekers, and at least \$100,000 in money for investment in Colorado lands. Yet the results of this active work for the past few months are just beginning to be seen, for the vast majority of land-buyers—the farmers—are just tying up the loose ends of the harvesting season, and though fall plowing and planting is in full swing in some sections, they have more time and desire to look through their farm papers than before.



The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

SHE had striven hard to give her pupils a thorough understanding of the proper rules for punctuation. The lessons had been appreciated, but she thought the best way to test her pupils by examination, so she wrote the following sentence on the blackboard. "A nice young lady named Mary Ann when going across a muddy street held her skirt and displayed a nice foot and neatly turned ankle. Turning to the first boy in the class she asked him to punctuate the sentence. Hesitatingly, he answered,—"Please Ma'am I would put a period at the end." "Yes, that is correct," she said, and turning to the second boy in the class said, "Tommy, how would you punctuate the sentence?" Fearing he was wrong, he slowly answered,—“Please Ma'am, I would put a semi-colon after skirt.” The same question was put to the boy at the foot of the class. Johnny was a big soft looking fellow but had evidently been paying close attention to the lessons for he answered without the least hesitation, "Please Ma'am I would make a dash after Mary Ann."

* * *

Pretty nearly every Canadian has read the brilliant verses of The Khan, who wrote The Men of the Northern Zone and The Frontier Way.

The Khan, twenty odd years ago, was a newspaperman in Winnipeg. Edward Farrer was editor of the paper, and The Khan was writing a serial story, instalments of which were

published each day. He also did all round reporting work. One night Farrer came to the office to find no instalment of the Khan's story on hand—and no Khan either. Scouts were sent out for the novelist. He was rounded up and hustled to the office.

"Here, you," boomed Farrer. "Go into your room and write that next chapter. And be quick about it."

Farrer had an appointment and he had to leave the Khan in the office. The Khan also desired to join the merry throng in the Leland Hotel. So he wrote for about five minutes and disappeared, leaving a single sheet of paper with the foreman. Next morning Farrer opened his paper, and was amazed to find that the Khan's story was finished. The last chapter read about like this:

Chapter XXXI.

On the following day the hero and heroine, the villain and assistant villain, and all the minor characters chanced to visit a coal mine. The villain struck a match to light a cigar. There was a terrific explosion of fire-damp and all the characters in this novel were instantly blown into Eternity.

The End.

* * *

Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, is of German—to be precise, of Hessian—descent. Four of the forty-one legislative constituencies in Manitoba are almost exclusively French-Canadian, and, no matter what party is in power

in the province, they are always represented by men of the French race. Last summer, when Premier Roblin went to the country, there was some fear that the name of Laurier would swing two or three of the French districts.

In one of these districts—Carvillon—the Roblin candidate was a bright young French-Canadian named Albert Bernard and he saw to it that he had his fellow-Frenchmen right with him. At every meeting he would say something like this:

“My compatriots, the English-speaking majority insist on pronouncing M’sieu Roblin’s name wrong. My great leader’s name is Roblah. Your ears will tell you that Roblah is a French name. He, himself, is proud to say so. And his greatest regret in life is that he unfortunately cannot speak our beautiful language. But that, my compatriots, is not M’sieu Roblah’s fault; it is the fault of his parents. I can tell you that he has spent many a sorrowful hour because of their neglect. *Trois hourrahs pour Roblah!*”

The Carilloners *hourrahed pour Roblah* to the extent of 125 majority for his candidate, the wily Benard.

* * *

The first-lieutenant of the Liberal Opposition in the Manitoba Legislature is Tom Johnson, a young lawyer who was born in Iceland and has West Winnipeg, with its big Icelandic population, just about where he wants it.

All the Icelanders are not Liberals, though, as Johnson found out during an Icelandic meeting in the campaign last summer.

“I deserve the support of every Icelander,” he said, “because I am always the friend of the Icelanders. Our people are generally law-abiding, but I have kept Icelanders out of jail when the English-speaking lawyers would have railroaded them there. And I have got Icelanders out of the penitentiary after they have been sent there by English-speaking lawyers.”

An old Conservative Icelander arose in the body of the hall.

“Brother Icelanders,” said the old man, “We have all heard what Mr. Johnson has said. You an’t got any business sending him to the Legislature if what he said is true. Johnson ought to stay right where he is, a-practisin’ law, if he is so almighty smart keepin’ us Icelanders out of jail.”

* * *

An amusing story is told at the expense of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of an incident that occurred some years ago. A gentleman secured an audience with the President of the C.P.R., and put up a very strong argument for a pass to Toronto, advancing many good reasons. Sir Thomas told him that passes were only issued on good grounds of railroad policy, but in view of what had been said he really thought the gentleman was entitled to consideration. He, therefore, handed him ten dollars, the price of a ticket, which the gentleman took, thanked the President profusely, went out of the building, down the street and bought a ticket over the Grand Trunk Railway.

* * *

The bunch of hand-picked newspapermen who swung round the circle with Sir Wilfrid when he made his 8,000 mile trip missed one of the Old Man’s best jokes.

At Prince Rupert he was welcomed by Mayor Stork and his newly-elected council. The Mayor made the usual *welcome-to-our-fair-city* speech and the Premier agreed with him in foreseeing the day when the population would be 100,000.

When the exercises were over, and Sir Wilfrid was shaking hands with the Mayor, the Premier chuckled.

“I am convinced that Prince Rupert will have a big population, Mr. Mayor.”

“Glad to hear it, Sir Wilfrid.”

“Why, any place that chooses a Stork for its first mayor is bound to have.”

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"AS HE NEARED THE PASS . . . HE HEARD THE CLATTER OF HOOFS
BEHIND HIM CEASE."

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XXI

Toronto February 1911

No 4

The Campaign Fund in Canada

By T. A. Petersen

THE post-election question in Canada is not "Was there any money?" but "how much?" and "where did the money come from?"

J. Israel Tarte said, as everybody knows, that "elections are not won with prayers."

A statement similar in substance, but somewhat different and perhaps a trifle more striking in the wording, is ascribed to Sir John Macdonald.

It is not the purpose of this article to do more than present as fully as the circumstances will allow, the theory of the campaign fund, which is vicious, and to outline the application of the theory, which is — scientific. "I am not" said Sir Richard Cartwright, once, 'addressing a girls' school in this matter."

An essay on honest elections, or to put it in another way, on elections won by prayers exclusively, would begin and end with the wealth of data to be found in the standard work on snakes in Ireland. Of course, and to do no man or party or government an injustice, it must be admitted, and is hereby admitted, that nothing herein set down can apply if it should be determined that there are

after all, snakes in Ireland.

It appears upon a careful study of the subject—made with all proper precautions as to sterilization, etc.—that the "corruption fund," travelling "incog" as the "campaign fund," and more euphemistically known in polite society as "the sinews of war," has a double purchasing power. It buys a group before it buys the individual. It is paid over to the "group" in return for legislative favors, delivered or prospective. It passes from the "group" to the individual for his vote. Said individual may know it, or he may not, according as the bribing is done directly or indirectly, because there are some forms of bribery which border upon art.

It is the fault of the electors if they are bribed. If corruption has become a recognized part of an election campaign, it is the fault of the people who consent to be corrupted.

It would be a difficult matter to buy votes if no votes were for sale. It is within the range of possibility that if corruption funds were not needed, that is to say, if they could not be used for the purpose for which they are intended,

political parties might cease to collect bribe money so systematically.

If these political parties had ceased to collect bribe money because there was no chance of using it, charter thieves and franchise-grabbers *might* have to go to Parliaments and ask for legislation on its merits. It is a dream, but a somewhat pleasing one.

There are undoubtedly more ways than one of bribing electors. The ingenuity of election agents and workers, in all time since election-by-ballot began, has been directed toward the discovery of new ways of tricking the common people into the betrayal of the elementary principle of responsible government. That is, by the sale of their votes. The midnight visitor who journeys up and down the side-lines and mysteriously separates himself from dollar bills or ten dollar bills is a crude product of the aforesaid ingenuity. The method adopted in the London bye-election where a third man held the price of the vote until the vote was delivered, was primitive and, as subsequent events proved, somewhat dangerous. The bribery of an entire constituency with the promise and at times the gift of public works at a cost wholly unjustified from a revenue basis, is a common and popular modern method. The threat of the employer to the wage-earner who finds himself bribed with his bread and butter and the bread and butter of his family, is one of the most frequently adopted forms of exercising "influence." There are other ways, some easily discernible, some so subtle as to be detected only by a moral sense of smell. Some men, of course, know they are being bribed without being told but there are many heroes who will hold the telescope up to the blind eye.

But here is the theory:

The campaign fund, large or small, is provided by the corporations, large or small. The corporations do not do it out of philanthropy or out of patriotism. It is purely a business transaction. They are not giving something for nothing. They are giving something to get something, and the large corporations give most because they want most. Moreover, as a general rule, they get value for their money, full measure and running over.

The party in power naturally gets the most because it is in the best position to deliver the goods. The party which is in the minority is nevertheless not without power and may not always be in the minority. So the minority party gets its share, although competing corporations sometimes ally themselves with opposing parties and give only or principally to one party.

The corporations in return for the money "contributed" get "legislation." If it is legislation to which they are entitled they pay less for it, unless there is a hold-up by the other party to the transaction. Legislation which is least in the public interest is the most expensive, involving probably a very large cash contribution and in addition an energetic and expensive lobby. This cash contribution finds its way eventually, or some of it does, to the electors, or some of them. If the distribution were equal and general this might be called a round-about justice, inasmuch as this money is the price of the alienation of public rights and public domain. Some smarting consciences are salved with that idea.

Federal and provincial campaign funds are separate. They do not originate together and they are handled separately. But the basis in each case is the same. The collection of the money begins a long while ahead. That is why a forced dissolution and an appeal to the people at a time when the War Chest is but poorly stocked results in a more accurate expression of public opinion than usually follows a campaign conducted at the close of a long parliamentary term.

A government for the time being has within its fold one minister whose duty it is to look after the chest. Where this duty is not performed by a cabinet minister it is done by a man closely in touch with the ministry. Absolute security may require the admission of this man into the Cabinet circle at some time. But it is the defined duty of one man, and he attends to it, while his colleagues draw their skirts about them and fix their gaze on higher things. The contributing corporation likewise has one man whose business it is to look after legislation and to see that it arrives when ordered. The corporation knows what is going on in-

side the party circle because, usually, there is in each party one man who is the creature of the corporation and responsible to it.

When a general election period approaches the business of the party is first of all to get funds. The War Chest of the party in power has been already partly filled. More comes. The minority party has some, but not nearly so much and must scurry around among the rich men who are its adherents. The need is regulated by the extent to which the electoral appetite for money has been educated in the past. Take a province of the size, say, of Ontario. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars might be sufficient to provide for the whole of one province of this size and be wholly insufficient for the corruption requirements of another province of equal or nearly equal size. The same is true of individual constituencies.

Experienced organizers say that a constituency once debauched is never reclaimed. Its fall has taken place probably at some bye-election when the whole energies of two parties were focussed upon it. It has been bought. It has to be bought again. It goes into the column of ridings for which thereafter appropriations must be made as a matter of course. For a generation, that is to say, until a new and as yet, unbought electorate grows up in the place of the old. In one of the Ontario ridings in which was fought one of the historic bye-elections which marked the close of the Liberal regime in Ontario, both sides, it is said, spent enormously. It is still in the cash constituency column.

Take particular note of the word "cash." The corporation is after a valuable franchise. The terms are arranged. The legislation is to be granted on the definite understanding that a generous contribution will be made to the campaign fund. The franchise or the desirable legislation of whatever sort, is obtained. The corporation pays up and fails not, because, although the goods have been delivered and although the transaction would not bear publicity, both bargainers are in it, and the vendor has the power to discipline the welcher to the verge of ruin or beyond. He may not be

in a position to exercise that power today, but he will be to-morrow, and the other man knows it. Self-preservation is the rock upon which is founded the honor of both parties to these transactions. Cash payments are preferred.

The spending of the campaign fund is necessarily done with some degree of caution. I mean, that "spending" other than that which has to do with the printing and distribution of campaign literature and the payment of organizers and the renting of halls, the total of which is comparatively small. The absolute need of secrecy in the other sort of spending has resulted in the perfection of a filtering system so elaborate as to make the tracing of corruption money an impossibility. There have been times when bribery has been proved and the money seen. There has never been an instance in which such money has been traced back to its origin.

A business man of means, a friend of the party, doing a large business with his bank, taking out and putting in large sums of money, draws out one day, say—ten thousand dollars. It is the most ordinary thing in the business world. He draws another ten thousand out of another bank. There is nothing to excite suspicion. To all outward appearances he needs the money in his business. This first money, in cold cash, goes into the vault in his office. The business man, of course, is not giving away his own money. The second ten thousand is his pay. He is merely assisting in the breaking up and re-assembling of the "Campaign Fund," which after much of the same sort of procedure, becomes a huge collection of the bills of a dozen different banks. It takes time, sometimes a long time, the banking and changing being spread over as extended a period as possible.

The whole object is to get the fund in cash and to do it as far away from the time and scene of the election as possible. The fund is made up of Dominion twos, of fives and tens, some fifties, and care is exercised to see that there are not too many of the same denomination of the same bank. The aim and result of this is that when the money gets into the place where it is to be spent, and the in-

habitants proceed to display unusual affluence in the vicinity of the town bar, the hotelkeeper does not find himself possessed of valuable political information in the drawer of his cash register. To ensure this happy result it may even be considered desirable in the breaking up of the original fund to exchange Canadian for United States notes. An agent makes a short journey across the border and the change comes back.

The banking is never under any circumstances done in the place where the money is to be spent. Between these two points or stages there are many intermediate points or stages. It is a long coil to the final stage. Small sums are deposited in one bank and are later drawn out of another in different bills. The system has reached a high degree of excellence, but those who have contributed to its success are ever on the lookout for improvements. In the handling of campaign funds eternal vigilance alone is the price of a fair measure of safety. Once in a while, of course, the current may come close to the surface because the success of big schemes will always depend upon trifles. The principal danger against the successful working of the "Campaign Fund" is the danger of there being left a trail. It is against this danger that the precautions of the fund-handlers are directed, and these precautions must be taken at the banking stage. One important factor is in the favor of the successful working of the filter. The bank employes must co-operate in the maintenance of secrecy. The fact that the larger sums are handled through business men who are customers of the bank makes it imperative that the bank employes should shut their eyes and mouths, even assuming that they suspected that they were handling campaign funds. Up to now the system has never broken down.

In the Gamey case every effort was made to trace the money that R. R. Gamey swore he received. Every effort failed. The banking transaction was never discovered. The question "Where did the money come from?" was never answered. Probably it never will be answered. The circumstances suggest a possible explanation, namely, that the

money, assuming that there was money, had been collected some time before for another purpose, held in cash and not deposited in a bank at all. That may be the explanation or it may not. A Royal Commission tried to find out and failed. Bank books and other books were diligently examined and signers of big cheques were subpoenaed. The question remained unanswered.

Campaign funds are not shovelled out to every party man who applies for help. Nor is the shovelling done by the man who has done the collecting. A distributor takes the collector's place. To him go the sitting members, on their way back for re-election. Their's is the first claim, and they are attended to first, according to their needs and their own values as party men. Then the organizers take the map and size up the doubtful ridings. The candidates are weighed and the best man gets the most help. In some cases money is provided for no other purpose than to prevent an election by acclamation, a thing which the organizer abhors. A thousand dollars may be put into a fight under such circumstances, the organizer going into the riding and digging up a candidate whose campaign will cost him nothing and who gets himself in line for favors to come. That's why there are so few elections by acclamation.

Part of the fund is always reserved for the last week of the campaign and eleventh hour appeals, but it is then that most care is exercised for two reasons, the other side begins to watch about that time and, occasionally, perhaps, a candidate may be seeking a further hand-out with no idea of passing it on. Most politicians have at one time or other heard stories of campaign funds that never reached the intended market.

It has been said that the country is ruled by railways, and, at various times, that various governments have been owned by railways. It has been more than once hinted from time to time that the great railways are included in the list of these corporations whose financial relations with governments assist in the creation of great stores of political war supplies. I have heard it stated that the pres-

ent Government of Canada fathered the Grand Trunk Pacific project and backed the undertaking by pledging the resources of the country to an enormous extent, for the primary purpose of having an instrument with which to offset the political influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Northern Railway in western and north-western Canada. That may be so or it may not. The fact remains, however, that the influence of a transcontinental railway thrown into the scale against one party or another is tremendous. The friendship of such a corporation is of itself a campaign fund and no political party will willingly and deliberately make an enemy of a great landed transportation

company, unless perhaps, it is for the purpose of retaining and acquiring the aid of a similar and stronger company. It may not be too much to say that, all things considered, the railway companies in this country held the balance of power as between a government and the people. The operation of the Intercolonial Railway in the Maritime Provinces has taught successive governments this lesson. It is accepted now as a rule of the book that the railway influence must be counted as one of the first factors of an election campaign and no government or party can afford to ignore this over-shadowing power until the chartering and financing of great railway projects is taken out of the hands of Parliament.



The Legend of the Cliff

By John Boyle

THE cliff stands a hundred feet high about mid-way in the valley. The mountains—the Rockies, that form the walls of the valley, look down upon it from all around and a little lake, little by comparison with the height of the cliff, lies at the foot of it.

On that side of the valley which faces the cliff and across which the rising sun glistens every morning, there is a long piece of smooth land which falls in easy terraces from the cragged shoulders of the

eastern wall of the valley like a cloak, and which runs smoothly down to the edge of the little lake, where, upon its hem as it were, grasses leap up and stand staring across the lake at the frowning height of rock. And when, in the afternoon, the sun finally turns his back and steps behind the hills, leaving only the twilight to light the late birds home, great shadows creep out on the face of the cliff. Now these shadows are unlike any other shadows in that valley. They are more



black. And as for the cliff itself, it is unlike any other thing in the valley. It is as still as a man lying in wait for his enemy. It is as still as a drop of water hanging from a twig and never falling. It is not the stillness of a thing which is dead, but of a thing with a mind behind it, sinister, threatening. It has such an evil property that the little winds of the valley are afraid after sunset to creep upon the breasts of the water, but instead go round about it, whimpering softly on the edge of the low plain. The foolish loons cry at night for an echo out of the cliff. But it never answers except when there is a great wind and the waters and the wind beating against the foot of the rock make a sound like women wailing in a camp.

II.

Now in the days before the valley was invaded by the white men, before there were any apple trees and irrigation ditches, and before the Okanagan Valley had become famous for the apples it produces, there lived on the low side of it a tribe of Indians after whom the valley and the apples to-day take their name. They were called the Okanagans and the name of their chief was Tsermanchouton.

Now this chief was a young man and a champion, very tall, very brave and rich, as riches were estimated in the tribe in those days. He had horses and he had blankets. He was skilled with weapons and a hunter of renown. And all that he lacked in the mind of the tribe, was a wife and a steadier disposition. For he was a man of humors and whims, sometimes cruel, sometimes kind. Often he

wandered away into strange places. And he was fond of being alone. When the old women sent their best daughters to walk by his door that he might see and choose, he mocked at them and chose none.

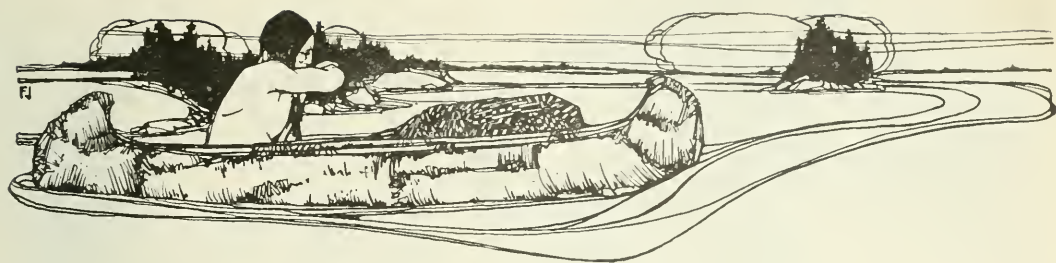
But of a certain day he called to his Mother, who was an old woman blackened with the smoke of cooking, and he said to her: "Woman, I am going to find the top of the cliff."

"How shall you find it?" she answered, sneeringly, "Is it not a forbidden place? Is it not known that none ever ascend it, and that on the top of the cliff is the abode of none but spirits?"

"There are no spirits," he said, "or at all events there are none on the top of the cliff. I am going."

So he took his horse and rode off slowly, leaving the young men to go hunting alone. And passing by the shore of the lake, opposite the face of the cliff all the time, he came to the place where the lake begins and a small stream falls exhausted into the deep bosom of the lake after its long journey down the sides of the mountains round about. And at that point he crossed the stream and found himself on a narrow footing right under the bellies of the great rocks above.

Suddenly he came upon an opening in the face of the rock out of which a very small stream of water ran. It ran slowly as though it had an easy path down which to fall and the young chief saw that it was heavy with mud which it had picked up on its road. So he followed the water into a fissure in the cliff and searching diligently found a way, steep in places, but none the less possible,



up which he led his horse and by which he attained the top of the great cliff.

And then he discovered the strangeness of the cliff. For when he came to the top and was on the plain above, he looked about him for the edge of the precipice and behold he could see none! The same mountains were on all sides of the valley. He observed the same peaks and gulches. But the floor of the valley seemed smooth. There was no cliff, no lake and no sign of the camping place where his tribe had lived since he could first remember. There seemed to be but one stretch of dry earth from the one wall of the valley to the other and he would have been afraid for his senses only that he happened to look a little closer in one direction than the other and he saw a bird rise, seemingly out of the ground, but which had in reality risen from its nest under the edge of the cliff. And then he saw that the cliff so matched the color of the ground on the other side of the valley, and was so straight along the top that it was hard for the eye in the glare of the sun to discern the edge of this upper plain. As he looked and thought, he saw that a stranger, riding toward the farther side of the valley, not knowing that there was a cliff in its middle, would ride over it and be destroyed. After a long time he turned away and after marking the place where the cliff was, so that upon his return he should not fall over it himself, but should be able to find his path and descend to the level of his own plain once more, he rode straight into the pass which he saw opening in the rear wall of the valley, and came into the valley of the Nicolas and the camping place of that people.

III.

Lying in a thicket he looked down on

the camp of this new people. With his arrows by him and his hatchet close, he lay and peered through the leaves of his hiding place down on the tops of the village. It seemed deserted. There was no life except for a few old dogs and the young chief saw that the tribe was away hunting except for the old men and the old women and the very young. As he looked down on the village he laughed and planned cunningly how he could steal down and set it ablaze with just a brand from a nearby smouldering fire. His fingers tangled with mischief and he narrowed his eyes in the very delight of his cunning. But as he did so he heard a voice laughing, a very pretty laugh, soft and changing like the voice of a stream as the wind varies. Suddenly his arrows were gone from beside him and his hatchet was drawn out of reach, and as he leaped to his feet he stood facing a girl, a girl who was laughing at him as he stood there disarmed. Her face was full of mischief.

He spoke civilly and she answered civilly. The tongues were different but there was enough resemblance between them so that they could talk. But as he picked over his words to make an understanding between them, the girl suddenly tossed his hatchet and his arrows out on the thicket in the direction of the camp, and he heard them falling with a clatter on the roof of a tepee. He heard a shout—a dog bark—more dogs taking up the cry, and he bit his lips as he realized that he was near being trapped. Anger and admiration for the laughing squaw, and concern for his own safety were quarrelling in his mind. He compromised swiftly, and with one bound seized the girl and lifting her lightly, set her before him on his horse and rode swiftly back



THE SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF TINGLED IN THE ENDS OF HIS FINGERS

along the trail he had followed from his own valley. As he rode he heard the young men of that camp returning and heard them shouting as they searched the thicket where he had been hiding. He knew they would be following. He heard the commotion. He heard pursuers coming. They seemed about to overtake him. Yet as he neared the pass he heard the clatter of hoofs behind him cease, and the girl was smiling back into his face.

"Why have they gone back?" he asked her.

"Do you not see?" she said, nodding up toward the red summits guarding the pass. "The blood on these peaks has always been a warning to my people never to venture through the pass. None that ever entered it ever returned. You are the first to come out of it. My people are afraid to follow till that light has faded. Only my father would be bold enough, and he is away hunting. But I am content to be loved by you—a spirit."

"Spirit! I am a man," he answered.

"It is enough," she said, simply.

But the little horse is running softly as though the girl in front of the chief was not the addition of a feather's weight. The chief paid no heed to the girl's words. He made the pass, he crossed the high plain of his own valley and came to the top of the path which had let him up

from the other side of his valley, and so came into the camp of his own people.

He called his people. "There are pursuers coming," he said. "I have carried away a captive from the people that dwell in the next valley."

"A captive!" they shouted.

"Yes," he replied curtly, "but she is for a wife. Do as I bid you now." And as they gathered about him to hear his instruction, he commanded them to light fires upon the floor of the valley far back against the eastern wall of mountains.

"As for you," he said, to his captive, "you would have deceived me into riding less swiftly through the pass so that your people could overtake me, but I was wiser than to heed. They shall follow and I—it will be amusing."

He had judged the distance so that the fires could be seen from the moment the pursuing Nicolas should emerge from the pass into the valley of the Okanagans.

IV.

Now the hunters returned to the camp of the Nicolas a little before sunset and found the daughter of the chief gone and the trail of a stranger leading into the pass which let into the valley of the Okanagans. They were afraid. They thought the stranger must have been a God or a

Devil or a spirit. For it was a tradition in the tribe, as the girl had said that none who ever rode through the pass had returned, and as a warning the heads of the two mountains on either side of it were smitten with blood every clear evening in the year. So the Nicolas were afraid and in debate.

But the Old Chief, the father of the girl, was unafraid. "The warning is against entering the pass in the sun-time," he said. "When the sun sets the warning is taken away from the hills. The hills are then no longer the color of blood. We shall ride into the pass to-night as soon as the sun has lain down."

So the camp mustered and stood watching the sunset on the top of the two mountains at the sides of the pass. And as the red of the sun faded little and little and a little more, they mounted and rode with the old chief at their head, into the pass. Behind them the old women moaned and rocked and the old men recalled how one and then another, and in all ten men of the tribe had ventured into the pass and returned not. But the old Chief rode on and his men.

V.

And they returned no more. For as they entered into the valley which lay beyond the pass they saw the fires which the Okanagans had made on the far side of the valley.

"Do spirits have fires?" cried the Old Chief, as the young men drew rein. "Are you afraid of fires?"

They answered by spurring their horses to the front. They said nothing, but spreading apart, rode swiftly down toward the far-off fires on the far side of the valley. The ground slipped pleasantly under them. The air was good, the land smooth. They had no longer any fear 'till suddenly—those who were riding behind could see nothing of those who rode in front, and listening—there were no sound of hoof-beats from ahead. They pulled short their horses, still there was only a silence.

The old chief was gone. They called for him softly and gave the signals of the tribe, but there was no answer, and they turned to flee. But even as they turned to flee they were attacked from behind. Arrows assailed them and great giants, as

they thought, strode among them striking with their hatchets and driving them back toward the place where the Old Chief had disappeared. So some were slain and the others, save only a few, were driven over the cliff.

And down below, in the valley of the Okanagans, the young captive wept in the tent of her lord.

So was commenced the hatred of the Nicolas for the Okanagans. The Okanagans became great warriors while the Nicolas became farmers and tillers of the soil. Out of that generation there were none left but old men and old women and young children who learned the tale of the blood-smitten pass which leads, as the saying came to be used, "into the valley of death."

PART II.

THE young husband grew old and he died. The wife, the daughter of the Nicolas, grew old and she died. And as time passed the old Hag of Poverty came into the camp and pitched her wigwam. The smoke of her fires clouded the hearts of the people. There was hunger in the camp. The very poles of the wigwams showed through like the ribs of a lean horse. The horses of the camp were short of wind, poor runners, starved. The women wore the weary, patient look of women who suffer in silence and nurse cold thoughts against their husbands. The children's knees were sharp and if rain fell on the cheek of one of them while it slept, it lay in the hollow. Where one dog had quarrelled before, ten quarrelled. The males thieved from the females, and the leaders among the dogs warred with one another for scraps that had gone to the litters before. The mark of dice was all around the slovenly camp.

For the Okanagans had fallen upon evil days. The white man had come; had fenced in long stretches of the level land: had strung the poles of the Long-Talk over the dry land. Game had passed further and further away and though the camp had followed, still they came back always to the old valley. Their old game of War was gone. There were



none in the other tribe of the Nicolas to fight with, for the Nicolas had become a peaceful tribe and had put aside the art of arms and had learned by scraping the soil after the manner of the white men, to get crops enough to feed them. And if the Okanagans would have pillaged them the officers of the White Man's Law made trouble with strange papers and signs and proceedings that took the heart out of the braves. So that at length there had come into the empty heart of the tribe the passion for gambling. The white men had brought it with them into the valley, together with convenient little tables and neatly-made dice. The gaming spirit crept first into the blood of the young chief, and from him entered all the young men of the tribe so that they gave up hunting and frequented the town of the white man which had grown up in the valley. And there they gambled.

But there had come the day of starvation. The pots were empty. The best saddles and the best horses were gone: they had been lost by the braves. The best knives and the rifles which the camp had acquired were gone. The Hag of Poverty brooded over the boiling pots of water.

This day the braves had lost everything. As they filed home, afoot, up the trail, the women had come out to meet them and see their luck. They knew of it before the men were within hailing distance for they came afoot, whereas in the morning they had ridden away well-mounted, considering the evil days of the camp.

So in the evening of this day the young

Chief sat by a burned-out fire and brooded.

"Do you plan to save us?" mocked an old squaw, passing.

"I plan nothing," he replied.

"And we eat nothing!" She passed on slowly, rubbing her smoke-blackened hands together, crooning, evilly.

Another squaw passed, with three lean children dragging on her hand.

"Did you bring us food?" she asked.

"Do you see it with me?" he retorted.

"How shall we feed the children?"

Another and another squaw went by in reproach, until at length, exasperated, the young chief rose and summoned the dwindled tribe together.

"We have lost at the tables," he began as his shamed braves hung in behind him. "There is no food."

"Can we not beg a little?" plead a lean squaw with a watery-eyed baby on her hip. Would not the tribe of your mother lend us a little?"

"They are merchants, not warriors," returned the Chief, sneering. "They have learned to tickle the earth for meat."

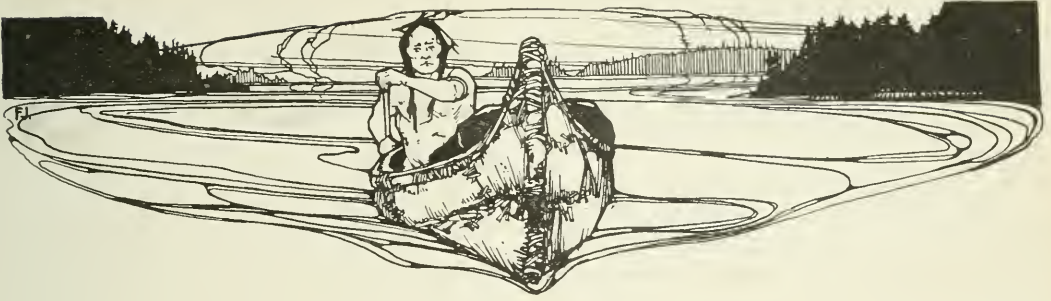
"Could not we also learn to tickle it?"

"Will a conqueror teach you to mend the sores you left upon yourself? We conquered them in war. In peace they are our conquerors since there can be no more war."

"Let us then—steal," wailed a squaw who had once been fat but whose flesh had fallen away pitifully.

"Let us give them the ransom for ourselves to be taught their art. Let us make peace," cried another.

"Do as you please," he said. "I called you to tell you to wait. I am seeking a



way for us. Get me a horse and I shall go. I go to the tomb of my father."

They brought him a pony and he rode off toward the great cliff, in the early evening. And he came to his father's tomb and knelt upon it while the sun was setting and the moon rose heavily.

II.

In the morning there was still no food in the camp. The dogs had run away. The sun had waked the camp in vain. The people rose and waited, stupidly for the return of the young Chief.

And when the sun was well up, one of the young men saw the Chief returning from the place where his father had discovered the path to the top of the cliff and upon the top of which was his tomb. The tribe straggled weakly out to meet him.

"What have you done?" they asked. "Have you brought us food?"

"No," he answered, "but I have dreamed a great dream and I have been to the camp of the Nicolas. But in the dream I saw my father and he commanded me to play once more on the little tables and to watch carefully the game."

"To play again!" they shouted, dismayed.

"Aye! And you shall bring me all the horses that are left and all the saddles and we shall play them all, after the manner in which my father, the great chief, directed me."

"But if you lose," they wailed.

But he turned his back.

They brought all the saddles that were left, all the blankets and all the horses. And the gamblers, seeing them coming down the trail, laughed.

"By Gad!" cried one fat old gamester, "They've more spunk than white men. Here they come with the last of their saddles, I bet."

"Not worth a whoop," snarled an evil-faced man.

"Nope," sighed the old one, "but I'd like to see what's going to happen when the game is up."

"They'll be cleaned out. That's all," returned the other.

They waited.

The young Chief came in, clearer-eyed than they had ever seen him before. And with him were seven young men, also clear of eye. They had been fasting.

"Have a drink?" asked the fat one.

"No drink," said the young Chief, and lifting his finger he pointed to the starving rabble that had followed the gamesters into the town.

"Gad!" exclaimed the fat one. "They are thin."

As they sat down, the evil-faced one to play against the young chief, the seven braves stood close by to watch that he did not cheat. He did not see them at first. Then he swore. But he had no excuse for the fat one, who was his principal, was in a peculiar good humor. So there was no cheating.

The dice rattled merrily, then there was a little thump as the hand of the evil-faced one touched the table, turning the box over and spilling out the dice.

"I win," he said.

"I have lost only one saddle," replied the young chief.

Whereupon he played with new interest, and behold! Then, again, he won, and again, and again.

"I will play no more," said the Evil-Faced.

"Oh, yes," laughed the fat gambler. "Let them beat us this time, Pete. We can win it back again."

"You can never win it back again," said the young Chief, stiffly.

The half of the tribe had gathered about the little table. The room was hot. I lay after play the young Chief won, and then, satisfied, counted his winnings carefully.

"Play again!" shouted the tribe. But he shook his head.

I am the chief of the Okanagans and am an enemy of the Nicolas whom my father led over the great cliff. By war they were made to learn the art of peace. By peace have we been disarmed. We have been starving. Is it better say you to learn the art of peace. To tickle the earth and make it feed us, or die? When I left you last night I went first to my father's grave which is beside the cliff, and then I rode into the valley of the Nicolas. It is green and well fed. In the night I found the chief of them. The chief of the Nicolas has offered to teach us the art whereby his



AND OVER THE TOMB OF HIS FATHER HE KNELT, WHILE ON ONE SIDE THE SUN WAS SETTING AND ON THE OTHER THE MOON ROSE HEAVILY.

"I have enough," he said.

They went out to a quiet place at the skirts of the town and there sat down. He counted the money before them. There was forty dollars. He gave orders and the seven young men went into the town and bought meat and bread with twenty dollars. The tribe ate ravenously and when it was finished the young Chief gathered them about him again, and made them a speech.

"My children," he said, "I am of both the Nicolas and of the Okanagans. Yet

people live, provided we give them a ransom. They have need of money to buy a medicine stick—a plough. If we get it for them for our ransom they will take us into their camps and teach us to plough and to reap, as they have done. Shall we pay the ransom?"

"Aye!" they shouted.

"Then," said the young chief, "Let the chief of the Nicolas come before me to receive the money which, according to the direction of the spirit of my father we have won, and let us go into the camp

of the Nicolas and make peace. Here is the offering for the plough."

As he finished, a tall man dressed in the clothes of a white man, with a great straw hat on his head, and a red handkerchief over his shirt collar came for-

ward and accepted the money from the hand of the young chief. Then he led the way back into the valley of Nicolas, the conquerors into the valley of the conquered. So was peace sealed between the two tribes forever and forever.

RELIABLE PEOPLE.

From Great Thoughts.

THERE is doubtless a great deal of worldly success won by men who are not reliable as far as righteousness goes. But such success has its drawbacks. It works for a while, but is apt to break down like an unreliable engine. The unscrupulous man gains power or position, but not the respect of the better elements of the community; and in the long run, his life breaks down. Every town, every city, every nation rests on the shoulders of the reliable people in its borders. They may not be its most prominent or most wealthy citizens, but they are its absolutely necessary ones. The individual who determines to be reliable, determines thereby to be valuable to all around him.

"How did he come to be the head of the concern?" was asked about a peculiarly quiet man who forged to the front in a growing business. "Why, it was this way," was the reply. "All anybody had to do, in case of things going wrong, was to refer matters to him. He was always attentive, always cleared up the tangles, always could answer questions, always was ready to do more than he was expected to do. He was not ambitious; he did not want the head place especially; but what was the use of making anybody else the head when we had him?" His reliability made everyone depend on him, and he became head in title because he was first the head in fact.

As one follows up reliability one finds how it includes and accompanies other fine traits of character. In its best form it is always unselfish, usually humble, and allied with a true sense of honor. Reliable people are apt to be harder on themselves than on others, and given to bearing other folks' burdens for them. Patience becomes second nature to the reliable soul, and so do sincerity and neighborly kindness. On the other hand, to be unreliable is never a fault of character that exists alone. It means self-indulgence or disloyalty or shirking or insincerity. The unreliable fall to the rear of life, and deserve it. The "blessed company of faithful people" are the ranks of the advance, and to march among them is to find life worth living.



SIR ALLEN AYLESWORTH, K.C.M.G.

Minister of Justice

In Regard to Modern Knights

SUPPOSE that there had been a misunderstanding among the storks as to the order in which people were to be let into this world. I mean, suppose there had been a mix-up in the tickets of admission so that some people were let into the nice, warm, cheery glow of this world, out of the gloomy atmosphere of prenatal eternity, before their turn. Suppose Milton had arrived before Chaucer and Shakespeare before that again. It might have made a wonderful difference to this world. Shakespeare might not have had anybody to steal plots from, and Paradise might not, at that time, have been lost. Of course some people may argue that men are merely the product of their times and that there would have been a Shakespeare when there was a Shakespeare, nevertheless, though his name might have been Brown. So to avoid argument, one might confine the speculation to the question, what would have happened, supposing that the six Canadian Knights, who were just recently created by King George, had been born in the days of King Arthur, in the real days of real knights.

Would Sir Allen Aylesworth have gone galavanting around the country looking for Princesses needing a lift out of a tight place?—letting their golden hair down from their second storey apartments for Sir Allen to write sonnets to it, and climb up? Would Sir Donald Mann have spent whatever time he could spare out of the King's court in escorting old ladies across muddy London crossings, or retrieving scented bits of lace and cambric dropped from the hand of some passing damsel? Would Sir William Mackenzie have gone off by himself into the woods to look for dragons, in the same "Ha Villain! Have at thee!" manner that he still wears? Would Sir George Gibbons of London, Charles Hyman's friend, have gone on a still hunt for some wrong to right? Would he have cut much of a figure in the lists? Or would Sir Thomas Tait? Or Sir Charles Townsend? We venture to say "not." Knights and Knighthood are different affairs now-a-days. They are, for one thing, secured differently.

It would not be kind to surmise what these gentlemen would have been doing when Arthur was waiting for a quorum at his Round Table, or when the Nubian, in Sir Walter Scott's story, was polishing the shield of his Royal Master. Mackenzie might have tried in vain for a charter to build a coach road. Dan



SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE
Of the Canadian Northern Railway

Mann—for he is still Dan Mann, despite the impediment in his address—might have met Mackenzie a hundred times over and without finding any work for their mutual co-operation. Sir Allen Aylesworth would have been without law books to study. Sir Thomas Tait would have had no Australian railways to reorganize, nor Sir Charles Townsend any precedents on which to base his judgments. They would have been jobless, without opportunity, without hope, swine herders perhaps, or pot boys, or tavern keepers, or stage coach drivers, perhaps highwaymen, perhaps fat churls, or surly old squires with gout. They would have been men born before their time.

Knighthood then—and Knighthood now, are two utterly different things. Not that the estate is any less honorable, or the position easier to attain. But there is a difference! The world has grown up. It still keeps Knighthoods as one of the rewards which it offers men. One wonders often that the fashions in this world's "rewards" do not change: that all children like candy, that the earthly goals men set their hearts upon do not seem to change: that money and a nice wife and children, and a Knighthood, a little honor, a little power and enough in the bank to insure a decent burial, are still the ambitions of the world. One man's ambition differs from another's ambition only in method and degree. So Knighthoods are still a sugar plum. "Sir Knight!" is still an honorable title. But the way of obtaining it has changed. There is a new fashion in the world.

Sir William Mackenzie, mounted on an office chair for a charger, with a pen for a lance, a check for a pennant, a secretary for a shield, and a bank for helmet and armor, rides into the lists. Does anybody cheer? Are there any heralds? Does the King stand by to watch? Or do the ladies look on from their boxes?—Instead, nobody saw him enter the lists. The whole world is the lists. There is no audience except those fighting in the lists and a few figure heads. He has no steed, no lance, no pennant, no shield and no helmet or armor. He was born into the lists without them. But by hard work he built for himself an office and an office chair and acquired the other accoutrements. When, at New Years he was Knighted, it was in recognition of the fact that he had won, that he was the victor. It was not because he had built great railroads in Canada or attracted much capital to Canada. Every poor little man in the world would do as much as that if he could, and more, if he were sure of Mackenzie's profit. But Everyman couldn't. The world would have defeated him. William Mackenzie defeated the opposition which would have crushed Everyman. He becomes—"Sir" William.

Mackenzie and Mann earned their honors by valor in the field of material accomplishment. They have unhorsed their competitors. Their presence in the lists is for the first time recognized by the public acknowledgment of their victories. Sir Allen Aylesworth won his knighthood by service to the Nation. Sir Charles Townsend for service to Justice and therefore to the state,



SIR DONALD MANN — OTHERWISE CALLED "DAN," MATE TO "BILL" MACKENZIE

Sir George Gibbons by service on the Waterways Commission which is state service, and Sir Thomas Tait by service to Australia in her railroad problems.

Had the Knights errant of old been born to-day they perhaps might have been as much out of place as might our six new Knights in the days of the Round Table. Yet I think I saw one of them the other day being taken in by a fake-cripple selling tan shoe-laces. I have also a notion that some of the officials of certain social and moral reform associations are in reality valiant dragon-slayers born in the days of only figurative dragons—though dragons nevertheless: while as for the men who strive to wipe out poverty and shame and crime in our communities, who are striving to alter laws and amend things which are not equitable to all, and therefore not equitable to society—they are the true Knights Errant. Quite a few of them are unknighthed.



Sir Allen began life by poring over books. It was on an Ontario farm. He continued it, through law offices and court rooms to Parliament and the Privy Council. He is the most self-contained man in Canadian politics. Nothing phases him. Nothing could ever remove the angelic calm of his cherubic face. He has a theatre in his head. He never needs to go outside of himself to be amused. He merely absorbs the shocks which some honorable member opposite him in the House of Commons is giving off, and, translating them in his own thoughts, he amuses himself and smiles calmly at what he is thinking about. He is gentle and kind, but if you get personal he is apt to fall on you and make a stain on the floor.

Sir Allen gives very few cares for what the world thinks of him. A Toronto Liberal lawyer attacked him in the *Globe*. Sir Allen only smiled with touching simplicity. The Conservatives accused him of being a party man. He admitted it—undisturbed. He had a hand in ousting certain race-track gambling legislation, and the Social and Moral Reformers fell upon him. He was shredded—in print. But he cared nothing. He drawled an answer to them. It was perfectly plain and candid. He had done, he said, what he had done, because he felt like doing it. That was all.

He is a keen lawyer. That is where he was valuable at The Hague. That—and his ability to keep cool and take his time and think. His thinking is fruitful. He is a wise, calm, unper-
turtable man.



Sir William Mackenzie is the man who can take an empty trunk into a London fog and come out again in a week with it full of money—five million per trunk-load. He brings it to Canada, and, phst!—a pass of the hand, and it is transformed into long, shining streaks of steel, and sweating locomotives and crowded depots. He is a little man and in his early days kept a general store. He was born on a farm and he is Scotch. He



SIR THOMAS TAIT

Former C.P.R. official, who recently finished the reorganization
of the Australian Railways.

started his railroading career with the C. P. R. in the west. He is plain and unpretentious. He is inscrutable. He is nice to you and uses you as a tool. He is nasty to you, and you die—very often.

Sir Donald thinks like the explosions in a gas motor in a race. But his conclusions are wrapped in lead, and hard to lift. He is Scotch—born in Ontario—stingy in words, an inveterate smoker, an occasional writer, and eloquent upon occasions. Mackenzie is the financier of the firm; but Mann the balanced brain power; Mackenzie the roar of the steam in the piston chamber; Mann the awful force of the silent fly-wheel.

The mystery of these two men is—where did they meet? One and one made four when they two met. Sometimes, when it comes to putting legislation through at Ottawa, it looks as though one and one made—the whole House of Commons. But maybe “Billy” Moore, the square-jawed lobbyist, has something to do with that. Perhaps he is the genius that brings M. & M. the little advantage of building (for the Government, of course) and operating the Hudson’s Bay Railway. But that is another matter.

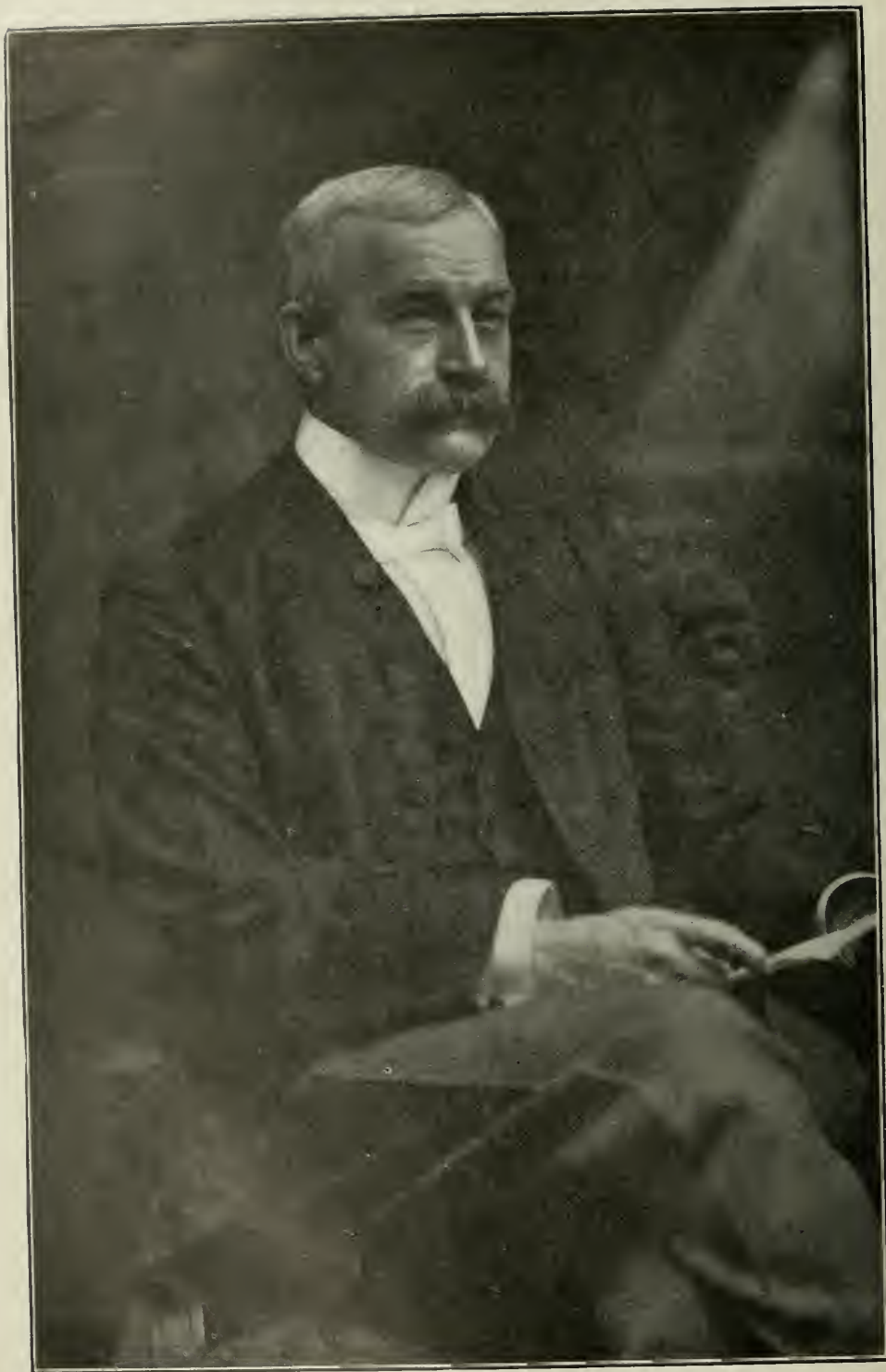
As to the meeting—Sir Donald knows where it happened. Once, when the writer was interviewing him about himself, he started to tell, and then closed his lips, and kept the secret.

“I’d like—!” he said, “to tell you where I first met Mackenzie—” and he twisted his cigar out of the way so that he could smile over the thought. But that was all he said.

In the photograph of Sir Donald. “Tay Pay” O’Connor is standing beside him. They were at the O. J. C. races together last fall. Notice the two right hands. Observe the delicate, nervous, humorous, “light” hand of O’Connor, held uncertainly against his coat. Observe Mann’s. Mann’s thumb is sticking out straight. Could that hand edit T. P.’s weekly? Could it wield the Irish? —! Could T. P.’s little affair push the push-buttons on Mann’s desk? Or keep Mackenzie from running away with the whole shooting match?

The Editor.





SIR GEORGE GIBBONS, K.C., OF LONDON
Who was Chairman of the Waterway s Commission.



SIR CHARLES TOWNSEND
Chief Justice of Nova Scotia

The Little Heathen

By

Charles Shirley

THE great unfinished Canal lay baking in the sun while half the ships in the world went traipsing around Cape Horn and twice the length of South America out of their way, and — while Lyon and I stood at the top of the bank of the Calicut Ditch, and gazed down at our protegee—young Grey.

"Fine lad!" chuckled old Lyon, "ain't he, John?"

"One can't help liking him," I admitted conservatively.

"I've no use for women," pursued Lyon, as our admiring eyes took in every movement of the young giant down below us bossing his men, taking as much pains in his work as though it was a wall in the actual canal itself instead of a mere temporary embankment to meet the purposes of the Chief Engineer, "I wouldn't give you tuppence for all the women in Creation, but I like a *man*. I don't mean your pasty-faced, cigarette-smoking ninnies that I've seen so much of around these parts. Always coming to me for dope for some peevishness brought on by some fool doings. But I mean a *real* man such as Grey. A fine animal—clean and white and sound. You can have all the women in the world, John. Give me a Man."

"Women are all right in their place," I answered, for I have seen some good ones in my day, "We mustn't be sour on 'em, Lyon. We're too old. People might think it was sour grapes."

"I'm not sour on 'em," retorted Lyon, "but I want no dealings with them. That's all."

As he spoke I happened to turn my head and look along the top of the bank on which we were standing. Not far from us, but hidden slightly by a heap of brush, I saw a little copper-colored girl

sitting, Indian fashion, among the overgrowth. She was gazing contentedly, chin in hand, elbow on knee, down into the old dry ditch which young Grey and his gang were converting into a temporary reservoir for a certain river which the Chief wished to divert for a little while.

"Why, look, Lyon," I said, "what's that little native girl so interested in the ditch for? Look! She's waving her hand down into the ditch at somebody. Probably it's at a nigger—"

"Not at a nigger!" exclaimed Lyon, becoming suddenly animated. "Look at Grey!"

He pointed into the ditch. There, big and fair and handsome, with sun-helmet on his head and his shirt open at the throat, in the centre of his swarm of men, stood Grey. A procession of wheel-barrows was filing past him up a plank runway from the piles of material on the far bank of the ditch. Some carried earth, some stone, some heaps of dried out rushes. All around the boy's feet other niggers were putting the material in place, raising the wall to the proper height. A moment before, when I had looked, Grey was intent upon his work, his first real commission in the work on the great canal. Lyon and I had been admiring his poise, the way he seemed to be cursing his niggers without heat, as a good engineer does,—but now, he was waving his hand up at the little Copper girl, squatting on the top of the bank with his coat.

"Perhaps he's waving at us," suggested Lyon, hopefully. "Let him see we are here. Show your hand."

"No!" I returned, "don't let's make fools of ourselves. He hasn't seen us. He sees nobody but that little brown girl, and she sees—nobody but him. Let's get out of here."

Now in our district, in the building of the Panama Canal, there had been many rumors concerning the ways of certain white men who had made friends of natives. There were certain little tragedies recorded in the mess-room gossip which resembled in not a few ways the story of Madame Butterfly and Kipling's yarn called "Georgie Porgie." But they were not such pretty stories. They were rather grim. Men who wished to avoid being talked about had made it more or less of a rule in our division to have no truck with natives. Yet Lyon and I had just seen Grey lay himself open to being misunderstood. We had intended bringing Grey home with us to lunch instead of waiting for him on the verandah of our mess house. But as if by mutual consent Lyon and I turned off toward home without having informed Grey of our presence. Lyon was even more silent than usual on the way. I had nothing to say either.

We two, among the rest of the staff in our division, were bachelor Canadians. Grey also was Canadian, but he was young and he had been in the camp only a little while, whereas Lyon and I were veterans. We were in our fifties. He was still smacking of teens. Lyon was a physician. He had been a country doctor in an Ontario town. His business here was malaria, yellow fever, cholera and obstetrical cases. Mine was steel and concrete. For two years we had lived alone together because our tastes were similar and we had certain whimsical ideas about making coffee and broiling steaks, which necessitated our having one cook, the only other option being to accept the fare at some other mess table. We seldom went out, except for billiards or some little bachelor pleasure and I am aware that we were known to certain of our friends as "nancies." But this does not matter. The story is about Grey—and the Little Heathen.

Grey was a youngster from the Science Department in Toronto. He was pretty new, as you could tell by the extreme neatness with which he would make a drawing for a blue-print. When you've been thirty years out of school you are either a good engineer and make pretty sloppy drawings—or else you're a draughtsman. Grey's experience had consisted in working with

an English party, prospecting for coal in B.C. He had done a little right-of-way work for the C.N.R. in the West, and had prospected for silver in Cobalt. But he was very green. The Chief had already put him to work on a draughting board when we found him.

Lyon liked his face—Lyon's hobby is "Men." In a dry Scotch way he was always falling in love with them. He would find a man and idealize him, set him up on a pillar and worship him secretly, until, one day, he'd find some disappointing thing about the fellow. The idol might smoke or chew or drink so long as it did not impair his health, but Lyon wanted no "fusser" as he called them. He laid a ban upon women.

So we had hauled Grey into our mess and emptied him of news from the Dominion. Later on we proposed him and seconded him to ourselves and voted him a third member of our mess. He was handsome and shy for so strong a man, and stolid. There was something clean and fresh in his appearance that made people fall for him everywhere. Lyon and I were jealous of the invitations he received. But he accepted only for such stag affairs as Lyon and I accepted and we cherished him the more. Then the two of us planned to get him promoted and accomplished it by dropping little words about Grey in the ear of the Chief, and when the Chief finally had given our man an outside job, a real commission, Lyon and I rejoiced. It was only the building of a mud wall across the Calicut ditch to act as a temporary reservoir for the waters of the Yarni creek, but still it was a commission, and Lyon and I, after brooking our impatience for several days, had gone down this morning to the ditch to look at it, and to observe our protegee at work.

He had been no disappointment. He was handling his men well. From the distance, he seemed not to be cursing them too much, nor too little, but moderately, and with much reserve, which is the best way in handling certain kinds of niggers.

But just that little incident of the copper-colored child—she seemed no more than a child—disturbed Lyon and disturbed me. I overheard Lyon muttering to himself as we crossed our verandah. As

we entered our mess room he turned and faced me with a long countenance.

"Look here John," he said enigmatically, "are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"About Grey? Yes."

"Then," he whispered, "you'd better quit it. I tell you there's none of that monkey-business in Grey and besides—" he growled, "if there is then—but there isn't! It was probably just a little accident. That-er-waving of the hand business."

"Probably," I assented.

II

We might have thought no more about it only that Grey did not stay home that night as usual but went out, without so much as saying where he was going. And the next night he did the same, after making a lame sort of an excuse about leaving some plans at the office. The next day somebody stopped Lyon and me on the street and asked us what Grey was so interested in the native quarters for. The fellow leered at us knowingly and Lyon, flaring up, wanted to know whose business it was what Grey might be doing. And he added weakly: "He may be studying the language. In—In fact, I believe I heard him say so John, didn't you?"

But the other man was skeptical. This latest news was rankling in Lyon's mind as we went home to lunch.

"Well," he remarked irrelevantly, "Confound the women! T' think that s' nice a boy as Gr——."

"I don't think anything about it," I retorted, "If that boy's going to be like a few other young fools that happens to be mixed up with natives—if he's going to turn black-guard—"

"Who said black-guard!" cried Lyon, wrathily. "There's no need for anybody to make things out worse than they are—and anyway," his voice trailed off into a ruminative tone, "I guess it's none of our business. Let's 'tend our own affairs. It don't matter to us."

"Of course it don't," I said. "That's right. Let's shut up. We ain't his Mother—though say Lyon! Didn't he say he was engaged to a girl in Winnipeg?"

"Shut up!" retorted Old Lyon, trying to be satisfied with the conclusion we had arrived at, "We ain't his Mother, nor his girl in Winnipeg. What's a young whelp like that want a girl in Winnipeg for anyway, or anywhere else?"

So we went into the house. Grey a little later, swaggered in. You can always forgive some people for swaggering, while there are other people that you hate to see walk across your line of vision. Lyon and I, for the moment forgetting what had been in our minds concerning Grey and the little copper girl, fell in on either side of our protege like two rusty old senile dements posing as cherubs under the feet of some Herculean Madonna, if, in your imagination, you could twist Grey around to be a Madonna. He could have walked over us for all we cared. But in order to show our imperviousness to any charm he might possess, we scowled at him and growled.

"You're late," I remarked as he strode across our living room, taking his coat off and rolling up his sleeves preparatory to disappearing into his own room.

"That so?" he asked, serious at once, "Oh! I'm sorry if I kept you waiting John."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," I said, hastily backing down.

"Well y' know," he said as he came out of his room and put on his coat again, fresh and smiling through his tan, "Y' know John, the Chief was passing just as I was ready to come up to lunch and he stopped to look things over."

"Did he say anything?" blurted out Lyon, hoping that the Chief had expressed some approval of our protege, and at the same time trying to scowl, "What'd he think of your wall?"

"Nothing much," returned Grey, passing me the yams. "He was saying it was a good thing there wasn't much water to be held behind that wall, because if there was much strain on it and she ever gave way it'd wipe out a bunch of niggers that are living farther down the ditch. We're to put the wall up flush with the tops of the sides of the old Calicut ditch so as to make a road-way across for teams. That'd be handier than going across the upper road-way. The wall will be finished to-

night and at six o'clock the creek will be turned into it, out of its present channel. I told the Chief that with a little concrete I could make a decent wall, but he said no, he couldn't afford the machines nor the material and for all the water there was to be held back, the mud wall would do. As, he said, the creek is pretty low. But I warned him. If anything happens the wall, he admitted it'd be his fault."

"Humph!" sniffed Lyon, absorbed in his plate, "And if anything happens your wall what happens your natives? Suppose there was a nice young cloud-burst up the river and all the water was being turned against your wall?"

"But that's not likely," argued Grey, "and if it did happen they could open the temporary gates and let the water back into its old course."

"Humph!" grunted Lyon.

There was a long quiet silence during which Lyon continued to study his plate and I carefully avoided Grey's eyes. Grey went to pull some papers out of his inside pocket and as he did so something dropped out of them and on the table. Lyon and I both looked at it. It was a little charm carved in jade. As Grey reached to recover it, Lyon, very red in the face, exploded.

"So it's true!" he said, "so it is true Master Grey!" He rose and was leaning excitedly across the table. "That you have been seeking pleasure among the natives—preferring the society of little heathen wenches to the company of white men."

"I beg your pardon," said Grey, quietly, apparently puzzled by Lyon's manner, and a trifle ill at ease. "What did you say, sir?"

"Say!" cried Lyon, exploding again. "Say! You telling us you were to marry a girl in Winnipeg and carrying on with a little copper wench that sits on the top of the bank and waves her hand at you when you ought to be at you work—"

"Sir——"

"Sit down!" commanded Lyon—but the boy remained standing. "Where did you get that?"

"That?" returned Grey. "That's an Aztec idol."

"Yes," hissed Lyon, sneering, "A heathen love token—"

Grey went white. He had seen what

Lyon meant. I expected a hot denial and I would have accepted it and been happy. But instead, after a pause, he turned from the table, taking the little trinket with him. "Hell!" he exclaimed, and walked out of the house.

The sound of his steps died out. Our food grew cold on our plates. Our servant stood dumb at the end of the room. Lyon looked at me and I answered him with one word. "Fool!" I snapped.

"Ass!" he admitted humbly.

I hurried to the door and looked out. But there was no sign of Grey. As the doctor looked over my shoulder I heard someone crying and perceived a small brown girl, huddled in a shadow across the street.

"Then—then it's true," said Lyon, turning to me.

"I guess it is," I returned, weakly.

III.

Old Lyon, in a conversational way, severed the heads of several people from their respective bodies that afternoon. The nurses in the divisional hospital were quite fluttered at the really curmudgeon manners he displayed. His reputation had hitherto been fairly good among the women with whom he came in contact, for although he avoided them and wasted as little ceremony with them as he could, and although he was forever quoting, curtly, old proverbs about the cardinal virtues and the gossiping proclivities of "fee-males," they discounted it all by saying that his "bark was worse than his bite," and that he was after all nothing but a peppery old fellow with a kind heart. For when it came to a matter of babies and mothers, Old Lyon was a trifle softer, and some of the stories which had leaked out concerning the midnight trips and the everlasting patience of the old bear when it came to handling certain kinds of cases, softened the women toward him. Many of them, no doubt, would have been glad to weep on his old rusty shoulder of he had for one moment let down his defences. But on the afternoon after his outburst with Grey, he was three times as curt as he had ever been before. He cut everybody short and growled incessantly.

As for me, I stayed in the house and

pretended to work on the plans for some work which was to go on as soon as the little river which was in our way had been turned into the Calicut ditch which Grey was damming. There was ordinarily, very little water in the creek at this time of year, but it was sufficient to be embarrassing in my concrete work.

At supper there was no sign of Grey, though I heard that he had completed the wall, and later, heard that the water had been turned into the Calicut ditch so as to let the original water-course dry out before morning. But when I looked out, just before going into supper, I saw signs of rain.

We ate in silence. Grey's plate was set. Lyon refused to look at it. I was feeling gloomy myself.

At length I could stand the strain no longer. I had to ease myself somehow and I let fly at Lyon.

"I sometimes wonder if you were so almighty virtuous yourself, when you were young," I sneered, breaking the silence. He knew what I referred to and colored. He was feeling humble in the presence of his thoughts.

"Aye!" he sighed, "perhaps you're right John. I've consumed large quantities of liquor in my day. I've been a swearin' man and now't ye recall me to it, I am brought to admit that it was never a very godly life I led, and yet—and yet John, it was never fee-males. But I suppose, John, one's as bad as another. D'ye think so?"

I was pained at his humility. It was unlike the irascible old bachelor.

"Begad!" he cried, starting up suddenly and gathering his napkin in one fist, "begad I may have done a wrong. How canix tell—I'll go and apologize to him, though I never did such a thing to a puppy in my days. But if—if only I thought I was wrong—I'd go and apologize. Gad! I—will!"

"You can't!" I observed sourly. "He didn't deny anything. All he needed to have done was to have called us liars and we'd 'a been satisfied. But y' can't go and apologize for calling a man a thief when he doesn't deny it and when——"

Lyon's fist nearly broke the table. The dishes danced.

"Shut up John!" he commanded.

"Who said anything about thief. Don't you get calling him names or ——"

The conversation limped off into silence again.

We tried smoking on the tin verandah after supper but our pipes would not draw and the air was heavy. The insects were clamoring at the screen doors for admission to the light inside. Every now and then some small winged thing crashed into the screen and hung there buzzing stupidly to be admitted. But we took no interest in anything, not even the massing rain clouds. Grey had failed to turn up. As a rule, Grey spent his evenings with us, playing chess or cribbage, or we went with him to one of the other houses and had a game of billiards or some other sort of amusement. Or else we sat by in a corner with the old man of the house while he talked to the daughters, if there were any. Lyon and I, on such occasions, kept jealous watch over him. But now there was no Grey.

"Just suppose," Lyon began, almost timidly, "Just suppose, John, that a little conversation—a little harmless conversation—a fatherly talk as it were, such as Grey and I had at noon to-day—suppose now that it might—er—drive him to the devil. D—do you suppose, John, that there might be any chance whatever of its having that effect?"

He fairly pleaded to be re-assured, but I was in no mood for re-assuring anyone. I needed re-assurance myself.

"He's always been shy of women," I replied. "He's sort of stupid with women till he gets to know 'em, and there's nobody more scared of a skirt than he is. But I'm afraid Lyon, I am afraid that this—er—affair may be different. He might not have gone down hill so fast if we had kept him with us. But—but if he gets an idea that he's an outcast from society, or something like that, he might go straight to the bow-wows. He may take up with some of the swift young devils now and then——"

I shrugged my shoulders to intimate the rest of the story.

"Don't you think," said Lyon, confidently, and leaning across to me, "don't you think John, that perhaps it is our duty to go and—and find him, bring him back into the fold—ain't that the proper

expression? Don't you think we ought to sacrifice our own dignity as it were, and save him?"

"He probably don't want to be saved," I muttered, vaguely recalling having heard the term at a street meeting in Panama.

"If I could only have kept m' mouth shut!" wailed Lyon.

Suddenly, save for the abandoned racket of a hoisting engine letting out slack, there was stillness over the whole valley. It was the pause before a rain storm. The wind held its breath. The bugs were still. Three great drops of water exploded as they fell on the edge of the verandah. There was a thump on the roof as another detachment of drops arrived. Then the gathering wind broke, and the rain marched over the valley in endless battalions. We went indoors and played draw poker.

It was just ten o'clock when I thought, in a lull in the wind outside, that I heard a voice on the verandah. It seemed like a little faint cry that had been caught up by the wind and was being harried against the wall of the house.

We reached the door together. Lyon opened it. Lying prostrate on the verandah, exhausted, lay a small womanly figure, drenched with rain.

"M'sieu' Grey," she whispered faintly, in excellent English but with a tinge of French in it somewhere, "M'sieu' Grey is lying by his wall, by the dam which he made."

"Something's happened," said Lyon. "Hurry John!"

We ran through the rain, down the long street on which the most of the staff have their quarters. We took short cuts behind shrouded heaps of steel work and concrete sacks. We plunged through puddles and tripped over stray bits of machinery. And at last we arrived at the dam. My lantern had gone out. Grey's had had no oil in it. It took whole moments to light my wick. The glass refused to lift out of place so that I could get the match underneath. The catch for holding it in place refused to work. On a tenth attempt we succeeded. I went ahead with the light. I saw that the ditch was only half full of water, and I saw that the wall was still there, and yet there was

something awry—it had slid over—no, only a great layer from the top had collapsed. The immense bulk was still holding back most of the water.

But on the edge of the debris as though some person had dragged him as far from danger as possible, lay Grey, mud-covered, bleeding a little, unconscious.

Lyon worked quickly, while we waited for assistance. I had found a telephone and informed the night orderly at the hospital. While we waited, Lyon examined our man.

"He's smashed considerably." He reported drily, "but he'll get over it."

"Must of been a flood up-country," I remarked. Chief couldn't expect Grey's wall or any mud wall to hold that strain."

Two orderlies from the hospital arrived with a stretcher.

As Lyon and I walked home at dawn the old Doctor passed me one remark:

"The girl saved Grey," he said. "She must have pulled him out of that mud. Mebbe he ain't worth it. Never would 'a thought a woman would 'a had the brains."

That was the beginning of the end. Lyon had praised a woman.

IV.

Grey sat in an invalid chair on the hospital verandah and Lyon and I faced him. It was an ordeal for Grey.

"I was lonesome," he kept repeating. "I was lonesome as the very Devil, I tell you Lyon, and you John, you don't know what it's like. I didn't get any letters from Winnipeg for weeks, and I didn't want to have any truck with the people in the Division. I went over to my old Aztec foreman's house to get him to teach me the language while I was to teach him English, and I met her there. Honest Lyon, there was no harm in it. I just made her pretty speeches and paid her compliments. I—well it was because I was lonesome, I tell you."

"That's something I don't know anything about," said the doctor tartly. "Other people have been that way without fussing over little heathen."

"But I tell you," persisted Grey, "I tell you there was no harm in the whole thing. I—I just wanted something to be nice to and fuss over. Something that wasn't

ust plain brute masculine. I swear it, Lyon, I never even——”

“You only saw a little pretty face and you paid it little compliments as you would to a pretty doll, so that now the little Miss Innocence thinks—she thinks Master Grey, that you have been courting her all along. In fact she expects you to marry her native fashion, no doubt, so here, Master Grey.”

“I know,” he admitted heavily.

“And it was she that saved——”

But I caught Lyon's eye in time. He would have blurted out the truth that it had been the little heathen that had saved Grey from his broken-down wall. Grey had not caught the drift of what Lyon had said, otherwise it might have made more difficulties.

“Well,” he said, looking up wearily, “All I can do, Lyon—, John, is to let it go at that unless—unless you do want me to marry—to marry her, I thought she was only a child—but Lyon—Lyon! I'm engaged to a girl in Winnipeg!”

“Well,” said Lyon, “we'll see” and we went out.

The Little Heathen did not turn up for weeks. Lyon had found her father's house after Grey's accident and had taken her home. There he had learned what the Little Heathen thought of Grey and when he came home he had told me the whole twisted little affair of how Grey—big, handsome, selfish, stupid Grey, had been saying “pretty things” to a Little Heathen who had gone to school somewhere or another and had picked up enough English to get more color than a little bit, out of Grey's idle speeches. So we had arraigned Grey and had his answer. He was contrite but what could he do?

“He'll sail on the 18th,” remarked Grey to me.

“Yes,” I said.

“And after that?”

“What?”

“What about the Little Heathen?”

“By the way,” I said, “have you seen her recently?”

“Why no!” returned Lyon, suddenly. “You're right. I saw her two days after the rain but not since. I wonder now——”

“Oh, she's only a woman, Lyon,” I mocked.

“Woman!” he retorted, undisturbed, perfectly unconscious of any inconsistency in his conduct, “why should one not be sorry for a—woman? Are you so superior to them yourself, John?”

I had not expected him to turn on me in that way.

“But anyway,” I continued, mocking again, “She's only a girl—a ‘silly little mischief that disturbs the peace of mind of mankind and makes foolishness blossom where brains should grow.’ I'm surprised at your change of front, Lyon.”

“Be surprised at nothing!” he retorted calmly. “She's only a little heathen wench, as innocent as the Colonel's baby, but with a fool idea in her head which is as serious to her as it would be for you and me to be fired. She's neither native nor white. She's got ideas from both kinds. She thinks Grey is—‘hers.’ Tush! What twaddle.”

But three day later I had to go on a search for Lyon. He had not been seen since breakfast and an urgent message was waiting for him on the sideboard of our mess-room. In two days Grey was to leave for Panama and Winnipeg, via New York.

I wound up my search late that night. It was in the native quarters. The old woman who peddles lottery tickets among the Nicaraguans acted as my pilot to the house where, as she had told me, the doctor was.

“It is fever,” she said, as she poked along ahead of me. “I have had it myself.”

“Yes,” I said impatiently. “Which is the house?”

“It crippled me so that I am forced to sell by ticka's (a name for lottery papers). But there is not much profit.”

“But how much farther is it to the house?” I demanded again.

“Not far. I sold her one many weeks ago—the little girl who is sick. She told me then that she was going to marry—someone. I don't know who it was—none of us natives—some great chief perhaps. Ha! Ha! And she said the ticket would buy her pretty wedding clothes such as the American women buy, she says. What should a chit know of Ameri-

can weddings. Anyway, senor, she did not win and now she has the fever. This is the house, senor. Thank the senor! I am a poor woman and as I said—crippled by the ague—”

I entered the house and found Lyon. He was sitting on the floor, old worn Scotchman that he was, beside a native bed. On the bed lay the little Heathen. Hovering in the room was her father, the Aztec Indian. He had a good face. The candle was burning in a far corner of the room, shaded so that the light would not fall upon the eyes of the patient.

“There’s a message for you, Lyon,” I said, after a pause and a glance from the doctor. “It’s from the Chief’s wife. She thinks—”

“Let her think,” replied Lyon, drily. “There’s a girl here, having a Hellish time to get better. If she comes through the next hour she’ll be safe. She’s been lyin’ here with the damn plague without calling anybody. Scared she’d take the doctor away from that young whelp—”

He did not add, “Grey.”

“In another hour!” I whispered.

“An hour,” echoed the shadow against the wall, the father.

“Aye,” said Lyon, “talk less.”

He was ordinarily a neat man and most precise about everything. But he had seated himself on the floor. There were no chairs. His medicine chest lay upon the floor, opened carelessly. An earthen cup and a wooden spoon lay near. The candle guttered. I had forgotten the Chief’s wife and her premonitions. The three of us watched.

“It’s holding,” said Lyon curtly, over his shoulder, wiping the thermometer.

Still we waited.

“Still holding,” he reported grimly, later.

We waited in tense anxiety.

“I think it’s a bit lower by the feel of her hands. Aye! It’s falling. Good. Get me some water, nigger!”

I stayed with Lyon long after that, watching her. Toward dawn she began to stir. She opened her eyes and smiled. It was then I noticed that she was a half-breed—half white, half Indian.

“To-day,” she whispered, “to-day I may go to see him?”

“No,” said Lyon, “You’re not strong enough.”

“But my lottery! Did I win the prize?”

“Yes,” said Lyon.

“B—but she lost it Lyon,” I whispered.

“I know,” rebuked Lyon, “but would y’ tell her?”

But the Little Heathen was looking up again and whispering, weakly.

“Senor! M’sieu!” she called, falling back upon the two languages of the Isthmus. “Would—he—do you think—be glad—that I am better? Will he again soon come?”

V.

Grey had departed. We sat on our verandah the morning after.

“I’ve to tell her the news,” said Lyon, gloomily.

“Dear! Dear!” I sighed, irrelevantly.

“And I’m wondering,” he continued, “how she’ll take it.”

“Pretty rough,” I observed, and yet you know Lyon, it was her own fault.”

“Fault!” he sneered. “It was your man Grey!”

“My man Grey!” I exclaimed. “Have you so soon turned against him? He meant no harm. He only said pleasant little things that you hear them jolly white girls with three times a day.”

“But this is not a white girl.”

“She’s half white!”

“That only makes it worse.”

He had taken special food from the hospital for the Little Heathen. He had, I am pretty certain, paid the youngster the amount of her lottery just to keep her from worrying. He had lied about Grey every day, in answer to her questions, and I suspect that it was he that sent the flowers that went to the little house in the native quarters.

But late in the afternoon I met Lyon dressed all in black.

“What’s up?” I chirped, if old bachelors ever do “chirp.”

“Can’t a man wear his best clothes if he pleases?”

“I suppose so.”

He strolled off, but presently returned.

“Have ye any black gloves?” he asked. “Black gloves? Yes, but what are you up to?”

“A funeral.”

"Whose?"

"Grey's."

I blinked.

"But Grey is—Grey's sailed by this time."

He turned on his heel.

But toward evening Lyon came home. He opened the door of my room and gazed in at my confusion of blue-prints. There was a queer look in his eyes.

"He's buried," he announced curtly.

"Yes, I know," I answered, "buried in oblivion."

"Not at all," he said. "There's a grave in the cemetery."

"Look here, Lyon; are you daft?"

"Nearly," he repeated. "Nearly, man, nearly. But I couldn't help it man. She kept askin' me for him, and askin' me where he was, and all that, 'till I couldn't a-bear to look her in the face and keep on lying. So I made the last lie—and buried him. I said he was dead!"

"You said Grey was—"

"Dead."

"But he isn't?"

"Certainly not."

"And so you—you——"

"I lied."

I didn't believe it. I thought perhaps Lyon had been stricken by the fever himself, or the sun,—we had been having some unusually hot weather.

"Y'see," Lyon explained, "I argued, that to tell her Grey had not meant anything might make her unhappy. I fancied she'd be happier with a grave to weep over than the memory of somebody she thought hadn't played fair. So I faked a funeral and a few things and got the new Chaplain and—oh it was very simple. I didn't let her see the inside of

the box—lied again. And she wept. It was better than telling her and—and then she'd a thought Grey was a crook or something, and that'd not make her any happier."

I didn't believe. I suspected Lyon's health. This sentimental turn and this preposterous story, could not get past my intelligence, 'till Lyon took me by the arm, firmly.

"John," he said, "I'll have no man doubt my word. I may be a fool. No doubt I am. But it was my pleasure to be a fool. It pleased me. Now—come with me."

He put me in a native carriage and gave an order. We arrived at the burying ground.

"There!" he said.

Looking, I saw a mound, a new mound with some native flowers dying thereon. And on a plain head-board was the name:

GREY.

Born 1889: Died 1910.

"Gone, but not forgotten."

I wanted to laugh but I couldn't. I felt funny. Lyon looked at me and again I wanted to laugh but couldn't.

"Hell!" I said, "that's a rotten selection—"Gone, but not forgotten!"

"I know," he answered weakly, "but it was the only appropriate thing I could remember."

When again I saw the Little Heathen she wore a black straw hat and was the envy of the native quarters. But she had a sad little face which was beginning to brighten ere long. Lyon h. J re-christened her "Mary" and had made her his protege.





THE very modest array of questions set forth in the heading of this article was given me as something about which an interesting article might be written. I quite believe the answer to these questions would be very interesting, if anyone could be sure he knows what they are, or could condense them into a reasonably long article. I could not do more than express a few thoughts on these subjects with the hope, perhaps, of forming an idea of how these questions might be answered if they were answerable.

I think it would be well to find out in the first place what we understand the word Architecture to mean; that is what is meant by Architecture as one of the fine arts. If we consider Architecture as merely the craft of the builder, most of us know what that is in more than one meaning of the word, though as to what is meant by Architecture as a fine art few of us have more ideas than had Adam and Eve. Architecture in Canada is the

same thing now and will be as Architecture ever was anywhere else. We might find what it expresses and how it has expressed itself anywhere and so see if there is or may be such a thing as Canadian Architecture.

You remember Eve, according to Mark Twain, when she first caught sight of Adam straddling in the distance, before she took to chivying him, how she wondered what it was? "Perhaps it was Architecture." She probably came nearer hitting the mark than she did when she took to throwing clods.

Architecture is the Art of the Chief of, or the director of the workmen, not the art as it is usually described of the chief of the workmen, but it is an art of direction. It is the art of making a plot, design or plan to unite in one unit the diverse arts of diverse workman; a plan to hold together in harmony, to fulfill some new requirement which the necessity of man generates, a family of arts, which in the familiar manner of families, finds it difficult to learn how much more potent is the combined work of its members than their individual work isolated.

Since the word Architecture first came into use and, particularly since the beginning of the last century, when the introduction of steam-driven machinery so multiplied the number of trades at which men work, many combinations of trades have been made to produce one work, but the word Architecture now is used in a conventional sense to designate the groups

of arts combined in making a building, though the word might be used literally for any design of work calling upon a number of arts or trades.

As the word Architecture in its present use is an example of the conventional use of a word, so what we understand by style in Architecture is the conventional use of form. This conventionalism or symbolism makes a kind of language which needs to be learned and refers more particularly to the expression of style in Architecture than to the expression of pure beauty whose principles of grace, of form made out of balance, symmetry, contrast, proportion, accent, rhythm, appeal to any mind sensitive to form, as the analogous qualities in pure music appeal to any sensitive musical ear. The analogy of Music and Architecture is more intimate than that of Architecture and Language, although we say Architecture speaks, but the forms by means of which it expresses itself resemble sounds more than words, and as sounds in music they suggest or recall rather than speak.

Some forms in building created originally for merely practical utilitarian reasons have been in course of time so often repeated and refined in repetition that the original function is not always obvious, they have become symbols of what their original function was. It is the mediator between reason and sense or the sensuous representation of reason, it is symbolic rather than imitative. In its broad principals it symbolizes in material form the eternal reason in the world, but it has as well, a narrower or smaller system of symbols, which with their language make a style rather than a character, telling a tale rather than exciting the emotions, symbolizing memories of history and romance. These symbols are instruments in the orchestra of Architecture, but the work they are called upon to do very often is not music, it is often an unpleasant noise, a clashing together and drowning each others voice; sometimes the combination is as unintelligent as would be the combination of a harmonium and drum, as an orchestra, but always to those who have ears to hear the symphony tells the truth. If we are coarse and brutish, it is coarse and brutish: if we are ignorant and vain, it is ignorant and vain, in fact, a

man's building resembles the Palace of Truth not so much compelling those inside to veracity as telling those outside what the inmates really are. If we complain of the silly vacuity of our street architecture we must still remember it illustrates one eternal truth in art.

Architecture as a fine art in Canada is no more or less than is Architecture anywhere else. We brought it here with our language. As our language probably grew from the growls and grunts primitive man used in his necessity to all that complexity of sounds by means of which some men have expressed so much to some men. So Architecture grew from the sticks and clay of a human nest till in the mediæval church we see frigid stone may be turned to emotion. In Canada we may have poets who have put aside conventional life and have lived in our wilds long enough to have assimilated from our rivers, lakes and forests, enough of their character to write poems which, when heard in any part of the world, might carry a Canadian note. But as a people we have not forgotten the conventions we brought with us long enough to make permanent symbols of the common every day materials discovered here or invented and used. And why should we expect our artists, who with the difficulty they have of making a new language out of the few rare symbols our life here has made for them, to do original creative work, to make bricks without straw? Why should we expect them to do the constructive thinking while we are only ruminating.

I heard some one complain once that he found the scholars of his university seldom express an original idea in discussion, in their discussion they seldom did more than quote sentences out of books most of which they had read. And when our artists in their work do practically the same thing as quote sentences out of books we may have read, the only reason for them exciting our interest is that we no more than they understand the books they quote and what passes for interest, in us is really curiosity excited by bewilderment. Symbols do not preach, they only may suggest. The rays from them striking the windows of our minds produce no image unless there is at the back

of the glass some reflecting matter. How little the oldest and best known of these symbols do suggest to us may be soon in the unintelligent use we make of them.

We take a group of detail from a well-known Grecian Temple, a group of architectural symbols analogous to a musical phrase, a phrase so well known that volumes have been written upon it. It has been measured a hundred times and the measurements recorded to a hundredth part of an inch. We should be familiar with every idea it expresses, after about two thousand years of observation, yet we have applied it to almost every building and every utensil we could stick it on, we have used it with equal relish to beautify a baldichino or support a latrine. If we so understand the oldest architectural symbolism that we can with profound equanimity use the same sign to express diverse ideas, how long will it be before Architecture in Canada or anywhere else establishes a local style which may be ranked as fine art? Only that kind of mental arithmetic which solves problems in the fourth dimension could, with any degree of ease define.

These confused remarks illustrate fairly well what Architecture is to-day in Canada. It is a confusion of remarks, a kind of nightmare of artistic indigestion or an embarrassment of riches. Like Aesop's monkey, we have too many nuts in our hand to get it past the bottle neck.

Present day Architecture in Canada is like so many of our present day institutions. We cannot give it a good character or rather a character of beauty. Beautiful character is built out of the sacrifices that make simplicity and we do not like either sacrifices or simplicity; we prefer a complicated living even if it gives us gout.

Good Architecture is an expression of the virtue of the people; perhaps we should assume a virtue if we have it not, and by striving to make character in our art by means of simplification, make sacrifices which, through simplicity, may produce character in ourselves. If we wanted to make a new Canadian language we should not set about it, I imagine, by seeing how much of every language that ever existed we could use at one time, yet that is exactly what we are trying to do

with art. We rather scoff at the writer who, in his writing, tries to show his readers how many languages he has collected, yet in art we think that the exhibition of collections is a most edifying thing.

The modern architecture of Canada or of any other country is not worth while studying; it has no character and hardly any real national characteristics. I do not mean by that, that no modern architecture is worth studying, far from it, but the architecture of the last two or three hundred years in any country has been more the work of individuals than of nations. Perhaps the world wide evening up or toning down process of education is destroying national peculiarities and we must not expect to find national architecture, but only those characteristics which arise from a few conditions, such as that of climate. One would think that these climatic conditions would be enough to give local color to our buildings, but we find motives imported from Italy more prevalent here than any other, motives changed a little and shop worn in England and France, which change is not always to our advantage.

As to where Architecture in Canada is tending that is easily answered. It is tending to where we are tending, it is making exactly the same progress with the same speed along as many roads, so many that goodness only knows which is the right one. All this movement may be progress yet some of us may have to cross country.

Whether we shall ever have a national style might possibly best be answered by trying to answer the question, how might a national style best be developed? If ever we acquire a distinct character as a nation differing from that of any other nations, our Architecture would unconsciously become different, because our buildings would have to change to suit the new peculiarities we should develop. We are perfected by our environment and as our environment is to some extent artificial, it is not unreasonable to wish to change as much of it as we may in the direction of our ideals. Certainly a very important portion of our environment is the buildings that house us. The simplest change and one based upon a true art

principle would be a change to the recognition of our peculiarities of climate. To stop traveling along those roads of imitation where climate is not considered and cross country to roads where the conditions of climate are regarded, this would be a sacrifice in the direction of simplicity, which would help concentration of effort.

We may think that we have already made many changes, particularly in our domestic buildings, on account of our peculiarities of climate, but these changes, principally in construction and planning have not yet affected the art of Architecture as they should have done. None of them have developed such a symbolism as would indicate a style, but rather the changes of construction and planning convenience has demanded have caused such a mutilation of other ancient styles as should point out that another sacrifice we might make in the direction of simplicity would be to throw off some of this burden of archaeology. It seems only reasonable that if we wish to make haste in the direction of a change of our environment or a national expression of art, we must know what burdens to leave behind.

In Architecture we carry too heavy a load of archæology so that our knowledge of the ancient work is really only an affectation; of course, we could no more do without the classics in art than we could in literature, but we never show our ignorance of the classics so much as when we exhibit too much familiarity with them.

The Colonial or Georgian work was revived toward the end of the Nineteenth Century by some English Architects who appreciated the refinement of the Eighteenth Century work, its graceful proportions, dignified simplicity and delicate handwork—particularly the handwork of its mouldings which had been worked out inch by inch with a few tools, by carpenters who could "feel." But as for our expression of this style in Canada it would be wrong to call it even so much as an imitation, for it hardly bears any resemblance. It would be a caricature if it showed any art; it is really a ribald travesty. Our proportions are regulated

by the length of saw-mill stock. Our mouldings are ground out by miles, and nailed on—really to cover up crevices. The grace of our forms, depends upon the sensitiveness of a jig-saw.

Such a use of archæological knowledge is an abuse and becomes a burden to art. We are carrying on the wrong thing; carrying on an affectation of something we do not really appreciate. To reproduce the environment only, of something which has ceased to exist, is an affectation and shows nothing so much as a lack of an instinct for creation as well as a lack of perception, for we show that even if we did know what that something was which created the environment we would copy, we do not know how it came to create it, or we should be able to produce another environment appropriate to our own conditions. Why they created these things which we perceive to be beautiful; that is, how they made the forms they used so expressive, is just the reason why we are supposed to study ancient art.

The broad difference between the early Greek buildings and those of Mediæval England and France was expression in the Mediæval buildings of energy in suspense. You see in them enormous forces balanced, reciprocating and held fast by other forces, climbing in all directions, compelling the eye up higher and higher to some crowning pinnacle whose fairy lightness seems a mockery of the exhibition of strength below.

The Greek building instead of force, impresses one with the sense of weight, of weights supported in motionless dignity, facts supported by the simplest evidence. Broad motives like these which we get from the study of ancient art have more than an archæological interest. They may express even race instincts. Could our forceful adventurous northern forefathers have expressed themselves better otherwise in building. We cannot but help express ourselves in whatever we make for our use whether we make it well or make it badly, therefore, it must be of some importance that we should understand this art of expression, so that by our art we make known what we have worth expressing. As well as such broad themes as these we learn from old work is how are expressed the narrower themes of tradi-

tion, some of which may be worth preserving. How these are symbolized, an elaborate matter about which much has been written and much more may yet be.

Another aid towards the establishment of our own character in art would be a revision of our ideas of value in the materials we use. The rarity and therefore costliness of a material is no guide to its esthetic value. A dollar bill is no respecter of beauty, yet we have a confusing way of using it as a unit in our standard of esthetic values which has a very injurious effect on the inexperienced. For instance, when we are called upon to admire, perhaps, a ten thousand dollar window, one of the wonders in some little church, we hardly know how to divide our reverence into proper proportions for the ten thousand dollar window or the twelve hundred dollar minister who got it there. The esthetic value of a material, of course, depends principally on its color or its intrinsic fitness to be employed where we wish to use it. One stone is only better than another by this quality of color or by its ability to maintain the expression we add to it with work; one wood is only this much better than another; a common material used with artistic skill becomes more valuable than a rare one without it; a pine table may be much more valuable than an oaken one. A brick in the right place is more valuable than marble in the wrong. These are only commonplaces which everyone knows and most people neglect to apply. We will not relinquish the idea that rarity has an esthetic value.

The use in ancient building of material peculiar to its localities was a strong factor in stamping the Architecture of a district with character. This is a matter we almost entirely disregard in modern work. Every different material that could be made use of in one Architectural detail would give its own shape, size and color to that detail and shape. Size and color go quite a long way in architectural expression.

But perhaps the day has gone by for local or national character in building. We may never again develop more than the expression of individual character. Practically in the architecture of the last three hundred years that has been the case. But although commerce and a knowledge of languages may break down, national boundaries and the language of art should be universal, yet we have our own peculiarities. It would be interesting to each other and to those to come after us to know why we preferred them. Suppose we expressed our appreciation of our climate we ought to like it or leave it. We have traditions we maintain or wish to maintain, we should reverence them or forget them. We have customs and habits needing special environment, we should then think worthy of expression or we should change to some that might be. We have native material; if we have native art that material would be the best medium for the expression of national character in art, of national characteristics.



Steel!

IT is trite to speak of the Romance of Steel. Everybody knows what steel and concrete and electricity have meant in modern industry. And yet steel is the most romantic of the three.



A great generator in a hydraulic power house purrs softly like a dozing cat, seemingly motionless and yet lighting and energizing whole cities. It generates a fluid fatal to those who handle it unintelligently, yet capable of converting decaying communities into hives of industry. The romance of electricity is great: but the romance of steel—in the way it has leaped into the need of the world, in the way men handle it, in the engineering possibilities that it creates—is greater.

* * *

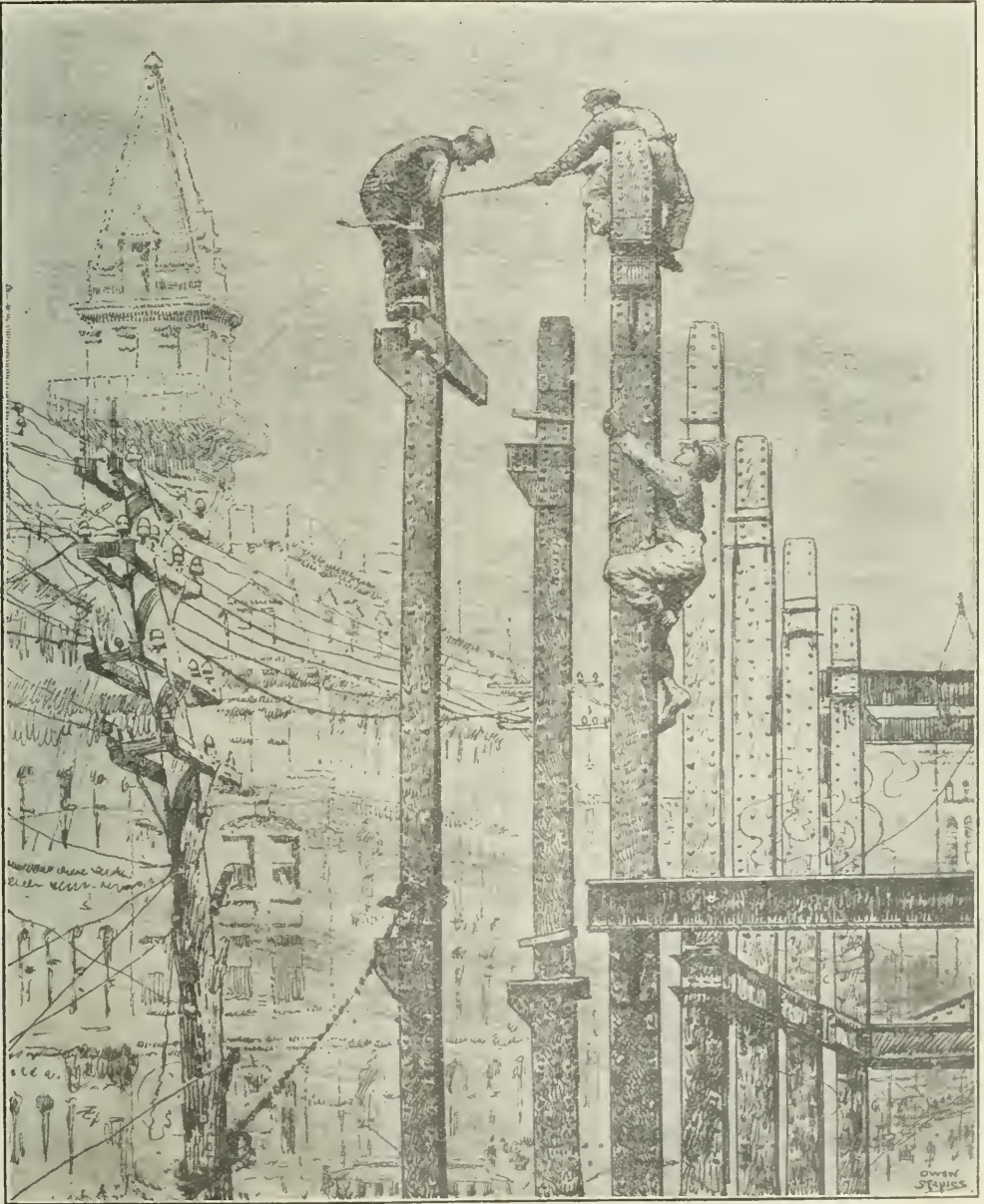
A HOLE in the side of the mountain, a heap of ore, a frowsy freight-boat, a heap of "pigs," a ravening red furnace, the mills, the sweating toilers of the mills—these are its beginning. And out of them comes a length of cold material, a long bar, a beam, a rail. But it is the tool of modern industry; the engine of commerce, the wheels, the machine and the path for the freight train; the sides of the ship; the material for a bridge; and the supporting sinews of great buildings, reared impudently into the face of Heaven. It has multiplied the values of ground spaces an hundred times, this cold, still substance.

* * *

MR. OWEN STAPLES, a well-known member of the Ontario Society of Artists, has etched a common scene in a city street. It shows three men, perched high over the city of Toronto, to prepare the place for another piece of steel to be fitted in. This particular work was recently in progress at the corner of King and Bay Streets in Toronto, but is now completed. In the etching is included the tower of the old Mail and Empire building and the City Hall tower. Mr. Staples is one of the rising artists in Canada. He is connected with the Toronto Telegram, has studied abroad and has done several large paintings which are now hanging in the City Hall of Toronto.



Steel!



PREPARING THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF ANOTHER GIRDER.

Etching by OWEN STAPLES

The Fifth Wheel

By

O. Henry

THE ranks of the Bed Line moved closer together; for it was cold, cold. They were alluvial deposit of the stream of life lodged in the delta of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The Bed Liners stamped their freezing feet, looked at the empty benches in Madison Square whence Jack Frost had evicted them, and muttered to one another in a confusion of tongues. The Flatiron Building, with its impious, cloud-piercing architecture looming mistily above them on the opposite delta, might well have stood for the tower of Babel, whence these polyglot idlers had been called by the winged walking delegate of the Lord.

Standing on a pine box a head higher than his flock of goats, the Preacher exhorted whatever transient and shifting audience the north wind doled out to him. It was a slave market. Fifteen cents bought you a man. You deeded him to Morpheus; and the recording angel gave you credit.

The Preacher was incredibly earnest and unwearied. He had looked over the list of things one may do for one's fellow man, and had assumed for himself the task of putting to bed all who might apply at his soap box on the nights of Wednesday and Sunday. That left but five nights for other philanthropists to handle; and had they done their part as well, this wicked city might have become a vast Arcadian dormitory where all might snooze and snore the happy hours away, letting problem plays and the rent man and business go to the deuce.

The hour of eight was but a little while past; sightseers in a small, dark mass of pay ore were gathered in the shadow of General Worth's monument. Now and then, shyly, ostentatiously, carelessly, or with conscientious exactness one would step forward and bestow upon the Preacher small bills or silver. Then a lieutenant of Scandinavian coloring and enthusiasm would march away to a lodging house with a squad of the redeemed. All the while the Preacher exhorted the crowd in terms beautifully devoid of eloquence—splendid with the deadly, accusive monotony of truth. Before the picture of the Bed Liners fades you must hear one phrase of the Preacher's—the one that formed his theme that night. It is worthy of being stenciled on all the white ribbons in the world.

"No man ever learned to be a drunkard on five-cent whisky."

Think of it, tippler. It covers the ground from the sprouting rye to the Potter's Field.

A clean-profiled, erect young man in the rear rank of the bedless emulated the ter-rapin, drawing his head far down into the shell of his coat collar. It was a well-cut tweed coat; and the trousers still showed signs of having flattened themselves beneath the compelling goose. But, conscientiously, I must warn the milliner's apprentice who reads this, expecting a Reginald Montessor in straits, to peruse no further. The young man was no other than Thomas McQuade, ex-coachman, discharged for drunkenness one month be-

fore, and now reduced to the grimy ranks of the one-night bed seekers.

If you live in smaller New York you must know the Van Smuythe family carriage, drawn by the two 1,500-pound, 100 to 1-shot bays. The carriage is shaped like a bath-tub. In each end of it reclines an old lady Van Smuythe, holding a black sunshade the size of a New Year's Eve feather tickler. Before his downfall Thomas McQuade drove the Van Smuythe bays and was himself driven by Annie, the Van Smuythe lady's maid. But it is one of the saddest things about romance that a tight shoe or an empty commissary or an aching tooth will make a temporary heretic of any Cupid-worshipper. And Thomas' physical troubles were not few. Therefore, his soul was less vexed with thoughts of his lost lady's maid that it was by the fancied presence of certain non-existent things that his racked nerves almost convinced him were flying, dancing, crawling, and wriggling on the asphalt and in the air above and around the dismal campus of the Bed Line army. Nearly four weeks of straight whisky and a diet limited to crackers, bologna, and pickles, often guarantees a psycho-zoological sequel. Thus desperate, freezing, angry, beset by phantoms as he was, he felt the need of human sympathy and intercourse.

The Bed Liner standing at his right was a young man of about his own age, shabby, but neat.

"What's the diagnosis of your case, Freddy?" asked Thomas, with the freemasonic familiarity of the damned—"Booze? That's mine. You don't look like a pan-handler. Neither am I. A month ago I was pushing the lines over the backs of the finest team of Percheron buffaloes that ever made their mile down Fifth Avenue in 2.85. And look at me now! Say; how do you come to be at this bed bargain-counter rummage sale?"

The other young man seemed to welcome the advances of the airy ex-coachman.

"No," said he, "mine isn't exactly a case of drink. Unless we allow that Cupid is a bartender. I married unwisely, according to the opinion of my unforgiving relatives. I've been out of work for a year because I don't know how to work;

and I've been sick in Bellevue and other hospitals four months. My wife and kid had to go back to her mother. I was turned out of the hospital yesterday. And I haven't a cent. That's my tale of woe."

"Tough luck," said Thomas. "A man alone can pull through all right. But I hate to see the women and kids get the worst of it."

Just then there hummed up Fifth Avenue a motor car so splendid, so red, so smooth running, so craftily demolishing the speed regulations that it drew the attention even of the listless Bed Liners. Suspended and pinioned on its left side was an extra tire.

When opposite the unfortunate company the fastenings of this tire became loosed. It fell to the asphalt, bounded and rolled rapidly in the wake of the flying car.

Thomas McQuade, scenting an opportunity, darted from his place among the Preacher's goats. In thirty seconds he had caught the rolling tire, swung it over his shoulder, and was trotting smartly after the car. On both sides of the avenue people were shouting, whistling, and waving canes at the red car, pointing to the enterprising Thomas coming up with the lost tire.

One dollar, Thomas had estimated, was the smallest guerdon that so grand an automobilist could offer for the service he had rendered, and save his pride.

Two blocks away the car had stopped. There was a little, brown, muffled chauffeur driving, and an imposing gentleman wearing a magnificent sealskin coat and a silk hat on a rear seat.

Thomas proffered the captured tire with his best ex-coachman manner and a look in the brighter of his reddened eyes that was meant to be suggestive to the extent of a silver coin or two and receptive up to higher denominations.

But the look was not so construed. The sealskinned gentleman received the tire, placed it inside the car, gazed intently at the ex-coachman, and muttered to himself inscrutable words.

"Strange—strange!" said he. "Once or twice even I, myself, have fancied that the Chaldean Chiroscope has availed. Could it be possible?"

Then he addressed less mysterious words to the waiting and hopeful Thomas.

"Sir, I thank you for your kind rescue of my tire. And I would ask you, if I may, a question. Do you know the family of Van Smythes living in Washington Square North?"

"Oughtn't I to?" replied Thomas. "I lived there. Wish I did yet."

The sealskinned gentleman opened a door of the car.

"Step in, please," he said. "You have been expected."

Thomas McQuade obeyed with surprise but without hesitation. A seat in a motor car seemed better than standing room in the Bed Line. But after the lap-robe had been tucked about him and the auto had sped on its course, the peculiarity of the invitation lingered in his mind.

"Maybe the guy hasn't got any change," was his diagnosis. "Lots of these swell rounders don't lug about any ready money. Guess he'll dump me out when he gets to some joint where he can get cash on his mug. Anyhow, it's a cinch that I've got that open-air bed convention beat to a finish."

Submerged in his greatcoat, the mysterious automobilist seemed, himself, to marvel at the surprises of life. "Wonderful! amazing! strange!" he repeated to himself constantly.

When the car had well entered the cross-town Seventies it swung eastward a half block and stopped before a row of high-stooped, brownstone-front houses.

"Be kind enough to enter my house with me," said the sealskinned gentleman when they had alighted. "He's going to dig up, sure," reflected Thomas, following him inside.

There was a dim light in the hall. His host conducted him through a door to the left, closing it after him and leaving them in absolute darkness. Suddenly a luminous globe, strangely decorated, shone faintly in the centre of an immense room that seemed to Thomas more splendidly appointed than any he had ever seen on the stage or read of in fairy stories.

The walls were hidden by gorgeous red hangings embroidered with fantastic gold figures. At the rear end of the room were draped portieres of dull gold spangled with silver crescents and stars. The furniture

was of the costliest and rarest styles. The ex-coachman's feet sank into rugs as fleecy and deep as snowdrifts. There were three or four oddly-shaped stands or tables covered with black velvet drapery.

Thomas McQuade took in the splendors of this palatial apartment with one eye. With the other he looked for his imposing conductor—to find that he had disappeared.

"B'gee!" muttered Thomas, "this listens like a spook shop. Shouldn't wonder if it ain't one of these Moravian Night's adventures that you read about. Wonder what became of the furry guy."

Suddenly a stuffed owl that stood on an ebony perch near the illuminated globe slowly raised his wings and emitted from his eyes a brilliant electric glow.

With a fright-born imprecation, Thomas seized a bronze statuette of Hebe from a cabinet near by and hurled it with all his might at the terrifying and impossible fowl. The owl and his perch went over with a crash. With the sound there was a click, and the room was flooded with light from a dozen frosted globes along the walls and ceiling. The gold portieres parted and closed, and the mysterious automobilist entered the room. He was tall and wore evening dress of perfect cut and accurate taste. A Vandyke beard of glossy, golden brown, rather long and wavy hair, smoothly parted, and large, magnetic, orientally occult eyes gave him a most impressive and striking appearance. If you can conceive a Russian Grand Duke in a Rajah's throne-room advancing to greet a visiting Emperor, you will gather something of the majesty of his manner. But Thomas McQuade was too near his *d p's* to be mindful of his *p's* and *q's*. When he viewed this silken, polished, and somewhat terrifying host he thought vaguely of dentists.

"Say, doc," said he resentfully, "that's a hot bird you keep on tap. I hope I didn't break anything. But I've nearly got the williwalloos, and when he threw them 32-candle-power lamps of his on me, I took a snap-shot at him with that little brass Flatiron Girl that stood on the side-board."

"That is merely a mechanical toy," said the gentleman, with a wave of his hand. "May I ask you to be seated while I ex-

plain why I brought you to my house. Perhaps you would not understand nor be in sympathy with the psychological prompting that caused me to do so. So I will come to the point at once by venturing to refer to your admission that you know the Van Smuythe family, of Washington Square North."

"Any silver missing?" asked Thomas tartly. "Any joolry displaced? Of course I know 'em. Any of the old ladies' sunshades disappeared? Well, I know 'em. And then what?"

The Grand Duke rubbed his white hands together softly.

"Wonderful!" he murmured. "Wonderful! Shall I come to believe in the Chaldean Chiroscope myself? Let me assure you," he continued, "that there is nothing for you to fear. Instead, I think I can promise you that very good fortune awaits you. We will see."

"Do they want me back?" asked Thomas, with something of his old professional pride in his voice. "I'll promise to cut out the booze and do the right thing if they'll try me again. But how did you get wise, doc? B'gce, it's the swellest employment agency I was ever in, with its flashlight owls and so forth."

With an indulgent smile the gracious host begged to be excused for two minutes. He went out to the sidewalk and gave an order to the chauffeur, who still waited with the car. Returning to the mysterious apartment, he sat by his guest and began to entertain him so well by his witty and genial converse that the poor Bed Liner almost forgot the cold streets from which he had been so recently and so singularly rescued. A servant brought some tender cold fowl and tea biscuits and a glass of miraculous wine; and Thomas felt the glamour of Arabia envelop him. Thus half an hour sped quickly; and then the honk of the returned motor car at the door suddenly drew the Grand Duke to his feet, with another soft petition for a brief absence.

Two women, well muffled against the cold, were admitted at the front door and suavely conducted by the master of the house down the hall through another door to the left and into a smaller room, which was screened and segregated from the larger front room by heavy, double portieres.

Here the furnishings were even more elegant and exquisitely tasteful than in the other. On a gold-inlaid rosewood table were scattered sheets of white paaper and a queer, triangular instrument or toy, apparently of gold, standing on little wheels.

The taller woman threw back her veil and loosened her cloak. She was fifty, with a wrinkled and sad face. The other, young and plump, took a chair a little distance away and to the rear as a servant or an attendant might have done.

"You sent for me, Professor Cherubusco," said the elder woman, wearily. "I hope you have something more definite than usual to say. I've about lost the little faith I had in your art. I would not have responded to your call this evening if my sister had not insisted upon it."

"Madam," said the professor, with his princeliest smile, "the true Art cannot fail. To find the true psychic and potential branch sometimes requires time. We have not succeeded, I admit, with the cards, the crystal, the stars, the magic formulae of Zarazin, nor the Oracle of Po. But we have at last discovered the true psychic route. The Chaldean Chiroscope has been successful in our search."

The professor's voice had a ring that seemed to proclaim his belief in his own words. The elderly lady looked at him with a little more interest.

"Why, there was no sense in those words that it wrote with my hands on it," she said. "What do you mean?"

"The words were these," said Professor Cherubusco, rising to his full magnificent height: "*By the fifth wheel of the chariot he shall come.*"

"I haven't seen many chariots," said the lady, "but I never saw one with five wheels."

"Progress," said the professor—"progress in science and mechanics has accomplished it—though, to be exact, we may speak of it only as an extra tire. Progress in occult art has advanced in proportion. Madam, I repeat that the Chaldean Chiroscope has succeeded. I can not only answer the question that you have propounded, but I can produce before your eyes the proof thereof."

And now the lady was disturbed both in her belief and in her poise.

"O, professor!" she cried anxiously—"When?—where? Has he been found? Do not keep me in suspense."

"I beg you will excuse me for a very few minutes," said Professor Cherubusco, "and I think I can demonstrate to you the efficacy of the true Art."

Thomas was contentedly munching the last crumbs of the bread and fowl when the enchanter appeared suddenly at his side.

"Are you willing to return to your old home if you are assured of a welcome and restoration to favor?" he asked, with his courteous, royal smile.

"Do I look bughouse?" answered Thomas. "Enough of the footback life for me. But will they have me again? The old lady is as fixed in her ways as a nut on a new axle."

"My dear young man," said the other, "she has been searching for you everywhere."

"Great!" said Thomas. "I'm on the job. That team of dropsical dromedaries they call horses is a handicap for a first-class coachman like myself; but I'll take the job back, sure, doc. They're good people to be with."

And now a change came o'er the suave countenance of the Caliph of Bagdad. He looked keenly and suspiciously at the ex-coachman.

"May I ask what your name is?" he said shortly.

"You've been looking for me," said Thomas, "and don't know my name? You're a funny kind of sleuth. You must be one of the Central Office gumshoers. I'm Thomas McQuade, of course; and I've been chauffeur of the Van Smuythe elephant team for a year. They fired me a month ago for—well, doc, you saw what I did to your old owl. I went broke on booze, and when I saw the tire drop off your whiz wagon I was standing in that squad of hoboes at the Worth monument waiting for a free bed. Now, what's the prize for the best answer to all this?"

To his intense surprise Thomas felt himself lifted by the collar and dragged, without a word of explanation, to the front door. This was opened, and he was kicked forcibly down the steps with one heavy,

disillusionizing, humiliating impact of the stupendous Arabian's shoe.

As soon as the ex-coachman had recovered his feet and his wits he hastened as fast as he could eastward toward Broadway.

"Crazy guy," was his estimate of the mysterious automobilist. "Just wanted to have some fun kiddin', I guess. He might have dug up a dollar, anyhow. Now I've got to hurry up and get back to that gang of bum bed hunters before they all get preached to sleep."

When Thomas reached the end of his two-mile walk he found the ranks of the homeless reduced to a squad of perhaps eight or ten. He took the proper place of a newcomer at the left end of the rear rank. In the file in front of him was the young man who had spoken to him of hospitals and something of a wife and child.

"Sorry to see you back again," said the young man, turning to speak to him. "I hoped you had struck something better than this."

"Me?" said Thomas. "Oh, I just took a run around the block to keep warm. I see the public ain't lending to the Lord very fast to-night."

"In this kind of weather," said the young man, "charity avails itself of the proverb, and both begins and ends at home."

And now the Preacher and his vehement lieutenant struck up a last hymn to Providence and man. Those of the Bed Liners whose windpipes still registered above 32 degrees hopelessly and tunelessly joined in.

In the middle of the second verse Thomas saw a sturdy girl with wind-tossed drapery battling against the breeze and coming straight toward him from the opposite sidewalk. "Annie!" he yelled, and ran toward her.

"You fool, you fool!" she cried, weeping and laughing, and hanging upon his neck. "why did you do it?"

"The Stuff," explained Thomas briefly. "You know. But subsequently nit. Not a drop." He led her to the curb. "How did you happen to see me?"

"I came to find you," said Annie, holding tight to his sleeve. "Oh, you big fool!

Professor Cherubusco told us that we might find you here."

"Professor Ch— Don't know the guy. That saloon does he work in?"

"He's a clearvoyant, Thomas; the greatest in the world. He found you with the Maldean telescope, he said."

"He's a liar," said Thomas. "I never had it. He never say me have anybody's telescope."

"And he said you came in a chariot with five wheels or something."

"Annie," said Thomas solicitously, "you're giving me the wheels now. If I had a chariot I'd have gone to bed in it long ago. And without any singing and preaching for a nightcap, either."

"Listen, you big fool. The Missis says she'll take you back. I begged her to. But you must behave. And you can go up to the house to-night; and your old room over the stable is ready."

"Great!" said Thomas earnestly. "You see it, Annie. But when did these stunts happen?"

"To-night at Professor Cherubusco's. He sent his automobile for the Missis, and she took me along. I've been there with her before."

"What's the professor's line?"

"He's a clearvoyant and a witch. The Missis consults him. He knows everything. But he hasn't done the Missis any good yet, though she's paid him hundreds of dollars. But he told us that the cars told him we could find you here."

"What's the old lady want this cherry-aster to do?"

"That's a family secret," said Annie. "And now you've asked enough questions. Come on home, you big fool."

They had moved but a little way up the street when Thomas stopped.

"Got any dough with you, Annie?" he asked.

Annie looked at him sharply.

"Oh, I know what that look means," said Thomas. "You're wrong. Not another drop. But there's a guy that was standing next to me in the bed line over there that's in a bad shape. He's the right kind, and he's got wives or kids or something, and he's on the sick list. No booze. You could dig up half a dollar for him and he could get a decent bed I'd like it."

Annie's fingers began to wiggle in her purse.

"Sure, I've got money," said she. "Lots of it. Twelve dollars." And then she added, with woman's ineradicable suspicion of vicarious benevolence: "Bring him here and let me see him first."

Thomas went on his mission. The wan Bed Liner came readily enough. As the two drew near, Annie looked up from her purse and screamed:

"Mr. Walter— Oh—Mr. Walter!"

"Is that you, Annie?" said the young man weakly.

"Oh, Mr. Walter!—and the Missis hunting high and low for you!"

"Does mother want to see me?" he asked, with a flush coming out on his pale cheek.

"She's been hunting for you high and low. Sure, she wants to see you. She wants you to come home. She's tried police and morgues and lawyers and advertising and detectives and rewards and everything. And then she took up clearvoyants. You'll go right home, won't you, Mr. Walter?"

"Gladly, if she wants me," said the young man. "Three years is a long time. I suppose I'll have to walk up, though, unless the street cars are giving free rides. I used to walk and beat that old plug team of bays we used to drive to the carriage. Have they got them yet?"

"They have," said Thomas, feelingly. "And they'll have 'em ten years from now. The life of the royal elephantibus truckhorsibus is one hundred and forty-nine years. I'm the coachman. Just got my reappointment five minutes ago. Let's all ride up in a surface car—that is—er—if Annie will pay the fares."

On the Broadway car Annie handed each one of the prodigals a nickel to pay the conductor.

"Seems to me you are mighty reckless the way you throw large sums of money around," said Thomas, sarcastically.

"In that purse," said Annie decidedly, "is exactly \$11.85. I shall take every cent of it to-morrow and give it to Professor Cherubusco, the greatest man in the world."

"Well," said Thomas, "I guess he must be a pretty fly guy to pipe off things the way he does. I'm glad his spooks told him where you could find me. If you'll give me his address, some day I'll go up there, myself, and shake his hand."

Presently Thomas moved tentatively in his seat, and thoughtfully felt an abrasion or two on his knees and elbows.

"Say, Annie," said he confidently, "maybe it's one of the last dreams of the booze, but I've a kind of a recollection of

riding in an automobile with a swell guy that took me to a house full of eagles and arc lights. He fed me on biscuits and hot air and then kicked me down the front steps. If it was the *d t's*, why am I so sore?"

"Shut up, you fool!" said Annie.

"If I could find that funny guy's house," said Thomas, in conclusion, "I'd go up there some day and punch his nose for him."



BEDOUIN LOVE SONG

My steps are nightly driven,
 By the fever in my breast,
 To hear from thy lattice breathed
 The word that shall give me rest.
 Open the door of thy heart,
 And open thy chamber door,
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips,
 The love that shall fade no more.
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book
 unfold.

—Bayard Taylor.



MR. M. J. DE LOYNES
Consul General for France.



MR. NICHOLAS de STRUVE
Russian Consul General.

Foreign "Spies" in Canada

By

Donald I. MacLeod

The Consul-General in most countries is a gentleman with nothing to do but sit still, keep his eyes open and exercise tact. But in Canada he is a "spy"—not in an offensive sense, but in the sense that Joshua and Caleb reported the Land of Promise. The Consul-General in Ottawa is the eye of his King or his Republic, watching Canada, traveling throughout Canada, examining it and reporting it to his Government.—The Editors.

WHEN Earl Grey cast his eyes about him at his "drawing-room" of a few weeks ago—the last such function of his term — he beheld a brilliant sight. He beheld fair women, in wondrous, bejewelled gowns with great V's in the back. He beheld brave men, nay heroes, who suffered in silence collars of exceeding height, and vast, arid stretches of spotless and effulgent shirt-front. He beheld choleric-faced military officers, and the executive officers of Canada's new-born navy, resplendent in their evening attire of blue.

All this Earl Grey saw, but he scanned the color and the splendor of the Senate Chamber for something more—the insignia of the foreign consuls-general to Can-

ada. And he looked in vain. They were not there. The American papers said that they "boycotted Earl Grey." Be this as it may, every consul-general in Canada studiously remained away from Earl Grey's drawing-room, notwithstanding that they and their wives had all been very much in evidence at the opening of Parliament a day or two before.

Consuls-general in Canada have no diplomatic or official status in the eyes of the Dominion Government. It is held that they are not endowed with plenipotentiary powers by their own governments, and hence that they are not entitled to diplomatic status under the Canadian government, even in the face of the fact that they are often called to do the work



HON. MR. TAKASHI NAKAMURA
Japanese Consul General.

of diplomats. Furthermore, although Canada's independent treaty-making power would seem to have been pretty firmly established, the Dominion is technically under Great Britain, and some hair-splitting quibblers question whether or not Canada has the right of conferring upon anyone diplomatic rank.

This lack of recognition of the consuls-general passes unnoticed during the greater part of the year, but it crops up in very acute form when the Governor-General's drawing-room comes along.

There is a precedence order in the presentation of guests to His Excellency. First come members of the Privy Council and members of the Dominion cabinet, then judges of the Supreme Court, and M.P.'s and senators from all parts of Canada, and the numberless colonels and majors from the Militia Department, and then So-and-so, and So-and-so, and finally, at the tail-end of this great procession, "other ladies and gentlemen."

The consuls-general had been put down near the "other ladies and gentlemen" end of it. This was the thorn in the flesh that kept them away from the function, that caused them to boycott Earl Grey's last drawing-room.

With regularity as unailing as the introduction of his Daylight Saving Bill, E. N. Lewis, M.P., gets up in the House of Commons and waxes wroth about the "invidious treatment" of the consuls-general at the hands of the Government. Already this session Dr. Sproule, M.P., has virtually given notice that he also is going to talk himself red in the face in championship of the consuls' cause.

But the general opinion is that the recent boycott will achieve more than oceans of Opposition eloquence, and that the consuls-general will be granted diplomatic status without ado before the Duke of Connaught entertains at the next drawing-room.

* * *

PICTURE to yourself a little man, a very little man, walking along the main street of the Canadian capital with another man, and taking three steps to this other man's one. The very tread of this little man is business-like and decisive. There is something about the way he carries his five feet of height and hundred pounds of weight that suggests wide-awakeness, and energy that knows no tiring.

So small is the little fellow that everybody he meets turns to stare. Smith and Jones, two men of the street, pass by.

"Is that the little Jap who is doing the acrobatic stunts down at the vaudeville theatre this week?" asks Smith.

"Yep," replies Jones. "He looks like him, anyway. I'm pretty sure it is."

But it isn't. The little man with the decisive mien is Hon. Takashi Nakamura, Imperial Consul-General of Japan to Canada. The man with him is his private secretary, also a Japanese, who is gifted with considerably more stature than his little superior.

The little Hon. Takashi Nakamura looks young, and his looks do not belie him; he is but 37—the youngest consul-general in Canada.

At 24 he passed the Japanese diplomatic and consular examination, and for two years served as vice-consul at Fusan and Masampo, in Korea. Ten years ago he was transferred to the Japanese legation at Washington, where he remained for three years as secretary and attache. From Washington he returned to the

Orient, and spent two years as consul at Foochow, China. Here his aptness for things diplomatic came more directly to the notice of the Japanese Government, and in 1906 he was appointed to no less important an office than the secretaryship of the Foreign Department at Tokio, an office which carried with it membership in both Houses of the Japanese Imperial Diet, the acting directorship of the Japanese Commercial Bureau, and the duties of examiner at the consular and diplomatic examination.

There it was that Hon. Takashi Nakamura brought distinction upon himself by taking a prominent part in the revision of the commercial treaty with Russia following the Portsmouth Peace Convention. For this the Japanese Government conferred upon him the Fifth Class Order of the Rising Sun, while there came to him from beyond the sterile wastes of Siberia the Second Class Order of St. Anna, the Russian Government's acknowledgment of his diplomatic service.

In April of last year, the Imperial Japanese consulate-general in Canada became vacant, and the Japanese Foreign Department recognized Canada's importance among world powers by despatching hither no less a one than its own secretary and diplomat, known to all Japan, China and Russia—Hon. Takashi Nakamura.

This, then, is Japan's envoy to Canada—a little big man, little in body, big in mind; a young old man, young in years, old in the task fraught with grave responsibilities of mediating between nations. An admirable type is he of the aggressive little people of the Nippon land beyond the eastern seas.

Mr. Nakamura likes Canada. "You know," he once said, in his excellent English, rendered pleasing and melodious by a little tinge of Japanese accent. "You know, I visited Canada on several occasions while I was stationed at Washington, and I hoped then that I should some day have the privilege of living in this land of great opportunities. Well, that day has come." And his face beamed forth his satisfaction from the depths of the huge Morris chair, which almost swallowed him up.

Since his arrival in Canada there has fallen to Hon. Mr. Nakamura's hand lit-



MR. WANG SZE YUEN
Chinese Consul General.

tle work of a diplomatic nature. He was the medium through whom Earl Grey and the Japanese authorities exchanged messages when Prince Ito of Japan was assassinated in Korea. He is in close touch with his sub-consul at Vancouver, and is making a thorough study of the Japanese immigration problem in its relation to British Columbia.

A six-month after his arrival in Canada, Hon. Takashi Nakamura won his Canadian spurs. He went to a meeting of Ottawa's Canadian Club one Saturday, and made a speech. Now, this speech was no common-place speech. It left out the eulogies and the plaudits, and the empty, froth-like nothingnesses of ordinary after-dinner speeches; it was a speech worth while. It easily stands to-day among the half-dozen classics recorded in the minute-book of the Ottawa Canadian Club, and that is saying not a little.

To begin with, this memorable address had a background which served to set it in very clear relief.

"Dr." Kung, then Chinese Consul-General—a sort of Chinese LL.D.—spoke first. Now, Dr. Kung, who had been in Canada but two months, was scarcely an adept



MR. JOHN FORSTER
Consul General for the United States.

in English. Accordingly, he had mastered very few of the principles of English pronunciation, and had had his address written out by his English secretary. Then he went valiantly to the Canadian Club meeting, artfully planning to enunciate mechanically the words on the paper before him, although he himself had not the faintest idea what these words meant. He trusted to good fortune and to his household gods to see him safely through.

Well, he made the speech. It was not a very good speech. The windows were not shattered by the plaudits of his auditors. There were moments of nerve-destroying suspense—for everybody but Dr. Kung. He seemed to be serenely unconscious of the uneasiness which permeated every corner of the big dining-room. He took his own good time to deliberate with his own mind as to how a word should be pronounced, and—the suspense was awful!

When he came to a big word, it was heart-rendering. Hon. W. S. Fielding, who was seated at the head table near the orating Dr., kept his gaze fixed out

through a window. Hon. Charles Murphy's salvation was a square foot of wall at the other end of the room. And as for Hon. Frank Oliver, he steadfastly contemplated an empty saucer on the table before him, where but a few minutes before a pile of canned peas had been.

At length Dr. Kung sat down. Great drops of perspiration were mopped from every brow. The audience had no more idea of what Dr. Kung had been trying to say than had the worthy Dr. Kung himself; to this day the only man who knows is the man who wrote out that address.

When the president of the Canadian Club had finished mopping his forehead, he rose and moved a very hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Kung for the intensely interesting address to which everyone had listened with such great pleasure! And the hundreds of nervous wrecks in the room made the building shake with applause.

