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BEST

Two Britishers Deserted French Foreign Legion

Now in Canada—Intend to Work Way Across to Pacific—Warn Beau Geste Aspirants Against Joining

NO ROMANCE THERE

Former Captain J. A. Martin, D.C.M. and bar, M.M., and his companion T. W. Marshall, both deserters from the French Foreign Legion in Africa, are now in Canada with a tale of suffering and hardship hardly to be equalled.

In escaping from the Legion, Marshall at one time had to swim out into the Mediterranean to escape his pursuers. He was picked up by a British ship. Captain Martin fled with a companion across the desert and managed when almost exhausted with effort and starvation to reach Spanish Morocco.

Captain Martin is a tall, good-looking man, who is 31 years of age. He joined the British army the night war was declared in 1914 and went to France, with the Grenadier Guards. In that regiment he won the Distinguished Conduct Medal and bar and the Military Medal. Having won his commission also, he was transferred to the Cameron Highlanders. After the war he was in Ireland with the British army and then served three years in India.

Returning to England the idea of joining the French Foreign Legion came to him when he was told that a friend of his won a commission with the Legion. His home is in Slough, Bucks, and he speaks French, English and Hindustani.

Mr. Marshall is a still younger man—only 27. In 1915 he joined as a bugler in the Royal Engineers. He was then 14 years of age. Too young to be sent to the front, he was kept in England until 1918, when he was sent to Germany with the army of occupation. He bought his discharge in Germany and for a year sold motor-cycles in that country.

"I joined the Legion after reading 'Beau Geste' and other legion stories," Marshall's yarn of his experiences in the Legion and of his eventual escape made that makes fine food for thought for prospective legionaries.

Signed Unwittingly

"Arriving at the legion bureau at Dunkirk," he says, "we were given a paper to sign. It was entirely in French. At that time I could not read it. It was only afterwards that a chap named Scott who joined with me, discovered that we had signed on for five years at a pay of one half-penny per day. We were given ten francs and a railway ticket to Marseilles. Fortunately we had some money of our own or we would have starved on the journey, as ten francs would not buy one meal.

"The men in the legion are of all nationalities and stations in life. Some are fairly wealthy men in search of adventure, others are men driven through poverty and trouble to join the Legion. The barrack rooms with such a gathering was a continuous babel. Menial tasks, of peeling potatoes and cleaning fish the next morning started to wear the romance off the venture, but we were assured that such treatment would end, when we joined the legion in the field.

"That evening we left for Oran, Algeria. Those who saw us marching must have laughed to think that we were going to join a great regiment. We were a shoddy looking lot. Seasickness during the voyage made life even worse before we arrived on the other side.

"On departing to Sidi-Bel-Abbes was delayed for some reason and that night we were all put into a small room to sleep, while the guards, with fixed bayonets stood over us.

"Eventually we arrived at Sidi-Bel-Abbes, the place we had all imagined as a place where legionaries took life at ease while the mellow African sun, made everyone happy. Never was an impression so far out. My uniform was sizes too big for me. Big men in the party received small ones.

Filled With Forebodings

"When we saw a squad of recruits going through drill, we were filled with forebodings. If a man was slow he was more than often struck by some huge sergeant. If that did not suffice he would be ordered to run around the drill square nearly a mile square. If he did not do that fast enough he would be ordered to do it again.

"While we were at Sidi-Bel-Abbes Camerson Day arrived. On this day we celebrated some victory of the Camerons and each soldier is given the luxury of a bar of chocolate, a slice of cake and three cigarettes.

"The food I found to be rank bad and scarce. Coffee is given before starting the early morning duties. At 10.30 a.m. a thin soup and beans or rice is served. The same meal is duplicated about 6 o'clock. Once a week there is an issue of camel or horse meat. The only luxury is a cup of wine served two or three times a week. It is generally used for bartering for cigarettes.

"The next day our first route march took place. It was ten miles long. The order of the legion is that on such marches the legionaries must sing all the time. As 80 per cent. of the members are Germans, all the songs were in that language. As Scott and I were the only English-speaking members of that party it would have been useless to strike up 'Tipperary.'

