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

MEN! MEN!! MEN!!! MEN!!!!

SO long as the people of British Columbia have to go abroad for their daily bread, there cannot be a healthy commercial condition; so long as it is necessary for us to go abroad for reformers to come and guide us to the straight and narrow path, we are inviting a condition of moral bankruptcy among the people.

This week we have with us Mrs. Nellie L. McClung and a number of leading reformers from beyond the borders of British Columbia.

The fact that it is necessary to import Mrs. McClung to lead in a fight against a great evil is not a fine compliment to the public men of British Columbia. The wrongs we suffer are plain to every man, Liberal, Tory, Laborman and Socialist. Every man with a clear head knows full well that the liquor traffic is and and always has been a menace to the prosperity of British Columbia.

Why then have not our public men come forward to boldly take up the cause of reform? Surely it's a man's game to fight men. It's a man's game to protect his wife and his children. It's a man's game to come out and bear the sneers of a certain section of the public, the abuse of vested interests and subsidized newspapers. In short it's a man's game to bear the brunt of the fight and die when the standard which represents his principles is crushed to earth.

Where in this fight for prohibition are our orators, our political leaders, the silk hat brigade from the Board of Trade, the glad hand brigade from the City Hall—the whole family of those peculiar gentlemen who stand in public places and speak long and loud that they may be heard of men?

Once there was a man in the east who got drunk every Saturday afternoon, spent the week's earnings at the North American, and proceeded homeward at a late hour in the evening, unsettled of stomache and unsteady of foot. Before the family hearth he used to collapse, then the emetic influence of the bug juice would take possession of him. Followed strong vibrations of the diaphram. At that point the youngsters, the dog and the cat would retire to their respective entrenchments. His wife, a sweet and noble soul, prematurely old, who loved her man and stuck by him through thick and thin, did not run away at that dark period in her weekly round of terrors. The mop was hauled down, the scrub pail was filled up. On her knees that little woman with the golden heart put the finishing touches to the cleansing of the family hearth.

We have the same story in British Columbia on a bigger scale. Observe then, Mrs. Nellie L. McClung leading the scrubbing brush brigade in the cleansing of the family hearth of British Columbia.

Let the manhood of British Columbia arise and assert itself. Our public bodies place themselves on record from time to time as being in favor of cheaper money, more industries, less taxation, and policies for the development of our resources. There is a great call today in British Columbia for more real men with red blood in their veins.

OUR NEW BREWERY

WHEN he reached into South Vancouver and planted in our midst one of his munition factories, John Barleycorn was living up to his reputation as a manipulator and strategist.

John Barleycorn and his apostles, Poverty and Moral Depravity, have hung about the Municipal Hall for these many moons. Periodically the Old Boy has endeavored to get in his fine work. Each time, up to last week, he was checkmated.

Now he has sneaked in like a thief in the night—and we are to have a brewery!

Think of it! An industry, a payroll, an investment. Hooray!

Public opinion has been aroused to a white heat over the sudden coup made by John Barleycorn. At any other time, we would not have thought so much of the matter. If the laws permit breweries and distilleries to operate, if we, the people who are supposed to make the laws, say to the liquor interests, "Go ahead, full steam, we are behind you"—if this be true then it is only shouldering our fair burden to lend our municipality as a site for a brewery.

But the people of this district have gone on record as being opposed to the liquor interests. But for a liquor government we would not have a pint of intoxicants sold in the district.

Repeatedly we have lined up against the forces of the liquor interests, and whipped them back. Whatever blemish South Vancouver might have carried, support of the liquor interests was not to be debited against her.

At any other time, we say, a fair fight on the question of the establishment of a brewery in the district would be welcomed. But they didn't give us even a chance to fight.

Like the German submarine torpedoeing a passenger vessel, the brewery people made a silent, treacherous attack upon us. And at this time, when all British Columbia is combining to drive John Barleycorn out! When the brains of the Northwest are assembled here to dislodge the liquor traffic from its last stand!

It is unthinkable that some of our own people were privy to the hurling of this insult into the face of decency.

The responsibility does not rest altogether upon the shoulders of local citizens. The burden is upon the shoulders of the Government—the Provincial and Federal Governments, who granted the charter to the brewery outfit.

Barleycorn has been victorious in the first round of the fight. Let the people organize and agitate and fight with the end in view of undoing at the earliest possible moment the evil which has been wished upon us through a strange combination of stupidity, devilishness and well-intentioned business ambition.

WHERE WAS THE REEVE?

IN piloting through the bylaws making it possible to fasten the new brewery on South Vancouver, the reeve threw down the people of South Vancouver. He added to the seriousness of his crime by getting others to do the dirty work. He had a double purpose in view, that of getting a license for the brewery and forcing men who have expressed opposition to the liquor interests to shoulder the responsibility. As an advance agent for John Barleycorn, the reeve has proven his ability, as custodian of the rights of the people he has absolutely failed.

There are those who thought that in our fiery reeve we had a Daniel, one who would stand alone, a man with a firm purpose, whatever else his faults.

Alas, he has shown himself to be but an empty vessel. The tragedy of it all is that this municipal character passes up such splendid opportunities of being of real service to the community.

WHERE THE TARIFF HIT THE JITNEY

"I DON'T see," said the jitney driver, "why I had to pay forty dollars for that tire I bought yesterday, when I could have got the same blamed tire in Seattle for just twenty-four dollars.

"Now, how do you figure that out," he went on; "does John Third make all that profit or who really does make the profit?"

Just then we pulled up in front of the place where Mr. Third sells the accessories, and we put the question to Mr. Third.

"Blamed if I know," said Mr. Third, "I don't make anything on it."

Just then Mr. Mellen came along. Mr. Mellen is a reformer in politics. Mr. Mellen is very much up in years and is wise to many things.

Said Mr. Mellen. "It's the darned tariff."

"You see," said Mr. Mellen, "the Tories put on this tariff. They have a big tariff on everything that we eat, wear or use, and I 'spose they have one on you jitney fellows for they always keep up-to-date. They make these here tires in Montreal. They make them in the United States. They can turn them out cheaper over in the United States. But if a Vancouver jitney driver used a United States' tire on his jitney, he would be disloyal. He would be for annexation with the United States. So they put a tax of thirty-five per cent. on these tires and then seven and a half cents war tax, making forty-two and a half per cent. on every tire."

Whether Mr. Mellen's explanation was correct in detail is another matter. The fact remains that the Government of Canada says that as there is a rubber manufacturing trust in Montreal, it must be protected. This trust must have a complete monopoly of all the tire business in Canada. Every jitney must either wear a Canadian-made tire or pay a higher price for a better tire made outside of Canada.

Over in Seattle you buy a tire for twenty-four dollars. The manufacturer makes a profit, the retailer makes a profit, all out of twenty-four dollars. Add forty-two and a half per cent. to twenty-four dollars and you have the price that the Canadian Rubber Company gets for its tire. The manufacturer gets that forty-two and a half per cent. That is his rake-off, for the cost to him is the same as the cost to the American manufacturer. The profit to the retailer in both cases is the same.

The head of the Canadian rubber trust a few years ago was a pool marker in St. Paul. He was born in Montreal, but learned some tricks over in the United States. He came back and promoted this rubber company. He sold stock in it to members of the Canadian Parliament. He got the Canadian Parliament to hoist a big tariff against rubber goods from the outside. He became enormously rich. One of the men who pays tribute to him every day is the jitney driver who didn't understand why he had to pay forty-two and a half per cent. more in Vancouver for the tire he could have bought in Seattle for twenty-four dollars.

ANSWER TO "NEWS-ADVERTISER"

"WHAT had Mr. Murray for dinner?" asks the "News-Advertiser" in commenting upon a speech made by the editor of this journal before the Liberals of Ward Six some nights ago.

It wasn't a very elaborate meal, but substantial. Every ounce of it, save the sugar, the bread, and the cabbage had to be imported into British Columbia from points outside of Canada.

Some of it might have been produced back in Ontario, but it was shipped here from Chicago. The butter came from New Zealand. The pickles came from dear old England. The sugar came from Mr. Rogers' place of business. It cost more than any other sugar sold in any city in the British Empire today, and was no sweeter.

We sat upon chairs made in Stratford, Ontario, the table came from the same place. The linen came from Ireland, the silver from, we know not where.

The baby sat in a high chair purchased from a prairie farmer who went broke in South Vancouver, waved a rattle made in Germany, and sang "O Canada" as we dined.

NECESSITY OF CHANGE

COMPARISONS are sometimes dangerous. They are nearly always interesting. An American paper the other day compared Theodore Roosevelt with Lloyd George. Referring to them as the "two storm centres of the English-speaking world," the writer summed up: "They each contain a grain or two of radium, a demonic force which manifests itself again and again without exhausting its energy. They are vastly popular because they are tonic. They prove to us that things can be changed, that there is a lot in life besides routine and monotony."

Few statesmen, if any, have accomplished such wide-reaching changes in the social life of their country as Lloyd-George. And if Lloyd-George has been so successful in attacking the vested interests of hereditary lords and breaking up vast landed estates, it was largely due to his proved devotion to the interests of the masses. Other statesmen have been greater orators, but how many have done the things they eloquently advocated as has the British statesman?

Right here in British Columbia political and social conditions have come to such a crisis that almost any change of government could not make things worse. We cannot all be Roosevelts or Lloyd-Georges, but the ratepayers and residents of the province can at least combine to put an end to the government which has so signally failed in administering the country in the interests of the people.

Orators we have in Victoria, mostly sophists and dialecticians. But where, oh where, are the administrators? As Talleyrand once said of a certain French finance minister: "He was always so busy administering to the wants of his numerous friends in his magnificent chateau that he really had no time to administer the affairs of his country." It is not surprising to learn further that while this finance minister died leaving an enormous estate behind him, he also left the financial affairs of his country in chaos.

PRETENDED 'WAR TAXES' PRODUCE DECREASED REVENUE

IT is perfectly obvious that the Customs Tariff changes made by the Conservative Government last February for the express purpose of raising additional revenue have failed of their purpose. In introducing these changes in the House of Commons, the Finance Minister said that their effect would be to raise from 25 to 30 million dollars more revenue, or at the rate of from two to two-and-a-half million dollars per month. The changes have been in operation for a full four months and the result is that the Customs Revenue instead of increasing by about eight million dollars has actually decreased by over half a million dollars.

