

World Wide

A WEEKLY SELECTION OF THE ABLEST ARTICLES FROM LEADING JOURNALS AND REVIEWS
REFLECTING THE CURRENT THOUGHT OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

NOVEMBER 2, 1918.

FIVE CENTS—Subscription rates inside.

THE NEW WAR MAP OF EUROPE



This map presents a guess at the future, but since it was made another change has been proposed by the Scandinavian countries, who are asking that the northern part of Schleswig be given to Denmark. For full description of the map see page 879.

JONAH.

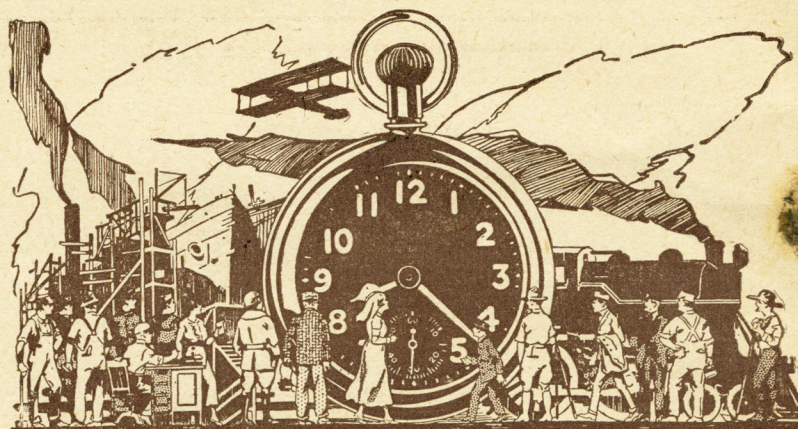


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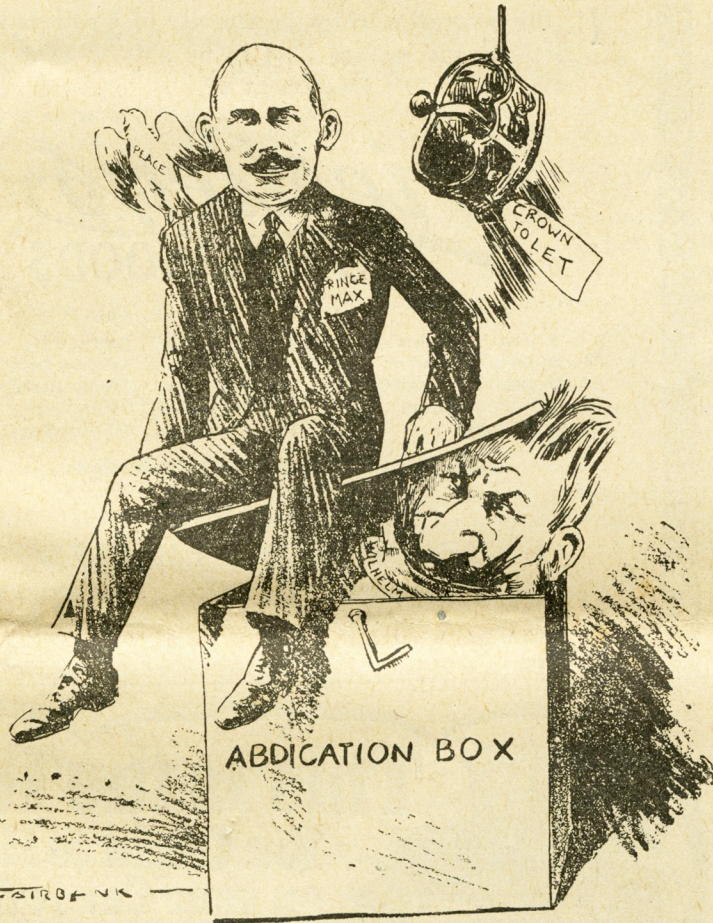
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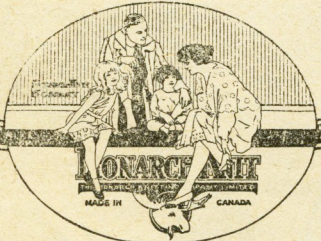


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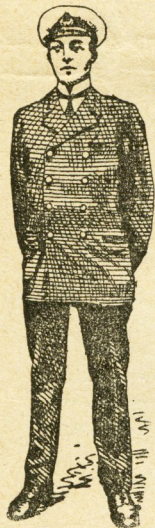
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G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

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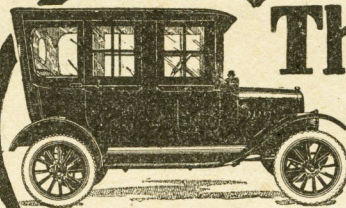
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Things Old and New.

**So many men, so many minds.
Every Man in his own way—Terence.**

All the World Over.

VLADIVOSTOK.

(The 'Times,' London.)

The following description of the Siberian city which forms the base of the Allied expedition in the East is by an English-woman who served with the Russian Red Cross. An account of her adventures in a journey across Siberia recently appeared in 'World Wide.'

'It may be to-morrow and it may be in a month's time,' was the nonchalant answer to eager inquiries regarding the date of our departure from Vladivostok. We were tired and somewhat irritable. A month's journey through Siberia in a fourth-class carriage had not acted as a soothing influence on worn nerves, and the prospect of several weeks' existence on a station by no means appealed to the imaginative mind. The town was full to overflowing; Russian refugees, speeding in from European and Asiatic Russia, had taken possession of every available room. A certain timely official message from British Headquarters, however,

caused the stationmaster to come to our rescue and to consent to our remaining in the fourth-class carriage, so we were shunted up the line and took up our abode in a coal-siding.

The town, although in the hands of the Bolsheviks, showed no great signs of disorder, nor was this surprising with the 'watch-dogs' of the Allies at its very door. Two Japanese men-of-war (one of them, strangely enough, had been captured from the Russians by the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese War) lay in the harbor; in their vicinity a British and an American cruiser were anchored.

Vladivostok, which name signifies 'empire,' or 'power of the East,' was selected in 1860 by General Muravieff (then Governor-General of Eastern Siberia) as a naval base, and, besides being the greatest Russian port on the Pacific coast, is all-important now as the terminus to the Trans-Siberian Railway. The town is scattered untidily over a ridge of hills running along the shore. On one occasion, having climbed a steep and very rocky hill, we stood lost in admiration of the fair scene before us. A long, zigzag stretch of land lay to our right, winding away towards the ocean. Innumerable buildings were spread over it, a few trawlers and small boats were nestling in the crooks and crannies of its rugged coast-line. One hill, dome-shaped, standing out more prominently than the others, was dotted around its base with a number of white sheds, here large quantities of ammunition were stored. On the crest of the hill three small objects were clearly defined against the sky. They were Japanese guns, placed there in case of emergency. The harbor lay motionless and lifeless save for the representative war-lions of the Allied Powers. Suddenly, on the neighboring hill, a figure appeared. A Japanese sailor, with a gun slung over his shoulder, slowly made his way up to the summit and stood there scanning the landscape. His gaze fell upon us, and for some minutes he scrutinized us intently. As we passed down the hill he was still standing there. Something curiously impressive was in that small figure; a certain quiet strength seemed to surround it.

Before many days had passed we had made the acquaintance of the crews of the British and American cruisers and were greatly touched by their hospitality; but the 'pièce de résistance' was left to the British Jack-tars. They laid their heads together and a tea-party was the result. A true British tea party! A corner of the ship was set apart for the occasion and gaily decorated with flags. The canteen was besieged and emptied of its bountiful supply of sweetmeats. On entering the 'banqueting-hall' we involuntarily gasped. The sudden transportation from famine-stricken Russia into this land of plenty took our breath away. White bread was before us, rock-cakes, scones, strawberry jam, and, what proved our hosts beyond doubt to be British to the core—plum cake and marmalade. Somebody's voice was heard; 'O, plum cake,' it murmured, 'I have seen thee in my dreams!' The kind-hearted sailors soon had our plates filled to overflowing, and with irre-

pressible energy kept them in that condition for quite half-an-hour. Evidently they were under the impression that the 'refugees' of the fourth-class carriage were dying of starvation.

One day news was brought of the murder of three Japanese merchants by Red Guards. This justified the action of the Japanese authorities in landing troops without delay. The Japanese merchants, feeling the depression and fearing confiscation of their goods, hastily reduced their prices; in one shop 25 percent discount was allowed. Rumours were afloat that Cossack troops were collecting round General Semenoff, who was then stationed some 50 miles southwest of Vladivostok. Many hundreds of Red Guards made a hasty exit from the town—whether of their own free will or driven away by fear it was difficult to say.

During the night gun-shots were sometimes heard, but our sailors never forgot us and would often come towards the station-bridge and peer up the line to satisfy themselves that our car was intact and its occupants at rest. As time went on things quieted down and many of the Japanese troops were withdrawn; a few patrols remained, and these, but for their measured and steady gait and that serious, set look on the mahogany, expressionless faces, might for all the world have been parties of black-eyed schoolboys playing at 'sailors.' The British patrols excited the curiosity of the public to a great extent. The passers-by would gather on the pavements and watch them for hours swinging up and down the street with their firm, martial tread. Red Guards, scowling and critical, would be among the spectators; tattered, blue-smocked, evil-smelling coolies with 'luggage-chairs' strapped over their shoulders or large baskets of apples and oranges on their arms; Russian peasants in red shirts and sheep-skin coats, stolid, hairy, and uncouth; Chinese students in long grey silk robes and skull caps; smart, mignonne Japanese ladies in softly hanging kimonos, with wonderful coiffures of thick, black hair, surmounted by the inevitable filmy chiffon scarf. All would gaze on these sturdy, sunburnt boys with respectful admiration—no pallid indecision about them, they were so obviously ready to be 'up and doing.'

A more cosmopolitan, polyglot town than Vladivostok would be difficult to imagine. One afternoon, walking up Svetlanskaya, the principal street, I marked representatives of no fewer than 12 different nations—British, American, French, Italians, Belgians, Rumanians, Russians, Japanese, Chinese, Tartars, Filipinos, and Hindus rubbed shoulders with each other; many betraying their race by easily recognized features, others only distinguishable by reason of their military attire.

Food was comparatively cheap; a dinner, plain but substantial, cost from 7s. upwards; butter could be bought at 10s. per lb., bread was plentiful. In the Chinese market fish, meat, vegetables, grain could be found in abundance, but these quarters were so extremely disagreeable that we seldom visited them. In a 'General Stores' one old Chinaman of tall and impos-

ing stature, with a face of wrinkled yellow parchment, knew us at once for Britishers and gave us to understand in his bad Russian that he always welcomed foreigners to the town. 'My greatest wish is to see Vladivostok an international town. If I live a few more years I shall surely see my wish gratified,' he said gravely.

The days wore on and life in our fourth-class carriage grew more and more irksome. But glad news came at last. President Wilson had sent a special message to the effect that an American transport calling at the Philippine Islands was to be sent to Vladivostok for the purpose of picking us up and carrying us over to America.

Day after day passed, the third week of our sojourn in Vladivostok dawned and waned, and still no signs of an immediate departure. Once, after returning from a row in a 'sampan,' we were met with the news that a ship had been sighted outside the harbor. In the evening the vessel sailed into port and anchored; it was a Chinese cruiser. Our disappointment, however, was not long-lived. Early the following morning, while many of us were still in our 'berths,' a cry was heard—'The Transport!' We received the message calmly, calling to mind the fable of the 'Shepherd-boy and the Wolf,' but the enthusiasm in the car-corridor waxed with every minute, and finally drew all the 'unbelievers' together. On our left strains of music came wafted across to us on the morning breeze, a few bars of 'God Save the King' were distinctly audible; the sailors on the British cruiser were holding their morning prayers. On our right, four high masts suddenly loomed above the railway sheds in front of us. They glided on, and in the open space between shed and fence a large ship came into view. Khaki-clad figures, with broad-brimmed hats, were about the decks, here and there among them a naval officer in 'whites.' The Transport had arrived!

The morning passed in one long whirl and bustle of excitement. Down on the wharf the ship's doctor felt our pulses and pronounced us sufficiently healthy to undertake the long voyage before us. So anxious were the Chinese coolies to assist with our luggage that, while the packing-up was being concluded, the locked doors of the car were nearly forced in by the impatient crowd from without. When, finally, they were allowed an entrance they swarmed into the compartments like bees, trampling over each other in their eagerness to seize a bag or basket. All expostulations and threats were of no avail. What would have been the outcome of this wild rush it is impossible to say, for some of the Englishmen, deciding that actions were better than words, doubled their fists and shot out right and left and literally kicked the greater part of these super-energetic porters out of the car.

Outside on the black shingle of the railway we stood; one last look at our 'Coalscuttle' which we were leaving for ever, a snapshot or two to raise it into immortality, and we were off, wending our way after the small group of chosen 'Chinks' towards the quay. Here several American soldiers were standing, guarding the luggage from the curious crowd. A single wave of the baton from one of those colossal, loose-limbed guards was sufficient to cause the inquisitive offender to shrink into the background. For the first time, perhaps, during many, many years luggage of foreigners was now being sent out of Russia without the usual regulations and formalities of that all-terrible institution, a Russian Customs house.

A steam launch carried us and our belongings over to the transport, anchored some distance out in the harbor to avoid coming in contact with the numerous suspicious characters at large on the quay. Only those who have experienced great discomfort during a journey of many weeks can experience the great delight in the sudden change to a clean, wholesome-smelling room with white curtains, white towels, and spring-mattresses.

About noon of the following day the transport slipped anchor, wheeled about, and leisurely made her way down the harbor. On her decks was a goodly company of the sons of many nations. 'Sure thing!' laughed an American officer; 'this is some trip; I wouldn't have missed it for the world!' The sudden boom of a gun broke the peace of the surroundings. It was midday.

Passing the British and American cruisers great cheers rent the air, the bands were playing, the sailors standing at the salute, and signal-flags were running lightly up and down the masts flashing messages across to us. The crews of the Japanese men-of-war had also assembled on deck—again the music, the signals, the cheering. With the 'God-speeds' of the Allies echoing around us we passed slowly on towards the bright expanse of ocean far away in the distance.

In an hour's time all that could be seen of Mighty Russia was a jagged line of blue-grey mountains on the horizon.

BRITAIN'S PART.

(The 'Daily Eagle,' Brooklyn.)

There is something more than a good story in the report that Marshal Foch told Sir Douglas Haig it was the British victory at Cambrai that forced the German peace offer. Allied victories have crowded one another so fast during the past four months that it has not been possible to determine which has been the more significant. All have been part of the general plan in which the Allied forces as a whole have been engaged, and every army has performed its task with wonderful valor, but the fact remains that in the year's fighting the British armies have borne the greater part of the sacrifices and have finally achieved the greatest victory.

If we go back to the beginning of the German offensive this year we find that the greater part of the German army was massed in front of the British. It was planned to crush the British first, then to turn on the French. In the first great drive toward Amiens, one British army was almost destroyed and while French aid was soon at hand, it was British troops that defeated the thrust toward Arras, and held the enemy in Flanders, finally defeating his desperate attempts to take Ypres and reach Calais. Here again French divisions came to the aid of the British, but Haig's armies bore most of the losses.

Some of the same British troops were in the line when the Germans stormed Chemin des Dames and reached the Marne, and by the time the Germans were ready to launch their last great drive from Chateau-Thierry to the Argonne Foch had British divisions on both sides of the Marne salient ready to help in his counter-offensive. Since that time, while the French and Americans were first to triumph in the Allied counter-drive, the British had more than recovered from their ordeal in the spring and were ready to take the field in the battles that were to regain all their lost territory and more.

This was done in remarkably quick time and the British, instead of pausing when the Germans had been driven back from the Hindenburg line, from which they launched their spring drives, went right through it. First they stormed the Queant-Drocourt switch line. This was the beginning of the end of the Hindenburg line, and it is probable that this feat of the British was the turning point in the year's battle to decide where the Germans would stand. After this had been done and the enemy was well back to his old defences over the whole front, it was generally expected that the most decisive results would come from Allied attacks on the flanks of that line.

Instead, it was the British attacks in the centre that proved really decisive. The French and Americans in Champagne played a big part in the general scheme, but after all it was the persistent efforts of the British on the front from Arras to St. Quentin that finally broke the enemy resistance on the Hindenburg line and started the retreat that has yielded Lille, Douai, La Fere, Laon, and finally Ostend, Zeebrugge and Bruges. The time may come when the French and Americans, by their attacks elsewhere, will achieve corresponding results, but so far it should be recognized that it has been the British Army that has executed the major operation in this greatest of battles.

