

HIS BEST DAY IS GONE

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT IS NOW A THING OF THE PAST.

Ever Since the Boer War When Kitchener Curbed the Freedom of the Journalist at the Front, Army Officers Have Been Increasing the Censorship Under Which News is Sent Out to the Great Dailies.

Readers of Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Light that Failed," will remember the voluble war correspondent who bobs in and out of the story with the announcement, couched in terms of delighted enthusiasm, that there is to be war in the Balkans, says a writer in T.P.'s Weekly. Mr. Kipling, with that genius for hitting off a state of mind in a frame, succeeded admirably with this particular character.

War correspondents have been awaiting this war in the Balkans for I know not how many years. They have always been more or less ready for the emergency, which has threatened Europe for so long, and now that it has come the position, so far as the war correspondent is concerned, is full of irony. The war in the Balkans has come with a vengeance; five nations are dealing out death on a scale so heroic as to satisfy the demands of the most sanguinary newspaper reader; but Othello's occupation is gone.

There are scores of war correspondents in the peninsula of tragedy, but they are not allowed to go near the war, and if, by any chance or pertinacity, they get within smell of the powder, a rigorous censorship annihilates their news long before it is able to satisfy the hungry newspaper presses of the world. Three reputations only have as yet been made by war correspondents during the present crisis and one of them is anonymous. The whole position of the war correspondent is changed. At one time he was the associate of generals and commanders at the very hub of battle, to-day he is treated with the profoundest suspicions by the war masters, and he is kept as far away from the front as possible without transgressing the limits of international courtesy.

Indeed, as I write, the majority of war correspondents in the Balkan Peninsula are confined either in the town of Sata-Zagora, the base of the Bulgarian operations, some forty-five miles the wrong side of the Turkish frontier, or at a camp near Teborlu Station. Even then their news does not get through so quickly as the news of correspondents at Sofia, Belgrade, Athens or Constantinople. The result has been of extreme interest to the student of the daily newspaper. The world has known that great battles were being fought, but during those battles, contrary to the journalism of the past, the world has been in complete ignorance of what has been taking place. And it must be remembered that most of the engagements of the Balkan war have covered several days. Not until a particular movement has been completed have we learnt what transpired, and even then only in the most carefully guarded messages.

There have been no anticipations of movements, no telegraphed itineraries of martial progress, no vivid glimpses of sanguinary contests during operations, nothing save vague rumors and prophecies inspired in the Fleet Streets of the world. But instead of news we have seen the apotheosis of the military disquisitioner, exemplified chiefly in the brilliant and capable articles of Lieut.-Colonel Maurice Grant, writing under the familiar and famous pseudonym "Linesman," in The London Daily Mail, and the emphatic and ardent analyses of the situation from day to day by Mr. J. L. Garvin in The London Pall Mall Gazette.

But the situation at the moment is a complete reverse of what held during war times in the past. Of old time the war correspondent made us wise and full of knowledge during the event and sometimes before it; there were moments when great war correspondents like Archibald Forbes, G. W. Stevens and Bennett Burleigh appeared to have been conducting the campaigns which they chronicled.

Anybody who remembers the incidents associated with the activities of war correspondents during the Boer war, when those most romantically occupied of all journalists marched with the armies into the very flame of battle and sometimes suffered the trials of the besieged in heroic strongholds like Ladysmith and Kimberley, will be able to mark the extreme difference in the status of that profession to-day.

But it was the journalistic indiscretions of the Boer war which hastened the war correspondent's doom. Lord Kitchener was the first to exercise a censorship on their activities, and his example was followed by the commanders of the war between Russia and Japan, when still further restrictions and more rigorous censorship came into operation; and with the Balkan war the censorship both on the part of Turkey and the confederates is so complete that the war correspondent is practically extinct as a swift means of communication between the seat of war and the peaceful world.

We are certainly robbed of the thrill of knowledge of hot encounters during the hours of their widest heat, but I do not think anybody will complain at the turn affairs have taken. It is all a part of the great game of war. The tyrant who has exterminated the war correspondent is not after all the commanding officer of any army or the diplomatic officer of any state; the tyrant who has exterminated the war correspondent is the war correspondent's greatest friend, the electric telegraph.

By its means people thousands of miles from the seat of war could watch a battle through the mind's eye as vividly, and perhaps more vividly, than if they had been on the spot. But the action of the electric telegraph too much resembles the action of the boomerang; it hits back at the point from which it starts.

You can jolly the average man by referring to him as a prominent citizen. When a man agrees with you at all times, look for the axe he has to grind.

WINDMILLS OF HOLLAND.