"The marching was terrible as no socks are issued to legionaries. Rags have to be wound round the feet and until one learns the knack, it is torture, as the wrinkles wound the feet sorely. Twice a week we had to march to a mountain over a dozen miles away, collect firewood, load it on mules and march back. Dozens fainted on these marches, but no matter what condition they were in they had to finish the march even if they took all day about it. Twice weekly we went to the shooting range. Each man fired five rounds. If the officer was not satisfied he had to fire extra rounds until the officer was satisfied. For every extra round, a man had to serve extra nights of duty.

Had to Find Bullets

"When the 'cease fire' sounded every man had to make a race for the ground behind the targets and collect the bullets he had fired. To those who were fleet there was no trouble in getting five rounds, but the first ones usually collected some extras for the next time. In this way the last ones up would have a hopeless search.

"Scott, with terribly blistered feet, was always last in these rushes and, while most of us got back from the shooting ranges around ten in the morning, Scott would not return sometimes until four o'clock in the afternoon.

"We could not talk to each other and when we could there was only one topic, desertion. The authorities knew this and elaborate care was taken to keep us from doing it. Every week four or five would try to get away only to be caught.

"A reward is payable for anyone bringing in a deserter—dead or alive. Prowling Arabs are constantly on the lookout for this reward.

"The only chance was to have about 1,000 francs with which to bribe an Arab to smuggle one of the coast. Even then there was a danger that the Arab, having received the thousand would turn the deserter in to collect the regular reward as well.

"After two months I determined to try to escape in company with a Dutchman. We planned to slip away from the camp bareheaded in the hope that if we were seen we would be mistaken for English tourists and left alone.

"We also planned to walk by night and sleep by day, but we found by bitter experience that it was actually better to walk by day when we could see what was ahead, as we several times in the dark nearly stumbled on Arab camps.

Hail Stones Found

"Our bread lasted until the third night, and during that time we were also fortunate enough to strike plenty of streams at which to quench our thirst. On the fourth day we had no food, and it was not until late in the afternoon that we had an opportunity to quench our thirst. We were staggering along, parched with thirst when a miracle happend.

"I saw, under a shady bush, some hailstones which had fallen the night before and which the sun had not yet had time to melt. They helped us a lot.

"For the next seven days we were unfortunate. We did not strike any water during that time, and the only moisture we had was the juice of occasional green grapes we found.

"We dare not approach any hut, for we knew the Arabs would take us back.

"On the eleventh day after our desertion we finally saw the waters of the Mediterranean in the distance. We reached a small village on the coast and, thinking we were in Spanish territory, went up to a small house.

"To our dismay, it turned out to be a post of the French Port Police. We had not gone far enough west.

"They identified us as legionaries and arrested us.

"We had walked 420 miles. We had suffered hunger and thirst. We had been scorched by day and frozen by night. We knew our punishment would be years of imprisonment.

"In desperation that night we ripped a hole in the roof of the little hut and, with bleeding fingers, dropped to the ground. We just struck it when someone gave the alarm. I hid in a bush. The Dutchman was caught. For four hours I stayed in that bush until I was afraid daylight would give me away. I dropped down, mingled with the searchers, slipped down to the water's edge and, unnoticed, plunged in.

Drifted to Sea

"I meant to work my way along the coast westward until I struck Spanish territory, but in my weakened condition my swimming would not combat the tide, and I drifted out. I had almost lost consciousness when I was picked up by the crew of an English boat. They took me to Spain and from Gibraltar the authorities sent me to England."

Captain Martin had a much longer time in the legion. His story of hardship is much the same as Marshall's. He says:

"I was in the ranks for thirteen months. I tried to attain to the rank of corporal. But I was sent back from the corporal's school.

"The wages. In Algeria we got a half-penny a day during our three or four months' training. But when we were sent to Morocco we received three half-pence a day until eighteen months' service was completed, when the pay jumped from 11 francs 20 centimes per 15 days to 42 francs. Should anyone have the misfortune to be returned to Algeria, down came the pay.

"We were fed best at Fez, the headquarters of the Third Regiment, to which I belonged.

"Life in the legion is something that you have to live before you can believe. Nobody objects to your stealing kit or money except the person from whom the things are stolen. But you must never ask anyone anything about himself.

"Why he joined and what he had been—or more probably done, before he became one of the legion is his own business.

"After thirteen months I made up my mind to clear out.

"My chum, Charles Leclair, and I managed to get civilian clothes. We started out in style in a motorbus, after having dumped our uniforms. At Meknes, 38 miles away, we ran bang into two officers of the legion, who looked at us rather closely. My heart started to beat like a machine gun.