They are still at it, those famous British divisions, now aided by Americans. The British likewise are furnishing most of the driving

power that is sweeping the Hun out of Belgium, while the British Navy is co-operating in the clearing of the Belgian coast. It must not be forgotten that other British forces have in the meanwhile conquered Syria, while playing a big part in the operations in the Balkans, in Russia, in Italy and elsewhere, while the British Navy, in addition to its other tasks of feeding the British people and armies and keeping the enemy off the seas, has carried and convoyed the larger part of the 2,000,000 Americans and their supplies to France. It is well to remember these things at a time when we are beginning to play a bigger part in the struggle. France carried the greater part of the burden during the first two years of the war. Great Britain is now carrying the heavier load, and the million British dead give some idea of the cost. If the war goes on we shall make corresponding sacrifices, but let us do full honor to our allies at all times, and just now we should appreciate how great is the debt of civilization to Britain.

THE TEUTON CREED.

(By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Illustrated London News'.)

When Hindenburg published his complaint about the propaganda of the Allies, there was one feature of the affair which I did not see noticed anywhere. It was the fact that he referred only to the material and not at all to moral defence of Germany. He gave a catalogue consisting of about half-a-dozen of the Allies' allegations which he declared to be dangerously disseminated in Germany; but they were all without exception allegations of German weakness and not of German wickedness. In the submarine problem, for instance, he did not complain of our saying that he had committed a crime, but rather of our saying that he had failed to commit one. He did not resent the suggestion that Germany had invaded France, but rather, if anything, the suggestion that France could retaliate by invading Germany. He did not trouble to deny that Germans had crossed the Atlantic to insult America with conspiracy and treason; he desired only to deny, by implication, that a sufficient number of Americans could cross the Atlantic to avenge the insult. To use the language he professed to quote, he was concerned with the idea that America would cook the goose—not with any idea that America would defend itself from the bird of prey. That the German eagle really is a bird of prey is at least a view held or professed by a considerable section of humanity. But, in counting up the causes of German disaffection, the German General regarded it either as a falsehood too absurd to be feared or as a truth too plain to be palliated.

Germans believe in Germans rather than in Germany, as Frenchmen believe in France rather than in Frenchmen. The creed really common to the whole country is the belief that the Teuton is a type having a natural superiority—or, as he would probably put it, an evolutionary superiority. All education is organized to impose it; all history is chopped and expurgated to fit it. It is believed by all good Germans—even when, by a divine mystery and mercy, they manage to combine being good Germans with being good men. There are, of course, better and worse people in Germany; and there are saner and wilder versions of this theory in Germany. By the saner version the Teuton stands towards the other human tribes somewhat as the white man stands towards the black and brown tribes. By the wilder version he stands towards them rather as man stands towards the other animals. Now obviously there is room, even within this extraordinary theory, for many varieties of application and even of abstention. One particular Prussian may doubt the wisdom of one particular Prussian war, as one colonist may doubt the wisdom of one colonial adventure. In such a colonial adventure, one colonist may be more humane to the aborigines than another. Some Germans probably did believe it was unnecessary to wage this war, since the same supremacy might be won by what some call peaceful penetration and others commercial conspiracy. So some hunters might think a wild beast

could be caught more humanely in a net, while others were catching him more cruelly in a trap of steel. But practically no hunters doubt that man has, in the last resort, the right to catch and kill wild beasts; and practically no Germans doubt that German culture has, in the last resort, the right to impose itself by force beyond its legally established frontiers.

It is their whole case that the ancient world, or the Dark Ages, were periodically refreshed and reformed solely by such barbaric invasions. Such tribal aggressions are to a Teutonist what Crusades were to a mediæval Christian, or proletarian revolutions to a modern Bolshevik: they are aggressions to the advantage of the world. All this was preached quite plainly by the Germans before the war—or rather, before the first Battle of the Marne. After that first breakdown of the barbaric invasion, Germans have doubtless differed in varying degrees about the success of that invasion. They did not differ about invasion, but about this invasion; they have not altered their minds about war, but about this war. They doubt whether the best time was chosen, whether the best methods were employed—perhaps whether there were the best men to employ them. This is the very simple explanation of Hindenburg's proclamation—of all the points he mentioned, and all the points he omitted. As one of the ruling and responsible group, he wishes to prove to the German people that the time chosen was the best time, that the methods chosen were the best methods, and that he, Marshal von Hindenburg, is still very much the best man.

He does not defend himself from the charge of waging unjust war in a merciless manner, because it is not of that that his fellow-countrymen accuse him. The point he is parrying is something much more practical and personal. It is that he and his sort have mismanaged the campaign; not that they have involved the world in war, but that they have involved the Empire in defeat. It is that the submarines 'are no good'—that is, that they are useless, especially in keeping American help from the Allies. It is that 'America will cook your goose'—that is, that they are worse than useless, since they have ultimately helped to bring American help to the Allies. In a word, it is that Hindenburg is the goose; and that the goose has cooked himself.

The Prussian power has again and again been most applauded in Germany at the moment when it was most execrated in Europe. When it had crushed everything in Eastern Europe, and seemed about to crush everything in Western Europe, no real voice was raised by the Reichstag against its right to crush them. By the confession of the Pacifist papers themselves, the Reichstag majority now threatens to go into opposition—merely to avert the punishment, when it did not attempt to avert the crime. By the confession of the German Socialists themselves, the brutality to Russia made it harder and not easier to denounce the power effecting that brutality. In plain words, such acts have a positive popularity among a people that has heard of nothing but 'hammer-blows' in its history. And Hindenburg knows exactly what will decide whether the hammer knocks the nail in his statue or in his coffin.

UNDER THE HEEL OF THE TURK.

(By William H. Hall, in the 'National Geographic Magazine,' Washington.)

The land of Turkey looks out on the present from a historic past that is the study of all ages. The epics of Homer are concerned with events on the plains of Troy, at the mouth of the Dardanelles. Along the shores of Asia Minor sailed Perseus, and the Argonauts sought the Golden Fleece on the southern coast of the Black Sea.

Croesus obtained his fabulous wealth by sifting the river sands that brought down grains of gold from the mountains back of Smyrna. Alexander the Great defeated the Persians in northern Syria, and Babylon, on the Euphrates, was the capital that proved his undoing.

Chaldea and Babylonia, richest and most powerful nations of antiquity, were the lower Mesopotamia of to-day. Their wealth did not

consist primarily in tributes levied on subject nations and in plundered temples, but in the riches of the soil of the Tigris and Euphrates Valley. The land of the Nile has always been famed for its marvellous productivity, but its soil is no more fertile and its fields only one-fourth as extensive as those of Mesopotamia.

Wonderful systems of irrigation once watered the plains and made Babylon and its territories the granary, and the garden of all the eastern world. When the distinguished engineer, Sir William Wilcox, was called upon to survey this region for present irrigation development, his final report contemplated little more than a rehabilitation of the ancient systems of the Babylonian days.

The power of the city of Antioch reached north and south and east. It was, perhaps, the most beautiful city of Hellenic times and certainly the most luxurious. After the Scipios broke its power in Asia Minor and Rome ruled the world, Antioch became the vice-regent for Rome, ruling over all the eastern world. It was known as 'The Gate of the East,' through which flowed the Roman conquering legions and from which eastern luxury undermined the foundations of western power. 'The waters of the Orontes contaminated the Tiber,' as one ancient sage observed.

On the banks of the Bosphorus Constantine founded his world capital, and from that day to this the Byzantine and Turkish city has figured in all great world movements. It has been the centre of intrigues and treaties, of councils and conspiracies, around which have circled the policies of Europe for the last sixteen hundred years.

Within the bounds of Turkey also lay Phœnicia, the synonym for commerce and trade. From the shores of Syria the merchants of Tyre and Sidon sent their fleets of ships, trafficking with all the world. Located in the pathway between Egypt and Babylon, it was the ideal position for trade; while the western world, along the Mediterranean shores, was an ever-growing market for the wares of the east. With the instinct of merchants, the people of Syria made the most of their wonderful geographic position to become the first great shop-keeping nation.

And this land still remains the connecting link between the three continents, and across it should still lie the highways of trade between the east and the west, the north and the south.

Where Turkey joins to Egypt is Palestine. No spot of earth in all the world bears such memories for so many and such a variety of peoples as the rugged mountain slopes, narrow valleys, and half desert wastes of Judea and Galilee. Beersheba, Hebron, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem—the mere mention of these names tells the story of Abraham and Moses and David, of the prophets of Israel and of the Son of Man. . . .

The whole land has been lying fallow for centuries—a land that modern exploration reveals as one of the richest in natural resources and as unsurpassed by its geographic location for being the trade centre of the world.

Exclusive of Arabia, which has never been more than nominally under the Ottoman dominion, the Turkish Empire, as at present constituted, embraces about 540,000 square miles of territory. Only about 10,000 square miles of this are in Europe. The Turkish Empire is equivalent to the combined areas of the British Isles, France, and Germany. . . .

The boundaries are the Black Sea and Caucasus on the north, Egypt on the south, the Ægean and Mediterranean seas on the west, and the Syrian Desert and Persia on the east. Turkey in Europe is almost a negligible area, as the Balkan war stripped the Turks of all their European possessions except Constantinople and a narrow territory along the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, some 40 miles in width; so that when the Turkish Empire is now referred to Asiatic Turkey is all that the term embraces except the city of Constantinople and a small amount of adjacent territory.

Roughly speaking, Turkey is divided into five great provinces, or districts—Anatolia, Armenia, Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, and Syria.

Anatolia (the name is from a Turkish word meaning 'the dawn') lies between the Black and Mediterranean seas. This district is the home of the greater part of the Turkish population, perhaps 7,000,000 in all. Here is a case where

the people can be distinguished from the government. Even the so-called subject races have suffered but little more at the hands of the governing officials than the common Turkish people.

When one remembers that all government of the Empire lies solely in the hands of a group of not more than 300 men, and that they impose their selfish will on Turk and Christian alike, one readily understands how a distinction can be made between people and government. In spite of a constitution having been proclaimed and a parliament summoned, the people, whether of Turkish or other race, have absolutely no voice in the affairs of the nation.

Armenia, east of Anatolia, extending to the region of the Caucasus and the Persian border, is the site of the ancient Kingdom of Armenia. The population is not wholly Armenian—in fact, even before the war the majority of the people were Turks and Kurds—but here the bulk of the Armenian race was found.

It is a rugged land, a succession of mountains and valleys, where the people have had to contend with nature for the establishment and maintenance of their homes; but, like all high-land countries, it has been the means of producing a religious, freedom-loving people.

They were the first nation to embrace Christianity when, in the latter half of the third century, their king, Tiradates, accepted the new faith, and most of the nation followed him. Throughout all the succeeding centuries they have remained steadfast against wave after wave of persecution, until this last storm of hate and fanaticism has swept the greater part from their homes and has destroyed at least a million—two-thirds of the entire people.

Kurdistan, a hill country north of the Tigris River, is the home of a brave, virile, largely illiterate series of tribes and clans known as the Kurds. They are the descendants of the Cardushi, who gave Xenophon and his ten thousand so much difficulty on their march across these same hills on their way to the sea.

Nominally they are Moslem in religion, but they have retained many elements of heathen worship. Some of their tribes are 'Yesdi,' or devil worshippers. They are home-loving, frugal, and capable of enduring great hardships. They practice strict monogamy and their women occupy an equal place with their men in the family life.

The Kurds have furnished at least one great man to history, for Saladin, the chivalrous leader of the Saracen hosts, the compeer of Richard Cœur de Lion, was from this people.

Mesopotamia, Upper and Lower, vies with Egypt in claiming the honor of being the home of ancient civilization. It comprises the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Here flourished the Chaldean, Babylonian, and Assyrian empires. The city of Bagdad, with all its glamour of mystery and magic, is in the heart of Mesopotamia.

This was the richest land in the world, the granary of the ancients; yet, in spite of all that it has been, it to-day lies largely waste, the desert sands have encroached upon the fertile fields, while the clogged canals have turned other portions into swamps and marshes.

What population there is—not more than one million—is of Arab origin and the Arabic language is spoken throughout. There is, in fact, a very distinct dividing line between the Arabic and the Turkish-speaking portions of the Ottoman Empire. This boundary corresponds with the line of the Bagdad Railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. It is for the exploitation of this rich land of Mesopotamia that the famous Bagdad line was built.

Syria, the region extending from the Taurus Mountains to Egypt and from the desert to the Great Sea, needs no identification. It is the land of the patriarchs and prophets and apostles—the Holy Land. Its population numbers about three and a half millions, of Semitic origin, speaking the Arabic language, and yet with so many races intermingled through the centuries of the various conquests and occupations that the people cannot claim any one race as their own. Greek, Roman, and European Crusader have all blended with the ancient Semitic stock to produce the Syrians of to-day,

whom Lord Cromer, in his Memoirs, termed 'the cream of the East.'

In Syria was the one green spot of Turkey—the Lebanon Mountains. In 1860, because of massacres, the European Powers insisted that these mountains be made autonomous. And since that date this little district has been a living demonstration of what good government will produce and of what the people of the land are capable of becoming.

The steep mountain sides have been terraced to a height of 4,000 feet and planted to olives, figs, and vines. Taxes have been low, safety to person and property secured, good roads built and kept in repair. The people have constructed more comfortable homes and have sent their sons to schools and college.

The story of the achievements of the Lebanon and its sons during these sixty years of autonomy would be a thrilling narrative in itself. Now that autonomy has been taken away, the Lebanon is prostrate in famine.

Practically the whole Turkish Empire is of the same surface configuration—high mountain ranges along the sea-coast, with elevated plain and plateau in the interior. These inner plains are generally fertile, being constantly renewed by soil washed from the surrounding mountains. Where rain is sufficient, or where water can be obtained for irrigation, they produce fine crops of grain.

In ancient times the mountains were everywhere covered with forests. The cedars of Lebanon not only furnished timber for the building of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem, but the kings of Egypt annually floated large rafts of logs from the Syrian coast to supply the demands of the cities of the Nile. This constant demand from foreign lands, together with the lack of any system of reforestation, has practically denuded the mountains of the whole land.

The population of the Ottoman Empire, not including Arabia, is about 18,000,000, or was before the war. In giving statistics on any subject regarding Turkey one speaks in approximate terms, for only estimates can be given, as no thorough census is taken or other statistics systematically gathered. Among the various races this total was distributed as follows: Turks, 7,000,000; Syrians and Arabs, 4,500,000; Kurds, 2,000,000; Armenians, 2,000,000; Greeks, 1,500,000; Jews, 500,000; other races, 500,000.

All of these peoples can trace their history back to the period when fable and legend blend with the beginnings of historic facts. And all, except the Turks, have inhabited, from time immemorial, the districts in which they are now found.

These races represent the three great monotheistic religions, which have also originated within the boundaries of the Turkish Empire. About two-thirds of the entire population are Mohammedan, but of different sects. The Christians, also, are divided into many sects, representing nearly all the great divisions of the church.

The Christian races are the most progressive part of the population; they have been most responsive to education and have made some progress in establishing schools of their own. The Turks are the most backward of all; yet under proper encouragement and facilities they are capable of good progress. In competition with Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians, however, they invariably fall behind.

It should be noted that of 48 Grand Viziers who have risen to prominence within the past four centuries, those whose names would be in history's 'Who's Who,' only 12 have been Turks; all the others were either of Greek or Armenian origin.

Taking the country as a whole, the percentage of illiteracy is between 80 and 90. The government educational program is very comprehensive, but exists largely on paper. The Turk is able to dream great dreams, but amazingly unable to bring those visions to reality.

All of the varied resources that contributed to make the nations of antiquity materially great are still available for the future enrichment of the people dwelling in those same lands.

And why should this land not be producing as well as ten centuries ago? The soil and the climate have not changed. The rainfall and the water for irrigation are just as abundant

as in the days of old. The people are the same that lived then in the land, equally industrious and thrifty. Why have the past four centuries laid a blight over the fairest corn land of the east?

But it is not Mesopotamia alone that offers agricultural returns in the Empire of Turkey. There are the fertile seacoast plains of ancient Philistia, the uplands of Moab and Ammon, the wheat fields of the Hauran south of Damascus, and the great valley between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, in Syria; the whole elevated plateau of central Asia Minor, with Konia (ancient Iconium) as its centre. There are the fertile river valleys and hillsides of Armenia and Kurdistan, together with the famous Cilician plain and the regions about Smyrna and Broussa.

