Wolves of Revolution

Political Murder is Rare in England, but Recent Events in India Show that the Assassin's Bomb is Still a Revolutionary Weapon

The recent bomb outrage in the Indian Parliament is only the latest of a long series of "political" crimes—illegal acts, generally of violence, designed to intimidate, or sometimes even to overthrow, an existing Government or order of society.

Acts of this kind have been much more common on the Continent and in the United States than in Britain, but at one time our shores were a favourite haunt of political refugees—some of them desperate criminals. And, in a few cases at any rate, these people were responsible for sensational happenings over here.

"Ag'in' Every Government"

Partly this was because they were opposed to law and order everywhere; partly because our police had to keep an eye on aliens of this kind, in order that we might not be held responsible for outrages committed abroad, but planned and prepared in Britain. Visits of foreign Royalties were also anxious occasions, as they presented these plotters with new opportunities.

One amazing crime planned thirty-five years ago by a foreign anarchist named Bourdin was the blowing up of Greenwich Observatory. Why he chose the Observatory is a puzzle, but it proved his own undoing. In order to reach it he had to climb a path which was broken every yard or so by high steps, formed of balks of timber.

Bourdin, probably dreaming of the sensation he was about to cause, stumbled against [illegible] these steps and fell, thr[illegible] the bomb he was ca[illegible] was "hoist with h[illegible]

[illegible]ille of Scotland Yard

[illegible]e underground haunts of these foreign anarchists were mostly in the neighbourhood of Soho and Tottenham Court Road. On Bourdin's body was found a membership card of the Autonomie Club, a notorious anarchist club situated off the Tottenham Court Road. This led to a police raid on the club, led by the late Superintendent Melville, head of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard.

Melville, whom I knew very well, was the terror of anarchists, many of whom had threatened to take his life. However, threatened people proverbially live long, and Melville was no exception to the rule. He was a big, strong man, with massive chest and flank, a grip of iron and the hug of a bear. He was absolutely fearless. Whenever he saw a "wanted" anarchist he went for him on the spot, whether he was armed or not.

On one or two occasions he was attacked in the street. His enemies even ventured into his own private sanctum at Scotland Yard in a daring effort to "get him."

A Mysterious Visit

A man called, asked for Melville, and told a plausible story which gained him admission to the superintendent's room.

He was very mysterious in his manner, however, and Melville's keen eyes, running his visitor over, caught the gleam of a revolver barrel protrudling from a handkerchief in an inner pocket!

Next moment the detective had his grip on the visitor and the revolver quickly changed hands. The man was secured and turned out to be a notorious anarchist.

I shall never forget the thrill Melville gave me when he described how he "shadowed" a notorious anarchist named Polti. The latter was carrying a little black bag. Melville felt confident that it contained a bomb. He followed him for a considerable time, keeping quite close to him, sitting beside him on a bus, riding in the same railway carriage, and so on, until at last a favourable opportunity presented itself for the arrest.

He was right about the bag. It did contain a bomb—a "live" one—which the miscreant had not had time to make use of. In his pocket-book was found scribbled: "Vile Melville!"

Perhaps the most sensational encounter which Melville ever had was named Meunier, which occurred at Victoria Station.

The fact that the detective had his wife with him at the time, and was quite unarmed, and that Meunier was almost certain to be armed, made no difference. Melville tackled him at once.

A terrific struggle ensued, which ended in the anarchist being overpowered and secured. He was carrying a loaded revolver and a large supply of ball cartridges and had been on his way to the Continent, bent on some villainy or other.

Melville retired in 1903, after thirty years' service, but came back to do Secret Service work during the War. He died at his house at Clapham in 1918.

Speaking of poltical crimes committed by aliens, I recall a remarkable series of murders committed by an Armenian at Peckham twenty-five years ago.

At that time there was a deal of unrest in Armenia, and revolutionary [illegible]ive. There were fac[illegible] and bendettas. [illegible] Armenian borders, even to distant and prosaic Peckham!

Shots in the Street

An Armenian club was established at an old corner house facing the end of Peckham Rye. Secret meetings were held, plots were hatched and assassinations arranged.

One of those who attended these meetings was a wealthy member of the Armenian Central Committee, Sagatel Sagounie, who never stirred out of doors without a dagger and a loaded revolver.

He had installed himself in a humble lodging at Nunhead Grove, not far from the club. As his armament suggested, he went in constant fear of an attempt on his life.

His fears were well founded. Night after night the neighbours noticed a mysterious individual, a foreign-looking man with a dark moustache, who paraded up and down opposite Sagounie's lodging.

One wet night the vigilant watcher was there as usual. He saw Sagounie walking towards his lodging and towards him. A second later the peace of Nunhead Grove was shattered by several revolver shots.