This result is only what might have been expected, and is as predicted by the Liberal leaders. At the best these tariff changes constituted a monumental piece of political folly and one of the gravest blunders in fiscal policy ever committed by any statesman or Government in the history of Canada. They were conceived in absolute ignorance. Customs rates were imposed which are prohibitive in their nature and per se defeated their avowed object. Mr. White evidently is a tyro at Tariff making over revenue purposes.

A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT SHELLS

ONE of the matters regarding the work of the shell committee very difficult to understand is that some orders for shells have been placed with people who had no previous knowledge or experience in engineering work of any kind, while very many established engineering works in Canada have applied for contracts in vain. Instances could be cited of the erection of new, or the conversion of old buildings—even town halls—into shell factories. Would it not have been better from every point of view, especially that of the saving of time, to utilize all existing factories all ready and practically equipped. All these factories should at least have been given the chance to make shells before placing orders, as has apparently been done, with unexperienced men.

If newspapers tell the truth when they state, as they have done incessantly for months past, that the reason the Allies have not made the progress generally expected of them, is shortage of shells, why is it that reputable engineering works in Canada cannot get orders when they apply for them? What is the use of talking about shell shortage, when the available steps to overcome it are not taken?

BY THE WAY

MR. GOLD APPEARED in a silk hat at the opening of the sewers.

* * *

THE REEVE WANTED to break a bottle of beer over the sewer, but this ceremony was cut out, in courtesy to the temperance people.

* * *

SEVERAL PIPES WILL be laid alongside of the great sewer. These conduits will connect with our new brewery. Municipally-owned beer is a thing we have always fought for.

* * *

IN PUTTING OVER the new brewery his worship thought he would make a difficult corner shot. He *sued*, however.

* * *

"WHAT DO WE WANT?" yelled the orator at the Municipal Hall. "What do we want in this municipality? People, what do we want?" Here he paused, to allow the question to filter into the minds of the mob. "Free beer!" answered one in the back of the hall.

* * *

YOU MAY ALL have your automobiles, but Councillor Russell is the man who loves a horse. He has the fastest pacer in British Columbia in his barns. He took all the honors at the Exhibition. When entrusted by the Council with the purchase of a horse, the Councillor makes a better deal than any other man on the board. "High, wide and handsome and bred in the purple."

* * *

IF THE GOVERNMENT had Councillor Russell buying those horses for the army, no one would be able "to put one over," and there would be no skates purchased.

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Weart's Land Policy

Mr. J. W. Weart has put forward a plan for the development of the agricultural areas of the province, which is given in detail below. Mr. Weart is a practical man and was himself, many years ago, one of those who went into the then wilds of Burnaby and settled upon a tract of wild land which he brought under cultivation, and upon which he built a splendid home, which is now his out-of-town residence. Mr. Weart knows the difficulties of land settlement, having experienced them. His project is one which should have the careful attention of the thinking people of the Province.

We have a suggestion to make—and the beauty of Mr. Weart's policy is that he leaves it open for new ideas and suggestions—and our suggestion is that legislation might be passed which would make it possible to forever link up the country districts of British Columbia with the cities and municipalities.

This could be done by arranging financial matters in such a way that the sinking fund monies of the cities and municipalities might be invested in Government colonization projects. This money today rests in the banks at a small interest. It might better be placed at work helping to build up a producing community such as Mr. Weart sees in the future, a community which would bolster up the top-heavy cities of British Columbia.

Mr. Weart's plan for peopleing the open districts is given in the following letter to the press of British Columbia:—

Editor CHINOOK:

Sir,—Much has been said as to the necessity of settling up our vacant agricultural land, but as yet I know of no policy of a concrete nature put forward by any one which could appear to be acceptable to the government.

Permit me to roughly outline a plan which I submit could be put into operation and should be a means of profit to the people and a credit to the country.

In the first place, there are certain essentials necessary to success, (a) Quality and location of land, (b) Quality of settlers, (c) Conditions which will not make the settler dissatisfied, but which would be an incentive to good citizenship.

Let the government choose good arable land, say 15,000 acres in one block close, or within a reasonable distance from a point of shipment, by either rail or water, to a market. Survey this tract into 20, 40, 60 and 80 acre blocks, less road allowance, open, grade and macadam sufficient roads to give the maximum accommodation for the minimum mileage of roads; clear and plow one-half of each block, thereby giving the settler a chance to produce from the start without the expenditure of a large sum of money.

This tract would give homes to three hundred families, no bachelors. Each settler, as per an agreement, must fence his land, build his house and out-buildings, stock his holding with an average of four cows, brood sow, poultry and sheep. There would be at least twelve hundred cows in the settlement for a creamery.

Such a tract of land, not being what is classed as timber land, ought to be cleared by modern methods at $100 per acre.

Where necessary, supply stock at cost to the settler. The government to establish about the centre, an up-to-date creamery, which all the people would be obliged to supply with their cream, thereby producing one grade of butter at a minimum cost. One expense in marketing, being one of grade (the best) the highest price will be obtained, retaining annually a small percentage to pay for a share in the creamery to be owned by the settlers, so that in five years the settlers themselves could operate it as a co-operative concern.

Establish an experimental station for the benefit of the settlement, keep a sufficient number of good stock for breeding purposes, provide a blacksmith shop, a small hospital in charge of a doctor; build and equip a school, establish a post office and store, with the view of it becoming a co-operative store, and your settlement is complete.

One essential necessary is a good supply of water. Whatever source of water supply is obtainable for the government farm and creamery, the power for the creamery could be used as a pumping station to supply water to the settlement through a system of wood pipes, giving pure water to the district at less cost than each could obtain his own supply and let the total initial cost be distributed on an acreage basis over the district and added to the cost of the land, payable as hereinafter mentioned:

Cost

Land 15,000 less 5 per cent for roads —14,250 acres.	
Clearing 7125 acres at $100	$712,500.00
Roads	100,000.00
Stock (if required)	50,000.00
Water supply, say	100,000.00
Creamery, school, hospital, stock, plant and equipment	107,500.00
	$1,070,000.00

$1,000,000 divided by 14,250 acres equals a capital charge of less than $71.00 per acre, add $4 per acre for the land, you have on a 40-acre block a capital charge of $3000 repayable over a period of 36 years on annual instalments of 5 per cent, or $150 per year, which retires the whole principal sum and interest.

This small sum could without question be made out of the product of the land enabling the settler to get along in the world, making him independent, a producer, a factor in reducing that enormous annual outlay of millions for foodstuffs.

The advantage that would accrue from a settlement of this kind would at least be, a maximum population in a given area, a means of greater social enjoyment, better schools, easy access to religious worship, debating schools, lectures, etc., and withal the converting of the wilderness into a livable country settlement.

No loss could accrue to the government on account of the expenditure, as proper security would be required on the stock for money advanced, the title to the land being in the government, and with every year's work on the land enhancing its value.

Can the money be obtained? I am of the opinion that out of the many millions now in savings account in British Columbia, that if the government issued scrip in small denomination at say 4 per cent or 4 1-2 per cent there would be enough applicants to take up the whole issue.

From the experimental station the settlers would be encouraged to plant ornamental and shade trees so that in a few years the whole settlement could and would be a pleasurable place to live in and a model. Legislation would be enacted to place all titles under the "Homestead Act," providing an exemption of at least $2500 so that no judgment creditor or mortgagee could oust the settler from his home. And further, no transfer of the property would be made to anyone who would not live upon it and comply with all the conditions governing the settlement and further, the wife would be considered as joint owner with the husband.

This is the class of legislation that I believe in and that will make a country prosperous—legislation for the people, protecting them from the speculator and from themselves, giving to them the fruits of their labor.

Correspondence

668 32nd Avenue East,
South Vancouver, B.C.,
24th August, 1915.

To the Editor:

SOUTH VANCOUVER AUTHORITIES AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Sir,—The actions of our different governing bodies in South Vancouver in trying to "put one over" by surreptitiously and cunningly granting of a license to a brewing company is a fair sample of how little the desires of the electorate are consulted, or even respected by our elected representatives on the Council, and on the different commissions that form our governing bodies—and also how some men, who hold such honorable positions as president of the Board of Trade, will lend themselves to a scheme, which they all must have known was not being carried out in the open and straightforward manner its importance deserved.

I attended the "indignation" meeting held under the auspices of the Social Service Council, and heard Reeve Gold and Mr. Bruce give their explanation of the circumstances leading up to the granting of this license.

The reverend gentleman who subsequently addressed the meeting laid all the blame on Reeve Gold and Councillor Stanley, as being the two members of the License Commission who had been elected to their office by the people.

In this they were quite right, as Reeve Gold's action in remaining neutral and not opposing the granting of the license, and what is infinitely worse, keeping the whole proceedings secret, certainly does not free him from being more to blame than any of the rest, and Councillor Stanley, who appealed so strongly for the support of the "Church" when seeking election, by his action has betrayed those who trusted him; at the same time, every member of the Council is equally to blame.

What are the circumstances? Before the license could be legally granted, it was necessary that the Council amend the Trades' License Bylaw. To do this the amending bylaw was considered at "special" meetings of the Council, when few, if any, of the ratepayers would be present, those of us who attend only the regular meetings of the Council, and where I submit this proposal should have been openly and frankly discussed, only heard the final passing of the amending bylaw being rushed through at a late hour, when Councillor Campbell was in the chair (the Reeve being conveniently absent at the moment) and immediately afterwards the adjournment was moved.

The amendment to the bylaw was so skilfully prepared, that when ordinary people heard it read, they had the notion that it was something that had been specially framed for the benefit of our local merchants, and the "nigger in the fence" was so carefully concealed, that no one unless those in the know had any idea that same was solely for the purpose of giving not only a license, but practically a monopoly to a brewing company. I submit that each and every member of our Council is equally blameable, as it is unthinkable that there is any one of them who was not aware of the real purport of the amendment to the License Bylaw, and not one of them had the manliness to inform the general public of what they proposed to do.

