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A Romany Romance

Or the Fatal Fragrance

By JOHN HURLEY



CHAPTER ONE.

THE night was dark and stormy; the rain beat down in wet drops; a driving moist rain that penetrated even the concrete roofs of some gypsy caravans that stood in a country lane. The thunder roared (I wanted to say thundered but the Editor wouldn't have it); the lightning stabbed the atmosphere in a jazz-like manner (here again I had a difference of opinion with the Editor, who objected to stabbed, but I won this time), and the wind howled like a Prohibitionist in a wet country. Altogether it was what you would call a dirty night. But we need not be unduly alarmed about this as all our heroes, heroines, villains and others were in bed, and I have no intention of starting this story until the weather clears up.

CHAPTER TWO.

IT has cleared up. It was beautiful weather; top hole in fact. The sun was shining which, of course, is the correct thing for a sun to do; the hens had all come out of the basements after their Winter sojourn and were industriously scratching the ground with an air of abandon and a coating of coal dust. The policemen had discarded their fur coats and caps; the price of eggs had come down; the price of coal had stayed up, and mud was in evidence on every hand—and foot—and other parts of the body.

In short, it was Spring; the lovely month of April, when poets raise the voices in heart-felt greeting and landlords their rents, but as we are not concerned with either at present we will leave them, the former with our good wishes, the latter with whatever you may happen to think about it. And now with your permission we will go to the little country lane wherein we noticed the gypsy caravans and drink deep at the well of a Romany romance.

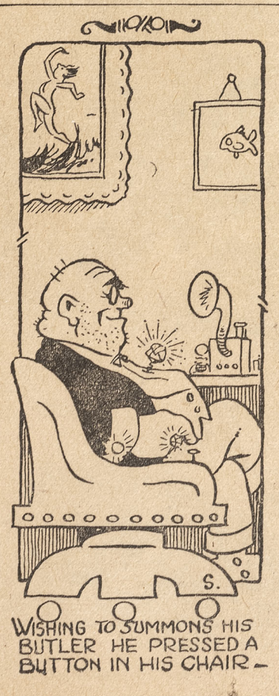
There were four caravans in all, standing off to one side of the lane. The milkman and baker were just making their morning rounds. A bunch of horses were tethered in a circle ruminating on a raise in the price of oats and the ensuing scarcity consequent thereon; and the birds were singing roundelays in the trees. All was peaceful and scene was lulling to the senses. Then suddenly from one of the caravans, a semi-modern one without a basement, a great outcry arose; the door was flung open and a great black brute of a man appeared dragging a woman by the hair of her head, a well-known ancient custom which has fallen into disuse since bobbed hair became fashionable.

The woman made not a sound, probably being inured to this method of locomotion, but the man was roaring at the top of his voice. You could tell he was a villain, because he had a black moustache and was smoking a cigarette. He was in an ungovernable fury, because she could not find a quarter for the gas meter. "Woman" he roared; "I disown you. I cut you out of my will sans even the shilling. I leave you forever, but before I go I lay upon you the ancient curse of our race." So saying he picked up an axe, and tapping her three times with it on the left cheek he pronounced these words, "Pro bono publico; honi soit qui mal y pense," at the conclusion of which he rapidly stalked away. On hearing this terrible benediction the woman stood up, pale as death, and sobbed all over the lawn, much to the disgust of a nearby cat who thought he was back in the first chapter.

After some minutes' indulgence in this she went inside the caravan and brought out a child, a beautiful child, just in its childhood. Clasping it to a dry spot on her bosom, she cried aloud, "Oh, what is to become of my beautiful Arabella?" The child referred to made no response other than to poke her foot lovingly into her mother's eye, she, in her agitation, not noticing she had Arabella reversed, but the cry of the mother attracted the attention of a passing prospector who was prospecting for houses, and he came over and politely inquired as to the cause of her lamentation. "Oh, sir," the weeping one moaned, "What can I do with my child? My husband has left me forever and has cursed me. How can I keep my child? I wanted her to be famous; to go to school, to college; to study Morris dancing and structural engineering, and now—sob—my hopes are berlighted."

Tears ran down the face of the hardened prospector at her sad story, and in his sympathy he accidentally swallowed his chew and choked, but, recovering, he said to her: "Prithee, good dame, it is, indeed, meet that I met you, for I am e'en now on the lookout for a young wench of Arabella's age for a friend of mine who is married, but has not children. He is possessed of much earthly goods, having opened a drug store when the bars were abolished, since when many a goodly measure of generous liquor has been downed. Wilt give me the child dame for him? I pledge ye my troth she will be exceedingly well brought up, and nothing shall lack to make her happy. Gadzooks, and I give it to you as one who knows him well that I doubt not he would make any bones to some recompense for yourself."

He talked in this strain for many minutes and the mother finally consented. "You may take her sir, but please, please let us have one last meal together," to which the prospector acquiesced. The mother dashed around the corner and soon returned bearing with her fifty cents worth of fish and chips; and this she laid before the child, looking up at the man and saying; "It is her favorite dish." At the conclusion of the meal, without a word she placed her child in the arms of the prospector, and again fell to watering the lawn, which absolutely decided the cat, and the prospector, the child and the cat passed out of her ken (whatever that is) forever.



WISHING TO SUMMONS HIS BUTLER HE PRESSED A BUTTON IN HIS CHAIR—

CHAPTER THREE.

Eighteen years have elapsed since Chapter Two. (To be perfectly frank, nothing of the kind has happened, but I have a license to do this sort of thing.)

A GOLD mounted, silk lined automobile silently drew up before the stately mansion. The chauffeur, a resplendent being wearing on his chest the coat of arms of his employer (furniture van in the upper half of a shield, landlord rampant in lower half) got down from his seat and opened the door for the occupant to alight. At the same time the huge front doors of the mansion opened wide, the drawbridge was let down, and four heralds appeared with horns complete, playing "The Death of Nelson" in French. The occupant of the car alighted and was conducted to the house by a bodyguard of footmen, each waving two flags and walking backwards before her—for the recipient of all these attentions was a her. When she reached the door a flock of pages, a whole book of them in fact, and handmaidens appeared, each bowing low before her.

After falling over several of these she made her way to the staircase, dismissed the parade and crept up to her room alone. Arriving there she made the bed, put the kettle on and then fell heavily into a chair. She looked pale and shaken. So badly shaken that all her powder was shook off. She was suffering mental agony and appeared torn with conflicting desires. There was a terrible struggle going on within her which ended in her getting a toe hold and flinging herself under the bed from where she soon emerged looking somewhat more composed.

And what was the reason for all this messing about? An odor; a delicate fragrance wafted to her on the wings of the wind; the subtle aroma of frying fish. It is, indeed, little Arabella, the gypsy, the girl we met eighteen years ago (see note at beginning of chapter): she is now eighteen years older than she was then, and is greatly changed. She remembers nothing of her gypsy childhood.

She was now an attractive lady, tall and slender, and she looked divine in a bargain special gown, artistically embroidered with maps of different countries of the world. She had passed through many colleges and had taken degrees in medicine, law and real estate, and was even now studying plumbing.

She was indeed all that her mother could have wished; but concealed in her heart was a secret, vague longing that puzzled and distressed her. It was like a cry from out of the past. Why was it that the smell of fried fish aroused in her breast tumultuous yearnings? She did not know, and fought hard to beat down the feeling. Raising the sleeve of her gown, she gazed searchingly at a tattoo mark there, as though to read the answer to the riddle from that. This tattoo mark was of the kind usually affected by ladies of fortune, and depicted two cupids wearing broad grins and nothing else, carrying between them a heart—or it might have been a kidney.

Failing a solution of her problem there, she got up and consoled herself by gazing into the mirror, admiring her perfect features. And, well, she might admire them, for were they not familiar in every household in the land. Her face was in constant demand by manufacturers of dental cream, face stains, fat reducers and eye-lid renovators as a type of perfect beauty brought about by the use of their products.

After some time she tore herself away from the mirror, and looking down at her dress, decided that she would change it, and while she is doing this we will go down and see if he, whom she believed was her father, is at home.



"THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND A GREAT BLACK BRUTE OF A MAN APPEARED DRAGGING A WOMAN BY THE HAIR OF HER HEAD."

CHAPTER FOUR.

EZRA Pelf was a very wealthy man, and had a reputation for being possessed of remarkable shrewdness, which is the case with all wealthy men; they would not be wealthy otherwise. He was President of the great Prescription Trust, which, through his remarkable shrewdness, had succeeded in worming out of the Government a monopoly on prescriptions. His wealth was so vast it could not even be estimated. The Government opened a separate Income Tax Office for his sole use, and he owned several Post Offices.

Seated in his chair, he looked just what he was; a shrewd, successful business man who needed a shave. He held high office in The Ancient Order of The Veiled Sausage. His wife was a vegetarian and was dead.

Wishing to summon his butler, he pressed a button in his chair, and immediately a butler sprang up through a trap door in the floor. This was only one of Pelf's efficiency appliances To the bowing butler, he addressed the question, "Where is my daughter," to which the butler replied, "In her room, sir."

"Tell her I wish to speak to her," requested Pelf, and the butler disappeared through another trapdoor.

Shortly afterwards, Arabella herself appeared, descending the stairs. She had changed her dress and was now arrayed in a stunning creation of Packem's, of Paris. It was absolutely the last word in fashion. It was even less than the last word, being more like a comma; one of those sleeveless gowns, without back or front.

Her hair was arranged like the Pyramids, and she looked a stately creature as she came slowly down the stairs, carrying herself with a superb air of dignity right down to the last step, which she thought was not there.

Gathering herself up with the aid of Old Pelf she cursed fluently in Arabic for five minutes, much to the gratification of her father who thought she was reciting poetry. They both sat down to recover their breath, and Pelf pretended to gaze up at the ceiling while she regained her composure and false teeth.

His mind went back to a certain day, eighteen years ago, when little Arabella came into his life with her childish innocent ways and a quarter's worth of fish and chips. He frowned as he remembered some incidents of her childhood; how, even at the age of twelve, she was so affected by the smell of green grass that she went wild and galloped about like a young colt, kicking up her heels and neighing shrilly. It was the gypsy blood in her veins that caused these wild spells, and well old Pelf knew it. What was unaccountable to him was the way she was affected by the smell of fried fish. He lost her once for two whole days and after a long search found her curled up in a nest of young halibuts. He did not know of her last meal with her mother.

Pelf broke the silence first. "My dear," he said, "Count de Bevee is coming this afternoon and wishes to take us motoring. You know our own touring car is laid up with a sprained ankle. Shall we go with him?"

"Of course, daddy dear," replied Arabella, but her words were mechanical, unfeeling. She knew her father was very anxious to have this Irish count in the family and she also knew the count loved her. Had he not told her so in passionate tones last night when he borrowed a dollar. She did not love him but she wished to please her father, and anyway, she thought, she would look rather well in a coronet such as the Count wore when golfing. On the whole, she mused, it would not be so bad to marry the Count.

CHAPTER FIVE.

THE weather was perfect, and the occupants of a big touring car rushing along a country road were gleefully totting up the casualties among the farmers' hens. Count de Bevee was at the wheel and Pelf occupied the rear seat a lone. Arabella was seated beside the Count, and at intervals the Count, in a dignified manner, would tickle her under the chin. As they bowled along all were happy, unaware of what Fate held in store for them.

Fate, in the shape of a gypsy camp, hove in view on the horizon, and Pelf whispered to the Count to put on full speed. The Count did so and the car sped forward at a terrific rate, but to no effect, for immediately in front of the gypsy camp the pulsing motor vulcanized her vermiform appendix and came to a dead stop. Pelf was about to burst into florid oratory, but checked himself in time. The Count did not know the secret of Arabella's birth, and he did not wish him to—yet.

"Let's go and see the gypsies," cried Arabella, clapping her hands delightedly.

"No, let's go to the pictures," said Pelf nearly distrait.

"We will go and inspect these Romany persons," interjected the Count, affixing his monocle; and off he and Arabella went, leaving Pelf in the car fearing he knew not what.

On walking into the camp, Arabella's eyes were drawn by some mysterious power in the direction of the horse lines. There a handsome young gypsy was engaged in filing the teeth of an old grey mare with loving solicitude and a rasp. As he turned, his eyes met Arabella's and a delicious thrill ran through her; a sensation of ice cream being dropped down the back of her neck. She suddenly dropped her eyes and walked on.

They walked all round the camp, looking with much interest at the neat caravans with their nicely kept lawns until stopped by an old, old woman who crooned "Cross my hand with silver my dear and old Liza will read your future." The Count not having any change, Arabella gave the old girl a dime. Old Liza then took them round to her own caravan and seating herself on a bucket she took Arabella's hand in her own. In doing this she accidently raised the sleeve of the other's gown and disclosed the tattoo mark. The effect on the old woman was profound, and she muttered agitatedly to herself "My daughter, my little Arabella;" but apart from falling over backwards off the bucket she gave no intimation of her distress and it passed unnoticed.

"My child," she quavered as she looked searchingly into Arabella's hand: "I see trouble in front of you. There is a dark cloud in your hand."

At this a passing youth suggested that she spit on it and rub it out. This somewhat rude remark angered Arabella and she gave chase to the insolent youth, who would have got away had not the handsome gypsy caught him and brought him to her.

Holding the offending boy by the slack of his pants with one hand, he bowed low and doffed his hat with the other, and then proceeded to spank the boy soundly. "Oh, that will do; please let him go now. Thank you ever so much," gratefully breathed Arabella. The gypsy did as she requested and then in a burning tone exclaimed "There is naught I would not dare for one smile from your sweet lips; even to the ends of the earth would I go did you but ask it! Does you're mother know you're out." Arabella was greatly embarrassed, and though she knew she should have dismissed the fellow, something prevented her; and they stood discussing Fruedism and Relativity until the Count discovered them.

The Count was very much disturbed on seeing them together. He did not like the look of the gypsy; neither did he approve of the long knife the gypsy wore on his hip. He wished several times to say something rude to him, but on glancing at the knife would change his mind. Arabella for her part was so engrossed in an explanation of the reason flowers grew that she had not noticed the Count was there, and it was not until she felt a touch on her arm that she was aware of his presence.

She immediately became profuse in her apologies for mislaying him and assented to his suggestion that they go back to the car. This they started to do but not before the gypsy had whispered fiercely in her ear. "Where do you live. I must know; tell me please; and Arabella handed him her card.

As they approached the car they saw Pelf lying on his back underneath it, busily engaged in hammering away at something; and also, in no choice language, forcibly expressing his opinions on cars in general and this one in particular. He did not confine himself to cars alone, but included in his heated statements, the man that invented them and those who now made them; and was just adding a few desultory comments on the people who sold them when an astonishing thing happened.

The car, probably tiring of the scenery, or being shocked at Pelf's language, suddenly started up itself and without the least warning struck off down the road; and Pelf, who had been about to strike a mightly blow with his hammer, found nothing to strike, and the hammer went hurtling through the air. For Pelf this was the last straw, and with feelings too strong for words he lay flat on his back and gazed up at the sky with a face perfectly blank. Luckily the Count quickly grasped what had happened and jumped into the car before it had gained much speed, and soon they were wending their way towards home.

CHAPTER SIX.

DINNER was over in the Pelf mansion. Pelf and the Count had gone to the pictures; Arabella was alone in the house. She sat in her room musing on the events of the day, and as she thought of her handsome gypsy, her blood pressure went up appreciably. How handsome and brave he was. How different from the Count. What a hero for tackling that boy single-handed. In her mind she saw the gypsy again in his romantic costume; his short knee breeches and top boots; the red sash encircling his waist, in which reposed his trusty knife. The knife, had she only known, had never been engaged in combat with anything more deadly than some bread and cheese and an onion or two. But cheese and onions were far from her thoughts. Her musings were tinged with the color of romance, and in him she saw her heroic knight.

She wondered if she would ever see him again. She felt sure he would seek her out sometime. As if in answer to her thought she heard faintly the strains of a wild gypsy air, played on a violin by a master hand. She started up tremulously and listened intently.

The hour was late; the servants were all in bed or out; she divined from whence came the sounds, and she felt strangely elated. The music ceased and she went to the window, and from there, unseen from below, she watched her gypsy as he made preparations to pour out his heart in song under her window.

He had made the journey on the old grey mare, and for serenading purposes had brought with him a cabinet gramaphone. With a glance full of yearning at the house, he put on another record and wound up the motor; and Arabella thrilled as she saw the delicate play of his fingers on the handle. This time it was a song of Hackenschmidt's, a beautiful poignant melody of a landlord whose tenant had left, forgetting the rent; the record being cracked enhanced the realism. The song stopped abruptly, and looking down Arabella saw a policeman telling her hero to move on. She feared for this foolhardy policeman. She expected the flash of a keen blade and then quick flight. But instead, on the policeman repeating his order, with detailed instructions as to the manner and speed of execution, her hero hastily loaded his instrument on the old grey mare and moved off, and Arabella felt as though something had gone out of her life.

Was it forever, she wondered. No; for soon he was back again and with a different record. He played a tune telling of the glories of gypsy life; of bright blue skies, arching over wonderful sun-drenched, green fields; of the benefits of owning your own home and having no taxes to pay; and Arabella listened spellbound. The gypsy instinct in her responded, and, almost unconsciously, drawn by the magic of the music, she went out into the night, into a clump of trees wherein her hero was; and in her intoxication threw her arms round the neck of the old grey mare instead of her lover.

The gypsy on seeing her gave a gasp of delight and gathered her in his arms, and thus they stood, whispering sweet nothings until the policeman returned. At his appearance our hero hastily reloaded his gramophone, and putting Arabella on the grey mare's back they all departed. After travelling for a mile or so, the gypsy took her hand and passionately pleaded to be allowed to be her husband, and with no regrets she consented. Pelf, the Irish Count, all her past life were forgotten in the exhilaration of the moment. Her gypsy blood would not be denied; they were married and lived happily ever after.

The next day Pelf received a wire from Arabella informing him of her marriage. He straightway went out and cornered the prescription market and laid in an immense store of Scotch, and he, too, lived happily ever after.



—AND IMMEDIATELY A BUTLER SPRANG UP THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR.

On the Gorilla Trail

by Mary Hastings Bradley

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Gunning for Lions.

ONCE the gorilla hunt was over we had planned to turn our attention to some of the smaller fry of the African fauna which usually lure the adventurous overseas, the elephant, the buffalo, and the lion. We were not at all blood-thirsty, and we hadn't the slightest desire for indiscriminate slaughtering, but we did feel the lure of big game hunting, and I was convinced that I was offering any of the animals I mentioned a more than sporting chance in the present state of my shooting. I had shot one elephant, two tigers and three crocodiles in my three months in Africa.

Mr. Bradley particularly wanted a buffalo, Miss Miller and I were eager for lions. Miss Miller already had one elephant to her credit, and I was hoping for similar luck. We had little time, for, although Mr. Bradley and I were unhurried, Mr. Akeley had engagements in America, and the constant delays of safari had reduced our hunting plans. The volcano had cut ten days from the schedule, but the gorillas and the volcano were the high spots of the expedition. Anything else was an after-climax. Still, a lion can be a vivid after-climax!

There is distinct difference of opinion among hunters as to which is the most dangerous, the lion, the elephant, the buffalo, or the rhinoceros. Drummond puts the rhino first, the lion second; but Mr. Akeley has discredited the dangers of the rhino. Believing most of his so-called charges are simply blundering rushes, not actuated by any sight of the enemy.

Mr. Akeley puts the buffalo first, with the elephant a close second, yet he said he would rather hunt elephant than lion; he knew he could stop an elephant—he demonstrated that the second day on the plains—but that Leslie Tarlton's experience had shown that a charging lion could come 50 yards with a bullet in his heart.

Stigand puts the lion first, the buffalo last; Frederick Selous, mightiest of big game hunters, puts the lion first and buffalo and elephant on a par. Col. Roosevelt stated that the weight of opinion among those best fitted to judge was that the lion was the most formidable opponent of the hunter under ordinary conditions.

In the Congo we had not been in game country to any extent, so we accumulated few stories until we reached Kivu, and most of these were about leopards. We were warned to close our tents and never stir without a light at nights, for fear of prowlers, and the native runners were never sent alone, but always in pairs.

If half the native stories were true the leopards exacted an amazing toll, but, allowing for exaggeration, their terror was so real it must have a good basis of fact. The Belgian officials and missionaries had many instances. At Lulenga the father superior pointed to a banana grove that we were passing one day and remarked casually that there a leopard had eaten a young native woman about two months before. The beast had entered the hut at night, seized her, and dragged her into the banana grove. The natives had not attempted a rescue, but at daybreak had gone for the white father. He had come down with his gun, but the leopard made off and there was nothing left of the poor woman but evidence.

At the mission was a child with fresh leopard marks on its forehead. The leopard had entered the hut, not for the child, but for something else—a dog, I believe, their especial delicacy—and had wounded the child in its spring.

It is rarely one sees a leopard. They are too wily and catlike. Men have lived in Africa for years without a glimpse of one. Most of those that are killed are got by gun traps at night. On the other hand, Monsieur Flamand, of Ruindi, ran into three one afternoon and shot two, whose skins I now have.

For months we had heard of the Ruindi Plains as one of the richest game fields left in Africa, where we could find antelopes in thousands, buffalo, elephants and lions everywhere. There were no rhinos, but we were not after rhino. It seemed the very place for our needs, and we planned to move out there with all speed.

Moving with all speed in the Congo means going into camp and waiting for porters. Porters from Lulenga would go no further than Ruchuru, two days away, and at Ruchuru we would have to get fresh porters to take us out on the Ruindi plains, a three-days' march. There we would have to get porters from Luofu, two days further on, because the Ruchuru porters would not remain on the plains.

With real regret we bade farewell to our good friends at the mission, and on December 4 started north through the Rift valley to Ruchuru.

Ruchuru is one of the most important stations of the eastern frontier of the Congo, on high ground above the Ruchuru River, at an altitude of about 5,000 feet, with Lake Albert Edward to the north and the Mfumbiro volcanoes to the south. Here we camped three days in a grassy square that became a muddy one through the rains, awaiting our porters and making arrangements to leave Alice, for we heard the Ruindi was too hot for her.

Commissioner Van de Ghinste and his bride offered to care for her, but we borrowed the little two-room mission house, hospitably vacated by our ever-kind Pere van Hoef, who had come up for special services and installed her there with Priscilla, who was a devoted guardian. We left them the best boys, stored our superfluous supplies, for we planned to return that way, and with seventy porters, set out on the 9th.

We coasted gloriously down a long hill out on the plains, on the edge of which a blue rim of mountains was pushed back against the horizon, but the bicycling did not last long. The elephant grass was high and the path to it a winding tunnel. Elephant grass is so called because you never find elephants in it; it is an inedible, giant grass, in its earlier stages a flat, sharp-edged, green blade; when matured and dry it is like young bamboo.

At the foot of a long climb we abandoned our bicycles for the following bicycle boys to carry—that is, we believed there were following bicycle boys. But they had abdicated. We never saw them any more. They had melted away to their villages, and probably figured among those taken by leopards. It took time for us to be convinced of their departure, and no amount of time reconciled us to it, for we were forced to retrace our steps and push those wheels the rest of the day.

That morning we passed a group of natives in great excitement. They said one of their number had been seized by a leopard in broad daylight, not an hour before our arrival. In the story which reached Ruchuru the leopard had taken one of our men.

That night and again the next night we camped by the Ruchuru River, a swiftly rushing stream, whose banks were so netted with tropic luxuriance of palm and vine that we had great difficulty in forcing our way through to see the hippos, which were snorting and blowing all about.



Introducing the Congo Baby Cab.

Copyright, 1922, by Mary Hastings Bradley.

Our only way was to follow the hippo trails, which were wide enough, but very low, like tunnels through the thick green, and raked by every imaginable thorn. Possibly the thorn produced an agreeable tickling in the hippo's hide. It did something else to mine.

The hippo comes out at night to feed, and the ground was criss-crossed by their trails. I shall never forget the first hippo I saw climbing out of the water. His back was towards me, and I thought it must be an elephant. They are huge beyond belief.

They were not at all shy, and one old lady who came snorting and blowing down the river with the current, whirled about at sight of us, her eyes rounded, her small ears cocked, her wide mouth set with astonishment. She faced us while the current bore her away, then she sank, and either swam back to us under water or galloped on the bottom, and came up nearer than before. She did that half a dozen times, then appeared with a comical replica beside her, her baby, as big as a young bull. She had probably been keeping the baby on her back until she felt that it was safe to share the amusing sight with him. Every third time then she let the baby have a look and they kept coming back delightedly until we wearied of their entertainment and remarking, "Quaheri" ("good-by"), strolled away.

The porters wanted one killed for meat, but, fortunately for the hippos and our feelings, the animals did not show themselves on land, where we could get them; a hippo shot in water sinks, and is carried off by the current.

On that march we passed Maji ja Moto, or Hot Water, streams of really scalding water smelling of sulphuretted hydrogen, gushing from a rock. It was here the Duke of Mecklenburg experienced his most stirring lion hunts, and here a leopard had sprung like a flash at him from a bush, even as he aimed at the gleam of her. His shot had pierced her neck, and she rolled dead at his feet.

We, however, saw no leopards and heard no lions that night, saw nothing but antelope and heard nothing but incessant snorting of the hippos as they splashed in the river or stumbled in the darkness against our tent ropes.

The third day's march brought us into the territory of the Ruindi. Here Monsieur Flamand, the administrator of the territory, and until last month the only white man within its borders, came striding toward us, having walked a day and a night and half another day from Luofo, his residence beyond the mountains, to greet us.

Our camp on the Ruindi was on a high plateau, cleared like a parade ground for fear of lions, encircled by a moatlike ravine, through whose jungles rushed the Ruindi River. Across the ravine we looked out on a wide sweep of plains, with a range of mountains against the sky. It reminded me of some Colorado highland, and we began to wish that we had brought Alice.

Our tents were strung in a military line with the grass rest houses, one of which we used for a dining-room. Across from us, on the edge of the plateau, was a mound weighted with stones and embellished with antelope horns, the grave of a young Englishman, R. U. Foster, killed by a lion two years before.

He and his brother, experienced hunters from British Africa, had gone in long grass after a lion, shoulder to shoulder, guns guarding right and left. The lion had charged, the older brother's gun missed fire, and the lion got the younger brother by the neck, bit him savagely, then sprang away. The young man died in two hours.

It was a melancholy reminder, with a strong personal interest to those about to seek the lion in its lair. It was here, too, at Ruindi, that Mme. de Riddar had been so savagely mauled. It was this same Monsieur Flamand who had cared for Foster's grave, nursed Mme. de Riddar, and tried to save her husband, who had died of the fever.

The only hopeful thought was that so far the tide had been steadily in favor of the lions.

It was December 12, the day after our arrival, that Monsieur Flamand took us out to tempt Providence and the lions.

Now, in British East Africa, lion hunting is a ceremony. Half a hundred beaters cover the brush for you, driving the game your way, and you have gun boys who can be relied on in critical moments, and you have horses whose four legs can be used to run the lions down. In the Congo you have no horses, no beaters, and no boys who can do more than carry your guns until you need them. Your only hope is to run on a lion in the daytime, lying up after the night's gorge, or stay out in the bush all night with a bait to attract lions.

This morning at dawn we struck across the plains, with Monsieur Flamand for guide. The road ran like a ribbon over the level land to the mountains. Against the dry browns of the burnt grass the green of the scattered thickets stood out darkly.

The plains were simply alive with antelope. There was the graceful Thamas cob, a lovely dun creature, with conspicuous white markings and horns like a big gazelle, moving off at our approach, then pausing to regard us; there was the little reed buck, green gray, springing away with a sharp whistle of alarm; there were droll, dark topis, slant backed, turning to stare, then with a comical plunge breaking into a gallop and making off in a line like race horses.

For a few miles we went along the path, then struck out across the plains where the tree clumps and thickets were frequent and might house a lion lying up after the night's hunting. It was necessary to have meat for the men, and Monsieur Flamand brought down a buck at about three hundred yards, a perfect shot, but it was sad to see the lovely creature sink down with a swanlike lift of its neck. I knew then I should never be able to kill one—and I never did. It was sheer shirking on my part, though, for some one had to kill them for meat and for the skins which we wanted.

At Monsieur Flamand's suggestion, we strung out, the better to cover the ground. Mr. Akeley, seeing no signs of lion, went off with Miss Miller to photograph the antelope, but Herbert, Monsieur Flamand and I walked on, some distance apart, scrutinizing the tangles and little hollows.

"Be careful," Monsieur Flamand had warned me. "Remember Mme. de Riddar."

I wondered, as I strolled along, clasping my gun and eyeing the innocent looking thickets, how I was to be careful and get my lion. It was a lovely morning. The freshness of dawn was in the air, the dew sparkling on the grass. Golden crested crane preened themselves in a little marsh. There was a pastoral sweetness to the scene, with its grazing herds of antelopes that was absurdly unrelated to anything like lion. I felt a self-conscious humor in my scrutiny of the bushes for the waving tail and pointed ears I had been told to look for.

Lions were unreal—fantastic. But here and there a pile of bleached bones told of their nocturnal suppers. Certainly lions had been here. I had no idea how old the kills were, for the vultures pick the bones in a day.

It was 8 o'clock. We had walked a little over two hours. I was just speaking to Monsieur Flamand, whose path had neared mine, when a call came from Herbert: "Here's your lion, Mary—look!"

We whirled about, and at our left, a little distance away, were a lion and lioness going through the grass. We raced towards them and they went up a little slope and paused on the crest to look back at us. They were the most marvelous picture of wild life that Africa can give.

For a moment they stood unmoving—green-gray statues, cast in verdigris. The lion seemed tremendous, his ruffled mane crisp against the sky. They then made off, with a supple rippling of muscles, making for a long reach of brush at our right. We ran as hard as we could to cut them off, but they were out of sight among the thickets when we reached the edge of the depression in which the thickets were scattered, surrounded by fairly long grass. The grass was tawny and the thickets rusty-leaved, and as we peered and watched we felt the matter of protective coloring was decidedly overdone.

As we stood on one edge, Herbert watched the other side, sure the lions had not escaped that way. The wind was blowing from that direction, so we went around and started a fire to try and drive them out, but the grass burned only a little way, then died at the first green creeper.

We circled the rim, and a native who had just come up told us he had just seen the lions, and in another moment we had a glimpse of the big fellow, slouching across a little opening, his tail waving. We saw the lioness a little farther away, gliding from one thicket to another. They were getting farther off and we were afraid we might lose them, so we went down into the brush, our guns ready, scrutinizing every tangle and tree clump. It was a popular covert. Generous piles of antelope bones told of cob and topi that had been dragged there to conclude an evening of small joy to them.

Monsieur Flamand, advising extreme caution, would seize one of these bones and hurl it nonchalantly into a thicket, observing hopefully, "Now he may be there!" When I did the same, trying to keep my gun pointed at the bombarded thicket, "I have such fear for you—you are so imprudent," he told me. "Remember Madame de Riddar!"

We went on through the grass, trying to be as sharp sighted as possible. It was tinglingly exciting to know the rusty leaves, the tawny grass, might at any moment part before a hurtling form. We glimpsed the lioness a little way ahead and so we started hurrying along on a little trail, Monsieur Flamand ahead of me, and Herbert following.

"Keep midway between bushes," Herbert advised. "That lion might be anywhere," and just that moment, eying the thicket at my left, I saw the lion. He was about 20 feet away. It was a green thicket, for a wonder, and through a hole I saw the ruddy mane, the ears pricked forward. His right side was towards me as he was facing the place where the little trail ran towards the thicket.

I did not have time for any fear except the ignoble one that I might not get the lion before the men did. It was to be my lion—they had made me a present of the first one met—but it was so near, so ready to spring that their guns went up with mine.

I fired as fast as I could, sighting by that ear and neck. Monsieur Flamand fired right after, but the lion had gone down at the first shot with a roar that reverberated with the crashing of the guns.

We waited. There was absolute silence. Not a snarl. Holding our guns in readiness we made our way to where we faced the opening in the thicket which the lion had been facing, waiting for us to pass.

A deep growl greeted us and I fired again. There was a gurgling roar that died away to silence, a silence unbroken, even when we tossed in experimental stones.

We tried to wait a decently cautious interval, but we didn't overdo the matter of caution. We went in, guns ready, and there in the cave-like interior a large lion was stretched on his side, motionless, apparently having just breathed his last.

If ever a lion looked dead that one did. He wasn't stirring, he wasn't breathing. We examined the wounds; my bullet had gone in the neck at the base of the skull. The frontal one had gone between the eyes. He had a beautiful skin and mane, and his appearance was majesty itself. I had to remind myself that his death was salvation for three hundred gentle antelope each year.

It was just 8.30 and Monsieur Flamand triumphantly reminded me that he had promised me a lion by half past eight. He was certainly a man of his word. Hastily we cut down the overhanging branches and I propped the lion's head in my lap and Herbert took my picture.

But the shade was too thick and we had the boys who had now come up drag him a little bit more into the light, then I knelt by him for a second picture. For the third I got down and tried to hold up the heavy head.

It was a magnificent head. It had a dignity so impressive that somehow it forbade sympathy. A wounded antelope sinking down is piognant, but a lion's life is swift and violent and a sudden death is no unfit conclusion—it is better than the hyenas.

I was thinking all this and trying to keep the head up when suddenly that lion growled. It was a low, gurgling growl, and for a moment I was sympathetic as I held him.

"Is it the death rattle?" I asked. Monsieur Flamand assured me the lion was certainly finished, he wasn't moving, so we went on to get the picture, the lion growling a little more and more. And then—just as that picture was taken—the lion roared!

You can't see the roar in the picture, but you can see it in my eyes. It was the most astonished moment of my life. I left the lion, left him abruptly. I joined the men and we stared at him. His eyes were open now—they were open, we discovered later in the second picture though not in the first—and he was breathing with a regularity and vigor that would have been reassuring to an anxious nurse.

Just then Mr. Akeley, who had heard the shots, came hurrying up with Miss Miller, and I shall never forget the austounedness of his expression nor the vigorous disapproval of his remarks. Fortunately for the entente cordiale, he spoke no French. He was conveying that the lion was very much alive and would recover from his temporary paralysis at any moment and kill us all.

Anthony, as I had christened him — quoting, "I am dying, Egypt, dying"—had ceased growling; he was breathing naturally and his eyes, full of intelligence, followed us watchfully. His expression was positively benign but I did not know how far one could trust to it. So far he had not stirred.

Mr. Akeley kept the gun on him while we took one last photograph, and then I shot him through the heart. His convulsive bound before he fell back on his side was proof of astonishing vitality. And then the swift glassy change told me how death really looked.

He was a young male, with a fine skin and mane, the only mane of any lions we got that was not alive with ticks.

The lioness had kept out of sight and after the grim business of skinning, we kept on after her and later walked unending hours across the dry stubble of the plain or through longer tangling grass trying for a lion for Martha or Herbert. We saw three others in the early part of the morning, but they got into wood so dense there was no hope in following.

Later, after a conservative estimate had placed our walk at twenty miles, we felt a positive indifference to finding anything more—unless we found it right in front of us and in a recumbent attitude! We came back to camp after nine hours of exercise and found a herd of elephants squealing and racketing in the woods by the river. They had chosen their time well!

We matabeeshed the gun boys and porters and bathed and changed, and found a black runner had brought in a packet of mail from home. With devouring eagerness we read our three months old letters, then dined outdoors in a lovely sunset, while the elephants trumpeted about and the baboons came out on the ravine slopes for food. Then as night came on a fire in the brush spread out in blazing splendor for a mile, flinging the acacias in ebony silhouette. The cracklings came across to us, like firecrackers. Then the flame died to an amber glow. The moon swung suddenly out from the clouds overhead and turned the world to silver. Out of the stillness came the hunting grunt of lions on the plains.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

(Copyright, 1922, by Mary Hastings Bradley.)

In country districts, policemen who retire on pensions while still young men are better off than many agricultural laborers who are still working.



An African Butter Factory. You Just Shake the Gourd Until the Cream Is Made Into Butter.

Copyright, 1922, by Mary Hastings Bradley.



Mary Hastings Bradley Thought This Lion Was Dead Until a Lusty Roar Sounded Strenuous Denial.

Copyright, 1922, by Mary Hastings Bradley.



Another View of Mrs. Hastings Bradley and the Lion She Thought Was Dead.

Copyright, 1922, by Mary Hastings Bradley.

Mostly About People Worth Knowing

Foundations of Irish Peace Laid a Year Ago by Two Men

How Glynn, of New York, and Smuts Paved Way for Treaty—Secret Interviews Arranged by Scotland Yard and Correspondents.

EVERYONE has been guessing that there was more behind the Irish peace treaty than the newspapers published. The essentials of the preliminaries to the treaty-making are revealed in an article by Carl W. Ackerman in the Atlantic Monthly for June. It will be recalled that a year ago Lloyd George, Michael Collins and De Valera were agreed on only the one thing, namely, that they would not negotiate. How they were brought together is the big story behind the treaty and that is what Mr. Ackerman purports to tell.

Here is the kernel of his story:

"Last Summer, when the fate of Ireland hung by a thread, three travelers from three corners of the earth arrived in London. From South Africa came Premier Jan Smuts, a delegate to the Imperial Conference; from New York, Martin H. Glynn, former governor and one of the silent leaders of the Irish campaign in the United States; while from the Antipodes, via Rome, came Archbishop Mannix, of Australia.

"Although Smuts and Glynn did not meet, they laid the foundation for the peace conference between the British Cabinet and official representatives of the Dail Eireann, which created the Irish Free State."

Mr. Ackerman, who is a former American war correspondent, devotes an interesting narrative to the way in which the way was prepared for Smuts and Glynn to do their good work. As a newspaperman, Ackerman was trusted by both Scotland Yard and the inner circle of Sinn Fein, and was used in carrying important messages. In April, 1921, he went to Dublin and found nine-tenths of the Sinn Feiners believing that the Irish navy was sweeping the seas and America would send an overwhelming army over in a few weeks. Even Griffith and Collins, deceived by De Valera, believed that American intervention was certain and would not listen to Ackerman's plea for a conference.

Griffith was in Mountjoy, so Ackerman got a pass into that prison from Sir John Anderson, acting at Dublin Castle in Sir Hamar Greenwood's absence. Griffith, suspicious of Ackerman because of the pass, dourly said: "Tell Lloyd George he must admit that reprisals have failed; that can be done only by inviting us to a conference."

Next, getting into touch with Sinn Fein agents, he had a wild, blindfolded ride in a Dublin taxi and was taken to see Collins, who said: "Tell Lloyd George if he wishes to make peace, all he has to do is to invite the Dail to send an official delegation to a peace conference."

That was putting the initiative on Lloyd George. He continues; "With these messages I left Kingstown on the night mail-boat for England, without awaiting an interview with De Valera." He then saw Lord Derby, Sir Hamar Greenwood and his associate, Sir John Anderson, Sir Basil Thomson at Scotland Yard, and Philip Kerr, at No. 10 Downing Street. They all had begun to repent of war measures, but it seemed impossible to find out Lloyd George's views. Then came the chance:

"At the Gaiety Theatre, May 2, I recognized Martin H. Glynn, of Albany, the man who gave the Democratic party the slogan, 'He kept us out of war,' which re-elected Woodrow Wilson in 1916.... In a three hour interview I asked Mr. Glynn whether he would meet Mr. Lloyd George and talk as frankly to him as he had to me, if the Prime Minister could be persuaded to receive him."

Glynn assented and then Ackerman spent two days between Scotland Yard and Downing Street, while Sir Basil Thomson and Philip Kerr tried to get Lloyd George to risk a meeting with the Irish-American. Ackerman admits that only the tenacity and resource of Sir Basil worked the interview. Kerr managed to have Glynn standing in a hall through which Lloyd George had to pass and the introductions "happened." The pair had cigars and tea, Glynn persuaded Lloyd George of the Irish-American strength and the Premier asked that de Valera be invited to London.

Now it became necessary to convince the Sinn Fein leaders that they should accept the invitation. Ackerman wanted to use Mannix and, finally, the Viceroy, Viscount Fitzalan, made inquiries in Ireland as to whether the archbishop would be welcome. But his fellow churchmen did not want him to come over!

Meanwhile, Glynn had been warning de Valera of the really bad position of the Sinn Fein cause in the United States. To test Glynn out, de Valera sent a code message to his henchmen in New York; their reply was, "Fight on"; Lloyd George intercepted it and concluded that the Sinn Fein in Ireland would not want peace. De Valera did not accept the invitation or come to London, and so the initiative moved back to Dublin.

Mr. Ackerman then gives a brief review of the final swift developments towards peace.

"The whole world knows the story of events, from the day when General Smuts made his first journey to Ireland until the peace treaty was finally signed. Suffice it to add that Mr. Glynn was the first to convince Mr. Lloyd George, and General Smuts was the peace-maker who persuaded de Valera and Collins.

"Upon the foundation of secret interviews and meetings which has extended over more than fifteen months, these two men built the skeleton structure for the Irish Free State. Both continued their good work—Governor Glynn in the United States, and General Smuts with the Imperial Conference—with the result that the final treaty met with the approval of the whole world, until de Valera bolted his own party.

"When I went to England early in 1920, I met in Sir William Tyrrell's office, in the Foreign Office, a British civil servant, Mr. C. J. Phillips, Lord Curzon's chief assistant in Irish affairs, who predicted that 'within three years Ireland will be a republic in everything but name. Within less time than that all the British troops will be out of Ireland.'

"It was a bold prophecy, but to-day it is fulfilled."

Mr. Ackerman's account necessarily plays up the activities of Americans, but his emphasis on Sir Basil Thomson's efforts for peace should not be overlooked. He says that the old chief of Scotland Yard worked for a year before May, 1921, to convince the British Government that the essentials to peace were, first, the actual presence of Sinn Fein plenipotentiaries, and secondly, the approval of Irish-Americans of the negotiations and the resultant treaty.

The Gunman

When the London conferences ended, and the Irish delegates left the conference room in Downing Street, Michal Collins, according to Carl W. Ackerman, in the Atlantic Monthly, walked over to a corner where there was an American rifle, the first manufactured in the United States for the World War, presented to Mr. Lloyd George by President Wilson. This he picked up, while the Cabinet watched in amazement. Walking over to the Premier's chair, he sat down and said to the ministers:—

"Now, the Prime Minister can take a photograph of a gunman!"

Then they all shook hands, for the first time during the long conference! Peace had been signed.



MICHAEL COLLINS.

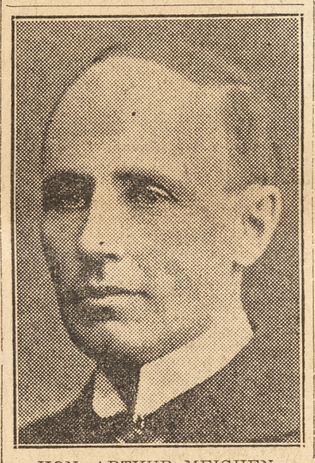
Meighen's Services Much Demanded

And the Reason Was One You Could Never Guess.

By GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER.

FIFTEEN years ago, when the Right Honorable Arthur Meighen first commenced the practise of law in Portage la Prairie, he was in demand for police court cases. The plucky and resourceful present leader of the Official Opposition was a great fighter in those days of his youth.

Everybody who ever lived in Manitoba before the abolition of the bar recalls the famous wedding celebrations that were staged by the foreigners newly arrived from continental Europe. Whenever a wedding in the foreign quarter was scheduled among the social events of the evening, the city editor always assigned the police reporter to watch for a murder or at least a stabbing affray. Of course the aftermath in the police court next day made work for lawyers of the Province.



HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN.

Mr. Meighen had been singularly successful in defending participants in these wedding parties, and his clientele became so large that one day he realized that if he did not get a partner to do his police court work he would never get time to study the Liberal platform. So he found an ambitious capable young barrister just starting his career and installed him dully as his partner.

Next day, one of his steadiest clients came in and asked to see Mr. Meighen. The partner said Mr. Meighen was busy but he could attend to his case. Finally the man consented. The case was rather lengthy. During the second day of the trial the man from Galicia burst into Mr. Meighen's private office. "I want you to come to court," he insisted.

"My partner is a good lawyer," protested Mr. Meighen.

"Yes, he is," admitted the client, "but you raise better Hell."

How to Harness Lord Robert Is Problem of Politicians

Cecil's Still a Moral Power in British Public Life Although Strangely Misunderstood—May Yet Be Premier.

THOSE persons who insist on classifying public men have discovered that Lord Robert Cecil can be called a Liberal. Accordingly, they are discussing him as a possible successor to Mr. Asquith. Lord Robert is too rich a personality to be so limited or confined.

In the House of Commons since 1906, and of cabinet "timber" from the very first, Lord Robert Cecil, third son of the third Marquis of Salisbury, is not an aspirant for office. He is in public life by virtue of his love of sound policies and, perhaps, as an irresistible urge of his Cecilian ancestry. It was a broad statement of political belief that enabled the journalists to dub him a Liberal.

If he is a Liberal, he is one more in the Gladstonian sense. Like Gladstone, he is a staunch supporter of the Church of England. Besides compiling a standard work on commercial law, he has written for sheer love, a work, "Our National Church." With no less passion than his brother, Lord Hugh, but perhaps with lese abandon, he defends the establishment from its detractors.

He resembles Gladstone again in a great enthusiasm for Christianity in a wider sense. He believes in the Kingdom of God on earth, and is ever ready to fight for that consummation. He will denounce moral wrongs and will never allow Parliament to become a mere business men's club. If Gladstone thundered against the Bulgarian atrocities and the Armenian massacres, to-day this Cecil raises his voice against the new Turkish manifestations, the slaughters of Christians in Asia Minor.

There is nothing of the cold precision of Asquith or the clever compromise of Lloyd George about this man, who, because he speaks out more boldly than some of his Conservative colleagues, is held to be a Liberal. The truth is that Lord Robert is no mere party man. He was first elected as a Unionist in the election in which the Unionists fell from power. He was a Unionist Cabinet Minister in the War Coalition, after serving his apprenticeship as under-secretary. But the technique of partyism bores him, if it does not disgust him. He prefers causes to parties.

Some have charged that Lord Robert's one lack was enthusiasm. If he had no genuine emotional power, how does it come that the Mirrors of Downing Street say that he kept the League of Nations alive at Versailles in a war atmosphere? If he lacked the power that comes from moral earnestness, the London Nation, organ of Liberalism, would scarcely say:

"Lord Robert Cecil is in many men's thoughts; and, indeed, the growing hopes that the standard of public life will rise again after its terrible decline, largely centre on him. . . . What the party wants is a reinforcement of its energy. . . . Lord Robert is the one man of first-rate ability who seems profoundly to care where Europe is going, and who wants to make England care too. If I were a Liberal leader it should be my first thought to enlist such a force as this, and give it its appropriate work."

And so the Nation, reminding its readers that he has many warm admirers both in Liberalism and Labor, would make him the liaison officer of a Liberal-Labor administration. They would hardly catch him for so mechanical and distasteful a task without surprising all who know him. He is not a Churchill, either Randolph or Winston. His apparent lack of enthusiasm is not boredom, but diffidence and modesty. What is he really like?



LORD ROBERT CECIL.

One who knows him writes in the London Daily Mail that he is a man of great height, lean and of immense reserve energy, both bodily and mental, most self-contained when most aroused, practical and not fanatical. That is not the Cecil that has been painted, but it is the man who, at 58, is a great man and may, in a year or two become known as a great statesman. But the bright journalists must be allowed to call him a Liberal, a fanatic, a cynic, a Tory, for they do not understand him and he is so interesting that they must write about him.

"Linky"—as his friends all know him—may never be Premier, but he will be right oftener than most premiers.



COL. JOHN CURRIE.

Col. John Currie And Number 13

Or How a Public Man Came To Be Superstitious.

IT IS just about a year ago a severe cloudburst caused a washout on the Grand Trunk railway just north of Bradford. Coupled with it is an experience of several experiences of Col. John A. Currie, ex-M.P., which ought to be told.

"I am not superstitious," said the Colonel, "but I hope this won't occur again."

"Leaving Ottawa on Friday night," he stated, "I had to take berth 13 on the sleeper, I never thought of it until we reached Toronto. The train was an hour late. I missed my connection for Collingwood, and had to rush in a taxicab to Davenport where I caught the Northern Grand Trunk train. On reaching Collingwood, where I had a director' meeting I found that my papers and documents had been left behind. Before starting back for Toronto a friend presented me with two bottles of very old Scotch, for which I was grateful and carried the bag with my treasure carefully. The Pullman porter at Allandale saw me coming and hastening to earn a tip, grabbed the bag and tossed it into the car. One bottle of my treasure was broken and the whole placed smelled like a distillery. We had not got far from Allandale when the train stopped and after a wait I went out and inquired the cause. I was told there was a wash out and we had to stay there until the Toronto train came up and transfer. It took several hours to do this and finally we got back to Toronto about one o'clock in the morning. Mindful of what happened after riding in "berth 13", I told the taxi driver who took me home to stop at every blamed street intersection, as I would take no more chances with that hoodoo."

Toronto's New Dean of Arts Teaches Algebra Poetically

T-r-ragedy!

Clara: Oh, my dear, have you heard that I have lost my darling Fido?

Dora: How dreadful! Do tell me about it.

Clara: It was a most sickening tragedy. Our new housemaid, who is rather short-sighted, was using the vacuum cleaner, and thought she saw a bit of fluff on the hearth-rug. It was Fido, and—and—— Oh, need I go on?

JUST why one who was christened Alfred Tennyson and surnamed DeLury should become a mathematician is not quite apparent, but there are many reasons why Prof A. T. DeLury should become dean of the Faculty of Arts, University of Toronto, in succession to Dean A. P. Coleman, retired.

The new dean is popular with the students, and that is the first reason. He is popular with everybody else, and that may be another reason. Again, he is a poetical sort of mathematician, and that again makes him eligible for a broader task than the teaching of "first year pass math" and other mysteries. Also, he is following in the footsteps of his old chum, colleague and crony, the Dean Alfred Baker. But enough of proofs.

The two Alfreds (students were more affectionate and less formal) have made much history of an informal kind around old Varsity. The tale of how they achieved sudden and perpetually-enduring kinship with the students of the School of Practical Science is classic. They were men's men, virile teachers and good fellows always. Both won high honors on graduation and taught mathematics together afterwards.

Baker taught higher mathematics with rapidity and DeLury with eloquence. It takes a truly great imagination to see all the beauties in the algebraic "X" that Alfred Tennyson DeLury would so feelingly ascribe thereunto. He could perceive or sense untold charms in a complex problem, wax radiant at the sudden emergence of "Y." and simply gush over the perambulations and permutations of that mysterious chappie, "Z." That is a rare poetic nature for you.

And when the hour of one o'clock, post meridian, was about to strike, and the hungry horde of students were commencing to shuffle their feet as a gentle hint, then the rapier-flash of a moral (not mathematical) indignation would leap forth. "I am not entirely unfamiliar with those creatures which make strange noises as the hour of feeding approaches," a gentle voice would purr. They had for the moment despised the ethereal beauties of "X," turning rather to the fleshpots of the dining hall. Why should he not chide them?

But there will be little chiding from the new dean. As a conciliator between the conflicting elements which have been known to lurk beneath academic shades, he will be peerless. On the faculty of arts there are the professors of four colleges and of the university proper. It is fitting and wise that a professor of the university should be given the post of dean, particularly when there is available one who so early in life became almost a tradition around the old gray tower in Queen's Park.

Glands For Water On Hips of Women

Camel-Like Natives of Gordonia Desert Described.

MRS. HARRY K. EUSTACE, African big game hunter, and the only woman in the world, who has looked the great white rhinoceros of the jungle in the face, has arrived on this continent with her husband and daughter, with whom she has hunted.

Mrs. Eustace is known to the natives as "Catasi Moga," which means "sure aim." She says it isn't necessary to waste more than one shot on an elephant, no matter how big he is.

She tells of the women in a bush tribe in the Gordonia desert, Central Southwest Africa. These women have developed glands in the back in which they store water like camels. When they drink a great deal of water, the glands make them appear deformed. After a few days on the desert with little or no water, their reserve supply is exhausted and they look normal. They can go without water longer than a camel.



MRS. HARRY K. EUSTACE.

FROM "SCARECROW" TO WESTMINSTER

ONE of the most interesting of M.P.'s is Mr. George Edwards, who has been telling the story of his life to his constituents in South Norfolk in a lecture called "From Crow-Scaring to Westminster."

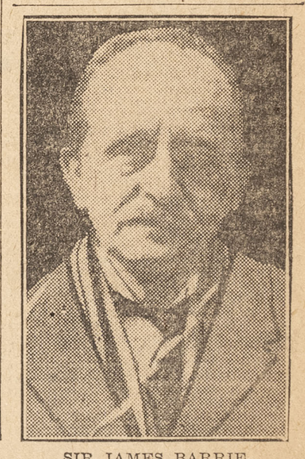
He began to earn wages when he was four and a half years old, receiving a shilling a week for scaring crows. At seven he was a horse-boy at one-and-six a week, and at ten a plough-boy at two shillings a week.

He gave up drinking and smoking in order to buy a few books to educate himself. Among other things he has been a Methodist preacher. As he was unable to read, he had to learn the lessons and hymns by heart.

BARRIE KNEW LITTLE OF NICOTINE THEN

MOST people will probably be surprised to hear that Sir James Barrie had practically never smoked up to the time when he was writing "My Lady Nicotine." Until then he had merely toyed, now and again, with a cigarette—and had not liked it! But all his friends smoked, a tobacconist's shop interested him, and so he joined the ranks of smokers.

His recipe for novel-writing is: Eight pipes one ounce, seven ounces one week, two weeks one chapter, twenty chapters one nib two nibs one novel.



SIR JAMES BARRIE.

Earl of Balfour Master of Words

IT'S too bad of the Earl of Balfour! When he sprang "terminological inexactitud" upon the world, we forgave him, as we have forgiven him for other similar sins. But the other day he referred, in a political speech, to the Pacific Ocean and its "limitrophe continents." His hearers were stunned.

Some of those present thought he meant that the continents were the limit. Others believed that some contagious disease was raging on the Pacific coasts. But "limitrophe" only means "bordering," and why Lord Balfour couldn't have said so is a mystery.

A reporter was once asked how fast the newly-created Earl spoke.

"He speaks quite rapidly," replied the reporter. "About twenty words a minute."

"But that is not fast!" said the inquirer.

"Yes, it is—when the words are Balfour's."



EARL OF BALFOUR.

CHICKEN BROTH SPELLS T-H-E-F-T

THAT charming young actress, Beatrice Lillie, who is at present "starring" in "Pot-Luck" at the London Vaudeville, is as lively off the stage as on, and her stock of stories must be one of the largest in London.

One of them is of a preacher who found a Negro prowling round his barns one night. "This won't do you any good," he said. "You ought not to be out in the cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," said the old man.

"Do you mean to tell me that the doctor ordered you to prowl round my barn at night?"

"Not exactly, sah. But he ordered me chicken broth."

TO BE PRECISE.

Lady (purchasing thermometer): "And would you be so kind as to set it to sixty-five, because that's what the doctor says I'm to keep the room at."

HOW THE RIVALS CAME TO SAME END

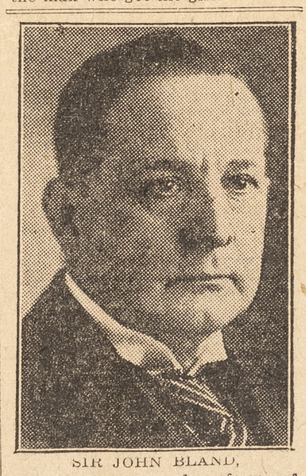
DR. FRANK CRANE told some good stories at a dinner in London the other night. A visitor at a lunatic asylum noticed a patient tied to a rocking-chair. He asked the attendant why this was.

"He was crossed in love," was the reply. "The rocking-chair is the only thing that keeps him quiet."

The visitor was next attracted by a man in a padded cell trying to knock his brains out against the wall.

"What's wrong with him?" he asked.

"Oh," said the attendant, "that's the man who got the girl!"



SIR JOHN BLAND,

Famous surgeon and professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, considered one of the greatest surgeons in the world, is contemplating a trip to the United States to make a survey of certain American hospitals.



SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD.

DID THE SENTRY KNOW THE GENERAL?

IT was Sir William Birdwood's practice, when touring the trenches, to carry his helmet in his hand. Incidentally, he always wore his hair very short.

On one occasion a certain sentry did not salute the general, so a staff officer fell behind to ask the reason. The man replied that he didn't know who it was, and muttered, as the officer left:

"How can I know 'im, with his 'ead like that. Why doesn't 'e wear feavers, like any other bird would!"

Once, in Australia, a man asked Birdwood if he remembered him. The general didn't.

"Well, you ought to," said the man, "because in the trenches one night you put your foot in my stomach."

"Well," was the retort, "it evidently made a deeper impression on you than upon me."

Doctor as Prophet Was a Good Ananias

New Controller-General of Aviation Never "Crashed."

THE new Controller-General of Civil Aviation, Major-General Sir W. A. Brancker, has had a remarkable career.

He joined the Air Force immediately after war broke out, and soon gained a reputation as a daring pilot. Although he is still well on the right side of fifty, he has held most of the important posts in the flying world.

An amusing incident happened to him when he went up to be medically examined for his pilot's certificate.

"This officer," wrote the doctor, "will be a danger to himself and everybody else!"

As a matter of fact, the General has never had a "crash" in all the thousands of miles which he has flown.



H. T. WEBSTER,

distinguished cartoonist, will be a visitor in Toronto on Monday. Accompanied by Mrs. Webster, he is making a holiday tour across Canada. The author of "Life's Darkest Moments," "The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime," etc., besides making an acquaintance with the Canadian people, will spend part of his holiday enjoying his favorite pastime of fishing in the Rocky Mountains.

THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE

Cricket is in Full Swing In the Old Country

London, May 27 (By Mail).

CRICKET is in full swing and already the first table of the championship has been published in the newspapers. So far there are four counties that have not met with defeat and so have a percentage of 100. The fortunate counties are Yorkshire, Lancashire, Notts and Middlesex, which have won 5, 4, 4, and 2 victories respectively.

The cricket public was delighted to see the return to form of their idol Hobbs who scored 102 against Essex for his county Surrey, although the match was eventually left drawn. The best innings of the week was a magnificent 249 not out by Hardinge of Kent in the match against Leicestershire which was also drawn. Middlesex beat Gloucestershire by three wickets after the latter county had led in the first innings by 125 runs. Credit for the victory should go to Hon. C. N. Bruce who made a most useful 84 and to Haig and Durstzon who bowled well in the second innings.

There were two matches in which the good generalship of the captain was an important factor in winning. D. W. Carr, the captain of Notts., was largely responsible for his county winning by eight wickets against Essex when at one time it looked as if Time would rob them of their triumph. The Cambridge University captain did a daring thing when he declared in the first innings with nine wickets down when his side was 22 runs behind, but the stroke was justified for the University eventually defeated Warwickshire by eight wickets. Browne, of Cambridge, was the bowling hero of the day, getting 3 for 34 in the first innings and six for 27 in the second.

The rainy weather saved Kent from defeat at the hands of Somerset. Yorkshire easily defeated Derbyshire by 251, thanks to some excellent bowling by Waddington who got seven wickets for 31. Later in the week, Northamptonshire did a risky thing, when after winning the toss they put Yorkshire in for the Tykes were not dismissed until they had run up a score of 342, of which Kilner made 124. No less than nine bowlers were tried on the Northants' side before the last man was out.

Oxford University won their first victory of the season by defeating a strong team of Free Foresters by three wickets. Sussex beat Somerset, thanks to some fine bowling by Cox who got five for 29 in the first and five for 17 in the second innings. Lancashire piled up a terrific score against Worcester, getting 460 for the loss of two wickets. Makepeace got 152 and Hallows 178 not out. Worcester collapsed badly when their turn came. Parker bowling effectively in the second innings and getting seven wickets for 23.

The feature of the game between Notts and Derbyshire which the former won by 130 runs was the spirited batting of Curgenven, of Derbyshire, who played in the open style reminiscent of Jessop. Although he only made 44, he took only eighteen minutes to get his runs, his total including three sixes and five fours. Hampshire have unearthed a new bowler in Boyes, who took 10 wickets for 52 in the match against Glamorganshire, which the former won. This was Glamorgan's fifth successive defeat.

Makeneace, of Lancashire, followed up his big score of 152 against Worcestershire by making 102 on the following day against Leicestershire. The match, however, was no walk-over for the Northern eleven, for Leicestershire are making a strong fight to avert defeat. Sussex easily defeated Worcestershire yesterday, thanks largely to the bowling of A. E. R. Gilligan, who got seven wickets for 17 runs.

In the matches which are closing today, Warwickshire are practically certain to lose to Notts and Surrey are pretty sure of a victory over Somerset.

Mr. MacLaren, who is taking a team to Australasia next fall, announces that the tour will commence in Australia and that after some time the team will proceed to New Zealand, where there will be eight weeks of cricket. They will then return to Australia for the balance of the games.

The feature of the week in golf has been the final of the Ladies' Championship which was won by Miss Joyce Wethered in golf which has never been equalled by a woman player in the history of the game. After being one up at the end of the first round, Miss Wethered eventually vanquished Miss Cecil Leitch by nine and seven. Miss Leitch visibly tired before the end of the match and it was noticeable that she avoided long iron shots. She has by no means recovered from her accident in the States last year and will have to take a long rest very soon.

Scotland beat England in the international match by ten matches to four. The result came as a surprise as with Tolley, Wethered, Holderness and Bernard Darwin on the team, it was thought that England would win. For Scotland, the most noted players were W. I. Hunter, J. L. C. Jenkins (of Troon) and W. B. Torrance.

Alec Herd played splendid golf in defeating George Duncan in an exhibition match, turning in a card of 146 for the 36 holes. The Professional Tournament at Porters' Park was won by Ted Ray with Harry Vardon second and Abe Mitchell third.

The golfing world is sorrowing over the death of Charles Hutchings, who won the amateur championship at Hoylake in 1902, at the age of 53.

The fight for the amateur championship is being decided this afternoon. Harold Hilton, who appeared in his first tournament a good deal over a quarter of a century ago, went to the semi-final before being forced to abandon his attempt.

In the aristocratic field of polo, the competition for the Whitney Cup continues, with expectation that the coveted trophy will this year go to Argentina. Templeton, for whom Col. H. A. Tomlinson and Major F. W. Barrett, who the outstanding stars, beat Eton, who were aided by the Duke of Westminster and Capt. F. A. Gill. Cowdray captained by Lord Dalmeny defeated a strong team of the Life Guard, for whom Capt. H. R. Palmer was the most conspicuous player. In the semi-final the Argentine disposed of Cowdray without much trouble.

In Lawn Tenniss, B. L. C. Norton has been showing what a capital player he is by winning the open singles as well as the mixed doubles at the Phyllis Court tournament. Norton defeated Capt. H. L. Barclay in the finals and partnered with the sound veteran player, Mrs. Lambert Chambers disposed of H. C. McCarthy and Miss Platt in the mixed. In the men's doubles, Mr. Norton fought his way to the final only to go down to defeat before Sir C. A. Thomas and P. Glover.

Most of the cracks are entered in the Surbiton tournament which is now proceeding. In the World's Open Hard Court Championship the last British hope was eliminated when the tireless Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen defeated Miss McKane. It says much for the British woman that she stuck to her redoubtable opponent like a leech.

Covey, the holder of the world's championship at tennis proper defeated the American challenger, Walter Kinsella as was forecasted last week. Kinsella only managed to get three games of the ten played. Later in the week A(Oke) Johnson defeated Walter Kinsella at squash rackets.

All the racing world is fixing its eyes on the Derby which is run next Wednesday and the betting this year has been peculiarly sensitive to rumor and erratic. Light Dragoon, owned by Capt. F. Forester and ridden by J. Doyle, won the Salisbury Cup and Royal Lancer, the good looking son of Spearmint, owned by Lord Lonsdale, was successful in the Royal Windsor Handicap.

The Irish Two Thousand Guineas was won this week by Major Loder's Spike Island, ridden by Archibald. The race was run at the Curragh.

The death is announced of Arthur Yates at the age of 81. In his day Yates was a famous jockey, owner and trainer of steeplechasers. His best horse was Cloister, which won the Grand National in 1893, although he himself always declared that Harvester, which won in 1871 was his best.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have been called upon to settle a unique objection which has been lodged with them. It appears that Donoghue did not ride Linby as the horse passed the Grand Stand as he should have done and the question of whether the officials of the course had power to suspend the rule and if they did so is in dispute.

There was a good turn out to see the Guy's Hospital sports when C. L. Steyn repeated his performance of last year by practically sweeping the board of all the important events. Steyn won the 100 in ten seconds flat, the 220 in 22 1-5 and the long jump with 22 feet 5 in.

The King and Queen visited Aldershot this week to witness the sports of the Aldershot command. The tracks was heavy and the times were not particularly good.

Mike Rodden Expects To Win Grey Cup

Parkdale Football Squad Will Practice at Varsity Stadium.

COACH MIKE RODDEN only grins when he is asked about his Parkdale football team for this coming season. But this we know, Mike is going to hand the football fans a smacking surprise. Joe Breen, Harry Batstone, Dutch Brophy, Dunc Munro, Hal DeGruchy, Mitchell and Goddard will give the Parkdale mentor some pretty fine material to pick a back division from. We cannot get anything out of Rodden that will give us an idea on his line, except he says that in comparison with that department of last year's team it will not be recognized. Parkdale are out to win the Dominion honors this season. The Paddlers will do all their practicing at the Stadium.

PLAY WITH BROKEN ARM.

TO play through a nine-inning ball game with a broken left arm was the experience of Waldemar Reiff, of Woodstock, Minn., in a Woodstock-Pipestone game.

While warming up for the game Reiff was struck on the left arm with a ball. Though the injured arm pained him much, he went through the game in centre field. He had two put-outs to his credit and two hits while at bat.

After the game Reiff called on a physician, who found that one of the bones in the left arm was fractured Woodstock won, 7 to 4.

The SPORTLIGHT by Grantland Rice

High Finance.

"Kearns demands $500,000 for any Dempsey-Wills meeting." . . .

JOHN D., resting from his toil,
Shakes his ancient head.
"Why did I go in for oil?"
The magnate sadly said.
"Why did I not learn the art
To strike with thunder bolts?
Or turn my canny soul and heart
To Standard Jabs and Jolts?"

One by one the financiers
Sob along the way,
Shedding sundry briny tears
At their meagre pay.
Thinking of the swollen sack,
Full of bullion raw,
If they'd only learned the knack
Of landing on the jaw.

And the thought occurs to me,
Sitting in my den,
Why pound on the typist key
For the humble yen
When I might, amid the list,
Fill my golden bin
By the sweep of artful fist
Pounding on the chin?

THE Giants' main enemy is old "Doc Psychology." Last Fall they won a world championship. Last Winter they added strength to a championship team. This Spring they hopped off to a big lead. The remainder of the road-bed appeared entirely too smooth to be bothered with. To become keyed up under these conditions was hardly normal. The pennant looked to be a romp with something like 35 per cent. of effort. Which accounts, in the main, for the number of bumps they took under the left ear.

The Baffling Element.

"RUTH'S weakness," ran the rumor, "is a low ball, inside." Any pitcher with good control of a low ball, inside, has most of them stopped. There is nothing in the game that is harder to hit. Some time back, when Bob Shawkey was checking the foe abruptly, he was using this fast low ball through inning after inning, with almost perfect control. A few years ago Cy Falkenberg was dropped from the majors. Back in the minors he began to develop control of the old knee-cutter, and a year later came back to fast company as one of the season's sensations.

Now and then the slugger will "sock" the fast, low ball out of the enclosure. But he is never quite sure that he will connect, as the low ball angle of fire is against all accuracy.

Greb and Dempsey.

HARRY GREB is still a step shy of the Dempsey match. If it wasn't for his unique style of battle he would never be considered. As it is, having disposed of Gibbons and Tunney, he has only Carpentier to beat, and then Dempsey will be the goal.

In a Greb-Dempsey entanglement it would be merely a question of Dempsey's ability to solve the whirligig assault. The odds, of course would be heavily in the champion's favor. But unless he got Greb's range early in the bombardment, even Dempsey might become bewildered with a flock of gloves tossed into his face, and so fail to break through.

And if the affair ever lasted fifteen rounds, Greb would be the next king of the resin and the most remarkable one in pugilistic history—a 162-pounder without a punch.

Dempsey has more stamina than the average heavyweight championship has known, but in this respect he is still a league or so back of Greb, who is the only boxer on the scene who can sprint and scramble for fifteen rounds without taking an extra breath. The "Durable Dane" had his iron jaw, but at his heart he was never able to keep top speed throughout a long siege. As Greb seems to like the big ones better than the smaller fairies, it would be more than casually interesting to see just how he would fare against the top of the game—provided, of course, he removes the crown of wild apple blossoms which Carpentier now wears in the light heavyweight realm.

"WHO are the five leading women in sport?" asks F. M. C. At least five worthy entries are Mrs. Mallory, Mlle. Lenglen, Miss Wethered, Miss Leitch and Miss Bleibtrey. Having no desire to find new fields for impassioned arguments, we enter these as candidates rather than as official or unofficial selections.

"I HAVE never seen where you have discussed the situation," writes M. L. H., "as to whether professional baseball is a sport or a commercial enterprise. What percentage of it is sport, and what percentage of it is strictly business?"

In any professional sport, about 90 per cent. of it is commercial and the rest is sport.

This applies not only to baseball, but to boxing, golf and all the rest of it. First, there is the lure of a certain sport. Then proficiency and skill. Then the call to commercial fields, where this skill can be utilized financially. For a short while the lure of the sport itself remains. But after a season or two the main incentive is the pay cheque, all humans, with few exceptions, being more or less alike.

"Panning" Ball Players.

CHARLEY VAN LOAN once wrote a great story of a certain waiter. Each day he was awarded a tidy bawling out by customers complaining bitterly of the soup, meat or coffee. To get even with the world, he went to the ball park and passed along a similar bawling out to the players. Having got this out of his system, he felt better about it. There are many "fans" like this waiter. There are others who feel that their daily admission taxes are building up $10,000 and $15,000 salaries for those on the field.

There are others who take the angle that if So-and-So wasn't a ball player he couldn't earn $30 a week at anything else.

The net result is an Anvil Chorus which is as likely to attack "Babe" Ruth as anyone else.

We have heard them roast Hans Wagner in Pittsburg. If Wagner could be "panned" in his home town, the others might as well accept the situation as one of the Great Inevitables. For while not as great a drawing card, he was a more valuable ball player than Ruth and a greater all-round star. Also for eighteen or nineteen years he gave his team exactly 100 per cent. of everything he had in stock, which is something every ball player doesn't do by more than 30 per cent.

The Cost of Golf.

AMONG the entries in the recent British amateur golf championship were several clerks, mechanics and artisans, a policeman, a school teacher, and others drawing light pay.

The answer is that in Great Britain you can join a first-class golf club by paying a $25 initiation fee, with annual dues no greater.

In Canada the cost of golf in every way is still ridiculous—almost criminal.

We have associations and committees working for every detail, except the one most important feature—and this is a big decrease in golfing costs.

In many of the big cities there is no interest whatever on the part of the ruling powers in municipal courses.

Golf happens to be the one competitive recreation for every age between five and ninety and for all the known sexes.

But it still remains criminally expensive, because those who have the money don't seem to care—and those who haven't lack the power to do anything about it.

Mrs. Mallory at Wimbledon.

IT HAS been taken for granted that Mrs. Mallory's one main opponent in Europe is Mlle. Lenglen.

But it seems to be no certainty that she can gayly romp through the field of leading English players.

Her recent defeat by Mrs. Beamish recalls the fact that she was beaten in one of her last two British appearances by another Englishwoman, who, in turn, fell before the French lance.

There seems to be a vast difference for male and female alike between playing at home and playing 3,000 miles away.

Undoubtedly part of this difference comes from mental staleness brought on by the strain of complete concentration.

The invader is on hand for one exclusive purpose, and he or she can think of little else.

Mrs. Mallory has never been at her best in Europe, any more than Evans, Ouimet, Travers or Jones have. Any more than Tolley, Wethered, Lenglen and others were over here.

TILDEN won because he outclassed his opposition. But Bill Johnston was beaten by an opponent hardly to be classed with him now. If Dempsey fought Carpentier in Europe, the American would be at least 20 per cent. below his top form, with Carpentier at least 20 per cent. better than he seemed to be here. Which would still leave the odds in Dempsey's favor.

THE case of Luis Firpo, now being welcomed home by cheering delegates from Argentina, is one of the most interesting in professional sport. If he goes in seriously for strict training and the development of boxing skill, he has his chance to give South America her first boxing champion. If he doesn't, he will be only a fair second-rater. The stuff is there, if properly molded, but that part of it still remains in doubt.

THERE was "Dutch" Reuther, last season an ordinary pitcher without ambition. This season he decided to buckle down to the job, and to-day he is the most valuable pitcher in either league. The main trouble isn't so much lack of ability, but lack of the ingredients that make up fortitude, ambition and the determination to clear all barriers in sight.

PADDOCK AFTER NEW MARKS.

CHARLES PADDOCK, world's champion sprinter, will go after six world's records for dashes of between 50 and 200 yards at a Ventura, Santa Barbara County, athletic carnival to be staged in Santa Barbara, California, on July 4, according to Robert S. Weaver, president of the Southern Pacific branch of the A. A. U. Another feature planned for the carnival is a duel competition between Clarence "Bud" Houser, of Oxnard High School, world's interscholastic champion in the shot put and discus throw, and Glen Hartranft, star weight man of Stanford University.



CUTTING the CORNERS



BY J. V. McAREE.

AN investigation is on foot in Hamilton, or is presently to be set afoot, to disclose whether certain American colleges are trying to steal away certain of the Hamilton High School athletes who distinguished themselves not long ago in an international relay race in Philadelphia. Adopting the language of informal parliamentary bores, we say that we speak whereof we know when we say this plan has been adopted before. A year or so ago a Toronto boy who held a position on the U. of P. track team, came home for his holidays. He came also with specific instructions to lure to the U. of P. a certain Parkdale amateur who had shown unusual promise as a knight of the spiked shoe. One must be chary as regards details and names, and we do not know even whether the boy was wafted hence. We do know the former Parkdale lad was under commission to land him, and for no other reason than that he showed promise of making a brilliant career as a university athlete.

WE had supposed that this distinctively American practice of offering inducements to High School boys to enroll in a particular university had declined, if it had not disappeared. Little of the kind exists in Canadian or English universities. There may be some rivalry, some urging by loyal alumni when a lad who has glorified himself as an athlete is ready to move on to a university, and wonders whether he will choose Toronto, McGill or Queen's. We can understand a little pressure in these circumstances. But certainly there is no university fund out of which the prospective freshman may be paid to make his choice of one or another. Nor is there a semi-maniacal body of alumni that would maintain a semi-official fund for the purpose of enhancing athletic standing of the old alma mater by bribing likely candidates. Still less is there a willingness on the part of the faculty to tolerate dumbbells who happen to have an extreme aptitude for some sort of sport. In Canada, college athletes who fall in their studies are automatically canned from their teams.

SOME years ago there was quite a scandal in American university circles because of the discovery that men without even a Public School education had been enrolled in some of the leading colleges because they were good football players. They never wrote a paper. They never attended a lecture, save in some phase of stupefaction, of necks, they were the roughest, of eggs, the most hard-boiled. But they could plunge, tackle or boot with an effectiveness not to be found among the legitimate students, and they, rather than the grinds or the professors, became the heroes of the institutions. Of course, they were paid for their spectacular performances in the games, and gradually the absent-minded professors became aware of the fact that Buck O'Brien, the hero of the game against Harvard, and Lefty Larrigan, who let Yale down with two hits, were burly collegians whom they had never seen at a lecture and who had been the famous—if scholarly inconspicuous—freshmen of their respective colleges for several years. Then there were some protests, stimulated, no doubt, by the knowledge on the part of the professors that these pampered gladiators who did not know a Greek root from root beer, were being paid much more than men who could translate Horace satisfactorily, and the ban was placed on athletes who were not also able to take the academic hurdles.

WHY should seats of learning be anxious to list famous football players, boxers and ball players among their students, or among those who formerly were students? We presume it is because of the accruing advertising. It is an axiom that no great commercial enterprise can prosper without advertising, and as it happens newspapers do not devote columns of panegyrics to those who proved themselves bears on the integral calculus, but newspapers do lavishly dedicate pages to the bird who made the great end run or frustrated the otherwise fatal forward pass—the idea would seem to be that the athletes are the best advertisement a university can have—drawing students from all parts of the nation in competition with the baser attractions of a noted professoriate or hygienic surroundings or a famous library that the other seats of learning might have to offer.

AND now we desire to prick a bubble and reveal as a sham the old belief that a successful athlete is an advertisement to a town or a college. We have often heard our old friend James J. McCaffery praised for having put Toronto on the map as a sporting city. We have heard Ned Hanlan similarly commended, and Lou Scholes and Tom Flanagan, all Toronto men, who distinguished themselves in sport. But how in the name of common sense has any of them, or have all of them given Toronto any advertising that is worth a dollar? It is true they have made the name Toronto known among people who had never heard of it before, who might never have heard of it but for them. But what is that worth? What did it get them? What has it got any of us? The mere blaring of a name abroad is not profitable. The fact, which we have often heard mentioned solemnly, that a hundred American newspapers every day throughout the baseball season, publish the standing of the International League, and thereby give Toronto some publicity that otherwise it would not receive, strikes us as one of the silliest arguments ever put forward.

