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A. B. MACDONALD.

S. D. C. May, '12.



rider came at breakneck speed. Both man and beast with heads bent low braved the fiercest storm they'd ever met before. Without warning the bridle rein was grasped, the steed halted abruptly. The rider beheld the stranger before him with pistol pressed against his breast.

"This leathern sack or your life," the robber cried.

Scared and trembling, but with sense of duty, the rider feebly resisted. The robber seized the mail bag and made escape into the dense forest to the right.

The mailman, upon recovery, staggered on until he reached Brandywine. It was midnight but the village was roused to track the robber. Search was made even till noon the following day, but not a sign of the thief could be found.

Emily was to the prison chamber early to tell her master the fate the mail, bearing his warrant, had met. They embraced with joy to think that even a few hours had been added to his life.

"Master," she exclaimed, "did I not say that you should not be hanged. Father Joe will yet intercede for you, and as he saved your soul, so also will he save your life. Believe me you shall not die on the scaffold."

"Your love seems indeed deeper than that of either of my daughters, Emily."

"Do not servants love masters that are good to them?" sighed the maiden.

At this the jailer notified her that her time was up and that she should depart.

"Good-bye till to-morrow. I will come to let you know if the good old monk was successful in his appeal to the governor," said Emily as she was leaving.

The holy monk returned. His intercession had been of no avail. Emily and the family of Warfields were all filled with sorrow upon learning this. The little hope that Col. Warfield had enjoyed now turned into despair when he heard of the fruitless intercession of the priest. Yet, Emily assured him that he should not pass to death.

Eight days had passed. The Governor had again

gave to every reporter the opportunity to indulge "ad libitum" in whatever line of thought suited his peculiar bent. The hero-worshipper found a generation of heroes; the alarmist an arsenal of alarms; the sensationalist a veritable mine of sensation and busy-bodies a mountain of matter around whose base they might buzz and flutter indefinitely; even preachers caught suggestions for up-to-date sermons of the sensational sort. There was no need of all this activity after the accident. It cannot bring back life to one of the steerage passengers. We may not, within our life-time, see another accident of such magnitude and by getting to work earnestly and quietly its repetition for all time may be averted. The sensational enquiry at Washington was unseemly in its haste and ungentlemanly in its thoroughness. The time was not a suitable one for an enquiry calling in, as it did, witnesses who were still trembling from the shock and the chill of that terrible night and morning. In the council of many there is wisdom and, just as surely, in the evidence of many there is contradiction, which is the most striking fact in the whole enquiry. Much better would it be to have a commission examine carefully into the conditions of ocean travel and then on certain knowledge reforms could be suggested and made obligatory: but on the accumulated hysteria of the Washington enquiry nothing can be done. Landsmen might take a lesson from the unfortunate victims of the disaster: they went down to death with a coolness and firmness bordering on the courageous. The facts of the case are simple enough. The Titanic was the triumph of the shipbuilders' art, was a floating continent that might well bear the name of "Lord of the Sea," and her crew and passengers thought her as unsinkable as we think P. E. Island. To a generation accustomed to express-trains and motor cars, twenty-one knots may seem a depressing slowness. The passengers were catching the gossip of two continents and looking forward to future boasting that they had crossed the Atlantic in a few minutes less time than anybody else. Mr. Ismay was manager of a great company that attempt catering to modern travellers and was doing his best to make his line attractive. Captain Smith had navigated the western ocean so often and so

successfully that dangers had grown dim in his mind as he heard around him passengers making wagers on each day's run and ever looking forward to a morrow that would cover more ground than today. Just then, however, the ship struck an iceberg and Mr. Ismay and the officers of the vessel were declared guilty without trial by their peers. It is not the officials of the White Star or any other steamship line that are the criminals; the accused should be the whole world whose speed-lust and luxury-madness developed conditions that rendered such a ship as the Titanic necessary. If we want speed and comfort in the highest degree we must take the risk and only a poor "sport" whines over defeat. Just at present people appear to want life rather than luxury but the accident will soon be forgotten and passengers will stake their gold on a day's run.