Bluff Won Out

"But as bluff was the only way out of it, we lit cigarettes and started towards a cafe. One of the officers followed. But when he heard us talking English he smiled and wished us 'Good Day!' We told him we were on a walking tour of Morocco and, after a brief chat, he left us. We went on into the cafe to find two policemen sitting there.

"Talk English like the Dickens," urged Leclair. We did, until I could hardly talk as the coffee I was drinking was scalding my tongue. When one of the policemen started to talk to me I was scared to death and my nerves were jumpy. We had a long wait in Meknes for the train that was to carry us away, and during that time a legion sergeant and a squad of men eyed us until we were faint with fright.

"Fortunately there were some English ladies on the platform also waiting for the train to Souk-Arba-du-Ghar, and I went up to one of them and explained everything. They were most plucky and laughed and chatted with us until the train left. An inspiration on the part of Leclair caused us to buy return tickets to Meknes.

"The next stage was a 43-mile walk over country to the Spanish border. After fourteen hours of arduous walking we managed to board a Spanish motor truck and were taken to el-Arahish. From there we got a bus to Tangier.

"From there it was plain sailing."
—Montreal Star.

Careers for Women

Vera Brittain in the London Daily Chronicle (Lib.): Owing to the breaking of old traditions by the war, and to the great constitutional changes of the past few years, woman has ceased to be a domestic creature who occasionally penetrates, timid and unwelcome, into the working world of men. For good or ill she has become part of the complex economic life of the nation, and as such her opportunities an dachievements are affected by every political change, by alterations in social custom, and even by the subtlest modifications in public opinion. A young woman, therefore, should no longer be permitted to choose an occupation without having the slightest knowledge of those outside influences which may well determine either her failure or her success.

Willie: Daddy, will you buy me an X-Ray machine?

Father: What in the world do you want with an X-Ray machine?

"To find 'X' in my Algebra problems!"

THOUGHTFUL TOMMY

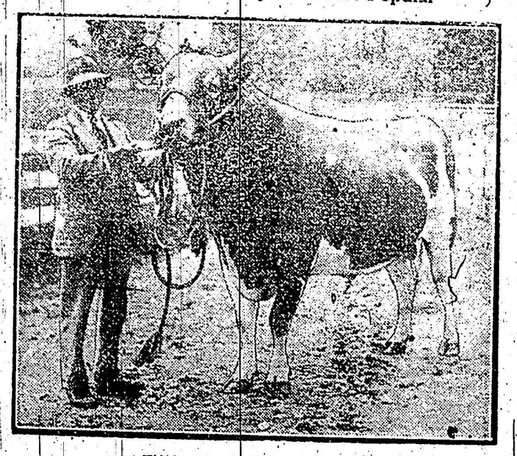
"Mamma," inquired Tommy, "will the pudding make me sick, or will there be enough for everybody?"

A "HOT" TIE

Sambo: "Rastus, dat tie what yo' got on shuah am a flamer!"

Aastus: "Dis tie is supposed to be a flamer, niggah, 'cause Ah bought it a fire sale."

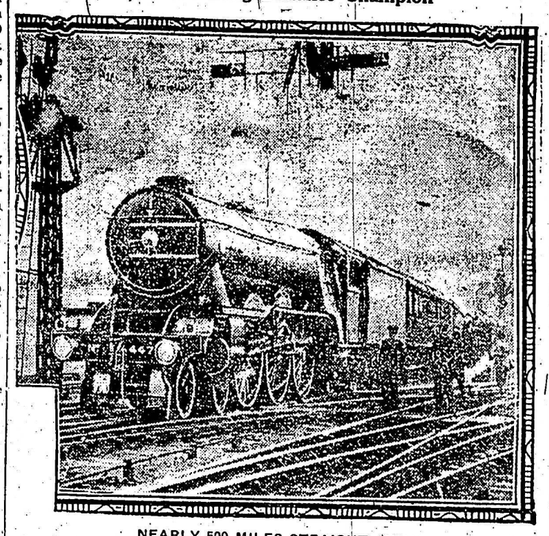
Who Says Guernseys Are Not Popular



THIS BULL SOLD FOR $15,500

Shuttlewick Champion, a prize Guernsey bull, was purchased by Mrs. Chancey McCormick at the National Guernsey Sale held at Hinsdale, Ill. Picture shows him at Naperyille Farm of the McCormicks.

