The British Columbia CHINOOK

Exclusive Late Saturday Night War News Supplied to the Chinook by the United Press Association

Vol. IV, No. 2—Established 1911 VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA, 10.10 O'CLOCK, SATURDAY NIGHT, MAY 22, 1915 Price Five Cents

ITALY'S FIRST MILLION OF MEN GO TO NORTH

ITALY IN STATE OF WAR

ROME, May 23.—A Royal decree that all the Italian Provinces bordering on the frontier are now "In a State of War" was signed z yKing Victor Emmanuel shortly after midnight and became effective today (Sunday).

Issuance of this decree followed several hours after mobilization orders calling land and sea forces to colors.

All Italian islands in the Adriatic and all coast towns are included in the state of war proclamation issued by the King. This step is similar to that taken by Germany preceding her formal entrance into the war. It places the frontier districts under the supreme control of the military who may order the civilian population to surrender homes at once for military purposes.

Another Royal decree requisitioned all horses in the Kingdom and vehicles of all kinds. All railway rolling stock is included in the order as a natural sequence of the mobilization decree.

The council of ministers adjourned a lengthy session without anouncement of formal declaration of war. The phrasing of the declaration however, has been approved and was submitted to the King at a conference late last (Saturday) night.

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PARIS, May 22.—At midnight a German aviator bombs upon the city, doing little damage.

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PARIS, May 22.—The Germans are smashing hard at the British lines north east of La Brasse. They have concentrated large forces near Auburs and are wasting lives recklessly in an attempt to force the English to retire from the district about Neuve Chapelle.

Rome an Armed Camp -- Government Takes Over Railways--Official Declaration of War Comes Monday

LONDON, May 22.—Official despatches from General French tonight forecasted a big battle along the British front from Ypres south to La Bassee. A violent artillery engagement opened last night and is proceeding.

The Germans began sweeping the British lines northeast of Festufert with fierce shell fire, evidently planning to launch an infantry attack. The British guns roared a reply which held the enemy to his trenches except at a few points where the Germans attempted to advance but were repulsed at the point of the bayonet by a Scottish battalion.

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(Special United Press Despatch)

ROME, May 22.—Unofficial mobilization orders were signed by the King early this evening and posted tonight upon the walls of Rome, calling out the first line of troops comprising classes from 1876 to 1896.

Baron Von Macchino, the Austrian special ambassador, is understood to have received his passports and is making ready to leave Rome tonight.

Prince Von Buelow is reported to be awaiting instructions from Berlin.

Duke D'Avarna, Italian ambassador to Austria-Hungary, left Vienna tonight, it was reported. The Foreign Office would not confirm this report but denied the rumor that Signor Bollatti, Italian ambassador to Germany, demanded his passports this morning.

The mobilization orders as published this morning called to the colors the nation's forces on land and sea. Almost immediately the military took charge of the railways and word went out that all passenger services had been cancelled.

Troop trains are leaving Rome tonight as fast as facilities will allow and a million troops are being rushed to the Northern frontier.

All Italy is wild with the war spirit. Rome was rocked tonight by the roaring cheers from the throats of 200,000 men and women who marched, and counter-marched past the Government buildings and the Royal Palace, waving silken tricolors and hysterically shouting for war. Scores of private automobiles have been commandeered by the Government. Cars made their way with difficulty through the crowds. They carried despatch bearers with messages from Italian commanders already at the front or carried officers speeding for the railway stations to join their regiments.

More ground has been gained by the British south of Quinquerue.

Interior towns learned of clashes upon the frontier and a report of a naval battle in the Adriatic caused telegraphic inquiries to pour in to Rome.

The issuance of mobilization orders is interpreted as a virtual act of war and it is pointed out in high diplomatic circles that the formal declaration of hostilities came from Paris and Berlin last August three hours after mobilization orders had been published.

Baron Von Macchino arrived at the Foreign Office immediately before mobilization orders were promulgated, probably to demand his passports. As he left he is reported to have shaken hands cordially with Baron Sonnino and other attaches of the Foreign office. The Austrian ambassador's face was lined with dejection and he stepped into his limousine and was whirled away.

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Italian Consular Agents Leave Germany

COPENHAGEN, May 22.—The Italian consuls at Munich and staff have received orders tonight to leave Germany immediately.

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Kaiser Claims Crisis With United States is Passed

BERLIN, May 22.—(The following message received by United Press from Berlin and likely censored by German military authorities):

The diplomatic crisis between the United States and Germany was passed today. An acute situation developed yesterday, which seemed likely to bring the United States into th ewar on the side of the Allies, but the difficulties have been adjusted and tonight fear of rupture has been dissipated.

It is said on high authority: There is every possibility that the German reply to President Wilson will be delivered in Washington late Tuesday or Wednesday.

TODAY'S BASEBALL SCORES

	R.	H.	E.
SEATTLE (Lotz, Mails and Cadman.)	2	9	2
VICTORIA (McHenry and Hoffman.)	1	4	2
SPOKANE (Leonard and Brenigan.)	7	12	3
At VANCOUVER (Colwell and Brottem.)	10	11	3
At ABERDEEN (Clark and Vance.)	3	8	0
At TACOMA (Kauffman and Stevens.)	3	9	3

Bottled Whiskey From Grog Shop Tempts Women Astray

THAT the so-called "family" liquor store is more dangerous to the community than the wide-open saloon is the opinion frankly expressed by those who are studying the liquor problem in Vancouver, and have had an opportunity of observing the wide-spread ramifications of the bottle trade. One of the complaints made against them is that they are undermining the foundations of the home by encouraging secret drinking, which physicians allege is far more destructive of health and morals than the convivial pleasures of the saloon or club. That by newspaper advertising, promiscuous distribution of alluringly worded circulars, attractive window dressing, striking electric signs, free deliveries, and other expedients, they do their utmost to encourage the consumption of alcoholics no one can deny, and at this time when trenchant economy and a higher standard of morality are essential if our country is to progress in the face of the enormous drains in men and money being made upon it, it is urged by those who have this phase of the situation under observance, that means should be taken to restrict and curtail the pernicious activities of the "bottle-traders."

WHERE THE FAMILY MONEY GOES

A drinking woman is notoriously more difficult to deal with from a social standpoint than a drinking man, and there seems no reason to doubt that the family liquor store is responsible for the increase of drinking among women, which is not confined to Vancouver alone, but which may be observed in any of the larger cities of Canada or the United States where the "family" liquor store is allowed to carry on its activities. Many a woman who would shrink from ordering a bottle of beer or wine in a cafe thinks nothing of calling up one of the numerous liquor stores on the 'phone and having a bottle of "Old Tom" or "Canadian Club" sent out by special messenger. The bottle arrives when the children are out at school, perhaps. The sky is overcast, and her spirits are down in the dumps. What better way to bring the sunshine back into her life than by a glass of whiskey and water? Yes, the change is marvellous; she feels a hundred per cent. better already—life is rosier than she thought. In fact, she feels so good that nothing can satisfy her but a second glass to chase the first to its destination. One glass leads to another, and by four o'clock, when the children are returning from school, she is maudlin, enlivening her solitude by singing snatches of ragtime which she heard the last time she visited Pantages. A little later she has fallen asleep, the family dinner yet unprepared. When her husband comes home from work at six or half-past, he has to lift the inanimate form into bed and make some effort to get a meal together for himself and the little ones. And this pitiful little tragedy is repeated day after day in scores of Vancouver homes.

FOOD MONEY FOR DRINK

Aside altogether from the moral effect upon the household, the waste of money, which in many instances has been given to the wife to buy food or clothes, must not be overlooked, for the tendency of people with drinking proclivities is to curtail their expenditures for food for the purpose of securing the nepenthe which gives temporary surcease from sorrow, the result being that their health is rapidly undermined.

Of course it would be folly to say that only women suffer through the activities of the family liquor stores, for many men have acquired the pernicious bottle habit with the consequent secret drinking which it almost invariably entails. When a man is alone with a quart of "booze" he is likely to drink a good deal more than he would in a saloon, and his indulgence will do him more harm because it lacks the companionship which does much to redeem the most sordid drinking bouts.

When the laws governing this traffic were framed it was doubtless for the purpose of protecting the young from the use of alcoholic drinks. But what is to prevent any minor who knows enough to use the telephone to secure all the liquor he wants. All the family liquor stores in Vancouver make a specialty of telephone business, an extension of their activities which was probably never contemplated by the city fathers when they framed the original statutes for the conduct of this class of business.

SHOULD TELEPHONE ORDERS BE PROHIBITED?

Those who have made a close study of the liquor problem in Vancouver are unanimous in expressing the opinion that the privilege of doing business over the telephone and delivering their wares promiscuously in the homes, apartment houses and rooming houses of the city should be taken away from them, and their business confined

(Continued on page 2)

Save yourself a midnight journey. When you think of some household remedy you haven't got, RIGHT THEN is the time to get it. If baby takes the cramps, have you got a remedy in the house? If you get headache, toothache, earache or any other kind of ache, pain or trouble, BE READY for it by having on hand a complete line of household remedies to tide through on until the doctor comes.

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Premier Borden Goes A-Fishing!

By H. F. GADSBY

Ottawa, May 20.—Politicians at the capital are much interested in Premier Borden's way of facing trouble by going fishing. Close observers state that the Premier has passed through three stages in his treatment of public affairs and that going fishing is the best one of the three.

Very early in the game, while the Premier was still unaccustomed to power, he developed Job's ailment when things went wrong. That is to say whe nhe got into hot water in the House of Commons he came to a boil. In persons of strong character like Job and Premier Borden this is not an affliction so much as a personal expression of indignation at another sore touch from fate, something half way between temper and temperament.

But this phase of statemanship was soon outgrown and the Premier entered upon the next stage of his evolution which was a certain acrimony of retort when pestered by the Opposition. This stage did not last long because the Premier is a kindly man, gentle in his nature, and regardful of the amenities. Besides anger is a wasting emotion and hard on the constitution, meaning one's own constitution, also the British North America Act.

The third and perfect stage has just been achieved by the Premier—he has became a philosopher and his going fishing to escape Bob Rogers' importunities shows it. No one knows just where he caught it but it was *probably from studying Marcus Aurelius* who has a lot to say about letting things take their course and Frank Cochrane who hasn't a word to say one way or another no matter what happens. Each, in his own fashion, is a typical stoic and when Premier Borden grafts on their example *the mellow precepts of Izaak Walton's* Compleat Angler he has a combination that is hard to beat. Moreover there is something Napoleonic in this way of handling a problem. It was a maxim with that great commander that almost any letter would answer itself in a month which is to say *that time is the wisest counsellor* and turns more hard corners than any Premier in the business.

Nobody in Ottawa believes it was mere pleasure that took the Premier a-fishing. It was tactics. The Premier probably got his hint from the conduct of a famous general in the American Civil War who took a day off to go fishing when the campaign was at its fiercest. It is not related that the general caught any fish but he did his fishing where the whole army could see, thus re-establishing the morale of his troops and incidentally thinking out a plan to surround the enemy. The soldiers naturally argued if the old man could fish, things couldn't be so bad and took heart. Something like this Premier Borden's fishing trip may be expected to do with the panicky fellows on his staff who see no hope except in an immediate election. Premier Borden's absence gives the Cabinet space to reflect, to feel out public opinion and, if necessary, to back up and they can blame it all on the brook trout.

Of course the case of the American general and Premier Borden are not exactly on all fours because the general fished where everybody could see him and the Premier does his fishing in absolute privacy, no closer to a telegraph wire say than five miles and only occasionally taking a peek the way Speaker Landry did when he was on strike from the Senate. But the purpose is the same and similar results are anticipated. The best guesses at Ottawa are of the opinion that the Premier buries himself in the wilds of the Gatineau, which are just wild enough to be within reach of the newspapers if you want to drive in for them. Outside of that, however, the Premier's retreat is as dark a secret as Moses' grave or Ham Burnham's real thoughts.

It is quite certain that Premier Borden *did not go to Kingsmere although* there is a mere there and possibly fish. Kingsmere is only eleven miles from Ottawa as the crow flies and is up in the mountains. Although it is a good place from where to keep tab on Parliament Hill it is an equally good place for Parliament Hill to keep *tab on Kingsmere.* A conspicuous figure in public life like Premier Borden could not stand on the ridge of the Laurentian Mountains at Kingsmere and escape notice from the West Block. If Bob Rogers had a hot thought to communicate he would make even less of that eleven miles *than the crow does and then Premier* Borden's peace of mind would be shattered.