Then Hon. Takashi Nakamura arose to speak. A hush fell over the gathering. "I wonder how the little Jap will make out?" was in everybody's mind.

They did not wonder long. He made out superbly. He spoke upon the diplomatic and commercial relations of Japan and Canada, and his utterances stamped him as a scholar and an orator. Cabinet ministers craned their necks to get a good view of the little fellow, their eyes open wide with amazement. Here was a little man from the Far East, an artist in English, learned in economics, and their peer, if not their superior, in oratorical expression! The audience was wildly enthusiastic. Every time the diminutive Cicero rose to the full height of his five feet on the wings of a grand climax, the house was brought down with applause. When at last he took his seat there went up a cheer that lasted not for seconds, but for minutes.

"I've been in the House of Commons for twenty years," one gentleman was heard to remark on the way out, "and I know of only three men who can beat that little fellow speaking, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, and Hon. A. B. Aylesworth."

The address was commented upon in the newspapers. It was talked about in

the clubs, and on the streets. Hon. Takashi Nakamura had won his spurs.

But poor Dr. Kung! is back in China now. He left Ottawa in great haste three months ago, and nobody has since been able to ascertain anything about the cause of his going.

He was the first Chinese Consul-General to Canada, and the path which he trod was not strewn with roses. An unseen Nemesis pursued him unrelentingly from the day of his arrival till the day of his departure.

It was a memorable day, that summer's day of a year and a half ago, when he and his suite arrived in Ottawa. A mighty host of laundrymen and restaurant proprietors, glorious in the latest clothes, and shining tan boots and Panama hats, with bands of varied hues, were assembled at the depot to bid him welcome. But one of Dr. Kung's secretaries—there were two of them—looked much more distinguished than Dr. Kung himself, and all the shirt-cleaners and servers of French-fried potatoes united to do him honor. This James the Pretender accepted of their obeisance most graciously, and ceased bowing to them only when the real Consul-General made his way into the circle, and said in Chinese, "I am the doctor."

Things went along not so badly until a small boy hit one of Dr. Kung's secretaries with an apple-core or something one day, and the secretary complained to the authorities that the Chinese Empire had suffered a grave affront at the hands of a representative of the Canadian people. The Canadian people avenged the affront by fining the small boy \$10 and costs.

Dr. Kung used to sally forth for an occasional walk along the streets of Ottawa. If he wore Chinese garb, everyone would turn to stare. And if he wore European garb—a silk tile or Derby hat on the very back of his head, and a suit that failed most lamentably in its efforts to fit—everyone would turn to stare.

It was obvious to all who enjoyed Dr. Kung's acquaintance, that he was growing weary of it all. At length he packed up all his belongings and sailed from Canadian coasts for the Orient.

Dr. Kung was essentially an Oriental who could not adapt himself to Occidental life and usages, try as he might. Whe-



MR. L. SCELSEI
Consul General for Italy.

ther this truth dawned first upon Dr. Kung himself or upon the Chinese Government, has never been learned.

Of a very different character is Dr. Kung's successor, Mr. Wang Sze Yuen. Indeed, Mr. Wang—the Chinese adopt the voters' list method of placing the last name first—is the antithesis of Dr. Kung. He is alert. He is quick to perceive things. He can speak English. He has a tailor-made suit.

Although he has been in Canada only a couple of months, Mr. Wang has already poured out vials of wrath upon the heads of the newspapermen.

He took a trip up to Cobalt a month ago. The newspapermen of the silver country quizzed him about the object of his visit. "Purely private business," replied Mr. Wang.

When the reporters had satisfied themselves that there was no possibility of getting anything further from him, they walked over to the telegraph office and spread broadcast throughout the land the glad tidings that the Chinese Consul-General was in Cobalt to buy a mine or two for the purpose of supplying silver to the Chinese mint.



MR. H. KETELS
Belgian Consul General.

Mr. Wang had left Cobalt before he saw in print the object of his trip. But he was not going to let it drop that easily. He had his revenge upon the Ottawa newspapermen!

The Chinese Consul-General is 45 years old. "I had quite a time figuring that out," said he to me, "because in China we do not reckon our time by years."

The first part of his life he spent in business for himself. It was only ten years ago that he was appointed to the "Silk Guild," a governmental board of trade, in Shanghai. He was also made an executive member of the Commissary Chamber of Shanghai, a union of all the big business men. Two years ago he became attache to the Chinese legation at Tokio, Japan. From Tokio he went as consul to Nagasaki, Japan, where he remained until he was sent to Canada.

Mr. Wang is a good business man, and a good business man is a long way toward being a good consul.

"What do you think of the Chinese awakening?" I asked him.

"Oh, it's coming," he replied, in a tone of certainty which one might use in speaking of the sun-rise to-morrow morning.

"China, you know, is much older than Rome or Greece, older than every country in the world, excepting Egypt, and what the Chinese have quietly learned in all those ages is going to be of use to them when the awakening comes."

Uncle Sam is very much interested in Canada, and, to keep this interest ever fresh, he maintains at the Canadian capital, one J. G. Foster—or Colonel the Honorable J. G. Foster, B.A., to be complete.

'Tis hard to look upon Col. Foster as aught but a Canadian. He was born in Derby Line, on the Vermont frontier, within almost a stone's throw of the Quebec border. In his youth he was wont to climb a hill and look across to Canada, as Moses looked upon the promised land. Thirteen years ago he came to this land. The first six years of the thirteen he spent in Halifax; the remaining seven in Ottawa.

As senior United States Consul-General for Canada, he is the centre of a great solar system. The United States Consuls to Canada are planets revolving about him, and the scores of vice-consuls and consular agents are satellites revolving about the planets. There are in all 112 of these revolving bodies.

The United States foreign service is divided into two parts, diplomatic and commercial. Col. Foster is technically a part of the commercial part, but he often dons a frock coat, and lo! he is a part of the diplomatic part. For instance, he was chairman of the United States tariff committee which conferred with Hon. Messrs. Fielding and Patterson in Ottawa not long since.

He is 51 years of age, this genial and unwarlike colonel of the Stars and Stripes, knows all Canada like a book, and is known to his thousands of friends from Halifax to Victoria as a "very fine fellow," that terse summing up of a man which has such a wealth of meaning. In his office there hang portraits of Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and Bill Taft; no, T. R. isn't there. But the wall adornment to which he always points with an especial pride is a queer little circular, adjuring all Canadians to "treat John Gilman Foster with every consideration," and so on. 'Tis only a formal little circular from the British Foreign Office, and

is long out-dated at that. Then, why has it been given a place of honor on the wall, where all who enter may see? Look at it a little more closely and you will discern a name; it is the name, written there by her own hand, of history's greatest queen—Victoria.

If Uncle Sam ever runs short of silver certificates and can't pay Col. Foster's salary, the colonel will not starve. He used to be a director of banks and things down in Vermont twenty years ago, before he yielded to the lure of the Government service, and he kept a wad of stocks and bonds as souvenirs of those olden days.

Then there is Mr. H. Ketels, Consul-General for little Belgium.

He was born near Brussels thirty-nine years ago, and was educated for the Belgian bar. But delving into ponderous law books and wrangling in courts of law was an avocation that did not appeal to him, and at the age of twenty-five he joined the Belgian foreign service. For two years he served as consul at Melbourne, Australia; for three years as attache at Peking, China, and for five years as consul at Nientsin, China. From Nientsin he came to Ottawa four years ago.

And in that four years he has learned at first hand more about Canada than 99 out of every 100 Canadians have ever learned. A much-traveled man is he. He has visited every Canadian district, every city and large town of importance, from sea to sea. He is equally at home in discussing the industrial growth of the east, the agricultural development of the vast prairie region, or the great timber and mineral wealth of British Columbia.

One would scarcely think, to meet this prince of courtesy, this refined and scholarly gentleman, that he had traversed with half-breed guides the southern part of the Mackenzie basin, that he had sojourned at railroad camps along the Grand Trunk Pacific route through northern Quebec, that he had stood with Sir Wilfrid Grenfell upon rugged, sea-swept coasts of the bleak Labrador. Of a surety, no office-chair diplomat is the Belgian Consul-General.

And his enthusiasm about Canada's future! Not one spark of it could be reproduced here; it would consume the paper.



HORATIO L. MEYER
Argentine Republic.

"Canadians have no idea of what a country they have," he said, at the end of one of his enthusiastic outbursts. "Only a comparatively small part of Canada has been developed yet, but time will bring the economic factors necessary to make it one of the greatest countries in the world."

When diplomatic duties call, Mr. Ketels is not slow to respond. He it was who acted as the representative of his Government in the bringing about of the recent commercial convention of Canada and Belgium.

The last of the five consuls-general resident in Ottawa is Mr. Horatio L. Mayer, of the Argentine Republic, that thrifty southern land which is keeping pace with Canada. He, too, has seen for himself all Canada, from coast to coast; only a few weeks ago he returned from the Maritime Provinces, whither he had gone to study industrial and trade conditions.

The field of his diplomatic experience has not been a narrow one. He was a member of the Argentine-Chili Boundary Commission, which averted a war, and has been on sundry diplomatic missions to England, France and Italy. Three years ago he was sent to Canada.

"I have seen this whole magnificent country of Canada," he said, "and I have already read over 200 books on Canadian topics. And the more I see of Canada, and the more I read, the more am I convinced of the folly of Europeans coming to this country, remaining in one or two of the big cities for a few days, and then going back and giving to the newspapers great long interviews about Canada. This is a vast and a great country, and the man who would know of its vastness and its greatness must devote to the task not days, but years.

"Trade between Argentina and Canada is increasing greatly year by year: last year Canada's exports to Argentina totaled \$2,800,000. I am very glad to see that the C. P. R. is going to establish a direct line of steamships to Buenos Ayres, and I am now looking forward to the day when Canada will be represented in the Argentine Republic by a trade commissioner, for whom there would indeed be a great field."

Mr. Nicholas de Struve, the Russian Consul-General, makes Montreal his abiding place. He has been more or less in the public eye of late through his efforts to effect the extradition of the Russian, Fedorenko, now in Winniege, who is wanted in Russia on a charge of sedition. Mr. de Struve is the servant of the Czar, of course.

He was born in Russia forty-eight years ago, coming of noble family on the side of his mother, the Baroness de Rosen. While a young man he was sent to study the educational systems of Sweden, Denmark and Holland, and on his return was entrusted with the education of one of the princes of the Russian royal family—some fellow whose name consists of the whole alphabet thrown into a hat and jumbled up.

This task finished, Mr. de Struve joined the Russian legation in Turkey. When he left Constantinople, the Sultan decorated him with the Order of Medjidie, whatever that means, while the Order of St. Daniel was given him by the Prince of Montenegro, that microscopic country which squeezes itself in somewhere between Turkey and the Adriatic Sea. Six years ago the Czar honored Mr. de Struve

with the Russian Order of St. Stanislas, which carries with it great distinction in Russian diplomatic and social circles.

Mr. de Struve is a close student of Canadian conditions; he has visited every part of the Dominion, and has published in St. Petersburg a number of works dealing exhaustively with Canadian trade and industry.

He is well known in Montréal, having for years been actively identified with educational and benevolent movements there.

Not long ago a newspaperman visited the Russian Consulate to see the eminent representative of the Czar's domain, and in the course of the conversation he drew a parallel which seemed strange indeed, a parallel of Russia and Canada.

"A glance at a map of the world shows that nearly all the northern part of it is made up of two great countries, Russia and Canada," he began. "These two countries are very similar. They are both rich in natural resources, and they both have great undeveloped areas. These facts lead me to believe that to these two great countries belongs the future. The establishment of friendly relations between Canada and Siberia is one most cherished of my dreams.

"Canada's growth in the last ten years has been simply marvellous. And this growth, it seems to me, is due in no small measure to British institutions."

Mr. Marie Joseph de Loynes is another consul-general whose headquarters are in Montreal. He represents France. He is a man of few words.

When you ask him about his career he will say, "Well, I entered the diplomatic service of France in 1881. I was secretary to the Embassy at Madrid, and then to the Embassy at St. Petersburg for quite a while, and three years ago I came to Canada."

And when you ask him what he thinks of Canada, he will say: "The development of Canada, and especially of the western part, is wonderful. The country's resources are enormous, and the bracing, healthy climate is going to be a big factor in future Canadian growth."

Mr. de Loynes is quite at home in Montreal, among the French.

There are other consuls-general in Montreal—Mr. Karl Lang, of Germany, who

took a prominent part in the German sur-tax negotiations; Mr. L. Scelsi, of Italy, who has just returned from a visit to his fatherland; Mr. E. Ortiz de Zugasti, of Spain; Mr. A. Jacobsen, of Norway, and Mr. H. Hann Von Hammenheim, of Austria-Hungary—all with records behind them. Smaller countries to the number of twenty-eight, have consular representation through Canadian appointees in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver, but their authority is nominal in comparison with that of the foreign envoys.

These, then, are the consuls-general. These are the men who have come to Can-

ada as the delegates of the nations of the earth.

They are here, not to take their ease in luxuriant offices and await the diplomatic task which does not come, but, as "spies," to go out and learn of this land, whose greatness even now glimmers but faintly in the dawn. And nobly they are fulfilling their mission.

They are men of talent and worth. They are men of ripe experience, who rank high in the councils of their own countries.

Surely the sending to Canada of such men is no empty or petty thing. Surely these men are living testimonies to the world's recognition of Canada's nationhood.

SI J'ETAIS DIEU

(After the French of Prudhomme)

If I were God, Death's wind should not destroy
Men's happiness, and none should sigh adieu,
And tears should flow, but only tears of joy,
Si j'étais Dieu.

If I were God, the city's saddened child
Should smile in meadows fresh with summer dew,
And none should fall, life-wearied and defiled,
Si j'étais Dieu.

If I were God, day's cares should never fright,
And labor should be play forever new,
For we should only strive to learn our might,
Si j'étais Dieu.

If I were God, for you, whose love I claim,
I would unfold Heavens ever fair and blue,
But I would leave you, oh, my sweet, the same,
Si j'étais Dieu.

—Cyrus MacMillan.



A Little Tale of Far Japan

By Katharine Tynan

IT was a case of love at first sight, love open, eager, pursuing, on Warren's side: love that disguised itself, was afraid, and so appeared to be bitter and resentful on the part of the woman. Charmian Leslie was—her friend Mrs. Brooks used to declare, a vestal virgin by choice up to a certain point. Charmian was proud of her intimacies with men, whom she called boys and those she liked particularly "her" boys. She was a journalist by profession. She had been all over the world, in strange places: sometimes thousands of miles away from a white face. She had never been insulted or frightened, wherefore she was cheerfully contemptuous of the women to whom these things happened, and so fearless that the men who cared for her might well quake at the thought of where she'd go or what she'd do next. Men took her at her word, as a rule. A hundred men would have died to save her from insult or injury. Not one of the hundred thought of making love to her. She was as feminine as ever she could be; and yet

— She swaggered about among the boys, rushed hither and thither in search of "copy," endured terrible hardships, after which she would have to put her poor little body to bed for a week. The spirit in her was never dismayed. She used to fret and grumble at herself because she could not do the work of a man. She rode like a cowboy, could shoot straight, play euchre, help a brother out of a tight place without talking of it afterwards. The boys helped her all they could, and spared her as much as she would let them, which was not very much. She had been at Nagasaki just three weeks before Billy Warren turned up there.

Vestal virgin as she was, she was uncommonly glad to find in the wife of the Consul at Nagasaki, Helen Danes, now Helen Brooks, who had been her classmate at school long ago. She was gladder than she would have confessed to see the face of a white woman. She had been at the seat of war roughing it among the Loys. Now the war was over, and there

was a whole bunch of correspondents sitting at Nagasaki waiting for orders from head-quarters.

She trembled in Helen's arms when they met. She had ridden down to Nagasaki, some hundreds of miles, as often as not sleeping in the open with what shelter and seclusion the boys could provide for her. Mrs. Brooks was for putting her to bed at the consulate and had her way in the end, although Charmian had already found a habitation for herself—a delightful little Japanese house in the midst of a cherry orchard, on the banks of a little pond covered with the sacred lotus. It was a place she had longed for when she had been at Nagasaki before, and she had already secured it. She was going to sit down there and write the great novel with which her head was busy. It was a trouble and a vexation that her limbs shook under her, that she had a ridiculous inclination to cry, that she couldn't eat or drink or sleep, that she must collapse in a crumpled heap on the sofa in Helen's pretty drawing-room even while she pretended that she was all right and must get back to the cherry-orchard and start work.

She lay in bed a week at the consulate, being rather light-headed in the first days, and emerged in the light of day looking as white as a sheet of paper and nearly as attenuated. Ordinarily she was of a pale brownness, with eyes somewhat of the brown you find in Venetian glass and of a peculiar brightness. They might have been over-bright if it were not for their long shape and the trick she had of narrowing the eyelids so that the brightness of the eyes was like something shining in the depths of a pool. She always wore brown, which, though she did not suspect it, was an act of coquetry on her part. It brought out the gold hues of her hair and eyes, and the creamy whiteness of her neck and shoulders and her beautiful arms.

"My nut-brown girl," Billy Warren called her in his own mind the first evening he strolled into the consulate after a bath and a change of garments following his arrival in Nagasaki that afternoon.

"How-do-you-do, Miss Leslie?" he said, coming forward and shaking hands. There was no one present to introduce them.

"How-do-you-do?" returned Charmian, whose friends abbreviated her name to Charm. "I expect you're Mr. Warren. The boys have been looking forward to your arrival as though it was all they had left to wish for on earth."

"That's very good of the boys," he said, eyeing her approvingly. "They gave me a great reception, and they're all coming round with musical instruments as soon as we have dined."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You seem to be just too popular for anything," she said. "You remind me, of that old gentleman—in Athens, was it?—who had to be downed because everyone called him the just."

"Please don't down me," he said earnestly. "I'm not just enough to make it worth while."

Charm turned and looked at the clock.

"Helen will be late for the day of judgment," she said.

At that moment Mrs. Brooks appeared and Charm repeated it with exaggeration.

Now if Mrs. Brooks had been content to let well alone, or, at least, not to show her hand so plainly, things might have been easier for Billy. As it was, Charm got wind of the fact that it was proposed to make a match between her and Billy, and all the vestal virgin in her was up in arms. She was really immensely taken with Billy, who was a big, handsome, soft-eyed, soft-spoken fellow with the best heart in the world. She had a double admiration for him as a man and a journalist. As a man, he had some extraordinarily creditable things to his record; as a journalist, he had opened the Japanese oyster as no white man ever succeeded in doing before or since. But Charm was devoted to her profession. Perhaps she was a little bit jealous, because, apart from her adventurous spirit and her being where she was, there was nothing remarkable in her record; none of the prizes of journalism were ever likely to come her way.

Helen too had been indiscreet. She had taken Charm's reasonableness too much for granted, which is never a safe thing to do. She had flung her over a letter of Billy Warren's the first morning she had been well enough to appear at the breakfast-table. It had contained this passage:

"Just keep the adorable Miss Leslie till I come along. I take your word for her as a girl; as a journalist—why doesn't she get some big fellow to do chores for her? I'd like to see a girl of mine run such risks. Women in our kind of journalism are like the dog standing on his hind legs to Dr. Johnson. They excite the same feeling under my shirt front. Tell her to give it up and get married."

Mrs. Brooks regretted her indiscretion when she saw the wave of color in Charm's clear cheek, and apologised humbly. Billy Warren would never forgive her if he knew. He was such a dear fellow—the last in the world to hurt a woman.

Charm laughed, rather a forced laugh and waved away the apology. Mrs. Brooks made the further mistake of thinking that Charm had forgotten all about it and boomed Billy to the sky for the next fortnight or so.

"The girl that will be lucky enough to get Billy!"—How often Miss Leslie had listened to that or like phrases and curled her dainty lips at them secretly. The vestal virgin was incensed. So was the hurt professional pride. That wretched Billy Warren, of whom the boys and Helen—and even Carter, Helen's husband, who was usually dumb as a stockfish—talked as though he was the Lord's pattern man, how she would like to show him what she could do in journalism. She had a little syndicate to herself far away in America, and displayed proudly on paper and envelopes the little stamp, "The Charmian Leslie Syndicate." It used to make the boys smile, though they wouldn't have let her see it for worlds. She really fancied herself more than a little bit and was much more anxious about being a smart journalist than about being a very attractive girl, as she was, although her absorption in what she called her "stories" dulled the charm of her sex, else she never could have kept the boys at arm's-length as she had done. There would have been trouble before this.

II.

Billy Warren took Miss Leslie home later on to her little house in the cherry-orchard. It was a wonderful Eastern night, full of heavy scents, with a magnificent moon and stars upon a purple sky.

The little house, lit up by its paper-lanterns, burned like a jewel amid the blossoming boughs of the cherry.

"And you live here all alone?" Billy said, standing by the gate. She had invited him in, offering to mix him a cocktail, and he had refused.

"I have my old cook, Lo San. He's just immortal. He treats me as though I were a three-year old baby. He's a Buddhist, and won't take life. You can't imagine the horrid things he can handle with impunity. I saw him with a black thing, all legs and a horrible shiny back and a pair of wicked red eyes, on his palm the other day. 'Our Master, Buddha,' he said, 'was friends with all that lived. This fellow not make war on me, Missie, because I not make war on him.'"

"I don't think," said Billy Warren with emphasis. "This lovely little spot of yours—I'm not denying it's downright lovely—harbors every wicked creeping thing that is known in Japan. That pond of yours, too. There are a pretty lot of reptiles there under the lotuses. It is a fool thing for you to be in such a place. I wouldn't allow it, if I had any right to forbid it."

He added the last clause with a tender drop in his voice, and his eyes, as they rested on her in the moonlight, had a dawning passion in their depths. But Charm was perverse. She chose to resent his speech, knowing all the time that she was a fool for doing it.

"As I love this little haven of mine, she said, with some sharpness in her voice, "and have no intention of giving it up till I have to go home, I'm very glad you haven't the right." Then, a little ashamed of the sharpness, she added: "I am very well taken care of with my good old Lo San and Sambo. You haven't been introduced to Sambo."

She lifted a little Japanese mongrel by the scruff of the neck for Billy's inspection.

"He's always killing green devils about the orchard," she said. "Lo San's shocked at him. You should see Sambo's fine rage over a scorpion. But"—she made the concession a little grudgingly—"I don't walk everywhere in the orchard. There is a part by the pond which will be quite safe with Sambo going ahead of me. Sambo's death on everything that creeps:

I don't like the things, Mr. Warren, and won't put myself in their way because I want to meet them."

"Thank you," Billy said gravely. Then he stooped and patted the little mongrel's head. "Look after your mistress, old man," he said. The little beast licked at him with his red rag of a tongue. Billy was a friend of the animal creation.

During the few weeks that followed while they were all waiting to go home, with nothing to do but amuse themselves, it was quite plain to even the most unobservant that "old Bill," as the boys called him out of pure affection, was hopelessly gone on Charmian Leslie. He didn't seem a bit put off by the young lady's capricious humors and her chilliness. He followed her about in a moonstruck way which made some of his special friends among the boys rather indignant. Billy had always been a subject for ideal masculine friendships. His special friends were a bit jealous. It annoyed them to see him stuck on a girl who flouted him all day long. It wasn't good enough. Charm was as pretty as her name and a game little thing, although U. S. journalism wouldn't have just died without her; but she wasn't in the same boat with Billy and she needn't think it. Of course, every American girl is "a queen;" but Warren was a quite uncommon king among his fellows. Some of the boys were quite hot about Charm's way of treating him as though he were just an ordinary individual and not William Warren. It would be hard enough for them to give him up from the jolly brotherhood of bachelors. The girl they had to give him to ought, at least, to be civil about it.

Billy went over with Helen Brooks to tea at the little house in the cherry-orchard. It was as delightful within as without, and there was a delicate atmosphere of femininity about it. Charm presided over her tea-table with the grace of a Japanese. She wore a flowered kimono and she had her hair dressed Japanese fashion, with a little dagger thrust through the golden-brown curls. There was something languishing about her eyes. Perhaps it was the heat. It had been very hot these last few days; and the cherry-orchard seemed pulsing with life under its riot of blossom. Only that morning Lo San had picked up a deadly little

twisted snake which had been lying in one of Charmian's gay little shoes on the floor of the bathroom and had flung it from him gently into the orchard coming back to soothe Charmian's fears with "Missie, not be afraid. Buddha say not hurt anything that lives. Snake very angry when man harms. Now it harmless. Snake not hurt Missie."

Nevertheless, Charm was rather out of conceit with her orchard. She began to long for New York. She was a typical New Yorker, whereas Billy hailed from the Pacific Coast. Perhaps I ought to have stated this before, so as to emphasize the differences between them.

She said nothing about the snake to Mrs. Brooks or Billy. Helen, who could never let things alone, suggested that Billy would take care of Charm when they all went home together—Carter Brooks was not due to go home till the next President came in, and this one had been in office barely a year.

Billy flushed up delightedly. Being only a man, he was full of simple gratitude to Helen for her advocacy of him. But Charm bridled and remarked in a cold voice that she wasn't going home just yet. She was going to stay in the cherry-orchard and finish her novel.

The color ebbed from Billy's handsome face, leaving it quite pale.

"I hope you will do no such thing," he said. "Your friends ought to prevent it. It's lonely enough now, but it will be worse when we're all gone home. Mrs. Brooks has her baby. She can't be trapesin' down here to see how you're getting along. You'd be much better at home."

"Perhaps," said Charm. "But I'm not going. I've got the atmosphere here for my book. I'll stay till it's finished."

"Then I'll stay too," said Billy, with sudden doggedness. "It is my duty as an American man to look after you."

Helen remembered that Lo San had promised to show her a particular curry in which he excelled and got up and went out of the room into the tiny kitchen. Neither of them seemed to notice her going. When she came back hesitating a second beyond the paper partition, she found Charmian sitting pale and rigid, while Billy was looking at her with a kind sadness that ought to have disarmed any woman.

"Miss Leslie's mad with me," he said in his soft rich drawl. "She has as good as told me to go to the devil."

Helen tried to look cheerful but it was hard. The party broke up presently and she was glad.

III.

But Warren did not go home as he should have gone. He waited, doggedly. He just stayed on and lounged. He troubled Miss Leslie not at all; but she couldn't help meeting him often at the Brooks's house, where he was cheerfully polite while she ignored him; and she couldn't help knowing that he was very often in the near neighborhood of her little house in the cherry-orchard. She used to peep from her window at night and see his cigar-end gleaming redly outside her gate and try to persuade herself that it was only a fire-fly, a little redder than the others, in the tangled, golden dance.

She seemed not to be able to help herself with Billy somehow. By this time she knew that she was as much in love with him as he was with her; but for the life of her she couldn't help being hateful to him. Helen used to look at her with a sad indignation. She could have shaken her friend for playing fast and loose with happiness and for keeping Warren hanging on as he was doing. Her indignation made her say something Billy would not have sanctioned.

"Perhaps you're not aware that Billy's chucked a good thing just to hang round and look after you," she said. "I expect the boys are pretty mad with you. Lester Hay has got into Billy's good thing. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I never asked him to stay," said Charm hotly. "I only want to be allowed to finish my book in peace. I think it's downright mean of him to follow me round the way he does. Oh, you needn't make faces, Helen." Miss Leslie suddenly burst into tears. "I know you think my books of no importance. So does he. He suggested my—my—finishing it—on—on—our honeymoon. He despises my intellect. I wouldn't look at a man who despised my intellect."

"Never mind, dear," Helen said soothingly. "I'm sorry I made you cry. It would be very nice—on a honeymoon—

with Billy. I don't suppose you'd bother about your book."

Charm flounced away indignantly and was thornier than ever to Billy at their next meeting, which was not for some time, for she began to absent herself from the Brooks's, to shut herself up with her book. Really and truly it wasn't making progress at all. She used to sit looking at her machine and not putting a word on paper for quite a long time. She began to disbelieve in the capacity she imagined in herself for the making of a novel. Sometimes she cried in the solitude of the little house, while Lo San washed up the dishes in the ridiculous toy kitchen outside and sighed to himself that soon he and Sambo would lose little Missie. She used to quote Dowson to herself:—

"What is the use of speech? Silence were fitter:

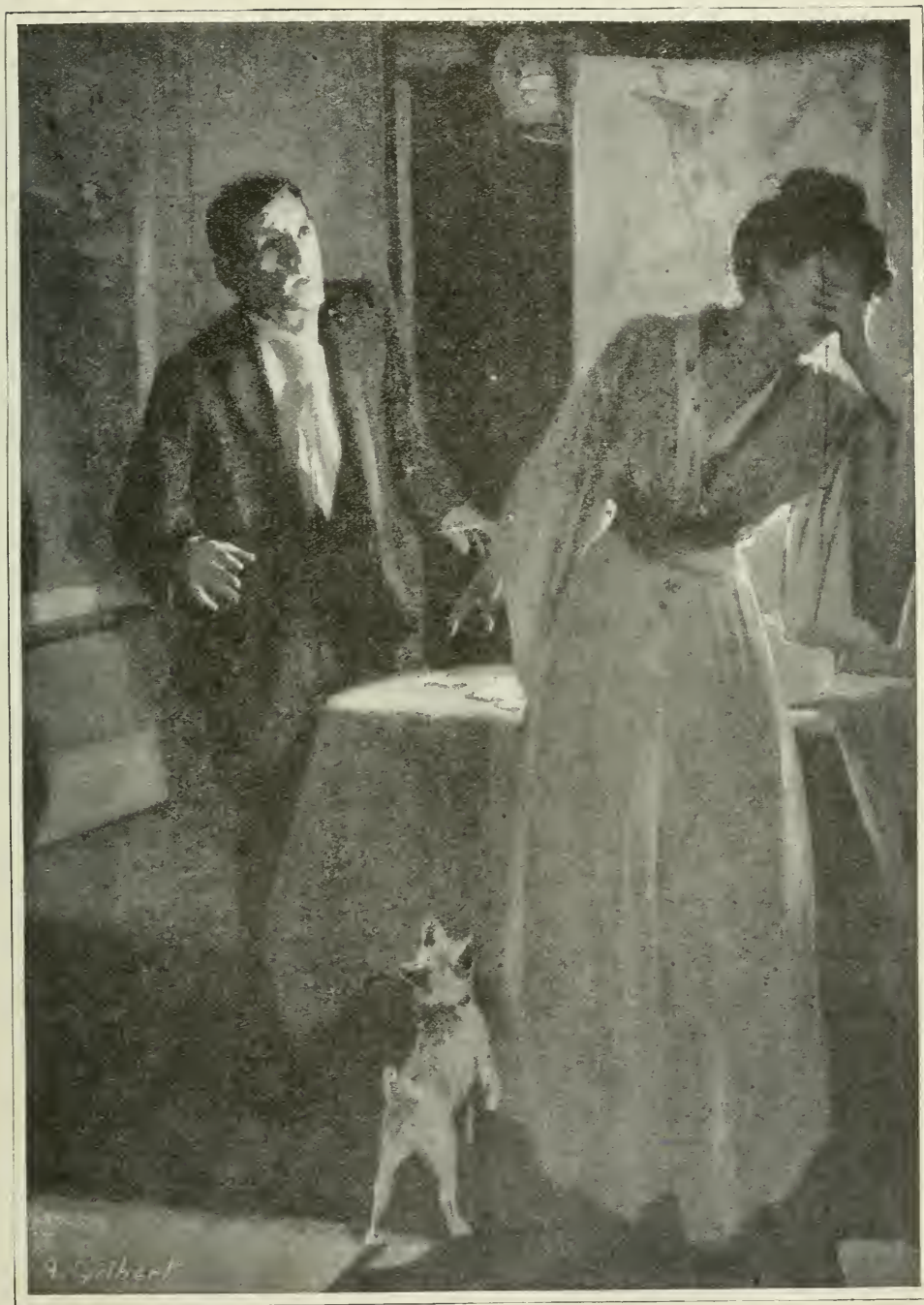
Lest we should still be wishing things unsaid,

Though all the words we ever spake were bitter,

Shall I reproach you dead?"

She used to quote Dowson to herself, and weep over the pathos she herself created, leaning her head down on the typewriter to weep, while old Lo San, peeping at her unobserved, would smile his wise smile, when he would look as though he had always lived like his Buddha, to whom he had a strange resemblance, and would go on living after all human frets and jars were over.

The book did not progress and the weeks passed. Billy Warren, who always chafed when he wasn't working, stayed on with an air of dogged endurance while the West and the East did their business without him, and his chief, in a toppling building on Broadway, swore quietly between his teeth at the fatuity of man in general and Billy in particular, where a woman was concerned. There was something had to be done that only Warren could do—Billy, who had the secret of unlocking the hearts and tongues of the most silent people. And Warren answered neither letters nor cablegrams in those days. Carter Brooks had written home to somebody that Billy had gone mad on little Charm Leslie; and the boys shook their heads and grumbled. Billy was too good to be played fast and loose with by



Drawn by A. GILBERT

"SHE WAS THERE, SCREAMING, BESIDE HERSELF WITH TERROR."

any girl that ever lived. They talked of making an expedition to kidnap Billy and carry him home, and the chief smiled grimly. He supposed Warren's tangle would straighten itself out some day; but meanwhile the *Eagle* was being badly scooped by its rival the *Day*.

Charm worked indeed, but with very little satisfaction to herself. She did an immense deal of writing. Lo San could have told of the heaped baskets of torn papers he had carried away after Missie's vigils, if Lo San was ever one to talk, which he was not. He was so silent that he might have passed for a yellow figure of Buddha when he sat handling his Buddhist rosary and contemplating the mysteries of life and death.

There was a month during which Helen Brooks was in solitude with a new baby, and Charm hardly emerged from her cherry-orchard. Billy's vigils continued. He must have slept in the daytime, for he certainly spent the greater part of the night patrolling in front of the little gate. Things were not so safe as usual after the finish-up of the war. There were a good many disbanded soldiers about with an acquired taste for loot. Charm had some very pretty things in the Delectable House of the Blooming Cherry-Orchard, as the little house was called according to Lo San.

Warren used to lean across the gate watching the light in the lower room where Charm sat, growing round-shouldered over her papers. The cherry-orchard had certainly a good many inhabitants besides Miss Leslie. The flowery undergrowth under the cherries had an incessant movement of hidden life in it. There were weird creatures in the pond. He had seen by moonlight the flat head and the wavy line of a water-snake above the floating cups of the lotus.

He did not know how long it was to go on. He could be endlessly patient when he wanted a thing and meant to have it. And he meant to have Charmian Leslie more than he had ever meant to have anything in his life. The days and the hours and the nights of vigil in which inaction was often heavy to him were all leading up to something, something which would place in his hand the occasion and

the opportunity; and his waiting would be at an end.

IV.

It came at last! He was leaning across the gate smoking his cigar as usual when he nearly jumped out of his skin as a woman's shriek, a succession of shrieks, shrill, piercing, full of an agony of terror and pain, reached his ear. He was through the little gate and into the house as though he had been shot from a catapult. The door stood open, or he might have brought the whole flimsy edifice down. He was in the little room where Charmian's light burned. She was there screaming, beside herself with terror. She was pointing at something on the table. "Kill it! Kill it!" she kept screaming, while Sambo was adding to the din, leaping at the table and yelping to get at an enemy beyond his reach.

Warren glanced at the table and needed to look no further. Lo San had been in the room before he entered it. He was trying to soothe Miss Leslie with a low crooning voice and tender words, as though she had been a child.

"Kill it! Kill it!" she shrieked, running to Billy. "It has poisoned me; I tell you it has poisoned me—here, on my shoulder."

Billy looked. On the bare beautiful shoulder there was a circle of wicked red spots. The arm had begun to swell. The creature that had injected the poison—a centipede, bloated no longer since his poison-bag was empty—had been picked up by Lo San, and was lying, a horribly sinister little beast, on the old man's extended palm.

"Kill it! Kill it!" she kept crying.

Lo San bent his head with an air of resignation to the inevitable. It was a sin for a Buddhist to take life; but Missie must be appeased at any cost to himself. So he flung the creature to the dog, who worried it to death.

As for Warren—well, he had taken his poor girl into his arms and was trying to comfort her. Lo San having disposed of the centipede, came with a poultice of sweet-smelling herbs and bound the poisoned arm with it. But the poison had done its work thoroughly. For several days Charmian hung between life and

death at the little European hospital. It was quite two months before she was carried over to the consulate, a washed-out image of her former self.

The vestal virgin was—well, quiescent. She never protested when Billy, with a great tenderness, told her of the arrangements he had made for her.

"I shall just get home in time to get the *Eagle* through," he said in his drawing-voice. "And as there isn't any too much time I've settled for the Rev. Mr. Sylvester to marry us. Anyhow, I don't see you left to the mercy of centipedes or anything else as long as I'm in the world."

"Oh," she said, "it was of you I thought first when that clammy brute dropped from the ceiling right on to my shoulder.

I know I called for you: 'Billy, Billy!' I screamed. And if you hadn't come, I'd have gone quite mad."

"I guess I'll always be around when you want me for the future," said Billy. "We'll only accept correspondences that keep us together, eh!"

"I shouldn't mind a bit. Billy, giving it all up," she said humbly. "I don't think I'm really much good as a correspondent. I know everyone will congratulate me and not you—and they will be right. I love every bone in your body, Billy, and I don't care a bit about myself."

"Don't be so humble, darling," he said. "or I'll be afraid you're already translated."

DROUGHT IN THE VALLEY

Heavy with heat the murky sky hangs low;
 The slopes of pasture-land are bare and seared;
 A few rank burdocks, gaunt lone guards, are seen
 Within the hollows. Ragged willow trees—
 Whose leaves scarce shiver when a scorching breeze
 Quivers and dies—stand by the parching stones
 That like a narrow trail of bleaching bones,
 Mark where the streamlet died. And all is still
 Save when across the open space a crow
 Toils wearily from shade to shade; or when
 A small cicada lifts a protest shrill,
 Whirrs for a moment and is dumb again.

A molten ball behind the Western hills
 The stifled sun sinks down. A bird's faint notes
 Sound from the shelter of the underbrush;
 The faded maple woods are color strewn;
 Then suddenly—up from the farm land floats
 A milking call. It breaks upon the hush
 And all the dread oppressive silence fills;
 The throbbing earth stirs with uneasy moan,
 And overhead a star keeps watch alone.

—*Fred Jacob.*

The Diary of a Back Bencher



By Paul E. Bilkey

This is the last of the Back-Bencher Diaries. The first was the diary of a small manufacturer who had stumbled into Parliament. The second was a townsman who kept a cow. This is a retired farmer who has been sitting for the same riding for ten years. As he explains, he never does any work, yet his constituents don't object. All they insist upon is that he shall be "Tory." He hints that there are Grit ridings that give similar instructions to their members. He tells how a "frilly" M. P. lost his position because he did too much work, and comments on the spirit of "Show me—I'm from Missouri!" which is characteristic of many western ridings.
—Editor.

I HAVE been here ten years. I don't know why. The people back at home vote the same way every year. They ask me to do nothing for them, and I do it—nothing I mean. I never could make a speech in all my life except at nomination meetings, and nine times out of ten I forget what time of year it is and wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, probably in mid-summer. I make all sorts of "breaks." I make a thorough dub of myself many a time I know. But the folks don't mind. They never say a word. They grin perhaps, but they're kind-hearted. They know that speech-making is a hard job, and they are sympathetic. All they ask a man to be is—Conservative, and in he goes.

My father was Conservative, and his father before that. About the time my

father died they put in a new man, an outsider, as our member. He was a young lawyer in the county town. He secured the nomination and went to Ottawa. But he had too many ideas, too many "frills" to suit our people. He had notions about horse-racing being wicked and about cigarette-smoking. He brought in some sort of a bill about divorce courts for poor people. He made speeches against what he called the abuses of the railways, and in short he was a reformer.

Our people didn't like it. They didn't want that sort of a man and they said so. There was a meeting of the Conservative Association—which amounted practically to a meeting of all the county—and it was supposed to be a reception to the member. Nobody would have thought there was anything in the wind. But there was.

Two old Tories had been primed to get up and ask our member questions. And that was the beginning of his end.

One old fellow rose up and called out in a squeaky voice, "Lawyer Simonds," says he, "are you a Grit or a Tory?"

Simonds thought it was a joke, but he soon saw it wasn't, for the old man was shaking all over with excitement and pounding the floor with his stick, he was that mad. "Lawyer Simonds! Lawyer Simonds!" he yelled, "be you Grit or Tory?"

"Grit or Tory?" says Simonds gently, a little bit put out, "why! Is it necessary—was I not—am I not the nominee of the Conservative party in this county?"

"Aye!" shrieked the old man, "Ye were! Ye were that! But will ye tell me what for are ye in Parliament to make speeches—speeches about cigarettes and 'puir' food and clean wheat and railway tariffs and deevorce! and the like o' that? Would ye be fillin' the country with more scandals, more trouble! What like of a member are ye? Are ye a Conservative? Or are ye a—Reformer?"

The other old codger took up the questioning, and that was the ruin of Simonds. He was a clever man, but his answers were not satisfying. He had been sent to Parliament to be a Tory, just as many a man is sent to Parliament by a Liberal riding, and expected to be a Grit. No speech making, no high fallutin' bills and slam-whanging at old established customs. No frills. But plain orthodox party-ism.

That's why I'm in Parliament. Been here ten years. Never did a thing. Never intend doing a thing. Not because I'm lazy, nor because I don't think. But because—there is R. L. Borden! He's enough. I let him think things out and the way he votes I vote. I've got no particular use for the whips. They don't bother me. They know that I vote when Borden votes.

You might think a man would lose ground doing nothing. You might think that although the people might stand for him doing nothing, that he'd get down and out in the House. Well! It depends. It depends on the man you are. But there's one general rule a man may stick to, and that is that it's easier to keep your

mouth shut in the House of Parliament and get along pretty well, than it is to open it.

For when the average man opens his mouth he can't tell what's likely to come out. Most successful members of Parliament are damned out of their own mouths. A man may not happen to choose the right line to catch the favor of the House and so he fails, and his failure falls on top of him and holds him down. Some men haven't the right way of saying things. They say too much or too little, or they can't help flirting their diamond ring, or doing something that roils you, and makes you lean over to your next neighbor and whisper something like this:

"Say, Bill, South York is feeling pretty good to-day, ain't he? Nice fellow isn't he, but—you know?"

Then you shrug your shoulders and Bill shrugs his shoulders, and you look at one another and grin. That is the way *that* speaker is damned. At least, it begins that way.

There are three places where a Member of Parliament is judged. There's his own riding— he wants to watch that pretty closely. There's the House itself and the Press Gallery—that's a pretty important thing to consider. And there's the whole country. And in the same way there are three kinds of members: those that keep "in right" in their respective ridings by watching the voters' lists, sending letters of condolence to the sick and the bereaved, and "sitting tight." That's one sort. Then there is the sort that keeps "in right" in the riding and keeps popular in the House as well. That's the second, and he is the best average M.P. The third kind is the great man who can make speeches and attack the other side and defend his own side—and *he* is a "national figure," so to speak. He is in line for Cabinet jobs and party leadership.

But the second kind is the best. If a man can keep the party organization strong at home, the next thing to do is to get "strong" in the House. Some men think they can do it by making speeches, but it's risky. If it's a first class speech you stand to become one of the elite—providing the party can rely on you always, and is certain that your moral affairs aren't *too* much known about the

country. But if it's a bad speech you fall. You jolt yourself. Better keep your mouth shut, and do like I did.

Now you wouldn't think I'd have much influence. They say I fall asleep when the Premier or R. L. is speaking—much less stay awake when anybody else talks. You'd think that a thing like that would hurt a man in the House. But it don't. In the ten years I've sat in Parliament I've always been perfectly orthodox Tory. I've always known the life and sayings of Sir John Macdonald like the catechism, and *I've got influence*. They call me "Old John." When they want political advice they come to me. When they want to know how the country is likely to take a certain political move—a certain policy, they come to me. For by keeping your mouth shut and your ears open a man learns a lot, and by keeping your mouth shut, except for being civil once in a while, a man gets a reputation for wisdom. Men who keep quiet and look alive are next to the cleverest speech-makers. Sometimes they are stronger. When a silent man—unless his silence is mere vacuity—opens his mouth he gets listened to. The novelty commands attention, and sometimes attention is all a man needs in a committee-room.

But there is a change coming. I am wise enough to see it, and I am getting out so that when it comes I shan't be caught in the smash-up. I'm not deserting the party. I reckon I'd do a lot before I'd do that. But I'll resign when I've served through one more Parliament—Lord willing. Little by little there is a new spirit growing through this country which makes constituencies demand speech-making Members of Parliament—loud talkers and "political independence." It's foolishness, of course. How can a man be *independent* who remembers what the Reformers did in ——. But let that go. I'm getting heated up, and it's bad for a man at my age.

But I'll tell you how I've seen this political independence spirit growing in Canada. I saw it first in the North-West, and I thought it would stay there. But it hasn't. It's breaking out in my own riding to-day like a rash on a baby. One more election will be all the old organization in my county can stand. After that—after that I'll get a new self-feeder and

sit at home and get to know my own wife and children, which a man can't when he's in Ottawa so much.

The old Maritime provinces are bitter partisans. Party is the whole concern (get old Senator Costigan to tell some stories about those days). In Quebec it is the matter of the priest, the French language and a personality that wins the elections. In Ontario it has been a matter of party, very much as in Nova Scotia. But the North-West is different. Local issues have been its greatest concern for many years and still are—but mere party division is dying out. Mere loyalty to party would not ensure a man in his seat as it has ensured me in mine, and the same spirit is creeping into Eastern constituencies.

Old man Harbin's son went West. He came home with Western ideas and although the old man would hear none of them, the seed was planted and the thing has been growing. He brought with him, into the county, that slang expression, "I'm from Missouri, you got'o *show me!*" It started as slang. All the young men in our county got to saying it. It was the smart thing to say. But by and by they got to *thinking* the same line of philosophy—"You got'o show me!"

I was talking one day over the fence to old man Harbin, and we were recalling the days when old Sir John was about. Harbin once shook hands with Sir John, and he's never forgotten about it. As for me, I've seen father helping Sir John—after dinner. I tell you, Sir John was a fine man, a remarkably fine man! At all events, as I was remarking. Harbin and I were talking about the "Old Man."

"Ye know," said Harbin, "ye can say as ye please, but there never was a finer man than Sir John. I remember the day I met him at—"

"Yes," I was saying, "Yes, I remember once when —"

"He had the nicest way of shakin' hands," says old Harbin, "and —"

But with that the young fellow from the West came poking his nose in. "What's that you were saying, father?" he asked.

"I was just saying—about old Sir John A.—you remember? Your mother and I met him at a Conservative picnic, and Sir John patted you on the head and said —"

"And you never saw him again?" says the young fellow.

"N-no."

"And you never had any favor from him?"

"No, but ——"

"Say, father!" and the way the whelp looked at me made me want to take my cane to him, "Say! You may talk about your old Sir John A. and the Tory party and that sort of thing till you're black in the face, but what'd he ever do for this country?"

"There was the National Policy ——" began the old man, getting red.

"National Policy! Say pa, I come from Missouri and you got'o show me. Out West—we make a Member of Parliament work for his living. No signing of the Tory pledge keeps a man in Parliament there, no nor Grit pledge either. It's a case of *show me*. We put a man in 'on his merits.' We don't vote Tory because our fathers did. We vote whichever way is going to get us cheap implements and better rail-rates. If our member don't show results—shucks! We let him go."

That sort of thing is spreading in my county. Old Harbin, of course, didn't believe it. He assured me that his vote was still mine for the asking. But it opened my eyes. One more election and then I'm going to stay at home.

The West is fooling itself. It thinks that shattering the false works of tradition is removing the barrier to truth and letting in light. It thinks that by being quick it is getting more out of life. It thinks that radicalism is the beginning of progress. But I'm a Tory. It's bred in me like the tune of Old Hundred. Old Ontario's old fashioned way was to choose some old fellow—I know what you call 'em now, "fossils"—and elect him and trust him never to sell his vote, but always to vote *with* the party that had put him in. Result was—result is, a collection of old fossils. But they are mostly honest fossils, and their counsel in the party conferences is likely to go a long way. This "show me" spirit in the West is apt to be fooled by nice bright young men who never could do a good day's farming in their lives, and never made any money except by land deals or stock speculating, and who get the nomination by bluffing the "show me" crowd, with a "show" of talent with no foundations underneath.

Speeches and noise may be all right. Some men are good that way, but I'm a Tory. When it comes to the average Member of Parliament I say "sit tight and keep your mouth closed." But my day's past. I can't "show." I'm running for Parliament *once* more, then I'm going into chicken farming.

THE SONG OF THE PRESS

It comes with early morning,
 The moment that I bless,
 When the new-born day is dawning
 At the end of storm and stress;
 And the honey-bees a-drumming
 Round the flower-beds are humming,
 Not a sweeter "daylight's coming!"
 Than the droning of the press.

—G. T. B.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VI. (*Continued*).

Another week had gone and we were still on the trail, between the head of the canyon and the summit of the Pass. Day after day was the same round of unflinching effort, under conditions that would daunt any but the stoutest hearts. The trail was in a terrible condition, sometimes well-nigh impassable, and many a time, but for the invincible spirit of the Prodigal, would I have turned back. He had a way of laughing at misfortune and heartening one when things seemed to have passed the limit of all endurance.

Here is another day selected from my diary:

"Rose at 4.30 a.m. and started for summit with load. Trail all filled in with snow, and had dreadful time shovelling it out. Load upsets number of times. Got to summit at three o'clock. Ox almost played out. Snowing and blowing fearfully on summit. Ox tired; tries to lie down every few yards. Bitterly cold and have hard time trying to keep hands and feet from freezing. Keep on going to make Balsam City. Arrived there about ten at night. Clothing frozen stiff. Snow from seven to one hundred feet deep. No wood within a quarter mile and then only soft balsam. Had to go for wood. Almost impossible to start fire. Was near midnight when I had fire going well and supper cooked. Eighteen hours on the trail without a square meal. The way of the Klondike is hard, hard."

And yet I believe, compared with others, we were getting along finely. Every day, as the difficulties of the trail increased, I saw more and more instances of suf-

fering and privation, and to many the name of the White Pass was the death-knell of hope. I could see their faces blanch as they gazed upward at that white immensity; I could see them tighten their pack-straps, clench their teeth and begin the ascent; could see them straining every muscle as they climbed, the grim lines harden round their mouths, their eyes, full of hopeless misery and despair; I could see them panting at every step, ghastly with fatigue, lurching and stumbling on under their heavy packs. These were the weaker ones, who, sooner or later, gave up the struggle.

Then there were the strong, ruthless ones, who had left humanity at home, who flogged their staggering skin-and-bone pack animals till they dropped, then, with a curse, left them to die.

Far, far above us the monster mountains nuzzled among the clouds till cloud and mountain were hard to tell apart. These were giant heights heaved up to the stars, where blizzards were cradled and the storm-winds born, stupendous horrific familiars of the tempest and the thunder. I was conscious of their absolute sublimity. It was like height piled on height as one would pile up sacks of flour. As Jim remarked: "Say, wouldn't it give you crick in the neck just gazin' at them there mountains?"

How ant-like seemed the black army of men crawling up the icy pass, clinging to its slippery face in the blinding buffet of snow and rain. Men dropped from its ranks uncared for and unpitied. Heedless of those that fell, the gap closed up, the march went on. The great army

crawled up and over the summit. Far behind could we see them coming hundreds, thousands, a countless host, all with "Klondike" on their lips and the lust of the gold-lure in their hearts. It was the Great Stampede.

"Klondike, or bust," was the slogan. It was ever on the lips of those bearded men. "Klondike or bust"—the strong man, with infinite patience, righted his overturned sleigh, and in the face of the blinding blizzard, pushed on through the clogging snow. "Klondike or bust"—the weary, trail-worn one raised himself from the hole where he had fallen, and stiff, cold, racked with pain, gritted his teeth doggedly and staggered on a few feet more. "Klondike or bust"—the fanatic of the trail, crazed with the gold-lust, performed mad feats of endurance, till nature rebelled, and raving and howling, he was carried away to die.

"Member Joe?" some one would say, as a packhorse came down the trail with, strapped to it, a long, rigid shape. "Joe used to be plumbfull of fun; always josh-in' or takin' some guy off; well, that's Joe."

Two weary, woe-begone men were pulling a hand-sleigh down from the summit. On it was lashed a man. He was in a high fever, raving, delirious. Half-crazed with suffering themselves, his partners plodded on unheedingly. I recognized in them the bank clerk and the professor, and I hailed them. From black hollows their eyes stared at me unrememberingly, and I saw how emaciated were their faces.

"Spinal meningitis," they said laconically, and they were taking him down to the hospital. I took a look and saw in that mask of terror and agony the familiar face of the wood-carver.

He gazed at me eagerly, wildly: "I'm rich," he cried. "rich. I've found it—the gold—in millions, millions. Now I'm going outside to spend it. No more cold and suffering and poverty. I'm going down there to *live*, thank God, to live."

Poor Gobstock! He died down there. He was buried in a nameless grave. To this day I fancy his old mother waits for his return. He was her sole support, the one thing she lived for, a good, gentle son, a man of sweet simplicity and loving

kindness. Yet he lies under the shadow of those hard-visaged mountains in a nameless grave.

The trail must have its tribute.

CHAPTER VII

It was at Balsam City, and things were going badly. Marks and Bulhammer had formed a partnership with the halfbreed, the professor and the bank clerk, and the arrangement was proving a regrettable one for the latter two. It was all due to Marks. At the best of times, he was a cross-grained, domineering bully, and on the trail, which would have worn to a wire edge the temper of an angel, his yellow streak became an eye-sore. He developed a chronic grouch, and it was not long before he had the two weaker men toeing the mark. He had a way of speaking of those who had gone up against him in the past and were "running yet," of shooting scrapes and deadly knife-work in which he had displayed a spirit of cold-blooded ferocity. Both the professor and the bank clerk were men of peace and very impressionable. Consequently, they conceived for Marks a shuddering respect, not unmixed with fear, and were ready to stand on their heads at his bidding.

On the halfbreed, however, his intimidation did not work. While the other two trembled at his frown, and waited on him hand and foot, the man of Indian blood ignored him, and his face was expressionless. Whereby he incurred the intense dislike of Marks.

Things were going from bad to worse. The man's aggressions were daily becoming more unbearable. He treated the others like Dagos and on every occasion he tried to pick a quarrel with the halfbreed, but the latter, entrenching himself behind his Indian phlegm, regarded him stolidly. Marks mistook this for cowardice and took to calling the halfbreed nasty names, particularly reflecting on the good name of his mother. Still the halfbreed took no notice, yet there was a contempt in his manner that stung more than words. This was the state of affairs when one evening the Prodigal and I paid them a visit.

Marks had been drinking all day, and had made life a little hell for the others.

When we arrived he was rotten-ripe for a quarrel. Then the Prodigal suggested a game of poker, so four of them, himself, Marks, Bullhammer and the half-breed, sat in.

At first they made a ten-cent limit, which soon they raised to twenty-five; then, at last, there was no limit but the roof. A bottle passed from mouth to mouth and several big jack-pots were made. Bullhammer and the Prodigal were about breaking even, Marks was losing heavily, while steadily the half-breed was adding to his pile of chips.

Through one of those freaks of chance the two men seemed to buck one another continually. Time after time they would raise and raise each other, till at last Marks would call, and always his opponent had the cards. It was exasperating, maddening, especially as several times Marks himself was called on a bluff. The very fiend of ill-luck seemed to have gotten into him, and as the game proceeded, Marks grew more flushed and excited. He cursed audibly. He always had good cards, but always somehow the other just managed to beat him. He became explosively angry and abusive. The half-breed offered to retire from the game, but Marks would not hear of it.

"Come on, you nigger!" he shouted. "Don't sneak away. Give me a chance to get my money back."

So they sat down once more and a hand was dealt. The halfbreed called for cards, but Marks did not draw. Then the betting began. After the second round the others dropped out, and Marks and the halfbreed were left. The halfbreed was inimitably cool, his face was a perfect mask. Marks, too, had suddenly grown very calm. They started to boost each other.

Both seemed to have plenty of money and at first they raised in tens and twenties, then at last fifty dollars a clip. It was getting exciting. You could hear a pin drop. Bullhammer and the Prodigal watched very quietly. Sweat stood on Marks's forehead, though the halfbreed was utterly calm. The jack-pot held about three hundred dollars. Then Marks could stand it no longer.

"I'll bet a hundred," he cried, "and see you."

He triumphantly threw down a straight "There, now," he snarled, "beat that, you stinking Malamute."

There was a perceptible pause, I felt sorry for the halfbreed. He could not afford to lose all that money, but his face showed no shade of emotion. He threw down his cards and there arose from us all a roar of incredulous surprise.

For the halfbreed had thrown down a royal flush in diamonds. Marks rose. He was now livid with passion.

"You cheating swine," he cried; "you crooked devil!"

Quickly he struck the other on the face a blow that drew blood. I thought for a moment the halfbreed would return the blow. Into his eyes there came a look of cold and deadly fury. But, no! quickly bending down, he scooped up the money and left the tent.

We stared at each other.

"Marvellous luck!" said the Prodigal.

"Marvellous hell!" shouted Marks. "Don't tell me it's luck. He's a sharper, a dirty thief. But I'll get even. He's got to fight now. He'll fight with guns and I'll kill the son of a b——."

He was drinking from the bottle in big gulps, fanning himself into an ungovernable fury with fiery objurgations. At last he went out, and swearing he would kill the halfbreed, he made for another tent, from which a sound of revelry was coming.

Vaguely fearing trouble, the Prodigal and I did not go to bed, but sat talking. Suddenly I saw him listen intently.

"Hist! Did you hear that?"

I seemed to hear a sound like the fierce yelling of a wild animal.

We hurried out. It was Marks running towards us. He was crazy with liquor, and in one hand he flourished a gun. There was foam on his lips and he screamed as he ran. Then we saw him stop before the tent occupied by the halfbreed, and throw open the flap.

"Come out, you dirty tin-horn, you crook, you Indian bastard; come out and fight."

He rushed in and came out again, dragging the halfbreed at arm's length. They were tussling together, and we flung ourselves on them and separated them.

I was holding Marks, when suddenly he hurled me off, and flourishing a revolver, fired one chamber, crying:

"Stand back, all of you; stand back! Let me shoot at him. He's my meat."

We stepped back pretty briskly, for Marks had cut loose. In fact, we ducked for shelter, all but the halfbreed, who stood straight and still.

Marks took aim at the man waiting there so coolly. He fired, and a tide of red stained the other man's shirt, near the shoulder. Then something happened. The halfbreed's arm rose quickly. A six-shooter spat twice.

He turned to us. "I didn't want to do it, boys, but you see Le druv' me to it. I'm sorry. He druv' me to it."

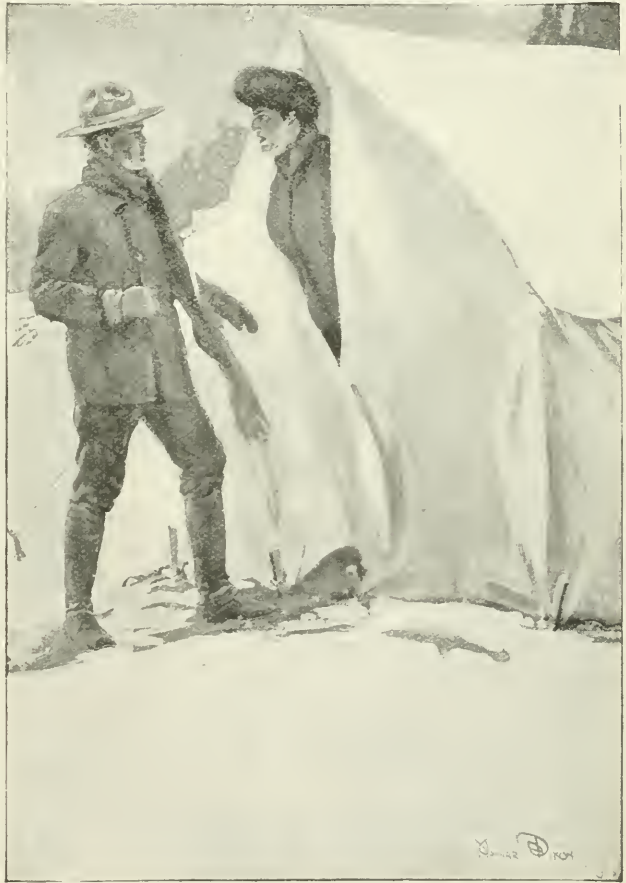
Marks lay in a huddled, quivering heap. He was shot through the heart and quite dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

We were camping in Paradise Valley. Before us and behind us the great Cheechako army labored along with infinite travail. We had suffered, but the trail of the land was near its end. And what an end! With every mile the misery and difficulty of the way seemed to increase. Then we came to the trail of Rotting Horses.

Dead animals we had seen all along the trail in great numbers, but the sight as we came on this particular place beggared description. There were thousands of them. You could step from carcass to carcass for hundreds of yards. One night we dragged away six of them before we could find room to put up the tent. There they lay, sprawling horribly, their ribs protruding through their hides, their eyes putrid in the sunshine. It was like a battlefield, hauntingly hideous.

And every day was adding to their numbers. The trail ran over great boulders covered with icy slush, through which the weary brutes sank to their bellies. Struggling desperately, down they would come between two boulders. Then their legs would snap like pipe-stems, and there usually they were left to die.



"NO!" SHE SAID, "YOU CAN'T SEE THE GIRL."

One would see, jammed in the cleft of a rock, the stump of a hoof, or sticking up sharply, the jagged splinter of a leg; while far down the bluff lay the poor dead brutes lying head and tail for a hundred yards at a stretch. One would see them deserted and desperate, wandering round foraging for food. They would come to the camp at night whinnying pitifully, and with a look of terrible entreaty on

their starved faces. Then one would take pity on them—and shoot them.

I remember stumbling across a big, heavy horse one night in the gloom. It was swaying from side to side, and as I drew near I saw its throat was hideously cut. It looked at me with such agony in its eyes that I put my handkerchief over its face, and, with the blow of an axe ended its misery. The most spirited of the horses were the first to fall. They broke their hearts in gallant effort. Goaded to desperation, sometimes they would destroy themselves, throw themselves frantically over the bluff. Oh, it was horrible! horrible!

Our own horse proved a ready victim. To tell the truth, no one but the Jam-wagon was particularly sorry. If there was a sump-hole in sight, that horse was sure to flounder into it. Sometimes twice in one day we had to unhitch the ox and pull him out. There was a place dug out of the snow alongside the trail, which was being used as a knacker's yard, and here we took him with a broken leg and put a bullet in his brain. While we waited there were six others brought in to be shot.

It was a Sunday and we were in the tent, indescribably glad of a day's rest. The Jam-wagon was mending a bit of harness; the Prodigal was playing at solitaire. Salvation Jim had just returned from a trip to Skagway, where he had hoped to find a letter from the outside regarding one Jake Mosher. His usually hale and kindly face was drawn and troubled. Wearily he removed his snow-sodden clothes.

"I always did say there was God's curse on this Klondike gold," he said; "now I'm sure of it. There's a hoodoo on it. What it's a-goin' to cost, what hearts it's goin' to break, what homes it's goin' to wreck no man'll ever know. God only knows what it's cost already. But this last is the worst yet."

"What's the matter, Jim?" I said; "what last?"

"Why, haven't you heard? Well, there's just been a snow-slide on the Chilcoot an' several hundred people buried."

I stared aghast. Living as we did in daily danger of snow-slides, this disaster struck us with terror.

"You don't say!" said the Prodigal. "Where?"

"Oh, somewheres near Linderman. Hundreds of poor sinners cut off without a chance to repent."

He was going to improve on the occasion when the Prodigal cut in.

"Poor devils! I guess we must know some of them too." He turned to me. "I wonder if your little Polak friend's all right?"

Indeed my thoughts had just flown to Berna. Among the exigencies of the trail when we had to fix our minds on the trouble of the moment—and every moment had its trouble—there was little time for reflection. Nevertheless, I had found at all times visions of her flitting before me, thoughts of her coming to me when I least expected them. Pity, tenderness and a good deal of anxiety were in my mind. Often I wondered if ever I would see her again. A feeling of joy and a great longing would sweep over me in the hope. At these words then of the Prodigal, it seemed as if all my scattered sentiments crystallized into one, and a vast desire that was almost pain came over me to see her again. I suppose I was silent, grave, and it must have been some intuition of my thoughts that made the Prodigal say to me:

"Say, old man, if you would like to take a run over the Dyea trail, I guess I can spare you for a day or so."

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to see the trail."

"Oh, yes, we've observed your enthusiastic interest in trails. Why don't you marry the girl? Well, cut along, old chap. Don't be gone too long."

So next morning, traveling as lightly as possible, I started for Bennett. How good it seemed to get off on the trail unimpeded by an outfit, and I sped past the weary mob struggling along on the last lap of their journey. I had been in some expectation of the trail bettering itself, but indeed it seemed at every step to grow more hopelessly terrible. It was knee-deep in snowy slush, and below that seemed to be literally paved with dead horses.

I only waited long enough at Bennett to have breakfast. A pie nailed to a tent-pole indicated a restaurant, and there, for a dollar, I had a good meal of beans and

bacon, coffee and flap-jacks. It was yet early morning when I started for Linderman. The air was clear and cold, ideal mushing weather, and already parties were beginning to struggle into Bennett, looking very weary and jaded. On the trail a man did a day's work by nine in the morning, another by four in the afternoon, and a third by nightfall. You were lucky to get off at that.

I was jogging along past the advance guard of the oncoming army when who should I see but Marvin and Hewson. They looked thoroughly seasoned to the trail, and had made record time with a large outfit. In contrast to the worn, weary-eyed men with faces pinched and puckered, with teeth bared, they looked insolently fit and full of fight. They had heard of the snow-slide but could give me no particulars. I inquired for Berna and the old man. They were somewhere behind on the trail between Chilcoot and Linderman. "Yes, they were probably buried under the slide. Good-bye."

I hurried forward, full of apprehension. A black stream of Cheechakos were surging across Linderman; then I realized the greatness of the other advancing army, and the vastness of the impulse that was urging these indomitable atoms to the North. It was blowing quite hard and many had put up sails on their sleds with good effect. I saw a Jew driving an ox, to which he had four small sleds harnessed. On each of these he had hoisted a small sail. Suddenly the ox looked round and saw the sails. Here was something that did not come within the scope of his experience. With a bellow of fear, he stampeded, pursued by a yelling Hebrew, while from the chain of sleds articles scattered in all directions. When last I saw them in the far distance, Jew and ox were still going.

Why was I so anxious about Berna? I did not know, but with every mile my anxiety increased. A dim unreasoning fear possessed me. I imagined that if anything happened to her I would forever blame myself. I saw her lying white and cold as the snow itself, her face sweet and peaceful in death. Why had I not thought more of her? I had not appreciated her enough, her precious sweetness and her tenderness. If only she was

spared, I would show her what a good friend I could be. I would protect her and be near her in case of need. But then how foolish to think anything could have happened to her. The chances were one in a hundred. Nevertheless I hurried forward.

I met the Twins. They had just escaped the slide, they told me, and had not yet recovered from the shock. A little way back on the trail it was. I would see men digging out bodies. They had dug out seventeen that morning. Some were crushed as flat as pancakes.

Again, with a pain at my heart, I asked after Berna and her grandfather. Twin number one said they were both buried under the slide. I gasped and was seized with sudden faintness. "No," said twin number two, "the old man is missing, but the girl had escaped and was nearly crazy with grief. Good-bye."

Once more I hurried on. Gangs of men were shovelling for the dead. Every now and then a shovel would strike a hand or skull. Then a shout would be raised and the poor misshapen body turned out.

Again I put my inquiries. A busy digger paused at his work. He was a sottish-looking fellow, and there was something of the glare of a ghoul in his eyes.

"Yes, that must have been the old guy with the whiskers they dug out early—on from the lower end of the slide. Relative, name of Winklestein, took charge of him. Took him to the tent yonder. Won't let any one go near."

He pointed to a tent on the hillside, and it was with a heavy heart I went forward. The poor old man, so gentle, so dignified, with his dream of a golden treasure that might bring happiness to others. It was cruel, cruel

"Say, what d'ye want here? Get to hell outa this."

The words came with a snarl. I looked up in surprise.

There at the door of the tent, all a-bristle like a gutter-bred cur, was Winklestein.

CHAPTER IX

I stared at the man a moment, for little had I expected so gracious a reception.

"Mush on, there," he repeated trucu-

lently; "you're not wanted 'round here. Mush! Pretty darned smart."

I felt myself grow suddenly, savagely angry. I measured the man for a moment and determined I could handle him.

"I want," I said soberly, "to see the body of my old friend."

"You do, do you? Well, you darned well won't. Besides, there ain't no body here."

"You're a liar!" I observed. "But it's no use wasting words with you. I'm going in anyhow."

With that I gripped him suddenly and threw him sideways with some force. One of the tent ropes took away his feet violently, and there on the snow he sprawled, glowering at me with evil eyes.

"Now," said I, "I've got a gun, and if you try any monkey business, I'll fix you so quick you won't know what's happened."

The bluff worked. He gathered himself up and followed me into the tent, looking the picture of malevolent impotence. On the ground lay a longish object covered with a blanket. With a strange feeling of reluctant horror I lifted the covering. Beneath it lay the body of the old man.

He was lying on his back, and had not been squeezed out of all human semblance like so many of the others. Nevertheless, he was ghastly enough, with his bluish face and wide bulging eyes. What had worn his fingers to the bone so? He must have made a desperate struggle with his bare hands to dig himself out. I will never forget those torn, nailless fingers. I felt around his waist. Ha! the money belt was gone!

"Winklestein," I said, turning on the little Jew suddenly, "this man had two thousand dollars on him. What have you done with it?"

He started violently. A look of blanching fear came into his eyes. It died away, and his face was convulsed with rage.

"He did not," he screamed; "he didn't have a red cent. He's no more than an old pauper I was taking in to play the fiddle. He owes me, curse him! And who are you anyways, you blasted meddler, that accuses a decent man of being a body robber?"

"I was this dead man's friend. I'm still his granddaughter's friend. I'm going to see justice done. This man had two thousand dollars in a gold belt round his waist. It belongs to the girl now. You've got to give it up, Winklestein, or by God——"

"Prove it, prove it!" he spluttered. "You're a liar; she's a liar; you're all a pack of liars, trying to blackmail a decent man. He had no money, I say! He had no money, and if ever he said so, he's a liar."

"Oh, you vile wretch," I cried. "It's you that's lying. I've a mind to choke your dirty throat. But I'll hound you till I make you cough up that money. Where's Berna?"

Suddenly he had become quietly malicious.

"Find her," he jibed; "find her for yourself. And take yourself out of my sight as quickly as you please."

I saw he had me over a barrel, so, with a parting threat, I left him. A tent nearby was being run as a restaurant, and there I had a cup of coffee. Of the man who kept it, a fat, humorous cockney, I made enquiries regarding the girl. Yes, he knew her. She was living in yonder tent with Madam Winklestein.

"They sy she's tykin' on horful baht th' old man, pore kid!"

I thanked him, gulped down my coffee, and made for the tent. The flap was down, but I rapped on the canvas, and presently the dark face of madam appeared. When she saw me, it grew darker.

"What d'you want?" she demanded.

"I want to see Berna," I said.

"Then you can't. Can't you hear her? Isn't that enough?"

Surely I could hear a very low, pitiful sound coming from the tent, something between a sob and a moan, like the wailing of an Indian woman over her dead, only infinitely subdued and anguished. I was shocked, awed, immeasurably grieved.

"Thank you," I said; "I'm sorry. I don't want to intrude on her in her hour of affliction. I'll come again."

"All right," she laughed tauntingly; "come again."

I had failed. I thought of turning back, then I thought I might as well see

what I could of the far-famed Chilcoot, so once more I struck out.

The faces of the hundreds I met were the same faces I had passed by the thousand, stamped with the seal of the trail, seamed with lines of suffering, wan with fatigue, blank with despair. There was the same desperate hurry, the same indifference to calamity, the same grim stoical endurance.

A snow-storm was raging on the summit of the Chilcoot and the snow was drifting, covering the thousands of caches to the depth of ten and fifteen feet. I stood on the summit of that nearly perpendicular ascent they call the "Seales." Steps had been cut in the icy steep, and up these men were straining, each with a huge pack on his back. Up these slippery steps they could only go in single file. It was the famous "Human Chain." At regular distances, platforms had been cut beside the trail, where the exhausted ones might leave the ranks and rest; but if a worn-out climber reeled and crawled into one of the shelters, quickly the line closed up and none gave him a glance.

All of the men wore ice-creeper, so that their feet would clutch the slippery surface. Many of them had staffs, and all were bent nigh double under their burdens. They did not speak, their lips were grimly sealed, their eyes fixed and stern. They bowed their heads to thwart the buffetings of the storm-wind, but every way they turned it seemed to meet them. The snow lay thick on their shoulders and covered their breasts. On their beards the spiked icicles glistened. As they moved up step by step, it seemed as if their feet were made of lead, so heavily did they lift them. And the resting places by the trail were never empty.

You saw them in the canyon at the trail-top, staggering in the wind that seemed to blow every way at once. You saw them blindly groping for the caches they had made but yesterday and now fathoms deep under the snow-drift. You saw them descending swiftly, dizzily, leaning back on their staffs, for the down trail was like a slide. In a moment they were lost to sight, but to-morrow they would come again, and to-morrow and to-morrow, the men of the Chilcoot.

The Trail of Travail—surely it was all epitomized in the tribulations of that stark ascent. From my eyrie on its blizzard-beaten crest I could see the Human Chain drag upward link by link, and every link a man. And as he climbed that pitiless tread-mill, on each man's face there could be deciphered the palimpsest of his soul.

Oh, what a drama it was, and what a stage! The Trail of '98—high courage, frenzied fear, despotic greed, unflinching sacrifice. But over all—its hunger and its hope, its passion and its pain—triumphed the dauntless spirit of the Pathfinder—the mighty Pioneer.

Then I knew, I knew. These silent, patient, toiling ones were the Conquerors of the Great White Land: the Men of the High North, the Brotherhood of the Arctic Wild. No saga will ever glorify their deeds, no epic make them immortal. Their names will be written in the snows that melt and vanish at the smile of Spring: but in their works will they live, and their indomitable spirit will be as a beaconlight, shining down the dim corridors of Eternity.

* * *

I slept at a bunkhouse that night, and next morning I again made a call at the tent within which lay Berna. Again madam, in a gaudy wrapper, answered my call, but this time, to my surprise, she was quite pleasant.

"No," she said firmly, "you can't see the girl. She's all prostrated. We've given her a sleeping powder and she's asleep now. But she's mighty sick. We've sent for a doctor."

There was indeed nothing to be done. With a heavy heart I thanked her, expressed my regrets and went away. What had got into me, I wondered, that I was so distressed about the girl. I thought of her continually, with tenderness and longing. I had seen so little of her, yet that little had meant so much. I took a sad pleasure in recalling her to mind in varying aspects; always she appeared different to me somehow. I could get no definite idea of her: there was always something baffling, mysterious, half revealed.

To me there was in her, beauty, charm, every ideal quality. Yet must my eyes have been anointed, for others passed her

by without a second glance. Oh, I was young and foolish, maybe; but I had never before known a girl that appealed to me, and it was very, very sweet.

So I went back to the restaurant and gave the fat cockney a note, which he promised to deliver into her own hands. I wrote:

"Dear Berna: I cannot tell you how deeply grieved I am over your grandfather's death, and how I sympathize with you in your sorrow. I came over from the other trail to see you, but you were too ill. Now I must go back at once. If I could only have said a word to comfort you! I feel terribly about it.

"Oh, Berna, dear, go back, go back. This is no country for you. If I can help you, Berna, let me know. If you come on to Bennet, then I will see you.

"Believe me again, dear, my heart aches for you.

"Be brave.

"Always affectionately yours,

"ATHOL MELDRUM."

Then once more I struck out for Bennet.

CHAPTER X

Our last load was safely landed in Bennet and the trail of the land was over. We had packed an outfit of four thousand pounds over a thirty-seven mile trail and it had taken us nearly a month. For an average of fifteen hours a day we had worked for all that was in us; yet, looking back, it seems to have been more a matter of dogged persistence and patience than desperate endeavor and endurance.

There is no doubt that to the great majority, the trail spelt privation, misery and suffering; but they were of the poor, deluded multitude that never should have left their ploughs, their desks and their benches. Then there were others like ourselves to whom it meant hardship, more or less extreme, but who managed to struggle along fairly well. Lastly, there was a minority to whom it was little more than discomfort. They were the seasoned veterans of the trail to whom its trials were all in the day's work. It was as if the Great White Land was putting us to the test, was weeding out the fit from the

unfit, was proving itself a land of the Strong, a land for men.

And indeed our party was well qualified to pass the test of the trail. The Prodigal was full of irrepressible enthusiasm, and always loaded to the muzzle with ideas. Salvation Jim was a mine of foresight and resource, while the Jam-wagon proved himself an insatiable glutton for work. Altogether we fared better than the average party.

We were camped on the narrow neck of water between Linderman and Bennett, and as hay was two hundred and fifty dollars a ton, the first thing we did was to butcher the ox. The next was to see about building a boat. We thought of whip-sawing our own boards, but the timber near us was poor or thinned out, so that in the end we bought lumber, paying for it twenty cents a foot. We were all very unexpert carpenters; however, by watching others, we managed to make a decent-looking boat.

These were the busy days. At Bennett the two great Cheechako armies converged, and there must have been thirty thousand people camped round the lake. The night was ablaze with countless camp-fires, the day a buzz of busy toil. Everywhere you heard the racket of hammer and saw, beheld men in feverish haste over their boat-building. There were many fine boats, but the crude make-shift effort of the amateur predominated. Some of them, indeed, had no more shape than a packing-case, and not a few resembled a coffin. Anything that would float and keep out of the water was a "boat."

Oh, it was good to think that from thenceforward, the swift, clear current would bear us to our goal. No more icy slush to the knee, no more putrid horse-flesh under foot, no more blinding blizzards and heart-breaking drift of snows. But the blue sky would canopy us, the gentle breezes fan us, the warm sun lock us in her arms. No more bitter freezings and sinister dawns and weary travail of mind and body. The hills would bask themselves in emerald green, the wild crocus come to gladden our eyes, the long nights glow with sunsets of theatric splendor. No wonder, in the glory of reaction, we exulted and labored on our boat with

brimming hearts. And always before us gleamed the Golden Magnet, making us chafe and rage against the stubborn ice that stayed our progress.

The days were full of breezy sunshine and at all times the Eager Army watched the rotting ice with anxious eyes. In places it was fairly honeycombed now, in others corroded and splintered into silver spears. Here and there it heaved up and cracked across in gaping chasms; again it sagged down suddenly. There were sheets of surface water and stretches of greenish slush that froze faintly over-night. In large, flaming letters of red, the lake was dangerous, near to a break-up, a death trap; yet every day the reckless ones were going over it to be that much nearer the golden goal.

In this game of taking desperate chances, many a wild player lost, many a fool-hardy one never reached the shore. No one will ever know the number of victims claimed by these black unfathomable waters.

It was the professor who opened our eyes to the danger of crossing the lake. He and the bank clerk quarrelled over the wisdom of delay. The professor was positive it was quite safe. The ice was four feet thick. Go fast over the weak spots and you would be all right. He argued, fumed and ranted. They were losing precious time, time which might mean all the difference between failure and success. It was expedient to get ahead of the rabble. He for one was no craven; he had staked his all on this trip. He had studied the records of Arctic explorers. He thought he was no man's fool. If others were cowardly to hold back, he would go alone.

The upshot of it was that one grey morning he took his share of the outfit and started off by himself.

Said the bank clerk, half crying:

"Poor old Pondersby! In spite of the words we had, we parted the best of friends. We shook hands and I wished him all good-speed. I saw him twisting and wriggling among the patches of black and white ice. for a long time I watched him with a heavy heart. Yet he seemed to be getting along nicely, and I was beginning to think he was right and to call myself a fool. He was getting

quite small in the distance, when quite suddenly he seemed to disappear. I got the glasses. There was a big hole in the ice, no sleigh, no Pondersby. Poor old fellow!"

There were many such cases of separation on the shores of Lake Bennett. Parties who had started out on that trail as devoted chums, finished it as lifelong enemies. Tempers were ground to a razor-edge; words dropped cruelly; anger flamed to meet anger. You could scarcely blame them. They did not realize that the trail demanded all that was in a man of gentleness, patience and forbearance. Poor human nature was strained and tested inexorably, and the most loving friends became the most deadly foes forevermore.

One instance of this was the twins.

"Say," said the Prodigal, "you ought to see Romulus and Remus. They're scrapping like cat and dog. Seems they've had a bunch of trouble right along the line—you know how the trail brings out the yellow streak in a man. Well, they're both fiery as Hades, so after a particularly warm evening they swore that as soon as they got to Bennett, they'd divvy up the stuff and each go off by his lonesome. Somehow, they patched it up when they reached here and got busy on their boat. Now it seems they've quarrelled worse than ever. Romulus is telling Remus his real name and *vice-versa*. They're raking up old grievances of their childhood days, and the end of it is they've once more decided to halve up the outfit. They're mad enough to kill each other. They've even decided to cut their boat in two."

It was truly so. We went and watched them. Each had a bitter determination on his face. They were sawing the boat through the middle. Afterwards, I believe, they patched up their ends and made a successful trip to Dawson.

The ice was going fast. Strangers were still coming in over the trail with awful tales of its horrors. Bennett was all excitement and seething life. Thousands of ungainly boats, rafts and scows were waiting to be launched. Already craft were beginning to come through from Linderman, rushing down the fierce torrent between the two lakes. From where we were camped we saw them pass. There were

ugly rapids and a fang-like rock, against which many a luckless craft was piled up.

It was a most fascinating thing in the world to watch these daring Argonauts rush the rapids, to speculate whether or not they would get through. The stroke of an oar, a few feet to right or left, meant unspeakable calamity. Poor souls! Their faces in utter despair as they landed dripping from the water and saw their precious goods disappearing in the angry foam would have moved a heart of stone. As one man said, in the bitterness of his heart:

"Oh, boys, what a funny God we've got!"

There was a man who came sailing through the passage with a fine boat and a rich outfit. He had lugged it over the trail at the cost of infinite toil and weariness. Now his heart was full of hope. Suddenly he was in the whirl of the current, then all at once loomed up the cruel rock. His face blanched with horror. Frantically he tried to avoid it. No use. Crash! and his frail boat splintered like matchwood.

But this man was a fighter. He set his jaw. Once more he went back over that deadly trail. He bought, at great expense, a new outfit and had packers hustle it over the trail. He procured a new boat. Once more he sailed through the narrow canyon. His face was set and grim.

Suddenly, like some iron Nemesis, once more loomed up the fatal rock. He struggled gallantly, but once more the current seemed to grip him and throw on that deadly fang. With another sickening crash he saw his goods sink in the seething waters.

Did he quit? No! A third time he struggled, weary, heart-broken, over that trail. He had little left now, and with that little bought his third outfit, a poor, pathetic shadow of the former ones, but enough for a desperate man.

Once more he packed it over that trail, now a perfect *Avernus* of horror. He reached the river, and in a third poor little boat, once more he sailed down the passage. There was the swift-leaping current, the ugly tusk of rock staked with wreckage. A moment, a few feet, a turn of the oar-blade, and he would have been past. But, no! The rock seemed to fascinate

him as the eyes of a snake fascinate a bird. He stared at it fearfully, a look of terror and despair. Then for the third time, with a hideous crash, his frail boat was piled up in a pitiful ruin.

He was beaten now.

He climbed up on the bank, and there, with a last look at the ugly snarl of waters, and the jagged upthrust of that evil rock, he put a bullet smashing through his brain.

* * *

The ice was loose and broken. We were all ready to start in a few days. The mighty camp was in a ferment of excitement. Every one seemed elated beyond words. On, once more to Eldorado!

It was near midnight, but the sky, where the sun had dipped below the mountain rim, was a sea of translucent green, weirdly and wildly harmonious with the desolation of the land. On the bleak lake one could hear the lap of the waves, while the high, rocky shore to the left was a black wall of shadow. I stood by the beach near our boat, all alone in the wan light, and tried to think calmly of the strange things that had happened to me.

Surely there was something of Romance left in this old world yet if one would only go to seek it. Here I was, sun-browned, strong, healthy, having come through many trials and still on the edge of adventure, when I might, but for my own headstrong perversity, have been yet vegetating on the hills of Glengyle. A great exultation welled up in me, the voice of youth and ambition, the lust to conquer. I would succeed, I would wrest from the vast, lonely, mysterious North some of its treasure. I would be a conqueror.

Silent and abstracted, I looked into the brooding disk of sheeny sky, my eyes dream-troubled.

Then I felt a ghostly hand touch my arm, and with a great start of surprise, I turned.

"Berna!"

CHAPTER XI

The girl was wearing a thin black shawl around her shoulders, but in the icy wind blowing from the lake, she trembled like a wand. Her face was pale, waxen, almost spiritual in its expression, and she looked

at me with just the most pitiable sweet smile in the world.

"I'm sorry I startled you; but I wanted to thank you for your letter and for your sympathy."

It was the same clear voice, with the throb of tender feeling in it.

"You see, I am all alone now." The voice faltered, but went on bravely. I've got no one that cares about me any more, and I've been sick, so sick, I wonder I lived. I knew you'd forgotten me, and I don't blame you. But I've never forgotten you, and I wanted to see you just once more."

She was speaking quite calmly and unemotionally.

"Berna!" I cried; "don't say that. Your reproach hurts me so. Indeed I did try to find you, but it's such a vast camp. There are so many thousands of people here. Time and again I inquired but no one seemed to know. Then I thought you must surely have gone back, and it's been such a busy time, building our boat and getting ready. No, Berna, I didn't forget. Many's and many's a night I've lain awake thinking of you, wondering, longing to see you again—but haven't you forgotten a little?"

I saw the sensitive lips smile almost bitterly.

"No! not even a little."

"Oh! I'm sorry Berna. I'm sorry I've looked after you so badly. I'll never forgive myself. You've been terribly sick, too. What a little white whisp you are! You look as if a breeze would blow you away. You shouldn't be out this night, girl. Put my coat around you, come now."

I wrapped her in it and saw with gladness her shivering cease. As I buttoned it at her throat I marvelled at the thinness of her, and at the delicacy of her face. In the opal light of the luminous sky her great grey eyes were lustrous.

"Berna," I said again, "why did you come in here, why? You should have gone back."

"Gone back," she repeated; "indeed I would have, oh, so gladly. But you don't understand—they wouldn't let me. After they had got all his money—and they *did* get it, though they swear he had nothing—they made me come on with them.

They said I owed them for his burial, and for the care and attention they gave me when I was sick. They said I must come on with them and work for them. I protested, I struggled. But what's the use? I can't do anything against them any more. I'm weak, and I'm terribly afraid of her."

She shuddered, then a look of fear came into her eyes. I put my hand on her arm and drew her close to me.

"I just slipped away to-night. She thinks I'm asleep in the tent. She watches me like a cat, and will scarce let me speak to any one. She's so big and strong, and I'm so slight and weak. She would kill me in one of her rages. Then she tells every one I'm no good, an ingrate, everything that's bad. Once when I threatened to run away, she said she would accuse me of stealing and have me put in gaol. That's the kind of woman she is."

"This is terrible, Berna. What have you been doing all the time?"

"Oh, I've been working, working for them. They've been running a little restaurant and I've waited on table. I saw you several times, but you were always too busy or too far away in dreams to see me, and I couldn't get a chance to speak. But we're going down the lake to-morrow, so I thought I would just slip away and say good-bye."

"Not good-bye," I faltered; "not good-bye."

Her tone was measured, her eyes closed almost.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must say it. When we get down there, it's good-bye, good-bye. The less you have to do with me, the better."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this. These people are not decent. They're vile. I must go with them; I cannot get away. Already, though I'm as pure as your sister would be, already my being with them has smirched me in everybody's eyes. I can see it by the way the men look at me. No, go your way and leave me to whatever fate is in store for me."

"Never!" I said harshly. "What do you take me for, Berna?"

"My friend . . . you know, after his death, when I was so sick, I wanted to die. Then I got your letter, and I felt I must see you again for—I thought a lot of you.

No man's ever been so kind to me as you have. They've all been—the other sort. I used to think of you a good deal, and I wanted to do some little thing to show you I was really grateful. On the boat I used to notice you because you were so quiet and abstracted. Then you were grandfather's room-mate and gentle and kind to him. You looked different from the others, too; your eyes were good——”

“Oh, come Berna, never mind that.”

“Yes, I mean it. I just wanted to tell you the things a poor girl thought of you. But now it's all nearly over. We've neither of us got to think of each other any more . . . and I just wanted to give you this—to remind you sometimes of Berna.”

It was a poor little locket and it contained a lock of her silken hair.

“It's worth nothing, I know, but just keep it for me.”

“Indeed I will, Berna, keep it always, and wear it for you. But I can't let you go like this. See here, girl, is there nothing I can do? Nothing? Surely there must be some way. Berna, Berna, look at me, listen to me! Is there? What can I do? Tell me, tell me, my girl.”

She seemed to sway to me gently. Indeed I did not intend it, but somehow she was in my arms. She felt so slight and frail a thing, I feared to hurt her.

Then I felt her bosom heaving greatly, and I knew she was crying. For a little I let her cry, but presently I lifted up the white face that lay on my shoulder. It was wet with tears. Again and again I kissed her. She lay passively in my arms. Never did she try to escape nor hide her face, but seemed to give herself up to me. Her tears were salt upon my lips, yet her own lips were cold, and she did not answer to my kisses.

At last she spoke. Her voice was like a little sigh.

“Oh, if it could only be!”

“What, Berna?” Tell me what?”

“If you could only take me away from them, protect me, care for me. Oh, if you could only *marry* me, make me your wife. I would be the best wife in the world to you; I would work my fingers to the bone for you; I would starve and suffer for you, and walk the world barefoot for your sake. Oh, my dear, my dear, pity me!”

It seemed as if a sudden light had flashed upon my brain, stunning me, bewildering me. I thought of the princess of my dreams. I thought of Garry and of Mother. Could I take them to her?

“Berna,” I said sternly, “look at me.”

She obeyed.

“Berna, tell me, by all you regard as pure and holy, do you love me?”

She was silent and averted her eyes.

“No, Berna,” I said, “you don't; you're afraid. It's not the sort of love you've dreamed of. It's not your ideal. It would be gratitude and affection, love of a kind, but never that great dazzling light, that passion that would raise to heaven or drag to hell.”

“How do I know? Perhaps that would come in time. I care a great deal for you. I think of you always. I would be a true, devoted wife——”

“Yes, I know, Berna; but you don't love me, love me; see, dear. It's so different. You might care and care till doomsday, but it wouldn't be the other thing, it wouldn't be love as I have conceived of it, dreamed of it. Listen, Berna! Here's where the difference in race comes in. You would rush blindly into this. You would not consider test and prove yourself. It's the most serious matter in life to me, something to be looked at from every side, to be weighed and balanced.”

As I said this, my conscience was whispering fiercely “Oh, fool! Coward! Paltering, despicable coward! This girl throws herself on you, on your honour, chivalry, manhood, and you screen yourself behind a barrier of convention.”

However, I went on.

“You might come to love me in time, but we must wait for a while, little girl. Surely that is reasonable? I care for you a great, great deal, but I don't know if I love you in the great way people should love. Can't we wait a little while, Berna? I'll look after you, dear; won't that do?”

She disengaged herself from me sighing woefully.

“Yes, I suppose that'll do. Oh, I'll never forgive myself for saying that to you. I shouldn't, but I was so desperate. You don't know what it meant to me. Please forget it, won't you?”

“No, Berna, I'll never forget it, and I'll always bless you for having said it. Believe me, dear, it will all come right.

Things aren't so bad. You're just scared, little one. I'll watch no one harms you, and love will come to both of us in good time, that love that means life and death, hate and adoration, rapture and pain, the greatest thing in the world. Oh, my dear, my dear, trust me. We have known each other such a brief space. Let us wait a little longer, just a little longer."

"Yes, that's right; a little longer."

Her voice was faint and toneless. She disengaged herself.

"Now, good-night; they may have missed me."

Almost before I could realize it she had disappeared amid the tents, leaving me there in the gloom with my heart full of doubt, self-reproach and pain.

Oh, despicable, paltering coward!

CHAPTER XII

Spring in the Yukon! Majestic mountains crowned with immemorial snow! The mad midnight melodies of birds! From the kindly stars to the leaves of grass that glimmer in the wind, a world pregnant with joy, land jewel-bright and virgin-sweet!

After the obsession of the long, long night, Spring leaps into being with a sudden sun-thrilled joy, a radiant uplift. The shy emerald mantles the valleys and fledges the heights; the pussy-willows tremble by lake and stream; the wild crouc brims the hollows with a haze of violet; trailing his last ragged pennants of snow on the hills, winter makes his sullen retreat.

Perhaps I am over-sensitive, but I have ecstasied moments when to me it seems the grass is greener, the sky bluer than they are to most; I surrender my heart to wonder and joy; I am in tune with the triumphant cadence of Things; I am an atom of living praise; I live; therefore I exult.

Only in hyperbole could I express that golden Spring, as we set sail on the sunlit waters of Lake Bennet. Never had I felt so glad. And indeed it was a vastly merry mob that sailed with us, straining their eyes once more to the Eldorado of their dreams. Bottled-up spirits effervesced wildly; hearts beat bravely; hopes were high. The bitter land-trail was forgotten.

The clear, bright water leaped laughingly at the bow; the gallant breeze was blowing behind. The strong men bared their breasts and drank of it deeply.

Yes, they were the strong, the fit, suffered by the North to survive, stiffened and braced and seasoned, the Chosen of the Test, the Proven of the Trail. Songs of jubilation rang in the night air; men, eager-eyed and watchful, roared snatches of melody as they toiled at sweep and oar; banjos, mandolins, fiddles, flutes, mingled in maddest confusion. Once more the great invading army of the Cheechakos moved forward tumultuously, but now with mirth and rejoicing.

The great calm sky was never dark, the great deep lakes infinitely serene, the great mountains majestically solemn. In the lighted sky the pale ghost-moon seemed ever apologising for itself. The world was a grand harmonious symphony that even the advancing tide of the Argonauts could not mar.

Yet, under all the mirth and gaiety, you could feel, tense, ruthless and dominant, the spirit of the trail. In that invincible onrush of human effort, as the oars bent with their strokes of might, as the sail bellied before the breeze, as the eager wave leapt at the bow, you could feel the passion that quickened their hearts and steeled their arms. Klondike or bust! Once more the slogan rang on bearded lips; once more the gold-lust smouldered in their eyes. The old primal lust resurged: to win at any cost, to thrust down those in the way, to fight fiercely, brutally, even as wolf-dogs fight, this was the code, the terrible code of the Gold-trail. The basic passions up-leapt, envy and hate and fear triumphed, and with ever increasing excitement the great fleet of the gold-hunters strained onward to the valley of the treasure.

Of all who had started out with us but a few had got this far. Of these Mervin and Hewson were far in front, victors of the trail, qualified to rank with the Men of the High North, the Sourdoughs of the Yukon Valley. Somewhere in the fleet were the bank clerk, the halfbreed and Bullhammer, while three days' start ahead were the Winklesteins.

"These Jews have the only system," commented the Prodigal; "they ran the 'Elight' Restaurant in Bennet and got

action on their beans and flour and bacon. The madam cooked, the old man did the chores and the girl waited on table. They've roped in a bunch of money, and now they've lit out for Dawson in a nice, tight little scow with their outfits turned into wads of the long green."

I kept a keen lookout for them and every day I hoped we would overtake their scows, for constantly I thought of Berna. Her little face, so wistfully tender, haunted me, and over and over in my mind I kept recalling our last meeting.

At times I blamed myself for letting her go so easily, and then again I was thankful I had not allowed my heart to run away with my head. For I was beginning to wonder if I had not given her my heart, given it easily, willingly and without reserve. And in truth at the idea I felt a strange thrill of joy. The girl seemed to me all that was fair, lovable and sweet.

We were now skimming over Tagish Lake. With grey head bared to the breeze and a hymn stave on his lips, Salvation Jim steered in the strong sunlight. His face was full of cheer, his eyes alight with kindly hope. Leaning over the side, the Prodigal was dragging a spoon-bait to catch the monster trout that lived in those depths. The Jam-wagon, as if disgusted at our enforced idleness, slumbered at the bow. As he slept I noticed his fine nostrils, his thin, bitter lips, his bare brawny arms, tattooed with strange devices. How clean he kept his teeth and nails! There was the stamp of the thoroughbred

all over him. In what strange parts of the world had he run amuck? What fair, gracious women mourned for him in far-away England?

Ah, those enchanted days, the sky spaces abrim with light, the gargantuan mountains, the eager army of adventurers, undismayed at the gloomy vastness!

We came to Windy Arm, rugged, desolate and despairful. Down it, with menace and terror on its wings, rushes the furious wind, driving boats and scows crashing on an iron shore. In the night we heard shouts; we saw wreckage piled up on the beach, but we pulled away. For twelve weary hours we pulled at the oars, and in the end our danger was past.

We came to Lake Tagish; a dead calm, a blazing sun, a seething mist of mosquitoes. We sweltered in the heat; we strained, with blistered hands, at the oars; we cursed and toiled like a thousand others of that grotesque fleet. There were boats of every shape, square, oblong, circular, three-cornered, flat, round — anything that would float. They were made mostly of boards, laboriously hand-sawn in the woods, and from a half-inch to four inches thick. Black pitch smeared the seams of the raw lumber. They traveled sideways as well as in any other fashion. And in such crazy craft were thousands of amateur boatmen, sailing serenely along, taking danger with sangfroid, and at night, over their campfires, hilariously telling of their hairbreadth escapes.

(To be continued).



Filling in the Gaps in Canadian Industry

By

W. A. Craick

YOU have watched them set off one of the big set pieces in a display of fireworks. The chain of light flashes hither and thither around and across the framework, until all the outlines are filled in; then, with splutterings and shootings, the little connecting lines are completed; finally the blazing figure in all its perfection of outline stands forth brilliantly before the eye.

With some necessary modifications this serves to illustrate the way in which Canada's industrial life has been quickened. Our industrial framework spread out first in the broad outlines of the great basic industries, first one and then another, and then a number together springing into being and making a place for themselves. Next the smaller industries began to fill in the gaps, which became ever more and more noticeable as the country grew. And while the figure, by which Canada's fully-matured industrial standing shall some day be seen, is not, and perchance never will be, absolutely complete, it is yearly growing greater, more brilliant, more worthy of the admiration and envy of the whole world.

There is a stupendous romance underneath the apparently matter-of-fact growth of Canadian industry. A poet might write an *Odyssey* about it. On any one of its phases, a novelist might find a great work of fiction. It has in it the material for thousands of human nature stories.

The gentle ringing of a curfew bell one summer night in far off Palestine has ultimately set in motion a rough and noisy industry in an Ontario town. What could be more astonishing? The wildest conjectures might fail to solve the connection, and yet it exists—a sure proof that indus-

try and romance are by no means distinctly related.

Many people visit the Holy Land. It is by no means extraordinary, then, that a number of young English women should be wandering curiously about the streets of a village in Palestine one night just when the curfew rang. They did not understand its meaning; did not obey the command of its clamoring tongue. As the shades of evening fell, they were attacked by some ruffians. Attracted by their cries for help, a tall, brawny, young man rushed to their assistance and drove off the attackers. He was a Canadian clergyman, like them, a tourist in the Holy Land. Thus introduced so dramatically to the young Englishwomen, he attached himself to their party, with the ultimate result, so common under such circumstances, that he eventually married one of them.

It happened that the father-in-law was a man of wealth. On his first visit to his daughter in her new home in Canada, he chanced to meet an American, who was spending the summer in the same town. This American was interested in a mill in the United States, where discarded steel rails were re-rolled. Now, no such industry existed in Canada, and yet there seemed to be a good opening for one.

Here was an industrial gap all ready to be filled in. Railroad construction work was being carried on in Canada more and more extensively. Developments in this direction were daily being announced. The big roads were sending a steady stream of old rails across the line into the United States, there to be re-rolled and shipped back for use on sidings and branch lines. The demand was increasing steadily.

The American finally persuaded the Englishman to buy up the plant in the United States, in which he was interested, and bring it over into Canada. This was done about two years ago, and now, instead of sending their rails into the United States, Canadian railroads have them re-rolled at home. In this way that far-off curfew bell rang into being a brand new industry, which was established to fill in an ever-widening gap in Canada's industrial fabric.

Let any one now say that Canadian industry is prosaic! An investigator could unearth dozens and dozens of instances, quite as interesting as this, into which the romantic element has crept. But it is not the business of this article to discover the presence of romance in many a grimy Canadian industry, however engrossing such a subject might be. It is rather to illustrate the way in which, as the need arises, the industry springs into being; in other words, to show how the gaps are being closed up.

Consider the automobile industry. As everyone knows, the output of the automobile factories is immense and the industry itself has had a mushroom-like growth. But there may be some few people who are not yet aware that the automobile manufacturers do not build their cars complete in their factories. Many of them merely assemble the different parts, of which the car is composed. The parts are purchased from other manufacturers, who specialize in their making. Up to quite recent times many of these parts and accessories had to be imported from the United States. But, to-day, thanks to the greatly increased demand for automobiles in Canada, factories have been established here which manufacture practically everything required by the makers of automobiles.

A big industry, as it progresses, will call into being numerous small industries. That is axiomatic. It is true of the automobile industry, as has been pointed out. It is also true of many another industry. Had it not been for the expansion of the country's railroads, doubtless steel rails would still be numbered in the list of articles not manufactured in the Dominion.

The growing use of incandescent electric lamps has meant an enormous consumption of the bulbs. When these were burned out, they became of no further use. Now, a plant has been established for the sole purpose of refitting them with filaments.

The development of the textile industry has called into existence, among other industries, a factory for the making of spring needles for knitting machines. It is true it is only a small industry, employing but half a dozen hands, yet it is a notable one, in that its product can enter the United States and be sold there profitably in face of a hostile tariff.

Advertising has done its share in bringing to life new industries. Two years ago a big electrical sign in a city street was a novelty. To-day it is so common as almost to escape notice. And yet the use of these brilliant signs has brought about the establishment of several industries, devoted exclusively to their manufacture.

Another example is the building industry. So many buildings are now erected of structural steel, that there has been a growing call for structural materials of clay for surrounding the steel beams. To such an extent has this demand grown that the establishment of a big factory to be devoted exclusively to the manufacture of this product, is a natural outcome.

In all directions this expansion is to be noted. Portland cement began to be made a few years ago, when the demand for this commodity had reached a sufficient level. Pulp mills are rising here and there on the outskirts of civilization. These are big industries, but they are typical. On the other hand, diminutive industries have been established, making articles for which one would think there would not be enough demand to keep them going. In Toronto there is a factory devoted to making steel shoes for molders—a protection for men working in places where molten metal is used. In Fredericton, N. B., a little factory, employing but three hands, turns out what are called steel corks—pointed spikes, which are screwed into the heels and soles of lumbermen's boots, so that their feet may grip the logs. These two industries are indicative of the extent to which Canada's industrial life has developed, for the market for both

commodities is limited to the men employed in these particular callings.

The existence of a protective tariff is, of course, pointed out as the reason for the establishment of many branches of American industries in Canada. Yet there must exist, in the first place, a sufficient demand for their products to make it feasible to sink capital in a Canadian plant. In other words, there must be a noticeable gap to be filled. There is now a factory at Windsor manufacturing fly paper, and another making carpenters' rules and other ruling apparatus. There is even a factory producing massage cream. Several branches of American firms are making perfumes, tooth pastes and other toilet articles. Still another firm manufactures fountain pens complete; and there is even enough demand to keep a safety razor factory running. A noted pickle-making concern has recently started a Canadian factory employing eighty hands. And in Hull there is a tooth-pick factory.

To go over a list of articles now made in Canada would open the eyes of many people to what is being accomplished in the industrial field. The gaps are indeed becoming fewer and fewer. They are producing vaseline in a separate plant in Montreal. Pearl buttons are being made in several places in Canada. They even manufacture ostrich feathers in Toronto. Indeed, it would be hard to find a commodity which is not made in Canada to-day.

Perhaps the most interesting field of research for the investigator is that embracing minerals and the various products made from them. Here the element of romance enters largely. A disastrous fire in a theatre in Chicago a few years ago was the means of giving a vast impetus to the asbestos industry. Canada is rich in deposits of this wonderful substance, and immediately the asbestos mines became centres of activity. For a long time, it is true, very few asbestos products were made in Canada, but to-day there exists a factory turning out many commodities made of this material.

The discovery of Cobalt had in it the germs of several interesting industries. First came the reduction plants and then the manufacture of by-products. One of these, cobalt oxide, is now made in suf-

ficient quantities at two plants in Canada to supply the entire world's demand, while only a few years ago the cost of the oxide was exorbitant.

The vast development of the electrical industry has led to the starting of a plant for the manufacture of all kinds of carbon products for electrical work. Another plant in Ontario is finding a field for the manufacture of sulphuric acid. In fact, a gap no sooner appears than it is filled up.

The question naturally arises at this point, whether the field is being completely filled or not. Are there any industries which are being neglected? From the foregoing it would seem as if such a contingency were impossible. But there is room for believing that some Canadian industries are not being pushed to the extent they might be. There is a tendency in some parts of the Dominion to overdo certain industries at the expense of other industries. As an example, take the west. Here wheat is king, and all the people's activities are directed towards seating him more firmly on his throne. And this is true of other parts, as well.

Thoughtful people point out the somewhat humiliating fact that Canada, though specially adapted for sheep-raising, does not produce sufficient wool to supply the demand for this commodity. During the last fiscal year she had to bring in \$1,587,175 worth of wool, while her export of wool only amounted to \$538,077. Those who have investigated the subject find that the country could profitably support sixty million sheep, whereas there are to-day only about one-tenth that number on Canadian farms. There is enough waste land in the Dominion to give sustenance to big flocks of sheep, without interfering with any other branch of farm industry. Propagandists are endeavoring to stir up the farmers of the country to a recognition of their neglected opportunities in this direction.

Canada exported cheese to the value of \$21,607,692 last year—a truly remarkable showing. But of eggs only \$41,766 were shipped from the country. This is an astonishing situation, and raises the question as to whether or not the poultry industry is not being neglected. Investigators have found that in poultry products

the United States is beating Canada by three to one per head of population. In 1902 Canada exported \$1,733,242 worth of poultry products. Last year these figures dropped to but slightly over half a million. The reason given for this state of affairs by some students of the matter is the fear of the farmer that by increasing production, his profits would be reduced. The farmer does not want to produce unless he is going to get full return for his labors. At any rate, there would seem to be a good opening here for increased production.

That there still exist gaps here and there in the industrial fabric is quite evident, but it is also true to add that opportunities do not go long begging. Many a

new industry is doubtless fertilizing to-day in the minds of promoters. Many a prospectus is being drafted and made ready for the public. When a man sees a chance for the establishment of an industry he does not cry it aloud from the house-tops, but keeps it to himself, and in this way the public hardly realizes the need for a new factory before it is in operation.

The movement of the future will probably be more in the direction of introducing greater efficiency in existing industries than in establishing new industries. The item of waste will have to be eliminated. Economies in production and distribution will have to be introduced. There is a great and growing field for work in this quarter.

LORD KITCHENER AND GOLF

It is said that Lord Kitchener has taken to golf. Also it is reported that his harshest comment on his own bad strokes is, "That's no good."

I have always thought a good deal of "The Sirdar,"
 I believed that he was born to play "the lead,"
 In anything from pitch-and-toss—to murder,
 But now it seems he's running fast to seed;

I argued that the brain that planned and plotted
 Such strategy as won the Empire fame
 In warfare—and in other problems knotted—
 Would look with scorn on any childish game.

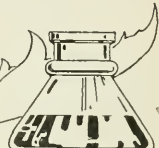
And if, I mused, he needed relaxation
 From his wonted strenuosity and fag,
 It seemed to me that he might give the nation
 Another champion—even playing "tag."

But, no—he's chosen golf, and—suffering Vardon—
 He says, when he has "foozled," "That's no good!"
 Or "tut" (said twice) or even "Beg your pardon!"
 Not "Dammit"—as a freeborn Briton should.

—G. T. B.

RANDOM COMMENT

BY THE EDITOR



This has nothing whatever to do with the tariff. The tariff is like some of the things man has discovered—radium, electricity, evolution, morals, hobble skirts and technical education commissions. It opens up a matter so large that there's no grasping it. It is bigger than man. Once he discovers these things there is no bringing them to a stop. Man invented tariff, and the whole world sleeps in two beds: the Free Trade bed and the Tariff bed. He discovered that the human race was the victim of a process called evolution—and we can do nothing for it. We will soon all be evolved into something altogether different. He unearthed morals and has had no peace since. He has dug up the question of technical education, and now—every city, town, county, province, and even the Federal Government, is creating technical education commissions, which trot gayly around the earth, gathering information which some other "commission" gathered, and making reports which were perfectly obvious from the first.

But this is about the tariff. Four Toronto newspapermen are in Washington writing "tariff letters" to their papers and discussing probabilities. Their letters are excellent. They inform a body. They tell you what this and that man in Washington thinks, and all the time, little Mr. Fielding, whose littleness is only a physical quality, keeps his tongue in repose and insists that the Americans with whom he is dealing, do likewise.

We have only this to ask: Will the new treaty give us any cheaper living? Will it damage or build up Canadian business? Will more than one Canadian out of a hundred feel the least little bit of an effect from it? No. Both parties to the negotiations are too afraid to yield an iota. And meanwhile the arguing and wrangling, the guessing and speculation goes on, not because ninety-nine out of a hundred of us will actually feel the difference, but because we Canadians want to get the best of the bargain, even as the Americans would not be averse to "getting one over" on us.

* * *

It is the custom to cheer for technical education commissions. It is also the custom to call dead firemen who happen to have been hit by falling walls, heroes. It is the custom, when the papers hear that some other two-by-four village or corporation is "appointing a technical education commission," to applaud and exclaim upon the enterprise and the perspicacity of the people who have decided to do the appointing.

Yet, has not the Canadian Manufacturers' Association investigated it? Have not several of the provinces—Ontario, at least—sent abroad spies into the lands where technical education is in force? Is not every magazine, newspaper, and after-dinner speech, heavy with praise for "technical education"? Everybody is agreed. Nobody cares, anyway. Times are good. We, the masses, do not feel the

taxes being taken out of us—which is the chief reason we should deride all single-tax propaganda—and, therefore, why not spend some money on technical education? The more educational institutions which there may be, the more chance of suiting all sorts of children with all sorts of ambitions. In short, nobody objects to technical education. Everybody wants it. Babies cry for it. Then, why so many commissions?

We saw Commissioner "Jimmy" Simpson, of the Dominion Government Commission, the other day. That is what brought this subject to mind. His commission is scouring the earth for information. He will find it and do good, no doubt. But when that commission is finished and has reported, just as all other investigators have reported, will the provinces, in whose hands educational matters rest, pay any attention? No. They will send new commissions abroad to learn, expensively, the very things "Jimmy" Simpson's commission has already reported upon, and which that commission, in turn, might have learned by a reference to the reports of other similar investigators which have preceded it.

If there were direct taxation, instead of a fraction of a mill, on this piece of ribbon and that bit of anthracite, there would be fewer commissions, fewer commissioners—though we wish them no harm—and quicker action on the part of the Provincial Governments in establishing a technical education system.

* * *

You have heard people bewail the fact that great institutions, or great systems, have not enough of the human element. Then when a little of it crops out they are shocked, shamed, shiveringly astonished.

The English press, which is a rather self-righteous affair, has been jeering at the authorities who summoned the militia to assist the London police in capturing two anarchists. The English press is enjoying its favorite recreation—which is, "being superior," knowing, after a thing is done, just why it should not have been done in that way, and just what course should most properly have been pursued under the circumstances.

One cannot pretend to justify the manner in which the authorities dealt with

the situation. Their methods did indeed seem unusual, not to say spectacular. But the point in our mind is this: might not anybody have become panic-stricken—might not anyone's wit have jumped the fire-escape—and might not anyone's judgment have been a trifle dishevelled under the circumstances?

It is all very well for etiquette books to tell a country boy, blushing, and socially ambitious, what to do under certain circumstances, but when that young man is overwhelmed by all sorts of circumstances, rushing eagerly toward him, all at once, he forgets the rules of etiquette and does the best he can. Afterward, someone may lecture him on what should have been his course.

Of course, institutions, systems and street car conductors are never supposed to be human. Men talk of "red tape" and "officiousness," and the alleged funny papers are forever making jokes about these bogies. Good people bewail the fact, as was said before, that there is no "human" element in police forces, in great banks, in great railways. And yet the moment these institutions *do* do something "human" they are criticized. The railway man who gets "full" or goes to sleep. The bank man who makes an error in his books. The police force that gets rattled when faced by an unexpected situation—these are human, and yet these things tickle the tongues of the righteous, so that they are forever mending the track which the wheels of progress have just left behind, with slabs of criticism.

* * *

A bank in Ontario — the Farmers Bank—collapsed recently. The depositors were, most of them, farmers. The general manager has pleaded guilty to stealing large sums of money. As this is being written he is awaiting sentence. The maximum is twenty-one years in penitentiary.

There are all sorts of interesting phases in this case. It is interesting to consider the feelings of the people who lost their money; of the shareholders who live in dread of the double liability clause; and of the feelings of the ex-general manager, who, yesterday, was a gentleman, living in a modestly fashionable house in a fashionable part of the city, comfortable, respected, obeyed in fear and trembling by

a large staff of men, and generally on the way to a respectable end and a decent tombstone in the cemetery—and who, to-day, is an abject felon, running away from his own thoughts.

But the most interesting phase of the affair is the attitude of the Canadian Bankers' Association. We are told that the association had been waiting for the collapse of the bank for years. They knew, it is said, that it could never last. They waited to see it close its doors. It is even said that two years ago the failure of the Farmers Bank seemed so imminent that the banks prepared for it by strengthening their own reserves lest, in the general financial disturbance, there should be a run on their own branches. When finally the collapse came, that righteous body which is commonly called the Money Trust of Canada, sighed with relief. The strain was over. None of them had been caught. They would not need to do any more worrying about that trembling institution. Thank Heaven! Their virgin garments were uncontaminated! But the poor depositors did not know. Neither did the shareholders. They are the losers.

The interesting consideration is to speculate on the probabilities for the same thing happening again. In other words, are the bankers taking any steps to prevent the recurrence of such a failure? Are they "thinking up" any solution?

They reject the idea of external inspection. They say it is too costly for practical operation. It is admitted that external inspection would have saved many of the recent bank failures; yet they refuse the system. That being the case, what do they offer in its place? What do they propose?

We have heard of nothing so far. It may be, Secretary Knight having done his little undertakorial duties on the body of the Farmers Bank, that the Bankers' Association will formulate some sort of a scheme for the amendment of the Bank Act. The Association has much weight with the Government, not officially, but in an advisory capacity. It may be modest in urging its views upon the Department of Finance. It may not like to come forward and offer an opinion. It may prefer to sit blushing by until someone comes and asks it. But in our estimation, it ought to devise some sort of a proposition and do it quickly. It would be much better for the Association to get itself misunderstood—though that would make no difference anyway—than to sit and watch some other bank toddle gayly along to the brink of the abyss, carrying its depositors and shareholders with it, while the Bankers' Association, all-powerful, all-seeing, all-timid, modest and unselfish, watches its progress with mild interest, and keeps its own skirts free.



THE BEST BOOK

AND OTHERS



Lord Rosebery on "Chatham"

LORD ROSEBERY carries a candle well. Some time ago he produced his book on Napoleon in exile. It illuminated the latter days of Napoleon wonderfully. It revealed angles and facets of Napoleon which had not been revealed before that time. He explained many of the influences which, acting as they did, upon a man of Napoleon's temperament, produced much that had been misunderstood in Bonaparte. Now, Lord Rosebery brings out his work on Lord Chatham, William Pitt, the elder. He does not bore one with disquisitions on the politics of the eighteenth century. He does not deal with William Pitt as a public figure. But, instead, taking for granted that the world already knows the public record of this man "who raised England out of obscurity, into the foremost place in the world," he explores the dark recesses out of which Pitt emerged when he made a speech, or acted in his capacity as a public man, and into which he retired immediately afterwards, as an actor retires from the stage. He declares that he finds Pitt's private life a mystery, and, having collected much information from many obscure sources, he lays it before the reader, in an illuminative and entertaining manner. Lord Rosebery's strongly marked individuality flavors everything with mellow cynicism

and rich sarcasm. The same mental qualities which have characterized him in British politics are visible in his latest writings. His descriptions of that "strange cock-a-trice brood of the Pitts" are splendid reading. Each man of the times on whom he touches, he makes more interesting. His book is full of confidential letters, which he has secured from old papers held in present-day families as heir-looms. He uses words and combinations of words with refreshing originality. And in every page there is a twinkle of Rosebery's own humor.

"The life of Chatham," he says in the preface, "is extremely difficult to write, and, strictly speaking, can never be written at all. It is difficult because of the artificial atmosphere in which he thought it well to envelope himself, and because the rare glimpses which are obtainable of the real man, reveal a nature so complex, so violent and so repressed. . . . What is this strange career?"

"Born of a turbulent stock, he is crippled by gout at Eton and Oxford, then launched in a cavalry regiment, and then into Parliament. For eight years he is groom-in-waiting to a prince. Then he holds subordinate office for nine years more. Then he suddenly flashes out, not as a royal attendant or a minor placeman,

but as the people's darling and the champion of the country. In obscure positions he has become the first man in Britain, which he now rules absolutely for four years in a continual blaze of triumph. Then he is sacrificed to an intrigue, but remains the supreme statesman of his country for five years more. Then he becomes Prime Minister amid general acclamation; but in an instant he shatters his own power, and retires, distempered, if not mad, into a cell. At last he divests himself of office, and recovers his reason; he lives for nine years more, a lonely, sublime figure, but awful to the last, an incalculable force. He dies, practically, in public, as he would have wished, and the nation, hoping against hope, pins its faith in him to the hour of death.

"And for most of the time his associations are ignoble, if not humiliating. He had to herd with political jobbers; he was to serve intriguing kinsfolk; he had to cringe to unworthy kings and the mistresses of kings; he is flouted and insulted by a puppet Whig like Rockingham. Despite all this, he bequeaths the most illustrious name in our political history."

There is a certain mild "snobbery" displayed by the distinguished writer of this book in his preface. It is merely interesting as a little unintentional self-revelation. He assures you that no one ever can write a proper biography of Pitt, and, although he does not praise his own work, he is inclined to sneer at the works of less noteworthy authors, who have tried their hand on Chatham. One is apt to feel that Lord Rosebery, probably with a long staff of secretaries, and with social position giving him the entree to any private house where private papers were to be found, is not really entitled to as much credit as those poor gentlemen at whom he turns up his nose, who wrote the best they could. This is not for one moment discounting Lord Rosebery's production. It is a rare pleasure to read it, the more so for the glimpses it affords of so interesting a character as its own author.

Old Governor Pitt, the rogue, the pirate, the "interloper," is the first character described in the book. He was a wild-blooded man, son of a clergyman, who made his fortune in contraband trade in "the Golden East." Old Pitt was no respecter of

persons or privileges, and used to send his ships to trade where none but the East India Company were supposed to have rights. It was profitable for old Pitt, but unpleasant for the company. They were forever trying to capture his ships, and he was forever stealing their trade. Finally, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, they appointed him Governor of Fort St. George. But the company "found the burden of this roughing, immoral man intolerable," and he was dismissed. He came to England owner of the famous Pitt diamond—which he had sent ahead of him in the heel of his son's shoe—and with a fortune which was said to be enormous. He was at all times quarrelling with his wife and his children. He trusted "nothing and nobody." He hated well and loved cunningly. When he died his family started quarreling over his fortune, and the quarrel was the family exercise and diversion from one generation to another.

Speaking of one descendant, Rosebery says he "grew up a spit-fire, not less eccentric than his sires . . . His was a turbulent, rakishly, demented existence." Referring to the death of another Pitt, he says it was like the sinking of a fire-ship. "He died spluttering."

William Pitt was the second son of Robert Pitt, the Old Governor's eldest son. "Of his childhood," says Rosebery, "we catch but occasional and remote glimpses. His grandfather . . . had marked him, but seems also to have determined that the boy's energies should not be relaxed by wealth . . . He bequeathed the boy only £100 a year . . . Pitt was sent to Eton at an early age, where he had notable contemporaries: Henry Fox, George Lyttelton, Charles Pratt, Hanbury Williams and Fielding. "Pitt hated Eton." At Oxford "his only public achievement was a copy of Latin verses which he published on the death of George I. They were artificial and uncandid. . . ."

Pitt's brothers and sisters were a noteworthy crew. The eldest son and William could not get along together and died unreconciled. One sister "Betty" led a rakish life. One incident concerning her and her brother is very entertaining

"Miss Pitt (then in France) was apparently on excellent terms with her brother

and gave Dutens a letter to him. She had, indeed, become enamoured of the young Frenchman, a passion which, we are not surprised to hear, she carried to indecorous lengths. He, however, escaped to England and presented his letter. Pitt called on him the same afternoon and thanked him for his attention to a beloved sister. Dutens became intimate, showed the minister his compositions, and was favoured with an inspection of Pitt's. Then all suddenly changed, and he was denied access. Betty had quarrelled with the family of Dutens, and had written to beg her brother to quarrel with Dutens. Dutens, she said, had boasted in company that he was well with her, and that if her fortune and family answered expectations, he might marry her. Consequently she desired her brother to order his footman to kick Dutens downstairs; in any case she implored him to quarrel with the young man. With this request Pitt unhesitatingly and unreasonably complied. We see here in one incident how warm were Pitt's family affections, and the difficulties under which they were cherished."

Another sister, Ann, was William's favorite. There are a great many letters reproduced in the book from him to her. These were mostly written when he was a very young man. They were stilted and elaborate in the style of the times, and they were forever full of stupidly involved, solicitous inquiries after the health of the lady. Her favorite recuperation seems to have been "trying the waters" of Bath, Tunbridge and the Spa. She seemed to have needed to be cured of "herself" of which she seems to have been surfeited. Translated into modern days she would have been a patent medicine fiend—probably a hypochondriac. Nevertheless, she appears to have been an unusually interesting woman. She died mad, after a quarrel with Pitt, which lasted until his death, without reconciliation. "Strife," says Rosebery, referring to these endless quarrels, "was necessary to the Pitts."

In one of his quarrels with Ann, at a time when she was living in his house, he is said, by Rosebery, to have rid himself of her by leaving his house and putting a bill on the front door "To let." On the whole, however, the bulk of evidence is that Pitt was very good to her, and that

although his pride was a bye-word, he humbled himself to her.

A sad picture is drawn of the great statesman's death. "There were perhaps few genuine tears save those of wife and children, shed over the grave of the grim, disconcerting old statesman, for men of his type are beyond friendship; they inspire awe, not affection; they deal with masses, not with individuals; they have followers, admirers, and an envious host of enemies, rarely a friend. But Ann had no reason to feign grief or self-reproach. She had lost her first love, her only love, the love of her life. It is probable that the brother and sister had understood each other throughout in their quick-kindling, petulant way. 'My brother who has always seemed to guess and understand all I felt of every kind,' she wrote in 1757; a sentence which is a clue to all."

Pitt's first seat in Parliament was for the borough of Old Sarum. It contained seven votes. "When an election took place the returning officer brought with him a tent under which the necessary business was transacted. To such a constituency it was superfluous, and indeed impossible to offer an election address, or an exposition of policy." The borough contained 60 acres of ploughed land.