DOES anybody establish an industry in Toronto because several times Toronto has won a minor league championship? Was there any increase in the population of Cincinnati, and a corresponding decrease in the population of Chicago, when Cincinnati won the famous framed-up world's series? And if so, after the revelations, did the population of Cincinnati decrease in favor of Chicago? What has Jake Gaudaur done to promote the prosperity of Orillia? Troppe, Md., the home of Baker, of home-run fame, what factories for the manufacture of bats has it inspired? Bucknell, N.Y., was the alma mater of Christy Mathewson. What other Matthewsons has it weaned away from the other nourishing mothers that were concerned in the early development of Dick Rudolph, Eddie Collins, Eddie Plank, Sisler and others who were university men?

TRIS Speaker lives in some place in Texas. Who goes there to pore over the Speaker relics and shake hands with the nephew of the man who once nailed a shingle on the roof of Tris Speaker's father's home? Newsy Lalonde, the most famous of Canadian athletes, lives in Cornwall, what pilgrimages are to what extent has the number of communicants at St. Simon's Church been increased through the prowess of St. Simon's lacrosse players?

THE idea that a famous athlete or team of athletes can confer any boon—save local enthuiasm—upon a town or a university by the mere fact of residence or registration is a superstition too gross to be worthy of notice of sane people. And as to the ideals of sportsmanship that are likely to be manifested in a youth, American or Canadian, who rises to the level of athletic advertisement in an American college, we quote from Prof. Heywood Broun, the noted American authority, who wrote these paragraphs in the New York World not long ago:—

"IN working up an article about sportsmanship the other day we consulted a man from Yale, and asked him to supply us with some stirring reminiscence.

"'Well,' he said, 'the thing which pleased me most was an incident which happened in a Yale-Princeton baseball game. Reilly of Yale was at bat and there was a man on third base. The ball got away from the Princeton catcher and rolled a few feet behind him. He did not know where it was. "Over there, over there," shouted Reilly, pointing with his bat in the opposite direction. The Princeton catcher turned toward the spot to which Reilly had pointed and the Yale man on third came in.'

"'Then we asked a Harvard man and he answered: 'The thing which impressed me most was done by Williams, the coach of the Minnesota football eleven. A rule was adopted by the conference that all teams must be numbered. Williams had a lot of shift plays and he hated to number his men, but he knew that he must obey the rules, and so he used numbers with five digits. All of them were made up of the numerals 8 and 3. The men came out bearing on their backs: 88883, 88883, 88388 and so on. Nobody could tell a thing by the numbers.'

"'Naturally we were very much distressed.'"

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O. B. A. Tournament First Held in 1886

Was Not Organized Affair, However Until August, 1889.

THE Ontario Bowling Association's annual tournament, which opens at Niagara-on-the-Lake on July 3, dates back to 1886, when the late J. B. Henderson, of the Granites, made a successful attempt to get the bowlers of Ontario together for play. This gathering was held on the Queen's Royal grounds at Niagara-on-the-Lake, four rinks from Toronto and two each from Hamilton and Belleville taking part. A Belleville rink was successful in winning out, and each of its members, Messrs. John Williams, W. Bullen, D. B. Robertson and C. Lavis, skip, was awarded a gold medal as a souvenir of the victory.

There was an even larger number of bowlers at Niagara the next season, London and Niagara rinks in addition to those of the year before taking part. A Belleville rink was again the winner, and Mr. J. D. Henderson presented the members with a pair of beautifully-finished bowls.

But though plans were laid during the tournament of 1887 for the formation of the O.B.A., it was not until August 16, 1889, that body became a reality, officers being elected at a meeting held at the Queen's Royal. Mr. J. D. Henderson, of the Granites, was made the first president, with A. P. Scott, of the Toronto Victorias, secretary.

Only Five Clubs Entered For Dominion Championship

BY ARTHUR FIELD.

IN 1911, a cup was donated by Mr. John Ross Robertson, open to the cricket clubs in the Dominion for the amateur cricket championship of Canada. Gradually the teams entering have dropped off year by year, until soon it appears there will be no competition left for the cup. This season only two towns of the entire Dominion are represented in the cup contest. These are Toronto and Montreal.

The schedule arranged for the competition is that Toronto C.C. play Grace Church C.C. on or before July 1. St. Edmund's v. Albions, on or before July 29. Toronto C.C. or Grace Church v. the present cup-holders, Yorkshire Society C.C., also of Toronto, on or before August 19. St. Edmund's or winner of previous round v. Yorkshire, and winner of semi-final v. McGill. St. George's C.C. of Winnipeg applied too late for right to enter the contest.

This shows a total of five clubs throughout the entire Dominion that are entered for a trophy of Dominion-wide interest. It seems most unfair to the present holders of the cup, who may be called upon to defend their title three times, while the Montreal Club is only called on to compete in the final.

What is the reason of the lack of interest in the competition? No doubt, financial reasons keep many teams from entering. For a team to come from Winnipeg to Toronto, or vice versa, the cost could not be less than $1,500. Many clubs are working on the proverbial shoe-string, after having been broken up by the war, and will not risk the existence of their newly-organized clubs in paying out their little nest-egg surplus in a jaunt to Winnipeg, Montreal, or in the case of Western Ontario cricketers, perhaps to Toronto.

Interest needs to be stimulated in this competition for the cricket championship of Canada, or it is more than probable that the winner of it this season or next may hold it indefinitely for want of challengers.

It was openly stated in the Toronto and District Cricket Council chamber by a member of the Yorkshire Club, the present holders of the cup, that it was hoped Montreal would take the cup off their hands. Other members of this club have stated in conversation that they may relinquish their title without competition. Why? Simply because there isn't suficient interest taken in the competition to make it what it was intended to be—a competition bringing together the best cricket clubs throughout Canada, until the two best teams in Canada fought the final fight making the cup theirs for that season. When only five teams enter, four from Toronto and one from Montreal, the trophy, in the minds of many players, ceases to be very much coveted, for the title the trophy carries with it, champions of Canada, is merely a meaningless phrase.

It seems that a lesser cup competition should be run in conjunction with the trophy for the Dominion championship. An Ontario Cup competition, for example open to all clubs affiliated with any Ontario cricket organization. Say, for example, a club from the Hamilton Cricket League was successful in winning the Ontario Cricket Cup, then that club would be eligible to play the winner of, say, the best club in Quebec Province, that in its turn being determined by a cup contest in Quebec Province. In this way, the team that had beaten the other entries in its home province would have proved itself the best team in that province, and would then play the semi-finals of the winners of the other provincial leagues.

Still assuming a Hamilton Club had been successful in beating the other clubs entered in the proposed Ontario Cup competition, then this club should be financed by the Cricket Council it was affiliated with. Instead of one club bearing the burden of paying its own traveling expenses in the interests of the cup, all the clubs affiliated would help—in the case of Hamilton, eight clubs; while, with Toronto, 27 clubs would help their associated team-mates to make the grade financially.

There are difficulties in the way, but it is a suggestion that might bear investigation on the part of the various cricket organizations of the Dominion. No doubt the trustees of the cup would be only too willing to make the trophy what it was intended to be, and let the East meet the West, and the West the East, in open competition for the cup. Vancouver and Victoria, B.C., possess some splendid cricketers, but their chances of ever being cricket champions are very remote, whatever brand of good cricket they play, for the reason that the cup is in Toronto, and will stay there or in Montreal, for the simple reason that Montreal and Toronto are the only entries for it. Before next season the cricket authorities and the trustees of the cup should get together and revive the competition. There are ways and means. Other lines of sport have had similar difficulties to contend with, due largely to the vastness of our Dominion, and these difficulties have been removed.



Tales of a Wayside Tee By GRANTLAND RICE

WHAT about the chances of Hagen, Barnes and Hutchison in the British open, which graces the classic links of Sandwich in the next fortnight?

Each one has about one chance in seven or eight, and the three together have a very fair chance—but you know the canny and uncanny ways of golf—and what quaint, queer developments can take place in a given round.

"When star professionals get together," remarked Alex Smith some time ago, "it is mainly a matter of good or bad timing. You will find three or four from the field who on that particular occasion are meeting the ball in the right way, getting results without any great effort. They usually take the tournament in their hands, and then it falls to the one who has a shade in the luck and is getting his putts down. But no one can tell when three or four of the best will happen to be off that week, where with uncertain timing they are out of it."

The Big Three.

On past performance dope these three are the best Uncle Sam can bank on in a big classic.

It may be that all three will be just about at top form, hitting the ball as it ought to be hit.

If this happens they have just as strong a chance as Duncan, Ray and Mitchell—or any other three picked from the British Isles.

But here is where the morose odds come in. It isn't likely that all three will be at the top of championship form, with the putter doing its share, and you can't afford to have many delinquents where only three are carrying the burden.

Against these three Great Britain can offer Duncan, Mitchell, Ray, Havers, Kirkwood, Wethered, Herd, Taylor, Vardon, Braid, Ockenden and some five or six others of top rank.

From these twelve or fifteen possibilities, six or eight can be off, lacking the proper touch, and there will still be as many others rambling around between 72 and 76.

Great Britain may have several stars who are putting poorly, with a reserve on hand that may be putting extremely well—and the putt is a big part of any championship, not only a great score maker, but a steadying factor for fluttering nerves.

U. S. Chances.

Will Hutchison, Hagen or Barnes make the best showing?

Hutchison, probably the most brilliant golfer in the world, and certainly one of the most spectacular, carries a heavy burden in defending his title.

But if Jock can only get away briskly and blithely he will be hard to hold in check.

His chance depends more upon his start than anything else. His game has been a trifle erratic, following the long 10,000 mile three-month journey, but once the inspiration comes upon him this dynamic-haired Chicago-Scot can come upon miracles in a hurry.

Barnes has always been consistent. He finished fifth in 1920 and tied for 6th in 1921, after leading the field at at the end of fifty-four holes.

He was not physically able then, after a heavy fusillade from a flock of boils, to go the full route.

Hagen is about due to make a better showing. He finished 55th in 1920, far out after four bad rounds, and last June worked his way down to 6th place. Hagen has never been quite as consistent since he retired from the active professional field and gave up his work upon a golf course.

Yet he is still a determined player, a fine putter who has his chance to go far.

There is no great difference among the three. Last Summer Hutchison won the British open, Barnes the United States open and then Hagen, with both Barnes and Hutchison entered, won the Western open and the Professional Golfers Championship.

It comes down to a matter of touch or feel on the days of the championship. The duffer has his day when he is much better than usual—and his day when he is much worse. The same applies to the best of the pros. Kirkwood recently led Duncan, Ray, Mitchell and others 13 strokes in a 72 hole medal round. That was Kirkwood's week. Mitchell, who has been way off, may be due to start back; he may be coming on in place of going back, as he was the last two years. Duncan will be extremely dangerous. In fact, the three leading British entries now seem to be Duncan, Ray and Kirkwood, with the far hitting Wethered a dark horse. Wethered is one of the most improved golfers in the world since June a year ago. Sandwich from the back tees will suit his game, and if he happens to be hitting his putts he will be a factor worth watching. But in a field of this calibre the final allotment belongs with the gods.

Benny Leonard Faces Very Difficult Task

Lightweight Champion Fights Britton, Kansas, and Tendler in 30 Days.

BENNY LEONARD faces the greatest trial of a long and splendid fighting career. Think of it. Three hard fights contracted for within a space of one month. Why, time was when a lightweight champion spent the better part of a year arranging for and grabbing about one bout, whether it was important or not.

This is Leonard's schedule, and on two occasions at least his title will be dangling in the balance and no mistake.

On June 26 he faces Jack Britton in a 15-round bout at New York for the welterweight title. Britton wants to retire with both the lightweight and the welterweight crowns clanking from his war belt.

Then on July 4, just a few days later, he meets for the fourth time Rocky Kansas, the man who had the champion well in hand for 11 rounds in a bout in Madison Square Garden not so long ago. Rocky was going along with visions of a decision and the title when—plunk—he stopped one with his jaw and did a headspin in the rosin.

After that knockdown Kansas wilted away and the champion pulled a 15-round victory right out of the hot coals of almost certain defeat. Leonard must face this fellow in the ring at Michigan City, Ind. While it is a 10-round bout to no decision, there is always the chance that a powerful lightweight like the Buffalo boy may belt a champion from under his crown.

Then Comes Tendler.

However, if Leonard is to endure as king he must spike both Britton and Kansas to ensure his getting the match with Lew Tendler on July 20. Leonard hasn't actually signed, but Tex Rickard announced the other day that the bout is positively on, the signing being the only part of the details not accounted for.

Three bouts within one month and the last the most important and dangerous of the three. There is no question but that Tendler stands out as the contender. A southpaw, with tremendous ability as to hitting and ringmanship, the chances are he is a greater punisher than the champion. Leonard is more inclined to box about cleverly until the chance comes for a finishing blow. Tendler, on the other hand, wears his men down with killing body blows. He uses a long, sweeping right-hand uppercut to the heart that generally brings his victims to defeat.

Tendler Beats Dundee.

Only recently he defeated game little Johnny Dundee in just such a fight. Dundee was punished unmercifully about the body, receiving the worst hiding of his career when it comes to body punishment. Dundee could not get away from it, and when he is being hit hard and often you can put the man down doing it as one of the best in the world, for there is no faster man alive than the 130-pound champion of the world.

Tendler, according to many keen students of the game, will carry the fight to Leonard if they meet. It may be a 12-round no-decision bout at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, and in that case Leonard may not have to travel so fast. He will not be worried over the passing of his title. In a 15-round bout in New York things would be quite different. He would have to force that fight and therefore would be playing into Tendler's hands.

THE BRIDGE

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. R. SNELGROVE.

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SYNOPSIS.

The bridge designed and built by Alan Maclear falls, killing his brother Gordon. Alan and his partners had skimped the job, but with hard work prepared data which would exonerate the firm. On the verge of nervous collapse, Alan seeks his office. There he finds Gordon's widow. She calls him Cain, knowing his guilt, but promises to try to forgive him. Distraught, he wanders about the city, finally trying suicide from a wharf. A thief rescues him.

Then he notices an old vessel. Knowing its captain, he has himself taken to a lonely island in one of the Great Lakes. There he is alone for weeks, managing to forget his guilt in his waking hours, but in his sleep he sketches the bridge plan on the sand, and awaking, sees it. He wanders about in despair, but a sandstorm overwhelms his camp and drives him about. Exhausted, he is found in the darkness by a girl, Sombra, who almost loses her life in dragging him to her foster home, a Summer hotel. With her blind foster father, her brother and Sombra he lives, slowly realizing that he is coming to love the young girl. He tells her his story. In turn, the girl tells how her father, a Spaniard, was wrecked on the island, married her mother and died, and how the blind Ransome, loving her mother, hated the father and the two children, twins.

The brother, Salvator, deliberately matches strength with Maclear one night on the beach, anxious to know how he can stand up to a man. Sal hates old Mait Ransome, who beats him.

Returning from the mainland in a skiff, towed from Mait's sailboat, Sombra is wrecked and Maclear despairs, but she recovers when Sal lays her in the hot sand where he and Alan had built a signal fire.

Just after Maclear marries Sombra, Moira comes to forgive him for the bridge disaster, but he refuses to accept blame or pardon. He plans a "come back," but is unable to tell Sombra about the bridge, although she pleads.

Raynham, Alan's old partner, comes to the island, tells how the bridge inquiry has been prevented, and then quits Alan's firm. Raynham loves Moira, but doesn't tell Alan, who decides to take Sombra to the city to live.

CHAPTER V.

DAY after day the great companies of birds passed over Tallis Island, flying south. There was no other sign of the waiting Winter. The weather was warm and still. The brazen shafts of the poplars, the burning torches of the ground-willows, were reflected unshaken in the blue lagoons; they seemed, in their splendor, to be waiting for another consummation like that of their Spring; not for decay.

But to the mysterious communal senses of the birds a summons had come. Something had stirred in the north. Something had called in the south. They listened and followed in hundreds and thousands; kinglets, tanagers, bobolinks, whitethroats, sheathed in dull feathers for this flight. One day the island would be full of their voices, also grown strange and songless, the next they would be gone, and another company would have taken their place.

The big, blue-shouldered swallows that Sombra loved had gone early and silently from: the sandhills. But the little black-and-white ones gathered along the marshes, filled the air for four days with their bubbling chatter; on the fifth, as at a signal, lifted and wheeled above the island, levelled, and were gone also. Sombra, watching them go, felt that they took with them the blossom of the year.

In a little while there seemed no birds left living on Tallis Island but the herring-gulls, a few crows, and the great horned owl whom they saw sometimes hawking silently along the lagoons the spirit of insatiable hunger in noiseless feathers. And at night the tremendous starlit spaces above the mists were threaded through with the tiny travelling-calls of the thistle-birds.

Sombra, listening at the door of the house to these faint heroic pipings in the void, felt tears suddenly in her eyes. She was moved to the deepest springs of her awakening nature; in her soul also she seems to hear the echo of little voices, lost, wandering in the night. She felt as if the arms of her spirit were great enough, tender enough, to fold all the small homeless things of creation, to draw them down to her, to make them hers.

She turned to Maclear, saying softly, "O, them poor little birds!"

"They'll reach the south all right."

"Not all." For the first time she thought of those, the little ones, the weak ones, who would fall by the way. . . .

He had been standing on the step behind her, in the lighted doorway. Now he came down to her, and put his arm about her. They stood together, their faces upturned, listening to those faint cryings in the night, the voices of life, feeble, mysterious, irresistible.

When her voice again reached him it was a whisper, a breath of the night.

"They're goin'—like the minutes, the hours of this summer. Once—do you remember, Alan?—I said I would like to keep them, to hold them in my hands, so the time would never go. I can't do that. But . . ."

"Well, dear heart?"

He felt her strong life thrill within his arm. But her voice was still like the lost, whispering voices of the travelling birds as she said, "Those hours, those minutes, they was lovely to me."

"And to me."

"They're goin', goin' . . . . But, maybe, they're leavin' something behind for us . . . lovelier than them."

It was her pride that at last made him understand. But when he would have spoken she turned and laid her warm young hand across his lips. "O my dear love," she said, "don't speak. There's nothing left to be said between us two. For yore to be the father o' my little child."

Lost in the darkness, the little golden birds passed over them, crying to one another. And Mait Ransome, who had been standing behind them in the open doorway, turned back into the room and went to his place.

Salvator asked, "Is Sombra out there yet?"

After a long time Mait replied, "Ay, she's out there, talkin' to Juan . . . ."

Maclear's first feeling, perhaps, was one of an additional security: a possessiveness nothing could question; more than when he loved her, more than when he married her, she was his.

CHAPTER VI.

The soft darkness closed around Morning House, concealing all that day revealed. When the lights within its walls went out one by one there seemed no division between the house and its surroundings; the mist lay along its passages as it lay along the lagoon channels; the air within its rooms was heavy with the chill, sweet marsh-smell; the faint incessant whispers of its decaying fabric were one with the voices of the water, fingering along miles and miles of lonely and tideless sands.

Later, the moon rose; but the mist was compassionate as the dark had been to Morning House. Its rows of empty rooms were featureless and peaceful; filled with strands and webs of fog, they seemed impersonal as the hollows of the dunes. Morning House slept with the substance of the island into which it was resolving year by year.

But an hour or two passed, and something woke within the house. It was something mighty and yet imponderable, enclosed in an old man's body. It filled every passage, every room. The walls of Morning House seemed distended, ready to break, with the pressure of that which was within it.

That spirit reached out to Maclear's, even in his sleep, and woke him.

At first he thought it was Sombra who had called him. But she was asleep still. He lay and listened and stared at the twilight of the moon. He heard nothing, and saw nothing. Yet in a little while he rose, pulled on a few clothes, opened the door, and slipped silently from the room.

Outside stretched the long decaying passage, bleak and bare with its rows of unused doors. It was full of luminous mist, and as this mist lifted and sank, the doors and the walls seemed to extend and shrink alternately, with a small movement like a pulsation. It was as though Morning House throbbed with fear.

Maclear saw no one. Yet he knew someone had just passed down the empty passage. He walked quickly to the end, where it gave on another. And, as he went, the mist again worked its impalpable magic. In a moment it had separated him from Sombra. He felt that he would have to grope his way back through immense obstacles of time and place though their room was but just behind him.

Halfway down the second passage a shadow moved. The moonlight, strained through softest intervening fleeces, played with the shape of that shadow; now it was vague as a cloud; again, substantial as a man. Maclear knew it for Mait Ransome.

Standing at the corner of the wall, he watched. He heard a soft sound. Mait was knocking gently at the door of one of those unused ruinous rooms. He heard a soft whisper, clear enough to claim the attention of a drowsing man, light enough not to waken a man who slept sound.

"Be you sleepin', Juan Luz?"

Noiseless on his bare feet, Maclear followed. That spirit darkly housed in Mait's flesh drew him in its wake as a leaf is drawn by the wind. His breath drew cold in his mouth. The man to whom Mait Ransome whispered had slept sound for nearly twenty years.

The old man shuffled on, paused at another door, and softly knocked. Waiting for his answer, he leaned his head to the crack, and listened as if for the breathing of a man asleep. Then he passed on to a third door.

"Be you asleep, Juan?"

Over this door he passed his hand, with a whispering sound like his voice. This door had a rusty latch, and he found and pressed it. The door yielded with a creak. It gave inch by inch unwillingly, like a living thing on guard. Mait entered the room. Such was the conspiracy between his spirit and these rotting substances that Maclear listened for



Salvator's wide eyes were fixed on Mait with an inhuman intensity of fear. His left hand was raised as if in defence, his right hand was hidden. Suddenly Maclear's attention was rivetted on that hidden right hand.

a noise, a voice, a cry. He only heard the sound of the old man's hands travelling over the walls of the empty room, and his tread retreating from the door and again returning to it.

Down the whole length of that passage Mait knocked at the doors, and listened, and spoke to the dead. And Maclear had an apprehension of some presence that waited behind all the doors, and, at the right time, would reply. The futile, ruinous house was packed from wall to wall with a tremendous intentness which had neither eyes nor ears, and needed none.

When Mait came to the end of the second passage Maclear was by his side. But the old man was perfectly unaware of him. And Maclear dared not, by word or touch, divert that haunted spirit. He followed in silence, feeling his own personality strangely recede from him, sucked into that far past which was the living present to Mait Ransome. He felt himself the ghost, Juan Luz the reality, and half-waited for the dead to answer.

"Where be you, Juan Luz?"

The passage ended in a blank wall. The old man leaned his head here, and his hands moved blindly on either side of him. The breath of a voice came from his lips, moaning and unmeaning sounds that shaped themselves gradually to speech. "I can't find ye, Juan, Maclear heard. And then, "The deep water, the deep water." And once more, "Martha, Martha, ye've given me nothing, though I've served ye seven years like Jacob. But ye'll give this come-by-night a child."

Then Maclear knew what storm it was that had driven Mait into his madness on this calm night.

Presently the old man turned from the wall, still with that ghostly sobbing-out of wrong, and went past Maclear, and back along the passage once more. Maclear followed him.

He moved now more swiftly and did not pause at any door. He led Maclear up the broken stairs to the second story. This was more ruinous than the lower one. But Maclear came here sometimes, for here Salvator had his room.

Mait Ransome advanced swiftly along the upper hall. The roof here and there opened on moonlit mist, through which a few stars shone blurred. The flooring gaped here and there on blackness. Mait avoided these places. He moved now, quicker and quicker, as though he could see. Maclear followed. The inall. It seemed to divide Maclear from those others, as from Sombra, by a great space of time or distance. He felt as though he were looking at a repetition of something that had happened years and years ago: a visible memory, a reincarnated hate. Across that great gulf he watched, motionless, the motion of shadows.

Salvator appeared to walk in a dream. His wide eyes were fixed on Mait with an inhuman intensity of fear. That look was stamped on his face as though the fair young flesh had been formed only to shadow it forth. His left hand was raised as if in defence, his right was hidden.

Suddenly Maclear's attention was rivetted on that hidden right hand. He advanced softly towards them.

As he moved, Mait also began to move, with his huge cloud-like motion exaggerated by the mist, inch by inch towards Salvator. And as he advanced, the boy went inch by inch to meet him: as tentness of Morning House had reached cracking-point. He was aware of a dumb intolerable strain, a great loneliness.

He was glad when a distant sound from without drawled to him through miles of intervening fog; he knew it for the handsiren of a sailing ship far out on the lake; he was less lonely by just so much as that sound, which was presently repeated.

Mait Ransome was going slower now, hesitating before the sagging, crazy doors. Black openings gaped in many places where the doors had been burned for firewood. Again and again he paused, listened, advanced. He did not knock.

He stood at last outside the door behind which Salvator lay.

Maclear did not know that to this very room Juan Luz had been carried on the night of the wreck. The walls knew it, the rotting floor remembered, the roof proclaimed it; but their voices were silence to him.

Mait Ransome began to knock at the door.

The sound at first was all but inaudible; it seemed a tremor in the substance of the house and of the mist that filled it. Then it grew louder, more insistent.

There was a stir within the room.

Maclear knew it was Salvator who moved. Yet for a moment it seemed to him that Mait had been knocking at the door of a grave, and that the dead had heard.

All was still, except for the muffled and distant sound of the ship's fog-horn far out on the lake. Morning House seemed ready to crack asunder in the stillness.

Then the door opened and Salvator stood before Mait.

He too was sucked like a leaf in the wind of that spirit. Even in his sleep he could not escape it. All his life, all his dreams, had been commanded by one event, one dread, the dread and event of an old man's madness.

The mist laid its spell upon them though this bodily action of Mait's was reflected from his body; as the look on Mait's face was reflected from his face. They were like two straws approaching each other in a pool, and were drawn together by an equally irresistible force.

It had all happened years and years ago, thought Maclear . . . .

Then, without warning, the boy screamed and struck.

Some sense in Maclear had outrun the event. Before Salvator's right hand fell Maclear was there, and had caught his wrist. As he leaped forward, he shouted—a great healthy shout that shattered the intolerable attentiveness of Morning House as glass cracks at a blow.

For a minute, he had all he could do to hold Sal. The boy's face was inhuman, his strength inhuman. At last he mastered that right arm, drew it down and gripped it, forced open the fingers, waited for the clatter of a knife on the boards. . . .

Nothing fell. The hand was empty.

Maclear pinned Salvator against the wall, staring into his face, which was slowly changing. So strong had been the illusion that Maclear could have sworn to the flash of a long blade in that hand when it flew up. But that also had been a memory, a dream.

He waited quietly. At last, without speaking, he released the boy. It was as if Salvator had but now awakened. He leaned back against the wall, shaking from head to foot. Maclear laid a hand on his shoulder. He said in a low voice, "It was only a dream, Sal."

Black horror looked from the young eyes into his own, horror and a shadow of fate. "It's a dream I'll never escape!" whispered the boy. He hid his face in his hands and began to sob.

It had happened very quickly. Maclear left him and went to Mait Ransome, who was groping vaguely about the doorway. He said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I think you've missed your way about the house, Mr. Ransome. This is not the way to your room."

The dream was shattered. For that time the spirit had fled. It was only a crazy, old man who answered, mildly and wanderingly, "Well, you don't say so! I don't rightly remember how I happened to come here, but I ain't where I meant to be, that's straight. Well, now, ain't that queer? And where is my room, sir?"

"I'll take you to it."

He did so. The old man talked in the same gentle, wondering way all the time. When Maclear returned he found Sal's room and the passage empty. He went back to his own.

But he did not go in.

The room was faintly moonlit. Sombra still slept. No echo of fear or hate had called her in her dreams. She had not waked. But she had moved.

Sal was kneeling by the side of the bed, his face hidden. He had not awakened her. But, as if mysteriously aware of his need, through some awakening sense within herself, she had stretched out her arm and encircled him in it as a mother encloses a child from harm.

Maclear went softly away for a while. He felt that even he had not the right to enter. Not for the first time he felt himself a stranger outside whatever fate it was that bound so nearly together the sister and brother.

When he stole back again Salvator was gone, though Sombra still slept with her hand curved protectively about emptiness. Maclear kissed the arm where that wild head had rested.

The moon set. Once again the darkness withdrew Morning House into its own mercy.

The dawn came like any other dawn in the mist.

They learned that Mait had come down early, cooked his own breakfast, taken a sack, and gone to gather driftwood along the beaches.

The event of the night had left Maclear uneasy, full of a foreboding, huge and vague as the fog. He did not voice it when he said, "He'll get lost or fall in the water."

Sombra said pitifully, for the old man who had hardly ever given her even a word of kindness. "You forget. Dark and light, fog and clear, it's all one to Mait."

"Yes," he agreed. "I forgot." But he waited for Maits return, and was troubled when he did not come.

Later they, too, went out, walking in the mist.

CHAPTER VII.

Out on the lake the "Martine Messier" lay becalmed.

Under the moon, in the mist, she had moved like a wraith. When the moon set the mist took her, resolved her into itself. She almost ceased to exist. Only her worn gray topsails stood clear of it, and blotted out the stars.

Leaning over the side Garroch could hear but the faintest ghostly voice of water. He could see nothing. The schooner's lights were blurred by the mist; distance was so lost that they might have hung among the half-seen stars.

Now and then the noise of her old siren jarred through the voiceless quiet, but no other ship replied. It was as if she floated outside the world, outside life, to some nameless harbour of a shadowy sea.

Garroch hummed softly to himself. The rime beaded his gray eyelashes, made him cough. He lifted his hand unconsciously every now and then to brush it away. He wondered what was the sense in keeping a watch when a man could see nothing. And his ears were not as good as they had been. . . .

Later, he went to the hatch and called. A sleepy murmur answered him.

"Come up here, Ian."

In a minute his nephew joined him; a drowsy-eyed, white-haired boy from the Scotch townships. Garroch said, "Stand here on the deck an' listen."

"I'm listenin'."

"D'ye hear anything?"

"Seems like—almost—engines."

"Stand here. . . . Well?"

"I don't hear nothin'."

Garroch said, "It's the fog. I thought I heard engines too, but the sound comes and goes." He melted away into the mist forward and presently the little fog-horn bleated like a lost sheep and bleated again. There was no reply. Impossible to say how far the noise would travel on such a night. The boy stayed where he was, awake now, and shivering in the chill; trying to pierce the strange white darkness with his young vision.

By and by he called sharply, "Uncle!"

"Aye, Ian?"

"I hear the sound now. It's closer."

Garroch ran back and joined him. He said, "I don't hear it."

"It's gone again. Just as if there was a door openin' and shuttin'."

"It's the fog. I've known it before like this."

"There!"

"Aye, I heard it then. Within a half-mile, I'd reckon. But there's no tellin'."

He disappeared once more, and the fog-horn wheezed and bleated; but the night returned no answer. The boy followed him, his bare feet pattering along the wet deck. Between blasts of the siren they both listened; they heard the patter of moisture falling from the standing rigging; the blood hammered in their ears; they thought the hollows of the fog gave back, as it were, an echo of this drumming.

Suddenly Ian shouted again, "There!"

The mysterious doors of the mist had opened. They heard the beat of engines plainly. Garroch said, "If we could but get some way on her! They're very near. They're . . . ."

"Right on us!" screamed the boy.

As though some solid intervening substance had been at that instance withdrawn, they heard the engines, saw a red light and a green one, like little balls of colored wool in the fog, bearing straight down on the Martine's starboard quarter. They jumped to the side and shouted wildly. They heard a shout in answer; the beat of the engines altered, slowed a little; the lights changed line. They waited. Garroch said aloud, "They can't clear us. . ."

The boy sobbed with suspense and excitement.

Then a shadowy gleaming bow struck the schooner with a gentle thrusting motion, just abaft the mizzen chains. She heeled over to port. The steamer's bows, coming round, scraped slowly along her side and the two vessels ground their length together, surged on with a strange effect of leisureliness, and as slowly separated. The tug—it was a fishing tug—backed away, and immediately vanished into the mist. The Martine swung and settled herself once more on a level keel.

A strange voice, extraordinarily near, though the speaker was invisible, drawled through the fog, "That was a close call!"

"Too close. Didn't you hear our siren, sonny?"

"Thought it was miles away. Say, you all right?"

"Guess so."

"So are we, I guess. Better have a look at that old scow of yours. I'll stand by awhile if you like."

"No need," answered Garroch rather indignantly, "she's all right."

"Sure?"

"Sure?"

"I'll get on then: so long!"

"So long! . . . Say, you aboard the tug!"

"Hello!"

"Don't you go rammin' Tallis Island in the dark, scootin' about like you was an automo-bile!"

Dim laughter answered from the invisible tug. They heard the ting of a little bell in the mist, the beat of the sturdy engines, slowly growing slowly receding. Presently they were left to silence again, save for their own voices. At the collision the other men had come up on deck, and now stood yawning and questioning Garroch.

The old man's nerve had been a little shaken. He told the event garrulously. Ian said nothing. He was still listening, aware of an uneasy stir, somewhere in the misty world, between a vibration and a sound.

By-and-by he stooped and laid his hand flat on the deck. The smallest tremor was running through the wood, as if the Martine were sailing on a light wind. He knelt and laid both hands to the deck. He felt that it was rising ever so little to port.

"What's wrong with you, boy?" asked Garroch impatiently, seeing his crouching figure.

ran to the side. Standing on the bulwarks he caught the shrouds and leaned far out.

A glimmer of water under the mist. . . .

The boy's eyes pierced the haze. Suddenly he leaped back on the deck and shouted hoarsely.

"She's goin' down!" he screamed. "She's goin' down all standin'!"

A moment's utter silence. Then —"What? What's he say?"

"Sinkin' under us . . .?"

Two or three shadows plunged to the side and leaned out as Ian had done. One jumped back with a frightened oath. "Settlin'!" he stammered. "She's settlin' under our feet. "She's almost awash now! Boys, I could 'a set my feet in the boat!"

There was another silence, then an inarticulate shouting; one shouted that it was nonsense, another bawled after the tug. In a moment they were all saying one thing—"The boat! Let's take to the boat!"

They hesitated. The quietness was so great they could not believe their own danger. But as they paused the deck under their feet seemed to give an uneasy shudder. The Martine dipped to starboard, swung slowly back; dipped again. A trickle of dark water slid over the deck from one side to the other.

They yelped and ran, shaken by the silence and the mist.

The boat had been towing astern. The collision had driven it round under the port quarter. They dropped into it one by one, talking in low scared whispers.

"Been on the Lakes forty year. Never knowed the like!"

"The boss'll be real mad. He was set on the old ship."

"Got the sculls, Levett?"

"Aye, aye. Shove off, there. Quick. . . She's droppin' like a stone. . . ."

"Where's that darned tug?"

The last voice ran up and cracked. Another said, "What is it anyway."

"Must have ripped the old planks clean out of her like they was paper. . . ."

"Pull, boys. Get clear. . . . Feel that? There's a wind behind the fog."

The sculls splashed flurriedly. They pulled away, chattering nervously, as near on the course taken by the tug as they could guess it. They shouted, but there was no reply. In a minute, looking back, no man could see the old Martine, nor say where she had been.

In a little while, nearing the dawn, a wind began to press upon the mist, and the vapour began to flow like water, like a river, interminably. The schooner's soft gray topsails darkened against the paling sky, they filled, her rigging creaked. Water-logged, she drifted forward under the last stars.

She kept afloat until day. Then, as if the winds and the lake were consciously gentle with her, the beautiful old forsaken thing, she went ashore softly, all sails standing, on the sands beyond the ledge of Tallis Island, where a fruit-boat from the Floridas had been wrecked twenty years before.

All about her the mist changed to pearl, to a silver and silent tide flowing past without ceasing. It did not lift with the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sombra was walking homeward with Maclear along the marshes. He carried an armful of driftwood; she, of flowers and leaves, silvery yellow aspen leaves, blotched with black, scarlet ground-willow, late golden rod and purple asters. Leaves, blossoms, and stems were covered by the mist with an infinity of smallest pearls.

Their hair, their eyebrows, even their eyelashes were whitened with the mist. Looking at Maclear, Sombra laughed. "Now we know what we'll look like when we're old," she said. Then came the inevitable woman's question—"Will you love me as much when I'm old, Alan?"

After a moment he said with passion, "Young or old, sick or well, living or dead, Sombra, you hold me. As you held me that first night of all, you'll hold me to the end."

"And you me."

She sighed with exquisite content, and slipped her arms through his. That clinging touch, her warm nearness, the rough sweet smell of her autumn flowers—these things were to remain with Maclear for many and many a day.

He said, with that appeal of which he was unconscious, "You'll never let me go, Sombra?"

"Never, dear love. And you'll never stop lovin' me?"

She could but just hear his answer. "Never, even if you were . . . dust. . ."

They laughed a little, at themselves, at each other.

Never, never, never. Word too great for the knowledge of man's mind, but not for the courage of his heart. The mist flowed past them as they walked at the bottom of a sea, whose substance was cloud, not water. Endless, soundless, it blotted out their world, drifting perpetually. Time, youth, life itself seemed one with that continual silent flood, passing away.

Sombra said, "What's queer about love like ours is that it don't stay the same. It grows, when I used to think about it—before you come—I thought folk fell in love, an' got married, an' just stayed so. . . It ain't—isn't—that way. It's growin' all the while, from day to day. Alan, you remember when you laughed at my shoes and I ran away into the mist? Well, I wouldn't do that now. I'd know better than that you thought to hurt me."

"And when I was looking for you I thought you were hiding on purpose—that you didn't want to be found. I'd know better than that, too."

Her sweet dark face, a little pale, turned to him in the mist. Her deep voice shook. "Dear," she said, "wherever I'm called on to go—anywhere in life—anywhere in . . death, I'll want you to find me."

"I'll follow and find you wherever it is, my wife." He kissed her as if she were a holy thing. They went on together.

Their way led them through a little poplar-wood, a grove among the dunes. The straight and slender trunks glimmered about them in the mist. Golden leaves yet clung on the spires above them, here and there, like metal flowers. In the hush of the mist, they could hear the beaded rime dripping on the sand.

Here and there, very gradually, the mist was thinning. It gave them glints of distance, immediately curtained by a fresh and soundless cloud driving in from the lake. Vanishing windows in the tremendous wall of vapor showed them a bush, a tree, a gleam of sunlight, the gray shadow of a wheeling gull. Some reeling tunnel, brief as a breath, opened on sand or water, the clear sky or a single blade of grass.

Sombra's hand closed suddenly on Maclear's. She said, "Who's that walkin' in the wood with us?"

"I didn't see anyone."

She pointed. "Away there. Just like a shadow, a great shadow driftin' through the trees."

He paused, looked listened. The mist enclosed them. They walked on again. He said, "I quess that was it—just a shadow of the mist, Sombra."

"No," she answered quietly, "It was a man."

"Was it?"

"Yes. I think it was Mait."

Maclear was silent. He had not told her of the happening of the night; he did not speak of it now; but he was troubled. He stared among the ghostly gleaming stems of the little poplars. The mist gave him a hundred shapes, a hundred shadows, but not one that might have been a man. He said, more to himself than her, "What would Mait be doing out in the mist?"

"Mist or darkness, it's all one to him, Alan."

Unconsciously, Maclear tightened his hold on her arm and began to walk faster. He remembered that great spirit of the night under which the walls of Morning House had seemed to crack and strain; he wondered if it were abroad now, walking the island, seeking, seeking and never finding. He no longer thought of Mait Ransome as an individual but as an embodied hunger and a dark desire.

Swift as a breeze passing across a pool, the mist quivered and thinned. He looked for an instant down a narrow aisle between wet poplar stems and little aspen bushes. He, too, saw a shadow moving there with outstretched hand; no sooner apprehended than hidden, lost again in innumerable webs of running mist. He was not sure; but he thought that huge uncertain shadow had been running too, in the same direction as the mist flowed, and as if irresistibly driven with it. He saw no more.

To be continued

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EDITORIAL

OPIUM POLITICS

American publicists (a very polite term!) are trying to make "England" responsible for the world's opium evil. The latest attempt is an article by Ellen N. La Motte in the Atlantic Monthly. "The immense output of Indian opium, which is sold once a month by the Government at public auction at Calcutta, is chiefly responsible for the spread of the drug habit throughout the world," she asserts. In time she expects that this question will prove more embarrassing than the Irish question, when the facts become more widely known in America.

The Atlantic very decently prints a reply by Girja Shankar Bajpai, an Indian who has served as a magistrate in his own country and who knows the situation well. After covering many technical phases of the subject, this writer concludes: "A more genuine proof of the earnestness of India's desire to help to the fullest extent in eliminating abuses of opium, it is not possible for any country to have given." In the simplest terms his case is that there are four countries raising opium in considerable quantities: India, China, Persia and Turkey. Of the four, India is the only one which has a government monopoly of production and which has any check on destination.

"It is a singular requital of her honesty and good faith that, of all the countries in the world, she alone is singled out for criticism, which is as extravagant as it is unmerited and unjust," writes Mr. Bajpai. The charge made by Miss La Motte that the Indian Government is attempting to prevent revolution by debauching the Indian people he labels as fantastic and foul. He cites the laws by which the British have abolished opium dens and almost eliminated opium smoking. Using Miss La Motte's own statistics, he points out that the use of opium per capita in India is 26 grains per annum, as against 36 grains in the United States.

Another charge, that India is debauching China, he denies flatly. From 1909 to 1917 the export to China was gradually reduced, and since 1917 no opium to be exported to regions other than China arrangement cost India four million sterling a year. Further, the export to countries adjacent to China has been regulated so as to assist China. China herself has enormously increased her domestic production, owing to unsettled conditions.

After the agreement with China, the amount of opium to be exported to regions other than China and the Far East was fixed at 13,200 pounds per annum—an insignicant total, for India herself consumed 800,000 pounds per annum. The 13,200 pounds for the rest of the world, including the United States and Canada, is 800 pounds less than the average for a term of years preceding 1909. Further, the supplies for Borneo, Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements are sold direct to the administrations.

"India is endeavoring to make similar arrangements with all other Governments whose Nationals use Indian opium," he adds. Thus, by world-wide state monopoly of production, consumption would be controlled and gradually curtailed, on Indian initiative! In the face of which, Miss La Motte strikes an attitude and snorts: "If America speaks, England will listen." The fact is that Britain and India have done their part, and America might do hers by buying her medicinal supplies from the Indian Government and keeping out the Turkish and Chinese opium.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

If any proof were wanted that these are hard times, the present insurgent temper of the various church courts which have been meeting this month would supply enough. It has become a habit with the board secretaries of the denominations to expect trouble from the delegates to these bodies whenever a period of financial stringency comes along. Of course, the same is true of electorates in politics and of stockholders in business, but the churches are so much more vociferous and noticeable. A preacher voicing a protest is usually much more picturesque than a politician.

Examples are found not many miles from Toronto of the tendency of the times. A number of very respectable Methodist officials have been dubbed "mental and moral mediocrities" by an elected officer. Methodism may be counted on to furnish even more scare headlines of that sort in September when the general conference meets, unless the sun shines and the band plays soothingly meanwhile. It is even predicted that many official heads will roll in the basket at the Metropolitan Church before October dawns and the delegates to general conference go home.

In the United States the Presbyterian Church has shown the insurgent majority something to do. For many years Dr. John Timothy Stone of Chicago has been shouting his Catonian "Carthage must be destroyed" in these words, "The church boards must be consolidated." For long years the many turrets of the official Jericho laughed his shout to scorn. He campaigned and circularized in vain, for prosperity reigned in the land, everybody was optimistic and charitable. But this year he swept all into line at the General Assembly in Des Moines. Twenty departments were merged into five, despite the feeble complaints of the heads of the fifteen departments. As if by magic, the commissioners lined up behind this man who had cried in the wilderness so long and hopelessly.

Exactly the same sort of thing is liable to happen at any great church meeting in Canada this year. If there were few departments, perhaps the democracy would increase them. But as they are many, the only way to make a change is to reduce them. Change there must be. Criticism will not vent itself in resolutions. Action will follow hard on discussion. Speech will be caustic and action ruthless.

Why?

It has been "hard sledding" on the charges, parishes and circuits for the past year. The people have not had as much money as usual, and to scrape up the necessary funds to keep the local church going has been harder than in recent years. And the demands for money to send to "headquarters" in Toronto have been just as insistent. The harried pastor has found his thoughts turning to the distant and very green fields occupied by board secretaries. The secretary has a tweed suit. The pastor's broadcloth is fading. It is only human that the cry should come up from the people for retrenchment and for reform if not for peace. Some heads of departments in the churches have seen the storm while it is yet at a distance. They know that a storm is not to be reasoned with by blowing back at it. They are getting ready to do a bend, perhaps a graceful bend. Such is the recurrent storm of insurgency in any great organization which is at all susceptible to democratic influences.

THE MILL-RUN

Plunge shaded eyes adown the faming past
And lamp the locks that set the world afire—
O wig that touched off Troy! O Dido's pyre,
Where flame was given back to flame at last!
O love that lashed Ulysses to the mast
What time the red-head Sirens smote the lyre!
O simps that used to simmer and perspire
When Mary Stuart's furnace ran full blast!
My Second Wife would very often say:
"There's nothing—nothing—I can do with it
Just after it's been washed!" Ah, welladay!
Sometimes I've thought 'twas almost wrong to hit
A woman hard . . . I mention this to you
Merely in pensive reminiscence, Sue.

—From sonnets to a Red Haired Lady,
By Don Marquis.

* * *

The Expatriates.

We are not one of those unbridled patriots who believe Canadians are the greatest people in the world, but we believe they are considerably better than the Englishman might suppose after looking over the Canadians we have exported and who have taken root in his midst. As a rule they have been writing persons or persons given over to financial promotions, and we all know in our hearts that the best of Canadians are neither writers nor captains of industry.

* * *

But we do believe this about Canada, that to make good here is harder than to make good anywhere else. We could cite many instances of young men, without merit in Canada, going to the British Isles or to the United States, and there establishing themselves to such purpose that later on they could return to their native land, lecture wide-eyed women's associations, and practically force an address of welcome from their particular reeve, or the volunteer fire brigade.

* * *

Now we are not one to state a problem or suggest a difficult question without being ready with an answer. The reason Canadian mediocrities can flourish abroad, and can return and with impunity insult the almost human intelligence of their fellow-countrywomen is twofold and plain. When a Canadian goes to London he is in the position of the dog that walks on its hind legs. The remarkable thing, as old Doc Johnson said, is not that he does it well. The extraordinary thing is that he does it at all. If he knows what to do with a boiled plover's egg; if he can conquer the tendency to speak to the wife of a titled person as "My lady," he can be comparatively a social success. As regards writing, the trick is much easier of accomplishment. If he knows that in England "government" take a plural verb, that when one says "consensus" it is gilding the lily to add "of opinion," and if he can remember a few lines from Kipling's "Native Born," "The Song of the Cities" and "Our Lady of the Snows," and Robert Service's "Songs of a Sourdough," he can easily establish himself as a prodigy of letters.

* * *

When he returns home and desires to be suitably acclaimed the task is hardly a task at all. To certain circles, organizations and what nots the fact that a man has been a success abroad is sufficient answer to the question:

"Why do you give him a bouquet?"

* * *

Every man who has a silk hat, an evening suit, and a wife, a sister or a mother knows that when he arrays himself in a formal way his wife, or sister or mother says:

"Really, Gilbert, I think you look lovely. If I were you, I'd wear them all the time."

So we guess that having prospered in London is something like having bought a trick suit and hat. The genial Janes forget our homely features, our ungainly figures, and the red ties and the coiled metallic armlets with which we used to affront their aesthetic souls.

* * *

Our explanation is not complete. It does not include the success of some Canadians in the United States. For example, K.C.B., of the Hearst papers is a Canadian, and he probably draws a weekly envelope fatly in excess of all the Canadian writers who help make the Sunday World nearly what it ought to be. Yet we doubt if K.C.B. could make a bare living in Canada, unless by means of a hoe, a cement mixer or an automotic.

* * *

These here eminent scientists who are proving the existence of spirits, says Sinickle Snears, will one of these days be asked to prove why they are supposed to be eminent scientists.

* * *

Shakespeare Again.

We were about to say last week when interrupted by the end of the column that Shakespeare wrote "The play's thething," because he had to find a rhyme with "King," and make the jingling couplet with which he was wont to end his acts. The villain in Hamlet was his uncle. Had the matrimonial machinations of the Hamlet family been reversed, and had the person he desired to strike been not his uncle but his aunt, the world never would have been misled by

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

He would have written

"The scene is what I want
To stir the torpid conscience of my aunt."

In that event we dare say that the high priests of Bardolatry, as Shaw calls them, would have been chanting to this day

"THE SCENE IS WHAT I WANT,"

And we should have been scolded into the belief that what people wanted was scenes.

* * *

Our European Tour.

Our favorite did not win in the European tour competition lately promoted by our vigorous young contemporary, the Sunday World. Our favorite was the woman who was not entered, but who shed tears for a defeated candidate.

* * *

And to the unsuccessful we would say, Never mind, girls—folks who are touring in Europe are not simultaneously signing up many Canadian husbands.

* * *

Furthermore, a whole lot of people are going to have a whole lot of fun in this country at a time when the tourists are fending off a lot of spurious counts and impecunious and designing barons.

* * *

"Hail, hail!" cried Mr. Christie jovially as he entered the room and noted the absence of one uncongenial member, "the gang's not all here!"

* * *

The other day we involuntarily encountered the young cafeteria lady whom we had referred to disparagingly as a snob who declined to give service to her fellow employes. She produced a slightly greasy clipping and invited us to go take a jump in the lake. . . . This is merely one of the penalties of fame which we accept with fortitude, especially since it refutes the fiends in human form who have said that nobody but the hapless proof reader knows what we have written.

* * *

We rather pride ourself on keeping abreast with modern fiction, yet within the week a department store advertised a sale of contemporary novels from more than twenty writers. We read the list. We had never before heard of one of the books, and the names of only two of the authors were familiar to us. One of the two was J. P. Sousa, whom we know better as a voluptuous figure with white gloves, seen from the rear, the composer of "The Washington Post" and a trap shooter of a merit that yet falls short of abolishing some of his band. But Sousa as an author was unfamiliar to us. . . . So we say that we did not believe a local firm could advertise so many books and authors that we had never heard of. . . . It could only be done, we had supposed, in Canadian Authors' Week.

* * *

Looking over the reports of some of the Victorian novelists, it occurs to us that they are inclined to overdo it. To go pale, we think, is enough; to go "ashen pale" is to strain and puzzle the imagination, and maybe to endanger the health of the performer.

—J. V. M.



GENERAL DEIDRICH has been made president of Vladivostock. He's one man, at any rate, who'll never die poor.

VISCOUNT GREY, former British Foreign Minister, has become married at the age of 60. Right now he is up against the greatest diplomatic test he has ever encountered.

THERE is still trouble in the coal industry. Likewise there continues to be quite a lot of still trouble in Ontario.

THEY say that the most popular piece of poetry with the members of the Ontario Government is that of Tennyson with regard to the glorious six hundred.

ROBERT BAKER, aged 84, of Kentucky, whose seventh wife has just presented him with his thirty-third child, may be Baker by name, but he is certainly not a loafer when it comes to the family stunt.

A MAN was recently sentenced to three years' imprisonment for taking lead pencils. If that's a crime the jails of this Dominion will have to be considerably enlarged.

DR. BERNARD, a noted psychoanalyst, says that it is possible for "a man to share his love between a tender, true woman who makes an ideal wife, and a second woman who thrills him and stirs his emotions." The real thrills, however, are due when wifey senses the situation.

UNBREAKABLE glass is said to have been invented in Bohemia, but the hired girl has yet to be heard from.

IN THE United States car registrations show one auto for every ten persons. This accounts for the fact that, over there, it is a ten to one shot if a pedestrian gets home alive, or at any rate intact.

"FOR SALE, a cow which yields butter milk."—Adv. in paper. What we are looking for is a cow which yields butter rolls without the necessity of churning.

THE SUGAR BUSH

A NEW JERSEY horse chews tobacco. Infinitely better than if it was a plug on its own account.

HENRY FORD may run for President—that is, if he can get his clutch on the primaries.

"KISSED by woman and fatally hurt"— Head line. That must have been a smack with a Dempsey punch behind it.

THE authorities in the matter of Sunday play are deciding that "baseball is a game and golf only a pursuit." Pursuit is right, especially in the matter of a lost ball.

THE great thing in this little old world is to know what you don't know.

THE latest fashion edict is that complexions are to be of a "deathly pallor." This is going to prove a knock out blow to that class of heroine in the habit of paling beneath his ardent glance.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly has decided not to admit women to the pulpit. It is quite likely, however, that ministers once in a while will themselves skirt certain questions.

THE headquarters of the Northern Cabinet in Ireland are situated in Stormount Castle. That's the trouble in the Emerald Isle. Too much stormounting on all sides.

A YOUNG married couple of Sarnia started on a fifteen hundred mile canoe trip as their honeymoon juant. Good practice that for the shoals and the rapids which beset all matrimonial barques.

WOMEN take the place of newsboys in Spain, but it is not believed that the fair sex in any other part of the world miss any chance to pass around the news.

PARIS decrees large hats for next Autumn, with birds a marked feature. The bills will continue to be the share of the man of the house.

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A MICHIGAN paper reports that a woman in that State telephoned a doctor to ask if she should use some eye medicine before or after eating. She evidently devours things with her optics.

BRITISH rule in Ireland was a pink tea affair alongside of what the Irishmen have been dishing up for themselves.

ACCORDING to an expert, a dinner never looks attractive on paper. Neither does the bill these days.

MARS is racing towards the earth at the rate of a million miles a day and at this pace will, on June 18th, be 42,500,000 miles away. Fortunately at this date it will be near enough to catch a glimpse of the bobbed hair brigade and will then start rushing right back again.

IN STILL further illustration of the movie vogue there are screens these days in most households.

A SOCIETY PAGE tells of the proper manner in which a man should take off his hat when meeting one of the fair sex. But why take it off at all? Wouldn't sitting down and removing a boot be much more impressive? Who started the custom anyway?

PRETTY soon the average family will leave a comfortable home in order to sleep in cramped quarters and have a variety of insects take chunks out of them for souvenirs.

BRIDLE PATHS are out of date but not the bridal paths of this leafy month of June.

THE worst of these memory strengtheners is that you have to remember so much that you forget what it is you wanted to nail.

PLANT is the name of the Mayor of Ottawa, N.B. That burgh has also long been the home of plants of quite different variety.

DOUG.

Canadian Gains Success Abroad

Frank Coffee Becomes Australia's Leading Publisher.

ONE of the leading publishers of Australia is Frank Coffee, a Canadian who began his life in Guelph. In addition to handling books, Frank Coffee writes them, and he has published an interesting volume of travel which bears the title "Forty Years on the Pacific." This work is rich in information, and gives many picturesque accounts of the quaint people who live in the beautiful islands of the Pacific. In the Australian schools, "Forty Years on the Pacific" has been introduced as a text book.

Nobody could be better fitted to write a travel book than Frank Coffee. He was a born traveler, and began his wanderings early in life. He learned the trade of a printer in the office of the old "Guelph Advertiser," and then lived for a while in the Scotch village of Fergus, where he worked a hand press in the "News Record" office. But he soon found life in Wellington County too limited. He followed the example of the famous English author, George Borrow, and started on the road in Ontario selling Bibles. Even Ontario a quarter of a century ago proved rather cramping, and in course of time the world became Frank Coffee's tramping ground. He finally settled in our sister Overseas Dominion, and he now lives in Sydney, Australia.

From Frank Coffee's book, young Australians learn many things about our Dominion, and some of them are facts with which Canadians, themselves, are not familiar. How many people in Eastern Canada, for example, know about "echo-seamanship?"

Here is the manner in which Mr. Coffee describes it:—"While on the subject of Pacific navigation, it is pertinent to set down in this place a method of what I may term echo-seamanship that greatly interested me on the Pacific Coast of Canada. This unique form of navigation I witnessed in Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia, which are noted for the numberless islands in their waters. On the voyage, the ship is seldom in the open sea, and the going is smooth. But sometimes in Spring and Autumn, Puget Sound, the Gulf of Georgia and the waters between them and Alaska are fog enwrapped. Occasionally, in Summer, a forest fire will contribute a huge pall of smoke to add to the dangers and difficulties of navigation.

"To beat the elements at their worst the officer on watch must, first of all, know the time the engineer is making. Of course, he must possess excellent hearing and an accurate measurement faculty, together with a qui vive alertness that is attuned to the slightest variation. Not for an instant must he forget that sound travels a mile in four seconds, and his reckoning must be absolute. The whistle is tooted frequently, and the captain must guage his position by the echo-return just how far he is from rocks. There are some very narrow passages, and all the skill of the captain is called into play. There is a large amount of iron in the rocks contiguous to the shore which demagnetizes the compass, making it unreliable. For that reason, on board some of the ships, the use of the magnetic compass has been discontinued, and the gyroscopic compass is used instead.

"Naturally, the aural sense of a pilot in these fog and smoke blanketed waters becomes abnormally acute, which will likely prove of great assistance to him in other regions of the world. This was demonstrated in the experience of Lieutenant-Commander Barney L. Johnston. Johnston acquired his skill in the whistle-echo system through years of work on the British Columbia coast where the fast express ships of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Grand Trunk Railroad are navigated in all seasons, no matter what the condition of the weather, and they must reach their destination without loss of time. At one time he was skipper of the Grand Trunk Railroad steamship Prince Rupert out of Vancouver, and at a later period he was one of the Vancouver pilots. In 1915 he took one of the Canadian-built submarines from Montreal across the Atlantic. Leaving the Canadian service, he was given a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, in command of the British submarine H-8. When in the North Sea, he struck a mine which blew off the forward end of his craft. Luckily, the bulkhead held, and after resting on the bottom to effect repairs, he managed to grope his way back to the English coast; where, caught in a fog, he navigated into port by the method of whistle-echo from the cliffs on shore.

Warships to the number of over 600 have been "scrapped" by the various nations since the armistice.

The Late Viscount Astor Was Very Eccentric Character

BY RICHMOND HILL.

THE late Viscount Astor of Hever Castle was an exceedingly eccentric and crotchety character, brusque, self-willed, changeable and no mixer.

He was an American of far-off South German descent, who renounced his American citizenship to become a British subject. He was made a Baron by King George in 1916, and in the birthday honor list of 1917 he was made a viscount.

This sudden elevation aroused strong criticism, and it was openly said that it was due to his political and financial support of the Lloyd George Government. There was a discussion of the matter in the House of Lords, and the Daily News said:

"There admittedly have been scandals, some of them very notorious, in connection with the grant of some of the very highest honors. Quite recently public interest was strongly aroused, but never, so far as we know, so gravely as in the circumstances under which Lord Astor, who became a peer only last year, developed into a Viscount within eighteen months."

One of the stories about the late Viscount relates that he, some years ago, caused a false report of his death to be sent to New York, in order to discover what the American papers would say about him, but the hoax was discovered in time to prevent the appearance of any obituaries.

When he bought Cliveden from the late Duke of Westminster, he and the Duke had a head on collision about the "visitor's book." The Duke claimed the book did not go with the contents of the house, as the Kings, Queens, and other eminent personages had signed it as a compliment to him personally. Astor paid an additional $25,000 for the book, for he was not a man to be balked of his slightest whim, if money could clear the way.

Soon after he took Cliveden, he decided to give a ball there for the county families. It was a lavish affair, far surpassing anything the Duke of Westminster had ever attempted. But when the fun was at its height, Viscount Astor marched into the ballroom at 11 o'clock, ordered the band to cease playing, announced that he was going to bed, and that the guests' carriages had been ordered for 1 o'clock.

Even a bigger sensation than this was aroused by his treatment of Admiral Sir Berkely Milne.

The Admiral, who had been captain of the King's yacht, and who, it will be remembered, was removed from command in the Mediterranean because of the escape of the German warships Goeben and [redacted] been invited, but the Orfords were, and they seemed to be doing only the usual thing in bringing their guest with them.

Astor, however, made quite a scene over it, claiming Milne had no right to be present, and the Orfords with their guest withdrew. The next day Astor announced in his paper, the Pall Mall Gazette, that Admiral Milne, having presented himself without an invitation, had been ordered to leave the house.

This public affront upon a person of Milne's standing made Astor many enemies, and the late King Edward was said to be particularly resentful. Astor gave few entertainments after this affair, and it meant practically his withdrawal from society. It was claimed at the time that he thought Milne to be a suitor for the hand of Astor's daughter, Pauline, who later married Major Spender-Clay.

The late Viscount was born in New York City in March, 1848, in a building on the site of the present Waldorf-Astoria Hotel—which he helped to build but never entered.

He was the son of John Jacob Astor the third. The original John Jacob Astor, who came to America from South Germany, left the bulk of his fortune, amassed in fur trading, to his son, John Jacob Astor, Grandfather of William Waldorf and William B. Astor. When this John Jacob Astor died, he left most of his estate to John Jacob Astor, father of William Waldorf Astor. The secret of the family wealth is that his ancestors came to Manhattan Island when land was cheap, and each generation clung tenaciously to its possessions.

The Viscount's mother was a Miss Gibbes, of a rich and distinguished South Carolina family, from whom he derived a taste for intellectual pursuits. He graduated from Columbia College and later from the Columbia Law School. His father gave him a business training, but William Waldorf did not like business. In 1877 he entered politics, being elected to the State Assembly and in 1879, to the State Senate. While a Senator he ran for Congress and was nearly elected, being defeated by Roswell P. Flower, who later became Goveror of the State. Soon after his defeat, President Arthur made him Minister to Italy.

He was not a success as a politician. He was too sensitive, too censorious, too irritable, and no mixer at all. It was his political experience which led to his disgust with America. He said that "no gentleman could live in America," and he professed later that he had found happiness in his wealth and honors in England. But his English experiences, as detailed in despatches at the time of his death, show that, while he himself may have been happier there, he was never more popular in England than he had been in America.

He took his title from Anne Boleyn's Tudor Castle at Hever, in Kent, which he bought and restored in perfect archaeological taste at a total cost of over ten million dollars. This sum included the building of a Tudor village with guest houses for his parties, within the castle walls.

Viscount Astor's London house is considered one of the most perfectly artistic examples of modern architecture in England, and cost him more than $1,500,000. In his estate office, adjoining the Temple, he had a suite of rooms where he spent most of his time. One of the rooms is a luxuriously furnished dining room in the Italian fifteenth century style, where he frequently enjoyed alone the culinary marvels produced by the best chef obtainable in Europe. He gave enormous sums to charity, and long before his death made princely provision for his sons.

The American holdings of Viscount Astor were estimated at more than $80,000,000 in August, 1918, when they were all transferred to his sons.

As a newspaper proprietor, Astor soon tired. He bought the Pall Mall Gazette, but for many years one visit per annum was the extent of his attention to the paper. When he handed it over to Major Astor, the latter promptly sold it, retaining, however, the Sunday Observer.

As a legislator, Astor did not leave any great record for posterity to emulate in the House of Lords. He is said to have appeared there twice—once when he was made Baron, and once when promoted to the Viscounty.

His son, Major Astor, who succeeded to the title, is of another stamp. He has already bade something of a name for himself as a social reformer. He is very highly esteemed by all who know him, and as he has political ambitions, he may not relish the limitations imposed on him as a member of the hereditary houhe. However, to have married Lady Nancy is about success enough for one man.

The "noisometer" will make a photographic record of the sound of anyone coughing by means of a mirror.

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Folks Back Home

Sketches by J. H. Striebel

By Robert Quillen

UNCLE GUS.

Uncle Gus folded his newspaper, placed it on the cigar case, and began to scrape the bowl of his blackened corn-cob pipe.

"I been readin'," said he, "about a feller what killed his wife an' mother-in-law on account o' bein' bossed too much. I ain't never been a mother-in-law, but if I was I believe I'd know enough not to interfere too much. When a woman has been a-bossin' her gal fo' twenty years, I reckon it's kind o' hard to quit an' let some young feller do it; but she's got to quit if she hankers to keep out o' trouble, and she's got to fight the temptation to boss the young feller. A reg'lar man don't want no woman tellin' him what's what unless he's married to her.

"Mother-in-laws is what you writin' folks call a synonym fo' trouble, but they ain't all bad; an' I notice young married folks is mighty glad to have 'em around when the first baby comes."

VALUES.

Intelligence is largely a matter of perspective, and perspective is wholly a matter of point of view. The fool can understand, when the well runs dry, that water is a thing of great value; but even while the well remains full, the wise man can visualize the woes that would befall him if it should become empty, and thus, without benefit of bitter experience, realize that water is essential to his well-being.

A certain rich man had an only child whom he loved in a detached kind of way. All of the rich man's waking hours were devoted to the getting of money. He seldom had time to repay the love of his child, but he always had time to meet and talk with men who could assist him in the getting of a profit.

There came a time when the child sickened and died, and when the rich man came back from the cemetery he realized that everything of value had gone out of his life. The money he had been at such pains to collect was worth exactly nothing at all, for it could not bring him happiness or ease the pain in his heart.

The child's death did not change values. It but served to teach the rich man that he had been a fool—that he had labored to win a thing for which he cared nothing, and neglected a treasure that was the very apple of his eye.

AUNT HET.



"The more I hear women expressin' their opinion of other women, the more thankful I am that our hope of Heaven lies in a Saviour who was once a man."

The Girl Across the Street

Spring arrived officially Tuesday when our drug store got from the county seat the season's first freezer of ice cream. There was a scampering of small boys to spread the news and obtain nickles, and e'en elderly folk stood about, coin in hand, and chorused: "Gimme a cone."

Hiram Fetchit, the butcher's boy, quit his labors to join the throng, and while he stood waiting his turn was hailed by Sallie Cannon, who works at the millinery store. Being thus hailed, chivalry demanded that



he turn his back upon the cone and invite Sallie to eat cream from a saucer.

Invite her he did, and as they sat eating at a table the girl across the street entered the store intent upon purchase and saw them.

The butcher boy fidgeted uneasily, as men will under such circumstances; but the girl appeared to feel no resentment.

"Why, Sallie," she cried, "how nice you look this morning. That new switch makes your hair so much better."

Sallie smiled sweetly. "You look nice yourself," she cooed; "I said last Spring that was the most becoming hat you ever had."

And Hiram, poor male, absorbed his cream blissfully, wholly persuaded that all was right with the world and that in gentle feminine hearts there is no place for jealousy or spite.

CAMPING OUT.

Civilized man, shaved, manicured and dressed in glorious raiment, is a slave to his environment. He sits in an easy chair and directs a servant to fetch his hat and stick. He complains if the waiter forgets to bring the finger bowl after the grape fruit. He scolds if an accident to the elevator requires him to climb a flight of stairs. Let the nice machinery of civilization but slip a cog, and he throws back his head and howls to be petted.

Observe him then on a camping trip. He climbs, wades, leaps, runs. He glories in hardship. He cleans a frying pan with a wisp of grass, devours scorched bacon and questionable eggs, drinks from a running stream, sleeps on the hard ground, accumulates a beard, blisters, insect bites and dirt, and all the while feels a profound sympathy for the poor mortals who live softly back in the city.

Here, then, is a nice problem in psychology. In camp, hardship is welcome because it is a part of the game of natural living. In the metropolis, luxuries are demanded because they are a part of the game of success—the game of money getting and showing off.

Philosophy is but a state of mind that enables those whose lot is hard to remember that they are but camping out for a season, and so accept hardship as a part of the game and glory in it.

WILLIE WILLIS.



Little Willie Willis keeps one toe tied up with a rag. He confessed to his mother Tuesday that the toe is uninjured and that he keeps it tied because he likes to have the little Rogers girl sympathize with him.

Reforest Canadian Prairies And Make Farms Homelike

THE Great American Desert, which on the school atlases of our grandfathers was a Sahara extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, shrank in father's geography to a plain of great fertility, although treeless.

Now the sons are adding the trees, just as if to make a real liar out of the ancestral geographer. In fact, it is said that the northerly sections of the Canadian prairies are not properly prairies at all. While certain portions of Manitoba and southern Saskatchewan are said to be the bed of the former vast Lake Agassiz; the vaster aeras are really burnt-over sections, where trees grew and grew for generations, but were finally burned off completely by the Indians.

Reforestation is, therefore, a somewhat natural process. Undertaken on a considerable scale by farmers under the direction of the Federal Government, it is meeting with amazing success. All seems to depend on whether the occupier of the land is a farmer or a miner. If he is a farmer, determined to stick to the soil and make the place his home, then all goes well. But, if he is a miner, intent on reaping a few big crops and then moving on to virgin soil, then the young trees will be left to die and the landscape as flat and unhomelike as when the settler first built his shack.

The prairie farmers are growing "shelter-belts," not forests. The government has spent $800,000 in aiding them during the past twenty years, and the resultant groves are now valued at $12,000,000. There are forty thousand of them, and the testimonies of their owners, as chronicled in a blue book, are remarkable. Planting 3,000 trees in 1903, one Manitoba farmer finds ninety-five per cent. still living, and forming a perfect wind-break which provides a shelter for cattle and a good garden spot, valued at $1,000. "It is difficult for me to imagine the house and barns without the trees around them," writes another farmer, and any Ontarioan can easily agree. Several Saskatchewan farmers tell how their neighbors laughed at the foolish "eastern" idea, and then went and did likewise.

The good effects cited include the following: stopped snow drifting, conserved moisture, make a place look like home, provide picnic grounds for a neighborhood, protect the house and lawn, provide a beautiful view from all windows, prevent soil drifting, attract birds which destroy noxious insects, enable Albertans to grow apples, plums and cherries.

Of course, the old-fashioned prairie dweller, the man who mines the soil and then wanders on to a new frontier, sees the young trees just planted, he thinks that his neighbor has gone crazy. The fact is that the groves soon do their share towards preventing the inhabitants from going insane through the very monotony of outlook and existence.

John Henderson, New LL.D. Who Taught Youth "To Love"

WRITERS of text books seldom receive honors or rewards unless they have imagination. Picture thousands of children burning the midnight oil in drudgery over a volume of one's own production, and the least imaginative schoolmaster-author may feel some satisfaction. For, according to High school tradition, teachers just gloat over the toil of their innocent victims.

Among text books there is none more vividly recollected by the younger generation in this province than Henderson and Fletcher's First Latin Book and Reader, for so many years used in the matriculation classes of Ontario. Like brimstone and treacle, Henderson and Fletcher came into vogue in the Spring, when examinations drew near and would-be members of the undergraduate body of the University of Toronto commenced to cram their Latin The book itself was calculated to purge the youthful mind of any idea that dead languages were easy.

The authors were known to the readers only as "J. Henderson, M.A., principal of St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, and J. Fletcher, M.A., LL.D., professor of Latin in University College, Toronto." Confederates in crime, according to the pupils; collaborators in compilation, according to the teachers; and college chums, according to those who had imaginations, Henderson and Fletcher were much more human than the austere brevity of their work indicated.

If the book were to see a new edition next year, there would have to be a slight revision. It would be "J. Henderson, M.A., LL.D.," for the University of Toronto is honoring the veteran classical master with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. St. Catharines has had notable schoolmasters since the days of the late John Seath onwards, and none more respected that John Henderson, "a teacher of long and eminent service in the High schools of this province," according to the official bulletin announcing the award of the degree.

But Dr.-to-be Henderson belongs to the province and to the Dominion as much as to the city, for his Latin has been ground into the lives of many thousands of students throughout the whole country.

Henderson and Fletcher never wasted words. Their book has no intimate foreword or preface. It commences thus: "First Latin Book; Lesson I.; The Verb I. Latin verbs are divided into four classes, called conjugations." Just what the word conjugations may mean is left to the imagination of the reader. Then the book introduces the adolescent mind to the first fascinating Latin verb, "amare," meaning "to love." After this tempting morsel follow several hundred pages of the finest mental gymnastics and pick-and-shovel exercise that ever taxed the intellectual back of a soft and degenerate generation.

Finally the "book" comes to an end with rules of syntax, the final example being Latin renderings of the sentences "Let us rejoice rather than complain," and "I am likeller to be killed than harmed." Whereupon all rejoice and none who have survived the two hundred page ordeal are likely to be killed by anything less than a pile driver.

Then commences the Reader, with lives of Themistocles, Aristides and Hannibal by old Nepos, stuff that the boys liked if they contrived to translate it or get a readable "key." And, after that, Caesar's account of his repulsion of an earlier German invasion of France and of his own invasions of Britain—stirring reading that the boys liked more or less and the girls little or less.

And after that a much-thumbed and begrimed dictionary.

On such solid foundations rested compulsory Latin and the fame of John Henderson.

In these days when fairly watertight compartments divide teacher and professor, making promotion from high school staff to university staff almost unthinkable, it is well that the contributions to education involved in such teamnames as Fraser and Squair, Henderson, and Fletcher should be recognized and the life-work of the secondary school teacher honored in the person of such a man as John Henderson, M.A.

START HIGHER.

"Ten guineas! My husband would never buy me a ten-guinea hat."

"Oh, yes, he would, my dear, if you started off by asking him for a Rolls-Royce."

Greatest British Athletes Scaling Heights of Everest

Men of Remarkable Physique and Endurance Form the Actual Climbing Party—Longstaff Believes in a Sprint.

THE departure of the Mount Everest climbing party from Darjeeling is a reminder that some of the Empire's greatest real athletes are out to pit their endurance and pluck against the world's greatest mountain.

Never before has such a powerful party attacked any mountain height. Brig.-Gen. C. G. Bruce, whose knowledge of Indian mountain travel is unequalled, is chief of the expedition, and Lieut.-Col. E. L. Strutt is second in command, with several army officers as assistants. The party also includes six ordinary soldiers—three Gurkhas, and one man each from the Royal Scots, the Royal Field Artillery, and the Machine Gun Corps. Of the actual climbing party Mr. G. L. Mallory is the only one of last year's attackers to "come again."

"But perhaps the most interesting personality is Dr. T. G. Longstaff, who has come forth once more to "try a fall" with the great peaks. He knows more of real Himalayan climbing than any man, and his conquest of Trisul (23,406 feet) in 1905, marks the highest actual summit yet gained. He is a splendid British sportsman, and the records of his doings give unstinted praise and the bulk of the credit to his two Italian guides, Alexis and Henri Brocherel. On Gurla Mandhata the heroic trio rode an avalanche for over a thousand feet down into the depths. On the two following days the great peak was again attacked, and some think that the record for altitude was broken.

Most authorities urge that only by gradual acclimatization to great heights can Mount Everest be climbed, but Dr. Longstaff belongs to the other school which urges a dash for the summit.

Dr. A. M. Wakefield and Dr. T. H. Somervell are Kendal men, and, like Mr. Mallory, have learnt most of their mountain craft on British crags. These three climbers, with Mr. George Finch, an expert Alpinist, possessing wide experience of guideless ascents, will be responsible for the real attack on the final ridges.

Both Dr. Wakefield and Dr. Somervell are men of remarkable physique and endurance. The former, in 1905, made the record walk over England's biggest mountains, including Scawfell Pike, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, completing a continuous tour of over 23,500 feet in 23¼ hours.

Dr. Somervell's most remarkable feat was the end-to-end traverse in 1920 of all the peaks of the Coolin Ridge of Skye in 14½ hours. This entailed over 10,000 feet of climbing, much of it being of considerable difficulty.

The terrific cold and energy-destroying effects of the thin air above 25,000 feet will try every man to the utmost. A week's consecutive fine weather will be needed, and then the great question may be settled.

The pensioners of the Metropolitan Police Force, London, number about ten thousand eight hundred, about fifty per cent. of the total strength.

As the Cock Crew.

A deaf-mute, raised in the city, went to the country for a few days. He saw a farmer's wife feeding the chickens. A rooster straightened up suddenly and crowed. The man got out his pencil and pad and wrote:—

"Was he badly choked?"

Young Schoolmasters Not Rare in England

YOUTH has won a new victory in the appointment of Mr. Maurice Leonard Jacks to the Headmastership of Mill Hill School at the age of twenty-eight.

He is a tall, athletic young man, prominent in several branches of sport, and he takes a great interest in social work. He was educated at Bradfield College and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he gained a number of honors.

His appointment is not a record, for the Rev. Geoffrey Fisher was only twenty-seven when he became headmaster of Repton in 1914, while the Rev. George Selwyn was made Warden of Radley College at the age of twenty-eight.

READ THIS!

Next Week in The Sunday World will commence the greatest series of articles ever written for a newspaper,

"The Secrets of Scotland Yard"

By Sir Basil Thomson

Chief of the Yard Since 1913

Thousands of detective stories have been woven around the name of Scotland Yard, the greatest police organization in the world, whose long arm of justice reaches from pole to pole. Never before has the veil of secrecy been lifted from this centre of romance and adventure; this home of tragedy and mystery. Now for the first time the story is to be told, and by the man who directed the operations of the great department during the most stirring period of its existence, the four years of the Great War. His story is an amazing one, and every word of it is worth reading. He deals with great criminals and their exploits, of the work of the German spies in Great Britain during the war, of how they were caught and what happened to them; the inside story of the trouble in Ireland and of the Red propaganda in England. Don't miss this remarkable series of articles. Read it yourself and tell your friends.

The first series starts next week and tells among other things:

"How Scotland Yard Unravels Crime."

The Poison Pen Case, in which 17 misspelled words were the only clue, and of how a Scotland Yard detective arrested the criminal two hours after the case was reported.

The story of the theft of a $500,000 necklace, and of how the thieves were arrested just in time to prevent them from throwing away the jewels.

NEW STRENGTH FOR WEAK STOMACHS

Indigestion Disappears When the Blood Supply is Enriched.

The urgent need of all who suffer from indigestion, and who find the stomach unable to perform its usual function, is a tonic to enrich the blood. Pain and distress after eating is the way to stomach shows that it is too weak to perform the work of digesting the food taken. In this condition some people foolishly resort to purgatives, but these only further aggrevate the trouble.

