Be Your Own Boss for $10 Reads Canadian Publicity In English Magazine

Work and Wealth in Plenty Waiting for Men with a Will to Work in the Land of Promise—What the Prince of Wales says about Canada—How to Book a Passage for $10 in all

THE WILL TO WORK

By John England

"Canada," said the Prince of Wales in a speech that he made before the Canada Club the other day, "is on the threshold of one of the most astonishing eras in its extension and development that the world has ever known."

These are stirring words, and the reader may ask himself just what they mean—just what Canada can offer him or her, that is better than life in the Old Country.

The answer is that Canada offers the right type of newcomer what the unworked goldmine offers the miner.

The Long Trail.

But, as any gold prospector who has mushed along the Dawson trail could tell you, before the gold comes, there is work to be done—hard work, wracking work, disappointments sometimes, hopes deferred—but in the end the gold. In this case it is the gold of prosperity and independence that offers itself.

Canada wants population, for her vast acres lie waiting the plough. If she can get it, she wants British population; but she wants population.

The man who sits contemplating his future in England wondering when he will next be out of work, what his boys and girls will find to do when they leave school, what will happen to him in his old age, may toy with the idea of Canada; but reject the thought of emigration because it is, as it were, a step in the dark.

He does not quite know what the new conditions will be like, what the folks will be like, whether he could "make good." So, too often, he decides to hang on, and by so doing misses his share in that vast expansion of a young, virile, and vastly wealthy land about which the Prince spoke.

Very briefly I will describe what Canada wants and what she will give the newcomer in exchange.

She wants farm workers and domestic help.

Your may say that doesn't sound very exciting. But in dealing with a new country like Canada you must forget home conditions.

The "hired man" of the Canadian farm does not stay a "hired man" all his life. He gets his own farm if he is any good, and the Government, as I shall show in a moment, helps him to get it.

But, and make no mistake about this: Canada is no land of loafers, for blow-whistle down-tools workers. It holds out its rewards only to those who work, but them it favors richly.

As a youngster, I went out to Canada, went steerage, and landed in a prairie city in mid-winter with only thirty-five shillings between me and starvation.

But I didn't starve. I got a job. It was manual labor at fifteen shillings a day.

That was a start that led on to a freehold farm, a car, and a fine saddle horse.

That was twenty years ago, and things have changed, but the opportunities to-day are even greater than they were then.

Nowadays the Imperial and Dominion Governments are working together, and will carry this newcomer to Canada for £2. They will take as many of the class described as like to come.

Canada is willing to help the man who will help himself.

Let us consider the scheme known as the Three Thousand Family Scheme.

For this number of families there are farms in settled districts with wooden buildings, schools at hand, the railway near-by; waiting tenants.

The Government puts the newcomer in. Tries him out. If he makes good it enters into an agreement to sell him the farm he is working on the instalment plan. No fewer that 14,172 men have taken advantage of this scheme.

Only four per cent. of these people have failed.

Unadaptability and domestic trouble accounts for that odd four per cent. of failures.

New Brunswick alone is open to take 500 families from the Old Country and to put them on improved farms.

Money Lent by Government.

The Imperial Government, co-operating, as I have said, with the Canadian Government, will advance each of these families £300 for stock and equipment, and this advance and the cost of the farm will be repayable over twenty-five years.

The whole cost to the immigrant is the £2 a head fare, and a free passage for all youngsters under seventeen.

In a word, it means this. In England a farm worker, failing a miracle, will be a farm worker all his life.

In Canada, if competent and hard working, he will become a master man in a very short time, a freeholder and a man of means, owning his own home, employing his own help, saving his own cash.

But it is not only the man with a family who is beckoned to the new land.

Ontario offers scholarships for clever lads under the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition.

There are twelve scholarships and the winners (they are annual) are provided with two years' training to fit them for their future life.

The Imperial and Dominion Governments are going to spend £1,000,000 on boys between 14 and 20.

They will be looked after while learning their new work, and there will be no outlay on the part of the parents at all.

The course of instruction is essentially a practical one, for each boy will earn while he learns and he will be able to claim a loan of £500 with which to start on his own.

Good Time for Workers.

Now a word about the conditions of domestic service in Canada.

What a difference from the Old Country. Wages can everywhere be had up to £16 a month, family life is shared with the employer, evenings are off, and most Sundays, too.