World's Long Distance Champion



NEARLY 500 MILES STRAIGHT AWAY

England's high class locomotive which ran from London to Glasgow without stopping averaging approximately 60 miles an hour for the whole trip.

Sunday School Lesson

June 17. Lesson XII—The Crucifixion—Mark 15: 22-26, 33-39. Golden Text—God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5: 8.

SUBJECT.

CHRIST'S DEATH AND THE PASSING OF THE OLD WORLD.

INTRODUCTION—The lesson to-day is taken up with the last tragic scenes in the earthly history of the Son of God, the crucifixion and the desolation of the last hours preceding his release. No event in all the world's history has so moved the imagination and heart of humanity, or created so glorious a hope as the event depicted here. What to the world's eye appears as disaster and defeat justifies itself in the spirit as the supreme victory of reconciling love. God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, and instituting a new world-age.

Of this fact, which constitutes the final significance of the death of Christ, there are two hints at the close of the lesson. The first is in v. 38, where we read that at Jesus' death the veil of the Temple was rent in two. This represents symbolically the end of the Jewish dispensation, and the passing of the glory of God from the Jewish ritual to the cross of Jesus. The second hint is the Gentile centurion's exclamation in v. 39. This is prophetic of the wider world's response to the appeal of Jesus Christ. Rejected by his own nation, Jesus becomes the Lord of a new humanity, which recognizes in him the supreme hero to whom its worship and reverence belong.

V. 22. Golgotha, so called from its configuration which resembled a skull, lay outside of the city walls, as they were at that time. Subsequently the extension of the city to the North led to the inclusion of the spot within the city boundaries. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which for many centuries has been thought to mark the neighborhood, lies well within the walls.

V. 23. The offering to crucified persons of wine containing an infusion of myrrh was a measure dictated by compassion. The cup was designed as an opiate to induce a certain dulling of the senses during the long-drawn-out agony of death by crucifixion. Certain charitable persons would make themselves responsible for seeing that the opiate was administered to the crucified Jesus. But Jesus refused the draught. In the utterness of his self-surrender he would not consent to any drugging of his pain.

V. 24. At the foot of the cross there goes on the procedure customary on such occasions, the dividing of the prisoner's clothes among the soldiers of the guard.

V. 25. The hour when the crucifixion began is exactly recorded. It was 9 a.m., "The third hour," by the Jewish reckoning.

V. 26. It was the custom to affix to the cross a public notice stating for what crime the condemned person suffered. In Jesus' case the inscription was, "The King of the Jews." Whatever mocking significance his Jewish or Roman critics attached to this "superscription," it expressed the final truth of the matter for those who, like his disciples, had seen into the meaning of that sovereign life of love which was now ending.

V. 34. Jesus lingered in life from 9 a.m., when they crucified him, till 3 p.m., when the end came. Immediately before the end there came from his lips the parting cry of dereliction, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" The words are Aramaic, and echo the opening verse of Psalm 22. There meaning is, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" What significance is to be attached to this last dying utterance of the Son of Man? Some have reasoned from the cry that Jesus had hoped till now that God would intervene to save him and to reveal him as the Messiah. But it would be surely truer to see in the cry, and in the agony the words express, the last dread reality of the surrender which Jesus for our sakes made to death. His sacrifice for us involved and included this final sense of forsakenness by the Father. He was forsaken in our stead, just as in our stead he suffered.

Vs. 35-37. A misinterpretation by the bystanders of his dying words is mentioned. The Jewish expectation of Elijah's return would be familiar even to Roman soldiers in Palestine, and accounts for their callous words at this juncture. A moment after, Jesus expired.

V. 38. Attention has been called above to the religious significance of the symbolical episode here recorded. The rending of the Temple veil means that with the death of Christ the Christian soul becomes conscious of a new way of approach to God. The Temple worship is cancelled and superseded. Faith transfers itself from law and sacrifice to the crucified one. So at any rate it happens in Christian experience from this time onwards. Christians look no longer to the Holy of Holies for the abiding glory of the divine presence, but to the face of Jesus Christ (compare 2 Cor. 3:18 and 4:6).