Belts and Boats

One thing brought out clearly by the disaster is the uselessness of lifebelts in the northern waters. The Carpathia was on the scene within a very few hours of the sinking of the ship; but ere her arrival cold had killed those who trusted themselves to the belts. In warmer waters the loss of life would have been comparatively small but the makers of marine laws evidently failed to recognize the fact that the waters off the coast of Newfoundland are still cold in the month of July. Boats enough were not carried; but the ship was within the law; so the law, not the company is to blame. There should be no difficulty in making ships carry sufficient boats to hold all—it might mean, however, some change in the kind of boat. Could not life-boats be built after the style of our dories which pack inside one another and are fitted with moveable thwarts? An ordinary fishing schooner can carry a dozen dories on very little deck room and a steamer like the Titanic could have carried one hundred with small difficulty. The boat is wanted only in an emergency and in such time the expensive lifeboat is not greatly superior to the common dory. A greater difficulty than the boats is

how to get people into them? We do not commonly indulge in the luxury of being saved from a sinking ship; nor are the majority of the travelling public very skilful about boarding a small boat. On large steamers the difficulty is increased and on the Titanic the passengers were put on board while the boat swung on the davits. The boats were then lowered by hand and certainly not an easy task. Had the people been compelled to descend by ladders very few could have been rescued for the reason that few would venture a descent of fifty or sixty feet on the swinging ladder usually cast over the side of a ship. The next thing in order is some kind of escape that would allow rapid movement of people to the already launched boats and when we do a thing for the first time it will surely be done timidly and slowly. Granted that we have sufficient boats and can transfer to them quickly shall we be able to do so? Nobody seems to think of the possibility of a ship being wrecked in a storm when boats are broken against the ship's sides as soon as they reach water. We may be thankful that so many were saved; for, had the night of April 14 been stormy, very few of those loaded life-boats could have gotten safely away from the sinking ship. Some radical improvements must be made in our life-saving equipment; nor can we expect to make the changes in the moment of shock after a great disaster.



Featsam and Jetsam.

Mr. Guilelmo Marconi from the witness stand gave the world some little knowledge of the Marconi Wireless System. The famous inventor was quite occupied on the morning of the disaster, although he found time to get in communication with the newspaper world and sell the stories of his operators. We are most fortunate in knowing that photographs cannot be transmitted by wireless, for, had it been possible, some genius would have given Mr. Marconi a six-figure sum for the exclusive use of the system, and had the whole disaster represented in moving pictures in New York on that sad Monday night when the world wanted the

names of the rescued. When the next big disaster takes place we will be able to put a receiver to our ears and hear the shrieks and cries of the drowning. There are people who would pay for the privilege, and accommodating gentlemen who will make the indulgence possible. While the Washington enquiry was going on Senator Smith was offered "big money" to lecture in London on the conditions of marine travel, the crew of the Carpathia were cutting up in small pieces and selling the lifebelts of the rescued passengers, and the wireless operators sold their stories for hundreds of dollars. When the death ship McKay-Bennett reached Halifax, the most severe measures had to be resorted to in an attempt to prevent photographers and moving picture men from obtaining views of the gruesome cargo. Have we become mere traffickers in death, dealers in disaster who see in the dying and the dead only means of making money? One can easily believe that to the wireless operators the wreck was a veritable Golconda, whose like they would, perhaps, be quite willing to witness again. We may even live to see a Cinematograph firm wreck a passenger steamer for the express purpose of securing flickering films to instruct the curious. The last centuries of the Roman Empire saw such days and we may be near decadent enough to repeat the deeds. We must, apparently, have the films and causing a wreck is one way of securing them.



The Franco-Ruffian War.

Paris, the stage of so many bloody scenes witnessed a new sort of warfare some days ago. A company of "gentlemen of the road" adopted the motor car as an auxiliary in their campaign of robbery and murder, and by disregarding the speed limit contrived to keep beyond the clutches of the law. Finally, two of the gang were rounded up in a garage where they fought long and well. The place was at last blown up with dynamite; but not even the explosion could check the ardor of the leader who died revolver in hand and unuttered curses upon his lips. The fight soon drew

thousands who, from a safe distance, watched the forefront, exposed to the fury of the bandits, stood photographers whirling their reels of film to preserve the dramatic rapid fire for the education and moral uplift of such of France's sons and daughters who frequent moving picture houses. The reel may soon become popular in this country where Bonnot may become a hero for the youth of Canada and the United States who feel a real affinity for the stirring life of brigandage. Paris has become so infamous for its violent deeds, France so notorious for its increase of crime, that many of their serious men and women are now asking where the country will end. The question will be easily answered if France continues its present policy of excluding God from the country. The words "Of what things a man shall sow of these also shall he reap" are as applicable to nations as individuals, and the public men of France long since began sowing in the flesh and are now reaping the promised crop of corruption. They have experimented for years with such civilizing agencies of detectives and police but now find they must return to the guillotine or God and they will surely make the acquaintance of the former before humbly calling on the latter.