It is a mistake to say that it was not known that the proposal was likely to be put forward. Some months ago, I understand that it was submitted to the Board of Trade by letter, and Mr. Bruce must be aware that same was condemned by those present, and that consequently the "courtesy" that he holds he was in duty bound to extend to the brewery representative (which amounted to aiding and abetting the granting of the license) was purely of a personal nature, and not as representative of the Board of Trade. I am also aware that some of the members of the Social Service Council had knowledge that the proposal to establish a brewery was contemplated, but no one thought for a moment that Reeve Gold (whose former strength lay in acting openly and above board) nad the members of the Council would connive to saddle the municipality with such a business without letting the people who are opposed to same get an opportunity of objecting.

The secretive and cunning methods adopted by all those mixed up in this matter will do more to blemish their characters at public men than all the other foolishnesses of which they have been guilty during the year.

As men whose actions would indicate that they do not trust, or show confidence in the opinion of the electors, they cannot expect that the electors will continue to show any trust or confidence in them.

Yours truly,
A. H. SEYMOUR.

MR. MURRAY TO SPEAK AT VICTORIA ROAD AND 35TH

Monday night Mr. George M. Murray will address a meeting of Liberals at the corner of Victoria Road and Thirty-fifth Avenue. He will discuss the food question, will trace the relation between the monopolies of the country and the breadlines of the West, and will have something to say on the policies of Liberalism from an Imperial point of view.

All the Liberals of the district are invited to attend. The occasion will take on the form of a smoker.

A SAD LOSS

Florence Edith Blanche Sloan, the infant daughter of Mr. Sam Sloan, passed away at the father's residence, 40th Avenue West, South Vancouver, on Wednesday morning, aged 10 months. The sincere sympathy of their many friends will go out towards Mr. and Mrs. Sloan in their sad bereavement.

TOMATOES AND FLOWERS

The editor of the CHINOOK is indebted to Mr. R. Horrell, of 62 40th Avenue West, South Vancouver, for a basket of most appetising tomatoes, the largest specimen being 12 1-2 ins. round by 10 1-2 ins. in height. A collection of fragrant flowers was also received from the same gentleman.

Theatrical Notes

Pantages Theatre

One of the most graceful and pleasing dancing acts ever seen in Vancouver is that of the Scovell Dancers, who will head a good bill at the Pantages next week. There are eight pretty young women dancers, besides Madame Scovell herself and four men and they appear in a programme of six delightful numbers. Madame Scovell's number, "Moments Musicale," danced with James H. Powers —who himself is no cripple—and the La Tiger Danse by Madame Scovell and the Grecian girls are especially effective. The ensemble numbers are also good and bring out some fine toe-dancing.

And look who's here! Our old friend, Joe Roberts, playing a return engagement with his banjo. With Joe are two young Seattle men, Kearney and Ashley, who play pianos. The three are billed as "Musical Whirlwinds," and are making their debut. They play "Poet and Peasant," "The Rosary," and a collection of rag-time.

The bill is opened by a clever juggler. Talking Gascoigne. Vancouverites have seen cannon balls juggled before, but Gascoigne makes most of those who attempt it look like novices. He also keeps up a line of chatter that is novel and amusing.

May Archer and Billy Carr occupy the stage fifteen minutes in a talking and singing skit, "The Fortune Teller." Will H. Armstrong and two girls have a playlet, "The Baggageman." Sam Lazar and Josh Dale complete the bill with a blackface musical and comedy act, "A Blackville Cabaret."

Fun and Frolic

A native of Germany was visiting an American friend in New York, and the latter bethought himself to take his guest on a visit to Niagara Falls.

The American, accustomed to bursts of wonderment and enthusiasm, was not a little astonished to see his Teutonic friend stand and gaze stolidly minute after minute upon that roaring cataract, without evincing the faintest sign of emotion.

Finally, unable any longer to conceal his chagrin and disappointment, the American turned to his companion and asked: "Don't you think that's a wonderful sight?"

"Vot?" asked the Dutchman.

"Why, that gigantic body of water pouring over that lofty precipice."

The German stood for a few seconds longer, until he got that idea digested, then looked up blankly and asked:

"Vell, vot's to hinder it?"

* * *

"When I first decided to allow the people of Tupelo to use my name as a candidate for Congress, I went out to a neighboring parish to speak," said Private John Allen recently to some friends at the old Metropolitan Hotel in Washington.

"An old darky came up to greet me after the meeting. 'Marse Allen,' he said, 'I's powerful glad to see you. I's known ob you sense you wuz a babby. Knew yoh pappy long befo' you-all wuz bohn, too. He used to hold de same office you got now. I 'members how he held dat same office fo' years an' years.'

"'What office do you mean, uncle?' I asked, as I never knew pop held any office.

"'Why, de office of candidate, Marse John; yoh pappy was candidate fo' many years.'"

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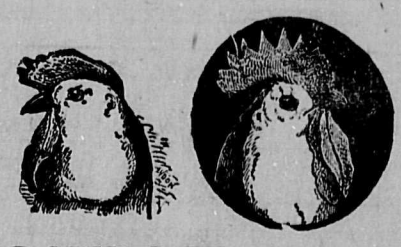

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South Vancouver Citizens' Club

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A NEWLY-FORMED ORGANIZATION FOR THE DISCUSSION OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS — INTERESTING DEBATE ON MATTERS OF CURRENT INTEREST

THE South Vancouver Citizen's Club has been formed by public-spirited residents who believe that criticism of municipal and other public matters would do no harm but might be productive of good, if the views of representative citizens can be presented in the CHINOOK, which is the only newspaper published in the municipality.

Citizen Jones, Browne, Robinson and Smythe, Mackenzie, O'Brien and others met, therefore, and decided to form a debating club for free and easy discussion of public affairs, a verbatim report of which will appear in the CHINOOK from time to time.

The first debate took place a few days ago, when Citizen Jones wanted to know what his fellow members though about the granting of a brewery license by the License Commissioners.

"If you ask for my opinion," said Robinson, "I think it rather a good thing to have an industry established in South Vancouver which is likely to have a steady payroll. But, the license commissioners made a mistake by the secret manner in which the matter was discussed and the license granted, without taking the people of South Vancouver into their confidence."

"Do you mean to say the granting of the license was not done openly and above board?" asked Browne.

"Well, of course," replied Robinson, "Reeve Gold and the license commissioners will probably say that the meetings of the board were held in public, or at least were open to the public; but the fact remains that although several special meetings of the board were held the public knew nothing about the proposal to establish a brewery in South Vancouver, and I believe I am right in saying that no public notice was given of any of the meetings which were held, and that the press was not aware that these special meetings had been convened. I am also given to understand that a previous resolution was passed at a special meeting on August 12, granting the license; but it was found that the action of the license board was not legal, because there was no provision in the Trades' License Bylaw for the granting of a brewery license. The reeve then, I am informed, gave instructions for an amendment to the bylaw to be drafted to allow of a brewery license being granted. This was done and the amended bylaw was put through the council when Reeve Gold had withdrawn from the chair and had asked one of the other councillors to take his place."

"But, the reeve said at the indignation meeting that he was neutral in the matter, and that the council having spent $500 to enforce the will of the majority, he bowed to the will of the majority of the license board," remarked Mackenzie.

"Quite so," replied Robinson, "but you must remember that Reeve Gold is as wily as an old fox, and if you had been near enough I guess you would have seen his tongue in cheek when he talked about neutrality. As a matter of fact, Reeve Gold and Mr. Bruce of the Board of Trade, I understand, had more to do with the introduction of the matter before the license board than anyone else, except, of course, the representative of the brewery company."

"What I cannot understand," remarked Smythe, "is the action of Commissioner Stanley, who, I am told, is associated with the prohibition committee in Collingwood. How did he come to move that the license be granted?"

"That is more than I can say," said Robinson. "I believe, however, that Commissioner Stanley's idea was that if a license was granted for the establishment of a brewery, the company, for their own protection, would install plant which, in the event of the cancellation of the brewery license, could be converted into a cold storage plant. But, it was necessary to induce the establishment of a brewery by granting a license for the manufacture of liquor before the company would spend any money in South Vancouver. Of course, I am free to say that if Commissioner Stanley is associated with the prohibition movement, it seems a sign of weakness to agree to the establishment of a brewery. At the same time, a man holding a public position does not always feel free to air his views or put his own ideas into practice; he must act as duty dictates, and it may be that Commissioner Stanley was of opinion that it would be a good thing for South Vancouver to have over $100,000 spent in the municipality during these hard times, and to have a steady payroll employing seventy or more local residents."

"That's all very well, Robinson," replied Smythe, "but in my opinion a man should be consistent, and if he does not believe in the drinking of liquor or the sale of liquor in South Vancouver, or any other community, he should oppose granting facilities for its manufacture. That's the view I take."

"I agree with you, Smythe," said Browne, "and it seems to me Commissioner Stanley has spoiled his chances of re-election to the council. I am rather sorry, because Mr. Stanley is by far the best man on the present council, and with a little more experience of municipal administration would make a good councillor."

"What do you think of the present council, anyway?" asked O'Brien.

"If you ask me," said Robinson, "I think if the councillors could forget that such things as votes exist and would act as their own business instincts dictate they would do better."

"Quite right, Robinson," said Jones. "With one or two exceptions the present councillors have played to the gallery all through the year, instead of acting in the best interests of the municipality. There has been too much pandering to the $3 a day man. At a time like the present when the council has been cutting down salaries in such a way as to make the employees disgusted with the parsimonious way in which they have been treated, causing some of them to quit, it is sheer folly to continue the old rate of $3 a day for pick and shovel work. As Robinson says, councillors should forget that workmen have votes and should look at the matter from a broad standpoint. The council will be looking to the municipal bankers presently for assistance by way of a loan for administrative expenses, pending payment of taxes; but it will surprise me if the bankers are willing to advance any more money, seeing how the council proposes to throw away thousands of dollars unnecessarily by payment of $3 a day for day labor. Bankers like to know that the money they advance is being spent, judiciously, and that there is a good prospect of it being repaid; but at a time when wages are being reduced in all directions because money is dear, for the council to decide to continue to pay $3 a day just as though money was as cheap as it was four or five years ago, is absolutely foolish, and stamps the councillors as very unbusinesslike."

