

WAR BRINGS OUT FIGHTING SPIRIT OF THE SCOTCH

Men From Lowlands and Highlands Swarm to Big Centers to Enlist.

EXILES COME FROM OVERSEAS

Scottish Regiments Win Proud Record on Fields in France—Make Unequaled Rally to Rumble of Empire's Drum—Edinburgh Is Hard Hit.

By D. M. MATHIESON.

Edinburgh.—The Scot in American exile, who daily ponders over the diversified war news and whose face turns always to the homeland and particularly the northern part thereof, where the mountains rise till they are lost in the gossamer shreds of mist and the sea rolls in amid the thousand inlets of the western Hebrides, may well wonder how the upheaval of the eastern hemisphere is affecting the lives of the folks he has left behind.

Let me say at once that over the length and breadth of Scotland the war spirit rekindled in a wave of patriotism unparalleled in all the imperishable fighting history of Old Gaul. Figures available on the eve of the last volunteer call to arms, King George show that Scotsmen have made an unequalled rally to the rumble of the empire's drum.

To give a concrete illustration—of the male population today wear the king's uniform, mostly in the navy; the cities of Edinburgh, Dundee, Perth, Inverness and Aberdeen responded, till now it is believed not a conscription exemption comes, could be secured.

Scotland for months has been a vast armed camp. On the border there is a great camp occupied by the men from the Lowlands. Given that there has been in camp for nine months, sturdy, well knit fellows, with their keen, small eyes peculiar to the natives of the southern part of Scotland. Away in the far west, in the great country of Argy there are camps where you meet the long-limbed, lean, deep-chested men with the quick gray eyes typical of the people of the western seaboard.

Fighting at Dardanelles.

On the Scottish regiments follow the ranks of the light infantry in the Dardanelles. It was on the regiments who went out from the capital of the country that the losses were heaviest, and today in the city of Edinburgh there is scarcely a relative or a friend. The landing at the Dardanelles has been written of as one of the wonder pages in the military history of the world.

Scotsmen are happy, glad that the sacrifices were, that to their sons was apportioned the first effort to get a footing on the peninsula. From Flinders again are endless stories of deeds which cover acres in the names of Scottish regiments with lust. Of the famous Black Watch it is told, they carried their trenches at Loos by an hour ahead of any other part of the British army. This may or may not be true, but at all events in the English papers long accounts have appeared of the thrilling onset of the kilts.

The Royal Scots, the Lowland regiment with which Lord Rosebery's name is associated, have won undying fame at the Dardanelles. The Cameronians, the regiment largely recruited from the professional classes of Glasgow, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, the Argyll, the Seaforth and the Gordon Highlanders have all thus early embellished their old fighting records.

Hunger for a Fight.

There are men in these camps who have been training for 14 months. They are hungry to be sent out. They represent the best blood in the nation. They are drawn from the middle classes and the Shire families.

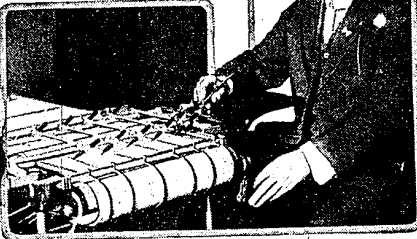
At a recruiting rally I have seen nothing more wonderful than the voluntary assemblage of Scotsmen when the flag was unfurled. Instances are known where Scotsmen voyaged hundreds of miles on the rivers from the backwoods of Canada. Scotsmen came from the sheep farms of Australia, from the rubber plantations in the East, from the torrid plains of India, from the golden land.

The old Scotsman watched—and there was a tug at his heart strings—the human river roll endlessly to the land of home. He heard of his lads who had crossed the Andes from regions almost unknown and sailed across Cape Horn, 18,000 miles, at their own expense, to join the line of battle for their race.

How is life at home in these "times"? may be asked. Financially the people have not fared so much better. There is less poverty, I should say, than in pre-war times. One reason for this is that the cotton and jeans have been as patriotic as the better classes, and with the liberal apportionment of advances made by the government for the families of men who have

SIGNING CHECKS BY MACHINERY

Frank J. F. Thiel, assistant treasurer of the United States, in his official capacity is called on to sign nearly 500,000 checks a year. Recently a check-signing machine was installed, and the other day Mr. Thiel signed 100 checks in 54 seconds.



listed there is plenty of money among those ordinarily very poor.

