For the Boys and Girls

A HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT

BY RODNEY C. WOOD.
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I was away up at the northern end of Lake Nyasa—that wonderful inland sea of fresh water over 400 miles long—and was pushing up into the Angoni country, following along the South Rukuru river, at the foot of the great Nyika plateau, as at that time of year water was limited to the big rivers—it being nearly the end of the "dry season." The river here roughly flowed from west to east, to empty itself into Lake Nyasa through a series of gorges lower down, and all along the north side ran the steep escarpment of the Nyika with its peaks rising to 7,000 feet or more, forest-clad on its slopes and teeming with game. Elephant, buffalo, many kinds of antelope, and lion,—all were there. The dense forests and ravines gave them shelter, and the antelope came down to feed on the "dambos" by the river. These "dambos" are marshy spots in the "rains," free from thick bush, but covered with luscious grasses on which the antelope feed. In the "dry" season the grass all gets burnt off in the annual bush-fires, and tender shoots of green spring up at once from the great root stalks—a never-failing attraction to all kinds of antelope at this season.

While threading our way through the Jakwa gorge I was privileged to see a most wonderful sight. The native foot-path ran along a flat ledge sparsely covered with Borassus palms and various species of trees of the botanical genera Acacia and Brachystegia—having no English names that I knew of, as we always referred to them among ourselves by their native names of "minga" and "nsasa"—and all the grass and low undergrowth being burnt, it was possible to see a good way ahead. I was leading at the time and the carriers were following in single file close behind me when I noticed a small herd of Impala antelope a little way on. Now on our right side the river was a roaring impassable torrent and close in to our left ran a low cliff about twelve to twenty feet high. This little cliff was sheer and had been cut by the river. We did not need meat particularly for the moment so I took no further notice of the Impala, as I wanted to push ahead to a good camp-site before night, and did not want to delay the march in any way, as we had many miles to go. Seeing us, the herd ran away ahead into what proved a veritable *cul-de-sac*, as the cliff started to close in to the river. Coming through a small patch of thicker tree growth I found the Impala herd not twenty yards away cornered against the roaring river. Just by them the cliff was fully twenty feet high, but to my left and behind me, by the side of the line of carriers it was only fourteen feet. I quickly passed down word that the carriers were to remain absolutely silent and follow me in a regular line, as I did not want to harm the antelope but was very anxious to see what they would do. I had not long to wait. As we moved slowly forward they looked around them in a frightened manner and then the whole herd of some fifteen animals rushed straight towards us. I heard my native gunbearer, who was just behind me, call out "The gun, Bwana!" but I stood spellbound with the beauty of the sight, a splendid bull going right over my head in his stride with several feet to spare and the rest of the herd dashing among the line of carriers, through or over them, in great leaps and bounds, straight to the cliff which they all took unhesitatingly in one final mighty bound. Before then I had seen Impala jumping, and had read of their fame in that respect too, but never had I witnessed such a sight as that. The perfect grace and ease with which they did it was a thing of beauty. I can see it again now in my mind, and again I get the exhilarated feeling of spell-bound admiration. How could one kill such splendid creatures for mere so-called "sport"? I vowed that only the dire necessity of food supplies should compel me to harm them. Even the native carriers, who regard animals only in terms of "meat" were crying out "Eh, eh!" and "Onani!" (look!), and not one had moved. I measured the cliff where they jumped it—fourteen feet!

