

Through the Canadian Alps



In Canada, opening up an Alpine region of entrancing beauty. It will be possible to motor from Calgary to Windermere between sunrise and sunset through a hundred miles of the most glorious scenery in North America. A good automobile road runs south to Port Steele and Cranbrook, and from Cranbrook there are excellent roads to Spokane, or eastward through the Crow's Nest Pass, and back to Calgary. The Good Roads Association of Alberta is enthusiastic over the prospect as this will mean the advent of many tourists from all over America. The new road will also be of great benefit to the Upper Columbia Valley which has many attractions for outdoor and automobile tourists. The valley is served by the Kootenay Central Railway, a recently constructed branch of the Canadian Pacific.

Between Banff, the popular summer resort in the Canadian Pacific Rockies and Lake Windermere, the headwaters of the great Columbia River, lies an Alpine ridge of spectacular beauty, forming part of the Great Divide. This ridge is penetrated by two comparatively easy passes, the Simpson, and the Vermilion which lead into the Valley of the Kootenay River, a region abounding in game on account of its being well south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Between the Kootenay River and the Columbia River is a small range of mountains through which the Sinclair Pass and Canyon provide an easy road. When the first surveys were made for an automobile road between Banff and Windermere it was planned to use the Simpson Pass, named after Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who made this crossing in 1841. But the route over the Vermilion was found to be easier and at the same time more beautiful, and construction of the Highway of the Great Divide was commenced from opposite Castle Mountain in this direction. At the same time the road from Windermere through the Sinclair Canyon was also commenced and at the time of the outbreak of war a gap of only thirty miles separated the two roads. War put an end to construction, and a great washout destroyed several miles of the western end, so that the project seemed to have been abandoned. Now, however, the Dominion Government has made an arrangement with the British Columbia Government by which the route of the road comes under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parks, and a substantial appropriation has been allotted to finish the work. In this way there is every prospect of the early completion of what will be the most wonderful automobile road



(1) Hunters Camp, Kootenay River.
(2) The Red Gate Highway of the Great Divide.

Highway of the Great Divide



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(1) Sinclair Pass, Highway of the Great Divide.
(2) Sinclair Canyon, Highway of the Great Divide.

A SHED OF TURKISH

Exposition in Russia Reveals New Disease.

Bad as conditions are in the German capital, Berlin is a paradise compared with Petrograd say Russians who escaped from their country bringing terrible tales of anarchy. They are astonished that the Allies asked the representatives of the various Russian Governments to meet. They say that the better element of the Russians will not attend the conference claiming that the majority of the representatives would be Bolsheviks. Jews, they say, form a small percentage of the men who are now terrorizing Russia.

A freight train carrying 450 Russian officers recently escaped from Kiev where from 300 to 500 officers were executed. The escaped officers were clad in white coats and shoes excepting a few who had paid 500 rubles (\$250) each for tattered overcoats. The officers were in bad shape. They suffered extremely from lack of food and cold and many must go to hospitals. In the Ukraine a Bolshevik army is stealing, plundering and burning villages. Lemberg is surrounded by Ukrainian soldiers. Petrograd is in a worse shape and is called a graveyard. The Soviet Council "nationalized" all the cooking and eating kitchens and all fuel has been sealed up by the Bolshevik agents. No one is allowed to prepare his own meal. All must wait in lines for hours at the common dining rooms to obtain a thin soup costing four rubles (\$2) a portion. It is impossible to make a tea as there is no hot water, tea or sugar.

An unusual disease is developing which causes the marrow of the bones to liquefy. People are dropping dead in the street cars for lack of food. Horses which die are left in the streets. All who could do so have left and the city seems deserted. Many who are without money are forced to endure terrible privations. They remain in their houses where it is four degrees below freezing, all fuel having been seized. A red army numbering 600,000 soldiers is advancing through Poland towards the west and is now about 40 kilometers (24 miles) from the German frontier. A ray of hope is beginning to appear since a few reports say that the farmers are preparing for an uprising against the local Soviets. They are planning to defend themselves against the Chinese troops who under the pay of the Bolsheviks pillage and burn villages which refuse to pay tribute or furnish food.