"That's so," quietly remarked Mackenzie. "The council is proposing to go ahead and spend over $300,000 on sewerage work as though the municipality was receiving dollar for dollar. If the council had sold the $400,000 worth of sewerage bonds at par there might be some justification for payment of $3 a day for day labor. But, instead of receiving $400,000 for sewerage debentures, the council has issued treasury certificates valued at $320,000, but for which the municipality only receives $304,000, the balance being paid away as discount and brokerage. At the same time the municipality is paying 6 per cent. interest on $320,000 as though the full amount had been received; and at the end of three years, if the bonds can not be sold, the municipality will have to redeem the certificates or renew them—at another big discount. It seems to me that, in the circumstances, it is up to the council to make the money available go as far as possible, instead of going ahead and spending it at the same rate as would be the case if the municipality was selling its bonds at par. I venture to think that Reeve Gold would not pay $3 a day for day labor at the present time if he had any private land clearing work to be done, nor would any of the other councillors. Then why should they spend the ratepayers' money in a manner different than they would their own?"

"That is my view, exactly," said Jones. "The council obtains practically dollar for dollar for the money required to pay salaries, with the exception of discount on temporary loans; yet councillors have cut down salaries to a minimum and in so doing have imperilled the efficiency of the staff. But when they are only receiving $300,000 for $400,000, they propose to spend it as though they were getting full value for the money, and at a time when they could get all the labor needed at $2 a day, or less. It is not good business, nor is it just to the ratepayers."

"It amounts to what I said before," remarked Robinson, "that if councillors could forget that workmen have votes and would act according to their business instincts, it would be better for the municipality generally. Here I notice in the papers today that the council proposes to pay the sewer engineer at the same rate as the timekeeper, $4 a day. The thing is ridiculous. If a competent engineer is not worth more than $4 a day, he is not worth employing. Now Mr. Whitaker, I believe, is a thoroughly competent engineer, but times are hard and he is apparently willing to accept $4 a day. But why should the council take advantage of hard times in the case of an engineer, and refuse to do so in the case of the day laborer? As I said before, it is simply a question of votes, and the interests of the municipality are of secondary importance."

"Robinson has hit the nail on the head," said Mackenzie. "Because the white collar men are not so numerous as the pick and shovel men, they get it in the neck every time from the present councillors. They will cut down a clerk's or engineer's wages on the ground of economy, but the laborer's $3 a day is a sacred institution which must not be touched, solely because the laborer preponderates at election time."

The debate then adjourned.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT WESTMINSTER CHURCH

The regular services will be held next Sunday. In the evening the pastor, Mr. Craig, will hold a special prohibition meeting. Topic: "Why we hate the liquor traffic." The Sunday School re-opens on September 5.

Two Irishmen were watching the events at a field-meet. When one of the athletes jumped some twenty-one feet in the broad jump, Pat remarked to Mike, "Mike, that was a purty good jump."

"Yes," says Mike, "it wus, but nothing like what we had back on the Ould Sod."

"Sure," says Pat, "and they never had anything to equal that jump."

"Yes," says Mike, "and they did. One day I saw a man jump twenty-three feet—backwards — up a hill—agin a strong wind."

"Mike, Mike, phwat are ye givin' us? No man ever did that."

"Sure and he did. Didn't I see it with me own eyes?"

"Well, and if ye did, who might that man be?"

"Sure, and it was your own cousin, Dinnis O'Shea."

". . . Me own Cousin Dinnis, eh? Well, well, he might."

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The Wife's Side of the Liquor Problem

About Which the Husband Too Often Forgets: By a Wife and Mother

One of the first recollections I have of my mother is of her looking with a worried frown at my father and saying: "Ralph, are we obliged to have that brand of champagne? It is so very expensive!"

"We had better not give a dinner at all unless we can give it right," I recall my father's answering.

"But why not a cheaper wine? There are so many things I want to get for the children this week! They really cannot go without rubbers any longer."

"Oh, they are healthy children! There were no such things as rubbers when I was a boy. Of course I might have avoided this dinner, or I might give it at the club, but that would be even more expensive. Now that I am in it I should like to do it well. These are all brilliant men, but they won't talk without wine, and they know good wine. The dinner would be a failure without it."

But my mother did not seem to be appeased. "Yes," I recall her saying, "they are all brilliant, but none of them can afford to drink, any more than we can afford to give them something to drink."

"What on earth do you mean?" my father asked.

"I mean that every one of these men's wives darn her gloves and turns her best dress and presses and remakes it."

"Well, why not? None of them is rich. Each man wears his clothes out and only renews them when necessary."

"I know. But for the price of what they drink there might be new dresses and new gloves for their wives."

Yes, and five years from now nobody will recall whether there were new dresses or not. But not one of our little dinners will be forgotten."

I do not think my mother said anything more, but I do know that my father had no idea of the humiliation of having no dinner dress to wear to the party she had spent hours of labor in arranging.

I still remember my mother's face as she stood before the glass, on the night of that dinner, looking at her shabby gown; and many more than five years have gone by. It is true that I also remember the dinners; we had them often.

My brother and I used to steal from our nursery beds to listen, at the back stairway, to the laughter and the gay voices. Then, when by the sound of the voices we knew the table was being deserted for the library, we would creep downstairs in our bare feet. We knew that after the long wait both maids would be eating their long delayed dinners in the kitchen. And we also knew that it was not polite to drink the wine left in the long stems of the champagne glasses. We would steal into the dining-room and there would usually be nine glasses with the hollow stems filled with bubbly amber stuff that made your tongue curly and your stomach warm.

"Always nine glasses!" I recall saying, after this special dinner. There was never a fair division of so unequal a number.

My brother was two years older, and so he answered: "Father says: 'Never less than the Graces nor more than the Muses for dinner.'"

I did not know what this meant then, but I would not have asked for the world. I hastily colected my four glasses. Ralph always got Mother's glass because he was quicker than I, and Mother usually left more in her glass.

"Why," I remember asking, "did the man say the Widow Cliquot was the best guest at the dinner?"

"That's the wine. She makes it."

I wondered why a woman would give all these other women so much trouble and make all these children go without rubbers.

Now I have no wish to sentimentalize about the drink question. Nor do I wish to moralize. We all know that drinking is not wholly a moral problem but a physiological one, and we have heard that its cure needs a physician as well as a priest. We have all seen the drink statistics, both the accurate ones and those in favor of alcohol. We know that daily doses of alcohol, no matter how small, lessen a man's resistance to disease by attacking his white blood corpuscles so that he cannot fight intruding germs effectually. We learned it at school. In college we learned that even a moderate drinker was not so good a father as a temperate man, because he bequeathed his children decreased nervous health. We know about vice and crime and their relation to alcohol. But in some experience with men who drink I never yet found one whom all this ready and available information kept from drinking. There was a time when I wondered why it did not.

My brilliant father died, at forty-four, of pneumonia that he might easily have conquered but for his years of indulgence. My mother, her strength spent in twenty years of economy, died three years later. My brother, who had unusual mathematical ability, had to leave the school that might have made him an engineer and take a clerical position at eight dollars a week. He has advanced, but he does not like his work and the longing for the other career is always with him.

I gave up all my literary hopes and became that distressing thing, a paid companion. I have since married, but the fact that I could not fit myself for the thing I felt I could do still brings its hours of regret.

Nor are my mother and Ralph and I special cases. We are only three out of hundreds of such cases. I watched a woman who came to my door this morning with a set of books to sell, far too expensive for me to buy. She turned slowly away and stood looking forlornly at the next house that, against her own shrinking modesty, she must invade. And I wondered if that look would not have made some father or husband turn in his grave; if perhaps the amount spent on wine for dinner, or a few drinks a day, might not have provided enough insurance to have saved his daughter or his wife from this daily humiliation.

But the knowledge of the waste involved in my father's early death has not seemed to keep my brother Ralph from going in the same direction. Nor do I believe that the sight of many pathetic women, striving to earn a meagre living, would keep my husband from his well-liked cocktail.

We belong to a pleasant community clustered around a country club. We have none of us any money to spare; we are many of us paying for our own homes and hoping to send the children through college. Most of us women too make our simple clothes and do much of our housework. Most of the men work hard in the city and come home for recreation and refreshment. And part of this refreshment certainly seems to them to be the evening drink at the club. The drinking is largely social. It helps the talk of the day. My husband and my husband's friends, and Mariette who lives across the way and who orders a cocktail with her five o'clock tea, and my brother Ralph and his wife, who go without a laundress, but who have wine on their table at a price that would easily pay the laundress's bill, are not a weak-willed minority. They are all super-civilized, highly complex, cultivated men and women. The men do not get drunk, they do not do anything to excess. But they would not listen to you if you quoted them the most reliable statistics about moderate drinking, or pointed out to them the most emphatic examples of its results. And I have about concluded that the reason is that it is not on the men that the hardship of moderate drinking falls. It is on the women.

"You never saw me in any way affected by liquor," said Ralph to me the night we had the great alienist for dinner.

I have never seen Ralph affected by liquor. But I have seen his wife exhausted with work beyond her strength. I have seen her fly into a passion that was only overstrained nerves due to the telephone's ringing while the grocery man hammered at the back door and the postman rang at the front door and the maid was in the laundry.

I did not say so to Ralph, because I knew the alienist had got on his nerves. "No, dear lady," the alienist had said to Ralph's wife at dinner, "alcohol is not the cause of great crimes. As Doctor Lydston says, these great crimes demand great mental activity. They need keen perception, complete fearlessness, cleverness of conception, fixity of purpose, mechanical skill, fertility of resource and a profound knowledge of human nature. No alcoholic has these things. Gigantic swindling schemes require the highest quality of intelligence, and the intelligence of the man who drinks cannot be depended on."

"How about the good and fine things," I asked, "that also require these very qualities? The gigantic business ventures, the conduct of the great railroads, the guiding of nations, the making of laws? Do the men who do these things refrain from drinking?"

"I cannot go so far in my statements," said the great man, "for I do not know the history of all these men. But it is an age in which the necessity for conservation is being realized. Men with great tasks to do conserve their energies socially, physically, mentally. Alcohol is a dissipator. It releases a man from restraint. It gives him pleasantly to the moment's enjoyment, instead of helping him plan the welfare of the future. I doubt if great accomplishment ever goes hand in hand with even small indulgence."