That evening we debouched from the gorge to a lovely forest-clad plain, and camped in a paradise of palms about a quarter of a mile from the river. Buffalo came around in the night, but we pushed forward next day again as I wanted to establish a camp further on where the natives reported excellent shooting conditions. We were now following up the river through gently undulating country covered with "open" forest, and at about 10 o'clock that morning came to a place where the river widened out into a small lake or lagoon about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. The shore was fringed with reeds or "sudd" (floating vegetation) for a hundred yards or so in most places and then the land rose very gradually. There was a lovely little forest-clad hillock near a small Angoni village about half a mile from the water's edge and here I decided to camp. While the carriers were clearing the site and getting things set up I had time to look around with the field-glasses, and quickly noticed a school of fourteen or fifteen hippopotami out in the lagoon about six or seven hundred yards from shore. Now for various reasons I was very anxious to hold a big "shauri" (pow-wow or meeting) with the natives around, and the one way to be sure to get them all there would be to provide a large quantity of meat and hold a moonlight dance and feast. Here was apparently a splendid opportunity to get that meat by shooting a hippo. A careful watch on them for the next hour or so made it clear that they were in a large deep pool in the middle of the shallow lagoon, which appeared to be in general only some five to eight feet deep, and questioning of the local natives elucidated the fact that they only came in nearer at night. Now I do not fancy myself much as a shot in the dark or in moonlight for that matter, so was desirous of getting the job done right away. Again local enquiry revealed to us that there was only one canoe on the lagoon, owned by a native who lived at the other end of it. I signified my desire that he should produce both it and himself as speedily as possible and then took my midday meal.

After another hour or more had gone by I became aware of a somewhat noisy group approaching the camp and disturbing the peace of noonday. On its arrival a most hilarious gentleman who had obviously partaken far too freely of the local brew of "moa" (a sort of beer made by the natives out of fermented maize), declaimed to me that he was the owner of the finest canoe in the world, was the most expert canoeman in the world just as I was undoubtedly the finest shot, and was ready to take me anywhere I liked in the canoe on the lagoon or in it. I did not at the moment notice the significance of the last remark, but explained that I was acknowledged by all the world to be the finest game shot who ever lived or was likely to live, that there had never been such a wonderful hunter nor ever would be again, and that I would confer on him a very signal honor by permitting him to take me in his rotten canoe, which was in abomination among canoes, in among the hippo, so that I might shoot one and out of the great kindness of my heart provide meat for the villages around at a feast that night. At this point my native hunter remarked to the sky in general that if he—the canoe owner—did not know that I was a better shot than a born fool, I could swim well and that the crocodiles would not be big ones! Thus encouraged we started off down to the water's edge to find the most awful specimen of a canoe it has ever been my misfortune to enter. The owner entered it, whereupon it rolled from gunwale to gunwale and nearly precipitated him into the water. This, he remarked, it could not do as though he had thought had only brought one canoe along he now saw he had got several together. He was *very* drunk! I now found that whereas all dug-out native canoes are made with flattened bottoms, having heavy side bulges to give them stability, this wretched thing was quite rounded and so could practically roll over like a log. Altogether things did not look very bright, but as it would have taken far too long to fix up any sort of outrigger to the canoe to balance it, I determined to risk it. Getting a thick cord from one of my tent guy-ropes I tied one end to the rifle and lashed the other to a small hole in the side of the gunwale in case of an upset, as I did not want to lose the rifle. The owner stood up in the stern and in some marvellous manner kept his balance there sufficiently to pole it along through the shallow water, though with most violent lurches. I sat down amidships on the bottom and by holding each gunwale with my hands managed to prevent the canoe from overturning as its owner lurched about and shouted lustily. Any chance of a quiet unsuspicious approach was quite out of the question, so we made as straight as was possible with the helmsman's distorted vision for the herd of hippos. I soon made out a thing that I had not noticed before, which was that one or two of the cows had small calves with them, and I began to feel very unhappy. It really was a crazy venture, and I knew I was a fool to go on, but the crowd of native spectators was getting thicker and thicker on shore, and somehow I did not like to give up and appear to have funked it. Now hippo as a rule are fairly harmless creatures, but when the cows have young calves with them, matters are apt to alter somewhat and they can become quite dangerous. Every few moments one of the hippos would raise itself up in the water and yawn loudly, which was invariably greeted with great applause and much handclapping by the large crowd of spectators on the shore!