Turned Tables on Turk.

Among the prisoners captured at Amara was the "mutesarraf," the governor. The British intelligence department was anxious to find out what were the prospects of an exchange of these prisoners for the nine British women who had been detained in Baghdad after their husbands had been deported, and I was asked to sound this particular "mutesarraf" on the subject, writes John Van Ness in Asia. So the smoking saloon of the prison ship was placed at my disposal; I was given fancy cigarettes and a tea-service with which to play host, and His Excellency was ushered in. In the past years I had spent many weary hours on the edge of a chair in the presence of Turkish officials with hands meekly folded across my stomach, coat buttoned, knees and feet together, and head respectfully inclined forward as etiquette demanded. But now that the tables were turned I honestly did not intend to take advantage of the situation. When he entered I arose and held out my hand and asked him kindly to be seated, gave him a cigarette and poured him some tea. But despite my assurance that I was a neutral and meant only kindness he refused to be put at ease.

The perspiration rolled from his forehead, his knees quaked, in his abject terror he could scarcely talk. Finally I confess I obeyed an unworthy impulse. I said in my heart, "For twelve years I have sat with bowed head before your breed. I will call it square for thirty minutes of the process reversed." When the bey finally backed away and out, all rancor against the Turks on the score had left my soul. But I think I would not have done it if this particular bey had not been such a shrimp. In the old days "mutesarrafs" were loud mouthed, carried a cudgel, frothed and stormed, but they gave you a chance to stand up to them and they commanded your respect at least for their positiveness. This particular individual was a fair sample of the many who followed in the train of Mon Ever. He looked as if he might have poisoned a far worthier Turk than himself, or done some despicable pussfoot rascality for the Constantinople clique, for which he had been rewarded with his present office in which he rattled around like a dried nut.

An Enemy to Prussia.

Remarkable in many ways was Elizabeth Petrovna, Empress of Russia and daughter of Peter the Great. She died 157 years ago, after a reign of twenty years. While history knows her chiefly for her immorality, she left behind her as monuments to her better nature the University of Moscow and the Academy of Arts in Petrograd. Empress Elizabeth's mother was the Empress Catherine, who had been the wife of a Swedish dragoon, and became the mistress of several men before Peter the Great married her. Her daughter, Elizabeth Petrovna, when she ruled Russia, once became so mortified by one of the jests of Frederick the Great that she made war on the witty Prussian King, and until her death Russia was one of his most dangerous enemies.

Misplaced Fortune.

The floor-walker smiled courteously as the package-laden woman was about to depart. "Come again," he said, bowing politely. "Yes," replied the woman over her shoulder, "and you must come and see us."

JAW AND CHIN.

It is the Latter Which Express Character.

On seeing a photograph of Gen. Haig one is instantly struck by one feature of his face—the jaw, large and massive. It is a typical "fighting jaw."

Such a jaw means something. It signifies among other things will power and decision of character. Beyond question the jaw of any human individual is to some extent an index of character. It has a psychological significance. The man with a "weak chin" is not of the type that "gets there" and "does things." Look at Haig's chin, and Foch's and note how well developed is that feature.

The heavy jaw (often observed in prize fighters) has been held to connote brutality. It is a mistaken idea. In reality it is not the jaw but the chin that counts as an index of character. When a man is a big man, massively built, with heavy bones, his jaw is heavy; but it is his chin that dominates and expresses his character.

This distinction may be best illustrated by referring to the primitive human beings, rather apelike, whose skulls and other bones have been dug up in the various parts of Europe—such, for instance, as the so-called "Neanderthal man" and the "man of Spy," these designations referring to the places where their remains were found.