The Final Reckoning

People hurried to the spot. They found Sagounie lying dead on the pavement outside the house in which he lodged. The mysterious watcher had disappeared.

That was the first murder in connection with the Armenian Club meetings. A little later came a double assassination.

One afternoon several members of the club were strolling along the side of Peckham Rye. As they passed some tumble-down old cottages a stranger suddenly appeared, shot two of their number dead and made off. But he was closely followed, and, finding that capture was inevitable, turned his revolver on himself.

Was this man the assassin of Sagounie? He was clean-shaven, but he might, for purposes of disguise, have shaved off his moustache.

To test this, the police resorted to a gruesome experiment. They fixed an artificial moustache on the mouth of the corpse and then photographed it. The moustache altered the face entirely.

They then showed the photograph to witnesses who had seen the silent watcher of Nunhead Grove, and they identified it as that of Sagounie's murderer. Eventually the police were satisfied that all three murders had been committed by the same man.

Weather Man Is Policeman Too

Jan Mayen Becomes Integral Part of State to Protect Meteorological Station

Oslo, Norway.—The island of Jan Mayen has been officially incorporated in the Norwegian state. At the same time the director of metorological station there was given full police authority over the place.

The annexation of this land, the Foreign Affairs Department announces, is the natural consequence of the foundation of a weather forecasting station in Jan Mayen by the Norwegian Meteorological Institute in connection with the occupation of the island in 1922 and 1926.

In the summer of 1921 a wireless station was built and on September 1st the same year the first wireless connection between Norway and Jan Mayen was obtained.

On July 1, 1922, the Geophysical Institute at Tromso (northern Norway) took charge of the wireless station in Jan Mayen and practically at the same time the first occupation was undertaken. In 1925-1926 foreign whaling expeditions began to produce difficulties for the station, and, accordingly, the director of the Geophysical recommended that the whole island be occupied. This was commended in February, 1926, and completed the following April.

The annexation which took place on May 8, according to the resolution of the Storting, authorizes Norway to regulate the access of foreigners to Jan Mayen.

The great question now is whether it will be possible to provide a harbor in Jan Mayen. As it is placed, the island might become a base for whaling expeditions. The director of harbor works for Norway considers that it might perhaps be possible to provide a harbor on the northwestern side of the island. But this would be costly.

The greater northeastern part of the island is occupied by a volcano named 'Beerenberg." It is about 2,400 mters high and wholly covere dwith ice. From all sides of Beerenberg glaciers push down to the ocean.

The smaller southwestern part of Jan Mayen consists of masses of basaltic lava. Here, too, are creaters and cones of ashes. The latest recorded volcanic eruption took place in 1818.

Sea birds abound in the island, and there are not a few polar foxes. Every now and then a polar bear finds its way to its lonely precints.

Jan Mayen was discovered in 1611 by the Dutchman whose name it bears. Up to about 1660 the Dutch carried on whaling from the island. But since then few human beings have visited its desolate shores.

Doctors no longer use leeches, but they contrive to produce about the same effect by sending a bill.

Making Canada Famous Abroad

FAMOUS CANADIAN QUARTETTE TO TOUR EUROPE

The Hart House String Quartette will this summer a[illegible]s ambassadors of Canada's culture in Europe, to which they are sailing [illegible] on a musical tour. The Quartette, acclaimed as one of the world's [illegible]ently closed their Canadian season with a unique concert under the [illegible] His Excellency the Governor-General and Viscountess Willingdon, [illegible] of the Toronto Social Hygiene Council. The members of the Qua[illegible] follows, left to right: Gaza de Kresz, first violin; Harry Adaskin, s[illegible] Milton Blackstone, viola; and Boris Hambourg, 'cello.

Those "Managers"

Equally unlikeable is the woman who perisits in "managing" everybody who comes within her radius, regardles of whether they are friends or the merest acquaintances.

She is especially irritating in small things. If you accept an invitation to lunch with her at her club or some restaurant, and happen to express a wish to sample some particular dish upon the menu, she immediately says: "Oh, my dear, I should not have that one. Have this instead." In the end, for the sake of peace, you eat something you loathe.

Nobody dares even to express a wish to the managing female, because they know if they do it will never be granted. I often wonder what would happen if one of her victims turned, like the worm of proverbial fame, and started to manage her.

Almost as heartily do I detest the woman who persists in asking interminable questions. She greets the slightest acquaintances with a string of inquiries concerning the intimate family history of their father, their mother, and their brothers and sisters likewise, should they happen to possess any.

Failing the production of an adequate family, she will ask her victim for full details of her present and future plans. With a singular lack of tact she will frequently demand to be told the reasons of an unsuccessful matrimonial venture. Alternatively ,should a marriage prove successful, he will inquire the reason, as if such an occurrence were an unprecedented event.