As we drew nearer to the herd my canoeman's singing ceased, but our extraordinary erratic course continued, and I had to continue hanging on to the sides to keep the canoe balanced. At about 200 yards the hippo first began to show active signs of interest in us, and I was trying to single out the biggest bull, as the huge curved teeth are splendid trophies. Yard by yard we drew nearer, and bracing myself with my knees against the sides of the canoe I got the rifle ready. This was a single barrelled .500 express with falling-block action, as the only magazine rifle I had with me was a .256 Mannlicher, which was altogether too small for the work in hand.

We must have been about one hundred yards away from the herd, when without any warning a large cow suddenly rose up in the water not 70 yards away, and with wide open jaws started rushing down on us. It looked like a battleship! I raised the rifle to my shoulder and at that moment the drunken idiot of a boatman gave a yell of terror, and fell overboard. We were broadside on to the hippo, and the canoe rolled down to the gunwale, taking in some water. Fortunately I was well braced on my knees against its curved sides, and with a mighty effort threw my weight on the other side. The rifle was still to my shoulder, and the involuntary tightening of all my muscles held it there. As we keeled over backwards it was pointing up to the sky, but as we rolled back it dipped down, and at that moment my finger must have tightened on the trigger for it exploded. I saw the bullet throw up a spurt of water in front of the charging hippo, which immediately disappeared beneath the surface.

"Thank heaven, that has scared it" I thought to myself, and felt the boatman clutch the canoe from the water. That steadied it, and I instantly reloaded, expecting at any instant to see the hippo rise from the water and be upon us. The boatman, whose name was Njilima, was trying by then to scramble into the canoe, and would soon have upset it, so I roared at him to stay where he was

"Crocodiles, Bwana!" he yelled. "The crocodiles will get me let me in, I am not nearly so drunk now!"

"You should have thought of that before you went for your swim, and you can now push the canoe back quickly from the water," I replied, being, I am afraid, in a very bad temper; and as I had seen no signs of any crocodiles, and felt that with all the row and noise and splashing they would be very unlikely to come around, even if there were any there, I felt no compunction about this. I was much more concerned with the hippo and wanted to get back ashore out of that crazy canoe without wasting any time. Njilima appeared sober by now, and realizing the position started to push the canoe by holding on to the back and kicking with his legs.

"Ow!" he suddenly yelled, "a leech has bitten me."

"I hope more will," I replied, feeling particularly disagreeable. "They will sober you up quickly, and you'll push all the harder."

I was sitting in several inches of water in the bottom of the canoe, instantly expecting tragedy to be upon us, and centreing all my wits on my rifle for instant action. I had no time for platitudes.

But the shore got nearer and nearer and nothing happened. As soon as we landed I gave vent to my pent-up feelings in an impassioned harangue to the crowd on the vileness of drunken canoemen, and explained very carefully that had it not been for my great magic the hippo would have killed us. I then retired to my tent to calm down. It must have been about 3 p.m by then. About 4 o'clock I emerged again to drink tea before going out to try and get some antelope for meat for my carriers. As I was sitting down in the shade of a tree facing the lagoon my hunting-boy Kaliati came up to me and pointing to a dark spot on the water asked me what I thought it was. I put up my field glasses.

"Looks like a little bank of mud," I replied. Some few minutes later he returned and said:

"That mud has got bigger, Bwana."

I studied it carefully, and a suspicion suddenly dawned on me.

"Get the main guy-rope off the tent, bring my lariat, and if Njilima is now sober get him too. We are going out in the canoe."

I got my rifle and off we started again. This time there were three of us in the canoe and all went well. We made straight for the mound which was fully 300 yards nearer us than the hippo herd. It turned out as I expected—a dead hippo cow starting to float through the heat. We got the lariat and guy-rope round its legs and towed it ashore.

The solid bullet had ricochetted from the water, hit it just below the eye, and penetrated straight to the brain.