Nobody knows just how long ago these men lived, but it was certainly several hundred thousand years back. They were rather short of stature and heavily built, somewhat gorilla-like, and presumably covered with long hair. But their most remarkable feature was their huge "prognathous" jaws, provided with teeth much larger than ours.

Yet they had no chins worth mentioning. It was a feature left apparently for later development, and which would therefore seem to have a relation to an evolution distinctively psychic.

The only primeval woman known to this date made her home in a hole in an almost vertical cliff that overlooked a brawling stream which flowed over a pebbly bottom in a valley of France, a few miles northeast of the modern city of Bordeaux. She lived, it is reckoned, at least 300,000 years ago. Her age when she died, was about forty-five years, and her huge jaws (as found) contained fourteen great teeth, much worn, presumably by gnawing bones. Among the bones dug out of the little cave with her skeleton were those of the mammoth and the reindeer.

Like all the people of her period, she had little forehead and no chin. Absence of chin and lack of mental development went together, seemingly. Above the eyes were heavy bony prominences, like those observed in the skull of the gorilla, which to-day is recognized by science as our nearest relative on the earth.

Which does not, of course, imply that we are descended from gorillas, but merely that those ferocious manlike apes are distant cousins of ours.

We know rather remarkably much about those primeval folk, considering how long ago they lived. Thanks to their disinterred bones, we can tell pretty well what they looked like. We have located some of the caves they dwelt in, and helped by the weapons and utensils they left behind, with accompanying bones of the animals they ate, we are able to reconstruct with reasonable definiteness the conditions under which they pursued existence.

Their great jaws and huge teeth were for gnawing bones, and quite possibly for biting—the teeth being doubtless used as the most available weapon in close combat. For those hard days when the term "friend" had not been invented. Each male head of a family was always at war with his near neighbors.

But what has all this to do with the Allied general mentioned? Simply to express the idea that it is not really the jaw but the chin that offers an index to the character that has made them so efficient and formidable in the war now happily ended.

Mexican Indians.

There were roughly three settled national civilizations prior to the Conquest (with a minor fourth, the Michoacan). The Aztecs were a nation of bloody sacrifices, who had come down from the north some centuries before, and treated the far higher and more peaceful civilizations of southern Mexico about as did the Goths in Rome, or the Manchu Tartars in China. Their civilization was about on the level with that of contemporary Europe in organization, and much beyond that in education; though they destroyed and never learned the best of what existed before them. But they were, and still are, a warlike and "Tartar" race. Oaxaca, the California of Mexico, was the seat of a great civilization, of the Zapotecs and Mixtecs, conquered in battle by the Aztecs but a short time before the Spaniards came. The Bayas of Yucatan are wholly different in race and character; but they are sturdy, laborious and tenacious of their nationality. The Aztecs were in course of conquering them when the Spaniards came. And the racial antagonism of Mayas for all Mexicans is extreme; they do not want them; Mexicans call treacherous the "separatism" of Yucatan; but Yucatecos are not Mexicans, and never have been.—Wm. Gates in World's Work.

A Great Risk.

"They say it will cost fifty dollars a month to get a competent nurse to take care of the baby, and they are therefore considering having the baby's mother do it," said one business man to another. "But ought they to run that risk for fifty dollars a month?"

Satisfied.

Counsel—I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you.
Convicted Client—Don't mention it, guv'nor; ain't five years enough?

PIPE AS WEAPON.

Outlined Nations Have Made It Dangerous.

A picture by a Chinese artist, dated perhaps 1000 A.D., shows that inflammable materials were frequently made up in tubes of bamboo, which were cast at the foe. Tubes of this sort were at times thrown by engines of war having bows or springboards after the fashion of the artillery employed by Roman armies in ancient times.

The greatest development of liquid fire, writes H. M. Manchester in the American Machinist, took place in the Middle Ages. The Emperor Constantine VII, in his directions for the administration of the Empire, written for his son, has the following account of its introduction: "Know that during the reign of Constantine Pogonatus (668-685 A.D.) one Kalinikos, who fled from Heliopolis to the Romans, (at Constantinople) made a wet fire to be discharged from siphons" (probably a form of syringes). Editor "by means of which the Romans burned the fleet of the Saracens at Kuzikos and gained the victory."