Not only grain of every kind rewards the industry of the peasant, but also fruits of every variety, semi-tropical and temperate, are easily produced. Who has not eaten of the figs of Smyrna and the dates of Bosrah or heard of the grapes of Eschol?

The first interest of the Turkish Empire is agricultural. From north to south and from east to west it offers splendid opportunities to the farmer. And these lands in great part lie uncultivated. Reservoirs for the storage of water and other irrigation works that might change desert acres to producing fields are not constructed.

The most primitive modes of cultivation are still in use—the ox-drawn plough of Bible days, the cutting of great fields of grain with the sickle, the threshing-floor, where wheat is trodden out by the hoofs of animals; the slow and painful hand labor, with clumsy instruments, that yields but a minimum of return for the effort expended.

It is all a tale of splendid possibilities, but of neglected and undeveloped resources. Yet it is a promise to the future generation of boundless productivity and of untold wealth in store for progressive industry and a benevolent government.

The marvellous resources of this Empire are not comprised in its agricultural possibilities alone. The story of Croesus gathering gold from the river sands is not an idle tale. Just this year an American missionary writes: 'Grains of gold are frequently found in the gravel left after the torrential floods.'

Of course, no complete and thorough survey has ever been made of the mineral wealth of Turkey. But German maps (and who has studied Asia Minor more thoroughly than the Germans?) mark deposits of coal, copper, iron, silver, gold, and lead, with many of the lesser minerals, such as chrome, emery, manganese, mercury, rock-salt, and sulphur. These are not noted on the map in scarce and isolated localities, but the various deposits occur with such frequency as easily to explain the German zeal for cultivating friendship with Turkey.

The question arises, How has it been possible for these riches to have remained undeveloped at the very door of Europe? It does seem impossible, but the true answer is given in this sentence from one of the missionary reports: 'There are hopeful indications of various other minerals at other places also; but the Turks have always discouraged attempts at developments.'

It is well known that the extensive petroleum deposits along the Persian frontier were a principal cause of England's desire to participate in Persian politics not many years ago, and the possession of these oil fields has been one of the chief objects of military contention between the Turkish and British in their Mesopotamian campaigns.

The Abana, one of the rivers of Damascus, in beautiful cascades, falls from the Anti-Lebanon Mountains to the plain below. A few years ago these waters were gathered into conduits up among the highlands and passed over water-wheels. Now they are not only irrigating the groves of apricots which surround the city, but, doing double duty, are also lighting the great mosque and the city streets and moving electric cars through the oldest city in the world.

What has been done with this mountain stream can be repeated over and over again throughout the land. Turkey possesses an unmeasured power that could be developed from

the rivers that rush from the highlands to the sea.

Turkey has never been a manufacturing country, but has shipped abroad her raw materials—silk and wool and hides—and has received them back in cloth and shoes. With this water-power harnessed in its mountain valleys the future generation might see their land not only a source of agricultural and mineral products, but also a transformer of these into forms all ready for the markets of the world.

But perhaps the greatest resource, after all, of this country arises from its geographic position. Three arms stretch out in three directions—one to 'the continent of the past,' one to 'the continent of the present,' and a third to 'the continent of the future.'

The great trunk lines of commerce between the north and the south and the east and the west should pass across this country. In years gone by all the nations of Europe maintained commercial representatives and warehouses in the city of Aleppo. This centre was the mart of exchange between Europe and the eastern lands. That position could easily be recovered and surpassed, for the city lies at the natural point of meeting of the great world trade routes.

There are natural harbors which with little engineering could become suitable terminals for the land routes. In constructing the Bagdad Railway Germany had obtained a concession to construct a harbor and stores at the city of Alexandretta, near to the place where Alexander defeated Darius, King of Persia. Germany was also to have the privilege of policing this port with her own subjects.

The importance of Beirut, Tripoli, and Smyrna as ports has already been recognized and they are destined to increase. Constantinople is perhaps the finest harbor in the world, and at this point must pass most of the trade between Europe and Asia.

Asia Minor has been and still should be not the bankrupt nation, but the banker nation of three continents.

With each of the topics here presented there has always been an 'if' or an 'ought to be' or 'might become.' Turning the pages of history, one reads what this country has been. Reading the daily papers, one knows what the country is. Letting imagination dwell upon the resources provided by nature and the capabilities of the people, one can form a vision of the country's future if only one great change can be brought about.

In 1453 Mohammed the Conqueror surrounded the city of Constantinople and finally caused the downfall of that city, which had stood for eight centuries as the eastern outpost of Christendom. In 1517 the city of Jerusalem and the land of Egypt also fell.

The succeeding 400 years have witnessed the gradual degradation of the land. The cotton and corn fields of Mesopotamia are now deserts and swamps. The mines once worked have been abandoned. The cities, once busy with the trade of the world, are to-day but bazaars for petty bargains and deceit. The people, with the history of a great past and with capacities second to none, are by injustice and persecution driven from their homes to foreign lands or subjected to a determined plan of extermination by deportation, massacre, and famine.

The one change that must precede all others, therefore, in order to take the first steps toward realizing the possibilities of which this land and these people are capable is to rid the country of its present rulers. It is not merely to 'drive the Turk out of Europe,' for that has practically been done already, but to deprive him of every vestige of authority. Not only have the Christian races suffered at his hand, but the common Turkish people themselves have suffered almost equal wrongs. Before all bars of judgment, because of his incapacity, his inefficiency, and his atrocities, he has forfeited every right to rule.

'SUPPORTING THE PRESIDENT.'

(The 'World,' New York.)

It is not surprising that Republicans vigorously criticize the President's appeal for the election of a Democratic Congress. His argument is powerful in all its bearings, but he is

not the man who should have made it. Others have said in his behalf all that he now says for himself in an unexampled way, and, we believe, with much greater probability of influencing public thought in the right direction. It is one thing for orators or newspapers to say in time of war that the result of an election may be construed as a repudiation of the President. It is something emphatically different when the President himself so pronounces it.

Nevertheless, and disregarding these objections, the theory mistakenly propounded by the President in his own behalf is unanswerable. The election of a partizan Republican Congress next month would result in something worse than a proclamation that the American people were halting in their support of the Administration. It would introduce into the councils of Government partizan elements certain to be productive of mischief and from which no possible good could be derived.

This is not to say that the loyalty of Republicans is in question. There is no question of the loyalty of Republicans. What is questioned is the motives of many of the leaders of Republicans. It happens that during the entire life of the new Congress the executive department will be in the control of Democrats. Considered only in its representative capacity as an agency of the popular will in the prosecution of the war and in safeguarding the fruits of victory, Congress might be Republican in both branches without producing serious complications, but everybody knows that, once in power, the exceedingly practical politicians who undeniably shape the policies of that party would not be content with such a situation.

What these gentlemen would do with a Republican Congress need not be left to doubt or conjecture. They would bedevil it. They are showing their purposes openly day by day. No matter how loyal many of its members or most of their constituents might be, the politicians would assert themselves and we should have a divided Government, at war with itself as well as at war with Germany.

It has been difficult enough at times to maintain harmony and gain prompt action in vital matters with Congress and the President in political accord. What may we not expect in the way of contention, perhaps confusion and scandal, if the legislative branch falls under the influence of professional reactionaries, some of them notoriously speaking for predatory interests, some of them personally ambitious and all of them selfishly partizan?

Most Republican candidates for Congress are pledging themselves to 'support the President,' and by that promise they are hoping for the votes of a party whose rank and file do not find it necessary to subscribe to any such formula. The average Republican has so merged his partyism in his Americanism that he has forgotten his political associations. It is for him to say a few days hence, and he ought to say it without a hint from the White House, whether the prospect of a Government divided and obstructed, now unmistakably held up to him by his old-time leaders, is precisely his idea of 'supporting the President.' The question is of policy, not of party, and it is of vast importance.

We have little faith in the present leadership of the ramshackle Republican organization. We have almost unlimited faith in the intelligence and patriotism of the millions of decent Republicans for whom this quarrelsome leadership is a positive reproach. On this intelligence and this patriotism the hope of invincible American unity must depend, and our only regret is that forces of such inestimable value have been addressed in the wrong way.

THE DESERT CAMPAIGNS.*

(By A. A., in the 'New Statesman,' London.)

Official correspondents write under difficulties, no doubt, and Mr. W. T. Massey is not altogether to blame if his spirited account* of the Egyptian campaigns of 1915, 1916, and 1917 appears a little incomplete in places and always a little too 'official.' It is hardly con-

ceivable, for instance, that throughout the protracted defence of the Suez Canal, the subsequent offensive in the Sinai Peninsula and the suppression of the Senoussi rising in the West none of the British commanders committed a single error of judgment. As a matter of fact, I believe that they committed astonishingly few; but those few are omitted from Mr. Massey's narrative, as are the numbers of the British casualties (also very few), and other facts of the sort which one would have thought might by this time have safely been allowed to transpire.

Of course, the whole truth about this war can never be written—not because of the paper shortage, but because of the shortage of perfectly candid narrators with a full knowledge of the facts. We shall have official histories, like Mr. Massey's, which will be reliable as far as they go, but which will not go quite the whole way; and we shall have unofficial histories which will go as far as anyone could desire, but which will not be entirely reliable. Then, for the next ten years or so, we may have the occasional indiscretions of disgruntled generals to fill up some of the blanks. But the public will probably be disappointed, and no history of the war will be acclaimed as wholly satisfactory until a new generation has arisen that will not know what it has missed.

So we cannot blame Mr. Massey for his sins of omission. But in fairness to our Protectorate exception must be taken to his rather reckless suggestion that Egypt in 1915 was on the verge of a native rebellion, which was only averted by the 'alertness' of General Sir John Maxwell and the staff of the British Residency. No doubt there was talk in the cafés and in 'the bars of the two leading hotels,' but that is not Egypt, nor even Cairo. What does he know of Cairo who only Shepherd's knows? To the ordinary resident in the country the Egyptian fellaheen appeared to be as indifferent to the great struggle proceeding on all sides of them as the larks who build their nests in No Man's Land on the Western front. Of course there was bazaar gossip, and when Sir John Maxwell started his Press censorship—very late in the day—it was applied so rigorously that bazaar gossip had things all its own way. On the other hand, local German residents were allowed a latitude that hardly prepared one for subsequent events in Ireland. But as Mr. Massey says, the Egyptians like to be on the winning side (who doesn't?), and the Turks in 1916 settled any doubt that may have existed on that point in the Egyptian mind by their policy of bringing up comparatively small bodies of men across the Sinai Desert and hurling them against our almost impregnable positions behind the Canal. If they could have held a few yards of the Canal for one day only, it would have enabled them to block the waterway (they did once succeed in mining it) and thus interfere with our plans for the European war. But what the Egyptians saw was the ignominious defeat of every Turkish attack. Even if things had been otherwise, one ventures to doubt whether the Egyptians would have risen. They may prefer the Turk personally to the Englishman—they understand him better—but only a very small minority, consisting mainly of schoolboys, prefers the Turk as a ruler. That is why Egyptian gunners fought on our side with distinction in the defence of the Canal (though Mr. Massey does not mention it), while Egyptian fellaheen have volunteered by thousands for the Labor Corps, only stipulating that their lives shall not be needlessly risked in a quarrel which they cannot be expected to regard as their own.

As a matter of fact, the war need never have been allowed to come so close to Egypt's doors. Our first method of defending the Canal—by entrenching ourselves behind it instead of in front in the Sinai Peninsula—put an unnecessary strain upon Egyptian moral, as well as enabling an inferior opponent to mine the waterway that we were supposed to be defending. 'Are you defending the Canal, or is it defending you?' asked Lord Kitchener, when he arrived in Egypt from Gallipoli in 1916, to inspect the defences. A clever saying, one of the best of the war. The old system was abandoned forthwith, and the campaign in Sinai, which was to lead us to Palestine, began. It was carried out in a manner worthy of Lord Kitchener himself. We have heard a

good deal lately about Disraeli's 'scientific' strategical land frontiers, and a desert, one would think, must be the most 'scientific' of all. Fortunately we knew something about desert warfare (we knew more about it than any other military power, except the Turks), and we knew that most deserts could be crossed. But even we were hardly prepared for the comparative ease with which the Turkish armies crossed the Sinai Desert in 1915. For instance, the advance of 20,000 men, with heavy guns, to Romani, in July and August of that year, followed by a series of scattered engagements extending over a period of ten days, against an enemy much superior in mounted troops, was, as Mr. Massey justly remarks, 'an enterprise which all military men must admire.' But it could only end in a military failure, and for that reason it was, as has been pointed out, a political mistake. We made no such mistake ourselves. When we set out for Palestine the railway advanced with the troops; supplies were never lacking, and reinforcements were always brought up in time to avert disaster when we were attacked. The advance was a triumph of organization and grit. It was shared in throughout by Mr. Massey, whose account of it is the best thing in his book.

Of the western campaign Mr. Massey can tell us less. There seem to have been no official correspondents present during the greater part of this campaign. On this side of Egypt there is another desert, forming a frontier scarcely less 'scientific' than that on the east. There are wells, it is true, and a road of sorts along the edge of the great Libyan Plateau near the sea; but things are not what they were when the East Roman armies marched that way as late as the seventh century A.D. Under Arab and Turkish rule the desert has everywhere gained on the sown; all along the coast are littered the ruins of Roman aqueducts and Roman villas. Many an Australian trooper watering his horse in 1916 at some half-ruined but still used Roman well, was puzzled to find himself in a country where for centuries everything has gone backward instead of forward, and the present methods are more primitive than the old.

We used no railway here. About 150 miles along the coast from Alexandria, at Mersa Matruh—the ancient Paraetonium, where Antony landed after the battle of Actium—British infantry, Sikhs, Scots and London Territorials were thrust ashore somewhat unceremoniously, and established themselves on the surrounding circle of hills, building stone sangars among the Roman tombs and catacombs as a protection against the snipers who soon made their presence felt. Later there were engagements outside Matruh and Jafar Pasha's rather motley host, until, in the spring of 1916, General Peyton arrived and, with the South African Brigade as his spearhead, made his rapid thrust westward, driving the enemy out of all the coastal district and compelling them to fly across the frontier into Cyrenaica or take refuge from starvation in the oasis of Sinwa, 200 miles inland, there to be dealt with at our leisure.

The enemy in this little-known campaign consisted of three or four thousand trained men from Tripoli, well led by Turks, and a large rabble of Egyptian Bedouin, chiefly of the Aoulad Ali tribe and of the puritanical Senoussi sect. It was difficult to regard these old inhabitants of the country as rebels, and it was impossible not to be sorry for them as they came staggering into the British camps, half dead with starvation, to make their submission. It was a good time for the desert vultures, it is to be feared, in spite of everything we could do. The wretched Aoulad Ali had been forced into rebellion by religious appeals, by actual coercion and by promises of the loot of Alexandria. In the desert outside Matruh, when the first British troops landed there, an officer turned up in the sand with his foot a page torn from a book, printed in Arabic, and in the centre of it a portrait of Bismarck. Surely among the Kaiser's many dupes the Aoulad Ali are not the least to be pitied.

War, it seems generally to be agreed now, is an ugly, squalid business. But such of the old romantic trappings as still cling to it should be looked for in these desert campaigns.

*'The Desert Campaigns.' By W. T. Massey. Constable. 6s. net.

Cavalry charging machine-guns, armored cars advancing in extended order against an army, the Duke of Westminster's dash into the desert to rescue the 'Tara' prisoners—these are gallant actions, worthy of any chivalry and worthy of their scene. There will be Englishmen, Sikhs, Australasians, Scots and South Africans who, after this war, will keep memories of the sun setting in the frontier hills at Sollum or rising across Matruh harbor. Furthermore, this was a war of movement, out in the open country—a war and never a massacre.

But the hardships to the soldier were undeniable. A shortage (inevitable in the circumstances) of fresh meat and vegetables, occasional bouts of fever, long weary marches through the desert sands, told on his spirits severely. Perhaps it was merely a longing for civilization. One lad, who came from Manchester, wrote home a glowing account of the scenery in Sinai, and added, 'But what wouldn't I give to see a row of shops!' Or perhaps it was the monotony of the desert. As Lord Denbigh (who served in Sinai) remarked in a recent lecture: 'No wonder Moses and his followers got sick of it after forty years without leave.' From whatever cause, the desert certainly failed to charm. Our men were splendid, so splendid that it seems almost an impertinence to praise; but they never pretended to like the desert campaigns. Almost any British soldier serving in Egypt at that time would have declared, if questioned, that he was tired of 'inaction,' tired of side-shows, anxious to get to France and see the real thing. Most of them have had that desire satisfied.