The weight of evidence is that Premier Borden's hiding place is somewhere in the lowlands where he can let well enough alone without observation from those who would make it worse by a general election. The call of the wild is, of course, a mere excuse because Bob Rogers and Doctor Reid are calling wildly enough to suit anybody with an ear for that kind of music. Getting next to nature is another pretext that won't wash because there is plenty of nature right at home. Ottawa is now clothed in the beauty of spring. The grass and trees are as green as a newly elected M.P., the skies as blue as Finance Minister White's outlook, the mountains as purple as a peroration by R. B. Bennett. The river sparkles like a silver shield and Dinny Murphy's barges dance upon the tide. The Rideau Canal has been turned on again. Now that the warm weather has come the sunsets, always highly successful, can be viewed with comfort. The moonlight is at its old work and the Ottawa poets are tuning up. The Chateau Laurier has spread its awnings and the nicest people in town are taking tea on the terrace. In fact Ottawa is at her best.

All of which goes to show that it wasn't nature that Premier Borden wanted to get next to but a certain element of human nature that he wanted to dodge when he went fishing. The Premier learns from the fish how to run the Dominion of Canada. He takes lessons from their placid disposition, their unblinking outlook on earthly affairs and their occasional eagerness when the bait is big enough, as for example when one hundred and fifty million dollars is to be distributed among Conservative patriots with things to sell.

Fishing is part of Premier Borden's philosophy—it is the outward and visible sign of a lot of hard thinking. It will be the Premier's fate, as it is every angler's, to have the biggest fish to get away, but what is his story beside Bob Rogers' who had a general election get away from him after he actually had it on the hook?

Being a philosopher Premier Borden naturally leaves a philosopher behind him on the lid. Sir George Foster is the acting premier. Sir George has passed the dangerous stage. No more nests of traitors for him, no more feverish testimonials from Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Sir George is now a philosopher pure and simple. He looks back at politics over his shoulder. 'He is as safe to leave behind as Sir George Perley, who is warming a chair for someone in the High Commissioner's office in London. One philosopher can trust another. Sir Robert Borden has the greatest confidence in Sir George Foster.

Meanwhile practical measures are not neglected. Before Premier Borden went fishing a great howl had come from Toronto against a general election. It was felt in Ottawa that Toronto couldn't be well because never before had she said a word against a Conservative Government. Past experience was that Toronto would swallow anything so that these signs of a weak stomach were viewed with alarm. Two days after Premier Borden disappeared with rod and reel Bob Rogers was asking Toronto to hold ont her tongne, and Tom White was feeling her pulse. The consultants foregathered at the King Edward Hotel and the verdict was that Ottawa would have to go slow.

Bob Rogers was particularly alarmed. It seems that Winnipeg and other large cities are developing the same symptoms—violent retching and nausea. In fact somebody or something threatens to take the Win out of Winnipeg for Bob Rogers and he is in favor of operating on the patient at once.

The easiest way to earn a title is to have a newspaper reporter confer it on you.

* * *

Nearly every man proceeds upon the theory that the public would like to see his sore spots.

NOTICE
To the Public

To remove all doubts from the minds of the public as to the legitimacy of the sale and purchase of the Dominion Bakery, as well as to silence the slanderous insinuations of a few very interested competitors, we take great pleasure in publishing today a letter of approval from one of the best-known lawyers and public men in the City of Vancouver—Mr. Alex. Henderson, K.C.

Giffin & McDonald
Proprietors.

Dear Sirs,—
(Re Dominion Bakery Purchase).

I have carefully examined the documents in connection with the sale, as a going concern, of the Dominion Bakery, situated at the corner of 24th Avenue and Inverness Street, in the City of Vancouver, from William Kruck and William Schmid to Frank Giffin and John Amos McDonald, and I hereby certify that the said documents show conclusively:—

1. That such sale is an absolute sale.
2. That the said Frank Giffin and John Amos McDonald are the sole owners and proprietors of the Dominion Bakery; and,
3. That the said William Kruck and William Schmid have now no interest whatever in the said Dominion Bakery.

Yours faithfully,
ALEX. HENDERSON.

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Bottled Whiskey from Grog Shops Tempt Women Astray

(Continued from page 1)

strictly to their stores. Let the men and women who want a bottle to take home buy it if they must, but make it impossible for the trade to be carried on, as it is, in all parts of the city, at all hours of the day and evening, and among all classes of people. Is it going beyond the truth to say that the bottle-trader never sees half the customers he supplies.

"If the devil had exercised his power for a century he could hardly have shaped a more powerful weapon for the destruction of the home and the debauching of the young than the family liquor store," says a prominent citizen. "In the prohibition banquet recently held in Dominion Hall, one of the speakers remarked that the strength of the liquor traffic was in the saloon, which was the poor man's club. In my opinion, the evil effects of the saloon, obvious as they are, are nothing to the destructive influences of the family liquor store which extends its poisonous tentacles into all sections of the city, embracing in its death grip thousands who, though they have been taught to shun the saloon, do not see the perils lurking in the bottle in the family cupboard."

HIGHLY PROFITABLE BUSINESS

Inspection of the telephone directory indicates that there are ten stores in the city engaged in the "family" liquor trade, and that the business must be most extensive and lucrative is evidenced by the high rents which they pay for choice locations, their palatial fittings, the heavy license which the city imposes and the extensive stocks which are carried.

When the Social Service Committee approached the city council recently for the purpose of requesting drastic reform in social conditions, special stress was laid on the conditions prevailing in the rooming houses. Are not these conditions due in a measure to the activities of the "bottle traders," who make it possible through the telephone and their special messenger delivery system to serve any kind of liquor, in practically any quantity, in any room, in any house. The question is, should this nefarious traffic be allowed to continue without drastic restrictions being placed upon it which will limit its activities strictly to its license places of business?

Dr. W. J. CURRY
DENTIST

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VICTORIA ROAD.—Cars operate every 12 minutes throughout the day from the South Vancouver terminus to Granville and Pender Streets, passing through the Vancouver business section via Hastings and Granville Streets.

N.B.—On both the above lines extra cars are operated during the rush hours on weekdays, these being in addition to the regular service. Such cars operate only to Main and Powell Streets, and may be known by the word "EXTRA" printed in skeleton red letters across the car sign.

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The German Peril

SINCE the last issue of the CHINOOK, the Strand Cafe management has raised two British flags in the Strand dining room.

All the German help in the Strand kitchen and in the Strand bar have been dismissed.

Miller, the head waiter, has taken pains to announce that he is of Canadian birth, although having considerable German blood in his veins.

"Tipperary" and "God Save the King" now ring out from the much changed Strand premises.

J. A. Russell, L.L.B., says that the CHINOOK has distinctly libelled Mr. Miller, the head waiter at the Strand. Mr. Russell has written the CHINOOK demanding apology, retraction, withdrawal.

At this grave crisis in the history of the Empire it would be better that the CHINOOK be put out of business than that its columns should be used to withdraw one word or retract one statement printed for the protection of Canadian institutions.

United Press Correspondents Give Racy Stories of Great War

CHINOOK Gives Its Readers Exclusive War News Supplied by The United Press Service

By William G. Shepherd
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

PARIS, May 15.—(By Mail to New York).—You can't exactly say that the allies aren't sticking together but you do come across lots of quarrelling between them. That is, not between the soldiers, but between the civilians; the folks who haven't gone off to fight, but who take their duty out in talking.

There are plenty of fine strong men of every nationality, here in Paris; of every nationality except French. If the history books which are studied a quarter of a century from now are as muddled in their stories of the Great War as these men of different nationalities, here in Paris, life is going to be a burden for the school kid of 1940.

"They say that General French was outnumbered three to one at the battle of Ypres," said a Russian to me. "It's not true. Why, seven-eighths of the German army was over on the eastern front fighting the Russians at that time. It was the Russians that saved the little English army, because we took so many German soldiers away from France."

If you're a Frenchman or an Englishman you can take up the issue with this Russian artist in Paris, any time, you please, and get as pretty a little inter-ally scrap as you want. However, if you're an Englishman, you won't quarrel with the Russian, because you'll have your hands filled with your elderly French friends who couldn't get into the army because of their age. "What! General French saved Paris!" one of them exclaimed. "Absurd. Why he and his little English army was so far down south after the retreat from Mons that it took them two days to get back to the French lines to support them. It was not General French who saved Paris."

"Rot!" I've heard an Englishman answer; "we allies must stick together and so I won't quarrel with you."

And just about this time another Frenchman will chime in:

"It wasn't Foche, who saved Paris. It was General Manoury."

"But Foche got orders to hold his line when the Germans were advancing," says the first Frenchman, "and he sent back word, "I can hold no longer. I must attack."

Now this starts a quarrel between the two Frenchmen.

"Ah! That's all very fine and true, but Manoury, with his little army, came up against the German flank, from Amiens, when the Germans didn't even know there was a Manoury army," says the second Frenchman, "and he drove Von Kluck away from Paris."

"It wasn't Foche or Manoury either',' chimes in a third Frenchman. "It was Gallieni who saved Paris. Gallieni got together an army of 60,000 men in Paris on September 5 and he sent them out from Paris in taxicabs to the Marne and this fresh strength turned the tide against the Germans. It was Gallieni who did it."

"Who was it who saved Paris?"

"I don't believe in the bally allies quarrelling," he says; "but it was General French and his 70,000 Englishmen who did it. The Germans didn't know they were anywhere near the Marne and when General Von Kluck turned his flank toward the Marne and started east to meet the forces of the Crown Prince of Germany, General French saw that he had him, and he struck at him like lightning and routed him. It was the greatest thing ever done in human warfare. Faris was saved that day."

"Yes, without a doubt," speaks up one of the Frenchman, who has been quarrelling with his compatriots. "History will probably say that the English saved Paris. History is always twisted round to give the English the best of it. Twenty-five years from now little children will be spanked in school for not remembering the date on which the English rescued Paris from the German hordes."

And with this bit of sarcasm he leaves the cafe, muttering that everybody knows that it was General Joffre who really saved Paris.

Yes, indeed! The allies are sticking together; that is, the soldiers of the allies are sticking together. But, with the civilians of the allies it is quite another matter. You can see, thus early in the Great War, that three sets of histories are going to be written, telling about what the allies did in 1915. And these histories are going to disagree just as radically as do the talkers of all nations in the cafes of Paris.

* * *

By Wilbur S. Forrest
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

LONDON, May 12 (by mail to New York).—It's Mons now. Or it's Ypres. And again it's Neuve Chapelle.

The hundreds of thrilling tales written around the Indian, East African, or Egyptian campaigns of the past have been put on the shelf. For already the brave deeds performed in the Great War have dimmed the gallantry of British Tommies who fought and bled through half a century from Khartoum to Kimberley.

To distinguish a British officer or private of the future in London's tea rooms or clubs it will be to say:

"He was at Mons." "He was wounded at Ypres," or "He fought at Neuve Chapelle." Or if severity of battle is to be emphasised, it will be: "It isn't a whit to Mons." Or "It doesn't hold a candle to Ypres or Neuve Chapelle."

The tales that Kipling might have written if his youth were today; the stories of action that Kitchener might have figured in, and the brushes in which the Tommies of Khartoum might have fought had the hands of time slipped back several dozen years are now pouring in from the Flanders front; but it remains for a new Kipling to come along and tell them as they should be told.

There are "Barrack Room Ballads," "Soldiers Three" and "Lights That Failed" multiplied and the Kiplings of tomorrow will find abundant material.

For instance, there's a story about the private who gave his life to save an officer. A brother officer told it over his whiskey and soda this afternoon in London:

"There have been deeds in this war," he said, "which put anything the Golden Age produced into the shade. It isn't because he's a soldier that I speak of him in terms of praise; it isn't because the man I'm thinking of was a member of my own regiment, but it's because he was a MAN. You understand that one doesn't care to gush about the things that have been witnessed in this war. But how does it strike you? The man I speak of was a hero of the first type. He fell beside a wounded officer of his own regiment. The soldier was wounded in the leg, but realized that if help didn't reach the officer soon he would die; for night was coming on and the enemy was sweeping the ground on which they lay with continuous rifle and machine gun fire. To get the officer back to the British line was impossible. It was just as impossible for the soldier with his shattered leg to reach there himself. He dressed his officer's hurt and staunched the blood.