Old-Fashioned Methods Still Prevail In Operating Them.

It is said that there are 10,000 windmills in Holland. The number is said, however, to be less than it was fifty years ago, for the Dutch have, in a measure, substituted steam and other forms of power for the capricious wind.

Whenever the wind changes in Holland hundreds of mill-keepers come forward and laboriously turn the tops about by hand. They may be seen pushing and straining on the galleries surrounding the towers midway between the ground and the top or tugging at the spokes of a wheel on the ground.

Zaandam is especially the home of the windmill. It lies to the north and west of Amsterdam, and every town or village in this district begins or ends in "zaan."

Zaandijk, according to one traveler, perpetually reminds one of the old query, "Do you see anything green?" "Everything in Zaandijk is green. Bridges, fences, doors, windows, walls, are green, ranging from the green of peas to that of apples, olives, grass, malschie, beryl, old bottles and verdigris."

In a little museum of this place there are shown many models of windmills, among which is that of the first windmill erected in Zaandam. It stood in the water, and when it was desired to turn the sails toward the wind the miller was obliged to get into his boat and, taking a line, tow the whole structure around until it was in a working position again. Later on the mill was set on a post and the whole turned about this as an axis, in the same manner that one revolves bookshelves. Then another method was devised. The entire edifice was turned about from the bottom like a monitor's turret. Finally the comparatively modern type was adopted, that of a cap holding the axle and sails with a cogwheel and spindle inside and easily moved from below by a hand wheel or windlass to secure the proper frontage at will.

The Diver and His Clothes.

When clothed in the ordinary diver's suit topped with the heavy brass helmet a diver is helpless. The air that is pumped down to him fills not only the helmet, but the entire suit, puffing it out to such an extent that heavy weights are required to keep the man down. The work that he can do is limited. One of the annoyances that he has to endure is the fact that he cannot reach inside of suit to ease any discomfort. A diver once discovered a June bug in his helmet when he was down under water, and he was obliged to endure all the torture of having the insect crawl over his face without any possible means of reaching it to destroy it or even brush it away. Recently, however, a French inventor devised a diver's outfit which dispenses with everything but an abbreviated form of helmet. Air is pumped to the diver in the usual way, through a pipe which is attached to his helmet at the back of the neck.

Clam's Eggs.

The clam's eggs are carried by the mother on her gills. When there are fish in the water with them the mother clam discharges the eggs which soon hatch, but if there are no fish they carry the eggs until they decay. The reason of this strange behavior is this: When the eggs are set free in the water they soon hatch and the little ones swim about until they find some fish to which to attach themselves, but for a time no fish will touch them, and they will sink to the bottom and form burrows for themselves. This curious semiparasitic life is no doubt a reversion to the habit of some ancient ancestor.

Lizards' Tails.

Certain lizards are remarkable for the fragility of their tails, although this weakness is not always the drawback that may be imagined. The diamond tailed gecko, for instance, frequently owes its existence to the readiness with which its caudal appendage can be snapped off. This reptile, which will perch upon a rock head downward and tail in the air, is liable to be preyed upon by hawks. One of these formidable birds will swoop down upon a lizard and seize what it takes to be the head, but is really the tail. The brittle tail snaps off, and the gecko wriggles away, not much the worse, to grow another.

Bright Pupils.

These are some of the pupils' answers to examination problems: The countries benefited by the overflow of the Nile are Europe, Asia, Australia and America, because they are not there to be drowned. The source of the Nile river is its main strength. Example—A boy paid \$8.25 for a wagon and sold it for \$7.75. Did he gain or lose, and how much? Answer—He gained on the cents and lost on the dollars.

The Dog's Kennel.

Damp is the greatest evil to which the dog confined outside the house in a kennel is liable. It will kill the strongest dog and must be carefully guarded against. If a dog is to keep in health, too, it is necessary that it should be able to enjoy plenty of sunlight, and the kennel should always be placed facing south, except in the hottest parts of the day in summer, when it should be moved into the shade.

Each to His Trade.

"This poem was written by a prominent lawyer of this city. Has it any value?" "About as much value," said the editor, "as a legal opinion written by a poet."

An Easier Explanation.

A professor once made his apology for the intricacies of a statement by adding, "I can't give you an easier explanation without making it more difficult."

"Yes, dearie," came the bland reply, "your father is in the library." A scientist has discovered that the onion is a cure for love. Public enthusiasm is often succeeded by public forgetfulness.

1,000,000 TOO MANY.

Britain's Surplus Women Constitute a Serious Problem.

