



Vol. I. No. 3

May 15, 1918

Price Ninepence

War and Afterwards

We have oft been told "in time of peace prepare for war." To-day the truth of that trite axiom is being forced home to us. Germany prepared in times of peace, and at the bidding of the Kaiser and his satellites, was able to throw down the gage of battle. That success did not follow the initial and subsequent efforts to master the world has not been through lack of preparation, and no matter how long the war may continue, Germany's failure will not be accounted for by any shortcomings in this direction.

There is, however, another aspect of the axiom which is discernible if we devote to it a few moments of thought. Look closely at the words, and like a flash it occurs to us to change the positions of "peace" and "war." Just as the original sentence has proved its soundness, so the revised one will. Although the indications to-day disclose little sign of any cessation of hostilities, the world must sooner or later again settle down to normal conditions, and then this truth will be borne home to us with increased force.

To-day the war is with us, overshadowing all, and in face of the horrors which are daily revealed, to talk of preparations for a repetition of such horrors is repugnant to the civilised section of our community.

We are left, then, to consider the fact that the time is now ripe to prepare for the days when once more we shall experience the blessings of peace.

To no countries will the wisdom of making an early start in rebuilding the Empire appeal more than to those located under the shadow of the Southern Cross. To Australia, even more than to New Zealand, this applies.

For many years the vast territory of the Commonwealth has suffered from a most serious handicap. Its handicap is not drought, nor flood, nor anything consequent upon climatic influence, nor is it any of the troubles which older nations have to combat. Our lands are fertile, our pastoral and agricultural products are sought after in the markets of the world; our mineral wealth is great, so great that it is yet unknown, but we are faced with the fact that our population is woefully insufficient to develop these, our wonderful natural resources. The fact that a century ago this country was worth very little, while to-day its value can be roughly stated as two thousand million pounds, is due to the immigration during the century of over one million persons, principally from Great Britain. Had the flow of immigration been greater, our prosperity, our wealth, our manufactures, and exports, would have been greater in like ratio. Similarly our wealth and strength placed at the disposal of the allied cause would have had greater significance, and Australia's part in the world's struggle would have been more

worthy when considered in relation to the extent of our lands.

The patriotism and generosity of our people have astonished all, but we could have done even better but for our relatively small population.

Now let us look to the future. Schemes for rebuilding and binding the Empire are being considered. The cables tell us that a capable committee has already investigated these affairs up to a certain point. During the deliberations of that committee Australia and New Zealand were represented; Canada and South Africa were likewise represented, and the claims of the dependencies were ably and vigorously put forward, so ably that the resultant bill to go before the House of Commons contains evidence of unusual thought and attention, and it is certain to receive cordial support. It is there Australia's great opportunity lies. Let us then make every effort to place before those really interested the enormous and substantial claims of this great continent of ours.

Our leaders to-day, Nationalist and Labor, admit that population is required, but we go farther and say that it is essential, it is imperative. This great wealthy country with its unlimited resources can support a population numerically greater than the land of our Trans-Pacific cousins, and probably

as great as India, and it is the duty of one and all to make every possible effort to fill the want which has been paramount for so many years. If we can succeed in this, we may be satisfied, our country will be more productive, our country will be rich, and we must become a nation great among the great nations.

To-day Britain is looking for a place where her heroes, the men who have fought for the Empire, may settle down to rest, and not want. They have fought bravely for her and for us, they deserve the best that the Empire can offer. The Motherland's resources have been crippled, and the longer the war continues the greater the task of absorbing these men will become. In the face of this, she has turned to her colonies, Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand for aid. Shall her plea go unanswered? For our own sake, if for no other, it is to be hoped that it will not. Australia needs population more urgently than any other country, and here is offered a white population in accordance with our ideal.

Let us therefore unite and do our utmost to assist the Motherland, for while thus helping her, we are helping ourselves to secure the one great need of our country—the population essential for our national advancement in science, in knowledge, and in achievement.

Sydney Mirage in France, 1918

By E. Shefton Garton

The mists of the morning that softly enfold thee
Reveal thy sweet beauty,
O, glorious Queen.
Sunkissed and radiant, mortals behold thee
Through glittering curtains,
Of silver and green.
Through shimmering hangings all golden and green.

Thy faithful star sentries with lingering glances,
Depart to their cloud-tents
As morning appears,
When sun-gods surround thee with glittering lances
To guard and caress thee,
Through time's endless years
To guard and to worship through time's endless
years.

Upon thy fair bosom, the sweet flannel flower,
With soft snowy petals
And wild native rose,
Co-mingle their sweetness to form a love-bower,
Where beauty forever
And aye, will repose,
Where starry winged angels might deign to repose.

All Nature must woo thee—eternal love-making,
The light Northern zephyr,
The fierce Southern storm,
The glistening waters on golden sands breaking,
Expiring with longing
To mirror thy form,
A-sighing and longing to mirror thy form.

Thy warrior children with infinite longing,
Dream of thy beauteous
And peaceful domain,
Mid battle and terror, sweet memories thronging,
Lighten their sufferings
And soften their pain,
The hope of home-coming can banish all pain.

Through mists of the morning that lightly enfold
thee,
They dream of thy beauty,
O, glorious Queen.
All sunkissed and rosy, they long to behold thee
Through glittering curtains
Of silver and green,
Through beautiful hangings all golden and green.

Angels of Night and Death.

By LEIGH WOODS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

"They called our engines' gusty breath
The beating of the wings of death."

The Herr Signal Master sat in his office before the well filled stove. It was the latter end of 1914, and the fear of the Zeppelin was great over Europe. The Signal Master sat still and read of the wonderful exploits of the great silver-coloured airships, and grunted with admiration as he read of how the bomber's cage was suspended by a cable 1000 feet long, and so enabled him to score direct hits.

He read the glowing account to his assistant, and then stood up, glanced through the window of the signal box, across the wilderness of lines, to where the archbishopical city of Treves lay, soft and resplendent in the violet light of the late afternoon. And as he did so he thanked the "Old German God" that the French and British pigs had no Zeppelins. Then he buttoned up his new overcoat, refilled his pipe, nodded good evening to the staff, and went out and descended the iron staircase that led to the platform of the Central Railway of the City of Treves.

As he devoured his German dinner he read scraps of the newspaper to his listening family, and rejoiced with them that the Fatherland had such a magnificent weapon; a weapon that would eventually paralyse the enemy forces, whoever they might be.

"Ach Gott, when they have made London like Babylon, these Englishers will be sorry they put their impudent noses into our business. Oh yes, our good Count Zeppelin is the man of the age. He is greater even than the"—but he checked himself suddenly, and frightenedly, and then with an effort blurted out—"The High Command itself!"

His wife cleared the table, and he sat before his fire and smoked his pipe and tried to imagine the admiration those bombed peoples must feel in their hearts for the superiority of the Teuton who could so far excel them, and attack them from the air with invincible sky ships against which they had no defence. A shade of sadness crossed his countenance as he thought of the little children who must inevitably get hurt. But he consoled himself with the reflection that

the sharper the agony the sooner it would be over. The High Command and the Kaiser had worked it all out scientifically, and they knew. Oh, yah, they were very wise.

Then he arose and helped to pack young Emil's scanty baggage, for the boy was called up, and was to entrain that night for his depot a few miles outside Treves. The whole family escorted him to the station, and waved delightedly as he went off. They had no fear. Long before Emil would be wanted at the front, peace would be dictated in Paris, or, perhaps, London; if the Zeppelins left any of the Babylonish city standing.

It was the autumn of 1917. The Herr Signal Master was deeply troubled. He sat in the signal box, watching his block instruments with eyes that saw quite another picture, for word had come that Emil was to go to the Somme; the "blood-bath," as the old hands called it.

The Herr Signal Master was sick of the war. His overcoat was wearing thin, and they were issuing no more. The two younger boys had been called up. Essen had been visited by British and French aeroplanes. Karlsruhe and Mannheim, Dusseldorf and Thyssen, Ludwigshafen and Coblenz had heard the beating of the wings of death in the sky. So far Treves had escaped, but there was a great fear over the whole land. The Herr Signal Master honestly thought it was time this senseless murder of innocent civilians from the sky should stop. Everybody was of that opinion, and the good Kaiser ought to stop it.

At 4 p.m. he went home to his dinner. He no longer enjoyed his meals, for they were taken from the municipal kitchen by his wife or daughters, and they were not nice. Also, his wife complained the whole time. She was worried about Emil; that Somme was a terrible place. Whole battalions had been wiped out there in single bombardments.

The autumn wind went right through his worn top-coat, and his insufficiently nourished body ached with a great tiredness. He felt profoundly depressed. When he enter-

ed the house he noted a strange silence. A sound of sobbing came from the bedroom; and, entering, he found his wife and daughters prostrate and in tears. They could not speak for sobbing. His wife held out to him a scrap of grubby looking paper. He took it with trembling hands, and the wavy

killed, and twice that many wounded. He regretted to have to inform them that Emil had been among the latter. His lower jaw had been blown off, and he had died a few minutes after being picked up.

It was the winter of 1917. The Herr Sig-

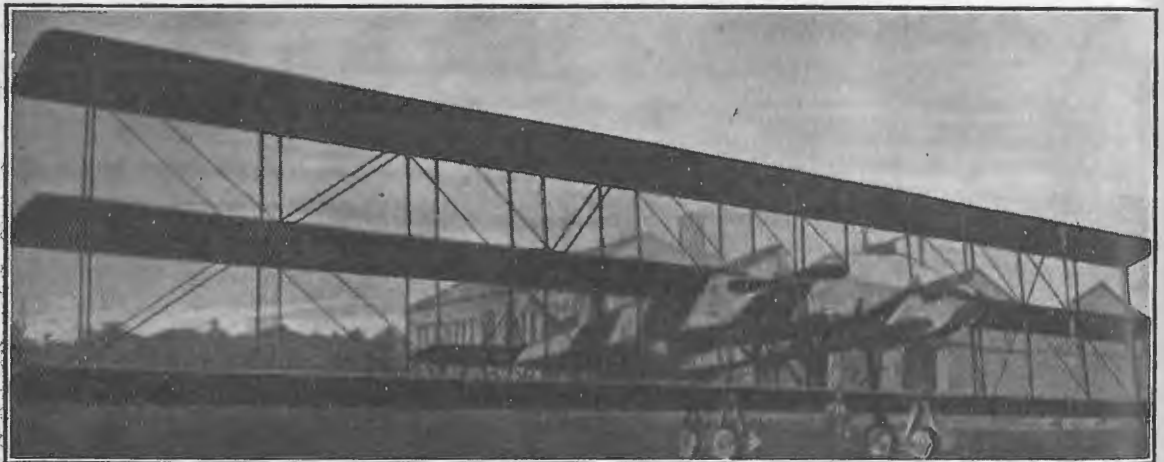


THE HANDLEY-PAGE, A BRITISH MACHINE, WHICH IS LARGER, AND HAS PROVED FASTER THAN THE GOTHAS.

writing seemed to dance before him. Very slowly its purport soaked into him.

It was from a non-commissioned officer, brief and to the point, telling how, while

nal Master, his shabby overcoat wrapped round his legs, sat before the block instruments, signalling the passing troop trains that were hurrying troops south and west



THE CAPRONI—THE ITALIAN TRIPLANE, WHICH CARRIES TWO GUNNERS IN ADDITION TO A PILOT, AND HAS A CAPACITY FOR 2,750 LBS. OF BOMBS.

the Third Westphalian Regiment was en-training at St. Quentin, three British aeroplanes had suddenly appeared, and in ten seconds turned the place into a shambles. Two trains had been blown to bits; over 100

for the great offensive. The Herr Signal Master was thin and worn. His skin hung loosely on his now emaciated figure. His eyes were dull. For the news was bad. The second son, called after the Kaiser's

second son, Eitel, had also gone, shot by an English aviator, who had raced alongside the troop train, and poured machine-gun fire through the carriage windows.

"Ach, it war is not; it butchery—murder, is!" he said to himself.

"One-two-one?" called the block instrument, asking, "is line clear." He signalled that the line was clear, and pressed the switch that allowed the train to enter that section. As he did so his assistant "made a road" for the big troop train that was to take the local reinforcements from No. 6 platform.

Then there was silence in the signal box, and the signal master looked through the window to where the long stream of marching men poured across the square and disappeared into the subways that would take them to No. 6 platform.

platform. It consisted entirely of oblong box trucks, and the signal master felt a sudden twinge of fear. It was an ammunition train, and the sooner it was away the better he would be pleased. He asked for clear line, but no answer came. He called a second time; but the needle oscillated wildly though the bell gave no sound. Then it clanged and jangled, and stopped suddenly.

The signal master stared at it, a cold fear in his heart. The block connection was broken—earthed; what did it mean?

He rang up the train director, and that official listened in gloomy silence. As he spoke the signal master's eyes stared straight in front of him at the starlit sky. The train director made some laconic reply, but the signal master did not hear him, for between him and the stars drifted a vast shadow; something fleeting, something only



ONE OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH BREGUET BOMBING MACHINES, WITH A "NIEUPORT CHASER," WHICH, HAVING FAR GREATER SPEED THAN THE HEAVIER MACHINE, ACTS AS ITS GUARDIAN WHEN ALOFT.

Then the through troop train rumbled into No. 4, and porters ran along with hot coffee and bread and sausage of a sort, which was to keep the brave boys till they reached their depot somewhere in Belgium.

The signal master waited for the safe arrival signal from the next section of the train that had passed through half an hour ago. It was overdue. The troop train at No. 4 was impatiently awaiting the word to go.

The Herr Signal Master stared over the silent city, silhouetted in the starlight. Only the station was lit up, and even it seemed strangely quiet. Two thousand men were entraining at No. 6, and there was not a cheer. Two thousand were in the train at No. 4, and it was silent as a cemetery.

Suddenly a bell tinkled, and a great gloomy train crawled into No. 1, slow line

half seen, half guessed. He rushed to the window, and stared round the sky. Yes, there it was; larger than the largest Gotha he had ever seen, circling round silently, sinking lower and lower right over platform No. 4.

Never before had the signal master seen an aeroplane that made no noise. He wondered what he should do, but before he could think, there came from platform No. 4, right in the middle of the great troop train, a blinding flash. The train divided. The building around swayed, and then crashed down on the train, from which thin tongues of flame spirted up. The great bird whirled round, and then another frightful explosion from No. 6 platform rent the place in two. That explosion was a double one. Ah, he understood, the swine had dropped two bombs on No. 6.

It was time to get out. That ammunition train was altogether too close. The Herr Signal Master and his staff rushed for the door, and when they reached the iron platform they saw another great bird swoop towards the ammunition train. They had just reached the ground when the explosion took place. Lying where he had fallen the signal master saw the huge aeroplane, two hundred feet above, tossed on the uprushing blast like a cork on a raging ocean; and then darkness came down on him.

It was Hans Finkelstein, his assistant, who dragged him to his feet. And together they reeled across the network of railways towards where the train director's building still stood intact amidst the burning station.

Searchlights were stabbing the skies. Guns were barking and roaring everywhere, and fragments of German shells were falling far and wide. The signal master wondered why he could not lift his right arm, and why his left leg seemed so weak, and suddenly discovered that he was wounded. He rather guessed it was by bullets from the exploded ammunition train. Dazed, uncomprehending, he staggered on in obedience to Hans' kindly guiding, although he knew by the way he reeled, Hans was wounded too. At last they reached the train director's building, and Hans asked for assistance.

"Go to hell," snarled the officer; "we've got to get those fellows out of the subways first. You can both walk; go home."

But the streets were blocked by patrols keeping the people back. Women were wailing, and inquiring hysterically if their

boys were among the entombed. Down at the subways men toiled desperately at the shattered subways, digging out corpses. For it was the local regimental reinforcements who had been caught in the subways, when the falling torpedoes shattered the structures, and the exploding train had caused the collapse.

The crowd suddenly took charge of the signal master and Hans. They were wounded. Ah, had they seen the two great birds—the new British aeroplanes that dropped torpedoes instead of bombs. Yah, what were the anti-air craft batteries doing? The swine were big enough to hit with stones.

And so, complaining and gossiping, they took them both to the house of the signal master. Halloa, what was doing here? The street was in ruins. Hans began to cry. The signal master looked up, and dully understood. The blowing up of the train had caused the big wall of the station to collapse on to the terrace below, and the mingled ruins had rolled down the slope and buried the houses in the street at the foot of the terrace. Ach Gott, the Herr Signal Master had no home, no family, nothing.

So they took him to the hospital, where he glowered and muttered curses on the pigs that had introduced this inhuman, hideous system of warfare. Then, as his wounds grew worse, he raved and cursed the Kaiser and the High Command, and all others who had made the war. But, like all the rest of his nation, to the Herr Signal Master realisation had come too late.

THE WOMEN'S SHARE



During the third year of war, 220 times as many shells of the heaviest calibre were turned out by British factories as were produced in the whole of Great Britain during the first year of hostilities. Seventy times as many heavy shells, 25 times as many medium shells, and 19 times as many light shells were produced in the same period. This photograph shows women lowering shells into a store-room from a travelling crane.

Detecting Bernstorff's Wireless

By ERNEST T. FISK
Member Institute of Radio-Engineers

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

The evidence published by the British Government against the Irish plotters shows that wireless telegraphy was used by Count Bernstorff while he was German Ambassador at Washington, in conducting negotiations between Berlin and the Irish rebels.

A remarkable yet authentic story has been related describing how an amateur wireless experimenter, Mr. Charles E. Apgar, proved that the powerful German-owned wireless station at Sayville, Long Island, near New York, was exchanging cleverly coded messages between Bernstorff and the German foreign office.

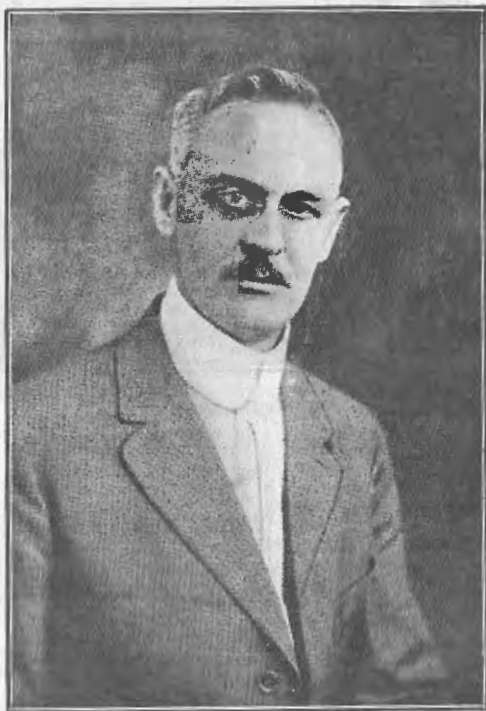
A few years prior to the outbreak of war the Atlantic Communication Company of New York, a German-owned concern, directed by Dr. Karl G. Frank, erected a large wireless station at Sayville for the purpose of establishing direct communication between Germany and the United States.

This station was ostensibly intended to perform a similar function to that remarkable trans-Atlantic wireless service which the Marconi Company had so successfully established several years earlier, and has since conducted with ever-increasing popularity.

The German service, however, proved to be very irregular, and subject to lengthy interruption. This irregularity appears to have formed one of the causes of the lack of popularity experienced by the German service. Financially the venture must have caused loss to the Atlantic Communication Company. Whether that loss was recovered from a kindly Fatherland, I am not able to state, but the knowledge we have acquired about Germany's policy of penetration leads to the belief that the German Government, either directly or through its wonderful Siemens-A.E.G.-Telefunken electrical combine, paid the erection and working expenses of the Sayville station.

This idea is supported by the well-known fact that since the commencement of hostilities and the immediate cutting of Ger-

many's only Atlantic cable, the sole means of rapid communication between her foreign office and her spies, and ambassadors in America was by trans-Atlantic wireless between the high power station at Nauen, near Berlin, and Sayville, on Long Island, and



MR. CHARLES E. APGAR,
who was responsible for the revelations concerning the German wireless activity.

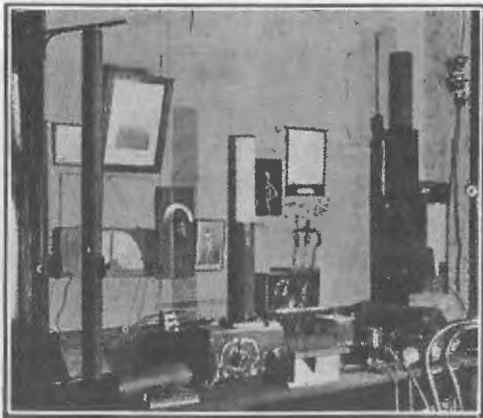
between a station at Hanover and another at Tuckerton in the State of New Jersey.

It is interesting here to note the fact that a prominent official of the German Telefunken Company, who visited Australia and New Zealand in 1913, in connection with the German stations erected by the Australian and New Zealand Governments, left Australia with instructions from Berlin to visit New York to negotiate the purchase of land for a large wireless station in the vicinity of

that city. This undoubtedly was in connection with either the Sayville or the Tucker-ton station.

So long as the United States harboured Bernstorff and his clique that country was neutral, and the Germans knew full well that no breach of neutrality would be tolerated by President Wilson.

This might have hampered their plans for conducting their conspiracies by wireless, but we must "give the devil his due" and admit that the Germans succeeded in a very clever manner.



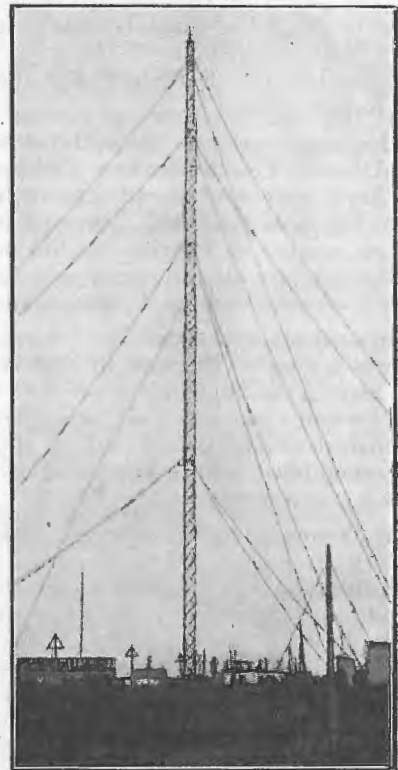
MR. APGAR'S STATION.

All messages sent and received by the German stations in the United States were, of course, carefully recorded by the operators in the American Government wireless stations. The greater part of the wireless messages between Sayville and Germany were supposedly sent by an automatic transmitter. This method, which is well known and widely used, consists of operating the sending apparatus by means of a Wheatstone transmitter. The Morse signals are first made by a manually operated machine, which punches certain holes, corresponding to the Morse signals, in a slip of paper tape. Any number of operators can be employed at a like number of machines, so that the punched type is produced at a comparatively high speed. The perforated tape is passed through certain mechanism, which automatically operates the wireless instruments and sends out the signals. If the receiving station fails to read any of the words or messages, the sending station is asked to repeat the missing portions. This can be done by turning back the tape and re-operating the required parts.

All messages are numbered, and at the end of a day's work the total number sent and received is checked between the two stations by quoting the first and last numbers.

In addition to the repetitions and checks remarks are often exchanged about the strength of signals during different hours of the day, tone of signals, and atmospheric conditions.

The American operators at the Government stations faithfully recorded all messages and remarks, but examination of their log books showed that no messages other than these passed by the censors and innocent remarks about working conditions were exchanged.



THE WIRELESS STATION USED BY THE GERMAN PLOTTERS.

In spite of this careful censorship and watching a constant exchange of unauthorised messages relating to German plots of all kinds was maintained, but in such a clever manner that it could not be detected by the usual methods.

It was the amateur experimenter, Charles E. Apgar, who, at his private station in New Jersey, obtained proof of the illicit traffic. Mr. Apgar was interested in recording wireless signals by means of gramophone records, and the loud signals sent out from the nearby Sayville station lent themselves admirably to his experiments.

His receiving apparatus recorded practically every dot and dash radiated from Sayville, and when the records were reproduced

ment experts, the plot was fully disclosed.

In the apparently innocent repetition of harmless messages, in the numbering of the messages exchanged and in the remarks about working conditions, the Germans were employing a most cunningly devised code, which enabled Bernstorff to conduct his nefarious plotting with Berlin. Not the Irish rebel plots alone, but the sinking of numerous vessels was arranged by this wireless exchange until the United States Government



COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

by the gramophone, each being reproduced a number of times and compared with the others, certain peculiarities were noticed in the methods of checking numbers of messages, in the remarks about working conditions, in the repetition of doubtful words and messages, and certain irregularities in the sequence of the messages sent out.

The constant occurrence of these irregularities prompted Mr. Apgar, in his country's interest, to forward his records to Washington, and to direct attention to the peculiarities which he had noted.

After careful examination by the Govern-

awoke to action and placed their own officials in charge to operate the station.

When faced with the gramophone records, Karl Frank, of the Atlantic Communication Company, claimed that it was impossible to record wireless signals by such a method. This was a typical case of German camouflage. In view of the fact that the method was known to have been successfully employed at other large wireless stations. But Frank was completely bowled out when Mr. Apgar produced correspondence previously exchanged between himself and the Atlantic Communication Company.

Among the correspondence was the following letter from the Company:—

“Mr. Charles E. Apgar,
“No. 549 Carleton Road,
“Westfield, N.J.

“Dear Sir,

“Your letter of the 30th ult. addressed to Mr. A. F. Seelig has come to hand, and we have noted its contents with interest. In answer, we beg to say that we have no objection to your receiving our Sayville press in the way you have done so far. We can, however, not allow you to publish what you receive, neither private messages nor press. It would interest us to receive one or two of the phonographic records you have taken, and we would be much obliged if you would favor us with the same.

“Yours very truly,
“Atlantic Communication Company,
“Operating Department,
“H. BOEHME.”

On the letter Mr. Apgar had written this memorandum:—

“Monday, February 9th, 1914.”

“Delivered personally to Mr. Boehme, two phonographic records of Sayville (W.S.L.), sending, dated Nov. 3rd, '13, and Nov. 12th, '13, for test of results.”

“I think,” said Mr. Apgar, “that ought to show Dr. Frank it is his own fault if he never heard of making phonographic records of wireless messages. This letter was written eighteen months ago. The records that were delivered at that time were made three months earlier, and, incidentally, in the course of the second month of my experiments in recording messages. You can see my experience with Sayville ‘sending’ began a long, long time before I did my work for the Government.”