"Truly," I exclaimed to the exulting mob of natives, "I told you the magic of the white man was very great." And loud was the applause in anticipation of the feasting and dancing to come that night. But that is another story.

"Magic!—'m-yes!" but some unbelievers might call it a lucky fluke. So do I!

Beauty.

If beauty is a thing of happy chance,
Good fortune without meaning, source, or end,
A game to see how this and that will blend,
Without a law to mold the circumstance:
If beauty comes and passes like a dance,
Having no strength to build or power to mend,
Leaving each friend uncertain of his friend,
And thus being nothing in the world's advance,
Why does the sight of beauty move us so,
Even to silence when the twilight hour
Changes the world beyond imagining?
Why does the thought of beauty make us know
That we are kin to an immortal power,
That what we are contains a deathless thing?
—Preston Clark.

Courage, Comrade.

You cannot always recognize a man of science at first sight. Mr. Robert U. Johnson in Remembered Yesterdays tells of hearing an English woman writer, say to Nikola Tesla, the brilliant inventor:

"And you, Mr. Tesla, what do you do?"

"Oh, I dabble a little in electricity."

"Indeed! Keep at it and don't be discouraged. You may end by doing something some day."

This is the man who had sold the inventions used at Niagara to the Westinghouse Company for a million dollars and had lived to rue the bargain!

Was a Great Relief.

"I did you think of the ending Dibbler's latest novel?"
"It was a great relief."

C.G.S. ARCTIC SAILS ON ANNUAL PATROL

CARRIES SUPPLIES AND MEN FOR POSTS.

Expedition Will Conduct Extensive Radio Tests — Has Mail for Capt. MacMillan of "Bowdoin."

In the course of the regular patrol of the Arctic archipelago and the provisioning of posts in the Franklin district, Northwest Territories, the Canadian Government Steamship Arctic sailed from Quebec on July 5 for the north. Unavoidable delays in refitting the new ship Franklin in England prevented her use on this voyage and the Arctic, after the necessary repairs in the dry-dock at Lauzon, Quebec, was again outfitted for the trip. Mr. F. D. Henderson, D.L.S., represents the Department of the Interior on the expedition, as Mr. J. D. Craig, the Departmental Officer in Charge, was unable to leave Ottawa, and the ship is, as usual, under the command of Captain Bernier. Dr. Livingstone again accompanies the expedition as Medical Officer and Mr. J. D. Soper, of the University of Alberto, who was Naturalist of last year's expedition, goes north under the auspices of the Victoria Memorial Museum, and will spend some fifteen months in the Cumberland Sound region engaged in scientific research. Mr. Geo. H. Vallquette, who accompanied the expeditions of 1922 and 1923 as cinematographer, is now in Japan with Lieut.-Col. Broom in conection with the laying down of supply depots for the British Round-the-World flier, Major A. S. C. McLaren, and the cinematographic work this year will be done by Mr. Ray Tash, of Toronto, who has had a wide experience photographing for the Ontario Government.

Officials Will Return in Fall.

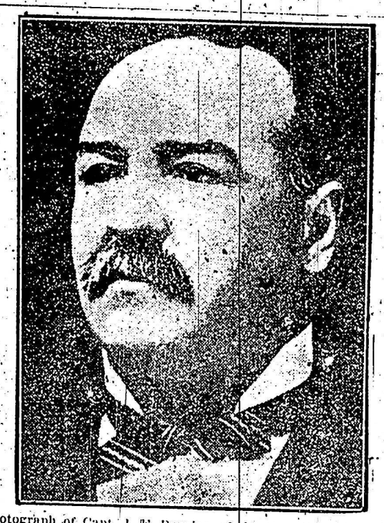
A number of Federal Government officials who have been in the north for some time will return with the expedition to Quebec in the fall. These include Major L. T. Burwash, explorer engineer, who has been carrying on general investigatory and exploratory work during the past year with Pangnirtung, Baffin Island, as his base, and Inspector C. E. Wilcox and Sergeant A. H. Joy, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who have been in the north since 1922 and 1921 respectively.