"Night came on with bitter cold. The man searched his pockets for a box of matches and signalled by match light, putting his hands up and down to form the letters, and, using a match for each, conveyed to the British lines the fact that help was wanted. At the first gleam of light he was shot at from both sides, but he persevered, and, though wounded again, succeeded in attracting attention in the British trench. Stretcher bearers brought them both in.

"And the sequel to that story," said the officer, after a pause, "is that the officer was saved and the man died. And he died," he added, "from the wound he received while in the act of signalling."

Another hero story, told by a Tommy, goes like this:

"I'll tell it, again if you want to listen, but it wasn't much. It was down at ———. The quartermaster-sergeant got between the lines and stopped a bullet. Harry and I—Harry was my pal—were frying a bit of meat. 'What about going out and fetchin' him in?' I says to Harry.

"'I'm on,' says Harry, 'but walk slow because I've got a corn.' So we got out of shelter and walked across to Captain Jones.

"'Hullo!' says Captain Jones, 'what the devil do you want?'

"'Beg your pardon, says I, 'but if you'll kindly allow me and Harry, we'll carry you in and be much obliged.'

"'Go back, you silly ass,' says Captain Jones, 'I'm very much obliged but I'm done for.'

"'Beg your pardon,' says I, 'but me and Harry Huggins would be very much obliged if you'd let us carry you in.' And there we stood arguing with bullets coming 'round like rain. By-and-by, he says 'I see the only way to get rid of you is to let you take me in.' So we lifted him up and we carried him very carefully and by-and-by we got him to a shelter of a wall and there he lay. 'Now what are you going to do?' he says.

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' I says; 'it must be nearly dinner-time. So we sat there, me and Harry, and by-and-by Harry sorts of gasps and says; 'I forgot to take the meat off.' We'd left our dinner frying in the trench. They gave us the Distinguished Conduct Medal for it — but it wasn't much."

* * *

By William Philip Simms
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

NICE, May 10 (By Mail to New York).—It's no use trying to get away from the war. It can't be done.

In many ways this great resort is a million miles from the front. It is such a spotless town, such a useless looking place, full of people who look as if they had been brought up under glass in a hothouse. Still the inevitable soldier with a limp, the speeding army-auto, Red Cross hospital signs, and other war reminders are all about.

And then there is the Casino sitting out over the sea. In this once gayest of places, similar to one at Monte Carlo, the fashionable folk of France, England, Russia and the Americans play at being useful to the Allies. They knit socks that never will fit any foot, save a deformed foot, of any soldier, listen to opera singers sing, and master-players play.

Nice gets on one's nerves if one has just come from where people are really doing something. The difference between Nice and Dunkirk, for example, is the difference between a white, too-frequently-bathed sachet-powdered poodle dog, peacefully snoozing in the arms of a pampered and pampering mistress and a brawny mud-bespattered Belgian mastiff tugging away at a cart which it is helping his master draw. You instinctively resent the one just as you instinctively like the other.

Commercial Nice is mightily hard hit by the war. She deals in accommodations for visitors, largely foreign visitors, and there are precious few of them just at present. Many of the hotels are closed. Others are open, running at reduced rates to attract enough guests to enable them to weather the crisis. Still others have been transformed into hospitals for the convalescent and slightly wounded.

Incidentally these invalided soldiers pay well for their treatment. Not that they have to pay cash, for, of course, their treatment is gratuitous. Rather they pay by being patient, by letting many high society ladies play at being nurses and as nurses coddle them.

A beautiful young woman approached the cot where lay a soldier who seemed in a bad way. He turned his head one way or another upon the pillow and his brow was a vivid red. His flush apparently signalled a fever of nothing under 110 degrees.

"My poor boy!" the beautiful young nurse murmured, as she bent over the stricken warrior and took from her trousseau sack a small filigreed bottle of perfume. "Let me soothe your parched brow."

"No, no, no," groaned the soldier, writhing and turning his face away.

"Oh do!" the angel of mercy pleaded. "Let me bathe your face in perfume. It will help you so!"

"Aw, get away," the trooper growled, unable to be polite any longer. "You're the ninth lady that's bathed my face in cologne in the last hour and my forehead's blistered already."

The sweet young thing flushed and retired.

The story fits Nice to a T. Stroll into the Casino any afternoon at the tea hour. There is no gambling going on, of course. There is a stage at the far end of the gorgeous hall and upon it a celebrated tenor is singing something from one of the operas. It is war so he is not in costume; such levity would be out of place. In front of him a fine orchestra is playing the air. And all over the casino sitting at little tables, sipping tea, or cocktails, or whiskey and soda, or mineral water, or whatever drinks one prefers, is the audience, fashionable and satisfied with itself, because it is working for the army, contributing to the Final Victory.

There are a few soldiers in the audience, soldiers most of whom are recovering from wounds or illness. These are the useful element. A very small percentage are the poseurs, officers who wear uniforms well but don't get much further than that. There are both French and English. Then there are the fashionable mothers and their fashionable daughters, the well-dressed children and some equally well-cared for poodles. Too, there are the cocottes, many, many of them. They swagger about and knit like their more honest sisters, and make eyes and flirt in a very dangerous way to convalescents. The women, the honest kind and the cocottes, are busy with needles, making wristlets, mufflers and "passe-montagnes," not forgetting the lowly socks which later have many bulges and gnarly places sure to bring cuss words to the lips of the soldier condemned to wear them.

When the knitting-bee, concert-tea session is over and the big crowd in brilliant colors file out they wear the expression of self-satisfiedness only such people can wear. They have done so much. They pass out into the twilight, the music of the Mediterranean in their ears. The sea and sky are blue as indigo; the palms boom graceful and green, the flowers in the Place de Messine give out their delicate scent.

Under your breath you say to yourself:

"Oh h——l!"

If it's a long way from the front to Tipperary, you think, what about the distance from Nice to the front.

Boys who have carried water to the elephants are plentiful enough. But those who have received a ticket to the circus for doing so are exceedingly rare.

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AMATEUR NIGHTS, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS

The Looker-On

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes
An' faith he'll prent it."—*Burns.*

THE departure over the "shining trail" of the way-worn pathfinder, Walter Moberley, whose impressive "laying to rest" took place on Monday in Vancouver, reminds us that, to our shame, nothing has hitherto been done either to reward or to perpetuate the name of a man whose record of achievement in opening up the unknown wildernesses of British Columbia for the use and benefit of this and succeeding generations, ought to be written indelibly on the pages of our provincial history. Are the men of today so wrapped up in money getting or in the struggle for existence that we have no soul left to appreciate and commemorate the sacrifice, indomitable courage and vision of these hardy pioneers? Are our children to have no reminders of these men whose deeds should serve as a perpetual inspiration and incentive to noble action? The Looker-On, in these columns, some time ago made a simple and feasible suggestion which if carried out would in some degree remove this stigma from us in the case of Walter Moberley. This suggestion he would now repeat. It is time the meaningless and discordant name of Coal Harbor was consigned to oblivion and one more worthy and euphonious conferred on that calm lagoon, the home of the "butterfly fleet." What more fitting at this time when he has left us than that the name of Moberley Creek should be adopted! He was its discoverer, as Noel Robinson tells us in his "Life of Walter Moberley." To all intents and purposes

"He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

It is to be hoped some definite steps will be immediately taken in the direction indicated. If Mr. Noel Robinson and Mr. J. Francis Bursill would take the initiative the Looker-On would willingly assist.

* * *

The ridiculous name of Coal Harbor reminds us that we are not very happy in the choice of place names in other directions. How utterly devoid of imagination, for example, must have been the Mayor and Corporation who perpetrated the outrage of changing the beautiful name of Westminster Avenue into Main Street! The present designation is an entire misnomer. That is not the main street of the city. Granville or Hastings might more fittingly be so called. The street does not divide the city east and west. On the other hand Westminster Avenue it certainly is, being the trunk line to the Royal City. Would it be too much to ask the present city council to rectify the absurd error of their predecessors and rebaptise the street? In any case the Looker-On prays their worships to give a little more poetic consideration in the future conferring of place names.

* * *

What is it the ordinary newspaper reader likes to see in the paper he takes in? We know, of course, what a certain type of them don't like. If they enjoy fat places or are grafters under the existing order of things, they don't like their newspaper to bring out into the open and expose the abuses perpetrated by the Provincial or Municipal Governments under which they flourish. If they are interested in the liquor traffic they naturally resent their newspaper advocating restrictions on it or even the granting of votes to women which inevitably leads up to the same point. But the ordinary, unbiassed, commonsense newspaper reader, among whom the Looker-On classifies himself, demands after up-to-date news, the truth of which has been verified before publication, absolutely independent and fearless handling of public questions. The need of today, especially in Vancouver at the present juncture of affairs, is the newspaper of this type. In Provincial and civic affairs we are certainly at a critical stage. An indictment is out against the Provincial Government at the instance o fthe Ministerial Union, backed by official documentary evidence so serious in character that it cannot be ignored. The city is practically bankrupt. What are the causes that have led up to these disastrous conditions? Enquiry and rectification is the need of the hour. Here comes the opportunity for a fearless, independent press to strike for the public welfare. Searching enquiry, criticism and amending suggestions, free from fear or favor, are what the ordinary newspaper looks for from the press. Shall we look in vain? Will they fail us? The time is ripe when

"None should be for party,
But all be for the state."

* * *

Our Premier (?), the sauve Sir Richard, is still abroad, but he continues to send occasional reminders in the form of cables that he is still interested in our welfare. His very latest item of information is that he is trying to sell some of our fish to the French Government. Well, we can only wish "success to his elbow." Possibly in this business he will benefit the Province more than he did in selling the land of his country in huge blocks to speculators who have done nothing to develope it, and who have not even kept up their payments. At the same time, it appears to the Looker-On that the salary he draws from the Province is a pretty stiff one for a fish salesman.

* * *

Are the people of this Province going to sit down much longer under the peculiar conditions existing in Governmental matters just now? No Parliament! No Premier! No apparent intention of convening a new Parliament! A singular state of affairs truly in a democratic country! A "one-man" control under the great "I Am," the Attorney-General! What is the Liberal Party going to do about it? Are they alive to their great opportunity? The Looker-On pauses for a reply.

* * *

Last week the Looker-On stated his certainty that the dastardly sinking of the "Lusitania" would so enrage and stiffen the shipyard workers on the Clyde, where she was built, that if it were correct, as alleged, that there had been any idling or slacking in that industrial quarter, it would immediately cease. News now comes thence that representatives of employers and workmen have sent an assurance to the Premier that he may count upon them for the last possible ounce. "Dinna tread on the Scottish thistle." That is Scotia's reply to German "frightfulness."

OMAR, THE TENT MAKER

was at the Avenue Theatre for two days, but

JONES, THE TENT MAKER

may be seen at 110 Alexander Street, any day in the week except Sunday. Modern Tent Making has progressed far beyond the point reached during Omar's time, and up-to-date machinery and methods enable us to manufacture probably more tents in a week than Omar could make in a whole year.

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Theatrical Notes

Pantages Theatre

What do you think of a regular Wild West Show as a headline attraction in vaudeville? What do you think of bucking bronchos, roping contests, shooting matches and all the favorite sports of Cattleland, cowboys and cowgirls disporting themselves just as they do on their home ranches on the great plains, all shown with life-like realism on the stage of a theatre? Well that's just what you are going to see as the headline feature at Pantages next week when Arizona Joe and his big band of punchers come to town.

Arizona Joe is a famous American scout and Indian fighter who was recently secured for a limited tour by Alexander Pantages at a large salary, to illustrate the life of the Old West. His troupe is composed of real plainsmen who have distinguished themselves on the range. There is no pretense about their performances, they are the real thing.

Aside from this extraordinary headliner another feature of exceptional importance will be the first showing in Canada of motion pictures of the last sailing of the ill-fated Lusitania when she left New York for her doom by murderous German submarines. The thrilling scenes of the departure of the great ship, prominent personages, most of whom lost their lives, going aboard, the busy scenes on the many decks and all the incidents which marked the event.

Other important acts listed will be Leonard, Anderson & Co. in their screaming travesty on the classics, "When Caesar C's Her"; Edna Northlane and Jack Ward, the Impromptu Duo in their glittering array of songs and dances; Miss Venita Gould, the brilliant young commedienne and impersonator in imitations of famous artistes, and the Three Rianos in their unique conception "September Morn in Africa," which has been enthusiastically praised by the critics wherever it has appeared. All things considered, the coming bill will be one of the most notable of the season.