New strength is given weak stomachs by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because these pills enrich and purify the blood supply. This is the natural process of giving strength and tone to the stomach, and it accounts for the speedy relief in stomach disorders that follows the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The appetite revives, food can be taken without discomfort and the burden and pains of indigestion are dispelled. Mr. William Johnson, a prominent business man of Lequille, N.S., bears testimony to the value of these pills in cases of this kind. He says: "I was attacked with indigestion accompanied by severe cramps in the stomach. I was prescribed for by the family doctor, but got very little benefit. Then I tried some of the advertised remedies but with no better result. Indeed my condition was growing worse. Then I read of the case of a man who praised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whose condition was similar to my own, and I decided to try this medicine. The result, I think, was amazing as the use of six boxes restored me to my former good health. I can therefore warmly commend the use of this medicine for stomach troubles."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Narrow, Finely Pleated Skirt Is Popular This Season

By MILLICENT SUTCLIFFE.

VERY popular this season is that type of Summer suit that consists of a short and narrow skirt, finely pleated, and a short jacket, very loose, but held in slightly at a low-posed waistline, with a narrow belt. The skirt of such a suit is always white and is fashioned of some fine woollen fabric, whilst the jacket may be made in white, or, equally well, in some color, according to the individual taste of the wearer. Elaborate embroidery, either in strongly contrasting color or matching the material, invariably trims the jacket of this order and a Summer suit is thus evolved which is both youthful and becoming, and also very much the mode.

Clever and quite unusual combinations of fabrics are featured this season in certain striking models. For example, tweed and crepe de chine are two materials used to fashion one interesting costume that may be worn as a three-piece suit or as a dress with equal success. The dress itself, which is very simply made, with a bloused, low-waisted bodice and a long bell sleeve, is fashioned of the crepe. Over this may be worn a very short, sleeveless jacket and a smart wrapped skirt of the tweed, which is very widely striped, in navy and white. The suit, featuring the sleeveless jacket, by the way, is well liked, this season, giving, as it does, that suggestion of coolness so desirable during the warm days of Summer.

White flannel and handkerchief linen make another remarkable combination of fabrics, as shown in a smart country costume, in which the flannel skirt is topped by a linen blouse. Very smart is the accompanying loose coat, which features a turn-over collar, tied with a narrow ribbon. The coat is trimmed with yellow braid and large pearl buttons.

Great variety is shown in the numerous and fascinating combinations of plaids, stripes and checks this season. In order to avoid breaking the effect of the squares or stripes, whilst still maintaining the form of the jacket or skirt, great ingenuity must be exercised. Such materials are naturally more appropriate for slight, youthful figures; still, for those of more ample proportions, plaids and checks may also be made adaptable by inserting panels, cut with the design running across the material, in contrast to the rest of the costume. Such strips may be inserted, for instance, in the wide sleeves and under the arms, with excellent effect.

Black silk braid makes a very popular and attractive trimming on many of the smart new suits. For example, many rows of narrow black braid make a deep border to certain jaunty, little, hip-length coats, which top short plain skirts, in so me very chic suit models. Very smart is one such suit, made of an indefinite plaid in those soft brown shades, which lend themselves so well to the trimming of black silk braid. The coat of this particular suit is closed with two large buttons, one placed at the top and the other at the bottom of the wide band of braid trimming. The small collar may be worn high or turned over, as the wearer pleases. In the less strictly tailored suits the jacket is frequently made of one material and the skirt of another. Very charming is one three-piece model, in which the short coat is of white satin, finely embroidered in black and worn over a very simple frock of black crepe.

Summer suits of natural-colored tussore are wonderfully effective when trimmed with toile de jouy in Persian or Indian patterns, as in some notable Paris models. Embroidery is used extensively to adorn the Summer suit. Broderie Anglaise is extremely effective in certain alluring suits of silk. Floss embroideries, combined with metallic threads, are also featured considerably and are extremely decorative.



Two original designs for smart Summer suits. That at the left is fashioned of white linen and is effectively trimmed with bands of embroidery in white and jade green worsted. The narrow girdle is of matching green cire ribbon.

Tan Shantung makes the second suit, with its smart and novel sleeves and high, turn-over collar, tied with a narrow dark brown ribbon. Dark brown cire braid makes an effective trimming.

How to Save When Shopping

By Ruth Leigh

Author of "The Human Side of Retail Selling," "The A B C of Retailing," Etc.

LAMB.

"NO, I never eat lamb. I don't like its peculiar, unpleasant 'wooly' taste." Haven't you heard this remark before? Probably you've made it yourself. As a matter of fact, this taste is not necessary, if you know whence it comes and how to avoid it.

They are due to a part of the lamb which you can very easily remove. You should never allow it to remain on lamb or mutton a moment after you prepare it for cooking.

What causes that disagreeable "wooly" taste is a red membrane or skin which you will find on the surface of the lamb. You may know this as the "caul"; in some parts of the country it is known as the "fell".

This reddish membrane is tough and oily, and it is the cause of the strong flavor that makes so many people dislike lamb and mutton, when it is allowed to remain on the meat while it is being cooked.

Don't forget to remove fat as well, for it, too, is the cause of strong, unpleasant flavor in lamb or mutton, although not quite so strong as the "caul." If you remove the latter entirely and leave only enough fat to assure yourself of a well-roasted meat, you or members of your household will never need to worry about strong flavors. You will have an appetizing, delicious meat.

COLD STORAGE.

YEARS ago, when we all had big homes and plenty of space, storing food was a simple matter. To-day, with kitchenette apartments and housing difficulties, we're lucky if we have room to store our personal belongings.

Cold storage, as applied to whole carcasses of beef and mutton, has been of great service to the modern housekeeper. By its aid, prices are equalized, and one can buy, even in Summer, meat that has been made tender by keeping.

The cold storage of fish and poultry has not been so well established, although if properly carried out, satisfactory results are obtained. Most of us, however, prefer to buy these foods fresh.

Storage of fruits and vegetables, which we are coming more and more to regard as possible, enables us to have many out-of-season articles. Many housewives feel that cold-stored fruits and vegetables are not so good as fresh ones. This is an erroneous belief; as a matter of fact, if handled under good conditions, many cold storage foods, such as apples and other fruits, are of excellent quality. Indeed, you would probably do without a great many of the foods you enjoy (especially if you live in the city apartment), if it were not for the cold storage methods in use to-day. It is well to keep yourself informed as to the best ways to handle such foods when you keep them in your home, and certainly, if you belong to some civic movement club, it will pay you to use your influence to insure the best conditions in the cold storage industry.

It affects our food, our lives, our comfort and our convenience, and because we all cannot purchase food in bulk, it is well to understand that most cold storage food affords an economical substitute.

PATTERNS.

MOST home dressmakers buy patterns by a careful perusal of the fashion book, then a selection of the style. Often the pattern itself—well, one doesn't worry about that. Yet, as experienced pattern buyers know, there are a great many points to be considered in the selection of proper patterns.

First, it pays to purchase patterns of well-known, established make. Do not buy a pattern merely because it is cheap. It will be expensive in the long run if you ruin your material. If you buy a pattern of a well-known make you are sure that it is cut to fit the proportions of the body.

When you are buying a wait pattern or a pattern for a one-piece dress, of course you go by the bust measure. In buying a skirt pattern use the hip measure. Probably this seems obvious to you. Yet, ask any pattern specialist, and she will tell you some surprising facts about the ignorance of a great many otherwise intelligent women in pattern buying. Before you select your pattern study it. After you've bought it, before you have cut out your material, study it some more. Know the number of pieces, seam allowances, notches for joining, perforations for straight of material and for lengthwise folds.

Remove all the pieces of the pattern that you are not going to use, and sort the remaining pieces as to use for lining, trimming and other purposes. If you do not know how the pieces of the pattern go together before you cut your material, find out at the pattern counter. Get all your information right in the store. It does not pay to take a chance and guess about patterns. Materials cost too much these days.

RUGS.

WE were talking about ingrain carpets. The all-wool kinds with worsted warp and woollen or worsted filling are best, and usually most expensive. Ingrain carpets or rugs with cotton warp and woollen filling are cheaper, but less desirable, because they will not hold their color so well, and are likely to shrink. A light-colored wool or wool-filled carpet is likely to contain more pure wool than a dark one, for the dark-colored wools can be more easily adulterated with animal hair.

There are many modifications of ingrain carpet sold under a variety of names. The "Kidderminster" is woven on an ingrain loom and gets its name from the city in which it was originally manufactured. "Venetian" is also an ingrain, with a colored worsted or cotton warp, which forms the figure, and with a jute filling. "Pro-Brussels" is still another grade with a jute warp and a wool weft.

When you buy ingrain carpets or rugs be sure you know whether you are getting all wool or an adulteration sold under a fancy name. Unless you are a carpet expert, it is very hard for you to make any tests of your own right in the store. You are, to a certain extent, dependent on the advice of the salesman. Nevertheless, know the things to ask about in buying an ingrain rug, and you will not be deceived.

Art squares are seamless ingrain rugs, often oblong in shape and with fringe on the ends. They are sometimes called druggets, referring probably to their use as a protective covering for more expensive carpets. Scotch wool rugs are also ingrains, but the wool yarn used is very heavy, and the finished rug is more firmly bound than an art square.

All these reversible wool rugs give good service in proportion to their cost.

FINE CHINA NICKS EASILY WHEN WARM

FINE china nicks particularly easily when it is warm. A towel in the bottom of the dish-pan will save much danger of chipping. Use a mild soap in washing painted or gilt-edged china and wash one piece at a time. Avoid using water that is too hot, in washing dishes and put plates into it edgewise so that both sides will expand with the heat alike. Much fine china, especially that which is made in China, is rough on the bottom. When the dishes are stacked in the closet, soft paper, or flannel pads should be kept between them to prevent the decoration on the front from being scratched, worn or chipped.—From the June Delineator.

GIRLS! LEMONS

BLEACH SKIN WHITE

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of harmless and delightful lemon bleach. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, then shortly note the beauty and whiteness of your skin.

Famous stage beauties use this lemon lotion to bleach and bring that soft, clear, rosy-white complexion, also as a freckle, sunburn, and tan bleach because it doesn't irritate.



Ruffles make the petal-like collar and trim the wide sleeves of this smart little Summer coat of changeable taffeta in green and rose.

Gardening

BY ROSE BERTIN.

FOR the past five Summers I have adopted a garden, and for anyone who lacks a hobby—everyone should have a hobby—I can certainly recommend mine. The first year my protege was a neglected bed of beets in a war-garden. The patriotic young person who had volunteered to tend it to full fruition, apparently had grown weary in well-doing, and when I discovered it, the beets were in danger of crowding each other to sure and certain extinction, and the weeds would have done the same thing for any that escaped. So I thinned the beets and pulled the weeds.

The next year it was a patch of turnips, also in a war-garden. They were in the same danger as the beets, and to this day, the odor of decaying turnip tops—surplus plants uprooted and flung in a trench—comes back to me so vividly that turnips are taboo so far as I am concerned.

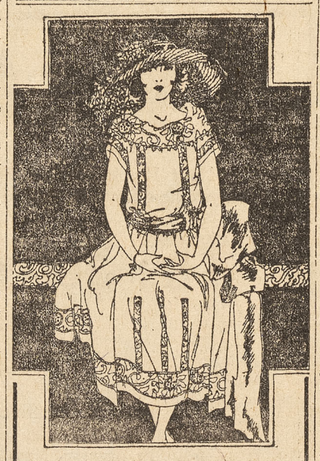
The third year garden was much more to my taste. A friend divided her home and her garden with me, she taking the flowers and I the vegetables. The past two years I have had a garden all to myself—just a little grass green rug of a garden with a border of bright colored flowers all the way around, and tell it not in Gath, but there has been a tomato plant or two sandwiched in among the flowers. And, furthermore, incidentally, the house goes with the garden. The joy of having one's own vine and fig tree, even though it be for only a couple of months, is worth all the extra labor it entails.

When one grows weary of the day's daily doings and feels that life is scarcely worth the trouble it takes to live—and everyone feels this sometimes in the hot weather—there are delphinium and nasturtiums, sweet peas and marigolds to gather—there may even be weeding, and can you imagine anything more delightful than to be able to take your friends out in a garden and give them flowers to take away with them.

Now, this bit of personal history has been divulged for a purpose. Soon, very soon, the exodus from the city will begin. Families with beautiful homes will pull down the blinds, turn the key in the door, shutting in large, cool rooms, and the gravel paths in the garden will know no footsteps save the gardener's, and the garden itself might almost be a desert waste, for all the real good it will do anyone, except the pleasure it gives passers-by.

Meantime, in the city there are girls in stores, offices and factories, who will spend the Summer nights up under hot roofs where the sun has been pouring down all day like heat from a furnace. They may get away from the city for a week or two but the rest of the time they will swelter. The only alternative many of them will have in the evenings and holidays are the hot pavement and the parks, neither of which places can they stay all night. Wouldn't it seem as if the millenium had come if the owners of some of these cool, comfortable houses, could make some arrangement whereby two or three rooms could be put at the disposal of a small group of girls, perhaps with a chaperone? Anyway, there are the porches and the garden. Occasionally one sees a sign up at the entrance of beautiful gardens inviting flower lovers to come in and look around. Wouldn't it be a goodly thing to invite the weary and worn also to come in and rest under the shade trees or on the verandah? The gardener might be around to see that no one abused the privileges accorded them.

Failing the large homes, there are smaller ones which would be much the better for being occupied by two or three nice girls than closed up all Summer. Everyone knows girls they could trust in their homes or could find those who would be recommended by their employers and would enjoy both garden and home, taking a certain amount of responsibility in both.



Smart Summer Wear

—Frocks of voile, organdie, crepe, ratine, gingham.

—Coats of snappy tweeds for motor or travel.

—Capes of crepe or cloth.

—Suits of cream flannel, of crepe, Pongee silk, homespun.

—Skirts of cream flannel, Baronet satin, crepe.

—All to be had in wonderful variety here, at prices which spell genuine economy—many reduced.

Campbell Womens Wear

LIMITED

Phone Adel. 5295. 124 Dundas St. W. Near Teraulay.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Glossy Linen.

Add a teaspoonful of salt to the basin of starch and stir thoroughly; it will add a splendid gloss to the linen.

Bed-Making.

Be sure to turn your mattress at least once each week. This keeps the mattress from wearing unevenly and prolongs its life.

That Shiny Nose.

The greasy look will disappear from the skin, if the face is washed with fresh water, into which a lemon has been squeezed.

Blending Colors.

A cream-colored chinz is the best material to use for curtains in a doorway between two rooms with decidedly contrasting color schemes.

A Simple Paint Remover.

Heated lye water applied with an old scrubbing or paint-brush to woodwork or furniture will easily remove the paint or varnish with the aid of a scraper.

Fried Scallops.

Tartar sauce is always served with fried scallops, and this can be readily made at home by adding one-half cup of chopped sour pickles to one cup of thick mayonnaise.

Leaks in Gas Hose.

Painting the metal gas hose with a coat of aluminum paint will greatly prolong the life of the hose and stop any leaks.

A Home-Made Funnel.

Often we are in need of a small funnel to fill the salt and pepper boxes. This can easily be made by using the corner of an envelope, cutting off the tip of the corner.

Tea Stains.

When tea is spilled on the tablecloth, cover the spot immediately with common salt. Let stand for a little while and when the cloth is laundered all stains will have disappeared.

Buttons on to Stay.

To sew buttons on strongly, put a small one back of the one to be used and sew through and through. You will find this will work wonderfully, especially on garments for small boys.

Ironing.

Iron fabrics with the lengthwise thread and iron as large a space at a time as possible. Many materials look best if ironed thoroughly dry.

When Mopping.

The quickest way to mop up a puddle of water on the kitchen linoleum is to first moisten the mop itself. It us much more absorbent than an absolutely dry cloth.

Mutton Broth.

When preparing mutton broth, add the carrots after having put them through the meat grinder. They will add to the flavor without taking away the clearness of the soup.

To Clean Cards.

Playing cards can be cleaned by rubbing them with talc, or placing them in bran heated to the highest possible temperature. Stir them around in the bran to remove grease.

[redacted]

A Neat Cupboard.

Glass jars containing different supplies stored on the pantry shelves should be labeled. A glance will tell when the contents need replenishing.

Nutcrackers vs. Wrenches.

The common nutcracker makes a uesful little wrench for cans and bottles with screw tops. Even glass stoppers will yield to it.

Sugary Molasses.

If molasses in a pitcher has turned to sugar, set the pitcher in hot water for a few minutes and it will soon be restored to its former consistency.

Broken Down, Gone Stale—
There is a Cause

Are you run down? Tired out? Nerves unsteady? Are you weak? Do you lack ambition? Do you get exhausted and played out after very little effort? Are you troubled with headache, neuralgia, pains in the joints and muscles?

Do you have dyspepsia, heartburn, belching, gas in the bowels, sour stomach?

Do you suffer from Rheumatism, Catarrh, Kidney trouble, Bilious attacks?

DO YOU WANT REAL GOOD HEALTH—IF SO, WE HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU.

WHEN THE BODY GOES WRONG

The human body in normal condition is a perfect machine and our natural state is GOOD HEALTH.

Supplied with normal impulses, the organs of the body work together to utilize the food we eat to produce energy, build our bodies, and to keep you in your natural GOOD HEALTH.

If there is a mechanical interference with the transmission of nerve force to the various organs and tissues of—the parts lacking in nerve force will not function properly—will become weakened—diseased—and affect the whole body.

LACK OF NERVE FORCE IS THE CAUSE OF YOUR DISEASE.

THE SCIENCE OF CHIROPRACTIC.

Chiropractic Science is based on the fact that the nerves can be impinged at the point where they leave the spine. Shocks, strains, exposure, improper posture, etc., cause slight slippages (subluxations) of the spine, which press the nerves and partially cut off the nerve energy (without which the organs will not function).

The Chiropractor, specially trained to adjust these subluxations with his hands, adjusts the spine back to normal—frees the nerves—restores the life-giving nerve force to the organs affected—and Nature, the only power that heals and cures, restores you to your natural GOOD HEALTH.

CHIROPRACTIC REMOVES THE CAUSE OF DISEASE and for that reason is the logical method of producing GOOD HEALTH.

To-day hundreds of men and women right here in Toronto are going to their Chiropractor. FIRST—not last. When a headache comes they know that an adjustment will relieve it. When coughs, colds, indigestion, constipation bother, no more patent medicines, pills and prescriptions, but CHIROPRACTIC ADJUSTMENTS.

Ask any Chiropractor listed below for full information and a free copy of the booklet, "What Is Chiropractic?" or send to this bureau for a copy.

CANADIAN BUREAU OF CHIROPRACTIC INFORMATION,
359A Yonge Street, Toronto.

DIRECTORY TORONTO CHIROPRACTORS

DR. G. R. BAIRD
171 Yonge St. (Cor. Queen).
Phone Main 6812
921 College St. College 6675

DR. E. J. CHATTOE
Phone North 559
404 Jarvis St.

DR. J. A. CUDMORE
Phone North 6458
Cor. Yonge and Charles Sts.

DR. ARTHUR D. DAY
Phone Gerrard 7041
106 Danforth Ave.

DRS. DOXSEE AND GALLANT
Phone Main 2488
403 Kyrie Bldg.,
Cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts.

DR. A. R. DUVAL
Phone Kenwood 3472
1072 Dovercourt Road.

DR. E. ROBT. DUVAL
Phone Parkdale 4780
1333 Dundas St. West.

DRS. W. J. AND ANNA ELLISON
Phone Junction 1219
103 Annette St.

DR. DORA FLEMING
Phone Junction 4429
300 Roncesvalles Ave.

DR. DAVID GALBRAITH
Phone College 7454
625 Bathurst St.

DRS. HODSON, REID & HAMBLY
Phone North 6051. 110 Bloor St. W.
1225 Danforth Ave. Gerrard 3730W

DR. J. A. HETHERINGTON
Phone Belmont 1044
2 St. Clair Ave. East.

DRS. H. L. & MILDRED LENDON
Phone College 3329
735 Spadina Ave.

DR. H. I. MACDONALD
Phone North 936
105 Winchester St.

DR. JAS. S. W. MARTIN
Phone Hillcrest 5366
26 Yarmouth Road.

DR. D. B. McLEAN
Phone North 3030
74 College St.

DR. J. ERNEST RUSHBROOK
Phone College 4202
475 Dovercourt Road.

DRS. FRANK H. & IDA SECRETAN
Phone College 2532
527 Bloor St. West.

DR. CLIVE B. SHEPARD
Phone Beach 546
437 Kingston Road.

DR. S. F. SOMMACAL
Phone North 6964
103 Bloor St. West.

DR. J. O. STEWART
Phone Beach 2096
1982 Queen St. East.

DR. W. H. TINKESS
Phone Gerrard 2704J
577 Danforth Ave.

DR. R. W. WILKES
Phone Gerrard 7540
257 Danforth Ave.

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CANADIAN CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE
Phone Kenwood 1576
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TORONTO COLLEGE OF CHIROPRACTIC
Phone North 6457
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MOTHER, WATCH BABY'S BOWELS
GIVE "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Harmless Laxative to Clean Little Bowels and Sweeten Sour, Colic Stomach—Babies Love It

Hurry Mother! A half-teaspoonful of genuine California Fig Syrup will make your cross, fretful baby comfortable. It cleanses the little bowels of all the wind and gases, the bile, souring food and stomach poison which is causing baby's distress.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle laxative to keep baby's stomach and bowels clean, and thus correct diarrhoea, colic, biliousness, coated tongue, sour stomach, feverish breath, and constipation. It never cramps or overacts. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Babies love the taste of genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for infants in arms and children of all ages plainly printed on bottle. Say "California" to the druggist and accept no imitation fig syrup.

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

BY JANE DOE

Wanted—A Sweetheart.

A SWEETHEART who won't expect me to commence where her father left off and become a millionaire before I reach thirty.

A sweetheart who won't despise the modest solitaire I give her (bought on the instalment plan) and sigh for platinum and emerald creations when we pass the jewellers.

A sweetheart who won't expect to be feted on a lobster and champagne standard and who will have consideration for my cold mutton pocketbook.

A sweetheart who will dress neatly and quietly and not take the nerve out of me by trying to out-do Solomon in all his glory.

A sweetheart who will remember I am a man and not an archangel.

A sweetheart who won't insist on my devoting all my time to her and get upset if I work overtime at the office.

A sweetheart who won't mind a honeymoon in her home town and not pine for sojourning near the Mediterranean.

A sweetheart who will always be punctual and not think it disciplines a man to keep him waiting in the cold and wet for unnecessary lengths of time.

A sweetheart who will listen politely to my mother when she tells her what an angel I was in my younger days and not laugh at me afterwards.

A sweetheart who won't want to hold my hand in the presence of strangers and kiss me before other girls I know.

A sweetheart who won't mind if I don't shower presents of flowers and books and theatre tickets, and realize I am saving my money for the home.

A sweetheart who will never want to furnish a spare bedroom and so bring down on us all our respective relations in the first year of our marriage.

A sweetheart who won't telephone me at the office more than is necessary and never call for me personally.

A sweetheart who will have a father with a sensible taste in cigars and a mother who thinks I am good enough for her offspring.

A sweetheart who won't be so much in love with me that she can't see my faults and then get disillusioned after we are married.

A sweetheart who will see the advantage of marrying quietly and so avoid all publicity and fuss.

A sweetheart who will be a loving, sensible, pretty, smart, and intelligent woman and eventually turn into a loving, sensible, pretty, smart and intelligent wife.

The Sweets of Spring Love.

OH, joy!
Look who's here.
Spring Love.

Ever radiant. Ever green. Ever welcome.

Heart's delight. Heart's ease.

The only divine miracle left to man.

And on these moonlit eves perhaps there is a Lover and his Lass (oh, perhaps!) holding hands and telling each other the tale.

Forgotten, the blissful, contented while, all the cares of fretful happenings of the staid workaday world, the tiresome business of hustle and bustle an' making good, in secret chagrin of trying to make good with poor material.

Free mortals in a new world!

A world of love where the moon's silver gleams with the elbow grease of centuries. A world where a pair of eyes are sweeter to look at than the stars. A world in which you come into your own. A world in which you greatly dare.

A world of loving vanity.

And if the Lover knows his Kipling he will take his true Love's tender hand and say very fiercely: "If this be vanity, who'd be wise? Then vanity let it be!"

And the Lass will lean her cheek against his and wonder, as all lasses have wondered before, because he has chosen her out of all the world.

And the Lover, he wonders at the sudden and miraculous transformation in what, a few short hours, was just a drab and commonplace old world.

And if he knows his Burns he will whisper devoutly:
"The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine."

And if you work alongside either of them by day you will surprise sudden, strange and sweet smiles as they thump the typewriter, or tend the loom, or wrap up the notions; you will watch them standing aloof from the bub around them at odd moments, lost in the dreams that are dreamt with wide-open eyes; and you will catch them rehearsing little love speeches and scribbling notes in office hours—they will ring up when the boss is out at lunch and you will be able to tell who is at the other end of the 'phone by the sudden softening of every line and curve of the face—by a gladness in their eyes.

* * * *

Oh it's easy enough to tell spring-love is abroad the earth.

That little city girl in the car is turning the intricate corner of a crochet piece that will one day figure in her housewifely linen cupboard as the border of a tea cloth.

Another sets lost to the wide world of her own heart—and none sweeter—over a gay-jacketed novel. And you can tell by the pleased play about her nice lips that the thrilly bits have not more ecstasy in them than she knows already.

And there's a young man hurrying home from work with a long corset box into whose fragrant contents some joyous girl will hide her hot cheeks.

* * * *

Love-a-daisy, but I'm in a sentimental mood to-day.

But then it's Spring!

And now my blessing.

You'll never guess what it is!

Love be with you!

Now, isn't that nice of me?

The City Girl and Her Beauty.

RISE sufficiently early each morning to permit of a walk at least a part of the way to the office. The lunch hour saunter is not sufficient exercise for the seeker after beauty.

Buy a really good raincoat and a pair of well-fitting rubbers. Nothing is more depressing to one's spirits and looks than sitting at a desk all day suffering from that all-over damp feeling—to say nothing of invitations to rheumatism in the flower of one's youth.

Take care to eat a hearty breakfast before leaving for work, because proper meals and sufficient nourishment are essential to a woman's well-being, and disregard of this important rule is often the cause of that headachy feeling and "nerviness" so many girls in the city suffer from.

A tube of solidified eau-de-cologne is invaluable for rubbing on the temples when, in spite of precautions, a splitting headache overtakes you.

Keep your own towel, comb, soap, puff, a reserve of hankies and hairpins in a drawer of your desk, and keep them out of sight when you have no use for them.

Eat a very light but nourishing lunch at mid-day, because a heavier meal produces that unpleasant somnolent feeling about 2.30 p. m. which is not conducive to good work.

Never miss your evening face scrub. You can always tell the girl who only washes her face one a day—and then hurriedly. It looks it.

During the day little bits of tissue paper or leaves from a powder book act like magic on a sooty face.

Take a little gentle walk after lunch in some byway away from cars and noise. It will refresh you and is far better for your spirits than spending the time cooped up in some stuffy retiring lounge as so many girls do.

Come to the conclusion early in life that if you can't be beautiful you can at least be—clean.

Bathe once a day—preferably before going to bed. There is no greater refresher and pick-me-up after a tiring grind than a sensibly hot bath.

A few minutes each end of the day devoted to a little Swedish drill—paying particular attention to the neck muscles, the liver movements and the spine, will repay you a thousand fold in years to come.

The path of a beauty is no bed of roses—it's hard and unremittent work.

But it's worth it. A well turned-out young woman, dainty and immaculate and radiant with glowing health and the good spirits which come from inward well-being is a treat to herself and to her onlookers.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Michael Reese Hospital. Accredited 3-year course. Entrance requirements: Physical fitness, 4 years' High School or its equivalent. Text books, uniforms, room, board and monthly allowance. Student Loan Fund, Scholarship to Columbia University, N.Y. City. Apply to Miss Josephine McLeod, Supt. of Nurses, A.B., R.N., Dept. 23, Michael Reese Hospital, 29th St. and Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WOOLNO - CORSETS
Perfect—They Satisfy.
At Most Good Dealers and at 396 Yonge St.

GRAY HAIR
is positively restored to its natural color by using Lady Minerva's Natural Herbal Hair Restorative. Prove this for yourself as thousands of others have done. Money back if not satisfied. PRICE $1.00, at Druggists or direct by mail upon receipt of price. Minerva Supply Co., Dept. F, Waterford, Ont.



Smart simplicity and a deep armhole characterize this nightgown of orchid Crepe de Chine, trimmed with lace motifs and finished with a girdle of the fabric.

The Housewife's Idea Box



Carrots Will Make Jelly Jell

Sometimes, with even the best of care, jelly will refuse to jell. Let carrots come to your assistance. Grate a carrot. Put it into a piece of clean cheesecloth. Squeeze a little of it into the jelly. Let it boil for a few minutes. You will find that this will make the jelly jell nicely.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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To Prevent Jelly From Boiling Over

No doubt you have been annoyed by having your jelly boil over when you turned your head away from it for just a moment. You can easily prevent this mishap by rubbing a little butter around the edge of your preserving kettle before putting in the juice. Grease the kettle to a depth of one inch from the top.

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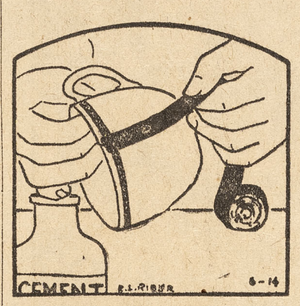


Whitewashing Preserves Window Boxes

Before you fill your window boxes whitewash the insides. This takes but a few minutes and saves much trouble, for it prevents the wood of the boxes from rotting and keeps many insects away from the plants in the boxes.

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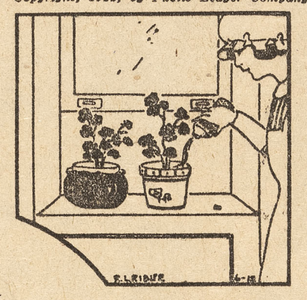


Adhesive Tape Helps in Mending China

After you have mended a piece of china or glass use a piece of adhesive tape to hold the parts together. When the mending cement is thoroughly dry, remove the tape.

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Ammonia Makes a Rich Fertilizer

If the earth in which you are going to plant your seeds or flowers is not rich enough, pour a little ammonia into some water and sprinkle it over the earth that is to be used. Ammonia makes a rich fertilizer. Besides it tends to keep away insects.

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Rhubarb an Economy in Jelly Making

Rhubarb partakes of all flavors and imparts none. For this reason it is very useful in jelly making. Use measure for measure. Mix rhubarb with strawberry, raspberry, etc. It will increase the bulk, while not changing the flavor, thus making more economical jelly or preserves.

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The Woman's Point of View

BY M. L. HART.

WHAT Toronto owes to the Women's Art Association has perhaps never been sufficiently recognized. Readers seeing the name of the organization from time to time in the society columns, probably regard the society as representative of a number of leisured women who have nothing better to do than pass their time in what is at best a pleasant though dilettante manner. Closer acquaintance and the acknowledgment of those who follow the work of the Women's Art from year to year place the association as one among the greatest influences in the city along lines which make for the development of things beautiful and truly artistic. As an illustration of patience and progress under conditions in which wealth played little if any part, the expansion of the organization is such as to serve as an incentive to others who might be discouraged from pursuing the path laid out, as a road to achievement. From small beginnings the Women's Art have moved their quarters until now they possess a home with delightful grounds and space to enlarge their present building. With the expansion of space has been the expansion of artistic effort until today a yearly program is presented which, to those who take part either as workers or spectators, there is a continuous supply of artistic endeavor and inspiration.

THE recent presentation of the Dante Festival was a continuation of what had been done for the past year or two, but it was a continuation with a purpose. It served to impress upon those who witnessed them the life of the century when what is considered the world's greatest poem was produced. The epochs selected were illustrated by readings from "The Vita Nuova" and sonnets, the accompanying music and the general pose and performance of those who took part in the tableaux being true to period and artistic in the extreme.

Much praise is bestowed upon the movement known as the Little Theatre and where it flourishes art is said to be benefitted. The Women's Art is working along similar lines with a conscientiousness in depicting the things represented, that requires great pains and research in the carrying out. This, however, is not the only phase of art that has profited by the endeavor of the organization. Years of weekly exhibitions of good music, paintings and lectures on subjects which in many instances would otherwise have been neglected, are all part of the record of the society. In addition, handcrafts in the shape of lace, jewelry, leather and wood carving have been learned by many members. The spirit of nationalism has been added to by the encouragement given to Canadian homespuns. On the whole the record of the Women's Art of Toronto, which has branches in other parts of the Dominion, is unique and highly creditable and should be regarded as among the outstanding factors that have worked for the development and appreciation of things really artistic.

DURING his recent visit to Toronto, Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador at Washington, reminded nurses who were graduating, that there is a tendency as time passes to lose the feeling of sympathy that should be extended to relatives of the patients in charge. Sir Auckland Geddes, if we may judge this statement, by his usual speech, is probably right. He is a man of keen observation and his utterances are generally filled with the wisdom of long-cultivated diplomacy, professional knowledge and common sense. His warning thrown out to the new nurses reminds us that we would add another plea in favor of relatives. This, however, would not be made to the nurses but to the hospitals which in regard to the things in mind are in a measure delinquent.

Hospitals are in existence for service to the public. Not the sick public alone, but to cater more or less even to those who do not require medical or surgical care. Perhaps this is almost outside the general acceptance of the hospital program. A striking proof of a lack somewhere is given by the number of relatives or friends who from time to time are to be seen in the corridors and halls of hospitals, seated on hard uncomfortable benches and under the direct, curious and perhaps unsympathetic gaze of the passing public. While some dear one is undergoing an operation, there is often no place for the anxious relatives—father, mother, husband, brother, sister, child—as the case may be to spend the anxious time of suspense and waiting but out in the open. Privacy is denied them. If they are strangers to the hospital, as is very generally the case, there are none to speak to them outside putting to them a list of stereotyped questions which the clerical or business part of the transaction demands. In consequence, a feeling of strangeness and neglect cannot but be added to the anxiety of the decision. It is not to be thought for a moment that these conditions are premediated. It may be that they are unrecognized by authorities everywhere. Nevertheless they exist and in connection with the statements of our recent visitor it may not be out of place to suggest a remedy.

Every hospital should have one or more reception-rooms, comfortably and attractively furnished, which would serve as rest and waiting-rooms for visiting friends. There should also be a hostess, whose work it would be to make relatives "feel at home" in the hours of suspense due to hospital contingencies. A softly spoken and encouraging word would do much to help and relieve anxiety. In making this suggestion we can easily foresee that exception will be taken to it on the score of expense—no space and the rest. This, however, need not stand in the way if we consider the added confidence and popularity which this would bring about. It seems safe to say that the doubt as to returns on the score of economy would soon be eliminated.

NOT being interested in either buying, selling or driving a car we seldom read the pages which in every issue of the daily and weekly press deal with this outstanding vehicle of modern transportation. To-day happened to be one of the chance occasions on which our eye was caught by something which seemed to promise unusual interest in connection with the auto which appears to be now at the very peak of popularity. A paragraph in an article on the auto, stated that: "while no other industry equals the automotive in revival and no other community shows an improvement equal to that of Detroit, the report for the country as a whole is very encouraging. It shows that all industries, excepting leather, tobacco and liquor manufacturing have increased employment during the month." The report stated in addition that the automobile plants had taken on a total of 24,446 new men during the month, an increase of 11.2 per cent. As a result of the increased demand for auto building, a shortage is predicted of skilled or semi-skilled machine operators, the men of this type being already taken up by the various working plants. What we gather from these figures and facts seems to contain two important items. One is that trained mechanics in no wise correspond in numbers with the call of the times. The supply does not measure up to the demand. Yet unemployment is all about us. Hundreds of men are "hiking" hundreds of miles in order to bring about some opening by which they may be enabled to earn a living. Perhaps we are plunging blindly when we ask why is there not more attention given to specific training along mechanical lines in Canada and why is there not greater development in "Canada-Made" machinery including autos? If we had more plants in operation, if we had more industrial development we would be much less burdened by the cry of unemployment and the share of tariff that now goes over the border for importations would be considerably lessened.

PHRASES that strike us as being very much out of place may be illustrated by the "common people," "the working people," etc.—combinations of words met occasionally and perhaps more frequently recently than in the past. This increased frequency may be only imaginary. In any case whether the number be greater or less, the use of the phrases are out of place for the simple reason that there is no acknowledged standard by which authentic differences may be stated. If our opinion would be accepted we would say that the phrases in question in a new and still pioneer country the terms are altogether misleading. What is the standard by which people are labelled and pigeon-holed, so to speak? Is a man or woman common because he or she works to earn a livelihood? If so, then from the Governor-General to the man who sweeps the streets and including every phase of activity by which money goes to the operator then all are common. Is money the standard? For the most part those in Canada who have money have made it—either they themselves or their fathers—in the most mundane even though sometimes necessary avocation. In comparison with these who would call the decent artisan "common?" We might perhaps be inclined to accept a comparison which would give us an aristocracy of intellect, but even here we have for the most part but the products of opportunity, so why give them a place apart? In this democratic Canada in which we live, class distinction designated by "common" and "working" should be eliminated. There are no definite lines by which they may be applied and only, we venture to say, a very small minority to whom applied differences are acceptable.



SEASONABLE RECIPES FOR EVERY DAY LIVING

By JOHANNA FARRAND.
(Copyrighted.)

All measures are level.
The ½ pint cup is used.

SUMMER vegetables are now to be had in great variety, and with them has come jaded Summer appetites. During the hot weather reduce meals to utmost simplicity, keeping the dinner to boiled meat or fish, very small serving; simply cooked vegetables, at least two and a milk dessert. This will supply the needs of the body and maintain the health of the worker. The leaf vegetables are rich in iron and anti-scorbutic vitamine, but both properties may be lost by improper cooking. Cook in as small a quantity of water as possible without scorching, cook only as long as is necessary to soften the vegetable, reserve vegetable water for sauce or gravy. Prepare food when kitchen is coolest, and store in refrigerator until time to cook. Also pay special attention to dining-room; shut out the glare of the Summer sun, keep windows screened, open during cool part of day and night, close while sun is at its height. Set table with pads and doilies, this adds to appearance of coolness and helps to reduce slightly the heaped up Summer ironing basket.

Beets With Mint Sauce.

Take small fresh beets and tops, wash well in cold water, place in saucepan, add a very small quantity of boiling water, and salt sparingly. Cover, boil gently till beets are tender, about 20 minutes, drain off water. Place beets and tops in warm vegetable dish, cut across with sharp knife three or four times, pour mint sauce over top, toss to mix, dot with butter sprinkle with pepper, serve hot.

Mint sauce—Take fresh mint, wash well, cut in fine pieces, add 1 teaspoon brown sugar, crush together well, then add ¼ cup vinegar.

Green Peas With Carrots.

Shell peas, thin out carrot bed, taking carrots about 1 inch long, cut off top, wash well, put in saucepan with peas and just enough boiling water to cover, add salt sparingly. Cover and boil gently about 20 minutes, or until peas are soft. Drain off water, turn into warm vegetable dish, dot with butter, sprinkle with pepper, serve at once.

New Potatoes.

Scrub well, cover with boiling water, add a sprig of mint and salt. Boil gently about 20 minutes, or until potatoes are soft, drain off water, shake over hot burner to dry, place in warm vegetable dish, dot with butter, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Chard.

Chard is a leaf vegetable, not unlike spinach, but centre of leaf resembles celery, it has the same value as an anti-scorbutic. Wash well in cold water, press down in saucepan, add small quantity of boiling water and salt sparingly. Boil gently about 15 minutes, turn into colander, cut across 3 or 4 times with a sharp knife, turn into warm vegetable dish, dot with butter, sprinkle with lemon juice and pepper.

Caramel Pudding.

1-3 cup brown sugar caramelized).
5 tablespoons corstarch.
½ cup brown sugar.
speck salt.
1 pint milk.

Put 1-3 cup sugar in a hot, dry frying pan, stir with a wooden spoon until melted, and smooth, heat to a deep brown color, then add ½ cup boiling water, remove from heat. Be careful of steam when adding water to the caramel. Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt in saucepan, add milk, slowly pressing out all lumps. Cook until it bolls, boil 2 minutes, stirring all the time. Pour into a cold wet bowl or into glasses. Chill, serve with cream or lemon sauce.

One Egg Cake.

¼ cup butter.
¾ cup sugar.
1 egg.
1½ cups flour.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
Speck salt.
½ cup milk.
½ teaspoon flavoring.

Butter 12 muffin pans, cream the butter, rub in the sugar, add egg and beat well, mix flour, baking powder and salt, add to butter mixture little by little with milk, add flavoring, mix well. Drop from tablespoon into pans, bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve fresh with strawberries, raspberries or pineapple.

Law of Supply and Demand

The supply of Tea in the world today is not sufficient to meet the constantly increasing Demand. Production has been less than consumption and the price of Tea has risen to abnormally high levels. In order to maintain "SALADA" Quality we have been forced to advance the price of our popular Brown Label blend to 65c. per lb. The Prices of

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To secure patterns for these fashions send 15 cents in stamps to the Pattern Department, Toronto Sunday World. Be sure to write your name and address plainly with each order. Subscribers ordering patterns should allow at least one week for their orders to be filled.

Physicians Report on Remedy to Strengthen Eyesight

Physicians are rapidly taking up the Bon-Opto method of strengthening weak eyes. They enthusiastically endorse its principles and praise the work it does. We publish here extracts from doctors' reports which prove by weight of authority that Bon-Opto is a wonderful treatment for the eyes.

Dr. Lewis: "Just one 5-grain tablet of Bon-Opto dissolved in a fourth of a glass of water and used freely two to four times daily sharpens vision, relieves fatigue, congestion and inflammation."

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Dr. Smith: "Mr. B. came to my office suffering with an infected eye. The condition was serious and an operation seemed imperative. Before resorting to the operative treatment I decided to try Bon-Opto. In twenty-four hours the secretion had lessened, inflammatory symptoms began to subside and in seven days the eye was cured and retained its normal vision.

Dr. Judkins: "Bon-Opto is a remarkable remedy for the prevention and cure of all ordinary eye disorders. Its marvellous success in strengthening eyesight will soon make eyeglasses old-fashioned."

Dr. Connor: "Bon-Opto has rendered a service little short of miraculous. I found my eyes remarkably strengthened, so much so I laid aside my glasses without discomfort. Several of my colleagues have also used it and we are agreed that its results are astonishing."

Dr. Bickstein: "The remarkable results I have obtained from the use of Bon-Opto in my practice and upon myself caused me to feel that in justice to other eye sufferers I should acquaint the public and the profession with the really marvelous action of this preparation. Case No. 3, J. W., age 43, expert accountant. Complained of sore, irritated eyes. The lids felt gritty and heavy, especially in the morning and at night. His eyes were fitted with glasses, but no relief was obtained. I prescribed Bon-Opto. After one week's treatment he tells me he cannot recall when his eyes troubled him less."

Note: A city physician to whom the above article was submitted said, "Bon-Opto is a remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. It is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." The manufacturers guarantee Bon-Opto to strengthen eyesight 50% in a week's time in many instances or refund the purchase price. Bon-Opto is sold under this guarantee by all good druggists, including all G. Tamblyn stores.

IF WINTER COMES

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

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SYNOPSIS.

Mark Sabre was often teased at school for asking his teachers when he did not understand, and for explaining the viewpoints of his teachers to his schoolmates, no matter how unpopular the viewpoint might be. These ways he carried into life, and was accounted queer.

With Mabel, his wife, he came to live at quaint Penny Green, not far from Tidborough, where he had inherited a partnership. His wife was a perfect snob, and his sympathy with the lower classes continually repelled her. She never seemed to understand him. Every start he made towards some great work was checked by her cold criticism. His business chief, Rev. Sebastian Fortune, ruled and squelched Sabre during the days.

So Sabre was contriving to pass the time without any real marital happiness when, cycling to work one day, he met Lord Tybar and Lady Tybar. At once Nona, now the lady of the castle, was back in his life.

Thinking rather disgustedly of his wife's gossipy ways, Sabre, or "Marko," as Nona again called him, went on to the office, and there discovered that Fortune had promised to take a colleague, Twyning, into the firm. Sabre asks Fortune for a partnership, but is refused. Sabre then goes home and finds Mabel uneasy because he gets a letter from Nona.

Thrilled by the meeting with Nona, Mark returns home and Mabel picks another quarrel with him, because he insists on bicycling to work instead of hobnobbing with new neighbors on the new Tidborough-Penny Green light railway.

Months later Mark sees Nona again and they go motoring toward her home. Nona confesses that she should have married her "Marko," for Lord Tybar loves nobody, not even his own paramours.

When the war came Nona had asked Mark to take her away from Tybar. Her husband rejoins his regiment, and at once she rejoices that Mark has induced her to reconsider. Mark is found physically unfit for service.

Young Perch wants to get someone to stay with his mother while he goes to war, so Mark gets pretty Effie Bright, friend of the Twynings, for the post.

Twyning's son is forced into the army by public opinion. Twyning and Fortune try to shove Mark out of the firm, but he is again rejected for the army. Nona comes to Tidborough to say good-bye to Marko before going to France, and confesses her fears that tragedy is coming to her.

Young Perch is killed, and the shock kills his mother. Effie and Mark are with her when she dies, and Mabel is angry because the servants were not there instead of Mark. Sabre joins up the next day, the standard having been lowered, but Mabel, arch-wet blanket, refuses to become enthusiastic.

Sabre gets to the front and then home on leave before getting a commission, but Mabel is as wooden as usual, only a bit jealous because he seemed pleased to see Effie, who has been her companion. Mabel discharges Effie, and Twyning questions Sabre about it. Sabre sees Nona and hears that Tybar has just been killed. Late in 1917 Sabre gets badly wounded and is discharged. Then Hapgood, the solicitor, takes up the dismal tale of finding Sabre at Penny Green, lame, and with everything gone or going wrong.

Effie Bright is there, and with a baby. Mabel has gone. Mark, who is the third occupant of the house, says he has done nothing wrong, but is socially ostracized and starts to explain why. Sabre tells how Effie was turned out of home by her father and came to Penny Green. Mabel and the servants left at once. Mabel soon commences divorce proceedings. Sabre ceases writing to Nona.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

II

"WELL, that was the morning, old man. That was the first time, and you see how it went. He was pretty badly in the depths but he was holding on. He'd got this great discovery of his, and the idea of writing about it after his History, he said. 'If I'm ever able to take up my History again,' he said. Badly down as he was, at least he'd got that and he'd also got to help him the extraordinary, reasonable, reasoning view he took of the whole business; no bitterness against any one, just understanding their point of view as he always has understood the other point of view, just that and puzzling over it all. On the whole, and considering all things, not too bad. Not too bad. Bad, desperately pathetic, I thought, but not too bad. That was the morning. He wouldn't come to lunch with us. He hadn't liked meeting my wife as it was. And of course I could understand how he felt, poor chap. So I left him.

"I left him. When I saw him again was about three o'clock, and I walked right into the middle of the development that, as I told you, has pretty well let the roof down on him.

"I strolled round to his hotel, a one-horse sort of place off the front. He was in the lobby. No one else there. Only a man who'd just been speaking to him and who left him and went out as I came in.

"Sabre had two papers in his hands. He was staring at them and you'd ha' thought from his face he was staring at a ghost. What d'you think they were? Guess. Man alive, the chap I'd seen going out had just served them on him. They were divorce papers. The citation and petition papers that have to be served personally. Divorce papers. His wife had instituted divorce proceedings against him. Naming the girl, Effie.

"Yes, you can whistle....

"You can whistle. I couldn't. I had too much to do. He was knocked out. Right out. I got him up to his room. Tried to stuff a drink into him. Couldn't. Stuffed it into myself. Two. Wanted them pretty badly.

"Well—I tell you. It was pretty awful. He sat on the bed with the papers in his hand, gibbering. Just gibbering. No other word for it. Was his wife mad? Was she crazy? Had she gone out of her mind? He to be guilty of a thing like that? He capable of a beastly thing like that? She to believe, she to believe he was that? His wife? Mabel Was it possible? A vile, hideous, sordid intrigue with a girl employed in his own house? Effie! His wife to believe that? An unspeakable, beastly thing like that? He tried to show me with his finger the words on the paper. His finger shaking all over the thing. 'Hapgood, Hapgood, do you see this vile, obscene word here? I guilty of that? My wife, Mabel, think me capable of that? Do you see what they call me, Hapgood? What they call me by implication, what my wife, Mabel, thinks I am, what I am to be pointed at and called? Adulterer! Adulterer! My God, my God, adulterer! The word makes me sick. The very word is like poison in my mouth. And I am to swallow it. It is to be me, me, my name, my title, my brand. Adulterer! Adulterer!'

"I tell you, old man....I tell you ....

"I managed to get him talking about the practical side of it. That is I managed to make him listen while I talked. I told him the shop of the business. Told him that these papers had to be served on him personally, as they had been, and on the girl, too. I said I guessed that the solictor's clerk I'd seen going out had been down to Penny Green the previous day or the day before and served them on Effie and got his address from her. I told him the first step was that within eight days he had to put in an appearance at the Probate and Divorce Registry and enter a defence—just intimate that he intended to defend the action, d' you see? And that the girl would have to too. After that no doubt he'd instruct solicitors, and that of course I'd be glad to take on the job for him.

"Well, of all this jargon—me being mighty glad to have anything to keep talking about, you understand—of all this jargon there were only two bits he froze on to, and froze on hard, I can tell you. I thought he was going mad the way he went on. I still think he may. That's why I'm frightened about him. He just sat there on the bed while I talked and kept saying to himself, 'Adulterer! Adulterer! Me. Adulterer! It was awful.

"What he caught on to was what I told him about appearing at the Divorce Registry within eight days and about instructing a solicitor afterwards. He said he'd go to the Registry at once—at once, at once, at once! and he said, very impolitely, poor chap, that he'd instruct no infernal solicitors; he'd do the whole thing himself. He had the feeling, I could see, that he must be spurning this horrible thing, and spurning it at once, and spurning it himself. He was like a chap with his clothes on fire, crazy only to rush into water and get rid of it. The stigma of the thing was so intolerable to him that his feeling was that he couldn't sit by and let other people defend him and do the business for him; he must do it himself, hurl it back with his own hands, shout it back with his own throat. He'll calm down and get more reasonable in time, no doubt, and then I'll have another go at him about running the case for him; but anyway, there was the one thing he could do pretty well there and then, and that was enter his defence at the Registry. So I took charge of him to help him ease his mind that much.

"I took charge of him. He wasn't capable of thinking of anything for himself. I packed his bag and paid his bill and took him round to our hotel and it wasn't far off then to the train my wife and I had fixed to get back on. I told my wife what had happened and she played the brick. You see, the chap was like as if he was dazed. Like as if he was walking in a trance. Just did what he was told and said nothing. So we played it up on that, my missus and I; we just sort of took him along without consulting him or seeming to take any notice of him. It was too late to do anything that night when we got up to town. He made a bit of a fuss, lost his temper and swore I was trying to hinder him; but my wife managed him a treat; by Jove, she was marvellous with him, and we got him round to our flat and put him up for the night. I pushed him off to bed early, but I heard him walking up and down his room hours after and talking to himself—talking in tones of horror—'Me! Me! Adulterer!'

"It was rather dreadful, hearing the poor chap. You see, what was the matter with him was, being the frightfully clean, intensely refined sort of chap he is, appalling horror at being thought, by his wife who knew him so well, capable of what was so repulsive to his mind. He loathed the very sound of the word that was used against him. Obscene, he kept on calling it. He was like a man fallen in the mire and plucking at the filthy stuff all over him and reeking of it and not able to eat or sleep or think or do anything but go mad with it. That was how it got him. Like that.

"Next morning—that's this morning, you understand—he was a little more normal, able to realize things a bit, I mean; thanked my wife for putting him up and hoped he hadn't been horribly rude or anything last night. More normal, you see; still in a panic fever to be off and state at the Registrar's that he was going to defend the action; but normal enough for me to see it was all right for him to go straight on home immediately after and tell the girl what she had to do and all that. I told him, by the way, that it would pretty well have to come out now, ultimately, who the child's father was; the girl would practically have to give that up in the end to clear him. You know, I told him that in the cab going along down. He ground his teeth over it. It was horrible to hear him. He said he'd kill the chap if he could ever discover him; ground his teeth and said he'd kill him, now—after this.

"Well, he got through his business about twelve—just a formality, you know, declaring his intention to defend. Then a thing happened. Can't think now what it meant. We were waiting for a cab near the Law Courts. I had his bag. He was going straight on to the station. A cab was just pulling in when a man came up, an ordinary enough looking cove, tall chap, and touched Sabre and said, 'Mr. Sabre?' Sabre said, 'Yes' and the chap said very civilly, 'Might I speak to you a minute, sir?'

"They went aside. I wasn't looking at them. I was watching a chap on a bike tumble in front of a motor bus, near as a toucher run over. Suddenly some one shoved past me and there was old Sabre getting into the cab with this chap who had come up to him. I said, 'Hullo! Hullo, are you off?'

"We'd arranged, d'you see, to part there. I had to get back to my chambers. He turned round on me a face grey as ashes, absolutely dead grey. He said, 'Yes, I'm off,' and sort of fell over his stick into the cab. The man, who was already in, righted him on to the seat and said, 'Paddington' to the driver who was at the door, shutting it. I said, through the window, 'Sabre! Old man, are you ill? What's up? Shall I come with you?'

"He put his head towards me and said in the most extraordinary voice, speaking between his clenched teeth as though he was keeping himself from yelling out, he said, 'If you love me, Hapgood, get right away out of it from me and let me alone. This man happens to live at Tidborough. I know him. We're going down together.'

"I said, 'Sabre—'



Some one said, "There he is!" Some one said, "That's him!" A kind of threatening murmur went up from the people. A general movement was made towards him. What was the matter?

"He clinched his teeth so they were all bare with his lips contracting. He said, 'Let me alone. Let me alone. Let me alone.'

"And they pushed off."

"I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going down there to-morrow. I'm frightened about him."

CHAPTER IV.

I.

Hapgood had said to his friend of the effect on Sabre of Mabel's action against him: "He's crashed. The roof's fallen in on him." And that had been Sabre's own belief. But it was not so. There are degrees of calamity. Dumfounded, stunned, aghast, Sabre would not have believed that conspiracy against him of all the powers of darkness could conceivably worsen his plight. They had shot their bolt. He was stricken amain. He was in the crucible of disaster and in its heart where the furnace is white.

But they had not shot their bolt. The roof had not yet fallen on him. They had discharged but a petard, but a mine to effect a breach. The timbers of the superstructure had but bent and cracked and groaned.

Their bolt was shot, the roof crashed in, the four sides of his world tottered, and collapsed upon him, with the words spoken to Sabre by that man who approached and took him aside while he stood to take leave of Hapgood.

The man said, "I daresay you know me by sight, Mr. Sabre. I've seen you about the town. I'm the coroner's officer at Tidborough. You're rather wanted down there. I've been to Brighton after you and followed here and just took a lucky chance on finding you about this part. You're rather wanted down there. The fact is that young woman that's been living with you's been found dead."

Sabre's face took then the strange and awful hue that Hapgood had marked upon it.

"Found dead? Found dead? Where?"

"In your house, Mr. Sabre. And her baby, dead with her."

'Found dead? Found dead? Effie? And her baby? Found dead? Oh, dear God. Catch hold of my arm a minute. All right—let me go. Let me go, I say. Can't you? Found dead? What d' mean, found dead?"

'Well, sir, that's rather for the coroner to say, sir. There's to be an inquest to-morrow. That's what you're wanted for."

"Inquest? Inquest?" Sabre's speech was thick. He knew it was thick. His tongue felt enormously too big for his mouth. He could not control it properly. He felt that all his limbs and members were swollen and ponderous and out of his control. "Inquest? Found dead? Inquest? Found dead? Goo' God, can't you tell me something? You come up to me in the street, and all the place going round and round, and you say to me, 'Found dead.' Can't you say anything except 'Found dead'? Can't you tell me what you mean, found dead? Eh? Can't you?"

The man said, "Now look here, sir, I say that's for the coroner. Least said best. And least you say best, sir, if you understand me. Looks as if the young woman took poison. That's all I can say. Looks as if she took poison. Oxalic acid."

"Oxalic acid!"

"Now, see here, sir. You've no call to say anything to me and I've no call to say more to you than I've told you. Is that your cab, sir? Because if so—"

They went to the cab.

II

One of two questions is commonly the first words articulated by one knocked senseless in a disaster. Recovering consciousness, or recovering his scattered wits, "What's happened?" he asks; or "Where am I?" In the first shock he has not known he was hurt. He recovers his senses. He then is aware of himself mangled, maimed, delivered to the torturers.

In that day and through the night Sabre was numb to coherent thought, numb to any realization of the meaning to himself of this that had befallen him. The roof had crashed in upon him; but he lay stunned. As one pinned beneath scaffolding knows not his agony till the beams are being lifted from him, so stupefaction inhibited his senses until, on the morrow, he was dug down to in the coroner's court and there awakened.

He could not think. Through the day and through the night his mind groped with outstretched arms as one groping in a dark room, or as a blind man tapping with a stick. He could not think. He could attend to things; he could notice things; he could perform necessary actions; but "Effie is dead." "Effie has killed herself." "Effie has killed herself and her child—now what?" In pursuit of these his mind could only grope with outstretched hands; these, in the dark room of his calamity, eluded his mind. He groped and stumbled after them. They stole and slipped away.

In the train going down to Tidborough the man who had accosted him permitted himself to be more communicative. A policeman, observing lights burning in the house at midday on Sunday, had knocked, and getting no answer had gone in. He had found the young woman dead on her bed, the baby dead beside her. A tumbler was on a small table and a bottle of oxalic acid, "salts of lemon, as they call it" said the man.

Sabre stared out of the window. "Effie has killed herself. Effie has killed herself and her baby." No, he could not fasten upon it. "Effie has killed herself." That was what this man was telling him. It circled and spun away from him as from the rushing train the fields circled and spun before his vision.

He was able to attend to things and to do things. At Tidborough he took a cab and drove home, and dismissing it at the gate was able to give normal attention to the requirements of the morrow and instruct the man to come out for him at half-past eleven; the inquest was at twelve.

He was able to notice things. For years turning the handle and entering this house had been like entering an empty habitation. It struck cold now. It was like entering a tomb. He went into the morning room. No one was there. He went into the kitchen. No one was there. He stood still and tried to think. Of course no one was here. Effie had killed herself. He climbed to his room, still awkward on stairs with his leg and stick, and went in and stood before his books and stared at them. He was still staring when it occurred to him that it had grown dusk since he first entered and stared. Effie had killed herself.. ..He went out and along the passage to her room and entered and stared upon the bed. Effie had been found dead. This was where they had found her—dead. No, it was gone; he could not get hold of it. He turned and stared about the room. Things seemed to have been taken out of the room. The man had said something about a glass and a bottle. But there was no glass or bottle here. They had taken things out of the room. And they had taken Effie out of the room— picked up Effie and carried her out like a — an orgasm of terrible emotion surged enormously within him; a bursting thing was in his throat—No, it was gone. What phenomenon had suddenly possessed him? What was the matter? Effie had killed herself. No, he could not get hold of it. He turned away and began to wander from room to room. In some he lit lights because you naturally lit lights when it was dark. All night he wandered from room to room, rarely sitting down. All night his mind groped with oustretched hands for that which all night eluded it.

III

In the morning, in the mortuary adjoining the coroner's court, his mind suddenly and with shock most terrible made contact with the calamity it had pursued.

In the mortuary....

When he arrived and alighted from his cab he found a small crowd of persons assembled about the yard of the court. Some one said, "There he is." Some one said, "That's him!" A kind of threatening murmur went up from the people. A general movement was made toward him. What was the matter? What were they looking at? They stood in his way. He seemed to be wedged among a mass of dark and rather beastly faces breathing close to his own. He could not get on. He was being pushed. He was caused to stagger. He said, "Look out, I've got a game leg." That threatening sort of murmur arose more loudly in answer to his words. Some one somewhere threw a piece of orange peel at some one. It almost hit his face. What was up? What were they all doing?

A policeman and the coroner's officer came shouldering through the press and helped him towards the court. He thought it was rather decent of them.

The policeman said, "You'd better get inside. They're a bit rough."

At the door of the court Sabre looked across to where on the other side of the yard some men were shuffling out of a detached building. The coroner's officer said, "Jury. They've been viewing the corpse."

"Corpse!" The rough word stabbed through his numbness. He thought, "Corpse! Viewing the corpse! Obscene and horrible phrase! Corpse! Effie!" He made a movement in that direction.

The man said, "Yes, perhaps you'd better."

They took him across and into the detached building.

He was against a glass screen, misty with breaths of those who had stared and peered through it. The policeman wiped his sleeve across the glass. "There you are."

Ah, ...! Now, suddenly and with shock most terrible, his mind made contact with that which it had pursued. It had groped as in a dark room with oustretched hands. Now, suddenly and with shock most terrible, it was as if those groping hands had touched in the darkness a face.

Ah, insupportable! This was Effie. This was Bright Effie. This was that jolly little Effie of the old, million-year-old days. This! This!

She lay on a slab inclined towards the glass. She was swathed about in cerements. Only her face was visible. Within the hollow of her arm reposed a little shape, all swathed. She had brought it into the world. She had removed it from the world that would have nothing of it. She had brought a thousand smiles into the world, but she had given offence to the world and the offended world had thrown back her smiles and she now had expressed her contrition to the world. This was her contrition that she lay here for men to breathe upon the glass, and stare, and rub away the dimness with their sleeves, and breathe, and stare again.

Oh, insupportable calamity! Oh! tragedy beyond support! He thought of her as oft and again he had seen her,—those laughing lips, those shining eyes. He thought of her alone when he had left her, planning and preparing this frightful dissolution of her body and her soul. He thought of her in the stupendous moment while the glass paused at her lips. He thought of her in torment of inward fire by that which had blistered her poor lips.

A very terrible groan was broken out of him.

They took him along.

IV

The court was crammed. In two-thirds of its space were crowded benches. At the upper end of the room was a dais, a schoolmaster's desk. Flanking it on one hand were forms occupied by the men Sabre had seen shuffling out of the mortuary. On the other hand a second dais stood. Facing the central dais was a long table at which men were seated on the side looking towards the dais. Two men sat also at the head of this table, facing the jury. As Sabre entered they were in deep conversation with a stunted, hunchbacked man who sat next them at the corner.

Every face in the room turned towards the door as Sabre entered. They might have belonged to a single body and they appeared to have a single expression and a single thought; a dark and forbidding expression and a thought dark and hostile. There was again that murmur that had greeted him when he stepped from the cab. At the sight of him one of the two men at the head of the table started to his feet. A very big man, and with a very big and massive face and terrific eyes who started up and raised clenched fists and had his jaws working. Old Bright. His companion at the head of the table restrained him and drew him down again. A tall, spare, dark man with a thin mouth in a deeply lined face,—Twyning. The hunchbacked man beside them twisted about in his chair and stared long and narrowly at Sabre, a very faint smile playing about his mouth; a rather hungry sort of smile, as though he anticipated a bit of a game out of Sabre.

They led Sabre to a seat on the front of the benches.

V

From a door behind the central dais a large, stout man entered and took his seat. Whispers about the court said, "Coroner." Some one bawled "Silence."

The coroner fiddled with some papers, put pince-nez on his nose and stared about the court. He had a big, flat face. He stared about. "Is the witness Sabre in attendance?"

The coroner's officer said, "Yes, Sir."

Some one jogged Sabre. He stood up.

The coroner looked at him. "Are you legally represented?"

Sabre's mind played him the trick of an astoundingly clear recollection of the officer at the recruiting station who had asked him, and at whom he had wondered, "Any complaints?" He wondered now. He said, "Represented? No. Why should I be represented?"

The coroner turned to examine some papers. "That you may perhaps discover," he remarked drily.

The court tittered. The hunchbacked man, little more than whose huge head appeared above the table, laughed out loud and rubbed his hands between his knees and made a remark to Twyning. He seemed pleased that Sabre was not legally represented.

A man seated not far from the hunchback rose and bowed and said, "I am watching the interests of Mrs. Sabre."

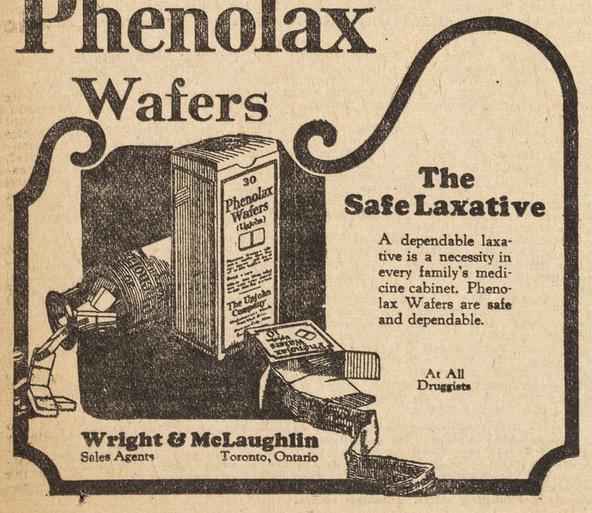
Sabre started. Mrs. Sabre! Mabel!

The hunchback sprang to his feet and jerked a bow. "I represent Mr. Bright, the father of the deceased."

The coroner bowed to each. The hunchback and the solicitor representing the interests of Mrs. Sabre leaned back in their chairs and ex-

Continued on Page Twelve.

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THE COMING OF THE SERPENT

By SARA B. KENNEDY

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Complete in this issue.



Charley Jazzflopper—"Yuh know that song that goes like this, 'Darling I Am Growing Old'—say, how long ago was that written?"

Clerk—"Oh, that was written away back 'fore they wore short skirts, bobbed their hair and powdered their noses."

(Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company)

"AND so you don't think that Clayton is a very promising place for a poor young lawyer to start life in?"

"Well, no, stranger; I shouldn't say it was," came the answer in that slow, easy voice which just misses being a drawl and is so characteristic of the South. "You see, there are five lawyers here already, and they don't have more than half a dozen good cases among them during the year. There's old Squire Burney, he's rich—staked out a big claim when immigration set this way ten years ago—so he can afford the luxury of a small practice. Lawyer Steel teaches Latin and mathematics in the town academy between cases—and his time is mostly that way—to help make buckle and tongue meet. As for Smith and Carruthers, they formed a partnership, as you see by that sign up there; but the biggest part of their practice is on their potato crops, and they lay down more law to two old mules and a couple of plow points than to any judge or jury.

The stranger laughed. "And how about the fifth fellow?"

"Nathan Hide? Oh, he turned up here with a bran'-new license about eighteen months ago," replied the loquacious townsman, carving a fresh watermelon on top of a dry-goods box, and motioning those who sat about him, under the shade of the elm tree at the street corner, to help themselves. When the pink meat was all gone from his slice, he went on with his story. "Nathan rented an office, and furnished it with two chairs and a table, and then sat down to wait for clients. But the clients never came and folks do say that if Nathan hadn't married Squire Burney's oldest daughter and gone to live with the old man the sheriff would have been under the painful necessity of selling those two chairs and the table to pay his board bill."

Again the stranger showed his handsome white teeth in a good-tempered smile. "It's a wise lawyer who feathers his own nest so well," he remarked. "How long is it since you had a murder hereabouts?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Ain't been but two murders since the redskins was run out," put in the groceryman, who, up to this point, had been a silent member of the party sitting in front of his door.

"Many robberies?"

"Not unless you count those committed on the hen-roosts and melon-patches," answered the first townsman. "You can travel the States over, and you won't find a safer district of more honest people than this. There's an illustration of the fact," he continued, pointing to a man just about to mount a horse across the street from them. "That's Slim Holeman, paymaster for this new railroad they are building through the country. To-morrow is pay-day, and he is going up to Redville, the section station, this evening, with the money for the surveyors and hands. Reckon he's got near to $1,000 in his saddle-bags."

"Of course he takes a guard along?"

"Yes," with a significant touch to the belt; "a pair of loaded pistols. Nobody's going to monkey with Slim when he has his shooting irons on—he's got such a reputation for a cool head and a steady aim. He's got a ten-mile ride ahead of him; that is why he starts so early in the afternoon. Are you stopping in the village overnight?"

"No. I only stopped to rest my horse during the heat of the day, for you have a tropical sun here in Tennessee. I shall ride as far as Boon to-night; I believe I catch the north-bound stage at that point?"

"Yes; about twelve miles to the north; you can get there by bed-time and never blow your horse, and, the moon being full, you will have no difficulty."

"That is how I put it to myself," said the stranger. "I confess I felt a little uneasy about the night ride through a strange country, but you have put my fears to rest with your description of the law and order that reigns hereabouts. Perhaps you will give me some directions as to my road?"

"Oh, it's a straight enough way. You turn to the right where you see that barber-pole yonder, and just follow the big road straight to the north. About six miles out you'll come to where it forks; your way lies still to the right—you can't make a mistake, for the other fork is scarcely more than a bridle-path. It cuts across to the Redville road, two miles away."

After another melon had been disposed of, the stranger got up, shook hands with his informer, nodded pleasantly to the other loungers, and went away to the village inn. Half an hour later he rode down the street, and curbed his horse in front of the group. Leaning toward the man with whom he had been conversing, he extended a bit of pasteboard.

"I have taken a fancy to this Tennessee Eden," he laughed. "Here is my card. When the serpent has found an entrance here and made men of my profession a necessity let me know will you?"

"All right, was the hearty answer. "My name is Stephen Hill—William and Mary May of the class of '40. I'll apprise you of the coming of his Satanic majesty. Safe trip to you. Keep to the right at the fork of the road."

The stranger looked back and waved his hand in a final adieu as he rounded the corner by the barber-shop; then let his horse fall into an easy trot down the wide village street.

"An Eden surely. What a peaceful life one might lead here," he mused glancing from side to side at the home-like residences embowered in trees or shrubs. Men and women sat on the piazzas, children romped on the lawns, and girls and boys of a larger growth sauntered along the sidewalks drinking in the coolness of the hour. Now and then a high-swung carriage passed him, showing that mature gentility was out for an airing; or prancing horses ridden by happy lovers swept by, leaving in their wake an indefinable impression of blushes and tender eyes.

Near the end of the street stood the most pretentious residence he had yet passed, a roomy house, set back somewhat from the road, in a grove of maples. By the small gate which flanked the more imposing carriage entrance stood a slender girl, scarcely more than a child, a scarlet geranium at her throat, the radiance of the flaming west on her up-turned face.

"Eyes that hold the shadowed gray
Of the storm-cloud's prisoned strife."

Something seemed to catch at the man's heart as he quoted the couplet under his breath, and he struck his horse sharply and rode on.

Outside of the village the road lay up a long hill, not very steep and devoid of trees. At the top of this eminence he drew rein and looked back. Under the drifting glory of the sunset clouds crouched the drowsy pioneer village, which needed but the quickening pulse of the coming railroad to make it a thriving town. Peace and beauty seemed the twin guardians of the clustered homes and color-flecked gardens. With a half-whimsical, half-expectant glance, his eyes went to the limits of the town, as though he thought to see there the angel with the flaming sword keeping guard over this new Paradise. The cross upon a church spire, bathed in the red radiance of the dying day, became a startling symbol of that greater cross when crimsoned with the blood of immortality. Lesser spires were also touched with the hue and the statue of justice on the courthouse turret stood out in mammoth proportions against the beaten gold of a flying cloud. Was it fancy, or did a ray from that pale statue, blending with a ray from the encrimsoned cross, flash lightning-like downward to a gate where fluttered the white dress of a dreaming girl? With an impatient gesture the man drew his hand across his eyes. What ailed him this afternoon? Then he smiled cynically, and shook his rein. "Yes, an Eden," he said. "Who will be the serpent to enter it?"

AS HE rode on through the gathering shadows he fell to dreaming of his life, its past triumps and its new trials. His pampered boyhood, his successful college career, his gay life in the national capital, where for two years he had drunk ceaselessly at the bubbling springs of pleasure—all these rose before him with a vivid clearness. Then that quarrel over a game of cards, the flash of pistols, and a white face turned toward him beseechingly. For all the quarrel, the man was his friend, and he would not leave him there to be caught by the officers already pounding at the door. The others had fled. There was an open window, and he had sprung to the roof with the wounded man in his arms. Half of that freezing night they two had lain on the tiles, keeping cold out of their veins by hugging the chimney pots. Finally relief came, and they parted with the former friendship cemented. But the disgrace of the affair clung to him. Then had come the hasty summons home, and the double tragedy of his father's financial ruin and death. He was wonderfully shaken by the sorrow of it all, for he was more pleasure loving than vicious, and possessed that ready quality of repentance which belongs to impressionable natures. A new scheme of life had been planned and he had set himself to save what was possible out of the wreck of his father's fortune. It was now a year since the old man's death, and though his industry had provided for his mother's comfort, it had not raised the necessary funds—$800—to liquidate some debts standing against him—debts called debts of honor because rooted deep in dishonor. Until those obligations were satisfied, it would be impossible for him to return to the life he loved best in the far capital. He could not meet the haughty coldness such a forfeiture of his word would draw upon him. It was in the hope of raising the money on some lands his father had purchased in primitive days that he had made this journey into Tennessee. But the acres lay still in the wilderness, and there was no sale for them; so he was going home empty-handed and bitterly disappointed. Why was money so easy to spend, so hard to get? He had always held such a high head among his comrades; he would have bartered five years of his life to meet those notes when they fell due next month.

"But Mephistopheles makes no bargains with the present-day Faust," he said to himself, with a touch of the humor which was one of his chief charms and characteristics.

So profound had been his meditations that he had not noticed the final going of the day and the fall of the shadowy night. He did not realize how long he had been in the saddle until weeds rapping against his feet drew his attention to the road he traveled. It was not the wide, worn highway on which he had started, but a narrow lane, flanked on one side by a tangle of briars and vines, and on the other by a rail fence. Where was he? How had he missed the way? Should he turn back and seek another track? At that moment a bend in the lane gave to sight a long stretch of road ahead over which the moonlight fell in a white splendor. And, plainly visible in the moonlight, not fifty yards away, there went a man on a horse, a man with square shoulders and wide hat, and a raw-boned white horse, now limping painfully.

"Slim Holeman, the paymaster," he said with a sigh of relief, realizing that at the fork of the road he had taken the wrong turn. It would be easy to follow the trail back and rectify the mistake; and he opened his lips to call after the man and ask what had befallen the horse that it was so lame.

Then suddenly into his heart there came a pricking thought. His clenched teeth shut back the call and crushed the thought; but it struck him again with its venomed fang. In the saddlebags across that limping horse was the money that would lift him out of the debt and give him his old place in the esteem of his comrades. Again he fought back the thought, and pulled his horse resolutely about. Should he foreswear his better nature, go back on the teachings of a Christian mother? No, a thousand times no!

But the tempter was still beside him. (Does Mephistopheles make no bargains with the modern Faust?) Nay, that money would do more than pay his debt; the surplus staked on the right-colored card, might put him once more on the high road to luxury and pleasure. One of these days he could quietly return this borrowed stake. Again the horse's head was turned aright, this time more slowly.

Railroads are grasping corporations, and this one will never miss this paltry sum, went on the wheedling voice of the tempter; the man who carries it need not be hurt. Then over his faint-heartedness there came a sudden evil decision. He held his rein steady for a moment, and took a long searching look around. Not a sign of habitation anywhere; not a moving figure in all the landscape except that horseman ahead, walking his beast leisurely along the grass-grown path. The shiny leather of the saddle-bags glistened in the moonlight.

With a quick instinct of self-concealment, the man whipped out his handkerchief and tied it over the lower part of his face and turned down his hat brim. Cautiously he began to follow. Just where that tree threw its shadow over the path was the place for the attack.

All unconscious of any danger, the rider ahead jogged on across the moonlit stretch and entered the shadow. Then the chestnut mare behind felt the spurs dig deep into her flanks and taut rein hold her to her course. There was a streaking shadow across the moonlight, the sound of a collision, a hoarse cry, a swinging blow from a hand grasping the butt end of a pistol—and then a white horse went riderless out of the shadow into the moonlight beyond and stopped to look back in animal fear for its erstwhile rider. But that rider was on the ground, face upward, white as the wan starlight, his eyes stark and staring.

"He is stunned," said his assailant, shuddering; and went hastily to the white horse and unstrapped the saddle-bags. To cut them open, was the work of a moment, and the coveted money was in his pocketed. But as he rammed it into his pockets, the sharp snapping of a twig caught his ear, and looking up, he saw above the rail fence the head and shoulders of a man. Even in the peril of the moment he noted the unkempt hair and the ragged shirt. For one brief second the two stared into each other's faces, standing not ten steps apart. Then the stranger reached for his pistol, but with a yell that echoed fiendishly through the dark recesses of the night the other man threw up his hands and fled into the underbrush of the field beyond. The stranger started in pursuit, but wiser thoughts prevailed. The man would give the alarm, or Slim Holeman might recover consciousness, and then escape would be impossible. As he turned back from the fence, something attracted his attention in the grass—a worn felt hat which the late intruder had dropped in his fright. With a harsh laugh the man kicked it close to the prostrate form in the shadow, and springing into his saddle, drove the white horse before him at a rapid gait down the lane whence he had come. Where there were gone bars in the fence he dismounted, and turning the driven horse in, he closed up gap, and rode on faster than before.

"That gives me a chance, for when Slim Holeman recovers from that blow on the head he cannot follow me afoot," he said to himself.

AT THE fork of the road he turned to the right, and went steadily and rapidly onward. He knew the horse he rode, the scion of a famous Kentucky racer, and he felt sure that if nothing else happened he could make up the lost hour and reach Boon in time to avert suspicion. He asked himself no questions, he dared not even think as he pressed onward; but at his heart was a sickening sense of loneliness, a nausea of life and of self which he could not shake off. On the outskirts of Boon he dismounted, and with a cloth from his knapsack rubbed off his horse, so that the animal had no appearance of being jaded when he turned him over to the hostler at the inn.