In these days of so much discussion of "graft," Lord Rosebery's passing mention of the various "grafts" enjoyed by the aristocracy of the old days, is worthy of note. Pitt's sister, Ann, despite his opposition, secured pensions from the Crown totalling £1,500 a year. And for what?—for nothing but being of a certain family and having friends at court, though Pitt had no hand in securing it. What would happen in these days when every man is bristling with "rights" and on the qui vive for abuses of power, is not hard to surmise. The famous family, the Temple-Grenvilles, into which Pitt married, was notorious for its "grafting." Says Lord Rosebery:

"Never, indeed, was family so well provided for during an entire century as the Temple-Grenvilles. Although the system by which the aristocracy lived on the country was not carried nearly as far in Great Britain as in the France of the fourteenth Louis and his successor, yet it had no inconsiderable hold. Even the austere

George, though averse in Burke's expressive language to 'the low, pimping politics of a Court,' did not disdain, when Prime Minister, to hurry to the King to announce the death of Lord Macclesfield and secure for his son, afterwards Marquis of Buckingham, the reversion of the Irish Teller-ship of the Exchequer thus vacated; nor a few months later, to obtain the grant of a lighthouse as a provision for his younger children. The Tellership, held as it was under the unreformed conditions, was a place of vast emolument; it is not now easy to compute the amount. Nor is it necessary for the purpose of this book to follow up these details. Cobbett reckoned from returns furnished to the House of Commons that this Lord Buckingham and his brother Thomas, the son of George Grenville, had in half a century drawn £700,000 of public money and William, another brother, something like £200,000 more. These figures, of course, are open to dispute, but they indicate at least that the revenues from public money of this family of sinecurists must have been enormous. Of English families the Grenvilles were in this particular line easily the first. Had all sinecurists, it may be said in passing, spent their money like the younger Thomas, who returned far more than he received by bequeathing his matchless library to the nation, the public conscience would have been much more tender towards them."

The ambition of this family was more than remarkable. The Temple with whom Pitt was concerned, secured the title of Lord Cobham before the body was cold. He then pursued "The Garter" but King George II. so hated him that at first he refused. Temple's importunities became such, however, that the king finally granted the honor by flinging "The Garter" to temple "as a bone is thrown to a dog." "But," says the writer, "delicacy, as we have seen, did not trouble Temple in matters of substance, and he was satisfied." He then attempted to secure a Dukedom but died too soon.

"The death of Temple made no difference to the family ambition. His nephew made violent, even frantic, but ineffectual efforts to obtain the title through Chatham's son. Nor were other means of aggrandisement neglected. By marriage

there accrued the fortunes of Chambers, Nugent, Chandos, and, by some other way, that of Dodington. Acre was added to acre and estate to estate, often by the dangerous expedient of borrowed money, until Buckinghamshire seemed likely to become the appanage of the family. Borough influence was laboriously accumulated and maintained. Nor were nobler possessions disdained. Rare books and manuscripts, choice pictures, and sumptuous furniture were added by successive generations to the splendid collections of Stowe. Finally, in the reign of George IV., and in the time of Temple's great-nephew, the object was attained. Lord Liverpool acquired the support of the Grenville parliamentary influence by an almost commercial compact. Louis XVIII. added his instances and Buckingham became a duke. From that moment the star of the family visibly paled. Eight years afterwards the duke had to shut up Stowe, and go abroad. Less than twenty-eight years from then the palace was dismantled, its treasures were dispersed, the vast estates sold, and the glories of the house, built up with so much care and persistence, vanished like a snow-wreath."

Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II., is cartooned in cutting fashion by Lord Rosebery. The Prince, dying before his father, hated by his parents and his sister so that they are said to have prayed for his death hourly, was the man under whom Pitt first lived, when in Parliament. He was "an anomalous figure with a brain . . . shallow and futile." "He became the complacent puppet of all the factions opposed to his father's (and Walpole's) government. His court, indeed, resembled that famous cave to which were gathered everyone that was discontented, and everyone that was in distress. All who had been spurned or ousted by Walpole" (such had been Pitt's fate, having his commission in the army cancelled after his first speech in Parliament) "hastened to rally round the heir-apparent. . . . Frederick, Prince of Wales, is one of the idle mysteries of English history. . . . No circumstances, known to us, can explain the virulence of aversion with which the King and Queen regarded him, which was so intense as to be almost incredible. They were both good haters, and yet they hated

no one half so much as their eldest son. His father called him the greatest beast and liar and scoundrel in existence. His mother and his sister wished hourly to hear of his death. This violence of unnatural loathing is not to be accounted for by any known facts. Frederick was a poor creature, no doubt, a vain and fatuous coxcomb. But human beings are constantly the parents of coxcombs without regarding them as vermin."

How Pitt became the champion of the Prince and how he sneered at the father, George II., and how, by the sheer vindictiveness of his offenses against George II. he forced himself into prominence and leadership, is, of course, a story in itself. After the downfall of Walpole, Pitt was ignored. The King loathed him. Instead of seeking to propitiate the powers that were, Pitt assailed them with ridicule, with sarcasm and criticism.

Rosebery's comment on the war with Spain is full of humor. He points out that it was the mood of the two peoples, and not the actual offense of either nation that brought on the conflict. The merchants wanted war, he says, and adds:—"Trade has neither conscience nor bowels."

Walpole fell, and describing it, Lord Rosebery is both discerning and kind in his criticism. ". . . It is unwise," he remarks, referring to Walpole accepting a favor from the King, "to be conspicuously decorated at the moment when the nation is calling for your head. . . . He fell with the skill and presence of mind which never deserted him, for in everything except office he remained victorious." He speaks of Lord Newcastle's unequalled capacity for remaining in office, adding, "—a virtue not unappreciated by the great mass of politicians," and says, "what the King wished" in regard to war, "Newcastle was anxious to wish."

If some of those gentlemen had suspected how wickedly they might be described in 1910 by Lord Rosebery, they would surely have hidden themselves from the sight of history. For instance, of Lord Hervey, confidante in the household of George II., he says, "He was the intimate associate of the King, the confidential

friend of the Queen, the lover of one of their daughters; he was the tame cat of the family circle."

Touching German Princes in general, and George II. in particular, he says: "He was first and fundamentally a German Prince of his epoch. . . . And these magnates all aped Louis XIV. as their model. They built huge palaces, as like Versailles as their means would permit, and generally beyond those limits, with fountains and avenues and dismally wide paths. Even in our own day, a German monarch has left, fortunately unfinished, an accurate Versailles, on a damp island in a Bavarian lake. In these grandiose structures they cherished a blighting etiquette, and led lives as dull as those of the aged and torpid carp in their own stew-ponds. Then, at the proper season, they would break away into the forest and kill game. Moreover, still in imitation of their model, they held, as a necessary feature in the dreary drama of their existence, ponderous dalliance with unattractive mistresses, in whom they fondly tried to discern the charms of a Montespan or a La Valliere. This monotonous programme, sometimes varied by a violent contest, whether they should occupy a seat with or without a back, or with or without arms, represented the even tenor of their lives."

The King's foible was said to have been avarice. "He amused himself, we are told, by counting his guineas, in private. That, perhaps, was not a very royal occupation, although a nursery-rhyme indicates that it is; it may have been a trick learned when he was poor, or it may have been his substitute for those games of anxious futility now known as "patience."

"Kings," he goes on at another point, "rarely hit the right mean; if they are generous they are called profuse. If they are careful they are called mean. . . . George II. . . . we contend, putting his private life apart, which we must judge by the German standard of those days, was not a bad king, under the conditions of his time and throne. . . . All things considered, it is wonderful that he was as good as he was, and he scarcely deserves the thoughtless opprobrium which he has incurred."

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES



THE JAPANESE AS CONQUERORS.

JAPAN is now performing an experiment which is, from one point of view, new in the history of the world. Western nations have assumed political control of Eastern peoples in a number of cases. This has been done in turn by each of the great western nations. Protectorates are therefore nothing new. But never before in the history of the world has one oriental nation assumed a protectorate over another. There have previously been attempts upon the part of one oriental nation to conquer another: even peace-loving China has made such attempts: but a thorough-going reconstruction of the political institutions of another people is a work which no oriental nation except Japan has ever attempted. Such work has hitherto been undertaken only by Caucasians. The experiment of Japan in Korea is, therefore, unique, and is worthy of careful study by all interested in political or ethnic science.

A most valuable article is thus commenced by Edwin Maxey of the University of Nebraska, in the *Political Science Quarterly*. As a comment on the "Yellow Peril" it is enlightening. He continues:—

Not only because of its unique character is the experiment worthy of study, but because of the effect which its success or failure is likely to produce upon the future course of history. For more than a decade the Orient has been the stage upon which the events of greatest significance

in determining the course of civilization have taken place, and the conditions which have produced this result seem likely to persist during the twentieth century. The balance of power in the Orient, though not the only diplomatic problem of the twentieth century, is the greatest. Compared with it, the balance of power in Europe, which has been the pivot about which the world's diplomacy has revolved during practically the whole course of modern history, becomes a relatively small question, whether considered from the viewpoint of the area affected or from that of the number of people concerned. China alone is nearly as large as all Europe, and it contains more people. To Americans the balance of power in Europe is a matter of indifference, while the balance of power in the Orient is of vital interest.

It may be that the results of this experiment will prove that the Caucasian race has no monopoly of the qualities which fit a people for leadership. To predict that such a demonstration will produce a profound effect upon the future course of political development does not require any rare degree of foresight. It is but natural that the degree of influence which Japan will be able to exercise in the remaking of the political institutions of China will depend measurably upon the degree of success attendant upon her experiment in Korea. Failure would lessen, if not destroy, Japan's taste for the work, *i. e.*, for bearing the "white man's burden," and

would at the same time destroy China's confidence in Japan's powers of leadership. One may drive by main force, but leadership without the confidence of one's followers is impossible.

When therefore we consider the indirect consequences of success or failure in the performance of the task which Japan has undertaken in Korea, the experiment ceases to appear one of local interest only; it becomes of world interest. It is therefore fitting that we examine carefully what Japan has done thus far toward improving conditions in Korea. For, while it is too early to reach a definite conclusion as to the chances of success or failure, what she is doing enables us to perceive what things she considers important and how she is doing them. This gives us something of a basis upon which to rest a judgment as to her grasp of the situation and as to the intelligence shown in the choice of means for dealing with it.

The reforms thus far attempted by Japan in Korea may be conveniently grouped under, and are fairly covered by, the following heads: educational, sanitary, economic, administrative and legal.

Japan very properly determined at the outset that no government can work successfully without a reasonably wide diffusion of intelligence among its subjects. And as she found in Korea practically no provision for the education of the people, she at once turned her attention to the remedying of this vital defect. To take the place of this altogether inadequate system of education, Japan has begun the establishment of a system of manual-training schools, common schools, high schools, commercial, industrial, agricultural and medical colleges. In short, the attempt is being made to supplant an antiquated by a modern system of education. The appropriations have been increased from a few thousand to five hundred thousand *yen*.

Among the encouraging developments of the past decade is the increased attention given by governments to protecting and promoting the health of their citizens. Finding Korea without means of furnishing wholesome water to its cities and without hospitals for its sick, Japan proceeded at once to build waterworks and hospitals for the principal cities. For the promotion of the public health, which in

all civilized countries has come to be considered a necessity, the government has appropriated over eleven million *yen*.

For economic progress, for the establishment of efficient government and for the attainment of a high degree of civilization, the development of means of communication has always been among the prime requisites. In no respect was the inefficiency of the Korean government more clearly shown than in the almost complete lack of railroads or wagon roads in the country. It did not take the Japanese long to decide that such conditions must not be allowed to continue. At a cost of 85,251,666 *yen* they have completed a railway line from one end of the peninsula to the other. Korea will then be connected not only with the railway system of China but also with that of Russia. That the railways are appreciated is shown by the fact that freight tonnage has increased from 391,175 tons in 1908 to 737,693 tons in 1909. The Japanese have also very wisely directed a portion of their energies to the building of wagon roads. In this work they have already expended one and a half million *yen*, and they have contracted for roads which will cost as much more. One hundred and sixty-two and one-half miles of road have been built by the general government. Apart from their purely commercial value, there is no improvement which so promotes the unity of a country and so increases the efficiency of its government as the building of good roads. The extent to which they decrease the tendency to revolution, is well illustrated by the history of such Latin American states as Mexico and Argentina.

Though the value of monetary and financial reforms is sometimes overestimated, it cannot be doubted that they are an important factor in the economic development of a country. It is therefore worthy of note that Japan has placed the financial system of Korea upon a gold basis. It has abolished the private minting of "nickels" and has adopted measures to discourage the use of "cash" and to encourage the circulation of bank notes. In order to facilitate the making of long-time loans, the government is encouraging the establishment of industrial and agricultural banks.

For the purpose of promoting the productive industries upon which the great majority of the Koreans depend, the government has organized a department of agriculture, commerce and industry. The importance which the government attaches to this department may be judged from the fact that its head is appointed by the emperor of Japan. Under its direction there has been organized a model farm or what we commonly call an experiment station.

Under the direction of this department there has been formed a cotton cultivation association.

There has also been established, under the direction of this department, a forestry school, in which instruction was first given last year. To supplement the theoretical consideration of this subject, the government has decided to establish three model forests, near Seoul, Pingyang and Taku; and for this purpose it has provided for the expenditure of two hundred and ninety thousand *yen*, to be distributed over a period of six years.

In administrative reforms Japan very properly began with an effort to cleanse the fountainhead of corruption under the old regime, choosing as its point of attack the imperial court. Here there was a clique of eunuchs, sorcerers, mediums and fortune-tellers who controlled appointments. By insisting upon large bribes, the clique caused the offices, both judicial and administrative, to be filled by the class of persons who were willing to pay most for them and who expected to resort to extortion to recoup themselves. While this clique continued in power, the whole system could not but be permeated with graft. To clear the court of these adventurers and conspirators, who during the periods of disorder had gained the ear of the emperor, it was necessary to promulgate the "Palace Precincts Ordinance," excluding from the court all who did not have special passes showing that they had legitimate business to transact. Though these radical measures provoked a storm of protest in court circles, they were so manifestly necessary to the purification of the administration that open opposition to them soon ceased. In other words, a large number of the administrative offices have been brought under civil-service-reform rules. Salaries have been increased,

so that there is no longer the same excuse for extortion. Inquiries are being made by a local-administration investigation commission to ascertain whether or not conditions are such as to render advisable the introduction of a system of local autonomy. Guided by the same practical judgment which enabled them to win in their war with Russia and which has made them formidable competitors in the commercial world, the Japanese have permitted the character of the administrative reforms and the rapidity of their introduction to be determined by conditions rather than by theories. There was no doubt a temptation to tear things up root and branch, without delay; but this is rarely a wise course to pursue in the case of governmental institutions.

Corrupt as was the Korean administrative system, it was no worse than the judiciary. In fact the latter was controlled by the former, and both were equally subservient to the corrupt court "ring" through which their positions were secured.

Under the direction of the resident-general, there has been established in Korea a system of regular courts with an independent judiciary. The appointment of the judges is, in so far as possible, being raised above the plane of petty politics.

The annexation of Korea, provided for in the convention of August 22, 1910, surprised no one who was at all familiar with the situation. The degree to which the maintenance of the forms of Korean sovereignty hampered the work of the Japanese was out of proportion to the value of such forms to the Koreans. Unless Japan were to abandon the task of governing Korea, the change was to be expected. To govern Korea for any length of time as England has governed Egypt would be exceedingly difficult, and long persistence in this attempt would, in my opinion, have been unwise. I am inclined to believe that most persons who have given careful thought to the subject will agree with me in saying that more has been lost than gained by England's delay in annexing Egypt.

To the annexation of Korea the other powers have raised no objection on political grounds. And Japan has forestalled objection on commercial grounds by providing that the open door to trade in

Korea shall be maintained for ten years, and that for a like period the ships of all nations may engage in the coasting trade of Korea and in the trade between Japan and Korea. After the expiration of that period these matters will be arranged by treaty. In the Anglo-Japanese treaty of 1905, in which England concedes to Japan a free hand in Korea, Japan recognizes "the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations."

The task which Japan has undertaken is a serious one, one in which her motives

and methods will be subjected to the severest criticism, one which requires infinite patience and practical common-sense. She has thus far exhibited these qualities in a high degree. If her future achievements to fulfill the promise of success contained in her achievements thus far, it is not certain that Europe and America will not have something to learn from her methods. They should at least not unnecessarily hamper her progress by insisting that her action shall conform to their dogmatic notions as to the superiority of the Caucasians and their institutions.



WAR—THE ROBBER.

ONE of the most interesting discussions of "War" is contained in the address of President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, before a gathering in Berlin recently. The address appears, translated from the German, in the *Popular Science Monthly* and is so refreshing in its treatment of the subject that we reprint it with as little condensation as was consistent with the exigencies of space.

The message I shall attempt to-day, commences the address, is a message of peace through the arraignment of war. My text may be found in those words of Sophocles, "War does not of choice destroy bad men, but good men ever."

My message concerns solely the relations of war to manhood, as shown in the succession of generations. Benjamin Franklin once said: "There is one effect of a standing army which must in time be felt so as to bring about the abolition of the system. A standing army not only diminishes the population of a country, but even the size and breed of the human species. For an army is the flower of the nation. All the most vigorous, stout and well-made men in a kingdom are to be found in the army, and these men, in general, can not marry."

What is true of standing armies is still more true of the armies that fight and fall. Those men who perish are lost to the future of civilization, they and their blood forever.

The last thirty years have seen the period of greatest activity in the study of biology. Among other matters, we have seen the rise of definite knowledge of the process of heredity, and its application to the formation and improvement of races of men and animals. From our scientific knowledge, men have developed the fine art of selective breeding. With men, as with animals, "Like the seed is the harvest." In every vicissitude of race of men or of breed of animals, it is always those who are left who determine what the future shall be.

All progress in whatever direction is conditioned on selective breeding. There is no permanent advance not dependent on advance in the type of parenthood. There is no decline except that arising from breeding from the second-best instead of the best. The rise and fall of races of men in history is, in a degree, conditioned on such elements as determine the rise and fall of a breed of cattle or of a strain of horses.

Always and ever, says Novicow, "war brings about the reversal of selection." These traits of character, physical strength, agility, courage, dash, patriotism, desired in the soldier, are lost in the race which decrees the destruction of the soldierly. The delusion that war in one generation sharpens the edge of warriorhood in the next generation, has no biological foundation. The man who is left determines always the future.

Once, on the flanks of the Apennines, there dwelt a race of free men, fair and strong, self-reliant and confident. They were men of courage and men of action—men “who knew no want they could not fill for themselves.” “*Vir*,” they called themselves in their own tongue, and *virile*, *virilis*, men like them are called to this day. The man of courage begat descendants. In each generation and from generation to generation the human harvest was good. And the great wise kings who ruled them; but here my story halts—for there was no king. There could be none. For it was written, men fit to be called men, men who are *Viri*, “are too self-willed, too independent, too self-centred to be ruled by anybody but themselves.” Kings are for weaklings, not for men. Men free-born control their own destinies. And so there was no king to cherish and control these men his subjects. The spirit of freedom was the only ruler they knew, and this spirit being herself metaphoric called to her aid the four great genii which create and recreate nations.

So in the early days, when Romans were men, when Rome was small, without glory, without riches, without colonies and without slaves, these were the days of Roman greatness.

Then the Spirit of Freedom little by little gave way to the Spirit of Domination. Conscious of power, men sought to exercise it, not on themselves, but on one another. Little by little, this meant banding together, aggression, suppression, plunder, struggle, glory and all that goes with the pomp and circumstance of war. The individuality of men was lost in the aggrandizement of the few. Independence was swallowed up in ambition, patriotism came to have a new meaning. It was transferred from the hearth and home to the trail of the army.

“Send forth the best ye breed!” That was the word of the Roman war-call. And the spirit of domination took these words literally, and the best were sent forth. In the conquests of Rome. *Vir*, the real man, went forth to battle and to the work of foreign invasion; *Homo*, the human being, remained on the farm and in the workshop and begat the new generations. Thus “*Vir* gave place to *Homo*.” The sons of

real men gave places to the sons of scullions, stable-boys, slaves, camp-followers and the riff-raff of those the great victorious army did not want.

The fall of Rome was not due to luxury, effeminacy, corruption, the wickedness of Nero and Caligula, the weakness of the train of Constantine’s worthless descendants. It was fixed at Philippi, when the spirit of domination was victorious over the spirit of freedom. It was fixed still earlier, in the rise of consuls and triumvirates and the fall of the simple, sturdy, self-sufficient race who would brook no arbitrary ruler. When the real men fell in war, or were left in far-away colonies, the life of Rome still went on. But it was a different type of Roman which continued it, and this new type repeated in Roman history its weakling parentage.

Thus we read in Roman history of the rise of the mob and of the emperor who is the mob’s exponent. It is not the presence of the emperor which makes imperialism. It is the absence of the people, the want of men. The decline of a people can have but one cause, the decline in the type from which it draws its sires. A herd of cattle can degenerate in no other way than this, and a race of men is under the same laws. By the rise in absolute power, as a sort of historical barometer, we may mark the decline in the breed of the people. We see this in the history of Rome. The conditional power of Julius Caesar, resting on his own tremendous personality, showed that the days were past of Cincinnatus and of Junius Brutus. The power of Augustus showed the same. But the decline went on. It is written that “the little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus.” The emperor in the time of Claudius and Caligula was not the strong man who held in check all lesser men and organizations. He was the creature of the mob, and the mob, intoxicated with its own work, worshipped him as divine. Doubtless the last emperor, Augustulus Romulus, before he was thrown into the scrap-heap of history, was regarded in the mob’s eyes and his own as the most godlike of them all.

The Romans of the Republic could not have made the history of the Roman

Empire. In their hands it would have been still a republic. Could they have held aloof from world-conquering schemes, Rome might have remained a republic, enduring even to our own day. The seeds of destruction lie not in the race nor in the form of government, but in the influences by which the best men are cut off from the work of parenthood.

"The Roman Empire," says Seeley, "perished for want of men." The dire scarcity of men is noted even by Julius Caesar. And at the same time it is noted that there are men enough. Rome was filling up like an overflowing marsh. Men of a certain type were plenty, "people with guano in their composition," to use Emerson's striking phrase, but the self-reliant farmers, the hardy dwellers on the flanks of the Appennines, the Roman men of the early Roman days, these were fast going, and with the change in the breed came the change in Roman history.

"The mainspring of the Roman army for centuries had been the patient strength and courage, capacity for enduring hardships, instinctive submission to military discipline of the population that lined the Appennines."

With the Antonines came "a period of sterility and barrenness in human beings." "The human harvest was bad." Bounties were offered for marriage. Penalties were devised against race-suicide. "Marriage," says Metellus, "is a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge." Wars were conducted in the face of a declining birth rate, and this decline in quality and quantity of the human harvest engaged very early the attention of the wise men of Rome.

"The effect of the wars was that the ranks of the small farmers were decimated, while the number of slaves who did not serve in the army multiplied." (Bury).

Thus "*Vir* gave place to *Homo*," real men to mere human beings. There were always men enough such as they were. "A hencoop will be filled, whatever the (original) number of hens," said Benjamin Franklin. And thus the mob filled Rome. No wonder the mob-leader, the mob-hero, rose in relative importance. No wonder "the little finger of Constantine

was thicker than the loins of Augustus." No wonder that "if Tiberius chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions."

"Government having assumed godhead took at the same time the appurtenances of it. Officials multiplied. Subjects lost their rights. Abject fear paralyzed the people and those that ruled were intoxicated with insolence and cruelty." "The worst government is that which is most worshipped as divine." "The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force over which citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had no domestic ties." "There runs through Roman literature a brigand's and barbarian's contempt for honest industry." "Roman civilization was not a creative kind, it was military, that is destructive." What was the end of it all? The nation bred real men no more. To cultivate the Roman fields "whole tribes were borrowed." The man of the quick eye and the strong arm gave place to the slave, the scullion, the pariah, the man with the hoe, the man whose lot does not change because in him there lies no power to change it. "Slaves have wrongs, but freemen alone have rights." So at the end the Roman world yielded to the barbaric, because it was weaker in force. "The barbarians settled and peopled the barbaric rather than conquered it." And the process is recorded in history as the fall of Rome.

"Out of every hundred thousand strong men, eighty thousand were slain. Out of every hundred thousand weaklings, ninety to ninety-five thousand were left to survive." This is Dr. Seeck's calculation, and the biological significance of such mathematics must be evident at once. Dr. Seeck speaks with scorn of the idea that Rome fell from the decay of old age, from the corruption of luxury, from neglect of military tactics or from the over-diffusion of culture.

The men of Napoleon's armies were the youth without blemish. "the best that the nation could bring," chosen as "food for powder," "eye evening to be trampled like the grass," in the rush of Napoleon's great battles. These men came from the plow,

from the work-shop, from the school, the best there were—those from eighteen to thirty-five years of age at first, but afterwards the older and the younger.

Says Le Goyt, "It will take long periods of peace and plenty before France can recover the tall statures mowed down in the wars of the republic and the first empire."

The spirit of freedom gave way to the spirit of domination. The path of glory is one which descends easily. Campaign followed campaign, against enemies, against neutrals, against friends. The trail of glory crossed the Alps to Italy and to Egypt, crossed Switzerland to Austria, crossed Germany to Russia. Conscription followed victory and victory and conscription debased the human species. After the battle of Wagram, we are told, the French began to feel their weakness, the Grand Army was not the army which fought at Ulm and Jena.

On to Moscow, "amidst ever-deepening misery they struggled on, until of the 600,000 men who had proudly crossed the Nieman for the conquest of Russia, only 20,000 famished, frost-bitten, unarmed spectres staggered across the bridge of Kornî in the middle of December."

"Despite the loss of the most splendid army marshalled by man, Napoleon abated no whit of his resolve to dominate Germany and discipline Russia. . . . He strained every effort to call the youth of the empire to arms . . . and 350,000 conscripts were promised by the Senate. The mighty swirl of the Moscow campaign sucked in 150,000 lads of under twenty years of age into the devouring vortex." "The peasantry gave up their sons as food for cannon." But "many were appalled at the frightful drain on the nation's strength." "In less than half a year after the loss of half a million men a new army nearly as numerous was marshalled under the imperial eagles. But the majority were young, untrained troops, and it was remarked that the conscripts born in the year of Terror had not the stamina of the earlier levies. Brave they were, superbly brave, and the emperor sought by every means to breathe into them his indomitable spirit." "Truly the emperor could make boys heroes, but he could never repair the losses of 1812." "Soldiers

were wanting, youths were dragged forth." The human harvest was at its very worst.

The unfailing result of this must be the failure in the nation of those qualities most sought in the soldier. The result is a crippled nation. The effect would not appear in the effacement of art or science, or creative imagination. Men who lead in these regards are not drawn by preference or by conscription to the life of the soldier. If we cut the roots of a tree, we shall not affect, for a time at least, the quality of its flowers or its fruits. We are limiting its future, rather than changing its present. In like manner does war affect the life of nations. It limits the future, rather than checks the present.

Those who fall in war are the young men of the nations, the men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, without blemish so far as may be—the men of courage, alertness, dash and recklessness, the men who value their lives as naught in the service of the nation. The man who is left is for better and for worse the reverse of all this, and it is he who determines what the future of the nation shall be.

It is doubtless true that warlike traditions are most persistent with nations most frequently engaged in war. But the traditions of war and the physical strength to gain victories are very different things. Other things being equal, the nation which has known least of war is the one most likely to develop the "strong battalions" with whom victory must rest.

More than all who fall in battle or are wasted in the camps, the nation misses the "fair women and brave men" who should have been the descendants of the strong and the manly. If we may personify the spirit of the nation, it grieves most not over its "unreturning brave," but over those who might have been but never were, and who, so long as history lasts, can never be.

And all laws of probabilities and of averages are subject to a still higher law, the primal law of biology, which no cross-current of life can over-rule or modify: Like the seed is the harvest.

And because this is true, arises the final and bitter truth: "Wars are not paid for in war time. The bill comes later!"

SOCIALISTIC TENDENCIES IN ENGLAND

THERE is a delightful optimism and convincing logic in the work of George Bourne, writing on the subject which is the heading of this article. It appears in the *Forum* for January. He points out that many of the reforms which have been brought about in England, and which are loosely called "Socialistic" are in reality the result of nothing more than a growth of a larger spirit of humanity in the country, rather than the result of Radical Propaganda. He points out that it is the attempt to alleviate conditions and remedy economic flaws, that is keeping down the growth of the revolutionary idea which are the dreaded feature of Socialism.

Week by week, he begins, the rumor increases that Socialism is making wonderful advances in England. Everyone is ready to affirm it; you can hardly look at a newspaper without coming upon some allusion to it; from America and the Continent the news of it begins to travel back: the tale is so persistent, nay, is gaining so much the complexion of a commonplace, as to leave no room for doubt that something strange must be going on in England to account for it; and yet, when one looks around for the circumstances which would justify such a general persuasion, at first sight it is puzzling to make out precisely what they are.

A great deal of the talk—and that, too, the most convinced in its tone—will not stand a moment's examination. To take a recent example: no sooner had the news arrived that a republic had been set up in Portugal, than it began to be said in England that that change was the work of Socialists and that England's turn would come next, by reason of the spread of Socialism in England. The people who expressed this belief probably had no real opinion on the matter; with the examples of France and America before them, they still had failed to perceive that republics might have nothing to do with Socialism; they had simply hit upon a remark to make which sounded apposite to the occasion. Yet this is a fair specimen of half the talk that goes on; and it is clear that, in so far as the rumor about the advance of Socialism is spread by empty phrasing like this, there is next to nothing in it.

But, apart from such disordered and irresponsible prophesying, the evidence is still extremely questionable. It appears that the name "Socialism" is habitually given to projects which, albeit of a reforming character, are not regarded by their promoters as anything but Radicalism.

It is quite true that several Members of Parliament acknowledge themselves Socialists; true too—and for the moment this looks more like the real thing—that the greater Labor organizations have professed a sort of academic adhesion to the Socialist doctrine. This should be conclusive, so far as Labor goes. Yet, very oddly, it is not conclusive. For the present Labor platform, when closely scrutinized, proves to be based upon a very unsocialistic acceptance of private ownership in capital and land, and of the existing industrial organization. No doubt many individual members of the Trades Unions are Socialists in theory; but that is a different thing. Many middle-class people too are Socialists. If all who truly accept the theory of Socialism could be counted up, the number would run into thousands. Yet what are thousands, in a population of forty millions? If numbers are to be considered, England looks as much like going over to the Salvation Army as to Socialism.

But if the rumor is not justified by facts, so far as genuine Socialism is concerned, it is not therefore to be dismissed as unworthy of attention. The truth is that the prevailing talk, ill-informed or alarmist though it may be, is a distorted and grotesque reflection of a movement in the under-currents of popular feeling, which is probably as momentous as any that has occurred in England's history. Something, certainly, is spreading very vigorously; something well deserving to be investigated, whether it be called Socialism or by any other name.

To come to the point: that which is giving rise to all the talk is a growth of ideas—ideas whose outcome it is as impossible to foresee as it is impossible to doubt that it will be far-reaching. These ideas differ from the theory of Socialism in much the same way as a holiday-maker's first dreams of travel differ from one of Messrs. Cook's Tourist Programs.

The tourist program is a definite and ready-made idea of something that might be carried out; a published idea; an idea which has done growing and now waits to be accepted. Anybody may be acquainted with its main outlines; an earl or a professor of science might add it to their other stock of information and take no harm at all. And so with the idea of Socialism. It is a program of certain economic arrangements, the details of which no doubt may be varied slightly or elaborated more fully, but the essential features of which can no longer grow and can only be approved or disapproved. Like a boat on the sea-beach, separated from the ideas which gave it birth and shaped it, there it lies—a finished product of invention for anybody to examine; for anybody to use too, if he will; but wanting in force or initiative of its own.

In strongest possible contrast, the truly growing ideas, full of force, and in fact providing the impulse of the new movements of England's life, are no more definite and not much more theoretical than a would-be holiday-maker's dreams of travel. Instead of being powerless, they may rather be said to be power itself—power to recognize new aspects in old things. Such ideas are they as those by which a doctor appreciates the obscure symptoms of disease, or a musician the harmonies unnoticed by other people, or a sailor the significance of the clouds. For better illustration, say that they are like those conceptions which nowadays sway the English in their attitude toward the old "half-timbered" buildings of the Elizabethan period. Where the Mid-Victorians saw in those places little save unprofitable inconveniences deserving to be pulled down, something even worse than inconvenience is discovered by the modern idea of the hygienic importance of light and air; but on the other hand, ideas of picturesqueness in shape and color, and of the lovable sentiment belonging to things associated with so many generations of English life, discover precious values in overhanging wall and crooked gable and steep roof, and induce the owners to preserve what their forefathers would have destroyed without a qualm. An example perhaps even better still may be found in the modern attitude with regard to the

treatment of animals. It is not on theory that people are apt to sicken now at sight of an ill-used horse or a tormented bullock; but because of an idea which recognizes, in the sensitive bodies of animals, an attribute transcending their utility; a something which at all costs should be inviolate; a sort of sacredness, of which men of an earlier period had, literally, "no idea."

And the growth of so-called Socialism in England proceeds out of ideas of just this quality—powers of recognition very new and unfamiliar and ill-defined, but yet strong, as we see, even in this rudimentary state. They are rooted in taste and feeling; conscience is concerned to cherish them, because they discern for it what is beautiful, or sacred, or happy, or just, or stately.

And then—entwining in closest growth with all this, are ideas—more theoretical perhaps, or perhaps more imaginative—as to what people ought to live for, and what benefits ought in common fairness to reward the endless labor of the wage-earning classes. Should there not be found somehow, should there not be conceived and realized, a happiness to make industry worth while? Ought not men and women to have leisure to live? And ought not the riches of art, and refreshment of games, and the delight of gardens and pleasant places, to be available so that leisure may be enjoyed? One sees the seeds of some such ideas germinating everywhere; and even of ideas picturing conditions in which labor itself would be as pleasant as leisure. Truly, new ideas are not lacking in England. It would be easy to instance others; but I have said enough to show that the stir of approaching change is caused by no program or ready-made doctrine, but by idea-powers which multitudes of English men and women are exercising almost spontaneously, as they go about their daily affairs.

But now note the inevitable result of this activity. All up and down England the life of the people is coming under review; the relations between the classes are being re-examined, and the effects of old laws and customs. And most of all the nation is focusing its attention upon Poverty, looking into the varied manifestations of it, searching out its causes, and generally testing it by the new ideas of

what is fit for the sacred life in human bodies and fit for the English as a people. No observant person who has lived in England during the last ten years can have failed to notice the great awakening of the national conscience in this direction. It is as though poverty had just been discovered; as though it were a new thing in the country. With growing displeasure we view the scandals that attend poverty—the unemployment, the sweating; and the abominable diseases which it fosters, and the crimes and vices into which it drives men and women who have no other solace, or no other means of livelihood. In fine, poverty, we may say, is being dragged out from its old haunts to come up for trial, and to receive judgment too; for on every charge preferred against it, it is found guilty.

Of course this is not all. It is only the beginning of a further growth of ideas, which are the outward and visible sign of the inward spiritual grace of the others. The Old Age Pensions Act, costing some eight million pounds a year, proves what compulsive force is in these new ideas; for the English are not exactly burning to spend their money.

Were it not for one reason, it would seem that none but scare-mongers could pretend to see "Socialism" in such a medley of undirected activity as this. It is true that, inasmuch as poverty is inherent in the present economic system, some modification of that system must be expected to follow any movement against poverty. But Socialism does not propose to modify: it proposes to recast. Instead of demanding that those who control wealth should control it more patriotically so that there shall be less poverty, it would give the control of wealth into the hands of the state, so that there should be no poverty at all. That is how Socialism differs from the partial schemes now agitating the country. And when one considers how those schemes are supported by people who, for the most part, dislike the name of Socialism and have no intention of inquiring into its nature, it seems at first unjust that the name they dislike should be so freely bestowed upon their plans.

The name of Socialism has not lost all its terrors yet; but it has lost many of them, since it has been bandied about so

recklessly, and applied so readily to all sorts of projects which large numbers of the English have at heart; and as a consequence the program begins to receive attention in quarters where it could hardly have been mentioned with safety a little while ago. Not in a quarter of a century have avowed Socialists been able to do so much for their cause as the fatuity of their opponents has effected in five years.

That fatuity indeed should be watched. It is a source of danger. The enemies of Socialism can do nothing either to check the growing ideas of which I have been speaking, or to alter the Socialist program; nor is it easy to see what they could do, to prevent the new growth from entering into the program and vitalizing it, if that should prove to be the tendency of the times. But they might, by an access of fatuity, stimulate into sudden growth a wholly different crop of ideas—revolutionary, vindictive—which would forestall the other growth, and use Socialism for violent ends. In the industrial centres, where capital appears to be planning to crush organized labor and reduce the working population to political impotence, such revolutionary ideas as these are particularly likely to spring up. And there stands the program of Socialism, waiting to be used. Note that. It is common property. It is at anybody's disposal; should the overburdened workers once be persuaded that all other avenues of well-being are closed to them, there is nothing to prevent them from trying this one as a last resource. If capital is foolish, such a situation may easily be produced; and if one considers how much foolishness on the side of capital is betrayed in the ignorant talk of the day, one must admit it to be not quite impossible that some day England may wake up to find real Socialism on the move, driven by ideas not hopeful and kindly, but desperate and angry. It is of course questionable if such ideas could carry out the constructive part of Socialism; but its destructive proposals they could unquestionably carry out to the bitter end.

At present, however, in most parts of England revolutionary ideas are quiescent, and if there is any real movement toward Socialism, it is a movement of merely Radical ideas. Will they ever get

any great distance on the way? It is impossible to say; but provided that their humane intention is understood, there is no great objection to regarding their advance as something more than a tendency. Call it, rather, the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers of Socialism, destined to make a "New England"—at home. Foreshadowed dimly in the "program-idea," the real Socialist State stands unexplored, waiting for colonists—waiting for ameliorative ideas to come; the small achievements of Radicalism being but primitive settlements on its fringes.

That, at least, is a point of view; and not one that should excite alarm. Everybody for example is glad at heart, though some few still shake their heads, at the thought that the aged poor are getting state pensions. It is the program of any change that disturbs people in England, and not the accomplished thing. Invariably, while a project of collective action is under discussion, there are people ready to see in it the thin end of a wedge. The establishment of the police force had its detractors at the time; state education, because its program is constantly developing, still has them. But as one after another the ameliorative projects become established facts the propriety of them is admitted by all save the very few. In general those who make the opposition are wanting in imaginative idea-power rather than in good-will; they fail to recognize

the advantages of a scheme until it has been carried out. Then they approve it, and transfer their opposition to the next scheme. It is becoming a common thing in English towns for the District Council or municipality to buy land and make it into public gardens. And the same thing always happens; so long as the plan is under discussion there is opposition to it: it is "Socialism." But as soon as the gardens are laid out, there come public-spirited offers from the ranks of the opposition to put up drinking fountains and garden-seats. I have lately heard of another curious example of the same sort of thing. Notwithstanding the reluctance of the members of a certain school-authority, it has been decided to provide dinners at the school for the poorer scholars, below cost price, and to make up the difference out of the local rates. That proved to be the only decent thing to do. In other words, an idea of decency as to the nourishment of children has grown up in prudent brains and, Socialism or no Socialism, insists on having its way. For many other projects as yet disapproved a similar success may be anticipated. The Individualist theory still holds its own in England; inspires still the outcry against 'Socialism'; but the Collectivist spirit grows, with the results that we see. The aged poor have pensions paid to them; starving children begin to be fed; little patches of garden beauty make their appearance in the dingy quarters of England's old towns.



"MIRACLES."

By William Hanna Thomson, M.D., LL.D. In Everybody's Magazine.

DESPITE the frequent recurrence of archaeological discoveries which confirm the historical trustworthiness of Biblical narratives, with many persons these all count for little so long as they regard the Bible as a book abounding in stories of miracles. Rating all miracles as equally false, the mention of one in a narrative is equivalent in their minds to the detection of a plain untruth in the testimony of a witness.

All attempts at explaining away the miracles of the Bible as merely natural occurrences wrongly supposed to be mir-

aculous by those who witnessed them, are now so justly regarded as failures that we need not waste time with them. The supernatural enters too deeply into the very essence of that which a Christian must believe for it to be appreciably affected by details concerning any particular miracles. Without the supernatural the Christian religion is nothing.

The question then becomes, Is there anything in this world *now* which is truly supernatural? Because if there is, we may find in it the solution of the question of miracles.

It is not often that many sides of a great problem can be covered by one illustration. But we think that this is nearly done by a spectacle which daily meets the tourist in the great clock of the Cathedral of Strassburg. This clock, which is twenty feet in height, was made by Jean Baptiste Schwilgue in 1842. Besides various astronomical devices indicating true solar time, it has a great planetarium in which the revolutions of the planets are represented, so that the relative positions of each at any time can be seen at a glance.

Here we have, at any hour of the year, the rising and setting of the sun and of the moon; then the movements of the great planets in their orbits; then striking human figures poetically representing the stages of man's life; then the Apostles moving past, reverently bowing to Christ, until, when the moment of Peter's denial comes, a cock crows in as proper time for him as that which sun and stars keep for their movements. Each goes as it is wound up to go.

But what does Jean Baptiste Schwilgue, who designed and made all this wonderful clock mechanism—what does *he* represent? Here, on the one hand, we have most perfect samples of mechanism, and on the other, the man Jean Baptiste Schwilgue. What is the difference between these things thus side by side?

This question suffices in its way to suggest the greatest of human problems, namely, What *is* this world of ours with all it contains, man included?

There can be no middle ground between two mutually and essentially opposing answers to this question. The first is, that this world is all one great mechanism, regulated by the law of its being, in which there can be nothing contrary to or above that law. Now, law is impersonal, unconscious, unfeeling, and invariable; the law of gravitation is quite as operative in the most distant star in the heavens as it is here.

The other answer is that *man as a being* is an exception to everything in Nature. In his physical frame he is as much a mechanism as are the other animals. But as a being, man is essentially *super-natural*, with nothing equal to, or corresponding to, him in this world of Nature.

In fact, man's ability to create mechanisms is unlimited and illimitable, whether it be a watch, a dynamo, a microscope, a theodolite, a sewing-machine, a phonograph, or anything else which he cares to make. By the same faculty he causes a waterfall to light the streets of a town miles away. He may be seen erecting poles for a telegraph, or for the more marvelous telephone line, or, lastly, for talking across oceans by means of the mysterious ether which pervades all space. No one, indeed, can say what he will not yet do by virtue of this great innate equipment which he alone on this earth possesses. Meantime, this capacity is not in the least like an animal instinct, for instinctive actions do not vary. Bees still construct the same cells for honey which bees did in the Tertiary period.

Nor again can any part of this power be ascribed to the exceptional development and organization of man's brain. As Huxley showed, the human brain does not possess a single small convolution which is not also present in the brains of these apes.

But more than all, the demonstrated fact about the human brain is that only one of its two perfectly matched hemispheres is ever used for speaking, thinking, knowing, or for any other mental action, while its fellow does nothing of the kind: in other words, it has nothing to do with the mind, but only with the muscular movements and sensations of the side of the body which it governs. The explanation of this fact inevitably involves the conclusion that the brain itself never originates a word or a thought any more than does the hand or foot, but that the brain instead is the mere instrument of the invisible thinker. Yet this power, great as it is, to invent and to perfect mechanisms is but a minor attribute of man. One has only to name some of the subjects which human science deals with to feel that he has stepped higher than mechanics.

Now the point which we would here emphasize lies in the question, Is such a being natural or supernatural on this earth?

For a while the development of life on this globe was so thoroughly studied that an ascending series of animal forms was pictured, culminating with the anthropoid

apes, till we were asked to recognize at last the primate Homo at the top. Many persons then imagined that by this science had explained man! But where in any part of this series is there even a prophecy of a being who could make a speech or write a book? It is thought that these things are themselves natural, whereas they are as much above the powers of any earthly creature that ever lived, other than man, as wireless telephony would be. The truth is that man is as little included within the limitations of animal life as an archangel would be if he visited this earth.

Greatly transcending in significance the human powers which we have been demonstrating as virtually supernatural are two characteristics of our race which dominate all the others, and which are so nearly universal that they may be regarded as generic. Of the presence of neither of these is there a sign in the whole world of natural earthly life. The first is a belief in personal immortality, and the second lies in the great word, Religion.

There is a deep reason for this universal refusal to accept death as involving extinction. Owing to his high and supernatural endowments, man from the beginning has had to ask himself, What does death mean? In this darkened world he can find only one mistakable certainty, and that is his own personal existence. Whatever is or is not, he knows that he is, for every human being can say, I am!

Personality never changes. However numerous or great the changes in one's outer life, a man is *never for a moment any one else!* All his experiences, all his memories, are indeed his own. Thus through everything there remains the abiding single conscious self. With this certain consciousness of his own existence one becomes equally certain of the existence of other personalities. And if he be a true man, he is all the more certain if he has loved other selves, for this last makes him the more confident that they have not ceased to be when death renders them no longer visible. He knows that conscious personality is the same yesterday as it is to-day—and why should the day come when it shall cease to be? And this certainty grows still stronger when by increasing knowledge he learns that no

part of his physical frame which dissolves at death is ever a part of his personality. He has long known that he does not lose any part of his personality when he loses hand or foot, and now science tells him that his brain no more thinks or is himself than either hand or foot.

Religion is as exclusively the characteristic of the human race as is the faculty of speech itself. It bears all the signs not only of an innate instinct but of the strongest of instincts, dominating every other instinct, even that of parental love. At the present moment there are millions of sane persons who would rather die than deny their religion.

What does all this signify? Elsewhere in Nature instincts subserve some purpose for the advantage or for the preservation of a species. Why, therefore, this mighty instinct in man? Other creatures have no religious instinct whatever. They all get along quite well without it, and why not man?

Among us a common fallacy is to confound religion with ethics, so that many think that if one be ethical in his conduct nothing else is needed. But there is no necessary connection between the two. The province of ethics is to teach men how to treat one another justly in this world. Religion is occupied with the concerns of the world to come. It is only in the Jewish and in the Christian religions that right conduct here is made essential for inheriting the future life.

Universally accompanying religion is the significant human characteristic of Prayer. At all times, and the world over, the sense of need beyond what he can supply naturally makes man a praying being. This, however, in time causes it to become a custom or a mere performance, with less and less in it of personal feeling, until it culminates among the people of Tibet in the absurdity of praying windmills and water wheels. But this in no wise lessens the original significance of the instinct to pray. A conscious personal appeal is the soul of prayer; and the more devout a man feels, the stronger is his intent to put up his prayer to a supernatural personality. Outwardly he may seem to be addressing an image of wood or of stone, but back of everything inanimate he is

speaking to an invisible, but always personal, being.

We are thus brought finally to the solution of our original problem. The strongly logical mind of John Stuart Mill led him to say that if once we admit that God is a personal God, miracles become as possible as anything else can be.

This being so, we may ask, Was there ever a time in history when miracles became necessary for the accomplishment of the divine purpose as regards man in this world?

With beating hearts all Israel was waiting for the coming of its King. But when he came at last as a carpenter of Nazareth, belonging, therefore, to the poorest trade in the country, how inevitably were the words fulfilled, "When we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." (Is. liii, 2).

It was simply contrary to human nature that many others besides his fishermen should be attracted to such a Messiah King. Something a great deal more than what was first visible about him was needed to cause men to consider him at all. Soon the word was spread abroad that a great prophet had risen in Israel. A prophet might be a king, like David, or a herdsman, like Amos, but according to Moses, he must show the supernatural credentials of a prophet: and greater supernatural powers and works than those of any other preceding prophet Jesus did not fail to manifest.

Miracles are impossible! cries Renan. We would agree with him in this statement if he had added the word, *now*. God would not be the just judge of all the earth if He permitted a miracle in our times.

When Christian homes began to abound, miracles ceased of their own accord. From that time to this Christian parents have been the chief means of continuing the kingdom of God in this world. They are the divinely chosen agents for this work. And how strikingly does the wisdom of this choice appear when we examine how deeply laid are its foundations in human life! To parents naturally belong first, love, then veneration and lifelong influence. From them do the children derive all their first knowledge, at a time also when knowledge is best remembered.

We often hear of such or such a person's having been converted by some eminent preacher. But how rarely do such preachers convert any one who has not had Christian parents or grandparents. God does not always leave the outside world without heralds of His own to call them into the kingdom. But such great messengers of His, like St. Francis of Assisi or John Wesley, appear only at long intervals. The abiding hope of the world lies in the humble, devoted men and women, the meek who shall inherit the earth, and who train up their children in the fear of the Lord: for the family is the earthly antechamber of heaven.



"HAUNTED HOUSES OF DEATH."

By F. C. Walsh, M.D., in the *Technical World*.

FIRST thought sees no connection between haunted houses and the great white plague. But second thought knows there is some connection in many instances. And, by the way, Mr. Man-of-Slow-Belief, is your house haunted? Are you sure that it isn't? You smile charitably, yet a smile is neither an answer nor an argument.

Back in the good old days, farther back than our grandmothers would care to remember, when "seeing ghosts" relieved

the drag of time, and took the place of the moving-pictures of to-day; when vaudeville acts were woes unheard of, and society had its matinees and realistic drama in the form of witch-burning, it was quite the proper thing to believe in ghosts and haunted houses. Then man had firm faith in supernatural evil agencies, and, to do him justice, he attacked those mysterious, intangible evils with all the strength of his manhood, to the full measure of his light and might. Our

modern ghost is the tuberculosis germ, and its habitat, the haunted house, is too often your own home, Mr. Average-Citizen!

Some twenty years ago, as the writer remembers, in a certain Mid-Western town, three members of a family living in a sufficiently picturesque cottage, were stricken with consumption in rapid succession, and died. Nothing unusual about that! Nothing. But wait. The remnant of that family moved out, while another family, containing five children, moved in and within six months three members of this second family "went into a decline," as the mother stated, and ultimately died.

The neighbors were sufficiently observant to gossip over the similarity of death in the two families, and the wiser ones attributed the deaths to dampness, while the more superstitious openly hinted that the house was haunted. Time went on, and the house was sold. The purchaser, with a family, moved in, and in less than a year the old story of the haunted house repeated itself. One girl died. "Consumption," the doctor said. Two others of the family, young adults, were advised to change climate, and went to Colorado, with what result is unknown. This sadly decimated family, in its turn, moved away, and from then on, for some little time, the house remained vacant, a source of mystery to those inclined to superstition; a warning against "dampness" to others. Again the house was put on sale, this time for a mere song, but no one wanted the whited sepulchre.

Then something happened. A young physician, new to the town, was making a professional call one day in the neighborhood. Before he left, his patient, a rather garrulous old Irishwoman, told him the story of the haunted house, with elab-

oration sufficient to make an interesting magazine story in itself. The doctor listened eagerly, and then made careful investigation for himself. He found no signs of dampness; found nothing, in fact, to explain the sequence of deaths. He then traced back for twelve years the different families who had occupied the house during that period. Finally he got back to the original owner and occupant, an old bachelor, who had died of lung trouble! The story was becoming interesting. Tracing down the various deaths from this beginning, our medical Sherlock Holmes found no less than twenty-five deaths from "lung trouble"—tuberculosis—occurring in the successive families who had occupied the house up to the time of his investigation. Not one family that did not give up its quota to this horrible, intangible Juggernaut! His investigation completed satisfactorily to himself, the doctor bought the house.

It was a House of Death, and he knew it; but he knew also that his science could break the evil spell and turn it into a House of Life.

The average man will flee the wrath of one tarantula, or else attempt to destroy it, yet ten thousand tarantulas in every room of that evil dwelling would have been less dangerous to health and life than the malignant germs which, unseen by the naked eye, nevertheless covered the walls and floor, particularly the latter. That abode of evil required just one thing to make it perfectly sanitary and safely habitable—disinfection. And so it was fumigated and disinfected, as never a house was before. That was a number of years ago, when the neighbors marvelled at the doctor's madness. Today, they wonder at his wisdom, and the healthfulness of his happy family, who still occupy the house.



"THE NEW CONFIDENCE GAME."

By William Brown Meloney, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

THERE'S a new confidence game, and it's a big one, for it takes whole communities to play it. Within the next few years every municipal com-

munity with an ounce of progressiveness in its cosmos will be playing it. Municipalities like old Amsterdam and London and Vienna and Berlin, and even Chris-

tiana under the Northern Lights, are already alive to it, and asking New York p'ease to teach them the rules

The City of New York—the greatest of all municipal proving grounds—started this confidence game in October last by taking its taxpayers into its confidence. That is the new game in a nutshell: Taking the taxpayers—the people who make a city and who pay all of its bills—into the city's confidence, telling them why their money is spent; showing them how it is spent; letting them see whether they are getting real wool or Baxter Street shoddy; treating them as genuine Mis-sourians!

Budget Exhibit is the name of the new game. That word budget sounds forbidding. When the average citizen hears it he usually shudders. He sees a mountain of figures toppling over on him and he takes to his heels. In a vague way he knows that a budget is an estimate of the proposed expenses of conducting his city or state government or the nation for the ensuing year, and that upon the total is based the tax levy. But when a man can look a budget squarely in the face and see what lies behind its apparently forbidding columns of figures and involved tables of percentages, it becomes a great big human proposition. It puts a taxpayer in a position to say to a public official or a whole set of them:

"Stop! I don't like the way you're spending my money. How is it the city is paying eighteen dollars a ton for hay? I pay only sixteen in my business for better hay." Or, "I'm a manufacturer. I'm getting better steam coal for a dollar less a ton than the city pays. Why?"

New York's Budget Exhibit brought the taxpayers face to face with the municipality as it is, with all of its shortcomings, its hopes, and its great attainments. It was a school for taxpayers where they were taught that it costs more to carry on the government of their city than of any state. It was demonstrated to them that this is so because it is a community of almost five million souls, and constantly growing.

Next they were made to understand that, although tax rates have gone on climbing in the past ten years, graft and extravagance are not to be held wholly

responsible. Rather it is that the present taxpayers are building for new generations, as they are bound to do, and just as past generations builded for them; and that this is an expense which increases in proportion to the growth of the community. They were taught that as citizens they have a common heritage. They were taught that though 540,000,000 gallons of water a day are sufficient for the city's needs now, the time is not far off when it will not do so, and that it is part of their duty to arm the city against drought. The public works responsible for increased taxation were analyzed. The taxpayers were shown how to analyze them for themselves.

For instance, it was shown that where the Department of Education used but 16 per cent. of the city's income three years ago, it required 19 per cent. this year. Again, it was shown that while the interest charges on the city's debt incurred for public improvements had increased from 18 to 29 per cent. in twelve years, the cost of protecting life and property had been reduced from 23 to 18 per cent. of the annual income. If a taxpayer asked why the Department of Health's appropriation was mounting steadily, his answer lay in the reduced mortality records and the reduction of disease.

Not a taxpayer could have attended the exhibit and gone away without being better equipped to weigh his own responsibilities and those of the men whom his vote had put or may put in office.

The exhibit was the result of attempts by the Bureau of Municipal Research to hold civic shows in 1908 and 1909. The government of the city then was largely in the hands of men who suspected the Bureau's purposes. The Bureau is a non-official organization supported by private subscriptions. With a new set of men in charge of the city's affairs last year, the Bureau's efforts produced an appropriation of \$25,000 for a genuine budget exhibit, and every department of the municipality was compelled to participate.

Instead of the group of men directing the Bureau of Municipal Research as the critics, the whole body of taxpayers sat in judgment. All of the facts were submitted to them, and they were presented, not in staggering columns of figures, but in

physical form and tagged with the purchase price and cost of maintenance—from the old fire horse, Brentwood, which has been serving the city for twenty-one years and is still in harness, down to the strapful of books necessary to start a six-year-old boy or girl in the public schools.

Wherever one looked it was to see a vivid chapter or picture of progress—life, health, public comfort subordinating all else. There were models of the old style, disease-breeding tenements, carrying legends of shattered life and of death. There were models of the new, bearing tabulations of lowered death-rates. The price of one good cigar added to each taxpayer's bill in a year saves a human life.

The extension of New York's water system is under projection at an estimated cost exceeding \$160,000,000. The exhibit visitors were enabled to visualize this tremendous project—touch it. A segment of the water tunnel which is to pierce Manhattan Island from end to end was one of the gateways of the show.

What was impossible of presentation in a physical way was exhibited in pictorial form, with the heads of departments to explain the illustrations and to be heckled, too, by anybody who desired to heckle.

Between 200,000 and 300,000 school children went to that budget exhibit, and to-day they have a more comprehensive grasp of the government under which they are living and of things as they really are than a good many university graduates. Among the disenchanting things they learned was that the biggest and finest fire-engine doesn't cost \$1,000,000, but only \$6,500. Still, they were

able to go home and tell their parents how the family could so burn gas as to obtain two-thirds more light at one-half the present cost.

Exclusive of children, there were 554,000 men and women who saw the exhibit in the thirty days and eight nights it lasted. Among these were foreign consuls and journalists to send reports abroad which have awakened cities across the sea. There were Westerners and Southerners and Northerners and Canadians to take home seed for planting. There were mayors and councilmen and educational bodies from all of the large cities and towns around New York.

Essentially it was a genuine city show, even to the advertising. Seven hundred thousand cards of invitation were sent to homes through school children, without cost, save for the printing. Two hundred and fifty thousand similar notices were enclosed in bills and notices of personal taxes sent through the mails to taxpayers. The newspapers printed things about the show because the show was news, and that was more advertising. When the doors were closed, \$1,000 of the appropriation for expenses remained on hand—an exhibit in itself that those who were in charge of the show had also taken a lesson in economy.

There is an appropriation of \$25,000 in this year's budget for another exhibit in September or October next. The exhibit will be an annual event in New York unless, as has been suggested, a permanent municipal museum is established.

The new confidence game is here to stay. It can stand publicity.



"BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE"

By Frederic Blount Warren in the Technical World.

TO you who have lived in a day when wireless leaped trackless oceans and made continents talk with each other as men talk across a table; who have heard aeroplanes clatter out of misty obscurity and become appliances of human flight—to everyone possessing imagination and grasping the scope of man's pres-

ent-day triumphs there will still be a surprise in learning that human genius has wrested a secret from Death; *the* secret of restoring life to dead bodies; of calling man back from the dead.

Actually, this is no blow at centuries-old beliefs; one may continue to accept the Psalmist's measure for the length of

the life-thread and still admit that there are thousands upon thousands of premature deaths—needless deaths; deaths by poison and accident; termination of life as unnecessary as the appalling slaughter of 200,000 infants each year that our better knowledge of hygiene is now doing much to counteract. But for the countless victims of drowning, electrocution, chloroform, morphine, asphyxiation and scores of other causes of death—everything except broken down, worn out, years-old human machinery — a woman surgeon and scientist, famous on two continents, has found and demonstrated a life-restoring force in electricity.

One day more than a decade ago there sat in a little laboratory in Paris a young woman physician who, for more than an hour, noted closely the effect of galvanic action upon the leg of a frog. Whenever she applied an electric current muscular contractions took place in the leg and therein the investigator found a principle which she thought might be applied to the human system. The heart and lungs in the human species, as well as in the animal, are formed of muscles susceptible to reaction from outside influences, she reasoned, and straightway began to experiment with various sorts of electrical apparatus. Applied to the heart of an animal, electricity, she found, made it contract and relax just as if she had taken the organ in her hand and squeezed it into activity. The lungs, too, proved susceptible to her electric excitations. From these scant bits of basic knowledge there were evolved electric instruments, which, if successful in fulfilling their purpose, would startle science and layman the world over.

For two years these early experiments in Paris were partial failures, but there was always enough promise of ultimate triumph to lead the zealous fact-seeker onward. Then, one day in December, 1908, Paris found itself enjoying all the thrills of a great "story"—a wondrous tale that the flock of American newspaper correspondents there have never told to this day; a woman, dead and given up by the doctors in attendance, had been brought back to life.

"Doctor Volt!" exclaimed the volatile Frenchmen. Thus they dubbed the new

development of the related science of electric anaesthesia and as "Doctor Volt" it is known to-day and will live in the future.

The woman was only one of the many characters of her kind in the underworld—a morphine eater—and she had been admitted to the Ste.-Anne Asylum, Dr. Magnan's service. For two years she had indulged each day in two grams of the drug. When admitted to the hospital she was deprived of this dose. Waiting to be examined by Dr. Magnan, she had a sudden attack of syncope. Various means were used to revive her and she regained consciousness. In a few minutes she fell into a second attack. Her respiration became slow, shallow, appearing at rare intervals—perhaps four or five per minute. The pulse was almost imperceptible and her face was blue—almost black-blue from asphyxia. Assistant physicians began to practice artificial respiration and rhythmic traction of the tongue. Almost any reader has witnessed the application of these methods in drowning cases at some summer beach. At the end of twenty minutes every method had proved unavailing. The last visible spark of animation had fled. The patient was quite black in the face, to use the doctors' own expression.

"Dead!" they said and one, in true French fashion, shrugged his shoulders. After all, she was only a street woman; the place was an asylum, or "poor hospital" — and so much effort had been wasted. It was not thought wise to carry the body to the Robinovitch laboratory on the second floor, lest some hidden spark of life might be jolted out. Even the doctors used the word might; they had seen too many cases of death to be deceived after this. Twenty minutes had elapsed after death before Doctor Robinovitch's electrical coil was brought in and the electrodes placed in their proper position for resuscitation; the cathode in the dorsal region, the anode in the lumbar.

Imagine for a minute what this scene represented. Not one of the spectators expected a favorable result, though all were deeply engrossed in a situation surcharged with dramatics. Then the rhythmic excitations were begun and practiced for thirty seconds. Because the patient

looked so thoroughly asphyxiated, judging from the color of the face, the operator shortened the period of the opening of the circuit. The change that took place was like the breaking up of storm clouds on a summer afternoon to make way for the full radiance of the sun. As the excitations were repeated the dark blue of the features changed to pale blue, then to an almost natural color. There was a quick, sharp sigh and the woman's eyes popped open.

"Oh! I feel so cold in the back!" she cried, with a shiver. It was the wet pad of cotton in the electrodes at her back.

A devout little nurse dropped a bottle of aromatic spirits she had been holding and crossed herself. "Back from the dead!" she exclaimed and the look in her eyes was half horror, half astonishment. The operator had expected scepticism on the part of the male physicians. One, witnessing this "reawakening," asked: "I wonder have you brought the soul

back, too?" The woman, in her hour of triumph, merely smiled.

It had taken years of effort but the contracted muscles in the leg of the frog had been carried to the ultimate development of the principle they had revealed to the mind of the scientists. The dramatic force of this incident is bound to suffer by the necessary resort to surgical or technical terms, and is only possible for each reader to construct his own mental picture.

Doctor Robinovitch did in Paris bring back to life a human being who had been declared dead, and has been, for the last year, in New York restoring hundreds of animals, pronounced dead by her confreres; animals deliberately shocked to death by electricians, only to be awakened at the end of twenty or thirty minutes by a curly-headed little woman whose work, when it finally leaked out and was published with all sorts of distortions by the yellow journals, furnished a most profound sensation.



GETTING 100 PER CENT. RETURNS FROM THE PAY ROLL.

By William Hamilton Burquest in "System."

"OUR clerks are getting stale," admitted the junior partner, snapping a rubber band round a pitifully small bundle of sales slips. He was store superintendent, and part of his job was to keep the clerical force "up to concert pitch."

"They *are* stale," declared the senior partner with a frown. Customers flocked to the store. But with a taste both economical and discriminating, they confined their purchases almost wholly to the bargain counters. In other departments the women merely "shopped"—stopped, looked, gossiped, and took samples. The store was profiting not a penny from the sale. For this, the proprietor knew, the clerks were in large part to blame. Their mental attitude, if put into words, would have been translated thus:

"The boss oughtn't to expect us to sell goods at this time of year. It's trying enough, goodness knows, to be polite to customers in this hot weather."

"How about a prize contest?" suggested the junior. They argued the matter long; finally, like a flash, came the inspired idea.

"Let's offer vacations on full pay," the junior proposed, "to every clerk who increases her sales a certain percentage over the same sale of last year! We needn't make the increase over twelve per cent. to move every special you've bought and cut a big hole in our regular stock. To keep everybody on the jump till the gong rings, we'll also promise three round-trip tickets to Chicago as extra prizes for the three high-scores, and ten dollars in gold to the man or woman who makes the biggest individual increase. That'll wake 'em up all right!"

The senior partner objected. He didn't believe in vacations—had never taken one in his life other than trips to buy goods.

"We can spare half our people next month," the younger man insisted, "if only to keep them from getting lazy and

bored. But we'll profit on the deal. To earn a vacation a clerk will have to make money for us. And we'll have a force in the fall with plenty of snap and ginger."

He had his way. Details were worked out then and there, and marks set for clerks less than a year in the firm's employ and others whose records had been satisfactory. Announced next morning, the newspapers devoted considerable space to the contest.

In the store an instantaneous change took place. Every clerk was charged with energy. Real salesmanship was devoted to listless bargain-hunters and sample-takers. Patient urging brought out the needs of each, both current and future; then the remnant or article to satisfy such needs was dug out of the heterogenous stock. To reach possible buyers who did not appear, clerks wrote memoranda on postal cards furnished by the store, calling attention to special bargains, and mailed them to their special customers.

From front door to alley, from basement to roof, the store vibrated with vitality and hummed with energy. After eight days of the contest, it became evident that every clerk in the store would qualify for the vacation with pay. The senior partner smiled as he telephoned for supplementary bargain lots to fill holes in the stock and provide the force with "something to sell" during the grand wind-up. The race for the round-trip tickets and the added prize money became more engrossing every day.

The net gain over the preceding year was more than thirty per cent. More important far was the matter of dynamic energy and added efficiency, gained by the clerical force through rest and recreation unhampered by any worry over loss of wages.

Offering good "business literature" to employees—giving the books away, not circulating them, is the method used by the general manager of a big machinery house. He presents his salesmen, both in the house and on the road, with books on salesmanship, and kindred subjects. He gives free subscriptions of magazines on business and selling to new salesmen. Another aid to superior salesmanship is found in snappy, business lectures. "live-wire" talks at regular meetings at the main office of a company. By one large

firm of wholesale grocers this is considered a great incentive toward top-notch effort. There is an annual gathering of road salesmen from all parts of the country. Several evenings are devoted to the discussion of matters of general interest.

A unique and desirable form of rewarding high-grade work is the donation of free scholarships in technical schools. The chief executive of a western house manufacturing electrical appliances tried various schemes to speed up individual employees. All were unavailing, however, until he tried the scholarship idea. His explanation is that he made the mistake of watching the advance of a few employees in each department, when he should have studied the general advance of all his men. After he had concluded that the majority of his men were going back, he found that it was only relative, and that, as a matter of fact, the great mass of the men were turning out just as many machines per capita as ever. Deciding to try something new, he sent ten men who had shown consistent advances to a technical school, paying their tuition and allowing them an average wage, for a special four week's course.

Coming now to a consideration of real profit-sharing, the results achieved by one of the greatest of wholesalers are noteworthy. For the last five years, the pay of road salesmen has been based, not upon gross sales, as was the old plan, but upon the net profit realized. Not only are prices better maintained, but expense accounts are kept down.

A further step in this movement to secure the co-operation of employees in increasing output, is the distribution of stock. The plan has been adopted by many firms both large and small in various parts of the country. A large manufacturer attributes his success in securing team work to the stock-distributing system.

He found that the plant's per capita production was far below what it ought to be. His managers and foremen studied for months to find a satisfactory plan to "speed up" the employees without resorting to piece work, which they regarded as objectionable. Prizes were offered for increased weekly output, but this brought no appreciable general improvement. A few men made astonishing records, and

easily ran off with the prizes. Their very efficiency seemed to discourage the rest of the workers. The rank and file relapsed into a "What's the use" attitude and made no effort to win. Next, grading the employees was tried, and prizes were offered by classes for improvement stretching over six months' time. A little more interest was shown, but the time seemed too long, and the employees lost this interest, even the weekly percentage announcements arousing little enthusiasm.

"At last, we tried the idea of offering stock in our company to those who showed a certain monthly average, said the manufacturer. "For the first time the men began to sit up and take notice. The average for the first three months showed an upward trend, six months confirmed the improvement, and a year's trial convinced us that we were at last on the right track.

Our directors voted a special issue of treasury stock, and from that day to this we have paid the additional dividends regularly, and have never had any labor troubles."

This system of co-operation makes the employee a vital part of the business. He is both worker and part-owner. Taking the good men into partnership was Andrew Carnegie's pet hobby. An establishment in which all skilled employees were partners as well as workers would come very near solving the labor problem. And the standard of efficiency would seldom fall below that of the largest *active* stockholder.

"Pay 'em and drive 'em!" was the eighteenth century rule. Profit sharing and stock distribution have become the ideals of the twentieth century.



"BRINGING IN THE MONEY."

By Lynn Sumner in "System."

TIMES come in every credit man's experience when the old methods fail.

Hard-shell debtors manage to pass every guard of precaution, and set themselves down with seeming immovability upon the firm's books. Chronic delinquents persist in trifling at the very border-line of credit. They are proof against every ordinary collection method of process. Trained upon them, statements and second notices fall without effect. The cleverest letters lose their pulling power.

Such debtors must be graduated into a class by themselves. They are subjects for the credit man's ingenuity. And it is for these that so-called collection schemes must be devised.

Every credit man knows this situation, whether his business be wholesale or retail and, if the latter, whether on a straight, monthly or instalment basis. To him these schemes that have been used successfully will bring suggestions.

Since the "night letter" privileges went into effect, at least one wholesaler uses the telegraph in much the same way. Of course, one cannot openly dun a customer by wire, for it is illegal under the black-

mail laws to give publicity to a buyer's indebtedness. But this dealer uses the wire as a follow-up for his letters most effectively.

For instance, suppose the customer orders a bill of seasonable goods, meanwhile neglecting to settle a back account. The wholesaler knows he needs the goods badly and so uses the order as a lever and telegraphs him something like this:

"When office closed to-night, no reply had been received to our letter of the 8th, asking for a settlement of your account. Has check been mailed? Your rush order is ready in the shipping department, but we feel we cannot let it go forward until this matter has been adjusted. If you have mailed check, please wire us collect so goods can go forward to-morrow."

Such a telegram as this is permissible, because it really asks regarding the account only as a matter of information. From the merchant, who is anxiously awaiting his goods, it is practically certain to secure at least a partial remittance.

A more gentle, but highly suggestive scheme, is used systematically by an east-

ern hat manufacturer. A week or ten days before a bill is due, the credit man sends the customer a card printed in facsimile of a leaf from a desk calendar pad. The large figure on it, representing the day of the month, signifies the due date of the bill. In the blank space below is printed in imitation of handwriting a memorandum, so that the leaf reads after this fashion:

"Thursday, August 16th.

Mail check to Vincent & Co. for \$—— to cover invoice of July 16th. Their goods were right, they filled my order promptly, and I owe them an equally prompt settlement."

This card is accompanied by a brief note:

"Place this card anywhere on your desk—just so you'll be sure to see it."

A somewhat similar scheme is used on the sensitive debtor. One firm often collects the number of promises that a debtor has made in letters written to the house, and arranges them in one, two, three order on an attractive card as follows:

"Messrs. John Blank & Company, Hughesville, N. Y., Promised Blank, Blank & Sons on—

"May 10th—'Will Remit in Ten Days.'

"May 25th—'You Will Have Check Promptly by the 1st.'

"June 10th—'Accounts are Slow But Will Surely Settle in Fifteen Days.'

"All Promises Unfulfilled.

"Don't Promise Any More But Mail Check To-day."

The card is mailed with a special delivery stamp and it makes an immediate impression. In ten cards recently sent out by a certain firm, eight brought settlement in five days after receipt.

Akin to this latter scheme, is another equally as unique that has aroused many lagging debtors. The house sends a letter, by special delivery, formally addressed on the letter head but in the centre of the page is simply a large interrogation point printed in red. The letter is signed as any ordinary letter.

The debtor may not catch the point instantly, but invariably he will rummage in his mind for something that he has overlooked or that has reference to the

house sending the letter. In the majority of cases he will hit on his account first.

Carelessness is often a cause of slow payments. It is the put-off merchant that annoys the credit man. This class must therefore be handled in a way bordering on coercion. He must often be goaded in the side. One concern rouses this procrastinating merchant by having the advertising man write a short news item covering a hypothetical law suit of its firm against a certain debtor. The firm is given an execution of his property, and prints the news item in ordinary newspaper type, with a heading on it and a date line. This is torn as you would tear a clipping, and pasted in the centre of the letter to the debtor. Underneath the clipping is written on the typewriter: "You would not want us to do the same by you, would you, Mr. ——?"

Every retail credit man knows the value of any scheme that will jolt the customer into a recognition of the condition of his or her account. One big store does this through its C. O. D. service.

A customer, whose account has been badly neglected, comes in and orders goods sent out C.O.D. The credit man leaps at the opening. A bill is made out for the single purchase, but to it is added the amount of the delinquent account.

When the driver delivers the goods, he delivers with them the statements in full and he has but two alternatives—to bring back the money in full or the goods. If the customer wants the articles badly, there is but one way to get them and more often than not a settlement is forthcoming. At least the scheme serves to rouse her into touch with the credit man.

But there are many instances when any method short of a personal collector's cleverest persuasion fails to get the money. And even schemes must be used to make the personal call productive.

One instalment house has been very successful in its hard local collections by sending a lady collector to call on its men delinquents. Few things could be more embarrassing to a man than to have a young woman approach him in an office full of his associates, and ask him when he is going to pay the \$10 he owes her firm. In nine cases out of ten, with this pressure upon him, he will procure the money on the spot, if he has to borrow it.

Another effective scheme of the retail credit man is to play on the average customer's horror of a personal collector. A Chicago store uses this in a unique way. When the account has fallen pretty far behind and the routine letters have failed of response, the credit man gets the buyer on the 'phone.

"I just called you up to tell you," he says, "that I have a memorandum on my desk to have one of our men call and see you to-morrow. I find that your check has not come in as yet, and I called you so that if you wished you could wait until to-morrow and hand it to him personally. This will save you the bother of mailing it."

Of course, the purpose of the call is to effect just the opposite result. What the average customer wants to do is to head off the collector, and in many cases this 'phone message will evince a hurried request to never mind having the collector call as the check will be mailed that night.

Then occasionally every retail credit man finds one debtor on his books on whom even more extreme measures than this must be used. All hope of retaining the patronage of the customer had been abandoned. The only aim is to get the money. When a debtor reaches this final stage, he is given by one store what it calls the "bawling out" process. A typical case illustrates the method.

A real estate broker had become deeply indebted to a number of stores and all were searching for ways to persuade him to settle.

The credit man for the largest creditor, the store in question, felt that this man could have paid his bills if he had wanted to do so and learned, upon investigation, that he was actually hoarding what cash he had in hand in order to handle some deals in prospect which he very much desired to swing. Naturally the credit man had his doubts about the propriety of the customer using the merchant's money with which to run his business.

The collector called a number of times and letters were written, but all to no purpose. Then the firm's star collector was called and the "bawling out" process prescribed. The collector decided to use it at the "psychological moment." So each day he waited until the broker was in conference with one of his clients; then he would open the office door, and in elevated tones, ask the broker when he expected to pay that bill he had been promising to settle for three months past. The real estate man stood the strain for a week, but constant fear of the jeopardizing unexpected entrance of this collector wore him out and at the seventh call he paid up.

Many houses have brought in the money by offering a sentimental inducement to the debtor. An instalment firm selling by mail order makes clever use of a certificate of credit. At a certain point in the follow-up, a letter is sent the customer, enclosing a sample certificate and explaining that as soon as the account is settled in full, a properly filled in and authorized certificate of credit will be presented to him. This, it is pointed out, will be a valuable asset to him in dealing with other concerns—in fact in every transaction where his credit might be a factor.

The certificate itself is an elaborate, lithographed affair. It has been found remarkably effective when used on country and small town buyers. Many in their desire to possess a properly filled in original, even pay their instalments up before they fall due.

In any event, the scheme is more or less of an emergency method. Except in the case of the last one cited above, all these methods are employed only when ordinary means have been exhausted.

The clever letter is always the most diplomatic collector. But it cannot always win. When it fails, the scheme comes in to its own.

"CUTTING DOWN THE COAL BILL."

By Harry Chase Brearley in the Technical World.

CAN a man be imagined buying stocks without inquiring what the stocks represent, or a housekeeper ordering a basketful of groceries and not seeking to learn the contents of the basket? Yet something rather like this takes place when the average buyer exchanges his cash for a ton of coal. Coal is coal, he thinks—and sometimes it isn't.

Ten or twelve years ago the government commenced to investigate facts which had long been known to science, and soon dry chemical formulas, translated into the popular language of dollars and cents, took on new life and interest. The government accordingly ceased buying coal as coal and began to buy it as heat. Next some concerns in Baltimore followed suit and from these the idea spread to certain large consumers in New York, Chicago and other cities. But ideas spread slowly against human inertia. Chicago has indeed applied it to a large proportion of her plants, but other cities are more backward and the individual householder has not in general even heard of such a thing. Buying coal as heat, means buying upon analysis which is an utterly foreign thought to ninety-nine out of a hundred citizens, and yet it probably wants but popular education upon the subject for public opinion to bring about "pure fuel" legislation as was recently the case in the "pure food" law.

The average buyer, hoping that the dealer may not have shortened the weight more than the anticipated eight or ten per cent., pays his bill with characteristic meekness. He realizes that much of the bulk and weight which go into his fire come away again in the shape of ashes and clinkers, but this occasions no surprise. It was also anticipated. It needs must be. However, commercial science now steps in with a contradiction of this statement. It does not need to be in any such proportions as have hitherto obtained, unless the buyer pays the lower price of an inferior grade. How is he to discrimi-

ate? Not by the appearance, for even an expert can judge very little by eye alone. Here are two specimens of common anthracite, differing little in looks, and yet one of them contains forty-one per cent. of ash and the other but nine per cent.—to state an extreme case. In other words the latter contains 1820 pounds of combustible fuel to every ton, and the former but 1180 pounds. Here then are two grades sold at the same price, looking substantially alike, yet one of them exceeding the other in full value by more than fifty per cent. Furthermore, the poorer coal produces four and one-half times the bulk in ashes of the better, meaning corresponding trouble and expense in handling, together with greater wear upon the fire-grate and a more frequent stoking of the fire. To say that a consumer must pay the same price for both grades seems almost as absurd as for him to pay a uniform price per acre for land without reference to its location or character, and yet while the example cited is extreme, it and its lesser variations are the everyday facts of the coal trade. How, then, is he to discriminate? By scientific tests.

The difference between a successful and an unsuccessful business may often lie in the coal bill and a manufacturer who has studied the problems of labor, of improved machinery, office systems, etc., often partially realizes this to the extent of experimenting with various combustion devices, without attacking the still more vital question of the coal itself.

All of the foregoing refers, of course, more especially to the larger consumers, for the average householder, with his purchases of from five to twenty-five tons per year, could hardly afford the relative expense of frequent tests. And yet there is no more reason, ethically considered, why he should be compelled to pay a high price for an impure commodity than in the case of the plants. The remedy must come, as most remedies do, through education, popular demand, the joint action of communities and perhaps ultimate

legislation, unless the coal trade is wise enough to render such action unnecessary by complying in advance with a clear public right—the right to know what it is

buying. In other words, as a newspaper recently said, it should be made “a finable offence to sell coal without an analysis label or with a false one.”



RECRUITING A FACTORY FORCE.

By Franklin Russell in Business and the Bookkeeper.

NOT many years ago any factory employing more than half a hundred workers possessed a sign, more or less battered, reading “Men Wanted.” Most any Monday morning, and always on the day after a holiday, you could find this sign swinging on the street side of factory walls all over the country. These were the times when ranks were most frequently broken; the misguided deserter having gone off in company with a black bottle. So much the superintendent or his foreman usually found out a few minutes after work commenced. If the missing man was especially valuable the superintendent would probably call up police headquarters and offer bail; otherwise the sign would be hung from its accustomed peg.

To-day such a sign is comparatively scarce, for now it is not a question of simply finding a man who is willing to work but one who is experienced in some particular work. Most factory offices have half a dozen or more of these signs, each calling for the services of men trained to some one task. And many manufacturing plants have passed this stage, especially if their product requires the services of operatives of more than ordinary skill and intelligence.

So it has come about that the selection of capable workmen has developed a new and very important department within the factory walls. A department not actually productive, yet so closely related to production as to make it an integral part of the works. This is the recruiting office, and its duty is to keep the plant supplied with the best workmen the market affords. Only concerns that have undertaken this task realize the many difficulties it presents and the labor in-

involved in making the department entirely efficient.

At what we have been pleased to term the recruiting office of this plant, the business of enlisting workmen has been carried to a remarkable degree of perfection. While the company has individual reasons for following this work to the last detail of completeness, yet every large employer of labor, whether manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer, public service corporation, or whatever may be theirs, would find it time well spent to compare these methods with their own.

An interesting feature of this plant is that all employees are on a strictly piece-work basis. Their product of firearms necessitate the manufacture of many delicate and often complex parts; and the many patents they control require the operation of numbers of special machines, in use in no other plant, and to the working of which men have to be personally trained.

The payroll of this house numbers from forty-five hundred to sixty-five hundred employes and the majority of these are skilled workers, performing tasks that demand considerable time to learn before sufficiently instructed to make them first-class operators. Consequently when any person makes application for employment they are examined on a number of points that might not seem essential to the conduct of most factories. When an applicant appears at the recruiting office he is first asked a few general questions, before he is officially considered, to see if there are any very apparent reasons why he would be undesirable.

Passing this preliminary examination the applicant is then expected to answer the complete list of questions printed on

the application blank (see Forms 1 and 2). Beginning with the name and address and the date the application for work is made, the information required is sufficiently comprehensive to give an experienced judge of men enough facts concerning the applicant to permit the formation of a very fair and accurate estimate of the man.

The items listed on this blank are self explanatory, so there is no reason for their repetition here. To the man who studies it, the worth-while completeness of the card will grow on him, for the company has a peculiar reason for securing each item of information listed. It would be hardly advisable to attempt a discussion with a prospective employe as to his ideas of the workman's responsibility toward the employer, or as to whether he, personally, was determined to become a reliable and steady employe. But there are other questions which may be asked where the answer, though seemingly without reference to these subjects, in reality give an opportunity to form a very practical opinion concerning the man's views on them.

These unabridged information blanks tend to give both parties a good bargain. The man whose record shows up to his advantage has a pretty well defined standing even before he enters the company's employ. Instead of being taken on speculation and feeling like a piece of human material of unknown quantity and quality, he already has a record for good work that gives him every opportunity to do his best.

Many employers of labor would save themselves expensive law suits that have been brought by employes who by chance or planning have found opportunity to take an unfair advantage, if they carried some such information bureau as this card offers.

It is an exception when an applicant is hired at the time he first applies. Two reasons may be given for this: Through their method of recruiting, this office is usually able to provide a capable person for any productive position within the works from among those whose applications have been approved, consequently they are not apt to be short-handed, rather there is always likely to be some one who

is promptly available ahead of the newest recruit; in addition to this reason the company is averse to hiring any one until word has been received from the applicant's place of last employment.

And this brings us up to the plan this concern pursues in its endeavor to secure a confirmation of each applicant's statement, concerning his ability and conduct, by applying to his last employer for information. To this end a form letter is used, signed by the second vice-president to assure the concern addressed that the request is from one in authority. The letter states that such a man, giving his name, has applied to them for employment and has given the house addressed as his previous employer. To make the applicant more easy to locate, as well as to insure a more accurate report, the name of the department head or foreman under whom he worked is inserted. Following this is a request for information as to the grade of work he is competent to do and whether he proved to be a good and reliable man. Finally the time is asked as to when he left their employ. The suggestion is also made that the questions be answered at the bottom of the letter of inquiry, where sufficient space is purposely left blank.

The classification and filing of the cards bearing the application forms may follow any one of several methods, though for a concern of any considerable size, that must of necessity keep the cards rather active, the following plan is probably the most accurate and labor-saving.

After the card has been satisfactorily filled out its general classification brings it under the head of the department where such work as the applicant seems capable of performing is carried on. Here it is placed under the subdivision bearing the title of the particular operation or job for which the applicant is fitted. There may be yet another division, if the employment in this work is large and divided into classes. Then when the card has reached its particular section in the file, instead of placing it in alphabetical order, in which there would be no justice because a man named Brown might be given an opening for which Smith had applied six weeks before. Instead of this they are filed by date, so that, all else being equal, the

person who came first has first chance. Of course there is always provision made for exceptionally desirable applicants by giving them preferred classification and noting the reason for it.

These files constitute the available supply, the labor reserves of the plant. When a man passes from the reserves into active service his card occupies a similar location of the employes' files. Should he leave, be laid off, or discharged—the card passes on to another file, used to hold the cards of those who have left for similar reasons.

At the time an employe is engaged, however, there is another card made out for the use and information in the time-keeper's and paymaster's departments. This card bears his name, clock number, and the date on which he is employed; also the department to which he is assigned, the class of work he is expected to do there and his rate per hour; his foreman and department head and by whom approved. After actual service has proven the extent of his ability it may be necessary to give him a new rate, and space for this is designated at the bottom of the card.

The work of this method of enrolling applicants has had too long proof to leave it open to argument. It is personal service examination as effective in its purpose to insure capable and reliable employes as any civil service test. It has become almost a fad among some business men to declare they pay no attention to recommendations, that they are able to judge any man after three minutes' talk with him; the only thing to do is to give the good man a chance to prove himself. And it's a fine thing to give a man a real chance; but often the chance proves a handicap because the man is thrust into work for which he is unfitted and untrained—and in some cases he has been known to turn chance into an opportunity to make away with the till and contents. To be fair to the employe as well as himself it is usually better business for the employer to know the facts rather than estimate the chances.

Every man who applies for employment at the Winchester plant must fill out this blank, which becomes a permanent record of his history, if he enters the employ of the company.



“BUYING AN AUTOMOBILE.”

MR. BLANK, begins Herbert L. Towle, writing in *Recreation*, has made up his mind to buy an automobile. Can we help him out with some advice? Well, maybe. But first we must ask some questions, doctor fashion, before we can prescribe.

What does he wish to pay for car, equipment and extras complete? What are his ideas as to power, passenger capacity, and speed? Will he use the car for pleasure only, or also for business; that is, to take him to and from the station or office, or from the farm to town and back? Will his wife drive the car? Will he employ a chauffeur? What is he prepared to pay annually for up-keep? Will he use the car throughout the year, or lay it up during cold weather? Does

he expect to sell in a year or two, or to keep the car longer? Has he had previous experience with automobiles? Does his territory include bad hills, and are the roads good or otherwise? Will he stable the car on his own premises or in a public garage? On the answers to these questions will depend the selected type of motive power—electric, steam, or gasoline engine; the type of transmission if a gasoline car is chosen; the power, wheel-base, and body style, the tire equipment, and the extras as regards wind shield, top, etc. The question of whether to buy new or second-hand will also be determined by this information.

For restricted town use, such as shopping or making doctors' calls, and for running from home to business and back

where distances are short, there is nothing quite so convenient as an electric vehicle, provided charging facilities are at hand and the necessary skill is available to keep the battery in order. It is frequently profitable to install a charging outfit on the premises, particularly as the skill available in small public garages is often of doubtful merit. The chief drawback to the use of electric vehicles for local purposes is their high price, \$1,500 being about the minimum for a small runabout. The cost of current at meter rates per horse-power is also quite an item compared with the half-cent or cent per mile paid for the fuel of a small gasoline runabout.

As steam cars are numbered in the small minority and are limited to a few makes, it will suffice to say regarding them that the choice between steam power and a gasoline engine is mainly one of personal preference. The steam engine runs quietly and its power is very elastic. It takes a few minutes to fire up the boiler, but in most cases that is not a serious objection. The principal drawback is that to hold steam and water under a pressure of several hundred pounds necessitates more or less constant attention to pipe joints and couplings, stuffing boxes, packings, etc., of all of which the number about a steam car is rather large. The fuel, also, is in some cars under pressure, and there is the possibility of some pipe or connection springing a leak, and the escaping fuel being ignited by the fire under the boiler. On the other hand, if one lives in a country of steep hills or bad stretches of road, or where deep snow may be expected, one can get more for his money in the way of ability to surmount such obstacles in a steam car than in either of the other types.

Coming to gasoline cars, we find the greater preponderance of choice in four-cylinder engines. The once common one and two-cylinder runabouts have almost disappeared, owing partly to improvements in manufacture which enable a four-cylinder car to be offered for what was once the price of a one-cylinder runabout. Requirements as to power have also increased and to-day the common type of small runabout has a twenty horse-power four-cylinder engine. Such a car does excellent local and suburban service,

and it will perform with credit even in long tours if it is cleverly handled. Such cars can be purchased to-day at from \$900 up, depending on their workmanship and on the type of transmission they contain. A genuinely high-grade twenty-horse-power car would be worth from \$1,500 to \$2,000.

If the purse allows, a slightly larger car, developing from 25 to 30 horse-power, and having a motor of 4 to 4¼-inch bore, is better for touring. Such a car will negotiate hills and rough roads more easily than a smaller machine, on account of its power, longer wheel base, and greater weight. For equal speeds and mileage it will last longer, also, and for the same reason—i. e., that it does its work more easily. As a matter of fact, its owner is likely to expect a somewhat higher average speed.

The exact speeds reasonably attainable with given cars will depend on the driver and the road. On good level or moderately rolling highways, even a twenty-horse-power car will average twenty miles an hour during a day's run and have power to spare. With a thirty-horse-power touring car, the average gait might be twenty-five miles per hour, and with a light roadster of that power a thirty-mile average would be possible, though not usual. Such a roadster will easily touch 50 miles an hour for short distances—fast enough for safety.

As for larger cars and higher powers than these, they are desirable only as luxuries. Up to a certain limit, the larger and more powerful the car, the more luxurious is the sensation of riding. Beyond that point, a heavy car rides so steadily that the sense of exhilaration is lost, and one has to exceed speeds of thirty or forty miles an hour to feel that one is going at all. The difference is similar to that between a knockabout and a schooner yacht. In the small boat there is "something doing" every minute, whereas it takes a stiff blow to give one a thrill when abroad the larger craft. A big car is almost necessary for touring, as a small car driven all day on rough roads racks its passengers to the point of exhaustion. But for home use, for marketing, for taking friends to the station, and for short week-end runs, the car of twenty to twenty-five

horse-power certainly gives the best return for the money.

Other things being equal, it is advisable for the beginner to take a car of moderate power, certainly not over thirty horse-power, and better somewhat less. If he can afford to hire a chauffeur and pay the bills likely to result, his choice need not be restricted. But the larger his car, the more completely will an inexperienced owner be at the mercy of the chauffeur, and the more difficult it will be for him to master the intricacies of the machine himself. A small car, on the other hand, is easily learned; and when you have learned to look after your car—large or small—in person, your chauffeur is not likely to fool you long.

If a woman is to operate the car, planetary transmission is best, unless she has had previous driving experience. Under other conditions, sliding gear transmission with three or four speeds is preferable, and except perhaps in the smaller cars, four speeds are better than three. An air-cooled motor has an advantage in severe winter weather, but elsewhere water cooling is usually preferred. The ignition system is important; a high-grade high-tension magneto is as good a choice as any.

As already indicated, \$1,000 is about the lowest price that one can expect to pay for a four-passenger car intended principally for service. By this is meant regular travel to and from the station or place of business, regular household service in place of a horse, regular calls on patients, if the owner is a doctor, and so on. Indeed, the result is more likely to be more satisfactory if the purchase price is a little higher.

If, on the other hand, one does not purchase with an eye to service, but merely for week-end runs and cooling-off spins after dinner, one may get along quite comfortably with a second-hand car purchased for less than \$1,000. This subject will be mentioned in a later paragraph. Meanwhile, the reader is cautioned to bear in mind that, with an old car, a low purchase price is apt to be followed by high repair bills, and that a \$3,000 car purchased at the end of six years for \$450 is a deal more expensive to keep up

than the same car would be if new. The worst possible purchases in the second-hand line are worn-out cars of low first price and worn-out cars of foreign make. The first are certain to go to pieces in one part after another with harrowing regularity. The second, if of good original reputation, will stand up fairly well while they last, but it will be nearly impossible to obtain parts for them, and wholly impossible to get such parts at reasonable cost. If one must spend from \$500 to \$1,000, it is better to get a small than a large car, since, other things being equal, the former is apt to be in better condition. For the lower figure, indeed, the purchaser will be lucky to get a car of any sort, except the smallest runabout, which will not require an expensive overhauling to put it in shape.

Going to the other end of the price schedule, one finds, as is natural, a much more satisfactory range of choice. Here again, however, the rule holds that high quality combined with high power commands a corresponding price. A high-grade twenty-horse-power car which can be bought second-hand for \$1,000 would have cost from \$1,500 to \$2,000 when new. The best thirty-horse-power cars cost to-day about \$3,000, though it is probable that within a year or two \$2,500 will be the standard figure without loss of quality.

Assuming decent workmanship and intelligent care, what does it cost to keep a car? Unfortunately, this is a question which can only be answered by citing particular cases, since everything depends on the personal equation and on the extent to which the car is used. If a car is used in moderation—say 2,500 miles per year—and is kept as long as it gives good service, instead of being arbitrarily sold off at the end of the first or second year, both the mileage expenses and the depreciation are kept low. Assuming a car to be purchased either new or second-hand for a total cost of \$1,000, driven 2,500 miles per year for six years, and then sold for \$250, the yearly expense figures will be about as follows: Interest on car and garage, \$75; depreciation, \$125; tires, \$70; repairs, \$60; gasoline, \$15; license, \$5; sundries, \$25; total, \$375.

SMOKING-ROOM STORIES



The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

Bolivar was very unhappy. One of his cherished schemes had fallen through, and the man he had counted on to pay his dividends had gone away.

"Oh, well, never mind, Bolly," said Bunker. "What if Slithers did get away from you? There's just as big fish in the sea."

"That's true enough," groaned Bolivar, "but they ain't all suckers."—Harper's.

"Yes, ma'am," said the salesman; "the price of that piece of goods is \$10 a yard, and it is worth every dollar of it."

"I don't doubt that, sir," responded the sharp-featured woman; "it's worth probably every dollar, considered in its separate and individual capacity as a dollar, but it isn't worth ten of them. Show me something else, if you please."—Chicago Tribune.



Hair-Cutting Day at Eton.

— W. Heath Robinson in The Sketch.



He: The sparking plug's gone to blazes.

She: Never mind, dear. It won't show, will it?

— The Tatler.



Stout lady: I'm afraid you are rather young for the situation. Are you sure you could cook dinner for a large party

Applicant: O yes'm. Why the last party I was with was quite as large as you are.

— The Tatler.

Knicker—"Where do you live?"

Bocker—"Five miles from a lemon and ten dollars from a steak."—Harper's Bazaar.

* * *

"Would you marry for money?" asked one girl of another.

"Not I; I want brains!" was the reply.

"Yes, I should think so," said the first speaker, "if you don't want to marry for money!"—Ideas.

* * *

We just git started happy,
When woe comes buttin' in—
But we'll keep on a-laughin'
Till it's laughin' time agin'.

—St. Paul Dispatch.

* * *

No matter how easy it is for a man to make money there always seems to be somebody else for whom it is easier to get it away from him.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the s'ns of his congregation. "Bred'ern an' sistern, Ah warns yo' against de heinous sin o' shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' against de brack rascality o' liftin' pullets! But, above all else, breddern and sistern, Ah demonishes yo' at dis yer season against de crime o' melon stealin'!"

A brother in a back seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look.

"Whuffo' mah frien'," said the preacher tersely, "does yo' ra'r up an' snap yo' fingahs when Ah speak o' melon stealin'?"

"Yo' jes' reminds me, parson," the man in the back seat answered meekly, "wha' Ah lef mah knife."

* * *

"What kind of an appointment do you want?"

"Well," said the applicant, "what I'd like is one of those positions in which a man can make a hit by seeing that nobody else has a sinecure."—Washington Star.



The Ex-widow: You can't say I ever ran after you. Percival.

The Second Helping: Very true, Hypatia. The trap never runs after the rat, but it gathers him in all the same. — The Tatler.

Grand Trunk Pacific Elevator

FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

In the year 1908, before the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway had run a single regular freight train over its new line, the farmers who had crowded into the new land were asking the railroad to haul their wheat to market. In that year, not far from one million bushels were taken out of the grain country on Grand Trunk Pacific construction trains. The next year regular freight service was inaugurated, and several millions of bushels were taken over the new railroad, as far as Winnipeg. But the section of the Transcontinental Railway running east from Winnipeg to Lake Superior Junction, at which point the Grand Trunk Pacific line to Fort William branches off from the Transcontinental Railway, was not yet ready for freight; and the grain traffic from the Grand Trunk Pacific had to be turned over at Winnipeg to other lines for forwarding to Lake Superior ports. In the year 1910 the Transcontinental Railway has been completed as far east as Lake Superior Junction, and simultaneously with its completion, the Grand Trunk Pacific Terminal Elevator Company have finished and put into operation their immense new elevator at Fort William.

The elevator is located on the Mission River at West Fort William, in connection with the great terminals being constructed by the railroad at that point. In order to provide proper facilities for handling vessels, millions of cubic yards of earth have been dredged out of the Mission River and adjoining shores to the west, and large shipping basins and slips, with a deep water channel to Lake Superior now take the place of land which but a short time ago was covered with forest.

The new railroad runs through a grain country unequaled in the Dominion:

foreseeing the enormous possibilities of the future traffic eastward in wheat, oats, barley and flaxseed, the railroads laid its plans for unloading the cars at its Lake Superior terminals, storing the grain, and loading it into lake vessels on a scale so comprehensive and vast as to appear at first glance almost visionary. But a few months of full operation of the grain business, on the railway and through the new elevator have already justified the wisdom and foresight of the plans made.

The recently-completed elevator will hold three and a quarter million bushels of grain, but is only one small section of the great system of elevators which will, in a few years, border the docks of the Mission Terminal. The plans show three great piers devoted to the grain traffic. On each side of each is to be built a working elevator to unload in a 10 hour day 200 freight cars loaded with grain and to drop 75,000 bushels of grain every hour of the day, if required, into lake vessels lying alongside the elevator. Each working house will have connected with it storage elevators to hold 10,000,000 bushels. And this is on each side of each of the three piers: 200 cars in a 10 hour day, 400 cars in a 20 hour day, at six places, means 2,400 cars a day when all of the elevators are finished. 300,000 bushels an hour into vessels; 10,000,000 bushels storage at each working elevator; 60,000,000 bushels at six working elevators. It is a plan for the future, but for a future which no one who knows the grain country will be willing to deny capable of arriving.

But to come back from the future to the section of this great system which has just been completed. This section consists of one of the working houses complete, and of a storage elevator with a capacity of 2,-

500,000 bushels to which more storage capacity will be added as fast as the growing requirements of the grain country to the West require it. The working elevator holds 750,000 bushels, so that the total capacity of the new elevator is 3,250,000 bushels. The elevator is of fire-proof construction throughout. It rests on over 11,000 piles driven 50 feet in the ground. The foundations on top of the pile are entirely of concrete, and above the concrete foundations are the super-structures, built of reinforced concrete and steel.

The working house is a structure 237 feet long and 137 feet wide. It comprises 80 cylindrical concrete bins, each 12 feet in inside diameter. The spaces between these cylindrical bins are also used for storage. The bins rest on massive reinforced concrete columns, and girders. In the first storey and immediately beneath the bins are installed 15 steel cleaning machines of the largest size, for general cleaning, while above the bins are installed machines to clean flaxseed, and separate the screenings from the other machines into the various kinds of seed of which they are composed.

Above the bins the building is of structural steel covered on the outside by galvanized corrugated steel. The floors and roof are of reinforced concrete, and the windows are of wired glass in metal frames, all outside covering, floors, roofs, and windows throughout the plant being of similar material. In the cupola above the bins are ten 2,000 bushel scale hoppers, resting on 120,000 pound hopper scales, each scale hopper being surmounted by a 2,500 bushel garner. Five of the scales are used for weighing grain being received from cars, and five for weighing grain being shipped to vessels or to cars.

The unloading of cars is done in the track shed, which is alongside of and forms a part of the working house. Four tracks extend through this shed and to a sufficient distance beyond the elevator so that they may be filled with loaded cars twice a day; and for the balance of the time, the cars pulling arrangement of the elevator will handle the cars through the track shed without the use of a switching engine. On each of the four tracks there

are five unloading hoppers, so that there is a total of 20 hoppers in five lines of four each extending across the shed. Each hopper has a capacity for a full car load of grain, and beneath each line of four a belt conveyor is installed to carry grain to one of the five receiving elevator legs in the working house. Each line of four hoppers has its discharging valve connected to an interlocking mechanism, so that it is not possible for more than one hopper to be open at the same time, thus there is no possibility of grain from the various cars becoming mixed. Cars are unloaded into the hoppers by power grain shovels which have been made of unusual size and strength on account of the constant tendency to increase the average amount of grain loaded in freight cars.

Each of the receiving elevator legs has a capacity of 15,000 bushels per hour, and each of the shipping legs has a similar capacity, the working house is also equipped with 9 other legs for elevation of grain from the cleaners, screenings, flaxseed, grain from the dryer, etc.

Six vessels loading spouts are provided for loading grain into lake steamers. A grain drying plant, with boiler for same using forced draft, is placed outside of the elevator at the west end. A passenger elevator, offices for foreman, inspectors and weigh-men, electric lighting system, a very complete signal system and a fire service system, using a motor-driven pump for the purpose of putting out possible fires among the freight cars or on vessels are incidental portions of the equipment. A transfer conveyor for carrying grain lengthwise of the house is installed in the cupola, and the dust collecting system necessary in connection with all large cleaning elevators is most complete.

The wharf alongside the elevator is built of concrete.

The storage house consists of 70 cylindrical concrete bins, each 23 feet 3 inches in inside diameter, and 54 inter space bins. The storage house is filled by belt conveyors running from the working house, and is emptied by similar conveyors running to the shipping legs in the working elevator. These conveyors all have a capacity of 15,000 bushels per hour

each. All bins in the storage house, are self-emptying.

The entire plant is driven by alternating current electric motors. The fifteen cleaning machines in the first storey of the working house are arranged in five batteries of three machines each, each battery being driven by a separate motor. Each elevator leg is also driven by a separate motor, and other motors drive the conveyors, passenger elevator, and the remaining machinery. Power is obtained from the Kaministiquia Power Company at 22,000 volts. It is transformed to 500 volts for the motors and 220 volts for the

light and signal current, in a concrete transformer and switch board building placed outside of the elevator. The transformer building also contains a large rotary condenser to give the elevator company the benefit of the best power factor obtainable.

The elevator was constructed by the Canadian Stewart Company, Limited, of Montreal, Quebec. The consulting engineers for the railroad company on the layout of the grain terminals and on the unit just completed being the John S. Metcalf Co., Limited, of Montreal, Que. and Chicago, Ill.



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THE IMMIGRANTS

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Grabbing Legislation at Ottawa

Being a few facts and observations concerning the gentle art of lobbying and the art of "influencing" our Parliament

By T. A. Petersen

THERE is in Canada a market for franchises and for some sorts of legislation, and there are franchise and legislation brokers, just as there is a market and a broker for May wheat or early strawberries, or rubber. The legislation market is not affected by tariffs. It is not governed by the law of supply and demand.

Next to making a man a Premier or a member of Parliament, the granting of a franchise is the best gift in the power of the people, and, what is more, it is often a negotiable security. But there are some people in this world who are not content to take a franchise as a government would give it to them, but who are continually looking for franchises under especially favorable terms, especially favorable legislation. To supply this demand there exist men who operate in the town halls, the city halls, the Legislative Buildings and the Federal Parliament Buildings of the country. They are legislation brokers. In calling them "brokers" one casts a reflection upon pawn shops. for the art of securing leg-

islation is often quite vulgar. But Art it is, and much more profitable too, than painting or scultery, or poetry or picking winners.

It is in order that these franchises may be secured with as little trouble as possible, with the least possible government exactions and with a maximum of Government assistance, that the legislation broker is employed. He is the man with pull, the man who can be a good fellow, the man who may possibly manage a delicate piece of corruption and who, in short, knows the strings.

The great railways keep men on deck at Ottawa all session round to protect their old rights and secure new ones.

Great corporations desiring trifling favors, such as the right to dam the St Lawrence river, have certain means of having their wishes presented favorably to the House of Commons.

And in a third class, are men who are forever studying the map of Canada for some new place to get a water-power or a railway franchise and who, having found one, get the government to grant a fran-

chise to a set of dummies, until such time as this holder of the franchise may get time to sell his rights to some real capitalist whose money is out of work.

* * *

One day last session, little Jim Conmee, M.P., from Port Arthur, had a very painful experience. It was in his capacity as a lobbyist—for there are lobbyists who only lobby and others like Mr. Conmee who carry their operations clear inside and upon the sacred oil-cloth of the sacred House of Commons. Little Jim wished Parliament to pass a private bill permitting a certain group of gentlemen to build a system of canals between Lake Superior and Winnipeg, via Fort Frances. The proposed bill was to allow them, in short, to do just about what they pleased with the millions of horse-power contained in the myriad lakes and rivers of the Rainy River district.

Before the Railway Committee of the House of Commons the bill was fought out. Hon. Clifford Sifton, who is rather at odds with the Liberal Administration, opposed the bill in the ground that it was giving the gentlemen represented by Mr. Conmee, too much for too little. The Tory members fought the measure, of course, just as they would fight if the Liberals proposed to vote themselves out of office.

But Conmee was full of faith. With the apparent sympathy of the Party and with the oratorical aid of several Liberal M.P.'s who are always identified with corporation interests in the House, he had no fears.

Hon. George Graham, the chairman, intimated that he would take the vote of the committee. "Jim" hurried downstairs to bring in enough Liberal friends to swamp the opponents of the bill. When he came upstairs, shoo-ing a neat little flock of tame votes ahead of him, the fat gentlemen who had been looking on all the time, and in whom were apparently to be seen the "interests" represented by Mr. Conmee, beamed. They saw the vote coming.

Jim stepped to the front of the committee room and stretching his neck and standing on tip-toe, he counted the heads

of his votes. He seemed satisfied. He signalled the chairman to go ahead and take the vote. It was taken. Jim lost. He had not counted his votes correctly though all he had needed to have done was to have made another trip downstairs and scrape up more tame votes—votes that had not listened to the argument against the bill but that were Conmee's for the asking.

That was how Mr. Conmee failed to get that franchise. That franchise would have been worth millions to Mr. Conmee's gentlemen friends. They perhaps had no money in their own pockets worth listening to, but with that franchise they could have gone to a thousand different hoarding places of money and could have sold it for numerous shekels.

* * *

Now that is one way of securing or trying to secure franchises at Ottawa. It was only an accident that it did not work. It *has* worked before this. It always works if only Mr. Conmee is more careful in counting his votes.

Mr. Conmee might be said to be one kind of franchise grabber. He sees a good thing to get a franchise for and he uses his friends in the party, it is alleged, to get it. Then he sells it—we suggest, or possibly gets his 'merely nominal' fee from the promoters who benefited by it.

Then, it has been known that the whip of a party would introduce a bill, on behalf of some large corporation, just as when Mr. Fred Pardee fathered the St. Lawrence Power Company's bill last session. In the Canadian House of Commons there are few men held in higher esteem than Mr. Pardee, and it could not for a moment be suggested that Mr. Pardee's connection with the proposal to dam the St. Lawrence River was due to anything more than his belief that the proposed power development would benefit Canada. But the skill of the franchise grabbing promoter was there revealed in securing the one man, next to a Cabinet Minister, capable of corraling the support of the party for the scheme.

* * *

There is a class of lawyers too, a little pettifogging class, that hang out their signs in Toronto and Ottawa and Mon-

treal and who are 'for hire' to any body of gentlemen—franchise seekers are always 'bodies of gentlemen'—in search of a favor from Parliament. These little lawyers have, as a rule, nothing to do with great civil cases or with great criminal trials. They move in a grey background of pettyfogging—writing 'lawyers' letters' for a client, drawing up the papers in real estate transactions, advising people how much notice is due the landlord. But behind everything they are working to 'acquire merit,' or as it were to lay up treasures in Ottawa, upon which they subsequently draw, just as though it were a bank account.

One of these lawyers once boasted that "a young fellow can pick up a pretty nice living by this sort of thing. I made \$5,000 a year the first year I tried it."

For instance, take this case:

Blank, a struggling provincial lawyer of good family, made himself a strong party man. By application and industry he secured a little prominence among the Liberals of his district. Every time he had a chance he did little favors for passing Cabinet Ministers. One day his great opportunity came. There was an embarrassing quarrel up in the country in his old home town, between two factions of the party. The quarrel was seriously embarrassing the Government and a proposed Cabinet Minister. The merry little lawyer went to his old home town and worked like a beaver. He took care that the Party chiefs at Ottawa should *see* that he was working, and on a certain day the Premier called him and said, "Mr. Blank, you simply must get that man to resign."

"But it is impossible," objected Blank, who was really disheartened.

"Mr. Blank," said Laurier, "it must be done and I leave it to you—No. Do not say you cannot. I know you *can*. No. No. Do not say a word. You will do it, I am certain. Good-evening."

Blank decided that the Premier was right. He went to his constituency and by hard work *did* what was required.

Two weeks after the whole thing was settled the Party remembered to thank Mr. Blank. Cabinet Ministers thanked the little lawyer. The Premier himself

summoned him and thanked him and added: "We are greatly in your debt, Mr. Blank. When you see an opportunity for the Party to repay you don't hesitate to tell the Party. It will not forget your service."

As a lobbyist, as a franchise grabber's tool, Blank was 'made.' A year later he was approached by a group of gentlemen who wanted something from Parliament. They had heard that Blank had 'pull.' Blank named his fee and accepted the commission. He mentioned what he wanted and then reminded the Liberal Party. The Liberal Party thanked him for the opportunity of doing him a favor. The group of gentlemen secured their wish.

Of course, lobbyists such as this see to it always that the government is in their debt. They work for the government at election time and at all times. They keep the favorable balance as large as possible.

Once, a lobbyist 'for hire,' became obstreperous. He was given a commission to secure certain legislation, but when he began to work he found that another lawyer, the young son of a Cabinet Minister, was handling it and 'working' his father's influence. He protested to the Cabinet Minister. He carried it to Laurier himself and Justice was done. The Cabinet Minister's son retired from the matter. But that was the last of the little lobbyist. He had shown temper. He died as a legislator. Subsequently, being hard pressed, and having stumbled upon a meaty bit of scandal he black-mailed a Cabinet Minister to the extent of getting him to assist in the passing of a 'desirable' bill.

* * *

The other night a number of Canadian M.P.s walked out of one of the little private dining-rooms on the third floor of the west wing of the House of Commons, and each carried, under an arm, a bottle of champagne. And each sang, or tried to sing, and each rejoiced.

At the end of this merry company walked a tall dark square-jawed man with fine bold eyes and large fists and shoulders. He, too, was rejoicing. But he was perfectly sober. He was a lobbyist.

He left his friends with the bottles to dwindle away into their private rooms in the building, and collided with another large group of men who had just come up in the elevator and who were just going into another room for some beer and crackers. They were newspaper correspondents in Ottawa from the West with a certain delegation.

But they knew the big lobbyist. He hailed them as brothers and went in with them. He summoned a waiter and stood with his great shoulders to the door as he handed him one hundred dollars.

"There," he said, "is a hundred. Nobody can buy a drink here to-night but me."

The correspondents were not that sort. They wanted to buy their own drinks and even then they weren't looking for headaches. But good fellowship dare not kick. They drank. Others came in—M.P.s and strangers—and they were quenched. The hundred dollars vanished and the big black man handed out forty dollars more. The clock droned around. A committee of three were operating the piano. Some gentlemen were vocalizing.

By and by everybody went home. The last man out of the room was the lobbyist. When the crowd had left him he went down to his specially chartered apartments. He went up to his room and pulled off his boots. He took a little medicine because the doctor had warned him of his kidneys. About dawn he went to bed, sober enough but haggard.

He did not have any legislation pending. His company was asking nothing. But a month later a little bill came up in committee, concerning the regulation of that concern. The proposed regulation would have been a trifle embarrassing to it, but it was not exerting itself very much. It knew its friends.

The members who had partaken of the lobbyist's hospitality that night, had a vague idea that it was his company. Their

minds dwelt upon it. "Tommy was a good fellow—damn nice fellow!"—and they got rid of the proposed embarrassment to the big company by killing the bill.

* * *

Now this article may be misunderstood. Some people, not knowing Ottawa may think that it means that lobbyists are always buying drinks, that Canadian M.P.s and Press correspondents are always open to a quencher and always appropriately grateful.

That is not so. The majority of members of the House cannot be touched by the lobbyist. But the trouble with them is that they are too loyal to their friends and to the party. This loyalty often leads them into error. You may think that the inference is that franchises should not be granted, that public ownership is the great desideratum, that 'vested rights' is tommy rot, and the capitalist a thief. It may have been inferred that the favors granted to political heelers by the Party were extraordinary favors and that what we have described applies only to the Liberal Party. But these impressions would be wrong and are not intended.

The concessions which the lobbyist gets are the price which we, the people, pay for his exploiting new parts of the country or new things. Without this exploitation we would suffer. The only question is whether this system we have copied from the Americans should not be replaced by the English system of controlling lobbying; whether we should not maintain a uniform control over all enfranchised companies such as railway and power corporations. The favors which the government may show to the lobbying henchman, are not always extraordinary and are undoubtedly subject to the sincere consideration of the government head. But members and Ministers cannot always be vigilant enough to escape the wiles of the favor-seeker.

The Thief

By Charles Shirley

Illustrated by W. A. Beatty.

HE'D 'a swiped the nuts off his own wagon, if he'd had one," said Shorty MacLean, "He'd 'a robbed a bank if he'd thought he could 'a done it neatly. He was a' artist at thievin'—steal the hair off 'n a doggie without the doggie knowin' it, and now—he's dead, him and Stripes."

"Terrible!" sighed little MacPherson, who is a Knox College student from Toronto, but who goes in for cow-punching in his holidays. "It is terrible to think of," adding, "and do you mean to say, Mr. MacLean, that there was nothing left of the two men that could be called a—that could be buried?"

"That's what," replied Shorty. "There were two heaps of something that was part ashes and part—somethin' else. The two heaps were lyin' under the wreckage after the fire. They knew one of 'em was Stripes, because there were little bits of melted-up brass among the ashes, which had been Stripes' buttons. There was a gun, which must have been in Stripes' hip pocket. There were two spurs on two bits of burned leather, which had been the heels of a pair of R.N.W.M.P. boots. So they knew *that* heap was Stripes. The other heap—well, it was just ashes mixed in with bits of wood from the remains of the car. They couldn't find Striver, and the ashes looked as much like him as anything, so they called him dead. Guess he is, too."

"What 'come of the hand-cuffs?" demanded big Pete Black, whose mind ran to police stories and that sort of thing. "Were they melted, too?"

"No," said Shorty. "Stripes didn't have hand-cuffs on his man."

"How's that?"

"Oh, he knew what Striver was like. Knew he didn't need them."

"Poor Stripes!" we sighed.

"Poor Striver!" added little MacPherson, thoughtfully.

"He was a darn little skunk!" exclaimed Black, bitterly.

"Yes," said Shorty, suddenly taking up another lap in the story of his adventure. "That was my first train wreck, and I hope it'll be my last. It was the first time the poor old Thief ever was pinched, and I guess it was his last, all right. Fellow on the train was tellin' me he was near heart-broken when they pinched him. He was talkin' to his horse back of the corral on the Jew's place, when the boys told him Stripes was comin' for him. All he said was, "Tell Stripsey I'm here." The fellows thought he'd run, but he wouldn't. Just waited for Stripes. Stripes led him away quiet as a lamb. Both of 'em was killed two hours later."

"Good riddance," muttered Black.

We were in the bunk-house. The oil burner was lighted. Outside, the wind was blowing. Shorty had been telling us in detail how the local train, running down from Medicine Hat into our part of the country had been wrecked. Two men were reported killed, Sergeant Jarvis of the Mounted Police, and his prisoner, George Striver, commonly known as "The Thief." Our Shorty had been down at the Hat on business for our owner. He had been sitting in the same smoking compartment on the Canadian Southern train as were Stripes and Striver, when the engine pitched into a light engine running toward the Hat. Shorty, as he

had told us, had heard the brakes go on, had heard the crash, had seen the roof coming through right over Stripes and his man. After that he had remembered nothing. When he came to, the wrecking train had cleared the track and they had sorted him out with the rest of the injured. In one place were the two dead—or what was surmised to be their ashes; in a special car running back to Medicine Hat were the more seriously injured. But Shorty, and the others who had escaped with a few bruises, had been kept for the night at a ranch-house. Next morning he had been driven across to his own outfit—our outfit.

"How much did you get out of them?" asked Black suddenly, reverting to Shorty's description of the Canadian Southern Railway's claims agent, who had bought off Shorty's claim.

"Two hundred dollars."

"You were a fool," commented Black. "You could 'a had more by standing out for it. Why, there was one fellow who hadn't even a bump on the head, and he got—"

He paused, listening. Someone had knocked at our door. The sound came again, feebly.

"Come in!" yelled Shorty.

Nobody came, but there was some sort of a noise outside. Then the sound was repeated, still feebly.

"Come in!" called Shorty again, and at the same time he threw the door wide open. I heard him say, "What's the matter with you, you fool?" Then there was the sound of something scuffling in the doorway and Shorty appeared, dragging a limp figure into the light. He dropped it gently on the floor, panting.

We all stepped forward to look. Black pushed his way between MacPherson and me.

"Whew! he exclaimed, whistling. "Whew! It's Striver. It's the Thief!"

"No, it ain't," Shorty said. "The Thief is taller."

"No, he ain't."

"I seen the Thief last," retorted Shorty, bending closer over the prostrate man. "I ought—I ought t' know—and yet—"

He paused, perplexed.

I sent MacPherson to the owner's house for sponges and cloth and bandages. I

told him to say, if Miss Isabel wanted to know what was the matter, that one of the horses was hurt. I didn't want her fussing around. The unconscious man on the floor of the bunk-house was in pretty bad condition. His face was laid clean open. It was a nasty wound, and we worked a long time before we had it dressed. Meanwhile, Shorty had gone off for the doctor, and I had spent five minutes outside the door of the bunk-house arguing with the boss and his daughter, Miss Isabel, that they didn't need to do anything.

II.

In the morning we held a consultation. Just after breakfast I called Black and Shorty and MacPherson—leaving out the other hands that were sleeping in the other bunk-house—and I told them my idea.

"There's no need," I said, constituting myself chairman. "There's no need for us to tell anybody anything about this. Striver—if it is Striver—ain't any angel. He's a thief, we all know it. Yet he never did anybody any harm in his life, and what's the sense—if it's Striver—of puttin' him back in the hole where the Jew will prosecute the warrant against him? When the doctor comes, give him the tip. He knows Striver. If it's Striver, he needn't say anything."

"All right," assented Shorty and MacPherson. Black nodded, dubiously. I knew what was rankling in Black's head. At the last busting match at Medicine Striver had beaten Black—rode a bad-actor that had left Black rolling in the dirt. And Black "fancied himself" as a broncho-buster. That was why his assent was slow.

So we arranged to keep our man in the bunk-house, and when the doctor came we told him what was what, and he said nothing in reply, which meant that he knew what he knew and no more. There was only one hurt to the stranger. That one had been caused by a blow across the face and the head. The face was in bandages. We were still wondering whether the man was Striver or not.

In my day in the north part of the cow-country in Alberta, there had been a thousand stories about George Striver, the Thief. In the southern parts he was

not so well known, though at odd periods stray cow-men would pass by and tell yarns about Striver, the Thief.

There wasn't a man but had a sort of sneaking regard for Striver. He was tall and fair and handsome enough, and he was always—the gentleman. It may seem contradictory, but he *was*. He would steal any mortal thing except something you trusted him with. He seemed to do it for the love of doing a neat piece of work. He did not need to steal. In fact, he never took anything of any considerable value. And yet when he was taxed with stealing he would admit it and look as ashamed as though he had been caught murdering a baby.

He traveled all over the north country trying to get over the habit. People said that he came from England. Some that seemed to know more than others said there was a girl in the case. But no one ever heard of her, except when the Thief would be smitten with remorse. Then he would mention dimly that he could never look "her" in the face. But no "her" ever materialized. No one ever knew him to speak to a woman beyond the barest civilities. He did not drink. He did not "paint the towns red." He just made a track from ranch to ranch trying to reform, and failing.

Rany, on the Thompson ranch, took hold of him and declared he was going to reform him. It was a good enough bargain for Rany, because anybody was willing to hire Striver, he was such a man with cattle, and he could ride so much like the all-fired Satan himself. But Rany said he was going to "reform" the Thief. He gave him extra high wages. But the Thief did not need them. He gave his money to the children in town, or to the Indian youngsters that he might happen to run across in a camp. He lent the fellows money and never wanted it back again. And yet, he would steal an old silver watch, or a little bag of nuggets that some fellow had brought with him from the gold country. Or he'd steal a knife or a stick-pin—for the mere joy of stealing.

The fellows all took it good-naturedly and dubbed him—the Thief, without meaning a bit of harm in the world. But somehow, it hurt Strivers, and made him

wear a hang-dog appearance, often. He went to Rany's ranch, as he went to all new jobs, in high spirits, hoping to get over his habit, and one night he called three of the fellows around him and pleaded with them not to call him The Thief. He made them promise that if he never did anything again they would quit calling him by that name. They laughed at him, good naturedly, and clapped him on the back. But next week he stole an ivory lucky piece from a Mexican. They wouldn't have known where to have looked for it, only that the Thief was in camp. They asked him where it was and he owned up. Then he went to Rany and told him he was quitting the job. Rany said no; said he wanted Striver to take a consignment of cattle to Winnipeg and handle all the money matters for him. Striver, touched, stayed, and said he would. He took the cattle and brought back every cent of the money correct. But he had not been home two days before the brakeman on the train that had carried Striver and the cattle down to Winnipeg wrote up asking for his watch. It was a German silver affair, not worth a dollar. Striver took the letter to the boss and then fished the watch out of his dunnage. Next day he quit and went to the next ranch, primed with new resolutions and new hope. But he failed, as he had failed before, and now his last employer, a nasty foreigner, with a pumped-up notion about the rights of property which he had acquired since his coming to Canada, had laid a charge against Striver and had had him arrested. Striver had a "weakness" before, but the arrest made him a criminal. The train which had been conveying him and Stripes Jarvis to the local headquarters of the R. N. W.M.P. was wrecked. And the question in our mind was—whether George Strivers, commonly known as the Thief, was dead and cremated, or whether this bruised and battered affair which had arrived at our bunk-house during Shorty's recital of his adventure, was the man.

III.

For three days he lay in the bunk-house and said nothing. He was attended by Anderson, the local doctor, once a day. He said nothing to the doctor. We fed

him, and all he said was "Thank you," in a formal way—for he was conscious enough. But he put in his time lying staring at the ceiling through his bandages, or sleeping. On the fourth day he unexpectedly announced his intention of getting up. Shorty MacLean heard him speaking and went over to the side of the bunk.

"I'm going to get up," said the stranger.

"Y' aren't able," replied Shorty. "Lie down. You'll put yourself to the bad if you get up."

"I'm going to get up," persisted the stranger, in a peculiarly steady voice, "I heard the doctor telling you yesterday that I was pretty well mended and that the bandages could come off to-day."

While Shorty was wrangling with him the doctor's run-about came whirring up the road. He heard what the stranger had to say and he said it was quite correct—he would take the bandages off and let the patient get up. So the stranger won his point from Shorty.

When I walked into the house that night there was the stranger sitting with his head bent over, studying the floor in a corner of the room.

"Evening!" I said. "Feelin' any better?"

"Thank you," came back a monotonous voice. "Thank you! I do. I feel much better. I'm glad to be sitting up."

Black came in. It was before the big oil burner was lighted. I saw him straining his eyes to catch sight of the unbandaged face of the stranger.

The stranger looked up, vaguely, at Black. "Evening!" he said, in that same steady tone, not the tone of a cow-puncher at all, but the tone of one of these Englishmen that you meet in Saskatchewan in the fall, shooting ducks.

"Evening!" returned Black, coldly. "Feelin' better?"

"Yes, thank you."

Again the head dropped and the man seemed to be studying the floor. I was fixing some records on the gramophone when I heard him speak again.

"Gentlemen," he said, slowly. "Gentlemen, I hope I haven't given you a great deal of trouble."

"Not at all," I said.

"Because," he went on, "I am afraid I don't know how to repay you for it—"

"Don't talk about that," snapped Shorty who had entered the room.

"Evening!" muttered the stranger, as he looked up through the dusk and saw Shorty hanging up his hat. "I am sorry to have put you—as I was saying—to so much trouble, but now—I have to be honest with you, gentlemen, now I would like you to tell me, if you can, how did I come here?"

We stared, to see if he was serious. Apparently he was.

"Why," I answered, "you knocked at our door last Sunday night about ten o'clock. We found that you had a dirty cut across the face and that you had a big bruise on your head—"

"Did I come in these clothes?"

"Yes."

"And have you any idea where I came from—where I had received these injuries of which you speak?" He let the shade of a smile flit across his face.