About the same time the German Company applied to the United States Government for permission to greatly increase the power of their Sayville station. Apparently their efforts to maintain constant communication with Berlin had not been fully successful. The Government, very properly, refused that permission on the ground that the granting of such a concession to a belligerent would be an unneutral act. At the same time the Government pointed to certain facts which of themselves provided sufficient ground for refusal. These were that the apparatus to be installed had been

specially manufactured for the purpose in Germany during the war, and that Dr. J. Zenneck, a noted German scientist and wireless engineer, had been specially drafted from the German army in France and sent to New York to superintend the erection of that apparatus.

Those who have studied the technical side of wireless telegraphy and have read Zenneck's works on the subject, will be inter-



THE NOTORIOUS CAPTAIN VON PAPEN.

ested to learn that the famous Dr. Zenneck is now interned in the United States.

The foregoing may be added to the long list of German methods of plotting and spying, which shows that every human method was utilised to aid their unscrupulous schemes.

EDWARD WATERS & SONS

(Established 1859)

Patent and Trade Mark Attorneys

905 Culwulla Chambers,
67 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Tel. City 1187

(And at Melbourne)

Mention "Sea, Land & Air" when communicating with advertisers.

The Ferment of Reconstruction

By Principal L. P. JACKS

When the strain of war is over and the common aims of defence and victory no longer compel the concentrated attention of all sections of our people, we shall be face to face with the problems of reconstruction. The work of reconstruction will be a vast one, demanding every ounce of our mutual goodwill and forbearance.

The British people have proved their great talent for coping with difficult situations and we believe they will be successful in this, but it is helpful to consider the dangers which threaten us, and to be forewarned and forearmed.

We have been told, and never more frequently than during the last three years, that ideas rule the world; and the saying is often repeated with a seraphic air, as though it were a kind of opening prelude to the millenium. I am not the least concerned to dispute the proposition as a general truth; but I do contend that seraphic airs are inappropriate to the utterance of it. For it is a truth that cuts both ways. Ideas are of all sorts, good and bad, true and false. Obviously the advantage of being ruled by them depends on which kind happens to be ruling you. Hell is ruled by ideas no less than heaven.

It is a common mistake to suppose that those communities are the most to be admired where ideas have the greatest power. In that case, Germany would be the most admirable nation on earth for there is no country where ideas are so powerful. This should be enough to prove that it is not always the best ideas which exercise the greatest power. The worst may be in the ascendant, or anything between the best and the worst. For example, ideas "with money in them," which are neither the worst nor the best, may dominate an epoch or a whole civilisation, while, on the other hand, the ideas on which manhood and character are founded, may be little more than ineffectual ghosts, present everywhere but dominant nowhere.

Scientific and Moral Ideas.

Another mistake to which we are all excessively prone, is to suppose that those ideas are the most powerful which are being most talked about. This, I believe, is seldom the fact. A candid reading of history suggests a strong suspicion that in all ages of the world the most powerful ideas are

precisely those that are being least talked about. One might even go so far as to set up a kind of inverse proportion between the two things—the more oratory the less earnestness, the more eloquence the less action. A scientific idea soon gives birth to a machine, and the whole structure of society may be swiftly changed in consequence, as happened when the steamship was invented, and as will happen now that the aeroplane has been invented. But it takes a long time for a moral idea to translate itself into civilisation into a character, or into a manner of life.

The fate of scientific ideas in this respect is very different from that of moral ideas. The scientific idea turns itself into a plan of action, and that with the least possible delay. The moral idea is apt to become a literary or pulpit property, material for copy, stock-in-trade for novelists, playwright, agitators, preachers, pamphleteers and lecturers. There is, of course, a literature of steam engines and aeroplanes; but its bulk is nothing compared with the literature, say, of Christianity. Yet we are more in earnest about steam engines and aeroplanes, than we are about Christianity. At all events, it would be no hard thing to draw up a long list of ideas, good ideas, great ideas, true ideas, which have been in existence for thousands of years, which have produced literatures and been infinitely talked about, but which have never yet succeeded in ruling the world nor any considerable fraction of it. We have need, therefore, to be very cautious about the inferences we draw from the general proposition that ideas rule the world.

The need for this caution is especially great at the present moment. Ideas were never so plentiful as now. Indeed, I would venture to say that good ideas were never

so plentiful as now. A multitude of new ones has been created, many old ones have been revived, and the new ones combining with the old have broken out into an efflorescence like that of the apple trees in spring. The war has set us all thinking—and remembering. Circumstances have given me a pretty extensive acquaintance with that immense “literature of reconstruction”—itself a potent—which the war has brought into being, and in which all this thinking gets itself expressed, and the impression it has left on my mind, which no doubt is shared by everyone who has had the same experience, is that never before have I encountered such a flood of good ideas. One is impressed, moreover, with the enormous number of social improvements which might easily be affected by the application of one or the other of the good ideas aforesaid, or even by the application of a little common sense.

But will the commonsense be **applied**? Will the good ideas prove **effectual**? Will a world which has stopped its ears to Moses and the Prophets pay more attention to you and me? A literature of reconstruction is no doubt a reassuring thing so far as it goes. But how far does it go? The present would not be the first instance of an intellectual and moral awakening which has produced a literature, and produced little else. There is always the danger that the production of the literature may deceive mankind into the comfortable belief that something wonderful is going to happen of its own accord, that great changes will follow automatically, because, it is thought, good ideas have a Divine Right to get themselves fulfilled, so that, having cast them on the waters, we may leave the Divine Right that is in them to do the rest, and go to lunch or go to sleep as the occasion prompts.

An Increasing Danger.

This is the danger which attends a literature of reconstruction and the danger increases just in proportion as the literature is brilliant, ingenious, profound, philosophic, eloquent and earnest—all of which qualities the present literature of reconstruction possesses. With so vast a diffusion of good ideas accomplished, it looks as though the main part of our work were already done. As a matter of fact it has hardly begun. How many of these good ideas will actually succeed in ruling the world? How many of them will get themselves translated into fact? What reason have we to believe that the war will not be followed by a tragic

wastage of the intellectual and moral force which is now providing us with so many schemes for improving the world? Such wastage there has often been in the past. And it may happen again.

There is also a danger in the fact that most of the problems we are discussing are, from the intellectual point of view, so fascinating so intensely provocative of argument, so full of tempting opportunities for that war of minds which provides us with wholesome gymnastic, and which we all love so much. Under these circumstances discussion often gathers round itself a secondary importance of its own, in which the primary importance, perhaps the tragic importance, of the thing we are discussing is submerged and lost sight of. This also has actually happened to more than once promising intellectual movement. The reconstructions proposed have not been carried out. They have ended in verbiage, in enormous accumulations of waste paper, in big volumes which gather the dust and are not taken down from the shelf once in a generation.

When the matter is considered in this light we get a new reading of the problem of reconstruction, and one which I venture to think deserves the earnest and concentrated attention of all serious men. At first sight the problem appears to consist in finding the right scheme, or the right idea, by the application of which this or that is to be mended. The importance of that I do not belittle—nobody in his senses would dream of belittling it—but behind it lies the far greater problem of finding the **power** to carry out the scheme you have devised, to give effect to the idea you have propounded. And in speaking of power I am not referring to political power as it is represented by masses of voters, by measures passed into law, by armies and by policemen. I mean moral power, as it is represented by the steadiness of the public in the pursuit of its aims, by continuity of effort, by belief in principles, by mutual loyalty, by strict adhesion both to the form and the spirit of a pledge and by the refusal to be led away by cant. This is the kind of power you want, and without which your scheme of reconstruction will never be carried out. It is one thing to devise an excellent arrangement and secure the consent of the parties involved. It is quite another thing to secure their continued loyalty to the consent they have given; and it is the last on which the success of your scheme ultimately depends. No scheme has ever yet been devised by

the wit of man which was not susceptible of capture by sinister interests, or exposed to ruin by the disloyalty of the parties concerned in it.

Take, for example, the League of Peace; one of the boldest and most far-reaching of the "reconstructions" now before mankind. Power, we are told, is to be at the disposal of the league. But what kind of power? Most assuredly it must be moral power or the League will come to grief. It must consist ultimately in the continued loyalty of the nations to the objects for which the League was founded; in the spirit of good fellowship which animates their relations; in mutual respect; in a readiness to take a generous view of each other's merits and each other's claims, and it must have this character not at the start alone, but all through and continuously. In the absence of these conditions, the physical power at the disposal of the League, however great it might be, and all the more in proportion to its greatness, would not be a guarantee of safety, but a new source of peril. It would be exposed to capture by sinister interests, it would be at the mercy and ultimately become the tool of the most astute and the most unscrupulous member of the League. If peace were to be guaranteed to-morrow by the massed armies of all the States in the world, I, for one, would sleep no easier in my bed—unless I knew that behind the armies this other kind of power was at work. On the contrary, my sleep would be more uneasy than ever. And so with regard to every one of the reconstructions, great and small, now before the public. There is not one of them which is worth the paper it is written on unless we are able to count on the moral power which is to give it effect.

Right Social Conditions.

The question of power being then the crux and centre of the whole problem, can we form any conception of the social conditions in which good ideas are least likely to be wasted and most likely to succeed? I think we can. The question, indeed, is much too vast to be adequately answered with brevity, it would require a survey of history and a careful study of human nature—but enough may be said to start the reader's mind on a line of inquiry, which, I am convinced, will ultimately conduct him to the conclusion I shall now state.

The likelihood that a good idea will take root and fructify as a social force is ultimately dependent on the good temper of

the community to which it is addressed. In human society improvement that is worth the name is never effected by one set of people forcing their ideas down the throats of another set. All improvement takes place by consent, by men seeing eye to eye, believing in common and acting together in good faith and mutual loyalty to the given end. This loyal and continuous consent can never be obtained on a scale large enough to be effective except in communities whose members, as human beings, are on good terms with one another, respect one another, trust one another, believe in each other's good intentions, and take a generous view of each other's merits.

Imagine the opposite conditions—and they are not difficult to imagine, for they existed before the war, and are by no means non-existent even now—and I say without hesitation that the best idea that ever issued from the mind of man, the wisest reform ever projected, will inevitably come to grief; it will split on the rock of mutual dislike, suspicion, animosity—in a word, on the rock of bad temper. There is no power in the State that can prevent this happening, for where the spirit of distrust is rampant, the State itself will be distrusted, and its best efforts will be met by the cry that it has been captured by villains. This simple consideration points us to the one essential condition which will have to be fulfilled before any extensive movement or "reconstruction" after the war can be hoped for. There must be an immense increase of social goodwill, of the spirit of goodfellowship between classes and individuals, an immense increase beyond the pre-war level, and even beyond the present level.

With the end of the war, we shall enter upon one of the difficult periods of human history in which nothing but good temper can save us from confusion such as the world has never seen. If we consider the difficulties one by one, instead of treating them in general terms, we shall find that most of them are of the very kind which is certain, in an evil atmosphere, to give rise to jealousies and suspicions, to set class against class and man against man.

It would be easy to draw a picture of a general melee of conflicting aims in which every opportunity could be given for black and evil humors to develop. Great sacrifices will have to be borne. We shall have not only to exert ourselves, but to exert ourselves together, friendly co-operation will be the first law, and imperative at every point; the weak not shrinking from so

much of the burden as they are able to bear and the strong willingly accepting more than the share which would fall to them on a mere counting of heads. One has only to consider what would be involved in the single problem of finding among us year by year the interest on a national debt of thousands of millions. It was good to hear Mr. Hartley Withers, the financial writer, tell an audience the other day that the one condition on which we could pay our debts after the war is that we keep our good tempers, get rid of our nastiness to one another, and act like reasonable beings. The same advice may be given in regard to every other problem we shall have to meet. Evil is the augury which comes in from time to time of classes, groups and parties who are only waiting for the end of the war to "go for" their old enemies with fresh vigor and animosity. If that spirit prevails the prospects of reconstruction, no matter on what terms, are black indeed.

It would be a good thing if the plea for good temper, for the spirit of good fellowship, for social goodwill in every form, could be made a tail-piece, or put into the forefront, of every scheme for reconstruction after the war. It should be clearly realised that the biggest tax we will have to pay will be the tax on our social temper, which is going to be strained to the uttermost. Labor and Capital should give the matter their earnest attention. The Trades Unions, the Labor Federations, should take it up, and they should do so in their own interests, as well as in that of the public, for it is certain that not one of the objects which labor is now aiming at is even remotely attainable unless supported by the goodwill and hearty support of the whole community. The women should take it up—here, indeed, is a chance for them, now that they are to have the vote, to introduce something that is both novel and essential into the political life of the country. The churches should take it up. The writers of leading articles should take it up. The financial experts should take it up.

In those and a thousand such ways the mind of the public might be concentrated on the one essential condition for dealing with the immeasurable difficulties that lie ahead. If these efforts produced their impression I should not despair. Otherwise I do not hesitate to predict that the multitude of good ideas which the war has called into being will share the fate of many better ideas with which mankind has been familiar for centuries. They will not rule the world.

They will end their career as themes for eloquence, and reconstruction will have to be content with the literature it has produced. A poor result!

This ferment of reconstruction is a wonderful thing, and on the whole an admirable thing. But there is one event in which it will come to nothing, so far as this country is concerned. **It will come to nothing if the Germans win.** We shall have neither the heart, the enthusiasm, or the means, the money, nor the liberty to carry our schemes into effect. Nothing will be left of the ferment but the gas that has been given off and a black sediment at the bottom of the tank. Meanwhile the world will be unquestionably reconstructed—by the Germans—and in a manner that none of us approves of.

In that event the future historian will have some comments to make about all this which will not be pleasant reading to some of us who may live to read them. "These worthy people," he will say, "spent too much of their time and energy on this business, and too little on bringing the war to the only conclusion that would have given them a chance." He might even go further and make certain remarks which would render us rather ridiculous in the eyes of posterity. For example, he might say, quoting chapter and verse, that a large number of Britons during the war fell into an evil habit of consoling themselves for their losses on land and sea by a kind of reconstructive debauch. When they lost an ironclad in the North Sea, or a position in Flanders, they proceeded forthwith to hold a conference on reconstruction and proposed a new religion. When the casualties were exceptionally serious they began taking about eugenics and held a baby week. When Bucharest was captured they discussed a League of Peace, and so on.

These remarks were actually made in my hearing the other day, not, indeed, by a future historian, but by an intelligent young officer newly returned from the trenches. And I imagine that after the war these intelligent young officers, not to speak of privates, will have a great deal to say in moulding the verdicts of history. If we lose the war they will come back in wrath, and we, who have made our chief contribution to the war by reconstructing society during their absence, will have to look out for ourselves! There is only one way, so far as I can see, of averting their anger. And it is too obvious to be named.—Land & Water.

The Evening Sky

:: :: AS SEEN JUST NOW IN AUSTRALIA

By Professor W. E. COOKE. M.A., F.R.A.S.

[All Rights Reserved]

Emerson, in his essay on Nature, says, "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

And yet because this magnificent living art gallery is continuously and gratuitously open for our inspection we seldom ever glance at it! To fully appreciate its glorious beauty the neighborhood of a large city is unsuitable, and we ought to take advantage of any sojourn in the country, and especially in the mountains where the air is crisp and clear, and the stars shine resplendently against an inky background.

At the time of writing, the giant hunter Orion is low in the west, whilst his ancient enemy, the Scorpion, extends his great body over the eastern horizon. By the time these remarks appear in print, Orion may have disappeared in the sun's rays, whereas the Scorpion will probably have climbed some distance up towards the zenith.

This leads us to consider the movements of the stars, and the first thing we notice is that they rise and set daily, like the sun and moon. Many people, otherwise well informed, have not even yet become aware of this elementary fact. A little further consideration shows that each star swings daily in a circle round a particular spot in the sky, which is situated due south and about a third of the way from the horizon towards the zenith. This spot is the south celestial pole, and is the point where a prolongation of the earth's axis meets the celestial sphere. The daily movement of the stars is, of course, due to the daily rotation of the earth round its axis.

But in addition to this another similar, but much slower, movement of the stars begins to assert itself. For instance, if a star now sets at 10 p.m., in a month it will set at 8 p.m., and in another month at 6 p.m., and thereafter be lost in the sun's rays. In other words, there is a general movement of the whole sky, exactly similar to the daily movement, but occupying a whole year. This is caused by the apparent

motion of the sun once a year round a celestial track called the ecliptic, and this in turn is due to the earth's annual revolution round the sun.

If the whole matter had been arranged specially for our delight it could not have been improved. Night after night these beautiful lamps invite our acquaintance, but in the very act of forming it we find that a subtle change is taking them out of our ken. Then as the seasons change they once more reappear in the east, and we gladly welcome them as old acquaintances.

But in addition to these changes, yet another gradually forces itself upon our attention. A few of the brightest stars are seen to be slowly altering their places relatively to all the others. These movements entranced the old astronomers, and their study eventually led to the intellectual freedom of the world and the foundation of our modern sciences.

These are the planets, our fellow worlds, quite close to us in space, shining with no intrinsic brilliance, but only by the light of our own sun. All the other stars are suns, millions of times farther removed from us than the planets; some smaller, but most of them larger and more brilliant than our own; each probably surrounded by its own family of planets.

At present two only of these planets are visible, though perhaps a third, Jupiter, may be seen just at dusk close to the W.N.W. horizon. The other two are Saturn and Mars. Saturn is the brightest star in the N.W. sky in the early evening, and Mars is still brighter, dominating the northern part of the sky. As seen through a telescope Saturn is generally regarded as the most beautiful of all celestial objects, on account of the flat rings with which it is surrounded, and which are quite unique.

Mars is undoubtedly the most popularly interesting object in the sky, on account of the possibility of its habitation by beings like ourselves. Certain regular markings can be dimly seen on its surface under favorable conditions, which have been asserted to be irrigation tracks bordering an immense system of canals. The most famous exponent of this theory, Percival

Lowell, recently died, after a life devoted principally to the study of this planet. Owing to his peculiar opportunities his words deserve the greatest respect, and he was fully convinced that there are inhabitants in Mars; that the planet had gradually, from causes similar to those even now operating on the earth, lost nearly all its available store of water; that the former oceans were quite dry; and that the only large supply was that formed periodically by the melting of the ice-caps round the poles of the planet. The inhabitants, in their efforts to sustain life, were compelled to either migrate annually from pole to pole, or to construct huge irrigation channels over the entire surface and force the water formed by the melting of the ice along these channels.

On the other hand, very competent observers deny even the existence of these markings.

Excepting the planets, all the stars will be found to retain their relative positions unchanged. The ancient Chaldeans grouped them into constellation figures, which have come down to us without alteration through the centuries. In most cases they bear no resemblance to the objects they are supposed to represent, and it is difficult to understand why they were so named; but they have successfully resisted all attempts to alter their nomenclature.

The best method of forming their acquaintance is to start with the Zodiac. This is a broad track running round the sky, along the centre of which the sun, moon, and planets appear to move. The stars within the track have been divided into twelve constellations, or "signs," each of which (except Libra) bears the name of some living being, human or otherwise. The Zodiac is sometimes referred to as the Celestial Zoo. The order of the signs is given in the old jingle

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
And, next the Crab, the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea-goat,
The man that bears the Watering Pot,
And Fish with glittering tails.

At present the Ram and Bull have passed out of sight, and the Twins are low down in the N.W. The two principal stars may still be seen, and are easily recognisable, near the N.W. horizon just after dusk. These are Castor and Pollux, Castor being

the lower of the two. They were the guardians of Rome, and their heads appear on the silver coinage of the Republic. They were twin sons of Jupiter and Leda, and brothers of the famous Helen of Troy. Accompanying Jason in his celebrated voyage in the Argo in search of the Golden Fleece, bright stars shone for the first time from their foreheads during a violent thunderstorm, and were regarded as an augury of safety. Ever since then they have been associated with the electrical-manifestation known as St. Elmo's fire, so dreaded by navigators. If two lights appeared at the masthead then the ship was safe, but if only one it was due to their sister "that dreadful, threatening, and cursed meteor Helen," and betokened disaster.

Though so similar in appearance, and popularly representative of the closest relationship, modern science reveals the two stars as widely dissimilar. Castor is comparatively near, and small for a star, only about one-twentieth the size of our sun, whilst Pollux is much larger and more distant. Castor is a double star, the first of these interesting objects to be discovered, and regarded as the finest in the northern sky. The two components are two suns which revolve round one another in a period of about 1000 years.

The next Zodiacal constellation is Cancer, the giant Crab that was sent by Juno to bite the toes of Hercules when he was engaged in his battle with the Hydra. It is the smallest and most inconspicuous of all the twelve signs, though of considerable importance to the ancients, who regarded it as the "Gate of Men," through which came souls to earth for incarnation. It has always been popularly known as the Manger and the Asses, and was widely used by navigators in connection with weather forecasting. The Greek poet Aratus says:

"A murky Manger with both stars
Shining unaltered is a sign of rain."

The Manger is known to scientists as Praesepe. It is a hazy faint object close to the planet Saturn, and is historically interesting as giving Galileo his first insight into the real depths of space. When he turned his telescope on to this hazy object, to his unbounded delight it resolved itself into a beautiful cluster of little stars. Try it yourself with a field glass. Next comes Leo, the principal figure in the sky, associated always with the Sun and Royalty until

it appears upon the aristocratic quarterings of the Anglo Normans and the royal arms of England. In mythology this particular lion came originally from the moon, was of gigantic size, and ravaged the district of Nemea until it was slain by Hercules. The figure bears no resemblance to a lion, but the principal five or six stars are better known as the "Sickle." As such it can easily be identified at a moderate elevation in the N.N.W. The handle of the Sickle is the brightest star in the constellation, and is named Regulus, the little King, the ruler of the heavens. Modern science shows this to be an enormous sun at an immeasurable distance. It is at least 1000 times as bright as our own sun, which would be invisible to us if placed as far away.

Then comes Virgo, which for some unaccountable reason has been regarded as a female figure in every known mythology of the world. By no effort of the imagination can any such resemblance be traced. Aratus and Milton regarded her as Astraea, the Spirit of Justice, who resided amongst men in the golden age, retired to the mountains in the silver age, and fled to the sky in the bronze age when men ate the flesh of beasts and fashioned weapons wherewith to kill each other. She was, however, more generally associated with the harvest, as Ceres; and the meaning of Spica, the principal star, is "an ear of wheat." This star is well up towards the zenith and slightly east of north in the early evening, passing the meridian in the early part of June about 8 p.m. It is fairly isolated, and conspicuous for its beautiful intensely white color. A very interesting fact has recently been discovered, viz., that Spica has a companion, quite invisible to the naked eye, round which it is dancing at the giddy rate of 56 miles per second!

Next comes Libra, the Balance. This was not one of the original signs, and Virgil flatters Augustus by representing the Scorpion as contracting his claws to make room for the soul of the Emperor to rest after death in his natal sign. Milton suggests another origin:

"The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet
seen

Betwixt Astraea and the Scorpion sign."

The two principal stars, Alpha and Beta Librae, are easily distinguishable between Virgo and Scorpio.

The Scorpion comes next and really does resemble the object it is supposed to represent. Its heart is a bright red star called Antares. This is the middle star of three, quite conspicuous at a moderate altitude in the east. The remainder of the body is outlined by bright stars extending to the right of these, with the tail curling downwards, the extreme tip being formed by two stars close together. The four tips of the two claws are represented by four stars forming a line nearly at right angles to the line of the body, and situated to the left of Antares.

This Scorpion is the one that Artemis caused to issue from the bowels of the earth in order to punish Orion for his boasting, and his presumption in making love to her. After death they were both translated to the sky, and Orion retains his dread of his old enemy to such an extent that he places as great a distance as possible between them, sinks to rest as soon as the Scorpion appears, and comes boldly up over the eastern horizon when his opponent retires in the west. The poet Aratus thus describes the legend:—

And great Orion, too, his advent fears,
Content thee Artemis! A tale of old
Tells how the strong Orion seized thy robe
When he in Chios, with his sturdy mace,
A hunter, smote the beast to gain Oenopi-
on's thanks.

But she forthwith another monster bade—
The Scorpion having cleft the island's hills.
In midst on either side. This, huger still,
His greatness smote and slew, since Artemis
he chased.

And so 'tis said that, when the Scorpion
comes,

Orion flies to utmost end of earth.



JONES & PIKE Tel. 404 PET.
Cabinet Manufacturers

Specialities:
Hygienic Office Fittings and Furniture
MACQUARIE STREET, LEICHHARDT

Mention "Sea, Land & Air" when communicating with advertisers.

:: WIRELESS WORRIES ::



A Shipwrecked Boat's Crew attempting to send an S.O.S. Message with the Emergency Gear.

The Stars visible to the naked eye in the Southern Hemisphere





THE NEW STAR JUST DISCOVERED, AND REFERRED TO IN THE DAILY PRESS, IS OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE, AND THE BRIGHTEST NEW STAR SINCE 1604. IT RISES ABOUT 9 O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, AND IS VISIBLE ABOVE THE NORTH-EASTERN HORIZON. THE STAR IS NOT INCLUDED IN THIS MAP.

The Constellations for June—Looking in a Southerly Direction

The "Mittel Europa" Scheme

By AMBROSE POTTS

[All Rights Reserved]

To properly understand the Middle Europe scheme it is necessary to first understand exactly what that political entity we call the German Empire really is. And to do that the mind must be swept and garnished of all other political conceptions. For the German Empire is quite unlike anything else on earth. It has been described as being a survival of mediaevalism; but it isn't that either. It is the greatest scheme of wholesale slavery on earth, the apotheosis of combined capitalism and autocracy.

To the man in the street the Germany that has existed since 1871 is a league of monarchial states, governed by the Reichstag, or Imperial Parliament, in the constitution of which the German Emperor exercises considerable powers.

This idea is entirely erroneous. The Reichstag does not govern Imperial Germany. Germany is not a federation of sovereign states. The states do not figure in the constitution of the German Empire. The German Empire is a league between twenty-two reigning princes and the representatives of three Free Cities. The document reads like this: "His Majesty the King of Prussia, His Majesty the King of Bavaria, His Majesty the King of Saxony, His Majesty the King of Wurtemberg, His Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, etc., etc. . . . do hereby enter into an everlasting bond." The States or Kingdoms of Prussia, Bavaria, and the rest are not mentioned.