"What time is it? Quarter to ten sir. Yes, the stage goes by at daylight. All right, sir; I'll get you up in time," were the answers to his questions.

Then he lay down and counted every hour that struck until the thin gray drawn crept into his window and the warning knock at his door told him it was time to be up. Mechanically he ate the breakfast spread before him and shortly afterwards found himself on top of the stage, straining his eyes through the mist to catch a glimpse of the road they traveled. Sleep seemed to have deserted him; his throat was parched, and his eyes burned in their sockets. He did not notice that the road was muddy until the driver said something of the heavy rain that had fallen after midnight.

Eight days later he sat in a Louisville clubroom, and read the morning paper. There were no telegraphs in those days and news traveled slowly. Under a glaring headline he found the following item:

The pioneer town of Clayton, Tenn., has had its first sensation since the days of the Indian raids. On Friday, the 15th, Sim Holeman, paymaster for the A. and Z. road now building through that district, went out as usual with the funds to pay off the hands and some other expenses of the week, amounting in all to $1,000. He started alone on horseback from Clayton to go to Redville, leaving the former place at 4 p.m. The next morning about 8 o'clock his body was found in a lonely part of the road. His rifle saddle-bags and three pistols lay beside him, and his horse, which must have been hurt in the fracas, since it was lame, was at graze in a nearby field. A heavy rain which fell late in the night had wiped out all traces and tracks of the murderer. As Holeman's horse was a good one, he must have reached this point in the road about dark, and there been waylaid. There was a stranger in Clayton that afternoon but he did not leave the town for an hour after Holeman's departure, and inquiries show that this man reached Boon, his destination, before 10 o'clock; so that it would have been impossible for him to have gone so far out of his way as this point on the Redville road where the murder and robbery were committed.

Below followed a paragraph entitled:

LATER NEWS FROM CLAYTON'S MURDER.

It now develops that near the body of the dead man there was found a tattered brown felt hat which has been amply identified as the property of Ben Rule, a white laborer whose house is not more than 500 yards from the fatal spot. It seems that on his last trip Sim was accosted by this man about the money he carried, but as he was only about half-witted, Holeman took no notice of it. If further proof of the man's guilt were needed, it would be found in the fact that Rule is missing. It seems that on going home he told his wife a bungling story of a fight he had witnessed on the public road and of his having run for his own life. The next morning he disappeared, and the woman pretends to know nothing of his whereabouts. It is a clear case against him, and justice will claim her own when he is caught and returned to the district. Not only Clayton, but the whole country, is incensed over the crime.

By sheer will power the man held the paper in front of his face as though absorbed in its contents. Some instinct bade him hide his tell-tale pallor. Dead? That swinging blow had done more than stun his victim. A murderer. He who loved life so had taken a fellow-being's life; his hands were red with blood. He could not tear his eyes from the fatal lines; they careened, then steadied themselves again to burn into his brain. A cold sweat of horror broke out on his brow. A murderer—what would they do with him?

Then he read again how the stranger was held blameless and the blood-stain laid on the fugitive's door. The twisting heat in his throat relaxed. "Waiter," he called sharply, bring me a brandy and soda, and be quick about it."

TEN years went by. The railroad had done for Clayton, what the prophets had foretold. The town had crept far up the valley, and the new houses crowded so closely upon each other that flower gardens were out of the question. Among the signs that glittered in the sun or swung in the wind were many that bore the explanatory words, "Attorney at Law," for under the rose of progress the serpent entered the new Eden.

There had recently been held an election for judge of the criminal court, and Stephen Hill, meeting the successful candidate on the street one afternoon, shook him warmly by the hand. "Great victory for you, old fellow; and you deserved it. I was just now telling Carruthers that you know more law than the rest of the bar combined could scrape together on their shingles. Strange how things happen, isn't it? Remember that little joke about the coming of his Satanic majesty to our village, the day that you passed through on your way to Boon?"

"I shall never forget it."

"Little we thought then that one day you would really come back here to live and become our criminal judge. At that time you doubted you could ever make your salt in so exemplary a neighborhood; now lawing is about the best paying business among us. Queer commentary on the morals of progress, hey? On your way to the Squire's as usual, I suppose? Well, to win there were better than fifty judgeships. She's an angel, no doubt of it—that's why she would not have me, though I wanted her as a man wants air and sunshine. But I wasn't good enough for her. Now, you are different; you neither smoke nor swear, nor gamble nor drink, while I do a little of each."

"I lost all taste for such things years ago."

"Good thing for you; wish I could get rid of mine, too, but there are some things some fellows cannot lose."

"Memory, for instance." There was a strange wistfulness in the tone which struck the other oddly. "Oh, well," he laughed. "I don't think either of us wants to forget his identity. But to go back to Dolores Burney: I used to think I'd kill the man she favored above me; but you are worthy of her, and the greatest proof of my friendship is that I can say 'good luck' to you."

He did not notice that the hand he grasped gave back none of his pressure, nor that on the face opposite him had gathered a sorrow that was as a passion of self-reproach. He lounged away, and the new judge stood looking after him a moment with the shadow still in his eyes. Then he resumed his walk, stepping resolutely, as though resolved not even to think. Looking at him carefully, one would have said that his habitual self-control had come only after a long struggle with his will. The storm that often raged in his soul never came to the surface in public. Alone he might break down, as though some strange grief gnawed at his heart, but the world knew him only as a man of iron will.

His walk ended at a side gate that flanked the carriage entrance to maple-shaded grounds, for here stood a young woman in a white dress, with a scarlet blossom at her throat, and the sunset clouds flying the victorious banners over her. He stopped abruptly, with a sudden catch at his heart, as if the picture were the restoration of some old memory.

"Eyes where tears shall drown the smiles, eyes that hold the pain of life," he said softly to himself, as though completing some unfinished quotation. Then he went forward to meet her.

"I have come for my answer, Dolores," he said when they had reached the house amid the maples. And the gray eyes, holding now only the light of love, looked steadily into his as she answered: "It is 'yes.'"

LATER, as they sat in the starlight a knowledge of his own unworthiness, coupled with a lurking dread lest his happiness be not real, betrayed itself, in the words: "Strange that you should care for me: I am so wordly, so much older than you."

"Older in years. I have always been sober in taste beyond my age. Nurse says the shadow of my mother's coffin fell on my cradle and made me serious-minded. You know it was once my thought to go into the Sisterhood, but you broke that up." In her tone was only a sweet gravity. Presently she added: "But after all, there are only fourteen years between us in spite of your gray hair. How came it so white at 36?"

He started slightly, then answered with a forced smile: "They say the head of youth turns white but for two causes, piety and—remorse."

"Then you must have been very good all your life," and he let her have her way uncontradicted.

A new glory dwelt upon the earth for this man who, for long years, had looked at life as through a smoked glass. Now the glass had suddenly cleared, so that the prismatic beauties beyond were unobscured. Dolores said it was but the frost touch on the forests that made them so beautiful, but he knew that some subtler spell lay over all nature. He had made a supreme effort against this passion, which had besieged his heart. Success in all other lines came to him almost unbidden, but he set his face against love. He never intended to marry; his profession was to be sweetheart, wife and child to him, and so for six months he had even absented himself from the city. His adoption, that absence might do for him what will power could not accomplish. But the very day of his return the joy of again beholding her swept away all his austere resolutions, and betrayed him into a confession he had never meant to make. After that there was no going backward, and he gave himself up to the joys of love. In her deep piety, her calm-eyed purity, he found a new baptism for his own spirit, and life, which for so many years had been all disappointment and repression, suddenly held in it a note of redemption.

But all dreams have an hour of awakening. One day Stephen Hill came hastily into his private office, without waiting for an answer to his summons and said: "I have news for you this morning. Whom think you the authorities nabbed last night?"

"Rooker, the horse thief?"

"Horse thief! Bigger game than that! You'll have a murder case that will test your legal abilities. Why, they caught Ben Rule last night, while he was trying to get to his wife's house. A couple of officers stumbled on him in the swamp by the merest accident—'sdeath, man, what makes you look like that?"

"I was trying to recall who Ben Rule is and what he did." The judge's voice was slow and even, but the hand on his desk was clammy and nerveless. He threw the long white hair from his forehead with a backward shake of the head, and blew a cloud of smoke from his pipe. It was a magnificent bit of acting, only the spectator did not know it.

"Do?" repeated Bill. "Why, it was he who robbed and murdered Sim Holeman, the paymaster. Did you ever see the pistol he used on that occasion? It is in the sheriff's office—but no, I believe Duncan, the detective, begged it out of the clerk. I always did wonder where Rule got it—beautiful weapon, quaintly curved; just the thing for a gentlemanly killing. How things work around. Ten years Rule has dodged the officers, but we've got him now. He was the serpent who entered our modern Eden, don't you recollect?"

"Was he?" The fine shade of doubt in the question was lost on the excited listener, who launched out with a history of the celebrated murder. Through it all the man sitting before his desk smoked passively. What need had he to listen? But when the visitor was gone, he bolted his door, and dropped his pipe on the hearth, and over his features crept a grayness as of despair.

Caught, at last, this man whom he had sought unsuccessfully for five years, and then given up for dead—caught and brought back to Clayton for trial. And then came the sickening realization that he himself was the judge before whom the case would come. He could not—he could not! Men who had voted for him because he seemed ever so calm, so unswayed by passion, would have been aghast to see the storm-swept face ere he buried it in his arm.

BEN RULE'S wife had dwelt in her house during all these years, awaiting her husband's return. But she had not waited in penury; no wolf had ever howled at her humble door, for every quarter there came to her a mysterious envelope containing a fifty-dollar bill folded in a blank sheet of paper. Always it came from a different place; first from one city and then from another, which seemed to prove that the sender was ever on the move; never any word or message, only the money. It was Ben who sent it, for her and the babies, people said; and wild rumors were afloat as to the fortune he had made with the filched $1,000 as the corner-stone. Men said to each other that he could not have been so stupid after all; and the public disapprobation of him began to be leavened by that indefinable regard which success, even in a bad case, engenders. But none the less, the deserted woman's condition was pitiful, and the years that had turned her babies into half-grown girls had marked her face with the unmistakable evidences of sorrow.

"'Tain't like she was a for-shure widow," said a neighbor commiseratingly; "for then she could take another man. Ben always was duncy about her, for all his simple ways, and I believe he just sends that money often enough to keep her from getting married again; and I don't know but what I think it's sorter low down in him."

It was this woman who went to tell the lonely woman of her husband's capture. October morning, and saw the reflux of the tragedy enacted all over again in the humble cabin.

"And he's come back in rags and tatters like he was done busted all to pieces; and I'd just make him tell what he's done with the fortune he's been making and spending, if I were you, Sally Rule," she said, as they bent their steps toward the spired town. But a merciful jailer shut the door of the cell when the wife entered, and the gaping crowd without never knew the details of that meeting.

It was to be one of the most noteworthy cases the district had ever known, this murder case. The old interest was rekindled ten fold from the remarkable circumstances that surrounded it, and also because it was to be the first murder case the popular new judge had sat upon. Speculation ran rife as to the fugitive's life during those absent years, his supposed affluence, his present destitute appearance, and what defence his lawyers would make. People could talk of nothing else.

And yet not one of all the chattering gossips thought of it half so much as one man to whom it was necessarily a sealed subject of conversation. In his office, on the street, alone, or in a crowd by day and by night, it pursued him; haunting even the hours he spent with his love, and shriveling into nothingness the new glory of earth and sky. His first determination was to ask a brother judge to exchange benches with him when the case came to trial. Such an ordeal was out of all reason, all humanity; neither body nor mind could stand such a strain. But the judge to whom he wrote could not oblige him, having already an important engagement for that time. Another to whom he applied was desperately ill, and so he found the whole thing forced back upon himself. Then followed a season of feverish satisfaction; after all, the rulings of the presiding judge go far in the matter of final decisions, and who would so favor the prisoner as himself? With this thought there came a conviction that it was his duty to sit on the bench and so far as in him lay to turn the scales of justice toward the unfortunate culprit. It became a part of his punishment, and he nerved himself to meet it; but as the days went by, he aged even to the casual observer.

THE morning of the trial dawned clear and fine. The first snow of the season glistened on the housetops, but the far sky above was full of turquoise light. The courtroom was crowded from aisles to walls, and a tremor of expectation pulsed and throbbed through the room. The last stroke of nine rang out, but the judge's door remained closed. Out in the crowded room one man, leaning against a post, took out his watch as if to time the delinquent; but the next moment snapped it to, for the sheriff's voice announced shrilly that the court was open, and the door to the right swung open. The judge took his place on the bench, turned over some papers for a moment while the assembly composed itself; then, without raising his eyes, he called the first case: "The State of Tennessee—County vs. Benjamin Rule.—Murder."

And as the lawyers made answer that they were ready, every eye went to a table on the left, where, between his two attorneys, set a slight, stoop-shouldered, shabbily-dressed man, with a shock of faded sandy hair about his brows, and in his eyes an animal terror that carried its own appeal.

"Ain't much changed," was a whispered comment; "always did have a skeered-up look."

There were only two people in the room who were not observing the prisoner as his attorneys made his plea of not guilty—the man by the post and the judge on the bench. The eyes of the latter were straight ahead of him, as though on the opposite wall was some rare picture painted by a master hand. Was it a panel of rail fence, with the moonlight quivering over it and lighting up a man's head and shoulders?

The proceedings went forward quietly; but so widespread had been the original notoriety of the murder that the closing of the court for the day found only the jury impaneled. Then for two days more the case dragged on. The young attorneys made a gallant fight, and cautiously the judge backed them up. But the prosecution had things their own way, and broke down the frail defences set up by the opposition. Then the prisoner was allowed to speak for himself. It was a jumbled and pitiful story he told, of having witnessed a fight between two men on the Redville road, finding himself discovered by the victor, and having fled away to keep from being shot. Later on he had crept back to get his hat, which he had dropped, but could not find it in the dark. Next day, when he learned that it had been found by the authorities, and, being identified, was held as evidence against him, he had become frightened, and hid in the swamp. For weeks he had lived there, hoping things would be cleared up. But learning through his wife, who came sometimes to his hiding place, that the

Continued on Page Twelve.

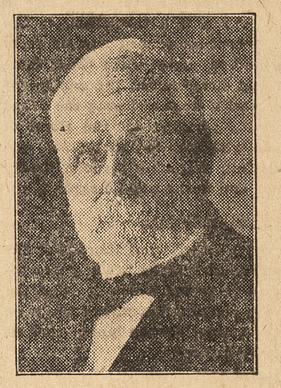
Doctor at 82 Finds Mothers Prefer His Formula to New-Fangled Salts And Coal Tar Remedies for Babies

Judgment of 1892 vindicated by world's approval of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin, a simple vegetable compound for constipation—So safe, thousands give it to babes in arms—Now has largest sale in the world.

WHEN a man is in the 83rd year of his age, as I am, there are certain things he has learned that only time can teach him. The basis of treating sickness has not changed since I left Medical College in 1875, nor since I placed on the market the laxative prescription I had used in my practice, known to druggists and the public since 1892, as Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin.

Then the treatment of constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions that result from constipation was entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of my Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin, which is a combination of Egyptian Senna and other mild laxative herbs with pepsin.

Recently new medicines have been brought out for constipation that contain calomel, which is mercury, salts of various kinds, minerals, and coal tar. These are all drastic purges, many of them dangerous, and the medical profession is warning the public against them. Certain coal tar products will depress the heart; certain salts give rise to intestinal poisoning, impaction and rupture of the intestines. If grown people want to use them no one can deny them the privilege, but they should never be given to children.



From a recent portrait of
DR. W. B. CALDWELL
Founder of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin
Born Shelbyville, Mo., 1839

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you, and the better for the general health of all. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with pills and powders and strong drugs, even if disguised in candy? My remedy, too, costs less than most others, only about a cent a dose. A bottle such as you can find in any drug store, will last a family several months, and all can use it. It is good for the babe in arms because pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. In the proper dose, given in the directions, it is equally effective at all ages. Elderly people will find it especially ideal.

The formula of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin is on the cover of every bottle, and the ingredients have the endorsement of the U. S. Pharmacopoeia.

$10,000 Worth of Syrup Pepsin Free

In remembrance of my 83rd birthday I have set aside the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars to be given away in half-ounce bottles of my Laxative Syrup Pepsin. Only one Free Trial bottle to a family. All are constipated now and then, and here is an opportunity for you and others to try Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin FREE OF CHARGE. Ask for your free bottle today, simply sending name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 21 Front Street, Bridgeburg, Ont. Do not postpone this.

Age Is Judged By Gray Hair

Gray streaks suggest middle age and start your friends asking how old you really are. Keep your hair its original youthful color by using Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.



This dainty, colorless liquid, clean and clear as water, brings back the original color safely and surely. No danger of freakish streaks—the restored color is even and perfectly natural in all lights. Nothing to wash or rub off. Send coupon for free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. State carefully the color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Then, when thoroughly convinced, get full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman, 556 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown, light auburn or blond.....

Name .....

Address .....

Please print your name and address.

CORNS
Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Use MURINE FOR EYES
Irritated by Sun Wind Dust and Cinders
RECOMMENDED and SOLD BY DRUGGISTS and OPTICIANS
WRITE FOR FREE EYE BOOK. MURINE CO. CHICAGO

Would Not Marry With Stomach Trouble

Miss Livly States Simple Intestinal Antiseptic Put Her in Condition for Life's Duties

"I could not eat anything at all, and have suffered a great deal from stomach trouble. Since I have been taking Adlerika (intestinal antiseptic) it has done wonders for me. I can now eat three meals a day and anything that I want and also sleep well, and am ready to get married." (Signed) Miss Carrie Livly.

Intestinal Antiseptic.

There is now offered to the public a preparation having the DOUBLE action of an intestinal antiseptic and a COMPLETE system cleanser. This preparation, known as Adlerika, acts as follows:

It tends to eliminate or destroy harmful germs and colon bacili in the intestinal canal, thus guarding against appendicitis and other diseases having their start here.

It is the most complete system cleanser ever offered to the public, acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removing foul matter which poisoned the system for months and which nothing else can dislodge. It brings out all gasses, thus immediately relieving pressure on the heart. It is astonishing the great amount of poisonous matter Adlerika draws from the alimentary canal—matter you never thought was in your system. Try it right after a natural movement and notice how much more foul matter it brings out which was poisoning you. In slight disorders, such as occasional constipation, sour stomach, gas on the stomach and sick headache, one spoonful Adlerika ALWAYS brings relief. A longer treatment, however, is necessary in cases of obstinate constipation and long standing stomach trouble, preferably under direction of your physician.

Reports From Physicians.

"I congratulate you on the good effect I had from Adlerika since I prescribed it." (Signed) Dr. L. Langlois.

"I have found nothing in my 50 years practice to excel Adlerika." Signed) Dr. James Weaver.

"I use Adlerika in all bowel cases. Some require only one dose." (Signed) Dr. F. M. Prettyman.

"After taking Adlerika feel better than for 20 years. Haven't language to express the AWFUL IMPURITIES eliminated from my system." (Signed) J. E. Puckett.

Adlerika is a constant surprise to people who have used only ordinary bowel and stomach medicines, on account of its rapid, pleasant and COMPLETE action. It is sold by leading druggists everywhere. Sold in Toronto by leading druggists.

THE POTTERS



..... By J. P. McEVOY .....

PROLOGUE.

There is for the young of the human species a mysterious lure in the moonlight party on the beach . . . is it a throwback to the council fires of the brave past? . . . is it an echoed rhythm from ages long dead and but dimly remembered, ages when these same ancient elements—water, air, earth, and fire—moved the wonder of men and stirred their hearts to worship with feast and song the proud and mighty gods of their fathers? . . . perhaps, for the ritual of feast and song has survived the gods who inspired them; sad and forgotten gods, on lonely thrones, wistfully watching through dreary centuries for worshippers who are not and never will be again . . .

Scene I.—The Preparation.

Into the Potter kitchen, then, and let us see what there is in the way of food being prepared for Mamie's and Red's beach party to-night . . . well, for one, Bill seems to be in the way . . . and the Baby, who is sneaking off with all the cookies that "have white on their heads" . . . Ma and Mamie are getting up the lunch; that is, Ma is getting it up and Mamie is straw-bossing . . .

MA *(sorting and counting sandwiches)*:
Peanut butter . . . chicken . . . ham . . .
Pimento . . . pickle . . . tongue . . . jam.
Gosh, that ought to be enough.
What'll you do with all the stuff?

MAMIE *(giving Bill a typical look of sisterly affection)*:
I'd have enough if he'd leave 'em alone . . .
(to Bill) Beat it, Liliom . . . roll your own . . .

BILL *(talking through a mouthful which gives a peculiarly pleasant expression to his face, belying the stern words that exude therefrom)*:
Make some yourself and save your breath . . .
You're working your poor old Ma to death.

(Tries to assume a look of intense sympathy for Ma, and takes two more sandwiches.)

MA *(with spirit)*:
What do you mean, "Your poor old Ma!"
Clear out of here or I'll call your Pa.

(Bill snatches another sandwich and exits triumphantly, pausing at the door only long enough to give Mamie what is technically known in the patois of the proletariat as the raspberry.)

MAMIE *(exasperated)*:
That little oil can drives me wild . . .



"You're working your poor old Ma to death."

MA *(baffled)*:
Oil can? . . . What do you mean, my child?

MAMIE *(with a gesture of despair . . . mothers are so hard to bring up)*:
What do I mean? Why, I mean Bill . . .
Brother? Huh! He's a poisonous pill!

(Ma shakes her head, utterly baffled . . . one minute an oil can, next minute a pill . . . continues making interminable sandwiches, trying to figure it out . . . decides she is too old to learn the new language her young ones talk.)

BABY *(who has been insidiously helping himself, now becoming vocal)*:
I wanna weenie.

MAMIE *(nervously trying to keep one eye on Baby and one ear on the door—Red being late now)*:
You can't have a weenie. It's not good for you.

BABY *(giving sister a determined look)*:
'Tis too.

MAMIE *(crossly)*:
It's not.

(Door bell rings . . . Mamie dashes out . . . it's Red.)

BABY *(regarding her departure with look of satisfaction, takes weenie, and talks aloud, as if to himself)*:
Can't 'ave dis . . . can't 'ave dat . . . can't 'ave nuthin' . . . big stiff!

MA *(horrified)*:
Why, brother! Who are you calling a big stiff?

BABY *(blandly)*:
Puthy cat . . .
(Curtain.)

Scene II.—On the Beach.

Mamie, Red, and their friends are sitting around the fire in the moonlight killing time and mosquitoes . . . the wind, as usual, bloweth where it listeth, asphyxiating with smoke those seated southwest by south as impartially as those northeast by north . . . weenies seem to have organic objections to being toasted, wriggling off the forks as though alive, or else burning to cinders with the impassive stoicism of early Christian martyrs . . .

RED *(inhaling sudden smoke screen)*:
I wish that wind would make up its mind where it wants to blow. *(Slap.)* I got that one. Gosh, he bit me to the bone!

MAMIE *(gayly)*:
The skeeters sure love me. If there's one within a mile he'll break all previous engagements to come and bite me.

RED *(gallantly)*:
I don't blame him, the lucky stiff.

MAMIE *(brightly)*:
But it poisons him and he dies.

RED: What a happy death. *(Slap.)* There's another one.
They've got teeth around here.

RYAN *(a friend from whom Truth has obtained an absolute divorce)*:
Ya oughta seen 'em over at the lake where I was last Summer. They kept us awake all night climbing up and down the screens outside the windows like a bunch of cats.

JOHN, RYAN'S FRIEND:
Yea, and one night they got to fighting on the roof; it was a tin roof, ya know, and it sounded like a revolution in a canning factory. The noise of 'em falling off the house kept us awake all night.

RYAN: We caught one once and made a pet out of him. Tied a chain around his neck and used him for a watch dog. *(Sadly.)* But he died, poor fellow.

MAMIE: What killed him?

RYAN: Johnson's singing. Give us another sandwich.

JOHNSON: I gave Ruth some jack to pick up some candy coming by the drug garage, but she salted it. Said she might need it for mad money to-night.

RUTH: If you start singing I'll use it right away. Who wants a burned weenie?

RED: I'll bite.

RUTH: Here it is; bite.

(Laughter, Mamie gives Ruth a look that says as would so many words, "Private Property . . . No Trespassing . . . This Means YOU.")

RUTH *(as Red takes a bite)*:
Ouch; you're biting my finger.

(Mamie glares at her . . . glares at Red . . . then suddenly comes to and smiles sweetly at both of them . . . hopes others didn't notice her discomfiture.)

RYAN *(suddenly)*:
Anyone seen Elsie?

VOICES: Elsie who?

RYAN *(roguishly)*:
Elsie you later. Ha! ha!

(Laughter . . . noticeable effort on everybody else's part to think up a good one.)

RED *(in apparent effort to appease Mamie)*:
Tell 'em that one of yours about Minerva.

MAMIE *(without enthusiasm)*:
Minerva? O, yes. I say, do you know Minerva, and you ask me Minerva who, and then I pull it. All right. Get set. Do you know Minerva?

RYAN: What Minerva?

MAMIE: Not what Minerva; Minerva who. Now try it again.
Do you know Minerva?

GLADYS: Minerva who?



Weenies seem to have organic objections to being toasted.



"Well, maybe I'm silly. . . ."

MAMIE: Minerva's wreck.

(And so the hours pass . . . party thins out perceptibly, various couples wandering away to find places where contemplation cannot be disturbed, in order better to study the effect of moonlight on water, or the comparative density of shadows, or something equally scientific . . .)

(Slow Curtain.)

Scene III.—The Homecoming.

(Red and Mamie are walking home . . . Red is evidently trying to explain something, but doesn't seem to be making himself understood . . .)

MAMIE *(decisively)*:
But it makes me feel like a fool.

RED *(doggedly)*:
But I didn't mean anything by it. She says "bite" and I bit. That's all.

MAMIE: Well, you didn't have to bite her finger. *(Bitterly.)* I don't see how you could get any fun out of that. Ugh!

RED *(for the fourteenth time)*:
Ah, forget it. I was just foolin'. *(Suddenly.)* Why, I wouldn't give your little finger for eighty-seven like her.

MAMIE *(relenting)*:
Well, maybe I'm silly, but it did make me feel so foolish. Anyway, you won't do it again, will you?

RED *(sincerely)*:
I should say not.

(Leaning out over his cloud parapet and peering down through the moonlight, the little god of love smiles an amused smile as Red faithfully promises never again to bite Ruth's finger . . . and as they walk away, with Mamie snuggling up to Red and Red holding her close, he smiles again, a smug little satisfied smile, as much as to say:

"Well, That's That, Until Next Sunday."

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IF WINTER COMES

Continued from Page Ten.

changed whispers behind the men seated between them.

The jury shuffled up from their seats and were sworn in and shuffled back again. . . . The coroner was speaking. " . . . and you will hear the evidence of the witnesses who will be brought before you . . . and I propose to take first the case of the deceased child . . . two deaths . . . and it will be found more convenient to dispose first of the case of the child. . . . First witness!"

CHAPTER V.

I.

Hapgood said:

"Did I say to you last time, after that Brighton business, that the man had crashed, that the roof had fallen in on him? Did I say that? May I never again use superlatives till I've turned over the page to make sure they weren't comparatives. Eh, man, sitting on his bed there at Brighton and gibbering at me, Sabre was a whole man, a sane man; he was a fortunate and happy man, compared with this that I saw come at him down at Tidborough yesterday.

"I've told you that chap that came up to him outside the Law Courts evidently told him the girl had killed herself and that he was wanted for the inquest. Next day I went down, knowing nothing about it, of course. I hit up Tidborough about twelve. No train out to Penny Green for an hour, so I went to take a fly. Old chap I went to charter, when he heard it was Sabre's place I was looking for, told me Sabre was at this inquest; said he'd driven him to it. And told me what inquest. Inquest! You can guess how I felt. It was the first I'd heard about it. Hopped into the cab and drove down to it.

"By Jove, old man . . . By Jove, old man, how I'm ever going to tell you. That poor chap in there baited by those fiends. . . . By Jove . . . By Jove . . . You know, old man, I've told you before, I'm not the sort of chap that weeps he knows not why; I never nursed a tame gazelle and all that sort of thing. I can sit through a play thinking about my supper while my wife ruins her dress and my trousers crying over them—but this business, old Sabre up in that witness box with his face in a knot and stammering out 'Look here—. Look here—'; that was absolutely all he ever said; he never could get any farther—old Sabre going through that, and the solicitor tearing the inside out of him and throwing it in his face, and that treble-dyed Iscariot Twyning prompting the solicitor and egging him on, with his beastly spittle running like venom out of the corners of his mouth—I tell you my eyes felt like two boiled gooseberries in my head: boiled red hot; and a red-hot potato stuck in my throat, stuck tight. I tell you. . . .

"When I crept into that infernal court, that infernal torture chamber, they were just finishing the case of the child. This solicitor chap—chap with a humped back and a head as big as a house—was just finishing fawning round a doctor man in the box, putting it up to him that there was nothing to suggest deliberate suffocation of the baby. Oxalic acid poisoning—was it not the case that the girl would have died in great agony? Writhed on the bed? Might easily have overlaid the child? The doctor had seen the position in which she was found lying in regard to the child—would he not tell the jury she almost certainly rolled on to the child while it slept—that sort of rather painful stuff. Doctor chap rather jibbed a bit at being rushed, but hunchback kept him to it devilish cleverly and the verdict was as good as given. The doc. was just going out of the box when humpo called him back. 'One moment more, Doctor, if you please. Can you tell me, if you please, approximately the age of the child—approximately, but as near as you possibly can, Doctor?'

"The doctor said about five months—four to five months."

"'Five months,' says Humpo, mouthing it. 'Five months.' He turned deliberately round and looked directly at Sabre, sitting sort of huddled up on the front bench. 'Five months. We may take it, then, the child was born in December last. In December last.' Still with his back to the witness and staring at Sabre, you understand, and the jury all staring with him and people standing up in the court to see what the devil he was looking at. 'We may take that, may we, Doctor?' He was watching Sabre with a sort of half smile. The doctor said he might take it. The chap snapped up his face with a jerk and turned round. 'Thank you, Doctor. That will do.' And he sat down. If ever I saw a chap playing a fish and suddenly strike and hook it, I saw it then, when he smiled towards Sabre and then snapped up his face and plumped down. And the jury saw it. He'd got 'em fixed from that moment. Fixed. Oh, he was clever—clever, my word!

"That ended that. The coroner rumbled out a bit of a summary, practically told the jury what to say, reminded them, if they had any lingering doubts, that the quality of mercy was not strained—him showing before the morning was out that he knew about as much about mercy as I know about Arabic—and the jury without leaving the box brought in that the child had died of suffocation due to misadventure.

"The court drew a long breath; you could hear it. Everybody settled himself down nice and comfortably. The curtain-raiser was over, and very nice too; now for the drama.

"They got it."

II.

"Look here, get the hang of the thing. Get a bearing on some of these people. There was the coroner getting off his preamble—flavoring it with plenty of 'distressings' and 'painfuls' and 'father of the deceased well known to and respected by many off us-es.' Great big pudding of a chap, the coroner. Sat there impassive like a flabby old Buddha. Face like a three-parts deflated football. Looked as if he'd been poured on to his seat out of a jug and jellified there. There was old Bright, the girl's father, smouldering like inside the door of a banked-up furnace; smouldering like if you touched him he'd burst out into roaring flame and sparks. There was Mr. Iscariot Twyning with his face like a stab—in the back—and his mouth on his face like a scar. There was this solicitor chap next him, with his hump, with his hair like a mane, and a head like a house, and a mouth like a cave. He's a great big red tongue, about a yard long, like a retriever's and a great long forefinger with about five joints in it that he waggled when he was cross-examining and shot out when he was incriminating like the front nine inches of a snake.

"That chap! When he was in the full cry and ecstasy of his hunt after Sabre, the perspiration streamed down his face like running oil, and he'd flap his great red tongue around his jaws and mop his streaming face and chuck away his streaming mane; and all the time he'd be stooping down to Twyning, and while he was stooping and Twyning prompting him with the venom pricking and bursting in the corners of his mouth, all the time he was stooping this chap would leave that great fore-finger waggling away at Sabre, and Sabre clutching the box, and his face in a knot, and his throat in a lump and choking out 'Look here—. Look here—'

"I tell you, old man. . . . I tell you . . . .

"Sabre, when they started to get at it, was sitting on the front bench braced up forwards and staring towards what he was hearing like a man watching his brother balancing across a narrow plank stretched over a crater. He had his hands on the crook of his old stick and he was working at the crook as if he was trying to tear it off. I wonder he didn't, the way he was straining at it. And every now and then when Humpo was leading on the witnesses, and when Sabre saw what they were putting up against him, he'd half start to his feet and open his mouth and once or twice let fly that frightful 'Look here—' of his; and old Buddha would give him, 'Be silent, sir!' and he'd drop back like a man with a hit in the face and sit there swallowing and press his throat.

"I tell you. . . .

"I was standing right across the court at right angles to him. I was wedged tight. Scarcely breathe, let alone move. I wrote on a bit of paper to Sabre that I was here and let him get up and ask for me; and I wrapped it round half-a-crown and pushed it across the heads of the mob to a police sergeant. He gave it to Sabre. Sabre snatched the thing as if he was mad at it, and read it, and buzzed it on the floor and ground his heel on it. Just to show me, I suppose. Nice! Poor devil, my gooseberry eyes went up about ten degrees. Bit later I had another shot. I—well, I'll come to that in a minute."

To be continued.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
The Safest and Best Family Medicine

ECZEMA You are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and Skin Irritations. It relieves at once and gradually heals the Skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c stamp for postage. 60c a box; all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Mother Too Close To Her Own Brood

Angelo Patri Discusses Reasons For Child's Vacation.

ANGELO PATRI, the well-known educator, who has helped thousands of boys, says in the June Delineator. "The Summer camp is the place where the children seem to belong in Summer. They need to be separated from their families for a time. All members of it will be the better for a wider perspective of each other's fine points.

"Mother has been getting to close to the children during the year. She sees all their failings and loses sight of their high spots in her anxiety to build character habits that will measure up to her high standards. She is tired and so are the children.

"For ten months they have followed the routine of home and school. They have been groomed and improved and ground and polished until the process has come close to their nerves. They need a respite. They need a change in the training process; a change, not a letting down. To turn children loose for a season will not do. The habits so dearly bought must not be thrown aside."

SILK DAISY EASY FOR YOU TO MAKE

A silk daisy is an easy flower to make. It consists of eight petals of the same size and shape. The petals are formed by cutting two round disks each five inches in diameter; then quarter them ,and each quarter represents a petal. The two straight sides are sewed together, and the rounded edges at the bottom gathered closely. The center is a covered cotton ball attached to a light-weight buckram disk about one inch in diameter.—From the June Designer.

THE COMING OF THE SERPENT

Continued From Page Eleven.

feeling against him was unabated, he had gone away to the far South, out of the teeth of the bitter Winter, and ever since had lived the weary, wandering life of a tramp. Broken in health and longing to see his family once again before he died, he had ventured back, and had been taken by the officers.

"A tramp's life? Where, then, did you get so much money to send your wife each year?" asked the cross-examiner.

On the stupid, sallow face there gathered a look of wondering perplexity. "I ain't never sent Sally any money."

"Four times a year, for the past ten years, she has received through the mails a $50 bill. Did you not send it to her?"

A light almost derisive came into the watery eyes. "Why, Mr. C'ruthers, I ain't never seed a whole fifty-dollar bill in my life."

Carruthers looked disconcerted. Out in the crowd the man leaning against the post gave utterance to a long, sibilant "Ah!" and the judge bent out of his chair to recover a dropped paper. That was all; and then the proceedings went on. Yes, it was a lame story, the lawyers agreed; but one man in the room besides the speaker knew that every word was true.

At last, on the third day, the evidence was all in; the orators on either side had spent their logic and their rhetoric, and the judge rose up to charge the jury. Those who heard him never forgot the light in his eyes, the ring in his voice. By a phenomenal effort he held himself within the bounds of his judicial prerogative, but through the whole charge there ran a subtle appeal to the sympathies of the jurors which hearts of steel could not have resisted. The prosecution squirmed in their chairs; and yet so ingenious was his presentation that they knew not where to pick the flaw. When at last he had finished and sat down and, under cover of wiping his brow, had hidden his face in his handkerchief, they looked helplessly at each other, while the patient wife sobbed aloud and the man by the post muttered "Magnificent!" below his breath.

It was sundown when the jury went out. On the lounge of his retiring room the judge lay all of that long night, with no eyes save those of the blinking stars to witness his agony. A note from Dolores lay unanswered, unread, at his hand. No sleep came to him, no morsel of food passed his lips; he asked himself but one question: What if he had failed and the verdict should be "Guilty"? Asked it over and over again, and never answered it.

A breathless silence reigned in the courtroom the next morning when the clock began to toll off nine. Every seat was filled, and through the open doors a crowd gaped in from the hall. The prisoner was in his place, and close behind sat his wife and daughters. At the last stroke of the clock the judge's door opened, and he entered slowly. He held to the knob a moment, as though to steady himself, and he was so deathly pale that an old lawyer said to his colleague: "It is, of course, a lost case, and, being the first time he has had to pronounce the death sentence, he is naturally a good deal shaken. He'll get used to it."

The comment was whispered about, and kindly glances of sympathy followed him to the bench, while up in the gallery a young woman hurriedly removed her veil and leaned forward, a world of encouragement in her tender grey eyes.

When the jury were seated, the judge opened his mouth to speak, but the contracted muscles gave forth no sound. The man by the post leaned forward intently alert; the crowd heaved and rushed. Was he going to break down? But the next moment his voice rang out clear and distinct:

"Mr. Foreman, are you agreed?"

"We are, your Honor."

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

Was it a woman's or a man's cry of relief that startled the stillness? Commotion and question followed so close upon it that it was hard to say whence it came, but involuntarily people's glances turned toward the bench rather than the chair behind the prisoner. The judge sat back in his seat and with his characteristic movement put up his handkerchief to his face. It seemed as if a century of care had rolled from his heart; the blood came back to his cheek, the energy to his arm. Once more the faces before him were something more than a moving blot; once more life was love, and love was divine. In the blessed relief that had come to him, in the sweet renewal of a hope that was dead, he forgot that he was there to rule, and so made no motion to quiet the tumult of the room. "Dolores, Dolores, Dolores!" he was saying over to himself with a passion of joy that would not be repressed.

AND then there followed one of the strangest scenes ever enacted in a court room. Suddenly above the comment and criticism and hubbub of movement a voice blew like a trumpet that imposes silence: "Mr. Sheriff, the man Rule has been proven innocent, and innocent he is; but the real murderer is here—the man who for ten long years has made yonder prisoner a homeless wanderer and his wife a lonely woman—I say that man is here."

Every eye went to the man by the post, forgetful even of the judge, who at the first words of the unusual interruption had risen to his feet, gavel in hand.

"Most of you know me," went on the speaker, unabashed by the rap on the desk. "My name is Duncan, and I have a story to tell you. There were three pistols found by Holeman's body; two of them were known to be his; the third had never been in Clayton but a few hours. It was one of a brace which two friends had divided between them as pledges of faith after a difficulty over a game of cards. Accidentally I found the mate to this curiously-carved weapon while doing some detective work in a distant city last Summer, and from the owner I learned the name of the man who had carried this one that played so fatal a part in our neighborhood. It was a name we have all known and honored. A month ago in the City of Frankfort, Ky., I saw the man who bore this name post a letter. It caught in the slot of the box, and my quick eye read the address—it was to that little woman sitting yonder behind the prisoner. My friends, Sally Rule has had but one letter in all these weeks, and that one carried the Frankfort postmark, and contained a $50 bill! Do you not read the mystery for yourselves? Thus was this man, prosperous through theft, striving to atone to the heartbroken wife for the guilt thrust wrongfully upon her husband. I say again the man is in this room. I have here a warrant for his arrest, and, Mr Sheriff, I call upon you to serve it."

With the last words the speaker strode down the aisle and thrust the paper into the sheriff's hands. The crowd stood up en masse, eager, breathless, dominant. The officer mumbling something about "when the court closed," glanced helplessly from the paper toward the judge, who towered above them all, rigid, motionless, pallid as a carven statue. Involuntarily the eyes of the assembly followed those of the officer in fascinated doubt and horror.

"Serve the warrant, Mr. Sheriff." His white lips formed the words, seemingly without violation.

"Then, your honor," answered the officer, stepping forward, "you are my prisoner."

For a moment no one moved, no one even breathed; then a woman's agonized scream tore the silence apart, and the spell was broken. He recognized the voice, and turning toward the gallery whence it came, met the gray eyes with a look that was confession. Then with an answering cry, such as a lost soul gives when, with Paradise in sight, it sinks into Purgatory, he tossed up his arms and swayed forward.

They picked him up from where he had fallen prone on the steps of the high tribunal of justice and carried him away to the privacy of his retiring-room, while the crowd, with muffled footsteps, emptied itself into the street. Then the excitement broke over the town like a tidal wave.

Some there were ready to demand of him the full price of his crime; while others more merciful gauged from the sad eyes and white face the penalty of penance he had paid. Execration and commiseration were alike heaped on his name. But none of it reached him lying white and still on the narrow lounge upstairs.

"No medicine can cure him; he will never be conscious again," the physician said. "Brain nerves are like harp strings—stretch them too far and they snap; and nature has no repair shop for such accidents.

"To move him would be instant death," he added to the sheriff waiting outside. "You can leave your deputy here at the door if you like, but he will be tried in other courts than your."

The man of medicine was right. With avenging justice waiting outside, and with death at his pillow, he lay for a week on his narrow bed and knew no face of friend or foe. Then suddenly one day he opened his eyes and cried aloud:

"Serve the warrant, Mr. Sheriff." And Death obeyed the order.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength.

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

EDITOR AT WORK PITIED CHILDREN

A FORMER editor of the "Gloucester Journal," which celebrated its bi-centenary recently, was the founder of one of the most influential religious institutions of modern times.

Moved to pity by the uncared-for condition of the children who played and fought and cursed beneath his window on Sundays as he sat correcting his proofs, he invited a number of them in one momentous day in 1780, and tried to teach them, as he termed it, "the rudiments of religion and good behavior."

The kindly editor's name was Robert Raikes, and that little class of his was the first Sunday school.

KEEP VALUABLES HIDDEN IN HAIR

SOUTH of Mahamanina, in Madagascar, the woman do their hair in two rows of little balls, while behind their heads they place a piece of hollow wood ornamented with brass-headed nails and fastened into the hair. In this cylinder they keep their pins, needles and small valuables. Near the coast on the same island the women plait the hair in very fine braids, which they twist into thin, flat, circular coils of from one to two and a half inches in diameter.

HALIFAX EXPLOSION WRECKED HER NERVES

The reader will, no doubt, remember when a few years ago there was a collision in the Halifax N. S., Harbor and one of the munition ships was blown up, causing great loss of life and laying a large portion of the city in ruins, and causing a great deal of suffering and distress among the inhabitants.

Mrs. Winfield Dill, now of Windsor, N. S., was living in Halifax at that time and went through this trying experience and the shock wrecked her nerves. She writes as follows:—"I was living in Halifax at the time of the explosion, and it wrecked my nerves so that I could not do my housework. I would take such nervous spells I would be under the doctor's care.

I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, so I took two boxes and they helped me so much I took six more, and now I am completely relieved. I can recommend them to anyone suffering from heart and nerve trouble."

To all those who suffer from nervous shock we would recommend our

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

as the best remedy to tone up the entire nervous system and strengthen the weakened organs. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the original heart and nerve food having been on the market for the past 27 years. Price 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prevents Sagging.

Knitted wool sweaters are very likely to sag at the shoulders. A bit of ribbon the length of the shoulder from neck to top of armhole, attached securely at each end of the sweater, will prevent the shoulders from sagging.

THE LADY OF LABURNUM LODGE

By RUBY M. AYRES

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Complete in this issue.

I AM a lover of the antique. I possess one of the finest collections of china in England—my dining-room chairs are genuine Chippendale—I have an oak escritoire in which Nell Gwyn is supposed to have kept her love-letters, and yet—and yet I came to live in Our Avenue.

It was a drop from the sublime to the ridiculous, but I never quite realized it until the day when I say my Chippendale chairs standing out in all the glory and mud of the unmade road, while the removal men refreshed their weary souls with bottled ale.

It came home to me then, the incongruity of what I had done in moving my cherished collection from the picturesque, if somewhat dilapidated and damp, old-fashioned mansion twenty miles from anywhere, to the up-to-date, stuccoed-villa importance of Our Avenue.

I felt like going out in the rain and apologizing to the oaken escritoire and the Chippendale chairs, as they stood, their backs to the imbibers of Bacchus, looking at the flaunting new paint and aggressive red bricks and white stucco of No. 12, with silent reproach on their worm-eaten countenances.

Our Avenue was brand-new, so brand-new that the road was still in the condition of a ploughed field after a week of ceaseless rain; so brand-new that one needed a microscope with which to see the apologetic-looking lime-trees which were planted, one opposite every stuccoed villa on the edge of the pathway, so weak and youthful were they; so brand-new that, so far, the pompous Urban Council had not deigned to honor us with lighting of any sort, as I had found to my cost the previous evening, when I had blundered in the unholy darkness into a perfect quagmire of mud and puddle, and leapt ashore from it, so to speak, only to hurl myself against one of the aforesaid apologetic lime-trees, from the presence of which the road had derived its name.

That lime-tree was now hanging broken and shame-faced, its feeble branches trailing in the mud, and only that morning I had seen the builder and owner of Our Avenue standing by it in earnest consultation with his foreman, and I had felt like a murderer.

"It's those imps of boys," I heard my worthy landlord say vindictively as I passed. "Let me catch them at their tricks, that's all."

And I had slunk by, hoping I did not appear as guilty as I felt.

It seemed almost an unpardonable sin that I had dared to deface, even accidentally, the smart brand-newness of the road.

It was a short road, ending abruptly at my end of it with a high paling which shut off a meadow.

Some day, so my landlord informed me, when they could induce a certain titled landowner to sell, that fence would come down, and the road be carried right through; but up to the present—well, my lord preferred his green meadow to a row of inquisitive-looking forty-pound-a-year villas.

In my heart I agreed with my lord's view, though I wisely refrained from saying so to the vendor of bricks and mortar, for as matters stood, I had a pleasant view from my bedroom window of cool green grass, and waving trees, and it was a decided relief to look in that direction after the band-box, model-village view which greeted the eye in the opposite one.

There were twelve houses in Our Avenue, six on each side of the road, and they were all occupied but two which were still in an unfinished state.

Mine, No. 12, being at the extreme top, and built rather on a curve, commanded a view of the entire road, and already I had noticed, even with my inexperienced eye, that the occupied ten differed in no way from each other, save in the variety of curtains, window-boxes, and the laying out of garden plots.

They were all detached, land being cheap, I suppose, and they all, without exception, sported a copper plate on the left-hand side of the front door, engraved with some wonderfully thought out name.

Opposite to me was Laburnum



"I Followed Close At His Heels."

Lodge—one looked in vain for laburnum-trees—next door to me was Pixieland—I had yet to discover its meaning and derivation; and all down the road were similar misnomers, so perhaps it can be understood that when I, too, was offered a similar copper plate, I resolutely declined.

"I'll have a number or nothing," I said. "A number's good enough for me."

The worthy landlord looked distressed—those copper plates were evidently as the apple of his eye.

"I had thought 'Meadowview' would be so appropriate," he murmured deprecatingly.

"'Stucco-view' would be equally so," I argued. "No, I won't have a name at all."

"But for the sake of postal direction," he pleaded, catching at a last straw.

"The postal authorities will know me without any direction at all, soon," I maintained obstinately. "I have a large correspondence. You can stick up a number if you like, but—"

I suppose he read determination in my eye, for he said no more, but I doubt not that it wrung his heart, and, indeed, the hearts of the occupiers of the other nine establishments, when they saw a subdued-looking painter fixing a couple of obnoxious figures in the fanlight over my front door.

I felt that in the face of the nine copper plates my unpretentious number had lost caste for me.

I WAS sure that the other nine looked upon me as a disturbing element in the hitherto unimpeachable respectability of the road, and for that reason it was not altogether with sorrow that I saw surreptitious and suspicious movements of the window curtains at Laburnum Lodge as my Chippendale chairs were taken from the van by the careless hands of the removal men and deposited in the mud.

"At any rate, they can see that I've got some decent stuff," I thought, as Nell Gwyn's desk followed. "Or perhaps bamboo is the height of refinement to them."

Apparently it was, as I heard next day from my housekeeper, who was voluble, and had already had deep and earnest conversations with the milkman, the butcher boy and the dustman, that Miss Pinder, the mistrees of Laburnum Lodge had, from the shelter of her stiffly-starched lace curtains, sent forth the decree that my cherished antiques were a lot of rubbish, for which she would not give me a five-pound note.

"You may give my compliments to Miss Pinder," I retorted, with a feeling of outrage, "and ask her if she is as ignorant as she is generous."

Which command Bundle, my housekeeper, who had also been my nurse in the distant past when I had been sufficiently infantile to require such a personage, promised faithfully to obey.

By the way, "Bundle" is not her name, but one which I and my numerous brothers and sisters had given her in the nursery days on account of her somewhat uncouth proportions.

And, as is often the way with nicknames, this one had, lichen-like, clung to the good old soul till I am sure she would hardly have recognized her lawful baptismal name had she been addressed by it.

Even the tradesmen called her "Mrs. Bundle," believing they were doing the correct thing, and as she never found fault with them, one may conclude that they were.

She turned at the door, after having received my instructions with regard to the lady of Laburnum Lodge, flicked an imaginary speck of dust from my despised escritoire, and prepared to salve my apparently wounded feelings.

"It's always the way in a road like this," she declared. "Nobody's got anything to do but mind other people's business, and say nasty things about them. The assistant dustman tells me that Miss Pinder is an old cat."

"No doubt the assistant dustman is right," I said, slightly bored.

Bundle is the best of good creatures, but she never forgets that she was gifted at birth with a tongue, and I began to wonder if I had let myself in for a deluge of small talk and stuccoed gossip by coming to live in Our Avenue.

"She treats her companion cruel," Bundle went on, still vigorously doing her best to rub the polish from Nell Gwyn's desk, "and she's as nice a lady as you could meet—so the assistant dustman tells me."

"No doubt," said I, "no doubt."

I took up the paper, but Bundle did not take the hint.

"It's like Cinderella and the proud sister all over again," she continued. "Only she's not her sister."

"With or without the Prince and the glass slippers?" I inquired politely.

Bundle looked wise—she sighed and plucked at her apron—a habit she had when her thoughts are turned in the direction of the tender passion.

"There was a gentleman, but he treated her badly," she said. "But, there, all the men seem to be the same."

I felt my eyes roving almost unconsciously to the Nell Gwyn desk. It and its contents were the small remaining links between me and the one romance of my bachelor life.

"And some women, too, I said with irony."

Bundle, who guessed what she did not actually know of my unfortunate romance, brindled.

"And if they are," she said warmly, "you're well rid of them, Master Arthur, though I don't suppose you'll ever come to see it."

I did not suppose so, either, but it was a useless argument so I yawned and threw down the paper, and Bundle vanished to the kitchen regions.

So the lady of Laburnum Lodge was an "old cat," was she?

I felt a sudden mild curiosity with regard to her, and getting up from my chair, strolled over to the window.

Across the other side of the ploughed field—I beg its pardon. I mean the road—the Spring sunshine was shedding its warmth full on the face of Laburnum Lodge.

Its garden was more "forward" than any in the road, the paths being neatly gravelled, and the small beds stocked with bulbs that were already showing flower.

As I looked idly across, the door opened and down the spotlyess steps—would any man ever have dared go up them in muddy boots, I wondered—came the figure of a woman.

It was the lady of Laburnum Lodge. I decided in a moment that it must be she, by the almost aggressive air of possession with which she walked, with which she stooped over a bed of tulips, and carefully removed one that had seen its best days.

This was she, the lady who had refused, without being asked, to give me a five-pound note for my famous collection.

She was a tall, thin woman, with a figure that looked somehow curiously young in spite of the greyness of her hair, and the somewhat hard, vixenish expression of her face.

Having annihilated the faded tulip, she looked up and across at me.

I have no starchel curtains drawn tightly across my windows, being a lover of light and air, so she could not help seeing me standing there in all my impudence.

FOR a moment our eyes met across the muddy road, then my lady of Laburnum Lodge, then her head, turned with a dignity that could never be described in any poor words of mine, sailed in majesty up the spotless steps, and disappeared within the house.

She did not bang the door—I will give her that credit—but she shut it with a determination there was no mistaking.

I laughed as I went back to my chair.

I am rather fond of studying human nature, and I found myself wondering about Miss Pinder, what she had been like when she was young, if she had ever had a lover, why she had never married, what had soured her, and many, many such questions to which I never thought I should find the answer.

I also wondered if some one I had known before my hair began to turn grey would ever look like Miss Pinder, or if she had married, and made some man's home a paradise.

Vain wonderings when the paths of our lives had diverged so utterly that they could never meet again.

I call myself a strong-minded man, insomuch that I never allow myself to dig up old memories, to stir the cold ashes of a thing long dead and forgotten, in the vain hope of finding it still warm and breathing. For that reason I never open my Nell Gwyn desk; for that reason I now deserted the depth of my arm-chair, took my hat, and started to go for a stroll.

However, I had got no farther than the doorstep, when a telegraph boy who had somehow ploughed his way on a bicycle down the awful road of Our Avenue, fell off at my gate, pulled himself together with a quaint attempt at looking important, and advanced to me with an orange-colored envelope in his hand.

I rather enjoy receiving telegrams, and if they contain bad news, there is a sort of excitement about them, a momentary thrill of delightful suspense while you are breaking the seal.

I wondered idly who had found it necessary to wire to me, and I wondered still more when I read the words inside:

Coming down this afternoon. Arrived England last night.—Smith.

I am not an excitable man, but that commonplace little name gave me the nearest approach to a thrill that I had experienced for years.

Smith—whom I had not seen for more than ten years; Smith, for whom I slavishly "fagged" at school; Smith, who had initiated me into the mysteries of the world as it lies to the hand of a boy; Smith, who had fallen on the thorny side of a love affair, and gone off to the backwoods of Nowhere to forget it; Smith, the one real friend I had ever possessed was actually back in England, would actually be with me that day!

His scrappy letters, received at intervals of sometimes four or five months, had made no mention of his probable return, and yet here he was, almost at my door, so to speak.

I smothered an inclination to "hurrah" like a schoolboy, gave the messenger sixpence, and went back indoors to inform Bundle.

She was nearly as pleased as I was, and at once began a lengthy discourse concerning pies and omelets, from which I escaped with more haste than politeness, I am afraid.

It was more than ten years since Smith had dropped in to say good-bye to me that morning before he sailed, more than ten years since he had informed me in sepulchral tones that his life was ruined, that he had nothing to live for.

I had listened sympathetically at the time, and expected every mail to hear that he had consoled himself, and was a happy Benedict; but if he was he had not thought it worth while to mention the fact to me.

And now he was home.

TEN YEARS! Why, he must be well over forty, seeing that he could give me some five years and that my four-and-thirtieth birthday was a thing of the past.

I wondered if he had got stout or bald, in what direction he had changed; and even while I was musing, he arrived in person to reply to my wonderings.

And, of course, as is always the way when one is prepared to find great changes there were none, unless slightly grizzled hair, and a few crow's-feet can so be designated.

"I found there was an earlier train, so I took it, and here I am," he said throwing his coat in one direction, his hat in another, in the old, untidy way I remembered so well.

Had I not, as a small, worshipful boy, gloried in my duties of folding his clothes and putting them away?

"I got your new address from the club," he went on, without giving me time to say a word. "Sent off that wire, and here I am. And now, what in the world made you choose such a spot? And why in the world don't they make up the road?"

He walked over to the window and stared out.

"What an abominable air of newness about everything," he said, not giving me time to answer his questions. "And who is the starchy lady in the garden opposite?"

"She's an 'old cat,'" said I drily. "At least, so the assistant dustman informed Bundle, and I dare say he knows."

"Bundle! You don't mean to say she is still in the land of the living?"

And he was off again on another tack, forgetting his momentary interest in the "starchy lady," who was, of course, no less a person than Miss Pinder, who had once again descended in majesty to tidy the tulip bed.

It was not till we had finished the excellent lunch, which Bundle had concocted at a moment's notice out of nothing, that I found time to ask a few questions on my own account.

"So you're not married?" said I refilling his glass, and pushing the cigarettes across.

Smith flushed.

"I can say that I am," he said rather shortly, "but—"

He paused, looking at me hesitatingly.

"I don't suppose you'll understand if I tell you," he went on differently. "But you remember why I cleared off abroad? I know I spent an evening raving against Fate to you before I went. It was a woman, you know. We quarrelled. I won't say I was right, or that she was. I don't even know now why we quarrelled, though it seemed a mountainous cause at the time. Anyhow, she wouldn't make it up, and so I cleared. I can honestly say that I've never cared for another woman since, but on the way home this time on the boat I met a girl. She was much younger than I am, but she reminded me of what the other had been ten years ago. I think she liked me, too, but—well, memory is an accursed thing, and somehow it brought back all the old days, and instead of being attracted to this girl because of the likeness, I found myself—well, you can guess." He broke off, laughing rather consciously.

"The long and the short of it is, Arthur, I am going to find out what has become of her; and, if she is unmarried, and still thinks anything of me—well, I'm not an old man, and it's true enough that it's never too late to be what you might have been."

"Humph!" said I. "Supposing she's altered? She may be fat or scraggy, or Heaven knows what! Ten years ages a woman very much, you know."

"It hasn't changed me much," said Smith. "And I don't see why it need have changed her. She was such a fine-looking girl! But, there, I dare say she's married, and if so—"

"If so," said I, "I suppose the lady of the boat will come in as a makeshift, eh?"

He laughed.

"She seemed rather to like me," he admitted modestly.

I looked across at my Nell Gwyn desk.

"I think you'd be wise to be on with the new love," I said decidedly. "It's no use stirring old porridge."

But Smith only laughed good naturedly.

"You wait till you get to care about some woman yourself," he said wisely. "Perhaps then you'll understand the meaning of allegiance. It's odd, but once a woman's been anything to you, she seems to have bound you to her in some sort of way that you can't escape. I haven't seen her for ten years; I've never heard a word from her, or of her, and yet I don't believe I could ever give another woman a serious thought unless I knew for certain that Marion was absolutely out of reach."

"Is the lady's name Marion?" I asked. "You never told me that before."

"Didn't I? Yes, Marion Pinder is her name, she used to live at Little Helpton, in Surrey. I wonder if she's still there?"

"There are a couple of old maids across the road and one is named Pinder," said I, laughing. "In fact, the 'starchy lady' you inquired after just now is she—the 'old cat,' as the assistant dustman designated her to Bundle. I suppose she cannot be you inamorata?"

Smith looked offended.

"I can't imagine that she could ever turn into an 'old cat,'" he said resentfully. 'She was one of the sweetest women I ever met."

"They all are," said I.

But Smith made no answer.

"Well," said I, lifting my glass, "here's luck, anyway, and mind you ask me to the wedding."

Smith laughed delightedly.

"Consider yourself invited already," he said, with amusing optimism. "You shall be best man, and—"

THERE was a hasty knock at the door, and Bundle came in breathlessly.

"Oh, please, Master Arthur"—the worthy soul can never realize that I am not still the nursery imp who was at once the terror and delight of her youthful days, and honor me with the title of "Mr."—"the maid from the house over the way has just come to the back door in such a state. Miss Pinder has had a fit, or she thinks it is, and she wanted to know if you were a doctor. Someone had told her that you was, and—"

"I'll go!" said Smith suddenly. (I forgot to mention before that he had left England to take a Government appointment abroad as medical officer in some fever-stricken swamp.) "You'd better come, too, Arthur. Which house is it?"

He was out of the room even as he asked, and half-way across the muddy road, I followed close at his heels.

The front door of Miss Pinder's house stood wide open, and from inside came sounds of a woman's hysterical weeping.

Why will some women always weep and make themselves an utter nuisance when there is illness about and work to be done?

The sound came from the front sitting-room, and Smith unceremoniously pushed open the door and entered.

A youngish - looking woman — the down-trodden companion, I supposed—was kneeling by a couch, wringing her hands, and carrying on in a manner that made one long to shake her, and on the couch lay the figure of the "starchy lady," her face as white as the lace at the throat of her black dress, her thin hands hanging limply on either side of her.

"Let me come," said Smith.

He pushed the weeping woman aside with no gentle hand, and bent over the couch, only to start back with an exclamation that was half-horror, half-incredulity.

"Marion!" he said hoarsely. "Marion, Marion!"

He bent again over the unconscious woman, scrutinizing her features with a sort of fear in his eyes, then he gently lifted her left hand as it lay so helplessly by her side.

It was a small hand, thin and white and there, on the third finger, was an old fashioned-looking ring set with blue stones.

For a second he stood, looking at her as if something had suddenly robbed him of the power to move or even speak, and I knew then what it was.

The "starchy lady" as he himself had called her was none other than the woman with whom he had quarrelled ten years ago. The assistant dustman's 'old cat" was Smith's "sweetest woman in the world."

A sudden lump came into my throat as I realized the tragic truth of it all.

She had been faithful to him, even as he had been to her, but she had grown hard and soured in the waiting, whilst he—

I put a hand on his arm—the weeping companion had checked her sobbing to stare in curiosity, and my touch seemed to rouse him.

He put down the small, thin hand he had not held for more than ten years, the hand that still wore his ring, very gently, as if it were something sacred, and for a few moments the man was lost in the doctor, as he made a brief examination.

Then he stood upright, and I noticed that in those few minutes he seemed to have aged years.

"She is dead!" he said stupidly, looking at me. "She is dead!"

SMITH never married the girl he met on the boat; in fact, I never heard him mention her again, and only once did he speak of the dead woman to me.

It was the day before he left England.

I hesitatingly asked him about the girl on the boat.

He looked at me, and then away, and it was some seconds before he answered—as if he had been choosing his words.

"I'm too old now," he said. "And besides—"

He took a paper from a lettercase in his pocket, and handed it to me.

"That was sent to me by Marion's lawyer," he said. "I know what people said of her. I know that she must have altered since the days when I knew her, but when I had read that I understood. It was in a little box with some old letters of mine, and a photograph—you know how women will keep such things. I ought to have come back before. I ought not to have gone off and left her. You just remember, Arthur, if ever you care for a woman, and quarrel with her, never take her at her word when she is angry. They always say things that they don't mean, and then stick to them from sheer obstinacy."

I thought of my Nell Gwyn desk, and I stifled a sigh as I took the little paper from Smith's hand.

It was written in a stiff, pointed hand, and it was smeared, almost as if tears had fallen on the words.

And if my soul—once fresh and fair—
Has starved for want of love and care,
And stands a shrivelled spectre there,
Good Lord, am I to blame?

So she had known what people said of her, had known how lonelinss and disappointment had soured her.

I thought of the thin, small hand still wearing the blue ring as it had lain in Smith's strong clasp that day, and seemed to understand why he said he could not marry the girl on the boat.

I handed the little paper back to him in silence.

HEALTHY CHILDREN ALWAYS SLEEP WELL

The healthy child sleeps well and during its waking hours is never cross but always happy and laughing. It is only the sickly child that is cross and peevish. Mothers, if your children do not sleep well; if they are cross and cry a great deal, give them Baby's Own Tablets and they will soon be well and happy again. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, banish constipation, colic and indigestion and promote healthful sleep. They are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates and may be given to the new-born babe with perfect safety. They are sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How To Prevent Sunburn And Beautify The Complexion

By Colleen Moore

Los Angeles, Cal.:—"Having a strong love for the great out-of-doors, and spending much time in the open, it is exceedingly important to me that I have a proper toilet preparation to keep my skin soft and to protect it from sunburn. In Derwillo I have found a complexion beautifier, indispensable to an out-of-door girl," says that famous actress and well known beauty, Miss Colleen Moore.

Sunburn is not only painful, but it has a very bad effect upon the skin and complexion. Roughness and peeling of the skin following sunburn gives the complexion a very coarse, unattractive appearance. The best way to overcome this damaging effect is to prevent sunburn entirely.

This is easy when you know how. Before going out in the sun, cover the exposed parts of the face and body with a liberal amount of Derwillo. Upon returning home cleanse the skin thoroughly, with Liska cold cream which not only cleanses, but heals, softens and beautifies. A single trial of this combination will astonish you.

Men use it before a fishing or motor trip, or on any occasion where they are exposed to sun and wind. Don't forget to try it on your next auto trip.

It's wonderful for tan, dark, sallow skin, blackheads, roughness and poor complexions.

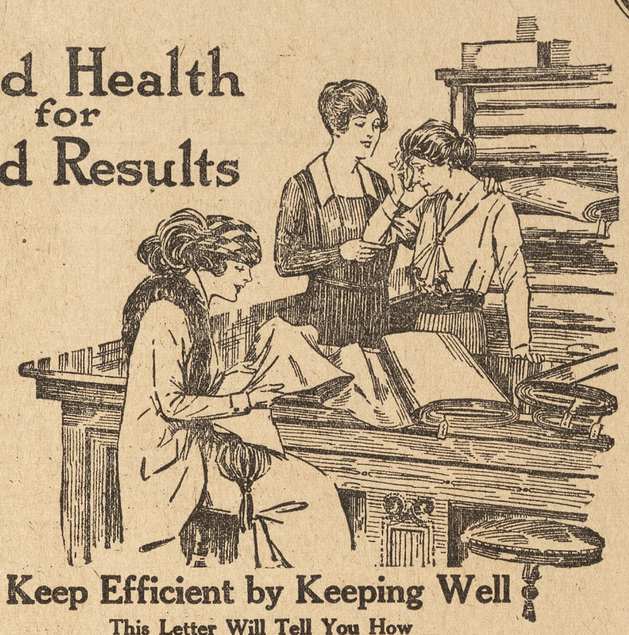
There is nothing "just as good," "better" or "just like it." Insist upon Derwillo and Liska cold cream, then you will not be disappointed. They instantly give you a rosy, peach-like, soft, velvety complexion which every normal woman craves and will make anyone look ten years younger.



Colleen Moore

Note:—Derwillo and Liska cold cream are sold under a positive guarantee; that if you don't like them your money will be refunded. So they cost you nothing if they fail to please. You can get them under this guarantee in this city at the toilet counters of all department and drug stores including all G. Tamblyn Stores.

Good Health for Good Results



Keep Efficient by Keeping Well

This Letter Will Tell You How

Marmion, Ontario—"Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I was a total wreck. I had terrible pains in my sides and was not regular. Finally I got so weak I could not go upstairs without stopping to rest half-way up. I saw your medicine advertised in the newspapers and gave it a trial. I took four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and was restored to health. I am married, am the mother of two children and do all my housework, milk eight cows and do a hired man's work, and enjoy the best of health. I also found the Vegetable Compound a great help for my weak back before my babies were born. I recommend it to all my friends."—Mrs. Henry Janke, Marmion, Ontario.

This letter is but one of a great number received every year from women, young and old, and from almost every walk of life. These letters testify to the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Wiley suffered mentally as well as physically, because her home and her children demanded the care and attention which she was unable to give because of her wretched health. Finally she tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and in this letter tells what it did for her.

The Vegetable Compound contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and can be taken in safety by any woman. Your livelihood depends on your health. So try

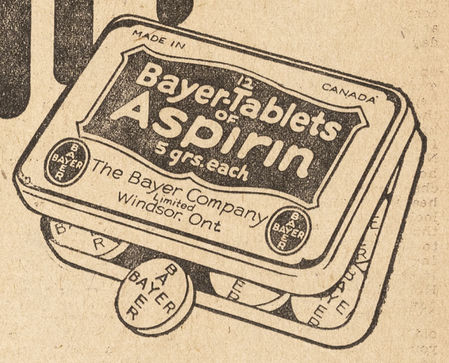
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Genuine

BAYER

Aspirin



WARNING! Always say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer" package which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Rheumatism
Toothache Neuritis Lumbago Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



The Children's Page



HELPERS' MAIL BOX
CONDUCTED BY AUNT ROSE

DEAR Girls and Boys,—Holidays will soon be here and what a fine time you will all be planning to have! Of course examinations come before that for most of you, so here's wishing you all good luck. Congratulations to those who pass and my sympathy to those who fail. If you should be unlucky enough to come under the latter class don't feel too badly—just work a wee bit harder next year. Most people fail some times. I wouldn't like to tell you just how often your Aunt Rose has.

NEW MEMBERS.

Clarence Banks, age 11, 73 Saulter St., City, would like to join our Club as he enjoys the Page.

Doris Milsom, age 9, 1233 College St., City, is a new member of her friend, Marjorie Brown's, and would like some of the Helpers to write to her.

Betsy Carr, 289 Inglewood Drive, City, would like to become Doris Mason's second new member. We are very glad to have you, Betsy.

Olive Ireland, aged 11, 66 Saulter St., City, sends money for her badge.

Hazel Winifie, age 12, R.R. No. 4, Cobourg, Ont., is a new member of Betty McClanachan's. I enjoyed your interesting letter very much, Hazel, and hope you will like being a Helper.

Edna, age 14, and **Beryl,** age 12, **Browning,** 127 Brock Avenue, City; **Ellen Bow,** age 13, 236 Brock Avenue, City; **Violet McDowell,** age 14, 38 Wyndham St., and **Alice Hargreaves,** age 14, 167 Sheridan Avenue, City, are five new members of Captain Susie Chambers. Ellen and Alice have sent money for their badges.

Hilda Graham, age 10, is Lenore McIntosh's fifth new member and sends us a story. Thank you, very much, Hilda, but you forgot to put your address at the top of your letter. That is most important, you know. Tell Lenore to write and tell me she has now five members. That is a formality before getting a Captain's badge, so that I will not make mistakes.

Martin Ferguson, age 12, 16 Royce Avenue, City, sends his badge money and pledge and wishes to join us. We are very glad indeed to have you, Martin.

Tilly Meyer, age 8, 59 Brunswick Ave., City, has read our Page for a long time and has decided to join. The address you asked for was in last week's Page, Tilly.

Walter Churchill, 179 Bellefair Ave., City, is a new member of Billie Read's.

NOTES TO HELPERS.

Louise Longhurst,—How can I ask anyone to write to you when you forgot to send your address, Louise? I have been looking through my lists for it, but they are so extensive that I haven't time to find it just now. Thanks very much for the story and also for the fifteen cents, which I presume is for the Fund.

Ettie Gallow, age 11, 1891½ Baldwin St., City,—I'm glad you were pleased with your badge, Ettie.

Madelene Clark, 31 Alton Ave., City,—That was a ghastly mistake on my part, Madelene. Thanks for setting it right. I'm sure Roberta would answer if you wrote to her. She is a perfectly splendid correspondent.

Archie Swan, 23 Prust Avenue, City,—I wouldn't pay any attention to the letter from a Helper who didn't sign his name, Archie. You can get plenty of dandy correspondents who are quite willing to be perfectly open and honest. That was surely a funny joke Sydney played on you. You'll have to get even with him. Thanks so much for the drawing. I think it is just splendid.

Madeleine Campbell, 89 First Avenue, Niagara Falls, Ont.,—Thank you for the story, Madeleine. Did you know I was in your beautiful city a few weeks ago and had a wonderful time?

Hazel Dykeman, age 14, 30 Chalmer St., Galt, Ont.,—I enjoyed your nice note, Hazel, and am ever so glad you were so pleased with your badge.

G. Hall, 161 Brunswick Ave., City,—Thank you for the story you "made up all in your own words." I hope you got along well in those examinations.

Lena Burkholder, Box 685 New Liskeard, Ont.,—If you don't mind, Lena, I would rather not publish your nice little note to that unknown Helper. I don't want to encourage anonymous letters. Surely your little correspondent will understand that it is always kinder and better to "play fair" in this way. The new story is really splendid and you don't know how I appreciate its shortness. I am trying to have everything short now so we can have space for all. I would like to know just exactly how you found out all about D.V.S. I would also like to say that D.V.S. is very pleased to hear the news of your visit to Toronto. I will see what I can do about Gloria myself—I'm sure everything will be alright. It certainly is nice of Jean Smallridge to send you Aunt June's Magazine. Have you noticed the latest prize offer of a bank account with a dollar to add to it for any boy or girl who can get three other boys or girls to subscribe to "National Life" for a year. It is open till the first of September. Any Helpers who are interested need only write to "Aunt June," National Life Union Trust Bldg., Toronto, and she will send all particulars. I think I would say "Hypatia"—would you like it?

Florence Cole, Thessalon, Ont.—Thanks for the card, Florence, and good luck in your exams.

Vera Entwisle, 164 Northcliffe Blvd., city.—I wish to thank you and all the "Brownies" for the complimentary ticket which you so kindly sent me for your bazaar last Saturday. I went with a friend of mine and we enjoyed it very much, indeed. Of course, we had tea—such a nice one too—in the "Tea Room" and then we explored all the booths. I got the nicest cretonne apron and a pot of homemade apple jelly which was lovely. Vera sold me the jelly though she didn't know I was "Aunt Rose." In fact, I saw all the Brownies and was decidedly impressed with the way in which they ran everything so capably and the amount of preparation it must have taken. I liked the Brownie badges—also the dear little pup.

HELPERS' LETTERS.

319 Sumach St., Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I was at your first party but was utterly disappointed in not being able to attend the second. I read the books of Dickens, Scott and writers of this kind. Have you any boys or girls who do the same and would correspond with me?

Your loving niece,
Margaret Winnett.

Huntsville, May 27, 1922.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I was reading this week's World, and I noticed a letter there from a boy, Sydney R. Wellington, who is, evidently, a collector of stamps. I am also a collector of stamps and I wonder if he would have any odd stamps left over that he could sell me; if he has, I wish I could get them from him. I also noticed another letter from a girl, who said that she thought that you did not look as you did when you were at Pantages, so, you see, I am not the only one who thinks so. I enclose 10 cents for the Incurable. Please hope that I may have lots of correspandents.

Roxie Gebhardt,
Box 240.

Thank you for the ten cents for the Fund, Roxie.



A WATER LILY.

THE queen of the fairies, I do believe
Crossed over the brook on midsummer eve,
For here in the rushes she left afloat.
A little wee ivory, gold-lined boat.
—Selected.

275 Burton St., Pasadena, Cal.

Dear "Pagettes" and Aunt,—Whoever likes detective stories read "The Hound of the Baskervilles." Most people have read it long ago, but I've just finished it. It's very startling in places—page 71 especially. I admire Sherlock more than ever for the way he receives that news. There is only one person who can compare with him (and he you have recently met. Guess who).

Last week we went to the Zoo (Seelig Zoo) to pay our respects to our honorable ancestors. The monkeys enjoyed my peanuts immensely, proving at least one common bond of unity between us. I could consume barrels of peanuts with perfect ease. We also watched the lions go into frenzies over chunks of horse meat. They're only fed every other day. In one cage is a dog, keeping a lioness company. The dog bosses the lioness around to beat the band, having brought it up from a little cub. The lioness captured a nice (?) red hunk of meat, but it was the last in the barrow, and all the poor dog got was an apologetic little piece of cooked chop, entirely surrounded by bone. The dog gave it one sniff, and went into a corner and sulked. The lions were licking the horse meat affectionately while resting from the exertion of pacing the cages till they got it; but I should rather not be a lion if I had to eat it. It was awful looking—ugh!

Then we saw the tigers being trained. They were very vicious, and it was a melting day, and the trainer had to hold a chair in front of him in case they should spring on him.

Lastly we witnessed the taking of movies. The set was a jungle; the actors an explorer, a negro made up like a savage black, a black bear cub and a lion. The bear cub was very playful, and in one scene crept up to the camp-fire, found a bottle of (supposed) whiskey, held it in its paws and rolled over and over drinking it. During which we were allowed to go on the set and take kodak pictures of it, so long as we kept out of range of the camera. One of the snaps is enclosed, Aunt, but it's not very clear, I'm afraid. Then everybody got a little way off while a lion was released and rushed about the set for several feet of film. The light was now not sufficiently strong, so they stopped for the day.

And, Oh, Helpers, on June 16, at 9 a.m., I shall arrive in Toronto and meet Aunt Rose. I never realized time could go so slowly or three weeks last so long.

Sincerely,
Jean Gilman.

23 Castleton Ave., West Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I must tell you that we have a lot of baby chickens out now On May 24th we were out on our verandah watching the sky-rockets go up. Did you have any fireworks? We had quite a few. After we had let all ours off we sat on the verandah and watched someone else let their fireworks off. It was great fun watching them.

Lots of love,
Winnie Coleman.

No. I didn't have a single firecracker, Winnie. Yes, Jean and Elizabeth Anne have both written lately. Thanks so much for the nice snapshot. I do so like to know what my Helpers look like.

167 Bay St. S., Hamilton.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I received my badge to-day and I like it very much. Is there going to be any more stories like "Billy and Betty and the Aeroplane Man." I hope so, for I liked it very much. I think it was in 1921 or 1920, before I was a helper of the wonderful club. On Sunday morning I rush up out of bed and find the "Children's Page" from the Toronto Sunday World. I also would like correspondents.

Yours sincerely,
Tom Mills.

279½ George St., City.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I have enclosed two more stamp articles, also some stamps to illustrate them, and two lists of names.

I have noticed that Christine Chrisholm, who used to write stories for the page, is now writing and drawing for the Canadian National Railway magazine. She has for quite a long time painted pictures for the cover.

Denis has one of Aunt June's Service League of Canada badges. He wrote to her when she was running a two or three-column Children's Corner in some local newspaper two years ago. When she first began the Children's Page in the National Life she sent a sample copy.