If you had 1,000,000 women to support and talk to—or be talked to—that would be about 999,999 more than you want, wouldn't it? If you can conceive of such a state of affairs, you can gain some idea of the situation that confronts England.

Now what would you do with them? That's what England wants to know. It is really a serious problem that John Bull has to solve and it is worrying him almost as much as the German situation is. The British registrar-general is the man who discovered the startling fact that the female members of England's population outnumber the males by about a million and a quarter.

But the extra 250,000 are not of vital importance. It may be that they were simply thrown in for good measure by the census takers, who have just recently finished their work. It is the "million too many" that are causing both statesmen and marriageable men to become grey.

If any one, or any nation, or any number of nations, will consent to accept a deed to these 1,000,000 women Mr. Bull will be only too glad to give the odd 250,000 as a bonus. The problem is to find some one who wants one million women.

Thus far the "1,000,000 too many women" don't know that they are a drug on the matrimonial market and the men of England are trying to keep the fact a secret. It is not what might happen if they should form a league or army and take a determined stand. If they did, no unmarried man would be safe, and wives would probably have to surround their husbands with guards. But even that would be impossible, for if the guards were men they would have to be guarded—and there aren't enough men in the country to do that.

"Of course, it would be a terrible calamity for us personally if a million of the daughters of Great Britain were to leave us suddenly," declared the registrar-general. "There would be a few of us who would not feel the wrench, but for a time life would seem very blank indeed."

"But, looking at the matter economically or coldbloodedly—if about a million women were to leave their heads to emigrate it would be about the best thing that could possibly happen to the country."

"The fact that we have these more than a million marriageable women in the country means that they must look about for some means of keeping themselves."

"This will naturally lead to an encroachment of women upon the fields of labor which have always belonged to men, for it is well known that less money is paid for women clerks than for men."

"The market for clerical labor in England is already well overstocked, and what is more natural than that an employer should prefer to engage a cheap worker to a more expensive one; provided, of course, she is just as competent and suits his purpose all right."

As Good as a Gold-Mine.

Prof. White estimates that no fewer than 400,000,000 gas mantles are used every year, and as these gas mantles cannot be manufactured without a substance named thorium, the necessity for obtaining a large supply is obvious. Some time ago the manufacturers were, indeed, at a loss to discover sufficient for their purpose. Their anxiety was removed quite unexpectedly when a stranger walked into the office of one of the great incandescent companies and offered to show where an unlimited supply could be obtained.

He demanded \$500,000 for the information, and the sum the company readily undertook to pay. The directors were, however, doubtful of his ability to carry out his promise, but after obtaining a contract he took a representative of the company to Brazil, where huge deposits of thorium were discovered. From this place most of the thorium now in use is obtained. The stranger had discovered the find quite accidentally.

Dean of War Scribes.

There appears to be a general impression abroad that the day of the war correspondent is over, but Mr. Bennett Burleigh will be found wherever the war drum rolls. Save with the possible exception of Mr. Frederic Villiers, no correspondent alive has seen so much of warfare under varying conditions as Mr. Burleigh.

On more than one occasion he has sought to enter the more peaceful atmosphere of the House of Commons, but his candidature has not been attended with success. He is more at home on the battlefield, where he has had many narrow escapes from death, but where, at any rate, he has experienced many a crowded hour of desperate strife. His opinions on military matters command the respect and attention of the professional, for Mr. Burleigh writes of what he has known and seen.

Curious Christian Names.

British Guiana is a land of quaint Christian names. Rev. L. Crookall quotes from the baptismal register of the church in which he ministered to a congregation of all the colors. Nanie Bellona, Queen Elizabeth, Prince Albert, John Pantaloon and Frank Locust. One negro whose child he christened was called Whisky Emmanuel. Another black man brought his child and when the minister asked the name replied, "Seriatim ad Valorem." Another gave a puzzling answer which sounded like "Ax parson" and when requested to explain said: "Well, parson, my mind gie me to go too de New Testament, I have had four boys. One was called Matthew, another Mark, another Luke and another John, and this is Acts, parson."

Didn't Want Him to Laugh.

Hewitt—You would make a donkey laugh. Jewett—Cut out your hilarity.

The average woman knows more about some other woman than she knows about herself. The self-made man is unable to see where he could have made any improvement on his work.

A CIVIC GALLERY.

Montreal Now Possesses a Handsome Building For Its Pictures.

A new era in matters artistic in Montreal has been inaugurated by the opening of the Art Gallery just built by the Art Association of that city, aided by generous contributions from a few public-minded citizens. Not only will it mean a big step in advance by those who have striven so hard, and with so much success, to make Montreal an art centre, but it will make a substantial addition to the attractions of the city for residents and visitors alike.