Mr. Farwell, the rich man of our neighborhood, replied: "The tendency grows more and more to inquire into a man's personal habits before offering him positions requiring judgment. The surprising thing is that while there are many men almost fit for 'the big job,' men who may some day be able to swing it, there are only a few who can actually do it. And my experience is that in most cases these almost successful men, the men who in fact do succeed with small things, are the men who drink at luncheon to stimulate their flagging brains, and at dinner to get an appetite."

I gave a quick glance from my husban to my brother. They are both men of unusual ability, yet neither is satisfied with his work or with the moderate income it is bringing.

These two or three drinks a day mean the month's rent for the man at a moderate wage, or the summer's vacation for the family of the man with twice that much, or better food and larger opportunity for the family of the man with still more. The burden of denial does not always fall on the wife in a way she can measure. It is like an indirect tax, a little here and a little there, scarcely measured at the time, yet making life a succession of worried days and sleepless nights. It is not a world where a man may live unto himself, or where the result of waste falls only on the waster. Whatever lessens a man's efficiency handicaps his wife and children.

It may not be in actual money. Perhaps your husband has the price of a drink, of many of them. But he is fighting a losing battle against age. He needs the resilience of his arteries and the elasticity of his tissues and the clearness of his thought processes in his battle—not only for himself, but also for you whose living he is making. He cannot afford to drink. He cannot afford it physically.

Your son is engaged in a profession that requires fingers of flexible steel, fingers whose slightest quiver would end in death. He needs nerves that are absolutely accurate in their response, not nerves that rebel at danger or tremble before a gaping wound. He cannot afford it nervously.

The man your husband is working for, the man in his glass-partitioned office next your husband's, the man who is the brains behind all the invested capital that keeps a hundred families fed and clothed, that sends your children toward their life's work with costly special equipment—this man has a hundred grave problems a day to solve, on whose right solution your very bread depends. He cannot afford to drink. He cannot afford it mentally. Competition is too close, the balance between the cost of manufacturing and the returns of selling is too delicate.

And this man whom you admire for his steady nerves and his fine mind and his excellent achievement, he cannot afford it spiritually. He needs to conserve his no-functions. "Yes," comes easily to him and the whole world is waiting to hear "Yes" from a man of such gifts.

"You cannot afford it" should be on the lips of every woman who is bearing her part in the liquor problem! We know the sore need of the moment's stimulation. Nobody knows it better than women, with their uncertain strength. All of us have felt it. The physician, listening each day to depressing stories of pain and of disease; the professor, striving to push a path of knowledge through mediocrity; the tired business man, measuring his competitor's power; the tense stockbroker, with aching fingers on the fluctuating pulse of trade; the discouraged writer, unsealing his returned manuscript; the hurried reporter, with the world's news at his finger-tips—would they not all welcome the relief of stimulation did they not know that the cost was far too high?

A drug that impairs the brain functions ever so slightly is not likely to spare the moral sense. Even the moderate drinkers have to admit this. Nervous equilibrium is absolutely essential to right living and right thinking. Anything that impairs this man's impairs a man's relations to others, especially to those who have to live with him. Even though the equilibrium is only slightly impaired—and men vary greatly in the effect produced on them by alcohol—even if a man's sane judgment is altered only a little, even if his wisdom is only slightly overbalanced by his animal impulses, all that is then needed to bring about misfortune or folly is the loss of his will power. A little more alcohol—the amount varying with the man—brings this about. It paralyzes a man's will.

Far more important, to himself and those who care for him, is a man's will power than are his nerve ganglions or his muscular strength. It is the man himself. It is his motive power, his personality, his ego—the thing that says I am, and can prove it. No man can afford to lose it for a minute or an hour. If you look for divinity in man you must look here. If you find creative power in him it is will acting on imagery and visualization. If you see executive ability it is acting will. If you feel character it is built on will.

It is this, the very heart and soul of a man, that alcohol attacks. It attacks his self-control. It dissolves him into those constituents out of which he made himself by the addition of effort and struggle. It is a waste before which all other wasting is small. Its burden, borne by wives and mothers and little children, is a burden beside which all other burdens are small.

EASY MONEY STILL IN SIGHT

The slogan contest of the South Vancouver Milk Co. has created a lot of interest. A large number of slogans has been received. The prizes are: 1st—$4.00 cash and $2.00 milk tickets; 2nd—$2.00 cash and $1.00 milk tickets.

Get your thinking cap on and see what you can do. The slogan must contain the words "Sou-Van." Try and beat this one:

"None better than
Milk from Sou-Van."

Little Doris, four years old, had to "stand in the corner" for being naughty.

After some moments of perfect silence, Doris was observed intently examining the fingers of her left hand; then tragically she exclaimed: "My Dod! No two alike!"

* * *

One day Mark Twain was being shaved by a very talkative barber and was forced to listen to many of his anecdotes.

The barber had to strop his razor, and when he was ready, brush in hand, to commence again, he asked:

"Shall I go over it again?"

"No, thanks," drawled Mark. "It's hardly necessary. I think I can remember every word."

* * *

In Delta, Colorado, the town council is becomingly modest: and we are told that when a tax on dogs was imposed, they made the ordinance read: "Tax on each dog—male, one dollar; vice versa, three dollars."

* * *

As William Faversham was having his luncheon in a Birmingham hotel he was much annoyed by another visitor, who, during the whole of the meal, stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching Faversham eat. At length, unable to endure it any longer, Mr. Faversham rang the bell and said:

"Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman around. I think he is done on that side."

Mill: Foot of Ontario Street, Fraser River Phone: Fraser 97

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WANTED--ONE ROMANCE

By Philip Curtiss

"And so we settled in the little vine-clad cottage, far from the noise and strife of the bustling world."

Carved on my memory, like an inscription, this one sentence is all that remains to me of a life that was never lived and a story that was never told.

It is a curious passion of men to aspire in some direction for which they are absoultely unfitted by nature. Your stock-broker, apparently, cares little for his reputation in "the Street," but wishes to appear in the illustrated magazines as the champion golf-player of the world. Your greens-keeper neglects his links for the world of finance and falls into the clutches of the green-goods man. Your politician lets the national convention sink into oblivion in order that he may figure, in the world's eye, as one of America's greatest cattle-breeders. And your cattle-breeder throws away three generations of blooded Holsteins in order to become a minor politician. Walter Scott in the financial world. Banker Newcome posing as an agriculturist, and James J. Corbett interpreting the dramatic authors, are conspicuous illustrations which history furnishes us of this singular fatality of mankind.

Personally, my great ambition has been to write a love story; not a big, stirring romance with rescues and exploits, but a quiet, little, midsummer, sit-in-the-hammock love story in which the only incident of moment would be the fact that I wrote it. I wanted to "play upon the emotions," to "paint a delicious word picture," so that people would read it, lay it down, gaze into space with tears in their eyes, and say, "How true that is! What a charming little tale!"

To be sure, I am absolutely unfitted by heredity and environment to accomplish such a feat. My mother was born during the siege of Vicksburg. My father, who was much older, had been an ardent accomplice of John Brown, but had been expelled from his raids as being too scatter-brained and foolhardy. My home life terminated at the age of nine, when a cyclone seized upon the house in which we were living in Kansas, capsized it, and killed both my father and mother. My own life was spared because I was thrown into the well and trod water until the excitement had blown over. I then went to live with an uncle who was an inventor of high explosives and who, nine years later, came to an untimely end by falling out of his high four-poster bed and breaking his neck. Thrown on my own resources, I became a criminal reporter and continued thus until the time at which my story opens.

Under these circumstances, it was inevitable that I should aspire to be a depicter of suburban life and a writer of love stories. It had been my constant dream from childhood. I remember, when I was treading water in the well, I wondered whether I should ever grow up to be a big, strong man with three cows, a pig, and a whole hennery full of fluffy little chickens. Now that I look back upon it, I see that I had some grounds for wonder.

As I rounded into manhood, my ambition steadily increased. I devoured William Dean Howells page by page until more mature taste led me to the stories of Gouverneur Morris. My only periodicals were "Country Life in the United States," and "The Complete Suburbanite." My text-book was "A Woman's Hardy Garden." Very early in the game, I began, also, to pen my own sketches. My one rule was always to make them absolutely devoid of plot and to put my whole efforts into "style." "The History of the Seedling Turnip," "Me in a Steamer Chair," and "My Wife and I," were fair examples of the titles. The sketches usually began somewhat after this fashion:

"The whole trouble started when Gyp, the dog, decided to kill the woodchuck," and ended, "But nothing matters, after all,' said my wife, 'as long as I have you, dear,' and I caught the little woman into my arms and crushed her to me."

"My wife" figured in almost all of these tales—a most delicious little person and quite unlike anything that ever was on land or sea; for, as a matter of fact, I had probably known three real wives in my life, and for six months at a time, the only women with whom I spoke, were my landlady and those whom I bailed out at the police court in spontaneous pity.

The success I had with these sketches it is easy to figure. I soon collected one of the most complete aggregations of rejection slips known to publishing. After I had been at it for three or four years, one editor, out of sheer pity, wrote me a personal letter and advised me not to get discouraged, at which I redoubled my efforts, and "my wife" was obliged to do duty nights as well as days, in complete violation of the labor laws for employment of women in exhausting occupations. That letter was probably the most conspicuous example of misdirected charity in the history of almonry. In the meantime I was earning forty dollars a week as a criminal reporter, and the managing editor said that my account of the Willoughby murder was a classic; he even ordered a large number of proofs struck off for the guidance of the younger reporters.

After nine years (I run in nines) of complete failure as a writer of rustic gems, I was wise enough to pause and look about me. Not that I had any intention of quitting. In fact, one of my most constant text-books was the biography of a famous short-story writer, who had forty-seven manuscripts rejected before a single one appeared in print. I had had a hundred and ninety rejected, but I reasoned that, if a cat could look at a king, a puppy might get an occasional look at a princelet, and that if the famous writer had reached glory in his forty-eighth story, I might begin to look for the outskirts of fame about the two hundred and first.

I did have the sense, however, to reason that something must be wrong with my methods; and, odd as it may seem, I struck on the pith of the matter at the first guess.