Not so bad in a land where round every corner there is a fellow looking for a wife!

In Canada, when they dig into work, they don't watch the clock: they dig in.

But once the work is done, there is a jolly good time for all.

During a recent tour through Canada, I came across a pretty girl sitting in a big car, whose face seemed familiar.

She turned out to be a servant girl who had gone out to Canada from the house of a relative of mine.

She had married—and, apparently, married well. She had, she told me, married within six months of landing.

Just one word of warning!

Canada has no use for the man who wants to dig into the lucky bag, but who has not any idea of giving anything in return.

Productive work is what the Dominion asks, and since she still has millions of fertile acres awaiting the plough, that term is synonymous with agriculture.

Things are a lot easier than they used to be, for the newcomer.

When a certain Scots lad named Donald Smith went out to Canada in the early days he was sent off by the Hudson's Bay Company to a post, where he saw no one but Indians and trappers.

But, in the end, he became Governor of that company, chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway—which he largely built, and Lord Strathcona.

For every chance young Donald Smith had, the man who goes to Canada to-day has ten. But he must have The Will To Work.

Wifey: Are you swearing off anything?
Hubby: No—just swearing.

Charwomen Tea Guests at 10 Downing Street

London—Flappers took a back seat at a tea at No. 10 Downing Street the other day. The charwomen who tidy up the Whitehall government buildings were having their inning at an "at home" given them specially by Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister.

There were sixty-odd, all having grown gray in this branch of the government service, and Mrs. Baldwin received her guests in the reception hall so often trod by the mighty.

In their Sunday clothes they felt more than home than a great many other visitors at No. 10, as they were familiar with the premises from basement to attic.

Holding down a soft job is sometimes a hard proposition.

Chimpanzee Stories

J. L. Buch, Veteran Animal Hunter, Tells Interesting Tales of Our Animal Cousins

EASY TO TEACH

Many tales are told of the ferocity of the chimpanzee, but I am convinced that non of the great apes—not even the gorilla—will attack unless he feels in danger. He may attack when not in danger; then it is merely a difference of opinion between man and ape.

The "outlaw" chimpanzee is an amazingly interesting individual. He is a great male who roams the woods alone. Some authorities say such an outlaw is the deposed leader of a troop, cast out by a younger rival. Others believe these exiles have been sent forth for feeble-mindedness or other eccentricity. At any rate they roam the forests, repeatedly repulsed when they try to join a new band. Like Ishmael of old, their hand soon is against every man and every man's is against them. Such outlaws often reduce a native village to the extreme of terror and hysteria. Once when I was on a snake hunt in the Kono country of Sierra Leone, runners from Kanjama, a native village, came begging me to "kill the ghost."

"What ghost?" I asked mystified.

"The ghost of bug babboo (chimpanzee) we kill and chop (eat)." They told the story.

"He go humbug (attack) the women working in gardens. He kill pikin (baby). He tramp down, dancing in middle of the rice patch. He make swear. Massa, make you kill him for good, one time."

It sounded like an outlaw chimpanzee. And when I reached Kanjama other tremblers told how he had come tramp, tramp, tramping through the village. One old woman left behind when all had fled went shaking up a ladder to a rice loft. The old villain pursued and killed her. I decided to try this chap with a pit, since he impressed me as to wary for nets. I selected a likely approach to the village and set my snare. We dug the pit twenty feet deep and five feet square, covering it with light limbs and carefully leaving it to look as we had found it. The chimpanzee would come along his usual path, tread upon the slight barricade, fall far within, and then my watchers would finish him.

I spent more time than I could afford with the watchers, as I was interested in this chimpanzee. But we planned with vain things. He never came within ten feet of our pit. Once we spied him loping along his path. Within twelve feet he stopped short. Then he turned about and trotted away. Truly a sagacious chimpanzee.

After a week of waiting I was about ready to acknowledge defeat when I remembered a story told beside a night fire in a trading village by a drowsy Frenchman. A Swiss by the name of Penderson was said to have kept a pet chimpanzee tethered in his back yard at Freetown, on the coast. One day he was surprised to see a large ape trying to make friends with his little captive. It seemed the interloper was an outlaw driven into civilization by his loneliness for ape companionship. Once I had laughed at his story. But now, as I tossed sleeplessly, I wondered. And conceived a plan.