Hive of Industry.

In Glasgow prosperity is abounding. This is accounted for by the enormous demand by the shipyards and in the great engineering shops. From Greenock to the Broomielaw every shipyard on the Clyde is choked with work. The banks of the river are a hive of industry in shipbuilding and ship repairing. In the great steel works the same story is told. The guns that are being forged, the munitions that are being made, are beyond reckoning in quantity and Glasgow has money for its expenses of the day before the war. At a football match played in Glasgow on the last Saturday of October between the Celtics and the Rangers about 70,000 spectators were present. The total of the gate money was not published, but I know that the sum taken was between \$7,500 and \$10,000.

Of course Glasgow is different from other cities, for there is a very great part of the male population has been compelled, much against its inclination, to stay at home for the purposes of national industry. Indeed when the nation began the organization of its industry for war purposes great numbers of mechanics were brought back unwillingly from field service to take their places in the workshops.

Edinburgh where the law courts, the university and the rich insurance and investment companies give so much employment to highly educated men, the collapse of investments, the deserted courts and the drop in the number of students, who prefer the battle field to the professors' lectures, have all had an adverse effect. Life, however, goes on almost as usual. The theaters and other places of amusement are crowded, the restaurants and the tea rooms are always gay and the streets are filled with military men. Prince Street is thronged by the same fashionable crowd.

LIKE PART IN PLAY

Battle Charge So Seemed to London Theater Boy.

Goes Through With Role He Heard, Has No Sense of Fear, Does His Share and Is Wounded.

London.—Although admittedly scared in the first charge, a British soldier tells in the London Times how his chum's death roused him to action and sent him rushing into the charge which resulted in his being wounded. The soldier before enlistment was a call boy in a London theater.

"It was all right once the curtain was up," says the soldier. "It was the

WOMAN POTS WHITE DEER



For the first time in twenty years a white deer has come down from the Adirondacks and the lucky shot which killed it was fired by Miss Marion Beech, a young woman of Boston and she is mighty proud of her achievement. The picture shows Miss Fuller and one of her trophies of the chase.

There are great battle squadrons keeping their ceaseless vigil off the coasts, and the naval man finds Edinburgh his most convenient city for relaxation. Admirals who have already won renown can be met with here of an afternoon. Admiral Sir David Beatty and his American wife are often in the city. Lady Beatty is taking a large part in Edinburgh affairs. Their home is Aberdour castle, a lovely place on the Firth of Forth about an hour's run from the city.

The shops are as brilliant and as crowded as in pre-war days. Englishmen in Regiments.

There are more than Scotsmen in the Scottish regiments. The stirring strain of the pibroch and the swing of the kilt have brought in a number of Englishmen. A Manchester lad crossed into Scotland and enlisted in one of the Highland regiments. He was located for months in Inverness and, much to his disappointment, he did not get a kilt, but was served out with "trews." Weeks passed and no kilt came along.

Then word came that the regiment was to be shifted to the south of England preparatory to crossing to France. Three days leave was given. The young Englishman hurried to Manchester to bid farewell to his friends, not in the splendor of the kilt but in everyday trousers. He appealed to one of the sergeants of the regiment. After a great deal of argument the sergeant agreed to lend him a kilt for three days for a dollar. He left in the train in great glee and for a couple of days swaggered about Manchester in all the glory of his Highland uniform.

Nonsense, however, overtook him, for on the third day he had such a terrible cold that the doctor ordered him to bed. The young Englishman joined his regiment a week later in the garb which his legs were most accustomed to.

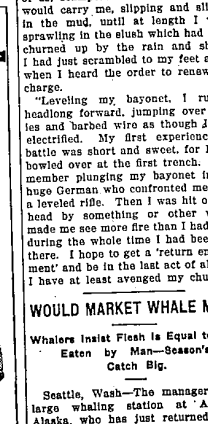
First night's wait for the advance which I found most trying, with the incessant thunder of the guns and the shrieking of the shells over our heads. It was a most impressive overture to the great drama to come. This was my first appearance in a big battle.

"Although I knew the part I was to play well enough, after the many months of rehearsal I was a bit nervous at first. I was shaky, like an actor on the first night, I suppose. Looking back now, it seems strange how quickly the feeling passed away."