South Hill Theatre

This popular playhouse is again to the fore this week with a splendid showing of high-class "movie" films. The last episode of the "Million Dollar Mystery" drew a large and enthusiastic house and the management are to be complimented on being able to secure such a high-grade feature.

Wednesday night saw the reappearance of our old friends the "Amateurs," and from the initial performance it would seem as if the talent was getting better all the time.

Manager Young is to be complimented on the way he conducts his house. Comfort, music and general excellence of all features are his watchwords, and this theatre is certainly making a name for itself among the theatre going public of Greater Vancouver.

PRETENDED "WAR TAXES" DO NOT PRODUCE THE REVENUE EXPECTED

The "War Budget," brought down by the Hon. Mr. White went into effect so far as tariff matters generally were concerned on February 12th last. The stamp tax, however, was not levied until April 15th. Thus the last fifteen days of April was the first real test of Mr. White's Pretended "War Taxes" as a Revenue Producer.

What is the Result?

Instead of an increased revenue as was predicted by Mr. White it has fallen off over two million dollars over the preceding month.

Here are the figures:

1915	
February	$10,523,344
March	11,641,970
April	9,627,787

Was Sir Wilfred Laurier right when he stated in his Budget Speech that these new taxes would produce little or no additional revenue?

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5 — OTHER GREAT ACTS — 5

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Leave Port Moody at 4.45 p.m. and 9.20 p.m.

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This Schedule subject to change without notice

Canadian Tipperary

The following parody on "Tipperary," writes Private R. W. Trowsdale, of the First Canadian Contingent, is from the pen of a Winnipeg girl, an invalid.

"Jack Canuck" stands for the average Canadian, just as "John Bull" typifies an Englishman; and "Janey Canuck" is the name applied to a Canadienne.—Editor.

Jack Canuck set out for London one October day
(England couldn't do without him, so the experts say);
Left the girls all sad behind him—though they don't complain,
And if you hint that he'll forget them, this is their refrain:

Chorus:

He's a long way from the Prairies,
He's a long way to go;
He's a long way from the Prairies
And the girls he used to know.
Take heed, Picadilly!
Hands off, Leicester Square!
He's a long, long way from the Prairies,
But his heart's right there.

From the transport Jack wrote homeward, shaky was his pen,
Saying, "Everything is tip-top, Janey dear," and then,
"Should you miss some fond endearments, don't think me to blame,
Remember there's a Censor waiting—hoping you're the same."

"I'm not very good at waiting," Janey did reply,
"Never had much practice, but I'll surely try;
Some may call me fickle but don't fear that I'll forget,
There may be other men as good—but I've not seen them yet!"

British Columbia Chinook

PUBLISHED
Every Saturday by the Greater Vancouver Publishers Limited
George M. Murray, Editor

HEAD OFFICE:
Corner Thirtieth Avenue and Main Street, South Vancouver, B. C.
Editor's Office....Burns Drug Co., Vancouver Block, Phone Sey. 5490
TELEPHONE: All departments.....Fairmont 1874
NIGHT CALLS.....Fairmont 1945 L

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"The truth at all times firmly stands
And shall from age to age endure."

WE BUY TOO MUCH; SELL TOO LITTLE

BANKS and financial houses are not usually anxious to lend out money to businesses which are badly managed or over capitalized. A statement for the year which shows that twice as much money has gone out of the concern as has come in would be poor evidence upon which to base a claim for further assistance from any bank.

Financial men take into consideration also the character of the men at the heads of enterprises which seek loans.

It is not surprising therefore that the business men of British Columbia complain that the banks do not treat them too considerately. The Province of British Columbia is one of the most extravagantly managed concerns on the face of the earth. It is a concern which is a borrower and a mendicant in the money markets of the world. It is a concern with marvellous possibilities and exceeding natural wealth and a monopoly in its particular field, but it has been worked and exploited to death by promoters—company promoters and political promoters.

British Columbia goes abroad for her food, though having vast fields of her own which might be tilled. She goes abroad for her coal, copper and iron, though having unlimited resources of her own. She goes abroad for her clothing, for her shoes, for her furniture, for building materials for her public buildings, for her waggons, her plows, her binders—for every blessed thing she requires. She goes abroad for her university staff, for her engineers, for her technical experts while the universities of the world contribute to her ranks of unemployed.

If the people of British Columbia, as represented in the Government of the day, are prepared to allow the Province to be conducted on such a basis, it is little wonder that the eastern banking corporations and the outside financial houses are shutting down upon the people of British Columbia.

All that Mr. Joseph Martin may say of the alleged monopoly held by the banks of Canada may be true, but there is no reason to expect that if the people of Canada had absolute control of the banks that the banks would be very free in lending money either to the Government of British Columbia, the municipalities of British Columbia or the people of British Columbia under the conditions which obtain here at present.

There is only one remedy and that is that there be a change in the management of the affairs of the Province—a change which will inaugurate a period of sane development and production.

THE MAD KING OF DENMARK

SOUTH VANCOUVER, the second largest municipality in the Province and possibly the fairest, is falling upon evil days. Her credit has departed with the hope of the business men and the property owners of the district. This is a direct result of the bad advertising the municipality has received at the hands of the character who is at present reeve of the district.

This man is likely to do almost anything, and the possibilities are the next development at the Municipal Hall will be the crowning of the reeve. He would, in that event, take on the title of King, and it would not be surprising if his retainers in the district should dub him the Mad King, and having gone that far give him the title of The Mad King of Denmark.

The Mad King carries about with him a bodyguard in the shape of a lackey who handles dirty work for him and who keeps him informed on the movements of his enemies. Employees of the Municipal Hall, including one very estimable young lady of high character and splendid ability, the Mad King has named "leeches, blood suckers" and what not.

The Mad King keeps spies at the entrance to the Municipal Hall who sneer at the employees as they enter and hiss at them and say "Leeches, bloodsuckers!"

Some time ago the Mad King insulted the British born and the Britishers of his kingdom when he said that in the old country they "lived on the smell of a rag."

The Mad King, all being considered, is quite a man. He presides over a council made up of very good and reliable men but they seem to be unable to check him.

It would be good business if the ratepayers of South Vancouver would petition the Provincial Government to have the Mad King removed from office. His being elected as reeve proves that in municipal affairs it is very dangerous to experiment with freaks.

DOMINION TRUST LIKE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

MR. H. H. STEVENS, M.P., is one of those dangerous politicians who plays heavily to the church people. He makes a great shine occupying pulpits at odd times. It is not surprising that Mr. Stevens, finding a chance of being present in honorable company, delivered a strong temperance speech the other night. All this becomes a public man, if he is sincere.

The Dominion Trust debacle caused much sorrow and anguish. Like the immense liquor traffic carried on in this country, the Dominion Trust was a plum for the politician. Brother Stevens for a long time had his office, with "M.P." 'graved on the door, next door to the late Mr. Arnold's office. Mr. Bowser's was on the next floor up. Brother Stevens worked the oracle at Ottawa and secured for the Dominion Trust Company the Federal Charter which was such an assistance in the bleeding of the innocents.

PRO-PRUSSIAN JOURNALISM

LAST week the CHINOOK printed certain facts bringing forward the necessity of interning rabid Germans who are partaking of British hospitality and at the same time indulging in Pro-Kaiser expressions.

That we have received intimation from the proper quarters that our efforts have been of some small service to the authorities is sufficient in itself to make up for the ill-timed insinuations printed against the CHINOOK in the Vancouver "Sun" and "News-Advertiser."

It is surprising that the "News-Advertiser," the organ of the Government, exhibits from day to day such tender feelings towards the Prussians who find domicile on this Peninsula. All anti-German articles appearing in the "News-Advertiser" deal with subjects far, far away from Vancouver or Canada. It indulges in the stereotyped criticism of German "kultur," but would not lend its columns to the setting forth of the fact, for instance, that the municipality of Point Grey employs men who are still German citizens.

If the daily press of Vancouver, particularly the Government press, continue to refrain doing its duty by the flag and opening its columns to the exposure of alien enemies domiciled in this city, the impression is bound to get abroad that the iron hand of Prussianism extends to this Province and demands protection for German citizens in this community.

Vancouver's sons are being crucified, disembowelled, asphyxiated, and while wounded upon the battle field have been bayoneted by the German warriors. Prisoners on German soil have been put under the knife by German surgeons, we are informed from reliable sources.

Surely this is no time for Vancouver's papers to deal with local Prussian problems in articles of milk and water. This is a time for the manhood of the country to assert itself and may God help the country if the men who should be properly leaders of public thought are allowed to develop a sexless sort of journalism which offers protection to the Kaiser's people resident in the Province who hum the Chant of Hate in the public eating houses, on the routes of His Majesty's mail, in hotel kitchens, in provision stores, in the offices of Municipal Halls and in the corridors of Government buildings.

GIVE EVERYONE A CHANCE TO FIGHT

CONFINED in the prisons throughout the Dominion of Canada are thousands of able-bodied men, all of whom have some good in them and most of whom have more good than evil in them.

These men are engaged, in the penetentiaries, at trades of various kinds. All of them are putting in time and very few of them are probably given an opportunity of improving their time.

Meantime the war goes on and the best blood of the country is already at the front. Our resources of men have by no means been exhausted. Like the natural resources of British Columbia, the surface has merely been scratched.

Of the men in the Canadian prisons today, hundreds of them have already pleaded with the Department of Justice to allow them their freedom that they might join their brothers in the fight against the Kaiser. The Department of Justice has, however, turned a deaf ear to the pleading of the numbered convicts.

It would seem that the Government of Canada would only be doing the fair thing if they tested out a policy of allowing convicts to enlist for active service. Possibly it would not be fair to give the hopeless the privilege of laying down their lives for the flag. Nor would it be fair to give publicity to every case where a prisoner has joined the colors.

Canada's real bad men are not to be found in the jails. They have their freedom and enjoy the good things of the land. Moreover no one ever noticed where they have made any particular rush to join the colors.

Indeed at this time space in the jails and penetentiaries is too valuable to allow it to be monopolized by the less dangerous grade of alien prisoners. Let the better class of prisoners loose and fill the jails with the aliens. Nothing would look so well in a Canadian penetentiary yard as a parade of interned Germans doing the goose step.

A REAL NEWSPAPERMAN

IN the past few weeks great changes have been made in the newspaper field in Vancouver. With the exception of the old and reliable "Province," there has been a readjustment of every other newspaper property in the city.

Col. Nelson, editor of the Kansas City "Star" was one of the greatest newspapermen in America. "Collier's Weekly," in printing Col. Nelson's obituary, said as follows:

"This our obituary of William Rockhill Nelson, shall be no sugary 'tribute.' The founder and editor of the Kansas City 'Star' would not want that. He took his place in journalism's Hall of Fame—and it was a high place, up beside Horace Greeley and Samuel Bowles—by kicking in the door with hob-nailed boots. 'I've tried to be gentle and diplomatic,' he once explained, 'but I've never done well in my stocking feet.' He was set on *doing things*, and if you got in his way he stepped on your neck To describe his personality you had a choice between 'dominant' and 'domineering.' His friends called him 'Colonel'; his enemies 'Baron.' He had no respect for labels (sometimes you found his paper supporting a Republican candidate for President and a Democratic candidate for governor); and he wasn't afraid of any man or set of men under heaven. The subscriber who paid a dime a week for thirteen papers got the same impartial hearing in his court as a big department store or a theatre. He never took any back talk from advertisers; his payer went into every home in Kansas City, and they needed him in their business. Though the 'Star' was carrying hundreds of dollars' worth of advertising for liquors and beer, he enthusiastically approved Governor Folk's efforts to enforce the Sunday-closing law. The brewers and distillers, and their allies, warned him to shut up or they would withdraw their advertising. He threw them all out his columns and never let them in again. Today no price would seem too exorbitant to these gentry if only they could get back. The manager of a theatre once tried similar tactics. Colonel Nelson told him: 'Out you go and out you stay!' Great players—Maude Adams among them—appeared at that theatre, but the 'Star' ignored them, and Kansas City knew not of their coming and going. The editor who does things in this fashion makes enemies. But when he was talked of as the Taft Administration's Ambassador to France, Colonel Nelson ended the discussion by saying that the editor of the 'Star' regarded himself as holding a place of greater responsibility and usefulness than any within the gift of the President or the electorate."

BY THE WAY

HAVING PLACED the humble hump backed salmon in an honorable place among the nations, Sir Richard now returns to see what can be done to pacify the suckers which abound in the political streams of British Columbia.

