

"A Mother is a Mother Still; the Holiest Thing Alive."



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY WOMAN

Anonymous. Moffat, Yard & Co. New York, Publishers. 373 Pages. Price, \$1.50. R. Uglow & Co., City.

Apparently we are to infer that there are not many happy women, else why should this anonymous writer devote a book to the task of teaching her sisters how to be happy? Yet there is a place for just such a volume to serve as a guiding hand for those whose outlook upon life is distorted or whose actual experiences are distressing. This book is dedicated "To those who work, by one who works." Indeed, the whole secret of happiness is found in that one word "work."

Does marriage spell happiness for the average woman? Quite clearly the author does not think so, for she tells us on the first page that "Married women in the cage want to get out. Unmarried women out of the cage want to break in." The Sisterhood of Discontent says things have all gone askew, that they are unfairly handicapped on all counts. But the author asks: "Is the old vocal of womanhood out of joint? Or is it that we are so attuned to the wall of discontent that we fail to note a world vocal with the music of the spheres; joy at work; service rendered in gladness, not grudgingly; zest of life; reapers garnering sheaves in sunlight; women laughing with children at play?"

The writer has set down her own life story, and drawn from it lessons of help and inspiration. Her story should put to shame the weaklings who waste their energy in self-pity and accusations against fate. It is the record of a life in which a courageous and enduring spirit triumphed over physical handicaps and adverse circumstances. Lister to this sane and wholesome conclusion: "I had set out in life wanting passionately to know if suffering were necessary, challenging the pious blasphemy that it was God's will women should suffer ill; and I have come far enough along the road to know that the most of misery is unnecessary, entirely human and handmade, quite as much of it resulting from fumble fingers and thick brains as from devils; and the most of it from sheer, dense, egotistical stupidity."

"I had learned that you can't break law; it breaks you; but I had to go a pace farther along the road before I found the way out that 'nature ever faithful is to such as trust her faithfulness'; that, if you kick against law, you'll only bark your shins; but that if you harness law and steer with it, not against it, there is no harbor of human happiness whither you may not sail."

In this autobiography the writer considers the hardest and sternest

situations known to womankind and arrives at sensible, cheerful conclusions in every case. Getting the right viewpoint, she points out, is essential; thinking right and doing right will conquer dissatisfaction and failure. "I used to read the Bible backward and forward, and inside out and back again," declares this happy woman. "I wanted facts I could anchor to everlastingly, and never get fooled. . . . I did not read the Bible for the sake of 'being good.' I read it with fevered anxiety for facts to steer by." That is just what we are given in this book—"facts to steer by." It is therefore an excellent book to place in the hands of growing girls and unhappy women.

ON SUNSET HIGHWAYS.

By Thomas D. Murphy. The Page Company, Boston, publishers. Illustrated. Price, \$3.00. R. Uglow & Co., City.

This is another California book. In fact, California seems to be quite the vogue these days, alike for globe-trotters, novelists and descriptive writers. Mr. Murphy is a confirmed traveller, and has the faculty of describing in a very readable manner all that he sees. While at home he manufactures beautiful calendars, etc., in his big plant at Red Oak, Iowa. Now we know where all the charming pictures on the calendars come from: Murphy takes his camera and benzine buggy and hies him thither and yon across Europe, America or wherever his vagrant fancy suggests. A few weeks ago we reviewed on this page his book on European travel—"On Old World Highways." His latest literary venture concerns his motor rambles in California. It is illustrated with sixteen colored plates and over twice as many reproductions for duogravure. A road-map of the state, very useful for motorists, is included. California he describes as a "motor paradise." In scenic beauty and wide variety, none can equal her; nor does she lack for the charm of romantic history. The author has succeeded in reflecting by description and picture something of the charm of this favored country. He takes the reader with him in delightful rambles round about Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, San Francisco and San Antonio, or through the Imperial Valley, the Clear Lake Valley and the Netherlands of California. It is a charming journey, with Murphy as guide, for little has escaped his appreciative eye or his ever-ready camera. The delight of the book is in no small measure due to its fine letterpress and rich binding.

THE VALLEY OF FEAR.

By A. Conan Doyle. Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, Publishers. Illustrated. Price, \$1.25. R. Uglow & Co., City.