"Montgomery Maximilian Walker," I said to myself—as if they could not handicap me with enough eccentricities, my parents had given me this absurd nomenclature—"Montgomery Maximilian Walker, the trouble with you is that you can not hope to describe life unil you have seen it; and regarding te facts of life as people wish to read about them you are ignorant as the new-born babe. Just look at your existence—for you can not call it anything else. For the past nine years, you have lived among murderers, crooks, Pinkerton agents, yeggmen, and second-story workers. You have breathed nothing save the atmosphere of battle, murder, and sudden death. How, pray tell, can you hope to write a real romance out of that material?"

The force of my arguments was enough to convince me, and I resolved at once on heroic treatment. First of all, I threw up my job.

I next rented the vine-clad cottage in the country to which I have referred in the opening sentence. This was an exceedingly simple procedure; for I had known by heart the real estate advertisements in the back of "Country Life" for the last dozen numbers. Then with bag and baggage, I set out to begin the life of a country gentleman.

The cottage was simply a dream, and I really wonder how I ever happened to strike anything so delightfully restful. It had been built by a rich landowner, who lived in it while he was completing the great mansion near by; and, although of the most diminutive proportions, the little house was perfect in every detail. It was a most auspicious beginning for my rural life, for in the stories on which I founded my experiment the hero and wife always landed on "just the thing" comparatively early in the chapter.

Eventually I intended to cook dainty little dishes for myself over a chafing-dish, as they did in "A Modern Gypsy;" but, as I discovered when I unpacked my goods and chattels, I had not made a single preparation for such a minor detail as eating. So I decided, for the first few weeks, to get my meals at a lunch-counter in the village. It never occurred to me, from my inexperience, that people ever ate at other places than lunch-counters.

The details of my first week, the establishment of my household, the planning of the garden, and the construction of the chicken yard, I will spare the reader. They occupy seven chapters in the story which was never written—a chapter for each day, including Sunday. I will skip, at once, to the beginning of my literary labors.

These began on Monday evening of the second week, when I sat down in real earnest for the composition of my first prose pastoral—written on the grounds, by our special correspondent. The planning had been done, day by day, during the delicious moments of my first week, and all was ready except the actual penmanship. I longed hungrily for my typewriter; but I decided that I could never give the true flavor except with a good old-fashioned pen—a quill pen from my own goose, if possible. And so I forewent (from the verb "forego") the accustomed ease of my universal keyboard.

With trembling fingers I wrote the first sentence exactly as I had planned it: "And so we settled in the little vine-clad cottage, far from the noise and strife of the bustling world."

Here I paused and threw my arm over the back of the chair in artistic nonchalance, to enjoy the luxury of my esthetic dreams. At my left glowed the soft light of a student lamp, and around me hung the misty haze of smoke from a pipe which I had learned to substitute for cigarettes in preparation for country life in the suburbs.

Wrapt in the delight of dreams, I gazed with satisfaction at my own artistic image in an antique mirror which I had purchased, with household glee, and gloried in the flannel-shirted creature that the glass returned to me. Then softly, gradualiy, as if coming in a dream, I saw another figure creep into the mirror. Looking more carefully, I beheld a face covered by a black mask, and a hand holding a pistol at my head. This was too much like real life to be part of my dream, and I started in temporary annoyance.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, get out of here!" was what I said. And I am sure that any true lover of romance who has left the endless vexation of having commonplaces from the every-day world intrude themselves on his colored dreams, will sympathise with the annoyance I felt.

But, as always, the commonplace insisted on intruding, and a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Throw up your dukes!"

"Oh, piffle!" I replied, not willing to give the intruder the satisfaction of having me look round, but thoroughly upset in my dreaming. I even gave a sigh and bestirred myself to resume my writing; but the visitor remained inflexible.

"T'ree minutes and I'll blow your head off," he grumbled and, at that, even I lost my temper.

I grabbed a heavy, brass-covered inkstand, whirled it in front of my face, and let it fly full at the visitor. I could tell by the sound of his head hitting the floor that he was down and out; so, without looking around, I went on with my story.

But the train of thought was broken, and not a bucolic word could I utter, though I continued to try; principally because I was so exasperated at the intruder that I did not wish to give him the unconscious satisfaction of being looked after. Finally, however, unable to find a single artistic sentence for my narrative, I got up with a sigh and went to have a look at the figure lying prone on the floor, while the ink-bottle trickled a black stream over my nice new matting. First of all, I wiped this up and tried to get the stains out with lemon-juice, but I could not remove all the traces and, at last, I stopped to examine the burglar.

He was a tall, thin man, and his face was now entirely covered with black, partly by the mask and partly by the ink. As I worked, there came back to me a certain professional curiosity to know who he was, so I ripped off the mask and started to wipe his face with cold water. At the touch of the latter, he slowly revived, and began to blink his eyes sleepily, while, at the same time, a gleam of recognition shot from both of us.

"Why, Tommy Hannifan!" I exclaimed, as I wiped the ink from his bristly chin, "what in the world are you doing here?"

"That you, Max?" he queried, in lazy assurance. "I'm awfully sorry. If I had known it was you, I would never have interrupted."

"That's all right," I replied, willing to be as magnanimous as he was. "Get up and have a drink."

He did so speedily, and, as he was not much hurt, he was soon sitting cosily sipping brandy beside me.

Tommy Hannifan, I must explain, was an old friend of mine. We had been boys together when I was in the public school, while living with my uncle. In the seventh grade we had parted, I going to a military academy and he going to the reform school. Later I had taken to newspaper work and he had gone into burglary, so the nature of our professions had brought us frequently together. Indeed, when I was off hours and he was out of jail, we frequently met in the rooms back of Ed McConnell's, talked over old times, and, boy-like, confided our plans for the future. I recognized, with no sting of envy, that Tommy had come nearer to realizing his dreams than I had; but then he had gone about his work more systematically.

Content to begin in a small way, he had hung around the pool-rooms until he saw an opportunity to open a lemon-squeeze" game. From this, he had gone into flim-flamming, then into second-story work, and had finally arrived at full-fledged burglaring, where his genius had received instant recognition from the police of half a dozen cities. I had not seen him since the last time he was sent to Wethersfield for working the old "envelope game," and I naturally hailed the opportunity to renew our acquaintance.

He, in turn, listened with interest to the description of my new life and said that he was sorry he had been the cause of staining the matting. He even examined the spot and said that he thought he could take it out with a kind of acid he used for blowing safes.

We had such a cozy, homelike little chat that it was one o'clock before we were aware of the passage of time, and, as I could not think of letting him go out on such a dark night, I invited him to stay until morning, which he did, nothing lothe. He was delighted at the pretty little bedroom to which I showed him, and said that he never broke into a room like that without wanting to sleep in it. He was already saving his money to buy a roadhouse. So, after showing him how to work the catches on the windows and how to unlock the bathroom door, I left him and went to sleep with a happier feeling than I had had since my arrival.

In the morning, this feeling continued. Tommy was up betimes. He said he had always been a light sleeper, and when I came down he had lighted the fire in the kitchen stove, and, not aware of the fact that I took my meals elsewhere, he had walked to the village, broken into the grocery store, and taken a box of oatmeal, which he was busily cooking for breakfast. I never felt more deliciously the master of my house than I did that morning over the table. Tommy examined the spoons critically and said that he knew where he could get some prettier ones, which he would be glad to send to me. The trouble, he said, would be to find initials the same as mine.

Tommy's visit did not end that day, nor the next. It was one of those sojourns which prolong themselves indefinitely, with equal pleasure for the visitor and the host. To my delight, he fell at once under the spell of rural simplicity, and a more domestic pair of chicks it would have been hard to find. In the matters of the household, moreover, he was an incomparable help. He explored the house from top to bottom, and disclosed the existence of cupboards and wall-chests of which I had never dreamed. It took a man like him to show me the possibilities of my own residence.

I ate no more at the lunch-counter, for Tommy was an excellent cook, having once served in the kitchen gang in New Jersey. But after that first breakfast I had forbid his breaking into the grocery store, as I intended to live in the village indefinitely. He was somewhat unwilling to agree, as he said it was so easy that one could hardly calling it breaking and entering. Finally, however, I found a way to stop him, by appealing to his sense of honor and pointing out that, as the grocery store was so foolishly easy of entrance, it was unsportsmanlike in an accomplished cracksman to do it. To this he agreed, and added that it was possibly just as well.

"For," he explained, "you can simply run up a bill and, when you are ready, skip out of town. I never did that myself, but you have got more education than I have." He said this with a pathetic look in his eyes which made my heart go oht to the poor fellow.

My literary work, however, was at a standstill; for, during the long evenings, Tommy and I used to sit in front of the fire and talk until midnight of former times and former acquaintances—of our school-days; of life in the reform school; and of men we had both known in the saloon business. One night, indeed, I took my pen with the fierce determination to finish my story, but something in my attitude reminded Tommy of a time-keeper whom he had laid out with a hammer while breaking away from Sing Sing, and I slothfully put aside my work to hear him muse dreamily about it by the fireside. All of which was showing me, more and more, that a quiet little home-life offered a terrible temptation to a literary man.

But it was all so happy, so peaceful, that I knew it could not last; and, surely enough, Tommy began, in time, to show signs of restlessness.

"This is all right for you," he would say, "because you are working at your trade. But time is flying for me and I must get on in life."

I saw that it would be unfair to detain him, and reluctantly he made preparations for his departure. On the night when he had disturbed me, he had previously explained, he had intended breaking into the big mansion which stood next to my cottage. Supposing that a coachman or watchman lived in the gate-house, he had dropped in to put him out of business before proceedings; and he now intended to finish the job before going back to the city and taking up his regular winter's work. He added that he might be near me for some time, as, in our delightful autumn walks, he had remarked a number of other large country places and suggested that they might stand looking into.

I was glad to hear that he was to be in the neighborhood for a time longer. So enjoyable had been his visit that I offered to let him board with me while he was finishing up; but he refused, saying that in his line he found it more convenient not to live near his work. I did not press the question; for, to tell the truth, my conscience was urging me to work on my rural drama.

The same day Tommy left me; and a day or two later I was more than gratified to receive a bread-and-butter letter. He said that he had taken a job with a plumber in a neighboring town, in order to get the tools, and added in a postscript that he was already looking for my spoons.