A USEFUL KING.

(The 'Transcript,' Boston.)

What was the 'encircling policy' of King Edward VII., as directed against the Central Empires, to which ex-Chancellor von Hertling referred as the foundation and justification of this war which the Central Empires inaugurated against Russia, Great Britain and France, but which was in reality a war against the world? Did King Edward really attempt to encircle, isolate, and thereby render politically and militarily helpless the Central Empires? Did Edward VII., a constitutional sovereign, a King of the sort who reigns but does not govern have a policy of his own which he sought to impose or impress upon his Government, and which was of a nature ere long to involve his country in war? Was the King who during his reign was known as Edward the Peace-maker in reality a war maker?

No doubt the answer to this question involves the answer to several others. King Edward was certainly a constitutional monarch, although he imparted to his reign an external aspect of old-fashioned monarchism which was absent from the reign of Queen Victoria and is absent from that of George V. His visits to foreign countries and monarchs were frequent, and it became apparent that he could cleverly pave the way for treaties and understandings which his ministers subsequently consummated. To this extent he came to the front as a king of the old-fashioned sort. The Germans, in particular, recognized in him a new force in British politics. And when they saw that his visits to Paris had been followed by the negotiation of an entente with France, and that his influence with the Russian court apparently had everything to do with the negotiation of the Anglo-Russian agreement in 1907, the German publicists began to cry out against the 'encirclement' that was proceeding. In a certain manner, Germany was 'encircled' by those agreements. But what was their purpose? That it was purely defensive is shown by the fact that neither Great Britain nor France increased her armaments in a sense hostile to Germany. The understanding between France and Great Britain was an absolutely inevitable result of their situation. Why was the sharp disagreement between these two countries in 1898 over Fashoda, which brought them to the very edge of war, and during which Englishmen and Englishwomen were mobbed on the streets of Paris, actually followed by a development of friendliness be-

tween the countries rather than a condition of hostility? It was because the fact was so evident that if either country desired to live and be free, it must be in alliance with the other. The way was paved for this understanding between France and Great Britain more by the threats, aggressions and offensive preparations of Germany than it was by Edward VII.; and as for the Russian understanding, that was a necessary corollary of the French understanding, Russia being the ally of France. The 'Willie-Nickie' correspondence of later date was perfect proof that the Russian Czar was always much more susceptible to the bullying intrigues of the German emperor than he was to the personal influence of the English king.

After all, it is probable that the influence of Edward VII. was indeed employed to 'encircle' Germany, in so far as events proved that Germany was encircled. The king not only feared the menace of the German strength and the aggressions of the Dreikaiserbund, but he cordially detested the German Emperor. But he had no conquering, no aggressive purpose whatever. Nothing of that sort is traceable in his influence upon his own Government. If he labored to isolate Germany he sought that result as a means of defence of his country. He did seek to make Britain stronger, not weaker, against her enemies. His reign is marred by no such royal or political blunders as the pressure which Queen Victoria exerted to suppress the pro-Danish proposals of Palmerston in 1864, thereby greatly promoting the strength of Prussia and making possible the Kiel Canal, and the Anglo-German agreement of 1890, by which Heligoland was turned over to Germany to be employed as a base against England. After these weaknesses, well-nigh fatal, it was no doubt natural for the Germans to suppose that a king who permitted no more such blunders was their enemy. But Edward VII. was never a war-maker, and the German pretence which makes him such is merely a part of the lingo of desperate apology for the greatest series of political crimes in all history.

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Hints of the Progress of Knowledge.

HUNTING FOR A NEW RADIUM SUPPLY.

(By Robert G. Skerrett, in the 'Sun,' New York.)

Mme. Curie, at the instance of the French and the Italian Governments, is about to go to Italy to investigate certain Italian mineral springs as a possible source of radium. This is the logical outcome of beneficent work started by this noted scientist early in the war.

It was Mme. Curie who suggested using automobiles equipped with radiographic apparatus, and actually organized the nucleus of such a service. As a result, when the war was only a few months old, it was possible to locate bullets in the heads of wounded soldiers, and thus to facilitate their extraction. Men were speedily restored to mental and physical vigor who otherwise would probably have died.

Some five years ago the world was set agog by the curative virtues attributed to radium. Many men prominent in the medical fraternity published the results of their professional experiences with the wonder working element, and we seemed to be upon the eve of a veritable millennium of healing. Radium was to root out that malignant scourge cancer, which annually costs us 75,000 lives. In a variety of applications it was to work other therapeutic marvels.

As one noted surgeon expressed it, the radiations of radium, acting 'like millions of microscopic knives,' were to transform the diseased tissues by driving the 'anarchistic (cancer) cells back into the ranks of the normal cells and make them do their proper part.'

Disappointments there have been. Radium has not proved to be a panacea and an unfailing substitute for surgery, but despite the failures it has proved to be a remedial agent in many directions. It has caused superficial tumors to subside and vanish without leaving the slightest trace upon the skin. It has proved of the utmost value in dissipating disfiguring and hampering scar tissues, particularly those left by wounds and burns. It has been found to speed up the repair and healing of hurts that had become persistently infected. Too much was expected of radium at the start, but wide research and skilful application are steadily establishing its unique value as a curative aid, and adding to its distinctive fields of therapeutic service.

It is quite fitting that Madame Curie should now be called upon to study the radioactive character of Italian mineral springs, for the world owes to her and her husband the discovery or the identifying isolation of radium from among a confusion of radioactive substances.

In 1913 radium bromide, purchasable in exceedingly small quantities, brought \$70 per milligram, and some makers, claiming greater purity, charged as high as \$100. Even at \$70 per milligram the price would have been \$2,000,000 per ounce! And this was at a time when the research scientist, the laboratory and the medical fraternity were excitedly desirous of obtaining infinitesimal quantities of this extraordinary mineral.

The late Dr. James Douglas, of New York, Dr. Howard A. Kelly, one of Baltimore's famous surgeons, and the Bureau of Mines, combined to form the National Radium Institute, which had for its primary object the determination of processes by which radium could be produced at far lower cost. This was to be done by utilizing native carnotite, and especially by eliminating certain losses incident to the mining and concentrating of that mineral.

Between 1914 and January, 1917, when the co-operative efforts of the Bureau of Mines and the National Radium Institute ceased, the experts of the Bureau of Mines had perfected a process by which the radium recovery plant in Denver, Col., produced eight and a half grams of the precious mineral. The cost of recovery under the methods devised by the Government experts proved to be only about one-third the current price of radium. In addition, ways were developed which made it possible to save the uranium and vanadium in the ores. Both are of great value in the manufacture of certain alloy steels essential to the making of munitions.

For an expenditure of less than \$38,000 the Bureau of Mines received, as its share under its co-operative agreement with the National Radium Institute, more than \$100,000 worth of radium and the rest of the material went to the institute for distribution mainly between two great hospitals. The processes developed are public property to-day; and by the joint labors just described we are now in a position to utilize to the full the valuable deposits of carnotite in Colorado and Utah. Because the carnotite is found mostly in a region where water is scarce, the Bureau of Mines has had to consider dry rather than wet methods of concentration. In other words, the procedure is of necessity somewhat different from that practised in the mining of most metals.

Carnotite, to the uninitiated, looks very much like yellow sealing wax, and although almost all of it is found in this country it is named in honor of a former President of France, the discovery in Colorado having been made by French prospectors and identified by French metallurgists as potassium urano vanadate. They were most interested in the uranium, used in making art glass.

Some years later metallurgists discovered that vanadium or the oxide of vanadium had a peculiarly useful effect upon steel. It purged or cleansed the molten metal of some of its gases, made it 'settle' so that it would pour quietly and produce a sounder ingot, and, besides gave to the steel certain desirable qualities. At that time all the vanadium oxide came from one little corner of South America, and the steel men had to pay \$10 or more a pound for it. It took only a little of the stuff

to work the miracle in the liquid steel. Here is where the find of those prospecting Frenchmen gathered a new significance. They had described carnotite as potassium urano vanadate, and some sharp eyed chemists, looking back through the French journals, were arrested by that term 'vanadate.' They realized that right here in America vanadium oxide could be mined. It was not long before vanadium oxide in ample quantities was being turned out in this country, and from \$10 a pound the price dropped to \$2. Up to that time, no one in the United States had paid any attention whatever to the uranium content of the ore; in fact, the uranium bearing residue made rapidly accumulating dump heaps.

Just when vanadium dropped to \$2 a pound and offered but small profit, the Austrian Government declared the pitchblende deposits of Joachimsthal a state monopoly. This was done primarily to protect Austria's advantage in the glass industry; the Government wanted to husband its native resources of uranium. Previously certain French and German establishments had been buying the pitch-blende to extract the radium. No Austrian industry was at that time engaged in similar work. With their supply of pitchblende shut off, foreign chemists were for the time being aghast; they did not know where to turn for the raw material they needed, and they had outstanding contracts to deliver certain quantities of radium salts. It was then that carnotite ores loomed afresh as a source of wealth.

During the mining activities of the National Radium Institute there was a total production of 900 tons of ore, and this contained approximately 51,000 pounds of uranium oxide, which with 300 tons of carnotite concentrates brought the total production up to about 69,000 pounds of uranium oxide, representing an equivalent of 8.8 grams of radium element. This shows how much has to be done in handling large quantities and great weights in order to obtain a minute measure of the precious radium salts, bromide or chloride for the physician or the scientist.

From a purely military point of view radium is figuring in the present conflict by providing practically permanently luminous compounds which can be used to make certain instruments luminous in half lights or darkness. The aviator's compass and the dials and indicators of other essential instruments are thus illumined so that they can be read at all times. Not only that, but the character of the glow is such that it does not hurt the eyes or impair the sight even for a moment.

In this respect the radiant compositions act very differently from the incandescent electric bulb, which dazzles, no matter how small. Finally the radio active materials can be depended on; a battery or a generator might fail at a critical moment. Only a very, very minute quantity of radium salts is needed in order to make amply luminous a large amount of the coating material, because radium excites the emission of visible light from other substances with which it is mixed. Zinc sulphide, which is cheap, is the base of most of these so-called phosphorescent compounds. There are hundreds of similar services, including the wrist watch, wherein luminous figures, the movement of hands over the faces of dials, &c., guide when other light cannot be had or would draw the enemy's fire.

HOW THE ARMY USES ITS 'EARS.'

(The 'Evening Post,' New York.)

To conceal the whereabouts of their long-range pieces, the Germans have resorted to every manner of camouflage. Big guns have been buried up to the nose in the earth; they have been secreted in dense woods, they have been set up inside of some innocent looking farm house, and, if necessity required that they be placed in the open, they have been shrouded with nets and covered with boughs until their own gun crews could scarcely recognize them. Every conceivable trick to cheat the eye has been used in order to mislead the Allied airmen upon whom primarily rests the job of ferreting out their hiding-places. Observation of enemy

gun emplacements under such conditions necessarily becomes increasingly difficult, and were the Allies dependent solely upon the eyes of their armies for the desired information it is a question whether the results accomplished in more than one advance would have been possible.

There remain, however, the ears of the army, personified in the expert meteorologist. Aerial observers may fail, German camouflage may succeed in doing what German aviators could not do—blind the eyes of the Allies—but the ears of the army are still good. The whereabouts of a particular gun is no mystery so long as that gun is 'speaking' and there are a few expert weather men about to take down its long-range dictation. For no amount of camouflage can conceal the sound of the gun, and the sound of the gun—if scientifically measured—is its undoing.

No doubt the scientific Germans have more than an inkling of this, though it is a question if they are a match for the Americans in utilizing their knowledge of it. It was recorded—among the many fanciful reports at that time—that when the Germans began their long-range bombardment of Paris they always fired a salvo of smaller guns every time Big Bertha was fired so as to confuse those who tried to locate the weapon by means of its sound. Whether this was so or not, it is not at all unlikely that American meteorologists could have located the so-called Paris gun by sound, had not French aviators circling over St. Gobain forest saved them the trouble.

A detailed description of the methods employed in locating guns by sound would be too technical for any one but the expert to understand, but the principle involved is comparatively simple. A study of sound, particularly the sound produced by gun-fire, has brought to light certain peculiarities which enable scientists to trace the sound to its source. Discussing this subject, Dr. Harry Bateman, of the Aeronautical Laboratory of Throop College of Technology, writing on 'The Mathematical Theory of Sound Ranging' in the 'Monthly Weather Review' of the Department of Agriculture, says:

In front of the gun, the sound is much more intense than it is behind; in fact, as far as the production of sound is concerned, the gun acts something like a searchlight, directing its beam along the line of fire. As a result of this the sound is much more intense in the forward direction than it would be if it were produced by the explosion of a shell. Thus to the German generals behind the lines every shot from the British guns appeared to stand out above the dull heavy roar of their own guns as a sharp staccato note like a loud drum tattoo, whence the name drum-fire (Trommel-feuer.) Again the reports which have been heard in England seem to have come from German guns; for instance, the sound of gun-fire which was heard very distinctly on the evening of July 10, 1917, was attributed to the German bombardment on the Nieuport front, which commenced at 5 P. M.

Dr. Bateman goes on to say that in determining the range of a gun by its sound 'it is necessary to take into account the meteorological conditions, for the velocity of sound depends on the temperature, humidity, and composition of the air, while the wind affects the mode of propagation.' Here clearly is a case for the weather forecaster. If he were needed for no other reason—and of course there were many others—it is easy to see why General Pershing drafted the best of our Weather Bureau talent for service overseas.

There is a device called a chronoscope which has been so perfected that it measures time to a hundredth of a second. Among its uses is the testing of the nerves of would-be aviators—to determine how long the candidate takes to record his impression of a given sound. If he is slow, that is, takes more than fifteen-hundredths of a second to respond, the chronoscope will record that fact and the candidate will not be accepted. In the artillery service the chronoscope enables the trained observer, or rather observers, for there are almost always more than one, to time the report of a gun to a nicety.

Given a concealed enemy gun so far back of the lines and so well camouflaged that its location and even its flash cannot be detected, and

it devolves upon the trained 'ears of the army' to get its location. Observers with chronoscopes are stationed at different points within sound of the weapon and a careful record is made of the time it takes for the report of the gun to reach each station. After two or three shells have been fired, the artillery meteorologist has all the data necessary to begin figuring out the whereabouts of the weapon. Under ideal conditions it then becomes a simple problem of mathematics. Knowing the rate at which sound travels and the difference in time at the observing stations when the sound was recorded, it is simple to determine the location of the source of the sound.

But, of course, it is not really so simple as this. As Dr. Bateman points out, a gun acts like a searchlight, projecting rays of sound along the line of fire. This means, in the case of long-range guns where the missile is fired high into the air, that the waves of sound also are projected into the air, often to a height of many thousand feet. In other words, an observer who hears the report of a big gun at a distance gets his chief impression from waves that left the muzzle, travelled high into the air, and then descended to earth, in much the same manner as the missile itself. Incidentally, this is taken to explain why the firing of a big gun has a rumbling sound at a distance. The ear of the observer gets its primary or more pronounced impression from the sound waves travelling in an arc, and its secondary or muffled impression from the waves that spread out in all directions from the mouth of the gun.

It is the primary impression—the sharpest report—with which the artillery meteorologist is concerned. It may be a matter of a fraction of a second, but it is an all-important fraction in computing the range of an enemy gun. Furthermore, the fact that these primary sound waves have come to him not in a straight line, but in a great arc rising high above the earth, complicates his problem. The distance covered by the sound is actually greater than the distance between the observer and the gun in a straight line. This has to be accounted for, and also the fact that sound travels faster in the more rarefied atmosphere of the upper air than it does on the ground.

For all these difficulties, the meteorologist has provided a way out. In the first place, he takes daily observations of the weather by means of 'toy balloons,' which show which way the wind is blowing in the upper regions, and of captive balloons, which bring back the information he needs to know about the temperature and humidity and density of the upper air at various levels. For it must be remembered that the sound waves that rise skyward from a long-range gun are deflected downward at different angles, according to the overhead climate through which they pass.

To the lay mind, the 'simple' problem would by this time seem entirely too complicated to be of any practical value to an army in the field, but that it is of practical value is attested by the fact that a meteorologist is attached to every American gun battery, and that his services are being constantly called upon. It is only necessary to consider the task that confronts the American forces before Metz, with its untold fortifications and hidden batteries, to realize the importance of having other means besides the 'eyes of the army' for detecting enemy strongholds. We have heard wonderful tales about the fortifications of Metz, their subterranean barracks and passages, and their great guns that no airman can see. The day may come when the great guns will speak, and when that day comes their secret will be known, for the 'ears of the army' are ready and waiting.

