Grown-ups hardly appreciate how deeply their talk of money sinks into the mind of a child. In the strenuous days of war and income taxes one small girl of six was told over and over again that she could not have this or that because they "couldn't afford it." Nothing she really wanted could be hers apparently, and all must be shared with the two younger brothers of the family. One morning she learned of the advent of a third brother. She received the news in thoughtful silence. Then grandma came into the nursery saying, "Jane, wouldn't you like to see baby brother?" An unattractive little pink creature lay in his basket. With a disapproving glance at brother number 3, Jane turned to ask severely: "Mamma, do you think we could afford this?"

The Allies.

The Allies included Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Russia, Japan, United States, Montenegro, Serbia, China, Portugal, Roumania, Greece, Liberia, Panama, San Marino, Siam, Brazil, Bolivia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Egypt, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Peru and Ecuador.

Modern Appliances In New Telegraph Work Rooms

Employers of the present day have found that to provide rest, recreation and hygiene, besides being the neighborly duty of the business owner or manager to those of his fellowmen and women whose time and energy he purchases, is in the highest degree profitable. "Eliciting" on the part of an employee arises, as often as not, from ill-health which can be avoided by proper working conditions. The picture shows the women's rest room in the new quarters of the C.P.R. Telegraphs on Main street, near Portage avenue, Winnipeg.

Looking closely at the apparatus on the tables, in the third picture, one will see, side by side, two machines—one with a keyboard like that of a typewriter, the other with a little type-bearing disc touching a platen. These two machines are like two halves, as it were, of one of the most wonderful contrivances in existence—the automatic printer. Messages tapped off, letter by letter, on the keyboard of the first machine, are written out, by impulses which travel thousands of miles over the wire, on telegraph-blanks slipped under the type-disc of the second machine. That is to say, the keyboard machine in the picture may be operating a type-disc machine in Montreal; and the type-disc machine in the picture may be printing a message that is being tapped off on a keyboard machine in Calgary.

The operating room, on the second floor of the new home of the C.P.R. Telegraphs, is 132 feet deep and 28 feet wide. Immense windows in two tiers, the lower of clear glass and the upper opaque, flood the apartment with light by day; and by night a system of indirect lighting gives ample illumination without glare.

At the back of the room can be seen the main distrbuting rack for the different wires.

The employees' comfort and health has been the main consideration. Healthy operators means good service.

(1) C. P. R. Operators' Huge New Work-Room at Winnipeg.
(2) Girl Telegraphers During the Hour Off.
(3) "The Automatic Printer" is Almost Human.

Origin of Familiar Names.

History of Dress Told by Names of Garments.

If you could but know the origin of all the many words we use in our daily talk one would know much of the history of dress. Any of our most recently adopted clothes words come from France, but 500 years ago dress terms more usually came from Italy, which was then the mecca of fashion. Hence velvet came from "Velluto," the Italy word to indicate "shaggy." And "camesole," which has recently been revived from an earlier English usage, came from the Italian diminutive of chemise.

The Orient has also contributed its share to clothes words, and our pajama—or pyjamas, as it is almost always spelled in France—comes from the Hindu "paejama," which literally means "leg garment." This word was first introduced into current English through the British occupation of India, where the single nether portion was the usual house garment for men. In colder climates, of course, the jacket was indispensable, and hence the term pajamas is now generally accepted for the complete outfit. If we had no other indications to show our enormous debt to Japan for clothes inspiration of late years, the frequency with which we use the word kimono would suffice, for that is a direct borrowing from the Japanese language to indicate a national costume for both men and women.

Did you know that chenille came from the French word meaning caterpillar? And, by the way, if you had to devise a name for this form of trimming, could you devise one more realistic than one that comes from this garden pest?

The new tassels are made with cords on which are hung real pebbles, colored to match the cords. Perhaps this is a revival of the original tassel, which apparently was made always from pebbles or beads or something of that sort, for the word tassel comes from the Latin and means knuckle-bone. Among the early Romans this form of clothes decoration apparently was first made from such primitive devices.

Mexican Indians.

There were roughly three settled national civilizations prior to the conquest (with a minor fourth, the Tarascan on the Middle West Coast, 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, says William Gates in World's Work, 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 Mayas of Yucatan are wholly different in race and character; they always have a smile, one never sees a scowl or hears a quarrel; but they are sturdy, laboricus 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 reasonable the "separatism" of Yucatan; but Yucatecans are not Mexicans, and never have been.

Rodin's Mastery.

"After the war of 1879," writes a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, "Rodin was a competitor among the sculptors who desired to create the monument celebrating France's defence. Naturally his proposed design was rejected. To-day, however, the dead Rodin is recognized as the greatest master of the century, and the old design has been discovered. It is suggested that it might well be called 'Verdun.' The trouble is that his model is not three feet in height, and although by the Colas process one can faithfully enlarge a small piece of statuary, the idea of doing so without Rodin to direct the operation and to add the necessary retouches before the work is finally cast does not commend itself to the majority of artists. Who will make these necessary corrections? It is a grave responsibility to meddle with the unfinished creations of a man like Rodin. Some natural feeling has been aroused, and although it is a pity to neglect a design which so perfectly expresses the spirit of the heroic defence, there would seem to be grave artistic and sentimental objections to the course proposed."

