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WORLD'S GREATEST MONUMENT

It is indeed a soulless people who evince no desire to perpetuate, by some means, the memory of those who have performed signal service to their race. It is a duty which the living owe, not only to the memory of honored men and women, but as an example to the generations of the present and the future. London, Paris, Athens, Rome, Washington, Ottawa, all capitals and great cities of the civilized world have many monuments of stone and bronze in honor of men and women who have contributed to the greatness of their nation and to the betterment of their species. It has remained, however, for Canada to choose a monument which will outlive the Pantheon, the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, and beside which the towering shaft to Washington is dwarfed into insignificance.

Mount Edith Cavell, is a glorious monument to a glorious woman. As long as the hills stand, it will remain, its snow-plumed crest rising high above the Athabasca Valley in Jasper National Park, Alberta, to meet the skies in an eternal tryst. Eleven thousand feet and more it towers above its sister peaks, truly emblematic of the solitary majesty of that heroic figure, who, alone, one morning walked to her place of execution a martyr to unswerving loyalty to her native land and devotion to her calling. On the side of Mount Edith Cavell rests a glacier. At Jasper Park Lodge it is mirrored in the opalescent waters of Lac Beauvert, like a great angel with outstretched wings, hovering in benediction over the magnificent monument to a woman whose heroism will always be a golden page in the history of a nation of many valorous deeds.

Illustrated literature and information as to fares, etc., can be obtained from the General Passenger Department of the Canadian National Railways at Moncton, N. B.

SEES AN ENGLISH WORLD AHEAD

"The whole world is talking English," writes Dr. Van Rossum in The Hague Post, after a tour through the five continents. "You land in the French colonies in Cochinchina and instead of 'bonjour' you hear 'good morning.' You are introduced in a French club in Madagascar and instead of 'enchanté' you are welcomed with the words 'How do you do?' I found that only one clerk spoke French in the French colony of Bichela-Mer in India and China. And what is the reason?" he asks. "The ships are English, the money is in American hands; custom officers, military attaches, station officials, everybody speaks English. There is another reason—the French official in the colonies doesn't care a rap about the whole colonial business. He counts the days when he will stroll again on the Boulevard des Capucines. And then there is the well known English attitude. An Englishman arrives in Corfu or in an island in the South Seas and he says 'Henceforth everybody will have to speak English; I will not understand another language.' The people might refuse but pretty soon somebody begins to say 'goodbye' when he should say 'good morning' and the Englishman has won again."

You will find the silver lining to most clouds tarnished from lack of use.

THE BROAD ARROW ABOLISHED

The outcome of public sentiment in favor of penitentiary reform is the decision of the British authorities to dispense with the broad arrow brand of prison clothing so soon as the present supply of what is held to be a degrading uniform is exhausted. Henceforth, the convicts are to be habited in a different dress, presumably one which will sufficiently aid detection in event of attempted escape and still in the wearing so comport with decency as to give the prisoner the feeling that he is not a branded outcast, but a human being under discipline, capable of working back his way to self-respect and human society. Instead of merely punishing the individual delinquent, the new intent is to try to reform his character and instead of imposing such slavish and useless tasks as the treadmill and the stone heap, the idea is to give him some skillful work in which he can take interest, rewarding good conduct by a certain amount of pay. The stigma attaching to the convict garb is to be removed as a further inducement to personal amendment, points out a contemporary.

The broad arrow marked the convict out as an Ishmael, making the road to recovery steep and hard. Yet Sir Basil Thompson, of Scotland Yard who in his knowledge of criminal stands in a class by himself, affirms that there is no such thing as a criminal type and that the man who is a prisoner is of like passion with free men, only more unlucky, less restrained and less prudent, needing not only a severe check, but also some helping hand to guide him in better courses. The real remedy for crime, Sir Basil declares, is not a more dismal dose of prison discipline, rather an increase of the detective force to prevent crime instead of merely running the criminals down after the damage is done. It is in this spirit and motive of crime prevention that the British Home Secretary has decided to abolish the broad arrow uniform, as was done with the old time gibbet and the unsavory associations of the debtor's den.