TWELVE MISTAKES ABOUT FOOD.

(By Walter M. Gallichan, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.)

Most of us are wont to accept the often-stated as proven truth in dietetic matters. The common fallacies about food are repeated from generation to generation. Scientific analysis disproves many suppositions. Here are instances:

1.—It is often said that beef is more nourishing than bread and cheese. There is, however, far more nutriment in one shilling's worth of bread and cheese than in beef of the value of one shilling. Lean beef is very inferior to cheese as nutriment.

2.—Skim-milk is supposed to be valueless as food. This is an error. Skim-milk taken with bread constitutes a sustaining meat.

3.—Most persons imagine that butter is considerably more nourishing than margarine. The fact is that the best fresh butter and the best kinds of margarine contain almost exactly the same amount of nutriment per pound.

4.—It is believed that costly cheese is the most nourishing. The cheaper cheeses are mostly richer in proteid than the expensive sorts.

5.—That potatoes are a cheaper food than bread is incorrect. If potatoes are eaten as substitutes for wheaten bread the quantity must be very large and the cost will not be less than that of bread.

6.—We are often told that oatmeal is not so nutritive as wheatmeal. On the contrary, oats contain more fatty ingredients than wheat and are the most nutritious of grain foods.

7.—Most people think that rice is indigestible. Experiments prove that well-cooked rice is easily digested.

8.—Maize is thought to be inferior to wheat as human food. Maize undoubtedly contains more fat than wheat.

9.—A Dover sole is esteemed as more valuable food than a dried herring. Generally speaking, cured fish is more nourishing than fresh. A kippered herring is better food than a sole of first quality.

10.—Nuts are regarded as dessert dishes and not as nourishing food. Brazil nuts, almonds, and walnuts have 50 percent of fat and are very good foods. Butter made from nuts is nearly as nourishing as milk butter.

11.—It is thought that fruit is not a food. This depends on the kind of fruit. Dates are a staple diet in parts of the East, and figs and raisins in a dry state are very nutritive.

12.—Tea and coffee are supposed to be 'sustaining.' Neither of these beverages contains nutriment. Milk and sugar give a small food value to the ordinary cup of tea or coffee.

PEAT MOSS FOR SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

(By Prof. J. W. Hotson, in 'Science,' New York.)

Sphagnum, peat moss, or bog moss, has heretofore been known to the public chiefly through its use by florists and nurserymen for packing plants.

In Sweden some of the coarser kinds of paper, like wall paper, wrapping paper, and building paper, are made from this moss. It is used in Alaska and other places where it is abundant to bind up wounds of domestic animals, particularly when there is some discharge. In such cases the moss is applied directly to the wound. When it is dried it is often used as bedding for horses and other animals. This moss has also been used in Scotland and Ireland as a home remedy for absorbing the discharge from boils and other suppurating wounds. It is known that in Germany a fairly good cloth is made by mixing sphagnum with wool and weaving them together. Promising results have also been obtained when it is used as a fertilizer.

Dr. Walton Haydon, of Marshfield, Oregon, used sphagnum extensively while in the service of the Hudson Bay Company at Moose Factory during the years 1878-1884. After the moss was collected and sorted it was sprinkled with a weak solution of carbolic acid. When nearly dry it was stored in a jar with a tight cover until used. In using it a thin cotton dressing was laid on the wound or sore, then a layer of moss, and the whole dressing wrapped with a bandage. Dr. Haydon found it best to keep the sphagnum with a small amount of antiseptic moisture in it, as it breaks up and becomes dusty when thoroughly dried.

Sphagnum was used, or at least recommended for use, during both the Napoleonic and Franco-Prussian wars, and was employed to a limited extent in the Russo-Japanese war.

It was not, however, until the present world war broke out that it became extensively employed as a modern surgical dressing.

Shortly after the war was declared in 1914 Dr. C. W. Cathcart, an Edinburgh surgeon and a lieutenant-colonel in the medical corps of the British army, began experimenting with sphagnum in one of the Scottish hospitals. The first published account of these experiments, together with the general account of the moss as a surgical dressing, appeared in the 'Scotsman' of November, 1914. Dr. Cathcart then formed an organization for collecting and preparing the peat moss for surgical pads in Edinburgh. This was the first organization formed for this purpose among the Allied nations. In September, 1915, a second one was established in the south of Ireland by the Marchioness of Waterford. The work thus begun was so promising that new organizations sprang up all over Scotland and Ireland under the War Dressing Supply Organization in Edinburgh and the Irish War Hospital Supply Depot in Dublin. During this experimental stage there was considerable opposition to this kind of surgical pad, but as time went on and the method of making the dressings was improved this opposition disappeared, and in February, 1916, the British War Office accepted them as 'official' dressings. With this recognition and organization the work rapidly increased, so that during the summer of 1918 the sphagnum pads produced by Great Britain are numbered in the millions per month, Scotland alone being asked to supply 4,000,000 sphagnum dressings a month.

In America the sphagnum work on a large scale has been more recent. During the summer of 1916 Dr. J. B. Porter, of McGill University, became interested in peat moss for surgical dressings. Samples were collected in eastern Canada, especially in Nova Scotia, and sent to Britain for approval. It was late in the season before definite reports could be obtained from these samples, so little was done before the bogs were frozen.

In the spring and summer of 1917 this work was continued by the Canadian Red Cross under the direction of Dr. Porter. Although no very large number of dressings were made, yet the organization was extended and perfected, and the bogs containing the desirable moss located, so that if the demand became more urgent the production of this kind of dressing could be readily pushed. This demand came in January, 1918, in the form of an order from the British War Office for 20,000,000 sphagnum surgical dressings. The Canadian Red Cross is thus doing extensive work along this line during 1918. . . .

Although sphagnum for surgical dressings has been largely the result of the present war, a make-shift for a necessity that had arisen, yet there seems every reason for believing that it is not going to be discarded after the war ends. The inexpensiveness of the moss, its high absorbency, its abundance in certain parts of the country and its undoubted superiority over gauze and absorbent cotton for some purposes, clearly indicated that it is too important as a hospital equipment to let die with the war.

Have you noticed the special 'World Wide' Club offers for you and your friends on the inside front cover?

Passing Events.

The Belgian King and Queen made a state entry into Bruges on Friday.

On the opening day of the Victory Loan Ontario reported \$12,160,600. Toronto rolled up a total of \$2,202,950. Quebec city \$2,500,000, and Montreal \$6,300,000.

General Ludendorff, the German Chief of Staff and collaborator with General Hindenburg, has resigned.

The decision of the Allies regarding the armistice proposals of the enemy powers will be made at the Versailles Conference, the sessions of which opened on Tuesday, October 29th.

Diplomatic advices from Amsterdam to Washington, say that the peasants in Lithuania have revolted, and are fighting the German troops.

Theodore Roosevelt is opposed to the adoption in their entirety of President Wilson's fourteen points, which he considers 'thoroughly mischievous' as a basis of peace. 'Let us dictate peace by the hammering guns and not chat about peace to the accompaniment of the clicking of typewriters.'

Although the Germans in France and Flanders are still strenuously resisting the Allied attempts to break their line, they are steadily giving way under the force of the attacks. South of Valenciennes Field Marshal Haig's forces have advanced their line in the general operation which has in view the capture of Valenciennes, and are pressing on toward Mons and Mauberge. Farther south, from the Oise River to the region of Rethel, the French have gained a signal victory by forcing a retreat of the enemy in the big salient north of Laon, and are threatening to cause the collapse of the entire German line eastward through a fast turning movement. The Americans north-west of Verdun are also pressing back the enemy, and have opened fire on Longuyon.

During a heavy gale on Friday the C. P. R. steamer 'Princess Sophia,' bound from Skagway, Alaska, for Vancouver, was wrecked on Vanderbilt reef in Lynn Canal between Skagway and Juneau. All the passengers and crew, numbering 336 persons, and including men, women and children, lost their lives.

General Diaz has begun a new offensive in northern Italy, and the battle is proceeding on a front of fifty miles, from the Asiago region, to a point on the Piave between Treviso and Oderzo. The Italians and British are across the Piave on the whole thirty-mile front between Val Dobbiadene and Roncadelle, and have advanced as far as Vayolla. The attack seriously threatens the important railway points of Conegliano and Oderzo. Fifteen thousand prisoners have already been taken.

Turkey has independently presented peace proposals to the Entente nations, according to a report from Constantinople, forwarded by the correspondent at Copenhagen of the Exchange Telegraph Company.

On the heels of the German evacuation of the Lithuanian districts east of the Brest-Litovsk demarcation line, detachments of the Red Army of the Russian Bolsheviks followed and are reported to be extending the Red Terror among the defenceless inhabitants.

The Duke of Devonshire was among the first to subscribe to the Victory Loan of 1918. He says:—'I have every confidence that the patriotism of the Canadian people which has so nobly sustained every duty and obligation imposed by the war will again respond to the appeal and that the Victory Loan of 1918 will be even a more striking and notable success than that of last year.'

British troops in Mesopotamia have forced a passage of the Lesser Zab near its mouth, in conjunction with cavalry, which crossed the river seven miles further upstream. A later movement turned the left flank of a Turkish force holding the angle formed by the junction of the Lesser Zab with the Tigris, and assisted the main body to drive the enemy across the Tigris to the western bank.

The Austro-Hungarian Government, in reply to President Wilson's note, accepts all the conditions which the President laid down for an armistice and peace, and 'declares itself ready, without awaiting the result of other negotiations, to enter into negotiations upon peace between Austro-Hungary and the States in the opposing group, and for an immediate armistice upon all Austro-Hungarian fronts. It asks Pre-

sident Wilson to be so kind as to begin overtures on this subject.'

General Pershing, by direction of Secretary Baker, acted as President Wilson's representative in presenting the Distinguished Service Medal to Marshals Foch, Joffre and Haig, and to Generals Petain, Diaz and Gillian, chief of staff of the Belgian Army. General Pershing himself received the same decoration at the hands of General Tasker H. Bliss.

Up to Monday noon 610 municipalities in the Province of Quebec had reported to the Central Board of Health the outbreak of influenza, with a total of 93,793 cases and 1,936 deaths, not including Montreal. In Montreal there is a slight improvement, the deaths on Saturday numbering 94. For the two succeeding days the average was 107, and on Tuesday the deaths totalled 69. There is a decided abatement of the epidemic in Toronto, and it is expected that the churches there will be reopened on Sunday. In Western Canada there is no abatement, and the disease is spreading rapidly in Winnipeg, Edmonton, Regina, and other centres.

King Boris III, the new monarch of Bulgaria, has completed by his accession to the throne a trinity of young Balkan rulers. The Prince Regent of Serbia, King Alexander of Greece and he are all of them in their twenties.

The 'Cologne Volks Zeitung' says a congress of German bishops has asked the Pope to exercise his influence in favor of a just peace, which will prevent the Allies from destroying Germany.

Dr. Oertel, of the Montreal Civic Board of Health, stated on Thursday that alcohol was not a preventive of influenza, and a great deal of harm might be done by its abuse. The Board decided to prohibit advertisements which claimed that alcohol prevented the disease.

A world's sweepstakes prize for wheat has been awarded to Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, Canada, by the International Soil Products Exposition at Kansas City.

Sir Robert Borden and other Cabinet ministers addressed a great gathering in Queen's Park, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon, on the subject of the Victory Loan. From 30,000 to 50,000 people were present.

The All-Russian Government, on invitation of the Siberian Government, has transferred its official seat to Omsk, and a treasury has been instituted for the levying of taxes. On the Ural front the enemy is reported to be retreating. General Boldyreff has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the Russian forces. It is reported from Omsk that the all-Russian Government will soon address a note to President Wilson regarding Allied support to Russia against Germany.

Montreal's quota of the 'Snowball Brigade' left the city on Thursday morning for a Pacific port, where they will link up with the other units from various parts of the Dominion which will make up the infantry brigade, to which Canada contributes two battalions for service in Siberia.

The Vatican publishes the text of a letter which Cardinal Mercier received from Herr von Der Lancker, chief of the German political cabinet at Brussels. The writer says:—'I am charged by the Governor-General and by my Government to announce that when the time comes for our evacuating your territory, we shall release of our own free and good-will Belgians who have been deported. I am happier in conveying to you this declaration, which will rejoice your heart, in that it has been impossible for me to spend four years in the midst of Belgians without esteeming them and without appreciating their patriotism at its true worth.'

In Albania the Austrians have been driven by the Italians to the region of Alessio, which lies twenty miles south-east of Scutari, just south of the Montenegro border. In Serbia the Austrians have evacuated Kraguievatz, 55 miles

south-east of Belgrade, and are still in retirement toward the Danube.

In the vicinity of Toronto on Wednesday, two messengers in the express car of the Buffalo and Niagara Express were held up and tied by a masked man at the point of a revolver, and relieved of a package said to have contained \$20,000. The robber then leaped from the train at Sunnyside, ran into High Park and commandeered an auto, levelling his gun at the motorist's head, and escaped.

Emperor Charles has appointed Count Julius Andrassy to succeed Baron Burian as Foreign Minister and President of the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet Council.

A protest against any peace terms dictated by President Wilson alone, and not representative of American public opinion through Senate consideration of the peace treaty, was made in the Senate on Monday by Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, Republican, and former Secretary of State.

A revolution has broken out in Montenegro, according to a despatch from Laibach. The revolutionists, who include Albanian soldiers, have seized Cetinje, Scutari and Rieka. The Austro-Hungarians are evacuating the country.

The historic old town of Denain on Saturday rendered a touching tribute of thanks to the Prince of Wales, as representative of the British Government, General Currie, commander of the Canadian Army Corps, and the Commander of the Fourth Canadian Division, including a number of Quebec units, which freed Denain from the enemy. The old men of the town presented a banner to the province of Quebec. The reception of the royal representative was attended by elaborate ceremonies.

Famine conditions in Russia are reported to be 'appallingly critical,' and food supplies for Petrograd children are urgently needed.

The trial of Joseph Caillaux, at one time Premier of France, on a charge of high treason, began in Paris on Tuesday.

Hungary has definitely revolted and formed an indefinite anti-dynastic State, under the leadership of Count Karolyi, in co-operation with the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs, according to a Vienna despatch to the Politiken.

The important city of Aleppo was occupied by British cavalry and armored cars on Saturday morning, after slight opposition. Field-Marshal Liman von Sanders, the German commander of the Turkish forces, withdrew 10,000 of his 12,000 troops and retired toward Katma. With the fall of Aleppo the Turkish forces facing the British army in Mesopotamia are in a more or less precarious condition. The railway from Aleppo has been their main source of supply, and the cutting of the line renders it useless to the Turks.

The War Veterans' Association of Canada has addressed a letter to the Prime Minister asking that the Government will make idle lands, held unproductive by the railway companies and other corporations and by a multitude of private speculators, available for the purpose of soldier settlement.

The people of Bruges are bitter against some people in Holland who, they say, held up letters smuggled across the border and made known the contents to the Germans, who punished the writers.

Figures made public on the growth of the British navy during the war show that the fleet, including auxiliaries, increased from 2,500,000 tons displacement to 6,500,000 tons, and the personnel from 146,000 to 406,000. Since the outbreak of the war 21,500,000 soldiers have been transported by sea, of which 4,391 were lost.

To introduce 'World Wide' to a friend is to earn his lasting gratitude.

Concerning Things Literary.

COMMUNION.

(By Geoffrey F. Fyson, in the 'Graphic,' London.)

You ghosts of those who fell
With hearts still flush'd with the first ecstasies,
Why do you leave your lofty citadel?
Ever your wistful, unapparent eyes
Peer through each darken'd doorway, and your hands,
Vibrant, intangible,
Hover, and strive to touch us in the street;
Ever the soundless feet
Follow, and leave no trace upon the sands.

Though no dim voices speak,
Foil'd by your blood and ours, Death can not seal
The spirit's ears; we know you vainly seek
The faith unfalt'ring and the primal zeal.
Breathe from your burnished lips upon our clay;
Again that dawn shall break
When Honor handed us her flame-white sword,
And we, with one accord,
Sped to the hills to greet the refulgent day.

CRUSADE.

(By C. F. Davis, in the 'Arkansas Gazette'.)

Long sealed, the gates of history swing wide.
Out of the hoary past old heroes ride
Into the light of living time again—
Richard the Lion Heart takes up his reign;
Tancred, De Bouillon, Philip of Artois,
Hugh,
Robert of Flanders and his retinue,
Robert the Norman and his fighting men,
Crusader, templar—in a gleaming tide
The knightly pageant passes in review.
Miraged above the desert's lambent sheen
I see the Cross go forth in Palestine.