She reacts upon her victims like a boa-constrictor, and literally paralyses them into replying to her. Such compliance is fatal, because it encourages her to extend her activities. Whereas if one of her victims only had sufficient moral courage to up and tell her what they think of her in their inmost hearts to be—an interferring busybody!—her efforts to acquire knowledge at the expense of riding rough-shod over other people's feelings might be nipped in the bud.

As it is, the majority of them, being paralysed by her flow of language, answer her questions meekly, with the result, that she never realises what a nuisance she really it.

The Mischief-Maker

There is a type of woman even worse than the one I have just described, and that is the "catty" woman.

The mischief and heartburnings this type has created and the homes that have been wrecked through her verbal mendacities would fill a volume. She has but to hear the vaguest rumor about anybody to instantly magnify it into a fact.

This particular female has not a single good word to say about anybody; but if by some mischance one should happen to trip off her tongue, she immediately qualifies it by a feline equivocation, such as:

"I met Mrs. X—— the other day, charming woman, but what a pity she drinks!"

Needless to remarks, the aforesaid equivocation exists solely in her fertile imagination.

It always seem to me such a pity that some enterprising official has not thought of raising a tax on tale-bearing. I am sure one would add enormously to the revenue.—The Standard, Montreal.

Teach Children To Love Animals

In an address at the recent Ontario Conference of S.P.C.A. workers at Toronto, Mr. J. J. Kelso strongly advocated the extension of Humane education among children. "It is only in early life," he said, "that effective and permanent impressions can be made, and we have found in our experience that no other subject can so completely capture the heart and imagination of both boys and girls as talks about birds and animals.

"There are now many Junior Humane Leagues in existence, but not nearly so many as we desire to see. It is an almost unexplored field as yet, and is capable of indefinite expansion. If in the future our Humane Society receives any substantial bequests this will be one of the first departments of our work to be put on a thoroughly efficient basis, and in the meantime we ask all our friends everywhere to do what they can to get groups of children organized for the study of animal and bird life, believing as we do that no better work can be done for the children themselves and for our country at large."

"Is he well up on English?"
'My friend, he fills in crossword puzzles with an indelible pencil."

GOING FISHING

The vicar of a country church asked his clerk to give out the following announcement:—

"Next Sunday there will be no afternoon service, as the vicar is going to officiate for another parson."

Being rather deaf, the clerk misconstrued the message. Imagine the vicar's consternation when he heard the following announcement made:—

"Next Sunday there will be no afternoon service, as the parson is a-going a-fishing with another parson."

Hollywood children should be screened and not heard.

Cool-Headed Pilot Wins Battle Against Fire and Death In Air

Elko, Nev.—Two thousand feet above the uneven Nevada plain Pilot Hugh Barker, trapped in the control compartment of a flaming tri-motored transport 'plane with seven men and one woman aboard, played a grim game with death.

From a faulty portside motor, wind whipped the flames around the cabin, the wings and fuselage. Before Barker could right the plane from a momentary twist caused by the failing motor, the flames had enveloped the right of the huge monoplane.

Barker clung to his controls while his mechanic and passengers sought to escape the flames which licked against the right side of the cabin. With a skilled hand, Barker righted the plane and, after the shifting of his frightened passengers, unbalanced it.

He set his plane into a long glide for the earth, side-slipping to keep the flames from the cabin. As a small, even landing spot appeared, Barker manoeuvred his flaming ship to a pancake landing. Abe Warner, assistant pilot, smashed the cabin door and the passengers scrambled out, uninjured except for the shaking up received in the landing. Barker was the last to leave the plane.

The spot where Barker landed was surrounded by ruts and ditches. Chance alone afforded the small, safe landing spot.

The monoplane was destroyed together with its load of mail. The loss was estimated at $100,000.

"Auld Reekie" Has Birthday

600 Years Since Granting of Oldest Existing Charter by Robert the Bruce to be Celebrated

Edinburgh—This city on May 23 celebrates the 600th anniversary of the granting of her oldest existing charter by Robert the Bruce. A great historical pageant is to be held, and the Duke of York will unveil statues [illegible] the national heroes, William Wal[illegible]e and Robert the Bruce, on the [illegible]stle Esplanade.

Edinburgh's romantic situation lends itself to pageants. As Robert Louis Stevenson says, "The ancient and famous metropolis of the north sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse where the Forth expands into the German Ocean: and away to the west over all the Carse of Stirling you can see the first snows from Ben Ledi."

The old Castle has of recent years been very much the center of national life, great numbers of people visiting it daily since the Scottish Memorial was placed on its rocky summit. The rock on which the Castle stands is volcanic, a striking specimen of an erupted mass, soaring steedly up, while the Castle ramparts form an esplanade which slopes gently into line with the hill ridge running down to Holyrood. Perhaps nowhere in the world has more history been compressed into a small space than into the Royal Mile of Edinburgh as this ridge from the summit of the Castle Rock to the hollow at the foot of Arthur's Seat is called. At one end lies the Palace of Holyrood House, and at the crown of the rock near the beautiful National Memorial stands the little chapel built at the en dof the eleventh century by Queen Margaret and Malcolm Canmore.