Shedding Their Bodies.

People who lose a leg or an arm feel it to be a great misfortune. But a lobster or a crab does not mind. He simply grows another leg in its place. Even one of the lobster's big claws is no such great loss. A lizard can not afford to lose a leg, but if you seize him by the tail he says, "Good-bye, tail!" and scurries off over the rocks, leaving it in your hand. As for the starfish, the piece broken off in a short time mends matters by growing a whole new body to fit that piece.

Languages at Conference.

French has the preference at the Peace Conference, but each delegate is free to speak in his own language. There are expert interpreters who quickly turn the other languages into French, or translate anything for the benefit of delegates who do not understand.

Mesopotamia.

The inhabitants of Mesopotamia are not Arabs, but descendants of the old Babylonians and Assyrians. Before they were conquered by the Arabs the natives of the Tigis and Euphrates valleys spoke Syriac, a dialect of the Assyrian language.

ROBERT NICHOLS, POET

YOUNG ENGLISH WRITER PAYS VISIT TO CANADA.

He Went Through the War and Lost Many Friends In the Great Conflict. But Now He Will Devote Himself to Literature—A Warm Tribute Paid to the Tommies From the Dominion.

ROBERT NICHOLS, one of those young poets of England who fought, who sang of death and battle, who through the murk of slaughter, saw visions of beauty and hope that saved them from despair, paid a visit to Canada recently. Rupert Brooke, Sorley, Sassoon, Graves, Ledwidge, Nichols, these were the names of some of that famous band. Brooke sleeps his last sleep on a white headland at Scyros, overlooking the Aegean Sea. Ledwidge was killed on the Western front in 1917. Charles Sorley lies in a graveyard in France. Graves was picked up for dead, but he protested: "I'm not dead. I'm d——d if I die!" He wrote a poem about it. And Nichols! He was shell-shocked at Loos, but he lives, too. That is the background.

"On Achi Baba's rock their bones
White, and on Flanders' plain,
But of their travailings and groans
Poetry is born again."

What is he doing on this continent? You are inquisitive? "Skylarking and sometimes growing very tired," he would tell you. Three authors were chosen by the American Society of Letters to represent England at the Lowell Centenary in New York some weeks ago, and he was one. "It was a great honor," he says, "especially when one is only twenty-five." In personal appearance he is slight and tall, with a stoop to his shoulders. His hair is of a chestnut color, and the features bear a striking resemblance to the pictures of John Keats. He is vivacious, an observer, and a thinker. So far, he thinks that we on this continent have masks, not faces. He does not offend in that respect. His humanity and ease are his most noticeable traits.

He was born at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, in 1893. His early education was at Winchester, one of the oldest public schools in England. At the age of twenty he went up to Trinity College, Oxford. One year after that the war broke out. "I never did much at Oxford, except rowdy," he laughed. "I never learnt anything in the schools or colleges. What I got, I got by reading in small hours or walking in the fields. Ah, there was one thing I was interested in at Oxford. I was one of a whole lot of people who were trying to get the inhabitants of our island to realize that there was such a thing as the Empire. I think that one of the really great things that the war has done is to make us all know at least that there is a British Empire.

"When the war came I managed to get into the army by a close pinch; for I am not strong. After I was shell shocked at Loos, in 1917, I was out for seven months. When I did go back I went as a war correspondent, in charge of the records of the Engineers. It was then that I saw the Canadians. I was struck by their tricks and those of the railway men in the Ypres salient. The Canadian Mining Unit displayed more enterprise and courage than any other mining unit in the war, not excepting the Italians.

"At the start I thought there were great differences between the troops of the Dominions and the Old Land. We were pretty narrow-minded before the war. Really, the Englishman is a difficult cuss to get along with. We were very insular; but that is gone now. Our society was not on the down grade, mind, but it was becoming finicky. In the old days if a fellow came up to you and patted you on the back, you would have thought him crude. The war has brought back a hearty sense of companionship. Our manners were supplied by the comings of the overseas Dominion troops. After all, I found out that our way of looking at things was fundamentally the same. We won the war on the same fundamentality that made us victorious in the past; namely, ironic thinking, based on the belief in the efficiency of port, brandy, and beef."

"What I do want to say to Canadians, also, is that, beyond any question, they have the best military records of any army, the best war paintings, especially of the undertakings in the Ypres salient." Mr. Nichols has a knowledge of painting to back up this statement. His father, also, is an artist and art critic, and one of the three trustees of the Wallace collection.

Mr. Nichols hates war. "Don't think anybody is made a poet by being shot at," he says. He doesn't think it is the intensity of emotions during times of war that make poets. The poets are there before the war. After that, it is principally the egoism of the human being. It is the fear that we are going to be snuffed out soon. Every man jack of us thought so.