"My chum and I had agreed to wear stick together as long as we could, but our plans were soon upset. No sooner had we clambered out of our trench than he went down. This seemed to rouse me. I wanted to go and sent him rushing into the charge which resulted in his being wounded. The soldier before enlistment was a call boy in a London theater.

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Hair Ornaments for Evening Wear



It appears that the pursuit of happiness and the pursuit of luxury are very much one and the same thing, judging from the belongings of women who are able to indulge a taste for the beautiful. A study of those things that are made more for the purpose of being decorative than for being useful reveals an enthralling play of fancy in their make-up; witness the fans, the jewelry and the hair ornaments of the hour. The matter of first importance with them is to be beautiful and, next to that, to be original and clever in design.

Any number of fascinating decorations for the coiffure allure those who have occasion to wear them. Nearly all of them consist of a band and, and all sorts of sparkling and glowing and colorful materials are used to make them. Spangles, tulle, in all colors, as well as silver and gold—provide the glitter. Tulle and ribbon and flowers play their happy parts, and a few soft and graceful feathers are given place of distinction on the coiffure ornaments of the day, or, rather, of the night. Jet in bands of spangles, in beads and tassels and ornaments, is conspicuous everywhere.

Two typical hair ornaments, designed to meet the requirements of opera goers, are shown in the picture above. At the left a band of jet sequins is combined with rhinestones, in all colors, and the foundation band is wired along its edges, to keep it smooth.

The strand of rhinestones is set above two rows of small jet beads along the center. These terminate in a small ornament and tassel that serve to mount a spray of black feathers at the left side. Black or white marabou is used instead of paradise feathers, on many bands, and a ma-

jority of these ornaments do not employ feathers at all. This is especially true of those designed for younger women.

At the right a little cap is shown, made of small pearl beads strung on fine wire. Little jet balls dangle about its edge and a large jet star-shaped ornament serves to mount a crest of feathers at the front.

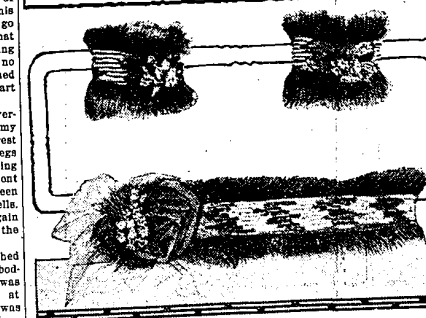
Pretty caps of white or black materials are mounted on bands covered with rows of rhinestones or pearls and sometimes a lattice-work of these mock jewels crosses their surface. Narrow black velvet ribbon is used to finish them, with long hanging loops at one side and a loose bridle under the chin.

Narrow silver or gold gauze ribbons are wound over bands covered with silk for making many of the less expensive ornaments. Clusters of small flowers, tulle butterflies or ornaments, and tassels or beads finish them. Nothing is prettier or better liked than spangled bands finished with butterflies to match. These come in silver and gold and in many colors. There are also wreaths of beautiful flowers of chiffon or satin, fully made flowers of chiffon or satin, and with them malines in light colors is used for wired bows and airy ornaments.

A Home-Made Form.

For women who sew at home. Have a well-fitted lining, stiff, press, wear necks and eyes down front. Stay hooks with tape to avoid stretching. Take a bed pillow—the ordinary feather-filled kind—stand on end and fit the lining around it. Gradually work the pillow down into the lining until every part is filled out. You will have a duplicate of your own form ready for draping, pinning and sewing without the fatigue of standing.

New Entry on Fashion's Stage



The latest and newest of pretty neckpieces makes its entry on fashion's stage accompanied by "wristlets" made to match. Perhaps the revival of the old-fashioned guffler, which has swept over the country, is responsible for that of wristlets, which were knitted, in the days of our grandmothers, to protect the wrists and to wintertime. The neckpiece is always and a frivolous version of the substantial muffler and wristlets of other days.

The set shown in the picture is made of blue and green chenille braid, edged with a narrow border of black fur. They are lined with green satin and embellished with sprays of forget-me-nots in light brown velvet. The set at the end of the neckpiece is set in a choux of brown maline. Fancy bands and ribbons of various sorts and colors are used for these sets, but the fur border is always present and the small sprays of composition are a necessary part of their composition.