Some of those twenty-two sovereigns have legislative bodies to assist them in the government of their states, but not all, and in every case the sovereign is an autocrat, and actually owns the whole of his dominions. All the so-called legislative bodies are entirely under the authority of their rulers, and can be dismissed at pleasure. They are not responsible to the people in any way.

These twenty-two reigning princes, some of whom are called kings, as of Prussia, Bavaria, etc., and some are styled Grand Dukes, others dukes and others plain princes. But whatever their designation they are all absolute sovereigns. And together they are the German Empire, which they not only

rule but own. The German Empire is merely a Trust of Princes.

The German Empire owns the Reichsbank, otherwise the Imperial Bank of Germany. That imperial bank practically controls the whole of the commerce and industries of Germany. And the "everlasting bund" or trust of German princes owns the Imperial Bank. So indirectly, but not too indirectly, the King Trust owns all Germany.

That is the financial side of it.

Now we come to the political side of it. The Reichstag does not rule Imperial Germany. It was in existence before the German Empire was created in 1871, and is a survival of the old North German Confederation. The real ruling body in Imperial Germany is the "Bundesrat"—otherwise the House of the League or Association or Bund. This extraordinary chamber is not a deliberative body. Practically all Imperial legislation, including the Budget, is introduced there. But there are no debates. Long before any measure comes before the "Bundesrat" all the princes have received copies of it. The Bundesrat is composed entirely of the "ambassadors" of the twenty-two reigning princes and the representatives of the three Free Cities. The King of Prussia sends seventeen ambassadors, the King of Bavaria six, the King of Saxony four, and so on, according to population. These ambassadors merely record the vote of their sovereigns on the measure submitted. The King of Prussia's seventeen all vote the way he has instructed them to do. Sometimes he sends only one, and he gravely records the seventeen votes of His Majesty the King of Prussia. A hostile vote of fourteen will veto any proposed legislation. The effect of this is remarkable. As the King of Prussia has seventeen votes he can always veto any proposed change. On the other hand, should the King of Prussia go suddenly mad and wish to democratise things, fourteen votes in opposition will hold him up. So change in the nature of the league of princes is almost impossible.

In the Bundesrat the King of Prussia is about all-powerful for evil, and as powerless as anyone else for progress. The trouble is that Prussia not only has the largest popu-

lation in Germany, but has a larger population than all the rest of the states put together. The population of the so-called empire is seventy or seventy-two millions. The population of Prussia is 40,000,000. The other thirty or thirty-two millions are divided between twenty-one sovereigns and three Free Cities. The largest population outside Prussia is that of Bavaria, which has only 6,000,000. Many of these so-called Sovereign States have populations of only 400,000, or about equal to that of the city and suburbs of Sydney. Outside of Prussia there is no German kingdom with a population equal to that of Greater London or Greater New York. So the consequence is that when people speak of liberating Germany from Prussianism they are talking foolishness. Prussia, or rather the King of Prussia, is practically Germany.

As regards the Reichstag, the truth of the matter is that it is only a shade more democratic than the Bundesrat. It was not created when the empire came into existence; it was the survival of the old North German Confederation, and its apportionment of representation is the same as it was in 1869. In these days each 100,000 people elected a member to the Reichstag. In those days Berlin had a population of 600,000. So it returned six members to the Reichstag of 1868. It has now a population of 2,000,000 and still sends only six members to the Reichstag. The whole power of the Reichstag is in the hands of the conservative agricultural classes. And, moreover, the Reichstag exists only as a ratifying body which glazes over the situation by appearing to put the hall-mark of popular approval on the work of the associated sovereigns through their precious Bundesrat.

The heavy hand of the King of Prussia in the Bundesrat might not be so disastrous if the Kingdom of Prussia had a democratic constitution. Truly, Prussia has what it calls Universal Suffrage, but it is in name only. The Prussian Landtag consists of two Houses, the Upper being the Herrenhaus, literally, the House of the Nobles; and the Abgeordnetenhaus, or House of Representatives. The Herrenhaus consists of princes of the royal blood, nobles whose ancestors were princes of the Holy Roman Empire; nobles created at will by the King, certain life members appointed by the King for services rendered, and by the universities, the church and certain cities. This remarkable body is more conservative than the Kaiser himself. The House of Representatives is elected on a system called universal suffrage.

But the representatives are not elected direct by the people. The voters chose the electors, and the electors appoint the representatives. This system has a glorious uncertainty about it, and often results in an I.W.W. constituency being represented by a Mr. John Brown or Employers' Association Secretary.

But that is not all. All people vote, but their votes have not the same value. All those people who contribute one-third of the total taxation elect the first third of the electors. Then all the people whose total taxation represents the second third, elect the next third, after then the remainder of the population elect the remaining third.

In some districts of Berlin three men elect one representative, and in another eight men elect one. In the elections of 1913 the Social Democrats cast 24 per cent. of the total votes, but elected only seven members in a House of 420.

Yet this is the system which, according to Mr. Judd and others like him, is as good as our own. One regrets he cannot be deported to live under it.

For twenty-five years the commerce and industries of Germany have been practically directed by the kings and princes of Germany. They have been run on military lines. The work of the nation has been teamed, and teamed perfectly. The Reichsbank put aside a certain amount each year for the improvement of German Industrial processes, and all the great firms were compelled to contribute an equal sum. This was paid into a separate concern known as The Industrial Bank. This concern spent all its resources in research and the extension of German commerce. It sent commercial and industrial spies into every country on earth, to learn the methods of manufacture, to get into big commercial houses and learn their trade secrets. The British in particular were easy victims. Everywhere the cheap German clerk who spoke and wrote several languages, whose handwriting was like copperplate, and who worked for half the wages of the English clerk, was cordially welcomed. Since they have discovered that these men were really spies, and that their low price was due to the fact that they were most highly trained men paid special salaries by the Industrial Bank, those British employers must feel rather sick about it. They destroyed the British Indigo monopoly. They destroyed the British sulphuric acid monopoly. They all but ruined the British cutlery

industry; and they took away half the British trade in textiles.

By 1913 a curious situation had developed in Germany. To keep him contented the German princes had vastly improved the condition of the German working man. They evolved a system of industrial insurance which safeguarded him against losses by sickness, and also provided for his old age. It also assisted to keep him in order and tractable. They provided municipal theatres that gave him good music cheap. They provided him with a system of technical education that enabled him to earn journeymen's wages from the age of seventeen or so. But the working man had grown fat and, like Jeshurun, began to kick. He wanted more political freedom. He wanted a broader franchise. He even talked of strikes. He wanted more power in the local legislature, and demanded the right of electing his own representative instead of an individual who chose his representative for him. Also, he wanted a change in the Reichstag. He wanted the Cabinet to be chosen by the Reichstag, instead of being appointed by the Emperor. He wanted the House to be led by its own chosen Prime Minister instead of by the Chancellor, who was not even a member of it.

The sovereigns of Germany had grown enormously wealthy. The political unrest of the masses threatened the sources of that wealth, the present constitution and control of the so-called German Empire. Peaceful penetration had been practised in Russia, Austria, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and, above all, Italy. The Italian kingdom was an industrial and financial colony of Germany. In Austria also, the whole financial structure leaned on Germany. The German Banking Institution, the Wiener Bankverein, was merely a branch of the Reichsbank of Berlin, which controlled and directed it; and this German concern was twice as powerful in the Dual Empire as the big Austro-Hungarian Bank, which is a purely Government institution. Practically every Austro-Hungarian key industry was run with German capital, and worked by German overseers. The textile, chemical, dye, cotton, arms and munition, the iron and steel, and other industries were all controlled by Germany.

The non-German portions of the Austrian Empire bitterly resented this German supremacy. There was a strong tendency to go to France, Britain and America for capital so as to be free of the German domination.

The German princes had thoroughly grasped the fact that the nation that is supreme in industrial organisation will, all other things being equal, be supreme in war, as war is merely racial competition carried to its extreme limit. The ability to manufacture in time of peace means ability to organise in time of war. The German princes reckoned that they had a better national organisation than the rest of the world. They had undermined the industrial efficiency of their neighbours. A short sharp war of conquest, and with France stamped flat, Russia beaten back out of Poland, Courland and Livonia, and perhaps, Ukraine, would mean such an improvement in the condition of the German working masses that all unrest would disappear in the sunburst of victory that meant loot, and improved conditions after the war was over.

This unrest did not appear suddenly in 1913. It first made itself felt as a fighting factor in 1903, when the Social Democrats endeavored to secure representation in the Reichstag, and also in the House of Representatives in Prussia; and failed in both cases. But even before then it had been foreseen, right away back in the days of the big Westphalian Coal Strike about 1890. And with true German forethought, it had been provided for. The provision took the form of the Middle Europe scheme.

The idea was to mould all Central Europe into one commercial whole, locked and barred against the outside world. Austria and Italy had been practically conquered and annexed economically in 1913, when the Princes' Association thought the time was ripe for the launching of the scheme. And it must always be remembered that in this Middle Europe scheme, Germany was to be the supreme partner, just as Prussia is the dominant partner in Germany.

The four chief rivers of Germany, the Elbe, the Weser, the Rhine, and the Oder had long been connected by canals. These canals were deepened and improved, and made available for much larger ships. The Kiel Canal connected the Baltic and the North Sea. There was already a canal joining the Rhine in Germany with the Rhone in France. Under instructions from the Bundesrath the German press in 1913 put forward a scheme for the joining up of this network of canals with the Danube at Ulm, in Bavaria. The project was received somewhat coldly in Austria and Hungary, and for a while it was dropped. With the commencement of the war the Middle

Europe idea was revived, and in 1915, after the Austrian armies had suffered such fearful reverses as to make the Dual Monarchy practically dependent upon Germany, the idea of the North Sea-Black Sea route was revived with a tremendous blare of trumpets.

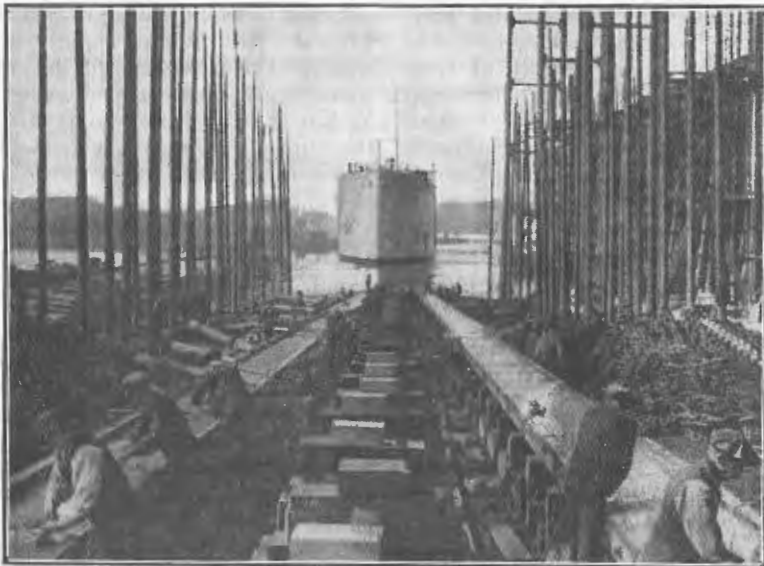
The canal system of Germany measures 8,600 miles, and a glance at a map of Europe will reveal at once the advantageous position the construction of this Danubian idea would place Germany in. The Black Sea littoral would be brought within easy reach of the German factories by cheap and rapid water carriage. Whereas now goods made in the Rhine Valley have to go to Hamburg by canal steamers, thence by ocean liners through the British Channel, round Spain, through the Mediterranean and Aegean Seas, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus to reach the Black Sea Littoral; under the new scheme they would go directly down the Danube, and in less than four days be in the Black Sea. Not only would the cost in time and freight be much lower, but the route would be free from molestation by any naval powers, such as Britain or the United States.

The German grip on Austria, Hungary, all the Balkan Peninsula, all the Black Sea Littoral would be consolidated and made practically irremovable. The wealth of the German princes would increase by leaps and

bounds to such an extent that their subjects could be drugged into subjection by material prosperity.

And that, and nothing else, is the cause of the war in Europe to-day. At present the German princes have more than half accomplished their object. Russia is smashed, down and out. The Ukraine, with its 30,000,000 of people, is a German colony. So is all Poland, all Lithuania, half of Roumania, Austria, Hungary, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Turkey are vassal states. The German Princes' Association has annexed and acquired absolute control of another 58,000,000 of people, and indirect control in the matter of commercial exploitation of about 100,000,000.

So now it becomes obvious to the meanest intelligence why this war must go on till either Germany or the Entente is utterly smashed. If Germany wins, all Europe immediately passes under the control of the German Princes' Trust, to be exploited for the benefit of those princes and their German workmen. If Germany wins in the West the German Princes' Trust will be in the position to exploit the energies and resources of 208,000,000 people; and will be in a position to defy the rest of the world indefinitely, and eventually reduce it to vassalage.



ONE OF GREAT BRITAIN'S FLEET OF STANDARD SHIPS IMMEDIATELY AFTER LAUNCHING.
THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE WORKMEN PREPARING THE SLIPS FOR THE NEXT STANDARD VESSEL.

OUR MARITIME PERIL

By O. M. BAGOT

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED]

"May the Lloyd continue to maintain the high position and to pursue the lofty aims which it was Lohmann's endeavor to attain." The concluding words of a telegram despatched to the Norddeutscher Lloyd by the present Kaiser on the death of Joh. E. Lohmann, the man who was largely responsible for the N.D.L. extending the service to Australia.

It will occasion some surprise to learn that though Germans all over the world were desirous that the Norddeutscher Lloyd should extend its operations to Australia, the Reichstag, or German Parliament, failed to be as ready as usual to meet the demand for a subsidy. During the month of November, 1884, the German Chancellor presented a bill to the Reichstag to authorize the payment of an annual subsidy the Directorate of the company sought to secure. Despite the fact that the Chancellor and many others fought valiantly to suppress the opposition to the bill it did not become law until well towards the end of the following year. Once passed, however, all was clear sailing, so to speak, and preparations were at once made for the establishment of the new services it had been decided to inaugurate.

The Germans had been paying attention to the East as well as to Australia, so it seems quite natural to learn that the contract they had arranged provided for "a main line to China, with branch lines to Japan and Korea; a main line to the Australian continent with branch lines to Samoa and Tonga Islands, and a branch line from Trieste, via Brindisi, to Alexandria."

The negotiations concerning the subsidy and services settled, Director Lohmann himself required further knowledge. It is somewhat strange considering the remarkable character of this man who never omitted a detail, that he did not depart earlier on the tour he set out on immediately after the bill had passed the Reichstag. Some students of German methods think that until heavy pressure was brought to bear on the Reichstag, Director Lohmann assumed that the time the journey would occupy would be wasted, as the chance of securing the heavy annual subsidy asked for was remote. Others believe, with good reason, that he had to remain in Germany in order to see

his plants materialise, for with any big scheme on hand he was the type of man who trusted no person. However, whatever the reason, Lohmann sailed on a tour of the Mediterranean, visiting Genoa and Port Said. At Genoa he was lavish in his praise of the port, but said nothing further. At Port Said he explained that he had nothing to say on the subject of shipping expansion.

Meanwhile matters were progressing rapidly in Germany. "Germany's sons should travel in the German built vessels, and imports and exports to and from Germany should be carried in German bottoms" was obviously in mind, for whilst Lohmann was on his travels several German financial magnates had been operating and had established a huge shipbuilding yard. In a later article the reader will learn of the N.D.L. shipbuilding operations, as well as of the company's own dockyards, and as these ventures were entered upon in a rather remarkable manner, there are many who have the impression that Mr. Lohmann knew more than was then, and is even today supposed, concerning the shipyards which sprang up with lightning-like rapidity immediately the Reichstag passed the bill authorising the payment of the annual subsidy to the Norddeutscher Lloyd.

However, the shipyards were established, and the first vessels turned out were for the Lloyd, and they were named Preussen, Sachsen, and Bayern. Each vessel was of 3000 tons gross register and capable of maintaining a speed of 14 knots. They were built for the main services, and three other vessels, the Stettin, Lubeck, and Danzig, each of 1500 tons and 12½ knots speed, were designed for branch services. Those six vessels have some interest for Australians in many ways, but are not so prominent in the present connection as the Solier, which sailed from Bremen on July 14th, 1886, and at later dates was followed by the Habsburg, Neckar, Hohenzollern, Hohenstaufen and Elbe, which were the first of the fleet owned by the notorious N.D.L. to enter an Australian port, and only succeeded in opening up the regular direct trade with Germany two years before the German-Australian vessels, Elberfeld, Barmen, Erlangen, Essen, Solingen and Sommerfeld made their appearance in Australian waters.

General Pershing : The Man and His Work

By LEWIS R. FREEMAN

During a recent sojourn in France I heard, in the course of a single day, two very illuminative comments on the officers of the newly arrived American Expeditionary Force. The first was by a young French Staff Officer, whom I met while on a visit to the Champagne front.

"We like your officers immensely," he said, "they are so quick-witted and so energetic, and yet so easy to get along with. But do you know they have been a great surprise to us in that they are not in the least 'American'; they are always asking us what we think of things, not telling us what they think."

"But isn't that just as it should be," I said, "considering that you have had three years of experience of modern warfare and they haven't had any at all?"

"Of course it's as it should be," he replied; "but—well, to be frank, it isn't quite what we expected. You Americans have such a manner of working out ways of your own to do things that, well, naturally, we rather expected to hear more of how you were going to do it."

Returning to Paris that afternoon, I dined in the evening with an American friend, who was in France on a special diplomatic mission, and it was while discussing the complicated task of the staff of the American Expeditionary Force in France that he said:

"It isn't only a military liaison with the Allied armies that has to be effected, but also a sort of a social liaison with the Allied peoples—the French and the English. This being so, we may count ourselves fortunate that the job is up to our old Regular Army Officers—Our little Regular Army—with the navy, of course, was, up to the time of our entry into the war, about the only really national thing we had. Just about everything else was coloured with sectionalism, provincialism; and for that reason I have always held that our Regular Army Officers were not necessarily the most typical, but certainly the most characteristically 'American' citizens of the country. And this is especially true of those officers who saw service in the Philippines, for their Americanism has been strengthened

by a 'national perspective' that can only be acquired by a considerable residence outside one's country by 'standing off,' so to speak, and viewing it objectively."

"General Pershing," he concluded, "is one of the most—indeed, perhaps the most—'American' American I know; and, because in the first year of his work over here, he is 'establishing contract' in so many senses besides the military, I cannot conceive of a man who it would be more desirable that our Allies should judge us by, or through whom they should learn of the spirit we bring to our task and of the spirit in which we hope to carry it through."

Because the average European's idea of the American is of a cross between a Cook's tourist and a patent medicine salesman, one can hardly blame him for having had some misgivings how things would go when he had this bumptious hybrid beside him as an ally. As the remarks of the young French officer I have quoted would indicate, there has been "a great surprise" that in the place of this popularly conceived American, there has appeared a modest, but apparently competent individual, who shows an astonishing readiness to defer to the experience of others, and an equally astonishing reluctance to try to make others defer to his. What is happening is that England and France are just beginning to make the acquaintance of a, to them, new type of American, a type which, one may venture to hope, will become sufficiently familiar to them in the months to come to give it at least a sporting chance of supplanting the "Cook's-tourist-patent-medicine-salesman" type in the popular imagination.

With my diplomatic friend I have quoted, I, who am myself an American, feel that America is indeed fortunate that our Regular Army Officer, of whom General Pershing is so distinguished, yet so thoroughly representative, should be the principal medium through which our first forerunning "national liaison" with our European Allies is effected.

I have heard and read many descriptions and characterisations of Major General John J. Pershing, but I think none that

ever impressed me as being quite so succinctly comprehensive in indicating the traits that make the man's record what it is as the words of a Moro chief of the island of Holo, who had met the then Military Governor of Mindanao, both on the battlefield and at the council table. Defeat on the one side had won his respect, justice on the other his gratitude, and at the moment I encountered him he had come to the office

not keep, and if fair dealing did not accomplish the desired result he effected it by fair fighting. Truth and a good licking go farther with the primitive savage than with his civilised brother, and the outstanding success that has crowned American effort to rule the high-spirited non-Christian races of the Southern Philippines is traceable largely to the rare judgment with which the one supplemented the other during the Pershing



AMERICANS BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO BRAVE COMRADES ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.

of the Acting-Governor of Holo to give information regarding a threatened rising among the Moros.

When I told him that I had recently seen General Pershing in Zamboanga, he nodded his head vigorously, showed his betel-nut stained teeth in an affectionate grin, and remarked, "Pershin' he lick you, but he no lie to you." That was all he said, but I have recently read magazine articles (of more pages than that old bare-footed chief used words), which fail to reveal so well what were the mainsprings of General Pershing's success at tasks which had proved too much for other men. He never made a promise which he could not and would

regime.

Up to the time of his entry into the Philippine field, where his most distinguished work to date has been accomplished, Pershing's career has not a great deal to differentiate it from any other American Regular Army Officer of similar rank. He graduated from West Point in 1886, and almost immediately rode with the 10th Cavalry in Crook's campaign against the Apaches in Arizona and Mexico, a somewhat similar operation to the one against Villa in which he was destined to have the chief command thirty years later. In 1890 he took part in the campaign against "Sitting Bull," in the "Bad Lands," of Dakota,

doing notable work at the head of a band of loyal Sioux Scouts.

The next eight years were "routine," but in 1898 there began for Pershing a period of military activity which has had but the briefest breaks down to the present. He fought and gained mention for bravery at San Juan and El Caney in the operations culminating in the fall of Santiago da Cuba, and after the Philippines were ceded by Spain to the United States, he was sent with his regiment to take part in the infinitely difficult series of campaigns for their final pacification. It was the sheer brilliancy of his work against the fanatical Moros of the big southern island of Mindanao which was responsible several years

and no penalty went uninflicted, no promised reward unfulfilled.

Concurrently with the military campaign a comprehensive programme for improving the health and economic welfare of the pacified population was carried on. Roads were built, agricultural stations established, and schools—both elementary and for simple industrial training—started. The deadly foe of one day became the peaceful cocoanut-planter or basket-weaver of the next. General Pershing's great task was practically completed by the time he was recalled to America shortly before the outbreak of the present war.

The task set General Pershing in sending him into Mexico after the elusive Pancho



GUARDING THE SEA ROUTES. U.S. DESTROYER OR PATROL VESSEL IN A HEAVY SEA.

later for his unparalleled promotion over the heads of 862 officers who normally would have had precedence of him—from Captain to Brigadier-General. The truth was that there was work waiting for Pershing, but before taking it up it was imperative that he be elevated to a higher rank, because departmental red-tape made it impossible for President Roosevelt to promote him to Major or Colonel, he, with characteristic disregard of precedent, made him a General.

The work which awaited Pershing was to complete the pacification of Mindanao and to initiate a suitable form of government for that turbulent island, a task at which the several distinguished Generals who preceded him had had but indifferent success. How the miracle was wrought is too long a story to tell here. Fair-dealing and fair-fighting, as I have said, went hand in hand,

Villa last year might well be compared to sending a man into a cage of hyenas with orders to bring out one of them without interfering with the others. That Pershing succeeded in doing this without bringing America into actual war with Carranza (and thus playing the German game) is by many rated as the most superlatively finessed achievement of its kind in American military history, one which made his choice to command the American Expeditionary Force in France inevitable.

If one thing more than another impressed me in the all-too-brief chat I had with General Pershing in Paris recently, it was the grim earnestness with which he is putting his shoulder to his latest and greatest task; that, and an almost reverent admiration for the armies that had stood the first shock, the men who had blazed the way before him.

—LAND and WATER

The Lady Diogenes

A PHANTASY

By C. A. JEFFRIES.

(All Rights Reserved.)

The bugle from the guardship roused Thorley Thornville to the fact that he was cold, hungry, and uncomfortable. He rolled out from under his ledge of rock, stood up, and gazing wearily across the sparkling water of Sydney Harbor at the warship, wished for the moment he were a blue-jacket. At least the blue-jacket had a bread-fast to go to that morning, and had left a comfortable hammock.

His unhappiness was not in any way mitigated by a delicious odor of steak and onions, with whiffs of coffee perfume blowing through it, that drifted up from a black and red motor launch with gleaming brass work, that was anchored curiously close to the rocks of Mrs. Macquarie's Chair. The smell of that steak drove him mad. He made one last despairing search of his pockets, but not even a copper rewarded him. He was stony, clean "broke." He sat down and regarded the launch hungrily, and presently observed that the only person apparently on board, a man with a ruddy face, dressed in a jersey and trousers of dark blue and a woollen cap of the same color, was regarding him with an almost personal interest. Thornville couldn't help it—he had never done such a thing before; but he got up and wandering down to the water edge, remarked to the red-faced man:

"That's a glorious odor you're making there!"

"The hodor ain't half as good as wot's makin' it. Been out all night?"

"Yes," replied Thornville, "and there's no fun in it."

"Naw, you bet there ain't. Don't you think you're a chump to do it? Now, p'raps you could do with some o' wot's makin' this yer hodor?"

"By heavens, I just could!" said Thornville fervently.

"Right-ho, come aboard then! I've gotter wait here couple hours nor more an' a bit o' company 'll be pleasant. I'll come for yer in the dinghy."

Five minutes later Thornville was wolfing the steak and onions, and refreshing his soul with long draughts of hot coffee.

"Feelin' pretty beastly rotten, eh?" said the man with the red face.

Thornville, with his mouth full, nodded.

"Well then, you jes' have a lie down fer couple of hours when yer done yer breakfast. A rest in a good bunk 'll make you feel good, or do you no harm, ennyhow!"

As soon as he had satisfied his hunger, Thornville rolled into the comfortable bunk, and in three minutes was fast asleep.

Thorley Thornville tried to wake up, but a delicious sense of rest seemed to hold him powerless. He hadn't the will to make himself waken, but, somehow, a sense of his environment grew upon him and he felt that the boat had ceased to rock, that he reposed in infinite softness, a daintiness that numbed all effort. Then he opened his eyes and stared blankly at the painted ceiling. A sense of something incongruous suddenly jarred him into life and action, and he sat up and stared wildly about him. He seemed to be in a bed of mostly silver and mother of pearl, covered with an eider-down quilt, on which pale yellow and pink roses sprawled over a ground of something between emerald green and turquoise blue. Then he was amazed to discover he was wearing silk pyjamas. He sprang out of bed, and tugged wildly at the window blind. It flew up, and revealed a wilderness of garden and green lawn, and on a tree covered with red berries close to his window two silver peacocks balanced themselves on the swaying branch.