All of the posts in the archipelago will be visited and re-provisioned for another twelve months, and it is possible that one or two new posts will be established. The Arctic also carries a considerable quantity of mail for Captain Donald B. MacMillan, of the Bowdoin, who wintered at Refuge Harbor, just north of Etah, Greenland. The Officer in Charge of the 1924 expedition has volunteered to deliver the mail, if possible, and an attempt will be made by wireless to arrange a rendezvous so that Captain MacMillan may be given his mail.

New Radio Equipment.

The expedition this year has an added interest owing to the fact that a much more extensive test of radio work will be made than on previous voyages. The Arctic as on past voyages carries two regular commercial radio equipments, one a standard 2 K.W. spark set for communication on 600 metres with he regular commercial stations around the gulf of St. Lawrence and in Labrador, and the vessels which may be encountered en route, the other set, a continuous wave transmitter with which communication will be maintained with the long distance ship-station at Louisburg, Nova Scotia, on 2,1000 metres. In addition to these two radio sets the Arctic is also fitted with a special short wave I.C.W. outfit with a special short wave I.C.W. outfit designed for transmission on wave-lengths between 100 and 150 metres. This short-wave installation is being fitted for the purpose of carrying on tests with Canadian and United States amateur stations in order to obtin data on the reception of short-wave signals during the long daylight periods which reveail in latitudes of the far north. The Radio Branch of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, which is responsible for the installation and operation of the radio equipment on the Arctic, has requested the co-operation of all those operating amateur transmitting stations in North America to assist in these tests so that as much data as possible may be obtained.

The short-wave watches which will be maintained are as follows: all Sign, VDM; Wave-length, 120 metres; daily except Wednesday, 11 p.m. to mid-night; Saturday only, 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. (Eastern Standard Time.)



A photograph of Capt. J. E. Bernier, of the Canadian government ship Arctic, who is commanding the new trip of exploration of Upper Hudson Bay.

How to Get Decorated.

With the wholesale disappearance of crowned heads from the European scene ribbons and decorations are not so easily to be had as formerly. But here is a way of acquiring them that was once useful, if we may believe the story that the late Henry Labouchere told in his newspaper Truth.

In once conferred, he said, a vast number of decorations on an individual; that is to say, I told him how to get them. He was an Italian—rich, noble and a fool. He confided to me that life was a burden because he had no decorations.

I said to him: "Pay some one to write a book upon the antiquities of your province; pay some one else to illustrate it; publish it in folio and send a copy, beautifully bound, to every crowned head in Europe. Two thirds of them will repay you with a decoration."

Two years later I saw him again. He had followed my advice. He was covered with pieces of metal attached to variegated ribbons. He pressed my hand; tears of gratitude glistened in his eyes.

No Chance.

Hodge—"Not married yet?"
Tomkins—"No."
"But I thought you had serious intentions in a certain direction."
"I did have, but the evening I went to propose to her, before I got a chance she told me she loved Browning, and Kipling and Shelley. Now, what chance did I have with a girl who was in love with three other fellows?"

"No philosophy has ever improved upon the Golden Rule, and the most gorgeous tapestry of trickery looks like a rag alongside the simple beauties of a square deal."

Earth's Population Doubled in 90 Years.

The population of the earth has doubled in the last 90 years. To-day it is estimated at 1,747,000,000. The population of the United States has been doubling itself approximately each 30 years during the last century. It was 25,000,000 in 1850, and 100,000,000 in 1910. If this rate of increase continues it will have grown to 700,000,000 in less than 100 years.

With the enormous population that will come with time, what will life in this country be like a few hundred years from now?