I noticed the piece about Rags, which you reproduced from the Oojah sketch. It came out splendidly, did it not?

Yours sincerely,
Sidney R. Wellington.

379 Park St., Peterboro, Ont.

Dear Aunt,— Have you ever read "Ivanhoe"? and doesn't Rebecca thrill you. Especially the part where she rushes up on the parapet and defies the Templar to come nearer, or she would dash herself to the ground below. She'd do it, too. I think she was much nicer than Rowena—Rowena was always either stately or weeping. Wilfred was very foolish not to marry Rebecca, instead of leaving her to drift sadly out of the scene. The Helper's letters are all so interesting and I almost feel as if I knew them. Would some of them correspond with me? I should specially like to write to Jean Gilman and Archie Swan.

Enclosed is another story: "Racing With a Train." Is it fit to print?

Your loving niece,
Virginia Lawrence.

Thanks for the ten cents for the Fund, Virginia, indeed your story is "fit to print." It is well written and beautifully neat. Yes, I've read "Ivanhoe." I wonder how many of the Helpers have. It is great!

179 Balmoral, Toronto.

Dear Auntie,—We have just played another league game in volley-ball. We won, too, so I am extra happy to-night. Brock now is ahead of its district. I had my hair bobbed last night too. It feels much cooler now. There are only about six girls in my class who have not got short hair. Enclosed you will find 10 cents for the "kiddies."

Your loving niece.
Myrtle Fry.

Thanks for the ten cents for the Fund, Myrtle. I'm glad your volley ball team is doing so well. I used to play once, but was never very good at it.

Inglewood, Ont.

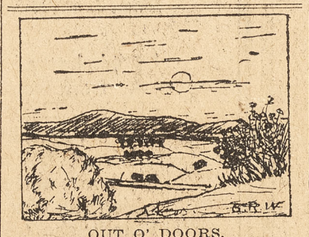
Dear Aunt Rose,—Oh, I envy you, going to Niagara Falls. We have been in swimming twice already. Have you been in yet? It won't be very long until Summer holidays now. Won't you be glad Helpers? With love,
(Capt.) Lila Sheffield.

Yes, it was lovely over at Niagara. I haven't been swimming even once yet, but I've been out trying to play golf and got sunburned just terribly.

471 Pape Avenue, Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I'd like to thank you for the parties you gave. I am enclosing 10c for the fund. Do you think I could buy a new badge for I lost mine I am. Yours truly,
Age 9. Dorothy Chapman.

Thanks for the ten cents for the Fund, Dorothy. Yes, you may buy a new badge. Thank you for the nice story, too, though I cannot use it as you forgot the rule and wrote on both sides of the paper.



OUT O' DOORS.
—Drawn by Sidney Wellington.

32 Cornish Rd.,
Moore Park, Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—Thank you so much for my Captain's badge, it is very pretty. Many of my friends have noticed it and also like it. I have just finished my final examination for my entrance, and will know if I am recommended very soon. I will let you know if I am. I was down at the exhibition to-day to hear the "Scots Guards Band," which I enjoyed very much. There were hundreds of school children there. Did you go? I am enclosing 10c for the Incurable Children.

With love,
Captain Constance Pole.

Thanks for the ten cents for the Fund, Constance. No. I didn't go to the concerts.

HELPERS' FUND.

This week we only added fifty-five cents to our Fund for the Incurable Children. Lovingly,
AUNT ROSE.

WHOEVER you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly;
Give joy wherever you dwell. —Ruskin.

THE FOLK OF MARSH-REALM

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE.
Author of "Love of the Wild," "Willow, the Wisp," "A Son of Courage," etc.

CHAPTER 9.

Silverbrush Fox Gets into Trouble.

SILVERBRUSH FOX came loping along the hard sand-bar which divided Marshrealm from the pine forest. Silverbrush was the largest fox that lived in either woods or marsh and the only one who possessed a grey coat that shimmered like star-dust when he ran in pursuit of his supper or chased his bushytail in play after that supper had been won and he was feeling full and happy.

Silverbrush was a crafty fellow. He had a very friendly manner in addressing all the folk of Marshrealm, was always cheerful. Even when he spoke to the rabbits, blackbirds and snipe—who were in deadly fear of him—his eyes twinkled merrily and his red mouth was agape with laughter. But at heart he was quite a wicked fellow. He thought no more of snapping up a baby muskrat or frog than he would of eating a clam. Even old Longneck Crane was given to peering carefully about before alighting in a pond for fear Silverbrush might be lurking near to spring upon him.

This morning Silverbrush laughed silently as he loped along the sand, the mauve lights of dawn kissing his beautiful fur to life so that it resembled a silvery mist; for only an hour or so ago he had played a prank on old Whiskernose Otter, who owned a fishery at the point of Marshrealm, nine miles away.

Old Whiskernose was a quiet, lawabiding animal and had the reputation of being the most honest dweller in all Marshrealm and because Silverbrush had earned the name of being the most dishonest one, and because he so dearly loved a practical joke, he had been waiting for a long time to do something which would make it appear to the Marshrealm folk that old Whiskernose Otter was not the honest, hardworking fellow folks thought him.

Accordingly, a couple of hours before dawn, when he had come across old Swampcoon's little son Tabbybar playing in a square of moonlight, a little way from his hollow elm home, he had stopped up short in his lope, and stood considering.

"If I could only get hold of that Tabbybar," he told himself, "I would carry him up to old Whiskernose's house and hide him. Then I would come down and tell old Swampcoon that Whiskernose had stolen him. "Ho, ho," laughed Silverbrush, "maybe that old otter wouldn't catch it then!"

Silverbrush knew something of coon babies. He knew they were funloving and curious. He knew, too, little Tabbybar had stolen out and and away from the home-tree in disobedience of his parents' orders.

"That little fellow has thought he would creep out and try to do some hunting for himself," decided Silverbrush. "He's just old enough to be wanting adventure. Maybe now if I crouch low in the grass and imitate the squeakings of a mouse, Tabbybar will come hurrying across to me."

So Silverbrush had hidden in the grass and given a squeak or two, very like the call of a mouse, and little Tabbybar Swampcoon had come galloping clumsily across to try and catch him.

But when instead of a little brown mouse, Tabbybar had caught sight of the laughing Silverbrush, he had been frightened, and had opened his little, red mouth to call for his mother.

But Silverbrush had jumped up, and catching him by the scruff of his neck, drowned his cry against his breast. Then he had sprung away across the marsh to the long sandbar, poor little Tabbybar swinging from his jaws.

Silverbrush did not wish to hurt the baby coon. If he did, he knew old Swampcoon would make him suffer; and even as it was, that fierce fightter might call him to account. He had taken the baby coon up to old Whiskernose's house.

He had found the house empty. Whiskernose and his family were out in the ponds fishing. Silverbrush had crept into their house and placed little Tabbybar in one of the beds. The little coon was so tired that he had fallen immediately asleep.

Silverbrush had hurried out and away.

And now, with the rosy dawn lifting above the eastern hardwoods, he was back close to the elm tree home of Swampcoon, and he wondered if the father and mother had returned yet and found their little Tabbybar missing.

As he was chuckling in satisfaction at how well he had played his joke, there suddenly fell on his uplifted ears a long wild cry. Silverbrush jumped in alarm. He knew that voice; it was Mother Swampcoon's voice, and it told as plain as words that she had returned home to find her baby Tabbybar gone.

"Oh my!" shivered Silverbrush, "I wouldn't like to be in Whiskernose Otter's hide when Mr. and Mrs. Swampcoon learn what I have to tell them."

Silverbrush turned from the bar and bounded into the rushes. At the foot of the elm tree he found old Swampcoon and his wife prancing up and down and muttering all sorts of threats on the abductor of their young son.

"Why, Mrs. Swampcoon," cried Silverbrush in his softest, most sympathetic tones, "Whatever is wrong? Have you and Swampy been eating toadstools or some other poison?"

"No, no," wailed Mrs. Swampcoon. "Our little Tabbybar has run away from home. We can't find him anywhere."

"He's been kidnapped," growled old Swampy, gnashing his teeth. "Just wait till I find out who did it!"

"Why," cried the naughty Silverbrush, "I believe I can tell you that. This morning, about two hours before daylight, I saw Whiskernose Otter going up the bar toward home, and he carried something in a bag; something alive, I'm sure, because I saw it squirm."

"Ah," growled Daddy Swampcoon, sharpening his claws on the rough bark of the tree, "Grue-grr! I'll tear that old hypocrite in strips for this. You see if I don't!"

"Wait a minute," called a voice from above their heads. All three glanced up to see Longneck Crane seated on a dead branch of the tree, peering down at them.

"It wasn't Whiskernose who stole little Tabbybar at all!" cried the crane. "It was Silverbrush there. I saw him do it, and I followed him up the bar and I saw him leave your Tabbybar in Mr. Otter's house."

Silverbrush glanced quickly about him. Behind him was a wide, weedy pond; on his right was old Swampcoon and on his left the vicious Mrs. Swampcoon. The big elm stood directly in front of him, so he could perceive no way of escape. He knew that in about another second the air was going to be full of teeth and claws reaching for him. If ever he was crafty, it was necessary for him to be crafty now. He saw Old Swampy's muscles tightened and heard Mrs. Swampcoon draw in her breath hissingly.

Then he cried: "Oh, look! There comes little Tabby bar now!" He pointed away toward the bar. Mr. and Mrs. Swampcoon turned to look and Silverbrush made a leap straight over their heads and ducked into the long marsh grass. The sly fellow knew that no Swampcoon could hope to keep up with him in a race.

He was panting hard when at length he reached the ridge, and his splendid brush was dragging with muck and weed slime, but he kept right on going until he had put a safe distance between himself and his pursuers.

"Oh my, oh my!" he said sadly. "I might have known that meddling old Longneck Crane would spoil everything. Never mind, I'll catch that old troublemaker yet."

Just at this moment a shadow fell on the sward, and looking up, Silverbrush saw Longneck flying low above him and laughing gleefully.

"Ho, ho!" chortled the crane, peering down at the fox's matted tail, "you look as though you'd been having a brush with the enemy, my clever friend."

"If I ever get hold of you I'll tie your long legs and neck into a knot," threatened Silverbrush.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Longneck. "I'll have a good time gossiping to-day!"

He flew away toward the forest, and Silverbrush, head low and tail dragging, crept into the friendly shelter of the thicket. He knew that Longneck Crane would tell all the folk of pine woods and marsh how he had been made the victim of his own joke, and it angered and humiliated him.

Suddenly he cocked up his ears and a sly grin parted his red jaws.

"Why, I know how I'll get even with Longneck," he chuckled. "I'll go right this minute and find Croaker Crow. I'll hire him and his flock of news-criers to fly all over the marsh and pine forest and tell the birds and animals that it was Longneck Crane who tried to play a joke on the Swampcoons and Otters, and had the joke turned on himself."

(To be continued.)

Lilacs

LILACS, purple and white,
How dear you are to my sight.
How I would miss you if you were gone,
Blooming no more in garden or lawn.
So lilacs do not fail to appear,
Bringing your happiness and good cheer.
—By Jessie Johnstone, a Helper.



The Eagle

BY H. H. KINZETT.

EAGLE is the name given to the head of the hawk tribe. It is found in all parts of the world and builds its eyrie mostly on mountain peaks or the tallest tree. Whatever the species, it is by far the fiercest and most powerful of all the birds of prey. Not many are seen in England now, though a few are still to be found in the wilder parts of Scotland and Ireland.

In building its nest no sort of care or pains are shown. Plenty of sticks are taken of all sizes, and heaped up without order, making it a most conspicuous object. It is lined with moss or rushes ,and in it are laid usually two or sometimes three eggs. It is a law of nature that animals of prey are not prolific, therefore the eagle seldom lays more than three eggs at a time. It is said that should three be laid two will turn out females and the odd one never find a mate. This old maid eagle will live in single blessedness to a very great age.

The nest is of such dimensions that it becomes a platform on which the parent birds strew carcases of all kinds —hares, rabbits, grouse, and sometimes lambs and foxes. In many cases these are brought in faster than they can be devoured, so they putrefy, making the nest and precincts most offensive.

The young do not remain long with their parents, and as soon as they are fledged fully they are turned out to seek their own living. It is worthy of note that the plumage of the young birds greatly differs from that of their parents, thus causing some confusion and the giving of different names to the birds at different stages of growth.

The eagle's beak and talons are sharp and powerful, the edge of the beak cutting like a knife. The force used in pursuing its prey is terrible. Like a shot from a gun it hurls itself upon its prey, striking it dead in the air with the impact. Bones are fractured and the body ripped up. It shows the most violent excitement at such a time, filling the air with triumphant screams. It is a curious fact that until the victim is quite dead it never ceases to scream or drive its talons into the carcas.

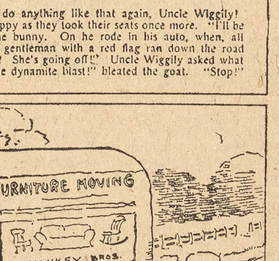
Its voice is harsh, sharp and earpiercing, striking terror into the hearts of less powerful birds or beasts, but it harmonizes well with the rugged crags and bare cliffs among which it dwells.

In defending its young the mother bird is possessed of courage, strength and agility, these, in conjunction with her beak and talons make her a most formidable antagonist.

The eagle is a fearful glutton and will gorge itself to such an extent that it cannot fly after a meal, for some time; in this respect it is like the vulture. But, notwithstanding, it has been known to fast for two weeks on occasions.

One of the strangest things in the life history of the eagle is that it is sometimes attacked by very small birds in concert or separately. In my drawing you will see that the assailant is a humming bird, one of the smallest in all nature. This one is the "ruby throated" variety. It was seen to deliberately seat itself on the eagle's head and pick furiously at its feathers, scattering them in streams. The eagle could not shake off its puny tormentor, as it tore through the air with screams of terror and agony.

The sparrow-hawk also has been known to attack the eagle and escape by reason of its superior agility on the wing. So does the fish-hawk or osprey, only it acts in consort with others. Twenty or thirty will gather, say, at the mouth of the Brazos River in Texas to feed on the luscious red-fish that throng the waters at certain seasons. They certainly seem to have entered into a kind of compact for mutual protection, for, as soon as their eagle-enemy appears, shrill cries of alarm go up and the birds come in from all quarters and attack without hesitation. After a desperate battle the assailant is usually driven away.



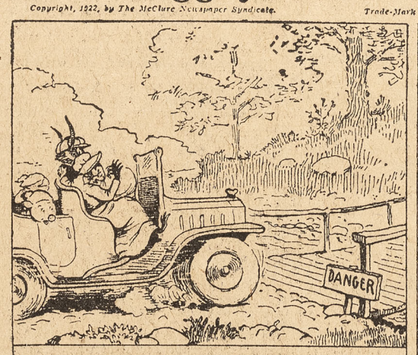
"THE summit I have reached at last!"
The bold explorer cried.
"Get off my nose at once!" the Earth
In rolling tones replied.
—The Children's Newspaper.

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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IT IS FUN TO HAVE AN AUTO, WITH WHICH YOU CAN PLAY TRICKS. FOR THEN, LIKE UNCLE WIGGILY'S, YOUR JOYS AND SORROWS MIX. TRY IT AN SEE!

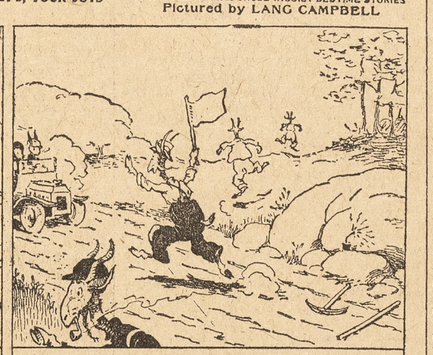
Text by HOWARD R. GARIS
Author of the Famous UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORIES
Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL



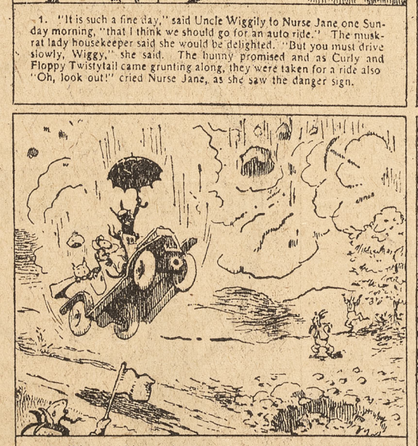
1. "It is such a fine day," said Uncle Wiggily to Nurse Jane one Sunday morning, "that I think we should go for an auto ride." The muskrat lady housekeeper said she would be delighted. "But you must drive slowly, Wiggy," she said. The bunny promised and as Curly and Floppy Twistytail came grunting along, they were taken for a ride also. "Oh, look out!" cried Nurse Jane, as she saw the danger sign.



2. "What's the matter?" cried Uncle Wiggily, making his auto go faster than before. "The bridge! It may break down!" gasped Nurse Jane. "Too late to stop now!" chuckled the bunny. And no sooner did his car shoot across the bridge than it broke down—I mean the bridge broke. "Well, I got over just in time!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Don't run away!" he called to the piggie boys. "The danger is over."



3. "Don't, please, do anything like that again, Uncle Wiggily!" begged Curly and Floppy as they took their seats once more. "I'll be careful," promised the bunny. On he rode in his auto, when, all at once, an old goat gentleman with a red flag ran down the road crying: "Stop! Stop! She's going off!" Uncle Wiggily asked what was going off. "The dynamite blast!" bleated the goat. "Stop!"

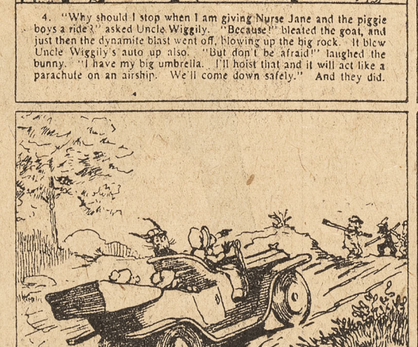


4. "Why should I stop when I am giving Nurse Jane and the piggie boys a ride?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Because!" bleated the goat, and just then the dynamite blast went off, blowing up the big rock. It blew Uncle Wiggily's auto up also. "But don't be afraid!" laughed the bunny. "I have my big umbrella. I'll hoist that and it will act like a parachute on an airship. We'll come down safely." And they did.

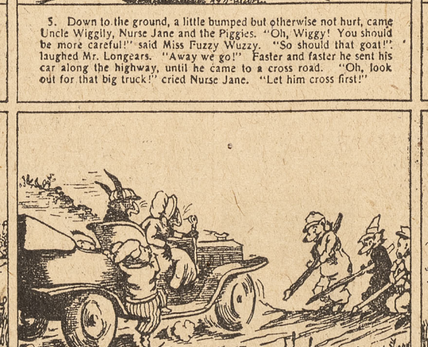


5. Down to the ground, a little bumped but otherwise not hurt, came Uncle Wiggily, Nurse Jane and the Piggies. "Oh, Wiggy! You should be more careful!" said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "So should that goat!" laughed Mr. Longears. "Away we go!" Faster and faster he sent his car along the highway, until he came to a cross road. "Oh, look out for that big truck!" cried Nurse Jane. "Let him cross first!"

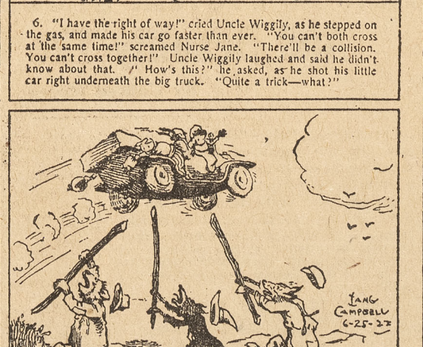
6. "I have the right of way!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he stepped on the gas, and made his car go faster than ever. "You can't both cross at the same time!" screamed Nurse Jane. "There'll be a collision. You can't cross together!" Uncle Wiggily laughed and said he didn't know about that. "How's this?" he asked, as he shot his little car right underneath the big truck. "Quite a trick—what?"



7. "Come back in, boys!" called Uncle Wiggily to the piggie chaps, who had been stringing out behind like the tail of a kite. "Everything is all right now." Nurse Jane trembled as she took her seat. "I'll never come riding with you again, Wiggy!" she said. "Well, you don't want to get out now and walk, do you?" asked the bunny. "Oh, mercy, no!" screamed Nurse Jane, as she saw the Bear, Fox and Wolf.



8. "What are you going to do, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane, as the auto drew nearer and nearer to the waiting Fox, Wolf and Bear, each with a fence rail spear. "I'll show you," said the bunny. "Get out on the running board, piggie boys. Each of you put a hoof to the ground and push upward with all your might. I'm going to make my auto jump right over their heads. Right up over them!"



9. At the proper time Curly and Floppy pushed up with their paws, making the auto jump over the heads of the Wolf, Fox and Bear, who wanted to nibble Uncle Wiggily's ears. "Oh, you are clever!" cried Nurse Jane, waving her handkerchief at the bad chaps below. "The best ride we ever had!" grunted the piggie boys. "You have to know how to do everything to be an auto driver, laughed the bunny.

And if the little boy's bicycle doesn't run away with the soller skates so the hand organ has no one with whom to play hop skotch, the next pictures and story will be about UNCLE WIGGILY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

STORIES BY HELPERS

STAUNCH FRIENDS.

By Sarah MacNeilly (Age 11)

Betty Dodson and Dorrinne Blake were staunch friends. People spoke of them as they would of a cup and saucer. It would sound very unusual to hear the name of one by itself.

There was great commotion in the village in which they lived, for a new family was moving there. In the city the moving of a family would be considered a small thing, but not so in the village of Lanley.

In the new family there was a girl called Marjorie, who was jealous of the two staunch friends, so she decided to separate them.

So, for that reason, one day, when walking home from School with Betty, she said: "Betty, there is something which I think I should tell you. It is this: Dorrinne has been saying nasty things about you; she told me you thought you were everybody with your new coat in Sunday School; but there is Grace Jarvis, and I must tell her something. Good-bye!"

Betty felt hurt, so she decided to go to Dorrinne, who was sick in bed, and ask her if it was true.

When Betty asked Dorrinne, she answered: "I didn't tell Marjorie anything about you, nor I never will. Marjorie told me you said things about me, too." "I believe she is trying to get us apart, but she never will, will she?" said Betty. "Never," answered Dorrinne.

ROSEBUD AND LILY.

By Elsie Badland.

Now, Rosebud was a very sweet and gentle little girl, with long, dark hair, which hung in curls. She had a clear, cream complexion, and the sweetest little rosebud mouth; altogether, she was very beautiful, and, of course, a brunette. Lily, on the contrary, was a blonde, but also exceedingly pretty. Lily, I am sorry to say, had a selfish streak in her, which she could not help but show. I am going to tell you how this selfishness was cured.

One day their father brought home two long, slender, mysterious packages fro his daughters. He put them behind his back for Rosebud and Lily to pick from. Lily took first choice. She took right hand, and, of course, Rosebud had to take the left hand.

They both opened their parcels hurriedly to see what they contained. And what do you think it was? Well, I will tell you. There were two of the prettiest sunshades imaginable. The one Rosebud had was the color of a "T" rose, with beautiful silver trimmings. The silver lace was hung over the sunshade like an overskirt. There were also silver tassels. Lily's was the same, only hers was pale green, with gold lace and tassels. Rosebud's was the most striking, so Lily became angry and wanted Rosebud's. But her father said hers just suited her. So she said: "I don't care!" And still wanted Rosebud's. At last Rosebud gave it to her, although she wanted it very much herself. But when Lily did have Rosebud's she did not seem content. There was a great lump in her throat at the thought of taking Rose's sunshade and Rose being so good about it. I'm afraid Lily did not sleep very much that night, but at last she decided to ask forgiveness of Rosebud and she did in humble penitent words. Rosebud freely forgave her and then each had their own sun-shade back again. I'm very glad to say that Lily was cured of her selfishness.

A SWIFT RIDE.

Sahwah was all alone in the "Keewaydin," and sent it darting around like a water spider on the surface of the stream. So absorbed was she in the joy of paddling that she did not see a sign on a tree beside the river which warned people in boats to go no farther than that point, neither did she realize the significance of the quicker progress the "Keewaydin" was making. When she did realize that she was getting dangerously near the edge of the dam and attempted to turn back she discovered to her horror that it was impossible to turn back. The "Keewaydin" was being swept helplessly and irresistibly onward. Recent rains had swollen the stream and the water was pouring over the dam. Sahwah screamed aloud when she saw the peril which she was in. The girls standing up on the rocks turned and saw her. Help was out of the question. Frozen to the spot they saw her rushing along to that descent of waters. Gladys moaned and covered her face with her hands. Below the Falls the great rocks jutted out, jagged and bare. Any boat going over would be dashed to piecese. The "Keewaydin" shot forward, gaining speed with every second. The roar of the falls filled Sahwah's ears. Not ten feet from the brink a rock jutted up a little above the surface, just enough to divide the current into two streams. When the "Keewaydin" reached this point it turned sharply and was hurled into the current nearest the shore. On the bank right at the brink of the falls stood a great willow tree, its long branches drooping far out over the water. It was one chance in a million and Sahwah saw it. As she passed under the tree she reached up and caught hold of a branch, seized it firmly and jumped clear of the canoe, which went over the falls almost under her feet. Then swinging along by her arms she reached the shore and stood in safety. It had all happened so quickly the girls could hardly comprehend it. Gladys, who had hidden her eyes to shut out the dreadful sight, heard an incredulous shout from the girls and looked down to see the "Keewaydin" landing on the rocks below, empty, and Sahwah standing on the bank.

—Sent in by Beryl Paterson.

WORK AND PLAY.

Reta Swartz, Age 9.

There was once a little girl named May, and in the very next house lived a little boy named John. Though they often played together May was very industrious, but John was the very opposite, idle and lazy. He hardly ever helped his mother, and when he did he grumbled all the while he was doing it. One day John came in May's house and asked her to come and play with him. "No," said May, "I am helping mamma. Work before play to be happy and gay." John ran out of the house as soon as she mentioned work. "Always working," muttered John to himself. As soon as May had finished she went out to play, and though she didn't play as long as John, don't you think she had a better time?

PLEDGE FOR HELPERS' LEAGUE

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible, and to endeavor in every way to make myself A GOOD CITIZEN

Date.....
Name .....
Age .....
Address .....

WIRELESS BUREAU FOR THE AMATEUR OPERATOR

NO BRANCH of commerce has derived greater benefits from radio communication than navigation. And the most beneficial branch of this young science has not been the radio telegraph or the radio telephone, but the radio compass.

Up till a few years ago, one of the greatest difficulties that the master of a ship had to contend with was that of accurately ascertaining his whereabouts when nothing but water stretched to the horizon in all directions. His usual method was to obtain his latitude and longitude by means of the sun or the stars, yet when fogs or heavy clouds veiled the sky he was unable to do this. And if the fog or clouds continued for several days at a time, he was forced to grope blindly about the face of the ocean. This condition was aggravated a hundred fold if he knew he was approaching land, but he could gain no hint as to how far he was away from it. But such had been the state of affairs for many years, and few could believe that there was any chance of improvement.

For instance, if ten years ago you had told a mariner that inside of eight or nine years it would be possible for a man on shore to calculate in two minutes the exact latitude and longitude of a ship five hundred miles out on the ocean, and instantly forward this valuable information to the captain of that ship, he would probably have taken a long chew at his tobacco and informed you that you were a liar. Yet truth is stranger than fiction, for this and similar miracles are being performed hundreds of times every day. And the same wonderful wireless waves that scatter speeches and concerts all over the continent, also make possible the accurate determination of a ship's position on the ocean.

To the average person the term "radio compass" is unfamiliar, and the fundamental principles underlying the operation of this instrument are even more unfamiliar, although they are extremely simple. The first radio compass was invented when some experimenter discovered that a large coil of wire could be used in place of an aerial, and that this coil received signals from some directions better than from others. To get better results the coil of wire was made by crossing two long wooden poles at right angles and winding wire around the ends, as shown in diagram 1. A coil of this type was called a "loop aerial." It might be anywhere from one to thirty feet square, or even larger, although the one shown in the diagram is only four feet square.

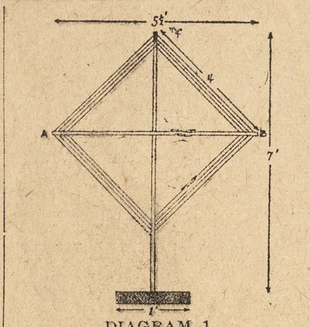


DIAGRAM 1.
A four foot spiral loop. This type is specially suited for direction finding.

With the loop aerial no outside aerial or ground was used. One end of the wire on the loop was connected to the aerial binding post on the receiving set, and the other end was connected to the ground binding post. When the receiving set was tuned to the wave-length of a transmitting station, it was found that the signals from this transmitting station were loudest when either the point A or the point B on the loop was turned directly towards the transmitting station, and that the signals were faintest when these points were turned at right angles to the transmitting station. Thus, if the operator at the receiving station turned his loop until he heard signals loudest, he would know that the station transmitting those signals lay directly opposite the point A, or directly opposite the point B. If A and B pointed north and south, he would then know that the transmitting station was either directly north of him, or directly south of him. But how far away and in just what direction it was he would be unable to ascertain.

In order to determine accurately the position and direction of a transmitting station, at least two loop receiving sets must be used.

For this reason the stations that calculate the latitude and longitude of ships, called "direction finding stations," usually operate in groups of two or three. A typical arrangement of a group of these stations is shown in diagram 2. Let us suppose that this represents a section of the Atlantic Coast. X is a wireless station possessing the usual type of receiving set and wireless telegraph transmitting set. Y and Z are direction finding stations situated a few miles either side of the controlling station X, and each connected to it by means of an ordinary land line telephone. The stations Y and Z do not possess transmitting sets, but are each equipped with a loop aerial receiving set.

Now, let us suppose S is a ship out on the ocean that desires to know its latitude and longitude. It transmits the signal QTE (the radio abbreviation meaning "Where am I?") several times, and then makes a series of long dashes for about two minutes. As soon as the operator at X hears the call QTE he immediately telephones the operators at Y and Z and informs them that a ship wants to know its bearings. By revolving his loop till he hears the signals strongest, the operator at Y discovers that the ship lies somewhere along the line AB. It will not be inland, of course, but may be any distance out at sea. He immediately reports the direction of the line AB to the operator at X, who draws the line on a large chart. Meanwhile, the operator at Z has revolved his loop and found that, with regard to his station, the ship S lies somewhere along the line CD. He reports the direction of this line to the operator at X, and it also is drawn on the chart. Then the point S, where the two lines AB and CD intersect, is the exact position of the ship. The operator at X reads off the latitude and longitude of the point S from his chart, and transmits it to the wireless operator on board the ship. He at once reports it to the captain. The latter then knows his exact position in spite of fogs, clouds and other unfavorable weather conditions.

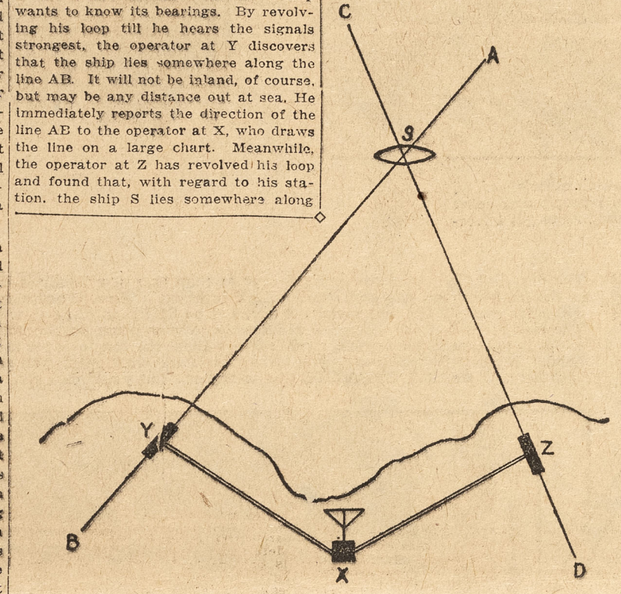


DIAGRAM 2.
Showing how the position of a ship at sea is calculated by means of radio compass stations.

The remarkable part of all this is that the whole process requires less time than it has taken to describe. So quickly do the operators work that often less than two minutes elapses between the time the ship first sends the letters QTE and receives its latitude and longitude from the controlling station. With no pilot on board, and solely directed by radio compass bearings transmitted every three minutes, it has been found possible to guide ships through thick fogs into harbors, and even up and down winding rivers. These direction-finding stations have been installed along the coasts of all the principal countries of the world, and their services may be obtained free by any ship that cares to ask for them. Even the fresh-water sailors will be able to use them, for several are being installed this Summer along the shores of the Great Lakes.

But of what value is the loop aerial to the radio amateur? Well, he, too, may experiment with direction finding. Two amateurs living a few blocks apart and possessing loop aerials and an old map can do the same kind of work as the large direction finding stations do, although perhaps on a more limited scale. Or he may install a loop aerial in his radio room and use it entirely for receiving, thereby doing away with the outdoor aerial and also a considerable amount of static and other interference.

The writer's first loop aerial consisted of four turns of No. 22 wire wound around the back of his radio room door and held in place by means of thumb tacks. Stations were tuned in by swinging the door backwards and forwards until the plane of the loop lay in the direction of the incoming signals. This gave excellent results but had one disadvantage. As soon as a station had been tuned in some one was sure to come along and open or close the door, thereby throwing the whole thing out of adjustment.

Since then a number of better made loops have been experimented with, and the remainder of this article will outline a few more important points in their construction and operation.

In the first place, there are many styles of loops, the more common being square, triangular, rectangular in a horizontal plane, rectangular in a verticular plane, etc., but the most satisfactory for general work is the square loop. Each of these loops may be again subdivided into two classes, namely, the solenoid type and the spiral type. A solenoid loop is one that is wound in the shape of a helix, so that each turn of wire encloses the same area as the preceding turn, (see diagram 3); while a spiral loop is one that contains a pancake type of winding, so that each turn of wire encloses an area smaller than the preceeding turn, (see diagram 1). For reasons that need not be discussed here, the spiral loop is the better of the two for direction finding work, while the solenoid loop is the better for general reception purposes. However, the writer built one of each type and found very little difference between them.

In order to be effective a loop aerial must be large; the larger the better. It should be at least three feet square. The writer's loops are each four feet square, and had he had space enough he would have made them six. However, a four foot loop gives very good results, and as it is about as large as will conveniently go into the average amateur's radio room, this size of loop may be considered a standard for amateur work.

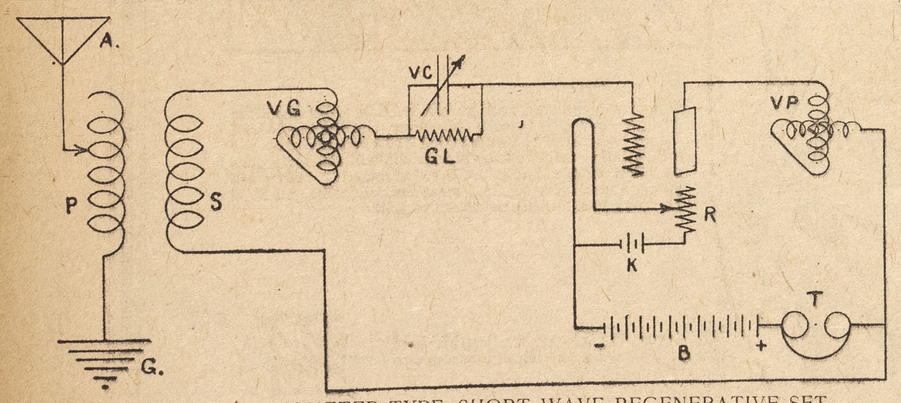
For a four foot loop such as the one shown in diagram 1, you require two pieces of oak, or other tough wood, each three quarters of an inch square. The upright piece is seven feet long and the cross piece is five and a half feet long. The upright piece is mounted on a base one foot square and two inches thick by boring a three-quarter inch hole in the centre of the base, rounding off the corners at the lower end of the upright, and jamming it down into the hole. The wire used is No. 22 double cotton covered and the number of turns you will require depends upon the wavelength you wish to receive. The approximate wavelength range of four foot square loops with different numbers of turns from 3 to 20 and shunted by a 0.001 microfarad variable condenser is given below.

No. of turns	Effective tuning range in meters.
3	200- 350
4	250- 400
6	300- 800
10	350-1000
20	900-1800

Very good results can be obtained by winding one loop with about 20 turns and tapping it at different places for different wavelengths. On a four foot square loop the wires should each be spaced one-quarter of an inch apart. On a six-foot loop the spacing between turns should be seven-sixteenths of an inch, and on an eight-foot loop it should be nine-sixteenths of an inch.

The hook-up for a loop aerial and regenerative receiving set is shown in Diagram 4. L is the loop, C is a 0.001 microfarad variable condenser, and V is an ordinary variometer. Tuning is accomplished by means of the condenser C and regeneration is produced by the variometer V.

For ordinary reception the loop aerial does not, of course, produce nearly as loud signals as the outdoor straight-away type of aerial. With a crystal receiving set it is practically useless. With a regenerative vacuum tube hook-up, such as the one shown in Diagram 4, it will be found suitable for local reception. If long distance reception is desired, two or three stages of radio or audio frequency amplification, preferably the former, are almost indispensable. However, the real value of the loop aerial lies not in its efficiency as a receiver, but in its compactness, its portability, its static and interference reducing properties, and its direction finding powers



HOOK-UP FOR A VARIOMETER TYPE SHORT WAVE REGENERATIVE SET.

A—Aerial.
G—Ground.
P—Primary of vario-coupler.
S—Secondary of vario-coupler.
VG—Grid variometer.
VC—Variable condenser.
GL—Grid leak.
K—Filament battery.
R—Rheostat.
B—"B" battery.
T—Phones.
VP—Plate variometer.

THE PROFESSOR'S CORNER

This Department is conducted for the benefit of all amateurs who desire to ask questions pertaining to radio. Not more than three questions can be answered for each correspondent and no letters can be answered by mail unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

P.L. (Renfrew)—1. Sorry your answer was delayed. Yes, the presence of a tin roof very near an aerial may have some slight effect, but hardly enough to worry about. However, you must make sure that the aerial does not touch the roof, and you should keep it as far away from the roof and all other surrounding objects as possible.

2. Yes, an aerial has directional properties at the end from which the lead-in comes off. That is to say, if you have an aerial that runs north and south with the lead-in at the south end, the aerial will receive better from stations situated to the south of it, and if a sending set is used will radiate more energy in a southerly direction.

3. Elsewhere on this page you will find the hook-up for a regenerative receiver of the variometer type. There

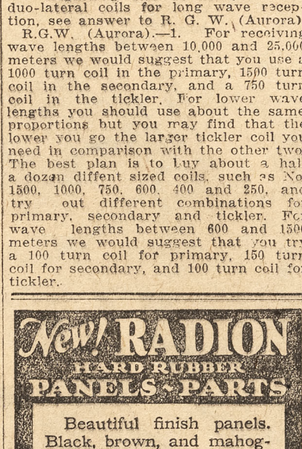


DIAGRAM 3.
A solenoid loop. This type is best for general reception purposes.

are several good hook-ups for such a type of set but the one shown is considered the best, due to the fact that the grid and plate are in one continuous circuit and are not affected by the impedance of the phones, as in the case of some of the other hook-ups. The receiving range of such a set depends almost entirely upon the power of the transmitter, the size of the receiving aerial, and the atmospheric conditions at the time. However, the normal range should be from about 100 to 500 miles, depending upon the above mentioned conditions.

S.M. (Smiths Falls).—1. The trouble that you complain of is probably due to a peculiar radio phenomenon called, "Fading." It usually manifests itself in the form of a considerable weakening or even total disappearance of radio signals, especially from distant stations. When a regenerative receiving set is used it may be found very difficult and quite often impossible to eliminate the carrier wave from the signals emitted by radiophone transmitting stations. Fading and its attendent troubles become much more marked during the Summer months than during the Fall and Winter months. Like static, it occurs with varying strength at irregular intervals, and there is no present remedy for it, since it is probably caused by uncontrollable atmospheric conditions.

2. Regarding size of honeycomb or duo-lateral coils for long wave reception, see answer to R. G. W. (Aurora).

R.G.W. (Aurora).—1. For receiving wave lengths between 10,000 and 25,000 meters we would suggest that you use a 1000 turn coil in the primary, 1500 turn coil in the secondary, and a 750 turn coil in the tickler. For lower wave lengths you should use about the same proportions but you may find that the lower you go the larger tickler coil you need in comparison with the other two. The best plan is to buy about a half a dozen diffent sized coils, such as No. 1500, 1000, 750, 600, 400 and 250, and try out different combinations for primary, secondary and tickler. For wave lengths between 600 and 1500 meters we would suggest that you try a 100 turn coil for primary, 150 turn coil for secondary, and 100 turn coil for tickler.

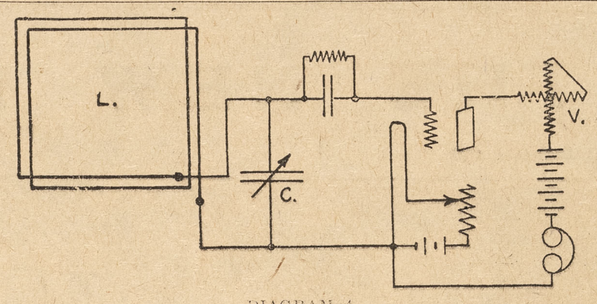


DIAGRAM 4.
Regenerative receiving hook-up with a loop aerial.

NATURE
By CALTHA

EARLY Summer brings other than rose wreaths with her. She fills the garden with bloom, and happy is he who has a garden that June can come into and dwell.

The most desirable effect in a garden is a sequence of bloom. When one has experimented with the light and shade, and has successfully established plants which, all through the season till frost comes, give a glint of beauty here and there, then one may be said to have a garden. It takes time, patience (much), many failures and weak successes. But when once attained is worth all the care.

In the Spring, along with the crocus and snowdrop, drooping its little branches comes the pretty Forsythia. Before the glossy green of its leaves appears, its long withes are covered with the golden bells. It makes a beauty spot of the corner, that gladden the eyes tired of the grayness of Winter. Next to come, probably, is the exquisite pink wealth of the flowering almond, also before the leafage.

Now the lilac is green with its leaves, and soon bursts into fragrant trusses. Next follows the Viburnum, or Snowball. Of this, I think the original shrub (the native Viburnum opulus) bears flower clusters much prettier than the round balls of unfertile flowers that are common to our gardens. The native plant has a flat cyme of white flowerets, the outer ones large and unfertile, the centre ones small and complete. When it is in full bloom, as it is now, it is a handsome shrub. Then the rose-acacia comes to the fore, and claims the attention. Its yellowish green primate leaves clothe the branches with their red fuzzy covering, and it sends out its lovely pink, pea-like drooping racemes until the shrub is a mass of pink beauty. The elder is ready with its masses of flowers, and will mingle its whiteness and fragrance with the flood of roses which will begin in a few days to burst from the green bulbs that stand up bravely from among the glossy leaves on the trellises.

Along the fences, the native Clematis will also soon throw its white garlands. Below all this a riot of peony, iris, astilbe, creeping phloxes and saponaria give a great glow of color, and right on to late Autumn when the yellows of Globe flower and Marigold seem to have caught the Summer sunlight, the garden will be a delight to its owner. But as before remarked, it takes much time, much thought, much observation ("such a much" as the baby with the kittens in her apron, said) and many failures, out of which phoenix-like, one rises to a success of sorts.

LITTLE DIVORCE THERE.

Up to the present divorce is almost unknown to Indians, and the secret of their domestic happiness is that their wives are chosen for them.—Mr. I. N. Thakor.

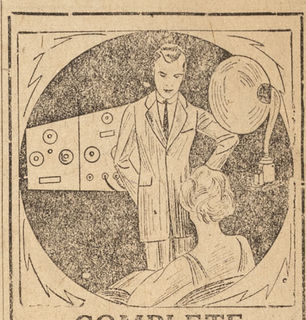
Latest African War and Sir Abe Bailey

Mine Owner Who Learns Cheap Labor is Very Expensive.

SIR ABE BAILEY has been mentioned in despatches from the Johannesburg front recently as one of the leaders in the settlement of the labor troubles in South Africa. As the settlement consisted chiefly in the quite naturally earthward settlement of bombs and machine gun bullets from Smut's airplanes, it may be taken for granted that Sir Abe was under arms again.

One of the leaders in the mining industry in South Africa, Sir Abe suffered before and fought during the South African War. He know what he was fighting for—his mines—and it is quite certain that in the late unpleasantness, in the early months of the present year, Sir Abe fought valiantly on behalf of public order and the mining industry. During the Great War, too, his record was good, for he served as staff officer on the expeditions against the German colonies.

The recent mine war was occasioned by what has been termed an outburst of Bolshevism. Like many other mine owners, Sir Abe believed in providing dividends for the shareholders in London and to this end encouraged cheap labor. Cheap labor meant, of course, stolid-looking persons from Central and Eastern Europe. These "bohunks" used to be as tractable as cows, almost too docile for efficiency, but since the Russian Revolution they have got hold of the bad idea that the mines are theirs and the fullness thereof. Cheap labor proved expensive in the long run, for the "strike" cost the lives of a number of loyal men and much monetary loss to Sir Abe and his associates. But, judging from his latest photograph, the great South African capitalist is surviving splendidly. Born humbly enough in Cape Colony in 1864, he has risen to a baronetcy, a K.C.M.G., and other honors, judicial, legislative, social and military, besides having enjoyed the hospitality of one of Kruger's prisons for some years following his share in the Jameson Raid.



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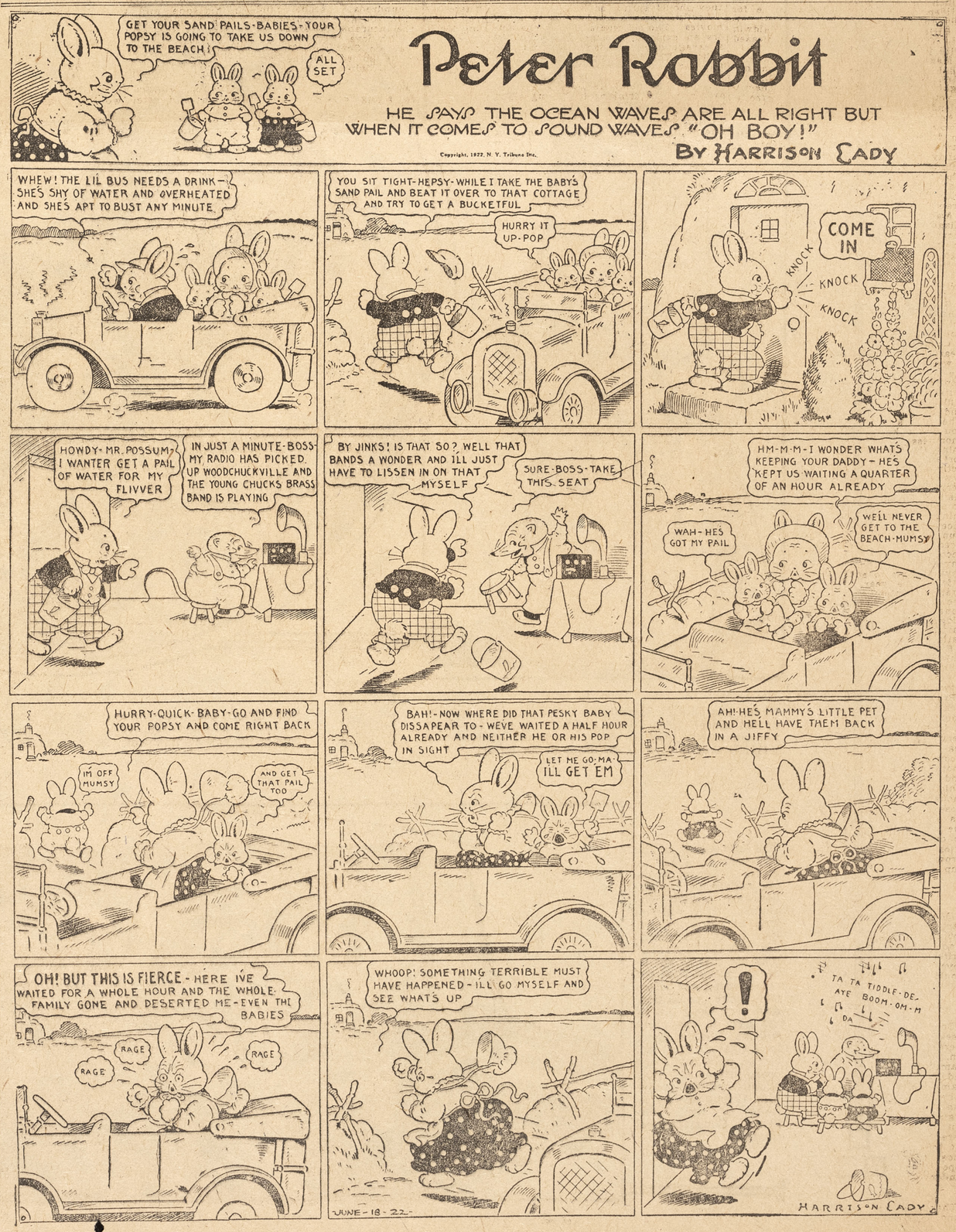


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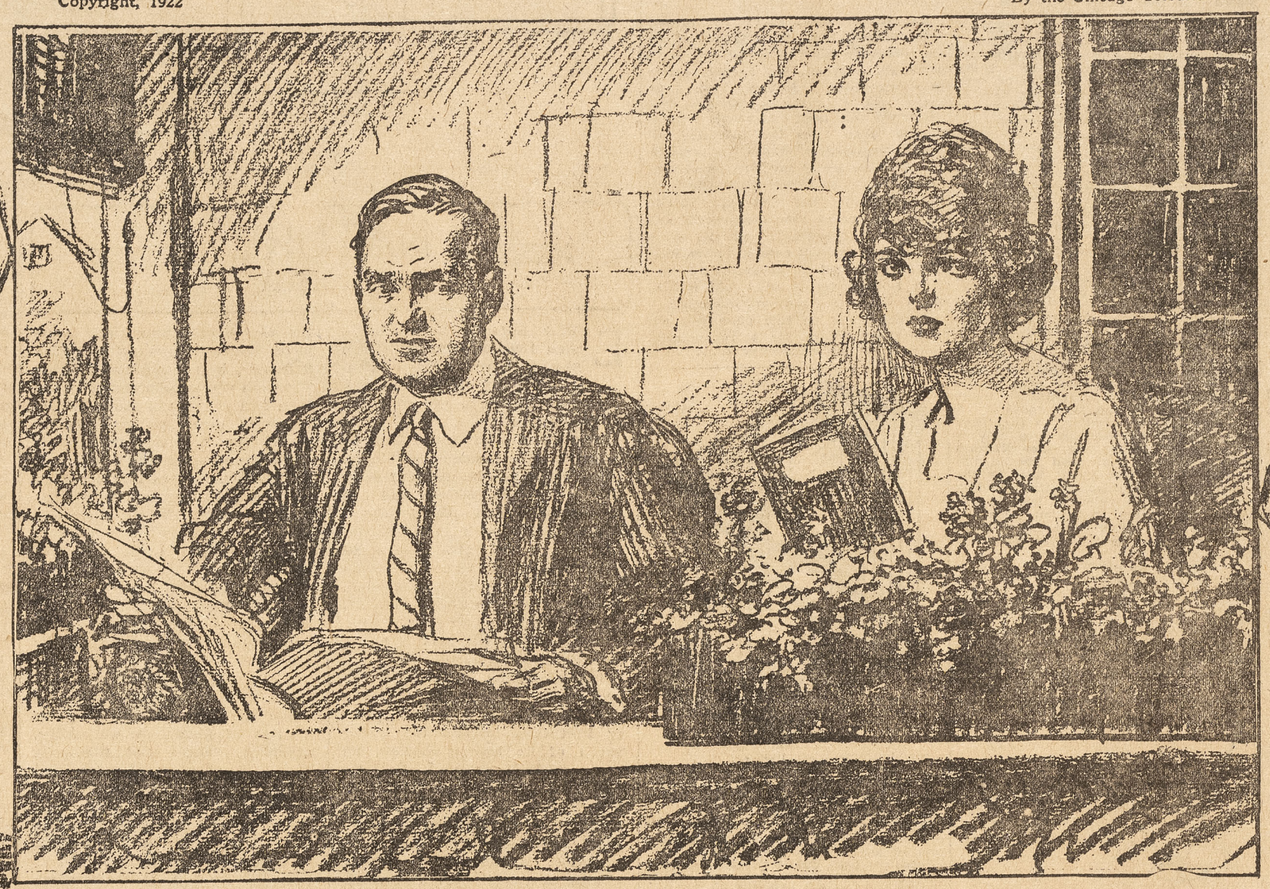


THE NEW NEIGHBORS

By W. E. HILL.

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Mrs. Hableman, helper and cleaner by the day, has dropped in to look the new family over. Not sure she wants to work for them. Mrs. Hableman is awful particular about the people she cleans for! Yes MA'AM! Oh, but the folks she used to work for in this very house, they were fine. Served eight meals a day to their help. And never a cross word from the mistress. Never.

If the new neighbors are strangers in town, and if they are beginning to be bored with nothing but each other's society, a terrible thing is likely to happen. Either they will let themselves get taken up by the WRONG people and never know the difference or, what is worse, they will find out their terrible mistake later on, when it's too late to get a foothold with the people who are THE people!

The dear little lady who rushes right over as soon as a new family is installed in the neighborhood and gets very, VERY intimate. "Now, promise me, you will come over SOON and spend the day, and be SURE to bring your work!" The idea being that she will bring HER work to your house on alternate days. Loves to tell you all the terrible, terrible things about the people in the neighborhood. "My dear," she will say, "you MUST be careful what people you go about with here. I wouldn't BREATHE this to any one but you!" etc., etc.



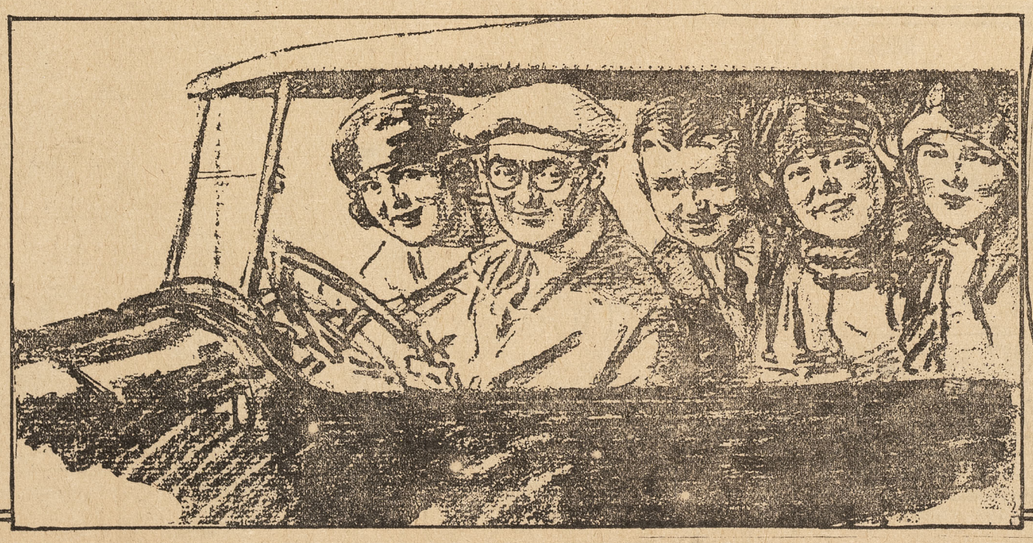




"I was just CRAZY to see what they'd do with the inside of that house!" Mrs. Larson has just been over to call on the newcomers. And, of course, she doesn't approve of a THING they've done to the inside of the house!

"Oh! Don't you and your husband play auction? Not at ALL? Oh!" Something tells little Mrs. Webb that she's never going to be a social success in the new environment. At least, not in Mrs. Bickel's set.

The loud friends of the city who drive out en masse on Sunday morning just when the neighbors are starting for church. "Hey, will you look at old Pops, out here living the simple life with the hayseeds," they are just as apt as not to call out from the car, shaming you before the entire population. And very likely one of the girls in the party will be "simply dying for a cigarette" and will say so right out in the open, just as old Miss Nimms and the proper Mrs. Gribbs pass by en route to the Front Street Congregational Church.





The new neighbors will be old neighbors by the time Miss Barlow gets to call. However, she's going to call today. And after she's explained and explained why she hasn't called earlier in the season she will ask for a subscription to the Ladies' Aid entertainment. They are giving a mock trial in the Sunday school rooms and Miss Barlow has a few dozen tickets to sell.

Mr. Argus, the grocer, smiling his best smile, welcomes a new charge account to the community.

Theatrical and Automotive Section

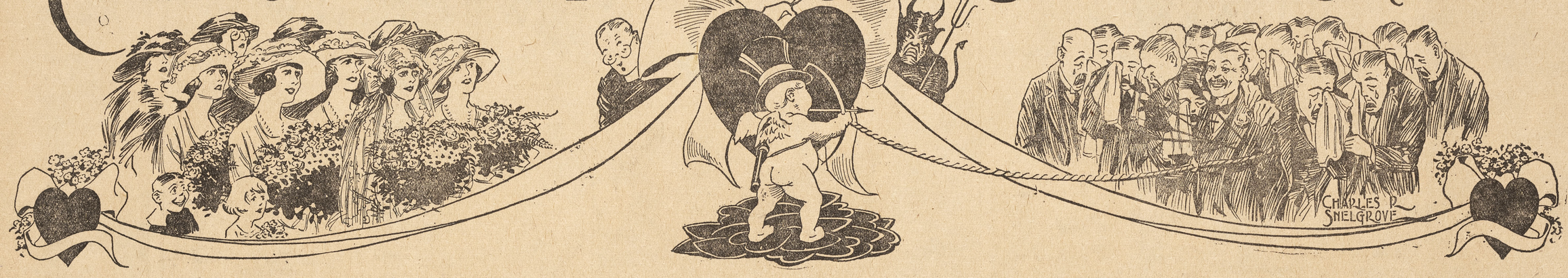
The Toronto Sunday World

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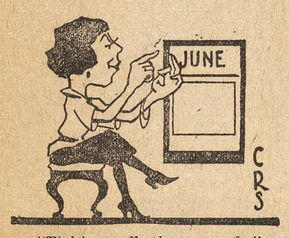
ALAS MY POOR BROTHER!

By J.M.M



WHILE skeptically thumbing an almanac to see what the weather should have been last week, and from that, what it would possibly be next week, I was forcibly struck by the fact that only two pages of testimonials and other jokes separated us from June. June—the month of sunshine and showers, kitchen and otherwise.

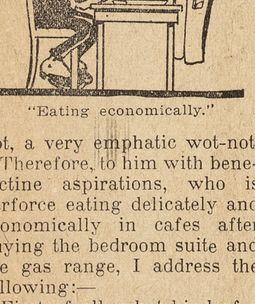
At this moment, I am sure



"Ticking off the seconds."

that within a radius of one city block from where I sit and raise blisters on my two forefingers on a typewriter emeritus, there are at least a score of girls whose hearts are tremulously ticking off the seconds which divide them from their bridal day in June.

What they should have, should wear, should receive, and so on, will be carefully written up by numerous experts and others during the next few weeks. But what of the party of the lesser part—the bridegroom, to wit—will he be the subject of countless lyrics and social notes? I wot



"Eating economically."

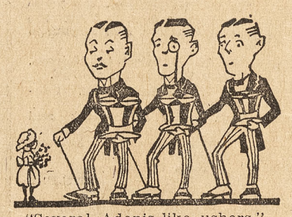
not, a very emphatic wot-not.

Therefore, to him with benedictine aspirations, who is perforce eating delicately and economically in cafes after buying the bedroom suite and the gas range, I address the following:—

First of all, what kind of a wedding will it be? You have several choices—that is to say, you will be allowed to concur in one of several choices. The most popular and expensive is, of course, the church affair, which will permit the bridegroom's wallet to assume the slender willowy lines so much in vogue just now. If this is decided upon, you will be well advised to affiliate yourself in a friendly way with a florist, for the discount you may possibly derive from such an arrangement, will buy you several tons of coal next Winter. Roughly speaking, you will be expected to furnish sweet



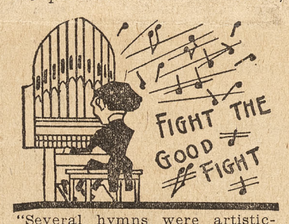
"The bridesmaids will number from one up."



"Several Adonis-like ushers."

smelling blossoms to decorate the whole of your fiancee's family tree as well as several branches of your own, not to speak of the bouquets for the bride and her attendants and button-holes for the male members of the goodly company.

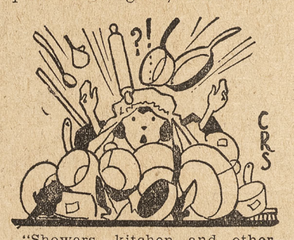
Having thus prepared the setting, you will needs look up those men who will give you moral support in the time of stress. The bridesmaids will number from one up, but it is likely that you yourself will be contented with only one of what is facetiously termed, the best man. To assign the rooters of each side, to borrow a sporting term, to their respective portion of the bleachers,



"Several hymns were artistically executed."

several young Adonis-like ushers will be needed, but before definitely signing any of them up, you should make sure that they own, or know of, a morning coat and a silk hat. It does not matter whether the hat fits or not, as it is only carried tenderly on the forearm as a badge of office. As regards the suit, however, they should try to get one that does not allow a narrow filet of white shirt to show between the lower portion of the vest and the top of the trousers—this is considered poor taste in many circles.

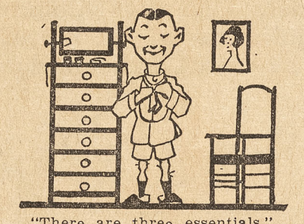
As a token of appreciation of their kindly interest, you will be expected to distribute a few trifling gifts among the attendants. Diamond-set bar pins for the girls, and artistic-



"Showers, kitchen and otherwise."

ally bound recipes with full working drawings, for home brew for the boys, would possibly be the easiest way out; however, the bride-to-be will most likely have her own ideas and will have settled the matter before you are aware of it.

Now for the music. If possible, get an organist who is not an interested party and who will, therefore, be willing to play all through the ceremony. The music will cover up any bad breaks in the spoken parts. It is also well not to get a too sentimental a person, because he or she will sort of drool over "Here comes the bride!" and your fiancee



"There are three essentials."

stage of the proceedings—I think "Fight the good fight," and "Courage, brother, do not stumble," were among them.

After putting aside a sum to settle upon the officiating clergy, you can now look to your own trunking.

Roughly speaking again, about three hundred dollars will more than make you appear handsome, and if your heart is O.K. you might run or walk upstairs and do it for two hundred and ninety dollars. Recalling my own experiences, there are three essentials, a pearl grey tie, ditto gloves, and a stiff white shirt the stiffer the correcter. I remember the last item very well, because I had bought me



"Your fiancee and her pop."

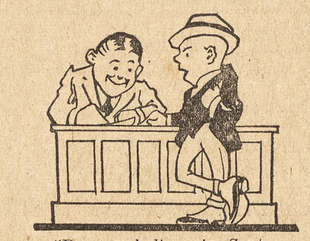
a very smart white silk one with nice soft comfortable cuffs and front. Rather foolishly I mentioned my purchase to my fiancee and the next day I bought the stiff one I spoke of before. Of course, there was more to it than the above would lead you to think, but I would like to pass over it—let memory bury its dead, as it were.

When ordering your suit, try and meet your tailor face to face. A friend of mine who was getting married was pressed for time, so telephoned his tailor. From his sad voice, the tailor misunderstood the purport of the word "morning" as applied to the coat and the girl very nearly passed away when she caught



"The bridegroom—will he be the subject of social notes?"

sight of him standing beside the altar clad in a funeral black sack suit. As a rule, tan buttoned boots are not worn at social functions of this kind. Also, don't feel slighted if your sartorial efforts are not referred to in the press reports of the affair—you will be lucky if you are referred to at all.



"Do you believe in Santa Claus?"

So far you have been doing things to satisfy society, but before you can settle down for a moment of rest and calculation, you must satisfy a point of law and get your Government's blessing. To do this you must seek out the issuer of marriage licenses, and after giving the man there the equivalent of licenses for five dogs (forty million roubles in Russian money), you will be asked to lift the veil of your past and answer such intimate

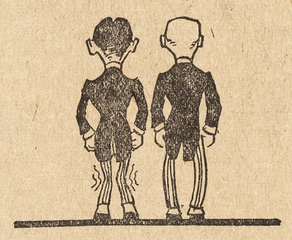


"Have a few moments privately with the minister."

questions as "What is your name?" "Do you believe in Santa Claus?" "Are you old enough to know better?" etc. If you can give the right answers you will get a certificate, which is every bit as much a work of art as any wild-cat oil stock.

Let us now run briefly through the ceremony.

Try and have a few moments privately with the minister before going into the church, and extract a solemn promise from him to make it short and snappy—although, of course, not leaving out any of the essentials. Try and have the "obey" clause wedged



"Hard to tell which is the lucky dog."

in if you can, because it might come in handy later on.

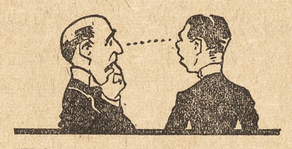
The minister will tell you when to emerge from the vestry and take up your position in the front of the church to await the bride and so forth. If you and the best man both keep your backs to the people, it will be hard for them to tell which is the lucky dog, and you will be saved a lot of embarrassment. After you have asked your A.D.C. for the seventh time whether he has the ring all right, you will hear a general squirming about on the part of the spectators and then the organist will start that piece—you know how it



"Saying this has been thrust upon me."

comes—tum-tumpty-tum—and then you will know that it's too late and that your goose is cooked, because they are coming up the aisle.

The next few minutes will be rather hazy, but the chances are that everything will come out all right. If you get a chance when you do come to, take a squint at your new pop-in-law, because his face will



"Take a squint at your new pop-in-law."

be a study. You see, he had been priming himself all day to tell the world that he was the guy who was giving the bride away, then somehow or other, that part was left out just as the "obey" part was. Even the clergy are becoming addicted now to time-saving devices.

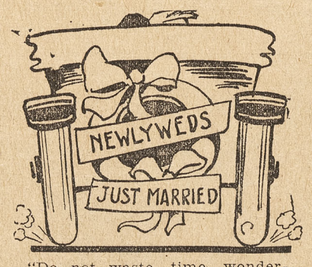
The minister will now invite you all to come into his office to sign the papers and to give your wife her "lines." The term "lines" has no reference to her speaking parts, because there is no need for the minister to have anything to do with that—she will be already in possession of those "lines" by virtue of her sex.



"Caretaker in early stages of fit."

What she will receive will be a prettily worded guarantee that all is above board. She should keep this, as it will make it easier for her to get your life insurance later on.

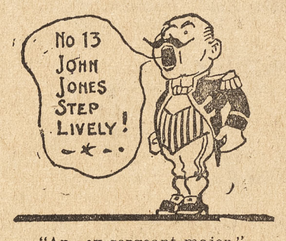
By the time this is over, you will have given the people in the church opportunity to criticize what each other is wearing, and you and your wife can now trek for the front door and your waiting car. As you leave the vestry you may catch sight of the caretaker apparently in the early stages of a fit, but you need not be concerned, as he is most likely just trying to give



"Do not waste time wondering."

the organist his cue to pull out all the stops and let the sky be the limit.

After you enter the motor, remove your silk hat, otherwise the first bump in the pavement will make your new shiny tile look like a black morocco bellows of a high-priced camera. Do not waste time wondering whether there are any signs on the car, because there surely will be. There will be at least one "Just



"An ex-sergeant-major."

Married" hanging on the spare tire as well as other homely truths hung in other more or less conspicuous places.

The next item on the program will be the reception at the home of the bride's mother. This phraseology is strictly correct, because most successful business men have their homes put in the name of their wife — it gives them



"Bachelor girls will possibly try to kiss you."

something to start with after they assign.

According to regulations, you and your wife, garnished with attendants and relatives, will line up and say, "Oh, you are so kind to us!" to each of the guests as they file past you after being paged by a hired butler at the door. An ex-sergeant-major, who has handled Orderly Room or Muster Parades, will be just the man for the job, only he may have to moderate his vocabulary somewhat and also remember that the guests will not have any regimental numbers.

Several of the ladies who might be termed bachelor girls will possibly try and succeed in kissing you—the bridegroom. Don't let this interfere with the pleasure of the day, because they mean no harm



"The girl nearly passed away."

and it is not very likely that your wife saw them—you know that old expression of Shakespeare about every dog having his day.

After the strenuous endeavors of the afternoon, you will now be ready for a snack of food, so offer your arm to your wife—your right one—right arm, I mean—and try and see if you can beat the rest of the crowd to the room where the refreshments are being served. You may succeed, but it is doubtful because the others will have had a good start, and you have no idea how hard it is to make the trained food-hound give ground until you try.

Just about the time you manage to find a plate of sandwiches which the caterer has thoughtfully hidden away under cover of a pot of ferns, the best man will joggle your elbow and nearly upset the plate and your glass of W.T.C.U. punch, and tell you that there is just time for you to change into your traveling clothes and beat it for the station. You should arrange with your wife beforehand as to what signal should convey that particular message. Do not do anything that will attract attention—commence to casually pick your teeth, or trip over a rug and say

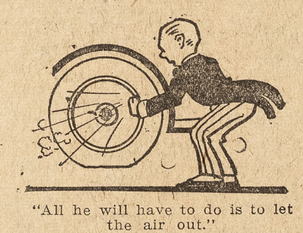


"Don't get sore."

"Damn!" out loud.

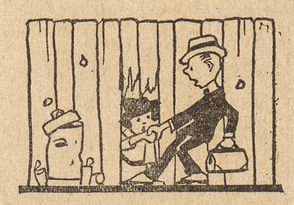
When you get to the room you are to use, don't get sore when you find that there is confetti sewed in the foot of each of your socks and that the sleeves of your shirt are tied into knots like a rope fire-escape in a country hotel. Try and be a Pollyanna and be glad that they did not rip off the collarband or swipe your breeks.

While you are engaged in softly swearing under your breath and in wondering who in the blankety-blank had the distorted sense of humor, your best man should be busily trying to make your unat-



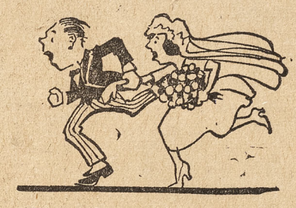
"All he will have to do is to let the air out."

tended departure for the station a possibility. As motor-cars will be the principal flies in the ointment, he should concentrate on them. If the majority of the guests are of Scotch extraction, about all he will have to do is to let the air out of the tires, because they will not run on them under-inflated. If he has time, another very good way is to remove all the carburetors and leave them in a pile in the middle of the road. This will hold up most of the cars although in the case of Fords, he may have to take off the cylinder heads. By the time he has effected some or all of these adjustments, you and



"Sneaked through a hole in the back fence."

your wife should be on the train, because you will have sneaked through a hole in the back fence and through the lane to the next street, where a taxi was waiting for you. If you do get caught, as you probably will, smile as if you really enjoyed getting pelted with confetti, even if you are mentally consigning the merry-makers to a place where it is always "warm, with



"Try and see if you can beat the rest of the crowd."

little change in temperature." Don't let it develop into a laugh, however, because the confetti is rotten stuff to digest, specially on top of caterer's wedding punch.

By the way, I should have warned you against getting on your feet and placing your hand affectionately upon your wife's shoulder and saying, "This has been thrust upon me—" when replying to the bride's toast. That is old stuff and won't provoke even the



"Take your bride to the tall timbers."

semblance of a smile now-a-days. If you want to make them sit up and give you rapt attention, keep making promising gropings towards your hip pocket while toying with your glass with the other hand.

They'll be so engrossed in trying to discover the contents of the pocket that your vocal efforts will pass unnoticed.

Just one more suggestion. If possible have a bit of spine when it comes to deciding where the honeymoon shall be spent. Even if it is necessary to urge "nerves" as an excuse for insisting on a sojourn in a secluded part of the country, a part where there is only one store and that of the type where they carry everything from fishing tackle to fancy biscuits—be masterful and take your bride to the tall timbers. Use persuasion, cajolery, or force if necessary, but don't allow yourself to be lured to a footstool of fashion where



"Have money, lots of money, with you, etc."

many and expensive stores abound. Shopping with brand new husbands is meat—legitimate meat—for brides.

If you should be weak enough to yield and seek a sweltering city as your escape from one less hot, then be advised by a fellow-sufferer and take a few marked cheques with you—or better yet, crib the wedding cheque given you by the bride's uncle and then you won't feel quite so badly. But in any event, have money with you, lots of money, for if you haven't the cash, your bride, with a still deluded faith in the miraculous pitcher qualities of your purse, will smile at the clerks, and even though she be a thousand miles from home, ask for credit.

I think that's about all.

How They Piled Up the Votes in The Sunday World Campaign!

Result of Last Count By Judges Shows Votes Total Many Millions



MISS ELIZABETH SHEA.



MISS MARGARET G. I. WOOD.



MRS. FLORENCE MOSES.



MISS A. HERRING.

HERE ARE THE WINNERS---

THE TWENTY LADIES WHO HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THE SUNDAY WORLD TOUR TO EUROPE

Miss Eliz. (Beth) Shea, 1099 Gerrard St. E.

Mrs. C. J. Hovey, 31 Simpson Ave.

Mrs. V. B. Gardner, 143 Glenmore Rd.

Mrs. Florence Moses, 103 Cedarvale Ave.

Miss M. G. I. Wood, 18 Ferndale Ave.

Miss L. M. Everall, 93 Dixon Ave.

Miss Daisy Cronan, 211 Beatrice St.

Miss Belle Broddy, 93 Jameson Ave.

Mrs. Harold Cooper, 92 Delaware Ave.

Miss Nellie Hearn, 576 Gladstone Ave.

Mrs. Harton Douglas, 2525 Yonge St.

Mrs. Margaret Shier, 231 Carlton St.

Miss Carolina Rice, 89 Galt Ave.

Miss G. Burman, 82 Bartlett Ave.

Miss A. Herring, 105 Pembroke St.

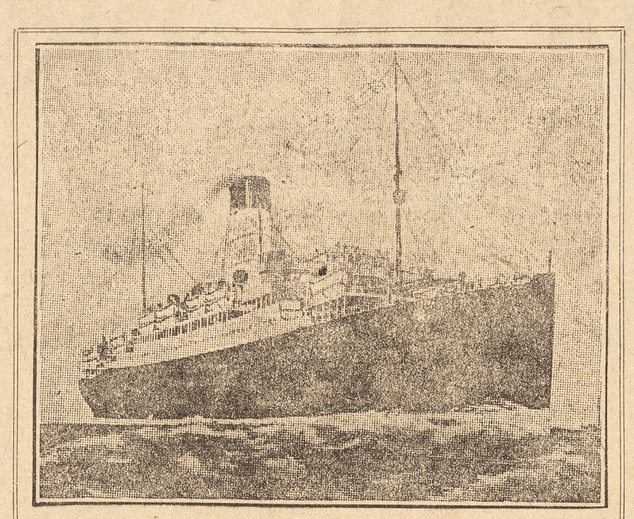
Miss Annie Putman, 175 Hunter St. W., Hamilton.

Mrs. Annie Jarman, 42 Tisdale St. S., Hamilton.

Miss Gladys Westaway, Oshawa, Ont.

Miss Evelyn Brownscombe, Uxbridge, Ont.

Miss Olive Orr, South Porcupine, Ont.



S.S. "ANTONIA"
The steamer on which our party will sail from Montreal.

Winners of Cash Prizes

The recording of subscription orders will be finished within a few days. When the records are complete commission money won by candidates who remained active to the finish, but did not win trips to Europe, will be calculated and cheques sent out to their winners.

When and Where They Will Go, and What They Will See

Fri., June 30—Leave Toronto.
Sat., July 1—Sail from Montreal on Cunard Line new steamer "ANTONIA."
Sun., July 2—Call at QUEBEC.
Mon. and Tues., July 3-4—In the St. Lawrence River.
Wed., July 5, to Fri., July 7—At SEA.
Sat., July 8—Call at PLYMOUTH.

FRANCE.

Sun., July 9—Due to arrive Cherbourg and proceed to PARIS.
Mon., July 10, to Fri., July 14—In PARIS. Two days sight-seeing, automobile excursion. One day in the city and one day to Versailles. One-day excursion by automobile, visiting the famous Vimy Ridge Battlefields.

BELGIUM.

Sat., July 15—Leave Paris by morning express via Mons to Brusseis, passing scenes of the WORLD WAR.
Half-day drive by automobile sight-seeing car visiting principal places of interest.
Sun. and Mon., July 16 and 17—In BRUSSELS. On Monday a comprehensive tour of the Ypres Salient by auto car, visiting such famous places as Menin Road, Hill 60, Passchendaele, Zillebeke, Ypres, Mount Kemmel.

ENGLAND.

Tues., July 18—Via Ostend and Dover to LONDON.
Wed., July 19, to Sun., July 23—In LONDON. Sight-seeing automobile excursions on two days, including the city and Hampton Court Palace.
Mon., July 24—Rail to LEAMINGTON. Motor excursion through the Shakespeare country to Kenilworth, Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon.

ENGLISH LAKES.