V. 39. The testimony of the Gentile centurion is also of great interest. He claims when Jesus dies: "Surely this man was a Son of God." "Son of God" on heathen lips would mean hero or deified person, and the centurion's words are indicative of the supreme place in worship and reverence which Jesus was soon to acquire in the Græco-Roman world.

Communism to Go Its Failure Sure

Theodore Dreiser After a Visit to Russia Predicts Present Systems Downfall

Soviet Russia has been a success to date. It is an interesting and valuable experiment, but so far as attaining its ideal of the elimination of class distinctions is concerned it is doomed to ultmate failure. These are the conclusions Theodore Dreiser arrives at in reconsidering in the June issue of "Vanity Fair Magazine" the impressions which he formed on his recent visit to the U.S.S.R.

Mr. Dreiser frankly admires the leaders of the bolshevik experiment and has only praise for a great deal that the Russians have done and are doing. Lenin he considers the greatest personality and the greatest leader of our generation. "Whatever one may think of the present-day rulers of Russia," he writes, "one cannot deny their honesty and, as measured by our tests, their selflessness with regard to the good things of this world. Most of the leaders live in simple hotel rooms or in single rooms in the Kremlin, and the actual wage of all officials and leaders from Stalin down is 225 roubles a month—about $112. There is no question of personal accumulation of wealth. As a matter of fact, compared with our political leaders and those of some other countries that I have chanced to meet in my time I rank them as high as any—more earnest, more thoughtful and sincere, more capable of thinking—and that is the highest compliment that I can pay them."

Conditions to-day in Russia, according to Mr. Dreiser, are better than in the pre-war period, the workers have a better deal than elsewhere in the world and the peasants are neither downtrodden nor exploited.

But as for the aim of the Soviet Union, to abolish every social class, including their own, Mr. Dreiser says, "Personally, I am dubious of the result because I cannot even conceive of a classless society any more than I can conceive of life without variations and distinctions.

"Is the ditch-digger any less a ditch-digger or any less unimportant for being one in Communist Russia than would elsewhere be the case? Never believe it. Nor the beggar or the servant either. All appear to function as before—not oppressed of course—better taken care of than elsewhere in the world may be, but still ditch-diggers, servants, beggars and looked upon as such by all the superior intellects. Whereas the Communist official, with his assistants, his official car or cars, his offices and authority is as much if not more a big-wig than he was before the revolution. The class sense remains. 'I am a doctor, you are a beggar, and as such we can scarcely mingle on equal terms, can we? And communism cannot remedy that. I fear, any more than it can make a brilliant brain associate with a dull one."

Mr. Dreiser makes the point that the new economic policy as introduced by Lenin was not a retreat in the face of victorious capitalism, but rather the real beginning of the economic struggle against it. That it has been a success, he says, is attested to by the fact that "large-scale industry, the immense electrical schemes, the harnessing of Russia's immense water power, etc., are to the extent of almost ninety per cent. State undertakings; that foreign commerce is to the extent of a hundred per cent. under the control of the State through the State monopoly of foreign commerce; that transport is almost completely, under the control of the State and co-operatives and that something like seventy per cent. of all commerce, both wholesale and retail, is now in the hands of the State and co-operative organizations. The influence of the business man is limited almost exclusively to commerce, and he is strongest in retail trade. But even here, as anyone can see for himself in Russia, the course of development is gradually eliminating him."

The only things cheap now are talk and human life.

State Places Ban on Showing Dogs With Cropped Ears

Bill Passed in Massachusetts Greatly Strengthens Law Against the Practice

Cropping of dogs' ears is forbidden in Massachusetts, and the practice, forced by a prohibition against exhibiting animals with cropped ears in dog shows, under a bill which has been passed by the Massachusetts Legislature and signed by Governor Alvan T. Fuller.

Announcement of the governor's action closed a legislative session which began with one of the largely attended committee hearings of the session. The act will take effect Sept. 1, it is said.

The statute imposes a fine of $50 for any violation and provides that possession of a dog with trimmed ears, prima facie evidence of offense. Heretofore according to sponsors of the measure, it has been legally unquestioned that cropping was a violation of the statute against cruelty to animals, but conviction could only be obtained when the owner was taken in the act. The new provision against exhibiting dogs with cropped ears will make the law more enforceable, its proponents say.

A number of dog fanciers and veterinarians favored the bill, which was declared to the breeds whose ears in the past have been cropped for dog shows would continue to be shown under the new standards. Provision made for registration of dogs whose ears have been cropped before the effective date of the statute.