Thorley Thornville had led a wild life, but he had never had an adventure like this before. Where was he—was this the last thing in drunks; some glorious depth of intoxication he had never plumbed before?

A tap at the door startled him. He clutched the bed, sank on it in a sitting posture, and roared:

"Come in!"

The young man that entered was dressed as a waiter.

"Look here, young man, where the devil am I, and how did I get yanked into this place?"

"This is 'Valhalla,' the home of Miss Montjoy—how you got here I have no idea, sir. Will you take some coffee before your bath, sir?"

"Look here, my man, you know more than you tell. Had I been an ordinary guest you would not have bothered to tell me 'Valhalla' was the home of Miss Montjoy—now, out with it: What am I doing here?"

"I have no idea, sir. I am paid to obey orders. My orders are to wait on you now you are awake. Will you try some coffee before the bath, sir?"

"Oh, very well. Tell me—is Miss Montjoy at home?"

"Yes, sir, she is waiting breakfast for you."

"Very well, bring coffee then!" said Thornville, resignedly. Then he glanced at the clock on the wall, and saw it was 10.35.

The young waiter led him to the breakfast room, a noble apartment that overlooked the same splendid lawn as did the room in which he had found himself when he awoke, and set him at a rose-sprayed table by an open window, from which he could watch the trees tossing in the warm gale without feeling even a draught.

"Miss Montjoy will be here in a moment, sir!"

Thorley Thornville wondered if he were presentable, and thanked his stars that just before this jag commenced he had bought a new suit. He wondered what Miss Montjoy was like—was she young, middle-aged or old? Most likely a gilded ruin, and probably steeped to the lips in the Arabian Nights, looking in her old age for the romance respectability had deprived her of when she was young.

There was a swish of draperies; a curtain was drawn back, and a young and beautiful woman, slightly on the short side as regards stature, stepped into the room and swept towards him with a most regal air. He rose at her approach. She held out her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Thornville; I am exceedingly pleased to meet you in the flesh!"

"Really, Miss Montjoy, it is very kind of you—I am wondering by what remarkable set of circumstances I am intruding here. I feel very uncomfortable!"

She sank into her chair, and waved him to his.

"Well, please be at home. You're here by my invitation; rather curiously given, per-

haps; but I am in a hurry. I had to take a short cut."

"I don't understand it at all. Was that your launch?"

"Yes, and the coffee was drugged. The launch was waiting there till you chose to feel tired of your cave. I am in urgent need of your help, and I had no alternative than to bring you first and explain afterwards. Do you think you can forgive me?"

"I am proud to have the honor!" he said, simply and truthfully.

"Very well then, touch the bell, and we will have breakfast."

After breakfast they went out on the lawn, and finding a sheltered nook—no difficult task in that wilderness of pleasaunces,—sat down in deck chairs to talk serious business. Miss Montjoy was curiously direct and charmingly frank. She twined her fingers together, and plunged straight into her story.

"Now, Mr. Thornville, I owe you an apology for my Napoleonic methods. You may take that as said—in this case the end justifies the means. I am the sixth richest woman in the world; but I have known the greatest of poverty—yes, the greatest of poverty. My mother I have no recollection of—she died when I was six months old. My father looms in my memory as a god—a god afflicted with mortality. I, the richest child in all Australasia, have never known a mother's love; and just when I was beginning to appreciate that of a father, he was taken away. That is poverty. I hate poverty. To me poverty is the root of all the horrors in this world. Poverty of affection; poverty of humane ideas; poverty of soul; poverty of health; poverty of patriotism—name any ill of life you can, and I will tell you to the poverty of what it owes its origin. Poverty is a thing, unutterably horrible, loathsome, to be killed and stamped right out of existence. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly! Go on."

"Well, will you undertake this fight for me—be my champion against the thing that fills our earth with woe? Will you?"

"If I am fit—. I am afraid—"

"Because I think you are fit I have chosen you. I have read your writings. I read your pamphlet—its longing was the same as the yearning that fills my own heart. Mr. Thornville, I want to change the whole state of things so that when I wake in the morning I shall know that from Thursday Island to the Leeuwin there is not one child

but is well fed, well shod, well cared for, happy and healthy—that not one world weary old man or aged woman shall cry to the emptiness that contains God to end the struggle for the life that is so hard to keep, so painful to let go. Will you—will you help me? By your writings I feel that you can do it, backed up by my millions, and that you will do it I am sure, for you have known poverty and hunger and the horror of sleeping out.”

The lady, overcome with emotion, buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed.

Thorley Thornville, renegade aristocrat, irresponsible writer, and almost genius, reeled before this splendid ideal, and wondered dumbly if it was good to have a soul like this. It fascinated him. He rose and walked up and down till she recovered from her emotion. Presently she recovered herself, and looked straight ahead of her. He continued his walk, and then stopped before her chair.

“You want to bring the Kingdom of Heaven to earth! Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven! Yes, that is a cause worth dying for—even more, it's an ideal worth living for. Yes, if I can I will help you. If I cannot, it shall not be my fault—I devote my life to your splendid ideal.”

She rose from the chair, and took his outstretched hand in her own, choked back her sobs. Her eyes grew bright, lustrous, and there was a ring of splendid triumph in her voice:

“Thank you, thank you! Now that I have found a man, I'll shake the world and show that my ideals are not vain dreams.”

Then she was gone. The dazed Thornville, the writer of strange politico-economic romances and fantasies fell into the deck chair, and more than ever wondered had he gone utterly mad, or was he merely dreaming.

It was no dream. This woman was in terrible earnest. She yearned for the abolition of poverty as a lover yearns for his sweetheart, as a mother for her dead babe. And before this terrific sincerity, Thornville became appalled. Day upon day she urged upon him to do something; but all his inclination was to lie on the lawn and watch the clouds of blue smoke curl upwards from his cheroot, and spin cobwebby fantasies of what life would be like when all her dreams came true. He did nothing, because he felt himself powerless. When she was not present he reproached himself bitterly. For

he knew, himself for a fraud; realising that the only man who could do what she desired in the time, must be that impossible combination, a mixture of Jesus and Hannibal, Buddha and Buonaparte. And he cursed himself for a coward because he had not the courage to tell her so.

Truly, he spent days and nights of continuous work trying to invent some scheme by which her glorious dream could be realised.

But he did nothing.

Day by day he saw her eyes grow hollow and more hollow with the agony of desire long deferred; and she grew fretful and ill. She said she was the Lady Diogenes, seeking for a man, and that she fondly believed when she found him that all that remained was to begin the battle.

One day he wrote to her that there was only one way to anticipate evolution, and that was seize supreme power by armed force, and bring about by sudden destruction and reorganisation the ideal state of affairs. And he concluded, “it means civil war; perhaps rebellion against the Empire: oceans of blood, and perhaps imprisonment and shameful death. Are you prepared to face that?”

She replied she was.

Weeks reeled into months; and the months spun into more than a year; and outside of much writing on papers locked up in his roll-top desk, nothing had been done. He had not seen the Lady Diogenes for nearly a week. Then—

It was the bugle of the guard ship that roused him to the fact that he was cold, hungry, and uncomfortable. He opened his eyes. A rocky roof a few inches above his head met his startled stare. He was wrapped in a heavy rug, and under his head was a cushion laid on a portmanteau. In blank astonishment he rolled out of his cave, if it could be called such. A tall stranger sat smoking on an adjacent seat, who, without looking at him, rose and strolled off. Somehow, Thornville felt that stranger had been guarding him. His limbs felt heavy, inert—he knew he had been drugged.

He pulled out the little portmanteau. It was practically empty, containing only a few papers which, indirectly, told him there was £5000 in a certain bank to his credit, and that all his belongings were at a certain carrying firm's office. No word of farewell, no word of reproach, disappointment or good wishes.

For that he was thankful. Black wrath filled his heart. She had hurled him forth from the splendid bowers of "Valhalla" because he was a failure. And then he suddenly realised that he loved Mabel Montjoy, and that life without her was not worth living. Damn socialism, or whatever it might be called. He loved her, and all the gods and all the devils, nothing in heaven or earth or under the earth, barring annihilation, should prevent him having her for his very own. He would use the £5000 as a stepping stone to wealth and power. She wanted an insurrection, which was to develop into a revolution. She should have it. And she would find him, with heaps of gold, and hosts of men, master of the situation.

Leaving the rug where he had rolled out of it, he picked up the small portmanteau, and walked through the gardens into the city, and found a comfortable retreat at an hotel.

How he met Garth, of Link, Garth and Co., and became first a small shareholder, and then almost an equal partner is a mere circumstance. What matters was the passing of Garth, who was really the whole firm, leaving neither wife nor child to inherit his vast wealth. When he felt the hand of death on him he sent for Thornville, and whispered:

"I have left it all to you, Thorley. Use it to win your girl, and to carry out her splendid dream. Make her realise that you are her only hope, and she will love you as woman never loved man. Good-bye!"

So it was that Thornville found himself inside 18 months the richest man in Australia. And the southern world wondered. The mere fact that he had become Link, Garth and Co. was itself a booming proclamation that he was a financial genius. The world of the men who do things bowed down to him, and wondered, and by their reverence placed him on a pedestal. But of how the Lady Diogenes regarded it, Thorley Thornville could not ascertain, though he spent money like water to do so. The Lady Diogenes gave no sign, and those around her were beyond bribery.

He had won to the heaps of gold—now for the hosts of men and boundless power.

When Hunter Gabriel first irrupted into the political life of Australia, the papers made good-humored fun of him as another crank come to judgment. Thornville hardly noted his existence till one day, attracted by

a casual glance he read the manifesto issued by that daring young man. Then he almost howled with fury, for he realised that Hunter Gabriel was the new champion of Mabel Montjoy, the Lady Diogenes, and had actually started out to try to do things, on the lines laid down by Thornville himself.

His method was delightfully simple. He launched a platform—a most alluring one it was, the objective of which was the literal and actual abolition of poverty, and the most fluent and polished speakers of the Commonwealth were hired professionally, regardless of expense, to speak on it in halls that were made attractive and filled by means of good music, fine pictures, and all manner of devices. When the country began to get interested, the beautiful, philanthropic and intensely popular Lady Diogenes—whose very name was a charm to conjure by, came forward and told, very earnestly and sweetly of how she had learned what poverty was, of how she had sought for years to find a man to fight this battle, and believed she had found him in Hunter Gabriel.

"What do you know of poverty?" called a mocking voice from a gallery one night.

It was the first time Mabel Montjoy had been interrupted. Through the vast mass of the audience went a sudden thrill, and then there came a low growl of suppressed anger, which would have burst into a demonstration against the interrupter, but that the clear ringing voice of the beautiful, almost girlish, form on the platform replied:

"I will tell you. It is a very proper question. As most of you know, my father was a very rich man, and left me his wealth. I can only just remember him. Of my mother I have no recollection. I was brought up by a foster mother, a sweet aged woman who had been my mother's nurse. Every night she told me of my father and mother, especially my mother, and her eyes used to glisten softly while she talked. Sometimes she showed me a coil of my mother's hair that she had kept that I might have some idea of what my mother was like.

"One night, when I was 10 years old, I seemed to lie awake. A blind had suddenly sprung, rolled up, and admitted a flood of moonlight to the room through the tall French window. I thought how beautiful the garden must look in that moonlight, and would have got up to look at it, but I could hear my foster mother's long slow breathing. She was not a good sleeper, and I could not bear to disturb her, so contented myself watching the arabesques made on the

carpet by the pattern of the curtain which trembled in the breeze.

"Suddenly I saw slowly forming in the moonlight, a lady, impalpable, transparent. Then she suddenly crystallised into being, stepped towards me, bent over me, and looked at me with soft loving eyes. I became aware of the same perfume that clung round that treasured coil of hair. I thrilled with sudden delight, and, starting up, exclaimed:

"Mother!"

"My vision faded—I saw her tremble back into the moonlight from which she had momentarily crystallised; and then my foster mother's hand was laid soothingly on my head.

"All the night I lay awake weeping softly so that my foster mother should not hear. For in that vision I—the richest child in Australia, the sixth richest female in the world—had learned what poverty was. For there is none so poor as the child that has never known maternal love."

Her voice thrilled, flute-like, through the vaulted hall, and died away in a whisper of exquisite sadness, and as the white figure of the speaker tottered from the platform, the great audience sat silent with bowed heads till music broke the spell.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said one of the Kings of Gold to Thorley Thornville, as they descended the wide stairs with the girl who had asked the question, between them.

"With that woman anything is possible!" said Thornville dreamily.

"Which means what?"

"Revolution—or civil war. Only armed force can stop her. That awful silence, that sea of bowed heads, was the most tremendous demonstration I have ever seen."

There was a savage intensity about Hunter Gabriel's propaganda methods that showed how boundless was the wealth he had behind him. In a hundred halls all over the continent, cinematograph pictures were showing the evils he and his "Heaven on Earth" party were out to fight. Pictures of slum homes were followed by others showing what those homes could be, and should be like. Pictures of slum children round places like Darling Harbor, in Sydney, playing in gutters among vehicles and horses' feet, were followed by others of beautifully clad children romping in the glory of lawn and flower in the Botanical Gardens, with happy mothers looking on.

Music, song, story, and pictures of beauty

and terrible realism were the weapons he fought with; and against the sincerity of the girl who was the spirit of his campaign sarcasm, derision, and everything else were powerless, and spirit-like the white robed figure flitted through the land till the people talked of nothing else, and the belief that poverty could be abolished became a religion, and a fanatical one at that.

Then Hunter Gabriel announced that propaganda work was drawing to a close, and the real fighting was to begin. An election was looming up, and he invited gentlemen willing to act as representatives of the "Heaven on Earth" party to send in their names for nomination.

Vested interest became alarmed, as well it might. The Lady Diogenes had rent the continent in twain, and the Socialists and Individualists faced each other. The election swept over the land, and when the dust had settled, it was discovered that Hunter Gabriel had all but carried the House of Representatives, while every new member of the Senate was of his party. In his splendid home at Woollahra Point, Thorley Thornville realised bitterly, too late, that he might have occupied the position of Hunter Gabriel, and held the hopes he felt certain that mysterious young man held. Personally, he cared not a jot about the political and social revolution. He wanted this wonderful girl for his wife, and the mother of his children. Private property and poverty might be abolished to-morrow; with her the "desert were Paradise now"; and, anyhow, he had enough wealth abroad to be a rich man for the rest of his life. He fought her ideals, not because he was opposed to them, but to bring Hunter Gabriel to the dust. But how to oppose this new and terrific force puzzled him. Bloodshed was hateful to him, but for the life of him he could see no other way. So when the scared Kings of Gold gathered in his great hall to discuss the situation, and how to stem the rising tide, he told them plainly that there was only one hope. The small farmer, with his miserable little freehold, the snobbish suburbanite paying for his wretched tawdry "bijou villa" on the instalment plan, were the bulwark of their cause.

"These people have no ideals. They have sold their souls for their miserable scraps of property. They are willing to take all the benefits of the 'Heaven on Earth' party, but they will not add their quota to the common stock to be worked on a system of national or municipal co-operation. Arm them, and with them you may smash this

beautiful idealist, and stem the tide that threatens to sweep away your supremacy."

He smiled cynically at the burst of applause. In his heart he was prepared to smash up both parties, and if possible seize the reins of power—anything to make this girl his wife, to make her repent that she had hurled him from "Valhalla."

The Kings of Gold took his advice, and worked loyally. Their supremacy was at stake, and their loyalty was a fearful and hideous thing. The vastest conspiracy of the century was set going. The cry that the country was in danger was raised, and men beheld with amazement the sight of the dairy farmer rushing into military training. But that amazement was as nothing to the stupefaction of the country at large, when the suburban snobocracy was found to be seized with a wild desire to arm and be trained in warfare for the sake of opposing an Asiatic invasion.

The quick mind of Hunter Gabriel saw through the plan. The Socialists suddenly announced that it was useless to bring the Kingdom of Heaven on earth unless they were prepared to defend their earthly paradise against all comers; and they, too, rushed to arms.

The efforts of Hunter Gabriel had all been directed to the capture of the Federal power. He ignored the States—when the time came the States would be swept away, he argued. They were doomed in the nature of things, and Thornville fastened on to this disregard of State matters as a golden opportunity. "The National Council," over which he presided, arranged for a tremendous effort in the State elections, which were then impending in three sections of the Commonwealth, and owing to the indifference of the Heaven on Earth party, scored complete victories in all three, which made the Kings of Gold supreme in five State Parliaments.

At the secret banquet of the Aulic Council, which had brought off this coup, Thornville unfolded his plan. The banquet took place in Sydney, and the 36 gentlemen present represented the six States and the wealth thereof.

"Gentlemen, thanks to the victories we celebrate here to-night, we are now in a position to offer a stern resistance to the machinations of our enemies. That it is intended to destroy the States, there is not the slightest doubt. They have even ceased to contest the elections. If the wave of enthusiasm lasts, and another Federal election can be brought about within the next Minister of Australia. There is nothing to

stop him. And I think from what we have seen that his methods will be thorough. In passing, I should like to say that I have nothing but admiration for this young gentleman. He knows exactly what he wants, and he goes straight for it—which line of conduct we can not only admire but, gentlemen, imitate. (Loud applause.) The first thing we will do will be to take a referendum—probably several referenda, which, if carried, will practically swallow the States. You will remember that he will have control of the naval and military forces of the Commonwealth, and I don't think I do him any injustice when I say I believe he is quite prepared to utilise them to enforce the results of the referenda should they be carried. And I have little doubt that at the present time he can carry anything. Gentlemen, we are in a minority. (No. no!) Gentlemen, yes, yes. Were we not, this council would not be in existence. What we have to do is prepare to resist that application of armed force. (Cries of How? Won't we be rebels?) I'm going to show you how. By precedent allowed by Socialistic Governments in the past, the States still have the power to raise armed police. There is nothing to prevent us raising 100,000 armed police in this State alone. The party opposed to us makes no secret of the fact that it intends to nationalise the land and all public utilities. It will make a bonfire of the contents of the Titles Offices. We can prevent it by means of our armed police. I think our friends will then attack our armed police, and, as we will be fighting as State forces, properly and legally raised, I fail to see how we can be regarded as rebels. And once such a struggle is commenced, it can only end by the overthrow of one or the other party. Our men are training; we have legal machinery to enrol them. Immediately we take over the reins of power, lists of men on whose support we can rely, property owners throughout the Commonwealth, must be prepared, and every preparation made. Arms and ammunition must be secured. We have control of the railways, and if everything is properly arranged we should be able to build up an army in a night—though, of course, we shall never dream of calling it anything but an armed police force. But a well equipped army is just as efficient under any other name." (Cheers.)

Thorley Thornville loved cacti blooms. To him they were a survival of the days when the world was young, and in his great

mansion at Woollahra Point bloomed the finest cacti in the world. He had found by series of weird experiments that certain tissues of the cacti of certain species were of the same nature as animal flesh, and if supplied with extra oxygen had a tendency to grow vast and live rapidly. In the great hall in which he spent the bulk of his time, there were monstrous growths covered with beautiful blooms. Cacti, which, under ordinary atmospheric conditions, flowered only once in anything from 10 to 50 years, in that home of horticultural wizardry seemed perennial, under the influence of oxygen artificially supplied. Every evening at 5.30 p.m., the great brazen doors of that hall would swing to with a musical crash, and a flood of oxygen would be pumped into the hall to stimulate those monstrous growths, which seemed to drink it in and distend, and increase their life speed. Cacti, which should be practically everlasting in that hall, ran through their lives in three to five years, crowding years into hours or minutes. Blossoms burst forth and ran speedy, but splendid courses, dying sometimes in a few hours to make place for others hurrying in their track. It was Thornville's eerie pastime to watch this railroad rush of petal life and death; and his cacti and hope of one day marrying Mabel Montjoy were the passions of his life.

It was in that cacti hall he heard the rumor that after the next Federal election, Hunter Gabriel and Mabel Montjoy would be married, and also that the Gabriel party in the Representatives were holding up business with a view to bringing about a dissolution.

He gazed thoughtfully at a mass of gorgeous scarlet bloom, and saw red.

A week later the Prime Minister of Australia tendered the resignation of the Government, and advised His Excellency to send for Mr. Hunter Gabriel. Mr. Gabriel declared he could not form a government that could hope to carry on, and unless he was promised a dissolution, he would not accept the commission. As the late government also declined to resume office, he got his promise, and commenced his preparations for sweeping the country. Among the interesting items of his programme was a proposal to introduce a bill to prohibit any State Government raising an armed force and calling it police. Armed police would be allowed by Federal permit, and should not exceed a limited number to be fixed by ordinance. Another disquieting proposal was one to take a number of referenda, by which certain powers would be granted the Aus-

tralian Government, one of which was to make the importation and distribution of arms and ammunition a government monopoly. It was also proposed to take over, at cost price, the supplies of military weapons at present in the hands of State Governments.

"The young man is about to precipitate things!" said Thornville when a number of anxious members of the National Council brought him the news.

"What are we going to do about it, Thornville?" said one.

"Fight with ropes round our necks!" laughed Mr. Thornville, "unless one of you is game to shoot Mr. Hunter Gabriel."

The suggestion did not seem to arouse any particular horror; one gentleman merely remarking that Mr. Gabriel could save Australia a lot of trouble by suddenly dying.

It was evident that Hunter Gabriel's system of espionage was as effective as his method of propaganda. And long after his guests had gone, Thornville sat considering what was to be done. The country was rushing down to the fatal election. Under his guidance, the Gold party, as it was called, had abandoned the Federal arena to the "Heaven on Earth" party, the Moderate Labourites, and the Fiscalites.

At 11 p.m. Thornville had decided to end the whole business by slaying Hunter Gabriel, and carrying off Mabel Montjoy, if there was no other way of getting her. Of course, if he could slay Hunter Gabriel he would immediately join her, and her name should be the price of his secession from the Gold party. She was such a fanatic that if Hunter Gabriel came to a sudden end she would willingly marry any man who was great enough to bring her dream to reality. And he felt that he was great enough. He knew exactly where to strike, and would strike with all his might.

Suddenly an inspiration came to him. He rang his bell, and sent for his secretary.

"Find out where Hunter Gabriel is tomorrow morning, and also where 'The Lady Diogenes' can be seen. I want to know by 10 o'clock!"

"I'll tell you now," said the secretary. "Mr. Gabriel is with the Governor-General at Canberra, and Miss Montjoy is at Valhalla."

"In that case tell them to have the car ready at 8.30. I'll drive myself. Stay and have some supper with me."

The Lady Diogenes rose from the break-

fast table, and taking the basket her maid handed her, went forth to feed her silver pea-fowl. The beautiful birds were gathered round her when she heard a motor car come up the drive. It stopped suddenly, and she looked round to see who it was—and met Thorley Thornville face to face.

The blood rushed to her face as he lifted his hat, and she remembered with shame how she had hurled him from "Valhalla."

"You are the last person I expected to see, Mr. Thornville."

He smiled pleasantly, and took her outstretched hand.

"I have a lot I wish to say to you," he said softly.

"And I have a lot I wish to ask you—shall we sit here or go inside? By the way, have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, but the 15-mile run through the morning air makes me inclined to doubt my memory."

"Well, come inside. One cannot talk easily while hungry."

"It makes for poverty of ideas," he said, looking at her from under his eyebrows.

"Everything he has done was planned out in my desk, and you have used another man to carry out my ideas!" he said severely.

"Because you wouldn't carry them out yourself!" she replied defiantly. "And why have you opposed your own ideas—for I know that you are the very forefront and brain of the opposition."

"I have taken no part in the Federal struggle!" he said with a surprised look.

"No, but you've made every preparation to offer armed resistance. You have an army waiting now with which to oppose me. Why?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No, because I know you well enough to——" She stopped, the blood rushing to her face as she realised that he knew she had lied. Then she looked at him with blushing cheeks.

"Yes, you know me well enough to know I care nothing for this scheme compared to what I care for you. I opposed it, and will oppose it, because I must make you understand that only I can make all your dreams come true. The country is rushing to civil war. Gabriel is wonderful, but he doesn't know what I know—which is where to strike. Also, he is too law abiding. Mabel, I love you. Marry me and I will crystallise your dream into reality and law in two weeks, and without civil war."

She covered her face with her hands.

"You are cruel—you are cruel!" she murmured.

"Step into the car, and we will complete the formalities, come straight back here and be married inside two hours—and leave the rest to me."

For a moment she wavered; and then she reeled to a seat, and sank down.

"I cannot—I cannot!" she wailed.

"Because you have promised to marry Hunter when he has carried out the plans he found in my desk."

"Yes, yes!" she gasped. "It was I who found them—I read them through, and bitterly repented what I had done. I was mad, dear Mr. Thornville. Mad with impatience."

He sank down on his knees before her, and took her unresisting hands:

"And when you read those plans you realised I was not altogether a failure?"

"I knew you then for the genius you are. Hunter is merely a systematic instrument, after all. But I had not read your plans when I secured him. He had drafted his own scheme, and I showed him yours"—(and again the blood mantled her face and neck—"and said they were mine."

"Thank heaven for that, at least!" he whispered fervently.

"Don't you despise me?" she asked wonderingly.

He laughed softly.

"I love you too much to despise you, no matter what you too might do—but in this case you 'saved my face,' as the Chinese say."

"I seemed to do the wrong thing so often, I am glad that was right!"

"You did only one wrong thing—when you promised to marry Mr. Gabriel."

"I know—I know! But I felt I could do nothing else but love him, if he really abolished poverty."

"And do you think now you will love him if he carries it through?"

"Don't ask me."

"Surely the Prime Minister of Australia will not hold a lady to a rash promise if she tells him she cares more for somebody else!"

"It is hard to believe. I will tell him when he returns, and when he releases me I will send you a rose. Now go, because even this is dishonorable. No, don't kiss my hand; not till I am free."

And with a great effort Thorley Thornville stepped through the window to make for his car, and nearly fell over a young man in a deck chair with his face buried in a book.

He stepped back into the room.

"One moment, Miss Montjoy; there is a spy in Valhalla!"

Then he turned and stepped forth again. The young man had disappeared. But where he had been sitting he must have heard every word.

When the Prime Minister arrived at his Sydney office he found a note from Miss Montjoy that she would like to see him. He rang up, and said he would do himself the honor to take dinner with her at "Valhalla"; and then settled down to work. His companion was the young man Thornville had found listening, and he handed his chief a verbatim report of what had passed.