And though the past is buried in the past
God makes His mighty marvels manifest—
And chivalry rides down to war again.
The dust of cavalry hangs o'er the plain
Of Armageddon; and along the sea
There rides the stalwart horse of Allenby.
In creak of saddlery and clink of chain,
In rolling carbine fire and bugle blast,
The crusade comes again to Galilee.
The ancient palms that over Jordan lean—
They see the Cross go forth in Palestine.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.*

(The 'Times,' New York.)

In a very brief 'Foreword' Mrs. Ward states that this new novel of hers was 'finished in April, 1918, and represents the mood of a supremely critical moment in the war.' The novel itself ends in that same terrible month of April, 1918, the month when Sir Douglas Haig issued his famous Order of the Day, declaring that 'every position must be held to the last man,' the month when England stood 'with her back to the wall,' fighting for her life and for the freedom of the civilized world against the oncoming, seemingly irresistible assault of the Hun. But desperate though the situation then seemed, the 'mood' the book expresses is by no means a mood of despair. Pamela, writing to her soldier lover, says: 'Don't imagine that I ever doubt for a moment'; Elizabeth herself declares: 'England will never yield,' and even the selfish Squire Mannering asks that he and all that is his may be used 'for the country.'

It is this closing part of the book, the part which may be said to begin with Desmond's letter to his sister, which is far and away the most interesting. And it is interesting by and of itself because of its own vividness and truth, and not on account of anything that has gone before. We are moved by it because it has

*'Elizabeth's Campaign.' By Mrs. Humphry Ward. With frontispiece. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.

both the effect and the substance of reality. The awful strain of the weeks of waiting for the German offensive to begin—we knew something of it over here, though our tension was but slight in comparison. And every hour young men like Desmond were then, and are now, meeting their fate as he met his, fathers and sisters suffering as the Squire and Pamela suffered.

We recognize the truth of these last chapters, but—and herein lies the weakness of the book—we do not care one single bit the more because we have already gone through very many pages in the company of the little group of people who stood about Desmond's bed. It is the thing itself that matters, and not the fact that it happened to these particular persons; detached from the rest of the novel, the incidents of these last weeks would be just as effective and just as affecting. For the impression which the book as a whole leaves upon the mind of the reader is this: that Mrs. Ward cares very greatly about the war and very little about her characters or about the story she has to tell. A great deal of the novel is perfunctory, full of repetitions, and drags so badly as to become extremely wearisome. Elizabeth herself ought to be both interesting and likable; but the vital spark is not in her. The author has bestowed many admirable qualities upon her; she is described as being efficient, intelligent, just, generous, warm-hearted; but she is never real. Edmund Mannering, the Squire of Mannering Hall, who is in some ways the most important character in the book, has been drawn with a sort of enforced care, a care which seems due to the author's conscientiousness, and not to her interest; he is not one whit more alive than is Elizabeth.

The book gives a slight glimpse of rural England in wartime, but it is a very slight glimpse indeed. We would gladly have dispensed with Mannering's numerous and tedious reveries and heard more about the work of the War Agricultural Committee, and had a few more details about the food rationing which Mannering tried so hard to ignore and Elizabeth plotted to enforce. There are two young girls in the book, Beryl Chicksands and Pamela Mannering; both are beautiful, of course, and each has a love story. Pamela, though herself a patriot, is intensely jealous of Elizabeth, and helps to make her way more difficult, thereby producing some of the complications needed to carry on the story. The Squire's two elder daughters—he had no fewer than five children—represent each a type, one the woman who is lax about observing war regulations, the other the woman who is overstringent. The very brief scene in Mrs. Strang's London house, where the wife who had formerly been proud of her little dinners now did her own cooking, and the husband, 'a distinguished Home Office official,' brought the coal up from the cellar, provides an interesting interlude, as does the outbreak of the Socialist engineer, who was an Englishman first and a Socialist afterward.

THE POLITICAL FRAMEWORK OF CANADA.*

(The 'Times' Literary Supplement, London.)

This is a book in an American series entitled 'Government Handbooks,' which does not mean, as might be interpreted, handbooks bearing the imprimatur of Government, but handbooks describing and explaining the systems of government adopted by various peoples. The editors, in the very candid introduction, refer only to two peoples, 'which are the immediate neighbors of the United States,' Mexico and Canada; and the present book deals with Canada, the author being Mr. Edward Porritt, a practised writer and journalist, who, as he tells us in his preface, is an Englishman living in the State of Connecticut and who has made a life study of the history and working of British political institutions, especially in Canada. The book is written for the immediate benefit of American citizens; and it is very interesting to note that, while Lord Durham's Report, the original fountain-head

of self-government in Canada and all the British Dominions, repeatedly held up the United States as a model for Canada, the American editors' introduction to this book states that 'the administration of justice, of cities, and of local institutions in Canada shows clear superiority over their counterparts in the United States,' and that 'in one respect Parliamentary government,' in other words, responsible government on British lines, 'is most impressive, and that is in its capacity promptly to determine the popular will upon a vital issue. An American presidential election seldom effects this.' It is not always sufficiently borne in mind that the pioneer of the self-governing Dominions was peculiarly situated. No other of the present Dominions had a self-governing nation of British origin upon its borders. This fact made self-government a more urgent and more imperative matter for Canada than for other parts of the Empire; and, while the special conditions of Canada thus made it the prototype in self-government, for the selfsame reason it is necessary to be circumspect in drawing deductions from Canada and applying them to other Dominions.

Mr. Porritt constantly uses the rather difficult phrase 'political civilization,' and his book may perhaps be summed up as a record of the political civilization of Canada. In other words, it is partly a history and partly an analysis of past institutions and present government. Both parts of the work have been well and clearly done; but it must have been as difficult for him to decide, as it is for a reviewer to try to determine, what proportion of a 'Government Handbook' of Canada should be given to history, and how much to analysis. As the book is avowedly a record of political evolution—and most rightly so, for in no country in the world has the course of political evolution been so clearly marked as in Canada—more justice might have been done to the constitutions given to the Canadian provinces by the Act of 1791, to which Mr. Porritt constantly refers as the Quebec Act of 1791, while the Act of 1774 is generally given the exclusive use of the term Quebec Act. The grant of representative institutions without responsible government was a stage in evolution, and a very valuable stage, educating the people in Parliamentary government before giving them full Parliamentary powers. Because the system broke down and responsible government became inevitable, it does not follow that it had not its use or that responsible government would have been for the benefit of Canada fifty years earlier. Nearly all the Dominions passed through this intermediate stage, the principal exceptions being the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, no mention of which is made in the summary of the Dominions on page 3. Again the author makes no reference to the powers which Lord Durham would have withheld in granting responsible government, nor does he note that the Union Act of 1840 did not effect the union which Lord Durham recommended; it federated the two Canadas rather than united them. But the account of the Dominion Senate is one of the best parts of this excellent book. It would have been still better if it had been contrasted with the Second Chamber in other British Dominions and the contrast explained. What is the explanation of the fact that, while Canada deliberately went back to a nominated Senate, Australia deliberately framed a Senate more democratic than the Lower House? Why, again, has the two-party system held the field so exclusively in Canada? Why has there never been a Parliamentary Labor party in Canada, whereas in Australia Labor has borne rule alike in States and in Commonwealth? These and many other questions are suggested by Mr. Porritt's book. It provides so much that the temptation is to ask for more. But the book gives in not a few respects the clearest and the most outspoken account of political conditions in Canada that has yet been given; the weak points are emphasized as well as the strong. It is shown how perpetually what may be called preferential treatment has been accorded to Quebec and the French Canadians: how conflicting in a growing degree are the interests of East and West. Political corruption is not glossed over or minimized; but notwithstanding, 'Canadian political life in most of its aspects is much more akin to political life in England than to political life in the

United States.' There is some confusion on page 59, which should be put right. In one paragraph Australia and New Zealand are spoken of as British colonies in 1783; in the next it is rightly stated that at that date there were no British settlements in either Australia or New Zealand.

MR. HEWLETT'S NEW POEM.*

(The 'New Statesman,' London.)

It has been remarked before in these pages that Mr. Hewlett is a poet who grows the better the greater the length he fills. His most successful work up to now has been his long and ambitious 'Song of the Plough.' His latest composition is a poem of thirteen or fourteen hundred lines, a compass which gives him the opportunities he requires; and he has taken these opportunities, and produced a poem of great beauty. It is a lament put into the mouth of a young village woman whose husband, a shepherd, is killed in the war, and whose child dies soon afterwards.

For such a work Mr. Hewlett's style has one obvious defect. His vocabulary contains a store of words which would, at the best, seem affected, and which are particularly inappropriate in the village wife's mouth. They are precious and 'poetical' words; and though they do not by any means form the staple of Mr. Hewlett's diction, the reader is liable on any page to discover a 'haut king' or to learn that 'the bee pills nothing for himself,' or that 'many a sapless ghost wails in sorrow-fare.' In another writer these sudden excursions into Wardour Street might very well destroy any effect at which he aimed; but it is the peculiar triumph of Mr. Hewlett's sincerity that here these blemishes no more disturb the reader's enjoyment of the poem than might so many misprints. They are, indeed, forgotten as soon as read, though they are especially out of place in a piece of which straightforwardness, simplicity and sincerity are the main virtues. It was no easy task to make the village wife utter her complaint credibly and touchingly in fifty pages of verse. To have made her do so in spite of the handicap of these unfortunate words is a feat which, while in itself it reflects no credit on Mr. Hewlett's talent and gives no special pleasure to the reader, does admirably prove the reality of the feeling underlying the poem.

And, in fact, the sorrowful little tale is told with a touching and convincing simplicity. Nancy has no more to say than that she was one of a family of five girls, that she fell in love and went away into service before the young man spoke, that at last he wrote to her and called for her, that they were married and were happy for a little while, that her man joined the Army and was killed, that afterwards her baby was born and soon died. But her complaint is made with a verisimilitude, a grace and tenderness and pathos that must be experienced to be fully understood and cannot be conveyed by description or quotation. As is very usual with Mr. Hewlett's best work, the appeal of the poem is in itself as a whole; and the most beautiful passages are less remarkable when extracted than in their proper place. This is due in part no doubt to the peculiar rhythms of Mr. Hewlett's versification, which have a cumulative, rather than a sudden, effect. But it is also due to the fact that Mr. Hewlett has successfully conceived his composition as a whole, and given to a long poem the unity and consistency of a song. Yet there are stanzas which may be quoted, in default of a better method of indicating the poem's beauty. Those which describe Nancy's childhood are of a particular grace and truth:

That little old house that seems to stoop
Yellow under thatch,
Like a three-sided chicken-coop,
Where, if you watch,
You'll see the starlings go and come
All a spring morn—
Half of that is my old home
Where I was born.

*'The Village Wife's Lament.' By Maurice Hewlett. Secker. 3s. 6d. net.

*'Evolution of the Dominion of Canada; its Government and its Politics.' By Edward Porritt. (New York 'World' Book Company, 7s. 6d. net.)

... How we did do on Father's money
Is more than I can tell;
There was the money from the honey,
And Mother's work as well;
For she did work with no more rest
Than the buzzing bees,
And the sight I knew and lov'd the best
Was Mother on her knees.

The verses in which Nancy tells how the thought of her love first came to her are more moving:

On winter mornings dark and hard,
White from aching bed,
There were the huddled fowls in yard
All to be fed.
My frozen breath stream'd from my lips,
The cows were hid in steam;
I lost sense of my finger-tips
And milkt in a dream.

My drowsy cheek fast to her side,
The pail below my arm,
My thought leapt what might me betide,
And soon I was warm.
For that gave me a beating heart
And made me hot thro',
As when you reckon, with a start,
Someone speaks of you.

And in a fiercer, more painful, sort, there is the dream in which Nancy sees her man in France:

Along the limits of the wood,
A green bank full of holes,
With lichen'd stumps which lean'd or stood
Like crazy channel poles:
'Twas there I saw my love's drawn face,
A face of paper-white,
Wherein just for a choking space
His eyes shone burning bright;

Then faded, and an eyeless man,
He crawled along the wood,
And from his hair a black line ran
And broaden'd into blood.
It was not horror of him wrong'd,
It was not pity mov'd me;
It was, those tortur'd eyes belong'd
To one who'd never lov'd me.

These are not the only vivid pictures which illuminate the poem. There are sketches of the school-children playing, of the servants in the town house where Nancy takes a place, of the shepherd (her lover), and of the country in which they lived, which are as admirably done, and might also be transcribed here were there space enough.

But neither these, nor those which have been quoted, beautiful though they are, are adequate as specimens of a whole which so much transcends the sum of its parts. Mr. Hewlett has written a real English pastoral, not less lovely or charming because ultimately its color is more sombre than that which one usually looks for in pastoral poetry. He observes in a note that: 'I have put into the mouth of my village wife thoughts which she may never have formulated, but which, I am very sure, lie in her heart, too deep for any utterance but that of tears. If I know anything of village people I know this: that they shape their lives according to Nature, and are outraged to the root of their being by the frustration of Nature's laws and the stultification of man's function in the scheme of things.' The poem is therefore not to be understood as in any way an expression of the author's resentment against the fact of war. It is too truly a work of art to be that. It is rather a faithful expression of one of the facts of war; and it can only be taken secondarily as a tract against the 'madness which has procured the greatest disaster of recorded time.' It owes its validity as a work of art to the fact that it truly represents a true conception of a certain emotion in a certain spirit in certain surroundings; and perhaps it would be best to read it only as this and to be thankful for a great poem. Yet the secondary consideration must be noticed, if only because all fine works of art, however intended, do touch the spirit to ethical judgments and resolutions. In this aspect it is a passionate protest against war, a pathetic, but not half-hearted, acceptance of 'defensive war, of war to save the lives of our children, of war

to save humanity itself.' But it derives its value as a comment on history from its value as a poetic conception; and of this value two opinions are scarcely possible. It is a noble and lovely poem, one of the most beautiful produced by the war, and the crown of Mr. Hewlett's achievement.

CHINA IN TRANSITION.*

(The 'Spectator,' London.)