* * *

"LAWYERS ARE A BAD LOT; there might be some good ones, however," quoth the Mad King of South Vancouver. "Was Mr. Woodworth a good one, your wusship," enquired the irrepressible Russell amid boisterous laughter.

* * *

IT WILL NEITHER be a surprise nor a disappointment to the public to know that "The Crisis" does not bear the impratur of the Rev. Dr. Sipprell, who is the spiritual adviser to the editor of the "News-Advertiser."

* * *

THE HON. JOSEPH MARTIN possesses more vigor to the square inch than any other man in the city. Kamloops papers which have just reached Vancouver devote columns to a speech delivered by Mr. Martin in that city last Saturday night. No one apparently knew that Mr. Martin had been out of the city.

MR. MARTIN COULD slip away to London and return to Vancouver in a shorter space than it would take the average lawyer to make up his mind to take a week-end at Chilliwack.

* * *

THE BEST COMPLIMENT that could be paid the B.C.E.R. Company is the character of the band of men who form the directorate of the Auto Public Service Company, an organization formed to "help" the jitney drivers.

* * *

THE CASE OF THE jitney drivers would be much stronger if they put Messrs. Gitchell, Purvis, Ryan, et al in one of the jitney cars and headed the vehicle on a non-return journey.

* * *

THE EDITOR OF THE "Frontier Signal," Grande Prairie, Alberta, is a strong supporter of the E. D. and B. C. railroad project. The rival newspaper circulating in Grande Prairie is opposed to the road. Why not settle the transportation and political difficulty by importing from Vancouver a regiment of jitney cars?

* * *

IT HAS BEEN vouched for that Germans in Hamilton and Toronto rejoiced at the sinking of the "Lusitania." In one case, two of them chuckled over the disaster and said within the hearing of one man: "Aha! That will put the fear of God in them!" How long will Canada permit these enemies of her peace and liberties to walk about free to express their dastardly opinions and to spy and frustrate our warlike measures when opportunity offers?—Peterborough Daily Review.

* * *

THE CITY OF GRAND FORKS charges oil brokers $25.00 a day for the privilege of selling oil shares within the city limits. Vancouver should import some of the Grand Forks city fathers.

* * *

PATRIOTS IN THE Boundary country are evading the war tax by mailing letters on the United States side of the line. The Ottawa authorities have been informed of this and the practice will be stopped.

* * *

"TEN CENTS BUYS enough chloroform for an operation," ran a part of the advertisement of the Red Cross Society on tag day. The cost of operations must be coming down. The last doctor's bill which came to our notice specified a fee of $15 for chloroform.

* * *

THE WHITE LAUNDRIES of Vancouver continue their advertising campaign against the Chinese. If it's necessary to carry a Chinese population, it would be much better to permit the Chinamen to sweat in the laundries than to allow them to force young white women out of employment in Vancouver homes.

* * *

A CHINAMAN LOOKS far better behind a washtub in a public laundry than a marriageable young white woman.

* * *

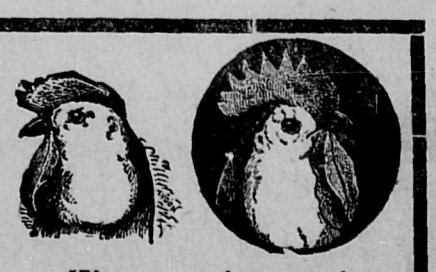
AT $3.00 A WEEK a Chinaman has a fighting chance to live, but a young woman has not.

* * *

IN THESE TIMES when the blood of young Canada is being shed so freely for the defence of the Empire, some attention should be paid to encouraging race development. Girls who break their backs washing and ironing in public laundries have a poor chance of ever becoming the mothers of healthy, rugged young Canadians.

* * *

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA the ratio of men to women among the whites is as ten to one. Surely, therefore, it should not be necessary to drive white girls into employment in the laundries.



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P. M. HAMILTON F. WILLIS

The Violinist

A gem of a story by one of the most brilliant humorists of the day. The author of "Spanish Gold" herein relates a sprightly American damsel's method of putting a stolid and aggressive Teuton in his place.

By George A. Birmingham

IT was my sister who arranged that I should escort Mrs. Curtis and her daughter to Venice. I did not want to go there, and I had the strongest possible objection to going there with two American ladies whom I did not know; but when Edith settled the matter I gave in. Edith has always managed me. If she had proposed the whole plan at once I might have resisted her, but she took me, so to speak, by easy stages, letting me in for the expedition first, and then, when I was committed to that, springing the Americans on me.

Young Renard, of Renard and Golding, publishers, met me in the club one day, and asked me to write the letterpress of one of his new series of illustrated guide-books. He offered me $400, and explained exactly what he wanted.

"Not a revised Baedeker," he said, "but a volume of chatty essays." Venice, it appeared, was the place I was to chat about. You know the sort of thing I mean," he said. "'Evening Hours in St. Marks.' 'Morning Strolls Among the Gondolas.'"

"You can't stroll among the gondolas," I said. "But I think I understand."

My idea was to write the book comfortably in London. There was not the slightest necessity for me to go to Venice. I have been there twice, and could buy a guide-book of the orthodox kind so as to get my facts right. It was Edith who put a stop to that plan. She said that it would not be honest for me to write the book without making a special expedition to the place. It surprised me to hear her say this, for Edith is not usually strong on the ethics of authorship. She regards the writing of books as a trade, not an art.

"No great book," she said, "can be written without serious effort. What you must do is to steep yourself in the atmosphere of the place, wander day after day through the palaces of the old nobility, brood over the traces of the glorious past, and that sort of thing."

"Very well," I said. "If you think I ought to I shall, but you can't make a guide-book literature no matter what you soak yourself in. And there won't be much of Renard's $400 left when I've done."

"The Curtises," said Edith, casually about an hour later, "are going to Venice next week."

"I start tomorrow," I said. "Otherwise I should, of course, have liked to travel with them."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Edith. "Next week will suit you quite as well, and Mrs. Curtis told me that she always liked to have a man to travel with. Besides, Bessie is an extremely nice girl."

"I haven't met her," I said, "but I remember you telling me that she'd make an excellent wife for a literary man."

"So she would. She has a very nice little fortune. The father wasn't vulgarly rich, but he was comfortable. Mrs. Curtis is doing Europe to complete Bessie's education. Pictures and statues, you know, and architecture and old furniture, just what a literary man wants in a wife."

"I'm not really literary," I said. "After all, guide-books don't appeal to the cultured minority."

I do not know what other literary men want in their wives, but I am quite clear that I do not want a veneer of Italian art glued over a solid structure of American dollars. The Curtises were Edith's latest friends. She had only known them about a week when she discovered that Bessie was just the wife for me. This, and all Edith told me about her, prejudiced me against the girl. I successfully avoided meeting the Curtises by refusing all Edith's invitations for two months; but, of course, I had to receive them in the end. I did on the way to Venice.

I did not see anything of them between London and Newhaven. I put them into one compartment, and travelled in another myself on the plea of wanting to smoke. I had no chance of talking to them on the steamer. I was frankly seasick. Mrs. Curtis was what she called "uncomfortable." Bessie lunched on board, and afterwards appreciated the beauty of the sea rather unsympahetically.

It was in the train after leaving Dieppe that I began to know Mrs. Curtis. My acquaintance with Bessie ripened later. Mrs. Curtis, I discovered, is one of those people who cannot travel in a railway carriage unless the window is open. She is also the kind of person who secures a corner seat with her back to the engine. Open windows do not harm any one in that position. I had to sit with my face to the engine, and I had a stiff neck before we reached Rouen. Also, my hands, face and collar were black with smuts. Bessie sat beside her mother, and slept profoundly.

We dined in Paris, and afterwards got our berths in the sleeping car. I was earning $400 by my excursion, so I felt entitled to such comfort as Wagon-Lits afford. Bessie's berth was paid for, I suppose, out of her "nice little fortune." But the charges of the International Sleeping Car Company are high, and Bessie's fortune will not last long if she squanders it—unless, indeed, it is much larger than Edith seemed to think.

With Mrs. Cutris' financial position I was not concerned. There was no question of my marrying her. But I hoped that the berths in her compartment would be behind the window. If they were, and if, as I expected, she occupied the lower one, she would have as many smuts as she wanted all over her body before morning, and perhaps a bad cold.

At five o'clock in the morning the sleeping car attendant wakened me to give me some coffee the kind of coffee which is sold at unhallowed hours on the platforms of French railway stations. It comes to the consumer in large white bowls, and has quantities of sugar in it. I took my bowl gratefully ,and heard the attendant knocking at the door of the next compartment, that in which the Curtises were. They, too, took the coffee, thankfully at first, but a minute later there was a row. Mrs. Curtis opened the door.

"Man, man," she called.

Then, remembering she was in France, she called: "Garcon, garcon."

This apparently attracted the attention of the attendant, for she went on:

"Jamais, jamais, I nevr take sugar in my cafe. Jamais, do you hear?"

It is the boast of the International Sleeping Car Company that its attendants speak all ordinary languages. But Mrs. Curtis tried our man too high. By way of making things easier for him, she pronounced her English with an elaboroate French accent, saying "Nevair" and "Soogaar." This puzzled the man, and Bessie came to her mother's rescue. I could hear her plainly, because she spoke distinctly and very clearly.

"Madame ma mere," she said, "ne prend pas dans son—no, sa —no son —anyhow, dans cafe."

I had gathered from Edith that Bessie's education was complete except for the finishing touches to be supplied by Italian art; but it seemed to me that she might with advantage spend a year or two more at French. I felt it my duty to interfere.

I am not a good linguist; but I felt tolerably confident that the man would understand English if I spoke it in a natural way. I opened the door, and put my head out.

The attendant was standing in the corridor in his neat brown uniform. Bessie, in a pale-blue dressing gown, with her hair in a long pig-tail was also in the corridor, pushing a bowl of coffee into the man's hands.

"Cafe sans ancun sacre," she said, "sans oucun du tout."

My impulse was to withdraw, but Bessie saw me, and appealed to me for help in her struggle with the dense stupidity of a man who could not understand either English or French. I did not venture to go out, because I had no dressing-gown, only a suit of pyjamas, but I told the man that Mrs. Curtis wanted coffee without sugar. He explained quite intelligibly in English, that coffee without sugar was unobtainable at that station.

Bessie tossed her pig-tail indignantly.

"What nonsense!" she said. "Of course it can be got."

She walked down the corridor, and disappeared through the door at the end of it. I could not see what happened after that, and I do not know whether Bessie actually descended to the platform or contented herself with addressing the coffee vendor from the steps of the sleeping car; but the train was ten minutes late leaving that station, and just as it began to move Bessie came along the corridor again with a fresh bowl of coffee. She told me as she passed that there was very little, if any, sugar in it.

I began to think that Edith was right in saying that Bessie would make a good wife for a literary man. Young Renard would not have got his "Chatty Strolls among Gondolas" for $400 from her husband. He would have had to pay $800 at least. A girl who would face the crowd on a French railway platform in a blue dressing-gown, and drag sugarless coffee from unwilling men to whom she could not speak, all for the sake of an unattractive mother, would defeat any publisher living if she was fighting the battle of a husband whom she really loved.

We had no further adventure till after we left Milan. A restaurant car was hooked on to our train at that city, and I conducted my two ladies into it about twelve o'clock. Mrs. Curtis at once asked me to open the window.

Now, the engineer of the International Company which owns the restaurant cars has succeeded in inventing a window which is more difficult than any other in the world to open. I struggled with it in vain, succeeding only in getting my hands disgustingly dirty. When I gave up, bruised and dispirited, Bessie opened it.

A few minutes afterwards the waiter came upon us and shut it with a bang. A German, who sat at the next table, sent the waiter to do this. I saw him giving his order to the man. So did Mrs. Curtis. She made some very scathing remarks about Germans in a loud tone, and I could see Bessie's eyes flashing. I privately sympathised with the German, because my table napkin had been blown away during the short time the window was open.

I explained to Mrs. Curtis that the Italian law forbade the opening of railway-carriage windows, and that the penalty attached to the offence is very severe. This may be true. I do not know whether it is or not. It was certainly necessary to say something of the kind. Bessie fully intended to open the window again, and if I had not stopped her there would have been a row with the German.

When lunch was over, the German lit a cigar. Bessie's eyes flashed again. She has no objection whatever to the smell of tobacco; indeed, she smokes herself, but she had caught sight of a notice printed over the door of the car, "E Vietato Fumare."