"Have you got that plan of his house?"

"Yes—this is from the office of the architects who designed it. The particulars in red ink I have ascertained from a variety of quarters."

"And you are sure he spends most of his time there, and that the meetings of this National Council usually take place in this hall?"

"Oh, quite—absolutely."

"And this pumping of oxygen into the hall—what about it?"

"A mere blind. I find the idea is quite ridiculous from a scientific point of view. This council of conspirators meets in this hall and hatches its plots what time the place is supposed to be full of oxygen and untenable to humanity. The servants all believe it, and nothing would induce one of them to secrete himself among the cactus plants. I'd go myself, but they know me too well out there. Can you suggest anyone, sir?"

"Yes, I'll find a man. By the way, do any of the State Cabinet attend these meetings?"

"Can't ascertain, sir. I think there must be a secret entrance—underground, or something of that sort, you know, sir?"

"I see! It's all very ingenious. Well, we must get a report or two of one of these meetings. By the way, do you want any money?"

"It's always useful, sir. Ah, thank you! What time will you require me to-night?"

"Well, I'd like to find out if any of the State Cabinet are mixed up in this cow-sparker army business. I don't want to arrest anybody till we are in a position to disclose the whole scheme of tricks and prove it up to the hilt."

"It would certainly be a nasty smack in the eye to arrest half the State Cabinet for high treason!" smiled the young man.

"Exactly!" said the Prime Minister. "But it's the sort of game that can be played only with a full hand. I think we'll get them yet. I am dining at 'Valhalla,' and shall leave there about 10. I think that's all. Now, I'll go and have a rest."

Two hours later he was at "Valhalla," sitting opposite his creatress at a rose-strewn dining table. She waited to hear him give some hint of Thornville's visit, but though he talked about that party a great deal, he never gave the slightest hint he knew anything of his visit to "Valhalla," and the Lady Diogenes came to the conclusion he was innocent of having her watched.

"And you really think if you win the election they will break into open rebellion? It would be awful, if they did."

He glanced at his watch.

"Must you go! There is something I want to speak about. I want you to do something for me, Hunter!"

"Well, you ought to know by now you have only to command!"

She smiled rather sadly, and then looked steadily at the roses. Then she looked up suddenly, and said very quietly:

"I want you to release me from my promise to marry you. I am sure you would be happier with someone else for a wife."

"I am quite sure I would be happy with no one else. Why do you want to break it off, Mabel? Have I not succeeded beyond your wildest dreams?"

"You have indeed. It isn't that I'm not pleased with your accomplishment. But I am just beginning to know myself, and I find that the feeling I have for you is not that which should lead to marriage. And, honestly, if I did marry you, I would grow to dislike you. As a friend I shall always have a sincere affection for you; and as a man and a Statesman, a most sincere admiration."

"I can't compel you to marry me if you won't, dear!"

"But I want an honorable release. Even a Prime Minister can't do that. In fact his power and position make it all the more impossible to him."

"And if I will not release you, will you keep faith?"

"No, I will not. I have too much regard for you to do such a thing. If you will not release me I suppose I'll have to break it off."

He sat down beside her and took her hand:

"I have been your constant soldier. All

that you have asked me to do I have striven to accomplish. I told you only one thing would reconcile me to such a gigantic task—and you granted it; gave me your troth. Now you wish me to release you—I have no option. Very shortly men will be dying in thousands for your ideals, and I shall probably be among the first. We are rushing to civil war, and the men who will deliberately start a civil war to oppose the expressed will of the people will hardly shrink from a little private assassination. But the cause will go on. It is a living thing, a breathing spirit. Only one thing could stop it now; and that is such an impossible thing I won't insult you by mentioning it."

"Tell me?" she demanded. "It is my cause and I ought to know."

"Well, if you will, I will tell you!"

"Please do so."

"If the 'Spirit of the Campaign' married the arch-enemy of it."

The Lady Diogenes rose with flashing eyes:

"Then it is true—I have been spied upon in my own home. Mr. Gabriel, our engagement is ended."

"What makes you say such a ridiculous thing?"

"Because I know it is true. Mr. Thornville called here yesterday morning and asked me to marry him. When I told you those plans were mine I did not tell the whole truth. They were only mine by purchase—they were the work of Mr. Thornville. He worked here for over a year."

"I know the story—and you are going to treat me the same way. But you shall not marry him—I'll hang him for treason first."

His dark face flushed, and he turned away. Then he swung round,

"Do you wish him to carry on this campaign, too?"

"The campaign is the Prime Minister's work, and you are he!" Then after a pause she exclaimed suddenly:

"You said the country was rushing to civil war, and you believe you are doomed to be murdered. Well, if Mr. Thornville marries me he will give up the leadership of this movement and there will be no war, no assassinations—and your reign will be a long one. I promised to marry you for the good of the cause; and now I call on you to release me for the good of the cause."

He looked at her for a moment, and then taking her hand said very quietly:

"I release you!"

Next moment he was gone.

Two hours later in response to a telephone message she was in his office and the ruler she had created stood before her with downcast eyes and worried expression.

"I hardly know how to begin," he said wearily, "as I fear you will in any case misjudge me. Events are moving fast, and I find I must straightway strike or straightway be struck. The National Committee is distributing weapons to the 'Cow-Spankers' Army,' and in 48 hours will have an army in being ready to take the field against such forces as I can bring against them."

"But why should I misjudge you—you propose to temporise to gain time and you fear I will think you have weakened?"

"Not at all," he said quickly, with the light of battle flashing in his dark eyes; "not at all. No temporising. I shall not wait to be attacked; I am going to strike first and strike hard. The printing machines are rushing through the proclamation that puts N.S.W. under martial law, and tonight the whole of the leaders will be seized wherever they may be. Then they will be brought to trial for high treason. The proofs are overwhelming. What is worrying me is that you may think I am acting so drastically in a spirit of revenge."

"You mean to say that Mr. Thornville is in this, and will be among those arrested?"

"In it! He is IT—the very brain and centre of it. The army with which they propose to seize the Federal Cabinet is his creation."

"But he is leaving the Party, and to-day he will forward his resignation of his seat in the Assembly to the Speaker. To-morrow he will have ceased to take any part in public affairs—so why arrest him?"

"The political evil men do goes on just the same after they are politically dead. The army he created, the weapons he imported will be left to the direction of his successor. There is only one thing I can do. If what you tell me is correct there is no harm in his escape. Will you undertake to make his escape? It is 4.40 now—at 8 p.m. detectives will raid his house to arrest him. If he is caught, it's his own fault. And in this matter I leave it to you to devise means of keeping from him the fact that I am making a clean sweep, or he will warn his colleagues."

The Lady Diogenes put her hands to her

head and thought hard. Then turning to him she said pointedly:

"You will not allow the police or soldiers to search 'Valhalla' for fugitives for 24 hours?"

"He must not go to 'Valhalla'—we're walking the diamond ridge to-night. For you to shelter him would ruin me and shatter our hopes. Surely you are not going to cast your splendid dreams away for the sake of taking Mr. Thornville to 'Valhalla'?"

"Where else can I hide him?"

"The American steamer left less than an hour ago. Your 'Valkyrie' can easily overtake it outside the territorial waters, and they will give him sanctuary."

"Yes. Tell your messenger to ring up the house and order the 'Valkyrie' to be at Woollahra Point at the earliest possible moment."

"No! You must do that yourself outside. And remember, you must not desert me just now. I want you beside me for one more week, and then you will be free for ever; for in a week I will have made the Australian Parliament supreme or be lying under the soil."

"Very well—I will not desert you. Now I'll go."

Once outside she rushed to a telephone bureau and asked for Thornville's private number only to be told that number was disconnected. Then she realised that Hunter Gabriel was already acting—and the members of the National Committee were being isolated. She went back to her car and requested Sandford to drive with all possible speed to Woollahra Point. As the car rushed through the streets she saw crowds of uniformed men carrying arms assembling in every open space. Events were moving quickly. On the wall of a Government building soldiers in uniform were posting a notice, Sandford slowed down as he passed; but she failed to catch the lettering.

"What is it, Sandford!"

"Martial law, m'am. Don't be 'stonished if we're held up. Strikes me Woollahra Point will be a hard place to get to very soon."

"Oh, then, make haste Sandford!"

Sandford did make haste. Miss Montjoy's car was well known in Sydney, and so was she, and one squad of soldiers recognising her waved their hats and gave her a cheer as she fled by.

The car reached Woollahra Point, unmo-
lested, and dashed through the wide gates of Thornville's mansion. The house seemed singularly quiet. On the steps the Lady Diogenes paused a moment to see if the "Valkyrie" was in sight, and saw it rounding the stone pier below her. Then without ringing the bell she walked into the great vestibule. The place seemed deserted. She looked round her inquiringly, wondering where the Cacti hall was, as he was sure to be there. Then right in front, through great doors she saw a wondrous array of gorgeous blooms dotted over most monstrous growths of all shades of green. It was the hall of the Cacti. She walked in and called him by name. The hall was empty. The mingled scents of the different varieties made the air heavy. A clock gave a single stroke that marked the half hour, and behind her she heard a sudden crash, looked round and found the doors had closed. She tried to open them—in vain. She called and called—realising that the precious minutes were reeling away and he in such imminent peril. She rushed wildly round the vast hall—she was a prisoner.

Down on the little pier Thornville looked at the "Valkyrie" and asked the man in charge to whom did it belong. When the man replied it was Miss Montjoy's boat, and said he had been ordered to the Point with all speed, and to wait her at Mr. Thornville's pier, a sense of impending disaster seemed to fall suddenly on Thornville. Miss Montjoy must be at the house—and only something very urgent would have brought her there. He walked quickly towards the house. Presently he started to run, and met Mrs. Gray, the housekeeper, hurrying to meet him.

"Is there a lady waiting to see me, Mrs. Gray?"

"A lady—no sir! It's soldiers; the house is full of them."

"Soldiers! What do they want?"

"You sir! Good heavens! What's that?"

For a long wild scream of mad laughter suddenly filled the air; and the man and woman looked at each other aghast, as it was repeated.

"Some one in the cacti hall, sir—and a woman."

"Merciful God—it's Mabel!" he gasped dashing wildly into the house.

The house was full of soldiers, and some of them were battering on the door of the cacti hall with the butts of their rifles, shouting to those within, in the name of

the King and the Commonwealth, to open. In among them dashed Thornville, and touching the spring at the side sent the doors swinging inward.

Before they could lay hands on him he was inside, staggering towards the form of a woman lying in a struggling heap on the polished floor. He seized the form, and started to drag it towards them. They would have advanced to help him, but an awful presence, invisible but all pervading, seemed to roll out of that hall over them, and filled them with frenzy. Inside the room, the man they sought, howling like a fiend, was carrying the woman, leaping high in the air at every stride he took, but making little progress towards the door. At last he bounded through out—down the long hall, down the marble steps, out into the fresh air, where he laid his burden on the grass and shouted for some one to fetch a doctor.

As he bent over her there, it all flashed on him what had happened. These soldiers were there to arrest him—Hunter Gabriel must have taken time by the forelock and declared martial law. She had come to warn him, and been locked in the hall of the cacti when the doors closed and the oxygen poured in, and being a stranger, did

not know how to open the great brazen doors.

And now his Mabel—the girl who had made him all he was; the girl he was to have married, lay before him, an old, old woman. In that awful room years had been concentrated into minutes, and she had lived her life. Her hair was turning gray while he looked at her. She was 90.

A shadow fell across her white robed form. Thornville looked up and met face to face the furious Hunter Gabriel.

“What have you done to her?” demanded the Prime Minister.

“It is you who have destroyed her; you treacherous scoundrel!” snarled Thornville bounding to his feet.

They faced each other. Running up the carriage drive came a near-by doctor. The soldiers stood helplessly about, and then gave a sudden shout as the two men faced each other. Both had drawn revolvers, both drew back and aimed to kill—both fired—both reeled and fell together. When the doctor broke through the ring of soldiers he found a little shrivelled woman crying softly while she stroked childishly the face of the man who an hour ago, as a bright young girl, she had looked forward to marrying; wondering with her tottering brain why he lay so still.

Have You Found Happiness?

Kings have tried to command it;

Explorers have sought to discover it;

Wealth has tried to purchase it;

And still it lies within a stone's throw of everyone. Happiness is definable.

It is the diffusion of an exhilarating warmth that flows from the heart. It is the answering echo to a laugh of happiness. It is the mental re-action of a deed bringing joy to others.

Vital essentials for the creation of happiness are:—

Human understanding, which is simply sympathetic humanness, and

A true heart, which is an honest belief in yourself.

By making a chum of happiness, you make a stranger of misery.

If you are an iceberg, move to the north pole.

Physical suffering is no more real anguish than physical joy is true happiness.

If you would suffer agonies untold, cause suffering to some one you love, a careless word, an uncalculated-for comment, a scornful look, a deliberate insult, or any of a hundred little things that are often said and done, invariably have a boomerang effect.

Why pick the thorns, when roses grow upon the same bush?

Why spend a holiday on Barren Island when the fare is the same to Manhattan Beach?

Every day is a holiday to the man who is happy.

Even undertakers can't bury love—and love is happiness—and happiness is making others happy. Try it.

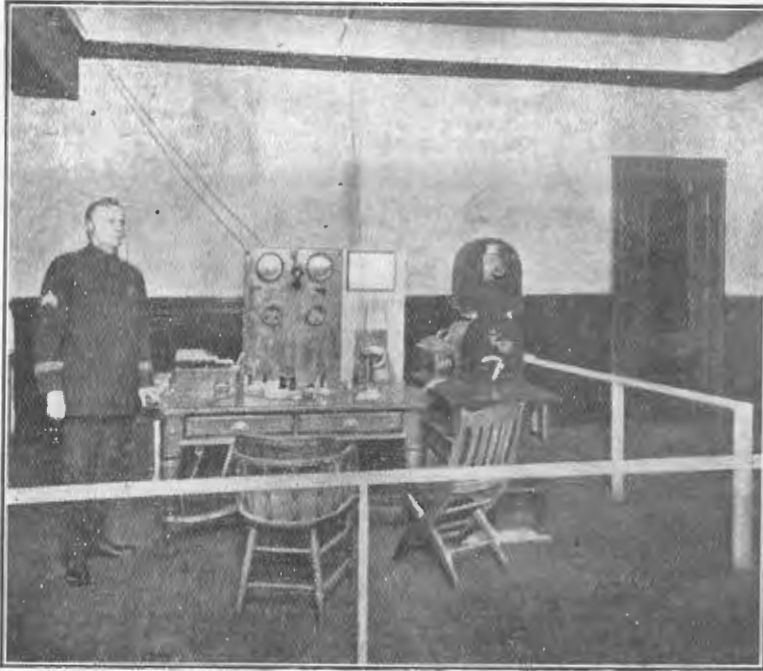
Wireless Service in New York Police Department.

All Rights Reserved.]

[By FRANK C. PERKINS

The Manhattan police headquarters' wireless station is seen in the accompanying photograph under the charge of Sergeant Chas. E. Pearce. Wireless telegraphy was adopted in the programme of general preparedness instituted by the Police Department of New York City as an added means of communication between the different divisions of the force, and it is held that as such it is the first instance on record where wireless telegraphy has been brought into use in a municipal department in the United States. Although the Police Department already had a large private telephone system, the

in telegraph, telephone, or signal work, were assigned for the course of study. It is of interest to note that on completion of the course all passed the Federal examination and received licenses as first-class radio operators. High-grade commercial wireless equipments were then installed in the headquarters buildings in Manhattan and in Brooklyn, and also on the Department steamer "Patrol." This ship is the flagship of the Marine Division of the Department—the Division which gives the same protection to New York's six hundred miles of waterways that the rest of the force gives the land part



WIRELESS STATION AT MANHATTAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

necessity of a dependable means of communication in addition was realised.

Considerable work has been done with signal flag and Morse light systems, and also with portable field telephones, but wireless telegraphy has received the most attention of these auxiliaries. In introducing this part of his plan for police preparedness, Commissioner Woods first established a school of instruction in radio work at headquarters, one of the classrooms of the training school being fitted up with a buzzer system for code practice, and with blackboards for demonstration work and circuit diagrams. Sergeant Chas. E. Pearce, a member of the uniform force and a former telegraphist, who had been studying and experimenting with wireless in his spare time for several years, was given charge of the school, and thirty of the members of the Department who had had experience

of the city. With the outbreak of the war, although practically all the other privately owned wireless plants were closed, these three stations were continued in operation, under supervision of the Navy Department, and now work in conjunction with the New York Police Department's wireless service, several Government wireless stations covering the metropolitan district.

A thousand or more important radiotelegrams, connected with the work of the police force, have been exchanged between the "Patrol" and the headquarters station, which could not have been handled in any other manner. The promptness with which orders and reports can be exchanged with the "Patrol" is, therefore, of valuable assistance to both the Federal and the Municipal Government. The "Patrol" is stationed at Pier A, at the lower end of Manhattan Island, and cases where police aid is

needed on the surrounding waters are reported immediately to headquarters or the Pier A precinct by telephone. When the boat is at the dock it is sent to investigate, and, when circumstances require it, the commander of the boat sends a wireless report of the matter investigated to the headquarters wireless operator for delivery by telephone.

When the "Patrol" is cruising around the bay such messages are sent by the headquarters wireless operator direct to the boat. Previous to the installation of wireless, when the boat was cruising, it was necessary to tie up at some dock and for an officer to find a telephone in order to communicate with headquarters or the precinct. This took considerable time, particularly at night. Now communication is practically instantaneous, which increases the efficiency of the harbor police considerably. A few of the many cases in which the wireless has enabled prompt police service to be rendered are mentioned below. In each instance, although the "Patrol" was away from the pier, communication with it was established instantly, whereas valuable time would have been lost in notifying the crew of these occurrences under the old system.

On one occasion two barges broke away from the pier at the foot of East 54th Street, and, driven by a strong wind and tide, swept up the East River and carried three more away from the pier of East 70th Street. The five then drifted out through Hell Gate, in the path of the fleet of steamers that come in through Long Island Sound early every morning. The "Patrol" was off Staten Island when this information reached headquarters, and was notified by wireless about 4 o'clock. At 5.35 a.m. it reported by wireless that four of the barges had been caught and docked by the police boat, and that the fifth was taken in charge by a tug.

In another instance a small fire occurred in the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell's Island. The "Patrol," cruising around the lower bay, was notified by wireless, and to stop at the East 51st Street pier for a battalion fire chief on the way. When the fire was out, wireless orders were given the boat to continue cruising. The Richmond Telegraph Bureau notified Harbour A of a fire on board a municipal ferry boat bound from New York to Staten Island. The information was wirelessed to the "Patrol," which was in the East River at 3 o'clock, and promptly investigated, and at 3.39 p.m. it reported by wireless that the fire was extinguished with slight damage.

The Brooklyn Telegraph Bureau was notified by a citizen at 4.35 p.m. that people in a motor boat off Manhattan Beach were waving distress signals on another occasion. The Brooklyn wireless operator sent the message to the "Patrol," which was cruising up the East River, but immediately started to the rescue. At 5.16 p.m. the commander of the boat inquired by wireless if any further information had been received, and the Brooklyn operator, after communication with the citizen who reported the matter, sent the following message to the boat at 5.28 p.m.: "Party in motor boat off Manhattan Beach still waving white flag. Coney Island Life

Corps tried to reach them and failed." The "Patrol" reached the location at 6.15 p.m., just as the disabled launch was taken in tow by a fishing steamer.

Scores of similar uses of the wireless plant occur with the same valuable results. A citizen notified Richmond Telegraph Bureau at 10.30 p.m. on a recent date that a large Transatlantic steamer was sinking, after collision with another boat in the Narrows. The "Patrol" was ordered to the scene by wireless to assist in handling passengers, and at 12.15 p.m. forwarded a full report of the accident to headquarters by wireless, which was telephoned to the precinct. Four days later, at 6.20 p.m., a schooner which had grounded in the bay near Ellis Island, floated at high tide and drifted up the Hudson River with no one on board. Harbour A was notified by telephone and relayed the message to the "Patrol" through Manhattan headquarters wireless station. At 6.40 p.m. a wireless message was received from the boat that the schooner had been anchored and lighted.

At 9.40 p.m., several days following, Harbour A was notified by the pier watchman that a lighter had broken away from the West 30th Street pier, and was drifting up the river. The "Patrol"—off the Statue of Liberty—was notified, and at 10.15 p.m. reported by wireless that the lighter, carrying a cargo of coffee valued at 50,000-dol., had been returned to the pier.

Showing the prompt service possible with this wireless equipment, at 5.25 p.m. a report was received at headquarters, Brooklyn, that a party in a row-boat, off Coney Island, were being carried out to sea. The Brooklyn wireless operator forwarded the report to the "Patrol," which started for the scene. Seven minutes later, at 5.32 p.m., the Brooklyn station was notified that the boat had been picked up, which information being wirelessed to the "Patrol" prevented an unnecessary trip of several miles. The next day, at 6.45 p.m., a citizen notified Harbour A of a tug going up and down the East River, apparently not under control, as it had collided with other boats. The "Patrol" was sent to investigate, and found that two intoxicated boatmen had stolen the tugboat "Gen. I. J. Wistar" from a pier in Brooklyn, and were having a "joy ride." A crew was put on the tug, the men were arrested, and the matter reported by wireless at 7.50 p.m. The tug was returned to the owners only slightly damaged.

The steamer "Patrol" has also met at Jersey City and brought to New York each of the seven foreign Commissions that have visited this country on official business during the summer, and it is stated that in several inspection trips made by the different Commissions accompanied by city officials, around New York Harbour on the "Patrol," the wireless was in almost constant use, handling urgent communications between the official and his office, via police headquarters and the telephone system. An extension of the wireless system to ten or twelve of the seventeen inspection districts of the Department is now planned.

ROYAL Typewriters

The Latest Development in Modern Typewriter Manufacture. "Compare the Work."

Australasian Agents

SYDNEY PINCOMBE, LTD.

5 Hamilton St. and 46 Hunter St., Sydney

JOHN BROOMFIELD LTD.

Ship Chandlers & Hardware Merchants

152-154 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY

Large Stocks of Ship Chandlery, Motor Launch and Yacht Fittings always on hand.

Inspection Invited.

Phone 9780 (6 lines)

The Small Fleet at Work

An Incident in the Adriatic.

::

By O. M. BAGOT.

(All Rights Reserved.)

The order was emphatic, and each shipmaster realised its full force. That the Austrian cruisers should elude the carefully-prepared traps to entice them within range of the never very distant fighting vessels of the British squadron guarding the Adriatic was vexatious enough, but that the Rear-Admiral in command should issue a mandatory order in such plain language caused each master to make a mental vow that on the next occasion the enemy cruisers set out from Pola, something would happen, and the happening would be eventful.

The first sting of the rebuke passed over and the never ceasing vigil was again settled down to. Though they had been incensed at first the captains of the drifters employed in keeping the Austrian "hemmed in," came to the conclusion after they had talked the matter over, that the Admiral was right, for "excursion" trips of hostile craft to be becoming a regular thing was not in keeping with the best traditions of the British navy. They must be stopped.

Each man was left to work out some scheme, and it was that idea which remained with one and all day and night as they carried out their various duties.

As if they had been acquainted with the fixed resolve of the masters of the drifters, the Austrian vessels remained in port. Day after day passed without them moving from the security of the naval base, and it seemed as if they would never enter the open sea again. Much as he would like to have an engagement with them, the inactivity of the cruisers partly satisfied the waiting Admiral, and he went about his many duties as calmly as possible. The vessels were safe and the operations he was conducting were not being interfered with, so he considered things might have been worse. He left it at that, for he had become aware of the fixed determination of the men of the drifters. So the game went on. The Admiral satisfied, the men of the drifters vigilant, the Austrian vessels "hemmed in."

Some weeks elapsed and the movements

of the allied forces in the Adriatic assumed a greater importance. Enemy submarines had, as usual, at such times, become busy; yet considering the amount of tonnage moving in those waters they were not particularly successful. Ships were ships, and men were men, and both were valuable assets, so as an added precaution, the use of anti-submarine nets was decided on by the commander of the allied fleet. Combined



THE LATE WIRELESS OPERATOR HARRIS. OF THE S.S. FLOANDI.

with the vigilance and activity displayed by the small craft, the nets proved an effective defence against Austrian submarines, and this gave those at the head of affairs still greater pleasure.

To the Germans, under whose leadership the Austrians were by this time acting, the position was intolerable. The "Accursed Englishers" were doing as they pleased. The Austrian cruisers lying at Pola should, in fact, must, harass the transport work going on, and preparations to begin doing so were at once put in hand.

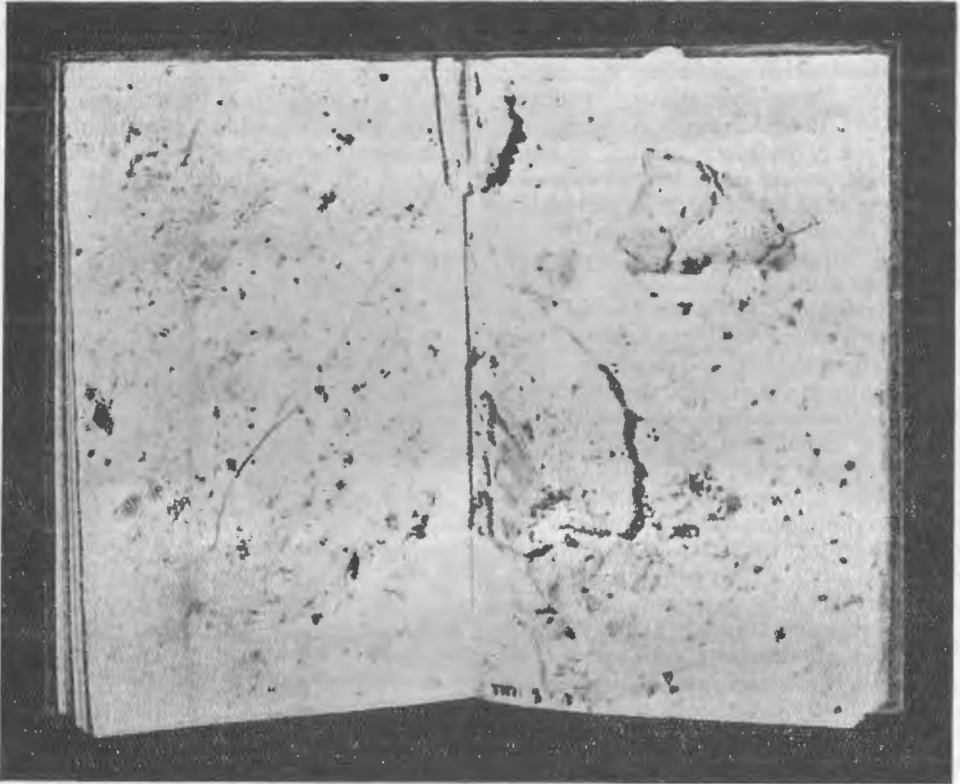
When the anti-submarine nets were brought into use the drifters in the Adriatic had another duty allotted them. They had to guard the nets against submarine attack. It was, therefore, decided to form them into eight divisions of six vessels, one craft in each division to be equipped with wireless,

so that a prompt message for assistance could be despatched.