"Darned if we know," returned Shorty.

"Fraid we don't know if you don't," I added.

"Hell!" said Black, leaning forward and suddenly striking a match. "He knows *mighty well*. Wasn't you in that train wreck—with Stripesy?"

The man seemed to be thinking over what Black had said. Black put his match to the oil burner and under the yellow light I saw the stranger's face, since it had begun to heal, for the first time, yet he had it turned so that I could not see it in detail. It looked like Striver's face and yet there was something different about it, as though the wound, though it was healing over very neatly, had altered it in some manner.

"Train wreck!" he muttered, "and a—a person whom you call 'Stripesy'! Do you know," he said, suddenly turning to me. "was it a—a goods train, or a—well, in short, what sort of a train was it?"

"Look here!" said Black, roughly putting aside the question. "Look here! This is the year nineteen hundred and eight. You are in the bunk-house of the Bar U ranch in Southern Alberta. The owner's name is Barthe." The stranger looked up at the mention of the name. "We think," Black went on, without noticing, "that you



STRIVER . . . RODE A BAD ACTOR THAT HAD LEFT BLACK . . . ROLLING IN THE DIRT.

were hurt in the wreck of the Canadian Southern Saturday night, near here. We also think that you know damn well who you are and that your name is Striver, Striver—the Thief."

It was out before I could stop him. But Black went on, "At first I didn't know for sure. I couldn't make sure of the face. But when you turned your face to the light a minute ago I knew who 't was, and you know, too."

The stranger stood up in the middle of the floor. He was swaying; he was still weak.

"Sir," he said, with the dignity which nobody but one of those duck-shooting Englishmen can raise. "Sir, you have the advantage of me. I have been messed up, somehow or another. I am sorry to say that I apparently have lost my memory. I do not know my name. I do not know how I come to be in this country. I do not know how I was hurt nor when. My only recollection is that I was in England, that I was riding a small horse, that something happened, and that—I return to consciousness here in this place where you have been so kind as to shelter me. I must thank you for your hospitality."

He was just toppling over when Shorty caught him. He had fainted.

"Black!" Shorty exclaimed, "You are a confounded liar. This ain't Striver."

"Wait and see," returned Black.

It was three days before the stranger was out of his bunk again. I told Anderson, the doctor, about his claiming to have lost his memory. At first he laughed. Then he examined the stranger again and came to me, outside the bunk-house, serious.

"He's not lying," he said.

"You mean that he *has* lost his memory, or part of it?"

"Yes. I was looking at his head again. He has been hurt before sometime—perhaps years ago. The first wound probably injured his brain in some way or another. The second shock has restored his memory only for those things which happened before the first accident. It's what we call Aphasia."

IV.

One morning, the stranger came out of the bunk-house rigged in some old clothes that Shorty and I had seraped together for him. He walked with a long stride and an air of self-reliance that would have marked him anywhere as a man who had been "accustomed to things."

"Mr. Brown," he said, "the physician has said that I am quite fit again. I wish to know if there is anything to do on this ranch here, of which I believe you are the manager, by which I may continue to support myself and perhaps earn enough to pay back what I owe you and the other men."

"There's nothing but cow-punching," I replied. "We are shy one man, but he'd have to be able to ride. As for paying back, forget it."

"I can ride."

"Can you? Then Shorty'll get you a horse, and we'll break you in. If you can stand the job, the wages will be thirty a month and grub and your place in the bunk-house."

Shorty brought a horse. At first the stranger looked afraid of the saddle. He said that he had been accustomed to the English hunting saddle. But the moment he was up on the horse I could see that he had ridden the Mexican saddle before, and as we rode off the old puzzled expression came back into his face.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "I feel like a fool. I said I was unaccustomed to this sort of saddle, yet when I am in it I feel as though I had never ridden in any other. I am the victim of a lost memory I am afraid. But, by the way—I can tell you my name. That much and a little more came back to my memory after I had my—my little relapse. My name is Gerrard. Anthony Gerrard. My people were the Gerrards of Lancashire. My parents were not living when I went to school—Eton. I was staying at a country place, the Barthes, and I remember riding out before breakfast one morning with young Barthe—that is the end of my memory. But my name is Gerrard. It will give you a handle by which to call me. Isn't that your word, 'handle'?"

"All right, Gerrard," I said. "But what did you say was the name of the people in England—the Barthes?"

"Yes, why?"

"Because the owner of this place is Mr. Barthe."

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

Gerrard seemed to have been born in the cow-punching business. There was only one man I knew in those days that

could do as well with a horse. That was Black.

As we were all riding in from the big corral that night I saw the owner's daughter cantering across the pasture toward the house—Miss Barthe, Miss Isabel. She had been out on one of those eastern horses that I wouldn't trust farther than the length of a tight line.

Suddenly, I saw a little spurt of dust under the girl's horse. The horse was plunging, and as I looked I saw it jerk its head free and start off on the run. Ordinarily, there would have been no trouble, but there was a barbed-wire fence not far from where the easterner was heading for and if he struck it—

We hurried after the girl. Black and Gerrard made a lead on us. "Look out for the barb wire!" I shouted, as they passed out of hearing. I saw Black turn and yell something at Gerrard. I saw Gerrard give him an answer and spur his horse. Gerrard's horse gained. Black lagged. Inch by inch Gerrard crept up on the eastern horse, and with a side-long motion Gerrard put his horse beside the runaway and seizing a rein, brought him up.

We saw him lift his hat as the girl thanked him, apparently, and he held it suspended above his head, as though he was surprised. Then she must have decided to dismount, for Gerrard left his horse and held the easterner while the girl jumped down. Gerrard fixed the girth and handed the girl up to her saddle again.

"Say!" said Shorty to me, as we drew near. "Nobody ever saw the *Thief* hand a lady up on a horse."

"Say!" growled Black, coming back at that moment. "Do you mean to tell me that wasn't the *Thief* that rode that way? Is there anybody else in the country had the *Thief's* way of sideling his horse up to a thing the way he did?"

"You're right," I admitted. "That certainly was *Striver's* trick. And yet—it isn't *Striver*. You never saw *Striver* talk or act the way *Gerrard* does, and, besides, *Black—Gerrard ain't a thief.*"

Black ignored my answer.

"He looks like *Striver*, don't he?"

"Yet, but—"

"And the only difference is that he doesn't talk like him, or act like him?"

"Yes, but—"

"Yes, but—nothin'," Black answered sharply. "That's Striver, I tell you. He's shammin'."

Black rode ahead of us, muttering. Shorty and I caught up to Miss Barthe and Gerrard. They were riding side to side, and talking pleasantly.

"Brown," she said, "I pretty nearly had a bad one that time. I mustn't ride him without a curb after this. But Mr. Gerrard saved me. You didn't know, did you, that Mr. Gerrard and our family were old acquaintances?"

"I beg pardon, m'am—"

"Oh, yes," she laughed, "when he was a little boy going to Eton he used to visit at our place in the holidays with my brother. We lost track of him five years ago when he was thrown from a horse."

"I hope you are not hurt, Miss," I said.

Good cow-punching never yet made a good mix with a pretty girl.

V.

That night I found Black writing letters. That was something unusual for Black. Two days later I brought the mail to the bunk-house and sorted out three for Black. One was from a Medicine Hat paper. The other two were in Mounted Police envelopes.

"Quite a correspondence these days, Black," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, drily. "Do you object?"

"Oh, no." I answered hastily, "I was only wondering."

"Don't do it. It's bad for you," he sneered.

"None of your lip," I warned him.

"Then mind your own business," he said.

I felt sore, because he was right. It was none of my business. Yet I knew Black was up to mischief and I did not like the appearance of the police envelopes. I had seen Black's resentment growing stronger every day against Gerrard. He seemed convinced that Gerrard was Striver, the Thief. I sometimes thought he was, too, but I saw no reason why the man that Gerrard had proven to be should be saddled with the shame of whatever Strivers, the Thief, had been.

The owner called me to the house that night and took me into the smoking-room.

"Brown," he said, "you have managed this ranch for three years. I want to know something of Mr. Gerrard."

"How do you mean," I said. "As a cow-man?"

"No," he said, "Not that. I mean, there is a mystery about Gerrard which it is only fair to myself and Isabel to clear up. We knew Gerrard as a boy in the Old Country, before I came out here to ranch. He and my son, who is now dead, went to Eton together. My son—was killed in an accident. He was riding with Gerrard. Gerrard's horse went over the embankment at the same time, but Gerrard recovered. He was taken home by some relative of his—his parents were dead, and apparently remained only long enough to recover his health. At all events, when next I made inquiries, he had gone to Canada, and we could find no trace of him. I want to know what you know of him here. I may say first, quite frankly, I like him."

I was arguing it out with myself. I thought of a question by which to gain a moment's time.

"Will it make a great deal of difference what I say?" I asked.

"Yes, it will. He has asked to marry my daughter. She wishes it. But he says he has no memory of what took place since the accident in England, and I fancied that you—"

I had made up my mind.

"Well," I replied, "I have been trying to think of anything I know. All I know is that he has been an excellent man with us here on the ranch. Dr. Anderson says that the man has evidently been a victim of something that he calls—"

"Aphasia?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know anything about him, except that you imagine that he must have been a passenger on the train that was wrecked?"

"That is all."

I was about to leave the room when Shorty came running across the verandah and beckoned to me through the French window. Barthe opened it and let him in.

"Quick!" said Shorty, "Black and Gerrard have been fighting. Black followed him and Miss Isabel when they were riding by the little corral. I followed him. Black had a bunch of papers in one hand and he was calling Gerrard by the old name—calling him Striver, the Thief. At first Striver was cool. But Black kept insulting him and finally struck him across the head. It's opened Gerrard's wound again. Hurry up!"

"Where are the papers that Black had in his hand?" I demanded.

"Black has them. He thought he had killed Gerrard, and he's bolted."

We found Gerrard as Shorty had described it.

He was delirious by morning. Miss Barthe and her father wanted him kept in the house, but Shorty and I said no. One of them wanted to stay beside him, but Shorty and I said no again.

Gerrard was Striver and the Thief rolled in one. We knew that the moment we heard his delirium talk. The blow which Black had dealt him had not only re-opened the wound, but it had recalled the Thief, George Striver, into the body of Anthony Gerrard, into which the Thief had entered at the time of which old

Barthe had been telling me—when Gerrard had been thrown from his horse in England.

VI.

Late that night the big oil burner spilled a yellow light down on the face of the man Gerrard, the Thief—Striver. His lips were going. He was tossing to and fro. He was in fever.

"I know," he muttered, "I know. I can't help it. I don't mean it. I don't want the things and I don't need 'em, but I—I can't help it."

"Sh!" said Shorty. "Shut up, old man. You're hurtin' yourself talkin'."

"It don't matter," went on the sick man, "I can't help it. It's something outside of myself—it's some outside influence that makes me this way."

He was quiet for a time and then went on:

"I have everything—everything—yet when I see it—when I see some little thing, some bauble that some of the fellows have—I want to steal it. That's the word—*steal*. I like to get things away from them without them guessing. I like to deceive them, to put my hand in cunningly,—cunningly, carefully,—Oh so gently, that they never know what I am



BLACK RODE AHEAD . . . MUTTERING.

doing. Then I love to hide it—To hide the thing away and watch them looking for it.”

There was a silence. An hour afterward I waked out of a doze to hear him again.

“And now,” he was saying, “they have been calling me—the Thief. It isn’t fair. I know it isn’t fair. I told them I couldn’t help it, and they promised that if I—if—if—I stopped they would quit the name. I thought I had won out. I thought I could control the itching and then—I saw the Jew with his silver spoons and—I wanted them. Not the spoons, but the Jew’s perplexity. That was what I wanted. I took one spoon at a time. There’s nobody could have done it so cleverly. No, no. But the Jew—the Jew, damn him, he’s put it to the law.” A pause. “Yes, Stripesy, I’ll go quiet, if only you won’t hand-cuff me. Yes! Yes! But now—I *am* the Thief. I *am* the Thief.”

The tone of the voice was changed. The expression of the face. We waited for Anderson, the doctor.

“It’s Striver, Doctor,” I said, as he entered.

“Sure?” he asked, taking off his gauntlets.

“Yes, he thinks he’s the Thief again.”

Very carefully he examined the wound. Shorty held the oil burner down close so that he could see better. When at length he had finished the examination and fixed his man, he called me aside.

“I’ve a theory,” he said.

“What is it?”

“I want to send for Trevis, of Winnipeg, to come and trepan the skull.”

“What’s that mean?”

“A ticklish operation on the head.”

“What would that do?”

“That—I think—is what has made the difference between Striver, the Thief, and Gerrard. If we don’t lift that bone your man will wake up as Striver, the Thief. If we do, he may wake up—Gerrard.”

“But suppose he wakes up as Gerrard, but remembers what he has done as Striver?”

“Well—we’ll have to risk it. It’s only my theory, anyhow. But the man who should do it is Trevis. He would have to come from Winnipeg.”

“Is there time? It takes two days.”

“N—no.”

“Then you’ll have to do it yourself, doctor.”

I had taken him by surprise. He was only a “rural practitioner.” He had come west after graduating from some eastern college, thinking that the west was the place to make money quickly. He hesitated.

“I would—I would be taking a risk,” he said.

I knew he was not afraid of that. It was modesty that was troubling him.

“I would need a nurse,” he objected again.

“Wouldn’t Shorty and I do?”

“No.”

“Then — hmph! Then — how would Miss Isabel do?”

“Miss Isabel?”

“Yes, Barthe’s daughter. She—”

“Think she would?”

“I’ll see.”

I carried the proposition to Barthe’s daughter. I did not tell her what difference we hoped the operation would make to the sick man. I did not let her think that Gerrard had ever been anything other than she had known him. I said merely that it was a delicate operation, that it must be done quickly, and that it needed a woman. She accepted, quietly. Old Barthe grumbled, but gave in. The doctor went home in his run-about for more instruments. We cleared the big dining-room in Barthe’s house, and we disinfected the walls. Shorty held the chloroform and one of Gerrard’s hands—where he could feel the pulse. Isabel Barthe stood by with a tray of knives and sponges and antiseptics. Once, in the most trying part of the operation, Anderson indicated with a curt nod of the head a certain thing that the improvised nurse was to do. With cool, steady, delicate fingers she did it. Ten minutes later the operation was over.

VIII.

“And now,” ruminated Anderson, washing his hands, “we shall see.”

“What shall we see?” demanded the girl, taking off the great white apron she had worn. “I thought you said that the operation had been successful.”

“It was, but—”

"But what?"

"Oh, I was just wondering how long it would take him to come out of the anæsthetic. But, meanwhile, Miss Barthe, you must go and rest. You have been under a strain, though you may not feel so at this moment."

Shorty nudged me and pointed surreptitiously to the girl's hands. She was twining and untwining her fingers nervously.

"But I want to stay," she objected.

"No," re-affirmed Anderson. "You must go."

He was afraid of the result of the operation. So were we. We waited for our man to come out of the sleep.

"Of course," said the doctor, a trifle nervous, as Gerrard began to stir uneasily. "Of course, this has been only my theory."

"Of course," I assented.

"God, but it's weird!" said Shorty, not irreverently. "He'll be awake in say an hour, and he may wake up as Striver—or he may wake as—as Gerrard!"

"Sh!"

He began to stir. We tip-toed to the side of the bed and listened. His breathing was regular.

Presently he stirred. The ghost of a smile flitted across his face. He half-opened his eyes and then closed them again.

"I think—I think—" began Anderson. "I think it will be—Gerrard."

The man's eyes opened wide, though they were still heavy with sleep.

"Somebody call me?" he whispered thickly.

We did not speak. We drew back.

The voice sounded like the voice of Gerrard, and yet—I wondered a thousand things concerning the new man that would come out of the grip of the chloro-

form. Would it be Gerrard, tall, dignified, good-natured, self-controlled, self-reliant; or would it be Striver, the Thief, a man who was afraid of himself, a man always running away from his own temptations, a man who could not govern himself, but who was governed by one small idiosyncrasy of his own brain? And more horrible than this alternative was the possibility of Gerrard awakening and remembering Striver. For if Striver waked he would be nothing but himself, an abject mortal. If Gerrard waked, as the Gerrard we had known before, it would be well for himself and for the girl, Miss Barthe. But if Gerrard waked and remembered himself as Striver—I could not guess what catastrophe might follow.

Then, suddenly, we heard him whispering weakly, and we went to his side.

"Hello, Brown," he said, faintly. "Have I been getting messed up again?"

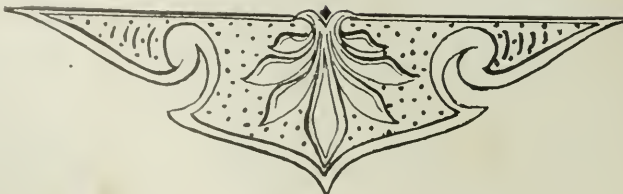
"Sh! Don't exert yourself!"

"I remember now—it was that fellow Black—he called me Thief—ridiculous notion—that my name—was something else—stealing something or other—how odd!"

He smiled contentedly. After awhile Anderson let in Miss Barthe and old man Barthe, telling them not to talk.

It was all right for Gerrard after that. Striver was dead. It was his ashes that had been left in the wreck of the Canadian Southern. But out of those ashes had come—Gerrard.

Shorty and I went out to water the horses. I found a note from Black, a poor maudlin note. He thought he had killed Gerrard. I had not known it before—but I saw from the note what the trouble was. He had been jealous. He liked Miss Barthe.



A New Town for an Old One

By

Augustus Bridle

IN a thousand years Highton had accumulated forty thousand people, a slum, and thirteen charitable organizations; a mile of elegant little shops, four parish churches, one castle frowning over the town and one cathedral that had the ancestral qualities of all the other things summed up in a single poem of stone, history and imagination. Within the memory of living man nothing had ever been started in Highton except an epidemic of measles, a fire and five charity bazars. The fire was the only thing that failed to flourish, for the walls of Highton were all of stone a foot thick, and the only thing that was really singed was a thatched roof near the suburbs.

Of course Highton was a cathedral town, and that in England is a peculiarity. Ordinarily it means that in most essential respects the cathedral runs the town. At any rate the Dean of Highton Cathedral was counted the first citizen; after him at all feasting functions of the mayor came the bishop, then the mavor, next the sheriff—and the rest were canons, probendaries, lay readers and a scramble of parish clergy, two editors, the town clerk, bailiffs, mace bearers and common citizens.

Now most of these functionaries were not merely born; certainly they were not made: and just as surely they were "descended." Everything of any consequence in Highton had to show pedigree. The castle on the hill was built by liegemen of William the Conqueror. At the Guildhall there were four silver maces, the bearers of whom began to figure at public functions a good many hundreds of years ago. But if the first bearers of those four historic maces had any points in solemn behavior not practised by the present quartette they must have been set to a dead march.

Before tracing the labyrinth of pedigrees, however, it might be as well to say that if there was one man in Highton who kowtowed every day of his comfortable life to the things that were and that had been and which were to come, it was old Thomas Snippet, private banker, real estate vendor, broker, valuator, assignee and—well there has been some newspaper talk of persons in our prairie towns who had a large number of functions as though that were a mark of democracy: yet here was Thomas Snippet of Highton who had a round dozen of business titles and practised every one of them every day with the aid of his two sons, one of whom was Reginald. And if there was a young man in that almost prehistoric little city who had got weary of the whole pedigreed show it was Reginald.

But of course the Snippet business was peculiar. Primarily it was based on the fact that Thomas Snippet knew the boundaries, confines, extent, present value and past history of every glebe, moorland, bailiwick and hedgerow within a ten mile drive any direction from the cathedral tower. So did his father before him, who got the business in the same stand—No. 24 Topley Circus—from his father again, and so on back and back till it was family tradition that once upon a time a remote ancestor had some sort of shop where he sold things and did his financial business on the side. If Thomas Snippet had ever moved his signs two doors up the Circus he would have expected to lose half his business because his clients never would have found him: though, thank God! there was no need of that, for in all his lifetime there had been nothing new on that circus and so far as he could see there never would need to be.



IN THE ONE TOWN — THE CATHEDRAL DOMINATED EVERYTHING.

One thing Mr. Snippet had never tolerated in his office: that was a typewriter. He did all his correspondence by sleight of hand and the letters he and his sons wrote were models of penmanship. Every evening before going to bed he held a conference with his sons on the transactions of the day. They sat in the dining room, upstairs, sipping rare old port, smoking—thanks to young Reginald, cigars if you please!—and the old gentleman patiently listened to each boy relating the intimate details of each conversation, letter and telephone message carried on since morning in the office downstairs. The telephone Mr. Snippet had put in very reluctantly; for he had a notion that any man might talk double when his face was invisible. He had also diligently opposed the introduction of electric trams on the streets. Highton was beginning to get giddy.

The family had a most delectable sort of life. Young Reginald had been the only one to suggest any violent change in the poetic sequence when he intimated to his father that real estate values had really so advanced on the Circus the past

few years—as a matter of fact it was about five per cent.—that it would pay better to rent the two storeys for offices and build a house in the suburbs.

“No!” was the old man’s invariable answer. “It’s better to be close to the office! Think of the time we save—”

“Yes, but the trolleys—”

“What’s that you say? Trolleys? I say—you’re not forgetting—trams?”

“Well, trams if you like. Anyhow they’d get here in a jiff.”

Whereat, Mrs. Snippet—lovable old lady with a dinky little lace head-dress and intermindable crotchetyings and tea-sippings in the library—pretended to be amazed: whereas she was really just dying to get out to the suburbs.

“My dear,” shouted Mr. Snippet banging down his glass of old port—best of a century old, bargain lot he had picked up by the cask somewhere—“think of it! Would you be able to sleep—a mile from the office? Then you’ve much more faith in thieving humanity than I have.”

Candidly, there had not been a robbery in Highton for at least nineteen years. There had never been a real promiscuous



IN THE OTHER TOWN — THE "CATHEDRAL" WAS OF WOOD, HEATED BY A BOX-STOVE.

dog-fight which would have been very much out of order. Once a man had been observed running up the street, but it was supposed he must either have been going to a fire or a doctor or else he was plainly demented.

"Besides," concluded Mr. Snippet, "we should be a half hour's walk from the cathedral. Bless my life!"

Whereat he dogmatically took snuff; settled it—the Snippet household never should be divorced from the Snippet business, at least while he lived, which he hoped and trusted would be a good while yet, for he could still drink as much wine and as many brandies and sodas in a night as either of his sons; though it was young Reginald who had inaugurated the brandy and soda and had even gone in for a casual domestic cocktail—absurdly American!

Otherwise the Snippet home was beautifully, almost pathetically English. Every morning the demurest of all maids ported to each room a tray of biscuits and tea, silently picked up each pair of boots, polished them and set them carefully at each door at precisely the same minute and in the same order every morning—except when

Mr. Snippet went once a fortnight to half-after-seven service in the lady chapel at the east end of the cathedral. The beds were all historic fourposters, with impressive curtains, amazing breadth and depth and an abundance of dimity. There were mantels and mirrors and tabarets and couches and go-as-you-please commodities in every room. Every afternoon at four, Mr. Snippet took tea in the office, so that from the first peep of morn till the last sip of port at night, life was a lovely, semi-domesticated routine, as comfortable as a kitten by a fireside. Thomas Snippet had a pride in his home and his business; and he could say without fear of contradiction that there had never been a day when he had missed his wine or got his wrong slippers or sent a wrong letter to a client; nor a year when he had gone behind in his business.

"Yes, but how much do we get ahead?" queried discontented Reginald. "About one per cent. per annum."

"Bless me, And isn't that enough?" snapped the elder. "What more would you want? Surely—you don't intend to—"

"Get rich quick, father? Oh no! Ods

bodikins, no! That would be so very—well if not un-English at least very unlike Highton, wouldn't it now?"

Thomas never liked the tone of banter in his younger son's voice; didn't like the way he muttered to the stag hound or the indiscreet way in which he frequently went out motoring instead of riding the horse bought on purpose for him; and as for driving the family trap—well, Reggie never had done so since getting out of knickers. His conduct was quite unexplainable even though twice a year regularly he broke out and ran up to London on the flyer; the last time or so insisting on spending six bob recklessly on one of those new-fangled sleeping apartments which was a sure sign that some parts of England at least were becoming woefully Americanized.

In fact there were all too many obvious evidences to the elder Snippet that Highton was becoming painfully modern. Tourists were coming as never before; noisy, rushing folk that wanted to see everything in an hour. Of course they were Americans—possibly some of them Canadians, though it was all one to Mr. Snippet who had never seen even a map of Canada. All he knew definitely about Canada was that it was bounded north by the Arctic sea and that C.P.R. was a rather better investment than Hudson's Bay Company. At any rate Highton was much too beautiful and profoundly historic for such people to presume to see it in less than a week. Heavens! was it not a thousand years since the vassals of William the Conqueror built the castle on the hill? The two swords in the Guildhall, were they not worn respectively by Edward the Fourth and Warwick the King-maker? In the showcase at the hall there were documents in parchment, quill-illuminated, showing how the great William had carried on his first operations in real estate when he compiled the Domesday Book. Besides there were the four ancient silver maces — ah, and if all that were burned to-morrow there was the cathedral, the blessed, imperishable castle of historic religion first built in the Norman style, as for instance the two great central towers which the clergy had built in the day when the barons on the hills were putting up castles and the men of God had to do likewise. Time had been, too, when Crom-

well of impious memory had stabled his godless horses in that very cathedral; when the old clock built in the mist of the middle ages had been torn apart and scattered—till, blessed be fate! some pious discoverer, but a few years ago, had gone about to collect dilligently every part and parcel of the old timepiece and had articulated them so skilfully that to-day the clock tells the hour, the minutes and the day of the month to the boom of the great cathedral bell.

All which had been ding-donged into Reginald's ears since he had been a choir-boy up in the mysterious stone loft at the side of the nave—which was on great festivals like Christmas and Easter. He knew every crypt, cranny and cloister in the great old pile; the number of misereres in the choir; almost the very carvings on the great oaken throne of the bishop, the brass tablets in the stone floor, the images in the niches, the armors on the walls and the difference between stained glass of the eleventh and glass of the fourteenth century. He knew every lane and old wall in the town; every shop and facade and panel of carven oak—and it was all very delightful, should have been interesting enough to have kept him in Highton till he became a grandfather.

But Reggie had a bad habit of reading the newspapers; not merely for social gossip and the stock quotations but rather more on account of the news from a place called Canada. For the past few years he had noticed how the things about Canada had been getting into the headlines. Scarcely a copy of the London dailies but had a column or so about the great colony; and of late even the local editor had taken to printing Canadian news.

"I tell you it's the whole cheese nowadays dad!" he said again and again.

"Stuff and nonsense! Nothing but a frozen Siberia," argued the old gentleman. "Half the people are Indians and the other half wish their forefathers had never gone to such a place. All this palaver is the work of boomsters—railway and steamship companies. I take no stock in it whatever. If you're really going abroad—why not go to Australia. That's English."

"Hmm' More's the pity—I say."

Reggie seemed bent upon going; in spite of the fact that he was the most pop-

ular young man at all the balls, the bishop's teas, and the charity bazaars.

"Yes, I'm going, dad! I'm going—to Alberta."

"Hut tut! Why that's where they're all cowboys and redskins.

"Phew! Say—do you know that there are at least a hundred towns in Alberta: that the capital of Alberta has had a railroad only five years and at that it's just about as big as Highton, cathedral and all?"

Absurd arguments, even if true. But the day came when Reggie took a farewell scout round town calling on all his young lady friends who almost tearfully told him what a wild goose he was. Then he packed his luggage—and went; when the flowers of spring were blooming in the dell, the larks warbling over the tapestries of the fields and the whole face of West-England a dream of loveliness.

II

The part of Alberta that Reggie got to with his trunks and his portmanteau and his knee breeches and his dinky little cap was nowhere near Edmonton. It was Wabena on a new side line; seen from the train window just a water tank, a sawmill, a hotel and one church. The place where it seemed to have been spilled from the tail of some real estate comet had been nothing but a defunct buffalo pasture a year before Reggie landed there. The town hall was not finished and the fire-hall was just going up. The hotel had no paper or plaster on the walls and very little that was really civilized except the bar, which didn't contain any such old port as the Snippetts drank. There was one photograph on the sitting-room shewing how Wabena was started a year ago—with a table, a valise and a man signing over the deed of the land on the open prairie with not even a house in sight.

The only thing that "used to be" at all, was the trail that roped in from the skyline over the long sweeps of the lazy hills, took a hitch down the main street and landed up at the hotel. All the rest had been made the day before yesterday.

Reggie drew a long breath—remembering Highton; the streets that crept out of classic lanes and wound out into smooth country roads beskirt with hedgewalls with flowers atop, past Highbury Trim and

Westmeath and Kingscross and then never out of sight of some little town as big as two Wabenas. But he put up at the hotel, took a stroll up the street and counted the buildings. There were just twenty-nine—including the elevator.

One of them had half a roof on when he rented it and opened up the first real estate office in Wabena. He looked round till he found the printshop, a cross-eyed little shack off in the middle of a bunch of wolf-willows and prairie roses; and he got some letterheads printed—Reginald Snippet, Real Estate, Mortgages and Loans—on which first of all he dated a letter to his distant dad. Then he lighted a fresh cigar and hunted up a paintshop; borrowed a pot of paint and a brush and painted a shingle which he stuck up the very day the roof was finished. Down at the general purpose store where the proprietor kept everything from a paper of pins over the counter, to a self-binder out in the yard, he bought a table and a few chairs and inside of a week he was ready for business.

Then he began to get lonesome. Nobody within a hundred miles of Wabena knew Snippet. There wasn't a paper in his bare little office to show that he knew a poplar bluff from a buffalo wallow. There was nowhere to go but out to one end of the street. It petered off into the trail, at the police shack and back again to the water tank. At the hotel nothing but cow-men, landseekers, broncho-busters, a few drummers and the town carpenter, the livery-barn man and a gang of geesers—running a steam plow half a mile out of town. On a rainy day most of the town got into the hotel; and it was a rummy sort of gathering. There wasn't a piano in Wabena; neither a tennis net—and if there were any civilized girls they had the knack of keeping out of Reggie's way except on Sunday when, of course, everybody went to the church.

The Methodist parson had the pulpit one Sunday; the Anglican the next—and he took his surplice out of a little cupboard and put it on in plain view of the whole congregation, all of which could have been stowed away in the little lady chapel at the east end of Highton Cathedral. There was neither organ nor choir. The most conspicuous member of the congregation was the redecoat mounted police-



A corner of the old English town, whence the population of many a new Western Canadian town,



or a cow-boy camp such as illustrated on this page, is often drawn.



While the ivy creeps over the old weather-eaten walls of England, and the sun spills into narrow streets trod by unnumbered generations—the new town

leaps up on land which has been innocent of mankind till recently, and the main street is a buffalo trail.



man. The next was Reggie Snippet, who had the only tie-pin in the town.

Clearly he was a very different sort of chap from even the other English, most of whom seemed to be a half frowsy lot, more foreign to him than the Scandinavians, the Ruthenians and the Mennonites. There were at least seven languages in Wabena, including Cree—whenever a gang of half breeds came galloping to town on their spotted kyuses, got drunk as often as possible, turned the town into a grand whoop, and almost jumped their ponies over the roofs. Every second individual Reggie met in his office wanted to borrow money to buy steers, and plows and self-binders.

But Reggie was shy of money. It was all he could do to keep his board bill paid at the hotel. But he had no intention of writing home for money. He said to himself that he would yet open his dad's eyes—concerning Wabena.

All that summer the place was a clatter of hammers and hoofs and wheels; of walls going up, wagons on the trails, trains disgorging settlers' effects and all manner of curious folk, most of whom hit the trail to the wheat lands over the hills. Reggie had nothing to do but study the thing. Business was impossible. For the first time in his life he had the sensation of feeling a town grow. Wabena grew like a bad weed. Reggie watched every board go up; almost every nail. He knew the place from the water tank to the mounted police shack. He wasn't handling real estate and he had no money to loan. Mainly he began to realize that he was a failure. His Highton breeding was a handicap. He had the English way.

But he reckoned he would yet make the old Snippet sit up in his big chair at Highton and take notice. He studied—Wabena; an amazing, unprecedented, unhistoric, disjointed little lugger-muggery that sometimes went clean to sleep, and sometimes became almost a scream of progress. Reggie knew very well it was growing at such a rate that no letters of his to the elder Snippet would ever cause dad to loosen up on his funds for investment. He also knew that his dad had money earning three and a half per cent. that if invested in Wabena might soon be earning fifty.

Wherefore he schemed; and he got the American way. While other men were whacking up walls and breaking up the prairie, he was busy—with Pluggitts, the local printer, who was struggling to get out the Wabena Outposter, and didn't know what on earth to put into it to make good reading: because, to the editor, Wabena was like a lot of other western towns he had been in, and the best he could do was to boost Wabena and knock the others by comparison.

Not so Reggie, to whom Wabena was a total revelation. He saw in that rummy little cosmopolis a raft of the most dazzling copy; and he studied how to do something on behalf of Wabena—and of Reggie Snippet—that certainly had never been done in Wabena before.

His whole idea was an extra special edition of the Wabena Outposter which should tell to the rest of the world what an amazing picture of progress the town was.

"My dear sir!" he insisted to Pluggitts when the editor became pessimistic over lack of funds and copy and illustrations and almost everything else, "it's as easy as wink. Here—I've got a splendid camera. I'll photograph every blessed thing in the town that'll make a good picture. I've got a few loose dollars. Now I'll take a run up to Edmonton and get a whole raft of cuts made—and fetch them back. I've got acres of copy ready to stick up in type. You go ahead and stick it up. I-tell you we'll get out an edition of the Outposter that'll make 'm talk in their sleep."

The first self-binder was reeling off the wheat half a mile from Wabena when Reggie and the editor went to press with the last form of the special edition of the Outposter. A sixteen-page illustrated special extra that had in it a living picture of the town, portraits of all the leading citizens and write-ups of the same—all paid for, of course—advertisements enough to cover the cost and leave the printer a small margin—and, not least, a picture of Mr. Reginald Snippet, whom the editor called one of the most enterprising citizens of Wabena.

When that job was done, and Reggie got the first throbbing copy of the new world into his grip, he felt like a discoverer. By the very first mail he sent five



A STRING OF RAILS, AN ELEVATOR AND A WATER-TANK, THESE ARE THE TOWN'S BEGINNING

copies of the thing home to Mr. Thomas Snippet, 24 Topley Circus.

Then he waited: knowing right well what a turmoil that document would stir up in the Snippet household.

It was just on the edge of frost when Reggie got a letter from Highton: and the most interesting part of it read:

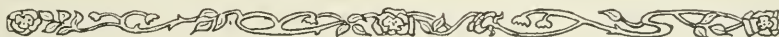
"My boy, you seem to have demonstrated that you have an abundance of enterprise. Evidently you are already the leading citizen of Wabena—wherever that is. But I know very well you have not been doing much at real estate or mortgages and loans. Now I am convinced that Wabena is a good town. I'm willing to set you up with funds immediately. You open up the finest real estate office in the town. Get hold of every good thing you can buy. And tell your leading citizens

that if they are in need of some one to purchase their civic debentures—to write to Thomas Snippet per Mr. Reginald Snippet.

Your loving father,
Thomas Snippet."

Wabena is a tidy little city now. The wealthiest man and the most incurable westerner in the town is Mr. Reginald Snippet, who to-day gets credit for the real discovery of Wabena to the outside world—whereas he and the editor very well know that Wabena would have boomed itself in spite of them both.

Reggie was mayor of Wabena last year. Next year he will go home to Highton—under the cathedral—to round up a shipload of new citizens for the wheat country around Wabena.



Three Carnations

One flower was colorless—I gave it her,

As typical of all a woman's whiteness,
And one was pink—the flush of happy health.

Of unison with life and all its brightness,

And one was deep, dark crimson—sinister as pain—

Yet had the scent of clover in a country lane.

—G. T. B.

Past One, at Rooney's

By

O. Henry

ONLY on the lower East Side of New York do the houses of Capulet and Montagu survive. There they do not fight by the book of arithmetic. If you bite your thumb at an upholder of your opposing house you have work cut out for your steel. On Broadway you may drag your man along a dozen blocks by his nose, and he will only bawl for the watch; but in the domain of the East Side Tybalts and Mercutios you must observe the niceties of deportment to the wink of an eyelash and to an inch of elbow room at the bar when its patrons include foes of your house and kin.

So, when Eddie McManus, known to the Capulets as Cork McManus, drifted into Dutch Mike's for a stein of beer, and came upon a bunch of Montagus making merry with the suds, he began to observe the strictest parliamentary rules. Courtesy forbade his leaving the saloon with his thirst unslaked; caution steered him to a place at the bar where the mirror supplied the cognizance of the enemy's movements that his indifferent gaze seemed to disdain; experience whispered to him that the finger of trouble would be busy among the chattering steins at Dutch Mike's that night. Close by his side drew Brick Cleary, his Mercutio, companion of his perambulations. Thus they stood, four of the Mulberry Hill Gang and two of the Dry Dock Gang, minding their P's and Q's so solicitously that Dutch Mike kept one eye on his customer and the other on an open space beneath his bar in which it was his custom to seek safety whenever the ominous politeness of the rival associations congealed into the shapes of bullets and cold steel.

But we have not to do with the wars of the Mulberry Hills and the Dry Docks. We must to Rooney's, where, on the most

blighted dead branch of the tree of life, a little pale orchid shall bloom.

Overstrained etiquette at last gave way.

It is not known who first overstepped the bounds of punctilio; but the consequences were immediate. Buck Malone, of the Mulberry Hills, with a Dewey-like swiftness, got an eight-inch gun swung round from his hurricane deck. But McManus's smile must be the torpedo. He glided in under the guns and slipped a scant three inches of knife blade between the ribs of the Mulberry Hill cruiser. Meanwhile Brick Cleary, a devotee to strategy, had skimmed across the lunch counter and thrown the switch of the electric, leaving the combat to be waged by the light of gunfire alone. Dutch Mike crawled from his haven and ran into the street crying for the watch instead of for a Shakespeare to immortalize the Cimmerian shindy.

The cop came, and found a prostrate, bleeding Montagu supported by three drait and reticent followers of the House. Faithful to the ethics of the gangs, no one knew whence the hurt came. There was no Capulet to be seen.

"Raus mit der interrogatories," said Buck Malone to the officer. "Sure I know who done it. I always manages to get a bird's eye view of any guy that comes up an' makes a show case for a hardware store out of me. No. I'm not telling you his name. I'll settle with um meself. Wow—ouch! Easy, boys! Yes, I'll attend to his case meself. I'm not making any complaint."

At midnight McManus strolled around a pile of lumber near an East Side dock, and lingered in the vicinity of a certain water plug. Brick Cleary drifted casually to the trysting place ten minutes later. "He'll maybe not croak," said Brick,

"and he won't tell, of course. But Dutch Mike did. He told the police he was tired of having his place shot up. It's unhandy just now, because Tim Corrigan's in Europe for a week's end with Kings. He'll be back on the Kaiser Wilhelm next Friday. You'll have to duck out of sight till then. Tim 'll fix it up all right for us when he comes back."

This goes to explain why Cork McManus went into Rooney's one night and there looked upon the bright, stranger face of Romance for the first time in his precarious career.

Until Tim Corrigan should return from his jaunt among Kings and Princes and hold up his big white finger in private offices, it was unsafe for Cork in any of the old haunts of his gang. So he lay, perdu, in the high rear room of a Capulet, reading pink sporting sheets and cursing the slow paddle wheels of the Kaiser Wilhelm.

It was on Thursday evening that Cork's seclusion became intolerable to him. Never a hart panted for water fountain as he did for the cool touch of a drifting stein, for the firm security of a foot-rail in the hollow of his shoe and the quiet, hearty challenges of friendship and repartee along and across the shining bars. But he must avoid the district where he was known. The cops were looking for him everywhere, for news was scarce, and the newspapers were harping again on the failure of the police to suppress the gangs. If they got him before Corrigan came back, the big white finger could not be uplifted; it would be too late then. But Corrigan would be home the next day, so he felt sure there would be small danger in a little excursion that night among the crass pleasures that represented life to him. At half-past twelve McManus stood in a darkish cross-town street looking up at the name "Rooney's," picked out by incandescent lights against a signboard over a second-story window. He had heard of the place as a tough "hang-out:" with its frequenters and its locality he was unfamiliar. Guided by certain unerring indications common to all such resorts, he ascended the stairs and entered the large room over the cafe.

Here were some twenty or thirty tables, at this time about half-filled with Rooney's guests. Waiters served drinks. At one

end a human pianola with drugged eyes hammered the keys with automatic and furious unprecision. At merciful intervals a waiter would roar or squeak a song—songs full of "Mr. Johnsons" and "babes" and "coons"—historical word guaranties of the genuineness of African melodies composed by red waistcoated young gentlemen, natives of the cotton fields and rice swamps of West Twenty-eight Street.

For one brief moment you must admire Rooney with me as he receives, seats, manipulates, and chaffs his guests. He is twenty-nine. He has Wellington's nose, Dante's chin, the cheek-bones of an Iroquois, the smile of Talleyrand, Corbett's foot work, and the poise of an eleven-year-old East Side Central Park Queen of the May. He is assisted by a lieutenant known as Frank, a pudgy, easy chap, swell-dressed, who goes among the tables seeing that dull care does not intrude. Now, what is there about Rooney's to inspire all this pother? It is more than respectable by daylight; stout ladies with children and mittens and bundles and unpedigreed dogs drop up of afternoons for a stein and a chat. Even by gaslight the diversions are melancholy i' the mouth—drink and ragtime, and an occasional surprise when the waiter swabs the suds from under your sticky glass. There is an answer. Transmigration! The soul of Sir Walter Raleigh has traveled from beneath his slashed doublet to a kindred home under Rooney's visible plaid waistcoat. Rooney's is twenty years ahead of the times. Rooney has removed the embargo. Rooney has spread his cloak upon the soggy crossing of public opinion, and any Elizabeth who treads upon it is as much a queen as another. Attend to the revelation of the secret. In Rooney's ladies may smoke!

McManus sat down at a vacant table. He paid for the glass of beer that he ordered, tilted his narrow-brimmed derby to the back of his brick-dust head, twined his feet among the rungs of his chair, and heaved a sigh of contentment from the breathing spaces of his innermost soul; for this mud honey was clarified sweetness to his taste. The sham gaiety, the hectic glow of counterfeit hospitality, the self-conscious, joyless laughter, the wine-born warmth, the loud music retrieving

the hour from frequent whiles of awful and corroding silence, the presence of well-clothed and frank-eyed beneficiaries of Rooney's removal of the restrictions laid upon the weed, the familiar blended odors of soaked lemon peel, flat beer, and *peau d'Espagne*—all these were manna to Cork McManus, hungry from his week in the desert of the Capulet's high rear room.

A girl, alone, entered Rooney's, glanced around with leisurely swiftness, and sat opposite McManus at his table. Her eyes rested upon him for two seconds in the look with which woman reconnoitres all men whom she for the first time confronts. In that space of time she will decide upon one of two things—either to scream for the police, or that she may marry him later on.

Her brief inspection concluded, the girl laid on the table a worn red morocco shopping bag with the inevitable top-gallant sail of frayed lace handkerchief flying from a corner of it. After she had ordered a small beer from the immediate waiter she took from her bag a box of cigarettes and lighted one with slightly exaggerated ease of manner. Then she looked again in the eyes of Cork McManus and smiled.

Instantly the doom of each was sealed.

The unqualified desire of a man to buy clothes and build fires for a woman for a whole lifetime at first sight of her is not uncommon among that humble portion of humanity that does not care for Bradstreet or coat-of-arms or Shaw's plays. Love at first sight has occurred a time or two in high life; but, as a rule, the extempore mania is to be found among unsophisticated creatures such as the dove, the blue-tailed dingbat, and the ten-dollar-a-week clerk. Poets, subscribers to all fiction magazines, and schatchens, take notice.

With the exchange of the mysterious magnetic current came to each of them the instant desire to lie, pretend, dazzle, and deceive, which is the worst thing about the hypocritical disorder known as love.

"Have another beer?" suggested Cork. In his circle the phrase was considered to be a card, accompanied by a letter of introduction and references.

"No, thanks," said the girl, raising her eyebrows and choosing her conventional words carefully. "I—merely dropped in for—a slight refreshment." The cigarette between her fingers seemed to require explanation. "My aunt is a Russian lady," she concluded, "and we often have a post per annum cigarette after dinner at home."

"Cheese it!" said Cork, whom society airs oppressed. "Your fingers are as yellow as mine."

"Say," said the girl, blazing upon him with low-voiced indignation, "what do you think I am? Say, who do you think you are talking to? What?"

She was pretty to look at. Her eyes were big, brown, intrepid and bright. Under her flat sailor hat, planted jauntily on one side, her crinkly, tawny hair parted and was drawn back, low and massy, in a thick, pendant knot behind. The roundness of girlhood still lingered in her chin and neck, but her cheeks and fingers were thinning slightly. She looked upon the world with defiance, suspicion, and sullen wonder. Her smart, short tan coat was soiled and expensive. Two inches below her black dress dropped the lowest flounce of a heliotrope silk underskirt.

"Beg your pardon," said Cork, looking at her admiringly. "I didn't mean anything. Sure, it's no harm to smoke, Maudy."

"Rooney's," said the girl, softened at once by his amends, "is the only place I know where a lady can smoke. Maybe it ain't a nice habit, but aunty lets us at home. And my name ain't Maudy, if you please; it's Ruby Delamere."

"That's a swell handle," said Cork approvingly. "Mine's McManus—Cor—er—Eddie McManus."

"Oh, you can't help that," laughed Ruby. "Don't apologize."

Cork looked seriously at the big clock on Rooney's wall. The girl's ubiquitous eyes took in the movement.

"I know it's late," she said, reaching for her bag; "but you know how you want a smoke when you want one. Ain't Rooney's all right? I never saw anything wrong here. This is twice I've been in. I work in a bookbindery on Third Avenue. A lot of us girls have been working

overtime three nights a week. They won't let you smoke there, of course. I just dropped in here on my way home for a puff. Ain't it all right in here? If it ain't, I won't come any more."

"It's a little bit late for you to be out alone anywhere," said Cork. "I'm not wise to this particular joint; but anyhow you don't want to have your picture taken in it for a present to your Sunday School teacher. Have one more beer, and then say I take you home."

"But I don't know you," said the girl, with fine scrupulosity. "I don't accept the company of gentlemen I ain't acquainted with. My aunt never would allow that."

"Why," said Cork McManus, pulling his ear, "I'm the latest thing in suitings with side vents and bell skirt when it comes to escortin' a lady. You bet you'll find me all right, Ruby. And I'll give you a tip as to who I am. My governor is one of the hottest cross-bans of the Wall Street push. Morgan's cab horse casts a shoe every time the old man sticks his head out of the window. Me! Well, I'm in trainin' down the Street. The old man's goin' to put a seat on the Stock Exchange in my stockin' my next birthday. But it all sounds like a lemon to me. What I like is golf and yachtin' and—er—well, say a corkin' fast ten-round bout between welter-weights with walkin' gloves."

"I guess you can walk to the door with me," said the girl hesitatingly, but with a certain pleased flutter. "Still I never heard anything extra good about Wall Street brokers, or sports who go to prize fights, either. Ain't you got any other recommendations?"

"I think you're the swellest looker I've had my lamps on in little old New York," said Cork impressively.

"That'll be about enough of that, now. Ain't you the kidder!" She modified her chiding words by a deep, long, beaming, smile-embellished look at her cavalier. "We'll drink our beer before we go, ha?"

A waiter sang. The tobacco smoke grew denser, drifting and rising in spirals, waves, tilted layers, cumulus clouds, cataracts and suspended fogs like some fifth element created from the ribs of the an-

cient four. Laughter and chat grew louder, stimulated by Rooney's liquids and Rooney's gallant hospitality to Lady Nicotine.

One o'clock struck. Down-stairs there was a sound of closing and locking doors. Frank pulled down the green shades of the front windows carefully. Rooney went below in the dark hall and stood at the front door, his cigarette cached in the hollow of his hand. Thenceforth whoever might seek admittance must present a countenance familiar to Rooney's hawk's eyes—the countenance of a true sport.

Cork McManus and the bookbindery girl conversed absorbedly, with their elbows on the table. Their glasses of beer were pushed to one side, scarcely touched, with the foam on them sunken to a thin white scum. Since the stroke of one the stale pleasures of Rooney's had become renovated and spiced; not by any addition to the list of distractions, but because from that moment the sweets became stolen ones. The flattest glass of beer acquired the tang of illegality; the mildest claret punch struck a knockout blow at law and order; the harmless and genial company became outlaws, defying authority and rule. For after the stroke of one in such places as Rooney's, where neither bed nor board is to be had, drink may not be set before the thirsty of the city of the four million. It is the law.

"Say," said Cork McManus, almost covering the table with his eloquent chest and elbows, "was that dead straight about you workin' in a bookbindery and livin' at home—and just happenin' in here—and—and all that spiel you gave me?"

"Sure it was," answered the girl with spirit. "Why, what do you think? Do you suppose I'd lie to you? Go down to the shop and ask 'em. I handed it to you on the level."

"On the dead level?" said Cork. "That's the way I want it; because—"

"Because what?"

"I throw up my hands," said Cork. "You've got me goin'. You're the girl I've been lookin' for. Will you keep company with me, Ruby?"

"Would you like me to—Eddie?"

"Surest thing. But I wanted a straight

story about—about yourself, you know. When a fellow has a girl—a steady girl—she's got to be all right, you know. She's got to be straight goods."

"You'll find I'll be straight goods, Eddie."

"Of course you will. I believe what you told me. But you can't blame me for wantin' to find out. You don't see many girls smokin' cigarettes in places like Rooney's after midnight that are like you."

The girl flushed a little and lowered her eyes. "I see that now," she said meekly. "I didn't know how bad it looked. But I won't do it any more. And I'll go straight home every night and stay there. And I'll give up cigarettes if you say so. Eddie—I'll cut 'em out from this minute on."

Cork's air became judicial, proprietary, condemnatory, yet sympathetic. "A lady can smoke," he decided, slowly, "at times and places. Why? Because it's bein' a lady that helps her to pull it off."

"I'm going to quit. There's nothing to it," said the girl. She flicked the stub of her cigarette to the floor.

"At times and places," repeated Cork. "When I call round for you of evenin's we'll hunt out a dark bench in Stuyvesant Square and have a puff or two. But no more Rooney's at one o'clock—see?"

"Eddie, do you really like me?" The girl searched his hard but frank features eagerly with anxious eyes.

"On the deal level."

"When are you coming to see me—where I live?"

"Thursday—day after to-morrow evenin'. That suit you?"

"Fine. I'll be ready for you. Come about seven. Walk to the door with me to-night and I'll show you where I live. Don't forget, now. And don't you go to see any other girls before then, mister! I bet you will, though."

"On the dead level," said Cork. "you make 'em all look like rag-dolls to me. Honest, you do. I know when I'm suited. On the dead level, I do."

Against the front door down-stairs repeated heavy blows were delivered. The loud crashes resounded in the room above.

Only a trip-hammer or a policeman's foot could have been the author of those sounds. Rooney jumped like a bullfrog to a corner of the room, turned off the electric lights and hurried swiftly below. The room was left utterly dark except for the winking red glow of cigars and cigarettes. A second volley of crashes came up from the assaulted door. A little, rustling, murmuring panic moved among the besieged guests. Frank, cool, smooth, reassuring, could be seen in the rosy glow of the burning tobacco, going from table to table.

"All keep still!" was his caution. "Don't talk or make any noise! Everything will be all right. Now, don't feel the slightest alarm. We'll take care of you all."

Ruby felt across the table until Cork's firm hand closed upon her's. "Are you afraid, Eddie?" she whispered. "Are you afraid you'll get a free ride?"

"Nothin' doin' in the teeth-chatterin' line," said Cork. "I guess Rooney's been slow with his envelope. Don't you worry, girly; I'll look out for you all right."

Yet Mr. McManus's ease was only skin and muscle-deep. With the police looking everywhere for Buck Malone's assailant, and with Corrigan still on the ocean wave, he felt that to be caught in a police raid would mean an ended career for him. And just when he had met Ruby, too. He wished he had remained in the high rear room of the true Capulet reading the pink extras.

Rooney seemed to have opened the front door below and engaged the police in conference in the dark hall. The wordless low growl of their voices came up the stairway. Frank made a wireless news station of himself at the upper door. Suddenly he closed the door, hurried to the extreme rear of the room and lighted a dim gas jet.

"This way, everybody!" he called sharply. "In a hurry; but no noise, please!"

The guests crowded in confusion to the rear. Rooney's lieutenant swung open a panel in the wall, overlooking the back yard, revealing a ladder already placed for the escape.

"Down and out, everybody!" he commanded. "Ladies first! Less talking,

please! Don't crowd! There's no danger."

Among the last, Cork and Ruby waited their turn at the open panel. Suddenly she swept him aside and clung to his arm fiercely.

"Before we go out," she whispered in his ear—"before anything happens, tell me again, Eddie, do you l—do you really like me?"

"On the dead level," said Cork, holding her close with one arm, "when it comes to you, I'm all in."

When they turned they found they were lost and in darkness. The last of the fleeing customers had descended. Half way across the yard they bore the ladder, stumbling, giggling, hurrying to place it against an adjoining low building over the roof of which lay their only route to safety.

"We may as well sit down," said Cork, grimly. "Maybe Rooney will stand the cops off, anyhow."

They sat at a table; and their hands came together again.

A number of men then entered the dark room, feeling their way about. One of them, Rooney himself, found the switch and turned on the electric light. The other man was a cop of the old regime—a big cop, a thick cop, a fuming, abrupt cop—not a pretty cop. He went up to the pair at the table and sneered familiarly at the girl.

"What are youse doin' in here?" he asked.

"Dropped in for a smoke," said Cork mildly.

"Had any drinks?"

"Not later than one o'clock."

"Get out—quick!" ordered the cop. Then, "Sit down!" he countermanded.

He took off Cork's hat roughly and scrutinizer him shrewdly. "Your name's McManus."

"Bad guess," said Cork. "It's Peterson."

"Cork McManus, or something like that," said the cop. "You put a knife into a man in Dutch Mike's saloon a week ago."

"Aw, forget it!" said Cork, who per-

ceived a shade of doubt in the officer's tones. "You've got my mug mixed with somebody else's."

"Have I? Well, you'll come to the station with me, anyhow, and be looked over. The description fits you all right." The cop twisted his fingers under Cork's collar. "Come on!" he ordered roughly.

Cork glanced at Ruby. She was pale, and her thin nostrils quivered. Her quick eye danced from one man's face to the other's as they spoke or moved. What hard luck. Cork was thinking—Corrigan on the briny; and Ruby met and lost almost within an hour! Somebody at the police station would recognize him, without a doubt. Hard luck!

But suddenly the girl sprang up and hurled herself with both arms extended against the cop. His hold on Cork's collar was loosened and he stumbled back two or three paces.

"Don't go so fast, Maguire!" she cried in shrill fury. "Keep your hands off my man! You know me, and you know I'm givin' you good advice. Don't you touch him again! He's not the guy you are lookin' for—I'll stand for that."

"See here, Fanny," said the cop, red and angry. "I'll take you, too, if you don't look out! How do you know this ain't the man I want? What are you doing in here with him?"

"How do I know?" said the girl, flaming red and white by turns. "Because I've known him a year. He's mine. Oughtn't I to know? And what am I doin' here with him? That's easy."

She stooped low and reached down somewhere into a swirl of flirted draperies, heliotrope and black. An elastic snapped, she threw on the table toward Cork a folded wad of bills. The money slowly straightened itself with little leisurely jerks.

"Take that, Jimmy, and let's go," said the girl. "I'm declarin' the usual dividends, Maguire," she said to the officer. "You had your usual five-dollar graft at the usual corner at ten."

"A lie!" said the cop, turning purple. "You go on my beat again and I'll arrest you every time I see you."

"No, you won't," said the girl. "And I'll tell you why. Witnesses saw me give you the money to-night, and last week,

too. I've been getting fixed for you."

Cork put the wad of money carefully into his pocket, and said: "Come on, Fanny; let's have some chop suey before we go home."

"Clear out, quick, both of you, or I'll—"

The cop's bluster trailed away into inconsequentiality.

At the corner of the street the two halted. Cork handed back the money without a word. The girl took it and slipped it slowly into her hand-bag. Her expression was the same she had worn when she entered Rooney's that night—she looked upon the world with defiance, suspicion and sullen wonder.

"I guess I might as well say good-by here," she said dully. "You won't want to see me again, of course. Will you—shake hands—Mr. McManus."

"I mightn't have got wise if you hadn't give the snap away," said Cork. "Why did you do it?"

"You'd have been pinched if I hadn't. That's why. Ain't that reason enough?" Then she began to cry. "Honest, Eddie, I was goin' to be the best girl in the world. I hated to be what I am; I hated men; I was ready almost to die when I saw you. And you seemed different from everybody else. And when I found you liked me, too, why, I thought I'd make you believe I was good, and I was goin' to be good. When you asked to come to my house and see me, why, I'd have died rather than do anything wrong after that. But what's the use of talking about it? I'll say good-by, if you will, Mr. McManus."

Cork was pulling at his ear. "I knifed Malone," said he. "I was the one the cop wanted."

"Oh, that's all right," said the girl listlessly. "It didn't make any difference about that."

"That was all hot air about Wall Street. I don't do nothin' but hang out with a tough gang on the East Side."

"That was all right, too," repeated the girl. "It didn't make any difference."

Cork straightened himself, and pulled his hat down low. "I could get a job at O'Brien's," he said aloud, but to himself.

"Good-by," said the girl.

"Come on," said Cork, taking her arm. "I know a place."

Two blocks away he turned with her up the steps of a red brick house facing a little park.

"What house is this?" she asked, drawing back. "Why are you going in there?"

A street lamp shone brightly in front. There was a brass nameplate at one side of the closed front doors. Cork drew her firmly up the steps. "Read that," said he.

She looked at the name on the plate, and gave a cry between a moan and a scream. "No, no, no, Eddie! Oh, my God, no! I won't let you do that—not now! Let me go! You sha'n't do that! You can't—you mus'n't! Not after you know! No, no! Come away quick! Oh, my God! Please, Eddie, come!"

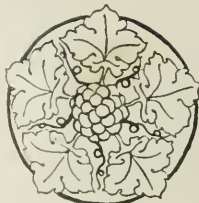
Half fainting, she reeled, and was caught in the bend of his arm. Cork's right hand felt for the electric button and pressed it long.

Another cop—how quickly they scent trouble when trouble is on the wing!—came along, saw them, and ran up the steps. "Here! What are you doing with that girl?" he called gruffly.

"She'll be all right in a minute," said Cork. "It's a straight deal."

"Reverend Jeremiah Jones," read the cop from the door-plate—with true detective cunning.

"Correct," said Cork. "On the dead level, we're goin' to get married."





A Tale of Two Families

By

J. T. Stirrett

THE reason the place was called "Sunbeam Court" was that no ray of the sun ever by any chance ventured there. If it had, the murk of the night or the fog of the day would have recoiled in terror, as though discovered by an apparition. Casual visitors inquired where the sunbeams were with surprise and amusement—unfamiliar emotions in that place, where the inhabitants were neither surprised nor amused at anything. One suggested that perhaps the residents were sunbeams, and absurd surmise so far as the morose adult population were concerned, and pitifully untrue regarding the strange, sad children. In brief, Sunbeam Court was a slum district in the east end of London. Those who have been there know the conditions; those who have not

can gain no adequate conception of them through mere description.

Two of the oldest families of Sunbeam Court were the Criglets and the Blogetts, who were only remarkable by being related to every pauper in the place. Yet they were of the middle class where those who had provision for more than the day formed a scattered aristocracy. None of the immediate relatives of either family were in jail, but a discreet silence was maintained in regard to certain cousins of the third degree. No members of either household could recollect ever having had quite enough to eat, or of wearing a whole, undamaged outfit of clothing. They were indifferent to dirt, disease, crime and death; for these things were permanent factors in the elusive equations of their lives.

Mr. Blogett and Mr. Criglet worked on the docks and belonged to the class known to the shipping industry as "wharf rats." They were employed during the intervals between the strikes called by their unions; when off duty, they made plans to re-organize the mercantile marine. Thus, they often heard about the far away countries.

One day they were watching a great ship swing into her moorings.

"She's from Canada," remarked some one.

"Ow is she?" asked Mr. Criglet.

Mr. Blogett was glowering into vacancy and refused to be disturbed. The question was repeated.

"Ow's 'o?" asked Mr. Blogett irritably.

"Canada," replied Mr. Criglet. "This 'ere colony wot we owns."

"Ow should I know?" inquired the other.

"Stryng'e," muttered Mr. Criglet, viewing the Canadian liner with distrust and disappointment. "I don't see no hiee about them Canadian ships. I've 'eard as it is a werry cold plice. A cousin o' the missus was nearly 'anged there over throwing a bucket o' water from a second storey window. The water froze 'alf way down and knocked a cove's 'ead off."

Mr. Blogett gave no sign of intelligence.

"For two bits," continued Mr. Criglet, "I'd go to Canada."

No passing philanthropist volunteered the necessary amount and Mr. Blogett remained inert.

"It couldn't be worse nor 'ere," soliloquized Mr. Criglet.

"'Ell couldn't," retorted Mr. Blogett.

There was a long silence pregnant with new possibilities for at least two families. Then Mr. Criglet said in a whisper, "Is it a go?"

Mr. Blogett rose stiffly, took off his hat, surveyed its crown, brushed his sleeve carefully with it, and then replaced it on his head.

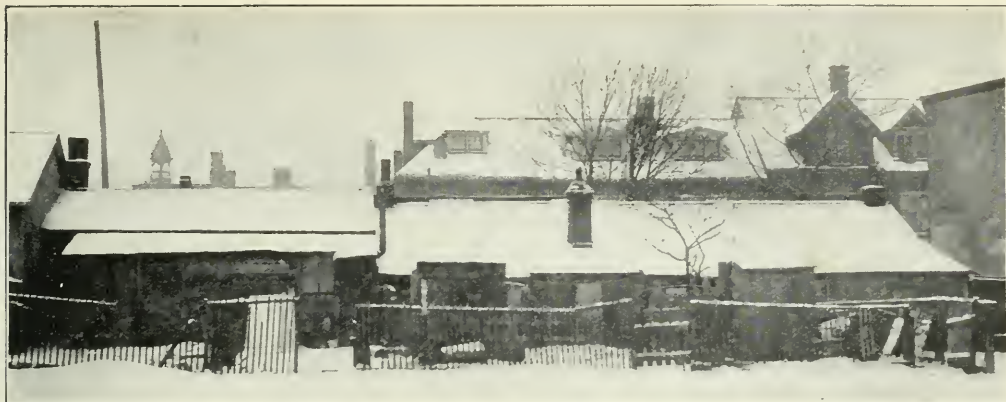
"It is," he said.

II

In Toronto the Blogetts and the Criglets became first acquainted with "rears." "Rear" is a technical term for a certain dwelling. It derives its title, not from any peculiarity of structure, but from its location—the back of a lot on which a more pretentious house is built, fronting the street. Consequently, the "rear" modestly hides behind its big brother, and can only be reached circuitously by delving into a lane and stumbling over scattered boards which once presented the serried surface of a picket side-walk. This arrangement allows landlords to collect almost double rent on one lot. The Criglets and Blogetts had "rears" on adjoining lots, paying for the same a rent of twelve dollars per month each. These buildings involved strange economic problems. They had utility, because they housed people—as a hole shelters rats; they had value, because they delivered to their owners exorbitant rentals; but they had no merit, because they were abominable and unfit for human habitation. As shrewd men of business, the owners prided themselves on the evolving of a certain social for-



"MISCHIEF" IN "THE WARD."



A ROW OF "REARS."

mula, which was crude to the point of brutality, but in the majority of cases pitifully true.

"These green English from the east end of London like to herd together," ran the formula. "The men will get work in the factories and they will live in our 'rears,' which are convenient. They will endure squeezing for rent rather than move to the outskirts and pay car-fare. Therefore, let them be squeezed!"

Incited by some disinterested person, who, in the opinion of the landlords, had a vicious habit of meddling in other people's affairs, the medical health officer's inspectors visited these particular "rears" and laid complaints in regard to their

unsanitary condition, before a police magistrate.

"But, your Worship," protested the brazen-tongued sophist who acted as counsel for the landlords, "let us suppose that these buildings are demolished. Two families will be turned out in the snow and will have to find quarters far removed from where they are employed."

The result was that the "rears" remained intact, and continued to devote themselves to the task of freezing their occupants.

Such was the situation one March evening when Mr. Blogett sat glowering at three flickering embers in his sheet iron stove. He was not a pre-possessing person



A LITTLE HOUSE-KEEPER AT HOME WHILE THE MOTHER GOES OUT WASHING.

at any time, but in the semi-darkness his shock-head, factory-blackened face, and scowling features gave him the appearance of an Australian bushman. Suddenly he brought down his fist on the table with a bang which made the solitary family tumbler leap with fear.

"Missus," he roared, "I ain't no 'orse!"

Mrs. Blogett, startled into speech, remarked tartly that she had never accused him of it.

"Nor," continued Mr. Blogett, with great emphasis, "am I a bloomin' jack-ass."

Mrs. Blogett repeated her observation.

"I'm sick pyin' rent!" said the head of the house.

"'Oo isn't?" inquired his long-suffering wife.

"I'm going to 'ave a 'ome o' mv own!" thundered Mr. Blogett.

A conversation with a fellow countryman had blown part of the London fog out of his brain. This man had been for two years a resident of Donscourt, as the tattered fringe of dwellings which straggled over the northwest boundary of Toronto was called. Prior to that he had lived near the Bay and had paid a rental of four dollars a week for a house. When he went to Donscourt he paid ten dollars down on a piece of land and four dollars a week (his old rental), towards the reduction of the mortgage on the land and the erection of a house. The struggle was hard, but he was getting something of his own. Under the spell of this narrative the sluggish imagination of Mr. Blogett was kindled. Inside of a week he had left the "rear" and had moved to Donscourt, where he secured a thirty-six foot lot by a first payment of ten dollars.

During the summer he and his family lived in a tent on their land. The tent cost a dollar and a half a week. Mr. Blogett got work as a builder's laborer and his wife washed, scrubbed and ironed in houses a mile or more from the tent. Before and after hours the man labored with borrowed tools building a house. It was a flimsy affair, constructed out of rough lumber and tar paper, but it was considered a wonderful structure by the young Blogetts, who held the boards while their parent bruised his finger nails with the hammer. On the first of November the family abandoned the tent and moved in-

to the new house. For the next six weeks Mr. Blogett spent all his spare time finishing the interior. He was so busy that he had little time to drink, although his thirst at times was intense. Early in December, a terrific snowstorm swept down upon the city and raged for three days. When it abated the Blogett family stood at their front door and contemplated with awe the tangible evidence of a Canadian winter. Building operations ceased entirely, so Mr. Blogett was out of work. He sought other employment, but there was none to be had. The family exchequer ran low because most of the surplus money had gone to purchase building material. Mrs. Blogett began to conserve the coal and to dole out the supply of food. She went down to the city when she could, and her husband got occasional employment shovelling snow. Until the middle of January they maintained the grim battle against cold and hunger. Finally the supply of fuel and food ran out, and Mr. Blogett could get no more credit at the stores. When they had been a day and a night without food or fire, they were discovered by a minister. They were by no means the only destitute family in Donscourt; sickness spread over the settlement and Death gathered in many victims, among them being the Blogett baby.

Things were at their worst when relief arrived. The big city below was at last roused to action by its newspapers and pulpits. Loads of provisions, fuel and clothing were rushed to the scene and a crisis was averted.

Although the suffering of those terrible months scarred the hearts of the Donscourt settlers, their dogged English spirits rallied after the storm. Spring came and men and women took up the struggle, as hope once more burned strong within them. The next winter was not half so terrible and the second was faced with confidence.

Let us lift up the blind of the Blogett's window one cold March evening of this year and survey the interior of the living room, where the family sit at dinner. It is the birthday of Mrs. Blogett, and a most auspicious occasion. She is seated at the head of the table trying to appear unconscious of her importance, and succeeding very poorly. Opposite, is Mr. Blog-



ANOTHER TYPE OF "REAR."

ett, extremely red in the face, and apparently laboring under strong excitement. On each side, are ranged three young Blogetts, casting merciless glances at the roast chicken, reclining in the dish on the embroidered centerpiece, which is the especial product of Miss Molly Blogett's genius. The head of the family sharpens the carving knife and poises it, but it falls with a clatter and Mr. Blogett clutches convulsively at his breast, as though a secret lay there which must be torn out. Before his wife can voice the alarm, which his strange action creates, Mr. Blogett's hand reappears, grasping a formidable document. Amid a dead silence he opens it and displays a red seal, before passing it over to Master Herbert Blogett who prepares to read without winking an eye. The first word, embossed at the top of the sheet, is "Deed."

III.

In the meantime, the Criglets lived in the slums, paying rent when they were able, and moving when they were not. During the three years two more young Criglets had arrived, bringing the total up to seven. At each addition to his worldly cares, Mr. Criglet's spirits oozed

away, keeping pace with his finances. As nature had not implanted in his brain sufficient craft to become skilled with his hands, his contribution to the world's work was paid in labor of the roughest character. In Toronto, as in London, he was an "odd-jobber," and had neither the ambition nor the opportunity to increase his earning power by developing his scanty mental and physical capacities. He was the buffer in every crash of rival economics forces; at the slightest commercial depression he joined the ranks of the unemployed, where his sympathies lay and his inclination directed him. It is a problem whether there was inflammable material in his soul, but it is certain that no spark of ambition ever kindled there, because it was smothered by the wet blanket of domestic trials, before it had time to ignite. His one solace in life was the convenient hotel bar. Its beer was his only method of travel into unfamiliar regions, temporarily free from the realities of existence. True, it was not an English public house, offering the attractions of fireplace, sawdust floor and small tables, where a free man could discuss politics with statesmen, but he liked to line up with his foot on the rail, shoulder to



A SUBURBAN SHACK

shoulder with other malcontents, and remark that "everything is a bloomin' swindle." Unwelcome leisure made him a homicide of time. In his sober moments the thought of home filled his soul with gloom.

Mrs. Criglet felt that the Canadian habit of frowning upon the convivial custom of women drinking in a bar was a restriction upon feminine liberty. For the first year she was a bibulous suffragette, but public opinion overawed her, and she became an irregular customer of the liquor shop just around the corner. A considerable portion of her time was spent in trying to outwit the charitable societies, and her efforts were fairly successful. It was an evil year when she failed to secure three Christmas dinners, through an exhibition of religious fervor which was strangely lacking during the rest of the year.

Miss Belinda Criglet, having reached the ripe age of seventeen years, was contemplating matrimony. Her affianced was a person of the world who had drifted into the city from other lands, not specifically defined. He was somewhat gorgeous in apparel, a trifle nervous in the fingers, a bit shifty about the eyes, and more voluble regarding certain of his personal exploits than the intervals

between them. Seeing him through the romantic cloud of a two weeks' acquaintance, Miss Belinda found him fascinating. Her mother, though somewhat aggrieved at the prospect of losing her assistance in household matters, was wonderfully amused, and secretly delighted that her daughter was following her example in assuming the responsibilities of married life at a tender age.

"Young 'uns will be young 'uns," declared Mrs. Criglet, with a formidable and illuminating wink.

"One less at tyble," remarked Mr. Criglet, with an air of profound ennui.

Master Bill Criglet, at the age of fifteen, was one of the most enterprising members of "The Gay Cat Gang." This organization of human and happy felines existed for the purpose of being a terror to the neighborhood. Among their diversions were such practices as deluging policemen with dirty water from the vantage ground afforded by third and fourth storeys, shooting the hats off pedestrians with powerful sling shots, making nights in the park hideous, picking pockets and breaking into freight cars. After spending several unprofitable months in the care of the Children's Aid Societies, he was packed off to an industrial school to learn a trade and wear a uniform.



AND WHAT IT GREW TO BE.

The young Criglets spent most of their time in dodging the truant officer and selling papers on the streets.

The wonder of the family was Blossom Criglet. She was given her name by a charitable worker who had an imagination. The vanity of motherhood would not permit Mrs. Criglet to change it, so the chance word stuck to the baby. Strange to relate, she seemed to grow into it. Her case was one of those often encountered in the slums, for which no reason can be given beyond ascribing it to some freak of Nature. In the midst of a family which had few agreeable traits, this child blossomed in person as well as in name. Like a pure white flower growing in a bog, she was so wonderfully beautiful and fragile that her continued existence seemed to be a miracle.

During the first hard winter, when the frost gripped the slums, congealing them into a vast Chamber of Horrors, the Criglets went down to the lowest depths of poverty and despair. The long-suffering charitable societies did not desert them, but supplied them with enough to keep the spark of life smouldering. Mr. Criglet, ejected from his only haven, the bar, vented his feelings upon his family. The young Criglets prowled about the streets like hungry little wolves, almost disdain-

ing the police in their search for opulent crusts. Merciful diphtheria swept away the twins; and one cold day the small life of Blossom Criglet flickered out like the flame of a white wax candle.

At last, winter ended and summer came, but the fortunes of the family did not improve; instead they revolved in a descending spiral.

Let us lift the blind of the Criglet window on a black night in March, 1911. They are sitting around their stove. There are five empty chairs, those of Miss Belinda, Master Bill, the twins and little Blossom. The smallest Criglet opens the stove door and looks in. The fire is out. He draws his tattered coat about him and goes over to a corner and curls up on the floor. His sister, who has been staring listlessly at a battered pair of shoes, which are not her own, begins to cry silently to herself. Mrs. Criglet goes over to the cupboard, looks in, and returns to her chair. The broken window behind Mr. Criglet is stopped with a bundle of rags, which fall suddenly to the floor, allowing a blast of cold air to enter. Mr. Criglet rouses from his gloomy reverie.

"Missus," he says, as he looks slowly about the room, "would to Heaven that we had never left old Lunnon. It's the same life—only colder."

IV.

There are hundreds of Blogetts and Criglets in Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg. They have come during the last few years; they are coming now, and will crowd the smaller cities in the next decade. The seeds of the slums cling to them, and are transplanted with them. Little Italys, Little Russias, Little Polands and Little Whitechapel, flourish like rank weeds in the fertile soil of Canadian cities. The tendency of these people is to herd together, and they are encouraged by unsanitary housing. Consequently, poverty is concentrated into slums, which threaten to pollute the life of the country. The way to fight the slums in Canada is to break it to fragments, and scatter these far apart. The inhabitants must be separated and planted in the suburbs, where the clean kind earth and pure air will co-operate with religion and education to regenerate them. Create in parents the desire to own and improve a home, instead of paying rent for a wretched dwelling. Keep children in the open, away from the inevitable evils of

congestion, and educate them in the public schools. Encourage in their parents the dormant love of beauty and cleanliness, which is implanted in the nature of every human being. Keep hotels and liquor stores out of the suburbs. Provide cheap and rapid transportation to the centre of the city for the carriage of adults to and from their work.

What will result from the adoption of such a social policy may be deduced from the following statements, which, being made on reliable authority, court the fullest investigation. Out of one hundred and seventy families in Doncourt, Toronto, who received charity three years ago, only one needed help this winter; and out of one hundred and twelve families in Fychwood, the adjoining suburb, who were a burden on the community three years ago, not even one requires assistance today. They are paying for their homes; their children are happy students; they are neither hungry nor cold. Hope and joy are in their hearts; courage and self-respect in their souls. They have become citizens of Canada, and are no longer the adult wards of the nation.



A TRIO OF "GAY CATS."

Menalcas by the St. Lawrence

By Helen Coale Crew

THE afternoon sun sparkled upon the blue St. Lawrence, and the woolly flock nibbled the grass upon the water's edge. Such tender grass, starred everywhere with daisies and empurpled with clover-heads. The sheep buried their black noses in the cool green blades, and tore off tiny mouthfuls with sharp, jerking bites. Upon the eastern horizon rose the soft sweep of Quebec's blue hills. Beyond the hedge that bound the meadow a path run, skirting the margin of a pine glade and dipping out of sight beyond a whitewashed farm-house where hollyhocks stood arow, already budding.

The shepherd stood beneath a locust tree whose honeyed blossoms, beyond their prime, dropped about his feet. He looked off to where radiant white clouds leaned low upon the water's distant edge, like bellying sails. He shook his head, gave a great sigh, and stuffed a book into his pocket.

"I'll never in the world get my B.A., that's certain," he said aloud. "Old Silverlink's course is too stiff. Hello, who comes here?"

Two figures were approaching slowly along the path, one a young girl, the other a big colored woman, clad in a stiff black calico which she held carefully up out of the dust with one hand, while with the other she balanced a huge umbrella over her companion. The girl's white dress swished softly about her feet as she moved through the grass by the side of the path. With a pink sunbonnet, swung by its strings, she brushed the great white daisies that nodded along the way.

"Now, Honey," remonstrated the woman, "why for ain't you sensible and keep dat bonnet on yo' haid where it b'longs? You want to git brack as a nigger in this

yer broilin' sun? Is that the way you done behave up at dat school where you bin? I wish I hadn't a-brung you-all along, nohow. Yo' Pa'll give us bofe con-niption fits if I lets you get all burnt up."

The girl laughed out blithely, after the manner of all young things in June.

"Oh, no, Mammy, nobody ever gives me con-niption fits. I'm going to do just as I like all summer. Guess I'll begin now." She raised her arm and tossed the offending bonnet over the hedge.

"There!" she said. Then she saw the shepherd.

The shepherd's brown eyes sparkled. "From Sicilian shores. It was and hung it upon a branch of the locust tree."

The girl looked over the hedge.

"Shepherd, why do you do that?" she asked.

"Honey," whispered the woman, "you-all mustn't be talkin' to a stranger man." Then, in a loud voice, "I'll thank you, suh, to return this lady's bonnet."

"Are you a real shepherd?" queried the girl.

"I am," replied the youth promptly.

"Where did you come from?"

The shepherd's eyes sparkled. "From Sicilian shores. I was there, when 'Dalphnis pined away,' you know."

The girl's gray eyes flashed. "Ah, of course! Bring out your pipe, then, and sing me a pastoral strain."

"Now, Honey, now, Honey," urged the woman, pulling the girl along by the arm: but the latter turned her head over her shoulder smilingly.

"Shall I sing you a pastoral strain to-morrow?" suggested the shepherd.

"Yes, I will come and fetch my bonnet—to-morrow," said the girl.

The shepherd watched them until they

disappeared beyond a clump of willows where the path bent to follow the shore. Then he drew his book from his pocket and flung himself down at full length upon the grass. The sheep nibbled about him quietly. He could hear them breathe softly in little puffs. The pink sunbonnet dangled above his eyes. He opened his book.

"Theocritus, you have suddenly become interesting," he said. "I may disappoint Old Silverlink yet."

Next morning, early, the shepherd drove his flock to the accustomed place, and until the noon hour he kept his attention for the most part fixed upon his book, though the pink bonnet flapped in the light breeze, and its strings waved gently to and fro. The day was such as only June brings, and the sheep needed but little shepherding. When the waving strings caught his eye he invariably remarked, "She's a darling!" Then, glancing at his book again, he would add, "And I'm a duffer. I ought to be kicked!"

At noon he and his flock disappeared, but by two o'clock they were back again, the shepherd looking suspiciously fresh and decidedly attractive in his white flannels and jaunty blue tie. Between two and four he turned his page but twice, and every slightest sound caught his immediate attention. Then she came. He rose to meet her at the first flash of her white dress by the willows. She was bare-headed, and her hair blew softly about her face. In one hand she carried a tall staff, and she led before her two little black goats with wreaths of crimson about their necks. Their tiny polished hoofs made a sharp staccato upon the path.

The boy—for the shepherd was scarcely more than that—made a space in the hedge, pushing aside the bushes.

"Come into Aready, fair shepherdess," he begged, "and I'll pull down the branch while you gather your bonnet."

"Is Aready a safe place?" she asked. But even as she spoke she tethered the goats to the hedge.

"Safe? Why, yes; I'm here," he replied simply, and helped her through.

"I gave Mammy the slip," she said, smiling reminiscently. "She does not

know I am holding converse with a 'strange man.'"

"Stranger!" echoed the boy. "Why, I knew you twice ten centuries ago! Are you not the fair Amaryllis?"

"Surely. And you?"

"I am all the passionate shepherds—Daphnis, Menalcas, Corydon—rolled into one."

Gaily they seated themselves under the locust tree. The St. Lawrence laughed in the sunshine; little breezes shivered through the grass; and the sheep raised their heads for a brief moment, their noses all aquiver, then serenely bent again to earth.

"How many sheep have you, Shepherd?"

"Twenty-four, and, as you see, not a black sheep among them."

"And have they names?"

"Yes; that is Alpha by the water's edge; Beta, you see in that clump of daisies; there go Gamma and Delta to investigate your goats; and so on down to Omega here, who has but one eye, poor lamb!"

"Shepherd, methinks you must be a scholar," said the girl, clasping her hands about her knee.

"Shepherdess, I have spent three years in the halls of learning up at Montreal, and am like to spend another there if Old Silverlink doesn't flunk me."

The girl sat up suddenly.

"Old Silverlink?"

"Yes, the old chap that knows more Greek than anyone else on the continent; or on the globe, for all I know. He is a saturated solution of it. It fairly oozes from his pores. He may block my path yet."

The boy frowned. The girl leaned carefully back against the tree.

"Why should he block your way?" she questioned.

"Says I'm loafing"—briefly.

The girl put her chin on her hand. Her eyes looked out over the smiling water to its far horizon.

"Shepherd, why do you keep these sheep?"

"My father thinks I'm loafing, too"—angrily.

Her eyes slowly came about and met his.

"Shepherd, are you loafing?"

The boy leaped to his feet, drew his book from his pocket, and tossed it upon the grass before her.

"Not a bit of it!" he exclaimed. "Not since yesterday! And I say, Shepherdess, if you'll just browse those little black goats of yours here with my sheep everyday, I'll have old Theocritus down fine inside of two weeks. He's the fellow I flunked on. Please, now, will you do it? Then come down to Montreal when I graduate, and you shall have a front seat and the finest bouquet——"

Up over the hedge, as round as the full moon, rose the wrathful face of Mammy.

"Miss Clytie," she called, "is you done forgot yo'sef and yo' manners, a-talkin' with a stranger this-a-way, and yo' Pa askin' and askin' where is you! Come home this minute, now, please, ma'am, Miss Clytie, Honey, whilst I send this young man a-scootin', him and his sheepses!"

The girl rose with a mock sigh. "Mammy has to be minded," she said. "She hasn't discovered yet that I have grown up."

Running lightly to the hedge, she crept through and smiled back at the boy on the other side.

"To-morrow, Shepherd, I will come for my bonnet and hear the pastoral strain." Stooping, she unfastened the goats.

"Come, Apollo! Come, Aphrodite!"

Once more Mammy poised her huge umbrella over the girl's head, and they disappeared up the path, a cloud of dust enveloping the little goats, dragging reluctantly behind.

The boy leaned over the hedge.

"No shepherdess, but Circe herself," he murmured.

When Mammy and her young mistress reached the white-pillared house beyond the pine grove, the girl found her father on the shady corner of the veranda, absorbed in a book, a fragrant beverage at his elbow. She crept up quietly behind him and clasped her two hands lightly over his eyes.

"Clytie, by all the gods!" he said, and would have drawn away her hands, but that she kept them firmly, if lightly, in place.

"Father, do you believe in love at first sight?" she questioned.

"Yes," he replied promptly; "ever since I first met your mother."

"Father, there's a boy minding your prize sheep down in the east meadow."

"Yes, he turned up the other day, and Metzger hired him for the summer season. A green hand, I'm told."

"He has a volume of Theocritus in his pocket."

"The deuce he has! Let go my eyes, Honey."

"Just a minute, Father. He says 'Old Silverlink' won't let him take his degree."

"The deuce he does!"

"Oh, wait Father! He's such a nice boy, so straight and clean and good to look at. I—I rather like him."

"Hold on, Clytie, hold on!"

"I could fall in love with him, I think, Father."

"Ye gods, such a brazen girl!"

Not so brazen, either, if crimson cheeks and downcast eyes are akin to shame.

"I thought I'd better tell you."

He loosened her hands and drew her down upon his knee.

"Poor little motherless girl," he said softly.

"Poor old Dad," she said mockingly. "But tell me, Father, who is this shepherd boy?"

"It's young Hamilton," he replied. "He's all right, Honey, though a little hazy on aorists. He's no notion the sheep are mine. But how came you to be hobnobbing with a shepherd boy down there in the east meadow, tell me that! Why doesn't Mammy look after you better?"

"Oh, she does. Mammy's a jewel. I just looked over the hedge one day. But now I must dress for dinner." She rose and turned away.

"Here, Clytie, wait a moment. Has this young chap fallen in love with you, too?" He gazed quizzically at the charming face.

"Well"—dubiously—"perhaps not yet; but"—brightening—"he will before the week's out!" She disappeared within the wide doorway, and her father groaned.

"Oh, these girls! Here, Clytie, Clytie, come back! Where's the girl? Clytie!"

The girl appeared again in the doorway.

"Bring this shepherd boy here and let me have a look at him. If he's his father's son, he ought to bear close inspection."

"Oh, Father, he hears it beautifully! I inspected him closely myself this afternoon!"

"Shades of Tartarus!" he groaned; but she was gone.

Next day it rained, and the shepherd was woefully disconsolate. But he made great progress with his book, sitting on the tiny porch of the little whitewashed farm house, while his sheep huddled together under the pines. Then a fair day, but still no shepherdess. The shepherd was distracted, and in all of eight hours had read but one Idyll and two Epigrams. But on the morrow of that she came; not by the path, but down through the pine trees, and so softly that he did not hear, but remained absorbed in his book. She leaned quietly over the hedge and watched him gravely. When he suddenly raised his head and saw her, his joy was so complete that she shrank back a little from it.

"Ah, Shepherdess, I was just reading about you!" he exclaimed.

"About me?"

"Yes, listen.

"Hast thou come, dear friend, after three nights and mornings? Hast thou come? Alas, those who long grow old in a day! As much as spring is sweeter than winter, as much as a sheep is more woolly than its lamb, as much as the voice of the nightingale is more melodious than the voices of all other birds, by so much does thy coming rejoice me, and I hasten to thee as a traveler seeks the shadows of the beech tree when the sun glows too warmly—"

Here she broke in:

"Something sweet is thy mouth and lovely thy voice, O shepherd! 'Tis better to hear thee sing than to sip honey."

"But what have I to do with you, Shepherd of the woolly sheep?"

He laughed out so joyfully that every sheep raised an inquiring nose.

"Is a shepherd nothing? The god Bacchus drove cattle once, you know. And there was Endymion, a mere herdsman, but Diana herself stooped to kiss him."

He made an opening in the hedge.

"You must come in and get your sun-bonnet, you know."

"Shepherd, I fear me it isn't safe in Arcady."

"It isn't, but oh, come in!"

She stepped through the gap, and the bushes swung back into place behind her. And Apollo and Aphrodite, not being tethered, trotted away down the path, their silky flanks gleaming in the sunlight.

The sun propped his head upon a blue hill, waiting.

"Clytie, what sort of a man is your father?"

"An old darling, of course."

"Of course. But what will he think of a poor shepherd?"—anxiously.

"He will have but a poor opinion of one."—saucily.

"And I'm such a duffer, you know. Fooled away all my junior year and didn't pass my Greek Exams. Heavens, what a dressing down Old Silverlink did give me! But I tell you, Sweetheart, I'll work like a trojan next year, you'll see! I've something to work for now."

As they approached the house, the tall figure lounging in an easy chair on the veranda rose and came to meet them.

"Shepherd," said the girl, her face aglow with love and agleam with laughter, "my father, Professor Silverlink."

The Professor smiled and stretched out a welcoming hand.

"Mr. Hamilton!" he said.

The boy blushed to the roots of his hair. Routed by surprise and confusion, he yielded to the force of habit.

"Present!" he replied.





Bird Rock

The Beacon of the Gulf

By W. Lacey Amy.

FAR out in the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the storms of spring and fall throw the spray of the dashing waves over its top, a small rock pokes its head from the water, the peak of some submerged mountain that shows again eight miles away and then comes to the surface a dozen miles south in the Magdalen Islands, the terror of navigation in the Gulf. Only six acres in extent it was not worthy of a special effort in the way of a name, so the thousands of birds that were its only occupants attached to it quite naturally the appellation of Bird Rock.

From the first days of French Canada when the voyageurs tremblingly tempted the wild waters of the land-locked sea of the New World and the Honfleur mariners founded the first permanent colony on the perilous Magdalen Islands this tiny island has had a record of wrecks. To a paternal government there seemed no method of lessening its perils. Rising sheer from the water, and approachable only in the calmest of water—an almost unknown condition in this locality—its 125 feet of perpendicular cliff that seemingly offered foothold for nothing but sea birds held out little encouragement for the placing of the ordinary precautions

that make sailing in the Gulf, even around the dreaded Magdalens, a matter of reasonable weather and good eyesight.

But this little rock that kept every sailor in the Gulf awake, that had sent to the bottom hundreds of schooners and larger craft and that would continue to do so until a lighthouse was placed on its top, yielded, at last, to the efforts of a couple of hardy fishermen. Once a way had been found to the plateau on the top, a windlass was erected at the edge, and for years after the lighthouse was built, the bucket and rope provided the only means of access for the supplies that were delivered twice a year.

When the first men reached the top they found the entire surface, as well as the rocky sides, covered with sea-birds and their nests. Not having the slightest fear of man it was only by the constant firing of guns that the workmen could proceed with the construction of the necessary buildings, so thickly did the birds hover about them. And to this day a cannon is periodically fired to scare away from the light the clouds of birds that have never seen human being other than the three men and one woman who remain there from year to year in attendance on the light.

Few strangers have seen the thousands of gannets, gulls and "murs" that make their homes on the side and top of Bird Rock. Twice a year a small steamer runs an excursion from Picton, N.S., to within sight of this isolated peak; but beside that, only the supply boat, and occasionally the Magdalen Islands government tug ever get in touch with the lonesome four who dwell there. Two or three naturalists have braved the raging waves of the locality and the basket and windlass to obtain a closer view of the tame sea fowl; but there is no attraction for the tourist.

All the year round the lighthouse keeper, his wife and assistants, must remain in enforced solitude that has driven some of them insane. They dare not leave the island for no one knows when the weather would allow them to return. In winter, the revolving light, that in the season of navigation sends its gleam for twenty miles over the water, is dark, but for weeks before the last steamer has passed, no boat could approach the rock. And in the spring the large boats begin their flights long before the island could be visited.

The summer life is lonesome enough, with no news of the outside world, no sight of life save the birds and the distant boats that pass indifferently along a course that was once so full of peril. But the winter, when there is nothing to do, no possibility of help coming in any necessity, no relief from the canned foods and monotony of four people who have learned every twist in each other's characters months and maybe years, before—in this cold, bleak, wild season the strain of keeping their senses tells on the marooned quartette.

The stranger who has been rapidly cranked to the top by the creaking windlass has the keys of the rock. As long as he will talk he is plied with questions about the outside world that confuse with their persistence and number. A newspaper six months old is a treasure to the lighthouse keeper who has sat on the edge of the cliff since the spring supply boat longingly gazing far out on the smoke of the steamers plying their watery paths, guessing at the life they keep in touch with even in the middle of the Atlantic.

The death of King Edward was the most important news three months after the pictures of the funeral had filled the papers. The spring catch of lobsters and seal on the nearest bit of land, Bryon Island, eight miles away, was absorbing in the late summer. There was no time to discuss such immaterial affairs as the progress of aviation, the comet or the return of Roosevelt.

But disaster did not cease with the building of the lighthouse on Bird Rock. The location of calamity was merely changed from the waters around to the little rock itself. From the first keeper to the present there is a list of fatalities that might well chill the ardor of future guardians to incur the ill luck of the rock for the sake of the high salary that has to be attached to the position.

As a reward for his success in constructing the lighthouse, the contractor was appointed the first lighthouse keeper. He was allowed two assistants and his wife. For two months he managed to endure the life. Then the terrible strain of the isolation, broken only by the screeching of the birds, the ceaseless dash of the waves and the intermittent firing of the cannon, was too much for him. One night he went violently insane and on the tiny plateau occurred one of those unrecorded struggles, the other three striving to protect themselves and to prevent the maniac from throwing himself into the sea. When the supply boat made its next call the man was taken off in a straight-jacket.

A few days later one of his assistants, overpowered by the occurrence, threw himself from the top of the rock and was never seen again.

The next keeper, a Mr. Chasson, with his son and another assistant were greatly troubled by the birds flocking around the light. Under the strain of too heavy a charge of powder, the cannon exploded and blew two of the men to pieces, the other dying the following morning. Only the woman was left on the island, but by a lucky accident help arrived in a few days and she was removed from the fatal rock.

Of the third crew one man had his hand blown off with the cannon. But he remained in charge engaging three other

men to attend to the lights. One spring just as the ice showed signs of breaking up and the men were looking forward to the arrival of the supply boat in a few weeks, several seals were seen on the floes surrounding the island. With the prospect of adding to their income and relieving the monotony of the long hibernation, the three men went out on the ice, while the woman sat on the rock watching.

Further and further they went out on what appeared to be a solid ice-field. Then, before her eyes, the woman saw the field break away from the shore and float before the north wind. In one last look her husband, knowing the certain death to which they were doomed, wafted back a kiss and sat down on the ice with his companions.

Into the night, out of her sight they passed; and around her was nothing but the birds and the grinding of the ice on the rocky walls. But the brave woman turned to her lights, trimmed them after their long sleep, and threw over towards Byron Island, the call for help. For a week she kept the lights gleaming over the waters while the ice tossed restlessly around and drifted before the wind. Then the sealers of Byron Island, knowing something terrible had happened to light the beacon at such a season, recklessly pushed their little seal boats on to the

floes, paddled from floe to floe, and at last reached the rope to the top.

But hopeless as had appeared the chances of the men on the ice in the open Gulf at such a season, one of them, the husband of the lonely woman, retained the spark of life when he was thrown up on the shores of Cape Breton, seventy miles to the south. He regained consciousness long enough to tell the story of the woman alone on the rock and the word was cabled across the Magdalens. But they were so girded with ice that no assistance dare attempt the twenty miles of ice floes to the rescue. The survivor lived until the spring, but his frozen limbs and the long exposure were too much for human constitution and he died before his wife reached his bedside.

Out in the Gulf there are still three men who live the life that means nothing in pleasure to themselves, but gives to the mariner a feeling of security. The world knows almost nothing of the four who have to be content with themselves for six months at a time, ignorant of the triumphs of man, the trials of government, the struggle of the classes and the work of the grim reaper. But the passenger in his stateroom on the southern passage of the Gulf sleeps without concern because of the light and the explosive fog signal that are tended from sunset to-day by the lighthouse keeper of Bird Rock.



IMMIGRANTS

Darkness and space are all that lie beyond,

 Upon the weary brain,

 No light has dawned,

No vision of the greater gain to come,

Numbed, deep-touched by Terror do they face

 Darkness and space.

Sullen and dazed they break their bonds and leave

 The centuries behind.

 They have no heart to grieve,

And, moving like an army of the blind,

They scarcely know how struggling hope is raised.

They stand and face the great unknown, a silent mass,

Till, on, into the new world's crucible, they pass,

 Sullen and dazed.

—*Fred Jacob.*

David Thompson: Explorer

By

J. B. Tyrrell

Photographs by the Author

Editor's Foreword

The leading Canadian explorer to-day is undoubtedly Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, the author of the following article. Mr. Tyrrell claims for himself no more assuming title than that of mining engineer. His office in the Confederation Life Building, in Toronto, is very much like all other offices, except that it contains curious photographs and other souvenirs of the many long journeys which Mr. Tyrrell has made in Canada. He knows Canada's farthest north as few know it. He explored the Mackenzie river, the rivers leading into Hudson's Bay, and made maps which no one else could have made. He has been the only white man to venture in certain parts of Canada, and is the modern David Thompson, the modern edition of the man of whom he writes in this article, though he would never admit it himself.

The paper herewith printed was read by Mr. Tyrrell before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Mr. Tyrrell permitted it to be reproduced in the Geographical Journal and in MacLean's Magazine. He is already well known as the author of "Across the Sub-Arctics," and is now working on a new edition of Samuel Hearne's Diary and David Thompson's Journal.

IT gives me a great deal of pleasure to have the opportunity of submitting a few of the facts on which I venture to claim that David Thompson, of whose achievements but little note has been taken, was the greatest land geographer that the British race has produced.

A poor boy from a London charity school, he spent most of his life on the northern part of this continent when it was a wilderness, peopled only by the natives and by a few fur traders, who had little groups of houses or factories, often

hundreds of miles apart, scattered along the principal waterways.

He was a fur trader in the employ of the Hudson Bay and North-West Companies, and in the prosecution of this trade he travelled many thousands of miles in canoes, on horseback, and on foot through what was then a vast unmapped country, extending from Montreal on the east to the Pacific ocean on the west, and from Athabasca Lake on the north to the headwaters of the Mississippi River on the south. Wherever he



MR. J. W. TYRRELL

The Canadian Explorer who is Editing the Journal of Samuel Hearne and writing David Thompson's Life.

went he made surveys, and wherever he stopped he took astronomical observations for latitude and longitude. When he left the western country in 1812, he had the material for a great map, which he drew in the following year, and which has been the basis for every map of northern and western Canada published since that time. After retiring from the fur trade, he was engaged on the part of Great Britain in surveying the boundary-line between the United States and Canada, subsequent to which he settled down quietly in Montreal.

David Thompson was born in London, England, on July 30, 1770, his parents' names being David and Ann. His daughters used to say that their grandparents were Welsh or of Welsh extraction, and that their names had originally been Ap Thomas, but on this point there is no further evidence. When seven years old he was placed in the Grey Coat School, which is still standing, though now used exclusively for girls, about a quarter of a mile west of Westminster Abbey, and not

far from the Canadian Government Office on Victoria Street. Here he remained for seven years, absorbing the ordinary subjects that were taught to a boy in those times, and, in addition to the subjects taught to most of the children, he and one other boy received lessons in navigation. He says that in his leisure hours he used to pore over 'The Tales of the Genii,' 'The Persian and Arabian Tales,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Gulliver's Travels.'

About the end of the year 1783, the Hudson Bay Company applied "to know if this Charity could furnish them with four boys against the month of May next, for their settlements in America." David Thompson was the only boy available, and in the following May, when just fourteen years old, he was bound as an apprentice to the Hudson Bay Company for seven years, and was sent out to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, in the ship Prince Rupert. Samuel Hearne, the discoverer and explorer of the Coppermine river, was then governor of Fort Chure-



RAPIDS BELOW DOOBAUNT LAKE

hill, and though there seems to have been little sympathy between the older explorer and the younger one, in spite of the fact that they were both natives of London, he was, at his own solicitation, employed in copying a few leaves of Hearne's journal, and he must have added to his love of exploration from what he there read, and from the stories of the trip which he heard from those around him. But no attempt was made to employ him in any surveying work, or to make use of the little knowledge of navigation which had been taught to him in school.

From Fort Churchill he was sent down the bleak, open shore of Hudson Bay on foot to York Factory, a distance of 160 miles. Here he remained for two years, employed as a clerk in the fur-trading store and in hunting the birds and other game of the country to help to provide food for himself and those living at the fort with him. All ideas of making surveys had been forgotten—in fact it is not likely that any serious intention was ever entertained of employing him as a surveyor in the interior countries. His knowledge of navigation was doubtless

merely to enable him to sail one or other of the little sloops which were kept by the Hudson Bay Company at their trading post on the shores of the bay.

In the year 1787, when seventeen years old, he was, however, sent inland with a party which was going to establish new trading-posts on the Saskatchewan River, and for the next three years he lived on the banks of that stream and on the adjoining plains to the south of it, learning the habits of the Indians, and inducing them to bring their furs to the stores to exchange for the commodities brought from England by the white people. One whole winter was spent in the tent of a chief of the Peagan Indians, one of the wildest native tribes of the West, and the friendships there formed stood him in good stead in his after-life.

In 1789, when at Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan, he began to use a notebook, and to take and record regular meteorological observations. The following year, while on a journey to York Factory with the brigade of furs, he made his first survey in the country. His notebooks show the courses and distances of all the reaches on the Saskatchewan and



A STRETCH OF RIVER ABOUT WHICH THOMPSON MUST HAVE PORTAGED

Hayes Rivers, as well as the north shore of Lake Winnipeg.

After his return to Cumberland House in this year, he had the advantage of the society of one Philip Turner, a surveyor who had been sent out by the Hudson Bay Company to make a survey of Lake Athabasca, and under him he devoted himself heartily to the study of practical astronomy. During that winter he took many observations for the latitude and longitude of Cumberland House, and the position which he determined for it is the same which it now occupies in the latest maps published by the Canadian Government, although the position has varied greatly in the maps which have been published in the intervening one hundred and twenty years.

In 1791, he returned to York Factory, where he remained for more than a year, assisting in the fur trade and filling in all his spare time with taking astronomical observations. In 1792 he again left York Factory, but this time he went into what he calls the "Muskrat Country," which lies west of Nelson River, between Saskatchewan and Churchill Rivers, where he spent the following winter. In 1793

he returned to the Saskatchewan, spending the winter at a place called Buckingham House, about halfway between Battleford and Edmonton; and the following summer he made a survey of the river down to Cumberland House, thus adding a considerable stretch to the part of the river he had already surveyed below that point.

The next three years were spent in the Muskrat country, making surveys of all the lakes and streams that he passed through in his search for furs. These surveys extended northward as far as Reindeer Lake and westward to the east end of Lake Athabaska, where he connected with the survey previously made by his tutor, Mr. Turner.

The year in which he made this latter survey would seem to have been a poor one for fur returns, and his superior officer in the company probably thought he had neglected the fur trade in the interest of exploration, so he gave orders that the surveying must be discontinued. This Thompson refused to agree to, and as his second term of engagement was expiring, he withdrew from the service of the Hudson Bay Company and entered that of the

North-West Company, which was particularly anxious at the time to have the position of its trading-posts determined. This was on May 23, 1797, the following entry being written in his journal of this date: "This day left the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and entered that of the Company of the Merchants from Canada. May God Almighty prosper me." Thus for the sake of a trifling shortage in the fur returns for the year, the Hudson Bay Company lost the greatest man it ever had in its employ, a man whose name will be a household word with educated men and women in America long after all the fur traders and their beaver-skins have been forgotten. On May 28 he arrived on foot at the house of Mr. Alex. Fraser, at the head of Reindeer River, where he was very hospitably entertained by this partner in the North-West Company. He at once proceeded from Reindeer Lake to Grand Portage on Lake Superior, making as usual a survey of the route which he followed. Here he received his instructions, and made final arrangements for his future work. The explorations of the next year are worth following in some detail, as they show what such a man could do under reasonably favorable circumstances.

On August 9 he left the "Grand Portage," at the mouth of Pigeon River on Lake Superior, in company with Mr. Hugh McGillis, and descended Rainy River, passing a fort at the Falls on the 21st, went on through Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods to Lake Winnipeg, which he reached on September 1. Crossing this lake and ascending the Dauphin River, he reached Lake Manitou (Manitoba) on September 10. He crossed this lake, and reached Lake Winnipegosis by way of the Meadow portage. On September 17, being camped 1 1-2 miles north of the Little Dauphin (Mossy) River, provisions were received from Fort Dauphin, on or near Dauphin Lake.

On September 17, having received provisions from Fort Dauphin, the party proceeded northward up the west shore of Lake Winnipegosis. On the 19th, Mr. Hugh McGillis left him to go up Red Deer River, while he himself reached the mouth of Shoal River. He ascended this river, passed through Swan Lake,

and ascended Swan River for 4¾ miles to Swan River house, on the north bank of the river, which would place it near the north line of Tp. 39 in lat. 52 degrees 24' 5" N. The Hudson Bay Company also had a post in the immediate vicinity. Horses were then in common use on the Swan River Valley, for after stopping a day at this post, he and Mr. Grant started on horseback up the valley on a trail which ran for most of the distance along the north side of the river. On the second day they crossed the Swan River to the south side, and rode six miles to a house kept by one Belleau in a "hammock of Pines" on the bank of the Snake Creek, almost on the Second Initial Meridian, about six miles north of Fort Pelly. From here he turned southward, and continued his survey past the post of the Hudson Bay Company at the Elbow of the Assiniboine River to the house of Cuthbert Grant, which was situated in Tp. 28, Range 31, and south-west of the present village of Runnymede, on the Canadian Northern Railway.

Here he remained till October 14, when he returned to Belleau's house on Snake Creek, in order, if possible, to obtain guides to take him up the Swan River, across the watershed to Red Deer River, and thence around to the headwaters of the Assiniboine River. From this date to November 28 his journal was lost, but he states, "I surveyed the Stone Indian (Assiniboine) River upward and its sources, and the Red Deer River and its sources, and from thence returned to the house of Mr. Cuthbert Grant, at the Brooks, on the Stone Indian River."

He, however, gives traverses worked out by latitude and departure which show his course to have been from Belleau's house to the upper house on Red Deer River in lat. 52 degrees 47 min. 44 sec. N. From here he turned south-westward, and continued his survey to the "upper house on the Stone Indian River," afterwards known as Alexandria, where Daniel Harmon spent five years of his life in the West, from 1800 to 1805, and which is said by him to have been "built on a small rise of ground on the bank of the Assiniboine, that separated it from a beautiful prairie about two miles long and one to four broad, which is as level as the

floor of a house." At a little distance behind the posts are small groves of birch, poplar, aspen and pine. From Alexandria he travelled down the river to the Elbow, and thence to Cuthbert Grant's house. Thence he continued southward to Thorburn's house on the Qu'Appelle River, a few miles above its mouth, in lat. 50 degrees 28 min. 57 sec., and McDonald's house, 1 1-2 mile above the mouth of the Souris River.

The winter has now set in, when traveling on the open plains was unpleasant and dangerous, but Thompson was anxious to find out the exact positions of those Indian villages on the Missouri, where the people lived by the cultivation of corn as well as by hunting buffalo, and personal inconvenience and danger were not to be considered when compared with the satisfaction of this craving for knowledge. Besides this, some of the Indians might be induced to establish a regular trade with the North-West Company. So on November 28, 1797, he left McDonald's (Assiniboine) house with nine men, a few horses, and thirty dogs, and started south-westward across the plain. On December 7 he reached Old Ash House on the Souris River. "settled two years ago, and abandoned the following spring."

Having been unable to procure a guide here, he himself assumed the head, and, going by Turtle Mountain, again reached the Souris or Mouse River, which he followed up to the "bight," whence he crossed the plains, a distance of 37 miles, to the Missouri River, reaching it on December 29 at a point 6 miles above the upper of the Mandan villages. These villages are stated to have been five in number, and contained in all 318 houses and seven tents, inhabited by Mandan and Willow Indians in about equal numbers. The number of the Willow Indians in another place in his notes (there called Fall Indians) is placed at 2,200 to 2,500. He remained at these villages till January 10, trying to induce the Indians to come north to trade, but with very little success, as they were afraid of the Sioux. While here he wrote down a vocabulary of the Mandan language, containing about 375 words.

On January 10, 1798, he left the villages, but being delayed by severe storms, it was the 24th before he reached the Souris River, and February 3 when he arrived at McDonald's house at the mouth of the Souris River. At Souris River post he remained till February 25, 1798, not to rest and enjoy himself after the hardships of his journey, but to make up his notes and plans and prepare for a longer trip, this time on foot, to connect the waters of the Red and Mississippi Rivers, and thence onward to Lake Superior, a trip which his companion ridiculed as being impossible to accomplish before the advent of summer. On the above date he started out on foot with a dog-team, and followed the course of the Assiniboine eastward to its mouth, making, as he always did, a survey of his route, passing on his way Pine Fort and Poplar House, both of which had been abandoned, and some houses a little below the Meadow Portage to Lake Manito Bah.

On March 7 he reached the forks of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers at the present city of Winnipeg, though no mention is made of any habitation there at the time. Traveling on the ice, he turned up the latter stream, and on the second day reached Cheboillez's old house of the North-West Company, a quarter of a mile up Rat Creek above its mouth, the latitude of which was 49 degrees 33 min. 58 sec. N., which would be a few miles west of Niverville on the Emerson branch of the C.P.R.

On March 14 he crossed the boundary-line into the United States, and reached the house of Mr. Charles Cheboillez at the mouth of Summerberry or Pembina river in lat. 48 degrees 58 min. 29 sec. N., at the present town of Pembina in North Dakota. After staying here for a week he continued up Red River, passing the house of the North-West Company kept by Mr. Roi, at the mouth of Salt River, also in North Dakota, to the mouth of Red Lake River, which he ascended to the mouth of Clear River, where there was a North-West Company's house kept by Baptiste Cadotte, which he places in lat. 47 degrees 54 min. 21 sec. N., close to the present site of Red Lake Falls. He reached this house on March 24, and at



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT AT FORT McMURRAY

once endeavored to proceed eastward on foot, but was obliged to return and wait for the breaking up of the ice, as "the snow thawing made the open country like a lake of open water."

On April 9 he again started from Cadotte's house, but this time in a canoe with three men, and ascended Clear River for six days, when he carried across to Red Lake River, which he ascended to Red Lake, reaching it at a point in lat. 47 degrees 58 min. 15 sec. N. Two miles to the south was an old house once occupied by Mr. Cadotte. After traversing the south shore of Red Lake for a considerable distance eastward, he turned southward, and at a point in lat. 47 degrees 53 min. 42 sec. N. he crossed a carrying-place 6 miles long, after which he wound his way through small lakes and brooks, and walked over short portages till, on April 27, he arrived at Turtle Lake, from which flows "Turtle Brook," which he states to be the source of the Mississippi, since it is from here that the river takes the most direct course to the sea. Thus, to this indefatigable but hitherto almost unknown geographer belongs the honor of discovering the head waters

of this great river, about whose source there has been almost as much discussion as about that of the Nile itself. His course is well laid down on his great "Map of the North-West Territory of the Province of Canada, made for the North-West Company in 1813-1814," drawn on a scale of about 15 miles to an inch, and now in the possession of the Government of the Province of Ontario.

An excellent account of the early expeditions to the headwaters of the Mississippi is given by Mr. N. H. Winchell, in his Historical Introduction in the Final Report on the "Geology of Minnesota," 1884. In speaking of Lieut. Pike's journey to Red Cedar (Cass) Lake in 1806, he there states that, "Mr. Thompson's maps and papers never having been published, Lieut. Pike is to be accredited with the first authenticated examination of the Mississippi valley from the St. Francis River to Red Cedar Lake." The first man who is stated to have travelled through the country north of Red Cedar Lake was J. C. Beltrami, an Italian gentleman, who accompanied Major Long's expedition as far as Pembina. He ascended Bloody (Red) Lake River, and thence



AN INDIAN HUNTER'S LODGE IN THE HUDSON'S BAY REGION

followed Thompson's route to Turtle Lake, whence he descended the Mississippi to its mouth. This was in the summer of 1823, nine years after Thompson had recorded his discoveries on the above-mentioned map, and twenty-five years after he had made the survey of his course.

From Turtle Lake, Thompson descended Turtle Brook to Red Cedar (Cass) Lake, on which there was a North-West Company's house, kept by Mr. John Sayer, which he places in lat. 47 degrees 27 min. 56 sec., long. 95 degrees. Remaining here from April 29 to May 3, he again embarked, and struck across to the Mississippi River, down which he travelling through Winnipegosis Lake, to the south of Sand Lake River, where he left the main stream and turned up Sand Lake River to Sand Lake, on which was a house belonging to the North-West Company, south 14 degrees, east 1 1-4 mile from the head of the river, and in lat. 56 degrees 46 min. 39 sec. From this house he crossed the lake to the mouth of Savannah Brook, which he followed up to the Savannah carrying-place, a deep bog 4 miles across. Crossing this portage to a small creek that flows into St. Louis River

he descended the latter stream to Fond du Lac House, in lat. 46 degrees 44 min. 2 sec., $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the river from Lake Superior. He reached this post on May 10, two months and eighteen days after leaving the mouth of the Souris River. From here he surveyed the south shore of Lake Superior, arriving at the falls of Ste. Marie on May 28.

On June 1 he left Sault Ste Marie in a light canoe with eleven men in company with Messrs McKenzie, McLeod, and Stuart, and reached Grand Portage on the 7th, where he remained till July 14. The time was a busy one at this the central post of the company, and in his journal he gives a very interesting account of the men who were almost daily arriving from and departing for many widely separated points throughout the west. Since he had left here one year before, he had been on a continuous journey of survey and exploration of unexplored country, and his survey, approximately 4,000 miles long, made in that time is a record that has rarely been equalled. From that time, year after year, he continued his survey throughout the northern portions of the North American continent, traveling in



A PORTAGE WITH AN ESQUIMAUX KYACK ON THE KAZAN RIVER ABOVE TATH-KYED FALLS

canoes, on horseback, or on foot, as occasion offered.

In addition to the surveys enumerated above, he re-surveyed the Saskatchewan River from its mouth to its source, and, east of the Rocky Mountains, he also made surveys of the Bow and South Saskatchewan Rivers; Churchill River down to South Indian Lake; Athabasca River from its source to its mouth; Peace River from Fort St. John down to its mouth; Clearwater River, Beaver River, and the whole or parts of Lakes Athabasca, Lesser Slave, La Biche, Winnipeg, etc.

In 1807, he crossed the Rocky Mountains by the Saskatchewan pass into what is now the province of British Columbia, and ascended the Columbia River to its source, where he built a trading post and spent the winter. From that time onwards until 1812, much of his time was spent in British Columbia and the adjoining states of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Oregon. During these years he surveyed the Columbia River from its source to its mouth, the Kootenay River, parts of Canoe, Pend d'Oreille,

Clark's fork, and Lewis Rivers, Flathead Lake, and many other smaller rivers and lakes, in all covering many thousands of miles of new and previously unexplored country.

In 1811, when he reached the mouth of the Columbia River, he wrote as follows: "Thus I have fully completed the survey of this part of North America from sea to sea, and by almost innumerable astronomical observations have determined the positions of the mountains, lakes and rivers and other remarkable places on the northern part of this continent. The maps of all these surveys have been drawn, and they are laid down in geographical position: This work has occupied me for twenty-seven years."

These surveys were not merely rough sketches sufficient to give some idea of the general character of the country, but they were careful traverses made by a master in the art, short courses being taken with a magnetic compass, the variation of which was constantly checked; distances carefully estimated by the time taken to travel them, and the whole



ESQUIMAUX "BOATMEN" ON THE KAZAN RIVER

checked by numerous astronomical observations for latitude and longitude.

It has been my fortune to follow Thompson's courses for thousands of miles through this western country, and to take astronomical observations on the same places where he took them, and it is impossible for me to speak too highly of the general excellence of these surveys and observations. For three-quarters of a century Thompson's map was the standard of North-Western Canada, and even yet some parts of it have not been superseded.

In 1812, after having spent twenty-eight years in the wilderness of Western America, but at the same time being only forty-two years of age, Thompson retired from the services of the North-West Company and settled at Terrebonne, in Lower Canada (Quebec), where for a couple of years he was engaged in completing his great map of the North-West Territory which for years hung in the headquarters of the North-West Company at Fort William, and is now in possession of the Province of Ontario.

In 1816, this boy from a charity school in London, who had educated himself as a surveyor in the forests and on the plains

and mountains of the West, was appointed by the Government of Great Britain as its astronomer and surveyor to determine and define the boundary-line between the United States and British North America (Canada) under the Treaty of Ghent. The years from 1816 to 1825 were occupied in performing this great international survey, and the maps which he made are still and will always continue to be the ultimate authority on this long line dividing two nations, extending from the state of Maine to the north-west angle of Lake of the Woods.

His last years were spent either in Gleggarry County, Ontario, or in Longueuil, opposite Montreal, where he died on February 10, 1857, at the ripe old age of nearly eighty-seven years. His wife, a child of the Western country, whom he married at Isle a la Crosse, on the Churchill River, survived him by less than three months, dying on May 7 of the same year.

Thompson's work must not be confused with that accomplished by ordinary explorers, or even with that of many of the clerks of the fur companies who have written journals and have given us excellent accounts of the new countries through which they travelled. Their



ESQUIMAUX BUILDING AN IGLOO, NEAR CHURCHILL

work was descriptive and general, his was detailed and exact, so that wherever he went others could follow him. They described small portions of the country, he learned of the physical features of all the vast country through which he travelled, and grouped these features together on a map in one harmonious whole, so that not only could any individual course or route of his be followed, but the relations of these courses to each other, their distances from each other and from any other place on the surface of the earth was known for all time to come.

Dr. J. J. Bigsby, the naturalist of the International Boundary Commission, thus speaks of his first meeting with David Thompson in Mr. McGillivray's home in Montreal about the year 1817. A singular-looking person of about fifty. He was plainly dressed, quiet, and observant. His figure was short and compact, and his black hair was worn long all around, and cut square, as if by one stroke of the shears, just above the eyebrows. His complexion was of the gardener's ruddy brown, while the expression of deeply furrowed features was friendly and intelligent, but his cut, short nose gave him an odd look. His speech betrayed the Welshman.

"No living person possesses a title of his information respecting the Hudson Bay countries, which from 1793 to 1820 he was constantly traversing. Never mind his Bunyan-like face and cropped hair; he has a very powerful mind, and a singular faculty of picture-making. He can create a wilderness and people it with warring savages, or climb the Rocky Mountains with you in a snowstorm, so clearly and palpably, that only shut your eyes and you hear the crack of the rifle, or feel the snow-flakes on your cheeks as he talks.

"Mr. Thompson was a firm Churchman, while most of our men were Roman Catholics. Many a time have I seen these uneducated Canadians most attentively and thankfully listen, as they sat upon some bank of shingle, to Mr. Thompson, while he read to them in most extraordinary pronounced French, three chapters out of the Old Testament, and as many out of the New, adding such explanations as seemed to him suitable."

He never used alcoholic liquors, and during the time that he was in control of the fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains, and while most of the posts kept by



A COMPLETED IGLOO, NEAR CHURCHILL

the fur traders were merely bar-rooms of the very lowest type, where the Indians were encouraged in drunkenness and debauchery of every kind, no alcoholic liquor was allowed to be brought to any

post under his charge. Both morally and scientifically, he was a man of the very highest type. As a discoverer and explorer of new continental lands, he stands in the highest rank.

The Three_Motives

I had called back the times of the nursery rhymes, and tales of that region whence the Sagas Norwegian
Come to us whisp'ring of North Winds and Pines.
I had mused midst the myst'ry of dead and gone Hist'ry, and on all
the old minstrels and all the old lines,
And I found that the basis of most of the cases
Was Money, was Love, or was Hate.

I thought of the poets—of course, you must know it's a subject that
comes when one sits in the dark—
And I analyzed mentally, patiently, gently, the whole gorgeous make-up
of poesy's spark :
And then, perhaps calmer, I sized up the Drama—
The plays that are tragic, the ones that are funny—
And I saw the incentive to the authors inventive
Was Love, or was Hate, or was Money.

Indeed, when I pondered how mortals have squandered these primitive
passions, and how
In all books and on stages, from earliest ages, they've strummed the
same strings until now ;
It seemed to me, dreaming, the knowledge came gleaming
How vastly superior, how far, far above,
All these passions inferior, this "getting," and "fretting,"
This "Money," this "Hatred"—is Love.

—George Travers Batty.

Five Hundred Thousand

By

Thomas L. Masson

IN the gossip corner of the club, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a small group of men were discussing—

"No, I understand that Polly Price is not engaged to Stetnic yet, but she will be soon," said Colter.

"Where does Paul Payton come in?" asked Semms.

"He doesn't come in; he goes out," said Wallingford. "You see, it's quite simple. Paul has been in love with Polly for no end of time—several weeks, in fact—and the thing was to have come off, but it developed that Paul didn't have cash enough—you know he was cleaned out in Union Pacific. Well, now, along comes Stetnic, with loads of it, and Polly's people have been bringing pressure to bear on her."

"Why shouldn't they?" said Semms. "Those two are exactly fitted for each other. Stetnic is a fine fellow, and the two families are on the same plane. As a good, common-sense alliance, I know of nothing better."

"Can't agree with you, quite," said Colter. "You must remember that Paul is a fine fellow, too."

"None finer."

"Very well. This is a love-match pure and simple, and we see too few of them nowadays. Polly is a star. Now, the idea of a little lack of money coming between them! It's ridiculous. It isn't as if he hadn't always had it. Besides, she has enough and to spare for both of them. Why, then, should she be induced to marry a man she doesn't care for, just because it seems a common-sense arrangement?"

Colter leaned forward and reduced his voice to a whisper.

"I know something about this affair," he said. "It's a question of five hundred thousand."

"What is?" asked Semms.

"Her marriage with Paul. Her father says that if Paul can raise five hundred thousand and show it to him, he will give his consent. Otherwise, he will insist on her marrying Stetnic, who is, by the way, crazy about her."

"Why don't *you* let him have the money?" said Semms, with a satiric smile. "You seem so much interested."

"That's what I am going to do."

Every man started as he looked at Colter in astonishment.

"Let him have it?" repeated Semms. "You must be joking."

"Never was more serious in my life. You believe that I have it?"

Colter was known as a several-times millionaire, with a rather close reputation, however.

"Oh, you have it all right," said Wallingford; "but what is the inducement?"

"Perfectly simple if you stop to think of it. Payton is one of my dearest friends. So is Polly. I know that she wouldn't be happy with Stetnic, especially as she is in love with Paul. Very well. If five hundred thousand is going to set the whole thing right, and make two people happy for the rest of their lives, do you suppose that I would hesitate? But I want you fellows to help me out."

"What to do?"

"Paul is coming in now."

Colter put his hand down to his side, where there was a patent-leather bag.

"The money is here, in thousand-dollar bills. Now, I want you to take him aside and hand it over to him. Tell him that it has been placed in your hands by a friend, who gives it to him freely until such time as he can pay it back conveniently. Explain that this friend doesn't want his name known. Tell him the plain truth as

I have told it to you, only don't give my name away. Here it is. I mustn't be seen with you."

Colter handed the bag to Semms, and disappeared before there was time to reply. In an instant Paul Payton came in to view in the corridor. The two men, with the money in the bag between them, looked at each other in consternation.

"What do you make of it?" asked Semms.

"There is no knowing," replied Wallingford, "what fool things some men will do! The idea of Colter giving away anything! It is too funny! On the other hand, I never knew him to go back on his word. Let's see——"

He picked up the bag, opened the catch, and put his hand inside.

"It's there," he whispered, holding the bag out to Semms.

"By Jove! So it is. Crammed with one-thousand-dollar bills. Well, my boy, let's get this painful affair over. I'll get Paul."

In a moment he returned with Payton. The three men made their way into a private dining-room, where Wallingford turned the key.

"Old man," he said to Payton, who looked at them in surprise, "don't be insulted if I seem to pry into your affairs, for I assure you there will be an explanation at the end. But I understand that you are in love with Miss Polly Price."

Payton smiled.

"I was," he said grimly, "up to——"

"Yes, we understand fully. Her father has broken off the match, and, if his plans mature, he will marry her to Stetnie. He has stated to you that if you had money—a little matter of five hundred thousand dollars—he would consent to your marriage with her. But he has some ambitions for her, or is controlled by her mother, we don't know which. At any rate, that's the situation."

"How did you know all this?" asked Payton.

"From a friend of yours, who wishes to remain incognito. He wants you to accept the money, so that you may marry the girl that you are entitled to by all the laws of love."

Wallingford drew forth the bag and turned the contents out on the table.

"Semms and I," he said, "have been

deputed to turn this money over to you, from an unknown friend, and to say that you can keep it as long as you like after your marriage."

Payton remained silent for a long time. He looked at the bundle of bills as they had been dumped out on the table. He looked alternately into the faces of his friends. He looked out of the window at the endless procession of automobiles. Then he turned to Wallingford and said quietly:

"I'll accept this money on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you meet me here to-morrow afternoon at this hour."

"We'll be here."

The next morning Payton made his appearance at the office of Price & Company. He carried a bag in his hand. He was admitted to the inner office after a slight delay.

"Good morning, Mr. Price."

"Good morning, Mr. Payton. What can I do for you?"

"The last time I saw you, you were good enough to state frankly that you preferred not to have me marry your daughter, because I had not cash enough."

"You put it bluntly, but that was the idea. I have a high regard for you personally, and——"

"Oh, I know all about that. It was, I believe, a little matter of five hundred thousand dollars."

"Yes."