FRENCH AND AMERICANS

The failure of French negotiations for the settlement of their debt to the United States might have been expected to lead to some resentment in that country, but Mr. T. S. Wanchope, a Missourian who has been in business in Paris for the past five years, is alarmed at the general tone of the newspapers toward Americans. Under the title "What the French think of us," he contributes to the American Mercury six pages of extracts from papers of all shades of opinion. Some of these show deliberate misrepresentation by French journalists, but on the whole the tone of them can easily be understood and fully fifty per cent are due to action by Americans.

The adventures in New York of Luis Firpo, the Buenos Aires boxer, and the Dayton evolution farce, of course, are subjects for endless jibes. Among the clippings may be noted this one from L'Oeuvre, the favorite paper of M. Herriott, a recent Premier: "The professors at Johns Hopkins have placed an order for several families of Himalayan monkeys. If the Americans intend to prove that they are not descended from monkeys, they are bound to fail, we may be sure." From the same paper is taken a note by M. Gustave Terry, who is a strong supporter of the League of Nations and of peace in general: "I am going to found a Joan of Arc Society for the purpose of booting the English and the Americans out of France. We have got to teach these unwelcome visitors that they are not wanted here." To the Mercury's list may be added the Paris Midi which a few days ago made a bitter attack against the foreigners who make up more than one-tenth of the country's population bracketing Americans with Germans and Russians as the kind that should be "only tolerated while others should be sought after."

Mr. Wanchope believes that Americans and Frenchmen are bound henceforth to do business whether they like it or not and that it would be better for both to know more about each other. "America has a great deal to learn from France in matters of ideology; France is far behind the United States in social organization and material comfort. The gradual Americanization of Europe is not a myth; it will be a calamity if it is not tempered at its source by the injection into American life of certain serums drawn from the body of Old Europe."

A KNOTTY PROBLEM

She was in search of information, and, as she was pretty, her quest was not in vain.

"Captain," she said, "how fast can your steamer go?"

"Well," replied the man with the ornate cap, "last night we made about twenty knots an hour."

"Twenty knots," she repeated blankly. "And what did you do with them all?"

The captain's face was one of those pictures that tell a story, but he answered promptly—

"Threw them overboard."

"Oh, fancy that now!" she said. "What a waste of time. I thought you made the sailors untie them the next day!"

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PUSHING COFFEE AS SUBSTITUTE FOR ALCOHOL

Someone ought to make a thoroughgoing study of the relations between coffee and alcohol. A good start might be made in the ingenious effort of Brazilian coffee planters and their capitalist friends to exploit prohibition in the United States, says the Springfield Republican. The adventure no doubt looked promising a general principle was a great and enormously rich country much addicted to spirits and beer, which was to be cut off completely and for all time from whatever refreshment alcoholic beverage may give. It was not unreasonable to suppose that the demand for substitutes would be immense, and that people who no longer had a chance to waste their money on highballs, cocktails and similar indulgences could well afford to pay a good round price for coffee.

These calculations were not unreasonable because coffee has long been held up as a relatively harmless substitute for alcohol. Not long before the war which brought prohibition in its train there was a vigorously pushed movement in New York to establish coffee houses that would replace the saloon in the function of "the poor man's club," which was often attributed to it. That the movement had so slow a growth may have been due to the fact that the patrons of saloons, while they may have enjoyed the democratic sociability of the bar, went there primarily to consume alcohol. Yet the antithesis set up between the two beverages was not wholly without foundation, and it was strongly emphasized in Civil War days, as will be recalled by people who have associated much with veterans of that great conflict. The Civil War put into the field a great civilian population which differed strikingly from that of Europe in that part of it was accustomed to fiery alcoholic drinks while another large part had never consumed alcohol in any form. In the army, as in all armies of that day, there was a tradition that for soldiers strong drink was necessary. The moral havoc done by the exposures of inexperienced youths to this tradition was sorrowfully recognized during the war.