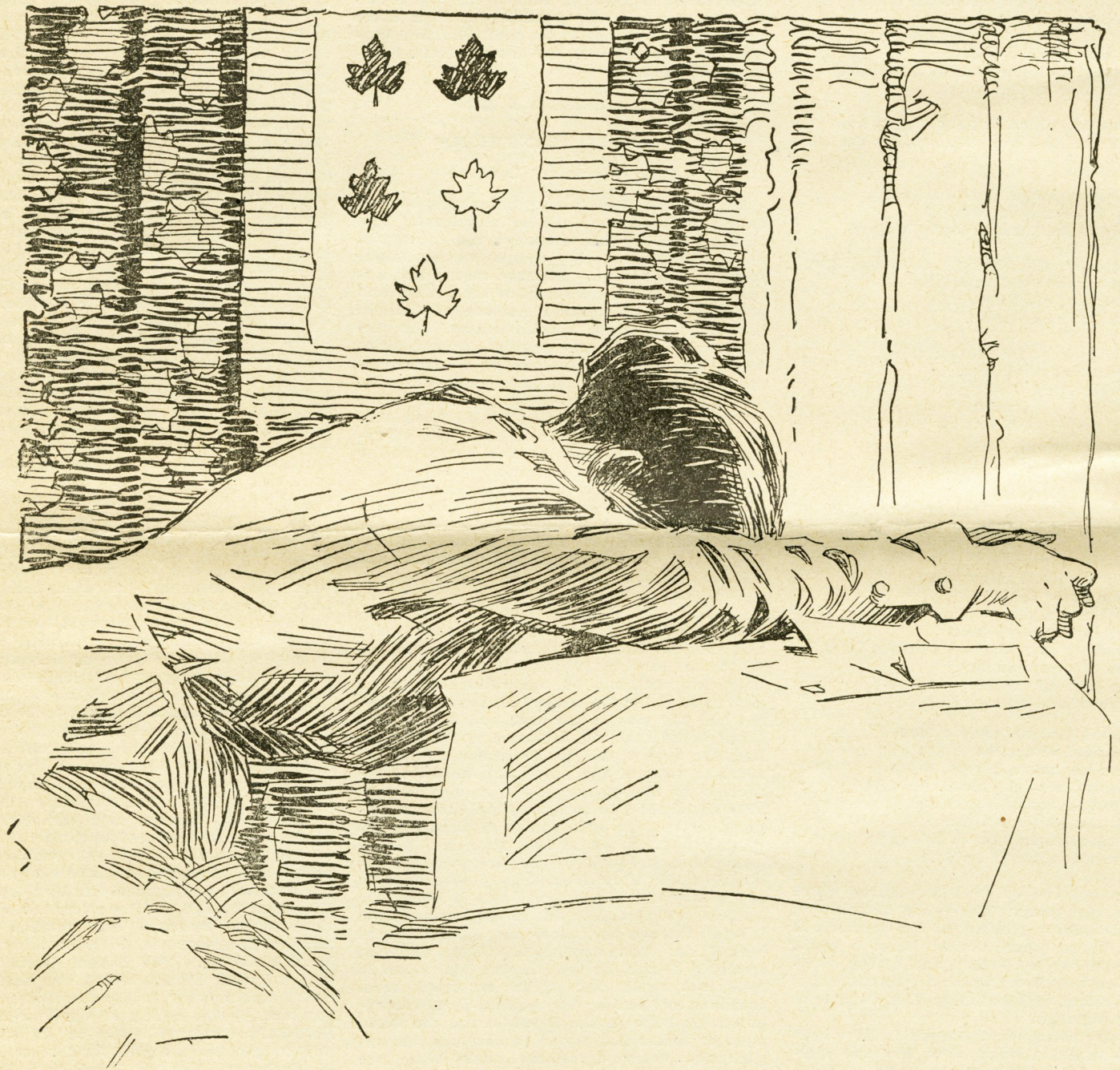
Mr. Putnam Weale's very interesting book is announced as a 'semi-official' statement. This is borne out by his extensive use of official documents, which he claims as a unique feature of his work. Another strong point is the fullness of his treatment of the careers and achievements of a large number of Chinese statesmen, generals, administrators, and 'intellectuals.' But the special opportunities which Mr. Weale has enjoyed by his long residence in and official connection with China do not make for complete detachment. It is too much to say, as he does in the first sentence of his Preface, that 'this volume tells everything that the student or the casual reader needs to know about the Chinese question.' His book tells us a great deal that is valuable, informing, and enlightening, but its tone is controversial. Throughout he adopts a highly and often hostile attitude to Japan, while admitting her great industrial achievements and political genius, and he condemns foreign diplomats, with rare exceptions, for their indifference, their obscurantism, and their acquiescence in or active support of reactionary and absolute ideals. Yet when all deductions are made for his Sinophil leanings and his fiery temperament, he unquestionably shows good ground for the contention that China has not had fair play in the past, and for his confident belief that 'the influence of the Chinese Republic cannot fail to be ultimately world-wide, in view of the practically unlimited resources in man-power which it disposes of.' This would seem to indicate possibilities of aggression, but the true genius of China, as he interprets it, is not militaristic, but peace-loving, and 'rational,' though 'she will fight for Manchuria if it is impossible to recover it in any other way,' since 'Manchuria is absolutely Chinese.' The remedy lies in the hands of the Liberal Powers, on whose side China ranged herself in February, 1917. The financial scramble started by the Russian War Loan in 1895 must cease, and China be freed from economic subjection; 'the politico-economic relationship between the Republic and the world must be remodelled at the earliest possible opportunity, every agreement made since the treaties of 1860 being carefully and completely revised.' Mr. Weale urges the using of the Parliament of China as an instrument of reform instead of regarding it as 'an experimental thing,' since it is solely by using this instrument that satisfactory results can be attained in questions of currency, taxation, railways, &c. Again, he holds that the undertakings extorted by Japan in 1915 under the threat of an ultimatum must be revised, and the legitimate aspirations of the Korean people satisfied, before a true peace between China and Japan can be made possible. In other words, the whole Japanese theory of suzerainty on the Eastern Asiatic Continent must be abandoned. If this can be secured, 'the present conflict will have truly been a War of Liberation for the East as well as the West.' Incidentally we may note Mr. Weale's statement that China hopes and believes that Britain will never again renew in its present form the Japanese Alliance, which expires in 1921, particularly now that an Anglo-American Agreement has been made possible, since 'it is to America and to England that China looks to rehabilitate herself and to make her Republic a reality.' His conclusion is that 'a China that is henceforth not only admitted to the family of nations on terms of equality but welcomed as a representative of Liberalism and a subscriber to all those sanctions on which the civilization of peace rests, will directly tend to adjust

*'The Fight for the Republic in China.' By B. L. Putnam Weale. With 20 illustrations. London: Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.

every other Asiatic problem and to prevent a recrudescence of those evil phenomena which are the enemies of progress and happiness.

These claims and conclusions are set out in the final chapter of the book. The justification of them is to be found in the body of the volume, which gives in narrative form the events from the Revolution of 1911 down to the summer of 1917. In a brief retrospect Mr. Weale sketches the decay and collapse of the Manchu dynasty, an absolutism based, as he holds, on make-believe, yet potent for evil through the maintenance of its traditions and machinery. The rise, decline, and fall of Yuan Shih-kai occupy two-thirds of the book, and the character and achievements of that remarkable man have probably never been so exhaustively discussed before. Mr. Weale calls him an enigma, but offers a solution. He might have been the saviour of China, but he was perverted into becoming her evil genius through ambition, and the support of foreign advisers and diplomatists. Ruthless and unscrupulous in action, he nearly always adopted a middle or temporizing course in policy. He saw that China's development depended on Western aid and Western science, yet strove to maintain the corrupt centralization which alienated the best native elements and estranged the provinces. Mr. Weale speaks more than once of Yuan Shih-kai's consummate ability in diplomacy; but he never regained the confidence of Japan from the day of his strange attack on the Japanese Legation in Seoul in 1884, and though for many years he went from strength to strength, fear of Japan was the dominant factor in his later years. The Revolution of 1911 brought him his opportunity; but 'he deliberately followed the policy of holding back and delaying everything until the very incapacity of both sides—Revolutionists quite as much as Manchus—forced him, as man of action and diplomacy, to be acclaimed the sole mediator and saviour of the nation.' The gradual phases of his progress from Provisional President to Dictator; the means by which he endeavored to consolidate his position, by stifling Parliamentary opposition, assassination, bribery, and intimidation; his secret support, tempered by public disavowals, of the monarchist plot; his employment of native and foreign pamphleteers to spread the monarchical propaganda, leading up to the King-making Bill and the gerrymandered election—all the romance and realism of this strange tragi-comedy loses nothing in Mr. Weale's telling. The Dream Republic faded into a Dream Empire which was shattered by the 'People's voice' in the Revolution of Yunnan and by the action of the Powers. Yuan Shih-kai's end was tragic in its suddenness and completeness, for he lived to see the ruin of his hopes. But Mr. Weale holds him more sinned against than sinning. 'Briefly, when all the facts are properly grouped, it can be said that Yuan Shih-kai was killed by his foreign friends—by the sort of advice he had been consistently given 'in Constitutional Law, in Finance, in Politics, in Diplomacy.' As for foreign official response, 'not one trace of genuine statesmanship, not one flash of altruism, was ever seen save the American flash in the pan of 1913, when President Wilson refused to allow American participation in the great Reorganization Loan because he held that the terms on which it was to be granted infringed China's sovereign rights.'

In an epilogue Mr. Weale pays a handsome tribute to President Li Yuan-hung for his patriotic services to the Republic, and describes the difficulties which he had to overcome to convert the Military Party to the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany. But it was not till after the Imperialist Restoration plot of June, 1917, had failed that the declaration of war against Germany and Austria became possible. The chief obstacle, in Mr. Weale's view, was not so much internal division as the menace of Japanese action. The origin of the famous Twenty-one Demands of Japan submitted in January, 1915, in terms which would have reduced China to vassalage, and ultimately accepted by her in the following May in a modified but still humiliating form, is traced by Mr. Weale to a remarkable document issued by the Japanese Black Dragon Society, which he prints at length without vouching for its absolute authenticity.



Confronted as we are by those who have given their all, dare we set a limit to our own sacrifices in Freedom's cause?

Our hearts and our sense of duty to God and humanity must answer the question:--- "How much is expected of me?"

BUY VICTORY BONDS

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee,
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

THE AUTHOR OF 'HOLDING THE LINE.'

(The 'Sun,' New York.)

Sergeant Harold Baldwin, author of 'Holding the Line,' was born in England, but went to Canada six years before the start of the war. When the call to arms reached a lonely ranch in the Canadian Northwest Baldwin promptly enlisted in the Canadian army. His regiment first saw service early in 1915 on the Ypres front and lost heavily in the terrific battles along the Yser when the German drive for Calais came so near to success. Severely wounded in a trench raid, Baldwin lay for a day and a half helpless and crazed with pain in a shell crater in No Man's Land. When rescued it was too late to save one of his legs. He is an effective speaker and is still doing his bit that way.

TOLSTOY AND THE GREAT WAR.

(The 'Evening Post,' New York.)

It was perhaps fortunate for the author of 'War and Peace' that he did not live to witness the present conflict. His views might not have been popular just now anywhere. He regarded war as not at all the result of this or that man's will, or even this or that group's machination. In his epic of 1812's Armageddon he insists that Napoleon was merely a surface phenomenon, thrown up by that terrific fermentation at Paris, which we know as the French Revolution, but which Tolstoy regarded as merely the centre and starting point of another vast floodtide of west toward east, like the Crusades. The high-water mark of this tidal wave he considers to have been reached at Moscow, shortly after which the ebb began. Leaders mattered little in this race movement, plans and tactics failed to affect the general issue. The great struggle was fated to come, despite all human effort to the contrary, because a million hidden forces pushed and pulled to that effect; and its result had to be what it was, because the very forces were in operation to bring about Napoleon's defeat which raised him to his pinnacle and drove him to lose himself and his grand army in the vast gulf of Russian patriotism.

In order to prove his point that in a war of peoples, such as that of 1812, victory is awarded by fate irrespective of commanders, policies, or battle manoeuvres, Tolstoy goes to great lengths in paradox. For one thing, he has to go much farther than Shaw, and prove that Napoleon was not only human, but also petty and stupid. He wants to prick the bubble of glory history casts about great men. 'If it had not been Napoleon, it would have been some other chap,' he intimates. So he shows Napoleon as a conceited fool, breaking with the Russian Emperor because of vanity, advancing into Russia contrary to his own interest, fighting the battle of Borodino when he should not, wasting a month at Moscow without going either forward or back, and finally deserting his army in its agony. Even the French Emperor's personal appearance and conduct are the subjects of Tolstoy's sarcasm. A drunken Russian serf manages to make a fool of him; his famous influenza, which is supposed to have cost him a decisive victory at Borodino, merely leads him to perpetrate a series of platitudes to his aide while waiting for the battle to commence. During the vast hodge-podge of confused movements, which makes up Borodino, he had, according to Tolstoy, as little power of direction as the meanest of his grenadiers.

Yet Tolstoy is not at all anti-French, although in this book he seems more patriotic than in any of his later works. For him the common man, like his commander, is the creature of hidden and mighty forces. But unlike his commander, the common man is actuated by kindly impulses, which, at times only, the necessity of war, and the vile passions it arouses, smother. If he shows Napoleon cruel and vain, and Murat as the sophisticated and stupid dandy, he also shows grenadiers of the ranks protecting women and saving the lives of children. Russians do not hate French, and French do not desire to exterminate Russians. They average up to about the same level of humanity. And yet some mysterious urge has driven them at each other's throats. If anything, Tolstoy dislikes the German mind most, 'which worships that science it itself has invented.' He constantly ridicules the machine-like calculations of the German generals who were on the Russian staff. In opposition to them and Napoleon, he places the stolid Kutuzov, commander-in-chief and Russian Fabi. This huge, sentimental, Falstaffian creature, who fell asleep at council tables, who staggered along like a drunken person when he walked, who had to be lifted off his horse by two Cossacks, proved the man for Russia's hour of need, because he allowed the unconscious will of the people to express itself in him, because he did not plan battles, but allowed the Russian army to fight when, where, and how it best could, because he foresaw the time when the Russian people would make the French army 'eat horse-flesh,' and was willing to bide that hour.

In Tolstoy's point of view there is considerable truth. But he carries his theorem to extremes. We know that great historic events are not always inevitable, that Gen. Washington might have succumbed to Congress's apathy had not the French arrived. Hindsight is always better than foresight. And Tolstoy had the advantage of knowing how the play was to end when he wrote.

THE PUBLIC BE—WARNED.

("Methodist Guardian.")

A newspaper is a moulder of public opinion, and the conviction is gaining ground that the public which supports the paper has a right to know who controls its policy.

If anyone wishes to buy up a dozen newspapers — Grit, Tory, Socialist, or Labor — he has an undoubted right to do so; but it is generally admitted that the public has a right to know the facts of the case. It is unquestionable that sometimes the policy of the whole country is determined by a few newspapers, and it is essential from the point of view of the public good that the public know just who or what stands back of the course which a newspaper may advocate. If a newspaper has become the mouthpiece of a railway, a big corporation, or a very wealthy man with large interests to protect, the public has a right to know it. The United States has a law to this effect, and we think Canada might safely follow the precedent. All newspapers should be compelled to publish a list of their stock and bond holders. This

might be hard on the man who is trying secretly to influence opinion through the newspapers, but would certainly be of advantage to the public. — "Methodist Guardian."

Some Questions.

Is it not a sorry day for democracy when even the Government of Great Britain and of the British Empire must depend on the support of three publishers rather than on the vote of an intelligent electorate enlightened by an untrammelled press?

Is even Lloyd George in danger of becoming a tool of a self-constituted, autocratic power? Why were millions paid for some of the big English papers on the eve of an election — papers that were asking the Government awkward questions? Where did the millions come from for the purchase of properties which, it may be taken for granted, could not pay current interest on the investment? And if not, what were the inducements that coaxed out these vast sums of money? And to what extent is the unsuspecting public involved? Do the British people like to see such vast power concentrating in the offices of such men as Lord Northcliffe, Lord Beaverbrook and Sir Henry Dalglish? Have they all confidence in the moral purpose of such men? Do they want any three men to constitute themselves the Lords of the Press and of public opinion — with almost unlimited power over the very thinking of the people? Like the Spanish gripe this publisher-plague is breaking out everywhere, and the only hope of true democracy rests with the people. Will they or will they not submit to the direction of a few supermen publishers. Will they support in their own best interests the independent press?

Are we forcing freedom on the German peoples and losing it at home?

Who Then Is Safe?

In the last analysis who presumes to think himself individually able to cope with a tyrant press that has secured its supremacy through the ignorance or the supposed impotence of the masses, or through political pull and capitalistic intrigue?

The very multitude that builds up such a press, the very politicians who enrich and enoble (?) it will be made to bow before it according to its power over them. Its pleasure will be their law for it will "hoodwink" them into thinking its thoughts.

And what can any one expect else of a press that has more force than principle, more cunning than wisdom. The only way the people have of guarding themselves against such a press is to insure, at whatever sacrifice (?) a healthy opposition.

At the expense of being persecuted by a predatory press and the powers in league with such. We must proclaim to the people at large the imminent danger that threatens their future liberty. A danger that is only beginning to be realized by the more alert minds.

"FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED."

If you would be a free man and not a slave: if you would pass on an "intelligent democracy" to your children, you will strike for freedom now against the encroachments of monopolistic and autocratic journalism — that new, insidious conspiracy against democracy! — It works while you sleep; and hides wolfish instincts under the proverbial fleece.

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monopolistic and arrogant pi

"Over" rates inside.

Independent and res...
nalism can yet everywhere
the sinister encroachment
capitalistic and autocratic p
have the prompt co-operation
dom-loving men and women.
wise the increasing cost and uneven
competition will soon eliminate all
publications but those with the largest
bank accounts. Then shall matter be
exalted above mind and might-right
be again the order of the day. The
war is on. It calls for sacrifice. Who
is ready to "go over the top" with us?

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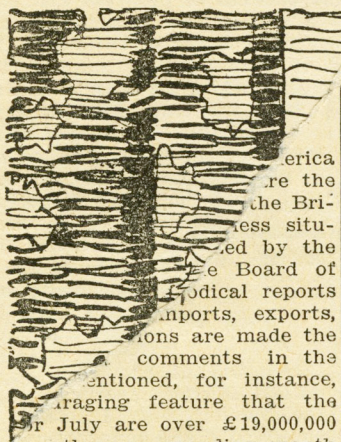
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35 cents, or for a whole year for
a dollar.

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...America are the the British situation, as the Board of Economic Warfare reports, exports, imports, exports, and the comments in the mentioned, for instance, a striking feature that the for July are over £19,000,000, while the exports are £8,000,000 lower—but such figures have actually little significance.