Tues., July 25—Rail via Chester to WINDERMERE.
Wed., July 26—At WINDERMERE.
Thurs., July 27—Steamer on Lake Windermere to Ambleside, thence coach to Grasmere and Thirlmere to KESWICK.
Fri., July 28—At KESWICK, near beautiful Lake Derwentwater.

SCOTLAND.

Sat., July 29—To Melrose—the home of Sir Walter Scott. Visit the Abbey Abbotsford and Dryburgh Abbey.
Sun., July 30—Morning in Melrose. Afternoon train to Edinburgh.
Mon., July 31—In Edinburgh. Carriage drive.
Tues., Aug. 1—By rail, coach and steamer through the Trossachs, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond to Glasgow.
Wed., Aug. 2—In Glasgow.
Thurs., Aug. 3—Embark on C.P.R. steamer "VICTORIAN."
Fri., Aug. 4—Call at Liverpool.
Sat., Aug. 12—Due back in Montreal.
Sun., Aug. 13—Due in Toronto.



MRS. C. J. HOVEY, Chaperone.



MRS. MARGARET SHIER.



MISS G. BURMAN.

MISS BELLE BRODDY.

The final count of the votes, which made it possible to choose the winners, was done under the direction of chartered accountants, and supervised by a board of five judges composed of Col. R. H. Greer, K.C., Barrister; A. E. James, Highways Commissioner, County of York; John A. Kent, General Manager, Canadian National Exhibition; George H. Ross, Commissioner of Finance, City of Toronto; John A. Rowland, Barrister. The judges' certified list, showing the total amount of votes turned in by each Candidate during the Campaign, is here published.

District No. 1
TORONTO

	Votes
ADAMS, MRS. A. 11 Moss Park Rd.	314,350
ALCOCK, MISS BEE 20 Prust Ave.	154,150
ALLISON, MISS ALMA 153 Jones Ave.	373,850
ANDERSON, MISS CHRISTINA 71 Wells Hill Ave.	46,000
ATKINSON, MRS. F. 4 Manchester Ave.	98,920
BAILEY, MISS EVA 712 Brock Ave.	589,850
BARBER, MRS. TILLIE (Widow of P.C. No. 10) 73 Massey St.	161,000
BATEMAN, MRS. HERBERT 86 Peter St.	35,250
BICKELL, MISS Z. T. 56 Wellesley St.	1,192,900
BINNS, MRS. SUSAN 1202 Dovercourt Rd.	119,650
BLACK, MRS. P. 102 Kenwood Ave.	1,242,825
BOWEN, MRS. A. 272 Parliament St.	271,650
BOWEN, MRS. HELEN 1090 St. Clair Ave.	1,450,000
BOWLES, MISS E. 531 Yonge St.	271,075
BOYD, MISS VIOLET R. 193 Brunswick Ave.	417,900
BRADFORD, MISS DAISY 201 College St.	157,100
BRADLEY, MRS. CHARLOTTE E. 440 Victoria Park Ave., Stop 12	724,575
BROOKS, MISS E. M. 235 Dovercourt Rd.	196,600
BRODDY, MISS BELLE 93 Jameson Ave.	2,939,975
BROWN, MRS. AMY 375 Morley Ave.	43,800
BROWN, MRS. JEAN Brown Betty. 42 King St., East.	1,468,500
BROWN, MISS JEANIE 38 Auburn Ave.	130,600
BUIE, MRS. JOHN 626 Shaw St.	182,800
BURMAN, MISS G. 82 Bartlett Ave.	2,253,225
BURTON, MRS. R. G. 82 Wolseley St.	170,100
BUSBY, MISS E. M. 1823 Danforth Ave.	1,473,150
CAPLAN, MRS. MARION E. 116½ Clinton St.	40,650
CHAMBERS, MISS HELEN 27 Pears Ave.	194,150
CLARKE, MISS MABEL 38 Dundonald St.	349,700
COLES, MISS FLORENCE E. 27½ Garden Ave.	1,592,825
COOPER, MRS. HAROLD 92 Delaware Ave.	2,642,025
CORBETT, MRS. HELEN 146 Bolton Ave.	120,800
CONOVER, MRS. C. E. 48 Chicora Ave.	1,334,350
COWAN, MISS NORA 104½ St. Patrick St.	161,200
COX, MRS. EDGAR 201 Indian Grove.	305,800
COX, MISS ELSIE E. 247 Bellwoods Ave.	120,350
COYNE, MISS FLORENCE 718 Queen St. W.	217,550
CRANE, MRS. FLORENCE 57 Pembroke St.	150,200
CRONAN, MISS DAISY 211 Beatrice St.	3,015,485
DALY, MRS. JOHN 542 Ontario St.	27,050
DARBY, MISS HILDA 199 Clendenan Ave.	614,300
DAVIDSON, MRS. K. 288 Wright Ave.	157,400
DAWSON, MRS. VIVIAN 177 Shaw St.	375,150
DES ISLET, MISS LILA E. 312 Salem Ave.	45,250
DEW, MRS. K. M. 112 Gerrard St. E.	578,900
DISNEY, MISS STELLA 1382 Queen St. E.	129,500
DOO, MRS. ETHEL M. 111 Ronan Ave.	542,300
DOUGLAS, MRS. EDITH 55 Withrow Ave.	1,483,205
DOUGLAS, MRS. HARTON 2525 Yonge St.	2,431,650
DOWSON, MISS M. B. 5 Follis Ave.	998,150
DREW, MRS. E. 32 Eastmount Ave.	1,150,675
DUNCAN, MISS CLARA A. 260 Robert St.	465,125
EAMES, MISS MARJORIE 216 Indian Grove.	99,800
EDGERTON, MISS A. R. 34 Carlton St.	203,750
ELLINS, MISS IDA E. 219 Scarlett Rd.	81,100
EVANS, MRS. E. R. 194 Carlton St.	1,751,750
EVERALL, MISS L. M. 93 Dixon Ave.	3,102,550
FAIRTHORNE, MRS. G. 1180 St. Clair Ave.	1,890,450
FERGUSON, MRS EV'N H. 87 Prescott Ave.	119,675
FERGUSON, MRS. J. G. 198 Cowan Ave.	184,450
FINCHAM, MRS. ALBERT 188 Glenholme Ave.	743,200
FITZSIMONS, MRS. KATE 548 Clinton St.	581,975
FORREST, MISS MILDRED 15 Cavell Ave.	97,250
FOX, MISS WINNIFRED 30 Ossington Ave.	159,600
FREEMAN, MRS. THOMAS 1677 Dundas St. W.	528,020
FRENCH, MRS. GEORGINA 283 Christie St.	520,425
FRIEND, MRS. C. M. 527 Sherbourne St.	137,250
FROST, MRS. A. 22 Sackville Place.	134,800
GARDNER, V. BUSHFIELD 143 Glenmore Rd.	4,005,575
GIBSON, MISS HELEN 1407 Lansdowne Ave.	155,400
GOSSE, MISS ANNIE L. 556 Dupont St.	192,025
HALL, MRS. J. C. 56 Peterborough Ave.	35,200
HANDS, MISS MARY 422 Dundas E.	186,050
HARPER, MISS PERRENE 71 Sorauren Ave.	641,600
HARTLEY, MRS. EDWARD 339 Greenwood Ave.	113,600
HAYTON, MRS. M. L. 25 Aldrich Ave.	27,000
HAYWARD, MRS. M. 1374 St. Clair W.	264,550
HEARN, MISS NELLIE Infants' Wear Dept., T. Eaton Co., 576 Gladstone Ave.	2,640,200
HENRY, MISS LOUISE E. 439 Sherbourne St.	63,050
HERRING, MISS A. Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Dept., T. Eaton Co., 105 Pembroke St.	2,220,325
HIGGINS, MISS INEZ Canadian General Electric Co. 392 Concord Ave.	1,515,825
HIGGERSON, MISS EVELYN 41 Fourth Ave. E.	33,050
HIGHAM, MRS. H. C. 18 Lincoln Ave.	83,350
HILL, MRS. FLORENCE 1241 Davenport Rd.	278,000
HUGHES, MISS MAISIE 77 Pinewood Ave.	81,100
HYDE, MRS. A. 390 Lake Front, Balmy Beach.	767,970
JACKSON, MISS ISABEL B. Ass't Sub. P.O. 34, Toronto, 974 Bathurst Street.	334,900
JACKSON, MRS. H. G. 497 Shaw St.	186,575
JOSS, MISS LILIAN 38 Russett Ave.	126,250
KAY, MRS. E. 36 Eighth St.	468,475
KEARNEY, MISS KATHLEEN Aikenhead Hardware Co. 160 Edwin Ave.	123,250
KIRBY, MRS. A. 103 Ascot Ave.	75,650
LANDSBOROUGH, MISS HILDA 2906 Dundas St. W.	240,050
LAPTUS, MRS. M. P. 469 Queen St. E.	27,000
LAUGHRAN, MISS KATH' 18 Springhurst Ave.	418,900
LOBRAICO, MISS IRENE 49 Borden St.	2,093,400
MACDONALD, MISS IRENE 97 Cowan Ave.	178,500
McANENEY, MISS EST'LE 57 Westminster Ave.	430,125
McCALLUM, MRS. K. 253 Ashdale Ave.	34,500
McCRORIE, MRS. DAVID 11 Osborne Ave.	400,375
McCUAIG, MISS LUCY 133 Bedford Rd.	1,351,475
McINTYRE, MISS MABEL 1,747,275 Welfare Nurse, T. Eaton Co., Ltd., 95 Beatrice Street.	
McINTYRE, MISS STELLA 214 Westmoreland Ave.	615,450
McLAREN, MISS GLADYS 116 Pembroke St.	137,675
McMILLAN, MISS ETHEL 1174 College St.	233,275
MADELEY, MISS G. E. 56 St. George St.	98,950
MAINES, MRS. J. M. 59 Lakeview Ave.	1,615,150
MANNING, MISS EDNA 281 Waverley Rd.	35,300
MARTIN, MISS ANNIE 63½ Augusta Ave.	61,150
MASON, MRS. H. 42 Havelock St.	222,100
MAXWELL, MISS JANET St. Andrew's College.	139,100
MILLING, MRS. M. 97 Bay St.	35,000
MILNE, MRS L. 41 Beaconsfield Ave.	23,600
MITCHELL, MISS K. 308 Jarvis St.	220,370
MOSES, MRS. FLORENCE 103 Cedarvale Ave.	3,623,750
MURRAY, MISS MARITE D. 200 Browning Ave.	261,400
ORVIS, MRS. ADOLPHUS (JACK) 59 Saulter St.	288,825
PATTERSON, MISS H. M. 102 Ronceavalles Ave.	2,013,250
PATTERSON, MRS. C. R. 908 Eastern Ave.	73,000
PEARSON, MISS L.	26,400
PIPER, MISS LOLITA 31½ Camden St.	72,150
PRIEST, MISS FANNIE 13 Wineva Ave.	35,650
RAVIN, MRS. C. 62 Holborne Ave.	56,000
REED, MISS LILY 94 Yarmouth Road.	167,425
RICE, MISS CAROLINA 89 Galt Ave.	2,253,375
RIDDEL, MRS. J. 222 Campbell Ave.	61,300
ROBSON, MISS IRENE 594 Bloor St. W.	1,383,075
ROBINSON, MISS MARGARET G. 123 Rose Ave.	295,100
RUDDY, MISS DOROTHY 86 Indian Road.	1,406,450
ROVENGO, MISS MARY 287 Roncesvalles Ave.	169,075
RUTHVEN, MISS MAE 51 Havelock St.	1,047,575
SAWYER, MRS. F. 176 Bartlett Ave.	470,575
SHIER, MRS. MARGARET 231 Carlton St.	2,320,225
SHEA, MISS ELIZ. (BETH) 1099 Gerrard St. E.	4,283,975
SIMPSON, MISS A. J. 378 Lansdowne Ave.	214,800
SLOCOMBE, MISS EVELYN 67 Edgewood Ave.	655,175
SMITH, MRS. KATHERINE 85 Oakwood Ave.	702,550
SMITH, MISS NORA 106 Morton Road.	31,925
SPENCER, MRS. W. H. 269 Ashdale Ave.	141,600
STATHAM, MRS. J. 185 Seaton St.	87,450
STEEDS, MRS. A. J. 57 Wallace Ave.	132,400
STEWART, MISS ISOBEL 47 Harbord St.	73,950
SUTHERLAND, MISS R. 22 Springhurst Ave.	1,333,500
SUTHERLAND, MRS. M. 232 Bloor St. W.	127,700
SUTHERLAND, MRS. J. F. 112 Laughton Ave.	51,100
TAYLOR, MRS. R. 1926 Queen St. E.	124,300
TOMLINSON, MISS ELVA 857 Dovercourt Rd.	27,550
TREVAILLE-WILLIAMS, MISS H. 21 Harbord St.	118,750
TURPIN, MRS. H. R. 7 Northview Terrace.	33,350
VINE, MISS BERTHA M. 157½ Tyrrell Ave.	979,100
WALES, MRS. L. 53 McGill St.	187,350
WAGNER, MISS E. F. 196 Davenport Road.	57,375
WALKER, E. A. 112 Victor Ave.	76,800
WALKER, MISS D. L. 185 Langley Ave.	1,196,200
WATERS, MRS. A. 140 Cumberland Ave.	331,900
WATTS, MRS. W. H. 482 Ossington Ave.	323,600
WATTS, MRS. W. T. 2073 Davenport Rd.	722,225
WEBSTER, MISS D. 95 Bellwoods Ave.	41,000
WHEELER, MRS. JANET 187 River St.	115,800
WILSON, MISS HENRIETTA 23 Roblock Ave.	137,700
WOOLINGS, MRS. ISABEL 841 Manning Ave.	1,039,950
WOOD, MRS. FRED 151 Macpherson Ave.	679,225
WOOD, MISS MARG'T G. I. 18 Ferndale Ave.	3,462,250
YOUNG, MISS IRENE 44 Vaughan Rd.	1,793,775

District No. 2
HAMILTON

	Votes
DICKINSON, MRS. BERNICE 48 Fairleigh Ave. N.	271,225
DONALDSON, MRS. W. 12 William Street.	290,625
FORSYTHE, R. 56 Kinrade Ave.	171,650
GATES, MRS. M. 265 Charlton Ave. W.	28,200
NAISH, MRS. J. C. 479 York St.	466,950
JARMAN, MRS. ANNIE 42 Tisdale St. So.	1,520,600
PUTNAM, MISS ANNIE 175 Hunter St. W.	1,720,750
ROBINSON, MISS E. 53 Robert St.	65,950
TALLMAN, MISS GRACE 65 Wentworth St. N.	323,425
WALKER, MRS. C. H. 908 Barton St. E.	448,875
WEAVER, MISS L. 13 Cumberland Ave.	1,395,275

District No. 3
Province of Ontario Outside of Toronto and Hamilton

	Votes.
ANDERSON, MISS ANNIE 41 Caroline St., Lindsay, Ont.	1,416,050
ANTICKNAP, ETHYLLE 54 Welland Ave., St. Catharines, Ont.	26,300
BAILEY, MRS. S. J. Collingwood, Ont.	18,900
BERWICK, MISS LOUISE Shelburne, Ont.	886,450
BROWNSCOMBE, MISS E, Uxbridge, Ont.	2,646,150
BRIGHT, MISS E. M. 127 Rosemount Ave., Weston.	91,850
BROWN, MRS. T. W. Victoria Harbor, Ont.	16,800
BURGESS, MISS S. EDNA 541 Mary St., Woodstock, Ont.	1,818,775
BURROWS, MISS SADIE Newmarket.	183,625
CARD, MRS. J. M. 13 Extra St., Guelph, Ont.	374,425
CARMICHAEL, MISS EV'N 253 Murray St., Sudbury.	138,675
CARMICHAEL, MISS ELVA 71 Bingeman St., Kitchener, Ont.	64,200
CASSON, MRS. NORAH Port Colborne, Ont.	49,450
CLAY, MRS. W. J. Waubaushene, Ont.	15,000
CLIFFE, MISS MABELE 625 Queen St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	822,125
CROUSE, MRS. R. Box 150, Copper Cliff, Ont.	145,825
ELLIS, MISS OLIVE M. Englehart, Ont.	392,200
EMMETT, MISS LILLIAN Gravenhurst, Ont.	154,475
EVANS, MRS. R. P. 406 George St., Peterboro, Ont.	107,200
FAILES, MISS DORIS M. Port Colborne, Ont.	25,100
FOSTER, MISS MAUD Trenton, Ont.	376,800
GARNER, MISS FLORENCE Walkerton, Ont.	336,800
GUNNING, MISS MABEL St. Mary's, Ont.	285,925
HARPER, MISS MYRTA L. Vinemount, Ont.	1,404,300
HARTLEY, MRS. NELLIE 109 Wellington St., Kingston.	15,000
HASTINGS, MISS PHYLLIS Elora, Ont.	182,925
HENRY, MISS E. A. Arthur, Ont.	17,900
HUGHES, MISS MARJORIE M. "Sahara," Port Credit, Ont.	902,600
KAATZ, MISS EMMA Waterloo, Ont.	130,925
KINGSTON, MRS. WM. W. Prescott, Ont.	127,125
LAING, MISS WREATHA 26 York Place, Galt, Ont.	253,600
LAISTER, MRS. J. W. Woodstock, Ont.	803,275
LOGIE, MISS JEAN D. Paris, Ont.	202,000
MACTAVISH, MISS BETH Bridgeburg, Ont.	689,500
McGOWAN, MISS LILLIAN 30 Mary St., Barrie, Ont.	420,000
McGREGOR, MRS. J. 47 Chatham St., Penetang'shene, Ont.	52,100
McMILLAN, MISS OLIVE I. Byron St., Whitby, Ont.	291,550
MORIN, MISS MARIE BLANCHE 18 Rue St. Joseph, Ottawa	56,050
ORR, MISS OLIVE South Porcupine	2,249,850
POSTE, FANNY M. 382 St. John's Road, Lambton.	671,150
PUGH, MISS DORIS Stouffville, Ont.	51,000
RENNIE, MRS. WM. Longford Mills, Ont.	24,600
RITCHIE, MISS ALMA New Liskeard	1,709,095
ROBERTS, MISS NELLIE 13 Graham Ave., Mt. Dennis, Ont.	70,450
ROBINSON, MISS RUTH Orillia, Ont.	1,541,050
ROGERS, MISS GOLDIE Whitby, Ont.	349,820
SCARFE, MISS ALICE Cobourg, Ont.	312,925
SCHULER, MISS MYRTLE 10 Charlotte St., Brantford.	546,820
SHAW, MISS GUSSIE 58 Oak St., London, Ont.	244,100
SMITH, MISS LORINE Katherine St., Collingwood, Ont.	36,050
SPROULE, MARJORIE Aurora, Ont.	697,325
STINSON, MISS JESSIE Scarboro Bluffs, Kingston Rd.	58,100
STONE, MISS THEDA Cannington, Ont.	1,257,025
TAYLOR, MRS. A. Jackson's Point.	285,350
WALTON, MISS HAZEL West Hill, Ont.	97,750
WEBSTER, MRS. F. Oakwood, Ont.	982,375
WESTAWAY, MISS GLADYS Oshawa, Ont.	3,752,575
WHALEY, MRS. W. J. Muskoka Falls.	15,000
WHITE, MISS MARY E. 303 Maitland Ave., Peterboro.	479,025
WILKIE, MISS MARJORIE R. R. 3, Niagara Falls, Ont.	72,550
WILLSON, MISS MARION G. Princess St. Fort Erie, Ont.	151,300
WILSON, MRS. GEO. 25 Primrose Ave., Mimico Beach, Ont.	65,400
YOUNG, MISS EMMA E. Roches Point	1,255,850



MRS. HAROLD COOPER.



MISS NELLIE HEARN.



MRS. V. B. GARDNER.



MISS CAROLINE RICE.



MISS DAISY CRONAN.



MRS. ANNIE JARMAN.



MISS GLADYS WESTAWAY.



MRS. HARTON DOUGLAS.

BILLY'S TENDERFOOT

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Westerner," "The Blazed Trail," Etc.

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COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

DURING one Spring of the early seventies Billy Knapp ran a species of road house or hotel at the crossing of the Deadwood and Big Horn trails through Custer Valley. Travelers changing from one route to the other frequently stopped there overnight. He sold accommodations for men and beast; the former comprising plenty of whiskey, the latter plenty of hay. That was the best anyone could say of it. The hotel was of logs, two-storied, with partitions to insure a certain privacy of sight, if not of sound; had three beds and a number of bunks; and boasted of a woman cook—one of the first in the Hills. Billy did not run it long. He was too restless.

The personnel of the establishment consisted of Billy and the woman already mentioned, and an ancient patriarch of the name of Charley. The latter wore many firearms and had a good deal to say, but had never, as Billy expressed it, "made good." This, in the West, could not have been for lack of opportunity. His functions were those of general factotum.

One evening Billy sat, chair-tilted against the logs of the hotel, waiting for the stage. By and by it drew in. Charley hobbled out, carrying buckets of water for the horses. The driver flung the reins from him with the lordly insolence of his class, descending slowly, and swaggered to the bar-room for his drink. Billy followed to serve it.

"Luck!" said the driver and crooked his elbow.

"Anything new?" inquired Billy.

"Nope."

"Held up?"

"Nope."

That exhausted the situation. The two men puffed silently for a moment at their pipes. In an instant the driver turned to go.

"I got you a tenderfoot," he remarked casually. "I reckon he's outside."

"Guess I ambles forth and sees what fer a tenderfoot it is," replied Billy, hastening from behind the bar.

The tenderfoot was seated on a small trunk just outside the door. As he held his hat in his hands, Billy could see his dome-like, bald head. Beneath the dome was a little pink and white face, and below that were narrow, sloping shoulders, a flat chest and bandy legs. He wore a light check suit and a flannel shirt, whose collar was much too large for him. Billy took this all in while passing. As the driver climbed to the seat, the hotelkeeper commented:

"Say, Hen," said he, "would you stuff it or put it under a glass case?"

"I'd serve it a lay tooloose," replied the driver briefly, and brought his long lash eight-shaped across the four startled backs of his horses.

Billy turned to a reinspection of his guest and met a deprecating smile.

"Can I get a shake-down here for to-night?" he inquired in a high, piping voice.

"You kin," replied Billy shortly, and began to howl for Charley.

That patriarch appeared around the corner, as did likewise the cook, a black-eyed, red-cheeked creature, afterwards counted by Billy as one of his eight matrimonial ventures.

"Snake this stranger's war bag into the shack," commanded Billy. "And Nell, jest nat-rally rustle a few grub."

The stranger picked up a small hand-satchel and followed Charley into the building. When, a little later, he reappeared for super, he carried the hand-bag with him and placed it under the bench which flanked the table. Afterwards he deposited it next his hand while enjoying a pipe outside. Naturally all this did not escape Billy.

"Stranger," said he, "yo' seem mighty wedded to that thar satchel."

"Yes, sir," piped the stranger. Bily snorted at the title. "I have some personal belongings which is valuable to me." He opened the bag and produced a cheap portrait of a rather cheap looking woman. "My mother that was," said he.

Billy snorted at the title. "I have side. He hated sentiment of all kinds. The two men sat opposite each other and ate supper, which was served by the red-cheeked girl. The stranger kept his eyes on his plate while she was in the room. He perched on the edge of the bench with his feet tucked under him and resting on their toes. When she approached, the muscles of his shoulders and arms grew rigid with embarrassment, causing strange, awkward movements of the hands. He answered in monosyllables.

Billy ate expansively and earnestly. Towards the close of the meal, Charley slipped into place beside him. Charley was out of humor, and found the meat cold.

"——yore soul! Nell," he cried, "this yere ain't fitten fer a hog to eat!"

The girl did not mind, nor did Billy. It was the country's mode of speech. The stranger dropped his knife.

"I don't wonder yo' don't like it, then!" said he, with a fancy little flare of anger.

"Meanin' what?" shouted Charley threateningly.

"You shore mustn't speak to a lady that way," replied the stranger firmly in his little piping voice.

Billy caught the point and exploded in a mighty guffaw.

"Bully for you!" he cried, slapping his knee, "struck pyrites (he pronounced it 'pie rights') fer shore that trip, Charley.

The girl, too, laughed, but quietly. She was a little touched, though just this winter she had left Bismarck because the place would have no more of her.

In the face of Billy's approval the old man fell silent.

ABOUT midnight the four inmates of the frontier hotel were awakened by a tremendous racket outside. The stranger arose, fully clothed, from his bunk, and peered through the narrow open window. A dozen horses were standing grouped, in charge of a single mounted man, indistinguishable in the dark. Out of the open door a broad band of light streamed from the saloon, whence came the noise of voices and of boots tramping about.

"It is Black Hank," said Billy at his elbow. "Black Hank and his outfit. He hitches to this yere snubbin' post occasional."

Black Hank in the Hills would have translated to Jesse James farther south.

The stranger turned suddenly energetic.

"Don't you make no fight?" he asked.

"Fight!" said Billy, wondering. "Fight? Co'se not. Hank ain't plunderin' me none. He jest ambles along and helps himself, and leaves the dust fer it every shot. I jest amblays low and lets him operate. I never has no dealin's with him, understand. He jest nat'rally waltzes in an' plants his grub hooks on what he needs. I doesn't know anything about it, I'm dead asleep."

He bestowed a shadowy wink upon the stranger.

Below, the outlaws moved here and there.

"Billy!" shouted a commanding voice. "Billy Knapp!"

The hotelkeeper looked perplexed.

"Now what's he tollin' me for?" he asked of the man by his side.

"Billy! shouted the voice again, "come down here, you siwash. I want to palaver with you."

"All right, Hank," replied Billy. He went to his "room' and buckled on a heavy belt, then descended the steep stairs.

The bar-room was lighted, and filled with men. Some of them were eating and drinking; others were strapping provisions into portable form. Against the corner of the bar a tall figure of a man leaned, smoking—a man lithe, active, and muscular, with a keen, dark face and black eyebrows which met over his nose. Billy walked directly to this man.

"What is it?" he inquired shortly. "This yere ain't in the agreement."

"I know that," replied the stranger.

"Then leave yore dust, and vamoose."

"My dust is there," said Black Hank, placing his hand on a buckskin bag at his side, "and yo're paid, Billy Knapp. I want to ask you a question. Standing Rock has sent fifty thousand dollars to Buck Tail. The messenger went through here to-day. Have you seen him?"

"Nary messenger," replied Billy, in relief. "Stage goes empty."

Charley had crept down the stairs and into the room.

"What'n blazes you doin' yere, you ranikaboo ijit?" asked Billy truculently.

"That thar stage ain't what you calls empty" observed Charley, unmoved.

A light broke on Billy's mind. He remembered the valise which the stranger had so carefully guarded, and though his common sense told him that an inoffensive non-combatant, such as his guest, would hardly be chosen as express messenger, still the bare possibility remained.

"Yo're right," he assented carelessly, "thar is one tenderfoot, who knows as much of ridin' express as a pig does of war."

"I notices he's almighty particular 'bout that thar carpet bag of his'n," insisted Charley.

The man against the counter had lost nothing of the scene. Billy's denial, his hesitation, his half-truth, all looked suspicious to him. With one swift round sweep of the arm he had Billy covered. Billy's arms shot over his head without the necessity of a command.

The men ceased their occupations and gathered about. Scenes of this sort were too common to elicit comment or arouse excitement. They knew perfectly the laissez-faire which obtained between the two Westerners.

"Now," said Black Hank angrily, in a low tone, "I want to know why you tried that monkey game."

Billy, wary and unafraid, replied that he had tried no game, that he had forgotten the tenderfoot for a moment, and that he did not believe the latter would prove to be the sought-for messenger.

One of the men, at a signal from his leader, relieved Billy's belt of considerable weight. Then the latter was permitted to sit on a cracker box. Two more mounted the little stairs. In a moment they returned to report that the upper story contained no human beings, strange or otherwise, except the girl, but that there remained a small trunk. Under further orders, they dragged the trunk down into the barroom. It was broken open and found to contain clothes, of the plainsman's cut, material, and state of wear, a neatly folded Mexican saddle, showing use, and a rawhide quirt.

"Tenderfoot!" said Black Hank contemptuously.

The outlaws had already scattered outside to look for the trail. In this they were unsuccessful, reporting, indeed, that not the faintest sign indicated escape in any direction.

Billy knew his man. The tightening of Black Hank's close-knit brows meant but one thing. One does not gain chieftainship of any kind in the West without propping this ascendancy with acts of ruthless decision. Billy leaped from his cracker-box with the suddenness of the puma, seized Black Hank firmly about the waist, whirled him into a sort of shield, and began an earnest struggle for the instant possession of the outlaw's drawn revolver. It was a gallant attempt, but uncessucessful. In a moment Billy was pinioned to the floor, and Black Hank was rubbing his abraded forearm. After that, the only question was, whether it should be rope or bullet.

NOW, when Billy had gone downstairs, the stranger had wasted no more time at the window. He had in his possession fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks, which he was to deliver as soon as possible to the Buck Tail agency in Wyoming. The necessary change of stage lines had forced him to stay overnight at Billy Knapp's hotel.

The messenger seized his bag and softly ran along through the canvas-partitioned rooms wherein Billy slept to a narrow window, which he had already noticed gave out almost directly into the pine woods. The window was of oiled paper and its catches baffled him. He knew it should slide back, but it refused to slide for him. He did not dare to break the paper because of the crackling noise. A voice at his shoulder startled him.

"I'll show you," whispered the red-cheeked girl.

She was wrapped loosely in a blanket, her hair falling about her shoulders, and her bare feet showed beneath her coverings. The little man suffered at once an agony of embarrassment in which the thought of his errand was lost. It was recalled to him by the girl.

"There you are!" she whispered, showing him the open window.

"Thank you," he stammered painfully, "I assure you—I wish—"

The girl laughed under her breath.

"That's all right," she said heartily. "I owe you that for calling old whiskers off his bronc," and she kissed him.

The messenger, trembling with self-consciousness, climbed hastily through the window, ran the broad loop of the satchel up his arm, and, instead of dropping to the ground, as the girl had expected, swung himself lightly into the branches of a rather large scrub oak that grew near. She listened to the rustle of the leaves for a moment as he neared the trunk, and then, unable longer to restrain her curiosity in regard to the doings below, turned to the stairway.

As she did so, two men mounted. They examined the rooms of the upper storey hastily but carefully, paying scant attention to her, and departed swearing. In a few moments they returned for the stranger's trunk. Nell followed as far as the stairway. There she heard and saw things, and fled in bitter dismay to the back of the house when Billy Knapp was overpowered.

At the window she knelt, clasping her hands and placing her head between her bare arms. Women in the West, at least women like Nell, do not weep. But she came near it. Suddenly she raised her head. A voice next her ear had addressed her.

She looked here and there and around, but could discover nothing.

"Here, outside," came the low, guarded voice. "In the tree."

Then she saw that the little stranger had not stirred from his first sighting-place.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, for startling you or for addressing you at all, which I shouldn't, but——"

"Oh, never mind that!" cried the girl impatiently, shaking back her hair. So deprecating and timid were the tones, that almost without an effort of the imagination she could picture the little man's blushes and his half-sidling method of delivery. At this supreme moment, his littleness and lack of self-assertion jarred on her mood. "What you doin' there? Thought you'd vamoosed."

"It was safest here," explained the stranger. "I left no trail."

"She nodded comprehension of the commonsense of this.

"But, ma'am, I took the liberty of speakin' to you because you seems to be in trouble. Of course I ain't got no right to ask, an' if you don't care to tell me——"

"They're goin' to kill Billy," broke in Nell, with a sob.

"What for?"

"I don't jest rightly make out. They're after some one, and they think Billy's cachein' him. I reckon it's you. Billy ain't cachein' nothin'; but they thinks he is."

"It's me they's after, all right enough. Now you knows where I am, why don't you tell them an' save Billy?"

The girl started, but her keen Western mind saw the difficulty at once.

"They thinks Billy pertects you, jest the same."

"Do you love him?" asked the stranger.

"God knows I'm pretty tough," confessed Nell, sobbing, "but I jest do that!" and she dropped her head again.

The invisible stranger in the gloom fell silent, considering.

"I'm a purty rank proposition myself," said he at last, as if to himself, "and I got a job on hand which same I oughta put through without givin' attention on anythin' else. As a usual play, folks don't care for me, and I don't care much for folks. Women especial. They drive me plumb tired. I reckon I don't stack up very high on the blue chips when it comes to cashin' in with that sex, anyhow; but in general they gives me as much notice as they lavishes on a doodle bug. I ain't carin', you understand, nary bit; but oncet in a dog's age I kind of hankers for a decent look from one of them. I ain't never had no women folks of my own—never. Sometimes I thinks it would be some scrumptious to know a little gal's waitin' for me somewheres. They ain't none. They never will be. I ain't built that way. You treated me white to-night. You're the first woman that ever kissed me of her own accord."

The girl heard a faint scramble, then the soft pat of some one landing on his feet. Peering from the window, she made out a faint shadowy form stealing around the corner of the hotel. She put her hand to her heart and listened. Her understanding of the stranger's motive was vague, but she had caught his confession that her kiss had meant much to him, and even in her anxiety she felt an inclination to laugh. She had bestowed that caress as she would have kissed the cold end of a dog's nose.

THE men below stairs, after some discussion, had decided on bullet. This was out of consideration for Billy's standing as a frontiersman. Besides, he had stolen no horses. In order not to delay matters, the execution was fixed for the present time and place. Billy stood with his back to the logs of his own hotel, his hands and feet bound, but his eyes uncovered. He had never lost his nerve. In the short respite which preparation demanded, he told his opponents what he thought of them.

"Proud?" he concluded a long soliloquy as if to the reflector of the lamp. "Proud" he repeatedly meditatively. "This yere Hank's jest that proud he's all swelled up like a poisoned pup. Ain't everyone kin corrall a man and git fifty thousand dollars without turnin' a hair."

Black Hank distributed three men to do the business. There were no heroics. The execution of this man was necessary to him, not because he was particularly angry over the escape of the messenger—he expected to capture that individual in due time—but in order to preserve his authority over his men. He was in the act of moving back to give the shooters room, when he heard the door open and shut.

He turned. Before the door stood a small consumptive-looking man in a light check suit. The tenderfoot carried two short-barreled Colt revolvers, one of which he presented directly at Black Hank.

"'Nds up!" he commanded sharply.

Hank was directly covered, so he obeyed. The newcomer's eye had a strangely restless quality. Of the other dozen inmates of the room, eleven were firmly convinced that the weapon and eye not directed at their leader were personally concerned with themselves.

The twelfth thought he saw his chance. To the bewildered onlookers there seemed to be a flash and a bang, instantaneous; then things were as before. One of the stranger's weapons still pointed at Black Hank's breast; the second at each one of the others. Only, the twelfth man, he who had seen his chance, had collapsed forward to the floor. No one could assure himself positively that he had discerned the slightest motion on the part of the stranger.

"Now," said the latter sharply, "one at a time, gentlemen. Drop your gun!" this last to Black Hank. "Muzzle down. Drop it! Correct."

One of the men in the back of the room stirred slightly on the ball of his foot.

"Steady there!" said the stranger. The man stiffened.

"Next gent," went on the little man, subtly indicating another. The latter obeyed without hesitation. "Next! Now you. Now you in the corner."

One after another the pistols clashed to the floor. Not for an instant could a single inmate of the apartment, armed or unarmed, flatter himself that his slightest motion was overlooked. They were like tigers on the crouch, ready to spring the moment the man's guard lowered. It did not lower. The huddled figure on the floor reminded them of what might happen. They obeyed.

"Step back!" commanded the stranger next. In a moment he had them standing in a row against the wall, rigid, upright, their hands over their heads. Then for the first time the stranger moved from his position by the door.

"Call her," he said to Billy—"the girl."

Billy raised his voice. "Nell! O, Nell!"

In a moment she appeared in the doorway at the foot of the stairs, without hesitation or fear. She had slipped on a dress. When she perceived the state of affairs, she brightened almost mischievously.

"Would you just as soon, ma'am, if it ain't troublin' you too much just sort of naturally untie Billy?" requested the stranger.

She did so. The hotelkeeper stretched his arms.

"Now pick up them guns, please."

The two set about it.

"Where's that infernal old reprobate?", howled Billy suddenly, looking about for Charley.

The patriarch had quietly slipped away.

"You can drop them arms," advised the stranger, lowering the muzzles of his weapons. The leader started to say something.

"You shut up!" said Billy, selecting his revolver from the heap.

The stranger suddenly picked up one of the Colt's single-action revolvers which lay on the floor, and holding the trigger back against the guard, exploded the six charges by hitting the hammer smartly with the palm of his hand. In the thrusting motion of this discharge he evidently had design, for the first six wine-glasses on Billy's bar were shivered. It was wonderful work, rattling fire, quicker than a self-cocker even. He selected another weapon. From a pile of tomato cans he took one and tossed it into the air. Before it had fallen he had perforated it twice, and as it rolled along the floor, he helped its progression by four more bullets which left streams of tomato juice where they had hit. The room was full of smoke. The group watched fascinated.

Then the men against the wall grew rigid. Out of the film of smoke long, vivid streams flashed toward them, right and left, like the alternating steam of a locomotive's pistons. Smash, smash, smash, smash, smash! hit the bullets with regular thud. With the twelfth discharge the din ceased. Midway between the heads of each pair of men against the wall was a round hole. No one was touched.

A silence fell. The smoke lightened and blew slowly through the window and open door. The horses, long since deserted by their guardians in favor of the excitement within, whinnied. The stranger dropped the smoking Colts', and quietly reproduced his own short-barreled arms from his side pockets. Billy broke the spell at last.

"That's shootin'!" he observed with a sigh.

"The fifty thousand is outside," said the stranger. "Do you want 'em?"

There was no reply.

"I aims to pull out on one of these here broncs of yours," said he. "Billy, he's all right. He doesn't know nothin' about me."

He collected the six-shooters from the floor.

"I just takes these with me for a spell," he remarked. "You finds them, if you looks hard enough along on th' trail—likewise your broncs."

He backed toward the door.

"I'm layin' for the man that sticks his head outen that door," he warned.

"Stranger," called Black Hank, as he neared the door.

The little man paused.

"Might I ask your name?"

"My name is Alfred," replied the latter.

Black Hank looked chagrined.

"I've heard tell of you," he remarked. The stranger's eye ran over the room and encountered that of the girl. He shrank into himself and blushed.

"Good-night," he said hastily, and disappeared. A moment later the beat of hoofs became audible as he led the bunch of horses away.

For an instant no one spoke. Then Billy: "By God, Hank, I means to stand pat with you; but you let that kid alone or I'll plug you!" Billy was the only armed man.

"Kid, huh!" grunted Hank. "Alfred a kid! I've heard tell of him."

"What've you heard?" inquired the girl.

"He's the plumb best scout on the southern trail, and the best pistol shot in the west," replied Black Hank.

The year following, Billy Knapp, Alfred, and another man named Jim Buckley, took across to the Hills the only wagon train that dared set out that Summer.



"Well, there's sunthin' I gotta write home about. The idee o' them young fellers runnin' fer a street car in their bathin' suits. The conductor didn't stop fer 'em and I don't blame him, nuther."

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For the News Section—Not later than Saturday at 12 noon.

The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob

Uplifters and Censors Have Funny Little Ways

THE up-lifters of the theatre have been making themselves ridiculous in New York of late. They got after Eugene O'Neill's latest play "The Hairy Ape," and called upon the censors to stop it. The drama was described in this department several weeks ago. Briefly, it deals with a magnificently masculine stoker who prides himself in his superb physical strength. An exotic young society woman visits the engine rooms to see the men at work. The sight of the stoker frightens her, and she describes him as "a hairy ape." This phrase preys upon the man's mind. He tries to assert himself in the world, but in the end is crushed by society which treats him as though he was a hairy ape.

Sanity Victorious.

The possibility that this drama might be censored caused quite a flurry in New York, but apparently the storm created by the uplifters has subsided. In a curt note to Arthur Hopkins, the producer of the play Mr. McAdoo, the Chief City Magistrate, asked for a copy of the text which had been represented to him as "obscene, indecent and impure." He received the copy promptly; he returned it a day or two later without a word of comment or hint as to future action. Meanwhile the newspapers learned of the incident; printed facts, speculations, opinions. Some were wary, suspecting "press-agentry," which has in no wise entered into the matter, which was needless to the fortunes of the play and which Mr. Hopkins seldom countenances. Other journals were quick and frank with the absurdity of the complaints. Mr. O'Neill's stokers speak coarsely, roughly, baldly after the manner of their kind; they use gutter-words and gutter-oaths without which they could hardly be veraciously transferred to the theatre. But the last thought of playwright or product was any sort of "indecency" or "obscenity." Not in that fashion does Mr. O'Neill write—least of all in a play of such austere and grim purport as "The Hairy Ape."

In all probability, the piece will be left unmolested as it had been for two months, and the incident will pass. Yet it is ominous of the actual temper of those who would "ban" and "bar" in the American theatre. More vulgar salacities of word or act, like those of the current "Demi-Virgin" or "The Rubicon," the whole range of fun-making indecency up and down similiar light pieces, little stirs them. They profess, of course, a large antipathy for it; would have it punished and all that. In reality, however, they seek higher game and different. Their watch is less for the commercially "raw" entertainment than for the play that seriously questions life as it is and institutions as they are; that departs from the conventions of the sentimentalized and the prettyfied theatre; that would bring into it new ideas, new forces, new points of view. They resent such pieces if they are bitter and cynical like certain ironic comedies; they resent them still more when the mood is as grave as that of "The Hairy Ape." Their real goal, though they no more than half acknowledge it even to themselves, is a censorship of ideas and not indecencies.

Here in Toronto.

Censors and uplifters are always doing things to make themselves a little ridiculous, and it is by no means easy to understand how and why they reach many of their decisions.

In October, 1920, the Greenwich Village Follies came to the Royal Alexandra Theatre and proved to be the best revue seen in that playhouse in years. One member of the cast was Al Herman, the black-faced monologuist. Herman is a real comedian, although he does not always err on the side of being too delicate. He told one funny story on the opening night that the censor would not permit him to use again. Really, it was not such a very good story, but on the other hand it was not so very objectionable. Indeed it has gone the rounds of the city since then. Some of our best citizens have told it over the dinner table to their wives—after the children have left the room. It concerned a maid who would not get up to do her work because her employers owed her some wages. Herman could secure a laugh with the story, and did not make it too vulgar.

Last New Year's week "The Chuckles of 1921" came to Toronto. Jack Edwards, a coarse and commonplace comedian made use of the same joke. When he told it, the anecdote did not seem in the least funny. He made it merely objectionable. But the local theatrical censors permitted him to use it all week.

What was the reason for this seeming inconsistency? Were our local morals so much worse on January 1st, 1922, than they were on October 31st, 1920, that the joke could do them no harm? Or were they so much better?

A Recent Incident.

While talking about these things, there is another local story which has gone the rounds during the past season concerning uplifters, though some of our readers may not have heard it. The most interesting American drama seen here during the past Winter dealt with one of the unhappy aspects of modern society. A local uplifter happened to see it, and he decided that the play should be stopped. How he thought it necessary to act, we cannot tell you. Perhaps the uplifter experienced, after seeing the drama, some vicious outbreak in his own life, and immediately decided to save his equally weak brethern. In this particular case, he must have been weak indeed. Anyway he called the uplifters together and asked everybody at the meeting to join him in driving the unclean play from Toronto. He told them that the drama was filled with sin, and he gave them a lurid description of its contents.

Now is so happened that there was an unregenerate person present, the guest of one of the uplifters. The description of the play intrigued him—as they would say at the Heliconian Club. As soon as he could break away from his friend, he hastened to the nearest newstand where tickets for the play could be secured.

"I'm very sorry sir," said the clerk, "but I have just sold my last ticket to that serious looking gentleman you met at the door." Then the young man leaned across the counter and asked, "Say, what has caused all the rush for tickets for that show in the last fifteen minutes?"

Long Distance Glimpses of the Broadway Stages

SPRING always brings a flock of bad plays into New York. It is easy to explain why they all arrive together. The well-established managers have decided to call it a season, and only their strong successes are lingering on Broadway. One by one the theatres close for want of attractions, and then the little man gets his chance. The offing is filled with little men. They have been nursing plays for years, some of them, in the fond belief that New York has only to see these efforts, and fame and fortune will be theirs. Every dramatic reviewer, even in the remote woods, has met these little men from time to time. They assure you that they are the owners of another "Peg o' My Heart" or another "Lightnin'." It will be noted that they prefer to possess box-office masterpieces rather than dramas like "The Yellow Jacket" that the critics all praise and the public neglects. According to them, the jealousy of the big men or the stupidity of theatre-owners has kept the plays from getting into New York. Some of them continue to tell the story until they die, and never enjoy the bitter-sweet experience of putting a production into a Broadway playhouse. Others are more unfortunate. The Springtime, with its dearth of plays, gives them an opportunity to put their treasured drama into New York. It remains for a week or so, and then these little men have not even an illusion left to hug.

Three Bad Plays.

Three plays recently reached New York which, according to the critics, maintain the average of Springtime mediocrity. They are, "The Rotters," "Abie's Irish Rose" and "The Drums of Jeopardy." The first is an English comedy which somebody imported, though nobody knows why. The second is an Irish-Jewish affair by Anne Nichols, whose fame was made by the writing of sentimental affairs to serve for musical comedy stars of the wailing Irish tenor. She has written six vehicles for Fiske O'Hara. The third was a dramatization of a story by George Barr McCutcheon, and it did possess, if nothing else, a good title. "The Drums of Jeopardy" was a story with a Bolshevist background, and so far nobody has been able to write a play on that subject which proved worth staging. Here in Toronto, we remember with tears, Booth Tarkington's "Poldekin," in which George Arliss wasted some of the precious years of his acting career.

"The Drums of Jeopardy" would appear to be nothing much more than a good title thrown away.

Which Is Worse?

Heywood Broun tells us that "The Rotters" and "Abie's Irish Rose," appearing in a single week, raised a nice point of critical judgment. Which is the worse? He gave his vote to Anne Nichol's comedy. This is a play dealing with a young Jew who married an Irish girl. It was written to appeal to that group of New York playgoers who enjoy a comedy in which two nationalities bicker from start to finish.

"Abie's Irish Rose" has had a history. In fact, it is living up to the Irish part of its name. Oliver Morosco tried the piece out with his stock companies in Los Angeles and San Francisco. It proved a great hit on the Pacific Coast, and ran for ten or more weeks in both cities. Anne Nichols wanted a Broadway production as soon as possible, but Mr. Morosco preferred to wait until the Fall. The dramatist claimed that his option had run out, and prepared a so-called all-star cast for Broadway. Mr. Morosco appealed to the courts, and with the clatter of lawyers and judges still ringing in its ears, the play opened in New York.

Hard on the Critics.

Seeing "Abie's Irish Rose" caused Heywood Broun to write: "It is our contention that nothing in any field of art can ever be so bad as a bad play. It is easy to escape from a bad book. When the moment arrives that the reader can no longer endure it, he has merely to toss the volume across the room. Plays ought to have more intermissions. The three-act form provides only two available opportunities for exit, and this is not enough."

Abraham Levy loved Rosemary Murphy. Both families objected to the nationality of the other household. There is a lot of comedy arising from the situation, and then things are adjusted with a little piece of the sort of drivel that always brings great, greasy tears of approval to the eyes of the sentimental Broadway playgoer. Abie and Rosemary met "over there" during the war. When their spiritual advisers get together, priest and rabbi, it appeared, also had met "over there." "I gave the last rites to many Jewish boys," said the fighting chaplain. "And I to many of your Catholic lads," the Jewish chaplain replied. "We're all on the same road, I guess, even though we do travel by different trains."

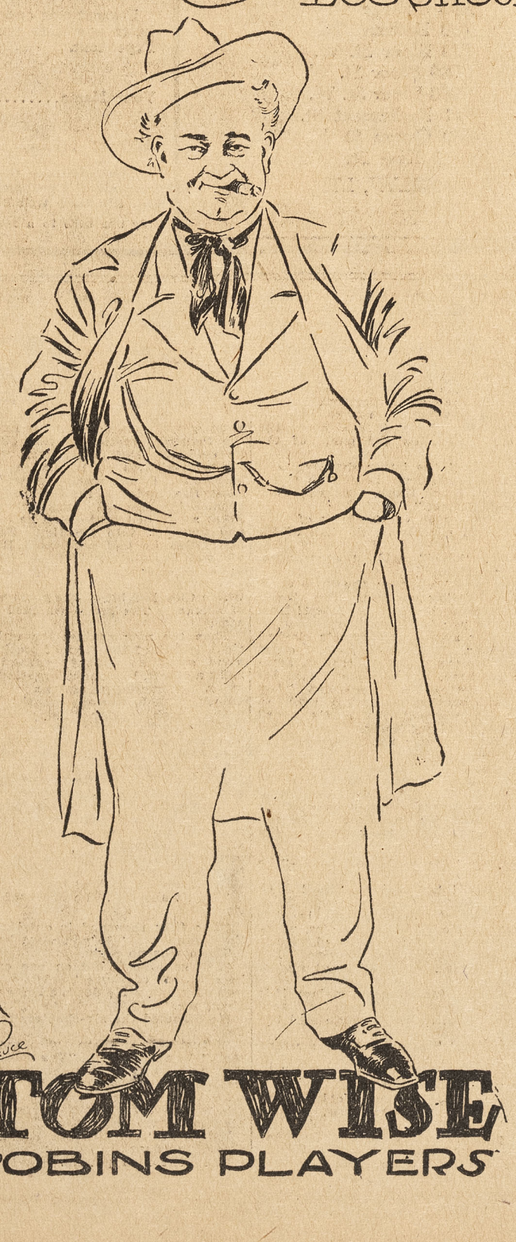
Mr. Broun gives on example of the sort of silliness that makes up the humor of this piece. When Abie brings home his Irish sweetheart, he disguises her nationality by calling her, before his family, "Miss Murphiski."

And it appears that the play may be a hit in New York.

More Philosophy.

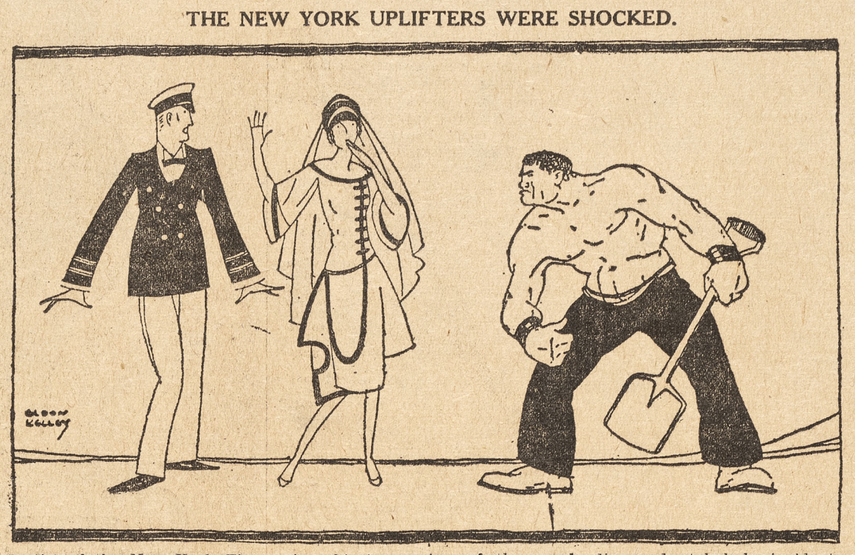
"The Rotters" moves Percy Hammond of the Tribune to another line of philosophic thought. He says: "Trees are cut down, pulp is made of them, and paper issues from the manufactories. Railways laboriously transport the product from the Canadian forests to New York City. Costly editors investigate the manuscript by me imposed upon it, typesetters compose it and send it along to be multiplied and delivered by a myriad of proofreaders, stereotypers, pressmen, expert teamsters, chauffeurs and newsboys. The rippling birch, which quivered not long ago in the tremulous sunshine of the Northern woods, is now reduced to the useless function of telling nobody that 'The Rotters,' by H. M. Maltby, is not so good."

IMPRESSIONS By Lou Skuce



TOM WISE
ROBINS PLAYERS

THE NEW YORK UPLIFTERS WERE SHOCKED.



The artist of the New York Times gives his impression of the much discussed stokehole incident of "The Hairy Ape," in which the stoker views society folk. It was the bald realistic language of this episode which caused the uplifters to feel very much like the young woman in the picture. They made an effort to have the drama stopped.

KNUT HAMSUN HAS WRITTEN FINE PLAY

ON THIS continent Knut Hamsun is known only as a novelist. The fact that "Growth of Soil" won the Nobel Prize made us acquainted with the Norwegian literary man, and now we speak quite glibly of his novels—perhaps even read them. But most of us are unaware that Knut Hamsun is also a dramatist, and he has started to write a triology, which is something new in the realms of drama. Sometimes in the past playwrights of lesser distinction have written sequels to successful plays, and Bernard Shaw gave us "five in one" when he completed "Back to Methuselah." But the idea of planning three separate plays that would all help in the unfolding of the affairs of a single group of characters is, so far as we know, new with Hamsun. The first drama of the series "At the Gates of the Kingdom" was recently presented in London by the Stage Society. It received warm praise from the critics, who saw that Hamsun's nastery of literary craftsmanship extends to the play as well as the novel form. "At the Gates of the Kingdom" has been ranked with Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya" as the best work shown by the Stage Society since the war.

First of Triology.

The Manchester Guardian gives the following account of the play and the performance:—

"Ivar Kareno at the age of 29 is an author clattering in vain at the gates of the kingdom of this world. He is rebellious, attacks everybody and terribly grieves the bourgeois professors, who will find him a doctorate and a stipend if he will only mend his manuscripts. Kareno's philosophy, when we come to it, seems poor enough stuff—fag-ends of Nietzschean hero-worship, abuses of democracy, and paeans to 'the great Terrorist, the quint-essential Cæsar.' So one's sympathies go out to the professors just a little, and one remembers gratefully Mr. Chesterton's line on Kareno's master. 'He made war on the weak and they banged him about.'

Poor Kareno, preaching this giddy ecstasy of violence, was left to starve by the professors, was deserted by his rebel friends, who did learn to mend their manuscripts, and was not even tyrant enough himself to keep his pert little wife in order. She resented life with the brokers always menacing the candlesticks, thought manuscripts were made to be mended and husbands made for wives to own. Possessive to her finger-tips, she hated Kareno's immersion in philosophy, fell into a passion of jealousy if he said a word to a servant girl, and yet flirted freely herself with a flashy type of gossiping journalist. The part of this helpless, restless suburban romantic (keeping a servant while they starved) is magnificently written and it was magnificently played by Miss Jeanne Casalis, whose French technique, so much more finely pointed than our own, had the exact formula for every mood of the woman's crushed gaiety and open greediness. If only Kareno had played true to his philosophy and raised Cæsar's eagles in the parlor! Unfortunately he stooped to conquer, brushed up his clothes, inquired the price of fancy handkerchiefs, and spanielled to the woman. He even offered to recant to the professors, but the fawning was too much. She went, and when Kareno heard the garden gate creak and looked for her return it was only the brokers coming in.

"There it ends for the time being, since this is only the first piece of a trilogy of which one hopes to see more. It is all masterfully done. Mr. Francklyn Dyall, though missing the touch of defiant youth in Kareno, hit better than any other actor the note of baffled idealism and of the puzzled philosophy that sees everything but the obvious. Yet no player could ask for better material. Both Kareno and his wife are true metal, minted by a master. Hamsun's delicate powers of observation and his sensitive reactions to life's ironies do not run away with him, but take strength and emphasis from the limitations of dramatic form. In this tragedy of the gentle terrorist there is something of Ibsen's technical economy, much of Tchekov's exquisite compassion."

BILLS OF THEATRE GUILD

The plans of the Theatre Guild for next season are still fluid; but they include almost certainly a production of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" with Joseph Schildkraut in the part that hitherto only Mansfield has played on the American stage. Other pieces upon which The Guild looks favorably are "The Voysey Inheritance" — Grandville Barker's sombre play—and "The Lucky One," an early and an ironic play by Mr. Milne.

OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN GOES TO THE MOVIES

NOW that the Summer has come, the movie fans want something clean, breezy and amusing to entertain them. The hot stuff may draw in the Winter, but when the warm weather is with us, comedies are more in demand. Even great lovers fall below par when the mercury rises above 80. If you want the titles of the two pictures that have appealed very strongly to Our Own Special Fan during the past month, here they are:—

Thomas Meighan in "The Bachelor Daddy."

Will Rogers in "One Glorious Day."

Both of them will make you laugh. The former is just sentimental enough to be pleasant, and the latter is distinctly novel. I feel certain that you will return home from both comedies without that fed-up feeling that follows a visit to other plays that it would be easy to mention.

"The Bachelor Daddy."

The more one loves the children that may be seen about us every day, the more one hates some of the precocious youngsters of the movies. But in "The Bachelor Daddy" you will see five little boys and girls that ought to arouse any latent paternal or maternal instinct that is in you. Of course, they are slightly naughtier than the children that you and I know. Screen children always do "cut up something dreadful," as the old lady who sat behind me said, but with it all, the five who play with Tom Meighan are such winning little urchins. You will be sure to like them.

The story is a happy one. Thomas Meighan plays the role of a young bachelor who is about to be married. He goes West on business, and while there he encounters bandits. His life seems to be in danger, and the overseer of his mines, a lifelong friend, gets killed coming to his rescue. The bachelor promises this friend to look after his five orphans and see that they are not brought up without love. Then one follows his adventures with the quintette of stirring youngsters. Some of these strenuous incidents are really amusing. The situation is complicated by the fact that the bachelor is about to marry a woman who dislikes children. She wants him to get rid of them, and the struggle between his love for the kiddies and his love for his fiance discloses the fact that the latter is worthless. Really good work has been done with this plot, which mixes sentiment and humor in about equal proportions. It should be a winner everywhere.

"The Poverty of Riches."

As a rule, the movies make an utter fizzle of their efforts to teach a lesson. If one could believe the majority of the advance notices, the producers are greatly interested in uplifting the morals of the community. These notices inform you that one movie drama aims to impress upon a young wife that she will be happy if she loves her husband better than the gent next door, and that another film has been made for the special purpose of reducing the number of young men who drink wine from satin slippers. But these advance notices contain a wink. They want you to understand that you will find something to tickle the curiosity of the prurient.

My reason for commending "The Poverty of Riches" is that it differs from the type of photo-play described above. The producer has not taken a domestic problem merely as an excuse for introducing some nasty situations. Children are the greatest riches that a man and woman can have. That is what "The Poverty of Riches" aims to prove. It is not a profound observation, but the sentiment has been demonstrated in pleasing fashion in the new photoplay.

The picture centres round two couples, both decent normal men and women. They are close friends, and all love children. One couple have a family, and it takes all their time and money to bring them up properly. The others want children, but decide to get rich first. They use their money to establish themselves in the social swim and to get on. When they reach the height of their ambition, they find that they have waited too long. The wife cannot have the babies that she has wanted. They realize that the career they have deliberately chosen is lonely and loveless. The woman cries, "God knows what will become of us now?"

The story has been told with dignity and considerable dramatic intensity, and the unpleasant elements of club life and passion have been kept out of it. "The Poverty of Riches" is an outstanding picture of its own particular type.

"Polly of the Follies."

In "Polly of the Follies," the picture producers have made use of the revue technique. The photo-play consists of a number of stunts, strung together by a thin thread of plot. The story concerns a simple country maiden who possesses a natural talent for the theatre. Her Puritanical uncle is, of course, extraordinarily cruel. When he finds an excuse to beat Polly, he is as merciless as a step-mother. Polly runs away and tries her luck in New York. She gets into the Zeigfeld Follies, and becomes a star almost over night. She secured an engagement, as well, teaching society people to put on shows. She makes some of these dreary people—society people are always dreary in a photo-play of this sort—feel more contented with life. Finally, she reforms a good-looking youth who has been going the pace, and marries him.

The stunts that are introduced with spectacular settings are: (1) Polly's movies in her cruel uncle's store; (2) A travesty of Caesar and Cleopatra; (3) Tableaux that are almost a travesty; (4) Tableaux that are rather well done; (5) A dance in a New York roof garden. You will see that Constance Talmadge gets plenty of opportunity to wear clothes in this picture.

The first stunt is a really clever one. Polly puts on her idea of a movie show, because her stick-wielding uncle has barred pictures from the town. She has no captions, so she makes use of the show cards and advertising slogans to be found in a drug store and a grocer's shop. This stunt is really a very clever piece of travesty, and might be worked up with excellent results in a revue on the legitimate stage.

By the way, why are twins considered comic in the movies? It will be remembered that they were introduced with good effect to bring "Alf's Button" to a laughing finish. We find them again in "The Bachelor Daddy" and in "Polly of the Follies." Both films end with the female star mothering a couple of husky infants. One fears that the twins belonging to Polly alias Constance Talmadge would lead a rather flighty ezistence.

However, she is more convincing than Bebe Daniels would be as a happy and devoted young mother.

FREDERICK TIDEN IN A HIT



Toronto theatre-goers will remember Fred Tiden, who was the most popular of the leading men who appeared here with Miss Percy Haswell. He has just scored on Broadway as the Magician-hero of "The Charlatan, in which character the artist of the New York Times has drawn him.

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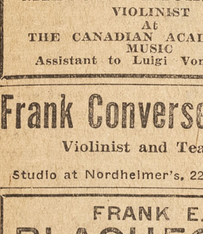
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MUSIC

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

The annual recital by pupils of Mildred K. Walker, teacher of singing and elocution, takes place on Monday evening, June 19th, in Foresters' Hall, 22 College Street, at 8.15 o'clock.

Frank S. Welsman, the Toronto pianist and teacher, left town this week, to be gone on a month's examination tour. He will go to Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William, Port Arthur, Winnipeg and other Manitoba points.

The Hambourg Conservatory's 12th annual pupils' recital took place in Massey Hall last week before an audience of over two thousand enthusiastic music lovers. It was perhaps the best performance given yet by this conservatory. The showing made by the violin department was quite remarkable. The Mozart Concerto, No. 4, was played by Marjorie Stevens with orchestral accompaniment. The Wieniawski "Legende," a real test-piece, was played by Elizabeth Fox. The Paderewski-Kreisler "Minuet" and the Chaminade-Kreisler "Serenade" were given by Edna Davies. The Schubert-Wilhelmj "Ave Maria," played by little Frances Heath, was a pleasing revelation. The offerings of the piano department were just as good. Liszt's Sixth Rhapsody was played by Abie Kotzer, and Eleanor Griffith was equally successful in Chopin's Scherzo B minor, as was Florence Craig in the Moszkowski Scherzo Valse. Other excellent pianists were: Elizabeth and William Bulloch, Helen Saunders, Sadie Simon, Florence Jackson, Sadie Rice, Helen Culley and Betty Wilson, Jean Baxter, Bertha Wasserman and Rebecca Albert.

In the vocal department Doris Jackson (contralto) sang the great air from Gluck's "Orfeo"; Alexander Elder gave archaic airs by Caldara and Handel, displaying a robust baritone voice; Edna Hughes gave a soprano air by Rossini, and Eva Price, also a soprano, rendered "Roberto, tu che adoro" (Meyerbeer). The conclusion was a real triumph in the form of a string quartette, consisting of Marjorie Stevens and Nathan Green, violins; Cecil Figelski, viola, and Beatrice Leach, 'cello, from the ensemble class of Boris Hambourg.

Gretta Robinson-Mellville has been engaged as soloist for the Cecil Carl Forsyth organ recital at Lindsay, on June 15th.

Broadus Farmer, of the Hambourg Conservatory of Music, announces a violin recital by his pupils to be given during the Summer season. The date and particulars will be given later.

The vocal recital will be given in Foresters' Hall by pupils of Mme. Lucia de Munck, of the Hambourg Conservatory of Music, on Thursday, June 22nd. Madame de Munck has prepared a very interesting program for the occasion. Mr. Clement Hambourg will assist on the program with pianoforte solos. Among those on the program are: Miss Dorine Grison, Miss Ethel Watts, Miss Margaret McKee, Miss Lillian Broderson, Miss Elizabeth Heymans, Miss Pauline Rappaport, Miss Eileen Kelly, Mrs. Margaret Kirkup, Miss May Babington Isaac, Miss Pauline O'Connor, Miss Doris Jackson. The composers represented are: Chaminade, Denza, Bohm, Giordani, Liza Lehmann, German, Wilfred Sanderson, Offenbach, E dell'Acqua, Schubert, Handel, St. Saens, Gluck and Tchaikowski.

The studio of Maestro Carboni is giving a recital (with orchestral accompaniment), Monday, June 19th, at 8.15 p.m., in Columbus Hall, by invitation. Tickets may be procured at Nordheimer's or at the studio, No. 2 Grosvenor Street.

Miss Laura Ducker, soprano, a pupil of H. E. J. Vernon, will give a recital in Foresters' Hall on Tuesday evening, assisted by Miss Ethel C. Jay, contralto, Murray Kriss, violinist, and Reginald Wood, 'cellist.



OUR COUSINS HAVE FUNNY LITTLE WAYS

OUR American cousins across the line are the "greatest business men in the world, especially when it comes to publicity"—at least, they tell us so. That being the case, one has been not a little surprised by the manner in which they are advertising Edward Johnson in Toronto. During the past month, the musical editor of The Sunday World has received a number of articles for publication, all of them prepared in New York. In every one of these articles statements like the following are to be found: "Although born in Guelph, Canada, he may be, and generally is considered an American artist, and his name ranks with those of Eames, Nordica, Albert Spalding, etc., as one of the superlatively great artists who have so nobly contributed in bringing the world's admiration to American musical genius!"

Self Flattery.

Being untrained in the best methods of publicity, one would be inclined to doubt the wisdom of sending that sort of stuff to Canada. Of course our view may be wrong, and fortunately a press-agent's mistakes can do no harm to Johnson in the eyes of his countrymen. Here in Canada, we admire his art and are proud of his fame. Still we are inclined to resent Uncle Sam's claim to both of them.

As a matter of fact, the United States had nothing to do with the making of Edward Johnson. He began to sing on this continent, but it was Italy that mellowed his art. Away back in 1907 he made a few appearances in New York in Strauss's tuneful operetta, "The Waltz Dream," but nobody was forecasting in those days that he would ever be a leading grand opera tenor. He went to Italy and studied under the famous Lombardi in Florence, and it soon became apparent that he was not only a singer with a good tenor voice, but also a much rarer thing, a singer with a fine intelligence and an instinctive artistic sense.

In the Old Days.

When Edward Johnson learned to sing in Canada, we had no teachers who were properly equipped to prepare their pupils for grand opera. While we do not remember Johnson before he went abroad to study, we are not afraid to say that he probably came back with a vocalism very different from that with which he went away. Only in recent years have the continental methods been introduced into Canada, and no singer can make good in the fastidious opera houses of Italy without them. So Johnson left the shores of North America with a voice and an intelligence, both of which were born with him when he first saw the light of day in Canada, and he came back a superb artist.

That being the case, what claim has Uncle Sam upon him.

The recognition of Johnson's artistic ability did not come on this continent either. He established himself first in Italy, where he was known as "Euoardo di Giovanni." His record in that country shows his artistic stature among the Italians. He became the favorite at the Constanzi in Rome, and "La Scala" in Milan, as well as at some half dozen other well known Italian opera houses, had much success at the Royal Opera Houses of Lisbon and Madrid, and filled engagements at the Colon in Buenos Aires. He was the first artist who ever sang the role of Parsifal in Italy, and Puccini sought him out to create the tenor roles in two of his short operas that with "Suor Angelica" go to make up the Triccito, "Gianni Schicci" and "Il Tabarro." Montemezzi then selected him to create the part of Avito in "L'Amore dei tre Re," and the tenor part in "La Nave," while he was the first to sing in Marinuzzi's opera, "Jacquerie," also in "Fedra," "Melenis" 'Maria di Magdala," "La Sposa del Corinto," and "L'Ombra di Don Giovanni."

A Word of Warning.

These comments are not merely intended to constitute a jibe at either Mr. Johnson's press agent or at Uncle Sam. It is the American way, and if they are satisfied with it, that's none of our business. But Canadians must take warning. With the growth of national consciousness, we may fall into the same habit too. It is a common thing to see Percy Grainger referred to as the "great American composer," and the other day one found Kreisler described as "the great violinist who although he fought for the Austrian king in the recent war is at heart an American." The feeling behind these claims is that of the rich man who feels that, while he may not be able to create anything, he may claim the ownership of all that he can afford to buy. That is going to be Canada's temptation. North America is the profiteer continent, and it will be a considerable strain to keep from acquiring the profiteer viewpoint. Even though our musical art—in fact all our arts—may come slowly, we are going to make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of other nations if we claim, with evident pride, things that do not belong to us.

One only hopes that during the next century Canadians will keep their sense of proportion. We are proud of Edward Johnson as a fellow-countryman, but we would be only absurd if we used him as an excuse to make the assertion that any such thing exists as "the world's admiration of Canada's musical genius."

CANADA'S MOST FAMOUS TENOR.



Edward Johnson, who hails from Guelph, Ont., has recently been engaged as one of the tenors of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The above picture shows him in the leading role of Puccini's least popular opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," founded on Belasco's play of the same title.

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A WORD TO PIANISTS ABOUT PROGRAMS

IT is all very well for pianists of rank to play only such music as by the lapse of years has proved incontestably great—but what is to become of music? If many of the best pianists persist, year after year, in playing over the "immortal works" they learned as students, and nothing else, what is the use of composers writing anything new? . . . . It is all a question of what a pianist owes to his public. First of all, he must be an interpreter. He must keep his playing technique as nearly perfect as incessant practice can make it; he must study the music he plays, analyze it and play it with all the intelligence and artistry at his command; and then he must combine these accomplishments with such personality and intuitive musicianship as God gave him, to try to make the music mean something to his hearers. Second, he must be a custodian. He must play no music that he considers cheap, and he must give his public a chance to hear the acknowledged masterpieces of his art. Third, he must be a prophet. He must be familiar not only with the music that has been written, but with the music that is being written. As one whose whole training has tended to sharpen his aesthetic perceptions, he is in duty bound to lend an attentive ear to the music of his time, playing such pieces as he considers worthy, so that his public may have a chance to know what is going on in the world, and be ready to hail a new masterpiece when it arrives.

The average pianist of high rank discharges the first and second duties admirably. The third, as a class, he shirks. The only possible conclusion to be drawn from his programs is that the art of music ended with the death of Johannes Brahms.

Oddly enough, it is considered a sign of the loftiest idealism to make one's program as uncompromisingly classic as possible, and one of the surest methods of commanding respect, if not enthusiasm, is to be known as one whose specialty is all-Beethoven or all-Chopin or all-Schumann programs, the assumption being that the artist can endure none but the rarified atmosphere that envelops the topmost pinnacles of art. Surely if a musician is great-souled enough really to comprehend the slow movement of the "Pathetic Sonata," it is not asking too much to expect him to see some merit in "La Fille Aux Cheveux de Lin." [Deems Taylor in the New York Herald.]

NEW ITALIAN OPERAS.

Musica d'Oggi, the Italian musical monthly, publishes a list of new Italian operas performed in the year 1921. There are twenty-eight serious operas and twenty-five operettas and vaudevilles. In them are included Mascagni's "Il piccolo Marat," Franco Alfano's "La Leggenda di Sakuntala," Stefano Donaudy's "Ramuntcho," and Franchetti and Giordano's "Glore a Pompeii."

BOOSTING MAHLER.

Of Mahler's seventh symphony, played in Cologne for the first time, Dr. W. Jacobs in the Cologne Gazette says that it is perhaps the best adapted to win converts to Mahler, for it contains more pure music and makes no attempt to solve problems of cosmic philosophy. Like most of Mahler's other symphonies, it is "gigantic" in size, of "unheard-of difficulty" in performance.

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SUMMER SESSION FOR TEACHERS—On account of requests from a number of members of the faculty and students of the Conservatory, Miss Edith Myers, L.T.C.M., is adhering to the original date set for the course in Musical Appreciation and Practical Harmony which is to be conducted by her, i.e., July 3rd to July 24th. Miss Myers will follow lines of study as pursued by the Diller and Quaile School, New York, and as taught by Dr. Yorke-Trotter, of London, England.

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KIWANIANS, HARK! HARK!
HAZEL DARE WILDER who has been adopted by the Kiwanians of Louisiana as their "Daughter of Kiwanis," will appear exclusively at the Regent Theatre every evening this week. Mary Garden said this Southern girl "has the most beautiful voice ever heard from human throat."



Wallace Reid
Mary MacLaren and Theodore Roberts
in
ACROSS THE CONTINENT
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In His New Comedy
"A PAIR OF KINGS"
REGENETTE
"The Window of the World"

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The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Strand Offering For Kiwanis Week

May McAvoy is the Star in "Everything For Sale."

The Strand Theatre management announces for this week an exceptionally strong picture called "Everything For Sale," with a cast including May McAvoy, Kathlyn Williams, Edwin Stevens and many other screen favorites. The story was really written for the star of the play. Miss May McAvoy, a little woman who has come so rapidly to the front in the motion picture world that one scarcely realizes how young she is and how sudden has been her journey into the front rank of screen favorites. Hector Turnbull is the author of the photoplay and he has depicted a problem of modern life. Mr. Turnbull is the extremely clever author of "The Cheat" one of the most interesting as well as one of the most financially successful pictures ever made.

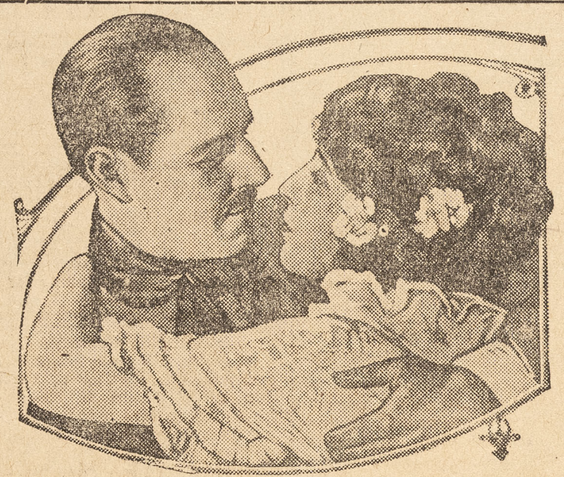
Helen Wainwright, played by May McAvoy, is a young girl who has completed a course at a fashionable finishing school and it is now up to her to make an advantageous marriage. The man chosen by her worldly aunt is young, but he is a millionaire who believes that one can buy everything in the world for money. In reality, Helen finds she does not love Morton, the rich young man, in spite of his attentions, but Donald Scott, who is a poor architect, but her girlhood pal. The ensuing struggle to love and marry as her heart dictates, the difficulties put in her way by everyone, make up the plot.

The cast chosen to support Miss McAvoy is an excellent one, including Edwin Stevens, who is one of the best actors on the American stage, Kathlyn Williams, is coming back strong—not that she ever really lost any of her drawing power but there were a few pictures which did not suit her type and she suffered a shght eclipse. She is a pioneer in pictures. Eddie Sutherland, Richard Tucker, Betty Schade, Dana Todd and Jane Keckley complete the cast.

BERYL MERCER IN FILM.

Goldwyn has engaged Beryl Mercer for an important role in "Broken Chains," the $10,000 prize scenario in the recent Chicago Daily News-Goldwyn $30,000 contest. Colleen Moore is to be the featured player in the production, while Miss Mercer has been cast for a strong comedy character part, in line with the roles in which she has won fame upon the speaking stage. Miss Mercer made her first American appearance with Lionel Atwill in "The Lodger" at the Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, later scoring big hits in Sir James M. Barrie's war playlet, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," and in "Three Live Ghosts." She also appeared in the screen version of the latter play.

Allen Holubar, recently signed by Goldwyn as a director, will produce "Broken Chains." Carey Wilson is preparing the continuity from Miss Winifred Kimball's prize-winning scenario.



Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in a scene from "North of the Rio Grande" at Pantages Theatre.

THIS WEEK'S BILLS AT SUBURBAN HOUSES

At the Palace.

For Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the attraction at the Palace will be Elinor Glyn's most popular love story, "Beyond the Rocks," with Rudolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson. It is a phenomenal success and there should be crowded houses. On Thursday and the last three days of the week, the feature picture will be "Travelin' On," with William S. Hart.

At the Oakwood.

"Beyond the Rocks," starring the world's master lover, Rudolph Valentino, and the best-dressed woman in motion pictures, Gloria Swanson, and written by Elinor Glyn, is the picture chosen for the first three days of next week at the Oakwood Theatre. William S. Hart, in a thrilling story called, "Travelin' On," is the attraction for the end of the week.

At the Alhambra.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the attraction at the Alhambra will be Thomas Meighan in "The Bachelor Daddy," also the one-reel film "And Women Must Weep." The manager takes pleasure in telling his patrons that Bloor Street is now open to motor traffic, he has arranged for parking space for baby carriages, and there will be matinees daily. For the last three days of the week, the feature will be "Sisters," by Kathleen Norris, with Seena Owen and Matt Moore.

ROBIN HOOD.

Douglas Fairbanks is working on "The Spirit of Chivalry," in which he plays Robin Hood. It is said that the sets erected for this production surpass anything ever before seen in Hollywood.

PICTURES SHOWING AT ALLEN THEATRES

ALLEN'S ST. CLAIR.

For the coming week there will be two big double programs at the Allen's St. Clair Theatre. The first half of the week will be shown, Irene Rich and Richard Dix, in "Poverty of Riches" and Mary Miles Minter in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." For the last three days of the week, Eugene O'Brien in "Channing of the Northwest" and Bebe Daniels in "A March Hare" will be the attractions.

ALLEN'S PARKDALE.