"I have come with it."

Payton opened up his bag.

"Here is the money," he said.

Price looked at the packages of bills all neatly laid together.

"How do I know that is really your money?" he said. "You might have borrowed it."

Payton turned red with anger.

"There is only one way to prove that," he replied. "I propose to turn this money over to you as a guarantee of good faith. Just give me a receipt for it, and if I don't marry your daughter, you can turn it back to me. Does that answer your objection?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will now keep your word?"

"Certainly."

Price smiled. There was a mystery about this affair that he didn't understand,

but it was evident that there was nothing else for him to do. He was too good a sport to go back on his word.

"You are entirely at liberty to marry my daughter," he said.

"Good! Do you mind writing me a note to that effect?"

"I don't understand."

"I simply want to show it to Polly."

"Certainly." Price scribbled:

DEAR POLLY:

It's all right. You can marry bearer.

DAD.

and handed it to Payton.

An hour later that young man faced Miss Polly Price in her home.

Silently he handed her the note. She read it and turned on him her flashing eyes.

"I knew it would be all right," she whispered.

"But it *isn't* all right."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you suppose that I would marry a girl who, in the first place, would consent to give me up just because I didn't have money enough?"

"But Papa——"

"I know that your father insisted upon it, but that doesn't matter. If you had really loved me you would never have consented to such a base bargain. I just wanted to prove that both you and he were capable of such a thing. Now I shall take this letter back, get my money from him, return it to the man I borrowed it from for twenty-four hours and congratulate you upon your approaching marriage to Stetnic. Good-by."

She threw herself upon him in a passion of tears.

"You mustn't!" she said. "Don't you know that I have always loved you? It isn't true that I submitted."

"But doesn't this prove it? Isn't the fact that you are now willing to marry me, when yesterday you were not——"

"You forget that yesterday I merely asked for time to consider——"

"And isn't that enough? You were too ready to marry the highest bidder. As between the two of us, you might prefer me, but it was only when I produced the necessary cash."

"Paul, you are unreasonable. You don't understand. Oh, dear! I cannot explain. Won't you believe me?"

But he rushed away from her and started down once more to her father's office. He must keep that engagement at the club, and return the money.

Suddenly, as he ran up the steps of Price & Company, a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was Wallingford.

"Old man, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't go in there. I have my car right here. Rushed like mad to intercept you. Got a hurry call from the man who put up that money. He says under no circumstances must you go anywhere until you have seen him."

"Where is he?"

"At the club."

"Who is he?"

"You will know when you get there."

"But I must go up-stairs and get the money."

"No! Not now. You may afterwards, if you wish. But you are bound to obey his request first. Come! Jump in."

In another instant they were whirling up to the club. Neither spoke.

As they entered, both Semms and Colter were waiting for them. Semms took Payton by the arm, and they filed into the same room where they had passed over the money on the day previous.

"You?" said Payton to Colter. "Can it be possible, old man, that you——"

Colter smiled at Wallingford.

"I gave you the money, didn't I?" he said.

"You certainly did. And I can't thank you enough," said Payton, "but——"

Colter smiled again.

"Don't thank me," he said. "Thank Miss Price."

"What do you mean?"

"She gave me the money to give to you."

"Where did she get it?"

"From her father. She didn't propose to give you up for a little matter of five hundred thousand, and he agreed with her. He has it back now all right."

Payton looked at him in amazement.

"Why, I thought her father wanted Stetnic to marry her."

Colter smiled for the third time.

"Nonsense!" he said quietly. "It was her mother."

Should the Gifted Marry?

By

Minna Thomas Antrim

WHY Art and Marriage should be deemed antagonistic is a vexatious problem. When a woman who has extraordinary artistry marries, straight-way the public begins to prophesy. A singer, an actress, or a writer of importance rarely opens the door to Hymen without at once hearing the clamor of protest at the window.

It is alleged that great artists are chameleons in love. This is not true. The quicksand that engulfs the temperamental artist is oftenest impulse. She mistakes the flare of passion for the flame of love, forgetting that misdirected passion eventually destroys art. The emotional woman should study man as an individual before she accepts him as a husband. It is no more good for an artist to live alone than it is for lesser folk. God made a mate for everything worth-while, not only in order to reproduce the species, but that the two might be companions. Lonliness destroys more lives than war. Propinquity should not be the ground of union, however. The married Moth is foredoomed to the flame, be she where she may. It is not in her to be wise, or loyal. She has not enough soul to make even Satan long for her. She lives her silly little life, and is gone. But the big artist has a big soul. This she divides equally between her "work" and her family. And among such are few Castaways. The consecrated candle of the Gifts leads much oftener to Heaven than to the Nether World.

It is contended that the wear and tear of the emotions, and the pangs of maternity, act disastrously upon a singer's voice. Be of good cheer, O Trouble-Seeker. An emotionalist rarely feels anything long enough to make a lasting impression upon vocal chords, heart, or mind. As to the maternal end of it, in "that joy that

cometh in the morning" the perilous night is quickly forgotten. So in his wisdom did God make mothers. Therefore, since one must know in order to express thrilling emotions, marriage and motherhood should vocally enrich rather than deplete a singer. When given the right of way, the gamut of human emotions broadens the mind, and deepens all life's meanings. Until she loves and is loved, the greatest artist has but a butterfly comprehension of joy or pain. As to those "dangerous separations," if, for a season she goes to fulfill the other half of her God-given destiny, is she necessarily a less faithful wife and mother? Far be it from sanity to undervalue the body of woman, but it is a fact that the true artist regards the physical part of her being as of infinitely less importance than does less gifted femininity. Verily, comeliness is part of the artistic "business." To keep her face unlined and her figure slight, she often labors, but a great actress would gladly be plainer than two pike-staffs if thereby she could add to her artistry. Oddly, where she is while working seems equally of minor importance. She lets her heart-life enthrall her absolutely when her season closes. When she begins to work she gives her mind dominion, for, being conscientious, she owes her public the best that she can give (for a large consideration, it is true). In the wee sma' hours before she sleeps, those far away are not forgotten. God knows that.

No artist can serve a selfish husband and a clamorous public satisfyingly. The very basic principle of artistic success is peace of mind, hence the artist confronted by hostile domestic conditions had better bury her talent in the Napkin of Oblivion than try to cultivate it in the House of Contention. This by way of the selfish

mate. Equipped doubly is a singer or musician whose home life is happy. True, the children of a great artist do miss their mother when she is *en tour*, but later in life they reap the splendid harvest of her powers and prestige, whereas, had she, thinking only of the present, stayed at home, grieving in secret over her wasted talent, would they have been better mothered? Wisdom often harvests late. It is, moreover, contended that great singers are supremely selfish. For the salvation of your souls, give ear, O Carpers.

Not so many years ago that thousands in their forties may not recall her, a great singer, whose golden voice was just as big and spring-clear as her soul, married. Now, he whom she married was a man, and, incidentally, at heart a boy, who had been mother-loved and indulged beyond the average by his womankind. Destiny permitted him to love and to be loved by a prima-donna who wished to continue singing, for her public adored her. Briefly, her career was in its zenith. Her husband elected to travel with her, so that those dreaded separations should not intervene. So it was for a long while. Finally, in spite of his joy in her joy, and his pride in her laurels, he grew weary of — ah, no, Sir Cynic — weary of the divided-life. He needed her *all the time*. His love had grown so that he wanted more than he could have of her delightful companionship. Finally the great test came. Well, have I not said her soul was as big and crystal-clear as her voice? All that she had that was most precious she gave to him, for that is how she read the book of her love and his. Regret it? Who asks does not remember her: who does, need not ask.

The actress has always been a target for all sorts of forebodings. That anything save vanity could make a wife and mother remain in or return to the profession, it would take a heaven-sent herald to trumpet. Even then good mothers would sniff, and yet Stageland has countless wives and mothers who are above suspicion of vanity, who are not so woman-like as womanly. Oddly, it is very often her love for her unsuccessful husband, and her dominating ambition for her clever children, that keeps an actress before the public. It is a fact that actresses who play the role of

society belles feel nauseated that such shallow worldlings should be wives and mothers. For any other part rather than such a travesty upon womanhood, would a representative actress be cast. As in the singer's case, so with the "stage favorite;" rather than see her husband struggling along in the role of Atlas, or hear her darlings vainly wishing for things that other little girls and boys have, the actress-mother spends part of the year away from the home that her talent has filled with luxuries and comforts, solely for the sake of others. Many an elderly leading woman drags a more than weary body over thousands of miles, bearing ills we know not of, not because she loves admiration inordinately, but because she wishes her loved ones to fare sumptuously every day, when she is gone, and to have all that there is—anon. Unselfish love keeps an actress young, and gives her voice that delicious timbre that makes every line tell. After marriage, an actress has a thousand hidden sources from which to draw inspiration when "creating a part." One has only to note her devotion to her dog to see that the maternal instinct is not dormant. Fido is a poor substitute, but she loves him. As a mother, she is thrice careful, for who better than she knows the danger of the wrong environment for impressionable young minds. She is not a sentimentalist, but when her little ones grow older, and the wolf prowls near her girls, or the cynic would throw mud into the minds of her boys, she is a tower of strength and tact.

The writer gains as richly as the others through personal experience,—possibly in greater degree. Most women writers of extraordinary distinction are married. To whom but wives and mothers is the world indebted for those modest little masterpieces of home life that have blended laughter and tears? It is not necessarily the happy wife who writes the best fiction, but it is still the woman who "understands." It is the woman who has drained the chalice of love. If in the bottom she has found the bitter dregs, will this not make her work the stronger after the first smart of disillusion has passed? If she has borne children and, God help her, laid them away under the great Green Coverlid, is she not piteously well-equipped to

write of these little ones with a tenderness almost divine? If, on the contrary, joy has been and still is her portion, is she not the divinely appointed missioner of dual-blessedness?

In those more sheltered avenues where talented women strive, marriage and art are a more serious combination. Where the finished work must be sent out from home by schedule, where absolute isolation or silence is a desideratum, the double knot has its drag-backs. Nothing short of Amazonian strength, allied to genius, can achieve notable success in Poverty Hall. Petty cares, like microbes, are underground workers for oblivion. Even a brave spirit quails before a half-empty larder and a coal-bin that echoes drearily. Housed with a happy-go-lucky, ailing, or mediocre husband, the seeker for artistic recognition is foredoomed to obscurity. True, if she has a great gift, she will succeed, because from the beginning her talent was ordained to work out the better, stronger part of her ego. If her gift is merely well indicated, she may be heard of, but not so quickly as though with unhampered mind and hands she could pursue the art in which she hopes to shine. Having wedded unwisely, it is a clever wife who considers motherhood the finest "career."

It is, for one whose gift is not sufficiently great for financial betterment. Art for art's sake is only for those few who, after much tribulation and hard labor, walk among the Elect. Art for art's—and money's—sake is much more admirable at times. The wife who neglects her duties and her children while she postures before the shrine of the Immortals, is not as likely to become one of them, as she who bides her time, ministering the while to the needs of dependent ones. Her opportunity may come by undreamed-of circlings. But for a woman with much liking, but little talent, for a given vocation, to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of fame persistently, while her children go underfed, and her husband goes unkempt and companionless, is criminal. That their husbands hate their work, or are jealous of their art, is the cry of these pseudo-artists. Even were it true, is it any wonder when in looking for a wife, the hapless man too often finds a stone woman.

To sum up, while it is positively heretical to insist that a great artist who marries necessarily jeopardizes her art, it is as absolutely true that a little artist jeopardizes her marital happiness by over-estimating her talent.

The most abundant thing in
 Canada is natural wealth;
 The most noteworthy thing, strong men;
 The most dangerous thing, sectionalism;
 And the most to be desired thing—
 A Pan-Canadian viewpoint.—Witness
 the Reciprocity discussions.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechakc"

BOOK II.

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CHAPTER XII. (Continued).

WE entered the Fifty-mile River; we were in a giant valley; tier after tier of benchland rose to sentinel mountains of austere grandeur. There at the bottom the little river twisted like a silver wire, and down it rolled the eager army. They shattered the silence into wildest echo, they roused the bears out of their frozen sleep; the forest flamed from their careless fires.

The river was our beast of burden now, a tireless, gentle beast. Serenely and smoothly it bore us onward, yet there was a note of menace in its song. They had told us of the canyon and of the rapids, and as we pulled at the oars and battled with the mosquitoes, we wondered when the danger was coming, how we would fare through it when it came.

Then one evening as we were sweeping down the placid river, the current suddenly quickened. The banks were sliding past at a strange speed. Swiftly we swept around a bend, and there we were right on top of the dreadful canyon. Straight ahead was what seemed to be a solid wall of rock. The river looked to have no outlet; but as we drew nearer we saw that there was a narrow chasm in the stony face, and at this the water was rearing and charging with an angry roar.

The current was gripping us angrily now; there was no chance to draw back. At his post stood the Jam-wagon with the keen alert look of the man who loves dan-

ger. A thrill of excitement ran through us all. With set faces we prepared for the fight.

I was in the bow. All at once I saw directly in front a scow struggling to make the shore. In her there were three people, two women and a man. I saw the man jump out with a rope and try to snub the scow to a tree. Three times he failed, running along the bank and shouting frantically. I saw one of the women jump for the shore. Then at the same instant the rope parted, and the scow, with the remaining woman, went swirling on into the canyon.

CHAPTER XIII.

All this I saw, and so fascinated was I that I forgot our own peril. I heard a shrill scream of fear; I saw the solitary woman crouch down in the bottom of the scow, burying her face in her hands; I saw the scow rise, hover, and then plunge downward into the angry maw of the canyon.

The river hurried us on helplessly. We were in the canyon now. The air grew dark. On each side, so close it seemed we could almost touch them with our oars, were black, ancient walls, towering up dizzily. The river seemed to leap and buck, its middle arching four feet higher than its sides, a veritable hog-back of water. It bounded on in great billows, green, hillocky and terribly swift, like a liquid toboggan slide. We plunged forward, heaved aloft, and the black, moss-stained walls brindled past us.

About midway in the canyon is a huge basin, like the old crater of a volcano, sloping upwards to the pine-fringed skyline. Here was a giant eddy, and here, circling round and round, was the runaway scow. The forsaken woman was still crouching on it. The light was quite wan, and we were half blinded by the flying spray, but I clung to my place at the bow and watched intently.

"Keep clear of that scow," I heard some one shout. "Avoid the eddy."

It was almost too late. The ill-fated scow spun round and swooped down on us. In a moment we would have been struck and overturned, but I saw Jim and the Jam-wagon give a desperate strain at the oars. I saw the scow swirling past, just two feet from us. I looked again—then with a wild panic of horror I saw that the crouching figure was that of Berna.

I remember jumping—it must have been five feet—and I landed half in, half out of the water. I remember clinging a moment, then pulling myself aboard. I heard shouts from the others as the current swept them into the canyon. I remember looking round and cursing because both sweeps had been lost overboard, and lastly I remember bending over Berna and shouting in her ear:

"All right, I'm with you!"

If an angel had dropped from high heaven to her rescue I don't believe the girl could have been more impressed. For a moment she stared at me unbelievably. I was kneeling by her and she put her hands on my shoulders as if to prove to herself that I was real. Then, with a half-sob, half-cry of joy, she clasped her arms tightly around me. Something in the girl's look, something in the touch of her slender, clinging form made my heart exult. Once again I shouted in her ear.

"It's all right, don't be frightened. We'll pull through, all right."

Once more we had whirled off into the main current; once more we were in that roaring torrent, with its fearsome dips and rises, its columned walls corroded with age and filled with the gloom of eternal twilight. The water smashed and battered us, whirled us along relentlessly, lashed us in heavy sprays; yet with closed eyes and thudding hearts we waited. Then suddenly the light grew strong again. The pri-

maeval walls were gone. We were sweeping along smoothly, and on either side of us the valley sloped in green plateaus up to the smiling sky.

I unlocked my arms and peered down to where her face lay half hidden on my breast.

"Thank God, I was able to reach you!"

"Yes, thank God!" she answered faintly. "Oh, I thought it was all over. I nearly died with fear. It was terrible. Thank God for you!"

But she had scarce spoken when I realized, with a vast shock, that the danger was far from over. We were hurrying along helplessly in that fierce current, and already I heard the roar of the Squaw Rapids. Ahead, I could see them dancing, boiling, foaming, blood-red in the sunset glow.

"Be brave, Berna," I had to shout again; "we'll be all right. Trust me, dear!"

She, too, was staring ahead with dilated eyes of fear. Yet at my words she became wonderfully calm, and in her face there was a great, glad look that made my heart rejoice. She nestled to my side. Once more she waited.

We took the rapids broadside on, but the scow was light and very strong. Like a cork in a mill-stream we tossed and spun around. The vicious, mauling wolf-pack of the river heaved us into the air, and worried us as we fell. Drenched, deafened, stunned with fierce nerve-shattering blows, every moment we thought to go under. We were in a caldron of fire. The roar of doom was in our ears. Giant hands with claws of foam were clutching, buffeting us. Shrieks of fury assailed us, as demon tossed us to demon. Was there no end to it? Thud, crash, roar, sickening us to our hearts; lurching, leaping, beaten, battered . . . then all at once came a calm; we must be past; we opened our eyes.

We were again sweeping round a bend in the river in the shadow of a high bluff. If we could only make the bank—but, no! The current hurled us along once more. I saw it sweep under a rocky face of the hillside, and then I knew that the worst was coming. For there, about two hundred yards away, were the dreaded Whitehorse Rapids.

"Close your eyes, Berna!" I cried. "Lie

down on the bottom. Pray as you never prayed before."

We were on them now. The rocky banks close in till they nearly meet. They form a narrow gateway of rock, and through those close-set jaws the raging river has to pass. Leaping, crashing over its boulder-strewn bed, gaining in terrible impetus at every leap, it gathers speed for its last desperate burst for freedom. Then with a great roar it charges the gap.

But there, right in the way, is a giant boulder. Water meets rock in a crash of terrific onset. The river is beaten, broken, thrown back on itself, and with a baffled roar rises high in the air in a raging hell of spume and tempest. For a moment the chasm is a battleground of the elements, a fierce, titanic struggle. Then the river, wrenching free, falls into the basin below.

"Lie down, Berna, and hold on to me!"

We both dropped down in the bottom of the scow, and she clasped me so tightly I marvelled at the strength of her. I felt her wet cheek pressed to mine, her lips clinging to my lips.

"Now, dear, just a moment and it will all be over."

Once again the angry thunder of the waters. The scow took them nose on, riding gallantly. Again we were tossed like a feather in a whirlwind, pitchforked from wrath to wrath. Once more, swinging, swerving, straining, we pelted on. On pinnacles of terror our hearts poised nakedly. The waters danced a fiery saraband; each wave was a demon lashing at us as we passed; or again they were like fear-maddened horses with whipping manes of flame. We clutched each other convulsively. Would it never, never end . . . then . . . then . . .

It seemed the last had come. Up, up we went. We seemed to hover uncertainly, tilted, hair-poised over a yawning gulf. Were we going to upset? But, no! We righted. Dizzily we dipped over; steeply we plunged down. Oh, it was terrible!

Then, swamped from bow to stern, half turned over, wrecked and broken, we swept into the peaceful basin of the river below.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the flats around the White Horse Rapids was a great largess of wild flowers. The shooting stars gladdened the glade

with gold; the bluebells brimmed the woodland hollow with amethyst; the fireweed splashed the hills with the pink of coral. Daintily swinging, like clustered pearls, were the petals of the orchid. In glorious profusion were begonias, violets, and Iceland poppies, and all was in a setting of the keenest emerald. But over the others dominated the wild rose, dancing everywhere and flinging perfume to the joyful breeze.

Boats and scows were lined up for miles along the river shore. On the banks water-soaked outfits lay drying in the sun. We, too, had shipped much water in our passage, and a few days would be needed to dry out again. So it was that I found some hours of idleness and was able to see a good deal of Berna.

Madam Winklestein I found surprisingly gracious. She smiled on me, and in her teeth, like white quartz, the creviced gold gleamed. She had a smooth, flattering way with her that disarmed enmity. Winklestein, too, had conveniently forgotten our last interview, and extended to me the paw of spurious friendship. I was free to see Berna as much as I chose.

Thus it came about that we rambled among the woods and hills, picking wild flowers and glad almost with the joy of children. In these few days I noted a vast change in the girl. Her cheeks, pale as the petals of the wild orchid, seemed to steal the tints of the briar-rose, and her eyes beacons with the radiance of sun-waked skies. It was as if in the poor child a long-stifled capacity for joy was glowing into being.

One golden day, with her cheeks softly flushed, her eyes shining, she turned to me.

"Oh, I could be so happy if I only had a chance, if I only had the chance other girls have. It would take so little to make me the happiest girl in the world--just to have a home, a plain, simple home where all was sunshine and peace, just to have the commonest comforts, to love and be loved. That would be enough." She sighed and went on:

"Then if I might have books, a little music, flowers--oh, it seems like a dream of heaven; as well might I sigh for a palace."

"No palace could be too fair for you, Berna, no prince too noble. Some day,

your prince will come, and you will give him that great love I told you of once."

Swiftly a shadow came into the bright eyes, the sweet mouth curved pathetically.

"Not even a beggar will seek me, a poor nameless girl travelling in the train

"You cared for your grandfather; you gave him your whole heart, a love full of self-sacrifice, of renunciation. Now he is gone, you will love again, but the next will be to the last, as wine is to water. And the day will come when you will love



"THEN, WITH A HALF SOB, HALF CRY OF JOY, SHE CLASPED HER ARMS TIGHTLY AROUND ME."

of dishonor . . . and again, I will never love."

"Yes, you will indeed, girl—infinately, supremely. I know you, Berna; you'll love as few women do. Your dearest will be all your world, his smile your heaven, his frown your death. Love was at the fashioning of you, dear, and kissed your lips and sent you forth, saying, 'There goeth my handmaiden.'"

I thought for a while ere I went on.

grandly. Yours will be a great, consuming passion that knows no limit, no assuagement. It will be your glory and your shame. For him will your friends be foes, your light darkness. You will go through fire and water for your beloved's sake; your parched lips will call his name, your frail hands cling to him in the shadow of death. Oh, I know, I know. Love has set you apart. You will immolate yourself on his altars. You will dare, defy

and die for him. I'm sorry for you, Berna."

Her face hung down, her lips quivered. As for me, I was surprised at my words and scarce knew what I was saying.

At last she spoke.

"If ever I loved like that, the man I loved must be a king among men, a hero, almost a god."

"Perhaps, Berna, perhaps; but not needfully. He may be a grim man with a face of power and passion, a virile, dominant brute, but—well, I think he will be more of a god. Let's change the subject."

I found she had all the sad sophistication of the lowly-born, yet with it an inimitable sense of purity, a delicate horror of the physical phases of love. She was a finely motivated creature with impossible ideals, but out of her stark knowledge of life she was naively outspoken.

Once I asked of her:

"Berna, if you had to choose between death and dishonor, which would you prefer?"

"Death, of course," she answered promptly.

"Death's a pretty hard proposition," I commented.

"No, it's easy; physical death, compared with the other, compared with moral death."

She was very emphatic and angry with me for my hazarded demur. In an atmosphere of disillusionment and moral miasma she clung undauntedly to her ideals. Never was such a brave spirit, so determined in goodness, so upright in purity, and I blessed her for her unfaltering words. "May such sentiments as ours," I prayed, "be ever mine. In doubt, despair, defeat, oh Life, take not away from me my faith in the pure heart of woman!"

Often I watched her thoughtfully, her slim, well-poised figure, her grey eyes that were fuller of soul than any eyes I have ever seen, her brown hair wherein the sunshine loved to pick out threads of gold, her delicate features with their fine patrician quality. We were dreamers twain, but while my outlook was gay with hope, hers was dark with despair. Since the episode of the scow I had never ventured to kiss her, but had treated her with a cautious reserve, respect and courtesy.

Indeed, I was diagnosing my case, won-

dering if I loved her, affirming, doubting on a very see-saw of indetermination. When with her I felt for her an intense fondness and at times an almost irresponsible tenderness. My eyes rested longingly on her, noting with tremulous joy the curves and shading of her face, and finding in its very defects, beauties.

When I was away from her—oh, the ceaseless longing that was almost pain, the fanciful elaboration of our last talk, the hint of her graces in bird and flower and tree! I wanted her wildly, and the thought of a world empty of her was monstrous. I wondered how in the past we had both existed and how I had lived, careless, happy and serenely indifferent. I tried to think of a time when she should no longer have power to make my heart quicken with joy or contract with fear—and the thought of such a state was insufferable pain. Was I in love? Poor, fatuous fool! I wanted her more than everything else in all the world, yet I hesitated and asked myself the question.

Hundreds of boats and scows were running the rapids, and we watched them with an untiring fascination. That was the most exciting spectacle in the whole world. The issue was life or death, ruin or salvation, and from dawn till dark, and with every few minutes of the day, was the breathless climax repeated. The faces of the actors were sick with dread and anxiety. It was curious to study the various expressions of the human countenance unmasked and confronted with gibbering fear. Yes, it was a vivid drama, a drama of cheers and tears, always thrilling and often tragic. Every day were bodies dragged ashore. The rapids demanded their tribute. The men of the trail must pay the toll. Sullen and bloated the river disgorged its prey, and the dead, without prayer or pause, were thrown into nameless graves.

On our first day at the rapids we met the halfbreed. He was on the point of starting down-stream. Where was the bank clerk? Oh, yes; they had upset coming through; when last he had seen little Pinklove he was struggling in the water. However, they expected to get the body every hour. He had paid two men to find and bury it. He had no time to wait.

We did not blame him. In those wild days of headstrong hurry and gold-delir-

ium human life meant little. "Another floater," one would say, and carelessly turn away. A callousness to death that was almost mediæval was in the air, and the friends of the dead hurried on, the richer by a partner's outfit. It was all new, strange, sinister to me, this unveiling of life's naked selfishness and lust.

Next morning they found the body, a poor, shapeless, sodden thing with such a crumpled skull. My thoughts went back to the sweet-faced girl who had wept so bitterly at his going. Even then, maybe, she was thinking of him, fondly dreaming of his return, seeing the glow of triumph in his boyish eyes. She would wait and hope; then she would wait and despair; then there would be another white-faced woman saying, "He went to the Klondyke and never came back. We don't know what became of him."

Verily, the way of the gold-trail was cruel.

Berna was with me when they buried him.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" she repeated.

"Yes, poor little beggar! He was so quiet and gentle. He was no man for the trail. It's a funny world."

The coffin was a box of unplanned boards loosely nailed together, and the men were for putting him into a grave on top of another coffin. I protested, so sullenly they proceeded to dig a new grave. Berna looked very unhappy, and when she saw that crude, shapeless pine coffin she broke down and cried bitterly.

At last she dried her tears and with a happier look in her eyes bade me wait a little until she returned. Soon again she came back, carrying some folds of black sateen over her arm. As she ripped at this with a pair of scissors, I noticed there was a deep frilling to it. Also a bright blush came into her cheek at the curious glance I gave to the somewhat skimpy lines of her skirt. But the next instant she was busy stretching and tacking the black material over the coffin.

The men had completed the new grave. It was only three feet deep, but the water coming in had prevented them from digging further. As we laid the coffin in the hole it looked quite decent now in its black covering. It floated on the water, but after some clods had been thrown down, it sank with many gurglings. It

was as if the dead man protested against his bitter burial. We watched the grave-diggers throw a few more shovelful of earth over the place, then go off whistling. Poor little Berna! she cried steadily. At last she said:

"Let's get some flowers."

So out of briar-roses she fashioned a cross and a wreath, and we laid them reverently on the muddy heap that marked the bank clerk's grave.

Oh, the pitiful mockery of it!

CHAPTER XV

Soon I knew that Berna and I must part and but two nights later it came. It was near midnight, yet in no ways dark, and everywhere the camp was astir. We were sitting by the river, I remember, a little way from the boats. Where the sun had set, the sky was a luminous veil of ravishing green, and in the elusive light her face seemed wanly sweet and dreamlike.

A sad spirit rustled amid the shivering willows and a great sadness had come over the girl. All the happiness of the past few days seemed to have ebbed away from her and left her empty of hope. As she sat there, silent and with hands clasped, it was as if the shadows that for a little had lifted, now enshrouded her with a greater gloom.

"Tell me your trouble, Berna."

She shook her head, her eyes wide as if trying to read the future.

"Nothing."

Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Yes, there is, I know. Tell me, won't you?"

Again she shook her head.

"What's the matter, little chum?"

"It's nothing; it's only my foolishness."

"If I tell you, it wouldn't help me any. And then—it doesn't matter. You wouldn't care. Why should you care?"

She turned away from me and seemed absorbed in bitter thought.

"Care! why, yes, I would care; I do care. You know I would do anything in the world to help you. You know I would be unhappy if you were unhappy. You know—"

"Then it would only worry you."

She was regarding me anxiously.

"Now you must tell me, Berna. It will worry me indeed if you don't."

Once more she refused. I pleaded with

her gently. I coaxed, I entreated. She was very reluctant, yet at last she yielded.

"Well, if I must," she said; "but it's all so sordid, so mean, I hate myself; I despise myself that I should have to tell it."

She kneaded a tiny handkerchief nervously in her fingers.

"You know how nice Madam Winklesstein's been to me lately—bought me new clothes, given me trinkets. Well, there's a reason—she's got her eye on a man for me."

I gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes; you know she's let us go together—it's all to draw him on. Oh, couldn't you see it? Didn't you suspect something? You don't know how bitterly they hate you."

I bit my lip.

"Who's the man?"

"Jack Locasto."

I started.

"Have you heard of him?" she asked.

"He's got a million-dollar claim on Bonanza."

Had I heard of him? Who had not heard of Black Jack, his spectacular poker plays, his meteoric rise, his theatric display?

"Of course he's married," she went on, "but that doesn't matter up here. There's such a thing as a Klondyke marriage, and they say he behaves well to his discarded mis—"

"Berna!" angry and aghast, I had stopped her. "Never let me hear you utter that word. Even to say it seems pollution."

She laughed harshly, bitterly.

"What's this whole life but pollution?"

"Well, anyway, he wants me."

"But you wouldn't, surely you wouldn't?"

She turned on me fiercely.

"What do you take me for? Surely you know me better than that. Oh, you almost make me hate you."

Suddenly she pressed the little handkerchief to her eyes. She fell to sobbing convulsively. Vainly I tried to soothe her, whispering:

"Oh, my dear, tell me all about it. I'm sorry, girl, I'm sorry."

She ceased crying. She went on in her fierce, excited way.

"He came to the restaurant in Bennett. He used to watch me a lot. His eyes were always following me. I was afraid. I trembled when I served him. He liked to see me tremble, it gave him a feeling of power. Then he took to giving me presents, a diamond ring, a heart-shaped locket, costly gifts. I wanted to return them, but she wouldn't let me, took them from me, put them away. Then he and she had long talks. I know it was all about me. That was why I came to you that night and begged you to marry me—to save me from him. Now it's gone from bad to worse. The net's closing round me in spite of my flutterings."

"But he can't get you against your will," I cried.

"No! No! but he'll never give up. He'll try so long as I resist him. I'm nice to him just to humor him and gain time. I can't tell you how much I fear him. They say he always gets his way with women. He's masterly and relentless. There's a cold, sneering command in his smile. You hate him but you obey him."

"He's an immoral monster, Berna. He spares neither time nor money to gratify his whims where a woman is concerned. And he has no pity."

"I know, I know."

"He's intensely masculine, handsome in a vivid, gipsy sort of way; big, strong and compelling, but a callous libertine."

"Yes, he's all that. And can you wonder then my heart is full of fear, that I am distracted, that I asked you what I did. He is relentless and of all women he wants me. He would break me on the wheel of dishonour. Oh, God!"

Her face grew almost tragic in its despair.

"And everything's against me; they're all helping him. I haven't a single friend, not one to stand by me, to aid me. Once I thought of you, and you failed me. Can you wonder I'm nearly crazy with the terror of it? Can you wonder I was desperate enough to ask you to save me? I'm all alone, friendless, a poor weak girl. No, I'm wrong. I've one friend—death; and I'll die, I'll die, I swear it, before I let him get me."

Her words came forth in a torrent, half choked by sobs. It was hard to get her calmed. Never had I thought her capable

of such force, such passion. I was terribly distressed and at a loss how to comfort her.

"Hush, Berna," I pleaded, "please don't say such things. Remember you have a friend in me, one that would do anything in his power to help you."

She looked at me a moment.

"How can you help me?"

I held both of her hands firmly, looking into her eyes.

"By marrying you. Will you marry me, dear? Will you be my wife?"

"No!"

I started. "Berna!"

"No! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man left in the world," she cried vehemently.

"Why?" I tried to be calm.

"Why! why, you don't love me; you don't care for me."

"Yes, I do, Berna. I do indeed, girl. Care for you! Well, I care so much that—I beg you to marry me."

"Yes, yes, but you don't love me right, not in your great, grand way. Not in the way you told me of. Oh, I know; its part pity, part friendship. It would be different if I cared in the same way, if—I didn't care so very much more."

"You do, Berna; you love me like that?"

"How do I know? How can I tell? How can any of us tell?"

"No, dear," I said, "love has no limits, no bounds, it is always holding something in reserve. There are yet heights beyond the heights, that mock our climbing, never perfection; no great love but might have been eclipsed by a greater. There's a master key to every heart, and we poor fools delude ourselves with the idea we are opening all the doors. We are on sufferance, we are only understudies in the love drama, but fortunately the star seldom appears on the scene. However, this I know——"

I rose to my feet.

"Since the moment I set eyes on you, I loved you. Long before I ever met you, I loved you. I was just waiting for you, waiting. At first I could not understand, I did not know what it meant, but now I do, beyond the peradventure of a doubt; there never was any but you, never will be any but you. Since the beginning of time it was all planned that I should love you. And you, how do you care?"

She stood up to hear my words. She would not let me touch her, but there was a great light in her eyes. Then she spoke and her voice was vibrant with passion, all indifference gone from it.

"Oh, you blind! you coward! Couldn't you see? Couldn't you feel? That day on the scow it came to me—Love. It was such as I had never dreamed of, rapture, ecstasy, anguish. Do you know what I wished as we went through the rapids? I wished that it might be the end, that in such a supreme moment we might go down clinging together, and that in death I might hold you in my arms. Oh, if you'd only been like that afterwards, met love open-armed with love. But no! you slipped back to friendship. I feel as if there were a barrier of ice between us now. I will try never to care for you any more. Now leave me, leave me, for I never want to see you again."

"Yes, you will, you must, you must, Berna. I'd sell my immortal soul to win that love from you, my dearest, my dearest: I'd crawl around the world to kiss your shadow. If you called to me I would come from the ends of the earth, through storm and darkness, to your side. I love you so, I love you so."

I crushed her to me, I kissed her madly, yet she was cold.

"Have you nothing more to say than fine words?" she asked.

"Marry me, marry me," I repeated.

"Now?"

Now! I hesitated again. The suddenness of it was like a cold douche. God knows, I burned for the girl, yet somehow convention clamped me.

"Now if you wish," I faltered; "but better when we get to Dawson. Better when I've made good up there. Give me one year, Berna, one year and then——"

"One year!"

The sudden gleam of hope vanished from her eyes. For the third time I was failing her, yet my cursed prudence overrode me.

"Oh, it will pass swiftly, dear. You will be quite safe. I will be near you and watch over you."

I reassured her, anxiously explaining how much better it would be if we waited a little.

"One year!" she repeated, and it seemed to me her voice was toneless. Then she

turned to me in a sudden spate of passion, her face pleading, furrowed, wretchedly sad.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I love you better than the whole world, but I hoped you would care enough for me to marry me now. It would have been best, believe me. I thought you would rise to the occasion, but you've failed me. Well, be it so, we'll wait one year."

"Yes, believe me, trust me, dear; it will be all right. I'll work for you, slave for you, think only of you, and in twelve short months—I'll give my whole life to make you happy."

"Will you, dear? Well, it doesn't matter now . . . I've loved you."

* * * * *

All that night I wrestled with myself. I felt like I ought to marry her at once to shield her from the dangers that encompassed her. She was like a lamb among a pack of wolves. I juggled with my conscience. I was young and marriage to me seemed such a terribly all-important step.

Yet in the end my better nature triumphed, and ere the camp was astir I arose. I was going to marry Berna that day. A feeling of relief came over me. How had it ever seemed possible to delay. I was elated beyond measure.

I hurried to tell her, I pictured her joy. I was almost breathless. Love words trembled on my tongue tip. It seemed to me I could not bear to wait a moment.

Then as I reached the place where they had rested I gazed unbelievably. A sickening sense of loss and failure crushed me.

For the scow was gone.

CHAPTER XVI

It was three days before we made a start again, and to me each day was like a year. I chafed bitterly at the delay. Would those sacks of flour never dry? Longingly I gazed down the big, blue Yukon and cursed the current that was every moment carrying her further from me. Why her sudden departure? I had no doubt it was enforced. I dreaded danger. Then in a while I grew calmer. I was foolish to worry. She was safe enough. We would meet in Dawson.

At last we were under way. Once more we sped down the devious river, now swirling under the shadow of a steep bank,

now steering around a sandpit. The scenery was hideous to me, bluffs of clay with pines peeping over their rims, willow-fringed flats, swamps of niggerhead, ugly drab hills in endless monotony.

How full of kinks and hooks was the river! How vicious with snags! How treacherous with eddies! It was beginning to bulk in my thought almost like an obsession. Then one day Lake Labarge burst on my delighted eyes. The trail was nearing its end.

Once more with swelling sail we drove before the wind. Once more we were in a fleet of Argonaut boats, and now, with the goal in sight, each man redoubled his efforts. Perhaps the rich ground would be all gone ere we reached the valley. Mad-denying thought after what we had endured! We must get on.

There was not a man in all that fleet but imagined that fortune awaited him with open arms. They talked exultantly. Their eyes shone with the gold-lust. They strained at sweep and oar. To be beaten at the last! Oh, it was inconceivable! A tigerish eagerness filled them; a panic of fear and cupidity spurred them on.

Labarge was a dream lake, mirroring noble mountains in its depths (for soon after we made it, a dead calm fell). But we had no eyes for its beauty. The golden magnet was drawing us too strongly now. We cursed that exquisite serenity that made us sweat at the oars we cursed the wind that never would arise; the currents that always were against us. In that breathless tranquility myriads of mosquitoes assailed us, blinded us, covered our food as we ate, made our lives a perfect hell of misery. Yet the trail was nearing its finish.

What a relief it was when a sudden storm came up! White-caps tossed around us, and the wind drove us on a precipitous shore, so that we nearly came to a sorry end. But it was over at last, and we swept on into the Thirty-mile River.

A furious, hurling stream was this, that matched our mad, impatient mood; but it was staked with hidden dangers. We gripped our weary oars. Keenly alert we had to be, steering and watching for rocks that would have ripped us from bow to stern. There was a famously terrible one on which scows smashed like egg

shells under a hammer, and we missed it by a bare handsbreadth. I felt sick to think of our bitterness had we piled up on it. That was an evil, ugly river, full of capricious turns and eddies, and the bluffs were high and steep.

Hottalinqua, Big Salmon, Little Salmon, these are names to me now. All I can remember is long days of toil at the oar, fighting the growing obsession of mosquitoes, ever pressing on to the golden valley. The ceaseless strain was beginning to tell on us. We suffered from rheumatism, we barked with cold. Oh, we were weary, weary, yet the trail was nearing its end.

One sunlit Sabbath evening I remember well. We were drifting along and we came on a lovely glade where a creek joined the river. It was a green, velvety, sparkling place, and by the creek were two men whipsawing lumber. We hailed them jauntily and asked them if they had found prospects. Were they getting out lumber for sluice-boxes?

One of the men came forward. He was very tired, very quiet, very solemn. "No," he said, "we are sawing out a coffin for our dead."

Then we saw a limp shape in their boat and we hurried on, awed and abashed.

The river was mud color now, swirling in great eddies or convulsed from below with sudden upheavals. Drifting on that oily current one seemed to be quite motionless, and only the gliding banks assured us of progress. The country seemed terrible to me, sinister, guilty, God-forsaken. At the horizon, jagged mountains stabbed viciously at the sky.

The river overwhelmed me. Sometimes it was a stream of blood, running into the eye of the setting sun, beautiful, yet weird and menacing. It broadened, deepened, and every day, countless streams swelled its volume. Islands waded in it greenly. Always we heard it *singing*, a seething, hissing noise supposed to be the pebbles shuffling on the bottom.

The days were insufferably hot and mosquito-curst; the nights chilly, damp and mosquito-haunted. I suffered agonies from neuralgia. Never mind, it would soon be over. We were on our last lap. The trail was near its end.

Yes, it was indeed the homestretch.

Suddenly sweeping round a bend we raised a shout of joy. There was that great livid sear on the mountain face — the "Slide," and clustered below it like shells on the seashore, an army of tents. It was the gold-born city.

Trembling with eagerness we pulled ashore. Our troubles were over. At last we had gained our Eldorado, thank God, thank God!

A number of loafers were coming to meet us. They were strangely calm.

"How about the gold?" said the Prodigal; "lots of ground left to stake?"

One of them looked at us contemptuously. He chewed a moment ere he spoke.

"You Cheechakers better git right home. There ain't a foot of ground to stake. Everything in sight was staked last Fall. The rest is all mud. There's nothing doin' an' there's ten men for every job! The whole thing's a fake. You Cheechakers better git right home."

Yes, after all our travail, all our torment, we had better go right home. Already many were preparing to do so. Yet what of that great oncoming horde of which we were but the vanguard? What of the eager army, the host of the Cheechakos? For hundreds of miles were lake and river white with their grotesque boats. Beyond them again were thousands and thousands of others struggling on through mosquito-curst morasses, bent under their inexorable burdens. Reckless, indomitable, hope-inspired, they climbed the passes and shot the rapids; they drowned in the rivers, they rotted in the swamps. Nothing could stay them. The golden magnet was drawing them on; the spell of the gold-lust was in their hearts.

And this was the end. For this they had mortgaged homes and broken hearts. For this they had faced danger and borne suffering; to be told to return.

The land was choosing its own. All along it had weeded out the weaklings. Now let the faint-hearted go back. This land was only for the Strong.

Yet it was sad, so much weariness, and at the end disenchantment and failure.

Verily the ways of the gold-trail were cruel.

End of Book II.

BOOK III.

THE CAMP.

For once you've panned the speckled
 sand and seen the bonny dust,
 Its peerless brightness blinds you like
 a spell ;
 It's little else you care about ; you go
 because you must,
 And you feel that you could follow it
 to hell.
 You'd follow it in hunger, and you'd fol-
 low it in cold ;
 You'd follow it in solitude and pain ;
 And when you're stiff and battened down
 let some one whisper "Gold,"
 You're lief to rise and follow it again.
 —"The Prospector."

CHAPTER I.

I will always remember my first day in the gold-camp. We were well in front of the Argonaut army, but already thousands were in advance of us. The flat at the mouth of Bonanza was a congestion of cabins; shacks and tents clustered the hill-side, scattered on the heights and massed again on the slope sweeping down to the Klondike. An intense vitality charged the air. The camp was alive, abum, vibrant with fierce, dynamic energy.

In effect the town was but one street stretching alongside the waterfront. It was amazingly packed with men from side to side, from end to end. They lounged in the doorways of oddly assorted buildings, and jostled each other on the dislocated sidewalks. Stores of all kinds, saloons, gambling joints flourished without number, and in one block alone there were half a dozen dance-halls. Yet all seemed plhetorically prosperous.

Many of the business houses were installed in tents. That huge canvas erection was a mining exchange; that great log barn a dance-hall. Dwarfish log cabins impudently nestled up to pretentious three-storey hotels. The effect was oddly staccato. All was grotesque, make-shift, haphazard. Back of the main street lay the red-light quarter, and behind it again a swamp of niggerheads, the breeding-place of fever and mosquito.

The crowd that vitalized the street was strikingly cosmopolitan. Mostly big, bearded fellows they were, with here the full-blooded face of the saloon man, and there the quick, pallid mask of the gambler. Women, too, I saw in plenty, bold, free, predacious creatures, a rustle of silk

and a reek of perfume. Till midnight I wandered up and down the long street; but there was no darkness, no lull in its clamorous life.

I was looking for Berna. My heart hungered for her; my eyes ached for her; my mind was so full of her there seemed no room for another single thought. But it was like looking for a needle in a straw-stack to find her in that seething multitude. I knew no one, and it seemed futile to inquire regarding her. These keen-eyed men with eager talk of claims and pay-dirt could not help me. There seemed to be nothing for it but to wait. So with spirits steadily sinking zerowards I waited.

We found, indeed, that there was little ground left to stake. The mining laws were in some confusion, and were often changing. Several creeks were closed to location, but always new strikes were being made and stampedes started. So, after a session of debate, we decided to reserve our rights to stake till a good chance offered. It was a bitter awakening. Like all the rest we had expected to get ground that was gold from the grass-roots down. But there was work to be had, and we would not let ourselves be disheartened.

The Jam-wagon had already deserted us. He was off up on Eldorado somewhere, shovelling dirt into a sluice box for ten dollars a day. I made up my mind I would follow him. Jim also would go to work, while the Prodigal, we agreed, would look after all our interests, and stake or buy a good claim.

Thus we planned, sitting in our little tent near the beach. We were in a congeries of tents. The beach was fast whitening with them. If one was in a hurry it was hard to avoid tripping over ropes and pegs. As each succeeding party arrived they had to go further afield to find camping-ground. And they were arriving in thousands daily. The shore for a mile was lined five deep with boats. Scows had been hauled high and dry on the gravel, and there the owners were living. A thousand stoves were eloquent of beans and bacon. I met a man faking home a prize, a porterhouse steak. He was carrying it over his arm like a towel, paper was so scarce. The camp was a hive of energy, a hum of occupation.

But how many, after they had parad-

ed that mile-long street with its mud, its seething foam of life, its blare of gramophones and its blaze of dance-halls, ached for their southland homes again? You could read the disappointment in their sun-tanned faces. Yet they were the eager navigators of the lakes, the reckless amateurs of the rivers. This was a something different from the trail. It was as if, after all their efforts, they had butted up against a stone wall. There was "nothing doing," no ground left, and only hard work, the hardest on earth.

Moreover, the country was at the mercy of a gang of corrupt officials who were using the public offices for their own enrichment. Franchises were being given to the favorites of those in power, concessions sold, liquor permits granted, and abuses of every kind practised on the free miner. All was veniality, injustice and exaction.

"Go home," said the Man in the Street; "the mining laws are rotten. All kinds of ground is tied up. Even if you get hold of something good, them dam-robber government sharks will flim-flam you out of it. There's no square deal here. They tax you to mine; they tax you to cut a tree; they tax you to sell a fish; pretty soon they'll be taxing you to breathe. Go home!"

And many went, many of the trail's most indomitable. They could face hardship and danger, the blizzards, the rapids, nature savage and ravaging; but when it came to craft, graft and the duplicity of their fellow men they were discouraged, discomfited.

"Say, boys, I guess I've done a slick piece of work," said the Prodigal, with some satisfaction, as he entered the tent. "I've bought three whole outfits on the beach. Got them for twenty-five per cent. less than the cost price in Seattle. I'll pull out a hundred per cent. on the deal. Now's the time to get in and buy from the quitters. They so soured at the whole frame-up they're ready to pull their freights at any moment. All they want's to get away. They want to put a few thousand miles between them and this garbage dump of creation. They never want to hear the name of Yukon again except as a cuss-word. I'm going to keep on buying outfits. You boys see if I don't clean up a bunch of money."

"It's too bad to take advantage of them," I suggested.

"Too bad nothing! That's business: your necessity, my opportunity. Oh, you'd never make a money-getter, my boy, this side of the millennium—and you Scotch, too."

"That's nothing," said Jim: "wait till I tell you of the deal I made to-day. You recollect I packed a flat-iron among my stuff, and you boys joshed me about it, said I was bughouse. But I figured out: there's camp-meetin's and socials up there, an' a nice, dinky, white shirt once in a way goes pretty good. Anyway, thinks I, if there ain't no one else to dress for in that wilderness, I'll dress for the Almighty. So I sticks to my flat-iron."

He looked at us with a twinkle in his eye and then went on.

"Well, it seems there's only three more flat-irons in camp, an' all the hot sports wantin' boiled shirts done up, an' all the painted jezebels hollerin' to have their lingery fixed, an' the wash-ladies just goin' round crazy for flat-irons. Well, I didn't want to sell mine, but the old colored lady that runs the Bong Tong Laundry (an' a sister in the Lord) came to me with tears in her eyes, an' at last I was prevailed on to separate from it."

"How much, Jim?"

"Well, I didn't want to be too hard on the old girl, so I let her down easy."

"How much?"

"Well, you see, there's only three or four of them flat-irons in camp, so I asked a hundred an' fifty dollars, and quick's a flash, she took me into a store an' paid me in gold-dust."

He flourished a little poke of dust in our laughing faces.

"That's pretty good," I said; "everything seems topsy-turvy up here. Why, to-day I saw a man come in with a box of apples which the crowd begged him to open. He was selling those apples at a dollar apiece, and the folks were just fighting to get them."

It was so with everything. Extraordinary prices ruled. Eggs and candles had been sold for a dollar each, and potatoes for a dollar a pound; while on the trail in '97 horse-shoe nails were selling at *a dollar a nail*.

Once more I roamed the long street

with that awful restless agony in my heart. Where was she, my girl, so precious now it seemed I had lost her? Why does love mean so much to some, so little to others? Perhaps I am the victim of an intensity or temperament, but I craved for her; I visioned evils befalling her; I pierced my heart with dagger-thrusts of fear for her. Oh, if I only knew she was safe and well! Every slim woman I saw in the distance looked to be her, and made my heart leap with emotion. Yet always I chewed on the rind of disappointment. There was never a sign of Berna.

In the agitation and unrest of my mind I climbed the hill that overshadows the gold-born city. The Dome they call it, and the face of it is vastly scarred, blanched as by a cosmic blow. There on its topmost height by a cairn of stone I stood at gaze, greatly awestruck.

The view was a spacious one, and of an overwhelming grandeur. Below me lay the mighty Yukon, here like a silken ribbon, there broadening out to a pool of quicksilver. It seemed motionless, dead, like a piece of tinfoil lying on a sable shroud.

The great valley was preternaturally still, and pall-like as if steeped in the colors of the long, long night. The land so vast, so silent, so lifeless, was round in its contours, full of fat creases and bold curves. The mountains were like sleeping giants; here was the swell of a woman's breast, there the sweep of a man's thigh. And beyond that huddle of sprawling Titans, far, far, beyond, as if it were an enclosing stockade, was the jagged outline of the Rockies.

Quite suddenly they seemed to stand up against the blazing sky, monstrous, horrific, smiting the senses like a blow. Their primordial faces were hacked and hewed fantastically, and there they posed in their immemorial isolation, virgin peaks, inviolate valleys, impregnably desolate and savagely sublime.

And beyond their stormy crests, surely a world was consuming in the kilns of chaos. Was ever anything so insufferably bright as the incandescent glow that brimmed those jagged clefts? That fierce crimson, was it not the hue of a cooling crucible, that deep vermilion the rich glory of a rose's heart? Did not that tawny

orange mind you of ripe wheat-fields and the exquisite intrusion of poppies? That pure, clear gold, was it not a bank of primroses new washed in April rain? What was that luminous opal but a lagoon, a pearly lagoon with floating in it islands of amber, their beaches crisped with ruby foam? And over all the riot of color that shimmering chrysoprase so tenderly luminous—might it not fitly veil the splendors of paradise?

I looked to where gulped the mouth of Bonanza, cavernously wide and filled with the purple smoke of many fires. There was the golden valley, silent for centuries, now strident with human cries, vehement with human strife. There was the timbered basin of the Klondike bleakly rising to mountains eloquent of death. It was dominating, appalling, this vastness without end, this unappeasable loneliness. Glad was I to turn again to where, like white pebbles on a beach, gleamed the tents of the gold-born city.

Somewhere amid that confusion of canvas, that muddle of cabins, was Berna, maybe lying in some wide-eyed vigil of fear, maybe staining with hopeless tears her restless pillow. Somewhere down there—Oh, I must find her!

I returned to the town. I was tramping its long street once more, that street with its hundreds of canvas signs. It was a city of signs. Every place of business seemed to have its fluttering banner, and beneath these banners moved the ever-restless throng. There were men from the mines in their flannel shirts and corduroys, their Stetsons and high boots. There were men from the trail in sweaters and mackinaws, German socks and caps with ear-flaps. But all were bronzed and bearded, fleshless and clean-limbed. I marvelled at the seriousness of their face, till I remembered that here was no problem of a languorous sunland, but one of grim emergency. It was a man's game up here in the North, a man's game in a man's land, where the sunlight of the long, long day is ever haunted by the shadow of the long, long night.

Oh, if I could only find her! The land was a great symphony; she the haunting theme of it.

I bought a copy of the "Nugget" and went into the Sourdough Restaurant to

read it. As I lingered there sipping my coffee and perusing the paper indifferently, a paragraph caught my eye and made my heart glow with sudden hope.

CHAPTER II

Here was the item:

Jack Locasto loses \$19,000.

"One of the largest gambling plays that ever occurred in Dawson came off last night in the Malamute Saloon. Jack Locasto, of Eldorado, well known as one of the Klondike's wealthiest claim-owners, Claude Terry and Charlie Haw were the chief actors in the game which cost the first-named the sum of \$19,000.

"Locasto came to Dawson from his claim yesterday. It is said that before leaving the Forks he lost a sum ranging in the neighborhood of \$5,000. Last night he began playing in the Malamute with Haw and Terry in an effort, it is supposed, to recoup his losses at the Forks. The play continued nearly all night, and at the wind-up, Locasto, as stated above, was loser to the amount of \$19,000. This is probably the largest individual loss ever sustained at one sitting in the history of Klondike poker playing."

"Jack Locasto! Why had I not thought of him before? Surely if any one knew of the girl's whereabouts, it would be he. I determined I would ask him at once.

So I hastily finished my coffee and inquired of the waiter where I might find the Klondike King.

"Oh, Black Jack," he said: "well, at the Green Bay Tree, or the Tivoli, or the Monte Carlo. But there's a big poker game on and he's liable to be in it."

Once more I paraded the seething street. It was long after midnight, but the wondrous glow, still burning in the Northern sky, filled the land with strange enchantment. In spite of the hour the town seemed to be more alive than ever. Parties with pack-laden mules were starting off for the creeks, travelling at night to avoid the heat and mosquitoes. Men with lean brown faces trudged sturdily along carrying extraordinary loads on their stalwart shoulders. A stove, blankets, cooking utensils, axe and shovel usually formed but a part of their varied accoutrement.

Men of the Mounted Police were patrolling the streets. In the drab confusion their scarlet tunics were a piercing note of

color. They walked very stiffly, with grim mouths and eyes sternly vigilant under the brims of their Stetsons. Women were everywhere, smoking cigarettes, laughing, chaffing, strolling in and out of the wide-open saloons. Their cheeks were rouged, their eye-lashes painted, their eyes bright with wine. They gazed at the men like sleek animals, with looks that were wanton and alluring. A libertine spirit was in the air, a made-up freedom, an effluence of disdainful sin.

I found myself by the stockade that surrounded the Police reservation. On every hand I saw traces of the river that had transformed the street into a navigable canal. Now in places there were mudholes in which horses would founder to their bellies. One of the Police constables, a tall, slim Englishman with a refined manner, proved to me a friend in need.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my query, "I think I can find your man. He's up-town somewhere with some of the big sporting guns. Come on, we'll run him to earth."

As we walked along we compared notes, and he talked of himself in a frank, friendly way.

"You're not long out from the old country? Thought not. Left there about four years ago myself—I joined the Force in Regina. It's altogether different down there though, patrol work, a free life on the open prairie. Here they keep one choring round barracks most of the time. I've been for six months now on the town station. I'm not sorry, though. It's all devilish interesting. Wouldn't have missed it for a farm. When I write the people at home about it they think I'm yarning—stringing them, as they say here. The governor's a clergyman. Sent me to Harrow, and wanted to make a Bishop out of me. But I'm restless; never could study; don't seem to fit in, don't you know."

I recognized his type, the clean, frank, breezy Englishman that has helped to make an Empire. He went on:

"Yes, how the old dad would stare if I could only have him in Dawson for a day. He'd never be able to get things just in focus any more. He would be knocked clean off his pivot on which he's revolved these thirty years. Seems to me every one's travelling on a pivot in the old country. It's no use trying to hammer it

into their heads there are more points of view than one. If you don't just see things as they see them, you're troubled with astigmatism. Come, let's go in here."

He pushed his way through a crowded doorway and I followed. It was the ordinary type of combined saloon and gambling-joint. In one corner was a very ornate bar, and all around the capacious room were gambling devices of every kind. There were crap-tables, wheel of fortune, the Klondike game, Keno, stud poker, roulette and faro outfits. The place was chock-a-block with rough-looking men, either looking on or playing the games. The men who were running the tables wore shades of green over their eyes, and their strident cries of "Come on, boys" pierced the smoky air.

In a corner presiding over a stud-poker game, I was surprised to see our old friend Mosher. He was dealing with one hand, holding the pack delicately and sending the cards with a dexterous flip to each player. Miners were buying chips from a man at the bar, who with a pair of gold scales was weighing out dust in payment.

My companion pointed to an inner room with a closed door.

"The Klondike Kings are in there, hard at it. They've been playing now for twenty-four hours, and goodness knows when they'll let up."

At that moment a peremptory bell rang from the room and a waiter hurried up.

"There they are," said my friend, as the door opened. "There's Black Jack and Stillwater Willie and Claude Terry and Charlie Haw."

Eagerly I looked in. The men were wearied, their faces haggard and ghastly pale. Quickly and coolly they fingered the cards, but in their hollow eyes burned the fever of the game, a game where golden eagles were the chips and thousand-dollar jack-pots were unremarkable. No doubt they had lost and won greatly, but they gave no sign. What did it matter? In the dumps waiting to be cleaned up were hundreds of thousands more; while in the ground were millions, millions.

All but Locasto were medium-sized men. Stillwater Willie was in evening-dress. He wore a red tie in which glittered a huge diamond pin, and yellow tan boots covered with mud.

"How did he get his name?" I asked.

"Well, you see, they say he was the only one that funk'd the Whitehorse Rapids. He's a high flier, all right."

The other two were less striking. Haw was a sandy-haired man with shifty, uneasy eyes; Terry of a bulldog type, stocky and powerful. But it was Locasto who gripped and riveted my attention.

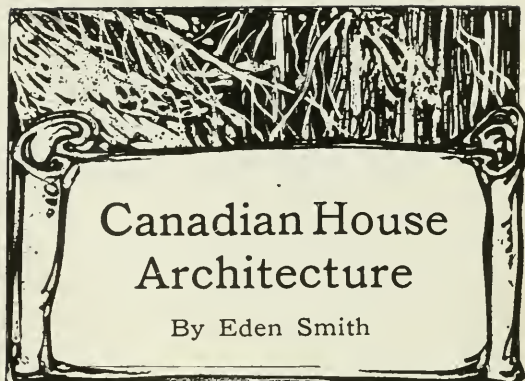
He was a massive man, heavy of limb and brutal in strength. There was a great spread to his shoulders and a conscious power in his every movement. He had a square, heavy chin, a grim, sneering mouth, a falcon nose, black eyes that were as cold as the water in a deserted shaft. His hair was raven dark, and his skin betrayed the Mexican strain in his blood. Above the others he towered, strikingly masterful, and I felt somehow the power that emanated from the man, the brute force, the remorseless purpose.

Then the waiter returned with a tray of drinks and the door was closed.

"Well, you've seen him now," said Chester of the Police. "Your only plan, if you want to speak to him, is to wait till the game breaks up. When poker interferes with your business, to the devil with your business. They won't be interrupted. Well, old man, if you can't be good, be careful; and if you want me any time, ring up the town station. Bye, bye."

He sauntered off. For a time I strolled from game to game, watching the expressions on the faces of the players, and trying to take an interest in the play. Yet my mind was ever on the closed door and my ear strained to hear the click of chips. I heard the hoarse murmurs of their voices, an occasional oath or a yawn of fatigue. How I wished they would come out. Women went to the door, peered in cautiously, and beat a hasty retreat to the tune of reverberated curses. The big guns were busy; even the ladies must await their pleasure.

(To be continued.)



Canadian House Architecture

By Eden Smith

venient stick and marked it to distinguish his property, extended as he accumulated utensils to them and they became records of him and his doings, till his house with its doors, windows and rooms in time records him like a book.

Anthropologically any of this evidence of man is of interest. But we see something else interesting. In addition to the evidence of his desire for physical comfort, which these works of his express, he has added to them more than mere utility requires. He found pleasure in his work and desired to express it. He perceived beauty in the things about him and would make his work recall it. He sings at his work, for he has found something to sing of and his work must sing also.

It is this part of his art, the poetical expression in it, we are looking for in the Canadian Architecture of to-day. It is right that we should expect this and look for it, for we have had great opportunities of exhibiting it.

In England, for the English were the most wonderful house-builders, were to be seen the most interesting houses, but English domestic architecture ceased to be interesting in our grandfathers' time. In Canada at that time a new kind of home-building commenced, the development of which was most interesting.

Unfortunately for our artistic development, we were overtaken here too soon by the same movement as caused an artistic decline in England in our grandfathers' time. We also became able to produce

TO observe from an artistic point of view what the Canadian house expresses, we must first wipe away that anointment with architectural detail, given to the four walls and roof of a house, which is supposed to mark its elevation to the realm of the artistic, and look for that which is of more interest to the Artist—the evidence of *himself* which the dweller in the house makes on that environment of *himself*, which he, more than any other, has the power to adjust.

When a man takes a tree from the forest and shapes it into something for his own use, he probably does not make anything as beautiful as the growing tree, but he may make something as interesting to the artistic perception. It is even possible that he may make this express a beautiful idea. In any case he will leave some evidence of himself upon the wood. This evidence of himself, which was probably first recorded when a man cut some con-

things so rapidly, that we had not sufficient time to give thought to our work, that is the thought necessary to work out artistic theories developed from our environment. We imitated anything good, bad or indifferent that would suffice. This is to be regretted, because though in this matter we may have fared no worse than other countries, we had probably greater opportunities than had any other. We had an unlimited supply of material and appliances and skill such as no other people ever commenced their work with. It seems as if the only element we lacked was esthetic perception, which no doubt was destroyed by the haste of production.

If someone had informed our grandfathers of their lack of artistic taste, he would have obtained no more credence then than he would now if he said the same thing of us. The duller our esthetic perception the more aggressively confident we are of the beauty of our productions. Yet I believe nothing so distinctly shows the serious growth of esthetic feeling in the present day as our evident lack of confidence. But the objection to this amiable failing is that it is driving us to seek instruction from those who need instruction as much as we do.

It is advisable to study the work of other countries, not to imitate what they do, but to discover the reasons for their conclusions, so that if in their work we perceive some originality we may understand the thought process that produced it and add the thought to our mental equipment. This is, of course, a very slow progress for which we begrudge the time, so we content ourselves by copying whole works or pieces of art good or bad from anywhere, believing that by so doing some day we shall develop a Canadian character of art. However great our faith, I do not think such a miracle will reward it in the present day. As well as wasting our time this mimicry leads to make the most absurd exhibitions.

In the old plantations of the Southern States, we saw houses built in the beginning of the last century, with large two-storeyed verandahs, supported by columns, wooden imitations of the great stone shafts that stood in front of or surrounded a Grecian temple. Faulty as this American adaptation of an old idea

might be, there was some excuse for the desire to produce a monumental effect in a great house surrounded probably with acres of land and fine trees. But when we see a couple of these columns, stuck like clothes props in front of a flimsy shingled cottage, a cross between a bungalow and a bird cage, almost on the sidewalk of a narrow street, we cannot help seeing, in such a straining after the picturesque that the picturesque is not so apparent as the strain.

There is no reason why we should not have a two-storeyed verandah. There is no reason why we should not show our liking for its cool shade and airiness or the esthetic effect of light and shade of a columnnade against a massive building. But a pair of mammoth columns stuck against the side of an insignificant building, that will barely reach up to them, expresses nothing but bathos.

Our attempt at swagger in this case fails—the swagger is too obvious. We do not express what we wanted to express, and we do express that we have not the art to make the material we use expressive. We should treat our material more honorably, and not, by trying to make it look like some other material, show that we are ashamed of it, we should show that any material is dignified by honorable work, and nothing is more honorable than the truthful expression of our intention.

If our house is to be built of wooden posts, boards and shingles, because we find these materials most convenient to our use, the thing we might swagger about should be the skill shown in making this stuff not merely retain its identity, but contribute to form an evidently essential part of the composition, those peculiar or inherent qualities which make its identity. Make its natural color a necessary note in the color scheme of the whole, and in each detail of construction or ornament, show that no other material would play the part so well.

Sometimes when neither the location of our building, nor the cost of its construction, binds us down to the use of any one kind of material, this propensity to imitate, without thinking, what some other man has done makes an utter failure of our attempt to express our sense of the inherent quality of a material.

I have before me a photo of the interior of a dining-room of a suburban house, published in perfectly good faith, by a magazine as an artistic interior. The room has polished wood floors and doors, a delicate French paper on the walls, polished brass electric fixtures with silken shades, Chippendale chairs, brass wire chairs, portieres and tapestry, screens and stained glass. In fact the room has more features than there is space for on its carcass. The focal point of the room, that which the illustration calls attention to, is a boulder, or coble stone fireplace which reaches up to the ceiling. It has a warming pan at the side of it. To complete the comedy or tragedy there should be a gas log in it, but there is only a small coal grate.

A boulder fireplace might be quite appropriate in some place where perhaps boulders or field stones were the only building stones obtainable. The only other kind of construction that could look as ridiculous as this ponderous artlessness, would be a fireplace built of sticks and clay.

This is another case in which the imitator produces an effect quite different to that which he thought he was expressing. He only expresses the fact that he could not perceive how totally overwhelmed the natural, artless, outdoor beauty is in such a mass of artificial frippery and that he has not skill enough to express the individuality he desired on the material he had at hand.

It would be well to study expression in architecture. In our use of words those alone who are within hearing may criticise our expressions, but when we express ourselves with time defying material, we should have some consideration for others if we have no respect for ourselves. We know how difficult it is in other matters to avoid making an imitation a parody. This never seems to trouble us in art.

Unconstructive criticism is not a valuable commodity, as a rule the only thing it does produce is irritation both in the mind of the criticised and in the one seeking information. But unless we take things to pieces and see how they are made, we shall find it very difficult and tedious to make things for ourselves.

Suppose in order to make our search for expression more suggestive or constructive, we examine a few of the processes necessary in the building of a house. The first of the processes is the selection of a site. This is the beginning of our self announcement, and as a rule, it is not difficult to understand in this selection what is expressed of one's attitude towards nature and mankind. There are natural resources to be conserved, advantages of aspect the site gives which we should make use of. In this land where sunshine is pleasant for about ten months of the year, our site should be chosen and our house so placed as to make the best use of it. To get as much as we can where we need it, or avoid it where we are better without it. To judge any house plan, its relation to the East, its orientation must be known. The best art is to make nature do as much of the work as possible. The effect of sunlight should be considered in every room in the house. The two months in which it may be objectionable we spend as much as possible out of doors. Nearly every room in the house should be placed so as to get as much sunshine as we can give it, and at that time of day when it will best add to the enjoyment of our use of the room. Nothing we can put in our breakfast room will make it as pleasant as the morning sunshine will do if caught properly, and so on through all the house. There is a time for sunning, and some time, as in the cook's pantry at mid-day, or in a child's bedroom in the evening we may be better without it.

If we were not confined at all in our selection of a site, one wide enough to allow the entrance and main rooms to face South would give us the right arrangement for the rooms to get the best of the sunshine at the most convenient time of the day. But if we are to put up with a narrower site, one on the East side of a road, if it will allow of us leaving some open land to the South of our house, permits us to place the rooms in a good position. The entrance and reception rooms near the road and the kitchens and pantries, which, as a rule, we would place at the back of the house, fall to the North and East where they will get as much sun as they need and yet be near the dining or breakfast room which should be at the

South-East corner. The living-room with its verandahs we would put on the South side, for in the hot months the sun is high and will not penetrate far into them. The reception rooms or drawing-rooms used in the later part of the day do very well at the West end near the road.

We might consider every room, window and door and nearly every detail in its relation to the sun if we had enough space, but these few points should show that aspect contributes to comfort and convenience and the most artistic work is that which most perfectly fulfills all the requirements of comfort and convenience. In this case the designer like a good doctor should make nature assist him.

We have not yet considered the plan enough, by this we mean the arrangements of the rooms in relation to each other. The whole artistic development of a building issues from its plan, the plan is the base or root of it all, and the whole composition should reveal rather than conceal this fact. The reason for this is that the composition thus obtains one of the best elements in design—repose. The observer sees what the idea stands upon and is saved the trouble of worrying out the reason for himself.

The more readily you can, in your building or in any detail of it, tell the observer the how and why of it, the sooner you bring his mind to rest.

A house should not be an entity subdivided, as well as may be, into a required number of parts, each more or less convenient. It should be a number of complete and convenient parts combined to make an entity. The qualities we desire our art to show forth in our works are in a great measure no more than the sensuous presentation or symbolization of the virtues we admire in human character. Our plan may be made to express many such ideas.

If we like hospitality, cheerfulness and comfort, and we are generous enough to desire to give out these feelings, we would not like the entrance to our house to be mean, cold and repellant; we would put it on the warm, sunny side, make it wide, deep set and inviting, like an old arm-chair. When your guest does get inside the house it is well to let him see that in the hall, the guest's first room, you have

provided unstinted accommodation for him. Do not let the entrance for instance, stick out of a North-West corner, sending one off or holding him out in the cold wind, or when he has made this passage, do not let him find himself in a dark, cheerless hall, whose closed doors make him feel that there is difficulty in getting at you.

On the other hand we may readily make our entrance so large that it suggest ostentation, and if the living-rooms are, as we often see them, thrown open too freely to this entrance hall to secure the seclusion or reserve the comfort of family life requires, the plan conveys the idea that something has been sacrificed to create this imposing effect and one does not care to be imposed upon. We dislike falsity in human character, we prefer to know what a man is driving at. The essence of Architectural beauty is the complete expression of function, this is just frankness. The direct straight-forwardness of the self-announcing man. The highest virtue in any art is the development of individuality in simplicity.

This individuality can be shown as distinctly in our art as in our words, but it is farther reaching, and longer lasting. If we wish to be understood by all, we must study to speak simply. Now we make a noise with all the instruments there are in the Architectural Orchestra. It would be better to learn to play upon one.

How much we think of candor and truth may be shown by our refusal to disguise the elements of our construction. That we admire courage, strength and endurance, is shown by honoring with graceful form and ornament those constructive elements we have chosen for their strength and endurance. Grace, sweetness, courtesy, deferences, the arts that make the noblest art, the art of life; these or their opposite will be expressed in our art of building.

Man is a wondering, enquiring animal. Defer to him courteously, show him when we intrude our building upon his landscape, that we consider his feelings and desire to please him as well as ourselves, satisfy his curiosity, tell him in our building why we do such things. You, perhaps, remember prying off the top of your drum to find out what made the music. Men

still wish to do that. Let your drum be open at one end. Let him see how things are done. Doors, that by means of hidden machinery slide into a hollow in what we took to be a strong solid wall, excite almost subconsciously this fidgety curiosity. We wonder what mysterious things may not be in that impenetrable region in which they disappear and what strange machinery supports, or moves them, while the simple latch or bolt and strong hinges tell their admirable tale at once. They are worthy of decoration. We can appreciate the skilful workmanship displayed in them. The window sash that slides up and down and grudgingly only opens half the window is in the same category of unreposeful detail. Our subconscious mind expects the cords which suspend it to break when some one might be stooping to look out; for these things very seldom lift high enough for an upright man to get a breath of fresh air at them.

Windows are the eye of the room and the wide casement windows, like broad browed eyes widen our vision of all the good outside things.

Windows make great rents or holes in the walls we designed for our shelter. Even if we fill up these holes with sheets of plate glass, they still look like rents. But if we divide these fissures up with stone mullions, the effect of the wall outside will be carried over the opening and the feeling of strength preserved, while inside if we divide the window sash with bars of wood or lead, we shall not lose the feeling of enclosure and comfort. The expression of comfort in a house, if with it goes the suggestion of generosity, is perhaps its most pleasing expression. What possibilities there are in a fireplace with its mouth lined with smoke blackened bricks, wide open to consume the unstinted fuel and radiate its comforting heat, suggesting many a bygone symposium.

Compare this warm heart of a house with what we so often see in a modern reception room—a gas log set in a refrigerator like recess of white tiles, an appearance, to comfort a guest with the least expenditure of trouble.

Our works are the children of our minds and like many a human child, they will chatter and sometimes say the reverse of what we desire and expect from them. They seem to have a supernatural gift for exposing a pose, or swagger.

In Art of any kind swagger is common. It is quite right to admire performance, when it is the performance of something worth while, but we do not wish the Artist to be always telling us what a clever man he is, when we are looking for some beautiful idea we expected him to announce.

I have only touched upon a few points of expression in Domestic Architecture, I am only able to write a chapter. A book would not suffice to say all one would like to say, but the subject is an easy one to carry on if one thinks of it. Of course, some of us may say we do not care to express anything by means of art—we are not interested in it. Many people have already said as much, but they cannot get away from expressing something if they make or use anything, probably the easiest way for them to conceal their identity, would be under a uniform, as in living in a long row of houses exactly alike or by always dressing in some uniform like a man's evening dress. Expression even then would not be lost, they simply would have adopted the character of the mass.

I have not mentioned the subject of style, because style is a consideration absolutely of no importance esthetically. That is the reason, I imagine, why the first question one is asked about a building by the uninitiated is, what style is it in?

The expression style as we use it means really an archaeological difference. The word is used by designers to distinguish in a short way buildings having differing schemes of composition. For instance, we say it would not do to put a tower and spire in the thirteenth century style on the top of a building in the Grecian Doric style. Many people do not understand why one should not do so, because they lack a certain sense of perception, as one may lack a sense of humor, or of musical tone and harmony. There are in two such buildings antagonistic schemes of composition of line and space which will not blend.

The Remarks of a Mediocre Horse

By

James Grant

YOU never hear much about the Average Horse. By average I mean the horse that has nothing to do with horse shows or races, except when it comes to carting the tan-bark out of the ring or carrying a hack-load of resplendent gentlemen—the garden variety of book-maker, and the like, home from the races. It is this horse I mean, who has nothing to do with the gaudy things inside, and who, when he hears from a distance the finale of the overture from William Tell, knows that it is not being played for the likes of him to prance to, but for those other higher beings who can trace their ancestry back to all sorts of famous dams and sires, about whom is the halo of race track code, and on whose success or failure in a race fortunes are made or lost.

There is the cab horse. He gets a little share of glory in various kinds of novels, and there is the "Black Beauty" type of horse which gets wept over by kind ladies that sometimes carry sugar in their reticules. The great Clydesdales that haul the G.T.R. and C.P.R. lorries are a well-fed company, who never vary their pace and who act in collusion with their drivers in blocking the ways of irascible motormen in the city streets. The express horses and the delivery horses, they have their reward. So has the butcher's horse. But the others, the carter's horse, the horse that totes washing about the city, the horse that goes around in company with an old man, collecting morsels out of city garbage tins for the delectation of divers pigs—this is a different animal. He belongs to the class of Average Horses. He is the

mediocre. He and the grocer's horse, the "express for hire" horse, constitute the brotherhood of the mediocre, the lovably human, humanly down-trodden Mediocre. These are the Browns, and Smiths and Jones among horses. As a horse myself I *know*.

Everybody knows that this world's rewards are not even equitably distributed. That is why the world has invented Heaven and Hell. The people that don't get what they think they ought to get in this world figure—or at least some of them do—that things will be evened up in the next world and that the fellow who possesses everything in this life will be accordingly deprived of *everything* in the world hereafter, except Heat and Company. But the Average Horse has not even this sort of thing to even things up. He has no religion, no domestic interests, no friends, no hopes, no trade union, no propaganda. He has not even the pleasure of a varied diet, such as men have, or of the varied diseases to which men incline. When a man dies it is from one of a thousand causes. When a horse dies, it is one of a few, heaves or glanders, or over-work. Even when he is blind they drive him. When he is too far gone to drag the cart any further, they shoot him in the street, and when he is dead he is re-incarnated into boots and glue. A horse's work is never done and he hasn't even the fun of sinning.

A dog loafes on the corners with other dogs, sleeps and dreams dreams, fights and steals, has friends and enemies and chases sparrows and trolley cars. Butcher

wagons and people's legs are a perpetual five cent show to him.

Or a cat! The airy paths of the back-fence, the midnight conversation with a Platonic tabby, under the stars, mice and milk, baskets and kittens and balls of yarn—these are for the cat. These are the rewards of the dog, and the cat. But has the horse any rewards—the mediocre horse?

It is not as though a horse could not appreciate better things. Give a horse a chance. Watch one of the highly-bred horses respond to excitement, to good food, decent treatment and that sort of thing. Look at the hackney on the tan-bark when the band plays a real bit of music—I've seen 'em through a crack in the door. Look at the thoroughbred at the tape. They appreciate things. They respond to good treatment, but people think that the mediocre horse doesn't.

I remember one bright sunny morning last spring, a shaggy, rangy black horse with fur two inches thick, ribs showing, tail dilapidated, neck too flat, head too heavy, with a sway back and small ankles and Clydesdale's hoofs—trotted gaily out Agnes Street in Toronto, on to the car tracks on Yonge Street. He was stark naked. Hadn't even a halter. Three Jews were in pursuit of him, but as he reached the car tracks he had still a good lead on his pursuers, so he paused, looked both ways for the cars, and turning his tail north and his head south he struck off down Yonge Street toward the busiest corner in the city, and with a south-bound car behind him.

His pace was a compromise between dignity and the necessity for keeping in front of his Hebrew pursuers. He displayed no anxiety but avoided all offers of arrest gracefully. Meanwhile a south-bound trolley overtook him and rang for its right of way. The gong was peremptory. But the horse paid no attention. Instead, he kept straight on, always just ahead of the car. When the motorman pounded his gong the horse tossed his heels in an insulting manner somewhat after the style of an amateur chorus girl. When the motorman left his car and ran ahead to try to take the horse out of the way the horse merely—eluded him, and kept in the path.

Now that was a mediocre horse. But at

the same time he was a temperamental horse. The spring morning, the sunlight, vague recollections of a meadow and a stream and a rail fence, had stirred in the soul of that horse so that he disdained the Hebrew's halter, launched into the world of Yonge Street, a free horse, and told a trolley car to go chase itself around the block. Of course, in the end, the horse—whose name, by the way, was Balthazar, became embarrassed by a number of street cars, automobiles, policemen and pedestrians who were converging from four directions at the corner of Queen and Yonge Streets. Under the circumstances, Balthazar consented to be led away by a decent cop who "understood" and eventually returned to his life companionship with a bone-bottle-and-rag wagon.

But in the eyes of a whole city, Balthazar had demonstrated a fact—the fact that there are flashes of "temperament" continually cropping up in the mediocre horse. Balthazar was mediocre. He had his outbreak. He went back to environment. But had he lived in other days he might have had justice and a chance to develop his latent possibilities. But who could have temperament—hitched to a rag, bone and bottle wagon.

If the mediocre horse only had a chance: that's the point. It is just like a man. If poor John Jones who earns what he earns and will never earn any more, he never will amount to much we say—if *he only had a chance*, he'd succeed. He'd show the largeness of his capabilities. But he never gets the chance or when he does get it, something is wrong with it. It is a second-hand chance, shelf worn. It fails him.

I know. Once there was an express man who had a nice mediocre horse. He had a little bit of rare old Hackney blood in him but his mother was no account. He had been bred on a Manitoba farm, sold in Winnipeg, sold in Toronto, sold in Hamilton, and sold back to Toronto. He had a great temperament. Used to look back at his owner as he'd be coming in the stall, and as she looked at him out of the corner of her eye, she'd squeeze him against the side of the stall. That was her diversion. It was so that she made life endurable. She loved to make the man mad and hear him curse and if he kicked her she liked it all the better because it

gave her an excuse to kick back and raise a general disturbance that made the stable worth living in. However, she lost her chief diversion through her very temperament. She was sold to a mild little man in the express business who was so gentle about everything that he didn't even curse when she'd hip at him. So she quit the game. She thought there was no fun in the man who didn't get mad.

Well, she had *her* chance and it only goes to prove that there's no hope for the mediocre horse. The expressman, who was a sort of a fool, got cheated into a set of gaudy harness with blinkers and fine crupper and nickel initials on the blinkers. When Fan saw that harness she calculated she would cut some figure. She always did have a pretty good opinion of herself though nobody ever told her that her barrel was too long.

Anyhow, she just fairly bristled in that harness. She calculated she'd cut a good figure and maybe get sold as a carriage horse. When she struck the street pavement with the new harness on and the check-rein up, and the old express wagon rattling behind her, she thought she was pretty much of a fashion-plate horse. She figured she might sell for a carriage horse—she always had a sneaking regard for that sort of life—or for a saddle horse. In truth so did the expressman and he drove down to the sale stables where the fat man acts as auctioneer.

Fan picked up a lot of pointers on the way down. She noticed a couple of carriage horses lifting and throwing their feet—not knowing they were weighted—and she tried it on her own pace. She stiffened her hind legs like a carriage horse and held her head higher even than the check rein was holding it. The meek little expressman calculated he could sell Fan for \$200 and Fan—she saw herself on the way to glory, taking a dog-cart with red wheels into the horse show.

It was too bad. Of course poor Fan couldn't see that her back action was running from rheumatism, or that she had a bad eye, and a swollen knee. The new harness just lifted her clean out of herself, so that she forgot the express wagon trailing behind.

But when she reached the tan bark sale stable she felt sore from the unaccustomed strain on her muscles. She perked up all

she could, remembering the harness and the dog cart which she had made the goal of her ambitions. A fool did buy her at a little profit to the expressman, and he put her in carriage harness. But she fell down on the work. Every now and then she'd forget she was a carriage horse and drop back into an express wagon pace. She'd slouch down in the harness and shamble along the street. At last it got that the strain of carriage-horse manners was too much for her and she was sold to a livery stable. I see her often, standing with the other night-hawk cabs on Bay Street, beside the Mail and Empire Building.

That's just it. A mediocre horse hasn't much chance to rise. Yet I met a fellow down in the sale stable one time who wanted to be a fire horse. He and I were tethered close together and we fell to talking.

"Say," he said to me, nudging me with his hip, "say, y'ought to perk up; they're buyin' fire horses to-day."

"Are they," says I, pawing the bark, contemptuously. "Why should I care?"

"Care?" says he, "wouldn't you like to be a fire horse?"

"I can't see why," I drawled. "I'm ten years old. Why should I?"

He seemed to groan with ecstasy. "Oh dear," he sighed, "you must be fond of doing nothing. Why think of it! Dashing out of your stable—snap goes your harness! Sup! the bars drop! Out you go. The gong shouting at your heels. Your mate and you tearing along to the fire and—"

"Say kid!" I said, "you must be a yearling—"

"I'm three," he admitted.

"Well, who told you all about this fire-reel business?"

"Oh!" he stammered, "I heard about it from—I was talking to a fire horse the other day. We were both tethered near a place where there was a fire. He told me. You see! All you do is work hard *occasionally*. Just my line. I can work hard in spurts, but this steady grind, Oh that's what kills me."

"Yes," I replied, "but did you ever consider how much a standard fire engine weighs?"

"Oh, brother!" he answered. "You're a knocker."

He got his wish. The fire chief bought him. Used him in a hose reel. He passed me the other day. It was rather exciting but I prefer quiet myself.

The mediocre horse is the greatest critic there is. You talk to a mediocre horse and he has more opinions about how a race should be run, what action a carriage horse should have and the best manners for a dray. The mediocre horse has more snobbishness in him than any other horse. Of course, the race-horse can afford to be generous, as a loser and as a winner. But snobbery is one of the little joys of the mediocre. It colors his life. Most mediocre horses coming in from the farm are very humble, but after a time they take on airs and plan to become all sorts of things. Some "become"——but the rest become part of "us." We are the drudges of the city. My last stable wasn't bad but he was an Italian and fed me on the straw in which bananas are packed in the box-cars. It was hard on the stomach. My stable

before that was a dark, filthy hole and I got rheumatism there. Besides I had to work infernally hard. Just now, I am looking for a place as a gentle family horse. I'll have to repress my temper I know, but I can manage it in a nice family—Think of it, a clean stable, perhaps straw, good hay—and oats! Haven't had a decent mouthful of oats since I worked——.

"Gee. Here comes a little man with a long beard and dirty hands. He's a market gardener and keeps pigs. I can tell by his hands. Dirty old beggar, bet he's lazy. He's looking at me. I think I'd like to work for him——never more than six cans of garbage on his wagon. One trip a day—a little light plowing. That's the job I'm after. Dignified! No. But I can eke out my life that way. And a bit of sun, and rain, and fresh air, enough food and so on—Oh, I might eke out ten years more that way. Good! He's buying me."

A Small Catechism

Why are children's eyes so bright?

Tell me why?

'Tis because the Infinite

Which they've left, is still in sight,

And they know no earthly blight—

Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

Why do children laugh so gay?

Tell me why?

'Tis because their hearts have play

In their bosoms, every day,

Free from sin and sorrow's sway—

Therefore 'tis they laugh so gay.

Why do children love so true?

Tell me why?

'Tis because they cleave unto

A familiar, favorite few,

Without art or self in view—

Therefore children love so true.

—Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

A Treasury of War Medals

By

W. .A Craick



MANY human beings have a mania for collecting. The mania often begins at an early age with marbles and colored pebbles. It progresses through the bird's egg, butterfly and postage stamp stage of youth to the more expensive hobbies of age. It displays itself in forms which vary according to the character of the individual. Some men treasure books; others paintings; others china, coins, old furniture. The most common hobby is that of gold and silver and bank-notes. A man who collects money is a magnate. A man who collects director's fees is a financier. A man who collects bugs is a scientist. The rest are "hobbyists" whether the object of their search be cigar wrappers or archaeological vases. This universal mania makes a bond of sympathy: it unites the race and there is a common interest even in the achievements of those so-called "eccentric" persons who have succeeded in gathering about themselves collections of oddities and curiosities.

About eighteen years ago a young man in Hamilton became inspired with the idea that he would make a collection of military medals. There was nothing particularly original in the idea, though medal collectors in Canada are almost as rare as some of their specimens. At any rate medals possessed a fascination for him, partly because he had been an avaricious reader of boys' books and had become filled with admiration for the brave deeds of Britain's soldiers in all parts of the world, and partly too because he had some good old military blood in his veins, two great grand uncles having fought and died at Waterloo.

His first purchase consisted of three medals which had been bestowed on veterans of the Peninsular War. With these in his possession he felt himself brought into actual touch with the men who had fought in that dramatic campaign. He was thrilled. Having thus tasted the joys of collecting, he went on securing more

and more examples. His name was Hendrie—William Hendrie, Junior, of Hamilton.

Presumably there must be some connection between breeding race horses and collecting medals or William Hendrie would never have taken up the latter hobby. The second son of the late William Hendrie, the elder, and brother of Colonel, the Hon. J. S. Hendrie, one of Ontario's cabinet ministers, he is a member of a family which has done much for horse breeding in Canada. He has also taken a keen interest in military affairs, holding a major's commission in the 48th Highlanders Regiment, of Toronto.

Major Hendrie is an enthusiast on medals. He has a famous collection of them. And what is more, he likes to talk about them and about the wars and the engagements which they commemorate. He has even gone to the extent of preparing a lecture, or as he prefers to call it, "a little talk" about them,—for he is a modest man.

"The study and collecting of British war medals as granted to the naval and military forces," says Major Hendrie, "is one of singular interest to any one who admires the many noble qualities of our soldiers and sailors; and a complete collection

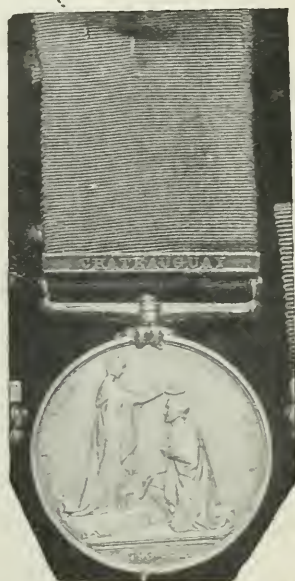
forms a concise historical record of the growth and advance of the British Empire. As long as nations preserve the memory of the great deeds of their history, as long as human courage and endurance can send a thrill of admiration through generous hearts, as long as British blood beats in British veins, the story of the brave men who fought and died at their country's bidding will be one of the great traditions of the British race."

But collecting medals is by no means such an easy undertaking as one might suppose. It requires expert knowledge and it is a somewhat expensive pursuit. Many British war medals are very rare and when by some chance they are offered for sale they command big prices.

They crop up in the most unlikely places. "At the time the Duke of York visited Toronto," says Major Hendrie, "just after the parade broke up, I was walking along York street when I caught sight of a well-dressed young Indian, who was wearing a couple of medals. From my knowledge of medals, I knew immediately that these two were rare specimens of the 1812 variety. I approached him and tried my best to get them from him, but, to his credit he wouldn't part with them. He came from a reserve at Rice



The
Peninsular
War



Chateauquay



□

Indian Chieftain's Medal

Granted to those who remained faithful to British Arms during the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812

□

Lake and no doubt the medals had been given to some of his ancestors who fought in the war.

"Another time," continued the Major, "a friend of mine in Rochester happened to notice a medal in a pawn-shop over

□

Indian Chieftain's reverse side

□





Three of the Medals given in connection with Canada's Early Troubles.

there. It had no fewer than five bars or clasps. He wrote to me about it with the result that I secured for a mere song a rare five-bar Egyptian Medal, originally belonging to a member of the Black Watch Regiment. In England it would be very valuable but, of course, in the United States it had little or no value."

Pawn-shops are the great source of sup-

ply, especially at seaport towns. Recipients of the medals, being down in their luck, pawn their medals and oftentimes never redeem them. Or perhaps, having died, their families part with them. In both ways, there is a constant stream of these objects coming into the market. They are picked up by dealers, who at intervals issue catalogues which are mailed



From left to right these Medals are: 1. Naval General Service Medal; 2. Waterloo Medal; 3. Sikh, India.



Medal presented to Indian Chiefs by the late King Edward VII. when in Canada as Prince of Wales.

to collectors and from them the latter add examples to their collections. Then, too, at the big auction rooms in London, like Christy's and Glendenning's, medals are frequently put up for sale.

"The fun of collecting" explained Major Hendrie, "lies not so much in securing the medals themselves but in getting the various bars or clasps attached to them, particularly fighting bars. Take, for instance, the Peninsular Medal. This medal which was distributed not only among the Peninsular War veterans but also for service in Canada and the West Indies, was issued with no fewer than 28 bars, each one bearing the name of some engagement or campaign. If a soldier had been in five engagements for instance, he would be given a medal with five bars, bearing the names of these engagements. Fighting bars mark the engagements, ordinary bars the campaigns, and because there are fewer of the former issued, they are the more valuable. It is the presence of the bars that add an element of excitement to the pursuit."

The list of medals issued for service in Canada is not a long one. The first medals were sent to the country by King George III, to be bestowed on those Indian

chiefs, who had been loyal to the crown at the time of the Revolutionary War. The medals are extra large in size, made thus doubtless to attract the Indians, and bear the head of King George upon them. They are to-day very rare indeed.

The next medal given in Canada was the Military General Service Medal or Peninsular War Medal, which, while it was given in recognition of the services in the War of 1812, was, owing to the Duke of Wellington's opposition, not bestowed on the veterans until 1847. This is the medal with the 28 bars of which three commemorate engagements in Canada, viz., Fort Detroit, Chrysler's Farm and Chateauguay. Strange to say, the most important battle in the War, that at Queenston Heights, was not recognized by a bar, the soldiers who fought there receiving only the medal itself. The medals with the bars are, of course, the most valuable, because of the limited number which were issued. Only two were made with two bars and these are still more rare.

On the occasion of the late King Edward's visit to Canada, as Prince of Wales, he presented medals to the Indian chiefs. These, like those given by George

III, were big medals and a few examples are to be found among the Indians of the reservations. Major Hendrie's specimen came from the Walpole Island Reserve on the St. Clair River.

There was no medal issued for the Rebellion of 1837. The next military medal was conferred in recognition of service at the time of the Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870 and the Red River Expedition. The same medal did for all three and there were three bars struck to accompany it, one for each campaign. Examples of this medal with one bar are fairly common. A few were issued with two bars but none with three.

To commemorate the North West Rebellion of 1885, the Egyptian Medal with one bar, bearing the name Saskatchewan, was given. This medal is, of course, quite common.

This completes the list of medals given for service in Canada. But many Canadians have served in the British army in all parts of the world and on them have been bestowed medals and orders in recognition thereof. To trace out such would involve a study of all the British war medals, a long and complex subject and one of no immediate interest to Canadians.

Major Hendrie preserves his medals in glass frames hung from the wall. The polished silver of the medals themselves, the colored ribbons attached to them and the dark velvet background of the frames make a pleasing combination. In the fine large dining-room at Gateside House, his home in Hamilton, he is arranging a series of cases in the panneling of the fireplace in which he intends to display his collection. The effect will doubtless be highly ornamental, illustrating the fact that medal collecting has other advantages than purely the pleasure to be derived from acquisition.

The collection is limited almost entirely to military medals. Beginning with the Waterloo Medal, the first to be given to the rank and file of the British army, it includes an excellent representation of all the medals since issued. These are arranged according to the seats of the campaigns so that the ribbons may harmonize. Thus the Indian medals are placed together, all their ribbons being red and

blue stripes. The Soudan medals have blue and white ribbons, the South African red, black and yellow, etc.

"Yes, it is undoubtedly an expensive hobby," says Major Hendrie in response to a question, "but the pleasure to be derived from it more than repays the expense. You get a great insight from it into what Great Britain's soldiers and sailors have done the world over. Take this Abyssinian Medal for instance. Colonel Sweeny of Toronto wears it. It recalls to mind the way Great Britain, for the sake of one subject, whom the King of Abyssinia illegally imprisoned, spent eight million pounds to secure his liberty by force, and to punish King Theodore. It provides a grand object lesson, showing the privileges and rights of British citizenship."

"In buying medals it is quite possible that an amateur might be imposed upon," says Major Hendrie. "An unscrupulous dealer might attach two bars to a medal and thereby convert a common specimen into a rare specimen. Such an imposition, however, could be easily discovered if reference is made to Ottawa or to the War Office in London. Each medal bears on the rim the name and regiment of the recipient and the records will show whether he received one or two bars."

Major Hendrie thinks that the Dominion and provincial governments should do something to secure collections of medals, particularly medals given to Canadians who have fought for the Empire. He commends highly the action of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Hon. J. M. Gibson, in securing the medals, sword of honor and Victoria Cross of Lieut.-Dunn, an old Upper Canada College boy, who distinguished himself in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and presenting them to his old college, where they will be the pride and inspiration of future generations.

"A collection of medals will teach Canadians, whether of British or foreign birth, British history. If the Ottawa Government were to start an investigation, they would be surprised to find how many Canadians rose to high places in the naval and military service of the Empire."

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES



EUROPEAN SNOBBERY IN ASIA.

EUROPEAN snobbery in Asia rouses the protest of Melville E. Stone,

General Manager of the Associated Press, and in an article in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) he sets forth facts that should make the average European or American blush for his ideals. The cry of Asiatics, he says, is: "Stop cheating us; stop swindling us; stop treating us as your inferiors who are to be beaten and robbed. Treat us fairly and we will go more than half-way. Leave to us the question whether Japanese laborers shall go to America to annoy you, and we will stop them. But do not say that you will admit the lazaroni of Hungary and Italy and Russia, simply because they are white, and shut us out simply because we are yellow." He goes on to say:—

Although whole libraries have been written concerning Asia and the Asians, there is a widespread belief that, because of the differences in our mentalities, it is not possible for us ever to understand them, or they us. Kipling says that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." The "oldest inhabitant" in India or China or Japan is sure to tell you that the Oriental mind is unfathomable. I have not the temerity to challenge these opinions. And yet I venture to suggest that there is an older authority holding a different view, and that I still have some respect for Cicero's idea

that there is a "common bond" uniting all of the children of men.

And whatever our ignorance of, or indifference for, the Orientals in the past, it is well to note that conditions, both for us and for them, have entirely changed within the last decade. There is a new United States and a new Asia. The Spanish War created the one; the Russo-Japanese War the other. When we acquired the Philippine Islands we assumed the government of eight millions of Orientals and touched elbow with all Asia. When Japan defeated Russia, the Oriental learned his power. For untold centuries he had respected power. His native sovereign was an autocrat, who enslaved him, beat him, killed him, if need be. Then came the European, with powder and guns and warships; and thereafter the white man behind the gun represented power. A handful of British with cannon could enforce obedience from hundreds of millions of people. Suddenly the little Empire of Japan, one of the least among the Asiatic powers, challenged, fought, and defeated the great European Colossus, Russia.

The Asian discovered then that it was not the white man, but the gun that did the business; he learned that a yellow man behind the gun was quite as effective as a white man, and he found that the Christian soldier alone was afraid of death. Then followed in travail the birth of the

new Asia. There were actual revolutions in Turkey and Persia, a startling recrudescence of unrest in India and Ceylon, and, at this moment, China is in a state of revolutionary ferment.

What is to be the outcome? What does all this mean for the future of the world? Let us view the problem from the political, the commercial, and the moral aspects. How long will the 6,000 soldiers we have in the Philippines be able to keep our flag afloat among 8,000,000 of natives? How long will the 75,000 English soldiers in India be able to maintain British sovereignty over 300,000,000 of Asians? Believe me, these are not idle questions. They are up to us for an answer, whether we will or no, and upon our ability to make answer will depend the future of what we are pleased to call our Western civilization. I would not be an alarmist, and yet I would have you feel that Macaulay's suggestion of the New Zealander on a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul, has come to be more than an extravagant figure of speech.

And I am convinced that there is real danger awaiting us unless we mend our ways. It is not the Asian who needs educating; it is the European. I am not worrying half so much about the heathen in his blindness as I am about the Christian in his blindness.

Asia is awake and preparing for the coming struggle, and we are doing very much to force the issue and to prepare her for the contest. For a century we have been sending at enormous cost our missionaries to all parts of the hemisphere to civilize. There may be doubt as to the amount of proselyting we have been able to accomplish: there can be no possible doubt of the work we have done to strengthen the Asian people politically and commercially.

A statesman of Japan said recently, in a conversation I had with him: "Your missionaries undoubtedly have done good for the morals of our people, but they have done far more for our health and strength as a nation. They come to us with doctors and nurses, and hospitals, and schools. Before Perry's arrival 2,000,000 infants were born every year in Japan, and for lack of proper sanitary measures they died. Now, with the hospitals and sanit-

ary and hygienic methods introduced by the missionaries, the 2,000,000 children are born, but they do not die." This is true of every other Oriental country. Meanwhile, in the countries of Europe the increase of population is slow, and, in some countries, as in France, it is hardly increasing at all. In America race suicide is becoming alarmingly prevalent.

In the recent war between Russia and Japan, Dr. Louis Seaman, who visited their field hospitals and talked freely with their army surgeons, found that the Japanese had outstripped us in almost every department of military surgery. The foreign colonies of Tokio and other Japanese cities employ native physicians in preference to Europeans.

Asia is coming into her own again. It was Asia through Arabia which gave Europe the literature, the arts, and the sciences, which we have developed and of which we now boast. Gunpowder was probably invented in China; it was certainly introduced into Europe from Arabia. The finely-tempered steel of Damascus went over from Arabia at the time of the Moorish invasion of Spain, and its manufacture was continued at Toledo. The coppersmiths of Bagdad supplied the world's market with their wonderful productions centuries before there were any industries in Europe. Weaving of silk and cotton had its birth as an industry in Arabia, and the weaving of wool was learned by the Crusaders in the same wonderful country. Astronomy, mathematics, the mariner's compass—all came to us from the Arabs.

One cannot have forgotten that the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Koran are all of Arabian origin. The inhabitants of central Arabia have to-day the oldest liberal government—practically a republic—on earth. And, if you go farther afield, to India, and China, and Japan, you shall find a civilization older than history and marvelous in its character. One cannot read that great library of Eastern Sacred Writings, edited by Dr. Max Muller, without being tremendously impressed.

It will not do for us to assume that ours is the only civilization. What are the basic virtues, the sum of which we call our Christian civilization? I hope we are all agreed that they are not primarily beliefs in certain theological dogmas, or certain

forms of church polity, or in the shape or length of priestly vestments, but in the attributes of correct Christian living. Is frugality a virtue? Your Asian far exceeds us in frugality. Is industry a merit? No people on earth work as long, as persistently, and as conscientiously as they. Is integrity esteemed? It is the unchallenged judgment of every European writer that the word of an Asian was good until they were corrupted by the inroads of Westerners. Is politeness, which is but another name for the golden rule, to be commended? Nowhere will you find such scrupulous politeness as is daily and hourly observed east of Suez.

Is observance of law desirable? The peaceable and orderly lives which the great mass of the people of Asia have led for centuries attest their habits of obedience. There are cities in India, Japan, and China with crowded populations running from a hundred thousand into the millions where there is scarcely the semblance of police control, and where crime is hardly known. They are a calm, thoughtful people, to whom what Mr. Arthur Benson has so well called "the gospel of push," and what our own vigorous Roosevelt calls a "strenuous life," is unknown. But I am not at all sure that this is an unmixed evil, for there are no "brain-storms" there, and neurasthenia is provided for nowhere. In the light of the fact that the number of inmates in the insane hospitals of our country doubled in six years, according to the latest available statistics, I cannot but feel that we need less strenuosity rather than more. Compared with Western civilization, theirs will not suffer perhaps as much as you would imagine; and perhaps you will agree that the chief characteristics of our civilization are push and extravagance, and that in this respect they have the better of us.

All this brings me to my topic. And I must say that, paraphrasing Mr. Lincoln's words at Gettysburg, in large measure it is not for us to educate, but to be educated. We shall never meet the problems growing out of our relation with the Far East unless we absolutely and once for all put away race prejudice. I believe the European snob in Asia is distinctly the enemy of the civilized West. And his coadjutor in this country is a fitting crim-

inal yoke-fellow. Let me give you some illustrations of what I mean—cases which came under my personal observation. From Bombay to Yokohama there is not a social club at any port or treaty point where a native, whatever his culture or refinement, will be admitted.

At the Bengal Club at Calcutta last year a member in perfectly good standing innocently invited a Eurasian gentleman—that is, one who is half native and half European—to dine with him. It became known that the invitation had been extended, and a storm of opposition broke among the members. The matter was finally adjusted by setting aside the ladies' department of the club, and there the offending member and his unfortunate guest dined alone. The next day the member was called before the board of governors and notified that another like breach of the rules would result in his expulsion.

The beating of native servants and workmen in India is a daily and hourly occurrence. It formerly was so at Hongkong and Shanghai, but Mr. Sprague, the representative of the Standard Oil Company at Shanghai, told me that since the Russo-Japanese war the natives would not stand it, and that all beating of them by Europeans in that city had ceased.

While in Calcutta I attended a ball at Government House, and noted that while one or two native princesses were on the floor dancing with white men, there were twenty or more native gentlemen standing about as "wall flowers." I called the attention of Lady Minto to the fact, and she explained that no white woman would think of dancing with a native; it would certainly result in ostracism.

The son of a maharaja goes to England, is educated at Oxford or Cambridge, is lionized in the West End of London—mayhap he is honored with an invitation to Windsor. When he goes back home he may enter no white man's club; if he be fortunate enough to be invited to a white man's function, no white woman will dance or associate with him, and if by any luck he should marry a European, he, his wife, and his children become outcasts.

Although native troops, like the Sikhs, have shown undying loyalty to the British flag, and on frequent occasions have

exhibited courage in the highest degree, no one of them ever has or ever can achieve the Victoria Cross.

I have no thought, in saying this, of criticising British rule in India. I do not question that it has been of enormous benefit. Neither do I doubt that under the administration of Lord Morley there is the most sincere desire to do all for India that the cause of humanity or Christianity may dictate. And I am also quite ready to say that the problem is a difficult one; that "the white man's burden" is one not easy to bear. I know that attempts to do justice are often misunderstood by the natives, are construed as evidence of fear. I know that the Bengalis, who are responsible for most of the unrest in India, are a silly lot, whose lives and property would not be worth a groat were British protection withdrawn. I know that the beneficent British supremacy has been made possible only by the religious divisions among the natives. But this is all the more reason why the greatest care should be exercised not alone in India, but throughout Asia, why the line of cleavage should not be permitted to pass from a religious to a racial one, and the danger that it may do so grows with every hour.

On the one hand, there is a very perceptible loosening of the bonds of religious caste; not infrequently to-day high-class Brahmins not only shake hands with Moslems and Christians, but even sit at table and eat meat with them. On the other hand, there was a startling evidence during the recent war of the secret racial tie that binds all Asia. We are accustomed to think and speak of India as a British possession, forgetting that after all only five-eighths of its area is British, while there are over 600 native princes and chiefs, each governing a state, which is more or less independent. Some of these princes are enormously wealthy. So far as they have any religious bent, they are Hindu, or Mahratta, and in this respect not at all at one with the Japanese, who are either Shinto or Buddhist. Yet while the war was on, it was not uncommon for a rich Maharaja to call at Government House and ask if it would be regarded as an unfriendly act for him to buy Japanese bonds. Of course, the viceroy was forced to say it would not, since Britain and Japan were in treaty alliance. Of course,

these investments were made through London banks, and the extent of the transactions will never be known. We do know, however, that there was a mysterious absorption of Japanese securities, which never could be accounted for by either the London financiers or our own.

What I feel is that the danger of Asiatic ethnic solidarity is immensely accentuated by the attitude of certain of the British themselves. It goes without saying that the younger son of a British nobleman, who does not succeed to his father's estate and does not go into trade, but who finds the only outlet for his activities in the army or navy, the church, or in the Indian civil service, becomes far more of a snob, and therefore far more of a danger when dealing with natives in Asia than he would be permitted to be at home in England. And the harm that one such person can do it may take an army to undo.

I have spoken thus freely respecting the conditions in India because I feel at liberty to do so, since my mother was born under the British flag, and I have a very large number of relatives in the British army, navy and church. But I should be wholly lacking in fairness if I did not ask your attention to similar cases of race prejudice in which we are involved and which are equally dangerous in other parts of Asia.

Let me tell you a story as it was told me by a Harvard graduate, who is now a minister of the Japanese Crown. "When Perry came here," said he, "and Townsend Harris (of blessed memory) followed him and made the first treaty with Japan, it was stipulated that we (the Japanese) should give them ground for their legation and their consulates, compounds. We did so. Yokohama was then an unimportant place, a native fishing village. It was the natural port of Tokio, but as we had no foreign trade that meant nothing. We gave them ground in Yokohama for their consulate. Merchants and traders followed, and we gave them ground also for their shops. The British and the Russians and other European nations came in and we gave them like concessions. In Yokohama, as you know, houses and stores are not numbered as you number them in America—110 Broadway, for instance—but are numbered in the or-

der in which they were built. Thus, "Number 1 Yokohama" may be half a mile distant from "Number 2 Yokohama." This method of numbering still survives.

"Well, as time went on the village grew into a city. Under the treaty of Townsend Harris and all the other treaties the right of extra-territoriality was recognized. That is whenever a case arose in which a foreigner was involved it must be tried by the consul of the country to which the foreigner belonged. As time went on, Sir Harry Parks, the British minister, asked for ground in Yokohama for a race-track. We cautiously suggested that horse-racing was said to be wicked by the European missionaries. But he insisted and we gave him the ground. Then we were asked for ground for a social club for the foreigners, and we gave them a plot on the sea front, the finest piece of land in the city.

"Later they wanted to play cricket and football, and finally golf. Well, we gave them ground for this. As the city grew, this cricket-field was so surrounded by buildings that it was practically in the center of town. Understand, all of this ground was donated. Last year we suggested that we could use the cricket-field, and we offered to give in place of it a field in the suburbs. As railways had been built meanwhile, the new field would be even more accessible than the old one was when we gave it. The foreigners demurred, and proposed that we buy the old field and with the purchase-money they would secure a new one. Finally, we compromised by paying for their improvements and furnishing them a new field with like improvements free of cost.

"The question of taxation arose. Yokohama had grown to be a city of 300,000 inhabitants, with millions of dollars invested in buildings owned by foreigners. We asked no taxes on the ground we had donated to them, but we did think it fair that they should pay taxes on their buildings. They said no, that everywhere in the West the buildings went with the ground. We submitted the question to the Americans, but they dodged the issue, stying they would do whatever the others did. Then, under the law of extra-territoriality, we were compelled to leave the

decision to the British consul, and he decided against us. The case has now gone to The Hague Court.

"Finally, when I tell you that in the light of this history no native Japanese gentleman has ever been permitted to enter the club-house or the grand-stand of the race-track or to play upon the cricket-field, perhaps you will understand why there is some feeling against foreigners in Yokohama."

When Commodore Perry went to Japan in 1853 he wrote a letter to the Japanese Emperor containing these words:

"With the Americans, as indeed with all Christian people, it is considered a sacred duty to receive with kindness, and to succor and protect all, of whatever nation, who may be cast upon their shores, and such has been the course of the Americans with all Japanese subjects who have fallen under their protection."

With his warships Perry compelled Japan to receive citizens of the United States and to grant them extraordinary domiciliary rights. From that day to this we have spent enormous sums to establish schools in Japan for the education of the natives. Yet we now are seeking to deny them admission to this country and we are refusing to permit them to attend our schools.

In the Philippines a ruffian American soldier, recruited from the purlieus of New York, shoves a native gentleman from the sidewalk of Manila with an oath, calling him a "nigger." Yet that "nigger" is very likely a cultivated gentleman, educated at the Sorbonne, in Paris.

The infamous opium war upon China, and the equally infamous existent compulsion of China to receive Indian opium, are outrages no whit worse than our own extortion of absurdly exorbitant damages for losses of American ships to Chinese pirates in the Yellow Sea. For many years there was no more profitable undertaking for the owner of an American clipper ship than to sell it and its cargo to the Chinese government after it had been looted by pirates.

Such, my friends, is something of the shameful record of our relations with the Far East. In India, in China, and in Japan we have been the guests who have enjoyed their hospitality, only to rise in the morning and say to our hosts, "You must not sit at table with us." Believe

me. this condition cannot endure. Politically we are in grave danger. Commercially, with their industry and their frugality, they are fast outstripping us.

They have ceased buying flour from the Minneapolis mills, because they are grinding Indian and Manchurian wheat with Chinese labor at Woosung. A line of ships is running from the Yellow River to Seattle, bringing 72,000 tons a year of pig iron manufactured at Hankow, and delivered, freight and duty added, cheaper than we can produce it. In Cawnpore, India, with American machinery they are making shoes so cheaply that the manufacturers of Lynn can no longer compete with them. The cottons and silks which we one time sent from here to Asia are now made in Japan and China.

Thus we are related to them politically, and commercially. Socially they are all saying to us, "Stop cheating us; stop swindling us; stop your treating us as your inferiors who are to be beaten and robbed." Japan is crying out, "Treat us fairly and we will go more than half way. Leave to us the question whether Japanese laborers shall go to America to annoy you, and we will stop them. But do not say that you will admit the lazaroni of Hungary and Italy and Russia, simply because they are white, and shut us out because we are yellow."

The Singhalese natives of Ceylon, while I was in Colombo addressed a remarkable communication to the Governor General. They said a hundred years ago there was established in the United States a new theory of government—that there should be no taxation without representation. "Now," said they, "we ask a share in the government of the island. We pay taxes. You may fix a property qualification and say that no one having less than a thousand pounds sterling shall share in the government. We shall not object. You may also fix an educational qualification. You may say that no one but a college graduate shall take part in the government. We will not object. In short, you may fix any qualification except a racial qualification. That would not be fair." "And what answer have you to make?" I asked Mr. Crosby Rolles, editor of *The*

Times, of Ceylon. "To meet their request," he replied, "would mean to turn over the government of Ceylon to them at once, because there are 6,000 of them and only 5,000 English men, women, and children. We must stop educating them."

What do you think of that for a remedy? Personally, I do not think it will work, any more than I think any rule of arbitrary repression can endure. I take refuge in the large experience and ripe judgment of Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, who in July, 1904, was given the freedom of the city of London in Guildhall, and on that occasion used these words: "Depend upon it, you will never rule the East except through the heart, and the moment imagination has gone out of your Asiatic policy your empire will dwindle and decay."

I am also impressed with the correctness of Lord Morley's attitude. Speaking in support of the Indian reform proposals two years ago, he said: "The Founder of Christianity arose in an Oriental country, and, when I am told that Orientals always mistake kindness for fear, I must repeat that I do not believe it, any more than I believe the stranger saying of Carlyle, that after all the fundamental question between any two beings is, Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me? I do not agree that any organized society has ever subsisted upon either of those principles, or that brutality is always present as a fundamental postulate in the relations between rulers and ruled."

And Curzon and Morley have many supporters in their view. In smug complacency, you may close your doors which look toward Asia, while you open wide those which look toward Europe; you may refuse the Oriental admission to your schools, while you accord the privilege to any child of an European; you may pile import duties mountain high, and raise our standards of living to any pitch of extravagance; you may build warships without limit, and you may continue to treat the Asian as legitimate prey. But I am confident that it will not avail.

As a soldier, whether at Omdurman, in the Sudan, or on 203-Metre Hill, at Port Arthur, the man of color has shown himself a right good fighting man; in commerce he has, by his industry, per-

severance, ingenuity, and frugality, given us pause; and before the eternal throne his temporal and his spiritual welfare are worth as much as yours or mine.



THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF A KING.

DANIEL L. Hanson has made a remarkable computation — the commercial value of a king. Writing in *The World To-day* he sets forth the case of King Haakon VII of Norway, and his effect on Norwegian trade. The new era in Norway, says Mr. Hanson, had its inception in the year 1905, and took as its war cry "Norway for the Norwegians." Its initial step was a political crisis, handled so diplomatically—words displacing gunpowder—that Norway, without firing a shot, became independent of any other government, free to win or lose in the world's race, as her policy and energy might direct.

To Norwegians in America who felt that it might be necessary to immolate themselves upon the presidential altar of the home land, this first step of the infant Norway seemed stumbling and calamitous. To re-establish a monarchy, to elect a king instead of a president, was termed suicidal. But the returned prodigal, spending a few months in Norway studying people and statistics, is convinced, gradually, nevertheless forcibly, that the home land did both wisely and well. For he finds the measure of the wisdom of Norway's statesmen to be the progress made during the last five years.

Bjornson said, years ago, that Norway had the men and the wealth, but needed a crisis to give birth to some national idea, a standard around which a thrifty people could rally and be inspired.

The new king, Haakon VII., became that standard—a personality rather than an idea, there being already a surfeit of ideas. Norway welcomed a king twelve months in the year rather than a possible six weeks in the summer. She also had a queen, and, to insure stability to the new dynasty, a crown prince. In this royal

family Norway found a new life and impulse.

There are kings and kings; some inspire respect by their personality and lineage, while others have origins shrouded in obscurity and find lessons necessary as to how the royal ermine should be trailed; their bourgeois names are more familiar than their kingly titles.

The new king of Norway qualifies in the first class. The grandson of "Europe's father-in-law," the late Christian of Denmark, he himself is the "nephew of Europe." One uncle is king of Denmark, another of Greece. The dowager empress of Russia is his aunt, so is the queen mother of Great Britain. He is cousin to his own wife, to the uneasy Kaiser, to the royal family of Spain and to the king of England. King Haakon has a corner on royal pedigree. To hold more firmly the loyalty of his new subjects, he assumed the good old Norwegian name of Haakon as his legal title; by nature he is physically equipped to call himself after that sturdy Norse king who took a delight in hanging barons, Haakon Longlegs.

To insure loyalty for his dynasty the Danish-born crown prince was quickly naturalized into Norsedom by being enswathed in the grand old saga name of Olav. So the tall king, the little, auburn-tressed queen and the yellow-haired crown prince constitute a royal family which, in five years, has endeared itself to a nation of over three million people.

Love and loyalty to a nation's ruler on the part of the governed must have a real subjective value in order to be permanent and marketable. A mere objective adulation is not coinable into dollars. The value of kings is being measured more and more, like that of university presidents, by the gold standard. What of Haakon and of Norway?

Two events in the year 1910 can be looked upon as milestones in Norway's march toward commercial prosperity; the exposition, at Bergen, and the new tariff law, effective July first.

The exposition, a small affair, sheltered itself behind the walls of the old fortress of the Hanseatic League. Small and unassuming, it was a revelation to the visitor from abroad, and, possibly, to the natives themselves, of the versatility and skill of Norwegian manufacturers and mechanics working under an inspiration.

The excessive diffidence and lack of self-assertion, which both Bjornson and Ibsen considered as being the chief Norwegian faults, and the Gyntish habit of going around obstacles instead of over or through them, seemed to have disappeared. There was nothing wanting in the long line of Norwegian home products from an anchovy to an automobile, from a sewing machine needle to a torpedo boat, the last mentioned giving its hourly salute from the fjord front.

It was my good fortune on that July afternoon to walk through the exposition behind one of Europe's great rulers, who was making an incognito visit. He was attended by a lone attache, who made notes at his royal master's bidding. Merely to enumerate even what Norway had to offer for inspection will be impossible within the limits of a magazine article, but we can touch upon a few items that seemed particularly interesting to both royalty and plebeian.

Naturally, Norway stands pre-eminent in furnishing the table with smoked, dried and salted meats; fish preserved in more than fifty-seven ways, and cheese made from goat's milk, most delicious to the palate, some of it selling for seventy cents a pound in American markets. A biscuit establishment in Christiania had an exhibit of seventy-one different kinds of cake and crackers. Evaporated creams and milk also were displayed, and preserved fruit in glass jars, all bearing the national guarantee for purity. In this section the attache was very busy.

The furniture booths showed examples not only of national designs which were most attractive, but also imitations of French styles, named after various profligate kings. With her vast timber resources and workmen who have become

skilled through long years of apprenticeship, Norway is doing wonders in the manufacture of furniture and interior woods.

In house-heating apparatus I felt sure of America's pre-eminence, but Norway has made long strides in that way as well. Among others was a decidedly unique house-heating boiler with some features about it that could be well copied by American manufacturers. Radiation I saw in only the plain patterns, with no attempt at decoration, but the tendency with us is in the same direction.

Enameled kitchen utensils were exhibited in large quantities, as well as enamel painted tin, and also printed tin. In this last mentioned were some fine examples of colorwork, and the attendant insisted that the tints were fast.

In the book department were shown some beautiful samples of the printer's and bookbinder's art, while the custodian with justifiable pride pointed to four hundred different volumes, written by Norwegian authors in fifty years—a concrete exhibit of the Norwegian renaissance in literature.

One of the surprising exhibits was that of jewelry, the export trade in which has grown rapidly during the last five years. There was shown enamel work in silver and gold, bangle and filagree ornaments, the designs of which were much more chic than I had seen earlier along the Grand boulevards, in Paris. Christiania is especially interested in the manufacture of this sort of material, and the tourist will see along Carl Johans Gade of that city some very attractive show windows devoted almost entirely to bijouterie. Cutlery was also much in evidence, and silver-mounted harnesses for either king's horses or the Laplander's reindeer. Boots also from the spiked affair of the lumberman to a lady's dancing slipper, were exhibited, and the finer grades of shoes compared well with the American product, much better than I had seen on the Continent.

It was fitting that Ole Bull's home town, Bergen, should not neglect musical instruments. There were cases of violins and other stringed instruments, and several booths of organs and pianos, all made in Norway, and bearing a legend to that effect. I mentioned to an attendant that

on the steamer from Germany I had seen a score of pianos and organs, made in Munich and Dresden.

"Yes, the cheaper ones come from there, but sixty-five dollars duty on a piano and twenty per cent. on an organ will soon stop that."

Only mention can be made of carriages, wagons of all sorts, sleighs, skates, skis—a most wonderful collection—guns, fishing rods, tackle and ammunition, all made in Norway. Royalty seemed very much interested in automobiles and motor boats, which had a separate building set aside for them.

An Englishman said to me: "Now I know where we can get goods without the 'made in Germany' label. If we withhold trade from our Teutonic enemy, we will do more to cure his Anglophobia than if we were to send a dozen Dreadnoughts to Hamburg and Kiel."

My friend spoke in no uncertain accents, and I wondered if the ears of incognito royalty had caught his words.

On passing out through the gates I noticed a table laden with green-colored pamphlets. I paid half a crown for one and read its title while waiting for one of Bergen's intermittent showers to do its work: "The Tariff List, effective July 1, 1910."

Yes, Norway had a tariff, an infant as to days, but sturdy and able to hold its own; around it the whole economic fabric was already revolving. The study of the Norwegian people and their institutions became more complicated than had at first promised. This was no longer a simple people, but a people with a protective tariff, therefore a complex nation. I mentioned tariff at the breakfast table in Christiana one day to have the Storthing member, from Hardanger, say:

"It was sent from heaven to poor Norway."

The sentence rang with all the sincerity of earnest belief, and could not but waken in an American's heart the hope that a heaven-sent tariff might descend on the Land of the Free, where, with a larger population to work upon, it could do more good than in little Norway.

"But it is such a little tariff?" exclaimed the theological student at the other end of the table. We ventured a

prophecy that it would grow—in time—as we had seen other tariffs grow.

"There are three kinds of customs levied," explained he from the Storthing, "one for revenue only, to light and protect our coast line, another for protection under which to build up manufacturing industries, and a third to cover luxuries."

"But they are all drawn from the same pockets," I suggested.

"Yes, but in different ways," insisted the Hardanger man.

The question of the tariff in Norway still can be looked upon by the visitor from the objective viewpoint, but as a student of economics he is anxious to see how that country will have its future affected by it. Can a land as small as she is, with limited, tillable acreage, prosper under this institution of national exclusiveness?

Some nations learn rapidly, and Norway among them. The new tariff went into effect July 1, 1910, and the first strike of mechanics was well under way in early May. Building operations in Christiana stood still for over a month, but the men won and had three weeks of increased wages wherewith to anticipate the higher prices which the tariff was suspected of trailing with it.

Said a retired sea captain who could look down from his island home on the economic turmoil which seemed to be agitating the land:

"It is harder to get money this year than it was last."

"Why, captain?"

"Well, a lot of new manufacturers are starting up small factories and are willing to pay more than either a farmer or a vessel owner feels justified in doing. But it will be all right in the long run, when we have learned what we can profitably manufacture and what we will have to let alone."

And our American heart echoed, "Yes, in the long run."

Norway's tariff law seems to have back of it a united people and not a bureaucracy. The Storthing, which passed it, is a body of representatives from the entire people, and not of a venal faction desirous of exploiting itself at the expense of a whole nation.

"I don't believe that your tariff is going to build up any large factories," I said to the Storthing man from Hardanger.

"That is what we want to avoid, sir; we want a dozen small factories in an industry rather than a single large one."

In other words, the new tariff law of Norway is intended as a scientific solution of the country's commercial problems. Or, looking at it from another viewpoint, as the foundation on which to build up its permanent material prosperity.

Already one sees the signs of unrest throughout the kingdom. But it is a magnetic unrest that holds the young men at home, the emigration from Norway during the last year being the smallest in the forty years during which records have been kept. There is a disposition among even the younger element to see the game to its finish.

The tariff, however, has already touched the breakfast table. I asked a housewife in one of Christiana's suburbs:

"What does veal cost a pound?"

She hesitated a moment before replying, then said:

"I'm just figuring it up as we, this year, haven't bought more than a quarter of a pound at a time. It is so much higher than it was twelve months ago. And cheese is higher, too; twenty-seven cents a pound for goat cheese against seventeen cents last July."

Inquiry developed the fact that everything was higher—bread, butter, eggs, cheese, oil, as well as house furnishing goods and clothing, but yet no one complained, or else ended a mild complaint with: "It's going to cost us something to boost Norway, but we are willing to pay the price."

But what of Haakon the Seventh?

We have seen what five years have done among the people in manufacturing, nerv- ing it to incorporate so serious an economic document as the tariff law into its commercial life. What more will be done along that line during the next four years, the great National Exposition at Christiana, in 1914 will demonstrate.

The government, however, has not been idle. It has put into operation a system of land grants that is developing agriculture and forestry. Steps have been taken under national auspices to utilize the tremendous power that heretofore has been hurling itself in ten thousand places over the rocks in the form of waterfalls.