One might as well draw conclusions respecting the normal diet of the community from analyzing the schedule of provisions for a fever hospital. The statistics of to-day's trade afford little guidance for speculation as to the nature of to-morrow's, and still less for any forecast as to what is likely to be the course of trade when the war comes to an end.

The demand for war supplies is more and more pushing everything else out. Any other kind of business connection exists only on sufferance. It is permitted only to the degree which is inevitable if there is to continue a civilian population not too impoverished and enfeebled to back up the efforts of the soldiers at the front.

For the sake mainly of insuring overseas transport for military purposes there was introduced in February, 1916, a policy of restriction of imports by the issue of an order limiting the importation of paper, paper-making material, furniture and woods, hardwoods, tobacco, stones, and slates. Since then the list has been frequently extended, and in February, 1917, a still more drastic step was taken by the absolute prohibition, except under license, of the importation of a large variety of commodities, from fire extinguishers to table waters, from artificial flowers to soya beans, from cloisonné wares to canned lobsters.

Concurrently, the nature of industrial production at home was transformed in obedience to the same demand. Any kind of machinery that was capable of turning out munitions was diverted to that purpose. Instead of swords being beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, steel that would ordinarily have gone into farmers' implements was used as material for guns and belligerent aircraft.

The clothing and allied industries found that the greater part of their output was required to meet the needs of the troops. At first this absorption of the manufacturing resources of the country in filling Government contracts was a voluntary process, but ultimately, in many industries, the whole product of the factories was practically commandeered. "Section after section of industry was taken over," says the official War Cabinet report, "and in wages, prices, and profits from raw material to finished product, was placed under Government control."

It is only lately that the general public has become aware of the significance of this policy. It has been brought home to every householder and every housewife by the discovery that many articles, easily procurable a

years ago, are now no longer to be had. Typewriters are a case in point. It seems only the other day that there was a keen competition for business among the agents of the various makes. So eager were they to get customers that they would offer you a machine for free trial for a month. To-day you may see advertisements from persons who are prepared to give twice the pre-war price of a new machine for a second-hand one of any reputable variety. The reason is that foreign-made typewriters were on the prohibited list of February, 1917, that British typewriter works are now making munitions, and that by this time all the stocks are exhausted.

Similarly, if you have no telephone in your home or office, it is too late to have one installed, whatever sum you offer to pay. There are no spare instruments to be had. A few days ago people were warned not to be in too great a hurry to discard underclothing that in normal times they would consider worn out. Within a short time there will be no goods of this kind available in the stores.

This change in the character of manufacturing production inevitably affects the export trade. You cannot export commodities that are no longer manufactured, nor is there any temptation to send abroad products that, through scarcity, can make a high price at home. These two considerations would operate effectively to discourage export even if there were not also the shortage of shipping and the control of it by the Government. It is of no use to keep one's mills busy to meet the demand of foreign markets if, when the goods are finished, there is no prospect of getting them away.

Not only the manufacturers but the merchants have seen their ordinary routine altered out of all recognition by the new conditions. It is quite clear by this time that 'squeezing out the merchant' is a very definite and resolute Government policy. Every few days a new order is issued prohibiting all commercial transactions in such and such a commodity, except by special Government sanction. In the carrying-out of this policy, the manufacturer is often disposed to co-operate with the Government. The purpose of the Government is to prevent the consumer from paying a penny more than is absolutely unavoidable above the actual maker's charges. The manufacturer, for his part, wishes to eliminate the merchant by direct negotiation or by the formation of a buying—and perhaps a producing—combine. This process is especially noticeable in the sale of iron and steel to firms engaged in the production of munitions.

How the export is being effected is shown by the action lately taken by the iron and steel trades, which have formed a network of defence associations all over the country. These have been welded—that familiar metaphor seems especially appropriate in this connection—into a British Federation of iron, steel, tinplate, and metal merchants, with head offices at 5 East India Avenue, London.

In a sort of manifesto it has just issued the Federation goes so far as to say that the merchant trading community, as a class, is now facing a position little short of disastrous. It complains that the Government has not only taken over the control of trade, but has also taken to trading on its own account, ostensibly to regulate supplies and to prevent profiteering, but, unfortunately—owing no doubt to the inexperience of its officials—with results quite the opposite.

At the same time Government officials have been very indiscreet in dealing with the detailed information

which traders have been compelled to communicate to them. This information has reached their competitors at home and abroad, and the result has been the practical confiscation of their entire business.

'Our export trade,' continues the manifesto, 'with Continental countries such as France, Italy, and Portugal, has been almost entirely taken out of the hands of the merchant traders by whom it was worked up and developed, and handed over to British Government departments and to organizations formed in those countries under official Government sanction (but trading for profit), who have had access to the fullest details of our business, and to whom our Government have in some cases insisted on handing over contracts already definitely entered into between British exporters and their foreign clients, including all profits accruing.' It is predicted that this policy, if persisted in, will result in the utter ruin of the established business of a very considerable section of the community, a section noted for its energy and enterprise, and in the jeopardizing of the whole of British foreign commerce 'by the deliberate scrapping of the organizations of proved efficiency and adaptability through which it has hitherto been conducted, and the substitution for these of an immense bureaucratic organization which will certainly kill all individual initiative and enterprise and by its cast-iron methods drive our overseas customers nolens volens into the arms of our competitors.'

It is pointed out that the restoration of Great Britain's financial position after the war will depend entirely upon the recovery and extension of her export trade. It is feared that the Government departments, which were set up for war conditions only and would not otherwise have been tolerated for a week, desire, if possible, to perpetuate their existence. No bureaucratic organization, however, can ever handle this trade with the efficiency and ability of the merchant traders, whose wide experience of foreign markets—in respect both of the class of merchandise to be supplied and of the methods of finance—is an asset of incalculable value to the nation.

The Federation further alleges that an immense amount of man-power and expenditure could have been saved to the state during the war if, from the outset, the merchant traders of the country had been taken into consultation by the Government equally with the manufacturers and with labor, and had been represented on the various committees appointed by the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Munitions, and the Ministry of Reconstruction. Unfortunately this has not been done, and the interests of merchant traders are practically unrepresented on these committees, which are composed almost entirely of civil servants, and representatives of high finance, manufacturers, and labor.

This manifesto is to be taken very seriously. It is an outcome of a movement that is rapidly spreading among the trades mentioned, and is not likely to be limited to them. The Federation is inviting other classes of the merchant trading community to form similar federations with the same objects. It will not be surprising if the movement extends even beyond the borders of the British Isles. The question, says the secretary of the Federation, is really of international interest, and, in his opinion, it behooves the various Allied Governments to encourage merchants equally with manufacturers to use every endeavor to combat the competition in export trade which will surely be attempted by the present enemy Powers.

By The Way

LA LIBRE BELGIQUE.

(The 'Manchester Guardian'.)

The plucky little publication 'La Libre Belgique,' which the Germans are trying so rigorously to suppress, began its career in February, 1915, announcing boldly that "'La Libre Belgique" will live in spite of persecution, because there is something stronger than Kultur, something stronger than the Germans—the truth!' And, despite the threat of heavy fines, the Belgians persisted in reading the paper. The methods of circulating 'La Libre Belgique,' of course, have always been precarious and without system. The first issue contained the inscription: 'Price, elastic—from zero to the infinite; vendors will please not go beyond the limit.' And under the heading of 'Offices and Administration' we are told: 'Inasmuch as it is impossible for us to have these in a place of complete security, they are located in a car automobile.' In a later issue the editor actually printed (presumably to give the Germans a sporting chance in their attempts to identify the hoards' nest) a photo of this 'cave automobile.' But the authorities were not clever enough to turn the claim to advantage. 'La Libre Belgique' was published 56 times in 1915, 11 times in 1916, and eleven times in the first three months of 1917, and to-day it continues its daring career—mystery and a constant irritation to the enemy.

It has baited them like the Brussels urchins who, after the Battle of the Marne, formed up in ranks outside the offices of Von Bissing, the Governor-General, and when the leader cried 'Nach Paris' (then the watchword throughout German lands) slowly and steadily marched backward. 'Libre Belgique' declared that Von Bissing used to find a copy of each issue mysteriously planted on the middle of his desk, and it gave a telegraphic address as 'Kommandantur, Brussels.' The worst trick that it played the Governor was when, in the middle of its cover, it gave a 'snapshot' of him solemnly sitting reading the 'Libre Belgique,' and underneath, the legend 'Our dear Governor-General, disgusted by the lies of the censored press, seeks the truth in the "Libre Belgique."' After the reward for the discovery of the printers and publishers of the audacious organ was raised to £1,000, at last, finally to £3,000.

POET INVENTED STEREOSCOPIC

(The 'People's Home Journal'.)

How many of us really know the stereoscope—largely used for magnifying photographs of distant places—was the invention of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the American poet and philosopher? There had been in use a crude form of stereoscope, consisting of a box with a hinged lid on the upper side, which was opened to admit light on the photograph. Holmes dispensed with the box, substituting the eye shades still used in cut slits in the projecting board in order that the photograph might be correctly focused. Then he stuck a handle in the bottom for a handle, and the stereoscope was complete. Holmes found the alteration such an improvement that he offered his invention free to several firms. All refused it, however, except Joseph Bates, of Philadelphia, who decided

WAGES FOR JAPANESE GIRLS.

(‘Current Opinion,’ New York.)

One of the most frequently-encountered occupations, the article reveals, is that of teaching music. By giving banjo instruction to a dozen male pupils she earns twenty-five yen (\$12.50) a month—enough to keep body and soul together. In painting, the average price of a picture is fifty to a hundred yen, and there is a constantly increasing number of women artists in Japan. The telephone switchboard is one of the most recent fields of female activity. Every woman with private-school education, from fourteen to thirty-five years old, is eligible for this work, the wages for which are thirty to forty yen a month. A bookkeeper gets 35 to 40 yen a month and there are many women employed in government positions which pay as much as 95 yen a month, a yen being fifty cents in American money. They are mostly stenographers.

The poorest paying job, it seems, is that of teaching in elementary schools. Some of these teachers receive no more than eight yen a month. Japan has yet no women street-car conductors, but women chauffeurs are beginning to make their appearance. A good many women are occupied in newspaper offices, both in an editorial and clerical capacity. The vast majority of Japanese women workers, however, are engaged in factories. In most of them, we read, the work is both physically and morally degrading and the poor toilers earn hardly enough to keep body and soul together.

GERMANS ABANDON THEIR COL- ONY IN PALESTINE

(The 'American Hebrew.')

The sale by the 'Templar' colonists of Saronā, one of the largest German settlements in Palestine, which lies between Jaffa and Petach Tikwah, of all their land and improvements to the Zionists at a price far below its actual value, is accepted in well-informed quarters as an indication that these colonists from the Vaterland realize that the English conquest is to be permanent.

expansion of Jewish undertakings, has long ago brought them under suspicion of being the unwitting tools of the imperial government in a plan to thwart the Zionists. The 'Templars' are good farmers, and in the early stages of the Jewish settlement their superiority, compared to the inexperience of the Jews, was marked. But in the past few years, and especially after the sons of the original colonists began their exodus from the Orient, the status was reversed, and the 'Templars' have latterly been compelled to have recourse to the scientific skill of the Jewish farmers.

Several times during the past ten years the Jews have attempted to buy up Sarona, but heretofore their overtures were rejected. The sale, at this time, and at a price much below what has been offered several times in the past, is held to be significant of the early sale of the other 'Templar' colonies, namely, 'Wilhelmina' and 'Bir Salem,' both in the neighborhood of Jaffa, with a joint area of 13,538 dunam; and Bethlehem and Um el Amed, near Nazareth, with a joint area of 1,500 dunam.

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Your friend's dollar and a quarter jumps in value to \$2.00 overnight. Yours alongside of it catches the profit-making contagion. How so? Your own renewal subscription to "World Wide" when accompanied by a new subscription can be covered by \$2.50 for both, instead of four dollars.

Things New and Old.

A Paris shopkeeper wrote to one of his customers as follows:

'I am able to offer you cloth like the enclosed sample at 9 francs the meter. In case I do not hear from you I shall conclude that you wish to pay only 8 francs. In order to lose no time, I accept the last-mentioned price.' — Pittsburgh 'Chronicle-Telegraph.'

THE SHORTEST VERSE.

We
De
Spise
Flies.
—Cincinnati 'Enquirer.'

Examiner in Physics—"What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?"

Stude—'It goes out.'—Boston 'Transcript.'

Little Joey Jesso was entertaining his sister's nervous admirer, and, after making the usual juvenile remarks on marbles and tops, he suddenly announced:

'Ethel told ma yesterday you was a born politician.'

The young man was delighted, and wishing to know more asked:

"That so? Why does she think that?"

'That's just what ma wanted to know, and Ethel said it's because you can do so much talking without committin' yourself.'—London 'Answers.'

NO SETTLED RESIDENCE.

"Where are you going to lecture to-night, my dear?" inquired Mr. Wise of his wife, a prominent equal-suffrage lecturer.

'I am to address the Cooks' and Housemaids' Union,' she responded.

Her husband laughed.

'I see nothing to laugh at. I know very well that I have as much right to be married as any other woman,' his wife said indignantly.

"I am not denying that, my mildly explained Mr. Wise; 'but' a waste of time. Don't you read that a cook or housemaid never remains long enough in one position to be entitled to a vote?"

Mrs. Wise, recognizing the wisdom of this, canceled her engagement by telephone.—St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'

KEY TO THE MAP ON COVER.

(1) Alsace-Lorraine to be returned by Germany to France; (2) Luxemburg, now occupied by German troops, to be free or joined to Belgium; (3) German Poland to be incorporated, with (4) Russian Poland and (5) Austrian Poland, into a new Polish State; (6) District of Cholm, disputed by Ukraine and Poland, ultimate fate doubtful; (7.) (8.) (9.) (10.) (11.) Estonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, and Finland, each of which may be independent or part of a federated Russia; (12) Murman Coast, in dispute between Russia and Finland; (13) Russia, now in chaos; whether it will be even further split up or become a federated State nearly or fully as large as Imperial Russia is still in doubt; (14) Ukraine, now separated from Russia, may remain independent or be part of a new Russia; this is also true of (15) the Caucasus; (16) Armenia to be definitely freed from Turkish control either as an independent or autonomous State; (17) Rumania proper, which will doubtless form a part of a greater Rumania, including (18) Bessarabia and (19) Transylvania; (20) Czechoslovakia, to be formed as an independent State out of Bohemia and Moravia, parts of Austria-Hungary; (21) Hungary, which, shorn of Transylvania, Croatia, and other lands oppressed by Hungarians, may either be free or remain

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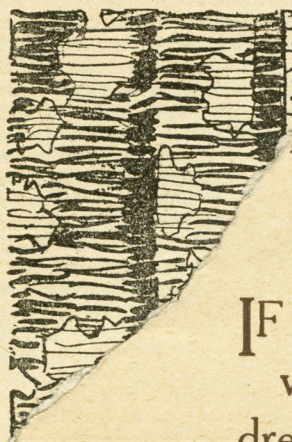
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pin it up where it would be seen.

"Forewarned is Forearmed"

[F you would be a free man and not a slave: if you would pass on an "intelligent democracy" to your children, you will strike for freedom now against the encroachments of monopolistic and autocratic journalism ---that new, insidious conspiracy against democracy! It works while you sleep; and hides wolfish instincts under the proverbial fleece.

"For ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinese
Ain't peculiar."

Had the Kaiser, instead of consulting his army, taken a few lessons in secret intrigue from some of the high placed and most notorious publishers of Britain, Canada and the United States he would have selected, as his Chief of Staff, Boy Ed with his secret service, and his control of the channels of news and of finance, rather than Hindenburg with his noisy guns.

But "Herod outwits Herod" and the Kaiser's vain desire for the more spectacular victory at the head of his military hosts has proved his undoing.

In ridding the world of a Kaiser let us take care that the house swept and garnished does not become the domain of seven spirits worse than he—with new, insidious, and underhand methods of "lording it over the people." The Germans are not the only people too much belorded.

"Over the Top"

Independent and responsible journalism can yet everywhere frustrate the sinister encroachments of the capitalistic and autocratic press if it have the prompt co-operation of freedom-loving men and women. Otherwise the increasing cost and uneven competition will soon eliminate all publications but those with the largest bank accounts. Then shall matter be exalted above mind and might-right be again the order of the day. The war is on. It calls for sacrifice. Who is ready to "go over the top" with us?

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, WITNESS BLDG., MONTREAL.