There is little doubt that the Castle Rock early became a desirable place in the eyes of the ancient inhabitants of the district. On its windswept crest the earliest settlers built wattled huts. Indeed it may truthfully be said that Edinburgh only became the capital of Scotland because of the great strength of its Castle and not on economic or political grounds. Had Scottish history been more peaceful Inveresk and nt Edinburgh would probably have been the chief town of the region, but the strength of Edinburgh was its Rock.

David I was Scotland's great town-planner and his work which began in 1124 was so well done that it is being used to-day. He built Holyrood Abbey for the monks, the Burgh of Canongate for the lay brothers and traders, the Royal Burgh of Edinburgh for the burgesses and nobles, while the Castle Rock was used as a fortress and royal residence.

Scotland in spite of its poverty seems to have had a passion for education from its earliest days. This may account for its repeated struggles for religious independence. The first statutory enactments in the administration of education was in 1494 and to-day it is recognized that Scottish education still holds its own in the world.

A sure way to increase church attendance—put the churches on wheels.

JUST RIGHT FOR PLAY

Play frocks for youngsters must be chic and serviceable. This little dress is made of silver plaque.

Reduction vs. Limitation

The biggest and most complicated question facing the League of Nations at the present time is disarmament, and it cannot be said that so far any very material progress has been made A gleam of light in the darkness, however, is seen in the suggestion from the United States that the question should be approached on the basis of armament reduction rather than limitation.

This is made with particular reference to naval strength and means much more than is expressed in the difference in terms. Briefly it suggests that the nations could protect their commerce and be prepared for the menace of war just as well by the maintenance of relative strength on a low as on a high level. Smaller navies on the relative status agreed to at the Washington Conference would mean an enormous saving to the taxpayer and the almost entire elimination of the competitive feature which is the most menacing feature in the present situation.

Whilst not committing itself to any specific proposals Great Britain has expressed its hearty approval. The Motherland desires not only reduction but its application to all classes of vessels. Furthermore, Britain showed its good faith more than a year ago by intimating its readiness for a still further cut in the categories covered by the Washington Agreement and by the entire abandonment of submarines.

The whole question is a highly technical one and unless those who are out for real reduction keep that objective continually before them their campaign is likely to become swamped in the wrangling of the experts and a deluge of technicalities. Meanwhile the heavily burdened taxpayer in Britain who pays one-third of his total income to the State must wonder why it is necessary to pay for a huge navy when a smaller one would be equally effective. If public opinion in other countries comes into line with this commonsense point of view we may soon see some real progress towards naval reduction.

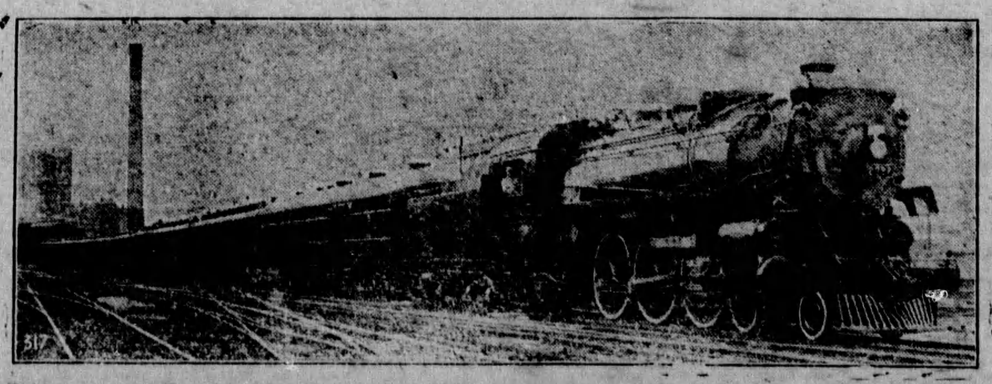
Idleness

What heart can think, or tongue express,
The harm that groweth of idleness?
—John Heywood

There 's something strengthening, something soothing ,and at the same time humbling, in acknowledging that we have done wrong.—F. W. Robertson.

Love is a quest and marriage a conquest, divorce an inquest.

The Trans-Canada



This is how the Trans-Canada appears as she leaves Montreal each evening. The all-steal equipment of this train, which was built at the Angue Shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway is epitomized in the Solarium car which is carried at the rear end. With a vita-glazed solarium, two shower baths, men's and ladies' smoking-room and a large observation-lounge, this car is the most luxurious to operate over Canadian lines and is open in its entirety to patrons of theTrans-Canada limited.