But along with this went a counter-movement which got growing support from officers in favor of the coffee-pot in place of the whiskey bottle. Under hard conditions it was shown, advocates of the movement declared, that coffee was a better tonic than alcohol, giving stimulation which was not followed by reaction. Coffee was universally popular in the army, for it was one of the great American beverages. Tea was much less in favor, and cocoa of which enormous quantities were consumed, but the World War had not yet come in. The West was settled on a diet of bacon, flapjacks and coffee, with whiskey as a mere dissipation, to be indulged in only furtively after the towns one by one were "cleaned up" and put on a basis of law and order. Much might be made also of the case of the Turks, whose worst enemies have always admitted that they were gallant fighters, and whose abstinence from alcohol has been made up by possibly an excessive consumption of coffee. No doubt there are coffee-drinkers who show no particular prowess, but at least the history of the Ottoman empire goes to show that hard drinking is not essential for hard fighting.

As substitutes for alcohol tea and coffee both have great vogue and physiologically are much alike in their effects, but few countries are like the United States addicted to both. A curious case is that of the Rifians and Berbers who drink tea much as their coreligionists, the Turks, drink coffee, boiling it up with sugar in a potent sirup, taken in small doses but at short intervals. Apparently the technique of preparation came from the Near East, and the ingredients, by whose use we have seen, make their tea much as the Turks make coffee. The English distort the Chinese beverage even more by adding milk. The Russians come nearer to the Chinese practice, but with less refinement, often drinking it weak but in large quantities, out of glass tumblers—what is known internationally as the Russian style, a weak, sweetish lemonade of tea, is not general in Russia. In all countries there is a tendency among connoisseurs to conform as nearly as possible to the Chinese practice. In the case of coffee there seems to be much less uniformity of practice or of ideals even among the most thoroughgoing devotees. Coffee is a less delicate and subtle drink than tea and offers more alternatives, both in regard to the raw material and the mode of preparation. In celebrity, Mocha still stands easily first, but certain regions of other parts of the world produce special flavors highly esteemed by connoisseurs who will take no substitutes. In America, Gua-

temala, Venezuela and Porto Rico all produce a limited amount of very high grade coffee of great potency and each with its distinctive flavor. Ways of preparing coffee differ almost as much as the berry. Much depends on the roasting, which in coffee-growing countries is almost always more thorough than in the north, making the berries almost black. In the southern countries, including Java, the use of "drip coffee" is general but not universal. It is curious that the coffee extract thus produced has not been put on the market.

EARLY UMBRELLA TROUBLE

Umbrellas are less carried than formerly, at least by men, and the explanation is an involved one. So many men were soldiers, who did not or dared not use umbrellas, and they have not gone back to them. The greater use of waterproof coats is another influence while still further is the tendency to leave umbrellas behind and not find them when you returned; in fact, the code of honor in regard to umbrellas is different from most other articles of property.

Umbrella users of today might not suffer any annoyance, but the first man in London to do so had to suffer as had many other pioneers. This was Jonas Hanway, the traveller who died in 1786 and the guttersnipes used to follow him about and pelt him with mud and cabbage stalks. Under these conditions it is doubtful if the umbrella had kept him dry. The first umbrella had clumsy long handles and ribs of cane or whalebone, and were covered with oiled silk or cotton. The steel rib did not come in until 1852.

A laird lent his umbrella, one of the first ever brought to Scotland (which did not take them for 20 years after they were caught on in England), to a tenant, who had trudged down one stormy night from a cottage in a glen four miles away to pay his rent. At 11 o'clock at night the tenant appeared. "There's nae door in a me hoose that'll let it in, so I've brought it back, for I'm thinking ye'll no be wanting it to come to any harm!" he told the laird—who had forgotten to tell him that a press on a knob would shut it up.

We got our umbrellas from the East, where they were used in the ancient empire of Inceh, Persia and Egypt. The very word "satrap" of ancient Persian provincial governors meant "umbrella fellow." The Eastern umbrella was properly a sunshade, for it was against the roasting rays of the sun that it protected. "Lord of the Umbrella" is one of the titles of many of an Eastern Monarch. When King Edward went to India he was given several ceremonial umbrellas, including one of blue satin embroidered with gold and studded with pearls. Others were covered with beautiful feathers.