"Fumare" obviously meant "to smoke"; "e" was a very small word not likely to matter oneway or the other. Bessie took out a pocket dictionary and looked out "vietato." She found, as I expected she would, that it meant "forbidden.'

Now anyone who is accustomed to the restaurant cars in trains in Italy knows that this notice is only put up as an ornament. Everyone smokes as much and as often as desirable. But Bessie saw her opportunity. She beckoned to the waiter, directing his attention first to the notice and the German's cigar. She demanded in unmistakable pantomime that the German be at once compelled to quench his cigar in his coffee.

The German delivered the message. The German, his cigar in his mouth, turned round and stared in astonishment at Bessie. He had, I must say, an offensive kind of face, and he deliberately puffed at his cigar in a way that I can only call insulting.

Bessie did not hesitate for a second. She opened the window to its fullest extent. The train was going at a high speed, and the inrush of air felt like a gale. I clung to our tablecloth and tried to rescue my wine glass, which was blown away. When I looked round, the German was in full flight from the car, pursued by the waiter with the bill for his lunch.

Edith was certainly right about Bessie. German tourists are not the only enemies of the human race. I know editors who return manuscripts much better, and in every way more suitable for publication, than those which they print. A literary man with a wife like Bessie would, I think, have his revenge every time. The ingenuity of Bessie's plan and the prompt vigor with which she carried it out filled me with admiration.

The Curtises stayed in my hotel in Venice; so, oddly enough, did the German whom Bessie defeated on the train. We saw him at dinner on the eve of our arrival, and Bessie nodded to him in the friendliest way. She bore him no malice at all on account of the way she had treated him, which convinced me that she was a young woman of magnanimous spirit. It is very hard to feel kindly towards anyone whom you have misused.

Next morning Mrs. Curtis invited me to join her and Bessie in making a tour of the city. She proposed, she said, to do St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace before lunch.

I declined, for several reasons. Edith said I was to soak myself in the Venetian spirit. I should not succeed in more than damping my skin if I did St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace in three hours, and I did not want to go to prison for acquiescing in the methods which Bessie would adopt to get windows open for her mother. She might be reduced to breaking them, and it really is a criminal offence to break stained-glass in a cathedral. These were my real reasons for refusing Mrs. Curtis's invitation. What I told her was that I must begin writing my book at once, because young Renard was clamoring for it.

In order to convince her that this was true, I went up to my bedroom and brought down a quantity of paper and two pens. Then I settled myself at a writing-table in a corner of what our landlord calls the winter garden of our hotel.

Mrs. Curtis and Bessie went off in a gondola. I saw them sail away, and heard Bessie urging on the gondolier in good Italian.

"Allegro," she said. "Con mollo spirito! Fortissimo!"

Her music, I thought, must be better than her French.

I went peaceably to sleep. Women are different, but a man requires some sleep after travelling straight through from London to Venice. Besides, I had promised Edith that I would soak myself in the atmosphere of the place.

I was wakened at eleven o'clock by the sound of the piano. There was a grand piano in the corner of the winter garden, and our German enemy was playing at it hard.

It is possible, as I have often proved at concerts, to sleep through almost any kind of music. I did a little musical criticism at one time, and had some experience even of orchestras. If only the music retains its character, it is no real bar to sleep.

Soft music is, of course, actually soothing. Dances and marches weave themselves into agreeable dreams. Even the works of the most passionate modern composers do not disturb me so long as they are fairly consistent. But this German played music of the most variable kind.

I should not have complained if it had varied merely by being sometimes loud and sometimes soft. That one expects. He wandered from Brahms to Wagner; gave me scraps of Chopin and little bits of Mozart. Occasionally he emitted a few phrases of what promised to be a tune, and then, just as I was getting hold of it, he shattered it with a series of violent chords. Sleep became totally impossible.

Icomposed, with great care, a very polite German sentence in which I asked him ti put off his performance until the afternoon, because I was writing a book. I went over to the piano and recited it to him.

I began, I remember, "Verehrlich, Herr Professor,' 'which ought to have softened anyone's heart. It means, or was supposed to mean, "most honorable Mr. Professor," and all Germans look up to professors. He looked at me malevolently.

"I should," he said, " much more easily and with less mental effort understand if you in your own tongue speak. I have the English language fluently and idiomatically acquired."

I felt less inclined to be polite after that, but I kept my temper.

"If you really know English," I said— "and, of course, I take your word for it—I shall try to make it plain to you that I am writing a book, a very important book, on Venetian Art, and I find it difficult to concentrate my thoughts on Paul Veronese while you are performing selections from the works of eminent musicians. I should feel very much obliged if you'd——"

"In playing the piano," he said, "in a public room of the hotel, I am my legitimate right within."

"I know that," I said; "I'm not disputing your legal right to play. I know I can't force you to stop. I was appealing to your sense of courtesy. As a professor, you must be able to appreciate the feelings of a literary man, and ordinary courtesy will suggest to you——"

"Courtesy!" he said. "What is that?"

I saw that there was no use arguing with him any more. I went back to my corner. I felt that, since I could not possibly sleep, I might as well write a few pages of the guide book for Renard. I thought of beginning with a chapter on tourists of other nationalities.

Before I had written a ward, Bessie Curtis came in. She smiled at the German who was working through the first movement of the Waldstein Sonata, and then came over to me.

"Mother," she shouted, "has been obliged to go to her room and lie down." She began to shout on account of the Waldstein.

"Headache, I suppose?" I yelled. And Bessie nodded. The German turned his attention suddenly to a nocturne of Chopin's. I was able to speak in an ordinary voice.

"Brought on, I suppose, by the airless condition of the Doge's Palace."

"Not a window in the whole place that I could get open. Wouldn't it be rather nice, now, as she has broken down, if you were to take me in a gondola to see them making glass, or else somewhere to eat ices? I suppose you've finished your book by this time?"

"I haven't written a word," I said. "Ho wcould I with that German of yours playing the piano?"

"Shall I stop him?"

"Do," I said, "if you can."

I had begun to hate that German bitterly, and I had the greatest confidence in Bessie. I was also curious to see what would happen when he told her that he was well within his rights in playing the hotel piano in a public room. I felt sure he would tell her that, and he did. She spoke to him quite politely, though she did not call him a Highly Honored Professor. He answered her exactly as he had answered me.

Bessie made no appeal to his courtesy. She turned and left the room. The German smiled and began one of Bach's Fugues.

I confess that I felt disappointed. I had expected Bessie to put up some kind of fight. She had done so much for her mother that I thought she would have faced one small difficulty for me. I sighed. The German played on triumphantly.

Then Bessie returned, carrying a violin in her hand. She told me afterwards that she had borrowed it from the head waiter, using the hall porter as an interpreter; for the head waiter's English, though ample for all purposes of his proper business, did not run to the names of musical instruments.

Bessie sat down behind the German and screwed up her strings. He was so absorbed in the intricacies of the Second Fugue that he did not notice her. She drew the bow downwards across the strings with a sharp jerk, and then, equally sharply, pushed it up again. She succeeded in getting sound out of the four strings.

The German lifted his hands from the piano, turned round, and looked at her with a face of horror. Bessie smiled pleasantly and began to work the bow up and down each string, in turn with a series of short but vigorous strokes. I am not very musical, but I felt inclined to shriek. The noise Bessie made was absolutely diabolical.

The German, I think, was musical. He stuffed his fingers into both his ears.

"Fraulein," he said, "gnadige Fraulein, in the name of heaven, stop!"

Bessie fiddled on relentlessly. The German relapsed into his own tongue and my impression was that he swore abominably. Bessie was gaining a mastery over her instrument every minute, and making noises that I should not before have believed to be possible.

The German—he must have been very musical indeed—fell on his knees beside her and reached up supplicating hands.

"Fraulein," he said, "you are unspeakably terrible discord making. To me it is no longer without frenzy and madness to be borne."

Bessie stopped.

"I am," she said, "well within my rights in playing the fiddle in a public room in the hotel."

The German got up from his knees and stumbled out of the room. I never saw him again, so I think he must have left the hotel.

"Now," said Bessie, "go on with your book. Do you think you can finish it before lunch?"

"I'm inclined to leave the book for the present," I said. "Let's go in a gondola and get ices. I know a shop in the Piazza where they have them really good."

I am now convinced that Edith was quite right. The literary man who is lucky enough to get Bessie for a wife has fame and fortune within easy grasp. Difficulties simply disappear before her.

Austrian Bravery

They tell a funny story in Serbia about the last Austrian attack, when a Corporal met his Captain with the elaborate salutation of the Austrian soldier. He said "Captain, I wish to thank you for having saved my life in our last skirmish." "How was that?" said the Captain. "I don't remember having been so fortunate." The Corporal replied: "It was when the enemy fired; you started running and I ran after you, thereby saving my life."

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The Silent Battle

By Marie Corelli

THERE is a wonderful Battle going on among us—close to our very hearts, and not "somewhere in France." The combatants fight, not with others, but only with themselves; and though often wounded to death, give no outcry of pain. They are silent; as silent as the flowers! Marvellous it is to see them thus engaged in bitter struggle—heroic after the manner of heaven's own angels whose language is not of words, but of deeds! Clamour and confusion are the natural accompaniments of war — therefore this fighting Silence is all the more strange and deeply impressive.

Day after day the "news from the front" koncks at our doors with its messages of hope or fear—sometimes we fancy we can almost catch the sullen echo of the great guns booming across the sea—while for all those who are boldly facing death for the better freedom of their country and the world, the rush and roar of battle keeps up an incessant excitement. Armed men springing fiercely on the foe "see red"—and red only!—their nerves are braced, their hearts steeled, their spirits full of stormy energy—they have no time to think of their own fate—their one idea is duty, their goal, victory! If memories of home and kindred flit across their minds, they are as a mist of dreams scarcely realised—the terrible "Red" blurs all vision—the clash of arms, the thunder of cannon, the whirring shriek of bursting shells deaden all hearing. The desire of conquest, and the fearful thrill of palpitating human life beaten down under fire and bayonet thrust—these keep brain and body at a high tension, and the normal conditions of life disappear in the whirl of sensations too keen to be analysed except as a sort of madness leading to glory.

This is the frenzy of battle!
To fight for the fame of a day,
And to triumph therein, and to slay,
While the Furies are trampling the sod,
'Mid the rush and the roar and the rattle
That tells of the trumpets of God!

But the Silent Battle is harder to fight; it has none of the breathless fury of vengeance or the intellectual interest of military strategy to help it on to victory. It is a dull, slow combat, marked with dreadful monotony and harrowing suspense. It is the "Battle of the Women who stay at Home," of whom it may be truly said—"They also serve who only stand and wait." Not for them the tossing flags, the crashing bombs, the bugle call, the splendid charge of men and horses into the massed formations of the foe—nothing for them but quiet, passive endurance.

The courage demanded of them is such as might break down the nerve of many strong men — courage to smile when the tears are rising from the very heart's blood and threatening to choke the wells of speech—courage to retain personal grace, cheerfulness and composure, when all the while in their tortured souls there is but one sob of agony—"O God, spare him!"

That brief, strong prayer flies to heaven from thousands of women everywhere today—women who look on, apparently unconcerned, at the departure of their lovers, husbands and sons with the troops—who wave their farewells with dry, bright eyes and smiling lips, as though "going to the front" were the best possible way of taking a holiday! And when they are gone—those beloved men whom wives, mothers and sweethearts have given up to the service of their country—do we ever think of, or try to realise the dreary stillness, the awful blank that darkens the lives of the women so left?—the uncertainty and suspense in which they must exist from hour to hour?

Nothing is more harassing or torturing to the soul than to wait for news—to follow the course of one's daily duties, wearing a cheerful air and feigning perfect ease, when one's nerves are on the strain for every ring or knock at the door which may be the forerunner of a message of life or death. Inaction under such circumstances is positive martyrdom; and the women who stay at home are—mentally considered — in a far more trying postion than the men in the trenches. They die a hundred times every day; their imagination pictures a thousand horrors—the field of fire and carnage is for ever before their interior vision, and oftentimes they pass whole nights without sleep, and in tears!

Weeping is no use—"very silly to cry," says Sir Prosaic Crusty. "I hate emotional women!" Good Sir Prosaic, if you knew a little more about "emotional" women you would be thankful when they do cry! Tears sometimes save a woman's delicate brain from madness or death, as our last great laureate, Tennyson, very well knew when he wrote:

Home they brought her warrior dead.
She nor swooned nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said
"She must weep or she will die!"