A mystery story by such a past-master in the art as Conan Doyle is bound to make you sit up and take notice of it. It gets a grip on your interest that does not let go until you come to the last word in the last chapter. In the "Valley of Fear" we have Sherlock Holmes, the great detective, resurrected, and he comes back to a waiting and expectant world more alighting than ever. In him Doyle has created perhaps the greatest and most popular character

in detective fiction. Around him he has woven many an interesting yarn, and with him he has solved many an intricate problem. Few of the stories, however, excel the present one, either in the plot or in the presentation of it.

The scenes in the first part of the book are laid in England. Here, in a beautiful old castle, lived a retired American and his charming wife. They were rich and popular. One night the man is found murdered, with a braided mark upon his arm. Who was the murderer? Why the peculiar brand? The scene of the story shifts from the quiet Sussex estate to a rough mining town in the United States. Here lawlessness reigned supreme, and the Brotherhood of Scowlers waged relentless and bloody war against the capitalistic mine-owners. Their lodge meetings and strong-arm tactics are vividly portrayed. Lots were drawn as to who should silence the next unlucky victim of their displeasure. Among them comes one more determined and bloodthirsty than the rest. He soon gained an ascendancy in their councils, and rapidly qualified himself as a leader. Then, just as a most hideous plot was on the eve of execution, he reveals himself as a great Pinkerton detective, and rounds up his former pals. The story of the exposure is a thrilling one, while the descriptions of western life in that particular section make entertaining reading. Needless to say, the detective's life was not worth much in those parts just then. He finally seeks a haven in England, but even there the vengeance of the mysterious Brotherhood follows him. In the end he frustrates their plans, for the boy discovered is not his at all, but that of his enemy's agent. The working out of this ruse is a most interesting part of an interesting book, and it would be unfair to the reader to reveal it here. To those who like a rattling good detective story, we can heartily recommend this new book of Conan Doyle's.

BEFORE THE GRINGO CAME.

By Gertrude Atherton. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers. Price, \$1.35. R. Uglow & Co., City.

The western states have found in Miss Atherton a loyal and worthy interpreter and exponent. In her late successful novel, "Perch of the Devil," she gave us some splendid descriptions of life and scenery in a Montana mining town. In her new book she pictures for us the golden land of California as it was under Spanish rule. Those splendid, colorful days are recalled in fiction of a most readable quality. Just at present, when the Panama-Pacific Exposition has brought California very much to the front, tales of early conquests and exploits make ready reading. "Before the Gringo Came" comprises the author's two long stories, "Rezanov" and "The Doomsday Woman." The first unfolds the stirring romance of the great Russian adventurer, who dreamed of an empire on the Pacific. The brilliant daughter of the Spanish governor was only a means to further his ambitions till love caught them both and sent him on the journey half across the world that was to win her to him despite all the barriers of race and creed. The hardships of the overland journey to the Russian capital resulted in his death, and with him died the dream of a great Russian empire from Alaska to the equator.

Stirring and passionate is the story of the beautiful Chonita, known as the "Doomsday woman," and her love for Diego, the hope of a rival house. In her struggle of love and intellect against pride and tradition is typified the metamorphosis of California from Latin to American ideals. These stories reveal to us the life and atmosphere of that western land during the period preceding the coming of the Gringo, the name given to Americans by the Spaniards.

M. PADEREWSKI'S PLEA.

Seed for Polish Farmers and Bread for Starving.

The present terrible war is, on the eastern front, raging exclusively over Polish soil. It is sweeping away every sign of civilization, destroying dwellings, devastating fields, gardens, and forests, starving and exterminating human beings and animals alike. An area almost equal to that of England and Scotland together has been laid waste. Two hundred towns, 1,400 churches, 7,500 villages have been completely ruined. The losses in property destroyed and in agricultural, industrial, and commercial production brought to a standstill amount to \$500,000,000. A total of 17,000,000 inhabitants is continuously enduring the horrors of this gigantic struggle; over 10,000,000 people, most of them belonging to the laborious, peace-loving rural population, have neither shelter nor bread.