Sets of this kind are useful for converting the plain tailored waist or coat suit into something more dressy, and for providing a means for a bit of embellishing. With them, and other similar accessories, it is possible to vary the appearance of a dress that is worn day after day. The dark silk waist, which is worn for traveling or to business, loses its identity by the addition of a pretty finish of this kind. Organdy collar and cuffs and these sets of ribbon answer the same purpose but do not add any warmth.

Sets like that illustrated, and those made of ribbon, make lovely Christmas gifts. Roman striped or other striped ribbon in bright colors, or plaid ribbons, are chosen for the ribbons sets. Fancy silk and chenille braids offer a wide choice of color and design for the braids sets. Plain satin is used for lining them and they are fastened with snap fasteners.

Julie Bostrom

WESTERN CANADA'S WONDERFUL YIELD

Wheat Yields Reports Extraordinarily Heavy.

When one hears of individual wheat yields of thirty-five to forty bushels per acre, there is considerable incredulity, but when yields, in whole townships extending into districts covering three and four and five hundred square miles in area, of upwards of fifty and some as high as sixty-five bushels per acre are reported, one is led to put his ear to the ground to listen for their rumblings. The writer having heard of these wonderful yields made a trip through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to ascertain first hand their truthfulness. It was remarkable to discover that Dame Rumor was no rumormonger after all, that modesty was her mantle, that all that had been said of these yields was true, and that yields of over seventy bushels per acre were told of. These were so high that the truthfulness of the story was doubtful and very little was said of them. But such there were, and not in one locality but scattered in places hundreds of miles apart. Leaving these out altogether, there were large areas in which the average was over fifty bushels per acre, which in all common sense ought to satisfy most people. One hundred and thirty thousand in Alberta have made their returns to the local government as required by an act of the Legislature, and the average of the wheat threshed was fifty-three bushels to the acre. So immense was the yield that official verification was required before giving the smoking compartment of a day coach, where on passing through a farming community, there may be gathered the gossip of the neighborhood. Just one hears also a lot of news. Now, the sole topic is that of the crops. A man with more or less of a hirsute appendage, snook, clothes and hands giving the appearance of one working in the field, was asked as to the crops. He had got on at Warner, Alberta. Taking out his pipe, lighting it and then crossing his knees, holding his chin in his hands, possessing an air of supreme contentment, and with an intelligent face, he looked the man who could give some information. And he was just the man. He was a thresher and on his way to Milk River to secure some more help. He was reported to have made a good season. "I've made a lot of money. As for yields, let's see," and then he began to string them off. "Peterson had 63 hundred bushels per acre on his five Roland got 65 bushels per acre; Dugler had one hundred and ten acres that went 63 bushels; Carr had 65 bushels per acre on an eight hundred acre field." And he gave others running from 58 to 66 bushels per acre. All these people lived east of Warner, Alberta. Looking out of the window and seeing immense fields covered with stock he was asked why they were not threshed, he replied that there were not enough "rigs" in the district, and that they would not get through before Christmas.

An American writing of a trip he made through Western Canada says: "I went as far west as Saskatoon, back to Regina, Moose Jaw, and down on the Soo line, and I must say that I never saw such crops, or even heard of anything to compare with it in any country on earth. The country is over the hill, and certainly the farmers have a lot to be thankful for. There are very few of them that have done their work and done it properly but what have their debts paid and have bank accounts left. And he only traveled the skirt of the country. The same story could be written of any part of any of three Provinces—Advertisement.

Last Chance. "It is said," he remarked, reflectively, "that women's hands are growing larger." "Well," she returned, inquiringly. "Yes," he asserted. "And the worst of it is that there is every likelihood that this tendency will continue." "Yes," she said, in the same inquiring tone. "Yes," he repeated. "You see, driving, and golf, and tennis, and other sports that women have recently taken up are responsible for it."

"In that case," she said, with a glance at her own dainty hands, "you'd better speak quick if you want a small one." He realized that it was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he spoke promptly. "I hear you're getting up a bazaar for the benefit of the unemployed. I shall be glad to give my time to help make it a success." "Thank you ever so much, but the people whom we are trying to help have more time than they know what to do with."

Not Needed. "Do you know you're growing handsome, hubber!" "Yes," he said, "I have when it goes anywhere near your birthday."