The great change in poetry since the nineties, he thinks, is its wider distribution. It is no longer the prerogative of the high brows, but something for everybody. It is no longer a thing for people to enjoy while lying abroad on cushions, but a far more virile, essential thing, such as boating or tennis.

The new poetry differs from the poetry of the nineties in these essential points. It has the desire for action. It has gained a sense of humor. It shows some interest now in the outside world, and is not mainly intent upon its own.

Better a little risk of frost after planting corn than a lot of risk as the crop approaches maturity.

Another Great Canadian Ace

AIRMEN do not run to any particular type—despite the assurance of H. G. Wells to the contrary. Among the most famous Canadian airmen, there are very few physical qualities which apply to every one.

One characteristic, however, they all have in common is a clear eye. It would almost seem as if their excursions into the last free element of the world, have blown the dust and weariness away—or else it is caused by the necessity of following so vast an area as a flyer does when he goes in to fight. Whatever the reason, they have all developed a keen, steady gaze that is about as potent as that of the ancient mariner who used to hold the odd passerby in conversation with the hypnotism of his optics.

Capt. Donald R. MacLaren, R.A.F., is of medium height, but very stockily built—the kind of half-back that always gives his tackler an ugly jolt in a rugby match. Mac's ordinary walking pace (I have route-marched on Picadilly many times with him) is about 90 paces to the minute, with a minimum length of sixty inches. I supposed he developed that stride when he went up into the Peace River country after he left McGill University. When he walks he raises his knees as if going through surf, and this, combined with his breadth of shoulder, generally gives one the impression of a youthful sheriff going in to capture a brigand who has been shooting up a moving-picture western town.

When serious MacLaren has a profound Napoleonic look, but when he is amused (and he has a real Scottish-Canadian sense of humor) his manner is like nothing so much as a boy who has just seen his schoolmaster sit down on a tack.

Incidentally MacLaren's record in France places him among the very first airmen of the world. He shot down fifty seven Huns.

Which brings me back to the subject of eyes. If I were offering advice to the enemy who next challenges Britain's supremacy I would say "avoid any man who is thickset and whose eyes are brilliant and steady when he's aroused."

Major MacDowell, V.C., of Ottawa, was the same type as MacLaren. Neither of them know the sensation of physical fear. When MacDowell came to a dugout with some seventy odd Prussian Guards in it, he went down and lined them up into parties of twelve, bluffing that he had a battalion outside (yet MacDowell plays a very poor game of poker, too).

When, early in 1918, Capt. MacLaren heard that the new Fokker bi-plane was faster than the British machines, he jumped into his one seater and went over the German lines to find out. It was the way he fought his whole year in France, from a novice to the command of the 46th Squadron. Again and again he gave battle to superior numbers; often he returned with his machine riddled, but from beginning to the end of his glorious career, his principle of action was "attack first—and always; outguess the Hun; watch for traps, and shoot straight."

Although of Scottish extraction, MacLaren is Canadian born, coming from Vancouver. He graduated from McGill University, taking an engineering course, and afterwards went to the Peace River country with his brother, where they became well-known traders with the Indians. His Scottish blood, combined with his life among the Indians, has given him a dislike of frivolous things of life, and poetic appreciation of the vastness of nature. Mac once gave me a description of the appearance of the lines in France as viewed from the air an hour before dawn.

He sketches quite well, is something of an authority on architecture, and not only plays the piano but whistles Chopin while playing billiards—(which perhaps accounts for his high run with me one morning amounting to four).

I have only touched on MacLaren's work in France, partly because he is an interesting character study, and also because his D.S.O., M.C., and Bar and D.F.C., tell their own story. He was with the one squadron, the 46th, throughout.

MacLaren is imaginative and constructive, but above all he is a most likeable chap with great force of character. Like the rest he is in his middle twenties and wants to see that flying receives its proper support in Canada.

In the hustle and anxiety of replacing the Dominion on a peace basis we are apt to let these airmen return without recognition. They fought as British pilots and were not allowed even to wear "Canada" on their shoulders. It would be a pity if these wonderful chaps like MacLaren, Barker, McKeevor and the rest of the Canadian flying elite were lost track by the country.

They have given great traditions to the young Dominion. In the further conquest of the air, and in pointing an example of chivalry and fearlessness to the younger generation at home, they are too valuable for Canada to ignore.

A Hearty Family.

To but few who were born in the year 1818 has been accorded the privilege of attaining a birthday in 1919. Such has been the happy lot of Colin LaFortune, who resides with his daughter, Mrs. E. L. Nicolls, at the Dominion Hotel, Port Dover. The aged man is quite vigorous and busies himself each day performing light tasks, which he delights in doing. To judge by his present good health Mr. LaFortune bids fair to surpass the age of his brothers, one of whom died at the age of 106, another at 103, another at 98 and one at 94.