A day or two after the letter came, I was taking a walk around the grounds about two o'clock in the morning. I had worked feverishly all that evening and had succeeded in wiping all semblance of plot out of my story. I had a number of tentative paragraphs all written and could begin the actual work of putting them together in the morning. Leaning quietly against a tree and blowing great clouds of smoke into the darkness, I felt, at last, the real satisfaction of a man who was actually living.

Suddenly there came from the darkness the piercing shriek of a woman, and I snorted with disgust. If there is one thing that bores me it is a woman who shrieks at night. It is bad enough in the daytime, but at night, in the country, people want to be quiet. I started to return to my house, my evening now thoroughly spoiled, when again the shriek grated out—a most unwelcome reminder of the life I had hoped to escape. I paused and cursed the woman who had the bad taste to shriek on such a perfect night; but the shrieks continued, growing faster and faster until, in sheer self-defence, I started to locate them.

Stopping to get the direction, I found that they were coming from the big house and, after filling and lighting my pipe again, I started toward them. Louder and louder they came, becoming clearer and clearer as I approached them. As I showed, early in my story, I have a quick temper when roused, and I am sorry to say that I now lost it completely. Execrating the woman from the bottom of my heart, I broke into a run and speedily came in sight of the big house, where, at first glance, I saw a woman in white, waving her arms and shrieking from a window in the second story.

"What's the matter?" I called between puffs, because during the run my pipe had gone out and I had to stop to relight it.

Either she did not hear me or she was too excited to answer, for she kept on shrieking and waving her arms, while her hair fell over her shoulders in a manner that was simply disgraceful.

Seeing, at last, that I could get nothing out of her from where I stood, I went toward the house, and, seeking entrance, found that a window on the first story was wide open. I clambered through it and, locating the young lady's room by the sound of the shrieks, I came to a closed door on the second floor, where I controlled myself enough to knock politely. There was no answer except the high C's to which I had been listening for ten minutes past, so I put my shoulder to the door and broke it open.

The girl by the window started as I entered, and then, rushing forward, threw her arms around my neck and broke into hysterical sobbing. I tried to soothe her by patting her on the back and saying foolishly, "That's all right, old man." But she only sobbed more than ever, and I studied her as closely as I could, considering the perspective. She had light hair, whole masses of it, so much that I wondered what she did with it in the daytime. I couldn't see her eyes, because they were buried in my shoulder, but I judged that they must be large, because no small eyes could have done such an everlasting amount of crying. In the midst of her sobs, she began to faint, and, as I had less patience with fainting than with shrieking, I was obliged to put my arms around her. I should say that she weighed about a hundred and thirty.

It seemed to me that she was never going to raise her head, so I was obliged to do it. I was right about her eyes; for they were as big as saucers and were staring at me with an excited, wondering expression such as

(Continued on page 6)

Lady Warwick's Sharp Attack on "Frivolous" War Nurses

"The Butterfly Sisterhood Who Seek Sensation and Gossip and Sit on the Bed Smoking Cigarettes"

By FRANCES EVELYN, COUNTESS OF WARWICK

Abuses cling to a crisis as barnacles to a ship, and every aspect of war has its own peculiar abuses. While millions do their duty with quiet heroism, there is always a minority that takes advantage, that corrupts others—or itself. Some believe that fraud and foolishness stay at home, that they cannot approach the field of arms, but this is far from being the case.

My thoughts turn back to the South African war, when certain scandals were supoosed to have reached their zenith; I look around me today, listen to the well-authenticated stories brought to me by relatives and friends and know that South Africa did not tithe the possibilities of folly and excess. For once I am not pleading for my own sex. I plead for one part of it *against the other, for a majority* against a minority, for those who are doing what they are paid to do, against those who are voluntary workers.

The position comes a little strangely to me when I look at it in this light, but the highly-trained, conscientious, painstaking hospital nurse whose patient heroism proclaims her a true follower of Florence Nightingale is being exposed to scandalous annoyance for no good purpose and to no useful end, and I feel that I must plead her cause, since she is in the last degree unlikely to plead it for herself.

Society women of a certain class made themselves so notorious in the military hospitals and elsewhere during the South African war that at least one General threatened to send them home and another refused to allow any more to come out. As soon as the greatest struggle of our history started, in August last, certain women of means and position proceeded as silently and unostentatiously as was possible under the circumstances to equip hospitals and to set about their self-appointed work.

They labored conscientiously and sought no more publicity than was necessary to enable them to collect money from philanthropists and friends. They did their best; some were already qualified by previous experience, others acquired their knowledge under the most trying conditions possible. They have worked since war began, well content to "scorn delights and live laborious days;" some who are near and dear to me have said that they have well-nigh forgotten the old life and the comforts they deemed indispensable a little while ago.

I think it may be claimed for them that they have played a good part, and that in helping others they have not sought to draw attention to themselves or minimize the credit due to the trained sisterhood of love and pity that cheers the wounded and comforts the dying, as "The Lady With the Lamp" taught them to do in the far-off days of the great Crimean struggle. They have made many friends and no enemies; the hero of the trenches and the assaulting party has not given more to his country, for both have given their all: the man his strength the woman her practical sympathy, and both a high degree of physical and moral courage.

Unfortunately there is in London today a very large company of young women to whom war is little more than a new sensation. They are not old enough to understand or young enough to be restrained. In normal times they must be "in the movement," however foolish that movement may be, and a war that staggers the Old World and the New leaves them very much where they were before. Under the rose they have not diminished their aforetime gaiety; dances and dinner parties have been the order of the Winter season.

They have been trumpeted by the section of the press that delights in recording vain things, but those who view the currents of London's social life know that I am writing the simple truth. There is nothing to be said; *let those laugh who may and can at* such a season; their laughter proclaims them what they are.

Unfortunately the people I have in mind have not been content to devote themselves to brainless frivolity, because they must sample every sensation that the seasons provide—they have invaded the sanctuary of the hospital nurse. Scores have found their way to the great London hospitals in town to face what they are pleased to regard as training. I have known some who havt danced till 3 a.m. and have presented themselves at the hospital at 8 o'clock.

Everybody knows that the training of a real hospital nurse is a very serious matter; that it makes full demand upon physical and mental capacity, and that a long period is required to bring teh seed of efficiency to flower or fruit. *The social butterflies* have made no such sacrifice. They have acquired a trifling and superficial knowledge of a nurses' work and have then set their social influence to work in order to reach some one of the base hospitals where they may sample fresh experience.

If they were really useful there it would be unkind to offer a protest, but the general opinion is that they do more harm than good. They subvert discipline, they are a law to themselves, they are too highly placed or protected to be called to order promptly, they have neither the inclination nor the capacity for sustained usefulness. To sit at the end of a bed and smoke cigarettes with a wounded officer does not develop the efficiency of a hospital.

One hears repeatedly that this girl *or that has gone to the front and one* imagines devotion, self-sacrifice, self-restraint and a dozen kindred virtues. Unfortunately it is chiefly in the realm of imagination that these virtues exist. For the rest the interlopers want limelight, and plenty of it; their pictures flood the illustrated papers, and to read what is written of them the experienced person might imagine that they are bearing the heat and burden of the day, the solitude and anxiety of the night, while in very truth they do no more than search for fresh sensations in an area that should *be sacred.*

The type of mind that can seek refuge from self and boredom in such surroundings cannot be stricken into seriousness; tragedy cannot reach it; to do a very minimum of work, to attach themselves to the most "attractive" cases, to carry small-talk, gabble and gossip into places where so many come to die, these are the main efforts of the young society nurses, and all these outrages are being carried on from day to day.

The real nurses and sisters are, I am told, bitterly indignant. They ask no more than to be left alone to do their best, but they know how hard it is to make an effective protest and they have little or no time to do so. They recognize by reason of their training the full motive of the excursion into the region of suffering, the craving for excitement, and, in bad cases, the erotomania that is the motive power. They find their work impeded by the sisterhood of imposters that responds so readily to a fashion of its own making, and their chief hope is that this sensation may pass as so many others have passed, and that the brainless, chattering, thoughtless, empty company, tired of blood and wounds, may find some paramount attraction nearer home.

If there are any who are prepared to think that I have overstated the case or traduced the young women who are at present "somewhere in France," let them find out from their particular heroine how much time she gave to training, how she received her appointment, and how much real hard work she does day by day.

That a few have striven hard and nobly I would be the last to deny, but these are not enough either to leaven or purify the mass or to elavate the action of a class that might be better employed. Let us remember, too, that suffering is always with us and that even when war is over there will be far too much in all the great centres of our own country.

Are these butterfly nurses prepared to remember in the future the profession they have invaded today? Will they respond to the calls that are made to help, not young, attractive and valiant men, but men, women and *children in every phase of helplessness* and hopelessness? I do not think so. There is neither notoriety nor limelight in the sober, serious life of the hospital nurse and sister; above all, there is a hard and necessary discipline that calls for much moral courage to render it tolerable. Physical courage is seldom lacking either in men or women who are well-bred, and it may be freely granted that a certain measure is demanded of the butterfly nurses, but there is no redemption in this. To savor the full sense of life without courage is im*possible; one might as readily make* an omelette without breaking eggs. In this case it is courage misdirected, energy misspent.

I feel very strongly about this scandal, so strongly that I have not hesitated to write what is bound to offend some of my own friends, but there are times when it is impossible to be silent if one would live on tolerable terms with oneself. I feel that in these days a woman is called upon to make supreme sacrifices; that what she is giving even now is less than will be required of her later on; that her war record and her record when peace is about to return will be scanned closely and critically by generations of really free women yet unborn.

To know of a blot upon woman's wartime service record, and to make no attempt to erase it, is impossible. The record of the real nursing sisterhood is brilliant in the extreme. Why should it be obscured for the sake of a few highly-placed and foolish young women who seek with the minimum labor to make the maximum of effect? It is unjust, ungenerous and altogether unworthy of the representatives of families that in many cases have earned their ample honors legitimately enough.

Great Britain owes more than it can ever repay to the nursing sisterhood, and it is intolerable that while their silent heroism passes with so little recognition, any girl of good family who assumes a uniform she has not won the right to wear should pose as the representative of a sisterhood she is not worthy to associate with, of whose tradition she is ignorant, of whose high discipline and complete restraint she is intolerant.