From commander down to the youngest sailor, the men on the drifters regarded the new duty with delight. Each man felt the opportunity for "something" to happen was near at hand. The only fear was that the "other" fellow might have all the fun.

Day and night the patrol cruiser continued its work, unrewarded by as much as a sight of an enemy cruiser until a feeling

meet the enemy. The long awaited opportunity had arrived and it would be seized. The cruisers possessed a high turn of speed, and bearing down on the drifters, each selected two divisions of the little vessels. Soon the booming of guns filled the air. Realising the danger which the response to the wireless messages would mean, the commanders of the enemy cruisers ordered their gunners to concentrate fire on the vessels equipped with wireless, and very soon the



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE DIARY OF THE GALLANT OPERATOR. THE SCRATCH MADE BY THE PENCIL OF OPERATOR HARRIS AS HE WAS STRUCK DOWN IS DISCERNIBLE ON THE PAGE TO THE LEFT.

of monotony began to spread among the men. They began to think they were never going to get a chance at "big game," and wished for service in the North Sea, where some of them had been at the time of the Jutland battle. Then, suddenly, in the early hours of a May morning, the bright eyes of the look-out on one of the little vessels discerned a huge mass moving towards the squadron from the direction of Pola. Peering into the gloom again, he made out the shape to be that of a cruiser, and two other vessels. Quickly the news was "wirelessed" to the fleet, and preparations were made to

wireless operators were working in a storm of shot and shell.

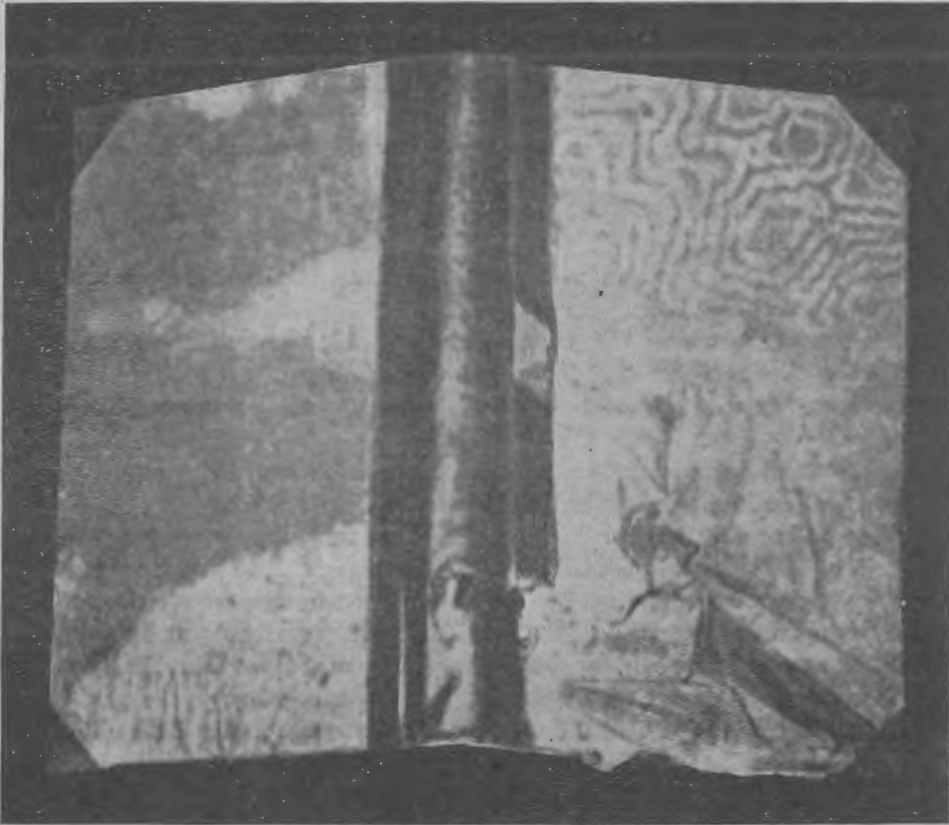
Gallantly the Marconi men worked, to speed up the assistance now on the way to the scene. This knowledge spurred the Austrian gunners to renewed efforts. It was their duty to do as much damage as possible before the allies' fighting ships arrived.

Gallantly the captains of the drifters handled their craft during the unequal fight, until one and then another was forced to drop out, crippled, and some so badly damaged that they sank. It was at this time the drifters, Gowanlea and Floandi, won

their position of distinction in the records of the British Navy. They had been in the midst of the battle. Shot and shell had swept their decks almost bare, and they were making water fast. Their plight was indeed serious. Still they continued to offer opposition. When offered an opportunity to surrender and abandon his vessel Captain Watt, of the *Gowanlea*, defiantly refused and fought on until a shell from one of the cruisers disabled the solitary remain-

the wounded, and it is the discovery made in what was once the Marconi cabin of the *Floandi* that will be handed down from generation to generation. Lying across the wireless log, which it was his duty to keep, was the body of operator Harris. He was writing at the moment a shell struck him, and upon the page is the scratch made by the pencil he was using as he fell forward—dead.

It is thus the Britisher does his duty.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WIRELESS LOG BOOK.

ing weapon the vessel carried. Realising that help was near at hand by this time, the Austrians decided to return to port. The *Gowanlea*, though in a bad way herself, proceeded to the *Floandi*, which was lying helpless, with four of the crew dead, and three wounded out of a total complement of ten. Soon after this the fighting ships of the allies arrived. They were too late to meet the Austrians, but were not too late to aid the few vessels which remained of the gallant fleet of drifters. Promptly each vessel remaining afloat was visited in order to aid

Fine Artillery Registration Work.

Writing with regard to the French attack in the Aisne region, Mr. Henry Wood says: "I personally witnessed these giant guns (400, 370 and 380 mm.) lobbing ton shells over the Aisne crest, missiles visible to the naked eye from their departure from the cannon's mouth till, describing a magnificent arc over the crest, they began the downward plunge. Aeroplanes regulated every shot by wireless, so accurately that five guns fired at a distance of six miles, struck successively the same hole and penetrated the subterranean fortress."

Well-known Aviator Honored.

Mail advices state that the well-known English aviator, Mr. Glen Curtiss, has been elected a life member of the Aero Club of France.

New South Wales Flying School

— A DAY AT RICHMOND —

(All Rights Reserved.)

In selecting Richmond as a site for the New South Wales School of Aviation the powers that be were wise.

The pretty little historical township is somewhat inadequately catered for as far as its railway service is concerned, but that fact is overlooked and forgotten in the consideration of the advantages which the sur-

affords a natural shelter for the Aerodrome, and it is that advantage which prompts the claim frequently advanced by the instructors, that there is no more favorable situation in the whole of the State.

Upon arrival at the hangar the uninitiated receive an insight into many interesting things. The building itself gives an impres-



A VIEW OF TOWN OF RICHMOND, TAKEN FROM A HEIGHT OF 3000 FEET.

roundings present from the point of view from which the site was chosen.

As an Aviation Training Ground instructors and pupils unanimously consider Richmond to be an ideal spot. Travellers from Sydney will obtain their first view of the ground when passing Claremont. A huge hangar stands on the edge of Richmond Common, a well-grassed track of flat country fully one and a half miles square.

Though some distance away, the hilly country making up the Blue Mountain range

of solidarity, its concrete floor and steel girders looking as though built for hard wear and permanence. Our attention was arrested by a huge Curtiss machine, which we were informed is one of five owned by the school. Machines of this type play a most important part in the war, they are used on all the battle fronts, and the name Curtiss will be instantly recognised by those who follow the performances of our aviators recorded in the newspapers.

Naturally, every care is taken of the

machines at Richmond, for aeroplane accidents are usually the result of neglect. Fortunately, no serious accidents have so far occurred in this country, and on that account the attention of instructors and mechanics alike is to be commended.

The machine first noticed had made several flights during the morning of our visit, but, at the time, mechanics were busy effecting adjustments and minor repairs.

The machinery appeared very compact. Many of the mysteries of the control of wings, flaps, and rudders, etc., were carefully explained, but to be fully grasped, some preliminary knowledge is essential.

to receive any definite answer within the comprehension of the man who has not actually experienced them.

When rising from the ground the machine should preferably be pointed towards the wind, and the path of flight should be a gradual inclination. The keenness of a pupil, however, frequently leads him to give the elevator too great an angle of incidence. This keenness is only to be expected, but it is bad nevertheless, for raising the elevator too high causes increased wind resistance, and the machine is then liable to slide backwards to the ground.

Another difficulty encountered in the early



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CLOUDS.

Weather permitting, all the machines available are taken out by our embryo air-men, upon instructional flights each morning and afternoon.

We were told that the wireless apparatus, which forms part of the equipment of a modern machine, is used principally for "spotting," which is one of the most important of the aviator's duties. We could not help remarking upon the wealth of knowledge which aviators require. The examinations are very searching, but we were informed that the men are apt, eager pupils and very quickly become sufficiently proficient to go aloft.

They are taught to make all movements subconsciously, for rarely is there any appreciable lapse of time between thought and the necessity for action. In fact, aviator and action are words coupled together in the vocabularies of these flying men.

Speaking of flying, we asked about the sensations, the impressions, received in the air, but to these questions we were unable

stages of tuition is that of changing the direction of flight. Upon leaving the ground the pupil loses all sense of direction. When a turn is made by means of the rudder, the outer wing moves at a greater velocity through the air in relation to the inner wing, and this increased velocity causes the lift of the outer wing to be greater than that of the inner. The former tends to rise and the latter to fall and, unless this tendency is immediately corrected, the machine will bank excessively and slide down sideways.

At first the "aviator to be" is always accompanied by an experienced pilot, but a time arrives when he is considered steady enough to be permitted to fly alone. The day of the first solo flight is the red letter day in his career. All other pupils are eager and interested, as they know that their turn will come. Eventually the great moment arrives. The time fixed is generally about 6 a.m., for as a rule weather conditions are then more favorable than at any other period of the day, but the pupil does not consider

time or date, it is the morning of his solo flight and he is to go aloft alone. He enters the machine with fluttering heart, but hand and brain are steady. The starting gear is manipulated, and gradually, like a great bird, the machine gathers speed and lifts herself into the air. He would then be travelling at about 30 miles an hour, backwards and forwards, and round the aerodrome he travels, gathering speed with every minute, now mounting up and then returning to a lower altitude.

of Aviation was intended as a commercial enterprise. In the commercial direction, however, great prospects are anticipated in Australia, and but for the war, aerial mail and passenger services would no doubt already be in existence.

When war broke out, the plans intended for the conduct of the school were completely changed, and every effort was put forth with the idea of producing as many aviators for war work as were required from this country. With this change the question of commer-



THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, NEAR RICHMOND, N.S.W., TAKEN FROM HEIGHT OF 3000 FEET.

On this flight the delightful exhilaration experienced by the true aviator is paramount. Like his tutors, he feels he is a master of the air. Even the knowledge that studies in the workshops have yet to be completed and the constructional section of his course to be mastered, does not interfere with the feeling of satisfaction which attends the solo flight. He feels that great progress has been made and he is encouraged to strive harder to gain the much prized "ticket" which must be acquired before he can rightly claim his title as a master of the air.

Men trained at Richmond have served their country with great credit in this war, yet when first suggested, Richmond School

cial services had to be put aside until the time when return to normal conditions will allow the matter to be taken up again.

Our ancestors have turned savage wildernesses into a glorious Empire; and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquest, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

—BURKE.

Wm. McKEOWN Ltd.

**CARRIERS AND FORWARDING
AGENTS**

68 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY

Established 1863

Phone: City 740 & 741

What Shall We Do With The Radicals?

Under various names the radical movement advances. Somebody ought to tell the truth about it! The war in all countries has pushed this movement ahead. The United States has seen less of it than any of the warring countries, but on all hands the movement is immensely stronger than it was three years ago. The prime example is Russia. There the radicals are supreme. They are all radicals. Between Kerensky and Trotzky the difference is only one of dates, and so far as capitalistic country is concerned, there is little choice. These men and their "comrades" all over the world care not for Russia or any nation, but only for the Internationale. They care not for the Russian revolution or any other specific revolution, save as it is a part of The Revolution. They all seek to organise the proletariat, or wage earners, of the world as opposed to the propertied classes, to wipe out national lines and to put the proletariat into possession of everything.

This movement is not government ownership, or abolition of inheritance, or any of the things that we think of as associated with it. These are only the fringe of the garment of Radicalism. Radicalism is this system referred to above which is to be substituted for the present social order. There is no possible compromise between this programme and the present social order. It is one or the other. It cannot be both, or part of each. The Co-operative Commonwealth will co-operate with nothing except itself. Let this fact be impressed upon us by the spectacle of our own Mr. Francis threatened with being held as a hostage for Berkman and Goldman. See it in the club held over us to-day by Russia in the Mooney case. See it in the fact that Bolshevik representatives are to be in attendance on the trial of the I.W.W.'s in Chicago, to see that "justice," from Russian standards, is done these men. See it in the appointment of John Reed, of the Masses, and under indictment for sedition, as consul-general for New York City by the Bolshevik government. Or think of Trotzky, of New York's East Side, now the head and front of Russia. The great men of this radical movement the world over would be in jail if they were in this country, U.S.A.

The main difference between us Americans and our European friends is that they see and appreciate this menace while comparatively few of us appreciate it. It is one of the most powerful and important elements in the world at the present moment. It has put imperial Europe at stand and attention. It has spread rebellion through Germany. Recently it was made clear, through the publishing of state papers, that world financiers met at Berne last September to bring about peace. The reason they did so was their fear of the growth of this radical movement if the war went on. The same thing is back of Lord Landsdowne's letter. The land-holders want to keep their property and titles. They see both menaced by Radicalism if the war keeps on. The world is moving very steadily and very rapidly in this direction. Mr. Schwab sees it. It is to be suspected that President Wilson sees it. The fear pulls at the nerves of the world's biggest financiers and leaders. Russia has gone. Germany trembles. England heads mightily in the same direction. Italy's temperament lends itself to the same thing. France will go if the others do.

What about the United States? Two things may save it. One is the possibility of an early victory over Germany. The other is the large mass of "dumb and stupid" middle-class people in this country. We use the words "dumb and stupid" from the standpoint of the Radicals. American workers have very little class consciousness. A long war would give opportunity for the Radicals to indoctrinate our people. Here is a vital reason why we must now give our maximum efforts to winning the war in the shortest possible time. But whether the war is long or short, we have something to fear from the unemployment that will follow the conflict. What can we do, if anything, to stem this tide? The propertied class has had its innings, and in having it has succeeded in getting the hatred, or at least the suspicion, of the working classes. Are they going to have their inning now? The wave may not reach the United States this time, but it will reach us sometime. Nothing can satisfy the workers but to try it out for themselves. If they should profit by the mistakes we and our fathers have made and run the country for the common good, they would succeed and keep control of things. If they go to extremes, there will be another reaction.

The course that we have most faith in which to offset these convulsions is the development of as large a class as possible of property owners. This is one reason why we have championed the providing of homes, the selling of stock to employees, and the admission of employees to share in management. The more people we can have in this country who are real owners of property and the fewer people we have who are absentee owners, the stronger will be the buffer which we can put up against this radical regime. This is what we have continuously urged. We feel, however, that it is due to all clients to present to them the real facts about this critical and menacing situation. We are facing a world movement which is bigger than any country or any class.

This movement will have a vital bearing on general business and investments. Everything depends upon the vision which we exercise in dealing with this situation. If American business men and investors will wake up to the situation and work along the lines above suggested, we believe that there will be comparatively little fear during the next few years. If, however, we persist in either ignoring the facts, or dreading to deal with them, we wait fearstricken for the calamity to overtake us, then we have only to look at Russia to see what will happen in the United States. Already the above situation is a factor in the stock market, and in all business circles. Unless definite action is taken to offset it, we must prepare for the hardest siege United States business has ever known.

(Extracts from "American Statistical Reports on Trade." Reproduced by kind permission of The Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Co. of Australasia, Ltd.)

Statistics and the Air.

According to a Rotherhite (Eng.) statistician, after "careful calculation," the individual risk of being hit in an air raid is 69,990 to 1 against. Nothing like being exact.

WORLD - WIDE WIRELESS :: ::

Senatore Marconi an Advocate of Allied Scientific Board

(All Rights Reserved)

A very big suggestion to America and its allies has been made by Senatore Marconi, wizard of wireless and senator of Italy. Edward Marshall, a noted correspondent, to whom the inventor recently made the suggestion while in Rome, characterises Senatore Marconi "one of the great doers of the world, as well as a great and startlingly developed thinker, and in this war, which so very largely is a war of science, he is a greater power than very many people know."

"One of the things which has been evident from the start of the great war," Senatore Marconi said, "has been and is the fact that the allies have not co-operated with complete effectiveness.

"I hope and I believe that the entrance of the United States will mean the start of real co-operation.

"Let the United States Naval Consulting Board become the model for an international committee of inventors and executives, which will mobilise the scientific thought and practical achievement of all our brains and hands in the service of the great cause of humanity!

"The great disinterestedness of the United States is what much most appeal to a fair European mind about the course which you have taken in entering the war.

"The American democracy is the greatest in the world. It has the vast material wealth necessary to the conduct of the greatest campaign ever made by any nation since the start of the world's history; that we know it has ideals and fights for them alone I have already indicated; it has developed an inventive genius which has given to humanity many of its greatest scientific and mechanical treasures, including steamship, telegraph, telephone, aeroplane, many of the engines of destruction which are utilised by both sides in this war."

Senatore Marconi was told how Edison was asked if he would head a committee for the accomplishment of this in case the government appointed one, and how he said he would, although at that time he was overburdened by the tasks which for a long period followed the great fire which almost wholly wiped out his works at Orange.

Marconi listened closely.

"We must have a similar board, at once, for all the allies," he declared emphatically.

"It would be a wonderful thing if it, also, might be under Mr. Edison's chairmanship.

Surely it should have a real American as chairman.

"Thus, although its headquarters probably of necessity would be on this side of the ocean, it would be saved from some of the grave dangers of red-tapeism which are so likely to surround European efforts at international co-operative organisation."

"Would you co-operate fully with a board of that kind?" he was asked.

"I should be glad to," said the chevalier.

"Would you serve as member of it?"

"I should be proud to," said Marconi. "Especially should I be proud to if at the head of the great board was Mr. Edison, the most honored son of wonderful America, and loved citizen of all the decent world.

"Now when the allies are confronted by the desperate necessity for real co-operation, the most intelligent model for its development in the scientific aspects of the war is found in the United States.

"Of course it will be necessary to select a meeting place somewhere in Europe, for that could be near to the actual battle line, while an American city could not be, and because in Europe there are many allies, while the United States is one.

"Each contributing nation would need to appoint delegates with power and to furnish them with means unstintedly for carrying on new work, as well as with full facilities for learning everything that has been done by every friendly nation, and, as far as possible, the achievements and the failures of the enemy.

"What service such a board might render! Consider, for example, the splendid British tanks. They were infinitely valuable from the start, but it was months before any one of Britain's allies knew anything about them. Indeed that they should have known was quite impossible because of the lack of any medium through which they could be safely and intelligently informed. There have been other episodes as striking.

"Wireless has done much, but is capable of doing more. Too many good minds cannot be trained on it; it is worth the greatest mental effort and experimental industry. These, all, are problems of the sea, and there are many more which do not come into my mind.

"There are as many upon land. There wireless plays a large part, too, and might play an infinitely larger one."

SCABBING ON THE UNION

A Two Act Drama
For the Edification of Pacifists and Others

(All Rights Reserved)

CHARACTERS:

Kaiser Bill, the All-highest.
Count Von Bumblestein, head of the German Spy Bureau.

Herr Lugbitt, President of the Amalgamated Society of Secret Service Agents.

Professor Shottpot, Secretary of the International Peace Bureau.

Servants, Sneaks, Delegates and others.

Time: The Present.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

A room at No. 12 Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin. Count Bumblestein seated at his desk listening to Professor Shottpot, who has just returned from a visit of inspection to Australia and intermediate countries.

Bumblestein: Now about Australia? Is the good Haase working hard there?

Shottpot: Excellency, I have dismissed both the good Haase and the Frau Bakker. They will merely make regular reports without taking any active part.

Bumblestein: For why?

Shottpot: Australia goes excellently. Led by one Mudd, and inspired by another, Hoof, the Labor Party has denounced the war, demanded peace at any price, defeated conscription, and refused to assist recruiting. Those Australian pigs in the trenches will soon fade out for lack of reinforcements.

Bumblestein: Gott in Himmel! It does indeed go well. Are these good people being properly remunerated?

Shottpot: Nein, Excellency, nein, nein!

Bumblestein: For why? Should they not be encouraged?

Shottpot: Excellency, to offer them remuneration would be to open their eyes. At present they do our work for love of righteousness. They are blinded with class hatred, which they mistake for love of humanity!

Bumblestein: German brothers, international working men and so on?

Shottpot: Exactly! They hate the Australians who oppose them much more than they hate us Germans. Mudd told his workmen audience they would be as well off under us as remaining as they are. Ha, ha! He got mixed up between being useful and being comfortable, I think, Excellency.

Dr. Arnhim Haase, Representative of the International Peace Bureau in Australia.

Delegate Mudd, Member of Sydney Labor Council and Pacifist.

Brother Hoof, Australian Fanatical Idealist and Warlike Pacifist.

Bumblestein (smiling grimly): Yes, I think so. Tell me more of them?

Shottpot: They designate those Australians who oppose them and advocate recruiting and perseverance with the war, scabs (opprobrious term), traitors to the workers and humanity. Oh, they do our work most splendidly.

(A door opens and the Kaiser enters. Bumblestein and Shottpot fall on their knees and remain kneeling.)

Bumblestein: Most gracious Majesty!

Shottpot: The All Highest!

The All Highest: You may stand, both of you!

Bumblestein: Most gracious Majesty!

Shottpot: Great Sovereign!

The All Highest: I have listened to your report with great interest. Keep track of these two men. When we take Australia see they are summarily executed. I know these swine who talk, talk, talk! They are useful dupes but bad subjects. Bumblestein, attend to this!

Bumblestein: Most sacred Majesty, it shall be done.

The All Highest: In the meantime they had better receive some recognition to encourage them, an iron cross, or a red eagle, or some money.

Shottpot: Most sacred Majesty, I beg of you. Nein! I implore you, refrain. If you gave them all the tea in China, all the gold in Germania, they could do no more for you than they are doing. Recognition might open their eyes.

The All Highest: Gott help us—let them remain blind by all means!

Exit The All Highest.

Bumblestein (resuming his seat): Be seated Shottpot!

Servant (entering suddenly): Herr Lugbitt, Excellency!

Burblestein: Curse Lugbitt. Kick him out!

Servant: Yes, Excellency!

(Servant retires and sound of heavy bodies falling violently make conversation impossible.)

Burblestein: He is Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Secret Service Agents. (Picking up letter.) He complains that you are using cheap labor to the exclusion and loss of members of the Society of Secret Service Agents. We have an agreement with them, which will have to be kept till the end of the war. Then; ah yes, then!

Shottpot: The position is unfortunate; but no one could do the work for us as these philosophic reformers and anti-militarists are doing. They object to the government—their own government Prussianising them!

Burblestein: An excellent idea. It will be a glorious thing when we can abolish militarism in all countries but ours. Then the world shall bask in the light of our kultur, policed and disciplined by our kindly troops.

Shottpot: A most divine vision, Excellency. May we have the will to transmute it to fact and reality, Excellency.

Burblestein: Yes, indeed, Shottpot. You may dine with me to-night, my friend!

Shottpot: Your Excellency honors me too much.

Burblestein: No indeed, you have done excellently. This discovery of Slush and Foot, I mean Mudd and Boot, is most fortuitous. Farewell!

Shottpot: Farewell, Excellency!

(He goes out. Burblestein lights a cigar.)

ACT I. SCENE II.

(A room in the Moabit Quarter, which corresponds in Berlin to the Rocks in Sydney. The Head-quarters of the Amalgamated Society of Secret Service Agents. The executive, wearing masks, is seated round a table awaiting someone.)

Lugbitt (entering, swathed in bandages and walking with a crutch): Brethren, I greet you.

President Bindlerat: How came you by these injuries?

Lugbitt (falling into chair with a groan): I went to protest to Von Burblestein that—ever an enemy to our class and his own—was using cheap workers in Australia. And his servants threw me down the stairs and fell on me, the pigs.

Bindlerat: A detestable outrage. Who are these cheap Australians?

Lugbitt: I have here the complaint of our members in Australia. I will read it if I can see with what is left of one of my eyes. The major-domo put his heel in one and turned round three times.

The Company weeps.

Bindlerat: Allow me, my brother. (Takes paper and reads):

"This is to acquaint you that we have been practically deprived of our work and our income reduced by one-half and all expenses money taken from us. This is due to the fact that two local men, Australians, are doing for nix what we were sent here at great expense and fearful risks to do. Both these men hold good positions, and pretend to be good unionists. Yet they take our work—not at reduced rates, but for nothing. They are bogus, and we ask you to make representations through the unionists of some neutral country to ask their labor council to declare them bogus. The names of these men who have done us such mortal injury are Mudd and Hoof; and for their detestable actions towards us of their own class, they deserve the abominable cognomens with which it has pleased heaven to afflict them. These men have induced the labor party to ask for an immediate armistice on all fronts, and are leaving for Holland with a view to entering Germany as the representatives of the Australian working men to initiate a movement for peace by negotiation. We trust you will deal with them as blacklegs and demand an explanation of their conduct in scabbing on the unionists of the Amalgamated Society of Secret Service Agents. The Kaiser and Gott. Hoch! (Signed): Haase und Bakker.

ACT II. SCENE I.