It will be as unlike our life as our life is unlike that of the Indians who inhabited the continent of America before the coming of Columbus, says Lieutenant Commander Fitzhugh Green. "The human element," he predicts, "will be removed from many phases of life. The iceman, the gasman and the milkman in all will disappear. In their places will be superorganizations of food supply, central heat and refrigeration. Men will live in a super-world. The fuel and water energy of the whole country will be lumped and distributed in the form of electric current. There will be the super-automobile, costing but a song and never needing repair; the super-radio, bringing lifelike talking movies into the home; the super-plane and dirigible, both safe and swift; the super-surgeon, who will rid us of our useless organs at birth, the super-government that will make wars a rare indulgence.

"Actual business structures will be skyscrapers from 75 to 150 stories high. Moving sidewalks, stairs, individual helicopters, all will aid the individual to move swiftly and in comfort within the precincts of his special interests.

"Improved methods of machinery and more efficient utilization of the world's sources of power will have reduced the working day to but a few hours. The residence suburb of the future will be a vast boulevard park filled with flowers, among which will dwell healthy men and women who have never known disease. There will be golf courses enough for all, and playgrounds almost unlimited in extent for children. In this section there will be no shops or machinery, nor toil of any sort. Heat and light will be sent by radio from far distant generating stations to all the houses. Simply by pushing a button one will be able instantly to summon such comforts, day or night.

"Eventually the problem of chemical nutrition will have been solved, and as a corollary, fatigue will be eradicated. Sleep will be more a pleasure than a necessity. There will be no need for bedrooms, dining rooms or kitchens. Rest will be taken in a secluded corner of the home with talking movies, opera and photographic news to make the lazy hour a pleasant one."

He Sang Them to Safety.

A terrible explosion, a great burst of flame, shouts and screams of factory workers and then a clear young voice lifted in song!—a voice that quieted a group of injured men and guided them to safety.

It was midnight of January 2 when the explosion occurred that wrecked the Corn Products Company buildings of Pekin, Illinois. The buildings housed five hundred tons of starch and several thousand bushels of corn. In and about the factory were more than one hundred laborers. Without warning the buildings seemed to rise up, and men, machinery and materials were hurled through the air. Then everything seemed to catch fire at once.

One large room on a third floor seemed to be the centre of the explosion. Every man there was injured, and escape from the fire seemed impossible; yet one of the workmen, Frank Leichtweiss, the only son of Will Leichtweiss, the sheriff, had the courage and the presence of mind to fight for his coemrades. Frank has a wonderful voice, and when everything seemed lost because retreats and exits were cut off by the flames he began to sing.

The workmen soon became quiet, and then as help came they were passed safely through the windows. Never for a moment did Frank cease his singing until all who were alive had been rescued. By that time, however, the fire had made such headway that, badly burned though he was, he was obliged to jump three stories to the crowd below. Bystanders gave him first aid and then rushed him, unconscious, to the hospital.

When Frank's father heard of the awful disaster and the injury to his son he hastened to the hospital with Frank's wife, a bride of only a few days. The pair were almost frantic when they saw the unconscious form of the boy incased in great coatings of paraffin wax. The nurses had forcibly to restrain him from taking his son's broken body into his arms.

"Don't! Oh, don't touch him, Mr. Leichtweiss!" cried one of the nurses. "He sang his comrades from a fiery death!"

"What's that?" demanded the sheriff.

And as the nurse told the story Leichtweiss turned and smiling while the tears streamed down his seamed cheeks threw his shoulders back and cried "That's the kind of boy to have!"

"Gen." for Short.

A man travelling in the United States, meeting a little Negro boy, inquired his name.

"'Gen,' sah," was the reply.

"Jen'? That's a girl's name, isn't it?"

"Ah spells it wif a G, not a J, sah."

"Oh, possibly an abbreviation of 'General,'" said the tourist.

"No, sah; 'tain't zackly dat," was the reply. "Mah sho'nough name am 'Genesis xxx.' 33, So shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come' Washington Carter, but dey jest calls me 'Gen' for short.

Fine for Tourists.