There are three classes of women in our midst. The first earns reward and claims it, the second earns reward and does not claim it, the last claims reward and does not earn it. Of these classes the real nurse belongs to the second and the butterfly sisterhood to the third. At such a season as this there is no room in our midst for the last, and it would be well for us all if authority could spare a moment from manifold activities firmly and ruthlessly to suppress it. The hardship involved would be of the slightest, the benefit serious and lasting.

WANTED—ONE ROMANCE

(Continued from page 5)

you see on persons before they get used to the police court. I didn't *know what in the world to say to her,* but, as she evidently expected me to say something, I racked my memory for the proper thing and then propounded:

"I say, do you like books?"

At this, the head went back on to my shoulder and she began to sob harder than ever.

"Please, please," I urged at last, "do tell me what's the matter."

Between sobs she blurted out, "There's a bu-bu-burglar in the house."

"For heaven's sake!" I replied, "is that all?"

Again she looked at me with that wondering expression, and I asked her if she minded my smoking. She made no reply, but took away her arms and sat down on the bed.

"You're the man who lives in the gatehouse," she said, and I acknow*ledged it, with inward distaste. Is a* man never safe from the prying of the neighbors?

"Now, about this burglar business," I began, trying to get things on a businesslike basis.

I am not good at reproducing sobs *and feminine talk, so I will not try* to repeat what she said. The gist of it was that she had been awakened by hearing a man in the hall, had seen him pass to the head of the stairs, and then had locked the door, thrown open the window, and begun to shriek. Wishing to be as agreeable as possible, I admitted that, from a professional point of view, she had done the wisest thing conceivable.

"Who else is in the house?" I asked, with a mechanical lapse into my former occupation.

She explained that, except for two *maid servants, she was all alone.* Her father was away for the night. The gardener and chaffeur did not live on the grounds.

On this basis I judged that Tommy—for I had no doubt who was doing the job—was probably still in the house. He was *not* a man to leave until he had got the last movable article. I did not quite like to interfere with a work on which his heart was set so deeply; but I had to get peace at some price, and so I offered to search the house. As I rose to do it, the young lady rose also, and exclaimed in alarm:

"But don't leave me here alone!" and there was a movement in the direction of my shoulder, which was already wet enough.

"Well, then, you'll have to come with me," I said firmly; "but you'd better put on something else. It might be drafty."

I turned to the door as I said this, and she joined me a minute later with a sort of dressing-gown thrown over her shoulders.

As soon as we reached the foot of the stairs we came to plentiful evidences of burglar's work. Drawers of tables, shelves of cupboards, and the whole top of the sideboard had been rifled. The articles not taken were scattered around in promiscuous confusion. Mentally, I was inclined to criticise Tommy for his untidiness; but I reflected that, in view of the screams, his time must have been somewhat limited.

Through library, parlor, and dining-room we searched, and still no sight of the burglar. In the kitchen we saw the first closed door that we had come to, and I asked my companion what it was.

"It's the pantry," she explained in perfect composure. She was beginning to warm up to the work in fine style.

I put my hand on the pantry door and pulled. It opened for about two inches and then went back with a slam.

"Here he is," I said, somewhat sadly, for I didn't wholly see where Tommy was going to get away. The lady showed more signs of fainting, so I was obliged to act and said, "Come out of there!" as loudly as I could.

With a feeling of relief I felt the doornob give, and as Tommy heard the sound of my voice he came out quietly enough. I tipped him the wink, and he understood, for when I put my hand on his arm he gave a very pretty imitation of a man trying to get away. After a while, however, I told him to quit, and I looked around to plan our next step.

"It seems to me," I said, at last, "that the only thing for me to do is to take this man to the village and hand him over to the proper authorities." *Of course,* Tommy knew that as soon as we were outside of the door we would drop down to the cottage and talk it over. So he said nothing. But the lady was suddenly firm.

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed. "Don't leave me alone!, I could never stand it! Besides, he might hurt you. He's bigger than you are."

"I'll take my chances on that," I replied, a little nettled, while Tommy began to smile and gave me a sly dig in the ribs.

"Well, what else can we do?" I asked, resolved not to telephone to the village. Anything but that! I decided, and, fearing lest the idea might occur to the lady, I hastened the issue and suggested that, as the 'elow had not succeeded in getting away with any thing, we let him go this once, on his promise never to burgle again.

At this Tommy broke into tears and promised that he would never steal again as long as he lived. He said that he was an honest mechanic, but had been driven out of work by the trusts and had to steal to buy food for his wife and babies. The lady was quite moved by this, and the result was that I solemnly conducted the burglar to the door and bade him good night. He himself was quite downhearted at having to leave the silver, because, as he said, the spoons had my initials on them. I told him that was all right, and, after borrowing a match, he went off into the darkness.

I turned back into the hall, as I had volunteered to stand guard all night, and asked the young lady—who told me that her name was Miss Wellington—if I might have some paper. I thought this would be a good time to go on with my story. She brought me three sheets bearing the coat of arms of the Wellington family, and then left me. Shortly afterward she came down again, fully dressed, and said that she was going to stand guard with me. I now saw what she did with her hair.

I started in to work again and, to make a fair beginning, I wrote: "And so we settled in the little vine-clad *cottage*——"

"Do you know," said Miss Wellington, "that you are bravest man I ever saw?"

I didn't care to have her interrupt me, so I went on, "—far from the noise——"

"Yes, you are," she interrupted again, and I was obliged to stop and argue the point with her, because I knew lots of men on the midnight squad and one or two in the detective force who were much braver. After that, there was no writing the story, and we talked of all kinds of things *until daybreak,* when I went home and to bed.

The next morning at breakfast the young lady, wearing still another dress came to the cottage just as I was feeding the chickens. She was accompanied by an old, white-haired gentleman, who thanked me for saving his daughter. I told him not to mention it; that if I could ever do anything like that again, I should be more than glad to respond to his call. I showed them the chickens and then took them to see how I had fixed up the house, apologising for having spilled the ink on the matting. They said it didn't matter, which I thought was very nice of them. So, when they left I asked them to come again, as it is one of the principles of country life to be on good terms with the neighbors.

They did come, and again and again until both Miss Wellington and her father got the habit of stopping for a chat over the fence every time they passed my way.

Then one morning, about two weeks after the burglary, we heard that another large country house had been broken into. Following this news father and daughter made a longer call than usual and resumed some more of that rot about my being a hero. Finally, after much hesitation, the old gentleman asked me whether I would not come up and live in the big house, saying that they would all feel safer if I was there. The reader will be somewhat surprised to learn that I went; but I must explain that it occurred to me that this would save me the bother of cooking my meals, which, to be frank, had been a big source of trouble to me since Tommy left.

I was glad to learn from the newspapers that Tommy was doing very well, and I wished him luck, until, as house after house was rifled in the countryside, father and daughter began to heap so many expressions of gratitude upon me that it was impossible to do a bit of real writing. In desperation I finally had to send a note to Tommy, addressed in care of the plumber, asking him to cut it out. It is a strong proof of the hospitality which he had received that he did.

My troubles, however, were only *increasing.* Miss Wellington professed the greatest interest in my literary work and used to sit in the room while I was writing. I could not very well be rude to her, so I pretended that I liked it. In reality, I was seriously handicapped, as I was in the midst of a first draft for a love story, and you have no idea how hard it is to write a love story with a girl in the room. I remember, one time, just as I was writing some particularly tender passage about "my wife," she came up and looked over my shoulder until her hair tickled my neck and I had to put my hand up and scratch it. How can a man keep his thoughts on romance with things like that happening around him?

Thus, again, the clutches of real life were closing around me, and one night the end came. We were sitting in a *hammock on the piazza* enjoying a night of really warm Indian summer. I tried to get a chair, but I couldn't find one, and so I had to sit in the hammock beside Miss Wellington. I had given up trying to finish my love story; but under the soft, balmy night it seemed as if I could begin it again, and I lived it over in my mind, line by line. I saw "my wife" in her white dress and thought how we would sit on the piazza just like this, both in one hammock. It would have been perfect if Miss Wellington had not been there.

But I went on dreaming just as if I had been alone. Once I let my thoughts carry me away and I awake to find that I was clasping Miss Wellington's hand. Back to wake-a-day earth again! I turned and looked at her, and I had to admit that she was pretty in the faint moonlight. It was too bad that she was not poor enough to be a commuter's wife!

The next minute—but this story has had real-life incidents enough, and I will skip over what happened. In brief, Miss Wellington asked me why I didn't ask her to marry me. She had me there—I couldn't think of any reason. I finally scraped together enough wits, however, to explain that, when a man is a writer, he has little time and thought for anything else; and, while I respected her and thought her the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, still I could not be drawn away from my original purpose of writing romances.

But in the morning, when I woke up, I saw that I would write no more stories in that locality. There was no material. And by night I had packed up the furnishings of my vine-clad cottage. The next day I presented myself to the city editor and told him, in a few words, of my failure as an author. He laughed a little and then asked: "What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going back to the police desk," I replied. "I've cut out this romance business. It's not true to life; there's nothing in it."

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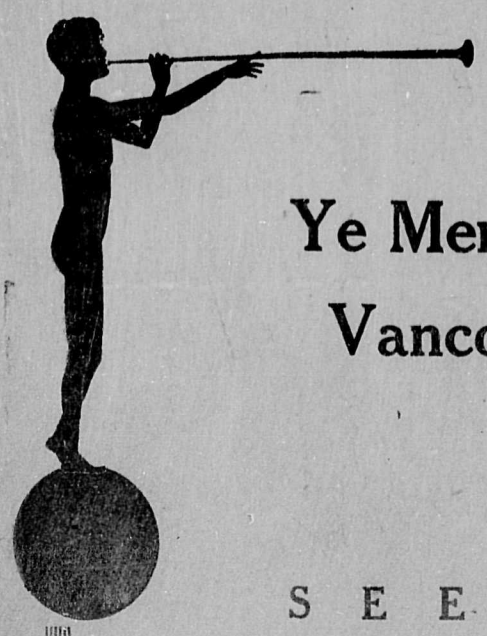

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