(The Trades Hall, Sydney. The Labor Council in session, drawing up the representations to be made by Mudd and Hoof, who have been appointed peace delegates to the German brother trades unionists.)

Mudd (dramatically): With our arrival in Europe, a new era will dawn upon the war-weary world. We will be the harbingers, the first delegates to the Parliament of Man.

Hoof: When our German brothers join with us in the denunciation of this infernal war, the Exploiters, Kings and Capitalists of the earth will fall down helpless. Then, and not till then, will the ghastly business of Prussianising of the workers of the world by the Huns of all nations cease.

(Thunders of applause from delegates.)

Haase (entering softly): Gentlemen, delegates, fellow workers, I beg you please hear me. I am the representative of the Trades Unionists of Germania.

(Sensation and applause.)

I come to you with a message from the Head Secretary of our Union in Berlin, Herr Lughitt. Receive my credentials. I have come to inform you that the Unionists of Germany will not receive as your representatives these men, this man Mudd and this man Hoof. I denounce both these men as scabs (awful silence), traitors (uproar), and enemies of the working class. These men have carried on our propoganda. All

(Slow curtain.)

that we were paid fat salaries to do in Australia they have done for nothing, and thereby led to the services of myself and others being dispensed with by the International Peace Bureau. I and my fellows have denounced these men to our Headquarters in Berlin, as Scabs, Strike-breakers, Enemies of the Amalgamated Society of Secret Service Agents.

(Mudd, Hoof and the Labor Council fall down dead three times, and finally stay down. Haase stands erect amidst the wilderness of death, waving his arms.)

Haase: Thus perish the enemies of Labor Solidarity. Ha, Ha!

"PASSING THE BUCK."

Of all the poker metaphors, we wonder if any is more applicable in war time than "passing the buck." Considering the subtlety with which the habit grows and its general infectiousness, we half suspect it might be well for everyone before doing anything to ask himself, "Is this it?"

What is "passing the buck?"

Well, when any one refuses to subscribe to the Red Cross or to a Liberty Loan, because what one person does won't make any difference.

Or when private citizens call on the Government to do something they ought to do themselves; ask it to settle a strike, say, when they have not done their honest and open-minded best to settle it, or to relieve a shortage of something or other, when they are still wasting the very same thing.

Or when a labor leader, speaking on the labor problem to workmen, with no employers within ear-shot, talks altogether of the shortcomings of employers and not at all of the shortcomings of workmen.

Or when an employer, speaking to employers, or a journal for employers doing the same, just reverses this process.

Or when a business man or a housewife refuses to adopt a needed war economy because someone else hasn't.

Or when the retailer says the trouble is with the wholesaler, and the wholesaler that it is with the manufacturer, and the manufacturer that it is with the raw material man, and so on, while there's still some trouble with each.

Why, that's it.

There are at least two good synonymous expressions for "passing the buck." One is, "Letting George do it." But the most popular one just now is "Slacking."—System.

Probably the German advertisement expert for Hun war loans is a sufficiently good judge of the German people to gauge their weak spots successfully. In this connection a Cologne newspaper, upon the eve of the closing of the last loan, published in type across a whole page the following advertisement:—

"If next Sunday we could get sausage soup with beans, wouldn't that give us all pleasure? Alas, such pleasures are only possible in peace time. To get peace we must have money to fight until our enemies see that their efforts are bound to be fruitless."

Pending the arrival of those halcyon days of peace, the Huns are likely to get beans minus the sausage soup.

CALL AT

THE WYNYARD HOTEL

CLARENCE & ERSKINE STREETS

W. B. DICKSON, Proprietor.

Late Chief Steward Howard Smith Co.

THE

Telephone: 1180 City

Rapid Freight Despatch Co.

Licensed Customs Agents, Shippers & Forwarders

98 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY

(opposite Hotel Grand Central).

Ernest Mills & Son

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FURNITURE

100 HARRINGTON STREET, SYDNEY

For 10 Years Factory Manager and Designer for Farmer & Co., Sydney

Established 1882.

HUGHES & CO.

Fashionable Tailors

Phone: City 77

UNIFORMS:
Naval and
Mercantile
Marine

A SPECIALITY.

70-72 Erskine St., Sydney.

Mention "Sea, Land & Air" when communicating with advertisers.

"Stopping the Royal Mail"

By J. F. WILSON

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

"That reminds me of an occasion some years back, when one of those same autocratic skippers stopped his big 'little palace' for merely me."

Excepting the "extra fourth" Sparks was probably the youngest present, but he was not one to talk without saying something, and his quiet observation drew all eyes towards the bunk where the tip of a "Capstan" shone dimly through the haze of blue grey smoke.

Crowded into our regular off duty rendezvous and secure against interruption by passengers, our care-free attitudes and general state of dishabille, would have failed to reveal the spick and span mail officers to be observed proceeding about their business during the day.

Conversation had recalled a recent case of "commander" versus millionaire passenger, which for a while excited the officials of the Transatlantic Company.

Opinion generally was with the mate, who remarked that the millionaire hadn't "bought the blooming ship" and was worth no more to the company than any other first class fare.

The Transatlantic's service is run to schedule, like a railway, and when the steamer called at Fishguard to pick up mails and belated passengers, it was in defiance of all regulations that the man of dollars hailed a fisherman's boat and departed shorewards. He failed to return in the Company's tender and repeated warnings on the ship's syren brought no sign from the shore, so, after waiting twenty minutes over the advertised time, the skipper hauled up his mud hook and continued the voyage.

When almost out of sight a fishing boat could have been observed containing a gesticulating figure which might have been waving farewell.

A great fuss was made at head office, but the Transatlantic Directors upheld their commander, and until such time as a quick, comfortable passage is again required they have probably lost a passenger.

In the matter just related our sympathies were unanimously with the captain, so we were spared even the scathingly sarcastic commentary which the "second" usually favored us with whenever the subject permitted argument, and "Sparks'" observation was most opportune.

For a moment the quiet swish of the waves and steady vibration of the engines were disturbed only by a slight rustle as we settled ourselves to listen.

"Until the advent of the 'Conway,'" he began, "the Countess Clare was the largest vessel on the run, and she was the second of the fleet to be fitted with wireless. It was the usual rush job. I spent three days in Southampton, doing most of the work for the installing engineer, and then joined as operator to show the Shipping Company what the new Marconi sets could do.

"I got in some good work, and liked the ship

and my shipmates right up to the old man, who quickly got over his prejudice against innovations unheard of in his apprenticeship days, and became interested in the evidently useful addition to his kingdom.

"Two days off Madeira I picked up the R.M.S.P. 'Asturias' coming across from Lisbon. Her operator proved to be an old friend of mine, and, in spite of the fact that one of his duties as a travelling inspector, was to report talking and similar breaches of the regulations, I spent most of my spare moments up to the time of our arrival in Funchal Bay 'swapping' yarns with him.

"The 'Asturias' and the 'Clare' dropped anchor almost together, and I straightaway tumbled into a shaky-looking native dinghy, and, in accordance with arrangements went across to visit my friend, whose vessel lay a bare quarter of a mile away on the port beam.

"Neither ship was to stay more than two hours. The time passed rapidly. We both missed the 'Clare's' warning whistle, and the first thing I can recollect was glancing through the cabin door to see her familiar shape apparently swinging with the tide. Something unusual must have arrested my attention, however, and my horror can be imagined when I realised that she was not swinging but was slowly threading her way out towards the open sea.

"'Good Lord,'" I yelled, 'she's off.' No time was lost taking leave. I simply grabbed my cap and dived madly for the companion way. But the 'Asturias' is no toy ferry steamer, and five decks separated me from the gangway ladder. Her electric lift was coming up but I was in too much hurry to wait for lifts. I have a hazy recollection of staring passengers and astonished stewards as I reached the gangway in record time, and, of course, at that moment there was no boat alongside.

"My excited abuse of the Portuguese language wakened a startled boatman into a semblance of speed and so quickly was I headed in her direction, that the 'Clare' seemed not to have moved since I first sighted her through the cabin doorway.

"She was gathering speed, however, with every revolution of her powerful engines, and my heart sank as I realised that even if we could possibly cut her off, she would be travelling too fast for us to dare approach. I cursed my boatman into herculean efforts calling him in his own tongue everything from an oyster to a seasnake, and alternately promising untold wealth if he could catch the ship.

"Luckily I was in uniform or this story would not have been told. My conspicuous figure standing in the boat, arms waving wildly, quickly attracted attention, and a steward on the 'Clare' reported to the bridge that I was being left behind.

"A clang of telegraph bells, and the 'Clare's' engines stopped, then her propellers reversed,

crashing the water into white foam all around. She had a full head of steam which immediately commenced to blow off with thunderous reverberations. The gangway ladder, which was being drawn up, was lowered again, but apparently scared by the din and the bubbling white water my boatman hesitated to approach. I was quite calm now that I had no fear of missing the ship, and a little pressure persuaded him alongside, where the boat danced crazily in the foam. I emptied my pockets into his capacious paw and jumped, as the ladder glided past. There was no rail and it was a risky jump, but I made it safely. At the top the third mate met my thanks with a broad grin. I looked back at the boatman. His reward, evidently less than he had been led to expect, did not please him, but I had given him the contents of my pockets, many times his customary fee for the distance, and he was already beyond hearing above the noise of the steam, so I ignored his gesticulations.

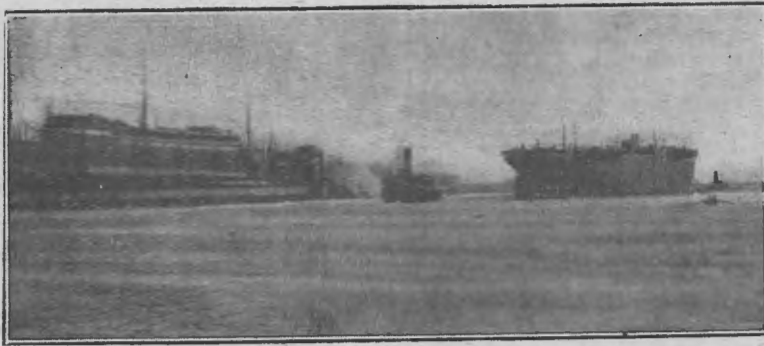
"My worries were by no means over. Thrusting aside the throng of curious questioners, I made my

have to get out of it that way after all. I was naturally on my best behaviour for the rest of the voyage and the set worked splendidly. Though he didn't show it, 'old John' must have been feeling pleased with things generally. At any rate he turned up trumps, and one day, when we were getting back near Madeira, he sent for me to go along to his cabin. There I received the surprise of my life. After recalling the occurrence he apologised for his language, and told me that so far as he was concerned the incident was forgotten, if I liked to leave it so. "If I liked to leave it so," I felt like dancing, but I thanked him and got out, and there the matter ended, but I often thought it hurt him considerably stopping his big ship just for me."

"Sparks," said the second, "tell us the real reason why 'old John' wiped the little incident off his slate."

"That's the whole yarn," said Sparks, "I behaved myself for the rest of the trip, at any rate, while on board."

"You couldn't do it enough to make 'old John' so forgiving," replied the second. "Sit on his neck



The reduction in the weekly totals of vessels sunk by German submarines, combined with the fact that the building of standard ships to replace them is now in full swing, are convincing proof of the failure of the U-boat campaign. The photograph shows one of the new standard ships afloat, with a larger vessel in the slips almost ready for launching.

way to the bridge, my first duty being to apologise to the 'old man' for my foolish carelessness. From what I afterwards learned, I am certain that old John would have treated any other of his officers as the millionaire was treated by the Transatlantic skipper, and so I must consider myself favored. To stop his ship at all had gone very much against the grain, and when I reached the bridge he was raving: He contained himself just long enough to listen to my stammered apology, then exploded. He cursed me for all the blithering idiots in Christendom, swore he would 'log' me and report me to the Marconi Company, and then, calming somewhat, ordered me to get off the bridge before he kicked me off.

"Knowing myself to be in the wrong, I listened in silence until he finished, then I said, 'Very good, sir,' saluted and got off the bridge. Back in my own cabin I lost no time in calling up my friend on board the 'Asturias.' He was 'standing by' waiting my call and we concocted a likely story of a breakdown to his transmitter which I had gone aboard to assist him in putting right.

"So that's how you got out of it, Sparks," growled the chief engineer. "You ought to have been sacked for missing your ship."

"No! Thank goodness!" said Sparks, "I didn't

somebody, and I'll tell the rest of the story myself."

The Purser and "Gunner" (assistant Purser), who were nearest, armed themselves with pillows to stifle any hostile movement on the part of Sparks, and the 'second' continued.

"I heard this some time ago from the second mate of the 'Countess Clare,' and I think it probably influenced old Captain John considerably.

"The lady (there always is a lady) was a little four year old passenger in the second cabin, one of the sunniest, merriest, little maids who ever travelled alone on a big ship. Long before they reached Mossel Bay, where the scene for this act was laid, she was favorite with all hands from the Captain to the occupants of the glory hole and was adored by the passengers for whom the monotony of the voyage was continually brightened by her smiles and laughter.

"No one knew how it happened, but just as the anchorage was reached a startled cry brought everybody topside to the rail in time to see the child struggling in the water. Not far off the movement of his big dorsal revealed an ugly grey shark, which had lurked round the ship from the moment she entered the bay. While the main deck was still held petrified with horror there came the flash

of a white uniform, followed by a big splash. Our friend had jumped from the boat deck between the girl and the shark.

"The latter disappeared, scared no doubt by the splash and noise, but no further time was lost in hauling the pair aboard, Sparks, wet but smiling, holding tightly on to the trembling and very much frightened child.

"I believe they were none the worse for the wetting, and the person most affected was probably old Captain John, who, the second mate informed me, watched the whole occurrence from the bridge.

"At all events, I consider that the incident may have influenced his report about Sparks. What do you gentlemen think?"

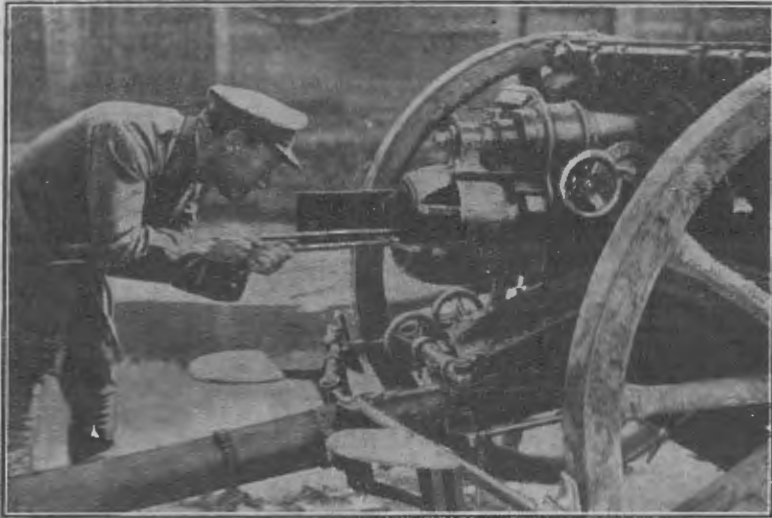
"Compared with most of us," said the engineer,

"Sparks is but a boy in years, but many things have shown him as a man well worthy to uphold the fine traditions of his Company. It's getting late, but before we turn in I think we should give him three hearty cheers."

A gurgle from the bunk induced the Purser to relax his pressure on the pillow long enough for Sparks to curse the second mate and the engineer, declaring that he hadn't seen any thundering shark—but the rest was inaudible as we gave him the cheers without restraint.

THE END.

NOTE.—The R.M.S.P. "Asturias" referred to herein is the same that was torpedoed recently, by a German submarine, while employed as a hospital ship.



In the complicated organism of the modern army, provision is made not only for tending the men and horses who have been wounded in the battle, but also for doctoring the damaged guns. In the travelling workshops just behind the lines "hospital staffs" of skilled mechanics are constantly engaged on this vitally important work. The guns are put through a rigorous medical examination by the "doctor," who diagnoses their symptoms and prescribes the proper treatment for their ailments. The photograph shows a "doctor" examining a gun in the ordnance workshop.

A VISION.

You came, a Spirit of Delight, Bright fancies to impart,
And breathe an atmosphere of peace to my tumultuous heart.

You wove a maze of memories of things that had not been,
And in Imagination's Realm, you reigned alone a Queen.

You made a land of sunset fire—A palace of a dream:
And through its rainbow halls I watched the splendid ideals stream.

And leaning from your throne on high to where I gazed with zest,
With your sweet lips you touched my lips—The Kiss of Death and Rest.

—H.J.

JAPAN AND FERRO-CONCRETE SHIP-BUILDING.

Apparently ferro-concrete has not yet been adopted in Japan for building ships, as a Company which actually manufactures Portland Cement and which has decided to build its own ships is contemplating the construction of steel steamers instead of ferro-concrete motor-ships. It is to be hoped that the Company will make further investigations in this question before actual ship-building operations are begun, more especially as it will have great difficulty in obtaining plates and angles for building steamships.

NORWEGIAN SHIPPING DEAL.

Mr. H. T. Realfsen, of Skien, has sold to a syndicate at Christianssand and Stavanger the majority of shares in the four sailing vessels, Edon, Edel, Shakespeare, and Eden, which have a total deadweight capacity of about 7,100 tons.

Matron and Maid

(By PIPPA.)

(All Rights Reserved)

A thought.—“The great thing after all is only Forward.”—Goethe.

Somewhere about a quarter of a century ago, a girl or woman was branded “un-feminine” if she worked in a business office, or travelled about at all alone. We all laugh to-day at the very idea of such a state of things having existed in any civilised community; makes some of us feel as if but a little way back we have been on a level with the Turkish women, who may not show their faces, or the Chinese who had to torture their poor feet to prevent them from growing.

However, who knows but what the woman of twenty-five years hence will be half contemptuously regarding us. Each year sees an increasing number of “new women” and “modern girls” who are doing things many of us had never dreamt could be done—things that many of us say to-day, “I don’t know how ever they do them—I don’t believe I could”—and this we say sometimes of the mere “flapper” of eighteen. No doubt but that as we run, we shall read—wonders in this respect.

Women and girls in their hundreds of thousands have buckled-to and shown the old world that there is hardly any sort of work—or play—that man can do that they cannot. And much of it she can do equally well.

Woman is to-day driving great motor-lorries, acting as postman, or ploughman, milkman, bank clerk, gardener, porter, horse-breaker, or dentist, etc., etc. It is not only that she has been doing her bit during the war—she had been taking to herself a larger and a larger “bit” for several years before the war was thought of. Perhaps that is why when the bugle sounded and the stirring war drum throbbed, that she was able to step into the ranks of labour with such cheerful alacrity, confident of her own powers. It has only been a case of “Forward” with her as with man. Or even man himself had not been the—let us say it—superman he has so often shown himself to be, to-day, when his clear call has sounded.

What is going to happen to women when the war is over? When will they fail? When will their “nervous constitutions” snap? When will they thankfully creep home, and take up the housewifery that “best becomes a woman”—according to one of our old day writers. Theorists are rather vague on the point. Some say in a few—a very few—more years all the novelty will have departed from the new work and that with fine feminine inconsistency they will cast it aside and turn them about to their old-time occupations.

Seems to Pippa that woman has not been going Forward (with a capital F) merely to go back again. As long as she keeps any common-sense she is not going to be put on the shelf marked feminine if she can help it! The instinct that has urged her Forward is the great moving Force of the universe. It is required that woman shall go marching on—therefore “Forward” must be our watchword—or when our call comes, we shall be caught like the unready virgins with our lamps untrimmed.

A WORLD’S CHAMPION TYPIST.

A Woman.

Fifty girls go to a business college to train as typist. It may be they everyone put their fingers for the first time on a machine at the identical moment; there has been no previous training. Yet in a short time what do we see? Ten remain hopeless “muffs” at the work and either give it up or remain to make nuisances of themselves to all who afterwards employ them. Thirty become fairly accurate, fairly quick performers who within their own limits may be depended on for average routine work. Five become very good indeed; employers welcome them thankfully, and lose them with real regret. Four become excellent; their salaries are properly high, for much of the efficiency of an office is depending on them and intelligent managers are quick to recognise this. The fiftieth may some

day soar to empyrean heights, such as those reached by a keen American girl, Miss Margaret Owen, who with

A Speed of 137 Words a Minute

would be welcome in any office throughout the Americas. This is her speed, not for an odd minute or two, but for an hour, which means striking the keys 12 times a second. She is not making a secret of her methods but has put them in a book for all who run to read.

One of the wisest things she says she does not say at all but quotes from William James—"The greatest thing in all education is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy." Everyone knows how much temperament counts in typewriting.

One secret—a very great one—is perfect rhythm, which can only be attained by touch operators. It is learned by "sound" and every stroke must be timed until the writing speed "resembles the continuous roll of a drum or the whirr of a sewing machine."

Another is, "the operator must not 'push' the key down: the stroke must be firm, quick, and sure and the machine must be allowed to act itself."

"Don't be a key clasher," she says. "Scan the page: the word phrase or line must be read at a glance." "Accuracy is the foundation of all speed." In speed contests if the floor is not solid, "I put heavy bars of iron or sandbags in each of the bottom drawers of a flat-topped, very solid table."

Miss Owen states that when she left the business school her speed was only between 45 and 50 words per minute for 15 minutes, and that now her goal is 150 words per minute for an hour.

May the stimulus of this ambitious American girl be of use to our ambitious Australian girls.

Tub Gardens

Everybody who owns a plot of ground, even if it is only as large as the proverbial pocket-handkerchief, is to-day making it bring forth its increase in a fashion it was not accustomed to before the war. Peep over a fence here or there as you go to your tram, train, or boat, as the case may be, and you shall see everywhere where flowers may be excused from blooming, and where paths do not occur, rows of peas, beans, cabbages, etc. Of course, in the suburbs that are not over-ridden with houses, the garden plots are of considerable size, as is the

case also in some filled with streets and streets abrim with houses. But again one finds many homes of good appearance with a mere apology of a garden. And mounting skywards there are always flats with balconies, though alas in some cases, they have degenerated into balconiettes.

When God made man and woman He gave them a garden to play in, and though the advance of civilisation threatens to take from us, their descendants, that which our first parents were able to revel in—fair acres—we are left with our love for gardening only stifled, not killed. Oh, by no means killed.

We love to coax the earth to bring forth herb and flower; we love gardeners' catalogues and florists' windows—and we feel it a bitter hardship to be deprived of a little bit of Mother Earth to play with.

It is for such as feel like this, methinks, to get busy with a tub or two—more if their balconies or yards will yield them space for them. Besides, one must be economical these dark days of swelling taxes, receding incomes, and war loans. And a garden is a first-aid to economy, a properly cultivated garden.

We are all agreed that it is important at present to make them, even if they are not situated in England or France, give as large a yield as possible.

Of course, a tub garden is not a particularly modern invention. It is older than the war, than the submarines, or airships. Indeed, it is so old that one may be pardoned for wondering whether Eve did try it first as a labor-saving device—after she had been watching Adam work "in the sweat of his brow."

In America they have been doing great and beautiful things with the aid of their tub gardens—but then they always "git thar" straightaway in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

All that will be necessary at first will be to obtain one or more barrels and have holes bored in them at intervals of about ten or twelve inches. A few holes are also necessary at the bottom of the tub for drainage purposes. It is a good plan to place down the centre of each tub, a tube three or four inches in diameter, formed of small mesh wire netting. This can be held upright while the soil is being filled in.

Next—or first—the tubs should be mounted on a few bricks in as good a situation as you can obtain for them.

It is said that in the beginning the tub method of gardening was introduced to facilitate the growing of strawberries, and, of course, with proper soil, a very large crop of this favorite fruit could be grown. Indeed, the nature of the soil must be most carefully considered when you are filling the tubs—that is to say it must be adjusted to the crop you propose to raise in your restricted plot. This method of gardening is in reality another form of intense culture, and if carried out skilfully it will be found that area of surface, for area, the tub will yield twice or thrice the amount of harvest that the ordinary garden plot would do. Strawberries may very successfully be grown thus, also climbing beans, dwarf peas, marrows, cucumbers, all our herbs, tomatoes, and many other useful vegetables, and also beautiful flowers without limit. Here is a chance for those who would sell cut-flowers, and have no garden in the ordinary sense of the word.

The Younger Set

All Rights Reserved

Edited by Lilian Turner (Mrs. F. Lindsay Thompson) Author of "Paradise and the Perrys." "The Perry Girls," etc. Sydney, June 15, 1918

My dear Younger Set,—There is something a trifle nerve-racking in introducing oneself to a large and important company, as of course you are. You will take that into account, will you not, and pardon any trepidation that may creep into my manner?

I feel as if we are all in a vast chamber, you at one end of it, I at the other, and between us a vaporous curtain completely hiding us from each other. I wish someone, a tactful magician, would come, disperse the mist curtain and make us known to each other with a few graceful words, or some such courtesy as: "Dear Younger Set permit me to make known to you, Pepita, who is about to preside over your Postal Department, read and criticise your letters, award prizes to you, and become your very confidential friend. Pepita, allow me to introduce to you The Younger Set of the Southern Hemisphere, a clever, charming, and extremely friendly people. You will both be delighted to know each other, I am sure."

But alas this may not be! There is the curtain, there are you on one side of it, and here am I on the other. We, you and I, have to entirely disperse that curtain, and come to know each other intimately to shake hands and be staunch friends through the medium of this magazine.

How shall we begin? I believe I will tell you a little about myself and then when you answer this letter, as of course you all will do, you must each tell me about yourself.

I am very fond of receiving letters, bright chatty letters that beguile me into thinking that the writer is just beside me talking, telling me little things about his (or her) daily life. I like to hear from young folks at school, from young folks at work, from young folks at play. I am very fond of a good joke, a joke that makes one smile when one is alone, if one remembers it. I like to see and hear about good football and cricket matches, competition matches especially, games of tennis, swimming races. I just love to hear about

boys' debating fights and I have an insatiable curiosity concerning hobbies.

I have really explained myself a little to you, have I not? Blown away some of the vapour curtain as it were? Now you must make haste and do your share. I shall expect some letters to-morrow, more the next day, and so on, and so on, always more and more. Be sure and read The Competition List and on no account forget to get the rules off by heart. And now good day, dear Younger Set.

Your friend behind the curtain,
Pepita.

COMPETITION CORNER.