Prince of Wales to Fly Only to Keep "On

London.—The income of the Prince of Wales will not permit him to keep his public position, it will undoubtedly stimulate the growing fashion for air travel among those who can afford it.

The arrangements for the Prince, however, do not provide for flying, according to official reports, and it is said that he has no desire to fly the machine himself.

An army airplane is to be provided for him, when circumstances make it necessary for him to go to the Royal Air Force headquarters at Northolt, Middlesex. But no machine and no special pilot are devoted to his service. The machine upon which the Prince may call, it is said, are those of Handley Page slotted wing machines, and his pilot on any flight will be an officer on duty at the time the call is made.

According to unofficial reports the decision to give him the use of army machines is due to the fact that the car having been frequently overturned by enthusiastic admirers getting in the way with the result that he has made late for public appearances.

Stocking a Fishless Lake

According to all available information no species of fish has ever been found in the waters of the southern Saskatchewan. In 1924 the Dominion Department of Marine and Fisheries planted brown trout and Lake Superior trout fry in several lakes in the Cypress Hills district. Reports from these streams to fishing parties indicate that the fish have gone from there. They have survived the winter and some reproduced last year, while this third year; and specimens have been caught nearly a pound in weight and over a foot in length. While it is too soon to form an opinion as to the final outcome of this interesting experiment, evidence to date is causing considerable interest and enthusiasm in the sport of angling in a district hitherto been devoid of fish, is viewed with pleasure.

Paris Septuagenarians Race for Methusaleh

PARIS—The Methusaleh Club offered as an annual prize to bring out four aged cross-country runners in the first-race meeting.

Four men, form 70 to 78 years of age, exactly 75 years old, walked an even two miles in the Bois-de St. Cloud in the time they could do . . . The winner came home in 22 minutes 32 seconds, decidedly over the distance, but esteemed very satisfactory for grey-bearded men.

This Methusalem race is the growth of the Old Age Club, established in 1913 for men not less than 40. The age limit has been raised to 50, because there were too many contestants.

Away From

HAD MON

Lieut. and Mrs. Bentley, the young couple spent their honeymoon in Africa, to London.

British Interest in Canada Grows

Export Houses Seek Connections, Commissioner Reports

Manufacturers of Great Britain are turning more and more to Canada as an outlet for their goods, while Canadian firms are seeking connections with British export houses, according to data in the hands of the British Trade Commissioner.

Increasing interest in Canadian markets by Old Country manufacturers is indicated by the record number of travelers and sales representatives of British houses here this season, officials report. They are more numerous than at any time since the war, it is said. Representatives are also studying Canadian needs and preferences in order to more easily compete with American goods.

Textiles, cottons and other materials with the exception of artificial silk, are finding an increasing outlet here, reports to the British Government show. There is a possibility of the British light-weight automobile entering the sales field here in view of the attempt to consider the structural changes that would be necessary to suit Canadian conditions.

Members of the British Sales Managers' Association are scheduled to arrive here early in July. The organization last year, at the advice of the Prince of Wales, entered upon a scheme to promote greater Inter-Empire trade. They will visit Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Quebec.

807

FOR SMART OCCASIONS.

A delightful printed Pongee silk dress, with fashionable circular skirt, that can be worn for dressy enough for any social affair in town. The long waisted bodice with square neckline and cuffed sleeves, forming deep V at front, is becoming and harmonizing with every type of figure. Design No. 807 is cut in sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. For a 15 year size it requires 4¾ yards of 40 inch material with ¾ yards of 40 inch contrasting. Price 20c.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each pattern as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each pattern and address your order to Fashion Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Anglo-American Theatre

St. John Ervine, the English dramatic critic, "The Observer," has been saying some hard things about the theatre and the drama in general and about Broadway in particular. He says that the theatre is in a bad way because it is in a bad way. That is nevertheless true. There are plenty of kindred lessons to be learned by the American and the English theatre which can get value out of the experience of the other, and any other theatre. It may not be economically desirable to import a whole flea, but it cannot be economically desirable to overlook them, and, critically, it is well and reasonable to present the free and easy intercourse of the art and mind of one nation with the art and mind of another.

and Old Shoes

IN THE CLOUDS

arrival at Croydon Aerodrome. The the air on a flight from Cape Town