During the reign of Haakon, the national railway mileage has been almost doubled, and the Storthing of 1910 passed appropriations for lines opening up hitherto undeveloped sections. There might also be mentioned as one of the steps in Norway's march—whether progressive or retrogressive, time only will show—the granting of universal suffrage to women. Not, however, because of any militant qualities they have displayed.

More than all these, however, is the change that has come over the national character. The Norwegian has passed, from a pessimistic attitude that formerly made him a destructive critic of whatever the government did, into that of a constructive optimist. Nothing so clearly indicated that, as the debates to which I listened in the Storthing during July. They were so different from the acrimonious discussion that had characterized that body under the old regime.

And has Haakon done all these things?

Yes, by being a personality rather than a system, by smiling cheerfully when other rulers would have made speeches, necessitating their being pulled out by a derrick. Haakon the Seventh smiles whenever one of his subjects comes within the zone of communication, and is said to look pleasant even when in repose.

Verily, a smile is better than a speech.

Around him has crystalized a sentiment of patriotism and of national ambition, which, in their last analysis, have proved to have a value in dollars and cents.

These things have all been done, not by Haakon Seventh, but because of him.

This is the twentieth century miracle—the transmutation of royalty into gold.



WHO BETRAYS HER?

A GAIN we reproduce in condensed form, an article from Pearson's Magazine, on a sex topic. It is a pertinent article—too pertinent, some

people may say. Look at the great stores, the great factories—yes and the little ones too—look at the horde of unskilled girls they employ. Consider how much these

employers pay these girls. Consider that these girls love fun and a good time just as any girl does, *and then consider WHO IS TO BLAME?* The procuress? The cadet? The man higher up? Or is it the saintly head of the store—the man who leads in Laymen's Missionary Movements; who sends checks to Foreign Missions; who astounds the nation with his gifts to organized charities?

The following condensation from Pearson's Magazine is written from an American standpoint but the deductions apply to Canada. We don't say that this is the last word on the matter. We are open to conviction if the Canadian employer tells us that he is "the victim of the system" or if he has anything else to say. But if some employers would take more interest in their employees and less in foreign missions or the latest improvements in motor cars, their boast that "no girl receives less than \$5 a week in my employ" might be turned into a shame. For what girl can live on \$5 a week and live as nature makes her wish to live? Precious few.

This is the article:

When a girl goes to work in a department store she faces three obvious temptations.

1. The Procuress. This is an insidious evil, one most difficult for an unsophisticated girl to know until it is too late. One day one of her woman customers, handsomely dressed, expresses a warm interest in the young girl behind the counter. The girl, poor, struggling to make a neat and pretty appearance on wages which are not even sufficient to buy the necessities of life, is flattered and dazzled by the vista that opens before her. Her new-found friend asks her to call some Sunday or some evening, and she leaves an address that to the girl seems to be in a fashionable part of the city. If the girl calls, if she is weak, if her soft desires for ease and luxury for one moment get the upper hand, she is doomed. She joins the army of prostitution.

2. The Cadet. Or one day a young man speak to her. He is versed in superficial manners that her unformed taste pronounces grand. She flirts a little. He asks her to a dance, or he takes her out some evening to a moving-picture show.

Perhaps he promises marriage; perhaps he uses one of the black arts of seduction; perhaps neither is necessary. If she falls she becomes a member of the same army, under a different banner.

3. The Man Higher Up. Or soon she finds that all hard and disagreeable tasks are falling to her. She has more than her share of work; however well she may perform her extra duties she does not advance. Then one day the floor walker, or the chief clerk, or the department manager explains to her, perhaps bluntly, perhaps attractively, how she may advance, or how she "may make a little on the side." She enrolls under another banner—but it is the same army.

Many, many of the girls never fall, never falter. They march on valiantly, true to themselves, shunning the pitfalls, scorning the temptations. Yet these temptations are always there, ever ready, ever insistent; the procuress, the cadet and the man higher up.

And yet neither the procuress nor the cadet nor the man higher up represents the class to be considered in seeking an answer to that question, who betrays the working girl? They are but secondary manifestations of a great sore spot in our civilization. Let us probe the primary cause. Let us discover who is the original betrayer of the working girl.

The owner of a department store is never a man of moderate means. He is either a spectacular bankrupt or a millionaire. If a bankrupt, he either gets out of the business or else his bankruptcy is but a temporary and not disgraceful step in his rise to independent fortune. As a rule, he is a millionaire, and most often a multi-millionaire.

How does he acquire, in his own name, this enormous amount of money? By business acumen, by skillful manipulation of the buying and the selling markets, by shrewd location, judicious advertising, consistent policies, *and by paying starvation wages to the great bulk of his employees.*

On the credit side of his ledger, then, we have—acumen, perseverance, industry, executive skill. On the debit side—heartlessness.

A writer, contributing material for this article, stood in a room in Chicago with

an employer, looking on 600 girls at work.

"What do you pay these girls?" asked the writer, and added, sarcastically, "Five dollars a week?"

"No! No!" quickly responded the employer, resenting an implied affront. "Only a small number of these girls get as little as five dollars. The average wage of the 600 is seven dollars a week."

He spoke proudly, as if to imply that he was no slave-driver, no unjust tyrant. He considered himself a very fair man, a generous employer. Yet the National Consumers' League, after an exhaustive and accurate study of the question, has announced that it is impossible for a working girl in a city to live on less than eight dollars a week, if she supports herself, and has the necessities of life.

Now let us look at the employer's side of the question for a moment. I have talked with many of them; I know their attitude, their "reasons" for this wage tyranny.

"That is all the girls are worth," the employer says. "They are stupid, careless, ignorant. If they show unusual aptitude they may advance. I have women I pay as high as \$5,000 a year. I have many that get from fifteen to thirty dollars a week, but the run of them are worth only what they get—a few dollars a week."

"Very well," I replied. "But suppose it were difficult to get girls to work in your store, suppose your competitors were bidding for their services, would that not raise the wages?"

He laughed. "The unskilled girl is a drug on the labor market. We can always get more than we can possibly use. The supply far exceeds the demand."

"Then it is simply because you do not *have* to pay any more. Is that the reason of low wages?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you ever consider what a girl *needs* instead of what you can get her for?"

He looked at me blankly, almost as stupidly as one of his green girls looks at her first customer. "No," he snapped. "We pay the market price." He added proudly, with the self-satisfaction of a

business man in good standing, "And we *pay* it."

The law of supply and demand, then, rules the wages of working girls at the present time. The French have a more accurate term to express this economic law. Offer and demand, they say. That is surely what it is. The girls "offer," humbly, beseechingly, trustingly, often thankfully. The employer "demands" rigorously, utterly.

"Why not make your profits a little less—they would still be generous—and give the girls a little more?" I asked an employer whose pay-roll concerns over 3,000 women every week.

He replied frankly and patiently: "The whole structure of our business world would be disrupted. I might pay a few cents more per week, but a few dollars more to each woman each week would eventually mean that the wages of every working woman in this town would rise, and that would lower our margin of surplus."

"You mean your profits?"

"No, surplus. You must understand that every big business must have a pretty good-sized sinking fund, a reserve, a sort of sheet anchor. We must always be ready for emergencies—panics, suspended credit, bad business."

"But your dividends are enormous."

"Only a fair return on the capital invested."

I went no further on this line. I had no expectation of convincing that individual. I said nothing of watered stock. Especially did I say nothing of the sop that nearly every millionaire employer throws to his conscience, in the form of what he so proudly calls "charity." Let us consider that here, not in an accusing frame of mind, but soberly, in an attempt to diagnose this disease before we name a remedy.

Take Marshall Field. He died "worth" a quarter of a billion. The credit side of his ledger was piled high with business virtues. He had out-generaled, out-gamed every rival. He was a merchant prince of the first rank.

But the debit side of his ledger was pretty black. In his stores thousands of girls had met procuresses, cadets and

puny, impertinent, slimy "men higher up." On his starvation wages thousands of girls had faced but two alternatives, a life of shame or a life of pitiful self-denial.

How did Marshall Field square things with himself? He threw a magnificent sop to his conscience—the Field Museum. He built a wonderful palace on the site of the world's fair and stocked it with treasures of art and science, and "gave" it to the public. A generous man, a princely man, a public-spirited citizen!

But I remember well a conversation I heard between two of Marshall Field's employees the day that museum was opened. "Let us go out Sunday and see the old man's hobby," said one.

"I'll never set foot in it," said the other. "To call that the 'Field Museum' is an insult to you and me. He picked our pockets so he could put his name on that stuff. And what do I want of it? If I ever entered that place I'd be blinded with the tears that would come when I thought of the theatres, the new ribbons, the actual bread and butter I had been compelled to give up so *he* could 'donate' that thing. I want the right to spend the money I make myself. It's bad enough to have to live ten hours a day under Marshall Field's rules. I want my nights and Sundays to myself."

The cost of the Field Museum and all his other charities did not amount to more than three or four per cent. of Marshall Field's total income. Yet if he had abstained from "charity" and had indulged in the justice of paying just a little more to the girls in his stores, he might not have been known as such a princely giver.

There is the rub. The millionaire employer is almost childishly human. Justice is too subtle, too modest, too self-repressive a virtue for his pagan and barbaric mind to comprehend. "Charity" is to him the more attractive virtue.

There was once in San Francisco a merchant prince who also gave a museum to the city. He was not in his personal life as was Marshall Field, abstemious, self-denying, absorbed in the mental problems of his vast affairs. Instead, he had the emotional nature of a Turk, the conscience of a Persian satrap, and the sexual instinct of Louis XVI.

This merchant was a bachelor, but he had eleven "homes" scattered judiciously in exclusive localities. These "homes" were peopled by concubines which he acquired from various sources, but the principal source was his own store. There he kept a man on the constant lookout for young, attractive girls, and, like Louis XVI, he wanted them "quite fresh."

In this store a girl received from three to seven dollars a week, according to the length of her service. When the week's work was done she could go on Sunday afternoon to Golden Gate Park and there be permitted, under the suspicious eyes of uniformed guards, to look for a brief time on the treasures amassed from scrimping her wages and the wages of the "likes of her."

Or, she might be "fortunate" enough to be invited to one of the eleven "homes." Then she could have a few treasures of art and dress every day in the week. But for her own normal, wholesome life, she had less than enough to supply the bare necessities. Such is the irony of a working girl's life in a great city.

Or take the case of Nathan Straus, principal owner in two of the largest department stores in Greater New York. To the public at large Nathan Straus is known as a very public-spirited citizen, a generous man. In fact, you find him listed in "Who's Who" as a philanthropist.

For some years Nathan Straus has given annually about \$100,000 for the pasteurization of milk for poor children. Recently the medical world has divided on the question of the Pasteurization of milk. It is now contended by many that pasteurization takes all the nourishment from milk, and that it is a useless thing to feed anybody. Babies are said not to grow strong on pasteurized milk.

However, Nathan Straus's intention was to do some good to the poor. But he chose a spectacular way to do the "good." columns and columns and columns of free advertising for Nathan Straus. Not long ago he announced that he would withdraw from the free milk depots. Then a group of prominent citizens appointed a committee to prevail upon him to stay in the "good" work. He "reluctantly" consented. More advertising. A banquet was

gotten up to applaud this great "philanthropist." More advertising. So it goes.

Meanwhile the thousands of girls in Nathan Straus's stores, whose wages are being each week mulcted to supply uncertain milk to the poor, toil on surrounded by the procuress, the cadet and the slimy little man higher up.

Why does not Nathan Straus do some justice and give less "charity?"

It is urged that all department-store owners, all employers of female labor, are not alike. Exceptions are mentioned. They are exceptions only in appearance.

For instance, a girl employed in a big New York store said to me, "I am very lucky to be working for so-and-so. I was ill last winter for a month and I got my pay in full regularly all the time I was absent from duty."

She was—and is—lucky. Not all employers are so fair. But if her wages had been right she could have taken care of herself when she was ill. Moreover, the rule under which she got her full pay concerned girls in that store who had been employed there at least two years. So it was a shrewd business move on the part of the employer. He wanted a tried and proved girl back at work; he wanted to keep other tried and proved employees loyal to him.

Then, there are stores now in every large city which supply grammar-school education for young cash girls while they are learning their business. They are paid very little—from two to three dollars a week—but then each day they are sent to a school in the store for three hours. A grammar-school education is considered essential for a department-store clerk. That is the reason for the apparent generosity.

There are stores that have reading rooms, resting rooms, medical attendance, even gymnasiums for their female employees. It is all a step forward, but always in the interests of "business," that is, of improved efficiency.

These apparent generousities are always in the line of the exigent charities, always at the behest and under the regulation of the employer. The wages are not increased so the girls can afford to have those opportunities in their homes or in

any of the individual ways which induce self-respect, which build up character.

A census taken last year by the Woman's Trade Union League, of Chicago, showed that from 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. of the women employed in the department stores on State Street were not receiving sufficient money to enable them to procure the necessities of life.

Miss Maud Miner, head of Waverly House, a New York home for women, is said to have declared that 16 per cent. of the girls who apply there for refuge, have entered a life of immorality in the greatest city in the country because of insufficient wages, which do not allow them to pay for food and lodging.

These are present day conditions. This is modern wage slavery, and the slaveholder is not any individual employer. It is the whole group of employers as a class. These employers, taking advantage of a condition of "offer and demand," extract huge sums therefrom, and then, as a sop to conscience, throw back promiscuously and most often unwisely a tiny percentage to "charity."

John B. Coleman, a special deputy attorney-general who investigated the milk trust last year, has this to say about these "philanthronists." "A man who marks down the price of labor or marks up the price of a commodity and then contributes to some hospital, library or college or museum about one per cent. of the increase he realizes, is not a public-spirited citizen or a philanthropist. He is a thief that is restoring to the public one one-hundredth of the property he has stolen from them."

What will we do about it?

So long as human nature is human nature it is not probable that men will do otherwise than make all the profits they can and then attempt to square themselves by donating to charity.

For centuries we have tried Christianity. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." With these eminent merchant princes Christianity has failed, although most of them are deacons and trustees in the church.

The trend of the times seems to be toward some sort of legislation that will institute a minimum wage law. We must approach this problem of a minimum wage law cautiously, and later consider the

objections to it; but as a proposition for the relief of the conditions outlined above, it seems the only solution.

Minimum wages! Suppose that we make it illegal for anyone to pay less than a certain amount for labor. Unconstitutional, say the judges. Illegal, say the lawyers.

But they are doing it in England, and the larger part of our jurisprudence comes from England. In London a year ago, in February, 1909, there was established the first minimum wage board. It is composed of selected committees of employers and employees who meet, confer and agree on rates of wages in all trades and employments that concern women and children. The English seem to think the men can take care of themselves. (Yet some of the women there want suffrage, which is another story.)

All the conferences are public. The information is furnished by the persons concerned—employers and employees—and so must be trustworthy.

The results of this English scheme are yet to be known. Students of sociology throughout the world are eagerly awaiting a definite proof that the scheme is practicable; or, if not, why not.

If such a law should be passed, and should survive the assaults that would surely be made upon it by the most skillful of attorneys, and should become a working efficacy with us, one of its first duties would be to answer a number of questions for which there is now no adequate or accurate answer.

For instance, what is the relation of wages to tuberculosis, melancholia and vice? How long is the trade life of women in the different industries, and how is this related to their wage and to the age at which they enter the field of labor? How much may a girl legally spend on ribbons? Is recreation a necessity of life? Is sunlight a luxury?

While these questions go unanswered we provide reformatories for girls when we should be building penitentiaries for their employers. Some states already imprison the man who blights the life of one young girl. What should be done to an employer who, by overwork and under-

pay, blights the lives of hundreds and even thousands of young girls?

Why not appoint a board which shall legally force employers to pay women a living wage, instead of striving to have the state appropriate money for a tuberculosis hospital to care for girls whose disease springs from a too meagre butcher's bill, caused directly by a less than living wage?

Why should our "philthropists" build hospitals for the demented girls whose earliest symptom was a meek willingness to work for a telephone company every night in the year for six dollars a week?

Why not check this "philanthropic" hysteria and circulate a little more beef juice in the home?

Why not pass a minimum wage law? There are two reasons.

First, it smacks of paternalism. It is a step toward socialism, under which benign rule the state, an unknown entity, becomes responsible for the individual. It is not all of socialism, but just a bite of it. As a remedy for our sociologic ills the minimum wage law might be compared to the morphia prescribed by a physician. It is a necessary remedy as the pain is desperate; but its after effects will be depressing, and if the dose becomes too large, it may be fatal.

However, socialism or no socialism, the minimum wage law is bound to come if the "philanthropist" merchant princes do not do justice of their own accord (which is not likely), and if—

Second, the courts do not rule against it.

There is an old precedent in the law, coming from the days of the earliest English common pleas right down to date, which provides that in any and all circumstances every individual must have what is legally defined as "liberty of contract."

That is, no one must be hindered, by legislation or otherwise, from contracting to do anything he may please to do. Time and time again, generation after generation, the courts have upheld the sacredness of that principle, "liberty of contract."

“THE EXPERIENCES OF A RUSSIAN BOOKSELLER.”

HAVING been for many years a bookseller in Russia, says Ivan Narodny, writing in *The Bookman*, I have found that to the Russian a book is something sacred and mysterious. To him it is almost a fetish, a thing to be revered. He never regards it as a piece of furniture or a decoration. To the half-educated peasant it is the silent speech of the divine mysteries; to the educated reader it is the message of genius. A Russian never buys an edition de luxe to keep for show. If he has one it probably has been presented to him by some one else on some important occasion. I can hardly think of any sets of a hundred or four hundred dollar editions or of a prescription for a five-foot book shelf. The Russians would laugh at any prescriptions for a family library, even if such prescriptions had been suggested by men like Tolstoi or Turgeneff.

When the present Czar was the heir-apparent and made a trip in the Orient, Prince Uchtomsky and one of the best Russian artists were invited to accompany the imperial traveler and write the book of his travels. The book was published gorgeously and nothing was spared to make it artistic, interesting and attractive. Brockhaus and Company in Leipzig were subsidized to bring out a German edition at the same time. The Russian edition was of one thousand copies and the price was fifty rubles a copy. It was really a very beautiful work and one would suppose it would have had a big sale. At that time all the higher Russian nobility was favorably disposed to the court and many big retail sellers made a propaganda among their customers, counting on a large sale. I, being at that time the manager of a provincial bookstore, took personally a copy to the governor of the province, feeling sure that he would buy it. But to my surprise he replied:

“I might have been induced to buy a new book by Tchekhoff or Korolenko for such a price, but as to buying that book, I have no interest in it at all. I would not buy it for five rubles, for I do not keep books for their appearance or for the names of their authors. I like to

have books which I read and reread with reverence.”

Thus the book of the Czarevitch's travels in the Orient was a failure and I believe that hardly more than a hundred copies of it were sold in the bookstores. Finally it was taken out of sale by the Minister of the Court and distributed as a souvenir for the palace employees or as presents for the members of the Imperial family.

About the same time a publisher brought out a collection of essays by Herten, a famous Russian exiled writer. It was a primitive paper-covered edition, and as it was prohibited by the Censor, only a few copies were left with each retail dealer. I procured five or ten copies and covered them with the covers of the orthodox prayer book, so that if a search were made by the police, the prohibited books would not be discovered in my store. The original price of each copy was five rubles, but I placed it at ten. In less than a week the books were sold, and I had scores of customers who offered me twenty rubles for a copy if I would get it for them. But the fact was I could not get them at any price. It is not unusual for a bookseller to sell prohibited literature for a double price or triple price. I sold *Siberia and the Exile System*, by George Kennan, for five to ten rubles a copy, although it was listed at only one ruble.

This may give a slight idea of the peculiarity of the Russian reader and also illustrates the fact that in Russia one appreciates more the thought and the spirit of the work than the fame of its author or the binding. I am positive that if a Russian Prime Minister should write something his book would find scarcely a buyer, because of his social prominence. General Kuropatkin wrote a book on the Russo-Japanese war and the expectation was that it would be a great success, yet of the foreign editions ten times more were sold than of the Russian. About ten years ago the Grand Duke Constantine published a volume of his poems and one would think that the people would have bought it out of sheer curiosity. But the

publisher tells me that not two hundred copies have been sold since the book appeared.

To succeed in Russia a book must have three pronounced qualities. It must first of all have a strong dramatic element, which is based upon true psychological characterization. Next, it must have a thought and strong emotional appeal; and finally it must have an individual originality, which fascinates the reader either with some temporary social political problem or with the treatment of the momentary moods of society. In America a book must make a hit immediately or it is a failure, but in Russia a good book comes to the surface after several years. Gorky and Andrieff were the only Russian writers who made their reputation in two or three years; but Tolstoi, Turgeneff and Dostoyevsky were able to succeed only in the course of from six to ten years.

Very often books that have but little significance in their native country become the greatest "sellers" abroad. Some of the American authors who are almost forgotten in their own country are still in high demand in Russia. For example, Henry George, Bret Harte, Cooper and Longfellow. I cannot imagine a Russian student of literature or an average reader who does not have the books of these American authors on their shelves. The works of Emerson, Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, the biographies of Benjamin Franklin and Lincoln and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are and remain the most popular American books in Russia.

A Russian reader likes to read only such American books as are tinged with the wild adventurous life of the new world, something that smacks of the aboriginal, of the Indians; or which expresses such original elements as are supposed to represent the spirit of the American people. The Russian average reader as a rule imagines America as a country of absolute freedom and happiness of which he dreams as of an idyllic paradise. Nobody likes to read American fiction that sounds like a cheap imitation of the European. They do not like American writers who are occupied with clever plots or with social scandals. The Russian demands that America offer something typical of its soul, both in ideas and in

conception. Many Russian publishers have tried again and again to bring out such books as have succeeded in America, but nearly all have failed.

The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair, and *Looking Backward*, by Bellamy, were the only popular books of the American "sellers" that succeeded in Russia. Their success was due to their socialistic qualities and they were published at a time when the spirit of socialism had reached its culmination. But these books both died in their early youth. Nothing is now heard of them, though a few years ago they sold by hundreds of thousands of copies. Few English authors have made in Russia such a success as Herbert Spencer, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. In the beginning of this century they attracted attention and made a great sensation. But whether they will continue to sell is hard to predict.

At the same time Ibsen, Hauptmann and Nietzsche created a furore and their works were published in half a dozen various editions. The Sunday editor of every newspaper had to print something by these literary gods in his Sunday section. Circles and clubs for their propaganda were founded everywhere. Ibsen, Hauptmann and Nietzsche were discussed alike by high society and by the literary vagabonds. It was a real fad for a time. Only now under the pressure of new idols they are gradually disappearing and giving place.

For some three or four years Gorky and Walt Whitman were the objects of a literary cult. Their books were to be seen on tables in private houses and in clubs, and their portraits were placed like holy pictures in places of honor in bookstores and in public halls. Just as an orthodox religious peasant crosses himself every time he passes a holy picture, just so a follower of these literary idols bowed reverently before the masterpieces of Walt Whitman and Gorky. Many of the Russian authors that have had a great success abroad are at home almost neglected. Of Turgeneff and Andrieff less is sold in Russia than abroad. Tchekhoff, Dostoyevsky and Korolenko are but little known in America, but they are at present Russia's most popular authors.

Pessimistic realism has for fifty years dominated Russian fiction. Yet in a very different key is the work of a new writer, who has probably made the biggest sensation in modern Russian literature. Arzibasheff is the literary hero of Russia of to-day. Of his *Sanin* over a million copies have been sold in one year, although his recent novels have created less furore. He is a modern Boccaccio, the impressionist of an erotic fiction. His style is vivid and fascinating, but he so reeks with sensualism that he leaves Maupassant far behind.

Russian readers differ not only in their literary tastes, but also, as here, in their point of view. A book of fiction must not only fascinate the intellect, but also it must touch the heart. It must be direct, simple and natural as if the author were telling a story verbally. In Russia the writer of fiction has not only to undergo the severe training of the journalist and

the literary critic, but also he has to be a student of psychology, sociology and arts before he attempts to make a career as a novelist. This may be best illustrated by my own experience. I was a journalist for two years, for three years I was a bookseller and then for some years longer a literary critic. I had first published many short stories in the periodicals, yet I did not yet dare to write my individual style of fiction, over which I had worked for over ten years, until men like Dr. Tchekhoff, Professor Schroeder and Tolstoi found something to appreciate in my stories. However, my first attempts at originality were soon nipped in the bud, when the Russian Government, unable to agree with my efforts, made me a prisoner for four years in St. Petersburg. After my release political persecution forced me to leave my country, probably forever, and thus to become an author in a new country and in the midst of a new life.



TEMPERAMENT AND SALESMANSHIP.

IN one of our smaller cities, says James H. Collins, in December *Printers' Ink*, a music teacher has brought together enough men from local theatre bands to make a fair symphony orchestra, giving several Sunday night concerts each winter.

At the best concert last season everything depended on the E-flat clarinet. No other man in town could play the parts "in an educated way." The leader spent a month warming him up with praise, and he rehearsed splendidly. All seemed well.

But a few hours before the concert a despondent creature appeared at the leader's house. It was the E-flat clarinet, and he came to say his instruments had gone back on him—they weren't working right that morning—he'd rather cut his throat than play to-night. So a clarinet was recruited from a dance orchestra to fake the parts.

This is the thing sometimes called "temperament."

It has to be reckoned with in sales management.

The salesman is as much a creative artist as any E-flat clarinet, and subject to the same glees and glooms. As an experienced western manager puts it, the salesman is never quite perfect; he has certain faculties developed more than others; bumps stand out on his head; the best salesman on the force is generally the one who has to be held with an iron hand in practical matters such as expense accounts and reports.

The manager who has the least trouble with his temperamental equation seems to be the type of man who can sell his whole proposition all over again to the salesman whose knees have weakened.

For instance, an eastern directory publisher has a young solicitor, who, for a month at a time, will sell advertising space on his own steam. He finds unheard-of prospects, wins them over to the directory idea, helps them work out schemes, and is so thoroughly interested in his job that he manages himself. But some morning, without any traceable cause, he lingers around the office and

hates to start out. Then the publisher gets a copy of the directory, takes the solicitor into his office, sits down with him, and spends an hour or two selling him the book all over again. The boss takes it up position by position. He analyzes the back cover, the inside cover, the outside space, the lettering on the edges of the leaves, compares their book with competitors' to the disadvantage of the latter, picks out new lines of business they ought to be getting, and so forth. By lunch time usually, the boss has closed his own salesman, and sends him out with fresh interest in his work, gingered up for another month.

When Hugh Chalmers managed a cash register selling force he found temperament responsible for many lost opportunities. A salesman with the blues, arriving at a town, would decide on his way up from the station that it was a pretty dull place, and therefore he need not unpack his samples—there would be time enough to empty the trunk if a live customer should be found. To cure his men of this practice, Mr. Chalmers used to tell a story about himself in the same circumstances. One day, when feeling blue, he made a little place where the outlook was thoroughly discouraging. On the principle that he was never able to talk so well to a prospect when he knew that his trunks would have to be unpacked if he really interested him, he got his samples arranged at the hotel before starting out. Only one merchant in town seemed inclined to listen to cash register arguments, and Mr. Chalmers couldn't get him warmed up to the point of promising to come to the hotel. The prospect said he wasn't interested just now, that he hadn't time, and so on, until finally Mr. Chalmers left him and went back to brood in the lobby. Looking aimlessly into the billiard room before lunch, he saw this merchant playing pool. Within ten minutes he had him in his room and had sold a machine, something that would have been impossible had his trunks not been unpacked.

When a salesman is suffering from temperament, he is generally fertile in suggestions for increasing the scope of the line with new goods to approximate something that competitors are selling. A toilet goods house, for example, makes about a

dozen preparations for manicures and barbers. These goods are sterling stuff, and the line is adapted to every need that customers are likely to have. From time to time, however, a salesman will come in protesting that he can no longer sell their balm because some competitor's cold cream is better suited to the trade. The sales manager then goes over their whole line with his man, showing him that each preparation is adapted to several uses, that when a customer has them all he doesn't need anything else, and that the line is purposely held to a few standard general purpose articles to save customers money by keeping down their investment in superficial novelties that may be called for but once a day. That kind of argument silences the objections.

A big shoe house requires its salesmen to visit retailers in the order of their ratings, or according to central location, as far as possible. This practice was established for temperamental reasons. It was found that after a salesman had been away from the home office a month, had a few set-backs, and got a bit homesick and gloomy, he would begin to hunt for little shoe dealers on the outskirts of a town, and after a week was actually afraid to talk to a merchant who had plate glass windows. As an outcome, sales were kept up fairly well, but the line was being placed with dealers who didn't count in their communities, and who probably had doubtful credit. The rule braces salesmen up—when they call on big merchants first the little ones are always more or less easy.

A typewriter sales manager keeps his selling organization toned up by the general policy of selling men not so much the goods as their own time. His philosophy on that subject is complete and practical. Time is raw material that costs nothing, and every man has an equal amount of it, he explains to a salesman. Some men sell their raw material in the form of hard manual labor, and get only a dollar and a half a day for it. A man like Frick or Carnegie, with just the same amount of time, manages to sell it for tens of thousands of dollars a year. There seems to be no upward limit in the figures at which time can be sold when knowledge and ability are added to it. Therefore, he keeps his men centered on

selling their time plus knowledge and ability, shows them how to lay it out to get the best returns from each day, and keeps them so intent on marketing something that belongs to them that they seldom lose interest in selling what belongs to the house.

The sales manager of a house with several men covering foreign countries, says that the foreign field is the hardest test of sales management. Men in a strange country, struggling with unfamiliar customs and language, easily grow despondent. To keep them keyed up, he writes frequent letters giving news of the house and the men at home, and it pays handsomely in sales. A schedule of foreign mails is always on his desk, and he makes it a point to have something for his foreign salesmen on each steamer coming into a port where they are working. One of the most aggressive shoe selling organizations in the United States is kept in tune by the same device, the president of the company being sales manager in this case, and writing weekly letters to men on the road. Each letter sounds some new note, announces some new point in policy, and raises enthusiasm.

One type of sales-manager will handle his men as individuals, as does a real estate promoter in New York City, whose best salesman was formerly an actor. The latter makes a far better income than he ever earned on the stage, and likes his job immensely. Yet several times a year the boss finds it necessary to invite him and his wife to his home, show him a little personal attention, let him know that he is appreciated as a good fellow apart from business. If this isn't done every so often, the salesman literally begins to pine away. Asking him out to the house and assuring him that he is a wonder seems

to play the same part in his present work that the applause used to play when he was doing one-night stands.

Another kind of manager will handle his men like an old-fashioned preacher, holding them up to an almost austere sense of duty. An excellent illustration of this method is a certain general agent in a New York life insurance office, who was born in Scotland and has so strong a tincture of Scotch theology that he always wanted to be a preacher, but missed his calling. On a Monday morning he will gather his soliciting force and begin talking. They did well last week, he admits. The office got more insurance than in the same week of any previous year. If they think that they can safely rest on what was done last week, however, they are greatly mistaken. Have they ever stopped to reflect what it would mean if each man there had brought in as little as one more application in the week just past? The premiums would have meant something in the form of cash, certainly. But that isn't what he is thinking about. Suppose each man had brought in just one more application for a thousand-dollar policy. Consider what that would have meant to the people they had persuaded to take out the additional insurance! Think of the poverty and misery abolished among widows and orphans! Think of the addition to the peace of mind of the policyholders! Stop a moment and realize what just one little thousand-dollar policy apiece would mean to the thrift and prosperity of the country! Suppose each man in that office were to do it this week, and next week, and every week for a year! By the time this theological general agent has finished talking those solicitors hustle out and begin getting business, and temperament seldom bothers his organization.



HINTS FOR THE MAN WHO BUYS A MOTOR.

NOT a few valuable hints to the man who hopes or intends to buy a motor are given by Mr. Herbert N. Towle, writing in *Recreation*. In the following condensation he deals with the question of second-hand cars, equipment for new cars, the garage, and the use a man may expect to make of his car.

The man, he says, who uses his car only for recreation (there are many of them) a total of 1,000 miles in eight months will give him a bowing acquaintance with a goodly lot of sign-boards. Allowing for rainy nights, holidays and Sundays, and for some time to be devoted to other pursuits or recreations, he may

even go off on a short tour of three or four hundred miles and still not run his total much over a thousand. Such a man, if practical and careful, can get a surprisingly good return out of a thousand dollars invested in an automobile.

Concerning the subject of the purchase price, a word should be said about the allowance for equipment. Many cars are sold to-day completely equipped, or so nearly so that the addition of \$50 or so covers everything except clothing, license, and insurance. Other cars, however, especially those sold at low prices, are often very imperfectly equipped, and one must add the price of a folding top, speedometer, wind shield (if desired), and various other things, before one is really through spending money. The lamps supplied with some low-priced cars are very flimsy and inefficient, and the critical purchaser will insist on good lamps of proper size being furnished, paying the difference in price if necessary. A good automatic generator or a gas tank is as important as the lamps; and, for both safety and peace of mind, a long-range horn is an important feature of the equipment. These horns are operated by electricity or by the exhaust pressure; the former type costs more, but is more satisfactory. Another essential item of equipment is three or four spare inner tubes and—except for the smallest cars—a spare shoe. In place of the latter, a light car intended for local use only may carry a blow-out patch and one or two tire sleeves.

If the car is to be kept on the premises, a garage must be provided, and this will cost from \$150 up, an average figure being about \$400 for a one-car stucco garage with hot-water heater (essential in New York latitudes if the car is to be used in winter), underground gasoline tank, bench, locker, and the most necessary tools.

Supposing now that the choice has fallen on a second-hand car, the question arises whether it should be overhauled by the seller before purchase, or by the purchaser afterward. If the seller is responsible, the former plan is better; otherwise, the purchaser will do best to put himself in the hands of an expert, who will see that a good job is turned out. It is important,

before the car is bought, to ascertain as nearly as possible how much work will be required on it, and what it will cost. An exact estimate can only be made after the car has been taken apart, but prior examination will permit an outside figure to be named. This figure may run from \$75 for a small runabout in fair condition to ten times that sum for a fifty-horsepower car which has been allowed to deteriorate. The mere disassembling, cleaning, and reassembling the parts of a large car costs about \$150, so it is well not to have a car all taken apart unless work is to be done on it.

The condition of a second-hand car may vary all the way from nearly brand new to the last stages of decrepitude. It is well to verify the seller's statement of the age of the car, by noting either its number or the earmarks of the model, which usually change from year to year. The nameplate alone should not be trusted, as it is easily changed.

In examining the car, look carefully for evidences of collision. See that the axles are not sprung and that the springs do not sag. Usually the first part of a car to wear out is the steering gear; therefore this should be examined for looseness and wear in the reducing gear and connections. Grasp the right front wheels by opposite spokes and shake them, to detect "play." See whether the steering column is loose or rigid. If loose, a shop job is required to make it permanently snug. An old car with bevel gear drive will show looseness in the universal joints of the propeller shaft. The differential gears and pinions, and likewise the bevel driving pinion, are liable to be worn. Jack up one end of the rear axle, set one of the change gears in mesh, and rock the rear wheel back and forth. This will show how much back-lash there is in the transmission from the gears to the rear wheel. It will disclose wear, if any, in the propeller shaft joints, in the bearings of the bevel pinion shaft, and in the gear shaft bearings next to the propeller shaft. Looseness in the bearings adjacent to the rear wheel may be detected by shaking the wheel. If the wheel bearing is plain bushed, some looseness is expected, but a ball or a roller bearing should be snug.

THE BEST BOOK

AND OTHERS



Howard's End

IF you read the new Novel, Howard's End, you will meet a woman that is quite worth while meeting. She is not among the characters, and her name is not mentioned in the book. And yet behind every character in the whole story, she moves, and through each paragraph one catches vague glimpses of her that pique one's curiosity to exasperation. In short, although you may like the whole book and though you will undoubtedly have a vivid impression of the various people that walk and talk their way through it, still it is the author or authoress of "Howard's End" that compels one curiosity. "It" is a mystery.

Of course the book is signed and its title page includes a list of the other books written by the same author—E. M. Forster. This list mentions: "A Room With a View," "Where Angels Fear to Tread," and "The Longest Journey." Unfortunately we had not read any of these books when we opened the cover of Howard's End, but we intend to do so. For in the author of Howard's End exists a personality worth meeting, and we are curious to know if the other books signed by that name have the same quality.

Howard's End is a story without a plot worth calling a plot, without a bit of

the usual descriptive flights, without much color, without sentiment, without action, and without any particular moral. And yet you read the book with intense interest. You cannot scan it rapidly. You are bound to read it line for line. When you are through reading it you will not be much wiser about anything save a certain class of people in England and even then you will not have gained any great new light upon the subject. You will have met two interesting sisters. Margaret and Helen Schlegel, half German, half English orphans. They are independently wealthy. They have a young dyspeptic brother and an aunt who is truly English. But she and the brother do not matter. On the other hand you are introduced early in the story to a Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Ruth Wilcox, the wife of a remarkably stupid, level-headed, simple-souled business man, and the mother of an equally stupid, etc., family. They are worthy people, withal, but uninteresting, except for the Mother. And just after you are beginning to see that she has qualities of her own and is starting to make friends with the Schlegel girls, she dies and leaves the Schlegels her house, which is called Howard's End. The Schlegels do not know it and when the commonplace family find it out they de-

side that the Mother was not responsible when she made the bequest, and they take advantage of the informal manner in which she made it, to destroy the paper, and keep the house themselves. But this has nothing much to do with the story.

In the end, the elder girl, Margaret, marries the widower. She is of a highly intellectual and remarkably well-balanced type. She is the opposite of the husband, but she "manages" him in all things. The other sister, more beautiful but more slightly, has an affair with a poor clerk with whom the sisters had come in contact and whom they had at one time tried to assist into the life of "culture" for which he longed. The affair ends disgracefully but the girl, Helen, does not act as does the usual insipid lady under the same circumstances. She admits that she lured the clerk on. She accepts her position in society philosophically.

But it is not fair to the book to try to tell the story because there is *no story* and yet—the thing is worth reading. As I said before the lasting impression that one has is that the person who wrote that book is an interesting person. You can't help wondering what he or she is like. As a matter of fact it seems to be a woman that wrote it. You can gather that much by a few little turns in her philosophy. The conversations in the book are bright and original. There are no "dramatics" and only one really tense part—that is when Margaret tells her fool of a husband what she thinks of him. It is not a problem novel. It is not a study of anything in particular. It is not wonderful for the story it tells, but the whole thing bristles with originality that commands your interest. The only real way in which anyone can get an idea of the thing is to give that person some of the characteristic extracts.

* * *

The Anglo-German relations are dealt with in a way that might apply to Canadians. Their father is referred to as having said once to a German: "Your Pan-Germanism is no more imaginative than is our Imperialism over here. It is the vice of a vulgar mind to be thrilled by bigness, to think that a thousand square miles are more wonderful than one square mile and that a million square miles are

almost the same as Heaven. . . .

Oh, yes, you Germans have learned men who collect more facts than do the learned men of England. They collect facts and facts and Empires of Facts, but which of them will rekindle the light within?"

. . . It was a unique education for the little girls (the heroines of the book). The haughty German nephew would be at Wickham Place one day—convinced that Germany was appointed by God to govern the world. Aunt Juley would come the next day convinced that Great Britain had been appointed to the same post by the same authority. . . . Putting her head on one side, Margaret (the elder of the two sisters in the story) remarked: "To me, either one of two things is very clear: either God does not know his own mind about England and Germany, or else these do not know the mind of God." "A hateful little girl" (comments the author of the book) "but at thirteen she had grasped a dilemma that most people travel through life without perceiving."

Then, if you are musical, take this comment on a visit paid by the two girls to Queen's Hall, where, among other things, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is rendered. This part comes at the beginning of a chapter.

"It will be generally admitted that this Symphony is the most sublime noise that ever penetrated into the ear of man. Whether you are like Mrs. Munt, and tap your foot surreptitiously when the tunes come; or like Helen, who can see heroes and shipwrecks in the music's flood; or like Margaret who can see only the music; or like Tibby (the young dyspeptic brother) who is profoundly versed in counterpoint and holds the full score open on his knee; . . . in any case the passion of your life becomes more vivid and you are bound to admit that such a noise is cheap at two shillings. . . . Even if you sit on the extreme left of Queen's Hall so that the brass bumps at you before the rest of the music arrives, it is still cheap.

. . . The Andante had begun—very beautiful but bearing a family likeness to all the other beautiful Andantes that Beethoven has written. . . . Helen's attention wandered and she gazed at the architecture. Much did she censure the attenuated cupids who encircle

the ceiling of Queen's Hall. . . . clad in sallow pantaloons. 'How awful to marry a man like those cupids,' thought Helen."

Speaking of Bast Slatternly's wife, the book says: "Take my word for it, that of her smile was simply stunning, and it is only you and I who will be fastidious, and complain that true joy begins in the eyes, and that the eyes of Jacky did not accord with her smile, but were anxious and hungry."

Then this is a sample of one of the many conversations in the story. Miss Schlegel the elder was discussing Money with her aunt, Mrs. Munt.

"Money pads the edges of all things," said Miss Schlegel. "God help those who have none!"

"But this is something quite new!" said Mrs. Munt, who collected new ideas as a squirrel collects nuts, and was especially attracted by those that are portable.

"New for me; but sensible people have acknowledged it for years. You and I and the Wilcoxes stand upon Money as upon islands. It is so firm beneath our feet that we forget its very existence. It's only when we see someone near us tottering that we realize all that an independent income means. Last night, when we were talking up here round the fire, I began to think that the very soul of the world is economic, and that the lowest abyss is not the absence of Love, but the absence of Coin."

"I call that rather cynical."

"So do I. But Helen and I, we ought to remember, when we are tempted to criticize others, that we are standing on these islands, and that most of the others are down below the surface of the sea. The poor cannot always reach those whom they want to love, and they can hardly ever escape from those whom they love no longer. We rich can . . ."

"That's more like Socialism," said Mrs. Munt, suspiciously.

"Call it what you like. I call it going through life with one's hand spread open

on the table. I'm tired of these rich people who pretend to be poor, and think it shows a nice mind to ignore the powers of money that keep their feet above the waves. I stand each year upon six hundred pounds, and Helen upon the same, and Tibby (the Brother) will stand upon eight, and as fast as our pounds crumble away into the sea they are renewed. All our thoughts are the thoughts of six-hundred-pounders, and all our speeches; and because we don't want to steal umbrellas ourselves, we forget that below the sea people do want to steal them, and do steal them sometimes, and we forget that what's a joke up here is down there reality . . ."

There is this too, about Death:

"A Funeral is not Death, any more than Baptism is birth, or marriage union. All three are the clumsy devices, coming now too late, now too early, by which society would register the quick motions of man."

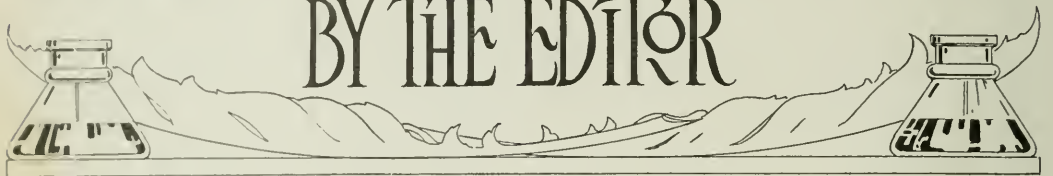
The description of London is good.

"To speak against London is no longer fashionable. 'The Earth' as an artistic cult has had its day and the literature of the near future will probably ignore the country and seek inspiration from the town. . . . Certainly London fascinates. One visualizes it as a tract of quivering grey, intelligent without purpose, and excitable without love; . . . as a heart that certainly beats, but with no pulsation of humanity. . . . A friend explains himself; the earth is explicable,—from her we came and to her we must return; but who can explain Westminster Bridge Road or Liverpool Street in the morning—the city inhaling—or the same thoroughfares in the evening—the city exhaling her exhausted air? . . . London is religion's opportunity—not the decorous religion of theologians, but anthropomorphic, crude. Yes, the continuous flow would be tolerable if a man of our own sort—not anyone pompous or tearful—were caring for us up in the sky."



RANDOM COMMENT

BY THE EDITOR



Mr. Hill and the Canadian West

THEY say that J. J. Hill has been attending to his own business too well.

This is the talk in some of the eastern clubs, especially those that succor the Protectionists in these days of reciprocity treaties. The chief allegation against Mr. Hill is that he has been prompting the western farmer to demand free trade or free-er trade, because, and only because, such trade would benefit Mr. Hill by diverting some of the east and west traffic of the Dominion into north and south channels, to the benefit of Mr. Hill's railroads.

One story goes that J. J. Hill paid the expenses of the western farmers to Ottawa. Another story is that he paid \$50,000 "bribe money in various ways"—in Canada. Other stories, a trifle less foolish, have it that Mr. Hill's agents have been busy tainting the news supplies of the west, giving the items, wherever possible, a free trade and reciprocity tincture. The same people that tell these stories allege that American lecturers traveled through the west, addressing the Grain Growers' Associations on "Direct Legislation," and charging *nothing* for their services, the inference being that Hill paid them.

We cannot undertake to deny or to affirm these stories. But they make one stop to think. For the picture of J. J. Hill making speeches, and giving interviews in which he advises closer relations be-

tween Canada and the United States, is quite natural, and these things are undoubtedly the naive revelation of what Mr. Hill would like, because it would benefit his purse.

Observe the railway map of North America. Observe how the Hill lines, running north toward Canada, seem to stop timidly at the Canadian boundary, as though they were diffident and waited for an invitation before entering, or, rather, as though they were hungry porters outside the gate of a city anxiously waiting for the traffic, originating in Canada or going into Canada from the States, to employ their services. These "porters" are Mr. Hill's. The more they carry the more money Mr. Hill makes. It is, therefore, not impossible that Mr. Hill has been doing his level best to bring about Canadian reciprocity.

But it is not probable.

Many people may disagree with our view. But we would still submit that the thing is very improbable. Our first reason for so supposing is that we would be casting a serious reflection on the bona fides of the Canadian west, by believing that its free-er trade demand was not the cry of the people themselves. The western Canadian would be insulted if you told him that he had been bought, or bribed, to "holler for reciprocity." As for the tainting of the news sources, we fancy that

that would be a task larger than even Hill could undertake, and get efficient results from. He may have subsidized lecturers to lecture for free trade, but, again, we doubt it. We believe that the western farmers thought of free trade all by themselves—that the more they thought of it the more they wanted it—and that they went to Ottawa of their own accord, and not because Jim Hill pulled any strings. We are not defending Mr. Hill—because we think that if he could have done these things he would have done them. We are not standing in defence of the west's free trade policy.

But these stories of Hill and the west are a peculiar comment on ourselves—the Canadian people. They are indeed a reflection on the eastern Canadian, just as the entire reciprocity discussion is a reflection on all Canadians. The eastern Canadian really cannot bring himself to believe that westerners honestly mean what

they say. In turn, the westerners think there is something crooked in the manufacturer's case. The westerner is always hinting at "red drawing-rooms," or the campaign fund; and he firmly believes that the big manufacturers are bribing the Government to "protect" them from American competition.

In short, the various sections of this large piece of earth which is called Canada, don't understand one another. When one man speaks, he speaks only from the point of view of his own local interests. The man who has a truly Canadian viewpoint, who can understand how the western farmer feels and how the eastern manufacturer feels, is indeed a rare specimen.

The men who believe that it took Jim Hill to stir the west to demand free trade may perhaps be revealing their own inability to see two sides and to believe in the sincerity of "the other fellow."



The editor is prepared to purchase each month limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

Sir X—, a noted politician, was touring a district in the interests of his candidate for a provincial election.

The warden of the county council was destined to entertain the noted guest during his stay in a certain village. To the warden's family it was a wonderful event. Think of having a real Sir at the table!

"Now," said one of the daughters of the house, "the much-disputed question will be settled: When you are away from home is it good form to fold your table

napkin after a meal, or should you leave it in a heap by your plate? We shall see!"

Sir X— came and was most genial towards all. Towards the close of dinner the host and guest became enthusiastic over assured election successes. In fact, so did the daughters, and forgot all about the disposition of the table napkin. When the men had retired for a smoke, a search was instituted. His napkin was under the table!



Mr. Brown (after colliding with his own apple tree several times) returning home very late:
"Mosh remark'ble fog I ever 'sperienced!
Absh'lutely solid!"

—The Tattler

The following are true copies of letters received from grateful patients by a Canadian doctor while practising in India:

"Dear She,—My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow, I would like to do you the honor of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay you—vengeance belongeth unto God.

"Yours noticeably."

Then another:

"Dear and Fair Madame,—I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will be no longer under your kind treatment, she having left this world for the other on the night of the 27th ulto. For your help in the matter I shall ever remain grateful.

"Yours reverently."

* * *

A story at the expense of Col. Irvine, the warden of the Manitoba Penitentiary, is related by himself. Some time ago a convict under his care came up to him with a "special request." When asked the nature of it, he replied that he would like permission to follow his trade. "Certain-

ly," said Col. Irvine, "as far as possible men are permitted to keep in touch with their vocations whilst undergoing imprisonment." "See that this man is put to his profession," he added, turning to his deputy, "and, by the way, No. —, what is your trade?"

"I'm a balloonist," was the answer.

* * *

The populace crowded around Cæsar clamoring for their mighty hero.

"Cæsar," spoke up the appointed one, "wilt thou be our king?"

"Nay, my faithful followers, I cannot," answered the warrior.

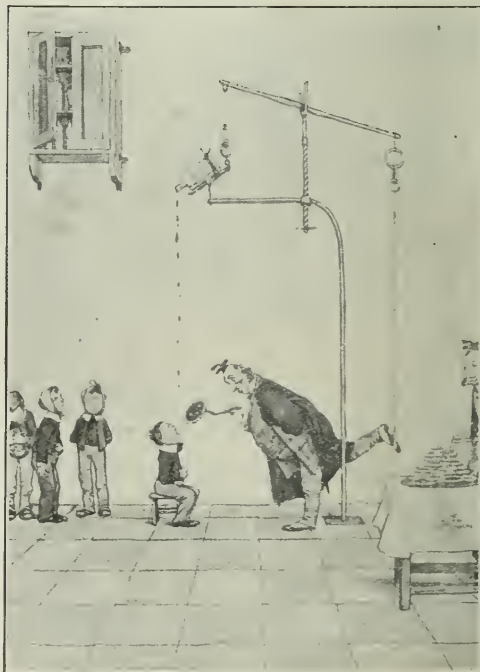
"Hail, all hail to Cæsar," bellowed a voice in the crowd. They all hailed.

"Let us beseech of you, Cæsar, take the crown," pressed the speaker.

"My dear citizens and loyal compatriots, I cannot do this thing that you ask of me; the time is not ripe."

"Hail, all hail to Cæsar," again spoke up the voice from the crowd. They all hailed as before.

"Now, our Cæsar," said the speaker, "we have all hailed; it is up to you to reign."



Half-hours at Eton — Medicine Day

—The Sketch

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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MR. CLIFFORD SIFTON

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXI

Toronto April 1911

No 6

The Party Bolter---Clifford Sifton

By

H. W. Anderson

NO scenario has matched it—that tense, absorbing epilogue, staged in Canada's Parliament! The argumentative artillery of a master was in play. There was no rhetorical con-jury, no drapery of language, no emotion. It was a series of swift-spoken, clear-cut sentences, each standing out in naked boldness. And, behind all, was the potent, compelling person-ality of the man.

He stood in his accustomed place. The surroundings were all familiar. He reasoned with his old characteristic analytical tenacity. But things were askew. The men who were wont to cheer were silent; while the scoffers had stayed to praise.

One can imagine the strange thoughts, passing with kaleido-scope vividness across the man's mind as he delivered his mes-sage. The friends of a life-time, the colleagues of twenty-three years of pregnant political experience, the men who had fought with him, and for him, in a myriad and more tight skirmishes—those little sudden-life-or-death affairs in the Public Accounts committee—these now sat stoical, disappointed, unresponsive. To left, his old chief, who had recognized his services with many an envied honor, moved a chair the better to see and hear, resting the distinguished head upon a tired hand. But the face was set, the lines a little tightly drawn. There was no light in the eyes which never left him; there was no fleeting smile about the lips which never parted. And, over yonder, in the ranks of the Phil-istines, where for two decades he had been reviled and denounced, were paeans of sympathetic and enthusiastic approval.

CLIFFORD SIFTON, they say, was a unit in the outstanding trinity which dominated the new Government of big men which took office following the general election of 1896. J. Israel Tarte, the "Master of the Administration," and Clifford Sifton, the "Napoleon of the West," were two dynamic personalities who loomed large in the public eye. With them was associated Wilfrid Laurier, the negligible, soft-spoken and altogether likable "Figurehead." But how often the sagacious public misses its guess. Sometimes one wonders whether Canada yet understands and appreciates the clear-visioned, quiet, masterful mind back of the dilettante; whether she yet realizes that it is more than the charm of personality, the winsome manner, and the grace of gesture, which makes this French-Canadian idolized by his followers and respected by his opponents; whether she yet notes the delicate persistence with which his fingers unerringly seeks the pulse-beats of her people.

So the public were once more wrong. Even Father Time deceived them. The two younger men, each strong enough and wilful enough, to go his own way, "bolted"—curiously on the same problem of tariff—and their senior has remained, still at the head of his party, still in the confidence of the country.

But perhaps the immediate future will help the political economist and the practical politician to solve a perennial enigma. Does the party make the man, or the man make the party? The Grim Reaper called he ardent "Master of the Administration" in the hey-day. His part is history. But the forceful "Napoleon of the West" is a man of to-day. There are those who say he made the West; others who claim that the West made him—that he knew it, recognized its opportunities, and went to work to develop them. He has a larger order now.



CLIFFORD SIFTON will not fold his arms. He will not "let well enough alone." He is not that kind. Two years ago he declared himself out of party politics. He has come back. He is not communicative. Those who have associated with him dub him Sifton the Silent—the Sphinx. But the hundreds who thronged the galleries of the House of Commons the other afternoon, who witnessed the personal and political drama in which he occupied the centre of the stage, know that the curtain has not fallen upon the last act. It was the epilogue of the story started in 1896; it was the prologue of—what?

The Napoleon of the West has come to the East. He has steeped the radicalism of the practical prairies in the conservatism of the commercial metropolis. He is in the prime of life. He has remarkable attainments. He has health, he has money, he has ambition—and he has the Big Idea.

What, then, of the Sifton of To-morrow?

"The End of the Road"

By

Charles Shirley

I LEFT him standing in the door of his studio in Little Pierre Street, Montreal, waving his head, so to speak, and talking away to me and to himself, about 'escaping.'

An hour before, I had dropped into his studio to tell him where I was going and where to send the next picture. I had told him that I was off on my annual tour of the Province on my motor-cycle.

He said he wished me a nice trip, and that sort of thing, then right away he began to talk about wanting to 'escape.'

"Escape!" I said, "Escape from what?"

"From this place," he answered, "from wearing bow ties and velvet coats and getting my thumb sore from carrying a palette. I want to forget that there ever was such a thing as 'Art' or studios or Bohemianism or anything else like that. I'd like to have a good steady job at something regular. I'd like to be commercial. If I could be a wholesale grocer, like you are, Mr. Smith, I'd be tickled to death."

That put me on the defensive and I told him it wasn't so easy to be a wholesale grocer as he thought it was. I told him that I believed a man had to be a genius to be a wholesale grocer just the same as he'd have to be a genius to be a painter or a musician. Of course, I knew that was wrong, but I had to stick up for the wholesale grocers. Dreeks —, that was his name. — answered by apologizing and asking me to give him a job as a clerk, calling invoices in the warehouse, but I fancied he had no head for figures, and I told him 'No.'

Dreeks should have been thankful that he could paint. I couldn't. Yet I always wanted to, — always wanted to paint or be a musician or a poet, but I couldn't

manage it, couldn't hold a pencil, couldn't tell one tune from another. I always wanted to be something artistic, but the only thing that was any good for me was the wholesale grocery business.

Long after I thought I had forgotten all about wanting to paint I met Dreeks. It must have been at a time that he had had a streak of hard luck. He was just out of the art school. I bought seventeen of his paintings at one sitting. He seemed a nice fellow and I took an interest in him. He was trying to paint landscapes when I discovered him but I persuaded him that cats were better, —pretty kittens playing with balls of yarn or trying to get their heads into milk jugs. So he took to cats and I bought almost all he could turn out. At first he used to wear tweeds but I got him to wear a flowing tie and a velvet coat. It looked more artistic. So he did, and kept on painting and I kept on getting what he painted and everything seemed right and proper until he said this about wanting to 'escape.'

Once before he had thrown down his brushes and declared that he was not good for anything.

"Why not?" I asked him. "Aren't you getting on?"

"No."

"What?"

"No. You know it too, Smith. You know very well that you're the only person that buys my work and you wouldn't buy them if you really knew—I mean it's out of kindness—don't you see that I see, Smith?"

I rode away. I little thought that I was going to lead Smith into the very path of 'escape.' I didn't count on getting mixed up with what I did get mixed up in, or maybe I wouldn't have gone.

II.

Now I always thought that I knew Quebec like a book. But didn't, else I should not have stumbled on the queer little road that I found. I thought that I knew every town and village and cure and blacksmith clear from the St. Lawrence down to the United States, and even some in Vermont. But I didn't.

I got lost. The roads were smooth and the engine was working nicely. Birds were making noises in the trees and brooks and things were babbling and moving and everything looked nice in the sunlight. I probably got to thinking too much about the beauties of nature and I just kept on following the road, expecting to reach the next village where I had a branch store, pretty soon. But as it came along to the end of the afternoon I saw that I didn't seem to be getting any nearer where I should be and I was afraid I'd get caught by the dusk before I got to shelter. So I put on a little more spark and must have been traveling fully five miles an hour—my rule is four miles an hour on country roads—when I came to the top of the big hill which fell away abruptly into a valley on the other side. It was a new hill to me. When I looked around I saw that the whole country was new to me, and when I looked down the hill I saw a village I had never seen before. It was buried in shadows, almost up to the eaves of the houses. Little wisps of white wood-smoke were streaking up toward the sky. I heard children crying and a dog barking and before I got down the hill a bell started to ring, somewhere out of sight.

I left the machine at the inn and went to find the cure. He was an old, old man with white hair. He evidently didn't approve of a man of my years wearing gaiters and goggles, but I didn't care. I wanted to know where I was.

"What village is this?" I said.

"This is 'The End of the Road,'" he said, only the name of the village was in French.

"End of the Road!" I said. "That's a queer name. Never heard of your village before. Are you perfectly sure father, because your village looks a little bit like some other places I've been." I thought he might be bluffing me and I just took

the precaution of letting him know that I was no stranger in Quebec.

"No. M'sieu'," he replied, gravely, "This is it. This place is called The End of the Road. But excuse me, M'sieu', it is vespers—You will be very welcome. The Church is just near——"

"No thanks," I said, "I'm a Christian Scientist Father. No harm meant, but I never could understand your service and besides my machine needs fixing. Something's wrong with her."

He smiled and bowed and I smiled and bowed, though I am fat and I guessed that we would like one another if we had time. Something about him made me think I could, perhaps, make him a Christian Scientist. But I tried afterward, and it wasn't any use. He had gout.

My engine compelled me to stay at 'The End of the Road.' I found out that I had lost a part and that I would have to wait in the village 'till it came, by mail. This gave me an opportunity to learn why the village was called what it was—because it really was at 'the end' of a blind road. It also gave me an opportunity to try the doctrine of Reverend Mary Baker E. on the padre, but as soon as I saw how the padre's feet felt with the gout I let up. He was grateful and said he had met very few men that were as reasonable. That pleased me and I said he was the first priest I ever had a sensible word out of. So we were both pleased, and he brought out *the scheme*, and made me acquainted with Alede. If the scheme had worked it would have made Dreeks and the padre and Alede and me, famous—mostly Dreeks and Alede. But it didn't.

The cure and I were sitting in the gallery of the inn one evening when the little French-Canadian girl passed. She was a pretty little thing and I thought to myself right away that she had what I call an artistic temperament.

"Who is she?" I asked, leaning over to the cure, as she passed.

"Sh!" he said. "Her name is Alede, Alede Robitaille."

"Pretty name!" I commented, sipping my toddy and telling the cure to hurry with his so't we could have another before we went to bed, "Pretty name, Father. How'd you say it again? Alede Rob—er—"

"Robitaille."

"Nice name. Who is she?"

“Ah,” said the cure, sipping his, and assuming a large air of mystery, “That’s it. That’s it. To-day she is—to-day? Nothing but pretty little Alede Robitaille, an orphan who owns a little grocery store—but to-morow! Ah!”

“Groceries!” I exclaimed, “Groceries!”

“Yes. It is her little property and she keeps the shop with an old uncle of hers. Her mother died last month——”

“But what’s the scheme?” I asked, getting impatient.

The cure paused, as though he hated to disclose the secret. It nettled me. I urged him again. Finally he let it out.

“Painting,” he said.

“Painting?”

“Yes, M’sieu’, I have no eye for art. I am, in fact, color blind, but I tell you, sir—I tell you we have a little genius in the village. All she needs is education. All she needs is a little chance to study and practice and——”

“And she wants to?”

“Oh, I think so. She draws birds and trees and animals——”

“Any cats?” I demanded.

“Cats? oh, oui!”

“Ever talk about escaping?”

“Es—escaping? How M’sieu’?”

“Oh, never mind Father,” I returned. “but I’d like to come in on the scheme.”

His face shone with eagerness. “Do,” he cried.

“Then I shall educate her. I shall send her to school. I shall send her to Paris. She shall become a great artist and then we——”

“Then she will be the pride of the village, and cast honor on your name,” he replied, very nicely. “Good! If M’sieu’ could undertake it——” His face grew a little grave. “It would cost—perhaps three thousand dollars—M’sieu’.”

“That does not matter so long as she paints,” I said. “Art for Art’s sake.”

“M’sieu’ then, is—well-to-do?”

I was rather glad he thought I was poor, so that I could surprise him.

“Father,” I said as gravely as possible, “have you ever heard of Rooney’s Biscuits?”

“Rooney’s Biscuits! Oui! You do not say, M’sieu’, that you—that YOU are—Rooney’s?”

“Biscuits and wholesale groceries,” I said, proudly. “That ought to be enough

to educate little Alede Rob——”

“Robitaille.”

“Quite so. I shall send at once for Dreeks.”

So I did.

III.

“Dreeks,” I asked, when he arrived, “did you bring your brushes and paints and things?”

“Yes, of course,” he said, rather drily. “You wired me to, so I brought them.”

“Fine!”

I took him down and introduced him to my friend the cure. The cure and I wanted to talk ‘Art’ right away, but Dreeks seemed to be feeling in an uncommunitive mood. As he and I walked back to the inn he asked me all sorts of questions about the girl I wanted him to coach, and about her work. I could see he thought she was probably an ordinary little creature with only mediocre ability. But I told him she was good; I had seen some little sketches she had done; I promised to take him down and show him his prospective pupil and her work in the morning. The cure was to come too.

So, in the morning we went. The cure called for us and he and I talked about Art and the high calling of the studio life till I thought Dreeks looked bored. Once he broke in impatiently with a question wanting to know if I had ever heard of the hundreds of artists that had failed, that had been spoiled for useful citizenship by being encouraged in a work for which they had only a very little talent.

The cure and I admitted that we had not.

“Well,” snarled Dreeks, “there are hundreds of ‘em, hundreds! Some starve to death. Some few sensible ones get good positions in lithographing houses or advertising agencies. But others go to swell the ranks of the unemployable, and who’s to blame?”

“Who?” we asked, both at once.

But Dreeks had suddenly decided that he wouldn’t tell us. He stopped up short and left me and the cure wondering *who* he meant.

Alede Robitaille’s late mother’s grocery shop was not at all up-to-date. It was poorly lighted and understocked and had none of the appurtenances of a real grocery. But Dreeks became suddenly anim-

good, when he saw he called it quaint and picturesque and other things.

We introduced her to Dreeks and I noticed that Dreeks seemed awkward for the first time in our acquaintance. His air of boredom had changed. He was interested. I was sure that he *saw* the girl was a genius. Inside, the cure made her bring out her drawings. She didn't seem to want to. She said she only did it for amusement. Dreeks looked at her sharply when she said that, and he didn't seem enthusiastic about the drawings. However, it was agreed that he should remain in the village and give her drawing lessons.

IV.

One day I went with them on their sketching trip, as I usually did, and when they found something simple enough for beginners, they went to work, he guiding her hand sometimes, while I, having spread my duster on the ground, took a nap. But this day I was only half asleep when I heard a funny little laugh. It was Alede. I had always thought her very quiet before, and I was surprised, but it was a pretty laugh, like music, a little, and I kept on sleeping.

"Next week," I heard him say, "Next week you are to leave for Montreal. What is to become of the little store?"

She sighed. "It is to be sold for me," she said, sadly.

"And—and—" I heard him say, "do you really want to paint, to make pictures?"

"Why, of course, M'sien'."

"Honestly, Miss Robitaille?"

She did not answer. I wanted to cough or open my eyes, because I smelled rats.

"Or don't you *sometimes* think," went on the villain Dreeks, "how good it is to live here in this pretty village, where you are said to be quite wealthy and where you have everything——"

"I would rather have the village," said the girl.

"Then why do you want to learn to paint?"

"Because they want me to. They give me every chance to learn. They think I might honor the village."

They stopped and I waked.

The rest happened suddenly.

He and she went sketching one morning. They did not return by noon. The cure and I in our afternoon walk over the usual sketching grounds saw nothing of them, but we said nothing to each other. But when there was still no trace of them after supper we began to look at one another guiltily.

We telephoned to the next village and the next, and the next, but there was no word of the missing pair until, having called up a third place the local priest answered.

"Hello," I demanded, "have you seen anything of——"

Suddenly my own cure clutched me by the arm and pointed at that which caused me to hang up the receiver.

"Dreeks," I said calmly, "Is that you?"

"Daughter, Is it you? Is it Alede?" murmured the cure.

"Yes,

They stood side by side before us. The girl was coloring to the brows. Dreeks was evidently awaiting for a chance to talk.

"Mr. Smith," he said. "We ran away to-day and were married by Father——"

"But your careers!" wailed the cure. "Your futures as artists!"

"We are not artists," replied Dreeks. "It was time that Alede and I were honest about it. We are not needed in Art. We should always be struggling in a race we are unfitted for. It would not be fair, nor wise. My father was a storekeeper. I was raised in an Ontario village. He turned me out when I insisted on learning to paint. Yesterday, I received word that he had died and that he has left his earthly possessions to me—provided that I give up Art. I have therefore, cast my lot in the grocery business. I shall put up the money to make a really big store of Alede's little place. I shall have enough, I think, Mr. Smith, to pay you back for your many kindnesses, if you can wait for the settling of the estate——"

I told him to hold his tongue. I felt disappointed, and yet—there is need for good grocers in this country. The cure was content that Alede was back again. So then the cure and I ordered a little supper for them and in the morning I went down to the little store and made a list of the things they would need. I mailed the order to my firm in Montreal.

The Seriousness of Modern War

By

Captain C Frederick Hamilton

IN this country we seldom have any real discussion of war. War is unpopular, and the general tendency, when the subject comes up is to devote ourselves exclusively to one aspect of it, and to spend our whole time in assertions that War is a dreadful thing, that it is a relic of past conditions of society, that it should be abolished, and so on. Very often persons who do not discuss the subject in this manner are assumed to approve of war, to like it, to wish for it, and are denounced as militarists, as survivals of feudal savagery. This does not seem to me altogether intelligent. Disliking war, denouncing war, hoping for the abolition of war, will not necessarily avert war. It takes two to keep the peace even more than it takes two to make a quarrel, and if a nation which dislikes war runs foul of a nation which is ready to resort to it on occasion, it is difficult to see how fighting can be avoided, except by the unpleasant process known as lying down. To confine our discussion of war to a denunciation of it is akin to confining our discussion of tuberculosis to speeches deploring its effects. We must study tuberculosis to find a remedy; and we must study war as well as dislike it.

It is my purpose in what follows to discuss war as it is understood in Europe and in Japan. Its modern aspects are not understood on the continent of America, where attention tends to fasten upon the physical sufferings of the actual combatants. But war as understood in Europe and in Japan presents certain other aspects than this.

One remarkable circumstance forces itself upon our attention. Within the last half century or so war—grand war, the warfare of modern states—has greatly changed its nature. It has become far

less frequent, and also far less brutal; but it has become infinitely more serious.

One cause of this is the great increase in the complexity of our life. There doubtless are among my readers those who can remember the time when each rural district of Canada was nearly self-supporting and self-sufficient; the farmers grew their own food, spun their own wool, wove their own cloth; the flour was ground, the wagons and buggies were made in the neighborhood. The dependence of each community upon the outside world was slight. That condition existed in Canada in the early Nineteenth Century; it existed all over the world in the centuries before the Nineteenth.

Compare with that the situation of the modern Englishman. If he is well-to-do, his income probably comes to him as the result of investments; in simpler language, because men are working with his money on Canadian railways, in South African diamond mines, in Australian gold mines, in the wheatfields of Argentina, on river steamboats on the Volga, in the oil fields of the Caspian Sea—English money is earning money for its owner all over the world. If he is poor, the business in which he earns his living probably depends on markets in other parts of the world. He eats bread baked from flour which is made from a mixture of wheat grown, say, in Canada and in India. He wears tweeds made from wool grown in Australia. He wears other clothing made from cotton grown in the United States and yet other clothing from linen made in Ireland. His sugar is made in Germany or Jamaica; his boots perhaps began life in South Africa; and so on over an amazing list. In short, this man's life is knit up with the whole outside world. Whereas, the farmer of fifty or

Sixty years ago was very little concerned with the world outside of his own farm and his own neighborhood.

Under the older state of affairs, one part of a country could suffer very severely and the rest not be greatly injured. In fact, in earlier centuries to injure a man you had to kill some member of his family, burn his house or barn, destroy or steal his livestock, or trample down his crops. You had to get at him. A country was like some of those inferior forms of life which are not greatly incommoded by the loss of a limb.

At present a general smash in Canada would mean that a great many people in England would lose heavily, because we could not pay the interest on the hundreds of millions which Englishmen have lent us. If India were to lapse into barbarism Englishmen's pockets would suffer greatly, partly because the \$2,500,000,000 they have invested there would be lost, partly because a valuable market would disappear. In short, individuals, communities and nations now live a very complex life. That means that it has become very easy to hurt communities and nations. For instance—in 1907, the harvest of Western Canada was rather poor, and Eastern Canada, a thousand miles away, suffered keenly. You do not need now to get at a man to hurt him; if you interfere with a business on the other side of the globe you inflict privation and hardship upon him. A nation now is like a highly organized creature, which may die of a gangrene in some limb remote from the seat of life.

In a word, the march of progress has made it easier to hurt a nation. But there is another circumstance to consider. It also is possible for a nation to put forth greater efforts than were formerly possible; and great efforts, of course, are exhausting.

Of all the inventions of the Nineteenth Century surely that of organization is not the least wonderful. The most impressive thing about a great railway system, to some of us at least, is not the locomotive, or the big bridge, but the head office, which so plans that every man's work dovetails into the work of every other. At the same time, the head office could not exist but for the men distributed over thousands of miles, and the material in-

ventions, such as that of the steam-engine and the telegraph. Our whole life for the past hundred years has been a matter of progress in material inventions and in the organization which is made possible and profitable by material inventions. To the single trader has succeeded the partnership, to the firm has succeeded the company, to the company has succeeded the corporation, and the trust is swallowing up the corporation; and it is the improvement in transportation, it is the march of material invention, which have made it worth while to develop along the line of that art of working men in unison which we call organization.

Let us see now how in former days a lack of certain material inventions which we now enjoy and a lack of organization worked together to produce a certain kind of inconclusive war, which did not inflict really severe blows on an adversary and which did not demand exhausting efforts on the part of the country waging it. In the time of Frederick the Great firearms were so imperfect that it was necessary to train a man for two or three years to enable him to get full value out of his musket. Again, if a government wished to move its soldiers from one frontier to another, they had to walk; and to walk on bad roads. If the government wished to fight in a given region, it knew that its army would soon eat up all the food to be found in it, and that trade was small in volume and slow in movement; thus it had slowly to accumulate magazines of supplies and stores; and these articles had to be moved by heavy wagons over bad roads if no navigable river or stretch of sea were available. Obviously, operations were bound to be tedious, to require much time, to exact a certain degree of leisure. Observe now how these physical conditions acted on policy. First, when it was such a long business to turn a man into a soldier it seemed wasteful to part with him when he was trained; so that men were enlisted for the full term of their working life. Thus the only way to expand an army was to enlist and train raw recruits; so that it was slow work to increase an army, and expensive work as well, as the men had to be kept for a long time before they were useful. Then financial conditions asserted their control; it has been ascertained that the

standing army which a country can support in peace time is limited to about one per cent. of the total population. Thus conditions drove countries to the use of small armies of professional soldiers, who were maintained by a civil population which was not trained to arms. Accordingly wars resolved themselves into long, tedious struggles between small professional armies while the bulk of the population of the country attended to their ordinary business, and paid taxes to hire and support these mercenary soldiers. When the war raged in a particular district of the country the people were treated very barbarously, but the people of the adjoining districts were not greatly affected. The civilian inhabitants generally would have to pay very heavy taxes, some aspects of their business would suffer, and some of their young men would be enlisted and sent to the war. But with these deductions their ordinary life would go on much as in peace time. For them war would mean some trouble, some expense, but no overpowering change in their routine.

It is this sort of limited liability war which people who live on this continent picture to themselves. They think of the hardships of the men who happen to be soldiers and who suffer wounds, sickness or privation. They think of the cruelties inflicted on the civil inhabitants who happen to live in the theatre of hostilities. But modern war has advanced far beyond this stage.

At the present time firearms are so perfect that it is possible for a man to learn the use of them in a few months, so that he can be a soldier without withdrawing himself from the pursuits of industry. Then, advances in transportation have made it possible to move masses of men with rapidity and to feed them with certainty. The tediousness has disappeared from those operations of war which lead up to the actual fighting, which formerly occupied so much time. These material facts have made possible that triumph of organization implied in universal service. In a country employing this method of preparation practically all the able-bodied men of the nation undergo in their youth a comparatively brief period of training; they then are dismissed to follow their vocations as civilian inhabi-

tants. Thus when war breaks out the peace-army is instantly and vastly augmented, not by the slow addition of raw recruits who must be laboriously trained, but by the instantaneous calling out of masses of former soldiers who are termed reservists. I need not expatiate on the multitude of devices whereby the organization of the vast hosts thus created is made perfect; what is more important to notice is that to-day the European and Japanese civilian is a soldier as well. He no longer works to pay a professional soldier to do his fighting for him; he drops his business and marches away to the war; or rather, he takes a train to the war.

This organization of the manhood and resources of a nation is carried to extraordinary lengths in countries like Germany, Switzerland, France and Japan. When a war is declared the whole national energy is summoned forth and applied to its prosecution. Something very near the whole working population stops work, puts on the uniform, takes up the rifle. In Switzerland the men who are not to take part in the actual shooting are organized into working companies, to perform the various operations, from building roads to baking bread or driving teams, which the army will require. In Germany there are 65,000,000 inhabitants. There are about 13 million men old enough to vote. Of these great numbers must be too old, *i.e.*, 40 or over, and many more must be too weak, for military service. Yet by the latest computation there are 5,200,000 men trained to arms and so organized as to be put into the field as fast as room can be made for them. German plans for a war with France are understood to contemplate the moving of a million men as the first line of the invasion—two or three men to every yard of the frontier. This vast number of men is to be on the frontier and ready to begin serious fighting in 20 days from the receipt of the order to mobilize. Thus out of every hundred adult German men eight would be actually in the firing line and 32 more under arms, ready to serve as reserves. The remaining 60 would include all the old, all the elderly, all the weaklings.

All this means that the modern European or Japanese State has at its com-

mand the means of putting forth an enormous effort. The South African War was a contest of the old type, waged by a comparatively small army of the old type; it was fought under enormously expensive conditions as to transportation, distance, etc.; there was some waste and carelessness in management; it lasted for nearly three years; and it cost about a billion dollars. If Germany were to go to war, she would have to provide six hundred million dollars in the first six weeks. The Austrian Minister for National defence recently stated, that "If we assume a war lasting for six months and two millions of men called up, the cost would be about £180,000,000." That is, very nearly what Great Britain spent in three years in a theatre of war 6,000 miles away, with a highly paid voluntary army. It is evident that the effort put forth by modern nations is stupendous.

But if the effort required is tremendous, the injury which can be suffered is enormous. The beaten country makes its effort, and loses; and in addition is hurt by the direct injuries inflicted. Let us make some comparisons. Louis XIV. kept France at war for nearly a third of a century. France some thirty years later was able to indulge in a series of wars, one of which lasted for seven years. The American Revolutionary War lasted for eight years. The French Republic and Empire kept Europe in a turmoil for nearly 25 years. Yet France, to consider her alone, soon after Waterloo was a great and powerful country, and during the middle of the nineteenth century she was the leading continental power in Europe. Evidently, her long series of wars had failed to exhaust her. But mark the difference. In 1870 she collided with a power organized on this modern principle. She was defeated under the new principle of unlimited liability. That was forty years ago. That one defeat has changed her from her old high-spirited, innetuous self to a nation of a cautious, one had almost said humble, temper. Suppose that President Taft were to send word to the Canadian Government that he objected to the policy pursued by, say, Mr. Fielding; that Mr. Fielding must be ejected from the Ministry. That was what Germany did to France a very few years ago. M. Delcasse was too effective a servant of his

country to suit Germany, and Germany demanded his dismissal. And dismissed he was. The defeat of 1870 permanently lowered the vitality, the national spirit of France. A few months of war in 1870 hurt more than 25 years of war between 1790 and 1815.

What were the injuries which so depressed the spirit of this great and gallant nation? Putting aside the losses in human life, the money cost to France was over \$2,600,000,000; and she lost two rich provinces as well, their resources and prosperity henceforward augmenting the trade of a rival nation.

This, then, is the meaning of the seriousness of modern war. A country must consider two facts:—

1. To fight with success it must drop its entire ordinary business and turn its whole energy to fighting. Its ordinary life must stand still.

2. If beaten it can be made to suffer enormously.

Then, you exclaim, war is so expensive, so serious, that nations dare wage it no longer. Stop a moment. Suppose your nation wins? And suppose it is resolute enough, or pitiless enough, to reap the full advantage of victory?

It does not necessarily hurt a man to make an unusual and severe exertion, provided that it is not too violent, does not last too long, and is followed by suitable relaxation. I may add, provided that he attains some object which yields him satisfaction. The same may be true of a nation. The military expenses of Germany in the Franco-German war were \$370,000,000; but she obtained an indemnity of a billion dollars and two rich provinces; it has been calculated that she actually made a profit of about \$800,000,000 over and above her military expenses. Thus the accounts of the two countries stand:

Germany:—Monetary gain, \$800,000,000; territorial gain, Alsace and Lorraine.

France:—Monetary loss, \$2,600,000,000; territorial loss, Alsace and Lorraine.

I omit all reference to losses of human life, and I omit all reference to the national exultation on the one side and the anguish of spirit suffered on the other. I may add that Germany at first demanded an indemnity of \$2,500,000,000 instead

of \$1,000,000,000; and that had Bismarck fully realised the wealth of France and her power of recuperation, it is probable that he would have insisted on his original demand. His purpose was to crush France, to obliterate her.

But there is more. Modern Germany dates her material prosperity from that war, and from the political changes which it caused. In that prosperity the average man, the German workingman, has had some share. Here is the average consumption of staple foods per head in Germany at two significant dates: 1880, when the order of things destroyed by the victory of 1870 was about to pass away; and 1907, when the New Germany made possible by the war was in the full stride of its energy:—

1880	Meat	64¼	lbs.
	Grain and potatoes	1282	"
	Total	1346¼	"
1907	Meat	93	"
	Grain and potatoes	2286¼	"
	Total	2379¼	"

Thus the average German to-day eats half a ton more of good food in the year than he did in the seventies.

To sum up. War until forty or fifty years ago was a sort of limited liability affair. It has become a matter of unlimited liability. It has become democratic, an affair of the entire nation. The nation puts its whole weight into it, is utterly ruined if defeated, and hopes to prosper if victorious. The effort is greater, the stake is greater. That is why modern war is serious.

THE WANDERER'S SONG

I have sojourned in various Lands,
 Foregathered with many wierd Men;
 Cooped up in Cities, or scorched on the sands,
 In forest, or free on the fen;
 I've found every time that the wild is the best,
 That Jungle is better than Town,
 That you live out your Life with far less of a zest
 With the White than you do with the Brown.
 There in the edge of the Jungle—the calm
 Dim places invite to the shade.
 The warm light is tempered and under the palm
 Filters through with a tinge of the jade;
 Murmuring Life's running wild all around,
 Half subdued 'neath the sun's scorching torch:
 Such perfection of peacefulness only is found
 In some old Cathedral's shadowy porch.

—G. T. Batty.



AN ESKIMO STEAMER TOWING A WHITE MAN'S WHALE BOAT ON THE PEACE RIVER

A Cabinet Minister's Canoe Trip

How Honorable Frank Oliver Sought to Learn a Little More About His Constituency

By Madge Macbeth

TO prove that the far north, which for years has been so grossly libelled by the sensational novelists, is perfectly livable and devoid of the blugginess, endless snowy wastes, trackless fields of blinding snow, deathless terror, etc., etc., the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, last summer, made a two months' trip into it. He travelled 700 miles within the Arctic Circle and says he greatly enjoyed himself; that as far as the conditions of the country went, he did not realize half the time, that he was approximately 5,000 miles from Ottawa.

"Of course," said the Minister, "the further north you go, the closer the tim-

ber belt is to the sea level; so, that by the time you reach MacPherson, for instance, if you walk on a slight elevation, you are above the timber belt amongst nothing but scrubby brush. I missed trees, but except for that even in the very far north, everything in the way of scenery was perfect."

Mr. Oliver left Athabasca Landing, Alberta, in June, traveled down the Athabasca in a canoe to Grand Rapids where a scow was waiting for the party and in this they went on to McMurray. From here they went by canoe again to Chipewyan and then on Mr. Colin Fraser's steamer to Smith's Landing. To save time the



HON. FRANK OLIVER AND HIS COMPANIONS STARTING ON A SIXTY MILE PORTAGE FROM FORT MACPHERSON—JULY 2ND, 1910.

16 mile portage at Smith's Landing was traveled in a democrat. Messrs. Hislop and Nagle's steamer was then used until Ft. Resolution was reached, after which the Roman Catholic Mission boat took Mr. Oliver's party to the Arctic Red River—that is, across a portion of the Great Slave Lake and down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Red River, the mission's most northerly settlement. The H. B. C.'s little launch "Ariel" was waiting at this point to convey the party to MacPherson, on the Peel River.

Mr. Oliver laughingly corrected the writer a number of times for saying 'up' the Mackenzie—it certainly looks 'up' on the map—but the Minister said 'down' north, and stuck to it!

At MacPherson there was a sixty mile portage to travel; this was commenced on July 2nd, just four weeks after leaving Athabasca Landing—more than 1,850 miles away!

At the Bell River—La Pierres House, the party once more took to canoes, running down stream to the Porcupine and thence to the Yukon. At Fort Yukon they embarked on a steamer for Dawson, then (by steamer—The Selkirk) up to

Whitehorse, here taking the train to Skagway, and another boat from there to Vancouver.

With the 20th century avidity for harrowing details, the writer wanted to know something of the hardships of the trip.

"There were none," laughed Mr. Oliver. "It was a very tame and unsensational affair. Supplies met us at given points, steamers took us where canoes could be dispensed with, the mosquitoes, which are always more or less bad in the north, were very much 'less bad' this season, Indians carried the packs at every portage and the weather was ideal."

"Wasn't it cold?—way up at MacPherson, Rampart House and about there?"

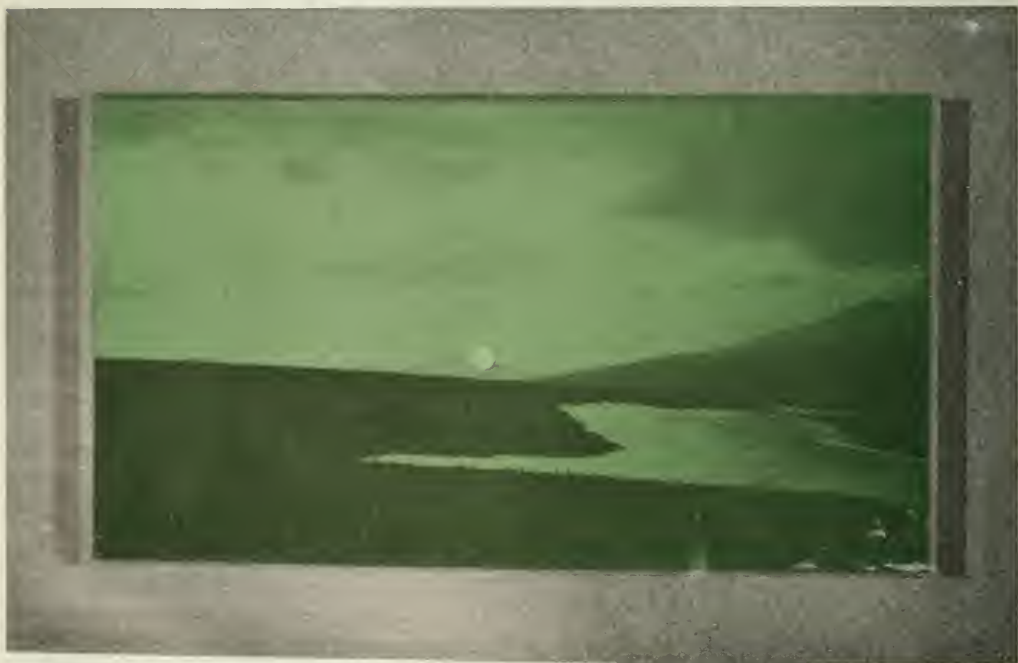
"The nights were cool, but the days were HOT! I have never felt the heat more than at noon in the Arctic Red River."

"And the midnight sun?"

"Well, I can't describe it," said Mr. Oliver. "Neither have I read what I call a good description of it—at least not one which tallies with the appearance of the sun to me. It did not look like the sun at all; the sky was wonderful, glowing with colors we never see, here. The sun



A SUMMER CAMP OF ESKIMOS ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER



THIS IS A SNAP-SHOT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN TAKEN ON THE LA PIERRE PORTAGE



THE BROAD BOSOM OF THE PORCUPINE RIVER



A VIEW ACROSS THE MACKENZIE RIVER TOWARD A HUDSON'S BAY POST



HOWLING DOG ROCK, ON THE PORCUPINE RIVER.

set, as the photos show, just above the horizon—certainly a most unusual and peculiar sight to the white men of the party."

The Porcupine River is famed for its canyon-like banks of steep rock; in many places they dip perpendicularly into the water leaving not even a foot path along the shore. The photo shown of Halfway Rock (midway between La Pierres House and Fort Yukon) has been mistaken for a

somewhat similar monument of nature further on, called Howling Dog Rock. The reason for its naming is not a resemblance to a dog in the act of lifting up his woeful voice, but because the Indians who tracked* their canoes up the river leaving the shore of a necessity and paddling around the sheer base of the rock, also left their dogs there. These

*Tracked:—Pulled the canoes by harnessing themselves after the manner of a canal horse.



DOWN THE PORCUPINE RIVER.

creatures as lazy as their masters collected in a howling mass until the canoes were well out of sight, when, being assured that there was nothing for it but to swim, they savagely plunged into the water and caught up with the Indians, later.

Mr. Oliver told a very amusing incident of his trip illustrating the one-ness of

ideas which will take possession of a man. It seems that he was to meet a party of gentlemen from Dawson, whom he had never met before, and to whom the Minister wished to show particular attention. They were traveling about six weeks in order to come up with Mr. Oliver and during that time had no communication with the world at large.

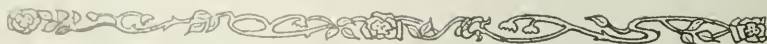


AN INDIAN CAMP AT FORT PROVIDENCE

"I was anxious," said Mr. Oliver frankly, "to find out what topics interested them particularly—relations with Japan, the Canadian Navy, Trusts—or what? It did not take me long to discover it—the one idea. They had thought of, talked

of nothing else—they wanted to think of, to talk of, nothing else. . . . Almost the first words spoken by the Dawson party were—

"Tell us—*Who won the Jeffries-Johnson fight?*"



Through the Window

By

Will Irwin

Author of "The Confessions of a Con. Man," etc.

JULIA, the nurse said to the few visitors who inquired, was "struggling back to life." Julia herself, had she tried to formulate it, would hardly have called it that. It was no struggle; it was rather a growth. She had swung close to a certain nadir. At one time life had sunk so low that it was a choice with her—it had lain within her will—whether she should stay or go. She was to remember long afterward that she had made this decision lightly, as a thing of little difference. The horror of death, with its appurtenances of the grave and mould and decay—that had not entered into the calculation. Never again, in fact, was death to appear to her mind in that aspect. While she had sunk low, she had also risen to another plane of consciousness, wherein she knew how little, after all, the flesh mattered.

These reflections were not for now. If she had any emotion, any reflection, it was wonder—wonder when she gathered strength to lift what hand she had left, that it was she lying there, the content of so many little, tiny nerves and red blood-courses—wonder and a kind of contentment which was neither happiness nor misery.

It might have been morning, it might have been afternoon—at any rate, the sun was shining and the little night lamp was out—when she was aware of a voice. At first it flashed upon her that this was one of those voices, dim, dull, uncertain, which she had heard in the days when the springs of life were very low, when she had been making the decision. Not with dread, but with a certain weariness, she wondered if this were indeed the decision come to be made over again: if she had

to bestir herself to know whether she was to live on, or whether she was to let everything go and rest.

But this voice she perceived after a time, rang as though there were something behind it. It differed from those other voices. They had nothing at all behind them. And the speaker—she perceived this when she had straightened herself out a little and gained the ability to think—was saying things different in substance from the vague chatter of those other voices.

"Hello, little invalid!" said the Voice.

Lanquidly, Julia tried to turn her head. She did succeed in turning her eyes. As far as her range of vision went, she could see nothing. The nurse, she remembered, had gone out a long time ago—or was it just now? At any rate, the nurse was gone. She made an effort to form her mouth for words, as a child sets his feet before taking one of his first, halting steps, and managed at last to speak in kind.

"Hello!" she said.

The Voice was speaking on.

"I'm across that little child-size passage in the next flat house. My window looks nearly into yours. I can't see you, because your bed is back-on to the window, but I know you're an invalid, and somehow I know you're small; so I say, 'Hello, little invalid!'"

Julia struggled to remember certain things which the nurse had said. She must obey orders. She wanted to obey them, but somehow it was pleasant to hear that cheery male voice with the ring to it, with the attack and resonance of life. So she made the effort again; it

seemed to her, when she was done, that she had delivered an oration of an hour.

"I am not allowed to talk," she said; then, after a pause: "Are you there? I like to hear *you* talk."

The voice came louder and stronger.

"Oh, yes, I am here. I've been—watching—you know, all this month. I don't know what you want me to talk about, but if you do want talk, there is where I live. First I'll tell you what I know about you. You have been sick for five weeks, and very sick, but you are better now. The doctor comes only every other day. Once he used to come every day; and one day—the time you went through the crisis—he came twice. I know that it is pneumonia, because I've had pneumonia myself, and I know the signs. I remember just how long it is before they let you talk, and I've waited until to-day.

"Now, don't you say a word. I'm doing the talking. Here I am, a young man—I'll say myself over like an advertisement for live stock—five feet eight inches tall, weight about a hundred and sixty, thirty years old, of a kind and docile disposition, and a liking for little sick girls. I've been a sick man myself—pneumonia does things to Californians. When you get better, so that you can talk, I'm going to trade symptoms with you.

"This is chapter one. Chapter two will come in the next talk, because you can't stand yet to hear the story of my life. It is too exciting. And the nurse will be back in a minute. I can always tell when she is entering, because she makes your door creak. Don't be afraid; I shall watch. Of course I am presuming that you want me to talk to you for another instalment. If you do, please say 'yes' and we'll stop for to-day."

To Julia's reduced mind, it came that the decision she was about to make was as momentous as the old decision whether she was to go or to stay. It seemed, indeed, of more moment. But she gathered together the figments and fragments of the life which was creeping in, and answered, after fixing her mouth again:

"Yes."

"Good-bye for to-day, then, mysterious invalid." She heard the closing of a window.

Meditating on these things, digesting them, Julia fell asleep.

When she woke, it was night. She knew because the little lamp was burning, and Miss Tallant, that old, seasoned trained nurse who worked like a machine of low horse-power, was dozing in her chair at the foot of the bed. With Julia's motion, Miss Tallant roused herself; there followed the almost insupportable business of drinking from a tiny glass, of holding a bulb syringe under her tongue. When the nurse had settled herself back in the chair again, Julia turned her head, arranged her mouth, and asked a question:

"Who lives across the window?" Julia waited a long time for the answer. It did not come. The nurse never even lifted her eyes at the question. Julia, with as much dissatisfaction as her weakness left her power to feel, perceived it all. She was saying things without saying them, just as she had done away back in her nadir. Her vocal cords, it seemed, set themselves in the right form, her mind said the words over, and her voice ran through her throat; but some connection was lacking; some string uniting the dynamic power and the machinery of speech was untied. So, while she thought at first that she was speaking, there was no sound in it, and no one paid any attention. The voice across the window—she had made the owner of that voice hear. Why, she wondered? Why . . . Julia slept again.

Now it was day—without pain but also without sleep. It brought weary routine of annoying business with the doctor and bothersome things to drink. Less weary than all the yesterdays since she touched her nadir, it was also more sufferable because she was waiting for something. Each time that the nurse left, she felt in herself a shadow of expectation stronger than any emotion she had thought ever to feel again.

Now the nurse had gone, and expectation was fulfilled.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes." She could make sound of speech!

"It is six o'clock. I suspect that the nurse has gone to get her dinner, and I'm just in from—from my work. That is, I call it work. May I talk to you again? You have only to answer 'yes.'"

"Yes—please."

"Now, don't you waste strength on etiquette, though I don't know any word

I'd sooner have you waste breath on than that 'please.' First chapter from the thrilling story of my life. I'm a mining engineer from Nevada and California. That is, I call myself a mining engineer. I'll let you into my secret. I'm a bluff. I'm really only a miner, selling mines in New York. In the West, you know, we say that when a man has tried everything else and failed, he goes to selling mines. But it is a little better than that. I really have a mine, and I've faith in it—found it myself. It's a low grade ore, and I need capital to develop it. The details of selling mines in New York won't interest you, I'm afraid; but maybe I can interest you by telling how I came to find it.

"I was very blue and discouraged last year when I started out on my last prospecting trip. I was grubstaked. You're an Eastern woman from your voice, so you won't know what grubstakes mean. The other man buys your burro—that's a small and especially virtuous kind of hiking and hunting and losing my beans and coffee. I had only half your claim.

"Well, anyway, it was up to me. I must strike something that fall or go back to the shovel or the yardstick. The rest is three weeks of hiking and hunting and losing my beans and coffee. I had only three more days to go, and I'd camped away up high where there was a little fall of new snow on the ground.

"I was discouraged, and I was mad. I guess the burro caught it, because she behaved fearfully. I have it on my conscience that I beat her, though I'm usually kind—even to burros. I left her to rustle for herself while I cooked the last of the bacon.

"When I turned back to tie her for the night, I found she'd been in a bad temper too. She'd been pawing in the snow, as a burro or a horse always paws to relieve his feelings. It's the horse way of swearing. After I'd nearly jerked the neck off her to make her behave, I happened to look down and notice where she pawed. Gold quartz—trust a miner to know an out-cropping! If any one will build a smelter up there to work it, we have a mountain of ore. So I'm grubstaked again—prospecting Wall Street, which is a blame sight colder than the Nevada mountains.

"But that won't interest you. You'll want to know what became of Magda, the

burro. That's the sad part of what I'm going to relate—good-bye." For the door had creaked to proclaim the entrance of Miss Tallant, the nurse. Julia saw her pass through her range of vision, heard her step over to the window, caught this said under her breath:

"They make too much noise over there."

Julia fell asleep hugging her secret.

Now she was counting days and distinguishing time, and wondering what had become of Magda, the burro. The poor little soft-nosed donkey that had a tragedy in her life! It was late afternoon, with the early street lights making shadows and reflections on her wall. The nurse had gone to the kitchen for her dinner.

"Awake?"

"Yes."

"In two or three days I'm going to let you talk. We were on the burro. Perhaps I shouldn't tell tragedies to anyone coming out of pneumonia, but I'm on the subject. Well you see, Magda——"

"That's a play," said Julia.

"Sure! But don't you talk. I named her after the play because she talked just like an actress I heard in it once. I guess I joned her. Well, I felt grateful to Magda. She'd always had a hard life, feeding on sage-brush and cactus and thistles. I doubted if she'd ever in her life known the taste of a square meal. And you'll agree that a lot, a whole lot, was coming to her. All the way back, I pulled bunch grass for her. And when we came into town, I saw the man who had grubstaked me and I arranged to fix Magda proper. I put her in a box stall. I had her fed on hay and oats and bran mash. It was too much for her. She died quite suddenly."

Julia could feel the tears starting. Had she thought she should ever weep again? But when he spoke once more, she found her unaccustomed muscles drawing themselves into a smile.

"I must say I have a record. I'm the only man, except those I invited to the spectacle, who ever saw a dead burro. We don't believe in the West that they die at all. They're such angels, the way they stand for everything and never complain, except by way of digging up mines for a fellow, that they're translated in clouds of glory, I think."

Julia, with the wisdom of the resurrected, knew that people and burros and all who have enjoyed the rapture and pain of being alive do not die; neither are they translated. It is just a change, much more glorious than any translation in trailing clouds of glory, but a change which one forgets when she is past the stage of the new resurrection. She herself would forget it; already she was beginning to forget. She must try to keep on remembering, so that she could tell the Voice.

Then he changed from Magda and her tragedy to pleasant things. He told of automobiles that streak across the desert, even Death Valley itself; of the Swede who owned the only spring on the edge of the valley and who came out, when your throat had become like old leather, and sold you a bottle of cooled beer for a dollar.

"And of all the dollars you spend in this here trot through life, you miss this one least," he said. Of his house he was going to build in Pasadena or Mill Valley—he hadn't decided which—when the company was formed and he had got rich; of starlit night above the High Sierra, where everything is very cold and white and clean; of camps in the desert with a hair rope about your bed, because a rattle-snake cannot cross hair.

And the door creaked and the nurse came.

Now, Julia found that her mouth could always be depended upon to make sounds when she tried to speak. The doctor said that she was doing very, very nicely. With this recrudescence of interest and strength, she took to listening for sounds from that dwelling across the screened window; she could hear something moving now and then; it seemed to her that she could distinguish two pairs of heavy, masculine feet. The day when she took to these observations, she was dimly disappointed to find that no voice spoke through the window, even when the nurse was out. But the faith of the new-resurrected was in her. She knew that it would come again.

The next night her faith was fulfilled.

"I gave you a rest," he said after he had made sure that she was awake and listening. "because to-night I'm going to let you say twelve words. I'm to ask questions, and you're to answer. Now, the first—one

word—will be your name. Mine is Frank, and you may call me by it, if you wish, as soon as you can afford breath. When we are sick, we are just little boys and girls again. So please let it be your first name. That wouldn't be etiquette with a coarse, Western stranger if you were well, but at present it's all right and proper. Now, playmate, name please."

"Julia."

"Eleven words left. What do you do for a living? Wait! I'll tell you what I know. You work at something, but you can afford a little flat of your own and you don't live with your people. You may teach, though from the little conversation I've had you don't sound to me like a teacher. Still, you're no plain salesgirl or stenographer, because you can afford a flat of your own. If you think I'm impudent to want to know about you, just say 'no,' but if you want to answer, one to three words will do. This is like cabling at five dollars a syllable."

Julia considered the question and the answer, which loomed to her momentous.

"Head cloak saleswoman," she brought out at last.

"Eight words left. I am rather glad you aren't a teacher; that doesn't seem to me like *doing* anything, somehow. Now, to proceed. Have you any parents?"

"Mother." Then, thinking of the ingratitude he might impute to her, she added:

"Lives with married sister, Chicago."

"That shows how much breath people waste in this world. Here I know all about you, or all that has stirred up my heavy curiosity, and you've got two words left to spend as you want."

Julia needed three words. It seemed that she could not get along with any fewer. With the feeling that he was waiting intently over there, she pondered this. The suspense, and her inability to condense further, inspired her to take chances with the unlucky thirteen.

"Was Magda brown?" she asked.

No more had she said this than she felt how funny, how childishly funny, the question must be to him. But if he laughed, she should never like him so well again. She wouldn't like him not to laugh, either. The thing for him to do, if he were to live up to her ideal of him, was to be amused and to control it. She

was bathed in relief when she heard a change in his voice as though he had, in fact, conquered laughter. And he said:

"No, gray, with an especially petteable white nose. Now you've said more than enough—I'll have to subtract one word from your allowance to-morrow—and I won't take any more risks to-day with that nurse. She sounds like a tough old veteran with gray hair." He stopped suddenly on this, his tone changed, and "Good night," he said.

Always something to wonder about! If he could see the head of the bed, why couldn't he perceive that Miss Tallant, the nurse, had not gray hair, but faded red?

Nevertheless, she felt very much better. Listening to the voice was a stimulant, from which there was no reaction.

It came to be that the nurse stayed a very long time at her dinner, having announced that she might go out for a few minutes after she finished; and the Voice talked for an hour. He allowed her five whole sentences this time. He let her tell him that she had been four years in New York and had worked up from a salesgirl, that she was little and blonde, that she had caught pneumonia by taking too many chances with a late summer day which had turned out cold and raw; that she wouldn't let them take her to the hospital because she wanted to be sick right among her own things.

"That's a splendid recommendation for you," he said. She wanted to ask him what he meant, but she had already used up her five sentences. On his part, he spun more yarns of the mines and the plains and the mountains: all illuminated by his pleasant voice and his unexpected turns of expression. She was growing by now to perceive things; and she formulated to herself a certain strange quality in his voice. Under the cheery tone was a sadness—not sadness exactly, either, but rather a dullness. Otherwise, it was a voice which one might know anywhere. Long afterwards, she was to put into concrete thought her perception of an undeveloped stutter, hesitating burr on the beginning of a sentence.

So it went on, through days in which Julia ceased to drift back to life and began really to struggle—her will was in it. The nurse began to let her talk; the Voice, following, permitted her, in their dinner-

time conversations, to speak whole sentences, paragraphs, pages. They knew enough about each other, it seemed; for now they had come to another stage of friendly intimacy and were talking, not facts and stories, but opinions and likings and ideals. He liked the same things she did, it appeared; further, he seemed often to understand her tastes before she spoke.

There came the time when Miss Tallant showed her the cards and messages of those who called from the store in the low period. Also, Miss Tallant let her have flowers—a great cluster of pink roses from the girls in her department. In two or three days she might have company; in a week, if she were good and obeyed orders, she might sit up.

She told all this to the Voice.

"See my flowers!" she added. "I had the nurse put them on the bureau so that you *might* see."

"So that I might—yes, it was good of you!" Why did he speak so low?

"But can you see them?" persisted Julia. "I tried to plan, but I can't just remember where your window comes."

"Oh, sure! You placed them all right." His tone was indifferent. A swift pique came over Julia. He was not taking interest!

"I don't believe you do. You are only trying to humor me. What color are they?"

"Well, I can see them, you know, but the light is very uncertain here—the glow is in the window and everything looks red. They appear—reddish."

Julia laughed a little.

"That's a man's word for pink—reddish!" But she was not wholly satisfied.

Another dinner-time talk, and, "I am to have visitors to-morrow," she announced.

He paused a little time before he said:

"That's bully!"

"Well?" thought Julia. But he made no move in the direction toward which she was pointing.

"I suppose some of your friends from the store will come," he said instead.

"I suppose so."

"Fine, after a long sickness,—to see people again!"

Julia pondered. It was certainly bold—but she was an invalid—and she didn't care.

"It's only a step from your apartment to mine."

"Ah, why did you say that?" asked the Voice.

"Just because!" responded Julia, and fell back on her pique. Some time elapsed before the Voice spoke.

"I haven't told you this, but now I must. I'm going away. I've known for some time, and I was getting ready to tell you to-day. I've—well, I haven't sold the mine, but things make it necessary for me to return to Nevada.

"Julia, little invalid," he went on, his voice catching, "let's have this for a fairy tale. I'm just an elf or a goblin or one of those things we used to read about when we were children. If I came to see you, I'd see you only once, and I shouldn't seem half so fine to you as I've been, just spinning yarns through the window. You're going to stay in New York, and I'm coming back—after a while. Then there'll be time for you to—get used to me. You see, I'm not what you call an attractive man. I'm homely, and hiking out after mining prospects hasn't refined or handsomed me any. Shan't we leave it now for a fairy tale?"

Julia, an unexpected warmth in her cheeks, found breath to answer:

"Yes, if that's what you want."

"Then good-bye for now, little invalid. The fairy tale is over. The real world for you." And then, as the door squeaked to the coming of the nurse, a final

"Good-bye!"

Miss Tallant said next day that Julia wasn't doing nearly so well. She must not fret so; if she did, she shouldn't have any company. As it was, Miss Tallant (the doctor concurring) postponed that event for two days.

But health and mending went along, as they do in spite of will when the tide of life really begins to run. That decision between going and staying lay with her no more. So in a week the blood was flowing, strength was back; they were moving her into a chair, teaching her to walk on feet which seemed rounded at the soles. On the first day out of bed, she looked over to the window across the narrow area. The curtains were drawn; yet she fancied that some one was moving inside. The new tenant, probably. Still, it all seemed very strange!

She was walking out now in the fine Indian summer weather; at length, on a specially warm day, she was permitted an excursion to the park, two blocks away. As she sat on a bench, watching the morning panorama, a little color came back into her cheeks and her heart. She found herself chatting with Miss Tallant, making comments on the children, the nurses, the waiting cabmen, the bench loafers.

"A blind man," said Miss Tallant suddenly.

Julia looked up, interested. He was approaching, that blind man, led by an attendant. His was a case where pity grows from contrast. He was young, well-formed, strong of limb. His shoulders should have been straight; one felt the incongruity of their half pathetic stoop. His keen hawk face, with its broad, humorous mouth, had scarcely one of the lines graven by patience in action, which belong to blind faces.

A moment Julia studied him; and then, over mind and soul, came a weakness which had nothing to do with the weakness in her wasted body. It was like that weakness of soul in which she lay when she made the decision; and, as in that other weakness, she saw things not perceived of the senses. It came to her as a certainty.

This was the voice through the window!

So much the soul of Julia told her before proof came to her mind. He had drawn opposite to her now; and he was speaking to his attendant.

"Manson," said he, "if this is a popular corner of this park, you had better drop me here. I like to know they're about, if I can't see them." It was the Voice; no need of her soul to tell her that. The same dead undertone, now so pathetically comprehensible; the same little half-stutter as he started his sentence.

Manson seated his charge on the next bench.

Julia rose, so suddenly that Miss Tallant put out a hand to stop her. She rose with a new strength in all her body, and crossed over and sat down beside him and—

"Ah, I've found you!" she said. Over his face ran a current of expression—joy first and then a droop of all the lines in his face, so that it needed not his blue

glasses nor his stick to prove that he was blind.

"I'd been afraid you would!" he answered.

Miss Tallant had the perceptions of her craft.

"I'll be back in a minute—I want to go over to the drug-store—keep yourself wrapped up," she said.

"We'll excuse you for a half an hour, Manson," chimed in the blind man.

Alone now, she took his hand.

"Dear, brave friend!"

"I don't know if this is a sign—your finding me in spite of myself. Ah, little invalid, do you mind if I lied?"

"It must have been a good lie, because you told it—but why did you think it necessary to lie to me?" She stopped, afraid of the answer, the only answer that her saying could call for. It came as she expected.

"Because what I felt wasn't square. I am blind. Perhaps I must always be blind. I didn't lie so much—it was true about the mine. I went blind afterward—too much snow. Manson told me of the sick girl across the passage—and at first I was just trying to amuse you. Dear girl, might I ask something?"

"Of course."

"When no one is looking, may I put my hand on your face for a minute?"

"Yes. Now!"

"It is a beautiful face. Ah, I am weak. You don't know what I want to say."

"Say it, Frank."

"Ah, no."

"Listen. You called me back. I shouldn't have gone on living. I should have sunk again. Do I not owe you that?"

"Owe me what?"

"My life, Frank."

"Dear love!"

"Dear love!"

THE WONDER CHILD

There came a little queery boy,
Ah, such a very deary boy,
A cuddle close and neary boy;
Into my heart one day.

He seemed a very eery boy,
A strangely strange and leery boy;
That heart was filled with feary joy
Lest he should go away.

Sometimes he's such a cheery boy,
A laughing loud and cleary boy;
'Tis then life smiles without alloy
And Love's the time o' day.

But when he is a weary boy,
A tired, forlorn and dreary boy,
'Tis then I love my dearie boy,
Ah—more than I can say.

James P. Haverson.

The Maritime Grievance and Senate Reform

By

Francis Asbury Carman

Two problems in Canadian politics are forever vexing Parliament. One is "Senate Reform," the other, "The Maritime Grievance." The Senate is a load on the country's shoulders. The Maritime Provinces are always complaining—and rightly enough, no doubt—that they are getting less and less parliamentary representation.

In this article, Mr. Carman, who is the Parliamentary correspondent of the Montreal Star, suggests that both problems may be solved by merging the two and making a senatorship a provincial appointment, as in the United States, giving each province the same number of Senators.—The Editor.

THE Maritime Provinces have failed in their effort to have their representation grievance removed by an amendment to the British North America Act. Their failure may be only temporary. But, whether it be only temporary or whether it be permanent, at least it is clear that the task of winning the consent of the other provinces to the remedy proposed is going to be no light one. And final failure is quite within the possibilities. Consequently, it is timely to ask now whether there is not another remedy.

As a citizen of one of the central provinces, I am quite ready to admit that the Maritime Provinces—and especially Prince Edward Island—have what looks very much like a grievance. But I wonder whether the citizens of the provinces down by the sea have realized how much of a grievance will be created, as regards the rest of the Dominion, by the removal of their grievance in the way which they propose.

It is true that at Confederation no one expected that the representation of the

Maritime Provinces in the House of Commons would fall off as it has. But that was merely part of the general failure to realize the growth of the west. It is true that Prince Edward Island refused to enter Confederation with less than six members in the lower chamber of Parliament, and that that demand was conceded. It is true that British Columbia, which does not seem likely to need it, has a constitution protection against ever having her representation cut down below the Confederation standard. But it is no less true and undeniable that Representation by Population—"Rep. by Pop."—as it was called in Upper Canada—was a central principle of the Confederation pact. No one thought of questioning that at the Quebec Conference, except some of the delegates from Prince Edward Island; and they were not unanimous. The delegates from the Canadas went into the Confederation negotiations with that very object in view. "There is no use in asking the Conference to depart from the principle laid down," declared Hon. (later Sir) A. T. Galt, one of the Canadian delegation.

The Prince Edward Island protest was condemned even by a representative of New Brunswick, which now joins with the island in the Gulf in its present proposal. "That is rather a singular ground of objection," said Hon. (later Sir) Leonard Tilley, "for they have objected to the basis of representation by population. Now it is fully understood at Charlottetown that those who came to the Conference expected representation by population."

The history of the grievance of the Maritime Provinces is soon told. At the date when they entered Confederation the three provinces were represented in the House of Commons as follows: New Brunswick, 16; Nova Scotia, 19; Prince Edward Island, 6. The census of 1881 brought only one change, an increase of two for Nova Scotia. Then came reaction. After the census of 1891 the representation of New Brunswick fell off to 14; Nova Scotia to 20; and Prince Edward Island to 5. Another decade brought a further reduction. After 1901 the three provinces stood: New Brunswick, 13; Nova Scotia, 18; and Prince Edward Island, 4. In the meantime, Quebec had, of course, remained stationary. Ontario increased from 82 in 1867 to 92 after 1891; but following the census of 1901 it fell off to 86.

There are two influences which have brought about this decline in Maritime Province representation. The first is the growth of Quebec, and the second the growth of the west. In both instances the Maritime Provinces argue that they have been dealt with in a manner that was not contemplated at the time of the Quebec Conference. In the first place, they claim that the Quebec of to-day is not the Quebec of Confederation. There was a rectification of the boundary in the eighties, and the Maritime contention is that this was an increase in the territory of Quebec. The importance of this argument lies in the fact that Quebec is the pivotal province as regards representation. Under the British North America Act, the unit of representation is obtained by dividing the population of Quebec by 65; and then the number of members allotted to any other province is obtained by dividing that unit of representation into the population of the province concerned. So it is claimed by the Maritime Provinces that

in calculating the population of Quebec, account should be taken only of the people who live in the territory recognized as Quebec at Confederation. On the other hand, Quebec replies that her territory has not been increased; that she really always owned the territory recognized as hers to-day, but that her right was merely determined by the rectification of the boundaries.

The second claim of the Maritime Provinces is that the population of the west should not be considered in allotting members of Parliament to the Maritime Provinces. As a further safeguard against reduction of representation from any province, it was provided in the B.N.A. Act that there should be no reduction unless the population of the province had fallen off in proportion to the population of "Canada" by five per cent. or more. The claim of the Maritime Provinces in this connection is that "Canada" should be interpreted as meaning the five original provinces which took part in the Quebec Conference.

Both these claims have been submitted to the courts. The courts, up to the Privy Council, have rejected them. The issue has been taken from the courts to the floor of Parliament and a request has been made for an amendment of the B.N.A. Act to make the Confederation figures of representation the minimum. The Dominion government has intimated that it would consent, provided the consent of the other provinces was obtained. Hence the inter-provincial conference, which has recently adjourned without reaching an agreement.

It goes without saying that to grant the request of the Maritime Provinces would mean an increase in the membership of the House of Commons. The House now has 221 members; if the Maritime Provinces had the same representation as on their entry into Confederation, it would number 226. But that is not all.

It would mean that a voter in New Brunswick or in Nova Scotia or in Prince Edward Island would count for more than one voter in Quebec or Ontario or any western province. Of course, there has always been, and probably will always be, a certain amount of inequality. An exact proportional allotment of members is impracticable. A small inequality will

past unnoticed but a large inequality is almost certain to produce discord. That is why it is necessary to examine carefully now just what the proposal of the Maritime Provinces means.

The future results will appear most clearly by taking the case of the smallest province, which is also the most active in supporting the proposal for a change. The relation which the population of Prince Edward Island bears to the population of the Dominion to-day is very likely to be the relation which the New Brunswick or Nova Scotia of 1950 will bear to the Dominion of that date.

Prince Edward Island has from the start and up to the last census had a larger representation in the House of Commons than it was entitled under "Rep. by Pop." During the Quebec Conference Mr. Galt stated that to give Prince Edward Island 6 members would give the value to 13,000 voters in Prince Edward Island as was given to 17,900 voters in the other provinces. When the Island did come in in 1873, the general unit of representation was 18,331, while each Prince Edward Island member represented only 15,804 people. The comparison for the last three censuses may be put in this table:

Census.	Unit of Rep.	Unit of Rep. in P. E. I.
1881.....	20,908	18,149
1891.....	22,900	21,816
1901.....	25,367	25,662

So that in the present Parliament Prince Edward Island is for the first time not treated more generously than a strict interpretation of the "Rep. by Pop." principle would allow. And if she were given her desired complement of six members, each one of these members would represent only 17,210 people, while a member from any of the other provinces represents 25,367. Or to put it another way, one person in Prince Edward Island would be worth as much as 1.474 persons, electorally speaking, in any of the central or western provinces.

Now, it doubtless is somewhat of a hardship to have only four members in a House of 221; and doubtless under the present arrangement the representation of Prince Edward Island would further decrease. But, on the other hand, would not the condition just sketched constitute a

real grievance on the part of the other provinces? If there were no other remedy, perhaps it might be necessary to put up with even so considerable a departure from the basic principle of Confederation.

But there is another remedy; a very obvious remedy. In fact, its obviousness is the chief objection that I fear in bringing it forward. It will be said at once: "Surely the Confederation Fathers must have considered that, and found it impracticable."

The other remedy is that, while "Rep. by Pop." is allowed its sweet will in the lower chamber of Parliament, the upper should be re-constituted on the basis of equal representation of the provinces. At the same time, the appointing power should be put into the hands of the provinces; and so our Senate would be made representative of something except past and present administrations, and our government would become more truly federal in character.

Now strangely enough this suggestion did not receive serious consideration at all at the Quebec or London Conference. There does not appear to have been any mention of equal provincial representation; but the principle of provincial appointment was advocated in London by Hon. W. P. Howland, one of the representatives of "Canada." Mr. Howland seems, however, to have stood alone. Why this was so, it is easy to gather from the speech with which Sir John Macdonald opened the Quebec conference. It is obvious from that speech that Sir John would have little use for the political expedients of the United States. He seems to have spoken of that country with a certain disdain. Now if the Fathers of Confederation had special ulterior reasons for unwillingness to take a leaf out of the American book of government, that is quite sufficient reason why we should not accept their decision in this point as final. That the suggested system is in vogue in the United States is no reason why it should appeal specially to us. But, if on careful and unbiassed consideration, it suits our condition and the exigencies of our political situation, its American origin is no reason why we should refuse to adopt it. Of course, there are other objections which are certain to be made. Two of them I must refer to. The first is that,

as has happened in the United States, to give Senate appointments into the hands of the provinces would bring the federal parties into the provincial arena in self-defence. Doubtless it would, and doubtless that is not desirable from the point of view of ethereal politics. But, are our federal and provincial politics separate now? Let the last federal elections answer and the provincial elections which closely preceded them. Perhaps they are separate; but why then this free use of the name of "Laurier" by Sir Lomer Gouin, and why the pilgrimage of Whitney and Hazen and Roblin with the leader of the federal Opposition?

The other objection is the distinctly practical one that the Dominion government would never think of surrendering all the Senate patronage. I do not question that this might prove a serious obstacle, but one at times hears confessions from the professional politician which sound very much as if the patronage were a burden on occasion. Besides "patronage" is not in good odor in our avowed political morality, and it might prove an impolitic thing to appear to hang on to "the spoils."

But what would be the advantages? First would be the removal of the grievance of the Maritime Provinces. For, if each of them had the same weight in the Senate as one of the larger provinces, surely each would be content to take its natural position in a House which is based on representation by population.

Then, under such a re-arrangement the Senate would almost certainly occupy a

much stronger position in our governmental machinery than it does to-day, and an equal voice in its deliberations would enable a small province to exercise a strong check on any injustice on the part of the lower chamber. Moreover, it would enable us to substitute a Senate of weight and meaning for our present *almost always* useless and *always* meaningless chamber.

At present, the Senate is the butt of every corner wit. It is not a judicial revising chamber. It does not stand for any principle. It does not represent anything or anybody; unless it be the capitalist class or the governments which appointed its members. It occasionally kills a bad bill—but only if it happens to be at odds with the Government of the day, which must therefore be a government new from the people with an untarnished mandate. The proposed body would represent the provinces. It would have an independent opinion. It would probably be composed of strong men; for the provinces would take care to be well represented; and it would, therefore, be more useful as a revising body.

Such an arrangement would probably be less expensive, because less numerous; and finally—it would be logical. A Senate whose members are appointed by the provinces is the natural means of giving the provinces a voice in the federal government. And, though logic is not a necessity of successful political expedients; other things being equal, it should not be a hindrance to success. Besides, our present Senate, however illogical it may be, is not successful.

GOODNESS

'Sometimes, with some people
 Goodness is what it isn't
 And Vice is what it is.
 If Goodness were always a positive quality.
 Just as Vice is positive,
 There would be fewer virtuous and more
 "unredeemed,"
 —Said a man. But then he was a 'sinner.'

The Hippopotamusses

By

O. Henry

I CAN see the artist bite the end of his pencil and frown when it comes to drawing his Easter picture; for his legitimate pictorial conceptions of figures pertinent to the festival are but four in number.

First comes Easter, pagan goddess of spring. Here his fancy may have free play. A beautiful maiden with decorative hair and the proper number of toes will fill the bill. Miss Clarice St. Vavasour, the well-known model, will pose for it in the "Lethergogallagher," or whatever it was that Trilby called it.

Second—The melancholy lady with up-turned eyes in a framework of lilies. This is magazine-covery, but reliable.

Third—Miss Manhattan in the Fifth Avenue Easter Sunday parade.

Fourth—Maggie Murphy with a new red feather in her old straw hat, happy and self-conscious, in the Grand Street turnout.

Of course, the rabbits do not count. Nor the Easter eggs, since the higher criticism has hard-boiled them.

The limited field of its pictorial possibilities proves that Easter, of all our festival days, is the most vague and shifting in our conception. It belongs to all religions, although the pagans invented it. Going back still further to the first spring, we can see Eve choosing with pride a new green leaf from the tree *figus carica*.

Now, the object of this critical and learned preamble is to set forth the theorem that Easter is neither a date, a season, a festival, a holiday nor an occasion. What it is you shall find out if you follow in the foot-steps of Danny McCree.

Easter Sunday dawned as it should, bright and early, in its place on the calendar between Saturday and Monday. At

5.24 the sun rose, and at 10.30 Danny followed its example. He went into the kitchen and washed his face at the sink. His mother was frying bacon. She looked at his hard, smooth, knowing countenance as he juggled with the round cake of soap, and thought of his father when she first saw him stopping a hot grounder between second and third twenty-two years before on a vacant lot in Harlem, where the La Paloma apartment house now stands. In the front room of 'he flat Danny's father sat by an open window smoking his pipe, with his dishevelled gray hair tossed about by the breeze. He still clung to his pipe, although his sight had been taken from him two years before by a precocious blast of giant powder that went off without permission. Very few blind men care for smoking, for the reason that they cannot see the smoke. Now, could you enjoy having the news read to you from an evening newspaper unless you could see the colors of the headlines?

"'Tis Easter Day," said Mrs. McCree.

"Scramble mine," said Danny.

After breakfast he dressed himself in the Sabbath morning costume of the Canal Street importing house dray chauffeur—frock coat, striped trousers, patent leathers, gilded trace chain across front of vest, and wing collar, rolled-brim derby and butterfly bow from Schonstein's (between Fourteenth Street and Tony's fruit stand) Saturday night sale.

"You'll be goin' out this day, of course, Danny," said old man McCree, a little wistfully. "'Tis a kind of holiday, they say. Well, it's fine spring weather. I can feel it in the air."

"Why should I not be going out?" demanded Danny in his grumpiest chest tones. "Should I stay in? Am I as good

as a horse? One day of rest my team has a week. Who earns the money for the rent and the breakfast you've just eat, I'd like to know? Answer me that!"

"All right, lad," said the old man. "I'm not complainin'. While me two eyes was good there was nothin' better to my mind than a Sunday out. There's a smell of turf and burnin' brush comin' in the windy. I have me tobaccy. A good fine day and rist to ye, lad. Times I wish your mother had larned to read, so I might hear the rest about the hippopotamus—but let that be."

"Now, what is this foolishness he talks of hippopotamuses?" asked Danny of his mother, as he passed through the kitchen. "Have you been taking him to the Zoo? And for what?"

"I have not," said Mr. McCree. "He sets by the windy all day. 'Tis little recreation a blind man among the poor gets at all. I'm thinkin' they wander in their minds at times. One day he talks of grease without stoppin' for the most of an hour. I looks to see if there's lard burnin' in the fryin' pan. There is not. He says I do not understand. 'Tis weary days, Sundays, and holidays and all, for a blind man, Danny. There was no better nor stronger than him when he had his two eyes. 'Tis a fine day, son. Enjoy yerself ag'inst the morning. There will be cold supper at six."

"Have you heard any talk of a hippopotamus?" asked Danny of Mike, the janitor, as he went out the door downstairs.

"I have not," said Mike, pulling his shirtsleeves higher. "But 'tis the only subject in the animal, natural and illegal lists of outrages that I've not been complained to about these two days. See the landlord. Or else move out if ye like. Have ye hippopotamuses in the lease? No, then?"

"It was the old man who spoke of it," said Danny. "Likely there's nothing in it."

Danny walked up the street to the Avenue and then struck northward into the heart of the district where Easter—modern Easter, in new, bright raiment—leads the pascal march. Out of towering brown churches came the blithe music of anthems from the choirs. The broad sidewalks were moving parterres of living

flowers—so it seemed when your eye looked upon the Easter girl.