THE GREAT TAKU GLACIER

There are many notable sights to be seen by the tourist who has the opportunity to visit Alaska, but none more impressive than the famous Taku Glacier, which lies between Wrangell and Juneau. This is one of the largest ice fields in the world, where the ice breaks off in great bergs that fall into the sea with a roar like a peal of thunder. The glacier is one mile wide and from there it extends ninety miles back into the heart of the mountains that girdle this rich and beautiful land. It is one of the few great advancing glaciers left in North America and it is a sight which impresses itself deeply upon those who are privileged to view it. That number will be greatly increased by the inauguration of steamship service by the Canadian National Railways from Vancouver and Prince Rupert as far north as Skagway, Alaska, with ports of call en route at Ketchikan, a typical Alaskan town built at the foot of the mountains; Wrangell, a city where bejewelled ladies of the Russian Court danced in rustling skirts when other ladies were threading the mazes of the Minuet in towns on the Atlantic Coast; Juneau, the modern and attractive capital of this northern outpost of the United States, and Skagway, the portal to the famous White Horse Pass, whose name is linked forever with the great gold-rushes where men gambled their lives for the sake of hidden gold.

Illustrated literature may be had by writing the General Passenger Department of the Canadian National Railways at Moncton, N. B.

THE WHALING INDUSTRY

Science is finding almost as many uses for the whale as Chicago packers have found for the hog. As a result the whaling industry is not a thing of the past, as the majority of people seem to think. As the various branches of production are expanded and new uses are found for the carcasses of the big mammal the industry is entering a steadily widening field and those engaged in it foresee a future as profitable as the past, if perhaps not quite so picturesque. The old days of the greasy schooner, away from port for months at a time, with hand harpoons and other primitive equipment, are gone; but such things as these would never survive in this modern age when whaling is carried on under an entirely different setting.

The whale is no longer caught only for the oil it yields. In fashionable London and Paris gray hats with egret and osprey plumes might, if they could tell of their affinity with the finely



shredded fibres of the so-called right whale. On the dinner table of Far Eastern merchants, when company is to be treated with special honors, sautéed whale tails are served. The changing shape of milady might be said in part to owe allegiance to the useful and pliable qualities of whalebone. Hard-fibred brushes to sweep the obstinate corners of the home, Ivory backed brushes with initialed monograms, toilet soaps and many other articles of household use may trace their origin to the plunging monster of the North Pacific. The rice fields of Japan and China, the truck gardens of British Columbia and other parts of the coast owe the richness of their crops to the fertilizer bloods and bone-meal of the whale.

Victoria is the headquarters for the whaling industry of the North Pacific, although United States whalers operate on a smaller scale out of several Washington and Oregon ports. Some 10,800 barrels of oil were put up by the Consolidated Whaling Company at Victoria, as a result of the operations of four stations from May to October this year. The higher grades of oil go into the manufacture of toilet soap. Grade three is used for tanning purposes and for tempering steel. Number four grade is used for fruit and other sprays, while blood and bone-meal are also used for the culture of flowers and fruits. The fertilizer field has opened up a new line of development recognized as of enormous importance, for it will eliminate all waste from the various reduction and manufacturing processes. Compared with the methods of the old days, the whaling plants leave very little for the sharks and sea gulls.

Twenty three years ago the whaling industry was established in Victoria by the late Dr. Rismuller, formerly of Newfoundland, and Captain Sprott Balcom, of North Seas, one time famous as a sealing skipper.

Eight vessels now comprise Victoria's whaling fleet, each carrying a crew of eleven men, including one gunner who mans the harpoon gun.

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HINTS FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS

It is always worth while, when you have to cut out your garments, to tack it together firmly and evenly so that you will have a clear idea of how it will look when finished. You do not get a fair idea if you only tack the article together loosely.