One railroad of England is selling tickets that include transportation by rail, by automobile and, complete board and lodgings in hotels.

ALSACE BASKS IN JOY UNDER FRENCH FLAG

GERMAN RULE FAILED TO KILL PATRIOTISM.

People of Province Take Utmost Interest in All Affairs of the Republic.

The writer had not been in Alsace since two years before the war—the great war of deliverance, as it is called there by the revered editors, the jolly priests, stocking-cap wearing oldtimers and ardent youngsters speaking with great pride in their newly-learned French.

Surely the long-awaited reunion with Mother France has wrought an immense change in her tranquil Alsace, her busy little cities; her sleepy villages, that will appear strange to the mind unbiassed by the philosophy of her staid inhabitants.

A signing of a treaty, a hoisting of a tricolor, a triumphant entry of a regiment, the "Marseillaise."

And all the fiery nationalism that fifty years of German kultur has been unable to extinguish, is reawakened. A long, restless slumber it was, they will tell you in Strassbourg and Colmar, a "cauchemar" out of which they had been roused in 1918. But once again her proud citizens are "more French than the Parisians," and decidedly more nationalistic.

Scarcely a question comes up in the Paris Chamber of Deputies that is not instantly hotly discussed, debated, opposed, approved and disposed of in the cafes and auberges of Alsace and the editorial pages of the newspapers. That the matter concerns the granting of a subsidy to an airship company operating in the Department of Seine et Oise, hundreds of kilometers from Alsace, is of small moment. The question is one for Frenchmen to decide and in Alsace to-day they are French and eager to assert it.

A story is told of a Deputy from Nether Alsace who failed of recent re-election because he omitted to support a project for the widening of the Marne at a point near its mouth; a river the source or death of which few Alsatians have ever seen.

Always True to France.

But the spiritual and moral transformation in Alsace is not to the visitor the most striking one. A true Alsatian will tell you always that there has been no change at all. Always Alsace was French at heart; Alsatians Frenchmen at home, though prudently not on the street. Not all of them in 1871 could take advantage of their prerogative to "opter" (vote their loyalty to France and emigrate to the interior or to America). However eight hundred thousand chose banishment from their mountains and valleys rather than submit to the conquerors.

"But some of us had to stay to preserve Alsace for France!" said a wrinkled veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, with the air of one who has achieved a great life work, "and we, have well accomplished our duty.

Have you not heard how on the day of the armistice young ones and old ones alike knelt in reverence all the verses of the "Marseillaise," fifty years forbidden? Have you not be a surprised how instantly the blue-white-red flags fluttered in the wind on each Alsatian house? Yes, I think that we have well done our work!"

These lovable old men there seem to be more here than in any other country—like nothing quite as much as to make the little "Alsacans," and the subject with a stranger is always the same. Always they go back "to that time!" Now that no fear of "strafen" stays long-contained and willing tongues the visitor if he wishes to be polite must listen to many stories of the clumsy, Kultur-campaign, Dieu merci, they have gone! which succeeded only in embittering and poisoning against all things German the Alsatian mind.

Availability of Canadian Water-Power.

A striking feature of the water-power resources of Canada, over and beyond that of the amount available being so great that its exhaustion is indefinitely far in the future, is the fact that there are advantageous sites located near all the centres of population from coast to coast, with the exception of certain small areas in Alberta and Saskatchewan where ample coal resources are available. Particularly is this availability in evidence in the eastern centres of industry, where there is still available some 13,000,000 horse-power of undeveloped water power.

The Same.

Office Boy—"Sorry I wasn't here yesterday—I had to help bury my grandmother."

The Boss—"I knew you were cracked on baseball—but I didn't think football would get you, too."

Compulsory Home Training.

At Auckland, New Zealand, when giving evidence at the inquiry into social problems, Mr. Plowton, a magistrate, suggested conscription for girls for thorough domestic training as likely tremendously to benefit the home life of New Zealand.