Gentlemen, frock-coated, silk-hatted, gardeniaed, sustained the background of the tradition. Children carried lilies in their hands. The windows of the brownstone mansions were packed with the most opulent creations of Flora, the sister of the Lady of the Lilies.

Around a corner, white-gloved, pink-gilled and tightly buttoned, walked Corrigan, the cop, shield to the curb. Danny knew him.

"Why, Corrigan," he asked, "is Easter? I know it comes the first time you're full after moon rises on the seventeenth of March—but why? Is it a proper and religious ceremony, or does the Governor appoint it out of politics?"

"'Tis an annual celebration," said Corrigan, with the judicial air of the Third Deputy Police Commissioner. "peculiar to New York. It extends up to Harlem. Sometimes they has the reserves out at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. In my opinion 'tis not political."

"Thanks," said Danny. "And say—did you ever hear a man complain of hippopotamuses? When not specially in drink, I mean."

"Nothing larger than sea turtles," said Corrigan, reflecting, "and there was wood alcohol in that."

Danny wandered. The double, heavy incumbency of enjoying simultaneously a Sunday and a festival day was his.

The sorrows of the hand-toiler fit him easily. They are worn so often that they hang with the picturesque lines of the best tailor-made garments. That is why well-fed artists of pencil and pen find in the griefs of the common people their most striking models. But when the Philistine would disport himself, the girmness of Melpomene, herself, attends upon his capers. Therefore, Danny set his jaw hard at Easter, and took his pleasure sadly.

The family entrance of Dugan's cafe was feasible; so Danny yielded to the vernal season as far as a glass of bock. Seated in a dark, linoleumed, humid back room, his heart and mind still groped after the mysterious meaning of the springtime jubilee.

"Say, Tim," he said to the waiter, "why do they have Easter?"

"Skid-oo!" said Tim, closing a sophisticated eye. "Is that a new one? All right. Tony Pastor's for you last night, I guess. I give it up. What's the answer—two apples or a yard and a half?"

From Dugan's Danny turned back eastward. The April sun seemed to stir in him a vague feeling that he could not construe. He made a wrong diagnosis and decided that it was Katy Conlon.

A block from her house on Avenue A he met her going to church. They pumped hands on the corner.

"Gee! but you look dumpish and dressed up," said Katy. "What's wrong? Come away with me to church and be cheerful."

"What's doing at church?" asked Danny.

"Why, its Easter Sunday. Silly! I waited till after eleven expectin' you might come around to go."

"What does this Easter stand for, Katy," asked Danny gloomily. "Nobody seems to know."

"Nobody as blind as you," said Katy with spirit. "You haven't even looked at my new hat. And skirt. Why, it's when all the girls put on new spring clothes. Silly! Are you coming to church with me?"

"I will," said Danny. "If this Easter is pulled off there, they ought to be able to give some excuse for it. Not that the hat ain't a beauty. The green roses are great."

At church the preacher did some expounding with no pounding. He spoke rapidly, for he was in a hurry to get home to his early Sabbath dinner; but he knew his business. There was one word that controlled his theme—resurrection. Not a new creation; but a new life arising out of the old. The congregation had heard it often before. But there was a wonderful hat, a combination of sweet peas and lavender, in the sixth pew from the pulpit. It attracted much attention.

After church Danny lingered on a corner while Katy waited, with pique in her sky-blue eyes.

"Are you coming along to the house?" she asked. "But don't mind me. I'll get there all right. You seem to be studyin' a lot about something. All right. Will I see you at any time specially. Mr. McCree?"

"I'll be around Wednesday night as usual," said Danny, turning and crossing the street.

Katy walked away with the green roses dangling indignantly. Danny stopped two blocks away. He stood still with his hands in his pockets, at the curb on the corner. His face was that of a graven image. Deep in his soul something stirred so small, so fine, so keen and leavening that his hard fibres did not recognize it. It was something more tender than the April day, more subtle than the call of the senses, purer and deeper-rooted than the love of woman—for had he not turned away from green roses and eyes that had kept him chained for a year? And Danny did not know what it was. The preacher, who was in a hurry to go to his dinner, had told him, but Danny had had no libretto with which to follow the drowsy intonation. But the preacher spoke the truth.

Suddenly Danny slapped his leg and gave forth a hoarse yell of delight.

"Hippopotamus!" he shouted to an elevated road pillar. "Well, how is that for a bum guess? Why, blast my skylights! I know what he was driving at now."

"Hippopotamus! Wouldn't that send you to the Bronx! It's been a year since he heard it; and he didn't miss it so very far. We quit at 469 B. C., and this comes next. Well, a wooden man wouldn't have guessed what he was trying to get out of him."

Danny caught a crosstown car and went up to the rear flat that his labor supported.

Old man McCree was still sitting by the window. His extinct pipe lay on the sill.

"Will that be you, lad?" he asked.

Danny flared into the rage of a strong man who is surprised at the outset of committing a good deed.

"Who pays the rent and buys the food that is eaten in this house?" he snapped viciously. "Have I no right to come in?"

"Ye're a faithful lad," said old man McCree, with a sigh. "Is it evening yet?"

Danny reached up on a shelf and took down a thick book labeled in gilt letters. "The History of Greece." Dust was on it half an inch thick. He laid it on the table and found a place in it marked by a

strip of paper. And then he gave a short roar at the top of his voice, and said:

"Was it the hippopotamus you wanted to be read to about then?"

"Did I hear ye open the book?" said old man McCree. "Many and weary be the months since my lad has read it to me. I dinno; but I took a great likings to them Greeks. Ye left off at a place. 'Tis a fine day outside, lad. Be out and take rest from your work. I have gotten used to me chair by the windy and me pipe."

"Pel-Peloponnesus was the place where we left off, and not hippopotamus," said Danny. "The war began there. It kept something doing for thirty years. The headlines says that a guy named Philip of Macedon, in 338 B. C., got to be boss of Greece by getting the decision at the battle of Cher-Cheronæa. I'll read it."

With his hand to his ear, rapt in the

Peloponnesian War, old man McCree sat for an hour, listening.

Then he got up and felt his way to the door of the kitchen. Mrs. McCree was slicing cold meat. She looked up. Tears were running from old man McCree's eyes.

"Do ye hear our lad readin' to me?" he said. "There is none finer in the land. My two eyes have come back to me again."

After supper he said to Danny: "'Tis a happy day, this Easter. And now ye will be off to see Katy in the evening. Well enough."

"Who pays the rent and buys the food that is eaten in this house?" said Danny, angrily. "Have I no right to stay in it? After supper there is yet to come the reading of the battle of Corinth, 146 B. C., when the kingdom, as they say, became an in-integral portion of the Roman Empire. Am I nothing in this house?"

LOOSE ME, APRIL

Loose me, April, set me free,
Soul and step, to comrade thee!
Bid yon maple's quivering fire
Touch the ash of old desire
Into leaping flame again,
Coursing through each stinging vein!
Loose me, April! I would speed
Blithely where thy footsteps lead:
Chase the butterflies that pass,
Golden shuttles through the grass:
Race the ripples as they run,
Lithe brown Arabs in the sun:
Clamber where the dogwoods blow,
Twinkling galaxies of snow:
Or, all breathless, unaware,
Pierce the moss-hung boudoir, where
Beauty, by a ferny pool,
Braids her tresses, dusky-cool.

—Hilton R. Greer.

The March of the Motor Truck

By

J. T. Stirrett

IF a Red Indian could be spirited to Toronto from his native wilderness without coming in contact with civilization, and set down so that he could obtain a clear and unimpeded view of an approaching five-ton motor truck, he would probably depart at high speed for the Happy Hunting Grounds to spread the report that the devil was abroad in the form of an enchanted cabin which shrieked as it ran along the white man's trails. For that matter, it is doubtful if the Ontario pioneer of fifty years ago, accustomed as he was to carry grain on his back to the nearest mill (perhaps twenty miles away) would regard the newest modern carrier with equanimity. An inspired mass of cogs and wheels, rolling along with a five-ton load, weaving in and out of the traffic of a great city, impelled by no visible motive power, stopping or starting at the touch of a lever, would be regarded as a phenomenon in an age less crowded with marvellous inventions than this. But the wonder-sated progeny of the twentieth century merely glances at the laboring giant and curses him for not doing more and doing it faster.

The motor truck, so far as Canadian cities are concerned, is still an experiment, Not a scientific experiment, but an economic experiment. It has been demonstrated that motor trucks can be built, that they will run, and that they can be used for commercial purposes. It has not been proved conclusively, in Toronto at least, that they are more economical than trucks drawn by horses.

What type of motor truck will prevail ultimately? This question narrows down to a controversy between the supporters of gasoline and electricity. Trucks operated by electricity are of two kinds, lead stor-

age battery and Edison storage battery. Agents for these rival types of truck will overwhelm any inquirer with arguments for their own machine and against that of their rival. Flaming prospectuses, rows of figures, demonstrations, tests and cajolery without limit will be projected at the unwary one who betrays even the slightest curiosity. But after all is said and everything is done, the careful investigator must admit that in all this accumulation of persuasion hope predominates over achievement and theory over experience. They believe they have a good thing. Great is their faith and they deserve credit for it. Without plunging into this maelstrom of arguments, and without espousing the cause of any type, it is proposed in this article to examine the results of tests made by certain Toronto firms with both gasoline and electric trucks for the purpose of ascertaining their actual cost of operation and maintenance with that of the equipment they replaced.

At the time of writing, all of the motor trucks in Toronto are operated by gasoline or lead storage batteries. The Edison storage battery has not been used to equip trucks here yet, although plans are being made to introduce it, and a small number of light automobiles possess this means of locomotion.

A few months ago a big electrical firm in Toronto decided to replace some of their horse wagons with electric trucks. It was found that a 1,500 pound electric truck operated by a storage battery would displace two horses and two single rigs. The following comparison was prepared by the company from the records of the cost of operating their vehicles. The time unit in each case is one month:

ELECTRIC TRUCK.

Washing, oiling, watering and polishing, per month, - - -	\$13.82
Current consumed at 5c. per kilowatt hour, per month - - -	8.35
Driver at \$500.00 per annum - - -	41.67
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	\$63.84

HORSE TRUCKS.

Washing, oiling, watering and polishing, per month, say - - -	\$10.00
Horse feed, grooming, etc., at \$10.00 per month, each - - -	20.00
Two drivers, at \$500.00 per annum - - - - -	83.33
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	\$113.33

From the above figures it will be observed that, so far as operating expenses are concerned, the electric truck seems to be more economical than what it displaced. But the truck cost \$3,000, while the two horses and the two rigs cost only \$1,150. Interest on the capital invested must be taken into account; also depreciation. The interest on the cost of the truck at 6 per cent. would amount to \$15 per month; on the cost of the horses and rigs, \$5.75. Depreciation in the case of the former would be \$37.00 per month; in the latter, \$15. Tires for the electric truck would cost \$30 per month. The cost of repairs for the electric truck would be balanced by the cost of repairs for the wagons and harness and veterinary bills and shoeing for the horses. In both cases this item would cost about \$10 per month. Consequently the actual monthly cost of maintenance and operation would be: electric truck, \$155.34; horses and rigs, \$144.08.

"We prefer the electric truck," said the manager of the company, "because it will go 40 miles per day and can run all night if necessary. 15 miles per day is all we care to drive a horse on the city pavements. Therefore we get 40 miles out of the truck and only 30 miles out of the two horse wagons."

"Why did you not buy gasoline trucks?" he was asked.

"We believe that the cost of operation per ton mile is less with an electric than with a gasoline truck," he replied. "The electric truck is more easily controlled amid heavy traffic. Also it can be operated by an unskilled driver, which saves the cost of a chauffeur."

A great Toronto store is trying the experiment of carting heavy goods with five-ton gasoline trucks. It has not been very successful but the partial failure is due largely to special conditions connected with the business. In a variety of goods it is evident that there will be differences in weight. A large box of ostrich feathers weighs only a few ounces while a case of bolts weighs hundreds of pounds. It was found that five tons of merchandise could not be loaded on a five-ton truck without piling the boxes and bales to a dangerous height. Consequently, each truck the company owned was running for a considerable part of the time at about half its carrying capacity but at its full operating cost.

"We find that, all things considered, a five-ton gasoline truck costs us nearly double the amount necessary to operate and maintain two teams and two wagons which it replaces in our business," said the manager, "but we think that this is partly the fault of the design of the truck. It is not suited to our class of work. We do not think that our experiment has been unsuccessful because it has assured us that motor trucks will ultimately replace horses. Better designs will be manufactured and provision will be made for all kinds of business. We prefer motor trucks because of their speed, carrying capacity and the ease with which they can be guided through heavy traffic."

Each of these trucks cost \$4,000 and replaced two teams and two lorries, valued at \$2,000. The following is the comparative statement:

GASOLINE TRUCK.

Driver - - - - -	\$75.00
Gasoline - - - - -	30.00
Depreciation - - - - -	66.66
Interest - - - - -	20.00
Repairs - - - - -	40.00
Tires - - - - -	40.00
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Total cost per month - - - - \$271.66

TEAMS AND LORRIES.

Two drivers - - - - -	\$100.00
Depreciation - - - - -	20.00
Interest - - - - -	10.00
Care of horses - - - - -	40.00
Repairs - - - - -	25.00
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Total cost per month - - - - \$195.00

The manager of the above firm was asked why he did not buy electric trucks.

"I think that they are still an experiment," he replied, "and we do not want to invest heavily until we are certain that the experiment will prove successful. We want to be assured that a storage battery truck can be built which will go through deep snow or up steep hills as readily as gasoline motors."

A Toronto brewing firm, finding that owing to increase of business they had to hire from six to ten teams daily, decided to purchase two five-ton electric trucks, propelled by lead storage batteries. Each truck cost \$5,500 and does the work of two two-horse trucks and one single truck, costing \$2,350. The manager of the company furnished the following comparative statement of the cost of maintenance and operation:

ELECTRIC TRUCK.

Depreciation - - - - -	\$41.66
Driver - - - - -	60.66
Assistant - - - - -	52.00
Batteries - - - - -	20.83
Repairs - - - - -	25.00
Tires - - - - -	50.00
Interest - - - - -	27.50

Total cost per month - - - - \$277.65

HORSE TRUCKS.

Depreciation - - - - -	\$ 21.66
Drivers - - - - -	167.00
Assistants - - - - -	104.00
Feed and care of horses - - - - -	50.00
Repairs - - - - -	25.00
Interest - - - - -	11.75

Total cost per month - - - - \$379.41

The balance in favor of the electric truck requires explanation. The company uses a high voltage of electricity in the processes of brewing during the day. This is available for other purposes at night when the machinery is shut down. As the company have to pay for this surplus power in any case it costs them nothing to charge the storage batteries of their trucks at night. At five cents per kilowatt hour the current consumed by the storage batteries of a five-ton truck would cost about \$10 per month. Consequently, the actual comparative cost of operation and maintenance in cases where power can not be secured in the inexpensive manner avail-

able to the brewing company, would be approximately: electric truck per month, \$397.65; horse trucks replaced by it, \$379.41.

"We are so well pleased with the two five-ton trucks that we are purchasing two more," said the manager of the company, "but these will be operated by gasoline. We want to keep a detailed account of the comparative cost of electricity and gasoline as applied to very heavy trucks. When we find out which is the more economical we shall probably do away with most of our horse trucks. We consider that our business lends itself peculiarly to the big motor truck. Liquor in kegs is compact and an enormous weight can be put into a small space. We want to move heavy loads quickly. In buying motor trucks we are following the example of cartage companies in the United States, where 10,000 were manufactured last year."

The light gasoline car is being used for fast delivery. A Toronto newspaper company recently bought three cars in order to get copies of its publications to the branch offices in the suburbs with all possible speed.

"Each car will do the work of two single horse delivery wagons and do it faster," said the circulation manager. "This form of delivery is more expensive than the old method but we gain speed, the great consideration with us. Consequently, we believe that motor car delivery for long runs is actually economical."

Each of his cars cost \$2,500, and the wagons they replaced cost \$300. His comparative statement was as follows:

MOTOR CAR.

Driver (afternoons) - - - - -	\$30.00
Depreciation and repairs - - - - -	41.66
Garage - - - - -	30.00
Tires - - - - -	50.00
Gasoline - - - - -	13.00
Interest - - - - -	12.50

Total per month - - - - - \$177.16

HORSES AND WAGONS.

Drivers (afternoons) - - - - -	\$60.00
Rent of horses - - - - -	35.00
Depreciation - - - - -	5.00
Interest - - - - -	1.50
Repairs - - - - -	2.50

Total per month - - - - - \$104.00

Under certain conditions the motor truck covers itself with glory. Four of these are a long haul, a smooth road, few stops and a heavy compact load. Not long ago the City Engineer of Toronto wanted a quantity of stone moved from one part of the city to another. He was hiring teams at \$5 per day and could not get enough of them. In despair he applied to the street commissioner for assistance and obtained the loan of two great gasoline auto trucks. For several days these trucks did the work of sixteen teams, saving the city \$80 per day in team rent. They proved themselves immeasurably superior to horses as transporters of stone.

The Toronto experiments seem to indicate that, for commercial purposes, gasoline is more expensive than horse flesh. Figures, compiled by a company from tests made in Brooklyn, N.Y., show the contrary. Conditions in Toronto and Brooklyn are similar but by no means identical. Cold winters and heavy snow fall have to be considered. Frost affects gasoline engines and deep snow discourages the electric vehicle. A short time ago, one of the great gasoline auto trucks, used by the Street Commissioner of Toronto to haul garbage in the winter, took a load to the "dump" on a bitterly cold day. While the driver was unloading the truck the engine was idle for a few minutes, and the frost cracked a cylinder. Our streets in winter are generally bad, owing to the mingling of snow and mud during the frequent thaws. The pavements are not in as good repair as those in Brooklyn. Consequently, the stress on the machinery of a motor truck is greater in Toronto than in Brooklyn. Then there is the duty, which must be added to the capital cost of the truck if it is shipped from the United States. The Brooklyn tests, showing the difference between the cost of operating and maintaining a three-ton gasoline truck, costing \$4,335, and two and a half horse trucks, costing \$2,175, is as follows:

MOTOR TRUCKS.

Driver	- - - - -	\$75.00
Gasoline	- - - - -	29.00
Lubricating oil	- - - - -	4.00
Battery, storage of	- - - - -	2.00
Repairs	- - - - -	25.00
Tire maintenance	- - - - -	35.00

Interest	- - - - -	21.68
Depreciation	- - - - -	72.25
Painting	- - - - -	3.00
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Total cost per month	- - - - -	266.93

HORSE TRUCKS.

Drivers	- - - - -	\$175.00
Cost of keeping horses	- - - - -	90.00
Shoeing horses	- - - - -	24.00
Repairing wagons	- - - - -	12.50
Repairing harness	- - - - -	5.00
Interest	- - - - -	10.83
Depreciation on horses	- - - - -	31.50
Depreciation on equipment	- - - - -	13.75
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Total cost per month	- - - - -	\$362.58

This comparison is favored by the higher cost and maintenance of horses in Brooklyn. In Toronto, horses can be kept for \$10 per month, as against \$15 in Brooklyn. Also, drivers for horse trucks can be secured in Toronto at about \$55 per month, while in Brooklyn they receive \$70 per month.

Drawing conclusions from insufficient premises is a pastime in which shrewd business men seldom indulge. The majority of them keep their convictions in a flexible condition until they have the evidence and then they give a rigid decision. The rich firms are experimenting and the poor firms are watching them with hopeful hearts. It seems clear enough that, except in very special cases, motor trucks are at present more expensive than horse trucks. Even here, the investigator is on uncertain ground. In the test of the electric company the cost per mile in a month for the electric truck is 15 cents; for the horse wagons, 18.4 cents. Thus, while the horses and wagons appear to be more economical by the first figures, in reality they seem to be more expensive, provided that the tonnage carried remains a constant factor. Ultimately, the cost per ten mile for a long period will be the true comparative test of initial outlay, and the price of operation and maintenance. This cannot be obtained in Canadian cities, where motor trucks have been in use only a few months.

Motor trucks are superior to horses in speed, an important consideration with departmental stores and other firms desiring wide and frequent delivery. But in such business frequent stopping and start-

ing runs up the cost of operation so high that, at present, substitution for horses would be impractical.

Bone and sinew cannot match a machine. During the last few hours of a busy day the efficiency of delivery horses decreases almost to a minimum. But the big truck is not so rugged as the beast. The former is in the hands of the garage expert more frequently than the horse is under the care of the veterinary surgeon. The great virtues of the horse, in comparison with the truck, are his cheapness and his reliability. He can usually get home. The motor truck often refuses to return, and remains stranded at the other end of the route. Then another truck has to be

sent for it. If the second breaks down a faithful steed must be despatched to tow them both home.

When it is demonstrated that the motor truck is as cheap as the horse and has approximately the same degree of reliability, the horse must go. Business men believe that this time will come within the next few years. They are adjusting their affairs with a view to substituting motor trucks for horse trucks just as soon, or perhaps a little before, it is economical to do so.

As to whether gasoline or electricity will triumph, they will have to fight it out.



A MAIDEN

Oh, if I were the velvet rose
 Upon the red rose vine,
 I'd climb to touch his window
 And make his casement fine.
 And if I were the little bird
 That twitters on the tree,
 All day I'd sing my love for him
 Till he should hearken me.
 But since I am a maiden
 I go with downcast eyes,
 And he will never hear the songs
 That he has turned to sighs.
 And since I am a maiden
 My love will never know
 That I could kiss him with a mouth
 More red than roses blow.

—Sarah Teasdale

The Peregrine Twins

By

Hulbert Footner

I HAVE written what follows at the request of the young people principally concerned in the story. All the names have been changed, of course, and five years have passed; and since no one found it out at the time, there is small chance at this late day of the events being brought home to the real actors; and if they should be, it is no great matter now.

I was walking up the Avenue from the office on a gorgeous afternoon in October, when Bob Vesey hailed me from a taxi, and, making his chauffeur come about, drew up beside me at the curb, and commanded me to jump in. I obeyed, not a little surprised and flattered. Vesey and I had been pals at college, but, upon graduating, had set sail upon different courses. We still hung out at the same club, and were continually meeting here and there, but we had long since ceased to be at all intimate. The gilded favorite of fortune, with his good looks, his high spirits, and his millions, could hardly be expected to have much in common with a plodder like me. But I had never ceased to be fond of him, and from my humble corner had enjoyed the spectacle of his gay and triumphant progress. He was not conspicuous for modesty after five years of this, and they said he carried things with a high hand—but how could anything different have been expected?

Bob lost no time in coming to the point: "Orford, you have a tungsten mine in Colorado, haven't you?"

"Merely a good prospect," I said.

"What's holding it back?"

"I need a good man to go out there," I said. "Can't go myself, and can't afford to hire the right kind."

He flicked his gloves on his knee with a touch of diffidence that seemed strange

in him. "Suppose I went in with you on the deal; would you—would you call me a good man to go out there?"

I stared. "What!" I exclaimed. "And leave all this?" I waved my hand over the splendid, passing show. The lovely ladies were singling out our cab with an eager kindness they did not display when I rode alone.

"Sure thing!" he said.

I suppose I continued to look incredulous.

"It's not just a case of sore head," he went on. "It's been stewing for a long time. 'All this,' as you call it, has got on my nerves. I'm sick of the empty bustle, the futile bumming about from noon until sunrise. The Avenue and the Great White Way don't represent life. I want to get down to tacks."

"Good business!" I said encouragingly.

He looked at me frankly, almost shyly. "I'm going to keep at you till I prove I'm in earnest. Any way, I hope we can see more of each other. We've sort of drifted apart lately, but I've always admired you, Tom. You stand on your own bottom. Hope you don't think I'm balmy—talking like this. The fact is, I've had a change of heart, as they say. It's been coming on a long time, and something clinched it. I'll tell you some time."

"*Cherchez la femme,*" I said to myself.

Bob was as good as his word, and during the next few days we saw a lot of each other. Frank and boyish as ever, he was for no half-measures, but gave me his confidence completely. He looked into tungsten, and offered to take a half-interest on the spot, but I wanted to hold off until I was sure this was more than a passing impulse. One learns to be indulgent with the rich.

It was about two weeks later that we met at the Onderdonk cotillion, the first affair of the season, given to introduce some niece or another. We made our bows together, and once more it was made clear to me that my social quotations jumped twenty points when I was in company with Bob Vesey.

"Mr. Vesey, Mr. Orford, so good of you to come!" said Mrs. Onderdonk, that superb matron—bracketing us to save time. "You must both come back to me by and by, for I want to introduce you to my niece, Miss Bushrod, of Virginia, who is going to turn all your heads! Beautiful, spirited, and distractingly unconventional—so look out for yourselves!"

With the usual inane smiles, we backed away from her large, playful forefinger, and Bob, slipping his arm through mine, led me downstairs again. He knew the house.

"The bright particular star of the evening is evidently late in rising," he said carelessly. "We'll have half an hour before the jamboree commences. Let's have some smoke and talk."

We found two padded chairs in the corner of the vast, dim billiard-room, and lit up.

"Still strong for the higher things of life?" I queried, facetiously.

"Still leery of me, I see," he returned.

He drew his chair closer to mine. "Look here, Tom, I'm going to tell you what happened to me last month," he said impulsively. "You're the only one I care to have know about it."

"Fire away!" I said, more pleased with his confidence than I would show. His story follows.

I went up to Wanaque in August to spend a month with my family. As a matter of fact, I stayed only three days, and they are all sore on me—but that's where the story comes in. I was motoring over to Tuxedo to play polo when it happened. Do you know that country? Rather decent roads. I burst a tire half way up a long hill over the Ramapo Mountains, and was stalled for an hour. God-forsaken country; hills, stones and scrub—no house in miles. Well, there I sat, smoking, and cursing my luck, and envying Trudeau while he worked—he's

my mechanician, and he gets a heap more out of life on his twenty-five per than I do on my twenty-five hundred—when suddenly I heard a woman's voice below.

It was one of those rich mezzos that draw the very heart out of your breast, and the song was a teasing, dreamy Southern lullaby—'pon my word, Tom, it made a shiver of delight run up and down my spine. I looked over my shoulder and saw an old white horse drawing a shabby wagon, like a grocer's delivery, come slowly around a bend in the road. The song was suddenly called in. You can imagine how eagerly I waited for the outfit to come up.

Presently I made out that two youngsters sat on the seat—boy and girl. They looked very much alike, both slim, dark, and ardent; brother and sister undoubtedly, and probably twins; but while he was only a boy, she was woman complete—and *such* a woman! By Gad! when she raised her eyes they shone like two fireflies in the dusk, and her mouth was the most perfect shape of red in the world. She carried a three-seasons-old hat like a crown, and wore a faded print dress like a blooming creation. It was her eyes that got you; brave, defiant, and clear; they were the eyes of a youngster who would dare anything.

As they drove by, she glanced at me with perfect candor and blankness, while the boy kept his eyes self-consciously in front of him. The wagon had a dingy white canvas top without any lettering, and different-shaped bundles stuck out behind, as if the young couple were moving. The horse was a good horse, and well fed, but old. I can see the outfit now!

Have you ever had a perfectly insane impulse, and given way to it? Probably not. You must remember I was sitting there absolutely disgusted with the world as I found it when this lovely young creature with the celestial voice came along in her old clothes, giving off the joy of living like a radiator in a frosty room. Without a second thought, I grabbed my suitcase—I was going to stay to dinner and dance—and hopped out on the road. "When you get her blown up, take the car back," I said to Trudeau. "I'll walk. It's only a few miles."

I overtook the grocer's wagon before it got to the top of the hill. As I came

alongside, the girl looked at me sidewise with a little twinkle. I suppose I made a comical figure, walking along in my polo togs, with a white blanket coat over all, but I didn't care, because I saw that she liked me—you can't mistake that look. It keyed up my nerve.

"How do you do?" I said, lifting my cap to Brother. "I am Robert Vesey. I'm on my way to Tuxedo to play polo, and my car has broken down. Will you give me a lift?"

The boy pulled up. He was inclined to be suspicious of me, but was perfectly polite. "We are going to New City," he said; "but we can put you half way along your road."

He insisted on giving up his place to me, while he sat on the footboard, with his feet on the shafts. He was diffident and ill at ease, but the girl beside me made friends instantly, like a fearless, well-bred child.

"We have heard of you, Mr. Robert Vesey," she said, a little mockingly.

"In the newspapers," added her brother.

"You mustn't believe all you read," I said, a bit anxiously.

She laughed. "I'm glad to have had a look at you," she said.

In order to change the subject, I remarked about the song I had heard.

"Did you like it?" she said carelessly.

I begged her to go on with it, and without any fuss she lifted her breast, and poured out those warm, velvety tones, while I sat beside her, quite foolish with delight.

"Join in the chorus, Pen," she said, prodding her brother.

He had a boyish baritone, not quite past the reedy stage, but fresh and true.

"Do you sing?" she asked me abruptly, when she had come to the end.

I saw it was as sure a way as any to win their hearts, and I promptly gave them the Mermaid, and taught them the rollicking chorus. I followed it up by teaching them the glees we sang at college, and long before the old white horse reached the fork of the roads we were singing and laughing together like three old chums. The boy forgot his diffidence, and, climbing astride the old horse, faced us and beat time. The woods rang with our fool-

ish laughter—hers was like a peal of golden bells, Tom. I tell you there is nothing to break the ice like singing together.

I suppose it's because I'm a kid at heart myself that I know how to win them. Any way, when we got to the dividing of the roads, they made no secret of their regret. To delay the moment of parting, they asked me to share their lunch, and down we sat in the grass, and ate bread and jelly, ginger-snaps and apples. Never tasted anything so good in my life.

You can imagine I was full of curiosity concerning my charming young friends—who and what they were—but on that subject they were mum. They seemed like our kind right enough, but, then, there were the shabby old clothes to account for, and, besides, you could hardly imagine any of our youngsters being allowed to gypsy it on the roads, however they might want to. Finally, part of the secret came out.

"That Mermaid song would be a good thing to work in when we strike the sea-side," remarked the girl.

"Work in?" I queried.

"We haven't introduced ourselves, have we?" she said, with her provoking smile. "We're the Peregrines' traveling show: moving pictures, plantation melodies, and palmistry. We show in New City to-night, Haverstraw Wednesday, Tompkins Cove Thursday, Highland Falls Friday, and Cornwall on Saturday—just the little places."

That was kind of a knockout blow, Tom. The thought of such a jolly, wandering life was in itself maddeningly attractive at that moment—and then to be with her all day! 'Pon my word, for a moment I was, as the story-tellers say, dumb with longing. Then I had insane impulse number two. I should have hesitated before trying it on with sophisticated grown-ups, but youngsters have open minds.

"Take me with you," I stammered.

The boy looked startled, the girl demure.

"You have to play polo this afternoon," said she.

"It was only a practice game—they can get a dozen in my place," I said. "I can telephone or wire from the first town."

"Would you come in those clothes?" she asked teasingly.

"Sure thing!" I said. "It would call attention to the show."

She laughed.

"I have evening clothes in the bag, that I could wear at the concerts," I added. "I'll sing, and take tickets, and work the picture machine. I'll travel ahead of the show and make arrangements. You simply can't get along without me."

The boy turned me down flat. It was his sister he was thinking of, I could see, and I respected him for it. Nevertheless, I was determined to go. I wheedled and enjoled and made him laugh. He was a manly kid, but he was no match for one so much older. No one can resist me when my heart is set on a thing. I beat him down with my good humor, and he began to weaken at last.

"We make very little," he objected, with a frown.

"Good heavens! I don't want to *make* anything!" I cried.

"If you did come, we should insist on your taking your share," he said stiffly.

I saw it would be useless to press that point. "Very well," I said; "but not a whole third, for you are supplying the outfit. I'll take one-fifth, and you two-fifths each."

"Let me consult with my sister," he said.

I jumped up and left them together. I had no doubts about what she would say, for I thought she was pretty strong for me. Ye gods! what a delightful time I was promising myself on the road! Presently they called me back, and I saw that it was all right. I was engaged for a week's trial, and we hit the trail for New City, with much laughter and song.

Well, Tom, I made good at the very first stand. My polo togs alone created a sensation in that humble village, and a crowd followed me whenever I stepped out-of-doors. At night we'd have had to hang out S. R. O. sign—only there wasn't any. It was the most they had taken in anywhere, they said.

The program opened with the pictures, and I made myself useful clawing rag off the ivories. Before that, it seems, they had had only a banjo. Then came the

musical numbers. Oh, you should have seen that precious pair of kids tipped back in their chairs on the little stage, strumming banjos, and crooning their lazy, darky songs! (The boy wore a tight dress-suit of the vintage of 1870 or thereabouts, and the girl had on a muslin dress with red ribbons, almost as old-fashioned, but mighty becoming. Without the awful hat she had worn in the cart, she looked doubly adorable. I closed the bill with the Mermaid, and afterwards Peggy, in a gypsy make-up, read the yokels' palms for a quarter a throw. Did I tell you her brother called her Peggy?)

The only blot on our enjoyment was the hotel. All village hotels are much alike. However, when we set out in the early sunshine, that was all forgotten. The finest thing was camping at noon. On this day we chose the summit of a grassy hill, with half of Rockland County spread at our feet, in a hazy green panorama. I built a fire, and Peggy baked scones in a frying-pan before it. How sweet it was to lie in the grass and watch her bustling about! She was conscious of my admiring eyes, and a little confused, but she liked it.

Pen and I were the best of friends, too. The nicest thing about those youngsters was the implicit way in which, having once taken me into partnership, they trusted me. Surely that was the best defense their inexperience could have had, for none but an out-and-out ruffian could have dreamed of betraying their confidence. At the same time, when I realized the extent of their innocence, I was glad it was I that was looking after them, instead of some of the men I knew.

That was my life for three delightful weeks. Business was uniformly good. In Haverstraw, particularly, we did so well that I arranged to play a return date, and we opened an account in the local bank. The jumps between villages were short, so we loafed all day on the road, footing it for the most part, and lingering in our noonday camps. Often we got innocently drunk on fresh air and sunshine, and on deserted stretches of road would give ourselves up to foolishness, singing at the top of our lungs, and laughing just for the sake of laughing. Other times we be-

came as serious, and evolved weighty theories of life over the camp-fire.

It seemed to me that I found something I had lost for years; that I had not really lived before since I was a kid. And to read the papers you'd think that Mrs. Onderdonk's cotillion represented the quintessence of life. What a delusion! Give me the woods and the green fields and my wilful Peggy to make love to—all the while making believe not to. I was just drifting; I felt sure I had only to hold up my finger and she would come to me, but I held off; it was such fun to tease her by pretending I didn't care.

In one way my young friends were as reticent as they were frank in another. Tempt them as I might with confidence of my own, I never got anything about their antecedents from them in return. I did not even succeed in learning their name. Whenever I addressed Peggy as Miss Peregrine, she merely showed all her beautiful white teeth in a provoking smile. I made up my mind they must have come of first-rate old stock, which had dropped out of the race. There are lots like that—salt of the earth, you know, but poor and obscure, and no longer able to keep up appearances.

Meanwhile the weather continued fine, and the young September moon began to come out o' nights. In one village, which shall be nameless, we finally reached the limit in the way of a hotel. One sniff was enough for Peggy.

"I will not sleep in such a beery, sawdusty, stale-cabbage hole, and that's flat!" she announced.

"There's no help for it," said Pen.

"The stores are still open," said Peggy. "You can buy blankets. We'll camp out, and I'll cook for you. I'll sleep in the wagon, and you two can roll up by the fire."

"Bravo!" I cried. I was thinking of the moonlight.

But when I saw how genuinely distressed young Pen was at the idea, I had not the heart to encourage her any further. I left them to have it out between them—secretly hoping that she would get her way. It was a hotly-contested battle—they were very much alike, and evenly matched—but in the end the blankets were bought. Then my conscience did

reproach me for not having thrown the weight of my influence on his side. It was a harum-scarum thing to do; but, as you have guessed, we were all slightly mad by this time, and no longer able to see things straight. And, really, the prospect of camping out with Peggy was so enchanting, I had not the strength of mind to oppose it. Any way, the proprieties were duly observed as long as her brother was along—at least, that was what I told myself.

Having won the first engagement, Peggy followed up her advantage, and for three nights running we camped out. Oh, Tom, what nights—the happiest of my life! Once we pitched at the edge of a meadow, with a grove of pine trees behind us; once with a little river making a pleasant song beyond the fire, and once on top of a hill, with a whole sea of moonlight beneath us. It was so fine we could not bear to go to bed; only Pen, who, like most boys of his age, was a good sleeper, would always drop off after supper, leaving Peggy and me to talk by the fire.

There she would sit with a coat thrown over her shoulders, her arms around her knees, and the firelight rosy on her face. I suddenly found that unexpected forces were at work within me; that I was being pulled up by the very roots. I lost my serene feeling of mastery; it was now she who had me on the run. In the midst of our slang and laughter, a terrible hunger for her would strike me dumb. I forgot about the difference in our positions. I only wanted her.

And she was clever, Tom! One night I said, "Peggy, I'm getting sentimental."

"Don't, Bob!" she said. "I hate taffy!"

She had made an effort to keep up the forms, but on the road together as we had been, it was impossible. It was "Peggy" and "Bob" by this time.

"I'm the taffy, and you're the fire," I said. "If they put me near you, I must begin to bubble."

"Well, don't boil over, or you'll get burnt," she said calmly; "and burnt taffy has a horrid smell!"

The last night was the camp on the hill. You should have heard the crickets and the katydids and the whip-poor-wills, and all the little bugs and birds in their symphony concert. Peggy seemed gent-

for this night, and I felt more sure of myself, and able to lord it over her again. We were disputing about her palmistry stunt; she never could be got to admit that there was any faking in it.

"Dare you to read mine," I said, holding it out.

"Can't see it," she said evasively. "The fire flickers so."

I put on a hardwood stick that presently made a clear, bright flame. "Now try!" I said.

She still shook her head. "I don't like to read the hands of people I know. I confuse what I know about them in other ways, with what I see in their hands."

"I don't care," I said. "Tell me what you know about me, however you've learned it."

She looked at me oddly. "Do you want the truth?" she asked.

"Go as far as you like," I said.

She bent her head over my hand. She did not take it in hers, as I hoped she would. There was something remote and inscrutable in her face; I had the feeling that some goddess had dropped down from her star to tell me my fate—but, goddess or not, I meant to pay her with a kiss.

This is the gist of what she told me, Tom: "I see good fortune—health, wealth and many friends. A greater capacity for receiving friend-ship is indicated, than for returning it. This is the hand of a dabbler in life, of one who has never been obliged to form a steady purpose and to stick to it. Many amiable qualities are shown, but the directing Will is absent. Vanity is strong—the insidious kind of vanity that affects to despise the flattery it thrives upon."

You see, I have not spared myself, Tom, in telling you. But fancy the daring of a girl of nineteen to tell me that to my face! And I thought she was in love with me! It was like an icy shower, and I shivered under it. Then the reaction set in, and I tingled all over. I was furious, but she met my eyes unflinchingly.

"It's true," she said.

In my heart I loved her a hundred times more for her courage. She was no longer a pretty youngster to be indulged, but the one woman in the world for me. I braced my shoulders.

"Give me credit for taking it like a man," I said.

She looked at me in a startled way. "Don't you hate me for telling you?" she asked.

I shook my head. "I think you're the pluckiest woman I ever met," I said. And then—well, with all the eloquence I could muster, I asked her to marry me.

She turned me down, Tom. She said, "I would never marry the kind of man who takes women for granted."

"I've had my lesson," I said. "No danger of that now."

"There's another reason—more important," she said. "I will never marry outside of my own position in life."

I'll spare you the rest of it. I expect I acted a good deal like the spoiled child who is denied the moon. She never wavered; the best she would say was that if we ever met as perfect equals, I might ask her again.

That's the end of the story. I left them next morning. But the lesson I learned is still strongly before me. That's why I'm going to Colorado to work.

When Bob finished his story, we sat smoking in silence. We had the big billiard-room entirely to ourselves now. There was nothing I could say that would improve the situation, so I simply clapped him on the shoulder to show my sympathy.

Presently little Jennison came bustling up to us, puffing out his cheeks like a chipmunk. In our hearts we cursed him.

"Been looking all over the house for you," he said importantly. "Mrs. Onderdonk asked me to bring you to her—you and Orford."

"Come on, let's get it over with," Bob whispered: and we went upstairs.

The debutante had her back to us as we entered the room. It was a slim and beautiful back, and on the top of it poised a little, black-wreathed head as graceful as a flower. She was clad in a wonderful arrangement of dark blue and silver. As Mrs. Onderdonk spoke our names, the girl turned with a dazzling smile—not for me!

Bob's hands dropped to his sides, and he went perfectly white—then crimson.

"You!" he stammered.

She dropped him a funny little curtsey.

"Mr. Vesey and I are old friends," she said to Mrs. Onderdonk.

As they walked away together, I heard Bob say, "You witch! did you know all the time that you would meet me here?"

She said, "I decline to answer."

I had no more speech with Bob during the evening, though, Heaven knows, I heard of nothing else. His devotion to the beautiful Miss Bushrod furnished sensational matter to the wagging tongues. Towards morning, as I was getting my things in the dressing-room, I ran into him.

"I assume the Colorado trip is off," I said slyly.

Bob was in a kind of happy trance. "Not on your life!" he said, squeezing my hand until the bones cracked. "Only—I can't go quite so soon. I—I've got to get married first. She's coming, too."

I clapped him on both shoulders this time.

"Orford," he said, trying to be very stiff and formal, but beaming all over, "if you have formed any inferences from what I told you to-night, I'm sure I can depend on you to keep them to yourself."

I laughed and beat him on the back again.



AT THE LAST

At last; the doctor drops my nerveless hand,
 And turns to face the group about the bed.
 Simple the words and very low the voice,
 I can just catch the whispered phrase, "He's dead."

A woman shrieks; is hurried from the room—
 I scarcely knew her and am moved to grin—
 Save that the lips and eyes do not respond
 In this vague vastness I am floating in.

The momentary hush is broke with words;
 The preacher mumbles out some pretty prayer.
 I feel, not see, a presence close beside,
 And *her* soft hands are lost among my hair.

So this is death that I have pondered on
 In puny terror through the little years;
 Here nothing comes to break the perfect rest,
 Save the dear music of a woman's tears.

—James P. Haverson.

Himself

By Helen E. Williams

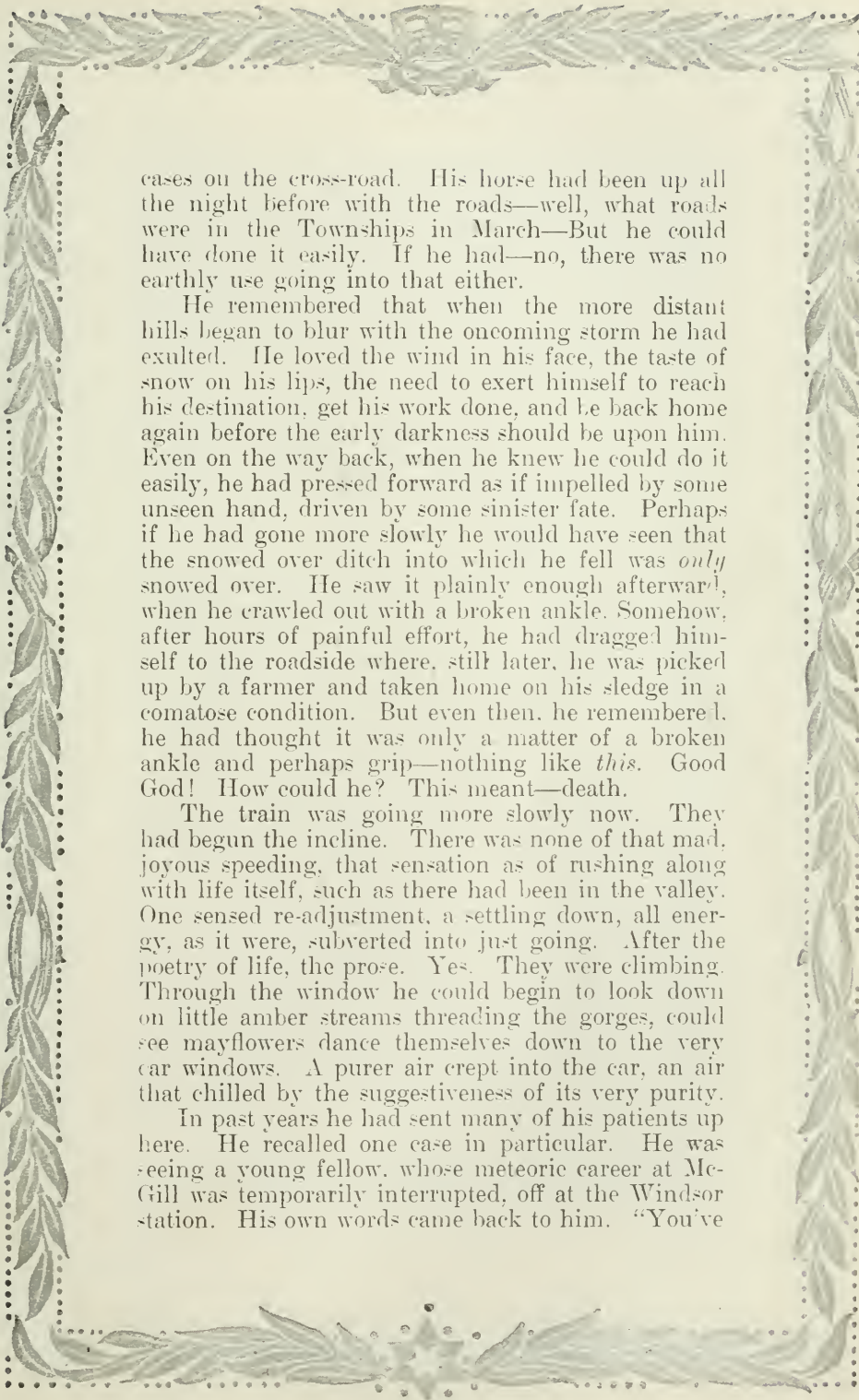
SOMEbody, from the other car, pushed open the door, and for a moment there came to him a whiff of spring.

“Without are the wind and the wallflowers,
The leaves, and the nests, and the rain,
And in all of them God is making
His beautiful purpose plain,

But I wait in a horror of strangeness,
A tool on his workshop floor.....”

Who was it who had said that? He *knew*. And yet in the six full years of his professional life he, Paul Henneker, had thought that *he knew*. People had said so. “We always like to have Dr. Henneker because he *understands*.” That was what they said. That was what was generally felt. And now he knew. He had wondered a little several times. Once he had thought, “If I was not immune to the ills whereof flesh is heir to I could persuade myself—” It had got no farther than that. He had always been so well. All his life. And then his being a doctor. If he had not been a doctor—well, there was no use going into that now. What was that in Barnaby Rudge? That place where Hugh taunts Dennis, when his turn comes to be worked off? “See the hangman when it comes to himself!” Yes, it was another story then—another story.

He had felt so particularly well that day in March—the irony of it!—that he had, just for the sport of the thing, snowshoed over to his diphtheria



cases on the cross-road. His horse had been up all the night before with the roads—well, what roads were in the Townships in March—But he could have done it easily. If he had—no, there was no earthly use going into that either.

He remembered that when the more distant hills began to blur with the oncoming storm he had exulted. He loved the wind in his face, the taste of snow on his lips, the need to exert himself to reach his destination, get his work done, and be back home again before the early darkness should be upon him. Even on the way back, when he knew he could do it easily, he had pressed forward as if impelled by some unseen hand, driven by some sinister fate. Perhaps if he had gone more slowly he would have seen that the snowed over ditch into which he fell was *only* snowed over. He saw it plainly enough afterward, when he crawled out with a broken ankle. Somehow, after hours of painful effort, he had dragged himself to the roadside where, still later, he was picked up by a farmer and taken home on his sledge in a comatose condition. But even then, he remembered, he had thought it was only a matter of a broken ankle and perhaps grip—nothing like *this*. Good God! How could he? This meant—death.

The train was going more slowly now. They had begun the incline. There was none of that mad, joyous speeding, that sensation as of rushing along with life itself, such as there had been in the valley. One sensed re-adjustment, a settling down, all energy, as it were, subverted into just going. After the poetry of life, the prose. Yes. They were climbing. Through the window he could begin to look down on little amber streams threading the gorges, could see mayflowers dance themselves down to the very car windows. A purer air crept into the car, an air that chilled by the suggestiveness of its very purity.

In past years he had sent many of his patients up here. He recalled one case in particular. He was seeing a young fellow, whose meteoric career at McGill was temporarily interrupted, off at the Windsor station. His own words came back to him. "You've

got to fight it, up and down, first and last, and all the time between whiles. A losing battle, you say? No good trying? Tell that to somebody else. You've played football. You used to be a crackerjack at hockey. Did you play less hard when the game was dead against you? Not on your life you didn't! And you're not going to now. You're going up there, and you're going to win out." And now here he was coming himself.

The train strained forward. Now it took them through deep tunnels, where the yellow sunlight was quite shut out. Now it bore them across picturesque ravines. Now through a midnight of sombre pines. But always it carried them upward. Late in the afternoon it stopped.

They were there.

With an effort Dr. Henneker rose. He reached up for his hat and overcoat. As he lifted his grip his eye fell on the foreign hotel labels with which it was bespattered. There would soon be another. He waited until the hectic-looking man and the girl with the grievous cough had passed, and then followed out in their wake. He was expected at the Sanitarium, but had not looked to be met by anything but the public conveyance. So when the man he had singled out from the platform as one of his own profession came forward and shook hands cordially, he was a little surprised, and still more so at his words.

"Dr. Pierce, *of course*. Just come this way, Dr. Pierce. We will send your things on up and set out at once. Your train was quite half an hour late, and there's little enough time to lose. I had a bad moment just now before I saw you. I have heard of your close shaves, and thought that this time you ran it a bit *too* close. Mighty good thing you didn't! We should have lost the woman, for I could never have operated alone."

He stopped out of breath, and Dr. Henneker, who had been trying in vain to speak, seized this opportunity to get in a word edgewise.

"I think there must be some mistake," he began, "I am—"

"Yes, I remember. You touched on that in your letter. You thought our diagnosis at fault, at least incomplete. You thought the root of the trouble lay deeper, that we should operate for cancer as well as—but we won't go into that now. Excuse me. I'll see that your things are sent up, and then——"

He was not gone long, but long enough for Dr. Henneker to think to a purpose and arrive at some sort of a decision.

"See here," he said, when the other had joined him, "I'd like to know just where I stand, Dr.——er——"

"McCowan," filled in his companion, adding, with a smile, "the stories I have heard of your memory are not far out of the way, I see."

"Um. No. Now about this operation, Dr. McCowan. You say that it is serious. Can't you get in another doctor? I came, but the truth is I'm a bit seedy—touch of grip, you understand?—and if you could call in someone else I'd rather not——"

"Heavens, man! this isn't a time to think of *yourself!* It's a matter of life or death, I tell you. In the city I suppose you look at these things differently," he went on more mildly, "you pick and choose, so to speak. Now, with us a life is a life."

"I've come to realize that," Henneker said quietly. "But I'm game," he added, a light coming into his eye, "only I wish you run through the case again with me. You went over it fairly minutely before, I suppose, but, well, you know my failing."

"Oh, all right. Just as you say. We can talk as we go along. Hope you don't mind a little climbing? The house is off the main road and we save time that we can't well afford to lose by taking this short cut."

And so they started out. If Dr. Henneker did not always keep up with him, if on the steeper grades he was overtaken by fits of violent coughing, his companion was too pre-occupied with the subject

In hand to pay much attention. Though after one of these spasms he did say, "George, but you *have* got a cough."

"Comes on like this sometimes," gasped Henneker. "I do myself proud when I really get started."

"I should think you did! But to go back to what you were saying—" And once more they engaged in a discussion which lasted until they reached their destination.

Of all the multifold divisions and subdivisions of his profession the thing that Paul Henneker loved best of all to do was surgery. For the rest he had the born physician's inherent liking. For surgery he had something more. It absorbed him. It lifted him above himself. For the time he was as one inspired. He did everything right for the simple reason that he could not do it wrong. Dr. McCowan, watching him that afternoon, was filled with envy. He held his peace, however, until, everything well over, they had left behind them a thankful household and were again climbing hills. Then his thought found utterance.

"You had it in you to do a masterly piece of work like that," he exploded, "and yet you were fussed about coming! If there had been any alternative would have denied yourself the joy of your art—for it *was* a joy. I could see that."

"Yes. It was a joy. And I used to think it was a little thing to be able, allowed, to do one's work! *Little!* What more could a man possibly ask?" Then abruptly, in an altered voice, "is it much farther to the Sanitarium?"

"We are just there. Of course you will stay over the night?"

"I—Yes. Over the night."

"We are full up now," continued the other. "Which reminds me. We were expecting a patient from down your way. You didn't happen to see anything of him, did you?"

Receiving no reply he turned and saw that his companion was swaying as he stood, saw that the

handkerchief that he held pressed to his lips was suffused with a crimson something that deepened while he looked. Too horrified even to speak he took him by the arm and half supported, half carried him the remaining few steps to the Sanitarium. As they entered an attendant came forward to meet them.

"Dr. Pierce telephoned that he missed his train and there was no other to-night, and he wanted to know if it would be too late if he came up to-morrow?"

"*Missed his train!* Then who the deuce is this?"

A glint of humor for an instant showed in Henneker's eyes.

"The patient," he coughed.

They got him to bed. They did everything they could. But everything, in this case, was not enough. Hemorrhage followed hemorrhage. Before morning he died. Once, between paroxysms, feeling the doctor's troubled eyes upon him, he smiled.

"Don't look so reproachful, McCowan."

"It was a reckless thing to do," fulminated the doctor, "a beastly, heroic thing!"

Henneker did not reply at once. He seemed to be thinking.

"No. Not reckless," he said reflectively, "I was bound to be snuffed out sooner or later. And not heroic, for I'm not that sort of chap. I don't much expect I can make you understand. But it was just sheer hankering to have it all of some use. That was what cut me up. I couldn't see the *use* of it.—What makes you look so queer?" he broke off to ask.

"Nothing. I was just thinking of something George Eliot wrote about 'the greatest gift the hero leaves his race is to have *been* a hero.' Somehow you made me think of it."



The Business Problems of the Day

By

George W. Perkins

Mr. Perkins is generally regarded as one of the ablest business men of the age. He was for many years senior partner with J. P. Morgan & Co., New York, from which he retired a few years ago. He is chairman of the finance committee of the great U. S. Steel Corporation; president of the International Harvester Co., and a director of many other industrial corporations. He is now devoting much of his time to the larger commercial problems of the day.

THE business men of the United States and Canada have been deeply concerned for a number of years—and this concern has been growing rather than lessening—over two problems: first: The relations between capital and labor; second: The relations between business and government.

Many of us believe that we have reached a point where the agitation that has been going on in connection with both of these problems must abate and some practical solution be found, or serious results will follow. It is comparatively easy to point out trouble, to locate defects, to prophesy disaster. It is quite another thing to point out a safe and sane way out of trouble, correct the defects, and avoid the disaster. It is so easy to tear down: it is so difficult to build up.

I, for one, believe that our statesmen and politicians have not sufficiently studied the causes underlying our present troubles; and you would not take, with much hope of satisfactory or permanent relief, the prescription of a physician who had not first carefully and thoroughly diagnosed the cause of your illness.

Our lawmakers, in both the nation and the state, have vied with one another for a number of years in enacting legislation the tendency of which has been to restrict,

contract and limit the business men's activities. During these very same years our inventors have vied with one another (and with unprecedented success) in placing in the hands of business men various instruments which broaden and expand the business man's activities. The clashing of these two great forces is largely responsible for present conditions. While laws have been enacted, having as their purpose the prevention of business getting together, we have had the uses of steam and electricity so perfected that the business world has been irresistibly drawn together; and the attempts of man to make laws that will nullify conditions that have come about through the conquest of the mysteries of nature, will never succeed.

Electricity in the hands of man has been the creator of our modern corporations. It is the mind, not the body, that does business, and electricity has emancipated the mind from the body and given it wings. If a lot of good people will think a little more, if they will be logical, they will have to conclude that even a literal enforcement of the anti-trust laws would not accomplish their desires. What they really want, in order to actually attain their ends, is a new law making it a penal offence to use steam or electricity.

Just a simple little law like that would be one certain way of solving our present problems.

One would think, from the political teachings of the last ten years and the laws enacted during that time, that we were confronted with a new order of man, full of evil purpose, and that, having been endowed by the Almighty with almost superhuman mental powers, he was in a fair way to accomplish his evil purpose. What are the facts? Simply these: That what has happened, has happened through evolution. The great business combinations of the day have come about naturally and solely because of the inventions of our time that are applicable to business uses. There is not a man in this assembly who will not realize, if he will stop to think a moment, that his father, had he been five times as able as he was, could not have begun to accomplish in business what his son can accomplish to-day, for the simple and sole reason that he had not the machinery with which to supplement his mental ability. Our forefathers had no stenographers, no type-writing machines; they had not the telegraph, the telephone, the 20th Century Limited, nor the ocean greyhound.

The first crying requisite for doing business is inter-communication. It is by this means that you get a customer, and the more readily you can get at your customer and the larger the number of customers you can readily get at, the more business you can do. In the day of the stage coach and all the lack of inter-communication that went with that period, it was utterly impossible for any one man or group of men to do a large business. There can be no possible question about that. To-day a man in any line of business, resident at any given point, has only to have the desire to quote a price on his wares to almost any point in the civilized world and he can do it in the morning and have his answer by night. Thus, inter-communication has developed by leaps and bounds from a radius of a few miles to a distance only bounded by the circumference of the earth; and it is a striking fact that our business concerns have just about kept pace in their growth and development with the growth and development of inter-communication.

Only a few days ago the news was heralded that a man had perfected an invention by which a number of people could talk over one telephone wire at the same time without interrupting one another, and that this invention was to be patented, not for the benefit of any one man or corporation, but for the free use of the people of the United States.

If what I have said thus far is sound, is correct, it proves that we are living in an essentially "get together" age. The more closely people are thrown together and the larger the number of people who are thrown closely together, the more imperative it becomes that they learn how to get on together; for if they do not get on together and there is trouble, that trouble will be more serious and will affect more people than if a small community had failed to get on together and trouble had broken out.

With our social and business world drawn so closely together by bands of steel and streams of electricity, we must look for the solution of our problems to ways and means that will enable us to get on together: for we are not going backwards, we are not going to abandon the wireless and the 20th Century Limited; we are going on even to the practical navigation of the air, if that be possible.

Some of us who believe that these conditions are practical and not theoretical ones—conditions that will change only in that they will become more pronounced in their tendencies, have been taking a look ahead for the welfare of our country and the coming generations and have been forced to the conclusion that the day of ruthless competition has served its purpose and that we must, with all possible expedition, get away from it to a more humane method of doing business. Ruthless competition by ox-team could never be very serious, but ruthless competition by electricity means bankruptcy. Competition at best means the success of one, the failure of another; it means cruelly low wages of one time; with the public paying the bills at another time; it means uncertainty always.

It is said for competition that it prevents monopoly and that monopoly would mean fleecing the public all the time. This is the crux of the question. Compe-

tion that competes, that is real, that is earnest, under present conditions of life would be too destructive to be tolerated. Monopoly, complete and unrestrained, under private ownership or management, would alike be intolerable under present conditions of life. Some other method must be found, and it would seem to lie through the medium of co-operation. By co-operation I mean a system of doing business by which all parties interested will enjoy the benefits of the business; and I believe we have reached a stage of development in this country where we can safely undertake the organization of our business fabric along these lines.

The millennium has not yet arrived, but no thoughtful man will deny that there has been a great awakening of the business conscience in recent years. The old motto, "Honesty is the best policy," in place of being more or less a beautiful sentiment, is coming to be more of a practical reality. The day has come when to be honest means not technically, legally honest, but broadly, humanely honest—honest in thought, in purpose, in act. Man is still selfish, and this must be seriously reckoned with in calculating what he will do in his relationship with his fellows. There is, however, such a thing as benighted selfishness and such a thing as enlightened selfishness. I believe that with the awakening of the business conscience is coming what might be called an enlightened selfishness—by which I mean a realization that for one's own best pecuniary interests the methods of the past cannot be the methods of the future; that as we are living in a "get together" age we must do business on a "live and let live" basis, and that one's own selfish interest makes the doing of business on a co-operative basis more profitable in the long run than on the basis of ruthless competition.

But just as surely as you cannot have competition unless it competes, so just as surely you can only have co-operation that co-operates. I mean by this, co-operation in any given line of business will fail unless it is co-operation between labor and capital, between capital and consumer, between company and government. Co-operation between labor and capital cannot be effected by the mere

paying of wages and by the giving of gratuities or voluntary rewards at the end of the year. The great educational systems fostered by the state and wealthy individuals, have made tremendous strides in the last quarter of a century in developing the independent thinker among the masses, with the result that the question between capital and labor to-day is not so much the amount of wage a man should be paid as it is whether that wage is a fair proportion of the earnings of the business. The closer the world is drawn together and the better people know each other, the better they understand each other, and the more impossible it is to adopt and pursue secretive methods—to obtain for any one branch of a business unfair and improper profits; and one of the things that inter-communication has done has been to sound the death knell of secretive methods. More and more is public opinion demanding full, open and honest accounting from business concerns, and the more far-sighted business concerns that adopted such methods a few years ago are having less trouble with their labor and the public than other concerns, because both their labor and the public know what the profits of the business are and what percentage of it labor is receiving in wages.

Practical experience in recent years in certain large industrial companies has shown that a fair wage, supplemented by a profit-sharing plan, will go a very long way toward promoting harmony between capital and labor. By profit-sharing I do not mean bonuses or gratuities, but rather a definite statement made to an organization at the beginning of a year as to what is expected of it, and that, if such expectations are realized, certain extra compensation will be paid, and paid, not in cash that can be immediately spent, but put in some security that represents an investment in the business in which the man is working. Most profit-sharing plans have failed because they did not in point of fact make a partner out of the worker.

Broadly speaking, I believe that an industrial company should be organized in the following manner, viz.: The organization of brain workers and hand workers should be paid their regular compensation for earning the interest on the bond-

ed debt and dividends on preferred stock. If, by successful management, they earn more than this it would, under modern arrangements, go to what are known as common stockholders; and at this point the organization of brain workers and hand workers should share with the common stockholders in the profits made for the common stockholders, and share on a definitely stated basis, varying according to conditions in different lines of business. Where this has been tried it has been eminently successful, and as the question is simply one of handling human nature, what can be done in one line of business in this way can be done in another.

As regards the relations of business to the government, I again believe that publicity, full and frank, will go a very long way toward correcting any evils that exist and preventing any that may threaten. Each day it becomes more and more apparent that all questions in this country must be settled at the bar of public opinion. If our laws regulating large business concerns provide for proper and complete publicity, so that the labor of a concern would know what was being done, so that governmental authorities would know what was being done, so that stockholders would know what was being done, and the public, which was being served, would know what was being done, many of our present difficulties would disappear; and in place of this being an element of weakness to any given business concern, it would be an element of strength, for, under such conditions, a set of managers operating a given business, if they were able enough mentally to be successful managers, would soon come to realize that they could only succeed by being fair to one and all.

I believe, further, that there is more safety to the public and to labor in having very large business enterprises than in having small or medium-sized ones; for the larger the undertaking is the more generally it is observed and the more thoroughly its affairs are scrutinized. Then, too, the large concern provides more steady employment for labor and minimizes to almost nothing the chance of financial collapse and failure. Of course, proper precautions must be taken to prevent the very results that might come from unre-

stricted monopoly, and this can surely be accomplished by frank and full publicity, with proper supervision and regulation by federal authority.

Business men have pretty generally fought for years the idea that business should in any way be interfered with by the state. In my judgment this has been a mistake. If we are to have huge business concerns we can only have them because the capital is provided by the public—thus making them semi-public institutions; and the manager of any such concern should fully realize this fact and appreciate that he is a trustee in the broadest sense of the term. Our large business concerns are popularly called "trusts," and in one sense of the word it is more aptly applied to them than many of us in the past have taken thought to realize; for the managers are entrusted with the public's funds for investment, are entrusted with the public's labor to manage, are entrusted with a substantial percentage of a given commodity which is to be supplied to the public; and if they discharge their trusteeship in a broad, statesmanlike manner, with fairness and equity to all interests, the good rather than the harm they can do is almost incalculable.

It is high time that we abandoned the false notion that corporations do things. A corporation is an inanimate object; it can do nothing; it can neither commit a crime nor render a benefit. It is the manager of the corporation, the human being, who thinks, who acts; he commits the crime or renders the benefit. Let us get straight on this question as regards corporations. For years we have thought straight on this question in the matter of National banks. If a law is violated or a crime committed in a National bank, federal authority immediately seizes the man who did it and punishes him. The bank is not harmed; on the contrary, everything is done to protect the bank and its depositors and stockholders. This is the only practical, sane view to take of corporations and their managers. The day has come when we need statesmanship in business.

It will be impossible to work out any system by which the great business concerns can be supervised or regulated by states or provinces, because we have too

many states, and the methods being different in various states, would make a situation too complicated to be workable. But federal regulation is feasible, and if we unite and work for it now we may be able to secure it; whereas, if we continue in our fight against it much longer, the incoming tide may sweep the question along to either government ownership or socialism.

One important reason why business men have feared regulation of business by the government has been that such regulation would be performed by inexperienced men—those without business training, and who would have no practical knowledge of the great problems involved. I have for a long time believed that what Americans should have at Washington is a Business Court, to which our great business problems could go for final adjustment when they could not be settled otherwise. We now have at Washington a Supreme Court, to which is referred the final settlement of our legal questions. This Court is composed, of course, of lawyers only, and it is the dream of every young man who enters the law that he may some day be called to the Supreme Court bench. If such a call comes, it matters not how lucrative his practice, he always drops it for the honor conferred. Why not have a similar goal for our business men? Why not have a court for business questions on which no man could sit who had not had a business training, with an honorable record? This would surely come to be regarded by business men in the same way that the Supreme Court is regarded by lawyers. The supervision of business by such a body of men, who had reached such a court in such a way would unquestionably be fair and equitable to business, fair and equitable to the public. Furthermore, it would not take out of business that invaluable asset, individual initiative. It would leave

the every-day management of business untrammelled and allow men free swing to devise ways and means to improve, enlarge and develop our domestic and foreign commerce. We could then move on to the organization of business into large units, confident that many of the trials and tribulations of competition were behind us, and that monopoly would not oppress us. And in the organizing of large bodies of men in each line of trade we would have the great advantage of the emulation which comes from the vieing with one another of a great body of men working together in one calling. Emulation of this sort is just as stimulating as competition and much more uplifting—doing good rather than harm. Then, too, the business that employs 50,000 men is never at a loss for a good man to put into a place made vacant; it has so many men to pick and choose from.

I have presented in this paper a side of the case that I do not believe has been very generally considered—a view of it which I firmly believe should be considered—considered by the business men of this country in each and every community. The discussion of recent years, growing out of changing business methods, has been carried on almost wholly by politicians, newspapers and magazine writers; and while it has been the business man's problem he has taken practically no part in the discussion; his side has been presented sparingly, timidly, if at all. This is no way to settle a great and burning question in a great and free country such as ours. The time has come for business men to take a hand in these questions, to think them out, to decide as to the best course for our country to take, and then champion that course to the full measure of their ability. If this is done in each community, and done honestly and fearlessly, we can trust to the good sense of our people to render a sane verdict.



The Trail of '98

By
Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechakc"

BOOK III.

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CHAPTER II. (Continued).

OH, the weariness of that waiting! In my longing for Berna I had worked myself up into a state that bordered on distraction. It seemed as if a cloud was in my brain, obsessing me at all times. I felt I must question this man, though it raised my gorge even to speak of her in his presence. In that atmosphere of corruption the thought of the girl was intolerably sweet, as of a ray of sunshine penetrating a noisome dungeon.

It was in the young morn when the game broke up. The outside air was clear as washed gold; within it was foul and fetid as a drunkard's breath. Men with pinched and pallid faces came out and inhaled the breeze which was buoyant as champagne. Beneath the perfect blue of the spring sky the river seemed a shimmer of violet, and the banks dipped down with the green of chrysoprase.

Already a boy was sweeping up the dirty, nicotine-frescoed sawdust from the floor. (It was his perquisite, and from the gold he panned out he ultimately made enough to put him through college.) Then the inner door opened and Black Jack appeared.

CHAPTER III

He was wan and weary. Around his sombre eyes were chocolate-coloured hollows. His thick raven hair was disordered. He had lost heavily, and, bidding a curt good-bye to the others, he strode off. In a moment I had followed and overtaken him.

"Mr. Locasto."

He turned and gave me a stare from his brooding eyes. They were vacant as those of a dope-fiend, vacant with fatigue.

"Jack Locasto's my name," he answered carelessly.

I walked alongside him.

"Well, sir," I said, "my name's Meldrum, Athol Meldrum."

"Oh, I don't care what the devil your name is," he broke in petulantly. "Don't bother me just now. I'm tired."

"So am I," I said, "damned tired; but it won't hurt you to listen to my name."

"Well, Mr. Athol Meldrum, good-day."

His voice was cold, his manner galling in its indifference, and a sudden anger glowed in me.

"Hold on," I said; "just a moment. You can very easily do me an immense favor. Listen to me."

"Well, what do you want," he demanded roughly; "work?"

"No," I said, "I just want a scrap of information. I came into the country with some Jews the name of Winklestein. I've lost track of them and I think you may be able to tell me where they are."

He was all attention now. He turned half round and scrutinized me with deliberate intensity. Then, like a flash, his rough manner changed. He was the polished gentleman now, the San Francisco club-lounger, the man of the world.

He rasped the stubble on his chin; his eyes were bland, his voice smooth as cream.

"Winklestein," he echoed reflectively, "Winklestein; seems to me I do remember the name, but for the life of me I can't recall where."

He was watching me like a cat, and pretending to think hard.

"Was there a girl with them?"

"Yes," I said eagerly, "a young girl."

"A young girl, ah!" He seemed to reflect hard again. "Well, my friend, I'm afraid I can't help you. I remember noticing the party on the way in, but what became of them I can't think. I don't usually loathe about that kind of people. Well, good-night, or good-morning rather. This is my hotel."

He had half entered when he paused and turned to me. His face was urbane, his voice suave to sweetness; but it seemed to me there was a subtle mockery in his tone.

"I say, if I should hear anything of them, I'll let you know. Your name? Athol Meldrum—all right, I'll let you know. Good-bye."

He was gone and I had failed. I curse myself for a fool. The man had baffled me. Nay, even I had hurt myself by giving him an inkling of my search. Berna seemed further away from me than ever. Home I went, discouraged and despairful.

Then I began to argue with myself. He must know where they were, and if he really had designs on the girl and was keeping her in hiding my interview with him would alarm him. He would take the first opportunity of warning the Winklestains. When would he do it? That very night in all likelihood. So I reasoned; and I resolved to watch.

I stationed myself in a saloon from where I could command a view of his hotel, and there I waited. I think I must have watched the place for three hours, but I know it was a weariful business, and I was heart-sick of it. Doggedly, I stuck to my post. I was beginning to think he must have evaded me, when suddenly coming forth alone from the hotel, I saw my man.

It was about midnight, neither light nor dark, but rather an absence of either quality, and the northern sky was wan and ominous. In the crowded street I saw Locasto's hat over-topping all others, so that I had no difficulty in shadowing him. Once he stopped to speak to a woman, once to light a cigar; then he suddenly turned up a side street that ran through the red-light district.

He was walking swiftly and he took a path that skirted the swamp behind the town. I had now no doubt of his mission, and my heart began to beat with excitement. The little path led up the hill, now clothed with fresh foliage and dotted with cabins. Once I saw him pause and look round. I had barely time to dodge behind some bushes, and feared for a moment he had seen me. But no! on he went again faster than ever.

I knew now I had divined his errand. He was at too great pains to cover his tracks. The trail had plunged among a maze of slender cotton-woods, and twisted so that I was sore troubled to keep him in view. Always he increased his gait and I followed him breathlessly. There were few cabins hereabouts; it was a lonely place to be so near to town, very quiet and thickly screened from sight. Suddenly he seemed to disappear, and, fearing my pursuit was going to be futile, I rushed forward.

I came to a dead stop. There was no one to be seen. He had vanished completely. The trail climbed steeply up, twisty as a corkscrew. These cursed poplars, how densely they grew. Blindly I lumbered forward. Then I came to a place where the trail forked. Panting for breath I hesitated which way to take, and it was in that moment of hesitation that a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Where away, my young friend?" It was Locasto. His face was Mephistophelian, his voice edged with irony. I was startled, I admit, but I tried to put a good face on it.

"Hello," I said; "I'm just taking a stroll."

His black eyes pierced me, his black brows met savagely. The heavy jaw shot forward, and for a moment the man, menacing and terrible, seemed to tower above me.

"You lie!" like explosive steam came the words, and wolf-like his lips parted, showing his powerful teeth. "You lie!" he reiterated. "You followed me. Didn't I see you from the hotel? Didn't I determine to decoy you away? Oh, you fool! you fool! who are you that would pit your weakness against my strength, your simplicity against my cunning?"

You would try to cross me, would you? You would champion damsels in distress? You pretty fool, you simpleton, you meddler——”

Suddenly, without warning, he struck me full on the face, a blinding, staggering blow that brought me to my knees as falls a pole-axed steer. I was stunned, swaying weakly, trying vainly to get on my feet. I stretched out my clenched hands to him. Then he struck me again, a bitter, felling blow.

I was completely at his mercy now and he showed me none. He was like a fiend. Rage seemed to rend him. Time and again he kicked me, brutally, relentlessly, on the ribs, on the chest, on the head. Was the man going to do me to death? I shielded my head. I moaned in agony. Would he never stop? Then I became unconscious, knowing that he was still kicking me, and wondering if I would ever open my eyes again.

CHAPTER IV

“Long live the cold-feet tribe! Long live the sore-heads!”

It was the Prodigal who spoke. “This outfit buying’s got gold-mining beaten to a standstill. Here I’ve been three weeks in the burg and got over ten thousand dollars’ worth of grub cached away. Every pound of it will net me a hundred per cent. profit. I’m beginning to look on myself as a second John D. Rockefeller.”

“You’re a confounded robber,” I said. “You’re working a cinch-game. What’s your first name? Isaac?”

He turned the bacon he was frying and smiled gayly.

“Snort away, all you like, old sport. So long as I get the mon you can call me any old name you please.”

He was very spritely and elate, but I was in no sort of mood to share in his buoyancy. Physically I had fully recovered from my terrible man-handling, but in spirit I still writhed at the outrage of it. And the worst was I could do nothing. The law could not help me, for there were no witnesses to the assault. I could never cope with this man in bodily strength. Why was I not a stalwart? If I had been as tall and strong as Garry, for instance. True, I might shoot; but there the Police would take a hand in the

game, and I would lose out badly. There seemed to be nothing for it but to wait and pray for some means of retaliation.

Yet how bitterly I brooded over the business. At times there was even black murder in my heart. I planned schemes of revenge, grinding my teeth in impotent rage the while; and my feelings were complicated by that awful gnawing hunger for Berna that never left me. It was a perfect agony of heart, a panic-fear, a craving so intense that at times I felt I would go distracted with the pain of it.

Perhaps I am a poor sort of being. I have often wondered. I either feel intensely, or I am quite indifferent. I am a prey to my emotions, a martyr to my moods. Apart from my great love for Berna it seemed to me as if nothing mattered. All through these stormy years it was like that—nothing else mattered. And now that I am nearing the end of my life I can see that nothing else has ever mattered. Everything that has happened appealed to me in its relation to her. It seemed to me as if I saw all the world through the medium of my love for her, and that all beauty, all truth, all good was but a setting for this girl of mine.

“Come on,” said Jim; “let’s go for a walk in the town.”

The “Modern Gomorrah” he called it, and he was never tired of expatiating on its iniquity.

“See that man there?” he said, pointing to a grey-haired pedestrian, who was talking to an emphatic blonde. “That man’s a lawyer. He’s got a lovely home in Los Angeles, an’ three of the sweetest girls you ever saw. A young fellow needed to have his credentials O. K.’d by the Purity Committee before he came butting round that man’s home. Now he’s off to buy wine for Daisy of the Deadline.”

The grey-haired man had turned into a saloon with his companion.

“Yes, that’s Dawson for you. We’re so far from home. The good old moralities don’t apply here. The hoary old Yukon won’t tell on us. We’ve been a Sunday School Superintendent for ten years. For fifty more we’ve passed up the forbidden fruit. Every one else is helping themselves. Wonder what it tastes like? Wine is flowing like water. Money’s the cheapest thing in sight. Cut

loose, drink up. The orchestra's a-goin'. Get your partners for a nice juicy two-step. Come on, boys!"

He was particularly bitter, and it really seemed in that general lesion of the moral fibre that civilization was only a makeshift, a veneer of hypocrisy.

"Why should we marvel," I said, "at man's brutality, when but an æon ago we all were apes?"

Just then we met the Jam-wagon. He had munched down from the creeks that very day. Physically he looked supreme. He was berry-brown, lean, muscular and as full of suppressed energy as an un-sprung bear-trap. Financially he was well ballasted. Mentally and morally he was in the state of a volcano before an eruption.

You could see in the quick breathing, in the restlessness of this man, a pent-up energy that clamoured to exhaust itself in violence and debauch. His fierce blue eyes were wild and roving, his lips twitched nervously. He was an atavism; of the race of those white-bodied ferocious seakings that drank deep and died in the din of battle. He must live in the white light of excitement, or sink in the gloom of despair. I could see his fine nostrils quiver like those of a charger that scents the smoke of battle, and I realized that he should have been a soldier still, a leader of forlorn hopes, a partner of desperate hazards.

As we walked along, Jim did most of the talking in his favorite morality vein. The Jam-wagon puffed silently at his brier pipe, while I, very listless and down-hearted, thought largely of my own troubles. Then, in the middle of the block, where most of the music-halls were situated, suddenly we met Locasto.

When I saw him my heart gave a painful leap, and I think my face must have gone as white as paper. I had thought much over this meeting, and had dreaded it. There are things which no man can overlook, and, if it meant death to me, I must again try conclusions with the brute.

He was accompanied by a little bald-headed Jew named Swinehart, and we were almost abreast of them when I stepped forward and arrested them. My teeth were clenched; I was all a-quiver with passion; my heart beat violently.

For a moment I stood there, confronting him in speechless excitement.

He was dressed in that miner's costume in which he always looked so striking. From his big Stetson to his high boots he was typically the big, strong man of Alaska, the Conqueror of the Wild. But his mouth was grim as granite, and his black eyes hard and repellent as those of a toad.

"Oh, you coward!" I cried. "You vile, filthy coward!"

He was looking down on me from his imperious height, very coolly, very cynically.

"Who are you?" he drawled; "I don't know you."

"Liar as well as coward," I panted. "Liar to your teeth. Brute, coward, liar —"

"Here, get out of my way," he snarled; "I've got to teach you a lesson."

Once more before I could guard he landed on me with that terrible right-arm swing, and down I went as if a sledge-hammer had struck me. But instantly I was on my feet, a thing of blind passion, of desperate fight. I made one rush to throw myself on this human tower of brawn and muscle, when some one pinioned me from behind. It was Jim.

"Easy, boy," he was saying; "you can't fight this big fellow."

Swinehart was looking on curiously. With wonderful quickness a crowd had collected, all avidly eager for a fight. Above them towered the fierce, domineering figure of Locasto. There was a breathless pause, then, at the psychological moment, the Jam-wagon intervened.

The smouldering fire in his eye had brightened into a fierce joy; his twitching mouth was now grim and stern as a prison door. For days he had been fighting a dim intangible foe. Here at last was something human and definite. He advanced to Locasto.

"Why don't you strike some one nearer your own size?" he demanded. His voice was tense, yet ever so quiet.

Locasto flashed at him a look of surprise, measuring him from head to foot. "You're a brute," went on the Jam-wagon evenly: "a cowardly brute."

Black Jack's face grew dark and terrible. His eyes glinted sparks of fire.

"See here, Englishman," he said, "this isn't your scrap. What are you butting in about?"

"It isn't," said the Jam-wagon, and I could see the flame of fight brighten joyously in him. "It isn't, but I'll soon make it mine. There!"

Quick as a flash he dealt the other a blow on the cheek, an open-handed blow that stung like a whip-lash.

"Now fight me, you coward."

There and then Locasto seemed about to spring on his challenge. With hands clenched and teeth bared, he half bent as if for a charge. Then, suddenly, he straightened up.

"All right," he said softly; "Swinehart, can we have the Opera House?"

"Yes, I guess so. We can clear away the benches."

"Then tell the crowd to come along; we'll give them a free show."

I think there must have been five hundred men around that ring. A big Australian pugilist was umpire. Some one suggested gloves, but Locasto would not hear of it.

"No," he said, "I want to mark the son of a dog so his mother will never know him again."

He had become frankly brutal, and prepared for the fray exultantly. Both men fought in their underclothing.

Stripped down, the Jam-wagon was seen to be much the smaller man, not only in height, but in breadth and weight. Yet he was a beautiful figure of a fighter, clean, well-poised, firm-limbed, with a body that seemed to taper from the shoulders down. His fair hair glistened; his eyes were wary and cool, his lips set tightly. In the person of this living adversary he was fighting an unseen one vastly more dread and terrific.

Locasto looked almost too massive. His muscles bulged out. The veins in his forearms were cord-like. His great chest looked as broad as a door. His legs were statuesque in their size and strength. In that camp of strong men probably he was the most powerful.

And nowhere in the world could a fight have been awaited with greater zest. These men, miners, gamblers, adventurers of all kinds, pushed and struggled for a place. A great joy surged through them at the

thought of the approaching combat. Keen-eyed, hard-breathing, a-thrill with expectation, the crowd packed closer and closer. Outside, people were clamouring for admission. They climbed on the stage, and into the boxes. They hung over the galleries. All told, there must have been a thousand in the house.

As the two men stood up they were like the ideal Greek athlete compared with the heavy-muscled Roman gladiator. "Three to one on Locasto," some one shouted. Then a great hush came over the house, so that it might have been empty and deserted. Time was called. The fight began.

CHAPTER V

With one tiger-rush Locasto threw himself on his man. There was no preliminary fiddling here: they were out for blood, and the sooner they wallowed in it the better. Right and left he struck with mighty swings that would have felled an ox, but the Jam-wagon was too quick for him. Twice he ducked in time to avoid a furious blow, and, before Locasto could recover, he had hopped out of reach. The big man's fist swished through the empty air. He almost overbalanced with the force of his effort, but he swung round quickly, and there was the Jam-wagon, cool and watchful, awaiting his next attack.

Locasto's face grew fiendish in its sinister wrath; he shot forth a foul imprecation, and once more he hurled himself resistlessly on his foe. This time I thought my champion must go down, but no! With a dexterity that seemed marvellous, he dodged, ducked and side-stepped; and once more Locasto's blows went wide and short. Jeers began to go up from the throng. "Even money on the little fellow," sang out a voice with the flat twang of a banjo.

Locasto glared round on the crowd. He was accustomed to lord it over these men, and the jeers goaded him like banderillos goad a bull. Again and again he repeated his tremendous rushes, only to find his powerful arms winnowing the empty air, only to see his agile antagonist smiling at him in mockery from the centre of the ring. Not one of his sledgehammer smashes reached their mark, and the round closed without a blow having landed.

From the mob of onlookers a chorus of derisive cheers went up. The little man with the banjo voice was holding up a poke of dust. "Even money on the little one." A hum of eager conversation broke forth.

I was at the ring-side. At the beginning I had been in an agony of fear for the Jam-wagon. Looking at the two men, it seemed as if he could hardly hope to escape terrible punishment at the hands of one so massively powerful, and every blow inflicted on him would have been like one inflicted on myself. But now I took heart and looked forward to the fight with less anxiety.

Again time was called, and Locasto sprang up, seemingly quite refreshed by his rest. Once more he plunged after his man, but now I could see his rushes were more under control, his smashing blows better timed, his fierce jabs more shrewdly delivered. Again I began to quake for the Jam-wagon, but he showed a wonderful quickness in his footwork, weaving in and out, his hands swinging at his sides, a smile of mockery on his lips. He was deft as a dancing-master; he twinkled like a gleam of light amid that savage thresh of blows; he was as cool as if he were boxing in the school gymnasium.

"Who is he?" those at the ring-side began to whisper. Time and again it seemed as if he were cornered, but in a marvellous way he wormed himself free. I held my breath as he evaded blow after blow, some of which seemed to miss him by a mere hair's breadth. He was taking chances. I thought, so narrowly did he permit the blows to miss him. I was all keyed up, on edge with excitement, eager for my man to strike, to show he was not a mere ring-tactician. But the Jam-wagon bided his time.

And so the round ended, and it was evident that the crowd was of the same opinion as myself. "Why don't he mix up a little?" said one. "Give him time," said another. "He's all right; there's some class to that work."

Locasto came up for the third round looking sobered, subdued, grimly determined. Evidently he had made up his mind to force his opponent out of his evasive tactics. He was wary as a cat. He went cautiously. Yet again he assumed the aggressive, gradually working the

Jam-wagon into a corner. Now he had him; a collision was inevitable; there was no means of escape for my friend; that huge bulk, with its swinging, flail-like arms, menaced him hopelessly.

Suddenly Locasto closed in. He swooped down on the Jam-wagon. He had him. He shortened his right arm for a jab like the crash of a pile-driver. The arm shot out, but once again the Jam-wagon was not there. He ducked quickly, and Locasto's great fist brushed his hair.

Then, like a lightning, the two came to a clinch. Now, thought I, it's all off with the Jam-wagon. I saw Locasto's eye dilate with ferocious joy. He had the other in his giant-arms; now he could crush him in a mighty hug, the hug of a grizzly, crush him like an egg-shell. But, quick as the snap of a trap, the Jam-wagon had pinioned his arms at the elbow, so that he was helpless. For a moment he held him, then, suddenly releasing his arms, he caught him round the body, shook him with a mighty side-heave, gave him the cross-buttock, and, before he could strike a single blow, threw him in the air and dashed him to the ground.

"Time!" called the umpire. It was all done so quickly it was hard for the eye to follow, but a mighty cheer went up from the house. "Two to one on the little fellow," called the banjo-voice. Suddenly Locasto rose to his feet. He was shamed, angered beyond expression. Heaving and panting, he lurched to his corner, and in his eyes there was a look that boded ill for his adversary.

Time again. With the lightness of a panther the Jam-wagon sprang into the centre of the ring. More than halfway he met Locasto, and now his intention seemed to be to draw his man on rather than to avoid him. I watched his every movement with a sense of thrilling fascination. He had resumed his serpentine methods, advancing and retreating with shadow-like quickness, feinting, side-stepping, pawing the air till he had his man baffled and bewildered. Yet he never struck a blow.

All this seemed to be getting on Locasto's nerves. He was going steadily enough, trying by every means in his power to get the other man to "mix it up." He shouted the foulest abuse at

him. "Stand up like a man and fight." The smile left the Jam-wagon's lips, and he settled down to business.

I saw him edging up to Locasto. He fainted wildly, then, stepping in closely, he swung a right and left to Black Jack's

left, full-weight, crash on Locasto's mouth.

At that fierce triumphant blow the crowd screeched with excitement. In a wild whirlwind of fury Locasto hurled himself on the Jam-wagon, his arms going like windmills. Any one of these blows,



I TRIED TO FORCE MY WAY IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE BRUTE HURLED ME OUT . . . I WAS STILL WEAK.

face. A moment later he was six feet away, with a bitter smile on his lips.

With a fierce bellow of rage Locasto, forgetting all his caution, charged him. He swung his heavy right with all its might for the other's face, but, quick as the quiver of a bow-string, the Jam-wagon side-stepped and the blow missed. Then the Jam-wagon shifted and brought his

delivered in a vital spot, would have meant death, but his opponent was equal to this blind assault. Dodging, ducking, side-stepping, blocking, he foiled the other at every turn, and, just before the round ended, drove his left into the pit of the big man's stomach, with a thwack that resounded throughout the building.

Once more time was called. The Jam-

wagon was bleeding about the knuckles. Several of Locasto's teeth had been loosened, and he spat blood frequently. Otherwise he looked as fit as ever. He pursued his man with savage determination, and seemed resolved to get in a deadly body-blow that would end the fight.

It was pretty to see the Jam-wagon work. He was sprightly as a ballet dancer, as, weaving in and out, he dodged the other's blows. His arms swung at his sides, and he threw his head about in a manner insufferably mocking and taunting. Then he took to landing light body-blows on the other, that grew more frequent till he seemed to be beating a regular tattoo on Locasto's ribs. He was springy as a panther, elusive as an eel. As for Locasto, his face was sober now, strained, anxious, and he seemed to be waiting with menacing eyes to get in that vital smash that meant the end.

The Jam-wagon began to put more force into his arms. He drove in a short-arm left to the stomach, then brought his right up to the other's chin. Locasto swung a deadly knock-out blow at the Jam-wagon, which just grazed his jaw, and the Jam-wagon retaliated with two lightning rights and a nervous left, all on the big man's face.

Then he sprang back, for he was excited now. In and out he wove. Once more he landed a hard left on Locasto's heaving stomach, and then, rushing in, he rained blow after blow on his antagonist. It was a furious mix-up, a whirling storm of blows, brutal, savage and murderous. No two men could keep up such a gait. They came into a clinch, but this time the Jam-wagon broke away, giving the deadly kidney blow as they parted. When time was called both men were panting hard, bruised and covered with blood.

How the house howled with delight! All the primordial brute in these men was glowing in their faces. Nothing but blood could appease it. Their throats were parched, their eyes wild.

Round six. Locasto sprang into the centre of the ring. His face was hideously disfigured. Only in that battered, blood-stained mask could I recognise the black eyes gleaming deadly hatred. Rushing for the Jam-wagon, he hurled him across the ring. Again charging, he overbore him to the floor, but failed to hold him.

Then in the Jam-wagon there awoke the ancient spirit of the Berserker. He cared no more for punishment. He was insensible to pain. He was the sea-pirate again, mad with the lust of battle. Like a fiend he tore himself loose, and went after his man, rushing him with a swift, battering hail of blows around the ring. Like a tiger he was, and the violent lunges of Locasto only infuriated him the more.

Now they were in a furious mix-up, and suddenly Locasto, seizing him savagely, tried to whip him smashing to the floor. Then the wonderful agility of the Englishman was displayed. In a distance of less than a two-foot drop he turned completely like a cat. Leaping up, he was free, and, getting a waist-hold with a Cornish heave, he bore Locasto to the floor. Quickly he changed to a crotch-lock, and, lastly, holding Locasto's legs, he brought him to a bridge and worked his weight up on his body.

Black Jack, with a mighty heave, broke away and again regained his feet. This seemed to enrage the Jam-wagon the more, for he tore after his man like a maddened bull. Getting a hold with incredible strength, he lifted him straight up in the air and hurled him to the ground with sickening force.

Locasto lay there. His eyes were closed. He did not move. Several rushed forward. "He's all right," said a medical-looking man, "just stunned. I guess you can call the fight over."

The Jam-wagon slowly put on his clothes. Once more, in the person of Locasto, he had successfully grappled with "Old Man Booze." He was badly bruised about the body, but not seriously hurt in any way. Shudderingly I looked down at Locasto's face, beaten to a pulp, his body livid from head to foot. And then, as they bore him off to the hospital, I realized I was revenged.

"Did you know that man Swinehart was charging a dollar for admission?" queried the Prodigal.

"No!"

"That's right. That darned little Jew netted nearly a thousand dollars."

CHAPTER VI

"Let me introduce you," said the Prodigal, "to my friend the 'Pote.'"

"Glad to meet you," said the Pote cheerfully, extending a damp hand. "Just

been having a dishwashing bee. Excuse my dishybeel."

He wore a pale-blue undershirt, white flannel trousers girt round the waist with a red silk handkerchief, very gaudy mocasin, and a rakish Panama hat with a band of chocolate and gold.

"Take a seat, won't you." Through his gold-rimmed spectacles his eyes shone benevolently as he indicated an easy-looking chair. I took it. It promptly collapsed under me.

"Ah, excuse me," he said; "you're not onto the combination of that chair. I'll fix it."

He performed some operation on it which made it less unstable, and I sat down gingerly.

I was in a little log-cabin on the hill overlooking the town. Through the bottle window the light came dimly. The walls showed the bark of logs and tufts of intersecting moss. In the corner was a bunk over which lay a bearskin robe, and on the little oblong stove a pot of beans was simmering.

The Pote finished his dish-washing and joined us, pulling on an old Tuxedo jacket.

"Whew! Glad that job's over. You know, I guess I'm fastidious, but I can't bear to use a plate for more than three meals without passing a wet rag over it. That's the worst of having refined ideas, they make life so complex. However, I mustn't complain. There's a monastic simplicity about this joint that endears it to me. And now, having immolated myself on the altar of cleanliness I will solace my soul with a little music."

He took down a banjo from the wall and, striking a few chords, began to sing. His songs seemed to be original, even improvisations, and he sang them with a certain quaintness and point that made them very piquant. I remember one of the choruses. It went like this:

"In the land of pale blue snow
Where it's ninety-nine below.

And the polar bears are dancing on
the plain,

In the shadow of the pole.

Oh, my Heart, my Life, my Soul,

I will meet thee when the ice-worms
nest again."

Every now and then he would pause to make some lively comment.

"You've never heard of the blue snow, Cheechako? The rabbits have blue fur, and the ptarmigan's feathers are a bright azure. You've never had an ice-worm cocktail? We must remedy that. Great dope. Nothing like ice-worm oil for salads. Oh, I forgot, didn't give you my card."

I took it. It was engraved thus:

OLLIE GABOODLER.
Poetic Expert.

Turning it over, I read:

Graduate of the University of Hard
Knocks.
All kinds of verse made to order with
efficiency and dispatch.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money
returned.
A trial solicited.
In Memoriam Odes a specialty.
Ballads Rondeaux and Sonnets at modest
prices.
Try our lines of Love Lyrics.
Leave orders at the Comet Saloon.

I stared at him curiously. He was smoking a cigarette and watching me with shrewd, observant eyes. He was a blond, blue-eyed, cherubic youth, with a whimsical mouth that seemed to alternate between seriousness and fun.

He laughed merrily at my look of dismay.

"Oh, you think it's a joke, but it's not. I've been a 'ghost' ever since I could push a pen. You know Will Wilderbush, the famous novelist? Well, Bill died six years ago from over-assiduous cultivation of John Barleycorn, and they hushed it up. But every year there's a new novel comes from his pen. It's 'ghosts.' I was Bill, number three. Isn't it a joke?"

I expressed my surprise.

"Yes, it's a great joke this book-faking. Wouldn't Thackeray have lambasted the best sellers? A fancy picture of a girl on the cover, something doing all the time, and a happy ending—that's a recipe for a best seller. Or else be as voluptuous as velvet. Wait till my novel, "Three Minutes," comes out. Order in advance."

"Indeed I will," I said.

He suddenly became grave.

"If I only could take the literary game seriously I might make good. But I'm too much of a 'farceur.' Well, one day we'll see. Maybe the North will inspire me. Maybe I'll yet become the Spokesman of the Frozen Silence, the Avator of the Great White Land."

He strutted up and down, inflating his chest.

"Have you framed up any dope lately?" asked the Prodigal.

"Why, yes; only this morning, while I was eating my beans and bacon, I dashed off a few lines. I always write best when I'm eating. Want to hear them?"

He drew from his pocket an old envelope.

"They were written to the order of Stillwater Willie. He wants to present them to one of the LaBelle Sisters. You know—that fat lymphatic blonde, Birdie LaBelle. It is short and sweet. He wants to have it engraved on a gold-backed hand-mirror he's giving her.

"I see within my true love's eyes
The wide blue spaces of the skies;
I see within my true love's face
The rose and lily vie in grace;
I hear within my true love's voice
The songsters of the Spring rejoice.
Oh, why need I seek Nature's
 charms—
I hold my true love in my arms."

"How'll that hit her. There's such a lot of natural beauty about Birdie."

"Do you get much work?" I asked.

"No, it's dull. Poetry's rather a drug on the market up here. It's just a sideline. For a living I clean shoes at the 'Eclight' Barbershop—I, who have lingered on the sunny slopes of Parnassus, and quenched my soul-thirst at the Heliconian spring—gents' tans a specialty."

"Did you ever publish a book?" I asked.

"Sure! Did you never read my 'Rhymes of a Rustler'?" One reviewer would say I was the clear dope, the genuine eighteen-carat, jewelled-movement article; the next would aver I was the rank-est dub that ever came down the pike. They said I'd imitated people, people I'd

never read, people I'd never heard of, people I never dreamt of existed. I was accused of imitating over twenty different writers. Then the pedants got after me, said I didn't conform to academic formulas, advised me to steep myself in tradition. They talked about form, about classic style and so on. As if it matters so long as you get down the thing itself so that folks can see it, and feel it go right home to their hearts. I can write in all the artificial verse forms, but they're mouldy with age, back numbers. Forget them. Quit studying that old Greek dope; study life, modern life, palpitating with color, crying for expression, Life! Life! The sunshine of it was in my heart, and I just naturally tried to be its singer."

"I say," said the Prodigal from the bunk where he was lounging, in a haze of cigarette smoke, "read us that thing you did the other day, 'The Last Supper.'"

The Pote's eyes twinkled with pleasure.

"All right," he said. Then, in a clear voice, he repeated the following lines:

"THE LAST SUPPER."

Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips,
And the mouth so mocking gay;
A wanton you to the finger tips,
That break men's hearts in play;
A thing of dust I have striven for,
Honor and Manhood given for,
Headlong for ruin driven for—
And this is the last, you say:
*Drinking your wine with dainty sips,
Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips.*

Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips,
Long have you held your sway;
I have laughed at your merry quips,
Now is my time to pay.
What we sow we must reap again;
When we laugh we must weep again:
So to-night we will sleep again,
Nor wake till the Judgment Lay.

*'Tis a prison wine that your palate sips,
Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips.*

Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips,
Down on your knees and pray;
Pray your last ere the moment slips,
Pray ere the dark and the terror grips,
And the bright world fades away:

Pray for the good unguessed of us,
Pray for the peace and rest of us.
Here comes the Shape in quest of us,
Now must we go away—

*You and I in the grave's eclipse,
Marie Vaux of the Painted Lips.*

Just as he finished there came a knock at the door, and a short, fat, heavy-jowled young man entered. He had the broad smiling face of a comedian, and the bulgy forehead of a Baptist missionary. The "Pote" introduced him to me.

"The Yukon Yorick."

"Hello," chuckled the newcomer, how's the bunch? Don't let me stam-pede you. How d'ye do, Horace! Glad to meet you." (He called everybody Horace.) "Just come away from a meeting of my creditors. What's that? Have a slab of booze? Hardly that, old fellow, hardly that. Don't tempt me, Horace, don't tempt me. Remember I'm only a poor working-girl."

He seemed brimming over with jovial acceptance of life in all its phases. He lit a cigar.

"Say, boys, you know old Dingbats the Supervisor. Ha, yes. Well, met him on Front Street just now. Says I: 'Supervisor, that was a pretty nifty spiel you gave us on morality last night at the Church Social. He looked at me all tickled up the spine. Ha, yes. He was pleased as Punch. 'Say, Supervisor,' I says, 'I'm on, but I won't give you away. I've got a book in my room with every word of that speech in it.' He looked flabbergasted. So I have—ha, yes, the dictionary."

He rolled his cigar unctuously in his mouth, with many chuckles and a histrionic eye.

"No, don't tempt me, Horace. Remember, I'm only a poor working-girl. Thanks, I'll just sit down on this soap-box. Knew a man once, Jobcroft was his name, Charles Alfred Jobcroft, sat down on a custard pie at a pink tea; was so embarrassed he wouldn't get up. Just sat on till everybody else was gone. Every one was wondering why he wouldn't budge: just sat tight."

"I guess he *cussed hard*," ventured the Prodigal.

"Oh, Horace, spare me that! Remember, I'm only a poor working-girl. Hard-

ly that, old fellow. Say, hit me with a slab of booze quick. Make things sparkle, boys, make things sparkle."

He drank urbanely of the diluted alcohol that passed for whisky.

"Hit me easy, boys, hit me easy," he said, as they refilled his glass. "I can't hold my hooch so well as I could a few summers ago—and many hard Falls. Talking about holding your 'hooch,' the best I ever saw was a man called Podstreak, Arthur Frederick Podstreak. You couldn't get that man going. The way he could lap up the booze was a caution. He would drink one bunch of boys under the table, then leave them and go on to another. He would start in early in the morning and keep on going till the last thing at night. And he never got hilarious even; it didn't seem to phase him; he was as sober after the twentieth drink as when he started. Gee! but he was a wonder."

The others nodded their heads appreciatively.

"He was a fine, healthy-looking chap, too; the booze didn't seem to hurt him. Never saw such a constitution. I often watched him, for I suspected him of 'sluffing' but no! He always had a bigger drink than every one else, always drank whisky, always drank it neat, and always had a chaser of water after. I said to myself: 'What's your system?' and I got to studying him hard: Then, one day, I found him out."

"What was it?"

"Well, one day I noticed something. I noticed he always held his glass in a particular way when he drank, and at the same time he pressed his stomach in the region of the 'solar plexus.' So that night I took him aside.

"Look here, Jobstreak," I said, "I'm next to you." I really wasn't but the bluff worked. He grew white.

"For God's sake, don't give me away," he said; the boys'll lynch me."

"All right, I said; 'if you'll promise to quit.'

"Then he made a full confession, and showed me how he did it. He had an elastic rubber bag under his shirt, and a tube goin' up his arm and down his sleeve, ending in a white nozzle inside his cuff. When he went to empty his glass of whisky he simply pressed some air out of

the rubber bag, put the nozzle in the glass, and let it suck up all the whisky. At night he used to empty all the liquor out of the bag and sell it to a saloon-keeper. Oh, he was a phoney piece of work.

"I've been a total abstainer (in private) for seven years," he told me. "Yes," I said, "and you'll become one in public for another seven." And he did."

Several men had dropped in to swell this Bohemian circle. Some had brought bottles. There was a painter who had been "hung," a Mus. Bac., an ex-champion amateur pugilist, a silver-tongued orator, a man who had "suped" for Mansfield, and half a dozen others. The little cabin was crowded, the air hazy with smoke, the conversation animated. But mostly it was a monologue by the inimitable Yorick. He was a soloist in the key of "I."

Suddenly the conversation turned to the immorality of the town.

"Now, I have a theory," said the "Pote," "that the regeneration of Dawson is at hand. You know Good is the daughter of Evil, Virtue the offspring of Vice. You know how virtuous a man feels after a jag. You've got to sin to feel really good. Consequently, Sin must be good to be the means of good, to be the raw material of good, to be virtue in the making, mustn't it? The dance-halls are a good foil to the gospel-halls. If we were all virtuous, there would be no virtue in virtue, and if we were all bad no one would be bad. And because there's so much bad in this old burg of ours, it makes the good seem unnaturally good."

The Pote had the floor.

"A friend of mine had a beautiful pond of water-lillies. They painted the water exultantly and were a triumphant challenge to the soul. Folks came from far and near to see them. Then, one winter, my friend thought he would clean out his pond, so he had all the nasty, slimy mud scraped away till you could see the silver gravel glimmering on the bottom. But the lilies, with all their haunting loveliness, never came back."

"Well, what are you driving at, you old dreamer?"

"Oh, just this, in the nasty mud and slime of Dawson I saw a lily-girl. She lives in a cabin by the slide along with a Jewish couple. I only caught a glimpse of her twice. They are unspeakable, but

she is fair and sweet and pure. I would stake my life on her goodness. She looks like a young Madonna——"

He was interrupted by a shout of cynical laughter.

"Oh, get off your foot! A Madonna in Dawson—Ra! Ra!"

He shut up abashed, but I had my clue. I waited until the last noisy roisterer had gone.

"In the cabin by the slide?" I asked.

He started, looked at me searchingly: "You know her?"

"She means a good deal to me."

"Oh, I understand. Yes, that long, queer cabin highest up the hill."

"Thanks, old chap."

"All right, good luck." He accompanied me to the door, staring at the marvel of the glamorous northern midnight.

"Oh, for a medium to express it all! Your pedantic poetry isn't big enough; prose isn't big enough. What we want is something between the two, something that will interpret life, and stir the great heart of the people. Good-night."

CHAPTER VII

Very softly I approached the cabin, for a fear of encountering her guardians was in my heart. It was in rather a lonely place, perched at the base of that vast mountain abrasion they call the Slide, a long, low cabin, quiet and dark, and surrounded by rugged boulders. Carefully I reconnoitered, and soon, to my infinite joy, I saw the Jewish couple come forth and make their way toward. The girl was alone.

How madly beat my heart! It was a glooming kind of a night, and the cabin looked woefully bleak and solitary. No light came through the windows, no sound through the moss-chinked walls. I drew near.

Why this wild commotion of my being? What was it? Anxiety, joy, fear? I was poised on the pinnacle of hope that overhangs the abyss of despair. Fearfully I paused. My whole spiritual nature contracted to a knot of terror. I was racked with suspense, conscious of a longing so poignant that the thought of disappointment became insufferable pain. So violent was my emotion that a feeling almost of nausea overcame me.

I knew now that I cared for this girl more than I had ever thought to care for woman. I knew that she was dearer to me than all the world else; I knew that my love for her would live as long as life is long.

I knocked at the door. No answer.

"Berna," I cried in a faltering whisper.

Came the reply: "Who is there?"

"Love, love, dear; love is waiting."

Then, at my words, the door was opened, and the girl was before me. I think she had been lying down, for her soft hair was a little ruffled, but her eyes were far too bright for sleep. She stood gazing at me, and a little fluttering hand went up to her heart as if to still its beating.

"Oh, my dear, I knew you were coming."

A great radiance of joy seemed to descend on her.

"You knew?"

"I knew, yes, I knew. Something told me you were come at last. And I've waited—how I've waited! I've dreamed, but it's not a dream now, is it, dear; it's you?"

"Yes, it's me. I've tried so hard to find you. O my dear, my dear!"

I seized the sweet, soft hand and covered it with kisses. At that moment I could have kissed the shadow of that little hand; I could have fallen before her in speechless adoration; I could have made my heart a footstool for her feet; I could have given her, O, so gladly, my paltry life to save her from a moment's sorrow—I loved her so, I loved her so!

"High and low I've sought you, beloved. Morning, noon and night you've been in my brain, my heart, my soul. I've loved you every moment of my life. It's been desire feeding despair, and, O, the agony of it. Thank God, I've found you dear! thank God! thank God!"

O Love, look down on us and choir your harmonies! Transported was I, speaking with whirling words of sweetest madness, tremulous, uplifting with rapture, scarce conscious of my wild, impassioned metaphors. It was she, most precious of all creation; she, my beloved. And there, in the doorway, she poised, white as a lily, lustrous-eyed, and with hair soft as sunlit foam. O Divinity of Love, look down on us thy children; fold us in thy dove-soft wings; illumine us in thy white radiance;

touch us with thy celestial hands. Bless us, Love!

How vastly alight were the grey eyes! How ineffably tender the sweet lips! A faint glow had come into her cheeks.

"O, it's you, really, really you at last," she cried again, and there was a tremor, the surface ripple of a sob in that clear voice. She fetched a deep sigh; "And I thought I'd lost you forever. Wait a moment. I'll come out."

Endlessly long the moment seemed, yet wondrously irradiate. The shadow had lifted from the world; the skies were alight with gladness; my heart was heaven-aspiring in its ecstasy. Then, at last, she came.

She had thrown a shawl around her shoulders, and coaxed her hair into charming waves and ripples.

"Come, let us go up the trail a little distance. They won't be back for nearly an hour."

She led the way along that narrow path, looking over her shoulder with a glorious smile, sometimes extending her hand back to me as one would with a child.

Along the brow of the bluff the way wound dizzily, while far below the river swept in a giant eddy. For a long time we spoke no word. 'Twas as if our hearts were too full for utterance, our happiness too vast for expression. Yet, O, the sweetness of that silence. The darkling gloom had silvered into lustrous light, the birds were beginning again their mad midnight melodies. Then, suddenly turning a bend in the narrow trail, a blaze of glory leapt upon our sight.

"Look, Berna," I cried.

The swelling river was a lake of saffron fire; the hills a throne of rosy garnet; the sky a dazzling panoply of rubies, girdled with flames of gold. We almost cringed, so gorgeous was its glow, so fierce its splendour.

Then, when we had seated ourselves on the hillside, facing the conflagration, she turned to me.

"And so you found me, dear. I knew you would, somehow. In my heart I knew you would not fail me. So I waited and waited. The time seemed pitilessly long. I only thought of you once, and that was always. It was cruel we left so suddenly, not even time to say good-bye. I can't tell you how bad I felt about it,

but I could not help myself. They dragged me away. They began to be afraid of you, and he bade them leave at once. So in the early morning we started."

"I see, I see." I looked into the pools of her eyes; I sheathed her white hands in my brown ones, thrilling greatly at the contact of them.

"Tell me about it, child. Has he bothered you?"

"Oh, not so much. He thinks he has me safe enough, trapped, awaiting his pleasure. But he's taken up with some woman of the town just now. By and bye he'll turn his attention to me."

"Terrible! Terrible! Berna, you wring my heart. How can you talk of such things in that matter-of-fact way—it maddens me."

An odd, hard look ridged the corners of her mouth.

"I don't know. Sometimes I'm surprised at myself how philosophical I'm getting."

"But, Berna, surely nothing in this world would ever make you yield? O, it's horrible! horrible!"

She leaned to me tenderly. She put my arms around her neck; she looked at me till I saw my face mirrored in her eyes.

"Nothing in the world, dear, so long as I have you to love me and help me. If ever you fail me, well, then it wouldn't matter much what became of me."

"Even then," I said, "it would be too awful for words. I would rather drag your body from that river than see you yield to him. He's a monster. His very touch is profanation. He could not look on the Virgin Mary without cynical lust in his heart."

"I know, my boy, I know. Believe me and trust me. I would rather throw myself from the bluff here than let him put a hand on me. And so long as I have your love, dear, I'm safe enough. Don't fear. O, it's been terrible not seeing you. I've craved for you ceaselessly. I've never been out, since we came here. They wouldn't let me. They kept in themselves. He bade them. He has them both under his thumb. But now, for some reason, he has relaxed. They're going to open a restaurant down town, and I'm to wait on table."

"No, you're not!" I cried, "not if I have anything to say in the matter. Berna, I can't bear to think of you in that garbage-heap of corruption down there. You must marry me—now."

"Now," she echoed, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Yes, right away, dear. There's nothing to prevent us. O, Berna, I love you, I want you, I need you. I'm just distracted, dear. I never know a moment's peace. I cannot take an interest in anything. When I speak to others I'm thinking of you, you all the time. O, I can't bear it, dearest; have pity on me: marry me now."

In an agony of suspense I waited for her answer. For a long time she sat there, thoughtful and quiet, her eyes cast down. At last she raised them to me.

"You said one year."

"Yes, but I was sorry afterwards. I want you now. I can't wait."

She looked at me gravely. Her voice was very soft, very tender.

"I think it better we should wait, dear. This is a blind, sudden desire on your part. I mustn't take advantage of it. You pity me, fear for me, and you have known so few other girls. It's generosity, chivalry, not love for poor little me. O, we mustn't, we mustn't. And then—you might change."

"Change! I'll never, never change," I pleaded. "I'll always be yours, absolutely, wholly yours, little girl; body and soul, to make or to mar, for ever and ever and ever."

"Well, it seems so sudden, so burning, so intense, your love, dear. I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Maybe it's not the kind that lasts. Maybe you'll tire. I'm not worth it, dear, indeed, I'm not. I'm only a poor ignorant girl. If there were others near, you would never think of me."

"Berna," I said, "if you were among a thousand, and they were the most adorable in all the world, I would pass over them all and turn with joy and gratitude to you. Then, if I were an Emperor on a throne, and you the humblest in all that throng, I would raise you up beside me on the throne and call you 'Queen.'"

"Ah, no," she said sadly, "you were wise once. I saw it afterwards. Better wait one year."

"Oh, my dearest," I reproached her, "once you offered yourself to me under any conditions. Why have you changed?"

"I don't know. I'm bitterly ashamed of that. Never speak of it again."

She went on very quietly, full of gentle patience.

"You know, I've been thinking a great deal since then. In the long, long days and longer nights, when I waited here in misery, hoping always you would come to me, I had time to reflect, to weigh your words. I remember them all: 'love that means life and death, that great dazzling light, that passion that would raise to heaven or drag to hell.' You have awakened the woman in me; I must have a love like that."

"You have, my precious; you have, indeed."

"Well, then, let me have time to test it. This is June. Next June, if you have not made up your mind you were foolish, blind, hasty, I will give myself to you with all the love in the world."

"Perhaps *you* will change."

She smiled a peculiar little smile.

"Never, never fear that. I will be waiting for you, longing for you, loving you more and more every day."

I was bitterly cast down, crestfallen, numbed with the blow of her refusal.

"Just now," she said, "I would only be a drag on you. I believe in you. I have faith in you. I want to see you go out and mix in the battle of life. I know you will win. For my sake, dear, win. I would handicap you just now. There are all kinds of chances. Let us wait, boy, just a year."

I saw the pathetic wisdom of her words.

"I know you fear something will happen to me. No! I think I will be quite safe. I can withstand him. After a while he will leave me alone. And if it should come to the worst I can call on you. You mustn't go too far away. I will die rather than let him lay a hand on me. Till next June, dear, not a day longer. We will both be the better for the wait."

I bowed my head. "Very well," I said huskily; "and what will I do in the meantime?"

"Do! Do what you would have done otherwise. Do not let a woman divert the current of your life; let her swim with

it. Go out on the creeks. Work. It will be better for you to go away. It will make it easier for me. Here we will both torture each other. I, too, will work and live quietly, and long for you. The time will pass quickly. You will come and see me sometimes?"

"Yes," I answered. My voice choked with emotion.

"Now we must go home," she said; "I'm afraid they will be back."

She rose and I followed her down the narrow trail. Once or twice she turned and gave me a bright, tender look. I worshipped her more than ever. Was there ever maid more sweet, more gentle, more quick with anxious love? "Bless her, O bless her," I sighed. "Whatever comes, may she be happy." I adored her, but a great sadness filled my heart, and never a word I spoke.

We reached the cabin, and on the threshold she paused. The others had not yet returned. Both hands she held out to me, and her eyes were glittering with tears.

"Be brave, my dearest; it's all for my sake—if you love me."

"I love you, my darling; anything for your sake. I'll go to-morrow."

"We're betrothed now, aren't we, dearest?"

"We're betrothed, my love."

She swayed to me and seemed to fit into my arms as a sword fits into its sheath. My lips lay on hers, and I kissed her with a passionate joy. She took my face between her hands and gazed at me long and earnestly.

"I love you, I love you," she murmured; "next June, my darling, next June."

Then she gently slipped away from me, and I was gazing blankly at the closed door.

"Next June," I heard a voice echo; and there looking at me with a smile, was Locasto.

CHAPTER VIII

It comes like a violent jar to be awakened so rudely from a trance of love, to turn suddenly from the one you care for most in all the world, and behold the one you have best reason to hate. Nevertheless, it is not in human nature to descend rocket-wise from the ethereal heights of love. I was still in an exalted state of mind when

I turned and confronted Locasto. Hate was far from my heart, and when I saw the man himself was regarding me with no particular unfriendliness, I was disposed to put aside for the moment all feelings of enmity. The generosity of the victor glowed within me.

As he advanced to me his manner was almost urbane in its geniality.

"You must forgive me," he said, not without dignity, "for overhearing you; but by chance I was passing and dropped upon you before I realized it."

He extended his hand frankly.

"I trust my congratulations on your good luck will not be entirely obnoxious. I know that my conduct in this affair cannot have impressed you in a very favorable light; but I am a badly beaten man. Can't you be generous and let by-gones be by-gones? Won't you?"

I had not yet come down to earth. I was still soaring in the rarefied heights of love, and inclined to a general amnesty towards my enemies.

As he stood there, quiet and compelling, there was an assumption of frankness and honesty about this man that it was hard to withstand. For the nonce I was persuaded of his sincerity, and weakly I surrendered my hand. His grip made me wince.

"Yes, again I congratulate you. I know and admire her. They don't make them any better. She's pure gold. She's a little queen, and the man she cares for ought to be proud and happy. Now, I'm a man of the world, I'm cynical about woman as a rule. I respect my mother and my sisters—beyond that——" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"But this girl's different. I always felt in her presence as I used to feel twenty-five years ago when I was a young man with all my ideals untarnished, my heart pure, and woman holy in my sight."

He sighed.

"You know, young man, I've never told it to a soul before, but I'd give all I'm worth—a clear million—to have those days back. I've never been happy since."

He drew back quickly from the verge of sentiment.

"Well, young man, you mustn't mind me taking an interest in your sweetheart.

I'm old enough to be her father, you know, and she touches me strangely. Now, don't distrust me. I want to be a friend to you both. I want to help you to be happy. Jack Locasto's not such a bad lot, as you'll find when you know me. Is there anything I can do for you? What are you going to do in this country?"

"I don't quite know yet," I said. "I hope to stake a good claim when the chance comes. Meantime I'm going to get work on the creeks."

"You are?" he said thoughtfully; "do you know anyone?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you what: I've got laymen working on my Eldorado claim; I'll give you a note to them if you like."

I thanked him.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'm sorry I played such a mean part in the past, and I'll do anything in my power to straighten things out. Believe me, I mean it. Your English friend gave me the worst drubbing of my life, but three days after I went round and shook hands with him. Fine fellow that. We opened a case of wine to celebrate the victory. Oh, we're good friends now. I always own up when I'm beaten, and I never bear ill-will. If I can help you in any way and hasten your marriage to that little girl there, well, you can just bank on Jack Locasto: that's all."

I must say the man could be most conciliating when he chose. There was a gravity in his manner, a suave courtesy in his tone, the heritage of his Spaniard forefathers, that convinced one almost in spite of their better judgment. No doubt he was magnetic, dominating, a master of men. I thought: there are two Locastos, the primordial one, the Indian, who had assaulted me; and the dignified genial one, the Spaniard, who was willing to own defeat and make amends. Why should I not take him as I found him?

So, as he talked entertainingly to me, my fears were dissipated, my suspicions lulled. And when we parted we shook hands cordially.

"Don't forget," he said; "if you want help bank on me. I mean it now, I mean it."

(To be continued.)

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES



THE BLACK PLAGUE

WHENEVER there is a great war, or an exciting event such as the siege of the anarchists in London, there are always enterprising photographers who will venture into most ticklish positions to obtain pictures of the event. Subsequently these pictures are reproduced in the various papers throughout the world.

But it is safe to say that very few pictures are being printed to-day that show the progress of the Black Plague in the East. Photographers are less intrepid when it comes to facing an enemy that cannot be seen, and that creeps into one's system, unfelt, until it seizes the very seat of life and chokes one to death. There are some pictures, to be sure. Some of these we reproduce from various papers that have been dealing with the subject. But on the whole the material is scanty, and it is doubtful, even if plenty of photographs were available, whether the average editor would be keen on handling anything that might have come from the plague districts of the world.

So keen has become the apprehension throughout Europe at the unprecedented development of the plague epidemic in the far East, says *Current Literature*, that French dailies discussed last month a project for international action against the advancing peril. The spectacular tour of the German Crown Prince was brought

to a sudden close in India, while the coming visit of King George to the greatest of all the British dependencies may be put off indefinitely. Many grim stories of the epidemic in Manchuria are related in the advices of the Paris Temps from Harbin. "Some of them are almost too terrible for repetition. Many seem less ghastly only because of the heroism they reveal on the part of Europeans fighting the scourge." Doctor Meunier, the distinguished Paris specialist, met his death while doing his utmost to stay the epidemic. Refugees from Chinese cities now in Harbin say that not only do the Chinese throw corpses into the street, but hurl plague patients yet alive out of the windows of the houses. One correspondent—that of the London Telegraph—affirms that in a two hours' walk through a Manchurian town he counted thirty-six bodies in the streets. "Pariah dogs and birds of prey gather over every center of population." It is not unusual to encounter an entire community peopled by the dead. In some instances wild beasts have left but the skeletons of the victims. Such are the incidents of a plague epidemic, which in China, we read in the London paper, has attained "horrible dimensions." It is said to have been brought from the north by native hunters.

Had not the Chinese officials, with characteristic listlessness, watched the epidemic

in its incipency, with no thought of therapeutic intervention, the scourge, says the *Temps*, might easily have been checked months ago. "The supply of medical men is not adequate to cope with an outbreak of such an extent as now threatens the celestial empire, and additional doctors were sent for as far away as St. Petersburg." The death rate at Harbin three weeks ago was two hundred a day, the French daily reports. "There are no proper means of disposing of the dead, and in many cases corpses are thrown by scores into the river, thus disseminating the evil." Traffic on railroads in northern China came to a standstill in consequence of such conditions. Voyagers between Siberia and the South are subject to rigid quarantine before being allowed to proceed to Daluy and Port Arthur. At Vladivostock the precautions of the Russian officials proved sufficiently stringent to hold the plague at bay, but in Peking several cases were notified to the diplomatic corps less than a month ago.

The spread of the epidemic in the Chinese capital was reported as "very slow" by the physician to the British legation last month. There is a possibility of exaggeration in reports from some parts of China, the *Paris Debats* hints. The weight of evidence, however, justifies the sensational inferences in London dailies. German authorities, as indicated in the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung*, take an alarmist view of the situation. Special precautions were put into effect at Kia Chau. It is deemed significant, too, that the Chinese Regent, who did not at first take the plague seriously, is at present exerting himself to stay its ravages. He has even decreed that any Chinese physician who may lose his life through the malady will be accorded posthumous honors and monetary rewards as if a state of war existed. The force of guards at the great wall was strengthened at the same time, the object being to halt the army of refugees from Manchuria. A spirited controversy seems to have divided the medical men from Europe who were sent to the scene from Russia while the Manchurians were perishing. The epidemic is of the most virulent pneumonic form, according to Doctor Christie, of the United Free Church of Scotland Mission, who is in the

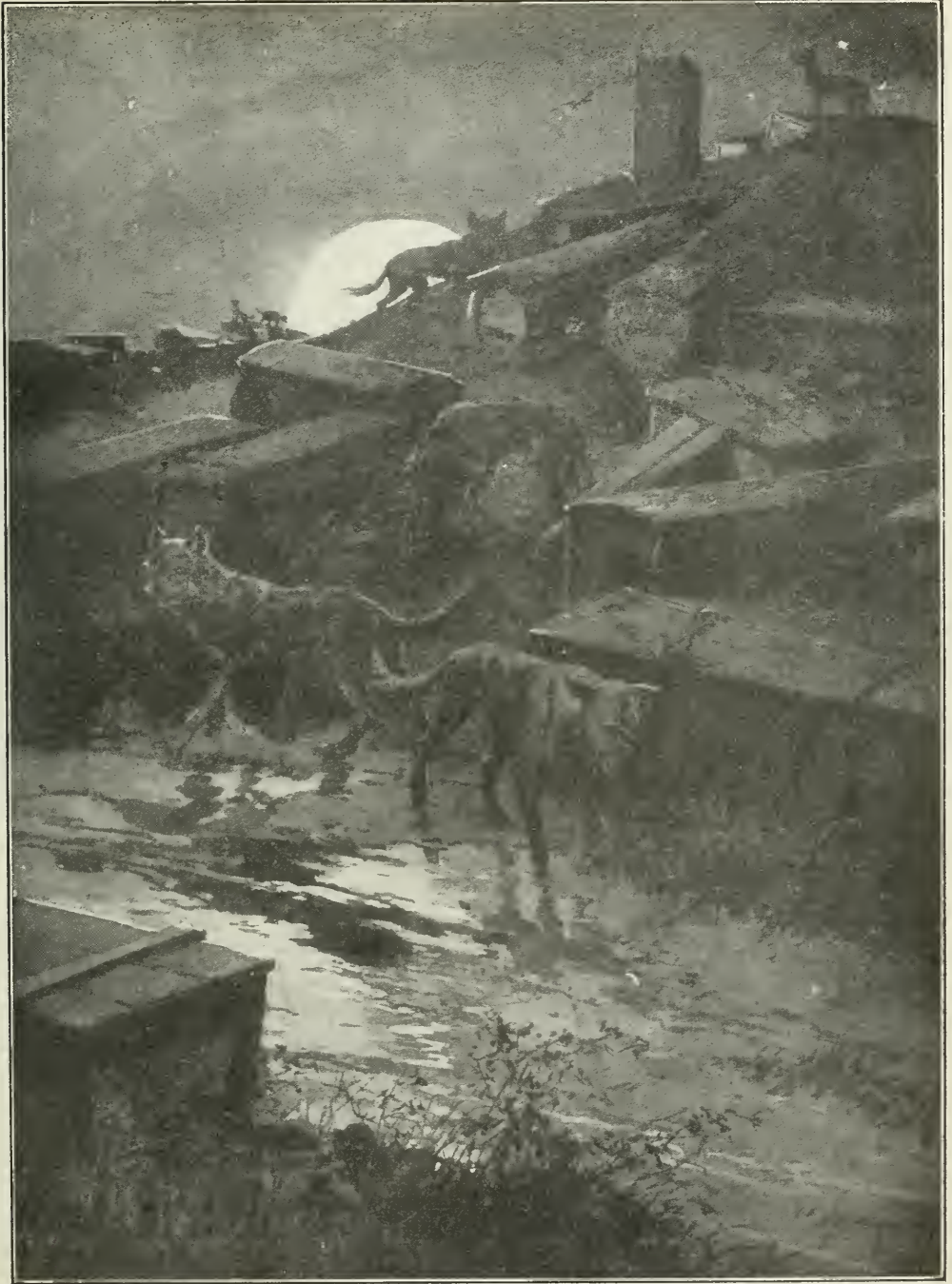
forefront of the fight at Mukden. The Russian authorities seem to have formed another idea of the subject. The low temperature of the region affected at this season seems to the Scotch expert favorable to the bacillus.