Up till now Montreal has had no public picture gallery. The city is peculiarly rich in artistic treasures, but most of them are either in private collections or in the semi-private collection of the Art Association, which existed exclusively for its members. It has had a certain social prestige that has always been carefully maintained, notwithstanding that its rules and its fees have placed but little restriction on the qualifications for membership. From time to time the question of extending its usefulness by giving the general public free access to its galleries has been discussed, but it has always been felt that this would destroy the essential character of the institution, for which its leading members have worked hard and made many sacrifices.

A year or two ago there came the bequest of the famous Learmont collection of pictures by modern and ancient masters—a collection of almost priceless value. One condition attached to the bequest was that the galleries in which the pictures were displayed should be open free to the public for two days in every week. The bequest thus focused the question of public privileges into a crisis in the history of the association—a crisis that was accentuated by the fact that there was no room in the old building in which to hang the collection.

The net result was a quickening of interest that ultimately determined the council of the association to sell the old Art Gallery—which, being in the centre of the shopping district, had greatly enhanced in value— and erect a new building commensurate in size and dignity with the city of Montreal. It was further decided that this new Art Gallery should be open to the public free for two days in every week. Thus when, on December 9, the building was opened by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, a new and valuable centre for the elevation of the public taste will be placed freely at the disposal of the citizens, while at the same time an opportunity will be given them of seeing many of the treasures in private collections, for the most comprehensive loan exhibition ever held in Canada is being arranged for the occasion.

The building is on Sherbrooke street, in the centre of the most fashionable residential district, and quite close to the magnificent Carlton Hotel, now newly completed. It is of marble throughout, much of the interior fittings being of marble quarried and sculptured in Italy. The huge columns surmounting the steps at the entrance are solid monoliths which the architect claims are the largest on the American continent. The design, inside and out, is on simple classic lines harmoniously blending into an impressive and dignified whole. Inside a pleasant relief to the white marble is afforded by balustrading of dull bronze—old capitals and bases for the columns of the same metal.

He is spending \$2,000,000

E. N. HINES is one of the road commissioners of Wayne County, E. Michigan, in charge of the highways leading from a prosperous farming district to the market in Detroit.

He has probably had more experience with concrete roads than any other road commissioner.

He told some of his experiences in an address in Chicago last May. He was road commissioner before he used concrete. He was not satisfied with macadam roads. In his own words:

"We decided that a change was not only desirable, but necessary; and we set out to find a more permanent and durable material which would approximate in initial cost that of a first class macadam.

"After thorough investigation, we decided that a concrete road would more nearly realize this ideal than other forms. The points considered as being in its favor were:

"Comparatively low first cost; low maintenance cost; freedom from dirt; comparative noiselessness; ease of traction for vehicles of all descriptions; and the small crown necessary to get rid of surface water."

THAT was several years ago. Wayne County farmers were so pleased with those first concrete roads, that they later voted bonds and gave Mr. Hines and his fellow commissioners \$2,000,000.00

for more Concrete Roads

Their reasons are not hard to find. In the same address Mr. Hines expressed them as follows:

"I stand committed to the use of Concrete for country roads. I also believe concrete to be an ideal form of paving for village and city streets and alleys.

"This is not a statement born of enthusiasm on the spur of the moment, but a cold-blooded dollar-and-cents view, based on results attained and arrived at after careful consideration of all the facts available and experiences undergone."

THIS is only one county's experience with concrete roads. But it is representative of the experiences of many others.

The sooner every town and county makes use of the information which these other communities have supplied, the sooner will its road fund be invested for permanent, satisfactory roads instead of being spent for roads that must soon be paid for, all over again, in the shape of annual repairs.

Will you use your influence for the purpose of hastening the adoption of this policy in your community? You know what good roads mean—to you and to your neighbors. If you have doubt of these claims, or if you desire more complete proof, let us send you the facts which we have gathered especially for that purpose. Just ask for "Good Roads Literature," and complete information will be sent free.

Address, Good Roads Department, Canada Cement Company, MONTREAL Limited

Any town or county contemplating road improvement may receive valuable assistance by notifying our road department of its plans.

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Improve Teeth, Breath, Appetite, Digestion—Piece by Piece!

Millions of children's teeth and digestions are kept perfect by this helpful habit. Millions of smokers have their breath purified—heartburn prevented—by the refreshing mint juice.

Buy a box tonight. Chew it on your way home and after meals—put an edge on appetite—and pass the time away.

This portable dainty costs little by the package, but less by the box—of any dealer.



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Look for the spear

The flavor lasts