Next morning I tethered a young chimpanzee near the spot where, we believed, our outlaw came out of the woods. I set watchers in a hut within sight. And soon I found that idea, hatched in insomnia, as a last resort had succeeded where all the old methods failed. The same afternoon I had hardly laid down when my boy, Hector stood over me. He pointed toward the peep hole cut in the mud side of our hut. I understood his gestures, which are always expressive in the moment when a coveted animal is yielding. I made for the peephole. What I beheld in the drone of the hot afternoon was epic in its elemental drama.

The old outlaw, a big chap, heavy haired and solemn faced, was stretching one arm out to our little captive, as his morose countenance expressed what to me seemed like an almost human tragedy. His attitude, his quiet gloom, his stark supplication were as if he were saying:

"Here we are, you and I. You are a captive on a chain. I am an outlaw scorned by all other chimpanzees. Come, let us comfort each other!"

The stern scientists of the textbooks may say that I am sentimentalizing. But I am merely trying to put the interpretation that appeared to me upon the acts of this murdering exile. As I watched I was fascinated. But at last reality brought me back. I stepped to the door. I raised my weapon. In two seconds the great chimpanzee had passed out of the land where villages are terrorized by such as he.

Battling bands of chimpanzees have always filled me with interest, but I have never once seen a band battle near enough to watch its minute happenings. I have heard such battling, more than once, and my boys have told me marvelous tales of such encounters.

The great males of one band, they say, fall upon the great males of another, while the females wait nearby quite passively. Though it is necessary to take all stories the natives tell with some skepticism, I still believe they have described the attitude of the females correctly. For the "weaker sex" among these great apes are never belligerent unless the young are concerned.

Ladies and leadership—these are the chief causes for which chimpanzees go to battle, as I suppose, these have been potent causes for battle between men since ever our race began. Leadership brings bands of apes to the fray. When it is a "lady" two contesting apes do battle together, while other members of the band go about their business in strict neutrality.

I can remember one terrific encounter I watched as I lay prone on my stomach looking into a leafy inclosure where a band of chimpanzees came regularly to nibble the "kratch kratch," or Christmas tree leaf, of which they are very fond. They were fairly evenly matched, these two males. Each was about five feet six, bread of shoulder, possessed of the most amazing pairs of long arms.

They fought with arms and claws and great jaws. Sometimes it was such a tangle of members that I could not tell to whom the battle was going. Along toward the end I could see they were fighting in a mist of blood, but fighting desperately still. At the beginning their cries had mingled in fierce rage. Sometimes these cries were quite treble, but as the fight thickened they became throaty.

Always they seemed to be baffled in the grand gesture. I knew very well what this was, from the boys' talk. He was trying to wind his fierce arms about the other, to lift himself by this hold, and to tear the enemy apart with the cruel claws of his hind legs. So, also, does the leopard deal with his human enemy. But neither was successful, and still the fight went on. Finally, after many minutes, one was down. The victor stood upon his body, stamping up and down with flat-footed emphasis.

Then Hector, my head boy, who had been crouching at my side, motioned for me to follow him through the underbrush. It was time to go—"Not good, massa; we be kere when"——

Of course the chimpanzee battles in his family circle, as do most animals, but the battles are never of great moment. I have watched mother chimpanzees cuff their young. I have peeped upon tiny battles between little fellows fighting for the same green leaf or wild nut kernel. And, on the happier side, I have watched these little chaps, in their leafy retreats, press themselves upon the older members of the tribe, till these "took baby up."

There is nothing more nearly human among animals that what I might call the "domestic behavior" of the chimpanzees. Each band invariably has a leader. I have imagined he has been chosen at some conclave of apes, because his wisdom was most mature and his strength most protecting. Certainly it has always seemed to me that these old fellows felt the responsibility of their leadership, though I can think of one rather cowardly exception.

This happened once when I had laid a pit along a path where a certain band often passed. Though I had carefully strewn the top with leaves to make it appear as the other ground, the old leader was suspicious. He sent a weak little female ahead, to test out the ground. And when she fell into my trap, he right about wheeled and led his family in quite a different direction.

I could write a book about my experiences with chimpanzees, for each African voyage brings new adventure. Perhaps I might speak of Joe Mendez, whom I took at Cape Mount. He was a wild, scratching, spitting, fighting little brute when he came to camp. But I knew him on the spot for an unusual chimpanzee. The monkey who will bite is the monkey that learns tricks. So it is with chimpanzees.