Competition I.—This competition is open to all readers of "Sea, Land and Air," who have not passed their twenty-first birthday. For the best original story not exceeding 1,000 words, suitable for the readers of these pages of ours, a delightful story-book will be given.

Competition II.—This Competition is one insisted upon by Pepita. She has explained to you her feelings with regard to letters. For the best and brightest letter sent to Pepita the prize of a postal note for three shillings will be awarded. The letter must not contain more than 600 words, and the writer must conform to the Rules given elsewhere. Open to all our readers under one-and-twenty.

Competition III. Again the prize is a postal note for three shillings and again our list is open to all under twenty-one. Here are six verses and six prose quotations. Who was their author, and in what poem or book shall I find the matter quoted?

I.

"I must down to the seas again, to the
lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star
to steer her by,
And the wheels kick, and the wind's song,
and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a
grey dawn breaking."

II.

"This season's Daffodil,
 She never hears,
 What change, what chance, what chill,
 Cut down last year's;
 But with bold countenance,
 And knowledge small,
 Esteems her seven days' continuance
 To be perpetual."

III.

"Give to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the byway nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river—
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever."

IV.

"When black despair beats down my
 wings,
 And heavenly visions fade away—
 Lord, let me bend to common things,
 The tasks of every day;
 As when th' aurora is denied,
 And blinding blizzards round him beat,
 The Samoyad stoops, and takes for guide
 The moss beneath his feet."

V.

"It matters not how strait the gate
 How charged with punishment the
 scroll;
 I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul."

VI.

"Try we lifelong we can never
 Straighten out life's tangled skein,
 Why should we in vain endeavor
 Guess and guess and guess again?
 Life's a pudding full of plums,
 Care's a cancer that benumbs.
 Wherefore waste our elocution
 On impossible solution?
 Life's a pleasant institution,
 Let us take it as it comes!"

Prose (1): "Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used until they are seasoned."

(2) "What connection can there have been between many people in the innumerable histories of this world who, from opposite sides of great gulfs, have nevertheless been very curiously brought together?"

(3) "His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall search all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search."

(4) "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

(5) "To do her justice she was a good natured notable woman; and, as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping, though I could never find we grew richer with all her contrivances."

(6) "Cowards die many times before their death."

COMPETITION RULES.

1. No one entering for these competitions must be over twenty-one years of age.

2. The editor's decision is final. No correspondence can be entered upon regarding that decision.

3. All work must be the original work of the competitor. All competitions must be written in ink or typed upon one side of the paper only.

4. Every competitor must enclose one coupon with her or his work. (Page IV.)

5. The name, age, and address of competitor to be stated. A nom-de-plume may be used for publication if desired, but real name must be given.

6. All competitions and matters relating to the Younger Set Pages must be addressed to "Pepita," Sea, Land and Air, 97 Clarence-street, Sydney; must be sufficiently stamped; have their ends left open for inspection by the postal authorities, and have the words MSS. only, written on the top left hand corner of the envelope.

Closing Date.

Closing date for all competitors, July 15th. No competitions arriving after that date can be considered.

Notice.

In the event of two or more competitors being equal as to the quality of their work, the prize will go to the one in each class of competition who sends in the neatest and best written paper.

THE SCOUTS' CORNER

By Captain Cuttle.

(All Rights Reserved.)

Captain Cuttle is very anxious for reliable news of our Boy Scouts to set in print, that he who runs may read. For the best piece of scout news sent in to Captain Cuttle will be given a delightful present. Never mind precisely what form the prize will take, you have your captain's word for it—it will be a present "out of the bag." The piece of news may take any form, be a letter or a mere paragraph—but it must not exceed 150 words in length, must be written on one side of the paper only, and be addressed to "Captain Cuttle," care of The Editor, "Sea, Land and Air," 97 Clarence-street Sydney. It must reach this office not later than 15th July. Name and address of competitor to be given—a nom-de-plume may be used for publication if liked.

Some Things a Scout Must Do.

In a troop magazine the other day I came across these maxims. They are worth your close attention.

- (1) Put self last.
- (2) Take little annoyances out of the way.
- (3) When any good happens to others rejoice with them.
- (4) When others are suffering, drop a word of sympathy.
- (5) Tell of your own faults rather than those of others.
- (6) Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.
- (7) Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.
- (8) Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently for your turn to speak.

Says Sir Baden-Powell—

A scout's chief duty is to see and hear without being either seen or heard himself.

The ostrich is the most foolish scout on earth. He buries his head in the sand, and thinks that his pursuers cannot see him, because he cannot see them.

So don't be "Ostrich Scouts," which is as bad as belonging to those "monkey patrols" which we see about sometimes.

Don't deceive yourself as the ostrich does. Some people deceive themselves by doing silly things, which they know are silly all the time, but they try to persuade themselves that they are not. Don't fall into this bad habit.

CAMPING OUT.

Sir Baden-Powell gives his opinion as to the best of camps to use, as follows:—

The best of all camps he considers (and he has tried every sort imaginable) is the tent. "I had," he says, "what is called a 'Cabul' tent, a small square erection 7 feet long by 7 feet wide, which can be opened or closed at either end, and has a double roof. I lived in this through the winter in Afghanistan, through snow and blizzard, in the greatest comfort. At one end I built a brick fireplace and chimney; this kept out all draughts, and prevented snow from melting into the tent, and I lived there as cosily and comfortably as in a house. In that same tent I afterwards lived in the blazing heat of the plains of India. Instead of the fireplace at the end to keep it hot, I had a great mat of Khusku's fibre stretched on a frame, and kept always wet to keep it cool. The hot wind blowing through this was at once cooled and kept the tent delightfully cold and fresh inside, and the double roof prevented the sun from baking it. And I had a punkah, or swinging fan, slung from the ridge-pole and worked by a native from outside.



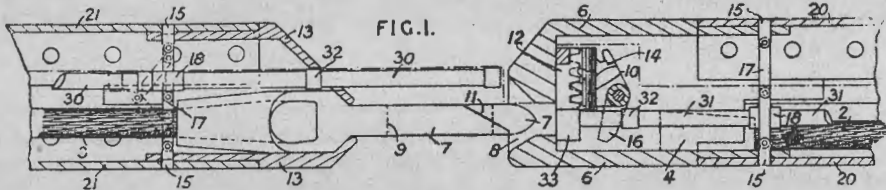
"It was a sturdy little tent too, and no gale could ever manage to blow it down. So you see it did equally well for every kind of climate and weather. Another form of tent which I used in Mafeking and South Africa, and still use for sleeping out in England, is one which you would hardly call a tent. It is really a slung cot, with a movable canvas roof to it. It is called the 'Ashanti Hammock.' It packs up quite small, and is put up in a few minutes, requires no pegs, keeps you off the wet ground, and when the gale comes and all the tents in camp blow down, you lie there, gently swinging in the breeze, the envy of all the rest. It also forms an excellent stretcher if you are ill and have to be carried."

To Salve Submerged Vessels

The urgent need for ships, and still more ships, has caused attention to be directed to the problem of salvaging some of the vessels which have fallen victims to Hun pirates. English, American, French, Canadian and Australian engineers and inventors have all devoted attention to the question, but so far have not evolved a method which will prove beneficial in all cases. The main difficulties which

shoes (6 and 13) are secured to the tongs by bolts (15) attached on the inside by levers (17) fitted with a sleeve (18), through which pass the ends of the water jet pipes. As the tongs are closed the pipes (30, 31) are pushed inward, and collars (32) thereon engage the sleeve (18) and withdraw the bolts, thus freeing the shoes from the tongs.

The "lift" then begins, and if it is successful the

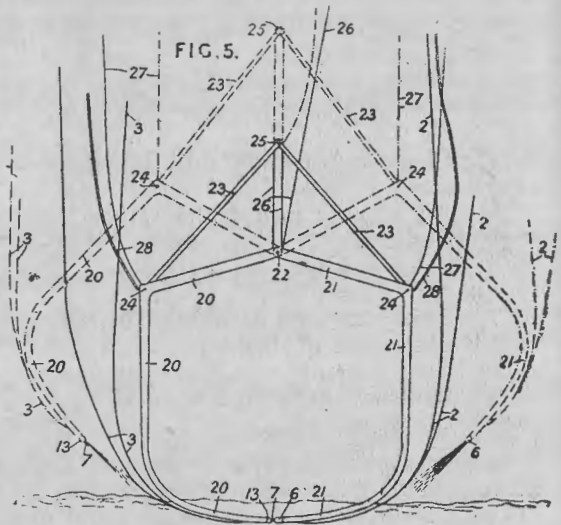


confront them are tidal conditions, peculiarities of locality, extent of damage sustained by the submerged craft, all of which are factors of importance, and if to those are added the constant fear of interruption—for the Hun would never allow such work to proceed if it were at all possible to prevent it—it will at once be understood that the problem is, indeed, one for deep consideration.

vessel will be hurriedly beached preparatory to being taken to dock to undergo permanent repairs, and eventually to become another useful unit in the fight for civilisation.

The latest idea put forward is of Canadian origin, and, although there is no report yet available of any experiments to help in forming an opinion, the patent must be regarded as one of possibilities. The inventor has concentrated on the lifting of vessels which have been sunk in shallow water in a more or less protected spot, and where there is a chance of beaching them after lifting.

The scheme provides for the employment of a large salvage vessel, from which the necessary gear can be controlled, as indicated in the diagrams on this page. The salvage vessel reaches the spot, and the ends of wire-lifting ropes are automatically connected together beneath the submerged vessel by means of a pair of tongs large enough to encircle the vessel, means being provided for releasing the tongs when the lifting ropes are connected. The tongs are pivoted at the position marked 22, and fitted with struts pivoted at 25, so that when a rope from the salvage vessel which passes round pulleys mounted on points 22 and 25 is tightened, the pivoted points will be drawn together and the tongs closed. Wire ropes (27) for lifting and lowering the tongs are attached to the corners (24), and also flexible hose pipes, which draw water to the ends of the tongs, either through pipes or through the hollow of the tongs, to clear a passage through the silt. The ends of the lifting ropes (2 and 3) are secured to the ends of the tongs by means of shoes (6, 13, Figs. 1 and 5). The shoe 13 is provided with a locking member adapted to enter a socket on the shoe 6, and to be locked therein by a bolt (10). The bolt (10) is normally held in the upper position by a block (33) on the water jet pipe (31) is released, and is caused to lock in a slot in the member 7 by the latter engaging an arm (16) attached to a segment, which gears with a rack on the bolt 10. The



NORWEGIAN INTEREST IN AMERICAN MOTOR SHIPS.

Three motor ships, each measuring 260 feet by 46 feet by 26 feet, with a d.w. capacity of 3,000 tons, have recently been built at Seattle for the American Motor Ship Co., Ltd., for \$390,000 per ship. This undertaking, which has a capital of \$1,170,000, is to be managed by the Anglo-Norwegian Shipping Agency Inc. The Norwegian Motor Ship Shares, Ltd., has lately been formed to buy 697 100-dollar shares in the above American Company, as in this way the excess profits tax is avoided, the concern not being a ship-owning company within the meaning of the Norwegian laws.

Pastimes for Those at Sea.

"Those who go down to the sea in ships" have opportunity to engage in a hobby, and it is proposed to include in each issue of "Sea, Land and Air" advice and instructions apropos suitable pastimes. The following article, dealing with the banjo as a means of obtaining pleasure in idle hours, was specially written by Mr. W. S. Purser, who has spent many years at sea and is an expert banjoist, and under an arrangement with our English contemporary, "The Wireless World," we are allowed to publish it.

THE BANJO.

A man may play a solo on a mouth-organ or a violin, but if he is an artist one should recognise the fact, and give him credit for it apart from any objections as to the type of musical instrument selected. In other words, it is preferable to listen to an artistic rendering of the "Spring Song" on the mouth-organ than to hear the same piece murdered by an incompetent player on the violin. For this reason I favor the banjo, and recommend it to those who were not fortunate enough to have been taught any other instrument in their school days, for it is fairly easy to learn, and one can become a creditable performer upon it in far less time than one can upon the violin or piano.

The comparative ease with which a degree of competency can be acquired on the banjo does not, however, reflect adversely upon the scope of the instrument, or the variety of effects which may be obtained on it, as I hope to show a little later on.

Portability and Cheapness.

The banjo is for the traveller, and therefore for those who go down to the sea in ships the instrument par excellence. It is portable and light, and can be stowed away in any odd corner without fear of being damaged. At a pinch, if much pressed for room, it may be hung upon a wall.

Another point, which will appeal to almost everybody, is the cheapness of the instrument, and of all its accessories and music. A good instrument may be obtained for a few pounds, which will last a lifetime with reasonable care, the tone improving with age. Balancing the cost against the number of hours' entertainment it will provide for yourself, and, ultimately, your friends, the cost becomes almost negligible. With such a hobby when in a foreign port, spending time with the banjo instead of spending money ashore, it may well be that the instrument will eventually save you money.

A good banjo will stand a lot of hard wear and tear, and apart from the vellum, which is easily and inexpensively renewed, will stand plenty of knocking about.

Some Popular Fallacies.

One of the popular fallacies regarding the banjo is that one has to have a black face and sing nigger songs. Nothing could be more absurd, and a visit to a good banjo concert, or listening to a good player, either personally or through the medium of the gramophone, will soon dispel the illusion. There is plenty of good banjo music to be obtained nowadays, written by banjoists for the banjo, music that is unique in its way, and cannot be rendered properly on any other instrument, music, which, by the way, sounds more difficult than it really is.

Some talk has been heard in the past of elevating the banjo, and playing classical music upon it, but, I think, that this is more likely to bring the banjo into ridicule than to improve its status. Plenty of people never play any classical music on the piano, and there is a very wide range for the banjo without classical pieces.

Apart from the several catalogues of music com-

posed specially for the instrument, delightful in quality and tunefulness as it is, there is still a large field including most of the well-known songs, dances, ragtimes and other popular melodies of the day which may be easily rendered upon the banjo. To those who already know something of music, and players of other instruments, who are thinking of taking up the banjo, I would mention that it has such a wide range of effects varying from the shortest staccato to the longest sostenuto, and variations of quality of tone, light, and shade, muting, harmonious, duo-playing (air with self accompaniment by one player on one instrument) as to astonish most people hearing the banjo moderately well played for the first time. The peculiar mellow plaintive tone is particularly sweet and entrancing, while all



CORRECT METHOD OF HOLDING BANJO.

the effects mentioned above, and others, may be readily obtained by the average player.

Companionship.

Generally speaking, the production of the banjo among a group of friends is most welcome, and the accomplishment of banjo playing adds to the popularity of the player. The banjo may also be regarded as symbolical of good friendship. There is also a bond of sympathy between one banjoist and another which tends to make everyone lend a hand towards a brother banjoist. There is no doubt that the banjo can be not only a boon companion, but the means of making lasting friendships. The portability of the instrument and the comparative ease with which a few tunes can soon be strummed make it, in many cases, the first friend of sea-going men and others situated in out-of-the-way places. In a foreign port, away from home or friend, with long evenings to pass away, the banjo steps in and helps one to wile away many an otherwise lonely hour. It is in such circumstances that the player fully realises that his instrument is a real and intimate companion.

Plodding away at difficult exercises and pieces days and evenings pass away in quick succession until one reaches home once more to find that the very means of overcoming loneliness and ennui has given you an art which is a delight to your friends and saves you from being always the audience at social gatherings, etc., you may happen to attend. Some people say the banjo is not a musical instrument—it is something more, more responsive than any other musical instrument, and, upon occasions, more lively than any companion.

Individuality.

By reason of the variety of musical effects obtainable on the banjo, it is particularly adapted to expres-

his own rendering of the pieces he plays; and while playing correctly the notes written down, by variations of time, light and shade, and the hundred and one effects of which the banjo is capable, introduces his own individuality and temperament into the music to a marked degree.

Hints and Advice.

A few hints to intending beginners on the banjo may not be out of place, and if the advice given below is followed, much doubting and dissatisfaction is prevented.

When purchasing an instrument, select a British-made, ordinary banjo, and you will have a reliable article, which will stand any climate. I would



METHOD OF PRODUCING TREMOLO FORTUSI IN SUSTAINED PASSAGES.

sing the individuality of the player, as perhaps no other instrument. Mr. J. E. Vernham, in his "Harmonisation of Melodies," says: "The rule given and followed in harmonising these melodies, beyond being given as useful at this stage, are in no sense to be regarded as general rules in harmonisation. Indeed, later on, they must be entirely disregarded." Painters, writers, sculptors, and musicians all have to follow certain standards and hard and fast rules when studying, but as they attain proficiency they must develop their own particular style, and, leaving the narrow groove of convention branch out into methods which show their own individualities. The banjo lends itself very readily to this, and just as the painter portrays his idea of some historical event, or as the actor creates his part, so the banjoist creates

advise anyone buying a banjo to let the first cost be the last, and get a first-class instrument to start with. Not only are the results of your efforts far more encouraging on a good instrument, but there will be no need later on to feel that a better banjo is necessary, and sell the first at a loss. Do not be misguided by the expression, "Anything will do to learn on."

The banjo should have five strings. Banjos used to be made with six and seven strings, but these are out of date, and the only music now published is for the five-stringed banjo. Second-hand banjos with six or seven strings, and such instruments converted into five-stringed banjos are all antiquated, and should be avoided.

Of the five-stringed banjos there are two kinds,

the ordinary banjo and the zither banjo. The latter has wire strings, wooden rim and back, and, although not generally known, must be played with the finger nails (grown long) of the right hand in order to obtain the correct tone. This is in itself an objection, but a very real obstacle are the wire strings, which are apt to rust and break very quickly at sea. For these reasons the zither banjo is not to be recommended, but if you do buy a zither banjo, avoid those with metal heads instead of vellum heads.

The Ordinary Banjo and Strings.

The ordinary (or open backed) banjo is the better instrument of the two, and on it alone can the real banjo tone be reproduced. For the best tone it should be strung with gut strings. As the thinnest strings (called the first and fifth) are difficult to obtain absolutely true in gut, imitation strings called tropical strings are generally employed. With these strings the true banjo tone will be obtained, and a player is generally able to tell if a string is likely to break or require renewing from the frayed appearance of the gut after much wear. With the wire strings no such warning is given, the strings having a nasty habit of going off with a snap in the middle of a solo.

The above remarks apply to four of the five strings of the banjo. The last is the bass string, and is made in two varieties, (1) fine wire wound on wire, (2) fine wire wound on silk. The latter should always be obtained, as the former is not sufficiently elastic. When striking a note on the "wire on wire" string the additional tension momentarily placed on the string by the action of striking produces a note of slightly higher pitch than the note the string is tuned up to, and when playing loudly slight but perceptible variations are heard. In other words, there is a horrible twang. On the other hand, the "wire on silk" is sufficiently elastic to prevent this happening, and emits only a pure note no matter how hard it is struck.

Persons going on voyages or to out-of-the-way places should purchase strings by the dozen of each kind. Strings come cheaper by this method, also preventing the annoyance that may be felt when a string breaks and there is no shop within a hundred miles where more may be got.

Having decided on your brand of strings, always get them from the same place, and you will not be disappointed. Generally, it is wise to get strings from the banjo makers direct; they know the best kinds, and it is wonderful what a lot of difference to the tone an inferior string will make.

All spare strings should be kept in a tin box or leather case lined with oilskin in order to protect them from damp or action of the sea air. If a gut string appears false when placed on the instrument, take it off and try it reversed. After gut strings have been exposed to the sea air for a long time on the instrument they gradually turn green. These should then be changed for new ones, as the tone will have become impaired.

The bridge occasionally gets displaced when traveling from place to place. In such cases it is useful to know that the 12th fret should be exactly midway between the ends of the playing portion of the string. The bridge should be adjusted accordingly. Bridges should be selected carefully, and any with metal, ivory or bone, or more than one kind of wood entering into their composition should be discarded. The strings should not be let down after playing, but should be kept up to proper pitch continuously. The reason is that gut strings are elastic, and take

some time to stretch properly. If let down and then tuned up some fifteen to thirty minutes playing is necessary before they stop stretching, and continual tuning up is required. Nothing is gained by letting them down; on the other hand, the trouble is avoided by keeping them up to concert pitch all the time.

Teachers.

If any doubt exists as to which teacher to go to for lessons, it should be remembered that the best will be the least expensive in the long run, and give most satisfaction. A teacher, however little he may charge, cannot teach what he does not know.

A book called a Banjo Tutor, costing 1s. to 3s., will be required, the best giving photographs showing the correct method of holding the instrument and various positions of the fingers, etc., and are well worth the additional cost.

A few lessons under a first-class tutor will be better than years under a poor one. With the former you pay for experience, which has taken years to acquire, and which is imparted to you in a few hours. You also have the satisfaction of getting on much faster and feeling that your knowledge is up-to-date. This is an advantage from the seafarer's point of view, as he often has a few days only in port and no time for an extended course. I personally learnt more from a few lessons at wide intervals from a man in the first rank than at a dozen consecutive lessons from an average teacher.

When I speak of a few lessons, however, it must not be taken for granted that the banjo can be played well after a few hours. But anyone sticking at it for, say, six months for an hour a day would be able to play passably well and beyond the exercise book stage.

It is labor that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed.

* * *

You will make a reputation, not by a single great action, but by a long succession of little useful ones.

* * *

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it each day until it becomes so strong we cannot break it.

* * *

None so little enjoy life and are such burdens to themselves as those who have nothing to do. Only the active have the true relish of life.

* * *

We do not know what ripples of healing are set in motion when we simply smile on one another. Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people.

* * *

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

Dry-Cleaning Process.—French chalk is much utilised by dry-cleaners, and is to a great extent responsible for the difference between the professional and amateur treated article. This is a good way to clean blouses of Irish crochet or white lace that are slightly soiled. Lay the blouse on a large towel and shake chalk into all the interstices of the pattern; roll the blouse out and lay on one side for two or three days, when the blouse can be shaken out until no trace of the chalk remains.

News and Notes

FOR THE ENGINEER.

For long it was held that in order to secure high speed, it was necessary to have small beam. This is so in only two types of sea-going ships, viz., scout cruisers and destroyers. In merchant ships it has repeatedly been found that by increasing the beam and decreasing the block, higher speeds were attainable than with narrower and fuller forms. Sir Archibald Denny has instanced the case of a vessel which his firm built. In their model experiment they started with the dimensions suggested by the owner, but they found that by adding three feet to the beam, and fining the block co-efficient, practically two knots could be gained. This example is not an exception. In a case which came under our notice the other day, it was found that in the case of two vessels, each 400 feet in length and of the same actual displacement, but differing in beam and fullness, the narrower and fuller ship required twice the power of the wider and finer vessel at a speed of 15 knots. It must be admitted that the fuller vessel was too full for that particular speed, but the importance of adopting the best beam and block for desired speeds is forcibly illustrated in that example.

In the design of the cross channel steamers, Normannia and Hantonia, Sir John Byles was enabled by a reduction in beam, as compared with the preceding ships on the same service, to effect economy in weight and power. In this case, however, such reduction did not involve any material increase in the co-efficient of fineness, nor introduce any detrimental resistance effect. The question of beam must, however, be considered from the stand-points of stability and weight, as well as that of resistance.

SOLVING THE TONNAGE PROBLEM.

The great demand for new tonnage, which has arisen as a result of the war, can be met in two ways; first by increasing the number of ship-yards or extending the existing yards, which involves the laying down of new and costly plant; and, second, by increasing the capacity of existing yards by the introduction of quicker and better methods of production. The first of these methods is being adopted to a very large extent, and with good results to the immediate end in view, but what the effect will be in the long run, after the war is over and the demand for tonnage is satisfied, is a matter which is worthy of being kept in view. The second method is also being adopted to a certain extent, as witness the adoption of the principle of standardisation, but standardisation is based on the assumption that methods existing at the moment are the best possible, and proceeds to work at the highest rate possible with existing methods. It is one of the great faults of standardised production, that it of necessity closes the door to the introduction of new methods. In the case of the British Government standard ships, these are being turned out in exactly the same way—albeit, at a quicker rate—as it has been customary to adopt in the building of cargo vessels for the last 50 years, and he would be a bold man who would say that a totally different and a quicker way of building ships could not be devised.

BOILER EFFICIENCY.

In making comparisons of the fuel consumption and general efficiency of machinery of a vessel under trial conditions with that obtaining on service, it is invariably found that the performance under the latter conditions is somewhat poorer, owing to circumstances which do not obtain under test. On trial every care and attention is given in the operation of the machinery to obtain the best results, and with clean boilers and skilled stoking a fairly high evaporative efficiency can generally be obtained. On actual service, however, it is impossible with the limited staff to give the same attention to detail, especially in those cases in which the exigencies of the service demand long periods of continuous steaming, with the result that the performances are disappointing to the designer. As the greatest falling off in efficiency takes place in the boiler room, it is necessary for the engineer-in-charge to carefully supervise the firemen in their work. The general tendency with firemen is to throw too much coal on the grate at one time, thus liberating an enormous amount of volatile matter which cannot be ignited. To obtain complete combustion and elimination of smoke, each furnace should be fired lightly and more frequently. The necessity for using only pure water for the boilers to prevent scale being formed on the heating surfaces is apparent, as the evaporative capacity falls off rapidly with scale formation. The deposition of soot is another source of loss in efficiency, and every precaution should be taken to keep the boilers in a clean condition.

OIL FUEL SUPPLIES.

There are two uses to which oil fuel can be put in the service of the marine engineer; it can be used as the motive power for the marine Diesel engines, and it can also be burned in the furnaces of marine boilers, and thus utilised to produce steam. In each of these two fields, the success which has attended the use of oil fuel has been undoubted, and a further rapid development has only been prevented by the inadequacy and uncertainty of supplies. If, however, a cheap and continuous supply of oil fuel were assured, it is certain that its use would be greatly extended. Supplies from oil wells and gushers are always uncertain, and moreover they suffer from the disadvantage of having to be brought from abroad, which necessarily adds to the cost, hence the advantages of home supply are obvious. We have already drawn attention to the steps which are being taken by Parliament to develop the production of oil, which is known to exist beneath the soil in certain parts of the British Islands, and now there comes the announcement that the Fuel Research Board are experimenting in the direction of the economical production of fuel oil by the carbonisation of coal. It is well known that fuel oil can be thus produced, but it remains to be seen whether the process can be worked on a commercial basis. This will demand a successful method of distillation, accompanied by the production of by-products, such as coke, ammonia, etc., which can be utilised commercially, hence the experiments of the Fuel Research Board. Marine engineers are keenly interested in this subject and will eagerly await developments.