It may be said, and with considerable truth too, that women are inured to the business of hard fighting with themselves—and, that in fact, such fighting is, especially with the deeply loving and unselfish ones, part of their daily lot. For in times of peace men are not always deserving of love. They are apt to forget the quiet patience and often wearisome monotony of the lives of women who do their domestic drudgery and keep their homes in order; and their frequent neglect of the little kindnesses and attentions on which women thrive as bees on honey, means starvation and misery to many a sweet and tender soul. A rough word, a refused caress, or worse than all a bearish sullenness, makes as much havoc in a women's heart as a bursting shell in a holy shrine. But she is not expected to resent such havoc, or exhibit "emotion" of any kind. She must suffer in silence. A rough word from the man she loves, or has loved, kills her love more surely than a rough blow; yet in the best examples of her sex her nature is such that she will remain loyal to the memory of a past affection and still plant its grave with flowers. And if tears relieve the tension of her brain, who shall blame her?

The rainbow cannot cheer us if the showers refuse to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all!

So—in a manner—she is accustomed to her Silent Battle—trained to endure rebuff, loneliness and loss. But she is so constituted that her fight is easier if she can only see the man for whom she gives or has given her life—if she feel him near, and know him to be safe and well, and not beyond the reach of her loving ministrations, should he need them. It is when he is separated from her that she is stricken with a sense of blind helplessness—when he is drawn away and removed into that region of doubt and dread, which, though only divided from us by the Channel, has become almost mysterious, by reason of vague descriptions resembling Shakespeare's stage directions — "A place in France"—"Another part of the Field"—or "The English Camp." Over these unexplained positions hang more than a stage curtain—the blackness of battle-smoke shot through by death-dealing fire—and watchful love cannot follow the loved one into that vortex of cruel slaughter!

"Eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all!" Ah, yes!—and surely those "saddest eyes" are the eyes of our dear women today! They cannot weep. They must not! They must put on their bravest brilliancy—their brightest glances! — because—because it is the British Empire that calls their men away! The British Empire!—the grand and noble structure of Civilisation and Brotherhood, which is the forerunner of that Millenium when peace shall reign on earth, and good-will to man shall declare itself in all ways leading to his betterment! Who would not fight for such a cause?—who would not willingly die!

And in the great World-Strife for wider Liberty and clearer Truth, women are playing their part superbly! Their courage, inspiration, devotion, self-sacrifice and singleness of purpose are beyond all praise! From our Queen herself, whose eldest son is at the front, down to the simplest little scullery-maid who has smiled a cheery "good-bye" to her father, her brother or her lover, each one has controlled "in her shut breast her petty misery"—and endured the pain in silence.

Not one woman, born of true British blood, has said, or could have said to any serviceable man—"Don't go! Stay with me!" Such selfishness is not in them — they have proved their willingness and readiness to serve their country as courageously as the best and bravest of men. Wits and cynics of all nations have vied with each other in the questionable task of "downing" Woman, and criticising her severely, jestingly or cruelly; making mock of her fancies, sentiments, vagaries and often fascinating inconsistencies, but the poets are the truer teachers, in that they instinctively admit her inestimable value and power as an inspirer and helper.

In a national crisis like the present war the severest censor of Woman at her worst, is bound to acknowledge her at her best, and render homage to her pluck and patience. Nothing in history has ever matched or will ever out-match the brave women of Great and Greater Britain today, with whom we conjoin their sisters of Belgium, France and Russia, as workers in every branch where woman can lend a hand. They have left nothing undone in the way of energy or usefulness. Possibly we shall never know the thousands of romances, tragedies and heroic deeds, born of high patriotism, faith, love and self-abnegation, which have glorified our sex during these terrible days—but we may at any rate try to see

With eye serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being, breathing thoughful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill—
The perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit, still and bright
With something of an angel light!

One of the noblest women of the day, a Queen crowned with sorrow as with love, Elisabeth of Belgium, speaks for us all in fire and gentle words never to be forgotten:

My message to the women of England is one of admiration for their calm fortitude, and of gratitude for all they have done towards ameliorating the sufferings which Belgium has been called upon to bear.

Through our own trials our hearts are knit to those who also have given nobly of their dearest and best to help keep bright the lamp of civilisation.

I ask God's blessing on the women of England for all they have borne and done, and pray that peace will soon dawn.

ELISABETH.

To that prayer we breathe a devout "Amen." But the peace whose dawn we wait for must be a peace ensuring freedom and safety to the whole civilised world. And in such a peace the Silent Battle of the Women will count for much! Their influence can engender it—their love and patience will prosper it—and their faith can make it a Lasting Peace with God!

CAMP FIRE TALES

Hard Hit

A couple of negroes were arrested for having a fight in a cemetery, and the Judge asked Sambo if Rastus had hit him very hard. "Hit me hard, Judge," said Sambo, "I declare before goodness that when Rastus hit me he drove me against a tombstone, and I've had 'Sacred to the Memory of someone' imprinted on my back ever since. That's how hard he hit me, Judge."

* * *

Stand Back! One at a Time!

"Did you ever hear of Ben Lewisby?" asked the story-teller before the camp fire. "Well, Ben Lewisby was the lightning ticket seller in a ticket waggon. He shouted out to the people when they were crowding him, 'Stand back—be patient — one at a time—there's lot of them left,' and all that sort of thing. When, after an experience of about six months, nearly having lost his voice through the unruly multitude of the Wild West, he conceived the idea of buying a good talking parrot, and having him do the exclamation part of the job. This worked beautifully for a time until the arrival of the circus at New Mexico, when the firing of the cowboys around the circus tent frightened the parrot away. A search-party was arranged, and they finally found Polly in the country, sitting on a fence, with crows picking all his feathers off; but Poll was shouting: 'Stand back—one at a time—there's lots of them left.'"

* * *

Not So Deaf!

It was out in Australia, going between Sydney and Melbourne, where all men are supposed to have just one ticket in the sleeping compartments—in other words, no single individual could have a compartment for himself unless he bought the four tickets. As a result, strangers are usually thrown together and it makes a fine field for card sharps. It happened on one occasion that a couple of sharps were in the compartment, waiting to see what the other two were like, when it turned out that there was only another besides themselves, and he happened to be deaf. A game of bluff was proposed, and it seemed quite easy for the sharps, playing with a deaf man, because they could easily tell each other what they held. As luck would have it, the deaf man kept on winning, when finally one sharp said to his pal, "It is a pity he is not blind, too!"

* * *

A Sauve Reply

A solicitor, having been reprimanded by the judge for contempt of court, was asked to apologise or be condemned to prison for five days. The lawyer arose in a sauve manner and said, "Your Honor, I wish to apologise. Your Honor was right, and I was wrong, as your Honor usually is."

SNAP SHOTS

A man takes the name his parents gave him and makes the best of it. But a woman changes hers to one that better suits her fancy.

* * *

The more money you have the more your fun will cost you.

* * *

If a man is successful, that gives him license to talk. But it doesn't necessarily endow him with the faculty of saying anything worth while.

* * *

It is only occasionally the political reform carries beyond the campaign in which it was successful.

War and Eugenics

By a Student of Eugenics

HERE is a little human document an exrtact from a letter—the letter of a woman to her soldier-husband picked up on the road between La Bassee and Armentieres: "Since you went away I have been working hard to keep the home together; but I haven't been able to do all I wished. You know the reason. How I wish you could come back and be near me when my time comes! But there, when you went I knew it was to fight and I must not complain. I must do the best I can. Little Jack sends his love and wants to know when his dear daddy is coming home."

Alas! Little Jack's daddy will never return, and the unborn child will never know a father; and before the end of the war such cases will be multiplied by thousands.

What is to become of these young widows? What will be the future of these fatherless children? Practical men throughout the British Empire cannot give too much attention to the solution of these two problems.

During the first six months of the war the married men responded to the call of arms more numerously than single men. In a non-military country that is no reproach. The older men belonged to the reservist class and others had some experience in soldiering. Well, a large proportion of these married men of serviceable age—which means men in the very flower of their manhood—gallantly gave their lives for their King and country. It is estimated that no fewer than 75 per cent. of the men killed in war are married men. The fact—if fact it be, even approximately—lends emphasis to the two questions propounded above.

The war is making heavy demands on our best British blood. The pick of our race—young, strong, healthy, physically perfect — whether aristocrat or democrat it is all the same—are in the fighting-line or they are about to go there. If the war continues—and as yet there is no sign of its termination—we shall have left among us only those too old or too young to fight, and the unfit. Such is the heritage of all great wars.

Yet all wars when over have hitherto restored to civil life very little the worse for wear by far the greater proportion of the men engaged. Not so the present war, which is the most devastating war the world has ever known. The toll of life already exacted is appalling, and the severity of the strife is no less appalling.

When the war is over, how many of our brave men will come back as hale and hearty as they were when they went? Apart from the wounded and maimed, it is certain that a very large proportion of them will be lifelong victims of rheumatism and the hundred-and-one ailments resulting from prolonged exposure to the biting and insidous influence of inclement weather.

How many of those returning will be content to go back to their office stools or to the factories and workshops and resume there the old life as if nothing had happened? Not many. The open-air life, the hard training, learning to ride and march, will have unfitted them for sedentary occupations. They will not, it is certain, voluntarily resume those occupations. They will fret and pine under the old conditions, and sooner rather than later, they will start life afresh in Canada, in Australasia, in Africa — wherever there is plenty of elbow room and opportunities for riding and shooting.

All this will hit hartlest the present generation of British women, and through them, ultimately, the British Empire.

Even before th war, Great Britain was face to face with a subtle and difficult sociological problem—namely, a superfluity of women, the female population being more numerous than the male. For years there has not been enough of eligible men to go round; nevertheless, young women had a wide range of choice in men—men of sound physique. It was comparatively easy for a young couple to marry on more or less eugenic principles. When the war is over, and for a long time after, this will not be practicable.

In the first place the disparity between the sexes numerically will be enormously increased. The losses of war and emigration to the over-sea States will produce a remarkable scarcity of marrieageble men—a condition of affairs which may modify in a surprising manner many deeply rooted notions of today.

Thousands of young women now happily married will be widowed when the war is over. These and the far greater number of young unmarried women will have—what? The maimed and rheumaticy victims of the war, the veterans, a portion — those not already married—of the fit and robust, and a varied selection from the unfit class and from those aliens who have made good their foothold in the most hospitable country in the world.

Eugenically, the prospect is depressing, full of anxiety, and a genuine peril to the stability of the British race and the permanence of the British Empire. Nearly all the great Empires of the past—Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and the rest—perished because of the deterioration in the stock as a consequence of the best of the male population perishing in wars continually waged.

Look at Spain! There is a country, the people of which once dominated the world. How came its power to be broken? Why have the Latin nations—not excluding France—fallen from their one-time high espowerful a nation as to be able to chalpowerful nation as to be able to challenge the whole world? How came the British Empire to be the greatest factor in the greatest of European wars?

These questions deserve careful consideration. For us nothing is so important as the pereservation of those qualities of mind and body which have in the course of three or four hundred years built up what is known as the British Empire; and those qualities will not be preserved for the greater glory of our race if the parent stock is allowed to deteriorate by reason of callous and conventional indifference to eugenic principles.

The white women of the Empire ought to be chivalrously cared for, distributed, and settled by the white men of the Empire. Every encouragement and facility should be afforded to those willing and able to build up desirable homes. The time is coming—it is almost here—when we should forbid all wastage in human life; when we should tend with care and clear practical purpose all fatherless children; when we should treat with mercy, forbearance, and all-embracing charity the strong, healthy children born out of wedlock; and when, having swept away all "blind alley" occupations, we seriously set about the task of providing profitable careers for young people who have no one to care for them.

The war is changing, and will change completely yet, the whole fabric of our national life; and in the reshaping of things there will be no task more delicate, more difficult, more in need of the highest gifts of statesmanship, than that which deals with the sociological questions here briefly outlined.

