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Discuss Reception Plans For Royalty

OTTAWA, Dec. 5.—(CP)—Prime Minister MacKenzie King and those of his cabinet who are members of the sub-committee charged with making arrangements for the reception to be given King George and Queen Elizabeth when they come to Canada next May, advanced their plans at a two-hour session today.

All details must be submitted to Their Majesties for approval and those involving expenditures require approval of cabinet council here as well. All the senior members of council are on the sub-committee.

Another committee, consisting of Deputy Ministers of the Department chiefly concerned with the Royal Visit, is working continuously and makes its representations to the cabinet committee.

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THE HOLY TERROR!

Story of a World Dictator

By H. C. WELLS

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little cad in grain to whom unfeeling ruthlessness and greediness and implacable willfulness were as natural as night-prowling to a hyena or an evil odor to flowering privet.

The chances of the genes had given her that, but her spirit struggled against her luck. It was too much to admit. She knew better than anyone how easily and meanly he could lie. She found him plotting, and his instincts seemed furiously dirty, but she could not think of her own flesh and blood in such harsh terms. "His soul is awakened," she told herself, "one must be patient."

And after all, he was very clever at school, continually top of his class and passing examinations with facility. His essays were always "excellent," he had an "instinct for phrasing." (If only he would not boast to her so much about these things!) And if he was horrid he was interesting. That at any rate could be said for him. With a certain compunction, his mother realized that she thought much more about him than she did about Sam or Alf. They were no trouble. They were ordinary like their father. You

loved them of course, but calmly. You did not distress yourself about them.

For a term or so there was an earnest young assistant master in the early stages of evangelical mania at Hooplady House. He perceived the moral obscurity in which Rudolf lived and tried to throw a ray of light into it. He got the boy to have a long walk with him and beginning artfully by botanizing, let the talk to ideals and one's Object in Life.

It was mostly his own Object in Life he talked about. Rudolf was as hard to draw as a frightened badger. The earnest young assistant master confided that he himself might not live very long. He believed he was tuberculous. Once or twice he had coughed blood.

"I s'pew up all my dinner sometimes," said Rudolf, faintly interested, "and last Easter my nose b'ed something frightful. Until mother got a cold key."

"That isn't like tuberculosis, which just eats your lungs away."

"Don't worry?" said Rudolf. "I saw a picture the other day of liver fluke in a chap's liver. Something horrid. You get it from eating watercress."

The earnest young assistant master shifted his ground abruptly. "I'd hate to die before I had done something really good and fine in the world," he said. "Sometimes I think I'd like to take orders. After I've got my B. A. London it wouldn't be so difficult. And then I could do God's work in some dreadful sum. Or go to a leper colony. Or be the chaplain of a hospital or prison. It would be fine to go to a war—as a chaplain, just upholding the fellows. Helping them. Too-H and all that."

He whistled to himself as he took his imagination on these excursions. He never learnt to whistle normally. It was a sort of acid piping through his teeth and it lacked any consistent tune.

And always he got home by twilight. For in the dark the kings and captains departed, the fighting and the conquests died away, and the small boy was left exposed to those bears and tigers and gorillas, which escape so frequently from menageries even in the most settled and civilized countries, and the homicidal maniacs and hedge-bogies and all the shapeless terrors of the night.

As his mind grew and his reading expanded his reveries became more realistic and coherent, and the darkness less menacing. He began to study maps, particularly maps in which each country and its foreign possessions were done in the same color. He began to collect pictures and comparative diagrams of armies and navies and air forces. He was particularly keen on air warfare. Dropping high explosive bombs, he read the newspapers in an avidly uncommon way at his tender age. He knew the salutes and symbols of all the dictators in the world and the inner significance of every colored shirt. And as he grew up toward them, these heroes, these masters of men who marched like lurid torches through the clouds, seemed continually to come down nearer the level of his understanding and sympathy.

So it was our Holy Terror nourished his imagination and anticipated his career.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES

His early religious experiences did not amount to very much and they played only a small part in his subsequent career. Still one may say a word or two about them before dismissing them.

He was never God-fearing. Nowhere in the world in his days was there any atmosphere in which the presence of God was felt. The behavior of people everywhere made it plain that whatever they professed when they were questioned, they did not feel such power within or about them. For most of them it would have been an entirely paralyzing thought, to have been living in the presence, in the sight and knowledge of an unseen and silent Deity. With indefinite powers of intervention, the tension would have occurred, and they would have screamed. They dismissed the thought therefore and they dismissed Him, not explicitly of course, but tacitly and practically. On most of their occasions, even the professional religious people, from popes and archbishops down to confirmation candidates, behaved exactly like atheists—as well but no better.

Young Rudolf indeed heard very little about the supreme immanence. Mrs. Whitlow had a delicacy about mentioning Him except in connection with the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments and similar formalities, and Mr. Whitlow only mentioned Him on occasions of dismay—as for example when he heard that Aunt Julia had come in to see them. Then usually he would exclaim, "Oh God!"

From the outset young Rudolf put up a considerable God-resistance. He read such portions of the scripture as were chosen for his learning reluctantly and with incredulity and aversion. Father was bad enough without this vaster Father behind him. From all the world around him Rudolf caught the feeling that Aunt Julia had in to see them. Then usually he would exclaim, "Oh God!"

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CHAPTER III IDEALS, ETC.

Rud's mother puzzled about him and tried to feel loving and proud about him. If she had been quite frank with herself she would have confessed to herself that this domineering son she had borne was a

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The assistant master was lost in a vision. He stood still with shiny eyes and face uplifted and his thin, knuckly hands were tightly clenched. He made his companion feel uncomfortable and absolutely resolved never to come for a walk with him again.

"There's a shorter way back over this next stile and across the fields," said Rudolf after a lengthy pause.

(Continued on page 6, Col 6.)