I kept Joe Mendez without food for several days and then I approached him, eating a banana. Finally I smeared the banana on my bare forearm and held it out. He ate it off, not offering to bite me. So had hunger reduced him. It wasn't long before I let him out of his cage. Soon he did not need to be tethered. He merely dragged a rather heavy chain, to prevent distant explorations.

At the risk of seeming vainly, I must confess that Joe grew fond of me, as he showed those cool evenings in Cape Mount, when he took his courage in both hands and scrambled up upon my cot. Joe dearly loved to cover himself with a blanket, and soon the little rascal indicated that he preferred to have me to peel his pineapple rather than to prick his fingers by peeling it himself.

He quickly developed many of the tastes of civilization, including a marked liking for canned cherries. It did not take me two months to teach Joe to wear clothes. Some chimpanzees I have never been able to persuade into a regatta.

Five months after his capture Joe was the pet of my family at Camden, N.J. He could hammer a nail, when commanded. He could shoulder a stick which I called "gun" and march like a soldier. After some coaxing I taught him to stand with one thumb in his waistcoat, in an oratorical pose. And he did this when I ordered: "Now, make your stand like William Jennings Bryan speaking against evolution." I finally sold him to some people in Dayton, who used him as a mascot at the famous opera-bouffe trial that happened there three years ago.

I do not claim that Joe understood the significance of his position at the famous litigation, but he plainly showed that he associated oratory with the chief exponent of fundamentalism.

Another extraordinarily able chimpanzee named James I sold to the Zoological Gardens at Chicago. Three years after we had said good-bye at Camden I visited the ape quarters. Suddenly there was a scurrying and a stampeding from a far corner of the park. Then an older James, now grown nearly to my shoulder, came rushing upon me, crying, "Go—Go—Go."—the chimpanzee cry of emotion. He thrust his arms about my neck. He lavished his love upon me. After three years!

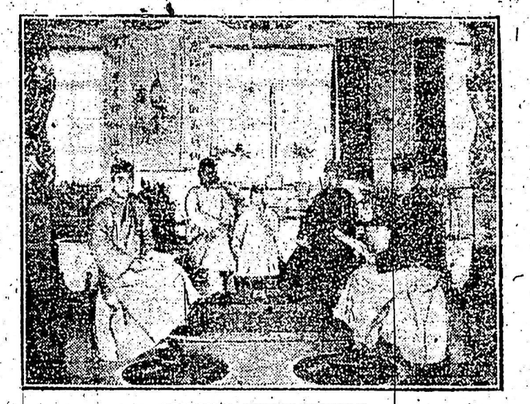
You may keep your pet cat or bird or pony or rabbit or raccoon. You may even keep your pet dog. And I

Young Canada at Washington

SON OF CANADA'S MINISTER

Lionel Massby shows the Washington children that horsemen and horses develope well north of the boundary line.

Oriental Business Methods



ARTISTIC SURROUNDINGS

The managers of a factory that has been turning out the same product, rugs, for 1,000 years. It is the largest rug factory in Pekin, China, where the designs and colors are wrought on looms that have changed little since the days of Confucius.

Radio Equipped Hotel Guests Tell Why They Tune-in

Coolidge Most Popular Radio Speaker with Hoover Second —Only 124 Out of 221 Enjoy Sermons —Jazz Is Not Popular

Radio taste of the traveling public varies greatly according to statistics gathered since March, 1925, among guests in the Robert Morris Hotel in Philadelphia, the rooms of which are radio equipped.

The method of securing this opinion is by placing a card in each room, to be filled out by the guest and on which preference may be expressed for any particular style of entertainment. This was done in order to make sure that the best selection from the various radio programs was being sent into the guest rooms. Out of 2,210 cards which expressed a preference it was found that 1,952 persons (or nearly 90 per cent.) preferred music. Of the various types of music the vocal selections were the most popular, and the most popular single vocal feature was the Atwater Kent concert on Sunday evening. Following vocal selections in popularity were the orchestral features in which the Gypsy String Ensemble and the Silvertown Orchestra led. Opera, symphony and classical music generally were third in the list, and jazz music proved to be the least enjoyable to patrons in the hotel. Only 239 out of 1,952 persons who preferred music enjoyed jazz, and almost as many people expressed a decided dislike to hearing jazz as there were those who preferred it. One hundred and twenty-four out of 2,210 enjoyed sermons and church music best of all, and 241 expressed a preference for the special features. Of these special features sports were most popular, divided almost equally between prize fights, baseball and football.