"The Invisible Power" with House Peters will be the feature attraction at Allen's Parkdale Theatre, on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday and Thursday, Zane Grey's "When Romance Rides" will be seen and on Friday and Saturday, Cullen Landis and Mary Alden in "The Man With Two Mothers" will be shown.

AT ALLEN'S COLLEGE.

Two really good pictures will be presented at Allen's College this week where on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Norma Talmadge will be shown in "The Sign on the Door," and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Thomas Meighan will be featured in "The Bachelor Daddy."

ALLEN'S BLOOR THEATRE.

Richard Dix and Leatrice Joy in LeRoy Scott's story, "Poverty of Riches"—a picture based upon "Success or Babies"—will be the feature for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, while Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair" and Chapter No. 7 of Robinson Crusoe will be the attractions for the last half of the week.

ALLEN'S BEACH.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Allen's Beach Theatre presents Wanda Hawley in "Her Face Value" adapted from The Saturday Evening Post story "The Girl Who Paid Dividends." Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jack Holt in "The Grim Comedian," a thrilling photoplay of back stage life.

Pair of Stars Are Seen in Melodrama

"North of the Rio Grande" is Next Pantages Movie.

Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt are the stars of "North of the Rio Grande," the melodrama which is to be offered at the Pantages this week. No western drama produced in the past several years contains the rush and action as does "North of the Rio Grande," coupled with the most beautiful scenery.

A well defined plot holds together the units of the tale, novelty being provided by the rather unusual dramatic devices of twin horses. Mr. Holt's own horse, Robin Hood, nationally known as a champion jumper, is one of the twin steeds, and his jumping is all the more remarkable because the western trappings of both horse and rider are much heavier than those used for race and show purposes. Undoubtedly the feats of this horse will prove an interest to the tens-of-thousands of horse lovers of this city, and Robin Hood should prove as popular as Bencher, who is probably the best loved jumper seen on Canadian turfs.

Miss Daniels and Mr. Holt are supported by an excellent cast that includes Alec. B. Francis, Shannon Day, Charles Ogle, Edith Chapman and Will R. Walling.

The story in brief, relates how Bob Haddington, who is on the hunt for the murderer of his father, falls in love with a girl. His long hunt finally is ended when he finds that the girl's father is the man he has sworn to kill. Instead of killing, he saves him from a mob who intend to lynch him in one of the most unusual and thrilling scenes that the screen has seen in many a day.

"A PAIR OF KINGS" AND LARRY SEMON

Larry Semon, one of the funniest men in pictures, will be seen this week at the Regent Theatre, as an extra feature for the week of the Kiwanis convention. He appears in a new comedy called "A Pair of Kings," but this pair of kings are not cardboard monarchs, they are checker-board rulers—there is one of the funniest games played you ever saw and from emigrant to ruler of a little European monarchy, which is in the throes of a revolution, is the unusual happening in this comedy. No matter what happens, people want to laugh. They are always satisfied to smile at the antics of some person who makes a living by this profession of comedian, and of all the men acting before the camera, Larry knows as well as any how to do the clown stunt.

Wallace Reid Will Be Seen at Regent

"Across the Continent" is the Title of his New Picture.

"Across the Continent" with Wallace Reid, Picture at the Regent for Kiwanis Week. Delegates from across the continent.

The flivver has been made the centre of attraction in one of the best motion pictures of the season. Byron Morgan wrote "Across the Continent," especially for Wallace Reid, and he also wrote the scenario for it. It is one of the speediest, raciest pictures ever seen in Toronto—the action never lags and from beginning to end it is triumph of fast, seasonable motion. The author, Mr. Byron Morgan, has written many clever screen stories and Wallace Reid has starred in most of them. They were "Too Much Speed," "What's Your Hurry?" "Excuse My Dust" and "The Hell Diggers." In his latest, "Across the Continent," the theme is just a little different—he makes the hero, a man who dares his own father, when commanded by him to drive a certain kind of car, and he is determined to pursue his love affairs to suit himself. Of course, every one knows that whn the Dent car is mentioned, the immortal flivver is meant.

The manufacturer of a small car, the poor man's automobile as it is called, has ordered all his employees, even his own son to drive one—whether they like it or not. The measure must be carried out. But this interferes with his son's growing love affair with Lorraine Taylor, the daughter of Dent's rival, the manufacturer of the big Fontaine car. Without showing it, Dent's private secretary is in love with his son, Jimmy, and she is the means of bringing about Dent's final triumph over his rival. When Jimmy, contrary to his father's expressed wishes buys a Fontaine car, Tyler gloats openly over Mr. Dent. In a short time, Jimmy and his father are having a spirited row over the affair and in a transcontinental race which is to be a trial of speed between the cars, Dent expects to have his triumph over both his son and his business rival. Jimmy decides to drive overland with Lorraine and her father in their big car. From this point the plot becomes very much involved—the incidents follow fast, one upon the other, and the story that unfolds itself is quite unusual.

Theodore Roberts is one of the best character actors in the moving picture world to-day. There is scarcely any kind of role which he cannot play, which requires a man of his age and type. He seems to imbue th part with so much of his own virility that people have often wondered that he had not been made a star before when inferior actors had reached the coveted position with seemingly little difficulty. It is a source of great pleasure to be able to say that the sterling actor will be starred in a fine picture which Paramount will release the coming season—he is to take the part made famous by Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead."

Mary MacLaren, one of the most appealingly pretty little leading women of the moment, plays the private secretary with understanding and good judgment. The scenic effects are also most attractive. No doubt many of the visiting Kiwanians will recognize some of the places in "Across the Continent," though it is a question if they travelled at the rate of speed that Wallace Reid does in this exciting picture. A Larry Semon comedy, "A Pair of Kings," the Pathe and Fox News, and musical selections by Mr. Jack Arthur will include the tuneful light opera "The Red Mill," all making up a splendid hot weather program.

LINCOLN HEADS CAST.

E. K. Lincoln will head the cast of a picture called "The Price of Her Ambition," the first feature to be made by the new Genius Film Corporation. Others in the cast are Hedda Hopper, Cyril Chadwick, Julia Swayne, Gordon and Richard Carlyle.

PHOTOPLAYS AND STARS

AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

WEEK OF JUNE 19

ALLEN'S BEAVER, Dundas St. West Toronto
Mon., Tues.—"The Man From Lost River," featuring House Peters and Fritzi Brunette. Wed., Thurs.—Bill Rogers, in "Doubling for Romeo." Extra, "Lady o' the Pines." Fri., Sat.—"When Romance Rides." Great racing story. Special Sat. matinee.

BLUE BELL Parliament & Dundas E.
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Turn to the Right." Alice Terry and star cast. Ruth Roland, in "The White Eagle." Comedy, "Put and Take." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Anita Stewart, in "A Question of Honor," and Harold Lloyd, in "A Sailor-Made Man." Sat. matinee.

COLLEGE PLAYHOUSE 344 College
Wed., Thurs., June 21-22—Engagement extraordinary, "Before the White Man Came," with Chief White Elk in person. Matinee Thurs. 4 p.m.

COLONIAL, Queen at Bay, Op. City Hall
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
Sardou's Immortal Love Romance
"THEODORA"
No Advance in Prices.

CROWN Gerrard at Broadview
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Kissing Cup's Race," an exciting racing feature. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"Star Dust," featuring Hope Hampton. Selected comedies and other features. Special Saturday matinee.

MADISON Bloor at Bathurst
Mon., Tues. Wed. — Eugene O'Brien, in "Channing of the North-West." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Will Rogers, in "One Glorious Day." Other Madison attractions. Special Saturday matinee.

REVUE, Roncesvalles & Howard Park Ave.
Mon., Tues. — "The Old Nest." Wed., Thurs.—Jackie Coogan, in "My Boy." Charlie Chaplin, in "His New Job." Fri., Sat.—Richard Barthelmess, in "Tol'able David." Other attractions. Sat. mat. extra, "Robinson Crusoe."

"Smilin' Through" Is at the Allen

Norma Talmadge in Screen Version of an Unusual Drama.

Norma Talmadge's latest First National starring vehicle "Smilin' Through," is coming to the Allen Theatre, Monday, June 19th.

Advance reports state that this is the most ambitious production yet made by Norma Talmadge. It is an adaptation of Allen Langdon Martin's stage h. of the same name, in which Jane Cowl appeared on the speaking stage here. Appearing opposite Miss Talmadge are two leading men, Wyndham Standing and Harrison Ford, and a splendid supporting cast including Alec B. Francis, Glen Hunter, Grace Griswold, Miriam Battista and Eugene Lockhart.

The production deals with the romance of beautiful young Kathleen, who is left in the charge of John Carteret following the death of her Aunt Moonyeen. Moonyeen was fatally wounded by a jealous suitor on the day of her wedding to Carteret. When Carteret learns that Kathleen is in love with the son of the man woh killed his bride he interrupts the romance of the young people and the absorbing plot gathers darmatic momentum.

Norma, ever a great emotional actress, is said to have taken advantage of the great dramatic opportunity presented her. The production has long been hailed as the biggest achievement of Norma to date. Norma has a dual role, in which her wonderful powers rise to new and greater heights.

You see her in the big dramatic story of a beautiful young girl who falls in love with the son of the man who had killed the women her guardian was to marry.

The story reaches a powerful denouement when John Carteret, who had been deprived of his bride at the altar by his jealous rival, interferes with the romance of the young couple.

"Passing Through" is Picture at Loew's

Douglas MacLean Will Be Seen In His Latest Comedy.

"Passing Through," the latest comedy starring Douglas MacLean, which comes to Loew's Yonge Street Theatre this coming week, is the humorous tale of a young man whose willingness to assume the troubles of others involves him in serious difficulties. Billy Barton, the leading character, portrayed by Mr. MacLean, first draws a sentence in the penitentiary through having assumed the blame for a bank theft of which he was entirely innocent. Before he is placed behind the bars, however, he makes his escape in a spectacular train wreck and seeks refuge in the village of Culverton. Here, befriending a lazy mule being beaten by her master gets him into more difficulties and his misfortunes continue to pile up until the final scenes of the story, when a deluge of good luck more than evens the score. Madge Bellamy, recently recruited to the screen from the New York stage, is seen as Mary Spivins, the charming object of the young man's affections. Otto Hoffman, Margaret Livingston, Edith Yorke, Louis Natheaux, Fred Gambold, Willis Robards, and others complete the cast. Mr. MacLean represents all that is worthy and commendable in the young man. His comedies are a joy, and of the type that is growing steadily in popular favor. "Passing Through" doubtless will rank among his best.

Young Vocalist Comes to Regent

Hazel Dare Wilder is Known as Daughter of Kiwanis.

It is a source of great satisfaction to the Regent Theatre management to have secured the services of one of the most remarkable women in America. She is coming to Toronto to attend the international convention of Kiwanis Clubs as the official delegate of the Shrevesport (Louisiana) Club. It was this club which adopted her and legally called her "Daughter of the Kiwanis," after she sang at their luncheon recently. Miss Wilder is one of the most remarkable women in the list of singers who have gained prominence, not only for their ability, but for the unusual circumstances connected with her coming before the public. Miss Mary Garden, one of the most-talked-of women in the operatic world, and for the past year manager of the Chicago Opera Company, heard the young Southerner sing last year in Houston, Texas. She thought so much of her talent that she did not merely advise her to study for the operatic stage, but she offered to assist her. She has a splendid coloratura soprano voice. Shortly after the convention in Toronto, during which she will sing at the Regent Theatre, she plans to leave for Italy, where she will pursue her musical education for the next two years.

NEAR SHAKESPEARE.

Although it is a modern comedy-drama, Charles Ray's "The Tailor Made Man" is being made in a Shakespearian atmosphere. That does not mean that the genial Charles is going to present the hero John Paul Bart, as a new sort of Hamlet. It means that the star and his associates turn at the luncheon hour from the lighter tempo of the production to the Bard of Avon for relaxation. The noonday repast of the executive staff at the Ray studio bandy quotation from the tragedies of Shakespeare while demolishing victuals. Joseph deGrasse, director, is the star at this specimen of repartee. In order to keep from being saturated with the heavy mood of the Elizabethan stage, the bunch has limited De Grasse to ten quotations or near quotations. So, not more than ten times at one meal may DeGrasse exclaim, while inspecting a dish of doubtful beans, "To eat or not to eat, that is the question," or, at spearing a morsel of roast Texas steer, murmur, "Alas, poor Maverick, I know him well." The crowd agrees that ten times in enough.

STRIKING SCENERY IN "SMILIN' THROUGH"

Beautiful architecture and striking scenic effects are predominant features of Norma Talmadge's brilliant and powerfuly moving production, "Smilin' Through," which is playing at the Allen Theatre this week.

A pretty little cottage in Ireland, a quaint old English village, a beautiful wedding fete of the 60's in a picturesque garden whose bowers and trees are hung with gay lanterns, a tragic interruption by a rejected suitor, stirring scenes of 1914 when England's young manhood was called to the colors, a romance of modern backgrounds—all these are shown in a magnificent screen panorama, the sheer beauty and pictorial splendor, of which are in themselves a crowning triumph of the photo-dramatic art.

Added to all this is a wonderful story of love and tragedy, in which Norma is at her histrionic best in the dual role of the beautiful Moonyeen of the '60's and the equally charming Kathleen of modern times.

A MISUSED WORD.

When, oh, when, will people stop saying "infer" when they mean "imply"? As the teacher used to say: "I shan't tell you what it means; look it up in the dictionary and you may remember." The press notices this week yielded an unusual number of infers. "We do not mean to infer this," "please do not think we mean to infer that," etc. However, news comes that Paramount has just about completed five new and interesting pictures, by which one may infer that things are active in Hollywood. The pictures are "The Dictator," with Wallace Reid; "The Woman Who Walked Alone," a George Melford production, with Dorothy Dalton, Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley; "The Ordeal," W. Somerset Maugham's story, with Agnes Ayers; "North of the Rio Grande," co-starring Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt, and "Our Leading Citizen," with Thomas Meighan.

FIGHTING PIRATES.

Thomas H. Ince has announced that he hopes to bring the responsible individuals and companies of the film industry together in a drive against the film pirates who put out what he calls "leech pictures." These fellows have been pretty active in the motion picture business for a number of years. Whenever any one has picturized a well known play or novel some one else has dug up an old picture based on the same original and put it out, in the hope, apparently, that a profitable number of people would think it was the new production. When D. W. Griffith had almost completed his version of "The Two Orphans," two or three other pictures to which that title could be attached were made ready for release, and Mr. Griffith felt that he had to change the name of his production to "Orphans of the Storm," to protect himself. When Douglas Fairbanks launched his "The Three Musketeers" an old production, originally entitled "D'Artagnan," appeared, with its name changed to "The Three Musketeers." And now that Maurice Tourneur's "Lorna Doone" is about to come out, at least two other, and older, versions of the novel are being held for simultaneous release, says Mr. Ince. Hence his determination to go after the pirates.

NEILAN WITH GOLDWYN.

Marshall Neilan, who directed "Bits of Life," "The Lotus Eater," "Penrod," and other pictures for First National, and still has one or more to come out through that organization, has signed a contract to direct in the future for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. His first Goldwyn production will be ready in the Fall, it is said.

PICTURE STARS WITH WALLY REID

Wallace Reid, is a popular favorite and a sterling good actor before the camera, the man who can look as handsome as he does and yet perform all sorts of wonderful feats is sure to be popular. The cast supporting him in "Across the Continent" is an excellent one. Mary MacLaren, his pretty leading woman was a famous beauty in the Winter Garden show. She worked with Al Jolson, in "Passing Show of 1914," and "Dancing Round." For the screen, the plays she has made a big hit in are "Idle Wives," "The Model's Confession," and "Bread and Shoes." Theodore Roberts, "the grand old man" of the screen, has played in almost all the racing pictures which Wallace Reid has ever been in but he never had a role more suited to his ability as a first rate actor than that of the wealthy manufacturer of the Dent car.

Betty Franscisco, who plays a semi-heavy role in "Across the Continent," is an ex-Follies beauty. She has been in such successful pictures as "A Broadway Cowboy," "The Furnace," "Midsummer Madness," and she is to play with Jack Holt in the new release, "When Satan Sleeps."

Walter Long will be remembered as the Arab in "The Sheik," and as the captain of the hell-ship in "Morgan of the Lady Letty."

IN KYNE'S STORY.

Claire Windsor, Mae Busch and Helen Chadwick are the beauty ingredients gathered for the filming of Peter B. Kyne's "Brothers Under the Skin." In addition there are Norman Kerry and Pat O'Malley. E. Mason Hopper is directing.

YOO, HOO, KIWANIANS!

Coming to Toronto and not seeing This Show is much worse than going to Buffalo and passing up the Falls.

"Everything for Sale"

HECTOR TURNBULL'S

Latest story

Featuring

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

May McAvoy — Edwin Stevens
Richard Tucker — Betty Schade
Eddie Sutherland

"Sing and laugh to-day, little girl" says Society to the debutante, "for to-morrow we'll marry you off to the highest bidder and kill your happiness for ever, so there!"

STARTS MONDAY

STRAND



NORMA TALMADGE

---IN---

"Smilin' Through"

PROUD---yes, proud we are to present the consummating dramatic achievement of the year.

IT OFFERS YOU---

Love that is an ecstacy of the soul — the awakening of the child-heart.

Love that is a fervent transport — the heart-flame of Moonyeen, the Woman.

Then tragedy! A ruthless rival's bullet. Love unfulfilled. Years! years of forgetfulness—years that reincarnate the love of Moonyeen, the Woman, in the heart of Kathleen, the Girl.

And—once more—the spectral threat of the olden spoliation.

ELUSIVE, TENDER, DYNAMIC, OVERWHELMING, HER DRAMA KNOWS NO BOUNDS BUT THOSE OF THE HUMAN HEARTSTRINGS.

Novelties of Merit

Allen RICHMOND & VICTORIA STS

Commencing Monday

At the Theatres -:- What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

Robins Players Revive "Pals First"

Comedy Was One of the Hits of Tom Wise's First Season.

"Pals First," which will be the offering of Edward H. Robins at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week, with Tom Wise in his original role and supported by the Robins Players, is a comedy. It introduces two beloved vagabonds, who find themselves thrust into easy circumstances. Those merry tramps, as introduced by Lee Wilson Todd, the author of "Bunker Bean," find themselves outside the walls of an old Southern mansion, just as the evening shadows are falling. Desiring something to eat and learning that the place was in charge of a pair of old negro retainers, they "brace" the backdoor for a "hand-out."

The old butler fancies he sees in the younger of the twain his young master, who is supposed to be dead. The tramps, who have learned something of the supposed death of the young owner, pretend that one of them is the master and the other his medical adviser. As such they are welcomed into the house and great preparations are made for their entertainment.

Among the guests is a young lady who has been affianced since girlhood to the heir and owner of the place, and, although she has never seen him, she, too, sees the resemblance of the family in him. A romance develops. The hero learns of an attempt to rob him of his estate. By this time he almost fancies he is the rightful owner of the place, and if it were not for his companion in crime, he would be quite happy. This companion, called "The Deacon," has ingratiated himself into the good opinion of an elderly maiden lady, who is deaf, but whose shy virginal heart responds to the dictates of the winged god.

Vaughan Glaser Ends His Season

"Fair and Warmer" Will be Final Attraction at the Uptown.

For the final week of the present season the Vaughan Glaser Players will present Avery Hopwood's phenomenal comedy of temperature and temperament, "Fair and Warmer." This farce is the most successful work of the author who has such hits to his credit as "The Gold Diggers," "Ladies' Night," "Seven Days," "Nobody's Widow," "Spanish Love," and the famous mystery drama, "The Bat." "Fair and Warmer" is considered the best comedy turned out by Avery Hopwood. The piece was originally presented by Selwyn and Company, with Madge Kennedy and John Arthur in the leading roles. From the rise of the curtain right up to the last moment of the play the side-splitting situation unfolds in rapid order. Mr. Glaser will portray the character of Billy Bartlett, the newly-wed who is too good to be true, or interesting to his young wife. Mary Meade plays the young wife with an unfortunate faculty of getting in wrong. Raymond Bramley, Corinne Farrell, Jessamine Newcomb and Kitty Coleman have excellent parts.

Next Friday evening the Glaser Players will celebrate their 300th performance. In addition to the regular performance a number of surprises will be given. Mayor Maguire and many prominent citizens will attend, and it is planned to make this evening a memorable event in Toronto theatricals.



VERA TOMPKINS
one of the new comers to the ranks of the Robins Players at the Alexandra Theatre.

Turner Brothers Great Balancers

Will Be the Feaure Performers On Loew's Variety Bill.

An all-star show in every sense of the word is what is being offered to the patrons of Loew's Yonge Street Theatre this coming week. Every number is a dandy and might easily be used as a headliner on an ordinary bill. Turner Brothers, for instance, are spectacular exponents of extraordinary equilibrism. Davis and Bradner are two musical comedy prima-donnas, late of "Jimmy" and "Take It From Me," in artistic moments of real harmony in songland. "The Chattel" is a sensational comedy dramatic playlet in three scenes, with a distinguished cast of artists, and Chic and Tiny Harvey are seen to excellent advantage in originalities in melodies, smiles and surprises, Elizabeth Solti and Company keeping up the good work with a series of artistic and classical dance ideas, well trimmed with musical fixings. Miss Solti is well known as a popular musical comedy star, and her act is one of the really bright spots of a bill which fairly scintillates with talent. Douglas MacLean, in "Passing Through," and the regular Loew features round out the program.

A RUSSIAN PLAY.

Political changes have no effect on the vogue for things Russian in drama, art, ballet or what you will. And accordingly the Russian play, comedy or tragedy, though more usually the latter, is, as usual, well to the fore in Paris. It is true that except for the quaint setting there is nothing particularly Muscovite in the pleasant three act comedy, "L'Amour Livre d'Or," by Count Alexis Tolstoy just produced at the Theatre due Vieux Colombier. The comedy has topical appeal in that it has been forbidden by the Soviet authorities in Russia, though it is a little difficult to understand what fault even the most perfervid politician has to find with it unless it may be the more or less sympathetic presentment of a dead Empress. It is true that Catherine II. acts as more or less moral fairy godmother to a young Princess living in a remote district, to whom she sends first of all a book in praise of love a la Francaise, and later assists her in deceiving her husband in favor of a young officer of the Imperial Guard. As in many such productions the setting, with its eighteenth century scenes and costumes, is the thing that really matters.

"In Dixieland" is Musical Offering

Other Vaudeville Acts on the Bill at Pantages Theatre.

The Pantages Theatre is making a special effort to present an unusually attractive program this week in honor of the thousands of visiting Kiwanis Club members.

On the screen, Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt will appear in the thrilling western melodrama "North of the Rio Grande" and for a decided contrast, the ever popular Larry Semon will be seen in his newest and what critics have described as his funniest comedy, "A Pair of Kings." The vaudeville portion of the program will be headed by the merry, musical revue "In Dixieland" which contains a clever cast of principals and a bevy of exceptionally pretty chorus girls. Special scenery, unique lighting effects, gorgeous costumes, bright lines, funny situations and tuneful music, all combine to make this is one of the season's best offerings. Roach and McCurdy, the rube magicians will offer a clever mixture of mirth and mystery; Foster and Peggy, will present a very unusual exhibition of animal training; Chamberlain and Earle, will be seen in a pleasing routine of singing, dancing, comedy and violin playing while The Rosaires will astonish everyone with their extraordinary exploits on the tight wire.

The Pantages will revert back to its usual schedule for next week with the vaudeville presentations at 2.30, 5.30, and 8.30, and with the feature picture shown at 12.40, 3.40,

PLAYS OF HENRY BATAILLE.

In the sudden and wholly unexpected death of Henry Bataille France has lost one of her most brilliant dramatic writers. Two of his plays, "Possession" and "Human Flesh," are now being given, and it was believed that this prolific and moving artist had many years of creative work ahead of him. Endowed with a deep poetic instinct which impelled him to a noble pity, he was at the same time a remorseless psychologist, tracing with unerring finesse the unformulated motives that lie behind our acts.

Most of his plays were extraordinarily successful, and he worked his spell even upon the hardened critics, enchanting them by the truth and poignancy of his characters and situations. His ambition was boundless, his energy unsparing, and he conceived himself as having a great mission to perform; so much so that he resented adverse comment to an extraordinary degree, and would write, in protest against what he considered unintelligent or unsympathetic criticism, vehement letters to the newspapers which usually won the public to his side.

According to him all moral ideas were subordinate to the rights created by an intense and consuming love, which was its own end and justification. By his insistence on this theme, which he asserted with marvellous virtuosity, he wrought a revolution in the dramatic writing of his time. What his ultimate evolution would have been remains a matter of conjecture, but there is no doubt of his enormous influence on the contemporary theatre, and, as in the case of Rostand, there is no one to fill his place.

MARION SUNSHINE.

When the old Biograph company was turning out good motion pictures and had in its employ a none too well known director by the name of D. W. Griffith, this same Griffith had in his employ a very young actress by the name of Marion Sunshine. The Miss Sunshine of those days is the same piquantly charming Miss Sunshine who can now be found in the cast of "The Blue Kitten," current in New York.

Motion picture work belongs to Miss Sunshine's past, as does Shakespearian repertoire and vaudeville—vaudeville as a member of the famous team of Tempest and Sunshine. Taking up the stage as a child, Miss Sunshine tried just about everything pertaining to it, and finds that she prefers legitimate production work to everything else. Her flyer in Shakespeare was as a very youthful member of Robert Mantell's company presenting "Richard III." She and Douglas Stevenson, also conspicuous in the cast of "The Blue Kitten," hail from the same town—Louisville, Ky.

Miss Sunshine, it seems, is now well on her way to establishing herself as a musical comedy necessity in New York. Other musical pieces in which this Southern girl has appeared include "Nothing But Love," "The Beauty Shop," "Stop, Look and Listen" and "Going Up."

IN VANCOUVER.

The Vancouver Little Theatre Association recently made its third production in Templeton Hall, consisting of a bill of three playlets: "Joint Owners in Spain," a comedy by Alice Brown; "In the Shadow of the Glen," a comedy by John Millington Synge; and "Sham," a satirical play by F. L. Tompkins. It was in the Synge play, unexpected was in the Synge play, unexpected enough, for it is the most difficult of the three to present atmospherically, that the players did their best work. Miss Brown's play, like Synge's, is fairly well known through many presentations in the little theatres of North America.

PEOPLE WE DISLIKE "AT THE PICTURES.



THE RICH AND RIPE TOBACCO SMOKER.



THE MAN WHO CAN SEE BETTER IF HE SITS ON HIS OVERCOAT



PEOPLE WHO REPEAT TITLES AND SUB-TITLES



& PEOPLE WHO WEAR LARGE HEADS.

THEATRICAL NOTES HERE AND THERE

Sam H. Harris, who has already tried out "My Lady's Lips" and "Weary Wives" this Spring, will make three more try-out productions before he calls it a season. He also says that Edward Sheldon is still working on "St. Ursula," the play in which Emily Stevens was to be seen some time ago. Mr. Harris intends to produce it in the Fall. . . . A. H. Woods has not been idle in Europe. He has bought "Dianna at the Bath," three-act comedy by Coolus and Hennequin, now playing in Paris, but there are those who say he will never dare produce it; has secured the American rights to "Le Retour," by Robert De Flers and Francis de Croisset, and has made a contract with Savoir, author of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," for his next three plays. . . . Charles Dillingham, one hears, will be the American producer to put on the Galsworthy play, "Loyalties," in New York. . . . The members of "The Claw" company are back in New York, having finished their road tour. Lionel Barrymore, who headed the cast, will rest for a time and then will do some work in motion pictures. . . . Eugene O'Neill will not be seen around Broadway until the Fall. He is busily writing at Peaked Hill Bar, his Summer home at Provincetown. . . . Bertha Kalich is to sail for Europe early in June to appear in "The Riddle: Woman" and Yiddish plays. . . . Johnny Dooley, the comedian who falls, will head a Barney Gerard unit on the Shubert vaudeville circuit next season. . . . After the close of her tour in "Declassee" Ethel Barrymore will take a short vacation and then appear in vaudeville. . . . One learns that Max Marcin plans to produce four plays next season and that he will try some of the mout during the Summer. He is to put on "The Faithful Heart," by Monckton Hof, in association with Frederick Stanhope, with Godfrey Tearle in the leading role; "Give and Take," by Aaron Hoffman; "Home Again," by Guy Bolton, and one other play. . . . According to reports along Broadway, David H. Wallace, who has been associated with William Harris jr., and W. A. Brady, will poin the producing ranks next season. . . . "La Tendresse," which was produced in Paris at the Theatre Vaudelville a year ago, has been obtained for American production by Henry Miller. It is by Henri Bataille. . . . Eleanor Painter is to appear in "The Lady in Ermine," a new operetta, in the Fall. . . . Gelett Burgess's musical comedy is entitled "The Purple Crow," . . . Eugene Walter, who has been vacationing in New England, is coming to Canada to write. . . . "Sue Dear," Bide Dudley's musical comedy, has closed and will be recast and, in part, rewritten.

The George M. Cohan Theatre in New York, it is reported, is to have its name changed to the Commodore. The change will be made at the request of Mr. Cohan, who is reluctant to be longer identified with a playhouse whose destinies he does not control. . . . And now it is said that Cocmo Hamilton is writing her next play for Fay Bainter. Most of the working playwrights on this continent have been commissioned to try plays for Miss Bainter in recent months. . . . "The First Year," according to the present plan, will open at the Woods Theatre in Chicago on November 5. Presumably this will be the Frank Craven company, although perhaps it will be the Gregory Kelly-Ruth Gordon troupe. . . . Speaking of Mr. Golden's enterprises, there will probably be three companies of "Lightnin'" next season, instead of merely two. Frank Bacon will have no trouble in dividing his season between Philadelphia and Boston: Milton Nobles will continue to head a touring company, and it is reported that an actor named Banks Winter will top the third organization. . . . A London paper says that Milne's next play will be a dramatization of Kenneth Grahame's "Wind Among the Willows." This presumably will be the first of the trio on which the Selwyns hold a lien. . . . Florence Reed has opened on the road in "The Divine Crook," and is said to be headed for Chicago. At all events, New York will not see the piece until next season. . . . Louis Mann is temporarily in New Britain, Conn., playing with a stock company in "Friendly Enemies" and one or two other plays. . . . The word from London is that Pauline Frederick's play for next season will be "Fires of Spring," by Robert McLaughlin. The stock of Mr. McLaughlin, by reason of the production of his "Decameron Nights" at Drury Lane, has recently gone up. . . . An announcement has it that Marjorie Rambeau will play Shakespeare next year, and goes so far as to name four plays. But probably not even the press agent would wager a nickel on it. . . . These are try-out days. John Golden's production of "The Seventh Heaven" will open in Atlantic City and "West of Pittsburgh" in the same spot a week later.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN
in "PASSING THRU"
A Small Town Story of Youth and Love in an orgy of Thrills and Fun

"THE CHATTEL" — Sensational Comedy Drama.
DAVIS & BRADNER — Musical Comedy Artistes.
TURNER BROS. — Extraordinary Equilibrists.
CHIC and TINY HARVEY — Melodies—Smiles—Surprises.
ELIZABETH SOLTI and CO. — Artistic and Classical Dancers.

LARRY SEMON
The funny little man who makes others roar with laughter but who never smiles himself, in a photoplay comedy that is a scream from start to finish
"A PAIR OF KINGS"

LOEW'S YONGE ST THEATRE — ENTIRE WEEK JUNE 19

65 DEGREES — COOL AS A WOODLAND GLEN — ALEXANDRA — 65 DEGREES
$1.00 Best Seats $1.00
TOM WISE
SUPPORTED BY
EDWARD H. ROBINS PLAYERS
THE COMPANY DISTINCTIVE
IN LEE WILSON TODD'S
MERRY COMEDY OF TRAMPDOM, LOVE AND ADVENTURE
"PALS FIRST"
MR. WISE IN HIS ORIGINAL ROLE AS PLAYED AT THE FULTON THEATRE, N.Y.
WEEK JUNE 26 — Tom Wise AS "UNCLE NAT" — IN NEW ENGLAND'S CLASSIC Shore Acres

AT YONGE AND BLOOR STS. — UPTOWN THEATRE — MON. EVE., 8.15 AND ALL WEEK
VAUGHAN GLASER PLAYERS
AVERY HOPWOOD'S FAMOUS COMEDY OF TEMPERATURE AND TEMPERAMENT
LAST WEEK of this Season
FAIR AND WARMER
300TH CELEBRATION Next Fri. Special!
SNAP--DASH--IT BRISTLES AND CRACKLES WITH FUN.
A BABE RUTH IN THE LAUGHTER LEAGUE.
THE BIGGEST SCREAM-CRASH SINCE "CHARLEY'S AUNT."
EVENINGS AT 8.15 — 25C -- 50C -- 75C
MATINEE THURS. & SAT. AT 2.15 — 2,000 LOWER FLOOR & MEZZANINE SEATS 25c OTHERS AT 50c

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE
STARTING MONDAY, JUNE 19th



Jesse L. Lasky presents
JACK HOLT AND BEBE DANIELS IN "North of the Rio Grande"
A Paramount Picture
The most picturesque and thrilling Western drama of the season. Romance laid among the grandest of Nature's superb settings and with madly rushing horsemen that will set your blood a-tingle.

BACK AGAIN
Your Favorite Comedian



LARRY SEMON
IN HIS
FUNNIEST OF COMEDIES
"A Pair of Kings"

TOGETHER WITH A SPECIAL
KIWANIS CONVENTION VAUDEVILLE BILL

PALACE 'Beyond the Rocks' WITH RUDOLPH VALENTINO and GLORIA SWANSON
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY — DAILY MATINEE
WM. S. HART in "Travelin' On"
VODVIL—TUESDAY, FRIDAY

OAKWOOD Parking Space FOR 300 CARS
MONDAY—WEDNESDAY
RUDOLPH VALENTINO GLORIA SWANSON
"BEYOND the ROCKS" ELINOR GLYN'S FAMOUS STORY OF RED-HOT LOVE
THURSDAY—SATURDAY
WM. S. HART "TRAVELIN' ON"

ALHAMBRA Street Clear for Traffic
MONDAY—WEDNESDAY
MATS DAILY — THOMAS MEIGHAN IN 'A Bachelor Daddy' "AND WOMEN MUST WEEP" — THURSDAY 'Sisters' — MATS DAILY

Allen's Beach
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
WANDA HAWLEY
in
"HER FACE VALUE"
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
JACK HOLT
in
"THE GRIM COMEDIAN"

Allen's College
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
NORMA TALMADGE
in
"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR"
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
THOMAS MEIGHAN
in
"THE BACHELOR DADDY"

Allen's Parkdale
Monday-Tuesday
HOUSE PETERS in
"THE INVISIBLE POWER"
Wednesday-Thursday
"WHEN ROMANCE RIDES"
Friday-Saturday
"THE MAN WITH TWO MOTHERS"

Allen's Bloor
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
RICHARD DIX AND LEATRICE JOY
in
"POVERTY OF RICHES"
Are the Rich Ever Poor? And the Poor Ever Rich?
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
WANDA HAWLEY
in
"BOBBED HAIR"
Chapter 7 Robinson Crusoe.

Allen's St. Clair
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
Double Bill
IRENE RICH AND RICHARD DIX
in
"POVERTY OF RICHES."
and
MARY MILES MINTER IN "MOONLIGHT AND HONEYSUCKLE."
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
EUGENE O'BRIEN IN "CHANNING OF THE NORTHWEST"
and
BEBE DANIELS IN "A MARCH HARE."

Allen's Danforth
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
2—Splendid Pictures—2
"LOVE'S MASQUERADE"
and
WANDA HAWLEY
in
"BOBBED HAIR"
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
in
"POLLY OF THE FOLLIES"

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW *Registered U. S. Patent Office* —By Hanlon



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ARE HUSBANDS A FAILURE?

The Fable of What Our Public Schools and the Primary System Did For a Poor But Ambitious Youth

By George Ade

ONCE there were two Boys growing up in a large City. One had been born with a Silver Spoon in his Mouth.

The other Boy had no Assets to speak of, but he had very wisely chosen to be born under the Union Jack, where the Poor Boy with a gnawing Ambition gets every Show for his White Alley.

This Urchin was named Jimmy, and even at the age of six he was looking forward to the Time when he would be big enough to be a Policeman.

Jimmy resided with his Parents in a rummy little one-storey Shack. He went barefoot every Year as soon as the Frost got out of the Ground, and his favorite Stamping-Ground was the Railway Yards. One of the Joys of his Child-Hood was to get together a Gang of Apaches and throw Alley-Apples at the Brakemen. He was a member of a tough Ball Team and possessed some suspiciously intelligent Cubes he procured from a Gentleman of Color.

Within a Palace not far away dwelt a Boy who had been handicapped with the Name of F. Lawrence. However, it was hoped that his Money would carry him through. F. Lawrence had been warned against Jimmy.

His Mamma often took him on her Knee and told him how one of his Ancestors turned the Water into Toronto Bay, and that it was his duty to guard the Family Name and not speak to People who worked by the Day.

So F. Lawrence would stand at the Window and make Faces at Jimmy outside. Whereupon Jimmy would double-dare him to come into the Street; but F. Lawrence remembered about the Family Name and refused to associate with aany low-bred Characters. But when he went out to take his Dancing Lesson, Jimmy would chase him a few blocks and call him Names that were almost as bad as F. Lawrence.

Jimmy had a Proud Nature, even if his Old Man did work at the Gas-House. The Taunts and Insults heaped upon him by the Young Aristocrat caused him many Bitter Reflections, but likewise it awoke in him a Stern Resolve that some day or other he would make F. Lawrence look like a Yellow Clarionet.

Early Education.

"I have neither Wealth nor Social Station," Jimmy would say to himself. "But I have Youth and Strength and a cast-iron Nerve, and if they expect to keep me down they will have to tie me."

While F. Lawrence was away at 'Varsity learning Sanscrit and how to Inhale without choking himself, humble Jimmy was circulating in the Ward, learning the Duties of Citizenship.

Jimmy developed a Right Swing that was calculated to produce Slumber. It was a common saying among his Admirers that you could not dent him with an Axe.

And yet, only a few Years before, he had been a barefooted Cub stealing Rides on Number Six.

He was in Demand at all Municipal Election. Whenever he wanted to be a candidate to something, His name went on the Ticket or else there was an Ambulance Call. One Spring, while F. Lawrence was down on the Riveria trying to conceal the Fact that he had been born in Canada, Jimmy stacked the cards on the Pious Element and was elected Alderman.

His real Career now opened up. He gathered about him all the Local Statesmen who were not on Earth for their health. Whenever an Ordinance came up, they held it over a few weeks until they could Investigate and make sure that the Taxpayers were being Protected.

Jimmy acquired a Reputation as a Philanthropist and Friend of the Poor. Every time a down-trodden Porch-Climber was taken in by those Enemies of Society who wear Blue Clothes, Jimmy would go around and fix up the Bail Bond, and explain to the Judge that His Friend was a Working Boy with a Mother dependent on him.

By such unselfish Acts as these he perfected a Private Machine, and had on his staff a great many useful Workers who said that they were willing to come to the Front at any time and do anything for him, up to and including Murder.

He Scorns Petty Revenge.

Jimmy had started out with no Pull or Prestige. He had nothing to carry him through except his Character. And now, at the age of forty-two, he was the Uncrowned King of the Slate-Makers, the Main Blazotts, and the acknowledged Big Noise.

As a Boy his entire Wardrobe stood him about Eighty Cents. Now, his Jewels alone figured up $12,450 and his Clothes had Silk Lining.

And how about F. Lawrence, the pampered Patrician, who had been wont to jeer at the Poor Boy and Treat him with Contempt?

He had been leading a Life of Idleness and Luxury, instead of getting out and hustling for the Tax-Payer and Working-Man.

But his Pride was due to get a hard Fall. Humble Jimmy, the Gas-House Lad, had a lovely Dose of Poetic Justice all fixed up for F. Lawrence.

It appears that F. Lawrence, after the Death of His Father, succeeded to the Presidency of a Corporation organized to trim the the Public. This Corporation needed a Renewal of the Franchise. It had to get the Renewal or put up the Green Blinds, and that is why F. Lawrence got busy.

Everyone told him that he would have to see Jimmy. There would be nothing doing until Jimmy had been Seen and Seen Proper. And that is how it came about that the haughty Magnate, who once reviled the ragged Urchin, came with his Hat in his Hand and began to Crawl as soon as he struck the Front Door.

Here was a Grand Opening for Jimmy. He had the Chance of his Life to hand out a Hunk of Retribution by saying "When I was a penniless Lad you mocked my Poverty. Now I am Well-Off and Powerful and you come to Square yourself. Go!"

Jimmy did nothing of the sort. Large Natures, such as his, are not capable of Petty Revenge. He was Magnanimous. He seized F. Lawrence by the Undressed Kid and led him to the Back Room.

As soon as he became assured that the Tax-Payers were not going to get the Nub End of the Deal, he agreed to deliver the Goods.

Then he made some Inquiries about the Corporation, and it seemed to be such a fair and above-board Proposition that he took many shares of Stock.

To-day he is one of the Directors and sits at the same Mahogany Table with F. Lawrence, showing what a Poor Boy may accomplish in this country if he leaves Liquor alone and does not waste his Time.

MORAL: If shy on the Family Name, pay some Attention to the Pull.

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"Guarding the Family Name."

He Knew It.

"Before I married," said the middle-aged man, "I was terribly extravagant. I went to theatres and dances all the time, smoked cigars, drank champagne. But now—well, I live a quiet life at home, smoke a pipe and drink water." "What a strong will it must need to change like that," said the young bachelor. "She has a very strong will," replied the married man.

TWO SUBJECTS.

"Mrs. Chatter, I hear, is quite a conversationalist."

"Yes. She has three cars to brag about, and six servants to complain of."

PERENNIAL GOLFER.

Brown—"I've only heard Trotter 'talk' golf. How does he play?"

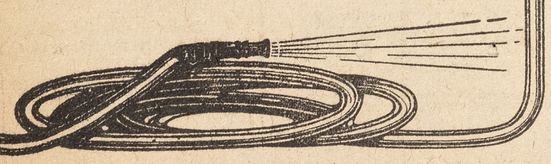
Smith—"Oh, . . . fluently."

A TRUE WORD.

Teacher: "Where do little boys and girls go who don't give their pennies to the heathens?"

Class (with one shout): "To the pictures."

GOOD YEAR
MADE IN CANADA
CORD HOSE
For lawn and garden
Sold by Hardware and Department stores



Have you Bought a Box of

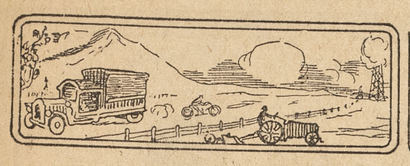


Have you tested them with the ordinary matches? Then you know now that there is a difference in Matches—that "Maple Leaf" Matches are longer, stronger, sure to light, and are out when the flame is out.

They cost no more—another reason why you should ask for "Maple Leaf" Matches.

Different and Better

The Canadian Match Co., Limited
Toronto MONTREAL Winnipeg



AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

Can You Drive Your Car Without Touching Clutch?

It Can and Has Been Done—Most Drivers Very Much Overwork Clutch as a Result of Misinformed Instructors—Novice Should Not Attempt to Change Gears Without Use of Clutch—How it is Done—Some Pointers on Gear Shifting and Braking and Driving.

By W. B. H.

The majority of motorists—often in compliance with the instructions of ill-advised car salesmen—declutch before or synchronous with starting to brake. Yet there is not an authority worthy of the name who sponsors this practice or rather malpractice. The clutch should not be disengaged until the speed of the motor vehicle has been reduced to that at which the engine would propel it with spark and throttle fully retarded. The correct procedure is to close it, fully retard spark and throttle, apply brakes and disengage clutch when the car or truck has decelerated to the speed its lowest speed on high. There is much, too much, use and abuse of the clutch—and clutch riding is costly. "But," objected a motorist whom we had endeavored to cure of bad clutch habits taught by the salesman who sold him the car, "that is wrong, because it is breaking against the engine." Try it both ways, he replied, and see for yourself. Because some fool salesman told you it was breaking against the engine you accept it as orthodox gospel. As a matter of fact, it is breaking with the engine—not against it. Think it over, or, if that is too much of an ordeal, next time you are on a traffic-clear, level street, your car moving at say 15 m.p.h., throw your clutch and note how far your car will coast before its rate of speed drops to 4 m.p.h.—the low limit of its high gear performance. Then accelerate to 15 m.p.h. again and at the point you started the coast fully retard spark and throttle and see how far the car moves before its rate of speed is down to 4 m.p.h. Then say whether you break against or with the engine when suiting your action to our advice.

A really good driver can shift from first to second and second to third and back again without touching his clutch, or for that matter from any forward gear to any other while the car is moving, simply by regulating engine speed, increasing it or decreasing to the right extent in accordance with whether the movement is from a higher to a lower gear or vice versa. C. E. Hastings, B.A.Sc., M.S.A.E., etc., of Hastings and Jennings, local consulting engineers to the Ontario Motor League, Canadian Automobile Association, the Dominion Government, several insurance companies, etc., won a bet in Ottawa during the war while instructor of the M. T. officers training school and adjutant in charge of Canadian Mechanical Transport, from the chief automotive engineer of one of the leading motor car companies that he could start and drive one of the company's new cars without touching the clutch. No conditions were imposed. The engineer had offered to bet the car. After he admitted with a prefacing "I'll be damned" that he had lost the wager, Hastings said: "Just to impress on you the folly of backing a mere opinion with a big stake I'm going to make you buy me a darn good dinner at the Chateau and let you keep the car."

How was it done? Simple as Columbus' li'l stunt of standing the egg on end. The engine was warmed up, then shut off with a rich explosive mixture in the cylinders. Low gear was then engaged, throttle and spark advanced a bit, brakes, of course, released, ignition switch turned on and the starting switch slipped on—and the car moved off in low. The rest of the performance was as already indicated. With the exception of the "starter" start this was an old stunt with him, dating back to 1910 or 1911. We have never heard him clash gears, even this stunting with an unfamiliar car.

So much for that.

But before considering the plain or garden variety of gear shifting, another word or two about the clutch. By leaving the clutch engaged when slowing down in traffic the exigency requiring speed retardation has been eliminated in many cases before the car has decelerated to a point requiring declutching—and so much wear and tear on the clutch is saved. Don't declutch for every little bump or corner or curve and never slip the clutch or ride it.

In order to shift gears well on all cars under all circumstances one must have some definite idea of what goes on under the floor boards when pedals and levers are manipulated.

Silent shifting, without rasping or grinding, is desirable because it marks the finished driver, but it also indicates that the shifting is being done with minimum of strain on the car's mechanism. Noisy gear changes presage chipped and broken gear teeth, and excessive wear and play all through the driving mechanism right through from clutch to tires.

The value of a silent shift is easy to understand. When the teeth of the two gears about to be meshed are running at about the same speed they may be engaged silently, but if the teeth are moving at widely differing speeds when they are meshed they are abruptly brought to run at a common rate, and it is the rasping of the teeth of the two gears during the instant that this is being accomplished that causes the noise. We speak of the speed of the teeth rather than the rotational speed of the gears because the gears are invariably of different diameter. One gear might be four inches in diameter whereas the gear to be meshed with it might be eight inches in diameter. When these two gears are rotating at the same speed (in revolutions per minute) the teeth of the larger one are traveling twice as fast as the smaller, and when the teeth are traveling at the same speed the smaller gear is making double the number of revolutions of the larger gear. Hence the necessity for talking of tooth speed rather than speed measured in revolutions. An engineer would probably prefer the term peripheral speed to tooth speed, but the latter expression serves our purpose better.

In visualizing the gears in the transmission just remember that the propeller shaft is, by means of the universal joint, connected with the main shaft of the transmission, and that the front end of the transmission mainshaft fits into a hole in the clutch shaft. There are two gears which slide on this mainshaft. These gears, however, rotate positively with the mainshaft since there are usually four keys or splines integral with the mainshaft which mesh with four keyways in the hub of each gear. One of these gears is "second" and the other is "low," the latter being considerably larger than the former. By moving the shifting lever either "second" or "low" may be slid into mesh with a mating gear on the so-called countershaft in the transmission. When the second gear is engaged, for example, the path of the power from engine to rear axle is as follows: It enters the front end of the transmisson via the clutch shaft, where a gear on the end of this shaft transmits the power to a gear on the countershaft which meshes with it. These two gears are always in mesh except on one particular make of car. The power travels along the countershaft to the countershaft gear, which meshes with "second" and then passes through the "second" gear along the mainshaft and so to the propeller shaft and rear axle. All the gears on the countershaft are fastened securely to it, and they always occupy the same position.

When "low" is engaged the path of the power is similar except in this case the power travels from the countershaft back to the mainshaft through the "low" gear. Reverse is obtained by sliding "low" all the way to the rear, where it engages a gear placed to one side of the countershaft but meshing with another gear on the countershaft. The power then passes back from the countershaft to the mainshaft through three gears instead of the usual two, and thus the propeller shaft is rotated in the reverse direction.

High gear is obtained by locking the clutch shaft to the transmission mainshaft so that the two rotate as one. The power then passes straight through and does not go through the countershaft. The locking device consists simply of a dog clutch, one member of which is located on the front face of "second gear" and the other on the rear face of the gear on the end of the clutch shaft. High gear is engaged by sliding "second" forward until the two members of the clutch are in contact. In modern cars the dog clutch is not as popular as an internal-external gear clutch. The front face of "second" is formed into an internal gear which slides over an external gear immediately to the rear of the gear on the end of the clutch shaft.

For all practical purposes, these gears may be considered to have a one, two, three ratio. If the engine runs 1000 revolutions per minute at twenty miles per hour on high, it will run 2000 on second and 3000 on third, at twenty miles per hour. Therefore, it should be clear that in order to shift silently from high to low gear the engine speed must be increased from 1000 to 3000. Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to measure the speed of the engine except by ear, and a little experience and practice will show just how much its speed must be increased or decreased for the purpose of gear shifting.

There are few occasions when necessity will demand a shift from high to low, at a speed of twenty miles per hour, or even at fifteen for that matter. In descending a very steep hill if the brakes should fail to hold the car it is conceivable that an immediate shift from high to low at twenty miles per hour might be required. Yet such a shift is all but an impossibility on most cars unless the engine is speeded up for a brief moment with clutch out to make the teeth speeds of the meshing gears somewhat similar. Having made the shift to low the throttle may be closed.

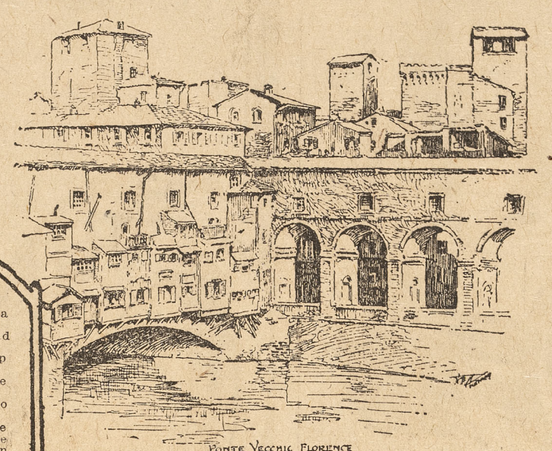
In ascending a hill it is possible that the car might pull up at a speed of fifteen or twenty miles on high, when a very steep rise around a sharp bend would demand an immediate shift to low.

It is a safe rule that when going from high to low the engine speed must be tripled, and going from high to second or second to low must be nearly doubled. The shift from high to second is one very frequently made, and therefore is the one that interests the average driver much. Few car operators are able to make this shift with perfect silence some also have difficulty in making it so quickly that the car will not show an appreciable loss in speed. The easiest way to shift from high to second, or in fact to make any "down" shift, is not well known. Few motorists know about it. It is a shift that the writer has used for several years, and has taught to many friends. It is easily learned and yet never causes difficulty. On a hill this shift is made with the throttle wide open; and on the level with the throttle partly open. The throttle is held open while the clutch pedal is depressed. As the clutch is disengaged the engine speeds up. As soon as the engine has reached the speed demanded by the second gear, the shift should be made and the clutch engaged. In practice the whole operation takes but a fraction of a second. The clutch is depressed with fair rapidity, the gear is shifted the instant the engine speed rises, and the clutch let back in as quickly as possible. In practising this shift, and until confidence is gained, both clutch pedal and

Continued on Page Fourteen.

The Bridge Builder

Author Unknown.

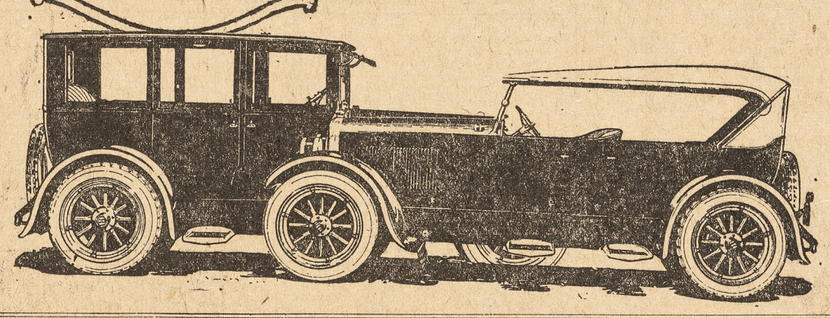


PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE

An old man, traveling a lone highway,
Came, at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
For the sullen stream held no fears for him;
But he turned when he reached the other side
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," cried a fellow-pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here.
Your journey will end with the ending day
And you never again will pass this way.
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide—
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

And the builder raised his old grey head.
"Good friend, on the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet will pass this way.
This stream, which has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired boy may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."



A Garden Worth Seeing In Port Perry

F. A. Kent, of Port Perry, has thrown his far famed garden open to motorists. Few, if any, private gardens in the country have as pleasing or as extensive an array of multicolored blooms. Here are hundreds of varities of roses, peonies, gladiolas and dahlias to say nothing of a host of other species of blooming plant and shrub. Some time ago, Mr. Kent threw his garden open on certain days against the advice of friends. As the prophesied vandalism was conspicuous by its absence, he decided this season to maintain it open all the time. Motorists passing through or near Port Perry will find a visit abundantly worth while.

Ontario Leads Provinces In Improved Highways

Canadian Good Roads Association Issues Comprehensive Survey of Road Work Done in Various Provinces—Quebec Has Spent $35,000,000 on Highway Improvement—British Columbia Has Only Eight Miles of Hard Surface Roads.

The Canadian Road Builder, a brochure without advertising matter published monthly by the Canadian Good Roads Association as a bulletin to members, contains a comprehensive survey of the roads and road work of the various provinces of the Dominion.

Nova Scotia.

Nova Scotia has much road work under way. The total sum spent on Nova Scotia's roads last year was $3,440,000, of which $1,000,000 was for maintenance. A total of 236 miles of Federal-aided roads have been practically completed, and will be entirely finished by July 1st next. Nova Scotia has in all 15,233 miles of roads, classed as primary, No. 1 and No. 2; secondary, No. 1 and No. 2.

New Brunswick Roads.

New Brunswick classifies its roads as first-grade, second-grade and by-roads. The Highway Department of the province contends that the Federal highway grant should be extended to the second-grade roads, and has already taken the question up with the Government officials at Ottawa.

New Brunswick's road expenditures in 1921 were divided as follows:—

Ordinary bridges	$370,000
Permanent bridges	730,000
Secondary roads	325,000
Federal-aid roads	900,000
Ferry maintenance	20,000
	$2,345,000

Quebec Spends $35,000,000 On Roads.

The provisions of Quebec's new roads bill (passed without amendment) were outlined before the Quebec Legislature by Hon. Mr. Perrault, Minister of Colonization, as the Minister of Roads. Hon. Mr. Perron is a member of the Upper Chamber of the province.

The first part of the bill, the Minister pointed out, dealt with the upkeep of roads, a question of first importance. The bill laid down the principle that all municipal corporations are obliged to keep their roads in good order. Owing to the extraordinary conditions brought about by the increase in motor vehicle traffic, it was necessary to deviate from the absolute principle that each municipality is proprietor of its roads and obliged to maintain them.

Since 1910, $36,915,716 had been spent for the improvement of roads, a greater part of which had been loaned to municipalities at 2 and 3 per cent. interest, payable over a period of 41 years. There had been spent on provincial and regional roads $8,868,146; grants to the municipalities totalled $20,540,605. With such an enormous investment in roads the Government was obliged to see that the investment was conserved.

The bill classifies the roads for the purposes of maintenance, the divisions being: Provincial highways, regional roads, improved roads and earth roads. There are six provincial highways: The Montreal-Quebec, 169 miles; the Chambly highway, 15 miles; Levis-Jackman, 95 miles; Sherbrooke Derby Line, 30 miles; and the King Edward, 38 miles. There are three regional roads, Beauceville to Sherbrooke, 87 miles; Riviere du Loup to Edmundston, 71 miles; and Hull to Aylmer, 6 miles.

Fifty per cent. of the cost of maintenance of provincial and regional roads is borne by the province, and the other fifty per cent. by the municipalities. The new measure provides that the municipalities cannot be made to pay more than fifty per cent., but that under special circumstances the Government may increase its own contribution, thereby lowering that of the municipalities.

The Minister, dealing with the second portion of his measure, that of road construction, pointed out that the Government intended to continue its policy of road building. The program of the Roads Department for this year involves an expenditure of $7,500,000, as follows: $1,500,000 for road improvement and maintenance, $1,000,000 additional from liquor proceeds, and $5,000,000 for the construction of regional roads, big communication highways.

There were in the province, the Minister said, 40,000 miles of roads, of which about 4,000 are improved now. The Government was of opinion, when an additional 6,000 miles had been constructed, there would be completed sufficient roads for a great number of years to come to meet the needs, and at the same time conform to a good financial policy. There would then be left in the province 30,000 miles of earth roads, which would be kept fit for the needs of country traffic, and to aid in this the Minister of Roads would make grants for the construction, maintenance and repairs of earth roads and bridges connected therewith. These grants would be made in an equitable manner. Heretofore there was provision whereby the Government granted $400 per municipality for earth roads, and the new measure provides that the Minister may increase or lower this amount according to the circumstances as he sees them. In many instances it was better to have earth roads than to build macadam roads, for earth roads, when properly drained and well built, proved sufficient for the needs of the municipalities through which they passed. With earth roads given attention, it would be easy later on to turn them into permanent roads.

In the matter of what are called secondary roads, built generally of gravel, which was the most effective when gravel could readily be secured, Hon. Mr. Perrault said that the old law permitted the Minister of Roads to grant up to $500 for gravel roads and $1,000 for macadam roads per mile. As the Government believes that this will be the kind of construction most used in the future, and that municipalities should be encouraged to build such roads because they are more economical, it has been decided to drop the limitation of $500 and $1,000 and permit the Minister to make a grant equal to 50 per cent. of the cost of construction. The law also puts village municipalities on the same footing as parish municipalities. Hitherto grants for villages applied only to the main street, and were limited to 40 per cent. of the amount of the grant.

The bill also authorizes borrowing an additional $5,000,000, making the total borrowed under the Good Roads Act $35,000,000.

Ontario Leads in Good Roads.

At present the Ontario Government pays 80 per cent. of the cost of provincial or main roads, assessing the other 20 per cent. on the municipalities.

Hon. Mr. Biggs, Provincial Minister of Public Works and Highways, recently made the announcement that the Ontario portion of the through highway from Windsor, Ont., to Quebec Province, via Ottawa and Point Fortune, would be completed by the end of 1922.

Ontario's total road mileage is 61,725 miles, divided as follows: Provincial highways, 1,812 miles; provincial county roads, 1,697 miles; county roads, 7,621 miles; township roads, 38,745 miles; colonization roads, 11,850 miles. That portion known as Old Ontario has 23,666 miles of graveled roads, 3,385 miles of macadam, 266 miles of carpet coat, 139 miles of penetration method, 43 miles of asphaltic concrete, and 118 miles of concrete. There are in all 566 miles having what is styled a permanent top.

Ontario in 1921 had 181,978 passenger automobiles, 19,554 motor trucks, and 4,985 motor cycles. Cars owned by farmers represented 64,045 of the total. The provincial revenue from motor vehicles was $2,930,000. Of the trucks, 71 per cent. were 1-ton or under and 89 per cent. were 1½ ton or under. Only 391 were 2½-ton or over and only 23 were 5 ton or over.

Road expenditure in Ontario in 1921 was approximately as follows: On township roads, $3,175,000; on colonization roads, $1,850,000; on county roads, $10,375,000; on provincial roads, $12,500,000, a total of $27,900,000.

During the season of 1921 9,000 foreign tournig cars visited Fort William and Port Arthur, coming from the United States via the Scott highway and entering Ontario over the famous Outlaw bridge spanning the Pigeon River.

Manitoba Road Work.

Mr. Andrew McGillivray, highway commissioner for Manitoba, has supplied the following summary of road work done in that province in 1921: "The information at hand now shows that during the season 1921 there have been constructed 917.5 miles of high standard earthroads fully drained and with permanent culverts installed, while 444.5 miles of gravel roads have been constructed also. The total expenditures for the year 1921, including those made on culverts and bridges, are $2,514,460, exclusive of overhead of $141,640, making a total of $2,656,100, for the year.

"Considerable effort has been made by the Department and municipalities concerned in establishing methods for maintenance that will ensure the roads built being kept up to the standard to which they were constructed. This problem of maintenance is the most serious one that we have to contend with in our road work in this province and no doubt this difficulty also obtains in other provinces and states.

"Our organizations in this connection falls far short of being a perfect one, but we are gradually evolving systems in the various districts of the province that will, in time, meet the particular difficulties and situations met with.

"Various types of maintenance machinery are being tried out in an effort to ascertain those most suitable for the various classes of soils and other conditions prevailing.

"The patrol system, where certain stretches of road are assigned to men permanently engaged for the season, was employed last year, and it is hoped that we will be able, with the co-operation of the municipalities to have this more extensively practiced in this province."

From other sources comes the following information about Manitoba roads:

Manitoba in 1921 spent $2,600,000 on roads, grading 900 miles and gravelling 440 miles one, two or three times. The method of gravelling is to put on at each application about on-third of the

Continued on Page Twelve.

New Shale Oil Extraction Process.

In various parts of the world, especially in Northern Canada, there are enormous deposits of shale from which it is possible to distil oil on a commercial basis. An improvement on the usual process has recently been introduced by a British engineer. The shale is powdered and heated until it just about to give off vapor. It is then mixed in a retort with hot sand which thus raises it to the temperature required for complete carbonization, but does not raise it beyond the point at which all the volatile constituents will be distilled off. Tests made of the process show that no clinkering of the material takes place.

Flapper-Motorists' Toggery.

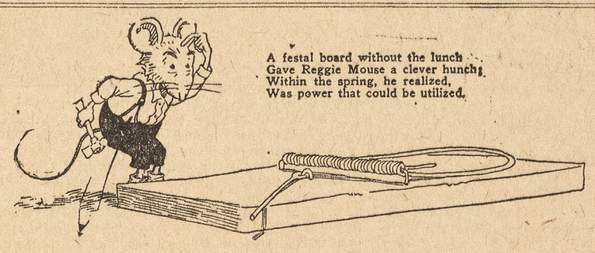


First Sweet Thing:—"Do you like garden work, Ma'got?"
Second Ditto:—"Why, yes, of course, Dallus. Dad says I can't wear knickers without there being some good reason, and I'm sure no one can do farm work in skirts."—Copyright, 1922, Public Ledger Co.

10,448,632 Cars and Trucks in U. S. A. in 1921

Gain of 13% over 1920 is shown in the recently issued report of the N. A. C. C.:—

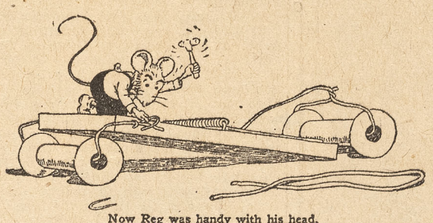
Motor Vehicles Produced in 1921	**1,668,550**
Number cars	1,514,000
Number trucks	154,550
Per cent. decrease from 1920	24%
Wholesale Value 1921 Output, $2,212,068,420	
Value complete car and truck output	$1,260,000,000
Value of parts and accessories output	409,710,000
Value of tire replacements	542,358,420
Motor Vehicle Mfg. Business:	
Capital invested	$1,423,500,000
Cost of material bought	1,058,230,000
Number of employes	186,000
Wages and salaries	299,098,780
Tire and Fuel Figures:	
Gasoline produced, gallons	5,153,549,318
Gasoline consumed, gallons	4,516,012,979
Tire casings produced	27,275,000



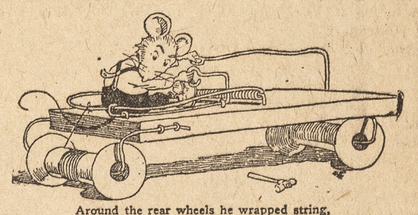
A festal board without the lunch
Gave Reggie Mouse a clever hunch;
Within the spring, he realized,
Was power that could be utilized.

Reggie Mouse's Original Chassis Design

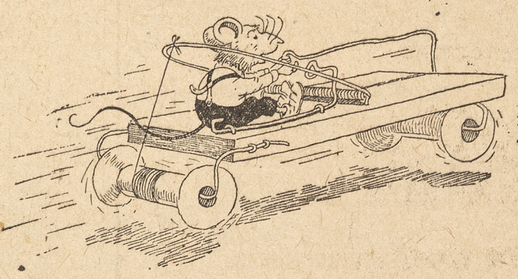
Specifications and Photographs by Clifton Meek



Now Reg was handy with his head,
He used his brains, but little said;
He rigged up wheels with solid tires,
By putting spools on twisted wires.

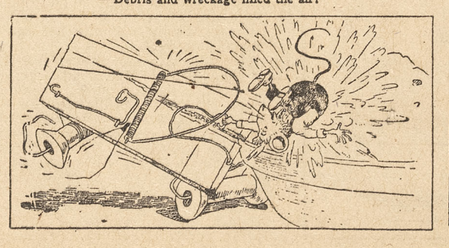


Around the rear wheels he wrapped string,
The end he fastened to the spring;
He gave the clutch a little jerk,
And then the spring began to work.



His speed began to pick up quick.
"Gee whiz!" said Reggie, "this works slick."

He traveled at an awful rate,
Things surely did co-ordinate.



He didn't go so very far
Before he wrecked his reckless car;
He smashed it quite beyond repair,
Debris and wreckage filled the air!



"Our blessings come in queer disguise,"
Said Reggie as he blinked his eyes.
He lives in luxury and ease—
He landed in some cottage cheese!

American Motorists' Ass. to Meet in Chicago Monday

Two Day Convention of Secessionists From A.A.A. to be Held With View to Firmly Organizing New National Association—Raymond Beck Throws More Light on the Cause of the Split—American Automobile Association Has Not Issued a Statement as Yet.

The secession of twelve State Automobile Associations from the A.A.A., the formation of a new National Motorists Association was set forth by secessionists in the last issue. Here is some additional illumination cast by the protogomists of the new association, the name of which has been changed from the National Automobile Association to the American Motorists' Association. So far the editor has received no communication from the A.A.A. stand-patters, or a statement as to their side of the case. The following are excerpts from a letter by Raymond Beck, of the Ohio State Automobile Association.—Ed Note.

"Lack of activity on the part of the old regime of the A.A.A., who have perpetuated themselves in office for the past twenty years, and the absence of information and service to the field organization, resulted in the formation of the American Motorists' Association, an organization that will be national in representation and national in the scope of its work.

"A meeting of representatives from all States will be held at Chicago (Congress Hotel), Monday and Tuesday next, June 19th and 20th, for the purpose of organizing the A.M.A., and starting the work on a national scale.

"The automobile clubs that have signified enlisting in the new national work have a combined membership of over four hundred thousand motorists.

"An automobile club is primarily a civic organization and must keep itself free from commercialism. It should not be operated for the private profit of any individual or corporation, nor should it be used as a cover for a private enterprise.

"In turn, the state and national bodies should be free from all taint and should be governed at all times so as to have the respect and co-operation of its members and the public at large.

"The first province of an automobile club is to keep the automobile in good standing and repute in the community, in the State and throughout the nation. It must work for those rules and regulations that will recognize and assist in law enforcement.

"Its constitution and by-laws are the law and order of a national association, as well as its individual clubs.

"To violate the A.A.A. constitution and by-laws, as was done at St. Louis at the last annual meeting, is to show utter disregard for law and order. How can the A.A.A. with unclean hands appear before our national congress on behalf of the motorists of the country. What national law maker will hesitate to suggest under such circumstances to "go home and wash your own dirty linen" or words to that effect.

"With law and order defiled, with commercialism rampant and with the old regime perpetuating itself in office with gavel rule—contrary to the by-laws—it is small wonder that the majority of the States represented at the last annual convention of the A.A.A., withdrew from participation.

"Ohio's interest in the proposed new American Motorists' Association is not the result of snap judgment, brought about by the annual meeting of the American Automobile Association.

"For many years we have realized that the old regime controlling the A. A. A. has ceased to function in a national way. As expressed by Fred H. Caley, of Cleveland, "the only privilege Ohio has had was to pay dues for twenty years." We have realized that there was and is need for a national association of owners representing all states for the purpose of protection against drastic national legislation and to further those activities which might be of civic benefit to the motorists at large and the general public. Ohio has known but little of such activities by the old A. A. A.

"Ohio believes in the formation of state organizations who in turn are affiliated with the national body. Over ninety per cent. of legislative problems are those of the state. They cover improved roads, taxes and regulatory measures. Therefore the need for organization based on state lines. For the past year attempts have been made by the A. A. A. to break down all existing state automobile federations or associations and to divide the country into districts similar to the districting plan of large commercial organizations. This districting plan can have but one purpose—that of selling insurance or other proprietary features such as spark plugs, tires, and even automobiles. To do this as a national organization would relegate the A. A. A. into the commercial field and as such its contact as a civic organization in national and state legislation would become a thing of the past.

"To make this scheme effective it was proposed by Messrs. Charles M. Hayes of Chicago and President George C. Diehl to change the by-laws so as to sanction the districting plan. I enclose herewith map which has been reproduced from information obtained from A. A. A. headquarters. I also call your attention to the fact that even without such by-laws the southeastern division, consisting of the states of Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi was inaugurated under the leadership of Hayes, followed by the formation of the New England Division, under the leadership of Messrs. Hayes and George C. Diehl.

It was generally known that Pennsylvania, Ohio and Detroit objected to the proposed by-laws and the districting plan. As a "sop" to Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan it was decided by Messrs. Hayes and Diehl to allow these three states to remain intact from the divisional plan so as to prevent objections to the proposed scheme and with a new strong club at St. Louis it was decided to give St. Louis what is known as the southwestern division of the American Automobile Association under direction of the St. Louis Club. This is quoted in the St. Louis Club official magazine (June, 1922), which announces that "the new division will include all of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

"I call particular attention to the fact that the by-laws need not be changed to make the selling district plan possible. Such a plan of operation can and unquestionably will be put into operation by the executive board under the leadership of President Diehl, just as the Chicago Motor Club was allowed to join the A. A. A. as an individual organization, after resigning from the state association and the A. A. A.

"The statement was made at the last annual meeting by Charles M. Hayes, that the Ohio representatives at the A. A. A. executive board meeting, held March 14th, voted unanimously in favor of the admission of the Chicago Motor Club as an individual organziation. I wish to make this unequivocal statement that both Mr. Janes, the secretary of our Ohio State Association and the writer were present at this meeting; We had no vote, nor any right for a statement. I, personally, asked the privilege of a question which was granted. My question was as to the status of Ohio under the proposed divisional plan. President Diehl replied that Ohio would be a unit in itself.

"At this meeting, the representative of the Pennsylvania Motor Federation, from Lancaster, objected in strenuous terms to the admission of an individual club where there was a state automobile association. Mr. Henry Paulman of the Illinois State Automobile Association also objected to the admission of the Chicago Motor Club, except through the State Association, as provided by the by-laws. Mr. George H. Kile and Mr. Jacob L. Will were representatives from Ohio on the Executive Board. Both of these gentlemen refused to participate in the discussion and in the voting. As later expressed, they stated that they did not care to participate until instructions had been received from the State Automobile Association of Ohio, or until more information could be obtained as to just what the situation meant.

"The writer calls attention to the fact that the proposed unity of Ohio as a division of the A.A.A. can be broken down at any time by arbitrary manoeurvering by the 'powers that be' that control the A.A.A.

"As expressed by Mr. Hayes of Chicago at the meetings held in Louisville, Ky., in Florida, and in New England, the Chicago Motor Club would run its line of service stations, procuring memberships and insurance, irrespective of state lines, and had already started such a line of stations from Chicago through Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, to Miami, Florida, and that he would immediately start running such stations from Chicago through Indiana, Ohio, through Pennsylvania, to New York and to Boston, and from Chicago to the Pacific Coast; all of these exploitations to be promoted, regardless of the wishes of the state associations or individual clubs, through which territory he proposed to trespass. As attorney-in-fact for the Chicago insurance organization, Mr. Hayes shares personally in the profits derived from insurance.

"I mention these facts to show you the dominating hand behind the proposed divisional plan of the A.A.A., which has been more or less temporarily thwarted by publicity of the proceedings of the St. Louis Convention."

The following is a bulletin issued by the A.M.A. It will be noted that it reiterates one or two of the points that appeared in the communication published in these columns last week.

"The American Motor Association, a nation-wide organization of automobile clubs and associations, was launched in Saint Louis, following the withdrawal from the convention of the American Automobile Association by clubs and associations representing twelve states and 242,000 individual members. The states represented in the new movement are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, New York, Minnesota, Texas, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, Dakota and Wisconsin.

"The proceedings which led to the inauguration of this movement were marked by charges made, by Judge Walter D. Meals, of Ohio, on the floor of the convention that the old organization had been sold out to the Chicago Motor Club, the principal feature of which club is a proprietary insurance department.

"Protests were lodged with the Committee on credentials of the old organization against the seating of 72 delegates from the Chicago Motor Club. These protests were signed by representatives from several different states. The protests were based on Article III., Sections 2 and 3, which read as follows:

"'ARTICLE III.

"'Membership.

"'Sec. 2. All state associations of clubs or individual members, or of clubs and individual members, which on November 1, 1918, were affiliated with this corporation under either form of membership, may continue such affiliations as long as there is compliance with the By-laws of the corporation and such state association has enrolled not less than twothirds of the motor clubs in than two-thirds of the motor clubs in hundred or more.

"'Sec. 3. On and after the date of the adoption of these amended bylaws, no state association of clubs or individual members shall be admitted to membership as such in this corporation.'

"Leaders of the clubs which have formed the new national organization charged that the constitution and by-laws of the old association were violated in the admission of clubs independently of state association lines. This, it is charged, tends to the breaking down of legislative effectiveness of state associations and inasmuch as such legislative effectiveness is largely based on the observance of state lines as a unit, the result would be less protection for the automobile owner. For the protection of the automobile owner's rights and the furtherance of his interests, it was determined to form a new nation-wide federation based on state lines and a two-day meeting of clubs in the new movement resulted in the formation of the New American Motor Association.

"It was charged in the protest that the Chicago Motor Club, which is headed by Charles M. Hayes, said to be the personal beneficiary of the insurance department operated with his club, is not affiliated with the Illinois State Automobile Association which was and is regularly affiliated with the A.A.A. under Article III., Section 2. This provides that where a state association already affiliated as such (such as the Illinois State organization), holds the franchise for that state, that only clubs may be admitted which come in through that state organization. It was charged that the admission of the Chicago Motor Club was in contravention of the by-laws and the delegates therefore were not admissible from the Chicago Motor Club to the convention unless their affiliation had been effected through the state organization as provided in the organic law of the national body.

"Those making the protest were not called before the Credentials Committee which reported in favor of seating the protested delegates of the individual club from Chicago.

"Motions were regularly made for the rejection of the report of the Credentials Committee on seating the protested delegates. On all such motions President George C. Diehl, permitted the Chicago Motor Club delegates to vote on their own seating. It was pointed out by Senator George W. Sieber of Akron that protested delegates were not permitted to vote on their own case according to Article 7, Section 12, which provides as follows:—

"No delegates shall be entitled to vote in a contest affecting his own credentials, or those of any other delegate representing his club or association.

"The chair ruled to the contrary of the quoted by-law. Appeal was taken from the decision of the chair and the protested delegates were again permitted to vote on their own case. In the debate which followed it was pointed out, and not denied by Mr. Hayes, that the Chicago Motor Club had crossed the Indiana line and was soliciting members and selling insurance in the State of Indiana, where there already exists the Hoosier State Automobile Association, affiliated and paid up in the American Automobile Association. The Hoosier State Aptomobile Association in the territory invaded by the Chicago Motor Club has the written backing and endorsement of practically every business organization, civic organization, mayors, chiefs of police, judges, county commissioners and other public oficials in that section of the state invaded by Hayes and his insurance organization.

for the Chicago Motor Club's Reciprocal Insurance Organization, stated on the floor of the convention that he paid $7,250 to the American Automobile Association, and that had he not come forward at that time and paid in that sum of money, the American Automobile Association would have gone into the hands of a receiver, as they were upon the verge of bankruptcy.