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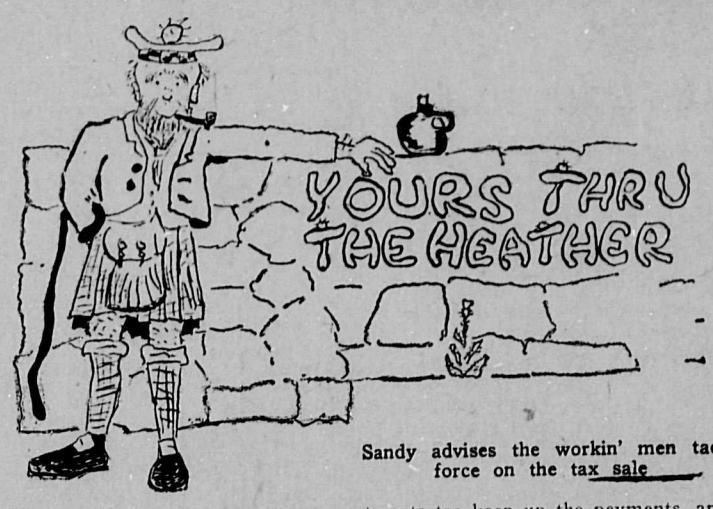

Sandy advises the workin' men tae force on the tax sale

Weel freens, It's a long time noo sin I hae taen ony notice o' the daens o' the reeve an' cooncil up in the republic o' Sooth Vancoover.

I atended yae meetin' up there shortly efter the eleckshun an' I wis sae utterly scunnered at the mainner in which the deliberashuns were conducted that I made a vow tae mysel, I says, Sandy, yaer time 'll be better employed in the future.

I notice "His Wusship," as his nabs, Gold, likes ta be ca'd, has been tryin' tae institute a kin' o' new form o' democracy in this faur awa corner o' the empire.

Insteed o' simply bein' the chairman o' the cooncil, as I wud unnerstaun he should be, tryin' tae work wi' them in an amicable wey for the public guid, he seems tae hae taen tae himsel the idea that he's the big IT—same as Kaiser Bill an' wee Wullie Bowser—an' the rest o' the cooncil are only a lot o' wee mannikins tae dance tae the tune he ca's.

It's an auld sayin', "yae micht lead a cuddy tae water but yae wunnie gaur 'im drink," an' the same reasonin' applies tae cooncil affairs.

The men elected tae the cooncil are there tae look efter the ratepeyers' bizness as weel as the reeve, an' because the reeve disnie see eye tae eye wi' the cooncil is nae reason why he should deliberately tak upon himsel tae veto a' the work they're daen.

Hooever, I'm no gaun tae go ony further intae this aspeck o' the questyin. The ratepayers themsels at the next eleckshun should be eddicated enough tae be able tae decide as tae whether they want autocracy or democracy in the conduct o' their affairs in the future.

But tae come tae a subjeck that's interestin' maist Sooth Vancoover folk the noo—a questyin that the biggest hauf o' the folk, I feel share, dinnie thoroughly unnerstaun.

It's been patent tae ony man or woman that has followed the trend o' events in this municipality that a tax sale has become a prime necessity if Sooth Vancoover wis gaun tae save its face in the monetary world.

The cooncil, efter investigatin' the subjeck for themsels, hae come tae the same wey o' thinkin', an' the only yin that shows ony oppisisihun tae it is the reeve himsel. I've nae doobt if I or ony o' my relashuns owed $11,000 in taxes I micht be tempted tae oppose it mysel.

But, as usual, they fellies that owe the biggest pairt o' they unpeyed taxes are tryin' tae throw red herrin's across the trail in an attempt tae try an' divert the workin' men awa frae the correck view o' the maitter.

They land sharks, ten o' whom are owin' $50,000 among them, twelve o' them $40,000 among them, an' so on, are pretendin' tae be very muckle concerned aboot the puir workin' man's welfare an' are already sheddin' crocidile tears aboot the terrible hardships this tax sale 'll cause among the "weedies an' orfans."

As if they fellies care a bug's e'e for the weedies an' orfans. If the truth wis told yae wud maybe fin' oot that they, some o' them, were responsible for makin' the weedies an' orfans. They bocht real estate by the mile, cut it up intae miserable thirty-three fit lots an' stung the workin' man as much for his thirty-three fitter as they generally peyed for ten acres. In this wey they sucked the bluid o' the man an' wife in their attempts tae keep up the peyments, an' in mony o' the cases the dathe o' the weedy's husband wis brocht on wi' worryin' on hoo he wis gaun tae keep it up.

Hooever, if the workin' men are true tae themsels, they'll see tae it that the cooncil 'll no' lack the necessary support in cairryin' through this tax sale.

A wee bitty explanashun on this subjeck maybe wudnie be oot o' place at this pint.

When the cooncil are makin' up their estimates o' the receipts an' expenditures for the current year they hae tae tak intae accoont a certain amount o' money that maun be found tae cairry on the municeepality's affairs. Debenture interest, sinkin' fund, upkeep o' schules an' eddicashun, polis, roads, an' ither things hae got tae be taen intae accoont an' a certain sum o' money has got tae be provided tae pey for them.

It's only when they hae feegured oot hoo muckle money is required that their troubles begin. When a's said an' done, there's only wan wey they can get money for they things, an' that is by taxin' the ratepeyers.

So again they start an' feegur, an' in the coorse o' their investigashuns they fin' oot that some o' the biggest taxpayers dinnie pey ony taxes at a'. They fin' that while the workin' men are in the habit o' peyin' their taxes as raigular as they eat their parritch in the mornin', the fellies wi' the big chunks o' property hae arrear marks opposite their names on the books.

The municeepality's developin' a' the time, an' improvements are bein' asked for, which entail mare expense

Mare money is needed, an' basin' their estimate on the amount o' taxes they're in the habit o' gettin' in, they fin' that the income is gaun tae fa' short o' the expenditure. Weel, there's only wan wey they can get the necessary income—increase the taxes! So it comes tae this, that the workin' men that hae been peyin' their taxes raigular for years back get them increased again simply because they land sharks wudnie pey their share o' the expense. Besides peyin' for his ain share o' the expense, the honest workin' man has been cairryin' the land gluttons on his back.

Workin men, dinnie be scared by ony cry that it's gaun tae be a hardship on some o' yaer ain class. Frae the workin' man's pint o' view it's the best d——n thing that could happen.

If ony workin' man's back three years in his taxes—an' it cannie be ony mare than $36 or so for his hoose an' lot—then yince the municeepality get in the money o' they big sharks there'll be enough money tae provide him wi' work in order tae redeem his bit lot.

It's aye the same, freens, the wide worl' owre. When they fellies fin' they're up again a snag for ony wey o' defendin' their actions, they get efter the workin' man, relyin' on his ignorance o' the questyin at issue tae enable them tae try an' pu' the wool owre their e'en.

Nae fear, freens, a tax sale in Sooth Vancoover at this time is the best thing that could possibly happen tae the municeepality, an' 'll be the means o' makin' a hale lot o' they "shysters" spew up some o' the wealth that should be in the municeepality's coffers.

Yours through the heather.

SANDY MACPHERSON.

Radical Views on Social Problems

By Dr. W. J. CURRY

The Inevitable Collapse of Modern Finance and The Reason

Edgcumb Pinchon, author of "The Mexican People and their struggle for Freedom," has probably given us the clearest and most scientific analysis of modern finance yet produced.

This was recently published in the New York "Call." He shows that the military armageddon now proceeding in Europe will merge into a world-wide financial collapse, and that production for use and money based on labor power and commodity values direct instead of through gold, will be the result, and this will bring peace and plenty.

It must be remembered that he wrote before war was declared, which shows that the scientific economist can foretell a social cataclysm such as is now raging in Europe. He prefaces his analysis as follows:

"Armageddon is here, if not today, then tomorrow. It is easier to set back the sun in its course than to stifle the impending European conflagration. Armageddon indeed is a cataclysm inherent in the very nature of international competition. When with the invention of the steam engine internationalism was born, its doom was already branded on its brow. Conceived in contradictions and born in blood, by its own contradictions it shall fall, and in blood shall it be drowned."

"A million men will dye the earth with their life's blood. The price is heavy, but in a single decade capitalism's toll of dead and injured in the industrial shambles is far greater."

"Capitalism has rung its death-knell. The military Armageddon is but the prelude to the irretrievable collapse of the financial mechanism without which capitalism cannot continue.

"We are to witness capitalistic society reeking in the throes of its economic contradictions, coiling upon itself and fanging itself into desperation and death. We are to witness the triumphant march of the world's workers over the self-murdered corpse of capitalism into the promised land of co-operation and brotherhood."

Fatal Contradiction in Capitalist Production

"The exploitation of labor in the comparative production of commodities is the essence of capitalism.

"The commodities thus produced exchange with one another in the open market. Profit is made possible by the fact that the capitalist can buy labor at its cost of production, i.e., wages of subsistence, and by applying that labor to raw material, can cause it to create a value greater than the cost of the labor and the raw material."

This surplus Marx terms "surplus value." The fatal contradiction in capitalist production is that wild free exchange of commodities are needed, yet there is an inevitable tendency toward restriction and monopoly, resulting from re-investment of that surplus vaiue, and today the small capitalist is rapidly being frozen out. The "New Freedom" of President Wilson's and the cry to "Bust the Trust" is the result of the development of greater and greater aggregations of capital, swamping the small competitors and ever increasing unemployment, suffering and revolt among the workers.

The Fatal Contradiction of the Gold Standard

Gold is a commodity, and like all other commodities, its value depends on the labor powers necessary in its production.

"In the last analysis gold is also the sole money commodity of capitalism, a means of exchange, and a store of value."

As a means of exchange, its quantity is insignificant because theoretically not only all notes and cheques, but all commodities are presumed to be realized on gold on the open market in any given time, while the truth is there is not enough gold in the world to realize the value of one per cent. of the commodities.

"Now as long as the wheels of commerce run smoothly its discrepancy is not noticed, but at a crisis when owners of commodities demand gold, or real money, this discrepancy at once makes itself disastrously apparent. And yet this insignificance of gold relative to the total value of all other commodities is a necessary precondition to its functioning at all as a standard value, for on account of its scarcity, its demand is always greater than its supply.

"In short, gold to function ideally as a store of value and a means of exchange, it should be the most plentiful of commodities, in fact, there should be enough gold to represent all commodities, while to function as a standard of value, it should be one of the least plentiful.

"There is in fact so little gold available that any universal demand for it proves that the banks of the world are completely insolvent. When this demand becomes international, this insolvency will manifest itself first in the suspension of gold payment, and finally in the collapse of all financial institutions in the countries affected.

Thus we arrive at the very heart of the inherent weakness of the financial mechanism. Its scarcity measured as a standard of value and yet the scarcity rendering it inadequate as representing commodities.

"Its cumbersomeness and scarcity have resulted in a paper currency, cheques, notes, etc. The grave aspect of our financial system is revealed from the fact that statistics of the Saving Banks of September 7, 1907, show that there was deposited in the banks of England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, an aggregate of 5897 millions, while the total gold reserved in these banks was only 1779 millions.

"Another flaw in our financial system is due to over drafts, and the fact that ninety per cent of modern business is transacted on credit. The banks in normal times may safely extend its credit to its clients nine times greater than the bank's reserve, in other words, it can loan the same dollar nine times, and draw interest on it nine times." (This doubtless accounts for the enormous dividends declared on bank stock, and its high appreciation among many of our Canadian statesmen).

"Every bank is inherently bankrupt and can do business only as long as the social faith is maintained, and social faith is going rapidly. In Europe today everyone is reaching out feverishly for gold. Millions of breadwinners are off to the front, the families must fall back on their savings, and the banks cannot meet the demand. In vain fiat money will be issued, it will only lead to more hoarding of gold, and thus to create an utterly irredeemable paper currency which will strangle the last effort of commodity production.

"Even supposing that during the war fiat money may be maintained at the point of the bayonet, this fiat money of half Europe will be outlawed by the other half, and after the war the fiat money of the conquered nations will be valueless, while that of the conquering nations will be irredeemable, and the social faith once destroyed can never be restored, this colossal bluff of the gold standard once revealed to the people, capitalist production and finance is doomed."

Mr. Pinchon concludes his analysis as follows:

"The financial Armageddon will be delayed until military Armageddon has laid waste the earth, and at the sounding of the last war trump will swoop down upon exhausted Europe, prostating society in a demoralization from which nothing can rescue it short of the seizure of the reins of power by the working classes and the reorganization of industry upon a basis of co-operation and production for use.

"Armageddon is the death of the old, the birth of the new order. It is the terrible birth throes of the social man. Then all hail Armageddon, Destroyer and Saviour."

"Why don't the unemployed go to work" will be the subject next week.

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