Of the individuals who spoke on the air Coolidge led in popularity, with Hoover a close second. Expressed preference for various instruments showed that the organ was the most popular single instrument, followed by the violin. The saxophone holds third place.

It is pointed out by the management that one of the greatest advantages to a hotel having radio in the rooms is that it makes the guest feel less lonely or, as expressed on the cards, it makes him feel "at home." It has been found that the radio is used more on rainy nights than on clear nights, and that the time when most people listen in is between 8 and 11 at night.

Novel Radio Installation

The Robert Morris has just completed a novel installation by which, time, the guest has the programs of three radio red chain in which primary station, the WJZ and the Columbia By this new installation can select any one of rams at any hour of the these stations are operthe original installation a single pair of wires room. However, there ement by which any one ocal programs could be posal of the guest. The to this, from the standthe guest and the hotel, one program could be at one time, the hotel o select from one of the stations that program ved would be acceptable ty of its patrons.

control room is located or of the hotel, and the all controlled in the the first floor by a sys- t control. The radioratus consists of four and one amplifier, all ocket-power equipment. ooms are wired through n panel, located in the The equipment is supe separate and unconnected to the rest of the The fourth receiver th the third set and is through relays in that either the third ver may be drawn on circuit by a central main office. In this arranged two fixed pro- third program can be ll. Constant volume the entire range is he use of compensating coils. By stepping the variable resistance in is also possible to reception range. ouse should any particular room ment is balanced, rates are adjusted to ment will run ver the necessary of add main Elmira

he installation cost, only no expense of has been found a n d of providing the entertainment in room.

r I have loved g in my day. But voyages are ut hope I will young chappies r n. Of the girls Interest me country, or a o. But they are fascinating. When rise, more ly, for a place d mind, and pretty ds of life.

Water Supply by Airplane

40,000 Ap ps Dependent Be Distilled Sea Water

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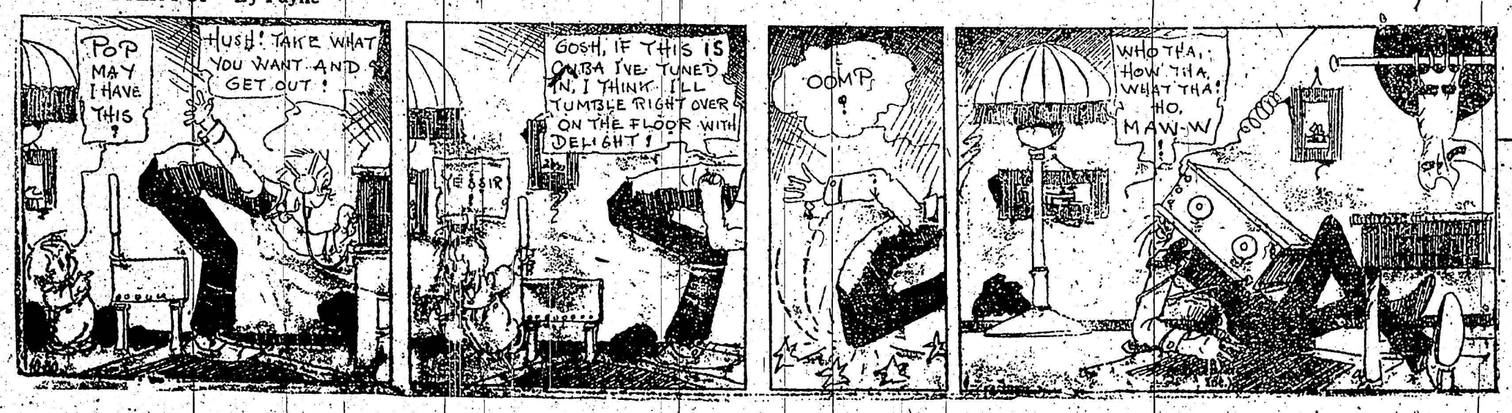
NEW ATTACHMENTS

any new attachments on

almost as many as he has

bells, jingle bells, gle all the way; what fun it is to ride a shiny new coupe.

ing up the books for 1927, not overlook placing credit it is due.

S'MATTER POP—By Payne