This battle took place during the first siege of Constantinople by the Moslems. The records state that the Saracens came down upon the city in 1,800 ships, most of which must have been small. Constantine removed the chain guarding the narrows, and when the ships were crowded into a small space, he sent boats carrying Greek fire against them.

The tremendous psychological effect of such fire, as well as some of the methods of using it, is brought out in de Joinville's memoirs of St. Louis IX in his crusade, 1244 A.D. Near Damietta in Egypt the Turks brought up against the camp an engine called la perriere, "from which the Turks flung such great quantities of Greek fire that it was the most horrible sight ever witnessed. Sir Walter cried out, Whenever they throw any of this Greek fire, cast yourself on your knees and cry to our Lord for mercy. This Greek fire in appearance was like a long spear; the noise which it made was like thunder, and it seemed a great dragon, so great a light with its flames that we saw our camp as clearly as in broad day. Thrice this night did they throw the fire from la perriere and four times from crossbows. Each time that our good king, Saint Louis, heard them discharge the fire, he cast himself on the ground and prayed." Twice the Saracens with this fire burned the castles protecting the camp.

An Ancient Quarrel.

The dispute between Chile and Peru had its origin in the Chilean-Peruvian War of 1879, and has embittered the two countries' relations ever since.

The issue is the rightful ownership of provinces of Tacna and Arica, now in Chilean possession. By the Treaty of Ancon, signed Oct. 24, 1883, Peru, the defeated party in the war, yielded certain territories to Chile. In the first place, Peru ceded unconditionally and in perpetuity the Province of Tarapaca. In the second place Peru granted to Chile full possession of the adjacent provinces of Tacna and Arica for a period of ten years, at the end of which time a plebiscite or popular vote of the inhabitants was to be held to determine whether the provinces should become permanently Chilean or should go back to Peru. It was further provided that the country which failed the provinces by the plebiscite should pay the loser 10,000,000 silver dollars. This sounds simple enough, yet the fact is that the plebiscite has never been held. The trouble has been that the two countries have been unable to agree upon the exact manner in which the vote should be taken, the terms and time for payment of the contingent indemnity, and other collateral matters. Meanwhile Chile has kept possession of the provinces with Peru continually endeavoring to get the plebiscite, and the provinces are of great value, containing some of the nitrate deposits of the Pacific coast of South America. So the negotiations have dragged on for a whole generation, at times rising to the pitch of a genuine international crisis, at other times half forgotten. This situation contains the possibility of serious consequences. Both the U. S. Government and some of the South American nations have made diplomatic overtures to Chile and Peru looking toward a peaceful solution of the dispute.—L. Spalding in World's Work.

Were Cautious.

There has been some grumbling, both among newspapers and business men, about the slow transmission of cablegrams in war time. We judge that there was similar complaint in the Spanish-American war. At least there was cause for it if an account given in "The Story of the Sun" is true. W. J. Chamberlin, one of the New York Sun's correspondents, reached Jamaica with an exclusive story. This is what happened to him: The women clerks in the telegraph office took his despatch and counted the words three times before they would start sending it. They told Chamberlin the cost, about a hundred dollars, for which he promptly paid in cash. Three or four days later he went back to Port Antonio with another important despatch. The cable clerk told him that on his previous visit their count had been one word short. "That's all right," said Chamberlin, and he threw down a shilling to pay for the one word. "Thank you," said the lady, "now we can send the message."

Ran a Risk.

"I am the servant of the people," exclaimed the orator. "Don't say I am the servant of the people. Servants are terribly dictatorial these days. People may think you are trying to be a boss."

Discouraging.

Nowadays it is singularly discouraging to look at a dollar and realize it is only a half.