On the other hand, there is often a temptation not to tack at all. It seems so much easier to run along the seams with the machine and have done with it. Very often, however, a little alteration is necessary to secure a good fit, and then there is the trouble of undoing all the machine stitches.

One of the most important items in dressmaking is the pressing of the seams. And it helps a great deal if you press the seams as you go. When making a skirt, if you press the side seams when they are finished, you will find it much easier to get the bottom hem neat and tidy, and so on.

The money spent on a model is always money well spent. It saves a great deal of trouble with fitting, especially when there is no one handy to do your fitting for you.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Never before, apparently, has there been such a rummaging of attics and old houses for the discarded articles of past generations, as during recent years. The New World is hunting for old furniture, old china, old glassware, old brass, bronze and copper, laces, tapestry—anything old. Once upon a time they were called trash; now they are called antiques, and anything that can be called an antique is worth almost its weight in coin. To be able to furnish a house, or even a room, in harmonizing antiques is an achievement.

ment representing wealth and culture. If the chairs have worn holes in them it is probably added evidence of antiquity. If the table is cracked with age it is undoubtedly a desirable mark of distinction. Old-fashioned families which refused to adopt new fangled notions and clung to a home and what it contained for two or three generations are reaping rewards today. Sentimental attachment for old surroundings can be capitalized for substantial sums. Backwoods habits of living in many cases are worth small fortunes. The craze for antiques and period furniture, has reached the point where quiet and unassuming mechanics in many countries are said to be getting moderately rich producing them.

What antiques will be worth in another generation or so it is difficult to guess. At present we are a fickle race. We want antiques in some things and not in others. We pay \$2,000 for an 18th century highboy and sell last year's car at a sacrifice because it is out of date. We pay \$500 for a Queen Anne gateleg table, but would rather lose \$500 than wear last year's hat. We pay \$300 for a Sheraton period washstand, but wouldn't have a 1925 washstand at any price. We pay \$1,000 for an old rosewood spinet, but couldn't possibly have mother's old fashioned piano in the living room.

Of course, it must be admitted that this modern clamor is a worthy tribute to the craftsmanship of other days, an art which is now all but lost. Perhaps the art of today will be as ardently sought two centuries hence. In any event, this being up to date by being old fashioned is a harmless sort of amusement, which might profitably be extended in other lines.



THRIFT AND INHERITANCE

Highly thrifty parents too often have spendthrift children. It would almost seem that the inhibitions of the elders the desires denied in order to save money, sometimes break loose in the next generation.

Parents of only moderate—sometimes even meagre—means, curtailing their own simple pleasures to provide for their children advantages they themselves were denied, will find these children soon exhibiting a marked tendency toward extravagance. Never having had their parents' experience in saving money, never having tasted the sacrifices entailed, they spend it quickly and thoughtlessly. They are impatient if they are not permitted to satisfy every wish of the moment. Their spending habits often cause disension between themselves and their parents.

But despite ingratitude and disrespect, most parents retain for their children an affection and concern over their welfare that extends even beyond the grave. "When I am gone..." The speculation of what will happen then often saddens the declining years of parents who had little enjoyment themselves, but worked hard to give their children a fair start in life. Knowing their children's weaknesses they want to save them from the consequences, even in the years to come when they will themselves have passed beyond earthly cares.

In some instances they recognize in their children the same traits that, indulged by some ancestor, were responsible for their own early poverty. There may be an inherited trait that shows itself in an unconquerable temptation to gambling or speculation. It may be an utter irresponsibility concerning money that displays itself in wastefulness or extravagance.

FESTIVAL OF LEAVES

When the leaves begin to fall the festival of the leaves begins; for it is a festival of color. As the leaves fall they and other leaves change their pristine hues. From summer's ending till the end of November, each particular grove within it, each particular tree non-evergreen, each particular leaf, according to its kind and place, plays its beautiful part under the glowing touch of the master hand. For the king of life and death waits anon, and well do Mother Nature and her perennial servants of honor, the willow, know thereof. Thus life and death wed, and bid us feast our eyes.

Oh, well has it been said that there is no grief like the grief that does not speak.—Longfellow.