Orient Christianity.

We were taught in our youth that the wise men came from the East to lay their treasure at the feet of the Infant of Bethlehem. An event witnessed in Japan a few weeks ago must force upon us the belief that there are yet wise men in that distant Orient. The Japanese Minister of Home Affairs called together delegates from the Christian, Buddhist and Shinto religions to discover if the forces of these bodies could be united for the purpose of improving the moral character of Japan. This little country has in less than fifty years risen from Orienta' nothingness to recognized greatness; it has matched its talons with the bear's and dragon's strength and succeeded even beyond expectations. Today it is a world power whose rulers have begun to ask whether the "progress" of years has been

worth while; as immorality and criminality has grown with the country's growth and strengthened with its strength. The call for help, is, at least, the recognition of an evil and a desire for a remedy. So far as can be gleaned from the report of the conference no great change need be expected; for, though the co-operation of Christianity was sought, Shintoism is yet the beloved cult of Japanese rulers. This religion, if one can dignify it with the name, is a purely Japanese worship, a native of the soil, a "made in Japan" religion which antedates even Buddhism which was introduced in 552 A. D. The two religions were soon so amalgamated that minister officiated in the temples of both sects; but when Japan became modernist in 1868 the Japanese pulse beat towards a racial cult, which trend brought about the elevation of Shintoism to the honor of a national religion. It was, and is, a most convenient form of worship, imposing as it does, on the individual no further obligation than that of following the desires of his own heart and obeying the Emperor, who, with his ancestors and a few national heroes absorb the greater part of the country's worship. Though so simple it was not even good enough for the Japanese. The "Japs" were patriotic, but patriotism is not the whole head and front of life; for, despite it, Japan has grown splendidly immoral. Merchants find Japanese traders less honest than even the Chinese, and the general morals of the country are beneath contempt. Within the present year the Emperor's life has been attempted, Prince Ito, the Governor of Korea, fell and his successor narrowly escaped. The country's rulers are beginning to realize that a religion without morality cannot make even patriotism popular and hence they are invoking Christianity, whose noblest body they did to death almost three centuries ago. The successor of St. Francis Xavier may yet succeed in the Islands of Japan where they were so well established prior to 1640. "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers," and even the Japanese may be attaining to wisdom.



Syndicates and Syndicalists.

The ebb and flow of labor troubles has lately furnished the world's rulers considerable food for thought. We have become so accustomed to the condemnation of combines and trusts that we fail to notice the growth of the newest combine. John D., Harriman and Morgan are familiar figures whose power threatens to wane before the rising greatness of Tom Mann, George D. Haywood, and Ettor, the manager of the Lawrence strike. Socialism, the quondam enemy, is replaced by a younger brother whose manly tread we are beginning to recognize. The movement took its rise in France and holds out to its members the bright hope of taking over the manufactures of the world and managing them for the benefit of the respective unions. On this continent, for example, the Iron Workers Union will succeed the Steel Trust, while the United States Oil Workers will be heirs-at-law to John D. and his great combine, and so on through the different trades. The syndicalist intends to make his own the large profits now flowing into the purses of the stockholders; he may even condescend to become a capitalist. There is just one objection to the plan. We have for years complained of the increased cost of living and assigned to the trusts a great share of the increase. Now, Syndicalism merely gives one trust in place of another without even trying to convince us that the new trust will want smaller profits than the old. It may be more difficult to satisfy the greed of one million shareholders than one thousand and if each one of the million wants the same profit as each one of the thousand, the consumer shall have gone from bad to worse. I dislike the present trust and dislike also Syndicalism; not because different from, but because most similar to the great trusts we find a burden today.

Syndicalists are buoyant and hopeful. They already see visions of proprietorship without the expense of purchase or the trouble of revolution. Already they speak of "peaceful possession," into which they hope to come via the "irritation strike." This latter, the newest form of strike, consists essentially in not being a strike,—its sole aim is to delay and hamper the work.