Nobody could picture in imagination the size of the calamity which has befallen our unfortunate country, once a mighty and glorious kingdom. No one could put into words how appalling is our distress. A few days ago I appealed to my friends, humbly asking them to help me so cruelly stricken nation. With a promptitude and generosity for which I can never be grateful enough, they responded to my appeal, and responded in such a way that I should be feeling the proudest and happiest of men were the occasion not so tragically sad. But however noble are the hearts of my supporters, however great their generosity, the means they kindly put into my hands will relieve but a limited number of sufferers. And there are millions of families helpless, hungry, perishing.

In the face of such a disaster my individual effort must remain inefficient. Only a great wave of mankind's pity can surmount so immense a wave of human misery. I know the sacrifice imposed upon the liberality of the British people, and yet I am certain that there is no such in this magnanimous country who would condemn me for asking: Some seed for the Polish farmer! Some bread for the Polish women and children!—I. J. Paderewski.

The Man on Watch

Still the debtors go to jail—at least some of them—as they did in the time of Charles Dickens. But the Frontenac jail is not a bad place in which to live.

So Col. Hunter is the legal adviser of the Portsmouth village council. The aged colonel had better look out for trouble for he is not a graduate of Osgoode Hall and the lawyers will be after him for giving good advice for nothing.

The Lampman's friend Zacheus cannot have a musical ear when he refuses to include the bagpipes among the "musical" instruments.

Policeman Arnel is now convinced that a stop-watch is greater than a peeler's club. A stop-watch and a little mathematics catch the automobile speeders on the streets. The Lampman supposes that the Police Commission will now require the police to take a course in the higher mathematics.

Just imagine Canada retaliating on Germany for murdering a British subject. The Lampman cannot imagine such a thing after he read over the detailed statements of grub supplied prisoners of war in Fort Henry and in Germany. Excuse him for calling the German diet "grub."

They say that by biting a man's stomach you reach his heart, but it would take a bayonet to reach the

SOME OTTAWA GLIMPSES

Special Correspondence by H. F. Gadsby.

Autobiography of a Sham Shoe

In the battle thunder do not forget me. If I did not distinguish myself at Neuve Chapelle and Langemarck it was not my fault. I was willing enough but I never had a chance. I am one of the sham shoes.

My twin—I am the surviving member of a pair—was incinerated with a lot of other garbage at Salisbury Plain, but I escaped to Canada through the good offices of the Captain, who was anxious to show the parliamentary committee what the profit-making patriots were putting over in the way of shoes for the soldiers. His language as he tied me up tickled me was quite unfit to print. The mildest thing he said was "Damn!"

I was born somewhere in August, 1914, at a shoe factory in Montreal. The auspices were happy. My godfather, who is a director and heavy shareholder in the business, gave me a rattling good start. He looked me over, I remember, and said something about every peg riveting the Empire more firmly together. My godfather is a pleasing speaker, who sees sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and metaphors in everything.

He has a patriotic lecture which has been successful at many tea meetings and he is so intensely dedicated to public life on the highest moral plane that he has no time to bother himself with sordid details. This probably explains why I went to the bad in short order although I was the object of a good man's prayers at the outset. Too much prayer, perhaps, and too little real leather. At any rate I didn't last. I hadn't the stuff in me. I am not blaming my godfather. He is a fine man and evidently has friends on the committee who will not let the breath of scandal touch his name. What I am saying is that he doesn't get down to brass tacks. He is so unworshipfully devoted to public life that he doesn't want to know how his shoes or his dividends are made.

If you ask me, I would say that the factory superintendent is the man who is responsible for my weakened constitution. After prayer was over, I heard him giving orders to the head foreman, "Bill," he said, "loyalty is one thing and three dollars and eighty-five cents a pair is another. We'll have to do the best we can for the firm."

After that there was a highly technical conversation, which, being no anatomist, I did not understand, but I heard Bill say, "We can make sixty cents a pair if we use split leather instead of storm calf," and the superintendent replied, "Well let it go at that." Then they both winked and I had a feeling that I was being humbugged. As far as I could see, I was a handsome shoe with a healthy outdoor tan, but somehow or other I knew that the elements of strength were lacking.

My twin brother and I passed the inspection with flying colors. There were three inspectors and they were paid by the Government not to hurt

heart of some of those German prisoners of war in Fort Henry.