Then there is the following in the *London Magazine*, by E. S. Grew:

Not more than a stone's throw from the spot where the *London Magazine* is printed was a plague-pit in which the bodies of those who died from the Great Plague of London in 1666 were tumbled from carts at night. When the excavations were made near Aldwych the navvies found some of the old plague-pipes which the burial men used to smoke while at their dreadful task, throwing the pipes into the burial pits when they covered up the bodies.

But it is impossible (people hastily add, when summoning these recollections) that plague should ever revisit England. Its visitations belong to bygone centuries when the Black Death was a menace to Europe, devastating the ports and spreading from Genoa and Venice to the hill towns of Italy; and finding its way by water from Constantinople to London and Vienna and Amsterdam.

Is it impossible? Plague is not far away. Seven millions of people have died from it in India in the last fourteen years. Think of it. Plague has swept away the entire population of a Greater London from India since 1896, and—the plague never sleeps. It dies down and revives. It returns and returns. In one year, and that is only seven years ago (1904), plague killed more than a million people in India. It can be fought and the deaths reduced. Its devastation can be lessened. But fighting it is like fighting an underground fire. Its spread cannot be distinctly followed. While, above-ground and within sight, the plague is being fought, it may be in full blast beneath the earth, in the drains and sewers, in the unclean corners and hollows of walls and roofs and gullies of houses. In a word, while the human community is slowly recovering with a gasp from the epidemic which has swept it, plague is smouldering among rats of the city or the village and is gathering forces for a renewed onslaught on man.



THE BLACK PLAGUE: "THE OPEN CEMETERY OF THE CHINESE: COFFINS MERELY LAID ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE."

Throughout the greater part of China, says the *Teller*, from which this drawing is reproduced, it is the custom not to bury the dead, but to place them in their coffins on ground specially reserved for the purpose near the town or village. When night falls, these cemeteries take an even more gruesome aspect than they do during the day. There can be little doubt that such methods as these have helped the plague which is at present raging to attain its terrible dimensions.



THE BLACK PLAGUE: "THE FEAR OF THE DEADLY CONTAGION OF THE PLAGUE PORTRAYED BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER."

This painting, by the Hon. John Collier (entitled "The Plague") marks the distance we have travelled in matters of hygiene since the days of "the Black Death" and similar scourges. So deadly were some of these outbreaks that the least contact with a stricken person meant almost certain death to oneself.—*Sphere*.

"Remember," said one of the Plague Commissioners, appointed by the Indian Government, to the writer, "in considering the onset of plague, it is plague among rats that you must keep in view." It is plague among rats which causes plague among men. The occurrence of plague among rats in India is followed in a fortnight by human plague. As the deaths from plague rise higher and higher among the rats, so, almost as if they were traced by the same terrible finger, will the deaths among men and women and children rise higher and higher a week or a fortnight later. Plague is a rat disease. Man could avoid it with ease were it not for the rat. It is the association of rats with men which is the direct cause of epidemic plague.

One cannot too often repeat that assertion in its varying forms. Where plague

came from in the first instance it is impossible to say. It has existed as long as there are any historic records; and without doubt it is the disease among the Philistines mentioned in the First Book of Samuel. There are several great foci where it always exists. One is in China in the Unam province, another at the foot of the Himalayas, another is in Central Africa (Uganda), and yet another in Arabia; and why and how it perpetually maintains itself there is not clear. But it is clear how plague is maintained in India, and how it is spread. There are certain seasons of the year when plague is not very widespread among human beings. It is called the off-plague season, and falls towards the middle and end of summer. Even the non-epidemic season of plague in India would be alarming anywhere else. There are always human plague cases oc-

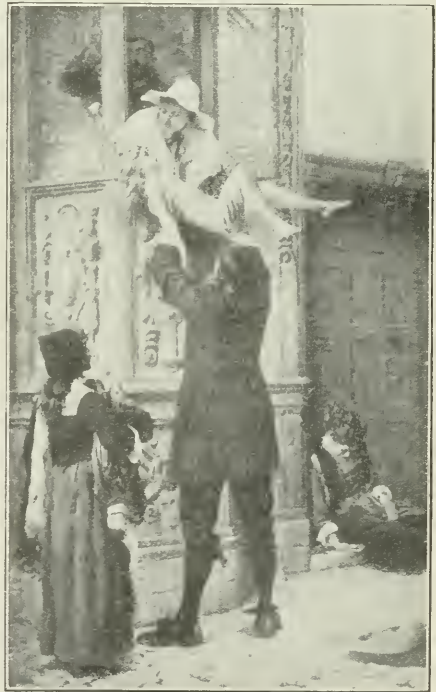
curring every week in some district or other. The smallest number recorded in one month in the Punjab is 129. Just as there is an off-plague season among human beings, so there is an off-plague season among rats. But there is this important distinction; while among human beings the number of cases falls so low that the plague epidemic may be said to have subsided, *there is always plague among rats*. It may fall in the hot weather because the conditions for infection become unfavorable. *But plague is always there*, awaiting the suitable moment when it may spread into renewed virulence from rat to rat and from rat to man. There can be no extermination of the plague without extermination of the rat.

Let us be quite clear on this point. People have a confused idea of how plague spreads. With pictures in their minds of Defoe's account of the Great Plague in London, they imagine whole families catching plague from one another. They see husbands shrinking away from wives, mothers from their children, when the dreaded plague-spots appear; they see the passer-by drawing away with a shudder from houses marked with a cross to show that plague is there; they hear the cry of the men with the carts at night: "Bring out your dead!"

That is no doubt what happened in London. But usually plague is not "catching" in that way. There is one form of plague which is contagious. It is the only really contagious form—plague-pneumonia. Plague-pneumonia is comparatively a rare disease. There was an undoubted case in England some eighteen months ago. The victim, who was a young and brilliant investigator in the cause of science, did not at first suspect the nature of his seizure. The onset begins with a high temperature and pains in the head, and so may be (and was) taken for influenza. But at an early stage in plague-pneumonia the germs of plague seize on the lungs. The patient becomes delirious; he is anxious to move about and it is difficult to restrain him. He coughs and spits incessantly, and the germs of plague are thus constantly distributed among those who are near him. In the case of which we are speaking, the patient was devotedly nursed by two of his colleagues; and to minimise the dan-

ger of contagion to themselves they wore masks of cotton-wool throughout the illness, and no one but themselves was allowed to approach the patient. He died, a martyr to science.

What is truly alarming at the present juncture is that the four cases of plague which resulted in the deaths of those affected at Freston, near Shotley, in Suffolk, during last year, were cases of plague-pneumonia. This disease is so infectious that a healthy person who, unprotected by a mask or other precaution, entered a room where a sufferer from plague-pneumonia was coughing or sneezing, would



THE BLACK PLAGUE: "LOWERING A CHILD FROM A PLAGUE-STRICKEN HOUSE."

In 1665. From the painting by F. W. W. Topham.—*Sphere*.

be liable to contract the disease — if merely a droplet of the patient's sputum fell on his face. The victims at Freston all died very quickly, and one undoubtedly contracted the disease from another. There have been during the last three years a mysterious number of pneumonia cases in the neighborhood. Some are now suspected to have been plague-pneumonia.

It seems likely from historical records that in the instance of the Great Plague

of London there was a good deal of plague-pneumonia (the scourge fell in the winter months), and consequently the affliction spread from person to person. People died like flies—or like rats. The mortality in plague-pneumonia is 95 per cent. Not one person in ten survives it.

But ordinarily plague requires a carrier. What are the carriers of plague? The carriers of plague are in the first place rats. But how do rats convey plague from one to another? Not, as was at first supposed, by contact with one another, or even by eating one another. Plague is conveyed from rat to rat by the rat flea. It is conveyed in the same way from rat to man. A rat has plague. Its body is infested with plague bacilli. In every drop of its blood there may be innumerable bacteria.

A flea bites the sick rat, and with the rat's blood swallows plague bacilli. If the rat has plague badly the flea may swallow as many as 5,000 plague bacilli. However slightly the rat has plague the flea will swallow some germs, and these germs will multiply in its stomach. The flea, when its victim dies, or before, hastens to other rats and inoculates them with the bacilli of plague—the bacilli finding their way in through the stab that the flea has made. When the rats are killed off by the disease, the flea, from hunger, takes to man—bites him, inoculates him, kills him with plague. It is a nasty subject, full of nasty details. It is not nastier than the rat.

Let us now consider the rat, which is the first cause of plague. There are many different kinds of rats, but we may divide them for convenience into field-rats and house-rats. This is not a very accurate division, because some field-rats enter houses, and some house-rats are occasionally found in the fields. It is the house-frequenting rats which are of prime importance so far as plague in man is concerned.

There are, in India, four kinds of rats which frequent houses, though two of them, familiarly known as bandicoots, the large bandicoot and the lesser bandicoot, do not appear to play an important part in spreading plague now. They almost disappeared from Bombay when plague was introduced there.

That leaves two other kinds of rats on which plague depends for its perpetuation. One is the sewer-rat. It is the well-known grey rat, the scientific name of which is *Mus decumanus*, and which has spread to all countries. It is the commonest rat in England, and is said to have been imported from Norway, and so is often called the Norwegian rat. It is also called the Hanoverian rat, and there is reason for believing that it came to England from Persia in 1727. Before its importation into England the commonest rat in this country was the black rat, sometimes called the Alexandrine rat (*Mus rattus*.) The big grey sewer-rat, stronger and fiercer, drove the black rat out; and it is sometimes said that the disappearance of plague in England coincided with the disappearance of the black rat. That is a very doubtful statement.

In the first place there is nothing to show that the disappearance of plague coincided with the diminution of the black rat, which must have been very gradual. In the second place, the black rat has not disappeared. Black rats occur in London warehouses, and are abundant in Great Yarmouth and other localities. In Liverpool they are increasing in number. In the third place, plague occurs among sewer-rats as well as among black rats. Black rats spread plague among human beings to the greater extent because of their habits.

The grey Norwegian rat, or sewer-rat, despite his strength and fierceness and a certain power of survival which has enabled it to spread all over the world so that it is now a pest in Australia, where it has travelled up country by way of the rivers and streams, and is growing to an enormous size as well as greatly increasing in numbers; this rat is, nevertheless, shy and timid of manner. It shuns the society of man, but lives on the garbage he leaves. It lives chiefly in burrows and drains constructed for the most part outside human habitations, but it enters houses for food. It is a dirty rat, with greyish or brownish fur and a hairy tail.

The black rat is easily distinguished from the sewer-rat by its long tail and its large ears. It is a neat, clean-living creature; and in India one can call it a very domesticated animal, for it is constantly associated with man, as represented by the



THE BLACK PLAGUE: "MASKED THAT THEY MAY NOT BREATHE-IN BACILLI: RAILWAY OFFICIALS IN A PLAGUE-RIDDEN DISTRICT."

"Naturally enough, many precautions are now being taken to prevent the spread of the plague. For instance, the regulations imposed on the Japanese post-offices in Manchuria provide for the fumigation of mail-bags, and so on, with formalin vapor, to which they are exposed for somewhere about an hour at a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit; heat, it is said, being the only disinfectant that can be relied upon in the case of the pneumonic plague bacillus. Doctors, railway officials, sanitary officials indeed, those whose duties call them to work in the affected areas—take every precaution possible; witness these railway officials who, like members of the sanitary service, wear white, shroud-like garments, and have their faces covered with veils soaked in iodoform."—*The Tatler*.

Indian native. The native does not much mind the rat. In one dwelling which was investigated by the Plague Commissioners, and which was about the size of a large bathing-machine, more than three hundred black rats were found.

The black rat lives and breeds in such dwellings; in the mud walls; among the roof-beams and in the hollow roof; in cupboards, beneath boxes, or among any sort of lumber. It finds in the squalid native villages ideal conditions for existence. Thus intimately associated with man, it readily finds shelter on ships and trains among the materials placed on board for transport.

Some figures are available respecting the comparative populations of the sewer-rats and the black rats. In the whole Bombay district there are probably three sewer-rats to every seven house-rats. The proportions, of course, are not the same in the Punjab villages, where there are more rats than people, but where all the rats are black rats. A Punjab village may be looked on as being honey-combed with rat-burrows, which ramify in all directions. But every habit of the native encourages the rat.

A white man, finding rats in his bungalow, would quickly make up his mind that he would not have rats there; he would take the most vigorous steps to exterminate them. Not so the native. The native suffers the presence of the rat even as he encourages the presence of goats and fowls in his living-room. The rat, encouraged by this indifference of the other domestic animals, repays his host by furnishing him with a supply of the germs of the plague.

In India the proportion of white people who are infected with plague is small. That is, of course, because from their habits, and because of the condition of their houses, they are not often brought within the influence of plague. The white people recover from plague better than the natives. That must not be taken to imply that the white man is less susceptible to plague than the Asiatic. His recovery is due partly to better nursing and partly to the fact that he has not the feeling of despairing fatality of the native. The sick Asiatic seldom makes a fight for life.

Let us now consider the transference of plague from the rat to man, for the bacilli of plague exist in the first place inside the rat, and there must be some means by which man is inoculated with them. Some agent is necessitated. After much patient investigation and experiment, the rat-flea has been proved to play this part. Most people know very little about fleas, and in England especially, polite persons do not even care to mention them save with bated breath. But as Captain Glen Liston, of the Plague Commission, observes, the subject of infection cannot be made clear without saying a word or two on the habits of fleas. There are some six kinds of fleas which have been found on rats.

Now fleas are parasites; and like parasites, they have preferences. Some fleas will bite one kind of animal only. The human flea (*Pulex irritans*), for example, is seldom found on any other animal than man. Then there is a rat-flea found in some parts of Europe (and called *Typhlopsylla musculi*) which will hardly bite anything but a rat. As a matter of fact this is a very reassuring circumstance about this flea because it has been distinctly shown to be a flea which can and does transfer plague from rat to rat. This rat-flea, though common enough in rats in some parts of Europe, is not the commonest of the European rat-fleas. That distinction is held by *Ceratophyllus fasciatus*. The one redeeming feature about this flea is that it does not readily bite man. It will bite him, however, when starved for two or three days.

The last of the fleas, *Pulex cheopis*, is the flea which is found on the plague rats of India. This flea has been proved without the vestige of a doubt to be a carrier of plague from rat to rat and from rat to man. It prefers the rat, but it will readily bite man. A human arm plunged into a laboratory jar where these fleas are preserved becomes at once attacked by them.

The varying appetite of the rat-fleas in different parts of the world for human blood may be an important factor in the prevalence of plague among human beings. But the foundations of security are rather slender when they seem to depend on such a slightly varying cause.

A flea which has fully gorged itself on the blood of a plague-infected rat does not entirely rid itself of the plague bacilli

which it has swallowed for nearly three weeks. If in that time it does not find a rat to feed on it will certainly be hungry enough to feed on anything. The *Pulex cheopis*, which does not live in England, bites man readily. The *Ceratophyllus fasciatus*, which does live in England, is not eager to bite man. But it has been shown that it will take to man in Australia, and therefore *it may become a carrier of plague*. It is not impossible for parasites to change their food habits under pressure of hunger. If there were a continuous rat plague in England as there is a continuous rat plague in India; and if under pressure of hunger the European rat-flea acquired the habit of feeding on human beings, then there would be a perpetual danger of small outbreaks of bubonic plague in all places where rats approached human habitations, whether in the slums of harbour towns and ports, or about farms and villages.

There is one other consideration to be mentioned. Rat-fleas are not great pedestrians. The rat-flea of India would regard thirty yards as rather a long journey. Its longer journeys are undertaken on the back of the rat. The rat is not itself much of a traveller, but at times rats are carried for long distances in trains and in ships, concealed among various articles of commerce, especially grain and rags. In this way the plague-infected flea may be transported from place to place with the rats. It is possible that fleas containing the germ of plague may thus have been carried to Suffolk by ships which pass Shotley Point on their way up the Stour or the Orwell. The numbers of rats in that neighborhood on both sides of the estuary are very great. It has been clearly shown that an epidemic of plague is either smouldering or raging among them. That being the case, there is no reason why the fleas which infest the rats should not find their way ultimately to the domestic animals and the ground game of neighboring Suffolk. An instance similar to this is now occurring in California, where plague is believed to be spreading or to have spread from San Francisco up country by means of the California rabbit or ground squirrel. The number of fleas on rats is very great; thirty is no uncommon number, and the numbers increase as the rat falls a prey to the disease. A hun-

dred fleas have been found on a plague rat. We have spoken of the transference of these fleas to other animals. Guinea-pigs placed in plague-houses have been found to attract as many as thirty-plague-infected fleas to themselves. The guinea-pigs died of plague. Wherever, then, the plague-rat exists the danger is ever-present that the disease may spread from the rat to other animals or to man.

In the security of his own home, where a rat is as seldom seen as a burglar, the Englishman is apt to imagine that such a thing as plague could never happen to *him*. Fenced about by sanitary authorities, protected by hygienic measures and restrictions, he cannot conceive that plague should ever again sweep London as it devastated the city two hundred years ago, and as it is devastating the towns and villages of India to-day. But he forgets that in the restaurants where he eats, or in the billiard-rooms where he has a quiet game of pool, rats are lurking beneath the flooring, or perhaps are peering at the diners from the skirting-boards. There is a justly celebrated restaurant in the Strand from which the rats have now been evicted. But a few years ago late customers would often be startled by seeing a rat scamper across the floor, and an hour after the doors had been closed the floor was black with rats. Two hundred rats have been taken by the ratcatchers as one night's bag. The rat population of underground London is as great as that of human beings above ground. What would happen if plague, brought from some of the black rats of the grain-ships, broke out among the London rats?

It would spread among them, especially in winter, till plague was within striking distance of every home in London that has drains. And if plague once thrust its head up from the sewers to some of the slums in East London, or South London—then a plague of Greater London might change the face of history.

Let us now consider what this means, or what it may mean. If by some series of disastrous coincidences plague were to spring up in half a dozen places at once among human beings; and if the disease were to assume that frightful pneumonia form *which has characterised the five ascertained cases of plague occurring in England during the last twelve months* then

there are few medical authorities in this country who could set a limit to the devastation which might ensue. We do not live in the times of the Great Plague of London, and probably our modern hygienic precautions would prevent

circumstances should not a disease so terribly infectious as pneumonic plague spread too?

But even if it were arrested before it had gone far, does anyone realize what an outbreak of plague, numbering thirty,



A LOWER-CLASS FAMILY IN CHINA



THE PUBLIC PLACE FOR THE POOR AND DYING, CANTON



AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY IN JAPAN

A Japanese girl before the Toothache Shrine, Japan.

the infection from sweeping the country like a furnace fire. But after all, in spite of all our science, epidemics of other diseases have spread, and do spread. Why in exceptional cir-

umstances should not a disease so terribly infectious as pneumonic plague spread too? Even a solitary case of plague has to be notified to all foreign Governments. A definite outbreak of patently infectious plague in the

London Docks would result in the placing of every ship from the Port of London in quarantine when it reached a foreign port. That would be merely the beginning; and if the epidemic assumed a grave aspect, the trade of the Port of London would be paralyzed.

We need not dwell on further possibili-

ties of horror if plague developed in England as it has in Asia.

While the rat lives it is a threat to the lives and health of human beings. We have enjoyed immunity so long that we refuse to believe in the possibility. But the possibility is always there; and the only chance of abolishing it is the abolition of the rat.



WHAT ABOUT ENGLAND'S ARMY?

CECILE BATTINE is a war-like gentleman, whose soul vibrates to the tread of armies. But he has little use for navies, and precious little use for the present government of England. In fact, he ascribes short-sightedness, ignorance and stupidity to the Administration. Writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, he argues that England should look more to her army and less to her navy. He writes informingly, and bitterly at times. The following condensation is an interesting comment on the European situation. He says:

By reason of its unique position on the Bosphorus, and by the prestige of its long reign as metropolis of the Eastern Roman Empire, Constantinople still maintains a reputation for political and strategical value which actual conditions of war and policy do not really confer. Even in the grip of a progressive and solvent military Power the shores of the Sea of Marmora would no longer possess the overwhelming importance popularly attributed to them as the key of the Near East. Disraeli, in one of his last speeches, declared that the key to India was in London, and this statement conveyed an important truth. Not localities, but the men who control them, fix the fate of nations.

The statesmen of Europe are well aware of its reduced importance from a military point of view, and even among the amateur parliamentary politicians of our own country it would now be impossible to work up the feverish excitement which impelled them to embark upon the Crimean War, and which nearly involved Britain in another war with Russia in 1878.

The Turkish army has been to a great

extent remodelled and reformed by the German instructors who have been lent to the Sultan under General von der Goltz, and it has on its muster-rolls half a million of hardy and fairly well-trained soldiers. The officers are, however, far below the general standard of European armies, and the administration and general resources for mobilising and concentrating the army on a war footing are known to be in a parlous condition. It is probable, however, that Turkey could in two months put nine army corps actually in the field; that is, an army of about 330,000 men. Bulgaria could move about 150,000, and Roumania nearly as many. The forces of the Balkan States are therefore by no means negligible, even in comparison with the great European armies of to-day, nor is it difficult to understand the pains which are taken to cultivate their alliance so as to be sure of, at any rate, an equilibrium of forces in the Near East in case the fate of western Europe once more hangs upon the event of war. An attack upon Egypt by Turkish troops overland would strain the resources of the British Empire if it was also menaced with invasion of the United Kingdom, but such action on the part of Turkey would only be possible if the safety of her dominions in Europe were guaranteed, a state of things not easy to arrange.

The motives which underlie the action of German diplomacy in the Balkans, and towards the Turkish Empire generally, are twofold. The German Government can never lose sight of the fact that the industrial population of the Empire is increasing with amazing rapidity. The rulers of Germany,

whose situations do not depend on an ephemeral majority in Parliament, are capable of looking far ahead. They have so far succeeded in satisfying the needs of the German proletariat, and although social and political discontent makes itself heard in Germany as elsewhere, it is well known by all intelligent Germans that the policy of the Empire has been remarkably successful in obtaining material advantages for the people, and that no other Government could probably have done better, or even as well. Nevertheless, the increase of population and the ascending standard of comfort in the great centres of industry, leave no doubt that fresh fields must be found in the near future for German enterprise and German industry, and probably fresh territory for the overflow of people when the resources of the Fatherland to support the millions of German toilers have been exploited to their utmost limit. In framing their policy towards Continental Europe, as well as towards the rest of the world, the rulers of Germany must ever keep this eventuality in their minds. The same necessity which brought the swarms of Teutonic settlers into the heart of Europe and to the shores of Britain fifteen centuries ago, may once again impel the most home-loving and least enterprising nation to embark on a career of foreign conquest and expansion. So far as that expansion can be done by peaceful methods it will probably be effected without bloodshed. There are already abundant examples of the progress of the German in peaceful penetration in Holland, in the Western provinces of Russia, in British Colonies, South America, and even on the territory of France itself. The Turkish Empire with its vast undeveloped territory certainly offers opportunities for the increase of German wealth, and for swelling the foreign trade by which the swarming inhabitants of Saxony and Westphalia can be kept busy and comparatively contented.

Turkey, however, infringes on German policy from a military standpoint, and we should remember that in Germany periods of peace are for the warlike machinery of the Empire merely periods of truce during which adequate preparations are made for the next war. Now if Germany alone, or with allies, finds herself at war with Britain, it becomes a very important ques-

tion for her whether the British Government can or cannot make any use of the 220,000 troops of the Indian Army, British and Native. These troops include the best-trained and equipped of our Empire, and are led by the ablest and most professional officers. If even fifty thousand of these troops could be used in Europe the balance of military power would be sensibly affected.

If the Turkish Empire were hostile to the Triple Alliance, and if the contending forces were approximately evenly matched in the Balkan Peninsula, the Indian contingent could be used to turn the scale in those provinces, or it might even be used west of Malta. Italy might not be sorry for an excuse to refrain from overt action, so long as the result of the war remained in doubt, and the threat of attack from Egypt and Malta might well suffice to keep her army corps south of the Alps. It is easy to forecast other purposes which the Indian Army might serve if a passage through Egypt were secure, and if the hostility of the Porte had not to be reckoned with. If, on the other hand, Turkey joined the Triple Alliance in a struggle with the Western Powers, even with Russia hostile to Germany, the situation would be entirely changed. In Persia, and in Egypt itself, the action of Turkish troops, assisted and advised by German staff officers, would seriously threaten the power of Britain in the East, and would effectually prevent her from making use of her magnificent Indian Army at the central and decisive point of the contest. It is, therefore, evident that whether peace is indefinitely postponed, or whether war overtakes Europe in the next decade, the relations of the Germans to the Turkish people and Government are of great and increasing importance. Finally, the German Empire is straining every nerve to foster and extend its commerce and fleet. Although the Sea of Marmora is certainly not now, if it ever was, the most important naval post between Gibraltar and Port Said, yet its retention by a friendly Power is not without importance. If Austria carries out her projected naval schemes, and if Italy remains true to the Triple Alliance, then, even in the eastern waters of the Mediterranean, the Central Powers may reasonably expect to hold their own, and the

friendship or hostility of Turkey in a struggle for naval supremacy may have considerably importance. British battle-ships will inevitably be attracted to the locality of decisive action, and Turkish ports are capable of providing excellent bases for destroyers, small swift cruisers, and for the weapons which the development of mechanical science seems likely to furnish in the future.

The recent negotiations for a Turkish loan have revealed the extent to which German influence has progressed in Turkish affairs. The Turkish army has received its reforms from German instructors; Turkey purchases German obsolete warships, and borrows the money to do so from German financiers on terms satisfactory to Berlin; Constantinople and other towns of the Empire swarm with German bankers, merchants, clerks, and with Hebrew adventurers of all sorts who claim to be German subjects. Wherever the combined armies of Germany and Austria can march without exposing their own capitals to attack, the overshadowing influence of German policy is felt, nor is any opportunity let slide of reaping the contingent advantages. It is not difficult to foresee that the military ascendancy of the combined Empires must ere long control the international affairs of western Europe, unless that superiority is successfully disputed in arms. German interests demand an opening for expanding trade. It is hardly to be hoped that the Jews of Germany will rally to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem and repopulate the plains of Palestine, but although the Turkish Empire contains no territory suitable for a German population to colonise as a community, yet it affords opportunities for the investment of capital, and for the employment of an army of Teutonic youths who might find it difficult or precarious to earn a good salary in the fatherland. Banks, railways, ships, and irrigation, with the accompanying trade, will open up the Turkish domains in the not distant future. It is not difficult to foresee that under the protection of the German and Austrian legions, the development of the Near East will be accomplished principally by German agents. The prospect does not at present cause uneasiness to the Turks. Of all the infidel States with which Islam is in contact, Germany and

Austria, for the time being at any rate, excite least distrust; while Britain, with its democratic enthusiasms, vacillating policy, and feeble army, inspires cordial dislike and suspicion. Young Turks, as might have been foreseen, have proved themselves remarkably like their predecessors in authority; they accept with philosophical resignation what cannot be mended; and are mainly concerned in trying to retain those provinces which have not yet been torn from the Sultan's rule. That schemes should be entertained by any party in Turkey of an offensive movement to drive the British out of Egypt, is an instructive sidelight on our prestige in the world, for many years have elapsed since the Turks contemplated the possibility of attacking even the feeblest of their neighbors.

When Admiral Mahan wrote his charming books on the might of Sea Power, the theory conveyed was greedily seized upon by the politicians and strategists of the House of Commons. "Our Navy must be supreme," they said. "That stands to reason," they added, as if not quite easy in their minds about the corollary of their policy, which has been to neglect the Land Forces of the Empire. Gradually these Forces have sunk into being a mere nucleus, a sort of gendarmerie, formidable indeed for Colonial wars, but ludicrously insufficient whether compared in numbers, organization, training, or leadership for a struggle with the Germans or the Russians on land. Not the least serious result of this policy in our country has been the gradual disappearance of men capable of leading armies under modern conditions. At any rate, the war in South Africa showed how few such men had risen above the rank of regimental officer.

Eloquence had not eliminated the influence of force from the affairs of men, and if we aspire to maintain a great Empire in the teeth of certain rivals and possible enemies we must be prepared to have recourse to it, and we must possess leaders as intelligent, brave, and devoted as the opposing Powers, or else we shall certainly succumb in any struggle which is forced upon us. In sharp contrast with the supine policy of loading our Navy with the sole responsibility for our national safety is the other policy, adopted by all

Imperial Powers on their ascent to supremacy, of maintaining Forces by Land and Sea (and now perhaps in the Air as well) which are symmetrical and in due proportion to one another. Every great State which has committed its safety to a Navy unsupported by proportional land power has been destroyed, and there is no reason to suppose Britain will be the exception. Indeed, we do not really think so ourselves, for we spend as much on Land Forces as any of the Military Empires, if the Indian forces are included, but so little is modern strategy and modern military science understood by our rulers and by their expert advisers that these forces are impotently scattered about the globe, and at no single point, not even in the counties around London, can the British Government place a modern army of respectable dimensions in the field.

Since 1896, when the Kaiser conveyed his useful warning to the British people by his Kruger telegram, it has been more or less recognized that the British Government has to face another military problem besides the defence of India. It is recognized that the waters which wash our naval bases, and even the estuary of the Thames itself, may not be safe from hostile warships. A great concentration of naval force round the coast of England has been the precaution adopted to meet the case. So far, however, no serious attempt has been made to bring the Land Forces up to the standard required by the

doctrine of Symmetry and Proportion, though Germany and Japan are daily giving us object lessons of the truth of its application. Parliament, it is true, repeatedly reforms the Army, and great politicians continue to earn fame by "clear thinking" and "scientific" treatment of the subject. No one, however, out of England is deluded by these sham reforms. The four or five weak divisions at the disposal of the War Office, insufficiently horsed and led by commanders who, in the majority of cases, are notoriously innocent of modern military science, do not command the confidence either of the Belgians or Turks. Whether the passage of the Meuse or the passage of the Dardanelles, the fate of Holland, or the sovereignty of Crete is next in dispute, it will not be sufficient to support our allies merely by Naval Power. To keep the peace, and to keep our allies, which is the same thing, we must have adequate Land Forces. No strategist out of London would dream of disputing this statement, and our own diplomats must constantly have felt the force of it during the last ten years.

In our present situation a cautious, modest and consistent foreign policy is essential. Such orgies of national excitement as the anti-Austrian crusade, which has possibly doubled the forces of our enemy in the next war, are especially to be avoided, and no time should be lost in raising the Land Forces required by the general situation.



A WONDERFUL THEATRE'S WONDERFUL STAGE.

HOW often, says Wendell Phillips Dodge, in the *Technical World Magazine*, have we stood by, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, at the sight of a big locomotive being turned around on a turn-table platform near the round-house in a railroad yard, feeling a sense of intimacy at being behind the scenes, as it were, in the theatre of the four-tracked drama? And how simply this engine-turning was done.

It is not surprising, then, that with so many railroad men among the directors of

the New Theatre, New York, during the building of which were being constructed two of the greatest railroad terminals in the world in New York, that the turn-table idea should be taken into consideration for the stage of this up-to-date play-house. True, the New Theatre is not the first to have a turn-table stage, there being one or two theatres in Germany with this form of stage. In fact, according to Claude L. Hagen, who invented the device at the New Theatre, and who was the technical director at the Central Park West

playhouse when it opened, the first revolving stage was in use during the sixteenth century by the Japanese. But, the revolving stage at the New Theatre is probably the most intricate and yet, in its operation, the most simple device of its kind in the world.

When "Strife," the capital and labor play, was produced at the New Theatre a real flat freight car was used in one of the scenes. It was placed on actual railroad tracks and was turned around during the change of scenes on a turntable considerably larger and of more perfect mechanism than is to be found in any railroad yard in the world. This revolving stage is the most simple device of its kind in existence, although it is sixty-four feet in diameter and weighs 56,000 pounds. There are more than one million pounds of steel in the stage machinery alone and it requires 700 horse-power to put it in full operation. The cost of the stage machinery alone was over \$250,000.

In the case of "Strife" the four scenes were set complete beforehand, each scene taking up approximately one-quarter of the stage. In "The School for Scandal" six changes of scene were made in six minutes. These scenes were so heavy that they had to be moved on trucks. "Don" and "Liz" were produced with no intermission between them. "Liz," a one-act play, was set complete with the scenes of "Don" on the turn-table stage, and the stage revolved from "Liz" to the first act of the longer play immediately, the intermission taking place between the first and second acts of "Don."

In "Antony and Cleopatra," the initial production at the New Theatre, the palace scene was so large that the stage could not be revolved, but a scene has to be gigantic, indeed, to put the turn-table stage out of commission.

One great advantage of having more than one scene set on the stage at one time is that the audience can look through the doorway from one scene to another, thereby giving a more natural and comprehensive view of the setting of the play. In "Strife," for instance, the audience could see beyond the room forming the scene in action into another room in which a meeting of capitalists was being held, the meeting being the subject of conversation in the first room. There is no end to the possibilities for naturalness in presenting a given action on the turn-table stage.

The New Theatre turn-table stage as it will be when completed for next season will be so constructed that any section of it can be raised or lowered, separately or in conjunction with the other sections. In fact, it was so constructed in the beginning, but in its complete form it was not in working order. When completed it will be possible to build a scene on the first seven sections, for example, present it and then lower it into the cellar to a sufficient depth so that the eighth section, on which a scene has been set, may be driven forward sixty feet a minute to the front of the stage. Or, scenes can be set on any number of sections, according to the scene desired, and changed in the same manner.



THE PRICE OF PRUDERY.

THERE is an uneasy feeling spreading over the whole country and the United States. It concerns an unmentionable disease, a disease that is worse than the Bubonic Plague because the plague does not claim the unborn generations. This disease flourishes because men and women are too "modest" to discuss means of checking it. It comes from

—"prudery;" and we feel that it is aiding a good cause when we reprint Dr. C. W. Saleeby's article in the *March Forum*.

Addressing a meeting of clergymen some time ago, he says, the present writer endeavored to trace back to the beginning the main cause of infant mortality, and endeavored to show that that lay in the natural ignorance of the human mother.

In the discussion which followed, an elderly clergyman insisted that the causes had not been traced far enough back, maternal ignorance being itself permitted in consequence of our national prudery.

Ever since that day one has come to see more and more clearly that the criticism was just. Maternal ignorance is a natural fact of human kind, and destroys infant life everywhere, though prudery be or be not a local phenomenon. But where vast organizations exist for the remedying of ignorance, prudery indeed is responsible for the neglect of ignorance on the most important of all subjects. Let it not be supposed for a moment that in this protest one desires, even for the highest ends, to impart such knowledge as would involve sullyng the bloom of youth. It is not necessary to destroy the charm of innocence in order to remedy certain kinds of ignorance; nor are prudery and modesty identical. Whatever prudery may be when analysed, it seems perfectly fair to charge it as the substantial cause of the ignorance in which the young generation grows up, as to matters which vitally concern its health and that of future generations. Let us now observe in brief the price of prudery thus arraigned.

There is, first, that large proportion of infant mortality which is due to maternal ignorance. The nation has had the young mother at school for many years; much devotion and money have been spent upon her. Yet it is necessary to pass an Act ensuring, if possible, that when she is confronted with the great business of her life—which is the care of a baby—within thirty-six hours the fact shall be made known to some one who, racing for life against time, may haply reach her soon enough to remedy the ignorance which would otherwise very likely bury her baby. Prudery has decreed that while at school she should learn nothing of such matters. For the matter of that she may even have attended a three-year course in science or technology, and be a miracle of information on the keeping of accounts, the testing of drains, and the principles of child psychology; but it has not been thought suitable to discuss with her the care of a baby. How could any nice-minded teacher care to put such ideas into a girl's head? Never having noticed a child with a doll, we have somehow failed to realize that

Nature, her Ancient Mother and ours, is not above putting into her head, when she can scarcely toddle, the ideas at which we pretend to blush. Prudery on this topic, and with such consequences, is not much less than blasphemy against life and the most splendid purposes towards which the individual, "but a wave of the wild sea," can be consecrated.

This question of the care of babies offers us much less excuse for its neglect than do questions concerned with the circumstances antecedent to the babies' appearance. Yet we are blameworthy, and disastrously so, here also. Prudery insists that boys and girls shall be left to learn anyhow. That is not what it says, but that is what it does. It feebly supposes not merely that ignorance and innocence are identical, but that, failing the parent, the doctor, the teacher, and the clergyman—and probably all these do fail—ignorance will remain ignorant. There are others, however, who always lie in wait, whether by word of mouth or the printed word, and since youth will in any case learn—except in the case of a few rare and pure souls—we have to ask ourselves whether we prefer that these matters shall be associated in its mind with the cad round the corner or the groom or the chauffeur who instructs the boy, the domestic servant who instructs the girl, and with all these notions of guilty secrecy and of misplaced levity which are entailed; or with the idea that it is right and wise to understand these matters in due measure because their concerns are the greatest in human life.

After puberty, and during early adolescence, when a certain amount of knowledge has been acquired, we leave youth free to learn lies from advertisements, carefully calculated to foster the tendency to hypochondria, which is often associated with such matters.

It is the ignorance conditioned by prudery that is responsible later on for many criminal marriages; contracted, it may be, with the blind blessing of Church and State, which, however, the laws of heredity and infection rudely ignore. Parents cannot bring themselves to inquire into matters which profoundly concern the welfare of the daughter for whom they propose to make what appears to be a good marriage. They desire, of course, that her children shall be healthy and whole-mind-

ed; they do not desire that marriage should be for her the beginning of disease, from the disastrous effects of which she may never recover. But these are delicate matters, and prudery forbids that they should be inquired into; yet every father who permits his daughter to marry without having satisfied himself on these points is guilty, at the least, of grave delinquency of duty, and may, in effect, be conniving at disasters and desolations of which he will not live to see the end.

Society, from the highest to the lowest of its strata, is afflicted with certain forms of understood and eminently preventable disease, any public mention of which by mouth or pen involves serious risk of various kinds. Prudery, again, is largely responsible for the continuance of these evils at a time when we have so much precise knowledge regarding their nature and the possibility of their prevention. Medical science cannot make distinctions between one disease and another, nor between one sin and another, as prudery does. Prudery says that such and such is vice, that its consequences in the form of disease are the penalties imposed by its inexorable god upon the guilty and the innocent, the living and the unborn alike, and that therefore our ordinary attitude towards disease cannot here be maintained. Physiological science, however, knowing what it knows regarding food and alcohol, and air and exercise and diet, can readily demonstrate that the gout from which Mrs. Grundy suffers is also a penalty for sin; none the less because it is not so hideously disproportionate, in its measure and in its incidence, to the gravity of the offence. These moral distinctions between one disease and another have little or no meaning for medical science, and are more often than not immoral.

It would be none too easy to show that the medical profession in any country has yet used its tremendous power in this direction. Professions, of course, do not move as a whole, and we must not expect the universal laws of institutions to find an exception here. But though they do not move, they can be moved. It is when the public has been educated in the elements of these matters, and has been taught to see what the consequences of prudery are, that the necessary forces will be brought into action. Meanwhile, what

we call the social evil is almost entirely left to the efforts made in Rescue Homes and the like. It is much more than doubtful whether Rescue Homes—the only method which Mrs. Grundy will tolerate—are the best way of dealing with the problem, even if the people who worked in them had the right kind of outlook upon the matter, and even if their numbers were indefinitely multiplied. Everyone who has devoted a moment's thought to the question knows perfectly well that this is merely beginning at the end, and therefore all but futile. I mention the matter here to make the point that the one measure which prudery permits is just the most useless, ill-devised, and literally preposterous with which this tremendous problem can be mocked.

The two forms of disease to which we must refer are appalling in their consequences, both for the individual and the future. In technical language they are called contagious; meaning that the infection is conveyed not through the air as, say, in the case of measles or small-pox, but by means of contact with some infected surface—it may be a lip in the act of kissing, a cup in drinking, a towel in washing, and so forth. Of both these terrible diseases this is true. They, therefore, rank like leprosy, as amongst the most eminently preventable diseases. Leprosy has in consequence been completely exterminated in Anglo-Saxon countries, but though venereal disease—the name of the two contagions considered together—diminishes, it is still abundant everywhere and in all classes of society. I declare with all the force of which I am capable that, many and daily as are the abominations for which posterity will hold us up to execration, there is none more abominable in its immediate and remote consequences, none less capable of apology than the daily destruction of healthy and happy womanhood, whether in marriage or outside it, by means of these diseases. At all times this is horrible, and it is more especially horrible when the helpless victim is destroyed with the blessing of the Church and the State, parents and friends; everyone of whom should ever after go in sackcloth and ashes for being privy to such a deed.

The present writer, for one, being a private individual, the servant of the pub-

lie, and responsible to nobody smaller than the public, has long declined and will continue to decline to join the hateful conspiracy of silence, in virtue of which these daily horrors lie at the door of the most honored and respected individuals and professions in the community. More especially at the doors of the Church and the medical profession there lies the burden of shame that, as great organized bodies having vast power, they should concern themselves, as they daily do, with their own interests and honor, without realizing that where things like these are permitted by their silence, their honor is smirched beyond repair in whatever Eyes there be that regard.

I propose, therefore, to say that which at the least cannot but have the effect of saving at any rate a few girls somewhere throughout the English-speaking world from one or other or both of these diseases, and their consequences. Let those only who have ever saved a single human being from such horrors dare to utter a word against the plain speaking which may save one woman now.

Something is known by the general public of the individual consequences of the first disease. It is known by many, also, that there are babies being born alive but rotted through for life. Further, it is not at all generally known, though the fact is established, that of the comparatively few survivors to adult life from amongst such babies, some may transmit the disease even to the third generation. There is a school of so-called moralists who regard all this as the legitimate and providential punishment for vice, even though ten innocent be destroyed for one guilty. Such moralists, more loathsome than the disease itself, may be left in the gathering gloom to the company of their ghastly creed.

The public knowledge of the first of these diseases, though far short of the truth, is not nearly so inadequate as that of the second. "No worse than a bad cold" is the kind of lie with which such youth is fooled. The disease may sometimes be little worse than a bad cold in men, though very often it is far more serious: it may kill, may cause lasting damage to the coverings of the heart and the joints, and often may prevent all possibility of future fatherhood.

These evils sink almost into insignificance when compared with the far graver consequences in women. Our knowledge of this subject is comparatively recent, being necessarily based upon the discovery of the microbe that causes the disease. Now that it can be identified, we learn that a vast proportion of the illnesses and disorders peculiar to women have this cause, and it constantly leads to the operations, now daily carried out in all parts of the world, which involve opening the body, and all that that may entail. Curable in its early stages in men, it is scarcely curable in women except by means of a grave abdominal operation, involving much risk to life and only to be undertaken after much suffering has failed to be met by less drastic means. The various consequences in other parts of the body may and do occur in women as in men. Perhaps the most characteristic consequence of the disease in both sexes is sterility; this being much more conspicuously the case in women, and being the more cruel in their case.

Of course large numbers of women are infected with these diseases before marriage and apart from it, but one or both of them constitute the most important of the bridegroom's wedding presents, in countless cases every year, all over the world. The unfortunate bride falls ill after marriage; she may be speedily cured; very often she is ill for life, though major surgery may relieve her; and in a large number of cases she goes forever without children. One need scarcely refer to the remoter consequences to the nervous system, including such diseases as locomotor ataxia, and general paralysis of the insane; the latter of which is known to be increasing amongst women. Even in these few words, which convey to the layman no idea whatever of the pains and horrors, the shocking erosion of beauty, the deformities, the insanities, incurable blindness of infants, and so forth, that follow these diseases, enough will yet have been said to indicate the supreme importance of publicity.

There is no need to horrify or scandalize or disgust young womanhood, but it is perfectly possible in the right way and at the right time to give instruction as to certain facts, and whilst quite admitting that there are hosts of other things which we

must desire to teach, I maintain that this also must we do and not leave the others undone. It is untrue that it is necessary to excite morbid curiosity, that there is the slightest occasion to give nauseous or suggestive details, or that the most scrupulous reticence in handling the matter is incompatible with complete efficiency. Such assertions will certainly be made by those who have done nothing, never will do anything, and desire that nothing shall be done; they are nothing, let them be treated as nothing.

It is supposed by some that instruction in these matters must be useless because, in point of fact, imperious instincts will have their way. It is nonsense. Here, as in so many other cases, the words of Burke are true—Fear is the mother of safety. It is always the tempter's business to suggest to his victim that there is no danger. Often and often, if convinced there is danger, and danger of another kind than any he refers to, she will be saved. This may be less true of young men. In them the racial instinct is stronger, and perhaps a smaller number will be protected by fear, but no one can seriously doubt that the fear born of knowledge would certainly protect many young women.

There is also the possible criticism, made by a school of moralists for whom I have nothing but contempt so entire that I will not attempt to disguise it, who maintain that these are unworthy motives to which to appeal, and that the good act or the refraining from an evil one, effected by means of fear, is of no value to God. In the same breath, however, these moralists will preach the doctrine of hell. We reply that we merely substitute for their doctrine of hell—which used to be somewhere under the earth, but is now who knows where—the doctrine of a hell upon the earth, which we wish youth of both sexes to fear; and that if the life of this world, both present and to come, be thereby served, we bow the knee to no deity whom that service does not please.

How then, should we proceed?

It seems to me that instruction in this matter may well be delayed until the danger is near at hand. This is not really education for parenthood in the more general sense. That, on sane eugenic principles, can scarcely begin too soon; it is, further, something vastly more than mere

instruction, though instruction is one of its instruments. But here what we require is simply definite instruction to a definite end and in relation to a definite danger. At some stage or other, before emerging into danger, youth of both sexes must learn the elements of the physiology of sex, and must be made acquainted with the existence and the possible results of venereal disease. A father or a teacher may very likely find it almost impossible to speak to a boy; even though he has screwed his courage up almost to the sticking place, the boy's bright and innocent eyes disarm him. Unfortunately boys are often less innocent than they look. There exists far more information among youth of both sexes than we suppose; only it is all colored by pernicious and dangerous elements, the fruit of our cowardice and neglect. Let us confine ourselves to the case of the girl.

Before a girl of the more fortunate classes goes out into society, she must be protected in some way or another. If she be, for instance, convent bred, or if she come from an ideal home, it may very well be and often is that she needs no instruction whatever, because she is, in fact, already unapproachable by the tempter. Fortunate indeed is such a girl. But those forming this well-guarded class are few, and parents and guardians may often be deceived and assume more than they are entitled to. At any rate, for the vast majority of girls some positive instruction is necessary. It is the mother who must undertake this responsible and difficult task before she admits the girl to the perils of the world. Further, by some means or other, instruction must be afforded for the ever-increasing army of girls who go out to business. It is to me a never ceasing marvel that loving parents, devoted to their daughter's welfare, should fail in this cardinal and critical point of duty, so constantly as they do.

This paper may be read not by the girl who is contemplating marriage, but by one or both of her parents. If the reader be such a one I here charge him or her with the solemn responsibility which is theirs whether they realize it or not. You desire your daughter's welfare; you wish her to be healthy and happy in her married life; perhaps your heart rejoices at the thought of grand-children; you con-

cern yourself with your prospective son-in-law's character, with his income and prospects; you wish him to be steady and sober; you would rather that he came of a family not conspicuous for morbid tendencies. All this is well and as it should be; yet there is that to be considered which, whilst it is only negative, and should not have to be considered at all, yet takes precedence of all these other questions. No combination of advantages is worth the dust in the balance when weighed against either of these diseases in a prospective son-in-law: infection is not a matter of chance, but a certainty, or little short of it. Everything may seem fair and full of promise, yet there may be that in the case which will wreck all.

It follows, therefore, that parents or guardians are guilty of a grave dereliction of duty if they neglect to satisfy themselves in time on this point. Doubtless, in the great majority of cases no harm will be done. But in the rest irreparable harm is often done, and the innocent, ignorant

girl who has been betrayed by father and mother and husband alike, may turn upon you all, perhaps on her death-bed, perhaps with the blasted future in her arms, and say, "This is *your* doing: behold your deed."

It is just because public opinion is so potent, and, like all other powers, so potent either for good or for evil, that its present disastrous workings are the more deplorable. The power is there, and it means well, though it does disastrously ill. Public opinion ought to be decided upon these matters; it ought to be powerful and effective. We shall never come out into the daylight until it is; we shall not be saved by laws, nor by medical knowledge, nor by the admonitions of the churches. Our salvation lies only in a healthy public opinion, not less effective and not more well-meaning than public opinion is at present, but informed where it is now ignorant, and profoundly impressed with the importance of realities as it now is with the importance of appearances.



THE LITTLE CHINESE DOWAGER.

IN their efforts to penetrate the mystery in which the identity of the real ruler of China is now involved, the great dailies of Europe find themselves obliged to pay more heed to the personality of the baffling Empress Dowager, says *Current Literature*. That inscrutable lady contemplated, according to a recent despatch in the London Times, nothing less drastic than the deposition of the Regent himself. Obscure as are the dynastic codes of the royal clan, there seems little doubt that they favor the pretensions of her Majesty Lung Yu to the actual sovereignty of the empire. The western world has been altogether misled, insists the London daily, regarding the claims of the little boy who now ranks as the son of Heaven. There is no doubt, we read in our contemporary, that what may be called the legitimist (or orthodox succession) party in the forbidden city at Peking favors the idea of putting Yu Kang—the son of our old friend Pu Lun—on the throne. The immediate purposes of the

Empress Dowager—she is as wonderful a wizard in her way as was ever the terrible aunt whose power she wields—would be subserved by her own assumption of the supreme power. This step, with the support of the imperial clansmen, seems to present little difficulty. The Regent had at last accounts lost all moral authority. He is completely at the mercy of the widow of the late Kwang Su.

No one beholding the masterful Princess Lung Yu in the lifetime of her vacillating and obliterated husband—she was then known merely by her clan name of Yehonala—would recognize the blooming matron of to-day in the faded creature of that dismal era. What she was to those about her is set forth hopelessly enough by a lady who had many an opportunity of studying the melancholy subject, Mrs. Isaac Taylor Headland. Lung Yu, in the shadow of her amazing aunt, had neither bloom nor beauty. The expression of her face was, indeed, gentle, but it was the gentleness of the caged and listless leo-

pard rather than the softness of the gazelle. A voiceless melancholy had stamped upon her typically Oriental features so faded and worn and weary an expression that he who foretold a speedy conclusion of her days would have seemed no poor physician. Chagrin and every form of humiliation that can be imposed upon a wife had wasted the Princess into a very shadow. The long, lean face was as sallow as it seemed dejected. The gait of the Princess was rendered additionally awkward by her tendency to stoop until her shoulders rose higher than her pointed chin. The seal was set upon this ugliness by the wretched state of teeth which seemed never to have known a brush and which flagrantly exposed how far they were gone in decay whenever the chin and bloodless lips of the Princess parted in her characteristically sickly smile.

A more pitiable spectacle than that of this lorn and lanky lady standing in mute misery throughout the palace audience granted to the diplomatic corps by her terrifying aunt when the late emperor still dragged out his meaningless existence has not been seen since Niobe became a fountain. Yehonala in these dark days seemed blank, spineless, inarticulate. Did she receive a greeting from an European lady, she appeared to start like one afraid, and next she dropped a timid courtesy, but spoke no word. Not once would Yehonala in the course of a palace audience venture next her aunt or her late husband. On their side they ignored her as completely as they did the air they breathed so superciliously. Yet Yehonala was at this period the Chinese Empress.

Behind the high walls of rectangular compass behind which she then dwelt imured, Lung Yu or Yehonala wandered aimlessly with her servants in pursuit of what to her was recreation. She displayed not the slightest sign of the intelligence which has since made her the most important person in all the forbidden city. Had she been a cloistered nun she could not have fled from her fellow creatures into a remoter solitude. This isolation was marked in the old days. Never did she linger until the end of a palace audience. Not only did she take her station in the least conspicuous corner of the throne room, attended only by a waiting

woman or two, but the instant she could quit the scene unobtrusively and in silence, she disappeared. She was then the fleeing fawn of the dynasty, the one self-effacing and frightened creature in a court where fortunes were built upon audacity, and favor was the reward of boldness. Ugly, abashed and disliked, no one dreamed in the days of the Jezebel of China that the heiress to all her power could be the voiceless Yehonala, since become the Empress Dowager Lung Yu.

Cindrella was not transformed by the glass slipper in a manner more miraculous than that of Yehonala's metamorphosis. She seems to-day, in the light of information transmitted from Peking by the correspondent of the Paris Figaro, as serenely confident of herself and as self-assertive as an American matron in her husband's home. The yellowed and decaying teeth have been polished into whiteness and filled with gold until they gleam like pearls in a jewelled setting. The erect shoulders show no trace of the droop that spoiled a figure which to-day can make pretensions to trimness. The Yehonala of old, having become the Empress Dowager Lung Yu of the despatches, pays even more attention to the adornment of her head and the shape of her feet than did ever her deceased aunt to her poems and her finger nails. The masterful Lung Yu who has disclosed her real nature to an astonished court circle never possessed the unnatural smallness of feet which in China passes for a beauty, but they are always exquisitely shod in silk and perfumed like the rose. Her hair-pins are appropriate to each month in the year and her brows are tintured with every celestial unguent. In place of the shabby waiting woman who paced stealthily in her wake as she glided unobserved from the old hall of audience, the Empress Dowager Lung Yu is followed by whole retinues of beribboned ladies. Her passage through a room is betrayed for many minutes by the delightful odors in her train. She holds her head erect and looks even haughtily upon the highest mandarin in the palace circle. The muteness of her obscurity has been succeeded by a conversational felicity so delightful that many a silvery laugh greets her least sally. It is as likely as not to be

personal, the Figaro mints, as the Empress Dowager manifests something very like a genius for sarcasm.

Family pride appears to characterize the lady. She has formally placed herself at the head of the Yehonala clan to which she belongs and it does not appear that any member of that clique disputes with success this assumption of supremacy. When her weak and tuberculous husband lived she submitted meekly to every manifestation of a disdain which he never even affected to dissemble. It was once common gossip in court circles, relates Mrs. Headland, that whenever Yehonala came into the presence of her lord the contemptuous Kwang Su ostentatiously hurled his shoe at her head with a dexterous jerk of his foot. His estimate of the spouse forced upon him by his tremendous aunt was translated into uncomplimentary actions. The lady has perhaps been made sensitive by such slights to the least forgetfulness by those about her of the exalted position she has since attained. Woe to the luckless eunuch or attendant who forgets the etiquette prescribed by the presence of an Empress Dowager of China! That etiquette has been highly elaborated in recent months, it seems from the French daily. Her Majesty enters into such details as the hours consecrated by those about her to their slumbers and to the viands they shall digest. It is a peculiar privilege to be permitted to comb her hair. Even the parings of her finger nails are carried out of her apartments on a silver tray with every mark of homage.

It is no secret within the walls of the forbidden city that all relations between this assertive lady and the Princess Chun who, as wife of the Regent and as mother of the boy Emperor, aspires to importance, have become quite strained. The Empress Dowager Lung Yu makes not the slightest effort to conceal her contempt for a female in whose veins flows no drop of the wonderful Yehonala blood.

She seems to have received the education appropriate to her rank. She can, that is, paint, sing, execute the graceful processional steps that might be called dancing if it were not a prescription of court etiquette, and perform with no little grace upon one or two Chinese musical devices. The Empress Dowager has also a rare aptitude for managing the men with whom her rank brings her into a contact remarkably free for one of her sex in her native land. There is scarcely a viceroy who, upon the occasion of a visit to Peking, is not brought into her presence more or less ceremoniously. Her demeanor is then said to be haughty, masterful and affirmative. It is a striking fact, however, that Lung Yu does not "modernize." She displays no tendency at all to emerge from the mode of life consecrated by immemorial tradition as befitting her position. China will never find in her what Sweden had in the immortal Queen Christina. She is likelier to enact the part of the haughty Miss MacBride of Saxe's ballad.



WHAT A MODERN NAVAL BATTLE IS REALLY LIKE.

The world is forever increasing its armaments and yet it appears that there has not been a real test—that is to say a real engagement in war—of the most modern fleets with the exception of the battle of Tsu-Shima, in the Russo-Japanese War. We accept this statement on the part of *London Magazine*, as a preface to an intensely interesting article which it publishes, and which we reproduce in condensed form, from the pen of Captain Vladimir Semenov, of the Russian fleet.

The article consists of the Captain's Diary for "May 27, 1905." This was the date of the battle. Since then the Captain is dead, from wounds received in the fight.

What with manœuvres, etc., he begins, the 26th of May passed almost imperceptibly. I do not know the feeling on board other ships, but on the "Suvoroff" we were cheerful and eager for the fray. . . . Discussions were held as to whether we would encounter the whole of the Japanese Fleet in the Straits, whether we would

be able to slip through in the fog and gain our base, Vladivostock, unnoticed by the enemy, and as to the chances of damage which we might suffer from submarines, floating mines and torpedo attacks.

At sunset the fleet closed up, and in expectation of torpedo-boat attacks half the officers were on duty at the guns, the rest sleeping by their posts. The night came on dark, the mist seemed to grow denser. On the dark deck there prevailed a strained silence; near the guns the motionless figures of their crews seemed like the dead, but all were wide awake, gazing keenly into the darkness.

Was not that the dark shadow of a torpedo-boat? We listened attentively. Surely the throb of her engines . . . must betray an invisible foe.

I went up to the bridge, where the Admiral was getting a little sleep in a chair. The Commander, wearing soft slippers, was pacing rapidly but quietly up and down the bridge. He seemed confident that we would get through to Vladivostock unobserved.

"Up to the present," he said, "we haven't been discovered; it will be day-break in a couple of hours, and even if their torpedo-boats are near us they won't be able to collect—how can they find us in weather like this? You can't even see the rear of the fleet. It's 200,000 to 1 against anyone running into us accidentally. If it's the same to-morrow we'll give them the slip, and they'll have to wait for our second coming out of Vladivostock—that'll be a different tale."

However, the Japanese got the 200,000th chance and more, for at about 5 a.m. on May 27th, a Japanese cruiser almost ran into our hospital ships, and by the changed character of their wireless messages it became apparent that our presence was known. At 6.46 another ship appeared, and at 8 o'clock four more came out of the fog, steaming almost parallel to the Russian Fleet. At about 10 a.m. four more light cruisers were sighted, and it became evident to all of us that the decisive moment could not now be long postponed.

At a signal from the flagship, battle order was taken up.

At midday the officers were having a last hurried meal in the wardroom, and the senior officer proposed a toast:

"On this the great anniversary of the

sacred coronation of their Highnesses, may God help us to serve with honor our beloved country. To the health of the Emperor—the Empress—to Russia!"

The wardroom resounded with cheers, and their last echo had scarcely died away ere the alarm was sounded on deck. Everyone rushed to their stations.

At 1.20 p.m. the Russian Fleet resumed its formation—the First Division again leading the other two—and now far ahead in the distance could be dimly seen, approaching through the mist, the Japanese main force. The twelve ships came slowly in sight.

"To your stations, gentlemen!" cried the Flag-Captain quickly, as he followed the Admiral.

I went to the after-bridge, as being the best place to note what happened during the action, and conversed with one of the officers in charge of a turret.

"Hullo! Look—what are they up to?" said R.

The Japanese ships had suddenly commenced to turn in succession—reversing their course. As this manoeuvre would take about fifteen minutes before the fleet could all have turned to the new course, and as the ships in rear would be unable to fire during the manoeuvre without hitting their own leading ships, the Russians had great hopes of being able to do material damage to these leading ships first.

At 1.49, when the manoeuvre had only been performed by the "Mikasa" (Togo's flagship, leading the line) and one other ship—the "Suvoroff" fired the first shot and the guns of the whole fleet thundered forth. The first shots which went over and those falling short were all close, but the hits could not be seen. Our shells on bursting scarcely emitted any smoke—the fuses were adjusted to burst after penetrating the target. A hit could only be detected when something fell—and nothing fell! In a couple of minutes two more ships had turned, and the enemy began to reply. The first shells flew over us, and some of the long ones turned a complete somersault; they flew over us making a sort of wail, different from the ordinary roar.

"Are those the 'portmanteaux'?" asked R.

"Yes, those are they."

"Portmanteaux" was the nickname given to the huge shells filled with a secret explosive used by the Japanese; they were a foot in diameter and nearly four feet long.

What struck me most was that these "portmanteaux" exploded the moment they touched the water's surface. Then came others—nearer and nearer; then, quite close to the foremost funnel, rose a gigantic pillar of smoke, water and flame. I saw stretchers being carried along the forebridge.

"Prince Tsersteli!" shouted R. in reply to my silent question.

Soon smoke and fire leapt out of the officers' gangway. A shell had fallen into the Captain's cabin, and, having penetrated the deck, had burst in the officers' quarters, setting them on fire. . . . I was able to observe the stupor which seems to come over men who have never been in action before when the first shells begin to fall . . . a stupor turning either into uncontrollable panic or unusually high spirits, depending on men's characters.

The men at the fire-hoses stood as if mesmerised. . . . I went down to them from the bridge and using such commonplace words as: "Wake up—turn on the water," got them to pull themselves together and bravely to fight the fire. . . . I looked now in the direction where the flag-officers and signalmen should have been. A shell had passed through the deck-house, bursting inside. Of the ten or twelve men, some were standing by the turret, others lying in a huddled group. Inside was a pile of something and on the top an officer's telescope.

"Is . . . that all that is left?" I wondered.

I had intended in this action to note the times and places where shells burst, but how could I make detailed notes when it seemed impossible even to count the number of projectiles striking us? I had never witnessed such a fire before and had never imagined anything like it. Shells were pouring upon us incessantly. It seemed as if these were mines, not shells . . .

They burst as soon as they touched anything—handrails, funnel, guys were sufficient to cause a thoroughly efficient burst; steel plates and superstructures were torn to pieces, the splinters causing many casualties. iron ladders were crumbled up into rings, and guns were literally hurled from

their mountings. In addition there was the unusually high temperature and the liquid flame of the explosion spread over everything. . . . Almost non-combustible materials such as hammocks, etc., drenched with water, flared up in an instant. . . . I went to the conning-tower and found the Admiral and Captain looking through the chink between the armour and the roof.

"Sir," said the latter, energetically gesticulating, as was his wont, "we must shorten the distance, they're all being killed—they are on fire."

"Wait a bit, aren't we all being killed also?" replied the Admiral.

Close to the wheel . . . lay two bodies in officers' tunics, face downwards.

On going out of the conning-tower I saw that the enemy had finished turning. His twelve ships were in perfect order, steaming parallel to us but gradually forging ahead, and apparently uninjured. . . .

But with us! I looked round. What havoc! Burning bridges, smouldering debris, piles of dead bodies. Signalling-stations, gun-directing positions, all destroyed, and astern the "Alexander" and "Borodino" also enveloped in smoke.

It was now 2.5 p.m.

The enemy commenced to turn so as to "cross the T" of the advancing Russian battleship line. The latter also turned towards the same direction, thus bringing them on the beam again.

A man came to report what had taken place in the after 12-inch turret. I went to look. Part of the shield had been torn off and was bent upwards, but the turret was still working and keeping up a hot fire. The officer in command of the fire-parties had both legs blown off. Men fell faster and faster; the dead were left to lie where they had fallen—there were not enough men to look after the wounded! There are no spare men on board a warship, and a reserve does not exist.

It was now 2.20 p.m.

Firing was impossible from the after guns on one side. The men were suffocated with heat and smoke. In the conning-tower there were now five or six bodies instead of two. The enemy were still endeavoring to cut across the Russian line, and the latter were closing on them as

their guns could now only fire at close range owing to wrecked range-finding appliances, etc.

All this time the destruction continued, appalling and almost unchecked as it was in the Russian flagship. A man reported that the after-turret had been blown up, and almost simultaneously something large and heavy fell with a crash. The boats were smashed to bits, and we were enveloped in an impenetrable smoke. It was the foremost funnel which had fallen.

It was now 2.30 p.m.

I tried to get to the after-turret but communication on deck was impossible, and I passed through the Admiral's quarters, now burning furiously. I met the Flag-Lieutenant, who told me the fearful news that the rudder was disabled, thus making the ship practically useless as a unit in the fleet. In a little over half an hour from the first shot the flagship was forced to leave the line.

"That is all that is wanting," I thought to myself, rushing up on deck.

Our fleet was steaming past, bearing on an opposite course. The disabled rudder had caused the ship to turn a complete circle. I looked for the torpedo-boats which were to take the Admiral and his Staff to an uninjured ship in the event of the "Suvoroff" having to leave the line, but none were to be seen. All means of signalling had long since been destroyed.

Meanwhile shells poured upon us—a veritable whirlwind of fire and iron.

A Japanese eye-witness wrote:

"On leaving the line, the flagship, though burning badly, still steamed after the fleet. She was so battered that none could have taken her for a ship."

On the mess-deck, the wounded were standing, sitting, or lying. Here it was that they first began to feel. The dreadful noise of deep sighs and half-stifled groans was audible in the close air. Ahead somewhere, in white coats stained with red splotches, busy figures moved about, and towards them all these piles of flesh, clothes and bones turned, and in their agony dragged themselves. It seemed as if a cry—voiceless, but intelligible—a cry which reached to one's very soul—a request for help—for relief from suffering, though at the price of a speedy death—rose up on all sides.

The ship was now being handled from a lower fighting position as the conning-tower was untenable, and everyone in it, including the Admiral—who bore himself most cheerfully—was wounded. Although the damage to the rudder was repaired for the time, steering was most erratic from this place. It meant turning round in circles rather than going ahead.

The Admiral looked for a position on deck from which to watch the fight; he was here again badly wounded, and carried into a turret, where he remained—unable to be moved. Meanwhile, as the flagship was seen to be not under control, the "Alexander" led what was left of the Russian Fleet, and endeavored to steer so as to prevent the Japanese Fleet crossing the "T" of her line, which they eventually succeeded in doing, owing to superior speed, thus forcing the "Alexander" and ships astern, to the south.

It was now 2.50 p.m.

We all waited . . . Watching the Japanese fire . . . concentrated on the "Alexander." At times, she seemed enveloped in flames and brown smoke, while round her the sea literally boiled, throwing up great pillars of water. Nearer and nearer she came, till the distance was scarcely 2,000 yards (from the Japanese). Then, one after another, we saw a whole series of shells strike her fore-bridge and port 6-inch turret, and, turning sharply to starboard, she steamed away, having almost reversed her course, while after her went the "Borodino" and others.

About this time also the "Oslyabya" was sunk under the concentrated fire of six ships. There was not much order left among the Russian Fleet. The turn was hastily made. The line-ahead formation was not maintained, and the ships were turned back towards their stricken flagship. The awful reality that we had suffered defeat now forced itself upon me. I made a note in my pocket-book.

3.25 p.m.

A heavy list to port and a bad fire in the upper battery . . . Why is it that we hide things from ourselves? Why did I not dare write even in my own note-book the cheerless word "Defeat?"

The Japanese in following the retiring enemy poured in a heavy fire as they passed the helpless "Suvoroff"—still fighting



I saw him kiss you. I'm shocked: I did not imagine he would dare to take such a liberty."

"Nor did I, ma' in fact, I bet him he daren't."
—Tatler.



Spectator: Why don't you stop some of 'em, 'Erbert?

'Erbert (a novice): Lumme! 'Ave you seen any of 'em pass me?—Tatler

desperately with the one 12-inch turret left, and they now disabled even that. A shell penetrated the armoured deck and water poured into the hole and into the mess-deck, which was most dangerous.

An effort was made to stop it, and the Commander, though badly wounded, rallied a few men round him to try and extinguish a fire. A chance shot struck the hatchway, and when the smoke had cleared away, neither ladder, nor Commander, nor men were in existence! . . .

It was now 4.20 p.m.

Torpedo-boats came up astern to give the "Suvoroff" the coup de grace, but there was one 12-pounder available for use, and this, fought by wounded men, showed the enemy that this battered vessel could still show their teeth, and the boats steamed away to await a more favorable opportunity.

The ship was now such a scene of havoc and devastation that things appeared so fearful as not to be in the least terrible. To everyone it was perfectly clear that all was over.

It was now 5 p.m.

The Japanese Fleet had split up, one part steaming south and attacking the

transports in rear, the other engaging what was left of the Russian main force, which, after having described a huge circle, was steering to the north, and again passed the "Suvoroff" in disorder. The "Alexander," badly battered and with a heavy list, so low in the water that the seas almost came into the lower battery portholes, was still fighting with a few serviceable guns. . . .

Soon after this, a torpedo-boat was seen approaching, which turned out to be the Russian "Buiny," which had come to take the Admiral and his staff as prearranged.

Admiral Rodhjestvensky was partly unconscious from his many wounds, and at first refused to leave; he had not allowed them to take him to a dressing-station, but remained sitting on a box in the turret. At times, he would look up to ask how the battle was progressing, and then would sit again silently.

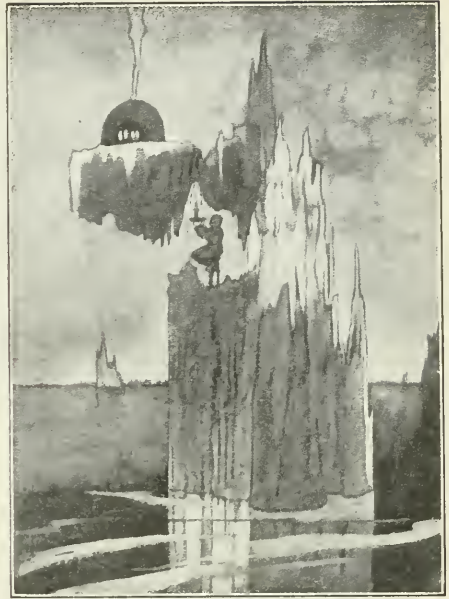
However, he gave orders to "collect the Staff." . . . Only two could be found—all below was in darkness (the electric light had gone out) and full of suffocating smoke. We called them by name but received no answer. The silence of the dead reigned in that smoky darkness, and it is probable that all below, where the ventila-



Drawn by FRANK WATKINS.

The Head: Have you anything to say before I administer the cane?

Brown Minimus: Has it been properly sterilised?
—Black and White.



Another's! Or, the Esquimaux's Revenge
—Black and White.

tors took smoke instead of air, had been suffocated. The engines had ceased to work; of the 900 composing the complement of the "Suvoroff" at this time there only remained alive those few in the lower battery and on the windward embrasure.

The Captain of the "Buiny," with great skill, actually brought his boat alongside, though this was fraught with great danger to herself owing to the heavy seas and the projections on the wrecked battleship's side. They had immense difficulty in getting the Admiral on board. I went to him and said:

"Come out, sir, F. is here."

He gazed at us, shaking his head.

"I don't want to. No!"

This was no time for ceremony, and the Admiral was being bodily carried out when he groaned and completely lost consciousness. It was the best thing that could have happened.

With great difficulty he was carried to the side and lowered down, almost thrown on board the torpedo-boat at a moment when she rose on a wave, and swung towards us. The "Buiny" managed safely to clear the ship's side, and I accompanied the Admiral on board. How I, with my

wounded legs, boarded her, I don't remember. I looked back at the "Suvoroff."

Who could have recognized the once formidable battleship in this crippled mass, enveloped in smoke, her mainmast cut in half, foremast and both funnels completely carried away, her high bridges and galleries, shapeless piles of distorted iron heaped upon the deck? She had a heavy list and we could see the hull under the water-line reddening the surface of the water. We rapidly steamed away, followed by a brisk fire from such of the enemy's ships as had observed us.

It was now 5.30 p.m.

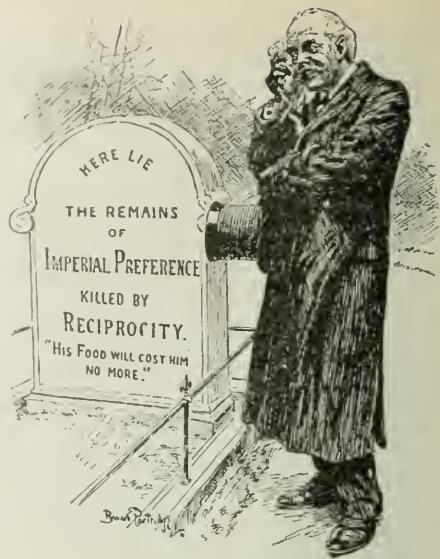
The Admiral's wounds were now examined by a doctor on board. His life was in danger from a fractured skull, a portion of which had entered his brain. It would be impossible to transfer him to another ship. He was unable to stand. However, they felt bound to ask him if he felt able to continue the command and what ship he would board. He turned to me with an effort and said: "No—where am I? You can see—command 'Nebogatoff.'" Then with a sudden burst of energy added: "Keep on—Vladivostock—course, N. 23 degrees E." and again relapsed into a stupor. . . .



The Minister "Well, are you going to fish, or are you going to school?"

The Laddie: "I dinna ken yet; I'm just wrastlin' wi' ma conscience!"

- Black and White.



RESIGNATION.

Mr. Arthur Balfour (looking on the bright side). "His food will cost him no more." A beautiful thought! So consoling!"

- Punch.

We now learnt that the "Alexander" had been sunk at 5.30, and some details of the sinking of the "O-lyabya" from one of her officers who had been picked up by the "Buiny."

It was now dusk, and the fight was still proceeding. The flashes of their guns twinkled incessantly.

It was now 7 p.m.

The enemy's torpedo-boats appeared, but retreated again under the fire of some of the Russian cruisers.

"The 'Borodino'—look!" was shouted on all sides.

I raised myself on my arm, but where the "Borodino" had been nothing was visible save a patch of foam.

At 7.40 p.m.

I was still able to see our battleships, devoid of formation, defending themselves from the approaching torpedo-boats—this was my last note.

EPILOGUE.

Captain Semenov had been repeatedly wounded during the action and he had now to be attended to. The Admiral was transferred later to another torpedo-boat and was subsequently captured by the Japanese, who, of course, did everything possible for his comfort and safety.

The sinking of the indomitable "Suvoroff" is thus described in a Japanese report:

Torpedo-boats were sent to attack her, and "although much burned and still on fire, having been fired at by all the fleet—in the full sense of the word—although she had only one serviceable gun, she still opened fire, showing her determination to defend herself so long as she remained above water. About 7 p.m., after being twice attacked, she went to the bottom."

So ends this account of the greatest sea fight since Trafalgar.

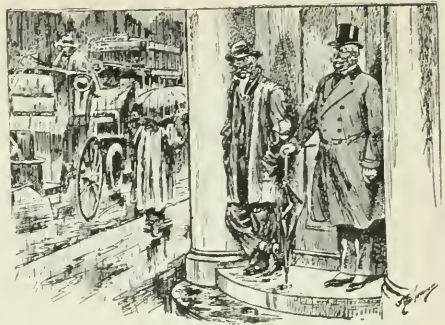
The defeat of the huge and unwieldy Russian fleet (for their Admiral would have had a much better chance if his oldest and slowest ships had never left Europe) showed that numbers alone is not what tells most in a modern action, and that infinite pluck and bravery can never make up for the lack of the essentials of thorough and constant gunnery practice and fleet training carried out beforehand in peace time. To the greater experience and proficiency which had been attained by the Japanese in these essentials during the years preceding the war, and to their perfect staff organization, was their victory due. Their greater speed, vastly superior ammunition, and the good use made of wireless telegraphy (its first use in warfare) for scouting, only contributed in a lesser degree to it.



She: Yus, she's a Christyedellian---it's a noo religion, she says. Wot is it, 'Arry?

'Arry: Well, 'tain't 'xactly a religion---it's like this 'ere, 'Sposing you got the stomick-ache, you says, 'Stomick-ache be blowed! Ain't got no bloomin' stomick-ache'---an' y' ain't. 'Least, that's what they says. 'Course, it's all pickles, reely.

—The Sketch



Weary Wiggles: Changeable weather, ain't it? Immaculate Colonel: Extremely so.

Weary Wiggles: Fact is a bloke don't know what to put on afore 'e comes out of a mornin' in this weather, does 'e?

—Tatler



Maud Em'ly (exhibiting the ring). "Which'll yer 'ave," 'e says, 'gold an' dimonds or 'namel an' gold?---same price," 'e says; so I 'ad 'namel. I always reckon dimonds look vulgar.

—The Sketch



Photographer: "A leetle brighter! Brighter! Still brighter! Ah! Too bright! Moisten the lips and start afresh!

—Punch

"WEIGHING THE WORLD."

ANY one who says he has the weight of the world on his shoulders would better stop and think a moment what that means. Few schoolboys who have studied Newton's laws of gravitation have been very much thrilled by them. In fact, they have found it difficult to remember the laws the day after, to say nothing of the day of, examination. Recently, however, a young instructor, Rhinehard A. Wetzel, in the College of the City of New York, conceived the brilliant idea of getting students really interested in gravitation by actually weighing the earth. Thus writes George Gray Haven in the *Scrap Book*.

He explained his plan to his class. They were interested. Then he told them that, although it had been done abroad several times, as far as he knew it had never been attempted in the United States. They became enthusiastic.

"Get it in grams," exclaimed one of the more ambitious students, with bated breath, with a vision of obtaining a number carried out to unthinkable length.

So in grams Mr. Wetzel got it.

It proved to be a very fascinating thing. The apparatus is extremely delicate, though comparatively simple; in fact, one would think it was designed for weighing an atom rather than a planet. It is known as a "gravitational balance."

It consists primarily of a very thin wire, only 3.5 centimeters long, bearing at each end a little silver ball, weighing exactly one gram. This wire is suspended horizontally from a very fine quartz fibre attached to its centre, thirty centimeters in length, so fine as to be almost invisible to the eye. In fact, it is finer than the finest thread spun by a spider, yet as tough as though it were a filament of steel. It is very elastic.

The whole thing is encased in an airtight little glass box about three inches long and less than an inch deep, the quartz fibre hanging down through a brass tube set on this box. Not even the slightest air current can affect it.

Then this much of the apparatus is placed on a vibrationless pier of concrete which runs down into the earth through the floor of the laboratory so as to be absolutely free from the vibration of the building. Even then the passing of a wagon on a near-by street affects it slightly. Therefore the actual observations of Mr. Wetzel had to be carried on stealthily in the dead of night between the time when the last joy-riders had rolled homeward and the first milkman went his rounds.

The rest of the apparatus consists of two large balls of lead, uniform in density, very carefully cast in Germany, where all the essential parts of the apparatus were made to order. In fact, in cash, it cost just about one hundred dollars to weigh the earth, though the labor and care involved would increase that outlay considerably if they could be reduced to dollars and cents. They are not estimated.

These balls of lead are placed on a wooden table built around the pier, but not touching it at any point, and they are arranged so that they can be moved back and forth on horizontal bars. The centres of the big lead balls and little silver balls are exactly in the same plane.

Now, Newton's law is that masses attract each other directly in proportion to their mass and inversely in proportion to the square of the distance between them. The problem was first to find out how great was the attraction of the lead balls for the silver balls. This was done by placing the two lead balls in a certain position and noting the position of the silver balls suspended by the quartz fibre.

"When the lead balls stand as they are," said Mr. Wetzel, "the silver balls remain stationary, the opposite attractions counter-balancing each other. Now I begin to push one lead ball in one direction and pull the other lead ball in the other direction, and that little dumb-bell in there begins to twist on its thread of quartz, each silver ball getting a little bit closer to the lead ball nearest to it. When we have pulled the silver balls thus as close to the

lead balls as possible, the degree of the twist of the quartz thread will be the measure of the attraction exerted upon the silver balls. But how can we measure the twist of a thread which we can hardly see?"

This is done by means of a very little mirror fixed on the quartz fibre. A beam of light is shot in on this mirror, and is reflected back by it on a long, graduated scale placed several feet away. Its position on the scale is noted. Then the leaden balls are moved.

The silver balls, as we have seen, then move through a very minute arc, the quartz fibre is twisted ever so little, the mirror reflects the beam of light at an almost imperceptibly different angle, and the difference, magnified by the distance at which the graduated scale is placed, is read by Mr. Wetzel by carefully noting the new position on which falls the beam of reflected light. The angle turns out to be about 1.7 degrees. This method is the same as that used in the finest galvanometer in measuring electric currents also.

Over and over again this process was repeated, night after night, until at last, after many observations, an average was struck of them all, on the theory that it would be more nearly accurate than any single observation.

The purpose of all this was to determine what is known as the "constant of gravitation," denominated "G." This was the first section of the experiment. The second was to apply the result to the earth.

The application involves some mathematical operations so formidable that they may well be touched lightly. It is all in the famous C. G. S. system—the "centimeter-gram-second system," which you perhaps recall from your sophomore mechanics. In these equations M prime represents the weight of the world, and the mathematician reduces it to 6,030,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 grams.

So the mass of the earth is determined—mass rather than weight, for weight really is the attraction of the earth for another mass, and it can hardly be properly said that the earth has "weight"—that is, attraction for itself. Expressed in words, this result may possibly be read as six billions and thirty millions of billions of billions of grams.

ENGLAND AND THE RECIPROCITY PACT.

IN an editorial article in *Current Literature* one finds a very comprehensive summing up of the various views which have been expressed on the Reciprocity transactions between this country and the United States. The article quotes the American papers, pro and contra; it quotes the Canadian papers in the same way; but in addition it affords a review of the various opinions which are held by the leading English papers.

Canada, it says, afforded a sensational subject to London dailies when they had officially to announce in one issue, first the late King's brother, the Duke of Connaught, had accepted the post of Governor-General of the Dominion, and, second, that a reciprocity pact had been concluded between Ottawa and Washington. The last announcement drove the other completely from the London editorial mind. There was an instant clamor in the great conservative and anti-ministerial papers to the effect that the British Empire had lost the greatest of its daughter nations. Had the Canadians drafted and signed the declaration of independence at Ottawa there could scarcely have ensued in such anti-ministerial dailies as the London Mail and the London Post a panic more patriotic. The first despatches from Washington and Ottawa led London to infer that the entire tariff wall from Maine out to Vancouver would be wiped out of existence. Revised summaries of what was in the reciprocity pact encouraged ministerial dailies like the London News and the London Westminster Gazette to affirm that an exchange of food commodities, lumber and raw materials between Canadians and Americans, without a levy at the customs house, by no means entails such a treat to Britain as the growth of the German navy. "The Canadian people," to quote the daily last named, "must not be put in a position in which they are asked to sacrifice large material advantages for their attachment to the mother country." Even the London Times, champion of the policy that would place a tariff wall around the whole British Empire, agreed that "there has probably never been a time when Canada would have rejected such terms as have now been offered."

When the history of the negotiations between the United States and Canada is written, says the conservative London Mail, it will be seen that the delegates of the Dominion had no choice but to accept the offer of trade reciprocity. "For the first time the United States came to Canada as a suitor prepared to agree to any conditions. In 1866 the United States put an end to the reciprocity treaty which she had made with Canada in 1854, and Canada, with the aid of British capital, started on her career of independent development." What has happened in the interval to change the attitude of the United States towards reciprocity with her neighbor? "The population of the United States," replies the London organ of preferential tariff pacts between British colonies and the mother country, "has grown to nearly one hundred millions and the limits of agricultural development under the present system have been reached. The United States has need of wheat to feed its people and of raw material to supply its factories." This is the governing factor, it concludes, so far as Washington is concerned. "And over the northern border is a land of plenty."

All British dailies which uphold the idea of closer union between the component elements of the empire upon which the sun never sets see in reciprocity between Ottawa and Washington a severe reverse to the preferential tariff policy. Gloomy as is the view of the London Mail that of the London Post is, from this standpoint, gloomier still. "Look at it as we will," to quote the former, "the agreement negotiated between Canada and the United States is a tremendous blow to the cause of imperial unity, and therefore to our Empire." More pessimistic still is the comment of the other organ of imperialism. The free traders of England, according to the London Post, "have sold the soul of the nation." The London Telegraph was thrown by the first reports of the pact into a state bordering upon panic. It saw Canada entering the American union through a tariff door. Subsequent reflection and fuller details modified its fears, but it remains pessimistic. In Canada, it tells its

readers. Britain has "always labored under a geographical handicap and we must continue to carry it. Canada is divided only by an imaginary line from another nation of ninety millions." The inevitable is happening.

Having recovered somewhat from the first alarms into which they were plunged by the prospect of closer union between Canada and the United States, conservative London dailies tend now to find flaws in the bargain the Dominion made. "A remarkable change is evidently taking place in Canadian feeling about the reciprocity agreement with the United States," to quote the London Times, which does not like the pact at all. Barely six weeks ago, none the less, its Toronto correspondent reported "general interest and much anxiety in Canada as regards the negotiations going on in Washington." He said then that the Canadian press was either silent or opposed to a reciprocity agreement and that outside the organized farmers it was difficult to find any feeling favorable to a reduction of duties. Shortly afterwards the negotiations terminated with an abruptness that took the London Times by surprise and it confessed the fact editorially. The first assumption in London as well as in Ottawa was that President Taft had been so anxious to get an agreement of some kind that he had accepted a very one-sided measure.

When the terms of the pact projected between the Dominion and ourselves were made known in London and in Ottawa it appeared that the Britons generally had been under some misapprehensions. President Taft, as the London Times had at first surmised, was really offering terms so tempting on the face of them that the Canadian Government gave its consent to an agreement of far wider sweep than it had ever contemplated. "When the Canadian public were told that the United States would remit duties amounting to five million dollars, while Canada's remission would amount only to two million dollars, that the United States would put on the free list articles to the value of nearly forty million dollars, while Canada would sacrifice duties upon only twenty million dollars; and that the present American duties would remain in force upon only nine per cent. of imports from Canada, while Canadian duties would

remain in force upon sixty-four per cent. of American articles, the agreement appeared far too favorable for Canada to reject." There was a general movement of jubilation throughout the Dominion. In no long time rejoicing began to be sickled o'er with a pale cast of thought.

At this moment, if we may accept revised London press comment, based upon direct advices from Toronto and Ottawa, "opinion is rising in unexpected volume and vigor against the reciprocity agreement." In fact, the Canadian correspondent of the London Times sees reason to think that in the cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier there is uneasiness with regard to "the revolutionary reversal of Canadian policy which the bargain is now seen to involve." Few things are more deceptive, we are reminded by our British contemporary, than percentages looked at without constant reference to the substantial facts with which they profess to deal. "When the alluring figures come to be checked, it becomes evident that the United States is offering no such generously one-sided arrangement as the percentage method appears to suggest. The favor with which the agreement is regarded in the United States—where no class is at all ready to sacrifice any tariff advantages—would by itself justify a doubt as to the reality of the advantages apparently offered to Canada." In short, the pact is not to the London Times a move in the direction of free trade at all.

Flatly contradicting this inference in the anti-ministerial London Times, the radical London Chronicle asserts that "the reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States is the greatest single step towards free trade that has been taken in our generation." It rejoices at the prospect and it doubts not that ratification in Ottawa and Washington will be a matter of course when a few modifications of detail have been made. "British trade can not possibly suffer. By this we mean that if under the new arrangement Canada reduces or abolishes the duties on articles of American production, there is reason to look for a corresponding reduction or abolition of duties on competitive articles of British manufacture. Otherwise Canada would be discriminating against British and in favor of American

goods, an attitude which would be repugnant to every Canadian statesman." The impression that the pact between Ottawa and Washington will increase the price of bread in England, propagated by the London Post, is scoffed at by the London Chronicle. Wheat and corn will be as abundant as ever.

Staggering as is the blow to the unity of the British Empire which a reciprocity pact between Ottawa and Washington embodies to opposition, London dailies like the London Post, Telegraph and Times, Liberal and radical organs such as the London News, Chronicle and Westminster Gazette hail the agreement as a triumph of sound policy. "One might really suppose," observes the last named Liberal paper, "that there had been some overwhelming national catastrophe altering the position of lakes and mountains and the courses of rivers. The catastrophe, however, which has actually happened has been to a policy which from the beginning set itself against natural facts and inevitable tendencies. It was proposed to base imperial unity on a policy which would have taxed the prime necessities of life in this country and cut the Canadian trader off from his nearest and most lucrative market." In the same spirit the Manchester Guardian, ministerial to the core, predicts that the only opposition in England will emanate from the "rabid protectionists" who want to build a tariff wall around the whole British Empire "against the dictates of geography and common sense."

In Canada the only discordant note in the chorus of approval of the agreement between Ottawa and Washington seems to the Manchester Guardian to come from the French element, while in the United States the only objections will be those of the farmers. "The proposed reductions are mainly in the duties on food stuffs and raw materials, not on manufactured goods. In other words, in the United States the agreement will effect a reduction of the tariff in favor of the manufacturing interests and against the agricultural, produce and fishing interests." On this fact the London Telegraph seems to be basing some hope of the rejection of the measure by the United States Senate. Not only does the Manchester organ of Liberalism dissent from the inference of the London

organ of conservatism on this point, but it suggests a fresh idea. "In two ways can Canada render greater service to England as a power negotiating separate treaties with the United States than she could as a member of a British Empire Customs Union. She can draw closer the bonds between England and America." Hence reciprocity is a factor in promoting the world's peace:

"Very wisely, therefore, Conservative as well as Liberal opinion in England has come round to approval of reciprocity between Canada and the United States. It does not involve any weakening of the ties between Canada and England. Of course not, as the Governor Generalship of the Duke of Connaught will have many opportunities of proving. The whole policy of Mr. Bryce, the most successful British Ambassador at Washington in our generation, has been—if we may speak of an Ambassador's policy—directed towards drawing closer the bonds between Canada and the United States. He has been called the first Canadian Ambassador at Washington, and his policy has been in the best interests of Canada. But it has been governed primarily by British interests. Canada, in British world-policy, is a gauge of friendship between England and America. England gains a friend by every act that brings Canada into closer relations with the United States. There is no rivalry between England and the United States for the affections of Canada. She will best serve our policy by broadening the basis of her own prosperity and by a cordial policy of friendship with the United States."

Already the first effect of the news has been what the pessimistic London Mail styles a shock to the wheat market in Liverpool. Apart from the commercial and economic aspects of fusing the Canadian and American market, it adds, will be the political effect of the new agreement. "The western provinces of Canada will be drawn closer to the United States. Looking to the south, across that artificial line which runs for two thousand miles, for their chief market, their sympathies and ties will tend to become American. The process of permeation is at work even now, and it will be greatly reinforced by the new agreement." Henceforth the west of Canada will turn to Washington rather

than to London. "Britain is losing her hold on Canadian affection." That is a notion which finds no support in the Canadian press generally, as the *Toronto Globe* is at pains to point out. It sees no basis in any development of reciprocity ideas for the dread expressed by the *London Mail*. "There is not in history," avers the Canadian organ, "a single illustration of a nation giving up its identity as the result of increasing trade relations with an adjoining people."

Canadian opinion has been affronted by certain London insinuations that reciprocity with the United States constitutes an impeachment of the Dominion's loyalty to the British Crown. "If anything could mar the satisfaction of Canadians in the prospect of having a Prince to reign over us," says the *Montreal Witness*, in allusion to the appointment of the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General, "it is to be found in the nauseating, concerted and unremitting slanders of the chorus of the British protectionist press to the effect that Canada is on the way to forsake the imperial connection and needs the glamor of the blood royal to hold her back. Whether it is a slander or not to say that we are tending to annexation, it is a falsehood for which there is not the vestige of an excuse or a shadow of reason; if it is fair to hold interested prejudice responsible for the exercise of a faculty which it has not got. But when it comes to saying that we are to be tied to the Empire by the presence of a royal duke, we find it an insult to our national virility." Wrathful comment to the same purpose finds room in other Dominion dailies when they speak of fidelity to the British connection.

Loyalty to the British throne is not jeopardized by reciprocity with the United States, contends that influential organ of Canadian opinion, the *Toronto Globe*. The agreement between Canada and the United States for the free interchange of natural products and for reductions of duty on a limited number of articles not imported by Canada in any large measure from Great Britain is impregnable on the material side." That is the point of view emphasized in the numerous editorials adorning the columns of the great ministerial daily. "It is a bargain that no Canadian government could afford to reject. Of the Canadian imports, totalling

altogether over forty millions, on which the duties have been removed or materially reduced, Great Britain sent us last year a little over six million dollars' worth and the United States sent us not less than thirty-two million dollars' worth. In other words, the agreement affects articles in which already our imports from the United States are in the ratio of five to one as compared with those from Great Britain, despite the fact that the duties on British goods are on an average less than on similar goods from the United States." Under the new agreement, as the Canadian daily explains it, the British preference will be maintained except as regards articles that go upon the free list. British merchants will thus still be in better position to do business than will those of the United States. "How, then, can anyone assert that the agreement affects harmfully the importation of British goods by Canada?" There is not, it replies, the remotest reason for supposing that the chief lines of British exports to Canada will be lessened one dollar's worth under reciprocity.

Arguments to the effect that the arrangement will mean a sacrifice of Canada's fiscal independence are strongly urged by opponents of reciprocity in the Dominion press. "If the reciprocity arrangement goes into force," says the *Montreal Gazette*, for instance, "the United States Government will have in its hands means that it may use to enforce more concessions. If, because of the arrangement, an important trade grows up between the two countries, Canada will be dependent to an extent upon what the United States Congress may do and the United States upon what the Canadian Parliament can do. The expression of a desire at Washington to include the products of other industries in the scope of the convention, and a threat that unless the proposition were accepted the present arrangement would be curtailed or stopped, would create in Canada a loud but perhaps not strong local demand that what was sought should be granted." If a weak ministry were in power at Ottawa, the chances are, this Canadian daily fears, that the demand would be heeded. "Then where would be Canada's fiscal independence?" There is, too, a strong disposition on the part of the Liberal Canadian press, which favors reciprocity, to

suggest an extension of the British tariff preference as the natural corollary to the new agreement.

Little doubt of the ratification of the agreement has as yet been expressed in the dailies of the Dominion, although pleas for its modification on points of detail are made here and there. As the pact new stands, it seems "too sweeping" to the Winnipeg Free Press, perhaps the most powerful supporter of Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier in western Canadian journalism. The Winnipeg Telegram does not like the prospect at all. "The preference to the British exporter," it says, "is seriously impaired to the advantage of his American competitor. The country will await Sir Wilfrid Laurier's explanation of this radical departure from what he represented to be the fundamental principle of the Canadian tariff. Reciprocity within the British Empire has received a substantial setback for the first time in half a century and the spirit of continentalism is embodied in the international compact." On the other hand, the Winnipeg Tribune insists that "the interests of the people of the West are irrevocably linked with free trade. Universal satisfaction is the outstanding feature of the removal of the American duties." Loyalty to the British flag, it adds, remains as ardent as ever.

As one goes from west to east in the Dominion, it is noticeable that enthusiasm for reciprocity is modified by alarm at other possibilities. The French Canadian dailies, for instance, do not welcome the idea of closer relations with a land inimical to the denominational school idea. The Montreal Presse wonders if the supremacy of Britain on this continent may not be endangered by closer trade relation between Canada and the United

States. The Guelph Herald reflects the views of many conservative dailies in eastern Canada when it remarks that the pact will make the Dominion "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water" for the American people, although another conservative and anti-ministerial sheet, the Kingston Standard, concedes that the agreement is on the whole "beneficial and satisfactory." To the conservative London (Ontario) Free Press it seems that Canada "was overwhelmed by the Washington influence." Liberal dailies in the eastern provinces are, however, disposed to welcome the outlook, the London Advertiser hailing reciprocity as "a triumph for the Canadian farmer."

Summing up Canada press opinion as a whole, it would seem that newspapers in the Dominion divide on the issue of reciprocity with America along party lines. This is especially true of the dailies in large centres like Toronto and Montreal, although in the latter city French-Canadian views are hostile. Here and there an utterance attracts notice as possessing more than significance. The Ottawa Free Press is a case in point. "Unless the Dominion Parliament," says this important organ, prone to criticize the ministry, "is prepared immediately to increase the British preferences, the step which Canada is asked to make is a very grave one indeed. Reciprocity with the United States may be an historical policy embraced by all political parties since pre-confederation days; but in the last fifteen years, largely as a result of the unfriendly exclusiveness of the United States, Canada has been making history in another direction of closer and warmer imperial ties of trade as well as of sentiment." It insists that unless the United States lets down tariff barriers against England, Canada must keep up her tariff barriers against the United States.



"THE AWAKENING OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN: THE NEW SCIENCE OF MANAGEMENT."

Rarely has a chance remark caused such wide and sudden interest, says Will Irwin in the *Century*, as one dropped last December by Louis D. Brandeis. He was arguing the case of the shippers against

the railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission. "By the application of scientific management," he said, "the railroads of this country might save a million dollars a day." That sentence—it hap-

pened to be a quotation from Harrington Emerson's work on scientific efficiency—buzzed over the country, bringing to a large part of the public the first information that a new principle had entered into industry. Still less did the public know that this principle is likely to accomplish a change in business comparable only to the shift from hand labor to machine production. Yet the thing is not new. Its beginnings go back thirty years; and for the last eight or ten years a corps of experts, under the leadership of Frederick W. Taylor, the Edison of scientific management, have been installing it in factory after factory.

Briefly stated, this new principle is the application of that scientific method which Darwin brought into the world, first, to the individual operations of men in industry, and, second, to their collective operations.

To understand the matter more fully, it may serve best to follow scientific management from its simple beginning up to those complex processes too involved for description in any single treatise. In the eighties, Mr. Taylor, an honor graduate of Exeter and of Stevens Institute, who had left Harvard on account of impaired eyesight, worked up from journeyman machinist at the Midvale Steel Works to be foreman of his room. In his experience at his machine he had discovered that the workmen were not doing what he considered a fair day's work. They were "soldiering on the job," wasting half their powers. Taylor tried to "speed up" the men in the regular, old, hit-or-miss way. He met with opposition all along the line. However, the management was with him. By finding ways to eliminate waste effort, by offering bonuses to those who passed a certain minimum which he set for them, he doubled the output of this machine. Somewhere along the line of this work, his great idea took form in his mind. Why not study men as well as machines? Had any one ever applied the methods of modern science to the problem of eliminating waste effort from labor?

Something like these questions has perhaps flitted through the mind of many and many a former athlete as he watched a gang of shovelers or wheelbarrow-men at work. Natural speed is only half a runner's capacity. The rest is a system,

improved by generations of trainers, for getting the most out of natural speed. The length of the stride, the method of lifting and setting down the feet, enter into the calculation of the trainer; and most potently enters the question of pace. Let a good man "sprint" the first hundred yards, and a mere tyro can beat him at the mile. For example, on such study of the application of power to motion, trainers in a generation have raised the record for the sixteen-pound hammer from less than 100 feet to more than 175 feet. Why, the former athlete has languidly asked himself, did not some laborer try to increase his efficiency by study of motion and pace? This, expressed in other terms, was Taylor's idea. Only he set out to study the problem with a scientific thoroughness of which an athletic trainer never dreamed.

He began in the shops and yards of the Midvale Steel Works, Philadelphia, with some of the simplest processes known to labor—lifting weights, pulling on winches, shoveling, etc. Employers had always proceeded on the theory that the only way to increase the work of a loading gang was to get stronger men or to work the gang to death. Taylor selected two healthy laborers of about average strength, and offered them double pay "to do any fool thing you're asked, and play square." For months, the men lifted, carried, pushed, and pulled, at the word of command from two young college men with stop-watches. These experimenters worked their subjects at various paces and with various rests, and recorded absolutely all the data. Moreover, they kept constant and scientific account of the physical condition of the men. When, after the first series of experiments, they assembled and digested the data, they found their results unsatisfactory. They tried again; and this time discovered the puzzling factor which they had ignored before. It was a question of physiology. Fatigue produces toxins in the body. For these, the human system makes its own serums during the periods of rest. In merely mechanical labor, involving stress on the arms, the relation between the rest period and the stress period is as important as pace. From these last experiments, Taylor worked out a formula and a marvel. He raised the capacity to load pig-iron of

the average laborer from twelve and a half tons a day, the old mark, to forty-seven tons a day! In short, he multiplied each man's capacity by four, and did it without unduly taxing the man's powers. All he needed to accomplish this result in any gang of pig-iron men was a foreman trained to proper timing, and a few pace-makers accustomed to the method.

The next subject to which the knowledge gained by years of experimenting was applied, was shoveling, a grade higher in mechanical skill. At once, the problem grew more complex. It involved not only pace and rhythm, but size of load and the "thrust" into the pile. Any one knows that if he is shoveling coal, it serves him best to "scoop" along the ground at the bottom of the pile, and that loose dirt gives least resistance if he thrusts in his shovel obliquely. But what, asked Taylor, was the exact rule, and what was the rule of a dozen other substances? And what load on the shovel would give the best result in a day's work? On the scientific method of the stop-watch and the equation, he worked out the laws of shoveling. For a man of average strength, the best load was twenty-one pounds. Hitherto, the laborers at the Bethlehem works had been using the same shovels for all substances. On fine coal, the load was three and one-half pounds; on iron ore, fifty pounds. The management made new shovels for every substance which they handled in their yards, each designed to carry, when full, a load of twenty-one pounds. From the tool-house they issued every day the proper shovels for the proper work. That planning-room, where all this was worked out, grew into a "labor office," from which three men handled like chess-players the 140 laborers of the Bethlehem yards. Taylor had begun by giving a bonus to such workmen as accomplished the results which he expected. Each received at the end of the day a white slip informing him of the morrow's task. A yellow slip with it meant that he had not worked well enough to earn the bonus. The deficient were taken in hand by "teachers,"—for such Taylor called his foremen,—and instructed in the right method. With a bonus of sixty per cent. to successful laborers, with an increased number of foremen, the average wage to the man was

higher, of course. But the results were fairly incredible. A hundred and forty men were doing the work of six hundred. The others had gone on to other departments, higher or lower, where the work was better suited to their powers. Formerly it had cost seven to eight cents a ton to handle material in that yard. Now it cost three and a half cents a ton. And this experiment in scientific management saved the company more than \$75,000 a year.

The principle was now established; and the group of business savants working under Taylor set themselves to carry it up into the more complex departments of industry, especially the machine processes. Here, the history of the movement grows too complex for us to follow much further in detail. Let the first great experiment, the cutting of steel, stand for the rest. Here was a fairly complicated process involving both a man and a machine. In the all-important matters of "feed" and "speed," machinists had hitherto worked by rule of thumb. The problem was how, with least wear on man, machine, and tool, to get most out of a given amount of power and labor. As a matter of pure mathematics, this problem involved twelve variants—an equation impossible of solution by mathematics alone. In their early experiments, these explorers of industry were troubled by the uneven quality of their material, which rendered experiment after experiment useless. It was necessary to make a special grade of steel, annealed like the barrel of a great gun. In years of patient experiment they turned 800,000 pounds of this expensive material into chips. First, they improved the tool. The point which steel-cutters had used since the birth of modern industry was not of the best shape. A simple curve on its edge greatly increased its efficiency. As the data from the machines came in, an expert mathematician correlated them. From his tables he made a slide rule for steel-cutting machines by which every operative may learn in less than a minute how best to set and use his machine for any and every size and quality of material. Again the magic result: according to the work in hand, the system multiplied the capacity of an operative and of a machine from two to nine times.

I wander about for another illustrative example. Years afterward, when the apostles of scientific management were spreading the system through the business world, Frank B. Gilbreth, a New York contractor, became interested. Gilbreth began life as a bricklayer. This trade had stood still for 4,000 years. Pharaoh's workman at Thebes and Gilbreth's workman at New York used the same kind of bricks, the same composition of mortar, the same motions on the part of the workman. Gilbreth began to use his mind on the processes of his trade. "What is the first motion I make?" he asked himself. "I take a step to the right. Is that necessary?" To eliminate that step, he needed only to bring the pile nearer to his hand. "What is the second motion?" he inquired. "I stoop and pick up a brick. That means lowering and raising 200 pounds two feet. Need I do that?" Bring the pile up to one's hand by some mechanical means, and the workman need not stoop. "What is the next process?" he inquired again. "I look the brick over, so that I may get no chipped surface on the outside. How can I eliminate that?" The answer to this third problem was the answer to all. Gilbreth, counseled by his wife, devised first an adjustable scaffold and then a carrier for bricks. Cheaply paid helpers arranged bricks and mortar in the carrier. The materials, all inspected and sorted, came up to the workman at his waist-level. He could take up brick and mortar with one simultaneous motion of both hands. In brief, Gilbreth reduced the number of motions in laying a brick from eighteen to five or six.

While testing his improvement, Gilbreth made the first step toward adjusting the inevitable differences between scientific management and union labor. He was putting up a building in Boston. The bricklayers' union, there as elsewhere, has a "maximum scale." No member of the union may set more than a certain number of bricks each day. Gilbreth saw the leaders. "If I can't have the bricks laid my way, I'll make my building of reinforced concrete," he said. "At this rate, bricklaying promises to become a lost art. If you will waive your maximum, I will give your men \$6.50 a day instead of \$4.50, and I won't overwork them,

either." The union agreed. This was a twelve-inch wall with two kinds of bricks and "drawn joints." The best record for that class of work had been 120 bricks an hour to the man. In the last half of the job, Gilbreth's gang, working under teachers on the new method, laid 350 an hour to the man.

The work of the individual laborer has been compared to the course of a runner. A large business, and specially a manufacturing business, may be compared to a football team. Not only must the individual get the best out of his powers; but he must correlate his efforts to that of his fellows. Upward from scientific study of individual effort to scientific study of combined effort rose the experiments of these apostles of efficiency. To run the thread of practice through the web of theory in such individual processes as steel-cutting, taxed higher mathematics. To correlate all these processes, in establishments involving twenty or thirty operations, demanded every resource of scientific method. "Many of our ideas," says Taylor, "we appropriated from some one else." Business had already its systematizers and its system experts. These methods, however, proceeded largely by rule of thumb; they were the practical work of exceptional men. In taking a hint from this system expert and that, the experimenters were careful always to reduce it to law, to make it a formula, so that the ordinary mind might profit by the discoveries of the exceptional. Viewed in one light, scientific method, whether applied to business or to bacteriology, is nothing else than that. Besides evolving thousands of formulas and hundreds of laws, they evolved the principle upon which production, and perhaps distribution, must in future proceed.

That principle is expressed in no one phrase or formula; but here is a brief statement of it: the workman does the real work of industry. This sounds like a platitude, and it is; but in a matter so complex platitudes strike sometimes with the force of discoveries. In the nature of things, the actual worker, whether journeyman or machine operative, is the unoriginal part of the body industrial. He who, by his imagination and his initiative, is capable of introducing improvements into the method of doing the work, usual-

ly forces himself up from the ranks, leaving his fellows to go along in the same old way. These graduates of the trade constitute the management. Hitherto, the management has worked from above, trying to stimulate the workman by threats or incentives, but doing nothing to help him solve his problems or improve his methods. Under the new system, the management is working from below, lifting up the workman. The superior officers of the management are planning out his work, co-ordinating it with the work of others; the inferior officers are standing beside the workbench or the machine teaching him "how to do it" on scientific lines, and seeing that he obeys the teaching. Under the old system one foreman directed perhaps twenty workmen. Under this system, one "teacher" helps every four or five. Under these conditions, fewer men, on a salary-roll increased slightly, if at all, double, treble, and quadruple the output. This is not "slave-driving." A cardinal principle of scientific management is to work the man within his permanent strength. It is not cutting the wages of the workroom to increase the salaries of the office. Regular increase of wages, as a reward for applying the system, is part of the plan.

"The results," says Louis D. Brandeis, who has long applied the system to shoe factories under his receivership, "are magic." In one of these establishments,

seventy-five men and twenty teachers have replaced one hundred men and five foremen—and they have multiplied the output by two and a half. In the Tabor machine works at Philadelphia, which Taylor uses as a kind of demonstration-room, the manufacture of one highly specialized machine formerly took eight months. Now the Tabor workmen complete it in six weeks. The profits have increased enormously, the hours of labor remain the same, and the average wage is thirty-three per cent. higher. The system is highly complicated; and the demand for young engineers who understand it exceeds the supply. It has failed here and there because the men who installed it were not skilled enough. But wherever it has got a foothold, it has given the same magical result in multiplying product.

These are the essential facts, briefly stated, about a new movement in American industry—rather, in world-industry, since France is already trying the system and Germany is asking questions. Each among several aspects of scientific management is worth a separate treatise; but one has a social and political importance so great that it cannot be slighted. That is the workman's part in this new organization of industry. For if scientific management becomes the rule, labor and capital, the laborer and the capitalist, Socialism and Conservatism, must shift front and reach new adjustments of new issues.



RANDOM COMMENT

THE EDITOR

GLEN CAMPBELL, the big, lanky westerner, who called a fellow member of Parliament "a liar" on the floor of the House of Commons last Friday, did the very thing that you would expect him to do under the circumstances. He spoke his mind, and Glen Campbell's mind is not given to mumbling.

Another M.P. had an attack of candour recently. It was the good Major Beattie, of London. It was candour within the party lines. Major Beattie was suddenly stricken with a paroxysm of disgust at the conduct of one of the Conservative members. He rose and delivered himself of his judgment against that member. That, too, was candour.

These two incidents are possibly the outcome of a state of irritation in the House. Is it not possible that the tempers of the various gentlemen are getting ruffled by the harrowing of the reciprocity debate?

. . .

SPEAKING of Mr. Campbell and the House of Commons brings to mind another interesting figure in the House—Captain Tom Wallace. It is not possible for any one who knows the House of Commons to think of Glen Campbell without thinking at the same time of Tom Wallace, nor the other way around.

Campbell is tall and thin and loosely strung together. He has dark eyes and a black moustache. "Tom" is fair "as a lily," compactly built, short for his girth and a pretty solid obstacle to run up against at any time. "Glen" is older-looking. "Tom" looks like a good-natured boy. Glen wears a Stetson jauntily—even wickedly, on one corner of his head. Tom—who wears a Stetson which Glen brought down from the west for him specially this session, wears his on the back of his head. In fact, these men are the most unlike of any two men in the House

of Commons—unless, perhaps, you could count Foster and Pugsley as a close second. They have just one thing in common—good humor.

You would never take them for M.P.'s. They look more like two schoolboys drifting through the corridors of the Commons, looking for mischief. To look at them, you would say that Glen Campbell originated all the mischief—the black moustache, the "wicked" gleam in his off eye—the long, rolling gait and the swing of his hands. Tom, sort of puffing along beside him, looks the part of innocence, looks as though he wouldn't steal an apple if it was dangled under his nose and he had a shingle hitched on behind. But that's the deceit of the pair. They go chuckling down the hall, concocting all sorts of schemes, and it is Tom who thinks them up, while Glen adds the sensational features and the shooting irons, as it were.

To see the pair sitting in the back row of the Tory side of the House, leaning over towards one another and telling stories that upset the dignity of half the people on that side of the House—except Dav-ee Henderson of Halton, who takes his jokes by the clock—you would think that the twain were a hindrance to the House and unworthy to represent the constituencies of Dauphin, Manitoba, and Centre York respectively. But every once in a while when the House goes into a Committee of Supply, Glen Campbell is on deck watching for the things that affect his riding, or Tom is poring over a blue book and thinking up questions that will make Hon. Bill Pugsley betray all his inwardness. When big questions are up they are to be seen voting consistently side by each. But when business is over and it is safe to quit, Tom nods across to Glen. Glen puts his Stetson on and Tom rolls a cigarette, and they stroll out together to plot a practical joke on Davy Henderson, or to plan how to rob the pantry of the Grand Union, where they room together.

THE BEST BOOK

“Marie-Claire”

WHEN you go to buy this odd little yellow-bound book—at least my copy is bound in yellow—called MARIE-CLAIRE, the bookseller will tell you that all Europe has been “raving” about it. If you borrow it from a friend he will undoubtedly tell you the same thing, and when you look on the paper wrapper of the volume you will see that for once the publisher’s statements and the statements of disinterested readers, are in harmony. Even the publishers cannot exaggerate the good things which are being said of this book.

This, of course, does not mean that you or I are bound to find it just as good. Sometimes it is good not to be in the fashion with the rest of the world when it comes to approving or condemning a book, as for instance in the case of “The Rosary,” that most successful piece of seventeen-year-old sentimental squash that we have seen in a long time. But with “Marie-Claire” it is perfectly safe to be fashionable. One does not need to know of Arnold Bennett’s approval, nor of the approval of Paris, or London or anybody else. Having read the book one feels soberly grateful to it for the refreshment it has given one and for the delicate way in which it has cleared the cobwebs away from some of the ideals we used to have when we were children, but which have been getting sadly soiled in the last few years.

A French seamstress wrote it. Her name is Marguerite Audoux. The book is simply the story of her own life from her very earliest childhood to the time when she steps on board a train to come to Paris. As Arnold Bennett says, it is “The exquisite expression of a temperament—a

divine accident.” As somebody else says, it is written with the “wistful tenderness of a little child, it enralls the imagination by the sheer force of personality and sincerity.” It won a prize from the French literary high-brows as the best book of fiction published in French during the year. John Raphael has translated it into English. It is to the translation that this comment refers.

It is not a problem novel. It is not—well, it is like no other book one has ever read unless, in its simplicity, it might be said to resemble some of the Bible stories. It has the beauty of a straight line or a perfect circle, or of a drop of water falling, or snow flake. The man who reads it and whose mind is open to see its beauty, cannot but lay the book down—almost with reverence. For it makes intelligible to the masculine mind little things about women that are not often understood. There is scarcely any “sex interest” in it at all, and yet it is not a Sir Galahad affair nor a St. Agnes Eve reverie. There is no ranting about “My strength being as the strength of ten because my heart is,” etc., and no saintly repudiation of love with the usual accompaniment of tears and martyrdom. It is merely the story of a perfectly human woman—not “brainy,” not “stupid,” merely lovely.

It starts with a little five-year-old girl whose mother has just died. The father is a drunkard. For a time he supports the child, and her elder sister, with an old French woman, la mere Colas. La mere Colas is poor and when the father goes off and deserts the children she is compelled to send them, in the bottom of an old hay cart, to an orphanage conducted by the nuns.

At five years of age the little girl goes into the institution and is separated from her sister—not that that makes any difference, but that is the end of the sister until she turns up, for a moment in the end of the book, a hard-faced woman, married to a market gardener.

If any but a genius were telling the story you would not give two pins to know what follows. But Marguerite Audoux has a way of telling the little things that went on in the orphanage, that is fascinating. In her dormitory was a little dwarf girl called Ismerie, another child called Renaud, a servant girl called something else and the presiding nun. Each one of these has her little touch of character, pathetic or funny, or both.

Sister Gabrielle has a way of mixing the salad for the children by plunging her arms into the great stone jar in which it was made. She also kept a few birch switches for the children. Then came Sister Marie-Aimee, who was more clean and more kind. Sister Marie-Aimee took a fancy to the five-year-old and dubbed her Marie-Claire, hence the name of the book.

Sister Marie-Aimee has a sad little affair with a new cure, nothing definite, but she felt very badly when the cure died. Then there was a big cripple girl "Collette," who had a wonderful voice and who wanted to be mended in order that she might run away and find someone to marry her. The innocence of the thing is paramount. The little girls like Colette because she is a cripple and because she has a beautiful voice in which she sings to the children when they are at their regular work of cracking nuts—which, by the way, they are never allowed to eat—and with which she joins in mass in the chapel every day. Marie-Claire, with eight other little orphans, decide to pray for the recovery of Colette. They pray for nine days and during that time Colette fasts. On the ninth day, being communion, she goes to the altar, and in her faith, hands her crutch to the little girls to take away, so confident is she that when she rises from her knees she will be able to walk. But when she finally tries—you have the end of this little convent tragedy. She cannot walk.

But to try and tell these things about the book is not fair to the book. It is pre-

sumptuous on our part because it is liable to prejudice the reader against the story.

"The origins of this extraordinary book," says Mr. Arnold Bennett in his introduction to it, "are sufficiently curious and interesting to be dealt with in detail. They go back to some ten years ago, when the author, after the rustic adventures which she describes in the following pages, had definitely settled in Paris as a working sempstress. The existence of a working sempstress in Paris, as elsewhere, is very hard; it usually means eleven hours' close application a day, six full days a week, at half a crown a day. But already Marguerite Audoux's defective eyesight was causing anxiety, and upsetting the regularity of her work, so that in the evenings she was often less fatigued than a sempstress generally is. She wanted distraction, and she found it in the realization of an old desire to write. She wrote, not because she could find nothing else to do, but because at last the chance of writing had come. That she had always loved reading is plain from certain incidents in this present book: her opportunities for reading, however, had been limited. She now began, in a tentative and perhaps desultory fashion, to set down her youthful reminiscences. About this time she became acquainted, through one of its members, and by one of those hazards of destiny which too rarely diversify the dull industrial life of a city, with a circle of young literary men, of whom possibly the most important was the regretted Charles Louis Philippe, author of "Bubu de Montparnasse," and other novels which have a genuine reputation among the chosen people who know the difference between literature and its counterfeit. This circle of friends used to meet at Philippe's flat. It included a number of talented writers, among whom I should mention MM. Iehl (the author of "Cauet"), Francis Jourdain, Paul Fargue, Larbaud, Chanvin, Marcel Ray, and Regis Gignoux (the literary and dramatic critic). Marguerite Audoux was not introduced as a literary prodigy. Nobody, indeed, was aware that she wrote. She came on her merits as an individuality, and she took her place beside several other women who, like herself, had no literary pretensions. I am told by one of the intimates of the fellowship that the impression she made was profound.

And the fact is indubitable that her friends are at least as enthusiastic about her individuality as about this book which she has written. She was a little over thirty, and very pretty, with an agreeable voice. The sobriety of her charm, the clear depth of her emotional faculty, and the breadth of her gentle interest in human nature handsomely conquered the entire fellowship. The working sempstress was sincerely esteemed by some of the brightest masculine intellects in Paris.

This admiring appreciation naturally encouraged her to speak a little of herself. And one evening she confessed that she, too, had been trying to write. On another evening she brought some sheets of manuscript—the draft of the early chapters of "Marie-Claire"—and read them aloud. She read, I am told, very well. The reception was enthusiastic. One can imagine the ecstatic fervor of these young men, startled by the apparition of such a shining talent. She must continue the writing of her book, but in the meantime she must produce some short stories and sketches for the daily papers! Her gift must be presented to the public instantly! She followed the advice thus urgently offered, and several members of the circle (in particular Regis Gignoux and Marcel Ray) gave themselves up to the business of placing the stories and sketches; Marcel Ray devoted whole days to the effort, obtaining special leave from his own duties in order to do so. In the result several stories and sketches appeared in the *Matin*, *Paris Journal* (respectively the least and the most literary of Paris morning papers), and other organs. These stories, and sketches, by the way, were republished in a small volume, some time before "Marie-Claire," and attracted no general attention whatever.

"Meanwhile the more important work proceeded, slowly; and was at length finished. Its composition stretched over a period of six years. Marguerite Audoux never hurried or fatigued herself, and though she re-wrote many passages several times, she did not carry this revision to the meticulous excess which is the ruin of so many ardent literary beginners in France. The trite phrase, "written with blood and tears," does not in the least apply here. A native wisdom has invariably saved Marguerite Audoux from the dan-

gerous extreme. In his preface to the original French edition, M. Octave Mirbeau appositely points out that Philippe and her other friends abstained from giving purely literary advice to the authoress as her book grew and was read aloud. With the insight of artists they perceived that hers was a talent which must be strictly let alone. But Parisian rumor has alleged, not merely that she was advised, but that she was actually helped in the writing by her admirers. The rumor is worse than false—it is silly. Every paragraph of the work bears the unmistakable and inimitable work of one individuality. And among the friends of Marguerite Audoux, even the most gifted, there is none who could possibly have composed any of the passages which have been singled out as being beyond the accomplishment of a working sempstress. The whole work and every part of the work is the unassisted and untutored production of its author. This statement cannot be too clearly and positively made. Doubtless the spelling was drastically corrected by the proof-readers; but to have one's spelling drastically corrected is an experience which occurs to nearly all women writers, and to a few male writers.

The book completed, the question of its proper flotation arose. I use the word "flotation" with intent. Although Marguerite Audoux had originally no thought of publishing, her friends were firmly bent not simply on publishing, but on publishing with the maximum of eclat. A great name was necessary to the success of the enterprise, a name which, while keeping the sympathy of the artists, would impose itself on the crowd. Francis Jourdain knew Octave Mirbeau. And Octave Mirbeau, by virtue of his feverish artistic and moral enthusiasm, of his notorious generosity, and of his enormous vogue, was obviously the heaven-appointed man. Francis Jourdain went to Octave Mirbeau and offered him the privilege of floating "Marie-Claire" on the literary market of Paris. Octave Mirbeau accepted, and he went to work on the business as he goes to work on all his business: that is to say, with flames and lightnings. For some time Octave Mirbeau lived for nothing but "Marie-Claire." The result has been vastly creditable to him. "Marie-Claire" was finally launched in splendour.

Its path had been prepared with really remarkable skill in the Press and in the world, and it was an exceedingly brilliant success from the start. It ran a triumphant course as a serial in one of the "great reviews," and within a few weeks of its publication as a book thirty thousand copies had been sold. The sale continues more actively than ever. Marguerite Audoux lives precisely as she lived before. She is writing a further instalment of her pseudonymous autobiography, and there is no apparent reason why this new instalment should not be even better than the first.

"Such is the story of the book.

"My task is not to criticise the work. I will only say this. In my opinion it is highly distinguished of its kind (the second part in particular is full of marvellous beauty); but it must be accepted for what it is. It makes no sort of pretence to display those constructive and inventive artifices which are indispensable to a great masterpiece of impersonal fiction. It is not fiction. It is the exquisite expression of a temperament. It is a divine accident."

SMOKING ROOM STORIES

That Nova Scotia, down by the sea, can boast of two R. L. Bordens was amply demonstrated during the federal campaign of 1908. A few days before the election of that year there reached Digby on a belated train from the interior of the province a commercial man bearing the same name as the leader of His Majesty's opposition at Ottawa. He was bound for Montreal, and, owing to the delay, would not reach St. John until some time after the departure of the train for Montreal. He was very anxious to reach that city the following day. A happy thought struck him, and he sent the following telegram from Digby to the C.P.R. authorities at St. John:—"Am delayed at Prince Rupert. Very anxious to reach Montreal in the morning. Is it possible to hold train?" Thinking the telegram came from the Conservative leader the train was held much to the annoyance of the passengers. She pulled out of the Union depot fifty minutes late, and on her was R. L. Borden, but not R. L. Borden, the leader of His Majesty's opposition at Ottawa.

Centre Bruce, not long ago. It was in the Commons dining-room at Ottawa on St. Andrew's night. The Prince Edward Island members gave an oyster supper that night. There was only one toast, but it was responded to by one man from each province. The Colonel, replying for Ontario, referred to the grace with which Scotchmen will make and take jokes levelled at themselves. "They are so sure of their position," he said, "that they can stand for jokes at their own expense."

Replying for Nova Scotia, Mr. Crosby referred to these remarks, and said, amid laughter, in which none joined more heartily than Col. Clark himself, that "a joke is about the only thing a Scotchman will stand for at his own expense."



"Oo's the lady standin' at your door, Bill?"
 "Garn! Oo'er yer gettin at? That's me muvver!"

—Tatler

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Ex-Mayor Crosby, Halifax, now M.P., with R. L. Borden as his running mate, has a trick witt. which he turned loose upon Hon. Hugh Clark, M.P.P. for