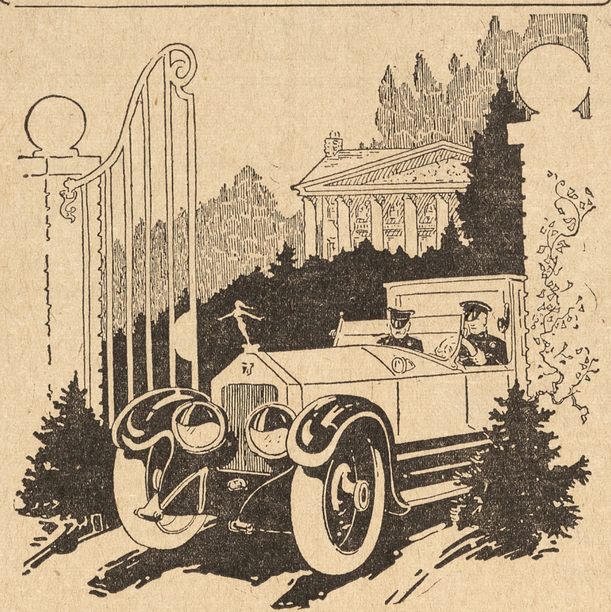
"It was not denied by the chair, David Jameson, of Pennsylvania, and other speakers on behalf of the Chicago Motor Club, that to permit the Chicago Motor Club delegates to vote on their own protest and their admission to the convention was in violation to the by-laws.

Balloting showed 72 protested delegates from Chicago voting on their own case, 25 from St. Louis, and from any and all other sections supporting them, a total of 22 votes. Eighty-nine votes were cast against seating the protested delegates. Excluding the 72 votes of the protested delegates, which the chair permitted to vote on their own case the result was 89 votes against seating the protested delegates, as against 47 votes cast in favor of seating them.

"Under the circumstances of the Constitution and By-Laws having been violated in the admission of a club in disregard of State Association lines, and

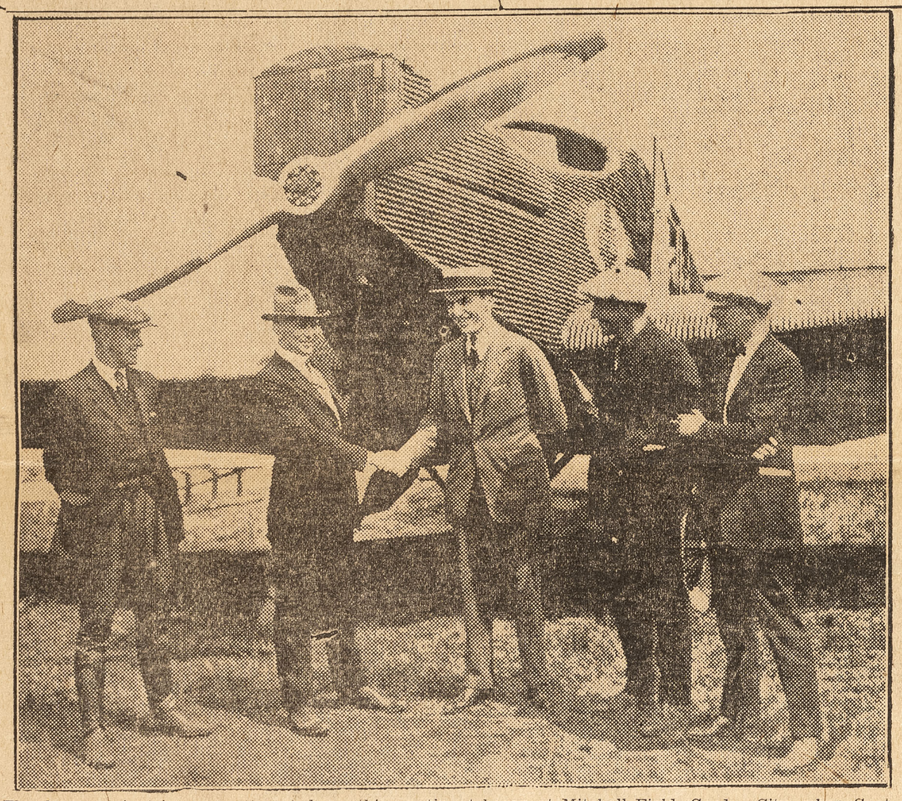
Continued on Page Fourteen.

Domestic Diplomacy

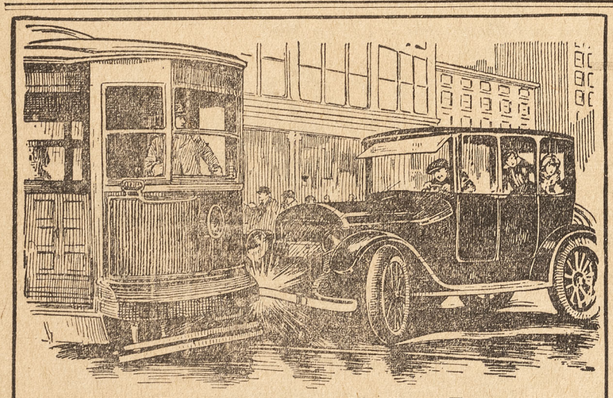


Driver:—"How'd the missus get the car from the boss this aft.?"
Footman:—"Said she'd have her mother come in for supper if she couldn't have the car to run over and see her."

"Rick" Hops Off On 15,000 Mile Flight



The longest air trip ever attempted on this continent began at Mitchell Field, Garden City, when Capt. E. V. Rickenbacker, American ace of aces, took off in a Junker all-metal monoplane on a 15,000 mile tour. The route planned will take Rickenbacker to virtually every big city in the United States and will require three months. Rickenbacker has two ideas in making the trip, one is to make an aeronautical survey of the country and at the same time visit all the headquarters of the Rickenbacker Auto Co. He figures that the plane can cover as much territory in one week as trains and autos can do in a month. Rickenbacker will not pilot the plane himself, but Eddie Stinson, who with Lloyd Bertaud established a world's duration flight of 26 hours, 19 minutes and 35 seconds, will handle the stick. In addition to Rickenbacker and Stinson, Steve Hannagan, a feature writer and mechanic went on the trip. Rickenbacker has plans to equip the plane with radio, so that he can get weather reports ahead of time. Rickenbacker and Hannagan plan to do all their writing in the air, since they are carrying a portable machine in the cabin. Photo shows: The Flying Parson, Lieut. Maynard, bidding Capt. Rickenbacker goodbye. Left to right, the figures in the picture are: Theodore Lovington, Lieut. Maynard, Capt. Rickenbacker, Eddie Stinson and Steve Hannagan.



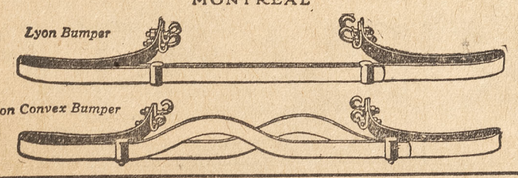
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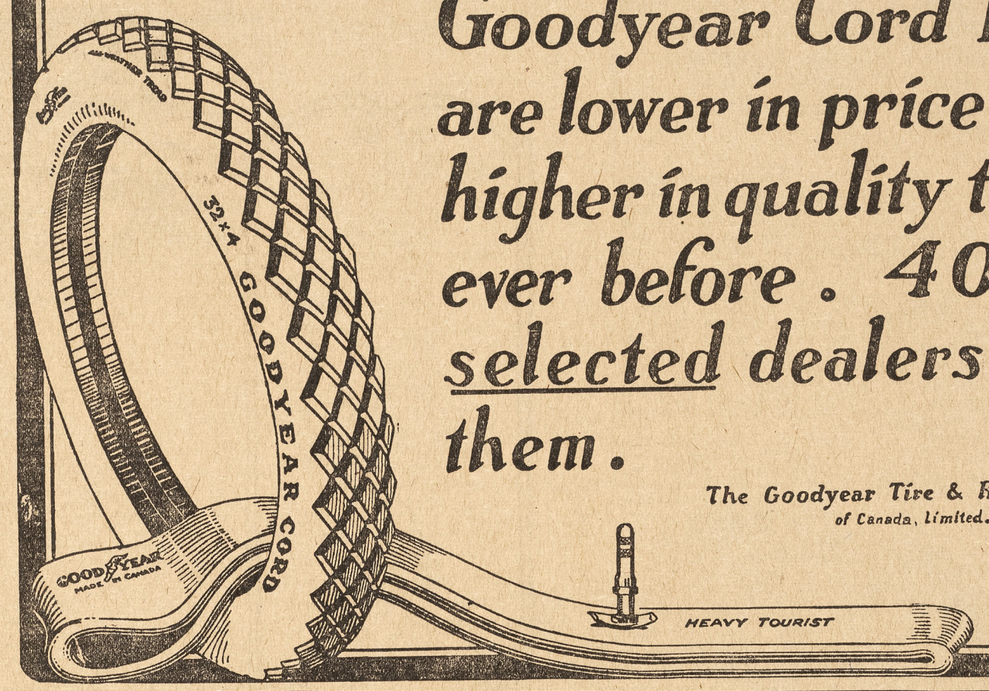
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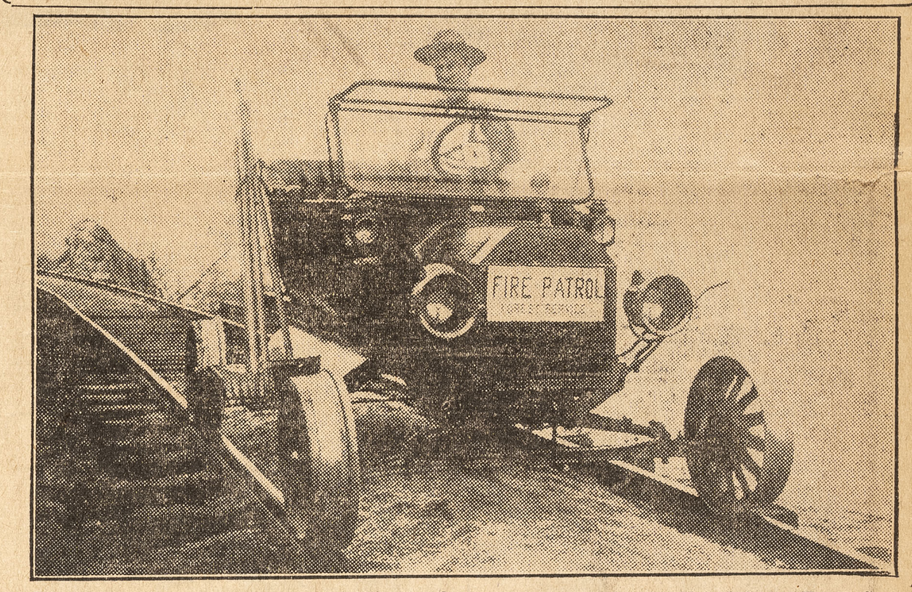
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Rail Lizzies Fight Fires



Railroads set many fires in timbered regions, so that it is necessary for the United States Forest Service to maintain regular patrol beats along their rights of way. Automobiles mounted on car wheels frequently follow trains through the national forest and watch for flames started by sparks and automobiles. This picture shows a "Lizzie" equipped with steel-rimmed wheels, which enables the ready transport of small crews of firefighters with tools and supplies.

Can You Spot a Used Car When You See, Hear, or Ride In One ?

There isn't a man living who can stand on the sidewalk and tell you whether a car is being driven by its first, second, or third owner, unless, of course, it is a brand new car just off the salesroom floor.

There isn't any way of distinguishing an automobile which was bought as a used car, from an automobile which was bought as a new car. They look alike. They sound alike. And they ride alike.

The only difference is that the owner of the used car paid less for the unused miles in his car, than the first owner paid for the unused miles in the same car when he bought it.

Many men are glad to pay what, to the used car owner, seems to be a high price for the privilege and satisfaction of driving the first five, ten, or twenty thousand of the usable miles of transportation. Such men, when they are ready for new cars, are just as glad to turn their cars in a comparatively low figures for the same privilege which prompted them to buy new cars in the first place.

So, in our used car display we have bargains which will astound even the most conservative. We have bargains which simply compel a man to buy. They are all good cars, cars which have been thoroughly inspected and which have lived up but a fraction of their utility. They are cars which no man living could spot as used cars for they look, sound, and ride like the cars which you see every day on our streets.

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OPEN EVENINGS.

Car Output This Year May Shatter All Records

But Most Car Manufacturers Are Watching Their Steps and Avoiding Accumulation of Large Inventories—Most Plants at Peak Production and Heavily Oversold—Several Mergers Under Way—General Automotive News Notes From the United States.

BY F. ED. SPOONER.

Special to The Sunday World.

Detroit, June 17.—Were it not that the business has been so unexpectedly splendid, the motor car manufacturers would be supremely happy. But they are nervous and that is the truth. Starting out for the year 1922, with what they doped as good prospects for a business equal or a little better than 1921, they now find an almost capacity production demand, and what is more a demand that is continued. It has been said that the motor car business is either a feast or a famine. It is surely the time of feasting now, but the diners around the table are set for trouble. Their analysis of the potential market does not lead them to believe that such business as is being enjoyed at present is possible of steady maintenance. They realize that much of the previous buying power is lacking, and many ponder upon what might have happened had all buying power been in good working order and "hitting on all six," for they realize the utter lack of facilities to have taken care of the business under such conditions as that. As it is, the buying in quarters where it is possible is keeping the market busy, and the more optimistic believe that as the present market slackens, the farmer market and other fields of prosperous business in the past will again develop. Optimists feel that this may result in all-year business, and perhaps a record in manufacturing, something that would surely place motoring as a business almost to the fore of all businesses of the country.

Certain it is that developments have shown that the motor car business to-day is settled into its position in the standard industries of the country. Automobiles are as necessary as anything else to the maintenance of general living conditions. It will be recalled that in the days of the slump, many were so bold as to predict that the time had come when the motor car boom had blown up. At such times firm believers in the industry called atention to the number of motor cars in the city streets and in the country, to the fact that these cars were wearing out and to the development of the market for new owners as the babies grew up, and also to what might happen were all motor cars to be replaced by horses. Of course, such a thing was out of the question. The remark of one prosperous maker of cars in Cleveland is recalled. His business had dropped to a few hundred cars monthly, and in fact to less than 20 per cent. of top production. When the question was put direct regarding the future, he said: "We are not worrying. They've got to buy sometime, and we'll wait them out." That maker did and to-day is breaking all past manufacturing records, maintaining pace with demand. His was the wiser position, as compared with other makers, who were spending small fortunes trying to force their cars on a market that would not absorb them. To-day the market is taking all cars that the manufacturers turn out.

But the maker, as has been said, is nervous. He is not yet ready to self to supplies far ahead nor to plunge blindly and commit himself to supplies far ahead nor to stock up with a lot of material. Having been caught once with inordinate inventories and compelled to swallow immense losses on depreciation, he is to-day ordering for not over 90 days ahead, and with strings on all orders. But he is ordering, and not only the motor car makers, but parts and accessory manufacturers were never busier than now. In fact, competition for help is bringing up wages, and help, skilled and unskilled, is not easy to get. During the slump, motor car workers scattered and many entered other lines, and it takes time and confidence on their part to induce them to give up something steady, even though it pays less, to return on a chance that the business will slump during the Summer and Fall, and again leave them stranded. During the slump, it was hard times for the working man, who faced starvation. He does not forget.

With makers bidding against each other for help, with shipments being demanded by express, with commitments lengtheneing gradually, and with overtime work, the makers are reminded of the feverish days following the war. They realize what followed the fever, and dread a recurrence of that illness. All of which makes many cautious, while others plunge as before, and some may come to grief on that account.

Questions of the hour only a few months ago are forgotten now. The question of price is overlooked. Makers increase their prices and it causes no flurry at all. Yet only back as far as the Chicago National Automobile Show, when everyone had crepe hung on his arm, figuratively speaking, the increase of $100 in price by one maker caused a flurry, while reduction by one maker brought counter-reductions by a lot more. That was one kind of panic. Other problems of the past are now forgotten. And it has ever been so. At one time it was coal shortage that cut motor car production; at another time it was shipping difficulties that forced drive-aways; at other times other conditions checked production, and pessimists had their chance to predict the demise of the industry. In other periods of depression the motor car business pulled through, and it has passed through its greatest depression now, and with flying colors.

The question of the hour to-day is what brought about the sudden recovery. Better business in all fields is credited to a great extent, and rightly so. The killing of the buyers' strike had a lot to do with it. To-day makers jump their prices upward and cars sell just the same. Price again cuts little figure. Cars must be had to meet general living conditions of the day, to carry on the business of to-day, and so-called pleasure cars of old have in reality become passenger cars. Pleasure enters least of all into the discussion, for 90 per cent. of the uses of a car to-day are business pure and simple, the business of buying or selling, or the business of reaching business in the shortest possible time. Time is money, and the motor car saves time and makes money for the owner. The world needs the car, must have it, and so buys when business is in need of it, when the old car is worn out.

The recovery in the motor car business came naturally and was no surprise to men of vision, though a glad one to the dyed-in-the-wool pessimists, who were many.

Announcement of a proposed merger of the Selden Motor Truck Corporation, of Rochester, N.Y., with the Atlas Truck Corporation, of York, Pa., and other companies engaged in the manufacture of motor trucks, the names of which have not been announced, into the Industrial Motors Corporation, was made by George C. Gordon, president of the Selden Truck Corporation at the home offices in Rochester recently. The amount involved in the merger is not known.

S. S. Soglovitz, for a number of years associated with the Cleveland Tractor Company as a sales and service supervisor in Europe, North Africa, Canada and the United States, has been appointed sales supervisor in the Province of Quebec for the Maxwell Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., according to an announcement issued recently by J. L. Hibbard, president of the Canadian company. Mr. Soglovitz gained his early experience in the industry with the Perro Motor Company and the White and Peerless Motor Car Companies of Cleveland.

Supervision of personnel activities of the Maxwell Motor Corporation has been placed in the hands of J. N. Duncan, superintendent of labor and factory personnel, formerly with Dodge Brothers. He was with the latter organization seven years, and prior to that was connected with Studebaker.

Persistent rumors of a breach between the Ford and Leland interests in the Lincoln Motor Car Company, and of resultant sweeping changes, such as the resignation of Henry M. Leland and Wilfred C. Leland, and a general shakeup in the organization, are said to be without foundation, and are probably based on a "general readjustment" which naturally resulted when Henry Ford and Edsel B. Ford purchased the Lincoln plant, taking it out of the hands of a receiver. H. H. Emmons, attorney in Lincoln Company matters, declares that the Lelands have not resigned, and states that only adjustments, such as naturally followed the acquisition of the big Lincoln plant by the Fords, had been made, and are still being made, but that no major changes in the organization have occurred, either in the sales or executive departments.

Stockholders of the National Motor Car and Vehicle Corporation of Indianapolis, decided at a special meeting, held at the corporate office in New York, to refer back to the board of directors for further investigation the proposal to merge with Associated Motor Industries. Another special meeting will be called later to determine what shall be done. The proposition submitted to the stockholders was either to accept the offer of the Associated Motor Industries for the assets of the corporation upon the basis of an exchange of securities, or as an alternative the sale of all the property and assets of the corporation. It is understood that some of the creditors of the National Company are opposed to the consolidation.

Within the last month announcements have been made of three important additions to the Hupp Motor Car Corporation's foreign organization. Roger N. Lagow has been made South American sales manager, with headquarters at Buenos Aires; Charles S. Turner has sailed for the Orient to assume the position of far eastern manager. P. A. Pollius Ferwerda becomes assistant European sales manager, with headquarters in Paris.

The monthly luncheons of the New York export representatives of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce will be resumed in that city on June 29, the last Thursday in the month.

Fred L. Rockelman, for the last three years general manager of the Indianapolis branch of the Ford Motor Company, has been apointed general manager of the D. T. and I. Railroad Company, and will take charge of the line at once, with headquarters in Detroit. Rockelman has been with the Ford organization for many years, having been among the first 25 employes of the company, entering the work as an inspector.

Frank A. Bradley has resigned as secretary and treasurer of the Commerce Motor Car Company after a connection of four years. Mr. Bradley will shortly leave on an European trip.

J. B. Jackson, formerly with E. I. du-Pont deNemours and Company, of Wilmington, Del., and more recently connected with the Buick Motor Company at Flint, has become identified with the central office of General Motors in Detroit as a personal assistant to C. S. Mott, vice-president and chief of the advisory staff.

W. M. Smith, general manager of the Spencer Smith Machine Company, Howell, Mich., announces the appointment of J. E. Neale, formerly of Chicago, as sales manager. Mr. Neale is now arranging national distribution of Spencer-Smith pistons.

J. M. Howard, for more than six years advertising manager of the Chandler Motor Car Company, has resigned, and to date has made no announcement of his future plans.

O. E. Utz has become sales manager of the Canadian plant of the Fedders Manufacturing Company of Buffalo. For twenty years Mr. Utz was purchasing agent of the Pierce-Arrow Company.

A new body factory and general sheet metal working plant, costing $250,000, will be erected immediately by the Nash Motors Company as a further extension of its four-cylinder car division at Milwaukee. The addition will be ready about Sept. 1, according to B. W. Twyman, general manager of the Milwaukee division.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company will shortly start work, it is reported, on its new tire-building plant at Hamilton, Ont. Firestone secured the site for the Canadian plant during the war, but deferred building operations. Under present plans, the Canadian plant will have an initial capacity of 3,500 tires daily. The Akron plant is now producing 25,000 tires a day.

S. W. Colvard has been appointed sales engineer for the Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, manufacturers of Delco automotive ignition apparatus, succeeding the late Frank W. Edwards. Mr. Colvard has been with the Delco organization since 1919.

After a considerable period as works manager of the Auto Wheel and Gier Pressed Steel plants individually, J. E. Garlent has been made works manager of both divisions of the Motor Wheel Corporation, of Lansing, Mich. Before becoming connected with the Motor Wheel Corporation Mr. Garlent was factory manager for both the Hupp and King companies.

Reorganization of the defunct Racine Auto Tire Company is being effected through the incorporation of a new concern known as the Racine Horseshoe Tire Company. The plan of reorganization calls for the formation of two new concerns, one a holding company and the other an operating company. The former will hold the entire capital stock of the operating company, which is acquiring practically the entire property of the defunct corporation.

Ford dealers throughout the United States have asked for a total of 194,750 cars, trucks and tractors to meet June requirements, as a result of which the factory schedule for June has been boosted to 140,000, an increase of 10,000 over May. This necessitates the building of 5,400 motors daily. The motors are shipped in carload lots to the assembly branches throughout the United States.

R. M. Cowhan has been appointed export sales manager for Earl Motors, Inc., succeeding Clarence Thurston, who died some time ago. Mr. Cowhan was formerly an assistant sales manager at the factory, and will continue the export headquarters there.

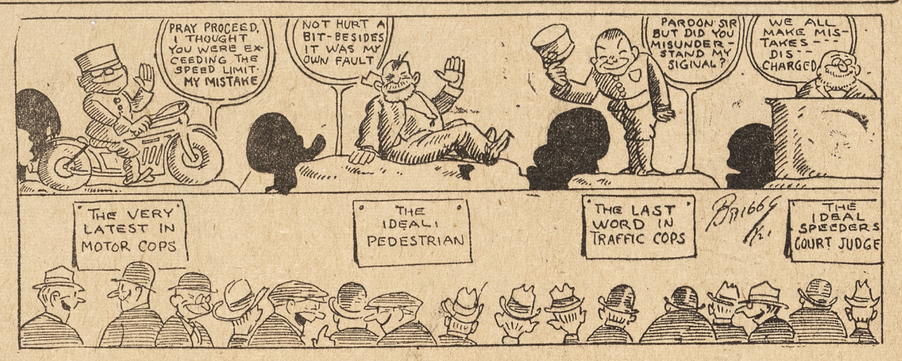
Hudson Motor Car Company and Essex Motors are maintaining a steady production schedule in their Detroit plants, and have been averaging a combined output of over 250 cars daily for some time past. It is stated at the factory that this production will be maintained indefinitely.

Harry M. Rugg, who for the past year has been director of educational expansion of the Michigan State Automobile School, of Detroit, has been made assistant experimental engineer for Dodge Bros.

At a special meeting of stockholders of the Traffic Motor Truck Corporation held recently, the plan calling for the transfer of all the assets to the Associated Motors Industries, Inc., was ratified. The latter organization assumes all liabilities. The Traffic Company gets stock ni the Associated Industries consisting of approximately 7,600 shares of 8 per cent. preferred cumulative stock of $100 par value, and 19,400 shares of common without par value.

The Kelsey Wheel Company, Detroit, is about to launch production on a new steel disc wheel, it is reported. The wheel will be made in various sizes, with production concentrated on popular sizes.

A Dream of a Very Moving Picture



"It was a show in which the new 1922 models of motorists, motorcycle cops, crossing policemen, etc., were exhibited for the delighted inspection of countless thousands"—Motor Life.

101-Year-Old Movie Patron Motors From Farm to Theatre.

Mrs. Nancy K. O'Brien, of Osceola, Wisconsin, the Wisconsin Farmer indicates, finds life on the farm considerably less lonely than in the days when she was born 101 years ago. She sometimes rides 30 miles by automobile from her home to the motion-picture theatre and back again the same night.

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX SERIES 22

The Chassis is Worthy of the Engine

	Old Price.	New Price.	Sales tax
5-PASSENGER TOURING.	$4,275	$2,650	extra.

Other Models in Proportion. Dealers Territory Available.

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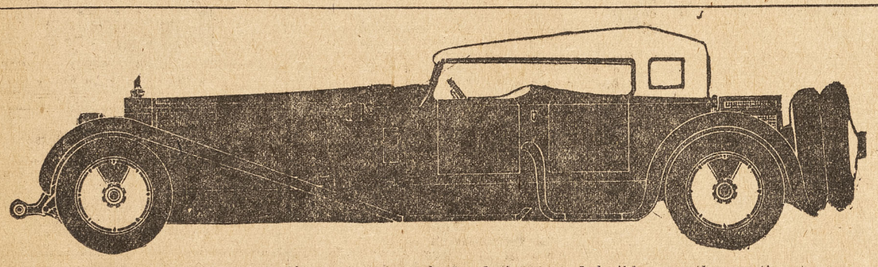
Lexington Leads Because It Lasts

Jumping Thus Is Not Thrill-less.



There is no limit to the thrills a real motorcyclist will get out of his machine, and some of them do not stop short of teaching their motorbikes to swim and to fly. These motorcycle-bugs took advantage of a stop on their motor hike to hold an impromptu field meet and the camera man caught one of them making a motorcycle broad jump or nose dive from a slight elevation over dangerous ground.

Schutte's Latest Custom-Made Phaeton



In sportster types of special bodies no custom body designer and builder on the continent surpasses Schutte in rakish lines. This 4-6 passenger phaeton is turned out for lengthened chassis of several makes of cars.

THE AUTOCAR, February 11th, 1922.



Studebaker

"Built-in-Canada"

HIGH PRAISE

from a Standard Authority

Recently a week's trial trip through England was made by a member of the staff of "Autocar," one of the highest British authorities on motor matters. The results of this trip emphasize the practical points of the Light-Six for the owner-driver. A few extracts are printed below:

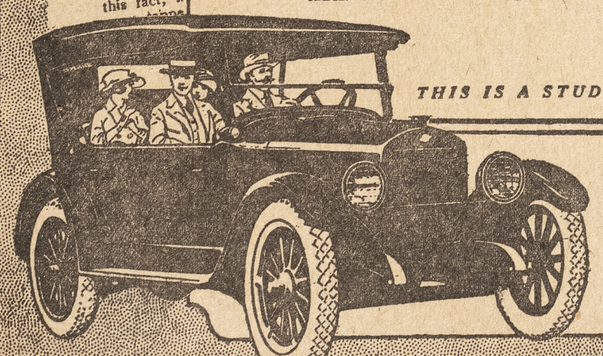
"It is unusual to encounter a five-seater car selling in the neighbourhood of £500 with a performance equal to it..... Its six-cylinder engine is remarkably silky in its operation, silent, flexible to a wonderful degree..... Our first trip was through London traffic, but we soon felt thoroughly at home, since the control gear is free and easy of operation, and the engine is content to tick over on top gear at speeds even below normal walking pace without signs of distress..... Hill-climbing is a joy on such a vehicle..... We do not recall ever having encountered a lighter clutch operation..... A twelve-gallon tank at the rear is ordinarily sufficient for a run of 300 miles..... This low consumption is, of course, largely due to the light weight of the complete car, which scales little more than a ton..... To sum up, we are bound to say that the new Studebaker is a car of remarkable all-round achievement."

Lack of space prevents us from quoting the full comments in this article. However, we will be glad to send a reprint of the article in full to anyone who is interested.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Distributors and Dealers: G. E. GOODERHAM & CO. 97-105 Richmond St. West, Adel. 6780.

Dealers: W. H. LEE, LIMITED 472 Yonge St. North 8000



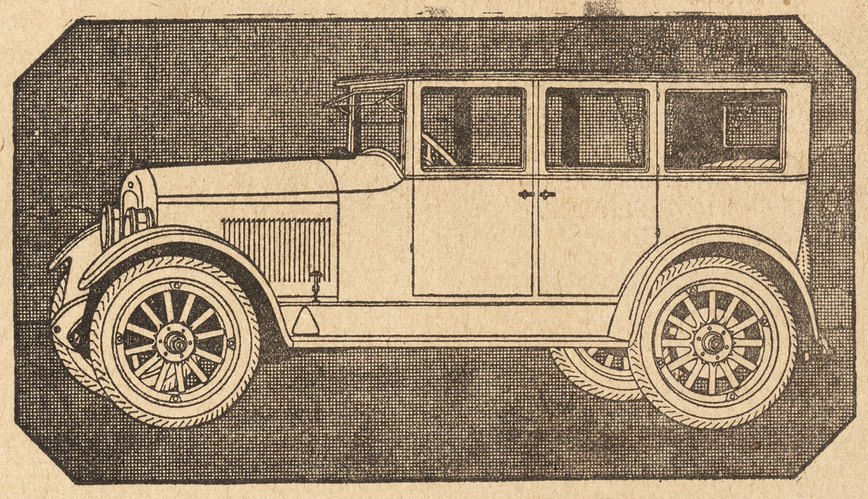
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LIGHT SIX PRICES

Touring	$1,695
Roadster	$1,695
Coupe	$2,225
5-Pass. Sedan	$2,795

f. o. b. Toronto, Ont.

A 50 Horsepower, 6 Cylinder Sedan



Four Doors—All Metal—

Here is the closed car that you have been waiting for—an all-metal, six-cylinder, 50 horsepower sedan at an astonishing price.

The New Jewett Sedan is of all metal construction with four tightly fitting doors that close with snap and precision.

The interior is as beautiful as Artist-Designers could make it. There are wide, thickly upholstered seats for five full grown adults.

The frame, clutch, transmission, drive shaft and rear axle are perfectly coordinated units—as strong as tested metal and fine craftsmanship can make them. That means long life, endurance and true economy.

Need we say more about this remarkable motor car value. See it at the first opportunity—ride in it—drive it and you will instantly realize that it is the greatest closed car opportunity ever offered to the public.

It is sold and serviced by Paige dealers everywhere

$2195.00 f.o.b. Windsor

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CHEVROLET THE PRODUCT OF EXPERIENCE
SALES AND SERVICE Open Day and Night
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MOORE AND HUGHES, LIMITED,
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DURANT
The most mechanically accessible car built.
"Just a Real Good Car" Made at Leaside.
TORONTO DURANT COMPANY
NEW KING EDWARD HOTEL BUILDING.

FORD RUNABOUT TOURING COUPLET SEDAN
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Ford IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ALL MODELS 100% SERVICE.
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OLDSMOBILE SETS THE PACE 24th YEAR
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MAXWELL New Series of the Good Maxwell-- **1922**
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REO 6 Cylinder CARS and TRUCKS Light and Heavy Delivery Trucks. — SPECIAL BODIES —
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STUDEBAKER NEW MODELS NOW ON SHOW FLOOR
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Records Broken in Parma-Poggio Race

Ballot Fastest—Fiat Takes First and Second in Stock Car Event.

This year's Italian road race, starting from Parma, in the plains, and finishing at Poggio di Berceto, in the Appenine Mountains, a distance of 31½ miles, was marked by the lowering of nearly all the old records. In the stock car class, Lampiano's 1500 cc. Fiat was first in 37 min. 40 sec., which represents the fast average of 50.1 miles an hour, and is a gain of nearly four minutes on last year's time for this class. Bergese, on a similar Fiat, was second, and Torricelli, on a Bugatti, third. All three broke last year's record.

In the 2-litre class, Meregalli, on a Diatto, was the winner in 40 min. 22 seconds. Biagio Nazzaro, on an eight cylinder 3-litre racing Fiat, covered the distance in 35 min. 41 sec., or at 52.9 miles an hour, and was followed home by Buffini on a Diatto. In the 4½-litre class, Alfa-Romeo cars got first and second places, with Aquila third.

The fasted time of the day was made in the racing class for machines of more than 4½-litres, when Conelli, on an 8-cylinder Ballot, covered the distance at an average of 53.1 miles an hour, and clipped two-fifths of a second off of last year's Fiat record. Second place was secured by the amateur driver, Brilli Peri, on a four-cylinder racing Fiat, 3-3-5 seconds behind the winner, and third position was won by Maserati on an Isotta-Fraschiori.

Fast and level at the beginning, the road from Parma to Poggio ends with practically 12 miles uphill and is a most severe test for both cars and drivers.

Starts on 10,000 Mile Run With Hood Sealed

Over Seven Hundred Cities and Towns to be Visited by "White Streak."

On June 5th the Mitchell Motors Company started No. 1 White Streak (one of a fleet of fifty standard touring models painted white and lettered in black with data on the construction of the car) on a ten thousand mile run through the east, south and middle west sectins of the States, with the hood and crank case sealed.

The Mitchell Company claims that during the entire trip of ten thousand miles absolutely no motor adjustment or repairs of any kind will be possible, and offer this sealed hood run as substantial proof of their claims that in the new F-50 model they have developed an engine free from the more common complaints and troubles.

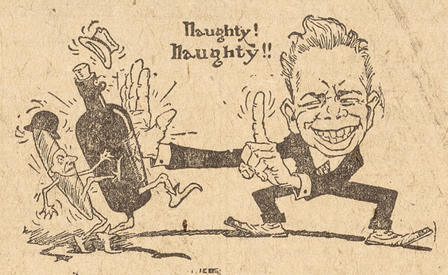
The car to be used prior to starting the trip has already traveled more than fourteen thousand miles in the regular White Streak demonstration work, which consists of climbing the most difficult of hills, jumping curbs, riding railroad ties, etc., and the company claims that this fact goes very far to prove that their new F-50 model, even after traveling fourteen thousand miles (which amounts to about a year or a year and a half of service in the hands of the average owner) is still free from necessity for adjustments and repairs.

The purpose of the endurance run is not only to demonstrate the high qualities of the Mitchell engine and Mitchell construction, but is also to act as part of the present sales campaign. This test run is the first of a series of a stunt booster ideas, which are to make up the Mitchell policy of co-operation with the distributors. The Caverley Motor Sales, Victoria Street, are Mitchell distributors.

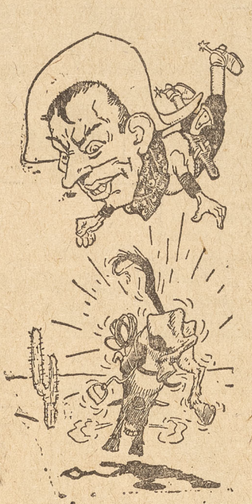
Off Stage Glimpses of Speedway Demons



Jimmy Murphy always wanted to be a motor race driver and he began working at it early

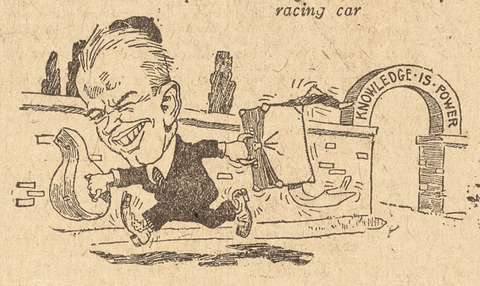


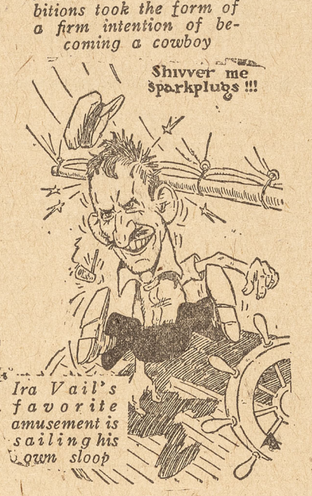
Ralph Mulford eschews Demon Rum and Lady Nicotine in favor of Sunday school and church



Eddie Hearne's early ambitions took the form of a firm intention of becoming a cowboy

Tommy Milton carried his college diploma directly into the seat of a racing car

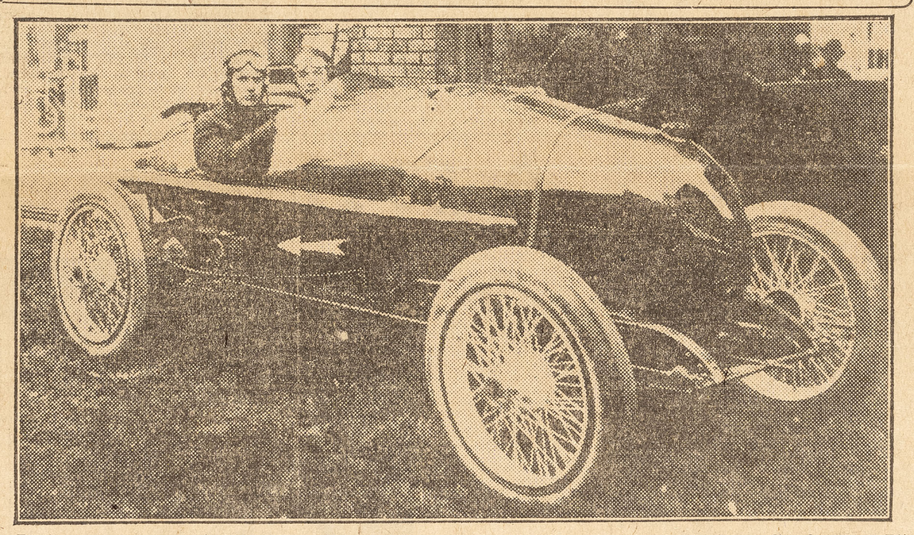




Ira Vail's favorite amusement is sailing his own sloop

—Motor Life.

Equip Racers With Radio



Racing cars were equipped with radio receiving sets for the first time in the Indianapolis classic. Pit instructions and advices to drivers have heretofore been communicated by signs on blackboards. The arrow on Wilbur D'Alene's car points to the radio equipment.

Ontario Leads in Improved Roads

Continued from Page Nine.

material required to make the finished surface. Manitoba has 70,000 miles of road allowance, and since adopting its highway system has improved 2,850 miles, gravelled 910 miles and paved 26 miles. In 1920 the expenditure on bridges was $452,750 and in 1921, $410,000 of which the Government contributed $22,000 and $205,000 respectively, the remainder being expended by the municipalities.

The constant patrol system of maintenance has been adopted in Manitoba. This costs on improved roads from $150 to $300 per mile per annum. On the Portage highway, 26 miles in length and carrying the heaviest traffic of any road in the province, the cost per mile last year was $300. The patrol, divided into two sections of 13 miles each, was maintained continuously for more than six months.

Manitoba has built 608 concrete bridges and culverts, 34 concrete and steel bridges and 96 timber bridges, at a total cost of $1,710,000.

Manitoba Federal aid allotment is $1,580,000 of which $180,000 had been received up to February 1st, 1922, while $300,000 more had been earned.

Forty-seven municipalities in Manitoba have adopted road improvement by-laws.

Saskatchewan Roads.

The rural municipalities in Saskatchewan are each 18 miles square, and there are 301 of them. No road is considered a main road unless it connects with the roads of a neighboring municipality. In 1921 the provincial road department spent $2,250,000 on roads, $220,000 on bridges and $115,000 on ferries. In the same period 50 miles of road were gravelled. The total surveyed road allowance in the province is 210,000 miles, of which 20 per cent. has been graded. Main market roads represent 35,000 miles, while 7,000 miles are included in the Federal grant scheme. Saskatchewan's share of the Federal grant is $1,8000,000, of which a total of $320,000 had be absorbed to September 30 last, $207,110 of this having been expended in 1921.

There were in 1921 60,845 motor vehicles in Saskatchewan, paying a revenue to the province of $945,000, an average of $15.62 each. Saskatchewan citizenship is made up of representatives of sixty-seven nationalities, speaking approximately the same number of languages, but road improvement speaks a common language which is understood and appreciated by all.

H. C. Carpenter, provincial Deputy Minister of Highways, in advocating the need for a Provincial Good Roads Association at the annual convention of Saskatchewan Associated Boards of Trade at Prince Albert, emphasized the necessity of all classes in the province, especially the Association of Rural Municipalities, joining such an organization. He stated the rural municipalities spent more money on roads than the highways branch itself. During the year 1919-20 the outlay by the municipalities represented in the association approximately $5,000,000, while the highways branch expended but $2,800,000.

Alberta's Road Construction.

The Farmer Government of Alberta, under Premier Greenfield, has placed the improvement of roads under the supervision of a commission composed of two Government-appointed members, one University representative and two members nominated by the municipalities.

The Alberta highways department in 1921 spent $1,395,000 on main and connecting roads, $678,000 on bridges, and $95,000 on ferries. To date the Alberta Government has spent a total of $6,842,248 on roads, $5,091,218 on bridges and $714,745 on ferries. Approximately 3,000 miles of main highways and 6,000 of secondary have been graded. The total road allowance of Alberta is 250,000 miles, and the entire mileage will have been classified by the end of the present year.

The Dominion Government is directly interested in building the Calgary-Banff highway, and with the completion of more miles the circle will be completed. Banff was visited by 3,000 motor cars last year, of which 1,380 came from outside the province. More than 1,000 people used Calgary's inland motor camp last year.

British Columbia Roads.

British Columbia has improved road mileage of 14,626 miles, divided as follows:

Earth roads—11,047 miles.
Gravel roads—3,540 miles.
Macadam roads—31 miles.
Hard surface roads—8 miles.

The department has spent under the Highway Act since July, 1919, $2,500,000. It has improved 320 miles of road, and has spent approximately $100,000 in bridges.

Grading on many sections of the B. C. roads has cost as high as $30,000 per mile, while the most expensive links of sections remain to be built.

There are 30,000 motors in B. C., which in 1921 contributed to the province in license fees $401,000.

Prince Edward Island.

The following report on road improvement work done in Prince Edward Island during 1921 is furnished by Mr. H. H. Shaw, Provincial Highway Engineer.

During the year 1921, thirteen projects for road improvement were undertaken, involving a total length of 125 miles, and also the finishing of 55 miles begun the preceding year. The character of the improvement was the widening of the roadway, the building up and draining of low sections, and the grading of the road that it might be fit for any form of surfacing that may afterwards be decided upon. The wooden bridges have also been replaced by concrete culverts, thus giving a continuous uniform road surface which may be characterized througnout as a sand-clay road. It affords a smooth, even surface, much appreciated by the motorist and well suited for the light traffic prevailing in this province. The cost of the work is about $2,000 per mile, and the expenditure during the year was $250,000. The plan of maintenance of these improved roads has not yet been decided upon, but it is likely to be some form of the patrol system.

The Canadian Road Builder expounds the C.G.R.A.'s economy gospel as follows:

not be provided immediately, while the tion has always advocated, and still advocates, more and better roads throughout Canada. All the roads required cannot be provided immediately, whiel the immense investment already made by the Federal, provincial and municipal Governments must be protected by a system of maintenance requiring the annual outlay of large sums of money. It is because of the huge expenditures made, and yet to be made, that the association urges the need for strictest economy and rigid honesty in road building. Public money must be so wisely expended that those who are now supporting the road-building programs will continue to do so, while the people as a whole, who are called upon to foot the bill, must not be given reason to believe that there has been needless extravagance.

Recently the attention of the officers of the association was called to what appeared to be a trust or combination among a certain group of road contractors. In eight tenders received for a section of highway, the prices fixed were so nearly alike that the Minister responsible refused to accept any one of the eight, and returned all cheques tendered. Within two weeks, some of the contractors concerned submitted new tenders at prices which were only 55 per cent. of their original demands. This may have been an unusual case, but if contractors indulge in such practices, they themselves will be largely to blame if the public calls for a halt in the road-building policies of the various provinces.

Money is not plentiful to-day, and the custodians of the public treasuries must see that it is spent where it will give returns. The country has a right to expect direct or indirect returns for every dollar spent on roads, and if the return is to be as large as possible, full value must be obtained for the expenditure. High wages are not justified in road-building undertaken mainly to afford unemployment relief. Roads cannot be constructed without labor, and a fair wage should be paid, but excessive costs cannot now be excused, whether for wages, material or professional and directing services, and they should not be tolerated by those public officials who are responsible for the sums expended.

A sane, efficient, economical and honest road-building policy is the only one which will be demanded and supported by all thinking people at the present time and for the future.

Made Perfect Score



Miss V. Corbery, the only woman driver to gain full marks and a gold medal in the Scottish six days' light car trials.

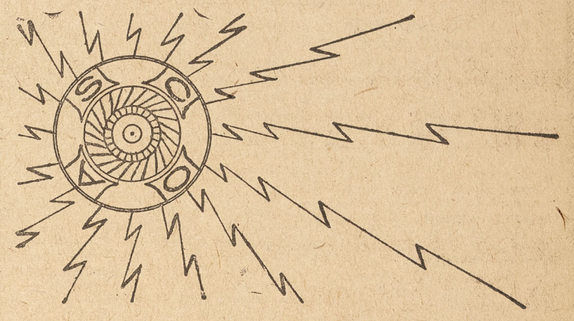
Roman Road Making Revived in Italy

Asphalt Road to be Constructed Between Milan and Venice?

News of interest to those who delight in touring Italy by motor comes from Milan, where a special committee of the Chamber of Commerce has reported in favor of the construction of an asphalt highway connecting Milan directly with Venice. The report states that both from a technical and a financial point of view the building of an asphalt road, which the growth in the number of motor tourists and the development of the motor truck is making more and more necessary, is possible and should be begun without delay.

The first regular production run has been started by the Fox Motor Car Company of Philadelphia, and deliveries are promised in July. New machinery is being installed, and the factory is now reported in orderly shape. The Fox is an air-cooled car.

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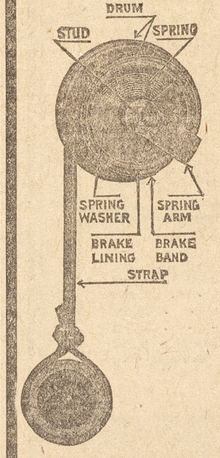
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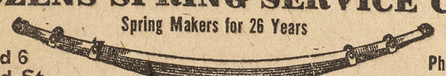
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153 KING ST. WEST. ADEL. 6238.

Pikers' Executive To Meet Monday

To Make Final Plans for the Round Lake Michigan Tour.

Final plans for the tour will be taken up by the executive family of the Michigan Pikes Association at a meeting in Detroit, on Monday, June 19. The meeting has been called by Capt. W. S. Gilbreath, president of the Michigan Pikes Association, and will be held at noon at the Hotel Tuller, being preceded by a luncheon. A report from Tour Manager W. D. Edenburn, on the progress made in arranging for the tour, will be considered by the officers and directors.

Munising, Mich., is making plans to properly fete the tourists on the arrival of the "Pikers" at noon, July 15. The tourists will be the guests of Mr. M. A. Doty, of the Munising Motor Co., at a noon luncheon, with whitefish as the entree. The Munising civic organizations have all combined to entertain the "Pikers" on that date.

Cadillac Motor Car Co., through its general sales manager, Lynn McNaughton, has entered two touring cars in the "Around Lake Michigan" interstate good roads tour of the Michigan Pikes Association, July 7 to 20 inclusive. The Cadillac Company has supported the good roads work of the M.P.A. since its inception seven years ago.

As in former years the Cadillacs will be Pilot and Pacemaking cars. The Pilot Cadillac will be driven by William B. Mitchell, of Bay City, the official patahfinder to the M.P.A., while the Pacemaking car will be in the hands of Alex Scott, of the engineering staff of the Cadillac Company. The Pilot car precedes the tour by a minimum of one hour and marks all turns and detours on the route, while the Pacemaking car, as the name implies, sets the pace for the tour body, Pacemaker Scott being provided with a set schedule for every mile of the more than 1,700 tour route.

We Still Have With Us "Flivverboobs"

Though You Probably Know 'Em as Reckless Drivers or Worse.

Washington, D.C.—Reckless and careless drivers of automobiles are to be known as "flivverboobs" according to the decision reached by the judges deciding the American Automobile Association's contest to pick a name describing the reckless driver in the same manner that "jay-walker" describes the careless pedestrian. The name was suggested by F. B. Simpson, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., who will receive the $25 in gold offered as a prize by the A.A.A.

More than 10,000 names were submitted in this contest, and the suggestions came from all parts of the United States. The committee selected to pass on the suggestions consisted of Col. C. O. Sherrill, head of Public Buildings and Grounds, Washington; Dr. Frank W. Ballou, superintendent of Public Schools, Washington; Inspector Albert J. Headley, head of the D.C. Traffic Department; Charles W. Semmes, president of the Semmes Motor Co., and Isaac Gans, prominent Washington business man.

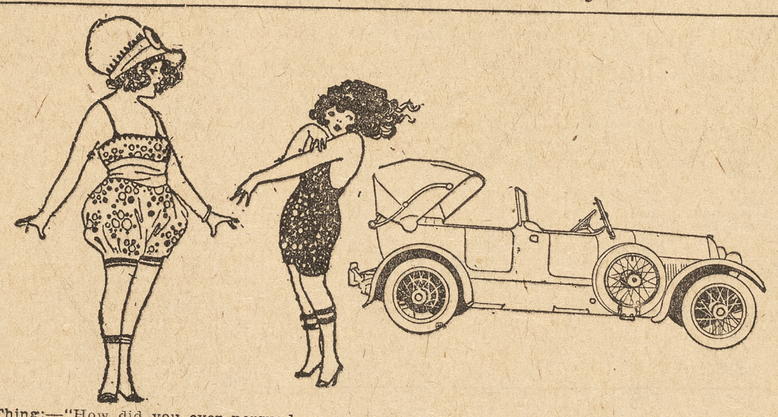
The contest attracted nation-wide attention, and the answers were of many varieties, including some who declared that it would be impossible to describe a reckless and careless driver in language that would go through the mails. The prize has been forwarded to Mr. Simpson.

By Their Deeds They Are Known.



Driver:—"I say, Uncle Si., is this the way to Hogg's Corners?"
Hi.:—"In the first place my name ain't Si., and in the second, yes, and in the third, I reckon your headed for home?"
Driver:—"Whatya mean?"
Hi.:—"I noticed you was drivin' in the centre of the road and—ain't you just asked fer Hogg's Corners?"
—Cut Copyrighted, 1922, Public Ledger Co.

They Most Always Find A Way



Sweet Thing:—"How did you ever persuade you wor ser half to buy you that new beach suit?"
T'other Ditto:—"Cinch—started the campaign by asking for a Rolls Royce.—Apologies to George McManus.

Woman Head "Lex." Pittsburg Motor Co.

Has Been in Motor Car Business for Seventeen Years.

Miss Margaret C. Taylor, one of the most popular executives in the automobile industry in Pittsburg, has the distinction of being the only representative of her sex who is the active head of an automobile business in the States.

All this happened long before the women of the world decided to fight for the voting privilege. Throughout the country there are numerous women who have won fame and fortune in various professional and business enterprises. None have achieved greater success than Miss Taylor. Her career is remarkably interesting and fascinating, especially so because it is a story of a woman, handicapped by age-old prejudice, rising from the ranks to a position that thousands of successful men would fight for. And despite all, Miss Taylor remains the true feminine—kind, sympathetic, patient and entirely different from the usual cold-hearted, impatient, stern business man.

Miss Taylor is the general manager of the Pittsburg-Lexington Automobile Company at 5920 Penn Avenue, one of the oldest firms in the automotive industry. She is eligible for membership in the "Old Timers' Motor Club," having been in the trade since 1905. She has been with the present company since its formation in 1908, when she was engaged as stenographer. Later she was book-keeper, assistant manager, and finally general manager. In the six years under her management the business has more than trebled in volume. It has developed into one of the foremost companies of its kind in Pittsburg.

Miss Taylor disclaims any credit for this success. She said during an interview last week:

"When the public knows the value that is in the Lexington car our business will multiply so fast it will be a question of making Lexingtons, not selling them. I have just returned from Washington, after my first real ride in a Model U Lexington. Every foot of the way from our office door to the Capitol in high gear—over the mountain tops at 35 miles to 40 miles an hour, and I can remember in the old days when we drove from our office, which was then in the Old Power House, where the Liberty Theatre now stands, to my home in Wilkinsburg, without having mechanical trouble, we telephoned the office that we had "some car.' I only wish that some of the men who were with me then could see our new Lexington. How they would talk about the Ansted motor, and its unrivalled performances. A 34-inch six-cylinder motor developing 70 horsepower. We used to say: "It can't be done," yet every day brings improvements, but I think we have reached our zenith in our Model U."

Gray-Dort Holds Novel Guest Day

Plants Thrown Open to Inspection by Those Interested in Car Manufacture.

For the first time since its inception, Gray-Dort Motors threw open to public inspection its three big plants located at the City of Chatham. Some two hundred guests availed themselves of the opportunity afforded. Convening at the Gray-Dort Club at two o'clock, the visitors taxed the transportation provided to the limit. Plant number two, in North Chatham was the first stopping place and here the visitors saw the sheet metal division, mammoth presses making shapes for the outer dress of the Gray-Dort product. From this plant a trip was made to the local sales and service departmenmt at the corner of King and William Streets.

Plant number "one" on Colborne Street was the centre of attraction. Here, the visitors followed the raw materials through to the finishing departments. Much favorable comment was heard in the machine shops where many types of machines were busily engaged in turning out Gray-Dort equipment for Gray-Dort automobiles. The big enameling ovens with 450 degrees of heat, also formed an attraction that was well worth seeing. Air-hammers, rapping out salutes on steel reposing on an-Right through the stock rooms, the vils, also were closely inspected. paint shops, inspection and assembly the visitors were shown the interesting phases of the work by company officials.

The main office and plant number "three" was visited. The assembly of bodies, the shaping of raw lumber at band-saws, the terrific noise of rip-saws, and the moan of the planers gave an idea of some of the almost innumerable operations that are needed in turning out one automobile. The visitors also inspected the big drying-kilns and viewed the first building of the firm—the old frame house that was used for an office for many years by the late William Gray before his death. The house is still preserved as a memorial of other days.

On their return, afternoon tea was served at the club-rooms which were decorated with flowers. Musical selections brightened the social hour which was the winding up of the very interesting tour of the plants. Each guest was presented with a Gray-Dort pennant as a souvenir of Guest Day. Automobiles were supplied to take the guests to their homes.

Hup Production Largest in History

Demand Continues, However, Well Ahead of Plant's Peak Output.

"The establishment of new Hupmobile production records does not mean that we have changed our more or less limited production policy which we have always adhered to in the past," says Chas. D. Hastings, president and general manager.

"We have never aspired to merely lead in output figures. The glory of it, if any exists, does not appeal to us in the least. Our production, compared with demand, is as limited to-day as ever before. While it is much greater in volume, through the gradual expansion of our manufacturing facilities, it is still short of immediate requirements as far as orders on hand are concerned.

"Therefore, the percentages of increase are really significant to use, only in that they positively reflect the appreciation of the public as regards to the merit of our product."

McLaughlin Sport Touring Is Some Car

Equals the Special Roadster in Appearance and Appointments.

Equalling the McLaughlin-Buick Special Roadster in dashing appearance, quality and attractiveness, the new Master Six 22-55 Special Sport Touring, is offered to those who appreciate the pleasing roadster treatment, but who prefer a greater passenger capacity.

Without going beyond the bounds of moderation, the new Master Six Sport touring makes the most of its type in fleetness and good looks. Carefully balanced on a well engineered chassis, it brings out impressively the good qualities for which the McLaughlin-Buick has always been known. Abundance of power, unusually attractive appearance, and the comfort of a roomy vehicle, are outstanding characteristics of this new model.

Scrutiny reveals close attention to details in design and appointment in building into this new model—a car that can readily adapt itself to any number of motoring needs. The body is painted in Orriford Lake, the fittings are nickel plated and the equipment are such as to satisfy the most fatidious.

CARRY SPARE FAN BELT.

An essential piece of equipment for the tool box is a spare fan belt. The cost is small and the trouble it saves is enormous. It does not matter how far away from civilization the old belt gives up the ghost if there is a new one right at hand to replace it. Overheating troubles and many other obvious dificulties may be avoided by the simple precaution of a spare belt. Belts are being used more and more extensively to drive water pumps and generators in addition to the fan. On cars so equipped a spare belt is particularly important.

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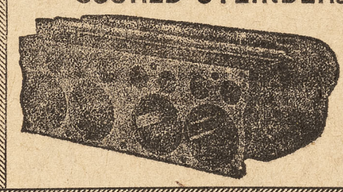
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North 1454.

Why Judge Jedediah Rowse Called It a Day

June, at Balsam Corners, Tempers Justice With a—— Well, Anyway "He" Was Not Blind, Nor Yet Impartial, Though in One Case You'll Agree, After Perusing This One-Act Play, That He Made the Punishment Fit the Crime and Then Some—Also—— but See For Yourself.

By Harry Irving Shumway.

Characters

Judge Jedediah Rowse.

Officer Gowfer of the Court.

And others as they may appear.

Scene: The interior of the small court room at Balsam Corners. Everything of heavy oak and most substantial looking. As the clock chimes the hour of nine Officer Gowfer enters with his mace. He is followed by Judge Rowse. Officer Gowfer is a big, burly flat foot. Judge Rowse is a small wiry man, nose cold, steely eyes peer cynically through spectacles. He has a poker face.

Officer Gowfer (calls court to order)—Hear ye, Hear ye! All those having business to come before the Honorable Court of Balsam Corners will come to order. (There is nobody in the court room.)

Judge (glaring around)—We're always doin' it, ain't we?

Gowfer—Hey, your honor?

Judge—Callin' this Court to order when there's always so much disorder in same. Keeps me busy. Say, where's my hub cap wrench? Best gavel I ever had. Can't break it. Oh, here she is. (Finds hub cap wrench and bangs on desk.) Order in the Court! (Enter a policeman with a young man of the Sport variety.)

Judge—What's this guy been doin'? Don't answer me. He's been speedin'. I can see it in his face. Well, Officer, how fast was he goin'; forty-five, I'll bet.

Officer—Fifty, Your Honor.

Judge—I knew it. Where and how far?

Officer—By Sabbatia Lake, and he was at it for a good two miles.

Judge (angrily)—Say, didn't you realize that Sabbatia Lake was one of the beauty spots of America? To my mind there's three of 'em, the Grand Canyon, the Bowery at Night and Sabbatia Lake. Why don't you drink in the scenery? That's what it's there for.

Sports—I didn't notice your dirty pond.

Judge (glares at him)—Well, son, you're going to. You're going to know every ripple in it. Officer, call Sam. (Officer Gowfer calls Sam, and Sam, a big, husky negro, answers.) Sam, you get out your wheelbarrow and ride this Ace of the Road by Sabbatia Lake—two miles.

Sam (showing teeth in a smile)—Yas, sah. (Turns to get busy.)

Judge—I'll bet you won't. You'll sit—for two miles.

Sport—I'll sue— (Sam catches hold of the Sport, and hustles him, in spite of his violent protests, through the door for his long ride).

Judge—Our scenery must be admired at all costs. Say, Officer, look out the window and see what kind of a car that landscape ignorer drives. (Officer does so.)

Officer Gowfer—Oh your Honor, it is a—a pip. One of them 100 horse-power babies. Periwinkle Blue—no running boards—bucket seats. Looks like a foreign one.

Judge (climbs down from bench)—No? (Joins officer at window.) She is worthy of your praise. A honey, as they say. (Turns.) Well, next case.

Enter two men, one evidently a farmer and the other a tourist. Both show evidence of having been in a wreck. They are bruised and their clothes dirt streaked.

Judge—Well, how many cases is this?

Farmer—One, and I want damages from this man that ran into me, and if I don't get $500, why I'm going to—

Judge—You're going to shut up, that's what you're going to do. Now, let's hear what happened. You say this man ran into you? Where?

Farmer—I was coming into the main road from the lane that leads to my farm—never thinking that—

Judge—Why wasn't you thinking? Your brains on a vacation?

Farmer—I meant I wasn't looking for a racing car near killing me. I just druv out into the highway when this man rushes into me with a big limousine automobile and smashes my flivver truck.

He inever blew his horn or—

Judge (turning to tourist)—Did you blow your horn?

Tourist—I must tell the truth, and—

Judge—You bet you must. Well, you didn't blow it, did you?

Tourist—No, sir.

Judge—That'll go against you. Didn't you see this man on his truck, hey?

Tourist—When it was too late.

Judge—How fast was you goin'?

Tourist—Twenty an hour.

Judge (to Officer Gowfer)—Put it down forty. (To Farmer.) Now how about your side? D'you blow your whistle, hey?

Farmer—No, I didn't. She's out of commission.

Judge—Who is?

Farmer—The horn.

Judge—Well, don't call a horn "she" in this Court. Say horn. Well, how much did he hurt you?

Farmer—He killed a pig that was in the back of my truck.

Judge—Don't believe it.

Farmer—It's outside. I'll bring it in if you want to see it.

Judge—Bring in Exhibit C. You two fellers is Exhibit A and B yourselfs. (Exit Farmer.) How about your car?

Tourist—Radiator smashed — headlights gone—steering gear bent.

Judge (hands him a card)—Better try them fellers. They're right here in town. Best repair shop in the county.

Tourist (reads from card)—"The Rowse Company. Repairs done while you wait." (Enter Farmer with pig in a gunny sack.)

Farmer (throwing it down)—Here it is.

Judge (come down, looks in sack)—Gosh, he is damaged, ain't he? Well, not enough to hurt if you don't want him for a pet. (Returns to bench.) Ready to hear sentence pronounced upon you? (Brings the hub cap wrench down on the bench.)

Farmer and Tourist (together)—Yes, your Honor.

Judge—Mr. Farmer, I award you $40 damages—for the pig.

Farmer—But—but my car?

Judge (snorts)—Your car? D'you suppose I don't know that car? Why, it would of fell apart in a day or two. You run it down to Rowse Company Repair Shop and they'll fix it for you—better'n new. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Farmer—But see here—

Judge—Mr. Tourist, I award you $40 damages for your headlights, radiator and steering gear. You take your car to the same shop and they'll fix it.

Farmer—but my car won't run.

Tourist—Neither will mine steer.

Judge (takes telephone)—H'lo. That you, Jake? Go up the Highway to where a lane turns off and you'll find two wrecks. Get 'em to the shop with the wrecking car. G'bye. (To Tourist down to the Girl on bench.) Well, my dear, are you ready?

The Girl—Ready? for what?

Judge—I'm going to give you a ride that'll be a ride. Sixty-two an hour, pouf! See that car from the window? It'll do a hundred an hour. (They both go over and look at it from the window.)

The Girl—Oh, isn't it a darling? Is it yours?

Judge—Why not? Don't I look like a guy who could own a bus like that?

The Girl—Of course—but it's so wonderful.

Judge—So'm I. Don't you think so?

The Girl (taking his arm in a bewitching manner)—I think you are like the car. Don't you remember what I said?

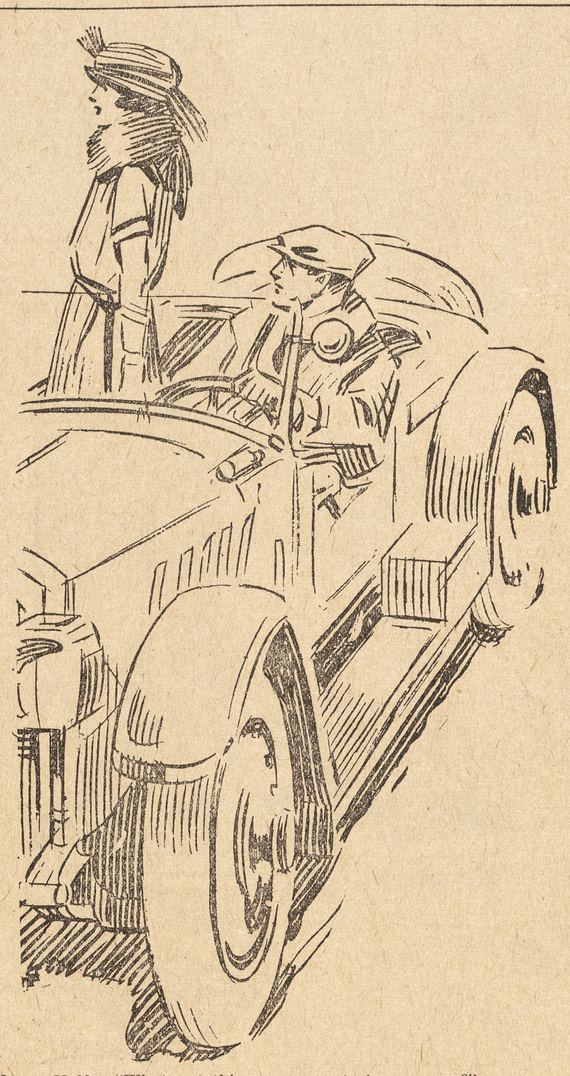
Judge—You said—it was—a—something. Now what was it—what was it?

The Girl (she runs toward door)—A darling!

Judge—Hey! (Runs after her.) You wait for me—you little devil. (To Officer.) Say, call up Rowse Company and tell 'em to have the gasoline pump ready when I reach there in a few minutes. And charge it on the books to that first case—to that guy that missed the scenery. So long. (He exits.)

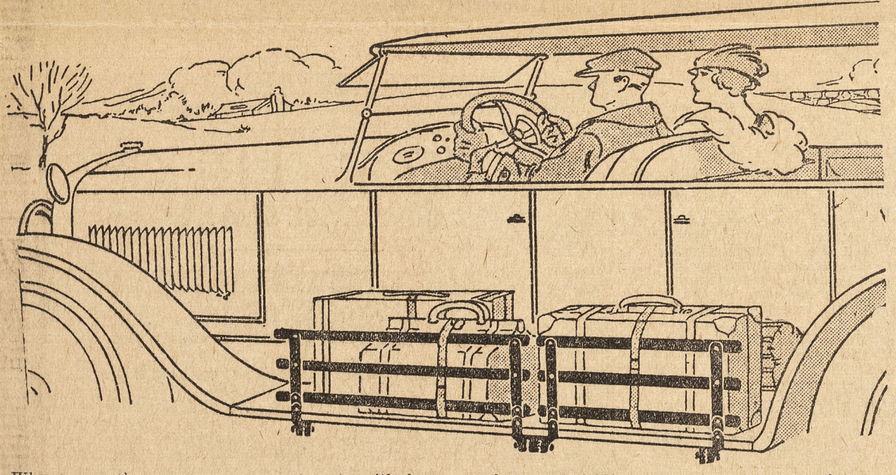
—Motor Life.

Manifestly Obvious—Wot?



Worser-Half:—"What nut thing are you staring at now?"
Deadlier-Half:—"Your reflection in the store window, dear!"

Why Not Tour In Comfort



Why cramp the passenger compartments with luggage when neat folding running board carriers are obtainable at reasonable prices and in a variety of designs at all accessory stores and many garages?

Ford Does 51.6 Miles On One Gallon "Gas"

For years a Ford equipped with Stromberg carburetor has held the Ford gasoline mileage record. That record has been shattered—with Stromberg equipment. Officially, under A.A.A. sanction and supervision, a touring model did 51.6 miles on a gallon of 57 test gasoline; speed, 45 m.p.h.; acceleration from standing start to 25 m.p.h. in 11.8 seconds; throttled down to 6 m.p.h.; weight of car and three passengers, 2,370 lbs.

Can You Drive Without Clutch?

Continued from Page Nine.

gear lever must be manipulated with the greatest deliberation. Push the clutch out ever so slowly and watch the engine speed mount gradually. When it is high enough, move the gear lever over from high to second, and then let the clutch back in. The shift from second to low is similarly made. After a little practice this shift can be made silently and so swiftly that the car will not lose momentum in shifting from second to low on an unexpectedly sharp grade. If this method is used it is never necessary to anticipate your shifts if you are traveling up a 20 per cent. grade on second and suddenly strike a spot that is over 30 per cent. it will be time enough to shift when you reach it.

In shifting to a lower gear when on the level, as in traffic, it is not necessary to hold the throttle all the way open. One-third or half-way is enough. On the other hand, if you are faced with the necessity of making a quick shift going down hill, it may be better to snift with the throttle wide open, closing the throttle, of course, the instant the gear is engaged. Thus the speeding engine does not add to the rate at which the car is traveling.

Shifting from a lower to a higher gear is correctly done by most motorists, but the occasional hard-shifting car is a problem worth explaining. If the engine is making 1,500 revolutions on low its speed should drop to 1,000 revolutions before second is engaged, and to 550 before high is entered, assuming that the rate at which the car is traveling is constant. On most cars it is very easy to bring the engine, or rather the clutch-shift, to the right speed. The clutch pedal is depressed, and simultaneously the throttle is closed, and as soon as the engine speed drops the required amount the shift is performed. If the clutch is very heavy in its parts, it may continue to rotate rapidly for some seconds after the engine speed has dropped. The shift should not be made until the clutch speed has dropped. Experience will show how long this period must be. The time of waiting is likely to be roughly proportional to the square of the speed. If it is ecessary to wait a half second to make a silent shift at ten miles per hour, it will be necessary to wait about two seconds to shift silently at twenty miles per hour.

Most clutches are provided with brakes to slow them down more quickly. The clutch brake acts when the clutch is pushed out all the way.

It should now be clear that in order to make a silent shift to a higher gear the waiting period after the clutch is depressed may be anything from a negligible fraction of a second to several seconds, depending on the weight of the clutch parts, the effectiveness of the clutch brake and the speed at which the engine was running immediately prior to depressing the clutch.

Once behind the wheel of a strange car these things can be quickly determined. If the first shift is not silent, try waiting a longer or a shorter period, and note the result. After a few shifts the driver should have no difficulty in gauging the length of wait required to perform a noiseless gear change.

If the shift is made too soon after the clutch is depressed the gears will grind because the tooth speeds of the gears being engaged are too much at variance. Likewise, if you wait too long the speed of the clutchshaft will drop so low that the gears will grind and perhaps it will be impossible to engage the higher gear at all. If the clutch brake acts with extreme rapidity the clutchshaft may drop way below the desired speed the instant that the clutch pedal is depressed. In this case, shifts from a lower to a higher gear can only be accomplished when the clutch pedal is not pushed all the way out. The exact amount to depress it can be determined by trial. If you have difficulty in shifting upward, try depressing the pedal somewhat less than its full travel, and see if this will not cure the trouble.

If in shifting upward you miss your gear because the speed of the clutch shaft has dropped too low, obviously it is not necessary to bring the car to a full stop and start all over again. All that is needed is to raise the speed of the clutchshaft. This can be accomplished in an instant. Bring the lever to neutral, let the clutch in, speed the engine up considerably above the rate required on high, and disengage the clutch before you allow the speed of the engine to fall again. Then shift. The whole operation need not occupy more than a second.

When the car is stopped, if you have trouble in moving the gear lever from neutral to the gear you want, let the clutch in for just an instant, assuming that the engine is running, of course. Remember that if the clutch brake is very quick acting the clutch pedal should not be pushed out all the way.

If you have been coasting with the gear lever in neutral, you should raise the speed of the clutch shaft a little above the speed demanded by the car before engaging high again. This practice prevents the clashing of the gears and minimizes strain on engine and driving mechanism.

If you wish to coast with the engine dead you may do so by disengaging the clutch and leaving the lever in high. When you let the clutch back in to start the engine, do so very gradually so as to minimize the strain on engine and driving mechanism.

It is also possible to coast with the gear lever in neutral and the engine dead if the car is equipped with a self-starter, so that the engine may be started again before an attempt is made to get back into gear. It is very difficult to engage a gear with a car coasting and the engine dead.

Therefore, if you have parked your car on a hill and wish to start the engine by gravity, instead of using the starter, engage high gear the instant the car starts rolling. It should be possible to engage this gear before the car has moved two inches. Allow the car to pick up some momentum before letting the clutch in, and be sure to engage it gently. The engine may also be started on second or low, or reverse, if the car is pointed up the hill, but in using the lower gears great care must be exercised to engage the clutch promptly but smoothly, so as not to jolt the mechanism unnecessarily. With a little experience, reverse or low may be used to advantage where the grade is so slight that a low car speed may be obtained. It is always better to use the starter, but there are times when some defect in the electric system may make it desirable to start the engine by gravity. The car may be similarly started on the level if a man or two can be found to push it for a short distance. Or, if the crank is missing and the starter is on strike, engage high gear, jack up a rear wheel, pull out choke, turn rear wheel, thus priming engine, close choke to normal starting position, set throttle and spark lever, turn on switch and turn rear wheel. When engine starts put gear shift lever in neutral position, jack down rear wheel and—you're off!

If, after following these directions, you have any difficulty in shifting gears, you may conclude that clutch or transmission are not functioning properly, and usually the trouble is caused by one of three things: a clutch brake that is out of order, a clutch which does not fully disengage or which drags, or looseness in the bearings.

American Motorists to Meet Monday

Continued from Page Ten.

in the permission to vote on their own case, the withdrawl from the meeting was affected.

"In the suplementary meeting of accredited A. A. A. delegates, Fred H. Caley of Cleveland was chosen chairman.

"Following a general discussion of the injustice which had been practiced, a committee was appointed to formulate a plan of action. The following were appointed on the committee:

"Chas. C. Janes, Ohio (Columbus); N. E. Noblet, Indiana (Indianapolis); Richard H. Lee, Illinois (Chicago); Henry Paulman, Illinois (Chicago); B. H. Hagerman, Missouri (Kansas City); Eugene Stuart, Kentucky (Louisville); H. R. Keltig, Kentucky (Louisville); Ewing S. Mosely, Texas (Dallas); G. E. Gillespie, Nebraska (Lincoln); W. Q. Winship, Minnesota (St. Paul); M. P. Lawler, Missouri (St. Joseph); A. G. Lupton, Indiana (Hartford City); Walter D. Meals, Ohio (Cleveland).

"At the meeting of the following Saturday morning, the following plan of action was reported by the committee and unanimously adopted by the meeting:

"Your committee appointed to weigh the question of possible litigation and the propriety of a new National Automobile organization, beg to submit the following report:

"On the question of litigation your committee is convinced that litigation would dignify the existing organization; that it would delay the possibility of a new organization until enthusiasm had receded to a point where organization might be difficult; that litigation would be expensive both from the standpoint of funds and the time of individuals appointed to carry it on; that it would leave the public mind open as to who was right and who was wrong. Finally, that it would be putting the objecting delegates, who now maintain a position for right, in the position of litigating that point. For these reasons we consider litigation to be out of the question.

"On the question of a possible new organization, your committee is convinced that this is the only proper course to pursue. We recommend that a committee be appointed for the purpose of carrying out all of the details of such an organization; that it be given full power and authority to act in all necessary matters, including incorporation of the new organization, the drafting of temporary by-laws and regulations, the preparation of a constitution subject to its first convention; that it incur any necessary expense and be assured that such expense as it may incur will be met by the new organization from the dues of its members when assessed and received.

"Your committee, after considerable discussion, recommends that a name be immediately adopted; that as a protection to this name it be used at once in all publicity as the tentative name to be adopted by the permanent organization when formed. That the name American Motor Association be adopted. This name carrying, as it does, the word 'American' identifies this organization in its national character, makes it convenient for us to do business with foreign nations, and the initials 'A. M. A.' are not only euphonious, but they are adaptable to excellent use in the building of radiator emblems and easily remembered.

"We have no desire to limit the field of operation of any committee that may be appointed, but we recommend strongly that the by-laws of this organization stipulate in unequivocal terms that this organization is to be limited entirely to member organizations not organized for private gain.

"Committee on recording proceedings, Raymond Beck, chairman, Cleveland, Ohio; M. E. Noblet, Indianapolis, Ind.; E. S. Mosely, Dallas, Texas; F. E. Ertsman, Chicago, Ill."

Arthur M. Dean has resigned as vice-president and chief engineer of the Templar Motors Corporation, Cleveland, to take up similar duties with the Rubay Company, the well-known Cleveland body builder.



touring

"As your mind is, so are you," said a great philosopher. Men and women take varying degrees of pleasure in driving an automobile, and the pleasure varies with the degrees of complacency and composure which fill the mind. What is the object of touring? Pleasure. But there's no pleasure touring in a car loaded (or shod) with worry. If your mind is uneasy about your tires, you are not enjoying yourself. Put your mind at peace and sit back luxuriously behind your wheel and let the accelerator do its bit; it's all right, you're safe, and you know it, if your car is flying along on "Gutta Percha" Tires.

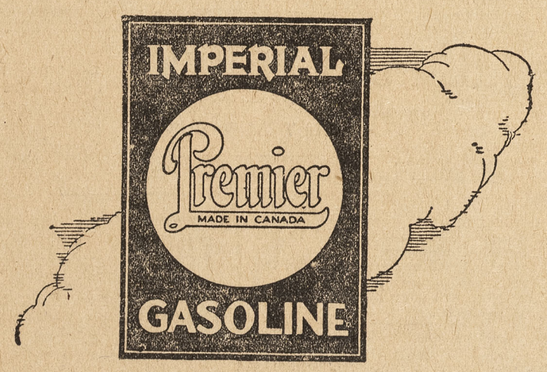
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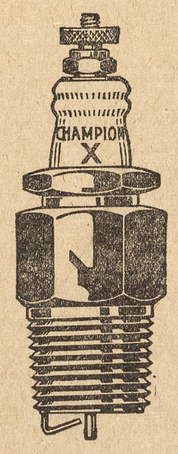
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