The Lampman understands that some red-headed individual in Fort Henry is being as a German Count. It wouldn't add to his respectability if he was a real one, but the fact is that he is not what he pretends to be. He's a fake pure and simple.

The Lampman learns that a young man, who was fined in Police Court a few days ago for scorching on a motor-cycle, left with the 21st Battalion as a despatch rider. Now, if Cpl. "Bill" Hughes had just been able to take along with him the other Kingston motorcycle and automobile scorcher the Police Commission could return the stop-watch it has borrowed for its law guardians.

The Lampman is hoping to hear Councilman Newman dilate on his daylight saving proposition. The only advantage the Lampman can see in favor of putting the clock on an hour in Kingston is to enable baseball games to be played in the evening.

The Lampman understands that the medical representatives of the Town Council recommend all those who have liver trouble to take automobile drives over University avenue before the Town Council decides to pave that highway.

THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

Two lycées—organized along the exact lines of the ordinary French lycées—have been established in London, one for boys, the other for girls. They will provide secondary education for children of French and Belgian refugees who cannot attend English schools because of ignorance of the language. At Eton a house has been set apart for Belgian boys under the direction of a Belgian tutor.

point of bailing me out. Finally, it got to a stage where he couldn't exclude the weather any longer and when my split leather sides glued together by hydraulic pressure melted away one slushy afternoon, he almost despaired. However, he was a good soldier and he stuck to me as long as he could. It was only when my eyes gave out, and my heel went back on me and the front half of my sole came off in the middle that he took his courage in his hands and went down to the village and bought a new pair out of his own pay. Of course my twin brother was in a bad shape as I was. Both our shoes were as rotten as a novel by Gabriel D'annunzio.

We kicked around the hut long enough after that to hear what we had done to Private Jones. He came down with pneumonia, had to be sent back to the base hospital and had a deuce of a time altogether. The poor fellow had started out on a career of glory but my brother and I did a lot to put him off the track. I am glad to hear that he is fighting in Flanders now and that he has a pair of shoes that will help him more than I did.

My brother, as I said before, found his way to the garbage pile, but I was lucky enough to come under the notice of General Alderson, who had just cabled that the shoes were rotten and had received a reply from the Minister of Militia that a consignment of overhoses was being sent to replace them.

"These colobials," the General said, with a grim smile, "have a queer sense of humor. Captain Brown," he said, turning to his adjutant, "you might cable back that all the overhoses in the world will not take the place of the regulation army shoe, or words to that effect. Bundle up a few of these shoes and send them along as Exhibit A."

And that's how I came to revisit Ottawa and appear before the parliamentary committee. I never expected to see my native land and my high-minded godfather again. I have seen both and I can die happy now that I have had a chance of telling what I think of them. I can't say that I have enjoyed myself for the last six weeks tied up with hundreds of others as dilapidated as myself. We're an awful mess. The lawyer for the defence never looks at us. Neither does Chairman Middlebro nor the other Conservative members of the committee. I can never convince them because they won't let me, but Mr. Murphy and Colonel Macdonald have taken up my case and I don't doubt I'll get justice in the minority report.

Meanwhile, if it wasn't such a serious matter I could laugh at some of the arguments that are being put up. One man had the nerve to say that the soldiers had tender feet and that was why they had to have tender shoes. They were tender enough—I can vouch for that—so tender that they fell apart without boiling, but I don't think tenderness is a military quality. Another man swore that the shoes were all right but that the soldier's toe nails were too long and waggled through. He suggested that the medical examination should be extended to bar soldiers with long toe nails. Can you beat that?

I have little left to live for but I am in hopes to serve my country yet. My wish is to fall into the hands of a Liberal candidate and accompany him through the next election campaign. He needn't make any speeches. If he will just place me on the table along with the water pitcher and the presentation bouquet, I will do all the talking.

—H. F. G.



MONTREAL OFFICERS PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE LANGEMARCK BATTLE.

This photo of the Montreal officers of the 14th Battalion was taken at Cassel, near Ypres, a few days before the battle of Langemarck. It was mailed three days before the battle, in which twelve of the group fell.

Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder, featuring a tin of powder and text: "Safest and most reliable to use for Home Baking. Royal BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure Contains No Alum. Perfectly leavens and makes the food more delicious and wholesome."