Some men are adepts at the noble art of loafing and, when all employees have become proficient in giving no work for full pay, the employer must abandon the business which will be taken over by the laborers. Men and women working in factories can cripple the machinery in various ways, thus causing so much delay and loss that the owners must withdraw from the business. Such tactics are only another form of "sabotage" which was so generally employed in France during the great strike two years ago—blowing up a boiler is "sabotage," oiling the machinery with emery dust is an "irritation strike." From the moral point of view not even the famous mental restriction enables one to see the difference.



A Passing Fiction

As Home Rule comes on apace one cannot help noting that, even despite Kipling, Ulster and its boasted loyalty diminish in importance. Neither King Carson nor Bonar Law can make the words "Royal Ulster" the shibboleth they were in former days. It is sad to note the demise of even a fiction but truth is great and shall prevail. "Ulster is loyal and Ulster will shed blood," are expressions of startling truth when examined in the light of history; for Ulster was loyal to Ulster and Ulster shed blood, but, when possible, the blood of somebody else. While looking over a magazine of Sept., 1886 I ran across an article on Ulster which at that time had 800,000 Catholics and 900,000 Protestants; but by some strange perversion, the votes of the election of '85 showed 115,533 Nationalists and 111,405 Loyalists and of the 33 members 17 were Home Rulers and 16 Loyalists. ¶ "Loyal Ulster" had not even the virtue of existence in '85 nor has it improved greatly in the intervening years. Ulster has a most pardonable dread of Home Rule. It certainly sees small pleasure in becoming part of priest-ridden Ireland for according to the Census of 1901 the Catholics of that country had ten priests for each 10,000, the Anglicans 19 clergymen, and the Presbyterians 14 ministers for the same number. The figures show that the Catholics

of Ireland are certainly carrying a heavy burden of priests and yet, a schoolboy might ask whether 19 or 14 per 10,000 was not a greater burden and a more dread menace than 10 for a like number. Home Rule will mean majority rule and Ulster will become only a part whose loyalty means that 28% of the people should rule the remaining 72%—the tail seldom wags the dog.



Girl-Scouting

That does not sound well as a name for the sister movement of boy-scouting, hence the new scouts call themselves the Camp Fire Girls of America and are spreading their organization from the Atlantic to the Pacific. An article in one of the May magazines gives an idea of the purpose and aim of this society. Some good may come of this latest in "frats," and yet it must strike the reader as being only another way of drawing girls beyond the work and influence of home. The originators of the move speak much about the need of out-door life and exercise for "American girls between the ages of 12 and 20," but, one may ask whether the movement intends to reach the very class who need it most. Will it be possible for the young girls of the crowded tenement districts to purchase the uniform and contribute the means necessary for a few weeks holidays in the woods and around the camp-fires. Judging by the illustrations the members are girls who can afford to take their regular vacation and are choosing this means of spending their holidays because the camp-fire movement is up-to-date, stylish, aristocratic. "The symbol of the entire organization is fire," says the article in question. Fire, however, though useful is most dangerous and I fear the organization whose symbol is fire which suggests sudden blaze, shooting tongues of flame and the roar of conflagration. Of course the Camp Fire girls, following the primitive instincts of humanity, have ceremonies and grades. Young ladies bear the title of Wood Gatherers during the novitiate period of three months, when the aspirant becomes Fire Maker and is a full-fledged member when

promoted to the dignity of Torch Bearer. How atavistic traits crop out. The grandmothers and perhaps mothers of these girls were, in all probability, wood-gathers in the real sense of the word when they osillated between the woodpile and the kitchen stove in search of fuel; their descendants, who disdain to carry a scuttle of coal, play at wood-gathering. In olden days women were fire-lighters and on many a cold morning did they struggle to get a blaze from damp wood or poor kindling; their children and grandchildren, apparently, must become members of a great organization ere they learn the same simple work. America had a race of women who were real torch-bearers passing on the torch of civilization and religion and knowledge and in their own homes, where in addition to their extensive round of duties, they managed the universities of the land, sending out sons and daughters who needed not the pretended help of Camp Fire Girls' and Boy Scouts' movements. In this new club the girls are required to help prepare and serve two meals, to mend a pair of stockings and hem a dish-towel, to commit to memory a good poem or song of not less than twenty-five lines. Shades of Nancy Hanks have we reached a stage where the mothers fail to give their daughters the very elements of home life and work. The Camp Fire Girls movement may be necessary but in the name of common decency should we not be ashamed to blazon abroad the terrible shortcomings of our times? What next?

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